

THE ARGO.



Vol. XII.

March, 1901.

No. 6.



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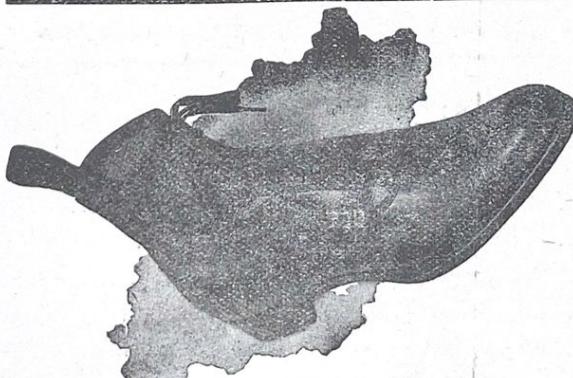
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NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

THE ARGO.

VOL. XII.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., MARCH, 1901.

No. 6.

The Argo:

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All communications should be addressed to the Senior Editor, 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.

THE Rutgers base-ball team has started training for their game with Princeton, which occurs on March 23d. Fellows, why don't you wake up, begin to train, and practice, as the Rutgers team, and our gallant captain and pitcher, who can be seen working hard at the gymnasium almost every afternoon, are? This year, if we get to work in time, we should be

able to put one of the best teams on the field that we ever had, and by hard work conquer some of the schools that defeated us in football. Boys, get to work! Practice and train!

THE second term examinations are over, and another load is off the mind of most—if not all—of us. This is another reminder of the fact that spring is at hand. The last term is generally conceded to be the easiest, and why can't some of the boys take a little more interest in the ARGO, and help its overworked editorial staff by a few substantial contributions? Will not some slumbering literary genius kindly bestir himself and let his light shine. You may say that there are enough editors on the staff to run the paper, but just ask any of the editors his opinion on the subject, and you are likely to be enlightened. We are doing our best to keep the ball a-rolling, but the ball won't roll with credit to the high standard set in former volumes of the ARGO, unless each one does what he can to help.

But no more of this! We have harped on this string until it is about ready to snap, but we have heard few answering echoes. This is the last call.

SOME complaints have been made by other school papers because we have not had an exchange column. The ARGO has never had an exchange editor, and it has even had a successful career without one. Occasional notes have been made on especially meritorious subjects, but these have been the exception, not the rule. Some exchange editors of other school papers have said that the ARGO should at least have a few criticisms on its exchanges. We are of the opinion that most of the criticisms made by editors tend rather to excite bitter

feelings than to be helpful. One paper charges another with some fault or mistake, and the other replies with considerable acrimony. This does not increase the feeling of friendliness (and sympathy!) between editors. On the other hand, some papers do not criticise enough; they praise each and every paper they receive, indiscriminately. The exchange column is of no use when it degenerates into a column of flattery. It is very hard to steer a middle course. Some papers are doing it, but the majority fall far short of the ideal. So the ARGO has done away with an exchange column. It endeavors simply to give an accurate acknowledgment of all exchanges received. Sometimes omissions may occur, but we hope that they will be pardonable. Moreover, when the exchange column grows in numbers it is impossible to make a comment on all papers received, and those which receive none feel indignant at the omission.

We offer this explanation to our friends, the critics of our exchanges, and trust it will prove sufficient.

THROUGH BOER LINES ON A BICYCLE.

Begun in the December issue.

