



W.B. PALMER '11

JANUARY, 1911

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THE RETURN OF DEARBORN—DECEASED.

The few fellows gathered in Robert Chelsea's room to discuss the progress of the glee club. It was a disgruntled and half-hearted bunch, that huddled upon the cozy corner, and Bob Chelsea, though quite as down in the dumps as the rest of the fellows, was a Senior, and so knew that the success of the club had fluctuated. For years past the school had supported an orchestra and glee club, and why couldn't they uphold one now? They had one, sure enough, but no one "came out" to the concerts.

"How can we stir up interest?" exclaimed Bob. "It was only last week that we had the concert in Jordan Hall and no one 'turned out,'" said Ed. Conway in a grumbling manner. "Well, the posters were out—and plenty of them too, for I put them out myself," replied Harl Turpin, who was always ready to pride himself on the work that he had done.

"Yes, we know that, Harl. Say, but in that opening medley, didn't everything go fine! 'Squeak' Berry's fiddle didn't squeak at all on those high notes, and—a good laugh followed, which interrupted Hathaway from finishing. All the year Frank Berry had been called "Tub," and now to receive the name of "Squeak" was quite an amusing incident.

Bob Chelsea had seen hard times, and also the best of times, with the club, but as he was now their leader the hard times cut deeply, and he naturally felt that it was partly his fault for the poor progress.

"We surely practice hard enough," said Harl. "Almost every spare moment that I have I'm fiddlin' away at something, and I don't think that the fault is with the club. But the people won't come out, that's all."

The sound of "Taps" interrupted further conversation, and they all began to start for their rooms. Bob Chelsea, who had been doing considerable thinking, all at once leaped from his chair with a bound and exclaimed, "I'll tell you what I'll do, fellows; I'll make a promise if you'll all do your part; we will have the grandest concert that Jordan Hall has ever seen; and I'll promise the hall will be packed, if you'll all work."

The rest of the fellows were too surprised to speak, but looked at Bob in open-eyed amazement to see if he really meant what he had said. "Yes, I'll have that hall crowded to the doors before eight o'clock, or my name won't be Chelsea. Just keep quiet, work, wait, and see," were his final instructions to the fellows as they hurried for their rooms.

The next day Bob Chelsea was pressed with all sorts of questions, such as, "Well, how will you do it?" "Are you sure it will be a success?" "Can you really pack that hall as you said?" and many others, all pertaining to the success of the concert. However, he remained perfectly silent, and his inquirers were only placed in a deeper mystery.

"Harl," called Bob to Harl Turpin, who stood at the other end of the hall looking out of the window, "I want you to get two hundred heavy cardboard posters printed, the same size as this model, and get them out as soon as possible." At this Bob handed Harl the Model, which read as follows:

Orchestra, and Glee Club.
Dearborn,—Deceased,
will appear and render
Moskowski's Serenata,
Assisted by the entire
Orchestra of Hawley School
at
Jordan Hall, October 10, 8 P. M.
Admission, \$1.00.

"What can this be?" Harl said to himself, as he read "Dearborn—deceased." He had heard of Tom Dearborn through Bob Chelsea, and also knew from reports that he was one of the best musicians the club had ever had. But what kind of a game was this, that Bob was going to have a dead man play?

Bob was taunted and jeered at when the posters were seen, but he continued on in his same satisfied way, and said, "Perhaps the joke may be on another fellow some time."

The club almost refused to support, or work for him any longer; would they uphold him any longer? He had played the fool, but nothing thus far had been gained by it. Surely something was to follow, and they all vowed to stick by him and win success if possible.

Each afternoon they practiced in Bob's room. Gradually they all mastered their parts in the opening medley. The next number came to perfection, and so on. The Serenata

Bob always held to be played last. It was difficult, but Bob remembered how he assisted Dearborn on the night of the "big concert." It was in Bob's freshman year. He was elected assistant leader. Dearborn, then a senior, was leader, and his favorite selection was that Serenata. It had always been Dearborn's desire to play that as the last number. There was a certain entrancing swing and melody about it that seemed to please all. Dearborn was assisted principally by Bob, and partly by the orchestra. When the selection came to a close that night the audience burst into roars of applause,—an encore was given. The clapping of hands again resounded through the halls in thundering volumes. Dearborn played a second encore. At the close he announced that a second concert would be given a week from that date.

It was but a thought of yesterday to Bob, though in reality four long years had rolled by, and during that time Bob had been made the leader of the orchestra. Success and failure had both dawned upon them, but this failure seemed to stick by them worse than all the others put together. Bob had promised to pull them out of the rut, and aim for success, and he intended to keep his promise.

At the next rehearsal he swung his violin to his chin, his whole soul filled with the determination that he would win, and would play just as Dearborn did. The whole orchestra seemed to catch the spirit of their leader, and all carried their parts with a fine rhythmic swing. The trying measures of the Serenata had been "worked up" in a manner that thoroughly satisfied Bob; in fact it was so well rendered that it carried him back to the night of the "big concert." He could hear the applause ringing in his ears; the very voice of Dearborn announcing the second concert came to him as if by magic.

