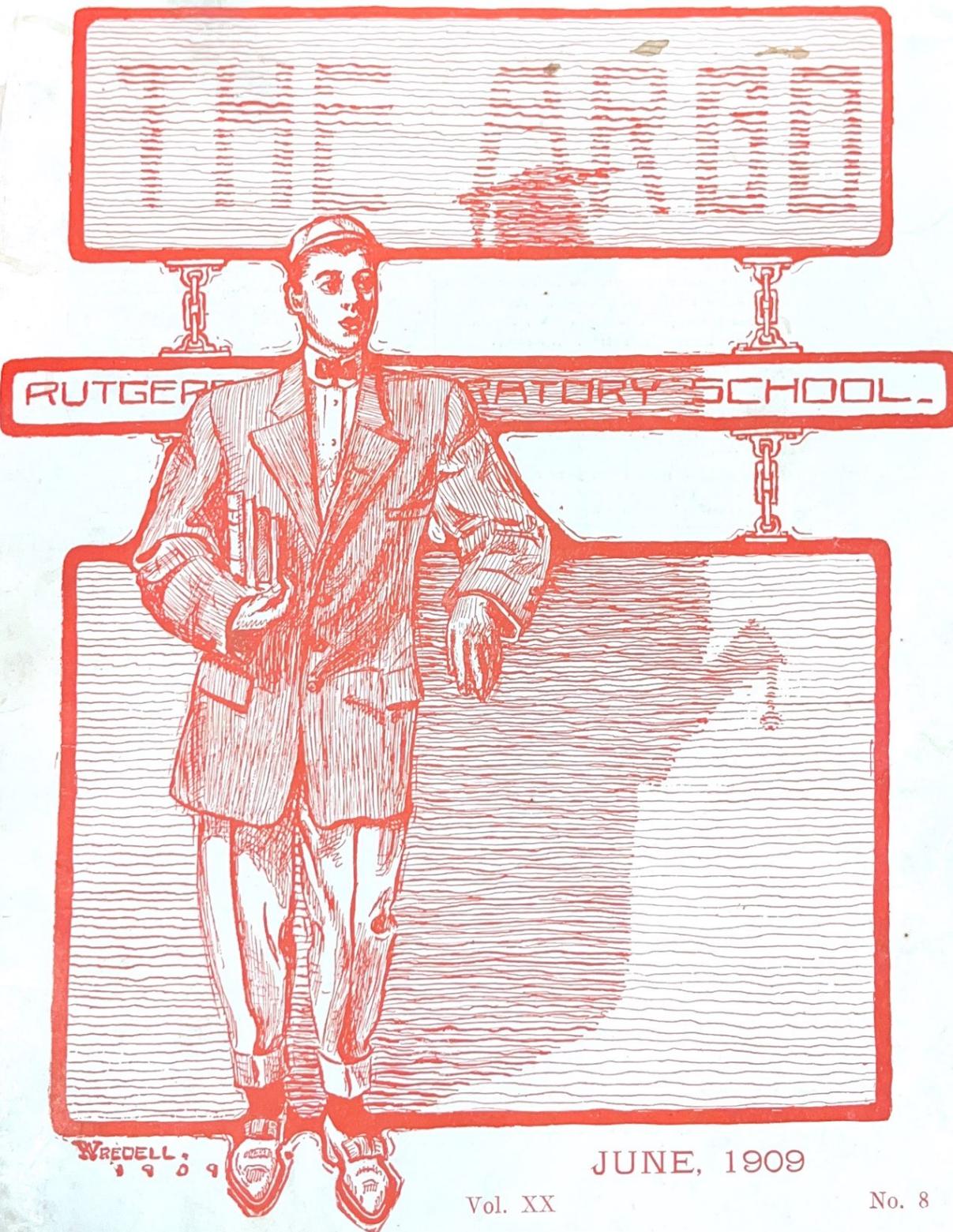


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1909

JUNE, 1909

Vol. XX

No. 8

THE ARGO

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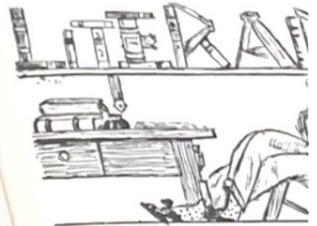
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# THE

VOL. XX.

NEW



## THE G—ST. DIA

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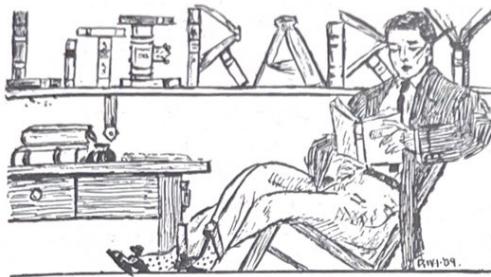
RELAY TEAM

# THE ARGO.

VOL. XX.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., JUNE, 1909.

No. 8.



## THE G—ST. DIAMOND ROBBERY.

It was a bright, brisk March day; a day that made every one feel lively; a day that made the people of New York feel gay. The crowd on G— street was greater than usual and there seemed to be some unusual excitement.

If at that moment a bystander had looked at a large and famous jewelry house at the corner of —teenth street he would have seen a well-dressed man of about fifty, slightly humpbacked, with large gold glasses and a rather forbidding appearance, coming out of the door, carrying a gold-headed cane and talking excitedly. Behind him came a big policeman with a handcuffed young man, and another person who was doing his best to pacify the irate old man. What the trouble was no one knew; but what had happened was this.

An unusually large diamond had come into the hands of this jewelry house, a beautiful stone, which cost a fortune. Many people had admired it during the day, and just before five o'clock the gentleman with the gold-headed cane came in and asked to see the gem, which was brought out to him on a tray.

Taking out a case he took out another pair of gold spectacles, placed those he had on in the case and returned it to his pocket. Next he drew out a box of Chiclets, opened it, took

one, closed up the box, replaced it, and said, as if to himself, "A most magnificent gem, a most magnificent one."

