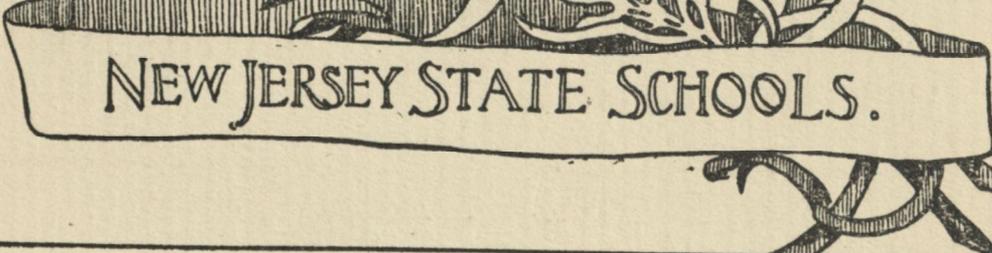




THE SIGNAL.



NEW JERSEY STATE SCHOOLS.



Published Monthly by the Students of the New Jersey State
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The International Cyclopedia



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TABLE OF CONTENTS.		Page.
The Other Man.....		33
Remorse.....		36
Leaflet from a Summer Diary.....		36
A Tale from the Sad Sea Waves.....		37
Editorial.....		38
Alumni Notes.....		39
Class Notes.....		40
Society Notes.....		43
Second Complimentary Concert.....		44
Last Year's Glee Club Concert.....		45
Basket Ball.....		45
Exchanges.....		45-46

THE SIGNAL

VOL. V

DECEMBER.

No. 3

The Other Man.

Continued.

AS Davis and Miss Waldron stepped out upon the platform, the train was slowing up for a station; and as it came to a stop Dorothea said: "Let's get off and walk up and down the platform."

Davis willingly assented, and the porter graciously helped them down the steps and onto the boards beneath.

As they walked past the little station, Davis happened carelessly to glance up at the name over the door. As he saw it he gave a start, and turning suddenly around, said: "Why this is Beaver Bend. That other man was telling me a very queer story about this place."

"Why, Mr. Davis, whom do you mean by that other man?"

"Why that fellow we found at Huntingdon this morning. I can't think of his name. Something very aristocratic, I believe."

"Oh! Mr. Van Rensselaer! Well what did he tell you so exciting about this sleepy little place?"

"Why do you see that mountain across the road?"

"Yes."

"Well he says that a few years ago there was a tunnel through there half a mile long, a railroad tunnel."

"And is it not in use now?"

"No, about two years ago, while a train was going through, a portion of the roof caved in, crushing the rear car of the transcontinental express; and the feeling against the tunnel was so strong that it never was repaired; and now the railroad goes ten miles around the mountain to get a half a mile from where we are now. Come let us walk over to the other side of the platform, where we can see the entrance."

The moon was shining bright and clear through the crisp, cold, mountain air, flooding the rocky mass before them with a pale green light.

They were looking at the black spot which Davis had told her was the entrance, when a warning shout was heard behind them, and Davis turned to see the train pulling out of the station.

"Come! quick! Miss Waldron, the train is going!" and he started toward the cars with Miss Dorothea close after him.

Davis jumped on the front platform of the last car, intending no doubt to pull his companion after him; but Miss Waldron became nervous, and in a moment the platform was out of reach, and the opportunity was gone. She was about to turn away in despair, crying with vexation and fear, when she heard a noise on the boards at her side, and turning saw Van Rensselaer. He had jumped from the rear platform with a great racket, and a remark extremely

uncomplimentary to Davis.

"My dear Miss Waldron this is too bad."

"Yes, but oh, I am so glad you jumped off. I don't know what I should have done if I had been left here all alone, but this will spoil the whole trip; we can't catch the rest until they get to Minneapolis," and, with a little gasp and sob, "I have'nt even got my pocketbook, and papa has my ticket."

"Don't let that worry you," Van Rensselaer said, "but the question is: how are we going to catch that train before it reaches Minneapolis? The next train East leaves here at just this time to-morrow night if we take that we will arrive at Minneapolis just one day behind the rest." He thrust his hands into his pocket, and with a puzzled expression on his face, looked over at the mountain opposite. His face suddenly brightened as if he had received an inspiration from the mountain. Turning to Miss Dorothea he said: "Come Miss Waldron, let me make you comfortable in the waiting room for a few minutes. For a very few minutes," he added, looking at his watch.

He saw her settled comfortably in the little station, and then went out on the platform, where a rough half-breed was standing. He walked up to him and said, "My man is there a passage through the old tunnel yet? There was one the last time I was here."

