

ARGO



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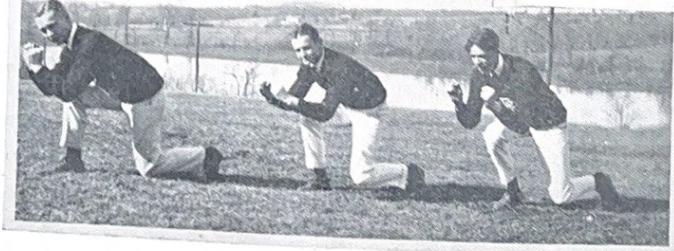
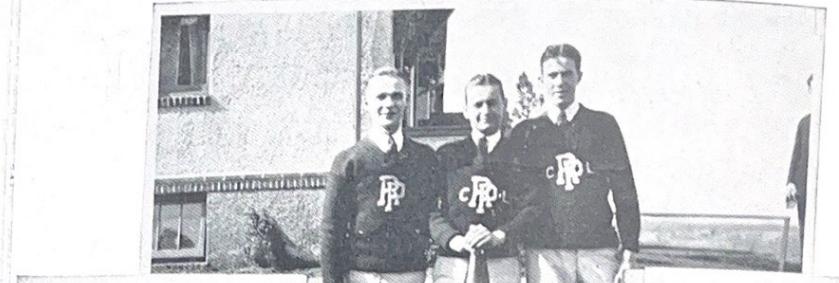
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The Argosy

March - 1922

Vol. XXXIII No. 6

The Rutgers Preparatory School
New Brunswick, N. J.



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EDITORIALS

SERVEN

What Are You Going to Be?

HAVE you any ambition, any career, any goal in mind for which you are now working? Are you at present interested in the person you will be in the future? Are you going to school because you have to go, or are you going to school to fulfill that ambition, to progress towards that career, to reach that goal? In other words, have you enough interest in yourself to discover your own talents and develop them? Ask yourself these four questions. They are not only a test of self interest, but also a test that if passed will make others interested in you.

If you have no ambition, no career in mind, something is wrong with you. It is hard to conceive of a person who has nothing to work for, has no ambition whatsoever, but is perfectly content, craves for nothing more, or in schoolboy language, "doesn't have a darn thing to worry about." If there is such a person, he is in a perfect state of stagnation, a state of existence rather than living. Such a person advances no further. He remains in the rut of contentment. The most pathetic thing in life is to see a person leave this world no better than he has entered it; that is, without having raised his standard of living and increased his station in life. Such a life has been entirely wasted.

Theodore Roosevelt once said, "If you are going to do anything for the average man, you have got to begin before he is a man. The chance of success lies in working with the boy, not with the man." Education today is open to all, it is therefore the boy's own fault if he does not make good. Now is the time to develop talents, to think of the future and work for it. Make the profession of tomorrow your hobby of today. Study it, read about it, talk about and think about it in your spare moments. Weigh its good points and its bad. And remember, *now is the time to choose*.

—J. S. C.

The editor wishes to thank the fellows for the splendid response they made in helping to maintain "The Wizzie Wiff." Such demonstrations urge the editor and staff on to increased efforts in making THE ARGO a good paper.

See What the Seniors Have

President of the Student Association.
Vice-president of the Student Association.
Editor-in-chief of THE ARGO.
Five departmental editors of THE ARGO.
Winner of Rivoli prize essay contest.
Delta House president.
Two members of executive committee Trap Association.
Three members of the Trap Orchestra.
Assistant cheer leader.
Seven letter men in football.
Four letter men in basketball.
One letter man in swimming.
Five men in second football team.
Four men in second basketball team.
Most Active Class Member—William Shaw.

The Juniors

President of the Trap Association.
Secretary of the Trap Association.
Secretary of the Students' Association.
Alpha House president.
Gamma House president.
Two departmental editors of THE ARGO.
Four members of the Trap Orchestra.
Two cheer leaders.
Managers in basketball and football.
Captain in football.
Captain in basketball.
Seven letter men in football.
Four letter men in basketball.
One letter man in swimming.
Five men in second football team.
Four men in second basketball team.
Most active class member—Edward C. Griffith,

The Sophomores

Business manager of THE ARGO.
Assistant business manager of THE ARGO.
Associate editor of THE ARGO.
Captain in swimming.
Two letter men in swimming.
Two letter men in football.
Two letter men in basketball.
Three men in second football team.
Two men in second basketball team.
Most active class member—Maltby Jelliffe.

