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= Published Monthly by the Students of Rutgers Preparatory School,

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= Volume XVIII January Number Four

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tHE ARGO. \_

VoL. XVIII.

New Brunswick, N, J., JANUARY, 1907.

No. 4

oD

THE LOST RIVER CAVE

oa

Nestled in the foothills of the Green Moun-

‘tains in Vermont, lies the village of Bolton;

a little way south of the town the Winooski

River winds its circyitous/Wway toward Lake

Champlain. Boltouis ndt a ‘arge town, but

some years ago it was large enough to attract

the attention of a gang of thieves. That this

gang was well organized was beyond doubt;

twice they had broken in—first, into the hard-

ware store, where they literally cleaned out

the stock of firearms and augurs and files;

next they tried the dry goods store, and suc-

ceeded in getting away with many rolls of

silks and flannels. Now to top the climax, the

post-office had been robbed, the safe had been

blown open, and the stamps and money taken

amounted to a considerable sum. And still no

trace of the burglars could be found. Gov-

ernment detectives had been baffled, the vil-

lagers lived in constant fear for their proper-

ty, and a reward of one hundred dollars for

the recovery of goods stolen and five hundred

dollars for the capture and conviction of the

thieves, had been offered.

\* \* \* \*

Two months had passed by, no more being

heard of the robbers; and the people of Bol-

ton began to feel easier. Thus it was that the

parents of Bob Sikes and Sam Johnson gave

their consent to the boys going on a tramp

over the mountains and camping out over

night. Bob and Sam were chums; Bob was

five months the elder. Both were bright.

auick-witted lads and this trip was exactly

to their liking.

\* \* \*

Early in the morning they set out in high

spirits. Each boy carried a generous stock of

provisions and a few camping necessities,

Toward noon they stopped in a shady grove

tor lunch. Soon there came up to them a

tramp, one of those worthless fellows who do

not know nor care where the next meal is

coming from. “Howdy, boys! Say, got a lit-

tle bite fer a hungry traveler?” The boys gave

him a sandwich and a drink of coffee and he

chattered away like a chipmunk. “I hear there

was some stealing goin’ on down at Bolton,”

said he. “About twenty years ago when I

lived in Jonesville ’bout ten miles up the rail-

road, there was a gang of burglars ‘round

these parts and some detectives run ’em to

earth in a cave along the river somewhere

nigh here. There was a spring nearby and

they gobbled them when they came out for

water. Wouldn’t wonder much if this lot is

harborin’ in the same place. Well, so long,

young gents, I'll be movin’ along.” After he

had gone out of sight, Sam said, “Say, Bob,

I wonder if there is any truth in what that

fellow said?”

“I don’t know,” answered Bob, “but what

do you say if we change our course a little

and go down along the river; if there is a cave

there, it would be jolly sport to find it even

if there were no robbers within ten miles of

it.” So it was settled and the boys set out

for the river,

After rambling through forests, along

ledges, over rocks, toward evening they came

upon a spring gushing out from the ground

and overhung by trees. “This is a fine place

go

to camp,” said Sam, “let’s stay here over

night.”

“Sam, that tramp said there was a spring

near that cave, didn't he? Let's follow this

stream down toward the river, we might run

across it.”

They had gone about half way to the river,

when suddenly the one in advance exclaimed:

“Look, there is a foot-print! See, ere is a

fair little path. Let us follow it and see where

it leads.” When only a few yards down this

path, suddenly both boys were seized from

behind, gagged and dragged off.

Half walking and half carried along, the

boys were finally thrust through some tangled

bushes and into the hidden mouth of a cave.

This all happened so quickly that they scarce-

ly realized it until they became used to the

dim light and saw where they really were. The

cavern was about six feet high and three feet

wide, but just beyond where they were it made

a sudden turn to the left, so the prisoners

could not see much of it. Before them stood

their captors glaring down at them, two big

burly men who looked able to handle half a

dozen such people as the boys. “Well, young

\*uns,” said one, “you put yer foot in it fer

sure this time. Thought you'd like to find

the cave, did yer? Well, be you satisfied now

you've found it? Reckon you'd better rest

easy till the captain comes in, there’s no tellin’

what he'll do to youse.”

