

# ARGO

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**January, 1922**

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# THE ARGO

JANUARY

1922

Vol. XXXIII.

No. 4

THE RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.



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# EDITORIALS

SERVEN

## Straight From "The Argo"

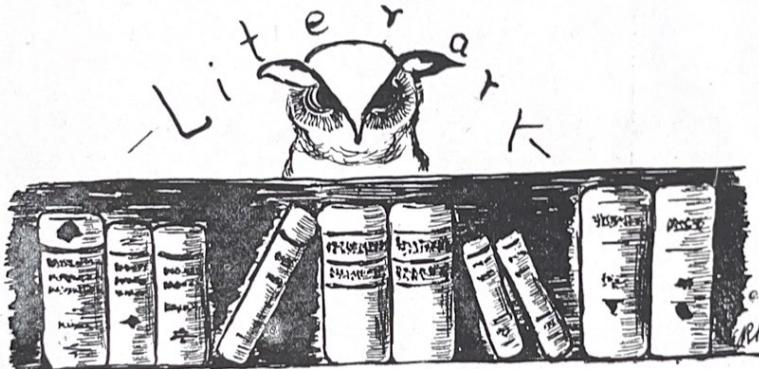
**T**H E ARGO is your paper, fellows. It is the official publication of the student body, the record of your work, your activities, and your spirit. For the past few months you have not given the paper your full support. The editor has not received a single story from anyone save the members of THE ARGO Board. Fellows, your spirit is lagging! You are not supporting THE ARGO in the way you should; you are not supporting your own school paper in the splendid manner in which you support the athletic teams. What is the matter? Is THE ARGO unworthy of your support? Think it over. Think what THE ARGO means to your friends, your parents, to the people interested in Rutgers Prep. School, and to the public at large. Think what it means to the Alumni, the men who entrusted its care to you. To all these people, to everyone, THE ARGO, our school paper, represents the spirit of our school, the spirit of the student body. They judge us by our school paper. A stranger, on reading THE ARGO, immediately forms his opinion of the school by the spirit and talent displayed in the paper. To him it reflects the character of our school.

The editors of THE ARGO realize this, and are doing their best to make THE ARGO a good paper, to make it worthy of the school. But to do this there must be spirit in the paper. This, the editors cannot create. It is for you to do that. Fellows, you have the spirit. There is no doubt of it. You have the Rutgers Prep. Spirit; one which can only be acquired in a school like ours. But you are making no use of it. You are neglecting your duty, both to your school and to your paper. Picture the paper we would have if every fellow in the school contributed something to THE ARGO; the spirit and talent of ninety boys compressed in one leaflet—THE ARGO. That would be a real paper. We can do it. We must do it! It is our duty!

Now, fellows, you all want a good paper. There is but one thing to do—contribute to it. Everyone of you give some little bit of originality to the editor. Get rid of some of that surplus humor so evident in many of you by putting it into THE ARGO. If your work is not accepted, no one will know it but the editor and the scrap basket. Start working now.

Fellows, this is not "bosh." It is the real stuff. Get interested in THE ARGO and make it a paper worthy of you, and worthy of the best school, our own Rutgers Prep.

J. S. C.



### A Never To Be Forgotten Day



T was one of those bleak winter days when the cold seemed to eat into the marrow of your bones. No matter how warmly dressed you were, the cold could not or would not stay out. As far as the thermometer was concerned, the mercury played around ten below, and even by noon it had not risen above eight below.

It was so cold that it had been thought advisable to close the schools, and I saw a chance to spend the day out in the open. When I proposed taking a snowshoe hike, two of my friends immediately began to plan where we should go. We finally decided to meet at noon at the Seven Mile River bridge, and tramp up the river bed to North Pond, and thence across the fields to Wire Village and back home again. If all went well we would make home just before dark.

When I reached the meeting place, I found Wilfred and Merrill were already there waiting for me. Strapping on our snowshoes, we set off in single file and began to wend our way along the river, which at this point was rather wide. The snow had been cleared off from the ice by the wind, so that our progress was rather slow until we rounded the bend, and the banks drew nearer together. I had thought it rather cold when I started

out, but now I did not feel the least bit cold, which I suppose was because we were moving and keeping our blood circulating.

After traveling for half an hour or so, we found the river very narrow and the banks lined with brush. We had been so busy that we had not noticed how the wind had sprung up, and probably would have been totally unaware of it if we had not reached an open stretch. Here we found the wind had begun to drift the snow, and we were not sorry when we were again between the brush-lined banks. We were making fine progress, and would have reached North Pond about three if we kept up our present rate.

It was Wilfred who called our attention to the fact that it was beginning to snow, and before we realized it, the flakes were coming down at a good rate. None of us knew what was ahead of us or we would have retraced our steps.

During the next few minutes we could see that the storm was increasing, and we stopped to hold a consultation on whether we should proceed or turn back. As if it wished to answer our question, the storm swept down with its full force, and our tracks were soon lost in the blinding whirling snow that made walking almost impossible. The wind drove the flakes along until we had to lower our heads in order to meet them. If you raised your head to see whether you were going wrong, the snow would cut your face until you thought that it had been pierced with thousands of little darts. Where we were we did not know and the only way we knew we were on the river was we would brush against the bushes on either side, thus showing us that we were straying off our path.

