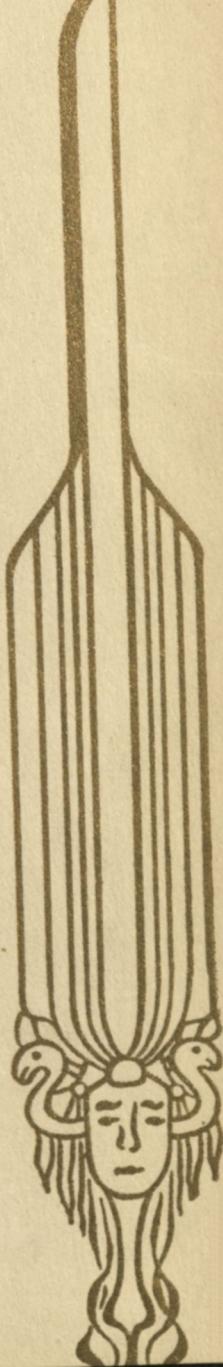
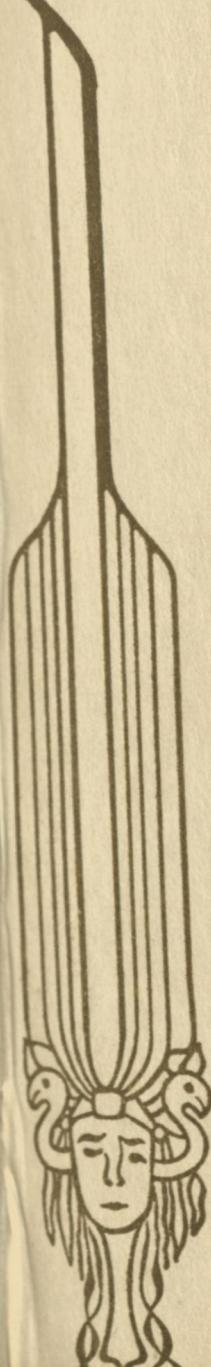
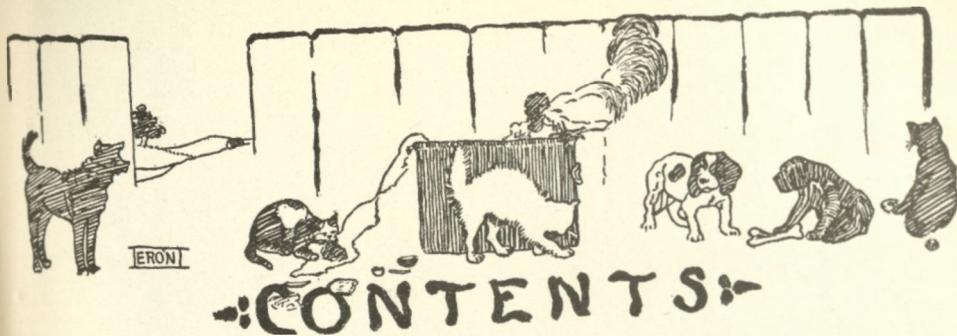




# SHENAL



FEBRUARY, 1918



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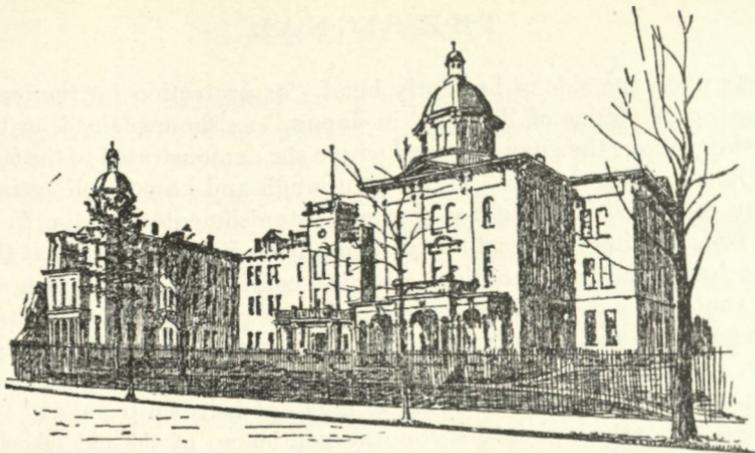
## Calendar

- FEBRUARY 22. Philomathean presents "Our Allies," Thru American Eyes.
- FEBRUARY 22. Patriotic Pageant 10:00 A. M.
- MARCH 8. Final contest.
- MARCH 15. Swarthmore Degate.
- MARCH 22. Spring Vacation Begins!

