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RELAY TEAM

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VoL. XX.

THE G— ST. DIAMOND ROBBERY.

It was a bright, brisk March day; a day that

made every one feel lively ; a day that made the

people of New York feel gay. The crowd on

G-- street was greater than usual and there

seemed to be some unusual excitement.

If at that moment a bystander had looked at

a large and famous jewelry house at the cor-

ner of teenth street he would have seen

a well-dressed man of about fifty, slightly

humpbacked, with large gold glasses and a

rather forbidding appearance, coming out of

the door, carrying a gold-headed cane and

Behind him came a big

talking excitedly.

policeman with a handcuffed young man, and

another person who was doing his best to

pacify the irate old man, What the trouble

was no one knew; but what had happened

was this.

An unusually large diamond had come into

the hands of this jewelry house, a beautiful

stone, which cost a fortune. Many people had

admired it during the day, and just before five

o'clock the gentleman with the gold-headed

cane came in and asked to see the gem, which

was brought out to him on a tray.

Taking out a case he took out another pair

of gold spectacles, placed those he had on in

the case and returned it to his pocket. Next

he drew out a box of Chiclets, opened it, took

ARGO.

New Brunswick, N. J., JUNE, 1909.

No. &

one, closed up the box, replaced it, and said, as

if to himself, “A most magnificent gem, a

most magnificent one.”

“Yes, sir,” remarked the clerk, who seemed

uneasy. Another man of a rather nice appear-

ance was impatiently waiting for some one to

serve him, yet the clerk did not wish to leave

the diamond alone while he waited on the

newcomer, and neither did he wish to hasten

a likely customer. Nor was the latter in any

hurry, for he examined and admired the stone

as it lay in the tray, without any sign of haste

and with the utmost deliberation.

The clerk, seeing this, turned toward the

new-comer, who was looking at a tray of

rings, and remarked, “Would you like to see

that tray, sir?”

“Yes,” he answered.

“Tf you will step this way, please,” requested

the clerk, who, while taking out the required

tray was also watching the diamond. He

placed the ring tray next to the diamond, and

the newcomer examined them closely. He

picked out one set with an exquisite opal, laid

it on the counter, drew out a small box from

his pocket, took out a ring set with a beautiful

pearl and two fine diamonds, and asked if they

would consider an exchange, and if so on

what terms.

The clerk picked up the two rings, compared

them, and turning toward the rear of the store

called, “Mr. Feelan.”

The man in question came out and after a

few words of explanation disappeared with

the two rings. ;

“Le me see these watches, clerk,” command-

ed the old man with the gold-headed cane, who

had meanwhile wandered along the glass cases

to one containing watches.

“In a minute, sir,” was the reply. The

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clerk returned with’ the rings, stating that no

terms could be given now and requesting the

man to return later. With these words he

handed back the ring to its owner, who quick-

ly left the store.

“Clerk!” again exclaimed the old man.

“Yes, sir,” answered the clerk, as he quickly

put the tray of rings in place, and seizing the

one with the diamond he was about to put it

away also when he noticed that there was a

peculiar look ‘about it. He picked up the gem

when— Was it true? Could it be possible?

Only an imitation! He let fall an exclama-

tion, almost a shriek, which caused Mr. L—,

the old gentleman, to look up and ask what

the’ trouble was.

“Tt is gone! It is gone!” moaned the poor

clerk.

“What?

L—.

“The stone, fool! and you, you took it,

you!” shrieked the clerk, who ran from be-

hind the counter and grabbed Mr. L— by the

What is gone?” questioned Mr.

throat.

The old man staggered back with a cry

which brought up the store detectives and the

rest of the clerks. When the story of the lost

stone was told a policeman was called who

started to take his prisoner to the station, but

his captive said, “Search me, you ruffians;

strip me, brigands; if you find anything on me

that is not lawfully mine, may I suffer the tor-

ments—”

“Agreed,” interrupted the store detectives,

who took the now angry prisoner to the back

of the store, where he was thoroughly searched.

But nothing could be found, though they even

examined the gum he was chewing and took

the gold head off the cane. They searched his

watch, his purse, even the box of Chiclets

which was nearly full, and of these they broke

open two or three, but to no avail.

As Mr. L— was denouncing the indignity

the unlucky clerk bethought himself of the

other man, The policeman had seen him take

atte

ARGO

an M— street car and instantly a Motor-cyc},

cop was sent after it.

Just as he reached it the car stopped ang

the man of whom he was in search Stepped

of He we instantly arrested and taken to

the jewelry shop, which was reached just ag

the old gentleman had readjusted his clothing,

They searched their second prisoner and foung

a beautiful ruby ring which the clerk Tecog.

nized. He went to his tray of rings and foung

that a paste imitation had been substituted,

They could not find the lost diamond, but they

handcuffed the thief, as they now believed him

to be.

Mr. L— sarcastically asked if “the gentle.

men” would detain him any longer. The de-

tectives apologized, but the now thoroughly

enraged man left the store in the mood seen

by the crowd.

The trial came off a month later. The con-

ductor of the car, the clerk, the detectives and

the policeman were among the witnesses. The

conductor said he had seen the thief talk with

a man in a white flannel suit. He remembered

well the face, a repulsive one with a grizzly

red beard, a hooked nose, and an ugly scar

from one ear to the mouth, because he watched

him, as did most of the passengers, on accouni

of the oddity of his dress at that time of the

year, and saw him get off two blocks below

where his friend the thief had gotten on.

“Did you see anything pass between the

two?” queried the prosecuting attorney,

“Yes, sir. It was a small blue box,” an-

swered the witness. ;

The prisoner admitted all this, but said it

was the ring he wished to exchange that was

in the box.

“Why did you give him your ring?” he was

asked.

“Tt was not mine, it was his. I was to ex-

change it for him. He knows nothing of my

taking the ring.”

He was asked the address of his friend and

gave it, but added that the man had sailed for

Africa to try his luck in the diarnond mines.

