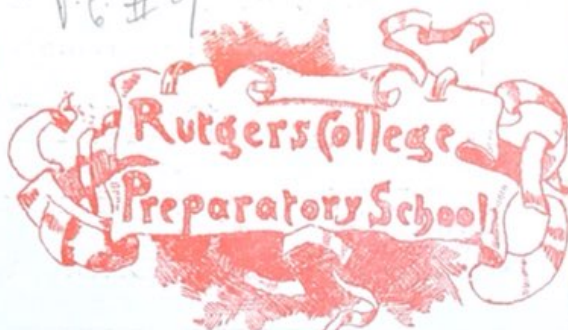


June
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THE ARGONAUT



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THE ARGO.

VOL. VI.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., JUNE, 1895.

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THE ARGO:

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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."

JUNE is the month for gathering in the annual crop of scholars, compared with the agricultural products of the year, this scholastic harvest is not large. The number of bushels of corn and wheat annually raised so far exceeds the number of students of schools and colleges annually graduated that the latter appear utterly insignificant, in comparison from the numerical point of view.

It is unnecessary, however, to say that

the numerical point of view is not the only one, and in this case not the most important one. Dartmouth College graduated one man whose career reflects upon his alma mater and imperishable light of glory. If Dartmouth had done nothing more than give us Daniel Webster, she would still be entitled to a high rank among the prominent forces for good that existed in the United States. Who will be the Daniel Webster among the classes of 1895, it is not safe to predict. Perhaps many will attain eminence, perhaps none. That makes little difference, for it is not the general object of what is called education to make great men, but to make men who can think correctly. The grand business of life is to learn to think,—not merely to let idle thoughts pass feebly through the brain, but to think with vigor, with clearness, and with accuracy.

Education should remove ignorance and prejudice. It may seem useless to emphasize the first idea, for we are accustomed to regard it as one of the essential duties of education to clear away the mists of ignorance. Unfortunately not all who pass through the scholastic curriculum are in the position of Socrates, who said that he had the advantage of others, because he knew that he knew nothing while they did not even know that.

The ancients would not admit slaves to their discourses upon philosophy. Prejudice makes men slaves. We must approach the truth in the spirit that Christ required of his disciples, when he said: "Except ye become as little children ye cannot enter the Kingdom of Heaven."

We cannot enter the realm of truth and see what really is there, if we are blinded by passion and prejudice. The grand facts of science, the glories of literature, the beauties of art, the noble lessons of history, the wisdom of philosophy,—these do not reveal themselves in all their fullness to him who does not approach them in the right spirit. Let us, then, not allow our education to fill us with prejudices, through which, as through a prison, we shall view things in false colors and distorted relations. Let us rather learn to accommodate our theories to the facts, and to receive the truth wherever we may find it. Let us establish our principles of life, not upon our prejudices but upon the solid bed-rock of truth. Only thus can we be really free men, for it is the truth that makes us free. We will do we'll when entering upon a course of intellectual training to remember the words of the great English philosopher, "the approach to the kingdom of man, which is founded in science, is as the approach to the Kingdom of Heaven, into which it is not permitted to enter except as a little child."

NOW that vacation has come upon us and the school year is at an end, we lay our books to one side with a sigh of relief. And yet, did we not expect to renew our studies at the end of a deserved rest, that sigh would be one of regret; not alone because our education, to a certain degree, would be at a close, but also because our lot would be no longer among those who have with us fought and conquered in the preliminary battles with learning.

Yes, knowledge is an adversary which must be overcome by battle. It cannot be coaxed or bribed. Nevertheless, overpowered and rightly controlled, it is of

invaluable service to its master. Our preparatory school work is a drill for the long four years' war between knowledge and man, which takes place in college. This contest is the one which decides whether the student has in him the qualities necessary for the subjection of knowledge, or whether he is unqualified for his task.

Some of us have now completed our drill and are pronounced fitted to enlist in the great war. To this portion the larger remaining number extends the hand for a parting shake, and wishes all success.

Those continuing among us have different periods to serve, one, two and three years. But whichever it may be, it will soon pass. The time seems very short since last vacation, and the year from now till next June will pass just as quickly as has the one just finished.

