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# THE ARGO.

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SENIOR NUMBER

May--June

VOLUME XIX

NUMBER EIGHT

# Rutgers College and Rutgers Scientific School

NEW BRUNSWICK, NEW JERSEY

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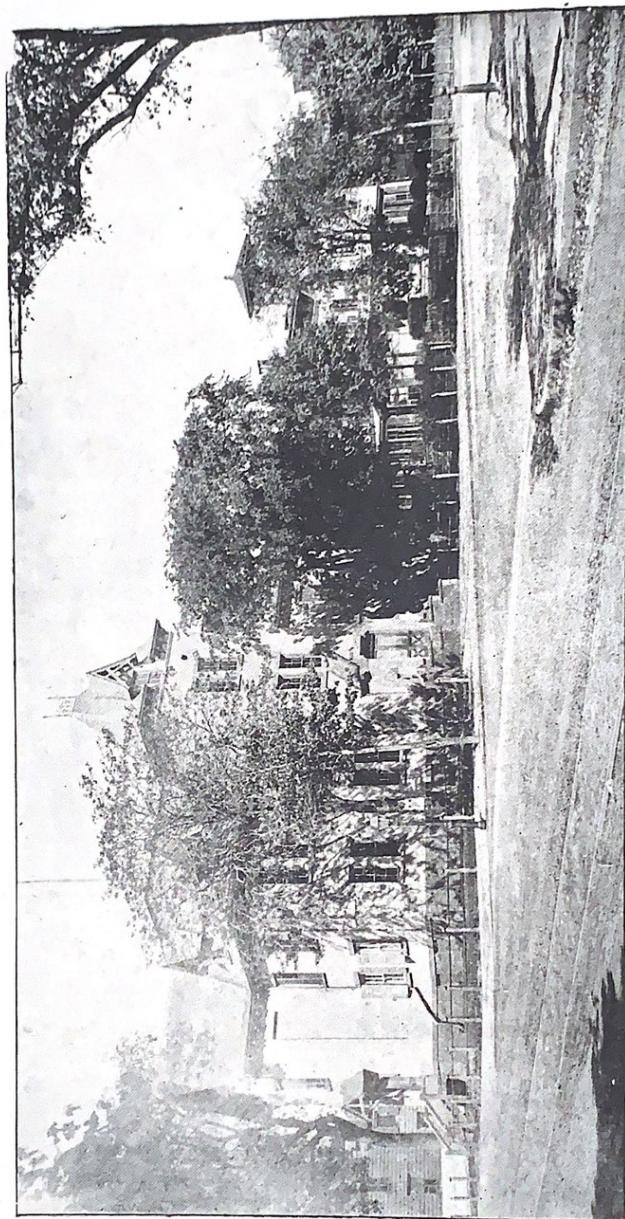
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RUTGERS PREPARATORY SCHOOL.

# THE ARGO.

VOL. XIX.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., MAY—JUNE, 1908.

No. 8.

## OVER THE CLIFF.

The logs of a great camp-fire were crackling and blazing merrily, and as the bright flames leaped high, they lighted up the faces of a dozen boys, sitting on their blankets, telling 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. Thompson, 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 the boys soon returned in triumph with the captured Mr. Thompson.

"Now you've got to tell us a story," commanded 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 you 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 told any of you."

The boys settled comfortably near him, delighted to know that they were to hear a really new adventure.

"The week after I graduated from my preparatory school in England, a professor there

asked me to help him during the summer in collecting birds' eggs. I was very much interested 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 weeks remained before my entering Cambridge.

"Our last hunting ground was reached—the cliffs along the sea. One 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 ropes, soon stood beside me.

"Are you afraid?" asked the Professor, as he saw me peering over the edge.

"No, sir," I answered, "I was just wondering how much the cliff overhung."

"Not much, I guess," he said. "You will be all right. Just swing a little to reach the ledges. You can do it! I've seen you do harder things than 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, I 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 I had imagined, and a long swing would be ne-

cessary to bring me to the ledges. The birds were started by my sudden appearance and darted frantically to and fro.

