



WB-MALMAR '11

FEBRUARY, 1911

Vol. XXII

No. 5

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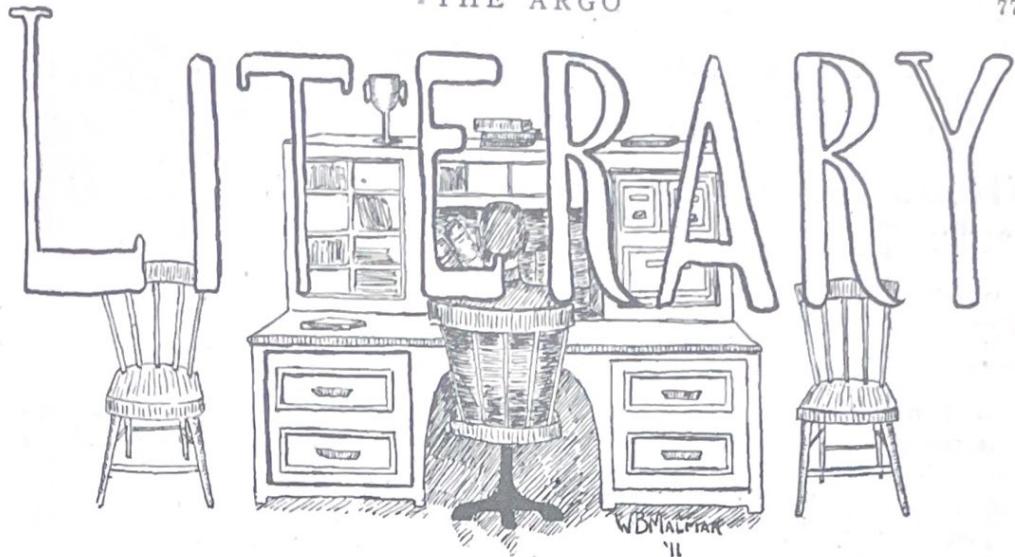
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THE TRAIL AND THE TRIAL.

Mr. Springfield landed in the little town of Gray Wolf, which was not very large and was in no way connected with the improvements of the fast gaining world. He was looking for a certain Clarence Woods, who was an old hunter and woodsman. After a short while, Springfield succeeded in finding him and started right out on his subject. His plan, it seems, was to take quite a trip in the forests and do some hunting and fishing. He needed a guide and had come to Clarence Woods.

After some discussion the old man shook his head and sadly replied, "I am too old to trap and hunt now, and I do not wish to attempt it. Over on the other side of Gray Wolf lives a young man who makes a business of hunting, as I once did, and I know he will be just the man you are looking for."

The stranger was somewhat disappointed at this, but as it was late, he asked if he could spend the night there. The old man nodded his head, and calling to his wife told her that there would be one more for supper and also for the night.

After the supper was over the old man called the stranger over in front of the brick fireplace where the logs were crackling and blazing on the hearth. As they sat there

Springfield watched very closely the action of the old man as he smoked his pipe and looked longingly into the fire. His curiosity became aroused over this strange and solemn figure who sat thinking and smoking before him. At last he asked, "Why are you so deeply engaged in thought? Have I brought back to your memory the stories of old hunting trips?" The old man looked up, his eyes met Springfield's, and he gazed searchingly around the room until interrupted by the exclamation of Springfield, "What's the matter?"

"Oh, I was thinking of my wife, Mary. She must not hear this story; but I see she has gone to bed."

"Many, many years ago, when I was about your age, there came to this village a very wealthy man. He asked me to be his guide, and as there were two other boys who were going, I accepted. He made me the leader of the party, which consisted of his daughter, Rosalind Roberts, a very pretty, dark complexioned girl about the age of twenty; Arthur Reed, her intended husband, and Percy Oliver, a tenderfoot. The other guides were Dick Rivers and Jim Roades. They did not care for me because I was the leader of the party, the best hunter in the vicinity, and regularly going to see the prettiest girl in town

(who is my dear wife now), Mary Robinson, the sheriff's daughter. She was also chosen to go along and keep the cabin in order and prepare meals for Miss Rosalind, who was very refined and would not go into the kitchen.

"Well, after all hands were picked for this jolly party, the day came when we were to meet at the cabin, to be introduced to each other. Mr. Roberts and his party arrived at eleven o'clock. We all went down to the old barn to meet him, and it was then that I met his pretty daughter Rosalind. She greeted all the boys in the same manner, but when she came up to me she paused, asked my name again, and then holding her little gloved hand out to me, said, 'I am very glad to make your acquaintance, Clarence.' I was almost struck dumb by this, and the way she pronounced my name made all the boys look my way. Mary called to me, and of course I had to leave and do the work that Mary had in store for me.

"Soon dinner was called and we all went in to eat a meal of ham and potatoes. The boys were all startled and I could do nothing but sit up and take notice, for who came in and sat down at the head of our table but Rosalind. She had her hair down her back in a plait, a white shirtwaist, with a soft collar and tie, high shoes, and a leather skirt almost to her ankles. There was a look of surprise on all the boys' faces, for they had never seen a girl so pretty. We started in and began to eat in the same old way, but we couldn't, and half the bunch went out into the kitchen after dinner to get the rest of their meal.

