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CRENTON, N. J.

April, 1905

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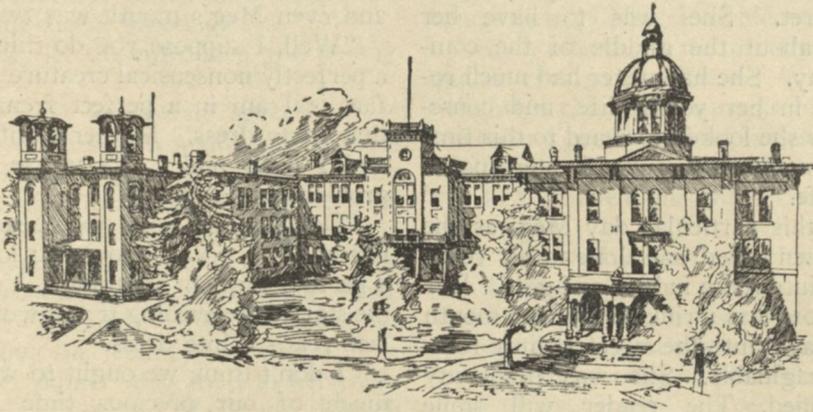
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# THE SIGNAL

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VOL. XII.

APRIL, 1905.

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No. 7.

## April Weather.

The weather man his map surveyed,  
And then a tiny dot he made;  
He scanned the East, and made a second,  
And with a pencil sat and reckoned.  
He scanned the West, and with precision  
Performed a sum in long division.  
He coned a telegram, and drew  
With compasses a circle true.  
He noted the barometer  
And read the anemometer.  
Athwart his chart, in curved designs,  
He traced some isothermal lines;  
And having fixed each "high" and "low,"  
Well satisfied he rose to go.  
He clapped his hat upon his head;  
"To-morrow—clear and dry," he said.  
But, ah! next day came on a rain,  
Which poured and poured with might and  
main,  
And soaked the people as they ran—  
But not, egad, the weather man;  
For he, the wisest wight in town,  
Had carried an umbrella down.—*Puck.*

---

## An Unknown Love Discovered.

(By NELL JENNINGS.)

IT WAS a balmy day late in April.  
The sky was blue, the sun was bright

and the wind was blowing with gentle sighs through the half-clad trees. In fact, all nature was beginning to respond to the summons of the warm winds and gentle rains.

Margaret Ashton was the only daughter of a rich banker in ———. She was a tall, slight girl of nineteen years and possessed all the freshness and beauty of blossoming womanhood.

Her wavy hair was as black as the raven's wing; her cheeks had the delicate bloom of a half-blown rose, and her eyes had the dark, deep splendor of a midnight sky.

She was a favored child of fortune—furnished with all that money can buy and pampered by parents and an only brother, who was attending a Western college. In fact, she was a pet in the household and a favorite among her friends. Had it not been for the sweetness of her disposition she would have been decidedly spoiled.

The spring in which the story opens

"Oh, pshaw!" exclaimed the baggage car, "the company 'steams' you too highly for that."

"Well, I hope so," answered the engine; but, you see, I've been running out of nights, and having an occasional toot, and I'm afraid they'll get on my track and turn the tables on me."

### A Glimpse of the Mormon City.

IF ONE were suddenly to find himself in the centre of Salt Lake City, he would at a glance see unusual characteristics, not that the houses or stores differ from our Eastern ones, but the great width of the streets, lined as they each and all are with poplars. The irrigation ditches, little six-inch streams of water broadening out to a round pool by each tree, make the place unique even at a first glance.

My mother and I started from this center toward the temple and tabernacle of the Mormon Church, too unusual and conspicuous for us to need ask what they were. On coming close to them we saw a square, about the size of four city blocks, surrounded by high stone walls and overtopped by the imposing towers of the temple and the huge mushroom-like tabernacle. Gates in the center of each side were thrown wide open, and we were directed to the Information Bureau, just inside one of them. There we found several "home missionaries" who answered questions, sold church literature and souvenirs, and showed visitors around the grounds.

The young lady who devoted herself to us told us many things about their religion. For instance, in reference to plural wives, she said that all Mormons thoroughly believed in the principle of polygamy, but believed that privilege had been taken from them by God (using the law of the land as his

instrument) because they abused it, and that no good Mormon would now marry more than one wife: that all women must marry to be saved. So if a young girl dies unmarried, her soul is *annexed* to some man (preferably some one to whom she has been attached during life), his permission is obtained and she is made his for "time and eternity;" all such work (and it requires much time and ceremony) is done in the temple, and marriages are also solemnized there.

The temple is never open to the public, and even Mormons are forbidden entrance unless called there to do "temple work."

Every Mormon must pay one-tenth of his increase to the church. They make a business proceeding of it and give the payer a receipt. Each one must also devote two years of life to mission work. They send missionaries to most foreign countries, and to many places in America. They also believe in revelations and miracles at the present day. Altogether I could not but think that their religion was every bit as queer as it is reported to be.

The tabernacle was the most interesting of their buildings. It is absolutely bare of ornaments, and the huge oval roof, unsupported by pillars, is without a window, it being well lighted from the sides. The acoustic properties of the building are so wonderful that a pin dropped on a wooden table can be heard 300 feet away.

We were fortunate enough to hear a recital on the world-famed organ which the Mormons claim was made by an unskilled mechanic with no adequate tools. The musical quality certainly surpassed anything I had ever heard, and the tones produced by certain stops sounded so vocal that we asked an attendant if there was a hidden choir.

Of course, a dip in Salt Lake was next in order, so we took a train for Saltair, the Mormon bathing pavilion. Hundreds were in the water floating around, their heads, shoulders, hands and feet all out of water. So great is the buoyancy that one old man is said regularly to take a half hour's nap while floating, and it is an easily believed tale; yet, while no one could sink, they are serious dangers, as one tourist learned to his sorrow; for he, in trying to swim, swallowed some of the brine and so nearly strangled that it took three doctors and one week's time for him to recover.

The steps leading from the bath houses to the water were coated an inch thick with salt, and veritable salt-icles (instead of icicles) hung one and two inches long from the edge.

There is in the pavilion the largest dance floor in the world, so it is said, and a wonderfully fine floor it was. The Mormons say they believe in indulging their members with all of the harmless sports, so they regularly give big dances which they open and close with prayer.

There is much more to tell about the city with its fine streets and its parks, which are more beautiful than ours in the East, although every blade of grass and each tree must be tended as carefully as we treat our rarest and most delicate flowers. One leaves the city with a sincere respect for the people who have endured suffering and privations, and have made of an arid plain a beautiful and restful and green city.

