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# THE ARGO.

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## SENIOR NUMBER

Volume XVIII

May-June

Number Eight

# Rutgers College and Rutgers Scientific School

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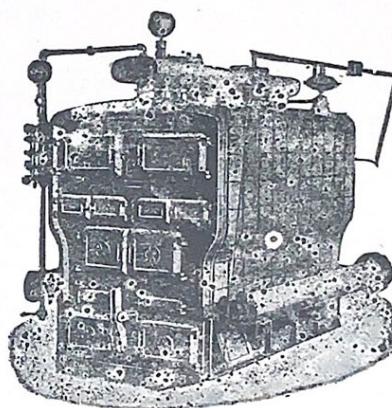
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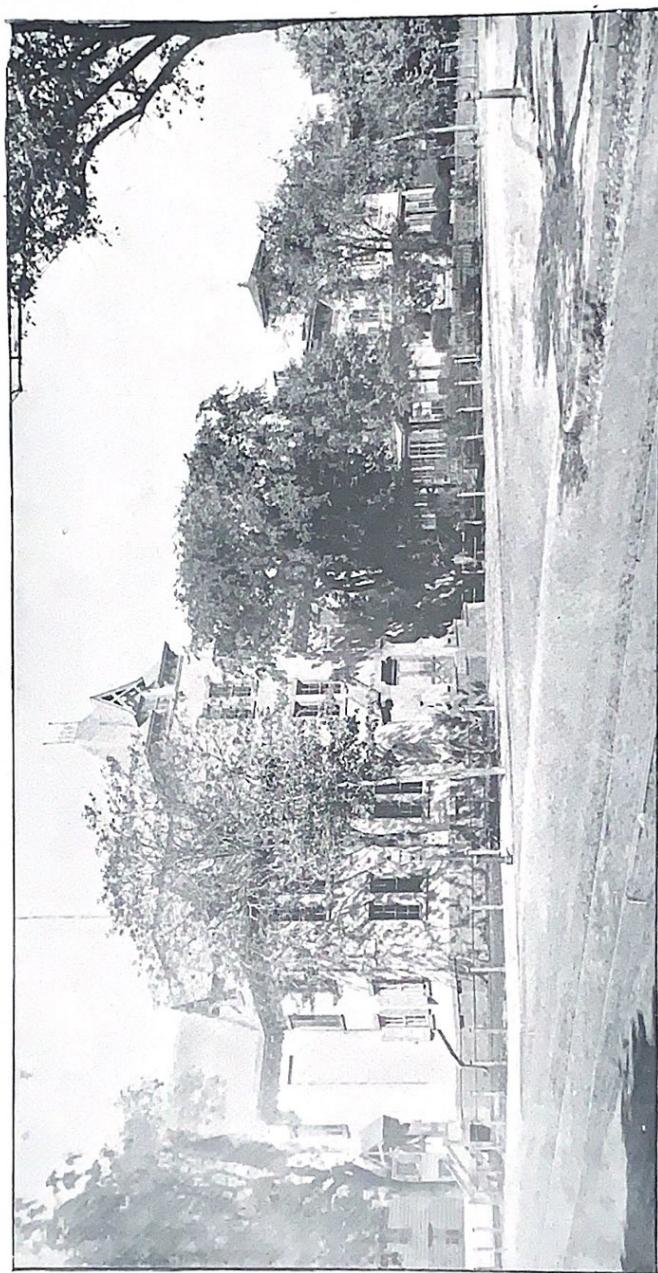
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RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL

# THE ARGO.

VOL. XVIII.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., MAY—JUNE, 1907.

No. 8—9.

## THE BOY WHO WANTED TO BE A HERO.

*Campbell's*

There was quite an unusual stir in the British camp on one heavy evening in August, 1778. Two of the captains were even now in the General's quarters consulting with their superior officer as to who should have for a son, George Endicott, the little boy who waited on the General at meal-time. When the lad had entered the encampment, three days before, with his clothes all but torn off by the brambles in the nearby woods, he had said that his father and mother—both good Tories—were dead; and that he, being the only child, would have been sent "way off" into New York State, somewhere, to live under a harsh old grand-aunt, if he had not run away clear from Franklin Park to join the British army.

"I want to work up to be a general," had declared the thirteen-year-old volunteer. At once his well-shaped face and bright, blue eyes had found their way into the hearts of all the soldiers. "He ain't very sociable," asserted one veteran of many wars, "but we loves him as we'd love the King's son, if he was here. And I'll wager my boots and leggins that that youngster's of good birth!"

The sentinels had been stationed for the night, and the rest of the soldiers were amusing themselves as well as they could before going to bed. Suddenly the door of the little house that served as a headquarters for the commander-in-chief, swung open, and three figures appeared on the porch with a fourth just behind holding up a lantern. They were at once recognized as Capt. Brown—with his "bass-drum" chest—Captain Lander, "of the

flag-pole variety"—the General himself, and an "orderly." Everybody felt certain where they were going; and by the time they had reached the tent where George was asleep, there was a small but eager crowd of soldiers gathered nearby.

The General and his companions were about to enter the tent, when the voice of the dreaming sleeper stopped them.

"Oh! Oh! Just let me write to mother!—Never! I'll never be a Tory! Where's that message? Where is it, I say!"

"Hump!" muttered the General, "Queer words, those! Best investigate! Come on!"

The sudden flash of the lantern disclosed a round face turned toward them, its cheeks pink with the fever of a nightmare, and its eyes strange like those of a startled deer. The General sat down on the only camp-stool in the tent, Brown pushed the boy over a little on his cot to make room for himself, while Lander arranged himself bolt upright on the empty cot of the boy's tent-mate. The orderly stood in the door-way turning the lantern from one face to another, thus making the boy more and more afraid. Suddenly, George burst into tears, under the strain of the silence, and cried, "Oh, sir! I'll tell it all! Do you know it all? Oh, sir! Only, do put that light down!"

"D—n ye!" cried Brown to the orderly while the boy's cot shook from the explosion of wrath, "Can't you see that you're scaring the poor chap out of his wits? Keep that lantern still, and shut those prying eyes of yours, or, by Jupiter, I'll give you ten days in

## THE ARGO.

the guard house!" The orderly almost dropped the lantern, and all became still again. The "orphan" began to sob slowly.

"Here, here!" coaxed Brown, stroking the lad's shoulders, "Don't cry! We aren't going to do anything to you,—except—except give you a father."

"A what?" and the boy's tears were dammed-up for a moment in his new terror.

"Why, a father, my lad, a father," put in the General, "these two captains are both begging to adopt you and send you home to England to their families. Your's is the choice."

"Oh, sir! I've got a father!" cried George wildly. Lander almost broke the cot he sat on in his surprise, and Brown nearly sent the boy flying into the air by leaning all his weight suddenly on the far end of the cot he was sharing.

"What!" cried Brown, "Do you mean to say that you've been lying to us?"

"Yes," answered George, weakly.

"And have a mother and father?"

"Yes, sir," came in almost a husky whisper.

"And brothers and sisters?"

"Yes."

The mighty form of the captain drew along toward the boy; while the poor frightened child shrank trembling to the end of the cot, expecting at any moment a blow from that great fist and vainly trying to shield his face in case the blow fell.

"And uncle and aunt? And—and—" almost yelled Brown, although he was all too close, to George.

"See here!" cried the General, tearing the giant roughly away from his helpless victim, "go to your tent, Brown, and cool down! Are you crazy? Go! Captain Lander, please to go, also! Orderly, return to headquarters! Send away that inquisitive crowd out there!"

"Now, my boy," said he, when they were alone, "Tell me you whole story!"

"I'm a spy."

"A spy! Do you know what that means?"

"Yes, sir. And—and you can hang me"

too. I knew I'd be hung, if caught. That's why I came. I wanted to help on General Washington and—and my country; so I ran away to become a spy. I wished I would be caught and hung, so's they'd all say I'd been a hero and—and General Washington'd cry when he heard about it. Oh, it's grand to die for your country! Grandfather told me so. But, please sir, hang me, don't shoot me! Shooting isn't hero-like!"

