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JUNE, 1911

Vol. XXII No. 9

Ye Senior Number

DIRECTORY.

President Students’ Association.—R. W. Serve.

President Y. M.C. AA—Watiace DuN\_op.

Captain Foot-Ball.—D. C. Succor.

Captain Basket-Ball.—D. C. Succor.

Captain Base-Ball.—R. B. FounrtvAIN.

Captain Track Team.—J]. A. Doucuerty.

é oe ( Company A.—R. B. Fountain.

aptain Cadets— 3

Company B.—R. W. Jonnson.

Manager Foot-Ball—W. G. C. Konow.

Manager Basket-Ball.—To be appointed.

Manager Base-Ball.—F. R. Parkin.

Manager Track Team.—F. D. P. Has Brover.

Manager Y. M. C. A.—A. S. Ricuarpson.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

MYRON T. SCUDDER,

HEADMASTER

RUTGERS PREPARATORY

SCHOOL

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MYRON T. SCUDDER

Heromaster ProreSSOR OF THE SCIENCE

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THE ARGO.

Published Monthly During the School Year,

BY THE

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Entered in the New Brunswick Post Office as

Second Class Matter.

PRINTED BY J. HEIDINGSFELD,

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor-in

Chief, R. P. S., New Brunswick, and must be accompanied

with the name of the author.

All business communications to Business Manager

Corresnondents will confer a great favor by writing on one

side of the paper only.

Officers of the school, students, and alumni are most cor-

dially invited to contribute.

The end of school has now come and it re-

mains for those of us who have not already

done so to make up our minds what we shali

do after leaving school. Some have already

decided to go to college. Some have set their

minds on work. For a few the latter would

undoubtedly be better, but for the majority—

No! Everywhere it is college men who are

asked for; and even though they do have a

head start of four years, those who have decid-

ed against a college education are soon passed

by their better equipped friends. The chance

comes but once, and then all things should be

carefully considered before the final step is

taken. Think how broad the outlook of a

college graduate is, as opposed to that of the

less educated man. To a college trained man

the professions open up vast chances to “make

good,” while the one without an education

higher than that given by the high school must

seek a business. To be sure, some uncolleged

men rise to the very top, but how few they

are in comparison to the other fraction! The

college man is the man who is wanted, and his

is the better start. Then where to go but Rut-

gers? If you have true Rutgers Prep. spirit

no place but Rutgers would look good to you.

Rutgers offers fine courses and excellent

scholarships, and a Rutgers diploma is a highly

—I10y.

respected thing.

THE

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alumni, working with Dr

Alumni Associa-

for scho ls

Some of our

Scudder, have gotten up an “©

tion. It is a most frequent thing on

to have such organizations, and there 1s MM

doubt of their value both to the school and .

for the school has an organizeG

rs of the

Alma

the grads. ;

body to fall back on and the membe

Association are kept in touch with their

Mater. It is very often that we need help.

and it is a great relief to feel that our alumnt

are so organized that they are in a position to

help us. Then again, it is good to know who

are graduates of our Alma Mater, for very

often we have reason to be proud of them.

We wish those who are working so hard for

this institution, its permanent establishment

YY

and a lot of success. —l0/”.

An invitation has been received by the

school requesting that we join the New Jersey

Interscholastic Athletic Association. Early

in the year the Council debated whether or not

to petition this organization for entrance. The

matter was dropped after a little consideration.

The chief argument against it was that the

schools in the league are all so collectively sit-

uated that the expenses incurred in traveling

are comparatively small. It is the usual thing

for the Prep. team to play some of these

schools anyway, and they are all of such a

high grade that they could be played to much

more advantage than many of the teams on

our schedule now. When we consider the

matter again we see that we ought to feel hon-

ored when there are so many worthy schools

in New Jersey, to find ourselves the recipients

of such an invitation, . The schools in the

league are undoubtedly the most popular in

the State both as regards to athletics and

scholarship, and we feel that association

with them would be of the highest advantage

to both parties concerned. The dues are very

moderate, and the fact that if we should win

another State championship we would receive

a memorial of it is very pleasing. Besides this,

it would be a great stimulus for better teams:

ARGO

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interest in all the branches of at

undoubtedly improve,

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games, .

league would be ; the

the bringing of new students, An-

of great advantage

school in

other matte ere fay.

arguments 1s the intimacy that would

r to be considered among the

orable

result between the schools on account of the

frequent contests. As far as We can see there

would not be a single unfavorable outcome if

we should join the New Jersey Interscholastic

A. A., and it is the sincere hope of the

Arco that the new year will find us enrolled

along with the other schools, namely, Newark

High School, Montelair High, East Orange

High, Stevens Prep., and possibly Newark

Academy, the invitation having been tendered

to them also. —104.

The average boy who leaves his parents and

friends at home to attend a boarding school

finds himself in a different environment. It

goes without saying that he feels strange, and

he hardly expects to find any of the privileges

and comforts that he has heretofore enjoyed

at home; but he finds himself happily disap-

pointed, for on the day of his arrival he be-

gins to make new friends, and to get acquaint-

ed with the Masters. From the first he real-

izes that every one is looking out for his com-

fort, and that the Masters are always inter-

ested in his plans, and ready to help him at

any time.