"Yes," was the laconic reply.

"Well, will you guide a lady and myself through to-night, at once?"

* "No!"

"Why look here, Henry or whatever your name is."

"Jacques."

"Well, look here, Jacques, this is for you if you see us through in half an hour." He held a gold piece in his hand, but Jacques with a gesture of sorrow said:

"I no do it."

"Why?"

"Speerits! I no tek you troo."

"Jove! he thinks the relics of that accident haunt the place. "Well," he said aloud "Jacques, do you know anyone who will take us through for ten dollars?"

"Yes."

"Well, take me to him quick."

Jacques called in a shrill voice, and a sturdy lad of about eighteen came up.

"Well 'Jacky' what do you want," he said.

Jacques deigned no reply, but made a gesture towards Van Rensselaer.

Without any preface, Van Rensselaer went right to the point: "I want you to get a lantern and guide a lady and myself through the old tunnel to Beaverfoot, right away. We must get off in five minutes. If you see us through in half an hour, I will give you ten dollars."

"Yes but the place is haunted, Mister, I would'nt go through for ten dollars, and then I have to come back."

"Well, what will you do it for?"

"Oh, money's no object Mister! It's the principal of the ghost I work on."

"Well look here, I will give you twenty-five dollars for every ghost we see," said Van Rensselaer.

"All right Mister, I'll do it! I suppose yous wants to catch the train on the other side of the mountain.

"Oh yes," he went on, as he saw the questioning look in Van Rensselaer's face, "I saw the leddy get left. Say, dat other cove was mean, was'nt he?"

"Yes," Van Rensselaer replied "he is a cur! But come, get your lantern and I'll get the lady. We have just twenty-five minutes." So he went into the waiting room and led Miss Dorothea out on the platform. The lad was waiting for them with a station lantern, and his face looked pale in the silvery light.

"What are we going to do Mr. Van Rensselaer?" asked Miss Waldron.

"We are going half a mile through an unused tunnel, if you have no objections to the walk, Miss Waldron."

"Oh, that must be the tunnel you were telling Mr. Davis about!"

"Yes, that is the tunnel I was telling —er that Davis about."

"But I thought it had caved in," Miss Dorothea objected.

"Yes, so it has, but there is a passage through the rocks, which they made when they rescued the passengers from the buried car. Will you come? We will catch the train on the other side of the mountain, if we can walk it in twenty minutes."

"Of course I'll come!" So he helped her across the rocky road, and up the rough path to the black entrance opposite.

The boy, holding the lantern before him with shaking hand, started into the cold, damp hole, and Van Rensselaer, with Miss Waldron hanging trembling on his arm, followed.

With a great deal of trepidation, they advanced into the depths of the mountain, with the lantern throwing a sickly light about ten yards ahead.

They had advanced perhaps an eighth of a mile when, with a gasp, the boy said:

"Look there, Mister!"

Van Rensselaer peered anxiously

ahead, but saw nothing. "What is it?" he asked.

"It was a ghost! There it is!"

"I see nothing. Keep quiet; you are annoying the lady."

"I don't care; you remember your agreement."

"Oh, that is his little game!" thought Van Rensselaer. He said aloud, "Well, you will have to wait until we get through the tunnel won't you?"

"Yes."

"Well then don't see any more ghosts until you get to Beaverfoot. It is unpleasant. It jars on one's nerves."

"Well, I can't help it if I see them."

"I know, but my dear boy, it don't do to look at them. If you think there is one ahead, shut your eyes. They come too high to be looked at real often. Twenty-five dollars per ghost, is rather trying on a man's nerves, to say nothing of his pocketbook."

The walk over, the rough roadbed was beginning to tell on Miss Waldron, but she bore it bravely. "Do you think we shall get through in time?" she asked.

"My dear Miss Waldron, I am sure we shall, if we continue to go as fast as we are going now. Oh! I guess this embankment ahead is where the cave in occurred. Is it not Henry?"

"Yes and this is where the most spirits are said to be."

Van Rensselaer gave a groan, but the difficult passage among the rocks took their minds off of ghosts and like phenomena; until the lad pointed to the ground, and looking down, they saw scattered about the wood-work of a wrecked sleeping car.

To be continued.

Remorse.

A man beyond the prime of life
 Was thinking of the past ;
 'Twas hard for him to realize
 That time had gone so fast.
 He thought of boyhood and its joys,
 Of times that used to be,
 When little he had known of care,
 When all was liberty.

