



THE ARGENT



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Publishers Daily and Weekly Times,

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No. 2.

THE ARGO:

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, BY THE
Rutgers College Preparatory School.

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One copy, one year, seventy-five cents.

All communications should be addressed to the Senior Editor, Clarence Garretson, and must be accompanied with the name of the author.

Extract from the History of Rutgers College, by Professor S. T. Doolittle, in "The College Book."

"There has always been in connection with the college a grammar school which, during the darkest days of the college, never closed its doors, but went on successfully in accomplishing good work."

PROBABLY some of our freshmen have a concealed literary talent; if so they would confer a great favor by giving a few evidences thereof to the editor. Good contributions are thankfully received; better ones in proportion.

EVERYONE, no matter what his position in life may be, ought to have some particular goal in view, towards which he should be ever striving. If he is a student in school, he should make efforts to utilize every opportunity in

developing a good education; and if he is a good foot-ball player, he should carry some particular effort to its completion, and have some specified intention in view to encounter the greatest difficulty successfully.

Without a definite aim or purpose, a man will never be able to rise above the dead level of mediocrity. He will be listless in what he undertakes; he will neglect the study of details; he will, so to speak, attempt to build a house without laying a foundation, the inevitable result of which will be that his edifice will fall to the ground with a crash.

He will, for a time adopt one pursuit after another, with the overweening confidence of a Napoleon, and work by fits and starts with feverish energy; but, finding that success does not quickly follow, he will lose heart, and suddenly resign himself to a purposeless existence, foolishly casting the blame on fortune, while all but himself can clearly see that he alone is in fault.

What a contrast does a man of the opposite character present! He has set before his eyes a clearly defined object. He is resolved, for example, to attain the highest possible eminence in his profession; and, to that end he steadily labors, day after day, year after year. All his aims are concentrated, on that one object.

With never ceasing perseverance, he treads the only path that can lead him to the fruition of his hopes. Make haste slowly, is his motto. He is fully persuaded that in order to attain the height of his ambition, a straight, undeviating course must be followed. He does not strive

spasmodically, for he knows that by gentle and gradual progress he is more likely to succeed in the end than others are by violence and impetuosity. To employ the language of a famous writer, "he wishes not to have the appearance of a meteor, which fires the atmosphere, or a comet which astonishes the public by its blazing, eccentric course; but rather to resemble those steady luminaries of Heaven, which advance in 'their orbits with a silent but regular motion.'" If everyone were to set before himself some laudable object of ambition, the whole world would be infinitely richer in manifold ways than it is.

How many an inventor, how many a writer, orator, statesman or preacher may have sunk ingloriously to the grave of unself-reliance, if he lacked perseverance and decision of character! As an illustration of what resolution of character can effect, we may refer to the late Lord Beaconsfield. It is a fact found in history that he declared the object of his ambition to be the Premiership of England, and not once but twice, did he reach that pre-eminent position. And by what means? By "his strength of will" to use the generous language of his illustrious rival: "his long sighted persistency of purpose, reaching from the first entrance on the avenue of life to its very close; his remarkable powers of self-government, and last but not least of all, his great parliamentary courage." To the attainment of his purpose he directed all his powers of his extraordinary genius; no failure ever disheartened him; no obstacle was by him considered insurmountable; his patience was proof against all rebuffs of fortune; and the result of his brilliant struggle against adverse circumstances has become a lesson for all time.

Now, friends and school-mates, we are all entered on this broad avenue of life

and ambition, shall we give up our former resolutions? Or shall we resuscitate new hopes and concentrate them on our daily ambition? Many men of the day lack self-reliance; if they were to rely on themselves the world would become amazed, to see the numerous amount of men lying prostrate, as it were, at the foot of infrugality and destruction. Therefore let us now start to build our edifice, be sure that each stone is engraved with the emblem of ambition, be certain that each stone is placed on a solid ground of courage, be certain they are cemented with security; then will our edifice sustained by self reliance undergo all the hurricanes and storms of life.