After half an hour of anxious waiting on

the part of the boys, the chief came in. “Hello

Jimpson, what you got here?” “Couple of kids

rosin’ reund a little too close fer comfort,

sir.” “Now this is a pretty pickle; we can’t

keep them here or we'll soon have all the peo-

ple in the neighborhood swarming around

looking for them and we'll be found out. But

we'll get in a good job tonight down at old

Hurler’s, and tomorrow we'll skip. Come on,

let’s have a drink.” After a strong pull at a

black bottle, they ate some bread and corned

beef, then two of them stretched out and were

T HE ARGO.

soon asleep, but the third kept diligent Watch

ever the boys. At midnight he awakened th

other two and after some whispered conver.

vation these two went out, leaving to Watch

the boys the same one who had watched them

before, he all the time grumbling about hay.

ing to stay behind and keep meddlesome kids

from mischief.

After many pulls at the black bottle he sat

down on a stool in the mouth of the caye,

Slowly the time dragged; slowly the liquor

began to take effect; slowly his head sank

until he fell into a deep sleep. “Now’s our

time,” whispered Bob, “let’s work our way

out past him. Come on.”

Creeping on all fours, they approached the

sleeping guard, all the time fearful lest the

beating of their own hearts should arouse him,

His form nearly filled up the narrow way, but

they slowly edged by and were in open air.

“Now,” said Bob, “we'll run for the railroad

station and maybe we can capture these fel-

lows yet.”

Running, stumbling, falling, they came up

to the telegraph office. “What time does the

next train leave Montpelier for here?” they

inquired of the sleepy station agent. “In twen-

ty minutes.” “That’s all right. Here, we

want you to send a telegram to police head-

quarters there.” When the 2.45 a. m. train

rolled into Bolton, five men dropped silently

from the back car. Bob and Sam were on the

lookout and ran up to them.

“Well, youagsters, what will you have?”

said the leader. “It’s time you were in bed

long ago.” “O, we are the ones who sent you

the telegram,” Sam spoke out. “The deuce

you are! What do you know about this busi-

ness” Thereupon the boys told their story,

with nods of approval from the men. “Lead

us to their nest, boys, and we will catch the

hawks yet.”

They all made their way to the cave and

without much trouble captured the snoring

guard. Then they scattered about and waited

THE ARGO,

ior the return of the others, but whether they

were suspicious or had planned to leave that

part of the country without taking their com-

panion with them, was not known. At any

rate they were not seen that night nor ier

egain around Bolton.

As it was, some of the stolen goods were

found in the cave, one of the robbers was cap-

tured, and the band was broken up.

. 37

Each boy received $25 dollars as part of

the reward offered, and they were present-

ec by the detectives with handsome gold me-

dals with these words engraved on them:

“Presented to Samuel Johnson, (or Robert

Sikes) for bravery and pluck shown at the

lost River Cave, on July 17, 1898.”

P. K., 07.

THE CHRISTMAS BANQUET

On Thursday evening, December twentieth,

Dr. Payson gave his sixteenth annual Christ-

mas banquet to th veh living at the Trap.

Although the A er outside was not pleas-

ing, inside all was gay and cheerful. The

large dining room of the Trap was most taste-

fully decorated ; loops of green hung graceful-

ly from the chandeliers to the corners of the

‘The mantle-schelves were banks of

\_green, and over every picture branches of

pine added greatly to the charm. Fitted in

between the decorations were college’ flags;

100m,

all the leading colleges were represented, but

in more prominence than others were the col-

ors of Rutgers Prep.

The climax of the sight was the tables. At

each person’s place was a small red candle,

burning in a dainty glass candlestick, and

tied with red ribbons to the latter were red

and green Christmas cards. These together

with the great bunches of holly on the tables

gave to the whole the air of a joyous Christ-

mas tide.

Everyone present seemed to enter into the

spirit of the occasion and between each course,

when Hendrickson and Lyall led off a familiar

song, all joined in, After an excellent turkey

dinner all the students and professors pres-

ent responded to toasts. Beside these, of the

guests Mr. Burr and Mr. Street spoke. Mr.

Burr talked of the time when he was an in-

structor in Prep. School. He declared that al-

though the student events of his time were

excellent, the singing at the banquet went

ahead of the singing of the school when he

was teaching here.

Dr. Payson acted as toastmaster.

of the toasts and themes were:

The list

y. Mr. Marcley—Rutgers College.

t “That dear old College is all the world

to me.”

2. Mr. Mitchell—Foot-Ball.

“Whoop ’er up for Rutgers Prep.

School.”

