

THE ARGO



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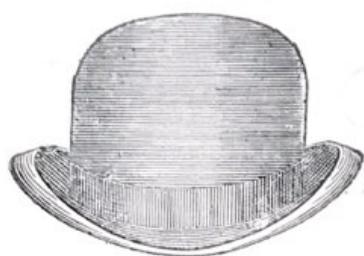
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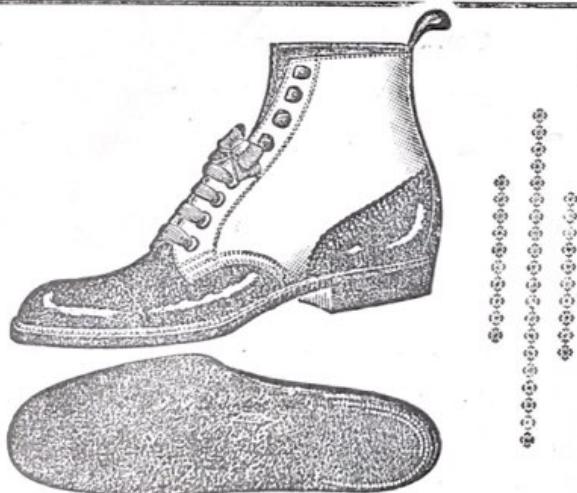
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THE ARGO.

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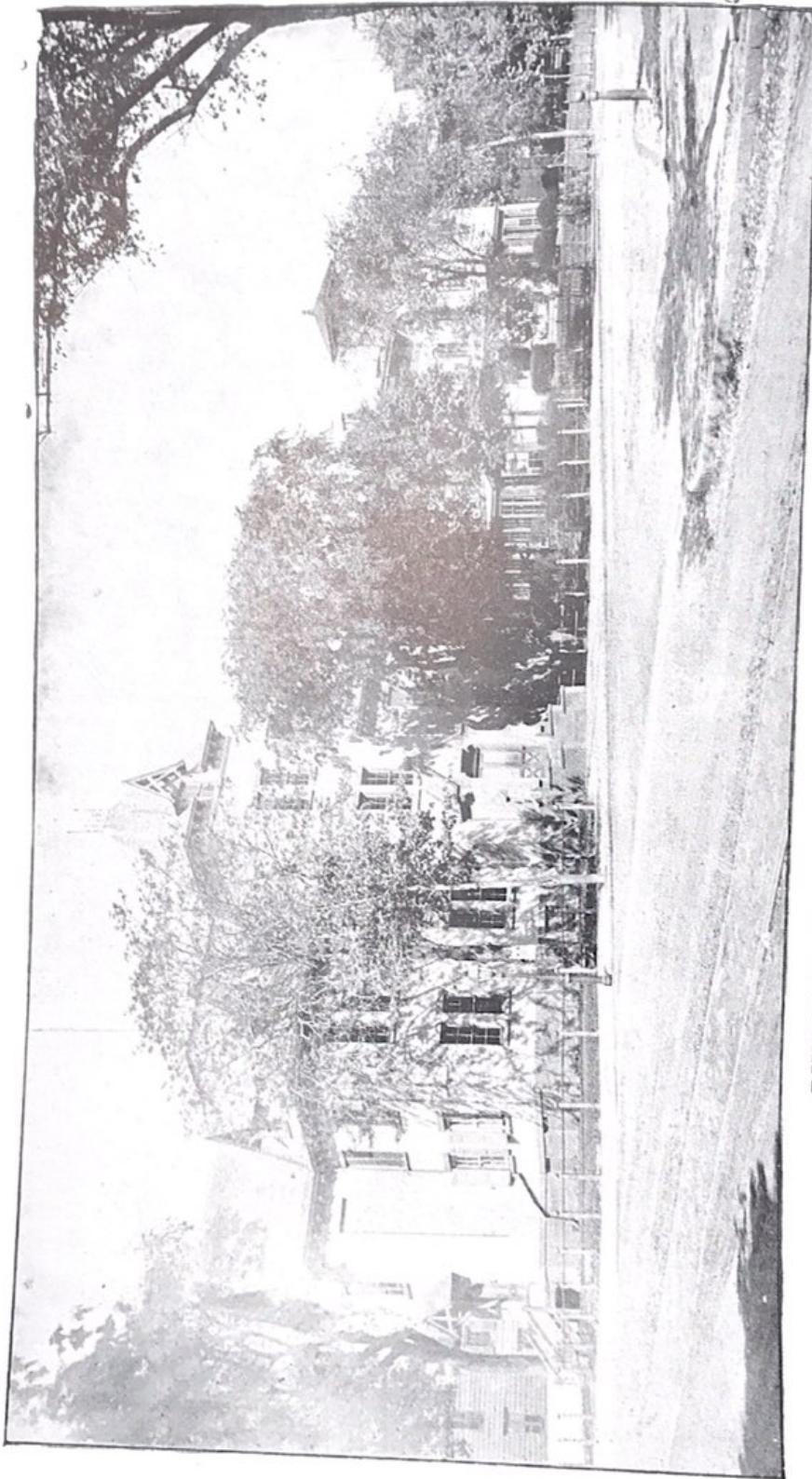
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All communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief, R. P. S., New Brunswick, N. J., and must be accompanied with the name of the author.

