

THE SIGNAL.

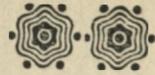


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THE SIGNAL

VOL. V

JANUARY.

No. 6

A Lesson in Tennis.

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

MR. & Mrs. Thaddeus Perkins,
host and hostess.
Mr. & Mrs. Henderson Peters,
visitors.

Mr. Jack Barlow, a coach.
Mr. Bob Yardsley, another.
Jennie, a maid.

SCENE I.

Sitting room of the Perkins' house—
The ladies dressed in shirt waists and
short skirts; their husbands in golf suits.

The curtain rises on Mrs. Perkins and
Peters seated on edge of sofa, and Mr.
Perkins in middle of floor with two ten-
nis racquets in one hand, a net, guy
ropes and stakes in his arms; Mr. Pet-
ers by his side with two more racquets
and four balls.

Mrs. Perkins.—(jumping up and go-
to window for hundredth time.) “What
can be keeping Mr. Barlow and Mr.
Yardsley? Thaddeus, what time is it?”

Mr. Perkins.—(drops racquets on
floor, draws out his watch, shakes and
puts it to his ear.) “Have you the time,
Henderson? My watch has stopped.
Drops three stakes, one at a time.

Mr. Peters.—(dropping balls and
letting them roll under the sofa, draws
out his watch and counts slowly to him-
self.) “Just twenty-three minutes, five
seconds and a half past two o'clock.”

Mrs. Perkins.—(taking another look

out of the window.) “Dear me, and
they promised to be here at one, sharp.
Whatever shall we do?”

Mrs. Peters.—(jumping up excitedly
as she hears the bell peal.) “Here they
are, now! Henderson, hunt up those
balls, we'll never get to playing!”

Mrs. Perkins.—(to her spouse.)
“Thaddeus, get the things together,
quick! They are coming! Oh, where
is Jennie?” (as another quick peal of
the bell sounds through the room.)
Jennie hears this time and goes to the
door.

Bob Yardsley.—“Mr. and Mrs. Per-
kins in?”

Jennie.—“Yes, sir, walk in please.”

Enter Bob, followed by Jack Barlow.

Bob.—“All ready for the game?
Lovely afternoon, court laid out?”

Mrs. Perkins.—“O, yes, Thaddeus
made it this morning, if it's only dry.”

Bob.—“Come along, then, lead the
way, Thaddeus.”

Mr. Perkins leads the way to the
yard, dragging all the guy ropes behind
him, the company follow.

SCENE II.

Perkins' yard.—Curtain rises on Jack
and Bob, attired in duck trousers and
neglige shirts, standing in middle of
court directing operations, the rest of
the party looking on.

Bob.—“Now, Jack, you pound in
these two stakes, and I'll pound in the
others, and we'll have the net up in a

jiffy. Oh, I say, Thad, have you got a couple of mallets?"

Mrs. Perkins.—"I think they're in the closet, under the stairs, Thaddeus."

Mr Perkins departs to find the mallets, while Jack and Bob kneel on one knee and hold the stakes up.

Mrs. Peters.—"Mr. Barlow, did it take you long to learn to play? This racquet feels awful heavy."

Jack.—"Well, it depends on the mood you're in, whether it takes a long time or not. Now, if you just pitch in, happy-go-lucky, and don't care for any thing, you soon learn."

Mr. Perkins.—(calling from the back door.) "Bess, did you say the mallets were in the dark closet?"

Mrs. Perkins.—"I think so, but wait, I'll come help you find them."

Bob.—(chiming in with Jack.) "Yes, that's so, if you don't care for a few knocks, it don't take long to learn. Now, I learned—"

Mr. Perkins.—(coming from the house with a very red face, holding out mallets, Mrs. P. following.) "Here they are, I thought I'd never find them." (Hands one to Bob, the other to Jack. Bob and Jack pound in the stakes and soon have the net up.)

Bob.—"Now, Thad., you and Mrs. Peters take this court, and Hen, you and Mrs. Perkins take the other; you coach Hen, Jack, and I'll coach the others. You serve, Thad.; now, don't hit too hard, be sure and stand on this line, and put your ball right in that square on the other side of the net." (Thaddeus serves and sends the ball flying to the house, which it hits and bounds back three feet.)

Bob.—"There, I told you not to hit too hard. Let me show you how." (Serves, sends ball nicely into Mrs.