"I gave the rope a jerk and then began to 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 hunting. I dropped and landed safely. As I reached for the eggs, something suddenly brushed against my arm. I looked, and to my horror I saw the rope, which I had let go in my excitement, swinging away from me.

"The situation flashed across my mind. I was standing on a ledge at least two hundred feet above the sea, with no means of climbing up or down, or of making my fate known to those above me. 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 felt 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 unprepared for the unexpected strain on the rope, and it was only the 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 weak that I could not have harmed them if I had wished.

"The Professor was disappointed that I had no eggs, and was anxious to have me go down again the next day, but nothing would induce me to go. Since then I have never wanted to 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 little Henry of me.

"Yes, Henry, of course I will. Then he'll thrash you and make you afraid of him."

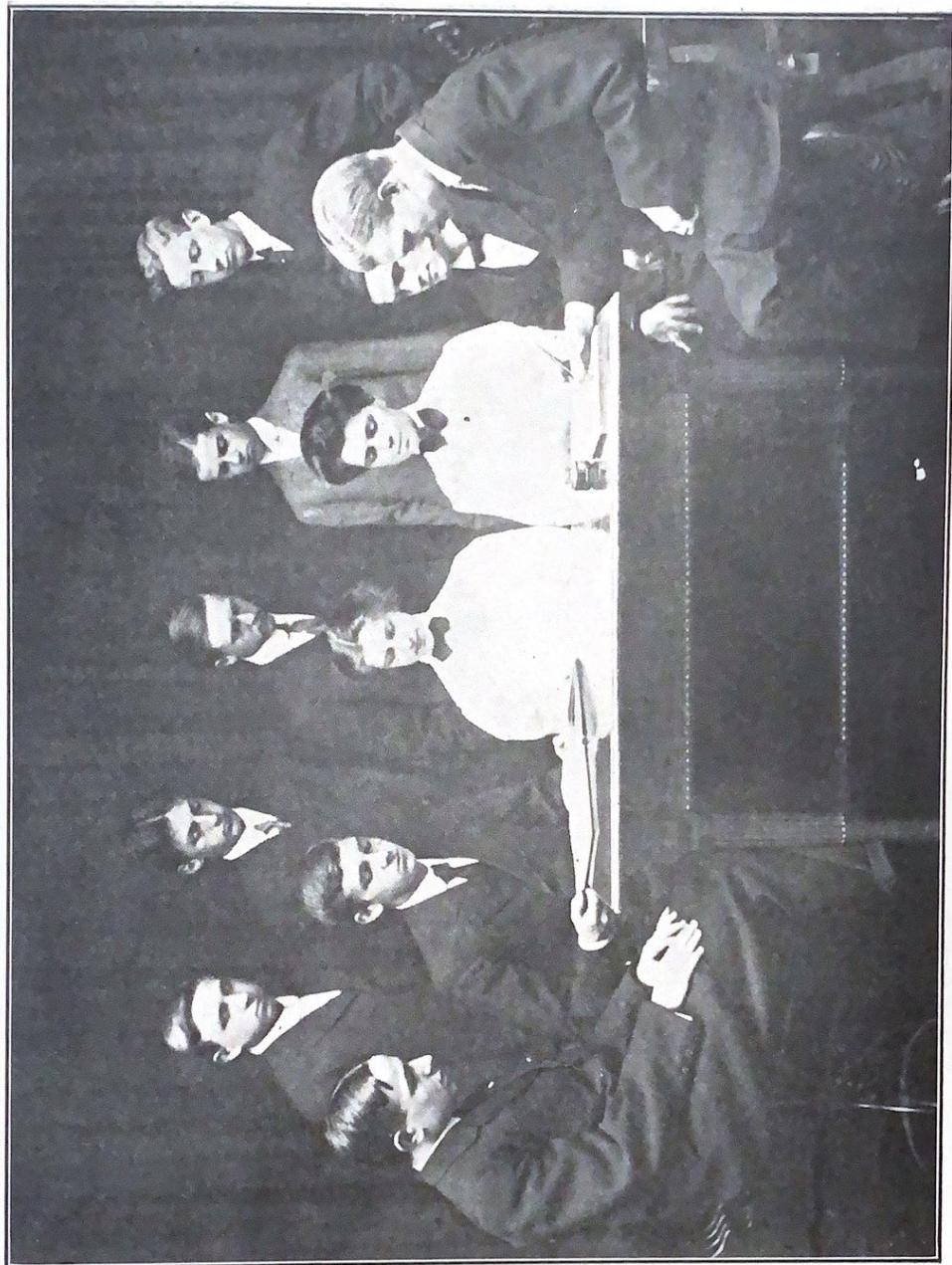
"I ain't afraid of man or beast, lion or chicken, live or dead. So there! Lay on, John Bull!" And on he came at me with his hands, covered by boxing gloves of course, in a most threatening position. I was taken so by surprise that I struck a little harder than I usually do when having a bout with him. 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 moment 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 seriously some day. As it is, you have made him 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. But now that I have trained him up an athletic youngster, somebody must master him in a fair contest. Not a boy around can stand up against him in wrestling, boxing, or—or anything."