"As I was standing near the back of the hut, who should come along but Rosalind. She looked at me and then said, 'Hello, Clarence.' Of course I was almost startled to death, but succeeded in standing my ground. She then asked me if rabbit hunting was good and I told her it was. She then asked me if I would like a little walk into the woods just to try her eye. Well, as I had nothing to do and was crazy to have a pretty girl to take with me while hunting, I just told her yes

right then and there. We walked several miles away from the cabin, jumping about and talking about the next day and what prospects there were of getting any big game. I had succeeded in shooting three rabbits but Rosalind did not get a one. She was very angry over this and told me that she would get bigger game the next day.

"We arrived home a little before supper. Jim and Dick looked at us and snapped their fingers at me; but when Mary, Arthur Reed and Percy Oliver spied us there was great trouble in store for me. Mary sneered at me when she passed me in the kitchen and tried her best to be with one of the society boys at all spare moments. Rosalind did not care for some reason, and only made things worse with her intended husband. He began to despise me and everybody was waiting for a chance to get even with me.

"The next day found everybody up bright and early. Mr. Roberts and myself decided about the arranging of the party and figured it out before the rest were up. Rosalind began to talk over the last day's results, and that started the new day in again with the crowd all sore at me.

"After a breakfast we decided to start on our trip. The party started off, leaving me behind; and much to my surprise Rosalind waited for me. I had told Jim and Dick the way to the section where I wanted to give the folks the best chance to make the first day a good one.

"Rosalind seemed very lively and often took hold of my arm as we pushed along the stony places. She told me of her poor mother, who had died when she was just a little girl, leaving her only the half-blooded instinct of a western woman, for her mother was a western woman whom here father had married just before he found his rich claim and moved to New York, a very wealthy man. We became very friendly, for I told her the weary story of how I was found alone in the woods when I was a little baby. Thus my name of Woods, and my profession.

"Our pleasant talk was soon hindered, for Jim came running down and told me to quit talking about my old hard luck story and prepare for the chase. Rosalind nodded to me and we both promised to talk it over later.

"I looked the old grounds over and then told Dick and Jim to follow round the left side of the mountain and after waiting fifteen minutes to start and push towards us with as much noise as possible, in order that the bear or deer would be driven our way. I then placed Rosalind on the top knoll where she could see the game approaching and get first chance at him. I let her father, Mr. Roberts, select his own stand, and I went to place Arthur Reed and Percy Oliver. I placed Mr. Reed directly opposite Rosalind but not on a knoll, for I did not wish him to shoot the game. I then placed Percy, the tenderfoot, in the rear of the party, in order that he might get a chance to see the game if we missed him, for that was all he could do.

"Thus we all were waiting, and as I looked in the direction of Rosalind's position I saw her pretty form bent over and her hand shading her eyes. We heard the noise of cracking twigs, and then suddenly I saw the form of a brown bear bounding our way. Then 'crack.' The bear changed its course and we ran down to see if it was killed.

"No bear was to be seen. The traces of his fast retreat could be seen by the broken twigs and the torn-up ground. Everybody looked around to see who fired the shot, but as it concerned nobody we decided to postpone our hunt until to-morrow.

"We reached the cabin, and much to our surprise our good old friend, Rosalind's intended husband, Mr. Reed, was missing. The hunters and the rest of the party thought that he had probably been lost, and so they decided to send me to find him, for I knew all the trails of the woods and the different ways of covering the most ground. I took my gun and went winding back the same old way, up through the glen to the knoll where Rosalind was watching for the bear. It suddenly

dawned upon me that probably he was missing by the only shot, and I knew that shot was fired from —. Just then there was a rustle of leaves. I watched closely and saw that a bear was moving rapidly toward me. I raised my gun and fired; I fired again and down came the bear in a heap right at the side of a bush.

"I was happy now because I had killed the only bear of the day, and then I thought that the two shots would probably bring another in signal from Mr. Reed, but I heard no reply and hurried to the spot. There, as I bent over the bear, I saw the disfigured body of a man. I had forgotten myself in one moment. It was Mr. Reed. I felt the hot barrel of my gun, looked fiercely at the bear still bleeding from its wound. A thousand and one things began to move listlessly in my mind. I was crazy in a moment. I thought of the whole world in one great conglomerated mass, the ways of my good life, and while I was thus dreaming, half-murmuring to myself, I felt a heavy slap upon my back. It was Dick.

"Nothing was said. I moved as if in a spell; and both acting in the same manner, we picked up the body and walked slowly down to the camp.

"There all awaited us and stricken by the sight they all ran for their guns. I knew in an instant that luck was against me, for the party was already jealous and sore.

"'Well,' spoke up Jim, 'here is my gun just as clean as a new pin.' With that all showed their guns. It seems strange, but that's the way of the mountain boys if they are in doubt. Everybody looked at me, and without waiting I handed over the gun.

"'Dirty barrel!' exclaimed Jim; 'so there's no further search needed. What do you say?'"

"There was nothing said. It just dropped there."

\* \* \* \* \*

"The young man was laid away in a little graveyard in the village. The tenderfoot bid all good-bye and that night left for home.

"I didn't understand the manner of Old Man Roberts, for he stayed. Rosalind seemed sort of happy; but as for me, why the world was my home, and I knew that there was something in store just as soon as the shock of the death was over.

"Still I stayed, for the old man wished me to, and for no reason other than to chop wood and attend to things. I like the place and was always with the girl I loved. Rosalind seemed to like me and enjoyed the country she was born to.

"Two weeks had passed and the day was cold and damp and invited trouble. It was election day in town, and that alone meant more than the sultry weather to bring on trouble. I slowly wandered over the hill, letting the horse drag along easily, for I only wished to reach the town which was only a short ride before dark.