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.

THIS NUMBER TWENTY-FIVE CENTS.



RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL AND ANNEX.

THE ARGO.

This issue of the *Argo* ends the regime of the present board of editors. Shortly the days of the class of 1906 will end. Always has the class endeavored to uphold the dignity and honor of the school, and of the rank of senior. We hope that the class of 1907 will surpass us in all that we have done, in athletics and in scholarships, even for the honor and glory of the school.

There are two most pleasing views of a school-year's work. The one taken before we have begun that year's work, and the other after we have completed it. The last view may or may not be satisfactory in proportion to the way we have done our work. The one view lies before the class of 1907, the other view lies before the class of 1906. May they both be full of hope and determination.

As a class we will never all meet together again. Many of us will go to our parent college, Rutgers, and others to other colleges; some have ended their student life. Wherever the class may be, may each member be strong in his influence for the right, and may he live up to the highest ideals.

When we have gone from the school, never again to enter as students, then we will realize what kind of teachers we have had. Their loyalty to us in holding us up to the highest standards; their unselfishness in the unlimited attention bestowed upon us; their nobleness and kindness as displayed in their every day life; all these qualities have made them such as we will not soon find again; all these qualities have made them endeared to us more than we can express.

Then a greeting to our faculty and to all our school-mates. May the years here spent be of greatest profit and a source of pleasant memory to them all. May this summer's vacation be as much enjoyed as it is well earned.

ALUMNIANA.

'93, Ralph B. Parrott, who graduated from Rutgers in 1897 and received the honor of "best soldier" and was also recommended to the United States Army, has been detailed as instructor of military drill at Rutgers.

Ex-'96, A most vivid description of Vesuvius has appeared in the New York Times, written by Arthur Stanley Riggs, accompanied by photographs.

Ex-'96, Mr. Maurice V. Campbell, who is in the United States Marine Corps at Washington, D. C., was promoted from the rank of second to first lieutenant.

'02, W. H. Benedict has been playing on the Rutgers College Chess Club, also Bevier '01, (both have done good work.)

'01, Bevier, has been on the Rutgers debating team for the past two years.

'02, Thomas A. Devan was declared "best soldier" of the cadets of Rutgers for the year 1906.

'02, Benedict, Smalley, Devan, Mittag, Green, Murphy, Murray and Bevier, '01, expect to take part in the senior play of 1906, Rutgers.

Former Governor Voorhees of the State of New Jersey, who, at one time, was an instructor in the Prep. school, has declined the appointment of Judge of Circuit Court.

Byron Cummings who is in the department of Greek and Latin in the University of Utah, is now serving his fourth year on the Board of Education of Salt Lake City and was recently the President of the Utah Teachers' Association of Salt Lake City, at its twelfth annual session on January 2, 3, 4 and 5. Mr. Cummings was formerly an instructor in Greek at R. C. P. S.

A PERPLEXITY.

Elliot Campbell came down the main staircase of Marwood College and found himself

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caught up by a crowd of Sophomores. "Good for you, Campbell! You've won the Fraser. Your name is at the head of the list." This, he heard from all sides. Then they gave him a class yell and rushed off to learn the results of a Freshman examination which were just being posted.

When he went over to the bulletin board to find out the results for himself, Roger Brooks went with him. Sure enough, there was the list of seven competitors with his name at the head, Elliot H. Campbell, ninety-two—and the last, Carl McLean, seventy.

Then they walked across the campus together, and Elliot told his friend that he was poor, yes, very poor, and that he had just enough money to take him through the Freshman and Sophomore years by careful management. Now he was without a cent and the Fraser Scholarship was the only thing which stood between him and the certainty of having to drop out of his class and then coming back in two or three years' time.

On the way across the campus he learned that one of the most important conditions of the Fraser contest, he had, in some way, overlooked. This was, that preference was to be given to competitors of the names Fraser, Campbell or McLean. So under that condition he would have taken the prize if he were just above seventy, for Carl McLean had seventy, and that was the required standing. Now Elliot seemed to be troubled, and when he left Roger, he walked very fast to his boarding house, and flinging himself into a chair, bowed his head on his hands. He had no right to the Fraser, for his name was not Campbell, although perhaps no one in the world knew it besides himself.

He had been born in a rough mining camp in British Columbia. When he was a month old his father, John Hanselpakker, has been killed in the mine, leaving his wife and child penniless and almost friendless. Alexander Campbell, a kind Scotchman, befriended Mrs. Hanselpakker, and her son, in many ways and two years later she married him. She died

when Elliot was ten years old and his step-father, five years later. But when he died he asked Elliot to retain his name.

That evening he fought a hard battle. Something whispered to him to hold his tongue and keep the Fraser. Campbell is your name. You've borne it all your life, and the condition is a ridiculous one. You made the highest mark and ought to be the winner. But something else seemed to tell him that he would be a cheat and a cad if he kept it. Campbell is not your legal name.

Elliot passed a sleepless night of undecision. The next day he went to the president of the college and as a result of his interview an announcement was posted that the Fraser Scholarship had been wrongly awarded, and Carl McLean was posted as the successful competitor. He was overwhelmed with sympathy but he did not seem to mind the loss very much.

