

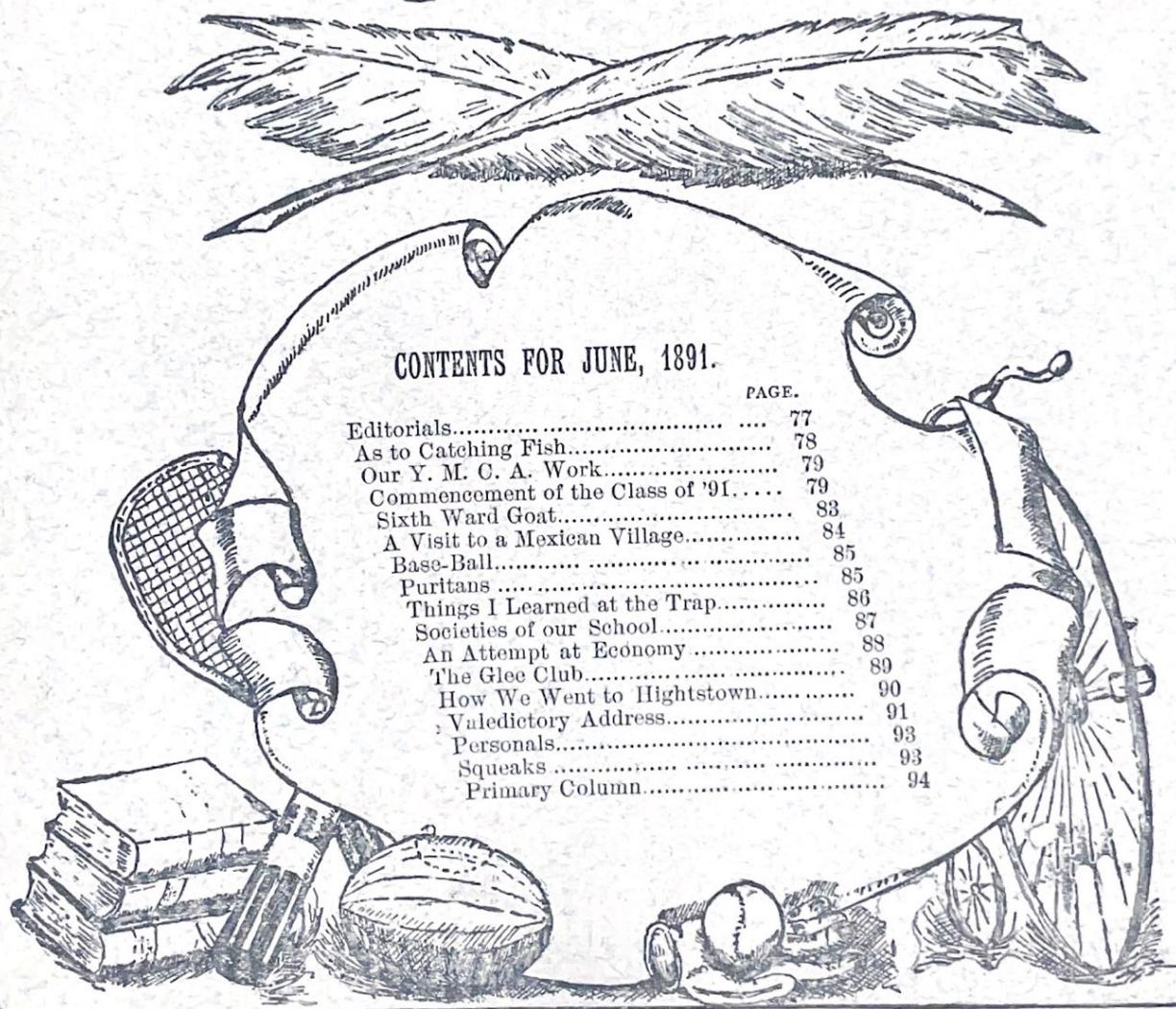
THE CARGO

RUTGERS COLLEGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL

VOL. II. NO. 9.

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THE ARGO.

VOL. II.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., JUNE, 1891.

No. 9.

The Argo:

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

VOL. II.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., JUNE, 1891.

NO. 9.

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.

THE school year is over and in many respects it has been a prosperous and pleasing one. This has especially been the case in our athletics. It has been a long time since our school has made such a fine showing in outdoor sports. We have sustained some defeats but the great majority of our games have been victories for us, both in football and in base-ball. We hope that the succeeding years may find our school stronger and not weaker in athletics.

WE hope our friends and patrons will pardon the delay in editing this issue of THE ARGO, but for unavoidable circumstances we have been unable to get out this number earlier. The Commencement number is always the latest one out, as nearly all the editors who reside out of town leave as soon as Commencement is over; such has been the case this time. Nearly all the preceding issues of our paper have been delayed a week or so after the middle of the month, at which time they are expected to appear. We hope next year to overcome this deficiency and to produce

our paper as near the appointed time as possible. We hope our friends will still continue in their subscriptions, and that next year may see more of our school fellows, as well as outsiders, contributing to THE ARGO, the first Rutgers Preparatory School Paper. Hoping we may interest and please our readers more in our issues next fall than we do in this number, we say "Goodbye for our Summer vacation."

AS the school year draws to a close, our eyes are not gladdened by one thing which we hoped would be accomplished. From an architectural point of view, we think our school building pretty, but it sadly needs a new coat of paint. New clothes improve most people, and we think a fresh dress on our building would not only improve that corner of the street, but also add much cheer and give much gratification to the boys who spend so much of their time there. We hope when we return in September to see that this has been done.

WE are grieved to learn that Dr. E. H. Cook, our present Headmaster, intends to leave us next year, he having accepted a position as superintendent of the schools at Flushing, L. I. While we deeply regret the loss of so estimable an instructor, and so kind and agreeable an advisor and friend, at the same time we congratulate him on this high call, and hope that he may find it as pleasing and agreeable a charge as we hope he has found his present one. Doctor, we wish you success, and

Where'er you may be and whate'er you may do,
Think of the boys who are thinking of you.

We are also to lose Prof. van Allen. Professor, although we have cut up in your classes, and tried to make life a burden for you generally, don't think that we meant all that we did. We will miss you greatly, and we hope that you will remember us in your new position.

We hope that Prof. Cummings will not leave us as we understand is his intention. It will be hard for us to become as intimately acquainted with a stranger, in school as well as out, as we have become with him. It is due to his kind help and suggestions as well as to his financial aid, that our paper has become what it now is. To him we owe the plate which we have for the cover of THE ARGO, and in many ways has he shown himself to be with us and of us. Professor, we hope that you may decide to stay, but if you think it your duty to accept this new position, we hope that your new friends will love you as we do, which we are sure they will do, and that you will remember the many friends who will miss you.

THE question has been asked why should we not have an Athletic Association, and we repeat it, why not? It would surely be a great benefit to the school in several ways. In the first place it would boom Athletics, and would help toward placing it on a level with other schools of its character. We have not been so far behind in athletics as it is, but, if an association was formed, it would bind the fellows closer together and more would contribute to the support of athletic sports, and the dues would keep some ready money in the treasury. There is no lack of good players in the school, and if they would be bound together by an association of this kind, it would be just what the school needs to bring it forward in athletics; and when this occurs then our victorious yell will be heard more often.

ON the 15th of May, we, the new editors, found ourselves in charge of an unfamiliar work in which none of us, except two, had ever tested before. We feel our entire unworthiness to take up the pen which has been wielded so justly and so determinately by our predecessors, especially by the senior editors. They have done everything in their power to bring the Argœ in line with the best school papers; and now that we have condescended to take this responsibility we naturally look to you, as a school, for your hearty co-operation.

AS TO CATCHING FISH.

NOW that the season is with us, though not of us, a few hints to our fellow students who will go forth to catch fish and catarrh are quite Republican, i. e., in place. The following rules are believed to be comprehensive; but if you don't see what you want, ask for it. If you don't want what you see, you don't have it.

