

# THE ARGO.

VOL. I.

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., DECEMBER 1, 1889.

No. 1.

## The Argo:

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR, BY THE  
RUTGERS COLLEGE GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

VOL. I. NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., DEC. 1, 1889. No. 1.

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

WITH this initial number THE ARGO sets  
forth upon the sea of journalistic venture  
in quest of the golden fleece of popularity.

It seems only proper to say a few words in regard to the purposes of the paper. The principal objects are to create a deeper and more widespread interest in the doings of the school, to furnish a means for literary effort and culture, and, lastly, to form a medium by which the former students may be enabled to keep pace with the improvements which are made from time to time. While our daily papers are excellent, yet they do not form a truly reliable means of showing what is done in the school every day. It is really the little things which happen that show the true spirit and endeavor of the school.

Our purpose is to make the paper as good a one as is published by any preparatory school in the country. It is not the result of a moment's thought, but has been carefully planned and carried into effect.

It is proposed to publish the paper on the

fifteenth of each month of the year—from September to June, that is ten issues.

We hope to give our readers in the next issue a list of the courses pursued in the school and of the studies embraced by each.

It is hoped that every member of the school will subscribe, and especially would we like our Alumni to subscribe.

We wish to extend our most hearty thanks to all who have helped us in issuing this first number of the paper. Everyone has been most kind both in suggestions and advice. We are especially indebted to our advertisers, who have so promptly given us their aid. Without them we could not easily issue the paper.

We ask the cordial sympathy and co-operation of each and every one of our readers.

"Don't view us with a critic's eye,  
But pass our imperfections by."

NEVER, in the history of our school, have so many improvements been made as in this year on which we have just entered.

We had scarcely started on our work, when three companies were organized for military drill. They have now made considerable progress in their evolutions and Dr. Cook hopes to have them drill occasionally in the College armory.

At last one long felt want of the school has been supplied, that of singing as part of the morning exercises. An organ and new hymn books have been purchased and under Prof. Newton's able leadership we are rapidly becoming accomplished vocalists. Indeed, our ability is so recognized that a glee club is being organized which promises great things for the future. We wish it good success.

We must not forget to mention the beautiful flag which floats over our building. It was purchased by the boys, each one subscribing some

## The Argos.

amount for it. The organ was obtained in a like manner. The pupils pay small sums weekly, and sufficient has been subscribed to pay for it in about four months.

The interest taken in football has been remarkable. Suits have been purchased for the team and several games played with various results.

But best of all, our school work is being improved.

Declamation and composition are receiving unusual attention and the other studies are kept fully up to their former high standard.

Everything promises success and we can wish nothing better for our school than a continuation of the prosperity which it now enjoys.

THE Argo of mythologic lore was a trusty ship carrying fifty oars, named after the builder, commanded by Jason and manned by fifty Grecian heroes, the mighty Hercules among them; there were warriors, singers and seers.

Its mission was to go to Colchis, secure "the golden fleece" and return with it to Ioculus in Thessaly.

Mercury, the herald of the gods, had presented a ram with golden fleece to Nephele, the mother of Phrixus, and when her son was in danger of being sacrificed to Jupiter, King of the Gods, she rescued him and her daughter also, "who rode away through the air upon the ram with the golden fleece" to Colchis. Here Phrixus sacrificed the ram to Jupiter, and hung the fleece on the branches of an oak-tree in the garden of Mars, where it was guarded night and day by a dragon. This was the fleece that Jason and his chosen companions were sent to obtain.

They encountered many difficulties and dangers, but they were dauntless men, not to be deterred. Contrary winds drove them upon the coast; they were attacked by enemies and tormented by Harpies; they were obliged to make the passage of the Symplegades, or movable islands, that threatened to crush them; and they lost many of their number, some in battle, others by death from sickness. Notwithstanding all this they arrived at Colchis.

Here, while negotiations were being formed between Jason and the King for obtaining the cov-

eted prize, Medea, the daughter of the King, became enamoured with Jason, and, on account of her love for him, lulled to sleep the dragon guarding the golden fleece. Jason quickly carried it on board the Argo, and embarking by night, Medea accompanying him as his wife, they started on their homeward voyage by another route.