Perkins' court.) "There, that was a nice one, hit it, quick!" (Mrs. Perkins makes a wild dive for the ball, throws her racquet in the air, stubs her toe, and falls down. Both Jack and Mr. Peters rush to pick her up, but she has picked herself up before they reach her.)

Mr. Perkins.—"Oh, dear! (with a sigh.) this is hard work!"

Jack.—(struck by an idea.) "Bob, you take that court and serve me a ball or two. Let's show them how the thing's done." (Bob does so, serves Jack a cut, which Jack returns nicely, but Thaddeus gets in the way and receives it in the eye.)

Bob.—"Did that hurt you much? Well, that's the way to do it, anyhow. Now, Thad., try it again; other court this time." (Mr. Perkins takes up racquet, tries to imitate Bob, and hits the ball a tremendous blow. The ball strikes the net, which is drawn as tight as possible, and goes through, leaving a large hole.)

Bob.—(laughing heartily.) "Good, Perkins, old boy, try it again!" (Mr. Perkins tries it over, swings the racquet around in the air, hits the ball another tremendous blow and smashes the racquet.)

Mrs. Perkins.—"Now, Thaddeus, you have done it. We haven't any more racquets. Take it right down and get it mended, so that we can use it soon." (Thaddeus departs.) "Oh, Mr. Barlow, do you think it will take us long to learn, don't you think we have done well to-day?"

Barlow and Yardsley.—(together,) "Oh, you will soon be experts, couldn't have done better ourselves. Good bye, come again next week, and see you win."

Barlow and Yardsley leave; Mrs. Perkins and Mrs. Peters move towards the house, and leave Mr. Peters to gather together the tennis implements (Curtain.)

M. C. MODEL '98.

Why is the Hen?

AS THIS important subject has a broad scope, I shall begin to proceed to write something on its introduction before I take up the more mechanical parts.

"Why is the hen?" This question will find a few answers as follows:

To be a wife to the rooster. Not, to call down, but to sit on eggs, to produce for us our breakfast as a partner of Ham, and to name some of our schoolmates after.

Once upon a time, when I was a farmer, I had a pet hen. That hen was a gentleman's hen, and therefore laid eggs every day. One day I was told she wanted to sit, like all old hens; so we set her on a dozen eggs. The eggs hatched in a short while, and I had seven little hens. From this it is plain to be seen that hens are to hatch hens.

"Have you every chased a hen? Perhaps not, but some of the other kinds of fowls. Well, I have chased a hen. 'Tis indeed sport, and I can well assure you that they are a hard thing to catch.

In the United States the proportion of the Negroes to the whites is about the same as that of the roosters and hens. Why is this? Because the hen is so much the more useful to *society*.

"Oh! what would the world do without hens?" I am afraid it would go around brooding all the time.

Did you ever hear of such a thing as

"hen suffrage?" Yes, it exists, and quite like our would be woman suffrage, too. Around the holidays in those countries that tolerate hen suffrage, the word suffrage is spelled a little differently in "hen Latin;" and thus appears as "hen suffering."

The beautiful boy's name, Henry, appears to me as a high breed as it is composed of Hen and 'ry. The word hen applying to the feminine gender.

They have even taken chickens to the late Klondyke, so as to have the hens to lay golden eggs.

From the above description I, and I alone, can plainly see "Why is the Hen?" But, if my readers wish a more clear answer, I will say the popular woman's reason "*Because.*"

I now bid my readers and all concerned in this paper farewell, and quit my pen, thence going to the Hennery.

J. A. S., K. II.

The Other Man.

Concluded.

AN involuntary shudder passed over Miss Waldron as she gazed on what remained of the wreck.

The blackened boards were wet with what seemed to her excited imagination as blood, but what in reality was only the moisture from the damp, gloomy roof above.

Miss Dorothea glanced nervously over her shoulder into the darkness through which they had come, and VanRensselaer seeing her, commanded the lad to move on.

They walked on in silence, VanRensselaer every once in a while took out his watch and, holding it to the lantern, glanced anxiously at the face, while Miss Waldron each time repeated the now tiresome question, "Shall we get

through in time?' and VanRensselaer each time returned the much worn reply, "If we keep on as fast as we are going now we shall."

So they went on and Miss Dorothea wondered if they would ever come to the end, and she could not help thinking what might happen if the roof caved in and crushed them beneath the mantle of death, as it had the ill-fated sleeping car they had just passed.