In the first place, pick your fishing grounds. If you can pick somebody's fish-pond you are apt to have better luck. In this case do not obtrude yourself upon the owner's attention. He may have other fish to fry. Fish in a stranger's private pond always bite better at night. So sometimes do the dogs.

Before starting on your trip lay out most of your money on a rod. This is *de rigeur*. A split bamboo one with gold trimmings and a few diamonds in the butt, will do. You will not catch many fish with it, but it is useful in catching "suckers," of which you are apt to do a great deal more. When you go fishing you can hide it in the bushes and borrow a bean pole from some country boy. Fish are fonder of this sort of tackle. *Ubi ben ibi patria*, is their motto.

As to flies, don't be too fly —. Just muscous enough. You will need a brown rain shackle, an ensanguined ibis, a roller process miller and a shoo-fly. These are to stick in your hat. To fish borrow cockroaches from your hotel and a few worms from the above said c. b. The fisherman who cannot await a bite with baited breath will not catch anything, and doesn't deserve to.

In fishing, do not talk. Fish are apt to resent such familiarity on the part of an utter stranger. Wait and do your talking at the supper table, where you can introduce them to yourself—fried. Frying overcomes their clammy reserve.

Having fished enough, you can engage the boy from whom you borrowed the bean pole to catch something for you. Then resume your diamond-hilted rod, and return with it and your fish to the hotel.

If you would be the most famous fisherman that ever lived, you can do it very simply. In telling what you caught, say invariably that those which

got away were all small. This may come very hard at first, for every one will be telling, "but you ought to have seen the one I hooked in Green pond—four pounder, sure. I could have sworn when he got away." But stick to your story and you will be the hero of the summer. After they have pronounced you not insane, but just honest, the mammas of lovely daughters will besiege so model a son-in-law, and all the capitalists will be ready to take you into partnership.

Most information mills would charge you about \$100 for this pointer alone, but all I ask is ten per cent. of the business and the partnership.

OUR Y. M. C. A. WORK.

DURING the last school year our Y. M. C. A. work has been very encouraging. A great number of our students are Christians and have aided us often in the work. Although we could not make many inducements to the boys we could make the one which was, "come and join us in the work." A number of the boys accepted this grand invitation and have worked diligently and faithfully. We have held a prayer meeting each Friday evening at the school-house, with the exception of holiday weeks. We are happy to say that our work has not been in vain, but that two fellow students have decided for Christ and have entered the fold and are diligently working in His vineyard. Others are trying to lead better lives and follow closer the footsteps of Jesus. Some of the boys are interested in the city missions, leading the meetings and doing personal mission work. Our Wednesday evening prayer meetings at the "Home" were a blessing to us all. Let us not lose the inspiration we have received from them when we leave the "Home," but let us work with more zeal and vigor. The work of our "Mission Band" has been successful and we have accomplished considerable. With the aid of a few friends we succeeded in furnishing the "Y" Mission with new seats, and have aided other missions by supplying musical and literary talent on various occasions. The boys of the Bible training class are very thankful to their instructor for his kindness, for he has left many impressions of the lessons upon their hearts. Now boys, as we meet together

no more for a while, in the school house or in the parlor, let us not forget that we have taken the cross upon us, but let us bear it manfully and be patient, for with the help of God we cannot but be successful. Boys, wheresoever we may be, let us do what we can for the Master and glorify his name.

COMMENCEMENT EXERCISES OF THE CLASS OF '91.

THE Class of '91 of the Rutgers Preparatory School held their Commencement exercises on Thursday, June 11, in Kirkpatrick Chapel, at 8 o'clock p. m. Although the heat was very oppressive and the ex-freshmen rather noisy, '91 surely did credit to itself both by the size of the class and the order of the exercises. We hope they may be as successful in their college life as they have been in the days they have spent with us.

The Chapel was filled to its utmost capacity with the friends and relatives of the graduates and undergraduates. And we must here note that there were more of the fair sex than have graced the Chapel with their presence on these memorable occasions for two or three years.

At about quarter after eight the graduating class filed into the Chapel from the President's room in the rear, and took their seats on the right of the platform. After the overture, rendered by Hart's orchestra, Dr. Cook announced the first speaker of the evening, Daihachiro Sagara, of Tokio, Japan, he having obtained the second prize in scholarship, the Salutatory. After giving those present a most cordial welcome in the name of the Class of '91 he turned to his oration, Dai Nihon. He commenced by speaking of the slow growth of China and of her danger from the Russian Government, warning her that Russia was doing all in her power to extend her dominions. He then spoke of Japan as at one time being on an equal footing with China, but now being far ahead both in educational and political matters, and also in spiritual affairs. He concluded by wishing that he might see the Stars and Stripes and the Rising Sun advancing side by side along the line of civil-

The Argo.

ization, giving such aid to each other as they might be able.

The next speaker, George J. Janeway, of New Brunswick, had for his subject, Success. After stating that success in life depended on each man having a certain point in view, and working for that end. He ended by saying that the Christian man was more universally successful, and that there was no true success without godliness. The Waltz, "Return of Spring," was well rendered by the orchestra, after which the oration, Our Condition as a Nation, was delivered by Charles Wessley Gulick, of New Brunswick.

After speaking of the growth and prosperity of the United States he mentioned some of the evils of our present government, among other things being corruption in politics, the power for evil in money, and the immigration of the worst classes of foreign element to our country.

After him A. Schuyler Clark of New Brunswick, delivered an oration on Strikes. He spoke of the continual disagreement between employees and employers, and mentioned three ways in which these might be allayed, shortening of hours, profit sharing and arbitration. The "Dance of the Nixies" was well rendered by the Preparatory School Glee Club, as was also the encore, "The Sailor's Dream."

The next speaker was R. Ellison Soare, who had for his subject, The Lawless Suppression of Lawlessness. He mentioned the immigration of all classes without restriction as one of the greatest evils we now have, and set before his hearers the recent occurrences at New Orleans. He said that these take the power into their own hands, and will neither be ruled by the laws of the country nor by their own common sense. "Gipsy Caravan" was then presented to the admiring ears of the audience by the orchestra, after which Stanley W. Jones, of Rahway, spoke on Culture. He showed forth the value of culture, both morally and intellectually. He said that a cultured man could be picked out of an assembly of unlearned, and vice versa. The orchestra then rendered "Grace and Beauty." Next came an oration by Daniel Morrison, of New Brunswick, his subject being, Nobility of Labor. He said it was no degradation to work, and quoted the first verse of Genesis, say-

ing if God set such an example, why should we consider it beneath us to work.

The Preparatory School Glee Club rendered "The Tar's Song" and a "Serenade" very creditably, after which came the valedictory and oration by George S. Ludlow, of New Brunswick. He said that the worst evil of the times was corruption in politics, and he said that the only way to prevent this was by sending good conscientious men to be our representatives in Congress and at our State Capitals. Turning to Dr. Cook he thanked him in behalf of the Class of '91 for his watchful care through the year, and through him thanked the teachers for the patience they had shown with them and the time they had spent in their behalf. He next bid farewell to the class in a few appropriate words.

Dr. Doolittle made a very pleasing address to the class, but made an unfortunate allusion to the lateness of the hour, which produced a laugh from the Class of '94, but '91, alias '95, took it all in good spirit, laughing with the rest.

Dr. Doolittle's address was followed by the presentation of diplomas, the boys being guyed by '94, who cried Fresh as each member of the class received his diploma from Dr. Doolittle.

Mr. John N. Carpender, as chairman of the committee for determining the best speaker, announced that the first prize was given to Charles W. Gulick, and the second to R. Ellison Soare.

The benediction was then pronounced, and another commencement of the Rutgers Preparatory School had come to an end.