A VALENTINE SENT TO GEORGE WASHINGTON

*Pure and true and tender  
My love must be,  
Handsome, tall and slender,  
My love MAY be;  
But if the first be his  
Who loveth me,  
My heart will rest in bliss  
And constancy.*

*With manly words and daring  
My love must woo;  
With polished tones and bearing  
My love MAY woo;  
But ever dear and sweet  
The words will be,  
My lover's lips repeat  
For only me.*



# The Signal.

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No. 5

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## HOTOKE SAMA

I found her crying today! It was one of those gloriously wonderful, Japanese days when the sea and sky are a bottomless blue and the sacred mountain, Fuji San, floats between Heaven and earth like an inverted morning glory of rainbow tints. And I wanted her to go with me along the water's edge, but I found her crying.

When the new missionary came, we older ones were sadly disappointed. She was small, and charming and sweet where we had pictured a strong, large, capable person. But the children loved her as soon as she went into the school-room. They called her "Hotoke Sama," or the "Shining One," and now we lovingly follow suit. If ever there was a place where a livingbit of God's love was needed, it was here in this old mission at the end of nowhere. We were all so tired, so out-of-patience and weary of each other! But she thot the work was fun; and loved the "queer little kiddies." She has been here two years and by this time we have caught her joyous spirit.

We couldn't help it! When she smiles, it is a physical impossibility not to smile back. And if she isn't there when the little blue devils come 'round, somehow your eye is sure to fall upon her dear, scattered belongings, and as you stoop to pick them up, the recollection of that handkerchief, knotted at the

four corners upon the side of her curly head, "as protection for the brain when unraveling the mysteries of 'English' in Japan," as she explained; or the sight of the toothmarks on the gnawed pencil where she demonstrated to the fascinated children "how a squirrel bites," makes you laugh and be yourself again.

So you may well imagine my absolute astonishment at finding her curled up on her bed, sobbing her heart away. In a flash I remembered that the mails from home had come that morning, and was comforting her for homesickness.

"But that's just the trouble," she cried passionately. "I'm not homesick! I ought to go home and I don't want to."

"Why, child," I began.

"Here, read this," she said, trying to laugh at her own tears; and I opened a letter from her father, plainly a country gentleman of the old school.

"DEAR DAUGHTER:

"Your mother and I are glad you are happy in your work. It is good to feel that God's blessing rests upon you—that He is crowning our efforts to serve Him with success. But we miss you sadly, dear. Mother has asked little Alice Jennings to stop on her way home from school and wash the day's dishes—it tires mother to stand up long. The child needs the pin money but she leaves the kitchen sadly untidy.

"Your John stopped after church, today, and brought some flowers that cheered us mightily. He is looking fine. The church cannot yet afford to pay an organist, so the organ has been silent since you left; but they have found someone to take your place at the piano in Sunday School. Elizabeth Lewis took several piano lessons a few summers ago, you know. So the little chronicle of Home went on, voicing that pathos which is most poignant in the things unsaid.

I looked up and found her eyes grave with the wisdom she rarely lets me see and which is therefore all the dearer.

"I had no right to come," she said. "I knew they needed me. I have not honored *first* my father and mother! You talk of self-sacrifice—they bear the burden of that, not I; I am making my dreams come true out here in the Land of the Rising Sun. They are watching their dreams burst like bubbles and are fast growing old without that daughter who should be their comfort. The church, the school, the little village, needs me. You can use other helpers here 'tho they are hard to get. I, alone, can fill the need at home. I *must* go!"

Slowly I nodded confused understanding and at once she was her usual whimsical self.

"Come on, let's take that walk you're longing for," she laughed. Down thru the lanes and across the bridge we went; then up, up, up, climbing ancient moss-grown steps till the bay spread out its amethyst like a wrinkled counterpane, before us. Seated there on the topmost step, she gazed dreamily out across the fairy harbor and when she spoke, it was more to the sea and the sky than to me.

"I cannot bear to go home," she mused, wistfully, "everything is so peaceful, so satisfying here. Yet it isn't that life where charity *should* begin would seem humdrum after this. Why, I want to go home to Dad and Mother! It isn't—

Now she was addressing a tiny, square boat whose sails were the old gold of battered straw. "You see," she continued slowly, "when the man who loves me asked me to marry him, I told him that I could not leave my father and mother. All his arguing and pleading would not change my decision, for, absorbed in his love for me, he failed to offer the one thing I wished him to—to keep my father and mother with us—to wait, if money was the problem, till the four of us could be together."

"Yet, when I had the chance to come here, I ignored the leaving of my family. I soothed my conscience by thinking it would be selfish to stay quietly at home when I had this Heaven-sent opportunity of doing, in a romantic field, some good in the world. Selfish? I committed the most unpardonable sin of selfishness by *coming away!* Those who are not bound up by home ties should come, must come, will come; but we who are, should be very sure it is right before we leave."

