THE ARGO.

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New Brunswicx, N. J., Marcu, 1901. .

No. 6.

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Editor, New Brunswick, N. J., and must be accompanied with

he nae of tbe author,

Correspondents will confer a great favor by waiting on on

side of tbe paper only,

Officers Of the schuel, students and alumi, ie most cor

dially invited to contribute,

Tue Rutgers base-hall team has started

training for their game with Princeton, which

occurs on March 23d. Fellows, why don’t you

wake up, begin to train, and practice, as the

Rutgers team, and our gallant captain and

pitcher, who can be seen working hard at the

gymnasium almost every afternoon, are? This

year, if we get to work in time, we should be

able ‘to put one of the best teams on the field

that we ever had, and by hard work conquer

some of the schools that defeated us in foot-

ball. Boys, get to work! Practice and train!

Tue second term examinations are over, and

another load is off the mind of most—if not

all—of us. This is another reminder of the

fact that spring is at hand. The last term is

generally conceded to be the easiest, and why

can’t some of the boys take a little more inter-

est in the Arco, and help its overworked edi-

torial staff by a few substantial contributions ?

Will not some slumbering literary genius kind-

ly bestir himself and let his light shine. You

may say that there are enough editors on the

staff to run the paper, but just ask any of the

editors his opinion on the subject, and you are

likely to be enlightened. We are doing our

best to keep the ball a-rolling, but the ball

won't roll with credit to the high standard set

in former volumes of the Arco, unless each

one does what he can to help.

But no more of this! We have harped on

this string until it is about ready to snap, but

we have heard few answering echoes. This is

the last call.

Some complaints have been made by other

school papers because we have not had an ex-

change column. The Arco has never had an

exchange editor, and it has even had a success-

ful career without one. Occasional notes have

been made os especially meritorious subjects,

but these have been the exception, not the

rule. Some exchange editors of other school

papers have said that the Arco should at least

We

are of the opinion that most of the criticisms

made by editors tend rather to excite bitter

have a few criticisms on its exchanges

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feelings than to be helpful. One paper charges

another with some fault or mistake, and the

other replies with considerable acrimony. This

does not increase the feeling of friendliness

(and sympathy!) between editors. On the

other hand, some papers do not criticise

enough; they praise each and every paper they

receive, indiscriminately. The exchange col-

umn is of no use when it degenerates into a

column of flattery. It is very hard to steer a

middle course. Some papers are doing it, but

the majority fall far short of the ideal. So the

Arco has done away with an exchange col-

umn. It endeavors simply to give an accurate

acknowledgment of all exchanges received.

Sometimes omissions may occur, but we hope

that they will be pardonable. Moreover, when

the exchange column grows in numbers it is

impossible to make a comment on all papers

received, and those which receive none feel in-

dignant at the omission.

We offer this explanation to our friends, the

critics of our exchanges, and trust it will prove

sufficient.

THROUGH BOER LINES ON A

BICYCLE.

Begun in the December issue.

Still further on in the late dusk he met other

Dutchmen riding toward Sandspruit, evidently

Natal farmers about to join the army there.

One of them was a man of some consequence,

for he was well dressed, well mounted, and

was accompanied by several black servants.

He had an umbrella in his hand and wore a

high derby hat, which gave him a parson-like

appearance. These Boers passed him like

phantoms in the gathering night, not a word

being exchanged on either side. Not far be-

yond he sighted some men who seemed to be

driving cattle. He followed them at a safe

distance, for they were undoubtedly Boers, for

some fifteen to twenty minutes. At a cross

roads he turned off to one side, while they dis-

appeared. In the dark he coasted down a

steep hill, About eight o'clock he reached a

place which he took to be Charlestown, which

is just on the Transvaal-Natal border and the

first town on the British side, and the last pomt

on the Natal Government Railway. He asked

a man where he was, to learn that he was in

Volksrust, which is in the South African Re-

public. A post and wire fence marks the

boundary here. This he got past in a minute

or two, and was in British territory at last.