Our life at the “Trap” is very pleasant and

as homelike as possible. Our whole system of

discipline tends towards giving the boys free-

dom, and making them rely on their own

judgment, but there are rules for those who

do not seem to fit into the general scheme, and

through these rules the boys gradually find

themselves, and soon they do not realize that

any restrictions are placed upon them, From

time to time during the year social events are

held, sometimes just for the boys alone, and

THE

again some young ladies are invited in to add

to the pleasure of the occasion. Of course

there are always some who get homesick and

discouraged, but they always find consolation

and cheer in their Faculty advisers, and as

soon as the boys find out that the school has

their interests at heart, and is always inter-

ested in their success, they soon feel that here

it is not so different from their home sur-

roundings.

Those who like to go home, and live near

enough to the school to go and return within

three days, are given permission to visit home,

occasionally, and it is very gratifying to know

that, however anxious a boy may be to see his

parents, he is always glad to get back to the

“Trap.” Friendships are made here which

last for life. The life is fascinating, and

every boy feels that he is a member in the

home life. He hates to think of leaving, for

he knows he will miss his friends. However,

we are always glad to have our old boys come

back and visit us, and during the year many

have done this. :

Soon the final examinations will have come

and gone; school will be over for the summer,

and we will all have separated, some never to

come back again as students to the school

where we have striven to fit ourselves for a

further life which shall be useful both to our-

selves and to our fellow-men. Those of

us cannot help regretting that we are to leave

Rutgers Prep. forever. We are of course

glad in one way to advance, to go on in life,

and to feel that we have gained that object

for which we have so long striven to fit our-

selves—graduation; yet on the other hand we

feel that we have completed the first stage of

our lives, that we must leave our old, familiar

world for a new, strange one, that, above all,

we must say good-bye to our old companions

and the teachers who have helped us, to such

a large extent, to be successful in our school

works,—these thoughts fill us with a sadness

ARGO 139

that is hard to forget. And yet we must go

on, we cannot stop now if we would: college

or business awaits us, and beyond college is

a still wider world which is waiting and

watching for men, men who are trained to

bravely face hard problems, and to think them

out wisely, and who are thus better fitted to

solve the difficulties and questions of the na-

tion that is calling.

ALUMNI NOTES.

‘o5. M. C. T. Andreae has a church at

Glen Ridge, N, Te

‘o4. The marriage of Douglas Fisher and

Miss Abbie Cranmer, daughter of W. Cran-

mer '78 was held at Somerville, N. J., on

June first. While in Prep, Dug was captain

of the famous foot-ball team that was not

scored on and a member of the track team

that broke the record for the one mile relay.

He also played on the base-ball team.

‘o2. A future Rutgers Prep. man has ar-

rived at the home of Harold Green.

‘og. Austin De la Torre is a rival candidate

with Madero for the Mexican Presidency.

“Mex” expects to win on the women’s vote.

‘og. It is rumored that Doc Carroll is an

honor man at Valpairiso Univ. Doe, it will

be remembered ; is the author of “How I took

Thirty Years to Get Through Prep. School.

‘og. Bob Prentiss has been forced to leave

the Rutgers base-ball team on account of an

attack of rheumatism.

‘94. George Hutchinson is superintendent

of the Tenn. Coal, [ron and R. R. Co.

‘og. A. Joyce Kilmer has written a series

of poems of love.

85. James H. LeFevre is general manager

of the Ontario Iron and Steel Co., at Wel-

land, Canada.

85. Kumakechiro Oiche is editor of a

Newspaper at Waseda, Japan.

‘o5. Ted. Westervelt has been married.

Details lacking.

(Continued on page 150.)

Epwarp S. Hor,

“Chicken.” Ho.N. BO.

B © TI. Rutgers College.

Clas

B,

s of t9it. Councilor

Jr

Pledged to

President of

Corp. Company

R. P. in Foot-ball. R. P. in Base-ball.

git in Base-ball.

Ross B. Fountain

“Friday.” A ©. Pledged to Zw, Rutgers Col

lege.

Vice

cilar. Captain of School

Capt

ball.

ball.

ain of Company A.

R. P, in Base-ball.

1ott in Base-ball.

President of Class of 1911

Base-hall

Coun-

Team

R P. in Basket-

TOM

in

Basket-

Artuur C. Buscu

“Big Busch” T . Pledged to X @, Rut-

gers College. Honor Man. Secretary and

Treasurar of Class of 1gt1. Secretary of

Students Association. Business Manager

of “Argo” for Oct., Noy., Dec. \_Editor-in-

Chief of “Argo” for the rest of the year.

Ist Sergeant of Company A. Chairman of

Senior Pin Committee. Chairman of

Senior Department of “Algo.” 19tt in

3asket-ball. 1911 in Base-ball.

Sternen B, Avery

“Steve” A ©. Councilor.

Harry S. Conover Luis G. GAMEROS

“Fusser.”” First Lieut. Company B. “Mex”

Joun A. Dovenerry ALApAR H. HAmBorsky

“Doe,” “Trish.” Ho.N. Corp. Company “Ham”

A. Capt. School Track Team. R. P. in

Foot-ball. Manager of Senior Basket-ball

Team.

Ferpinann D, P. Has Brovck

“Ferd.” Ho.N. Pledged A K E, Rutgers

College. Manager of School Track Team.

Athletic Editor of “Argo.” Carp. Company

A.

Samuet M. Hotvanper

Foot-ball.

“Sammy.” R. P.

Harry L. JANEWwAy

A ©. Honor Man. Literary Editor of

“Argo.”

Rorerr W. Jounson

“Bobs T ®. Ho.N Pledged A @, Rut-

gers College. Councilor, Capt. Company

B. Manager School

Sasket-ball Team

“Mal.”

lege.