"Yes, sir," remarked the clerk, who seemed uneasy. Another man of a rather nice appearance was impatiently waiting for some one to serve him, yet the clerk did not wish to leave the diamond alone while he waited on the newcomer, and neither did he wish to hasten a likely customer. Nor was the latter in any hurry, for he examined and admired the stone as it lay in the tray, without any sign of haste and with the utmost deliberation.

The clerk, seeing this, turned toward the new-comer, who was looking at a tray of rings, and remarked, "Would you like to see that tray, sir?"

"Yes," he answered.

"If you will step this way, please," requested the clerk, who, while taking out the required tray was also watching the diamond. He placed the ring tray next to the diamond, and the newcomer examined them closely. He picked out one set with an exquisite opal, laid it on the counter, drew out a small box from his pocket, took out a ring set with a beautiful pearl and two fine diamonds, and asked if they would consider an exchange, and if so on what terms.

The clerk picked up the two rings, compared them, and turning toward the rear of the store called, "Mr. Feelan."

The man in question came out and after a few words of explanation disappeared with the two rings.

"Le me see these watches, clerk," commanded the old man with the gold-headed cane, who had meanwhile wandered along the glass cases to one containing watches.

"In a minute, sir," was the reply. The

clerk returned with the rings, stating that no terms could be given now and requesting the man to return later. With these words he handed back the ring to its owner, who quickly left the store.

"Clerk!" again exclaimed the old man.

"Yes, sir," answered the clerk, as he quickly put the tray of rings in place, and seizing the one with the diamond he was about to put it away also when he noticed that there was a peculiar look about it. He picked up the gem when—Was it true? Could it be possible? Only an imitation! He let fall an exclamation, almost a shriek, which caused Mr. L—, the old gentleman, to look up and ask what the trouble was.

"It is gone! It is gone!" moaned the poor clerk.

"What? What is gone?" questioned Mr. L—.

"The stone, fool! and you, you took it, you!" shrieked the clerk, who ran from behind the counter and grabbed Mr. L— by the throat.

The old man staggered back with a cry which brought up the store detectives and the rest of the clerks. When the story of the lost stone was told a policeman was called who started to take his prisoner to the station, but his captive said, "Search me, you ruffians; strip me, brigands; if you find anything on me that is not lawfully mine, may I suffer the torments—"

"Agreed," interrupted the store detectives, who took the now angry prisoner to the back of the store, where he was thoroughly searched. But nothing could be found, though they even examined the gum he was chewing and took the gold head off the cane. They searched his watch, his purse, even the box of Chiclets which was nearly full, and of these they broke open two or three, but to no avail.

As Mr. L— was denouncing the indignity the unlucky clerk bethought himself of the other man. The policeman had seen him take

an M— street car and instantly a motor-cycle cop was sent after it.

Just as he reached it the car stopped and the man of whom he was in search stepped off. He was instantly arrested and taken to the jewelry shop, which was reached just as the old gentleman had readjusted his clothing. They searched their second prisoner and found a beautiful ruby ring which the clerk recognized. He went to his tray of rings and found that a paste imitation had been substituted. They could not find the lost diamond, but they handcuffed the thief, as they now believed him to be.

Mr. L— sarcastically asked if "the gentlemen" would detain him any longer. The detectives apologized, but the now thoroughly enraged man left the store in the mood seen by the crowd.

The trial came off a month later. The conductor of the car, the clerk, the detectives and the policeman were among the witnesses. The conductor said he had seen the thief talk with a man in a white flannel suit. He remembered well the face, a repulsive one with a grizzly red beard, a hooked nose, and an ugly scar from one ear to the mouth, because he watched him, as did most of the passengers, on account of the oddity of his dress at that time of the year, and saw him get off two blocks below where his friend the thief had gotten on.

"Did you see anything pass between the two?" queried the prosecuting attorney.

"Yes, sir. It was a small blue box," answered the witness.

The prisoner admitted all this, but said it was the ring he wished to exchange that was in the box.

"Why did you give him your ring?" he was asked.

"It was not mine, it was his. I was to exchange it for him. He knows nothing of my taking the ring."

He was asked the address of his friend and gave it, but added that the man had sailed for Africa to try his luck in the diamond mines.

The prisoner was found guilty of stealing the ruby, and the circumstantial evidence being so strong of his being at least an accomplice in the theft of the diamond, he was sentenced to a term of fifteen years. But where the diamond went to no one knew until four years afterward.

The scene shifts three years later to the Transvaal and to a hut built on a hill overlooking a diamond mine. A man in corduroy trousers, a blue shirt, and wearing a pair of gold glasses, was seated on a box, reading. As another man came up the road he got up, and it was seen he was slightly hunchbacked. It was indeed our friend Mr. L—.

The new-comer was dressed in much the same way, had a repulsive face with a grizzly red beard, a hooked nose, and an ugly scar reaching from ear to mouth. He greeted Mr. L— and asked if he would like to buy a rough diamond. Mr. L—, with a perfectly calm countenance, asked to see the diamond, but asked nothing as to its source. It proved to be of good size, the price demanded was very reasonable, and Mr. L— bought it.

One evening about eight o'clock a month later, the buyer of a large jewelry house in New York, in fact the house that had lost the diamond, and who was then at Paris in the Hotel Pavilion, received a visitor. The stranger appeared to be a miner who was in his best clothes, although a shave and a haircut would have helped his appearance. He drew out an elegant diamond with a slip of paper and handed both to the buyer. The buyer examined the diamond, then the piece of paper, which proved to be the certificate of an Amsterdam diamond cutter that he had cut an unusually fine gem on such and such a day, but without describing the stone in detail. The diamond was indeed a fine gem, and after much bartering it was purchased, paid for, and the man left.

We will follow this man for a while. When he reached the entrance he was handed a suit

case by the Concierge. Slipping a coin into the man's hand he went out and took a cab to the railroad station. He paid the driver well, went to the ticket window and had a first-class compartment on the express train for Marseilles reserved.