Needless to say, he was quite pleased. An

hour later he was in Charlestown, which he

found deserted, the English, Kafirs and coolies

having fled down country. He went to a

bakery and store and going to the back he

opened a window. One of the panes in the

window had already been broken. He got into

the house and trundled his bicycle in after him.

The place had been quitted in great haste:

postage stamps were lying on the desk of the

store; a safe in the bed room stood open, and

in it were paid checks and other documents ;

women’s skirts and stockings, men’s shirts,

and other like objects lay scattered about,

showing that some rapid overhauling of pos-

sessions and packing had been done; the

feather bed was still unmade. The place was

well stocked with all sorts of edibles; canned

meats and fish, bread which had not been made

more than a couple of days before, and pre-

served fruits. He made himself quite at home,

ate a hearty supper, and went to bed after se-

curing the door, putting a board against the

broken window and laying a hammer as a

weapon upon a chair near the bed. All the

next day he was in and about this store. He

spent the time distributing food from the

stock to Kafirs and Indian coolies, dozens of

men, women and children who were on their

way from the Transvaal down country. They

were all pretty hungry and forlorn. Snaith

reasoned that the Boers were soon to occupy

Charlestown, and the negros and Hindoos

were as deserving of meals under the condi-

tions as the Dutch would be. He found a Kafir

youth in charge of the place. This boy’s em-

ployers, too timid to face the Boers themselves.

THE ARGO. 87

had rather ungraciously left him to their ten-

der mercies.

At dawn the following day he heard a knock

at the door. His cry of “Who's there?” was

answered by a query if the magistrate lived

there. The questioner proved to be a “Cape

boy,” a half-caste that is, who was pretty badly

frightened. He said that he had been em-

ployed by a Cape Colony burgher who had

been commandeered. In the preparations in

the Boer camp for trekking he had run away

and he was fleeing down Natal. He said too

that the Boers were coming across the border,

His master, he himself, the other “boys,” his

master’s wagons and teams, had all been com-

mandeered. It was on the advice of his mas-

ter, who had been left by the Boers in the

laager to guard the women and children, that

he ran away. After this boy had gone, Snaith

trekked himself, having no wish to be over-

taken by the Boer advance guard. He rode on

his wheel toward Newcastle. On the way he

paused to look at the graves of some British

soldiers killed in the Boer war of 1881. He

saw some Boer outposts in the distance, and

one he met, a young fellow sitting beside the

road with his rifle across his knees. Snaith

asked him if he was on the right road to New

Castle, and the Dutchman, who could not

speak English, pointed in the direction of thac

place. He reached New Castle about six o'clock

in the evening. He stopped there one night.

The magistrate and the superintendent of the

borough police were still there, and about forty

residents, including four ladies. He heard

that a woman who owned a bake-shop had been

baking large batches of bread, because she had

received a letter from her nephew in one of the

Free State commandoes, telling her that the

Boers would be in New Castle on Sunday, and

they would require plenty of bread.

Snaith’s wheel had been squeaking, and

thinking that owing to the weight put upon it

andthe roughness of the country he had been

riding through, probably one of the balls in the

bearings had been broken, he pulled it to

pieces. He found on looking at the bearings

that they were in perfect condition. This

speaks well for his American wheel, which he

had now ridden about 400 miles.

He left New Castle about ten o'clock in the

morning and went on to Hattarig. He stopped

there a night. It was on the road from the

one place to the other that: he got the first

drink of beer he had had since leaving Jo-

hannesburg. He bought a large bottle of the

amber liquid at a hotel. It was on the morn-

ing of a beautiful day, Sunday, that he rode

into Dundee. Before he came into the town

he traversed the British camp. He had quite

a conversation with some soldiers who clus-

tered about him and plied him with questions

about the Boers. They were much amused at

his wheeling along with two “swags” fastened

to his machine. They expressed themselves

as eager to have a “go” at the enemy. The

camp was lively enough and a military band

was playing. The soldiers said that they were

glad they were at Dundee and out of Lady-

smith. Not a few of these “Tommies” ex-

plained that they had been on foreign service

for years, and they were pleased that hostilities

had begun, because they knew definitely that

could go home after the war, their time having

expired.