THE

The prisoner was found guilty of stealing

the ruby, and the circumstantial evidence be-

ing so strong of his being at least an accom-

plice in the theft of the diamond, he was sen-

tenced to a term of fifteen years. But where

the diamond went to no one knew until four

years afterward,

The scene shifts three years later to the

Transvaal and to a hut built on a hill over-

looking a diamond mine. A man in corduroy

trousers, a blue shirt, and wearing a pair of

gold glasses, was seated on a box, reading.

As another man came up the road he got up,

and it was seen he was slightly hunchbacked.

Jt was indeed our friend Mr. L—.

The new-comer was dressed in much the

same way, had a repulsive face with a grizzly

red beard, a hooked nose, and an ugly scar

reaching from ear to mouth. He greeted Mr.

1.— and asked if he would like to buy a rough

diamond. Mr. L—, with a perfectly calm

countenance, asked to see the diamond, but

asked nothing as to its source. It proved to

be of good size, the price demanded was very

reasonable, and Mr. L— bought it.

One evening about eight o’clock a month

later, the buyer of a large jewelry house in

New York, in fact the house that had lost the

diamond, and who was then at Paris in the

Hotel Pavilion, received a visitor. The.

stranger appeared to be a miner who was in

his best clothes, although a shave and a hair-

cut would have helped his appearance. He

drew out an elegant diamond with a slip of

paper and handed both to the buyer. The

buyer examined the diamond, then the p‘ece

of paper, which proved to be the certificate of

an Amsterdam diamond cutter that he had cut

an unusually fine gem on such and such a day,

but without describing the stone in detail. The

diamond was indeed a fine gem, and after

much bartering it was purchased, paid for, and

the man left.

We will follow this man for a while.. When

he reached the entrance he was handed a suit

ARGO 131

case by the Concierge. Slipping a coin into

the man’s hand he went out and took a cab to

the railroad station. He paid the driver well,

went to the ticket window and had a first-class

compartment on the express train for Mar-

seilles reserved.

At nine o'clock our friend, now freshly

shaved, boarded the train, tipped the con-

ductor, entered his compartment, closed the

door, locked it, pulled down the shades and

disappeared from view.

The cars in France are made up of com-

partments with an aisle running down the side.

The first-class compartments are rarely filled,

as “only Americans and fools use them.” If

the conductor is given a coin or two he will

leave the inmate alone and allow no one to

bother him the entire way.

At Marseilles the express stopped and the

conductor knocked at the compartment. In-

stantly the door opened, and who should step

out but our friend Mr. L— with his suit case.

We are again in New York ten days later.

The buyer has entered the jewelry house and

is showing the owner his purchases. He was

particularly pleased with a big diamond that

he had bought from a miner in Paris. The

jeweler examined the stone, set it down,

picked it up again, examined it more closely,

and finally called in two of his clerks. They

all recognized the lost diamond, which they

had now purchased a second time.

Of course all know who the real culprit was,

but how the diamond was obtained may not

be known. It will be remembered that the

clerk turned for only one instant to the new

customer and asked what he wanted, but Mr.

IL— had seen his chance. Quick as thought he

took the gem, replacing it with an imitation.

He then wandered along the counter, took out

a prepared box in the form of a Chiclet into

which he slipped the gem, being careful to

stuff the case so the diamond could not rattle.

When the clerk turned to call Mr. Feelan

the other thief changed the rings. The latter

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THE ARGO

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. was caught by accident, but the former es-

caped. In Amsterdam Mr. L— had the rough

diamond which he purchased in Africa cut

and received a certificate which he used with

the other diamond. ; 2

The friends of the thief sent in a petition,

and it being proved that he had nothing to do

with the stealing of the diamond his sentence

was commuted to a much shorter term.

—H. F. S.

THE SINGING GHOST.

There always was a superstition about the

old place. Almost every old house will fur-

nish a good story or two for the minds of the

neighbor's children—especially if it possesses

a dark room and a mysterious cave with a

sixty foot well dug in the floor, as my uncle’s

did. The fact that the cave was innocently

dug for the purpose of keeping dairy products

cool did not figure in the minds of those

who liked to tell a good story.

When I was a boy I used to visit the old

farm every summer, and many a happy day

I had spent following the plow and picking \*

up Indian arrow heads in the fresh soil. I re-

member how important I felt when one day

I picked up a queer shaped stone which every

one said must have been the battle-axe of an

Indian chief. But this has nothing to do with

my story.

Since my aunt died and I grew up, the old

place somehow did not have the same attrac-

tion for me, and my visits were less frequent.

Last fall, however, I decided to renew old

acquaintances—and immediately set ‘out for

my uncle’s. After riding all day it felt good

to get off the train and stretch my legs once

again on that familiar old plank road which \*

led to my uncle’s house,

walked that lonely mile!

Everything looked the same as usual. There

was the old mill which had been owned by my

great great grandfather and his children after

How often I had

him, and up on the hill I could see faintly the

outline of the huge maples that I knew shel.

tered the old farm house.

It was very dark and foggy and the Toads

were bad, but I picked my way into the lonely

lane as I had done hundreds of times, jump-

ing the places that I knew were muddy ang

crawling through the big white-washed gate

from force of habit.

As I came nearer I could make out a dim

light in the tumble-down outside kitchen, ang

could hear the dog barking.

The door was opened, and the dog rushed

out.

“What yer got, ‘Nell’? Is that ol’ dog

friend of yourn around agin to-night?” my

uncle called after her.

“Well, of all people, where in thunder did

you come from?” he said, as “Nell” and I

rounded the corner of the house.

“I’m doggoned if I knew yer at first, yer

grown so. Why didn’t yer tell a person you

were goin’ to pop in on ‘em, Had yer sup-

per?”

I assured him I had.

“That's good, I just this minute cleared up

the dishes. How are you anyhow?”

We went inside and my uncle continued

his work at the old stone sink. He was par-

ing potatoes for the next day. ;

After I had downed a dipper full of the

best water in the world, which always stood

in a bucket near the kitchen door, I felt more

like talking, and so we talked for a long time,

until I had to call a halt or see every potato

in sight loose its jacket, for Uncle Nat was

so taken up with the conversation that he had

lost all count, and would have pared until

midnight if I had kept on talking.