At last VanRensselaer announced that there were two minutes left, and the lad informed them that they were very near the end. Soon they saw starlight and a very beautiful moon framed in a ring of darkness, and with lightened spirits they hurried towards the opening.

As they came out they saw the station about a hundred yards away, and the train they had worked so hard to meet, drawn up before the platform.

VanRensselaer took Miss Waldron by the arm and, hurrying her across the road, helped her onto the station platform just as the train started. They both ran and, as with Davis and Miss Waldron at Beaverfoot, they reached the train just as the front platform of the rear car was passing; but this time VanRensselaer lifted Miss Waldron on to the steps first, and as she caught hold of the hand rail and clambered up, he attempted to follow her, but the platform had passed; so, taking a rather risky chance, he bravely swung himself onto the rear platform and had the pleasure of knowing that all was well and the party reunited.

Of course his first impulse was to go into the car and talk to the rest of their adventure, and he opened the door and stepped into the smoking room with this object in view. Then the thought came to him that he would be taking a

cowardly advantage of Davis. So he was just sitting down when the door opened and in walked Miss Dorothea Waldron, with tears in her brown eyes, and a look of disappointment on her face. As she saw VanRensselaer she gave a start, and with a little gasp said, "I thought you just got left at Beaver Bend?"

"Indeed, Miss Waldron, I don't see how that can be, for I am here to deny it."

"Yes, tell me, how was it? I am so glad."

"Well, you see, there are two platforms to every car, I missed one and caught the other, that is all."

The moon was flooding the grand mountain scenery in a light far prettier and softer than sunlight. So, as the rear platform was wide, and was used in place of the observation car when the latter was removed, VanRensselaer proposed that they go out and look at the massive scenery, weird and beautiful in the pale greenish light. As she still had her wrap on Miss Waldron readily assented, and so VanRensselaer carried out a camp stool for her and saw her comfortably settled, after which he sat on the steps at her feet, and leaning back against the car, at Miss Waldron's request, lighted a cigar.

They had been looking back upon the line of glistening rails and gazing awe-struck at the magnificent works of nature, for about half an hour, when they heard a quick step behind them, and Mr. Jonathan Davis hurriedly opened the door and stepped out on the platform.

Now as VanRensselaer was sitting on the steps, Mr. Davis had not seen him as he came through the car, and supposing that Miss Waldron was alone, he had seized the first propitious

moment to apologize and do penance for his misdemeanors. So in an impressive voice softened with sorrow and contrition, he said:

"My dear Miss Waldron, you cannot imagine—" here he stopped for VanRensselaer drew in on his cigar and hit the brake rod sharply with his foot, as if by accident.

Davis' jaw dropped as he looked at the figure sitting on the steps beneath him.

He stammered, "Mr. —er, Mr. —er, Mr. —er."

"VanRensselaer," pleasantly announced the gentleman of that name.

"Ah, yes," said Davis, "I thought you got left at Beaver Bend."

"Yes? I don't see how that can be, for I am here to deny the statement."

"Yes, I am so glad."

"This scenery is simply grand, is it not?" asked VanRensselaer, "Any one coming out suddenly and seeing those magnificent mountains, could not help being inspired to words of—" but here he stopped, for he realized by the worried look on Davis' face that he was going too far. After an awkward pause of a moment or so, Miss Waldron shivered and said, "I am cold, had we not better go in?"

Now this remark was addressed to nobody in the world but VanRensselaer; but Davis took it to himself, and as Miss Dorothea arose he picked up her camp stool and, holding the door open for her, passed into the car with her, while VanRensselaer lazily strolled in after them.

As the party saw him, Mrs. Waldron exclaimed, "Why, Mr. VanRensselaer, I thought you got left at Beaver Bend."

"Yes, Mrs. Waldron?" replied VanRensselaer, "I don't see how that can

be, for I am here to deny the fact."

Well, they were all very glad to see him, and complimented him on his ingenuity, all but one. Robinson was not there. He soon came in from the next car, and when he saw VanRensselaer, he ran up to him and said:

"Why, so glad to see you old man, I thought you got left at Beaver Bend."

"Yes?" replied VanRensselaer, "I don't see how that can be for I am here to deny the fact. Jove, this is getting monotonous," he mentally added, while Miss Waldron leaned over and whispered in his ear, "Where did you leave that Mr. VanRensselaer?" But VanRensselaer did not see fit to reply just then.

