

copy



THE ARGO



• RUTGERS • PREPARATORY • SCHOOL

THE ARGO

Rutgers College and Rutgers Scientific School

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY.

The Classical Department is Broad and Thorough

and by a revision and enlargement of the curriculum, affords unusual facilities for Elective Courses throughout the Junior and Senior years, in Latin, Greek, French, German, Higher Mathematics, Astronoméy, History, Political Science, Philosophy, Physics, Chemistry and Biology.

In this Department, on the completion of the full four years' requirements including Greek, the candidate receives the degree of A.B.

On the completion of the full four years' requirements in which Modern Languages and Science are substituted for Greek, the candidate receives the degree of B.Litt.

THE SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT

is the New Jersey State College for the benefit of Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts.

In this Department there are eight full courses, each leading to the first degree in Science, B.Sc.

1. A Course in Agriculture.
2. A Course in Civil Engineering.
3. A Course in Chemistry.
4. A Course in Electricity.
5. A Course in Biology.
6. A Course in Clay Working and Ceramics.
7. A Course in Mechanical Engineering.
8. A Course in General Science.

And a short course of two years in Ceramics which does not lead to a degree.

For catalogues and other information, address IRVING S. UPSON, Registrar.
W. H. S. DEMAREST, D.D., President.

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL BOOK STORE W. R. REED

*School, Office and General Stationary Supplies of
Every Description*

380 GEORGE STREET

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

B. U. TAPKEN, JEWELER—

All Kinds of Society Emblems Made to Order.

111-113 CHURCH ST.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

Carpets, Matting ^{and} Rugs, Linoleums ^{and} Oil Cloths,
Lace, Tapestry and Velour Curtains.

SUITS and JACKETS Ladies', Misses'
and Children's.

New Stock of DRESS GOODS and SILKS

In all the latest weaves and colorings.

P. J. YOUNG DRY GOODS CO. CORNER OF GEORGE
AND PATERSON STS.

When patronizing the stores advertised in our columns, please mention THE ARGO.

The College Store

Furnishings and Custom Made
Clothes for Men of Fashion

ALWAYS SOMETHING NEW

O'NEILL'S,

101 Church Street

THE VAN DEURSEN PHARMACY

Lewis Hoagland, Prop.

Cor. George and Paterson Sts.

New Brunswick, N. J.

Sweater Coats, Gauntlets and Gloves**—STEWART & CLAYTON—
109 Church Street****HABERDASHERS**

Established 81 Years

NIFTY SHOES

FOR

Young Men

\$3.00, \$3.50, \$4.00.

Foot-Ball, Basket-Ball and Athletic Shoes.

**HARDING & MANSFIELD,**

9 PEACE STREET, New Brunswick.

**O. O. STILLMAN,
Jeweler and Optician.**

DIAMONDS, WATCHES AND STERLING SILVER.
SOCIETY PINS MADE TO ORDER.
CARD ENGRAVING AND WEDDING INVITATIONS.
133 ALBANY STREET.

C. E. BEDFORD,Confectionery and Ice Cream
Lowney's and Apollo Chocolates6 French Street, Opposite P. R. R. Station
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.**S. ZIMMERMAN,
Barber.**

Also Birds and Fishes.

381 GEORGE STREET.

*E. Collett***Merchant & Tailor,**359 GEORGE STREET,
New Brunswick, N. J.

When patronizing the stores advertised in our columns, please mention THE ARGO.

Compliments of

The Great Atlantic and Pacific Tea Co.

Telephone 52 and 51

366 George Street

WILLIAM GAUB,
DEALER IN ALL KINDS OF
Meats AND Sausages
COR. EASTON AVE. and PROSPER ST.
New Brunswick, N. J.

Oh You 'Prep's

Cool weather means heavier
SUITS, Warm OVERCOATS,
this is my business.
It is always wise to LOOK
BEFORE YOU BUY no mat-
ter where you have been
trading, our Suits and Overcoats this
season are exceptionally good looking.

WRIGHT & DITSON SWEATERS. DENTS GLOVES
KNOX HATS

W. K. Grater, 96 CHURCH STREET
New Brunswick, N. J.

RANDOLPH
Foto-grafer.

Studio, 319 George St.

Opp. Soldiers' Monument.

'Phone 229-W.

Genuine Platinum Photographs.

Special Prices to Students.