The following afternoon he was summoned to the president's office. The president was there and also a motherly looking woman who was introduced to Elliot as Mrs. Fraser. She told him she was very much interested when she heard of his peculiar name, for she had a half-sister who married a man named John Hanselpakker and that was the last she had heard of her. Mrs. Fraser said that her sister's name was Helen Rodney.

Elliot said, "Mary Helen Rodney was my mother's name and John Hanselpakker was my father's." "Then you are my nephew," she said, slipping her arm through Elliot's, "and will be my boy forever if you are willing." So Elliot H. Campbell did not have to leave college that year nor through his whole collegiate course.

'06.

One day as I was walking towards Westons MILLS, I met a man with a HOE. He had a WHITEHEAD of hair and a BLACK moustache. I recognized him at once as a CAMPBELL-driver I had once seen in a circus. He told me he was now a MASON, but was still pretty GREEN at the job, for



THE SENIOR CLASS.

he had just been a COLEMAN. I said: "I suppose you have gotten some pretty hard KNOX since you left the show last winter?" "Yes," he said, "I have. First I was an APPRENTISS to a black-SMITH, a WELSH-man too, but he was a DULJE. Once he accused me of stealing a fish-SPEAR and a CASE of trout-flies. He said to me: You can PAY SON or get out,' and I chose to get out, for I wondered WAT SON of my father would work for such a fellow. Now I STELLE re-JOYCE that I am SCOTT-free."

REVIN.

COMMENCEMENT.

The time for parting now draws near with too fast steps,

The day that we must part, perhaps for life, is nigh.

Ah! through our minds crowd thick and fast the fleeting thoughts,

Those memories that come not again without a sigh.

We think with fond remembrance of those happy hours

We've spent in learning with our class that knowledge dear,

That fits us for the place that we must fill in in life.

And brings us close to Nature, beauty, sage and seer.

Beyond the priceless value of knowledge that we've gained,—

Far exceeding all wisdom in Latin and Creek,—

Are the friendships we've made in the happy days of youth.

That ne'er can be equalled though through the world we seek.

Could we forever live but in the joys of youth And never learn the pain and sorrows that must come,

We would not now regret the swift approaching day.

Nor those that almost as a dream have been fast spun.

With joyous Nature clad in all her gorgeous hues

We pass this stage of life, are thrown upon the world;

And in what place we find ourselves in future years

For right and truth and justice let our colors be unfurled.

J. D. T.

A MIDNIGHT ADVENTURE.

It was eight o'clock on a rainy summer evening, and since the weather did not permit wandering out-of-doors, many people were still lingering in the dining-room of the Great Lake Hotel. At one of the tables in a far corner of the room, a boy about sixteen years old, but tall for his age, had been getting very restless as time wore on. Finally his mother looked at him disapprovingly.

"What is the matter with you, John?" she asked. "You act like a six-year-old child."

"Harold's waiting for me," answered the boy.

"Can't he wait until you finish your dinner?"

"Yes, mother, but he's been waiting for half an hour already, and I'm through anyway."

"Well, I suppose if you must be always running after Harold Lansing, you may be excused now, but I wish your family could see something of you once in a while. I'm not sure that I quite approve of that young person anyway," she added half to herself.

Once outside of the dining room, John quickly found Harold, and the two sought a dark corner of the veranda, where the rain, which was pouring outside, did not blow in very much. Having cautiously investigated every spot where a person might by any possibility be concealed, they began a whispered conversation. Harold always took the initiative, while John yielded implicit and unusually unquestioning obedience. It was Harold, therefore, who began.

"It's about time we got to work, and made the final arrangements. I thought maybe you weren't coming at all."

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"Sorry, but I couldn't help it," answered John shortly. "There's no great hurry anyway, if you've done what you said you would. You were to buy all the things. I don't think we need the masks, myself, but I suppose it would be wise to take sneakers. As for a lantern and revolvers, why, we know the way to his room perfectly well, and just where the pin is, and we surely won't have to use pistols."

"You're the stupidest person I've ever seen, John Parker," replied Harold, whose voice had by this time risen above a whisper. "What is the fun in being burglars, if you don't have a burglar's outfit? I went to the city this afternoon and bought them. I got a kid to go in and get each article at a different store, and I didn't let him see my face very well, so he can't identify me, if we do get caught or suspected or anything. I gave him a quarter for his pains and he thought I'd made a mistake and given him too much, I guess, from the way he took to his heels."

John was not convinced, but he found it hard to argue against Harold, so he said nothing more in opposition to the masks and revolvers, hoping in his heart that they would disappear in some way or other before their services were required.

"Let's see, then, Hal, I'm to come to your room at half past one, you'll have everything ready and we'll start for Reggie's room at 1.45. or as soon as we can. Gee! won't he be scared though when he finds his two-hundred dollar diamond stick pin, that 'deah Ahnt Ethel' gave him, 'because she loved him so,' has disappeared. And then when he finds it next day, won't he be mad to think he's made such a fuss about it when he's lost it himself. You're going to hide it, aren't you, and then put it back to-morrow night, if he's sufficiently excited about it during the day? I'm thinking he won't be saying quite so much about it after this; at any rate he won't show every Tom, Dick and Harry how cleverly he's hidden it." John chuckled as he thought of the consternation of the youth

against whom the present expedition was planned.