They were pursued, but not overtaken. New dangers arose. Storms raged, sirens sang to lure them from their course, and not only the whirling rocks, but Scylla and Charybdis threatened their destruction. Yet again these valiant men were victorious. Ioculus was reached in safety and the treasure stored away.

A dove marked a path for the Argonauts of tradition through the Symplegades, or movable islands, which became stationary after the passage of the Argo; typical, we trust, of the influence that may be exerted by our Grammar School ARGO in its course, insuring that stability of character so much to be desired.

Orpheus sang then to drown the music of the sirens, that else would have lured the heroes to their death upon the rocks. Our crew must have its Orpheus, with voice tuned to overpower enticing sounds not in harmony with purity of thought and life, but leading to moral death.

Thetis and the Nereids were guides through Scylla and Charybdis and the whirling rocks. We have our Thetis, if not Nereids, to give us counsel and lead us through every danger, hidden or seen, that may beset our way. Let us follow where she leads.

Apollo sent brilliant flashes of lightning which enabled Jason and his companions to find shelter from the storm. Our Apollo must furnish flashes of rhetorical power, wit and wisdom, which shall light our craft to safety when storms of adverse influences lower.

Well will it be if a Medea shall lull to sleep the dragon of ignorance and wrong, so that having possession of the golden fleece of wisdom and truth, our ARGO may bear it unsullied to the minds and hearts of all.

Sure He that made us with such large discourse  
Looking before and after, gave us not  
That capability and God-like reason  
To rust in us unused.

—Shakespeare.

## Literary.

## ADVICE TO EDITORS.

PORȚIA says: "I can easier teach twenty what were good to be done, than be one of twenty to follow mine own teaching." It is the common lot of man to undergo a great deal of advice. Why should editors be exempt? So, gentlemen editors, I beg you listen to the advice of a friend who never was an editor, and never expects to be one, but who feels competent, nevertheless, to give advice to editors.

In accepting the editorship of our school-organ, you have undertaken duties and responsibilities of no light weight. Hundreds of platitudes have been entered on the Power of the Press, but never yet has tongue or pen done justice to the theme. The influence of the great monthly, weekly, and most of all, daily papers of the country is, perhaps, greater than all other influences combined in guiding public thought. You, and the like of you, are the custodians of social virtues, the promoters of domestic bliss, the watchmen upon the walls of truth. But you, as editors of the publication of an educational institution, are doubly responsible for your work. The youth and young men whom you directly influence are possibly the future leaders of our State and nation. You are to contribute to the development of their minds and hearts.

First, then, do not fail to be impressed with the responsibility of your work. Strain every muscle of your combined personalities to produce a paper of the highest character, pure in tone, tasteful in execution, entertaining, stimulating, instructive, elevating. If you wish your paper to be read, you must make it readable. Be careful in your opening numbers to captivate, to win the interest and confidence of every pupil in R. C. G. S., then every boy in the school whose loyalty is worthy the name will take pride in his school paper, and if solicited, will give some of his best thoughts to fill its columns.

An editor must, of all men, be a person of tact. He must have tact in dealing with advertisers, in receiving and rejecting contributions, in bestowing compliment where compliment is due, in administering rebuke where it is merited. He will have

occasion to grapple error with an iron hand, but that hand must be gloved with tact. Gentlemen, you now have an opportunity to make practical application of the great principle taught, story-wise, by our head-master in one of his morning talks. Follow the example of the boy, *not* when he was engaged at his echo, but when he spoke gentle, kindly, loving words to that fancied playmate across the vale. Scowl on the world and the world will scowl back. *Smile* on the world and you will win the world, and sooner or later be enabled to help the world.

Yours is a school publication, but beware lest it be *over-bookish*. If your style is labored, artificial, cut-and-dried, you will not have many readers. Put your individuality, your personality, both into what you say and how you say it.

Do not forget, either, to give us something to laugh over. The "Independent" has it "Pebbles," the "Free Press" its "Kaleidoscope," and you ought to make us, your readers, laugh and grow fat. Write occasionally as funny as you can, no matter if waist-bands split and buttons burst.

This is the age of reform. Our educational methods, our civil service, all need reform. It is whispered about, just now, that ballot-reform would not come amiss in New Brunswick! Strike while the iron is hot!

Lastly, endure this good advice as patiently as possible. Like Davy Crockett, "Be sure you're right; then go ahead!"

