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1911

MARCH,

XXII

Vol.

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AN AMAZING ADVENTURE.

We were seated around our camp-fire, after

a day of fishing. All of us were pretty well

tired out and were just in that mood when to

sit with your pipe in your mouth and listen to

a good story is bliss.

By we I mean a party of my friends with

whom I was spending the summer vacation

in the woody lake region of Ontario.

One of our guides had been relating to us

some of his thrilling experiences in a lum-

ber camp and all were silent, each one doubt-

less trying to think of some appropriate ex-

perience to tell. Finally David Coleman, a

young mining engineer, who had seen lots of

the world and who had but Jately returned

from an engagement in Mexico for a large

mining company in New York, broke the

silence by the following story, which I will

try my best to give to you in his own words.

As Dave had a great nack for telling stories

and none of us had heard any of his most

recent adventures we all settled comfortably

to listen to what we knew would be a good

story. |

“Just one year ago to-night,” said Dave,

“if I am not mistaken, I landed on an island

on the west coast of Mexico. I had had a

long hot journey across Mexico, and a short

hot sea voyage in a small boat and I felt about

like a wilted collar. I found that the only

place in the village [ could get to bunk in was

a native hut which did not happen to be oc-

cupied at the time. I may say that the vil-

lage had a population of not more than three

hundred and that the only thing that it could

boast in the way of civilization was an apol-

ogy for a country store. It was so seldom

that a stranger came to their land that I was

quite an object of interest to the inhabitants.

T had been sent down by the company to in-

vestigate iron deposits that the island was

said to contain. The island itself was a wilder

affair than the inhabitants. For the most part

it was covered with a thick vegetation, while

there were thick dark forests on the moun-

tains which formed the backbone of the island.

Directly behind the clearing on which the vil-

lage stood there rose two great mountains of

volcanic origin, the tops of which seemed to

be hidden by the clouds. The whole affair

presented such a dreary and wild scene that I

wondered any one could hope to thrive there

for mere loneliness, but then I remembered

that the natives had never seen Broadway and

did not know a better existence. I made a

poor attempt at sleep the first night, for what

between the mosquitoes, the experience of

sleeping on the ground, the heat and the

08 THE

chorus of various insects and animals, I only

slept a few hours and those I certainly earned.

Early the next morning, for I was determined

to get through with my work and get out of

the place, having donned a suit of heavy khaki

and with high shoes on and my necessary im-

plements in my guide’s care, I set out. I had

made the best of a native breakfast which [

am sorry to say had pretty nearly made the

best of me. After a tiresome morning of beat-

ing through the brush in my path to the

mountain, I finally came about noon to a small

clearing strewn with piles of rock. Here I

decided to stop and take some nourishment.

After I had comfortably seated myself and

gotten busy at the grub, I noticed that my

guide was exceedingly restless. At first I paid

no heed to him but finally I asked him the

cause. I extracted from him a bit at a time

the following information: It seems that a

short time after the Spanish invasion, an aged

priest who had come over with the soldiers

had sought a hermitage in the woods back

of the camp to spend the rest of his life in.

He had lived there for several years after

their departure until finally a party of English

explorers who happened to be in the region

found him in his solitude and, the hatred of

the churches being so great, they buried him

near his hut with a dagger stuck in his skull.

It is said that dying he breathed a curse on

the village for feeding the soldiers, while he

said that any one who should move or dig up

his bones would quickly come to a bitter end.

The threat had had its effect and his bones

had been allowed to rest in peace. The place

had remained as it was but no mark to prove

the truth of the tale remained. I was amazed

at the credulity with which the man told the

story but I knew: how superstitious was his

race. Thinking that I could find my way

back alone and that I would leave my things

here I sent him back and he went with full

speed from the place. After a good rest and

a smoke I started digging near a likely look-

ing pile of rock to see if there was any metal

in the surface strata.

I had secured nearly -

ARGO

enough specimens and was about to stop,

when, in a shovel full of dirt, T brought on

what looked to be a human rib. As I had no

faith in the natives’ story and as my curiosity

was thoroughly aroused I thought that 7

would investigate further and see if there was

a complete skeleton. Imagine my dism ‘

when I disclosed the whole thing and there,

as the man had said, was the skull with the

dagger sticking in it. I thought that it would

make a fine specimen for my study and so [

picked it up and placed it on the side of the

pile of dirt. I then turned to gather up my

specimens to go home. As TI stooped to pick

up the skull lo and behold it had left the place

where I had put it. I at first thought that [

had made a mistake when I saw that the skull

was back on the rest of the bones precisely as

if it had not been moved. Not feazed [ picked

it up and put it back on the pile; I watched it

closely this time and there before my eyes it

rolled or rather glided slowly back to its for-

mer position precisely as if it had legs. This

thoroughly satistied me and picking up the

specimens I started quickly home in none too

steady a frame of mind I can assure you. Ar-

riving home I ate my supper and went to bed

without much delay as I was completely tired

out. All night long I was restless and both-

ered with dreams of skulls pierced with dag-

gers.

The next day I had set for testing the spec-

imens which I had collected the day before.

All during the day T had a feeling as if some-

thing strange was going to happen. By five

o'clock I had completed my testing and was

sitting in front of my hut smoking, when I

noticed a most peculiar cloud forming in the

west, it was I think the blackest and most

queerly shaped cloud I ever saw. Suddenly

it seemed to me as if the cloud took the shape

of a skull and I fancied too that there was a

dagger sticking in the top of it. I thought

that something must be the matter with me,

so I went into the house and took a stimulant,

but when T came out again the cloud seemed

to have turned blood red and just then the

THE

sun went down behind it. At the same time

I heard the mutterings of the far off thunder

and the sun faded to give place to what |

knew would be a bad storm.

