

H WINN R.C.P.S.

Vol. II.

No. 3.

Rutgers College Preparatory School.

December, 1890.

# THE CARGO.

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# THE + ARGO.

VOL. II.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., DECEMBER, 1890.

No. 3.

## The Argos:

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, BY THE

Rutgers College Preparatory School.

VOL. II.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., DEC., 1890.

No. 3.

### 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.

WE were much pleased to receive an answer to "Auntie." We always gladly welcome communications of any sort, although we cannot promise always to publish them. "Auntie" may possibly have some reply to make to "Y." If so, we shall be glad to continue the discussion. We refrain from making any comments on the subject, as it is a little beyond our sphere.

IF you have read our paper through you must have seen our "squeak" column.

In as much as all our jokes are original, we think that we have succeeded fairly well. But we could do much better if every one in school would keep a pencil and paper in his pocket, and whenever anything funny happens would jot it down and hand it to us. So many funny things happen around the school house and "Trap," that if all were published our "squeaks" would be too loud even for a school of "Rats."

But if all the fellows will collect and send in each and every "squeak," we will select and revise, and the result will be a better funny column than we have had for many a day.

WE call the attention of the new boys to the article entitled "Don'ts." The new boys were fresh, we found, when school opened. We expected that, so in the last two issues of THE ARGO made no comment upon the fact. However they still continue fresh, much to our sorrow, and we have decided to give them a few points as to their behavior. We hope that they will carefully read the "Don'ts" and ponder over them. If they need interpretation, we are willing to assist any anxious searcher after points. Apply at headquarters.

THE Preparatory School extends its congratulations to Dr. Scott, who has been chosen so judiciously to fill the vacant chair of President of Rutgers College. Dr. Scott, after graduating from Yale in 1869, took a year at the University of Michigan, and from 1870 to 1873 was engaged in the study of History at the Universities of Berlin and Leipsic. At present he is Professor of History, Political Economy and Constitutional Law in the College. Now that Rutgers has secured so able a leader, let her continue the boom which has so recently filled her with renewed vigor.

WITH December come the Holidays. Now the school boy is counting up what little cash he has on hand and is wondering how he will buy Christmas presents for all his friends; or he may be wondering how he can manage to get his mother and father to buy them for him. If he had expended as much care in keeping his money, he would now have no trouble.

It will come out all right, however. His mother will be as pleased with the book he gives her as though she did not know his father had bought it; his father will be so surprised that his gloves are "just what he wanted;" that his son will not suspect that he had been asked what kind he wanted; his sister will be as delighted with her gilded bracelet as if it were solid gold; and his small

brother—but who expects a seven-year old boy to pretend that he is satisfied with a candy elephant when he was expecting something else? Still, that is not a serious drawback to the enjoyment of the day. How rich he himself will be! What presents he will get and what joy it will be to compare them with those of the other fellows when he gets back to school!

The time for turning over the new leaves and making good resolves is only a week more distant. Then the diaries will be begun also. The diaries will be kept up in good shape, the good resolves in almost as perfect styles until about February; and then by March we fear that they will both be laid away for the rest of the year.

Yes, the season of joy and good will, of giving and receiving, of turkeys and of mince pies is at hand, and also the season of settling up and beginning one's new accounts. We wish our readers a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

#### RONDEAU OF MARIE, SINGING.

FROM A. DE MUSSET.

When Marie sings, the throbbing melody  
Thrills her with all-pervading ecstasy,  
As, when in spring, the first soft breezes blow,  
A flower's petals, opening gently, show  
What sweetness in its perfumed heart may be.

The slender stalk trembles in sympathy  
To know the blossom from its bands is free;  
So her fair body feels an answering glow  
When Marie sings.

And as her fragrant lips part joyously,  
A vision in her starry eyes I see,  
As if her soul, loosed from all care and woe  
Soared out into those regions none can know,  
Borne heavenward on the wings of harmony,  
When Marie sings.

H.