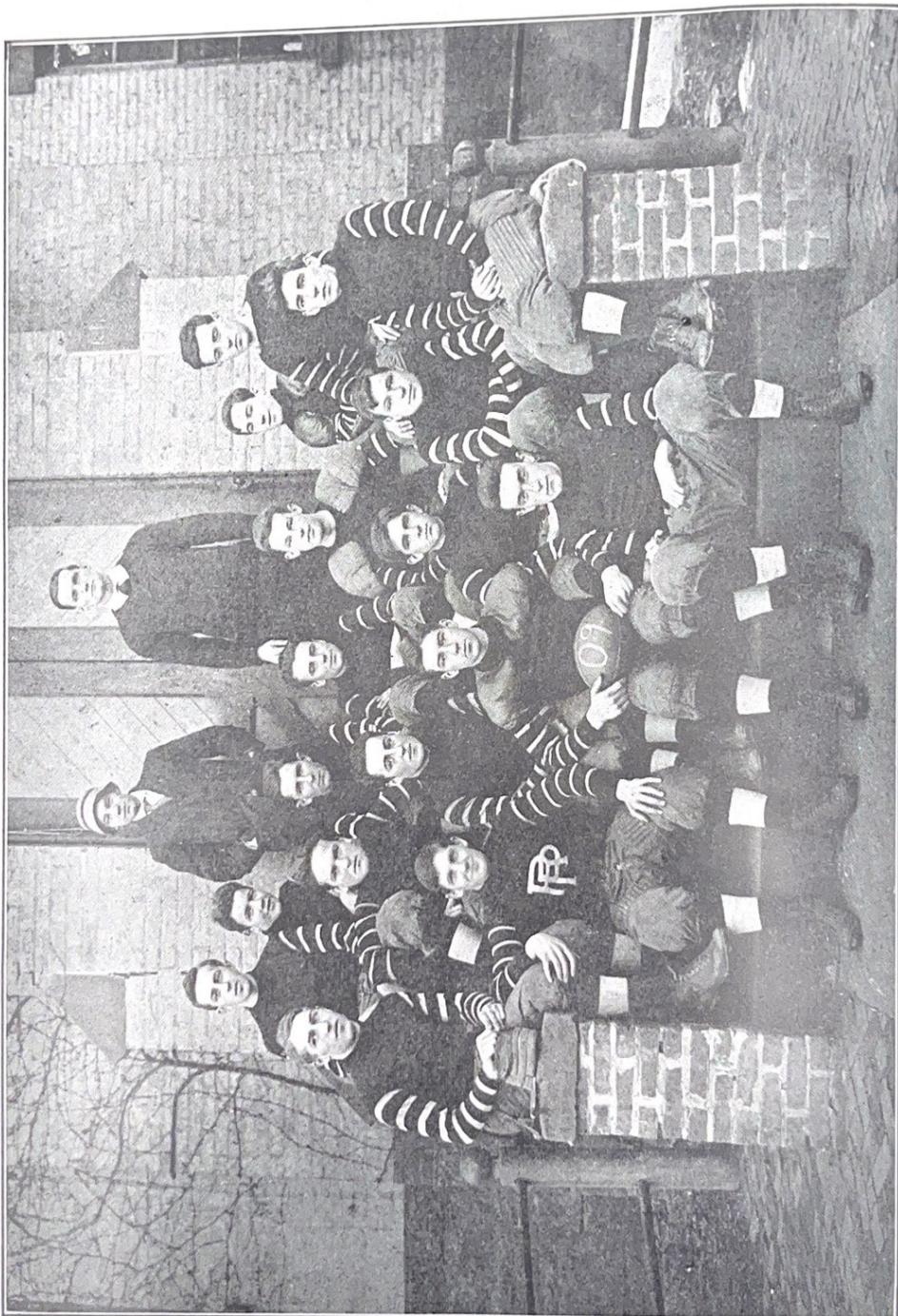
College Snaps.

We Make a Special Little Picture.

CALL AND SEE US.

Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute, Troy, N.Y.
ESTABLISHED 1824
A SCHOOL OF ENGINEERING
Local examinations provided for. Send for a catalogue.

When patronizing the stores advertised in our columns, please mention THE ARGO.



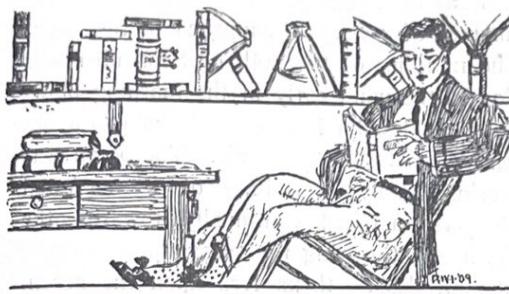
FOOT-BALL TEAM.

THE ARGO.

VOL.XXI.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., FEBRUARY, 1910.

No. 4.



TWO GIRLS.