I tried to shout, but my voice was of little avail against the roaring of the wind. I began to wish I had stayed at home, for it seemed that with every step the wind blew harder, and the snow whirled faster and faster. It was beginning to grow dark and the thought of spending the night out in such a storm was not a very agreeable one. To keep on seemed foolhardy; yet to stop would be even worse.

Finally Merrill succeeded in making us hear, and we stopped for another rest. Knowing the country better than we did, he proposed that we leave the river and cut across the fields until we came to a road which he thought was not far away. After some discussion we finally adopted his plan and set out across the fields. Here the wind struck us with full force, and to keep your balance against it was a problem we had not considered. Oh, how the wind did blow! Never had I known it blow that way and never do I want to encounter it again.

Why we had ever left the protected rived bed for the open field, I did not know, and I was about to give up when I saw something large ahead of me. Was it a house or just a mirage? No, it was a house and no one was ever more glad at the sight of one than we were. It seemed to fill

us with new hope and life and we lost no time in reaching the door. In response to our knock an elderly lady opened the door and asked us in.

I have often wondered what she thought of us, for we were so covered with snow that we must have resembled polar bears. We were so cold that we could hardly get out of our coats, and Wilfred began to fear that he had frozen his thumb. Mrs. Parker, for she was the lady who had taken us in, rubbed his thumb with snow and he decided it was not frozen, a fact for which we were duly thankful.

To return home was out of the question, and our hostess offered to keep us for the night. After supper the snow let up but to counterbalance it the thermometer began a downward journey, and when we rose the next morning it registered thirty-eight below. How glad we were that we had reached shelter, for had we tried to spend the night out-of-doors, we would never have lived to see the dawn of another day. The very thought is enough to send a shiver through one's backbone.

After a good warm breakfast we tried to repay our hostess by feeding the stock and milking the cows. Her two sons, who ran the farm, had gone to town and had not been able to return because of the storm. Chores done, we made ready to leave for our homes, and after many thank-yous for her kindness, we left and by noon we were within sight of town. Waiting anxiously for us were our parents, who were beginning to doubt if we would ever return. They made us promise that we would never do it again, but they did not need to fear, for none of us were anxious ever to try any such exploit.

H. H. B.

## Prep's All Stars

(With apologies to the players)



THE Original Celtics, the well-known New York basketball team, has recently suffered defeat at the hands of the fast New Brunswick five, the Original Boors.

This team is an aggregation consisting of stars from all over the prep school which has conquered everything in sight.

"Zip" Hiering, captain, is the center around which this team is built. Mr. Hiering recently gained fame as a fast man, playing center on Vassar football team. Much is expected of him in the way of personal fouls. He seldom remains in the game till the second period.

The second man is Professor Norman Wills, the renowned pool shark who has baffled modern science. Prof. Wills is so expert on caging baskets that he combines pool with basketball, making combination shots from the walls and ceiling and calling out which basket he is shooting at. It

makes no difference to him whether he puts the ball in his opponents' basket or his own. He is equally good in either case.

The third man is a much-esteemed resident of Perth Amboy. Mr. Rowland Meinzer. Mr. Meinzer has, for many years, been known for his ability to kick from behind in a basketball game, rendering the recipient of the stroke unconscious for a short time. In this manner Mr. Meinzer has won many games for his team and made himself a valuable man, especially in defeat.

The fourth man in this wonderful combination is Mr. Norman Shaw, who has for the past year been coaching the knitting team at West Point. While in college, Mr. Shaw played left stitch on the knitting team, but was obliged to remain on the bench from an injury received when a fellow player dropped a stitch on his foot. He was recently heard to say that cigarettes made him the success he is today. Two times up and down the floor and he is completely exhausted, thereby proving the value of cigarettes. He asserts that he cannot stop smoking. His will power won't let him.

The fifth man to make up this fighting five is "Hurricane" Herman, brother of Pete Herman. Again and again Mr. Herman will rush the ball up the floor only to lose it by the time he gets to the foul line. This is only a sample of what this dependab'e player can do in a pinch. His playing has dazzled his opponents to such a degree that they quarrel among themselves to see who will play against him. Last year he broke all records for getting baskets. He had a clear slate all through the year. Not one basket was chalked up against his name.

The Prep School is truly proud of this team and not too much can be done to get them on their way to the marble tournament, held at Somerville next spring when the ice gets off the sidewalks. They have already lost a game to the Elementary School by the narrow margin of 71-1. The one point was made by mistake by a player on the Elementary. Let's get behind this team and watch them.

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## Gypsy Revenge

(CONCLUDED)

VI



INTER with all its associates of snow, ice, and cold had burst suddenly in upon the slowly declining fall, spreading its sombre bleakness over the land.

