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W.B. MALMAR '11

MARCH, 1911

Vol. XXII

No. 6

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#### *AN AMAZING ADVENTURE.*

We were seated around our camp-fire, after a day of fishing. All of us were pretty well tired out and were just in that mood when to sit with your pipe in your mouth and listen to a good story is bliss.

By we I mean a party of my friends with whom I was spending the summer vacation in the woody lake region of Ontario.

One of our guides had been relating to us some of his thrilling experiences in a lumber camp and all were silent, each one doubtless trying to think of some appropriate experience to tell. Finally David Coleman, a young mining engineer, who had seen lots of the world and who had but lately returned from an engagement in Mexico for a large mining company in New York, broke the silence by the following story, which I will try my best to give to you in his own words. As Dave had a great nack for telling stories and no e of us had heard any of his most recent adventures we all settled comfortably to listen to what we knew would be a good story.

"Just one year ago to-night," said Dave, "if I am not mistaken, I landed on an island on the west coast of Mexico. I had had a long hot journey across Mexico, and a short hot sea voyage in a small boat and I felt about

like a wilted collar. I found that the only place in the village I could get to bunk in was a native hut which did not happen to be occupied at the time. I may say that the village had a population of not more than three hundred and that the only thing that it could boast in the way of civilization was an apology for a country store. It was so seldom that a stranger came to their land that I was quite an object of interest to the inhabitants. I had been sent down by the company to investigate iron deposits that the island was said to contain. The island itself was a wilder affair than the inhabitants. For the most part it was covered with a thick vegetation, while there were thick dark forests on the mountains which formed the backbone of the island. Directly behind the clearing on which the village stood there rose two great mountains of volcanic origin, the tops of which seemed to be hidden by the clouds. The whole affair presented such a dreary and wild scene that I wondered any one could hope to thrive there for mere loneliness, but then I remembered that the natives had never seen Broadway and did not know a better existence. I made a poor attempt at sleep the first night, for what between the mosquitoes, the experience of sleeping on the ground, the heat and the

chorus of various insects and animals, I only slept a few hours and those I certainly earned. Early the next morning, for I was determined to get through with my work and get out of the place, having donned a suit of heavy khaki and with high shoes on and my necessary implements in my guide's care, I set out. I had made the best of a native breakfast which I am sorry to say had pretty nearly made the best of me. After a tiresome morning of beating through the brush in my path to the mountain, I finally came about noon to a small clearing strewn with piles of rock. Here I decided to stop and take some nourishment. After I had comfortably seated myself and gotten busy at the grub, I noticed that my guide was exceedingly restless. At first I paid no heed to him but finally I asked him the cause. I extracted from him a bit at a time the following information: It seems that a short time after the Spanish invasion, an aged priest who had come over with the soldiers had sought a hermitage in the woods back of the camp to spend the rest of his life in. He had lived there for several years after their departure until finally a party of English explorers who happened to be in the region found him in his solitude and, the hatred of the churches being so great, they buried him near his hut with a dagger stuck in his skull. It is said that dying he breathed a curse on the village for feeding the soldiers, while he said that any one who should move or dig up his bones would quickly come to a bitter end. The threat had had its effect and his bones had been allowed to rest in peace. The place had remained as it was but no mark to prove the truth of the tale remained. I was amazed at the credulity with which the man told the story but I knew how superstitious was his race. Thinking that I could find my way back alone and that I would leave my things here I sent him back and he went with full speed from the place. After a good rest and a smoke I started digging near a likely looking pile of rock to see if there was any metal in the surface strata. I had secured nearly

enough specimens and was about to stop, when, in a shovel full of dirt, I brought up what looked to be a human rib. As I had no faith in the natives' story and as my curiosity was thoroughly aroused I thought that I would investigate further and see if there was a complete skeleton. Imagine my dismay when I disclosed the whole thing and there, as the man had said, was the skull with the dagger sticking in it. I thought that it would make a fine specimen for my study and so I picked it up and placed it on the side of the pile of dirt. I then turned to gather up my specimens to go home. As I stooped to pick up the skull lo and behold it had left the place where I had put it. I at first thought that I had made a mistake when I saw that the skull was back on the rest of the bones precisely as if it had not been moved. Not feazed I picked it up and put it back on the pile; I watched it closely this time and there before my eyes it rolled or rather glided slowly back to its former position precisely as if it had legs. This thoroughly satisfied me and picking up the specimens I started quickly home in none too steady a frame of mind I can assure you. Arriving home I ate my supper and went to bed without much delay as I was completely tired out. All night long I was restless and bothered with dreams of skulls pierced with daggers.

The next day I had set for testing the specimens which I had collected the day before. All during the day I had a feeling as if something strange was going to happen. By five o'clock I had completed my testing and was sitting in front of my hut smoking, when I noticed a most peculiar cloud forming in the west, it was I think the blackest and most queerly shaped cloud I ever saw. Suddenly it seemed to me as if the cloud took the shape of a skull and I fancied too that there was a dagger sticking in the top of it. I thought that something must be the matter with me, so I went into the house and took a stimulant, but when I came out again the cloud seemed to have turned blood red and just then the

sun went down behind it. At the same time I heard the mutterings of the far off thunder and the sun faded to give place to what I knew would be a bad storm.