#### AN ANSWER TO "AUNTIE."

**I**N the November number of THE ARGO I read with interest "The Wail of the Old Maid," and though I am not an old, but a young maid, I should like to say something to "Auntie."

I am glad that you acknowledge that girls are superior to boys; of course, as I am a girl, I have no doubt of the veracity of that statement, but not

every boy will *admit* it, though I am sure in his heart he believes it to be true. I agree with you when you think your lot rather a hard one.

Why should you want the blankets to rub your face? It is exceedingly unpleasant, I know by experience.

I never "spend five minutes arranging my tie," but I often consume twice that time in braiding my hair before it suits me.

I think a sister should encourage her brother in his desire to appear neat and gentlemanly. A girl much prefers as her escort a fellow who is particular in all little personal matters, and who always looks nice and neat, to one who is evidently dressed for the occasion.

You speak of boys learning to sew. I know one who sews, and who does it nicely! His buttons are held in position with such fixity of purpose and strong determination (as well as thread) that even foot-ball is ineffectual in removing them!!

Will you not allow me to suggest that next summer you wear *gloves* during the operation of weeding. They would preserve the softness and whiteness of your manual extremities wonderfully. When you retire also put cold cream, and then gloves upon your hands, and you will be delighted with the result.

If you are artistically inclined, do not waste your energy on a barn door or a fence, particularly New Brunswick fences, but study the plans for the new College Gym., and if your soul thrills with true musical appreciation, go to the "Trap" early and listen to the Glee Club practice, but don't take to the mouth organ or jews-harp.

J. M. K. is right when she envies the free life of a boy.

How would a boy enjoy it, if whenever he desired to go anywhere, the momentous question of a suitable escort must first be satisfactorily settled, and if an unfortunate girl like myself has no brother and she is not allowed to go without a chaperone, alas! for her. Often must she stay at home, when, if she was a boy, she could put on her hat and go where she liked and return when it suited her pleasure.

If you were a girl, you would soon, yes very soon, wish to return to your boyish freedom.

I know boys who can sew, make a bed, walk across the floor without accident, and play the piano (unfortunately for their families); but I have yet failed to find the one who could hold a baby. Though there may be some who can master that difficult accomplishment, I think that they are few and far between.

However let the boy be glad that he *is* a boy, and enjoy his privileges to their utmost capacity, pursuing the even tenor of his way, although he may be called "Old Maid" and kindred complimentary names; and in like manner, let the girl rejoice in her girlhood, enjoying *her* privileges which boys do not share and do her best to make her boy friends honor, esteem and *respect* her, because of her true and noble girlhood. Y.

## U. S.

**U.** S. What does that mean to you as your eye sees it? Just think a moment. U. S.—United States. Of what? United States of America—"Our Country." Does any thrill pass over you as you see those letters?

I remember one time when I saw them and felt thrilled. And on what do you suppose they were? Nothing but a homely old dredger and a trim little tug down on our old Raritan River.

It came about in this wise. On election day two years ago my room-mate and I resolved to go on an excursion of some sort. We finally decided that we would take the *S. S. New Brunswick* down to Perth Amboy and walk back up the river.

I wish I had the space to write about the start before breakfast, the sail down the river, the exploration of quaint old Perth Amboy and flimsy and uninteresting South Amboy, the walk back visiting the brick yards on the way, the lunch on crackers and cheese, and the arrival in New Brunswick tired and happy. I am sure it would be interesting but I started to tell about the U. S. I saw.

I am one of those unfortunates—as they are usually considered—who was born abroad. I consider it an advantage in many ways not the least of which is the traveling such a person must enjoy. The misfortune may lie in the probability

that he is not eligible for the presidency, but even that is disputed.

The city in which I was born and in which I lived for a number of years was a seaport and every once in a while would be visited by an American man-of-war. Any one familiar with the navy knows that the name of the vessel whether on the ship herself or on the ribbons of the sailor's hats is preceded by U. S. S. standing for United States Ship. There was where I first saw the U. S. and all recollections of the letters date back to that time and are connected in a certain manner with the navy.