"Ha! Ha!" laughed the General, unable to restrain himself, "Why, my boy, if that's what you came for, then I won't hang, shoot, or drown you or even give you a day in the guard-house. If I did, I'd have every dare-devil Rebel youngster like you following my army as spies just for the glory of a hanging! Ha! Ha! But, look here, son! You've lied too much for an innocent chap like you. You'd better stop it or what will you be when you become as old as I am?"

"I didn't like to lie," admitted George with shame, "but—but—I'd heard that a spy was not punished for lying; and if I'd told the truth, I wouldn't be here now. Oh sir, please let me just send a letter home asking them there to forgive my lies; and then you can shoot me, if you want to and as soon as you want."

"Oh, come now, put that out of your mind! You're going home, to-morrow!"

"What! And not be shot even? Oh don't send me home! The boys'll all laugh! They'd call me a coward! And, oh sir, you wouldn't want me always called a coward, would you? Anyways, you've got to shoot me, because father told me that was English law!"

"But that law does not call such as you spies. But, tell me, are you not telling me a lie when you say that you came because you wanted to? Did not some Rebel soldier put you up to it?"

"Oh, no, sir! Don't hang George Washington, if you catch him, for what I did myself."

"Then you're not a spy, if no officer of the American army sent you."



THE STAFF OF THE ARGO



"Oh, sir, but sposin' they did, sir? Captain—captain—"

"Now, now, don't lie again! Why, sonny, you are beginning to tell a lie every time you speak! Now, sir, your name and home! Don't lie, or I'll have you whipped!"

The boy bit his lips with shame, and then grinned with a bright plan.

"Then, sir, if you won't let me die like a hero; don't have me go back like a baby! Let me escape and go back as I came."

"All right," answered the General, a plan coming to him, "You shall run away early tomorrow morning. Meanwhile, go to sleep!"

"But, General, you won't tell the sentinels that I'm going to run away, will you? You'll let them shoot at me, won't you? Then, maybe one of 'em 'll hit me; and that's next best to bein' hung."

"All right," agreed the General, sending a smile into the far corner of the tent.

At length the boy fell into a troubled sleep. The general was about to leave the tent, when the "spy" screamed in his sleep and cailed, "General! Oh, General!" Gaining a grasp of the General's big, warm hand, he was quieted for a time. But night-mares broke the poor lad's sleep again and again. Now, the rope was already about his neck when he awoke; again, the soldiers were lined up to shoot him. At last, however, the grim spell of dreams was broken; and the General could go to bed.

"Orderly," he said, with a smile as he wearily took off his uniform, "Orderly, tell the guards to shoot blank cartridges at the spy—General's boy, alias 'George Endicott,' when he passes; and, for Heaven's sake, be sure to watch where he goes, and dressed as a farm-hand on a horse that will hold him also, overtake him. Now, good-night!"

CAMPBELL, '08.

## THE FUTURE OF 1907

*Ed*  
along with me, and I'll show you how."

I arose; suddenly everything seemed to change. I was in a dark corridor with the little old man in front of me. He opened a door and we entered a great vaulted chamber.

"Oh, what is this place?" I asked.

"This," said he, "is the place where the future life of every person on earth is kept on file. Let us begin at once: are there any A's in your class?"

"No," said I, "but there is a B."

"Name, please," said the man.

"Bascom, Perry Bascom."

The old man ran his finger down a long file of papers and picked out one. "Here it is," said he, "read it."

I read the paper and learned that Bascom is to become a noted political lecturer. The great fire and vim with which he delivers his

Late one evening as I sat alone grinding Latin Prose, I grew weary of ceaseless references and forms, and stopped for a moment's rest. As I rested, I fell to thinking of my class-mates, and of the day approaching when we must separate as a class. "I wonder what we'll do," thought I, "when we settle down in life. I wonder what we'll accomplish; I wonder if any of us will become great."

"Your wonders can be easily solved," squeaked a thin voice near me. I looked up startled and saw a little dried-up man before me. He was bent and wrinkled, and wore large green goggles. His clothing was smeared with dirt and his unkempt beard reached almost to his waist. As I said nothing, but blankly stared at him, he spoke again. "I tell you your wonderings can easily be solved."

"Well, I should like to know how," said I

"You would, eh? Well, just you come

CONTINUED ON PAGE 83.

## THE ARGO.

## The Argo.

*Published Monthly During the School Year, by the  
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Entered in the Post Office as Second Class Matter.  
Printed by The Times Publishing Company.*

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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.

It seems to be customary when a board of editors issue their last number to mention in it how hard they have worked to make the paper a success throughout the year, and how they think they have succeeded fairly well, but hope that the next staff of editors can turn out a better volume than they did. Although this appears to be almost a stock theme, generally it is a true one, and never was it truer than in this present case. Throughout the year we have tried hard to make the *Argo* a success and we leave it to each one to decide how we have succeeded. It is indeed our heartiest wish, that the editors for the year 1907-8 will turn out an *Argo* that will far

surpass the honest efforts of the editors for 1906-7.

The school year of 1906-7 draws to a close and with it closes the Preparatory School life of at least nineteen young men and women. Young men and women—it may sound forward to others and strange even to ourselves, but it is true. We have come to that point where we can see a glimpse of the life before us, and contrasting this with the life we have passed through, we see that there is more beyond us now than we could have dreamed of five years ago. Now we have a path to choose and in a great measure it depends upon our own judgment whether we choose right or wrong. In past years we have merely stopped school in June, to hope September would be a long time coming. True, some of us are waiting for that same thing again, but not in the same spirit as before. There must be a change and we are loathe to make it. We feel as if we had been crowded out of our place, almost as if we had been pushed near the edge of a steep bank and although knowing we must go down it, we still cling to the top.

On looking back over the years spent in Rutgers Prep. we can call to mind wasted opportunities and improved opportunities. For the latter we are glad; for the former we can only blame ourselves. We realize that our instructors have worked for our good and have used their influence to better us. And as graduating seniors we wish good luck and good understanding to the class of 1908 and long life and glory to "Old Rutgers Prep."

Teacher, (in Modern History)—"Well, we will stick to Greece."

Freshman—"No, but grease will stick to us."—*Oracle*.

Student, (delivering a speech)—"What will become of the poor widow with a few thousand dollars and as many children?"—*Targum*.

## THE FUTURE OF 1907.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 81.

speeches make him greatly demanded by all expert politicians. And where did he learn to speak so well but at Rutgers Prep., and how could be understand the best arguments to be advanced but by brooding over the great orations of Cicero against Catiline and Verres?

"Your next is E," said I, "Elmendorf."  
"Yes, here he is."

I learned that on graduating from Rutgers Prep., Elmendorf will study law for some years. But a war is to break out between the United States and Japan in 1935, and Elmendorf will enter the United States Army. By his bravery and knowledge of military tactics he soon earns promotion, until in 1938 he is appointed Commander-in-Chief of the American forces; under his excellent management the war is quickly brought to a close.

Cross will complete a college course but after graduating will take up music as his life-work. He then becomes one of the greatest American composers. His greatest production will be "Der Gross-Vater and his Bugle-Toot."

Lyall, after leaving Prep. School, was booked to enter college; but his story is short. During his sophomore year he is to meet a very attractive young lady, and after duly falling in love with her, will marry and settle down, thereafter living a very simple life.

MacDonald—Of course when I took up this account I expected to see Mack as editor of some great paper; but instead, I learned that after leaving school he will lose what small writing ability he had, and—it pains me to say it—will become a professional hobo. He will be "roped in" by the police one day, and put in the chain gang. Accidentally tripping over the iron ball chained to his foot, he will fall and break his neck.

Marcley was down as a future temperance

orator. His work will be centered in New Brunswick, but after having abolished intemperance from that city; he will begin on Perth Amboy; but here his work will be short, for after two months he will die of heart failure.

