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THE TARGUM

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157 Broadway, New York.
The beginning of the new century makes it fitting that we who are engaged in the teaching work of the College should send a word of greeting to the Alumni, and to all the loyal friends of the institution.

We desire to keep in touch with you of the Alumni, and so to keep you in touch with the institution, and as a help to that end we speak to you of our aspirations for the old College, and we expect you, in your turn, to speak to us of your desires on its behalf. Opportunities come every day to our Alumni and to us all, whether officials of the College or not, to speak and act in its interest. To all friends of the College we would say, keep yourself informed as to its activities. The work performed, and the men now in training here, give abundant promise for the future. A large body of influential Alumni will help much to advance our interests in every way. The College should in its turn express its interest and give its help, as it often does, to its Alumni. An evidence of the spirit of mutual helpfulness is shown in the manner in which the Board of Editors and Manager of the Targum have granted to us the use of its columns in this issue, and we desire to express our thanks and appreciation of the courtesy they have shown us.

The principle of "team work" has been applied with admirable success during the last season in Athletics, and we have promise that this spirit will permeate the whole body of our institution with the beginning of this new century.

That most gratifying results will follow there can be no question.

The Late Governor Ludlow.

The death of Justice George C. Ludlow on the 18th of December last removes from us one of our most loyal and devoted friends.

Born a Jerseyman, his interests were always identified with State institutions. He graduated here at Rutgers in 1850, at the age of twenty, and soon after began the practice of law. He later became City Counsel, then President of the Board of Education, and subsequently State Senator. He was chosen President of the New Jersey Senate in 1878. The next step was promotion in the usual order, and he was elected Governor of the State in 1881. His administration was distinguished for its integrity and independent fearlessness of action.

He was elected a Trustee of the College on June 17, 1873, and remained in that office until his death, and the interests of the institution were always near and dear to him.

His career as Justice of the Supreme Court of New Jersey, from 1895 until the close of his life, was marked by high regard for public duty and broad and equitable interpretations of the law.

The College has suffered a severe loss in the departure of a most distinguished son, and it is with the keenest regret that we record the ending of the activities of such a noble life.

Summer Schools.

FIELD WORK IN SURVEYING.

The impossibility of arranging during term time a schedule of hours sufficient in number to make field practice effective, in connection with the study of land and railroad surveying, without interfering with the important work of the class room, led the Trustees two years ago to put Rutgers in line with other institu-
tions of her grade and a Summer School of Surveying was arranged, to be in session during a part of the summer vacation. The course was made optional.

The first year sixteen of the Freshman class chose to take this course and spent two weeks' of continuous practice on the College Farm with the compass, transit, level and plane-table, making a topographical survey of the Farm, which they afterward mapped. Later in the summer all the members of the Engineering class of the Junior class except one, who had employment during the vacation with a surveyor, chose to take the course in Railroad surveying, and two weeks were occupied in making a reconnaissance, preliminary and topographical survey of a line of railroad leading from Milltown to South River.

Again the past summer a class was formed and the time from Commencement to July 15 was occupied in making a complete survey of the boundary of the College Farm; in taking levels covering the whole area; in a plane-table survey locating all buildings, trees, etc., and in making a hydrographic survey of the lake.

Clay Working and Ceramics.

It may be possible, to meet the growing demand for Summer Instruction, for the College to secure provision for the equipment of a laboratory for Clay Working and Ceramics, such as has been so successfully conducted in Ohio. The raw material is here at our very doors and the development of the subject would be very important to the people of the State. As we are practically in the heart of the clay district of New Jersey, and as our small State produces one-fifth of the annual clay output of the United States, it seems desirable that the State College should take up the subject and develop it to the fullest extent.

Latin Scientific Course.

Keeping in line with modern development in education, the College has under consideration a provisional schedule for a Latin Scientific Course. The students enrolled in this course would be classified as belonging to the Classical Section, and a suitable degree is intended to be conferred on the successful completion of the course.

The requirements for admission would be the same as for the regular Classical Course, except that Greek would be omitted and Physics and Chemistry besides French or German would be added.

Lecture Courses on Special Subjects During Collegiate Year.

A course of seven lectures, by men of eminence in the engineering profession, was given at intervals of two weeks during the last college year to students taking the engineering course.

The first lecture was given by Col. H. C. Prout, editor of the Railroad Gazette, whose subject was "The Future of the Engineer on the Railroads." His manner of treating the subject was an inspiration to the young men who listened to him. This lecture was followed by one from Mr. L. F. Loree, of Rutgers '77, General Manager of the Pennsylvania Railroad system West of Pittsburgh, on the subject, "The Problem of the Grade Crossing." To Mr. Loree is largely due the inception and accomplishment of this lecture course.

Mr. C. C. Vermeule, Rutgers '78, a Consulting Engineer of New York City, who is authority on the subject of water supply and drainage, gave a lecture on "Some Problems in Tide-Marsh Drainage." Mr. Vermeule is better known to us, perhaps, as a topographer of the Geological Survey, whose charts make New Jersey the best mapped State in the Union. Mr. Charles F. Berger, Rutgers '94, a member of the firm of Purdy & Henderson, Construction and Consulting Engineers, New York City, followed Mr. Vermeule with a series of three lectures on the subject "The Steel Construction of Large Buildings." These lectures were illustrated by photographic views thrown on a screen showing the progressive construction of a large building in New York City.
City. The last lecture, also illustrated by stereopticon views, on the subject "Investigations of Water Supply," was given by F. H. Newell, Hydrographer of the U. S. Geological Survey. The subjects were general in the ground covered, and a good opportunity was offered to the engineering students to meet and hear these engineers of large practical engineering experience.

Permanent Advisory Athletic Committee.

The special committee, consisting of Professor Prentiss '78, Mr. Brett '92, Mr. Mann '01, and Mr. Ranson '01, appointed by the Athletic Association of Rutgers College to discuss the advisability of organizing a permanent Advisory Athletic Committee, has unanimously decided upon the following recommendations:

That there is urgent need for a permanent Athletic Advisory Committee and that immediate steps be taken for the organization of such committee. That such Advisory Committee shall consist of seven members, composed as follows: One member from the Faculty of the College, three members from the alumni, and three from the Athletic Association of the College. The faculty member of the committee shall be chosen by the faculty. The undergraduate members shall be chosen by the vote of the Rutgers College Athletic Association. The faculty member and the three undergraduate members shall immediately upon their election or selection choose the three alumni members of the committee. The election of the undergraduate members shall take place at the Spring meeting of the Athletic Association which is held for the election of officers. The member from the faculty shall be chosen at the same time. The election or selection of the alumni members of the committee shall follow immediately. A temporary committee, constituted as above, shall be appointed as soon as possible to serve until the first regular election in the spring. It is proposed that this committee shall have a general oversight and direction of the athletics at Rutgers College, and that it shall systematize and unify the athletic interests of the College, and to that end it shall use such means as it may deem wise to arouse greater interest and enthusiasm in athletics in the whole College body. It is also proposed that the committee shall secure efficient professional and Alumni coaches and pass upon the eligibility of members of athletic teams, and upon all closely related subjects.

Alumni Endowment Fund.

The very gratifying results of the last eight years' work of the Alumni are summarized by the Treasurer, Mr. T. B. Booraem, as follows:

"Since the first day of January, 1892, the date at which the gathering of the Alumni Fund was begun, I have received in cash as Treasurer, the sum of $19,770.25. Of this sum $18,554.53 has been turned over to the Treasurer of Rutgers College and is now part of the Endowment Fund of the College. Of this amount $13,792.03 was invested by me as Treasurer in securities approved by the Standing Committee, and the securities delivered to the Treasurer of the College. $4,762.50 has been paid to the Treasurer of the College in cash. There is on hand at the present time a balance of $1,215.72. All the securities purchased by the Standing Committee on account of the Alumni Fund have, I believe, without exception, considerably appreciated in value since their purchase, so that the actual present value of the securities delivered to the College would considerably exceed the sum mentioned above."

The Official College Color.

The Board of Trustees having adopted Scarlet as the College color, and as this is the first official action ever taken by the College authorities on the subject, it should interest the Alumni to know the conclusions reached by the committee, of which Judge Bookstaver '59, was Chairman, and they are as follows:

"Your committee would therefore recom-
mend that the board of trustees adopt scarlet as the academic color of Rutgers and that this be displayed upon all suitable occasions, and would suggest to the board the propriety of attaching the seal of the college to diplomas hereafter to be issued by a scarlet ribbon, and that the academic costumes, especially of laws and of divinity, be distinguished by a scarlet lining to the hood of the gown, as well as by the usual trimming of purple in the case of a doctor of laws, and by the scarlet lining of the hood, as well as the usual trimming of scarlet, in case of doctors of divinity, and respectfully submit the following resolutions for adoption:

"Resolved, This board adopt scarlet, as heretofore used in athletic sports, as the academic color of Rutgers College, to be displayed on all suitable occasions;

"Resolved, That the seal of the College on all diplomas hereafter granted, instead of being impressed on the parchment itself, be impressed on wax, parchment or other suitable substance and attached to the diploma by a scarlet ribbon;

"Resolved, That those to whom the degree of doctor of divinity or doctor of laws has been, or may hereafter be, granted shall be entitled to wear a scarlet lining to the hood of the appropriate gown, beside and in addition to the regulation trimming of the gown and hood."

**Military Instruction.**

The admirable work done in the Department of Military Science during the period of Colonel Gillmore's professorship has been appreciated by the War Department in its last Report on Military Instruction in the State Colleges. In this respect our institution is second to none in the land, and the War Department justly esteems the efforts of Colonel Gillmore.

A review of some of Dr. Cooper's contributions during the past year to Philosophical subjects will appear in the next issue of this publication.

**Notes.**

The promotion of Mr. Leonor F. Loree to the position of Fourth Vice President of the Pennsylvania Railroad is a great satisfaction to all the friends of the College and adds one more honor to the list won by Rutgers men.

The *Evening Post*, of December 27, 1900, speaks of Mr. Loree's promotion as follows:

"Mr. Loree's advance as an officer of the Pennsylvania Railroad has been unusually rapid, and he has been one of the youngest of its officers to have become a general manager or Vice President. He is now about forty-two years of age. He was educated at Rutgers College, and in 1877, following the usual course with young engineers entering the service of the Pennsylvania, became an assistant in the engineer corps. He was later engaged in subordinate capacities—engineering work, locating railroads in Mexico, and in 1883 returned to the Pennsylvania service, on the western lines, where he has since continued, as an assistant engineer. He became a division superintendent in 1888, and general manager of the lines west of Pittsburg in January, 1896. That appointment was justified by the record which Mr. Loree had made as a division superintendent, and his management of the property as general manager has been very successful."

The suggestions of the Alumni Committee appointed to confer with the Trustee Committee have found a satisfactory degree of realization in the better arrangement of the effective working of the Preparatory Schools Committee, a report on which will appear in a later issue with reports on related subjects.

Dr. Halsted recently read a paper at the annual meeting of the Society of Naturalists on "Albinism in Crossed Sweet Corn." This subject is being studied in connection with the new plant house of the Department of Botany on Bleecker Place. A piece of investigation is also under way on "Heredity in Buckwheat" and another on the "Dwarfing of Climbing Plants."
It is with a feeling of diffidence and incapacity that we take up the burden of editorial work laid down by our predecessor, whose ability, hard work, and keen sense of responsibility have done so much to uphold and elevate the standard of the Targum, and we hope that in charity you will be to our worst faults "a little blind."

To the new editors we extend a welcome
hand and congratulate ourselves that in Tar­
gum elections at least the dirt pie of college
politics is set aside and men are chosen of
whose ability and fitness there can be no ques­
tion. We need the help of your best efforts to
make of the Targum a paper worthy to be the
mouthpiece of student thought and sentiment
at old Rutgers.

In pursuance of a suggestion emanating
originally from members of the Faculty, the
first Targum of each month hereafter will be
an Alumni Edition, to which will be added
several more pages containing material of par­
ticular interest to the older sons of Rutgers.
A copy of this edition will be sent to each of
the Alumni so far as possible.

There could be no better opportunity than
in this first number of the edition to bring to
the notice of the Alumni a matter which is
most worthy of their attention. How often
have we heard an Alumnus say that to him the
page devoted to Alumniana. The work of
procuring material for that page is most ar­
duous, and we need the help of the Alumni to
make its news complete and interesting. It is
such a little matter to scribble on a postal
card some bit of news of an old college
friend and send it to the editors, whose grati­
tude will be quite unbounded not only for the
act itself but for the assurance of interest in
the college publication. We are anxious to
make the Alumniana columns of greater in­
terest and importance, and the only way in
which we can do it is through your assistance.
If you would have the Targum a welcome
messenger to the home of every loyal son of
Rutgers, help us to make it so.

This naturally brings us to the subject of
the loyalty of the Alumni. We want you to
take more interest in us. If you would know
what our College spirit is doing, come to us
and we will show you what it has wrought, in
intellectual lines and athletics alike during the
past year. We are doing our small share for
the college; and now where is your interest in
our activities, your loyalty to Alma Mater? We
dare not publish the percentage of the
Alumni who are subscribers to the Targum,
and to subscribe to the college publication is
the best way to keep in touch with us and
what we are doing. Suggestion and criticism
coming from you, are alike helpful and grate­
ful, and we have had but little of it for which
to thank you. We want your help, but above
all your interest.

Alma Mater has done much for you, is do­ing
much for us, and it is our earnest hope
that when our undergraduate days are over we
may still be interested in what the boys are do­ing
at old Rutgers, and live our college life
again in theirs.

On another page appears a notice of a meet­
ing of the Athletic Association for the consid­
eration of important business. It would seem
that a word only should be sufficient with re­
gard to the contemptible spirit evinced by
some of the underclassmen who, at the last
meeting of the Association, were eager enough
to rush in and deposit a vote or two in a fac­
tional election for office, but when a matter
came up which related to the intimate welfare
of college athletics, mysteriously disappeared,
having a sudden appointment of vital import­
ance at the dormitory. Is this conduct worthy
of Rutgers men?

In this week’s issue of the Targum appears
the picture of the Foot-Ball Team and a re­
sumé of its successful season, together with
the team statistics which were necessarily
omitted from the last issue. Little can be
added to the splendid editorial of the Christ­
mas number on the success of the team last
year. The prospects of the team in the early
fall were not the most cheerful, though per­
haps better than we suspected. But obstacles
were met and overcome, difficulties were en­
countered and conquered, with indomitable
courage. Constant and careful training, con­
scientious effort and “keeping everlastingly at
it" brought the merited success, which never fails such conditions when the spirit is right and good. Never have the students stood by the team so well. With enthusiasm aroused by early successes, gown and town alike have thronged the side lines and cheered the Scarlet on to victory. Captain, Manager and Coach together share the praise resulting from the most successful foot-ball season Rutgers has had in years—the Captain for his strength of spirit and unfailing nerve which used to best advantage the splendid team work of his men, the result of the careful training of the Coach; the Manager for a schedule, so carefully arranged that it left little to be desired, methodically carried out.

To the foot-ball men of next year has been left a standard which it will be most difficult to maintain, because of the graduation in 1901 of some of the best and most seasoned players, a record which will require their best and strongest effort to equal; but with such spirit as was shown last year behind them, nothing will be impossible. The old team passes on the wreath of laurel to the new, and not a leaf must be allowed to fade or fall.

A Song.
When the year is young and the heart is gay,  
And eyes are laughing and blue,  
When the world blooms happier every day,  
And love is always true.
Then sing good cheer to the year that's here,  
To the laugh in your eyes of blue!  
To you and the glad young year, dear heart!  
To the glad young year and you!

When the year is old, and the rose of Spring  
Is buried beneath the snow,  
And twilight fancies the shadows bring  
As we dream in the fireside's glow.
To the light that has shone through the year  
that's gone,  
To the tears in your eyes of blue,  
To you and the sweet old year, dear heart!  
To the sweet old year and you!

Kate Masterson, in Life.

Recommendations of the Advisory Committee.

A meeting of the Athletic Association will be held to-morrow (Friday) morning, at 12 o'clock, in Room I of Old Queens. There are several matters of importance to be brought before the Association which should command the interest of every man in college. Of primary importance are the recommendations of the special committee appointed by the Association to prepare a plan for an Advisory Committee on Athletics. Furthermore, the Manager of the Track and Gymnasium teams has received a communication from Haverford College, relative to holding a league meet in the spring, to include Haverford, Swarthmore, Franklin-Marshall, and Rutgers. Such a suggestion merits our careful attention, coming as it does from Haverford, an institution in which we must always have an unfailing interest and toward which we have the friendliest feelings because of the unfailing spirit of the gentleman and true sportsman shown by her undergraduates in the gymnasium and on the track and field.

To the gentlemen of the special committee are due the thanks of the Association for their careful work upon the matter entrusted to their care, as well as for their kindness in assuming the task. The recommendations submitted by the special committee are printed on page 227 in the Alumni portion of this number of the Targum, and should be carefully read and considered by every man in college.

Conrad Milliken,  
Pres. R. C. A. A.

The Home News.

The management of the Targum desires to acknowledge its obligation to the New Brunswick Home News for the use of the cut in the Alumniana columns and to express the thanks of the Editors for the kindness of the Home News. We hope that we may some time be able to reciprocate.
The Foot-Ball Season.

There can be no doubt that Rutgers has entered upon a new era in athletics. The Track and Gym. teams two years ago gave evidence of the marked advance which was soon to be felt in every team that should contest for the Scarlet. Since then the quality of the game that the base-ball and foot-ball teams have played has been far above the Rutgers average.

To what cause the improvement must be attributed is not clear, but it is certain that a revival of college spirit and a spirited competition for all the teams has done much toward placing athletics upon their present plane.

It was with these two ideas in mind that members of last year's 'Varsity and class teams were requested to report for practice a week before college opened. The graduating class had taken practically the whole 'Varsity with it, and the captain realized that he must develop a new team. Not too much dependence was placed upon the members of the incoming class, but every effort was made to use all the material on hand. As a result of the former year's class games there were thirty-three men in college who knew more or less about foot-ball. With this as a nucleus and the incoming class as a possibility a 'Varsity and Scrub had to be formed.

The first day of practice, a week before college opened, eleven men were on hand, and before college work began nearly twenty had reported at the field. This was encouraging, to say the least, for in many years past the opening days of college have gone by with less than ten men out for practice.

The opening game with C. C. N. Y. was scheduled as a sort of practice game preliminary with the game with Columbia. The score against the New York team was low and the work of the men quite ragged. Material enough seemed to be on hand, and it was evident that a strong team might be developed if a competent coach could be secured.

The coach appeared before the Columbia game in the person of Mr. George D. Hendrickson, who had played full-back and half on the scrub at Princeton. It is to his efforts and faithful training of the team that the success of the season may be attributed. Beginning his work three days before the Columbia game he was on the field every day, and drummed team work into the men as it never had been before. In practice the team did not show marked improvement, and the night before the game both captain and coach believed that the prediction of the Columbia coaches of a point scored for each minute of play might be realized. But there had been improvement, and the next day the Blue and White had to play their best game to score eleven points.