SENIOR CLASS

IrviNG Luptoy

Warp

Ho.N. Pledged A @, Rutgers Col-

Corp. Company A.

Staff Artist.

“Loopy”

B, MALMAR

FrANcIs R. PARKIN

“Park.” A @. Ho.N. Honor Man

Councilor. Manager of School Base-ball

Team. Captain School Basket-ball Team.

Second Lieut. Company B. R. P. in Fopt-

ball. R. P. in Basket-ball. R. P. in Base-

ball. 19tt in Basket-ball. totr in Base-

hall. .

ALLAN S. Rich arpson

Exchange Editor of the “Argo.” 2nd Serg

Company A, Chairman Senior Class Pres-

ent Committee. R. P. in Foot-ball. Coun-

cilor. Manager Y. M. C. A.

SENIOR Cl

STLER Tueovore G. SULLIVAN

Ropert F,

“Bull”

Vice President Y. M. C. A.

“Narrow”

Paut STINSON -

Harry Topp

“Pete.” Ho.N. Pledged B © TI, Rutgers up ¥ 7

College. Chairman Senior Dance Commit- Brother. \_ Pres. \ M. Cc. A. for Ist Sem-

tee. Chairman Senior Hat Committee. ST: Chairman Senior Commencement In-

Councilor, 3rd Serg. Company A. R. P. in Vitations. Honor Man.

Foot-ball. R. P. in Basket-ball. R. P. in

Base-ball. 1911 in Basket-ball.

SENIOR CLASS

Russet D. VAN SICKLE

Revoe WILLIAMS

“Fat” “Pickles.” Chairman Senior Banquet

Committee. Captain Senior Basket-ball

Team. R. P. in Foot-ball. 1911 in Basket-

ball.

SENIOR BALL.

First she said she'd come,

Then she sald she wouldn't,

Then she said she'd think of it,

Then she said she couldn't.

Answer at once, I wrote.

She took three weeks and a half.

Her program was nicely filled

When she answered by telegraph.

O, the girls, the girls, the girls,

They are pretty and jolly and clever,

But they answer strictly on time,

Never—Never—Never. —Stag.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

~The Canadian border has always offered

great opportunities for smuggling, and the St.

Lawrence is no exception, though perhaps

more easily patrolled. The government had

at this time a couple of revenue cutters and al-

so individual dectectives and inspectors who

were everywhere and anywhere all the time.

John MeGee was one of these, and was on

the honor roll for bravery and sagacity.

The following is gained partly from his

own recital and partly from captured smug-

glers:

In the spring of 1&89— he had been in Cana-

da making investigations and what he found

made it absolutely necessary to get back to

the New York side immediately. He had no

boat, and the only one he could get was a top

heavy old tub with a sail much too large. How-

ever it was this or nothing and he set out

about noon on a Tuesday. The day was

cloudy, the sky was threatening, the wind was

squally, and worst of all the river was rough,

swift and full of ice from the spring freshets.

He was not an espcially good sailor, but all

went well until he got to the middle of the

stream, where a large picce of ice, a big wave

and an unusually strong puff of wind con-

trived to capsize the boat and forced him to

swim for his life. After a long struggle he

7/1) \\\

‘Mt

crawled half dead, onto one of the islands

which abound in the St. Lawrence. Fortu-

nately it did not rain, so he eventually dried

out, but he soon grew hungry, and in the morn-

ing set out to find something to stay his ap-

petite. There was mighty little to be found,

so his condition grew worse.

It remained stormy, and late in the after-

noon he saw approaching a boat full of Mer-

chandise and six tough-looking men. He

hastly pulled down the signal which he had

erected in the hope that one of the cutters

would see it and come to his rescue, but it was

too late for the boat still headed for his refuge.

Even then he might have bluffed it through,

but he recognized Bull Murphy among the

men. This made John resolve to put up a good

fight, for he had been the main cause of

Bull's recent arrest, and Bull had vowed yen-

geance.

- \* \* \* \* \* \*

When John came to he found himself bound

and bruised, and lying on the up-stream side

of the island with his feet toward the water.

At first his position did not seem serious and

he endeavored to crawl away and

cut his bonds on some broken glass he saw

lying near by. He found that he could not

move, so he laid back to wait till some one

should pass near by and release him.

THE

After a while he thought he heard the sound

of oars and he raised his voice and shouted

again and again, but nothing came of it. Then

he dropped off to sleep.

He did not know how long he slept, but it

was twilight when he woke with a start to find

his feet in the water. A wave of fear swept

over him—the river was rising. He put all

his strength into blood curdling yells for help

which made the former ones seem mere whis-

pers.

Higher and higher crept the water: to his

knees ; to his waist, and as it covered his chest,

he felt it at the back of his head. He thanked

his lucky stars that the beach was steep. Now

it filled his ears, and he felt the tug of the cur-

rent. He realized the diabolic cruelty of the

smugglers in leaving him there to slowly

drown. :

Once again he raised his cries for aid. Sud-

denly a beam of light penetrated the night.

It was the cutter’s search-light. He repeated

his shouts. The boat seemed to be coming

near. He could hear the engines now. Would

they be in time? Already he was nearly float-

ing, for the water was at his chin. He strug-

gled, but it only served to shift his position

and in no way helped him.

Suddenly his eyes were dazzled as the

search-light swept across his face, hesitated,

returned and remained there. He could hear

the exclamations on board. A boat was

hastily lowered. The tip of his nose was all

he could keep out of water now.