Dundee was quite filled with people, most

of the boarding houses being well patronized.

Snaith stopped here, at Dundee, a week, and

during that time he joined the town guard.

He attended the drills once or twice, but he

discovered that the guard knew about as little

as it was possible to of tactics. The trumpeter

used a cornet, and he didn’t know the calls.

On the day of the battle of Talana Hill

Snaith was awakened early in the morning,

before light, by some one who knocked on the

door and yelled: “Town guard, the enemy’s

here!” He got up and went into the main

street. There he ran across-four men carrying

a stretcher upon which was a “Tommy” with

a broken arm. The stretcher-bearers were

resting, having borne the wounded soldier a

long distance. The hurt man was cursing the

Boers freely despite his weakness from loss of

88 THE ARGO.

blood, with which his tunic was soaked. Think-

ing that there was no reason for hurry, Snaith

went back to bed after having vainly tried to

get a drink of brandy for the wounded soldier.

He had been asleep in his clothes some little

time, when the roar of a big gun fairly shook

him out of his slumbers. When he got out-

side the house he could see the mist rising from

Talana Hill, and the Boer gun was being well

served from the most westerly point. The

shells were directed pretty hotly at the British

artillery, which was on something of an emi-

nence. He was on his wheel, and for a short

time was between the fire of the Boer and the

British batteries. He had seen one of the

British field batteries come cantering into ac-

tion, and after the duel of the guns had been

in progress some time he saw a man disappear

from his horsc. This was a trumpeter, he af-

terwards learned, the top of whose skull was

blown off.

He could easily trace the shells until they

burst by their whistling, which he said was not

unlike the sound made when one whirls a bit

of lead fastened by a string to the end of a

stick. The shrapnel burst as a sky-rocket does

—first a dark blur, then a little white puff of

smoke. The reports came to his ears a few

seconds after he saw the explosions. He saw

a British field battery come tearing down a

steep hill to get a position nearer the Boer

guns. It was a fine sight.

wheel, and he and numbers of the town guard

who lined the roadside cheered and waved

their hats as the artillerymen went crashing

and jolting by. The men, some of whom had

lost their caps, were laughing and exultant and

shouted back. Shortly after this he met a

newspaper correspondent, who asked him to

act as his despatch bearer. He assented, and

this led him to ride forty miles in all that day

between the telegraph office in a tent in the

British camp and the journalist’s position,

which was a brick house facing Talana Hill.

On one of his trips Snaith got near the river.

While here he heard sounds, “pzz-t, pzz-t” on

the rocks about him. It did not occur to him

He got off his -

immediately that they were bullets, for he

thought that he was out of range, as indeed he

was. The bullets were spent bullets, and the

wind was carrying them from the Boer lines

and upon an elevation of perhaps 2,000 feet. In

front of him were some Indian stretcher-bear-

ers. Suddenly he saw one of these men drop.

Another ran to him and picking him up pick-

a-back carried him back—a plucky thing to do

for a Hindoo. It was then that Snaith real-

ized that these were bullets that were making

the hissing noises he had heard. The stretcher

bearer had been hit upon the cheek and had

suffered an ugly hurt, which was instantly at-

tended to by some of the British medical offi-

cers near by. This was one of many incidents

that day. Among others, Snaith, who went

expressly to headquarters to get the British

password, and was told it was “Dundee,” be-

came so tired that he could not remember it.

He was trying to recollect what it was and was

running over the names of Scotch cities in his

mind, when he encountered a British sentry.

This man was as tired or more so than he, and

before he could utter a word murmured

“Dundee.”

Snaith left Dundee the day after General

Yule’s column evacuated the town. In fact he

was in the place when the Boers entered it.

