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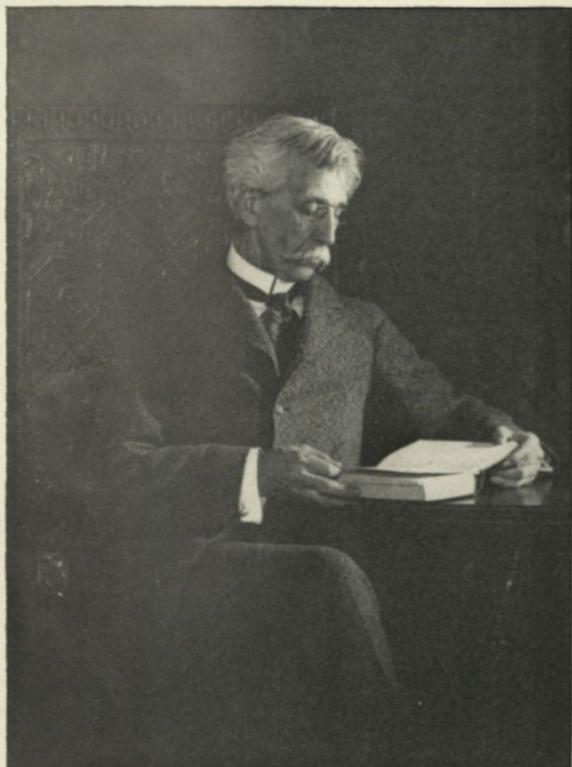


Photo. by H. W. South, Trenton, N. J.

**E. F. CARR.**

# THE SIGNAL

VOL. VI.

JUNE, 1899.

No. 9.

Elias F. Carr, Ph.D.

Instructor in Higher Mathematics.

How many voices we have heard, from time to time, saying, "I wonder when Dr. Carr's biography will be in THE SIGNAL?" Well, here it is, the biography of our highly esteemed instructor in mathematics—the Doctor who makes his class exercises so enjoyable and profitable by his many illustrations that one cannot help looking forward with pleasure to the algebra period if a Senior I, and to the geometry period if he has the good fortune to be a Senior II. Everyone who has been under Dr. Carr knows how well versed he is in every branch, and how often he refers to each by way of illustration; for a good deal besides algebra and geometry is imparted if one catches the force of the side-lights that are cast upon the main subject. Yes; we all laugh and say how comical this or that was, but it does not end here, for there is always a lesson to be learned from the many contributions of wisdom, both selected and original. Dr Carr knows how to bring the lesson home.

He was born in Cummington, a town in the western part of Massachusetts. As a boy, it was necessary for him to earn money by doing whatever came his way, and the first money he remembers to have earned was gained by selling daily papers in Springfield, Mass., at the

age of twelve years. Having removed to Connecticut about this time he attended school two winters when his school-life apparently ended. Work of various sorts was engaged in, such as cutting cord-wood, sometimes standing in snow knee-deep, doing such farm-work as a boy could do, helping to make boots, working in a blacksmith's shop, serving as a salesman in a "hand-me-down" clothing store, and trying carpentering until by planing pickets so unevenly that they were spoiled and putting a storm-blind in upside down, he concluded this was not his vocation. For nearly three years he worked in a woolen mill and became practically acquainted with nearly every machine used at that time in the manufacture of cassimere. After a sufficient acquaintance with this industry, as he thought, and seeing no immediate prospect of owning the mill, he "resigned" his position to attend a business "college" in Hartford, where he remained till he had satisfactorily completed the course. Upon leaving the school he received a certificate "which," says Dr. Carr, "stated that I was capable of doing a great many things that were utterly beyond me." On account of this belief the certificate was never used.

Dr. Carr does not think these inci-

dents of boyhood life of any importance to the readers of THE SIGNAL, unless some youth, dependent upon his own exertions, may receive an incentive to the performance of every duty as it may arise and to uncompromising toil.

From Connecticut, Dr. Carr went to Troy, N. Y. He entered the Troy Academy, a school preparatory to college. While there it was necessary for him to work evenings, and although he spent but one year at this school, he was admitted to college without being conditioned in any subject. During his college course he stayed out one term to teach in the Troy Academy, but this did not change the date of his graduation. At the end of the term which he had spent in teaching and private study, he went to the college and passed the regular examinations with his class. This shows that where there is determination absence from recitations for a brief period need not necessarily cause a loss of time.

At that time the valedictorian was elected by the class, Union College recognizing no such position on the commencement stage. It was Dr. Carr's good fortune to be chosen to fill that post of honor, which proves his popularity in youth as well as in middle age. Before commencement week, however, the class got into a factional fight which resulted in the downfall of the class-day arrangements, and the valedictory went with the general wreck. Another instance, Dr. Carr says, of "the light that failed." Having, however, delivered his oration upon the commencement stage, he departed from Union College. He secured a position in the Troy High School, and within a year the Board of Education offered him the principalship of the Sixth Ward Grammar School of that city. He accepted the position, but declined an election for the ensuing year

and took the principalship of a "Union School" at Hoosac Falls, N. Y. At the end of the year, he was recalled to the High School in Troy, where he served as first assistant and, for some time, as acting principal for nine years.

He received an offer, unsolicited, to go to Yonkers, N. Y., where he remained until he resigned to accept his present position as professor of mathematics in the N. J. S. N. S.

If broad scholarship, executive ability and congenial and cordial fellowship are elements of success in that office, the State has been fortunate in securing the services of Dr. Carr.

Among Dr. Carr's associates we find the names of many literary men, and we have heard it reported that he has written numerous articles for publication.

This is not surprising, as his literary talent is very marked, and he has the pen of a ready writer. Dr. Carr has delivered several lectures both before the school and elsewhere. He is a member of the "Council of Education," and during one year he was Vice-President of the State Teachers' Association.

Originality is a striking trait in Dr. Carr. Good nature and ability to see the humorous side of life are also present. His bright smile and witty remarks brighten the life of all the students who come under his influence.

HATTIE C. DEMAREST.

### Dante Grieving for Beatrice.

THE whole setting of this picture is in harmony with the feelings of Dante, the center of interest. The scene is laid in an open glade, apparently in the midst of a dense forest. The time of the day is probably the afternoon, as is suggested by the shadows cast by a marble urn, and by the bench upon

which Dante sits. The general aspect of the forest is, however, gloomy, an effect that is due to the dense foliage. The gloom is deepening because of the waning light of the late afternoon.