Of course the remainder of the trip was rather embarrassing for Davis, to say the least, and he was man enough to see that he had lost all the chance he had ever had with Miss Waldron. But he was still devoted to her all the way home; and at college the next year, he was a changed man, in fact it was several years before he completely got over the effects of the western trip, and that other man, even now, when he rushes up to New York to hear the grand opera, stands in the lobby of the "Metropolitan" and waits to see Mr. and Mrs. VanRensselaer pass out to their carriage.

THE END.

Our Physiognomy.

At present we are all watching each others' faces, hair, eyes, noses, hands, walk, etc., to find out each other's character. According to the lecture on physiognomy recently given in the chapel, some of us will bear scrutiny, and many of us will not.

The Legacies of Nations.

NO one can fully realize, until he comes to study the ancient history of the world, how many of the wonders of this generation, those supposed to be the creations of our own civilization, come down to us from the early nations of Greece, Rome, and the Orient. People stand and admire the huge Pulitzer building of New York, and the great Masonic Temple of Chicago in wonder and amazement, never dreaming that over three thousand years ago the Egyptians erected stupendous palaces whose halls would hold our greatest cathedrals; and never thinking for a moment that the superb architectural plans of our buildings come from the Egyptians and other nations of their time. Think how some of our people would have opened their eyes to behold the great pyramid of Gizeh, twice the extent of any other building in the world.

And when we know that the Egyptians manufactured glass and porcelain, were adepts in the arts of embalming and dyeing, and invented the science of geometry, we realize that God's first human creatures were endowed with some common sense, and that it didn't take three thousand years for the Creator to remember to give brains to his people.

The astronomers of to-day would tell you that much of their science was practiced by the early Chaldeans before them. The Assyrians had lenses, constructed tunnels and aqueducts on the principle of the arch, understood the use of the pulley, the lever, and the roller, and many other of the useful mechanical arts of to-day.

But Phœnicia has left to us a still

more important portion of the Orient's legacy. By exploring, colonizing and trading, they started the march of civilization, the march from war to peace, happiness and prosperity, which is still going on in this, the nineteenth century. And they also left us the phonetic alphabet, one of the most wonderful inventions the world has ever seen, and which has been of unmeasurable benefit to all civilized nations since their day.

The Persians started the reform movement in government by softening down the tyrannical despotism practiced by the kings of most of the nations at that time.

But the Hebrews left to us our religion. The chosen race of God, they have preserved for us his commandments and the records of his dealings with their people. They prepared the soil for the coming of Jesus Christ, the centre of all true religion, the grandest figure in all the world's history, and so left to all the earth that which is undoubtedly the richest legacy of all, for it is a legacy which is eternal and which will remain after worlds and nations have been swept away by the hand of their Creator, and other legacies and blessings avail mankind no more.

Aside from the religion of Christ, there has perhaps been no more refining influence on the progress of the world's history than that of great and glorious Greece. First of all, she has left us democratic government, a blessing for which Americans have fought too hard to underate its value. Greece originated a literature which has exerted a great influence for good to the human race. Homer's epics were really the beginning of a new and greater era in the history of mankind, as we can see by looking at the many masterpieces of literature, from every clime,

in every tongue which we possess to-day. We are also indebted to this grand country for its philosophy, its orators, and its originators of the finest types of architecture and sculpture.

Rome gave to the world its examples and lessons of its great statesmen and its sturdy manhood. It also gave important aid to the transmission of the legacy of the Hebrews by helping the spread of the Christian faith.

Thus we see how many of the blessings of this age we owe to our ancient predecessors. We cannot trace their transmission through all time, for this subject would be endless, but we can realize that these legacies come from our venerable Oriental forefathers, that they get them from their Creator, and that all things good are from above, whether they come through long ages of time or are the creations of the genius of this generation.

Thanksgiving Recess.

AFTER going down to the station to bid adieu to their friends and watching the train move away without a tear glistening on their delicate eyelids, the unyielding heroines who had decided to remain in Trenton for their Thanksgiving, walked slowly back to the pleasant school home.

Many and many times was the well worn fact repeated that there were only four more weeks before they, too, would be home.

Wednesday evening, however, all forgot their hidden longings in the enjoyment of the extremely unusual privilege of receiving so many of the young men in the reception rooms.

All present enjoyed the affair thoroughly, not excepting the hapless young man who, in the politeness of his heart, when rising to offer his seat

to a young lady, accidentally knocked down one of the handsome, expensive globes from its pedestal, causing the breaking of china and the confusion of "America." Of course the young man received ample consolation, and it is to be hoped that Miss Freeman did also.