Before the fellows had left the room it was arranged that on the three nights preceding October tenth, rehearsals would be held in Jordan Hall from eight until nine o'clock.

At all the night rehearsals the orchestra played in almost total darkness, a small light being held at the top of each music-stand, but these were the only lights in the whole large hall which were lit. By the last of the three night rehearsals Chelsea was satisfied with the progress they had made and assured them of a successful concert the following night. However, a few had become impatient and demanded answer to their questions "Why do we play in the dark?" At these questions Bob told them they would soon find out, and that he was confident of success.

During all the time the club had been practicing, the posters had been out. They had undoubtedly attracted a great deal of attention, for Dearborn was well known to the alumni of the school, and in fact almost all of the people in the community had heard him play. As the time passed the black and white posters were the topic of conversation for the citizens, the merchants, and all men who had any faint memory of Tom and the night he led the "big concert." At first they took them as a joke, but gradually they became serious and inquisitive.

The night of October tenth arrived. The members of the orchestra were nervous, frightened, and expectant. The blood in Bob Chelsea's veins fairly boiled as he thought of the Serenata.

The doors were opened at seven-thirty and the programme began at eight-fifteen. Gradually the people began to come in. Some merely to satisfy their inquisitiveness, others to see the same old Tom Dearborn.

At eight-fifteen the house was packed. Bob Chelsea took his seat as leader and started the opening medley. The fellows were filled with a spirit which had never before been attainable, and the first number satisfied the audience. The numbers were played through, and everyone became impatient to see Tom Dearborn.

The tenth and last number was next on the programme. Bob Chelsea signalled with his

violin bow to the electrician in the balcony. The lights were turned out, leaving only the red exit lights lit. Those who had known Dearborn as a leader cheered vigorously; those who had merely heard of him awaited breathlessly. Finally a large white curtain was lowered, and a stereopticon threw the likeness⁸ of Tom Dearborn on it. This film had been made by a friend of Dearborn's at a rehearsal of the Serenata and had been presented to Bob Chelsea by Dearborn himself as a memento of the "big concert."

As the crowds watched, Tom threw his violin under his chin, and Bob Chelsea, intently watching the white screen, played the opening strains of the Serenata as never before. The orchestra accompanied him and the audience was held spellbound. It was the same Dearborn of four years ago; it was played with exactly the same swing that Dearborn had played it on the night of the "big concert." It seemed to them all that Dearborn was playing now. Tom Dearborn had won success for his club, even though he was a dead one.

1910.

A CUB REPORTER.

I was holding down a job as cub reporter on the *New York Herald* some two years ago, when one blustery February night as I came into the office I saw the city editor quite wrought up over something. I said nothing, as once before when he was in this state of mind I had spoken to him and gotten a call-down, which I remembered. I went to my desk, not a little surprised that none of the other reporters were in the room.

The editor came over to me and said, "Bob, I'm in an awful hole. All the reporters are out on some minor story or trying to look up news, and here comes one of the largest fires along the docks that New York has ever known. You've got to go down there and do the best you can on it, till I find one of the other men."

I went down Broadway and crossed over to

the East River, where everything seemed to be in flames. Three or four fire companies were already there and more coming every minute. Ropes were up, but they never bothered me so I started out either to make a reputation for myself and my paper or lose one.

The firemen were fighting hard to keep the fire from one of the piers lined with oil barrels, but were having little success as the fire had such a start on them.

I learned all I could from a copper and then went out on the dock where the oil barrels were. I saw a dark form stretched at full length on a plank placed across three barrels. It was a ghostly sight in the light of the fire and I thought the man was dead till I saw his eyes rolling wildly in the bursts of flame. He was gagged and bound on the plank, evidently with the intention of some one (maybe a Black Hand) that he be burned to death. I took my knife from my pocket and cut the cords. It was some time before he could speak, but as I wanted his story before the police got him I risked the flames which were all the while drawing nearer.

He was not an Italian, that I knew as soon as the gag was out of his mouth, but was the victim of an old family feud. He had left his southern mountains and become a sailor. He had been all over the world and had now just returned from a long trip to Australia. Going into a bar-room early that evening he had encountered one of his old neighbors from the mountains. A family feud had existed between the two families in the old mountaineer days, but the sailor had become broadminded with his seafaring life and was ready "to shake" with this old enemy and have a drink. At first the man showed signs of the old feud, but soon shook hands and ordered the drinks. The sailor knew no more till he came to, lying on his back, bound to the board. Evidently the beer had been drugged, and his enemy had sought to put him out of the way in this fiendish manner.

I handed him over to a policeman, and after looking around the fire a little more went back to the office to write up my story for the paper. My reputation had been made. 1910.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'09. Reeder Reeves is recovering from an operation for appendicitis.