Kirkpatrick is destined to become a great electrician; in comparison to him Morse and Edison will be almost insignificant. He will invent a storage battery of 25,000,000 volts. But alas, this battery will cause his death. He will have it made in the shape of a book. One night thinking it a book, he will pick it up and stick it under his coat, as is often his custom with books. This is the sad end of Kirk.

Nelson—Max is to pursue many different branches of study, but the one which suits him best is Geometry; this he will adopt as his own. In 1940 he will publish the most celebrated text-book on the subject that has ever been known. It will be so clear and so easy to understand that a student reading it once can pass a perfect examination on it. Because of this wonderful book, his name will be placed in the Hall of Fame.

When we came to the O's, I thought of Chaunce. "Surely he will be president of the United States, at the least," thought I. But I was greatly mistaken. After leaving college Olcott becomes interested in exploring, and is the first man to reach the North Pole. This Chaunce will attain by a device of his own. When he has enclosed himself in a balloon-shaped affair, he will begin to talk. The heated atmosphere will bear him upward and onward to the goal of his ambition. Chaunce will never marry.

Pockman.—Ted entered Theological Seminary and graduated with honor, but after spending two years in the ministry, he finds out that he has missed his vocation. So he gives up his church and begins preparing cartoons for the New York Sunday Journal.

When Sangster's name came, I fully expected to read the career of a professional ball-player; but instead I learned that George will be a celebrated chemist. It has been left for

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him to discover the missieng elements in Men-  
deloeff's Chart.

Stelle—I am sorry to say that after leaving Prep. School, the character of this noble young sir will change. O cruel fate! Stelle will become a professional sport. He is to marry an heiress who will soon leave Clarkson a widower with a great fortune. This he will take to Paris and—leave there.

I hoped to read of Scudder a life of wonderful achievements. But I was again disappointed. Scud studies to be a missionary and takes a field in China. Here he soon becomes interested in the manufacture of fireworks. After giving up his ministerial duties, he sets up a small business for himself, eats rice with chop-sticks, marries a Chinese maiden, and helps make the life of irritable old bachelors more miserable on July the Fourth

In my estimation of Voorhees's future I was not disappointed. Trace is to become a Greek professor of renown. After teaching for twenty years, he will organize a Greek Professors' Union, and be elected its first president.

Watson—Harold is to be a financier. In 1924 he will buy out the Standard Oil Company and the Pittsburg Steel Industry. The crowning act of his life is his gift to Rutgers College—a new Preparatory School.

Welsh—Deady will graduate with the degree of C. E. The great feat of his life will be the bridging of the Atlan—.

Just here I was half drowned by a pticher full of water—my room-mate had come in and found me asleep over my Latin Prose book.  
P. K. '07.

### THE CLASS OF 1907.

Perry Hadwick Bascom....."Baskets."  
Foot-ball, Base-ball.

"He, above the rest

In shape and gesture proudly eminent,  
Stood like a tower."

Dumont Freinghuysen Elmendorf. "Nuff Sed."  
Delta Theta.

Foot-ball, Captain Cadets, business manager of *Argo*, best soldier for 1907, second Lane prize speaker.

"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,

That one small head could carry all he knew." Frederick William Gross ..... "Pop."

Base-ball, bugler of Cadets.

"O what man may within him hide,  
Though angel on the outward side." Chester Voorhees Lyall ..... "Chet."

Tau Phi.

Manager foot-ball, season of '06, captain  
Base-ball, season of '07.

"The pink of gallantry, a very Lochinvar." Charles M. Kirkpatrick ..... "Kirk."

Class Base-ball.

"Thou living ray of intellectual fire." William Henry MacDonald ..... "Mack."

Beta Phi.

Baseball, Vice President of R. P. A. A. for '07, President Class of '07, Editor of *Argo*.

"Nothing to say." Allen Francis Marclay ..... "Mark."

Foot-ball, member Argo staff.

"And mark the mild angelic air; the rapture." Samuel Maximilian Nelson ..... "Max."

Foot-ball, Class base-ball, President R. P. A. A. for '07, Corporal of Cadets.

"Yon Cassius has a lean and hungry look." Floyd Bronson Olcott ..... "Chaunce."

Tau Phi.

Foot-ball, Base-ball, elected manager of track team for '07, member Argo staff.

"Then he will talk—Ye Gods, how he will talk."

Theodore Niver Pockman ..... "Ted"  
Delta Theta.

First Lieutenant Cadets, member Argo staff, Treasurer class of '07.

"With merry-making eyes and jocund smiles." George Munsen Sangster, Jr.,.... "George."

Tau Phi.

Foot-ball, Basket-ball, Base-ball, Manager Base-ball, season of '07.



THE CLASS OF 1907



"Truly, a great and wonderful man was  
Caius Julius Caesar."

Ernest Weid Scudder ..... "Scud."  
Delta Theta.  
Basket-ball.  
"Night after night  
He sat and bleared his eyes with books."  
Clarkson Provost Stelle, ..... "Stelle."  
Delta Theta.  
Class Base-ball, Sergeant of Cadets,  
member Argo staff.  
"He had a head to control, a tongue to persuade,  
and a hand to execute any mischief."  
Tracy Stebbins Voorhees..... "Trace."  
Tau Phi.  
Foot-ball, Class Base-ball, Treasurer of  
R. P. A. A. for '07, Business Manager  
of Argo.  
"That massive high pitched dome of wisdom."  
Harold Samuel Watson,..... "Harold."  
Beta Phi.  
Foot-ball, Base-ball.  
"I could lie down and sleep like a tired child."  
Arthur Deady Welsh..... "Deady."  
Class Base-ball.  
"The good die young—You'll be without me  
soon."

T. N. P.

Haste thee Nymph and send along  
A current to our batteries strong.  
Then we scholars all can tell,  
When Dr. Payson rings the bell.  
To our ball-team battery too  
Let the hits be short and few.  
But be sure don't touch the clock.  
For it will stop at any shock.  
Now O Nymph! explain to me  
This deep and profound mystery  
Called by some, the Wireless  
The girl—we'll just call the transmitter  
(The working of it's tireless.)  
Smiles a smile too big to fit her  
'Cross fifty anxious seats it flies  
And starts to break out in his eyes.  
Then it fills up his whole face  
And we all think it's a sad case.  
O Nymph, now if you please, some day  
Just let a smile drop on the way,  
If you do not hear my cry  
Then I will spontaneously die.  
If this pleasure you will give  
I'll be your's truly while I live.

## L'ALLEGRO.

Hence, loathed Geometry,  
Of compass, rule, and some old wiseheads  
born  
In attic rooms forlorn  
'Mongst spiders, dust, and cobwebs long let  
be!  
Find out some ugly cell,  
Where other rusty subjects crack their jokes,  
And the night-raven croaks!  
There for "Wilson's, that's all" you will moan,  
Softened by age alone.  
But come thou power great and free  
On earth yclept Electricity  
But 'mong the stars just Lightening  
Which Zeus sends as a brightening  
To the dark earth when clouds are in array,  
And by their shadows keep the sun away

## THE GYROSCUTUS AND THE PROCK

*With kindred*  
"For heaven's sake, Raymond Stout do stop  
walking up and down. How do you expect a  
fellow to study with you careering around  
that way? What's the matter, anyhow?"  
Bob Davis pushed his books from him and  
looked inquiringly at his room-mate.

"What's the matter? I haven't a cent of  
money. There are the club dues to pay, the  
senior play to go to and the A. A. to join; the  
money is coming from—goodness knows  
where. I've got to raise some by hook or by  
crook, for father won't give me any until next  
month and the fellows won't lend any more.  
What am I going to do?"

"Don't ask me, old chap," said Bob. "Can't  
you earn something? To be sure you never  
did a day's work in your life, but you must do  
something." He returned to his interrupted  
studies as Raymond resumed his pacing, but

## THE ARGO.

it was not long before they were again talking.

"Why not get up an entertainment? The fellows would gladly help," suggested Bob.

