

THE ARGO

RUTGERS COLLEGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

Vol. II. No. 6.

CONTENTS FOR MARCH, 1891.

Editorials.....	41
A Night Walk in the Slums.....	42
Viva la Rutgers Preps.....	44
Listen to My Tale of Woe.....	44
The Trials of an Editor.....	45
New York Club.....	46
Alpha Theta.....	47
First Game of Base-ball.....	47
Entertainment for "Y" Mission.....	47
Mission Band.....	48
Y. M. C. A.....	48
Primary Column.....	49
Personals.....	50
Squeaks.....	50
Class of '91's Election of Officers.....	50
Left.....	51

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New York, Oct. 1st, 1890.

THE ARGO.

VOL. II.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., MARCH, 1891.

No. 6.

The Argo:

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

VOL. II.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., MARCH, 1891.

NO. 6.

BOARD OF EDITORS:

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One copy, one year, seventy-five cents.

All communications should be addressed to the Senior Editor,
C. W. GULICK, New Brunswick, N. J., and must be accompanied
with the name of the author.

AS our readers probably know only too well, the last number of THE ARGO was the poorest published this year. The Fates and the inborn contrariness of things seemed to conspire to make it what it was, and we, the editors, can but confess that we saw and were deeply mortified by the numerous mistakes and blunders in the issue. Recognizing our share of the blame, we will try our best to make similar errors impossible in the future.

REALLY, it seems that THE ARGO is blessed as much as any paper in spite of some of its hindrances. We have long wished to enlarge it and have often discussed ways and means to that end, but now that the matter was put before the boys it was settled promptly and well. Together with the teachers, the boys subscribed for sixty more copies, and have so enabled us to add an extra sheet for the remaining four issues of this school year. That was nobly done, and too much credit cannot be given to the school for such public

spirit. We hope that the boys will now still farther aid us by writing, and so help us make THE ARGO better, more interesting than it has yet been, and a thorough credit to themselves and the school.

One means for increasing the merits of the paper is a box which will be placed in the school room to receive contributions any one may choose to make. If you do nothing more, take down a "squeak" or make a note of a personal and drop it into the box. Any communication will be most welcome. Our Japanese representative says that something of the sort has been found a great success in Japan.

GRADUALLY the weather grows warmer and as the ground gets drier also, the shouts of the boys may be heard on the playground, and all alike seem to enter into that greatest of all our National games, base ball. The fellows have practiced every day when the weather has permitted, and we expect great things to be done by the team.

OFTEN uncertain as Spring is, still she has at length fairly made up her mind to visit us, it seems. For some time past the souls which long for warmer weather and a sight of the earth in green dress once again, have noticed little signs of the advent of the pleasantest season of the year. The days have grown longer, mild spells have become more frequent, the enterprising dandelion and the festive garlic, the first of growing things to show signs of life, have been bravely lifting their heads from out of the cold, cold ground, and the maples have begun to blossom.

Nature is now waking up in earnest. Most of the trees are budding and the "grass is growing green all around," the birds are commencing to arrive, the geese and chickens once more adorn the vacant lots, and the sparrows are as lively as possible instead of skulking about and quarreling for sheltered corners. There are innumerable

other signs which only a lover of nature notices and which send thrills of pleasure to his heart alone. Then, too, the hand organ has appeared, and who can desire a more certain sign of spring's return than that? Did any one ever hear "Home, Sweet Home" and "The Boulanger March" ground out by a hand organ except in spring or summer?

Watch the habits of the young *genus homo* and by them learn of the season. Marbles are *the* thing for the small boy you will soon find, and that means that Spring is here. Base-ball is again on the carpet—diamond if you choose—and the click of the bats and the cries of "Go! go!" and all that make one dream of flannel shirts and blazers, tennis shoes and ice water. If you still need some convincing evidence of Spring's arrival search carefully and, in school at least, you will detect signs of Spring fever. Your case is hopeless if *that* cannot satisfy you that winter is over.

WE call the attention of our readers to one of the pleasing features in connection with the present issue, namely, the space devoted to the interests of the Primary and Intermediate departments of the school. For a long time it has been the wish of the editors and those interested in the welfare of the *Argo* to have these important divisions of the school represented, but there were many conflicting circumstances, the chief one being lack of space. Now that these difficulties have been surmounted, we trust that always, as in the present issue, these departments of news will become more and more a source of pleasure, and will add much to the success of the *Argo* and "Argonauts" in the search for the "golden fleece of popularity."