"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-



THE STAFF OF THE ARGO.

orated from the child's mind; and his courage burned hotter than before. Letters of complaint 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 asked 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 successfully 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 fortitude.

My wife was a little joyful, she said, because 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 Monday 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 severely. 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 happened to be playing just then below our windows 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 threatened him terribly in Italian. His monkey, however, 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 nolled 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

## THE ARGO.

# The Argo.

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

Correspondents will confer a great favor by writing on one side of the paper only.

Officers of the school, students, and alumni are most cordially invited to contribute.

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 standard 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-

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 looking back over our years at school we can easily think of many things we have failed to do, or might have done better, but still we have been pretty successful. Now we must soon separate, 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 being 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 working 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-'03 Arthur Carpender will graduate from the Naval Academy at Annapolis this year.

'04, Hageman won the Bussing Prize for extemporaneous speaking. Watson, '04, tried for it and did very well.

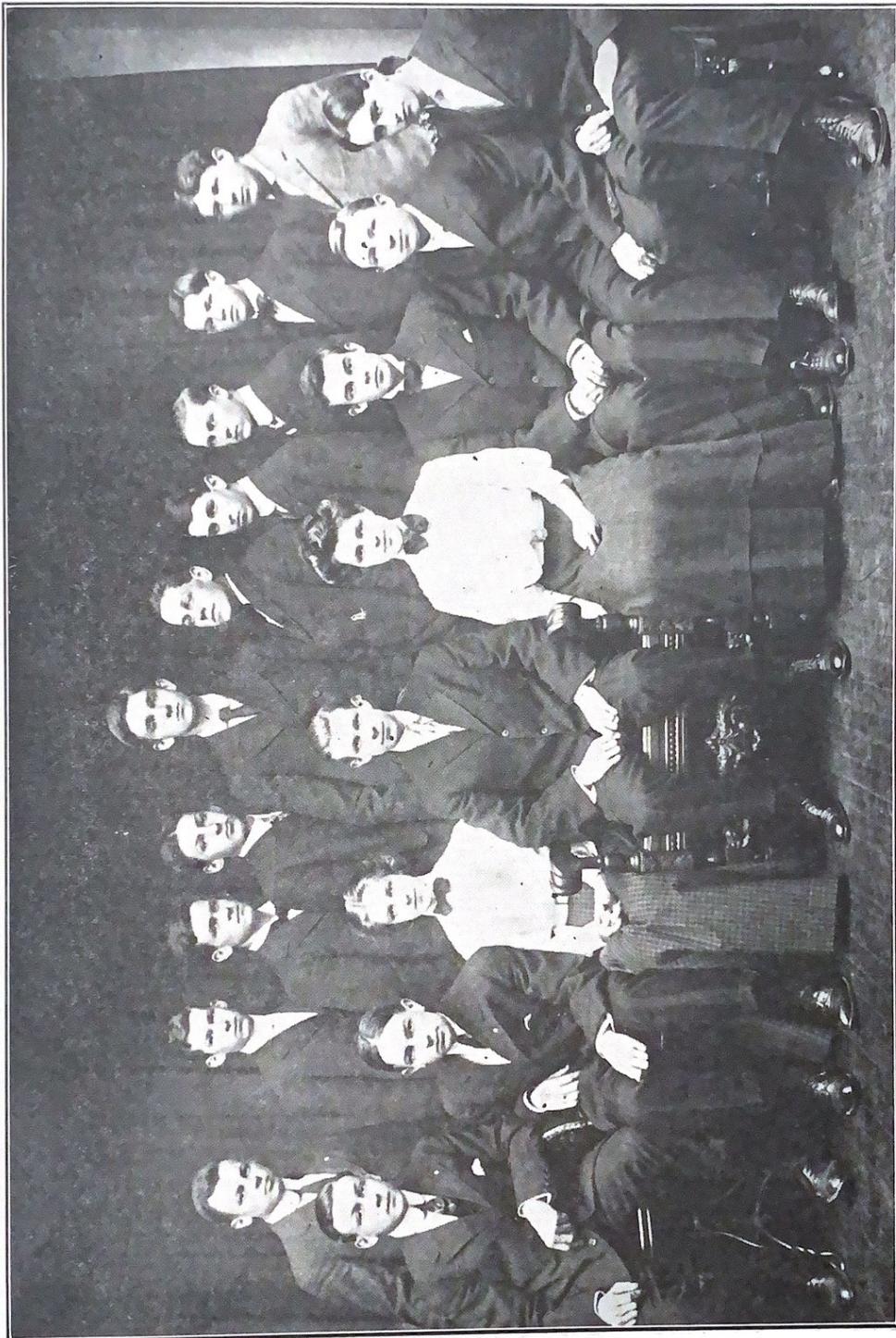
'04, Fisher has been announced the best soldier of the Rutgers College battalion.

'04, Watson won first place in the hammer-throw in the contest against New York University.

'04, Fisher, Hageman and Watson are in the graduating class at Rutgers College.

'04, Mettler is in the graduating class at Princeton.

'05, Devan, Potter, and Scott are three of the eight men chosen to speak in the Junior