In the childish way, I at first looked merely at what I could see. The navy was what stood for the United States in my mind. Consequently I felt obliged to stand up for the navy through thick and thin and that was no easy undertaking for most of the representatives of the American navy abroad are a pitiful sight compared to the magnificent vessels of other navies. I well remember how severely my patriotism and temper were taxed in the arguments I had with an English playmate about countries—or navies, rather, as that was what we knew most about and generally discussed. I was aware that he had the best of the argument but would never give in.

How proud I was when an American man-of-war which was of some slight account came in port and I saw the stars and stripes floating, heard the band playing *Yankee Doodle* and *Hail Columbia* and met officers and men on the streets in the uniform of the United States navy!

As I grew older and read papers and books I commenced to get some idea of the land of my forefathers and you may be sure that my parents—good Americans they were—did not neglect teaching me about old Uncle Sam either. So my mind began to appreciate better the meaning of U. S. I saw that even the contemptible little *Palos*—patched-up tug she was with a few howitzers for armament—had some little worth on account of the U. S. before her name.

When I came to this country to school, what did I see of the United States of which I had thought, and for which I had argued so often? I

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confess I was disappointed. I could see no visible power of a great nation.

I could not doubt Germany's might when in Germany, or France's while in France. In those countries soldiers, policeman and others in government employ were everywhere, while fortifications and garrisons were in every important city. Here however there seemed to be no *nation*. What did not belong to the *country* was owned by the *state*. Even the militia—poor attempts at soldiers *they* seemed after seeing a German regiment—were *state* militia. And the forts at the entrance to New York harbor you may ask. I saw them certainly and thought them quite—picturesque. They did not look very formidable after the fortifications along the Rhine. I saw men-of-war in New York harbor also but too far off to be impressed (?) very strongly by them. Why the question mark? Did you ever see a British fleet? You cannot, or you would not ask such a question.

I knew, to be sure, that this was the country of the Revolution, of the war of 1812, of the Rebellion and knew that at those times her armies and her navies—her visible signs of power—had won for her great battles and bright laurels. They had caused the strongest nations to respect her then, but where now was anything which showed her strength?

Such was the way I felt on that election day sailing down the river as we passed a dredger with a tug alongside. Do you wonder that I felt suddenly thrilled when I noticed on the dredger's side "U. S. Dredger No.—"? Does it surprise you that the thrill was intensified by a second look at the tug which had a ship-shape, naval look with fresh paint and bright brass work, an American flag at her stern, and also bearing U. S. as a sign of her ownership?

I really did not know how I had longed to see something of *Uncle Sam's* till then. I suppose that the surprise at seeing it right here on the old Raritan and when I was least expecting it added to the pleasure.

The remembrance of that sight made me forget to some extent the disgraceful scenes I saw later in the day—the rough crowds at the polls,

the men who were none too sober, and the frauds of an election only too evident. After a few days when the returns were in and again when the changes caused by the election were accepted without a murmur by all this immense nation I realized that, after all, there is something, some power in the nation, which makes the simple initials U. S. respected wherever they may appear.

TAU RAMP.

## IN FORMA PAUPERIS.

Sweetheart, what gift can I find meet for thee  
Who art thyself so rare a treasure? Say  
Whether soft silken vestments from Cathay,  
Or delicate fabrics carved in ivory,

Or pearls from caverns of the Indian sea  
May please thee? All the city's marts are gay  
With costly merchandise from far away;  
Surely some worthy tribute there must be.

Nay, Sweet, thy beauty needs no silk attire,  
And pearl's seemed soiled beside thy purity;  
So I come empty-handed to thy side,

Asking, not giving. Thou wilt not deride?  
Then, for the love that I have borne to thee,  
Give me thyself, whom only I desire!

December, 1890.

H.