"They're stacks of trouble and the boys would want some of the proceeds—but I'll think about it. I suppose I'd better cram for a while, so here goes."

It was late when the two boys stopped work, but Raymond could not sleep as he was puzzling over means of getting the much needed money.

Long before dawn, Bob was roughly roused by his chum shaking him. "Oh, get out," he growled. "What's up now?"

"I've got it! I've got it!" shouted Raymond.

"Got what?" asked Bob sleepily.

"A way to earn money," he answered. "Now listen. I'm gong to have a menagerie."

"Whew," whistled Bob. "Go ahead, I'm listening."

As Raymond finished, both burst into laughter. "Good for you!" exclaimed Bob. "We can work it! Now let's fix up a poster. It must be attractive enough to bring every small boy for miles around, to the show."

About a week later, in a little country town off fro mthe regular route of traveling shows, a group of boys and men were reading with great excitement a flaring poster.

"For the land's sake!" remarked one. "Who ever heard of sech animals! How do you pronounce this—G-y-r-o-s-c-u-t-u-s? Mighty queer thing it must be—'most curious production of the animal world. (So ran the advertisement.) The two legs on one side are much shorter than are the other two, as the creature feeds upon the steep slopes of the Fakeland Mountains, always going in the one directions with its long legs downhill; its short ones up-hill. It is almost impossible to catch this wonderful animal on account of its great speed in running. Our men captured the specimen which we exhibit, by freeing the hunting dogs directly above it and terri-

fying it so that it turned to flee, but fell because of the inequality of its legs.

"The plock is the most terrible man-eater in the universe. When it was captured it consumed twenty-four dogs, two horses and seven men. Since it has come into our possession it has devoured six of the attendants, but it is now partially tamed."

"Did ye say ye can see them, beside the el-phant and monkeys and things—all for fifteen cens?" asked an interested listener.

"Yep. I can take my hull fam'l'y at that price."

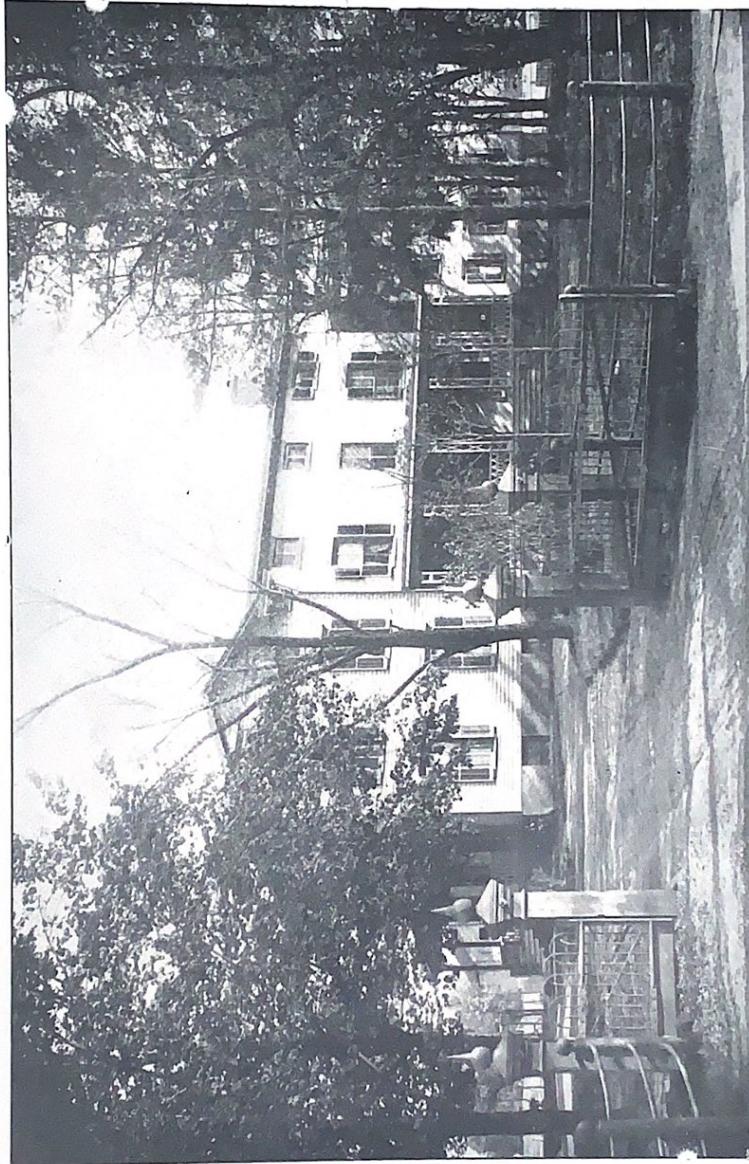
The next night the only amusement hall which the town afforded was filled to overflowing; and it was evident that the posters had created a great sensation among the country people. As the time for the opening of the show drew near, the excitement grew. Then a hush fell upon the crowd, for a young man—it was Raymond Stout—appeared before the curtain. He bowed and began a little speech. "Ladies and gentlemen, we will open our exhibit with—"

From behind the scenes came a most terrible roar, a rattling of chains and blood-curdling screams. The people moved uneasily and Raymond disappeared behind the curtain once more. In a moment he returned his face ghastly white—the result of some powder—and cried, "If you don't want to die, get out. The plock has escaped and has already eaten one man and the gyroscutus. Go, go, and save yourselves!"

The people screamed and made a mad rush for the door. Children were knocked down, babies cried and men shouted wild commands.

Before the people had recovered from their alarm and had found that there was nothing back of the curtain, but some empty boxes (the supposed cages), a buggy was whirling along the road toward the near-by college town, leaving the scene of the excitement far behind. Bob was the first to break the silence.

THE TRAP.





"I knew our scheme would work!" he cried triumphantly.

"Yes," said Raymond. "The people were taken in and the money was taken in. What more could we wish?" And the two graceless scamps, jingling their ill-gotten coins, shouted, "Hurrah for the gyroscutus and the prock!"

RETOLED BY '08.

#### *THE LITERARY WORK AND INFLUENCES OF ALFRED OF ENGLAND*

During the early years of Anglo-Saxon life in Britian, we read of little but battles fought and towns plundered by the Danes, or Norsemen, a set of bold pirates under the command of their sea-kings. These fierce warriors loved the ocean with its storms, and upon it spent most of their time. With no territory but the waves, no dwelling but their two-sailed ships, they laughed at the storm and sang, "The blast of the tempest aids our oars; the bellowing of heaven, the howling of thunder hurts us not; the hurricane is our servant and drives us whither we wish to go." Whenever the Danish raven was seen above the waves that bore their small barks toward England, it was the sure omen of wasted fields, plundered towns and pillaged monasteries. For two centuries this conflict continued. But at last Canute settled in the land and forced the Anglo-Saxons to yield to his rule. Yet before the native independence was completely overthrown, many victories were won over the Danes, and there were years when quiet and prosperity ruled among the Saxons, when schools were founded, and when their noble kings occupied the throne.

During this time one name is prominent Alfred the Great, King of Wessex, the hero of fifty-six battles against the Danes. In him we find nothing insular. Today England and America alike may claim him as the leader hero of their common forefathers.

The millenary of the death of Alfred has drawn to him renewed attention. As a man

and as a king, Alfred was the grandest and most heroic soul our race has yet produced. Yet it is not as a ruler or a warrior that our interest is centered upon the King of Wessex. We look rather at Alfred as the one who, in his care to instruct his people, has done more than any other to preserve the old Saxon tongue. Without him, the English of today might have lacked half its force.

As a boy, Alfred had but few chances for education. He was twelve years old before he could read. Yet he had an inborn love for the poetry of his race, and the stories of the Germanic heroes touched a kindred cord in his nature. Journeys to Rome, and visits at Continental courts, kept alive his desire to gain for himself the knowledge that others had learned and recorded. He awaited simply the opportunity to learn the apparently hidden secrets of the ancient writers. When his mother showed the young prince and his brothers an illuminated volume of poems, and promised it to the one who should first read from it, Alfred determined to win. He set eagerly to work, and soon was the possessor of the coveted prize. From that day till his death he never neglected an opportunity to improve his own knowledge or to teach the people he was soon called to rule.