Dante, the figure that attracts our attention first, is very sorrowful. His attitude is one of dejection and listless. His grief is also made more noticeable by his solitude. The expression of his face and his downcast eyes show how utterly disconsolate he feels. Not far from him, though unknown to him, have strolled a party of maidens. The three who are ahead of the others have discovered his presence and are fearful of disturbing him. Another is in the act of going back to her friends and warning them not to make any noise. The first figure seems to feel special sympathy and interest in Dante, and is watching him and at the same time unconsciously restraining the others. All of them seem to sympathize strongly with Dante in his grief over the death of Beatrice, and to wish to leave him undisturbed in peace and solitude.

EMILY W. RUSLING,  
*Gram. A.*

May 22d, 1899.

### Michael Angelo.

**J**UST as the mighty machinery of the present, the harness of nature's energy, declares the scientific spirit of the age, so truly does the artistic product of the Renaissance give witness to an atmosphere in which art reveled and flourished. Florence, the "Athens of Italy," was the city in which the cold forms of classical art were destined to be revived, to live again, to be filled with the passions, to be imbued with the spirit of a more advanced age.

On the fifth day of March, 1475, a child was born at a suburb several miles

from the city of Florence. Nothing of importance marked the advent of the little stranger. The mother, after the custom of the time, placed the child in custody of a stone-cutter's wife, living in the mountainous village of Settignano, to be cared for until the age of two. Such was the birth of Michael Angelo Buonarrotti, who, in later years, said that he had imbibed a love for stone-work with his pap.

The child grew to be a boy, and received an education in the schools of Florence. Then the father requested his son to decide upon the work he desired to follow for life. The answer came with promptness and decision, "I intend to be an artist."

We will not follow Angelo's life from his entrance as a pupil to the atelier of Domenico Grillandajo, through his subsequent course of education at the Art Gardens of Lorenzo de Medici, but will introduce him at the age of twenty-four, when he had just completed "la Píeta," that work by which he suddenly passed from local mediocrity to national eminence.

The life and fortunes of Michael Angelo, as well as those of every Florentine of that time, are intimately concerned with the struggle that took place between the parties of the Medici, that of the Anabiat, or rabble, and that of Savonarola. After the death of Lorenzo and the expulsion of Piero de Medici, Michael Angelo found his position at Florence perilous, so he finally left for Rome.

Rome of the 16th century was an ecclesiastical fortress; a city rich in inspiration; storied with mementos of her former greatness. Here many statues and buildings were still standing, the relics of departed power. To this city young Angelo came—a stranger. As he surveyed the masterpieces that

everywhere surrounded him, how his bosom must have swelled with emotion! Did it occur to him then that he would live to see one day this great city, aye, the whole of Italy, bow to his genius!

The stroke of destiny that brought Pope Julius II and Michael Angelo together was most fortunate for art. The two men presented characteristics that were remarkable at once for likeness and dissimilarity. There was a continual clash between them; yet the results prove it a struggle that brought out the best in each. No other pope was able to goad on the mighty Angelo to produce such works of art as the paintings of the Sistine Chapel. "A rough, proud dignity lies in Julius' appearance; his fierceness never degenerated into cruelty. That which ennobled him beyond all other popes was his delight in the works of great artists and the discernment with which he recognized them and drew them to himself."

While in the midst of his work on the cartoon of the Bathing Soldiers, Michael Angelo was summoned to Rome. Julius desired a splendid mausoleum that would cause him to be remembered long after his body had crumbled to dust. This was the beginning of what Condivi calls the "Tragedy of the Mausoleum."

The work was designed and re-designed but never finished, though it was ever in Angelo's mind up to the time of his death sixty years after. However, though not completed, the object for which Julius wanted the mausoleum was attained. The single statue of the Moses has been more potent in perpetuating the Pope's memory than his most extravagant dream could have conjured. The Moses has been called the "crown of modern sculpture," not only in idea but also in its boldness and incomparable delicacy of execution. It

exemplifies at once both the violent passions that filled the Pope and the determination and power of the sculptor under "the figure of the greatest, mightiest, popular leader who ever raised a nation from servitude to self-reliance." Grimm says, "Such a man could well subdue a rebellious people; drawing them like a moving magnet through the wilderness—through the sea itself." Such a man with a blow of his mighty hammer could shiver rocky Mt. Ararat into a sand-dune.

Shortly after entering upon the contract for the mausoleum, Julius was induced to believe that a sepulchre built during his lifetime would be a work of ill omen. This change of mind on the part of the Pope led finally to open rupture between the two men. The Pope failed to furnish the necessary funds. Angelo called at the Vatican, where he was refused admittance. Burning with anger he wrote this characteristic letter: "Most Holy Father—I was this morning driven away from your palace by order of your Holiness. If you require me in future you can seek me elsewhere than in Rome." He then set out immediately for Florence; the Pope sent men to bring him back, but they did not succeed in overtaking him till he had reached the free soil of Tuscany.

Negotiations between the Pope and the government of Florence were now entered upon to secure the return of the artist. Some time after, the Pope was at Bologna, and from thence sent especial inducements to Angelo; riches, honor and work were offered if he would only return.

The meeting which finally took place between the two men is characteristic of them. "You have waited a long time, it seems," said the Pope, harshly, "till we should ourselves come to seek you." Michael Angelo was about to protest his

innocence of intention to wrong, when he was interrupted by one of the court attendants, who disapproved of the Pope's wasting time and words upon a fellow of Michael Angelo's occupation. This officious attempt to please failed. "Do you venture to say things to this man I would not have said to him myself? You are yourself a man of no education, a miserable fellow, and this he is not. Out of my sight with your awkwardness." Having thus vented his anger, Julius was ready to receive Angelo graciously and to grant his pardon.

The great work that the Pope now had for Buonarrotti was the decoration of the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel. It was in vain that Angelo protested that he had done nothing in colors. The ruling of the Pope was inexorable; the ceiling must be painted; Michael Angelo must paint it.

The arched dome of the Sistine was divided into twelve compartments. Hitherto it had been the custom to fill these compartments with separate representations. Michael Angelo, however, ignored the dome; he conceived the space above as open and roofless.

Into this airy space he proceeded to build a new architecture in "perspective delusion," uniting the imaginary marble walls with fleecy arches. The whole space between he filled with paintings. The stories of the Old Testament, the Creation of Adam and Eve, the Expulsion from Paradise, the Prophets, Jeremiah, Isaiah, Ezekiel and Jonah, stand before us in vivid reality.