But I must go on with my story.

You see my uncle had lived all alone since

my aunt’s death, except for his brother, who

came up from his mill three times a day for

his meals, and then returned to the mill to

sleep.

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THE

Before we went into the sitting room the

old man went outside and closed the heavy

wooden blinds, The wind had risen some

and it was beginning to rain. It certainly was

a nasty night. The guinea hens were flying

from their roost in the walnut trees to a dryer

sleeping place in the shed,

“B’ the way them dago hens is acting [

wouldn’t be surprised if we had plenty of bad

weather to-night,” said my uncle, as he came

in the sitting room and took down the an-

cient looking glass which he regularly con-

sulted every other night, with a razor equally

as antique,

I watched him shave, as I had often done—

watched him twist his face into the shape that

best fitted the wavy old mirror’s reflection,

and made up my mind that the first thing I

would do when I reached the civilized world

would be to send him a shaving glass.

I pitied so much the condition of his bar-

ber-shop that I offered him the use of my

safety razor and proceeded to give him les-

sons in operating it.

But he would have none of it. “No new

fangled razors for me,” and he went back to

his own, and finished with a triumphant flour-

ish.

We pulled our chairs up before the fire-

place, piled on some hickory, and sat and talk-

ed and chatted like a couple of old women.

The noise of the wind in the old chimney

and the roar of the fire made things sound

pretty wild, and our talk seemed to drift to

subjects quite as fearful.

Uncle Nat got down his old corn-cob from

the mantle.

“Remember how old Lydia used to sit, just

as you're sitting now, smoking and rocking

back and forth,” he said, as he pulled his pipe.

“There’s her old clay pipe on the shelf yit.

Nobody's ever touched it! And blamed if

there ain’t some tobacco along with it,” he

declared on further investigation.

Lydia was an old aunt of his who had one

ARGO 128

day hobbled out to the barn yard when every

cne was in the field and there she had met

her death under the feet of a young steer.

Well, the conversation went from bad to

worse. Although very interesting in the day

time, the history of some of my dead rela-

tions sounded pretty wierd at such a time, and

when the big clock in the corner tolled a late

hour, I was ready to turn in and forget an-

cient history with the help of a feather bed,

which I knew waited for me.

So we locked everything tight, gave “Nell”

a good-night pat and climbed the shaky old

Stairs to the room above, my uncle first with

the lantern and alarm clock, and our shadows

wobbling up after us. .

The old room looked the same as usual.

There stood the two four-posters as they had

always stood, one on either side, and there

was the yellow picture of General Washing-

ton parading the streets with a charger under

him, and bushels of roses thrown by pretty

lasses, under the charger.

There was something new, however. Some-

thing that resembled a telephone had taken the

place of a time-honored calendar. It was a

‘phone, sure enough!

“Your Uncle Frank made it,” explained my

uncle, “so that I can ring him up in the morn-

ing and at meal times. Hi Guy! it’s a great

thing now, ain't it! All yer have to do is to

turn that little handle and in fifteen minutes

he’s here for breakfast. It ain’t working now.

Frank says the wire’s grounded somewheres

down yonder in the lane,” he concluded, as he

set the smoky lantern down outside in the

hall.

Once in bed my uncle talked little. I was

thoroughly disgusted when the climax of one

of my best stories was capped by a snore from

the other side of the room.

How long I lay there listening to the rain

sweep over the old roof I do not know.

It seemed that I would never get asleep.

The wind blew harder with every puff of rain,

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THE ARGO

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I] must have dozed off at |

as though I were immediately ——

the bark of the dog downstairs. I was ¢

scious of a queer sound which seemed to oan

from every direction—a sort of a shrill eid

ing—only like nothing I have ever hear: ;

fore. Now high, now low, it vibrate

through the big house. It was not loud, only

a penetrating buzz.

I sat up in bed and tried to pierce the dark-

ness.

My uncle was snoring peacefully.

I listened !

The noise

hail against the windows.

tried to determine the dir

One minute it seemed within the very room,

and the next far away. It was a continuous

moan and seemed to grow louder and louder.

My unele still slept soundly, and I hated to

wake him. Perhaps it was only a train whistle

on the “cut-off,” or I was dreaming.

I heard “Nell” trotting around on the oil-

cloth downstairs, back and forth and whining

as though she wanted to get out. The sound

grew intense and the dog sent a howl echoeing

through the old house that made the chills

creep up and down my back.

My uncle was wide awake immediately.

The moaning

continued, The rain rattled like

I sat up in bed and

ection of the sound.

“Listen,” I whispered.

sound had reached a high note and

seemed to cling to it. Then it slowly

died down only to rise again the next moment.

Tt seemed now to come from every joist in

the room. : :

Uncle Nat said never a word, but softly

got out of bed and reached for an old gun

near by.

Trembling in every limb, I carefully slid

over the wooden pegs on the side of my bed,

and followed him. He handed me the lantern,

and led the way down the creaky stairs to the

room below.

I never saw a dog as tickled to \_

before in all my life. ANY on,

We went from room to room ,

' ny

with his rusty old gun cocked in front Ling),

while I followed with the lantern hae hin,

iC hi \*

8h

above me.

The dog followed too, and it see

eee ig m

¢

that the peculiar sound did likewise

appeared to be in every room. Or j

We discovered nothing but several |e,

the old roof, and finally went back — in

where we lay awake until! daylight, © beg

With the first streaks of day the

ceased and I went to sleep.

About seven o'clock I descended for br

fast with my suitcase in one hand and

overcoat on the other arm, fully resolved

take the first train for the city, ang fore

believe in haunted houses but never : vi

to invade them.

My Uncle Frank was already eating :

breakfast. “Here’s another one who q oes is

know the difference between the racket a

ghost and the noise of a grounded ttn

wire in the wind,” he said. 5

I looked at Uncle Nat. He was doubleg

with laughter.