A NIGHT WALK IN THE SLUMS.

"**I**T is a glorious night," said my friend Carlos, as we walked down The Avenue, under the brilliant windows of the Union League and through the awning that protects the guests at a fancy dress ball from their carriages to the door. "To see New York at its best, one should explore Murray

Hill on a bright moonlight night, when all the world has put on evening clothes and the palaces of the nabobs are open to the Four Hundred. Nothing is more truly American than the society represented by these men, who, twenty or thirty years ago, were poor and obscure, and who have raised themselves so high on the golden ladder by their industry and perseverance. What an encouragement to every humble clerk, barely fed and clothed by his scanty wages, to think that if he keeps on he too may strike it rich on Wall Street, may steal a railway or two, and live happy ever afterward!"

My friend Carlos is at times cynical, and we had reached 34th Street before he had done reviling the worthy millionaires and their Midas-touch. "Let us leave this aristocratic quarter," said he, and explore something of Darkest New York, where the Four Hundred Thousand live;" and without waiting for an answer, he turned across to the Third Avenue "L," muttering the while fierce objurgations on Plutocracy and all that has to do therewith. We left the train at a dark and gloomy street-corner, filthy and ill-smelling, and overshadowed by the tremendous arches of the Bridge. "Here," said he, "is the Mouth of Hell! Here Cherry Street begins!"

A narrow, crooked way turns sharply out of Pearl Street, lined with ugly tenements and lighted for the most part by the flaring windows of saloons, from which, as we pass, comes a constant stream of children, carrying tin pails or cracked pitchers, "working the growler," Carlos whispered. The sidewalks are crowded with people of all nations in all stages of intoxication, with every variety of costume, and agreeing only in that indescribable mark which always shows the tenement-house inhabitant. Dissolute, bold-faced women jostle their way through the crowd, the paint on their cheeks showing livid in the yellow light from the gas-lamps; hungry, wolfish-looking workmen, out of a job for months, stare greedily in the windows of the low eating-houses at the uninviting viands there displayed; wan, feeble, seamstresses bend beneath the burden of the great parcels they are taking home from the "sweaters'" shops; bestial, low-browed young

ruffians slouch along, their hands in their pockets, dodging quickly into an alley at sight of the stalwart blue-coated policeman that appears around the corner. "Danger, gentlemen? Not much now, unless you were to go into a lane or a hallway alone; but a few years ago your life wouldn't have been worth much if you had come down here dressed as though you had money in your pockets. Then, you see, there was only one officer to every four blocks; but now they've doubled the number, and we have two blocks apiece. My beat is right here in front of this one tenement, which maybe you've heard of—Mullins' Alley, or Paradise Row, they call it, and a good many newspaper men have written it up. Yes, it's a tough place, like all these double-deckers, and I have my hands full keeping things straight. There was a murder in there last night,—one man got mad at his mate for drinking more than his share of the 'growler,' and heaved an iron pot at him and cracked his skull. How many people are there under that one roof? Well, counting families and boarders altogether, I should say five hundred, mostly Irish. Maybe you'd like to look inside. I'll be glad to take you in, gentlemen, but I wouldn't advise you to go alone—the very clothes would be stripped off your back. Oh, I beg pardon, sir, [this to Carlos] you are a priest, I see. They wouldn't be likely to hurt you, I know. This way, please! You there, Red Mike, you get out of this or you'll be wanted at the station-house!"

Red Mike, a sullen young tough, gets out, and we enter Paradise Alley, over whose doors might be written, as on the gate of hell, "Abandon hope, all ye that enter here."