'09, '10, etc. After a long and laborious college course our venerable and respected friend, James Howard Ziegler, has returned to his first love, the Prep. School.

'09. Bob Turner is working for a New York publishing house.

'05. The engagement of "Mark" Andreae and Miss Laura Denise of Freehold has been announced.

'80. Justice M. Linn Bruce is much in the public eye, as counsel for the Legislative Investigating Committee in New York.

'04. Theodore Hageman has a charge at Lincoln, Neb.

'06. David Coleman has entered the swirl of Wall Street.

'05. The Cecil Rhodes Scholarship for Oxford University has been won by S. Arthur Devan. In the competitive exam. he received the highest mark of seven competitors, the other six being Princeton men. This is the second time in the last couple of years that a Prep. School man has won this distinction, which is the highest honor among the American colleges to-day.

'10. Phillip Ritter has left Rutgers, but expects to enter again next year.

'09. Doc. Carroll has left for the west on account of his health. His address is Keene, Ohio.

'09. Austin De la Torre is engaged in banking in Gaudalajara, Mexico. He expects to come back to Rutgers this spring.

Ex-'10. Napoleon Salzedo is abroad.

'08. "Nig" Cathcart has left Rutgers.

The Senior class-pins are very neat, but could be greatly improved by a touch of color.



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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.
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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 RHODES SCHOLARSHIP.—Again has the Rhodes Scholarship been won by a Prep. man. But twice in the history of Rutgers has that honor been taken by a Rutgers student, and both times were they graduates of Rutgers Prep. Marmaduke Potter and Arthur Devan were graduated in the same class from Prep. In his second year in Rutgers Potter won this great distinction, and now Devan is to join in the ranks of the American students at Oxford University, England. We feel sure that these two men will hold up the honor of America and Rutgers, physically, mentally and morally.

KNOCKING.—This is a bad habit which is dominant not only in this school but I am sure, in all schools, which tends to break up the feeling of good fellowship, unity and school spirit; which are important factors in a school's life. Most every fellow, to a certain extent, is a knocker. It is certain to hurt the knocker much more than the fellow he is knocking. Think of it. Is there anything more cowardly than the picking to pieces of a fellow, or maybe a department, behind his or its back? It can't always be helped, but it is dead certain to hurt. Sometimes the thought may be true. What if it is? Haven't all the other fellows eyes? Is it necessary for you in a sneering tone to make the fault apparent and perhaps to exaggerate it? Some fellows are habitually knockers; some acquire it from contact with these. Some, doubtless of this fact, hold office. But it is not always popularity that puts a man in an important position. You take the most popular fellows in the school. By popular I do not mean a fellow who is worshipped because he is a great athlete, or I do not mean a fellow who is just a good "sport." I mean the kind of a fellow who makes real friends of everybody, who always has a good word for everybody. He may, and he is likely to, have the aforesaid characteristics, but he has a personality which seems to chime with everybody, and he is a natural leader. I say, you take men who are truly popular with the whole

school. Did you ever hear one of them do any knocking? Is that the way they gained the position they hold, by decreasing the respect for the other fellow behind his back? No! It is always the straightforward fellow who has a good word when somebody else knocks. If a school officer is not to your liking, must you tell everybody so? Must you run him down every time his name is mentioned? Fellows, keep away from this sort of thing. It hurts your school and it hurts yourself much more than it hurts the other fellow. If you hear another fellow doing any knocking, tell him to keep his opinions to himself, that you are perfectly capable of forming your own conclusions. Above all, don't knock the athletic teams. If you think you can do better, go out and show the coaches; they will give you a show. This is one thing about which there is absolutely no cause for complaint. The blame surely cannot be laid on the players,—they are doing their best. Then who can it be laid on but you who think you can do better and don't go out and try?

—10½.

MILITARY DRILL.—This year promises to be one of the best in the history of military drill at Prep. The companies have good officers in Fountain, R. W. Johnson, Captains; Voorhees, Conover, First Lieutenants; Parkin, Scudder, Second Lieutenants; A. Busch, Sucop, First Sergeants; and if every fellow "gets into it," as he should, there is no reason at all why we should not be able to work all kinds of wonders.

Company teams in basket-ball have already been started, which promise not only to make the drill interesting, but also to develop company, and, indirectly, school, spirit.

It's up to the fellows to make the drill, as well as everything else in the school, a success, so don't go around grumbling and discontented all the time, but be cheerful, obey commands, and thus have good companies which will be an honor to Rutgers Prep. School.

TRACK TEAM.—Several years ago the name of the Rutgers Prep. School track team was read with respect throughout the State. It used to be the regular thing for the Prep. School to win the Rutgers meet. Lately the spirit of this department has dropped until it is regarded almost with derision. Some of us can remember when Prep. put out a relay team that could defeat any scholastic opponent in the state. We have in our hall two banners which were won at the Rutgers meet. We still hold the record for the high jump at this meet, and until but lately we held several other records.