When Alfred ascended the throne of Wessex, learning was at its lowest point. In the preface to his "Pastoral Care" the King has told us his reasons for undertaking the education of his people. The long struggle with the Danes seemed ended, Wessex was desolate, ignorance prevailed. Hardly a man in Britain could understand the Massbook. He was discouraged when he thought from what heights learning had fallen. He wondered why the old scholars did not put their writings in their native tongue instead of in Latin. But he supposed they never dreamed that men could ever let the knowledge of the classics so decay. So the king took upon himself the task of restoring education. Although already burdened with the cares of state, and

with hostile armies on every hand, he collected about him the scholars of Europe. These were his teachers, and his books he supplied himself. Thus he became in our literature the first translator, and established English prose. He stands with David and Caesar as one who found time, amid his busy life as ruler and warrior to leave to the world an imperishable monument of noble thought.

The earliest works of Alfred was his Manual, "about the size of a Psalter." Time has not saved this book for us, yet we know that it was a literary treasure. Here were collected gems from the works of others, and here Alfred noted now a prayer and now some story that appealed to him. The king's daily companion, this little book could not have failed to contain many thoughts which we can never replace.

Among the earlier works of "England's Darling," which remain to us, we find his book of Laws. From a literary point of view, only the preface interests us. Here with quiet modesty he tells us of his labors upon the work, of his respect for his predecessors and of his active regard for his Witan or Council. He shows us clearly the strong spirit of order and self-control which stamps his whole career as ruler.

The Manual and the preface to his laws may be called the only original works from the pen of Alfred. The remaining writings which we can with certainty ascribe to him are all translations. These were never literal. Here he omitted, there he expanded, everywhere he colored his work to accord with his purpose of diffusing education, and to conform wth his Christian, Anglo-Saxon ideas. His object was "not to reproduce an ancient author, but to produce a useful book."

It can not be known definitely in what order his translations were made. Some think that those in which he made the least variation from his original, came last. They say that as his knowledge of Latin increased, he became more literal in his translation and

showed less and less of his own individuality. But it seems more reasonable to suppose that Alfred followed with fair strictness his early texts, and as he advanced in efficiency began to write more and more of his own thoughts into his work. In this light we will consider his chief translations.

His preface to the "Pastoral Care" of Pope Gregory has already been mentioned. Here we see the King's deep love for his native land, and his longings that his people may obtain an education. He spoke of the happy times of old when English kings kept order at home and foreigners came to the land for instruction. But all had changed, hardly an Englishman could read the Latin tongue. "This would I have you do," wrote Alfred, "if we can preserve peace, to set all the youth in England of free men, whose circumstances enable them to devote themselves to it, to learn as long as they are not old enough for other occupations, until they are able to read English writing. And let those be taught more in the Latin language who are to continue learning and be promoted to a higher rank." Here is a scheme for primary and higher education which it took England almost ten centuries to equal in her practice. And this was formed by Alfred when the very existence of his state was threatened by hostile invaders.

In this, his first translation, the Saxon king followed his original text with fair fidelity. The same is true of his translation of the "Dialogues" of Gregory. This work adds little to the renown of Alfred or to our knowledge of his times.

The next work of Alfred was a translation of the best history of his own land then in existence. This was the "Ecclesiastical History" of Bede. Alfred wrote no preface to this book, and his only departure from his text was to omit much which would not interest a West Saxon reader.

Following the work of Bede, he gave to his people a universal history, based on the work

of Crosius. Here we see the first evidence of Alfred's own thinking. Whole sections are omitted, and new ones added, all with the single purpose of producing a text book for his people. In its translation the book is far more than in the original a credit to its author. He adds a geographical account of the German lands, more definite and more exact than any then known. His information was obtained from his own explorers and the newly explored lands were described with an accuracy and faithfulness that stamp him as a natural educator.

We now come to the "Consolations of Philosophy" by Boethius, which is the most important work from the pen of Alfred. In this he uses the Latin almost as a text for his own meditations. This book was peculiarly suited to Alfred's genius. Both Boethius and Alfred had seen trial. Each had obtained comfort from his own thoughts and from his religion in the hour of adversity. Boethius, almost in the shadow of death, had written "a golden book, not unworthy the leisure of Plato or Tully." The burden of his work is that a wise God rules the world, and only the good are happy. Although not a Christian, Boethius left a work worthy indeed of honor among Christians. It was the masterpiece of the last genius born of Rome. Such a work Alfred turned into Saxon for his people. The platonian theism of the original becomes in Alfred's hands Christian divinity. Instead of the abstract metaphysics, Alfred shows us those poignant searchings of the heart after wisdom which mark the choicest of the Psalms.

In this work Alfred took the greatest freedom with his text. Almost a fourth of the work is original. Indeed, the Boethius of Alfred bears no more resemblance to the Latin text upon which it is based than the "London" of Dr. Johnson bears to the satires of Juvenal.

In other works where Alfred's own hand was not felt, his influence is clearly seen. First among such writing comes the Saxon Chronicle, the most authentic history of its youth possessed by any nation. This was begun in

891 A. D., and the most important years of Alfred's reign are vividly pictured. In retrospect we can see the connected history of Britain from the time of Caesar, and the following generations carried on the record beyond the Norman Conquest. Alfred gave a powerful stimulus to the early compilation of these annals, and this may be called the foundation of systematic English history. The importance of his aid to history will be more fully realized when it is remembered that no errors of importance have been discovered in the Chronicle, and it has become the touchstone by which the veracity of other annals is measured.

In all his writings, Alfred seemed to be communing with himself rather than with his reader, and we can here see his character in outline. He shows us all that is noblest and most lovable in the English temper. He combined a practical ability and patient force with a frank geniality and a strong sense of duty. Religion was the basis of Alfred's character. Everywhere in his writings the name of God inspires him to words of devoted adoration. Yet he was no religious fanatic. Strong as was his love for God and devotion to his church, he had time for every earthly duty. He was a thorough man of business. To each hour of the day was assigned its particular task.

Yet in his temper, varied as it was, there was perfect harmony. Of that predominance of one quality, which so often mars a character of great moral earnestness, Alfred was free. "So long as I have lived," he said when his end was near, "I have striven to live worthily." All his life he kept before him the single purpose of ruling his people wisely and justly. Though the sphere of his action may seem too small to justify the comparison of Alfred with other great rulers of the world, yet he rises to their level by the moral grandeur of his life. As Freeman has said, he was "a saint without superstition, a scholar without ostentation, a warrior all whose wars were fought in the defence of his country, a conqueror whose laurels were never stained by

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cruelty, a prince never cast down by adversity, never lifted up to insolence in the day of triumph—there is no name in history to compare with his." "E. C."

### A TRUE GHOST STORY.

In a New England village, on a street made dark and gloomy by the numerous trees, stands a large, old house, which for many years was known as a haunted house. It is a typical house for ghosts; dark in color, gloomy, weatherbeaten, its fence rickety or fallen down entirely. The house itself stands back somewhat from the fence, and is surrounded by many trees.

The story about it was this:

About sixty years ago, the house was owned and occupied by a very wealthy and aristocratic southern family which for some reason had come from the South to this village. The family consisted of only a father, a daughter, and a son. The father was quite an old man when they came there; the daughter was about sixteen, and the son about ten. They brought their servants with them from the South. They were very quiet, and the rest of the village saw almost nothing of them. After they had lived there for ten years, the son went away to Harvard College.

Three years later, the event happened which gave the house its name.