Let us, during the Summer months, store up an inexhaustible amount of strength and energy, and return in the Fall determined to do our share towards maintaining for old Rutger's Prep. the reputation of turning out students as strong as the strongest, so far as battling with knowledge is concerned.

FIRST PRIZE—BISMARCK.

LAURENCE PHILLIPS RUNYON.

On the first of last April the world witnessed a most remarkable spectacle. A mighty empire was stirred to its very depths from proud Emperor to lowly peasant in paying tribute to the greatness of one man.

For weeks previous the din of preparation had resounded through the land in anticipation of the great event, and the echoes of these preparations were taken up and carried from country to country until the whole world reverberated with the name of Bismarck.

The sincerity and spontaneity of these demonstrations shows how deeply love for the Prince is imbedded in the hearts of the Fatherland, and with what admiration and respect the whole civilized world views the achievements of Germany's grand old man.

How instructive, how full of interest, how grand are the life work and character of this warrior and statesman! Honored and loved by a mighty nation, respected and admired by all the world, he has won a lasting place in the Walhalla of the immortals!

Bismarck has been well termed the man of iron. Born while the Congress of Vienna was in session attempting to readjust the relations of Europe, which had been blown to the four winds by the meteor flight of Napoleon with its trail of national disintegration, between his cradle and his eightieth birthday the great German leader has witnessed the rebirth and reconstruction of his country.

Germany, geographically, was divided into a number of states separated by tradition and religion. Paltry kings and insignificant rulers, upheld by the bayonets of their several standing armies, crushed the people by their despotisms, and all Europe was disturbed by their constant bickerings and jealousies.

In spite of all these differences a deep, national consciousness was slowly growing, and a powerful national spirit was developing itself, which found its embodiment in Bismarck. His period of active life has been contemporaneous, not only with the development of the German national spirit, but with the creation of united Germany.

He has understood the Germany of today better than any of his contemporaries. He intuitively realized what the German heart longed for, and with the

goal of a united Fatherland in view, he threw his tremendous personality into its accomplishment. It was his master hand which involved Prussia, the most powerful of the German States, in minor conflicts leading up to the six weeks decisive war with Austria which culminated in the great victory of Sadowa.

He realized that blood spilt in defence of the Fatherland would best nourish the flower of a national spirit.

Four years later, when the triumphant armies of the United Fatherland, guided by the combined genius of King William and Von Moltke, with Bismarck at the head, drove the bleeding troops of Napoleon within the walls of Paris itself, the world realized that the events which had gone before were simply the early moves in the great scheme which seemed about to have a successful culmination. And when, a few weeks later, King William in the palace of Versailles, was crowned Emperor of United Germany, the whole world, as now, united in honoring the man whose master intellect had brought about such far reaching results.

But Bismarck's work was not yet done. For nearly twenty years he labored in perfecting that unity for which he had given his life's energy. His work was not always unopposed. His marked individuality and tremendous personal force aroused much opposition. He frequently planted himself resolutely in the face of so-called popular movements, and from the start he held most strongly to the monarchical idea.

He, the father of his country, was most bitterly assailed by his political enemies at home and abroad.

His friends and loved companions, the Emperor William and Von Moltke, dropped off one by one, and with the advent to the throne of the present proud

young Hohenzollern, the old man whose high spirit would brook no dictation, gave up the reins of government which he had held so long, to enjoy a well earned rest. Even in his proud exile he has been the most prominent figure in Europe.

It was certainly most fitting as this grand old life reached its eightieth milestone that the whole world should stop for a moment to wonder and give honor, and that the imperious William should make a personal pilgrimage to bear a sovereign's congratulations to him who made him what he is.

As one has said, "it is too early to sum up his career or to write his life, but it is safe to say that he is one of the world's figures, one of those great peaks which rise above the level plain, and to which the eyes of men now turn with a new tenderness because the light of sunset rests upon them."

SECOND PRIZE—ORATORY IS NOT DECLINING.

DAVID CRAWFORD WIEDNER.

We are sometimes told that the power of the orator is on the wane. It is claimed that no such orators have ever since been found as existed in the classic days of Greece and Rome, that Cicero and Demosthenes reached the climax of oratorical achievement, and that since then various causes have diminished the orator's influence.

This we emphatically deny. Oratory, we claim, has not declined, but is today as great a power as ever.