At seven o'clock the storm broke and such

a storm, the wind howled round the hut, rat-

tled the windows and moaned down the chim-

ney. The lightning flashed intennittently and

the hollow thunder shook the island and rolled

across the heavens. The rain came down in

torrents and beat upon the roof with a steady

thythm. Now and then the wind coming

with a rush dashed it against the windows.

The uneasy feeling increased with the storm

and try as [ would I could not get myself in-

terested in the exciting novel which had been

the craze when I had left the big city. Finally

putting out the oil lamp, which I had gotten

with difficulty from the store keeper, I tried

to divert my thoughts by thinking of what

you fellows were probably doing up here in

the States. No matter what I tried to turn

my thoughts to they always came back to the

affairs of the day. I had been sitting this

way for I can’t tell how long, when there came

to my ears a cry, long shrill and like a person

in deep distress. The thunder had now grown

to a distant rumble but the lightning still play-

ed about the sky, a calmness had fallen such

as often happens directly after a storm, espec-

ially if the storm has been a noisy one. Only

the dismal beating of the rain and an occasion-

al mosquito buzzing near the ear was to be

heard. Again I heard the sound, this time

much nearer. I thought it must be some animal

which frightened by the storm had sought a

refuge in the village. An inclination or more

of a sense of forboding or more strongly yet

a warning seemed to come to me in a feeling

which I shall never forget. I got up and

got my revolver and placed it so that it

was within easy reach. I will believe un-

til my dying day that that action saved

my life. With the pistol near me I

felt. much easier and had just about suc-

ceeded in dozing off, when the most fearful

cry that I ever heard sounded in my ears.

The chills fairly bounded up and down my

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back and my hair stood on end. The cry was

almost a replica of the others save that it was

about fifty times as loud and thus fifty times

worse. It was a cry such as I imagine could

have been heard from the Christian martyrs

in the arena at Rome or from a victim on the

rack of the Inquisition. The sound seemed

to come from just outside the window which

stood to the right of the fireplace. I looked

up and as I looked, my hand gripped my revol-

ver more tightly for there glaring in at me

from the window was a face. At first sight it

seemed to be human but as I looked and it

stared back at me with an unwavering gaze,

it dissolved itself into the form of a skull and

from its staring eyes a sort of green fire shot

out. The whole face produced a grinning ef-

fect. Instinctively I looked for the dagger and

there it was, only it impressed me as being

fiery red. Suddenly a bright flash of lightning

revealed the whole form to me; it was robed in

a monk’s garment and seemed very tall and

quite broad. The picture of that figure is the

most vivid that I carry in my mind to-day. It

took me about a minute to take all this in,

when to my amazement and also to my fear

the window began slowly to open and there

blew into the room an odor of burning flesh.

There. was no time to think and it would have

done no good for | would have done the same

thing. It never occurred to me that bullets

have no effect upon a spirit. I emptied my

revolver at the spirit and as I fired my last

shot I fainted dead away.”

(To be continued. )

A RIDE IN THE NIGHT.

Probably all my readers know about the

“Underground Railway” in use during the

civil war, by which slaves were helped, by sym-

pathetic Southerners, to escape over the north-

ern boundaries, where they were free. By

this plan a slave would escape to the house

of a man who favored the Northern side and

who would help get him to another house,

usually by night to avoid detection, and thus

the slave would gradually be gotten over the

100

boundary into the Northern states.

When the war broke out my mother and

brother and I were living on a large estate in

Virginia, which had formerly been a tobacco

plantation. But after the death of my father,

who had died when my brother and I were

quite young, the place had gradually gone

to waste. My mother was somewhat of an

invalid and did not feel capable of looking

after all the business of the plantation so by

degrees all the slaves were sold off and the

entire place, except a small garden around the

house, ran wild and was allowed to become

covered with a thick growth of underbrush.

At the time of my father’s death my brother

was twelve and I eleven and as there were no

other boys of our age anywhere near us we

were constantly together riding, shooting, or

tramping through the narrow paths we had

cut in our jungle.

The first break that had come between us

was at the beginning of the war when Jim,

then a young man of twenty, had entered the

Confederate army and I had stated clearly my

favor for the Northerners, My brother show-

ed considerable ability as a soldier and at the

opening of my story he held the position

of captain over quite a large body of men.

I had decided to stay at home and not fight

for either side, but much against the will and

wishes of my mother I had agreed to help a

certain old darky escape from a\_ plantation

farther south to the house of a man named

Wilson who was to pass him on in the manner

| have described as the “underground Rail-

way.” The negro was brought to our place

but unfortunately fell sick so that it was im-

possible to move him on the day planned and

we had to keep him and try to get him well.

A few days later however we received a note

from my brother saying that his company was

going to camp about ten miles north of our

place and he hoped to be able to get down to

see us the next day. It would be impossible

to have the old slave in the house while he was

there and that meant that I must move him

that very night, sick as he was, to Wilson's,

and by a road that led directly past my broth-

THE ARGO

er’s camp; for the only other road made a long

circuit and was far too long for me to at-

tempt to ride over in one night. I started out,

therefore, immediately after dark with the sick

negro on the horse, in front of me. The horse

could only travel slowly with his double burden

and it was almost twelve before | approached

the camp. Here I cut into the woods and had

to go with great care for fear of losing my

direction or disturbing the soldiers. I went

some distance through the narrow paths that

my brother and I used to walk over to-

gether so often, such a short time, although

it seemed years, ago. | thought of our past life

together until the war came to separate us,

and so deep did I fall into meditation that I

forgot to guide my horse, and the night being

dark he wandered from the path into the

bushes.