Six years had elapsed since Theda had been taken from all the good and purity of the world, and thrust abruptly into the bad. It seemed much longer to her and she retained but a faint recollection

of her parents and home. Six years in the midst of vulgarity and vice had done much to change her outward appearance, but inwardly she was the same. Although she now was familiar with murder and crime, each fresh occurrence was just as revolting and depressing as the first. She felt that she must do something to help the poor unfortunates who entered the house. Pleading with the woman was of no avail. She was as hard as stone. Time and again Theda had pleaded for the lives of the victims and each time she was dispatched with a cruel beating and threatened with worse. It was becoming unbearable.

Suddenly, footsteps, followed immediately by loud knocking on the door, awakened her from this reverie; she arose wearily to open it.

Two tall men in uniform, covered with snow confronted her and asked for food and lodging for the night and a shelter for their horses. She pointed to a stone barn in the corner of the yard and motioned to them to lead their horses there.

The old woman who had watched from within, chuckled with glee when she learned that the men were in uniform. This was special pickings and hated soldiers at that! Theda felt a large depth of disgust for the woman, and pity for the soldiers welled up in her heart.

The men soon entered and the old woman busied herself by removing their coats and arms and making them comfortable. She seated them at a table and then hurried off to prepare their meal.

Theda felt herself unusually attracted to these two men and from time to time she looked up from her work and carefully scrutinized them. The older of the two, from his finer dress and personal carriage she judged to be an officer, and his open countenance and kindly look caused her to take an immediate liking to him. He turned suddenly and, finding Theda looking at him, began to speak to her. She smiled and motioned that she was dumb. Then a wave of pity passed over the officer's face. He looked at her more closely and as if some doubt had been suddenly dispelled turned away.

Theda's heart quickened, and she felt that she must do something to help these men. She resolved to notify them of their peril in some way. Rising hastily she went out to the kitchen to see if the woman was placing drugs in their food. Happily she was not, and that meant that they would be trapped in the cellar. Theda's mind became active now in regard to how she would warn the soldiers. Finally she hit on a plan. Getting hold of a piece of paper and a pencil, she wrote a little note and crumpled it up in her hand. The old woman told her to take in the food, and she entered the dining room.

The soldiers were engaged in an animated conversation and she quietly placed their meal before them, at the same time slipping the note into

the officer's spoon. She stepped back a little and stood still as if to see that nothing had been overlooked in the menu. The officer was in the act of taking up his spoon, when he discovered the note. He hastily opened it and read:

"You are in a murder den. Three men will appear later. Beware!"

Giving an almost imperceptible start, he looked up and found Theda gazing fixedly at him as if to corroborate the statement. He understood now. She had given him the note, and he flashed a look of thankfulness at her. Theda went out and the officer began to speak to his comrade again, but this time in a low tone.

"Barnard, do not start or give any sign of uneasiness at what I am going to tell you. The little girl gave me a note saying that we are in a murderers' den, and that three men will appear later. You know the character of some of these border inns and it will be well for us to be cautious and be on the look-out for foul play. Finish your meal hurriedly and then saunter over to the kitchen door as if looking at the trophies and pictures on the wall. Keep the old woman in sight, and if possible I will look around a bit."

The meal was eaten hurriedly, and the men began to carry out their plan. The officer remained seated at the table smoking a cigarette while his comrade moved closer to the door. Finally the soldier signaled that it would be safe to investigate and the officer arose. He saw that their swords and pistols had been taken away from the coats and guessed that they were locked in the cupboard. Walking to the further end of the room, he found a heavy trap-door. He lifted it and peered down into the cellar. The beam of light from above showed a few old bloody garments, and this combined with a foul smell of blood, convinced him that they were in danger. Closing the door noiselessly, he spoke to his comrade and they resumed their seats at the table. They were not seated long before the woman came in. She brought two candles and in a very pleasant voice said:

"I'm sure you gentlemen will want some wine after your supper, and if you will light me to the cellar, I will gladly get some for you. If my husband was home, I would not trouble you."

"Surely, Madam; lead the way," and the officer smiled grimly at his comrade.

She went to the trap door and waited for them to go down first, but suddenly the officer jumped to one side and, giving her a shove, threw her headlong down the steps. He slammed the door quickly in place and bolted it.

So far their plans had worked out perfectly, but there still remained the men. After a short search they found their arms in the cupboard and decided to wait for further developments. They had not long to wait.

Three sharp knocks on the door announced the arrival of the gang and called the soldiers to action.

The officer sprang up quickly, directing his comrade to secret himself behind the cupboard and be ready to shoot, while he himself advanced to open the door. Sliding the bolt back quickly he opened the door, at the same time springing deftly behind it.

Three men entered, when suddenly:

"Hands up!" came a sharp command, and they whirled swiftly to find themselves looking into the grim barrel of a pistol. The officer called to his comrade to bring some cord and at the sound of his voice the man with a livid scar across his forehead threw a swift hateful glance at him and made a grab for his gun. Two shots rang out simultaneously and the robber fell to the floor.

"If you other men try any tricks, you will be treated accordingly. Cross your wrists behind your back. All right, keep them there until bound."

It was soon all over. The two men were bound securely and the other had died of his wounds.

The officer was sure that he had seen this man before, but could not remember where. Dismissing him from his mind, however, he began to explore the house.

