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SENIOR NUMBER

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THE ARGO.

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en patronizing th tor: dvertised in ou ‘olumns, please mention the A &

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THE ARGO.

Vout. XVII New Brunswick, N. J., MAY JUNE, 1906 Nos

Published Monthly During the School Year, by the

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL

Entered in the Post Office as Second Class Matter.

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Prit imes Publishing Company.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF

EDITOR OF ALUMNI! NEWS

LITERATURE

NEWS

BUSINESS MANAGERS

ANNEX NOTES

THIS NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.

“XANNV CNV "IOOHOS AUOLVUVdaUd SUTDLAU

THE

his issue of the Argo ends the regime of

the present board of editors. Shortly the days

of the class of 1906 will. end. Always has the

class endeavored to uphold the dignity and

honor of the school, and of the rank of senior.

We hope that the class of 1907 will surpass

us in all that we have done, in athletics and

in scholarships, even for the honor and glory

of the school.

There are two most pleasing views of a

school-year’s work. The one taken before we

have begun that year’s work, and the other

after we have completed it. The last view may

or may not be satisfactory in proportion to

the way we have done our work. The one

view lies before the class of 1907, the other

view lies before the class of 1905. May they

both be full of hope and determination.

As a class we will never all meet together

again. Many of us will go to our parent col-

lege, Rutgers, and others to other colleges ;

some have ended their student life. Where-

ever the class may be, may each meinber be

strong in his influence for the right, and may

he live up to the highest ideals.

When we have gone from the school, never

again to enter as students, then we will realize

what kind of teachers we have had. Their

loyalty to us in holding us up to the highest

standards; their unselfishness in the unlimit-

ed attention bestowed upon us; their nobleness

and kindness as displayed in their every day

life ; all these qualities have made them such as

we will not soon find again; all these qualities

have made them endeared to us more than we

can express.

Then a greeting to our faculty and to all

our school-mates. May the years here spent

be of greatest profit and a source of pleasant

memory to them all. May this summer’s va-

cation be as much enjoyed as it is well earned.

ARGO.

ALUMNIANA.

'93, Ralph B. Parrott, who graduated from

Rutgers in 1897 and received the honor of

“best soldier” and was also recommended to

the United States Army, has been detailed as

instructor of military drill at Rutgers.

Ex-'g6, A most vivid description of Vesu-

vius has appeared in the New York Times,

written by Arthur Stanley Riggs, accompan-

ied by photographs.

Ex-’96, Mr. Maurice V. Campbell, who is

in the United States Marine Corps at Wash-

ington, D. C., was promoted from the rank

of second to first lieutenant.

‘oz, W. H. Benedict has been playiny on

the Rutgers College Chess Club, also Bevier

‘or, (both have done good work.)

‘or, Bevier, has been on the Rutgers de-

bating team for the past two years.

‘oz, Thomas A. Devan was declared “best

soldier” of the cadets of Rutgers for the year

1906. .

’o2, Benedict, Smalley, Devan, Mittag.

Green, Murphy, Murray and Bevier, ’or, ex-

pect to take part in the senior play of 1906,

Rutgers.

Former Governor Voorhees of the State of

New Jersey, who, at one time, was an instruc-

tor in the Prep. school, has declined the ap-

pointment of Judge of Circuit Court.

Byron Cummings who is in the department

of Greek and Latin in the University of Utah,

is now serving his fourth year on the Board

of Education of Salt Lake City and was re-

cently the President of the Utah Teachers’

Association of Salt Lake City, at its twelfth

annual session on January 2, 3, 4 and 5. Mr.

Cummings was formerly an instructor in

Greek at R.C. B.S.

A PERPLEXITY.

Eliot Campbell came down the main stair-

case of Marwood College and found himself

THE ARGO.

76

caught up by a crowd of Sophomores. “Good

for you, Campbell! You've won the Fraser.

Your name is at the head of the list.” This, he

heard from ali sides. ‘Then they gave him a

class yell and rushed off to learn the results

of a Freshman examination which were just

being posted.

When he went over to the bulletin board to

find out the results for himself, Roger Brooks

went with him. Sure enough, there was the

list of seven competitors with his name at the

head, Elliot H. Campbell, ninety-two—and

the last, Carl McLean, seventy.

Then they walked across the campus to-

gether, and Elliot told his friend that he was

poor, yes, very poor, and that he had just

enough money to take him through the Fresh-

man and Sophomore years by careful man-

agement. Now he was without a cent and the

Fraser Scholarship was the only thing which

stood between him and the certainty of having

to drop out of his class and then coming back

in two or three years’ time.

On the way across the campus he learned

that one of the most important conditions of

the Fraser contest, he had, in some way, over-

looked. This was, that preference was to be

given to competitors of the names Fraser,

Campbell or McLean. So under that condi-

tion he would have taken the prize if he were

just above seventy, for Carl McLean had

seventy, and that was the required standing.

Now Elliot seemed to be troubled, and when

he left Roger, he walked very fast to his board-

ing house, and flinging himself into a chair,

bowed his head on his hands. He had no right

to the Fraser, for his name was not Camp-

bel, although perhaps no one in the world

knew it besides himself.