MILITARY DRILL.

The drill has been reorganized. A few of the old officers and privates are again on duty also several new gentlemen who will be placed, where they belong, in the awkward squad. The drill instruction is free and optional to all Preparatory Boys in the Academic Department.

Lieut. Brereton, 24 U. S. A. is the instructor.

There are from 20 to 30 boys in the company, strong and vigorous, all ready to put on their war paint.

They met for the first time in the R. F. Ballantine Gymnasium.

This the third year of Military Drill in the school. It has been a success in the past, may it be so in the future.

Boys we wish you great prosperity and hope you will be attentive and patient in Rank.

OLD SOLDIER.

Prof. (in chemistry) P-e-b-d-y—"Can you give me an example of water of crystallization?"

P-e-b-d-y (after a moment's reflection) —"Ice is a good example."

"THE FRENCHMAN IN AMERICA."

(Translated Expressly for the "Argo.")

I turned my head to the light: Horrors! My hair stood on end: I had not even the strength to cry out.

Opposite me, smiling and dancing, was a negro with teeth like ivory piano keys, and two enormous red lips, which hid his nose and chin.

Dressed entirely in white, as if he feared he would not appear black enough, the animal approached me nodding his wooly head, rolling his great eyes.

"Massa slept well," crooned he. "Sambo very glad."

To drive away this nightmare, I closed my eyes. My heart beat as if it would burst its bounds. When I dared to look, I was alone.

To rise from the bed, to run to the window was the work of an instant.

Opposite me, a row of little houses arranged like the Jack, Queen and King, in a pack of cards, three printing offices, six newspapers, placards everywhere, waste water flowing in the gutters.

In the street, busy people, silent, running, their hands in their pockets, doubtless to hide revolvers there: no noise, no cries, no loungers, no cigars, no cafe's, and as far as the eye could see, not a policeman, not a gendarme.

It was all over! I was in America, unknown, alone, in a country without government, without laws, without arms, without police; in the midst of a savage people, violent and avaricious. I was lost! More abandoned, more desolate, than Robinson after his ship wreck, I threw myself into an arm-chair, which instantly began to dance under me. I rose trembling.

"I must be a man," I exclaimed to myself. "I have a family, and the name of a Frenchman to sustain. I must regain

the command over my senses which is escaping me. It is adversity that makes heroes!"

I would summon some one—no bell: I noticed a leather button which I pressed at any rate. Suddenly Sambo appeared, like one of those little devils that come out of a box, and bowing, stick out their tongue. "Fire," I cried, "Bring me fire; I want a large fire in the fire-place."

"Massa has no matches then," said Sambo, pointing out to me a tinder-box placed on the fire-place, "Massa cannot stop him," he added in a sarcastic tone. Then turning a screw below the fire-place and passing a match over the iron log, he made a thousand tongues of flame flash forth.

"Is it allowed," he cried departing, "to disturb a poor negro who is enjoying the sunshine?"

"Savage people," I murmured, approaching the fire, and refreshing myself with this gentle and equal warmth, "savage people who have neither shovels, nor tongs, nor bellows, nor coal, nor smoke; barbarous people who do not even know the pleasure of poking the fire. To turn a key to light, extinguish, or regulate their fire, is indeed the work of a race without poetry, which leaves nothing to chance, and which fears to lose a minute, because time is money!"

Once warm, I thought of my toilette. I had before me a mahogany table overloaded with other ornaments in poor taste. There were on this table in profusion, brushes, sponges, soaps, colognes, pomades, etc., but not a drop of water. I pushed the button again: Sambo appeared in worse humor, than when he left me. "Warm water and cold water for my toilette, quick, I am in a hurry."