Immediately after the exercises in the Chapel the graduating class retired to Schlesinger's, where they were entertained by a plentifully spread board. There were many and pleasing toasts, and at an early hour the boys retired to their homes full-fledged Freshmen.

The following are D. Sagara's and C. W. Gulick's speeches complete:

SALUTATION.

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN: It gives me great pleasure to welcome you to-night in behalf of the Class of '91 to our graduating exercises in this Memorial Hall.

In a century and a quarter of its existence our school has

sent many students to the glorious Rutgers, who have made very fine success during their college life. May equal or greater success fall to the lot of the Class of '91. You have already witnessed several commencement exercises of our elder brethren, but here what you are going to see are the first and the last exercises of the Class of '91.

We thank you for your presence this evening and hope that the exercises may please you. Ladies and gentlemen, the Class of '91 welcome you.

DAI-NIHON.

My heart tells me that on the threshold of my oration it will be appropriate for me to say a few words about the wonderful land of China, which is in deathlike sleep, notwithstanding the light of civilization dimly shines upon her. Throughout the history of the world we see that the same law holds good; that nations rise and fall; that now one, now another, is supreme in the struggle for civilization. Think how strong was the nation of Rome; look how bravely the Roman eagle advanced; but where is its glory now? Who discovered the first principles of electricity? Who invented the compass, printing and gun powder? Was it not a long time ago that the mighty people of China discovered these wonders? But where are they now? Dead, sleeping among fumes of opium, stupefied by the impure influences of old beliefs; their pristine glory faded like the dead leaves of Autumn.

Awake, men of China, danger is lying before you; destruction will not delay to overtake your nation. What is the purpose of building the railroad of Siberia from the capital of Russia to the boundaries of China? Is it to improve commerce? Is it to increase intelligence of the ignorant Siberians? Rather to increase the area of Russian territory, 100,000 veteran soldiers can be sent in a few days inside of Chinese territory. Beware the Russian bear; beware the British lion; awake, unconscious people! It is not the time to sleep.

In the drama of mankind every nation is an actor, none knows her part. One by one the stars leave the stage and others take their place. There is no pause. The play goes on. No prompter's voice is heard and no one has the slightest clue as to what the next scene is to be. Is not New Japan one of the actors? Will she be a star of the stage? Has the curtain fallen, and forever? Will it rise again in some future time on the glory of this young actor? Reason says perhaps and hope still whispers yes.

In the sixth century the introduction of Chinese culture

converted the nation of Japan into a semi-civilized kingdom. Then in 1853 the arrival of the American Commodore Perry at Uraga was the beginning of a movement which has changed the appearance of the country and has raised the nation to a level incomparably higher than that at which its former guide and instructor has remained.

Under the armed eloquence of Christian diplomacy Japan in 1854 opened her doors to the outside world, and then she took upon herself modern progress. At almost the same time the empire was approaching a crisis in her fate. The Tokagawa dynasty of Shouqua, which has ruled the country for three centuries, was tottering on the brink of ruin. Think how many young and able patriots suffered and died to complete the reform both in political and social circles.

The recent promulgation by the emperor of Japan of a monarchical constitution imposes upon the sovereign power and establishes an imperial diet composed of the House of Peers and a House of Representatives. Within the short space of three and thirty years New Japan has advanced without any hesitation from the twilight of semi-barbarism into the full blaze of European civilization, and has fearlessly changed its old world institutions to those recently developed in western lands.

Some people find it difficult to believe that, whereas a short time ago we were haters of foreigners and oppressors of our own people, now we are walking in the path of progress and liberty with all honesty and truth.

Let us recall that on April 6, 1868, the emperor proclaimed that a deliberative assembly should be formed and measures of state determined according to public opinion, that all customs and usages were detrimental to progress, and, therefore, should be cast aside. In 1875 Geuroin, a sort of senate, was established, and on October 12, 1881, the emperor issued a proclamation in favor of a constitutional government, declaring that at the end of 1890 there should assemble a Diet, and now we see an Imperial Diet, with good order and an admirable constitution in actual use.

We, the people of Great Nippon, the land of the Rising Sun, are no more slaves to one man or one government. We are the government. We were once a group of savages on a small island of Asia, but believe me we are such no more. Japan owes much to her neighbor, the United States of America, the land of liberty, to the expedition of Commodore Perry, and to her subsequent friendly sympathy and assistance in the efforts of Japan to fall into the ranks of Christian nations.

Believing that the present friendly relation between America and Japan will never be broken, let us hope that when for the last time we shall look upon this earth, our last lingering glance will rest upon the Stars and Stripes, advancing side by side with the Rising Sun, along the path of civilization towards the ultimate goal of life, true happiness.

DAIHACHIRO SAGARA.

OUR CONDITION AS A NATION.

That the progress of America has been an impetus to the progress of the world no one doubts. As goes America, so goes the world, in all that is vital to its moral welfare, is a truism which every nation accepts.

And indeed the last one hundred years of the world's existence have been years of tremendous progress. Civilization has extended her grand triumphs. The islands of the sea and the inland deserts and mountains have been explored and measured. The brave mariner has battled the icebergs of the North, and the intrepid traveler has dared the heat and danger of the tropics. The railroad has spanned the continents and tunneled the Alpine mountains. The telegraph has cabled the ocean and joined the extremities of the earth. Africa and Asia have parted their borders and permitted the Mediterranean to mingle its waters with the Indian Ocean. Applications of steam and electricity have assumed such tremendous proportions and such magnificent variety, and have brought with them such vast material convenience, that they have tended to lead captive the judgement and bewilder the imagination.

Despotisms have fallen and monarchies have been remodelled. Republican ideas have sped eastward and westward. The advancement of science, the diffusion of literature; the establishment of public schools; the opening of hospitals; the care of orphans; the education and elevation of woman, giving her access to employment and professions; the freedom of religious worship; the multiplication of religious edifices; the emancipation of serfs; the striking of manacles from millions of slaves—all these are but faint outlines of the manifold triumphs of the century, which might well startle old Galileo from his slumbers to cry again, "But it does move though!"

In these great movements America has stood at the front. She has given the world an example of a free Church in a free State. She realized the grand ideas of "Liberty,

Equality and Fraternity," and by her perseverance has transformed oppressed colonies into a triumphant nation.

"Smiling under the sunlight lies Naples, the fairest picture of calm serenity." Yet there stands the volcano Vesuvius, with its gently curling smoke floating on the quiet breeze, giving no intimation of the terribly destructive power which has already buried two cities in awful ruin. It is calm and quiet now, but in an instant, at any moment, it may overwhelm Naples and bury it from the world as it once did Pompeii and Herculaneum.

So is it with America. She stands triumphant in material progress; the nations recognize her power; "she is the friend of all, the enemy of none," but already within her borders are felt the effects of national sins, arising mainly from intemperance, enhanced by the liquor power, through the agencies of pilfering politicians; unrestricted immigration, which brings to our shores myriads of criminals, vagabonds and outcasts, who rise up in their ignorance to wreak out vengeance against imaginary wrongs, for the real wrongs they have suffered at home; the accumulation of wealth, in the hands of a few, making poorer those already poverty-stricken, and increasing the colossal fortunes of those already too rich for the world's good, influencing the ballot and placing men to rule who have not learned the first lessons of restraint.

The saying that history repeats itself is exemplified repeatedly. Israel, Assyria, Chaldea, Persia, Greece and Rome forsook God and truth and righteousness, and in turn were forsaken by God. The word of the Lord stands this day unrepealed. "The nation and kingdom that will not serve Thee shall perish; yea, those nations shall be utterly wasted." Nor is America excepted, unless she shall forsake the sins which dishonor God and curse men—intemperance, corruption and a selfish greed, we may expect from these "seeds of iniquity" to reap a harvest of "national destruction."