THE CLASS OF 1908.



THE FOOTBALL TEAM.

Exhibition on the sixteenth of June.

'06, Case won the second place in the hammerthrow 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.

'07, Sangster has been pitching a good game on the Rutgers Varsity.

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#### THE MONKEY AND THE BOY.

CONTINUED FROM PAGE EIGHTY-FIVE.

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his monkey was on his shoulder, the dear little 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, Daddy, 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 lay 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! Dead!'

"Daddy, I'm afraid! I'm afraid of men when they do such queer things; and I'm afraid of a monkey's nails and teeth."

The reader will be glad to know that I hunted up the Italian, helped him buy a new monkey, and made him a firm friend to my son and me.

*Campbell, '08.*

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#### 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 account 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 Dramatics in a well known School of Elocution for Young Ladies at Metuchen, New Jersey. The marvelous results of his work show his ability 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 different 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 ministry 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 suc-

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.

"The late Mr. Helm" was very much interested in ballooning 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 machine.

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 career to such studies, she went on the stage, making the famous Greek tragedies her specialty. Her greatest success has been in "Electra" and in "Geometrica," one of her own writings.

Professors McGovern and Nelson have made great advance in science and have discovered among other things the secret of perpetual 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 favorite 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 today laugh as if those jokes were new.

As we have stated before, the Honorable Mr. Ross, last fall, was elected as Vice President. Upon graduating from Rutgers, he entered 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!