The work is marvelous for the power of its conception, for the difficulties surmounted, for its richness in imagination and originality. Nothing like the Erythraean Sibyl had ever before been attempted. By the side of Buonarrotti's colossal figures the forms of even greater dimensions painted by other artists

seem small. This is Angelo's pre-eminent achievement in which he excels all others—the production of artistic masterpieces which are colossal not only in size but especially in idea and spirit.

The history of Florence of the 16th century is as many-sided and presents as many different aspects as there are points of view. But to Angelo, who, like Dante, had decided feelings as to what constituted liberty, the cause of the Florentine people was dear. Consequently, when he beheld the unholy alliance entered into by the Medicean Pope Clement and the Emperor Chas. V. for the incidental purpose of extinguishing the patriotic, independent spirit of the Florentines, for revoking their time-honored constitution, and for setting up a despotism of the Medicean family, his indignation and resentment knew no bounds. In the scenes that preceded the struggle he took an active part, and when, after a contest that recalls Thermopylæ and Marathon, he saw the fall and degradation of the republic, his grief was most intense.

His head, however, was too valuable for the Pope to take, so he was put to work. How glad he was to forget his grief in work; or, more truly, to give it expression in stone! He applied himself assiduously, scarcely taking time to eat, drink and sleep. With such morbid haste did he labor that within a few months he had placed in the niches of the wall in the Sacristy of San Lorenzo the four colossal figures, Morning, Night, Evening and Day, "the greatest things produced by Michael Angelo as a sculptor," says Grimm.

Night is perhaps the most famous of the four. It idealizes defenceless powerlessness by a woman sunk in sleep. How admirably it expresses Angelo's

despondency and grief is vouched for by the lines which the sculptor himself has written below the statue :

Grateful is sleep, while wrong and shame survive :

More grateful still in senseless stone to live. Gladly both sight and hearing I forego.

Oh, then, awake me not, hush, whisper low !

Whenever woman is spoken of in connection with Michael Angelo, the name of Vitoria Colonna rises to the lips. For, if he experienced a love affair in earlier life, it at least did not mark in any material way his earlier career. The story of his meeting and friendship for Vitoria Colonna is pathetically beautiful. She was of noble family, educated, refined and a woman of high sentiments. When they first met, Vitoria was past the prime of life and a widow ; Michael Angelo was an old man sixty years of age. But the passion that filled him in comparison with that of other men was like the burning of seasoned oak contrasted with the bright flare of burning straw. Vitoria was the first to draw him out of his lonely self. She was the only bright ray of sunshine that had come to dispel the cloud that surrounded him. But the irony of fate decreed that he was not to enjoy even this brief pleasure. He lived to see her stripped of wealth, position, honor and finally life itself. In this poem he beautifully expresses his feeling for her :

"When godlike art has with superior thought  
The limbs and motions in idea conceived  
A simple form ; in humble clay achieved  
Is the first offering into being brought.  
Then stroke on stroke from out the living  
rock

Its promised work the practiced chisel brings  
That none can fear for it. Time's rudest  
shock,

Such was my birth. In humble mold I lay  
At first, to be by thee, O Lady high,  
Renewed, and to a work more perfect  
brought.

Thou giv'st what lacking is, and filest away  
All roughness ; yet what tortures be  
Ere my wild heart can be restrained and  
taught."

"So affected was he by her death," as Condivi relates, "he almost lost his senses." In this sonnet he gives vent to his sorrow :

"When she, the aim of every hope and  
prayer,  
Was called by death to yon celestial spheres,  
Nature, who ne'er had fashioned aught so  
fair,  
Stood there ashamed, and all who saw shed  
tears.  
Oh, cruel fate, quenching the dreams of  
love !  
Oh, empty hopes ! Oh, spirit rare and blest !  
Where art thou now ? On earth thy fair  
limbs rest.  
Thy holy thoughts have found their home  
above.  
Yet let us think not cruel death could e'er  
Have stilled the sound of all thy virtuous  
ways.  
Lethe's oblivion could extinguish naught ;  
For robbed of thee, a thousand records fair  
Speak of thee yet ; and death from heaven  
conveys  
Thy powers divine and thy immortal  
thought."

The dependence of art upon science is shown by Herbert Spencer in his Education from a philosophical standpoint. Michael Angelo proves this conclusively from an artistic point of view. His education was broad ; he was a great reader, especially familiar with the Divine Comedy of Dante and thoroughly conversant with the Bible. He studied Greek models in the Gardens of the Medici and also at Rome. He was a keen observer of nature, possessing a thorough knowledge of anatomy gained from the actual dissection of dead bodies. Finally, he was well informed on the facts of light and shade and of perspective. This wealth of knowledge, combined with great development of mental

power and of emotional nature, together with the high motives with which he pursued his art, made possible the creation of those masterpieces which earned for him the title of the Great.

The subject of Angelo's motives is deserving of further notice. From the first he was imbued with a love of art for art's sake. Great was his indignation when he saw artists of promise prostitute their art for the sake of sordid gain, and in such cases his condemnation was bitter and cutting. The popes learned in time that they were not to influence this man by worldly honors or riches. His last great work, the building of the capitol of St. Peters, was accepted on condition that he receive no pay.

What a lesson the life of such a man teaches! We who worship the almighty dollar have become so callous to the beauties of nature and of truth that we listen incredulously to the account of a life like this. An act that does not have its *quid pro quo* is to us incomprehensible.

On the 18th of February, 1564, between three and four o'clock in the morning, Michael Angelo Buonarotti died in his ninetieth year. Although he had preserved the vigor of youth well into old age, during the last years of his life his thoughts often turned to the question of death.

He tells us in one of his sonnets :

"Not always that which the heart holds  
most dear  
Is that which satisfies the heart's desires.  
Blind to the honor and the praise of men,  
Far happier he, wandering alone and drear,  
Who takes his solitary path again."

Looking back upon a life which to us was certainly well spent, he regrets that:

"Borne to the utmost brink of life's dark  
sea,  
Too late thy joys I understand, O earth !