At seven o'clock the storm broke and such a storm, the wind howled round the hut, rattled the windows and moaned down the chimney. The lightning flashed intermittently and the hollow thunder shook the island and rolled across the heavens. The rain came down in torrents and beat upon the roof with a steady rhythm. Now and then the wind coming with a rush dashed it against the windows. The uneasy feeling increased with the storm and try as I would I could not get myself interested in the exciting novel which had been the craze when I had left the big city. Finally putting out the oil lamp, which I had gotten with difficulty from the store keeper, I tried to divert my thoughts by thinking of what you fellows were probably doing up here in the States. No matter what I tried to turn my thoughts to they always came back to the affairs of the day. I had been sitting this way for I can't tell how long, when there came to my ears a cry, long shrill and like a person in deep distress. The thunder had now grown to a distant rumble but the lightning still played about the sky, a calmness had fallen such as often happens directly after a storm, especially if the storm has been a noisy one. Only the dismal beating of the rain and an occasional mosquito buzzing near the ear was to be heard. Again I heard the sound, this time much nearer. I thought it must be some animal which frightened by the storm had sought a refuge in the village. An inclination or more of a sense of forboding or more strongly yet a warning seemed to come to me in a feeling which I shall never forget. I got up and got my revolver and placed it so that it was within easy reach. I will believe until my dying day that that action saved my life. With the pistol near me I felt much easier and had just about succeeded in dozing off, when the most fearful cry that I ever heard sounded in my ears. The chills fairly bounded up and down my

back and my hair stood on end. The cry was almost a replica of the others save that it was about fifty times as loud and thus fifty times worse. It was a cry such as I imagine could have been heard from the Christian martyrs in the arena at Rome or from a victim on the rack of the Inquisition. The sound seemed to come from just outside the window which stood to the right of the fireplace. I looked up and as I looked, my hand gripped my revolver more tightly for there glaring in at me from the window was a face. At first sight it seemed to be human but as I looked and it stared back at me with an unwavering gaze, it dissolved itself into the form of a skull and from its staring eyes a sort of green fire shot out. The whole face produced a grinning effect. Instinctively I looked for the dagger and there it was, only it impressed me as being fiery red. Suddenly a bright flash of lightning revealed the whole form to me; it was robed in a monk's garment and seemed very tall and quite broad. The picture of that figure is the most vivid that I carry in my mind to-day. It took me about a minute to take all this in, when to my amazement and also to my fear the window began slowly to open and there blew into the room an odor of burning flesh. There was no time to think and it would have done no good for I would have done the same thing. It never occurred to me that bullets have no effect upon a spirit. I emptied my revolver at the spirit and as I fired my last shot I fainted dead away."

(To be continued.)

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#### *A RIDE IN THE NIGHT.*

Probably all my readers know about the "Underground Railway" in use during the civil war, by which slaves were helped, by sympathetic Southerners, to escape over the northern boundaries, where they were free. By this plan a slave would escape to the house of a man who favored the Northern side and who would help get him to another house, usually by night to avoid detection, and thus the slave would gradually be gotten over the

boundary into the Northern states.

When the war broke out my mother and brother and I were living on a large estate in Virginia, which had formerly been a tobacco plantation. But after the death of my father, who had died when my brother and I were quite young, the place had gradually gone to waste. My mother was somewhat of an invalid and did not feel capable of looking after all the business of the plantation so by degrees all the slaves were sold off and the entire place, except a small garden around the house, ran wild and was allowed to become covered with a thick growth of underbrush. At the time of my father's death my brother was twelve and I eleven and as there were no other boys of our age anywhere near us we were constantly together riding, shooting, or tramping through the narrow paths we had cut in our jungle.

The first break that had come between us was at the beginning of the war when Jim, then a young man of twenty, had entered the Confederate army and I had stated clearly my favor for the Northerners. My brother showed considerable ability as a soldier and at the opening of my story he held the position of captain over quite a large body of men. I had decided to stay at home and not fight for either side, but much against the will and wishes of my mother I had agreed to help a certain old darky escape from a plantation farther south to the house of a man named Wilson who was to pass him on in the manner I have described as the "underground Railway." The negro was brought to our place but unfortunately fell sick so that it was impossible to move him on the day planned and we had to keep him and try to get him well. A few days later however we received a note from my brother saying that his company was going to camp about ten miles north of our place and he hoped to be able to get down to see us the next day. It would be impossible to have the old slave in the house while he was there and that meant that I must move him that very night, sick as he was, to Wilson's, and by a road that led directly past my broth-

er's camp; for the only other road made a long circuit and was far too long for me to attempt to ride over in one night. I started out, therefore, immediately after dark with the sick negro on the horse, in front of me. The horse could only travel slowly with his double burden and it was almost twelve before I approached the camp. Here I cut into the woods and had to go with great care for fear of losing my direction or disturbing the soldiers. I went some distance through the narrow paths that my brother and I used to walk over together so often, such a short time, although it seemed years, ago. I thought of our past life together until the war came to separate us, and so deep did I fall into meditation that I forgot to guide my horse, and the night being dark he wandered from the path into the bushes.

The negro before me was unconscious and I did not notice the twigs brushing against me until a broken off branch cracked under my horse's feet. Instantly I heard a swift step in the bushes and saw the shadowy form of a man approach. The cry "Who's there?" rang out, and the sentry's voice was that of my brother! I backed my horse into the path and was about to spur him on when Jim leapt from the bushes and seized the bridle. He flashed a light into my face and spoke one word, "Dick!" That word however was enough; I knew my brother; he would do his duty, however hard, and soon the whole camp would be around us. My mind worked quickly and was soon made up; that was a hard battle between love for my brother and the principle I stood for, but principle won, as I knew Jim would rather have it, although his and mine were unlike. Quickly—I must do it quickly or my resolution might desert me—I drew my revolver and shot my brother through the arm. I left him where he fell in a faint; in an instant the shot would have brought many soldiers around and they would care for him. I hastened on holding one hand firmly over the darky's mouth so that he might not yell with fright. I heard soldiers crashing through the bushes after me for a

while, then all was quiet again and I knew that they had given up the chase. A mile or so further on I returned to the road and about two o'clock in the morning I arrived at Wilson's place where I left the slave. Although invited to stay for the rest of the night I set out for home after a few minutes' rest. The ride back was without incident and rid of the negro I could travel much faster. As I passed the camp I could see the gleam of a camp-fire through the trees and I knew that they were caring for my brother. I rode on and reached home while it was still dark.