The negro before me was unconscious and I

did not notice the twigs brushing against me

until a broken off branch cracked under my

horse’s feet. Instantly I heard a swift step

in the bushes and saw the shadowy form of

a man approach. The ery “Who's there?”

rang out, and the sentry’s voice was that of

my brother! I backed my horse into the path

and was about to spur him on when Jim leapt

from the bushes and seized the bridle. He

flashed a light into my face and spoke one

word, “Dick!” That word however was

enough; [ knew my brother; he would do his

duty, however hard, and soon the whole camp

would be around us. My mind worked quickly

and was soon made up; that was a hard bat-

tle between love for my brother and the prin-

ciple I stood for, but principle won, as [

knew Jim would rather have it, although his

and mine were unlike. Quickly—I must do

it quickly or my resolution might desert me—I

drew my revolver and shot my brother through

the arm. | left him where he fell in a faint:

in an instant the shot would have brought

many soldiers around and they would care

for him. I hastened on holding one hand

firmly over the darky’s mouth so that he

might not vell with fright. I heard soldiers

crashing through the bushes after me for a

THE

while, then all was quiet again and I knew

that they had given up the chase. A mile or

so further on I returned to the road and about

two o'clock in the morning I arrived at Wil-

son’s place where I left the slave, Although

invited to stay for the rest of the night I set

out for home after a few minutes’ rest. The

ride back was without incident and rid of

the negro | could travel much faster. As

I passed the camp I could see the gleam of a

camp-fire through the trees and I knew that

they were caring for my brother. I rode on

and reached home while it was still dark,

The next morning I rode to the gate to meet

Jim. As we greeted each other he smiled at

me in a strange way but did not say a word

about the night before. We were both. silent

on our way up the long drive to the house.

My mother, my brother, and myself were to-

gether the greater part of the day and Jim

acted as if nothing unusual had happened.

We spent a happy day together, talking of the

good times we had had and still would have

when the war was over, and it was not until

half-past-four that Jim and I started riding

slowly toward the gate. By his conversation

and actions during the day I knew that Jim

was beginning to favor the North in his heart,

but felt it to be his duty to stick by the side he

had started fighting for. We hardly spoke un-

til we had reached the gate, then Jim said

quietly and softly : “Remember, Dick, if you're

caught helping slaves escape you're shot,

and our camp's going to move in a couple of

days.” IT.

PREP. DIALOGUE.

“Come on, t'row us the rollin’s, Mit,” com-

manded Bugs in ‘his usual gruff manner. “Jim

an’ me has got to have a last inhale before we

pike down to school.” Mit says nothing as he

passes over his can of Prince Albert, but

grimly hopes there will be a little left.

“Oh, the freshmen know their business

pretty well now,” remarked Legs. “They

know better than to answer back. It takes us

Seniors to teach ‘em.”

While Jim and Bugs puff away silently, poor

Bert enters the room. Immediately every one

ARGO 101

looks up with interest. A few books fly at his

solid dome, and after he gets settled his real

troubles begin.

“What time does the first train after nine

o'clock arrive at Chicago?” asks Handsome,

who still believes Bert is from the west.

“Yes! but no kiddin’, Skunk, do they really

have live Indians out west?” inquired Irish, as

if very interested. “This is no swindle, only

I heard they did, so I thought I’d ask you.”

These questions, and others similar, Skunk

tried to answer, but the answers must never be

seen in print. Neither these answers nor the

remarks made by Mit when the school bugle

is heard.

“One,” shouts Dave. “I say, One, you'll

find my books on the table. And get them

there in time too.” Some five or ten minutes

after the bugle the bunch really gets in motion.

The conversation of the first group could never

be followed, for one minute Dave is talking

basket-ball and the next thing Pete breaks in

with, “Oh, Kyde! if you'd only seen her the

other night.” At this interruption all other

subjects are dropped, for Pete is recognized as

a lady’s man.

Naturally the bugle had no effect on the

sleepy minds of those two yaps known as Fri-

day and Steve. They were still talking about

the “chips” they were out with the night be-

fore, when Romeo put iin his appearance and

started them to school, with this bit of philoso-

phy, “By fast perambulating you tend to keep

the animated organisms in accelerated motion,

thereby invigorating more energy into the

body.” Of course, after this they’ fairly run

to school.

About ten o'clock Spike wandered in.

“Morning, Cap; has second period ended

yet?” Just then Chick and Pickles met him

in the basement, and in this manner the “Coun-

try Boy” enlightened him on the subject:

“Naw! It ain't over yit, but you oughter seen

us throw the slippin’s over Lewis. Gee's we

jus’ slide out the room easy and comes here.”

Soon the bell rings, and these fellows have

the nerve to be seen in Mr. Fisher's English

—W. D. '12.

class.

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—

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Officers of the school, students,

. ate és and alumni are m i

dially invited to contribute. ost cor.

ARGO

Courresy. Courtesy is a thing that can

be shown in many ways. Courtesy has never

done nor will ever do any one harm. A coyr.

teous man compels universal respect and very

often universal admiration. Courtesy is not

only right in conduct with strangers, but also

When another school sends

a team to New Brunswick to meet us in any

athletic contest, it is always our aim to treat

them with the utmost friendliness. If the

game is rough and our opponents dirty, leave

it to the umpire and don't holler out and in-

sult the other fellows as has been done to our

own team, upon no provocation, when we play-

ed a certain school near New Brunswick.

Most of you fellows know how the team felt

about the game. They were not crawling at

the unmerited defeat, they resented the re-

marks of the audience. Prep. has a pretty

good name around the State for being cour-

teous to their opponents but we must not

let this reputation decrease. Then courtesy

can be shown among ourselves, true some fel-

lows haven't the slightest bit of courtesy in

them, but the majority of the students in Prep.

can show courtesy if they wish. When a fel-

low is reciting in class it is not necessary to

make a lot of noise so as to bother him nor

is it courteous to speak while he is standing.

