

THE ARGO



JUNE, 1912

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N. DUNHAM '12.

SENIOR NUMBER

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TO

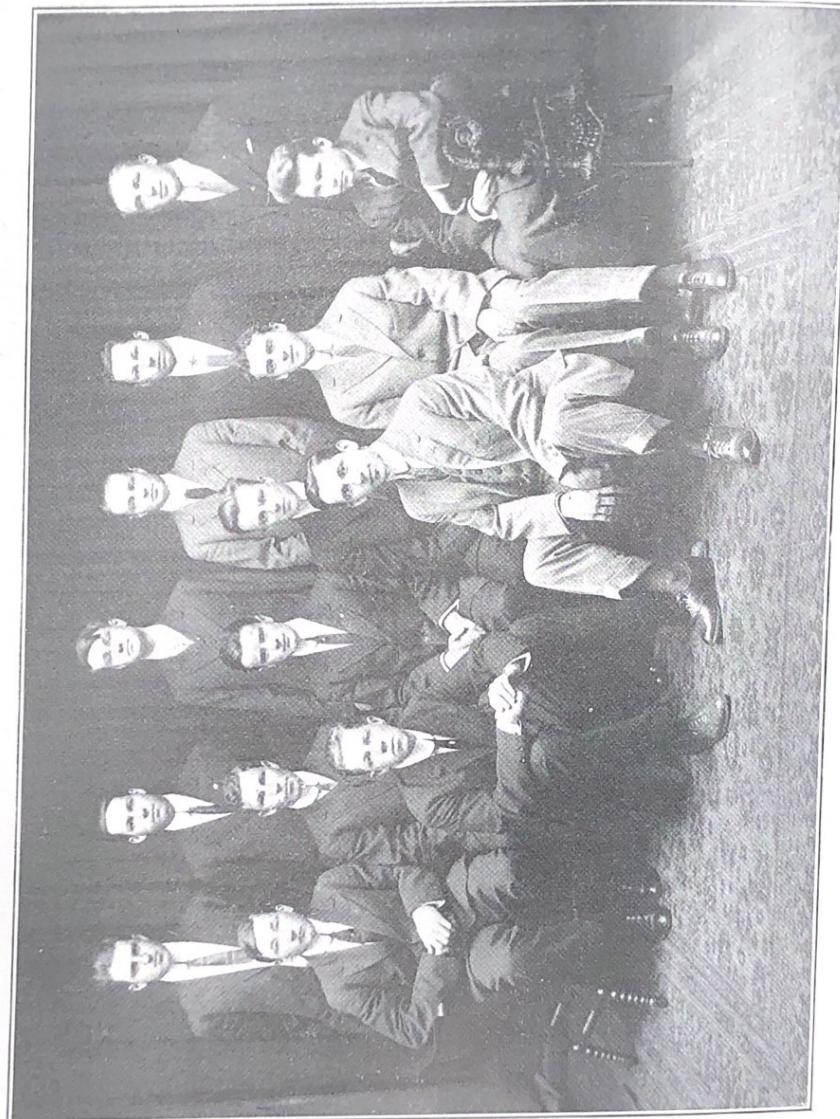
WILLIAM P. KELLY,
HEADMASTER

RUTGERS PREPARATORY
SCHOOL



ARGO STAFF.

Ley, Mittag, Reeves, Dunham, Elmendorf, Abrams, Ingham, Dunlop, Farley, Busch,
Brainard, Janeway, Landsberg, Kelly.





THE ARGO.

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BY THE*

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief, R. P. S., New Brunswick, and must be accompanied with the name of the author.

All business communications to Business Manager
Correspondents will confer a great favor by writing on one
side of the paper only.

Officers of the school, students, and alumni are most cordially invited to contribute.

The school year of 1911-12 is now almost finished and while for some it means only severing for a time those bonds which have united us, it means for many of us an end to the school life which we have so much enjoyed. To those who graduate this year and leave not temporarily as heretofore, but for the last time the school where they have fitted themselves either for college or for their life work, there is not the usual care-free and joyous expectation of a pleasant summer vacation followed by a return to the old scenes and associations. There are of course, expectations, but they are tinged with regret for though the good fellowship for which Rutgers Prep. is noted will continue, others will take our places and we will be outsiders. Here we have formed friendships which we shall cherish for the rest of our lives. By contact with both the faculty and each other, our outlook upon life has been broadened and here the foundations of our characters have been built. We have gained morally as well as mentally.

The class of 1913 will take our place next year. We have done our best for the school and towards preserving that fine spirit which has always characterized Rutgers Prep and we extend to them our best wishes for success in the carrying out of the duties which we have performed to the best of our ability. As Alumni we will aid them as much as we are able.

THE PLANS FOR NEXT YEAR.

I am glad to tell the Argo readers something of our plans for next year.

As soon as it became evident that we could not get the new dormitory this spring, we determined to bend our efforts toward making the school so good that it would not need a new building to attract students.

"As the teacher, so the school," is an educational maxim. We therefore first, determined to have the best teachers we could possibly get. Fortunately, we are able to keep Mr. Kisley, Mr. Cook and Mr. Wheeler, all tried and true teachers, deeply interested in the school. Unfortunately, Mr. Fisher and Mr. Sangree decided to locate elsewhere next year, and the delay in announcing their successors is due to the care exercised in selecting them.

The number of teachers will not be increased, and yet one of the six will devote his entire time to the physical training of the boys. This can be accomplished by omitting the duplicate classes for students out of regular course.

Every student will therefore do well to keep up with his class in every study, as it will be practically impossible to take one or two studies over with the next class, without taking them all over. In fact the school will be run on the supposition that students are going to keep their work up as they go along, and promotion to the next class will be denied to those who fail in more than one study.

New boys will be examined on their entrance in order to grade them properly, thus saving much wasted effort of both students and teachers from placing boys in classes for which they are unprepared.

Not only the school athletics, but all the sports and gymnasium work will be under the charge of a physical director. Arrangements have been made for the use of the College Gymnasium during the winter. From Thanksgiving till Easter the school day will be lengthened in the afternoon and the classes will go to gymnasium during the morning.

The number of tennis courts will be doubled. Every fellow will take some form of physical exercise each day.

All the rooms at the Trap that were not renovated last year will be renovated this summer. All the toilets will have new sanitary floors, and two new wash rooms with hot and cold water will be installed. The portable building will be used for a reading and recreation room. It will be supplied with piano, library furniture, and games, possibly including a pool table. This will make as fine a room as any school could desire for that purpose.

Boys under 18 will not be allowed to smoke at the Trap under any condition. Those over 18 may have the privilege under certain restrictions, but it will not be necessary to provide a smoking room for them.

All our plans work to a common end, namely, to bring together superior teachers and selected boys, so that we may have here a good school spirit toward study and sport. The working part of each day will be made strictly business and for the liberal recreation hours everything will be provided to give the boys a good time. We think that is the kind of a school to which such boys, as you would like to have as school mates, would also like to come.

