

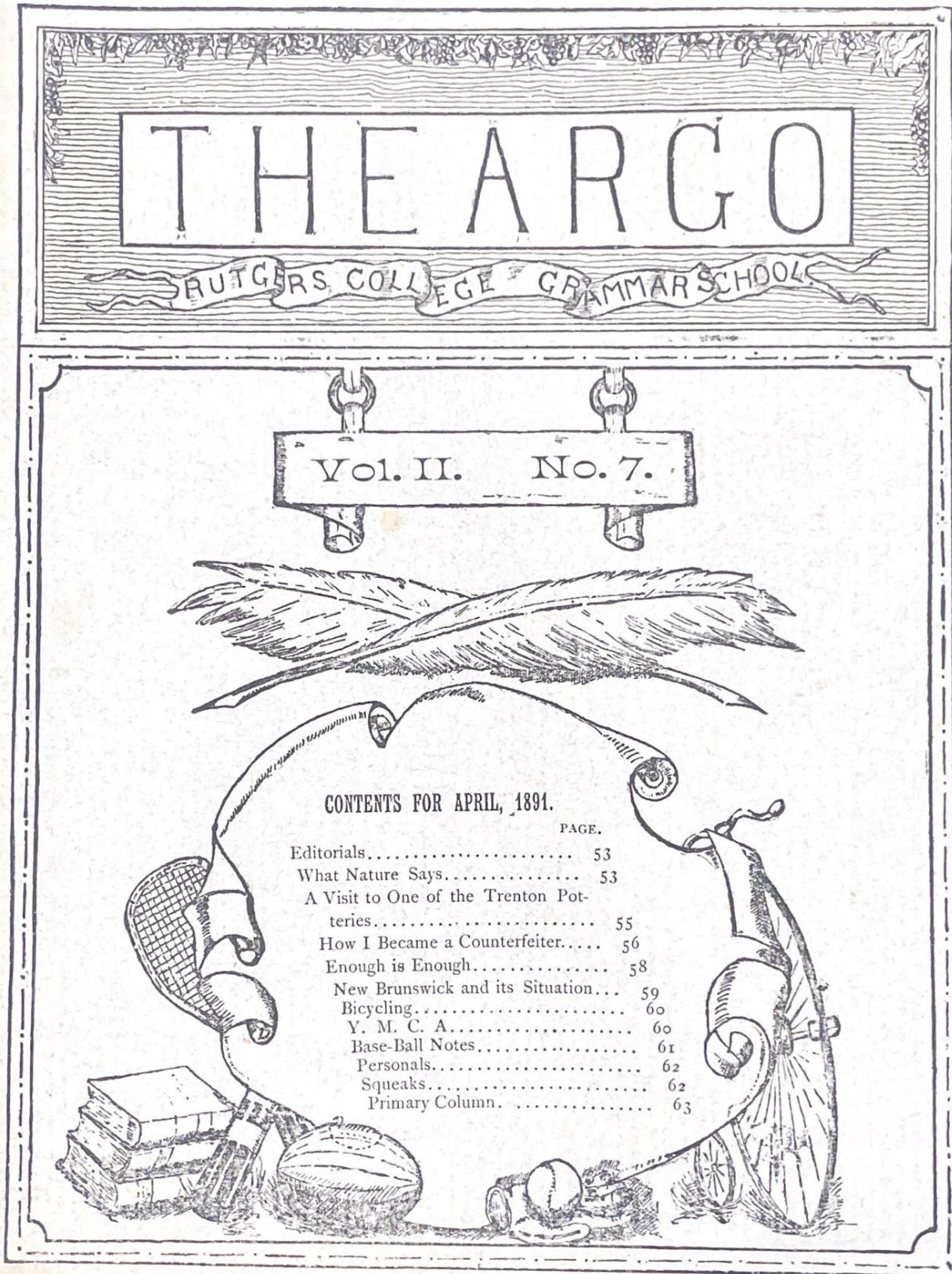
THE ARGO

RUTGERS COLLEGE GRAMMAR SCHOOLS

VOL. II. NO. 7.

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THE ARGONAUT.

VOL. II.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., APRIL, 1891.

No. 7.

The Argonaut:

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, BY THE

Rutgers College Preparatory School.

VOL. II.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., APRIL, 1891.

No. 7.

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with the name of the author.

WE have noticed for some time past that the attendance at the Friday evening prayer meetings is very poor. Many active members of the association do not come to any of the meetings. A poor attendance makes a poor meeting as a rule, and vice versa. These prayer meetings are what we make them. If we want to make them interesting and spirited we can do so. Let every Christian fellow at least make it his duty to be present at every meeting, and to help in the singing and other parts of the service. If we all do what we can we will have meetings that will be interesting not only, but that will strengthen us for the next week's work and temptations.

