

# THE ARGO.

Argo 18 May



Vol. XII.

June, 1901.

No. 9.



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NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.

# THE ARGO.

VOL. XII.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., JUNE, 1901.

No. 9.

## The Arg<sup>o</sup>:

*Published Monthly During the School Year, by the*

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Subscription price, per year, 75 cents.

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

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

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

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WITH this number the staff of this year's ARGO lays down its burden and retires to private life. We have endeavored to give our readers a school paper worth the reading. Whether we have always succeeded, or not, will be for those who look over our pages in the future to decide. Whoever assumes the direction next year, we have one little bit of

advice to offer. Get the boys to contribute freely, if you can. Let all in the school feel that they have a part to take in helping the ARGO along, and the task of carrying it forward will be much lightened. In fact, this is a good thing to do, not only with regard to the ARGO, but with regard to everything else. In union there is strength.

Farewell, then, old ARGO. We have sailed the sea with you, and now we land at last, safe and sound, hoping that we have not run you onto any shoals and quicksands, where you cannot get free. Welcome, you coming editors and managers. Avoid our faults, profit by our excellencies, if we have had any, and sail on, conquering and to conquer.

---

WITH the Morristown game of June 8th, a fairly successful base-ball season has closed. Rutgers Prep. has come out just even, having won four and lost four games. The start was very discouraging, but the team practiced faithfully, and showed what good hard work can do.

Two of the games scheduled did not take place. The Bordentown game had to be called off on account of rain. The other, that with Leals School, was cancelled through no fault of ours. We were to play them Decoration Day morning, but they had an offer to play the Columbia freshmen, and cancelled our game. The Leals School boys have not shown themselves to be very gentlemanly in their dealings with us this year.

On the whole, this year has been quite encouraging. If the batting of the team had been equal to its fielding the result would have been different in some games, notably, the State School and Morristown games. However, there is good base-ball material in

the school, and, as but three regular players and one substitute graduate, next year's team should make a brilliant record in the annals of old Ruegers Prep.

LAST things are a common subject of song and story. We have, perhaps, read the "Last Days of Pompeii." We have heard of the "Last Rose of Summer." We are now in, or have passed through the last days of our school life. If we do as merchants do when they wind up a concern, take an account of stock, what have we to show? For how much would you sell out what you have stored away in that brain of yours? Echo answers, and alas, sometimes it is a hollow echo. Sometimes, however, the echo is a delightful and satisfactory one. The class of 1901 finds the latter note predominant.

ON June 12th the school assembled for the last time this year. After the report cards had been given out, Dr. Payson made a short closing speech. The school then adjourned to the Kirkpatrick Chapel, where the graduating exercises were held. At the close of the exercises the members of the class of 1901 gave their class yell, shook hands, and then parted, never to meet again as a class in the Rutgers Prep. School.

#### COURAGE.

We are apt to associate the great element of human character which we call courage with desperate or dangerous circumstances. Crises, we think, are necessary to call it forth. Our thoughts turn to the pomp and pride of war, to extraordinary rescues from fire and flood, to sudden and unexpected adventures which threaten life and limb. And there is reason in all those. Most of the affairs of life require not the boldness which is frequently associated with courage, but other qualities of heart and soul. Yet courage has its great part to play in the drama of human existence, and that not a small one. Take it in war. When Dewey sailed into Manila Bay his courage in

attacking an unknown enemy challenged universal admiration. When Hobson made his gallant, although unsuccessful, attempt to close up Santiago Harbor, we called his action with truth sublime.

But war is not the only field where courage grows. The records of fires in our cities show many an instance which makes the blood run faster and the nerves tingle with emotion. We find the same thing true also in the stories of men who have battled with diseases in the humane hope to save a few lives from an awful fate. Not long ago we read in the public prints of a small boy of thirteen who had been for months supporting two little sisters by wages that he earned leading a blind man about. Their natural guardian, their mother, had deserted them, and with a courage that was admirable, if not pathetic, the brother took upon himself the care and support that some older heads would have shrunk from attempting.