The Freshmen

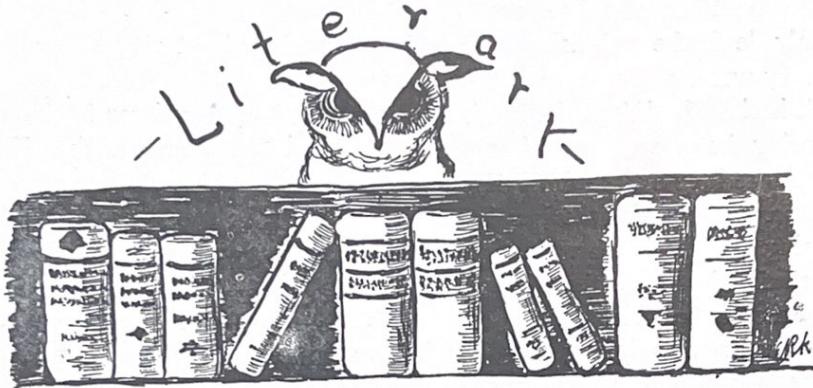
One letter man in football.
One letter man in swimming.
Assistant manager of football and basketball.
Four men in second football team.
Two men in second basketball team.
One member Trap Orchestra.
Most active class member—Frank Skinner.

From the above data it can be seen that the Senior and Junior classes are about tie in the contest for being the most active class in school. Baseball season and *The Dial* will finally determine which class was the most active during the school year. The editor regrets to say that the Sophomores and Freshmen have contributed practically no literary material to THE ARGO. We can not have the best school paper unless everyone will contribute. Is there no one in either of these classes loyal enough to rank his class with the Senior and Junior classes by contributing to THE ARGO? Show some class spirit Sophomores and Freshmen. THE ARGO is just as much your paper as it is that of the upper-classmen.—EDITOR.

Taber is now working on a theory, which when completed, will utilize the holes in doughnuts. He claims too many are wasted.

Mr. Tallmadge (to Jackson): "Sit still! You must belong to the nervous fraternity."

Jackson: "Yes sir, I do; the St. Vitus."



Fighting 10,000 Volts



JACK Daniels sat in his chair before the big switch board, in the Greenville Hydro-Electric plant. The day man had left a half hour before, and he was left alone with the whining alternators and glittering switches. Jack had been interested in electricity from boyhood and had intended going to college after he left high school. His father had died that year, however, and he was left the sole support of his mother and five younger brothers. He had shown such an interest and ability in his work at the power station that he was soon advanced to chief night operator in one of the units. The hours slipped by, and Jack laid down his Practical Lessons in Electricity with a yawn. Going to the door, Jack stepped out into night. It was late spring but this day had been very warm and sultry and the sky hung low with heavy clouds. Far off in the west occasional flashes of light betrayed the approach of a thunder storm. In an hour, perhaps, the storm would strike neighboring towns and then trouble would start. Jack remembered with dismay that the gate regulator which controlled the mighty turbines had not been repaired. That would mean that the gates would have to be operated by the hand gear. Jack went back to the switch board again, and anxiously awaited the approach of the storm. He watched the needles waver as far away towns were wrapped in the thunder clouds. Some time passed and the distant rumble became louder; the whistling wind drowned the whine of the machines and rain began to patter on the roof. A breathless moment elapsed, and then occurred a blinding flash and a detonation which shook the solid foundations. A red light gleamed on the board

and the deafening crashes of the automatic switches foretold that the main lines had been burned off a short distance from the station. With the load suddenly dead, the turbines would begin to speed without control, under the heavy water pressure, until they could stand the strain no longer, then —Jack hesitated. Would he be able to reach the hand regulator in time? Supposing they were rusted from long disuse? What if they stuck? He raced to the long stairs which descended to the gate room 150 feet below the floor. Meanwhile the low hum of the generator had mounted to a menacing and persistent whine, rising higher and higher. As Jack's foot touched the first step, the whine became a scream and the long building commenced to tremble. No, he could never reach the gates in time. The heavy armature, weighing tons, would burst under the herculean strain and the plant would scatter itself to the winds of heaven. In that moment Jack never gave a thought for his own safety. He had an idea: the station was a runaway horse; very well, if he could hitch a loaded cart to him he would have to stop. It was a very hazy idea, to be sure, but the only chance left to him. He reached the big board with a bound; he threw the switches which connected the extra generators not in use.

Now it is a well known fact that a generator will also act as a motor: use power instead of producing it. Sure enough, the shrieks gradually died away as Jack hitched the loaded cart to the runaway giant. The station was saved. As a reward Jack is now studying in a well known electrical school and promises a great career in the profession. For the person who can apply sound, practical knowledge in an emergency, wins the day.

M. A. C.

You Get the Play

*The twinkle of footlights,
Soft plucking of strings
The swish of a curtain:
The thrill it all brings.*

—Le Baron Cooke.