The work of Hart and Conger was particularly good both in backing up the line and advancing the ball. The good effect of the coaching was immediately seen in that not a man on the team imagined that he had played an extraordinary game, but realized that he had simply caught his opponent napping. Another result of this game was to show that Stewart and Morris, from last year's Freshman team, Poland, Hitchner, Moon and Adams, of the Freshman class, and Burnett, from the Senior class, were fully able to take the places left vacant by the class of 1900.

The Haverford game was easily won, the scoring of eleven points being well within the power of the team. It is but just to note that the Pennsylvanians were greatly weakened by an injury to their captain, Fox, which kept him out of the game.

The Lehigh game, as Coach Hendrickson aptly remarked, showed more weak places in the team than all the other games of the season. Whether it was the low scores of former years that made the men over-confident, or the fact that it was a general "off day," will not be known, but the Lehigh backs seemed to find no obstacle in the line, and by making a double pass often got a clear field. The only Rutgers man who played his game or anywhere near his game, was Tobish, whose defensive work was particularly fine. The team
was somewhat relieved after the game to learn that during the second half the entire Lehigh team was in possession of their signals, which had been worked out by a substitute. Still, this cannot account for the poor defensive work and the constant gains made by the double pass. It is perhaps only just to say that this was the only game into which Rutgers went with a crippled team.

Ursinus, although confident of winning by a good margin, was defeated 17-0. The "guards-back," which had been a stumbling block in past years, was solved, but the rest of the schedule was with teams who would not be liable to use that style of play.

West Point used a different style with a vengeance and rolled up twenty-three points in a twenty-minute half. Rutgers then braced up and kept the ball in their opponents' territory for the second half, showing that they were rapidly learning to adapt themselves to any style of play.

Stevens disbanded her team and cancelled her game, with the result that a gap of ten days was left in the schedule. In past years such a rest would have been welcomed toward the end of the season, but constant practice and training had so told on the team that not a man was on the hospital list.
duplicated in the second half, and last year's score was avenged.

The final game with Union was now looked forward to as the critical point of the whole season. If Rutgers won, the 1900 team might well claim to be one of the strongest teams that Rutgers had ever put into the field. If she was defeated and defeated decisively, all the good work of the season would be for naught, as the place of a team is always reckoned by its final games. The heavy New York team was able by retaining the ball and making short advances to score twice in two thirty-minute halves, while Rutgers' only score was made on a sixty-yard run. The wet field helped the Union team greatly and hindered the lighter Rutgers backs.

The 1900 team has closed the season with a record of eight games played; of which it has won four, with a total of fifty points scored to their opponents' sixty-six.

The features of the season which placed it high above those which have gone before were hard and faithful training on the part of the men, good management both in running the team and in securing an excellent schedule, good team work, and the strongest sort of support given to the team by every man in college.

The 'Varsity Team, 1900.

Oliver D. Mann 1901, Chicago, Ill. Weight 140, height 5 feet 9 inches, age 23. Prepared at Morgan Park Academy, near Chicago, Ill., where he played quarter-back for two years, capturing the team the last year; quarter-back on 'Varsity Freshman year, left half-back Sophomore year, quarter-back for past two seasons, Captain of 1900 team.


D. Frederick Burnett 1901, Newark, N. J. Weight 149, height 5 feet 7 inches, age 21. Prepared at Newark High School, where he played center for two years. Full-back on Sophomore class team, substitute center and half-back '99 'Varsity, 'Varsity full-back on 1900 team.

Alonzo Ranson 1901, Havana, Ill. Weight 165, height 5 feet 11 inches, age 23. Prepared at Rutgers Preparatory School, where he played guard. Played half-back on Freshman class team, 'Varsity center '98 and '99 teams; returned to college too late this fall to play in any but last two games of the season.

Frederick M. Hart 1901, New Brunswick, N. J. Weight 140, height 5 feet 8 inches, age 22. Went to Rutgers Preparatory School. Played foot-ball for first time last season as left half-back on 'Varsity. Played same position this year.

Frederick W. Conger 1902, New Brunswick, N. J. Weight 160, height 5 feet 10 inches, age 20. Played half-back on Rutgers Prep. Right half-back on 'Varsity for past three years.

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William B. Wyckoff 1902, Tokio, Japan. Weight 155, height 5 feet 10 inches, age 21. Prepared at Rutgers Preparatory School, where he played end. Substitute end on 'Varsity Freshman and Sophomore years, half-back Junior year.


Ralph O. Smith 1902, Salem, N. J. Weight 130, height 5 feet 6 inches, age 20. Prepared at Salem High School. Learned game in college, playing on class team Sophomore year. Substitute quarter-back and Captain of the Scrub 1900.

Ralph C. Morris 1903, Newark, N. J. Weight 140, height 5 feet 7 inches, age 19. Prepared at Newark High School. End on his Freshman team. Right end on 'Varsity 1900.

Theodore Tobish 1903, Trenton, N. J. Weight 144, height 5 feet 9½ inches, age 19. Prepared at Trenton High School. Played right half-back on '99 and '00 'Varsity teams.

Carl M. Herbert 1903, Manasquan, N. J. Weight 134, height 5 feet 7 inches, age 18. Prepared at Manasquan High School.

George D. Hendrickson, Coach.

Oliver D. Mann, '01, Captain.

Played end on his Freshman team. 'Varsity left end '00.

Huyler W. van Hoevenberg 1903, Kingston, N. Y. Weight 145, height 5 feet 10½ inches, age 20. Played end on Kingston Academy team, which he captained his last year. End on 'Varsity '99 and end and substitute tackle on 1900 team.

William H. Stewart 1903, Kingston, N. Y. Weight 150, height 5 feet 8 inches, age 20. Prepared at Kingston Academy. Played halfback on Freshman team. 'Varsity center this season.


James P. Adams 1904, Beme, N. Y. Weight 175, height 5 feet 11 inches, age 22. Played half-back and full-back on Rutgers Preparatory team for two years, capturing the team the last year. 'Varsity guard the past season.

Alfred E. Hitchner 1904, Bridgeton, N. J. Weight 175, height 5 feet 8 inches, age 18. Played left guard on Bridgeton High School.
two years. Played left guard on 'Varsity the past season.

Rufus G. Poland 1904, Trenton, N. J. Weight 175, height 6 feet ½ inch, age 24. Prepared at Trenton Model School. Played tackle and end three years on school team, captain the last year. Left tackle on 'Varsity this season.


———

The Men in the Line.

Now this is the song of the men in the line,
And not of the men behind.
For the ball is snapped, they are off and away,
And theirs is the rush of the grand stand play,
But ours is the toil and grind.

Only a big and clumsy guard,
With a giant's strength to bear
The crash of the backs as they hit the line,
I laugh when the signal is theirs and mine,
For the glory of battle is there.

I saw her up in the crowded stand,
And the full-back saw her too.
But the captain was shouting "Low, boys, low,"
For there were only four more yards to go,
And the work was ours to do.

I ground my teeth and watched my man,
Bracing himself for the last,
The signal, low and clear, was mine,
With strange, fierce joy I hit the line,
And the backs went tearing past.

As soon as I felt him falter and reel
I knew that the backs were through,
And saw that my work had won the game,
Though the crowd was shouting the full-back's name,
And only the players knew.

Her eyes are blue and her laugh is sweet,
But her smiles are all for him.
She doesn't know the game, you see,
And the touchdown meant our victory,
—But my face is set and grim.

He is riding down in her carriage now,
A hero bruised and torn.
But there's only the captain's "Well done, old boy!"
That brings a feeling of quiet joy,
To a heart almost forlorn.

Now this is the song of the men in the line,
And not of the men behind.
Our shoulders are low o'er the cold, hard ground,
But the backs dive through or circle around
While we push and toil and grind.

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New Publications.

As the Targum goes to press three pamphlets of recent date are in our hands, children of the great learning and erudition of our own Dr. Jacob Cooper. Lack of space permits us only to name them, but we hope to publish satisfactory reviews of these scholarly compositions in the next Alumni number. "The Platonic Idea Elucidated by the Composite Photograph" is reprinted from the Methodist Review, July-August, 1900. "Miracles in Religion have a Scientific Counterpart," is from the Reformed Church Review, Vol. IV, No. 3, July, 1900. The last is entitled "William Prester Johnston, A Character Sketch." "Prepared for the Class of 1852 in Yale University by Rev. Jacob Cooper." Rarely idle is this versatile and productive pen, whose work will last and serve to dimly shadow forth the beauty of the life that brought it into being.

Guide (referring to the Egyptian pyramids)
—"It took hundreds of years to build them."
O'Brien (the wealthy contractor)—"Thin it wor a gover'mint job, eh?"—Tid-Bits.
Alumniana.

[Any authentic notes relating to Alumni, which subscribers may choose to send in, will be thankfully received by the editor of this department.]

'50. George C. Ludlow, a Justice of the Supreme Court and former Governor of the State of New Jersey, died on the afternoon of December 18, at his residence at New Brunswick, of dropsy, which aggravated an old disease of the heart. Justice Ludlow was taken ill about six weeks previously, but was not thought to be dangerously ill until the morning of December 17, when he began to sink rapidly.

Justice Ludlow was born at Milford, Hunterdon County, N. J., April 6, 1830. At the age of five years he removed to New Brunswick, where he has resided ever since. He was graduated at Rutgers College in 1850, and soon afterwards began the study of law in the office of W. N. Leupp, in New Brunswick. He also studied in the office of Robert Van Arsdale, of Newark.

He was admitted to the Bar in 1853, and immediately commenced the practice of his profession in New Brunswick. Soon afterward he was admitted as a counselor. He served as City Counsel of this city, as a member of the Board of Freeholders and as President of the Board of Education. He was elected State Senator in 1876, and in 1878 served as President of the Senate. He was elected Governor of New Jersey in 1880, defeating the late Frederick A. Potts. He was also a member of the Constitutional Commission of 1894. He was appointed a Justice of the Supreme Court on June 3, 1895, having succeeded Justice Alfred Reed, who had resigned to become Vice Chancellor. Judge Ludlow's circuit comprised the counties of Atlantic, Cumberland, Cape May and Salem.
He leaves a widow and two sons.—*Philadelph*ia Public Ledger of December 19, 1900.

**New Brunswick, Dec. 20.**—The funeral of the late Justice and former Governor George C. Ludlow will be held to-morrow afternoon. There will be a short private service at the home of the late jurist, and then public services in the First Presbyterian Church. Rev. Dr. W. W. Knox, the pastor of the church, and Rev. Jacob Cooper, Vice President of Trustees of Rutgers College, of which Justice Ludlow was a trustee, will officiate. The honorary pall-bearers will be Governor Voorhees, Chancellor Magie, Chief Justice Depue and Associate Justices of the Supreme Court Van Sickle, Dixon, Garrison, Collins, Fort and Garretson, Attorney General Grey and former Governor George T. Werts.—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

**'68.** Rev. W. E. Davis, of Lebanon, N. J., President of the Classis of Raritan, presided recently at the installation of Henry T. Jones, pastor of the Reformed Church at White House. W. S. Cranmer ’82, of Somerville, preached the sermon.

**'69.** Dr. William Elliot Griffis has just published a new work entitled “Verbeck of Japan.” It contains a picture of Ichizo Hatorri, Rutgers ’73, now Governor of the Province of Nagasaki.

**'71.** Rev. John W. Conklin had an article in the *Christian Intelligencer* for December 12th, “The Christmas of the Soldier, the Missionary and the Christ.”

**'76.** Foster M. Voorhees was one of the guests at the centennial celebration recently held at our Nation’s Capital. He was present at the President’s reception to the Governors and with his staff occupied a prominent place in the military parade from the White House to the Capitol. In the evening Governor Voorhees was entertained at the residence of Senator Kean.

Governor Voorhees was present and made an address at the meeting of the State Teachers’ Association at Newark, December 27th, 1900.

**'77.** From the *Philadelphia Inquirer*: “L. F. Loree has been elected fourth vice president, and succeeds William Stewart, resigned, as director of the Pennsylvania Company, which controls all lines of the Pennsylvania Railroad system, west of Pittsburg.

“Rumor had it that almost a revolution would take place in the executive departments of the Pennsylvania Railroad, but while there were a great many changes made at the meetings of the directors’ boards of the Pennsylvania Railroad Company, held in Broad Street Station, Mr. Loree’s appointment by the Pennsylvania Company board was the most important.

“In so electing him the Pennsylvania Company re-created an office which was abandoned with the death of John E. Davidson, who was third vice president of the Pennsylvania Co. in 1897. Joseph Wood, then fourth vice president, succeeded Mr. Davidson, and no successor was named to Mr. Wood, as the Company felt the man for the place was wanting.

“Since that time Mr. Loree, who has been general manager of the lines west of Pittsburg has developed the qualities necessary for the position, to which he was appointed, and the duties of which he assumed on January 1.

“Mr. Loree was born April 23, 1858, at Fulton City, Ill. He was educated at Rutgers College. He entered railway service in 1877 as assistant in the engineer corps of the Pennsylvania Railroad, since which he has been consecutively, 1879 to 1881, transit man, engineer corps United States Army; 1881 to 1883, leveler, transit man and topographer, preliminary survey and location Mexico National Railway, from Rio Grande River to Saltillo, Mexico; 1883 to 1884, assistant engineer Chicago division, Pittsburg, Cincinnati and St. Louis Railway; 1884 to 1886, engineer maintenance of way, Chicago division; 1888 to 1889, C. & P. division; 1889 to January 15, 1896, superintendent Cleveland and Pittsburg division Pennsylvania lines. On January 15, 1896, he was appointed general manager of Pennsylvania lines west of Pittsburg.”
'81. Professor Edward B. Voorhees, Sc.D., lectured before the Farmers' Institute at Caldwell, December 18th and 19th, as did also Dr. Byron D. Halsted.

Prof. H. D'B. Mulford has returned to New Brunswick for the winter. He is residing at No. 51 Bayard street.

'82. The Rev. William S. Cranmer, of Somerville, was in town on Thursday.

'88. It is always a delight to Rutgers to see her sons particularly successful, each in his special branch of work. So it is with great pleasure that we note the recent labors of the Rev. Oscar M. Voorhees, of Three Bridges, N. J. In connection with the Ladies' Aid Society and the Christian Endeavor Society, Mr. Voorhees has recently remodeled the church, decorated the interior, rearranged the pews, and fitted out the structure with a steam heating apparatus. On July 1st, 1900, the church was free from debt for the first time in its long existence.

'92. In the *Christian Intelligencer* of Dec. 26th, the Rev. Charles E. Corwin, author of "Onesimus," has an article on "The Use of the Imagination in the Study of History." Mr. Corwin recognizes that in the study of History the imagination may be abused. He cites some works in which the imagination has been used to such an extent as to render the work mythological rather than historical. He maintains, however, that the proper use of the imagination is not only pleasing to the student but is necessary when we are studying characters and events of the dim and distant past.

'97. Wilson W. Fowler, who has been studying for the past two years in France, returned to this country last week.

'99. W. L. R. Haines is now connected with the *Newark Evening News*.

Dr. Chester lectured before the New York Mineralogical Society at a meeting held in New York City on December 18th.

Dr. Calvin S. Brown, Vanderbilt '88, has been chosen as an additional member of the Faculty. After finishing his course at Vanderbilt he studied at Leipsic and other European universities, and holds the degrees of D.Sc. and Ph.D. For two years past Professor Brown has been teaching in the University of Colorado at Denver. He will teach German. His work began with the opening of the winter term on January 2nd.

The appearance of the report of the Inspector General brings to mind again a thing which, like the poor, is ever with us, but whose importance we rarely stop to realize. The value of military instruction in college is nowadays unquestioned and we cannot fail to note the splendid work of Colonel Gillmore here at Rutgers, which has materially raised the standard of the Battalion and given it a high place among those of other institutions as well as an *esprit de corps* which may and will in time raise it still higher.

---

Don't forget the meeting of the Athletic Association Friday, at 12 o'clock noon.

**Alumni Association Officers.**

The following is a list of the officers of the Alumni Association for the current year:
- Mr. Charles A. Bradley '76, President.
- Dr. P. T. Pockman '75, First Vice President.
- Hon. William H. Vredenbergh '59, Second Vice President.
- Hon. N. W. Voorhees '47, Third Vice President.
- Hon. George H. Large '72, Fourth Vice President.
- Dr. Paul F. Sutphen '76, Orator Primarius.
- Prof. E. A. Bowser, Orator Secundus.
- Prof. William S. Myers '89, Secretary.
- Mr. Theodore B. Booraem '81, Treasurer.
- Mr. Irving S. Upson '81, Biographer.

**Committee on Nominations for Trustees.**

Mr. Theodore B. Booraem '81.
- Rev. Dr. James LeFevre '54.
- Rev. J. H. Gillespie '82.

**Inspector of Alumni Trustee Election.**

Mr. Henry A. Neilson '73.
Assistants.
Prof. A. A. Titsworth '77.
Dr. Louis F. Bishop '85.

Standing Committee.
H. R. Baldwin, M.D., LL.D., '49, Chairman.
Prof. William S. Myers '89, Sec'y, ex officio.
Theodore B. Booraem '81, Treas., ex officio.
John N. Carpender '66.
Henry A. Neilson '73.
John S. Voorhes '76.
Prof. Alfred A. Titsworth '77.
William H. Van Steenbergh '77.
Prof. Louis Bevier, Jr., '78.
Prof. Robert W. Prentiss '78.
Irving S. Upson '81.
Isaac A. Lee '94.

Rutgersensia.

The harmonious symphony of holy song ascending heavenward from the choir loft during exam. week is said to have inflicted such severe damage on the rafters that the Bowserites are getting nervous and desire to express publicly a request that such extreme tension be not brought to bear again.

December 14, Engel wins by a neck in the sprint for back seats in Speyers.

It is rumored on good authority that Hummel and Gordon got through Pol. Econ.

An ill-balanced Senior gravely but incautiously saluted the portrait of Maud Adams the other day and was violently ejected from the room and well nigh slain by Westfall, to the intense delight of the dormitory gang—and Johnny. The engagement is not yet announced.

What do you think of Haverford's suggestion, fellows?

During the skating season any number of studious Scientists may be seen outdoors constructing points of contact with a plane, or describing tangents to the earth's surface, as well as executing hyperbolic paraboloids in their most polished style.

December 9th—Gulick comes into Chester's room—late—for the first time in his college career, and sob's of grief and shame are heard throughout the room.

Problem for '01's Engineers—How much horsepower does the college choir develop?

December 17th the foot-ball team has its picture taken at last.

Gaping multitudes surround the bulletin board—report flies about in awe-struck whispers that the Faculty have taken notice of the students' unanimous petition—hourly the fierce struggle grows to behold this great thing which has come to pass—hope springs in their breasts—but alas, too soon—hope is dead, is dead—"Students may make up omitted lessons by presenting an excuse to the Registrar"—signed, the Secretary of the Faculty.—The crowd melts away softly—an air of gloom pervades the hall. Then heard we a voice crying in the stillness—Whence shall we get an excuse and where shall it be found? Shall we dig it out of the earth—shall we tear it from the winds of heaven? Ichabod, Ichabod—Silence reigns and the hall is deserted.

Bissett, the druggist's new exclamation:—"B(uy) milkshake!"

January 4th, Seniors make a wild rush from chapel for front seats in the peanut gallery.

Our versatile Man(n) has appeared in a new role—that of Old Nick. It is difficult to say whether or not "Od" was thinking of the past or the future when he said: "Merry Christmas, my children!"