One of the Boers who spoke English told him

to go to his room and consider himself a pris-

oner; that no harm would come to him, as the

Boers were civilized.- Instead of going to his

room he rode on his wheel from house to

house, pausing at each to sit on the veranda for

a time, to give the impression that he was a

captive. He slipped out of the town in this

way and went about three miles along the

course of a creek. Then he crossed the veldt

and struck the road. Eventually he caught up

with the retreating British troops between

Dundee and Ladysmith. He traveled all night

with them, but left them near Sunday's River.

He rode on with the front tire of his wheel

punctured. But he shifted his saddle back so

as to place his weight over the hind wheel as

nearly as he was able. Unfortunately, though.

THE ARGO. 89

he punctured the rear tire too, which made

riding after that anything but easy. He met

a man named Corfield, a member of the Pub-

lic Works Department and a veteran of the

Zulu war, who with a force of Kafirs was en-

gaged in making the road passable for the

heavy British guns. He left his bicycle behind

with Corfield. The latter promised that if he

could possibly get it through with the baggage

he would do so. It turned out afterward that

he had to abandon it. Snaith now had noth-

ing but the clothes he stood in, his compass,

and his Rand-McNally map.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A MOUNTAIN FIRE.

Did you ever see a fire in the woods? Not

a pleasant little camp fire, around which a

congenial party can sit, telling stories while

potatoes roast ;—but a real, raging and devas-

tating fire, that is turning acres of green

mountain-side into great patches of brown or

blackened ruin. Several such fires occurred

last summer among the Catskill mountains,

and one of them, which swept on its resistless

way for more than three days, was very near

to a little settlement of summer residents, who

felt themselves entirely too near such an un-

controllable force. The region boasts of a

fire marshall and deputies; but in the absence

of fire engines—and still more in the absence

of water, no State authorities could have much

control over so fierce a manifestation of one of

Nature’s powers. As is so often the case, this

‘fire started very simply. A farmer was driv-

ing up the road which leads through the

woods to the plateau on which the upper

farms of the mountain region are situated.

He threw away the end of a cigar which he

had been smoking. It fell among the dry

leaves and hay, at the roadside. The farmer

saw that a little fire started to burn, so he left

his horses, walked back to the spot, and by

stamping on the burning mass, extinguished

it, as he thought. He drove on, but the next

person who followed him reported “Quite a

little blaze, down the road aways.” By the

wh pe

‘

time a gang of men could be collected and

taken to the place, a roaring and very hot fire

was threatening to do great injury. Throw-

ing earth upon the blazing mass was useless,

from the double fact that in that stone-covered

and rocky region earth was very scarce, and

now the fire was too hot for any man to go

near enough to’ throw earth upon it. Water

was nowhere within reach, but even if there

‘had been plenty of water, it would have been

impossible to throw it on the fire without pow-

erful engines to help. For many hours men

stood by and saw the destruction go on, help-

lessly. The fire would apparently be going to

subside, and would gently smoulder along the

dry mosses and dead leaves lying on the

ground ;—then with a leap of triumph it would

suddenly appear at the foot of an evergreen

tree, and almost before one had time to notice

it, the flame could be seen, wrapping around

the tree, and rushing up to the top, converting

it into a huge and magnificent torch; rapidly

completing its destruction, and leaving only

the black stump ;—and then passing on to the

next victim. At times several of these flam-

ing torches would be burning at the same

time, presenting a Phalanx as unconquerable

as the wall of fire in the old story.

After keeping up this fearful work of de-

struction for three days and nights, the fire

reached a place where a large force of men

had prepared a barrier, by burning off all the

undergrowth, and otherwise taking away the

material permitting the flames to spread. In

consequence, the conflagration now became

controllable, and a few hours of rain which fol-

lowed, quickly put a stop to any further dan-

ger. It had been a great display of power,

but every one was much relieved that “the

show was over.”

As soon as the fire stopped, another great,

but very quiet, force stepped in, and Nature

began to cover the sad ruin with a mantle of

green. Ferns, shrubbery, and even flowers

sprang up everywhere; but the blackened

stumps will have to be in evidence for a long

time; testifying. to the violence of a great

mountain fire.