“It’s a wonder you wouldn’t learn how to

rig up a ’phone so it wouldn’t sing all nigit

and scare a fellow most to death,” I said, as

I threw my suitcase in the corner and decided

to stay a week.

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Sain

R. W. IReveL, ’o9,

The goat he ate a rubber shoe,

And softly did he hum,

“Boys, I am doing nothing new,

I’m simply chewing gum.”

There was a fisherman polite

Whose manners were so fine,

Whene’er he went to catch a fish,

He'd drop him first a line,

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hed Monthly During the School Year,

publis

BY THE

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

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125

The Arco.—In this the |

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to review the improvements that have been

made toward accomplishing the object which

the editors have constantly had before them,

to make the paper an expression of

life and standards of the school. We start-

ed out an entirely new staff.

ast issue of the

I year it seems well

the

, and of necessity

could not do much in our first issue. We be-

lieved that the best Way of reflecting the life of

the school would be through editorials, and so

in the Next issue we had several editorials on

various topics. Too much stress cannot be

laid on this department, and from the first our

exchanges have commented on the great im-

provement which editorials have made in the

Arco. Our space was limited, and the ques-

tion arose whether we should have fewer edi-

torials and more stories, or vice versa. We

concluded that one good story and a number

of editorials would be better than a number of

mediocre stories and one or two. editorials.

We have tried to have nothing but good stor-

ies, and if the verdict of the exchanges is

worthy of acceptance, we have succeeded. The

next thing to be considered was our cover de-

sign. For two months we were forced to be

content with pictures of the school buildings,

but in December one of the students designed

a simple but effective cover which has met

favorable comment everywhere. Our ex-

changes have continually multiplied. We had

asked to be criticized ourselves, and it seemed

only fair that we should give all our exchanges

a just and impartial criticism. Sometimes we

had space for only a line, but we tried to criti-

cize all. Of our athletic department there is

no need to speak. Almost every paper is good

in this department, and its size always varies

according to the number of games played.

There have been several movements set on

foot by this paper, of which space does not

permit us to speak. We have changed the

paper greatly, have improved its standard,

——\_— |

126 THE

have enlarged it, and have left for the new

editorial staff a paper whose purpose, we hope,

will be continued, and whose standard will be

still further improved.

Tur Senior Crass.—In a few days the

members of the Senior Class will have gradu-

ated and gone their respective ways, some to

our own college, some to other colleges, and

some to begin their life in the business world.

The class of 1909 leaves behind it a record

upon which each member of the class may look

with pride. We Seniors were placed in one

of the most important years in the history of

the school, and naturally the lead fell to us.

Many changes have occurred in the past year,

and we may well be proud of the part we have

taken in bringing about these changes, either

as individuals or as a class. Throughout the

school year there has been evident a spirit of

advancement and of self-government. To us

fell the duty of organizing this spirit. which

attained its height in the Schoo] Charter. This

charter has been discussed in another editorial,

and there is no need of saying anything fur-

there concerning its democratic principles, its

plan of self-government, and its significance in

the history of the school. Another advance-

ment has been shown in the organizing of the

School Y. M. C. A., for which we have mainly

to thank members of the Senior class. The

great improvement in the Arco, of which we

have already spoken, is another thing due to

the Seniors. The class of 1909 has found the

Arco a ready spokesman to the rest of the

school. A notable instance of the stand our

class has taken against all bad practices is the

campaign against smoking. We -have been

able to limit this habit to the older boys, and

to stop it entirely during school hours. Our

class has had a large number of players on the

different athletic teams, and it was largely by

our efforts that interclass athletics were insti-

tuted. But space is lacking to recount any

more of the things we have done. Let the ex-

ARGO

amples given here be examples of

have stood for in school life,

There is, however, something More jn

ant than our past. What will we do Pont

future? This is what must concern .

We have still more preparation to recep i

college, but the first stage is past, ang «= in

time for us to begin the forming of ae

which shall guide us through life, There €als

struggles to be encountered, but it jg

through struggling that we obtain the id ly

There are temptations to be resisted, and ion

through the preparation which we receive is

Prep. School and College that we receive ia

strength to overcome them. There will

evils in the political and social life of 4a

country which we must face, These thin is

are what makes this preparatory period so a

essary, and it is only as we have conquered

our hard lessons of Latin, geometry and othe

studies, that we shall be able to conquer Pe.

harder lessons of life. It is well that we tact

such a good record to look back upon. Mat

it be but the beginning of records which wit

show that we have been good citizens, fighters

against evil and oppression, strong for democ-

racy, and above all, good Christian Men,

iH

What y,

OUR Y. M. C. A.

For one hundred and forty-three years Rut-

gers Preparatory School has existed a3 an in-

stitution of learning, and during all this time

it has never, for one moment, failed to be fore-

most leader of all institutions in its class.

Many a man has left its walls with a training

never to be lost and with a mental and physi

cal foundation upon which to build his char-

acter, that never can be undermined hy un-

reasonable influences,

We are all well aware of the fact that atii-

letics are essential for a thorough edu ation,

and that they must be indulged in for the de-

SMON ARMIN Asaqin0|D

SSVTD YOINAS

t of a strong physical body and a

‘nd. We also know that we must

at deal of our time to onr by dks,

‘ish to become thoroughly educated

and if we wish to accomplish the puipuse

h we set out In our younger days.

However, these are not the only develop.

? vents for which a man must seek that he may

= a truly happy and successful life; there

Es human nature im every man, and unless

empts to gain Christian companionship

ith his God and his fellowmen, this nature

can never be developed to its full extent.

Our school has started an organization

“which will tend to develop the moral character-

istics of its scholars; and which will make

them realize their Christian duty to their

Maker and fellow students. The name of this

organization is “The Young Men’s Christian

Association.”