And then to him there came the
 thought
 Of youth and evil ways,
 The broken Sabbaths and the use
 Of many a wicked phrase ;
 The disrespect of parent's love—
 He now was bending low ;
 Tears filled his eyes as low he moaned,
 "I would it were not so."

His college days before him came ;
 A scholar he had been ;
 Among his classmates he stood first,
 Nought was too hard for him.

But then the tempter drew him on,
 He trod the paths of sin ;
 Till now he's loved by not a one—
 "O, that it had not been."

Between the scenes there came the face
 Of one he'd dearly loved,
 Of one who in his early years
 With him in spirit moved.

Her face was as the morning bright,
 Her voice was sweet and low ;
 But then a change o'er her had come,
 "O, that it were not so."

The old man lifted up his face
 And looked toward the sky,
 The one request he had to make
 Was that he might now die,
 His prayer was answered, as he
 sighed,
 Still moaning soft and low,
 "All hope has gone—O God,
 I would it were not so."—Z.

Leaflet from a Summer
Diary.

RIDING along the Fort Lee mountain road, the visitor is impressed with the beauty of the scenery, perfect in its unbroken unity and only in places changed by the hand of man. The day of our visit was one of those perfect, early fall days which come during the month of September. The sun was bright and warm, its rays giving an added glory and radiance to the few leaves which had already changed to red and gold.

The road stretched smooth and white before us, bordered on either side by tall pines, hemlocks, oaks and maples ; but tempting as it appeared we could not resist the inviting coolness of a little retreat on the summit of the rocks, below which the road twisted in almost endless windings down to the base of the cliffs.

The big boulders, weather-beaten and partly covered with moss, furnished excellent seats from which could be obtained a magnificent view of the surrounding scenery.

The Palisades are too low to be perfectly sublime, but their rugged cliffs studded here and there with a palatial residence, make the scene a picturesque one. The Hudson flows at the base, unimpaired in its majesty by the vessels which constantly ply up and down, some for commerce and others crowded with pleasure seekers who are out for a day of enjoyment.

Directly opposite stands Grant's tomb, in all its purity and simple grandeur, a fitting monument to the nation's hero.

All nature seems thirsting to give forth its richness, the cliffs and vales

breath forth pleasure and repose, while the dark, graceful woods make a restful background to the picture. The space is filled with innumerable and constantly changing views of scenery. The vales, from which peep large, choice clusters of golden-rod, in all the richness of its autumnal beauty, and the pleasant foot paths down the mountain furnish the imagination with never-ending thoughts of pleasant walks and happy times. They have a beauty, all their own, upon which the eye of the passer-by lingers lovingly.

As the slanting rays of the sun touched the opposite shore, we turned homeward with the consciousness that a profitable and restful afternoon had been passed on the banks of what was known as "The Old War Path of North America."

A. G. B.

A Tale from the Sad Sea Waves.

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
A tale of the sad sea waves—
Of the horrible fate of the mighty lord
Of one of the deep sea caves.
Oh, he was a shark, and a big one, too,
And he rose from his gloomy home
When the sky was blue and the sun
was bright,
To play mid the billows' foam.
He wriggled and danced with child-
like glee,
Ate up little fishes with joy,
And smacked his gills in grewsome
delight
At the thought of a tender young boy.
But alas and alack! the sky grew black
And the wind blew fierce and wild;
But still he paddled quite near the shore,
And hoped for a meal of child.

Suddenly up there came from behind
A wave with a mighty roar,
And before that shark knew where he
was at,

It cast him high upon the shore.

In vain he wriggled and struggled to
reach

The ever receding tide;

Before the dawn he had turned up his
fins,

And from lack of breath had died.

But this is not all; ye that have tears
Prepare to shed them now.

Come, all ye sympathizing folks,
Your heads in sorrow bow!

When morning came the shark was
seen—

A monstrous mass indeed—

And through the town of Ocean Grove
The news went with great speed.

The women of that lovely place
(Called "Old Maid's Paradise.")
Soon came with knives both great and
small,

And finished him in a trice.

They cut out every tooth he had,

They severed every fin,

They even took his graceful tail,

It really was a sin!

Now this is the end of my woeful yarn,
And I'm sure you'll agree with me
That his sharkship's fate was the sad-
dest that e'er

Befell a lord of the sea.

And the moral is this: ye young
sharks all,

Though hungry you be and bold,

Avoid Ocean Grove! Or your fate too
may be

To be carved by maidens old.

CAR'LINE.

THE SIGNAL

Issued monthly by the students of the New Jersey
State Schools.

