\_\_THE ARGO.

SENIOR NUMBER

May-June

VOLUME XIX NUMBER EIGHT

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THE ARGO.

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ARGO.

VoL. XIX.

New Brunswick, N. J., MAY—JuNE, 1908.

OVER THE CLIFF.

The logs of a great camp-fire were crack-

ling and blazing merrily, and as the bright

flames leaped high, they lighted up the faces

of a dozen boys, sitting on their blankets, tell-

ing stories. When the fire had burned low,

Theodore Ketchem jumped up and threw

fresh fuel on the red embers. As he turned

to take his place once more, he saw a figure

in the shadow of a tree nearby.

“No eaves-dropping allowed,” ‘Theodore

shouted. “Come back there, Mr. Thompson!

I saw you! You've got to pay for this. Quick

boys! He’s running away!”

“Catch me if you can,” shouted Mr. Thomp-

son, one of the teachers who accompanied the

boys on their annual camping trip. A hot

chase followed through the under-brush; but

twelve against one were too many, and th:

boys soon returned in triumph with the cap-

tured Mr. Thompsen.

“Now you’ve got tc tell us a story,” com-

manded Theodore, who was a leader among

the boys.

“Why?” demanded the captive, smiling.

“Because you eaves-dropped,” answered one

of the younger boys, severely.

“Well, I suppose there's no escape, so I will

tell you one if vou give me a few minutes to

think. I’m afraid you’ve heard every one of

my stories. But no,” he said, after a pause,

“there’s one I never {oid any of you.”

The boys settled comfortably near him, de-

lighted to know that they were to hear a really

new adventure.

“The week after I graduated from my pre-

paratory school in England, a professor there

asked me to help him during the summer in

collecting birds’ eggs. I was very much in-

terested in such collections, and so I jumped

at the chance, hoping, too, that I might have

some exciting adventures.

“As time went on, our collection grew but

my visions of adventure were fast shrinking,

for nothing had happened and only two wecks

remained before my entering Cambridge.

“Our last hunting ground was reached-—the

cliffs along the sea. Cne morning I stood on

the cliff about three hundred feet above the

sea, which beat on the jagged rocks far below.

The Professor, followed by a strong young

man carrying some 1opes, soon stood beside

me.

““Are you afraid?’ asked the Professor, 1s

he saw me peering over the edge.

“No, sir,’ I answered, ‘I was just wonder-

ing how much the ciff overhung.

“Not much, I guess,” he said. “You will be

all right. Just swing a little to reach the ledg-

es. You can do it! Pve seen you do harder

things that that in the gym. Are you ready?’

“One end of the rope was tied around a

stunted tree near-by, and a tight noose was

made in the other end. I put my foot in the

noose and slowly went down, down, down, as

the two men carefully lowered me. If I

wanted to stop, ' was to jerk a small rope

once, and twice, if they were to pull me up

again, for the roaring of the waves was so

great that a shout from below could not have

been heard.

“The top of the cliff projected more than [

had imagined, and a Jong swing would be ne-

THE ARGO.

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cessary to bring me to the ledges. The birds

were started by my sudden appearance and

darted frantically to and fro.

“T gave the rope a jerk and then began ‘o

swing. Nearer and nearer I came to the cliff

and at last I was directly over a wide ledge.

I gave a whistle of delight, for before me was

a nest of the very eggs for which I was hunt-

ing. I dropped and landed safely. As I reach-

ed for the eggs, something suddenly brushed

against my arm. | jooked, and to my horror

I saw the rope, which J had let go in my ex-

citement, swinging away from me.

“The situation flashed across my mind. I

was standing on a ledge at least two hundre‘l

feet above the sea, with no means of climbing

up or down, or of inaking my fate known to

those above ine. ‘The rope was now swinging

back toward me, and. in a flash, I realized

what I must do.

“Never again would it be nearer to me. I

planted my feet firmly on the rocks and then

ran a step or two along the ledge and jumped!

I dared not look down, but kept my eyes on

the rope. My fingers clutched for it, slipped

and caught the very end. For an instant I fel,

safe, but almost immediately I realized that

the rope was rushing downward, but suddenly

it stopped with such a jerk that I almost lost

my grasp.

“The two men had been completely unpre-

pared for the unexpected strain on the rope,

and it was only tue little stunted tree that

saved my life. I was drawn up safely, while

the birds still screamed and circled about me,

but I was so weaix that J could not have harm-

ed them if I had wished.

“The Professor was disappointed that I had

no eggs, and was anxinvus to have me go down

again the next day, but nothing would in-

duce me to go. Since then I have never want-

ed ot see those English cliffs again.”

08.

THE MONKEY AND THE BOY..

“Daddy, if you ever have another boy you'll

teach him fiscal culture (physical culture’,

won't you?” asked iittle Henry of me.