Most every school in the State and most every school outside the State with which we hold athletic competition supports a track team. Why should we be behind in this branch of athletics? Some one may say we have no material. This is not the fact. We have material, and good material, for a winning team. Another person may say that it will interfere with base-ball. But this can be easily avoided. It might be arranged, now that we feel the need for the team, for the fellows to get out before base-ball, and thus if they want, try for both teams.

The writer merely throws out this suggestion, and it remains for popular opinion to pick it up, and in the spring show its interest by supporting this important department of our Association.

10½.

TRUE PATRIOTISM.

"With its Red for love, and its White for law,
And its Blue for the hope that our fathers saw
of a larger liberty."

In this practical and progressive age the average citizen's thoughts seldom go back to events that transpired a hundred or more years ago. The human mind is too much absorbed with the daily affairs of life. We do not stop to think what a beautiful and highly favored land the Creator has given us. Let us go to the fountain of unadulterated patriotism, and make a solemn vow, to put aside all resentment and all petty jealousies and consecrate

our minds to God, our country, and our glorious Union—that Union, without which we could not have had our liberty and glorious freedom.

The Roman was greatly devoted to his country. His proudest boast was "Civis Romanus sum." He took much pride in being a citizen of a republic which was noted for its centuries of endurance and the genius of its writers and orators. So we Americans should be even prouder of this, our fair land, the land of freedom and liberty, the land which is consecrated to true and noble principles and high and lofty ideals. As the traveler beholds the beautiful fields, the wild forests, the glistening streams, and the high and noble mountain ranges of his country, he is filled with patriotic emotions and inspired with a more intense love for the land of his birth. It has been said that every man in the Republic leads a dual life—a private life devoted to his home and family, and a public life under the protection of the State. As a father, a husband, or a son, he of course owes certain duties to the family. As a citizen he owes certain obligations to his country. Among the nobler class of men there are those, who feel their duty is not done, their ambition or desire not satisfied, until they have found something larger and more significant, than their own affairs to which to devote their time. This idea breeds that high-minded quality, which we call patriotism. Noah Webster once said: "Patriotism is the passion, which aims to serve one's country either in defending it from invasion, or protecting its rights and maintaining its laws and institutions in vigor and purity; it is characteristic of a good citizen; the noblest passion that animates man is the character of a citizen." These well chosen words express exactly the true meaning of patriotism. It is a passion which inspires the true man. The more intelligent one is, the broader and deeper is his patriotism. The lessons of heroism and self-sacrifice are not limited to any age or people, but are for all people living and for those of coming generations.

The influence of noble deeds, of courage and

devotion in any good cause, is never lost. It grows greater as the ages progress and inspires others to suffer and die for the love of his country. If we, as young citizens, want our country to grow in greatness and power, we cannot have too much patriotism, for "when patriotism is gone out of the hearts of the masses, the country is nearing dissolution and death."

How many ever stop to consider what patriotism really means, what it embraces? God has created in every manly breast the determination to protect and defend that which he loves. We would protect our friends from our enemies. Dear to us are our family and relatives. We would stand by our loved ones at the peril of our lives. There is no sentiment so true, there is nothing more beautiful, nothing grander, nothing nobler in all the human race, than love. There is no sacrifice too great for those we love. This is the underlying principle of genuine patriotism. It is the universal sentiment of the race.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land."

Patriotism means still more. It includes a love and regard for the institutions of one's country, for the great men, statesmen and heroes, who have founded and preserved it. From that day in 1620, when the little band of Pilgrims landed on the shores of the New England coast, down to the present time, America has advanced step by step, until today she stands the greatest power in the world. She has experienced a development, expansion and growth almost unparalleled in the history of nations. From the feeblest she has become the most powerful and efficacious; from the most disdained, the most envied; from the poorest, to the richest of all the nations of the earth. But with all this power and prosperity, we have neither lost the courage nor the energy nor the moral tone of the forefathers. They ever boldly faced the dangers that threatened the country, they never shrank from responsibility, they were always

ready, no matter what they encountered, to defend the flag. And it is this only, by that devotion of country, which is true patriotism, that the nation's glorious history will not be tarnished and that America will uphold the great standard which she has established. Clean and honest politics is what is needed; fair-dealing and honesty to all, unselfishness, devotion to the public welfare, courage and liberality, are some of the fruits of patriotism which its citizens must possess in order to keep up the standard of our nation.