The next morning I rode to the gate to meet Jim. As we greeted each other he smiled at me in a strange way but did not say a word about the night before. We were both silent on our way up the long drive to the house. My mother, my brother, and myself were together the greater part of the day and Jim acted as if nothing unusual had happened. We spent a happy day together, talking of the good times we had had and still would have when the war was over, and it was not until half-past-four that Jim and I started riding slowly toward the gate. By his conversation and actions during the day I knew that Jim was beginning to favor the North in his heart, but felt it to be his duty to stick by the side he had started fighting for. We hardly spoke until we had reached the gate, then Jim said quietly and softly: "Remember, Dick, if you're caught helping slaves escape you're shot, and our camp's going to move in a couple of days."

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PREP. DIALOGUE.

"Come on, t'row us the rollin's, Mit," commanded Bugs in his usual gruff manner. "Jim an' me has got to have a last inhale before we pike down to school." Mit says nothing as he passes over his can of Prince Albert, but grimly hopes there will be a little left.

"Oh, the freshmen know their business pretty well now," remarked Legs. "They know better than to answer back. It takes us Seniors to teach 'em."

While Jim and Bugs puff away silently, poor Bert enters the room. Immediately every one

looks up with interest. A few books fly at his solid dome, and after he gets settled his real troubles begin.

"What time does the first train after nine o'clock arrive at Chicago?" asks Handsome, who still believes Bert is from the west.

"Yes! but no kiddin', Skunk, do they really have live Indians out west?" inquired Irish, as if very interested. "This is no swindle, only I heard they did, so I thought I'd ask you."

These questions, and others similar, Skunk tried to answer, but the answers must never be seen in print. Neither these answers nor the remarks made by Mit when the school bugle is heard.

"One," shouts Dave. "I say, One, you'll find my books on the table. And get them there in time too." Some five or ten minutes after the bugle the bunch really gets in motion. The conversation of the first group could never be followed, for one minute Dave is talking basket-ball and the next thing Pete breaks in with, "Oh, Kyde! if you'd only seen *her* the other night." At this interruption all other subjects are dropped, for Pete is recognized as a lady's man.

Naturally the bugle had no effect on the sleepy minds of those two yaps known as Friday and Steve. They were still talking about the "chips" they were out with the night before, when Romeo put in his appearance and started them to school, with this bit of philosophy, "By fast perambulating you tend to keep the animated organisms in accelerated motion, thereby invigorating more energy into the body." Of course, after this they fairly run to school.

About ten o'clock Spike wandered in. "Morning, Cap; has second period ended yet?" Just then Chick and Pickles met him in the basement, and in this manner the "Country Boy" enlightened him on the subject: "Naw! It ain't over yit, but you oughter seen us throw the slippin's over Lewis. Gee's we jus' slide out the room easy and comes here."

Soon the bell rings, and these fellows have the nerve to be seen in Mr. Fisher's English class.

—W. D. '12.



## THE ARGO.

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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.

**COURTESY.** Courtesy is a thing that can be shown in many ways. Courtesy has never done nor will ever do any one harm. A courteous man compels universal respect and very often universal admiration. Courtesy is not only right in conduct with strangers, but also among ourselves. When another school sends a team to New Brunswick to meet us in any athletic contest, it is always our aim to treat them with the utmost friendliness. If the game is rough and our opponents dirty, leave it to the umpire and don't holler out and insult the other fellows as has been done to our own team, upon no provocation, when we played a certain school near New Brunswick. Most of you fellows know how the team felt about the game. They were not crawling at the unmerited defeat, they resented the remarks of the audience. Prep. has a pretty good name around the State for being courteous to their opponents but we must not let this reputation decrease. Then courtesy can be shown among ourselves, true some fellows haven't the slightest bit of courtesy in them, but the majority of the students in Prep. can show courtesy if they wish. When a fellow is reciting in class it is not necessary to make a lot of noise so as to bother him nor is it courteous to speak while he is standing. Some fellows seem to think that they must interrupt at every opportunity and keep adding to what the speaker is saying. Another way in which it is worth while to show courtesy, is to treat the teacher with respect. Remember that a teacher is not in the school to amuse you or for you to make fun of. A teacher is just as much a man to be respected as any other man who is earning his living by honest means. If you get stuck don't blame it on the teacher, he wants to see you get through; it's a credit to him. Treat the officers with courtesy in drill, they are not there because they have a grudge against everybody in general. Above all treat strangers with respect and courtesy. It means a lot for the school's reputation and nothing creates a better impression. In closing we wish, in behalf of the school, to thank the students and the

management of Kingsley for their most courteous treatment of our basket-ball team and we hope that it will soon fall within our power to show them a like courtesy. —10½.

**BORROWING.** There seems to be a tendency for different fellows to continually borrow articles from their fellow students. This not only is a bother to the ones who always do the giving, but generally lessens the borrower's popularity among the boys.

Tobacco, fountain pens, and stamps are the articles most often borrowed. If one must smoke why not buy his own tobacco instead of asking other fellows to supply him.