“Yes, Henry, of course I will. Then he’l!

thrash you and make you afraid of him.”

“T ain’t afraid of man or beast, lion or chick-

en, live or dead. So there! Lay on, John

Bull!” And on he came at me with his hands,

covered by boxing gloves of course, in a most

threatening position. I was taken so by sur-

prise that I struck a little harder than I usu-

ally do when having a bout with him. He

tottered back with an accusing “Aw, Daddy!”

and fell over. His head struck the floor in

spite of all his efforts to shield it. In a mom-

ent I had a limp form in my arms instead of

that strong, active boy. A telephone message

brought our doctor in half an hour.

“No harm done,” he said, “but let me tell

you, Arthur McDowell, you must stop that

boxing business until the boy is older! You

will hurt him seriousiy some day. As it is,

you have made hin too fearless already. Look

out, or he’ll break his head while doing some

dare-devil feat.”

“Yes,” I answered, “he knows too well how

strong he is. Put sow that I have trained

him up an athletic youngster, somebody must

master him in a fair contest. Not a boy a-

round can stand up against him in wrestling,

boxing, or—or any thirg.”

“This fall will cure his excessive courage

and make him have sensible fear, hereafter.

You mark my words!”

The doctor for once was mistaken. In a

day the fright from the accident had all evap-

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orated from the child’s mind; and his courage

burned hotter than before. Letters of com-

plaint began again to pour in from parents

whose sons had black eyes or stiff limbs from

the drubbings my boy had given them.

One evening, when I came home from New

York, I found my wife in tears, yet a little

joyful. This seemed a strange state. I ask-

ed her to explain it. Henry, she said, had

gone into the pantry to eat an orange on the

sly—I won’t say to steal it. He mounted a

chair and took an orange down from the shelf.

Then he found a knife, and, having success-

fully opened the fruit, he sucked its juice. It

was a lemon! Quickly he took another piece

of fruit—a real orange this time—to soothe

his poor puckered mouth and throat. The

knife slipped and cut his left hand. Just then

his mother called him to come and dress to go

driving. Not a sound from pain did he utter,

although, in his haste to come down from the

chair, he upset a salt cellar upon the open

wound. Certainly that boy had too much for-

titude.

My. wife was a little joyful, she said, be-

cause she believed that some of his courage

would flow out along with the blood, and this

accident would save him from worse harm by

making him careful. She was right—for a

week. ‘Then in the first mail on the next Mon-

day came a note full of meaning.

“Dear Mrs. MacDowell :—

“Your son has knocked out one of my son’s

teeth and has in other ways bruised him se-

verely. It may be that my son started the

quarrel. However, please punish your son

until you break him of that habit. Otherwise

I shall have to do something myself, such as

having a policeman take him in charge for

fighting on the streets, or such as bringing a

suit for damages. The latter would be very

easy because my husband is an expert lawyer.

Yours truly,

Amelia Brown.”

You may be sure that Henry did not go to

school that day; rather he stayed in bed from

breakfast till bed-time. He was not sick in

body. No, but naughtiness is a malady that

we parents think best cured by a quiet rest of

many, many hours and a little dieting on bread

and water or milk. When his bowl of bread

and milk without sugar was brought to Henry

at dinner time, he took it without thanks ; and,

as soon as he was alone, he threw it, bowl and

all, out through the open window. Then he

leaned out to have the pleasure of seeing it

land. It landed. Our house is on a street

corner. An Italian hand-organ grinder hap-

pened to be playing just then below our win-

dows to a throng of happy children. First the

spoon, then the milk, then the bread, and then

the bowl came down and lodged on his head.

With a howl of surprise he looked up to see

who had done it, his eyes half blinded with

milk. He shook his fist at Henry and threat-

ed him terribly in Italian. His monkey, how-

ever, gave a squeal of delight and fell to work

lapping the milk off its master’s face and cap.

Then it looked up to see the giver of this feast

and threw Henry a graceful kiss with its tiny

paw as it had been taught.

My wife had to give the Italian five dollars

before his wrath was appeased. Even then

the trouble with him was not over for us. The

rest, however, I will tell in Henry’s words. He

came running into my den one evening and

cried, “Oh Daddy, at last I’m afraid. You

know that horrid organ-grinder I throwed my

bread and milk on. I met him to-day as

some of the fellows and I were coming home

from picking strawberries. I pointed him out

to the fellows; and we all couldn’t help, but

laughed out loud about how he looked when

I throwed him that milk. O-oh he was mad

when he saw us laughing and looking at him:

He stopped; and, before you could say ‘John

Bull,’ he had me by the collar and held up his

hand to punch me in the face. You bet I nol-

lered and kicked! I tried the guard, you

taught me, too, but—but he didn’t have gloves

on, of course. And, Daddy, I—I guess men’s

hands are stronger and harder than mine. But

CONTINUED ON PAGE NINETY-ONE

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All communications should be addressed to the Editor-in-

Chief, R. P. S., New Brunswick, N. J., and must be

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Correspondents will confer a great favor by writing on

one side of the paper only.