HE shadows of an iris night spangled with gold had crept down upon the summer resort of Mariposa. A pale new moon was smiling misty eyed upon the water while the wind surging in the trees was arousing the rich perfume of the night sea. From the water the trees of Mariposa, silhouetted against the sky seemed like mighty ghosts protecting the homes that were sheltered among them.

From one of the windows of Yvonne Kerkham's handsomely furnished

studio apartment on the second floor of the Willow Paradise a light was carving its yellow shaft out into the darkness. In the room, which was done in cretonne—cream and wine colors—the light cast its golden shaded tint on a delicate sensitive face of a girl whose eyes were luminous with half unconscious dreaming. The light lost itself in the burnished brown meshes of the girl's hair that waved back from her intensely white forehead, only to be found again on her silk creamy skin. The girl was Yvonne Kerkham and she resembled a picture painted in a soft, rich, pink shell.

Every movie fan in the country knows of Yvonne's rise to stardom; how Burr Mitchell saw her in a play and, realizing her ability, cast her for the leading part in his super-production "Copywrighted", and how she has risen steadily ever since. All that is another story.

As the clock struck the hour Yvonne arose from the big arm chair she was seated in and walked towards the window. She looked out of the window at the wild expanse of restless ocean and the broad spaces of the gray beach where the moon was casting its silvery witchery. Here and there the wind was blowing a few stray clouds like leaves, across the sky line, while not far distant a tramp steamer was drawing its dirty line of smoke across the horizon. It was a different world out there—a world of vacant, ardent loneliness, of unearthly silence. Shortly the moon slipped behind a cloud and the dark blue glossy silk water turned to a shimmering sheet of black liquid.

Yvonne turned away. As she did, the door of her apartment opened and her chum, Wanda Wane, entered.

"Hello, Wanda," said Yvonne, dryly. "I see you are ready for the dance." Wanda was a girl whom the erudite youth of today might call fast. Her hair was like ardent gold poured in waves, while her eyes, like pansies beneath dark brown petals, seemed to dance to the very joy of life. With her slender ankles and patrician lines she suggested the dainty pastel.

Wanda patted her hair into a semblance of order and replied, "Yes, all ready. How about yourself? That chap Ainsty will be around shortly."

"In exactly five minutes," replied Yvonne, "and when he comes, tell him I am ill."

"What?" cried out Wanda, wide-eyed and moving her shoulders in an expressive manner. "Not going, why what is the matter, anything wrong?"

Yvonne looked at Wanda with her autumn leaf eyes that seemed to lack the depths of golden sunshine they usually contained. "Wanda," said Yvonne, "I am more than worried. I'm sick, nervous. Oh! its terrible. I am afraid I will have to give up pictures."

"Give up pictures!" exclaimed Wanda. "Why, what is the matter?"

Yvonne hesitated a minute before speaking. When Yvonne spoke her eyes had a way of caressing one, for she talked not only with her lips, but with her whole expressive being. Finally she said: "The lights hurt my eyes and the doctors say if I stay in the game two more months I will go blind."

Wanda lit a cigarette and caressed the blue enameled ash receiver with the match. Once more she moved her shoulders expressively. A quivering silence filled the room. Then briefly she remarked: "But Yvonne, you love your work, I don't see how you are going to do it."

"Oh, I know it's terrible," replied Yvonne, vaguely. "Everything I love must go, everything. I hate to do it but God knows I never could live in darkness."

Wanda did not speak for a minute. She studied her cigarette and watched the thread of spinning smoke curl upward into the shadows. Then softly she asked: "Going on the 'legit'?"

"No," replied Yvonne.

"What then?" asked Wanda, inquisitively.

Neither girl spoke for a moment. Wanda laid her cigarette on the ash tray and sauntered to the chair in which Yvonne had been sitting before Wanda had arrived, and sank into the soft cushions. Her rose-carmine lips were hesitating as to whether they should speak or not.

"Perhaps," said Yvonne, "I'll run a tea room like the society dames whose financial standing goes down with a grand flop. I'll call it the 'White Pussy,' the 'Purple Bandbox,' or some other fool name. You know it is being done in the best of families now-a-days."

Wanda gazed at Yvonne with bewilderment. Withdrawing another perfumed cigarette from her case she leaned gracefully back in her chair. "Don't be foolish," she laughed softly, at the same time making an attempt to blow smoke rings into the air. "Why not try the stage?"

Yvonne shrugged her undulating white shoulders and said: "There is only one play I could do anything with on the 'legit' and that I can't get. Jack Deland wrote it, and he swore and made a vow that he would never let me have it."

The sweet painted lips of Wanda curved into a cynical smile and in a cool manner she asked, "You said Jack Deland wrote it?"