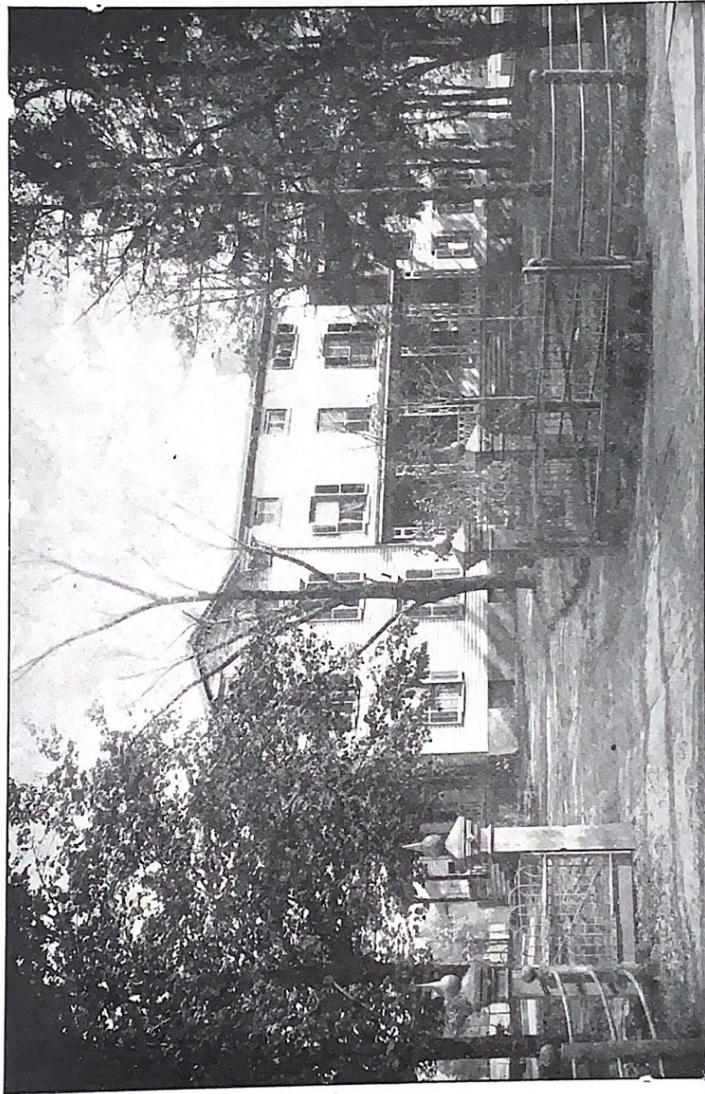
In the Boston Latin School, Miss Scott has held a high position as instructor making Latin Prose her specialty and her knowledge of this subject has become so great that it is rumored that she even thinks in Latin.

We are sorry that the gentleman known here as Tim Smith, is not present at the reunion. To those who knew his nature, the life which he has chosen is not surprising. While yet very young, leaving the gay whirl of society which he loathed, he went to Europe, entered a monastery, and has since then led a life of seclusion.

Stanton soon left this country for the Cannibal Islands, where for many years he worked faithfully as a missionary. Once he had a very close call, for the cannibals in time of famine 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 CLASS OF 1908.

Eugene Kenneth Bauman ..... "Bauy"  
 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 Fisher ..... "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." fl

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 ..... "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."

## THE ARGO.

Harold Samuel Watson ..... "Rip."  
 Beta Phi. Scientific.  
 Foot-ball. Basket-ball. Base-ball. Manager of Foot-ball in 1907.  
 "Hang sorrow! Care will kill a cat,  
 And therefore let's be merry."

Evelyn Van Santvoord Knox.  
 Classical.  
 Member of Argo Staff. Vice President of the Class of 1908.  
 "Away with her, she speaks Latin."