Rutgers will be represented in the open games to be held at Madison Square Garden on February 4th.

Captain Ranney has issued a call for the Gym. team. Everything points to an excellent season this year.

The question of the hour—Where is A. E. Brown? Pittsburg and Chicago advance rival claims.

Manager Richters is looking for specialties just now. How about a three-legged race be-
tween the lower classmen. "Shorty" Ley and "Lengthy" Brett would make a winning pair. "Jock" Scott is still explaining why he got stuck in Tactics.

"Charlie" Richters went calling last week. He had an adventure in which some mistletoe and the cook played important parts.

R. O. Smith is still singing, "Where, oh where is my little dog gone?"

Tobish is said to have made some New Year resolutions. If this be so, there ought to be peace in the dormitory hereafter.

"Jack" Steelman has a new diary. Now watch the dates fly!

It is almost time to see the Gymnasium team at work again pounding the dust from the gymnasium mats. Meets have been arranged so far with Columbia and Heverford, on the 2nd and 9th of March respectively. The meet with Columbia will be an exhibition meet, while it will be a pleasure to meet our old friend Haverford again.

The average annual expenditure of the class of '00 at Princeton for the four years was $719.56. Thirty-one men worked their way through college entirely, and thirty more in part. The average at graduation was 22½.

The following is a sign upon an academy for teaching in one of the far Western States: "Freeman and Huggs, school teachers. Freeman teaches the boys and Huggs the girls."—Ex.

Student—"Is Miss Budd in?"
Maid—"Yes, sir; but she is engaged."
Student—"Yes, I know; I am the thing she is engaged to."—Ex.

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ANALOGY.
In the dark your father found us,
He gave no warning cough.
He found your farther glove was on
Your nearer glove was off.

MORAL.
Cards and love are much the same
I think you'll understand.
If any one's not in the game
Don't let him see your hand.
—Ex.

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Nowadays, to be told that you look or act "just like a dear friend of mine," however charming the dear friend may be, is considered a rather dubious compliment by the average recipient thereof, and though his face may be wreathed with becoming smiles of appreciation you may be pretty sure that his soul is inwardly shaking hands with wrath and disgust. Sometime back in the Dark Ages a compliment of that sort may have been really enjoyed, for the world was young and it was only now and then that you ran across a thoroughly good fellow. But *tempora mutantur* and the compliment is out of date, out of order, and "bad form"—the most blighting anathema of our modern social ritual. Good fellows there are in plenty; they are the rule rather than the exception. So if you want a man to consider you a remarkably fine fellow, call him original. Genius is a compound of originality and madness, and these days every one is pretty confident of a lurking spark of incipient genius somewhere about their person. Usually, though, the surrounding clouds of smoke are so prodigious that the effort involved in dispelling them puts out the fire. Now and then the flame burns clear and bright in some soul and we have a man worth knowing.

Every one then, with the possible exception of a coal-heaver or two, desires at least to be considered as having some original and distinctive traits, whether he has or not.

To the end of this lengthy prologue we will append the usual brief essay, namely, that deaf to the gasps of astonishment, heedless of the criticism of ignoring precedent, we are not going to print in these long-suffering editorial columns the usual pathetic and heart-rending appeal for student literary material.

Thus shall we achieve originality.

It is really more than funny to look back over the old *Targum* files all the way from '69 to '99, and find each term the same old chant of woe—no student support of the college publication. And still the wave of appeal beats fruitlessly upon the adamantine heart of the undergrad. One editor declaims tragically
against the injustice and the wrong. Another sheds inky tears over the editorial Nemesis, while still another strong in the belief of a response to his dramatic appeal, discusses the spurring mental effect upon the literary tyro of having his contributions refused—as if anything submitted, however rocky, didn't go in, unless the poverty-stricken editor, short of matches, lit his pipe with the Ms. Another editor mourns the fact that there is more material from the productive pens of the Faculty in his Targum than he cares to own! Think of it—when lack of Faculty interest in the student publication is a matter that we now prefer to lend to careful thought rather than trust to discussion.

How much could be made of the Targum with student co-operation we can only imagine. How we envy a certain great modern editor with his “orchestra of quills”! But though we do say that we need your help, we will not whine for it. You should take a real pride in offering it, but if you don’t—allons donc!—we shall still do our best without that esprit de corps that your help would give, and say—“Wait till you get here. Then it will be our turn to stand idly by and ‘snortle’ softly to ourselves.”

The unqualified success of our debating teams during the last two years would seem to admit no doubt of the advisability of entering once more this field of intercollegiate contest. It would seem also, that, having proved in two forensic contests our superiority to our opponent of the last two years, we should challenge the team of some other college and embrace an opportunity for defeat. All three of our last year’s debating team, Messrs. Case, Cooke and Eckerson, who so nobly defended the honor of old Rutgers at New York University, graduated in the class of 1900. It shall not be said that there are none left to take their places, difficult as they are to fill. Dr. Stevenson, to whom so much of the success of the team last year was due, is as willing as ever to assume the burden of advice and assistance. His interest may be safely counted on for every student plan or undertaking, and seconded by the ability and unflagging interest of Professor Barbour, who has taught most of us all that we know of public speaking, he should be able to make of the material at hand a debating team to rival that which won so many laurels for our Alma Mater during the past year.

This is a matter which should interest Faculty and students alike, but since the initiative must come from the student-body, the Targum is open to discussion of this important matter in its columns. Let us not dawdle over this thing, but find out at once whether student sentiment is for or against it. Shall we have a strong team to rival that of last year and win more honor for the college, or shall we rest upon the laurels that others have won for us?

It is too bad that the proposition for a new track has not met with even fair treatment at the hands of the students. At one meeting of the Athletic Association, throttled and laid on the shelf by the foot-ball men, fearful of some interest that might weaken theirs; at another completely overshadowed by an all-important election for some assistant managership; handicapped by the incompetency of a canvassing committee that neither canvassed nor reported, it has had a hard struggle to keep any breath at all in its battered body. The dilatory way in which the students have gone at a suggestion which seemed so valuable and so well supported augured ill for its future, and its fate looked little better than sealed. It is curious too, just at this time, when our boasted college spirit seems at its height, that we cannot get to work and raise a sum of money but half as large as that once raised for a similar purpose. It cannot be that any one questions the necessity of the improvement. It is too obvious. We cannot in self respect invite other colleges into contests with us on that wretched track. Most of us have at one time or another in our early youth derived a deal
of sport and pleasure from a sand heap, but as an aid to record-breaking in the quarter-mile or two-twenty it may be reasonably regarded as a ghastly fizzle.

However, Dr. Bevier's suggestion in connection with the Athletic Association Benefit Entertainments opens up the way again, and the manner in which the men are taking hold of it is very encouraging. The trustees of the Association are willing and eager to begin the work, and with the help of student enthusiasm and co-operation we will have a new track yet.

A Mountain Stream.
Who loveth a little mountain stream
Loveth the witchery of a dream,
A will-'o-the-wisp, half understood,
Laughter lost in the silent wood,
A splash of white foam over the brim
Of a dusky pool, where shadows dim
Sleep in unrest, and love spells be,
And I know not what sweet coquetry;
A flood of ripples and sunlit spray
Ravishing all my heart away.
Then lo, the brook runs on to the sea
With never a backward look for me.
Who loveth a little mountain stream
Loveth a witchery of a dream.

Smith College Monthly.

A Historical Sketch.
A recent issue of the Targum suggested that some interesting data would result from an investigation of the term "Targum" as a name for our college paper. The search through the old records was indeed interesting, and at the same time profitable. There are some things about our college life which ought never to be lost sight of; facts which every Rutgers man ought to know, cherish and pass down from class to class. If this solution be a correct one, as we believe it is, it ought then, to be published in the "Scarlet Letter," or better yet, in the Y. M. C. A. hand-book, where it would be repeated year after year. The Targum is distinctively a college organ, and every Freshman ought to know as much about it as he does of the other matters which the hand-book contains.

The Targum was by no means the first publication of old Rutgers, though it has become the regular one. What we have done in journalism is of interest to all.

A periodical of sixteen pages issued monthly appeared in January, 1842, and was called the Rutgers Miscellany. Its articles originated with the professors, alumni and students and contained little of interest, so that it lacked pecuniary support. It ended its career in the same year.

Sixteen years later the Philoclean and Peithessophian societies conceived the idea of the Rutgers College Quarterly. It was the hope that this publication would draw the attention of the students from the "rakes" which were of the most personal and abusive character. At the commencement of the Civil War the college decreased materially and less than sixty students were in attendance, so the Quarterly died a natural death.

In 1867 a large sheet of four folio pages appeared as the college paper. It was the Targum. At first it contained little more than an account of the various organizations of the college, and so was practically the fore-runner of the "Scarlet Letter." It was issued but once a year.

Dr. Campbell was then President of Rutgers, and in his lectures on Biblical Criticism, used the term "Targum," which meant a translation or paraphrase of the Scriptures. Translations then as now were not confined to the Scriptures alone, and every man in college had a "horse" or "crib" which he jokingly called the "Targum." When a discussion arose as to what the name of the college paper should be, it was natural for the students to select that name which was most prominent in their thoughts. That name was "Targum." This met with popular approval, and so became a part of our college history. The paper was issued annually for three years before any attempt was made to turn it into a monthly.
That this change was made was due to William E. Griffis, of the class of 1869, who has since attained great eminence in the field of literature.

In the fall of '80 a wave of reform swept through the college and the students determined to reorganize the TARGUM, whose only fault was "lack of news." So intense was the reform movement that it was voted to discard all previous publications and start a new series to be numbered Volume One. So, as our paper is read to-day, the impression is left that it was born twenty-one years ago. But this idea is erroneous. The TARGUM was founded in 1869, and is to-day in its thirty-second year.

The Junior Promenade will be held on Friday, February the fifteenth.

---

**On Snow.**

Snow!
Pure and white
From heav'n's height—
Nice and bright—
Reflecting light—
Or much or slight
Each fleecy mite
Still cov'ring light
Some landscape's blight
That I could cite—
A still invite
To snow-ball fight
And coasting might—
A puzzling plight
To one that's tight—
A pleasant sight
When he's all right—
I would indite
And to snow write
A poem trite
But now good-night—
I really haven't time
To find another rhyme
On snow. —'00.

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**1902 Scarlet Letter.**

The work on the Junior Class Book is progressing, and with the co-operation of the class the editors promise an early issue. It is earnestly desired that all reports and individual records be handed in as soon as possible. The literary, editor issues a call for contributions of all kinds, from the class, for his department. The editor of illustrations announces that cuts and illustrations for all parts of the book are desired. Photographs of the campus and buildings should be submitted at once. This must be a successful issue, and the only way to insure success is to manifest an interest and help along the work of the editors.

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**The Athletic Association Benefit Entertainments.**

For the past few winters the Athletic Association has given a series of lectures and entertainments which have afforded decided profit and pleasure to all who attended.

The success of each course has been due almost wholly to Dr. Louis Bevier, Jr., who has unsparingly devoted himself to the interests of the Association, assuming almost entirely the responsibility of making the courses of the highest order as to quality and assuring a definite degree of success financially.

We have the utmost confidence that Dr. Bevier has arranged an entertainment course which will in the opinion of all far surpass any of the previous courses.

We take pleasure in presenting to the faculty and students as well as to the public the following synopsis of a course of lectures and readings which are to be given in the College Chapel during the winter:

**January 23.** John Fox, Jr. Reading from his own works, "The Kentuckians," "Hell fer Sartain," etc. In his writings Mr. Fox reveals the true humor of life in a delightfully fresh and interesting way. A keen observer of human nature, he weaves a thread of experiences into his narrative and illumines it with the genius of a master. As a reader he is no less interesting and entertaining.
February 13. E. Livingston Barbour. Reading. Dramatization of Dickens' "Tale of Two Cities." Professor Barbour needs no introduction to us, for his clear and highly interesting interpretation of several of Dickens' works is well known to us. These works he has dramatized for his own use, and he now comes to us with this new product which represents several years of preparation. He has met with even greater success with this new reading than in previous ones. The Brooklyn Institute of Arts and Sciences gave him two evenings.

February 27. Ernest Seton-Thompson. Lecture, with stereopticon views. "Wild Animals I Have Known." The book is well known for its charming style and attractive way of giving interesting facts. Mr. Thompson lectures no less pleasingly than he writes. The views are made from original drawings of his own. He does not fail to delight and arouse to enthusiasm all his audiences wherever he appears.

March 13. Booker T. Washington. Lecture. "The Solution of the Race Problem in the Black Belt of the South." Perhaps no one of the negro race is so widely known as Mr. Washington, who has worked his way from slavery up to a position as leader among his people, and of high esteem among those who were once his masters. He comes as an orator, educator, and founder and president of the Tuskegee Institute.

The course tickets have been placed at the extremely low price of $2.50. The scheme for the sale of tickets among students was clearly set forth in Chapel by Dr. Bevier. Now the success of the course financially depends upon the co-operation of the students.

We cannot expect to have a large sum for the Association unless we have "team work" in getting everybody interested in our behalf and showing by our efforts that we are keenly in earnest.

Nothing has been more discouraging to the success of these courses than the heretofore small attendance of students at the entertainments. Every man should support them by his presence.

Do not make other engagements for these dates. Keep them in mind, and urge others to do the same. With every one working the success of the course is assured.

Pan-American Exposition Sports.

It has been decided by the Committee of Sports, chosen by the managers of the Pan-American Exposition, to make Buffalo the headquarters of all the athletic contests during the Exposition. Letters have been sent to the different colleges and athletic clubs in order to induce them to hold some of their meets at Buffalo. The letters are somewhat as follows:

"The Amateur Athletic Union will be invited to hold its annual track meet and field championship meet within the Exposition grounds some time during the year. Two days will be devoted to the meet, and some of the most famous athletes will contend."

A lawn tennis tournament will take place, and some of this country's best players as well as foreign representatives may enter.

A Marathon race, similar to that held at Paris and the Olympian Games, will be a great treat for the Americans, who may once more try to defeat their victorious rival—the French champion.

Lacrosse competitions will be engaged in by the best American and Canadian players. A special bicycle track is being built in order to draw the leading cyclists of the world.

Two kinds of foot-ball will be played—Gaelic foot-ball, which was played at the Chicago Exposition, and Association foot-ball. A series of matches will be played to ascertain the best American and Canadian players, after which a match will be held between the two winners.

A swimming tank, or the lake, will be the scene of swimming races and water polo games. Shooting competitions will be held. Basket-ball games are also being arranged.

The World's Championship for 1901 will be
held at the Exposition, and entries will be invited from all the countries in the world.

A complete schedule of events will be announced early in the spring. In the meantime the committee will be pleased to receive communications from the various athletic organizations.

—'03.

**Senior Essays—Second Term.**

Choice of theme for first essay from the following:

- Freedom of the Will.
- Confucianism.
- The Argument for Theism from Design.
- Emerson’s Essay on Culture in “Conduct of Life.”
- The Miltonic Satan.

CHARLES E. HART.

**The Lesser Poet.**

As one who wandering idly through the mine,
Findeth the gem the miner vainly sought,
So, though no master workman wrought this line,
Thou’st placed therein a priceless jewel of thought.

---

**Alumniana.**

[Any authentic notes relating to Alumni, which subscribers may choose to send in, will be thankfully received by the editor of this department.]

'47. Rev. Dr. Eugene Hoffman, Dean of the General Theological Seminary of New York, was elected President of the New York Historical Society at a meeting held on January 2.

'60. At the quarterly meeting of the Ministerial Union of Philadelphia, on December 31, the Rev. William J. Skillman read a paper entitled, “Four Questions of Socialism.” He treated the subject from a sympathetic standpoint, without sharply defining it. He believes, however, in individualism.

'65. At the annual meeting of the stockholders of the People’s National Bank of this city, Joseph Fisher was elected one of the directors of the bank. John S. Voorhees ’76, was elected to a similar office.

'67. The beautifully bound “Year Book” of the Holland Society of New York has just been published, and has as its frontispiece a fine photogravure portrait of Tunis G. Bergen, the President of the Society during the year 1899. Also there is Mr. Bergen’s speech of salutation at the Society’s fifteenth annual banquet. Many of the historical papers and records published in this work are of exceeding interest, while the book itself is a tasteful triumph of the printer’s art.

'69. In the great Review of the XIXth Century which appeared in last Saturday’s New York Evening Post, is a striking article entitled, “Changes in China and Japan,” written by Dr. William Elliott Griffis, one of the most noted sons of old Rutgers to-day.

'73. Representative George R. Dixon, of Elk County, Pa., has again been taking a prominent part in affairs in the Pennsylvania legislature. He is a strong advocate of fusion between the Democrats and anti-Quay Republicans, and were it not for that would probably himself have been nominated for Speaker of the House by the Democrats. He will probably occupy a prominent position as leader of the Democrats during the session just begun, as various important matters are to come up.

'74. The following letter was sent to the Outlook with a note stating that its author was Lieutenant Colonel James Parker, United States Army, a graduate of West Point and Rutgers College, and a son of Cortlandt Parker, of Newark, N. J. Colonel Parker is in command of “an isolated province in southeastern Luzon,” with a population of some 50,000. It throws a ray of light on a situation not generally very cheerful:

In one of the schools I have established here the children, taught two hours daily by a soldier, orally (for I have no books), have learned in six weeks over 500 English words, and can even sustain a short conversation, their accent being clear and distinct. Nowa-
days, as I ride about my province I am saluted at every door by little childish voices piping up, "Good morning, Colonel." I stop and speak with them in English. They answer me proudly from their little store of newly acquired knowledge, and as I ride away they always cry out, "Good-bye, Colonel." The boys are all our friends. They play with the soldiers and talk to them. There is no use for Spanish here any longer. Only those who have received an unusual education can talk and read Spanish. The children should be taught from English school books, and well taught. A knowledge of "Americano" will make them quickly Americans.

Things are gradually progressing here. We have mayors and police in all the towns of the province, and schools. I detail a soldier to teach English in each school, and the children are making great progress. On account of the confusion of dialects, Bicol, Visayan, Iloilo, and Tagal, the text books have always been Spanish. I trust that the Commission will not allow this system to be perpetuated. I propose that in the schools of this district the children shall learn geography, history and arithmetic in English, as they desire to do. The difficulty is text books. If I only could get a lot of illustrated primers! It is a glorious opportunity. By teaching these children to read English, in five years there will be a new generation coming to the front that will read American newspapers, appreciate American manufactures, have new wants, be civilized. Knowing the uses of things, they will want them. They will no longer be content with a hut without furniture and a pound of rice a day. They will want money to buy the things they need, and will be willing to work for it. It is labor that will make these islands enormously productive. I wish I had the primers.—Philadelphia Public Ledger.

From the editorial columns of the Philadelphia Public Ledger:

The extract from the New York Times, which we publish in another column, under the caption "Light from Luzon," tells a story which should carry a lesson to our rulers. One of our enlightened and humane army officers stationed in an "isolated province in southeastern Luzon," has undertaken to do a little civilizing on his own account, and the results certainly repay him for his labors. He has established a little school at his post for the native children, who have learned in six weeks under the oral instruction of a soldier for two hours daily, without the aid of books, to "sustain a short conversation" in English. Colonel Parker reports that the children are all the friends of the soldiers, and, naturally, he thinks that if his method were systematically followed, the Philippine problem would be much simplified. He writes:

"I propose that in the schools of this district the children shall learn geography, history and arithmetic in English, as they desire to do. The difficulty is text books. If I only could get a lot of illustrated primers. It is a glorious opportunity."