WHILE the school year is drawing to a close, the Class of '91 is busy with the various duties belonging to the graduating class. We hope that it will do itself credit in every thing connected with its Commencement, and we would like to make one suggestion by which it may add to its honor. It is a disgrace that in a school as old as ours there are no records of the classes which have graduated, or

any tokens left by them by which they may be remembered. Many schools which were not founded in 1766 or did not exist ever a century later, now have records of graduates and tokens of the love of the graduating classes for their Alma Maters, to which the scholars can point with pride. Such being the case it is a shame that few can recall the names of last year's graduates even while as for memorials, not one can be found except a few names scratched upon the desks. We expect the school to collect some data of the alumni in the future—and a noble and notable list will it make—but now we look to the Class of '91 to start a reform. Sure it has enough love for the dear old "Trap" to leave something behind by which it can be remembered beside pleasant memories, rather ethereal and short-lived as they are in a constantly changing school. Up, '91! Do credit to yourselves, and may you have the proud satisfaction of accomplishing a good thing well!

WHAT NATURE SAYS.

"Oh, Love, if thou wouldst ask,
Wherefore thy steps I task,
The grove, the stream, the hamlet vale to trace.
'Tis that some thought of me,
When I am gone, may be
The spirit bound to each familiar place."

BUSY townsfolks are apt to miss the restfulness, the quiet refreshment they so much require when they use up their short holiday in visiting great exhibitions and the cities of the world.

What a delightful change from the dust and din is the cool, the quiet, the green, still woods, and the Sabbath silence of the country! To rise on Sabbath morning and instead of the smoky dawn to see the green braes, made happy by the songs of the birds; the dimpled hills, the quiet river, what a refreshment to eye and ear to heart and soul is this!

The Argo.

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Such were the thoughts that flitted through my mind as I with my companions Roger and Hetty sauntered forth one bright summer day from an ideal country home to enjoy a ramble over hill and dale, through the still forest and along the laughing stream.

In our restful hours we watch the habits of the trees and Roger and Hetty crossed the old stiles. There are not half enough stiles in the country and not half enough is made of them in poetry and prose. They are ideal spots for lovers and partings. Thisbe and Pyramus would never have remained asunder if there had been a stile over their wall. The decisive touch that has orb'd together two trembling and growing young passions has often been given in the clasp of two hands while the one helped the other over the stile.

We saunter forth up the stream side while every step recalls some sunny memory of days gone by, for I walked here about five years ago. The old bridge still delights to contemplate her own beauty in the still waters, for there she shines mirrored as in the old days, graceful, but a little gray. Here are the same broad majestic oaks; the same grey, perpendicular crags; the old waterfall, singing the same old melody as it tumbles down the ivy covered rocks. In the spray the birds sing in contentment as the summer light falls in sprinkled showers through the feathery branches of the weeping willow; and in the pool the trout leaps in mere sport, as in the olden time.

Nature never grows old. The grey twilight comes like

"A pensive nun, devout and pure."

The winds are hushed, the birds cease to sing, from distant farm the friendly bark of the watch-dog, or from the woods the whirr of the wood-cock seeking shelter among the darkening firs, are the only sounds which fall upon the ear. Great men have gone, battles have been lost and won, fortunes in busy haunts have been made or squandered, our own circumstances have changed, but the evening star twinkles on, and the shimmering moonlight plays on the rippling

brook half hidden with over-hanging foliage as in former days. The water nymph sings as before her old, old song.

Nature never changes, but, like a mother, she receives without question asked, in prosperity or in pain, all her children to her breast, and revives them with her unquenchable, unchanging old affection.

In making of books there is no end, and much study is a weariness to the flesh. Let us leave the tangled web of Parliaments, of politicians and of party managers. Let us sit down beside the river on this old gray stone and listen to its whisper as it sings among the rocks and the mossy boulders.

"Nature never grows old, never, never grows old!" This is the song of the river. "Nay," but says foolish man, "I will change all of this and make the stream course back to the mountain lake. I shall dam up the young hearts of my children. I shall cause them to cease to sing. I shall give them no love, no joy, no sympathy. I shall not be taught by Nature, but shall repress and contradict her laws." Listen, foolish man, Nature never grows old, children will be children.

"Love will flow in the old channel of sympathy, and obedience will arise from the fountains of gratitude and love and from no other. "Ah, but," says the clever manager of men. "I shall improve on Nature. I shall domineer. I shall be selfish and reap where I have not sown. I shall outwit Nature, circumvent her, and defeat her purpose."

Nay! but human nature does not grow old or change.

Freedom is the sole condition of loyal obedience, and justice and kindness alone can charm human hearts to do their bravest deeds, and human hands to work in enduring and perfect fashion the task which sympathy turns from toil to pleasure.

Statesmen too would fain forget that Nature never grows old. They would repress liberty, they would govern, dictate and domineer. Foolish men! How lavish is Nature and how

absolute the liberty of her reign. Unlike blundering human rulers she does not make or try to make all alike. No two trees of all the wood are alike, no two leaves of all the multitudinous foliage are the same.