Still further on in the late dusk he met other Dutchmen riding toward Sandspuit, evidently Natal farmers about to join the army there. One of them was a man of some consequence, for he was well dressed, well mounted, and was accompanied by several black servants. He had an umbrella in his hand and wore a high derby hat, which gave him a parson-like appearance. These Boers passed him like phantoms in the gathering night, not a word being exchanged on either side. Not far beyond he sighted some men who seemed to be driving cattle. He followed them at a safe distance, for they were undoubtedly Boers, for some fifteen to twenty minutes. At a cross roads he turned off to one side, while they disappeared. In the dark he coasted down a

steep hill. About eight o'clock he reached a place which he took to be Charlestown, which is just on the Transvaal-Natal border and the first town on the British side, and the last point on the Natal Government Railway. He asked a man where he was, to learn that he was in Volksrust, which is in the South African Republic. A post and wire fence marks the boundary here. This he got past in a minute or two, and was in British territory at last. Needless to say, he was quite pleased. An hour later he was in Charlestown, which he found deserted, the English, Kafirs and coolies having fled down country. He went to a bakery and store and going to the back he opened a window. One of the panes in the window had already been broken. He got into the house and trundled his bicycle in after him. The place had been quitted in great haste; postage stamps were lying on the desk of the store; a safe in the bed room stood open, and in it were paid checks and other documents; women's skirts and stockings, men's shirts, and other like objects lay scattered about, showing that some rapid overhauling of possessions and packing had been done; the feather bed was still unmade. The place was well stocked with all sorts of edibles; canned meats and fish, bread which had not been made more than a couple of days before, and preserved fruits. He made himself quite at home, ate a hearty supper, and went to bed after securing the door, putting a board against the broken window and laying a hammer as a weapon upon a chair near the bed. All the next day he was in and about this store. He spent the time distributing food from the stock to Kafirs and Indian coolies, dozens of men, women and children who were on their way from the Transvaal down country. They were all pretty hungry and forlorn. Snaith reasoned that the Boers were soon to occupy Charlestown, and the negroes and Hindoos were as deserving of meals under the conditions as the Dutch would be. He found a Kafir youth in charge of the place. This boy's employers, too timid to face the Boers themselves,

had rather ungraciously left him to their tender mercies.

At dawn the following day he heard a knock at the door. His cry of "Who's there?" was answered by a query if the magistrate lived there. The questioner proved to be a "Cape boy," a half-caste that is, who was pretty badly frightened. He said that he had been employed by a Cape Colony burgher who had been commandeered. In the preparations in the Boer camp for trekking he had run away and he was fleeing down Natal. He said too that the Boers were coming across the border. His master, he himself, the other "boys," his master's wagons and teams, had all been commandeered. It was on the advice of his master, who had been left by the Boers in the laager to guard the women and children, that he ran away. After this boy had gone, Snaith trekked himself, having no wish to be overtaken by the Boer advance guard. He rode on his wheel toward Newcastle. On the way he paused to look at the graves of some British soldiers killed in the Boer war of 1881. He saw some Boer outposts in the distance, and one he met, a young fellow sitting beside the road with his rifle across his knees. Snaith asked him if he was on the right road to New Castle, and the Dutchman, who could not speak English, pointed in the direction of that place. He reached New Castle about six o'clock in the evening. He stopped there one night. The magistrate and the superintendent of the borough police were still there, and about forty residents, including four ladies. He heard that a woman who owned a bake-shop had been baking large batches of bread, because she had received a letter from her nephew in one of the Free State commandoes, telling her that the Boers would be in New Castle on Sunday, and they would require plenty of bread.

Snaith's wheel had been squeaking, and thinking that owing to the weight put upon it and the roughness of the country he had been riding through, probably one of the balls in the bearings had been broken, he pulled it to pieces. He found on looking at the bearings

that they were in perfect condition. This speaks well for his American wheel, which he had now ridden about 400 miles.

He left New Castle about ten o'clock in the morning and went on to Hattarig. He stopped there a night. It was on the road from the one place to the other that he got the first drink of beer he had had since leaving Johannesburg. He bought a large bottle of the amber liquid at a hotel. It was on the morning of a beautiful day, Sunday, that he rode into Dundee. Before he came into the town he traversed the British camp. He had quite a conversation with some soldiers who clustered about him and plied him with questions about the Boers. They were much amused at his wheeling along with two "swags" fastened to his machine. They expressed themselves as eager to have a "go" at the enemy. The camp was lively enough and a military band was playing. The soldiers said that they were glad they were at Dundee and out of Ladysmith. Not a few of these "Tommies" explained that they had been on foreign service for years, and they were pleased that hostilities had begun, because they knew definitely that could go home after the war, their time having expired.