When a fellow is asked to lend tobacco he often times does not wish to do so, perhaps on account of his own small supply or his limited amount of spending money. If he says "no," he seems like a "cheap sport." If he tells the other fellow to buy some himself, the other fellow gets insulted. So what can the "fellow with the tobacco" do but give him some, and thus not insult the borrower and not seem like a "cheap sport."

A student comes along and says, "Say, so and so, lend me your fountain pen, will you?" Perhaps you don't wish to, as different people writing with a pen spoils the pen for the owner's use. If you don't lend him it—you either insult him (as the borrower thinks you don't wish to lend it to *him*, but you would to someone else), or you are a "cheap sport."

Stamps—the little pieces of glued red paper, which cost only two cents a piece. But when five or six fellows come along and ask you for three or four stamps it doesn't take long for the two-cents "to amount up to 25 cents."

Stop "borrowing," for it makes one shiftless, lowers ones general standing among the rest of the boys, creates bad feelings, and is not fair to all concerned.

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**LITERARY SOCIETIES IN R. P.** Almost all of our secondary schools in this country have literary societies connected with school. There are many schools within this State, Yes, in

this very County, Schools much inferior to the standard of R. P. have organized societies of this kind, and they have proved to be successful in every conceivable manner. Not only bringing the school into the public eye, but, doing a world of good to its members.

It is rather surprising, and would be disappointing to some people if they were informed that R. P. has no literary or debating societies. They would say in all probability, "That, R. P. so prominent in athletics, takes no interest in *literary societies?*" When it comes to talk about athletics, without any doubt, we are able to hold our own. But do we shine when it comes to literary societies?

One of these is just as important as another. Some fellows may say we have not the material in our school. It won't take a second to convince him that we have. For instance take the fellows who speak in Chapel from time to time, on various topics. Are they not excellent and capable speakers?

In one of our recent issues of "The Argo" it was suggested that R. P. ought to give a play. Would not the inspirations received through the medium of literary societies support this suggestion? The schools that give plays are schools, that, nine times out of ten, have some form of a literary society established within the Student Body.

Our school at present is divided into companies. Why not let us organize our companies into debating teams? If not this, let us organize separate literary societies.

There are many schools in which more than three different literary societies exist, and according to the Headmasters they are all a success. One society will hold debates with another, one will give a play, the others will strive to give a better show.

Some fellows will say, we haven't the time; we have too much work. It may be the truth that we have some very ambitious fellows, who are carrying a rather heavy schedule, but "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." Literary societies will give the desired relief; not only that, but will put you in that humor so you will go at your regular studies with the

right sort of spirit and not with the idea that it is forced upon you.

The fellow who has a heavy schedule can well afford to put one day a week on matters of this kind. He will find it advantageous, beneficial.

The faculty will not disapprove of organizations of this character, without a doubt its members would probably bend to every effort in assisting us in this.

Let us get together and consider this question. It is true that it is late in the year, but it is the "never too late to mend" spirit that always wins out; let us start at once.

S. M. H. '11.

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**BASE-BALL.** During Spring Vacation our base-ball team is to take a Southern trip through Virginia, Maryland and the District of Columbia. Games are to be played with Staunton, University of Virginia, Tome, Jefferson, Randolph Macon and the National Cathedral School. This trip will no doubt benefit the team. We can hardly expect to win all the games on account of lack of pitchers. The games Ziegler pitches are as good as won. We have better prospects this year than we had last and last year we won the State Championship. In the catching department, we have Todd, last year's reliable backstop, Scudder, his substitute, and Pete Stinson, who caught for Mercersburg and Stevens Prep. In the box we have Ziegler who was beaten once last year and did not deserve that. One of the catchers will probably work on first in place of Banfield, who graduated. Second-base will probably be guarded by Ed. Hoe, last year's star. As yet no one has appeared to play short which Erickson took care of last year. At third we have Captain Fountain. In the outfield Par-kin and Searle are back. This looks good but every position will have to be worked for. Let's win the championship again.

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*ALUMNI NOTES.*

'71. Robert Adrain died recently. Mr. Adrain at one time was President of the New

Jersey Senate. He leaves a wife and one son.

'79. Congressman Bennet submitted resolutions to annex Canada.

'80. Mr. Linn Bruce is head of an Investigation Committee.

'71. Movements are on foot to erect a monument to the late Garret Hobart, Vice President of the United States. The monument is to be erected in Paterson, N. J.

'96. Clarence Case is the youngest judge in the State of New Jersey.

'97. Fred Burnet is a professor in Newark Law School.

'07. Raymond Patterson, Tracy Voorhees and Dumont Elmendorf were on the Rutgers debating teams which recently won two debates from Swarthmore.

'08. Vivian Ross was chairman of the Rutgers Junior Prom. Committee.

'10. Sunny Willard visited school recently.

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**HOUSEHOLD ECONOMICS.**

To make biscuits light—drench with gasoline and ignite before serving.

To keep servants—chloroform and lock in the cellar.

To get rid of peddlers—buy all they have.

To remove fruit stains from linen—use the scissors.

To keep rats out of the pantry—put all the food in the cellar.

To entertain women visitors—let them read all your private papers.

To entertain men visitors—feed the brutes.

To keep children at home—lock 'em in the garret.

To keep hubby at home—lock up all his clothes.

To prevent accidents in the kitchen—fill the kerosene can with water.