Bill Smith spat over into the box of sawdust. He was one of a group of loungers at the village store. There had been a general discussion of railroad life, caused by the death of an unknown man at the station earlier in the day. The fact that Bill expectorated was to be taken as a sign that he had something to say. The other men, and a boy who stood apart with eyes open wide, and also their mouths, gave undivided attention to Bill, who crossing his legs and leaning back comfortably against a flour barrel, remarked: "That 'ere yarn of yours, Schneider, ain't to be compared to what happened to the engineer of the Morris Express right in this here town, lemme see,—nigh on to five years ago. I knew him pretty well, same as most of the boys round here,—an' most of us liked him and his ways. Yer see, he ran up here early in the morning with the papers, and laid here till afternoon.

"Then he took a local down to Dawson's and came through here agin with the express in the afternoon.

"That sorter give him time to git acquainted round here, and the tale I've heard him tell setting in that there chair. Wa-al, 'pears he was a single man, and though most of us didn't begin to notice it right away, he began to be mighty interested in the gals hereabouts, partiklerely in that ere school teacher,

Miss Dillons. It didn't take us long to understand it was a serious affair. The engineer—his name was Ward—I think, never come near the store any more. He just ran up on the siding, and when the school was out, down would come Miss Dillon and stand alongside big old '99' while Ward leaned out the cab window and talked.

"Things went from bad to worse. At last, one way or t'other it got round that they was goin' ter marry, and we all told him what a lucky fellow he was. He laughed.

"I dunno," he said. "Women is jealous. Old '99's" always been my gal. Sence t'other one came round she seems ter be gittin' more stubborn and mean every day. Yistiddy when I swung up into the cab I stumbled and sprained my knee, and to-day she's leaking all over, and it's all Mike can do to keep up steam. I wonder how '99" will like me havin' two gals?"

"We laughed. Some one of the boys told him it would be well to keep the two apart.

"That afternoon we were all sittin' round here, dozin' like, when along came the express. No one paid any attention to it. But when she got nigh up to the station she began to toot and scream somethin' fearful. We ran to the window. There on the crossing, sorter dazed like, stood Miss Dillon, lookin' straight ahead at '99' rushing down upon her. I could catch a glimpse of Ward leaning out of the window, shouting. The engine was only a few feet from her. In another moment all we saw was something white rolling along in the dust beside the train.

"We ran out and picked her up. Course she was dead. But what 'sprised us most was Ward never stopped. They tell me he ran on to Ortonville, then got down out of the cab and acted so desprit that they put him up in the hospital; from there he went to the asy-

lum, an' I don't know where they've got him now.

"Yer see, Ward's train came along same time as Miss Dillon was goin' home, and as luck would have it, *the two girls met.*"

POWERS '10.

THE RESCUE.

On the coast of the Pacific Ocean are two towns situated near each other; the one a mere fishing hamlet, the other a fashionable summer resort. As one might expect, the summer people look down on the fisher folk, while the fishermen never bother their heads about Seagate, which is the name of the place, and in fact never cross into it except for provisions and to sell their fish and oysters. They live as their fathers lived and enjoy the same simple pleasures that their fathers enjoyed, with never a thought or a wish for the endless procession of balls, dinners and tea parties, which go on at their very doors during the summer.

Down near the sea in a small shack, in which his father and grandfather had lived before him, dwelt the man most beloved by the fisher folk and most disliked by the summer people, old Joel Dunbar. With him lived his two sons. He was beloved by the fishermen because of his kindness and tender-heartedness. If anyone was sick, Joel would be the first to come and last to leave his bedside. If anyone was in trouble, Joel was the first to give assistance, and in fact he had been known to go without food himself that he might give to a more needy family. But he was disliked in Sagate, however, because when John Hoggarty, the proprietor of the largest hotel, and the most influential man in the resort, had tried, some years before, to make money by illegally using oyster dredges in the beds near shore, Joel had prevented him, and since then Hoggarty had never lost an opportunity of attacking Joel's character and explaining how he had been robbed by "that villain Dunbar." With this as food for the imagination the summer gossips would speculate on his taciturnity and his retiring disposition, and would finally turn him into one of the worst rascals the world has ever let go unhung.

But this unfair feeling of animosity towards Joel and his two sons was changed late in the summer of 1902. It happened in this way: The morning of the 20th of September was cloudy, the wind early in the morning blowing a good sailing breeze, had changed about ten o'clock to almost a gale. The ocean was roaring loudly; five lines of white-crested breakers marched continually towards the beach and throwing the spray up from their summit, dashed themselves upon the beach, and retreating, made way for the next.

On the beach of the fishing hamlet the fishermen were gathered together, smoking their pipes and discussing the weather, for no boats had gone out that morning, and predicting that a "sou'west" storm was brewing and they would have "quite a blow" by night.