At nine o'clock our friend, now freshly shaved, boarded the train, tipped the conductor, entered his compartment, closed the door, locked it, pulled down the shades and disappeared from view.

The cars in France are made up of compartments with an aisle running down the side. The first-class compartments are rarely filled, as "only Americans and fools use them." If the conductor is given a coin or two he will leave the inmate alone and allow no one to bother him the entire way.

At Marseilles the express stopped and the conductor knocked at the compartment. Instantly the door opened, and who should step out but our friend Mr. L— with his suit case.

We are again in New York ten days later. The buyer has entered the jewelry house and is showing the owner his purchases. He was particularly pleased with a big diamond that he had bought from a miner in Paris. The jeweler examined the stone, set it down, picked it up again, examined it more closely, and finally called in two of his clerks. They all recognized the lost diamond, which they had now purchased a second time.

Of course all know who the real culprit was, but how the diamond was obtained may not be known. It will be remembered that the clerk turned for only one instant to the new customer and asked what he wanted, but Mr. L— had seen his chance. Quick as thought he took the gem, replacing it with an imitation. He then wandered along the counter, took out a prepared box in the form of a Chiclet into which he slipped the gem, being careful to stuff the case so the diamond could not rattle.

When the clerk turned to call Mr. Feelan the other thief changed the rings. The latter

was caught by accident, but the former escaped. In Amsterdam Mr. L— had the rough diamond which he purchased in Africa cut and received a certificate which he used with the other diamond.

The friends of the thief sent in a petition, and it being proved that he had nothing to do with the stealing of the diamond his sentence was commuted to a much shorter term.

—H. F. S.

#### THE SINGING GHOST.

There always was a superstition about the old place. Almost every old house will furnish a good story or two for the minds of the neighbor's children—especially if it possesses a dark room and a mysterious cave with a sixty foot well dug in the floor, as my uncle's did. The fact that the cave was innocently dug for the purpose of keeping dairy products cool did not figure in the minds of those who liked to tell a good story.

When I was a boy I used to visit the old farm every summer, and many a happy day I had spent following the plow and picking up Indian arrow heads in the fresh soil. I remember how important I felt when one day I picked up a queer shaped stone which every one said must have been the battle-axe of an Indian chief. But this has nothing to do with my story.

Since my aunt died and I grew up, the old place somehow did not have the same attraction for me, and my visits were less frequent.

Last fall, however, I decided to renew old acquaintances—and immediately set out for my uncle's. After riding all day it felt good to get off the train and stretch my legs once again on that familiar old plank road which led to my uncle's house. How often I had walked that lonely mile!

Everything looked the same as usual. There was the old mill which had been owned by my great great grandfather and his children after

him, and up on the hill I could see faintly the outline of the huge maples that I knew sheltered the old farm house.

It was very dark and foggy and the roads were bad, but I picked my way into the lonely lane as I had done hundreds of times, jumping the places that I knew were muddy and crawling through the big white-washed gate from force of habit.

As I came nearer I could make out a dim light in the tumble-down outside kitchen, and could hear the dog barking.

The door was opened, and the dog rushed out.

"What yer got, 'Nell'? Is that ol' dog friend of yours around agin to-night?" my uncle called after her.

"Well, of all people, where in thunder did you come from?" he said, as "Nell" and I rounded the corner of the house.

"I'm doggoned if I knew yer at first, yer grown so. Why didn't yer tell a person you were goin' to pop in on 'em. Had yer supper?"

I assured him I had.

"That's good. I just this minute cleared up the dishes. How are you anyhow?"

We went inside and my uncle continued his work at the old stone sink. He was paring potatoes for the next day.

After I had downed a dipper full of the best water in the world, which always stood in a bucket near the kitchen door, I felt more like talking, and so we talked for a long time, until I had to call a halt or see every potato in sight loose its jacket, for Uncle Nat was so taken up with the conversation that he had lost all count, and would have pared until midnight if I had kept on talking.

But I must go on with my story.

You see my uncle had lived all alone since my aunt's death, except for his brother, who came up from his mill three times a day for his meals, and then returned to the mill to sleep.

Before we went into the sitting room the old man went outside and closed the heavy wooden blinds. The wind had risen some and it was beginning to rain. It certainly was a nasty night. The guinea hens were flying from their roost in the walnut trees to a dryer sleeping place in the shed.

"B' the way them dago hens is acting I wouldn't be surprised if we had plenty of bad weather to-night," said my uncle, as he came in the sitting room and took down the ancient looking glass which he regularly consulted every other night, with a razor equally as antique.

I watched him shave, as I had often done—watched him twist his face into the shape that best fitted the wavy old mirror's reflection, and made up my mind that the first thing I would do when I reached the civilized world would be to send him a shaving glass.

I pitied so much the condition of his barber-shop that I offered him the use of my safety razor and proceeded to give him lessons in operating it.

But he would have none of it. "No new fangled razors for me," and he went back to his own, and finished with a triumphant flourish.

We pulled our chairs up before the fireplace, piled on some hickory, and sat and talked and chatted like a couple of old women.

The noise of the wind in the old chimney and the roar of the fire made things sound pretty wild, and our talk seemed to drift to subjects quite as fearful.

Uncle Nat got down his old corn-cob from the mantle.

"Remember how old Lydia used to sit, just as you're sitting now, smoking and rocking back and forth," he said, as he pulled his pipe.

"There's her old clay pipe on the shelf yit. Nobody's ever touched it! And blamed if there ain't some tobacco along with it," he declared on further investigation.

Lydia was an old aunt of his who had one

day hobbled out to the barn yard when every one was in the field and there she had met her death under the feet of a young steer.

Well, the conversation went from bad to worse. Although very interesting in the day time, the history of some of my dead relations sounded pretty wierd at such a time, and when the big clock in the corner tolled a late hour, I was ready to turn in and forget ancient history with the help of a feather bed, which I knew waited for me.

So we locked everything tight, gave "Nell" a good-night pat and climbed the shaky old stairs to the room above, my uncle first with the lantern and alarm clock, and our shadows wobbling up after us.