Hark! The boat grounded near him and

strong arms grasped him. He was safe. Now

that the strain was over he fainted E. S. I.

A SUDDEN STORM.

We were cruising around in the Gulf of

Guinea, near the Island of St. Thomas. It

had been one of the hottest days on record,

for that latitude; at noon the mercury went

up as high as one hundred and twenty degrees

in the shade; the pitch and tar bubbled in the

ARGO 147

seams, and one could fry a piece of bacon on

a sheet of tin upon deck. The water around

us was like glass, and shone “like a sheet of

burnished gold” all around us. The day wore

on; at about six o'clock the stars began to

twinkle, and as we were lounging about on the

deck, none thought of the approaching danger.

At 6.30 we heard a distant roaring, and look-

ing up we saw approaching us a great line of

white water, under the blackest clouds I ever

saw, as fast as a race-horse. It struck us

broadside on, and we nearly turned turtle, but

thanks to the helmsman, we straightened on

our course, and went off like a flash. In an

instant our sails were torn to ribbons, and the

halyards slipped their blocks, and stood out

like sticks in front of us. Our speed increas-

ed so that the strain broke the top-mast out of

the stays, and we found that the planks near

the keel had sprung leaks, for our whole

length, and the hold had a foot of water in it.

I went below to see the damage, and as I

rushed up on deck I heard the captain say:

“Cut her away, boys, she'll have to go.” I

soon found that he meant the main mast, but

I did not think that we were in so bad a con-

dition as to necessitate that. I lent a hand

with an axe, and soon.we had the old stick

tottering, till at last she went by the board.

The schooner righted herself a little, but soon

we had to cut the foremast away too. Then we

were the most bedraggled looking thing afloat.

Both our masts gone! our hull leaking like

a sieve, and our bulwarks stove in! We

certainly presented a sorry sight. The storm

seemed to increase, not decrease, in fury, till

we were afraid we would go to the bottom.

The captain ordered all below, and the hatches

closed; but he said that he would ride out the

storm in his little schooner alone among the

mountains of water around it. We could not

sleep, or rest; our excitement was so great,

so we thought the best thing we could do

would be to see if we could not repair the leaks

in the hull. We thought of the captain up on

THE

148

lashed to the wheel, nearly

spray—working during

es depended on his

loyal

deck, standing,

blinded by the flying

the hours when all our liv

brave he was, and how

actions; how

lives.

to that one cause, that of saving our

We all wondered if he would be crazed by

the great strain, and cast himself into the sea,

and leave us to our fate. How he lived through

that night we have often wondered; but he

did, and in the morning we went up on deck

and saw him still standing by the wheel; his

eyes intent on the bow of the ship, keeping

her on the only safe course there was—that

of running before the wind. All day we raced

on: our decks cleared of everything that was

not fastened on; for the wind nearly blew the

clothes off our backs, and we would have been

blown off ourselves had it not been for lines

stretched from rail to rail, and from bow to

stern, Still the captain stood by the wheel,

and refused anything to eat; he said he was

too busy to bother with such things.

All day the storm raged and still our little

craft held together. At noon we took some-

thing to eat for the first time in eighteen hours,

but the captain refused everything eatable,

drinkable or otherwise. He said he wanted

to be alone. When evening came on, I cannot

call it darkness, because it had been dark all

day, the storm abated a little; still we were

in a dangerous position, because our hold was

was full of water, and our drinking water

casks had been thrown and tossed about so

much, that all but one were broken, and so

our chief support of life was gone. Our food

was also soaked with sea-water, which made

it almost uneatable. The abatement of the

storm was only temporary ; it seemed to be only

a lull, before a greater storm, for the wind

and rain seemed to beat against each other,

and the schooner, more than éver,

To add horror to the scene thunder and

lightning added their terrors, Our speed in-

~ his place, as captain of the ship.

ARGO

creased so as to make it hard to breathe, the

air sweeping against us so strongly. Sudden.

ly, without a sound of warning, we Were all

thrown violently forward on our faces,— and

we heard the most aivful crash! At the same

instant we were struck by lightning and

stunfied. ‘Coming to, we heard above the Toar

of the storm our ship breaking to pieces on

rocky shore, then | said I would carry a life

line to the shore, and haul a hawser to land, so

that we might all be saved from death Ay

first the captain said he would do it, being

I silenced

him by saying that he had done enough al-

ready, without doing any more. Then the

cook spoke up and said that he had done the

least, and was the strongest of the party:

which was true enough; for he could shin up

the main mast with two men on his back. So

after a great deal of dispute, it was decided

that he should go. He stripped himself, and

fastened a line around his waist, and having

gone through a lot of ceremony, that had some-

thing to do with his religion, (for he was an

African of the Katuchi Tribe), he dove over-

board, and started for the shore.

As the rope was let out we could see he

was making good progress; and feeling a

hard jerk on the end of the line, we thanked

God that he had reached the shore safely.

A strong hawser was now attached to the line,

and at a given signal, we began to pay out the

hawser. With one end fastened to the stump

of the main mast, and the other to a tree on

the beach, we were one by one taken safely

to the land.

In the early morning the storm stopped as

suddenly as it began, and what we saw brought

tears to our eyes. Our little boat was beaten

to pieces, and stray bits of wreckage scatter

ed along the shore was all that remained to

Witness the gallant fight she had made against

the storm. ALLAN S,. RICHARDSON.

THE ARGO 149

ALL FOR NAUGHT (?)

Ted Baker was just passing one of the prin-

cipal stations in Pittsburg when he noticed a

familiar face. Ted Was recognized at the same

time, so he doffed his cap and shook hands.

