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W.B. MALKIN '11

JUNE, 1911

Vol. XXII

No. 9

Ye Senior Number

DIRECTORY.

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President Y. M. C. A..—WALLACE DUNLOP.

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Captain Basket-Ball.—D. C. SUCCOP.

Captain Base-Ball.—R. B. FOUNTAIN.

Captain Track Team.—J. A. DOUGHERTY.

Captain Cadets.—
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 { Company B.—R. W. JOHNSON.

Manager Foot-Ball.—W. G. C. KONOW.

Manager Basket-Ball.—To be appointed.

Manager Base-Ball.—F. R. PARKIN.

Manager Track Team.—F. D. P. HAS BROUCK.

Manager Y. M. C. A..—A. S. RICHARDSON.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED

TO

MYRON T. SCUDDER,
HEADMASTER

RUTGERS PREPARATORY
SCHOOL



Argo Magazine

ARGO STAFF
Sitting; left to right: White, Succop, Manager; A. Busch, Editor-in-Chief; Scarle, Farley.
Standing: Dunlop, Malmar, C. Busch, Has Brouck, Richardson, Janeway.





THE ARGO.

Published Monthly During the School Year,
BY THE
RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

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Second Class Matter.

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ARGO STAFF:

Editor-in-Chief

ARTHUR C. BUSCH.

Managing Ed tor

R. W. SEARLE.

Alumni

R. B. SEARLE.

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Asst. Bus. Mgr.

C. C. BUSCH.

Literary Editors

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F. D. P. HAS BROOK.

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D. C. WHITE. W. DUNLOP.

Exchang s

A. S. RICHARDSON.

Jokes

E. HOE, JR.

Staff Artist

W. B. MALMAR.

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

All business communications to Business Manager.

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

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

The end of school has now come and it remains for those of us who have not already done so to make up our minds what we shall do after leaving school. Some have already decided to go to college. Some have set their minds on work. For a few the latter would undoubtedly be better, but for the majority—No! Everywhere it is college men who are asked for; and even though they do have a head start of four years, those who have decided against a college education are soon passed by their better equipped friends. The chance comes but once, and then all things should be carefully considered before the final step is taken. Think how broad the outlook of a college graduate is, as opposed to that of the less educated man. To a college trained man the professions open up vast chances to "make good," while the one without an education higher than that given by the high school must seek a business. To be sure, some uncolleged men rise to the very top, but how few they are in comparison to the other fraction! The college man is the man who is wanted, and his is the better start. Then where to go but Rutgers? If you have true Rutgers Prep. spirit no place but Rutgers would look good to you. Rutgers offers fine courses and excellent scholarships, and a Rutgers diploma is a highly respected thing.

—10½.

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Some of our alumni, working with Dr. Scudder, have gotten up an Alumni Association. It is a most frequent thing for schools to have such organizations, and there is no doubt of their value both to the school and to the grads.; for the school has an organized body to fall back on and the members of the Association are kept in touch with their Alma Mater. It is very often that we need help, and it is a great relief to feel that our alumni are so organized that they are in a position to help us. Then again, it is good to know who are graduates of our Alma Mater, for very often we have reason to be proud of them. We wish those who are working so hard for this institution, its permanent establishment and a lot of success.

—10½.

An invitation has been received by the school requesting that we join the New Jersey Interscholastic Athletic Association. Early in the year the Council debated whether or not to petition this organization for entrance. The matter was dropped after a little consideration. The chief argument against it was that the schools in the league are all so collectively situated that the expenses incurred in traveling are comparatively small. It is the usual thing for the Prep. team to play some of these schools anyway, and they are all of such a high grade that they could be played to much more advantage than many of the teams on our schedule now. When we consider the matter again we see that we ought to feel honored when there are so many worthy schools in New Jersey, to find ourselves the recipients of such an invitation. The schools in the league are undoubtedly the most popular in the State both as regards to athletics and scholarship, and we feel that association with them would be of the highest advantage to both parties concerned. The dues are very moderate, and the fact that if we should win another State championship we would receive a memorial of it is very pleasing. Besides this, it would be a great stimulus for better teams;

a good track team would be necessary in the school, and interest in all the branches of athletics would undoubtedly improve. Every year we would be certain of a number of good games, and the publicity received through the league would be of great advantage to the school in the bringing of new students. Another matter to be considered among the favorable arguments is the intimacy that would result between the schools on account of the frequent contests. As far as we can see there would not be a single unfavorable outcome if we should join the New Jersey Interscholastic A. A., and it is the sincere hope of the ARGO that the new year will find us enrolled along with the other schools, namely, Newark High School, Montclair High, East Orange High, Stevens Prep., and possibly Newark Academy, the invitation having been tendered to them also.

—10½.

The average boy who leaves his parents and friends at home to attend a boarding school finds himself in a different environment. It goes without saying that he feels strange, and he hardly expects to find any of the privileges and comforts that he has heretofore enjoyed at home; but he finds himself happily disappointed, for on the day of his arrival he begins to make new friends, and to get acquainted with the Masters. From the first he realizes that every one is looking out for his comfort, and that the Masters are always interested in his plans, and ready to help him at any time.

Our life at the "Trap" is very pleasant and as homelike as possible. Our whole system of discipline tends towards giving the boys freedom, and making them rely on their own judgment, but there are rules for those who do not seem to fit into the general scheme, and through these rules the boys gradually find themselves, and soon they do not realize that any restrictions are placed upon them. From time to time during the year social events are held, sometimes just for the boys alone, and

again some young ladies are invited in to add to the pleasure of the occasion. Of course there are always some who get homesick and discouraged, but they always find consolation and cheer in their Faculty advisers, and as soon as the boys find out that the school has their interests at heart, and is always interested in their success, they soon feel that here it is not so different from their home surroundings.