Colonel Parker believes that he has found the way to civilize the natives, and who will deny that his is not the true method to be followed in bringing about "benevolent assimilation"? The Administration has found out from the careful report of no less an authority than General MacArthur that the policy of extermination has resulted in unifying the native peoples against us, and that the subjugation of the island by killing will cost the lives of thousands of our soldiers and the pouring out of great sums of money. Colonel Parker's method of assimilation seems to be not only a little more truly benevolent in accordance with our professed policy, but it is likely that it would be more effective and cost less in blood and treasure.
find that financially the State is on a firm basis, its income exceeding its outgo. The Governor sounds a note of warning, that this prosperity should not lead the State to extravagance.

A wonderful contrast is seen between the conditions that obtained in 1801 and the conditions of to-day. And this mainly in the line of Public Instruction and Public Correction; also in the matter of caring for the indigent of the State.

Two matters of self-congratulation on the part of the State are the success achieved by the Public Library Commission in instituting a free circulating library for rural communities, and the success of the Commissioners of the Palisades’ Inter-State Park. Now for the first time it seems possible to preserve the Palisades without excessive cost. This commission was a joint one, several of the commissioners being appointed by the State of New York.

In general the message is characteristic of the Governor. It is broad, both in scope and in thought, and is a firm basis on which the legislature may safely stand.

'78. Citizens of Hudson County, politicians included, are pleased with the selection of Senator Charles A. Reed, of Somerset County, as the Republican leader of the New Jersey Senate. According to popular opinion over there, Mr. Reed has been one of the best friends Hudson County has had in the Senate in recent years.—N. Y. Tribune, Jan. 5th.

'82. Rev. W. I. Chamberlain, Ph.D., delivered an address on “The Twentieth Century Call” at the All-India Christian Endeavor Convention, held at Bangalore, October 13-16. Rev. John H. Wyckoff ’71, writing of the convention in the Mission Field, says that “It is not too much to say that the success and the efficiency of the convention was chiefly due to the Rev. L. B. Chamberlain (’86), Secretary of the South India Union, upon whom most of the burden of the preparation and management fell.”

'92. Rev. Winfred R. Ackert has resigned as pastor of the West Hoboken Reformed Chapel. His resignation went into effect at the beginning of the new year, at which time he went to his new pastorate at the Vermilye Chapel of the Collegiate Church, New York. He was pastor of the Reformed Chapel five years and seven months.

'98. U. L. Strassburger is now on a six weeks’ trip to Baltimore, where he will be engaged in mapping a large estate for Meham, a prominent landscape gardener of Philadelphia. Strassburger for some time past has been in the employ of the tobacco magnate, J. R. Duke, at Somerville.

King S. Oram, who has been in the law office of the Hon. Mahlon Pitney for the past two years, has become the private secretary of Mr. Pitney, who was elected President of the New Jersey Senate last week.

C. Mott Ryno, of Yale Medical School, was in town on January 7th.

'99. Augustus H. Shearer, of Harvard University, spent several days in town last week.

'00. Robert W. Pettit, of Yale University, spent his Christmas vacation in New Brunswick.

Dr. David Murray gave a very interesting paper on “Max Muller; His Character and Works,” before the Phi Beta Kappa Society, in the Fine Arts Building, last Monday.

Prof. E. L. Stevenson, Ph.D., is to give a lecture on “The Development of Geographic Knowledge in the Middle Ages and Renaissance,” before the New Brunswick Historical Club, on January 17th.

A special inspection of Company M, of Somerville, N. J., will be made by Colonel Gillmore, at the armory, on January 22nd.

Maurice K. Jessup has purchased and presented to Yale University the rare collection of Arabic manuscripts made by Count Landberg, the Swedish traveler. The collection contains some eight hundred manuscripts, many of which have no duplicates and were bought at a cost of $20,000.
The Changing Centuries.

It was about a quarter of twelve at night. No unusual importance generally attaches itself to that time, but this was the last night of the old century, and it was different. The crowds on New Year’s eve are generally great, but the eve of the new century drew forth unprecedented numbers, and Philadelphia’s thousands appeared to be congregating about two centres—the old State House and the City Hall. There seemed to be an air of eager expectancy running all through the crowd, which good-naturedly jostled and pushed and surged in ever-changing units. Some were quiet, some hilarious, some facetious, but nearly all were regardful for the rights of others. Policemen were a scarcity, for the crowd was relied on to take care of itself.

Ralph Leland had hardly expected to be here. As to the ending of the century, he had not moralized, nor joked over it, or formed a new set of resolutions, neither had he discussed the question as to the time of its close with anyone. In short, he had intended to take the event in a very matter-of-fact way. Since he graduated last June he had gone into business that required much traveling. Many people said he was foolish, but he evidently knew what he was about, and as the head of the firm approved Ralph didn’t care what people thought. Incidentally people did not all know that the head of the firm was his uncle and that his traveling was the best way of taking a survey of the business. Besides, traveling always had a fascination for Ralph, and he enjoyed himself to the utmost in these preliminaries to his settling down.

It had so happened,—in fact, if the truth were to be told, he had so arranged it,—that he spent New Years in Philadelphia. Of course on New Year’s eve he did not dine alone but was one of a numerous and jolly crowd gathered around the table in one of Philadelphia’s comfortable homes. It was during a temporary fit of abstraction over—well, no matter what—that he came back to earth by the remark of the young lady next to him.

“I don’t believe you heard what I was saying, at all, Ralph,” she said.

“Oh, yes, I did,” he replied, unblushingly, putting up a gigantic bluff as he tried to recall from the subconscious region somewhere beneath his shining locks the remarks she had made while he was in his abstraction.

“Well, what was it?” she demanded, preparing to call down his obvious bluff.

Ralph always was fortunate, and just then the remarks of the girl opposite about going down town to see the century out, served as a stimulus to his memory, so that he recalled what Marian’s words were on the same subject. “I think it would be great sport,” he said. “I’m ready for anything.”

Marian looked at him. “I wish you would let me think you were listening to me sometimes. I guess after all,” she added reflectively, “you’re a pretty big bluffer.” The talk continued, and arrangements were completed for the whole party to go down town.

The City Hall with its tall tower standing prominently higher than the surrounding country for miles and miles was fittingly illuminated. The outline of the building was distinctly marked by rows of incandescent lights, while from the top of the statue of William Penn surmounting the tower four strings of incandescents swung in mid-air down to the corners of the building. But for the mists the illuminations could have been seen thirty miles in the country. Pleasure-loving, hospitable Philadelphia was this night entertaining itself as often before it had entertained others. The great hands of the lofty clock moved slowly around while the crowds surged and waited below. The party that Ralph and Marian were with, after watching the people in the streets, had retired to the top of a sky-scraping office building near, and there in comparative comfort and freedom from the annoyances of the great crowd, they secured a good position for watching the old century out and the new one in. The fireworks of the North American,
the tooting and shouting coming up from below, watching the changes in the mists, helped deny the fact that the time passed slowly. The clock moved steadily onward. Promptly at five minutes to twelve, as arranged and announced before, the lights on the City Hall went out. At precisely twelve, everything would be lighted up again, and people could only wait.

Ralph and Marian were at the front of the roof of the building. Behind them, a considerable crowd had collected, and pressed forward against them. Marian was saying, "Yes, most everybody has a different way to usher the new century in."

"I certainly never expected to be here," Ralph replied.

He looked at his watch. It was within fifteen seconds of twelve. Quickly a bold and novel way of ending and beginning the centuries flashed across his mind. Leaning over towards Marian, he said, "Forgive me if this way is different from others."

He kissed her. "The last kiss of the old century," he whispered.

Suddenly lights shone out, whistles screeched, fireworks burst forth, volleys of musketry were fired,—the moment had come. But Ralph and Marian seemed not to care for that. He leaned over and kissed her again. "The first kiss of the new century," she murmured.

* * *

Some fresh young fellow behind them whistled, and remarked, "Break away." Further back a voice came, "Come children, what are you doing?" "Can't a fellow kiss his cousin, Uncle Tom?" The fresh young fellow was squelched.

—Bynthiair.

It is interesting to note that among Harvard's thousands of students, there are only sixty-three men privileged to wear "H's." Of these there are sixteen foot-ball "H's," fifteen crew, twelve base-ball, and twenty track "H's."—Columbia Spectator.

Senior Committees.

The following Senior committees have been appointed:

Class Day—Allen, chairman; Feind, Richters, Stokes, Titsworth.
Senior Ball—Gordon, chairman; Bell, Hart, Mann, Patterson, Ranson.
Senior Banquet—Stokes, chairman; Eddy.
Memorial of Class—Ranson, chairman; Davis, Feind.
Cap and Gown—Simpson, chairman; Vyverberg.

Edward F. Johnson, Pres. 1901.

The Sophomore Banquet.

About 7.30 on the evening of Monday, January 7th, the members of the class of 1903 began to arrive at the Mansion House, where they were to enjoy their second annual banquet. Just before we were ready to seat ourselves at the festive board someone asked where the Freshmen were. Much to our surprise, we learned that only one of the verdants was out of the house.

At last, about 8.30, headed by our Vice President, Mr. Smith, we marched to the dining-room and proceeded to satisfy our hunger with the good things found there, and to listen to the maledictions heaped upon his brethren in '04 by "Yans" Vogel.

When all the good things had been disposed of the following toasts were called for:

Alma Mater—H. J. Howell.
The Profs.—Chester Brown.
Athletics—W. F. Little.
Our Infant Charges, 1904—G. Tobish.
New Brunswick—P. L. Van Nuis.
The Widows—S. St. J. Malven.
21-17—H. W. Van Hoevenberg.
1903—D. H. Applegate, Jr.

The members of the committee in charge were R. B. Wilcox, chairman; R. H. Neilson, F. E. Spring and H. J. Howell.

—P. L. V. N.
Sophomore Essay Subjects.

Professor Kirk has posted the list of Sophomore Essay subjects for the second term, as follows:


Rutgersensia.

The general lounging and smoking room in the Dormitory is now in full bloom. That it is a vast improvement over the old method goes without saying. There are no longer to be heard the agonized cries of "Shut the door" from the frozen ones occupying the amen corner. Steam heat, a very convenient gas jet, and nicely upholstered benches form a very tempting proposition for the merry smoker who has time to be idle. The new "headquarters" is in every way a success. The thanks of the college are due to Miss See, to whose efforts we owe this new luxury.

The Gym. is well crowded in the afternoons and some hard work is being done by candidates for the team.

"Baldy" Hotaling wants to look out; old Trig is a fire-eater, and vengeance is his.

What bold and reckless man rushed madly into the Master's room last week, without timidly knocking or removing his shoes in the sacred presence— Wha-at did you sa-ay?— Even the doughty Colonel is frozen with fear and the hearts of the C. E.'s. stand still. Tableau.

'o2's first lesson in Astronomy: The Prof. —"I suppose, gentlemen—ha, ha—that you have all heard—he, he, he—of Astronomy, and know—haw, haw, haw—something about the heavenly bodies," etc., etc.,

The frantic efforts Bush made to stick his bayonet down the barrel of his gun caused a great deal of merriment.

Drill is getting to be quite exciting. "Call-downs" are numerous.

"Did you ever hold a mountain in your hand?" Did you ever see the hair on Ollie Mann?
Did you ever? No, you never,
For it really can't be seen,
You understand?

Ask "The King of Siam" who Rosie is, and see him blush.

Smith says Stones is the hardest lesson he has to get out.

The Junior Civil Engineers are studying (by way of alliteration), Stones, Stars, and Stuckology, which, when interpreted, means that they have Chester, Prentiss and Bowser.

Haverford's suggestion is a good one, and Rutgers for one should favor the meet.

"Zeus" Bell has just recovered from a dangerous accident to his cranium. If you don't believe it, just get him to remove his hat. The "Boy Orator of the Platte" isn't in it with him.

Calisthenics with arms is to be revived in the Battalion. Badeau '02, expounder and propagator of this beautiful and healthful occupation, gave a neat illustrated exhibition during drill on last Thursday. Get your coats off, Battalion, and enjoy yourselves.

It is hard to have to reprint a moderately poor joke because of the proof-reader's lack of discrimination. The problem proposed for the study of '01's engineers last week should have read: "How much ho(a)rse power does the college choir develop of a week-day morning?"

Up to within a short time ago there was considerable doubt in the minds of some as to whether there would be any Class Day exercises this year. But now that the committee has been announced and certain other obstacles (?) removed, the annual custom will probably be continued. "Stevie" Malven has been interviewed and has kindly given his consent to allow proceedings to go on as usual.

Few know just how near the Senior class came to not having "anything at all."

It is reported that Shivler and Flanagan are
thinking of compelling the Glee Club to supply Freshmen with mackintoshes and life-preservers.

A Remark in One Act.—Scene: Dr. Bowser’s room. Time: 10 a.m. Setting: The Classical Seniors have just left Dr. Scott and are wending their way to the peanut gallery, otherwise known as Charlie Hart’s. The Seniors sing “Old Charlie’s a jolly good fellow” to the tune of “Old Charlie came over the mountain,” and divers other inspiring melodies. Somebody yells, “All out for the peanut gallery!” Hummel bellows out something about “Psalms of Victory,” and “Charlie lies in the hole at the bottom of the sea,” with other lyrics of that type. General pandemonium reigns. Dr. Bowser, outside whose door all this is transpiring, grows red, and meanwhile “Willie” Westfall being no longer able to contain himself, “snortles” aloud. Bowser loses his nerve, smiles estatically, while the class choke in their efforts to maintain equilibrium. “Mr. Be-ernett,” drawls the Doctor, with painful precision, “are those the Freshmen or the Seniors?” “The Seniors, Doctor,” (deeply respectful). The Doctor, with a stove-door grin—“The Seniors make great rejoicing over the Evidences of Christianity.”

Side Talks With Boys.

BY UNCLE BILLY.

(All communications to this department must be signed and sealed.)

C. M. H-r-b-t—No, my boy, it is not considered good form to finish your morning toilet in chapel.

Freshman—Yes, we have no doubt that the chairman of the Cap and Gown Committee is competent to fulfill his duties. Looks are no criterion. What made you ask such an absurd question?

L-y and Br-t—I am sure the ‘Sensia editor meant nothing personal by his suggestion to the manager of the team last week.

S. F. J-ns-n—(1) Yes, lad, honor and fame, unless they come unsought, are apt to be high priced. (2) True. This is a mighty little tea-pot, but perhaps it’s typical.

M-nn—Yes, you may wear your laurel wreath anywhere, for it’s comparatively clean. Everybody can’t.

Sophomore—No, the list of Senior committees was not meant for a joke. You boys do ask the oddest questions.

Sh-l-r—Yes, my boy, after Washington’s Birthday you may go out after supper, and if you keep your tongue reasonably quiet you won’t be arrested.

C-n-v-r—The menagerie agent has just left town. You may come out-doors now.

Boys, write oftener to your Uncle Billy. I am always ready with counsel and encouragement for my dear boys.

R-s-n—No, it is not wise to hurry around all the time. It makes your friends nervous.

Freshman—No, you cannot get one of those lavender colored “college time tables” at the railroad station.

A-l-n—No; there aren’t wreaths enough left to go around. You and Mark Hanna will have to wait.

G-r-nt—Yes, I think you do get beyond Prexy’s depth, now and then. Be a little easy on him, though. He’s young yet.

Earnest Inquirer—I can understand the reason for your question, but no swine are kept or fed in the chapel gallery Sundays. Boys will be boys, you know.

“Ernie” Hjertberg, the trainer of the Columbia Track Team, was the first man to finish in the Dawn-of-the-Century foot race held under the auspices of the New York World, at midnight, December 31, 1900.

“The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine,” So warbled a maiden with zest quite divine; Then retorted the man with the wickedest glee “The lips that kiss poodles shall never kiss me.”—Ex.
THE TARGUM.

Rutgers College Library.

PERIODICAL LIST, 1901.

Agricultural Gazette of New South Wales.
American Agriculturist.
American Chemical Journal.
American Economist.
American Gardening.
American Historical Review.
American Journal of Archeology.
American Journal of Mathematics.
American Journal of Philology.
American Journal of Science.
American Naturalist.
Anglia.
Annales de la Science Agronomique.
Annales de la Société Entomologique de Belgique.
Annales des Mines.
Annales des Sciences Naturelles, Botanique.
Annales et Bulletins de la Société Entomologique de France.
Archiv für Wissenschaftliche Photographie.
Argo.
Asbury Park Journal.
Astronomical Journal.
Atlantic Monthly.
Berichte der Deutschen Chemischen Gesellschaft.
Bibliotheca Sacra.
Boston Evening Transcript.
Botanische Zeitung.
Botanisches Centralblatt.
Bulletin de L'Association Belge des Chimistes.
Bulletin from Laboratories of Natural History of University of State of Iowa.
Bulletin of Torrey Botanical Club.
Canadian Entomologist.
Centralblatt für Bakteriologie, Parasitenkunde und Infektionskrankheiten.
Centralblatt für Mineralogie, Geologie und Palaeontologie.
Century Magazine.
Chemical News.
Chemisches Central-Blatt.
Christian Intelligencer.
City and State.
Classical Review.
Contemporary Review.
Country Gentleman.
Critic.
Daily State Gazette (Trenton).
Dairy.
Dial.
Die Neuren Sprachen.
Dover Index.
Education.
Electrical Review.
Electrical World and Engineer.
Electrician.
Elizabeth Daily Journal.
Engineering and Mining Journal.
Engineering Magazine.
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—Neb. Hesperian.

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Despite the scathing attacks of a frequent contributor to the New Brunswick papers, we of the gown do take an interest in the town and its progress or—occasional—lack of progress, and though often metaphorically knocked down in the columns of its daily papers, we are willing once more to pop up again from our overwhelming verbal destruction in a good-humored sort of way, and aver that perhaps we are not one-half so bad as a lurid imagination is inclined to paint us. The good people of the town would probably be surprised to know that there is among us much interest in the growth of modern improvement, the newly paved streets, the departed spectre of the opera house, and the promise of a handsome government building. History having recorded so little architectural change in this ancient town since the days of the immortal Washington, we admit that we despaired of any in the immediate future. But now that the change has come we question not its cause with cynical air, nor rail at its tardiness in appearing, but congratulate the good citizens and ourselves upon the awakening of the civic and municipal pride which we thought was dead. Unprejudiced judgment is now forced to decide that the town undoubtedly belongs under the category of the singed cat, a distinction to which we thought it could never attain. Nor, though not noisily grateful, are we unconscious of the various ways in which we are indebted to the townfolk. Though accounts of our doings in the town papers are occasionally in a hopeless frazzle, still we owe them and their editors a great deal for their interest and comment and for an occasional graceful recognition of work well done. Moreover, to them we owe many of the bits of alumni news that appear in our college journal whose columns they follow with kindly interest and now and then a helpful suggestion, born of a richer experience in journalism.