The start made by us in this work is a most

excellent one. Already we have formed a

good constitution, which has been adopted,

and we have elected officers fully competent

for the leadership of this work. At our Arst

meeting much interest was shown and a great

deal of enthusiasm was demonstrated by 4

number of the students. What we are now

to do is to continue what we have started with

the same interest that we now have and with

increasing zeal. In this way we will be able

to accomplish all those things for which a

Young Men’s Christian Association stands,

and we will be able to develop not only our

mental and physical body, but also our spirit-

ual body.

It now behooves each and every one of us,

who are students of Rutgers Preparatory

School, to do all in our power to promote this

Christian movement; not only for the purpose

of developing his own intellectual and spirit-

ual character, but that he may do something for

the growth and development of these same

characteristics in his fellowmen.

Roya A. Stanton, ‘08.

yelopme?

for whic

is

he att

THE ARGO

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TIME.—“Lost

and sunset, bie

small diamonds,

is gone forever,”

some time between sunrise

golden hour set with~ sixty

No reward is offered, for it

ek at hour, but two hours, or three

» Possibly more. Few boys in their

youth realize the vast amount of time which

they lose—waste. Time which they ruthlessly

waste, and time which others prevent them

from using advantageously. But they may

ask how they may lose time! It seems to them

as if they are always overworked! Few boys

waste much time while they are out on the

playground. Most of the time which slips

through a boy’s hands is in the performing of

some task or the preparing of lessons,—any

slight noise, the entering or leaving of an-

other person, a passing automobile or trolley

car,—things which when they are out on the

street never even draw their eye,—all of these

things they will see, while the task at hand is

unthought of. It does not take many minutes

lost in this manner to count up to an hour—

two hours,

Last year a boy named T— decided that he

wished to leave school and seek his fortune

out in the world. Through his father, an in-

fluential man in the city, he secured a good po-

sition in a large clothing establishment. — me

had been there nearly five weeks, when, upon

his arrival one morning he found a note upon

his desk stating that his services were no

longer needed there. Upon inquiry, the father

learned that his son had been relieved of duty

because he was a dawdler,—he lost time by

slow trifling, he acted in an indecisive way.

Just so, boys, you, if you do not wake up soon,

will be the last man in the procession. The

alert, wide-awake ones will have passed you.

Boys, work hard! Systematize everything

you do! Apply yourselves! Concentrate all

your mind and body on the work at hand!

Do not waste your precious time, and you are

bound to win! —'09.

THE

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ScnooL CHARTE

ur plan for

r—At last we have com-

school organization and

nd are ready to begin the next

th our charter already tested by

+ was published in full

in our last number, but owing to lack of time

Re : made on it. But

no editorial comment was : :

does it need editorial comment? Does \_ a

speak for itself and show that we as a oo

are right up with the times? Take, Ope

stance, the articles regarding “Direct nomina-

tions,” the “Initiative,” the “Referendum” and

the “Recall.” These are four modes of pro-

cedure which are gradually coming into use

throughout the country. They represent a

notable advance towards a truer democracy

and freedom, and it is well that we who are to

become factors in their use should learn that

use here in Prep. School.

The committee which drew up the charter

deserves the praise and thanks of the whole

school, They have given their time to it for

over two months, and we truly appreciate

their effort in giving to the school an organi-

zation of which we may well be proud. No

less worthy of our thanks is Mr. Scudder, who

constantly helped the committee by his direc-

tion, and made possible the fine character of

the charter by his timely suggestions. We

have held our elections and they have resulted,

we are sure, in the selection of the men best

fitted for the task of governing the school.

With this charter as a beginning, let the

school go forward, seeking always for the

heartiest co-operation between the students

and the.faculty, through which we may finally

become the ideal Prep. School. .

pleted 0

government al

school year W!

actual use. The charte

Our Herors.—We noticed a peculiar state-

ment “in the West Jersey Academian a few

months ago. The paper said that the name of

Leonidas would far outshine that of the

world’s greatest generals, including George

Washington. What did Leonidas do? Why.

he with three hundred followers held a pass

ARGO

for a whole day against the arm

The position of the little band Was nt

impregnable on account of high rode "act,

side. He died for his country there, a Cith

act, all will admit. But in American 4."

we have a grander sacrifice,—that ote stop

mo. There, less than three hundreq i © AR

an old church against the whole Me hey

army until every one was killed, At Klean

mopylae two escaped. At the Alamo er.

tried to. They fought and died tig

Therefore, we consider the act of Davy (; er,

ett and his Texans greater than that of i

das and his Spartans. And as to cone

him with Washington! The Washington -

Trenton, the Washington of Valley Forge, te

Washington of Yorktown, the Washington af

America, it is absurd.

Land of the West! though passing brief

The record of thine age,

Thou hast a name that darkens all

On History’s wide page!

Let all the blasts of fame ring out—

Thine shall be loudest far:

Let others boast their satellites—

Thou hast the morning star.

Thou hast a name whose characters

Of light shall ne’er depart;

‘Tis stamped upon the dullest brain,

And warms the coldest heart;

A war ery fit for any land,

Where Freedom’s to be won;

Land of the West! it stands alone—

It is thy Washington.

SumMer Camp.—The summer camp at

Schoodic Lake will be a good thing for the

school in many ways. Everything is being

done to make it an. attractive camp, both from

the standpoint of play and work by providing

the right kind of opportunities for both.

The conditions for developing material for

the track team will be unusually good. Ex-

pert coaching combined with the general

THE

physical development which is bound to come

the tramping, the swimming and the

from is sure to be felt in all of the athletic

; crests of the school, Certain of our play-

‘in und features will be adapted for use at the

; The playground slide will “chute” us

into the water in fine style.

Books and materials which may be of use in

taking advantage of the chance for nature

study are provided, and the fellow who is on

the lookout for general information will be

able to gather it under favorable conditions.

Besides these opportunities there is the ad-

yantage which comes from the “team spirit”

which is certain- to develop when a congenial

crowd lives together and pools its interest in

this way. This will mean more school spirit

in the fall and a better understanding of each

other as well as greater harmony between

‘teacher and pupil.