As it was late in the season, and many of the people had gone home, the U. S. Life Guards had been given a short vacation before returning to the station for the winter's duties, and so the amateur volunteer life guards were now perched high on their stands watching the few who had ventured into such a sea. One of these venturesome ones was Edward Wallingford, the only son of James Wallingford, the retired cotton magnate of New York. As he was a powerful swimmer, and more venturesome than the rest, he had, after a long, hard battle with the waves, gotten beyond the breaker line intending to swim out a distance beyond the life lines and then return. When about fifty feet beyond the lines, the watching guards saw him stop, struggle a moment, then go under. He arose and waved his hand frantically for aid. He had been caught in a sea-puss.

The two life guards leaped from the stand to the life boat. They who had never before launched a boat in such a sea, ran the boat down to the water's edge and leaping in seized the oars, not heeding the terrible breakers. They rushed frantically to their friend's as-

sistance, when suddenly, crash! a wave has struck them and borne them back, almost to the beach. Again they rushed forward, and again they are driven back. Now goaded on by the fear that their comrade might drown while they were going to his assistance, they madly bend to the oars, and with straining backs and set teeth they rush the boat out into the tempestuous sea.

In the meanwhile, the cry has gone out that Wallingford, the most popular young man of the resort, is drowning. Like magic the beach is full of people, till it is a wonder how so many could have come out of Seagate, almost deserted by the summer people, as it seemed but a day before.

The crowd is watching breathlessly as the boat rushes out, when suddenly a great green wave, larger than its fellows, rises before it, throwing the spray from its foam-capped top, and descends with a roar upon the little vessel. The rowers are thrown from their seats and the boat is turned over and thrown upon the beach.

A groan escapes the crowd assembled on the shore, and "He is lost" goes from lip to lip. But no; there is a boat emerging from the trough of the waves. Old Joel, accustomed to all the moods of the sea, is at the helm, with his two sons rowing. They are even now beyond the fearful breaker line, and with long swinging strokes they near the spot where the struggling boy was last seen. Rising in the stern of the boat, old Joel plunges into the sea. The watchers count the seconds; it seems almost hours before he comes up; then a cry goes up from the beach, which is hushed when they see he has failed to get the boy. He dives again. Will he never come up? It seems so to the breathless throng on the beach, but there he is at last, and in his arms is Wallingford. They see him laid in the bottom of the boat, and the fishermen begin the crossing of the treacherous breaker line.

"Is Wallingford still alive?" each man asks his neighbor; "or has he been under water too long?" A moment will tell. Slowly and care-

fully the boat nears the shore, one moment high on the crest of a wave, the next out of sight in the trough of the sea, but at last the life guards, having swam to shore, seize the prow of the boat as it approaches, its keel grates on the pebbles, and Wallingford is tenderly taken from the boat, still alive. He is rushed by willing hands to the hotel, amid the shouts of the assembled throng upon the beach.

The confusion subsides and some one asks Joel, but he was not to be found. During the excitement he and his sons had pulled their boat out of the reach of the waves and had gone to their home. But they did not go unrewarded. Mr. Wallingford, finding that they would not accept a present of money, gave Joel and his sons a fully equipped fishing sloop, which was, and is still, the handsomest and swiftest craft of its kind along that shore.

And now no one can come to Seagate but that he must be taken to the beach, and the shack and the sloop is pointed out to him and he is told the oft-repeated story of the rescue of Ed. Wallingford.

W. H. REEVES.

REVENGE IS SWEET.

"So he's goin' to send his kid brother out here, is he?" was the remark of the man who had received the only letter at that camp. The speaker was one of those typical miners who work all day in the unpopulated districts of the west, in the mountainous regions of Colorado, for this camp lay in the wildest section of that State.

"What's she say?" asked one of the miners, a fellow of rather short stature and good-natured face, and who seemed to be willing to give half his life to know what was in the letter, a supposition that could not be denied, for he was one of those kind who believes that he should know all his neighbors' business, so as to get along better with his own.

The recipient of the letter, known as "Pink-head," for he was blessed with a shock of red

THE ARGO

64

hair, addressed the crowd and make known the contents of his mail. "The boss is goin' ter ship his kid brother here to git a taste of minin' life an' ter help him re-cup'rare. He gets here to-morrer noon. I got ter meet him." And with these words he left for his afternoon work.

The express stopped for the first time in five weeks at the little station and dropped a single person, a youth of nineteen, dressed in a light suit and carrying two suit cases. He walked up to where a man was holding two horses and was addressed by the latter, who eyed him not unfavorably, with the following words: "Are you the kid who's here ter re-cup'rare?"

"Yes, I guess I am. Shall we start now? If you will fix these suit cases I would be much obliged. How far do we have to travel this way?" said the boy in reply to the other's query.