S. M. L.

### The Street Car Blockade.

#### *The Calamity—*

All at once the street car sort o' hopped,  
And then, with a jolt and a bump, it stopped,  
For another car was just ahead—  
As motionless as if 'twere dead.  
Another car was ahead of that;  
Two men inside, one lean, one fat.

And ahead of that was another car  
With one lone man of the G. A. R.  
Another car was ahead of that,  
In which a sleeping copper sat.  
And another car, ahead of that,  
Was empty as a looted flat.  
Ahead of that was another car,  
And ahead of that another car,  
And ahead of that another car,  
And ahead of that another car,  
And another car ahead of that,  
And another car ahead of that,  
And another car ahead of that,  
And other cars ahead of those,  
And still more cars ahead of those,  
And ahead of those were others still,  
And stretching ahead were others still,  
While each was silent as the tomb  
And a veritable cave of gloom.

#### *The Cause—*

For a wagon, filled with soft coal slack,  
Had broken down on the street car track.

—Selected.

### College Life.

BY PROFESSOR R. H. WHITBECK.

THERE are all types of men in college, just as there are elsewhere. They may, however, be classified in three general groups—those who are always found studying; those who are never found studying (except just before examinations), and those who are sensible.

The members of the first class take college life very seriously, prepare all lessons with scrupulous care, do all of the assigned reading, copy all notes, attend all of the extra lectures; in fact, work for and attain high scholastic honors. They are models of faithfulness and earnestness. They leave college to enter teaching or the learned professions and carry the same studiousness into life that characterized them in college. They do not enter business, do not seek wealth, are not, generally speaking, men of affairs. They are the scholarly men of the nation. In college they were called "grinds" or "pollers"; seldom had time to go to a football game; could never spare the time to loaf a half hour on the campus, or

join in an escapade. They get a great deal out of college and miss a great deal.

The class of boys who haven't time to study go to college with all sorts of aims or none. They never prepare lessons thoroughly, cut as often as they dare, borrow the grinds' note-books just before examinations, get along with the very least work allowable, join many clubs, seek prominence in athletics, have a host of friends, get some bad habits, pity those who take life seriously and are barely able to get their diplomas. Sometimes they succeed in life. They have had a good time; have learned a little from books and lectures and a good deal in other ways. They make a greater mistake than their classmate, the "poller."

The sensible man takes a different view of college life. He studies hard, but not all of the time. He spends a few hours a week in the library; he goes to the gymnasium, takes part in some form of athletics, joins a club of congenial spirits, strolls about the campus with his chum now and then, mingles in the general college life, but does not smoke, gamble, swear, or shirk. He does his college work well, because he considers that he would be a fool to do otherwise. He takes recreation, because he knows he can not afford to do otherwise. He refuses to form bad habits, because he is too sensible to do otherwise. He misses much less than the "poller" and gets much more than the "sport." He leaves college with lots of friends, robust health, good habits, wide acquaintance with books—the treasure-houses of the past—a taste for cultured life and a consciousness of four years spent wisely. The forty years of after life are not filled with the vain wish that he might try those four college years over.

College life is likely to strengthen the strong and ruin the weak. It gives

the freshman a new freedom. A month ago sixty of these freshmen were dropped from Princeton and ninety from Cornell; not necessarily because they were poorly prepared or *could* not do the work, but chiefly because they were not made of the stuff that can stand college freedom. A few men go to moral ruin for the same reason. The larger part make mistakes, but have sufficient judgment and sufficient strength of character to keep their bearings.

College is no place for the lazy or for the morally weak. It is a place for the ambitious, the energetic and the strong.

The typical college man hates snobishness, detests cant, despises pretense, hates conceit, respects frankness, honors worth and idolizes physical prowess. The college hero is the successful but modest athlete. The hero of heroes is the man who can captain a foot-ball team and win Phi Beta Kappa, too. The college man is not likely to be outwardly religious, but he honors his comrade who has religious convictions and sticks to them. "Charlie" Young was the most popular athlete of his day at Cornell. The men used to say with pride: "Charlie Young has played 'varsity foot-ball four falls and 'varsity base-ball four springs and no man ever heard him swear." Ralph Kent was 'varsity centre, senior class president, inter-collegiate debater, collegiate orator, Phi Beta Kappa man and, finally, general secretary of the college Y. M. C. A. This was the best case of "all 'roundness" I ever knew.

The boy who goes to college with any other purpose than to do creditable work in his studies, to take his college course seriously, to mingle in the college life and to preserve good habits will have some things to regret. The boy who goes to college well pre-

pared, has high ideals and lives up to them in a sane manner will spend the most delightful four years that earth can give the sons of men.

*Blank*—"Who originated the first geometry proposition?"

*Black*—"Noah."

*Blank*—"How's that?"

*Black*—"Didn't he construct an arc B. C.?"—*Ex.*

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

### Michikee Moo.

[An Indian Ballad.]

Whopsy Whittlesy Whanko Whee,  
Howly old growly old Indian he,  
Lived on the hill of the Mungo-Paws,  
With all his papposes and all his squaws.  
There was Wah-wah-bocky, the Blue-nosed  
Goose,

And Ching-gach-gocky, the Capering Moose;  
There was Peeksy Wiggin, and Squawpan, too,  
But the fairest of all was Michikee Moo.

Michikee Moo, the Savoury Tart,  
Pride of Whittlesy Whanko's heart.  
Michikee Moo, the Cherokee Pie,  
Apple of Whittlesy Whanko's eye.  
Whittlesy Whanko loved her so  
That the other squaws did with envy glow.  
And each said to the other, "Now what shall  
we do

To spoil the beauty of Michikee Moo?"  
"We'll lure her away to the mountain top,  
And there her head we will neatly chop!  
We'll wile her away to the forest's heart,  
And shoot her down with a poisoned dart!  
We'll 'tice her away to the river-side,  
And there she shall be the Manitou's bride!  
Oh! one of these things we will surely do,  
And we'll spoil the beauty of Michikee Moo!"

"Michikee Moo, thou Cherokee Pie,  
Away with me to the mountain high!"  
"Nay, my sister, I will not roam;  
I'm safer and happier here at home."  
"Michikee Moo, thou Savoury Tart,  
Away with me to the forest's heart!"  
"Nay, my sister, I will not go;  
I fear the dart of some hidden foe."  
"Michikee Moo, old Whittlesy's pride,  
Away with me to the river-side!"