"It is too much," cried Sambo, "Massa cannot turn the faucet of cold

water and the faucet of hot water which are there in the corner? Word of horror, I must give notice; I cannot continue to serve a master who does not see clearly." And he went out slamming the door in my face. "Warm water always, and everywhere, is convenient," thought I, "but it is the invention of a people who think only of their comfort; thank Heaven we are not yet there. A century or two will pass before noble France descends to this pursuit of indolence, to this effeminate neatness."

Nothing refreshes the ideas like shaving. After having shaved I was a new man. "If I took a bath," thought I, "I should fully recover my equanimity."

I rang: Sambo reappeared, standing on his head. "My friend, where is there a bath-house in the city? Show me the way."

"A bath-house, Massa," said he "and what for?"

I shrugged my shoulders:

"Simpleton, to take a bath, of course!"

"Massa would like to take a bath," said Sambo, looking at me with surprise mingled with disgust; "it is for that that Massa made me come from the end of the garden?" "Naturally."

"It is too much," cried the negro tearing out a fistful of hair. "What! there is a bath-room at the side of every bed-chamber, and Massa makes Sambo come up stairs to say to him, 'My friend, where can I bathe?' 'You don't make fun of an American like that.' And pushing a little door hidden under the tapestry the negro made me enter an elegant room where was a bath of white marble."

"Now, Sambo," he sang in a tone furious yet comical, "turn the faucet for Massa; faucet of cold water, faucet of hot water, stir up the bath, put the linen to warm in the box, play the nurse, Sambo,

Massa doesn't know how to use his hands."

I could only keep silent. I let Sambo expend his fury, and would not see that he was sticking out his tongue at me: but under my breath I cursed these horrible American houses, real prisons from which you cannot go out, since you find there under your very hand everything which at Paris we have the pleasure of going away from home to get—dearly it is true, but far away.

LABOULAYE.

GYMNASIUM PRIVILEGES FOR THE PREP. SCHOOL.

What Rutgers College had needed for a long time, last year turned up in the shape of the Ballantine Gymnasium, and this year the faculty very generally offered us, that is the Juniors and Seniors, the use of the building and all the privileges that the college students have.

A swimming class also will be formed for boys wishing to learn, which has no connection with the other regular classes.

Now, boys, let us not neglect this great opportunity, but let us use it to the benefit of our next year's baseball and football teams. For what we need is not size alone, but good, strong, regular training. When football is over, if we should all turn up at the gymnasium, why, all the Freshmen would just stand and gaze, while the Rats display their mighty muscles. Now, fellows, let us show our gratitude to the College for their kindness, by using this great benefit to our school, and build up muscle and glory for dear old Rutgers Prep.

Prof. (in chemistry)—"Can any one tell me how to boil an egg, by means of chemical action?"

J-n-s-n—"By putting it in alcohol."

Prof.—"How is that?"

J-n-s-n—"Why, it will fry it."

THE TENNIS TOURNAMENT.

A very interesting series of games was played on the "Trap" tennis courts, beginning Monday, October 1st and ending Saturday October 6th. This series was to decide the championship of the school.

There were sixteen entries in the singles and eight teams in the doubles.

The preliminary singles began on Monday, and it must be confessed that the contests were rather one-sided. Runyon defeated Sarles 6-0; 6-0. Janeway defeated Winn 6-1; 6-3. Jennings defeated Booth 6-2; 6-1. Hoffman defeated E. Johnson by default.

Tuesday's play developed an exciting contest between McDonald and Berg, the former winning two hard-fought sets by the score 6-4; 10-8. Other scores were—Kirkpatrick defeated Mackintosh 6-0; 6-0. Woodruff defaulted to Kroehl, as did Campbell to B. Johnson.

On Wednesday the preliminary doubles began. By far the most interesting sets were those between Booth and Cowenhoven and Stevenson and Brown. The former won by the score 3-6; 9-7; 6-2. Cowenhoven's serving and Stevenson's all-round play were features, Kirkpatrick and Runyon easily defeated Sarles and Berg 6-1; 6-2, and Kroehl and Mackintosh defeated Cook and Williamson 6-1; 6-2. Langstroth and E. Johnson failed to meet Jennings and B. Johnson.