How thou dost promise that which cannot  
be,

And that repose that ever dies at birth.  
The retrospect of life through many a day,  
Now to its close attained in Heaven's  
decease,

Brings forth from memory, in sad array,

Only old errors fain forgot by me -  
Errors which, e'en if long life's erring day  
To soul-destruction would have led my way,  
For this I know - the greatest bliss on high  
Belongs to him called earliest to die."

O. WATSON FLAVELLE.

### Gamma Sigma.

The copy of "Paradise Lost," which was presented to our society at the beginning of its career by the Thencanic, has been placed in the library.

We have welcomed about twenty new members during this month.

A game was played at one of our meetings, the results of which would have delighted Miss Reilly. The preliminaries were much like those of an old-fashioned spelling match, but instead of spelling words the names of cities were given to be exactly located. Really, our knowledge of geography is surprising.

At the last discussion of current events two very interesting papers were read. Rudyard Kipling, by Miss Anderson, and the "Discovery of a New Star," by Miss Champion.

One of the most amusing features of our last meeting was a literary game in which the names of literary geniuses, noted characters, remarkably brilliant men, etc., were written on the board (the letters topsy-turvy) to be guessed. Such names as William McKinley, Bryan, Kipling, Richard Harding Davis, and Hon. John Anistaki Schultz, were almost immediately guessed, particularly the latter.

O, what a thing is fame!

# THE SIGNAL.

ISSUED MONTHLY

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THESE are days when life at the STATE SCHOOLS is particularly joyous, days when it is almost impossible to give the class-room side a respectable representation in the program. With the "meet me on the campus," the picnics, the base-ball games, the tennis tournaments, the receptions and, if you are a Senior, a thousand and one other "privileges," is it surprising that the test ceases to inspire you with the former sense of its importance, that the weak spot in the record you have been intending to patch suddenly acquires the strength to hold together, or that the reputation which has previously required your assistance is now compelled to do the best it can alone?

What a delightfully pleasing arrangement it would be for both students and faculty if, after June the first, the test should be no more, the recitations adjourn to the campus and the hall gong effectually silenced.

THE orchestra feels very deeply the absence of Miss MacCrellich, its First Violin. On account of her health Miss MacCrellich was obliged to retire from her studies. She was one of the first members of the orchestra and a leader with her instrument. The students also appreciated her services, and all join in expressing their hope for her speedy recovery.

THE local department of our paper seems to be the chief center of interest. It is also the chief center of trouble. The editor often overhears unpleasant side remarks complaining that certain notes were rejected and even classes unrepresented in various issues. In reply to these remarks we make the following explanation:

At the beginning of the school year the reporters were requested to be present at the regular meetings of the board of editors. The object was that they might receive the criticism of their notes and also helpful suggestions.

This plan proved a complete failure. After the first few meetings the big majority of reporters entirely neglected to attend. Consequently they do not hear the criticisms of their notes. Then to meet the inquiries of the class, many shift the blame to the editor, saying that he rejects their notes and surely must have a grudge against the class. The truth is the reporters are not anxious enough to inquire why their notes are not published, and if they would only come to the meetings they would find out without inquiring.

Furthermore some of these crossed creatures actually refused to write notes and what is more shocking failed to resign. And so it happened that on account of the obstinacy of single individuals whole classes have been unrepresented in the paper.

If notes of standard quality be handed in, they will be published as far as space will permit. To insure representation a class should elect a reporter who, besides having literary ability, holds the good of the paper and his duty to his fellows above personal feeling toward the editor. If the person first elected has not these qualities, he should resign in favor of one who has them.

the young rooster who went forth to parade his charms, and was caught in a rainstorm—you may appear very foolish afterward.

Bear this in mind on Class Day. Don't let your ambition get the better of you, for you may become conspicuous in a way you will not be proud of. Well, good-bye, '00, we leave our best wishes for your improvement.

THE Commencement SIGNAL will be issued on the morning of Wednesday, June 21st, at the Signal office. All those whose names are not at present on the mailing list, and who desire the paper sent to them, should leave their name, address and a one cent stamp at the SIGNAL office before June 16th. The office will be open every afternoon at 2:15.

### Apgar Science Club.

DURING the past month the meetings of the Apgar Science Club have been especially interesting. On April 25th Miss Slater gave a short talk on "Bacteria," after which Miss Wells presented a paper on the "Life and Work of Pasteur," the scientist who has done so much during the last half century in the study of bacteria.

IT is fitting at this time to address a few words to you, "Naughty Naughts" We have noticed the curiosity with which you regard the mysterious movements of the Seniors, and we confidentially advise you not to become meddling. Be sure that you foresee the end of your practical jokes before you play them. Pretending to be Seniors on the campus may afford much amusement, especially when it involves the possibility of a forced vacation. You would have shown more wisdom had you asked our advice in regard to certain matters, but probably the experience has not harmed you. Experience is a wise teacher, you know, although her tuition is sometimes dearly paid.

May 2d Miss Thomas very kindly gave a talk on "Physiological Methods as Applied to Heart Study." She showed the difficulties encountered in attempting the study of this most delicate organ, and how in recent years the methods employed are so improved that these difficulties are fast disappearing.

Mr. Albertson Creamer read a very interesting paper May 9th on the "Color of Flowers," mentioning among other things the many factors in the change of color, such as cultivation, cross-fertilization, altitude, etc. Grant Allen offers a theory for the development of the colors of flowers, in which he places yellow as the lowest in the scale of color, then white, red, and highest of all, blue.

In the coming weeks you will do well to remain in the background, for in your attempts to be original you may get yourself disliked. We admit that you are prone to strut about and assert your importance, but, alas! you may be like

Another very interesting subject was ably discussed at the next meeting by Miss Stone, in her paper on the "Evolution of the Mind."

Reports on scientific news have been made during the month by Miss Pierce, Miss Wells and Miss Kruse.

### Arguromuthos.

THE Arguromuthos held a picnic at Cadwalader Park, Saturday, May 27th, 1899

Toast Mistress, . . . . . Miss Quigley

#### TOASTS.

"Cadwalader," . . . . . Miss Wright  
 "Our Play that Wasn't," . . . Miss Schweizer  
 "Our Pictures," . . . . . Miss Jones  
 "Our Seniors," . . . . . Miss Spring  
 "Our New Members," . . . . . Miss Arend  
 "Our President," . . . . . Miss Opie  
 "Our New President," . . . . . Miss Martin  
 "The State Schools," . . . . . Miss Stone  
 Prophecy—Miss Lewis.

Hints for the future Chairman of the Program Committee—Miss Kincaid.