"Yes," replied Yvonne, "and it has the makings of a play. Popular theme and all that."

"Well, if Jack Deland wrote it, the play is yours."

"But Wanda, he swore—"

"Oh, swearing is an art with him, my dear," interrupted Wanda. "But come, our little friend Bobby Ainsty will be around any second now. And

by the way, I will have that play for you in the morning."

There was a faint knock at the door, that of Bobby Ainsty, and as Wanda went to open the door, Yvonne, with a trace of enthusiasm noticeable in the slight flush which relieved the pallor of her cheeks, said, "if that could only be so."

II

The inhabitants of the film colonies at San Francisco are as a rule early risers, but once away from the environment of the camera, huge stage settings and gorgeous gowns, they generally have their breakfast and dinner at the same time. Of course Yvonne was no exception to this rule, so at ten-thirty we find her clad in pink pajamas, reclining upon a chaise-lounge, partially covered with a silken spread, eating her grape fruit. Her boudoir was done in blue and gray and brought to mind a lazy morning and frilly negligees. With her spoon poised, Yvonne arched her handsome eyebrows and looked about the room. The soft tinted walls seemed to echo forth the musical laughter of each little sound. When she was finished with her grape fruit, she arose from the lounge and, slipping on a blue silk negligee, which further hid her form, she walked towards the window. Here the sunshine entering the window and shining upon her caused the curves and contours of her slender form to peek from within the blue and pink silks and cast their shadow upon the floor. The noise of the wild waves as they dashed upon the beach and now and then the cry of some early morning bather shouting to a friend were caught by her ears. More than once the thought came to her in regard to Jack Deland and his play. Jack Deland was no fool. In the playwriting business there are successes and failures. Only the successes are remembered, and Jack Deland was one of those who were being remembered. All this Yvonne knew. In a way she liked Jack, but there was a little argument, and everything that might have been was never given a chance to develop. As Yvonne was looking out of the window the purr of a motor was heard and Wanda's car came into view, driving up in front of the Paradise. Walking away from the window Yvonne threw herself down on the bed and waited for the arrival of her chum. Wanda entered with a burst of enthusiasm. The striking profile beneath the almost improbable blonde hair was very fascinating. When she saw Yvonne she looked at her thoughtfully for a moment. Then in a cool manner she said: "Here is the play, sleepyhead. The early bird catches the worm."

"What!" gasped Yvonne, "you got the play? How did you do it?"

Wanda lit a cigarette, moved to a chair and, sitting down, said "simple."

Yvonne seemed stupified. The beauty and langorous grace of a panther was no longer with her and her cheeks seemed rather pale. But then one

must remember that Yvonne had not as yet bathed herself in powder nor applied the carmine stick. "Tell me about it," she said, "I can't believe it."

"Well, you know when Ailleen's jewels were stolen," said Wanda, blowing ribbons of smoke from her cigarette.

"Yes, I remember," replied Yvonne, "and will you please extinguish that weed that is between your lips?"

Taking a final puff, then laying it down, Wanda continued: "The night Ailleen's jewels were stolen I went over to see Viola. I stayed a little later than usual and as I was leaving, I saw Deland sneaking from her suite of rooms with a package under his arm. Following him outside, I saw him jump into a waiting taxi."

"And the package! Was it Ailleen's jewels?" interrupted Yvonne.

"Of course it was, silly. I never told a soul of what I had seen, and when you said Deland had the play, why, I was pretty sure I could get it."

Yvonne did not know what to say. The haunting rich perfume which Wanda used was beginning to fill the room in place of the cigarette smoke and it brought to Yvonne the thought that she ought to get dressed. However, she said, "Was Jack peeved any?"

"I should say not. He was just like a lamb. I told him if I didn't get the play, I'd tell Ailleen who stole her jewels. Rather than be disgraced and face a court he handed the play over just as nice as you please."

"But don't you think Ailleen ought to be told who stole her jewels?" asked Yvonne.

"No; what for? They were insured and she received the full value for them. Besides look at the publicity she received. That is enough to make any actress happy."

"I see," said Yvonne, calmly.

"Oh, by the way, here is the play."

Yvonne looked at Wanda for a moment and then took her in her arms. "Your name shouldn't be Wanda," she said. "It should be 'Wonder.'"

And a few miles distant in the town of Whiton was Jack Deland, sitting in his study with a smile curled about his lips. He was wondering what his former girl friend would say when she turned the pages of the play over and found the following note:

Yvonne:

Perhaps it never occurred to your dear friend Wanda that the stealing of Ailleen's jewels was arranged between Ailleen and myself in order that she might receive a little publicity. But now that you have the play permit me to help in the directing of it with the hopes that our former friendship may be renewed.—JACK.

HAMILTON CHAMBERS.