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TERMS—Sixty-cents per year, Single copies, ten cents.

Students, Alumni, and friends are invited to contribute literary matter and items of interest.

All communications should be addressed THE SIGNAL, State Schools, N. J.

THIS month the Literary Editor takes up his task for the first time this year, an unfortunate football accident having prevented his editing the October and November issues. A great deal of credit must be given to the other members of the board for the able manner in which they rendered the extra work assigned to them for the past two months. The editor is extremely grateful both to them and to Dr. Carr, upon whom devolved a very great part of the work, and is glad to be able at last to start in upon his duties.

This year there are two things that we want. First, to have everybody subscribe. Second, for everybody to pay their subscriptions promptly. You must know that it takes money "to make the mare go," and it takes money "to make THE SIGNAL go." The more subscriptions we receive, the bet-

ter paper we will give you. We don't want to be slow, and you don't want us to either.

We're working hard to give you a first-class, bright, breezy magazine. Now do your part and success will be sure to crown our efforts, and every month and every year will see THE SIGNAL growing better and better.

Music in the Schools.

Nowadays, anything or any place without music is as dead as a door-nail, and there is probably no place where its good influence is better appreciated than in a large school like ours.

Its development here within late years has been, to say the least, remarkable. For many long years Dr. Brace has toiled, faithful and unflinching, to bring our instrumentalists and those taking private vocal lessons to their present high standard. Dr. Brace can be with us no more, but the fruit of his labors will live and grow, and oftentimes, the sweet harmonious tones of music may bring a sad remembrance and an unsuppressed feeling of tenderness toward him who was with us to the end of his noble life's work.

With those taking music as a part of their regular school-work, Miss Brooks has, during the past year, worked wonders. In the work of the glee club, in the work of the classes, and in the various quartettes, and soloists who have performed before us, it would not take a connoisseur in the art to pronounce the progress remarkable. Anyone with half an ear could judge that for himself.

Miss Johnson gets the same splendid results from her teaching in the Normal as she did in her wider sphere a year or two ago. Under Miss Johnson, as

little boys and girls were developed the voices of many of the singers of the school to-day.

To those who heard Prof. Skilton's complimentary concerts, it is scarcely necessary to say that the department of instrumental music will be taken care of extremely satisfactorily in the future. We certainly have been very fortunate in securing such a teacher and artist as Prof. Skilton is. May he be with us for a long time to come, and favor us with many more complimentary concerts.

Prof. Polemann, who is said to have a fine tenor voice and who is the latest acquisition to our corps of instructors, has disappointed us twice on account of a troublesome cold, but we hope to hear him soon, and are expecting something pretty good.

This year, our music promises to surpass anything we have ever done before. May we not be disappointed in our hopes.

Normal Alumni.

MISS HELEN WOOLMAN, '95, is teaching in Newark.

Miss Margaret Gray, '97, is at Ocean Grove.

Miss A. Edith Huggan, Feb., '97, is primary teacher in Arlington.

Miss Laura Ernst is sixth grade teacher in Perth Amboy.

Miss Lydia B. Templeton is instructing the young people at her home in Keyport.

Miss C. Augusta Lieb is teaching her second year in Newark.

Miss Evelyn Wilder, '96, is again at Verona, under Mr. Delaney.

Miss Emma Hughes Mathews is fulfilling Miss Wood's predictions, she is a successful kindergarten teacher at Arlington.

The Misses Edna Harris and Bertha Wintamute, June, '96, are together in a district school at Athenia.

V. Claud Palmer, '97, was at Normal Hall, Saturday, Nov. 13, visiting old friends. He is teaching now at Tuckerton. He showed his loyalty by subscribing for the SIGNAL.

S. Mattison Cresse, '97, made a visit on Nov. 6.

J. E. H., '96.

Model Alumni.

MISS LAURA W. MOORE is teaching Latin in the Bridgeton High School.

Miss E. Gertrude Camp, Model, '95, is engaged to Mr. Baker, of Rahway.

On Monday evening, Nov. 22, Thos. C. Hill, ex-Model, '98, was married to Miss Weber, of Syracuse, N. Y. Mr. Hill was a popular and influential member of the State Model School, former president, for two terms, of the Thencanic Society, and a valuable member on the staff of the *Trenton Evening Times*.

The Model Alumni were in tears on account of the defeat of Princeton, but Miss M— says she doesn't care, she is always for the winning side.

The following extract from a recent daily paper, about the pupils of the Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts, will be of interest:

Richard Blossom Farley, who spent last summer abroad, and who is a member of the jury this year, has some outdoor things, as has also Kent Wetherill.