Some fellows seem to think that they must

interrupt at every opportunity and keep add-

ing to what the speaker is saying. Another

way in which it is worth while to show cour-

tesy, is to treat the teacher with respect. Re-

member that a teacher is not in the school

to amuse you or for you to make fun of. A

teacher is just as much a man to be respected

as any other man who is earning his living by

honest means. If you get stuck don’t blame it

on the teacher, he wants to see you get through;

it’s a credit to him. Treat the officers with

courtesy in drill, they are not there because

they have a grudge against everybody im

general. Above all treat strangers with Te

spect and courtesy. It means a lot for the

school’s reputation and nothing creates a bet-

ter impression. In closing we wish, in behalf

of the school, to thank the students and the

among ourselves.

THE

management of Kingsley for their most cour-

teous treatment of our basket-ball team and

we hope that it will soon fall within our power

to show them a like courtesy, —10l4.

Borrow1nc. There seems to be a tendency

for different fellows to continually borrow ar-

ticles from their fellow students. This not

only is a bother to the ones who always do the

giving, but generally lessens the borrower's

popularity among the boys.

Tobacco, fountain pens, and stamps are the

articles most often borrowed. If one must

smoke why not buy his own tobacco instead

of asking other fellows to supply him.

When a fellow is asked to lend tobacco he

often times does not wish to do so, perhaps on

account of his own small supply or his limited

amount of spending money. If he says “no,”

he seeems like a “cheap sport.” If he tells

the other fellow to buy some himself, the

other fellow gets insulted. So what can the

“fellow with the tobacco” do but give him

some, and thus not insult the borrower and not

seem like a “cheap sport.”

A student comes along and says, “Say, so

and so, lend me your fountain pen, will

you?” Perhaps you don’t wish to, as different

people writing with a pen spoils the pen for

the owner’s use. If you don’t led him it—

you either insult him (as the borrower thinks

you don’t wish to lend it to him, but you

would to someone else), or you are a “cheap

sport.”

Stamps—the little pieces of glued red paper,

which cost only two cents a piece. But when

five or six fellows come along and ask you

for three or four stamps it doesn’t take long

for the two-cents “to amount up to 25 cents.”

Stop “borrowing,” for it makes one shift-

less, lowers ones general standing among the

rest of the boys, creates bad feelings, and is

not fair to all concerned.

Literary Socreties in R. P. Almost all

of our secondary schools in this country have

literary societies connected with school. There

are many schools within this State, Yes, in

ARGO 103

this very County, Schools much inferior to the

standard of R. P. have organized societies of

this kind, and they have proved to be suc-

cessful in every conceivable manner. Not

only bringing the school into the public eye,

but, doing a world of good to its members.

It is rather surprising, and would be disap-

pointing to some people if they were informed

that R. P. has no literary or debating socie-

ties. They would say in all probability, “That,

R. P. so prominent in athletics, takes no in-

terest in literary societies?” When it comes

to talk about athletics, without any doubt,

we are able to hold our own. But do we

shine when it comes to literary societies ?

One of these is just as important as another.

Some fellows may say we have not the mater-

ial in our school. It won't take a second to

convince him that we have. For instance take

the fellows who speak in Chapel from time

to time, on various topics. Are they not ex-

cellent and capable speakers ?

In one of our recent issues of “The Argo”

it was suggested that R. P. ought to give a

play. Would not the inspirations received

through the medium of literary societies sup-

port this suggestion? The schools that give

plays are schools, that, nine times out of ten,

have some form of a literary society estab-

lished within the Student Body.

Our school at present is divided into com-

panies. Why not let us organize our com-

panies into debating teams? If not this, let

us organize separate literary societies.

There are many schools in which more than

three different literary societies exist, and ac-

cording to the Headmasters they are all a

success. One society will hold debates with

another, one will give a play, the others will

strive to give a better show.

Some fellows will say, we haven't the time;

we have too much work. It may be the truth

that we have some very ambitious fellows,

who are carrying a rather heavy schedule, but

“all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy.”

Literary societies will give the desired relief;

not only that, but will put you in that humor

so you will go at your regular studies with the

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right sort of spirit and not with the idea that

it is forced upon you.

The fellow who has a heavy schedule can

well afford to put one day a week on matters

of this kind. He will find it advantageous,

beneficial.

The faculty will not disapprove of organi-

zations of this character, without a doubt its

members would probably bend to every ef-

fort in assisting us in this,

Let us get together and consider this ques-

tion. It is true that it is late in the year, but

it is the “never too late to mend” spirit that

always wins out; let us start at once.

S..Mz He. "11.

3ASE-BALL. During Spring Vacation our

base-ball team is to take a Southern trip

through Virginia, Maryland and the District

of Columbia. Games are to be played with

Staunton, University of Virginia, Tome, Jef-

ferson, Randolph Macon and the National

Cathedral School. This trip will no doubt

benefit the team. We can hardly expect to

win all the games on account of lack of

pitchers. The games Ziegler pitches are as

good as won. We have better prospects this

year than we had last and last year we won

the State Championship. In the catching de-

partment, we have Todd, last year’s reliable

backstop, Scudder, his substitute, and Pete

Stinson, who caught for Mercersburg and

Stevens Prep. In the box we have Ziegler

who was beaten once last year and did not

deserve that. One of the catchers will proba-

bly work on first in place of Banfield, who

graduated. Second-base\_ will probably be

guarded by Ed. Hoe, last year’s star. As yet

no one has appeared to play short which

Erickson took care of last year. At third we

have Captain Fountain. In the outfield Par-

kin and Searle are back. This looks good

but every position will have to be worked for.

Let’s win the championship again,

ALUMNI NOTES.

‘71. Robert Adrain died recently. Mr.

Adrain at one time was President of the New

ARGO

Jersey Senate. He leaves a wife and one son.