But this is a boys' paper, and how can this subject appeal to boys? I believe boys admire courage thoroughly. They know who is a coward and who is not. Perhaps they do not always distinguish when a boy is courageous in moral affairs. They see a little fellow face a bigger one on the foot-ball field, and they know that the little fellow is displaying one of the best qualities a man can possess or display. But do they always understand what a boy is doing when he refuses to tell a lie? Or when he declines to go with a crowd to some enterprize of doubtful character? Boys, the greatest courage is sometimes shown in a quiet way, when you do not even suspect what is going on.

Some recent biographies that have appeared illustrate the value of courage. It is unfortunate when boys have life made too easy for them. It takes backbone to face difficulties and master them. If you will read what has been published about Booker T. Washington under the title "Up From Slavery"; or about Jacob Riis under the title "The Making of An American," you cannot fail to see that a cour-

ageous facing of difficulties makes a man really a man. Some boys have things so easy that the only courageous act they perform is to get up in time for breakfast, and they do not always do even that.

The opportunities for the exercise of courage are not lacking. Have the courage of your convictions, is advice often given. It may cause people to call you a crank, but better that than to be called a coward. Perhaps the most conspicuous figure in American affairs just now is Mr. Carnegie, and we can easily imagine where he would be, had he not possessed a courage in early life that nothing could dismay.

Cultivate courage. "Let nothing you dismay." Mr. Emerson, one of our most distinguished writers, has given us a few verses about some of the most courageous men that ever lived, and I will quote them here. They are carved on the pedestal of the statue of the Minuteman at Concord bridge, and were sung at the celebration of the anniversary of the battle of Concord in 1836, for which occasion they were composed. You know who the Minutemen were and how great have been the consequences of their enterprise and courage. These are the lines:

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,  
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,  
Here once the embattled farmers stood,  
And fired the shot heard round the world.

There are more verses, but this is the best. Now, with the illustrious examples of our patriot sires to lead us, how can any one of us with a particle of human feeling in his heart meet life in any but the most courageous manner? The problems that confront every one personally require this virtue. The courage to say "No" and the courage to say "Yes" are alike indispensable. "Cowardice shuts the eyes till the sky is not larger than a calf-skin; shuts the eyes so that we cannot see the horse that is running away with us; worse, shuts the eyes of the mind and chills the heart. Fear is cruel and mean. He has not learned the lesson of life who does not every day surmount a fear."

#### *GRADUATING EXERCISES.*

On June 12th, 1901, occurred the 135th graduating exercises of the Rutgers Preparatory School, which were very successful. The platform was decorated with bunting. Hart's orchestra furnished the music. At 10 A. M. the exercises were opened by prayer by Rev. Dr. Sears. The programme follows:

Music—Overture, "Tancred," Herbert.

Prayer—Rev. Dr. Sears.

Music—"Zug der Trauen," Lohengrin, Wagner.

Oration—"Benjamin Harrison." Carroll Badeau, Voorhees Station, N. J.

Oration—"A Great Sovereign." Arthur Voorhees DeHart, Raritan, N. J.

Music—Czaras from Ballet "Coppelia," Delibes.

Oration—"Shall Labor Unions Be Recognized?" Francis Edmond Wilber, New Brunswick, N. J.

Oration—"The Old and the New Republics." James Clarence Benedict, New Brunswick, N. J.

Music—"Intermezzo," Salome, Loraine.

Oration—Scientific Honor, "Our Dead Heroes." John Gaub, New Brunswick, N. J.

Oration—"Does the End Justify the Means?" Arthur van Voorhees Schenck, New Brunswick, N. J.

Music—Gavotte, "Mignon," Thomas.

Oration—"Booker T. Washington." Louis Bevier, 3d, New Brunswick, N. J.

Oration—Classical Honor, "An Old World Hero of the Nineteenth Century." James Gilbert Mason, Metuchen, N. J.

Music—Selection, "Florodara," Stewart.

Presentation of Diplomas and

Awarding of Prizes.

Music—March, "Mosquito's Parade," Whitney.

At the close of the speeches the committee, Dr. David Murray, Rev. Mr. Cooper, and Rev. Mr. Shafer, went aside to decide.

While they were out, Dr. Payson made a short address to the class, and awarded the diplomas, to J. G. Mason for the Classical

Section, and John Gaub for the Scientific Section. He also awarded the Hannah Hoyt Association Prize for Mathematics among the girls to Miss Louise Marshall Vandivert.