Dundee was quite filled with people, most of the boarding houses being well patronized. Snaith stopped here, at Dundee, a week, and during that time he joined the town guard. He attended the drills once or twice, but he discovered that the guard knew about as little as it was possible to of tactics. The trumpeter used a cornet, and he didn't know the calls.

On the day of the battle of Talana Hill Snaith was awakened early in the morning, before light, by some one who knocked on the door and yelled: "Town guard, the enemy's here!" He got up and went into the main street. There he ran across four men carrying a stretcher upon which was a "Tommy" with a broken arm. The stretcher-bearers were resting, having borne the wounded soldier a long distance. The hurt man was cursing the Boers freely despite his weakness from loss of

blood, with which his tunic was soaked. Thinking that there was no reason for hurry, Snaith went back to bed after having vainly tried to get a drink of brandy for the wounded soldier. He had been asleep in his clothes some little time, when the roar of a big gun fairly shook him out of his slumbers. When he got outside the house he could see the mist rising from Talana Hill, and the Boer gun was being well served from the most westerly point. The shells were directed pretty hotly at the British artillery, which was on something of an eminence. He was on his wheel, and for a short time was between the fire of the Boer and the British batteries. He had seen one of the British field batteries come cantering into action, and after the duel of the guns had been in progress some time he saw a man disappear from his horse. This was a trumpeter, he afterwards learned, the top of whose skull was blown off.

He could easily trace the shells until they burst by their whistling, which he said was not unlike the sound made when one whirls a bit of lead fastened by a string to the end of a stick. The shrapnel burst as a sky-rocket does —first a dark blur, then a little white puff of smoke. The reports came to his ears a few seconds after he saw the explosions. He saw a British field battery come tearing down a steep hill to get a position nearer the Boer guns. It was a fine sight. He got off his wheel, and he and numbers of the town guard who lined the roadside cheered and waved their hats as the artillerymen went crashing and jolting by. The men, some of whom had lost their caps, were laughing and exultant and shouted back. Shortly after this he met a newspaper correspondent, who asked him to act as his despatch bearer. He assented, and this led him to ride forty miles in all that day between the telegraph office in a tent in the British camp and the journalist's position, which was a brick house facing Talana Hill. On one of his trips Snaith got near the river. While here he heard sounds, "pzz-t, pzz-t" on the rocks about him. It did not occur to him

immediately that they were bullets, for he thought that he was out of range, as indeed he was. The bullets were spent bullets, and the wind was carrying them from the Boer lines and upon an elevation of perhaps 2,000 feet. In front of him were some Indian stretcher-bearers. Suddenly he saw one of these men drop. Another ran to him and picking him up pick-a-back carried him back—a plucky thing to do for a Hindoo. It was then that Snaith realized that these were bullets that were making the hissing noises he had heard. The stretcher bearer had been hit upon the cheek and had suffered an ugly hurt, which was instantly attended to by some of the British medical officers near by. This was one of many incidents that day. Among others, Snaith, who went expressly to headquarters to get the British password, and was told it was "Dundee," became so tired that he could not remember it. He was trying to recollect what it was and was running over the names of Scotch cities in his mind, when he encountered a British sentry. This man was as tired or more so than he, and before he could utter a word murmured "Dundee."