Those who like to go home, and live near enough to the school to go and return within three days, are given permission to visit home, occasionally, and it is very gratifying to know that, however anxious a boy may be to see his parents, he is always glad to get back to the "Trap." Friendships are made here which last for life. The life is fascinating, and every boy feels that he is a member in the home life. He hates to think of leaving, for he knows he will miss his friends. However, we are always glad to have our old boys come back and visit us, and during the year many have done this.

Soon the final examinations will have come and gone; school will be over for the summer, and we will all have separated, some never to come back again as students to the school where we have striven to fit ourselves for a further life which shall be useful both to ourselves and to our fellow-men. Those of us cannot help regretting that we are to leave Rutgers Prep. forever. We are of course glad in one way to advance, to go on in life, and to feel that we have gained that object for which we have so long striven to fit ourselves—graduation; yet on the other hand we feel that we have completed the first stage of our lives, that we must leave our old, familiar world for a new, strange one, that, above all, we must say good-bye to our old companions and the teachers who have helped us, to such a large extent, to be successful in our school works,—these thoughts fill us with a sadness

that is hard to forget. And yet we must go on, we cannot stop now if we would; college or business awaits us, and beyond college is a still wider world which is waiting and watching for men, men who are trained to bravely face hard problems, and to think them out wisely, and who are thus better fitted to solve the difficulties and questions of the nation that is calling.

ALUMNI NOTES.

'05. M. C. T. Andreae has a church at Glen Ridge, N. J.

'04. The marriage of Douglas Fisher and Miss Abbie Cranmer, daughter of W. Cranmer '78 was held at Somerville, N. J., on June first. While in Prep. Dug was captain of the famous foot-ball team that was not scored on and a member of the track team that broke the record for the one mile relay. He also played on the base-ball team.

'02. A future Rutgers Prep. man has arrived at the home of Harold Green.

'09. Austin De la Torre is a rival candidate with Madero for the Mexican Presidency. "Mex" expects to win on the women's vote.

'09. It is rumored that Doc Carroll is an honor man at Valparaiso Univ. Doc, it will be remembered; is the author of "How I took Thirty Years to Get Through Prep. School."

'09. Bob Prentiss has been forced to leave the Rutgers base-ball team on account of an attack of rheumatism.

'94. George Hutchinson is superintendent of the Tenn. Coal, Iron and R. R. Co.

'04. A. Joyce Kilmer has written a series of poems of love.

'85. James H. LeFevre is general manager of the Ontario Iron and Steel Co., at Welland, Canada.

'85. Kumakechiro Oiche is editor of a Newspaper at Waseda, Japan.

'05. Ted. Westervelt has been married. Details lacking.

(Continued on page 150.)

SENIOR CLASS



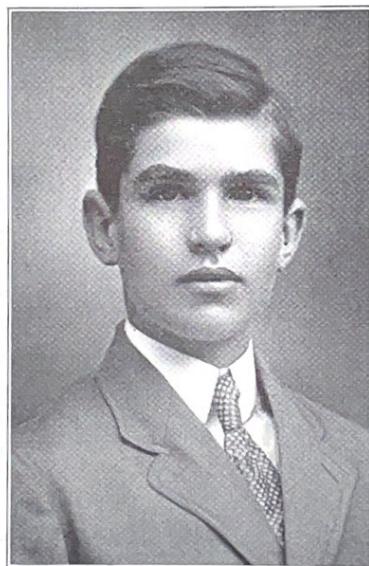
EDWARD S. HOE, JR.

"Chicken." Hg.N. B Θ. Pledged to B Θ Η, Rutgers College. President of Class of 1911. Councilor Corp. Company B. R. P. in Foot-ball. R. P. in Base-ball. 1911 in Base-ball.



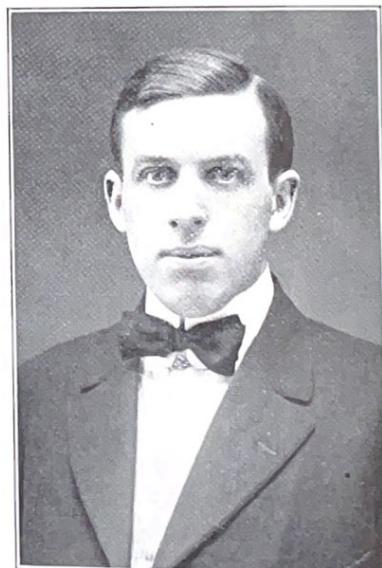
ARTHUR C. BUSCH

"Big Busch" T Φ. Pledged to X Φ, Rutgers College. Honor Man. Secretary and Treasurer of Class of 1911. Secretary of Students Association. Business Manager of "Argo" for Oct., Nov., Dec. Editor-in-Chief of "Argo" for the rest of the year. 1st Sergeant of Company A. Chairman of Senior Pin Committee. Chairman of Senior Department of "Argo." 1911 in Basket-ball. 1911 in Base-ball.



ROSS B. FOUNTAIN

"Friday." Δ Θ. Pledged to Z Ψ, Rutgers College. Vice-President of Class of 1911. Councilor. Captain of School Base-ball Team. Captain of Company A. R. F. in Basket-ball. R. P. in Base-ball. 1911 in Basket-ball. 1911 in Base-ball.



STEPHEN B. AVERY

"Steve" Δ Θ. Councilor.

SENIOR CLASS



HARRY S. CONOVER
"Fusser," First Lieut. Company B.



LUIS G. GAMEROS
"Mex"



JOHN A. DOUGHERTY
"Doc," "Irish," Hg.N. Corp. Company
A. Capt. School Track Team. R. P. in
Foot-ball. Manager of Senior Basket-ball
Team.