"I guess that's all the business. Then we meet at 1.30 sharp, and don't go to sleep and forget to wake up, or do any such foolish stunt. One thing more, if we do hear any one coming, you just follow me, and we'll get away in short order."

"All right, see you at 1.30 then at room 15."

"Yes, good-night."

* * * * *

The clock was striking two as one black figure and then another glided noiselessly from the door of room 15.

"Can't see much with these masks, can you?" whispered one.

"Course not. It's dark as pitch," murmured the other, "can't you keep still?"

After this, nothing disturbed the intense silence, except the booming of the waves upon the shore. Indeed this early morning promenade was becoming gruesome, though neither of the amateur burglars would have confessed it to the other, when suddenly, as they were just about to reach their destination, room 128, they heard footsteps approaching. The steps ceased simultaneously with their own, but in the silence that followed a voice was distinctly heard issuing from room 129.

"They're there, I hear them. Go get them, please."

A panic seized John, and he started forward instead of back, but a second later he felt his wrist seized, heard a stern injunction to be quiet and found himself being led swiftly though noiselessly down stairs and out toward the lake. John was so confused that he followed his companion blindly till they reached the water's edge. Here there was a small naphtha launch moored to a private dock. He started to protest on seeing that he was expected to jump in, but his fellow burglar said softly but emphatically,

"Get in, you idiot, they'll be after us any minute."

So John meekly stepped aboard, and two



THE STAFF OF THE ARGO.

minutes later they were on their way out to the lake. In the channel which connected the small bay, on which the hotel was situated, with the lake, the storm had produced only a swell which made navigation interesting, but by no means dangerous, but once out of the channel it seemed as if no small craft could live. The waves were not large, but short and choppy, and consequently much more dangerous.

"This seems to be a case of falling from Charybdis into Scylla, and I think on the whole I prefer Charybdis," thought John. Several times he had attempted to speak to his guide, but found that it required the undivided attention of one man to steer the boat. Consequently he desisted from the attempt and sat back in the stern, admiring the skill of the steersman, which was even more apparent when they no longer took the waves head on, but traced a diagonal course to the left. Between her pitching and her rolling, it seemed as if the boat must be swamped, but a turn of the wheel at exactly the right moment, sent them safely to the crest of a wave and down again into the trough. By the time the launch again turned toward shore, there was no fear in the mind of the stern passenger, but such trust in the steersman that he could enjoy with no real apprehension the exhilaration of the swift motion and dashing spray. In fact he was almost sorry when they reached a small inlet and ran toward the beach, and it was with regret that he saw the little vessel drawn upon shore and fastened.

He was sure by this time that his companion was not Harold Lansing, though he had not the remotest idea who he was or how he had happened to fall across him. He decided to await developments before making any disclosures. It was not long before he had the chance for which he had been waiting. The other person spoke for the first time since leaving the bay.

"We'll light a fire here and have something to eat and dry off a little. No one can see us in this hollow except from the lake, and

it's too rough for boats to come poking their noses around here out of mere curiosity."

The rain had ceased falling some time before, and it did not take long to light a fire in a place protected by some overhanging rocks. The unknown, in busying himself about the fire had thrown aside his mask. Now he straightened himself and looked across the flames at the figure on the other side.

"You might get the grub," he said, "you haven't done much else so far."

The boy started and uttered an exclamation; then stood up so that he could clearly be seen—his mask had been put aside long before.

"Dean Parker!"

The person so addressed started. "How do you know my name—why Johnny Parker, where in the world did you—Where's Bill?"

"Bill! Who's Bill?"

"Why, Bill's the one I thought you were."

"But what do you mean? What were you doing?"

Bill flushed. "I may as well tell the whole story. After father thought I did that—you know—stole all that money, I wasn't going to stay at home and have it drummed into me all the time, so I left, but I couldn't get anybody to trust me because most of them knew me in this part of the country so I took up any kind of work I could find, and then I got sick and couldn't work and I fell in with some men who knew how to get rich in a hurry on other people's money and I hadn't anything left so I started in last night. That's all."

"Poor old idiot. Father has been trying to find you for a long time. He found out not very long after you left that you didn't have any more to do with that business than he did himself. He never really thought it was your fault any way, but you are so awfully touchy that you go off at the first breath of suspicion."

"But look here, how did you get into the business?"

"Oh, I was just out for a lark with Harold

THE ARGO.

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Lansing. We were going to take a fellow's diamond pin and get him excited about it and then put it back. In the darkness I thought you were Harold."

There was silence for a minute, then the younger boy said thoughtfully,

"Did you get anything to-night?"

"No."

"Neither did I."

Again there was silence and again it was John who broke it.

"Then you haven't ever done anything that they could lay finger on?"

"No."

"Then you come back with me, and we'll never let anyone but the family know about it." And he proceeded to unfold his plan.

It was now about four o'clock, and they decided to walk back to the hotel, first leaving in the launch, which belonged to the company of burglars of which Dean had nearly made himself a member, a note to this effect:

"Decided to leave the gang. Won't squeal. Get pinched if I did. Blim."