The rest is like a nightmare. Room after room is opened, packed to the door with sleeping figures, in an atmosphere thick and poisonous with their breath and the unutterable contamination of the filth everywhere found. Here and there are groups of carousers, wretched caricatures of mirth, huddled about a can of stale beer, and shrinking into shadow at the gleam of brass buttons. Down one hall, in a foul little closet, lies a dead baby—Death is the only angel that makes his visit known in Paradise Row—whose parents lie on the floor, dead drunk, their grief and hunger

alike forgotten. And here, most pitiable of all, is a room with some poor appearance of decency, made as clean as may be, where a respectable woman rises to greet us from the bedside of her daughter, dying, it is evident, of consumption. "Yes indeed, sir, it's hard enough sometimes, when Saturday night comes and the boys are drinking up the week's wages; but we lock the door and try not to hear it!"

Sick at heart, we retreat to the open air of the street—in comparison fresh and sweet. As we leave the alley a black-robed Sister enters, greeting the officer with a word of salutation. "If we've got any saints left on earth, she's one!" says he fervently, looking after her. We ask an explanation, and he tells this story, worthy of inscription beside the record of St. Charles Borromeo, St. Elisabeth and St. Theresa: "The daughter of a millionaire landlord, she had early seen the wrong of the tenement-house system from which her father's wealth had largely come, and when his death had made her mistress of his fortune, she used it to endow a mission church and school in the very heart of the East Side; while, to atone more fully for the evil done, she gave up the world and the things that are in the world, to take the better part of service among God's poor." Tears come unbidden to our eyes.

Meanwhile, we have turned across to Water Street, where, among low sailors' boarding-houses and dives of indescribable vices, Jerry McAuley began the work that makes his name glorious. Late as it is, the Mission is open, and entering, we hear these straightforward words from a sailor standing up towards the front: "I never heard nothing about this thing till one of you asked me in here; but I like what you have got to say about this here Jesus Christ, and I'm going to find out if He's willing to help a low down fellow like me!" Who shall say that Jerry McAuley, being dead, speaks not?

Outside, through the sin-cursed street and through a labyrinth of dark and noisome cross-streets, we pass across the brilliantly lighted Bowery, the Broadway of the slums, and plunge into the obscurity of "The Bend," on Mulberry Street, haunted by black-a-visored "dagos," knights

proof reading, which is no pleasure by the way, is done in a hurry, and the corrections may be overlooked by the printer or be corrected poorly, and then usually the result is a paper whose mistakes are enough to make any editor sick enough without the jeers and questions he gets. The printing office may not have enough quotation marks to go all through a school paper with its requirements in that line, and then a ragged copy is the result. Besides these, there are other things for which the editor gets the credit, the blame really being due the printer.

Now, I suppose this paper will be criticised for having so long and dry an article in it. Still I hope those who read this effusion may feel less disposed to find fault, and may even be moved to put their shoulders—or pens, to the task of aiding the editors.

NEW YORK CLUB.

WHERE being quite a number of the sons of old New York in the "Trap" it was considered advisable to organize ourselves into a club, to be known as the New York Club, whose object should be to advance the cause of our own dear State, and to "down" New Jersey in all athletic games.

On Thursday evening a meeting was held in the room of Mr. H. D. Harder. After the meeting had been called to order and the party feeling had somewhat subsided, the chairman arose and requested each one to raise the right hand and take the oath of allegiance, which was done, followed by a hearty yell, as much so that several Jerseymen, who were playing in the yard, fainted.

The election of officers followed, and the following gentlemen were elected: President, J. H. Seeberger, of the Third Ward, West Troy; Chief Bouncers, Messrs Cook and Rottger; Poet, H. Clement, of Saratoga; Minister of Foreign Affairs, D. Sagara, of Tokio, Japan; Chief Coacher, H. D. Harden, of Castleton; Captain of Guard, B. W. Collier, of Second Ward, Coxsackie; Executioner, Theodore William Rudolph Van Het Loo, whose ancestors

have done so much for the advancement of our State in the past ; Captains of the Base Ball and Tug-of-War Teams, Messrs. Cook and Rottger ; Chief Detective, T. Briggs, of Coeyman ; Chief Door Tender, Fred. Schneider, Brooklyn ; Editors of the Death Journal, Messrs. F. Walser and Johanknecht ; Mascot, H. Walser, of Staten Island.

After the officers had taken their places considerable noise was heard at the door. At the request of the President the Chief Detective was detailed to ascertain the cause and report as soon as possible ; in the meantime it was decided to play the "Jerseys" on Saturday.