"Nay, my sister, for fear I fall—  
And wouldst thou come if thou heardst me  
call?"

"Now choose thee, choose thee thy way of  
death,

For soon thou shalt draw thy latest breath.  
We all have sworn that to-day we'll see  
The last, fair Michikee Moo, of thee!"

Whittlesy Whanko, hidden near,  
Each and all of these words did hear.  
He summoned his braves, all painted for war,  
And gave them in charge each guilty squaw.  
"Take Wah-wah-bocky, the Blue-nosed Goose!  
Take Ching-gach-gocky, the Capering Moose!  
Take Peeksy Wiggin, and Squawpan, too,  
And leave me alone with my Michikee Moo!  
This one away to the mountain-top,  
And there her head ye shall neatly chop.  
This one away to the forest's heart,  
And shoot her down with a poisoned dart.  
This one away to the river-side,  
And there let her be the Manitou's bride.  
Away with them all, the woodlands through,  
For I'll have no squaw save Michikee Moo!"  
Away went the braves, without question or  
pause,

And they soon put an end to the guilty squaws.  
They pleasantly smiled when the deed was  
done,

Saying, "Ping-ko-chanky! oh! isn't it fun?"  
And then they all danced the Buffalo dance,  
And capered about with ambiguous prance;  
While they drank to the health of the lovers  
so true—

Brave Whittlesy Whanko and Michikee Moo.  
—*Selected.*

### A Romance of a Masquerade.

"JACK, it is absurd for you to be  
jealous of your brother; as if I could  
like him better than you."

Edna, a fair-haired girl of eighteen,  
smiled roguishly out of a pair of deep  
blue eyes. There was something queenly  
about her, as she stood there on the  
porch of the large colonial house. The  
sun, preparing to hide itself in the far  
West, sent a few lingering rays to caress  
her wavy locks, making them  
gleam, here and there, like gold. Her  
blue eyes rivaled the violet in depth and  
passion.

Jack, looking up at her from the  
steps, had much the same thoughts, but  
he carefully concealed them. For he  
gave no answering smile, as he replied,  
coldly:

"Well, I can judge only from appearances, and I notice that you lay special emphasis on the *like*."

"Just as you say," replied Edna, indifferently, with a slight shrug of her shoulders.

"Good afternoon, Miss Van Derveer," and Jack had gone.

That night a young girl sat long by her window, gazing at the stars above. The next morning Jack Du Rande received a dainty parcel, containing many letters, a few mementoes, which only lovers can appreciate, and last of all, a ring, upon which a diamond seemed to glitter like a tear.

But in a private treasure box in Edna's desk lay a few withered violets. Who can tell why they, too, were not returned?

\* \* \* \* \*

So the engagement between Edna Van Derveer and Jack Du Rande was broken, and all the world wondered. At least the little world of Smithville, where Edna had always been a reigning belle.

It was noticed that Jack seemed to take his grief to heart. He scarcely went out any more to any of the numerous social functions, and his interest in his business lagged. His mother anxiously watched him, as he grew thinner and more worried, week by week.

While Edna? They called her heartless, for she once more resumed her position as favorite, and laughed and sang, seemingly as gay as ever. But the keen eyes of her mother watched the tired, reckless look deepening in her eyes.

Most devoted in his attentions was Jack's younger brother Richard, who, judging by Edna's gay spirits, thought that she had never really loved Jack, after all. And Edna liked him, liked his handsome face, his gay, winning manner. Edna herself was sometimes

in doubt as to her real sentiments toward him, but one glance at the withered violets was sufficient.

"Edna, will you be my queen, and I your king, at Clara's masquerade party next Saturday night?" asked Richard, as he sat talking to her one day. "Queen of Hearts, you know; nothing would become you better than Queen of Hearts."

"Why, yes, Dick; I'll enjoy it; won't it be fun?"

"Jack can't go," said Richard, then bit his lip to think that he had mentioned his name.

"Dick," said Mrs. Du Rande, Friday night, "have you noticed how pale and thin your brother is getting? He's wearing his heart away, I'm afraid."

No, Richard in his happiness, had not noticed.

That night, before going to bed, Richard stole softly into Jack's room. He gazed tenderly down into his brother's face. Yes, it was pale and thin, and dark lines were under his eyes. Jack was tossing restlessly in his sleep. Yes, he was muttering something. Richard leaned down, and "Edna," he heard his brother say.

Long he stood thus, looking down at his brother, then, clinching his fists, "O, how I love her, but with God's help I'll do it."

\* \* \* \* \*

Saturday night the room was gay with flowers, with men and maidens. Merry games were played, then came the time for the grand march, which was to be the feature of the evening. Each youth got his partner. There was Jack and Jill, Uncle Sam and Goddess of Liberty, and many others, and, at the head of the procession was King and Queen of Hearts.

Then came the moment to unmask. Edna laughingly removed hers, and waited for Richard to do the same. She glanced up, for his mask was off, and

yes, there, could it be, was Jack, trying to smile, but with the look of desperation on his face.

Edna gave one glance, uttered a cry, and fled from the room. Jack followed her. Soon he found her on the dark balcony, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"O Edna, my darling, won't you forgive me? I couldn't help it when Dick told me to do it." He sought her hand, which was icy cold. "O Edna, tell me that you still love me. You must love me." At first she said nothing, but lay her head upon his breast. "I do love you, Jack," she whispered.

That night they strolled home to-

gether, the strains of the band music floating out upon the air to the tune of "Oh, Jack, Come Tell Me Why."

EDITH B. COOK.

---

*Small Boy* (at dinner)—"Mamma, hand me the sugar."

*Mama*—"If you——!"

*Small Boy*—"If you can reach it."

---

*Teacher*—"Did you study this lesson?"

*Pupil*—"Yes."

*Teacher*—"Yes, what?"

*Pupil*—"Yesterday."



# THE SIGNAL.

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*Correspondents will please write on "rough note" and one side of paper only.*

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**School Spirit.**

EVERY student in a school learns to know that the success of the school, as a whole, depends largely upon the existence of that subtle, intangible element known as "school spirit." Without this active manifestation of school pride things go in a disjointed, halting manner, or do not go at all. To have

class spirit one must frequently sacrifice personal opinions, and often personal interests, and conform to the wishes of the majority. But having once made this sacrifice something more is needed, namely, hearty co-operation. What can be accomplished by the united efforts of all the students in a school is suggested by an ancient fable:

"An old man had many sons, who

were always falling out with one another. He had often vainly exhorted them to live together in harmony. One day he called them around him, and, producing a bundle of sticks, bade them try, each in turn, to break it across. Each put forth his strength, but the bundle resisted all his efforts. Then cutting the cord which bound the sticks together, he told his sons to break them separately. This was done with the greatest ease. 'See, my sons!' exclaimed he, 'the power of unity. Bound together by brotherly love, you may defy almost every mortal ill; divided, you will fall a prey to your enemies.'