It is true that the effects of the evils are being felt with tremendous power, but look where we may, the future seems full of hope. The great world, slowly and reluctantly though it may be, is still opening its eyes to the appalling spectacle of wretchedness and sin. The cry of the afflicted and down-trodden is heard at last. Those brave, courageous souls who have taken upon their shoulders the burden of suffering humanity, are beginning to find not only sympathy but help in their efforts to do battle against the evil powers.

The battle must be long, no schemes however glorious, no devotion however generous, can win a sudden triumph. Men are wanted; men of brain and soul, brave men and true men; men who have the courage to carry out their convictions, whatever be the opposing forces. How the blood tingles in one's veins at the thought of the grand awakening; so long has party prejudice kept them chained like the dog to his kennel, eating the "crumbs from the rich man's table" and serving faithfully the masters who own them. The people are thinking as they never thought before. The manacles are breaking from the brain of man, and human thought is looking out into the glorious sunlight of freedom. The long night with its darkness and silence is passing away, and through the awakening world rings the triumphant sound, "Let the King reign!"

CHARLES W. GULICK.

STATISTICS OF THE CLASS OF '91.

Wilbur Withrow Ballagh	Tenafly Presbyterian, Alpha Theta, Y. M. C. A., C. F. Base Ball Team.
John Garretson Blackwell.....	Franklin Park Dutch Reformed, Y. M. C. A., R. T. Foot Ball Team, Bicycle Club, Gun Club.
Arthur Morgan Clark	New Brunswick Glee Club, Committee on Class Color, Gun Club.
Abram Schuyler Clark	New Brunswick Dutch Reformed, President Class '91, Bicycle Club, Business Manager of the Argo, Speaker Commencement Exercises.
George Howard Cowie	Rahway Presbyterian, Japanese Club.
George Ray Deshler.....	New Brunswick Episcopal P. on Base Ball Team, Committee on Music and General Arrangement, 3d b on Rutgers' College Base Ball Team, Bicycle Club.
Charles Wesley Gulick	New Brunswick Methodist, President Y. M. C. A., Chief Editor of the Argo, Committee on Invitations, Reporter of the Times.
Irvin White Howell	New Brunswick Presbyterian, Orange Color Club, Committee on Invitations.
George Jacob Janeway	New Brunswick Presbyterian, Vice President Class '91, Vice President Y. M. C. A., Speaker Commencement Exercises.
Stanley Woodruff Jones.....	Rahway Presbyterian, Glee Club Committee on Music and General Arrangement, Speaker Commencement Exercises.
<hr/>	
Gabriel Ludlow	New Brunswick Dutch Reformed, C. R. Foot Ball Team, Committee on Class Color.
George Sullivan Ludlow.....	New Brunswick Dutch Reformed <i>Valedictory</i> , 13 Club, L. E. R. Foot Ball Team, 1st Base Ball Team, Committee on Class Color.
Daniel Morrison	New Brunswick Episcopal, Y. M. C. A., Secretary Class '91, Speaker Commencement Exercises.
Robert Kitching Painter.....	New Brunswick Dutch Reformed, Secretary Y. M. C. A., Bicycle Club, Gun Club, Business Manager of the Argo, Orange Color Club.
Clarkson Runyan, Jr.	New Brunswick Presbyterian, S. S. Base Ball Team, Orange Color Club, Committee on Supper, Glee Club, Bicycle Club.
Harry Ross	New Brunswick Committee on Class Picture, Pres. Fruit Cake Club.
Daihachiro Sagara.....	Tokio Japan <i>Salutatory</i> 13 Club, Y. M. C. A., Half Back Foot Ball Team, Committee on Invitations, Committee on Class Color, Committee on School Button, Scorer of Base Ball Team.
Robert Ellison Soare	Walden, N. Y. Dutch Reformed, Y. M. C. A., Committee on Class Motto, Speaker Commencement Exercises.
William Harvey Stilson.....	Bayonne Episcopal, Alpha Theta, Glee Club, Committee on Supper.
John Provost Stout	Nagasaki Japan Dutch Reformed, Treasurer Y. M. C. A., Senior Editor of the Argo, Treasurer Class '91, Secretary and Treasurer of the Glee Club, Alpha Theta.
William Van Bergen Van Dyck.....	New Brunswick Dutch Reformed, Y. M. C. A., 2 B. Foot Ball Team, Orange Color Club, Glee Club Committee, Music and General Arrangement.
Warren Clark Van Slyke.....	Kingston, N. Y. Dutch Reformed, Y. M. C. A., L. T. Foot Ball Team, 3d B Base Ball Team, Gun Club, Bicycle Club.
John Wills	Stanhope Presbyterian, Alpha Theta, Half Back Foot Ball Team, R. F. Base Ball Team, Committee on Music and General Arrangement.
<hr/>	
SIXTH WARD GOAT.	
<p>THE goat is a very peculiar kind of a ruminating bird, of which the "Sixth Warden" is the most peculiar. Some of his peculiarities were manifested the other day in one of our city dailies,</p>	

in which it was shown that he appeared at night in the form of a ghost, and even went so far as to manipulate the shrubbery which decorates the front lawns of the palatial residences on Hamilton street.

"Pop" says, and he is authority, the "Sixth Warder" differs very materially from the Troy bird, but is inclined to think the "Sixth Warder" would be better for initiating purposes. He says he bases his opinion upon a report rendered by a small boy, who, upon returning one afternoon last week from a little stroll down Division street, stated that one of these creatures hurled the previous part of his anatomy against him with disastrous effect. Still "Pop" insists that the Troy fowl ought not to be held in contempt, and he would not vouch for the quietude of the Trojan if he was subject to the same temptations as this certain Sixth Warder was.

"Pop" says the goat must be endowed with a great deal of patience in order to allow a little unattended chap like "Wholly" to stray around without reminding him by the use of his head of his existence.

The "Sixth Warder" gives our Head Master a great deal of anxiety by its continual presence on the campus; for goats are never desirous of following the bidding of mankind, but on the contrary would rather hurry in an opposite direction. The "Sixth Warder," although very eccentric, has some good and useful qualities which probably accounts for his presence among the practical and sturdy inhabitants of this noble region, for we as "Rats" trust them implicitly.

A VISIT TO A MEXICAN VILLAGE.

IT was a beautiful morning in August and we were all wandering around the ranch, wishing something would turn up for us to do, because it was too hot to go hunting or fishing and we were at a loss to know what to busy ourselves about. But at last one of the fellows said: "Boys, I will tell you what we will do; we will go down the river to the Mexican village." This proposition was agreed upon, and after we had saddled and bridled our horses, we started for the Mexican village, which was about ten miles distant.

If any of our readers have ever had the privilege of riding in the southern part of Colorado, you can imagine how we enjoyed that ride down the San Luis valley, along the Rio Grande, with bold and majestic Sierra Blanca on our right, her large top covered with snow, which looked very much out of place with the surroundings. And so we rode on through beautiful scenery, and at nearly every turn of the road something new met our gaze.

The time passed very pleasantly, and at last our guide told us we were nearing the village, so those of the party who had never seen a Mexican village scanned the horizon to find the object of our search, but, strange to say, none of the newcomers seemed to see the village.

My brother asked the guide to show us where the village was. So he said: "Why, don't you see it about a fourth of a mile down the river?" "No," was the prompt answer. "Well, do you see that long line of low brick buildings?" "Yes." "Well, that is the place you have been looking for for the last five minutes." My brother said: "I saw those buildings before, but I thought that it was a Mexican brick yard." So of course we had the laugh on him.

In a few minutes more we were in the midst of the village. One long street constitutes a Mexican village. This street is composed of adobe houses, built of bricks baked in the sun; or else the Mexicans build a log cabin and then plaster it over with clay. These houses are low one-story buildings with only two or three rooms, without any furniture save a few benches, so of course when the first of May comes a Mexican is not troubled with very much furniture. All he does is to take his blankets and pony and move on.

After we had visited all the places of interest, such as the church and school house, we turned our horses' heads homeward, thoroughly pleased with the day's fun, although some of us could hardly sit straight in our saddles, from fatigue.