The old room looked the same as usual. There stood the two four-posters as they had always stood, one on either side, and there was the yellow picture of General Washington parading the streets with a charger under him, and bushels of roses thrown by pretty lasses, under the charger.

There was something new, however. Something that resembled a telephone had taken the place of a time-honored calendar. It was a 'phone, sure enough!

"Your Uncle Frank made it," explained my uncle, "so that I can ring him up in the morning and at meal times. Hi Guy! it's a great thing now, ain't it! All yer have to do is to turn that little handle and in fifteen minutes he's here for breakfast. It ain't working now. Frank says the wire's grounded somewhere down yonder in the lane," he concluded, as he set the smoky lantern down outside in the hall.

Once in bed my uncle talked little. I was thoroughly disgusted when the climax of one of my best stories was capped by a snore from the other side of the room.

How long I lay there listening to the rain sweep over the old roof I do not know.

It seemed that I would never get asleep. The wind blew harder with every puff of rain,

## THE ARGO

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and the frequent bang of a shutter in some remote part of the big house kept tune to the constant rattle of the windows.

I must have dozed off at last—but it seemed as though I were immediately awakened by the bark of the dog downstairs. I was conscious of a queer sound which seemed to come from every direction—a sort of a shrill singing—only like nothing I have ever heard before. Now high, now low, it vibrated through the big house. It was not loud, only a penetrating buzz.

I sat up in bed and tried to pierce the darkness.

My uncle was snoring peacefully.

I listened!

The noise continued. The rain rattled like hail against the windows. I sat up in bed and tried to determine the direction of the sound. One minute it seemed within the very room, and the next far away. It was a continuous moan and seemed to grow louder and louder.

My uncle still slept soundly, and I hated to wake him. Perhaps it was only a train whistle on the "cut-off," or I was dreaming.

I heard "Nell" trotting around on the oil-cloth downstairs, back and forth and whining as though she wanted to get out. The sound grew intense and the dog sent a howl echoing through the old house that made the chills creep up and down my back.

My uncle was wide awake immediately.

"Listen," I whispered. The moaning sound had reached a high note and seemed to cling to it. Then it slowly died down only to rise again the next moment. It seemed now to come from every joist in the room.

Uncle Nat said never a word, but softly got out of bed and reached for an old gun near by.

Trembling in every limb, I carefully slid over the wooden pegs on the side of my bed, and followed him. He handed me the lantern, and led the way down the creaky stairs to the room below.

I never saw a dog as tickled to see any one before in all my life.

We went from room to room, my uncle with his rusty old gun cocked in front of him, while I followed with the lantern held high above me.

The dog followed too, and it seemed to me that the peculiar sound did likewise—for it appeared to be in every room.

We discovered nothing but several leaks in the old roof, and finally went back to bed where we lay awake until daylight.

With the first streaks of day the noise ceased and I went to sleep.

About seven o'clock I descended for breakfast with my suitcase in one hand and my overcoat on the other arm, fully resolved to take the first train for the city, and forever believe in haunted houses but never again to invade them.

My Uncle Frank was already eating his breakfast. "Here's another one who doesn't know the difference between the racket of a ghost and the noise of a grounded telephone wire in the wind," he said.

I looked at Uncle Nat. He was doubled with laughter.

"It's a wonder you wouldn't learn how to rig up a 'phone so it wouldn't sing all night and scare a fellow most to death," I said, as I threw my suitcase in the corner and decided to stay a week.

R. W. IREDELL, '09.

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The goat he ate a rubber shoe,  
And softly did he hum,  
"Boys, I am doing nothing new,  
I'm simply chewing gum."

There was a fisherman polite  
Whose manners were so fine,  
Whene'er he went to catch a fish,  
He'd drop him first a line.



ARGO BOARD



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Correspondents will confer a great favor by writing on one side of the paper only.

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

THE ARGO.—In this the last issue of the ARGO for the current school year it seems well to review the improvements that have been made toward accomplishing the object which the editors have constantly had before them, namely, to make the paper an expression of the life and standards of the school. We started out an entirely new staff, and of necessity could not do much in our first issue. We believed that the best way of reflecting the life of the school would be through editorials, and so in the next issue we had several editorials on various topics. Too much stress cannot be laid on this department, and from the first our exchanges have commented on the great improvement which editorials have made in the ARGO. Our space was limited, and the question arose whether we should have fewer editorials and more stories, or vice versa. We concluded that one good story and a number of editorials would be better than a number of mediocre stories and one or two editorials. We have tried to have nothing but good stories, and if the verdict of the exchanges is worthy of acceptance, we have succeeded. The next thing to be considered was our cover design. For two months we were forced to be content with pictures of the school buildings, but in December one of the students designed a simple but effective cover which has met favorable comment everywhere. Our exchanges have continually multiplied. We had asked to be criticized ourselves, and it seemed only fair that we should give all our exchanges a just and impartial criticism. Sometimes we had space for only a line, but we tried to criticize all. Of our athletic department there is no need to speak. Almost every paper is good in this department, and its size always varies according to the number of games played. There have been several movements set on foot by this paper, of which space does not permit us to speak. We have changed the paper greatly, have improved its standard,

have enlarged it, and have left for the new editorial staff a paper whose purpose, we hope, will be continued, and whose standard will be still further improved.

**THE SENIOR CLASS.**—In a few days the members of the Senior Class will have graduated and gone their respective ways, some to our own college, some to other colleges, and some to begin their life in the business world. The class of 1909 leaves behind it a record upon which each member of the class may look with pride. We Seniors were placed in one of the most important years in the history of the school, and naturally the lead fell to us. Many changes have occurred in the past year, and we may well be proud of the part we have taken in bringing about these changes, either as individuals or as a class. Throughout the school year there has been evident a spirit of advancement and of self-government. To us fell the duty of organizing this spirit which attained its height in the School Charter. This charter has been discussed in another editorial, and there is no need of saying anything further concerning its democratic principles, its plan of self-government, and its significance in the history of the school. Another advancement has been shown in the organizing of the School Y. M. C. A., for which we have mainly to thank members of the Senior class. The great improvement in the ARGO, of which we have already spoken, is another thing due to the Seniors. The class of 1909 has found the ARGO a ready spokesman to the rest of the school. A notable instance of the stand our class has taken against all bad practices is the campaign against smoking. We have been able to limit this habit to the older boys, and to stop it entirely during school hours. Our class has had a large number of players on the different athletic teams, and it was largely by our efforts that interclass athletics were instituted. But space is lacking to recount any more of the things we have done. Let the ex-

amples given here be examples of what we have stood for in school life.