### Model Chorus Notes.

THE Model Chorus is now holding special meetings for the purpose of practicing the commencement songs. Many pretty selections have been made.

### Grammar D Art Exhibition.

ON MAY the twenty-second, an exhibition of pictures was held in one of the music rooms of the Model building. The invitations were limited to the members of the Grammar D Class.

Both American and English artists were represented by photogravures and woodcuts. Familiar pictures, such as those of Puritan life in New England, by Boughton, as well as less widely known pictures like Abbey's "The Golden Dish" and "The Girl in Red" appeared. These pictures were such as have won high approval in the world of Art, and consequently none were skied. The grey tones of the photogravures were relieved by the delicate coloring of such pictures as "The Harbor at Sunset," "The Young Handel," "Van Dyck's Son," and "The Hunt." Side by side were hung Alma Tadema's "Reading

from Homer" and Mrs. Alma Tadema's charming picture of a child toddling anxiously forward toward her sister, who is holding out an apple to induce the little one to make the important journey. It is very appropriately called "Nothing Venture, Nothing Have."

The class attended in the character of reporters, with the teacher in charge as the editor, of a class paper, to be published (copies limited) and called "The Model Times" The young reporters appeared with the traditional pad and pencil, and as soon as they entered the gallery went to work in the most businesslike way.

As is usual in exhibitions, certain pictures attracted more attention than others. Among the most popular were "Can't You Talk?" by Holmes, "Nothing Venture, Nothing Have," by Mrs. Alma Tadema, and "Sunshine," artist unknown.

The report of the exhibition will appear in a special Art number of "The Model Times"

### Normal Alumni.

Miss MacDonald, February '99, spent a day at Normal visiting friends. Miss Van Hise and Miss Sharp were also visitors during this month.

Miss Rebecca Frazee, '97, is teaching at Highwood.

Miss Marie Johnston and Miss Elizabeth Albertson have been engaged to teach in Atlantic during the coming year.

Miss Mary Weller, who is teaching in Flemington, paid us a visit recently.

Miss Lillian Rideout spent Sunday, May the 28th, with her sister.

Miss Ella Burt has been engaged to teach in Bridgeton.

Miss Florence Elwell, '94, has resigned

her position in Bridgeton. Miss Elwell is soon to marry a missionary in Brazil.

Now is the time for the Alumni to think of renewing their subscriptions next year. Remember this is one of the best ways in which to keep in touch with your Alma Mater.

Mr. Jonathan Zabriskie has been given a position in Hackensack.

## Normal Class Notes.

### Senior II.

#### OUR PRESIDENT.

The Class of '99 regret deeply that, owing to the large number in the Faculty, they have been unable to publish a biography of their class-president Mr. O. W. Flavelle. His popularity and fame have, probably, been the cause of certain rumors which have been circulated. One of these is to the effect that he is extremely absent minded. This is absolutely false. There is not a vestige of truth in it. It is preposterous to think of our president, in spite of his greatness, as being absent minded or forgetful.

It has been basely asserted that one Sunday morning he started out for school with his books under his arm; that he had to be called back, and gently convinced of the fact that it was the Sabbath and not Monday morning. This we do not believe. Even if it is true, is it not a proof of his intense interest in school duties? How can such a deed be accredited to absent mindedness?

Those contemptible slanderers who have circulated this outrageous report also bring forward another incident which they claim proves their case. Miss B—t, who has had the pleasure of Mr. F.'s company on several occasions, has lately shown signs of this weakness also. She forgets to bring excuses to society and class, and forgets even to call her number in the class room.

But the most unkind of all these stories is the one which relates that last year

our president was making a farewell call on his Own, and, as a little difference of opinion arose before the close of the call, he actually forgot to say farewell when he made his departure. This was very sad! But, does anybody believe it? No! Never was our president known to forget anything—except chemistry formulæ and when to wind his watch.

We take this opportunity to contradict these base slanders; for, in the first place, his absent mindedness is a characteristic of his greatness; in the second place, it is not contagious, and does not affect the heart; and in the third place, he isn't absent minded, never was absent-minded, and, we hope never will be.

#### Senior II, Fourth Division.

- O. M. P.—Old Mother Peacemaker.
- W. G.—Waxing Great.
- E. F.—Ever Frisky
- S. B.—Saintly Being
- M. P. H.—Mighty Prodigiously High.
- D. R.—Rattled
- R. M.—Refuses Matrimony
- O. W. F.—O! Wat Forgetfulness!
- F. J.—Funny Joker.
- N. H.—Not Holy.
- E. S. C.—Ever Sentimental Creature.
- G. P. H.—God Preserve Him
- E. C.—Easily Caught.
- C. A. R. D.—Craves A Righteous Damsel
- M. R. S.—Modest (?) Righteous (?) Sanctified (?)
- G. H. W.—Gone Half Wild.
- A. G. B.—A Goodly Bookworm
- H. G. H.—Hail Glorious Humbug!

#### The Most Prominent Sins of the Second Division.

- Barter—Conscientiousness
- Kulp—Punctuality
- Pancoat—He would like to know.
- Peterson—Her low voice.
- Bidwell, Bate, Newcomb—Drinking sodas
- Daly—Love of pancakes
- Tullis—Gaiety.
- Day—Studiousness
- Ackley—Authoritative tone
- Street—She says she hasn't any.

On the Doctor's List in the Senior II, Second Division.

NAME	DISEASE	CAUSE.	REMEDY.
Jennie McCulley,	Nervous prostration,	Overwork,	One hour of study daily.
Nell Kingsland,	Melancholia,	Never smiles,	A little laughing-gas.
Hattie Demarest,	Asphyxia,	Too much H <sub>2</sub> S.,	Less chemistry.
Helen Day,	Insanity,	Never studies,	A few more physic tests.
May Reeves,	Fracture of humerus,	Too many tears,	One or two jokes yearly.
Daisy Galloway,	Dyspepsia,	Too thin—lack of food,	Normal hash.
Aneta Parrot,	Chronic throat trouble,	Talking too much,	Lessons hourly on "How to Preserve the Voice."
Lena Buseck,	St. Vitus' dance,	Never moves,	Soothing syrup.
Ethel Walker,	Almost dumb,	Forgets to talk,	One dose anti-conceit taken frequently.
Martha Finger,	Heart disease,	Not enough boys,	A little more time in the study-room.
Susan Mason,	Flattening generally,	Ask Dr. Seeley,	Less cheek, taken when necessary.
Frances Jones,	Erysipelas,	Too much color,	Prang's water-color paints by the box.
Elsie Smith,	Stiffening of the joints,	Works too hard for the SIGNAL,	A few more reports or class notes.
Mary Esther Atkins, <i>nee</i> Ma Calf,	Insomnia,	(O) (W) hat (F) un in the library,	Less committee (?) meetings.