Officers of the school, students, and alumni are most

cordially invited to contribute.

With this number of the Argo, the present

staff ends its work. The Argo board has

tried hard not only to keep up to the stand-

ard set by former boards, but also to raise our

standard even higher. We know that our

school paper might be improved in many

ways, but something must be left for the Argo

boards of the future to do. So we wish the

Argo staff of 1908-1909 all success, and hope

that they may surpass the efforts of this year’s

board.

The school days for the class of 1908 are

almost over. On June the tenth a fine class

of young men and women go out from Rut-

THE ARGO.

gers Prep. not to return, except as alumni,

The school may be proud of the class of 1908,

for they have done their work well. In look-

ing back over our years at school we can easily

think of many things we have failed to do, ee

might have done better, but still we have been

pretty successful. Now we must soon separ-

ate, most of us to go to college, but may we

always be true to Rutgers Prep. and the

class of 1908!

‘The class of 1909 now has the honor of be-

ing the Senior Class. This means an added

responsibility. As Seniors they must set a

good example to the rest of the school. Good

luck to them, and to the dear old Prep.!

This commencement closes Dr. Payson(s

last year as Headmaster. For seventeen years

.

he has presided over the school, always work-

ing for its improvement. The Senior class

thanks him for all he has done for them, and

wish him all success as professor in Rutgers.

ALUMNI NOTES.

Ex-’o3 Arthur Carpender will graduate

from the Naval Academy at Annapolis this

year.

‘04, Hageman won the Bussing Prize for

extemporaneous speaking. Watson, ’o4, tried

for it and did very well.

’o4, Fisher has been announced the best

soldier of the Rutgers College battalion.

‘04, Watson won first place in the hammer-

throw in the contest against New York Uni-

versity.

’o4, Fsher, Hageman and Watson are in

the graduating class at Rutgers College.

’o4, Mettler is in the graduating class at

Princeton. A

’o5, Devan, Potter, and Scott are three of

the eight men chosen to speak in the Junior

THE CLASS OF 1908.

THE FOOTBALL TEAM.

THE ARGO. ot

Exhibition on the sixteenth of June.

‘06, Case won the second place in the ham-

merthrow in the contest against New York

University.

‘06, Thompson has been playing third base

on the Rutgers Varsity.

’07, MacDonald broke the record in the

440 yard dash at Rutgers.

He was also on the relay team which took

first place in the intercollegiate races at the

University of Pennsylvania.

’o7, Sangster has been pitching a good game

on the Rutgers Varsity.

THE MONKEY AND THE BOY.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FIVE.

his monkey was on his shoulder, the dear lit-

tle thing. The minute it saw me, it smelled at

me and seemed to know that I was the one

who give it the feast. It saw what its master

was up to. And the dear little animal, Dad-

dy, just clawed that Italian to pieces! Why it

scratched and dug him better'n any cat. The

wicked old Italian gave one yell and threw

the monkey off his neck so hard he killed it.

It law on the ground there with its head

struck against a cobble-stone and its eyes

tight shut. The man picked it up, oh, so

gently, Daddy, after he'd tried to hit me. And

he cried like a girl and said, ‘My poor lil’ Rex,

my mona-getter, a brother to me! Dead!

Dead! Dead! Dead!’

“Daddy, I’m afraid! I’m afraid of men

when they do such queer things; and I’m a-

fraid of a monkey’s nails and teeth.”

The reader will be glad to know that 1

hunted up the Italian, helped him buy a new

monkey, and made him a firm friend to my

son and me. Campbell, ’08.

——<——\_—\_\_\_\_\_\_—~

AN EXTRACT FROM THE

SENIOR ARGO OF 1933

Many members of the illustrious class of

1908 are now holding their twenty-fifth re-

union. It is of course, only natural that those

so unusual in school should become prominent

in after life. Almost everyone has made his

or her mark in the world and, as several could

not be present at this happy gathering to

speak for themselves, we will give a short ac-

count of what each has done since leaving the

dear old “Prep.”

Mr. Bauman has, for a number of years,

held a good position as instructor of Dramat-

ics in a well known School of Elocution for

Young Ladies at Metuchen, New Jersey. The

marvelous results of his work show his abili-

ty as critic and the question on the lips of all

is, “Where did he gain such knowledge?” Can

our school take this to herself?

Soon after graduating from college, Mr.