"Five mile," was the curt answer given by the miner, who was intent on strapping the bags securely onto the horses. "Get aboard, an' we'll start."

The boy vaulted lightly to his seat and followed "Pinkhead," who led the way. Before the five miles had been covered the two had become quite friendly and arrived at camp in what seemed to them a remarkably short while. The boy was introduced as "the boss's kid brother" and seemed to make a good impression on all. The storekeeper, if that term could be given to the owner of a tumbledown shack where all sorts of stuff was reposing under an inch of dust, did his best to fit out Sammy, for that was the newcomer's name, in a miner's costume. This act was finally accomplished and the lad was shown the daily sights of a mining camp, but the nightly sights he was not to see till next evening, as he went to bed immediately after supper, for he was tired after his long journey.

The next evening, after supper, he was taken into the bar-room where all the miners were. He would not drink, but willingly joined a game of poker for small stakes, "just

for fun," as they said. But there was more beside fun, for the boy, seeing a tall man with a sly face manipulate the cards in a manner not included in the rules, jumped up and accused him of cheating. Never had he been caught before, and with a curse the man drew his six-shooter and killed the lad on the spot.

Instantly great disorder ensued, and the murdered Sammy was taken into his room and placed on his bed, where the doctor examined him, only to find life extinct. It was indeed a sad lot of miners that turned in at a late hour that night, but none was half as troubled as "Pinkhead," who had not only taken a fancy to the boy, but upon whom rested the responsibility of telegraphing the boss of the accident.

The next morning the telegram was sent, and the boss received it while at his office. He opened it with trembling hands and read the contents at a glance: "Brother shot in game. Do you want body sent?" He instantly despatched the message: "Send body immediately as well as murderer's name."

Four days later the body arrived, but not the name of the guilty one. Detectives were set on the case, but reported that no power could bring a man in that region to justice for a crime like that.

The night before the funeral the rich miner sat, sunk in deep thought, beside the coffin of his dead brother. He thought of the time when he was nineteen, a lanky youth, in Colorado, whose mother had died of the fever a week after the father had gone, and to whom had been entrusted the little brother. He thought of how he had made his money and what he now was, much the same as of old, a tall, lanky man of wonderful endurance. Of wonderful endurance—yes, to be sure, of wonderful endurance, the very thing that would help him revenge the death of his flesh and blood. He was not planning some bloody deed, but one that would be as fair for one as the other. All night he sat in the lonely room forming his plan.

The next morning a letter was again writ-

ten to "Pinkhead," saying that a miner was being sent out at his, the boss's, recommendation, and to see he got a position. On the same day the magnate stated that he was going to Japan on a short trip and sent his valet ahead to await him in San Francisco. He himself would join him two or three weeks later, as he intended making a personal inspection of his property in the west.

Five days later the express again stopped at the little station in Colorado and a miner got off, or rather, was put off by the conductor, angry at having to stop the train for such a person. The man immediately started down the road as if familiar with the ground and walked to the camp, where he looked up our red-headed friend and was duly installed in his job.

He was slow and uncertain in his work at first, but by degrees his senses worked in the old-time rut again and he was once again noted as a steady worker. He was liberal with his money but never played cards. His idea was to find out the name of the man he was after. To do this he made friends with the man who wished to know everybody's business and in him found a ready talker, especially under the influence of liquor. While in this state the whole affair was told, as well as the assassin's name.

One Sunday afternoon the disguised miner succeeded in getting his victim alone by asking him to take a trot with him. When a mile or two from camp the avenger accused the other of having shot his brother and made known who he was. The other was unpleasantly surprised and prepared himself for any violence, but seeing no action of this sort he admitted it all and asked what satisfaction he could give.

"I could have murdered you, but your blood would have been on my soul," he answered. "I have come for satisfaction and believe I will get it. My plan is one that is as fair for one as for another."

"And what sort of er plan is it?" demanded

the other.

"Simply this. You and I will start off together on horseback, without nourishment of any kind. When we reach the desert we will travel three days and three nights without ceasing. On the last day we will kill our horses and return on foot. I doubt if we will both reach home, or if ever one of us will, but I will be satisfied in either case. That is my plan. Will you take it up?"

They rode along for fully five minutes before the answer came. "I don't like it, but I am as tough as you, and ef you're willin' I s'pose I am too."

They turned their horses' heads toward camp and made their terms. The fellows at camp should be made acquainted with it and a couple of them should camp at the edge of the desert until ten days had passed. As soon as one or both of the contestants were sighted they should hasten out with assistance; and, lastly, they swore to take no advantage one of the other and do away with him, either by knifing or shooting him.

There was great surprise in camp when it was learned what was to happen and that the challenger was the boss. The two men did not sit in the bar room that night but went to bed after a hearty meal.