Snaith left Dundee the day after General Yule's column evacuated the town. In fact he was in the place when the Boers entered it. One of the Boers who spoke English told him to go to his room and consider himself a prisoner; that no harm would come to him, as the Boers were civilized. Instead of going to his room he rode on his wheel from house to house, pausing at each to sit on the veranda for a time, to give the impression that he was a captive. He slipped out of the town in this way and went about three miles along the course of a creek. Then he crossed the veldt and struck the road. Eventually he caught up with the retreating British troops between Dundee and Ladysmith. He traveled all night with them, but left them near Sunday's River. He rode on with the front tire of his wheel punctured. But he shifted his saddle back so as to place his weight over the hind wheel as nearly as he was able. Unfortunately, though,

he punctured the rear tire too, which made riding after that anything but easy. He met a man named Corfield, a member of the Public Works Department and a veteran of the Zulu war, who with a force of Kafirs was engaged in making the road passable for the heavy British guns. He left his bicycle behind with Corfield. The latter promised that if he could possibly get it through with the baggage he would do so. It turned out afterward that he had to abandon it. Snaith now had nothing but the clothes he stood in, his compass, and his Rand-McNally map.

TO BE CONTINUED.

A MOUNTAIN FIRE.

Did you ever see a fire in the woods? Not a pleasant little camp fire, around which a congenial party can sit, telling stories while potatoes roast;—but a real, raging and devastating fire, that is turning acres of green mountain-side into great patches of brown or blackened ruin. Several such fires occurred last summer among the Catskill mountains, and one of them, which swept on its resistless way for more than three days, was very near to a little settlement of summer residents, who felt themselves entirely too near such an uncontrollable force. The region boasts of a fire marshall and deputies; but in the absence of fire engines—and still more in the absence of water, no State authorities could have much control over so fierce a manifestation of one of Nature's powers. As is so often the case, this fire started very simply. A farmer was driving up the road which leads through the woods to the plateau on which the upper farms of the mountain region are situated. He threw away the end of a cigar which he had been smoking. It fell among the dry leaves and hay, at the roadside. The farmer saw that a little fire started to burn, so he left his horses, walked back to the spot, and by stamping on the burning mass, extinguished it, as he thought. He drove on, but the next person who followed him reported "Quite a little blaze, down the road aways." By the

time a gang of men could be collected and taken to the place, a roaring and very hot fire was threatening to do great injury. Throwing earth upon the blazing mass was useless, from the double fact that in that stone-covered and rocky region earth was very scarce, and now the fire was too hot for any man to go near enough to throw earth upon it. Water was nowhere within reach, but even if there had been plenty of water, it would have been impossible to throw it on the fire without powerful engines to help. For many hours men stood by and saw the destruction go on, helplessly. The fire would apparently be going to subside, and would gently smoulder along the dry mosses and dead leaves lying on the ground;—then with a leap of triumph it would suddenly appear at the foot of an evergreen tree, and almost before one had time to notice it, the flame could be seen, wrapping around the tree, and rushing up to the top, converting it into a huge and magnificent torch; rapidly completing its destruction, and leaving only the black stump;—and then passing on to the next victim. At times several of these flaming torches would be burning at the same time, presenting a Phalanx as unconquerable as the wall of fire in the old story.

After keeping up this fearful work of destruction for three days and nights, the fire reached a place where a large force of men had prepared a barrier, by burning off all the undergrowth, and otherwise taking away the material permitting the flames to spread. In consequence, the conflagration now became controllable, and a few hours of rain which followed, quickly put a stop to any further danger. It had been a great display of power, but every one was much relieved that "the show was over."

As soon as the fire stopped, another great, but very quiet, force stepped in, and Nature began to cover the sad ruin with a mantle of green. Ferns, shrubbery, and even flowers sprang up everywhere; but the blackened stumps will have to be in evidence for a long time, testifying to the violence of a great mountain fire.

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THIRD LANE SPEAKING CONTEST.

On March 1st the third annual speaking contest for the prize offered by Mr. Frank Lane was held.