SCHOOL NEWS

N March 8, we received a visit from our old friend and teacher, "Doc" Cook. The round of cheers greeting his appearance shook the entire building and caused even the windows to rattle with joy at his visit. Everyone was pleased to see our old math. teacher, and the new fellows were given an opportunity to meet and talk to him. He is very enthusiastic about farming and says mathematics can even be applied there. If he can get the same results with farm crops as those he secured at Prep. in arithmetical progression, his fortune is guaranteed.

The basketball team was badly hampered by the loss of Steenland and Rowland through sickness. They returned in a few days, however, and resumed playing.

On March 15 the cheer leaders called a pep meeting to practice the cheers for the game with N. B. H. S. They have invented two excellent cheers which the school adopted immediately.

After our defeat by N. B. H. S. we won the toss of the coin as to where the third game to decide the city championship will be played. Balantine Gymnasium was chosen and the third game will be played there on March 22.

The school displayed its interest in THE ARGO by contributing to the paper's finances in order to maintain the Wizzie Wiff, which everyone likes so well.

Several members of the basketball team went to Princeton on the 17th and 18th to see the state championship games.

Since the new waste paper cans have been placed in the assembly room, it has been quite a job to keep Norman Shaw from crawling into one, and going to sleep. He says, it reminds him so much of his old haunts in Chicago.



MARCH 1. Wills was taken sick and went to the infirmary. The doctor pronounced it scarlet fever. In spite of the scare, there will be no quarantine on the dormitories, three doctors pronouncing such action useless.

March 4. The Gamma Sigma Pi fraternity held a little dance in the dining room and Mrs. Kelly's parlor. Everybody had a good time. About fifteen couples were there, and in addition a number of "stags." It was a "cut in" dance in order to give everybody a chance to dance.

March 5. "Mack" McCuskee went home sick. Another case of scarlet fever was feared, but it turned out to be only a sore throat. The authorities think that he received a letter from East Orange.

March 6. Mike Gerome gave a short talk at the weekly meeting in the Alpha House.

March 9. Mr. Kelly and the teachers all attended the evening concert of Sousa's band and the houses were left in charge of the students. Everything went off well.

March 12. Mr. Hays and Mr. Tallmadge took charge of the Sunday night meeting and spoke a few words on education. Mr. Hays then asked some of the fellows to state their opinions, and as a result several good speeches were made.

Baseball is beginning to be the main pastime at the Trap now.

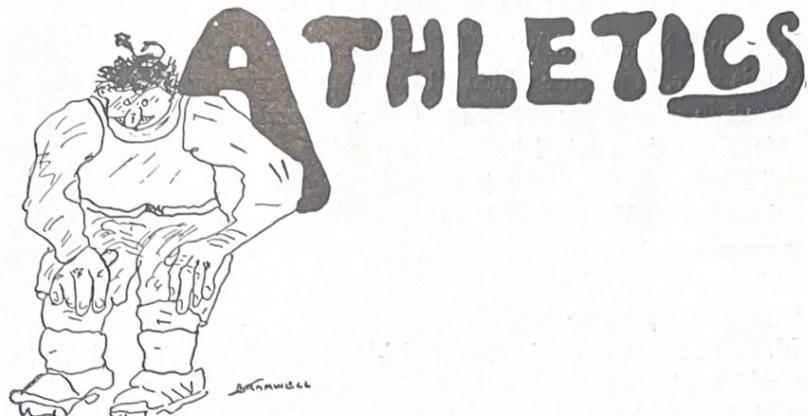
March 18, 19. A number of the fellows went down to Princeton to see the scholastic games for the championship.

March 22. The fellows at the Trap studied in the afternoon so as to attend the game with N. B. H. S. at night.

The Delta House Dramatic Club is being organized and soon will put on a few numbers. This is their first attempt at drama and the affair will be produced under local auspices. The first rehearsal was held Tuesday.

He: "Why do they ring the Liberty Bell?"

Him: "Because they can't blow it."



PREP 25; ST. PETER'S PREP 41



UR game on March 8, with St. Peter's Prep of Jersey City, proved to be an interruption in our run of victories. During the first half Prep could not seem to get under headway, and Paulus was our only player to score more than one basket from the field. O'Keefe, the center for St. Peter's, counted five field goals and Gerahy three fouls, in the same period. In the second half, however, our team gave a fine exhibition and overcame the steadfast guarding of the Jersey City team. Both sides scored seventeen points and few fouls interrupted the playing. Hye scored the highest for Prep, accounting for eight points in the second period. St. Peter's is the strongest team Prep has encountered this season with the exception of Trenton High School.