Patriotism is a noble virtue. It won our independence from the British crown and has gone far to advance our civilization. At the present time in our national history, when there is neither war nor alarming conditions to excite the passions of men, there is need of practical training in patriotism. The patriotic fervor that carried us triumphantly through our late war with Spain has passed. Foreigners are day after day landing on our shores who know practically nothing about our institutions and who have a natural love for their own country. They must be taught to love America, to have respect for the laws of the land in which they earn their daily bread. The public schools of the land are the main institutions which have that privilege, and it should be their prime object to instruct the youth to be patriotic and love his country. Every child should feel that he or she is entitled to share in the blessings conferred by a free government. The greatest factor in making a youth a good citizen is education. We must educate the man, then our country is safe, else perish as a nation. To the educated mind there comes a conception of duty, which is not possible to him who lacks education. As learning advances, citizenship advances. But it is not alone this theoretical education which is necessary for the advancement of higher citizenship; that must be linked with a knowledge of character, a deeper study of human nature, and a wider knowledge of men and measures, if we wish our citizenship to be improved and our country continued at the top rank of na-

tions. The question is often asked: Can we cultivate patriotism? Study your country's most striking history, read the lives of her noted men, familiarize yourself with its laws, take an active part in the development of its history, sing national songs, and read patriotic orations, and it cannot but move your soul and fill it with a deeper love and admiration for your country, "the land of the free and the home of the brave."

Patriotism must not only be cultivated or shown in times of war, but we should show the same spirit of patriotism in the affairs of peace. While war arouses one to action in the defense of one's country, peace ought to arouse us to higher and nobler aims, and prepare the way so that if at any time war should darken our land again, we would not be found wanting, but would be ready for action in defense of that starry banner, the emblem of a free and united people. Like the great ocean wave, patriotism must be high enough to give power and force to the individual and cling with the utmost tenacity. It is, as we have learned, only by true patriotism and love for that land over which floats the star-spangled banner, that America is going to keep her station among the nations of the world. We must be true to our principles, for we must remember that we hold a station where the whole civilized world is looking upon us. The American idea of self-government and the sovereignty of the people have made their impression upon the countries of the earth. Other nations have listened to our teachings and the principles which we advocate, and they have hastened to give their people more rights and privileges; more liberty and freedom have been extended, and the time is coming when the recognition of the rights of humanity will become more and more evident; and learning, liberty and law will predominate among all the nations of the earth. And America, the youngest, but the first to introduce the rights of liberty and freedom, will not be an oppressor, nor will she fall short in any duty she owes to humanity and civilization. J. A. D., '11.



*HOLY ROLLERS VS.
BOOZE HOISTERS.*

Two teams from the Trap played a good fast game of basket-ball in the Seminary gym. Saturday, December 10. The Booze Hoisters easily won with a score of 18-8. In this game Succop shone continually and was the main squeeze for the Booze Hoisters. Robins lost his skill for shooting baskets. The line-up:

Holy Rollers: Watts, f.; Robins (Capt.), f.; Stinson, c.; Grombacher, g.; Gameros—Brainard, g.

Booze Hoisters: Ley, f.; Dougherty, f.; Braun, c.; Succop (Capt.), g.; Malmar, g.

—o—
CO. A VS. CO. B.

A very interesting and well played (?) game of basket-ball between Company A and Company B was played at the Seminary gym. January 7. This game involved not only a fine competitive spirit but afforded great excitement for the onlookers. Captain Fountain did well in captaining Company A, and First Sergeant Succop, who always shines in basket-ball, led Company B in fine style. Because two of the best players of Company B were absent this team was handicapped, but they fought to the end and bore the defeat well.

Company A made many failures at baskets but passed the ball well and had the better team-work of the two.

Score: Company A, 33; Company B, 16.

Line-up:

Company A: Voorhees, f.; Searle, f.; Fountain (Capt.), c.; Parkin, g.; Stinson, g.

Company B: Ley—Konow, f.; Robins, f.; Braun, c.; Succop (Capt.), g.; Dougherty—Brainard, g.

Stinson seems fast, but the fellows knock him about so much he doesn't get a chance. Braun is very skilful (?) at shooting baskets —one he shot without looking. Robins is the never-tiring, long-winded forward who makes lucky shots. Brainard has a bad habit of rough-housing. Carl Conrad Busch appears in a perfect suit, but the captain decides to save him for a future game.

—o—

BASE-BALL OUTLOOK.

It won't be long now before Spring is here, bringing with it the opening of the base-ball season. "Well, what kind of a team are we going to have?" That's the question that we will have to answer between the first of March and the middle of June. We couldn't have a much better example before us than last year's

team, and we will have to go some to better their record. The fellows worked hard last year and were out regularly to practice; that's what made the team what it was. And it didn't seem like work to practice, either, for it was nearly as much fun as a game with some other school. If the fellows will come out and work together this year in the same way, why there will not be any doubt about our having a good team. Of course it is still too early to talk over material, but among the new fellows there are sure to be some who will hold positions down hard on this year's team and make the other candidates fight to make the team. There is also material from last year's second team that ought to make a lot of the 'varsity men hustle to hold down their job. The outlook looks bright for a championship team. See if we can't make it come true.

R. B. F.

JOKES.

Here's to the girl of sweet sixteen,
Who's chic and sweet and chaste;
Let's hope sixteen she'll always be,
And always will be "chased."