The pictures will be hung in the long northwest gallery—where Mr. Henri's pictures have been for the past three weeks. The exhibition will open on Tuesday morning."

"You'll not be hurt", she kindly said,
 "So do not frightened be;
 I merely wanted you to write
 This outline out for me."

Class Notes.

NORMAL.

Senior 1. 2d Div.

Extract from a discussion on stealing in Dr. Seeley's class:

Miss R-t-r.—"O, I wouldn't steal a ride on the cars, but I don't think hitching on is anything!"

All who contemplate moving into the country, go to Miss R--v-s for suggestions regarding the making of pumps.

We are so glad to know that one, at least, of our members, can now eat her turkey thankfully; since Dr. Mumper has given us our averages.

A bit of drama. Scene—Miss Dyne's room, 7th period.

The class, all ready for their work,
 Assembled in their room;

Miss D— then left a minute;

For what, none could presume.

When she returned, with both hands full,

Of sheets of clean rough note,

Came "Oh's!" and "Ah's!" and

"Oh! Miss Dynes!"

From each reproachful throat.

What could we think, when she gave forth,

The paper to each one,

But that a test, de-'test'-able,

Was the next thing to come?

She coolly went on with her work,

Nor vouchsafed a reply,

Till all was given out, then turned,

A twinkle in her eye :

Senior 2.

We deeply regret the fact that Miss Salyer has, on account of ill health, been obliged to leave our class and will not graduate with us in February.

We extend to her our heart-felt sympathies, and hope that she will return to the Normal in good health, and be able to complete her course in June.

We have recently received some very thorough instruction in regard to the principles of "Match-making." This, of course, was a new subject to most of us, but proved exceedingly interesting, and we are now awaiting an opportunity to apply our newly acquired knowledge.

Dr. Mumper.—"How far will eight waves from a concave lens have to travel before they come to a focus?"

Miss W--d.—"To eternity."

Ask Miss R-g-r to express in one word her opinion on abolishing textbooks from the school.

A Senior II query: "Which is the harder: five weeks of city practice, or five weeks of geometry?" We're trying hard to think that practice would be, but it seems almost impossible.

After considerable discussion, we have decided upon a new class yell; also a class flower—red carnation; and the motto—"Higher, yet Higher."

A 1. 4th Division.

The cradle may be a means of developing physical strength and beauty. It all depends, however, on whether

you swing or rock it. For further information on this subject apply to Mr. House.

Miss Williams was somewhat surprised to learn that the dust on the floor of a certain school in Guiana was analyzed, and found to contain forty different disease germs.

Miss S.—Oh, teacher! Do let me talk; My mouth runneth over.

We would like to know why Mr. St-v-s was so abashed one evening, when, returning from the reception he heard, through the stillness of the night, in clear, silvery accents, the words: "Oh Frank are you going to leave us like that?"

B 1. 2nd Division.

Information is desired regarding the distinction between the synonymous words *believe* and *suppose*.

In the grammar class the following conversation took place:

Prof. M.—"Miss B., do we *believe* or *suppose* the moon to be made of green cheese?"

Miss B.—(In an unexpected manner, after contemplating for sometime.) "Why, Professor how could the moon be made of cheese, when it was made before cows existed?"

The girls are practicing and testing themselves according to Prof. S—'s theory of "The making of good housewives."

Lost.

Yes a B 1 girl was lost! She was sitting in the library in a very careless manner, with a book partly opened and lying in her lap. Her eyes were red, cheeks unusually pale, lips compressed, and arms folded; her mind was absorbed in deep and profound meditation.

She was lost in *thought*.

An acknowledgement is due Miss Freeman for her great kindness in providing apples and chestnuts for our refreshment on Holloween evening. It added greatly to the enjoyment of the occasion.

The omission of this acknowledgement in the last number of THE SIGNAL was due to lack of information rather than oversight.

Model Senior.

Miss W's state of mind is sadly mistaken by strangers. Upon boarding a train for the insane asylum a few weeks ago, she was asked whether she wished a single or return ticket.

Alas for the seniors! We are so woefully changed by mathematics and essays that Miss L— now designates her former "enfants" as "mesc animaux."

A young lady of the Solid Geometry class has added a prodigy to the animal kingdom, namely, a "parallelobiped."

The fondness of a certain State street young lady for tea (T) is remarkable.

Her "At Homes" on Wednesday afternoons are considered a decided failure, to the lady herself and her friends, if (T) tea has been omitted from the afternoon's entertainment.