It is claimed that newspapers have taken the place of orators. Can this be so? Newspapers have their place and do their work, but do not in every respect do the work of orators. There is greater

need of public speakers today than ever before.

Very little is really known as to the power which the orations of the ancient orators produced. We have some of their orations, but did they all produce much impression on their hearers? If they did would we not know more regarding this effect? They certainly did not begin to contain as many facts as those of today, and we doubt whether they were as powerful in their effect as is sometimes claimed.

Let us look at some of the orators of both ancient and modern times. Let us first look at the orators of ancient times. After the Roman Senate was turned against Catiline, Cicero simply strengthened their purpose of casting him out of the city, nothing else. Cæsar tried to prosecute Dolabella for extortion, but was unsuccessful. He did not turn the minds of any audience. Did Demosthenes' Philippics influence the Athenians as he wished?

Let us now look at some of the orators of modern times. Did not Webster in his reply to Hayne of South Carolina mould the minds of the United States Senate at his will? Of Rufus Choate it is said: "Whether he addressed a jury of twelve men or a crowded audience, he seemed to bend their minds almost at his will." Did not the eloquence of Erskine make it safe to speak and print? And that of Romley make life and property safe in every city of the English empire? Were not many minds turned against slavery by the eloquence of Wendell Phillips and Henry Ward Beecher?

While the age has advanced oratory has not stood still. Education has advanced. The orators are better educated and have they not advanced?

Oratory comprises three elements; per-

suasion, invective, description. Its great object is to convince men, to influence their opinions, and to lead them to some action. In all these respects we do not fear to compare the orators of the eighteenth or nineteenth centuries with those of classical times. More than that, we assert that wherever a modern orator does affect an audience he shows greater power than ever, because the audiences are less easily moved. The great diffusion of intelligence makes them less susceptible to the orator's power, and therefore when they are swayed by the magic of his voice and his skill, he displays greater power.

Compare one of the best passages from Cicero with one of those from Daniel Webster. Addressing the arch traitor the great consul says: "O, the times! O, the morals! The Senate knows these things, the consul sees them; yet he lives! lives! Nay, rather comes into the Senate, is made a participant of the public plan; each and everyone he marks and designates for slaughter. We, however, brave men, think we satisfy the republic if we avoid his fury and his weapons. You ought long since to have been led to execution by the order of the consul. The destruction which you have long been plotting against us ought to be brought upon yourself."

Now turn to the eloquent American. In his address before the United States Senate he said: "When my eyes shall be turned to behold for the last time the Sun in Heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonored fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dis-severed, discordant, belligerent."

LOCAL HISTORY.

We are not supposed to be very old in our country. In fact we boast of our

newness, and regard it as a proof of our general "smartness," that we are new and yet have accomplished wonders. To be sure there are some things that do not have much as yet to say for themselves, because we have not had time to develop them. For example, we cannot pride ourselves very highly upon our roads. In most parts of our country they are wretched at their best and simply horrible at their worst. For improvements in them we owe a great debt of gratitude to the bicycle and its riders, but while a little has been done, the work has thus far hardly been commenced.

Yet while we admire our youth we must not forget that we are growing old as fast as we can, and already there are signs, feeble perhaps, but apparent and increasing, that we are not ashamed of the fact that we have one century behind us and are getting out of our national cradle, if one may avail himself of such a figure.

A vast crowd rushes to Europe every Summer and returns with broader views and a juster appreciation of what we have done, and let us sincerely hope, with a wiser idea of what we have to do. There the traveller meets an older civilization; he wanders among cathedrals and palaces whose foundation stones were laid before the Pilgrims set foot on Plymouth Rock; he treads pavements on which Roman armies marched; he admires the English constitution, the growth of a thousand years; he sees great universities whose history goes back to the time of Charlemagne and Alfred; he experiences everywhere a feeling of durability and stability, such as should characterize a mighty nation, but which our own new buildings with the paint hardly dry upon them, fail to excite.

I can never forget the peculiar sort of

awe that came over my mind as I sat one Sabbath afternoon, some years ago, under the shadow of an old church in the little village of Hohenlohe near Leipzig and conversed with the village pastor. That church, he told us, was over five hundred years old, and parts of it were thought to date back as far as Roman times.