‘79. Congressman Bennet submitted res, slur

tions to annex Canada.

‘80. Mr. Linn Bruce is head of an Investi-

gation Committee.

‘71. Movements are on foot to erect a mon-

ument to the late Garret Hobart, Vice Presi-

dent of the United State. The monument is to

be erected in Paterson, N. J.

’96. Clarence Case is the youngest judge in

the State of New Jersey.

‘97. Fred Burnet is a professor in Newark

Law School.

‘o7. Raymond Patterson, Tracy Voorhees

and Dumont Elmendorf were on the Rutgers

debating teams which recently won two debates

from Swarthmore.

‘o8. Vivian Ross was chairman of the Rut-

gers Junior Prom. Committee.

‘to. Sunny Willard visited school recently,

HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS.

To make biscuits light—drench with gaso-

line and ignite before serving.

To keep servants—chloroform and lock in

the cellar.

To get rid of peddlers—buy all they have.

To remove fruit stains from linen—use the

scissors.

To keep rats out of the pantry—put all the

food in the cellar.

To entertain women visitors—let them read

all your private papers.

To entertain men visitors—feed the brutes.

To keep children at home—lock ‘em in the

garret,

To keep hubby at home—lock up all his

clothes.

To prevent accidents in the kitchen—fill the

kerosene can with water.

To stop leaks in pipes—send in a hurry

for the nearest plumber.

To economize on coal—get a gas range.

To test freshness of eggs—drop on hard

surface.

To propitiate the janitor—you can't do it.

—Lippincott’s.

NEWARK H. S. 30, R. P. 8.

The N. H. S. and Prep. game was not all

one could wish, but one must take in consid-

eration the class which N. H. S. is in; the size

and weight of their team. Every one of their

men were heavier than the Prep, men, and

their center, Mills, had a r1o-inch or more

reach on Searle. The game was played on an

extra large court, which was against the Prep

team. The team played with lots of pepper

and vim and were in the game all of the time.

Lots of the time Succop, Fountain and Parkin

had them guessing, and it was only to N. H. S.

being on their own floor that the score was

so much against us.

Lisman, referee.

Bell, of Rutgers, umpire.

N.H.S.: Chandler, r. g.; Rich, 1. g.; Mills,

c.: Riemer, r. f.; Maxwell, 1. f.

Prep.: Voorhees, Morrison, r. g.; Parkin,

1. g.; Searle, ¢.; Fountain, r. f.; Succop, I. ft

Field Goals: Chandler 2, Rich 3, Mills 2,

Riemer 2, Maxwell 9, Parkin 1, Succop 3.

Fouls: Riemer 2.

—o—

HOLY ROLLERS VS.

BOOZE HOISTERS.

The third game of a series of five between

the Holy Rollers and the Booze Hoisters was

played at the Seminary Gym. Friday, February

THE ARGO 105

10. Every game between these two rivals in

the Inter-Prep. League has been exceedingly

interesting, but this one was more so because

of the close comparison of the two teams. At

the end of the second half the score was a tie,

so the victory was to be decided by the next

basket. That final period took every earnest

effort from every man. Several of the players

were fatigued, but kept on with every ounce

of energy they could put forth. That last five

minutes of play, which was to decide the vic-

tors, was the hardest fought contest seen in

the Seminary Gym. this season. Captain Rob-

ins, of the winning team, encouraged his men

continually and played a remarkable game.

Zeitz, the new-found guard, played Captain

Ley of the Booze Hoisters so hard that he lost

his usual good control and played a poor game.

Zeitz will become a strong arm for the Holy

Rollers when he stops his bad habit of using

two arms when attacking an opponent. Many

fouls were called upon him because he was not

used to the Inter-Prep. rules.

Watts was undoubtedly the hero of the

game. His skill at dropping baskets was the

great feature of the game. A. Busch and

Braun kept up the spirit of the Booze Hoisters

by helping Ley roll up their score. Brainard

played a wonderful game at guard and suc-

ceeded in caging the ball once at a spare mo-

106 THE

ment, White worked steady and played from

beginning to end without showing fatigue,

shooting the final basket which determined the

victors.

The Holy Rollers have found a new for-

ward, Vogt, who will appear in the next game,

and perhaps add a score which, will swamp the

Booze Hoisters.

The game was very evenly refereed by Dave

Suecop. Score, Holy Rollers 24, Booze Hoist-

ers 22. Time, twenty-minute halves, Line-up:

Holy Rollers: Watts, f.; Robins, f.; White,

c.; Zeitz, g.; Brainard, g.

Booze Hoisters: Ley, f.; Braun, f ; A.

Busch, ¢.; Malmar, g.; C. Busch, g.; Fick, g.

Goals: Watts 6, Robins 2, White 2, Brain-

ard 1, Ley 3, A. Busch 3, Braun 2,

Fouls: Watts 1, Robins 1, Ley 6.

—o—

IRVING SCHOOL 17, R. P. 37.

Prep. stuck another feather in her cap when

she passed one over on Irving to the gait of

37 to 17. It was one of the best games that

we have had the chance to see on our own

court; clean, fast and full of life and good feel-

ing throughout. Clowe and Comfort of Irv-

ing were good and played a sure and steady

game, Clowe making a number of field goals,

while Comfort played his usual snappy game.

The whole of the Prep. team were there all of

the time and each man getting his share of the

baskets.

Prentiss, of Rutgers, referee.

Jones, Irving, umpire.

Irving: Smith, r. g.; Houghtling, 1. ¢.;

Clowe, c.; Kiirwin, r. f.; Comfort, 1. f.

Prep.: Parkin, r. g.; Morrison, Voorhees,

1. g.; Searle, c.; Succop, r. f.; Fountain, 1. f.