#### VII

Theda, after having served the soldiers, hastened immediately to her room, where she remained in a state of agony and fear throughout the whole struggle. Should the soldiers be overpowered and any suspicion aroused as to how they avoided the trap, she knew the consequences. The shots and cries below increased her fears, and then all was quiet.

The officer had now completed his tour of the first floor and began to explore the second. Keeping his pistol in readiness, he tried the first door. It yielded. A short search revealed nothing save an old dilapidated cot and a few pieces of furniture. Calling to his comrade he tried another door. This was locked, but after a few blows it gave in. A large room filled with boxes and a miscellaneous assortment of silverware lay before them. Evidently this was the storeroom of the robbers, in which they stored all the plunder taken in raids and holdups. It resembled, somewhat, an old antique shop, with its collection of silver, plate, and other articles of value. After a thorough examination of the room and its contents they passed on to other rooms, but nothing else of any importance was found.

But one room remained to be explored. The officer was on the point of entering this when suddenly he heard a low voice within. Silently he listened. A voice, throbbing deeply with emotion, was raised in prayer; a simple prayer uplifted in unbounded faith; the prayer of a child, seeking comfort and protection in a Higher Being. There was a short pause ac-

cented by broken sobs, and then the voice continued, "And, Oh, Lord, please return me to my father and mother. They were always good and kind to me. Bring my father back safely from his mission in Russia, and help him to find me. Help and comfort my mother too, in her grief. Perhaps she thinks I am dead. And finally, Lord, bring me back home and let me grow up as Theda Ramon."

The officer without was suddenly electrified by a tremendous shock. Everything grew black before him and he trembled violently. His comrade had quickly left him. With a supreme effort he pulled himself together and slowly opened the door. There is the glimmering candle-light knelt a little girl. He gazed at her for a long time with rapidly changing emotions. No, he was not mistaken. This was Theda. She had grown and changed very much, but it was Theda—his daughter. He stepped into the room, and the girl startled by the sound, turned quickly. On recognizing the officer, she ran forward and uttered in a greatly relieved tone: "Oh, how glad I am to see you. I was afraid that both you and your comrade had been killed." She could not keep back the tears, and it was a long time before the officer could finally speak to her.

"Theda, my child, I want you to tell me your whole story, who your parents are and how it happens that you are here."

She began to tell him of her life, from as long back as she could remember until the present time. As she proceeded, the officer's face cleared gradually until finally it registered perfect joy.

"She ended by saying: "It was your resemblance to the picture that I retained of my father, that caused me to warn you of your danger. I simply could not bear my part in the crimes any longer."

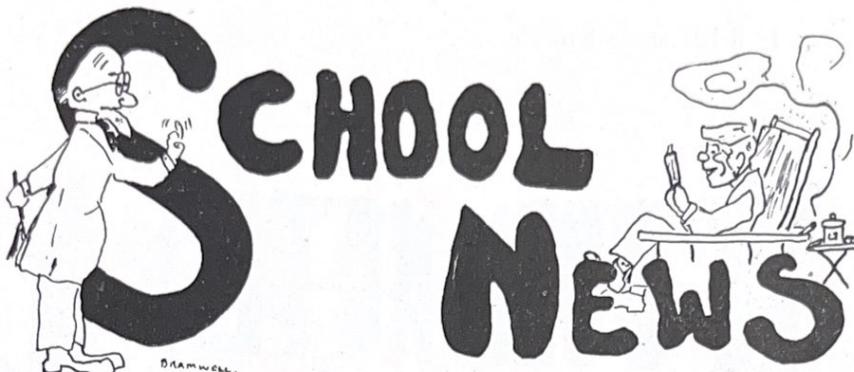
He nodded and then speaking in a voice that only a parent is capable of using, said: "Theda, dear, listen closely to what I have to say. I am your father, Theda, and it was the hand of Providence that guided me here. I am just returning from Russia and knew nothing whatsoever of your kidnapping until you told me your story. Something in your appearance recalled to my mind the picture of you when but a tiny child. Now everything is ascertained and proved. Your poor mother must be grief-stricken. I pity her deeply. This must have been a terrible shock to her. But now everything is all right. We have but to deliver this house and gang to the proper authorities and then we can return home together."

Theda now received a tremendous shock, but it was a very happy one. Once more she was up on his knee, toying with the big brass buttons of his uniform coat and laughing joyously.

\* \* \* \* \*

Three people are seated in a shady garden, balmy with the new-born fragrance of Spring. It is the old triangle once more, father, mother and child.

THE END.



# SCHOOL NEWS



CHRISTMAS vacation has come to an end at last, and all the fellows have returned to school. Enders, Lowry and Norman Shaw arrived behind the scheduled time. After being confined to his home for over a month because of the sickness of Mrs. Midkiff, Mr. Midkiff has returned to school.

During the past month a change has been made in our teaching staff. Mr. Urhig has left school and will continue to teach school in the New England states. His place is taken by Mr. Hays, who comes to us from the south. He was graduated from the University of Virginia and has his Master's Degree from Harvard. Mr. Kelly is very fortunate in having secured a man of Mr. Hays' ability. He is rapidly becoming acquainted with the fellows and they all like him very much.