It is not enough to have a sound mind; the principal thing is to make good use of it.

DESCARTES.

## THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

A SONNET.

In days of old the mighty Cæsar fell,  
A man whom naught could recommend as great  
But pow'r and strength of intellect, and late,  
In after years, one rose, whose magic spell  
To see in him, admiring, did compel,  
"The fore-most man of all the world." But wait!  
Proud Cæsar died his crimes to expiate.  
How noble Lincoln died let hist'ry tell:  
  
He died because with wisdom high he steered  
The Ship of State, nor let it sink a wreck,  
When storms did threaten it, which all men feared,  
With dauntless mien he stood upon the deck,  
And freed the suff'ring wretches in the hold,  
And when he fell, all lands a requiem tolled,

## The Argos.

### PLEA FOR CLASSICAL CULTURE.

**I**N this age of scientific research and progress we hear the cry continually going forth for a practical education. Men say that life is too short and time too precious to be frittered away over that which was written for a people far inferior in respect to that which makes up the vital, everyday life of this generation, and whose national strength and institutions have long since passed away.

Yes, this is, in a measure, true, "Life is short and time is precious" when we look eternity in the face; but neither is life short nor time precious when viewed from the standpoint that it furnishes only a short period and a brief opportunity to amass wealth and live in luxury. It is well to be practical. Practical common sense lies at the base of all true progress. But we must not narrow the word *practical* to simplify fitting one to excel in the race for bread and butter. To obtain a practical education is to acquire that habit and power of body and mind that shall fit us to tackle and successfully solve every problem that may confront us, whether it be the securing of a livelihood, the directing of the forces of our government or the leading of men to a higher plain of living.

That man is most successful, most happy, and the most of a man in the highest sense of the word who has the power to appreciate his circumstances and make himself master of them. This power is obtained only by broadening our mental vision and acquiring a degree of experience through wrestling with the problems with which the world's great mental and moral heroes have wrestled before us, and with which the coming generations must still expect to wrestle. These problems are found in the records which the most cultured nations of the past have left to us as a rich inheritance. Shall we cast these aside, and in our self-esteem seek to train mind and hand simply by the living present? We cannot afford it. Our legacy has been too valuable and our need is too great. We cannot lay aside the fascinating treasures of literature, history and philosophy which have been handed down to us by the ancients; and still call ourselves truly educated men. Certainly we must live in the present and be a part of the present, if

we are to be true Americans, but we must also know the past to fully appreciate and enjoy the present.

A good education is that which gives to the body and to the soul all the beauty and all the perfection of which they are capable. PLATO.

### SOME INCIDENTS OF MY SUMMER VACATION.

**I** SPENT the Summer at a farm house in the edge of the Berkshire Hills. It is situated on a branch of the Westfield river, about eight miles from Huntington, Mass. Here the river comes rushing down the valley, and, as it rounds the curve, surges up against the opposite bank with such force as to wear away the rock, which drops off into the water and is carried away, thus forming a broader and deeper stretch of water. At the foot of the rapids, in this pool, it was said there were some large trout.

So one day I went down to the river with my fly pole, determined to catch the largest fish in the stream. Having anchored the boat at one side of the river, I cast out into the still water at the foot of the rapids. But I did not get even so much as a rise. In the course of the afternoon I whipped that water pretty well, but my only reward was one little redfin. I did not see even so much as the swirl made by a trout's tail.

After this I confined my operations to the two mountain brooks which come tumbling down the mountain side, at whose very foot the house stands. The first time I tried them I went out armed with a beech stick, a short line and a snell hook. This time, after fishing for about half an hour, I secured eleven trout and had more than as many more take hold. I was not skillful enough as yet to take every fish that bit, and when I lost one it made me mad enough to make up for any two that I took.

These small brook trout very seldom took the hook entirely into their mouth, but just caught hold of the bait and gave it a jerk. Consequently you had to land them very quickly or they would get away. Very many times last Summer when I had thrown one out on a rock it would flop back again before I could get it. Once, when I was

standing on a particularly slippery rock, and had thrown my line in a very promising place, I felt a good pull, lost my balance and fell backward into a pool about three feet deep. This somewhat dampened my clothes and I went home to dry off.