The Captain of the Base Ball team made some interesting remarks, in which he mentioned that "They would have a regular walk over." The Chief Detective was admitted, and reported that he had failed to discover anything of any consequence, except a few boys loitering around the fire escape doors, fooling with the pails, and whom he thought might be Jerseymen from the size of their feet. Before the detective could finish his interesting report the chief door keeper said there was something at the door, but he was unable to tell what it was, but thought it looked like an ice wagon, but it was afterward discovered to be only innocent "Strawberry."

After a hearty laugh, there being no more business before the meeting, the President requested the Captain of the Guard to march the members down to the campus in the hopes of meeting the "Jerseys," but they were unable to see any, though the Editor of the Death Journal said he thought he distinguished a fellow by the name of "Sweet Caporal Pete" hiding behind the umbrella rack, but was not certain.

After reaching the stoop the Jerseymen appeared, but soon fled to be seen no more until the next morning, when they very meekly took their places at the table.

After giving the Club yell, each one departed for his respective room, where the rest of the evening was spent in study, the only interruption being poor little "Woolly's" practicing his dumb-bell exercise.

EMPIRE.

ALPHA THETA.

SINCE the last literary society died some three or four years ago, a lack of something of that order has been felt in the school. As such things go, the matter was not taken hold of, although wishes were often expressed that such a society might be started, and nothing was done until this last month. Then with the life and enterprise which is rapidly rising among us, a meeting was called in the study room on Saturday, Feb. 14, and it was decided to organize a dramatic, literary and debating society. This has since been named the Alpha Theta. At a special meeting on the afternoon of Feb. 17, the report of the committee on organization was adopted and, as a fully organized society, with a constitution, by-laws and a name, the Alpha Theta made its bow to the world.

The meetings of the society are held every Saturday evening and have already done much in bringing out the abilities of the members and in teaching them parliamentary usages. The membership of the society is limited to "Trap" fellows only and the society consequently has the advantage of having all its members in one place with many interests in common.

At least one other literary society has come into existence since the Alpha Theta has been started—the T. N. S., having its headquarters at the "Trap" and its members including "Trap" and down-town "Rats" and Freshmen. There has also been a blossoming out of orange ribbons in school which would seem to indicate the presence of another society—possibly not literary. The younger boys have formed a society too. It is called the T. S., and has black and red as its colors, a weekly due of 10 cents, and a grand feed in June for an object. To these her sister societies Alpha Theta extends cordial greeting and wishes them the best of success.

FIRST GAME OF BASE BALL.

"OUR table, however, has defeated both of the other tables at foot-ball by an overwhelming score, and we are ready to repeat the same victory at base-ball."

We quote the above from an article that appeared in the Nov. ARGO on "Our Table." (Table No. 3.) We thought at the time that it had a sort of

a half-grown chickeny squeak to it, but deemed it better to bide our time and let the events prove the shallowness of the boast. "Murder will out," you know. The truth must come to the front. Brains and skill will tell if given time. These solemn and irrevocable truths were clearly proven on the sixteenth when the Table *so mighty in football* met its neighbor on the diamond; and what was the result? Ye gods, in whom they trusted so boastfully, we wonder not that ye hide your faces in confusion! Neither is it strange that the animated discussion on base ball is no longer heard to emanate from the third Table. Their side-long glance of condescension toward Table No. 2 have ceased. They have had a chance to meet their nearest neighbor in base ball, and the score *was overwhelming*, sadly overwhelming for Table No. 3. Seven innings were played and the score stood 11 to 4 in favor of Table No. 2. The nines were as follows:

Table No. 2—Catcher, Rottger; Pitcher, Stilson; 1st Base, Craig; 2d Base, Schneider; 3d Base, Harder; Short Stop, Hillyer; R. field, Briggs; L. field, Johnson; C. field, Spelker.

Table No. 3—Catcher, Wills; Pitcher, Ballagh; 1st Base, Scudder; 2d Base, Cooke; 3d Base, Tilton; Short Stop, Johanknecht; R. field, J. Provost Stout; L. field, Stout; C. field, John P. Stout.

ENTERTAINMENT FOR "Y" MISSION.