"Along the stretch just before me, which led to the town, I saw the form of a woman coming quickly my way. I put spurs to my horse in order to meet her sooner, and in the next instant we drew up side by side.

"'Oh! its you,' she cried, as we drew to a stop. 'Thank God, I have come in time.'

"'What do you mean?' I asked, half afraid to speak, for it was Mary.

"They have all been drinking—

"That's common on election day; but why do you hesitate?

"They are coming for you—to get you.'

"It all came back to me in an instant. I was the victim of an election-day carousal, and they had remembered. But why did this girl whom I did not love any more wish to warn me? Yes, me."

"Half from old remembrance and partly as a gift I kissed her and then bid her goodbye.

"Back over the same old road to the old cabin I rode as fast as possible, but not wishing to disturb the people I rode slowly up to the house and dismounted.

"There remained now but little time for escape; the men were on their way and would

reach the cabin in a few minutes. Had I better give myself up or run to the border line for safety. One thing was certain, I must not leave without a word to Rosalind.

"Into the cabin I rushed, told her a story of my going to a friend, and had to leave that night. She questioned me, and soon we heard the clatter of hoofs on the road. She was up in an instant. 'I know,' she exclaimed, in one breath. 'You are going to see a friend, but I must go with you.' For the first time we kissed, and I begged her to stay and leave my fate to God, but all in vain. The time had come. I picked up my gun and hat and rushed for the door, and she, as quick as a cat, followed me. The men were already from their horses and had begun to circle the house. A snap of a twig betrayed us. A volley of shots rang out. Rosalind gasped and sank to her knees—'Oh!'

"The men were upon us, and seeing what they had done, stood amazed.

"'Speak, Rosalind,' I asked in a faint cry, but her lips were firm.

"Then she looked up, and seeing them said, 'Thy will be done.; But why was I shot in the dark?'

"A silence reigned over the crowd; overcome they stood, and remained so.

"'Take me!' I exclaimed. 'Let us die together.' But they slowly moved away."

\* \* \* \* \*

Large tears stood in the old man's eyes and his forehead was wet with perspiration.

"It is very late, Mr. Woods" I interrupted. "Let us go to bed." D. C. S. 1912.

#### DOC'S NARROW ESCAPE.

One Day as Doc. Dougherty was taking a *Strohl* across the *Ley*, in a town called *Landsberg*, looking for some one from whom he could borrow some tobacco, he was startled to see, hiding behind two *Busches*, a man. This man, he thought, was a certain *Hollander* by the name of *Van Sickles*, who three days before had killed a rowdie named *Menzies* in a drunken brawl in *Donahue's* saloon. The

cause of this brawl was a pure *White Drake* which both claimed to have shot. "Dogy," being a brave man, walked up behind him, and picking up a *Hoe* which was near him, hit him a blow on the head. After hitting him, *Doc* was startled to find that instead of being that well-known criminal, he had hit the *Marquez Dennis de Sullivan* of France, who was staying at the house of a *Miller* named *Richardson*. Much frightened, *Doc* started to *Succop* the blood from the wound, so that blood poisoning would not set in. He then washed the wound with water from a nearby *Fountain*, reflecting meanwhile what an unlucky day *Friday* was for him. *Conover*, driving *Shumacher's* wagon past the scene of his accident, after inquiring of the trouble, offered his wagon as a substitute for an ambulance. They drove quickly to a well-known hospital in the first *Ward*, where *Malmar*, a distinguished doctor, met them at the door, saying, "Fred Has Brouck his leg and so our hospital is full, but if you take him to *Johnson* the *Potter's* house, on *Gifford* street, he will give you a room for him." *Robbins*, the horse, seemed to realize the need for haste even as much as his master, and moved at a faster rate than ever before. They were met at the door by *Todd*, a brother of *Johnson*, a man of great *Braun* but of little sense, in fact, the black sheep of the family, who made his living by means of a certain *Stier* which he had trained to do many queer tricks. *Watts* the trouble? asked *Todd*, unable to realize in his intoxicated condition, the need of quick action. *Doc*, being a man of action, ran upstairs and *laid* the quiet form on the bed in a room he came to, which happened to be that of Mrs. *Stinson*, an old woman of quick and hasty temper and well able to rough her son-in-law up when aroused. Upon seeing the body, Mrs. *Stinson* said to *Doc* in her *Irish* way, "This looks more like a job for the *Spader* than for the doctor. Shall I call Dr. *Brainard*, or do you prefer *Avery*?" of course this cheered *Doc* up a great deal, and he told

her to call in Doctors *Dunlap* and *Konow*, his consulting physicians, two very able men when not under the influence of the demon rum. In a very short time these doctors arrived, accompanied by *Hamborsky*, a well-known Russian sergeant who had traveled to that part of the country in order to see the strange *Wells* which were to be found there. After working over the body of *Marquis Sullivan* for about fifteen minutes he was pronounced out of danger, and *Doc*, feeling greatly relieved, but in need of a stimulant of some kind after his trials of the last few hours, walked quickly over to *Searle's* saloon, which stood on a nearby corner. He told "Grummy," the waiter, of his adventure, and laughed to see the astonishment which he showed by his emotional French gestures. In concluding his tale, *Doc* remarked that if it hadn't been for his splendid luck, instead of being a *Freeman* in *Searle's* cafe he would be in the *Scudder* prison in the town of *Voorhees*, in contact with *Williams*, *Fisher*, and other men fully as desperate.

W. F. '12.

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What is the telephone number of the Garden of Eden? 281 Apple.

"How to Halt."—By R. B. Fountain. When the command to "halt" is given, place the foot that is on the ground beside the one that is in the air and stand perfectly still.