All of the speeches were well selected, and their delivery reflected credit on both the speakers and their coach, Professor Fefguson. The judges, who were Drs. Kirk and Brown, of Rutgers College, and Freeman Woodbridge, Esq., were a long time in deciding. When they had reached their decision, Dr. Kirk, the chairman, announced that the first prize had been awarded to R. E. DuBois, and the second to J. G. Mason. The boys enlivened the time while the judges were out by songs and school yells. The programme was:

1. Roelif Eltinge Du Bois, "Devotion to Duty." *D. N. Shelley.*
2. William Harris Benedict, Jr., "You Cannot Conquer America." *Lord Chatham.*
3. Arthur Van Voorhees Schenck, "Toussaint L'Ouverture." *Wendell Phillips.*
4. James Gilbert Mason, Jr., "Address on Justin S. Morrill." *Senator Thurston.*
5. J. Harvey Murphy, "America the Colossus of the Nations." *Newton Booth.*
6. James Clarence Benedict, "Defense of Hofer, the Tyrolese Patriot." *Anon.*
7. Carroll Badeau, "The Loss of the Arctic." *Henry Ward Beecher.*
8. Louis Bevier, Jr., "The Hero of the Furnace Room." *Toledo Blade.*

DEVOTION TO DUTY.

Young men of America! You, on whom rests the future of the republic! You, who are to become not only our citizens but our law-makers: Remember your responsibilities, and, remembering, prepare for them.

As the great universe is order and harmony only through the perfection of its laws, so in life and human government, the happiness and prosperity of a people depend on the orderly subservience of act and thought to the good of the whole.

Be great, therefore, in small things. If it is

your ambition to be a citizen revered for his virtues, remember that nothing is more admirable than devotion to duty, and the more admirable as that duty leads to self-sacrifice in others' behalf.

When Pompeii was exhumed, a few years ago, after lying under the cinders of Vesuvius about eighteen hundred years, the body of a Roman soldier was discovered at the Herculaneum gate of the city. He evidently had been placed there as a sentinel—and there, amid the accumulated horrors of that August day, he unflinchingly remained. He stood at his post while the earth rocked and shivered beneath his feet. He stood at his post while the grim old mountain towering above him was thundering from base to summit. He stood at his post while the air, surcharged with smoke and ashes, was impenetrable to the sight, though lit up with a lurid glare scarcely less than infernal by the flames bursting and roaring all around him. He stood at his post while the men, women and children of the doomed city were screaming with affright and agony as they surged through its narrow streets in their maddening efforts to pass the gates to the open country. He stood at his post till enveloped in the mantle of fiery death!

O hero of the dead city! Step out from your ashen shroud and exalt us by the lesson of your death. When the very earth rocked beneath your feet, and the heavens seemed falling, you stood on guard,—a sentinel to the gate that protected the city; and standing there were entombed,—a sacrifice to duty. Awful death, but oh, how sublime is the lesson! Who would not honor such heroism? Build there a mausoleum, for one greater than princes and kings has hallowed that spot, and humanity itself will worship there.

Emulate this heroism! In whatever position of life you are placed, be true to the trust reposed in you; then the republic is safe. Go forth with a heart glowing, not with the fires of a lordly ambition, to ride to power over opposition, and against the wishes of your fellow-men; but with the flame of an honest purpose

to be a good citizen and an ornament to the State that gave you birth.

Then, indeed, shall you be great.

ADDRESS ON JUSTIN S. MORRILL.

Mr. President, dying as he lived, in the simplicity of his faith, respected and beloved by his countrymen, in the fulness of years, ripe with honors, our comrade passed from us to the great beyond.

Death is not always terrible or sad. Sometimes the broken-hearted mother, bending down to catch the last faint breath from baby lips, is glad to know that her child is safe from the troubles, the struggles, and the pitfalls of the coming years. Sometimes the husband, as he sees the sudden glory of immortality come into the dimming eyes of his beloved, is consoled to know that she has gone to those who wait for her upon the other shore. Sometimes, when heroes fall beneath the flag, while yet the flush of glorious victory is on their brows, the nation sings a requiem and the world applauds. And always death is beautiful and kind to him who has the harness on, who wears the wreath of rounded efforts, and whose honors are secure.