One morning when I went berrying, I had quite a funny adventure. The swamp to which I was going berrying was on top of the mountain. Between the house and the swamp was a pasture full of rocks, ferns and blackberry vines. When I came in sight of the pasture I saw the herd of cattle that was fattening there on the farther side toward the swamp. I had gotten safely across and was picking berries in the edge of the swamp when one steer, who was particularly frisky, came toward me.

When he had come pretty close to me he began to root up a young hemlock. Having finished this he tackled a blackberry bush which was still closer to me. About this time I noticed that the berries farther into the swamp were larger and better than those I was picking, so I set out for the middle of the swamp, and, as it was very boggy, the steer did not follow me.

When I had filled my pail about three-quarters full, (it was a five quart pail) the handle broke and let all the berries out into the swamp. Having picked it full again I started out of the swamp and was half way across the pasture before the steer spied me and came after me to renew his acquaintance. I started to walk faster, and while trying to keep one eye on the steer, I stubbed my toe and fell. In endeavoring to hold the pail up so that I would not spill the berries I lost my hold on it and it fell, landing squarely on my head and filling my ears and eyes with berries. I then started on a run, and having eluded the steer, I sat down to take a rest. On the way home I struck a good patch of blackberries and filled my pail for the third time, and reached home safely without spilling any.

R. K. P.

#### UNRECOGNIZED HEROES.

BOW easy it is to pay homage to those we call heroes. A man, by perseverance and courage, rises to a conspicuous position. He is worshipped as a hero, and we speak of his great genius. We rarely, if ever, stop to examine the

elements which make up the character of our hero. The preparation for his debut has been long and laborious.

It was Newton who said that "Genius is continued application." There are heroes, in their own sphere, as great as any in the past. The boy in school, the fellow in college who, inspired by a mother's love and influenced by Christian principle, persistently refuses to step aside at the beck of classmates or companions, may be and often is compelled to display more courage and fortitude, when we remember his age and experience, than a brave general at the head of his army.

The boy is often fighting single handed and alone while the general is supported by those in sympathy with him and his cause. The boy who goes forward from day to day with his face set resolutely toward right at all costs, will some day, in his sphere, blossom into a hero.

Life is a struggle, but fortunately with every victory comes increased power over self and doubled joy in living.

Heroes never float down stream with the current, but are ever found bending to the oars till they get farther and farther away from the swift water.

The boy or fellow who is not afraid to face an opposed public opinion when he is right, will, in the end, command the respect and admiration of his opponents. In every school and college we find these patient, pains-taking, unrecognized heroes. May their numbers increase until this heroic spirit shall pervade all our institutions of learning.

"Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried with all my heart to do well; whatever I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely; in great aims and in small, I have always been thoroughly in earnest."

—Dickens.

'Tis midnight, on the garden wall  
See that dark object. What is that?  
But when you hear a fiendish yowl  
You know at once "it is the cat."

When disappears the yellow cream  
From off the milk within the vat,  
You hear an angry woman scream,  
"It was the cat—it was the cat."

But when the Dr., staid and firm,  
Talks truth and honor to the "rats,"  
The hidden sins begin to squirm;  
But no one cries, "It is the cat."

## PERSONAL.

- Crouse has left for Peddie Institute.  
 E. J. Abbott has entered C. C., N. Y.  
 Mrs. W. R. Newton has charge of the class in French.  
 Charles W. Gulick is reporting for the *Times* of this city.  
 F. C. Van Dyck, Jr., '90, is the organist at the Stelton Baptist Church.  
 Prof. Wyckoff, of Rutgers, teaches our Physics class in Dr. Van Dyck's rooms in Geological Hall.  
 At our first Y. M. C. A. meeting the following officers were elected :  
 President—John H. Thompson, '90.  
 First Vice-President—Chas. W. Gulick, '91.  
 Second Vice-President—E. I. McCully, '91.  
 Secretary—J. P. Stout, '91.  
 Treasurer—R. B. Littell, '90.

## ATHLETICS.

TWO foot-ball teams have been organized. Entire suits have been purchased for the first team, and jackets for the second team, a thing which has not been done at the school for many years.

The first team has played two regular match games besides a game with the Sophomores and a practice game with the Freshmen.

In these games it was shown that there is enough good material to make a very fair team if there is regular practicing done.

The first game was played at the Trenton Inter-State fair grounds against Pennington Institute. Our boys were greatly overmatched in weight and somewhat "rattled," as it was the first match game for a number of the players.