The next morning after breakfast the whole camp rode ten miles to the desert and saw the two start out on their ride after a parting drink. When they were lost to sight a camp was set up and lots were drawn to see who should stay. The chosen two prepared their meal and the rest returned to their work.

The two on the desert rode till the sun set, and stopped only to put up a landmark and then to proceed again. Not a word did they speak, nor did they stop except at night to set up a pile of stones. At the end of the last day they were nearly exhausted and their horses simply staggered. As the sun disappeared the challenger dismounted and shot his horse. Without a word the other did likewise, and both turned their faces toward camp.

THE ARGO

The sand was fearfully hot; they were exhausted and seemed to go by machinery. Their glassy eyes looked ahead and their parched lips were firmly compressed. The fourth day passed and the refreshing night came to relieve the heat, but they cursed it as it hid their landmarks.

The fifth day came and went. They passed the last of the landmarks they had set up and were looking forward to the next. At midnight of the sixth the second was passed, and only one more remained—the camp. But this was the greatest distance of all, for they had traveled more the first day than any other.

On the morning of the eighth day the murderer fell without a sound, but the other saw, or rather felt it, and turned around to look at his fallen opponent; but as he looked a great terror seized him, and he stood trembling, as if unable to move. Suddenly, with an unearthly scream, he turned and ran as if the devil and all his court were after him.

He ran for perhaps an hour, and would have run for another, but for the fact that he stumbled and fell; nor did he make a move to get up.

It was on the morning of the eighth day that the two encamped by the desert decided to ride out and see if they could discover either of the men. At six o'clock they came upon the boss, his lean, lanky form stretched out upon the sand. With an exclamation they dismounted and raised him. His heart still beat but he had lost his senses. While the one attempted to bring him to with stimulants the other searched for the missing man, whom he found an hour later, dead. He left the body and returned to his companion with the news. They carried the survivor back to their camp and nursed him back to consciousness.

Two days later he was gotten back to the mining camp where he stayed for a week. Being possessed with a marvelous physique he was able to leave after ten days and proceed to California, where he met his terrified valet two weeks after the appointed time.

The ship that sailed ten days later for Japan

carried at least one man who felt satisfied with the world, for the murderer of his brother had been brought to account in a fair manner.

H. F. S. '09.

A PSALM OF LIFE.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,
Life is but an empty dream!
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not the goal;
Dust thou are, to dust returnest,
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther on our way.

Art is long, and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like dumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living present!
Heart within and God o'erhead!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us,
Footprints on the sands of time;

Footprints, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.



THE ARGO.

*Published Monthly During the School Year,
BY THE*

RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

Entered in the New Brunswick Post Office as
Second Class Matter.

PRINTED BY J. HEIDINGSFELD.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

Editor-in-Chief

RAYMOND BOVEY SEARLE

Assistant Editor

CHARLES RITTER

Literary

P. RITTER CONOVER

News

L. ERICKSON	R. BUSSEL
R. WORTENDYKE	D. WHITE

Athletics

R. WILLARD

Alumni

H. F. SMITH

Business Managers

R. T. B. TODD	R. W. SEARLE
---------------	--------------

School Directory

PRES. Y. M. C. A., F. BLANCHARD
 PRES. STUDENTS ASSO., R. B. SEARLE
 CAPT. FOOTBALL '10, D. WHITE
 CAPT. BASKETBALL, E. ELMENDORF
 CAPT. TRACK, G. MORRISON
 MGR. FOOTBALL, J. CONGER
 MGR. BASKETBALL, G. MORRISON
 MGR. TRACK, G. PRATT
 CAPT. CADETS, R. B. FOUNTAIN

Subscription price, per year, 75 cents.
 All communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-Chief, R. P. S., New Brunswick, N. J., and must be accompanied with the name of the author.

Correspondents will confer a great favor by writing on one side of the paper only.
 Officers of the school, students, and alumni are most cordially invited to contribute.

This issue of the ARGO is called by the editors "The Conference Number."

CONFERENCE. — The first move towards forming a State-wide Preparatory School Y. M. C. A. was taken at the recent convention held in New Brunswick. Eight schools sent representatives who were entertained by the college and our school. The finest speakers in the Y. M. C. A. world attended and added to the interest by stirring speeches. The convention, while an experiment, was a decided success. Although the convention was held for the purpose of improving the school Y. M. C. A.'s, it had another result, which was fully as important as the original one. It brought the schools of New Jersey into closer contact and fellowship with one another. While we have seen the athletic side of most of the schools represented we have never been brought into contact with the religious side. We were unable to give the visitors the good time we had intended, as the blizzard hindered. Our basket-ball team playing away kept some of the best men from the conference also. It is also a matter of regret that the delegations from Montclair Academy and Wilson Academy were kept away. Nevertheless, the small number of our fellows who were able to attend the conference did their best to make our guests at home and we are sure that they had a good time. When the next convention is held here we will have profited by our experience and an even greater success will be made.