He had been born in a rough mining camp

in British Columbia. When he was a month

old his father, John Hansselpakker, has been

killed in the mine, leaving his wife and child

penniless and almost friendless. Alexander

Campbell, a kind Scotchman, befriended Mrs.

Hanselp2kker, and ker son, in many ways and

two years later she married him. She died

when Elliot was ten years old anq

father, five years later. But when

asked Elliot to retain his name.

That evening he fought a hard batt!

Something whispered to him to holq o

tongue and keep the Fraser. Campbell js ios

name. You've borne it all your life, and the

condition is a ridiculous one. You made the

highest mark and ought to be the winner, But

something else seemed to tell him that he

would be a cheat and a cad if he kept it.

Campbell is not your legal name.

Elliot passed a sleepless night of undeci-

sion. The next day he went to the president

of the college and as a result of his interview

an announcement was posted that the Fraser

Scholarship had been wrongly awarded, and

Carl McLean was posted as the successful

competitor. He was overwhelmed with sym-

pathy but he did not seem to mind the loss

very much.

The following afternoon he was summoned

to the president’s office. The president was

there and also a motherly looking woman who

was introduced to Elliot as Mrs. Fraser. She\_

told him she was very much interested when

she heard of his peculiar name, for she had a

half-sister who married a mari named Jolin

Hansselpakker and that was the last she had

heard of her Mrs. Fraser said that her

sister's name was Helen Rodney.

Elliot said, “ Mary Helen Rodney was

my mother’s name and John Hensselpak-

ker was my father’s.” “Then you are my nep-

lew,” she said, slipping her arm through El-

liot’s, “and will be my boy forever if you are

willing.” So Elliot H. Campbell did not have

to leave college that year nor through his

whole collegiate course. ’06.

Sc et

One day as I was walking towards Wes-

tons MILLS, I met a man with a HOE. He

had a WHITEHEAD of hair and a BLACK

moustache. I recognized him at once as a

CAMPBELL-driver I had once seen in a

circus. He told me he was now a MASON,

but was still pretty GREEN at the job, for

his Step.

€ died he

emma

‘SSVTO UOINGS AHL

THE ARGO. 79

he had juse been a COLEMAN. I said: “I

suppose you have gotten some pretty hard

KNOX since you left the show last winter?

“Yes,” he said, “| have. First I was an ap-

PRENTISS to a bleck-SMITH, a WELSH-

man too, but he was a DULJE. Cnce he ac-

cvsed me of stealing a fish-SPEAR and a

CASE of trout-flies. He said to me: You

can PAY SON or get out,’ and I chose to get

out, for I wondered] WAT SON of my father

would work for such a\_ fellow. Now I

STELLE re JOYCE that Il am SCOTT-free.”

Revin.

COMMENCEMENT.

‘The time for parting now draws near with

tco fast steps,

The day that we must part, perhaps for life,

is nigh. :

Ah! through our: minds crowd thick and fast

the fleeting thoughts,

Those memcries that come net again with-

out a sigh.

We think with fond remembrance of those

happy. hours

We've spent.in learning with our class that

knowledge cear,

That fits us for the place that we must fill in

in life.

And brings us close to Nature, beauty, sage

and seer.

Beyond the priceless value of knowledge that

we've gained,—

Far exceeding all wisdom in Latin and

Creek —.

Are the friendships we’ve made in’ the happy

days of youth,

That ne'er can be equalled though through

the world we seek,

Could w

¢ forever live but in the joys of youth

And 1

lever learn the pain and sorrows that

nitst come,

d not now regret the swift approach-

ing day.

Nor those tha

We woul

fast spun.

t almost 2s a dream have been.

With joyous Nature clad in all her gorgeous

hues

We pass this stage of life, are thrown upon

the world;

And in what place we find ourselves in futare

years

For right and truth and justice let our col-

ors be unfurled. TiDeeies

4 &SIDNIGHT\_ADVENTURE.

It was eight o’clock cna Aainy summer

evening, and since the weather did not per-

- mit wandering out-of-doors, many people

were still lingering in the dining-room of the

Great Lake Hotel. At one of the tables in a

far corner cf the room, a boy about sixteen

years old, but tall for his age, had been get-

ting very restless as time wore on. Finally

his mother looked at him disapprovingly. \_

“What is the matter with you, John?” she

asked. “You act like a six-year-old child.”

“Harold’s Waiting for me,” answered the

boy.

“Can't he wait until you finish your din-

ner?”

“Yes, mother, but he’s been waiting for half

an hour already, and I'm through anyway.”

“Well, I suppose if- you must be always

running after Harold Lansing, you may be

excused now, but I wish your family could

see something cf you once in a while. I’m not

sure that [ quite approve of that young per-

Son anyway,” she added half to herself.

Once outside of the dining room, Jchn

quickly found Harold, and the two sought

a dark corner of the veranda, where the rain,

which was pouring outside, did not blow in

very much. Having cautiously investigated

every spot where a person might by any pos-

sibility be concealed, they began a whispered

conversation. Harold always took the initia-

tive, while John yielded implicit and unusual-

lv unuestioning cbetience. © It was [Tarold,

therefore, who began. |

“It's about time we got to work, and made

the final arrangements. I thought maybe

you weren’t coming at all.”