UNDER the auspices of the Mission Band and aided by the tireless energy of Prof. Cummings, a number of the students of the Preparatory School worked up an entertainment for the benefit of the "Y" Mission of this city. The eventful evening, March 6th, found the boys in a flurry of burnt cork and feminine attire. They presented two farces to an appreciative audience in Association Hall, and succeeded admirably, at least so the audience said, for was not Scudder taken for a real charming Polly? And Stout with his "Dear John! de-ar John!" so affected the reporters that the city papers said that "the young men of the Preparatory School, assisted by several young ladies, gave an entertainment," etc.

While the blooming bride from Bergen Point only needed orange blossoms, complexion powder and rice dropping from his bonnet to seem as if he had just stepped from the altar. Seeberger had the principal male character and appeared to great advantage.

The second farce—"Shall our mother's vote?" was enlivened by the appearance of Craig and Briggs, who delighted the eyes and ears of the audience with burnt cork and typical music, while Enyard and Greene sang new and original words to the two old tunes which ring most often from the ancient walls of the "Trap." These are printed in this number of THE ARGO. The grateful acknowledgments of the Band are due to Miss Mina Felter, who very kindly consented to sing in the entertainment. Also to the R. C. P. S. Glee Club, without whose timely aid the audience would not have departed so well pleased, and moreover to Prof. Cummings who entertained the participants in the farces at Bates.

The net proceeds cleared by the Band amounted to about \$45.00.

THE MISSION BAND.

THE Mission Band was organized about the middle of last October for the purpose of interesting the boys at the "Home" in foreign and home missions, and also for the purpose of aiding the City Missions. Prof. Cummings, the prime factor of the movement, leads a Bible reading at the "Home" every Sunday morning, which proves very interesting and gives the boys a deeper insight into God's words.

The members of the Band voluntarily give a portion of their time to the City Missions, and consider it well spent, as it is fraught with good results both to themselves and to others.

A part of the Sunday morning hour is devoted to the Bible reading, and often a paper on the Mission work in various countries is prepared and read by one of the boys.

A short time ago the eagle eye of our President discovered that the "Y" Mission needed new seats, and here he suggested lay work for the Band. The members, kindly aided by a number

of other scholars, produced an entertainment and netted a considerable sum for the good of the Mission.

Y. M. C. A.

REPORT OF DELEGATES TO THE TRENTON CONVENTION.

THIS twenty-second convention of the Y. M. C. A., of the State of New Jersey, was probably the best ever held in the State. Forty-one associations were represented and about four hundred delegates were in attendance. The first meeting of the convention was held in the Third Presbyterian Church on Thursday evening, Feb. 26. The pastor of the church, in his address of welcome, said, among other things: "The object of the Y. M. C. A. is to lead young men to Christ." Dr. Hulbard, of Philadelphia, made the address of the evening. He said "the situation to-day wants the soldier's skill, the sailor's endurance, the statesman's prudence and the politician's shrewdness. Above all Christian consecration."

On Friday morning the principal business was the reading of reports from the different associations and an address by the physical director of the Bedford Branch of the Brooklyn Y. M. C. A.

The college delegates met in separate session at 4 p. m. Mr. Johnson, of Rutgers, and Mr. Dunham, of Princeton, spoke of the work of the college deputation. Mr. Dunham urged the need of a "correspondence committee." This committee should have four members and correspond about methods of work with other associations.

The session of Friday evening was devoted to railroad work.

Saturday morning opened much pleasanter than the preceding days. Mr. Murray of Plainfield, gave a very fine Bible reading on Galatians. The rest of the morning was taken up by the reading of various reports.

At the afternoon session Prof. Cummings, of New Brunswick, presided. Mr. Barnes, of Yale, was the first speaker. He said in substance: "College men are to rule and govern the world in the future. I believe most thoroughly in committees." He suggested a membership committee

and the use of pledges for applications for membership." He advocated a prayer meeting committee, which should attend to the music, attendance and general conduct of the meetings, picking out the subject in advance.

Mr. Hart, of Wesleyan, spoke principally of the "Student's Volunteer Movement." Prof. Goodwin, of Columbia, speaking of the relation of college and association work to each other in general said: "There is much good that can be done in a college town by college men. For a college man has great influence among other young men."