On the 17th of January, a meeting of the Students' Association was held. The purpose of this meeting was to make plans for the Mid-Year Dance. It was decided to hold the dance on February the 4th. This is the week following the examinations and will not interfere with the studies of the fellows. The appointing of the committee was left for Mr. Kelly. It is hoped that the fellows will turn out and support this dance.

"Pep" meetings have been held before all the basketball games. Cheers have been given for the team and Captain Rowland has made several speeches. Mr. Midkiff has also been called upon to give the fellows a few talks.

The fellows on the basketball team were greatly impressed by the fine treatment given them by Bordentown Military. The games between our school and Bordentown are looked upon with a great deal of interest and a spirit of friendly rivalry is becoming stronger each year.

On January 19th the school had the privilege of listening to a speech by Dr. Hall on keeping fit and developing strong bodies. This doctor, who for several years was the Athletic Doctor in the William Penn Charter School at Philadelphia, pointed out the characteristics of a true athlete.

Dr. Hall has studied in Europe and has an excellent knowledge of his subject. His speech was thoroughly enjoyed by the school as the tremendous round of applause showed. No speaker was ever applauded more.



## DELTA HOUSE

**D**ELTA House has two new men, Wills from Brooklyn and Calloway from Woodcliff-on-Hudson. Calloway makes our third Southerner, as his home is in Kentucky. He has been in the hospital for some time as a result of being gassed in France.

Kid Meinzer has been at death's door, but the doctor was not able to pull him through, so he has returned fresh as ever.

It is rumored that Bruggie has been down-town with a girl a few days ago, and nothing has been done about it.

## ALPHA HOUSE

Jan. 2—All returned from Christmas vacation; that is, all but one.

Jan. 3—School began and all studies were resumed.

Jan. 4—Mr. Hayes begins his duties and a marked (?) change is seen in the Alpha House.

Jan. 6—The Alpha House is thrilled by Sloppy Steenland performing the sensational feat of putting his head through a pane of glass.

Jan. 9—Norman Shaw returned after having trouble with his teeth, which caused him to remain in Chicago for a short time.

Jan. 13—Skinner, our lady-killer, receives his fiftieth letter since Christmas. Yes, his girl's middle name is Stationery.

Jan. 16—Mr. Hayes receives a severe shock at finding Griffith studying, upon one of his tours of inspection.

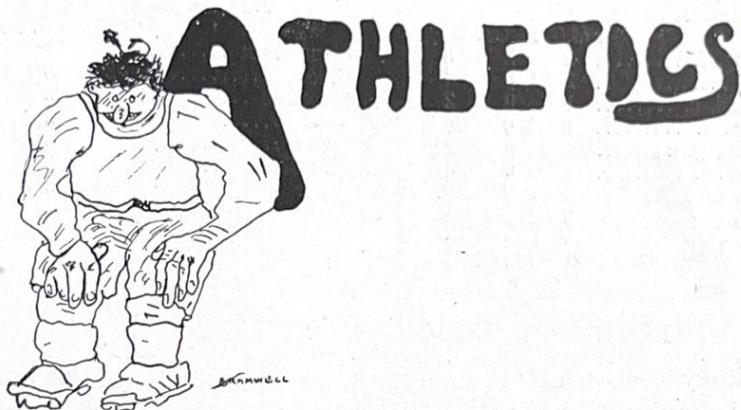
Jan. 18—The Trap Orchestra greatly enlarged. Griffith even blows a whistle now.

Jan. 18, p. m.—Mr. Merritt breaks record by only talking "confidentially" to Griffith for sixty-five minutes.

Jan. 19—Alpha House in midst of intensive study for mid-years. No, Skinner's snoring don't disturb us any more; we're getting used to it.

Prifold has left school to attend a tutoring school for Annapolis. His room-mate, Arthur Doremus, has returned from his home after a brief sickness.

The Gamma House was evidently asleep when Dormitory news was "dished out."



#### THE TRENTON PREP GAME

On January 7 our basketball team opened the season in a game with Trenton High School on the Trenton court. Our team started off well and Ide at the very opening of the game scored the first basket by a clever play. Davenport of Trenton soon followed with a foul, as our team led one point, and Manning scored on his second foul. The Trenton team, however, had advanced the score to 20-5 in their favor, at the end of the first half. Trenton has had a very fast team this year and had, thus far, defeated every team by a large score. They are now offering premiums for teams with which to play, and although handicapped by a lack of practice, in this opening game, Prep surprised many, sustaining a final score of 14-50 in favor of Trenton.

---

#### NEWARK JR. COLLEGE 18, PREP 45

Despite only four days of practice since the Trenton game, our team showed a strong comeback when they met Newark Junior College in the Ballantine gym January 11. Newark was defeated by an overwhelming score, due to the accurate plays and shots of our team. In the first part of the game the margin of the scores ran close and the first half closed with 18-10 to our credit. In the second part, however, the score leaped sixteen points by the good passing and speedy floor work of Hye, who substituted "Red" Parker. This score was two points less than the total score of Newark. "Chet" Pailus also made a good showing for the school

by scoring five field goals in the twenty minutes he played. On the Newark team Captain Jackewitz and John Fedore were the only players to score more than one field goal. While this was only the second time our team met an opponent this year, Newark Junior College had already played seven games, none of which they won, however.