Anna Prentiss Scott.  
 Classical.  
 Member of the Argo Staff.  
 "Not much talk—a great, sweet silence."  
 Classical—8.  
 Scientific—11.  
 Total—19.  
 Beta Phi—5.  
 Tau Phi—4.  
 Delta Theta—4.  
 Non-Fraternity—6.

## TO THE SENIOR CLASS.

*Melody: Love's Old Sweet Song.*

I. 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, make life more  
 fresh and fair.

II. 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.  
 But may we gain, at least in some small part,  
 Those grand ambitions close to boyhood's  
 heart.

*Chorus.*

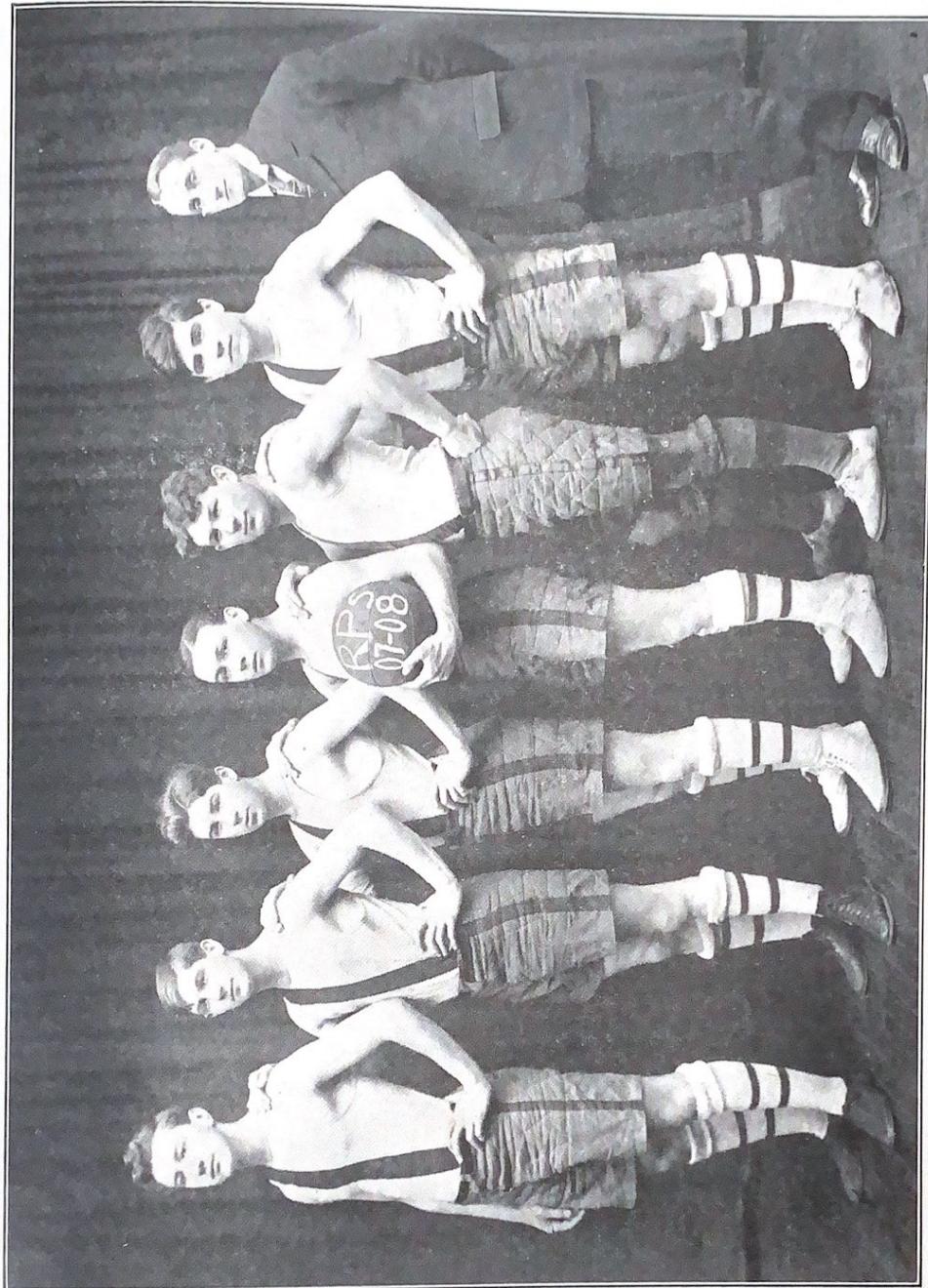
May all those behind us  
 In their school years be  
 Happy and contented,  
 Conquerors, as we.  
 Now our hearts are softened,  
 Filled with gratitude.  
 Much we long for having  
 School days renewed, bright days of  
 school renewed.