There are those who acknowledge the necessity of school spirit and yet fail to realize that the existence of it depends upon the individual. It is not a thing we may praise in others and not have ourselves, for the lack of it in one student reflects discredit, not alone on himself, but upon the whole school, therefore the sin is the greater—to selfishness is added disloyalty.

We boast of our school spirit and decry the lack of it in others, but when we listen to an appeal made to manifest it more strongly, do we take the thing to ourselves and ask, "Am I at fault in this respect?" Even in a school where this spirit of good will and comradeship is most evident there seems to be need to remind the few that to uphold school spirit their own petty preferences must be put aside, and so, a gentle reminder is given to serve as a whip to be lashed at the heels of those who are so engrossed with self that they threaten to retard the progress of the school.

Much could be written upon how school spirit may be displayed, but no one needs such information. Enough has been said. All one needs is to ask and answer for himself the question, "Am I doing all I can to establish a full, strong school spirit, a school spirit

which exalts the name of the school and honors those who bring honor to it?"

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ON THE morning of March tenth the students of the State Schools had the pleasure of listening to Mr. Frederick Manley, of Cambridge, Mass., who gave a lecture to us last year on "The Merchant of Venice." His subject this year was "Macbeth." The thoughts which he left with us are brought to mind as we remember the last words of his lecture, "Choose whether to walk with the angels or company with the wierd sisters."

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MATERIAL is being sent to THE SIGNAL which cannot be published because no name showing authorship accompanies the article. It is customary to sign an article with the author's name, merely as an evidence of good faith. If it is desired that the name should not be printed, a request to that effect will always be complied with.

---

### Trials of the Editor.

The editor sat in her sanctum,  
Her feet on the rounds of a chair;  
She was chewing the end of her pencil,  
And her face had the hue of despair.

The cloud on her face was a match for  
The thoughts that were having a race.  
"Whate'er shall I do with this paper,  
With nothing to fill up the space?"

Here're papers from all o'er creation;  
"Please exchange" is all I can see.  
They don't want a lot of blank paper,  
And the blame, of course, falls on me.

"The Fresh" are too young, too giddy;  
The Sophomores their studies can't shirk;  
The Juniors say, "We can't do it all;  
Let Seniors do more of the work."

But on the great day of the Judgment,  
Among that procession of dead,  
The editors of High School papers  
Will travel not far from the head.

—Ex.

**Arguromuthos Society.**

Anna La Dow.

A FRIEND of mine was once suffering from severe lung trouble. Her physician cautioned her about taking her medicine regularly. When she forgot to heed the warning, as was often the case, she satisfied her conscience by doubling the amount. The Arguromuthos notes failing to heed the warning of the last SIGNAL, beg to make peace by telling not only what the society has been doing this month, but last month as well.

January 27th was an afternoon with Tennyson. Miss Pearce gave a sketch of his life, and Misses Gnechtel, Allen and Helen Trenbath gave readings from his works.

February 3d, Miss Newman read to us one of Richard Harding Davis' very interesting stories.

February 17th the society took possession of Professor Apgar's room, where a pleasant social time was spent.

February 24th Misses Tyler and Weatherby, affirmative, and Misses Cook and Lela Morris, negative, debated the question, "That the theatres of the present day do more harm than good." The debate was decided in favor of the negative.

March 3d "A Sketch of the Life of Van Dyke" was given by Miss Ericson. Two of his poems were recited by Misses Powelson and Honeyman, Miss Morris giving a prose selection.

**Gamma Sigma Society.**

N. Jennings.

THE afternoon of February 17th was spent debating. The subject for debate was "Resolved, Do the advantages of co-education outweigh its disadvantages?"

The negative side upheld its points well, and won.

The afternoon of February 24th was

very appropriately spent "With Washington."

On March 3d Miss Ursula Krewson was chosen to represent the society in instrumental music at the contest.

A very interesting and funny programme was arranged for the afternoon of March 10th. The feature was "Dialects." Several nations were represented, as follows:

*Scotch.*

Reading—I Love My Jean,.....Burns  
Miss McKinney.

Chorus—Blue Bells of Scotland.

*Irish.*

Reading—Selections from "Mr. Dooley,"  
.....Miss Oliver

Instrumental—Wearing of the Green,  
.....Miss Hay

*Negro.*

Recitation—Encouragement, .....Dunbar  
Miss Emmons.

Chorus—My Old Kentucky Home.

*American.*

Recitation—The Night Wind, .....Field  
Miss Krewson.

Chorus—Star of the Summer Night.

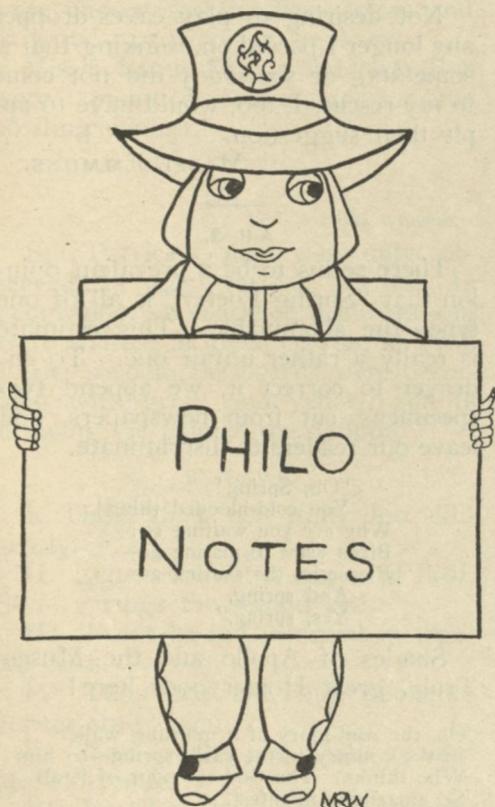
The subject of the afternoon of March 17th was "Current Events." The "Inaugural" was well given by Miss Tavior. "American Rhodes Scholars at Oxford" was given by Miss Hay.

**Pedagogical Club.**

S. T. Pollock.

THE regular meeting of the Pedagogical Club was held March 14th in Dr. Seeley's room.