My Bonnie has tuberculosis,  
My Bonnie has only one lung;  
I think that you will agree with me,  
When I say I was badly stung.

"A sheet of paper is a Lazy Dog."

Given: A sheet of ruled paper.

To Prove: That the sheet of paper is a lazy dog.

Proof: A sheet of ruled paper is an ink-lined plane. An inclined plane is a slope up. A slow pup is a lazy dog. Therefore a sheet of paper is a lazy dog."—With apologies to Wentworth.

## ALUMNI.

'08. Ed. Williams was married January 1, 1911. While in Prep. he captained the foot-ball and base-ball teams and was a great basket-ball player.

Wyckoff died in Japan recently.

'06. Dave Coleman, of Tottenville, S. L., was married last fall.

'09. Doc. Carroll is reported to be somewhat of a poet, and is writing in the sylvan quietude of Keene, Ohio.

Ex-'13. Bolton is attending Plainfield High School.

'10. "Pud" Atkinson coached the Highland Falls (N. Y.) High School foot-ball team last fall. They were not scored on.

'09. Chippie Sparrow is writing poetry. Hard on the neighbors.

Ex-'08. William Leroy Wyckoff is about to indulge in matrimony.

'09. Jack Rolfe is agent for automobile tires in California.

'09. Two prominent members of the class of '09 are singing in vaudeville. They do not wish their names divulged as yet. They are known as the "Silver Toned Duet," or the "Rah, Rah Boys."

## Editor ARGO:

The Rutgers Preparatory School athletic teams seem capable of playing higher-class schools than they do. For instance, they defeat a team of children representing a country high school, twenty-six to nothing. Now, this score may look very nice in statistics, but what good does it do? Rutgers Prep. has the pluck, the money, and the men to play high-class schools. It is far better to lose to a school of well-known name than to win from a one-horse high school. I am glad to see that relations are being taken up with Lawrenceville. You lost to them in base-ball and basket-ball, but neither was a disgrace, and one in fact was virtually a victory. But there are other schools who should be on your schedule: Blair Academy, Peddie, Haverford and Swarthmore Prep. should take the places of some of the little schools now competing with you. Get a name, and you will get the men to uphold it. Don't be a big bully with little kids; be a fighting youngster among the heavyweights; and in the course of a few years the name of Rutgers Prep. will be respected and feared among bigger schools.

## ALUMNUS.

## BASE-BALL SCHEDULE.

1911.

- April 26. Plainfield, at Plainfield.
- April 29. Trenton State, at Trenton.
- May 3. Bound Brook, at Bound Brook.
- May 6. Commercial H. S., at N. B.
- May 9. Pingry, at New Brunswick.
- May 13. N. B. H. S., at New Brunswick.
- May 20. Montclair Mil. Academy, at N. B.
- May 24. Newark, at Newark.
- May 27. Groff, at New York.
- May 30. Boys' High, at New Brunswick.
- June 3. Bordentown, at Bordentown.

Four or five games will be added to this list, but as yet the dates on which they will be played have not been decided.

—'96.

## Editor ARGO:

Dear Sir:—I would like to express my appreciation of the work the old school is doing. Your athletics are improving wonderfully and your record in base-ball last year brought joy to more than one alumnus. I am very pleased to see that you are playing Lawrenceville once more. The last year I was in Prep. we played a great game of base-ball with them at Lawrenceville. At the beginning of the ninth inning they led, four-two. Then with two men on the bases Harry Lockwood hit the ball up against the chapel, the longest hit ever made on their field, winning the game for us. I hope soon to see another victory for the Prep. School over Lawrenceville. Good luck to you.



## THE ARGO.

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Subscription price, per year, \$1.00 (in advance).  
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.

RITTER. The Editorial Board of THE ARGO wish to go on record with a testimonial of their appreciation of the services of Mr. Charles Ritter, whose resignation as Editor-in-Chief was announced before the holiday vacation.

Mr. Ritter's well-known literary taste, and ability in English studies mark him as a valuable "newspaper man," and while, for a time, THE ARGO is to be deprived of his leadership, we hope that he will manage to find time to continue writing for our columns, for contributions from his ready pen are always acceptable.

PLAY. Lately there has been quite a good deal of talk about having a play, vaudeville show, or something in that line. Now why not *get up* one? There are several fellows going to school here who have played in different little entertainments; also there are a lot of good voices in the school. We could easily get up some little musical comedy. These are always lots of fun, certainly to everybody taking part, and it would surely draw a large crowd. Get together, fellows, and think and talk it over; and when you have decided what kind of a play would be best, set out and give a show that you all can be proud of.

Rutgers Prep. hasn't given a play in years. Every year something ought to be done by the fellows to benefit the school. Why not help R. P. this year by a good substantial play which will advertise the school and put money in the treasury?

We call attention to the attractive base-ball schedule arranged by Manager Parkin, in this issue. Manager Parkin has realized our growing power and notoriety in athletics and has arranged his schedule accordingly. Last year we had a championship team, and we ought to have one this year. Even though the schedule is hard, we again expect to have a winning team. We congratulate Manager Parkin on his splendid schedule.

*Y. M. C. A. ORGANIZATION AND WORK.*

Anyone, who has read the January number of "Association Men," has learned something of the broadness of the work which the Young Men's Christian Association is carrying on in this country and in other countries. But possibly not every one understands how close an organization it possesses for doing this and by what means the associations as a whole undertake so great a task. These things are what we are going to have explained in the following article.