The next day was one of great excitement, for were not the boys coming to enjoy Thanksgiving dinner with us?

They came; and in grand array, the procession marched from the reception rooms through the broad halls into the spacious dining room. Every thing showed artistic arrangement, for no pains had been spared to render the occasion a grand one; and the beaming faces of the young ladies and gentlemen added to the effectiveness of the scene.

The dinner was such, that better could not have been obtained at Demonico's. It was served in the daintiest manner possible, and all seemed thoroughly delighted, except the miserable young men upon whom was inflicted the terrible task of carving the turkey. Upon their faces was depicted such inexpressible agony that it was plain to be seen, sufficient attention had not been paid to manual training, which trains the brain, eye and hand to work in unison.

When all had enjoyed their repast, by the suggestion of Miss Boyer, the company was led by Prof. Morrison, in giving three cheers for Miss Freeman who had treated them so beneficently.

After dinner no one felt disposed to very active exercise except a few tennis fiends. The next day passed with no very eventful proceedings as the weather was threatening.

Saturday some of the energetic ventured forth to see the play, "Uncle Tom's Cabin," at the Opera House.

On Monday, that dreadful morning, which always will come, the bustle began again with the return of the "blue" girls; still there was consolation in the thoughts that four weeks more would bring Christmas.

THE SIGNAL

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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.

The New Year.

ONE more year has rolled around! One new year has made its appearance! What lessons has the old one taught us? What opportunities will the new one bring? These are the questions we should ask ourselves at this time. It is true that with students the real "new year" probably begins at the opening of school in September, but it is also true that a great many of the mistakes of '97 may be rectified by conscientious work in '98, so that this is a time for good resolves in school work as well as in many other things. The dawning of a new year naturally makes one feel bright and happy. It is like an era of hope opening before us, a time when past troubles and disappointments fade away from our mind, and we are only conscious

of the intense joy of looking forward to a successful future. May the memory of failures past protect us in the time ahead! May past achievements imbue us with the confidence which begets success! THE SIGNAL wishes all its readers a very "Happy New Year."

Entertainments.

Now we have had our little moralizing sermon, let's turn to lighter things, which, as a fact, we enjoy far more whether we should or not. This year, we have had an abundance of entertainment. Prof. Skilton, early in the school year, favored us with two delightful complimentary concerts, which were mentioned in last month's SIGNAL; since then he has given us a most excellent musicale. We have had the Christmas entertainment, and the famous lecturer, Col. French, has given us the pleasure of a second visit. In fact, we are having much more this year than we had last. Last year, we had no complimentary concerts, and no Col. French, and now, because of this, we appreciate them all the more.

But where are all the society entertainments? It is about time that some of our progressive organizations were doing something. About time that some of our school talent should take its "light" out from under the "bushel," where it has been hidden since last year. All the fun we've had makes us thirsty for more. We want more complimentary concerts, more holiday entertainments, more lectures and magic lantern shows, more society plays, more of those nice receptions

in the gymnasium! "Oh, come! let us have 'em!"

A Suggestion.

There are a great many things done in college that are not and cannot be done in a preparatory school. There are also a great many things done in college that can be done in a preparatory school, but are never thought of. We do not intend to enumerate them now, we merely wish to make a suggestion.

Every year, at a great many of our large colleges, a class oratorical contest is held. These affairs are nearly always very enjoyable. First, the Freshman orator speaks, then a musical selection is given, then the Sophomore Demosthenes delivers his address, and so on. After all is over, the judges award the prize or trophy which has been contended for to the best of the four speakers, or to the class of which he is a member.

Last year the Thencanic Society held a debate which was a great success, and not wearisome in the least. We cannot see why we could not have a first-class oratorical contest in our school. It might be held between the four high school classes of the Model, or the many divisions and classes of the Normal, or, if it could be arranged, we might have an oratorical set-to between chosen representatives of the Normal and Model school.

Of course, it is very doubtful about a prize being secured which would be suitable, but we would have no lack of music for the intermissions, and the orators, we think, might be willing to work for glory alone. Think about this, and if it meets your favor, let some of our progressive students "push" it through.

Class Notes.

NORMAL.

Senior 1. 2d. Div.

MISS R— insisted on asking in geometry class, "Be I jay?" and then herself replied with decision, "I *be* jay. We think, however, that Miss R— could improve her grammar very much, if she cared to try.