Cool and collected—the ice bill.—*Ex.*

Hobble, hobble, little skirt,
How I wonder what you are,
Or whatever you would do
If you had to catch a car.—*Ex.*

Here lies a man of many lies,
His name was Catfish Jim;
He used to dig for worms all day,
The worms now dig for him.

There was a young man from the city
Who saw what he thought was a kitty.
To make sure of that
He gave it a pat,

And they buried his clothes. What a pity!

A sleeper from the Amazon
Put nighties of his Gramazon,
The reason for that
He was too fat
To get his own Pajamazon.—*Ex.*

He: "Did you attend the opening performance at the farce comedy?"

She: "Yes."

He: "Anything new there?"

She: "Some of the people in the audience appeared to be new. They laughed at the jokes."

Judge: "How did you steal those chickens, Rastus?"

Rastus: "You would not have me give up mah trade secrets, would you, Judge?"

Jones: "I was out all last night."

Brown: "What doing?"

Jones: "Playing poker."

Brown: "Does your wife know you were out?"

Jones: "Yes, but she doesn't know how much."

All woolen bath robes for young girls that won't shrink.

She: "Was Mabel much embarrassed when her bathing suit tore?"

He: "The poor girl seemed all undone."

"Are you the judge of reprobates?" said the old lady in black, as she walked into the office of a judge of probate.

"I am a judge of probate, madam," was the reply.

"Well, that's as I expected," said the old lady. "You see, my father died detested and left several little infants, and I want to be their executioner."

He: "Do you know the difference between a sewing machine and a kiss?"

She: "No. What's the answer?"

He: "Well, one sews seams good, and the other seems so good."

"Sam, can you tell me de meanin' of de word 'reciprocity'?"

"Well," said Sam, "s'posin' a man has a chicken coop. De chicken inside is layin' for de man. De man's layin' for me, 'cause he knows I'm layin' for de chicken. Dat's reciprocity."

"WANT ADS."



SCHOOL NOTES.

A rifle team will be organized as soon as rifle practice gets well under way.

If you wish to hear some new French words, ask some student what the drill uniforms look like.

WONDERFUL HAPPENINGS.

Reeves spoke to a girl.

Todd went to the show.

Robins tried a soda.

Stinson started teaching harmony.

Dougherty bought some tobacco.

Brainard blew bugle call correctly.

W. E. Du Pree, of the Sophomore class, was suddenly taken sick with scarlet fever while spending his Christmas vacation in New York City. He is now doing very nicely in the Minturn Hospital at the foot of East 16th street, New York. It would be a nice thing if some of the fellows would write to him.

VESPER SERVICE.

A musical service was held at the Trap Sunday evening, December 11, which was a desirable change from the regular meetings. Miss Dickinson sang a pretty solo, and after several familiar hymns were sung by the fellows, Mr. Fisher played a solo on the 'cello. A quartet, consisting of Miss Dickinson, Mrs. Hodgdon, Mr. Scudder and Mr. Todd, sang two selections.

A society belle with black hair and fat cheeks.	
J ₂	F. D. P. H.
A new captain.	
X ₅	Company B.
A patent geometry trot.	
K ₁₁	S. B. A.
Another man's wife.	
B ₁	P. S. W.
Six holidays a week.	
QK	G. D.
A steel comb and brush.	
B ₄	A. C. B.
A new prayer-book and Bible.	
U ₂	L. B. V.
A "Gillette" safety razor.	
H ₂ O	D. R. H.
Four bottles of brain stimulant.	
B ₁	H. R. F.
Another cake auction by the Y. M. C. A.	
I _{TF}	E. S. H. Jr.
A pair of side combs.	
zT	J. C. V.
A little "pep" and spirit.	
5T	Co. B.
Some worthy basket-ball opponents.	
3T	Company A.
When she said—	
To Hoe: "Is it time for your last trolley?"	
To Parkin: "I suppose since you are in training you cannot stay late."	
To Johnson: "I hear some one fooling with your car."	
To Gameros: "Do you stay up so late down in Mexico?"	
To Busch: "Late hours are bad for your complexion."	

To Farley: "Your brother used to stay late, too."

To Worth: "You remind me of the Spearmint Kid with the Wrigley eyes."

He left. But when she said to Konow: "I like your hearty laugh and your curly hair," he stayed to breakfast.

Writing paper with the school seal on it, also post cards with a Prep. flag in the school colors, are now for sale at the office.

A shooting-gallery is to be fitted out on the third floor of the school building. The military rifle practice to be carried on here, under direction of Lieutenant Ahrends, will be a very interesting feature in the school life.

The Juniors organized a basket-ball team and challenged the Seniors to a three-game series. The Seniors immediately organized and accepted the challenge. This shows good spirit, and we hope the other classes will do likewise.

Hassel is taking a special course in studying western time tables.

Did you ever see strawberries on the ground when the snow is falling?

Yes, I saw him slip on some ice.

What is so rare as a day in June?

A correct answer in Plane Geometry.

Marquis (to young lady): "May I come out and see you to-night?"