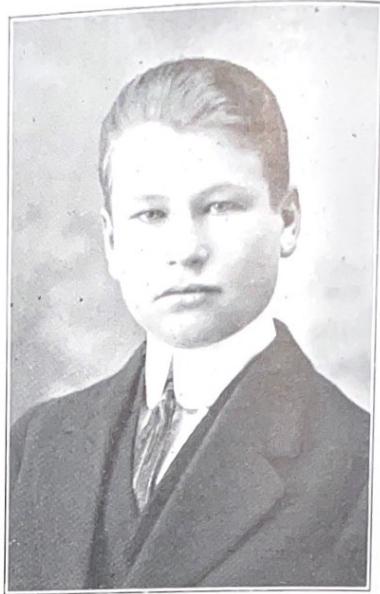
ALADAR H. HAMBORSKY
"Ham"

SENIOR CLASS



FERDINAND D. P. HAS BROUCK

"Ferd." Hg.N. Pledged Δ K E, Rutgers College. Manager of School Track Team. Athletic Editor of "Argo." Corp. Company A.



HARRY L. JANEWAY

Δ Θ . Honor Man. Literary Editor of "Argo."



SAMUEL M. HOLLANDER

"Sammy." R. P. Foot-ball.



ROBERT W. JOHNSON

"Bob." T Φ . Hg.N. Pledged Δ Φ , Rutgers College. Councilor. Capt. Company B. Manager School Basket-ball Team.

SENIOR CLASS



IRVING LUPLOV

"Loopy"



FRANCIS R. PARKIN

"Park." Δ Θ. Hg.N. Honor Man. Councilor. Manager of School Base-ball Team. Captain School Basket-ball Team. Second Lieut. Company B. R. P. in Foot-ball. R. P. in Basket-ball. R. P. in Base-ball. 1911 in Basket-ball. 1911 in Base-ball.



WARD B. MALMAR

"Mal." Hg.N. Pledged Δ Φ, Rutgers College. Staff Artist. Corp. Company A.



ALLAN S. RICHARDSON

Exchange Editor of the "Argo." 2nd Serg. Company A. Chairman Senior Class Present Committee. R. P. in Foot-ball. Councilor. Manager Y. M. C. A.

SENIOR CLASS



ROBERT F. E. STIER
“Bull”
Vice President Y. M. C. A.



THEODORE G. SULLIVAN
“Narrow”



PAUL STINSON

“Pete.” Hq.N. Pledged B Θ II, Rutgers College. Chairman Senior Dance Committee. Chairman Senior Hat Committee. Councilor. 3rd Serg. Company A. R. P. in Foot-ball. R. P. in Basket-ball. R. P. in Base-ball. 1911 in Basket-ball.



HARRY TODD

“Brother.” Pres. Y. M. C. A. for 1st Semester. Chairman Senior Commencement Invitations. Honor Man.

SENIOR CLASS



REVOE WILLIAMS

"Fat"



RUSSELL D. VAN SICKLE

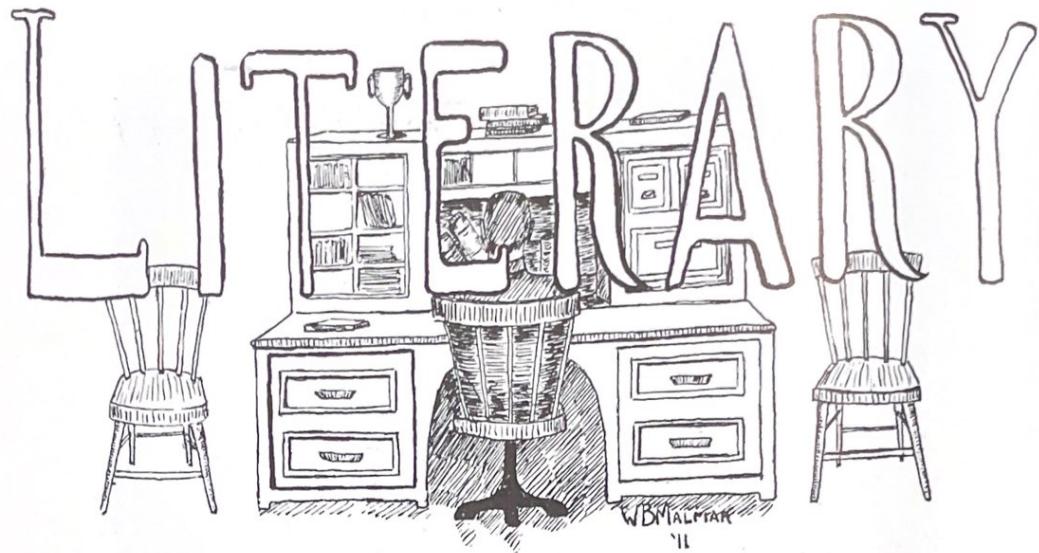
"Pickles." Chairman Senior Banquet Committee. Captain Senior Basket-ball Team. R. P. in Foot-ball. 1911 in Basket-ball.

SENIOR BALL.

First she said she'd come,
Then she said she wouldn't,
Then she said she'd think of it,
Then she said she couldn't.

Answer at once, I wrote.
She took three weeks and a half.
Her program was nicely filled
When she answered by telegraph.

O, the girls, the girls, the girls,
They are pretty and jolly and clever,
But they answer strictly on time,
Never—Never—Never. —*Slag.*



A NARROW ESCAPE.

The Canadian border has always offered great opportunities for smuggling, and the St. Lawrence is no exception, though perhaps more easily patrolled. The government had at this time a couple of revenue cutters and also individual detectives and inspectors who were everywhere and anywhere all the time. John McGee was one of these, and was on the honor roll for bravery and sagacity.

The following is gained partly from his own recital and partly from captured smugglers:

In the spring of 189—he had been in Canada making investigations and what he found made it absolutely necessary to get back to the New York side immediately. He had no boat, and the only one he could get was a top heavy old tub with a sail much too large. However it was this or nothing and he set out about noon on a Tuesday. The day was cloudy, the sky was threatening, the wind was squally, and worst of all the river was rough, swift and full of ice from the spring freshets. He was not an especially good sailor, but all went well until he got to the middle of the stream, where a large piece of ice, a big wave and an unusually strong puff of wind contrived to capsize the boat and forced him to swim for his life. After a long struggle he

crawled half dead, onto one of the islands which abound in the St. Lawrence. Fortunately it did not rain, so he eventually dried out, but he soon grew hungry, and in the morning set out to find something to stay his appetite. There was mighty little to be found, so his condition grew worse.