The committee having come in, Dr. Murray announced that the first prize had been awarded to J. G. Mason, and the second to Louis Bevier. Honorable mention was made of F. E. Wilber and J. C. Benedict.

At the close of the exercises the class gave its yell, and the boys in the gallery responded with the school yell.

The following is the class roll:

Carrol Badeau, Voorhees Station, N. J.  
 Guy Bates, Parsippany, N. J.  
 James Clarence Benedict, New Brunswick,  
     N. J.  
 Guy Higgans Bergen, Somerville, N. J.  
 Louis Bevier, 3d, New Brunswick, N. J.  
 Sanger Sylvester Carleton, New York,  
     N. Y.  
 Henry Le Bruyere Carpender, New Brunswick, N. J.  
 Arthur Voorhees DeHart, Raritan, N. J.  
 Roelif Eltinge DuBois, New Paltz, N. Y.  
 John Gaub, New Brunswick, N. J.  
 George Pratt Kuehnle, New Brunswick,  
     N. J.  
 James Gilbert Mason, Metuchen, N. J.  
 Charles Ther Nafey, Highland Park, N. J.  
 William Oscar Pettit, New Brunswick,  
     N. J.  
 Arthur van Voorhees Schenck, New Brunswick, N. J.  
 Helen Elizabeth Searle, New Brunswick,  
     N. J.  
 Louise Marshall Vandivert, New Brunswick, N. J.  
 Francis Edmond Wilber, New Brunswick,  
     N. J.

---

*AN OLD WORLD HERO OF THE  
 NINETEENTH CENTURY.*

He who stood at the head of armies; who commanded and all men obeyed; who throned and unthroned kings, and made all Europe tremble; whose magic named inspired to vic-

tory; the hero of Marengo—the hero of Austerlitz and Friedland. Is this the hero? No, not Napoleon.

He who guided the affairs of state; who sat by the side of England's loved and honored queen; who for years "towered head and shoulders above every other man in the kingdom." The "Grand Old Man," dignified, wise, noble. He is your hero? No, not Gladstone.

One who spent his life for the good of his fellow-men, in a work of love and mercy; who let into the dark jungles of Africa the light of Christian civilization; who, after weary years of exploring, far from home and friends, in the very heart of that dark continent, died alone on his knees, praying for Africa.

Surely this is your hero. No, not even the Christlike Livingstone.

My hero is one who embodied all these. Military leader, statesman, Christian philanthropist.

From the beginning to the end of an eventful life, Charles George Gordon proved himself true to his own conscience, to his country and to his God. Inheriting warlike tendencies from a long line of military ancestors, possessing a character made up of the sternness, eagerness, and even rashness of his father, softened by and blended with the hopeful, trusting nature of his mother, see him at twenty as the lieutenant of British engineers, taking his full share of the terrible work in the trenches before Sebastopol, here developing a remarkable aptitude for war by an almost instinctive knowledge of the enemy's movements.

Next see him hurrying to the far East at the outbreak of the Chinese war, and commanding in the capture of Pekin—grief-stricken at the sight of the burning of the magnificent imperial summer-palaces—the necessary object lesson for the conquered but obdurate Chinese.

Following this, Chian, torn and helpless, devastated as by an avalanche, with the vast horde of rebels under Chang-Wang, the self-

styled "Heavenly King," implores England's help, and Gordon undertakes the hopeless task, with a courage born of a devotion to duty. Quoting from his own letter: "I have taken this step on consideration." "I think that any one who contributes to putting down this rebellion fulfills a humane task by opening China to civilization." "If I had not accepted this command, I believe the rebellion would have gone on in its misery for years." "I think I am doing a good service."

His faith was proved by his works. With a handful of natives, reinforced by prisoners from the ranks of the rebels, in a short twelve months he quelled the rebellion.

Always in the front of the "Ever Victorious Army," General Gordon was armed with no weapon but a small cane, which his superstitious followers called the magic wand of victory, the same wand with which he drove from his tent the bearers of the bribe-money sent him by Li Hung Chang, who had treacherously crucified the ten Wangs, whom Gordon had pledged himself to save.

Raised to the rank of Ti-Tu, the highest in the army; followed by the applause of even his enemies; refusing recompense, save the name that was dearer than all, Chinese Gordon was recalled to England and given the humble work of fortifying the muddy banks of the Thames.