First, upon examining the business organization, we find there is a body of very closely related committees or rather departments which have charge of the general work over this country and Canada. These taken all together are known as the International Committee. Each one of them has a certain phase of the work to cover, and are known by the class of this work, e. g., County Work Department, Physical Department, etc. But, so great is the work covered by any one of these departments, that it is found better for practical purposes to divide the department among several secretaries, each one of whom has a certain branch of the work to look after, Take, for example, the Student Department of the International Committee. In this department there is a secretary for Preparatory and High Schools, two for Bible Study, two for work among Colored Students, one each for work in the South, East, West, Pacific Coast and Canada, one for the Business Administration of the department and one for Editorial work. Thus it is evident that all the work coming to the Student Department has been divided up among the different secretaries in such a manner that each branch may have the proper amount of attention.

Likewise there is a committee in each State to take care of the work in the states, and these are known as State Committees. These committees are also divided and subdivided just as the International committee is.

In a somewhat different way is the organization of the branch Associations in the cities and villages of the country. Each branch has a Board of Directors which carry on all the financial affairs of the Association and in a general way supervise the actual work. The active part of carrying out this work, however, falls upon the General Secretary and his assistants. Most branches have three departments, a department for boys' work, a department for young men's work, and a department for men's work.

Having learned how the Young Men's Christian Association is organized, let us now consider its method of working with the men who come to the Association to be benefited by it. All men who come for this purpose are alike in certain respects, and every Association takes advantage of this in carrying on its work, whether it have unlimited resources or very meager means. Now we are going to find out how the Association puts these advantages into good use.

A man is of three distinct parts. The most noticeable of these is his personal appearance and physical make-up. We will call this his physical nature. When a man talks, thinks and moves about, he calls into use another part. This is his mental nature. Further and deeper concealed within himself than either of these two natures is his spiritual nature. Without exception all men have these three natures.

First, we will reflect for a moment upon a man's physical nature. Every man ought to possess good health and a strong body. If he has not these he is not in a fit condition to engage in the battles of life. In order that we may realize what it amounts to to have a fine physique, we shall consider that noblest type of manhood, Jesus Christ, the Perfect Man, and try to understand how He must have been helped through all his difficulties by the possession of a fine physical make-up. We cannot imagine that He, who resisted the worst sort of temptation, endured the criticisms and jibes of His enemies, knew what it

was to be without friends and support, saw, as it seemed in all respects, His life devoted to labor in vain, and finally suffered for nearly sixteen hours without rest and food the cruel taunts and tortures of his persecutors resulting at last in the pouring out of his life-blood in the bitter death of the cross,—I say we cannot imagine that our Saviour was anything but a big, strong, robust man. It is the existence of men with weakened physical natures where we would expect to find it otherwise than attracts the attention of the Young Men's Christian Association and leads the organization to try and do something for such men. And here are some of the things that it provides for them,—regular systematic exercise, athletics, games and baths. Thus is the work of the Young Men's Christian Association devoted to bettering men's physical natures.

We now in turn come to the second great nature of man, his mental nature, which is really the power in the man, which is responsible for his ability to hear, think, see, talk and act. It is important, therefore, that these powers should be kept in proper condition. But, nevertheless, men often become depraved in them just as they do in their physical powers. For instance, in much the same manner as men sometimes ruin their health by loading their digestive organs with stuff that has not the slightest right to being called food, thus taxing the power of the organs in getting rid of them; so they load up their minds with dirty stories, base incidents and bad association of what is proper to know, and sap their very mentality in the effort to pass their bad thoughts on to some one else. There is nothing that is surer to end a person in disaster than this same improper use of the powers of mind. To prevent such a thing is one of the aims of the Young Men's Christian Association. It is usually done by urging men to think better than to pervert the use of their intellects and understandings, and by placing within their reach good, wholesome literature, that will build the mind up rather than disintegrate it.

Very closely connected with a man's mental nature is his spiritual nature,—so close, in fact, as to be almost inseparable. That there must be such a nature is evident when we compare the condition of a man before and after his death. A man, after he has died, is to all appearances of the eye the same as when he was living. He still has all the organs of his body, limbs, eyes, nose, mouth, tongue, brain, and so on; and yet, although he has them, he does not use them, as he did when he was living, in the familiar expressions and activities of life. Something is lacking. That something is his spirit. In order to understand this better, let us study as far as we are able, the spirit itself. The spirit is the divine part of man. It even seems to be a part of the Great Spirit Himself, molded and shaped after His own divine being, and placed within a human body for a longer or shorter period of time, with human powers of acting, thinking and living. Through this spiritual nature we are kept in contact with God by means of a spiritual communication which we call prayer. If we do not keep up this spiritual conversation with God, life sooner or later will become a burden to us, a sorrow rather than an enjoyment, and we will not return again to the Great Spirit from which we came. Such a communication, the Young Men's Christian Association tries to inculcate in men's spiritual natures by means of Bible study and various sorts of religious meetings.

The Young Men's Christian Association has then an excellent system of treating men according to the different wants of their three natures. That it is doing good work among men, few people would be so foolish or so blind as to contradict. On the other hand, all should give their hearty approval of the work that it has done and still is carrying on. The Young Men's Christian Association teaches men how to live properly. This is work. This is what is needed at this time when there is such universal vice and corruption. Let us do our best in helping the good work along.



*FREEHOLD MILITARY ACADEMY VS.  
RUTGERS PREP.*

35-13.