This is a daring financial venture because we may not at first have boys enough to pay for such a school at our moderate rates, but under such conditions a large school is only a matter of time, for a good reputation quickly spreads. Our greatest asset is the good spirit which pervades the school. My regret is that we can't put it in the catalogue or in the buildings. We shall have to depend on the boys who are now here to tell it to their friends and to communicate it to the new comers next fall.

I cannot close this article without expressing the pleasure which the year's life together has been to me, and the regret I feel at parting from so many of the fellows who are soon to leave.

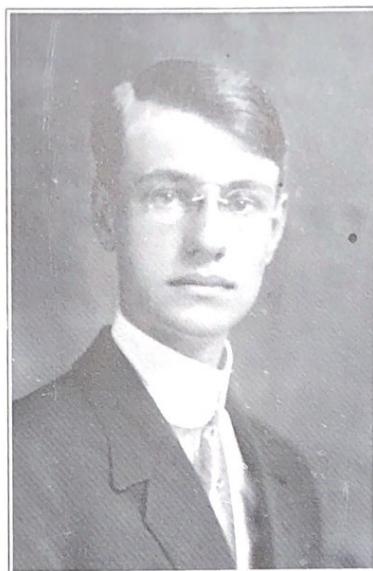
WILLIAM P. KELLY.

SENIOR CLASS



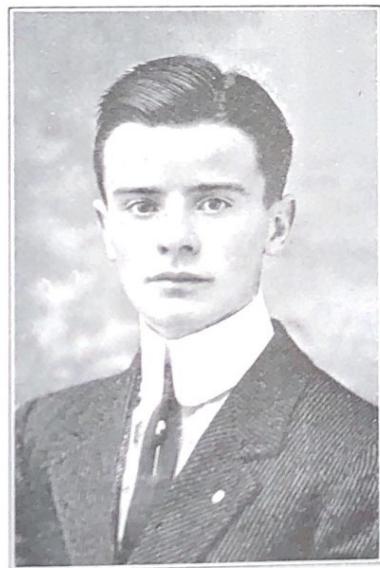
DUNLOP

"Dunnie." Pres. Senior Class, Editor School Notes Argo 1910-11, Athletic Editor Argo 1911-12, Manager baseball, R. P. in foot-ball, Pres. Y. M. C. A. 1910-11, Councilor.



REEVES

"Sister." Asst. Literary Editor Argo, Secretary Students' Association, Sec. Y. M. C. A., Honor Man, Commencement Invitation Committee.



FARLEY

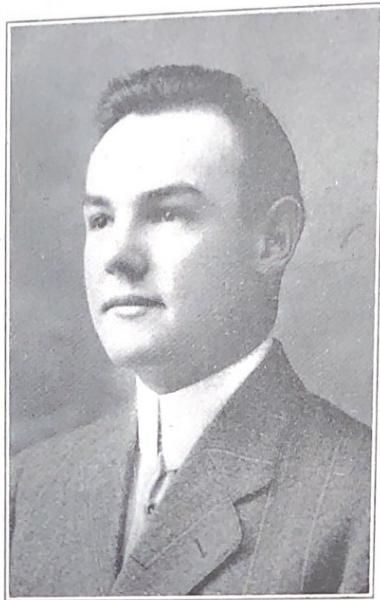
"Walt." Vice-Pres. Senior Class, Literary Editor Argo 1910-11, Editor-in-Chief Argo 1911-12, Manager Y. M. C. A. 1911-12, Chairman Commencement Invitation Committee. Pledged Δ Φ Rutgers College.



VOORHEES

"Fred." Secretary Senior Class, Manager track, Senior Dance Committee.

SENIOR CLASS



SUCCOP

"Jew." Business Manager Argo 1910-1911. Captain foot-ball team, Captain basket-ball team, Pres. Students' Association, Chairman Senior Dance Committee, Chairman Social Committee Y. M. C. A., Class Orator. Pledged Δ K E, Rutgers College. Hg.N.



ELMENDORF

"Tracy." Captain base-ball, R. P. in foot-ball, Artist Argo, Chairman Senior Present Committee.



BRAUN

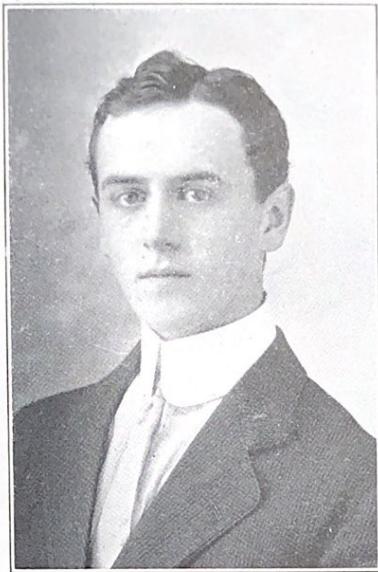
"Booze." R. P. in foot-ball, R. P. in basket-ball, R. P. in base-ball. Hg.N.



LEY

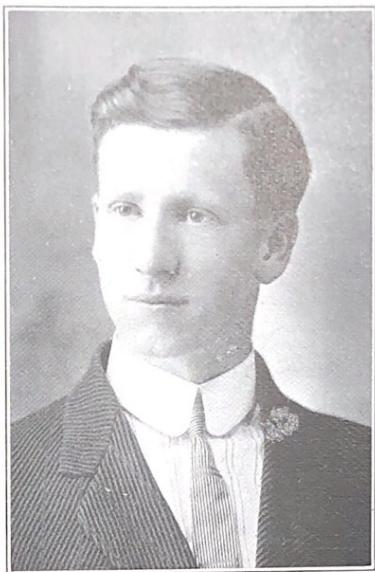
"Buggs." R. P. in foot-ball, base-ball, basket-ball. Councilor. Exchange Editor Argo. Pledged Δ Phi, Rutgers College, Hg.N.

SENIOR CLASS



BRAINARD

"Bill." Editor School Notes Argo
1911-12, Manager foot-ball team,
Councilor, Vice-Pres. Y. M. C. A.
1910-11.



STROHL

"Ray" Honor Man, Senior Present
Committee.



RITTER

"Rit." Ex-Editor-in-Chief Argo,
Councilor, Chairman Class Motto
Committee.



ZEITZ

"Dink." R. P. in foot-ball, R. P. in
basket-ball.

SENIOR CLASS



WATTS

"Wattsie." Ex-Pres. Senior Class, Manager basket-ball, R. P. in baseball, Ex-Joke Editor Argo. Pledged Δ Y Rutgers College, H9.N.