The six years passed here were perhaps the noblest of his life. His leisure hours were spent in gathering multitudes of ragged boys, caring for them, praying for them—nobody's children, whom he called "My Kings."

On the same night that the news of Livingstone's death reached England, Gordon was hurried away out of England on his mission to the Soudan, to liberate for the Khedive the twenty thousand Egyptian troops and the Christian men, women and children, from the power of the Mahdi, and to evacuate Khartoum.

"I come without soldiers, but with God on my side to redress the evils of the Soudan." "I will fight with no weapons but justice."

The people hailed him as their saviour. The tax-books and whips and instruments of torture were burned before them. The prison doors were opened. But his dream for the Soudan was not to be realized.

Led by the relentless Mahdi, the Arab swarm—fierce and cruel—closed around Khartoum. Seven months of desperate planning; the request to England for two hundred men from without ungranted; the message cabled "Desert your garrison and come home"; the reply, "I will *not* desert my garrison." One weary month more and the end draws near. He writes his last message home:—"Good-bye, I have done the best for the honor of our country."

Shame! Shame for England, that she thus neglected her noblest subject and son. Pitiless mother! that she shut her ears to his last cry for help.

On no costly marble in grand cathedral is his name carved, but on the hearts of China's millions, whom he liberated; in the affection of London's waifs; in the grateful memory of all true Englishmen; and in the faith of the loyal garrison at Khartoum.

By no decision of a hundred wise and learned shall Gordon have a place in the Temple of Fame, but by the universal judgment of mankind shall his name be written high—A great man!—A Hero.

---

#### BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

There have been few famous negroes. Toussaint Louverture was one, and in the present day we have another, not only great for a negro, but great for a white man; one who, entirely forgetful of himself, is giving up his whole life to the elevating of his people.

Out of the debased and downtrodden race of negroes, Toussaint Louverture made soldiers; out of the same material, Booker Washington is making citizens. Which is the harder task? To make of an ignorant slave a good fighter, or a faithful, law-abiding citizen? You say Toussaint L'ouverture was brave.

Which is braver? To be heroic in time of peril, spurred on by the excitement of battle, or to endure patiently throughout a long life, bearing disappointments without discouragement, reverses with constancy.

Booker T. Washington was born a slave, in a Virginia cabin, with the blood of ten generations of slavery in his veins. When a very little boy he determined, for some reason, that he would learn to read. Carrying his mistress's books to school one day, he saw the school children at work. To get into a school-house, to study out of books like that, would be like getting into Paradise.

When he was older, working in a coal mine one day, he heard of Hampton Institute, and from that time made it his aim to go there. Thus was ambition awakened in the heart of the negro boy—an ambition that did not die at the first reverse, but has grown stronger with time and has soared above the ambition of common men.

He did not know where Hampton was, he had no money, yet he determined in some way to carry out his plan. When finally he started, the little money which he had been able to obtain gave out before he was half way there. Stranded in a big city, without a cent, he procured work, and earning enough to pay the rest of his way arrived, as he says, with just fifty cents, to begin his education. As janitor, he worked his way through and graduated with his class.

He had secured a liberal education. His soul was lifted above the level of common thoughts to the place from which he could look down upon the turbulent sea of life, and view its petty storms with calm dignity. Acquainted with the great events of the past, he could look forward to the probable needs of the future.

From Hampton Institute, Booker T. Washington entered upon his life work. He agreed to manage the normal school for negroes at Tuskegee. When he came there, he found not only no school, but not even a place for it, only a plan formed by some of the citizens of

Tuskegee. Under the circumstances an ordinary person might have been disheartened, but Booker Washington was not made of the stuff that is easily discouraged. He went to work, traveled all about the country to advertise the future school. At last the institution opened in a shanty, with about thirty-five pupils. It grew with surprising rapidity. It startled the inhabitants of Tuskegee. It has increased from a school of thirty-five pupils, when it started, to an institution of over a thousand students now.

Booker Washington has acquired the art of governing men; he has placed himself among those who rule; he has shown himself fitted to rule; he has become a great educator, equal in wisdom to any white man.