It was only an hour's walk back and they were in their rooms by half past five, without having had any embarrassing encounters. They found that Harold, in the mean time, had cleared his end of the snag by bargaining with his burglar for the return of John, and that the aforesaid burglar had slipped away in the darkness unobserved.

It was for the interest of the Parkers not to disclose the retreat of the burglars and on the other hand it would be unwise for the burglars to confess what they knew about the Parkers, so there was little danger of either party proving false to its word. The father and mother were only too glad to see their oldest son return to them and judged leniently.

But there was one regret. Harold and John met the next day and after congratulating themselves on the way things had turned out, looked woefully at each other.

"Well, Jacky, he's wearing the pin this morning. I saw him telling Miss Atkins

about it. Here he comes now. Good-morning, Mr. Darling."

"Ah, good mahning. I hope you slept better than I did last night. Miss Snow occupies the room next to mine—number 129 you know—and it's distressing, positively distressing. My deah fellows, I didn't sleep a wink till twelve o'clock. A chahming young lady she is, chahming, I assure you, but has a habit of talking in her sleep, distressing habit indeed. Last night she talked almost continuously—why—ah—I haven't made a break, I hope—No?—you looked embarrassed. Well, at any rate, I was saying, she told me this morning that she dreamed almost all night that something was attacking her, first a swahm of bees, then wolves, and that she wished me to be her protector, and called out to me to get them—ah—you seem to be amused, young gentlemen. I—ah—positively refuse to be laughed at. I wish you good-mahning, gentlemen."

THE GYMNASIUM.

Some of the pleasantest hours of my Prep. school life, so soon to close, have been spent in the Ballantine Gymnasium. It belongs to Rutgers College, but we Prep. School students are allowed to use it. It is one of the largest in the country, and has a swimming tank, four bowling alleys, a running track, horizontal and parallel bars, fling rings, rowing machines, and other apparatus of modern type. Here, under the direction of the College Instructor of Physical Culture, I learned how to exercise on the apparatus, wrestle, box, fence and run, (although most of my running was done on the quarter-mile track at Neilson Field, the College athletic ground), and to swim.

And the swimming has been a very pleasant and useful thing. I was taught how to swim when I first came to school. The physical instructor stood on the edge of the swimming tank, and held me up in the water by means of a harness fastened at one end to my waistband at the other to a pole which



THE FACULTY.

he held in his hand. Later I graduated to cork jackets, and finally I learned how to swim and float without the use of any apparatus. Many a day, after an hour's healthful exercise, I have taken a comfortable tepid shower-bath, and then plunged into the cool depths of the tank.

*OUR GRADUATES AT RUTGERS.
What They Are Doing, and How They Are
Doing It.*

It is natural that most Prep. School men who go to college should choose the institution with which we are so closely connected—Rutgers College. This no doubt is because they have always the opportunity to see Rutgers at close quarters and to observe the prominent part that Prep. School alumni take in all its activities.

Rutgers Preparatory School is represented not only in all student interests of Rutgers, but on the Faculty as well. Dr. Demarest, the newly-elected President, who is to be inaugurated in June, graduated from this school in 1879, and was later instructor here from 1883 to 1886. Dr. Bevier, professor of Greek, and Dr. Newton, professor of German in the college, are also former instructors in our school.

The part taken by our graduates in athletics speaks well for the training received here at school.

The most conspicuous of Rutgers' athletes is Harold Edward Green, '02, of the Senior class. During the present college year he has been captain of both the foot-ball and the base-ball teams and a member of the gymnasium team.

Our men on the foot-ball team this year, beside Captain Green, were N. C. Murray, '02, right end, and D. J. Fisher, '04, full-back.

The captain of the gymnasium team this year was T. A. Devan, '02. C. P. Wilber, last year's captain, who won the first place in the Intercollegiate meet two years ago, in Indian clubs, is also one of our graduates, of the class of 1901. Three other members of

the gymnasium team also hail from the R. C. P. S.—on the flying rings, parallel bars and side horse. Green, '02, has been this year a member of the executive committee of the Intercollegiate Gymnastic association.

Two of our men are on the Rutgers track team, Andreea, '05, and R. Watson, '04, who recently won first place in the meet with C. C. N. Y.

To turn now, from athletic activities, let us look at the record of our graduates in other departments of college life.

Rutgers has never been defeated in debating, and her teams have, almost without exception, had one or more members, who were Prep. School men. This year, Bevier, '01, has been on both the two debating teams which defeated Trinity and Union respectively.

Another successful team, of which Rutgers is proud, has been its Chess team. Of this, Bevier, '01, and Benedict, '02, have been members. This team won from Princeton by a score of 6 1-2 to 1-2 and was beaten by Yale and University of Pennsylvania, (the latter the intercollegiate champions) by a score of 3 1-2 to 2 1-2 in both instances.

The Rutgers Glee Club which has had an unusually successful season this year, has been managed by another of our graduates, Murphy, '02. There are three others of our men on the club.