“Why, hello, Grace,” he said. “I didn’t know

you were in town,” :

“Good afternoon, Ted,” she replied. “I just

came out last night to see Aunt May, and was

intending to leave on the 1.42 train, the one

that just now went off and left me; my watch

must have been slow, and I don’t know what

T am to do, for I must be in New Brunswick

to-night for Cousin Jane’s wedding—I’m to

be flower girl, you know.”

“Well, that is too bad,” exclaimed Ted.

“Would the next train be too late?”

“The next train won't make the right con-

nections, and | don’t think there is one that

will go until half-past three, and that would

be too late.”

“That certainly is too bad,” said Ted, “but

if you haven’t anything special to do now, take

a walk with me and we will try to find a way

out of the difficulty.”

Instead of walking they took the trolley, and

a few minutes’ ride brought them to a residen-

tial part of the city. They left the car at a

street lined with beautiful houses. Walking

a block brought the two to a fine estate; the

lawn was well kept, and dotted with trees

through which could be barely seen a large

brownstone house, almost a mansion.

“Oh! Is this where you live?” she ex-

claimed. “Isn't it a fine house? My, but I'd

love to go all through it.”

“We haven’t time for that now,” Ted an-

swered, as he led the way up through a shady

path at the right.

“Oh, my! Have you a plan?” cried Grace.

“I'd give anything to be in New Brunswick

now.”

Without answering her he led her into a

sort of barn. They entered a large room in

which stood an intricate framework structure.

“T know what that is,” said she, “It's a—

a—a—oh, you know what I mean. [ just can’t

think of the word.”

Ted didn’t hear—he was pushing open a

large sliding door. Outside the door Grace

saw a track extending from the barn down

into the meadow for a few hundred yards, or

thereabouts.

“Come, get in,” said Ted. “Please sit here.”

“Oh! Is it perfectly safe?” cried Grace.

“Yes, perfectly,” he replied. “Are you

afraid to go?”

“No! No!” she hastily assured him, and

climbed to her seat.

Ted bent over the engine, and in a moment

the machine quivered as if anxious to break

away from its prison in a long flight of free-

dom. He jumped to his seat and grasping the

steering wheel pushed down the clutch. The

machine slid out of its house easily, and with

increasing speed glided along the track. Then

suddenly Grace noticed that the ground began

to drop below and behind.

“Oh, isn’t this fine!’ she cried. “I never

expected to ride in an aeroplane. This is sim-

ply great.”

Soon smoky Pittsburg was left behind, and

the country was spread out below like an ever-

changing map. It was indeed a wonderful

panorama. For a few miles they followed the

Allegany River, then broke off to the eastward.

In three-quarters of an hour they passed over

Ebensburg. Here Ted shoved the throttle up

one more notch and the machine shot forward

with increased velocity. Half an hour later

they flew past Huntington.

“How far have we got to go?” asked Grace.

“T think it is about three hundred miles,” he

answered. “It may be a little less than that

though. If we make good time we ought to

be in New Brunswick by seven. Would that

be too late?”

“TI wouldn’t let it be too late,” she replied,

“Gf only we could do it.”

“Those two cities to the north are Lewiston

and Mifflinton,” said Ted, ‘We shall soon

reach the Susquehanna.”

THE

150

about twenty miles above

and a quarter later Al-

fteen minutes

This was passed

Harrisburg. An hour

lentown was reached, and in fi

they crossed the Delaware.

“We are in Jersey now,”

have been gone about four hours.

I think we have covered about

said Ted. “We

It is now

six o'clock,

two hundred and fifty miles so far.””

“You see that mountain below us?

a moment later. “If I remember rightly that

‘s Mount Musconetcong. We must be a little

farther north than we want to go.”

So saying he turned the good steed a trifle

In less than half an hour the

” he said

to the south.

Raritan hove in sight.

“That is Somerville off there on the left,”

announced Ted.

“Oh! cried Grace. “Then we'll soon be

home, won't we? In one way I'm glad and in

another I'm sorry, for this is such fun.”

“You are a fine passenger,” Ted replied. “I

hope we will be able to have another ride to-

gether in the near future.”

“Tt has been a fine lark,” said Grace. “I

don’t know how I shall ever be able to thank

you for it.”

“I don’t need any thanks,” said Ted. “I

have had as much enjoyment out of it as you

have. But here we are at New Brunswick,

and I guess I'll thave to let you down. Is it

your house on Livingston avenue that you

wish to go?”

“Yes,” she replied.

There were few vehicles in the street, so

Ted stopped right in front of the house.

“Thank you ever, ever so much,” she said,

as she got out. “You've made very good time.

See, it is only a litlle after thalf-past six. And

now won't you come to supper and rest before

you start back? Please do.”

“I'd like to very much,” he said, “but I

must be back for an engagement early to-mor-

row. I’m coming to see you soon, though, to

take you for a ride and tell you something.”

And for one long minute their eyes met and

looked deep into each other, sending thrills

through both.

ARGO

Grace turned and ran up the steps, pausing

to wave to him as he sped away. Inside aij

was confusion, every one wondering if their

little Nower girl was lost, had missed the train,

had been kidnapped, or any one of a hundred

things which might have happened to her,

She was immediately besieged by questions as

after another of her family caught sight

“What train did you come?” “Didn't

He has been at the station

“We thought you must

one

of her.

you meet Bob?

since five o'clock.”

have missed the train,” etc., ete.