What a contrast! Booker Washington thirty-five years ago, and Booker T. Washington to-day. We see him the little negro slave, whose highest ambition was to get to the height of society, where he could obtain and eat ginger cakes. We see him now, the determined freedman, whose great and noble ambition is to raise the whole negro race to an industrial par with the white man. We see him, the little slave child sitting by the roadside and crying, as he waits for some one to come along who will help him lift the fallen bag of grain on the back of the horse. We see him now, one of the world's great men, whose counsel and help, presidents and emperors seek.

Strong, resolute, constant, never swerving, always steadfast, is Booker T. Washington. His character is set forth best by the poet of his own race, Paul Laurence Dunbar:

The word is writ that he who runs may read.  
What is the passing breath of earthly fame,  
But to snatch glory from the hands of blame—  
That is to be, to live, to strive indeed.  
A poor Virginian cabin gave the seed,  
And from its dark and lowly door, there came  
A peer of princes in the world's acclaim,  
A master spirit for the nation's need.  
Strong, silent, purposeful, beyond his kind,  
The mark of rugged force on brow and lip,

Straight on he goes, nor turns to look behind,  
Where hot the hounds come baying at his hip;  
With one idea foremost in his mind,  
Like the keen prow of some on-forging ship.

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*TRAP RECEPTION.*

On the evening of June 10th, Dr. and Mrs. Payson gave their annual reception to the Fourth Form. The whole affair was very successful. The grounds were prettily decorated with Japanese lanterns, and the house with ferns and flowers. Dancing began at half-past eight and was continued until about two. Refreshments were served at about 11.30. Music was furnished by Garland.

The following were some of those present: Misses Atwater, Bevier, Della and Alice Conger, Cooke, Nettie and Eloise Fisher, Mildred Fisher, Gregg, Hardy, Hurlbut, Kitchenmeister, Kuehnle, Mary and Katherine Lienau, Lindley, McLaury, Helena and Mary Nelson, Nicholas, Pitman, Price, Runyon, Rust, Scott, Searle, Shafer, Shankle, Sillcocks, Suydam, Titsworth, Van Cleef, Vandivert, Vliet, Williamson.

Messrs. Badeau, Bardwell, Bates, Benedict, Guy Bergen, John Bergen, Bevier, Burr, Harry and Arthur Carpender, Conger, Frank and Charley Corbin, Devan, DuBois, Elberson, Ferguson, Ford, Green, Hay, Kuehnle, Granger and Horation Lang, Mason, Miller, Mittag, Murphy, Nuttman, Pettit, Schenck, Taverner, Van Vechten, Varick, Verdi, Chas. and Ned Wilber, Wright.

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*1901 CLASS BANQUET.*

On the evening of May 30th, the class of 1901 held its banquet at the Kensington Hotel, Plainfield. All the members of the class were present except Mr. Carleton. The freshmen had not heard a whisper of the proceedings, and the banqueters were not molested at all.

The menu was as follows:

Little Neck Clams.	
Consomme Clear.	
Striped Bass, a la Villeroi.	
Olives.	Gherkins.
	Radishes.

Filet of Beef, with Mushrooms.

New Potatoes. Asparagus.

Chicken Croquettes. Green Peas.

Tomato Salad, Mayonaise Dressing.

Neapolitan Ice Cream. Assorted Cakes.

Coffee. Roquefort Cheese.

After doing ample justice to the menu, each member of the class in turn made a short speech. President Mason acted as toast-master.

The class journeyed home in a stage and repaired to the Trap, where a bon-fire was made, and speeches called for from the Profs. Profs. Ferguson and Burr responded in a few well chosen words, and Dr. Payson made a short speech.

The class adjourned about 4 A. M.

The committee was: G. P. Kuehnle, F. E. Wilber, and H. L. Carpender.

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*P. H. S. 6, R. P. S. 7.*

On May 18th the Prep. School met and defeated her old rivals, the Plainfield High School, in a ten-inning game, by a score of 7 to 6. The field was very wet and slippery and fast playing was of course impossible, but each team played very well considering the conditions. The game was not decided until the tenth inning, when, with a man on second base, Van Vechten made a two-base hit into left field, bringing in the winning run.

Hay pitched a fine game, striking out twelve men. The Preps.' batting was not very good, and if this had been better a ten-inning game would not have been played. The summary follows: Struck out, by Hay 12, by Van Auken 7. Bases on balls, off Hay 5, off Van Auken 4. Two-base hits, Van Vechten, N. Wilber. Double play, Hay, Green, Van Vechten. Passed balls, Van Vechten 3, Monahan 2. Umpire, C. R. Bell, Rutgers '01.