High School A. A.

Mr. Lawrence, influenced by a most praiseworthy and benevolent motive, has left our number in order to swell the microscopic senior class. We are sorry to lose him, but under the circumstances, we would not deter him.

Mr. Jenkins has been disporting himself as a young lady during the summer. Picture him to yourself, seated, in a short blue skirt, on the front of a rickety tandem bicycle, rolling from one side of the street to the other and

coming in second in the Belmar road-race. Then disappearing suddenly around the corner, and appearing shortly after in a faultless pair of duck trousers to receive the compliments of his many young lady friends.

We have had our class meeting and elected the following officers: President, Mr. John A. Schultz; Vice-President, Miss Belle MacCrellich; Secretary, Mr. William Carter; Treasurer, Miss Mabelle Heinsheimer.

Our popular president, Mr. Schultz, had the misfortune to fracture his collar-bone one Friday afternoon in the gymnasium. Mr. Schultz is having a hard time, but he has many visitors to make time pass more quickly. Everyone hopes to see him back with us again as soon as possible.

As stated in THE SIGNAL last year, the class of '99 is in possession of a small, but very select Class Library. This year the following books have been added:

FICTION.

"Called Down," by Smith, with notes by D. Studdiford.

"Joints," in three acts, by R. E. Anderson.

"One Year Satin," by Smith.

"Personal Recollections of the Battle Field," twenty-one pages, profusely illustrated, by Lieut. Benj. E. Messler.

"We Girls," by Ray Hunt.

"Wooded and Wedded," by Wooley June.

LANGUAGES.

"The Ambiguity of French Sentences," by W. Jenkins, Jr.

MEDICAL.

"Knock-downs and Fractures," by John A. Schultz.

"Comparative Merits of Obesity Pills," by H. E. Hanson, Ph. G.

"The Relation between the Living and the Liver," by Willie Carter.

RELIGION.

"A Short Cut to Theology," by Rev. F. D. Lawrence.

"The Analytic and Dialectic Transcendentalism of Kant," by Sol A. Lowenstein.

SCIENTIFIC.

"How to Commit Sphericide," by Ray Hunt.

"Treatise on Crystallography," by W. Jenkins.

"The Division of Something by Nothing," a short treatise on mathematics, by O. C. Mordorf, A. M.

"Polar Eclipses," by Solly Lowenstein.

"The Theory of Function," by Wadsworth Camp.

"Tunnels," by E. C. VanDyke, F. L.

"Telephones, their Use and Abuse," by Frank Hollingsworth, E. E.

"On the Cheap Production of Vacuums, in large numbers," by Ray Hunt.

STOCKS.

"Poultry Training," by Chas. C. Hewitt.

"Horse Training," by Rev. F. D. Lawrence.

MISCELLANEOUS.

"Jokes and Jokers," by Rev. F. D. Lawrence.

"Guide to the City of Bordentown," with Maps, by Wm. Carter.

"Every Boy His Own Banjo," by "Ich" Anderson.

"Compendium of Book-Keeping," by Ed. Rittenhouse.

High School B

A "Shepherd," with his flock, one "Summers" night, was crossing o'er a "Marsh" without a light, except that shed by "Moon" beams, clear and bright. His mind had oft wand'ered into fable, dwelling on "Moore" than one great "Abbett" able, and "Butlers" serving the king's rich table. The Colly (er) at his side had caught a "Fowl (er)", and let his master know it by a growl that gradually turned into a "Howell." "A-rend" came in the sky, and he could feel a "Ray" of early sunshine o'er him steal, as a matin "Bell(a)" sent forth its joyous peal. He smiled, and softly to himself said he: "I'm thinking of a time that 'Wil son' be," when unexcelled "Will" stand the H. S. B.

A pair of favorite class expressions—
"Wellthink" and "Y."

High School C.

Why do Miss L. and Miss Y. delight to roam about the (H) hall?

We thank the H. S. B. for their "sympathetic interest" for the bugologists, and also inform them that we have one of the most interesting and curious bugs in nature, "Bug" Hewitt. Prof. Apgar has not yet been able to classify him.

Prof. Mordorf, in some of his remarks to the Latin class, said: "The male embraces the female." As he noticed the laughter he had created he said: "I guess some of the boys take this in a very bad light."

Mr. B—d.—"P stands for perfect, does it not?"

Prof. D—t.—"Yes, a perfect failure."

Grammar A.

Is this a hopeless case? A certain girl in this class gazes out upon the

landscape in the boys department, all the recess, and goes around "Robin Hood's Barn" to get home.