"He was hurt and that I did not love him—that I had used my qualified refusal to 'let him down easily.' We quarreled. But, watching America fade away, from the great ship's deck, I realized what the parting really meant and sent a little note back to him." She 'rose and turned from sea to misty mountains. "I cannot understand," she murmured. "He has never answered it. I do not blame him; I trust his manliness; I do not doubt his loyalty; and yet, having sent the note, I cannot bear to face him till he sends some word." \* \*

"The Hotoke Sama leaving?" The blind Buddhist Priest, who worked each day in his tiny patch of garden across from us, brought her three of his choicest Iris bulbs "that at home she might grow memory of his thanks for the pictures she told of the flowers he could not see." The great Dyamo's sister sent silken kimono with obi so heavily embroidered with gold that it scarcely moved when one walked. Rich and poor had loved her and, hearing that she did not wish to leave, they brought their gifts as she said in their picturesque way, "to keep sadness from melting her joyous shining."

So, we lost her. On the way to the ship which was to take her away, we stopped for the mail it had brought in and turned into the Court of Silver Fountains to read it. Suddenly she stopped. I shall never forget the picture she made: a scraggly pine leaned over the lighter green of a bamboo thicket behind her; about her dark hair and gown, and strewn beneath her feet were creamy cherry blossoms, and, above, the sky was a perfect blue, blue as her eyes, while on her face was a light of joy unutterable.

"He understands and I understand," she said softly, "the mistake that caused the long delay doesn't matter. He is to meet me in San Francisco and together we will go home for father and mother. Listen to what he says. 'All that I am and all that I have is theirs as well as yours, dear, if you wish it.'

"We have both been learning the old law, 'Love is the joy of service so deep that self is forgotten.'"

For a moment I waited, fearing to break the spell, then I asked, gently, "What 'Open Sesame' did you send in that note, which could make you fear to face him and yet has brought so truly its own reward?"

The far-away look in her eyes grew more tender. "Simply this—I love you'."

Thera Twitchel  
Philomathean

---

### WITH APOLOGIES

*"To be or not to be, that is the question."  
I wonder if Shakespeare could cure indigestion.  
We know he was learned and wise in his way,  
But his favorite hobby was writing a play.*

*Suppose now, a man with an ailment most chronic  
Had gone to old Shakespeare and asked for a tonic;  
Do you think for a moment that he could prepare  
A dose to cure headache, could banish such care?*

*Now this may sound foolish, but feel for the point;  
There's scarcely a student in this "high brow joint,"  
Who strives for a hundred and scores in EACH class,  
Yet in one or two subjects his work may surpass;  
While in Physics or Chemistry he may excell,  
His English a different story may tell.  
The man who succeeds is the man who confines  
And centers his efforts on one or two lines.  
So, day in and day out, whatever the question—  
Specialize! Avoid danger of mental congestion.*

McI.



# EDITORIAL

## SIGNAL BOARD OF OFFICERS.

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PROFESSOR SEYMOUR.....	<i>Faculty Advisor</i>

## ANOTHER WELCOME

While giving hearty, best wishes to those of our old shipmates who are about to weather the terrifying gale of ten weeks "State Practice," right here in our own training school, we should like also to greet those who have just boarded this craft of ours, and who are, no doubt, already experiencing a few pangs of seasickness. Cheer up, mates! Seasickness is but a transient ill (there are others that come to stay). Thru them all, however, you will find us

ever ready to man the lifeboat at your first faint cry for help and if anyone here fails to appreciate your abilities, talents, or general importance, just tell us about it and we shall be glad to set them right.

On the whole, we feel that you will soon become used to our ups and downs, and when you have lost the feeling of strangeness and perplexity that is bound to attack newcomers, you will find us a pretty happy crowd. So join hands with us, people, and enjoy life to the tune of

*"Smile while things are as good as they are,  
The worst may be yet to come!"*

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### AUDITORIUM NOTES

On Friday, February the eighth, Mr. William Sterling Battis entertained the school with "Life impersonations of Dickens' characters."

Mr. Battis' clever portrayals of Dickens, himself, and of Uriah Heep were especially successful. Other impersonations were: Captain Cuttle, Captain Cuttle's landlady, Mr. Macawber and Little Nell's grandfather.

On Tuesday, February the twelfth, Miss Lillian Williams, formerly head of the Psychology Department of this school, delivered an address on Abraham Lincoln. A better picture of this great man could never have been presented. A rising vote of thanks and appreciation was given at the end of the address.

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## Contributions

### YOUR SERVICE

Have you ever been in a Red Cross House? Ah, then you understand that unconscious intake of breath as you enter: you know that the broad, open, clean look of the rooms in the unlimited use of white paint, plus floods of unchecked sunshine streaming through shining windows; you realize that the mystic odor is but the scent of innumerable oakum pads; you feel the action in a busy room of silent workers. But, do you remember, I wonder, the impressions of your first visit? In short, can you visualize your first day?