The town support of our games, athletic meets and entertainments is far from being all that it should be, but the constant interest in us of many of the town’s best citizens is very grateful. The college political clubs, an out-
growth of recent political agitation, have done much in bringing us closer to the best of the younger masculine element of the town. And to the girls—linguistic inability to cope with a subject so vast as our debt of gratitude to New Brunswick's fair bids us leave the burden of this task to the aspiring muse of the Senior's class-day poet.

An almost continuous pecuniary state of "bustedness" renders it impossible for many of us to patronize all the theatrical and social functions of the town, but we do our best, and a roasting on that account seems unfair. We are perhaps now and then a trifle uproarious, but we challenge anyone to point to a college town more grave and sedate or which suffers less from the depredations of ill-suppressed gaiety. And that we have no interest in this good old town, we stoutly deny.

So much might be made of the Targum's editorial page as a factor in college life and thought that many an editorial editor before assuming the duties of his office has had a delightful little shudder, all to himself, at the thought of the mighty responsibility suddenly laid upon his shoulders of directing and giving impetus to student thought and sentiment. But pretty soon he finds that student thought wanders along its wilful way in apparent utter unconsciousness of the cubic feet of hot air confined within the narrow limits of the editorial columns with their wrathful denunciations of various flaws in our venerable institutions. It is then that he learns that perhaps after all these columns are not so much for the direction as the exposition of college thought. It is here that we may chat together in a friendly way on different phases of our college life and mark the passing of each event of interest. With genial philosophy which has no touch of bitterness nor is "too good

For human nature's daily food,"

we may talk in this line or in that, and now and then we may pat ourselves softly on the back because of some good thing well done. Though matters for self congratulation may now and then seem scarcer than the proverbial teeth of the Gallus domesticus, still there is no room for the cynic here, with his critical eye staring worthy enthusiasm out of countenance. We know too well, old croaker, that this plucky little college of ours is not going to be swamped by the commuter, by college politics, by the fraternities, or anything else yet a while. "What," says our alumnus of thirty years' standing, "are they growling over the commuter yet? Why way back in my college days that thing was 'going to ruin Rutgers,' but I hear you are very lively yet," and he chuckles softly to himself. There are only a few wrongs that you can right with a battering-ram anyway, and we have about decided to stow ours in the old lumber room. This is our cozy corner for thought and discussion where healthy optimism prevails and cynicism is unfashionable, and if now and then our communications savor a little of the disgruntled imaginations of the cynic, you may imagine that the pillows on the divan are not comfortable or the tobacco is not good, or some similar affliction to which man is heir has overtaken us.

It is curious that with all our other pursuits and interests there is so little literary life and interest at Rutgers, no literary coterie or clique, of which one sees so many in the large universities—nor has there been since the days of Peitho and Philo and their fierce rivalry. The Seniors can remember the attempt to revive Peitho and Philo in '98 which was for a while attended with success, but soon died a lingering death from neglect. Then there was the ill-fated Congress destroyed by fraternity politics, which for a few weeks commanded the respect and attention of the whole college and then mysteriously dwindled to the office seekers and an inveterate spouter or two.

And right there in fraternity politics and combinations may we look for the rocks on which these various craft were wrecked. It is
a pitiful fact that the percentage of college men who cannot lift their little souls above the fraternity squabbles for elective offices, and see that these are merely superficial and repulsive, while the great pure life throbs beneath, is becoming greater every year. We are no pessimists, painting in lurid colors the destruction of this venerable institution from these causes. The spirit of the college rises far above these small things. But we do say that we are missing much that is good in the college life because of our incapacity for active general organization which knows no fraternity differences. The fraternities have gone too far. Their general disturbing influence is greater than their individual harmonious effect. The problem is an interesting one. We might reorganize Peitho and Philo. But we know that they would lead a spasmodic existence for a while and then die. The same might be said of the Congress. Although of course there is no great danger to the college welfare or spirit threatening, for a while at least, from the fraternities, still the problem has many interesting sides and is worthy of broad-minded thought, careful foresight, and finally perhaps, action.

The Burglar.

Bill, being a Sophomore, perhaps was not so much to blame, but I was a Senior and ought to have known better.

It was such a glorious June night, with the great silver moon swinging high up in the heavens and pouring down its floods of soft, sweet radiance more beautiful than day. Big fleecy clouds were scudding swiftly before the moon's round face and the rustling tree tops were whispering their secrets to each other in the cool night breeze. Now and then a firefly of an investigating turn of mind lit his small lamp and winked engagingly just as if he knew, while an accusing cricket in a hedge nearby chirped his disapproval of the whole thing. Little wretch! But we didn't mind him, she and I—in fact we weren't minding much of anything, not even the time. And what difference did it make? We were young, life is short, a few more days and college would be a memory, and—oh! lots of admirable reasons made us forget the time. She had hidden my watch (a very reprehensible deed) after running it backward till I suppose it's beyond redemption and has forgotten how to go ahead. Then too, people do not hang clocks on their front porches, and it takes a better sailor than I am to tell the hour by the moon, so how could I be expected to know? Time may have been going ahead but we weren't sure and didn't much care.

When I finally took my departure the stars looked a little dim and queer, but I had my pipe and the consolations of philosophy and—well, I was a Senior and took life the same however it came with good or ill. When the fraternity house finally loomed above me in forbidding stillness, after a moment's reflection I decided to remove my shoes because—well, because I couldn't be sure just what time it was and it would be a shame to waken my wife—he is such a light sleeper anyway. Fortified by these excellent reasons I removed my shoes and crept softly in. The front door was very polite and non-committal, but those stairs! The ingenuity of the uproar they seemed to create would have been a subject for profound admiration at any other time, but just then, though scorning as I did the mean insinuations of those malicious grunts and squeaks, they rattled me. And there was another thing too—What was that low, dark, crouching form stealing ahead of me about four steps above the second landing? Surely not my shadow, for the moon was hidden in the rapidly gathering clouds. I felt my hair bristling slowly up from my head, something was clutching at my throat, and my heart almost stood still. Suddenly there flashed across my mind the yarn the fellows were telling in chapel that morning of several daring thefts in the neighborhood. I had to do with a burglar then, perhaps armed and desperate! Now I'm no coward, but crouching back there in my dark corner I did wish that I had a lit-
tle revolver or something in my hip pocket. Had he seen me? Evidently something had startled him for he was as still as I was. If he had not heard me I might creep up unseen and spring upon him and perhaps hold him till the fellows came. If he had a knife or a gun—well, I thought about "glory and fame unknown," or whatever it is, and gasped softly. The fellows would care anyway, if no one else did. My brain was whirling now, and with one thought for her and three for what I'd look like as a corpse I decided to do it. It took all my nerve to start, but start I did, when—Horrors! What was this? The crouching thing was backing down again. It turned silently and crept straight for my corner! My muscles were taut and aching as I drew myself together to spring for the man, and my temples hammered and throbbed till I thought they must burst with the blood that was humming through my veins. Nearer and nearer he came—he was close upon me now, and as he raised himself to peer ahead into the blackness, with one wild yell that fairly tore the air I launched myself full at him and seized upon his throat like a catamount. In the fierce struggle, above his choking, gurgling cries, I heard shouts above and around me, doors opened and slammed shut, while wild white figures rushed up and down the hall with warning yells. My throat was so dry that I could not shout. Crash after crash resounded against the wall by me, and I remember, strangely enough in all that awful row, recollecting how I had told Tad the day before how like a pistol shot was the sound of an exploding incandescent, and almost laughing to think that the imbecile fool was bombarding us from the safe region of the third floor with all the electric lamps he could corral. Just then another lamp came crashing down followed by a chorus of yells from above. "Tad, you jackass, stop that infernal row up there. Come down and pick up this glass. You've pretty nearly killed Bill as it is." And indeed Bill's forehead was bleeding slightly from a small cut.

When he came to he smiled in a queer sort of way and said, "So, you're my burglar, eh! What a disappointment." "And you," I stammered feebly, "what were you"— "I was—well, I was out calling and was er—a—detained," he interrupted. "Same here," I murmured. We both looked at the clock and the miserable thing said 3:45 a.m. "Next time I'll keep my shoes on," I remarked.

In the midst of the fiercest of the struggle, just at that moment, the moon came from behind the clouds, and through the window the dazzling white light poured out upon the face of the man under me. "My God! It's Bill," I gasped, and after one look at my face his head fell back with a thud against the floor. "What in the devil are you two fools doing?" growled a sleepy voice, and as he turned on the light a gigantic white figure armed with a base-ball bat towered threateningly over us, and behind him I could see about a dozen more ghostly figures variously clad and armed. "Help me get Bill into his room and don't ask so many questions," I managed to breathe, for I felt weak and sick. Just then another lamp came crashing down followed by a chorus of yells from above. "Tad, you jackass, stop that infernal row up there. Come down and pick up this glass. You've pretty nearly killed Bill as it is." And indeed Bill's forehead was bleeding slightly from a small cut.

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**Elections.**

William Baird Wyckoff of the class of '02 has been elected Captain of the Foot-Ball Team for the coming year.

At a meeting of the Athletic Association held Friday before last William Asbury Fisher of the class of '03 was elected Assistant Manager of the Foot-Ball Team for the season of 1901.

Upon both of these elections the college is to be congratulated, and the Targum takes a real pleasure in extending to both of these men its best wishes for their success.
Howl Pathetique.
(Editorial Extravaganza.)
'Tis copy, copy, copy that we need,
Will ye not heed the editorial wail,
Far-echoing through the hollow halls of time,
Bearing the burden of the endless tale?

Our hands are faltering, our eyes are dim,
Our brains are whirling 'neath the unhelped task,
Only the soft glow of the midnight lamp,
Beholds the face behind the cast-off mask.

And still the empty columns gape and yawn—
Remorseless as black fate they haunt us still,
'Tis Tuesday eve, the copy all is due,
Dead is the day, the night is dark and chill.

Soft! there is treason here among ourselves,
Four editors have furnished not a line,
Save their great names to grace the title page.
'Tis well they furnished forth withal this sign.

Else had we thought them sure enough de­funt,
And chortled to ourselves in ghoulish glee,
To think them gone to their deserved reward,
Where "three on a grid" His gentlemen we see.

Help us, oh! help us, for our shuddering minds,
Are tottering o'er the chasm's horrid brink,
And chaos, shadowy monster, beckons us,
To take from his dark hand the darker drink.

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Volume XXI?

A very interesting suggestion has recently come from a keen observer which is well worth the attention of the Targum Association and should be brought forward for consideration at the next meeting. Beneath the heading on the first page of the Targum is printed "Vol. XXI," and directly under that "Established 1869." The mathematics of this proposition is not only remarkable but villainous and quite unworthy of an institution that boasts a Bows­ser, a Prentiss or a Titsworth. The way it came about was this. Before 1869 the Tar­gum was issued like the latter day "Philistine," "every once in a while," generally, how­ever, once a year. The popularity of this work seems to have been so great that an or­ganization was effected, and the Targum be­gan its career as a monthly in January, 1869, under the capable management of C. L. Knapp '69, Editor-in-Chief. It may be of interest to readers of this later generation to see the mo­tives which impelled the issue of Rutgers' first student publication, and the following is an extract from the opening editorial of the first volume: "As the standard of our colleges is being increased and the cause of education everywhere looked upon as a great natural blessing, predictive not only of the nation's prosperity, but of the growth and prosperity of religion throughout the world, each institu­tion begins to realize the fact that its success is incomplete unless it possesses the proper medium of intercourse with the outside world, namely the Press.

"Rutgers long having realized this fact, and her students never having doubted their ability to sustain a paper, worthy not only of the re­spect of her alumni, but of the respect of every friend of the Institution, has at length, we trust, entered upon a new era, and, as a re­sult, we to-day greet our readers with the first issue of the Targum, trusting that every friend of Rutgers will hail its coming as a bright omen and cherish its prosperity as that of a benefactor. Then, all hail the Targum! Its existence but commenced, its advent hailed by hundreds who cherish as sacred the many fond recollections which cluster around old Rutgers, and as the pebble when cast upon the placid surface of the lake causes a ripple which expands until it reaches the opposite shore, so may the Targum exert an influence which shall only cease when the shores of eternity hold all who once uttered as their ancestral prayer, 'Sol justitiae et occidentem illustra,' an influence which shall last until death marks
as its victim the last one who once repeated with pride, 'Rutgers was my Alma Mater.'"

With this thrilling blast from the editorial trumpet the new Targum was ushered upon the literary stage, and well it played its part as the college voice for twelve years, maintaining each month a high standard of excellence. Then the Association seems to have reorganized and the Targum Board, perhaps to render their names more famous to posterity, perhaps a little disgruntled with the old order of things, determined to issue the Targum every three weeks and style the first issue "Vol. I, No. 1 New Series."

The first proposition was a good one but a logical reason for the second seems hard to find. It seems to afford no possible advantage, and on the other hand was guilty of perpetrating an obvious absurdity. The opening editorial of the first number, issued October 15, 1880, explains itself. "We present the Targum to our readers in a new, and, we believe, greatly improved form, and shall issue a number every three weeks instead of once a month as formerly. The present issue is No. 1, Vol. I, new series, and we shall commence and close a volume with the opening and closing of each college year. We made these changes not to gratify a whim of a few subscribers, or perhaps an editor or two, but in response to a growing demand, and expect our friends to sustain us." The subsequent Targums were notably good ones though somewhat painfully classic in style and diction and didactic in morals, and we must give to the class of '81 the credit due to their vast abilities for hustling. Their noble "response to the growing demand" was all right, but it is hard to see why that should involve the detraction from the dignity and antiquity of the Targum, involved in the absurd change in the method of numbering its volumes while still preserving the date of its birth. Let us have the volumes numbered as they should be. Let us start at once and style the issue of the present year Volume XXXII as it should be. Then shall we not be guilty of dyeing the patriarch's hoary locks and making him a laughing stock before men.

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A Family Affair.

Said she "To you I'll be a sister."
"'Tis well," said he, and promptly kissed her.
Then vexed was she and called him "Mister."
But mayn't a fellow kiss his sister?

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Glee Club Trip.

Possibly the most enjoyable trip that the members of the Glee Club have taken this season was the one to Pennington, N. J., Friday, January 11.

A trying fifteen-minute supper in a Bound Brook "Eating House," a ride on a slow train, and a moist, uncomfortable walk to Seminary Hill, were the elements necessary to constitute the beginning of the good time.

Much to everyone's surprise the Seminary dining hall was the first room inspected, where we attempted to appease the remainder of our shattered appetites. After being shown to rooms, most of which were located on "Domnie Hall" or "Fifth Avenue," a quick transformation ensued, and instead of fourteen weary, mud-stained travelers there crowded into a stage, fourteen "real college boys in gowns and mortar-boards" (as the advertisement reads), and were driven down to the Hall. Well, in the technical language of the "North Wing," the concert was "just too sweet for anything," and it was followed by another technically named function, "the merry-go-round sociable" at the Seminary. We shan't try to describe it. Suffice it to say that it would not "take" at Rutgers.

The business manager became very much interested and immediately secured an "app" for the meal on the morrow which he duly met. "Van" came very near throwing down the glove to "Rick" for the seat before Miss — and the Freshmen kept their Pennington friends busy when asked whom they wished to meet. "Taps" sounded at 11.30, and after a song the reception was declared closed.
lights went out at 12, and by the aid of a lamp and a candle the Freshmen were able to find only one dry corner in their bed, an umbrella, and a mackintosh (the roof was poor).

Eight a.m. found all at breakfast, and at 9.23 the Glee Club left Pennington with the manager (and others) in deep gloom and uncommunicative. —F. S. '02.

The Committee on Debate has been appointed, as follows: Dr. Stevenson, Prof. Mulford and Mr. Barbour, from the faculty; and Mr. Gordon and Mr. E. F. Johnson from the student body. A challenge has been sent to Hamilton College.

Alumniana.

(Any authentic notes relating to Alumni, which subscribers may choose to send in, will be thankfully received by the editor of this department.)

'37. The home of the late Theodore Freelinghuysen, who was candidate for Vice President on the ticket with Henry Clay, has been torn down. The house was for a long time one of Newark's best known landmarks. Of late years the building has been used as a hotel, bearing the name ‘Park House.’

'42. The Rev. David Cole, D.D., formerly Professor of Greek at Rutgers, has just published a learned and interesting book called “The Teaching of Our Lord; its Authority and Themes.” Dr. Cole resides at Yonkers, N. Y., where he has been pastor of the First Reformed Church for thirty-two years. Through the kindness of Dr. Cole each student in the Seminary has been presented with a copy of his new book, as has also each college man in Hertzog Hall who intends to enter the ministry.

'49. At the annual meeting of the Consolidated Fruit Jar Company held at the office at 290 Broadway, New York, Dr. Henry R. Baldwin and Theodore B. Booraem '81, were elected directors.

'60. Rev. William J. Skillman, of Philadelphia, read a paper on “Rationalism” before the Ministerial Association of that city, on Monday, January 21.

'69. Dr. William Elliot Griffis has just published another new book entitled “Pathfinders of the Revolution,” a story of the great march into the wilderness and lake region of New York in 1779. It is an historical tale and treats of one of the important periods in Revolutionary history.

Dr. Griffis had also an article in the Christian Intelligencer for January 16 entitled “Japan’s Moral Progress.” Dr. Griffis compares China and Japan as they were fifty years ago and as they are now. China has stood still; Japan has advanced greatly both morally and intellectually, and it is to the new faith which has come in from the West that the Japanese owe this uplift. Japan now desires a place among the nations of the earth and is working to gain such a position.

'75. At the meeting of the McAll Auxiliary held in Kirkpatrick Chapel on January 17, Dr. P. T. Pockman read several articles concerning the McAll Mission work in France.

Rev. Dr. J. Preston Searle, of the Theological Seminary, preached at Tarrytown, N. Y., last Sunday.

'76. Juvenile labor in this city has reached a point which has aroused the Board of Education. The Governor has been asked to look into the matter to see what can be done with regard to enforcing the law compelling the education of children between the ages of seven and twelve. It is the purpose of Governor Voorhees to send a factory inspector here to look the matter up.

'77. Rev. Cornelius H. Polhemus contributed a poem on “The Cross of Snow” to the last number of the Christian Intelligencer.

'78. Charles A. Reed, Senator from Somerset County, has introduced a bill into the Senate providing for the prosecution before the Supreme Court, of public officials charged with neglect, default, malpractice, or misconduct in office.

'81. Prof. E. B. Voorhees has added another honor to his list, having just been ap-
pointed President of the State Board of Agriculture at the twenty-eighth annual meeting of that organization, held in Trenton on January 17. The popularity of Professor Voorhees among the farmers of the State was made evident by the large majority which procured his election.

Rev. H. D'B. Mulford made a very interesting address at the dedication of the Memorial Pulpit in the Reformed Church at Hudson, N. Y., December 30th. The pulpit is a memorial to John C. Benham, M.D., for a long time an officer of the church.

'83. Alfred F. Skinner has been reappointed Law Judge of Essex County for an unexpired term, until the first of April, and for a full term of two years thereafter.

'85. In the Christian Intelligencer for January 16th there is an article entitled "Over the Mountains with our Veteran Missionary." The veteran referred to is Rev. James Ballagh '57. The article remarks upon the tact of Mr. Ballagh and the work he is accomplishing there.

'91. Robert J. Dougherty, County Engineer of Middlesex County, and a resident of this city, took a prominent part in the meeting of county engineers held at the State House in Trenton on January 15, and was named on several important committees.