In no iron mould does she cast the water channel, but every cascade, every pool and stream has its own fringe, its own margin, and the river flows at its own sweet will.

Nature which rejoices in variety and in difference, is never crabbed nor insists on uniformity. From year to year new forms of beauty spring into young life and spray and bole, flower and fountain, mossy bank and flashing stream, all rebuke the folly of those who grow old and crusty, and insist on marring human lives with methods and with arts unkind and unnatural. Let us then study Nature more and see through it the grander beauties of Nature's God.

A VISIT TO ONE OF THE TRENTON POTTERIES.

"LET'S see the sights this morning," suggested one of my companions. "Now that our business is over I would like to get a glimpse of what Trenton and its famous buildings are like."

We held a consultation and agreed to take a day off and "do" the town. We had all seen the State house, so turned our attention to other sights. But it was hard to decide where to begin. Strawberry wanted to go to the penitentiary, Snid yearned for the asylum, Hank vehemently argued in behalf of the poor house, while Josh hinted at the Normal School, but I had been through the last named the day before and judged it unsafe for the other fellows to visit (the girls experiment in chemistry, you know). So the suggestion why not take in one of the potteries was received as the fifth vote, and it carried the day.

Strawberry saw that his only chance of seeing the penitentiary walls from the outside was gone. Snid, with vain regret beheld his beloved asylum fading in the distance. Hanky lost his only chance of going to the poorhouse until he is

brought there in the full prime of his old age. Josh renounced the Normal School with a sigh and was heard to mutter under his breath,

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—it might have been."

To the potteries then became our cry. I had said that my friend in the "Glenwood" probably would be very glad to show us through. Therefore the fellows could not miss the chance to visit the most famous industry in Trenton. We found the pottery with little delay, and as good luck would have it, my friend appeared in the doorway taking a breath of fresh air. He greeted us cordially and looked the crowd over with a kindly glance, saying, "Did you come on a tour of inspection?" Learning our desire, he piloted us through the lower floor, dodging piles of half dried plates and cups on the board racks. Strawberry managing never to knock down more than two at a time. We passed several wheels, the flat circular discs whirling around, now faster now slower, as the workmen regulated it with the brake. As we paused to watch a swiftly revolving wheel our guide receiving a mass of wet clay from an assistant, slopped it on the disk, and we watched a cup grow under the magic touch of his hands, complete except for the handle, which he told us would be put on in another room. Another ball of clay went on the wheel and in less time than it takes to write about it, a small flat bottomed saucer appeared, this grew with lightning-like rapidity into a graceful vase, whose changing outlines seemed more artistic each moment. The vase descended again and the plastic clay took on the form of a sugar bowl. With a small rule the artist, as we now felt constrained to call him, measured the top of the bowl, and with a second small lump of clay he fashioned a pretty and close fitting cover in a twinkling.

"Yes," he said, "most of this work is done by two educated organs—the hand and eye. In making cups and saucers for example, I often make dozen after dozen and they vary so little that the difference is imperceptible. On these wheels varying in size, the largest meat dishes are turned."

From the wheel-room we passed to the basement where the clay is ground to the fineness of very fine flour and mixed in great machines by means of paddle-wheels. After being thoroughly mixed the clay is put under powerful pressure to drive out the air which is liable to cause fractures in the baking if left in the clay. Our guide here told me that Trenton contained more potteries than the rest of the United States put together. I asked why. He said he could not tell. I suggested that the clay might be of a better quality in that vicinity. He said no; that it was very inferior; that by far the most was imported.

As our time was limited we were forced, though regretfully, to hasten through the other interesting parts of the vast establishment, the enormous kilns holding tons of heated crockery were passed by with a glance. The drying, painting and decorating rooms were hurried through, although the latter process was very interesting.

We next came upon rows of boys stamping out the handles of the thousands of cups awaiting them in the racks of the drying room. The handle is made in a mould, and when both it and the cup are nearly dry, the place on the cup where the handle should be affixed is moistened with a damp sponge as is also the handle; the latter is stuck in place and dries there.

We passed men stamping out by machinery the castors that we are so familiar with. A little of the clay as fine as dust is swept into the opening, a few drops of oil, and down comes the die and four castors are ready made except for the glazing. This is simply a white, starchy looking preparation into which the plates are dipped after the first firing, and when they come out of the furnace again they have that hard glossy appearance we are so familiar with. After glazing the dish is done, and so we, after following an adventurous plate from the wheel until we saw its mate dipped in the finishing coat of glaze, felt bound for the outer world, and expressing our thanks to our kind-hearted friend, we wended our way peacefully trainward, and our visit to a Trenton pottery was over.

BENJ. WHITTLESTICKS.

HOW I BECAME A COUNTERFEITER.