It remained stormy, and late in the afternoon he saw approaching a boat full of merchandise and six tough-looking men. He hastily pulled down the signal which he had erected in the hope that one of the cutters would see it and come to his rescue, but it was too late for the boat still headed for his refuge. Even then he might have bluffed it through, but he recognized Bull Murphy among the men. This made John resolve to put up a good fight, for he had been the main cause of Bull's recent arrest, and Bull had vowed vengeance.

* * * * *

When John came to he found himself bound and bruised, and lying on the up-stream side of the island with his feet toward the water. At first his position did not seem serious and he endeavored to crawl away and cut his bonds on some broken glass he saw lying near by. He found that he could not move, so he laid back to wait till some one should pass near by and release him.

After a while he thought he heard the sound of oars and he raised his voice and shouted again and again, but nothing came of it. Then he dropped off to sleep.

He did not know how long he slept, but it was twilight when he woke with a start to find his feet in the water. A wave of fear swept over him—the river was rising. He put all his strength into blood curdling yells for help which made the former ones seem mere whispers.

Higher and higher crept the water; to his knees; to his waist, and as it covered his chest, he felt it at the back of his head. He thanked his lucky stars that the beach was steep. Now it filled his ears, and he felt the tug of the current. He realized the diabolic cruelty of the smugglers in leaving him there to slowly drown.

Once again he raised his cries for aid. Suddenly a beam of light penetrated the night. It was the cutter's search-light. He repeated his shouts. The boat seemed to be coming near. He could hear the engines now. Would they be in time? Already he was nearly floating, for the water was at his chin. He struggled, but it only served to shift his position and in no way helped him.

Suddenly his eyes were dazzled as the search-light swept across his face, hesitated, returned and remained there. He could hear the exclamations on board. A boat was hastily lowered. The tip of his nose was all he could keep out of water now.

Hark! The boat grounded near him and strong arms grasped him. He was safe. Now that the strain was over he fainted E. S. I.

A SUDDEN STORM.

We were cruising around in the Gulf of Guinea, near the Island of St. Thomas. It had been one of the hottest days on record, for that latitude; at noon the mercury went up as high as one hundred and twenty degrees in the shade; the pitch and tar bubbled in the

seams, and one could fry a piece of bacon on a sheet of tin upon deck. The water around us was like glass, and shone "like a sheet of burnished gold" all around us. The day wore on; at about six o'clock the stars began to twinkle, and as we were lounging about on the deck, none thought of the approaching danger. At 6.30 we heard a distant roaring, and looking up we saw approaching us a great line of white water, under the blackest clouds I ever saw, as fast as a race-horse. It struck us broadside on, and we nearly turned turtle, but thanks to the helmsman, we straightened on our course, and went off like a flash. In an instant our sails were torn to ribbons, and the halyards slipped their blocks, and stood out like sticks in front of us. Our speed increased so that the strain broke the top-mast out of the stays, and we found that the planks near the keel had sprung leaks, for our whole length, and the hold had a foot of water in it. I went below to see the damage, and as I rushed up on deck I heard the captain say: "Cut her away, boys, she'll have to go." I soon found that he meant the main mast, but I did not think that we were in so bad a condition as to necessitate that. I lent a hand with an axe, and soon we had the old stick tottering, till at last she went by the board. The schooner righted herself a little, but soon we had to cut the foremast away too. Then we were the most bedraggled looking thing afloat.

Both our masts gone! our hull leaking like a sieve, and our bulwarks stove in! We certainly presented a sorry sight. The storm seemed to increase, not decrease, in fury, till we were afraid we would go to the bottom. The captain ordered all below, and the hatches closed; but he said that he would ride out the storm in his little schooner alone among the mountains of water around it. We could not sleep, or rest; our excitement was so great, so we thought the best thing we could do would be to see if we could not repair the leaks in the hull. We thought of the captain up on

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deck, standing, lashed to the wheel, nearly blinded by the flying spray—working during the hours when all our lives depended on his actions; how brave he was, and how loyal to that one cause, that of saving our lives.

We all wondered if he would be crazed by the great strain, and cast himself into the sea, and leave us to our fate. How he lived through that night we have often wondered; but he did, and in the morning we went up on deck and saw him still standing by the wheel; his eyes intent on the bow of the ship, keeping her on the only safe course there was—that of running before the wind. All day we raced on; our decks cleared of everything that was not fastened on; for the wind nearly blew the clothes off our backs, and we would have been blown off ourselves had it not been for lines stretched from rail to rail, and from bow to stern. Still the captain stood by the wheel, and refused anything to eat; he said he was too busy to bother with such things.

All day the storm raged and still our little craft held together. At noon we took something to eat for the first time in eighteen hours, but the captain refused everything eatable, drinkable or otherwise. He said he wanted to be alone. When evening came on, I cannot call it darkness, because it had been dark all day, the storm abated a little; still we were in a dangerous position, because our hold was full of water, and our drinking water casks had been thrown and tossed about so much, that all but one were broken, and so our chief support of life was gone. Our food was also soaked with sea-water, which made it almost uneatable. The abatement of the storm was only temporary; it seemed to be only a lull, before a greater storm, for the wind and rain seemed to beat against each other, and the schooner, more than ever.

To add horror to the scene thunder and lightning added their terrors. Our speed in-

creased so as to make it hard to breathe, the air sweeping against us so strongly. Suddenly, without a sound of warning, we were all thrown violently forward on our faces,—and we heard the most awful crash! At the same instant we were struck by lightning and stunned. Coming to, we heard above the roar of the storm our ship breaking to pieces on a rocky shore, then I said I would carry a life line to the shore, and haul a hawser to land, so that we might all be saved from death. At first the captain said he would do it, being his place, as captain of the ship. I silenced him by saying that he had done enough already, without doing any more. Then the cook spoke up and said that he had done the least, and was the strongest of the party; which was true enough; for he could shin up the main mast with two men on his back. So after a great deal of dispute, it was decided that he should go. He stripped himself, and fastened a line around his waist, and having gone through a lot of ceremony, that had something to do with his religion, (for he was an African of the Katuchi Tribe), he dove overboard, and started for the shore.