Campbell published a book of his own poems

in English, German, Latin and Greek. The

literary world was indeed astounded by such

a production, but it was still more surprised

when a new work appeared, “How to Grow

Tall.” He is still growing and we do not

know how high he will get—in the favor of

the people.

Another member of the class, well known to

the rising generation, is Cathcart, who also is

gaining glory for 1908, but in a very dierent

way. Upon entering college and taking up

gymnasium work, he found to his delight

that he had quite a talent in the acrobatic line.

So, very naturally, he became a circus clown

and to this day entertains the small boys of

this school, when the circus comes to town.

An excellent trait of character was shown

by Chamberlin, who, last fall ,left the minis-

try out of devotion to his friend the Honorable

Mr. Ross, who was then running for Vice

President. It is needless to say here, how his

oratory moved the multitudes to vote for his

candidate.

Fisher was for a time, very energetic in

business, but always had so many lines out in

different directions,that he never made a good

catch and—we mention it with baited breath

” \_\_he now resides at the “County Home.”

In the collegiate world, Gross has been s:¢-

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cessful both in coaching athletics and in

teaching German. His teams have turned out

so well that many of the larger colleges have

begged him to coach their men, but he has

stood by Rutgers and brought honor to her

name. 4

“The late Mr. Helm” was very much in-

terested in balloning and aided this branch of

science with several inventions. "Two years

ago he started on an expedition to the North

Pole and nothing was heard of him, until

some time later, a vessel in search of material

for whale-oil, found him and his wrecked ma-

chine.

The army, of course, was the only place for

Captain Joyce when he left Yale and started

life independently. But in the late war, he

was wounded and so retired from service. He

settled in the west and is now editor in-chief

of a live paper, “The Epitaph” of Tombstone,

Arizona.

During her college course at Smith, Miss

Knox showed such marked histrionic talent,

that, after devoting the rest of her college ca-

reer to such studies, she went on the stage,

making the famous Greek tragedies her speci-

alty. Her greatest success has been in “El-

ectra” and in “Geometrica,” one of her own

writings.

Professors McGovern and Nelson have

made great advance in science and have dis-

covered among other things the secret of per-

petual motion. New applications of radium

to practical use, have also been made by them

and their text-books are to be found in all up-

to-date schools.

Hearty and long continued has been the

applause for “Chauncey” Olcott upon the

stage. His productions of the “Red = Mill-

stone” and “The God of the Winds” have been

especially good and do him great credit.

“Chauncey” is a “star.”

Another member of this class who is a fa-

vorite among the small boys, is Mr. Pitcher.

For several years, he has been an editor of

“Life,” resurrecting the jokes our ancestors

have laughed over and making people of to-

day laugh as if those jokes were new.

“s we have stated before, the Honorable

Mr. Ross, last fall, was elected as Vice Presi-

dent. Upon graduating from Rutgers, he en-

tered the Law School and after admission to

the Bar became prominent, both as lawyer

and politician. What honor is reflected upon

us by his latest achievement! We can boast

that we attended the same school that the Vice

President did!

In the Boston Latin School, Miss Scott has

held a high position as instructor making La-

tin Prose her specialty and her knowledge of

this subject has become so great that it is ru-

mored that she even thinks in Latin.

We are sorry that the gentleman known

here as Tim Smith, is not present at the re-

union. ‘To those who knew his nature, the life

which he has chosen is not surprising. While

yet very young, leaving the gay whirl of so-

ciety. which he loathed, he went to Europe, en-

tered a monastery, and has since then led a

life of seclusion.

Stanton soon left this country for the Can-

nibal Islands, where for many years he work-

ed faithfully as a missionary. Once he had a

very close call, for the cannibals in time of fa-

mine thinking that they might make a royal

feast of him, caught him and were about to

cook him. But luckily he escaped and is here

to-day to tell his story.

Carnegie Hall in New York has been the

scene of Mr. Stier’s triumphs, for it was there

that after years of practice, he made his first

appearance as a virtuoso. His fame has so

spread that innumerable crowds throng the

doors whenever he gives a recital.

Professor Watson, our head-master need not

be spoken of, not because there is nothing to

say, but because we all know what he has done

since taking charge of the school, fifteen years

ago.

THE TRAP.

THE ARGO 98

THE CLASS OF 1908.

Eugene Kenneth Bauman

Tau Phi. Scientific.

Foot-ball.

“The play’s the thing.”

Alan Ditchfield Campbell, Jr....... “Shorty”

Classical.

Member of Argo Staff. Classical Honor.

Secretary-Treasurer of the Senior Class.

“Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor,

aliptes, augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus

omnia novit.”

Edwin Furman Cathcart......... “Nigger.”

Delta Theta. Scientific.

“There’s mischief in this man.”

Laban Hammill Chamberlin ...... “Deacon”

Delta Theta. Classical.