"Dutchy" gave the following as an illustration of a general conditional sentence: "If you should live without food you would die." He doesn't know yet why some of the fellows smiled.

BASE BALL.

A VERY prominent man was once heard to say that he would give more for a boy that enjoyed a good game of base ball than one who was always saying he could not play, or it was too hot, or some other similar excuse for not playing.

Base ball is undoubtedly our national game. There is no school or college, town or city, but has its base ball nine. And what an exciting thing a close game of ball is. Take for instance last year's game between Yale and Princeton, when, after nine innings had been played, the score stood 1 to 0, in favor of Princeton. On August 17, 1882, a game was played at Providence, R. I., between Providence and Detroit, resulting in a victory for Providence in the eighteenth inning by the score of 1 to 0. Such games are exciting and interesting. But you may say such games are very seldom seen. I will grant that, but a 4-2, 5-4, 7-8 or 9-10 game can be just as exciting, providing the playing is good.

In New Brunswick our law makers seem to care nothing for athletics of any kind, as they would even prohibit there being an athletic game inside the city limits. And what a law it is. Why New York, Brooklyn, Chicago, St. Louis, San Francisco and, in fact, every large city in the United States, has its athletic grounds right in the centre of the city, while here, forsooth we can have no grounds less than four hundred feet from anybody's property. If a man has a pig sty within four hundred feet of an athletic ground he can force the Association to remove; while if a man has a beer saloon next to your door, you are unable to keep it closed, even on Sunday.

This year the Prep. School has done remarkably well, both in football and base ball. At the opening of the base ball season it certainly looked dark for our boys as they lost the first three match games, but after the third defeat the boys got desperate and determined they would win a game if playing had anything to do with it. And so they went to Hightstown with the determination to win, and came back victorious. They have won every game that they have played since then. We have the satisfaction of knowing that we have a better record than the college team.

The scores by innings are as follows:

	PRACTICE GAMES.								
R. C. P. S.	0	8	3	3	1—15				
Freshmen	1	2	1	1	0—5				
R. C. P. S.	0	0	0	0	3	1—4			
Sophomores	2	0	1	0	2	0	0—5		
	MATCH GAMES.								
R. C. P. S.	5	0	0	0	1	0	0	1—7	
Pingry	0	4	1	0	1	0	0	2	0—8
R. C. P. S.	1	0	0	2	0	0	2	0	0—5
Iroquois	2	0	0	3	0	2	3	3	0—13
R. C. P. S.	2	2	0	0	1	0	0	0	1—6
Princeton Preps	5	2	1	3	3	3	0	3	0—20
R. C. P. S.	1	2	0	0	0	0	1	5	0—9
Peddie Insti.	0	1	3	0	0	0	0	0	0—4
R. C. P. S.					3	0	2	2	9 1—17
Freshmen					0	0	0	1	0—1
R. C. P. S.	4	0	2	3	5	4	5	0	0—23
Pingry	3	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0—4

PURITANS.

MORE than two centuries and a half ago, there was a line of religious persecutions in England, and those who wished to worship in their own way were persecuted or put to death. A great many of these persecuted people went to Holland, where they were allowed to worship as conscience dictated.

They lived there for a number of years, but when children began to grow up around them these exiles thought they would rather teach their children the English language and be making a permanent home for them. Above all, they wished to do something for the advancement of the Gospel of the Kingdom of Christ in the remote parts of the world.

They decided to leave Holland and go to America, where Virginia as yet was the only place settled by the English. These people had been called Pilgrims on account of their wanderings. Out of several hundred Pilgrims, one hundred were chosen to go on this expedition.

They secured two small vessels, named the Mayflower and the Speedwell, but the latter proved unseaworthy and consequently had to go back, leaving the Mayflower to continue the journey alone. Instead of reaching the Hudson River,

which was their intended destination, they were driven by storms to the shore of Massachusetts. For a month they sailed up and down, looking for a favorable landing. When they first went ashore sixteen men landed, headed by Miles Standish. They found deer and duck, which they killed and ate. At last they came into a harbor which had been named Plymouth by a former explorer, Capt. John Smith.

They decided to settle, and landed on Dec. 21st, 1620. Before landing they held a meeting on the Mayflower and agreed that every man should have an equal share in the government. John Carver was chosen Governor. They also formed a military company with Miles Standish to command it. The soldiers each had a coat of mail, a sword and a match-lock musket. Elder William Brewster was their pastor.

As soon as they landed they began to build houses. They built a common house as a place for all (there were one hundred and two people) and they divided themselves into nineteen different families, and in time they each had a house. They built great sheds for the public goods and erected a hospital for the sick, also a church, which had four cannons on the roof for defence. They lived on what they caught in rivers and forests until they could raise corn.

Of course they were exposed to great hardship, and one half of them died the first winter; yet when the Mayflower returned to England in the spring not one of the brave colonists went back.

On June 29th, 1629, the Mayflower and three other vessels returned, entering the harbor of Salem. The voyage, which was considered a short one, took six weeks and three days. This new colony was called the Massachusetts Bay Colony. John Endicott, who with a few others came over a year before, was appointed Governor.

These colonists were not called Pilgrims, but were Puritans—religious reformers who came over for more freedom, and not with the intention of separating themselves entirely from their mother country, as the Pilgrims did. But they soon became quite as independent as the Pilgrims of the ways and authority of the Church of England. Although their number was larger and their wealth

greater than that of the Pilgrims their sufferings were very severe, and many of them died.

The Puritans were very strict in enacting and enforcing the laws. They had stocks and the pillory, which were constantly used. Often you would see a man with a halter around his neck, which he was forbidden ever to take off, as a punishment for some crime.

If a man talked on some religious subject in a different way from that of the Puritans he was put in the pillory or stocks, or put on the meeting house steps with some badge of disgrace on him, or a cleft-stick on his tongue. These people were obliged to stay in the village, because, if they went out of the village, they would be killed by the savages, and so were unable to escape their punishment. Such persecutions were not practiced by the Pilgrims who settled at Plymouth.

These two colonies, Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay, remained separate for many years, but in 1692 were united under the name of Massachusetts.

R. E. R., '93.

A FEW THINGS I HAVE LEARNED IN THE "TRAP."

AS I leave the Grammar School I wonder sometimes what I have learned during the three years I have spent as a boarder in the "Trap." Thinking it over, I have summed it up in the following brief way:

In the first place, out of regard for parents, teachers, etc., I place the book learning:

I have gained some knowledge, of Caesar, and the oblique, absolute and indirect discourse: Cicero and his elegancies, hard to master, but rather fine when once learned; Virgil and the mysteries of Roman mythology; the Anabasis, with its delightful parasangs and marchings, but utterly detestable other parts; Homer and the same gods and goddesses as in Virgil, under different names; Algebra and Geometry, with the meanings of signs and symbols, and a few other things not as important.

That about sums up my learning as found in books, although I suppose I could "enlarge" by working upon my imagination. I am no book-

worm or lover of study, so I will turn to the second department of what I have learned, namely, that which is acquired without books, and which is of more every day value—outside the recitation room, at least. This department embraces some of the following points worth knowing:

I have discovered that every one is grum when coming to school, and that I was as grum as any one when I came. I thought I was quite smart, and was considered so at home, but here in school I was not a remarkable genius, if a genius at all. There is one little peculiarity I have noticed about new boys, which is well worth knowing. They are all fond of walking through the college campus, hoping in their foolish hearts to be taken for Freshmen.

Of course, I have learned a good deal about New Brunswick and this part of New Jersey. I really think that this knowledge is worth something, anyway, and it certainly is worth having if four years in college are to be spent here.

I have found out a great deal about foot ball and base ball and have become inspired with much admiration, mingled with respect, for the players. I soon felt, however, that it was wise to give up emulating these as my few attempts were not entirely successful. I am of a delicate constitution, I may state. I have learned to yell, though, in connection with the two noble games, and never fail to let my voice be heard when there is opportunity to applaud. It encourages the players, I found.