The batting order was as follows:

P. H. S.—F. Mason, s. s.; Van Auken, p.; T. Mason (Capt.) 2 b.; Pond, l. f.; Cubberly, c. f.; Davis, r. b.; Denton, r. f.; Monroe, 3 b.; Monahan, c.

R. P. S.—Kuehnle, s. s.; Cole, r. f.; Van

Vechten, c.; Green, 1 b.; Hay, p.; Mittag, 3 b.; C. Wilber, 2 b.; Devan, 1. f.; N. Wilber, c. f.

---

PINGRY 15, R. P. S. o.

On May 15th the team journey to Elizabeth to play the Pingry School. The game was very one-sided all the way through. R. P. S. seemed to have taken another slump, and many errors aided Pingry to run up this large score. The Preps. were miserably weak at the bat. Several times, with a man at third base, the necessary hit was not made, and the opportunity for scoring lost.

Pingry undoubtedly has a strong team, but Rutgers Prep. should have made a better showing.

---

P. H. S. 17, R. P. S. 21.

The base-ball team won their second game from Plainfield High School on Decoration Day by a score of 21 to 17. Both teams showed the lack of practice caused by the long period of wet weather. This in a measure accounts for the high score. Hay pitched his usual fine game, striking out twelve men. At the beginning of the fourth inning the score stood 12 to 4 in Plainfield's favor, and the game looked about lost. But owing to luck, a bunching of hits, and errors by the Plainfield players, the Preps. were able to get in twelve runs, making the score at the end of the fourth inning 16 to 12 in favor of the Preps. This change was largely due to the good cheering of the Prep. "rooters." Many a game has been won by cheering, and this game clearly showed what can be done in that line. Hereafter, when the score goes against us, let us cheer, and cheer again, until defeat has been changed into victory.

The line-up of the teams was as follows:

Plainfield—F. Mason, s. s.; Van Aukens, p.; T. Mason, 2 b.; Pond, 1. f.; Cubberly, c. f.; Davis, 1 b.; Denton, r. f.; Monroe, 3 b.; Monahan, c.

Rutgers Prep.—Kuehnle, s. s.; Cole, r. f.; Van Vechten, c.; Green, 1 b.; Hay, p.; Mit-

tag, 3 b.; C. Wilber, 2 b.; Devan, 1. f.; N. Wilber, c. f.

---

MORRISTOWN SCHOOL 4, R. P. S. 1.

On June 8th the team had the most enjoyable trip of the season, journeying up to Morristown to play the Morristown School. Although defeated, the whole team had a fine time, and all joined in praising the Morristown boys for their generosity and gentlemanly conduct.

The weather was fine for base-ball. The new field was equally untried by both teams, and, although the outfield was poor, the grass diamond was very good. The game was extremely well played throughout, Rutgers Prep. making but one error, while Morristown made but four. The game was lost through weakness in batting. Hay was not up to his usual form, being rather nervous. The cause for this was the new time rule for pitchers. Morristown made two runs in the second inning and one in the third and fourth. R. P. S. made its only run in the fifth inning. The umpire was the marring feature of the game, as his decisions were very unfair at times. This was one of the causes for the defeat. Rutgers Prep. made but one less hit than the Morristown School, but the Morristown boys bunched their hits to great advantage.

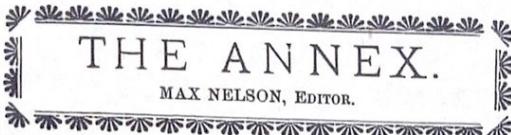
We hope to play this school again next year. The following was the R. P. S. team: Van Vechten (Capt.) c.; Hay, p.; Green, 1 b.; C. Wilber, 2 b.; Kuehnle, s. s.; Mittag, 3 b.; Cole, r. f.; N. Wilber, c. f.; Devan, 1. f.

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Prof. C.—"Who was Barrabas?" Hasbrouck—"He was a disciple and a prophet."

Kilmer (giving quotation from Merchant of Venice)—"There's not the smallest orb which—which—" Prof. C.—"Why don't you go on?" Kilmer—"I don't know where the orb is."