Thursday the semi-finals were played by the winners of the preliminaries, opponents being decided by lot as on the first day. Janeway defeated McDonald 6-4; 6-2. Jennings defeated Runyon 6-3; 5-7; 6-2. The first two sets were very hotly contested, but in the third Runyon was evidently tired out. B. Johnson defeated Hoffman 6-2; 6-1, and Kirkpatrick defeated Kroehl 6-0; 6-2.

Friday's play was the most interesting

of the week as it decided who were to play in the finals. Jennings and B. Johnson defeated Kroehl and Mackintosh 6-0; 6-0, and Runyon and Kirkpatrick defeated Booth and Cowenhoven 6-2; 6-1. In the singles B. Johnson defeated Janeway in two exciting sets by the score 7-5; 6-4, and Jennings defeated Kirkpatrick 6-1; 3-6; 6-0.

As there was time before dark it was decided to play the final doubles at once; and when Jennings and B. Johnson and Kirkpatrick and Runyon faced each other across the net it was evident that it would be no easy thing to win the championship. Finally in two hard fought sets, Kirkpatrick and Runyon succeeded in defeating their opponents by the score 6-4; 6-4.

Saturday morning the final singles were to have been played, but B. Johnson defaulted to Jennings.

The champions were then declared and the prizes were awarded.

Runyon and Kirkpatrick as winners of the doubles, each received a set of gold studs. As winner of the singles Jennings received a silver match-box; B. Johnson receiving silver cuff-links as second prize.

ECHOES OF THE TOURNAMENT.

The printed score-cards were a feature.

Why not make the Tennis Tournament an annual event?

Gustavo remarked, to the great amusement of the spectators, that one player's "trawley was tweested."

Foot-ball practice was at a discount during Tournament week.

It was noticed on several days that a majority of the spectators were ladies.

The prizes were much admired, and the strife for them no doubt caused a great deal of the fine playing.

The work of Weston and Peabody as referees, and of Purdy, Jones, Bogert and J. Bache as judges was excellent.

The weather during the week, was delightful for spectators as well as players.

I'LL DO WHAT I CAN.

I may not set the world on fire,
 Nor start a grand "combine ;"
 Nor be a triple-millionaire,
 Or own a diamond mine.
 I never may be president.
 Or any famous man ;
 But there is work for all to do,
 And I'll do what I can.
 If Washington had said, "Dear me !
 There's nothing I can do ;
 The country's bound to go to smash,
 And precious quickly, too !"
 Most likely we should still have been
 Oppressed by Britain's clan ;
 But Washington did what he could
 And I'll do what I can.
 Ben Franklin did not loaf around,
 From morn till set of sun,
 And grumble that some other man
 Had wealth when he had none.
 While yet the stars were in the sky
 His d'uly task began ;
 He did what ever he could do,
 And I'll do what I can.
 We may not all be Ciceros,
 And charm admiring throngs,
 Nor write immortal treatises,
 Or sing immortal songs ;
 But each can fill some little groove,
 In Nature's wondrous plan,
 And help the world to turn round,
 So I'll do what I can.—Exchange.

PEDDIE VS. RUTGERS PREP.

About twelve fellows boarded the 8.24 train at New Brunswick to see the football team "do up" Peddie. Everybody was in the best of spirits. We changed cars at Monmouth Junction and after an hours wait there, we got aboard the train for Jamesburg. Here we waited another hour. Several fellows tried to find the Reform School, but were not successful. We boarded the train for Hightstown at 10.15 and arrived at that place at 11.02.

We were taken to the school by a Peddie Committee.

The team was taken care of at the school and others sought the restaurants

of the town, where the most was given for the least money.

The game commenced at 2.05 p. m. Peddie had the ball, Rutgers Prep. got it on the kick off, and rushed it down to Peddie's fifteen yard line.