THE ARGO.

80

answered

but I couldn't help it,”

any-

“There’s no great hurry

if you've done what you said you would.

1 all the things. I don’t think

we need the masks, myself, but I suppose it

would be wise to take sneakers. As for a

lantern and revolvers, why, we know the way

to his room perfectly well, and just where the

and we surely won’t have to use pis-

“Sorry,

John shortly.

way,

You were to buy

pin is,

tols.

“You're the st

John Parker,”

had by this time risen above a

“What is the fun in being burglars, if you

don’t have a burglar’s outfit? I went to the

city this afternoon and bought them. I got a

kid to go in and get each article at a different

store, and I didn’t let him see my face very

well, so he can’t identify me, if we do get

caught or suspected or anything. I gave him

a quarter for his pains and he thought I'd

made a mistake and given him too much, I

guess, from the way he took to his heels.”

John was not convinced, but he found it

hard to argue against Harold, so he said

nothing more in opposition to the masks and

revolvers, hoping in his heart that they would

disappear in some way or other before their

upidest person I’ve ever seen,

repied Harold, whose voice

whisper.

services were required.

“Tet’s see, then, Hal, I’m to come to your

room at half past one, you'll have everything

ready and we'll start for Reggie’s room. at

1.45. or as soon as we can, Gee! won't he

he scared though when he finds his two-hun-

dred dollar diamond stick pin, that ‘deah Aknt

Ethel’ gave him, ‘because she loved him so,’

has disappeared. And then when he finds it

next day, won’t he be mad to think he’s

made such a fuss about it when he’s lost it

himself. You're gcing to hide it, aren’t vou

and then put it back to-merrew night, if he’s

sufficiently excited abort it during the dav?

I'm thinking he won’t be saying quite so

much about it after this; at anv rate he won't

show every Tom, Dick and Harry how clever-

lv he’s hidden it.” John chuckled as he

thorght of the consternation of the youth

against whom the present expedition

Was

planned.

“1 guess that’s all the business

I guess that’s all the business. They i

meet at 1.30 sharp, and don't go to sleep and

forget to wake up, or do any such foolish

stunt. One thing more, if we do hear any

one coming, you just follow me, and we'll get

away in short order.” '

“All right, see you at 1.30 then at room 15,”

“Yes, good-night.”

\* « \* \*. \* © \* © + \* 6

The clock was striking two as one black

figure and then another glided noiselessly

from the door of room 15.

“Can’t see much with these masks, can

you?” whispered one.

“Course not. It’s dark as pitch,” murmur.

ed the other, “can’t you keep still?”

After this, nothing disturbed the intense

silence, except the booming of the waves up-

on the shore. Indeed this early morning

promenade was becoming gruesome, though

neither of the amateur burglars would have

confessed it to the other, when suddenly, as

tthey were just about to reach their destina-

tion, room 128, they heard footsteps approach-

ing. The steps ceased simultaneously with

their own, but in the silence that followed a

voice was distinctly heard issuing from room

129.

“They're there, I hear them. Go get them,

please.”

A panic seized John, and he started fsr-

ward instead of back, but a second later he

felt his wrist seized, heard a stern injunction

to be quiet and found himself being led swift-

ly though noiselessly down stairs and ovt tow-

ard the lake. John was so confused that he

followed his companion blindly till they reach-

ed the water’s edge. Here there was a small

naphtha launch moored to a private dock. He

started to protest on seeing that he was ex-

pected to jump in, but his fellow burglar said

softly but emphatically,

“Get in, you idiot, they'll be after us any

minute.” i

S anicly

So John meekly stepped aboard, and two

THE STAFF OF THE ARGO.

THE ARGO.

minutes later they were on their way out to

the lake, In the channel which connected the

small bay, on which the hotel was situated,

with the lake, the storm had produced only

aswell which made navigation interesting, but

by no means dangerous, but once out of the

channel it seemed as if no small craft could

live. The waves were not large, but short and

choppy, and consequently much more danger-

cus.

“This seems to be a case of falling from

Charybdis into Scylla, and I think on the

whole I prefer Charybdis,” thought John.

Several times he had attempted to speak to

his guide, but found that it reqiured the un-

divided attention of one man to steer the boat.

Consequently he desisted from the attempt and

sat back in the stern, admiring the skill of

the steersman, which was even more appar-

ent when they no longer took the waves head

on, but traced a diagonal course to the left.

Setween her pitching and her rolling, it seem-

ed as if the boat must be swamped, but a turn

of the wheel at exactly the right moment, sent

them safely to the crest of a wave and down

again into the trough. By the time the launch

again turned toward shore, there was no fear

in the mind of the stern passenger, but such

trust in the steersman that he could enjoy

with no real apprehension the exhilaration of

the swife motion and dashing spray. In fact

he was almost sorry when they reached a

small inlet and ran toward the beach, and it

was with regret that he saw the little vessel

drawn upon shore and fastened.