Mason (in English)—"Edmund Burke was intended to be placed behind the bars."

*THE ANNEX OPERETTA.*

On the evening of May 17th, the operetta "Bo Peep" was presented by the students of the Annex before a large and enthusiastic audience. The large hall of the main building was entirely filled, as were also the two adjoining rooms. The stage had been enlarged, and was beautifully decorated with green boughs and paper roses.

The operetta was an adaption from the Mother Goose rhymes, and the story is as follows:

Little Boy Blue uses the deed to Mistress Mary's farm for the tail to his kite, and when Mistress Mary discovers this, she sends him away from home. When the peasants announce that they have chosen Boy Blue and Bo-Peep for their May King and Queen, Taffy tells them of Boy Blue's banishment. Bo-Peep goes to find Boy Blue and stay with him.

Ladye Lee goes to gather flowers with her friend Metticate, and is so unfortunate as to lose the ring given to her by her lover. She promises to the finder of the ring any reward that she can give.

Bo-Peep finds the ring while hunting for Boy Blue. She asks as a reward a new deed for Mistress Mary, who forgives Boy Blue, and all are happy.

The cast of characters was:

Bo-Peep.....Miss Bessie Wilber.  
 Ladye Lee.....Miss Alta Schenck.  
 Maids from the Castle—Miss Etta Schwenger,  
     Miss Mary Gillespie, Miss Louise Elmen-  
     dorf.  
 Mistress Mary.....Miss Grace Lewis.  
 Jill.....Miss Eulalia McFadden.  
 Cockle Shell.....Miss Myrtle Ten Eyck.  
 Silver Bell.....Miss Kathryn Pettit.  
 Boy Blue.....Master Alan Campbell.

Taffy.....Master Horatio Lang.  
 Peasant.....Master Rodney Ford.

The milkmaids looked very pretty in their costumes and were heartily encored. They were: Misses Myrtle Ten Eyck, Kathryn Pettit, Alice Barbour, Elsie and Alma Gaub, Anna Scott, Gretchen Smith, Evelyn Knox and Kathryn Weigel.

During the intermission between the first and second acts, a "Rainbow March" was very well executed by Masters Fritz Smith, Robert Johnson, William Strong, Robert Voorhees, Russell Ten Eyck, Neilson Dunham, Arthur and Paul Prentiss, Asher Howell, Theodore Strong, John Conger, Theodore Voorhees, Robert and Raymond Searle, Lewis Potter, Seabury Cook, Starling and James Pearce, Tracy Voorhees, Vivian Ross, Alfred Stellers, Van Santvoord Knox, Ralph Beardsley, and Lambert Myers. Each one carried a branch of apple blossoms and went through the manoeuvres without a break. This march made a great hit, and was also encored.

Miss Bessie Wilber was a very pretty Bo-Peep, and sang all her solos exceedingly well. Master Alan Campbell as Boy Blue carried his part with great credit. Miss Grace Lewis made an excellent Mistress Mary, and took her part with spirit, while Miss Alta Schenck represented Ladye Lee with great naturalness. Master Horatio Lang was a very lively Taffy, while Misses Etta Schwenger and Eulalia McFadden, and Master Rodney Ford rendered their solos with spirit and good taste.

The choruses were all good and showed the result of careful training. Mr. Frank Elberson was the announcer.

Great praise is due to Misses Hurlbut, Shankel and Gregg, the teachers of the Annex, for their efforts, upon which depended the success of the entertainment. Professor Barbour had charge of the Delsarte training, and Miss Agnes Storer played the accompaniments.

About \$60 was the proceeds of the entertainment, the object of which is the purchase of a new piano for the Annex building.

## SCHOOL NOTES.

The English Class, of the class of 1904, held a very enjoyable debate on May 23. The subject under consideration was, "Shall Cuba Be Admitted to the United States?" Those who spoke in the negative were Mr. Watson (Captain), Miss Polhemus, Messrs. Wade, C. Corbin, H. Lang, Miller; while the affirmative side was maintained by Mr. Devan (Captain), Miss McFadden, Messrs. Vandevert, Matzke and Woodbridge. The judges were Messrs. Wilber '01, Benedict '01, and Mason '01. The debate was very close, and the arguments showed much knowledge of the subject. The judges had a lively debate among themselves, but when at last they had reached a decision Mr. Wilber announced that the negative side had won. Miss Hardy managed the debate.