Senior I.

Voice heard (weeping) in the halls after the fifth period :

"O, the 30's and the 40's, and the 50's coming 'long—

In that lovely test in physics that inspires my little song.

O, happy is the fellow who is blessed with seventy-five,

For the rest of us are wondering that we are still alive "

We have chosen the "Ragged Robin" sometimes called "Ragged Sailor," for our class flower.

You should not call those young ladies by their first names, Mr. Johnson ; it's not proper.

Dr. S-l-y (very satirically)—"Anybody can be a professor nowadays that can crack a whip, train a dog or jump a four-foot rope."

We have no Patrick Henry, but we have an Everett Henry, and, after all, what's in a name?

A II, Fourth Division.

In section-teaching Mr. Smith will call repeatedly on Miss Edna Robinson, and excuse himself with the statement, "My pathways are so well established in that direction." Will he please inform the SIGNAL readers just what the point of his statement is?

Mr. Smith does not know the difference between a plantain and a sweet potato vine.

After a harangue on color, size and form of the girls' neckties, by Mr. Wordsworth, the other day, it was suggested that the gentleman talk less and think more. Second the motion.

RESOLUTIONS OF SYMPATHY.

As it has pleased God in his infinite wisdom and love to remove from among us our classmate Emma H. Green ; be it

*Resolved*, that we, the members of the Class of 1900 of the New Jersey State Normal School, through her death have lost an earnest fellow student, who was faithful and conscientious in her work.

*Resolved*, that we extend to her family and friends our heartfelt sympathy in their bereavement.

*Resolved*, that a copy of these resolutions be sent to her family and that they be printed in THE SIGNAL.

#### THE COMMITTEE.

##### A I, Class Notes.

Our class was organized Friday, May 12. By-laws and constitution were adopted. Sometime we shall elect officers, but when that time will be we are not quite ready to say.

A great number of our class have joined the Field Club recently organized by Miss Reilley.

"Wonders will never cease" said Miss Fields to Miss Scully one day last week in the drawing class. Looking over Miss Scully's shoulder Miss Fields was much taken back by the bright shade of green Miss Scully was generously lavishing on a buttercup leaf. "Have you ever painted before, Miss Scully?"

"Oh, yes," said Miss Scully, "quite often."

"But you used a somewhat larger brush than we are now using, did you not?"

"Yes, mam; I used a whitewash brush, and painted knot-holes and all."

Some of the members of our class, in recent debate, made a marked impression on their classmates. Mr. Showell, for instance, told us in one of his arguments recently that insanity was a prevalent trait of character in this present age. He could not see why Mr. Milan was not influenced by his just statement.

##### B II, Second Division.

In this I put my hopes: "Ignorance is bliss."—A. B. Hackett.

A new feature, which figures as a very important factor to illustrate the progress of our class, especially among the young ladies, is the B II chorus under the supervision of Miss Johnson. They have entertained us twice during the past two months with two of their favorite pieces.

"Resolved, That vivisection is just," and "Resolved, That a lie is ever justifiable," were two resolutions for debate

which caused hot discussions in the class. The decision in both cases was decided in favor of the affirmative.

An "old time spelling match" is soon to take place. It is hoped that it will be followed by an "old-time husking bee," the kind New England used to have.

#### WELLESLEY COLLEGE,

WELLESLEY, Mass.

#### THE SIGNAL:

You have asked us to tell you about Wellesley, but that is a sweeping request, as there are two distinct sides to Wellesley life, and we don't know which side you would like better to hear about—the work or the play. At this time of the year play seems to be uppermost in everyone's mind, so we are going to tell you about that.

To-morrow is our first Field Day. For several weeks a great deal of time has been given to training for that. You may wonder what a girls' Field Day is like, but it really is not very different from men's. The events are much the same: Interclass basket-ball, golf and tennis tournaments, foot-races, throwing the hammer and bicycle races. The class gaining the most points is the possessor of a silver cup until the next Field Day. The crews have no part in this day, as they are reserved for "Float," which comes during Commencement week.

Our crews are our chief pride, and every day an interested crowd fills the boat-house and the shore to watch the practice. Ordinarily the four crews are out at once and the little boat containing the coach and her megaphone is kept busy flying from crew to crew. We are especially proud of the Freshman eight, as one day the Head of Rowing Sport took them for the 1901 crew, which greatly delighted us and chagrined the sophs. But after dinner the Lake is most popular. The girls go out in boats and drift around, singing college songs and calling to each other across the water.

But all our fun is not out of doors. We have the "Barn Swallows," a society organized to furnish amusement for the

[Continued on page 159].