"There is consecrating power in time
And what is gray with years to man is God-like."

There is no doubt about it; we are attracted to a certain degree by that which has withstood the assaults of time and still is strong and durable.

We must not go to foreign land to see what is very old, to examine the cities that Cæsar knew, or Socrates dwelt in, or Jesus wept over. But while we have no Jerusalem, or Athens, or Rome within the borders of the United States, we do have places that are comparatively ancient, and we are making history as fast as we are able. This history deserves attention before it becomes so remote that the twilight of a real antiquity prevents us from clearly distinguishing its outlines. This is a task which may, and should, interest and attract local investigators, who can, if they make the effort, save something that will perhaps hereafter possess great value.

An instance of the truth of what has been said may be found in New Brunswick, New Jersey, which became a city in 1730. England still ruled her North American colonies, New Jersey among the number, and no one had heard of Populists, twenty story buildings, or telephones. To see the streets in some quarters of the present town, you would judge them to be the original paths along which the pre-revolutionary fathers strolled, and such, I believe they really are. Narrow, odd, rambling, they remind you strongly of an old world city. One peculiarity is very

noticeable to a new-comer. It is quite customary to build close up to the street line and extend the steps and the stoop away out onto the sidewalk. One would think that this custom would go out of date, but it still is frequently practised. Each day I pass a new house, put up within a year, whose steps actually occupy half the sidewalk. Back of the houses and behind the walls or fences it is not uncommon to find pleasant grounds, unprofaned by the vulgar gaze of the passer-by, reserved for the private enjoyment of the owner and his family.

One notices the old Dutch names, for this is a Dutch town, like Van Wickle, Van Renneselaer, Voorhees, Van Buskirk, Van Slyke, Hardenbergh, and the like, some of which belong to families that have been in the place from its very beginning. If you meet a "Brunswicker" in the evening, it makes no difference at what hour, early or late, he never says "good evening," but invariably greets you with "good night."

Not only is the city historic and peculiar, but so also are its surroundings. Along the banks of the Raritan river on which New Brunswick is situated, the armies of the Revolution marched and camped, when the British were chasing Washington to and fro, and Washington was harassing the British to the best of his ability. A house on the east side is pointed out as on one occasion a stopping place of his. On a range of hills a few miles distant is an immense rock, now white-washed and visible for many miles, from which it is said Washington watched the enemy.

From it you can see the towers of the Brooklyn bridge, the cities of Newark, Elizabeth, Plainfield, New Brunswick, Perth Amboy, numerous villages, the winding Raritan, full of vessels, the Passaic, the locomotives sending up puffs

of smoke on three or four railroads, and all the signs of a numerous and busy population. What emotions would thrill the heart of Washington, could he return and view the landscape now from this lofty lookout where once he saw forests and red-coated British soldiers!

New Brunswick is the place where the Vanderbilt fortune took its rise. You may see in the older part of the city, on one of its narrowest streets, the old "tavern" in which the "Commodore" once lived, from which he sent out stages in all directions, where in those days must have been a very active trade and busy, bustling times. From the dock behind the tavern his boats used to start on their trips to New York.

No mention of New Brunswick would be complete that omitted to speak of the college, founded in 1760 and still an active and efficient power in the cause of education. Nine colleges, Rutgers among the number, were established before the Declaration of Independence was signed. They are all prosperous today, and they have very aptly been termed the nine Muses of the Revolution. Rutgers originated in a protest of the Dutch against the arbitrary action of Columbia college, in refusing them a professorship of Dutch divinity. The complete story of its establishment and early struggles would take in a large portion of our educational history.

I have spoken of New Brunswick and its vicinity because at present they are known to me, and because I wish to show that while we may not have among us antiquities as remote in historic periods as London, or Athens, or Paris, we do have regions of great historic interest to Americans. Not all places lend themselves so readily to historic investigation as this. Not all have had so much to do with

Revolutionary and anti-Revolutionary times, and not all possess so many traditions and peculiar customs. But almost all have something of a history. There are very few cities of any size that do not possess a local flavor and a local color, and these things ought to be preserved before their origin becomes obscured. What more interesting than the study of peculiarities of the place in which we live? Can any young student of history or of social institutions find anything better for his time and energy?