- Some may see in this very fact an undesir-

able feature—thinking that older people are in

the way to spoil fun and that the restrictions

of a camp of this sort are unpleasant. As a

matter of fact, older people are not present in

this camp to spoil fun but to help it along and

make conditions favorable.

Other schools will be represented, and the

Arco is sure that the ingenuity of the Prep.

fellows will place the camp out of danger of

being a “dead” place. The fellows who can

go may consider themselves fortunate. We

wish the camp a successful season.

Spettinc Revorm.—Not long ago a spell-

ing reform movement was started by the dif-

ferent teachers. .Not the spelling reform that

has aroused so much talk of late years, for it

cannot be said that we do not spell phonetic-

ally, each according to his own interpretation

- or reproduction of the sounds he hears pro-

nounced. But our spelling reform had as its

purpose the making of our spelling to conform

with the established rules. There surely was

ARGO

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need that somethin

first teacher that h

ion found from th

Paper. The refor

has not w

& should be done, for the

ad us write words to dicta-

Iree to five wrong on every

m has benefited, even if it

- holly cured our phonetic

ct us cach strive to

observe the Way

spelling.

profit by such work, to

fies alte oe ae spelled in our read-

ai Menta = i a word wrong,

Bra a dictionary and learn

spell it right.

—

ee co ae was shocked a

i oe ie. the news came to us that

: r had been drowned while

canoeing on Lake Cayuga. He could swim

but little, and when his craft capsized was

helpless. Summer is here, and nearly all of

us are going to some resort where boating is

the chief sport. In this case we will be on the

water most of the time. Do you know how

to swim? Perhaps some time this summer it

will mean your own or some one else’s life

whether you are able fo or not. It is almost

suicidal not to learn, Any one can learn, and

we sincerely advise that all who can get the

opportunity, learn to swim.

Base-BAtt.—It is often hard to determine

the exact: standing of an athletic team. This

-is especially true of base-ball. The fact that a

team is beaten by a single score is no indication

that it is inferior to the winning team; also, it

is no indication that the winning team might

not win by a larger score in a subsequent game.

There are several factors which tend to in-

fluence a team’s position in the base-ball

world. The first essential to a team’s success

is daily practice. It is generally conceded by

all that ball players are “born, not made.”

That is to say, to be a first-class player one

must take naturally to the game. He must be

gifted with ability in that line. A draught

horse can, in no wise, become a race horse.

The reason is obvious: it has not those funda-

THE

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mental qualifications with which n =

dows a race horse. Furthermore, they ¢

er be attained. It is impossible to get water

ature ¢en-

nevi

from a dry well.

Suppose, however, that a base-ball player

has afl the requisites of a first-class man. Does

it mean that he can be successful through his

talent alone? By no means. It is the devel-

opment of talent that counts. If he does not

exercise it constantly the machinery SO care

fully constructed by nature loses its efficiency.

Habitual absence from practice often causes

the most promising candidate to give a weird

exhibition, when, in reality, he is fully capable

of giving a good account of himself. Thus it

is: everyone, no matter how hard the attempt,

cannot be a good ball player; but every good

ball player, unless he is energetic and enthusi-

astic, can easily become a poor ball player.

The keynote to base-ball is, then, unerring

perseverance.

Another factor conducive to a team’s suc-

cess is good fellowship and good feeling

among the players. Nothing so quickly and

completely undermines a team as jealousy and

ill will. In the major leagues everyone is on

the best of terms with his neighbor. In case

any trouble does arise, and in case it is not

amicably adjusted, a change in the line-up

must follow. A base-ball team must be perfect

and harmonious. The more the team “pulls

together” the greater its efficiency,

Lastly, a team must: feel that it is backed.

It must feel that there are people in the grand-

stand or bleachers anxiously awaiting the out-

come—ready to rejoice in jts triumph,

signed to bear with it in defeat,

one good team has failed to li

tions on this account.

This year’s “Prep.” team is extremely for-

tunate in Possessing to a Satisfactory degree

the above mentioned qualifications, As a rule

oe have come early and staid late.

) applied themselves industriously to

the game, There has been maintained

at all

re-

More than

ve up to expecta-

ARGO

times a spirit of good fellowship, a

which the team would haye been ‘ Withoy }

The team has pulled together, Fur allt

no team could ask for better Suppo “More

part of those who do not play than the on the

The entire school has been Constantly "ep"

it. This, too, has been a great factor ing

strength of this year’s team. the

As stated above, it is difficult to give ay

an exact rating. We have thus fa suf

three defeats, two of them by the Sat Cred

gin of onerun. It is entirely possible, ree

games to be played over, that the Scores Be

be reversed. Inasmuch as we haye a nt

beaten decisively, it is no more than fair ;

contend that we are on a par with the majority

of school teams. )

ATHLETIC LEAGUE.—It has been decidey

by the Student Council for our School to enter

an Athletic League. As most of our rivals qy

not belong to any we have decided to form

one ef our own and ask them to join. A ban.

ner is to be awarded to the championship of

each season. This does not necessitate leaving

other teams off our schedules. The schools

we desire to join the league dre: Plainfield

High, Pingry ,Trenton State, Trenton High,

Bordentown and Rutgers Prep. We hope the

other schools will join, as it will be a great aid

to both their athletics and our own.

THANKS.— The Student Association of

Rutgers Preparatory School thanks Mr. J.

Morrison and the City of New Brunswick for

the ballot box which they loaned us during the

recent elections. The School also wishes 0

express their appreciation for the information

given in the manner of carrying on an election.

Many a man in his endeavor to keep in the

Swim soon finds himself in the soup.

It requires a skilful surgeon to set a bone

but anybody can set an egg.

THE

y OF THE CLASS OF NINE-

pistONy HUNDRED AND NINE.

on Septem

and four, the

ber twentieth, nineteen hundred

Class of Nineteen Hundred and

Rutgers College Preparatory

nto existence.

As weak, friendless freshmen, they at first

jell prey t° the class of Naughty Eight, but it

was not long before that class found it was

not the only one in Prep. School. After this

drawn-out time of difficulties and those pert-

ods of torture, administered at regular inter-

vals, commonly called exams., the class finally

reached the noble position of Sophomore, or

the first form, second division.