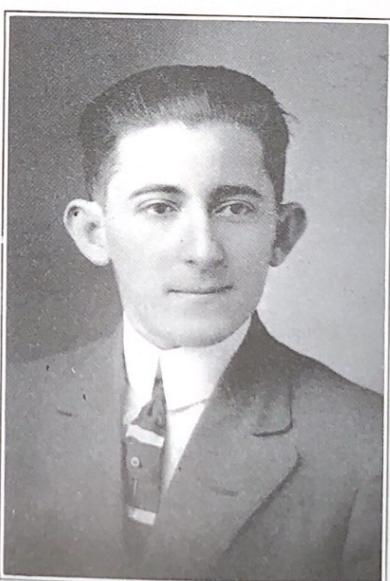
VAN MIDDLESWORTH

"Van." Track team, Commencement Invitation Committee.



INGHAM

"Ringham." Senior Present Committee, Honor Man, Asst. Literary Editor Argo.



MARQUEZ

"Marque La Goo Goo."



THE SPIRIT OF THE GAME.

When a young man enters upon his school life his primary purpose is to obtain an education. But while education is his primary purpose it should be always borne in mind that it is not an end in itself, but is only the means to the end. It is this end which most concerns us, and the question is, How shall we reach it and how can we make the means most efficient? It is a truism that we shall enrich ourselves in this course of preparation only in proportion to the amount of work that we put into it. Now the amount of work which we put into it will be determined absolutely by the character and extent of the spirit which prompts our endeavors. In short, if we devote ourselves to developing the proper spirit the result will take care of itself. Among the essential characteristics of a proper spirit is earnestness of purpose. That this is a determining factor in our success is most vividly illustrated in our athletic contests, by the fact that whether in our foot-ball or basket-ball games, if we enter into them with earnestness of purpose, no matter what the numerical outcome may be, we shall have the satisfaction of knowing that we did the best we could do and to that extent won a victory for ourselves.

Furthermore, this tone in every field of our scholastic activities because from our earnestness of purpose all our efforts will be marked by that necessary force and vim which should be in all our movements if we hope to succeed.

There is another essential characteristic in this proper spirit and that is, that in spite of our earnestness of purpose and in spite of the energy which flows from it, in order to achieve we must have an eye single to the goal. No amount of energy, no amount of faithfulness will count unless it is directed through the proper channels, for without these channels it would simply spend itself in every direction and accomplish nothing. Now this direction or channel can be preserved only by system and organization. A systematic course of procedure will enable us to apply one's efforts at proper times and in the proper places; otherwise, when applied at an improper time or place, they will be for naught. Also, only by a proper organization can we see our efforts portrayed to the best of advantage, because, no matter how earnest our purpose or how systematic we individually may be, unless all the individuals of the group strive to blend these various efforts into a common purpose

there will result just so much confusion. Nothing can be accomplished by confusion, and to bring success there must be co-operation between various members of this group, and that is what we call team work. Go out on the gridiron or basket-ball floor,—no matter what the individuals may strive to accomplish, unless it is so controlled and directed that it will harmonize and adjust itself to a common end, nothing results.

Besides these there is another to be considered, which is, that the whole movement both individually and collectively must be controlled by certain ideals, which may not be improperly termed the "esprit de corps." This may be otherwise indicated by such phrases as "play the game," "the square deal," meaning thereby to be fair to ourselves and to the rest concerned. We shouldn't look for victory for victory's sake, or to winning a game simply to win it; nor should we pass our examinations simply to "get by," for doing so we merely cheat ourselves. What we mean by success or victory is lasting success, not temporary; therefore, it is not simply to get the immediate goal or to "get by," but to attain the result of ultimate purpose, which is to become helpful members of society and good citizens. This can be accomplished by constantly bearing in mind that these means are not ends in themselves and that the greatest good to each one of us is the greatest to all. In all our contests, athletic or otherwise, the score of a temporary victory or the mark of a single examination will soon be forgotten, but the fact that even if losing we acted honorably and fairly to ourselves and others, and that we did the best we could do by upright means, will achieve for us one and all a glory and victory that will be forever.

D. CARLE S.

*YOUNG AMERICA'S FUTURE
PROBLEM.*

There is a new and perhaps a discordant note of something, as yet not clearly understood, being sounded in America today, and

while we may not be able to state just what it is, yet it is slowly growing and intruding upon us. As a dark cloud at first small, insignificant, yet gathering itself together, expanding and growing more sinister, until it has covered the heavens and thrust the knowledge of its presence upon all; so is this thing arising on American politics, American business and American society.

But as the cloud in its rising has given perhaps short but vivid flashes of what is in itself, while a listening ear could discern a rumble of warning thunder, so has our American cloud given ample proofs of its existence.

There is a man to-day whom two different classes of people call by different names; the one call him a demagogue and political boss; the other call him a progressive statesman and a great reformer. Which is right, we can best leave to Time, the unraveller of all such mysteries, to disclose. Opposed to this man is a "Conservative." But who are the *People* supporting? Who is getting the votes of "Labor?"

We saw a poll of the supporters of this "Conservative" in a paper the other day; they were Bosses and Capitalists and in short the Political Machine. But these forces are against the other man and it is the People who support him.

This desire for a radical change of government must have some meaning. The cause of the French Revolution was that the People, the Common People, were oppressed and downtrodden. They rose in their might,—for it is the People who always possess the real power if they are but aroused to use it,—and overthrew their oppressors and in fact all forms of existing government.

But you say that there are no such downtrodden class to-day as was the French peasant. No! We grant you that. But yet, we ask you are the people content? Would you consider the laboring class content, when it takes the militia to quell the rioting incident to a mine Strike? When a great railroad and

and another great mine strike were averted by Capital acceding to the demands of Labor.

Do you consider the People content when you look upon the question in the light of the McNamara case, the bloody horror of which has paled somewhat in the light of other great troubles and disasters with which this year has been crowded?

The People are not satisfied! But the trouble is not altogether one of economics, for this unrest extends to others than the poor classes.

The American is known the world over as a great spender. In America we have the biggest business and richest men. The spending a great deal is the price of living in a country that is great and growing greater, where nearly everything is done on a large scale, and Americans have always been ready to pay the price. But men, not merely the well-to-do, but the wealthy and influential are joined with the laboring classes in the interest of this new movement. They are experimenting with the Initiative and Referendum, the Recall of Judges and Judicial Decisions, and like measures of radical reform and doubtful constitutionality.

But it seems to us that the unrest in America to-day is a sigh "for new worlds to conquer."

There was a time when the "Conquest of the West" if we may call it such, absorbed the minds of the American people. The Allegheny and Rocky Mountains were indeed barriers, but the American spirit refused to permit them to be barriers, but only obstacles which must be overcome and which were in the path of an inevitable goal.

The American Indian was then a stern reality and not a romantic tale. And grim Death Valley did not belie its name. But the task went onward; America was to be occupied, and now the task is done. Nature itself has been conquered by the American spirit.