There may be a cure for this.

Grammar B.

One of the girls asked, "Was the reason why the settlers of Georgia weren't allowed to sell liquor because they couldn't raise silk?"

A little Model boy, who saw a man wearing an overcoat, riding down the street on a wheel, thought it quite a joke and in order to let those who were with him see the man, he was in such a hurry that he called out, "Oh look! here comes a man riding an overcoat with a wheel on."

Society Notes.**Thencanic Society.**

THE Thencanic Society organized at the opening of this school year by electing the following officers: President, Charles C. Hewitt; Vice-President, Ernest C. VanDyke; Treasurer, Raymond G. Spilsberry; Secretary, Harry R. Wilson; Censors, John A. Schultz, Charles W. Camp, R. Earle Anderson; and SIGNAL reporter, Raymond Hunt.

Several interesting and profitable debates have been held this year, and the members seem to be more enthusiastic than ever.

At the last meeting in October, the Thencanic Anniversary was celebrated. Dr. Green, Prof. Dechant, and ex-presidents Samuel H. Wood and Thos. C. Hill made interesting and beneficial addresses to the society, and afterwards refreshments were served in the Thencanic Room.

The Society hopes to give the school a first-class entertainment this year,

probably some time in February. The following committee has the work in charge: Charles W. Camp, Chairman; Ernest C. VanDyke, R. Earle Anderson, Weston Jenkins, Jr., Harry R. Wilson, and Charles C. Hewitt, ex-officio.

Normal Debating Society.

At the regular election of the Normal Debating Society, held on November 17th, the following officers were elected: President, Joseph M. Wright; Vice-President, J. F. Walker; Secretary, Harry D. Gerke; Treasurer, O. W. Flavelle; Executive Committee, Messrs. House, Thorp, and G. Gerke.

The Society is making rapid progress, and with it's new corps of officials, promises greater development than ever before.

Gamma Sigma.

IN YEAR — when the Gamma Sigma Society or Literary Workers, as it was then called, was the only young ladies society in the school; the Thencanic Society presented them with a handsome copy of Milton's "Paradise Lost." The book was placed in the reading room in the girl's hall, and as all the old members had gone out from the school the book was forgotten.

Last month the young lady who was president of the Society at the time the book was presented, returned to visit the school, and while here mentioned the book. Not one of the present members knew of its existence previous to this time. The book is now in Miss Lull's room. It is a beautiful bound volume with full page illustrations by Dore.

For our work this year we decided to read and discuss certain books, and

have chosen "Ramona" for our first. Before starting it, many interesting papers on the Indian question were read, and Miss Nelson brought us many curios made by the California Indians.

On Friday evening, Nov. 19, a sociable was held in Miss Field's room, and each member appeared, arrayed in a costume representing the title of some book. All present enjoyed themselves immensely. The Gamma Sigma emblem, in blue and silver, and the Gamma Sigma cake were a great success.

Second Complimentary Concert.

THE students of the State Schools are certainly enjoying a treat in the complimentary concerts given for their benefit by Prof. Skilton.

Following is the programme of the concert given Friday evening, November 12, by the following well-known musicians: Miss Charlotte Riley, of New York, Soprano; Miss Minnie Coxon, of the State Schools, Violin; Prof. Charles S. Skilton, of the State Schools, Piano; Miss Marjory Seddon, Accompanist, and Prof. Karl A. Langlotz, Viola and Violin Obligato.

PROGRAMME.

Trio—for Violin, Viola and Piano.....	<i>Vieux temps</i> Miss Coxon, Prof. Langlotz and Miss Seddon.
Heart's Delight.....	<i>Gilchrist</i>
Irish Folk Song.....	<i>Footé</i>
Sancta Maria (with Violin).....	<i>Faure</i> Miss Riley.
Forest Scenes.....	<i>Skilton</i>
A Stormy Night.	
A Legend.	

A Frolic.

	Prof. Skilton.
Air Varié—for	Violin..... <i>Vieuxtemps</i>
	Miss Coxon.
The April Girl.....	<i>Fairlamb</i>
Little Boy Blue.....	<i>Nevin</i>
I've Something Sweet to Tell You... <i>Faning</i>	
The Kerry Dance..	<i>Molloy</i>
	Miss Riley.
Moonlit Nights }	<i>Tschaikowski</i>
Barcarolle	
	Prof. Skilton.
Selection.....	
	Miss Coxon.

The Glee Club.

Concert of Last Year.

THE concert, "Saint Cecilia's Day," given by the Glee Club last June, assisted by eminent soloists, was the best concert of its kind given by any previous glee club of the school.