There is, however, something more important than our past. What will we do in the future? This is what must concern us all. We have still more preparation to receive in college, but the first stage is past, and it is time for us to begin the forming of ideals which shall guide us through life. There are struggles to be encountered, but it is only through struggling that we obtain the ideal. There are temptations to be resisted, and it is through the preparation which we receive in Prep. School and College that we receive the strength to overcome them. There will be evils in the political and social life of this country which we must face. These things are what makes this preparatory period so necessary, and it is only as we have conquered our hard lessons of Latin, geometry and other studies, that we shall be able to conquer the harder lessons of life. It is well that we have such a good record to look back upon. May it be but the beginning of records which will show that we have been good citizens, fighters against evil and oppression, strong for democracy, and above all, good Christian Men.

—J. H. J.

#### OUR Y. M. C. A.

For one hundred and forty-three years Rutgers Preparatory School has existed as an institution of learning, and during all this time it has never, for one moment, failed to be foremost leader of all institutions in its class. Many a man has left its walls with a training never to be lost and with a mental and physical foundation upon which to build his character, that never can be undermined by unreasonable influences.

We are all well aware of the fact that athletics are essential for a thorough education, and that they must be indulged in for the de-



SENIOR CLASS

Courtesy Newark News

velopment of a strong physical body and a healthy mind. We also know that we must devote a great deal of our time to our books, if we wish to become thoroughly educated men and if we wish to accomplish the purpose for which we set out in our younger days.

However, these are not the only developments for which a man must seek that he may live a truly happy and successful life; there is a human nature in every man, and unless he attempts to gain Christian companionship with his God and his fellowmen, this nature can never be developed to its full extent.

Our school has started an organization which will tend to develop the moral characteristics of its scholars; and which will make them realize their Christian duty to their Maker and fellow students. The name of this organization is "The Young Men's Christian Association."

The start made by us in this work is a most excellent one. Already we have formed a good constitution, which has been adopted, and we have elected officers fully competent for the leadership of this work. At our first meeting much interest was shown and a great deal of enthusiasm was demonstrated by a number of the students. What we are now to do is to continue what we have started with the same interest that we now have and with increasing zeal. In this way we will be able to accomplish all those things for which a Young Men's Christian Association stands, and we will be able to develop not only our mental and physical body, but also our spiritual body.

It now behoves each and every one of us, who are students of Rutgers Preparatory School, to do all in our power to promote this Christian movement; not only for the purpose of developing his own intellectual and spiritual character, but that he may do something for the growth and development of these same characteristics in his fellowmen.

ROYAL A. STANTON, '08.

TIME.—"Lost, some time between sunrise and sunset, one golden hour set with sixty small diamonds. No reward is offered, for it is gone forever."

Not only one hour, but two hours, or three hours, possibly more. Few boys in their youth realize the vast amount of time which they lose—waste. Time which they ruthlessly waste, and time which others prevent them from using advantageously. But they may ask how they may lose time! It seems to them as if they are always overworked! Few boys waste much time while they are out on the playground. Most of the time which slips through a boy's hands is in the performing of some task or the preparing of lessons,—any slight noise, the entering or leaving of another person, a passing automobile or trolley car,—things which when they are out on the street never even draw their eye,—all of these things they will see, while the task at hand is unthought of. It does not take many minutes lost in this manner to count up to an hour—two hours.

Last year a boy named T— decided that he wished to leave school and seek his fortune out in the world. Through his father, an influential man in the city, he secured a good position in a large clothing establishment. He had been there nearly five weeks, when, upon his arrival one morning he found a note upon his desk stating that his services were no longer needed there. Upon inquiry, the father learned that his son had been relieved of duty because he was a dawdler,—he lost time by slow trifling, he acted in an indecisive way. Just so, boys, you, if you do not wake up soon, will be the last man in the procession. The alert, wide-awake ones will have passed you.

Boys, work hard! Systematize everything you do! Apply yourselves! Concentrate all your mind and body on the work at hand! Do not waste your precious time, and you are bound to win!

—'09.

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SCHOOL CHARTER.—At last we have completed our plan for school organization and government and are ready to begin the next school year with our charter already tested by actual use. The charter was published in full in our last number, but owing to lack of time no editorial comment was made on it. But does it need editorial comment? Does it not speak for itself and show that we as a school are right up with the times? Take, for instance, the articles regarding "Direct nominations," the "Initiative," the "Referendum" and the "Recall." These are four modes of procedure which are gradually coming into use throughout the country. They represent a notable advance towards a truer democracy and freedom, and it is well that we who are to become factors in their use should learn that use here in Prep. School.

The committee which drew up the charter deserves the praise and thanks of the whole school. They have given their time to it for over two months, and we truly appreciate their effort in giving to the school an organization of which we may well be proud. No less worthy of our thanks is Mr. Scudder, who constantly helped the committee by his direction, and made possible the fine character of the charter by his timely suggestions. We have held our elections and they have resulted, we are sure, in the selection of the men best fitted for the task of governing the school. With this charter as a beginning, let the school go forward, seeking always for the heartiest co-operation between the students and the faculty, through which we may finally become the ideal Prep. School.