But can this undaunted American spirit, built by so many years of toil, forged in so

many and so great difficulties, and handed from generation to generation as the most sacred of American heritages, can this spirit, I say, be content to settle down and now live a dull, colorless existence? The idea is ridiculous. The American spirit is eagerly looking for new fields of difficult labor, which are many, but as yet hardly explored.

What shall be done with the immigrant? We have room for him, but that does not end the question; he is yet to be made a good and useful citizen.

The Panama Canal will shortly be completed; this will lead us into new relations of trade with countries with which there has been no need of intercourse heretofore.

We have heard much about big business and its regulation, what is to be done about that? and the labor question is far from being solved.

These are America's new problems. And if we are in the midst of a great revolution where America lays down the ax and rifle to take the pen and apply the American spirit to these new problems, let us thank God that it is not a French revolution and as yet we have not needed a Napoleon to break down a much corrupted feudal system. And if the time has come that the sun should set for the last time on some of our present institutions, let us not look backward and idly wish for a recurrence of a glorious past, which is never destined to be again. But rather as true Americans let us look forward and willingly and gladly take up America's future Problems.

W. H. REEVES.

EDUCATIONAL PROGRESS.

As the world grows older it grows more civilized, and thus better. Of late years men have been awakening to a fuller sense of their responsibilities toward their fellow men, and of the need for improvement in human relations and occupations. This awakening mani-

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fests itself in many forms. Desire for universal peace is growing. Civilization is spreading. China has awakened and is now a progressive young republic. Progressives in politics are much in evidence here this year. Business success is greater than scientific management. Progressiveness in religion is indicated by the interest taken in the "Men and Religion Forward Movement." And in all the thousand and one forms of human activity the note of efficiency—better results by better methods—is being sounded.

In this general advance education should have a place. Already new ideas and ideals—to some wise, to others foolish—are appearing; but there is much to be done.

Two things are to be considered: First, *what* is taught; and second, *how* it is taught. Confining myself to secondary schools—the *what* concerns high schools especially; the *how*, preparatory schools also.

According to the statistics of the U. S. Commissioner of Education, of the average 100 boys who enter high school, 41 will not return the second year, 62 the third, and 76 the fourth. Of the rest, between 5 and 10 will go to college, of whom but one will really succeed there. Those who do not go to college have profited little from the time spent in high school.

Is this right? Is it just or fair to the boys?

Something *must* be done. It *can* be done. I shall presently endeavor to give a suggestion of what is to be done and how it may be done.

There is another important feature to be considered. A prominent educator calls it "giving a stone to the boy who asks bread." A poor immigrant will send his son to high school for one or two years to learn something that will help him earn his living when he has to leave school to work. Yet this boy is put at the same tasks of Latin and Greek and Algebra which have stumped most of the other hundred boys mentioned. He *may* succeed at them; but even so, a page of poetry, the con-

jugation of *amo*, or the binomial theorem, alone will not earn a cent.

I am not finding fault with Latin and Greek and Algebra. Far from it. They are necessary to many people for a good education. And let the man who is working for an A.B. take his fill of them. But, since only 10 out of 100 go to college, let us not choke the 90 with the food of the 10.

Many of these boys have no definite purpose in going to high school. Yet the duty of the school is plain. *Give the boy a good education; start him on the road to worthy citizenship, and teach him some thing that will help him earn his living*, for he will have to when he leaves school.

To do this the boy must be studied, his aptitudes and desires found, and his talents developed by suitable work. I have not time to mention the many ways a boy's interest may be gained, or the good that may be done him by leading him to spend his time profitably instead of running with a bad gang, loafing on the streets, or worse. The grammar school teachers know the boys, so co-operation between them and the high school teachers will aid in this method of fitting the boy to the work and the work to the boy. The schools must extend their equipment; laboratories are needed—work shops, carpenter shops, machine shops.

But extension of equipment alone is not enough. Methods must be brought up to date. In all kinds of work, drill is essential, but to make the drill thorough and effective, some real purpose for doing—something to be gained from it—must be evident. If no better purpose, such as the advantage of the wider knowledge of the subject which the drill affords, can be found, let the boy know that if he learns his Latin inflections, his lines of Shakespeare, his algebraic rules perfectly, he may escape an examination, or, better still, get a holiday. If he can draw and cut his lines true let him make himself an article he desires.

Boys' schools are beginning to move toward the Ideal, which I conceive is this:

Let the school take the boy who is not going to college; give him a sound training in English, with a taste for the classics; develop his talents or teach him a trade, so that he can fill his place in the world of business creditably and successfully; and, over and above all, fit every boy who passes through it to become a first-class American citizen.

You may say, "Very well; but what has the new movement to do with the preparatory school, whose work is particularly preparation for college?" The prep. school is concerned in the revision of methods; in getting at the old things in new ways, perhaps; at least in ways that are efficient, and, if possible, interesting. This is done, as I mentioned before, by putting some immediate goal before the boy; by filling the subject, or at least the perusal of it, with interest for the boy. This is easy to do, for instance, in American History and Civics, by comparing the topics under discussion with current events; and illustrating the principles in others by well-known political movements of the day.

Instead of Homer's being dry bones of 3,000 years ago, would it not be better if it were considered a real live poem well worth reading? It is such a poem, but its merits are likely to be hidden under a crust of syntax and grammar.

Underlying the question of interest is the question of usefulness. Swift says, "Da mihi, Domine, scire quod sciendum est"—"Grant, Lord, that I may know what is worth knowing." Do we not all feel that way, at last sometimes? If knowledge is worth while, and the "worth-whileness" is apparent, we can be sure that advantage will be taken of every opportunity to obtain it.

In preparatory schools then, is there not room for improvement in methods, to the end that the real value of the classics be better understood? The colleges are making the re-

quirements in Latin and Greek more flexible.

As another instance of making the work more agreeable, we used this last year a Virgil with notes at the bottom of the page, and it made the task of preparing a lesson much more pleasant. Various portions of Homer were read to us from a good translation, and we enjoyed it. Is this not as it should be?

If we can awaken this real interest in the classics and see they are what we need, they will have for us the value they undoubtedly possess. Thus we may not only preserve them against all criticism, but make more efficient a most valuable part of our American educational system, the greatest, finest and best in the world.

FINGER-PRINTS.

A tall dark man went slowly up the front steps of a brown-stone house on a New York side street. He entered the vestibule, glanced over the row of name plates on the wall, hesitated a moment, and then pushed the button underneath a card bearing the name "Frederick R. Martin." He opened the door and went up-stairs, along a dark corridor, and stopped before an open door. The occupant of the room was seated in an arm-chair reading, but at the sound of footsteps he quickly looked up. He did not seem glad to see his visitor, for he scowled and sat down again in silence. The other man came in, but he too said nothing, and the two looked at each other steadfastly for some moments before either spoke. Then it was Martin, and he spoke angrily, yet in a low voice.