Everything has a "first day," but is not your Red Cross first day a red-let-er occasion on your private calendar of life? You have often passed the headquarters often seen the chatting groups of women passing to and from its

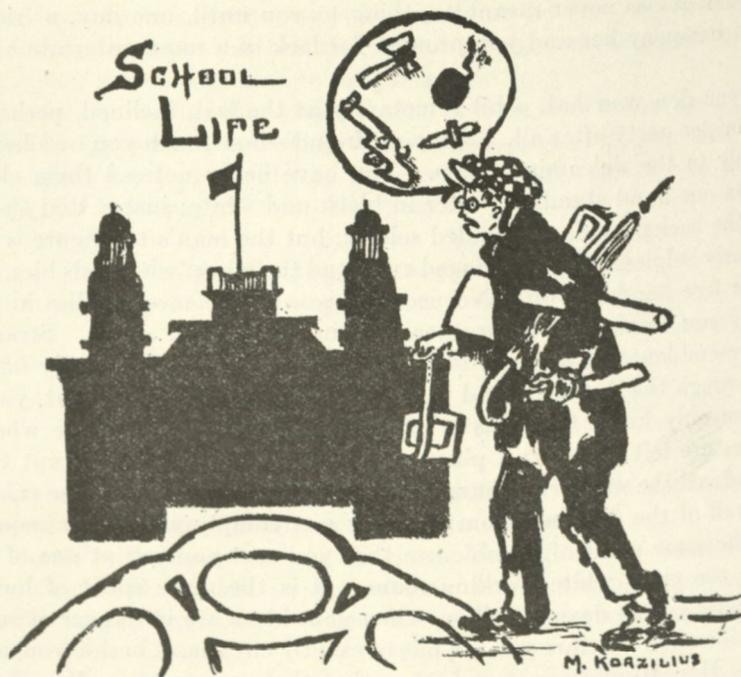
gates. But it has never meant anything to you until, one day, a friend urges you to accompany her and you promise for lack of a more entertaining engagement.

So you don your hat, a bit reluctantly at the last, inclined, perhaps, to go to that bridge party after all. But your friend—how much you owe her—guides you safely to the welcoming doors. You have never noticed them closely before. On one hand stands a poster in black and white; just a Red Cross nurse and, in the background, a wounded soldier; but the man's tall figure is rendered particularly helpless by his bandaged eyes, and the nurse, who leads him, stretches forth her free hand to you. No need for words; the message lies in her eyes. Suddenly you think of your brother, safe in his summer camp. Strange what an odd resemblance he bears to that wounded man! You hurriedly follow your friend through the doorway, and there you were checked—by what, you cannot tell. You only know that this is a place of earnestness; a place where petty trivialities are left without; a place of service. Humbly you accept the white apron and veil the worker in charge gives you; humbly you note the rules tacked on the wall of the dressing room; humbly you comply with their requests. It is with the same spirit of humbleness that you seat yourself at one of the long tables in the great white working room. It is the same spirit of humbleness which guides you in days to follow, when your ideas are in danger of surpassing your attainments. Before you is a pile of exactly cut gauze; beside you, a finished product. Hesitatingly you watch the others before you try. You find it is a case of the old "try, try, again"; but finally you achieve at least, a semblance of the perfect sample, and you feel duly proud when your neighbor compliments your product and explains that these are first aid compresses. In a every few weeks, she tells you, your work will staunch the life-blood of a soldier overseas. You wonder; it seems such a little thing as it lies on the table before you. The hours fly by and you must go. Regretfully you leave the room, lingeringly you remove apron and veil, slowly you pass from the house. Your eye falls on the poster, and you thrill with a new sense of womanhood as you share with that nurse your humble place in the world conflict.

And so you follow your cause day after day into the mysteries of splints, bandages, fracture pillows, hospital garments, until, one day, there comes to you a realization of the wonderful gift you hold—the power to follow, through service, in the path of Him who bears eternal peace. Then, in grateful remembrance of the friend who brought you to this gift, you resolve to aid some other woman. And so the idea spreads and grows and carries on.

May the souls of the wounded watch over our Red Cross houses, and speed on their merciful work! And won't you, woman of America, take that friend to Headquarters this afternoon?

DOROTHY B. SMITH.



SEN. A-9. A Junior was heard to say, "Is there a commercial course here? All of the girls whom I have met belong to the general, domestic science, kindergarten or manual training course."

Indeed, there is a commercial section. We will grant that the section is small, but not as insignificant as it appears to be. We, the students with the help of Mrs. Lowe and Mr. Clarkson are always ready to do any typewriting work which the societies wish to have done.

At the present we are busy practice teaching here in the Normal School. The other students are our subjects; but as we are not at all ferocious, we get along very well indeed. This teaching is to give us pointers so that when we go out to the various high

schools in the state, we shall be a credit to our Alma Mater and to the instructors, who have always been so kind and patient with us.