He was sure by this time that his compan-

ion was not Harold Lansing, though he had

not the remotest idea who he was or how he

had happened to fall across him. He decided

to await developments before making any dis-

closures. It was not long before he had the

chance for which he had been waiting. The

other person spoke for the first time since

leaving the bay.

“We'll light a fire here and have something

to eat and dry off a little. No one can see

us in this hollow except from the lake, and

83

<

Us too rough for boats to come poking their

noses around here out of mere curiosity.”

The rain had ceased falling some time be-

fore, and it did not take long to light a fire

in a place protected by some overhanging

rocks. The unknown, in busying himself about

the fire had thrown aside his mask. Now he

straightened himself and looked across the

flames at the figure on the other side.

“You might get the grub,” he said, “you

haven’t done much else so far.”

The boy started and uttered an exclama-

tion; then stood up so that he could clearly

be seen—his mask had been put aside long

before.

“Dean Parker!”

The person so addressed started. “How do

you know my name—why Johnny Parker,

where in the world did you— Where's Bill ?”

“Bill! Who's Bill?”

“Why, Bill’s the one I thought you were.”

“But what do you mean? What were you

doing ?”

Bill flushed. “I may as well tell the whole

story. After father thought I did that—you

know—stole all that money, I wasn’t going to

stay at home and have it drummed into me

all the time, so I left, but I couldn’t get any-

body to trust me because most of them knew

me in this part of the country so I took up

any kind of work I could find, and then I

got sick and couldn’t work and I fell in with

some men who knew how to get rich in a

hurry on other people’s money and I hadn't

anything left so I started in last night. That’s

ali.”

“Poor old idiot. Father has been trying to

find you for a long time. He found out not

very long after you left that you didn’t have

any more to do with that business than he

did himself. He never really thought it was

your fault any way, but you are so awfully

touchy that you go off at the first breath of

suspicion.”

“But look here, how did you get into the

business ?”

“Oh, I was just out for a lark with Harold

THE

84

i » a fellow’s

ing, We were going to take a fel

ee : d about it and

diamond pin and get him excite

then put it back. In the

you were Harold.”

‘here was silence

said thoughtfully,

to-night?”

darkness | thought

for a minute, then the

younger boy

spid you get anything

“No.”

“Neither did I.”

Again there was sile

John who broke it.

“ “Then you haven’t ever done anything that

they could lay finger on e

“No.”

“Then you come back with me, and we'll

never let anyone but the family know about

it.” And he proceeded to unfold his plan.

It was now about four o'clock, and they

decided to walk back to the hotel, first leav-

ing in the launch, which belonged to the com-

pany of burglars of which Dean had nearly

made himself a member, a note to this effect:

“Decided to leave the gang. Won't squeal.

Get pinched if I did. Blim.”

It was only an hour’s walk back and they

were in their rooms by half past five, without

having had any embarrassing encounters.

They found that Harold, in the mean time,

had cleared his end of the snag by bargaining

with his burglar for the return of John, and

that the aforesaid burglar had slipped away

in the darkness unobserved.

\_ Jt was for the interest of the Parkers not

to disclose the retreat of the burglars and on

the other hand it would be unwise for the

burglars to confess what they knew about

the Parkers, so there was little danger of

either party proving false to its word. The

father and mother were only too glad to see

their oldest son return to them and judged

-leniently.

But there was one regret. Harold and John

met the next day and after congratulating

themselves on the way things had turned out,

looked woefully at each other,

“Well, Jacky, he’s wearing the pin this

‘morning. T saw him telling Miss Atkins

nee and again it was

ARGO.

about it. Here he comes now, Good-morning

Mr. Darling.”

“Ah, good mahning. I hope you slept bet-

ter than | did last night. Miss Snow occu-

pies the room next to mine —number 129 you

know—and it’s distressing, positively distres-

sing. My deah fellows, I didn’t sleep a wink

till twelve o'clock. A chahming young lady

she is, chahming, I assure you, but has 5

habit of talking in her sleep, distressing habit

indeed. Last night she talked almost continu.

ously—why—ah— I haven't made a break, [

hope—No ?—you looked embarassed. Well,

at any rate, | was saying, she told me this

morning that she dreamed almost all night

that something was attacking her, first a

swehm of bees, then wolves, and that she

wished me to be her protector, and called out

to me to get them—ah—you seem to be

amused, young gentlemen. I—ah—positevely

refuse to be laughed at. I wish you good-

mahning, gentlemen.”

THE GYMNASIUM.

Some cf the pleasantest hours of my Prep.

school life, so soon to close, have been spent

in the Ballantine Gymnasium. It belongs to

Rutgers College, but we Prep. School stud-

ents are allowed to use it. It is one of the

largest in the country, and has a swimming

tank. four bowling alleys, a running track,

horizontal and parallel bars, fling rings, row-

ing machines, and other apparatus of modern

type. Here, under the direction of the College

Instructor of Physical Culture, I learned how

to exercise on the apparatus, wrestle, box,

fence and run, (although most of my running

was done on the quarter-mile track at Neilson

Kield, the College athletic ground), and to

swim.