The concert was attended by a very appreciative audience, among whom were one or two club leaders of the city, whose kind criticism was very much appreciated by the club.

Miss Brooks received quite an ovation of flowers from the glee club and other sources, and wishes through the columns of THE SIGNAL, to express her thanks to all to whom she has not spoken personally.

Miss Brooks certainly deserves a large amount of credit for the admirable way in which the club sang and "followed the stick," as the press says.

The members of the Glee Club feel that they cannot too heartily express their thanks to Miss Brooks for the enjoyment of the practices and the valuable training acquired through them, and hope the Glee Club this year will be as much of a success if not more than it was last.

A MEMBER OF THE GLEE CLUB.

Basket Ball.

Following is the score of a recent basket ball game, between the High School B. and N. J. S. S. Consolidated teams:

H. S. B. 13.	N. J. S. S. 16
Butler {	Forwards..... } Grier
Abbet { } Gerke
Aitkin {Side Centres..... }	Hollingsworth
Sands {	Gandy
Dunning.....	Centre.....Reilly
Houghton {	Defense..... } Chew
Bellerjeau { } McConnell

Goals—Reilly, (3), Hollingsworth, Sands, (3), Houghton, Dunning, Gandy, (2), Grier. Goals from fouls—H. S. B. (3).

Exchanges.

ENTHUSIASM is the spice of life. Especially is this true of school life. The man who is not an enthusiast for his own school, is either smothering in enthusiasm, or else is not capable of such a virtue. School spirit is a virtue that ought to be found in every student and love for one's school is second only to love for one's country. Let us be enthusiastic about every department of our school, our athletics, our studies, our social and every phase of school life that we enjoy.

The Hackettstonian.

Squelched.

At a table in a hotel,
 A youth and maiden sat,
 They didn't know each other
 But what of that?
 The youth picked up the sugar,
 With a smile you won't often
 meet,
 And passed it to the girl saying,
 "Sweets to the sweet."
 She picked up the crackers,
 And scorn was not lacked,
 As she passed them to him, saying,
 "Crackers to the cracked."—*Ex*

The patriot in our day, and especially in the United States; is the just man, and not the fighting man of the ancients.

He is the man who in private life, lives honestly, injures no one, and gives every one his due; does the best work he can in his calling, is helpful and kindly to his neighbors and friends; who in a public station discharges his office as faithfully and efficiently as he knows how without fear or favor; who makes no profit beyond his salary, or obliges no friend or relative at the expense of the public; and in fact, so conducts himself that his fellow citizens can point to him with pride, and that in the eyes of foreigners, he reflects honor on his country and his government.

—*Ex.*

Horace Greeley was noted for his bad writing and had to be called upon frequently to transcribe some of his puzzling scrawls to the printers. One day they (the printers) decided to play a practical joke on him. They procured a hen and inked both feet. Setting the hen on a blank sheet of paper, they allowed it to walk about a minute or so and the result was a similarity to the "hen tracks" of Greeley. Then pretending that they couldn't puzzle it out, they carried the paper to Horace for help, and in the course of a half an hour he had an elaborate treatise on a political subject of the day. Of course we vouch (?) for the truth of this story.—*Ex.*

Just Like a Woman.

Max to Minnie was wed one day,
Ne'er guessing the grief to come,
For Minnie she ruled with a haughty
sway,
And talked in a Nancy-mum sort of
a way;

Thus clipping poor Maxy's "yea" and
"nays,"

To the veriest Minnie-mum.—*Ex.*

He who courts and goes away,
Lives to court another day;
But he who weds and courts girls still,
May get to court against his will.

Ex.

For Latin Pupils.

Puer ex Jersey,
Iens ad school;
Videt in meadow,
Infestus mule.
Ille approaches—
O magnus sorrow;
Puer it skyward—
Funeral to-morrow.

Moral.

Qui videt a thing
Non ei well known;
Est bene for him,
Relinque id alone.—*Ex.*

For the Latin Pupils.

Puer et Puella
Ambulant together;
Vocant de the weather,
Very slippery via,
Pedes slid from under;
Triste, triste blunder!
Cadit on the ground,
Sees a lot of stellas;
Adolescens hastens
To aid his puella.
"Tustice!" exclamat
"Relinque me alone!
Nunquam dic mihi!
Till you for this atone."
Non duitius do they
Ambulant together;
Nunquam speak as they pass by,
Non etiam de the weather.—*Ex.*

J. J. BURGNER & SONS,

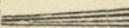


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