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.  
 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...



THE BASKETBALL TEAM.

*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 produce 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 started as a newsboy on the Grand Trunk Railway. 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 discovered 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 resources were very limited it was only by the strictest 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 flocked to the stations and bid against each other for his papers. One day the jolting of Edison's laboratory car upset a bottle of phosphorous, 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 little son of the telegraph operator sitting on the track, with a fast approaching freight car but

a few feet away. With a quick rush he hurried the child and 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 became 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 between Sarnia and Port Huron was severed and as the river was impassable all communication between the towns was stopped. Edison seeing the difficulty jumped on a locomotive and by the blasts of the whistle signalled 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 office 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 electrician mentioned the phonograph as the greatest 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 was valuable commer-

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 mysteries of nature, or make a study of chemistry, without being convinced that behind it all there is supreme intelligence. I am convinced of that; and I think that I 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, '08.*

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One fROSSty morning, I 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 I and I began to HALL over our provisions. "Great SCOTT!" I 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 water 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 HELM and STIER, and I 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," I 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 about the accident. '08.

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#### NUREMBERG.

Travelers who had known Nuremberg in its earlier days had so bewailed the encroachments of civilization that we had begun to

fear we should find a modern city rearing its plain, severe brick fronts before us. But although 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 still 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 Adolphus, 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' army, 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 turrets 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 themselves—the queer old houses with steep-pitched roofs and dormer win-



THE BASEBALL TEAM.

dows, the magnificent facade of the St. Lorenz Church, the queer side streets, the tiny shops and finally the Marktplatz with its Beautiful Fountain. There, too, the Fraunkirche, and then around the corner to the Fruit Market to see the "goose-man" fountain. I 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 settlers began to build beneath the shadow of the Burg. Henry III gave Nuremberg the rights of mart, customs and coinage, and under 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

the vast trade from the East and the chief emporium 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 impregnable castle with its surrounding forest, seventy-two miles in extent afforded great security and excellent hunting.

The greatest of the Hohenstaufens, Frederick I, Barbarossa, lived in the castle in 1166 and is said to have built the Emperor's chapel. 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 chaplain'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, Ekkelein 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 chraeger, neighing with pleasure, was brought. Ekkelein put his arm lovingly around its neck. "If only, before I die, I might once more feel myself on his back." So natural and harmless a request could not be refused. Saddle and bri-

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 circle of the guard, looking around him and snorting. Then he broke into a thundering 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 raised 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 overhung 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 drawbridge could be let down Ekkelein was off in the deep forest 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 Nuremberg her position of distinction in the realm of art are the artist, Albrecht Durer, Peter Vischer, worker in bronze and Adam Kraft, worke in stone. 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 paintings pass into other hands.

Not only is Nuremberg famous for her 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 meadows 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 Minnesingers, also visited Nuremberg. After his death poetry, relegated almost entirely to the burgher and artisan class, was degraded to mere artificial verse making. But Hans Sachs whom Wagner has made world beloved, the darling

of Nuremberg, the shoemaker poet, had more poetic talent, more creative power than the common artisan of his day. He was, however, 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, and Hans Sachs, thy cobbler-bard."

#### 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 candidates 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 attention 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 acknowledged sport in the school and a regular team organized, 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.