But alas! all fond hopes of retribution were

thrown to the winds. The class of

ed the Naughty Nine class by

some fun,

"speedily

no outnumber’

two to one. Of course there was

ut only in fragmentary portions.

After the first year ’09 lost their young lady

member, who was never replaced. They lost

some of their other members also, but new

arrivals filled these vacancies. So passed the

second year, for the most part filled with hu-

—miliation at their inability to haze the Fresh-

— men.

Now came the third and real Sophomore

year, the second or first form second division

\_ being only sort of a post freshman term. By

this time the class had been so strongly aug-

mented by newcomers that they administered

several crushing defeats on the “Tens” in ath-

ARGO

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letics. They <

a ae began to show more studi-

ee i class held their

sea is s and school life, and

v gh they lost a few, the new members

more than made up for these.

At length, last fall, they came into their

own,—they were Seniors. Under a new Head-

master they have watched the school grow and

broaden out, they have worked more, studied

harder, and taken a more prominent part in

the school government, than ever before, and

consequently have gained greater advantages

therefrom.

And now at their closing page they look

back over the five years spent in Rutgers

Prep. and sincerely hope they have not spent

them there in vain; not only for their own

good, but for the good of those to come.

Joun R. REEvEs.

CLASS PROPHECY.

Ever since history began to be written, we

read of a desire to learn the future. Thus the

Greeks had their oracles, the Romans their

Sibylline books, and more modern nations

their soothsayers and magicians. This desire

still remains among the enlightened nations of

to-day, and is evidenced by the prosperous

business which our palmists, clairvoyants and

fortune tellers do.

The class prophecy is a direct outgrowth of

this characteristic. All over our country at

this time of year the graduating classes of the

grammar school, the high school and the col-

e having their futures told to them by

ber of the class. It is be-

tion to the general

lege ar

some selected mem

cause our class is no excep

rule that this prophecy is read to-day.

It has been a difficult task to discover the

fiture callings of the members of this class.

Many ancient books on magic and astrology

have been constlted. Realizing that the future

THE ARGO

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riter has care-

t, the Ww

mem-

teristics of eacl

e class. Nightly he has sat s ua

indow and observed the stars, if perce oe

eo junctions might not be related tot he

a Of ur class. He has been not a little

oe nei bers of his own class who, taking

Sa ali ts future have lent their

tal interest in i

fe ose of the writer. But

have only been per-

day when -by chance

lass are gathered to-

on the presen

depend

fi lied the charac

fully stuc

ber of th

an un

own efforts to aid th

with all these efforts we

mitted to glance at one

all the members of the c

gether. We hope, however, that one glimpse

will be enough to form some conception of the

greatness to which the class of 1909 will rise.

The scene is in Washington in the year:

1929. That city has been chosen for a reunion

of the class, and the writer is permitted to

view that meeting and other events in which

members of the class are concerned. It hap-

pens that Congress is in session, and before

proceeding to the reunion the writer attends a

session of the house. There, beating on the

desk with his gavel in an effort to secure or-

der, was our worthy class president, Low, who,

finding the life of a civil engineer tiresome,

had taken to politics and gradually risen until

he became speaker of the house. The practice

he received in Prep. School, keeping unruly

class meetings in order, acting as chairman of

the Council, and as president of the Athletic

Association now stands him in good stead,

and is largely responsible for his rapid ad-

vancement. The person who had the floor was

our classmate Searle. He, after studying law

had, with the help of Ross, attained a seat in

Congress, where he brought about as many

humorous incidents as he did in Prep. School.

Ross and Searle, the Siamese twins, could not

be separated, so Ross must also go to Con-

; Ste coe os winters, and in

ning new. campaigns a Py ao 2 Bee

Bryan, who is still sn policies for Mr.

aie mee on the way to the White

er under discussion is a

question of national women’s suftr

find Turner arguing against it i e

dent suffragette, he had been ~ c

Mr. Scudder that there was no i mee

it, that women controlled the Votes =

at least they would in Turner’s case a

see when his wife or sweetheart ie OF, oy

him and says, “Now, Bobby, please < Diy

say,” how can Bobby resist? Someboa,

ever, fainted because of the length of i bom,

speech, and Doctor Reeves Was called in og

ter leaving Prep. School he had taken 4 7

years’ course at Vassar. Did [| say Y, :

I was looking at the wrong name, 05

I meant to say Yale.

Leaving the House of Representatives. |

see coming down the steps of the Meal

Embassy our friend De La Torre. fe 1.

become Mexican Ambassador and had hop

of becoming a second Diaz. The question jg

naturally asked, “Are ambassadors no lone

required to say little and talk less?” Mex,

however, has so far outgrown his Prep, choy |

habit that he would not understand what was.

meant. He is on the way to Five Feets Cite |

not yet having outgrown his fondness for sen

ing the monkeys. While following him int

the side show we see our friend Koehler, He.

was not, however, as one might suppose, one

of the attractions, but merely a spectator. He |

had been the guard on his college eleven for

four years, and had then retired to Bound |

Brook, where he still is living with his large

family. |

One other.scene is permitted us before we |

view the class reunion. There is a ball game

in progress between Washington and Chicago,

for the world’s championship. With the scott |

3-0 against Washington, the last half of te |

ninth inning, and three on\_ bases, Zieglet |

knocks a home run and wins the game. He

had been too good a player to keep long away

from the national game, and now was captain

of the Washington team, to whom last plac’

was now a long-forgotten memory. The base-

ASsapy

Cour

THE

as eagerly sought by the

he Was for their foot-ball

ovel? <a coach

J! sgt as

es

ving ‘ inion the different members

lass Te experiences.