And the swimming has been a very pleas-

ant and useful thing. I was taught how to

swim when T first came to school. The phy-

sical instructor stood on the edge of the

swimming tank, and held me up in the water

by means of a harness fastened at one end to

my waistband at the other to a pole which

“ALTOOVA FHL

THE ARGO,

he held in his hand. Later [ graduated to

cork jackets, and finally I learned how to

swim and float without the use of

paratus,

any ap-

Many a day, after an hour’s health-

fui exercise, | have taken a comfortable tepid

shower-bath, and then plunged into the cool

depths of the tank.

OUR GRADUATES AT RUTGERS.

What They Are Doing, and How They Are

Doing It.

It is natural that most Prep. School men

who go to college should choose the institu-

tion with which we are so closely connected—

Rutgers College. This no doubt is because

they have always the opportunity to see Rut-

gers at close quarters and to observe the

prominent part that Prep. School alumni take

m all its activities.

Rutgers Preparatory School is represented

rot only in all student interests of Rutgers,

but on the Faculty as well. Dr. Demarest, the

newly-clected President, who is to be inaugu-

rated in June, graduated from this school in

1879, and was later instructor here from 1883

to 1886. Dr. Bevier, professor of Greek, and

Dr. Newton, professor of German in the col-

lege, are also former instructors in our school.

The part taken by our graduates in ath-

letics speaks well for the training received

here at school.

The most conspicuous of Rutgers’ athletes

is Harold Edward Green, ’o2, of the Senior

class. During the present college year he has

been captain of both the foot-ball and the

base-ball teams and a member of the gymna-

sium team,

Our men on the foot-ball team this year,

beside Captain Green, were N. C. Murray,

’o2, right end, and D, J. Fisher, ’o4, full-

back.

The captain of the gymnasium team this

vear was T. A. Devan, ’o2. C. P. Wilber,

last year’s captain, who won the first place in

the Intercollegiate meet two years ago, in Tn-

dian clubs, is also one of our graduates, of

the class of 1901. ‘Three other members of

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the gymnasium team also hail from the R. C,

P. S.—on the flying rings, parallel bars and

side horse, Green, ’o2, has been. this year a

member of the executive committee of the

Intercollegiate Gymnastic association,

Two of our men are on the Rutgers track

team, Andreae, ’os, and R, Watson, ’o4, who

recently won first place in the meet with C,

Guna

To turn now, from athletic activities, let

us look at the record of our graduates in oth-

er departments of college life.

Rutgers has never been defeated in debat-

ing, and her teams have, almost without ex-

ception, had one or more members, who were

Prep. School men. This year, Bevier, ’or, has

been on both the two debating teams which

defeated ‘Trinity and Union respectively.

Another successful team, of which Rutgers

is proud, has been its Chess team. Of this,

Bevier, ’o1, and Benedict, ’02, have been

members. This team won from Princeton by

a score of 6 1-2 to 1-2 and was beaten by Yale

and University of Pennsylvania, (the latter

the intercollegiate champions) by a score of

3 1-2 to 2 1-2 in both instances.

The Rutgers Glee Club which has had an

unusualiy successful season this year, has

been managed by another of our graduates,

Murphy, 'o2. There are three others of our

men on the club.

In the college cadets we have several rep-

resentatives among the commanding officers,

Highest of ail stands T, A. Devan, ’o2, as

cadet major. His work has been fitly crown-

ed by having the honor of “best” soldier con-

ferred upon him. F. O, Mittag, Jr., ’02, is a

cadet captain and WW. H. Benedict, Jr., 02, is a

cadet first lieutenant. In the color guard,

Cadet First Sergeant Heath, ’03, is appointed

as cadet captain from June 21, 1906, on. Other

promotions were Cadet Corporal Fisher, ‘O4

to first sergeant; Miller, ‘04, to third serg-

ent; Vrooman, os, to cadet corporal,

One more student activity is to be men-

tioned—journalism, We are represented in

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that too. Kilmer, ’o4, is on the staff of the

Targum, the Rutgers’ weekly.

The above record, though it is, to be sure,

but a “good tale badly told,” yet should be

a matter of some pride to Prep. School men.

A SKETCH. ;

That troublesome Saturday morning lec”

As soon as the gong clanged out the

way

ture!

close of the hour, we threaded our

through the crowd of German students to the

corner of the square where we could see the

rest of the party awaiting us. A hurried rush

for a passing car, and we were off for the

Anhalte Station—two of us swaying on the

rear platform—off on our excursion to Her-

renchiemisee. A few hours later we were

leaving the lake steamer at the Herrninssl

itself.