Miss B—'s parody of a popular song—"All pumps look alike to me."

Miss H— "What is one of the sources of carbon!"

Miss P— (with startling suddenness, after a moment's reflection)— "Smoke."

The colors of the class of June, '98, are Yale blue and white. The class motto we have chosen is:

We have crossed the bay;
The ocean lies before us.

Teacher.—How can you sum up nitro-glycerine, gun powder and gun cotton?"

Miss V—l—Fire-works."

According to Miss M—ll—r's account, part of the army of Alexander the Great consisted of 3,000 calvary.

Miss Cr-ft's version of the Spartan maxim:

Return upon your shield or without it.

Senior 2.

We trust that the announcement will not cast a gloom over the school, but this is the last time that the SIGNAL will be favored with an account of the witty and brilliant remarks of the members of the class of February '98.

There is no dew left on the daisies and clover,

There is no rain left in heaven;

There is no gold left in Klondike,
Since our *sample pins* were riven.

MODEL.

Senior.

That the members of the Senior II class have been deeply interested in the study of Shakespeare's plays, is shown by the following incidents:

We had just completed a four or five weeks study of "Hamlet," we were told to pass in our books. One of the young ladies of the class said to her seat-mate, "Pass up your Hamlet." Miss K-m-ble sitting directly in front caught only part of the remark and turning quickly around as if pleased with the news said, "Oh, are we going to take up the study of Hamlet, next?"

Miss R-e—"Professor, is it 2b?"

Professor S-y—"To be (2b) or not to be (2b), that is the question."

B 2

One day in history class we were surprised to hear that, after the invention of steam engines in England, one was invented in America which was better suited to this climate.

One of the young men in our class thinks that the following sentences are examples of good English: "George went out to see his brother kill a geese." "The cow were lost in the swamps."

It was evident that the packing of trunks had a great effect upon the preparation of lessons during the days preceding the holidays.

There are not and shall not be any candidates for marriage in this division, as Miss J— has advised the scholars to "Remain single."

Professor F— has taken photographs of the muscular movements found in the girls' faces. They were taken without previous notice and are consequently true and perfect.

A few qualities for which the class of '98 is noted: The beauty of its class pin; The excellence of its motto; The echoing ring of its yell; The abundance of the male sex; Last, but not least, the magnificence of the class picture.

Alas! did I hear it said by one of our members that gold and white will not make a pretty pin? I fear that member is not loyal.

The Seniors appreciated the tribute paid them by the '99 class, when a beautiful calendar for '98 was issued. The calendar is very bright in colors.

High School A.

Prof. Mordorf, who has a very peaceful way of putting things, said, the other day, that the Senior class was slowly growing, and he hoped, some day, would be a decent sort of a class.

The class of '99 has challenged the Senior Class to a bowling contest, and the challenge has been accepted. Although the result is a forgone conclusion, the Seniors are practicing desperately, believing, poor, deluded, mortals, that they have some chance. '99 is practicing too, but is very modest in its assertions.

The bicycle has come to stay,
The horse is out of date,
I'll never use a trot again
In nineteen hundred eight.

Mr. Hollingsworth, one of our noble Seniors, has discovered a new play-thing. He sits besides one of the unused windows in Prof. Mordorf's room and writes a large '98 on the slats of the shutters. Then he turns them the other way, so that the '98 disappears. But when he sees a prop-

itious moment, he turns the slats back again and discloses the numerals of his class. Great credit is due to Mr. Hollingsworth for this invention. We prophesy that when he grows up, he will be a great inventor, and patent some useful device, perhaps an automatic centrifugal thermonstatic jumping-jack.

Mr. Anderson, who talks Deutsch, has composed the following:

Viele, viele, Normaleite,
Gehen immer ringe-herum,
So ganz viele datz man kann nicht,
Kann nicht immer geh' und Kerum'.

A certain short, fat Senior is so often called down, that we think he might find a suitable position at the central telephone office, when he would be called up a little.

Miss E. informs us that funerals were one of the amusements of the Romans. Well—It depends on the part one has in the funeral.

Will some one please inform us what kind of hats the Greeks wore during the Trojan war?

Mr. H. informs us that Andromache was the son of Priam. Will he please mention his authority for such a statement.

Someone tells us that Minerva is the Goddess of snakes. This is a new departure.

High School C.