3. Mr. Romeike—Camping.

“There's an awful lot of knowledge

That you never get at College,

And a lot of things you never learn at

school.”

4. Mr. Neff—Study Hour.

“How dear to my heart!”

5. Mr. Black—Examinations.

“A little learning is a dangerous thing.”

(CONTINUED ON PAGE 40.)

THE ARGU.

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The Argo.

y During the School Year, by the

REPARATORY SCHOOL.

as Second Class Matt er.

Publishing Company-

Published Month

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Correspondents will confer a great favor by writing on

one side of the paper only.

Officers of the school, students, and alumni are most

cordially invited to contribute.

Christmas holidays are over; New Year’s

day is past; school has commenced. It is pro-

bable that when some of our readers saw the

beginning of this sketch they thought to

themselves, “O, I know what is coming, make

new year resolutidms to study harder, get to

school on time; aid so on.” But this is not

the case. The time to resolve to study hard

was at the time school opened in September.

in mid-winter if there were a great snow-

storm and the roads should become blocked.

what would take place? A heavy wagon

would be pulled up the road and ruts would

be opened. On the return trip it would be

possible to get through with comparative ease,

former ruts were followed—but here is

a place they wish to straighten. Ah, yes!

There is much difference. New ruts must be

Low doubly hard it seems now after

old track. The horses plunge,

rs shout—often all to no

he first road must be followed until

can be shoveled out. Thus in

school life. If since school opened, a person

lessons, now it is late ta

has been neglecting

The new ruts are harder to make and

| only with the greatest difficulty.

n old motto, “Little is gained

» but this does not mean sim-

means TRYING. Say you will

break new ruts, and break them. If the Argo

should suggest any resolution for the new

year, it would be, “Control your will.”

—\_—

Winter is at hand, ice has been quite plenti-

ful, it will be plentiful ; skating has been good,

it will be good; a hockey team is what we

want. Let a new branch of athletics be started

in our school. It will be well to add interest

to the winter term/\ We have several good

players in schgol more who would soon

prove themselvésfo be good players. Let each

class have a team and play for school cham-

pionship. As there is little doubt but that the

teams would be nearly equally matched, it

would arouse enthusiasm and prove itself a

great sport. The game is not expensive; it

needs no covered floor, no costly outfit. Skat-

ing space is as free to Prep. students as to

anyone, the winter months have few other

sports for Prep. men, let hockey be the game

. the season. Wish for good skating and lots

ot it.

if the

opened.

following the

and rear, the drive

avail.

a new one

mend.

can be openec

Still there is a

without trying,

ply trying it; it

1 after Christmas

pgised at the ab-

On the opening of sch

vacation, we were mu

sence of our Freneh/teac Miss Cary has

retired from teaching™f6r the winter. "Miss

Starr, of inghamton, has taken her place.

THE ARGO.

ALUMNI NOTES.

‘93, Rodney Knapp, a prosperous business

man of Binghamton, N. Y., was married Jan-

uary sixteenth to Miss Irma Louise Richards

of Attleboro, Mass. y

‘94, Frauk Drury, assistant librarian of the

University of Hlinois, spent Christmas with

lus parents in New Seas,

‘96, Robert W. Pett tland W. O. Pettet,

‘oo, are spending the,winter in Paris.

‘96, Arthur Sta Riggs is to give a ser-

ies of ‘Travel in the Y. M. C. A. dur-

ing Lent. T lectures are said to be most

beautifully fMstrated by pictures taken by

Mr. Ri imself. His first talk will be on

Naples from which city Mr. Riggs visited

before the eruption; and later as the

special correspondent of the New York Times,

he visited the doomed town while they were

in the grip of the terrible catastrophe.

Horace Phinny, ex-’o7, and Judson Dun-

lap, ex-’o9, visited the school recently.

98, J. F. Scott, an instructor in the Univer-

sity of Wisconsin, spent the holidays in town.

’98, Dr. John Talmage was married to Miss

Louise Stewart in New York on the twenty-

sixth of December.

‘99, Austin {Scott, now in the Harvard Law

School, was a recent visitor at the Trap.

‘or, C. P. Wilber, now in the Yale Forestry

School, and F. E. Wilber, engaged in the Yi

M. C. A. in Penn. State College, spent the

holidays in New Brunswick.

’o2, R. C. Nicholas, has recently entered

into a partnership with Mr. Blair Williams

on the Stock Exchange.

‘97, Samuel McGann

in town.