We climbed up the path from the landing to

the inn, once the Monastery of Herrenchiem-

see. Here we ate our lunch on the verandah

overlooking the garden with its fine old trees

under which pert sparrows and gay little

beach-finches were congregated begging for

crumbs around the tiny tables. The charm

of the place is felt even here—the severe grey

building set on the edge of the lake, the quiet

calm of the old garden, the solemnity with

which the little peasant child in Sunday at-

tire was dividing her bread with the finches,

all spoke the love of nature which must have

prompted those monks, ages ago, to establish

just here this refuge from the carking cares

of the world. Hither came Ludwig the

Second, darling of the peasantry, after failure

had met his most cherished plans, to build

here a castle after the plan of that much

admired palace of Versailles. A ten-minute

walk from the garden of the inn brought us

out on the terraces overlooking the big, grass-

grown fountain basins. Within the palace we

were shown from room to room resplendent

with georgeous decorations and furnishings ;

the royal staircase glittering in gold, the

rich rooms all vividly recalling the apartments

upon which they were modelled—those rooms

ARGO.

in Versailles, eloquent at once of the magnifi-

cent courts of her kings and of those Pitiful

days of the French Revolution. Here jn the

royal bedchamber stands the splendid State

bed with its gorgeous hangings, the embroid-

eries in this room alone the work of thirty

skilled women- of Munich laboring seven

years. .

Further on in Gallerie des Glace the gold

bordered mirrors, the gilded chandeliers and

the crystal candelabra recall for a moment the

tarnished desolation of Versailles, only to

leave the imagination to picture King Ludwig

walking in solitary majesty up and down the

long gallery, feasting his splendor loving

eyes on the two thousand candles sparkling

in endlessly multiplied reflection in the long

mirrors. Solitary? Yes, to outward appear-

ances but not to his fancy for his mind was

filled with the presence of his adored idol,

Louis XIV, and his favorites. Up and down

he walked, holding imaginary conversation

with the French monarch, conversation spark-

ling with wit and repartee. On the solitary

king and his imaginary guests walked to the

dining-room and at their entrance the magic

table loaed with sumptuous dishes rose as in

the fairy tale through the floor to delight the

eyes of royalty with the perfection and costli-

ness of its appointments. Poor, unfortunate

king. A pitiful figure in the midst of his

splendor and lavishness ! Poor, impaired mind,

whose greatest happiness lay in these nights

spent thus with its imaginary guests.

After we left the castle, we went back

through the bright birch wood to the little

landing place where a picturesque boatman

was busied with his boat. ‘The bargain was

soon made for him to row us over to the

Fraueninsel, the tiny gem of an island mir-

roring its old trees in the blue, shimmering

lake. The boatman was evidently delighted

with his bargain for he good-naturedly re-

plied to all our questionings. Yes, over there

on the island is the convent of which King

Ludwig’s relative was once Abbess. .When

the Monastery on Herreninsel was suspended,

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the convent too was threatened, but the prayers

of the nuns were heard and they were allowed

to remain. Certainly he would row us safely

over—the lake was not rough to-day and his

little boat was very safe—very safe indeed.

Would the ladies just get into the little boat?

there, see! it would not rock at all—yes, he

would put off at once and then we should have

plenty cf time at the Fraueninsel before the

big steamer should come up the lake—certain-

ly it would stop for us, we could perhaps see

the dock where it should stop? The ladies

are timid on water? but they should have no

fear, he would take care that no accident

happen. Undoubtedly the ladies had visited

the castle! Ah, the unhappy King Ludwig!

Those were fine times when he used to visit

Chiemsee. Oh, yes, he could remember it

well! Often at night when he was in his boat,

there would be heard a sudden beat, beat of

horses’ hoofs ringing through the stillness

and the grand coach of King Ludwig with its

fine outriders would dash along the highway,

bringing the king to the castle. No one ever

knew when he was coming—just when no one

expected him, then he came. Ah, but the peo-

pie love King Ludwig—he was always kind to

the Chiemsee folk—he would appear sudden-

ly among them and talk to them. Then next

night, perhaps, the castle wouid be all dark

and the people would know King Ludwig

was gone. No one saw him go, but some, per-

haps, had heard faintly in the hours after mid-

night the beat, beat of horses’ hoofs and the

tumble of the big coach. Then one sad day

came the word that King Ludwig was dead.

He has never been seen since, but many of

his Chiemsee folk do not believe the evil

news. No! it canot be true—his people loved

him and enemies have shut him up in some

distant castle, but one night his faithful peo-

ple will hear again the beat of horses’ hoofs

and they will know that King Ludwig has

come again to make his people happy.

I suspect that somewhat of this talk was

lost while we were trying to get accustom-

ed to the peculiar dialect but there sat Frau

B-— chattering away to the quaint little figure

as though this especial dialect had been fam-

iliar all her days. Having reached the Frau-

eninsel we were conducted to an inn close

by the dock. ‘The little boatman swung his

cap very low on presenting us to the landlady

and especially kindly did she beam upon us.

So here we sat and drank our coffee under the

broad old lindens. Over on the tiny bench

by the inn door sat the little boatman in his

white cap, doubtless telling how the fine lady

knew all about King Ludwig and had even

seen the big coach at Munich with the golden

angel on it. Bees were humming in the sun-

lit blossoms over our heads. The Bavarian

sky was never bluer, the lake never more

fascinating. The tiny fishermen’s cotitages

near at hand were intensely quiet—we seemed

almost the only people stirring. The old tree

just at the angle of the convent wall dipped

its branches low in the water and off across

the lake shone the splendid castle with its big

rooms glittering with gold and crystal—all

silently waiting for their master who comes

no more,

A GLANCE AT OUR ATHLETICS.