## THE ROUNDED LIFE.

IT is well to remember that the most beautiful and helpful lives are those which are most fully rounded, most completely developed on every side. Look at the men and women who come nearest to you in the way of influence and sympathy. Are they not almost invariably persons of *full-orbed* character; persons no part of whose better nature is altogether repressed? Do they not appeal to you because they are so fundamental in their conception of life? The large, breezy, hopeful outlook is theirs; and it is theirs because they live on a higher and broader plane than the men and women who are tied down to prescriptive notions and special graces.

The time has come for young Christians to appropriate the truth that the gospel which they profess is good for all of life. It is just as good for a picnic as it is for a funeral. It is just as good for a shop or a school as it is for a meeting-

house. It is good to make rounded lives and characters. There is nothing in it inimical to anything which is good, true, innocent and helpful. What the church wants to-day are fresh young lives, round as the full circle of our multi-form human existence, and full to the circumference with the vital truth of the gospel. Religion is not simply for our Sunday souls. It is for the whole annular man.

## PERSONALS.

"Peddie," '90, has the position of assistant organist in the College Chapel—when the other crank won't work.

None of the ex—"Rats" hold offices in the freshman class.

We hear that Thurston, '90, is under the impression that tigers eat grass, but as "Peddie" says: "All flesh is grass."

"Peddie" bet stews with a Sophomore that he (Peddie) would not be stuck in two subjects this term.

Thompkins, '90, is learning the zither.

When "Uncle Josh" was asked by the folks at home who the "Uncle Josh" mentioned in THE ARGO was, he replied, "Oh, some country pumpkin down at the school."

Prof. wants to know if "Woolly" has a maid. He certainly gets "Uncle Josh" to tie his neck-tie.

Who got the tin type he would not show the the fellows?

Who is "not in it at all?"

The name of the new boy at the "Trap" is Charles Martin, and he comes from Sayreville, New Jersey.

The fellows are now wondering how many letters Jerusha writes "Solomon" each week.

Mr. van Allen belongs to the "Dutch Club." At least that is what one of the fellows *said*; he may have *meant* the Holland Society.

John Osborn is in Packard's Business College, New York city, in the senior class.

J. W. F. Neif is a Junior in the Albany Medical College.

L. Lawrence is an insurance broker on Nassau street, New York.

T. S. L. Seaman is in the Union Trust Company, 80 Broadway, New York.

On Dec. 4th "Snid" shaved his "stash" off and did not go to school for fear of catching cold.

"Uncle Pete" took his books home with him "to show the folks the pictures in them."

Pop's report of the President's speech: "Dr. Scott made a fine speech, the fellows cheered a lot and we came back. That's all."

## OBITUARY NOTICE.

ON Sunday morning December 7, Rev. William Henry Campbell, D.D., LL. D., after a long illness peacefully passed away from this life.

Dr. Campbell was born in Baltimore on September 14th, 1808. He graduated from Dickinson College in 1828 and three years later from the Theological Seminary at Princeton. He was President of Rutgers College from 1863 to 1881 although continuing to act as President until his successor was inaugurated in 1882.

While President of the College he was a warm friend and benefactor of the Grammar School. Prof. Riley became Headmaster of the School and with Dr. Campbell's cooperation succeeded in raising the School from the low state in which it had fallen to the position of a first class preparatory school. The school building was remodeled, enlarged and refurnished at the expense of \$15,000 which Dr. Campbell was instrumental in raising and the number of pupils was more than doubled.

## SUBJECTS AND LEADERS.

Many persons whose names appear on the record book as members of the Y. M. C. A. have not yet been seen in any of the meetings during the present school term. Turn over a new leaf and attend the meetings next year.

Jan. 8. "Rewards of Trust." Leader, George Janeway.

Jan. 15. "Sowing and Reaping." Leader, J. P. Stout.

Jan. 22. "Our Temptations." Leader, W. H. Green.

Jan. 29. "Doubt." Leader, J. E. Jennings.

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### SQUEAKS,

When the fellows are gathered in a room they fear the comings (Cummings) of the Prof.

What do people wear fur on their coats "fur?"

Why is "Wooly" like a cigarette but?