’99, Carter Jenkins was married to Miss

Mary Ellis of Baltimore on January four-

teenth.

was 1 recent visitor

39

NOTKS ABOUT SCHOOL.

Mr. Robins—How did you find the center

of that circle ?

’—n—Why, there was a little hole in the

paper.

Mr. Mills—In what order does Burke take

tp these arguments ?

Miss S—h—In the order they are in the

book.

Although Fourtif/form Latin is only in the

fourth book‘of t Aeneid, B—m, when called

on unexpeéte gins reading in the sixth

book. It niakes no difference to him.

Dr. Payson—If Olcott had a fast horse he

would pass us all.

There are two kinds of horses known to

students ; driving horses and pony horses. We

wonder which kind is meant!

Hist! Listen! Do I hear footsteps ap-

proaching? No: Yet Ido. Silence! It must

be the footsteps of fairies treading on air.

Crouch low, they are coming nearer, we may

yet see them. Here they come,—O, Mr. Voor-

hees, how could you?

In the toasts at Dr. Payson’s banquet, by

the frequent linking of the name of Mr. Rob-

ins and Newark, we are led to believe that

they are ‘in some way closely connected. Who

can tell how?

We all realized that the toast on foot-ball

at the Christmas banquet was very excellent

and all applauded it as such, but it seemed

that even this did not satisfy the orator, for

he at once began to applaud himself. Excuse

us for not making more fuss, M—l, we meant

right.

40

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“I

il.

12.

13.

14.

15."

16.

THE

CHRISTMAS BANQUET

(CONTINUED FROM PAGE 37.)

as Bells.

Mr. Willard—Christm

y the birth of

“The time draws ned

Christ.

The moon is

Tie Christmas

Answer each ot

hid, the night is still;

Bells from hill to hill

her in the mist.”

Mr. Majilton—Early Rising.

der to put up with

“Eew things are har

Than the annoyance of a good exam ple.

Mr. Robins—The Classical Course.

“Qld fashioned, but good.”

Mr. W. H. Lyall—The Scientific Course

“Strange such a difference there should

be

"Twit

Mr. Corbin—New York State.

“Excelsior!”

Tweedledum and Tweedledee.”

Mr. Powell—Pennsylvania.

“Down in a coal mine, underneath the

ground,

Digging dusty diamonds

around.”

Mr. Boardman—Connecticut.

“Infinite riches in little room.”

Mr. Blanchard—Vermont.

“where nature's heart beats strong

amid the hills.”

Mr. Bascom—New Jersey.

“Noblesse oblige.”

Mr. Ziegler—Vacation.

“Good-bye, proud world, I’m going

home.”

Mr. Wm. Gross—Basket-Ball

“By sports like these are all their cares

beguiled.”

all the year

ARGO.

17:

18.

19.

20.

2i.

22.

23.

24.

Mr. Mosher—Boxes from Home.

“Grief treads upon the heels of pleas-

ure.”

Mr. MacNeill—Greater New York.

“That man

Mr. C. V- Lyall—Base-

“But screw your courag

ing point,

And we'll not

y-headed monster.” -

Ball.

c to the stick-

fail.”

Mr. Williams—Mathematics.

“4 horse! @ horse! My kingdom for a

horse!”

Mr. Wyckoft—President Roosevelt.

“He spells like a Dimmycrat,

He acts like a Raypublican,

He is—Tiddy Rosenfelt.”

Mr. MacDonald—The Argo.

“Above the vulgar flight of common

souls.”

Mr. Sangster—The Old Year and the

New.

“4il in the midnight and the frost

We sped the old year out;

All in the dawnlight and the glow

We bid the New Year in.”

Mr. F. Gross—Music Hath Power.

“Music hath power to soothe the sav-

age.”

Mr. Mills—Our Guests.

“Not that we think us worthy such @

a guest,

But that your worth will dignify

our feast.”

Mr. Hendrickson—The Trap.

“e .

Magnificent spectacle of human hap-

piness.”

THE ARGO.

MARCLEY’S TOAST.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

Rutgers College is such that it is surely no

small honor to have one’s name mentioned in

connection with it. It stands apart from oth-

er institutions of its kind in point of ability

to turn out strong men and in regard to ‘its

age. Out of the six hundred colleges in the

country there are but seven older than Rut-

gers. It was preceeded by Harvard, Williams

and Mary, Yale, Princeton, Kings, Pennsyl-

yania and Brown.