THE ARGO.

4 Ty

E SPEAKING CONTEST.

e third annual speaking

ffered by Mr. Frank

THIRD LAN

On March 1st th

contest for the prize 0

. as held.

aed ‘of the speeches were well selected, and

i h\_ the

their delivery reflected credit on ie he

speakers and their coach, Professor . a oo

The judges, who were Drs. Kirk an ,

of Rutgers College, and F\* re

Esq., were a long time in|

they had reached their decision,

chairman, announced that the fir

been awarded to R. E. DuBois, and the second

to J. G. Mason. The boys enlivened the time

while the judges were out by songs and school

yells. The programme was:

1. Roelif Eltinge Du Bois, “Devotion to

Duty.” D. N. Shelley.

2. William Harris Benedict, Jr., “You Can-

not Counquer America.” Lord Chatham.

3. Arthtir Van Voorhees Schenck, “Touis-

saint L’Ouverture.” Wendell Phillips.

4. James Gilbert Mason, Jr., “Address on

Justin S. Morrill.” Senator Thurston.

5. J. Harvey Murphy, “America the Colos-

sus of the Nations.” Newton Booth.

6. James Clarence Benedict, “Defense of

Hofer, the Tyrolese Patriot.” Anon.

7. Carroll Badeau, “The Loss of the Are-

tic.” Henry Ward. Beecher.

8. Louis Bevier, Jr., “The Hero of the Fur-

nace Room.” Toledo Blade.

deciding. When

Dr. Kirk, the

st prize had

Devotion to Duty.

Young men of America! You, on whom

rests the future of the republic! You, who are

to become not only our citizens but our law-

makers: Remember your responsibilities, and,

remembering, prepare for them,

As the great universe is order and harmony

only through the perfection of its laws, so in

life and human government, the happiness and

prosperity of a people depend on the orderly

subservience of act and thought to the good of

the whole.

Be great, therefore, in small things. If it is

eman Woodbridge,

your ambition to be a citizen reverenced for hi

virtues, remember that nothing js thefe a

mirable than devotion to duty, and the ta

admirable as that duty leads to self-sactifiy

in others’ behalf. .

When Pompeii was exhumed, a few Years

ago, after lying under the cinders of Vesuvius

about eighteen hundred years, the body of a

Roman soldier was discovered at the Hercul-

aneum gate of the city. He evidently had been

placed there as a sentinel—and there, amiq the

accumulated horrors of that August day, he

unflinchingly remained. He stood at his Post

while the earth rocked and shivered beneath

his feet. He stood at his post while the grim

old mountain towering above him was thun-

dering from base to summit. He stood at his

post while the air, surcharged with smoke and

ashes, was impenetrable to the sight, though

lit up with a lurid glare scarcely less than in-

fernal by the flames bursting and roaring all

around him. He stood at his post while the

men, women and children of the doomed city

were screaming with affright and agony as

they surged through its narrom streets in their

maddening efforts to pass the gates to the open

country. He stood at his post till enveloped in

the mantle of fiery death!

O hero of the dead city! Step out from

your ashen shroud and exalt us by the lesson

of your death. When the very earth rocked

beneath your feet, and the heavens seemed fall-

ing, you stood on guard,—a sentinel to the

gate that protected the city; and standing

there were entombed,—a sacrifice to duty.

Awful death, but oh, how sublime is the les-

son! Who would not honor such heroism?

Build there a mausoleum, for one greater than

princes and kings has hallowed that spot, and

humanity itself will worship there.

Emulate this heroism! In whatever posi-

tion of life you are placed, be true to the trust

reposed in you; then the republic is safe. Go

forth with a heart glowing, not with the fires

of a lordly ambition, to ride to power over op-

position, and against the wishes of your fellow-

men, but with the flame of an honest purpose

THE ARGO.

to be a good citizen and an ornament to the

State that gave you birth.

Then, indeed, shall you be great.

ApprEss ON Justin S. Morrict.