FEBRUARY. — The month which has just passed is one in which the birthdays of two of the greatest men the world has ever seen, are celebrated. The names of these two men will always be connected in the annals of history. One, the father of his country; the other, the preserver of his country. One, the descendant of aristocracy; the other, the son of humble and poverty-stricken parents. But in whatever way the births of these men differed, both

held in life the same noble aim. Washington, throughout the stormy campaigns of New Jersey and Valley Forge, on up to the crowning victory of Yorktown, displayed a patriotism and generalship, the like of which the world had never before seen. After peace was declared he was offered the crown but refused it, and set to work to make a great nation out of thirteen jangling colonies. Dignified, sincere and powerful, such was George Washington, the soldier, the statesman and the citizen. Lincoln's was another lot. The States were separated and arrayed brother against brother. Quietly and effectually, taking the broken fragments of the Union, he restored our country to its former greatness and prosperity. Who can tell of the sleepless nights and days of pain through which he passed while our nation's life hung in jeopardy? And when, at the height of his successes, he was taken away by the hand of the assassin, he died as he had lived—grandly. Washington and Lincoln, the originator and the saviour of our freedom, their names are ever fixed in the hearts of all true Americans with thoughts of love.

"These shall withstand the empire of decay,
When time is o'er and worlds have passed
away."

THE MAINE.—Twelve years ago this month the U. S. S. Maine was treacherously blown up by the Spanish. Every one is familiar with the story. In the space of one year our army and navy had swept the forces of Spain from the land and sea, breaking their power forever and showing the astonished world that the United States was a world power of the first rank and that it stood for liberty. Up to that time other countries felt that the rupture between the North and South would never be healed. The war showed that we are united and friends. Although you all know this, you may not be aware that a Rutgers Prep. boy was one of those who died on the Maine. The

ARGO of that year says: "Fred Jernee was quiet, conscientious and courageous. He was a good friend and a faithful supporter of the old school." Jernee learned to be faithful in Prep. He was faithful to his friends and his school, and when the time came he was faithful to his country.

Y. M. C. A.—The Y. M. C. A. of Rutgers Prep. is not an institution of one or two years' standing, as some may suppose. Back in the "eighties" and "nineties" the Association flourished, although on no such elaborate scale as now. Along in 1899 the Association went out of existence, but last year under the energetic work of C. W. Smith it was brought back to life—forever, we hope. The Association does an untold amount of good and supplies a want which every school without one has. It brings the earnest fellows together. We may cite our own school for example. The Sunday Night Vesper Services are always well attended, although not compulsory. After the meeting many of the fellows meet in the rooms and discuss the subject. It is also noted that many of the best athletes are members of the Association. The meetings teach the fellows the way to live clean, manly lives, and we all profit by it.

NORTHFIELD.—Are we going to be represented at the Northfield Conference this year? Last year we were one of the few Preparatory Schools who had delegates there. Surely Rutgers Prep. will not fall behind. We have a strong Y. M. C. A., a progressive school, and a manly set of fellows. Let us show the other schools that we are what we claim to be—up-to-date. Besides, the idea of helping the school is another reason. You help yourself. You get a good vacation full of athletics and those affairs in which young men delight. You also meet and are in close touch with men from other schools and colleges. We have shown what we can do as hosts,—now

let us show what we are able to do as guests, and let old Queen's School send a goodly delegation to the Northfield Conference.

MORNING EXERCISES.—It has been decided by Mr. Scudder and the Y. M. C. A. cabinet that the members of the Association conduct the morning exercises at the school. This will be a fine thing for the boys. Each morning a fellow will give out the hymns, read from the Scriptures, and make a short prayer in front of the student body. This experience will give the fellows a dignity and ease which they will be unable to attain any place else, for conducting a religious meeting is very hard, but the man who is able to do the hard things will easily overcome the simpler ones.

PINGRY.—There has been much talk of getting the whole school to go to the Pingry base-ball game in Elizabeth, April 30. This is a fine example. Think of the excitement we would stir up in that staid old burg, parading down the street a hundred strong. Think of the game, when we shall wallop Pingry off of the earth. Think of the return, when our shouts of victory will make suburban New Jersey sit up and take notice. Think it over, and hand in your name to the base-ball manager as one who is going to see Pingry defeated.