Field Goals: Clowe 3, Kirwin 2, Parkin 5,

Searle 4, Fountain 6, Succop 3.

Fouls: Comfort 5, Parkin 1.

—o—

N. PLAINFIELD. AH. 'S..VS2R. P:

The wearers of the R. P. easily defeated the

North Plainfield High School basket-ball team

by the largest score they have made this sea-

ARGO

son. The game was played at the Seminary

Gym. February 15, before about fifty spec-

tators. Captain Parkin’s men played poor

team work, as each man shot for the basket on

the least chance instead of passing. Succop

is excepted from this, for he seldom shoots for

the basket, only when it is necessary. Prep.

played their signals well. One after another,

Parkin made his hasty trips down the court,

received the ball and caged it. When this play

failed Searle would wait under the basket for

the ball, then roll it in. Fountain made sev-

eral long shots and Parkin seemed in his prime

for all kinds of difficult angles.

Although Prep.’s score went up fast, there

was mighty little enthusiasm on the part of the

fellows looking on. No cheers were given and

no sound heard until the cry arose, “Make it

a hundred.” The true school spirit was shown

by Hoe and Stinson, who were seen in the

balcony escorting the fairer sex.

Score, North Plainfield 22, R. P. rto.

Line-up:

Prep.: Succop, f., Fountain, f.; Searle, c.;

Parkin (Capt.), g.; Voorhees, g.; R. T. B.

Todd, g.

North Plainfield: Steine (Capt.), f.: Tay-

lor, f.; Bailey, c.; Townley, g.; Abrams, g.;

Wyckof, g.

Baskets: Fountain 8, Succop 5, Searle 24,

Parkin 14, Todd 2, Voorhees 1, Steine 6, Tay-

lor 1, Bailey 2, Townley 1.

Fouls: Parkin 2, Steine 1, Bailey 1.

Referee, Mr. Prentiss.

Time, 20-minute halves.

—o—

MACKENZIE SCHOOL VS. R. P.

Seventeen to eleven against us in ithe first

half and twenty-six to twenty-five in our favor

at the end gives us a lesson in pluck and per-

severance that we may heed with profit. I

refer to the basket-ball game with the Macken-

zie School on February 18. The size and

weight of our opponents gave them the ad-

vantage at first, but lightning speed and mar-

velous energy throughout a fast and hard-

THE ARGO

fought game produced merited results, The

boys on both sides deserve praise. Some

roughness was inevitable, because the boys

were big and the room was small. There was

no intentional fouling. As we watched the

shots that put each team ahead in turn, and

heard the shouts of partisan spectators follow-

ing each step toward victory, the interest was

intense, and our two rooters, Johnson and

Ziegler, made noise enough for a multitude.

Each player did his best, and no one may feel

hurt when we say that Succop was the star

and displayed a style of basket-ball that would

honor a college court. We extend our thanks

to the Mackenzie School for their cordial wel-

come. Line-up:

Prep.: Fountain, r. f. and g.; Succop, |. f.;

Searle, c.; Todd, r. g.; Parkin, 1. g.; Stinson,

pf

Mackenzie: Jacka, r. f.; Miller (Capt.),

1. f.; Ford, c.; Clark, r. g.; Lee, 1. g.; Whittle,

l. g.

Field Goals: Succop 5, Searle 3, Todd 1,

Stinson 2, Jacka 5, Miller 2, Ford 2, Clark 1,

Whittle 2.

Foul Goals: Fountain 1, Parkin 3, Jacka 1.

—o—

N. J. MILITARY ACAD. 5, R. P. 49.

N. J. M. A. came to New Brunswick with a

record of having won seven out of nine games.

One of these defeats was at the hands of the

Prep. five, and they repeated the dose to the

tune of 49 to 5. The Prep. team was tuned

up to the right pitch and had everything their

own way from the start. Captain Parkin had

his eye on the basket and was a sure shot.

Succop played his usual fast game, being all

over the floor and right where he was needed,

and he gave Bergain of N. J. M. A. more than

was coming to him. Thurber, the. Academy’s

forward, was a fast little man, but he had hard

work to get loose; he was the life of their

team.

Prentiss, of Rutgers, referee.

Case, of N. J. M. A., umpire.

N. J. M. A.: Hibbard, r. g-; Bergain, |. g-;

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Varian, c.; Adamison, r. f.; Thurber (Capt-)

e 2

Prep.: Voorhees, Stinson, r.. g-;

(Capt.), lL. g.; Searle, Todd, c.; Fountain, r. 3

Succop, |. f.

Field Goals: Stinson 3, Parkin 8, Searle 3.

Todd 3, Fountain 1, Succop 4.

Fouls: Thurber 5, Parkin 5, Succop 2.

Parkin

She (on the beach at Atlantic City): “a

wonder why that dog tried to bite me just

now?”

He: “The intelligent animal heard me call

you a little witch and he probably thought you

were a sand witch.”—E-.

“Habit is hard to overcome. If you take

off the first letter, it does not change ‘abit’

If you take off another you have a ‘bit’ left.

If you take off another the whole of ‘it’ re-

mains, If you take off another, it is not

wholly used up. All of this goes to show

that if you want to get rid of a habit, you

must throw it off altogether.” —E-.

Archie: “Gee! What pretty ankles that

dancer has.”

Stern Parent: “My son, you should learn

to look above such things.”—Columbia Jester.

In Council meeting: “I make a motion we

have a reception for this celebrated man that

is coming.”

“Yes: take him to the lunch-room.”

At the first meal on board the ocean liner

Smythe was beginning to feel like casting his

bread upon the waters. His friends had told

him that when he began to feel that way he

should stuff himself. He tackled a cutlet first,

but it didn’t taste right. He observed to the

waiter, “Waiter, this cutlet isn’t very good.”