PREP 32, RUTGERS COLLEGE FRESHMEN 31

Prep stole a march on the Rutgers College Freshmen in a hard-fought game on March 10, with the score of 32-31. This game brought out fine playing of both teams and few scores were made in the first part because of the guarding on both sides. The freshmen then started in the lead with three baskets from Benkert. Rowland and Ide supplemented the score for Prep and the first half ended in a tie of 13.

The game lapsed into defensive playing until Manck scored two, in quick succession, and Steenland one. Ide next scored three fouls, and as the play was renewed, Manck again even the score. Alternate scoring continued, with Prep in the fore, until 31-29 was reached, with two minutes to play. Osgood, formerly of Prep, entered for the second time, and reduced our lead to one point, in less than a minute. Manck failed in his last chance and the game ended with 32-31 in favor of Prep.

PREP 25; NEW BRUNSWICK H. S. 28

Prep met New Brunswick H. S. March 15, the second time on the court this year, in a game which all but brought victory to our team. Prep presented, in spite of the absence of Captain Rowland and Steenland, a formidable five to the High School. The scoring began with a field goal from "Chet" Paulus, in the first minute, and with our trusty scorer, Ide, Prep kept the edge on High School until the latter part of the first half. The score see-sawed from this point, and tied at 24. Ide advanced us one point with his last basket. Immediately Smith caged the winning goal and with an additional 2 points from Selover, the game closed 25-28 in favor of the N. B. H. S. A large number of fouls were called on both sides but the Blue and White team was poor in foul shooting, and failed to profit by most of them. The same comparison seemed to hold in floor work as well, and it was probably only the close guarding which prevented our team from running up a higher score in the first half. This victory for High School necessitates the playing of a third game March 22 for the final decision of city championship.

Review of 1921 Basketball Season

The season of 1922 will be remembered by those who participated as one which was filled with many features. First, we fully expected that it would be a season of overwhelming victories, and the defeats would be very few, if any. We felt that with the experienced men on hand, and the new men of ability that entered, that we should be in the state finals if not the state champions. But our plans were broken by several factors.

First, our early practice was of little value. I saw the squad but once before the first game, due to illness in my family, which kept me quarantined during the month of December. Then when we did get started on our winning way, some of the team overestimated the winning of the city Sunday School championship, and three members of the first team were dropped for playing on outside teams. Then some others broke training by smoking, and two more of the first squad and one of the second were dropped for that offense. By the first of February, we had left the nucleus of a very good team, but the scoring ability was centered in only two men, and that meant that if they were ever held to few baskets by exceptionally close guarding, we had little chance of winning.

Our season has been, I think, harder than that of any other preparatory school in the state. We played 16 games, winning ten and losing six, with one left which we feel sure we will win. None of our opponents were of

poor caliber and several of them ranked in the first ten of the state, both in high school and preparatory school class. We have played exceptionally clean ball, losing but three men in the sixteen games for personal fouls, and have upheld the reputation we have always had for being hard and clean players, gracious winners and good losers.

The outstanding features of our schedule were the defeats handed to Lawrenceville, Montclair Academy, Stevens School, Rutgers College Freshmen, and the fact that in one game we held our opponents to no score for the entire first half. Of the nineteen preparatory schools in the state, we were ranked fifth at the end of the season, which is quite a high rating for so small an enrollment.

The second team went through a nine game schedule with two defeats, both of which were due to missing fouls, although we out-scored our opponents from the field. Several very capable men for next year's team were developed, and they should help us to finish even higher next year than we did this.

I feel that this article would not be complete without some mention of the very able leadership of the team by Captain Rowland, who has proven his ability to hold together a team both of players of high ability and those who when the others were dropped might have easily been overawed by the more experienced opponents and given away when they met them. Johnny, as we all know him, has proven a capable and brainy leader, and I hope that we may have him to help us again next year.

MORRIS E. MIDKIFF.

Harry: "Why is your neck like a typewriter?"

Van: "You've got me."

Harry: "It's under wood."

Bates: "I laid a nickel and a dime on the table. The nickel fell off; Why didn't the dime?"

Bailey: "Because it remained on."

Bates: "No; it had more sense."

Mr. Talmadge: "Paul was burnt by Nero."

De Nike. "I thought he was burnt by fire."

A Letter from Japan

HE following is an extract from a letter received by the editor from a friend who was graduated from Prep in 1908 and who is now engaged in Y. M. C. A. educational work in Japan. His field is not confined to Japan alone, but branches out to China and Korea. At present he is stationed at Nagasaki, Japan, from where this letter was sent. From his intimate work with the Japanese people he is in a position to speak of their opinion regarding national and world policies and has accordingly given us a brief sketch of their views on the Washington Disarmament Conference.