In athletics R. C. P. S. has always main-

tained a spirit not so much to win at any price

as to play the game for the sport there is in

it. This spirit has enabled her to maintain

friendly relations with all her neighboring in-

stitutions.

The school does not belong to a league, be-

cause she has no grounds of her own, but has

the use of the Rutgers College athletic field

when not used by the college. This makes it

necessary that games be played in New Bruns-

wick on certain dates only, a condition which

cannot be met by the committee working up

the league schedules.

A friendly co-operation exists between stu-

dents and instructors in the management of

athletics, there being a general manager ap-

pointed from among the instructors and a

student manager elected by the students. This

Places the athletics of the school on a firm

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basis and avoids mistakes in schedules and

other mismanagements which are often met

with in other schools.

An athletic association is maintained by the

students which elects the managers of base-

ball, foot-ball and track team, and helps ma-

terially toward the success of the teams. Dra-

matic entertainments are given from time to

time by the school, the proceeds of which are

devoted to the interests of athletics in general.

Although there are but few fellows from

whom to pick the different teams, the school

has held a splendid position among her op-

ponents, as the following records will show:

During the last five years out of 27 games

played in foot-ball, R. C, P. S. has won 20,

tied 2 and lost s, scoring 356 points to her op-

ponents 221. In base-ball out of 29 games

played, R. C. P. S. has won 10 and lost 19,

scoring 167 points to her Opponents 266.

In track athletics the school boasts two ban-

ners won at meets held under the auspices of

Rutgers College and many medals won at oth-

er meets. Two tennis courts are provided for

the use of the students and tournaments are

held each. spring.

Among the opponents of the school in foot-

ball and base-bail may be mentioned the fol-

lowing: Barnard School, Bordentown Mili-

tary Institute, Cedarcroft School,

High School, Kingsley School, Leal School,

Morristown School, Mt. Pleasant Military

Academy, New Brunswick High School, Ny-

ack Military Academy, Perth Amboy High

School, Pingry School, Polytechnic Institute,

Plainfield High School, Stevens Prep., Tren-

ton State School.

a,

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, It has pleased God, recently, to

take from this world the life of the brother of

our classmate, J. Claude Thomson, and

Whereas, We, the members of the Class of

Nineteen Hundred and Six. of Rutgers Pre-

paratory School, feel a strong sympathy for

our classmate in this, his bereavement; there-

fore, be it

Erasmus

Resoived, That we hereby express our par-

ticipation in the sorrow which js his, and, be

it further

Kesolved, That a copy of these resolutions

be published in the Argo,

Wittarp T. Case,

Frank D, ELBErson,

Frank E. Mason,

Committee.

ce eeeeaes

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Rutgers Preparatory School,

New Brunswick, N. J.

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty Fath-

er to take the life of the brother of our friend

and brother, J. Claude Thomson, and

Whereas, We his friends and fellow mem-

bers of the Delta Theta, do feel a deep sympa-

thy for him in this his sorrow ; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the Delta Theta Frater-

nity of Rutgers Preparatory School, do here-

by express our sympathy for him in his be-

reavement; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions

be sent to our brother, and that they be pub-

lished in the Argo.

For the Fraternity,

Joun B. Brack,

Grorcr M. GREEN,

Committee.

THE JAPANESE SHCOOL BOY,

Il.

HOW HE CAME TO RUTGERS.

A famous Japanese said in an address in

this country not long since, that when Japan

reached out after western ideas, she copied

her navy from Great Britain, her army from

France, her medical service from Germany

and her educational system from the United

States.

All the readers of the Argo may not know

how important a part the Dutch have played

in the development of New Japan and what

an honor is ours of the “Rutgers Grammar

School.”

You may have heard that there used to be

TEAM, 1905,

FOOT BALL

BASE BALL TEAM, 1906,

THE ARGO 95

a great many Japanese students here, but did

you know that the very first ones that came

to this country to be educated, came here?

The official report of the Commissioner of

Education says that in the ten years after

1866 when the first students came to America,

five hundred were trained in the Dutch Re-

formed Colleges alone, a majority of them in

Ruigers College and Grammar School. I am

sure you will like to hear the story of how and

why they came here.

Nearly three hundred years ago, when no

outside nations had been allowed to enter the

ports of Japan, the Dutch succeded in securing

a trading post in Nagasaki Bay. They were de-

snised by the Japanese and treated with con-

tempt, but they plodded on their Dutch way.

It was not long before enterprising young

men discovered that there was something to

be learned of the ostracised stranger within

their ports, so there were stealthy trips to the

little island, repeated again and again until

something was learned—of course but the

merest smattering—of engineering, mining,

astronomy and medicine.

In 1859 there went out from the Dutch Re-

formed Church in America the Rev. Guido

I. Verbeck, D.D., as a missionary to Japan.

He was a Hoilander by birth and education,

but continued his studies in America. He went

to Nagasaki and there opened a school. To

him came many of those who had been influ-

enced by the Duich traders.

Dr. Verbeck was a remarkable man and he

grew in favor with all classes. Later at the

call of the Government he became the Presid-

ent of the Imperial University at Tokyo and

the confidential advisor of New Javan.