President R. P. A. A. First prize speak-

er. Corporal of the Cadets.

“To try thy eloquence, now ’tis time.”

Elberon- Pisher o:30%5ssisse0s ais sene ees “Fish”

Scientific.

“I do not like this fooling.”

William David Gross ......... “Dutchman”

Delta Theta. Scientific. :

Foot-ball. Basket-ball. Captain of Base-

ball team in 1908. Manager of ‘Track

Team in 1908.

“Oh, it is excellent to have a giant’s

strength.”

William Henry Helm ......-+++++++- “Pop”

Tau Phi. Scientific.

Foot-ball. Basket-ball.

“There is an unspeakable pleasure attending

the life of a voluntary student.”

Hewette Elwell Joyce “Captain”

Beta Phi. Classical.

President of the Class of 1908. Captain

of the Cadets. Editor of the Argo. Sec-

retary-Treasurer of the R. P. A. A. Sec-

ond Prize Speaker. Best Soldier for 1908.

“The great Argoan ship’s brave ornament.”

John Francis McGovern ........... Terry”

Beta Phi. Scientific.

Foot-ball. Base-ball. Business Manager

of the Argo.

“I value Science—none can prize it more.”

Thurlow Christian Nelson ........... “Pop”

Beta Phi. Scientific.

Member of Argo Staff. Scientific honor.

“The chemist in his golden views supremely

blest.” fal

Floyd Bronson Olcott ........++ “Chauncey”

Tau Phi. Scientific.

Foot-ball. Base-ball. Member of Argo

Staff.

“And when a lady’s in the case,

You know all other things give place.”

Ralph Morgan Pitcher .........-+- “Pitch”

Scientific.

Base-ball.

“He the sweetest of all singers.”

Vivian Clinton Ross .......-eeee+: “Viv.

Beta Phi. Classical.

Business Manager of the Argo. First

Lieutenant of the Cadets. Vice- Presi-

dent of the R. P. A. A.

“Laugh and be fat, sir.”

Richard Alexander Smith .......... “Tim.”

Tau Phi. Scientific.

Foot-ball. Captain of Basket-ball team.

“To sport with Amoryllis in the shade

Or with the tangles of Neaerea’s hair.”

Royal Aaron Stanton .......... “Dominie.”

Classical.

Base-ball.

“Night after night, he sat, and bleared his

eyes with books.”

William Rudolf F. Stier ........ “Dutch”

Delta Theta. Classical.

Member of Argo Staff.

“Wilt thou have music? Hark! Apollo

plays.”

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Harold Samuel Watson

Beta Phi. Scientific.

Foot-ball. Basket: ball.

ager of Foot-ball in 1907.

Care will kill a cat,

Base-ball. Man-

“Hang sorrow!

And therefore let's be merry.”

Evelyn Van Santvoord Knox.

Classical.

Member of Argo Staff.

of the Class of 1908.

“Away with her, she speaks Latin.”

Vice President

Anna Prentiss Scott.

Classical.

Member of the Argo Staff.

“Not much talk—a great, sweet silence.”

Classical—8.

Scientific—11.

Total—19.

Beta Phi—s.

Tau Phi—4.

Delta ‘Theta—4.

Non-Fraternity—6.

TO THE SENIOR CLASS.

Melody: Love's Old Sweet Song.

[. Hail the departing class of nineteen eight!

| Health to her sons beyond their school-life’s

gate!

When we shall part, may friendship hold each

mind,

Hast’'ning the time when love shall rule man-

kind.

Now may we join the world’s highway well-

shod,

True to our school, our friend, our land, our

God.

Chorus.

Here’s a toast to school years,

Now forever past,

Full of purest pleasure.

May their mem’ry last.

May they leave behind them.

Treasures great and rare—

Knowledge clear to guide us,

Joy make life fair, ma

fresh and fair.

ke life more

Il. Hear now our vows! Our class we'll not

disgrace ;

Whether we all in Hist’ry find a place;

Or if we sink in life's deep stormy sea,

Still for her sake our names shall spotless be.

ast in some small part,

But may we gain, at le

to boyhood's

Those grand ambitions close

heart.

Chorus.

May all those behind us

In their school years be

Happy and contented,

Conquerors, as we.

Now our hearts are softened,

Filled with gratitude.

Much we long for having

School days renewed, bright days of

school renewed.

III. We ask no seer to rend the future’s veil;

“Reap as you sow,” that promise cannot fail.

We'll set ideals for ev'ry later class;

Greet all the years with smiles as swift they

pass.

No cares and sorrows shall our peace destroy .

We'll draw from Youth the weapons, Faith

and Joy.

Chorus.

Life shall seem the school days }

Of Eternity ;

Years be filled with learning;

Grand the lessons be. i

Him we'll seek for Teacher <

Whom the stars enthrone.