SMOKING.—Last year the Senior Class made two rules in regard to smoking; the first, that no student in Rutgers Prep. who had not been promoted to long trousers should smoke on the streets of New Brunswick or in the presence of upper-classmen; the second, that no member of this school should smoke on the streets within a block of the school. These were good rules. This year as yet nothing has been done. Seniors, it is up to you. Protect the name and respect of your school. It will cost you but small exertion. And think of the result. Instead of a bunch of fellows lighting cigarettes as they leave the

school building, our students will wait until they are a respectable distance from the school. We must make every effort to help our Alma Mater, and a fellow who is not willing to do this little thing is not needed here.

Y. M. C. A. CONFERENCE.

The first Interscholastic Y. M. C. A. Conference was held in New Brunswick January 14-15. On January 13 the delegates began to arrive and registered at Van Nest Hall. The following schools sent representatives: Blair Hall, Bordentown Military Institute, Centenary Collegiate Institute, Lawrenceville, Peddie, Pennington, Wenonah Military Academy and Rutgers Prep. The delegates of Montclair Academy and Wilson M. A. were kept away by the blizzard. At half-past six supper was served in Winants to about one hundred delegates and speakers. Dr. Demarest of Rutgers College delivered an address of welcome. Dr. Raven of the Theological Seminary, Mr. Hawkins and Mr. Porter also addressed the meeting. The College Glee Club rendered a few selections, and a pleasant evening was spent. The out of town delegates and speakers spent the night at the Trap, Winants, Hertzog Hall, and the different frat. houses.

The following morning a business meeting was held in Kirkpatrick Chapel. Devotional exercises were led by Mr. Andrews, and all stood while singing "America."

Mr. D. R. Porter next spoke on the "Question Box." After Mr. Porter, Mr. Hawkins spoke on "Workable Finances." He put them under three heads, budgets, receipts and disbursements. The delegates then sang "The Son of God Goes Forth to War." Mr. Harris then spoke, having as his subject "The New Idea of Missions." He placed them under two heads, "Godlessness" and "Practicality." He asked how many schools were contributing to Missions, and the following schools showed that they were: Blair, C. C. I., Lawrenceville, Peddie, Pennington and Rutgers Prep. Our Professor Scudder then delivered an address

on "The Ideal of the Y. M. C. A." and dismissed the meeting. Dinner was served at Winants and at two o'clock the meeting was called to order. Mr. Porter delivered a short speech and called on the different delegates for remarks and questions; Mr. Scott, Secretary Boys' Department of New Jersey, made a prayer, and the meeting adjourned at half-past three, and the first annual Interscholastic Y. M. C. A. Conference was at an end. Taking into consideration that this was the first one ever attempted and that no example was set to follow up the affair was very successful, and the committee, Mr. Mason of Rutgers and Blanchard of Prep. deserve much praise.

Y. M. C. A.

Dr. Bevier, Superintendent of Schools in the State of New Jersey, addressed the Y. M. C. A. Sunday evening, January 23. He spoke on the Old World. One of the points he brought out was that from the Greeks we procure our culture and art, from the Romans our law and government, and from the Hebrews our religion. He showed how the Macedonian conquest of Greece, by spreading the Greek language, promoted the cause of Christ. Mr. Fisher read from the Pilgrim's Progress and the orchestra rendered some selections.

A meeting was held in school February 8 for the purpose of electing officers. The following were chosen: Blanchard, President; Searle, Vice President; Avery, Secretary; Mr. Lewis, Advisor. White was appointed Business Manager by the President of the Students Association.

Mr. Clark gave a fine lecture to the Association, Sunday, January 30. He spoke on Africa and threw a number of lantern slides on the curtain. He showed the cruelty of the Belgians in Africa. He had many interesting views of the missions, rivers and homes of Africa. Mr. Clark is about to return to Africa to work for the cause of God.



CALENDAR.

January.

21. The School has its picture taken.
22. Victory at last. Prep. 46, N. J. State School 15.
23. Dr. Bevier addresses the Y. M. C. A.
24. Pickles disposes of six "dogs."
25. Kelso wants to know if Phila. is in New York State.
26. A live dog in school. He disappears shortly before lunch. We have frankfurters.
27. A social success, the Tau Phi dance.
28. Rutgers 43, Prep. 28.
29. Mr. Clark speaks to the Y. M. C. A.
30. White goes to Netherwood.
31. The editor forgot what happened to-day.

February.

1. Exams.
2. Exams.
3. Several fellows moved back a class.
4. P. H. S. 49, R. P. 9.
5. Y. M. C. A. meeting.
6. A number of specials enter Prep. from Rutgers.
7. ARGO goes to press.

In the parlor "Zieg" was sitting,
Musing by the firelight's glow;
Many hours had passed unnoticed,
And at last he thought he'd go.

With his overcoat she fumbled,
From her eye escaped a tear;
"Must you go so soon?" she faltered.
"Won't you stay to breakfast, dear?"