Girl: "Yes, if you bring your grandmother to take care of you."

Ley: "What do you think of the fit of this new uniform?"

Suc.: "I wouldn't call it a fit; I should call it a convulsion."

An empty green bottle with a three stars label was seen under Mr. Merrill's window. No questions needed.

CHRISTMAS BANQUET AT THE TRAP.

Our last night at the Trap before the Christmas vacation was certainly a joyous one. At the banquet given to the Trap students every one had a most merry time and certainly did justice to the bountiful repast. The dining-room was well decorated, and the tables were arranged to seat the sixty-two partakers quite comfortably.

Dr. Payson, a guest and ex-Headmaster of the school, was the first called on for an address. His subject was "Loyalty," and his address was full of good things to help everyone. He also brought in a few instances of good times he had had at the Trap when a student there, and made us realize the old Trap had seen many rough-houses before we came.

Mr. Scudder, toast-master, next called on Mr. Dougherty to tell us about the athletics of the school. Jack Dougherty is one of our well-turned athletes and just the one to handle this subject. He praised our progress in foot-ball and our general standing with other schools in this line. He spoke well and was complimented by the toast-master as "our new-found, silver-tongued orator."

Mr. Lewis, introduced as veteran of the faculty, gave a short but spirited toast. After a few complimentary remarks on Dr. Payson's address and Mr. Dougherty's, he extended to all his wish for a Merry Christmas.

The ARGO, our literary representative which goes to over fifty schools to tell them what we are doing, was praised and criticized by Mr. Succop. Although Dave Succop is a newcomer, he has taken decided interest in the ARGO, and as a business manager, with Busch as his partner, is helping greatly to make it an exceptionally good school paper. He told of the importance of the ARGO, how it brought new fellows to the school and enlivened the spirit of the fellows here.

Mr. Boardman spoke on the spiritual life of

the school and at the Trap. He explained the good work our chapel exercises and vesper services are doing. He also informed us that the plans of the new Trap on College avenue are completed and the contract calls for completion of the building August 1, 1911.

Mr. Scudder called on our man "Friday" for an outline of the military work planned for this year. Mr. Fountain, captain of cadets last year and this year, gave a short description of the work planned out and the good effect it would have on the fellows and on the school. He mentioned some side-issues from the regular drill, such as wig-wagging, scouting, and rifle practice, and explained how interesting they would be.

Toasts, of different kinds, were given by Professors Risley, Hodgdon, Worth, and Merrill, and we left the festal board with a hearty laugh at Mr. Fisher's "speal" of wit and humor.

On January 6 the ARGO Board held a meeting for the purpose of considering the resignation of its Editor-in-Chief, Charles W. Ritter. Ritter's resignation was accepted and Arthur C. Busch was unanimously elected to succeed him. Ritter resigned on account of not having sufficient time and attention to give to the paper. During his term he conducted the paper satisfactorily. We hope he will still continue to contribute to the paper and help make this year's publication of the ARGO the BEST in its history.

THE DRILL UNIFORMS.

The new uniforms for drill arrived shortly before the Christmas holidays, but a large percentage had to be sent back because of misfit. The suits are the regular khaki uniforms and two khaki shirts; there are also canvas puttees. The shirts seem to be quite popular with the fellows, for many wear them instead of an ordinary shirt even when there is no drill. The uniforms are entirely different from those last year and the years before. The former

suits were made of the ordinary blue material. The companies look quite stunning as they march down to the gym.

The Manual Training department is in good working order, and the *science* students are busy constructing apparatus and other *useful* things.

Mrs. Hogdon's *candy*—Menzie's *broken tooth*.

Prof. (in Physics): "Some heat waves become so small that they cannot be felt by the human body."

Ley: "Yes, that's the kind we have in our room."

In Physics Class: "There is a certain power by which you can realize that a person is in the room with you, or that some one is looking at you from behind. Look steadily at some one in the train some time and that person will turn around and look at you."

Fountain: "Suppose she has a large hat on."

Lay low, Sammy, or you will get a free passage to Russia.

He: "Dearest, how is it I have never seen you blush?"

She: "Darling, I was born to blush unseen."

Advertisement.—A poor woman who has seen better days will wash twice weekly.

First Girl: "I don't know where to go for my honeymoon."

Her Friend: "Go to Europe. I always do."

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
Te never to himself hath said,
When at 7 a. m. the bugle blew,
D—— that bugle; I'll sleep right through.

Nothing in the world will produce such activity in real estate as an earthquake.

GIFFORD'S LITTLE DITTY.

I'm in love with one of the maids;
 I see her when I dine.
 She is not an "every-day" maid,
 None of them—for mine.
 Neater by far, than other maids are,
 Susie, Ann, or Tess.
 Smiling nightly, O, so brightly;
 She's a "Trap" waitress.

—W. F. '12.

There were five days of good skating during the week of January 15. Many went out to try their skill. Dunlop finished the week by a bath in the canal.