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OUR HEROES.—We noticed a peculiar statement in the West Jersey Academian a few months ago. The paper said that the name of Leonidas would far outshine that of the world's greatest generals, including George Washington. What did Leonidas do? Why, he with three hundred followers held a pass

for a whole day against the army of Xerxes. The position of the little band was practically impregnable on account of high rocks on either side. He died for his country there. A brave act, all will admit. But in American history we have a grander sacrifice,—that of the Alamo. There, less than three hundred men held an old church against the whole Mexican army until every one was killed. At Thermopylae two escaped. At the Alamo none tried to. They fought and died together. Therefore, we consider the act of Davy Crockett and his Texans greater than that of Leonidas and his Spartans. And as to comparing him with Washington! The Washington of Trenton, the Washington of Valley Forge, the Washington of Yorktown, the Washington of America, it is absurd.

Land of the West! though passing brief  
The record of thine age,  
Thou hast a name that darkens all  
On History's wide page!  
Let all the blasts of fame ring out—  
Thine shall be loudest far:  
Let others boast their satellites—  
Thou hast the morning star.  
Thou hast a name whose characters  
Of light shall ne'er depart;  
'Tis stamped upon the dullest brain,  
And warms the coldest heart;  
A war cry fit for any land,  
Where Freedom's to be won;  
Land of the West! it stands alone—  
It is thy Washington.

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SUMMER CAMP.—The summer camp at Schoodic Lake will be a good thing for the school in many ways. Everything is being done to make it an attractive camp, both from the standpoint of play and work by providing the right kind of opportunities for both.

The conditions for developing material for the track team will be unusually good. Expert coaching combined with the general

physical development which is bound to come from the tramping, the swimming and the boating, is sure to be felt in all of the athletic interests of the school. Certain of our playground features will be adapted for use at the camp. The playground slide will "chute" us into the water in fine style.

Books and materials which may be of use in taking advantage of the chance for nature study are provided, and the fellow who is on the lookout for general information will be able to gather it under favorable conditions.

Besides these opportunities there is the advantage which comes from the "team spirit" which is certain to develop when a congenial crowd lives together and pools its interest in this way. This will mean more school spirit in the fall and a better understanding of each other as well as greater harmony between teacher and pupil.

Some may see in this very fact an undesirable feature—thinking that older people are in the way to spoil fun and that the restrictions of a camp of this sort are unpleasant. As a matter of fact, older people are not present in this camp to spoil fun but to help it along and make conditions favorable.

Other schools will be represented, and the ARGO is sure that the ingenuity of the Prep. fellows will place the camp out of danger of being a "dead" place. The fellows who can go may consider themselves fortunate. We wish the camp a successful season.

SPELLING REFORM.—Not long ago a spelling reform movement was started by the different teachers. Not the spelling reform that has aroused so much talk of late years, for it cannot be said that we do not spell phonetically, each according to his own interpretation or reproduction of the sounds he hears pronounced. But our spelling reform had as its purpose the making of our spelling to conform with the established rules. There surely was

need that something should be done, for the first teacher that had us write words to dictation found from three to five wrong on every paper. The reform has benefited, even if it has not wholly cured our *phonetic* spelling. Let us each strive to profit by such work, to observe the way words are spelled in our reading, and to know when we spell a word wrong, and then to hunt out a dictionary and learn how to spell it right.

SWIMMING.—Our school was shocked a few days ago when the news came to us that a former professor had been drowned while canoeing on Lake Cayuga. He could swim but little, and when his craft capsized was helpless. Summer is here, and nearly all of us are going to some resort where boating is the chief sport. In this case we will be on the water most of the time. Do you know how to swim? Perhaps some time this summer it will mean your own or some one else's life whether you are able to or not. It is almost suicidal not to learn. Any one can learn, and we sincerely advise that all who can get the opportunity, learn to swim.

BASE-BALL.—It is often hard to determine the exact standing of an athletic team. This is especially true of base-ball. The fact that a team is beaten by a single score is no indication that it is inferior to the winning team; also, it is no indication that the winning team might not win by a larger score in a subsequent game.

There are several factors which tend to influence a team's position in the base-ball world. The first essential to a team's success is daily practice. It is generally conceded by all that ball players are "born, not made." That is to say, to be a first-class player one must take naturally to the game. He must be gifted with ability in that line. A draught horse can, in no wise, become a race horse. The reason is obvious: it has not those funda-

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mental qualifications with which nature endows a race horse. Furthermore, they can never be attained. It is impossible to get water from a dry well.

Suppose, however, that a base-ball player has all the requisites of a first-class man. Does it mean that he can be successful through his talent alone? By no means. It is the development of talent that counts. If he does not exercise it constantly the machinery so carefully constructed by nature loses its efficiency. Habitual absence from practice often causes the most promising candidate to give a weird exhibition, when, in reality, he is fully capable of giving a good account of himself. Thus it is: everyone, no matter how hard the attempt, cannot be a good ball player; but every good ball player, unless he is energetic and enthusiastic, can easily become a poor ball player. The keynote to base-ball is, then, unerring perseverance.

Another factor conducive to a team's success is good fellowship and good feeling among the players. Nothing so quickly and completely undermines a team as jealousy and ill will. In the major leagues everyone is on the best of terms with his neighbor. In case any trouble does arise, and in case it is not amicably adjusted, a change in the line-up must follow. A base-ball team must be perfect and harmonious. The more the team "pulls together" the greater its efficiency.

Lastly, a team must feel that it is backed. It must feel that there are people in the grandstand or bleachers anxiously awaiting the outcome—ready to rejoice in its triumph, resigned to bear with it in defeat. More than one good team has failed to live up to expectations on this account.

This year's "Prep." team is extremely fortunate in possessing to a satisfactory degree the above mentioned qualifications. As a rule the candidates have come early and staid late. They have applied themselves industriously to the game. There has been maintained at all

times a spirit of good fellowship, without which the team would have been a failure. The team has pulled together. Furthermore, no team could ask for better support on the part of those who do not play than the "Prep." The entire school has been constantly behind it. This, too, has been a great factor in the strength of this year's team.

As stated above, it is difficult to give a team an exact rating. We have thus far suffered three defeats, two of them by the small margin of one run. It is entirely possible, were the games to be played over, that the scores would be reversed. Inasmuch as we have not been beaten decisively, it is no more than fair to contend that we are on a par with the majority of school teams.