RUTH MATTISON.

SEN. A-7. *Sen. No. 1.*—"Dear Enemy!"  
Oh that's a dandy book.  
*Sen. No. 2.*—Oh, it's a sequel to "Over the Top," isn't it?

*Miss X.*—(In giving History of Ed. topic.)—"Only the hostess has to put on an extra dress at this meal."

### GET READY TO LAUGH

It has been said that if you should ask any member of that AII Practice Class (3rd period last term) how she

felt when her last day of the term came, she would immediately and from force of habit, answer: "A means to an end."

### D. S. INTERPRETATION

*Dr. Boise.*—Do you know what the flank is?

*Miss B.*—(Still in Cooking Class in spirit if not in body.)—It's used for soups and stews I know.

### IN HISTORY OF ED. CLASS

*Miss H.*—They taught among other things, the germination of seeds.

*Miss E.*—I guess they will have to call that ally-nation now.

SEN. A-7. In Diatetics class we heard that if lime is lacking in diet, children will eat plaster. Moral: Sweet people, beware in this time of sugar shortage.

Mr. Hewitt tells us that during a visit to the State Prison, he was told that they had had on'y one school teacher in the whole history of the prison. Cheer up! Some hope for us.

(CHICKEN)

I will be prepared for roasting in the D. S. Room at 1:00 P. M.

B. ECKHARDT

The above poster was seen over at the Halls on the bulletin board.

*Just before a sewing test: Miss H.*—I don't know beans!

*Miss Backster (overhearing).*—Don't worry! There isn't anything in it like beans.

### PEG'S GIGGLE

Tee—hee—e—e—e—(in high Q)

Yes, it's all right—that laugh, we mean—only it always comes at the inappropriate time.

R. M. P.

JUN. A-1. In chorus practice, this remark was heard: "Beat it and get some practice."

II. Miss Woolman was giving a special topic in Psychology class. After finishing, Miss Alden said: "I guess you must have some questions to ask, Miss Woolman, for you seemed to be amused at some of her statements." Miss Thompson arose and said: "I think they were amused at this statement: 'When we are in fear we usually run from that thing or person which frightens us,' for last night we had a midnight parade at the halls and when we saw Miss Kingman coming down the hall, we surely did run in fear."

Smiling, Miss Alden remarked, "Yes, I know all about it, for I slept at the halls last night."

III. Miss Taylor, giving instruction to one of the girls in Drawing class, said: "Draw the line parallel to it from this point and then vanish."

IV. Dr. Leavitt said to us one day before we received our averages: "Now, when you get your averages and you do not get as high as you think you should have gotten, and your friends get higher than you think they should have gotten, do not say that you can't understand it because your friends are no *handsomer* or *better looking* than you are." This caused much laughter among the girls of this class.

V. *Given apparently as advice.* Dr. Leavitt said: "Diseases are spread by shaking hands, touching other people in any way or kissing." "Don't kiss (hm! hm!) only occasionally, and then on the back of the neck."

VI. *Mr. Seymour.*—Is your name Veale (y) or just plain Veale? (*Veal*).

VII. Bedlam was let loose when the gallant team of the A-I-1 Class left the gym, victorious over the Sen. I-6 Class. Wild figures scampered around, hugging each other, slapping one another on the back, dancing like goblins, and yelling like hoodlums. Why not? It meant the championship of the school for the A-I-1 in *End ball*.

VIII. In History class, Miss Parmenter asked the meaning of the word bibliography. Miss Margerum said: "It has something to do with books."

Miss Parmenter very soberly said: "So has the cover, something to do with books."

VERA S. MARKS.

JUN. A-2. *Estella, in Psychology class*—  
I think a course in Arts helps anyone. I know a woman who was much neater after taking a course.  
*Miss A.*—Wasn't she neat before?  
*Estella.*—Not so that you could notice it.

*Miss D.*—You should have given more of the book in your review, Miss Holmes.

*Caroline.*—It was mostly love affairs and you should not tell that to children.

*Miss D.*—Why, I didn't find it that way, but they say we find in a book what we take to it.

(How about it, Caroline?)

Dr. Leavitt told us that people used to frighten children with ghost stories, but now they tell them about *germs*.  
J. E. S.

JUN. B-4. AN ODE TO MUSIC  
I would that I a bird were  
And Oh, how I would sing  
Those primary songs for children,  
And sequentials, I'd make them ring.  
But convention, it has declared  
That always to the gentler sex  
We pay absolute submission;  
class,

Volume cannot gain admission.  
MARION BACON.



# SOCIETY NOTES.

## N. D. C.

N. D. C. has not been heard from for a long time, but that does not mean that the members are idling away their time. We are proud of our new members who have entered with such spirit into the work of the society. Everyone is working hard. If you do not think so, consider the contest results.