Only the uncharitable people think our name very appropriate, the naughty ones, ('01)?

Grammar A.

This class held a class entertainment on Friday morning, December 17th, 1897, first period. It was original,

being prepared by a committee of five, of which Miss Fletcher was the chairman.

Model Alumni.

MISS PACKER, ex. '95, Miss Woodruff, '95, Miss Scott, '97, special, who are Vassar girls now, visited school Monday, December the 20th. They all enjoy college very much, and told all the seniors they should not think of going to any other college than Vassar.

Mr. Henry Lawrence, '97, who is a student at Dickinson college, visited some of the classes Monday morning.

Miss Cora Fausset, '96 was in school during the session of the Mercer County Institute.

"Pinky" Sprigman, Model '93, is visiting his home after a year's absence in Europe and Mexico. He is on the staff of the *New York Journal*.

The entire male portion of the class of '83, consisting of Hon. John W. Queen, Robert V. Whitehead, Lieut. Wilmot E. Ellis, and Conrad Hewitt, met in solemn re-union, and dined at the Manhattan Hotel in New York city on the evening of December 27th. Among the many toasts to the school and school boy days, the one to the Thencanic Society was responded to with the greatest pride, these four gentlemen all being among the original founders of the society. Before separating, the following telegram was sent to Dr. O. P. Steves:

"The class of eighty-three,
Though only four they be,
Send greetings, sir, to thee."

(Signed), Queen, Whitehead, Ellis and Hewitt.

Society Notes

Arguomuthos Society.

ON Friday afternoon, Dec. 17th, the Societies of the Schools met with the Arguomuthos Society, in the study room, to listen to a talk given by Miss Boyer on "Beautiful Countries."

She chose Venice as the subject of her talk; and for a short hour entertained us with her impressions of that city.

We hope that sometime in the future Miss Boyer will let us hear more of her travels.

Thencanic Society.

We are extremely sorry that Mr. Douglas Studdiford, one of our ablest debaters and most popular members, decided during the past vacation to return to Worcester Academy, Mass., where he attended school last year.

Last year the Thencanic Society gave the school an entertainment in the way of a debate on the Woman's Suffrage question. We do not wish to boast, but ask those who were there whether it was good or not. This year we are going to give you a very different sort of entertainment. What it is we will not say just now. Be sure and come to it, everybody, when it comes off, which will probably be late in March or early in April.

Reception Notes.

THE entertainment and reception given by the young ladies of the Hall, December 3d, was very much enjoyed by those present.

The musical part consisted of solos, duets and choruses, which formed a de-

lightful feature of the programme. The recitations and readings were especially enjoyable. The recitation by Miss McGuire, was encored with hearty good will, and even after that the audience called for more.

Following is the programme.

Piano Solo.....	Miss Ross.
Recitation.....	Miss Morningstern.
Trio.—"Slumber Song....."	Misses Heston, Bartlett, Johnson.
Reading.—from "The Colonel's Opera Cloak."	Mrs. Long
Double Quartet.—"Dinah Doe.".....	Misses Egan, Reeve, Heston, Johnson, Newall, MacBride, Reeves and Allen.
Recitation.....	Miss McGuire.
Vocal Solo.—"Happy Days.".....	Miss Bartlett.
With Violin obligata.....	Miss Thompson
Piano Solo.....	Miss Austin.

The company then adjourned to the gymnasium where the friends and supporters of our good times received, namely Dr. Green, Mrs. Dinsmore, Miss Boyer and Professor Morrison. The evening passed pleasantly with games and conversation; and "Good Night Ladies," closed the happy evening.

The Masquerade.

A MOST motley and unique gathering was the one held in the gymnasium of our school, Saturday evening, December 18th.

To an observer in the gallery the grand march was a sight never to be forgotten. The "Martha Washington's;" the spirited gypsy girls, the elaborately bespangled dresses of the court beauties, were all intermingled in a mass of bewildering loveliness.

Of course the boys of the Hall were not allowed the admittance they so eagerly coveted. One innocent girl exclaimed as she entered the door, "O, I didn't know the boys were coming," for there were boys there although not from the Hall.

Extremely embarrassing must it have been for one honored preceptress to be embraced by these same lively "Young Americans," although the younger ladies seemed heartily to enjoy it.

The little old women and ghostly creatures, draped in sheets, added solemnity to the occasion. The dudes, the farmers, the western young man, the little boys, and the cadet were all objects of admiration to the young ladies.