I have picked up much slang, particularly some relating to what I first thought must be the race course, and to doing poorly in lessons—"riders" and "flunks," for instance. I soon found out what the "Trap" and the "Rats" were, of course. I have also discovered something pleasing and taking in nicknames, and now do my share in giving as well as in using them.

I have learned that, contrary to my first week's judgment a fellow can easily and happily live away from home, but also to consider the best part of going to school the visits home when vacations come.

I have become acquainted with lots of facts

about Rutgers College and its history. I find that I feel much interest in it, because I now have friends there, and I desire to enter it partly from a wish for more knowledge and partly for other reasons. Yes, I think I have learned that being in a college town inspires one with a desire to go through college.

I have found that even a "Rat" looks down upon a Freshman with thorough contempt, while he respects and looks up to the other classes in college. The knowledge that I have to be a Freshman in order to pass through college is the only unpleasant feature of a college course I have seen.

I have learned to sing "On the Banks of the Old Raritan" with much enthusiasm, if the manner of doing it may not be perfect. Other college songs also are now familiar to me, and I heartily enjoy them.

In addition to these I have learned sundry good and bad habits too numerous to mention.

Lastly I find by this review of what I have learned and now am as compared to what I was before I came to the "Trap," that I am not the same boy I was when I arrived. Whether I am changed for the better or for the worse I cannot say, but will leave it to my friends to decide.

'91.

SOCIETIES OF OUR SCHOOL.

IT has been four or five years since there has been any literary society connected with our school, but in the last year there have been two formed, and we would hope that they may continue to prosper each year.

The Tau Phi was first formed in December, 1890, with three members, D. Sagara, W. Cook and A. H. Rottger. It has since grown to a society of eight members. It is in reality a Thirteen Club, the limit of membership being thirteen. Its government is secret, but its object, which is open to all, is to promote closer intercourse among the fellows and to create a deeper feeling and regard for the welfare of its members. Not the least of its purposes is the literary point which it has in view.

At regular meetings there is an extemporane-

ous debate on some subject well calculated to enrich the mind, and some of the speeches are very good.

This society has on its roll the names of the leaders of our school, both in studies and in athletics.

This year the society had among its members the Valedictory and Salutatory, the only honors given by the Preparatory School. It also had the captain of the base-ball and foot-ball teams and four players from the former and three from the latter.

The Glee Club is also represented by its president and the two senior editors of THE ARGO for next year may be seen to wear the colors of this society.

There are only two members of the Class of '91 in this society, but, as before stated, these two secured the only two prizes given by the Preparatory School.

The Tau Phi is ruled entirely by the boys and admits members of the whole school, and, in two cases, of ex-Prep. School fellows.

The following are its members: George S. Ludlow, Daihachiro Sagara, Walter Cook, A. Harry Rottger, Albert Collier, John E. Jennings, Grinfill H. English, Isaac N. Enyard.

The Alpha Theta was formed shortly after the opening of school after the holidays. It is composed exclusively of "Trap" fellows or those who live at the Home.

This society has for its aim the cultivating of the mind by debates. When first started the fellows did not take the interest in the society that was expected, but since then it has grown gradually but surely, and is now strong in numbers, and the fellows already show the progress they have made in debating.

The Alpha Theta has on its roll the names of two of the Professors, Cummings and Van Allen, it also has one of the Tau Phi men, Collier.

We hope that these two societies may continue to grow and may not die out, as did their predecessors.

The latest is to go down town during study hour leaving your lamp burning. From an outside inspection every one is in, of course!

AN ATTEMPT AT ECONOMY.

DURING my first year in school I suddenly had a desire for a blue felt hat. Quite a number of the boys had such hats and I thought them very handy and becoming, also with their drooping brims. They cost a dollar and as I considered that rather expensive I gave up the idea of getting one. However, I happened to mention my longing for a felt hat to one of the fellows who at once offered me a very light felt hat he had for fifty cents. It was so light that this fellow had stopped wearing it. It used to provoke the little "Micks" to sing out "Who skinned the cat?" I thought that with a package of the famous Gem dye I could color it and get my felt hat quite cheaply after all.

I bought the hat for fifty cents and a package of the Gem dye for ten cents. Then I found that the article to be dyed had to be boiled and I was in a pickle. There was nothing to be done except wait until I had a chance to get at a stove. As it was almost Easter I put the hat and package of dye away, and when I started for my cousin's for the Easter holiday I took them with me.

Then I was in another pickle as I had delicacy about bothering my cousin with my business and yet I seldom had much time in the house alone. Finally a day came when all but my cousin were away, and when she said she would have to go down town for an hour or two and asked me to look after the house I was charmed and was so visibly pleased that she asked what was up. I gave some answer and watched her off.

As soon as she was well away I hurried upstairs for the hat and dye and then went to the kitchen. I got a stew pan down, filled it with water, and poured in one of the two papers of dye I found in the original package and after stirring it up put my hat in. Then continuing to follow the directions, I stirred up the mess with a stick as it boiled. After half an hour it was time to pour in the other paper of dye. Ah! that seemed to make the "deep, dark, beautiful blue" the package was labeled to produce.

More stirring. Then I noticed that although the dye was almost black as was the hat when first taken out of it, yet if any part of the hat was out for a few minutes it got rather light. That was queer but the dye was to make a "deep, dark, beautiful blue." Possibly it needed to be in longer. Oh yes! the directions said put in salt. I went to the dining room and got a couple of salt cellars and emptied them into the dye. It did improve the sticking quality of the preparation. In went another salt cellar full of salt. More stirring. How time did fly and soon my cousin would be back.

It must be time for the next process. I poured out the dye and rinsed the hat in cold water. Jimminy! How light it got in spite of the salt, but— happy thought—the vinegar and water of the next step brought out the "deep, dark, beautiful blue" the directions said. I hurried once more to the dining room and got a bottle of vinegar from the cruit stand. The vinegar and water wash was then prepared. This was supposed to fix the color as well as fetch it out in all its beauty.

In went the hat. Ah!——? Did it fetch the deep, dark color? Not very perceptibly, but now there was no time to waste. It was not such a bad color, and then besides in drying, it might get darker. I hurried it out into the back yard and hung it on the line. Back to the kitchen I rushed and began to clean what I had used. Horror! The stew pan was dyed. I scrubbed. No use, it was indelibly colored. Well, stick it away for the present. It was done in a jiffy and everything was cleaned up. Then I went into the yard to look at my hat. It was a pale, sickly blue! Most of the color had dripped out with the water. It was too late to do anything now as my cousin was already home.

That wretched hat was dry by supper time and what a shout rose when the family saw it! I was gaped unmercifully about it, and after I tried it on found that the vinegar or something had been no good, for the color came off on my forehead and hands. I would not wear the

thing anyhow on account of the horrible color so up garret it went.

Gradually the story of how I colored the hat leaked out and now it is one of the standing jokes in the family. My attempt at economy was not a success and the next time I try to save forty cents it will not be by dyeing a hat. I will not repeat what my cousin said when she saw her stew pan.

THE GLEE CLUB.

In the last number of the Argo it was stated that we had given no concerts on account of the small profits we could have made. However, the school year was not to close without a beginning having been made in that direction.

A proposition was made to us to sing at an entertainment in Milton Chapel, Rahway, on the evening of June 4th. We were very glad to accept and did so at once.

The evening of the 4th was rather unpleasant, but the members of the Club were in high spirits. We went to Rahway by the 5.49 and spent the time between our arrival and the beginning of the entertainment at 8:00 o'clock at the home of one of the Club's members, S. W. Jones.

Here we fortified ourselves and improved(?) our voices by eating the cake and drinking the lemonade which had been thoughtfully provided.