Justin S. Morrill served his country and his God for almost four score years and ten. Through all his life he bore a spotless shield. As husband, father, citizen, and statesman, he was a shining example to his fellow-men.

I know of no grander spectacle in the legislative history of the world than that presented by our colleague in his eighty-ninth year rising to his place in the Senate with a voice that failed him not, and with the vigor of a masterful intellect unimpaired, addressing his countrymen upon the momentous issues which have absorbed our attention during the past eventful year.

No other man in all the history of our country has so indelibly associated his name with so much of its wisest and best legislation. His was the guiding spirit which shaped the tariff legislation of the United States for an entire generation that marked the most wonderful

growth, development, prosperity and progress the world has ever seen. His ripened experience and wise, conservative counsel, more than that of any other man, directed the financial policy of our country which has kept us on the unshaken foundation of national honesty and honor.

He was the friend and counselor of Lincoln; the associate and peer of all the godlike who stood with Lincoln in the dark hours of the nation's peril. His heroism in time of public danger was as great as those who led the armies of the Republic; his services as valuable as those who won its battles; his work as powerful for his country's weal as that of any whose name is written on the scroll of American fame.

He was born on the mountains; he grew up in the presence of the eternal hills. He inherited the abiding faith, the rugged honesty, the fervent patriotism, the sterling manhood of ancestors who conquered the New England wilderness, who toiled by day and prayed by night, who helped to win American independence, and who put their faith in the civilization of the town meeting, the schoolhouse, and the church of God. All in all, I have no hesitation in placing him among the truly great, among those who have left lasting impressions for the good of mankind.

It was his good fortune to be in the Congress of the United States in the supreme crisis of our national affairs. He saw the stars go out of the flag; he helped to win them back. He was of those who gave freedom to a race, who made the flag of the Union the flag of liberty. He was of those who said with Grant, "Let us have peace." He was of those who extended the hand of friendship and fellowship to the brave men who yielded to the arbitrament of war. And, thank God, it was his happiness to remain in the Congress of the United States to welcome that glorious time of absolute reconciliation and reunion that came in all its fulness when the veterans and the sons of veterans from North and South marched gladly out under the one flag keeping

THE ARGO.

step to the mingled strains of Dixie and Yankee Doodle, carrying the salvation of a great and powerful people to the downtrodden and oppressed beyond the seas.

Mr. President, in front of the State capitol of Vermont there stands a godlike statue, carved from the imperishable granite of her green-clad hills. The strong right hand grasps a sword that leaped from its scabbard for daring leadership in desperate times. And gazing on the noble face one can almost hear the stern lips demanding the immediate surrender of old Ticonderoga "in the name of the great Jehovah and the Continental Congress." Side by side with that heroic figure I would have the dear old State that gave me birth place another granite form, clad in no martial garb, decked in no warlike trappings, with face uplifted and eyes serene, the outstretched hand upon the Constitution of the United States. There let them stand together, challenging forever the admiration of mankind. Hero and statesman, the best embodiment of liberty's achievements in war and peace—Ethan Allen and Justin S. Morrill.

BASE BALL SCHEDULE FOR 1901.
 April 27, N. Plainfield High School, at New Brunswick.
 May 4, Erasmus Hall, at New Brunswick.
 May 8, Leals School, at New Brunswick.
 May 11, Trenton Normal, at Trenton.
 May 15, Pingry, at Elizabeth.
 May 18, Plainfield High School, at New Brunswick.
 May 25, Bordentown M. I., at New Brunswick.
 May 30, a. m., Leals School, at Plainfield.
 May 30, p. m., Plainfield High School, at Plainfield.
 June 8, Morristown, at Morristown.
 R. C. BURR, Manager.