* * * * *

"I can well imagine how the old rafters must creak when so many years of history are being passed through. I am pleased to see the fine spirit at Prep which tries to keep alive the interests of the alumni.

"Well, I never dreamed there was such a desire on the part of the Japanese to have foreign secretaries around. You see, they are getting so efficient in handling their own affairs that I for one felt my place in Japan had disappeared. But I have received a new vision. Not that I believe Japanese are not running fairly efficient associations, but that I have not troubled myself with financial and administrative problems, but have taken up purely *service* phases of our work and have tried to test out the work done in the empire to see if it was really passing muster, and I am convinced that that is the type of work we must now do. It seems decided now that I must specialize on the educational work, and that is what I am now doing—not as educational director, but general "roustabout," butting in here and there asking a question or two, and then being urged to show how things might be done differently, and—I'll say this frankly—there are no more earnest students in the world than Japanese; and I'm kept on the jump trying to keep ahead of the procession—for if I start a study of phonetics, I soon have half of the staff studying it with me, and if I begin mental tests, I find the other half going me one better by actually trying them out. Yesterday I met on a walk the director of the big Higher Commercial School in the city. He questioned me about my work and expressed a hope that I would be able to help them in their serious job of weeding out the able and the unable among the fifteen hundred who are seeking entrance into his school. I need not say that he has a job as he can admit only 180. He sees why objective tests must be established soon if they will be fair in their gradings, for on such a large scale a fraction of one per cent often decides a young man's fate.

In the following I have endeavored, to the best of my ability, to give you the general trend of Japanese public opinion concerning disarmament.

The Washington Conference and the Japanese People

From the day when Secretary Hughes exploded his bomb on the conference table, the Japanese people, on the whole, supported his proposals. There have been exceptions both in the press as well as among influential men in public life. Furthermore, the immediate enthusiasm cooled a bit when it became generally known that the Japanese experts did not feel convinced that a 60 per cent ratio was sufficient to guarantee national security. It is easy to criticise this slight reaction in Japanese public opinion, but after all the arguments *pro and con* have been discussed, does it not remain true that it was an exceedingly human reaction? I am convinced that under like conditions, public opinion in any other country would have done much the same thing. Once you get on to this subject of national security, whatever that may be, you are in an atmosphere in which sentimental patriotism rather than reason is the dictator. We live in a world in which it is practical to measure this thing we call national security by the length of our national swords.

Furthermore, the number of statesmen in Japan who proceed on the theory that they who take the sword shall perish by it, is about as small or as large, if you please, as it is in Western countries. In fact, Japan has peculiar reasons for doubting this pacifist philosophy; for is it not true she was given a place of respectability among the nations of the West only when her sword was pretty long and formidable? It is commonly said by both Japanese and Westerners that the present position of Japan in the counsels of the world is due, apparently at least, to her victories over China and Russia. And at this very moment do we not hear Chinese voices, coming from the heart of the Conference itself, expressing the conclusion that China will never gain the respect of the world until her sword, too, is long. Nor must we forget that this is the atmosphere of our Western, our so-called Christian world. Politics and power are still on speaking terms, though we may rejoice in the signs of hope.

Now, despite all this, I believe, that the steady pressure of public opinion in this country has been in the right direction. Were it not for this fact it would have been very easy for the jingoists to have gotten in their oar. Here and there they tried it but obviously without much response. Opposition to the Conference in general or to specific proposals like the national ratio has had an uphill fight. The trend of opinion has been in the direction of a pretty bold slash in naval armaments and a frank facing of the situation in China. In other words the temper of the people of this country is such that the delegates to the Washington Conference have found the nation back of them especially where they took a liberal attitude toward the problems considered.

W. R. F. STIER '08, Nagasaki, Japan.

Best wishes to the school and the Trap.

A Rough Night

The storm was raging high
Round the buildings of our school,
And the boys in the Delta House shivered
As they shot a game of pool.

The heavy night hung dark
The hills and river o'er,
As the good O. D.* on his nightly rounds
Came in at the basement door.

Not as the janitor comes
He, the teacher, came,
Not to tend to the furnace fire
Or to fix a window pane.

Not as the tardy come
In silence and in fear;
He shook the house with a mighty voice
As he yelled: "Is everyone here?"

No need for such a cry
As all were safely in;
No one was out in the awful night
Braving the terrible wind.

There was lanky Thompson there
Amid that boyish band;
He was shooting pool with the others fair
And beating them to a man.

What sought he there, afar
Away from the house in the gale?
Was it love of the game or practice?
Nay—he needed kale!

Aye, call it a darn good way
To spend a night at home;
All safe and sound in the basement
While the poor O. D. must roam.—EDDE.

*O. D.—Officer of the Day.