In the college cadets we have several representatives among the commanding officers. Highest of all stands T. A. Devan, '02, as cadet major. His work has been fitly crowned by having the honor of "best" soldier conferred upon him. F. O. Mittag, Jr., '02, is a cadet captain and W. H. Benedict, Jr., '02, is a cadet first lieutenant. In the color guard, Cadet First Sergeant Heath, '03, is appointed as cadet captain from June 21, 1906, on. Other promotions were Cadet Corporal Fisher, '04 to first sergeant; Miller, '04, to third sergeant; Vrooman, '05, to cadet corporal.

One more student activity is to be mentioned—journalism. We are represented in

that too. Kilmer, '04, is on the staff of the Targum, the Rutgers' weekly.

The above record, though it is, to be sure, but a "good tale badly told," yet should be a matter of some pride to Prep. School men.

A SKETCH.

That troublesome Saturday morning lecture! As soon as the gong clanged out the close of the hour, we threaded our way through the crowd of German students to the corner of the square where we could see the rest of the party awaiting us. A hurried rush for a passing car, and we were off for the Anhalte Station—two of us swaying on the rear platform—off on our excursion to Herrenchiemsee. A few hours later we were leaving the lake steamer at the Herrninsel itself.

We climbed up the path from the landing to the inn, once the Monastery of Herrenchiemsee. Here we ate our lunch on the verandah overlooking the garden with its fine old trees under which pert sparrows and gay little beach-finches were congregated begging for crumbs around the tiny tables. The charm of the place is felt even here—the severe grey building set on the edge of the lake, the quiet calm of the old garden, the solemnity with which the little peasant child in Sunday attire was dividing her bread with the finches, all spoke the love of nature which must have prompted those monks, ages ago, to establish just here this refuge from the carking cares of the world. Hither came Ludwig the Second, darling of the peasantry, after failure had met his most cherished plans, to build here a castle after the plan of that much admired palace of Versailles. A ten-minute walk from the garden of the inn brought us out on the terraces overlooking the big, grass-grown fountain basins. Within the palace we were shown from room to room resplendent with georgeous decorations and furnishings; the royal staircase glittering in gold, the rich rooms all vividly recalling the apartments upon which they were modelled—those rooms

in Versailles, eloquent at once of the magnificent courts of her kings and of those pitiful days of the French Revolution. Here in the royal bedchamber stands the splendid state bed with its gorgeous hangings, the embroideries in this room alone the work of thirty skilled women of Munich laboring seven years.

Further on in Gallerie des Glace the gold bordered mirrors, the gilded chandeliers and the crystal candelabra recall for a moment the tarnished desolation of Versailles, only to leave the imagination to picture King Ludwig walking in solitary majesty up and down the long gallery, feasting his splendor loving eyes on the two thousand candles sparkling in endlessly multiplied reflection in the long mirrors. Solitary? Yes, to outward appearances but not to his fancy for his mind was filled with the presence of his adored idol, Louis XIV, and his favorites. Up and down he walked, holding imaginary conversation with the French monarch, conversation sparkling with wit and repartee. On the solitary king and his imaginary guests walked to the dining-room and at their entrance the magic table loaed with sumptuous dishes rose as in the fairy tale through the floor to delight the eyes of royalty with the perfection and costliness of its appointments. Poor, unfortunate king. A pitiful figure in the midst of his splendor and lavishness! Poor, impaired mind, whose greatest happiness lay in these nights spent thus with its imaginary guests.

After we left the castle, we went back through the bright birch wood to the little landing place where a picturesque boatman was busied with his boat. The bargain was soon made for him to row us over to the Fraueninsel, the tiny gem of an island mirroring its old trees in the blue, shimmering lake. The boatman was evidently delighted with his bargain for he good-naturedly replied to all our questionings. Yes, over there on the island is the convent of which King Ludwig's relative was once Abbess. When the Monastery on Herreninsel was suspended,

the convent too was threatened, but the prayers of the nuns were heard and they were allowed to remain. Certainly he would row us safely over—the lake was not rough to-day and his little boat was very safe—very safe indeed. Would the ladies just get into the little boat? there, see! it would not rock at all—yes, he would put off at once and then we should have plenty of time at the Fraueninsel before the big steamer should come up the lake—certainly it would stop for us, we could perhaps see the dock where it should stop? The ladies are timid on water? but they should have no fear, he would take care that no accident happen. Undoubtedly the ladies had visited the castle! Ah, the unhappy King Ludwig! Those were fine times when he used to visit Chiemsee. Oh, yes, he could remember it well! Often at night when he was in his boat, there would be heard a sudden beat, beat of horses' hoofs ringing through the stillness and the grand coach of King Ludwig with its fine outriders would dash along the highway, bringing the king to the castle. No one ever knew when he was coming—just when no one expected him, then he came. Ah, but the people love King Ludwig—he was always kind to the Chiemsee folk—he would appear suddenly among them and talk to them. Then next night, perhaps, the castle would be all dark and the people would know King Ludwig was gone. No one saw him go, but some, perhaps, had heard faintly in the hours after midnight the beat, beat of horses' hoofs and the rumble of the big coach. Then one sad day came the word that King Ludwig was dead. He has never been seen since, but many of his Chiemsee folk do not believe the evil news. No! it canot be true—his people loved him and enemies have shut him up in some distant castle, but one night his faithful people will hear again the beat of horses' hoofs and they will know that King Ludwig has come again to make his people happy.