BASE BALL GAMES.

Saturday afternoon, June 1, our base ball team played a game against the nine of the Jersey City Field Club, on the college grounds. Although it was very hot, an interesting and exciting game was played.

In the first inning the J. C. F. C. scored two runs and our boys scored none. There was no more scoring until the fifth inning when the J. C. F. C. made one run. In the sixth inning R. C. P. S. went to pieces and five J. C. runners crossed the plate. In our half of the sixth we scored one run. In the seventh inning another J. C. man scored. In the eighth inning Jennings struck out three men successively. In the ninth inning the J. C. F. C. got in another run and R. C. P. S. four, making the score stand 10 to 5.

Our boys batted better than usual and played a steady game throughout with the exception of one inning. Van Dyck, of the college umpired.

One of the prettiest games ever witnessed on Neilson Field came off Tuesday afternoon, June 4. It was between our team of the Y. M. C. A. We had been beaten by this team once before this year and our boys went to work to wipe out that defeat.

In the first inning with the Y. M. C. A. at the bat, Foster made a base hit and stole second. Conover hit the ball and Foster went to third. Rooney was hit by the ball. Foster and Conover came home on errors. Vosper knocked a little fly which MacDonald caught. Rooney came in on Harra's hit. Harra got to first and Leary knocked a fly to McGann who threw the ball to second in time to catch Harra. For R. C. P. S., Kirkpatrick made a base hit, stole second, to get to third on an error. Sarles knocked a fly to right field and Hoffman, knocked a grounder to pitcher. Rapalje was put out at first.

Second inning—Mattison hit a grounder to second and was caught on first; Buzzee knocked the ball to first—just where it was wanted; Premo made a base hit but Foster knocked a fly to MacDonald. Jennings got first on Conover's error and stole second, third and home; MacDonald made a base hit and stole second, third and home; Janeway hit past second, stole second and was caught on third; Plumley struck out; McGann got his base on balls, stole second and was caught stealing third.

Third inning—Conover was put out at first; Rooney struck out; Vosper got first on an error; and Harra struck out; Kirkpatrick made a base hit; Sarles, Hoffman and Rapalje were put out at first.

Fourth inning—Leary got his base on an error; Mattison knocked a fly to first; Buzzee made a base hit; Premo knocked a fly to Hoffman; and Leary was caught napping on third; Jennings knocked ably to right field; MacDonald struck out; Janeway made a base hit and Plumley struck out.

Fifth inning—Foster flied out to Janeway; Conover got first and second on errors, stole third and came home on

Rooney's hit; Rooney made his base and Vosper knocked a home run bringing him in; Harra was hit with the ball, stole second and third and came home on an error; Leary flied out to Janeway; Mattison got his base on errors and Buzzee was put out at first; Kirkpatrick hit a fly to short; Sarles got first on errors but was caught on second and Hoffman knocked a pop fly to pitcher.

Sixth inning—Premo was put out at first; Foster's foul was caught and Conover was put out at first; Rapalje was put out at first; Jennings got first on an error; MacDonald hit the ball and the two men came in on Janeway's base hit; Plumley and McGann flied out.

Seventh inning—Rooney struck out; Vosper and Harra got bases on errors; and Leary and Mattison flied out; Kirkpatrick flied out; Sarles was caught on second and Rapalje failed to reach first.

Eighth inning—Buzzee, Premo and Foster knocked grounders and were put out at first; Jennings struck out; MacDonald got four balls, stole second and came in on Janeway's hit; Plumley knocked a foul which was caught and Janeway came in on McGann's hit; Kirkpatrick was put out at first.

Ninth inning—With the score a tie everyone played his best. Conover and Rooney got first on errors and stole second, Conover making third on an error; Vosper brought in two runs on his hit; Harra and Leary flied out; Sarles made a base hit; Hoffman got his base on errors; Rapalje flied out to center and a double play was made putting Sarles out on second; Jennings made a base hit and stole second and third; Hoffman came in on the hit. With two out and one run necessary to the score MacDonald goes to bat and after the second strike has been called he knocks a pretty base hit and Jennings

comes home. Pandemonium reigns. Janeway makes a base hit and MacDonald goes to second and then to third once on an error. Then Plumley knocks a pop fly to pitcher.