We cast all work aside on Friday afternoon, January 4th, and turned our minds to a lighter vein. The new members were initiated into the society and they entertained the senior members, obeying their slightest wish. The results in many cases were ludicrous.

Everyone is putting forth redoubled efforts now to make a good showing on the evening of March 8th. Something of very great importance is going to happen on that evening. It is the final society contest. Each member joins with us in wishing the N. D. C.

participants in this contest the greatest success.

R. S.

## GAMMA SIGMA

A surprise party was held on Saturday evening, January 26, in the south hall reception room, in honor of the two girls who were to graduate the following Friday. We spent a part of the time in playing games. By playing these games we found that certain members of the society were skillful dramatists (Quaker Meeting) and we found that certain pieces of jewelry were sure to give a shock when touched. (Electric jewelry.) After the playing of other games, refreshments were served.

S. E. S.

## Y. W. C. A. NOTES

The following officers have been

chosen for the Y. W. C. A. cabinet for the ensuing year: President, Marian Bacon; vice-president, Rachel Gardner; treasurer, Marianna Dudley; secretary Irene Paulin; poster committee, Laura Mead; social committee, Verna Danley; religious committee, Esther Zanes; missionary committee, Helen Paulding; conference committee, Ruth Hopper; music committee, Anna Blake; reporter, Frances DeWitt.

The members of the old cabinet have performed their work faithfully and well, and their valuable services will be missed. However, we feel sure that the new cabinet will perform their services equally well and will be just as successful.

The members of the Y. W. C. A. take this opportunity of saying "Welcome," to the new girls. We look forward to their cooperation and help in our meetings and feel sure that they will be with us in spirit at all times. So, "Welcome," Junior B's, and may your stay at Trenton Normal School be successful and happy.

A very successful circus was held under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. All the features of a regular circus were present and everyone declared that it was the best circus he had ever attended, or ever expected to attend in his future career.

F. C. D.

### BOYS' HALL CLUB NOTES

#### WELCOME TO NEW ARRIVALS

The boys lack no heartiness when it comes to welcoming new members

into their midst. The latest addition to the club can vouch for that. The usual method of acquainting candidates to the hall club is by first washing off the dust of travel by a cold shower, and rinsing with an occasional bucket of cold water, applied from above. In order not to make the greeting too formal and cold, the circulation of the brother is stimulated by the application of clothes brushes, etc., until he becomes quite heated (in the head.) The initiation is performed in the Stygian gloom after the hour of 10:00 P. M., by members of the society who are dressed in the full regalia of the club. After this a royal banquet is served by the new member to the club.

### A DISSERTATION ON LOVE

At a recent nightly meeting of the club, after the usual yarns were over and the stories were given, which a genius is apt to tell, one member who felt the influence of the springlike weather turned his thoughts as the poet saith, "Lightly toward love." The discussion immediately became heated as to just exactly what that abstract quality really is. Below are some of the opinions of the members of the club:

"It is a tickling sensation under the left suspender buckle that cannot be reached."

"Love is two fools, one after the other."

Another member comes forth with the famous quotation:

"*Love is to man a thing apart.  
'Tis woman's whole existence.*"

Judging from this member's actions in his particular case, he is altogether correct. But it didn't meet with the favor of the others. Another said, "Love is a puzzle that is hard to solve." Another, "What would life be without R—?" Still another says he is too young to have had any experience. The argument became red hot and nearly reached the melting point when in walked the "Professor."

Ignatz arose and addressed his dignity thusly: "Will you kindly tell *Me*, just what this thing is?" After a little thought and pacing the floor in order to get his mind in harmony with the meeting, the "Professor" replied, looking straight at Ignatz:

*Love is not a smile of frown;  
Love is not a thing created,  
From the heavens handed down.  
Love is faith, Dear, without measure;*

*Love is two hearts beating true;  
Love is life's one golden treasure;  
Love, Sweetheart, is—Love and You."*

This was too much for Bog and he fainted, so the meeting had to adjourn. These interesting discussions will be continued in our future meetings. Watch for them!

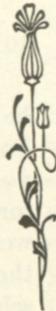
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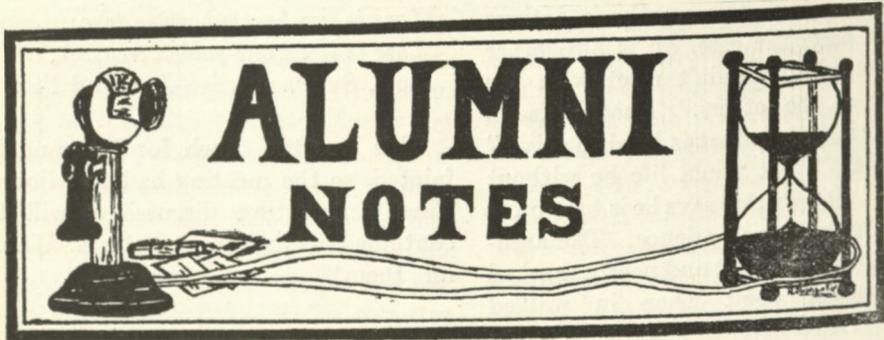
"Music has charms," surely; but when one becomes so interested in the daily lessons taken in this art that he sings in his sleep, we certainly must say that's the limit.