“Please don’t ask me any questions until af-

ter the wedding,” cried Grace, dashing up-

stairs.

“Oh, my dear little girl,” said her mother;

“didn’t you know Cousin Jane sprained her

ankle this afternoon, and the wedding had to

be postponed till Friday after next?”

“What a relief,” sighed Grace, as she sank

down on the bed and related her adventures

to her mother. “And wasn’t he a dear boy, to

go all through so much trouble for my sake?”

she said in ending.

\* \* \* \* \* \*

Ted had a lonely ride home that night, but

whenever he thought of their parting and what

was to come, he thrilled again. And never

once did he regret what he had done, for it

helped to procure a companion for his after

life “till death do part.”

FRrEDERIC VOORHEES.

(Continued from page 139.)

‘05. Louis Bevier, 3d is practicing law in

New York City.

‘or. Wilbur W. Ballagh is assistant editor

of the New York Journal of Commerce.

Ol. J. G. Blackwell is practicing medi-

cine at Los Angeles, Cal.

82. Louis D. Blauvelt is Asst. Chief-En-

gineer of the Denver, N. W. and Pacific Rail-

way,

‘98. R. E. Brown is Second Lieut. of 16th

U.S. Infantry. He has been detailed to the

Mexican border,

’

PRE

», VS. PINGRY.

Prep. added another sealp to her string when

she defeated Pingry 9 to 0. Ziegler was on

the mound for Prep. and pitched a no hit

game, struck out twenty-two men and passed

five. Only five men reached first and only

two of the five saw second. Fountain got a

double and triple, while Ziegler pulled off a

triple also.

Prep.’s runs were scored as follows:

First inning: Stinson fanned, Parkin walk-

ed, Ziegler was hit on the arm, Menzies sin-

gled, scoring Parkin; Fountain tripled, scor-

ing Ziegler and Menzies; Hoe fanned, Day

flied to second. Three runs.

Third inning: Parkin and Ziegler fanned;

Menzies reached first on an error; Fountain

walked. A double steal was pulled off. Hoe

hit to center, scoring Menzies and Fountain;

Day grounded to second. Two runs.

Fourth inning: Todd walked, Searle sac-

rificed him to second; Stinson singled, scor-

ing Todd; Parkin fanned; Ziegler reached

first on an error by shortstop, Stinson scor-

ing; Menzies fanned. Two runs.

Seventh inning: Parkin grounded out to

shortstop, Ziegler tripled, Menzies walked and

stole second: Fountain doubled, scoring Zieg-

ler and Menzies; Hoe flied and Fountain was

runs.

doubled at second. Two

Line-up and score.

an Si hk @ £2 €

Allen, If.

awe wee 36 O- 6 6 1

Marston, cf. ...... 4 0 0 1! I !

GiéS,. tf. scsiuwas& 3°10 ~O “O70 ° ©

Brown, 2b. ....... 4.30.0 3, -h =!

Ely, ss. ve... ee eee 2° "9 40 2° 3 #2

Smith, 1b. o.ac08.8 2 "O° O: 7" O71

COE} BD secs scossssed sachs go 10 °3 © “6

Beni), ss:atswaspe veers 2° 0 0 8.2 6

Didhiatispiiecss ads “Bi OF 0 O 2° I

PREP.

Stinson}c: 2.0000" 8 "R= 1’ 22 2-\*°0

Parkin, 1b. ....... 3 1 0 4 O 0

Ziegler, p. .-...--- a 72 7r° 6 6- ©

Menzies, lf. ....... 3 3 2 0 0 0

Fountain, ss....... 3 I 2 0 3 °=40

HG6}. 2Di. ssukeenane 4 TF L Lf © O

Daye 20 sartersrecs ox 4. 0 0 0 0 0

Todd: Cf snecwnse BP 10: 70 510" iO.

Searle, rf.

Hart, rf. . 2 0-1 0 0 0

Konow, cf.

28 g 8 27 °o

Three-base hits: Fountain, Ziegler. Two-

base hits: Fountain. Sacrifice hits: Searle,

Stolen bases: Konow, Todd, Menzies

Struck out: by Ziegler 22,

Coe.

(2), Ziegler, Ely.

Sases on balls:

by Tieman 8. off Ziegler 5,

off Tieman 4.

152 THE

RUTGERS PREP. VS. STEVENS PREP.

Only three days after the remarkable game

with Pingry School, Ziegler pitched another

game. In this with Stevens

Prep. the team showed support

nabbed every ball that was accidentally tapped

out by some batter who surprised himself

From the

no-hit contest

fine and

while swinging at Zieg’s curves.

umpire’s quack, “play ball,” to the end of the

battle both teams were on the jump and kept

the dirty sphere in motion all the time.

In the first three innings only one man

touched second; the rest were either baffled

at the starting point or thrown out at the in-

But in the fourth things looked

better for Fountain’s band of warriors. A

few signs from the grandstand inspired Par-

kin to hit the ball, so he picked out a suitable

drop and laid it out on the atmosphere.

the time the left-fielder got out where it

stopped Parkin had dusted three bags and was

safely on his homeward trip. In the eighth

and last inning for Rutgers two more sensa-

tional hits were made. Both Parkin and

Ziegler whaled out the ball for three-baggers.

The boys in red pulled out eight hits all told

from Stevens’ well-known twirler, Mellon.

Bell, of New Brunswick, umpired the game

very satisfactorily. Score: R. P. 5, S. P. 1.

RUTGERS PREP.

itial base.

by

abs. ro he 4e) 6:

Stinson 3 0 BAO?