As the rope was let out we could see he was making good progress; and feeling a hard jerk on the end of the line, we thanked God that he had reached the shore safely. A strong hawser was now attached to the line, and at a given signal, we began to pay out the hawser. With one end fastened to the stump of the main mast, and the other to a tree on the beach, we were one by one taken safely to the land.

In the early morning the storm stopped as suddenly as it began, and what we saw brought tears to our eyes. Our little boat was beaten to pieces, and stray bits of wreckage scattered along the shore was all that remained to witness the gallant fight she had made against the storm.

ALLAN S. RICHARDSON.

ALL FOR NAUGHT (?)

Ted Baker was just passing one of the principal stations in Pittsburg when he noticed a familiar face. Ted was recognized at the same time, so he doffed his cap and shook hands. "Why, hello, Grace," he said. "I didn't know you were in town."

"Good afternoon, Ted," she replied. "I just came out last night to see Aunt May, and was intending to leave on the 1.42 train, the one that just now went off and left me; my watch must have been slow, and I don't know what I am to do, for I must be in New Brunswick to-night for Cousin Jane's wedding—I'm to be flower girl, you know."

"Well, that is too bad," exclaimed Ted. "Would the next train be too late?"

"The next train won't make the right connections, and I don't think there is one that will go until half-past three, and that would be too late."

"That certainly is too bad," said Ted, "but if you haven't anything special to do now, take a walk with me and we will try to find a way out of the difficulty."

Instead of walking they took the trolley, and a few minutes' ride brought them to a residential part of the city. They left the car at a street lined with beautiful houses. Walking a block brought the two to a fine estate; the lawn was well kept, and dotted with trees through which could be barely seen a large brownstone house, almost a mansion.

"Oh! Is this where you live?" she exclaimed. "Isn't it a fine house? My, but I'd love to go all through it."

"We haven't time for that now," Ted answered, as he led the way up through a shady path at the right.

"Oh, my! Have you a plan?" cried Grace. "I'd give anything to be in New Brunswick now."

Without answering her he led her into a sort of barn. They entered a large room in which stood an intricate framework structure.

"I know what that is," said she. "It's a—

a—a—oh, you know what I mean. I just can't think of the word."

Ted didn't hear,—he was pushing open a large sliding door. Outside the door Grace saw a track extending from the barn down into the meadow for a few hundred yards, or thereabouts.

"Come, get in," said Ted. "Please sit here."

"Oh! Is it perfectly safe?" cried Grace.

"Yes, perfectly," he replied. "Are you afraid to go?"

"No! No!" she hastily assured him, and climbed to her seat.

Ted bent over the engine, and in a moment the machine quivered as if anxious to break away from its prison in a long flight of freedom. He jumped to his seat and grasping the steering wheel pushed down the clutch. The machine slid out of its house easily, and with increasing speed glided along the track. Then suddenly Grace noticed that the ground began to drop below and behind.

"Oh, isn't this fine!" she cried. "I never expected to ride in an aeroplane. This is simply great."

Soon smoky Pittsburg was left behind, and the country was spread out below like an ever-changing map. It was indeed a wonderful panorama. For a few miles they followed the Allegany River, then broke off to the eastward. In three-quarters of an hour they passed over Ebensburg. Here Ted shoved the throttle up one more notch and the machine shot forward with increased velocity. Half an hour later they flew past Huntington.

"How far have we got to go?" asked Grace.

"I think it is about three hundred miles," he answered. "It may be a little less than that though. If we make good time we ought to be in New Brunswick by seven. Would that be too late?"

"I wouldn't let it be too late," she replied, "if only we could do it."

"Those two cities to the north are Lewiston and Mifflinton," said Ted. "We shall soon reach the Susquehanna."

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This was passed about twenty miles above Harrisburg. An hour and a quarter later Allentown was reached, and in fifteen minutes they crossed the Delaware.

"We are in Jersey now," said Ted. "We have been gone about four hours. It is now six o'clock. I think we have covered about two hundred and fifty miles so far."

"You see that mountain below us?" he said a moment later. "If I remember rightly that is Mount Musconetcong. We must be a little farther north than we want to go."

So saying he turned the good steed a trifle to the south. In less than half an hour the Raritan hove in sight.

"That is Somerville off there on the left," announced Ted.

"Oh!" cried Grace. "Then we'll soon be home, won't we? In one way I'm glad and in another I'm sorry, for this is such fun."

"You are a fine passenger," Ted replied. "I hope we will be able to have another ride together in the near future."

"It has been a fine lark," said Grace. "I don't know how I shall ever be able to thank you for it."

"I don't need any thanks," said Ted. "I have had as much enjoyment out of it as you have. But here we are at New Brunswick, and I guess I'll have to let you down. Is it your house on Livingston avenue that you wish to go?"

"Yes," she replied.

There were few vehicles in the street, so Ted stopped right in front of the house.

"Thank you ever, ever so much," she said, as she got out. "You've made very good time. See, it is only a little after half-past six. And now won't you come to supper and rest before you start back? Please do."

"I'd like to very much," he said, "but I must be back for an engagement early to-morrow. I'm coming to see you soon, though, to take you for a ride and tell you something." And for one long minute their eyes met and looked deep into each other, sending thrills through both.

Grace turned and ran up the steps, pausing to wave to him as he sped away. Inside all was confusion, every one wondering if their little flower girl was lost, had missed the train, had been kidnapped, or any one of a hundred things which might have happened to her. She was immediately besieged by questions as one after another of her family caught sight of her. "What train did you come?" "Didn't you meet Bob? He has been at the station since five o'clock." "We thought you must have missed the train," etc., etc.