RUTGERS PREP			NEWARK JR. COLLEGE		
	Fld.G.	Fl.G. P.S.		Fld.G.	Fl.G. P.S.
Manning, f.	2	2	6	Zimmerman	0
Ide, f.	2	0	4	Fedore	2
Steenland, c.	1	0	2	Jackewitz	3
Hye, g., f.	8	0	16	Gross	1
Rowland, g.	1	0	2	Unger	0
McNicol, f.	2	0	4	Rubenfield	1
Paulus, c.	5	0	10	Oliver	0
Parker, g.	0	1	1		
	21	3	45		7
					4
					18

#### RUTGERS PREP 34, LAWRENCEVILLE 27

Victory knocked again at our doors as our basketball team came back from Lawrenceville on January 14. This was our second victory within one week and a creditable one, as Lawrenceville had defeated Bordentown. The game was fiercely fought, but there was no doubt, in any part of the games as to the victor. Our team played together well, but much honor is due "Red" Parker, who boosted our score fourteen points and did much of the floorwork. After our team had run up an account of 19 to 7 in the first half a new defense was tried. This did not prove a success and Lawrenceville came within a few points of tying the score. Prep's defense strengthened again, however, and Lawrenceville was compelled to confine most of her efforts to long-distance shots. Ide and Paulus contributed their share in the scoring and fifteen points were netted in the second half which brought the final mark to 39 to 27 in our favor.

RUTGERS PREP			LAWRENCEVILLE		
	Fld.G.	Fl.G. P.S.		Fld.G.	Fl.G. P.S.
Hye, f.	2	0	4	Kellogg, f.	0
Ide, f.	4	0	8	Hoover, f.	0
Paulus, c.	3	0	6	McKeever, c.	0
Parker, g.	4	6	14	Funk, g.	0
Rowland, g.	1	0	2	Grainor, f.	4
Manning, f.	0	0	0	Little, c.	4
Steenland, c.	0	0	0	Guthrie, g.	0
	14	6	34		10
					9
					27

#### BORDENTOWN M. I. 33, PREP 22

While visiting Bordentown on January 21 our basketball team met with defeat in a close and exciting game. Although Bordentown led the score throughout the game by a few points the meet was decided in the

last five minutes when Smith and Coburn of Bordentown dropped five field goals through the net. The largest score for Prep was made by Manning, with eight points. No substitutions were made in our line-up. Smith starred for Bordentown with a run of thirteen points. At the end of the first half the score stood 15-14 in favor of Bordentown and 22-33 as the final, for the B. M. I.

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#### RUTGERS PREP 2ND 28, BOUND BROOK H. S. 15

The Rutgers Prep second team easily defeated Bound Brook H. S. on the latter's floor, Friday, January 20, by a score of 28-15. The seconds combined fast passing and close guarding so well that at the end of the first half the score stood 21-3 in our favor. In the second half, many substitutions were made in order to try out all the available material, and Bound Brook was able to score more freely. Several of the second team ought to have good prospects for qualifying on the varsity next year.

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#### THE INDOOR SPORT

I'm not so good at football,  
I'm poor at rolling craps;  
I'll never shine at running  
Or shooting at the traps.

I never win at poker,  
I'm not so good at pool;  
And when it comes to baseball  
I really am a fool.

In sports I'm not a wonder,  
I don't advance such claims;  
But where I shine so brightly,  
Is at those kissing games.

J. ARTHUR SHIER.

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#### SWIMMING TEAM

##### PLAINFIELD 19; RUTGERS PREP 34

The prophecies for our swimming team, this year, were borne out in a meet held in the Plainfield pool, January 21. Atkinson was the foremost winner for Prep school and came away with the forty-yard and the hundred-yard prizes. Plainfield scored most of their points in the plunge and fancy dive. Roxlan, Paulus, Shaw and Atkinson won the relay, with

Gilley, Setherston, Luerssen and Van Doren of Plainfield losing. The plunge was won by Hubbard of Plainfield, with 47 feet, Scudder, Prep, second, 46 feet, and Paulus third with 45 feet, 6 inches. Atkinson won the 40-yard swim and Roxlan came second. The time was  $21\frac{1}{2}$  seconds. The dive was also won by Plainfield and Hansl of Prep was third. In the 100-yard swim, won by Atkinson, Shaw came second and the time was 1 minute 10 seconds, and Roxlan credited the school with victory by closing the meet with first place in the 200-yard event. The time was 3 minutes  $2\frac{1}{5}$  seconds.



If the spirit, customs and festivities mark a good Christmas, it is no wonder we called ours great. It is impossible to think of the Elementary School without thinking of the spirit to be found here. At our Christmas party our school spirit was blended with a true Christmas spirit and the result was good to behold.