Then the ball went to Peddie in some manner which we will not explain here.

Shaw took the ball around the right end and scored the first touch down.

Peddie then scored as she pleased.

Her interference was excellent and all her backs were swift runners.

Rutgers Prep. had the ball but thrice again when she would rush it.

The game resulted in a victory for Peddie with a large score.

The game was won honestly and little "dirty work" was done on either side.

Leaving Hightstown at 5.24 we arrived at New Brunswick at 6.25.

The defeat did not effect our good time coming home in the least. Our Captain Ben. Johnson and Business Manager Peabody tried all in their power to make a glorious victory against our old rivalists, but to no avail.

The teams lined up as follows :

PEDDIE.	RUTGERS PREP.
Wyckoff.....	right end Jennings
Otterson.....	right tackle..... Purdy
Reed.....	right guard..... E. Johnson
Bradley.....	centre..... McMahon
Morris.....	left guard..... Garretson
Jenkins.....	left tackle..... Voorhees
Ormsby.....	left end..... McKeag
Burrows.....	quarter back..... Hoffman
Gerran.....	right half back..... Peabody
Shaw.....	left half back..... B. Johnson
Johnson.....	full back..... C. Bache

THE PRINCETON GAME.

Just as our football team was ready to go down to Princeton and lay the Prep. School there out cold, up comes a message, at the eleventh hour, cancelling the engagement. We especially regret it as there is an old score that needs to be made new, and the game of last season gave us confidence that we might do it this year.

A TRIP ON THE RARITAN.

It was about ten o'clock one morning when some of us boys, thinking that it would be a fine time for a sail on the Raritan, as there was a nice breeze, set out for the landing, which was at a place called Martin's Dock.

On one or two occasions before this we had hired a boat there, so we went to the owner's house and made the necessary arrangements with him. We then got the boat in order and started, with the expectation of being home early in the afternoon.

Our boat, which had been a cat-boat in its day, was not as new and well painted as could be wished for, consequently the water came in freely, and we had to bail it out every few minutes.

When we reached the mouth of South River we anchored so as to try the fishing for a while. We had the usual luck and were hoisting the sail, when something about the pulley, at the top of the mast, broke; so one of us had to go up and fix it. But this was not such an easy matter as one might think, as the mast had been oiled very lately. We each tried to "shin" up, but to no avail. At last, with the help of the oars, one of us was "boosted" up, and the pulley was soon repaired.

We then decided to make Boynton Beach our destination. At three o'clock we reached there without any further accident, and after getting something to eat we started back.

The tide was against us in the sound and so it took us about an hour to go to Tottenville. We found that the tide did not change until about seven o'clock, so we tied the boat to a float and went in search of some water. About six o'clock we started for the mouth of the river, and after hard rowing we reached there only to find that when the tide runs out of the

sound it also runs out of the river. We made very little progress and had to row pretty hard to keep from losing ground.

We then put in at a brick kiln, tied the boat to a dock, and again went in search of water. Although there were a number of houses there, none of them seemed to have a pump outdoors. At last we spied a pump and made for it, but we were soon stopped by the appearance of two monstrous dogs. Whether they were there for water, or not, we didn't wait to find out, but we thought that we would find better water in another direction.

We saw a man standing by one of the houses and asked him if could tell us where we could get a drink of water. He took us around the house and showed us the pump that we had been looking for. After quenching our thirst we sat on the dock until the tide changed at about one o'clock and then started on again.

There was quite a strong breeze blowing so we didn't have any trouble getting along. When we came to the dikes at Crab Island, where the river is not so wide, we had to turn very often in tacking. At the words "right about," heads ducked and the ballast, which was three or four sand bags, was shifted and we started on a new tack.

The rest of the way home was without incident and we reached the landing at about half-past five. After fixing the boat up we started for home, arriving in time for a seven o'clock breakfast, which we heartily enjoyed.

Prof. (in Shakespeare) G-r-l-n-d—"What was Golgotha?"