One night, just as the clock was striking twelve, a party of people who had been to a country dance, saw one of the large parlors of the house lighted brilliantly. As they passed the gate, they heard the sounds of two pistol shots, fired almost simultaneously. Then several loud, piercing shrieks arose and were followed by the sound of weeping. Some of the men in the party tried to get into the house but found the doors and windows barred and bolted. The rest of the men took the women, who were very much terrified, home. In the morning they found that the house was entirely deserted, and not a sign of the three could be found. A man, who was employed

at the railroad station, said that a large black box which looked like a coffin, had been carried to the station early that morning, and had been placed on an express going south. The men who carried the coffin had gone away with it. He had seen nothing of the family which had lived in the house.

When the men of the village got into the house, they found the parlor in great confusion. Many things were overturned, and on the floor in one place were large stains of blood.

After this mysterious affair, no one would live in the house, so it remained just as it had been left.

For ten years after this, nothing strange was heard or seen in the house. But late one night as two people were passing there they saw in the parlor window a face as white as chalk and with an expression like a face of death. In an instant the face was withdrawn; and the people heard, as they ran in terror from the house, a deep, sepulchral groan issue from the parlor. This event was vouched for by all the villagers, all of whom believed more or less in ghosts.

For several years, nothing more was seen of the ghost, because people were in mortal terror of passing the house at night.

One night, however, some adventurous young men who were visiting in the village, determined to go past the house at night, and see for themselves the ghost, the story of which had made them laugh when it was broad daylight. So at midnight they went past the old house. All was dark and still about it, but standing in the open doorway they saw a figure dressed entirely in white, with its arms stretched above its head. Its face was as white as chalk, and wore an expression like a face of death. As the young men fled in terror, for they were not as brave as they had been in the daytime, they heard a deep, sepulchral groan, which made them run all the faster. After this the ghost was seen and heard almost every year. It was noticed

after a while that the ghost always appeared at the same time of the year, and always about midnight.

About fifty years later, a Harvard Junior who was staying in the village heard the whole story about the ghost, which had kept on appearing once every year. He was very much interested, but as he was neither superstitious nor cowardly, he determined to find out the whole affair. He took a room in the house nearest to the haunted house in order that he might be near if the ghost should show itself. It was very close to the time of year when the ghost made his appearance, so he had hopes of finding out the mystery.

One day he went all through the house, and examined everything closely. In the cellar he found a narrow flight of steps which led up to a trap door in the back of the house. In the dust on the steps he could plainly see the marks of footsteps, and at the foot of the steps, he found to his surprise, a piece of pie, which had evidently not been touched.

Immediately he thought of a plan. As he was an electrician, he carried it out easily.

He placed a wire so that it ran from the foot of the stairs to his own room. He then attached an electric bell, which would ring in his own room if any one stepped on the wire. The end of the wire was placed at the foot of the stairs so that any one descending them would surely step on it.

That night he sat in his room with a pistol and a dark lantern ready, in case the bell should ring. He sat in the dark, as he was afraid a light might alarm the ghost and keep it away. He knew his room was far enough away from the haunted house, so that the bell would not be heard, but a light could be quite easily seen.

He sat in the darkness for what seemed to him to be hours. Finally he decided that the ghost was not coming, but at that very moment the village clock struck twelve. A second after the last stroke the electric bell began to ring furiously.

Immediately he seized his pistol and dark lantern, and stole quietly from the house. When he reached the haunted house, he found the front door unlocked. He stepped in very quietly, and made his way noiselessly to the door of the parlor. There he saw a sight at which most men would have fainted, but he had unusual courage and presence of mind. Before him, seated in a chair, sat the figure of what seemed to be an old man clothed in white from head to foot, with face of the same color.

He was leaning over a table before him; his head down on the table, and his arms stretched out in front of him. He was absolutely motionless. "This is no ghost," said the young man to himself, "but it certainly looks like one." He stood still for a moment, then made up his mind what to do.

Suddenly he flashed the lantern full on the figure. Immediately it lifted its head and as it did so, gave a shrill cry. The young man grasped his pistol tightly, stepped forward and said, "Stop! I will not hurt you, but whether you are man, ghost or devil, I demand to know who you are. I am a Harvard Junior, and I am determined to find out." The old man looked at him silently for a moment and then said, "I was once a Harvard Junior, too, but now I hardly know what I am, except that I am dying." He paused for a moment, and then said, "I am glad to have the chance to tell my story to someone before I am gone."

"I was the son of the old man who once lived here. As you know, I entered Harvard after we had been here for several years. While I was in college, I fell deeply in love with a girl, who was far below my own rank in life, but I loved her so deeply that I felt that I would have her whatever the results might be. When I first told my father, he was very angry and told me that I must never see her again, or speak to him of her. But I did not obey him, and when I came home in my Junior year, I told him that I would have her at any cost. In a towering rage he rushed

from the room, and came back with two pistols. He placed them on the table. "There," he said, "will you fight like a gentleman's son even if you have forfeited the rights of one?" In a rage almost equal to his, I seized one of the pistols, he the other. My sister begged us not to fight, but we paid no attention. Would that we had! We were both filled with that hasty cavalier spirit, which drove us on to the duel.

"We took our places opposite each other, and fired. My father's bullet passed harmlessly over my shoulder, but mine struck him in the heart, and killed him instantly. He fell heavily to the floor, with the blood rushing from the wound.

"Immediately I was filled with the greatest remorse and sorrow a human being could feel. I resolved that I should never see my betrothed again, and that I should spend my life as a hermit.

"We sent my father's body away that night with some of the servants, to the South from which he had come. My sister went during the night with another servant, to a nearby town, from which she made her way South. But I resolved to live nearer here, so I made myself a hermit's hut about six miles away in the thickest part of a forest. There I have lived for all these years trying to atone for my awful sin.

"After I had been there several years, I determined to come back to this house once a year and go over again in my mind the events of that night. To be sure that I would not be discovered, I dressed myself as you see me now. One of the men who were once my father's servants, who knows where I lived, left food for me when I came here."

As the old man spoke, the Junior could see that he was very rapidly growing weaker. As he finished, he arose with difficulty, his eyes looking like a madman's. "Farewell," he screamed, and started to run with tottering steps. But after he had gone a few feet he stumbled, and falling forward on his face, lay

still. The young man hastened to him, and kneeling by him found that the heart had ceased to beat.

As the Harvard Junior arose from the side of him who had once been a Harvard Junior he said in an awestruck voice, "The ghost will be seen no more." B. P. H.

#### *THE BASEBALL SEASON OF 1907.*

Our base-ball season this year has been one of the most successful that we have had in several years. We have good material and by steady practice and good coaching the team has been able to play together well. Out of eight games we have only lost one, a very good average for a season.

Sangster and Williams have played fine ball for the Prep. In these two we have a battery that is hard for any Prep. school to beat. Sangster as pitcher has fine speed and control as well as all the curves, while Williams as back-stop plays his position well.

H. Lyall and Zeigler are new men this year on first and third respectively, but are both consistent players. Second base and short stop are held down by MacDoanld and Captain Lyall, both players on last year's team. The outfield is made up of Lenz, Gross and Olcott; of these Gross and Olcott are new men this year. The satisfied look that comes over our pitcher's face when a batter accidentally hit out a fly ball tells for itself what these men can do.

The first game was with Plainfield High School at Plainfield. We defeated them by a score of 7-1. The Prep. team played well and only two errors were made. Sangster struck out twelve men and a running catch and throw to third by Lenz brought forth applause. The "squeeze" was worked successfully three times.

The second game was with New Brunswick High School. The game was loosely played and Prep. beat High School 8-4. Williams' home run was the feature of the game

The next game was played on the eleventh



BASEBALL TEAM, 1907.



of May, when we defeated Plainfield High school for the second time, 7-4. The game was played on the "trap" grounds and was well played considering the condition of the field. A diving catch made by Dutcher of the Plainfield team was the sensation of the game.

On the morning of May eighteenth, we ran through Newark Academy to the tune of 17-1. The game was remarkable for the patience shown by the Newark Academy outfielders in chasing the ball. Only two hits were made from our pitcher, Sangster.

In the afternoon of the eighteenth the boys defeated the K. O. K. A. of New Brunswick by the score of 25-3. The batting of Gross and Olcott was the feature of the game, each getting two two-baggers and a single.