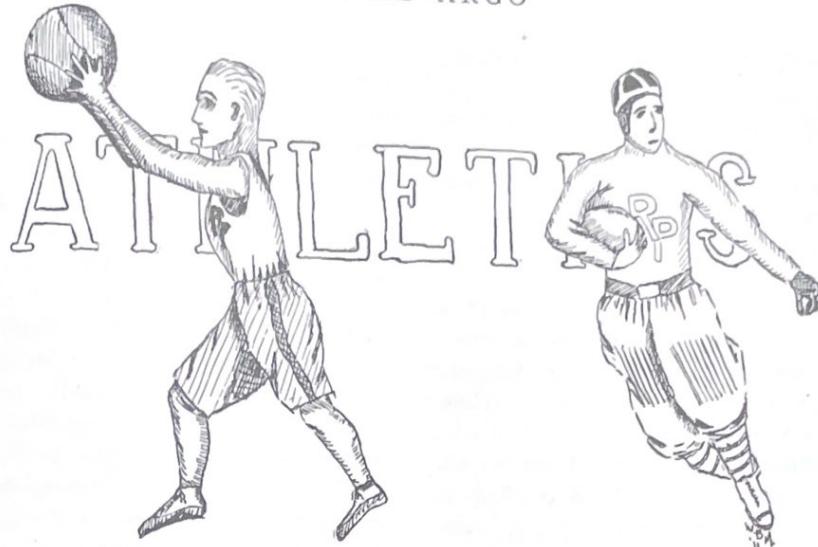
To stop leaks in pipes—send in a hurry for the nearest plumber.

To economize on coal—get a gas range.

To test freshness of eggs—drop on hard surface.

To propitiate the janitor—you can't do it.

—Lippincott's.

*NEWARK H. S. 30, R. P. 8.*

The N. H. S. and Prep. game was not all one could wish, but one must take in consideration the class which N. H. S. is in; the size and weight of their team. Every one of their men were heavier than the Prep. men, and their center, Mills, had a 10-inch or more reach on Searle. The game was played on an extra large court, which was against the Prep. team. The team played with lots of pepper and vim and were in the game all of the time. Lots of the time Succop, Fountain and Parkin had them guessing, and it was only to N. H. S. being on their own floor that the score was so much against us.

Lisman, referee.

Bell, of Rutgers, umpire.

N. H. S.: Chandler, r. g.; Rich, l. g.; Mills, c.; Riemer, r. f.; Maxwell, l. f.

Prep.: Voorhees, Morrison, r. g.; Parkin, l. g.; Searle, c.; Fountain, r. f.; Succop, l. f.

Field Goals: Chandler 2, Rich 3, Mills 2, Riemer 2, Maxwell 9, Parkin 1, Succop 3.

Fouls: Riemer 2.

—o—

*HOLY ROLLERS VS.**BOOZE HOISTERS.*

The third game of a series of five between the Holy Rollers and the Booze Hoisters was played at the Seminary Gym. Friday, February

10. Every game between these two rivals in the Inter-Prep. League has been exceedingly interesting, but this one was more so because of the close comparison of the two teams. At the end of the second half the score was a tie, so the victory was to be decided by the next basket. That final period took every earnest effort from every man. Several of the players were fatigued, but kept on with every ounce of energy they could put forth. That last five minutes of play, which was to decide the victors, was the hardest fought contest seen in the Seminary Gym. this season. Captain Robbins, of the winning team, encouraged his men continually and played a remarkable game. Zeitz, the new-found guard, played Captain Ley of the Booze Hoisters so hard that he lost his usual good control and played a poor game. Zeitz will become a strong arm for the Holy Rollers when he stops his bad habit of using two arms when attacking an opponent. Many fouls were called upon him because he was not used to the Inter-Prep. rules.

Watts was undoubtedly the hero of the game. His skill at dropping baskets was the great feature of the game. A. Busch and Braun kept up the spirit of the Booze Hoisters by helping Ley roll up their score. Brainard played a wonderful game at guard and succeeded in caging the ball once at a spare mo-

ment. White worked steady and played from beginning to end without showing fatigue, shooting the final basket which determined the victors.

The Holy Rollers have found a new forward, Vogt, who will appear in the next game, and perhaps add a score which will swamp the Booze Hoisters.

The game was very evenly refereed by Dave Succop. Score, Holy Rollers 24, Booze Hoisters 22. Time, twenty-minute halves. Line-up:

Holy Rollers: Watts, f.; Robins, f.; White, c.; Zeitz, g.; Brainard, g.

Booze Hoisters: Ley, f.; Braun, f.; A. Busch, c.; Malmär, g.; C. Busch, g.; Fick, g.

Goals: Watts 6, Robins 2, White 2, Brainard 1, Ley 3, A. Busch 3, Braun 2.

Fouls: Watts 1, Robins 1, Ley 6.



#### *IRVING SCHOOL 17, R. P. 37.*

Prep. stuck another feather in her cap when she passed one over on Irving to the gait of 37 to 17. It was one of the best games that we have had the chance to see on our own court; clean, fast and full of life and good feeling throughout. Clowe and Comfort of Irving were good and played a sure and steady game, Clowe making a number of field goals, while Comfort played his usual snappy game. The whole of the Prep. team were there all of the time and each man getting his share of the baskets.

Prentiss, of Rutgers, referee.

Jones, Irving, umpire.

Irving: Smith, r. g.; Houghtling, l. g.; Clowe, c.; Kirwin, r. f.; Comfort, l. f.

Prep.: Parkin, r. g.; Morrison, Voorhees, l. g.; Searle, c.; Succop, r. f.; Fountain, l. f.

Field Goals: Clowe 3, Kirwin 2, Parkin 5, Searle 4, Fountain 6, Succop 3.

Fouls: Comfort 5, Parkin 1.