'92. Frank R. Van Horn, of the Case School of Applied Sciences, Cleveland, Ohio, has recently published a pamphlet on "Andesitic Rocks Near Silverton, Colorado."

'94. John A. Sarles, of Philadelphia, was in town on Saturday.

'98. Henry R. DeWitt has been admitted to the New York Bar and is now practicing law at Kingston, N. Y.

Benjamin S. Champion is now in the employ of the Western Electric Company in New York City, adding one more to the already large colony of Rutgers men now employed by the same company.

The annual inspection of Company H of the Second Regiment was held in the armory here on January 17. Colonel Gillmore was the inspecting officer.

Dr. John B. Smith has just issued an agricultural bulletin on "The Angoumois Grain Moth."

Professor Smith made a report at the session of the State Board of Agriculture on Thursday.

Dr. Stevenson read a very interesting paper on the "Progress of Geographic Knowledge During the Middle Ages and the Renaissance" at the annual meeting of the New Brunswick Historical Society, in the Fine Arts Building, on January 17th. The lecture was illustrated by forty-five lantern slides.

At the same time Dr. Murray was elected President; Dr. Henry R. Baldwin '49, Vice President; Isaac A. Lee '94, Secretary, and George Baldwin '86, Treasurer.

Rutgersensia.

Excepting Professor Barbour's delightful little informals, which are very pleasant memories to many of us, it would be hard to remember an act more graceful than that of our new professor in his invitation to the members of his classes. It is to be hoped that the underclassmen will not be slow to take advantage of it, and the upperclassmen have to regret that it is not their privilege to be in Dr. Brown's classes.

The heavyweight champions of the Dormitory, Poland and Mount, have been mixing up (?) again. At one of the frequent socials held "upstairs," seeing trouble ahead, they quietly but firmly put on their coats and sifted gently out of the room. Valiant Freshmen!

At a recent bargain sale held in town, Charles R. Bell secured a fine Rutgers sweater. Mr. Bell was pulled out of the heap unconscious, the strain proving too great. He says he has crossed off "collars and shirts" from his list of things needed.

The "Suicide Club," made up of Biological students, is making great preparations for its first annual banquet, to be held on the "top floor" soon. The services of a competent chef
have been obtained and the menu outlined. The feast will be exceedingly interesting in its way, as it is the first thing of this kind ever held at Rutgers, and if it ever comes off will probably be the last of any kind for the participants. Only biological methods are to be employed, and many original dishes served.

Dr. Nelson will preside. During the spread the following tragedy will be enacted: Solo, "Dainty Lizzie Amboy," Mr. Meinzer; Recitation, "Where the Red Heifer Browses," Mr. Garabrant; Paper, "The Relation of the Microscope to 4 p.m." Mr. Richters. Blanks for wills may be procured from the committee.

Dr. Mulford (in Freshman English Lit.)—"Mr. Moon, can you shed any more light on this subject?"

Despite the gloomy prognostications of certain of its hopeful readers, the glaring grammatical error in the last Targum was not copied by the great New York dailies and held up to scorn as evidence of the illiteracy of Rutgers men.

Teddy Kuehnle and Bowser are going to write a book called the "U 'n I, Ted States—Its Characteristic Soils and Where They Should Be Kept."

Have you ever seen a monkey ride a flea? Have you ever seen the feet on Brown, A. E.? You're not clever, if you've never, For beyond them there is nothing else to see!

We are sorry to hear that "Doc" Hotaling has injured himself and may be obliged to stop work in the gym., though we hope not.

Dr. Gillespie prays fervently for "the listeners" in Sunday chapel, to the intense delight of the frivolous Junior aisle.

Every Scientific Junior in the front rank, familiarly known as "Lobster Row," made a recitation one day last week, and Dr. S. is reported to be on the verge of collapse.

We are pleased to announce the addition of "Dutch" Hummel to the professorial staff, as Assistant Professor of Constitutional Law.

Monday: Gulick is “trun down” and learn-
wand drill. This is a special privilege of which the class is most appreciative.

It is reported that Mellor, during a hunting expedition at Summit, shot a sparrow and immediately went into ecstasy.

A relay race is being arranged between the Sophomores and the Freshmen, to be run off at one of the gym. meets. This might prove very interesting at one of the exhibition meets.

The Mingling of the Races.

If there is one thing in this vale of tears that worries the life out of the average college student it is the question: "What's the use—e. g. of benefiting future humanity?"

He has heard somebody say something about keeping up the good old stock, and others that mixed blood was the stronger, and there he vacillates between those two classical whirlpools that one reads about. The ordinary observer would hazard a guess that he contemplated matrimony at some period, if his existence should continue, but the college student is worried and somewhat interested in the details of the case. He thoroughly desires to improve the world. "Am I," says he, "inferior half though I be, to unite my ancient stock with her who cannot trace her pedigree without including every nation under the sun, or shall I lock arms with a sea of troubles and by proposing continue our proud blood in purity, whether Dutch, Christian Scientist or Cherokee. And to find a woman with pure blood, and that pure Anglo-Saxon, the same as mine. Jove! what a hunt! Easier by far it is to prove that the mingling of the races is a sine qua non."

Incidentally it may be remarked that if there should be anyone in college who happens to be a lucky mongrel, he may be somewhat chagrined at this thorough exposition of the reason for his extraordinary precocity.

The Egyptians we are told had a civilization which illuminated the world for a period of at least five thousand years. But this illumination ceased, says the saddle-sore classical in great exultation, when the last spark of the Alexandrian library died for want of fuel. But whence came this civilization and what is the origin of this people? According to Genesis they came from Asia. According to Heroditus they came from the heart of Africa. History gives little assistance. But Comparative Philology and Comparative Anatomy indicate that it was from a union of these races that the Egyptian came, and that Asia furnished the brain and Africa the fire, and that from the immense vital force of the latter and the intellectual vigor of the former sprang that wonderful civilization which—, inscribed those indecipherable hieroglyphics on the obelisk in Central Park.

Heroditus says that the Pelasgians were Egyptians because the names of the Greek gods came from Egypt. One thing is sure, wherever they came from, they did not vacate their country at the approach of the Hellenes. They mingled with them, and if the Hellenes ever really conquered them it was like the conquering of the Celts in Gaul by the Teutons from the north. They were gradually reconquered by customs and religion, to the immense advantage of both races. Previously Greek literature and art had been attempted; ever since that time, closely imitated, and the origin of the Greek was probably a union of the Egyptian with a division of the Indo-European.

Tread softly and reverently. We are coming to the time-honored illustration of all college essays and speeches—Rome. We all know the story of her founding; how little romance there was. We have read how a band of outlawed refugees having slain the Sabines and stolen their women made them their wives by force. Poor women! they had to combine the honeymoon and the funeral; yet how sensible! They were in Rome and did as Rome did. The pessimist claims that this episode tells us why Rome has been a mere infant in fancy and imagination. The optimist claims that the success of the plans for keeping the women and subsequently nations, provinces, horses, chariots, flags, and their temper caused Rome
to be famous as the great mother in law as well as in military achievement. Now we can see the danger of those of pure blood. Some day you may be slaughtered and your wife conquered and posterity will be thankful for it because the conqueror will have given to civilization the laws of how he did it.

In conclusion it might be well to state that if there should be any Senior who is of pure blood and also imagines himself to be precocious, or who is thinking of finding the attitude of a New Brunswick girl on a certain question, the writer will beg of him not to be discouraged, as there are also other arguments, e. g. the faculty.

-’01.

**Scissorsenstia.**

A War Tower has just been erected at the University of Pennsylvania in honor of the students of the University who fought in the Spanish-American War.

Recent educational statistics show that there are 472 colleges in the United States. Of these more than 350 have an enrollment of less than 160. The estimated value of college property, including grounds, buildings and apparatus, is $159,000,000. Harvard is the most wealthy institution in the country, its property being valued at $10,000,000.

The proprietors of the scissors have just received an announcement sheet from the managers of the Pan-American Exposition. The sheet will be posted on the bulletin board, and by way of comment we beg leave to echo Life’s sentiment that “If the Pan-American pans out to match its Niagara poster, it will make a good show. The poster is an ornament to the country.”

Walker—“The bride was quite a popular girl, wasn’t she?” Watkinson—“Yes, indeed. The Evening Sacrificer sent its sporting man to report it. He printed a list of rejected lovers half a column long under the heading ‘Among Those Who Also Ran.’” —St. Louis Post-Dispatch.

The Pennsylvania gymnasium team has been practicing at the West Philadelphia Y. M. C. A. pretty regularly, and is now getting into fairly good condition.

The date with Rutgers has been changed to March 16th, and several other exhibitions are being arranged for, after the annual exhibition at the Academy.—Pennsylvanian.

The stewards of the Intercollegiate Rowing Association, Frederick D. Colson of Cornell, Francis S. Bangs of Columbia, and Thomas Reath of the University of Pennsylvania, have decided to hold the Poughkeepsie races this year on July 3d. Invitations have been sent to Georgetown, Syracuse, Bowdoin, Brown and Toronto to enter the races. Georgetown and Syracuse at least will accept. The stewards are considering the plan of returning to a two days’ regatta.

While Moses was no college man, And never played foot-ball, In rushes he is said to be The first one of them all.—Ex.

Michael Ivdorsky Pupin, adjunct professor of Mechanics at Columbia University, has perfected a practical invention for ocean telephony, which will make telephoning to London a possibility. It is understood that Prof. Pupin received $400,000 for the invention from the Bell Telephone and Telegraph Co., together with an annual royalty of $7,500 until the patents run out.—Columbia Spectator.

The students at Tufts will present Milton’s Masque Comus during the coming winter. This will be the first time the masque has ever been presented in this country.

Readers of the Targum will notice—we hope with pleasure—the change in this department, formerly known as the College World. Our desire was to make it a little more general, a comfortable corner of the Targum, into which we might poke the waifs and strays of passing interest, odd bits of news floating about among the colleges, with now and then an idle comment or two, the result of an hour spent with the journals, literary and otherwise, of our sister institutions. Into this quiet
chimney corner may Alma Mater bring her knitting needles and spectacles and while the squeak of the rocking chair keeps time to the busy clicking of the needles may now and then indulge in a little harmless gossip concerning her friends and neighbors.

The General Committee of the World's Student Christian Federation at their meeting held in Versailles, France, in August, 1900, appointed Sunday, February 10, 1901, as the Universal Day of Prayer for Students.

Every student at Yale is to be taxed $7 annually for the support of the crew, track team, golf and tennis associations.

Hamilton and Lewis of the Boston National League base-ball team, have been engaged to coach the Harvard base-ball team this season.

The *Pennsylvanian* is rather the best of the college dailies that come to us, though the *Princetonian* is hard after it.

In the Fifty-seventh Congress which assembles March 4, Harvard will have two graduates in the Senate, and seven in the House.

There are ninety-one men at Yale who are trying for the Freshman crew.

The plans for sending delegations of students from the colleges and universities of the country to participate in the inaugural procession at Washington, March 4, is attracting much attention, particularly at Princeton and the University of Pennsylvania.

Cornell's crew for 1901 will have but three of the old men. They expect, however, to have a strong crew as the new material is very promising.

The students of Michigan University raised $2,000 for foot-ball purposes.

The bequests and donations received by Harvard University last year, exclusive of a few not yet made public, amount to $531,519. That does not include donations to the Cuban teachers' fund, amounting to about $80,000.

The tasteful and dainty Christmas *Morningside* was a welcome visitor to the scissorial sanctum.

Copies of our exchanges may be seen at any time in the rooms of the Editor-in-Chief.

The *Mount Holyoke* has just arrived, fresh from the snows of South Hadley, and comes up very fairly to the standard of college literary publications, neat and quiet as the Puritan college maid should be.

Harvard has 576,900 volumes in its library, which is the largest of any University in the United States. Columbia, which is second in this respect, has 303,720 volumes.

He stood on the bridge at midnight,
Interrupting my sweet repose;
For he was a tall mosquito,
And the bridge was the bridge of my nose.

—Ex.

There are ten American universities which issue daily papers, namely, Harvard, Yale, Pennsylvania, Princeton, Cornell, Brown, Michigan, Wisconsin, California, and Leland Stanford.

*Prof. Davis (to Freshman Gaston)*—“Mr. Gaston, what is the gender of that noun?”
*Gaston—“Er—I don’t know.”* “Why, what gener are you?” “Feminine!” “That’s funny; I never thought so.”

Chicago University will offer a course in foreign commerce next spring for men who expect to become consuls to foreign countries or to engage in importing and exporting.

According to the registration figures made public there are 2,474 students in all departments of Yale University, which is 43 fewer than a year ago.

*E. Benjamin Andrews was formally inaugurated chancellor of the University of Nebraska on September 22.*

Out of eight debates with Brown and Williams, Dartmouth has lost but two.
THE TARGUM.

Rutgers College Library.

PERIODICAL LIST, 1901.

(Continued.)

Gardeners' Chronicle.
Gardening.
Harper's Weekly.
Hartford Seminary Record.
Hedwigia.
Historische Zeitschrift.
Home Missionary.
Independent.
Jahrbücher für Wissenschaftliche Botanik.
Johns Hopkins University Studies in Historical and Political Science.
Journal für Landwirtschaft.
Journal für Praktische Chemie.
Journal of American Chemical Society.
Journal of Chemical Society (London).
Journal of Cincinnati Society of Natural History.
Journal of Comparative Medicine and Veterinary Archives.
Journal of Comparative Pathology and Therapeutics.
Journal of Franklin Institute.
Journal of Horticulture.
Journal of Military Service Institution.
Journal of Morphology.
Journal of Physical Chemistry.
Journal of Society of Chemical Industry.
Journal of Zoöphily.
Landwirtschaftliche Jahrbücher.
Landwirtschaftlichen Versuchs Stationen.
Library Journal.
Liebig's Annalen der Chemie.
Literary News.
Mathematical Magazine.
Mind.
Mind and Body.
Mission Field.
Missionary Review of the World.
Modern Language Notes.
Monmouth Democrat (Freehold).
Nation.
Nature.
Natürlichen Pflanzenfamilien.
Neue Jahrbücher für das Klassische Altertum Geschichte und Deutsche Litteratur und Pädagogik.
Neues Jahrbuch für Mineralogie, Geologie und Palaeontologie.
New Brunswick Daily Press.
New Brunswick Daily Home News.
New Brunswick Daily Times.
New England Historical and Genealogical Register.
New York Daily Tribune.
New York Evening Post.
New York Meteorological Observatory Monthly Reports.
Newark Evening News.
Nineteenth Century.
North American Review.
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The rooks flap slowly o'er the downs,
'Neath clouds the sun is hid in fear,
The moon is bleak, the skies are drear,
When Phyllis frowns.

But oh! the sun is warm and bright,
Lighting the clear lake's shimmering smiles,
The thrush is warbling with delight,
The trees laugh low and hearts are light,
When Phyllis smiles.

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The freedom of the press is a glorious thing, but just as the right of suffrage is denied to imbeciles, so a community, in which the office and name of newspaper editor is only now and then synonymous with that of gentleman, is unworthy of a noble privilege that is the right only of pure and high-minded men, with heart and soul far above the filthy communications of the social scavenger and repository of moral garbage.

There is indeed a need of reform both in moral tone and social character that cries unto heaven, in a community where an editor may perpetrate dastardly social outrages that would scandalize a Borgia and cause the modern yellow journals of the great cities to blush with shame. And when the representatives of the local press not only smirch and bedaub the names of individuals but are guilty of constant and unreasoning attacks upon the fair name of a noble institution they become beneath contempt. Snarling and sniveling they sneak about beneath the feet of one whose walk is on the mountain peaks of equity and justice and fancy that their feeble yappings may disturb her noble quiet and repose. But to the community they are no less dangerous than to the institution they are contemptible. Like foul and noisome fish hawks they flit above the mud-oceans of rottenness and social filth and in their eyries cast their load of damnable putrescence upon an eager public whose mouth, like the yawning beaks of hungry fledglings, gape wider and demand still more and more. It is thus that many of these wretched sheets survive, pandering to the shocking taste of ill-bred, vulgar readers. By their side the Caliban of Shakespeare and the Portress of Hell in Milton's epic are creatures of conscience and moral character.
Just as every thing that is good and beautiful has its detractors, so Alma Mater has her bitter enemies, bent upon leaving no stone unturned for her destruction. Men of local influence and power, they attack her everywhere in society and in the local press. They contrive slanders which lose no force in the telling, and spread from the town papers to the greater dailies, always eager for news of a sensational character, and gain in enormity at every step. An absurd little tussle on the campus, too insignificant even to attract the attention of the college periodical, becomes in the veracious dailies, first a rush, then a riot, and finally a crime. An absurd little tussle on the campus, too insignificant even to attract the attention of the college periodical, becomes in the veracious dailies, first a rush, then a riot, and finally a crime. In the end a clipping from some Oregon or Montana newspaper comes to us with the information that one of the students has been killed in a frightful row, closely resembling the demonstrations of a frenzied mob. Now this thing does not happen to other colleges, at least not to such an extreme. What shall we do? To the older sons of Rutgers this appeal should come. We undergraduates are powerless. We know and you know that the newspaper reports are absurd and untrue. But outsiders are not careful to think them over and discount the share that malice and ill will has added. You have your influence, your power. Our enemies are active, you are—or seem to be—idle and careless, and we cannot help but think that the time has come for you, loyal sons of Alma Mater, to rally to her standard and with all your energies, with all your power, use your best efforts to crush this harmful, hateful influence.

Dr. Bevier is to be congratulated on the success of his efforts for the welfare of the Athletic Association. The first of the Benefit Entertainments was most enjoyable. With his charming manner and soft Southern voice Mr. Fox quite captivated his audience, although now and then it was difficult to hear his reading perfectly from the rear of the chapel. The new season of the entertainments has commenced under fairest auspices, a pleasant omen for those that still remain.

The matter of the granting of the "R" for work done on the foot-ball team seems to be causing some little excitement this winter, and perhaps it would be well in view of some very remarkable opinions on the subject that have come to us, that those who are interested should have a thorough understanding of the situation, and the power which the Constitution of the Athletic Association confers of granting the right to wear the "R."

Section 4 or Article XVII reads: "A man shall be allowed to wear a 'Varsity sweater, or cap, or an 'R' or the name 'Rutgers,' under the following conditions: He must be considered by the Captain, Manager, and President of the Athletic Association to have been a member of the team for the whole season. If on the base-ball or foot-ball teams, he must have played in three regular games during one season."

The standing of a player, then, is adjudged by the captain and manager of the team and the President of the Athletic Association. No matter in how many games a man may have played, if he be not adjudged by the three aforementioned to have been a member of the team during the entire season he is not entitled to the "R." In case of a dispute concerning a member of any team of some previous year, it would be necessary to obtain written statements from the captain and manager of that team and the President of the Athletic Association for that year concerning the status of the player whose right to the "R" is in dispute, before any action could be taken by the present membership of the Association. In no place does the Constitution give to the Association the right to grant the "R" to any one by vote of the Association, nor can any vote of the Association overrule any section of any article in the Constitution. In like manner no popular vote taken by the student body can overrule or in any way interfere with any part of the constitution of a recognized or-
ganization, such as the Athletic Association. In cases of dispute, then, two methods are open for granting to the man, whose case is in dispute, an “R.” First, by obtaining from the captain and manager of the team to which he belonged, and from the President of the Athletic Association for the year in which he was a member of the team, written and signed communications admitting that the man’s name had been overlooked in the list (prepared for publication in the Targum) of those members of that team who were entitled to wear the “R.” Second, by an amendment to the Constitution (which “may be amended by a two-thirds vote of all the members of the Association, provided such amendments be proposed and read to the Association at least three days previous” [to the taking of the vote]), proposing that the Athletic Association may by vote grant to any member of any team the right to wear the “R.”