G-r-l-n-d (a Bible student)—"Why, he was a man."

According to Hummel—"Home Sweet Home," is the latest song out.

PERSONALS.

Ben Johnson, who was injured in the foot ball game at Peddie, is able to be out again.

Rev. and Mrs. Bogert, of Clover Hill, N. J., were guests of their son Howard at the Trap during the Christian Endeavor Convention, at this place.

William Simpson, of Philadelphia is our latest acquisition; we very heartily welcome him in the class of '95.

We were all favored by a visit from our old friend and schoolmate, Rodney Knapp on the 25th inst. Mr. Knapp has accepted a responsible position in a bank at Binghamton, N. Y.

What an astonishing number of birthdays at the Red Table this month! Hummel was the first to take the cake, followed by Eckerson and Carl Bache in quick succession. Sweets to the sweets!

Rev. Mr. Payson, of Rahway, was a guest of Dr. Payson during the Christian Endeavor Convention.

TWO WEEKS IN CAMP ON THE SUSQUEHANNA.

A party of us were rowing one afternoon on the Susquehanna, where the picturesque river threads its way through the green fields and woodlands of central New York. Some one suggested a camping party, the idea was enthusiastically received and the very next day we started down the river, a party of twenty, carrying only our personal equipments, as the tents and other trappings were taken down in wagons.

It was a beautiful ride of about three miles and we trolled for perch and black bass, but with poor success, as the river was low in some places on the way down. Our boat which contained four persons got stuck only three times on the rifts, but

some of the others were not so fortunate and had considerable trouble. When we arrived at the place where our camp was to be we started to set up the tents, and get things in order for a good time. After everything was in place the lazy fellows lay around camp while the others fished or shot frogs, for supper and many were the black bass and perch that were caught, and served up in regular camp style. Those of you who have never eaten a perch cooked right after being caught, do not know what fish taste like. But we did not live wholly on fish; a neighboring garden supplied us with new potatoes, sweet corn and all other vegetables, and a handy hen-house provided us with chickens which we bought now and then. Camping went all right for the first week, but some tired of it the second, so one morning we broke camp, and then we had hard work taking the tents and things home. On the whole, however, all seemed to have enjoyed it very much and so ended our camping on the Susquehanna.

Purdy has no desire to change his seat in the car, especially when he is sitting close to one of the fairer sex. Keep up courage you will soon get there.

Prof. (to class in chemistry)—“You cannot destroy matter by heating it.”

C-m-b-ll—“Isn't matter destroyed when it is heated to zero?”

Prof.—“From where did Shakespeare draw the material for the plot of Macbeth?”

Bright Student—“From England, Ireland and Scotland.”

Prof. (in history)—“When was the first Sammite War?”

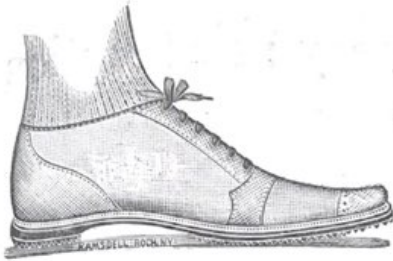
Student—“4-11-44.”

Prof.—“Leave the room.”

Teacher—“Bobby, what does lazy mean?”

Bobby—“Lazy means always to want your little sister to get it for you.”

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CLIPPINGS FROM OUR EXCHANGES.

Prof. in Geometry—"Miss B. define a point."

Miss B.—"A point is the little end of nothing sawed off."

Prof. (to student caught mimicking him)—"Mr. S., if you don't stop acting like a fool I shall ask you to leave the room."

Prof. (to medical student)—"Mr. Doselets, will you please name the bones of the skull?"

Student (perplexed)—"I've got all of them in my head, professor, but the names don't strike me this moment."

Prof. (in rhetoric)—"How would you punctuate this sentence: 'Alice, a girl of eighteen, walked down Broadway!'"