Parkin 4 2 2 0 6

Ziegler 4 FY 43. eos?

Menzies ............4+ 3 ©. 0.0 0

Fountain) sis’ sceecnmvsre sis ae 4 ©. 0 1-3

FIGE) sags cree tes eden oases 4.0 O°-1-+0

Day wraxeqeig tgp wigs 4G. "O-.yOo 4

TOdG: sssws scone totes 3 I 2 0 0

Hatt ccaiswems ac 2 0 0 0 0

STEVENS PREP.

ab. ro oh eo.

Walters) seos.cscscso sareeve 2-1. 0 6 6

SChneidee . sanuas saps 3 0 0 0 0o

RAWSON, wsis teas ce vases 4.0 0 I I

Stacks seves ss.4cie aca 1 0 0 0 06

ARGO

Baker .....eceeereeres 3 6

Nichols ...-+++++9°° 3 oO Oo Oo 12

Mellon ewweeandaes a oO oO oO I

Lentle ..sseseeeeeeee 3, (OmOalo: 4

Rachlin ...-.-+e88e+s 200 0 0

R. P. S. VS. N. H.-S.

On Tuesday, May 16, Prep. defeated the

fast Newark High School team by the score

It seems as if nothing can stop our

for the State Interscholastic

of 3 to 0.

team’s dash

Championship.

The two no-hit games which Ziegler pitched

the week before did not seem to have weak-

ened his arm any, for he still had his dazzling

speed and sharp-breaking curves with him.

He gave them three hits and these were well

scattered.

Fountain and Day fielded in great shape,

three or four times cutting off what looked

like safe hits.

Prep. began scoring right off the reel. Af-

ter Stinson had grounded out, Parkin singled

to center. Ziegler started the ball for what

looked like a home run, but their left-fielder

pulled off a fine catch and kept Parkin at

first. Menzies singled to right, sending Par-

kin to third. Captain Fountain thought it

was a good time to commence scoring, so he

singled to left, scoring Parkin. Hoe flied to

Rich. Red Day started the second inning

with a single to center, but a double play fol-

lowed and spoiled all our chances for that

inning. In the third we scored again on Par-

kin’s three-bagger and Ziegler’s sacrifice fly.

Prep.’s final run came in the eighth. Hart

tripled and scored on a sacrifice. Newark

came near scoring in the ninth, but a pretty

peg from Hart ended all their chances when

he caught Rich at the plate.

PREP.

7 abo ho a oO ee

SUNSON NC) cs. cds Gee j 4 0 311 O

Parkin, tb. ........... 4 2 0 14 0

Ziegler, po... 0.2.0... § ©. 210

Menzies, lf. .......,.., 3 Tt © © 0

Capt. WHITE

Capt. DoUGHERTY

Capt. FouNTAIN

154

Fountain, ss, .......... 3 I 6 O ©O

Hoe, 3b. ....... eee eee 3 0 0 0 2

Day), Bie a ssvoanretghaten os 3 © 3 +I =O

Searle: Cf: oy vad acwoinn se I 0 0 0 Oo

\ oorhees, ef.

Hat, fh. cas vce carcas xc 3 «OI I Oo oO

28 6 15 27 2

NEWARK.

ab. h. Oo e@

Mills, ib; shaniccuess sen A 8 0

Zabriskiés:2b. svseescse, 3 © 4 0

Jose, 3b. 4 0 2 I

Bush, If.

RICH Cape nistaiew aeeietaxaiants ai «if

Dempsey,

Smith, p.

Reiner, ss. ............ 2 0

31 3 24 2

Three-base hits: Parkin, Hart. Two-base

hit: Mills. Stolen bases: Searle, Mills, Jose,

Rich. Double play: Smith to Mills. Bases

on balls: off Ziegler 2, off Smith 2. Struck

out: by Ziegler 12, by Smith 2. Umpire, John

Harkins, Jr.

a¥o=

RPS. VSN.

The Prep. team suffered its second defeat

at the hands of Newark Academy on the 24th

of May at the Academy field. Ziegler’s lack

of control cost Prep. the game. In the third

inning he walked seven men and hit one with

the ball. Prep. easily had the better team.

Ziegler struck out fifteen men and allowed

but two hits, while Prep. netted eight hits.

The decisions given us by Duffy were raw, to

say the least, and for the sporting editor of a

hig paper he showed an extraordinary lack of

knowledge about base-ball.

PREP.

abor he.

Stimson, C. ...- ccs eee ee eee 3 0 1 +O

Parkin), ED; acer ace wrecesntncenevenna 4 1 Tt Oo

ZACBIEE, Ps, cacrsiarecsowes vsanece 4 oO I 2

Menzies): lf sos sieve aes coves ve 4 2 2x If

THE ARGO

Fountain, SS. .---seeeeeees 3 2 LF Q

Hoe, 3D. ....s cece ce eeeeees 4 I os ©

Day, 2b. . 1... sseecree renee 4 0 I 1

Searle, cf. ....+eeeeeeeeeee 3 oO I I

Voorhees, cf. ....-ee cere 0 0 0 9g

Hart, rh. wo. sec ceeeeeeeees 4 01 o

33 6 8 5

NEWARK ACADEMY.

abs Oty Te ce

Wells, 3b. © wee esecala ene Bers ees 4 2 oO I

Edminston, SS. ..+-.++eeee 3 0 1 3

Byrne, rh. wee cece eee eee ee I 1 0 0

Kellogg, If... 2... seer eee 4 2 1 «0

Harrier, cf. .2..0+.sseerees 2 1 0 0

Cooke; C. «coc ceree ste sees 2'°2 © 06

McManus, 2b. ...-.---++++- 3 0 0 0

Dinesh: ois hee wee 4 2 0 0

Lambert, pce oviev cage eos 2 t 0 oO

25 11 2 4

Earned runs: Prep. 5, Newark 1. Stolen

bases: Fountain (2), Voorhees, Day, Kellog,

Wells. Bases on balls: off Ziegler 13; off

Lambert 9. Struck out: by Ziegler 15; by

Lambert 8. Hit by pitched ball: by Ziegler,

Byrne. Double play: Dunn,

Umpire (?): Duffy.