YES, unusual adventures are encountered by lawyers aside from their regular professional duties, remarked an eminent Western lawyer while "swapping yarns" one cold night last winter, with the boys gathered around a glowing fire in the hotel of an Iowa town. Now, boys, I'll tell you how I joined a gang of counterfeiters when a young man. The first town in which I settled had for some time been flooded with the queer, and so close was the imitation that the sharpest business men were nipped. The authorities had been baffled for months in trying to unearth the gang who were known to be in or near the town, and though every reasonable clue had been worked, nothing satisfactory was discovered and the people began to refuse to take silver coin. I was a young lawyer just beginning life, and not burdened with too much ready cash, so I began to think how I could further the ends of justice and at the same time secure the rewards offered for the detection of the gang. Although repeated efforts had been made to fix suspicion on several well known characters nothing definite was learned, still the spurious silver was being "shoved" to an alarming extent, entailing great loss upon the people.

While thinking the matter over on my return home one evening, I passed two men in earnest conversation, and when just opposite them I overheard the remark, "we must make enough to last some time," which induced me to turn around, when I recognized one of them as a well known citizen.

The remark, in connection with the all absorbing topic of conversation among the people aroused my suspicions, and before going to sleep that night, I formed a plan for "working up the case," and in my dreams was indulging in the luxuries the reward would purchase.

The next day after making some cautious inquiries about the men, I made it my business to meet them, and threw out some hints about being hard up, and pouring some professional slang into my conversation. They nibbled at the bait by showing a desire to become better

acquainted with me, which confirmed my suspicions, but I was careful not to arouse them against me. After a few weeks acquaintance, I boldly declared myself a member of a well known New York gang, who they admitted were their friends.

Convinced that I was on the right track, I went to the authorities and offered to deliver the gang into their hands if they would protect me.

Although curious to know my plan of operations and who I suspected, I refused to tell them, and also requested that they would not notice me in any manner until I gave them permission to do so, or our birds would scent the little game. They agreed to my plan, and I began to spread the net.

On my next interview I boldly told them I wanted to resume my old business of "shoving the queer," and they admitted that they were in the "business" and would propose me as a member of the gang the next night. I took \$20 of the "queer" as a starter, and if successful with this could get more, which I gladly assented. I got the same amount of good money changed into small coin and placed the counterfeit money in my trunk and gave my colleagues about \$16 in good coin, which fully established their confidence in my sincerity and success, and induced them to promise me an introduction to the whole gang and their retreats.

On the night appointed, they took me to an isolated frame cottage near the city, where I was surprised to meet four other well known citizens, who received me as a brother laborer.

I continued exchanging the money in the same manner as I did the first lot, carefully avoiding any communication with the authorities, but could not for some time gain the consent of my friends to allow me to enter the *factory* or *mint* while in operation; but after meeting with such great success in a field that had been so well worked, I was promised the coveted privilege on a certain night of seeing Uncle Sam's way of enriching his children.

I will not describe the process by which dishonest toil and industry was so abundantly re-

warded by my friends, who worked while others slept, to increase the wealth of the world. My object now being attained, I placed myself in communication with the authorities to aid me in springing the trap and bagging the game; but knowing that my life would not be worth a counterfeit dollar if my friends suspected me for an instant, I planned to be captured with them while at work to insure conviction, but to be allowed to escape by means of a given signal, well knowing if my friends were all captured and convicted, their relatives would avenge them if the truth was suspected.

The night was appointed when a large posse of men should quietly surround the house while we were at work. I went to the scene of operations toward midnight, realizing how slight a mistake in our plans would deprive me of life and the benefit of the reward in this world at least. After beginning work I made an excuse to visit one of the upper rooms to unfasten the window and blinds, and in the course of conversation on my return to the *mint*, suggested that if at any time we should be surprised each one should jump for a different door or window in order to stand a better chance of escape. This was agreed to by all, and we continued work until after midnight, when, without warning, there was a sharp knock on the door and a demand for admittance. The look of surprise and fear on all our faces was indescribable, and with one impulse we prepared to escape without any attempt to defend ourselves. I, of course, rushed to the upper window, pistol in hand, ready to shoot down any of the men who might yet suspect me, barring the door of the room to prevent any of them following me. I opened the shutters, gave the signal and leaped into the arms of the Sheriff himself, while his men captured the rest without firing a shot. The tools were enough to convict my friends, who were found guilty and sent up for long terms, while the member of the gang who *escaped* received the rewards and left the town the same night for a more congenial climate, but heard afterwards that his friends refused to bring evidence against him at the trial, and never suspected how they were

discovered, and I have never called to tell them how the most profitable industry in the town was thrown into bankruptcy. REX.

ENOUGH IS ENOUGH.

WHAT superfluity causes ambiguity is a truth well established in language, and if we stop to consider, we see that it is not only true concerning our language, but also very marked in our manners, dress and that which develops us physically. This world is a place in which to think, act and appear well, else God would not have given it to us, filled with its many beauties, all in such perfect harmony.