"Please don't ask me any questions until after the wedding," cried Grace, dashing upstairs.

"Oh, my dear little girl," said her mother; "didn't you know Cousin Jane sprained her ankle this afternoon, and the wedding had to be postponed till Friday after next?"

"What a relief," sighed Grace, as she sank down on the bed and related her adventures to her mother. "And wasn't he a dear boy, to go all through so much trouble for my sake?" she said in ending.

* * * * *

Ted had a lonely ride home that night, but whenever he thought of their parting and what was to come, he thrilled again. And never once did he regret what he had done, for it helped to procure a companion for his after life "till death do part."

FREDERIC VOORHEES.

(Continued from page 139.)

'05. Louis Bevier, 3d is practicing law in New York City.

'91. Wilbur W. Ballagh is assistant editor of the New York Journal of Commerce.

'91. J. G. Blackwell is practicing medicine at Los Angeles, Cal.

'82. Louis D. Blauvelt is Asst. Chief-Engineer of the Denver, N. W. and Pacific Railway.

'98. R. E. Brown is Second Lieut. of 16th U. S. Infantry. He has been detailed to the Mexican border.



PREP. VS. PINGRY.

Prep. added another scalp to her string when she defeated Pingry 9 to 0. Ziegler was on the mound for Prep. and pitched a no hit game, struck out twenty-two men and passed five. Only five men reached first and only two of the five saw second. Fountain got a double and triple, while Ziegler pulled off a triple also.

Prep.'s runs were scored as follows:

First inning: Stinson fanned, Parkin walked, Ziegler was hit on the arm, Menzies singled, scoring Parkin; Fountain tripled, scoring Ziegler and Menzies; Hoe fanned, Day flied to second. Three runs.

Third inning: Parkin and Ziegler fanned; Menzies reached first on an error; Fountain walked. A double steal was pulled off. Hoe hit to center, scoring Menzies and Fountain; Day grounded to second. Two runs.

Fourth inning: Todd walked, Searle sacrificed him to second; Stinson singled, scoring Todd; Parkin fanned; Ziegler reached first on an error by shortstop, Stinson scoring; Menzies fanned. Two runs.

Seventh inning: Parkin grounded out to shortstop, Ziegler tripled, Menzies walked and stole second; Fountain doubled, scoring Ziegler and Menzies; Hoe flied and Fountain was doubled at second. Two runs.

Line-up and score.

PINGRY.

	a.b.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.
Allen, lf.	3	0	0	0	0	1
Marston, cf.	4	0	0	1	1	1
Gies, rf.	3	0	0	0	0	0
Brown, 2b.	4	0	0	3	1	1
Ely, ss.	2	0	0	2	3	2
Smith, 1b.	2	0	0	7	0	1
Coe, 3b.	2	0	0	3	0	0
Benis, c.	2	0	0	8	2	0
Tieman, p.	3	0	0	0	2	1
	—	—	—	—	—	—
	25	0	0	24	9	7

PREP.

	a.b.	r.	h.	o.	a.	e.
Stinson, c.	3	1	1	22	2	0
Parkin, 1b.	3	1	0	4	0	0
Ziegler, p.	3	2	1	0	0	0
Menzies, lf.	3	3	2	0	0	0
Fountain, ss.	3	1	2	0	3	0
Hoe, 3b.	4	1	1	1	0	0
Day, 2b.	4	0	0	0	0	0
Todd, cf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Searle, rf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
Hart, rf.	2	0	1	0	0	0
Konow, cf.	1	0	0	0	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—	—
	28	9	8	27	5	0

Three-base hits: Fountain, Ziegler. Two-base hits: Fountain. Sacrifice hits: Searle, Coe. Stolen bases: Konow, Todd, Menzies (2), Ziegler, Ely. Struck out: by Ziegler 22, by Tieman 8. Bases on balls: off Ziegler 5, off Tieman 4.

THE ARGONAUT

RUTGERS PREP. VS. STEVENS PREP.

Only three days after the remarkable game with Pingry School, Ziegler pitched another no-hit game. In this contest with Stevens Prep. the team showed fine support and nabbed every ball that was accidentally tapped out by some batter who surprised himself while swinging at Zieg's curves. From the umpire's quack, "play ball," to the end of the battle both teams were on the jump and kept the dirty sphere in motion all the time.

In the first three innings only one man touched second; the rest were either baffled at the starting point or thrown out at the initial base. But in the fourth things looked better for Fountain's band of warriors. A few signs from the grandstand inspired Parkin to hit the ball, so he picked out a suitable drop and laid it out on the atmosphere. By the time the left-fielder got out where it stopped Parkin had dusted three bags and was safely on his homeward trip. In the eighth and last inning for Rutgers two more sensational hits were made. Both Parkin and Ziegler whaled out the ball for three-baggers. The boys in red pulled out eight hits all told from Stevens' well-known twirler, Mellon. Bell, of New Brunswick, umpired the game very satisfactorily. Score: R. P. 5, S. P. 1.

RUTGERS PREP.

	a.b.	r.	h.	e.	o.
Stinson	3	0	1	0	12
Parkin	4	2	2	0	6
Ziegler	4	1	3	1	2
Menzies	3	0	0	0	0
Fountain	4	0	0	1	3
Hoe	4	0	0	1	0
Day	4	1	0	0	4
Todd	3	1	2	0	0
Hart	2	0	0	0	0

STEVENS PREP.

	a.b.	r.	h.	e.	o.
Walters	2	1	0	0	6
Schneider	3	0	0	0	0
Rawson	4	0	0	1	1
Stack	1	0	0	0	0

Baker	3	0	0	2	0
Nichols	3	0	0	0	12
Mellon	3	0	0	0	1
Lentle	3	0	0	0	4
Rachlin	2	0	0	0	0

—o—

R. P. S. VS. N. H. S.

On Tuesday, May 16, Prep. defeated the fast Newark High School team by the score of 3 to 0. It seems as if nothing can stop our team's dash for the State Interscholastic Championship.