The waiter looked at his whitening face,

then replied, “Yes, sir; but for the length of

time you'll ‘ave h’it, sir, h’t won't matter, sir.”

—Lippincott’s.

Wanted, in a delicatessen store, a young

man to bite holes in Swiss cheese.

A loose horse, running at full speed, was

thrown and captured by V. Pardo, who

jumped in front of the frightened animal, and

both fell entangled in the street. The accident

occurred at the corner of Easton avenue and

Somerset street at 9.30 Friday evening, March

3. Neither Pardo nor the horse was hurt by

the fall and the animal was soon turned over

to the police.

Bert Hassellhas successfully completed his

course in time tables and is now studying

motorcycle catalogues.

Walter Farley returned to school February

26, after three weeks’ sickness from an abscess

in the ear. He stayed a few days but then

went back again, as his ear began troubling

him.

Ley took that long-wished-for trip to New-

burg.

Jack Dougherty is back with us again, after

his long absence on account of sickness.

Charles Ritter has been away from school

for a week on account of a bad nervous break-

down.

The school is sadly in need of another good

(?) artist like Watts.

It seems funny, Succop and Malmar were

both sick at the Trap the same day.

They tell us that Ley looks good in Has

ARGO

Lrouck’s suit. It is certain that Ley’s suit is

a perfect fit to Has Brouck.

Ed. Hoe returned to school February 14,

after his mysterious vacation.

Mr. Merrill was struck by a flying sugar-pill

while at his desk in study hall. No apparent

injury was involved by it.

That popular boy, Eddie Ley, enjoyed the

week-end with Chris Braun at Paterson.

Fountain and Avery proved their ability for

fussing at the Trap dance.

Sunny Willard ‘10 attended the dance and

visited his friends at the Trap over Sunday.

George Day is pledged to the Hungry Nine.

Can you imagine :—

Fat getting mad.

Walt. Scudder as a cowboy.

Silzer as a grind.

Olsen as an actor.

Mr. Risley being late.

Menzies as an optimist.

Farley as a poet.

Hoe catching chickens.

Mr, Lewis as a bridegroom.

Mittag in the pulpit.

Hassell as editor-in-chief.

Number “one” as Salome.

Reeves in a bathing-suit,

The new Trap.

Bro. Todd out “chipping.”

Malmar as an artist.

“Gonny” as an athlete.

The undisputed right that “General” holds

about the Prep. School was infringed upon by

a heavy white bull-dog and the fight which en-

sued might have ended seriously if they had

not been separated. As jit was, General had to

remain at.the surgeon's house several days.

We think the other dog died from wounds re-

ceived in the scuffle.

THE

L. B. Vogt received a serious injury while

walking under a telegraph pole along the

street in Elizabeth, N. J. A falling bolt.

dropped by a man working on the pole, struck

him on the head, piercing two holes in his

skull. He was immediately taken to his home.

where he was cared for and is now improving

rapidly. The accident occurred at 2 p. m.

February 16. “Here's to a speedy recovery,

Vogt.”

If a rose costs 8 cents, what is A.

Worth?

If Mr. Lewis can plow two acres in one

Day, how much can Ed. Hoe?

If “Cap” burns two tons of coal a week,

what does Miss Osburn?

If Mr. Fisher can run a motor boat, what

can Robert Stier?

If (?) Sammy knows his geometry, what

will Konow?

If Friday lost ten pounds, what does Jane-

Busch

way?

If Maud wants to go forward could Grom-

bacher?

If White has 10 cents, is Has Brouck?

If Searle went out, is Parkin?

Ye Cuarce or BarriinG Eppre.

As Related by Ye Scribe

A. D. 1911.

Half a block, half a block,

Half a block onward,

Into the thick of fight

Rushed battling Eddie.

“Forward the Fist Brigade,

Charge on the Huns,” he said.

Into the thick of fight,

Rushed battling Eddie.

Forward the fist brigade.

Was Eddie Hoe dismayed?

Not though he surely knew

Some one would slam him.

His not to make reply,

His not to sit and ery,

ARGO

14.

15:

16.

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His but to do and die.

Into the thick of fight

Rushed battling Eddie.

Hunyaks to right of him,

Hunyaks to left of him,

Hunyaks in front of him,

Fell down and blubbered.

Jabbed at with knives and shell,

Boldly he fought and well,

Went in and gave them—fits,

Did battling Eddie.

Flashed their stilettos bare,

Flashed as they turned in air,

Cutting at Eddie there,

Fighting the Hunyaks while

All the world wondered.

Plunged in just like a joke,

Twenty-odd faces broke,

Hunyak and Dago

Reeled from his mighty stroke,

Then they fled, after them Eddie.

When can his glory fade!

Oh! the hard cracks he made,

Those Guineas wondered.

Honor the wounds they made,

Honor the cracks he laid

On by the hundred.

“CALENDAR.

February.

. Booze Hoisters 24, Holy Rollers 10.

. Kingsley 25, Rutgers Prep. 45.

. Chicken and ice cream at the Trap. .

. Hungry Nine appears in court.

. Two new arrivals in Prep.

. Newark High 30, Prep. 8.

. Nothing doing to-day.

. Holy Rollers 24, Booze Hoisters 22.

. Irving School 17, Rutgers Prep. 37.

\_ Bert makes four new acquaintances.

\_ “Friday” mails some fifteen or more val-

entines.

Valentine decorations at the supper table.

North Plainfield 22, Rutgers Prep. (10.

Vogt receives a serious injury.

110

17. Three social gatherings at the Trap.

18. Mackenzie School 25, Rutgers Prep, 26.

19. Mr. Fisher gives an illustrated lecture on

Five Islands Camp.

20. “Cap” has clean hands to-day.

21. Shumacher and White take in a grand

opera.