The students with their gowns and mortar boards marched around in a dignified manner, forming quite a contrast to the striking bicycle girls. The summer girls, flower girls, school girls, little Bo-Peep, and girls in graceful Grecian drapery were all very attractive. The Indians, Japanese, Chinamen, and Africans were all present in their most hilarious mood, no one ever seeing the latter without a very, very broad smile being inflicted upon the organs of sight.

The poor little baby with the rosy cheeks produced quite a commotion at one time by losing its balance, and being about to jump up in its usual way, suddenly remembering that it belonged to the period of helpless infancy, "turned around and bawled," as it was afterward expressed by one of our coming teachers.

Two or three dances and a square set were enjoyed before the company removed their masks, and then exclamations, such as "O, I had no idea that was you," "O, I knew you right

away," "How sweet you do look," and "What a fine boy you make," were heard in all directions.

After more dancing much pleasant conversation and laughter, the jolly company marched out singing college songs. The verdict was passed unanimously that this masquerade was one of the pleasant occasions to be remembered among "Happy Days at Normal."

Locals.

A VERY great treat was given to the Seniors in being allowed the privilege of attending the "Mercer County Institute," and hearing the lecture by Dr. White, on "The Duty of the Hour." Such a lecture portrays in all its fullness the sacredness and responsibility of the teacher's task.

The Christian Endeavor Society of the Hall has been having a series of interesting and helpful meetings this term. The meetings are well attended, but there is room for many more, and a most hearty invitation is extended to all to help by their presence and sympathy, the work of the coming year.

Exchanges.

IN the fall he played foot-ball,
 And played the season through,
 In the winter he played a banjo,
 And he sang in the glee club too.
 In the spring he swung a racquet,
 And base-ball, too, played he,
 In one year he graduated,
 With the degree of "G. B."—*Ex.*

We take great delight in noticing that the literary editors of the numerous school papers that come to our hand are well informed on all topics of the day, whether political or otherwise.

They possess confidence in expressing their opinions.

Good boys love their sisters;
 So good have I grown,
 That I love other boys sisters
 Better than my own.—*Ex.*

The *Normal Review* is a credit to its editors.

"A romantic young man says that a young woman's heart is like the moon—it changes continually, but it always has a man in it."—*Ex.*

One of the brightest of our exchanges is *The Vermont Academy Life*.

Teacher: "Tommy, if you had three yards of goods, and took five more, what would be the result?"

Tommy: "Thirty days in jail, sir."

We congratulate the *Mnemosynean* on its attractiveness.

The Helios has succeeded in placing itself among the first of our school papers.

We have never lost interest in reading *The Oneontan*.

A polite man is one who listens with interest to things he knows all about, when they are told by people who know nothing about them.—*Ex.*

EVOLUTION.

"Evolution," quoth the monkey,
 "Makes all mankind our kin;
 There's no chance at all about it—
 Tails we lose and heads they win."
 —*Truth.*

"What is a critic?" He is a man who rips things to pieces without knowing how to put them together again.—*Chicago Record.*

How dear to our hearts,
 In cash or subscription,
 When the generous subscriber
 Presents it to view.

But the man who won't pay—
 We refrain from description;
 For perhaps, gentle reader,
 That man might be you.—*Ex.*

After the foot-ball is over,
 After the field is clear,
 Straighten my nose and shoulder,
 Help me to find my ear.
 Tune—"After the Ball."—*Ex.*

We sat alone; I noticed
 A tear-drop glisten in her eye,
 And on her dear lips quivered
 The shadow of a sigh.

Her dimpled arms reached out to me,
 Her soft breath fanned my face,
 The panting lips were close to mine,
 I kissed her?—not the case.

She whispered to me softly—
 "I broke my dolly dear!"
 You see my little wooer
 Had not quite turned a year.—*Ex.*

An English paper tells of a clergyman who had two curates, with the older of whom he was at spord's points. On being appointed to another living, he decided to take with him the younger curate, whom he liked, and when he came to preach his farewell sermon, he chose as his text, "Abide ye here with the ass, and I and the lad will go yonder and worship."—*Public Opinion Exchange Column.*

"Well begun" may be "half done,"
 But beginning is not ending;
 Great successes ne'er are won
 By only wishing and intending.
 "Start" is good, but "stay" is better,
 "Start and stick," is sure prize getter,
 "Staying powers" take foremost place.
 —*Sel.*

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