The two no-hit games which Ziegler pitched the week before did not seem to have weakened his arm any, for he still had his dazzling speed and sharp-breaking curves with him. He gave them three hits and these were well scattered.

Fountain and Day fielded in great shape, three or four times cutting off what looked like safe hits.

Prep. began scoring right off the reel. After Stinson had grounded out, Parkin singled to center. Ziegler started the ball for what looked like a home run, but their left-fielder pulled off a fine catch and kept Parkin at first. Menzies singled to right, sending Parkin to third. Captain Fountain thought it was a good time to commence scoring, so he singled to left, scoring Parkin. Hoe flied to Rich. Red Day started the second inning with a single to center, but a double play followed and spoiled all our chances for that inning. In the third we scored again on Parkin's three-bagger and Ziegler's sacrifice fly. Prep.'s final run came in the eighth. Hart tripled and scored on a sacrifice. Newark came near scoring in the ninth, but a pretty peg from Hart ended all their chances when he caught Rich at the plate.

PREP.

	a.b.	h.	a.	o.	e.
Stinson, c.	4	0	3	11	0
Parkin, 1b.	4	2	0	14	0
Ziegler, p.	3	0	2	1	0
Menzies, 1f.	3	1	0	0	0



CAPT. WHITE



CAPT. PARKIN



CAPT. FOUNTAIN



CAPT. DOUGHERTY

THE ARGO

Fountain, ss.	3	1	6	0	0	Fountain, ss.	3	2	1	0
Hoe, 3b.	3	0	0	0	2	Hoe, 3b.	4	1	0	0
Day, 2b.	3	1	3	1	0	Day, 2b.	4	0	1	1
Searle, cf.	1	0	0	0	0	Searle, cf.	3	0	1	1
Voorhees, cf.	1	0	0	0	0	Voorhees, cf.	0	0	0	0
Hart, rf.	3	1	1	0	0	Hart, rf.	4	0	1	0
	—	—	—	—	—		—	—	—	—
	28	6	15	27	2		33	6	8	5

NEWARK.

	a.b.	h.	a.	o.	e.		a.b.	r.	h.	e.
Mills, 1b.	4	1	0	8	0	Wells, 3b.	4	2	0	1
Zabriskie, 2b.	3	0	2	4	0	Edmiston, ss.	3	0	1	3
Jose, 3b.	4	0	1	2	1	Byrne, rf.	1	1	0	0
Bush, lf.	4	0	0	2	0	Kellogg, lf.	4	2	1	0
Rich, cf.	4	1	0	2	0	Harrier, cf.	2	1	0	0
Dempsey, rf.	3	0	0	3	0	Cooke, c.	2	2	0	0
Ganim, c.	4	1	1	2	0	McManus, 2b.	3	0	0	0
Smith, p.	3	0	2	1	0	Dunn, 1b.	4	2	0	0
Reiner, ss.	2	0	2	0	1	Lambert, p.	2	1	0	0
	—	—	—	—	—		—	—	—	—
	31	3	8	24	2		25	11	2	4

Three-base hits: Parkin, Hart. Two-base hit: Mills. Stolen bases: Searle, Mills, Jose, Rich. Double play: Smith to Mills. Bases on balls: off Ziegler 13; off Smith 2. Struck out: by Ziegler 12, by Smith 2. Umpire, John Harkins, Jr.

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R. P. S. VS. N. A.

The Prep. team suffered its second defeat at the hands of Newark Academy on the 24th of May at the Academy field. Ziegler's lack of control cost Prep. the game. In the third inning he walked seven men and hit one with the ball. Prep. easily had the better team. Ziegler struck out fifteen men and allowed but two hits, while Prep. netted eight hits. The decisions given us by Duffy were raw, to say the least, and for the sporting editor of a big paper he showed an extraordinary lack of knowledge about base-ball.

PREP.

	a.b.	r.	h.	e.
Stinson, c.	3	0	1	0
Parkin, 1b.	4	1	1	0
Ziegler, p.	4	0	1	2
Menzies, lf.	4	2	1	1

NEWARK ACADEMY.

	a.b.	r.	h.	e.
Wells, 3b.	4	2	0	1
Edmiston, ss.	3	0	1	3
Byrne, rf.	1	1	0	0
Kellogg, lf.	4	2	1	0
Harrier, cf.	2	1	0	0
Cooke, c.	2	2	0	0
McManus, 2b.	3	0	0	0
Dunn, 1b.	4	2	0	0
Lambert, p.	2	1	0	0
	—	—	—	—
	25	11	2	4