In the "Church Parlor Conference," for college delegates, Mr. Naismith, of the Springfield Training School, said: "The principal thing is what we are going to do after we leave college. A wealthy man you say has great responsibility, but how much responsibility has an educated man. Use your advantages aright. Let us sanctify the sports of this country; they are good and healthy, and God meant us to use them."

Mr. Hart again spoke, this time of Bible study. "Study it," he said, "not the last thing at night, when you fall asleep in the middle of a verse, but when you can understand it and bring all your powers to bear upon it."

In the evening Mr. Blaikie, of New York, delivered a very fine address to college students.

Two meetings were held in the Opera House on Sunday afternoon and evening, which were very largely attended. The Sunday evening meeting was the "farewell meeting" of the convention, and was very impressive.

The following are the subjects and leaders during April:

Friday, April 10—Subject: "Aggressive Christianity." Leader, George Ludlow.

Friday, April 17—Subject: "The Folly of Neglect." Leader, W. W. Ballagh.

Friday, April 24—Subject: "What Think You of Christ?" Leader, F. Schneider.

Wednesday, April 8—Subject: "The Right Will Surely Triumph." Leader, A. H. Rottger.

Wednesday, April 15—Subject: "Come Thou With us." Leader, F. W. Johanknecht.

Wednesday, April 22—Subject: "Who is on the Lord's Side?" Leader, J. H. Seeberger.

PRIMARY COLUMN.

EDITORS:

C. T. COWENHOVEN, JOHN W. METTLER.

A TRIP TO A SUGAR BUSH.

ONE Saturday morning a party of six or seven, including myself, started to visit a sugar bush.

The ground was very damp on account of the snow which had but a short time before melted away.

After reaching the outskirts of the town we were obliged to walk about two miles over very rough fields. We had to jump over knolls, climb fences, and when we reached there all of us, except the boys, who were provided with rubber boots, had very wet feet.

As there was a fire the girls took off their shoes and tried to dry them, and after sitting on a log for about an hour they succeeded.

As the hut in which we were resting was made of logs and the cracks were filled with moss, the inside presented rather a rough appearance.

Of course we expected to find plenty of maple sugar, but we were disappointed, as they had sent it all to town the day before.

We had provided ourselves with lunch and were bound to have some fun after walking such a long distance.

The men were boiling down sap and we each took a good drink.

We passed the rest of the day very pleasantly and when we reached home told everybody that the sugar was fine, although, I am sorry to say, we did not have the pleasure of eating any.

PERSONALS.

The only primary boy who lives at the "Trap" is Charles Martin of Sayreville.

Garner and Walter Devoe, who boarded at the "Trap" in the early part of the year, now commute from Spottswood.

Will Gates who was with us last year, and his brother, M. E. Gates, Jr., who was down stairs, are now in the High School at Amherst, Mass.

Miss Trott, who left about Thanksgiving time on account of her health has not been able to return as yet, but all of the scholars are eagerly looking for the time when she will be among us again.

The following composition was handed in by a member of the Natural History class. He is only eight years old, and the composition was his first since coming to the school :

HYENAS.

The Hyena is a very fierce animal; his food is stale and rotten and so decayed that it smells and he goes after lions and eats the remains of their food he is very awkward has high shoulders and his back by his tail slants down ward when he obtains his food he gets behind bushes and jumps at it.

PERSONAL.

VACATION.

"HE will die respectably."

EVIDENTLY one of our boys wishes to make an Indian of himself.

"SOME boys are a fool."

At the Prep. School entertainment a person in the audience was heard to say: "Don't Stilson make a sweet girl?"

"Is the front side of my face spoiled?"

LAWRENCE made a visit to the "Trap" on March 12.

PROF. N. Y.—What internal trouble was there at Sparta?

V. S.—An earthquake.

J. H. THOMPSON, '90, was awarded the Quick prize in grammar and spelling.

DRURY, '92, spent the week ending March 21st at Atlantic City.

AMONG the things found in the desks, were "Gospel Hymns," "Battle of Gettysburg," and the "Police Gazette."

"Pop" says he thinks he will go on the stage.

Now to beat the Freshmen again.

THE graduating class have handed in their orations.

THE Base Ball team has been chosen with the following as members : Deshler, Enyard, Capt.; Runyon, Geo. Ludlow, Van Dyck, Wills, Ballagh, English, A. M. Clark, Van Slyke, Stilson, Scudder.