—o—

R. P. S. VS. B. H. S.

With three of her first-string men missing

from her line-up Prep. beat Boys’ High School

of Brooklyn in a very interesting game here

Decoration Day morning. The final score was

3-0. All played well. Star catches were made

by C. Busch, Parkin, Fountain and Voorhees,

robbing Boys’ High of at least four safe hits.

As it was they got only three off of Hoe.

Prep.’s first run came in the first inning.

With two out, Menzies singled and stole sec-

ond, from where he scored on Fountain’s

timely single. Prep. scored again in the sev-

enth, when Big Busch, the first man up,

singled. He went to third on C. Busch’s sin-

gle and scored on a passed ball. The next

three men fanned. In the eighth Prep. se-

cured its last run. Parkin doubled to the

156 THE

bleachers and scored on two infield outs. Poor

base-running on our part kept the score much

lower than it should have been.

PREP.

ab or. oh, Oo 6.

DUNSOH, Ce ax sseesae jos 4 0 0 5 0

Parkin, 1b. ........4.- 3 - «IF It oO

Menzies, 3b. .......... 4 I 1 3 °#0

Fountain, ss. .......... 3 0 Tt 3 °=«0

Searle, If. ............ 4:7 OF, © - 36. =O

Ac. Busthy fh. candoeere. 4,¢1h° 1. 0° O

G. Busch, ¢f,, seta oer 3-0 © 2 Oo

HOG) Px ausays sniusctnat ees 35.0, K Ie ©

Voorhees, 2b: a. saa eet 3. 6470 F OO

31 3. 6 27 ©

Stolen bases: Parkin 3, Menzies rt, Foun-

tain 1, Hoe 1. Two-base hit: Parkin. Struc!

out: by Hoe 6, by Ollcott 12.

off Hoe 1, off Ollcott 2.

gers College.

3ases on balls:

Umpire, Leeds, Rut-

THE FOOT-BALL SUMMARY.

Prep.’s Record.

2G sc oxase' Sieh ies New Brunswick H., S....... oO

Deore! cuoseye oe Erasmus (forfeited)....... oO

Olsnosat inte echoes Newark. Highied bands views ¢ IL

Bonin Sta nsy see Boys? Hight. dak eer sonar 3 2

Gascis Bene ‘Lrenton High? ‘e253, 0451. oO

6.03 Sa . Newark Academy. . oO

On cere Rutgers Scrubs oO

165.5, hea: Wilson Military........... oO

20 reser rhs Plainfield High............ oO

Sims Sa wes ¢ 'Pingry 2.0... 2. ee eee eee 12

Bo ists che troaede a Ota a, au afexeceitas, Seaxousl teed tort 25

Rutgers Prep. Statistics.

Players and Position. Weight. Height.

Capt, White, quarter...... 142 5.10

Voorhees, halfback....... 158 5.11

Konow, halfback......... 104 5.114

Stinson, fullback......... 167 5.10%

Let y, 1. oseie scaie ssereteveas enere» 142 5.8

Grombacher, end......... 152 5.07

Dougherty, tackle......... 155 5.10

ARGO

Succop, tackle.....-.....- 155 5.8

Van Sickle, guard........ 160 =.10

Hollander, guard......... 170 6.1

Richardson, center....... 155 lo

5

Hoe, Sub... 0. cee sees . 145 5:7

Parhan;, SB aces 6:00 cmwnesie I

5.10

Baséhi:; SUDscs wan nen aasny 140 5.11%

Searle); SUD. .aiss sorcerer 145 6

Schumacher, sub......... 158 5.01

Rutgers Prep. has completed one of the

foot-ball many

The team was light, but fast and

most successful seasons in

years.

snappy. The schedule consisted of ten games.

Prep. won six, tied one, lost two and won one

on a forfeit.

Coaches Alverson and Ziegler undoubtedly

put their best into the team and instilled in

them a snappy spirit not seen in many school

teams.

At the beginning of the season the pros-

pects were decidedly dubious, the material

was green. In the first game of the season

they put up a very poor exhibition of foot-ball.

In the next two they were beaten. Then they

began to brace up. The team was at its best

in the Wilson game, playing good, fast foot-

ball against a heavier team. In the Newark

Academy game they showed their fighting

spirit, when five different times they held

Newark on the goal line when a touchdown

meant defeat.

The Players.

Capt. White played good, consistant ball all

season at quarterback, and led his team in

good shape. He ran the ball well at times

and made a good field general.

Voorhees at the first of the season was

without’a doubt the star of the backfield. He

hit the line hard, picked the holes well, and

gained more ground than any player in the

backfield. In one game he scored all three of

the touchdowns. He tackled in good style,

and play a fine game as defensive halfback.

Konow was not in shape at the first of the

season, but at the last he starred for the whole

team, doing fine work in the backfield. In