"I know what you're after. I can see it in your face; but you won't get it. I'm sick of the whole thing. We've both of us lost the best parts of our lives, but we can at least be honest from now on."

"It's well enough for you to talk, Martin, with a cousin dying and three or four hundred thousand coming to you in a week at the furthest, but its different with me. Look

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here!" He pulled a check book out of his pocket, ran over the stubs from which checks had been torn, and showed the other the last one. It indicated a balance of ten dollars. "That," he said, "and three in my pocket."

Martin was impatient; "Well, what do you expect? I have over five hundred left, you have ten; I live here in this miserable boarding house, and you at a hotel. Why, that necklace brought us in a good many thousands and it's not a year yet. Beside, you're not old, why don't you work and be honest?"

"Be honest? You say that to me? I was desperate when I lost my first job, and who was it who then helped me 'earn' my first money? I didn't like it, you know I didn't, but I did as you told me. I swear, Fred, I swear, if you help me this time it will be the last."

His voice was steadily growing louder and he became more and more excited.

"Not so loud, not so loud, you fool. Remember, we haven't as much privacy in our boarding houses as you in your hotels. I tell you now, finally, that I won't do it. It's not decent and it's not safe. Bertillon has spoilt our game. They have our finger prints, you know; we didn't get away with that necklace with much margin, and we would be the first ones they'd suspect in another big robbery. Besides, you know, when I get that money I won't see you starve. You won't live in hotels; it'll be my turn for that; but you won't live in the street as when I first found you."

"Charity! I won't take charity from anyone, certainly not from you. I know what it would be! Nothing but gratitude, gratitude, gratitude fired at me from morning till night, why, it would be debtor's prison, and you know it. And about those finger-prints down at headquarters, suppose I could show you how to throw Bertillon himself off the trail, with all his science, then what would say?"

Martin's eyes grew bright, he still remembered the excitement of it all, the robbery at

midnight, the newspapers the next day, the chase, the crisis, and the escape. True, the escape was narrow that last time, but he forgot that, forgot his nine months honest living, forgot everything but the old allurement of the game with the police. His hand shot out and grasped the other's and the two men searched each other's eyes until satisfied that they were once more trustworthy partners and comrades in the fight.

"All right," said Martin, "all right. I'm with you on condition—"

He did not go on and the other did not reply, but drew a right-handed glove from his pocket and slipped it on his hand.

Martin laughed. "The old glove game;" he sneered, "why that wouldn't balk Gilbert for a minute. The youngest, most inexperienced detective on the force would see through that."

"Hold on a minute, will you? I'm not done yet." As he spoke he pulled a candle and a couple of small bottles from his pocket and set them on the table. He then went over to the mantelpiece, got some matches, came back and melted the candle into five soft wax patches on the table. "Now," he said quietly, "quick, before the wax is hard, make the impression of each of your fingers on those patches, and roll your finger so as to get the entire impression, from side to side."

Martin did as he was told. When the wax was hard the other man gently coated it with thin varnish from one of the bottles. "To preserve them," he said. He then coated the glove fingers with something from the other bottle, rolled them on the wax impressions as Martin had done before, looked anxiously at them for a moment and then sighed with relief when he saw the impression of Martin's fingers on them, clear and as hard as steel. "It doesn't always work as well," he said, "The rest is simple, I do the stealing and leave finger-prints, all you have to do is to stay with a number of people at the time, the police find

the prints, identify them with yours, you prove an alibi, and they will be off in another direction before you can wink."

Martin took the glove and looked at it curiously for some time, without speaking; then he said, "When will it be?"

"To-morrow night. All the B—s are away and it should be easy to get some of Miss B—'s jewelry. Don't forget, stay with as many friends as possible all the time."

Without saying good-bye he was gone, and Martin almost began to regret his promise. Suppose something should go wrong, suppose the burglar should lose the glove, suppose a hundred little things should happen, what then? But nothing would happen and it was too late, anyway.

* * * * *

It was quite early in the morning of the second day following and the two men were again talking in Martin's room. They were discussing the robbery and reading the newspaper accounts; how the maid had discovered the loss of over five thousand dollars worth of jewelry, how the police had been called in, and how Gilbert, the detective was on the trail.

Martin's visitor was seated by the window. "And here's the glove—he said. He put his hand into his pocket to take it out, but it was gone; he quickly felt in all his pockets, but it was no where! He looked up at Martin, who was standing, reading a newspaper. Perhaps he had not heard; perhaps if he knew he would be nervous and give away before Gilbert. He looked out the window, there was a man coming up the steps. Here comes Gilbert," he said quietly.

Martin started. "Hide the glove," he said. The other hesitated. "Hurry, he'll be here in a minute; come, give it to me." The burglar started to speak, but faltered; Martin looked at him a moment and grew pale. "You've lost it," he gasped. The other could only nod. He sank into a chair and dropped his head in his hands, completely unnerved.

There was a sharp rap on the door, Martin grasped the other man's shoulder and pulled him up. "Brace up," he said, "we must be calm. Come in."

The detective entered. "It looked like one of you fellows," he said, "but you've grown clumsy to leave us such a clue."

"An interesting robbery," Martin laughed, "but don't joke about it. Tell us, have you any clue?"

"You can't bluff me, we identified the finger-prints with yours, and I've come to get you; there are policemen outside the door."

"You don't really mean that you suspect me?"

"Just that. We not only suspect you but we have evidence enough to jail you."

"Rot! why, early yesterday afternoon I and four friends," he named them, "went down to the Long Island Country Club. It was late when we were done playing golf, so we spent the night and came back on the nine o'clock train this morning. Call them up, if you want. There's the telephone."

Gilbert looked puzzled, but called up each of the men. The answers he got did not seem satisfactory, for he looked still more puzzled when he was through. He went over to the door, opened it, and said in a low voice, "The first time that finger-prints have failed. I beg your pardon, Mr. Martin. Good-day."

"Good-day," the two men said together.

They heard his footsteps going down the stairs and stop on the landing. There was quiet for a moment, and then a triumphant exclamation and they heard the footsteps coming nearer up the stair.

Martin looked terrified for a moment, but said calmly; "We may be safe still, but we must think quickly."

Gilbert came in, without knocking, this time. "I've got you now," he said, "did either of you gentlemen lose this glove?" and he held out the glove with the ten impressions on the fingers, and then stuck it in his pocket. "Oh,

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you're clever, all right, but you were a little careless to drop the glove; it would be a fine game if it worked, but I'm a fairly watchful detective and there's very little that I don't see. I thought you were both in it, and now I've got the evidence. This will mean a 'raise' for me, and, take it from me, I won't let it go.; I've worked for low pay long enough, and I'm tired of it; and for you," he laughed bitterly, "for you it will mean Sing Sing, and I'm glad of it. You two are too clever to be safe when left around loose."