COLLIER, '92, has been elected Captain of the second base ball team.

THE ball team have been measured for their suits, and expect to have them in a week or two.

THERE are a large number of mystics !

CLASS OF 91'S ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

AT the very spirited meetings held by the Class of '91 on March 18th, 19th and 20th, respectively, the following officers were elected with large majorities in each case : A. S. Clark, President ; George Janeway, Vice-President ; Daniel Morrison, Secretary ; J. P. Stout, Treasurer. To say that the meetings were noisy would be expressing it, as the boys say, "rather mild," owing to the desire on the part of half the class to occupy the floor at the same time, but Chairman Painter, *pro tem.*, exercised his knowledge of "Robert's Rules of Order," and succeeded in quelling the riot (?). The officers from the Scientific section were : Messrs. Clark and Morrison ; Classical, Janeway and Stout.

SQUEAKS.

In Cæsar class. Prof. : Now Y—, for several days you have given me nothing, and I have given you nothing. I am always ready to make a fair exchange.

Why is S— like Jack Frost ?

Because he always brings out the chestnuts.

The base-bawl : "How's that, Mr. Umpire ?"

In German class : "He was seated on the first side of the ship." The scholar translating probably meant "bow."

LEFT.

I'VE been left in examinations, but I don't mean that. I've just missed trains, but I don't mean that. I've been left in other ways, too, but the one left I mean is the being left in school after the most of the scholars have gone home for a vacation.

Have you, my reader, ever had that experience? Have you, for any reason, been one of the three or four left in the "Trap" when all the rest have gone? I have, and it is a peculiarly unpleasant experience.

Somehow, even if it is slightly melancholy, the bustle of preparation for leaving atays one up a little, but when you go to the train with the last lot of fellows and the train disappears with them, as you take your solitary way back to the "Trap" you feel left—wretchedly left. The "Trap" is gloomy—gloomy beyond recognition—and as you go through the silent halls to look up your companions in misery, you don't feel happy. Your talk is not lively, the meals are almost ghastly in the emptiness of the dining room, no games to make the campus cheerful, nothing to do. The teachers being away you can raise all the racket you choose, but there is no excitement in doing that now. It's pretty much like work. You don't feel like reading and you can't get out the lessons for the day after vacation. There is a peculiar stillness that suffocates you and such an odd smell. You may laugh at the latter, but you won't think it pure fancy if you have ever been left.

The height of misery is reached at night. The house is terribly dark and lifeless. You take a walk down Church Street, but even that is no fun somehow. Things don't look gay and you come back feeling more depressed. You don't want to go to bed, but there is nothing else to do it seems.

If it is rainy—Oh ye gods and little fishes! I cannot bear to think of it even.

The time to leave comes and your relief is great, but then even you have not the feeling of intense joy and gayety that you would have had if you had not been left behind when the crowd went home.

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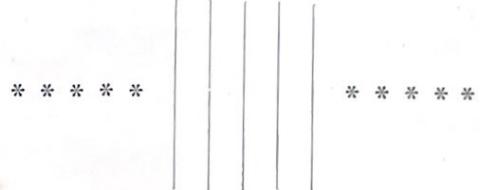
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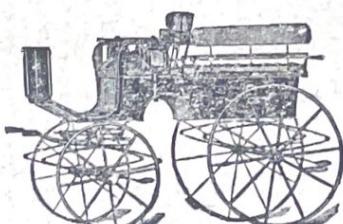
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The number of pupils at the "Home" is limited, and each boy will receive individual attention and care.

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Each pupil will bring with him a certificate of good moral character from the last school he attended, or from the pastor of the church he has attended.

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The aim of the school is not only sound scholarship, but the development of *Christian Character* as well. On Sunday the pupils of the Preparatory School worship with the Students and Faculties of Rutgers College and the New Brunswick Theological Seminary, at Kirkpatrick Chapel. Attendance at other places of worship is allowed at the request of parent or guardian.

LIBRARY.

The college authorities have very kindly, and to the great advantage of the school thrown open to the pupils of the Preparatory School the Library connected with Rutgers College. Libraries of nearly 70,000 volumes are accessible to the students.

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