“Higher!” be our watchword

Till we have won, till we success have

won.

A. D. Campbell, Jr., 1908...

a

THE BASKETBALL TEAM,

ad

a

! THE

LEADERS OF SCIENCE

Thomas Alva Edison,

Thomas Alva Edison, the world’s greatest

living inventor was born at Milan in Erie

county, Ohio, on the eleventh of February,

1847. His father, Samuel Edison, was a pro-

duce merchant of fairly good means, while

his mother was a highly educated woman. As

a young boy Edison was very ingenious and

we are told that when about six years old

he was discovered sitting on some eggs, trying

to hatch them. When but little older he was

set to work to earn his own living. He start-

ed as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Rail-

way. Like many of his predecessors Edison

was very fond of reading and he is said to

have read through fifteen feet of books in the

Detroit Free Library, before his friends dis-

covered what he was up to. As he grew older

he became greatly interested in Chemistry

and obtaining the use of an old baggage car,

he turned it into a laboratory. As his resourc-

es were very limited it was only by the strict-

est economy that he was able to buy chemicals

for his experiments.

During the Civil War Edison managed to

earn quite large sums of money by sending

bits of war news by telegraph to the stations

through which the train passed. People flock-

ed to the stations and bid against each other

for his papers. One day the jolting of Edi-

son’s laboratory car upset a bottle of phos-

phorous, setting fire to the car. The conductor

who was not friendly to Edison boxed his

ears and threw him and all his belongings out

the door. The box which the man gave

him injured his ear drum and although the

finest medical aid has been used, Edison is

deaf and has recently had several operations

performed on his ear.

A little later an event happened which

changed the whole later life of the ambitious

newsboy. As he was working at one of the

way stations, he looked up and saw the lit-

tle son of the telegraph operator sitting on the

track, with a fast approaching freight car but

SSG

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a few feet away. With a quick rush he hurl-

ed the chil dand himself out of the way of

the car striking his face with such force that

he drove the gravel into it. The operator felt

so grateful to Edison that he offered to teach

him telegraphy. Here was the chance for

which the poor young man had been waiting

many years. He studied hard and soon be-

came a very efficient operator. With the help

of a friend he made a short telegraph line

from the railroad station to the town, and

during the first months took in about thirty-

seven cents.

During a very severe winter the cable be-

tween Sarnia and Port Huron was severed

and as the river was impassable all communi-

cation between the towns was stopped. Edi-

son seeing the difficulty jumped on a loco-

motive and by the blasts of the whistle sig-

nalled to Sarnia. When at length an answer

came back the people were greatly excited

and poor Edison had no lack of employment.

When the young electrician came to New

York he was very poor, being in debt several

hundred dollars. Walking about the city one

day he found himself in the midst of a mass

of people crowding into a stock reporting of-

fice on Wall street. A financial crisis was

then at its height and hundreds of people were

on the verge of ruin. At the most crucial

moment the stock quotation printer ‘broke

down and all source of communication was

lost. Edison, after calmly examining the

printer, told Mr. Laws, the head of the office,

that a spring had broken and falling down had

stopped two cog wheels. This was at once

removed and the center at once became active

again. The grateful lawyer engaged Edison

to care for his machinery and from that day

Edison has never stood in need of money.

’ Speaking of his inventions the great elec-

trician mentioned the phonograph as the great-

est of his early discoveries. It was merely an

accident, discovered while working on another

invention. Probably his greatest discovery up

to the present time is the electric light, for his

was the first one which valuable commer-

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100 THE ARGO.

cially. In talking to a friend about Chemistry

he once said: “I tell you that no person can

be brought into close contact with the myster-

ies of nature, or make a study of chemistry,

without being convinced that behind it all

there is supreme intelligence. [| am convine-

ed of that; and [ think that | could, perhaps

I may some time, demonstrate, the existence

of such intelligence through the operation of

those mysterious laws with the certainty of

a demonstration in mathematics.”

Thurlow C. Nelson, ’o8.

One fROSSty morning, | invited my friend

who was a great FISHERman, to go with me

for a LONG cruise on the Raritan. “Now

let’s see WATSON on board,” said | and I

began to HALL, over our provisions. “Great

SCOTT!” TI exclaimed, “the GROSSer never

sent the CAMPBELL’s soup. I hope we

won't have to LYALL day at the DOC.” But

soon we were reJOYCEd to see a man with

a well-DUN HAM and a PITCHER of wat-

er and a TODDling boy following him with

the soup.

“The tide is not LOW,” I said as we shov-

ed off,” so you can stand by the HILM and

STIER, and [ will be BAUMAN and take

the oars.”

But I little knew what dangers BISSETT

us. Suddenly a shout of “yo-HOE” startled

us and we saw a big KOEHLER ahead.