The Pennington boys rolled up the score to 26, while they kept us from scoring a point.

At Plainfield we were more successful, defeating our opponents, Leal school, by a score of 12 to 11. At the end of the first half the score was 11 to 0 in favor of the Leals. But in the second half our boys played a much better game, and by skillful manouevring and working the centre, we managed to make two touch-downs, from which two beautiful goals were kicked.

In the game with the Sophomores, lacking three men, we were allowed to fill the vacancies with two Freshmen and a Sophomore. The first half the school team played loosely, allowing their opponents to score 20 points. In the last half they played more carefully and kept the Sophomores from scoring.

In the practice game with the Freshmen the school team was victorious, scoring 12 points while the Freshmen only made 6 points.

The second team has also played two match games. The first with the High School, in which they defeated them by a score of 5 to 0.

They also played a game with a team from the Princeton Prep. School and were defeated by a score of 16 to 0.

## Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

OUR Y. M. C. A. meets in the school building every Friday evening from 7 to 7.45 o'clock to which all members of the school are invited whether Christians or not. The meetings are interesting and short, and bid fair to be productive of much good. Fellows, come out, attend these meetings and encourage us by your presence and kindly words, and lend a helping hand to win our school as one for Christ.

The second annual convention of the Young Men's Christian Association of this district in which our Y. M. C. A. is represented, met at Rahway on Oct. 18th to 20th. A warm devotional spirit prevailed at all the meetings. Every session was attended by large audiences. The meetings were held at the First and Second Presbyterian Churches and were fraught with an interest and zeal on the part of the delegates as a whole that had a tendency to inspire one to more active work for Christ.

The opening address by Dr. Gates, President of our College, was full of interesting and instructive thought, and was listened to with the interest and attention that usually attend his remarks.

W. D. Murray, President of the Plainfield Association, made an address on "How to lead Associate members into active Christian work," which was full of instruction on the point. Mr. Murray's main thought however was to reach out for the young men by our united efforts and bring them

to Christ, and then they like Paul will ask, "what wilt thou have me to do."

There were other meetings that were equally as interesting and instructive but space will not allow us to mention them all.

The men's meeting Sunday afternoon was attended by 300 young men.

Moray Williams Esq., of New York City addressed those present on behalf of "Personal Purity," Mr. Williams was a learned and eloquent speaker and presented the subject in a light your writer has never heard it presented before. He bade us to be careful of the obscene jest from which arises improper thoughts followed by the overt act.

The farewell meeting was held in Second Presbyterian Church at 9 P. M. where about 100 Y. M. C. A. men joined hands and sung that old familiar tune,

"Blest be the tie that binds our hearts in Christian love,

There should never be any compromise between duty and self. When we begin to argue within ourselves as to whether in real performance of a known duty we would be obliged to make any sacrifices, we at once lose ground.

Own Christ's person, love His name, embrace His doctrine, obey His commands and submit to His cross. His person is lovely, His name is sweet, His doctrines are comfortable, His commands are rational, and His cross honorable. The very angels admire Him, and shall not we?

Our membership is increasing. Send in your name to the Secretary, James P. Stout.

WESLEY.

### CHIPS.

"WHAT is an orphan?" asked the teacher of the class in definitions.

Nobody seemed to know.

"Well, I'm an orphan," said the teacher, seeking an illustration that would not reveal too much.

At this a hand popped up and the owner of it exclaimed: "An orphan is a woman that wants to get married and can't."—*Harper's Monthly*.

Irish Drill-Sergeant (to squad of militiamen.)—"Pr'snt 'rms!"

"Astonishing result)—"H'v'n's! what a 'prisint!' Jist stip out here now, an' look at yersilves!"—*Punch*.

A naughty little boy one day eluded punishment by creeping under a table, where his mother could not reach him. Shortly after, his father came in, and when told of the state of affairs, crawled on his hands and knees in search of his son and heir, when, to his astonishment, he was greeted with this inquiry: "Is she after you, too?"—*Christian at Work*.

M. A. (endeavoring to instil Euclid into the mind of private pupil going into the army)—"Now, if the three sides of this triangle are equal, what will happen?"

Pupil (confidently)—"Well, sir, I should say the fourth would be equal, too!!"