Ask J. Edward about it.

---

WANTED—A remedy for headaches, caused by week-end visits to Pitman.





*(Extracts from a letter of a graduate of the June Class of 1917.*

Swainton, Cape May County, New Jersey, December 31, 1917.

MY DEAR MISS SHEPPARD:

I know you have been expecting to hear from me for some time, but I decided not to write to you until I had accomplished something.

I had a meeting of the parents at my school the first Thursday in December. The meeting was very well attended, much to my surprise. Mr. Hand, the county superintendent, and Miss Gandy, the helping teacher, were present and spoke very well of our work. The children were just starting the picture frames made out of the pine fruit, the first week in December. Mr. Hand and Miss Gandy were pleased as it was the first time they had seen such inexpensive frames. My doll house was completely furnished at that time. The first and second grade children made the rugs and the upper grades did the rest of the work. Mr. Hand said that my school was the only one of the one-room schools in the county that ever had a dollhouse.

My miniature greenhouse had reached its zenith the week of the meeting. The bulbs were about to bloom, also the geraniums. My tradescantia and sweet potatoes were growing nicely. During that very cold spell we had two or three weeks ago, all of my flowers were frozen. You can imagine my feelings after my sad discovery. My fire went out over night, thus causing me much sadness the next day. The children felt just as badly as I did over the loss of the flowers.

I expect to have another meeting of the parents the second week in January.

In February I expect to give a concert to raise funds for a Victrola.

I am thinking very seriously of having a school garden this spring. I will have over an acre for one. Would you advise me to have the whole acre for the garden? I do not think that would be too much for the first time, though some of the teachers do. My school will close the third week in May but the children could tend to the garden after school closed, that is, if they are really interested in it. I am sure I will not have any trouble in arousing their interest. I have only twenty

pupils so each one could have a good-sized plot.

\* \* \* \* \*

Will you have school on Washington's Birthday? I expect to be in Trenton that day.

With sincere good wishes for a happy New Year,

Sincerely yours,

EDNA C. HENRY.

Miss Mary Wilson, of Mattewan, and Arthur Ballard, of Trenton, were married on December 23, 1917, by Rev. Clarence Hills, of the East Trenton Presbyterian Church. Mrs. Ballard is a graduate of the June Class of 1917. Before her marriage she was teaching in Hamilton Township.

Mr. Ballard is connected with the Mercer Trust Co. They are residing in Trenton.

Miss Emma MacIntyre, of the Class of 1917, visited us on Lincoln's Birthday and the day before. She very kindly told the school management classes of the interesting work she is accomplishing in the sub-primary class at Manassquan.

57TH BRIGADE HEADQUARTERS,

CAMP McCLELLAN,

ANNISTON, ALA.,

FEBRUARY 16, 1918.

MY DEAR EDITOR:

I should like to write to my former fellow-students about one of the drills which is fully enjoyed by all the fellows here: target practice. This sport (in fact we do consider it as such) is, es-

pecially now, highly pleasant to us, because the weather is splendid and the surrounding country is very picturesque. We start promptly after breakfast for the range, which is divided into several courses: 100, 200 and 300 yards. The first course is gone through by firing in the prone position; the second and third courses, by firing while standing in an actual trench. Every man on the firing line has a card on which the scorer marks the score. The latter is signaled by the man in the target pit with the use of different colored disks which he raises in front of the target shot at. A bull's eye is recognized by a white disk; a red disk means 4, next to 5, which is the bull's eye; a white disk with a black cross stands for 3; a black disk indicates 2 and a red disk waved across the target signifies a miss. On our rifle range there are 200 targets about one yard and a half apart from each other. You can imagine the din raised by 200 rifles barking all at once or in relays. Now, naturally there is always some confusion in the marking of the targets by the fellows in the pit; consequently a storm of protest is in progress in some part of the firing line all the time; the telephone connecting by underground wire, the target pit with the firing line, is surely the most overworked of all its brethren except, perhaps, the one in a stock exchange office. Such following remarks are yelled at the top of one's voice, at the telephone operator, who is charged with the transmitting of the messages: "Mark 123. What's the matter with 123? Asleep, or what? Does he think he's at Taylor's or State Street? I've been waiting for the last ten minutes

for the result of my last shot, and I'm confounded sure I made a bull.— — What! A miss! I tell you I'm dead sure I made a bull. Tell him he's a liar of the blackest kind, and that I'll blow his can for him if he sticks it out instead of that target."