Then we were driven around to the Chapel where we were treated right royally. Besides being supplied with cake and ice cream, we had the opportunity of enjoying the banjo playing and the recitations, which together with the Glee Club's efforts, comprised the entertainment. Best of all the Club sang well and was greatly complimented by all present.

Beside the pleasure the Club received we were given five dollars and had our expenses paid.

At commencement we sang two pieces with an *encore* to each.

In closing the year we think we have reason to feel well satisfied with what has been accomplished. We have had a pleasant year and

each of us has enjoyed considerable pleasure in connection with the Club. The Club has become better organized and is in good shape for next year. Most of the members will be in the school and those leaving are not the ones who would be most missed. Considerable new music has been secured and mastered, while there are six and a half dollars in the treasury.

Altogether the outlook of the R. C. P. S. Glee Club is decidedly bright. SECRETARY.

HOW WE WENT TO HIGHTSTOWN.

WE received a challenge early in the season to play a game of ball with Peddie Institute at Hightstown, N. J., about eighteen miles from New Brunswick. Of course, we accepted and the game was arrnged for May 9.

On that date about thirty fellows assembled at the school at quarter after eleven in the morning. We were to go by stages and were to start at half-past eleven, but the stages being late, we did not leave until twelve o'clock.

We rode through George street, making as much noise as it is possible for so many boys to make. We sang all the songs, both new and old, that we could think of, and then, like a former hero, sighed for more.

From George street we turned into Commercial avenue and started out the old Cranbury turnpike.

We did not make much noise here, as we wanted to save our voices till we reached some village.

After journeying for two or three miles we came to a two-story structure at the side of the road with large barns and evidently a race track at the side. Perhaps some of my readers recognize the place, if not I will say it was Red Lion Tavern. Here the drivers got out to water the horses (?) and some of the fellows also got out as they said to stretch.

After waiting here for ten or fifteen minutes we started off again, singing songs and cracking jokes on each other, and anything amusing along the road.

After riding for about four miles another tav-

ern loomed into view on the port bow. Here as before our charioteers descended from their lofty positions to administer nature's relief, aqua pura, to the faithful animals that were drawing us on to victory.

After our drivers had rested themselves somewhat inside we again started on our journey, wondering how soon the horses would need watering again.

The boys now began to feel tired, and we quieted down, some almost going to sleep, when suddenly we, of the rear stage, heard that good old yell, "Rah, rah, rah ; rah, rah, rah ; R. C. P. S., bow, wow, wow, proceeding from the forward stages. We braced up, and looking ahead saw we were approaching a small station, which on inquiry we found to be Dean's Station.

There was a train standing in front of the depot, well filled with passengers, and if they do not know our several school yells it is not because we did not give them.

We here saw an ex-“Rat,” “Peddie” Compton. It brightened us up very much to see in this out of the way place one familiar face.

Crossing this railroad we continued four or five miles to Dayton. The country through which we passed was very dry and showed the lack of rain. It was also noticeable how level the country was.

Arriving at Dayton we stopped in front of a large tavern and nearly all of us went in, even Prof. Cummings, who was along, for by this time we were rather dry. The reader, of course, knows that we took nothing stronger than sarsaparilla or cider.

Several of the boys met here old acquaintances, two young ladies, who attend a certain boarding school in our town. It was hard work to get the fellows to leave such unexpected pleasures but after a good deal of hallooing and shouting for them to come they made their appearance casting wistful glances over their shoulders as if they were loth to leave. After we had started we noticed that they were quite melancholly, but new sights and scenes soon put them in spirits again.

We soon reached Cranbury and I guess from

the way the inhabitants came running to the doors and windows in open-mouthed wonder, that they had never seen such a crowd or heard such a racket in their little town before. Here also many of us saw an old acquaintance. "Jimmy," the very same Jimmy who used to do the overseeing around the College; the very same Jimmy whose ash cart the College boys have so often stolen, made his appearance in a store door and inquired of us where we were going.

On being informed he wished us success, and we left him standing in the doorway watching the stages as they disappeared down the street.

Just on the outskirts of Cranbury we, to use a schoolboy expression, struck a house which attracted a good deal of attention from both stages. We noticed in a front window two young and lovely females, and on passing the house we saw in a side window two more damsels, while in a window in the rear we saw two more. We concluded that that house was well supplied with sunshine, and as we had no time to spare we concluded to go by without any other demonstration than yelling for all we were worth.

We soon reached Hightstown and here again we roused the inhabitants by sending forth our yell with all the gusto that we could command.

We were conducted to the school by one of the boys and the first thing that met our vision was a crowd of young ladies on the porch waiting to see the Rutgers Preparatory boys who had come down to be defeated.

After dressing we immediately went to the ball field, which is in the rear of the building, and after practicing for ten or fifteen minutes we started the game which resulted in a victory for us by a score of 9 to 4.

I must not forget to mention the fact that after we arrived at the school the first persons we met were "Ma" Stout and Jennings, who had walked down from Brunswick to see us play.

We were treated to a fine supper after the game and after resting for some time we started for home.

Before starting we sat on the grass in front of the girls door and gave all the college airs we

could think of, as well as a number of Prep School songs.

After getting into the stages we sang "Good-night, Ladies," and after giving three hearty cheers we started for home, where we arrived at half-past ten pretty tired but well pleased with our day's sport.

Prof. Cummings very generously took the team to Bates, where he treated us to cream, and after giving another yell we retired to our homes to sleep and dream over our victory.

VALEDICTORY ADDRESS.

OWING to our being unable to obtain Ludlow's Valedictory and Oration until rather late, we could not enter it with the other speeches, but thinking it will interest our readers wherever we may put it, we here give the speech in full:

DR. COOK:—It is with true and genuine regret that we part with you and your associates. You have been to us more than we had a right to expect. At once our instructor and our friend you have become so entwined and ingrafted in our memories that many a year will lapse before you are numbered among the forgotten. We have been with you but a short time but we have recognized your interest and anxiety for our welfare. You have always used your influence to guide us in the path of virtue and uprightness. Words are inadequate to express our thanks, but we pray that the blessings, which you, by your experience, your learning and your fidelity have been able to bestow upon us will return to you with ten-fold intensity to bless you. With these simple expressions of our affections allow us to bid you farewell.

Men of '91 we have graduated. The time of our separation, at least for a while, if not forever, has come. Our lives are developing, our sphere is growing broader, and we are about to step into a world of new scenes, new interests and new duties. But we do not go unprepared, for we have tried our mettle and are confident of its quality. Care lays his hand but lightly on our shoulders and our hearts beat high with joy and hope. We go forth enthusiastic and determined, happy in the consciousness of our own strength and re-

joicing as a strong man to run a race. We all have our future plans and models of perfection and know that the only road to true success is through continual striving upward into light. But I shall weary your patience no longer. Yet it is hard to say goodbye. We hope to meet again, but our paths may diverge and we will not always recline on beds of roses, but may we so run our race that those saddest of all words, "It might have been," will never ring in our ears, but may we finish our course with joy and leave deep prints of success in the sands of Time.

Once again, Farewell.

GOVERNMENT BY THE PEOPLE.

Westward the course of empire takes way. We may trace its course from Asia, the mighty realm of the Medes and Persians, the seat of Oriental pomp and glory, to Ancient Greece, small and insignificant on the map, but powerful in her influence over civilization. Here art and literature had their birth and were fostered until they reached a degree of perfection never since attained, the fragments of which have been the envy and admiration of all succeeding generations. From this land of Homer, Solon and Pericles, she wended her way to proud imperial Rome, who sat on her seven hills and from her thorne of beauty ruled the world.

This, the nation of conquerors, had conquered all nations of the earth, had surrounded the Mediterranean with her possessions and it her highway. Well might Rienzi say that in those days to be a Roman was greater than a king. From this land of warriors and heroes, it swept northward toward grand old England, the mighty monarch of modern times. This, the strong and sturdy race of our forefathers, had fought long and hard for existence, then for equality and finally superiority. Though small in herself she pointed proudly to her rich colonies in every part of the world and prided herself on her title of Mistress of the Sea.