#### *N. PLAINFIELD H. S. VS. R. P.*

The wearers of the R. P. easily defeated the North Plainfield High School basket-ball team by the largest score they have made this sea-

son. The game was played at the Seminary Gym. February 15, before about fifty spectators. Captain Parkin's men played poor team work, as each man shot for the basket on the least chance instead of passing. Succop is excepted from this, for he seldom shoots for the basket, only when it is necessary. Prep. played their signals well. One after another, Parkin made his hasty trips down the court, received the ball and caged it. When this play failed Searle would wait under the basket for the ball, then roll it in. Fountain made several long shots and Parkin seemed in his prime for all kinds of difficult angles.

Although Prep.'s score went up fast, there was mighty little enthusiasm on the part of the fellows looking on. No cheers were given and no sound heard until the cry arose, "Make it a hundred." The true school spirit was shown by Hoe and Stinson, who were seen in the balcony escorting the fairer sex.

Score, North Plainfield 22, R. P. 110.

Line-up:

Prep.: Succop, f., Fountain, f.; Searle, c.; Parkin (Capt.), g.; Voorhees, g.; R. T. B. Todd, g.

North Plainfield: Steine (Capt.), f.; Taylor, f.; Bailey, c.; Townley, g.; Abrams, g.; Wyckof, g.

Baskets: Fountain 8, Succop 5, Searle 24, Parkin 14, Todd 2, Voorhees 1, Steine 6, Taylor 1, Bailey 2, Townley 1.

Fouls: Parkin 2, Steine 1, Bailey 1.

Referee, Mr. Prentiss.

Time, 20-minute halves.



#### *MACKENZIE SCHOOL VS. R. P.*

Seventeen to eleven against us in the first half and twenty-six to twenty-five in our favor at the end gives us a lesson in pluck and perseverance that we may heed with profit. I refer to the basket-ball game with the Mackenzie School on February 18. The size and weight of our opponents gave them the advantage at first, but lightning speed and marvelous energy throughout a fast and hard-

fought game produced merited results. The boys on both sides deserve praise. Some roughness was inevitable, because the boys were big and the room was small. There was no intentional fouling. As we watched the shots that put each team ahead in turn, and heard the shouts of partisan spectators following each step toward victory, the interest was intense, and our two rooters, Johnson and Ziegler, made noise enough for a multitude. Each player did his best, and no one may feel hurt when we say that Succop was the star and displayed a style of basket-ball that would honor a college court. We extend our thanks to the Mackenzie School for their cordial welcome. Line-up:

Prep.: Fountain, r. f. and g.; Succop, l. f.; Searle, c.; Todd, r. g.; Parkin, l. g.; Stinson, r. f.

Mackenzie: Jacka, r. f.; Miller (Capt.), l. f.; Ford, c.; Clark, r. g.; Lee, l. g.; Whittle, l. g.

Field Goals: Succop 5, Searle 3, Todd 1, Stinson 2, Jacka 5, Miller 2, Ford 2, Clark 1, Whittle 2.

Foul Goals: Fountain 1, Parkin 3, Jacka 1.

—o—

#### N. J. MILITARY ACAD. 5, R. P. 49.

N. J. M. A. came to New Brunswick with a record of having won seven out of nine games. One of these defeats was at the hands of the Prep. five, and they repeated the dose to the tune of 49 to 5. The Prep. team was tuned up to the right pitch and had everything their own way from the start. Captain Parkin had his eye on the basket and was a sure shot. Succop played his usual fast game, being all over the floor and right where he was needed, and he gave Bergain of N. J. M. A. more than was coming to him. Thurber, the Academy's forward, was a fast little man, but he had hard work to get loose; he was the life of their team.

Prentiss, of Rutgers, referee.

Case, of N. J. M. A., umpire.

N. J. M. A.: Hibbard, r. g.; Bergain, l. g.;

Vissman, c.; Adamison, r. f.; Thurber (Capt.) l. f.

Prep.: Voorhees, Stinson, r. g.; Parkin (Capt.), l. g.; Searle, Todd, c.; Fountain, r. f.; Succop, l. f.

Field Goals: Stinson 3, Parkin 8, Searle 3, Todd 3, Fountain 1, Succop 4.

Fouls: Thurber 5, Parkin 5, Succop 2.

---

She (on the beach at Atlantic City): "I wonder why that dog tried to bite me just now?"

He: "The intelligent animal heard me call you a little witch and he probably thought you were a sand witch."—*Ex.*

"Habit is hard to overcome. If you take off the first letter, it does not change 'abit' If you take off another you have a 'bit' left. If you take off another the whole of 'it' remains. If you take off another, it is not wholly used up. All of this goes to show that if you want to get rid of a habit, you must throw it off altogether."—*Ex.*

Archie: "Gee! What pretty ankles that dancer has."

Stern Parent: "My son, you should learn to look above such things."—*Columbia Jester.*

In Council meeting: "I make a motion we have a reception for this celebrated man that is coming."

"Yes; take him to the lunch-room."

At the first meal on board the ocean liner Smythe was beginning to feel like casting his bread upon the waters. His friends had told him that when he began to feel that way he should stuff himself. He tackled a cutlet first, but it didn't taste right. He observed to the waiter, "Waiter, this cutlet isn't very good."

The waiter looked at his whitening face, then replied, "Yes, sir; but for the length of time you'll 'ave h'it, sir, h't won't matter, sir."—*Lippincott's.*

Wanted, in a delicatessen store, a young man to bite holes in Swiss cheese.



A loose horse, running at full speed, was thrown and captured by V. Pardo, who jumped in front of the frightened animal, and both fell entangled in the street. The accident occurred at the corner of Easton avenue and Somerset street at 9.30 Friday evening, March 3. Neither Pardo nor the horse was hurt by the fall and the animal was soon turned over to the police.