"Cast your bread upon the waters,"
 Said a student with a frown,
 "Add a little salt and pepper,
 Call it soup and gulp it down."—*Ex.*

THE ANNEX.

MAX NELSON, EDITOR.

The pupils in the Annex who have had 100 in Spelling for the month of February are:— Margaret Cook, Mary Gillespie, Myrtle Ten Eyck, Elsie Gaub, Anna Scott, Evelyn Knox, Arthur Welsh, Vivian Ross, Alan Campbell, and Gretchen Smith.

THE STORY OF HERNANDO CORTEZ.

High on the table-land of Mexico there was once a beautiful city. It was built partly around the shores of a lake, and partly on islands within the lake.

The Aztecs, who were the people that lived there at that time, were fond of building floating gardens in the lake.

The lake was one of the most beautiful in the world.

The name of the king was Montezuma.

When he looked from his palace and saw the spires of temples and saw the lake, with floating gardens in it, filling the air with fragrance and beauty, he thought that his was indeed a great and fair kingdom.

The Aztecs raised corn and cotton. They worshiped the sun and moon, and most of all the terrible god of war.

Now this city had been heard of across the sea.

The Spaniard, as ever, eager for gold, resolved to make its wealth their own. So an expedition was sent out, to conquer it from Cuba. Hernando Cortez was made its leader.

So he set sail to conquer Mexico. He first landed his troops at Tobasco, on the southern coast of Mexico. He found the natives prepared for war. But they were soon glad to fly from the Spaniards, leaving many of their number killed.

Cortez conquered Mexico in the year 1512.

All the wealth of Mexico passed into the hands of Spain.

Some of the Mexicans are descendants of the Aztecs.

Spain had Mexico for 300 years.

W. LAMBERT MYERS.

Fourth Grade.

A WAYSIDE INN.

Across the bare and brown meadow from Sudburytown was a wayside inn. This inn was built in Colonial times and was the oldest house around. Inside was a huge fire-place, made of tile, with a big fire in it. Every night the men would gather around the fire-place, and every one would have to tell a story. The landlord's story was about Paul Revere's ride. There was a Spanish student, a poet, a man from Sicily, and a musician at the inn.

Across the road the barns displayed their lines of stalls and mows of hay, and on the sign in front of the tavern was the picture of a red horse.

This inn was a quiet place, where no railroad trains passed, and the panting teams stopped under the shady oaks to rest.

ARTHUR WELSH.

Fifth Grade.

SCHOOL NOTES.

On March 5, the Fourth Form met and elected Mason as its president, by a large majority.

Water of Lethe on draught. Warranted sure cure for any unpleasant faculty of remembering. Inquire of Fourth Form Classicals, periods 1, 2 and 6, main room.

Basket-ball seems to have been forgotten. It seems too bad to throw away such an excellent chance to develop a team.

It is said that Verdi's idea of the proper drill uniform is somewhat peculiar. He told

a private that "All it is necessary to wear in drill is a white collar!"

On March 6 McChesney was elected captain of the '03 base-ball team.

On March 8 the Fourth Form held an important business meeting. Du Bois was elected vice president and Wilber secretary and treasurer. It was decided not to have a class day. The following committees were chosen: Programme—Pettit, DeHart and Bates. Picture—Bergen, Du Bois and Badeau.

EXCHANGES.

We have received the following exchanges up to date: Targum, Pennsylvanian, Williams Weekly, Triangle, Pennington Seminary Review, Ten Broeck Observer, Signal, Pingry Record, Westfield High School Herald, Holyoke High School Herald, M. H. Aerolith, Academic Era, Binghamton High School Panorama, Red and White, Walking Leaf, Wind Mill, Vidette, Mercury, Academy Review, Philosopherian Review, Aurora, Sibyl, Academy Union, Lynn High School Gazette, Lincoln High School News, Riverview Student, Vail-Deane Budget, Cue, Sphinx, Alpha, Papyrus, Sentinel, Ohio Normal Record, Red and Black, Ballston Spa High School Phonograph, Berkeley Folio.