Thence with a mighty leap she cleared the Atlantic and the Course of Empire had completed the circuit of the world and reached her destination in America.

Here in the land of the poet's dream has been

concentrated all the glory and splendor of ancient nations. With freedom and liberty as our watchword and with a government of the people, for the people and by the people we are grown until we acknowledge no nation on earth as our superior. We have outstripped the most prosperous nations of the globe, we have surpassed the fondest anticipations of our fathers, we have become the world's brightest hope. What republic is there that was not fashioned after our model? We have become as it were, the central star in the constellation of nations towards which the others look for light. But we have not yet reached the zenith. There is a height which we have not attained and which we must attain or our star will set and go down in oblivion. We cannot stand still. There is no state of rest. We must rise or fall.

Looking over our vast achievements the thought comes: What lack we yet? It will need no exhaustive research to find the fault, for it is a common assertion that our politics have reached the lowest stage to which they can safely go. They have become so altered and corrupted as to be scarcely recognizable. We have lost, or I should say we have never recognized all the truth that is hidden in the cornerstone of our government that it must be by the people and for the people. We have never realized its meaning in the deepest and fullest sense of the word nor have we conceived all the possibilities that lie along its future development. It is the keynote of democracy and until we reach it we will never reach the first principles of the true and ideal republic. The truth is that more than one half of our voting population is practically divorced from legislation. The only expression of public opinion we have is by the press, and that is but an imperfect one. Have they then no voice in the government? Are they not represented by chosen men? They are nominally represented. But does such representation represent? Ask your ordinary citizen what views his representative has advocated in the Legislature the past year. He is totally ignorant of the subject and the more shame to us the majority are like him.

Then take a look at Trenton, The same thing

might almost be said of many of the representatives. There is no free and open discussion. The bill is read and then passed into the hands of a committee. It is then passed or rejected according to what wires are pulled, what influences are brought to bear or how much money changes hands. It is in the Committee Rooms behind closed doors that the laws are really passed. But nevertheless, the work of legislation is going on and the mass of laws often contradictory and inconsistent and generally useless if not actually harmful, is becoming more alarming from year to year. We see at a glance that a check must soon be placed upon this unrestricted wholesale legislation. As a remedy let the principle of the Referendum come into play—let the representatives formulate the laws and the people pass them, either all or only the most important as may be decided.

Why should we not give the people that which is theirs by birthright.

It has been successful in the little Swiss republic, and would we rank our people inferior to hers. Even in our beginning we were an experiment and have we not stood when others predicted our fall? Let us then take this final step. Civil service and ballot reform when once thoroughly applied are destined greatly to purify our politics, but the crowning reform would be to restore to the people a direct and final verdict over legislation. This is the zenith of our hopes, the height of our ambition and from which, being attained, there will be no fall. Already some of the states are tending toward this end by the provision that their constitution can be revised only by a popular vote. May the advance thus begun go on until it reaches the desired end and our country becomes an earthly paradise. As the inspiration grows fancy outlines her castles strong and clear. I see a Utopia in America; a land where the people govern themselves in a manner hitherto unknown. Here exist the first principles of genuine democracy, faith in the equality and brotherhood of man. Here the people is not feared as an unreasoning beast which must be controlled. Here politics cease to be a trade, there is no elaborate party system, nor wars of rival factions or contests of popular favorites, but the individual voter is clad in a new dignity and the sovereignty of the people stands forth clothed in the majesty of final appeal, while the whole conduct of the government is marked by the utmost moderation and sobriety. 'Tis thus I view the future of our country controlled by the common sense of the people as a whole unfettered and unperverted.

Then will the world welcome the principle of

the Referendum as the most important part of self-government and as the greatest triumph over the peculiar dangers to which the representative government of to-day are exposed.

GEORGE S. LUDLOW.

PERSONALS.

"We graduate."

Stout '91 spent Sunday, May 31st, in Dayton, N. J.

R. B. Littell '90 was present at the Commencement exercises.

J. H. Seeberger will spend his vacation at Lake Monhonk, N. Y.

Prof. and Mrs. Newton sailed for Europe on the 27th of June.

General Merrick, ex-Consul to London, visited Dr. Cook on May 25th.

S. S. Wills pleased his brother by paying him an unexpected visit on May 15.

Strawberry is doing great work keeping the tennis court from getting sunburned.

Martin '90 visited the school on June 10th. He intends to join the class of '92 as a special.

Vacation will soon be here as it can be plainly seen by the way the fellows are bracing up in tennis.

Clement '92 is becoming a rattling tennis player. He succeeded in breaking two rackets the other day.

Burrows and Cain, of Peddie, called at the Home on the 16th inst. to see ex-Senior Editor Stout, who unfortunately was at school wrestling with a geometry examination.

The Broadway and Bowery base ball teams of the "Trap" had a friendly contest on Decoration Day, and as usual the Bowery knights overcame the Broadway knaves by the score of 26—21.

SQUEAKS.

We can furnish the wind if he will get the lass.

"Does that mean a fellow smaller than himself, Prof?"

R says that "Caesar's men-of-war were made on the Tigris."

Prof.: "I am going to purchase a windlass with which to support some kids in class."

All wishing to be candidates for the "four hundred" please call at my office. Wooly.

Geom. Class: "Prof, can we use anything in examinations that we have had up to the fifth book?"

Prof.: "Anything but ponys."

Dave was waiting every minute for the invitations, when asked when they were coming.

Who is Prof. Henry?

Professor Newton according to a friend in Rahway.

Student translating Anabasis.

"And selecting a suitable person he struck him."

S.: "I think I will go to a convent and be a nun."

B.: "I think there will be none more like you."

H.: "Why is a murderer like a shirt?"

B.: Because he is collared, cuffed and neck-tied."

Does Seeberger do credit to his name as to religion? Berger means one who lives on a mountain; in other words, lives on a firm rock. Some think he does more credit to the first part of his name, as he is moved by all kinds of winds.

PRIMARY COLUMN.

EDITORS:

C. T. COWENHoven, JOHN W. METTLER.

The closing exercises of the Primary Department took place Wednesday morning, June 10, under the direction of Miss Esther Andrews, the Principal.

The room was filled with an appreciative audience of friends and relatives, who enjoyed the exercises exceedingly.

The exercises, contrary to the general rule, consisted chiefly of oral examinations in the several branches of study, interspersed with music and speeches. Taken altogether the exercises were a very creditable affair, and spoke well for the training the scholars had received, at the hands of Miss Andrews and her assistants.

The class is a large one this year, numbering twenty-two. The Primary Department is at present the largest it has ever been. There are between sixty and seventy names on the roll, of which some fifteen or twenty are girls. Miss Clara C. Cook, daughter of Dr. Cook, Headmaster of the Prep. School, is the only girl graduate this year.

Some patrons of the school complained, when it was first thought advisable to make the Primary Department co-educational, but already the advantage has been seen and from one girl, at the beginning of Dr. Cook's Head-mastership, the number has grown to nearly twenty.

We will be glad to welcome our younger schoolmates to our number, and we hope that each year, the size of the graduating class of the Primary, as well as of the Academic Departments, may increase, and that our school may rank among the first in the State both in numbers as well as in standing.

The graduates are as follows: Walter I. Auten, Julius M. Bottstein, Ralph W. Booth, Jr., Morris B. Campbell, Alfred C. Carpender, Chas. T. Cowenoven, Jr., Clara C. Cook, H. Gardner DeVoe, Wm. N. Jennings, Jr., Ed P. Johnson, J. Bayard Kirkpatrick, Jr., Peter R. Letson, Wm. J. Moore, Jr., Chas. F. Neilson, James K. Rice, Lawrence P. Runyon, C. P. Stevenson, Edgar H. Sarles, Frank Totten, Harry J. Weston.

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