Bert Hassell has successfully completed his course in time tables and is now studying motorcycle catalogues.

Walter Farley returned to school February 26, after three weeks' sickness from an abscess in the ear. He stayed a few days but then went back again, as his ear began troubling him.

Ley took that long-wished-for trip to Newburg.

Jack Dougherty is back with us again, after his long absence on account of sickness.

Charles Ritter has been away from school for a week on account of a bad nervous breakdown.

The school is sadly in need of another good (?) artist like Watts.

It seems funny, Succop and Malmar were both sick at the Trap the same day.

They tell us that Ley looks good in Has-

Brouck's suit. It is certain that Ley's suit is a perfect fit to Has Brouck.

Ed. Hoe returned to school February 14, after his mysterious vacation.

Mr. Merrill was struck by a flying sugar-pill while at his desk in study hall. No apparent injury was involved by it.

That popular boy, Eddie Ley, enjoyed the week-end with Chris Braun at Paterson.

Fountain and Avery proved their ability for fussing at the Trap dance.

Sunny Willard '10 attended the dance and visited his friends at the Trap over Sunday.

George Day is pledged to the Hungry Nine.

Can you imagine:-

Fat getting mad.

Walt. Scudder as a cowboy.

Silzer as a grind.

Olsen as an actor.

Mr. Risley being late.

Menzies as an optimist.

Farley as a poet.

Hoe catching chickens.

Mr. Lewis as a bridegroom.

Mittag in the pulpit.

Hassell as editor-in-chief.

Number "one" as Salome.

Reeves in a bathing-suit.

The new Trap.

Bro. Todd out "chipping."

Malmar as an artist.

"Gonny" as an athlete.

The undisputed right that "General" holds about the Prep. School was infringed upon by a heavy white bull-dog and the fight which ensued might have ended seriously if they had not been separated. As it was, General had to remain at the surgeon's house several days. We think the other dog died from wounds received in the scuffle.

L. B. Vogt received a serious injury while walking under a telegraph pole along the street in Elizabeth, N. J. A falling bolt, dropped by a man working on the pole, struck him on the head, piercing two holes in his skull. He was immediately taken to his home, where he was cared for and is now improving rapidly. The accident occurred at 2 p. m. February 16. "Here's to a speedy recovery, Vogt."

If a rose costs 8 cents, what is *A. Busch Worth?*

If Mr. Lewis can plow two acres in one Day, how much can *Ed. Hoe?*

If "Cap" burns two tons of coal a week, what does Miss *Osburn?*

If Mr. Fisher can run a motor boat, what can Robert *Stier?*

If (?) Sammy knows his geometry, what will *Konow?*

If Friday lost ten pounds, what does *Jane-way?*

If Maud wants to go forward could Grombacher?

If White has 10 cents, is *Has Brouck?*

If Searle went out, is Parkin?

#### YE CHARGE OF BATTLING EDDIE.

As Related by Ye Scribe  
A. D. 1911.

Half a block, half a block,  
Half a block onward,  
Into the thick of fight  
Rushed battling Eddie.  
"Forward the Fist Brigade,  
Charge on the Huns," he said.  
Into the thick of fight,  
Rushed battling Eddie.

Forward the fist brigade.  
Was Eddie Hoe dismayed?  
Not though he surely knew  
Some one would slam him.  
His not to make reply,  
His not to sit and cry,

His but to do and die.  
Into the thick of fight  
Rushed battling Eddie.  
Hunyaks to right of him,  
Hunyaks to left of him,  
Hunyaks in front of him,  
Fell down and blubbered.  
Jabbed at with knives and shell,  
Boldly he fought and well,  
Went in and gave them—fits,  
Did battling Eddie.

Flashed their stilettos bare,  
Flashed as they turned in air,  
Cutting at Eddie there,  
Fighting the Hunyaks while  
All the world wondered.  
Plunged in just like a joke,  
Twenty-odd faces broke,  
Hunyak and Dago  
Reeled from his mighty stroke,  
Then they fled, after them Eddie.  
When can his glory fade!  
Oh! the hard cracks he made,  
Those Guineas wondered.  
Honor the wounds they made,  
Honor the cracks he laid  
On by the hundred.

#### CALENDAR.

February.

3. Booze Hoisters 24, Holy Rollers 10.
4. Kingsley 25, Rutgers Prep. 45.
5. Chicken and ice cream at the Trap.
6. Hungry Nine appears in court.
7. Two new arrivals in Prep.
8. Newark High 30, Prep. 8.
9. Nothing doing to-day.
10. Holy Rollers 24, Booze Hoisters 22.
11. Irving School 17, Rutgers Prep. 37.
12. Bert makes four new acquaintances.
13. "Friday" mails some fifteen or more valentines.
14. Valentine decorations at the supper table.
15. North Plainfield 22, Rutgers Prep. 110.
16. Vogt receives a serious injury.

17. Three social gatherings at the Trap.
  18. Mackenzie School 25, Rutgers Prep. 26.
  19. Mr. Fisher gives an illustrated lecture on Five Islands Camp.
  20. "Cap" has clean hands to-day.
  21. Shumacher and White take in a grand opera.
  22. Freehold Military Academy 5, Rutgers Prep. 49.
  23. Phonograph works overtime on account of arrival of fifty new records from Pittsburg.
  24. A day off.
  25. Another. { Vacation.
  26. Still another.
  27. Captain Fountain and bunch try a little base-ball.
  28. "General" nearly killed in street brawl.  
Other contestant not so lucky; he died.
- March.
1. First signs of rough-housing at the Trap.  
('Bout time.)
  2. "Sunny" Willard visits the school.
  3. Dance at Trap very successful.