Prep. played her first game with F. M. A., and she certainly did good work for the short time in which she had to practice, in and under the circumstances. The team as a whole is certainly great. Succop in himself is a team. Captain Parkin is always on the job. When it comes to rough-housing "Pete" is all there.

F. M. A.: Brigan, r. g.; Hilard, l. g.; Vissmann, c.; Adamson, r. f.; Tebber (Capt.), l. f.

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

Referee: Ley.

Goals from field: Prep.: Grumbacher 3, Parkin 3, Searle 6, Voorhees 2, Succop 3. F. M. A.: Vissmann 2, Adamson 2, Tebber 1.

Fouls: Prep.: Parkin 4, Searle 1. F. M. A.: Tebber 3.

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*N. B. H. S. VS. RUTGERS PREP.*

45-13.

Prep. played her second game, or rather practiced, with N. B. H. S. The first part of the first half was somewhat near to basketball. The boys from the High School were soon winded, and all they could do was to hang on their man and be a stumbling block or a post to tack around. We are sorry that they could not put up a better game, because

it did not give the Prep. team a chance to show what they are made of.

N. B. H. S.: Howard, r. g.; Edgar (Capt.) l. g.; Smith, c.; Wagner, l. f.; Manley, r. f.

Prep.: Grumbacher (Stimson), r. g., Parkin (Capt.), l. g.; Searle, c.; Voorhees, l. f.; Succop, r. f.

Referee: Taylor.

Field goals: Grumbacher 2, Stimson 3,

Parkin 5, Searle 5, Voorhees 3, Succop 3.

Goals: Parkin 3, Edgar 11, Wagner 2.

---

*LAWRENCEVILLE VS. R. P.*

44-7.

Prep. met her first defeat at the hands of Lawrenceville. It is nothing to be ashamed of, because Prep. as a team outplayed Lawrenceville. It was entirely a one man's game. What do you think that Prep. could do against a man 6 ft. 7 in. playing center? Prep. has no need of feeling downhearted over the loss of this game, because if they follow their team closely this spring they will see what a fast congregation she sends out.

Lawrenceville: Carter, r. g.; Stephenson, l. g.; Heyniger, c.; Baily, r. f.; Kline, l. f.

Prep.: Grumbacher (Stimson), r. g.; Parkin, l. g.; Searle, c.; Voorhees, r. f.; Succop, l. f.

Referee: Stratton.

Field goals: Voorhees 1, Succop 2, Carter 1, Stephenson 2, Heyniger 13, Baily 3, Kline 1. Goals: Parkin 1, Kline 2.

*PREP. VS. PLAINFIELD.*

On Saturday, January 28, Prep. traveled to Plainfield and met with defeat by the score of 18 to 12. Plainfield has a fast team and holds the city championship of that place.

The floor was small and rather slippery, thereby causing some inconvenience to our fellows, who were not used to playing on that kind of a court. The game was rough, although not much fouling was done, there being only one foul shot out of the five which were called on both teams, Plainfield shooting that. Plainfield was also awarded one point as a foul was called on one of our men as Plainfield was shooting a foul.

Prep. played good ball, getting in some fine team work, but their shooting was poor (hard luck several times), thus the reason for their defeat.

Prep. plays Plainfield again, this time down here, and we hope to beat them.

\* Prep.: Voorhees, r. f.; Succop, l. f.; Searle, c.; Grumbacher (Fountain), r. g.; Stinson (Act. Capt.), l. g.

Plainfield: Clark, r. f.; Ricketts, l. f.; Manley (Capt.), c.; Bristol, r. g.; Kan, l. g.

Goals: Voorhees 3, Grumbacher 1, Stinson 1, Fountain 1, Clark 3, Ricketts 2, Manley 2, Bristol 1. Fouls: Bristol 1.

---

*SENIORS VS. JUNIORS.*

A most exciting and spirited game of basket-ball was played at the Seminary Gym., Wednesday, February 1, between the Seniors and the Juniors. This was the first of a series of three games, which will be exceedingly interesting because of the close comparison of the two teams. The good nature of the players throughout the entire contest was a marked feature. The game was played fast and at times rough on account of the friendly rivalry between the two classes. There might have been a little less rough-house on the part of some, but as there was no hard feeling, everything turned out well. Van Sickle captained the Senior team in fine style and showed the proper spirit when he forefeited his position

in order to try out Ley. The Junior team, held together by Succop, their captain, played as good team-work as the Seniors. Fountain made several very skilful baskets and played a faultless game. Succop was punched in the stomach and winded, but after a few minutes came back into the game with his usual good form. Stinson and Parkin played well, but were inclined to be rough. The remark was made that "Ley covered the floor well." The game was well refereed. Score: Seniors 31, Juniors 29.

Time: 20 and 15 minute halves.

Referee: Mr. Hodgdon.

Goals: Stinson 5, Fountain 6, Busch 1, Parkin 2, Van Sickle 1, White 3, Braun 2, Konow 1, Grumbacher 4, Succop 3.

Fouls: Parkin 1, Succop 3.

---

*HOLY ROLLERS VS. BOOZE HOISTERS.*

The good spirit of basket-ball is being kept up by non-varsity games played between chosen teams of men not playing on the first team. A game was played between the Holy Rollers and the Booze Hoisters, Friday, February 3, at the Seminary Gym., which was as fast and clean a game as one would wish to see. These two teams are strong rivals, and out of the five games in the series the first two have been won by the Booze Hoisters. The players were earnest and good feeling prevailed throughout the contest. Ley's basket-shooting was the main feature of the game. He captained his team well and seemed everywhere at once, playing hard to win. A. C. Busch kept up his reputation by playing a good steady game and rolling up eleven points for his team. Watts and Robins played hard to the end, although defeat stared them in the face. White played with the same vigor that he shows in all athletics. The Holy Rollers found a new recruit by trying out Hoe, who proved his ability in fine style. The game was refereed by Mr. Hodgdon to the satisfaction of all. Time: twenty minute halves. Score: Holy Rollers 10, Booze Hoisters 24.