He was talking to the burglar, and his back was turned to Martin. The fingers of the tell-tale glove were sticking out of the pocket of his loose-fitting overcoat, and when he had begun speaking Martin had quietly pulled it out; he had taken a paper-knife from the table and scraped the impressions from the finger tips and had then gently replaced it in the detective's pocket. He edged around in front of Gilbert when done and seemed to be listening attentively. When the detective had finished he spoke:

"What on earth are you talking about, Gilbert? That glove does belong to Mason here, but what's that got to do with the robbery?"

"I'll show you what it has to do with the robbery, although you know well enough already." He triumphantly pulled the glove from his pocket. "On the fingers of this glove there are reproductions of your fingerprints. Mr. Martin. Now when—"

"Excuse me, Gilbert, but where are the reproductions?" asked Martin calmly.

The detective looked at the glove. "This is a trick," he cried, "and it doesn't go with me."

"I don't know what you mean. What good would reproductions do anyhow? That is Mason's glove, but it's no evidence. Did anyone besides yourself see it before you brought it in? I thought you were too clever, Gilbert, to blunder like that. However, it may have been a mistake, the hall light's very poor. Thank you for returning the glove. Good-day again."

The detective strode out and slammed the door.

"He has no real evidence," said Martin, "but he may make things rather unpleasant. Let's go to Panama for a while."

"We will," said Mason, "I'm sorry to have gotten you into this, it's a tight place. If you say the word, I'll go to the police and tell them a story that will let you out all right—"

"Oh shut up, Dick, I won't take that from you. Go pack up now and let's be off."

The two men looked at each other, shook hands again earnestly, and Mason slipped quietly out of the door.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'79. Mr. Henry Nelson, of New Brunswick, died recently.

'05. Arthur Devan, who is a student at Oxford University, England, had an article in the Rutgers Targum on "Life at Oxford."

'11. Jimmy Ziegler has been let out by the Cleveland team to Wilmington. "Zieg" pitched well on the training trip winning five out of six games for Cleveland. Jimmy visited school the other day and was very much disappointed with the base-ball team.

'11. "Friday" Fountain has been playing a fine game at shortstop for Holyoke in the Connecticut League.

'09. "Blondy" Low has been elected assistant manager of the Rutgers Tennis team of which "Pinky" Prentiss '10 is a member.

'09. "Chit" Bissett is receiving many congratulations from his friends on account of his marriage. "Chit" is the fourth member of his class to become a benedict.

Ex. '10. "Bunk" Twiname of Hartsdale, N. Y., is to be married in the early part of June. Worth Farley '10, who was his roommate in Prep, will be best man.

Ex. '13. "Runt" Menzies is making good in the outfield at the Castle Heights school, Lebanon, Tenn.

'09. "Doc" Carroll is pursuing his studies

(Continued on page 236.)



BARRINGER HIGH VS. PREP.

Meeting their old rivals of the gridiron and indoor court, Rutgers Prep. wiped out former defeats from Barringer High by an overwhelming victory over the Newarkers on the diamond, score 10-2.

In this game, played at the Amusement Park and witnessed by a fair crowd of fans, the local ball tossers made a grand rally, and for the first time this season, all played together and in good form. Their excellent playing, both individually and as a team, deserved the just reward of bringing home the bacon.

The Prep. Boys gave exceptionally good support, only one error being charged against them, and the battery, Dunham and Elmendorf, showed remarkable ability. They accomplished nine put-outs and the latter allowed but seven hits.

In the first inning both teams went out in one, two and three order. Bush, for Barringer drove a hit over second, but was caught stealing. For Prep. Landsberg and Abrams each caught the ball square with the bat, but on account of a strong adverse wind the sphere was twice carried high in the air.

The second period tallied a run for each team. Ward took first on a hit, was advanced by a sacrifice and completed the circuit on a wild pitch. Watts slammed a hot grass mower to left and on that fielder's error rounded to third. Crane's timely hit brought

him home. The third inning whisked by scoreless, but the fourth brought the Prep. School enthusiasts to their feet. The locals filled the cushions with one out, and then Succop tapped a bunt which safely advanced every man.

Elmendorf repeated. Then Barringer rallied and pulled a double play. The next was the Newarker's fatal fifth. Again Prep. filled the bases with one out. Watts, on a fielder's choice, Crane on an error, and Ley on a hit. Braun slapped a neat drive to centre, Succop gained his station on the right fielder's muff, and a free base was granted to Elmendorf. Continuing the good work of changing this to a track meet, Landsberg rolled a bunt which brought every runner safely to his destination. Fortunately for Barringer, two pop flies came next, which ended the circuiting for Prep. Each team scored another run in the seventh, which put a grand finale to the tallying, leaving it Rutgers Prep. 10, Barringer High 2.

This contest was featured by abundance of high flies. The lack of strike-outs charged against them is a new characteristic of the Prep nine. There were but three in the entire game. Ley showed best form with the wood, checking three hits. Braun's work on the initial sack, as well as Dunham's at the plate, was very commendable. Again Abrams starred on second and from Watts' four put-outs at third, we can also say that he was on the job.

		RUTGERS PREP.					
		ab	r	h	po	a	e
Landsberg, s. s. . .		3	0	1	1	2	0
Abrams, 2 b.		4	1	1	2	5	1
Dunham, c.		2	0	1	9	2	0
Watts, 3 b.		3	2	1	4	0	0
Crane, l. f.		4	2	1	0	0	0
Ley, r. f.		5	2	3	0	1	0
Braun, 1 b.		4	1	1	11	0	0
Succop, c. f.		2	2	1	0	0	0
Elmendorf, p. ...		0	0	1	0	3	0
		—	—	—	—	—	—
		27	10	11	27	13	1
		B. H. S.					
		ab	r	h	po	a	e
Hollander, c. f. . .		3	0	0	0	0	0
Bush, s. s.		4	0	2	2	3	0
Zabriskie, 1 b.		5	0	2	9	2	0
Dempsey, c.		4	0	0	6	3	2
Ward, r. f.		2	2	1	1	0	1
Jose, 3 b.		3	0	1	0	1	1
Johnson, 2 b.		4	0	1	6	2	1
Burke, l. f.		4	0	0	0	0	0
Raschkover, p. ...		2	0	0	0	1	0
White, p.		1	0	0	0	0	0
		—	—	—	—	—	—
		32	2	7	24	12	5

Score by innings:

Barringer	0 1 0 0 0 0 1 0 0 — 2
Rutgers Prep.	0 1 0 2 6 0 1 0 x — 10

Umpire—Howard J. Groben.

FOOT-BALL SUMMARY.

During this season of 1911, the foot-ball squad has worked hard and earnestly to represent the school to the best of their ability. They have accomplished this end and have done their work well. Although their games were not all victories, yet they have shown that manly clean players come from Rutgers Prep. and this is far better showing to make than one of high scores.