We began with our old custom of raising the Childrens' Home Fund. The thermometer soared, trembling in excitement when forced to pause until we could count out more money. We went way beyond any of our previous efforts, and \$273 was presented to the Childrens' Home, as a direct result of the spirit, effort and unselfishness of the children in our school.

The program was excellent in spite of the fact that school closed earlier than we had expected, cutting short our preparations.

The tree was voted the prettiest ever and when the time came for each to receive his shiny apple, joy knew no bounds. Wouldn't it be a catastrophe if this important custom were ever left out?

Each of us took home a feeling of good-fellowship and well-being more from having given than from having received.

Franklin Crossman's classmates are glad to welcome him back. He has been absent since before the holidays on account of illness.

John Shives has moved on from third to fourth grade. Congratulations, John.

## Alumni



EV. Rudolph F. Stier, of the class of 1908, is engaged in Y. M. C. A. work at Nagasaki, Japan. He is in charge of the educational and religious part of the work there and has contributed greatly to Y. M. C. A. organization in Japan. He is the author of several books on the simplified learning of English. During his six years of work in Japan he has made many friends. At the request of the Governor of Korea he made a visit to that country in order to study religious and educational conditions there. He is deeply interested in the Korean people. His wife was one of the nurses on the first American Red Cross Relief Train to enter Siberia and she was engaged in Red Cross work at Umsk Tomsk for eight months. Mr. Stier is coming home on a furlough in the summer to visit his parents, Rev. and Mrs. R. R. Stier, of Sayreville, N. J.

Dr. Robert Stier, of the class of 1911, is at the head of the Pathological Department of St. Luke's Hospital, Spokane, Washington. He has had a wide medical training, having been assistant Pathologist at both the Metropolitan and Cumberland Hospitals in New York City. He was also instructor of Pathology at Columbia University. Dr. Stier was married three years ago and has one son, Robert Stier, Jr.

Douglass Fisher of the class of 1904 is at the head of the "Sayre & Fisher" Brick and Clay Producing Company of Sayreville, N. J. He has made an unusual success as a prominent business man.

Charles Gildersleeve of the class of 1920 is in the theatrical business at Philadelphia. Until recently he has been playing in some of the larger shows at New York.

William G. Allgair of the class of 1905 was recently elected mayor of South River. He is also engaged in banking, having been connected with the South River Trust Company for several years.

1892. Lane Cooper is Professor of English Literature in Cornell University. He ranks very high in his profession, and received the honorary degree of Doctor of Letters at the last Rutgers Commencement.

1878. Charles L. Edgar is President of the Edison Company of Boston, which furnishes most of the light for that city. He is also director of a number of important banks and corporations.

EDITOR'S NOTE: The above notes furnish us with an excellent example of the type of men which Prep has turned out. No school has a better or more prominent Alumni. If we of the present day follow in the footsteps of our predecessors, then Prep will surely have a record of which to be justly proud.

# The Wizzie Wiff

WEATHER  
See the Almanac

EDITOR  
A. Minute Late

YOU MAY BE WISE TODAY BUT OTHERWISE TOMORROW

## TRAIN RUNS OVER TROLLY AS HUNDREDS LOOK ON

A herring is like a graveyard, because it's full of bones.

Mr. Merritt was asked how he liked codfish balls, and he remarked he had never attended any.

### QUESTION

If Owen Moore paid all his income tax, would he still be Owen Moore?

The She Delta Pack Sorority held a card party last evening. There were no casualties.

The Etta Beta Pie Sorority will meet tomorrow evening.

McGee was in a New York restaurant recently and he heard some one ask for Saratoga chips. Thinking it was a gambling den he left the place immediately.

His answer was as clear as mud but that covered the ground.

### THEATRICAL NOTES

The Knight Sisters—Daylight, Skylight and Midnight—will appear at the Rivoli next week.

The following week the Bara Family will appear Theda Bara, Paul Bara and Wheel Bara.

The Pathway Film Co. announce that Ivan Awful-voice, the familiar singer and Hira Hall, the great orator have signed contracts with them.

### EXTRA!

All police officials in New Brunswick are going to wear rubber heels so they will keep from wacking each other up while on duty.

With the mumps you shut up, and with measles you break out.

### QUESTION BOX

Dear Ed.:

Has the ocean corns?

Ans.: Yes, Mike. The ocean has corns on its undertow.

### SPACE FOR RENT

## The Opera House

YESTERDAY — TODAY — TOMORROW

The Public Service Railway Presents

That Thrilling Opera

### CARMEN

All Motormen and Conductors Will Take Part in the Chorus.

### ELEVATOR SERVICE TO YOUR SEAT

Note—Despite Prohibition the house was full last night.

As a Raritan trolley was passing beneath the arch last evening a Penn. railroad train ran over it. There were no injuries reported.