Nelson Dunham returned to school in January after an absence of one year.

Du Pree has been absent from school since Christmas vacation on account of a bad case of scarlet fever.

George Day has again returned to school, after undergoing a serious operation.

To give to you a sure proof
 Of Hassel's insanity—
 Ask the health of his lady friend,
 And he answers with profanity.

Fountain brought a friendly dog to geometry class with him but, upon request, took him out to the lunch-room, where he would be more carefully handled.

The officers elected for the Y. M. C. A. are as follows: Todd (Pres.), Stier (Vice Pres.), Reeves (Sec.), Richardson (Mgr.). The other members of the Cabinet are—Ingham, Farley, C. Busch and Dougherty.

In Drill. He guyed the guide.

Miss Persons has entertained the members of her table at the Trap several times with card-games and refreshments.

The general racket and confusion at the Trap has been increased by the addition of a phonograph. Room 3C is now the center of attraction for all those fond of harmony.

Edwin Ley went to Newark, January 21, to spend the evening with a young lady he met in Newburg.

The following pictures were purchased for the school building with the proceeds of the Art Exhibit: Cicero's Oration Against Catiline; The Fighting Temeraire; Winter; Laughing Cavalier; The Wind-Mill; Avenue of Trees at Middelharnis.

HERE'S ONE ON ALL OF US.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead
 Who never to himself hath said,
 As unprepared he went to class,
 If I "bluff" real well, I'll bet I pass?

W. F. '12.

After leaving one of the Livingston avenue residences for the seventh and last time that week, Stinson began to whistle "Come over and love me some more."

Concerning the Kindergarten speak to:—Insher, chairman; Ley, Malmer and Parkins on the committee.

Dougherty and Has Brouck are going to New York and are counting the days. I wonder why?

The German WARD of our school is Malmar. Original.

Busch: "What makes that dog bark so much?"

Succop: "Here comes a woman with a 'growler.'"

This little conversation was taken down by the ARGO reporter while passing Hamilton Inn.

ELEMENTARY SCHOOL.

Miss Marsdon: "Young man, what is a promissory note?"

Y. M.: "A promissory note is a paper signed by a borrower regretting to repay money."

Malmar made a New Year's resolution that he would not go to the show for a year, but when he saw a picture of the Diving Venus on the signboard he changed his mind.



EXCHANGES.

The ARGO acknowledges the following exchanges: Poly Prep., Sunnyside, Critic, Tatler, Congress (2), Iliad, Beacon, Targum (2), Orange, Valkyrie, Polytechnic, Record, Oracle (Plainfield H. S.), Forum, Red and Blue, Penn Charter Magazine, St. Andrew's College Rev., Acropolis, Shucis, Searchlight, X(celleotidea), Vail Deane Budget, Bulletin, Old Penn, M. A. S. Monthly, Register, Heathcote, Adelphian, Hilltop, Breeze, Spectator, Owl, Oracle (M. V. H. S.), Ides, Crescent, Advocate, Oracle (P. H. S.), Whittier Miscellany, Mirror, Polymnian, The Allen Tatler, Windmill, Wah Hoo, Rutherfordian.

Red and Blue. Your cuts are excellent. A few more editorials and a larger athletic column would improve your paper. You also have a fine exchange column.

St. Andrew's College Review is an all-around, complete paper. Your good jokes make your paper a pleasure to read.

Shucis. You have a literary genius in the author of "That High School Spirit." But where is your athletic department? You have good cuts.

X(celleotidea). You are a well-arranged paper. Your exchange column needs to be attended to a little more.

Searchlight. Your paper is uninteresting. You need department cuts. We see the name of an exchange editor but no exchange column.

Bulletin. You also need cuts. Your stories are well written and you have a well-gotten-up alumnae column.

Hilltop. Your cover is most appropriate. You have lots of good material, all well arranged.

M. A. S. Monthly. You need more stories. The one you have shows talent. Your exchange column is too brief.

Register. You are too brief. Also, two of the most important departments are lacking in your paper. You need an exchange column. A table of contents would help. And how about alumni notes and cuts. You need to brace up a bit.

Vail Deane Budget. Your cuts certainly do improve your paper. You greatly need a larger exchange column. "The Chorister's Christmas" is very well written and is appropriate to the season.

Breeze. You are certainly a fine paper. You are well arranged and your departments are complete. You have excellent cuts, also.

Spectator. You also are an excellent paper.

Owl. Your exchange column is pitifully small. Aside from that you hav a neat appearing paper. Your "Christmas Story" is worthy of much credit.

Whittier Miscellany. We are glad to welcome you as a new exchange. Your editorials are good. "The Treaty of 1950" is clever.

Another new exchange is the Allen Tatler. You are a neat paper, but some cuts would improve your appearance a great deal.

Polyminian, as usual, you are excellent, well arranged and neat.

Oracle (P. H. S.) You are very neat. Your cuts are good. "Dinner for One" is well written and shows talent.

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