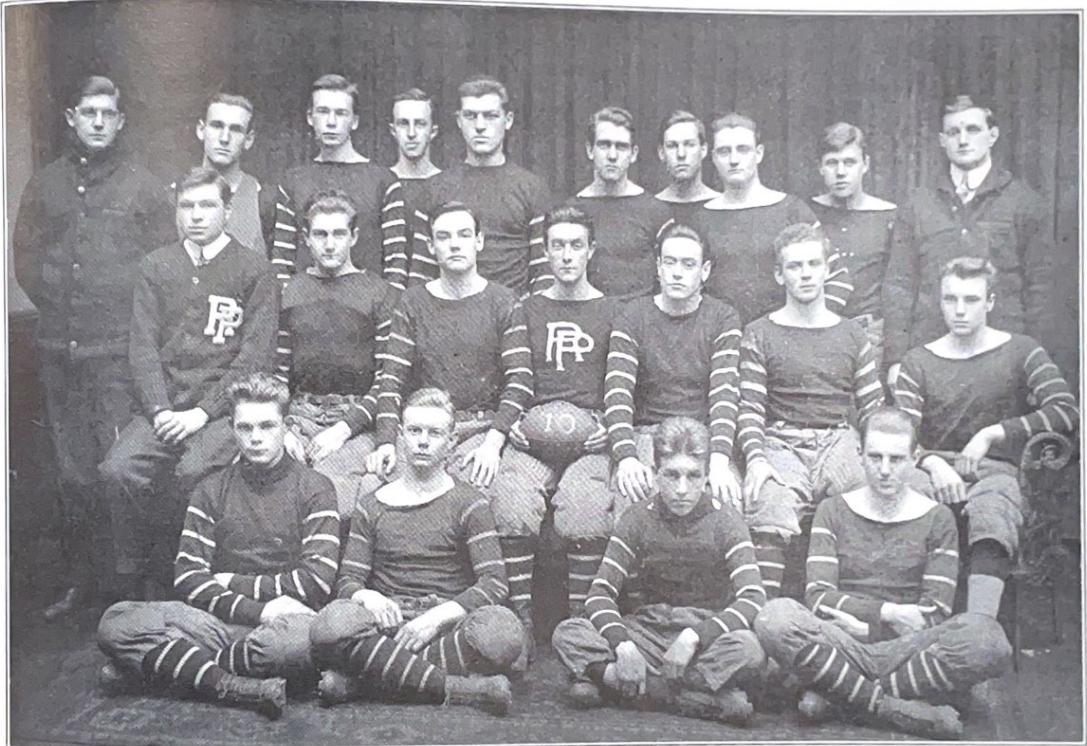
Earned runs: Prep. 5, Newark 1. Stolen bases: Fountain (2), Voorhees, Day, Kellogg, Wells. Bases on balls: off Ziegler 13; off Lambert 9. Struck out: by Ziegler 15; by Lambert 8. Hit by pitched ball: by Ziegler, Byrne. Double play: Dunn. Umpire (?): Duffy.

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R. P. S. VS. B. H. S.

With three of her first-string men missing from her line-up Prep. beat Boys' High School of Brooklyn in a very interesting game here Decoration Day morning. The final score was 3-0. All played well. Star catches were made by C. Busch, Parkin, Fountain and Voorhees, robbing Boys' High of at least four safe hits. As it was they got only three off of Hoe.

Prep.'s first run came in the first inning. With two out, Menzies singled and stole second, from where he scored on Fountain's timely single. Prep. scored again in the seventh, when Big Busch, the first man up, singled. He went to third on C. Busch's single and scored on a passed ball. The next three men fanned. In the eighth Prep. secured its last run. Parkin doubled to the



Foot-Ball Team

Left to right, first row: Voorhees, Hoe, Gifford, Ley. Second row: Schumacher, Manager: Konow, Succop, White, Captain: Dougherty, Grumbacher, C. Busch, Back row: Ziegler, Coach; Stinson, Searle, Parkin, Hollander, Richardson, Mittag, Van Sickie, Hassel, Alverson, Coach.

bleachers and scored on two infield outs. Poor base-running on our part kept the score much lower than it should have been.

PREP.

	ab.	r.	h.	o.	e.
Stinson, c.	4	0	0	5	0
Parkin, 1b.	3	1	1	11	0
Menzies, 3b.	4	1	1	3	0
Fountain, ss.	3	0	1	3	0
Searle, lf.	4	0	0	0	0
A. Busch, rf.	4	1	1	0	0
C. Busch, cf.	3	0	1	2	0
Hoe, p.	3	0	1	1	0
Voorhees, 2b.	3	0	0	1	0
—	—	—	—	—	—
	31	3	6	27	0

Stolen bases: Parkin 3, Menzies 1, Fountain 1, Hoe 1. Two-base hit: Parkin. Struck out: by Hoe 6, by Ollcott 12. Bases on balls: off Hoe 1, off Ollcott 2. Umpire, Leeds, Rutgers College.

THE FOOT-BALL SUMMARY.

Prep's Record.

20.....	New Brunswick H. S.	0
1.....	Erasmus (forfeited)	0
0.....	Newark High.	11
5.....	Boys' High.	2
6.....	Trenton High.	0
6.....	Newark Academy.	0
0.....	Rutgers Scrubs.	0
16.....	Wilson Military.	0
26.....	Plainfield High.	0
5.....	Pingry.	12
—		—
85.....	Total.	25

Rutgers Prep. Statistics.

Players and Position.	Weight.	Height.
Capt. White, quarter.	142	5.10
Voorhees, halfback.	158	5.11
Konow, halfback.	164	5.11½
Stinson, fullback.	167	5.10½
Ley, end.	142	5.8
Grombacher, end.	152	5.07
Dougherty, tackle.	155	5.10

Succop, tackle.	155	5.8
Van Sickle, guard.	160	5.10
Hollander, guard.	170	6.1
Richardson, center.	155	5.10
Hoe, sub.	145	5.7
Parkin, sub.	143	5.10
Busch, sub.	140	5.11½
Searle, sub.	145	6
Schumacher, sub.	158	5.11

Rutgers Prep. has completed one of the most successful foot-ball seasons in many years. The team was light, but fast and snappy. The schedule consisted of ten games. Prep. won six, tied one, lost two and won one on a forfeit.

Coaches Alverson and Ziegler undoubtedly put their best into the team and instilled in them a snappy spirit not seen in many school teams.

At the beginning of the season the prospects were decidedly dubious, the material was green. In the first game of the season they put up a very poor exhibition of foot-ball. In the next two they were beaten. Then they began to brace up. The team was at its best in the Wilson game, playing good, fast football against a heavier team. In the Newark Academy game they showed their fighting spirit, when five different times they held Newark on the goal line when a touchdown meant defeat.

The Players.

Capt. White played good, consistant ball all season at quarterback, and led his team in good shape. He ran the ball well at times and made a good field general.

Voorhees at the first of the season was without a doubt the star of the backfield. He hit the line hard, picked the holes well, and gained more ground than any player in the backfield. In one game he scored all three of the touchdowns. He tackled in good style, and play a fine game as defensive halfback.

Konow was not in shape at the first of the season, but at the last he starred for the whole team, doing fine work in the backfield. In