Mr. President, dying as he lived, in the sim-

plicity of his faith, respected and beloved by

his countrymen, in the fulness of years, ripe

with honors, our comrade passed from us to

the great beyond.

Death is not always terrible or sad. Some-

times the broken-hearted mother, bending

down to catch the last faint breath from baby

lips, is glad to know that her child is safe from

the troubles, the struggles, and the pitfalls of

the coming years. Sometimes the husband, as

he sees the sudden glory of immortality come

into the dimming eyes of his beloved, is con-

soled to know that she has gone to those who

wait for her upon the other shore. Sometimes,

when heroes fall beneath the flag, while yet the

flush of glorious victory is on their brows, the

nation sings a requiem and the world applauds.

And always death is beautiful and kind to him

who has the harness on, who wears the wreath

of rounded efforts, and whose honors are se-

cure.

Justin S. Morrill served his country and his

God for almost four score years and ten.

Through all his life he bore a spotless shield.

As husband, father, citizen, and statesman, he

was a shining example to his fellow-men.

I know of no grander spectacle in the legis-

lative history of the world than that presented

by our colleague in his eighty-ninth year ris-

ing to his place in the Senate with a voice that

failed him not, and with the vigor of a master-

ful intellect unimpaired, addressing his coun-

trymen upon the momentous issues which have

absorbed our attention during the past eventful

year.

No other man in all the history of our coun-

try has so indelibly associated his name with

so much of its wisest and best legislation. His

was the guiding spirit which shaped the tariff

legislation of the United States for an entire

generation that marked -the most wonderful

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growth, development, prosperity and progress

the world has ever seen. His ripened experi

ence and wise, conservative counsel, more than

that of any other man, directied the financial

policy of our country which has kept us on

the unshaken foundation of national honesty

and honor.

He was the friend and counselor of Lincoln;

the associate and peer of all the godlike who

stood with Lincoln in the dark hours of the na

tion’s peril. His heroism in time of public

danger was as great as those who led the ar-

mies of the Republic; his services as valuable

as those who won its battles; his work as pow-

erful for his country’s weal as that of any

whose name is written on the scroll of Ameri-

can fame.

He was born on the mountains; he grew up

in the presence of the eternal hills. He in-

herited the abiding faith, the rugged honesty,

the fervent patriotism, the sterling manhood of

ancestors who conquered the New England

wilderness, who toiled by day and prayed by

night, who helped to win American independ-

ence, and who put their faith in the civilization

of the town meeting, the schoolhouse, and the

church of God. All in all, I have no hesitation

in placing him among the truly great, among

those who have left lasting impressions for the

good of mankind.

It was his good fortune to be in the Con-

gress of the United States in the supreme cri-

sis of our national affairs. He saw the stars

go out of the flag; he helped to win them back.

He was of those who gave freedom to a race,

who made the flag of the Unin the flag of lib-

erty. He was of those who said with Grant,

“Let us have peace.” He was of those who

extended the hand of friendship and fellow-

ship to the brave men who yielded to the arbi-

trament of war. And, thank God, it was his

happiness to remain in the Congress of the

United States to welcome that glorious time of

absolute reconciliation and reunion that came

in all its fulness when the veterans and the

sons of veterans from North and South

marched gladly out under the one flag keeping

— |

92

step to the mingled strains of Dixie and Yan-

kee Doodle, carrying the salvation of a cape

and powerful people to the downtrodden anc

ressed beyond the seas. %

Oe aan ay in front of the State capitol

of Vermont there stands a godlike statue,

carved from the imperishable granite of her

green-clad hills. The strong right hand grasps

a sword that leaped from its scabbard for dar-

ing leadership in desperate times. And gazing

on the noble face one can almost hear the stern

lips demanding the immediate surrender of

old Ticonderoga “in the name of the great

Jehovah and the Continental Congress.” Side

by side with that heroic figure I would have

the dear old State that gave me birth place an-

other granite form, clad in no martial garb,

decked in no warlike trappings, with face up-

lifted and eyes serene, the outstretched hand

upon the Constitution of the United States.