SQUEAKS.

Schenck (translating German)—"I stuck my hand into the table."

Prof. C. (in Rhetoric class)—"What is the value of an exclamation?" Miss R.—"It makes things lively."

Vandevert (reading Silas Marner)—"The men looked longingly at the graveyard."

Bevier (translating German)—"His wife made things sour for him."

De Mott (in Algebra)—"There is \$2 too

much in my answer to this example." Mettler (misunderstanding him)—"I can change it for you."

In order to prove the intellectual ability of the classical Fourth Formers, the following star translations have been recorded from daily recitations: In Aeneid: "The victor was filled with pride and his reward." "A horse beautifully embossed." "The snake wound itself in its own members." "He poured out the wine of his father." "Why does he deny to send my words into the hard air?" "She piles up the herbs to the moon." "He pointed out his face." "He led up his right hand into the midst of the wood." "Aeneas slipped forward and shot past." "Aeneas placed the bgills in the tomb of his friend." "Pick out your footsteps with your eyes."

In the Odyssey class there is not so much humor. This is a peculiar but a sad fact. However, we have some dashes of wit to record. These are notable: "If Odysseus, springing from a god, should come home." "They sat on the oars." "Watch up a tree." "They took up the place."

We give these ingenious translations to show our classical friends how Homer and Virgil should be translated, and as a conclusive proof that the classics of the Fourth Form need no "horse" with which to ride through school comfortably.

Mason (in drill)—"Take off your guns and belts."

Cooder (reading Silas Marner) — "Silas Marner cursed, curried and cured Sally Oates."

The following is an alleged definition by Shakespeare of the four years of college life:

Freshman—"Comedy of Errors."

Sophomore—"As You Like It."

Junior—"Much Ada About Nothing."

Senior—"All's Well That Ends Well."

Small Boy (to old man sitting on the ice, rubbing his head)—"Did you fall?"

Old Man—"No, you little fool, I'm only sitting down to rest."—*Ex.*

"Where did Moses get his first suit of clothes?"

"At Jordan Marsh's."—*Ex.*

English history puzzles me,

I never can see why,

After so many reigns,

It still should be so dry."—*Ex.*

Excitement is often the cause of strange telegrams, as well as other queer manifestations. A man who had been one of the passengers on a shipwrecked vessel was rescued almost by a miracle. On arrival at a place from which he could send a telegraphic message, he forwarded the following dispatch to his brother: "I am saved. Try to break it gently to my wife."—*Ex.*

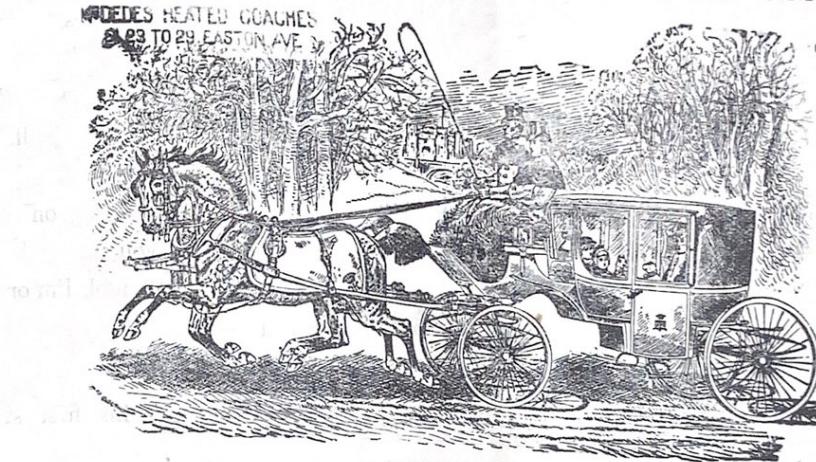
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