## ADJECTIVES.

Ridiculous—Sophomores.  
Useless—Faculty.  
Tantalizing—Drill.  
Grassy—Freshmen.  
Economic—The Council.  
Respectful—Seniors.  
Stimulating—Lunch.

Progressive—Juniors.  
Refreshing (?)—Chapel.  
Excellent—Basket-ball team.  
Polite—Everybody.

Miss Persons: "What is that small book you have behind your Caesar?"

Soph: "That is one of Caesar's cavalry."

A base-ball mass-meeting was held March 10, at which Coach Ziegler outlined the season's work and gave points of good conduct which all players must observe.

That moustache quartet, composed of Ziegler, Has Brouck, Succop and Dougherty, are the laughing stock of the Trap.

## OUR REGIMENT.

Have you seen the Prep. School regiment, in uniform so trim,  
Forming there across the street to march o'er to the gym?  
Righ face! Quick-step! March! the captains cry,  
And the soldiers take their stand,  
Such a military band!  
As if to say, "Like heroes we will do or die."

Have you seen the Prep School regiment, a-marching down the street?  
Have you heard the ceaseless rumble of their ever-marching feet?  
Though to foe they seem alarming,  
All the lassies turn and stare,  
With a most admiring air,  
For their martial tread and bearing is quite charming.

Have you seen the Prep. School regiment "double-timing" back to school,  
Splashing in the slushy weather through puddle and through pool?  
Stumbling, tumbling, in the door they push,  
And for hot-dog or for bun  
Up the stairs they crowd and run,  
And the lunch-counter is emptied by their rush.

H. L. J. '11.

"Waiter, you're the biggest fool I ever saw."

"Yes, sir. Why, sir?"

"Didn't I ask you to get me a water cracker?"

"Yes, sir."

"And here you bring me an ice pick."—Ex.

Willie (very sleepily saying his prayers): "Now I lay me down to sleep, I pray the Lord my soul to keep—"

"If" (prompted the mother).

Willie: "If he hollers let him go. Eenie, meenie, miney, mo."—Ex.



THE ARGO acknowledges the following exchanges for February: Academy Graduate, Academy Student, Acropolis, Beacon, Breeze, Budget, Bulletin, Erasmian, Forum, Heathcote, Ides, Irvonian, Ledger, Magpie, Mirror, M. A. S. Monthly, Oracle (P. H. S.), Oracle (Mt. V. H. S.), On Bounds, Penn Charter Magazine, Poly. Prep., Polytechnic, Red and Blue, Recorder, Rutherfordian, Searchlight, Shucis, School Life, Signal, Spectator, Targum, Valkyrie, Wah-Hoo, X(cellentidea).

Through a misunderstanding with the publisher, we did not have enough copies to send out to all our exchanges.

Vail Deane Budget: We admire your cover very much. It is pleasingly original.

Erasmian: Your cuts are excellent, and the arrangement of your departments is concise. Also your stories are good and numerous.

Heathcote: You need more cuts. Also your exchange column is weak. Did you not receive THE ARGO?

The Ides is a most interesting paper, but the editorial column needs a little more attention.

The Ledger is an exceptionally fine paper. The plentiful number of photographs and cuts, and also the excellent literary department, make it one of our best exchanges.

The M. A. S. Monthly shows increase in quality if not in quantity, in every issue. The editorials are particularly well written. The subjects are well chosen.

Oracle: You are the kind of exchange we like to receive, and look forward to. You are one of the most complete papers we receive.

Searchlight: We are glad to see improvement shown in the several departments of your paper.

Spectator: As usual, an excellent exchange. You have a lively and interested board of editors.

#### *AS OTHERS SEE US.*

This year's cover of the Argo is neat and well balanced.—*Vail Deane Budget*.

*"I wish you all sorts of prosperity with a little more taste."* If more taste were shown in the arrangement of the material contained in the Argo, the paper would undoubtedly meet with greater approval. The cut for the athletic department is not up to the standard of the other cuts throughout the magazine. The Argo deserves credit for its excellent editorials and clever jokes.”—*Poly. Prep.*

The Argo contains some excellent editorials on good subjects. A number of very clever jokes are found in this paper.

A really fine editorial on “True Patriotism” is the redeeming feature of the otherwise incomplete Argo.—*High School Recorder*, Brooklyn.

We certainly are glad to see a change in the design of your cover. Your interest in athletic news is evident and is well written.—*Irvonian*.

You are the only paper that calls us uninteresting. We will make a special effort to please you.—*Searchlight*.

The Argo. We welcome this live publication from Rutgers Prep. It is a very good paper indeed, with especially interesting school notes. Advertisements on the back cover detract from its appearance considerably, however.

Argo. “The Return of Dearborn, Deceased” is very clever. You seem to have confused your athletic notes and jokes.—*Valkyrie*.

The Argo has a directory, a plan which we would recommend to other papers.

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"Pa!" came little Willie's voice from the darkness of the nursery.

Pa gave a bad imitation of a snore. He was tired and did not wish to be disturbed.

"Pa!" came the little voice again, "Tum in here; I want to ask you sumpin."

So Pa arose from his downy and putting on his bath-robe and slippers, marched into the nursery.

"Say, pa, if you was to feed the cow on soap would she give shaving cream?"

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The purest, most satisfactory soap obtainable. Makes a quick, non-drying, non-irritating lather which affords a smooth, comfortable shave.

Tubes at 25c from druggists

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