There let them stand together, challenging for-

ever the admiration of mankind. Hero and

statesman, the best embodiment of liberty’s

achievements in war and peace—Ethan Allen

and Justin S. Morrill.

BASE BALL SCHEDULE FOR 1901.

April 27, N. Plainfield High School, at New

Brunswick.

May 4, Erasmus Hall, at New Brunswick.

May 8, Leals School, at New Brunswick.

May 11, Trenton Normal, at Trenton.

May 15, Pingry, at Elizabeth.

May 18, Plainfield) High School, at New

Brunswick.

May 25, Bordentown M. I., at New Bruns-

wick,

May 30, A. M., Leals School, at Plainfield.

May 30, p. M., Plainfield High School, at

Plainfield.

June 8, Morristown, at Morristown.

R. C. Burr, Manager.

“Cast your bread upon the waters,”

Said a student with a frown,

“Add a little salt and pepper,

Call it soup and gulp it down.”—Ex.

THE ARGO.

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9 THE ANNEX.

3 MAX NELSON, Eprtor. &

hy BEAT ASAT AS WS AS AS AS AS AS AS AS ASAE AE

The pupils in the Annex who have had too

in Spelling for the month of February are :—

Margaret Cook, Mary Gillespie, Myrtle Ten

Eyck, Elsie Gaub, Anna Scott, Evelyn Knox,

Arthur Welsh, Vivian Ross, Alan Campbell,

and Gretchen Smith.

THE STORY OF HERNANDO CORTEZ.

High on the table-land of Mexico there was

once a beautiful. city. It was built partly

around the shores of a lake, and partly on

islands within the lake.

The Aztecs, who were the people that lived

there at that time, were fond of building float-

ing gardens in the lake.

The lake was one of the most beautiful in

the world.

The name of the king was Montezuma.

When he looked from his palace and saw

the spires of temples and saw the lake, with

floating gardens in it, filling the air with frag-

rance and beauty, he thought that his was in-

deed a great and fair kingdom.

The Aztecs raised corn and cotton. They

worshiped the sun and moon, and most of all

the terrible god of war.

Now this city had been heard of across the

sea.

The Spaniad, as ever, eager for gold, re-

solved to make its wealth their own. So an

expedition was sent out, to conquer it from

Cuba. Hernado Cortez was made its leader.

So he set sail to conquer Mexico. He first

landed his troops at Tobasco, on the southern

coast of Mexico. He found the natives pre-

pared for war. But they. were soon glad to

fly from the Spaniards, leaving many of their

number killed.

Cortez conquered Mexico in the year 1512.

All the wealth of Mexico passed into the

hands of Spain.

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Some of the Mexicans are descendants of

the Aztecs.

Spain had Mexico for 300 years,

W. Lambert Myers,

Fourth Grade.

A WAYSIDE INN,

Across the bare and brown meadow from

Sudburytown was a wayside inn. This inn

was built in Colonial times and was the oldest

house around. Inside was a huge fire-place,

made of tile, with a big fire in it. Every night

the men would gather around the fire-place,

and every one would have to tell a story. The

landlord’s story was about Paul Revere’s ride.

There was a Spanish student, a poet, a man

from Sicily, and a musician at the inn.

Across the road the barns displayed their

lines of stalls and mows of hay, and on the

sign in front of the tavern was the picture of

a red horse.

This inn was a quiet place, where no rail-

road trains passed, and the panting teams

stopped under the shady oaks to rest.

ArtHuR WELSH.

Fifth Grade.

SCHOOL NOTES.

On March 5, the Fourth Form met and

elected Mason as its president, by a large ma-

jority.

Water of Lethe on draught. Warranted

sure cure for any unpleasant faculty of re-

membering, Inquire of Fourth Form Classi-

cals, periods 1, 2 and 6, main room.

Basket-ball seems to have been forgotten.

It seems too bad to throw away such an excel-

lent chance to develop a team.

It is said that Verdi’s idea of the proper

drill uniform is somewhat peculiar. He told

a private that “All it is necessary to wear in

drill is a white collar!”