## KINGSLEY SCHOOL VS. R. P.

The country air of Essex Fells must have invigorated Prep.'s basket-ball team, for they played against the Kingsley School team with more "pep" and vim than has been before shown. The team arrived at Essex Fells at 10.30 a. m., Saturday, February 4, after a long trolley ride from Newark. The game started at 11 o'clock, with about sixty spectators present. The court was good but the baskets were somewhat shaky. Succop was the first to find the basket. Fountain tried several long shots, but although very close they did not go in. Searle rolled a few against the board which dropped neatly into the basket. Ford, Kingsley's star, stuck by his basket and rolled up the score for his team. Parkin was kept so busy guarding Ford that he had little chance of shooting baskets, but was right there when a foul was to be slipped into the basket. Throughout the first half the game was played with lightning speed and the score tallied up fast. At the beginning of the second half Prep. missed basket after basket until Fountain dropped one in from the side line, which stopped the farce. Succop played an excellent game, but his second half could not compare with the wonderful showing he made in the first. Voorhees kept his man from shooting a basket and also dropped in a couple to help Prep. along.

The game was most enjoyable to watch, because there were no hard feelings throughout the entire contest. Mr. Smith refereed the game to the satisfaction of both teams.

Score: Kingsley School 25, R. P. 41.

Line-up:

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

Kingsley: Ford, r. f.; McArthur, l. f.; Campbell, c.; Berkley, l. g.; Muehlech, (Remwick), (Southwick), r. g.

Goals: Succop 8, Fountain 2, Searle 5, Parkin 2, Voorhees 2, Ford 9.

Fouls: Parkin 3, Ford 7.

Time of halves: 20 and 15 minutes.



CALENDAR,

January.

4. School opens again.
5. Basket-ball practice.
6. The new drill suits arrive.
7. Co. A. defeats Co. B. at basket-ball, 33-16.
8. Meeting of Y. M. C. A.
9. All go to see the Diving Venus at the Opera House.
10. "Ham" Dunham returns to Prep.
11. Prep. 35, New Jersey Mil. Acad. 13.
12. "Fat" Robins disposes of six "hot dogs."
13. Has Brouck writes a letter to his girl.
14. Prep. 46, New Brunswick H. S. 11.
15. "Buggs" Ley goes to New York.
16. The three bad boys return.
17. Seen fussing at the opera house (Avery and Fountain).
18. Bill Konow enjoys his first shave. (About time.)
19. Dougherty goes skating with "some one"?
20. "Pete" Stinson with the "Girl in the Taxi."
21. Lawrenceville 47, Prep. 7. (Nuff sed.)
22. Mr. Boardman addresses Y. M. C. A.
23. Everybody happy. No drill.
24. Upon the Headmaster's suggestion every one brings a bottle (?) to school.
25. "Buggs" Ley raffles off a suit of clothes at 10c. per chance.

26. Ed. Hoe comes to school covered with chicken feathers.
27. "Jeff" Schumacher wears some new broadcloth.
28. Plainfield H. S. 18, Prep. 12.
29. Mr. Roberts speaks to Y. M. C. A.
30. "Nothing doing" to-day,
31. Little Busch seen skating with a "queen"?  
February.
1. First game of basket-ball series between Seniors and Juniors. Score: Seniors 31, Juniors 29.
2. Second semester begins.
3. Booze Hoisters 24, Holy Rollers 10.  
—o—
- Nobody's Widow—Olsen.
- The Scarecrow—Robins, in a drill uniform.
- Seven Days—Vacation.
- The Fortune Hunter—Voorhees.
- The World of Pleasure—The Bijou.
- A Fool There Was—Fick.
- Two Women—Reeves and Ritter.
- The Man from Home—Succop.
- The Light Eternal—Hollander.
- The Chocolate Soldier—Fountain.
- A Man's World—Kline's.
- Anti-Matrimony—Stinson (?)
- Bachelor Bells—Carl Busch, Malmar, Dougherty.
- Naughty Marietta—White.
- The Slim Princess—Miss Persons.
- Madame Sherry—Mrs. Hodgson.
- The Spring Maid—Worth.
- The Midnight Sons—Hungry Nine.

- The Concert—Morning Chapel.
- Miss Innocence—Janeway.
- My Wife—Stinson.
- Inconstant George—Morrison.
- The Boss—Dr. Scudder.
- The Lottery Man—Ley.
- The Pink Lady—Parkin.
- The Devil—Ley.
- The Girl of My Dreams—Conover.
- Mother—Mrs. Boardman.
- The City—Stelton.
- The Wise Guys—The Seniors.
- Going Some—The Basket-Ball Team.
- What Every Woman Knows—"Pete" Stinson.
- The House With the Green Shutters—The Trap.
- Follies of 1911—The Drill.
- Chanticler—"Birdie" Hassell.
- The Third Degree—Exams.
- The Top o' the World—The Lunch Room.
- The Jolly Bachelors—Fountain and Avery.
- The Three Twins—Braun, Williams and Gifford.
- The Commuters—Schumacher, Vogt, Strohl, etc.
- The Easiest Way—Always carry a trot.
- The Servant in the House—Tessie.
- The Round-Up—Exams.
- The Country Boy—Ed. Hoe.
- Baby Mine—Holmes Dennis.
- The Girl (?) Behind the Counter—Bro. Todd.
- The Deserters—Wickland, Boyce, Prentiss.
- The Gentleman (?) from Mississippi—Men-zies.