But to act our part well does not mean a general display of airs on special occasions. If you see a young man promenading the street with tie superbly adjusted, clothes "fitting to the letter," and daintily swinging a bamboo, and probably also polluting himself and the air about him with an abominable cigarette, follow that same young man into society. Here you find him talking nonsense with all the silly girls and bowing low to all to whom he may be introduced, thus exerting an unnecessary amount of physical strength.

What conclusion can you draw from such a display? He is nothing but a bundle of superfluity. He signifies nothing unless perhaps to remind you of a parasite. He spends his father's money on good clothes and cigarettes, and wastes his time and vitality in wearing out the one and evaporating the other.

Superfluity of manners, however, is not found among the gentlemen alone. The ladies come in for their share, and a large share it is too. In society you hear them talking with fine accent and an exquisite lisp, and see them displaying such a pleasant and knowing expression of countenance that it would take a person of ordinary understanding about two minutes to read their whole character. If one is asked to play and sing, and the patience of the invitor holds out to urge until she has made all imaginable excuses (and been treated to her satisfaction,) she takes her place at the piano; and now listen! You, perhaps, are pleased with the melody, but you are led to ask in what language the lady expresses her thoughts.

This class of both ladies and gentlemen not only put on a great deal in society, but also leave off a great deal in the home circle. They are surly at breakfast, impertinent at dinner, and cross at supper. In fact they are generally disagreeable to father, mother, brother and sisters the entire day, forgetting that to act their part well is to be the same at home, on the street and in society.

But manners do not make men or women. We may act the most becomingly and yet so array ourselves that we appear revolting to those with whom we come in contact. The ladies wear foretops and the gentlemen imitate the porcupine with hair on end. Thus the difference between man and beast is getting to be so slight that it is difficult to distinguish at all times. You are sometimes struck with an apparition which resembles a beanpole, and again by another which reminds you of a partially inflated balloon. You start in amazement, thinking that at last the great invention of an aerial car which can be propelled at will has been accomplished. On being told, however, that it is a woman, you suddenly collapse, remembering that it was a woman who first tempted man; and, if she appear in such forms, no knowing what new ideas may be in her head.

Our advice to the young ladies is that you take some of those unnecessary yards of cloth you have draped around you and make a dress for some one of the shivering children you see on the streets. And to the young man of ribbons and cigarettes we would say, give your stock of perfumed hair oil to some garbage gatherer to grease his squeaking wheelbarrow; use the time you spend in adjusting your necktie and coaxing your mustache in getting your lessons, and at the close of the year you will be more of a man than you ever were before.

In these days of Republican freedom and plenty man's propensities show themselves in many ways. The student goes home at night tired, and to use his own expression, "hungry as a bear." Many good things of life being set before him he partakes of them, and does it exceedingly well. Accompany this same student to the class room on the following day. Here of course he fails. The teacher asks the cause, and receives as an answer, not, I ate a superfluous amount of food for my

supper which made me feel stupid, but "I had a terrible headache last night, and was so sleepy I had to go to bed."

As students we need to remember that we are not automatons, placed here to go through with a certain form of speech and a fixed manner of appearing, nor wax figures to be dressed up and looked at; but as it takes facts to establish a theorem, so it takes realities to produce men. It is not how much, but how well, for "Enough is Enough" even of a good thing.

NEW BRUNSWICK AND ITS SITUATION.

ON the banks of that most crooked of all crooked rivers, the Raritan, about fourteen miles from its mouth, is situated the city of New Brunswick. Having been founded more than a century and a half ago it is one of the oldest towns in New Jersey.

A traveler riding on the cars from New York to Philadelphia will acknowledge that there is no prettier view than that which meets the eye as the train emerges from the trees on the east bank of the river.

Looking to the north one sees the green meadow lands along the east and the high cliffs crowned with many handsome cottages along the west banks, with the foot hills in the distance; looking to the north, the city is spread out in all its beauty, many prominent buildings standing out against the sky as if keeping guard over the smaller ones.

That plain but spacious building on the top of hill is the Reformed Dutch Theological Seminary, surrounded by the different professors' houses.

A little farther to the south may be seen New Jersey Hall, and the State Laboratory, connected with Rutgers College, which you can see among the trees just to the south of New Jersey Hall.

If the traveler has a powerful telescope he may see a small brick building to the west of the college, quite insignificant looking, but on inquiry he will be informed that it is the College Preparatory School. Then turning his eyes still further south, he will see the Masonic Hall, a very large building overtopping everything else standing in almost

the centre of the city on two of the principle streets. Still further to the south may be seen the Old Dutch Church, with its square tower, in which is the town clock. Then looking toward the south he will see the old wooden bridge, which stands as a proof of the antiquity of the city, but let him not judge the city by its foot bridge. We hope before long to have a new one.