On March 6 McChesney was elected captain

of the ’03 base-ball team.

On March 8 the Fourth Form held an im-

portant business meeting. Du Bois was elected

vice president and Wilber secretary and treas-

urer. It was decided not to have a class day.

The following committees were chosen: Pro-

gramme—Pettit, DeHart and Bates. Pic-

ture—Bergen, Du Bois and Badeau.

EXCHANGES.

We have received the following exchanges

up to date: Targum, Pennsylvanian, Williams

Weekly, Triangle, Pennington Seminary Re-

view, Ten Broeck Observer, Signal, Pingry

Record, Westfield High School Herald, Holy-

oke High School Herald, M. H. Aerolith, Aca-

demic Era, Binghamton High School Pano-

rama, Red and White, Walking Leaf, Wind

Mill, Vidette, Mercury, Academy Review,

Philosophian Review, Aurora, Sibyl, Academy

Union, Lynn High School Gazette, Lincoln

High School News, Riverview Student, Vail-

Deane Budget, Cue, Sphinx, Alpha, Papyrus,

Sentinel, Ohio Normal Record, Red and Black,

Ballston Spa High School Phonograph, Berke-

ley Folio.

SQUEAKS.

Schenck (translating German)—‘“I stuck

my hand into the table.”

Prof. C. (in Rhetoric class)—“What is the

value of an exclamation?” Miss R.— It

makes things lively.”

Vandevert (reading Silas Marner)—“The

men looked longingly at the graveyard.”

Bevier (translating German)—"“His wife

made things sour for him.”

De Mott (in Algebra)—“There is $2 too

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much in my answer to this example.” Mettler

(misunderstanding him)—"I can change it for

”

you.

In order to prove the intellectual ability of

the classical Fourth Formers, the following

star translations have been recorded from

daily recitations: In Aeneid: “The victor

was filled with pride and his reward.” “A

horse beautifully embossed.” “The snake

wound itself in its own members.” “He

poured out the wine of his father.” “Why

does he deny to send my words into the hard

air?” “She piles up the herbs to the moon.”

“He pointed out his face.” “‘He led up his

right hand into the midst of the wood.”

“Aeneas slipped forward and shot past.”

“Aeneas placed the bgills in the tomb of his

friend.” “Pick out your footsteps with your

eyes.”

In the Odyssey class there is not so much

humor. This is a peculiar but a sad fact. How-

ever, we have some dashes of wit to record.

These are notable: “If Odysseus, springing

“They sat

onthe oars.” “Watch up a tree.” “They took

from a god, should come home.”

up the place.”

We give these ingenious translations to show

our classical friends how Homer and Virgil

should be translated, and as a concusive proof

that the classicals of the Fourth Form need no

“horse” with which to ride through school

comfortably.

Mason (in drill)—“Take off your guns and

belts.”

Cooder (reading Silas Marner) — “Silas

Marner cursed, curried and cured Sally

Oates.”

The following is an alleged definition by

Shakespeare of the four years of college life:

Freshman—"Comedy of Errors.”

Sophomore—As You Like It.”

Junior—\*Much Ada About Nothing.”

Senior—“All’s Well That Ends Well.”

Small Boy (to old man sitting on the ice,

rubbing his head )—"Did-you fall?”

Old Man—' No, you little fool, I’m only sit-

ting down to rest.” —Ex.

“Where did Moses get his first suit of

clothes ?”

“At Jordan Marsh’s.”—E-.

English history puzzles me,

I never can see why,

After so many reigns,

It still should be so: dry.”—Ex.

Excitement is often the cause of strange

telegrams, as well as other queer manifesta-

tions. A man who had been one of the pas-

sengers on a shipwrecked vessel was rescued

almost by a miracle. On arrival at a place

from which he could send a telegraphic mes-

sage, he forwarded the following dispatch to

his brother :

“I am saved. Try to break it

gently to my wife."—E.x,

Milk Shakes

eee ATO.

Delicious

saneannsnaneneauannageanines

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