“TURN ERound,” [ shouted to my friend,

“before she KNOX against us.”

Too late! Crash! and our bow and one

oar were smashed to SMITHerines. “Now

ROW, LAND-lubber!” laughed a SEARLEy

sailor from the deck. “I bet the owner of

that boat will be RAVEN mad.” But my

friend made no reply for he was OLCOTT up

08.

x

about the accident.

NUREMBERG.

Travelers who had known Nuremberg in

its earlier days had so bewailed the encroach-

ments of civilization that we had begun to

fear we should find a modern city rearing its

plain, severe brick fronts before us. But al-

though it has come to be one of the towns

most sought out by tourists and although its

suburbs boast even trolley-lines, we found it

in many respects stiil the

“Quaint old town of toil and traffic,

Quaint old town of art and song.”

Entering the town through the old Fruen

Thor and on foot, no small exertion of will-

power was needed to keep ourselves from

stopping right there to explore the pictures-

que double line of walls which surround the

city. The old moat is partly filled in and

planted with trees and shrubbery, but the gate

and towers of the outer wall together with

the fascinating roofed galleries of the inner

wall with its occasional old workshops quite

banished the present century from our minds

and we were plunged at once into the exciting

scenes of the thirty years war. Indeed we

were almost on the point of rushing off to

the Spittlerthor to welcome Gustavus Adol-

phus, Nuremberg’s deliverer from the north,

and to shout our gratitude for being saved

from the grim Tilly who had so tormented the

souls of the neighboring loyal Rothenburgers.

We thought of those new earthworks beyond

the suburbs, thrown up under Gustavus’ ar-

my, at which men and women, soldiers, burg-

hers and peasants labored night and day. We

thought also of those days of misery during

the siege when bakeries could not supply

bread fast enough to the starving people and

mobs fought for food outside the shops; and

all the while Wallenstein out yonder in his big

camp in the hills above Furth gazed sternly

over at the climbing roofs and numberless tur-

rets of our beleagured city.

Alack, “remembrances of things past”

crowded all too overwhelmingly upon us. It

was too sentimental to get enthusiastic the

very first thing and at sight of the very first

stone, as it were, so we turned resolutely in-

to the city. ‘There we met with fresh delights

in the streets themselyes—the queer old hous-

es with steep-pitched roofs and dormer win-

——\_

‘WV

TIVEASVEA FHL

THE ARGO

dows, the magnificent facade of the St. Lor-

enz Church, the queer side streets, the tiny

shops and finally the Marktplatz with its

Beautiful Fountain. There, too, the Fraun-

kirche, and then around the corner to the Fruit

Market to see the “goose-man” fountain, [

didn’t tell anybody, but the reproduction of

the famous “Beautiful Fountain,” hidden as

it was in its scaffolding had not stirred me a

bit the moment before, and now, here I stood

with heart all aglow, peering through the iron

railing at the sturdy old “goose-man” with

his jolly smile.

The really logical thing to do is first to

take a drive around the city outside the walls

in order to get an idea of its situation. This

we soberly did, turning our backs upon shops

and crooked streets and were rewarded by

those charming glimpses of turreted walls and

picturesquely grouped red-tiled roofs besides

the fine homes and beautiful gardens of the

suburbs.

From the moment of setting out you find

yourself saying over and over

“In the valley of the Pegnitz, where across

broad meadow lands

Rise the blue Franconian Mountains, Nurem-

berg the ancient stands.”

And as you wind slowly up to the heights

from which the old castle looks out across the

plain, you have a faint conception of what

that stronghold meant to travelers in those

far off days of 1050 when the Five-cornered

tower is supposed to have been built. This

old tower and the surrounding ground was

the private property of the Burggraf, a man

appointed by the Emperor to be the keeper

of the imperial stronghold. Gradually around

the castle grew up straggling streets as set-

tlers began to build beneath the shadow of

the Burg. Henry III gave Nuremberg the

rights of mart, customs and coinage, and un-

der this stimulus to trade the town showed a

remarkable growth and activity. Situated on

the trade routes between South and North,

East and West she soon became the centre of

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the vast trade from the East and the chief em-

porium for the produce of Italy.

The emperors, too, began to visit the city

from time to time as they were on their way

to various parts of the realm, for the impreg-

nable castle with its surrounding forest, sev-

enty-two miles in extent afforded great secur-

ity and excellent hunting.