Tenth inning—The Y. M. C. A. get four men to the bat but it does no good and their side is out. McGann makes a base hit and steals second. Kirkpatrick knocks a liner into right field and McGann comes home. The game was called with no one out. Y. M. C. A., 9; R. C. P. S., 10.

Captain Runyon of the college team umpired. The score follows:

	R. C. P. S.					
	A.B.	R.	1B.	P.O.	A.	E.
Kirkpatrick, c.....	6	0	3	2	4	2
Sarles, r.f.....	5	0	2	1	0	2
Hoffman, 3d.....	5	1	1	4	0	0
Rapalje, 2d.....	5	0	0	2	6	0
Jennings, p.	5	3	1	3	1	2
MacDonald, s.s.....	5	3	3	2	3	1
Janeway, l.f.....	5	2	5	3	0	0
Plumley, 1b.....	5	0	0	12	0	3
McGann, c.f.....	5	1	3	1	1	1
Totals.....	46	10	18	30	15	10

THE "TRAP" RECEPTION.

On the evening of June 6th, Dr. and Mrs. Payson gave a reception for the boys at the home. Dr. and Mrs. Payson had done their utmost, as they always do, to give the boys a good time. The evening was beautiful. The grounds were lighted by Japanese lanterns hung on the trees. Inside the rooms were decorated with greens and wild flowers, artistically arranged.

When the guests entered they were received by Mrs. Payson, Mrs. Dr. Scott and Mrs. Ames. Time was allowed for the guests to meet one another and then they were escorted to the dining hall where Dr. Payson introduced Mr. William Howell Edwards, of Brooklyn. Mr. Edwards gave excellent recitations and musical selections. His imitation of a "hurdy gurdy" was especially good. His last

number was a recitation of Conan Doyle's story, "The Speckled Band." He was greatly enjoyed by all.

After the entertainment refreshments were served and then the floor was cleared for dancing. This was enjoyed till nearly one o'clock. A large lemonade bowl was in the reading room, and was often filled up, showing that the lemonade was very acceptable. The guests bid farewell to the hosts and went "each unto his own abode," having had an enjoyable evening.

The ARGO, in behalf of the boys at the Trap, wishes to express to Dr. and Mrs. Payson its sincere thanks, not only for this reception, but also for their constant attention to care for the boys, both individually and as members of the happy family at the "Trap."

THE COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES.

Thursday evening, June 13, Kirkpatrick Chapel was the scene of one of the best commencement exercises ever given by the Senior Class of Rutgers Preparatory School. Owing to favorable circumstances the audience which gathered was very large. The programme was as follows:

The exercises were conducted by Dr. Payson. All the orations were delivered with great earnestness, which was very creditable to the students. There were two prizes given for excellence in oratory. The first, of \$10, given by Dr. Scott, was awarded to Laurence Phillips Runyon, and the second, of \$5, given by Mr. J. N. Carpenter, was awarded to David Crawford Weidner. The judges were Rev. Mr. Wheeler, Dr. Hart and Dr. Bevier. After a short, earnest address by Dr. Payson to the graduates, he presented them with their diplomas. The music furnished by Prof. Garland was very much admired by all.

The Class of '98 gave great credit to themselves by not hooting and disturbing the exercises in general to a very great extent, as the Sophomores generally do, but after the exercises were over they tried to scare the Freshmen by their foolish pranks. They did not succeed in their attempt, as they were not as easily scared as was thought.

The men of '97 took a very willing and strong hand in the defence of the Freshmen. The men of '97 deserve great credit in protecting the men of '99. After the exercises the class went to the Mansion House, where a delicious banquet was set before them, after which the boys took a promenade through the city, cheering and arousing people as they went. The Class of '99 wish to thank the Class of '97 for their kind assistance.

THE CLASS OF '95.

How shall I start? I cannot say, "We, the Class of '95," because I am not one of the we's. Well, they, the Class of '95, (for it is about this class that I am writing) have passed muster in the moods, cases, numerals, angles, and the (x&y's). They can now smile on the Prep. boys, for they will soon, in most cases, be "Freshies." Good-bye, boys, we hope to meet you in the future.