At the close of the meeting a debate was given, "Resolved, that academic training is more valuable than professional training for a teacher." Miss Nelson and Miss Thomas, on the affirmative, and Miss Fletcher and Miss Hickson, on the negative. Both sides of the question were ably defended, and the members were taxed to make a decision. The affirmative side won.



M. P. Edson.

ARE WE NOT an enterprising society? See our new poster! This should prove to you that we are endeavoring to be up-to-date. *He* is a sandwich man. We do not wish that the wooden boards should in any way be suggestive of us, but rather that the poster should suggest to your mind the fact that we represent some of the "meat" of the school.

Philo Notes! Just a few condensed remarks about our society and its industrious members; and our wide-awake and interesting meetings.

Such a jolly and entertaining book review Miss Hughes gave on Friday, March 10th, "In the Bishop's Carriage," which the whole society enjoyed thoroughly.

Every one has been so busy and en-

ergetic over the play that the meetings on Friday afternoons have suffered a little. But after the play is over—how we shall all settle down to business, and what long and interesting meetings we shall have. In silence and with dignity, we will sit and listen to Milton and Macauley in a thoroughly student-like manner, and all excitement and restlessness as to how many lemons each shall bring or how many reception tickets the girls in the play shall have will all be forgotten—the play will be over.

### Thencanic.

Paul Case.

February 24, 1905.

Oration—Mr. Faussett, excused.

Synopser—Mr. Coleman.

Debate—*Resolved*, That the Battle of Trenton was of more importance to the American cause than the battle of Saratoga."

Affirmative—Burd, Farley, Pope.

Negative—Lanning, Vick, Sykes.

The debate was decided in favor of the affirmative.

March 3, 1905.

Oration—Mr. Case.

Synopser—Mr. Levy.

Debate—*Resolved*, That some other outdoor sport should replace foot ball in secondary schools.

Affirmative—Blodgett, Vick Burd.

Negative—Osmun, Mumper, Gibbs.

The debate was extemporaneous, and the chair decided in favor of the negative.

March 10, 1905.

Oration—Mr. Lanning, absent.

Synopser—Mr. Garrabrant.

Debate—*Resolved*, That the federal constitution of the United States allows too much freedom of press and speech.

Affirmative — Ruhlman, Mumper, Fell.

Negative—Levy, Farley, Case.

The debate was decided in favor of the negative.

March 17, 1905.

Oration—Mr. Mathews, fine (d).

Synopser—Mr. Parker, excused.

Debate—*Resolved*, That the United States should have a navy equal to that of any other country in the world.

Affirmative—Pope, Farley, Garabrant.

Negative—Coleman, Vick, Mumper.

The debate was decided in favor of the negative.

### Fly Leaves.

SENIOR I.

Dora Nelson.

The Senior I's not only have all of the studies that are assigned them in the course, but also lessons in "good housekeeping!" We invite our friends to step in now and then to admire our clean boards in our assembly room, which are the chief objects of our attention. Even if the day is gray or rainy, "cheer up" or stop in to hear a good joke in their room. They are really a jolly crowd at recesses, though so serious at work.

A II-1.

### CONVERSATION HEARD AMONG THE STUDENTS.

"What is your essay on? Do you know of anybody who had an essay on truth?"

"No, I'm sorry, but I don't. Do you know of anybody who had one on fear? I guess I'll have to make up my reminiscences because the only things I'm afraid of are mice and 'flunking' psychology."

"Well, then we can shake hands, because mine will be mostly home-made, too. I haven't gotten over the shock yet of wondering how Miss Williams ever thought that such a topic as truth applied to me."

Not desiring to play eaves-dropper any longer I passed on, thinking that if *something* or *somebody* did not come to *my* rescue, I, too, would have to apply their suggestion.

MABEL EMMONS.

A II-3.

There seems to be a prevalent opinion that "Spring Poetry" is all of one type—the abominable. This estimate is really a rather unfair one. To endeavor to correct it, we append two specimens, cut from newspapers, and leave our readers to discriminate.

"Oh, Spring!  
You cold-blooded thing!  
Why are you waiting so?  
Birds want to mating go—  
Please let the skating go  
And spring,  
Yes, spring."

Shades of Apollo and the Muses!  
Truly, great Homer nods here!

"Oh, the soul-glory of a morning walk  
In the country in the early spring—to him  
Who thinks! The God-splendor of it all  
So amazingly manifest.

The cold,  
Crisp air and the bare trees; a crowing cock,  
And the dog's sharp call from the farm-house.  
The husbandman, with his cordial greeting,  
As you meet him on the roadway. The azure  
caste

Of the far-off woodland vista. The gray,  
Lethargic clouds—sluggards of the sky—

\* \* \* \* \*  
'Tis as though Nature—Jehovah's menial—  
Had awakened from the mighty slumber,  
Rejuvenated for the humble duties  
Of another day.

Oh, the God-splendor!  
The soul-glory—to him who thinks!"

—George Metcalf Denton.

MIRIAM E. OATMAN.

A I.

Edith Voorhis.

The members of the A I class extend their sympathy to Miss Corter in her illness, and wish her a speedy recovery.

A regular meeting of the class was held March 6th. Maroon and white

were chosen for the class colors and dark red carnation for the flower.

Misses Bessie Morris and Neta Roe were appointed contestants for the bowling contest.

—  
B II-1.

Emma Williams.

St. Patrick's day was duly observed in our various classes. In geography our blackboard illustrations were written in green crayon, in Prof. Farley's room the boards were decorated with green and yellow, and in drawing we painted the daffodil.

BY-LAWS.

I. Thou shalt not study too diligently.

II. Remember not to rise until Prof. S—y rings the second bell.

III. Don't be too informal in algebra class.

IV. Thou shalt not study phonetics during study hour.

V. Thou shalt not look toward Model avenue.

VI. Finally, sisters, thou shalt obey the law in all things, not turning aside therefrom or getting wiser.

—  
MODEL SENIOR.

L. S. Osmun.

E. M. Haas.

On Friday evening, February 24th, a most enjoyable reception was given us by our young friends, the Juniors. You will never know how to appreciate such, Juniors, until you, too, are Seniors, and are so uniquely entertained as we were.

The general attitude of the Senior boys has the tendency of bringing forth "crushing" remarks from our feminine classmates.

Member (of the Senior class in Virgil) informed us—"That Chimæra was one-half snake, one-half goat and one-half lion."

Prof. S-i-h—"That makes three halves, Miss M-ll-r."