NAME.	AGE.	CHIEF CHARACTERISTIC.	MOST NOTICRABLE FEATURE.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.	FAVORITE OCCUPATION.	IN 1920.	QUOTATION.
Christine Arrend,	15,	Slowness, . . . . .	Look and see, . . . . .	"Dear me!" . . . . .	Playing duets, . . .	An old maid, . . .	"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew, That one small head could carry all she knew."
Clara G. Burgess, Helen R. Colyer,	17, Sweet Sixteen,	Energy, . . . . .	The glance of her eye, . . . . .	"Goodness gracious!" . . . . .	Writing essays, . . .	Principal of an art school, Making home happy for—someone, . . .	"Let us be what we are, speak what we think." "Fair was she to behold, That maiden of sixteen summers."
Clara G. Dilks, . . .	10,	Pride, . . . . . Tendency to break rules, . . . . .	Her face, . . . . . That giggle, . . . . .	"Oh, pshaw!" . . . . . "Oh! how I wish I were in Princeton!" . . . . .	Playing tennis, . . . Writing letters, . . .	"Teaching the young idea how to shoot,"	"With mirth and laughter let old wrinkles come."
Gertrude E. Fowler,	16,	Seriousness, . . . . .	Find out for yourself, . . . . .	"Why?" . . . . .	Experimenting in physics, . . . . .	Author of a work, "The Profundness of the Human Intellect," . . . . .	"Not warp'd by passion, awed by rumour, Nor grave through pride, nor gay through folly, An equal mixture of good humor, And sensible, soft melancholy."
Mabelle Heinsheimer	19,	Cheerfulness, . . . . .	Those eyes, . . . . .	"Yes, dear," . . . . .	Debating, . . . . .	Wife of a U. S. Senator, . . . . .	"Her yellow hair, beyond compare, Comes twinkling down her swan-white neck; And her two eyes, like stars in skies, Would keep a sinking ship frae wreck."
Bessie Howell, . . .	13,	Bashfulness, . . . . .	None whatever, . . . . .	"Well!" . . . . .	Cycling, . . . . .	Contemplating matrimony, . . . . .	"She as a veil down to her slender waist, Her unadorned tresses wore."
Florence Jago, . . .	17½,	Tardiness, . . . . .	Style, . . . . .	"Millville's all right," . . . . .	Asking assistance, . . .	Editing a fashion journal, . . . . . A dignified (?) "school-marm," . . . . .	"The sports of Millville satisfy <i>this</i> child."
Frances H. Johnston	8,	Jollity, . . . . .	Her wink, . . . . .	"Laws!" . . . . .	Quarreling, . . . . .		"Thy voice is heard thro' rolling drums."
Bella F. Matlack, . .	18,	Forgetfulness, . . . . .	That pompadour, . . . . .	"I think that was awful," . . . . .	Coaxing people to sing, . . . . .	Time will tell, . . . . .	"Our dress still varying, nor to forms confined, Shifts like the sands, the sport of every wind."
Elsie Moon, . . . . .	45,	Perseverance, . . . . .	Her gait, . . . . .	"Well, this is the way I did it," . . . . .	Demonstrating problems in geometry, . . . . .	A lonely spinster, . . . . .	"And e'en though vanquished she could argue still."
Edith Moore, . . . . .	1 year,	Innocence, . . . . .	Her smile, . . . . .	"Well, don't you know?" . . . . .	Asking questions, . . .	A well-known writer, . . . . .	"Had I been present at the creation, I would have given some useful hints for the better ordering of the universe."
Fannie Morris, . . .	18,	Timidity, . . . . .	Height, . . . . .	"How did you translate this line?" . . . . .	Translating Virgil, . . .	A minister's wife, . . . . .	"She is a winsome wee thing"
Edith Naylor, . . . .	Hard to tell,	Deliberateness, . . . . .	Her scowl, . . . . .	"It's perfectly ridiculous," . . . . .	Has none, . . . . .	Wait and sec, . . . . .	"There's no art to show the mind's construction in the face"
Gertrude Pursell, . .	Wouldn't like to say,	Modesty, . . . . .	Blushes, . . . . .	"Don't you care," . . . . .	Dancing, . . . . .	A camera fiend, . . . . .	"A modest blush she wears, not form'd by art."
Florence Quigley, . .	5,	Vivacity, . . . . .	Her grin, . . . . .	"Well, says I," . . . . .	Haunting, noon receptions, . . . . .	Same as ever, . . . . .	"Your language proves you still the child."
Hettie Schweizer, . .	16,	Sweetness, . . . . .	Good nature, . . . . .	"The Trentons won," . . . . .	Attending basketball games, . . . . .	A famous musician, . . . . .	"Fair, fat and —"
Genevieve Shepherd,	3½,	Youthfulness, . . . . .	Her airs, . . . . .	"For the love of Peter!" . . . . .	Writing poetry on the "eccentricities of love," . . . . .	A struggling artist, . . . . .	"She could devise, and thousand ways invent, To feed her foolish humour and vain jolliment."
Edna G. Stanwood,	Guess,	Dignity, . . . . .	The whole, . . . . .	"Hello, there!" . . . . .	Talking to the boys, . . .	Mistress of the White House, . . . . .	"'Tis not a lip, or eye, we beauty call, But the joint force and full result of all."
Rachel Summer, . . .	6 mos.	Mischievousness, . . . . .	Those dimples, . . . . .	"Oh, how I wish it were vacation," . . . . .	Making shirt waists, . . .	Still a child, . . . . .	"I'm wee but I'm wicked."
Abigail W. Tilton, . .	50,	Stodiousness, . . . . .	Her frown, . . . . .	"I've got something to tell you," . . . . .	Talking of the farm, . . .	A rustic widow, . . . . .	"'Tis better to have loved and lost Than never to have loved at all."
Louisa Titus, . . . . .	20, more or less,	Meekness, . . . . .	Voice, . . . . .	Hasn't any, . . . . .	Doing nothing, . . . . .	Keeping Old Maid's Hall, . . . . .	"Her voice was soft, gentle and low, an excellent thing in woman."
Mabel Witte, . . . . .	Nobody knows,	Dislike for the boys,	Her walk, . . . . .	"I didn't get that far," . . . . .	Studying at recess, . . .	Jack of all trades, . . .	"Accuse not Nature, she hath done her part"

college every two weeks. Sometimes the amusement takes the form of a dance, or a short play or tableaux, or even, as on a recent occasion, a circus with a real clown's costume, furnished by Lang Johnson, Decorator, Trenton, N. J. We will leave it to your discretion to decide which one of us was the clown and which the trained ostrich

All this sounds very much as if we did nothing but play, but the sight of our Math teacher coming up the walk just at present vividly recalls us to the fact that there are many hours spent in hard work.

As we think this ending will leave a good impression we stop here.

Very sincerely yours,

MODEL '98.

### Model Class Notes.

Senior.

Poor Peggy cannot go out much any more. She is taking botany and says she has "pressing engagements" at home.

H. S. B.

In the May class meeting the Picnic Committee submitted a report which was accepted. The committee has decided to have the class picnic at Hutchinson's pond, near Yardville. It promises to be a success.

Miss Cook—"There were not many striking incidents in my early life. Once when I was walking along the street I saw a large bull coming toward me. His eyes were covered. I fear if he had seen me the incident might have been striking indeed."

1901 is very sorry to miss the familiar faces of Misses Bird, Hilson and Scudder from among its members.

H. S. C.

All this world is a stage and we are but wearers of gaudy socks.—*Jackson.*

Scholar—"What do you think would be the principal parts of the One-horse Shay?"

Teacher—"Well, I don't know anything about it, but I should say the wheels, hubs, spokes, tongue—"

(General explosion).