'96 man—"I'd make a dash after Alice."

Among the exchanges that we have received since the summer vacation, the following deserve special mention:

The Signal, of the Schools of New Jersey.

The Cheltenham Reveille, of Ogontz, Pa.

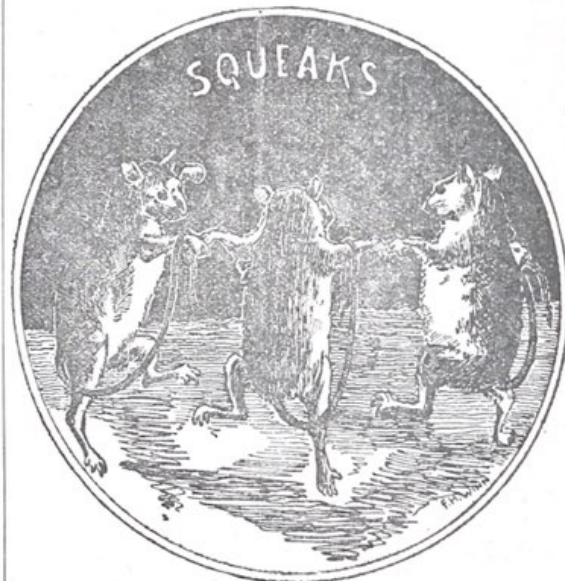
The Peddie Chronicle, of Hightstown, New Jersey.

The Alpha, from Little Falls, Minn.

The Advance, of the State Reform Reform School, Jamesburg, N. J.

The Satellite, from Sandy Creek N. Y.

High School Panorama, of Binghamton, N. Y., and the University Chronicle, of Salt Lake City, Utah.



Prof. (in physics) "W-o-d-r-ff, if a piece of paper, and a piece of iron, be dropped from the ceiling at the same time, would they each strike the floor at the same time?"

W-o-d-r-ff—"No sir."

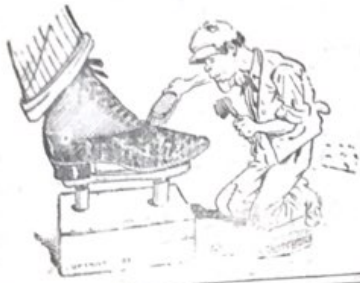
Prof.—"Why not?"

W-o-d-r-ff—"Because the iron would get there first."

Smith (in latin)—"Professor, I don't know the meaning of commeatus."

Prof.—"It means provisions."

G-r-l-nd (to Smith)—"You ought to have known that; can't you see the meat in it?"



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Smith, the hatter, makes a specialty of students'
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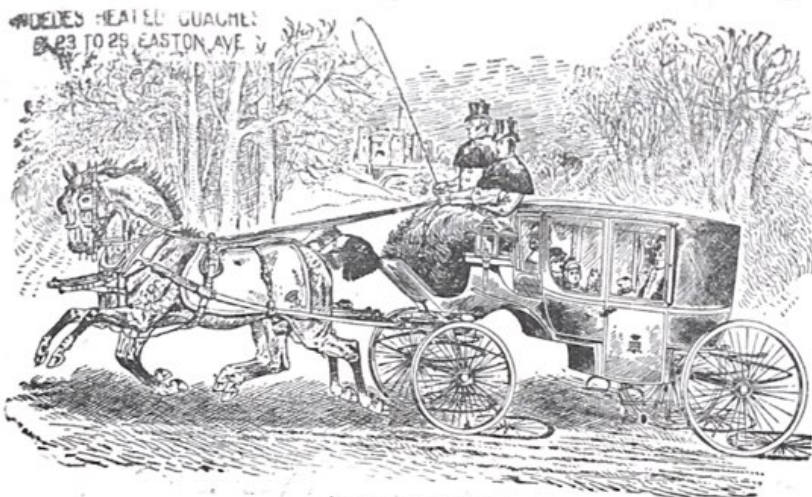
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