Because he gets fired from "Uncle Pete's" room so often.

Why is "Simon" like the Queen of Sheba?  
Because he is rather fond of "Solomon."

It is a sneezy thing to sneeze in this weather.

If a youngster is upset it is quite a serious kid-astrophe.

Prof.—"They have executed another murderer in Russia."

Wooly, (who wasn't paying attention)—By electricity? What are you all laughing at?

Prof.—Well, it was shocking at least.

It is scarcely jew-ditious to call a large fellow "Sheeny." It may be really dan-jew-rous.

It would be a face-tious idea to put W—'s portrait in THE ARGO.

One of the fellows said he came near getting 10 in all his lessons—it only needed 1 before each o.

Where is "Wooly's" cake?

Is Warren dead?

A rather difficult command to obey: "Hand me your paper, whether you got it or not."

W— says that if he could get hold of an ARGO without his name in it, he would keep and "relic" it.

A new meaning has been discovered for Q. E. D. Those pleasing letters having been left on the black board over night, were found in the morning to have been filled out in something like the following way: "Q.uite E.asily D.one."

The other day Prof. N— gave us a "positive statement of a superlative fact."

The member from out west is a broker. He usually has a corner on bread stuffs,

Ma is quite "Stout."

### DON'T'S.

Don't think this is for the old boys, it is for the new ones.

Don't think that because you have been here since school opened this year that you are an old boy.

Don't think you know more than the old fellows. The probabilities are that you do not—about school and New Brunswick at least.

Don't think if you have been in *other schools* that you know all about *this*. You *don't*.

Don't call the old fellows by their nicknames unless the names were given them after you came here. There is nothing fresher than calling an old fellow by his nickname as soon as you come in school.

Don't believe every thing you hear unless you like to be taken in.

Don't fail to use your brains—if you brought them with you.

Don't fail to be humble in your demeanor towards the old fellows. You have no record of which to be proud so far as they know.

Don't on the other hand, be servile and too humble. *That's* fresh and shows you don't know much.

Don't forget to mind your own business. The old boys can run affairs without your help, or, if they need help, they won't be backward in asking for it.

Don't complain about New Brunswick and the school, saying they are slow. What made you come here? And if you don't like it, we can get on without you.

Don't tell us you came from the country. If you did, we know it.

Don't try too hard to get the best of an old fellow. You will probably get left or be paid back with interest.

Don't tell about your big brother in college. He doesn't make *you* any less verdant.

Don't brag about your smartness. Your marks will tell us that, and you will find that there are other boys whom nature has endowed just as well as yourself.

Don't ask too many questions. You will find out lots of things by simply awaiting developments.

Don't ape the old boys in all things. Even they make mistakes.

Don't wear your hat on one side of your head, walk as though you owned the town, brag too much, or above all things *don't*, we beseech you, learn to smoke.

Don't be homesick. There is no need of being so foolish.

Don't, however, *forget* your home either in respect to writing or by doing any thing which will displease your parents or friends.

Don't fail to follow this advise and you will become a credit to yourself, the school, and your family.

#### SNID'S SPARK.

C., to Snid.—“Where have you been last night?”

Snid.—“Down to the Christian Endeavor.”

C.—“Did you come home?”

Snid.—“Yes, sir.”

C.—“But you wasn't in your room.”

Snid.—“No, sir, I wasn't.”

C.—“Where did you spend your time?”

Snid.—“With Susie.”

C.—“Who?”

Snid.—“Yes, well, well, oh my, Mr., that Mr. R., Mr. R., with that Mr. Rottger.”

Snid.—“Prof., can't I room up in the ‘Bowery?’”

Prof.—“The ‘Bowery?’ Why it takes two men to keep it quiet now. If you get up there, I'll have to move my room up too.”

Prof. Tulu, looking at L. and giving his opinion about smoking cigarettes to the class.

Said L.—“Thunder! I don't like that; why are you looking at me so for?”

Prof. Tulu—I do not always, but I beg your everlasting pardon, Monsieur.”

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