Mrs. Boardman entertained a number of fellows at the Trap on Wednesday evening, January 25. As a hostess Mrs. Boardman played her part in a charming manner, and the dozen and a half fellows, without a doubt, enjoyed the "feed," which was certainly excellent. Some new records on the never-tiring phonograph achieved the part of entertaining the party, while Dougherty was made the laughing-stock of the evening by those two jolliers, Succop and Stinson.

Mr. Lewis tried holding a lighted match before his history class to hold their attention on the lesson. Very successful.

Poker games were quite frequent at the Trap after "taps" until all interest was lost because the faculty did not interfere.

Suggestion: Convert the basement dressing-room into a smoking-room. Supply it with a fire-place, card and pool tables, etc.

Edmund Miller has left this school and gone to business college.

THE LATEST EDITIONS ON SALE AT THE TRAP.

"How I spend my allowance." L. Mittag.

"How to keep step in march." "Sammy."

"How to take care of your complexion." Dougherty.

"How to be popular in school life." Hassell.

"Chest development." Olson.

"How to shoot (rabbits)." Robins.

"How I became captain." Johnson.

"My last trip to the farm." Gonzales.

"My bewitching eyes." Marquez.

"How to get into the trap after midnight." Gameros.

"Why I spend so much money on tobacco." Dougherty.

George Morrison returned to Prep. Wednesday, February 1, after giving up his freshmanship in Rutgers College.

They tell me the reason Mr. Risley is late so often to school and to breakfast is because he has to fix the fire at his cottage before leaving.

Sullivan is the official chemistry inspector. He calls on the class once a month.

—o—

WHEN—

Will Farley stop trying to write "poetry"?

Will Marquez draw that knife?

Will Doc Dougherty buy some tobacco?

Will Hassell get a new time-table?

Will Schumacher come to Geometry?

Will Van Sickle get his French Lesson?

Will Succop get a shave?

Will Sammy lose his nerve?

Will the Drill break up?

On the afternoon of January 22 Mr. Boardman delivered an excellent address to the members of the college and the school Y. M. C. A.'s in the school building.

Our friend "Bugs" is enjoying the proceeds he received from the raffle of a suit of clothes at ten cents a chance.

Fick came to school with a shiner, which he claims he got in basket-ball practice. He may be right.

"WANT ADS."

A Bluff detector.

K9. E. L. F.

A parrot, tea-pot, and black cat.

Y4. M. L. P.

A smile extinguisher.

U2. W. H. F.

More out for basket-ball.

L3. F. R. P.

A Blue Norfolk suit like Ley's.

P5. W. B. M.



THE ARGO acknowledges the following exchanges: Acropolis, Advocate, Breeze, Bulletin, Chief, Caravel, Horace Mann Record, Hilltop, Ides, Ledger, Magpie, M. A. S. Monthly, Mirror, Oracle (P. H. S.), Oracle (M. V. H. S.), Orange, Poly Prep., Papyrus, Polytechnic, Register, Red and White, Revueille, Recorder, Sunnyside, Signal, Searchlight, Spectator, Targum, Vail Deane Budget, Valkyrie, Wah-Hoo, X (cellentidea).

Acropolis, you are, as usual, one of the best papers we have received. You are particularly well arranged and each department is well written up.

Breeze, you have a neat appearance. Your literary department is well edited. "Nerve" is a remarkably well-written story. Your cuts are excellent.

Bulletin, you need more cuts. "A Theatre Party Over Three Hundred Years Ago" is a cleverly-told story.

Chief. We are glad to welcome you as a new exchange. As you are just starting out in life we wish you much success. You have made a good start.

Horace Mann Record. We welcome you also as a new exchange. Your stories are all well written. "The Call of the Air" is particularly good.

Hilltop. Your mid-winter number has a very appropriate cover. You have a well-arranged paper in every respect.

Ides. Your exchange column is very poorly

edited. Aside from that fault the paper is good.

Ledger. Your very attractive appearance is worthy of commendation. You are very complete and well edited, particularly in respect to your exchange column.

Magpie. You have a good cover design and your cuts are excellent. Your editorials are many and to the point. The story, "The Kensington Cup," is of a very high order.

Oracle. You also have good editorials. Your exchange column is edited, but we advise an alphabetical arrangement. You criticize others for the same fault that you yourself have.

Orange. We notice a new cover design, and it is well drawn. You are a very attractive paper. Your jokes are clever. Your exchange column needs bracing up.

Poly. Prep. You are a fine paper. "Fifi or Lancelot?" is very cleverly written. Your cuts are excellent and we compliment you on your cover. It is a work of art.

Red and White. Why don't you get more cuts? Your exchange column is very weak. Your athletic column is well edited.

Sunnyside. You have no departmental cuts and both your editorial and exchange columns are poor. Brace up, and let us see an improvement next issue.

Spectator. You are one of our best exchanges. Your cuts are clever and every department is complete.

Searchlight. Why do you use so much space between your jokes, exchange criticisms, etc.? You could get nearly twice as much in your space. Your exchange column is your redeeming feature.

Signal. You need more cuts. Otherwise you are very good.

Trident. We admire your cover, but you are sadly in need of cuts. Your jokes are really funny.

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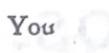
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