What is the difference between a duke and a turkey?

One is dressed to kill while the other is killed to dress.—*Puck*.

Prof. C.—"Mr. M., how many children did Peleus have?"

Mr. M.—"Well, he had seven *male* sons."

Gus (pathetically)—"How I do suffer with hay fever, I'm almost dead!"

Jack (heartlessly)—"Never mind. 'Sneezy death."

Young lady (to young man who has kissed her)—"That's very singular, sir."

Young man—"Ah! well allow me to make it plural."

Prof. N.—"Mr. T-k-n-s translate 'arrectis auribus adstant.'"

Mr. T.—"They stand with pricked up ears."

Why is the 12.50 train the hardest one to catch? Because it's ten to one if you get it.

Could a man be secure  
That his life would endure,  
As of old for a thousand long years,  
What things he might know!  
What deeds he might do!  
And all without hurry or care. —*Old Song*.

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# THE ARGO :

PUBLISHED \* MONTHLY, \*

BY

Rutgers College Grammar School.

\* TERMS, 50 CENTS PER YEAR OF TEN COPIES. \*

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All communications must be addressed to the Senior Editor,

JOHN H. THOMPSON,

NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J.



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Next Quarter Begins Tuesday, November 19th, 1889.

E. H. COOK, A. M., Ph.D., Head Master.

## INSTRUCTORS.

E. H. COOK, A. M., Ph.D., Head Master,

*Latin and Mathematics.*

WALTER R. NEWTON, A. M.,

*Latin and German.*

BYRON CUMMINGS, A. B.,

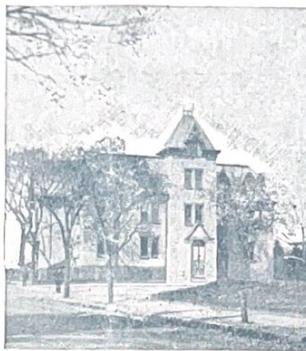
*Greek and Mathematics.*

JAMES M. GRAVES,

*Mathematics and English.*

M. N. WYCKOFF, A. M.,

*Chemistry and Physics.*



MRS. W. R. NEWTON,

*French.*

MISS ESTHER A. ANDREWS,

*Preceptress of Preparatory and Primary Departments.*

MISS ELOISE TROTT,

*Assistant in Primary Department.*

JAY M. WHITE,

*Steward and Janitor.*

MRS. J. M. WHITE,

*Matron.*

DR. COOK, in assuming the Head Mastership of this school, desires to assure its former patrons and friends that no efforts will be spared to place this Institution in the front rank of schools of a similar character.

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.

Mrs. Cook, an educated and refined lady of earnest Christian character, will unite with her husband in making a pleasant and attractive home for the pupils.

The number of pupils at the "Home" is limited to forty, 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 opening 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 Sundays the pupils of the Grammar 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 Grammar 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 insure 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:

Preparatory and Primary Departments.....	\$9 Per Quarter.	Second Year Classical.....	\$16 Per Quarter.
First Year Classical and Scientific.....	13 "	Third, Fourth and Fifth Years Classical and	
Second and Third Years Scientific.....	14 "	Advanced Scientific.....	18 "
Fourth Year Scientific .....	15 "		

## 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.

## PREPARATORY AND PRIMARY 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.

The work of this department will be continued by Miss ESTHER A. ANDREWS, who was for years engaged in a similar work in the Albany Academy, at Albany, N. Y., and who has to a marked degree won the love and esteem of those under her care. Parents can place their boys under Miss Andrews' care with perfect confidence that their work will be well directed.

Miss Andrews has as an assistant Miss Eloise Trott, a graduate of the Oswego, N. Y. Normal School.

## TO INTRODUCE DR. E. H. COOK.

The Trustees feel confident that under the direction of Dr. Cook, supported in the work among the younger boys by another teacher of almost national reputation, Miss ESTHER A. ANDREWS, and by a corps of capable assistants, the Grammar School will do its work with an intelligent thoroughness which can be equalled at few schools in the country. They confidently commend the school to the citizens of New Brunswick, to the friends of the College, and to all who have boys to be carefully educated.

*For the Trustees.* MERRILL E. GATES, President of the Board.  
For any further information address E. H. COOK, Ph.D., Head Master Rutgers College Grammar School, New Brunswick, N. J.