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ATHLETIC LEAGUE.—It has been decided by the Student Council for our school to enter an Athletic League. As most of our rivals do not belong to any we have decided to form one of our own and ask them to join. A banner is to be awarded to the championship of each season. This does not necessitate leaving other teams off our schedules. The schools we desire to join the league are: Plainfield High, Pingry, Trenton State, Trenton High, Bordentown and Rutgers Prep. We hope the other schools will join, as it will be a great aid to both their athletics and our own.

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THANKS.—The Student Association of Rutgers Preparatory School thanks Mr. J. Morrison and the City of New Brunswick for the ballot box which they loaned us during the recent elections. The School also wishes to express their appreciation for the information given in the manner of carrying on an election.

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Many a man in his endeavor to keep in the swim soon finds himself in the soup.

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It requires a skilful surgeon to set a bone, but anybody can set an egg.



### HISTORY OF THE CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED AND NINE.

On September twentieth, nineteen hundred and four, the Class of Nineteen Hundred and Nine of the Rutgers College Preparatory School sprang into existence.

As weak, friendless freshmen, they at first fell prey to the class of Naughty Eight, but it was not long before that class found it was not the only one in Prep. School. After this drawn-out time of difficulties and those periods of torture, administered at regular intervals, commonly called exams., the class finally reached the noble position of Sophomore, or the first form, second division.

But alas! all fond hopes of retribution were speedily thrown to the winds. The class of '10 outnumbered the Naughty Nine class by two to one. Of course there was some fun, but only in fragmentary portions.

After the first year '09 lost their young lady member, who was never replaced. They lost some of their other members also, but new arrivals filled these vacancies. So passed the second year, for the most part filled with humiliation at their inability to haze the Freshmen.

Now came the third and real Sophomore year, the second or first form second division being only sort of a *post* freshman term. By this time the class had been so strongly augmented by newcomers that they administered several crushing defeats on the "Tens" in ath-

letics. They also began to show more studious inclinations.

During the Junior year the class held their own in athletics, studies and school life, and although they lost a few, the new members more than made up for these.

At length, last fall, they came into their own,—they were Seniors. Under a new Headmaster they have watched the school grow and broaden out, they have worked more, studied harder, and taken a more prominent part in the school government, than ever before, and consequently have gained greater advantages therefrom.

And now at their closing page they look back over the five years spent in Rutgers Prep. and sincerely hope they have not spent them there in vain; not only for their own good, but for the good of those to come.

JOHN R. REEVES.

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### CLASS PROPHECY.

Ever since history began to be written, we read of a desire to learn the future. Thus the Greeks had their oracles, the Romans their Sibylline books, and more modern nations their soothsayers and magicians. This desire still remains among the enlightened nations of to-day, and is evidenced by the prosperous business which our palmists, clairvoyants and fortune tellers do.

The class prophecy is a direct outgrowth of this characteristic. All over our country at this time of year the graduating classes of the grammar school, the high school and the college are having their futures told to them by some selected member of the class. It is because our class is no exception to the general rule that this prophecy is read to-day.

It has been a difficult task to discover the future callings of the members of this class. Many ancient books on magic and astrology have been consulted. Realizing that the future

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depends on the present, the writer has carefully studied the characteristics of each member of the class. Nightly he has sat at his window and observed the stars, if perchance their conjunctions might not be related to the future of our class. He has been not a little aided by members of his own class who, taking an unusual interest in its future have lent their own efforts to aid those of the writer. But with all these efforts we have only been permitted to glance at one day when by chance all the members of the class are gathered together. We hope, however, that one glimpse will be enough to form some conception of the greatness to which the class of 1909 will rise.

The scene is in Washington in the year 1929. That city has been chosen for a reunion of the class, and the writer is permitted to view that meeting and other events in which members of the class are concerned. It happens that Congress is in session, and before proceeding to the reunion the writer attends a session of the house. There, beating on the desk with his gavel in an effort to secure order, was our worthy class president, Low, who, finding the life of a civil engineer tiresome, had taken to politics and gradually risen until he became speaker of the house. The practice he received in Prep. School, keeping unruly class meetings in order, acting as chairman of the Council, and as president of the Athletic Association now stands him in good stead, and is largely responsible for his rapid advancement. The person who had the floor was our classmate Searle. He, after studying law had, with the help of Ross, attained a seat in Congress, where he brought about as many humorous incidents as he did in Prep. School. Ross and Searle, the Siamese twins, could not be separated, so Ross must also go to Congress, where he spends his winters, and in summer, nominally a lawyer, is active in planning new campaigns and new policies for Mr. Bryan, who is still on the way to the White House. The matter under discussion is a

question of national women's suffrage, and we find Turner arguing against it. Once an ardent suffragette, he had been convinced by Mr. Scudder that there was no necessity for it, that women controlled the votes anyway, at least they would in Turner's case. For, you see when his wife or sweetheart comes up to him and says, "Now, Bobby, please vote as I say," how can Bobby resist? Somebody, however, fainted because of the length of Turner's speech, and Doctor Reeves was called in. After leaving Prep. School he had taken a four years' course at Vassar. Did I say Vassar? I was looking at the wrong name. Of course I meant to say Yale.

Leaving the House of Representatives we see coming down the steps of the Mexican Embassy our friend De La Torre. He had become Mexican Ambassador and had hopes of becoming a second Diaz. The question is naturally asked, "Are ambassadors no longer required to say little and talk less?" Mex, however, has so far outgrown his Prep. School habit that he would not understand what was meant. He is on the way to Five Feets Circus, not yet having outgrown his fondness for seeing the monkeys. While following him into the side show we see our friend Koehler. He was not, however, as one might suppose, one of the attractions, but merely a spectator. He had been the guard on his college eleven for four years, and had then retired to Bound Brook, where he still is living with his large family.