### LATE NEWS

O. Howie Wright, the popular author, has signed with the Uninternational to write original stories for them.

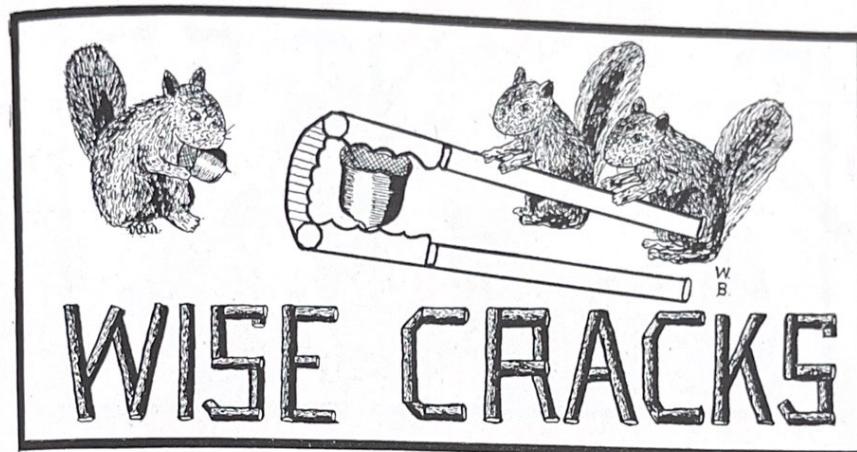
It is claimed that Love Rides Out in a Packard, but comes back in a Ford.

### NOTICE

In case of fire please keep the fire burning until the chief arrives.

If the Quakers never spoke during their prayer-meetings, how did they know when they were finished?

Turn this upside down.  
Now turn it back again.



Trap Student: "We have a new dish-washer at the Trap."

Day Student: "How so?"

Trap Student: "I noticed the difference in the finger-prints on my plate."

Teacher: "Where was the Declaration of Independence signed?"

Bright Bird: "At the bottom."

Ques.; "What is a graduate?"

Ans.: "A graduate is one who has served his time and comes back to laugh at those serving their time."

Mr. Tallmadge (in Senior English): "Tennyson's poem, 'The Lotus Eaters,' is said to produce the effect of sleep. Apparently all of the class have read it."

Someone please tell Herman that Rex Beach isn't a summer resort nor Vernon Castle a mansion.

Mr. Tallmadge: "Gee! this coffee is like mud."

Meinzer: "That's nothing, it was ground this morning."

What's an alibi?

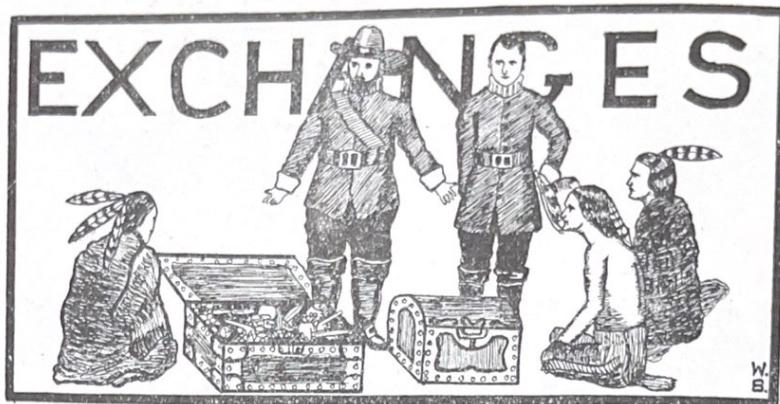
The Somerville trolley every morning when you are late.

Doremus (talking to Skinner during the snow storm)—

Art: "Fine weather for the race."

Skinner: "What race?"

Art: "Human race."



THE ARGO gratefully acknowledges receipt of the following exchanges:

- The Advocate*, New Brunswick High, New Brunswick, N. J.  
*The Academy Student*, St. John's Academy, St. Johnsbury, Vermont.  
*The Arrow*, Ridgewood High, Ridgewood, N. J.  
*The Blair Breeze*, Blair Academy, Blairstown, N. J.  
*The Carteret*, Carteret Academy, Orange, N. J.  
*The Chatham Chatter*, Chatham High, Chatham, N. J.  
*The Franklin*, Franklin School, Cincinnati, Ohio.  
*The Kingsley Chronicle*, Kingsley School, Essex Fells, N. J.  
*The Lever*, Stevens School, Hoboken, N. J.  
*The Lincoln Lore*, Lincoln School of Record.  
*Teachers' College Record*, New York City.  
*The Litahni*, Manasquan High, Manasquan, N. J.  
*The M. P. S.*, The Moravian Prep School, Bethlehem, Pa.  
*The Mountaineer*, Butte High, Butte, Montana.  
*The Pattersonian*, Mount Joy High, Mt. Joy, Pa.  
*The Peddie News*, Peddie Institute, Hightstown, N. J.  
*The Periscope*, Dumont High, Dumont, N. J.  
*The Periscope*, Perth Amboy High, Perth Amboy, N. J.  
*The Progress*, Middlesex County Vocational School No. 1, New Brunswick, N. J.  
*The Record*, John Marshall High, Richmond, Va.  
*The Record*, Vocational School, Louisville, Ky.  
*The Reflector*, Middletown Township High, Middletown Township, N. J.  
*The Roman*, Rome High, Rome, Ga.  
*The Shield*, Haddonfield High, Haddonfield, N. J.  
*The Skirmisher*, Bordentown Military Institute, Bordentown, N. J.