The history of this class is unparalleled. They have left wonderful "footprints on the sands of time," especially Gar—, who wears a number, well his shoe covers nearly an acre. An old adage says that "variety is the spice of life," and if that is true, this class is very spicy. Their feet run from that of our friend above to the Trilby feet of "Bilkee." Their voices flow from that of Captain J., to the oratorical sounds of David Weid-r. Some part their hair in the middle, some on the

side and others do not know what a part is, like our friend Mr. "Pilk." Some have pallid complexions, probably they have used "Cubebs" too much lately. Some have flushed faces, probably too much "Port" lately. Some have a meek and lowly expression. Such a person would never indulge in severe exercise, such as galloping through the rough road of exams on a "pony." Now there's our friend Will Je—ings, who can pass an exam without anybody around, (?) and M. V. Camp—I, who expects to enter Harvard because he does not smoke.

So much for the boys as individuals.

The class as a whole is magnificent, manly, marvellous and monumental. The average height is 5 ft. 10 in., the tallest person being 6 ft. 2 in., and the shortest 5 ft. 5 in. The average weight is 139 lbs. 9 oz.; the heaviest person weighing 178 lbs., the lightest 111 lbs. The average age is 17 years 10 months, the eldest being 21 years of age and the youngest 16 years. We are sorry to hear that some keep company and that some are engaged. Ten of the class expect to go to Rutgers College and one to Harvard. Three of the ten will take the classical course, the remainder the scientific.

The Class of '95 can now say "Farewell to the school days at Rutgers Preparatory. We hope to see them often as visitors and trust they will always remember the scarlet and white.

"Fare ye well."

OUR SOCIETIES.

R. C. P. S. seems to have an abundance of literary societies, and perhaps if we measured swords with some schools in debate, we would come out better than we have in some ball games.

Jefferson Lyceum League, No. 796, has grown rapidly this year and the members have enjoyed weekly debates. This is perhaps the most strictly literary society in the school. Clarence Garretson has been the honored president.

The Delta Theta was started this year, and we hope it will develop some good material. They have very tasty badges, but these are seen more often on dresses than on coats.

The Beta Phi is strictly a Trap society and contains some of the best Trap fellows. This "fraternity" did not start up this year until January, but it has a good membership.

PERSONALS.

The various college fraternities are "rushing" the '96 boys.

Swimming was a pleasure enjoyed by many during those hot days.

"Will I be promoted?" is a question troubling the cadets now. Wait until next September and then see.

Case had an attack of the measles recently which left his eyes in such a weak condition that he was unable to complete the term in school.

Many boys at the Trap have had pictures of their rooms taken lately. Some very attractive views of the buildings and grounds we have also seen from the camera of Mr. Schlieder.

Ernest Rapalje and George Voorhees rode to Trenton on their wheels, May 11, and took in the Princeton-Harvard game on their way back.

The Fourth Form meets nearly every day.

The Trap was visited by two Italians with a hand organ May 9.

The Trap base ball diamond was the scene of a bon-fire Monday night, June 10. The remains of several old fences and all other combustible material near at hand disappeared in the course of operations.

Miss Mabel Burt a niece of Miss Bateman, was a guest at the Trap for a few days after the reception.

William McMahon has not been absent from drill a single day in two years, and only one day in three years. (Good for you.)

EXCHANGES.

The Adjutant, of the Michigan Military Academy, credits the ARGO to Rutgers College, instead of our Preparatory School.

As all the editors of the Mnemosyneau are young ladies, it may properly be called a sister publication.

The Daily Academe, of Colgate Academy, is a very well edited paper.

Thanks are due the Union School Quarterly, of Glens Falls, N. Y., for good advice in regard to editing the exchange column.

EASILY TRANSLATED.

There is a young man in town who will shortly pay for a new hat which he will not wear himself.

"Do you read French?" asked a friend.

"As well as English," said the young man.

"A hat you can't read this," and the tempter wrote on a slip of paper, "Pas de lieu Rhone que nous."

"That's nonsense," said the young man, passing his eye over the line, "and I'll bet the hat that you can't read it, either."

"Oh, that's all I wanted you to say. Here's where I win the hat," and he read:

"Paddle your own canoe."—*Washington Post*.

SOME STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF '95.