The greatest of the Hohenstaufens, Fred-

erick I, Barbarossa, lived in the castle in 1166

and is said to have built the Emperor’s chap-

el. In connection with its building is related

one of those legends so inseparable from a

German castle. Supporting the vaulting are

four slender columns of white marble and one

of them is built in two pieces, an unwrought

ring covering the seam. It is said that while

the chapel was building the Devil, who had

designs on the soul of the chaplain, made a

wager with him that he would bring these

four pillars from Milan sooner than the priest

could read the Mass. The priest undertook

the wager. The Devil was quick but the chap-

lain's tongue was quicker, and when he had

brought the three columns and was close at

hand with the fourth, the nimble priest said,

“Amen!” The Devil was so angry at losing

the wager that he flung down the pillar which

struck the floor so heavily that it broke in two

and had to be bound together with a ring.

In the 14th century Nuremberg suffered

from the robber knights. One of these, Ekke-

lein von Gailingen, had his headquarters only

about thirty miles away. \_Ekkelein had long

been feared, admired and even accredited with

magical powers, but he was finally captured

by the burgher soldiers and condemned to

death. On the day appointed for his execution

he was brought out of the dungeon into the

court. Here he begged, as a last request, to

be allowed to say farewell to his horse and his

servant Jaeckel. ‘The beautiful chrager, neigh-

ing with pleasure, was brought. Ekkelein

put his arm lovingly around its neck. “If on-

ly, before I die, 1 might once more feel myself

on his back.” So natural and harmless a re-

quest could not be refused. Saddle and bri-

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dle were placed on the horse, who, when his

master mounted, shook his mane for joy. At

first he moved gently and proudly in the cir

cle of the guard, looking around him and

snorting, Then he broke into a thunderiny

gallop. Lightly the spur of the rider touched

his sides; he rushed furiously around — the

court. Guards and jailors shrank back from

the flying stones. But the gate was secure and

escape not to be thought of. The horse rais-

ed himself, the knight struck both spurs into

his sides, and before the guards could lift a

finger the desperate spring was made and man

and horse were over the parapet which over-

hung the moat a hundred feet below. After

a huge splash and struggle in the waters of

the moat, horse and rider rose again to the

surface, and long before the drawbrige could

be let down Ekkelein was off in the deep for-

est on his way to his castle. ‘The dent made

by the horse’s hoofs in the stones below is to

this day pointed out to you as you lean over

the parapet by the Five-cornered tower.

Among the masters who have given to Nur-

emberg her position of distinction in the

realm: of art are the artist, Albrect Durer, Pe-

ter Visher, worker in bronze and Adam Kraft,

In the various churches are

seen wonderful examples of the skill of all

save Durer. Unfortunately the city council

were unable to resist the tempting offers of

gold and they let every one of Durer’s paint-

ings pass into other hands.

Not only is Nuremberg famous for hei

trade, her toys, her arts, and crafts. Far back

in those days when the Minnesingers lived at

kings’ palaces or wandered from court to

court singing their love poems in which mea-

dows bright with flowers flashed in the sun,

Walther von der Vogelweide visited this old

town and sang at the court of Frederick II

Henrich von Meissen, last of the Minnesing-

ers, also visited Nuremberg. After his death

poetry, relegated almost entirely to the burgh-

er and artisan class, was degraded to mere ar-

tificial verse making. But Hans Sachs whom

Wagner has made world beloved, the darling

worke in stone.

THE ARGO.

of Nuremberg, the shoemaker poct, had more

poetic talent, more creative power than the

common artisan of his day. He was, howey-

er, a popular poet, reflecting the people of the

time, often with robust good sense and shrewd

irony. Among his works are to be found

songs, fables, tragedies and farces. In the

latter he himself acted and from his time the

drama began to make headway in Germany.

“Not thy councils, not thy Kaisers, win for

thee the world’s regard ;

But thy painter, Albrecht Durer,

Sachs, thy cobbler-bard.”

and Hans

ATHLETICS 1907-8.

Last September when school started we had

six of our old foot-ball men back as a nucleus

for a new team. With these, and the candi-

dates who came out, Mr. Hall worked up a

team which did credit to the school. Out of

the seven games played we lost two, one of

which was won on a fluke. By far the best

game of the season was won from ‘Trenton

Model by a score of 4-0. Great credit is due

to Mr. Hall for his careful coaching and at-

tention to the team. Ziegler was elected to

captain the team next fall.

After Thanksgiving, candidates were called

out for basket-ball. Although this is the first

year that basket-ball has been an acknowledg-

ed sport in the school and a regular team or-

ganized, the fellows responded finely. R. A.

Smith was chosen captain and a team was

formed which surpassed the expectations of

all. The first game of the season was the

only one lost and the other six resulted in

signal victories for Prep. May this record

serve as an incentive for our future basket-ball

teams. Todd was elected captain for next year.

When base-ball season came, only four of

last year’s team answered to roll call. A call

for candidates was issued and the response

was loyal. As Captain Williams left school

for the rest of the year, Gross was elected

captain of the team. After preliminary try-

outs the team was picked and practicing be-

TAU PHI FRATERNITY,