I suspect that somewhat of this talk was lost while we were trying to get accustomed to the peculiar dialect but there sat Frau

B—chattering away to the quaint little figure as though this especial dialect had been familiar all her days. Having reached the Fraueninsel we were conducted to an inn close by the dock. The little boatman swung his cap very low on presenting us to the landlady and especially kindly did she beam upon us. So here we sat and drank our coffee under the broad old lindens. Over on the tiny bench by the inn door sat the little boatman in his white cap, doubtless telling how the fine lady knew all about King Ludwig and had even seen the big coach at Munich with the golden angel on it. Bees were humming in the sunlit blossoms over our heads. The Bavarian sky was never bluer, the lake never more fascinating. The tiny fishermen's cottages near at hand were intensely quiet—we seemed almost the only people stirring. The old tree just at the angle of the convent wall dipped its branches low in the water and off across the lake shone the splendid castle with its big rooms glittering with gold and crystal—all silently waiting for their master who comes no more.

A GLANCE AT OUR ATHLETICS.

In athletics R. C. P. S. has always maintained a spirit not so much to win at any price as to play the game for the sport there is in it. This spirit has enabled her to maintain friendly relations with all her neighboring institutions.

The school does not belong to a league, because she has no grounds of her own, but has the use of the Rutgers College athletic field when not used by the college. This makes it necessary that games be played in New Brunswick on certain dates only, a condition which cannot be met by the committee working up the league schedules.

A friendly co-operation exists between students and instructors in the management of athletics, there being a general manager appointed from among the instructors and a student manager elected by the students. This places the athletics of the school on a firm

basis and avoids mistakes in schedules and other mismanagements which are often met with in other schools.

An athletic association is maintained by the students which elects the managers of baseball, foot-ball and track team, and helps materially toward the success of the teams. Dramatic entertainments are given from time to time by the school, the proceeds of which are devoted to the interests of athletics in general.

Although there are but few fellows from whom to pick the different teams, the school has held a splendid position among her opponents, as the following records will show:

During the last five years out of 27 games played in foot-ball, R. C. P. S. has won 20, tied 2 and lost 5, scoring 356 points to her opponents 221. In base-ball out of 29 games played, R. C. P. S. has won 10 and lost 19, scoring 167 points to her opponents 266.

In track athletics the school boasts two banners won at meets held under the auspices of Rutgers College and many medals won at other meets. Two tennis courts are provided for the use of the students and tournaments are held each spring.

Among the opponents of the school in football and base-ball may be mentioned the following: Barnard School, Bordentown Military Institute, Cedarcroft School, Erasmus High School, Kingsley School, Leal School, Morristown School, Mt. Pleasant Military Academy, New Brunswick High School, Nyack Military Academy, Perth Amboy High School, Pingry School, Polytechnic Institute, Plainfield High School, Stevens Prep., Trenton State School.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

Whereas, It has pleased God, recently, to take from this world the life of the brother of our classmate, J. Claude Thomson, and

Whereas, We, the members of the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Six, of Rutgers Preparatory School, feel a strong sympathy for our classmate in this, his bereavement; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we hereby express our participation in the sorrow which is his, and, be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be published in the *Argo*.

WILLARD T. CASE,
FRANK D. ELBERSON,
FRANK E. MASON,
Committee.

RESOLUTIONS OF RESPECT.

*Rutgers Preparatory School,
New Brunswick, N. J.*

Whereas, It has pleased the Almighty Father to take the life of the brother of our friend and brother, J. Claude Thomson, and

Whereas, We his friends and fellow members of the Delta Theta, do feel a deep sympathy for him in this his sorrow; therefore, be it

Resolved, That we, the Delta Theta Fraternity of Rutgers Preparatory School, do hereby express our sympathy for him in his bereavement; and be it further

Resolved, That a copy of these resolutions be sent to our brother, and that they be published in the *Argo*.

For the Fraternity,
JOHN B. BLACK,
GEORGE M. GREEN,
Committee.

THE JAPANESE SCHOOL BOY.

II.

HOW HE CAME TO RUTGERS.

A famous Japanese said in an address in this country not long since, that when Japan reached out after western ideas, she copied her navy from Great Britain, her army from France, her medical service from Germany and her educational system from the United States.

All the readers of the *Argo* may not know how important a part the Dutch have played in the development of New Japan and what an honor is ours of the "Rutgers Grammar School."

You may have heard that there used to be



FOOT BALL TEAM, 1905.



BASE BALL TEAM, 1906.

a great many Japanese students here, but did you know that the very first ones that came to this country to be educated, came here?

The official report of the Commissioner of Education says that in the ten years after 1866 when the first students came to America, five hundred were trained in the Dutch Reformed Colleges alone, a majority of them in Rutgers College and Grammar School. I am sure you will like to hear the story of how and why they came here.

Nearly three hundred years ago, when no outside nations had been allowed to enter the ports of Japan, the Dutch succeeded in securing a trading post in Nagasaki Bay. They were despised by the Japanese and treated with contempt, but they plodded on their Dutch way.

It was not long before enterprising young men discovered that there was something to be learned of the ostracised stranger within their ports, so there were stealthy trips to the little island, repeated again and again until something was learned—of course but the merest smattering—of engineering, mining, astronomy and medicine.