Then in the background may be seen the high cliffs covered with trees, which mark the course of the river. Looking behind him he will see Highland Park, covering the cliffs at the east end of the foot bridge, while as far as the eye can reach one sees the beautiful meadow land and groves.

Along the water front of the city are the large manufactories for which New Brunswick is noted.

A steamboat plies between the city and New York, making one return trip every day. The Delaware and Raritan canal terminates at the southern end of the city and a large part of our commerce is carried on by means of this.

By this time the traveler has reached the depot, and stepping from the cars he is at once struck with the beauty and surroundings of the station, if he is not struck with anything else.

Walking out of the depot the first thing which meets the eye is Rutgers College. Standing on a slight hill surrounded by large elm trees, it rests the eye to look upon it.

He may ask, "What is that coming around the corner?" "Oh, that is one of our street cars; if you wait long enough you will see another."

Walking down George street, which is one of the principal streets, he will notice how clean everything is, no dust or dirt, which you are likely to see in cities; he will also notice how even the pavements are, but he will be lucky if he reaches the post office without breaking some of his toes. Whenever you see a person raise their feet pretty high you may know they are New Brunswickers.

Walking out to Livingston Avenue he will at once notice what a beautiful avenue it would be if paved and kept clean. Don't worry, they have been paving it the last year, and we hope to see it finished by the time of the World's Fair.

In walking around the city the stranger will notice what splendid business and dwelling sites

the city has, with plenty of room for spreading ; a good water front, direct communication by the Pennsylvania Railroad with Philadelphia and New York, a good, pure atmosphere ; all city improvements, a good climate, beautiful scenery, and, in fact, everything which would tend to build up a city. Such is the place to which we come to study and to fill our brains with the teaching we receive at the Preparatory School. A " RAT."

BICYCLING.

BY " ALRIC."

A Bicycle ! The very word thrills you, that is if you can ride without getting off more than ten times a minute. The Dime Museum grows tame after you have seen a person learning to ride. I remember my first experience. " Safeties" were not out then and I was obliged to endanger my neck by learning on a high machine. A couple of boys held the bicycle while I climbed up. Then I started off, and as I was going down a little slope I did not fall off immediately I was just thinking what an edifying sight it must be, to see me ride so well the first time when—Bump, bang, slam.

Well I learned to ride after a while, and I have never repented it.

Nowadays boys have not the danger of breaking their limbs, for with a " Safety" the principle difficulty is to keep the front wheel straight. Although this is not as dangerous, beginners are apt to think it as hard as keeping the rear wheel of a high bicycle on the ground.

Bicycling has been spoken of as next door to flying and the person who spoke it was just about right.

When you have before you a good road, an easy running bicycle, a nice cool suit, a good companion, and can go out in the country at this season of the year and see the green grass and wild flowers growing, the trees blossoming and hear the birds singing, what more can a person desire.

Then again it has another advantage that should not be over-looked. Ladies can enjoy the bicycle as well as their brothers and husbands. Doctors say it is one of the best exercises possible for women, for it is beneficial exercise and yet not

violent enough to be injurious. A person can go five miles on a bicycle with less exertion than he could walk one. As to impropriety, it is certainly as proper to ride the bicycle as to ride horse-back and besides a person on a bicycle is not so high as one on horse-back and consequently not so conspicuous.

And now what is the point of this article, why simply this, my advice is: Reader, buy a bicycle and be happy!

Y. M. C. A.

" THE YOUNG MEN OF THE WORLD FOR CHRIST," IN INDIA.

IT was in response to action taken by the Madras Missionary conference in March, 1888, that a representative of the American International Committee of Young Men's Christian Associations reached Madras on the 9th of January, 1890. After a careful survey of the situation it was decided to organize a Y. M. C. A. in Madras.

On January 10th a union meeting of Christian young men was held in Memorial Hall, at which about three hundred were in attendance and much interest was shown in the movement. The organization was completed, a building was rented, committees were appointed and the association began at once to do effective work.

The first month only the reading room was opened; then the social room was furnished with periodicals and a few games. The reception committee was soon appointed to extend the hospitality of the association, especially to strangers, and to conduct evening prayers each evening just before closing.

A class for the study of the Bible on Sunday afternoons was formed. Then the nucleus of a library was gathered, which has grown until it has become a circulating and reference library of three-hundred volumes.

The social feature of the work is prominent. The members' parlor is provided with games, bound volumes of periodicals, etc.; a social is held in the parlor on alternate Friday evenings. The restaurant is an invaluable social adjunct, being now nearly self supporting. It is very valuable in breaking down caste restrictions. Hindu students

may be seen taking tea or coffee in this restaurant without fear of caste. Caste fear, in fact, is almost broken down.

Some attention has been paid to physical culture, and more will be in the future. Recent application to the municipality for athletic grounds has been favorably received, and the association hopes soon to begin a more systematic effort in the line of physical education, for which there is so much need among the young men of India.

The young men's meeting held every Saturday evening has been a blessing to many young men.