On the twenty-fourth of May the team suffered its first defeat at the hands of Newark High School; score 3-5. The team threw the game away by costly errors in the first and third innings. Williams' home run and the playing of Watts for Newark, were the features of the game. The Newark team made a very favorable impression by their courteous and gentlemanly behavior.

On the morning of May the thirtieth, Decoration Day, the Prep. team defeated Pingry by the score of 10-0. The boys played the best fielding game of the season, only one error being made, and that in the last inning. Olcott distinguished himself by making four safe hits, out of four chances at bat. Lenz and Gross made sensational catches in the outfield, and Sangster struck out twelve men, while he allowed Pingry but one hit.

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#### Batting Averages.

Olcott, .434; H. Lyall, .360; Sangster, .358; W. Cross, .333; Williams, .287; C. Lyall, .250; F. Gross, .250; Ziegler, .212; Prentiss, .177; Lenz, .169.

#### THE TAU PHI AND BETA PHI DANCE

On the twenty-sixth of April, the Tau Phi and Beta Phi Fraternities gave their annual dance at the Trap. The patronesses were Mrs. E. R. Payson, Miss N. Demarest, Mrs. Austin Scott and Mrs. J. Voorhees. The Trap dining room, where the dance was held, was very prettily decorated with Rutgers Prep. flags, and with the flags of many different colleges. At one end of the room was the Tau Phi shield, and at the other the Beta Phi shield. The music room was decorated with the pictures of the two fraternities which had been taken in different years. The dance order consisted of twenty dances and four extras. The dancing lasted until about one o'clock, when the party broke up, after one of the most pleasant times ever enjoyed at the Trap.

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#### THE DELTA THETA DANCE.

On Friday evening, May the thirty-first, the Delta Theta Fraternity gave a dance in the Masonic Temple. The members of the fraternity, assisted by the patronesses, Mrs. Payson, Mrs. Elmendorf, Mrs. E. B. Voorhees, and Mrs. Prentiss, received, with their usual kind hospitality, the large number of guests who were present.

No one could have wished for a better floor, a hall more prettily decorated or music more gay and lively. Everything was of the best and the result was that when the happy gathering broke up, all declared that the dance had been most delightful.

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#### THE HUNTERS HUNTED.

The cheerless Russian winter had half spent itself, but from the blinding snow storm that was falling one would think that it was at its best. In the damp cold, prison sat a revolutionist, huddled in a corner of his cell, dreaming of his lost freedom and by-gone pleasures, for he thought that they were surely gone since he was to be sent to the Siberian mines

as soon as the winter should break and it should become possible to traverse the frozen plains.

He was in this miserable condition because he, a poor peasant, had dared to speak against the tyranny which oppressed the lower classes. As he sat thus, shivering with the cold, the warden came in his cell for the last night inspection. After glancing silently around he slammed the door shut, locked it, and went down the corridor. The sound of the lock did not seem familiar to the accustomed ear of the revolutionist for it did not seem to snap so surely.

He waited for some time till all was silent and then taking his little lamp went to the door and examined the lock; he found that it had caught and just the lower part had slipped in the socket. He looked around the room and discovered a tin plate that had been left from his last meal. Using it as a wedge he forced the lock back. It snapped into the door with a clang. He stood still, too frightened to move; but it was not heard by any one. He put his light out, slowly and carefully opened the door, and stole down the long corridor. He passed the warden's room and heard the regular breathing of his sleep. Quickly going down the winding stairs in the cloak room of the guards, he took a guard's coat, boots, hat, gun and ammunition and a filled lunch basket.

After dressing he went fearlessly past the guard who saluted him as a companion. Then he felt the cold winter air on his face and it seemed to tingle through his body. He started down the road on a brisk walk. He noticed that the snow still fell heavily and as he rounded a curve he ran quickly until lost in the darkness.

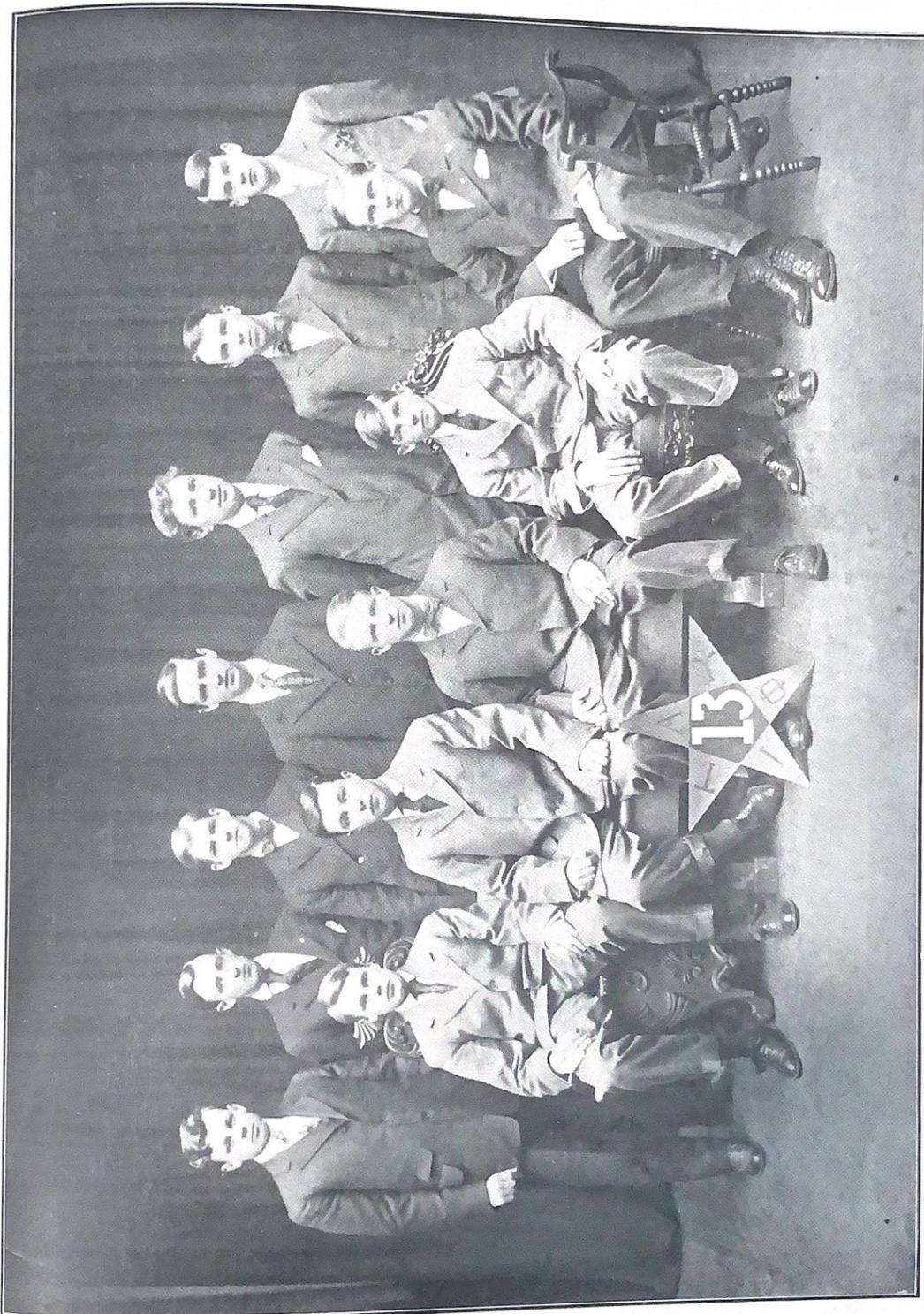
When the loss had been discovered in the morning there was formed a posse to search for the fugitive. The first tracks were still visible but out on the road they were covered by the thick snow. The guard described the man who had passed him and the direction in

which he went, and the party of three armed soldiers in a sleigh drawn by three Russian ponies started in pursuit.