In 1859 there went out from the Dutch Reformed Church in America the Rev. Guido F. Verbeck, D.D., as a missionary to Japan. He was a Hollander by birth and education, but continued his studies in America. He went to Nagasaki and there opened a school. To him came many of those who had been influenced by the Dutch traders.

Dr. Verbeck was a remarkable man and he grew in favor with all classes. Later at the call of the Government he became the President of the Imperial University at Tokyo and the confidential advisor of New Japan.

Our own Dr. Murray, a beloved professor in Rutgers, was asked a few years later to come to Japan as official advisor of the Japanese department of education. He was general superintendent of schools and colleges there, and founded their system of education with a wisdom and ability which years of trial have amply justified.

For the story of the very first boys that

came to us from Japan, I am indebted to the Rev. John M. Ferris, one time Secretary of the Board of Missions of the Dutch Church.

The office of the Board of Missions is in Fulton street in New York. One day in the fall of 1866 there appeared a plain looking man with two young men who looked like Chinamen. They presented to Dr. Ferris a letter of introduction from Dr. Verbeck of Nagasaki who said these young men were of good family and were worthy of attention. The man with them proved to be the captain of the bark in which they sailed. These boys had been for a few months pupils in Dr. Verbeck's school. They had learned a little English there and had picked up a little more on the long six months voyage to America. They wished, they said, to study navigation, to learn how to build ships and to make big guns, so that they could prevent other countries from coming and taking possession of their country. They had \$100 in gold remaining of the money with which they started and they ought to be able to accomplish their purpose.

Dr. Ferris told them that they would have to study many things before they could build ships and could understand the science of navigation, and that their money was very far from enough to enable them to accomplish their purpose. However, he became greatly interested in these young men and succeeded in interesting wealthy members of the Missionary Board in them too. It was decided that an effort should be made to place them in school in New Brunswick. Dr. Ferris himself brought them here and took them to the house of a Mrs. Van Arsdale, who had a boarding house on Church street, just below where the People's Bank now stands. Dr. Ferris knew Mrs. Van Arsdale to be a most excellent woman, and boarding with her was the widow of a well known clergyman, a Mrs. Romeyn. These two ladies became intensely interested in the young foreigners and engaged to take them under their special care.

Dr. Ferris then took them to the house of the Headmaster, or as he was then called, the

Rector, of the Grammar School, the Rev. Alexander McKelvy. Here they were most cordially received.

Later Dr. Ferris realized how extremely fortunate he had been that day, for it was oftentimes very difficult to find homes for Japanese students. Other boarders would threaten to leave or what was more distressing, the Irish potentates of the establishment would one and all give warning if these "hathen" were coming into the house. Dr. Ferris says that one time he spent two whole days unsuccessfully trying to find rooms in a private boarding house for a Japanese prince, a member of the Imperial family, and his suite, all most courteous gentlemen.

However, all turned out well with our two young men. Mrs. Van Arsdale and Mrs. Ronseyn kept their promises faithfully and Mr. McKelvy proved himself, as is the manner of Headmasters of the Grammar School, a patient and painstaking teacher.

These young men had forfeited their lives by coming to this country without permission. Fortunately they were highly connected and their newly made American friends used what influence they could so that in the end the government not only expressed approbation of their course but appropriated money to repay the advances made for them.

This was the beginning of the great educational movement to this country and later to Europe.

Several students died here and in the cemetery behind the Carnegie Library, you may find a group of noticeable marble shafts which mark their resting place.

One of them was an especially brilliant student and Dr. William Eliot Griffis in his *Mikado's Empire* tells of visiting the family of this young man in Japan. He had been a student of Dr. Griffis' at Rutgers and Dr. Griffis took to his father the gold key of the Phi Beta Kappa Society to which his son had been elected, he having stood at the head of his class.

It is told of another student that died here

that he directed that his hair and nails should be cut off and sent home to his family and it was done.

But it is gratifying to know that most of those that came here returned to their homes and have been a strong influence in the formation of New Japan, during these last stirring years. Many of them hold important positions in the army and are conspicuous in civic affairs.

Sometime we should like to tell the readers of the *Argo*, in detail, something of what has been wrought in Japan by the boys who came for their inspiration to the School and the College on "the banks of the old Raritan."

A WHOLE YEAR ROUND.

Listen, my children and you shall hear
What we did at the Trap this eventful year,
The charades, the tennis, the dances, and all—
The tumbling, the pillow-fights, the scraps in
the hall.

In the Music Room there's been much din,—
The horn, the fiddle, the mandolin
Of Case, and Gross, and Angell, too,
Have vied with pianists not a few.

On Sunday nights we gather there
To sing old hymns and say a prayer,
These memories will with us stay
When other things have passed away.

In Mrs. Payson's library
We're always sure to welcome her;
She comforts us in woes and joys
And always likes to hear our noise.

But when we're sick she comes out strong
And brings the Castor Oil along.
On Sunday she reads and gives us candy,
And we all think that she's just dandy.

The birthday cakes they are so light,
The birthday candles burn so bright,—
If the list of Miss Bateman weren't so clear,
Cox and Jelly'd have a hundred a year.