This year's team was exceptionally light and was also handicapped by the lack of experienced men. Captain Succop was not in the least discouraged, but went right to work

with his raw material and did everything in his power to develop an efficient team. Under Coaches Gargon and Archibald, to whom we are deeply indebted, the new candidates improved rapidly.

The R P has been awarded to the following:

Captain Succop, right tackle; steady player with sound judgment and in every way competent of captaining his team, which he did remarkably well. Played in seven games.

Abrams: right halfback; Best ground gainer. Fast and sure, a decided help to the ever advancing backfield. Played well on the secondary defense. Scored three touch downs. Played in seven games.

Brainard: Substitute centre; Always on the scene of action and a sure tackler. Played in four games.

Braun: Left end; His tackling in the first few games was brilliant, but later his cleverness changed to steadiness. Played in six games.

Busch, C.: Left half-back; Veteran foot-ball player of Rutgers Prep. Good at defense work but better in advancing the ball. Skillful in forward-passing. Played in seven games.

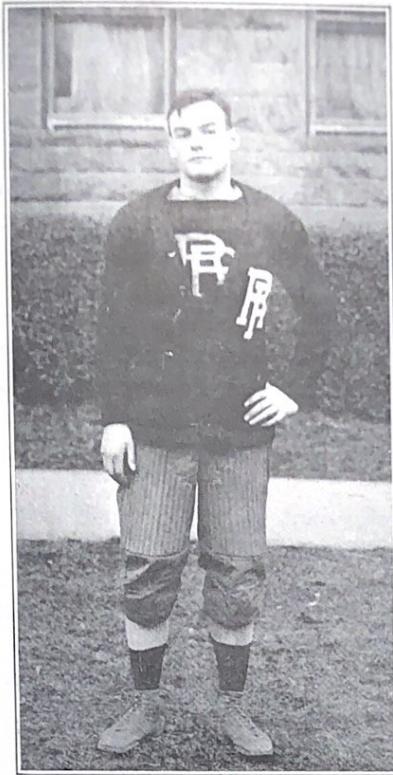
Dunlop: Right end; Light, but effective in breaking up interference. Followed the ball. Played in seven games.

Elmendorf: Left guard; Steady and undaunted. Splendid ability to break through the opposing line and tackle hard. Played in six games.

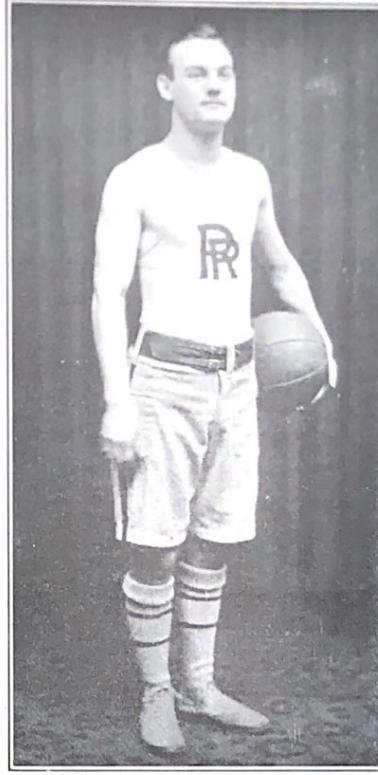
Fleming: Substitute guard; Like a stone wall against the plunging backs. Immovable. Played in five games.

Hassell: Left tackle; Fierce and intrepid. Always played hard and perfect in opening holes in the opposing line. Played in seven games.

Ley: Fullback; Best tackler. Speed and unerring judgment in finding the holes were his qualities. The undisputed star of the team. Scored two touchdowns. Played in seven games.



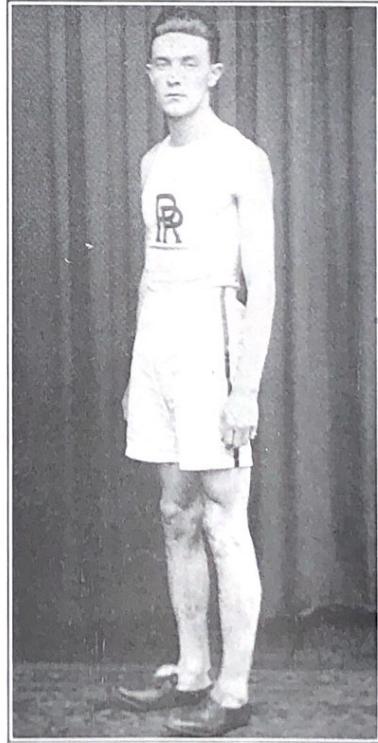
CAPTAIN SUCCOP.



CAPTAIN SUCCOP.



CAPTAIN ELMENDORF.



CAPTAIN WHITE.

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Mittag, L.: Centre; Very important as he started the ball in every play. Played in seven games.

Watts: Substitute quarter; Light, fast, and slippery. Although very skillful, and good in carrying the ball he was not confident in himself enough to take full charge of the team. Played in six games.

White: Quarterback; From this position he generalised the team well and made many long runs. Very able at dodging. Scored two touchdowns, one field goal and kicked four goals. Played in seven games.

Zeitz: Right guard; Strong in line work. Stopped many line plunges. Played in six games.

THE PLAYERS.	HEIGHT.	WEIGHT.
Succop, Captain	5.9	154
Abrams	5.9½	168
Brainard	5.8½	130
Braun	5.10½	145
Busch, C.	5.11	159
Dunlop	5.5	130
Elmendorf	5.9	168
Flemming	5.7	155
Hassell	5.10½	159
Ley	5.8½	145
Mittag	5.10	158
Watts	5.4½	125
White	5.11	145
Zeitz	5.9	150
 Average	5.8½	149

RECORD OF GAMES.

Prep.....	o	Pawling	52
Prep.....	9	New Brunswick High.	o
Prep.....	o	Newark Academy	5
Prep.....	o	Newark High	21
Prep.....	27	High	o
Prep.....	6	Rutgers Freshmen	5
Prep.....	o	Wilson Mil.	6
 Total.....			89

The team was sorry to lose Dunham who had excellent ability in punting. Also they admire the determination of Conger, Voor-

hees, Landsberg and Hoagland, who stuck to the squad until the end of the season. The whole school appreciates their help in working on the scrub to benefit the varsity. Most of them played in one or more games although not enough to win the letter.

The members of the team also wish to thank Mr. Sangree for his excellent work in coaching and advising and greatly appreciate his coming out and rubbing up against a hard scrimmage line.

The number of games this season was small on account of four cancellations. Three of these because of rain and the other by a misunderstanding between the managers. These four, Morristown High, Trenton High, Stevens Prep. and Fordham Prep. were all schools that we would like to have played and hope will be able to play next year.

BASKET-BALL SUMMARY.

A team, light, but fast on the floor and showing excellent team work. As a whole poor in shooting, but a team that would fight to the end.