One other scene is permitted us before we view the class reunion. There is a ball game in progress between Washington and Chicago, for the world's championship. With the score 3-0 against Washington, the last half of the ninth inning, and three on bases, Ziegler knocks a home run and wins the game. He had been too good a player to keep long away from the national game, and now was captain of the Washington team, to whom last place was now a long-forgotten memory. The base-

ball season over, he was eagerly sought by the leading colleges as a coach for their foot-ball teams.

At the class reunion the different members are asked to tell their experiences. Carroll has become a teacher of English and superintendent of a Sunday School. The careful attention which he paid in Mr. Fisher's English class has had its result. No one can say that his pupils are not well acquainted with Burke, Shakespeare, and Burns, and as to his Sunday School work, we may say that his benign countenance has an inspiring effect on his hearers.

Chamberlain has become an orator, and in this position rivals Demosthenes, Cicero, and a few others, whom, because of his knowledge of Latin and Greek he can easily imitate.

Folensbee is known as the great organizer. The experience gained while chairman of the School Charter Committee suggested this career to him, and entering it his fame became worldwide. At present he is engaged in a number of foreign commissions, such as reorganizing the Central American Republics, drawing up a constitution for the South Sea Islands, and like work.

Iredell is an artist and he has a lighter lot than most of the profession, for his great business management, as evidenced in the bargain sale of books held in 1909, while attending Prep. School, has filled his coffers with money.

Knox, after going through Princeton, had become a minister and is now occupying the pulpit of one of the large Washington churches. He is still noted for his Latin and Greek, but even yet has not reached the point where he can refer to the chapter, book, or line of Caesar or Cicero only when he wishes to illustrate some point of syntax.

Pingry has a large farm up state, and there has introduced very successful methods of scientific farming, learned at Rutgers. He

gives most of his spare time to other pursuits, such as leading the village choir with his deep bass voice.

Prentiss had become a civil engineer, but finding no field for his labors and his charms in the east, even although he did spend his summers at Asbury Park, had gone to Utah and settled near Salt Lake City. Far be it from us to question why.

Prehn has become a large mill owner, but amid the grinding of the wheat he finds time to think of the few months he spent in Prep. School. Sparrow is now doing the circuit in vaudeville, singing character songs intermingled with dancing stunts. His favorite song is the one which opens, "Gee, I wish I had a girl." We cannot see why this is, for certainly he has no lack of them.

H. F. Smith has become an electrical engineer. He had enough of journalism while editor of THE ARGO. Even with the aid of his profession he finds it harder to shock people than while fooling in the physics room at Prep. School.

C. W. Smith has become a missionary to Africa, and in his varied experiences has seen things which Teddy never beheld. His work as principal organizer of the Rutgers Prep. Y. M. C. A. had been a good fitting for his later work, for the heathen aren't in it with Prep. School boys.

Stanton is another member of the class that has become a minister, and he is as good as the best of them, though he never could find out the reason why you couldn't have a past condition contrary to fact in the future.

All the members of the class now know their future. No longer am I a prophet, no longer can I behold what is in store for us. But the last glimpse that I had saw the members of the class as they drank a toast to Rutgers Prep. School and the memories of their happy student days.

## THE ARGO

In reading over the Prophecy before sending it to be printed in our paper, I noticed that Johnson, like the modest fellow that he is, had not told us of his future. Immediately was my curiosity aroused; could it be that one of our members had fallen below the standard? I was frightened, chills ran up my back and perspiration stood on my forehead. What could be done. In my half crazed state of mind I rushed to New York and up to the Grand Central station. I had my mind made up. I must get away from people and think. I was going to Millbrook. Just as I was getting out of the subway car I noticed a man looking at me. I was held a moment by his stare, but he turned to go, saying, "Bosh!" when the man stepped up to me and said, speaking in a queer Eastern accent, "You are not well." I said that I was perfectly well, and was again about to go when he said, "I mean in your mind. Come," he said, "follow me." I cannot explain how nor why, but as I walked up 42d street everything was strange and as I looked closer I noticed that no policemen were eating grafted bananas. I now seemed to be down town. I went into the City Hall; everyone was working hard and seemed to be of the best men on the street. There was no riot. I went into the court and saw a judge seated there with nothing to do. But, I asked of my guide, what does all this mean. Again the scene changes. I am in the Congressional Library. I pick up a history and to my astonishment I read of a great reformer, John H. Johnson, who had reformed the politics of the world by his great speeches in Congress. As a frontispiece in the same book was a picture of John Henry Johnson, which was placed in the Capitol. Now everything fades and I am sitting in a room in one of the big hotels stripped of all my valuables and my strange friend gone, but it was worth all this and more to have the load lifted from my mind.

## 1909 CLASS SONG.

Come classmates, Rutgers Prep. School men,  
And join in this our parting song.  
For we may ne'er all meet again,  
So let's be merry ere we're gone.  
Life lies before, a pathless maze,  
Through divers roads our ways may roam,  
But let us not forget these days  
In dear old Prep., our boyhood home.  
Together we have fought and won;  
Four years of irksome learning's past,  
Yet through it all we've had our fun,  
But now we've reached the end at last.  
And so we'll give one more farewell,  
One lingering handshake with each friend,  
And bid them keep old Prep. School till  
Each reaches his respective end.  
Now, boys, sing out, both loud and clear,  
Our dear old Alma Mater praise,  
And end it with a ringing cheer  
That will the very rafters raise.  
We've always stood a loyal band,  
And tried to do our level best;  
So let the name of "Naught Nine" stand,  
Always respected by the rest.

JOHN R. REEVES '09.

## THE SENIOR CLASS.

Nat Carroll ("Doc"; "Deacon"), Dayton,  
N. J.  
"? ! ! \* ! ? ? — — \*."  
"As merry as the day is long."  
Austin de la Torre ("Mex."), Guadalajara,  
Mexico.

Foot-ball.  
"Well, dot's pretty good."  
"A merry heart maketh a cheerful countenance."

Bradley J. Folensbee ("Farmer"), Schoharie, N. Y.  
Foot-ball; Base-ball; Manager of Track;  
Secretary of Students' Association."  
"Say, that's all right."  
"Remove not the ancient landmark."