Let us go back to our hero. He knew the road perfectly and also knew that his tracks would cover more quickly there than in the woods, so he kept on for a mile or two and then struck southward through the woods.

He had gone probably five miles when the first light appeared in the east. Just as he came to the top of a hill he looked over to the other, which formed the farther side of the valley and he saw an enormous pack of half starved Russian wolves devouring a couple of stray cows. He knew that they would come after him if they saw him and make such a noise that he would soon be discovered. He climbed into a tall, thick, pine tree, hoping that the snow would drown his scent. The snowfall ceased as the sun came up and he saw that his tracks were already obscured. Then he heard the galloping of horses down in the valley along the road, and his pursuers came into view. He was huddled up in a crotch and felt sure that they would not see him as long as he remained perfectly still. They halted for a moment directly in front of him, not one hundred yards away. The wolves which had just finished their scanty meal, crazed by the taste of blood and smelling the horses, raised a hideous yell and came down the steep hill after the horses, which reared and snorted at the sound. The driver quickly turned them around and they went dashing back with the wolves gaining at every bound. They were soon lost in the distance.

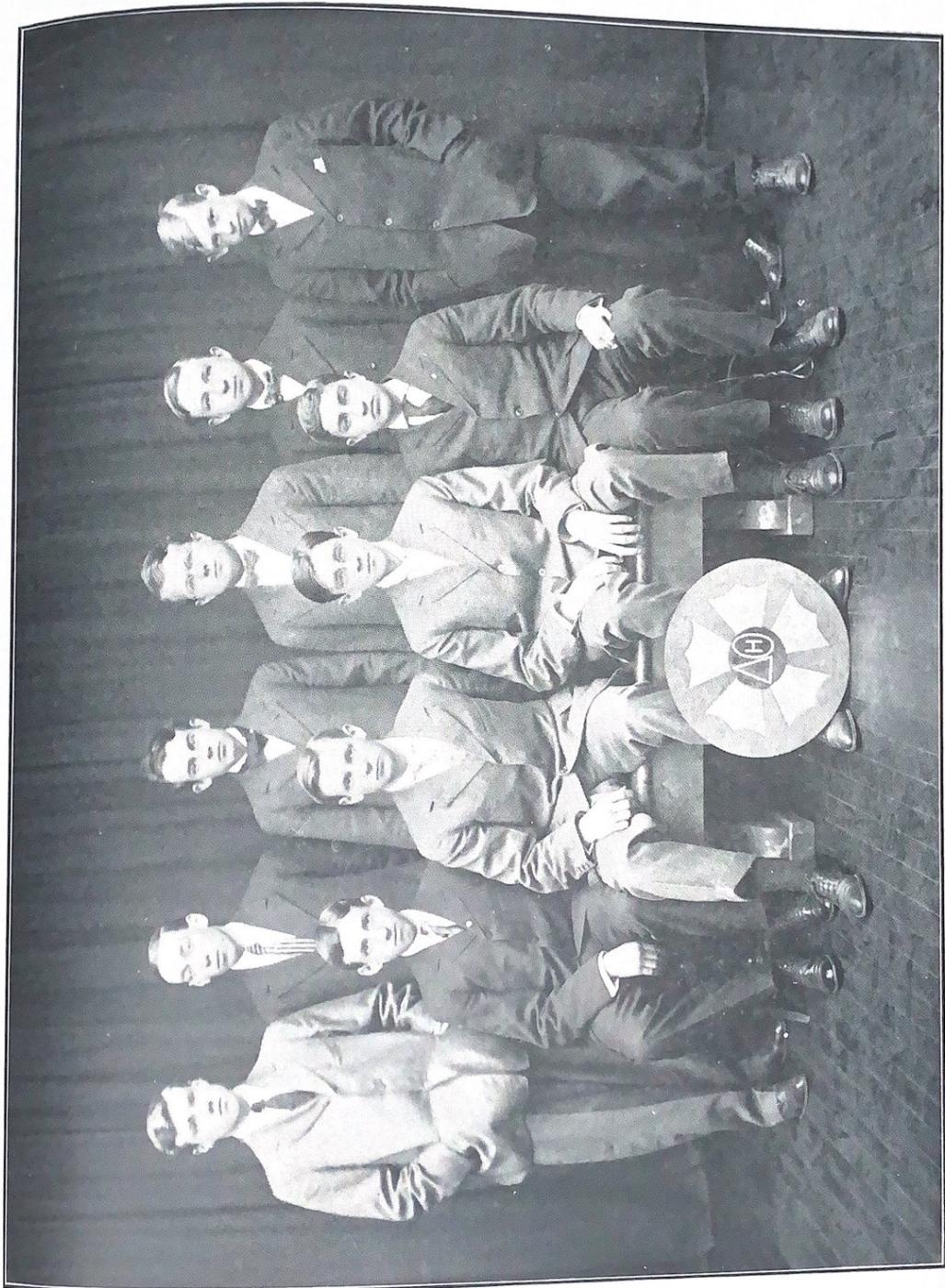
Then our hero hurried down and went on unmolested. About noon he became hungry and opened his stolen lunch, which he speedily devoured, and found in the bottom of it a purse with fifteen gold coins of quite large value, the pay of one of the guards. He hurried along the road until he came to the highway between St. Petersburg and Riga. Here he went west for several days until he reach-



TAU PHI FRATERNITY



BETA PHI FRATERNITY



DELTA THETA FRATERNITY

THE ARGO.

ed the seaport of Riga, where after buying new clothes he boarded a steamer bound for America, the home of the free and also of his father and two of his brothers.

*EXCHANGES.*

The *Argo* acknowledges with thanks the following exchanges: Advocate, Academy Journal, High School Register, Howard Collegian, Cutler Fortnightly, Mercersburg News Mirror, Legenda, Oracle, Poly Prep. Magazine, Polytechnic, Schucis, Spectator, Targum, Tome, Wind Mill.

Teacher, (reading an excuse)—Please excuse Minnie for being absent from school yesterday, as she fell in the mud on the way to school. By doing the same you will greatly oblige her mother.—*Ex.*

Lady of the House—I'm so sorry little Fido died.

Bridget—So'm I, mum! Many's the plate he saved me washin'.—*The Cutler Fortnightly.*

Pupil—"The water down at the dam is dry."

Teacher—"Well, that introduces a new problem to science."—*Advocate.*

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Teacher, (shaking pupil)—I think Satan has taken hold of you.

Pupil, (gasping)—I think so, too, sir!—*Howard Collegian.*

Willie (age 7)—Ma, it must have been one o'clock when sister's beau left last night.

Mama—How do you know?

Willie—When he was leaving he asked Sis something and she said, "Just one; that's all." —*Ex.*

Mistress—"Did the butcher who stopped here this morning have pigs' feet?"

Mary—"Sure, mum, I dunno. He wore boots."—*Ex.*

Teacher, (in arithmetic)—What must you find in this note?

Nervous Pupil—The er-day of judgment and time to run.—*The Spectator.*

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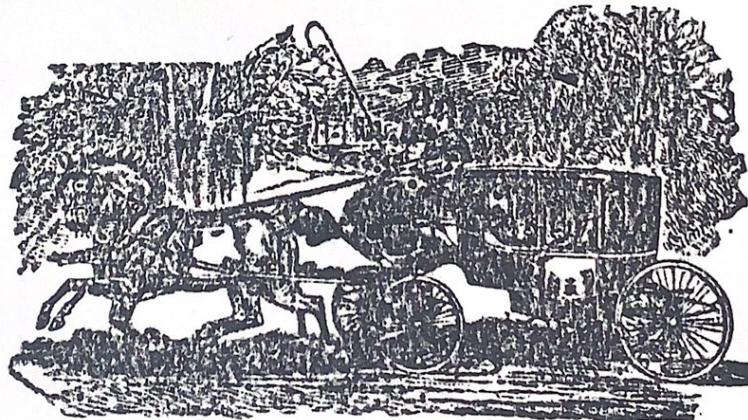
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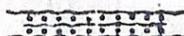
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