Name.	Age.	Wgt.	Smoke.	Engaged.	Keep Company.	Future Occupation.
M. V. Campbell	17	145	Has sworn off.	No.	No.	Harvard Prof.
C. Garretson	21	178	Yes.	No.	Whenever I can.	Lawyer.
W. N. Jennings	16	144	When pa is not around	No.	You bet.	Lawyer.
J. W. Mettler	16	116	No.	No.	Ma won't let me.	Ship Builder.
F. E. Peabody	20	160	No.	No.	Certainly.	Doctor.
W. F. Plumley	17	145	When ma don't see me	No.	When somebody turns up	Minister.
L. P. Runyon	18	117	When I have the mon	No.	Not very steady.	Broker.
E. H. Saries	16	111	No.	No.	No.	A great man with Ph. D.
D. C. Weidner	18	130	No.	No.	Yes.	Minister, Ref.
H. J. Weston	20	165	Latest cigar imported.	Yes.	Yes.	Walking delegate.
F. H. Winn	17	129	Yes.	No.	Can't get anybody.	Give it up.

THE ARGO.

Name.	Favorite Pastime.	Favorite Expression	Religious Pref.	Gen. Avg.	Future Home.
M. V. Campbell	Studying for Exams.	I will not.	Dutch Ref.	82.9	Cambridge.
C. Garretson	Reading and Studying	I'll tell you my idea.	Dutch Ref.	85.4	Somerville or vicinity.
W. N. Jennings	Writing for the Argo.	Have you the Greek?	Dutch Ref.	85.4	Where the People are dilatory.
J. W. Mettler	Feeding chickens.	Fine bird.	Dutch Ref.	84.	On the Somerset Poultry Farm.
F. E. Peabody	Athletics.	Going up the road.	Congregational	83.5	In the Parlor City.
W. F. Plumley	Studying Greek.	Mother won't let me.	Presbyterian.	88.1	Holy Hill.
L. P. Runyon	Walking the avenue.	The exams are over.	Presbyterian.	85.3	Oh my, I don't know.
E. H. Saries	Chewing tacks.	By gum.	Baptist.	89.5	Where the people grow small.
D. C. Weidner	Colling subscriptions.	Got that money?	Dutch Ref.	84.5	The sky.
H. J. Weston	Talking in school.	Plenty of time.	Presbyterian.	85.6	In the palace of a king.
F. H. Winn	Studying hard.	Go to the deuce.	Not decided.	83.8	In the dormitory.

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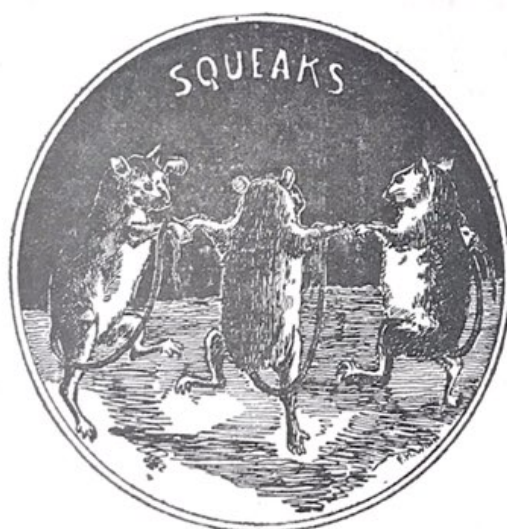
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"Why is Bogert's upper lip like a football game?" "It is first down—three yards to gain."

A certain Trap fellow filling out a blank in getting a book at the college library put down the name of the publisher as the author. The book was Milton's "Paradise Lost" and the man was a fourth form scientific.

Scholar—"I think I could tell all I know in fifty minutes."

Prof.—"Wouldn't five do?"

"I'll tell you!"

Bogert has the unfortunate habit of taking shower baths on his divinal promenades with the rising bell.

Garretson became excited in our last drill and executed a bayonet charge on Purdy.

Why was H. C. Voorhees afraid of catching the scarlet fever from his Delta Theta pin?

Peabody, (singing)—"Although I am stuck up, I am not proud!"

Bogert, (listening)—"Well, you've no reason to be."

Rehberger is quite "jokified."

Almost every day Charles Corbin, of Oxford, attempts to break his record of 20 3-5 seconds for the distance around the Trap."



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