Mr. Yard's startling description of the Diet of Worms, at which Martin Luther was tried—"They just threw things at him and he couldn't open his mouth." What did he mean?

Ask M. B-r-l-y what February 14 means to her?

March 17th was St. Patrick's Day—did you see anything green on us? (This refers to the male section of the class.)

Certain members of our class (the male portion) seem to enjoy early morning walks. Why?

Mary had a little lamb,  
It wandered near the well,  
It chewed a piece of dynamite,  
Which blew it into—wee, wee pieces.  
O. M. S.

—  
The Evolution of the Locomotive.

MORE inventions have been made by Americans than by any other nation. While the locomotive is not an American invention, still American genius has greatly improved it.

The word is derived from two Latin words, *locus*, meaning places, and *motivus*, moving. The name is commonly given to a steam engine which travels on wheels turned by its own power and adapted to run on stationary tracks.

As early as 1680 Isaac Newton thought of movement on land by steam. If his ideas had been executed a tea kettle on wheels would have been the result. His machine consisted of a spherical boiler mounted on a carriage. By the reaction of the steam issuing from an escape pipe in the rear the carriage was driven forward. The driver, seated in front, controlled the steam. As a means of locomotion, it probably would have failed, but it marked the beginning of the locomotive, which has passed through various stages of

development to the perfection of today.

A Frenchman, Cugnot, made the first actual movement by steam on land. His purpose was to haul cannon in this way instead of by horses.

To George Stephenson belongs the honor of having been the first to build a locomotive to run on rails.

There are three general classes of locomotives, those run by steam, electricity and compressed air. The last is used less than any other.

In 1837 a locomotive weighing fifteen tons was considered enormous, but now the largest in the world, built in New York for the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, weighs more than two hundred forty tons.

Among the many important improvements in locomotive building are the application of the air brake, the forced draft and the multitubular boiler. By the latter system, first introduced by a Frenchman named Seguin, the heating surface is increased, thence more steam is produced.

Slight improvements may be made to the almost perfect steam locomotive, but in the future inventive genius will probably find another means to surpass this.

Electricity offers a very inviting field to those who would perfect still further our modes of locomotion.

Is it not possible that in the next century instead of the huge steam locomotive of the present day, there may be a comparatively small one, run by electricity or compressed air, whose power will greatly exceed ours of today? Why not? Is not every day marked by some new improvement or invention?

A "GRAMMAR A" BOY.

For sale—a dog. Will eat anything. Very fond of children.

### The Girls' Athletic Association.

Janet F. Balken.

WITH THE SIGNAL, for April comes the picture of the winners of the Girls' Basket Ball Championship for the season 1904-05.

The Seniors, after winning the three games they played in the preliminary contests, were chosen to play against the strong A I team in the final game.

How each team waited with baited breath for Saturday night! At last that eventful evening came, and both teams, confident of success, stepped out into the field.

After a hard fought game, the Senior team gained the victory, and Captain Lambert received the banner from the hands of Miss McGuire.

Miss Jester, the coach, may justly be proud of her team's work, and so indeed may the entire Senior II class. Again we offer our congratulations.

### Boys' Athletic Association.

C. H. Levy.

At the February meeting of the Athletic Association, the following officers were elected for the ensuing term:

President—Mr. Frost.  
Vice-President—Mr. Meseroll.  
Secretary—Mr. Corlies.  
Treasurer—Mr. Blodgett.

### BASE-BALL.

Now that the basket-ball season has come to a close, we are turning our attention to base-ball matters. Mr. Karrer has been elected manager, and is making out a schedule with teams which will provide hard and interesting games. As soon as the weather and grounds are favorable, a call for candidates will be issued, and from present indications many students will report, both from Model and Normal.

BASKET-BALL

*Union Business College, 12; State Schools, 16.*

On February 11th the most uninteresting game of the season was played. A team representing the Union Business College, of Philadelphia, was opposed to our team.

The game was continually interrupted by the fouling of the visitors, who seemed to think that part of the game the most scientific. The very fact of their fouling caused their downfall, for notwithstanding the fact that they outscored the locals in field goals, their fouling added twelve points to the locals' score and enabled them to win out.

Union College—Sutherland, A. Younger, forwards; Stanger, center; M. Younger, Eberle, defense.

State Schools—Dolton, Royal, forwards; Burd, center; Meseroll, Garabrant, defense.

Field goals—Sutherland, 1; A. Younger, 1; Stanger, 1; M. Young, 1; Royal, 1; Burd, 1.

Foul goals—Eberle, 4; Burd, 12.

Referee—Mr. E. L. Miller.

*Central Manual Training School, 7; State Schools, 43.*

It was not without apprehension that this game on February 18 was looked forward to. The Central Manual team stood very high in the Philadelphia league, and had several times defeated the Northeast Manual team, which only a few weeks previous had succeeded in defeating our boys on our own floor.

But the game was never in doubt after the first few minutes. Our team was at its best, and fairly swept the visitors off their feet by its whirlwind passing. For the greater part of the game the visitors had trouble even to locate the ball.

Central Manual—Meyers, Bruder, forwards; Wickham, center; Patterson, Ferguson, defense.

State Schools—Dolton, Royal, forwards; Burd, center; Meseroll, Garabrant, defense.

Field goals—Patterson, 1; Dolton, 6; Royal, 6; Burd, 5; Meseroll, 3; Garabrant, 1.

Foul goals—Wickham, 5; Burd, 1.

Referee—Mr. E. L. Miller.

*West Chester Normal, 11; State Schools, 28.*

The closing game of the season was played on February 25th against our old rival, West Chester Normal School. The team played for vengeance in this game, for in the earlier part of the season West Chester had been the victor in a battle fought on her own floor. And vengeance was certainly secured.

The game was one of the best of the season. The home team repeated its fine playing of the week before, and at all times showed its superiority over the opposing team.

West Chester—Vila, Detwiler, forwards; Wickersham, center; Schumacher, Give, defense.

State Schools—Farley, Royal, Dolton, forwards; Burd, center; Garabrant, Meseroll, defense.

Field goals—Vila, 1; Detwiler, 1; Farley, 1; Dolton, 4; Burd, 3; Garabrant, 2.

Foul goals—Wickersham, 7; Burd, 8.

Referee—Mr. E. L. Miller.