Ope Oey heir CXF ae

M yet 1 i ie a teacher - ee

‘ :

“tl oe of a er ne an Fish

intel : n Mr. B

eon which he pa 1 A hate

jal ates has had its result. a

Hn ish “ pils are not well acquainte

\*y that a speare, and Burns, and as

sa) hhakes

purkes School work, we may say that

ah “gly has an inspiring effect

as an inspiring

his ytenance

0 ‘ 1 cour

erS+ :

pti in has become an orator, and in

camber tele Demosthenes, Cicero, and

ea

whom, because of his knowledge

, ’

4 Greek he can easily imitate.

js known as the great organizer.

folensbe? ce gained while chairman of the

i aad Committee suggested this ca-

soo ; and entering it his fame be-

ee rade At present he is engaged in

ee foreign commissions, such as re-

oe ike Central American Republics,

vo stitution for the South Sea

i [atin an

¢ expe

Pia is an artist and he has a lighter lot

than most of the profession, for his great

-jysiness management, as evidenced in the bar-

gain sale of books held in 1909, while a

ing Prep. School, has filled his coffers with

money.

Knox, after going through Princeton, had

become a minister and is now occupying the

pulpit of one of the large Washington

churches. He is still noted for his Latin and

Greek, but even yet has not reached the point

where he can refer to the chapter, book, or

line of Caesar or Cicero only when he wishes

tvillustrate some point of syntax.

Pingry has a large farm up State, and there

has introduced very successful methods of

“entific farming, learned at Rutgers. He

ARGO

19g

are ti

i a time to other Pursuits

a VI re i i i :

age choir with his deep

gives most of his 8

such as leading

bass voice,

Prentiss had become a civil enginee

finding no field for his labors and ; ick

in the east, even although he dig 5 .

summers at Asbury Park, had a

and settled near Salt Lake Cit

from us to question why,

Dy

ae oe a large mill owner, but

§ of the wheat he finds time

to think of the few months he spent in Prep,

School. Sparrow is now doing the circuit in

vaudeville, singing character songs \_inter-

mingled with dancing stunts, His favorite

song is the one which opens, “Gee, I wish I

had a girl.” We cannot see why this is, for

certainly he has no lack of them,

H.-F. Smith has become an electrical en-

gineer. He had enough of journalism while

editor of Tu Arco, Even with the aid of

his profession he finds it harder to shock

people than while fooling in the physics room

at Prep. School.

but

arms

! his

gone to Utah

y. Far be it

C. W. Smith has become a missionary to

Africa, and in his varied experiences has seen

things which Teddy never beheld. His work

as principal organizer of the Rutgers Prep.

Y. M. C. A. had been a good fitting for his

later ‘work, for the heathen aren’t in it with

Prep. School boys.

Stanton is another member of the class that

has become a minister, and he is as good as

the best of them, though he never could find

out the reason why you couldn’t have a past

condition contrary to fact in the future.

All the members of the class now know their

future. No longer am I a prophet, no longer

can I behold what is in store for us. But the

last glimpse that I had saw the members of

the class as they drank a toast to Rutgers

Prep. School and the memories of their happy

student days.

134 THE

In reading over the Prophecy bef

ing it to be printed in our paper, :

that Johnson, like the modest fellow that he is,

had not told us of his future. Immediately

was my curiosity aroused ; could it be that one

of our members had fallen below the standard?

I was frightened, chills ran up my back and

perspiration stood on my forehead. What

could be done. In my half crazed state of

mind I rushed to New York and up to the

Grand Central station. I had my mind made

up. I must get away from people and think.

I was going to Millbrook. Just as I was get-.

ting out of the subway car I noticed a man

looking at me. I was held a moment by his

stare, bit he turned to go, saying, “Bosh!”

when the man stepped up to me and said,

speaking in a queer Eastern accent, “You are

not well.” I said that I was perfectly well,

and was again about to go when he said, “I

mean in your mind. Come,” he said, “follow

me.” I cannot explain how nor why, but as

I walked up 42d street everything was strange

and as I looked closer I noticed that no police-

men were eating grafted bananas. I ‘now

seemed to be down town. I went into the

City Hall; everyone was working hard and

seemed to be of the best men on the street.

There was no riot. I went into the court and

saw a judge seated there with nothing to do.

But, I asked of my guide, what does all this

mean, Again the scene changes. I am in the

Congressional Library. I pick up a history

and to my astonishment I read of a great

reformer, John H. Johnson, who had reformed

the politics of the world by his great speeches

in Congress. As a frontispiece in the same

book was a picture of John Henry Johnson,

which was placed in the Capitol. Now every-

thing fades and I am sitting in a room in one

of the big hotels stripped of all my valuables

and my strange fniend gone, but it was worth

all this and more to have the load lifted from

ore send-

I noticed

my mind,

ARGO

1909 CLASS SONG.

Come classmates, Rutgers Prep. Schoo}

And join in this our parting song, Men,

For we may ne'er all meet again,

So let's be merry ere we're gone,

Life lies before, a pathless maze,

Through divers roads our ways ma

But let us not forget these days

In dear old Prep., our boyhood home

Y Toam

Together we have fought and won;

Four years of irksome learning’s past.

Yet through it all we've had our fun, :

But now we've reached the end at last.

And so we'll give one more farewell,

One lingering handshake with each friend

And bid them keep old Prep. School til] :

Each reaches his respective end.

Now, boys, sing out, both loud and clear,

Our dear old Alma Mater praise,

And end it with a ringing cheer

That will the very rafters raise.

We've always stood a loyal band,

And tried to do our level best;

So let the name of “Naught Nine” stand,

Always respected by the rest.

Joun R. Reeves ’09,

THE SENIOR CLASS.

Nat Carroll (“Doc”; “Deacon’), Dayton,

N. J.

“OPER LP Pp \*”

“As merry as the day is long.”

Austin de la Torre (““Mex.”), Guadalajara,

Mexico.

Foot-ball.

“Well, dot’s pretty good.”

“A merry heart maketh a cheerful counten-

ance,”

Bradley J. Folensbee (“Farmer”), Scho-

harie, N. Y.

Foot-ball; Base-ball ;

Secretary of Students’ Association.”

“Say, that’s all right.”

“Remove not the ancient landmark.”

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Manager of Track;

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