It were a tasteless act to praise or comment upon the yarn from the pen of one of Alma Mater’s sons but recently “escaped,” which follows in sharp contrast with the well-meant but ill-wrought thought of these much-enduring columns. The style and thought will tell the author’s name to most of us to whom the pseudonym does not reveal it and name him a jolly good fellow to those who do not know his name. The softening of hearts but little used to soften will be its highest praise.

Bound as we are to England by many ties of blood relationship and similar moral purpose, the shouts that rise from every loyal son of that fair realm find ringing echoes in the hearts of millions of well wishers in America. “God save the King!”

**Gastronomy.**

Married but a month ago,  
A college girl was she.  
Astronomy she studies still,  
But spells it with a “g.”  
The reason why she spells it so  
Is, ’cause her cooking was no go.

**“His Nibs.”**

*A Good Tale Badly Told.*

It was the season of springtime; likewise the third term of the college year; also the period when, at stated intervals Freshmen Classicals laden with dandelions, massive frondes of lilacs and other floral offerings were wont to present themselves at “Van Nest Hall” to ventilate their knowledge—or the lack of it—of rhetoric.

The drowsy hum of approaching summer was in the air; the hazy blue of a May sky stooped to touch the wooded slopes across the river, subduing the warm sunlight of the “third hour”; the languor of the earth’s new birth stealing through the veins of nature and of man made the campus a paradise and produced a well-developed case of spring fever among the students.

Seated in the old Peitho rooms were grouped the victims of the hour, victims of a charter that requires English with all that it entails. Grouped, did I say? Perhaps since I served my time under the charter I should exemplify my training and employ correct if not elegant English and say “sprawled” as more descriptive of their position on this drowsy day in spring.

What powers hath the eye of memory! You who infest modern class-rooms know little of the great upholstered settees beneath whose mountings crumpled pins were oft times wont to lurk to the discomfort of the occupants who invariably failed to see the point; the old fashioned chandeliers—heavy with odd conceits of a rare master in metal ornamentation—daily shorn of their glassware by flying missiles and wingèd book; the massive cuspidors of colonial vintage that—mischievously set rolling on edge by the usual “invisible hand”—not infrequently caused the agile instructor to “do a hurdle” lest his nether limbs be bowled from under him by the impact; what treasures were stored in the two old trunks near the rostrum! Trunks hall-marked by Time, from whose bowels were dragged crêpe of wonderful design to deck withal the vacant
place of one who was out of college for an unmade speech or had merely retired during the hour—by request—to consult with the President; then too the "holy-stone" on whose chilly surface more than one in kissing it has well nigh lost his incisors because of the vigorous assistance of his classmates; the old gavel that more than one head could testify brought order at the hands of a student where persuasive words or dire threats from mild-eyed professor utterly failed; nor is the little sheet-iron stove to be forgotten, with its yawning mouth fed by "Johnny" each recitation morning with coal to take the chill of dawn away and pampered during the day with choice bits of ill-smelling chemicals purloined from "Lab," or more often with a well-seasoned old gum-shoe. What an insatiable appetite it seemed to have for rubber and how joyfully and regularly was its want in this particular direction attended. Never did the fragrant odor rise but each did at the other look and wonder if the professor could have placed his arctics in the stove thinking it a locker—such is the guileless innocence of freshmen.

But this morning the little pocket edition of heat was not doing business nor had it been for several days. The balmy air had supplanted it and even the old gentleman in colonial dress done in oils seemed relieved, as he looked down from his place on the wall, that there was no "laboratory practice going on. Amid surroundings such as I have depicted the freshmen of a class not many years escaped were waiting the "next question." Two in particular were seated near the old gentleman in the gilt frame. One, a slim, dark-skinned youth, whose every move betrayed the latent fire of Southern blood; the other a fellow of massive proportions and clear Saxon features. As unlike in temperament and disposition as oil and water, yet bound by some indescribable tie, they were well nigh inseparable.

"I'll lay you a pack of 'Monopols' I can land it on 'His Nibs' nose," remarked the younger one, surveying a spit-ball he was tenderly rolling, emphasizing "His Nibs" with a jerk of the shoulder toward the old gentleman done in oils. The great body of his companion seemed to jerk itself together at the remark, and he whispered, "You know, Rolston, I'm taking five years where the catalogue says four; the faculty considers my influence absolutely indispensable to freshmen; that's why I am here. I'm always obliging, so when the president suggested my coming back with you 'Yams' I immediately concurred, for under the circumstances it seemed the best thing to do. But, blank your soul, you fellows are the greenest grass out of hayfields. And as for soaking 'His Nibs' with that blame spit-ball—well—that's the high-ball of ignorance. You dope, if it hadn't been for him you wouldn't be here getting your wits sand-papered and your brains enamelled with a coat of intellectual varnish. Do you know who that is? Well, you'll learn something and I'll take your bet, though I'll lay another pack you lose when you hear my story."

"Mr. Rolston and Mr. Leland may leave the room," shrieked a pained-looking professor. And they left mechanically. Every one noticed the absence of the customary parting salaams and verdant antics, they both seemed so absorbed in earnest conversation.

"Yes," continued the elder, as they snailed out, "he put up the glue and that is how the college got its name. But that isn't all—there's a whole lot of printing on the other side of the page; but come over to my joint and smoke up while I tell you about it. You seem to be manifesting an interest that if directed in the proper channels might make you Phi Beta Kappa provided you keep away from the Faculty."

* * * * *

"Curl yourself up on that couch and I'll tell you something that may increase your reverence for 'his nibs' if it don't keep you from plastering paper-wads over his countenance. Days like this always set me chewing the cud of memory, and when you spoke about 'past-
ing that portrait one' I was thinking of the days when they wore 'rags' like 'his nobs.'

"It was just about this time of year long, long ago that a young fellow—Yale man, by the way—applied for a job at shooting our cousins from across the drink. He got the job, and the late 'Father of his Country' thought he 'saw it in the wood' to make a good soldier. One night when hard pressed after bitter defeat, General Washington announced to his staff in council that a knowledge of the British fortifications in New York and on Long Island was the only key to the saving of the young American nation. There was a silence, and then this young fellow came forward and volunteered to act as a spy. His fellow officers protested, but he calmly told them something about every deed necessary for the public good being honorable because of the necessity, and went. For days he wandered about the enemy's inner works making what notes he needed in Latin—more than you could do, young one—and hiding them between the soles of his brogans. They nailed him though, one day along toward fall—some fellow spotted him as he was about to leave for the Connecticut shore and the Colonial Army. He was run down to New York for the General there to speak his little speech and end the performance. They had a court-martial and he was adjudged a spy and ordered to pay the bill for his little outing as such, at daybreak.

"I've often imagined his last letters reading in our dialect something like this:

"'Mother Dear—You will receive this letter—but your son will have paid the ransom-price of liberty. I have tried to save my country as you would have me, and though it is hard to leave a world so bright and beautiful—to leave you, dear mother, most beautiful of all to me—yet I would not add to your sorrow nor have you weep. I have fought a good fight. The night of life has come and I go to my long rest at dawn. As when a child so now your good-night kiss shall be upon my brow and I shall sleep well till you wake me beyond the dawn. Your Son.'

"Of course that's not according to Hoyle perhaps because he had a master-mind and no doubt spread the English in proper style. He wrote his sweetheart too, you know, and I fancy it may have been in this wise:

"'Little One—You begged me not to go when we stood 'neath the great moon of springtime, and to-night I hear your voice entreating me again. But again it is duty calling me and I must answer. Again I must break that little heart and go. Loved one, I go at dawn. I have sought to live that my life might be worthy of you, and now that I die may my death bring no disgrace to you. Good-night, dear heart, good-night. God keep you. 'Tis a bitter draught, but I drink it, for the memory of a great love sweetens even death's stirrup-cup. Good night.'

"And the one to his old companion in arms:

"'Dear Richard.—Captain B— is one officer in the British army that I would have you treat well should he fall into your hands. He alone of all this crowd has treated me humanly. Revilings and insults have been my portion, but he—while I was at trial—gained permission to loan me his tent, where I might for a time be free from molestation. It is with his quill I write you to say adieu. I am to hang at dawn. Tell no one of my being abused and mistreated. My dear old comrade, farewell, and God grant a speedy and victorious end to our war. Good-night and good-bye. P. S.—Forget not Capt. B—, and thank him should you meet. N.'

"It was just gray-dawn on Sunday morning when they led him out to meet his death. You know where Franklin Square is? Well, just above it at that time there was a large mansion, and near by an orchard—here was a part of the British camp. Amid the foliaged trees heavy with autumn fruits, in the quiet of the early morning, they led forth the spy. As they bound his hands the guard tore into shreds the letters he had written during the
night, and with curses at the young American officer ground them beneath his heel.

"The yellow of coming dawn gleamed upon the ripples of the river, faintly lighting the ripening fruit, and the man stood forth with one regret—that he had but one life to give for his country. The noose was hastily fastened, and in a moment the new-born Sabbath had given to a new world a hero. He was hastily buried beneath the trees that had witnessed his magnificent death—the common soldiers who performed this last rite trembling as they labored, so great awe did so noble a death strike to their very marrow. And superstitious, they feared his resurrection.

"You say you've heard the tale before and wonder why I'm giving it to you in my inadequate English? Colonel Henry Rutgers—against whose portrait you were plotting in 'Rhetoric'—'his nibs' in your disrespectful dialect—owned that orchard, freshman. It was on the land of him whose name will ever be cherished, an American spy became a nation's hero. To him, whose name the plucky college on the Raritan bears, belonged that sacred altar whence an American sacrifice rose to a God that was not deaf nor away for a season; that hallowed spot from whose soil a martyr's blood cried not in vain.

"And when at commencement season before alumni banquet you look over the stretch of years as they stand reproduced by men, each bearing a bit of the Scarlet, perhaps a sadly sweet fancy may recall the old orchard baptized with that color from the veins of a youth, barely twenty-one years old, who gave his best.

And, freshman, when you come back in the autumn and at opening chapel the old organ murmurs the notes of the old, old song, finally hushing to silence with the unsung "Keep the Scarlet in the van," spare a thought for the scarlet of the life-blood that clothed with the robe of courage the infamy and shame of the death of a spy. Always remember that the symbolic scarlet stands for your best, and never let its color pale upon your breast because of an unworthy thought in the heart beating beneath it.

"Quite a good deal in an old portrait, eh, Rolston? And a bond worth remembering between your college and one who gave himself that your country might live? Well! take an odd moment some time and think on yourself, on the dear old Colonel, on your college, and on

"A Captain
in the Regular
Army
of the
United States
who gave his life
for his country
in the City of
New York
Sept. 22nd, 1776."

There was a silence, then Rolston with a suspiciously moist eye turned to the narrator, "You've won, Leland, and I buy the Monopol." —N'Importe.

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The Rooter.

With his long mackintosh buttoned up to his eyes,
And the 'phone that the law demands,
His hat balanced gracefully over one ear,
The brazen-lunged rooter stands.

Oh! not for him is the rush of the game,
Or the charge of the backs at the line,
But the heartening roar from the crowded stand,
Is guided and led by his sign.

The full-back has crashed through the wavering line!
See! the defense must yield!
One man at his back and one ahead,
He is tearing down the field!

The crowd is wild and crazy with joy,
But the back is losing his nerve,
Four men pursuing are close on his heels,
You can see him stagger and swerve!
The rooter's quick eye has seen it all,
He raises a warning hand,
For a moment the men are deathly still,
The length of the crowded stand.

"Now, boys! together! the old short yell!
As you never gave it before."
The grand-stand rocks, and over the field
Goes the wave of the deafening roar.

The runner can hear their sobbing breath—
He is only five yards from the goal—
But he's falling, falling, when over the field
Comes the yell with its glorious roll:

And see! He has heard! His head is thrown
back.
Jove! but his nerve is fine!
With one last plunge he staggers ahead,
And falls—just over the line.

The game is over, they're bearing him down
On the broad shoulders of the team.
The yells of triumph come floating back,
Like a voice in a far away dream.

The rooter is walking down alone,
Alone with his cigarette.
Of course there are some unpleasant things,
But then—a fellow can always forget.

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Wrecks—and Why.

We all have wandered by the ocean's curving shores, and while the surf was pounding on the beach, frothing and rushing up close by our feet, have looked far out across the sea and marked the great ships sailing to and fro, and from their funnels pouring forth great clouds of black and heavy smoke lying low down along the backward track, a long dark line against the horizon's unbroken blue. And as we wander on around the bend a dark hulk suddenly looms up, black with age, shattered and torn by the pounding waves, the spectre of some noble ship, that once too often braved the Atlantic's fearful gale. A sight like this will stir a man's heart to its lowest depth, and down upon the shifting sands we sit and muse upon this saddest of all sights—a storm-torn wreck.

So now and then a wanderer along the shores of time looks out across the ocean of the world and muses idly, how that life is very like the voyages of the ships that go upon the sea. Here go those lives that like the ocean greyhound speed right on along their course unswerving, on to the harbor's rest. And here goes one, a noble ship, perhaps, that when the storm comes on and waves roll mountain high, is dashed in fury on the pitiless shore and broken into pieces by those waves o'er which the others ride unhurt, unscathed.

Yes, saddest of all things is that dark and hopeless wreck—the wreck of a man's life.

Here at the opening of the voyage we stand fearless and eager to contend with storm and howling gale. The light of high ideals shall pierce the fog and mist, our charts and maps are here close by our side.

Still looms that gloomy hulk along the shore and we would know the reason for this wreck—this lifeless thing.

Why do some college graduates despite their hope, their promise and their faith make wrecks of life and earn but misery when happiness should be their share?

Ah! it is the loss of faith or hope that does this thing. The college man goes out into the world. In the college life he has figured he would have you know. He has been captain of the foot-ball team or he has won honors of the intellectual sort, what matters it? He has been somebody. His fellows have liked him, the underclassmen have looked up to him as an oracle, the professors have thought him a bright and charming fellow. And so he rather expects the world to stop and greet this man of evident ability and cry, "Friend, come up higher." But the world, if it notices him at all, looks rather askance out of one corner of its eye and hurries on unheeding. He must fight his way to a place alone, just as he had to do on the foot-ball team or, in the classroom if he would only remember—but he for-
He thinks that his diploma will be a passport to place and distinction. The lesson of disappointment is a bitter one, and unless he is made of the best stuff he will be soured and embittered by it. His ideals one by one vanish in smoke, his faith goes swiftly after them. And when hope has followed them he tries to drown his woes in dissipation or sinks into a state of careless apathy fatal alike to mind and heart. And there rises again before our minds the vision of the shattered hulk in which all hope is dead.

Our charts sometimes forget to tell us that the world does not owe our abilities a living unless we can wrest it from her hand. Backed by our four years constant touch with books and culture the highest advantages are ours. But the sky will not always be clear, and it will be when the storm clouds lower, when the tempest shrieks through the rigging, and howls on every side, that we will know best what college has done for us and whether these four years have been for naught.

**An Ode.**

Oh, Burns may talk of those “twain blue e’en,”
And the Scottish lass they made him love,
But the deep brown eyes that I have seen
Outshine the gleaming stars above.
I thought, one time, I loved a lass
Whose eyes were the bonniest blue,
But these brown eyes as far surpass
The eyes of every other hue
As the sun’s unconquered, glaring rays
Outshine the goddess of the night;
And if I sing their worthy praise
I only add my cheerful mite
To what you all would surely say
If you could see their beauteous light.
So now my night is turned to day
When I can search those depths of brown—
Words fail me then—I only look. —'oo.

The Committee on Debate has sent a challenge to Haverford College.

**Delta Phi Prize Essays.**

The following subjects have been adopted by the Faculty for the Delta Phi Senior Prize Essays:

1. How Far is it Right for One Nation to Interfere in the Affairs of Another?
2. The Man of Talent and the Man of Genius.
3. The Value and Possibility of International Arbitration.
5. Commercialism and What it has Done for China.
6. Lessons From the Life of Lincoln.

January 21st, 1901.

R. W. Prentiss,
Secretary of the Faculty.

**Reading by John Fox, Jr.**

It would take little persuasion to convince even the casual observer that the success of the Benefit Entertainment Course is positive if the attendance last Wednesday evening is any criterion for judgment. The chapel was filled with patrons and friends of the college who have gladly come to the support of the course. The gallery was well filled with students also, who constituted themselves as a “cheering section.”

Dr. Bevier could not have felt otherwise than gratified as he came before this large audience to introduce the first entertainer of the course, Mr. John Fox, Jr., who, he said, while engaged in overseeing the mining of “black diamonds” from the earth has received wide distinction also as a miner of gems for the realm of literature.

Mr. Fox began by informally speaking of the regions in Kentucky in which the scenes he has portrayed in his various writings have occurred. He spoke of the early settlement, the mountaineers’ seclusion, antediluvian ideas of current history, constant feuds, language dating back to Chaucer; but beneath the rough exterior beat great hearts full of kindness, courage, hospitality and love for
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their mountain homes. To illustrate these remarks he then read from his own works "The Kentuckians," "Hell fer Sartain," and "Crit-tenden," but confining himself mostly to "The Kentuckians."

Mr. Fox does not impersonate his characters, relying entirely upon the power of his flexible voice to express them sufficiently. Unfortunately for the audience the reader had a cold which affected his enunciation and kept the listeners in a strain to catch all the words. However, his method was modest, pleasing and effective. His long experience with mountaineer life has given him no artificial idea of the Kentucky drawl which he imitated as naturally as though one to the manor born. His writings show a remarkable insight into the stirring mountain life which is a prolific source of thrilling experience, daring adventure and irresponsible liberty. In all the selections he showed the drollery, keen wit and shrewd though neglected intellects which characterize the Kentuckian nature. Thus the first reading of the course has not fallen below our expectations.

The patrons were:
Mr. and Mrs. Asher Atkinson, Mr. and Mrs. Louis Bevier, Jr., Mr. John Black, Mr. and Mrs. A. H. Chester, Mr. A. H. Chester, Jr., Mr. and Mrs. John H. Conger, Mr. and Mrs. James Deshler, Mr. and Mrs. F. H. Dodge, Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Donohue, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Drury, Mrs. W. R. Duryee, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Hart, Mr. Henry L. Janeway, Mr. and Mrs. J. W. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. R. W. Johnson, Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Knox, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Leupp, Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Lewis, Mr. and Mrs. W. S. Myers, Mr. and Mrs. H. G. Parker, Mr. and Mrs. E. R. Payson, Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Raven, Mr. and Mrs. Austin Scott, Mr. and Mrs. J. B. Smith, Mr. and Mrs. A. A. Titsworth, Mr. and Mrs. John S. Voorhees, Mr. and Mrs. Willard P. Voorhees, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Van Dyck, Mr. and Mrs. John Waldron, Mr. and Mrs. D. D. Williamson.