On the return trip from Morristown the base-ball team elected Green, first baseman, as captain for next year.

We wish to express our heartfelt sympathy to Mr. Carleton on the death of his mother.

The following is a partial list of the school boys who are pledged to college fraternities: Beta Theta Pi—Mason '01, Kuehnle '01, Naffey '01. Delta Upsilon—Pettit '01, Badeau '01, DeHart '01, Green '02, Murphy '02. Chi Psi—Bergen '01, DuBois '01, C. and N. Wilber '01, Lang '03. Zeta Psi—Bates '01. Delta Kappa Epsilon—Carleton '01.

The Bordentown Military Institute game, scheduled for May 25, had to be given up on account of rain.

The Delta Theta Fraternity gave a very enjoyable dance in Masonic Hall on the evening of May 31.

The class of 1901 enjoys the unique distinction of graduating in the rainiest season that has visited us in thirty years. It cannot be that the heavens are weeping over the sins of the Fourth Form. Perish the base insinuation. They are weeping because the Fourth Form is so soon to disband. *Hinc illae lacrimae.*

If you look at the list of "Instructors" on the last page of our cover, you will see just beneath the Head-Master the name of Willard Conger, A.M., Greek Master. If you wander down the Jersey Coats, you will come upon a famous summer resort about forty miles away from New Brunswick, whose name is Asbury Park. What connection exists between these two facts? We will tell you.

Mr. Conger graduated from our school in 1892. He took his college course in Rutgers, and graduated from the college in '96. Three years more found him at the close of his course in the Seminary. Since '99 he has been teaching in his Alma Mater, the Prep. School. Now he severs his connection with the school at the end of this year and accepts a call to preach in Asbury Park. It is a flattering call, and the ARGO congratulates Mr. Conger upon the compliment thus paid to him and the citizens of Asbury Park upon the great addition they are going to have in securing his services. We part from him with regret, and wish him God-speed in his new home.

Mr. Conger will be succeeded by Mr. H. D. Wilson, of Trinity College. Mr. Wilson comes to us with the highest recommendations. He will not only help us in Greek, but also in music and athletics, both of them important branches of a boy's education. We have not the pleasure of Mr. Wilson's acquaintance very closely, but we are sure that we will be glad to know him better, and he will find the Prep. boys good fellows. Ask Mr. Conger, our departing luminary, if that is not so.

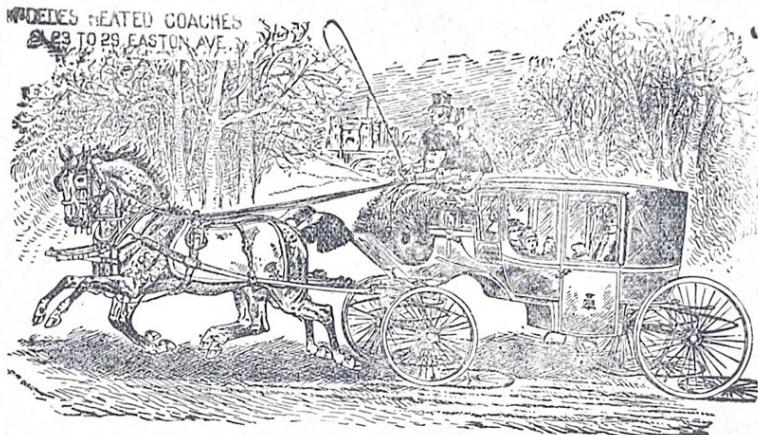
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### INSTRUCTORS:

ELIOT R. PAYSON, A. M., Ph. D., Head-Master, Latin and Greek.

WILLARD CONGER, A. M., Greek Master.

J. ARDEN FERGUSON, A. B., Science Master.

ROY C. BURR, A. B., Latin.

HERMAN H. WRIGHT, B. S., Mathematics.

MISS ANNA L. HARDY, A. B., French and German.



### Primary and Intermediate Departments.

MISS INA HELEN HURLBUT, Principal.

MISS MARGERY JEAN SHANKEL, )  
MISS MARY GREGG, ) Instructors.

EDWARD L. BARBOUR, B. O., Elocution

For particulars address

ELIOT R. PAYSON, Head-Master,  
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.