Before the establishment of this association there were several missionary societies working with the object of evangelizing the non-Christian population. The means adopted for this end were open air preaching and teaching in mission institutions, both on secular and religious subjects. The missionary societies could not go further than this. No attempt was, nor could any be, made to bring about meetings of Christian and non Christian young men either in a social or religious manner.

It was felt that an association of a cosmopolitan character, where Christian influence could be exerted in every direction, was very much needed in the interest of both Christian and non Christian young men.

In India, in addition to the ordinary methods adopted for the evangelization of the people, special measures ought to be adopted to attain the object in view, and the Y. M. C. A. can well claim to perform this duty.

Any young man of good moral character is admitted to membership without reference to his religious caste or creed. The work carried on at Madras has served as an object lesson to other places, and several other associations have been formed elsewhere in consequence.

There are twenty associations in the Madras presidency, four in the Bombay presidency, two in the Deccan, two in the Punjab one in the Central Province, one in the Northwest and one in Sind.

A common interest has been aroused among these associations and a convention, the first in India, will soon be held.

The following are the subjects and leaders of the prayer meetings during the month of May :

Wednesday, May 6—Subject: "Seeking the Best Things." Leader, H. Spelker.

Wednesday, May 13—Subject: "Love Not the World." Leader, H. G. Cooke.

Wednesday, May 20—Subject: "Lovest Thou Me?" Leader, F. E. Tilton.

Wednesday, May 27—Subject: "How Can I Get More Blessings from Reading the Bible?" Leader, J. P. Stout.

Friday, May 1—Subject: "The Wages of Sin." Leader, A. E. Latschar.

Friday, May 8—Subject: "The Battle of Life." Leader, R. E. Soare.

Friday, May 15—Subject: "Thy Kingdom Come." Leader, E. T. F. Randolph.

Friday, May 22—Subject: "Watch." Leader, W. Van Slyke.

Friday, May 29—Subject: "What is Your Life?" Leader, C. W. Gulick.

BASE BALL NOTES.

THE base ball team played a practice game with the Freshmen, beating them by a score of 15 to 5 in five innings. The boys showed up very well and we will expect some great things of them.

A practice game was also played with the Sophomores, they winning by 5 to 4 in seven innings.

On the 25th the team played two games, being defeated in the morning by Pingy, at Elizabeth, 8 to 7; and in the afternoon by the Iroquois, at Bergen Point, 15 to 5.

Deshler pitched the morning game and Van Slyke the afternoon game, both doing very well.

The boys feel pretty sore over the loss of Deshler, the regular pitcher, who has been secured by the college, thereby materially weakening our team, as we have no good pitcher left in the school. We expected to have him for all our hard games, and now we will have to do the best we can.

We hope that we may make as good if not a better record than our foot ball team,

The suits are something new in the history of the Preparatory School, being black, with white trimmings. They present a very good effect in the field.

PERSONAL.

Dr. Cook has had a severe attack of the "grippe."

Yingling has left school to go into business in New York.

Clement, '92, has returned, after a prolonged Easter vacation.

G. Janeway has had the measles, but has returned to school again.

Jennings and Painter have been absent for some time on account of sickness.

The boys have all recovered from the *spring fever* and lessons are progressing finely.

Stout, '91, has been quite ill with the "grippe" and has gone to Raritan for his health.

The fellows don't like the way in which they have been "left" in respect to their base ball pitcher.

"Sheeny" caps have become quite fashionable since Easter, and consequently "Ma" is "in the swim," for a wonder.

It was astonishing how many fellows went after Arbutus this spring, yet while they went alone (?) they did not bring back a great deal of the trailing flower.

The Alpha Thetas have selected olive green and burnt orange as the colors of their society, and have them made up in a button with two streamers.

The ARGO's contribution box has been quite a success. A number of personals and "squeaks" were found in it when it was opened, as well as a 10 cent (!) piece.

There seems to be a good deal of sickness among our editorial staff, Stout and Jennings each being sick, and Gulick having had a severe attack of toothache.

There are five boys in school who were born in Japan: Sagara, Stout, Cowie, Ballagh and

Wyckoff. Sagara, the son of K. Sagara of Tokio, was born in Saga; Stout, the son of Rev. Henry Stout of Nagasaki, was born in Nagasaki; Cowie, the son of Capt. George Cowie, Jr., U. S. N., was born in Yokohama; Ballagh, the son of Rev. James H. Ballagh of Yokohama, was born in Yokohama; and Wyckoff, the son of Prof. M. N. Wyckoff of the Meiji Gakuin, Tokio, was born in Niigata.

On April 11 Alpha Theta enjoyed a literary contest. As part of the programme for the evening the President had made a list of fifty questions on literary topics, authors, books, etc., and sides were chosen in answering these. The contest resulted in affording much amusement and at the same time profit. Mr. Johanknecht proved himself the most literary and won the prize.