The dates of the other entertainments are:
February 27. Illustrated Lecture. Ernest Seton-Thompson. "Wild Animals I Have Known."

Prize Subjects 1900-1901.
Class of 1876 Political Philosophy Prize. Examination upon Willoughby's "The Nature of the State." Essay Subject: "Our Problems of Territorial Expansion, Past and Present."
Appleton Memorial Prize in Moral Philosophy. Examination upon the first three books of Muirhead's "Elements of Ethics." Essay subject: "Intuitionism."
John Parker Winner Memorial Prize in Mental Philosophy. Examination upon Janet's "Final Causes," complete. Essay subject: "Does Necessity Preclude Design?"
Luther Laflin Memorial Prize in Metaphysics (for Classicals only). Examination upon Aristotle's "Metaphysics," entire. Essay subject: "Proof that the Platonic Idea is the Foundation of All Systematized Knowledge" (3,000 to 4,500 words).
Scientific Prize in Logic. Examination upon Jevon's "Principles of Science." Essay subject: "Criticism of the Assertion 'Syllogistic Reasoning is Always a Petitio Principii.'"
Bradley Prize in Roman Law. (a) Examination upon text of Gaius, II, 101-8, Justini-
an's Institutes, II, 10. (b) Essay subject: "The Forms of Testament."

Suydam Prize for Composition. "American Literature of the Nineteenth Century."

Van Doren Mission Essay Prize. "Missions in India During the Reign of Victoria."

Notice.

There will be a meeting of the Athletic Association to-morrow (Friday) morning at the fourth hour in Room I of Old Queen's, to elect members of the Advisory Committee on Athletics and to hear reports of committees.

Alumniana.

[Any authentic notes relating to Alumni, which subscribers may choose to send in, will be thankfully received by the Editor of this department.]

'39. The First Presbyterian Church of Dover, N. J., under the pastorate of William W. Halloway, has just passed a red-letter day in its history. On January 3 the church dedicated a handsome new edifice, which, with all its appointments, is valued at $100,000. It is a memorial gift, and so leaves the congregation entirely without responsibility.

'51. Among those elected directors of the Norfolk and New Brunswick Hosiery Co. at its annual meeting, held at its New York office on January 23, we find the following Rutgers men: Mr. William H. Acken '51, Mr. Jacob J. Janeway '59, and Messrs. James Neilson and John N. Carpender '66.

'72. Prof. Albert S. Cook, of Yale University, has an article in the "Modern Language Notes" for January. It is a review of a work entitled "Studies From the Yale Psychological Laboratory," by Edward W. Scripture, Ph.D., director of the Laboratory at Yale.

'76. Rev. Samuel I. Woodbridge addressed the Y. M. C. A. meeting on Friday. His subject was "Catechism in China." He told the Association of many of the old Chinese customs. He said that the Chinese are quick witted and sharp, and for that reason a Christian must avoid all appearance of evil if he expects to bring China out of its moral lethargy.

Mr. Woodbridge came to the level of his subject and gave a very plain and interesting talk which was enjoyed by all who heard him.

'78. Dr. Bevier gave a lecture at Perth Amboy on January 22. His topic was "John Greenleaf Whittier." It was one of the lectures in the Extension Course.

'81. Prof. E. B. Voorhees, Director of the State Experimental Station, addressed the Farmers' Institutes of Salem and New Egypt, N. J., last Thursday and Friday. Prof. John B. Smith, State Entomologist, and Mr. McGann, of the Weather Bureau, accompanied Professor Voorhees.

'84. Henry R. L. Worrall, M.D., of Busrah, Arabia, has returned to America for a furlough, and was in town on Sunday evening. He made a very interesting address at the First Reformed Church. He began by describing the route to Busrah. Having thus conducted his audience thither in spirit he described many of the odd customs and superstitions of the Mohammedans. He told of their ancient and barbarous surgical and medical methods and how eager they are to imitate modern English and American ways. The Mohammedans have a rule against talking with a Christian or reading Christian books. The physicians, however, have won the confidence of the people by curing their infirmities, and thus gain a chance of conversation and exhortation with them. Thus the modern sciences of surgery and medicine are playing their part in the enlightenment of Arabia.

The Classis of Kingston, N. Y., has dissolved the pastoral relation between Rev. George Davis and the Church of Marbletown. Mr. Davis is now employed as the attorney for the Anti-Saloon League.

'86. John H. Porter, formerly of Jersey City, is studying law at the University of Virginia.

'90. There appeared in the Christian Intelligencer for January 23, an article by Rev. Charles W. Van Zee on "Personal Work by the Pastor."
The engagement of David Conover, of Baltimore, to Miss Barnett, of Raritan Landing, has been announced.

Of the class of '99, both graduates and non-graduates, those in theological seminaries numbered 5; at dental school, 1; at medical schools, 3; in graduate schools, 3; in law work, 3; in art, 2; teaching, 2; in business, 13; engineering, 7; chemistry, 3; farming, 1. The record of the class for this year differs slightly. The number studying medicine is 4; in graduate work, 1; law, 5; engineering, 6; farming, 0; journalism, 1. Otherwise there is no change.

William L. R. Haines, of South Orange, has accepted a position with the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Cresson, Pa.

The College Entrance Examination Board of the Middle States and Maryland has been appointed for the year 1901. Professor Speyers is one of the examiners in chemistry. This is a position of high honor among the educators of the east.

George W. Atherton, formerly Professor of History at Rutgers College, and now President of Pennsylvania State College, delivered an address on “The Legislative Career of Justin S. Morill” at the convention of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges, held at New Haven, Conn., on November 14.

OBITUARY.

'52. With deep regret we announce the death of Edward de Russey of this city. Mr. de Russey had been confined to the house for some time with cold and grip, and died during the early part of last week.

Mr. de Russey was born in France and came to this country with his parents when very young. His father first resided in Bound Brook and later moved to New Brunswick, where his son attended college.

Rutgers will be represented at the A. A. U. by A, B, C, D, etc., Ashley. According to his report the Featherweight Bout is ours.

The Foot-Ball Song.

After all, in looking back over the college life of twenty, thirty, or forty years ago, we do not find our interest held so much by the games or debates, the intellectual or athletic battles lost or won, as by the college life, the local color, the way the boys of former generations thought and lived, the old boys whose hair is gray now but whose love for Rutgers is as firm and true as in the college days. It is a real pleasure to find in the columns of the old college periodicals, that this eminent writer and divine was a prince of good fellows, a leader of good movements as well as presiding officer of some merry rumpus, not so different after all from our good times; that this noted lawyer, who has a hand upon the helm of State, was a quiet little fellow who took life rather seriously, but whose room was none the less the scene of many an occasional choice “racket”; and so on through the long and famous list. Now and then we are lucky enough to come upon a song that the fellows used to sing, and these are of immense interest.

And so we print this foot-ball song, crude as it may be, written on the spur of the moment, a relic of last season’s game with Union, in response to a most timely suggestion from one of our alumni who pointed out its future interest and how, though time and tune will be forgotten, the heart of many a future Rutgers man will glow with interest as he reads how our giant “Pat” tore great holes in the line and how the three “Freddies” bucked center or ran the ends for heavy gains.

Strike up the band, here comes old Union, Chuck full of sand, we’ll surely do them.

Give them a yell,
Then give them ——
Victory is sure for dear old Rutgers.

Start up a cheer, our team is winning, Right through the line our backs are gaining, Shove them along, Play low and strong, Victory is sure for dear old Rutgers.
THE TARGUM.

an's Institutes, II, 10. (b) Essay subject: "The Forms of Testament."
Suydam Prize for Composition. "American Literature of the Nineteenth Century."
Van Doren Mission Essay Prize. "Missions in India During the Reign of Victoria."

Notice.
There will be a meeting of the Athletic Association to-morrow (Friday) morning at the fourth hour in Room I of Old Queen's, to elect members of the Advisory Committee on Athletics and to hear reports of committees.

Alumniana.
[Any authentic notes relating to Alumni, which subscribers may choose to send in, will be thankfully received by the Editor of this department.]

'39. The First Presbyterian Church of Dover, N. J., under the pastorate of William W. Halloway, has just passed a red-letter day in its history. On January 3 the church dedicated a handsome new edifice, which, with all its appointments, is valued at $100,000. It is a memorial gift, and so leaves the congregation entirely without responsibility.

'51. Among those elected directors of the Norfolk and New Brunswick Hosiery Co. at its annual meeting, held at its New York office on January 23, we find the following Rutgers men: Mr. William H. Acken '51, Mr. Jacob J. Janeway '59, and Messrs. James Neilson and John N. Carpender '66.

'72. Prof. Albert S. Cook, of Yale University, has an article in the "Modern Language Notes" for January. It is a review of a work entitled "Studies From the Yale Psychological Laboratory," by Edward W. Scripture, Ph.D., director of the Laboratory at Yale.

'76. Rev. Samuel I. Woodbridge addressed the Y. M. C. A. meeting on Friday. His subject was "Catechism in China." He told the Association of many of the old Chinese customs. He said that the Chinese are quick witted and sharp, and for that reason a Christian must avoid all appearance of evil if he expects to bring China out of its moral lethargy.

Mr. Woodbridge came to the level of his subject and gave a very plain and interesting talk which was enjoyed by all who heard him.

78. Dr. Bevier gave a lecture at Perth Amboy on January 22. His topic was "John Greenleaf Whittier." It was one of the lectures in the Extension Course.

'81. Prof. E. B. Voorhees, Director of the State Experimental Station, addressed the Farmers' Institutes of Salem and New Egypt, N. J., last Thursday and Friday. Prof. John B. Smith, State Entomologist, and Mr. McGann, of the Weather Bureau, accompanied Professor Voorhees.

'84. Henry R. L. Worrall, M.D., of Busrah, Arabia, has returned to America for a furlough, and was in town on Sunday evening. He made a very interesting address at the First Reformed Church. He began by describing the route to Busrah. Having thus conducted his audience thither in spirit he described many of the old customs and superstitions of the Mohammedans. He told of their ancient and barbarous surgical and medical methods and how eager they are to imitate modern English and American ways. The Mohammedans have a rule against talking with a Christian or reading Christian books. The physicians, however, have won the confidence of the people by curing their infirmities, and thus gain a chance of conversation and exhortation with them. Thus the modern sciences of surgery and medicine are playing their part in the enlightenment of Arabia.

The Classis of Kingston, N. Y., has dissolved the pastoral relation between Rev. George Davis and the Church of Marbletown. Mr. Davis is now employed as the attorney for the Anti-Saloon League.

'86. John H. Porter, formerly of Jersey City, is studying law at the University of Virginia.

'90. There appeared in the Christian Intelligencer for January 23, an article by Rev. Charles W. Van Zee on "Personal Work by the Pastor."
'97. The engagement of David Conover, of Baltimore, to Miss Barnett, of Raritan Landing, has been announced.

'99. Of the class of '99, both graduates and non-graduates, those in theological seminaries numbered 5; at dental school, 1; at medical schools, 3; in graduate schools, 3; in law work, 3; in art, 2; teaching, 2; in business, 13; engineering, 7; chemistry, 3; farming, 1. The record of the class for this year differs slightly. The number studying medicine is 4; in graduate work, 1; law, 5; engineering, 6; farming, 0; journalism, 1. Otherwise there is no change.

William L. R. Haines, of South Orange, has accepted a position with the Pennsylvania Railroad, at Cresson, Pa.

The College Entrance Examination Board of the Middle States and Maryland has been appointed for the year 1801. Professor Speyers is one of the examiners in chemistry. This is a position of high honor among the educators of the east.

George W. Atherton, formerly Professor of History at Rutgers College, and now President of Pennsylvania State College, delivered an address on "The Legislative Career of Justin S. Morrill" at the convention of the Association of American Agricultural Colleges, held at New Haven, Conn., on November 14.

OBITUARY.

'52. With deep regret we announce the death of Edward de Russey of this city. Mr. de Russey had been confined to the house for some time with cold and grip, and died during the early part of last week.

Mr. de Russey was born in France and came to this country with his parents when very young. His father first resided in Bound Brook and later moved to New Brunswick, where his son attended college.

Rutgers will be represented at the A. A. U. by A, B, C, D, etc., Ashley. According to his report the Featherweight Bout is ours.

The Foot-Ball Song.

After all, in looking back over the college life of twenty, thirty, or forty years ago, we do not find our interest held so much by the games or debates, the intellectual or athletic battles lost or won, as by the college life, the local color, the way the boys of former generations thought and lived, the old boys whose hair is gray now but whose love for Rutgers is as firm and true as in the college days. It is a real pleasure to find in the columns of the old college periodicals, that this eminent writer and divine was a prince of good fellows, a leader of good movements as well as presiding officer of some merry rumpus, not so different after all from our good times; that this noted lawyer, who has a hand upon the helm of State, was a quiet little fellow who took life rather seriously, but whose room was none the less the scene of many an occasional choice "racket"; and so on through the long and famous list. Now and then we are lucky enough to come upon a song that the fellows used to sing, and these are of immense interest.

And so we print this foot-ball song, crude as it may be, written on the spur of the moment, a relic of last season's game with Union, in response to a most timely suggestion from one of our alumni who pointed out its future interest and how, though time and tune will be forgotten, the heart of many a future Rutgers man will glow with interest as he reads how our giant "Pat" tore great holes in the line and how the three "Freddies" bucked center or ran the ends for heavy gains.

Strike up the band, here comes old Union, Chuck full of sand, we'll surely do them.

Give them a yell,
Then give them —
Victory is sure for dear old Rutgers.

Start up a cheer, our team is winning,
Right through the line our backs are gaining,
Shove them along,
Play low and strong,
Victory is sure for dear old Rutgers.
First round the end, then through the center,
First Freddie Hart, then Freddie Conger,
Then Billy Pat,
And Hitchner fat,
Victory is sure for dear old Rutgers.

Watch Ollie Mann, we’ll surely hold them,
See how he stands, then look at Poland,
First up and down,
Then circling round,
We’ll win yet with Fred Burnett at full-back.

Rutgersensia.
The attendance of students at the Benefit Entertainments is better this year than last, but still far from what it should be.

Fatty Connet sprinted around the track at such a merciless pace one day last week that a bill for damages and repairs is expected hourly.

The Senior hats seek lofty perches in the room of the King.

Singing in Sunday Chapel startled the natives.

Gordon is back in college after a few days’ illness.

Most uncommonly good sermon Sunday.

Some one kindly decorated Maud Adams’s fair countenance with a handsome moustache last week, and now “Willy” Westfall is anxious to reward the skillful artist with several gallons of H2O.

Tobish and “Dope” continue to enchant (?) their fellow inhabitants of the Dormitory by caterwauling after 12 at night the refrain of “Ollie” Mann’s favorite song, “Antonio.”

Raymond Thomas Maxfield Stowe is “sawing wood” in Biology. It is remarkable what a man can do if he will only work. Raymond the ice-man “have came.”

The slight fall of snow last week proved a boon for the careless, pleasure-loving Sophomore and others with good throwing arms. Ammunition was as plentiful as “the flowers that bloom in the spring.”

The pseudo-moustache on the benevolent face of Stokes ’01 is a “thing of beauty” minus the rest of the quotation. It looks like a cross between an old shoe brush and a tomato. Look up your friend Razor, George.

Some one ought to tell Hotaling that bangs will be worn low on the forehead this season. His Baldness ought to be interested in what is the latest style.

You laugh because I’m bald. Well, what of that?

That’s where my dear old mother used to pat Me daily on the head, and say, “Well done!” And so, you see, where hair was, now there’s none.

—O’Mann in Chicago Tribune.

Say, Fatty, if you think you are getting too stout, try exercise—running for office, occasionally.

“Zeus” Bell is going around with a hungry look just now. From all accounts he’d like to include the Rutgersensia editors in “things eatable.”

The Delta Chapter of the Chi Phi Fraternity held its semi-annual Smoker at the Chapter house on Saturday, January 26, 1901.

The Junior Banquet will be held at Wikoff’s on Wednesday, January 30, 1901.

Heap Big Injun Herbert stole a Freshman last Friday. The idea was all his own, too.

Our special correspondent promises to have a new joke on “Dopey” Randall before the next issue.

That portion of the Junior History Class familiarly known as “Lobster Row,” is a shifting as well as a shiftless body, inasmuch as it behooves the Professor from time to time to alter its size or relative position, or even declare the name null and void. It must be understood, however, that “Lobster Row” is the same, whether at the front or infinitely to the rear.

“Oh, where are you going my pretty maid?”

“To the Junior Prom, Little Morris,” she said.

“May I have a dance Oh my pretty maid?”

“My order is already full,” she said.

The insatiable desire of some of the Juniors to gaze upon the hallowed interior of the Ob-
servatory was appeased on Monday night, when a large section was admitted to look at the moon through the telescope.

Heard on the Campus:

“Wad’s the batter, Bill, you look discodslade?”

“Yes, I havn’t tasded or spelled adythig for over a week, ad I’b gettig tired of eatig the sabe thig for breakfast, didder and subber.”

“Sabe here, Bill; we are eatig ady old thig over id the dormitory.”

Scrimmages were numerous at Holy Hill last week. Brett proved the assertion that a “baby consists of a pair of lungs and a bald head.”

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**Rutgers College Library.**

**PERIODICAL LIST, 1901.**

*Continued.*

Pedagogical Seminary.
Philadelphia Daily Times.
Philosophical Review.
Political Science Quarterly.
Popular Science Monthly.
Post-Graduate and Wooster Quarterly.
Proceedings and Transactions of American Society of Civil Engineers.
Proceedings of Staten Island Natural Science Association.
Psyche.
Public Ledger (Philadelphia).
Public Opinion (New York).
Publishers’ Weekly.
Rabenhorst’s Kryptogamen-Flora.
Reformed Church Review.
Review of Reviews.
Revue Historique.
Revue Internationale des Falsifications.
Rutgers College Targum.
Sanitarian.
Science.
Science Abstracts.

Scientific American.
Scientific American Supplement.
Scientific American, Building edition.
Scribner’s Magazine.
Stettiner Entomologische Zeitung.
Transactions of American Entomological Society.
Transactions of American Institute of Electrical Engineers.
Transactions of American Society of Mechanical Engineers.
Transactions of Entomological Society of London.
Unionist Gazette (Somerville).
University (of Chicago) Record.
Warren Republican (Hackettstown).
Westminster Review.
Zeitschrift für Analytische Chemie.
Zeitschrift für Anorganische Chemie.
Zeitschrift für Electrachemie.
Zeitschrift für Pflanzenkrankheiten.

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Carve for yourself a name and place,
But do not chapel seats deface.
Cut high and deep on the world’s fair docket,
But always return the knife to your pocket.

—F. S. B.

There is a crowd and there were three,
The girl, the parlor lamp and he;
But two is company, and no doubt,
That’s why the lamp went out.

—Smith Academy Record.

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Although the Seniors have not as yet generally donned the cap and gown, we hope the class will make a special effort to appear in them at the services on the Day of Prayer for Colleges. The wearing of the traditional university garb will lend much to the dignity and reverence of the occasion. In looking over old files of the paper, we are surprised to find that at one time there was a decided opposition to the wearing of the cap and gown, but this custom, since its introduction by the class of ’94 has been at all times preserved.—Editorial in The Lafayette.

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