#### Grammar A.

We send our best wishes to Miss Emily W. Rusling, who sailed for Europe on Saturday, May 27th. We, as a class, wish her a pleasant and safe voyage over and will welcome her return in October.

### Me Ancestors.

**B**EFORE I begin to tell ye the history of me ancestors, I want to ask if any of ye have anythin' to say agin' them, and if ye have, to take off yer coat and come out wid it in an illigant manner; if ye haven't, to kape quiet and be aisy till Oi'm through.

Me ancestors, thim as came before me in the great Murphy family, and thim as came after me, were a fine lot of pape—What's that ye say, Dennis O'Rooney—that me great-grandfather was transported for not kapin' the laws? Sure an' that's a credit to him. Thank ye, Dennis. No good Irishman iver kep' thim English laws in '98. Well, me great-grandfather came over in '98, and soon as he landed in Castle Garden he was winked at by all the aristocracy. He never wrote it down—seein' as he couldn't write—but Oi know that he shuck hands wid George Washington and the rest iv thim. Does anybody want to dispute wid me? Then Oi'll continue. He didn't stay varra long; he wint back to help Wellington foight Napoleon, so to spake, for Sir Charles O'Malley wint, and wasn't me great-grandfather Sir Charles' most intimate frind? Sure, he was body-sarvant to Sir Charles, and he knew more about the howl matter than Sir Charles himself.

He wint through that war wid honor, nivir tastin' a dhrop of potheen from the time he left Ireland till he wint back—there wasn't a dhrop of potheen to be had in that indacint counthry. Of course, he took a little wine to show his bringin' up, just enough to illuminate

his voice and disedify his charackter. After the war he wint back to Ireland and married Mickey Free's sister Nora.

Arrah thin! Ye don't want to hear about me great-grandfather all the time? Shows yer bad taste, seein' as he has taken a front seat in histhory. I'll skip over a few of thim same that kim afther him, every wan able to eat his share of paraties and dhrink his potheen loike a man. Oi'll go on to me father; he wasn't wan bit loike me great-grandfather, so moild and aisy goin'. Many's the scoldin' me mother 'ud give him whin he'd bin too aisy wid the neighbors; he'd only say, "Och, now, Bridget dear, what would ye be afther havin' me doin'?"

But me mother had aspiralizations—wasn't that nate?—for us boys, and she used to say, "Patsey shall be an alderman and Terence a policeman." There we are, me brother Patsey and meself. Patsey's a foine lookin' man, full-chisted and full all over, round as a cherry, and av that same wholesome color. It's a grand thing to see Patsey sittin' in state wid a writin' machine and a pair of eye-glasses, not that he needs thim glasses, but they give him a style and finish, and make him look Bostonesque. Ye's ought to see him comin' through his ward—it's "Mr. Murphy, will yer make a spach at the meetin' to-night?" "Will ye vote for this, or will ye vote for that?" Patsey swells himself out, puts on thim glasses and says, "I'll consider it sacretly."

As to me! Look at me buttons and sthick; they spake for thimselves. Patsey and me not ancesthors? Now I can prove to ye that ye'r mistaken. I've been readin' histhory, and I read there that "The child is father to the man." Now, Patsey and I are min. What have ye's to say to that?

It's time to go on me rounds. Good-day and good luck to yer ancesthors.

IDA HOLAHAN.

## Our Exchanges.

The following is the list of exchanges that have come to us during the past year, and we hope that we may have the pleasure of greeting them again in the future:

*The Phoenix*, Janesville, Wis.; *The Mercury*, East Side High School, Milwaukee, Wis.; *The Lowell*, High School, San Francisco, Cal.; *The Philomath*, High School, Framingham, Mass.; *The Breeze*, Cushing Academy, Ashburnham, Mass.; *Pierce School Alumni Journal*, Philadelphia, Pa.; *The B. S. N. S. Quarterly*, Normal School, Blcomsburg, Pa.; *The Academe*, Hamilton, N. J.; *High School Journal*, Wilkes Barre, Pa.; *Princeville Academy Sol.*, Princeville, Ill.; *Lyman School Enterprise*, Westboro, Mass.; *The Peddie Chronicle*, Hightstown, N. J.; *The Helios*, Grand Rapids, Mich.; *Chauncy-Hall Abstract*, Boston, Mass.; *The Indian Helper*, Carlisle, Pa.; *The Opinator*, Seminary, Kingston, Pa.; *The Hackettstonian*, Hackettstown, N. J.; *Mt. St. Joseph Collegian*, Station D, Baltimore, Ind.; *Lawrenceville Literary Magazine*, Lawrenceville N. J.; *The Beacon*, Chelsea High School, Boston, Mass.; *The Fence*, New Haven, Conn.; *The Skirmisher*, Bordentown, N. J.; *The Princetonian*, Princeton, N. J.; *The Nassau Lit.*, Princeton, N. J.; *The Tiger*, Princeton, N. J.; *Blair Hall Breeze*, Blairstown, N. J.; *The Ergo*, New Brunswick, N. J.; *Mnemosynean*, Decatur, Ga.; *Pennington Seminary Review*, Pennington, N. J.; *The Adelpian*, Adelphi College and Academy, Brooklyn; *The Racquet*, Portland High School, Portland, Ore.; *The Red and Blue*, University of Pennsylvania; *The Item*, Dorchester High School, Dorchester, Mass.; *The Sagamore*, Brookline High School, Brookline, Mass.; *The Dickinsonian*, Carlisle, Pa.; *The Silent Worker*, Trenton, N. J.; *The Advocate*, High School, New Brunswick; *Normal College Echo*, Park Ave., N. Y.; *Delaware College Review*, Newark, Del.; *Academic Observer*, Utica, N. Y.; *The Alfred Monthly*, Alfred, N. Y.; *High School Item*, Jersey City, N. J.; *The Normal Echoes*, East Stroudsburg, Pa.; *The Westwood Arrow*, Westwood, N. J.; *The Lever*, Skowhegan High School, Maine.

The *Tocsin* from Santa Clara, Cal., has three continued stories. This is very poor policy. Better have all of one or none at all than this. The interest in the papers suffers accordingly.

### THE ART OF DRIVING.

She can drive a blooded pacer  
Or a frisky four-in-hand;  
She can drive a prancing racer,  
And with tandems she is grand.

She can drive a bargain quickly,  
She can drive men to drink,  
She can drive away the thickly  
Coming agents in a wink.