22. Freehold Military Academy 5,

Prep. 49.

23. Phonograph works overfime on account of

arrival of fifty new records from Pittsburg.

4. A day off.

25. Another,

26. Still another,

27. Captain Fountain and bunch try a little

base-ball.

28. “General” nearly killed in street brawl.

Other contestant not so lucky; he died.

Rutgers

nN

Vacation,

March.

1, First signs of rough-housing at the Trap.

(‘Bout time.)

. “Sunny” Willard visits the school.

3- Dance at Trap very successful.

ADJECTIVES.

Ridiculous—Sophomores.

Useless—Faculty.

Tantalizing—Drill.

Grassy—Freshmen. |

Economic—The Council.

Respectful—Seniors.

Stimulating—Lunch.

Progressive—Juniors.

Refreshing (?)—Chapel.

Excellent—Basket-ball team.

Polite—Everybody.

Miss Persons: “What is that small book

you have behind your Caesar?”

Soph: “That is one of Caesar’s cavalry.”

A base-ball mass-meeting was held March

10, at which Coach Ziegler outlined the sea-

son’s work and gave points of good conduct

which all players must observe.

That moustache quartet, composed of Zieg-

ler, Has Brouck, Succop and Dougherty, are

the laughing stock of the Trap.

THE ARGO

OURK REGIMENT.

Have you seen the Prep. School regiment, in

uniform so trim,

Forming there across the street to march o'er

to the gym?

face! Quick-step! March! the cap-

tains cry,

And the soldiers take their stand,

Such a military band!

As if to say, “Like heroes we will do or

die.”

Righ

Have you seen the Prep School regiment, a-

marching down the street?

Have you heard the ceaseless rumble of their

ever-marching feet?

‘Though to foe they seem alarming,

All the lassies turn and stare,

With a most admiring air,

For their martial tread and bearing is quite

charming.

Have you seen the Prep. School regiment

“double-timing” back to school,

Splashing in the slushy weather through pud-

dle and through pool?

Stumbling, tumbling, in the door they push,

And for hot-dog or for bun

Up the stairs they crowd and run,

And the lunch-counter is emptied by their

rush. H.L. J. 12.

“Waiter, you're the biggest fool I ever

saw.”

“Yes, sir. Why, sir?”

“Didn’t I ask you to get me a water crack-

er?”

"Yes, sir.”

“And here you bring me an ice pick.”—E-.

Willie (very sleepily saying his prayers) :

“Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the

Lord my soul to keep—”

“Tf” (prompted the mother).

Willie: “If he hollers let him go. Eenie,

meenie, miney, mo.”—Ex,

THE

Tue Arco acknowledges the following ex-

Academy Graduate,

Academy Student, Acropolis, Beacon, Breeze,

Budget, Bulletin, Erasmian, Forum, Heath-

cote, Ides, Irvonian, Ledger, Magpie, Mirror,

M. A. S. Monthly, Oracle (P. H. S.), Oracle

changes for February:

(Mt. V. H. S.), On Bounds, Penn Charter

Magazine, Poly. Prep., Polytechnic, Red and

Blue, Recorder, Rutherfordian, Searchlight,

Shucis, School Life, Signal, Spectator, Tar-

gum, Valkyrie, Wah-Hoo, X (cellentidea).

Through a misunderstanding with the pub-

lisher, we did not have enough copies to send

out to all our exchanges.

Vail Deane Budget: We admire your cover

very much. It is pleasingly original.

Erasmian: Your cuts are excellent, and the

arrangement of your departments is concise.

Also your stories are good and numerous.

Heathcote: You need more cuts. Also

your exchange column is weak. Did you not

receive THE ARGO?

The Ides is a most interesting paper, but the

editorial column needs a little more attention.

The Ledger is an exceptionally fine paper.

The plentiful number of photographs and cuts,

and also the excellent literary department,

make it one of our best exchanges.

The M. A. S. Monthly shows increase in

quality if not in quantity, in every issue. The

editorials are particularly well written. The

subjects are well chosen.

Oracle: You are the kind of exchange we

like to receive, and look forward to. You are

one of the most complete papers we receive.

ARGO 111

Searchlight: We are glad to sce improve-

ment shown in the several departments of your

paper.

Spectator: As usual, an excellent exchange.

You have a lively and interested board of edi-

tors.

AS OTHERS SEE US.

This year's cover of the Argo is neat and

well balanced.—Vail Deane Budget.

“I wish you all sorts of prosperity with a

little more taste.” “If more taste were

shown in the arrangement of the ma-

terial contained in the Argo, the paper

would .undoubtedly meet with greater ap-

proval. The cut for the athletic department

is not up to the standard of the other cuts

throughout the magazine. The Argo deserves

credit for its excellent editorials and clever

jokes.”"—Poly. Prep.

The Argo contains some excellent editorials

on good subjects. A number of very clever

jokes are found in this paper.

A really fine editorial on “True Patriotism”

is the redeeming feature of the otherwise in-

complete Argo.— High School Recorder,

Brooklyn.

We certainly are glad to see a change in the

design of your cover. Your interest in ath-

letic news is evident and is well written.—

/rvonian,

You are the only paper that calls us uninter-

esting. We will make a special effort to please

you.—Searchlight.

We welcome this live publica-

It is a very good

The Argo.

tion from Rutgers Prep.

paper indeed, with especially interesting school

notes. Advertisements on the back cover de-

tract from its appearance considerably, how-

ever.

“The Return of Dearborn, Deceas-

You seem to have con-

Argo.

ed” is very clever.

fused your athletic notes and jokes —Valkyrie.

The Argo has a directory, a plan which we

would recommend to other papers.

NIFTY SHOES FOR YOUNG MEN

$3.00, $3.50, $4.00

Foot-ball - Basket-ball

- And Athletic Shoes

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