SQUEAKS.

"A great many measles are in town."

Again we were too much for the Freshmen.

Ruffians (rooffians) are fellows on the roof.

"Have you seen S.'s pants?" "Y-a-a-s, how lovely."

How is "our goat" and "Argo" for a pun? Not bad, is it?

"The Arithmetic class will remember to bring their tablets."

Some one said lately that the chemistry room "smells odiferous."

"Doc." says the fellows must fill up before they come to school.

Prof.—"Suppose you stir up those things in the top of your head."

Some say this is a measly school. Well, we have about fifty, more or less.

When can a zero be called a corollary? When it immediately follows a proposition.

"Sport" says he has to be very circumspect about home because his father is an "alderman in the church."

Prof.—"An account of a hanging was headed 'Jerked to Glory.'"

Student—"That was quite a choke" (joke.)

Student, reading Cæsar—"I put too much strain on the word *configendum sit*."

Prof.—"Now take the strain off and go ahead."

Student, jumping up, tries to shake something out of his neck—

Prof.—"Have you been annoying Mr. S—?"
H.—"No, sir."

Prof.—"What's the matter, S—?"
S.—"Lost my collar button."

PRIMARY COLUMN.

EDITORS:

C. T. COWENHOVEN, JOHN W. METTLER.

BASE BALL.

As base ball is the only subject of interest connected with the Primary department, we will give a few of the merits of the team which represents it. The batting being the most important element in our games, we will speak of it first. A good sure batter is Scudder. The hitting of the rest is pretty good. Of the fielding of the team not much can be said. The meetings of the team for practice are not very frequent, and they are also handicapped in not being allowed to play at the "Trap" until 4 o'clock. The pitcher and catcher, however, are doing very good work. The new Captain is doing well and the team may win the Metuchen games, which is the most important of the season.

PERSONALS.

Miss Harding, who was called away by the illness of her parents, has returned.

Mildred Davis, who expected to return to school this quarter, is sick with the measles.

Lucius Janeway, who has been ill with the measles, is again in school.

Remsen Cowenhoven has been compelled by ill health to leave school, and will not return until school opens in the fall.

We are glad to notice that the epidemic of measles and whooping cough is subsiding.

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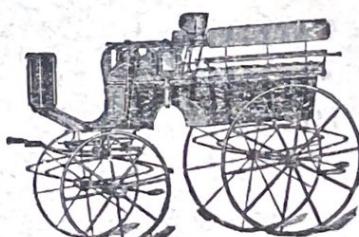
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1890-'91.

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Head Master.

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Latin Master.

BYRON CUMMINGS, A. B.,
Greek Master. W. H. VAN ALLEN, Ph. B., CLARA P. NEWTON, A. B.,
English Master. French and Mathematics.

MISS ESTHER A. ANDREWS,
Principal, Primary and Intermediate Departments.

MISS SUSAN C. MORRIS, MISS ELOISE A. TROTT, MISS EMILY TERRY HARDING,
Instructors in Primary and Intermediate Departments.

While the careful preparation for Colleges and Scientific Schools will be its chief aim; attention will also be paid to students desiring to prepare for business.
The number of pupils at the "Home" is limited, and each boy will receive individual attention and care.

ADMISSION.

Pupils will be received at any time and assigned to the classes in which they can most successfully prosecute their work. It is earnestly urged, however, both for the individual and the class, that pupils enter promptly at the beginning of the year or quarter. *The class work will begin promptly at the opening of school.*

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

RELIGIOUS EXERCISES.

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

LIBRARY.

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

THE SCHOOL BUILDINGS AND GROUNDS.

There are two buildings connected with the School, one in which the recitations are held and the other in which the boys live with the Head Master. These are five to Ten minutes' walk distant from each other, and thus insures every student some exercise in the open air. The buildings are in a thoroughly sanitary condition. Ample grounds are provided for out-door games.

DAY PUPILS.

Many pupils residing in the cities and villages adjacent to New Brunswick attend school daily and reside at home. Trains arrive at all hours of the day and special school rates can be obtained from the railroad.

For day pupils the terms of tuition are as follows:			
First and Second Primary.....	\$ 8 Per quarter.	First Year Classical and Scientific.....	\$14 Per Quarter.
Third Primary.....	10 " "	Second " " "	16 " "
First Intermediate.....	10 " "	Third, Fourth and Fifth Years Classical and Scientific	18 " "
Second and Third Intermediate.....	12 " "		

TERMS FOR BOARDING PUPILS.

The terms for Board, furnished room, care of room, fuel, lights, tuition, etc., are \$90 per quarter, payable strictly in advance. Suites and single rooms, \$100 per quarter.

PRIMARY AND INTERMEDIATE DEPARTMENTS.

The work in this department is designed to prepare boys of the youngest school age for the more advanced work of the school. The number of pupils is limited. Special care is taken in regard to the morals and language of each boy.

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