*Team Record for 1904-1905.*

Peddie Institute, . . . . .	7	State Schools, 45
*West Chester Normal, . . . . .	33	State Schools, 22
Williamson School, . . . . .	8	State Schools, 15
N. E. Manual Training, . . . . .	22	State Schools, 21
*Williamson School, . . . . .	24	State Schools, 18
*S. Jersey Institute, . . . . .	24	State Schools, 15
S. Jersey Institute, . . . . .	13	State Schools, 30
*Peddie Institute, . . . . .	15	State Schools, 7
Union Bus. College, . . . . .	12	State Schools, 16
Central Man. Training, . . . . .	7	State Schools, 43
West Chester Normal, . . . . .	11	State Schools, 28

Opponents, . . . . . 176 State Schools, 260

\* Games played away.

*Players' Record.*

	Games Played	Field Goals	Foul Goals	Points Scored
Burd, c., . . . . .	11	24	72	120
Frost, f., . . . . .	3	17	0	34
Farley, f., . . . . .	6	6	0	12
Dolton, f., . . . . .	5	11	0	22
Royal, f., . . . . .	5	13	0	26
Schmidt, c., . . . . .	7	9	2	20
Kiser, d., . . . . .	7	2	0	4
Garabrant, d., . . . . .	11	6	0	12
Meseroll, d., . . . . .	10	5	0	10
Totals, . . . . .	93	74	260	

Looking back over the basket-ball season just ended, we are to a certain degree disappointed and at the same

time gratified at the record of the team which has represented our school. Of eleven games, six have been won and five lost. This would certainly seem disappointing, since last season's team won ten of twelve games played. But the excellence of the record of our this-season's team will be apparent when it is considered that for the greater part of the season we have had a "green" team on the floor, and also that four of the five games lost we played on foreign floors, six of seven played at home being victories.

Everything ran smoothly until the Northeast Manual Training School game, and we expected, at least, to equal last season's record. But when trouble did come, it, as usual, came all at once. Frost was taken sick just before the Northeast Manual game, and before the month had passed, we had, in addition to the services of this valuable player, lost also the services of Schmidt and Kiser.

With a record of two games won and four lost, it seemed impossible to win four of the remaining five games. But this was accomplished. The team practiced daily, and by brilliant playing brought the record up to the desired standard.

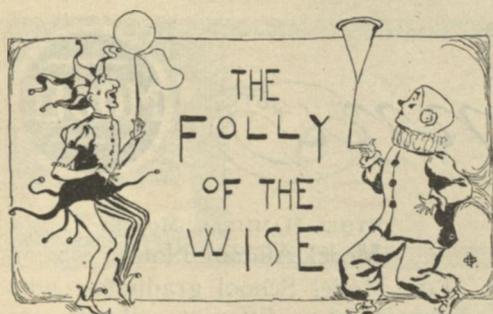
One very important thing has been accomplished this season. A team for next year has practically been developed. Only three members of this year's team graduate. They are Meseroll, Garabrant and Burd. Farley, Royal, Dolton and Faussett will return next year, and Frost also expects to be able to play. With this set of players as our representatives, the record of next season should be one of which the school may well be proud.

Only one team which we have played this season can claim to be our superiors. That team is the Northeast Manual Training School team, of

Philadelphia, which defeated us on our own floor, a feat which no other team has been able to accomplish this season. They won by only one point, the score being 22 to 21. However, this claim of superiority is offset by the fact that on February 18th we defeated, by the overwhelming score of 43 to 7, the Central Manual Training School team, which is recognized as being superior to the Northeast Manual team, and in fact has a far better standing in the Philadelphia league.

We have tied with all our old rivals, i. e., West Chester Normal, South Jersey Institute, Williamson School and Peddie Institute. Each of these teams has beaten on its own floor, but has been defeated on ours. Not one of these games played on foreign floors has been lost by more than nine points, while every one of these teams has, except Williamson, lost here by a margin of seventeen points or more.

We wish to thank the student body of the school for the support which they have given to basket-ball during the season just passed. There is much room for improvement, however, as only three hundred or less of twelve hundred students take enough interest in the games to buy season tickets. Some schools, as Peddie Institute, affix to the student's bill five dollars for the support of athletics. Therefore, in view of such conditions in other schools, we deem it not unreasonable to ask each student to pay twenty-five cents a season, or seventy-five cents a year. And it is like "pulling teeth" to obtain even this nominal sum from only one-quarter of the students. We hope that next year all the students will be willing to help the team both by buying season tickets and being present at the games. If such is the case, we are sure that a more successful season will be enjoyed than during any other year.



Botany Teacher—"What is protoplasm like?"

Student—"Like mucilage."

Teacher—"Give an example?"

Student—"Well, when you rub your hand along the stem of a rose, it sticks."

Who, O, *who* in Language Methods suggested teaching "Brake, Brake, Brake," and "Idols of the King?"

Will someone ask Miss Dynes if George Washington ever told a *Fraudacity*?

B II English Class—In describing a house Miss M-n-g-n said it looked as if it had undergone a depression. She undoubtedly had the geography lesson of the morning firmly fixed in her mind.

B II History Class—We were informed by one of the pupils that no State shall be represented in Congress by more than two or by less than seven members.

CULLED FROM "THE FOOLISH DICTIONARY."

FOOTBALL—A clever subterfuge for carrying on prize fights under the guise of a reputable game.

FUN—Joy.

FUNCTION—Devoid of joy.

FORBEARANCE—The spirit of toleration shown when a man who knows, patiently listens to a fool who does not.

FRANKFURTERS—Four for twenty, in German. Derived from *frank*, open, and *fortitude*, meaning brave. Sold in the open and eaten by the brave.

GALLANTRY—This word is now almost obsolete. It was formerly employed to express a deferential attention on the part of a man who in a crowded car gave up his seat to a lady.

GIRAFFE—The champion rubber-neck of the world, and the longest thirst on record.

GOSSIP—Derived either from the Grk. *gups*, vulture, or Fr. *gosier*, wind-pipe. Hence, a vulture that tears its prey to bits, or an exercise of the wind-pipe from which every victim gets a blow.

GOUT—The undesriable scion of High Living, which frequents the lowest joints and is mentioned only in the Invalids' Foot-Notes.

GOWN—From Lat. *gaudium*, joy. A thing of beauty and a joy forever; if from Paris, generally an article of some Worth.

GUNPOWDER—A black substance much employed in marking the boundary lines of nations.

HASH—?

HEAVE—To raise.

HEAVEN—A good place to be raised to.

HOTEL—A place where a guest often gives up good dollars for poor quarters.

HOUSECLEANING—A domestic upheaval that makes it easy for the government to enlist all the soldiers it needs.



# Alumni NOTES.



*Editors*—VIRGINIA BERGER, Normal.