Founded in 1766, it seems to have had its

struggle for existence, on account of laci< of

supporters and on account of the proximity

of the war. In 1782 we find in its history

that in the senior class there were but four

students, one in the junior, one in the sopho-

more, and twelve in the freshman class. But

it is the old story of small beginnings. From

the acorn the great tree has grown and as it

has flourished what a power it has become!

Although it is not yet as large as some col-

leges, it is all the better for that. Quantity

of college does not mean quality of college.

I believe it is well understood nowadays, that

the time of large colleges is over; authorities

now claim that the typical college is one

about the size of Rutgers. You know things

are not always what thev seem. I imagine

that young men wiio go to the largest col-

lege they can find, frequently come away with

a big head, but with not much in it. We

never knew anything like that to happen at

Rutgers. On the contrary when you see a

Rutgers man you can make up your mind

that, no matter whether he has a big head or

not, he has something in it. As a proof of

this I refer to our former instructor, Mr.

Scott, or to the debating team which has to its

credit eighteen victories out of eighteen suc-

cessive debates.

More than this, when you consider the pos-

sibilities in the line of athletics in the small

41

college, the balance goes down farther still

on the side of Rutgers. In the large colleges

the real object of athletics is often lost sight

of through stress of rivalry and lust of vic-

tory. Here I want to make a comparison be-

{ween our foot-ball team and Rutgers College .

team in regard to their character. They say

that on the college team they used Boose a

great deal all the season, and during a rainy

time they had a Fisher to go around to look

after the men. We had nothing of this kind,

but 1 will admit that one of our men was

Black and another was a little Micky.

I wish I were a Daniel Webster, an Albert

P. Mills, or a Henry Clay, in order that I

might speak more forcibly my feelings in re-

gard to Rutgers College. While 1 am not

in reality a Rutgers man, at heart my sym-

pathy is with this, the Star of New Jersey,

the fountain of knowledge, the mighty trainer

of men, the everlasting standard of righteous-

ness and truth.

GROSS’S TOAST.

Mr. Toastmaster, Ladies and Gentlemen:

I find the subject I have in hand a difficult

one because of the great field to be covered

in such a short time. But I will say this; we

have some great talent here at the Trap and

some not so great. Often we hear Wyckoff

grating at the piano, then we are reminded

ot the fact that we have some great talent.

Again we hear strange thrilling notes pour-

ing forth from the music room, then we are

reminded that all the Robins have not gone

South. Often sounds are heard in the vicinity

of room 26 that remind one very much of a

Hen.

As I have told you about some of the great

talent we have, I will say something about our

talent which is not so great. Surely much of

the joy would be taken from our life here at

the trap if we had not the privilege of spend-

ing a little time every day for music. Some

cne has said, “Music hath charms to calm the

THE

Iges which we think should be taken

eral ple:

our minds.

pave come to Now it is prob-

able that many of these people have already

adopted resolutions similar, but nevertheless

we will mention them for the benefit of those

who have not.

Be it Resolved:

By Hendrickson—to get a new laugh. We

all know his old one.

By F, Gross—Always to close the door of

his room after study hour. Otherwise he dis-

turbs the deep meditation and total quiet of

the English instructor.

By Baumann—to- take all theatre programs

out of his pockets before coming to school. It

looks as if he burned midnight oil for a wrong

purpose.

sy \_Koehler—to take up a weight reducing

series of exercise.

By Campbell—to take up another kind of

series.

3y Mr Powell—to let alone the faucet in

the laboratory sink during his lectures. At

this rate it will be worn out before school

closes.

By T. Voorhees—to wear rubber heels.

By Bascom—to say more funny things in

class room. His record fell off this month.

By Olcott—not to put so much time on La-

tin. He is growing pale.

sy Fourth Formers—to be more dignified.

It is now the second term.

By instructors—not to stick anybody this

year.

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The

al, The ‘Targum, Legenda, The Valkyrie,

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a ?” says the Leg-

y }

your cover

enda.

Evidentiy~a) case of “where doctors dis-

agree!” Jd

Friend—In what course does your son €X-

pect to graduate?

Father—In the course of time, by the looks

oi things—The Polymnian.

Teacher—“How many ribs have you, John-

ny ?”

Johnny—\*I

ticklish I never could co

dinal.

don’t knew, ma’am, I am so

unt ’em.”—The Car-

John P. Wall

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