R. P. WINNERS.

Succop, captain, left guard: the main stay of the team. Always good at dribbling and often skilled in shooting. Played in 11 games. 74 points.

Watts, right guard: Small and agile. Very clever shot. Wonderful at dodging. Played in 9 games. 44 points.

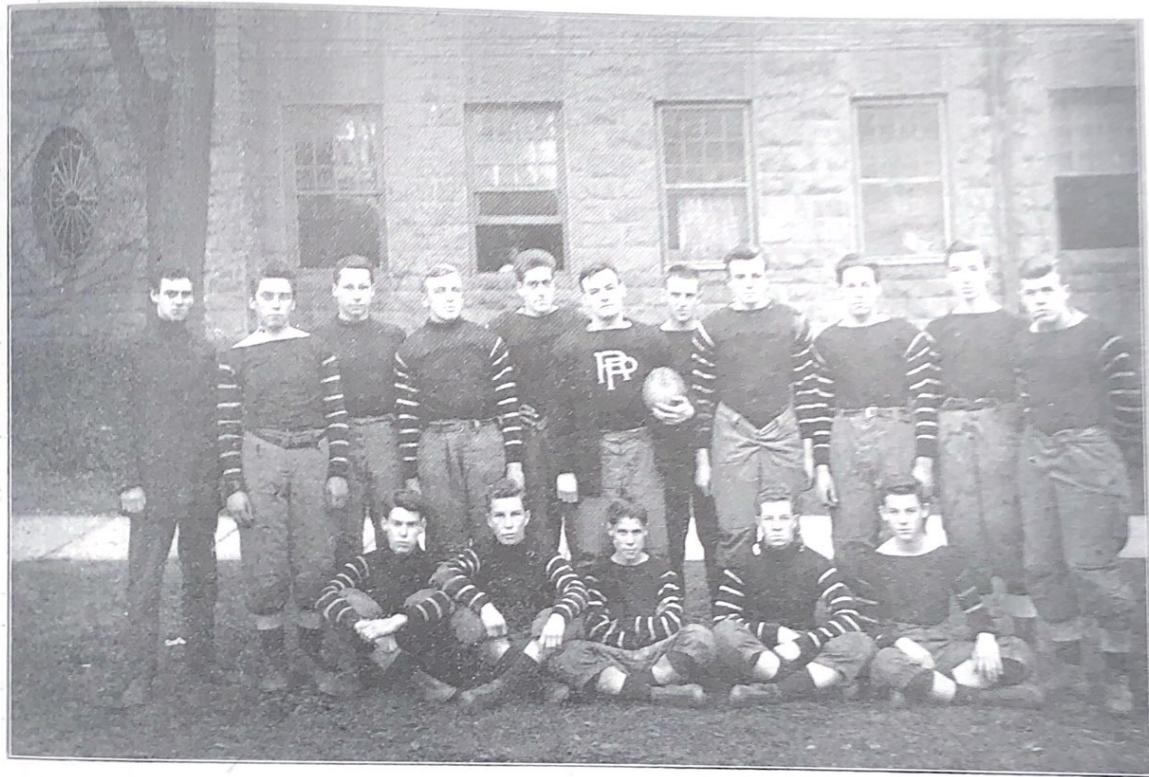
Ley, left guard: Inconsistent. Plays were always spectacular. Skilled on long shots. Played in 11 games. 37 points.

Braun, right guard: An excellent guard and wonderfully adapted to team work. Played in 7 games. 16 points.

Busch, centre: Steady. Always played consistently, which counts in the long run. Played in 9 games. 18 points.

Allgair, centre: Good at intercepting passes and controlling the ball at centre. Played in 6 games. 4 points.

Zeitz, right guard: A good guard and strong passer. Played in 6 games. 8 points.



FOOT-BALL TEAM.

Standing: Brainard (Manager), Flemming, Elmendorf, Abrams, Braun, Succop (Captain),
Ley, C. Busch, Mittag, Hoagland, Hassell.
Sitting: Voorhees, Dunlop, Watts, Landsberg, Conger.

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GAMES PLAYED.		
Prep.... 30	Johnson & Johnson.....	23
Prep.... 16	Rahway H. S.....	52
Prep.... 6	State School	11
Prep.... 2	Barringer H. S.....	29
Prep.... 29	Mackenzie	17
Prep.... 9	Lawrenceville	37
Prep.... 17	Bordentown	29
Prep.... 16	Barringer H. S.....	27
Prep.... 21	Kingsley	15
Prep.... 32	New Brunswick H. S....	9
Prep.... 26	State School	9
 Total	204	 Total 258



REVIEW OF CALENDAR.

- Sept. 26. Election of Student Association officers.
- Sept. 28. Class Elections.
- Oct. 12. Columbus Day.
- Nov. 3. Dance and Reception at the Dormitory.
- Nov. 29. Thanksgiving vacation.
- Dec. 5.
- Dec. 19. Christmas Banquet.
- Dec. 20.
- Jan. 3. Christmas vacation.
- Feb. 9. Dance at the "Trap."
- Feb. 20. Y. M. C. A. elections.
- Feb. 22. Washington's Birthday.
- April 5-16. Spring vacation. Base-ball team takes a Southern trip.
- April 27. Dance and Reception at the Dormitory.
- May 24. Y. M. C. A. Banquet.
- May 30. Decoration Day.
- June 10-12. Final Examinations.
- June 14. Commencement. Senior dance.

A new departure in the social activities of the school was made on Friday evening, May 24, when the year's work of the Y. M. C. A. was brought to a highly satisfactory and successful close with the first annual banquet at the Trap Dining Hall.

Because of the apparently hearty way in which the fellows responded to the efforts of the social committee, a very commendable sum of money was placed at their disposal thus enabling them to make the occasion entirely worth while.

The Dining Hall was very tastefully and attractively decorated with pennants and dogwood blossoms, producing a very pleasing effect. There was also an abundance of good things to eat and the fellows lost no time in exercising their gastronomic skill to the full. The menu was as follows:

Cream Tomato Soup	Mashed Potatoes
Chicken on Toast	Salads

Creamed Corn	Pickles and Olives
Ice Cream	Cake and Coffe

After these things had been duly disposed of President Kelly introduced the speaker of the evening, Rev. N. A. Merritt, Jr., pastor of the First Baptist church. Mr. Merritt made a brief address appropriate to the occasion and the evening's festivities were brought to a close with a hearty cheer.

SENIOR ALPHABET.

- A—stands for altitude to which we've ascended.
- B—stands for Brainard whose Prep days are ended.
- C—stands for Chris, who for short is called "Booze."
- D—stands for Dunlop, a cure for the blues.
- E—stands for Elmendorf, our base-ball cap.
- F—stands for Farley, who lives at the "Trap."
- G—stands for Graduation, which comes in June.
- H—stands for harmony, sung to the moon.
- I—stands for Ingham, Honor man in his class.
- J—stands for Jollity, here unsurpassed.