## Normal Alumni Notes.

FRANCES SEGOINE, of the June class, '04, is teaching in Ocean Grove.

Louise McIntyre and Charlotte Miller, both of the February class, '05, are teaching in Atlantic City.

Josephine Rimoldi, June, '04, and Lillian Martinelly, February, '05, are both teaching in West Hoboken.

Isaac Serven, June, '04, is teaching in Darlington.

Myrtle Shreve, also a graduate of the June, '04, class, is now teaching in Glen Rock.

Mabel Albertson, February, '05, has gone to Perth Amboy to teach.

William Frederick Schmidt, February, '05, is teaching in Warrentonville.

Rae Stover, June, '04, is teaching at Fort Lee.

Flora Bauer, of the February, '05, class, has a position in Ovington.

Jane Condit, who was the valedictorian of the February, '05, class, is teaching in Glen Ridge.

Margaret Wise, of the February, '05, class, has gone to her home in Elizabeth, to teach.

Joseph Elsworth Soehl, of the June, '04, class, is teaching in Closter.

Harold Spicer, also of the June, '04, class, is teaching in Ironia.

Olivia Marsh Stiger, June, '04, is Dr. Mumper's assistant in the laboratory.

Martha Bowman, of the February, '05, class, has a position in Sussex.

Olive Booye, also of the February, '05, class, is teaching in Pleasantville.

Julia Carty, February, '05, is teaching in Cookstown.

Katharine Neafe and Mary Van Dorn, both of the February, '05, class, have positions in North Durham.

ETHEL HAMMELL, Model.

## Model Alumni Notes.

THE Model School graduates, who are studying at different colleges, are showing up well.

Of the nine graduates at Princeton, five are honor men. They are: James Messler, Senior Class, first group; John D. Due, Junior Class, first group; I. Trumbull Wood, Freshman, first group, and Charles H. Weelans and Kenneth H. Lanning, Freshmen, second group.

So of the four graduates who entered Princeton last year three are honor men.

Clifford D. Mayhew, '03, is president of the Sophomore Class in Rutgers.

Frank Shinn, '04, has taken high honors at Brown University.

Ethel Vick, '04, has taken high honors at Bryn Mawr.

Clarence Mather and Frederick Bechtel, who are Freshmen at Lehigh, are reported to have very creditably finished their first term's work.

Horace Griggs Prall, '02, is a Senior at Harvard, thus finishing the four year's course in three years.

## To the Advertisers.

We don't want to buy your dry goods,

We don't like you any more;

You'll be sorry when you see us

Going to some other store;

We don't need your caps and sweaters,

Four-in-hands or other fad;

We don't want to trade at your store

If you wont give us an ad.—*Ex.*

AS OUR MOTHERS SEE IT.

A rush—a scramble—

A tackle—a fall—

Six wounded—three senseless—

Four dead—that's football.—*Ex.*



Editor—JOSIE P. LUX, Model.

A TALE OF THE EXCHANGES.

IT was the *Ides of George School*, not of *March*, mark you, when the *Skirmisher* set out to visit the *Oracle* at *Pharos*. The first day of his journey was beautiful, an invigorating *Breeze* whirled the bright *Maple Leaves* to and fro over the land, and the *Skirmisher* felt ready to cope with any difficulty that might arise.

His course lay over a rough, mountainous country, whose densely populated forests and massive boulders furnished safe hiding places for marauders then across the sea, into the land of the Greeks. The first part of his journey was filled with danger; in one place he turned *Blue and White* with fear, for while he was peacefully leaning against a huge rock, the *Bouncer*, reading the *News*, a *Spectator* who had been watching him for some time, drew his knife upon the *Skirmisher*, threatening his life, for he thought it magic that the traveller read. After much bribing and persuading the *Spectator* released his prisoner, who thankfully took to his heels.

At length he arrived at the little town where the *Oracle* was situated, and soon found entertainment at the home of *Adelphian*, the wealthiest citizen of the town. Now *Adelphian* was a *Silent Worker* and a very cunning one. He had two beautiful daughters, whom he did not want to marry to the simple folks of the town, and seeing the *Skirmisher* a very up-to-date sort of a fellow, decided to marry one of the daughters to him. The younger

daughter's name was *Echo*, and she was a vivacious, bright little body, full of fun and good spirits.

The *Skirmisher* was a *Student*, and was investigating famous places of ancient history for original material for his essay. Alas, though, when he beheld *Echo*, he fell in love with her. But Cupid's *Arrow* had not smitten *Echo*, and she did not return his love. The other sister, *Argo*, however, had unfortunately been wounded by Cupid, and she loved the scholar. This was more of a complication than *Adelphian* had expected, and so he asked a *Dickinsonian* to be an *Advocate* for him, and to tell *Echo* she must return the *Skirmisher's* love, and that *Argo* must cease to look favorably upon him.

When the *Advocate* informed *Echo* of her father's wish, a *Spray* of angry words came to her lips, but she repressed them and yielded to her commander. The *Advocate* then sought out *Argo*, who turned *Red and White* at his words, and then said that she really did not care so very much. This rejoiced the *Advocate* greatly, for he secretly loved *Argo*, and he then told her of his affection.

In the meanwhile the *Student* gained *Echo's* consent to marry him, much to the father's delight. After the wedding, the account of which was given in the *Biograph*, the *Skirmisher* returned to his native land. His journey brought him little material for his work, but he found love, and since love is blind, he overlooked the lack of the former and contentedly settled down.

**Magazine Articles to Read.**

SOCIALISM is a question of importance at the present time. In *Scribner's* for February, 1905, is an article by Frank A. Vanderlip called the "Progress of Socialism." In this article the gradual growth of Socialism is nicely traced.

In the *Independent* for February 23, 1905, are two articles dealing with questions of to-day, (1) "The Situation in Russia," by Anatole Leroy; (2) "Life of a Mormon Girl."

"Port Arthur and After," by Alfred Stead in the *Fortnightly Review* for February, 1905, gives an insight to the conditions of that place during the present Japanese-Russian War.

Count Okumma, Prime Minister of Japan, in the *North American Review* for February, 1905, sets forth in his article, "Japanese Problems," a few of the conditions which Japan has had to face.

The *Century* for March, 1905, has an article, interesting to those who study manners of warfare, by Richard Barry, called "New Siege of Warfare at Port Arthur."

The students in the algebra method classes will find a very beneficial article in "Suggestions on the Teaching of Elementary Algebra," by F. L. Lawson in the February, 1905, *Education*.  
J. A. C. '05.

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