The Wizzie Wiff

EDITOR
A. Minute Late

WHEN MONEY TALKS IT ALWAYS SAYS GOOD BYE TO ME

MR. DEWITT TABER FAILS TO REVEAL HIS WORLD FAMOUS INVENTION

Dewitt Taber, who does not like fat girls because they roll off his lap, has as yet failed to reveal his invention. Taber is the youth who has an electrical dictionary and a portable tool chest.

In New York skirts stop at the knees. At New Brunswick they stop at nothing.

Paul Ide gave a bald-headed man a comb recently. Bet he will never part with it.

Said the patriotic actor when the judge gave him 40 years: "Hooray! Now I'll star in stripes."

Roy Hierling is so absent-minded that he took his watch out of his pocket to see if he had time to go home and get it.

Some fellows wear their new hats only over the weak end.

Spencer Cary was so hungry yesterday he claimed he could eat the jam in the subway.

In order to see how much applause he was going to get Dinty Moore sang his last song first at a woodvill entertainment recently.

Notice

New Brunswick will discontinue the custom of notifying its members by postal card when there is a fire.

Mr. Midkiff has signed up to manage the Twenty Mule Team of the Borax League.

Question Box

Dear Ed.:

Where is the Dead Sea?

Ans.—I never knew it was dead.

Dear Ed.:

What is the first thing a girl does when she enters a church?

Ans.—Look for the hymns (hims).

Question

Does the college girl of today devote more time reading the cigarette signs than the classics?

A girl in your arms is worth three on the phone.

Steenland has invented a tonic for gray hair. But who wants gray hair?

There was a deaf and dumb man on the street yesterday with an impediment in his speech. One of his fingers was missing.

Hindle was at one time engaged in the mining business. Kalsomining.

If a girl wears short dresses they say she has a crooked character, and if she wears them long they say she has crooked limbs.

"Holy smoke!" cried Dave Lourie, as the church went up in flames.

Late News

Will Shaw left for the South today (South Amboy).

Like a great many desirable things, the Statue of Liberty is hollow at the center.

Goodby until next month.

THE ALPHA HOTEL

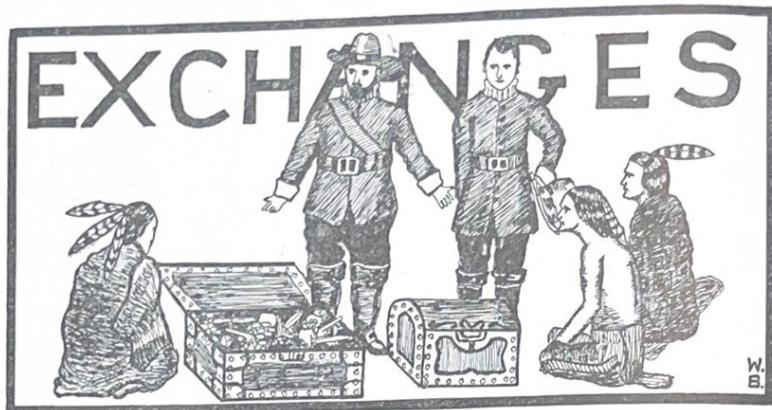
698 George St., N. B.

RULES

Running water in all rooms (whenever it rains).
If you can't find a bell, wring a towel.

Open the window and see the fire escape.

You are never without water. There is a spring in every bed.



THE thought came to me of reviewing the exchanges received this month. First I placed the booklets as an army lined up for inspection, and studied each cover design. The most artistic cover was displayed by *The Mohawk Sentinel*. *The Roman* and the *Chatham Chatter* were close rivals in the neatness of their covers. The *Vocational School Record* and *Progress* also possessed very neat cover designs. Highest honor in the arrangement of the table of contents fell to *The Roman*. On the first page of this well arranged publication I found a clear, concise statement, telling the name of the exchange, where it was published, and below this was a neat table of contents in bold type. *The Chatham Chatter* and *The Roman* were the most interesting of all the exchanges to read, because of their stories and jokes, with the addition of good poetry. "A Thug's Impression of the Mohawk Schools," a story in the *Mohawk Sentinel*, was very interesting. The various departments of the *Pasquino* were well worked out. After reviewing each exchange thoroughly I gave the command, "Right about face!"

With the backs of the publications turned towards me the *Progress* stood out from all the rest because it had the most attractive back cover. Satisfied with my inspection and having learned much about the army of exchanges, I sounded taps and dismissed the army.

The ARGO gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following exchanges:
The Advocate, New Brunswick High, New Brunswick, N. J.
The Chatham Chatter, Chatham High School, Chatham, N. J.
The McBurneian, McBurney School, New York City.
The Mohawk Sentinel, Mohawk School, Mohawk Lake, Ulster County, N. Y.