Our own Dr. Murray, a beloved professor

in Rutgers, was asked a few years later to

come to Japan as official advisor of the Japan-

ese devartment of education. He was general

superintendent of schools and colleges there,

and founded their system of education with a

wisdom and ability which years of trial have

amply justified.

For the story of the very first boys that

came to us from Japan, I am indebted to the

Rey. John M. Ferris, one time Secretary of

the Board of Missions of the Dutch Church.

The office of the Board of Missions is in

Fulton street in New York. One day in the

fall of 1866 there appeared a plain looking

man with two young men who looked like

Chinamen. They presented to Dr. Ferris a

letter of introduction from Dr. Verbeck of

Nagasaki who said these young men were of

good family and were worthy of attention.

The man with them proved to be the captain

of the bark in which they sailed. These boys

had been for a few months pupils in Dr. Ver-

beck's school. ‘They had learned a little Eng-

lish there and had picked up a little more on

the long’ six months voyage to America. They

wished, they said, to study navigation, to learn

how to build ships and to make big guns, so

that they could prevent other countries from

coming and taking possession of their coun-

try. They had $100 in gold remaining of the

money with which they started and they

ought to be able to accomplish their purpose.

Dr. Ferris told them that they would have

to study many things before they could build

ships and could understand the science of

navigation, and that their money was very far

from enough to enable them to accomplish

their purpose. However, he became greatly

interested in these young men and succeeded

in interesting wealthy members of the Mis-

sionary Board in them too. It was decided

that an effort should be made to place them

in school in New Brunswick. Dr. Ferris him-

self brought them here and took them to the

house of a Mrs. Van Arsdale, who had a

boarding house on Church street, just below

where the People’s Bank now stands. Dr.

Ferris knew Mrs. Van Arsdale to be a most

excellent woman, and boarding with her was

the widow of a well known clergyman, a Mrs,

Romeyn. These two ladies became intensely

intersted in the young foreigners and engaged

to take them under their special care.

Dr. Ferris then took them to the house of

the Headmaster, or as he was then called, the

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Rector, of the Grammar School, the Rev. Al-

exander McKelvy. Here they were most cor-

dially received.

Later Dr. Ferris realized how extremely

fortunate he had been that day, for it was

oitentimes very difficult to find homes for

Japanese students. Other boarders would

threaten to leave or what was more distress-

ing, the Irish potentates of the establishment

would one and all give warning TT these

“hathen” were coming into the house. Dr.

Ferris says that one time he spent two whole

days unsuccessfully trying to find rooms in a

private boarding house for a Japanese prince,

"a member of the Imperial family, and his

suite, ail most courteous gentlemen.

However, all turned out well with our two

young men. Mrs. Van Arsdale and Mrs.

Romeyn kept their promises faithfully and

Mr. McKelvy proved himself, as is the man-

ner of Headmasters of the Grammar School,

a patient and painst king teacher.

These young men had forfeited their lives

by coming to this country without permission.

Fortunately they were highly connected and

their newly made American friends used what

influence they could so that in the end the

government not only expressed approbation

of their course but appropriated money to re-

pay the advances made for them.

This was the beginning of the great educa-

tional movement to this country and later to

Europe.

\_ Several students died here and in the cem-

etery behind the Carnegie Library, you may

find a group of noticeable marble shafts which

mark their resting place.

One of them was an especially brilliant stu-

dent and Dr. William Eliot Griffis in his Mi-

kado’s Empire tells of visiting the family of

this young man in Japan. He had been a

student of Dr. Griffis’ at Rutgers and Dr.

Griffis took to his father the gold key of the

Phi Beta Kappa Socicty to which his son had

been elected, he having stood at the head of

his class.

Ii is told of another student that died here

that he directed that his hair and nails should

be cut off and sent home to his family and it

was done.

But it is gratifying to know that most of

those that came here returned to their homes

and have been a strong influence in the forma-

tion of New Japan, during these last stirring

years. Many of them hold important posi-

tions in the army and are conspicuous in civic

affairs. ;

Sometime we should like to tel) the read-

ers of the Argo, in detail, something of what

has been wrought in Japan by the boys who

came for their inspiration to the School and

the College on “the banks of the old Raritan.”

A WHOLE YEAR ROUND,

Listen, my children and you shall hear

What we did at the Trap this eventful year,

The charades, the tennis, the dances, and all—

The tumbling, the pillow-fights, the scraps in

the hall.

In the Music Room there’s been much din,—

The horn, the fiddle, the mandolin

Of Case, and Gross, and Angell, too,

Have vied with pianists not a few.

On Sunday nights we gather there

To sing old hymns and say a prayer,

These memories will with us stay

When other things have passed away.

In Mrs. Payson’s library \_

We're always sure to welcome be;

She comforts us in woes and joys

And always likes to hear our noise.

But when we're sick she comes out strong

And brings the Castor “Oil along.

On Sunday she reads and gives us candy,

And we all think that she’s just dandy.

The birthday cakes they are so light,

The birthday candles burn so bright,—

If the list of Miss Bateman weren't so clear,

Cox and Jelly’d have a hundred a year.