At the machine gun and automatic pistol ranges the targets are only a short distance off, so that one can observe for one's self the score one makes. The pistol is by far the hardest to fire accurately with.

Corporal Raymond Heiser is at the Third Officer's Training Camp here, and I feel sure he will make an officer if good education, good physique and good, hard work have the say over red tape. He is a Fort Meyer man and accomplished excellent work there.

Private Rudolph Vogel has been transferred to Co. M. 1st N. H. Infantry, Camp Greene, Charlotte, N. C. He wrote that most of the fellows there speak French fluently, that they are clean-cut boys and that there are many Canadian-French soldiers. The student body of the Normal School ought to be proud of him, for when offered a discharge by the Medical Board, pursuant to a severe illness at the base hospital here, he declined it and stated that he wanted to try again, notwithstanding his delicate constitution. I move that three hearty cheers be given him. What do you say?

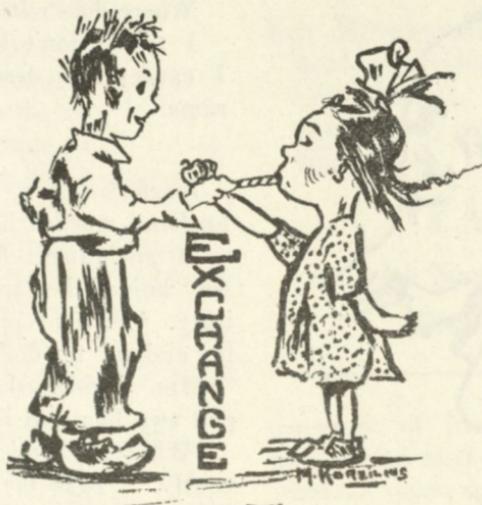
Sincerely yours,

FRANK HARONIAN.

NOTE.—Frank Haronian graduated from the N. S. T. course in June, 1917. He is now a member of the Intelligence Bureau, at the Headquarters of Brigadier Commander General Barber, at Camp McClellan, Anniston, Ala. He also teaches French at the Camp Y. M. C. A.

### COUNTY SUPERINTENDENTS

	Atlantic County
Henry M. Cressman	Egg Harbor City
	Bergen County
B. C. Wooster	Hackensack
	Burlington County
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We gladly acknowledge the receipt of the following:

- The Spectator, Trenton High School.
- The Ides, George School.
- The Skirmisher, Bordentown Military Institute.
- The Red and Blue, Jenkintown High School.
- The Knight, Collingswood High School.
- The Echo, Egg Harbor High School.
- The St. John's Echo, St. John's University, Shanghai, China.
- School Life, Metuchen High School.
- The Tsing Hua Journal, Tsing Hua College, Peking, China.
- The Tabula, Torrington High School,
- The Carlisle Arrow and Red Man, Carlisle.
- Y. M. P. S., Bethlehem.

The Skirmisher.—Very clever cover design and cuts. You have some good jokes scattered through your paper. Why not collect them in a Wit Department?

Y. M. P. S.—A well arranged paper. The Knight.—An all around interesting paper.

The Spectator.—The quotations at the bottom of each page add to your paper. Your cuts are excellent except that a more up-to-date one would improve your locals.

#### AS OTHERS SEE US

We wish to congratulate the Alumni Editor. Your cover is neatly designed. Why do you put your jokes in the advertisements?—The Echo, Egg Harbor, N. J.

Your jokes are good, but why mix the advertisements with them? We like the idea of your Honor Association and wish you every success possible in the association.—School Life, Metuchen, N. J.

A very interesting paper. We enjoy it immensely—The Knight, Collingswood, N. J.



## Wit

*Merely a Suggestion.*—"Absense makes the heart grow fonder," quoted the sentimental youth.

"Oh, I don't know," returned the matter-of-fact girl. "Did you ever try presents?"—*Boston Transcript*.

*True Patriotism.*—"Don't you love our song, the Star Spangled Banner?"

"I do," replied Senator Sorghum.

"Then, why don't you join in the chorus?"

"My friend, the way for me to show real affection for a song is not to try to Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Where does mineral wool come from?  
I really don't know, professor, but I expect it's sheared from hydraulic rams.

*When Jail Looms Bright.*—Mr. Young-husband reached home late for dinner.

"I got caught for speeding on the way home," he explained rather sheep-ishly. "Have to appear tomorrow morn-ing and get 'ten dollars or fifteen days.'"

Mrs. Younghusband fervently clap-ped two blistered little hands.

"What a providence!" she cried de-voutly. "Take the fifteen days, John! The cook has just left."—*Harper's Magazine*.

*How could she tell?*—One of the girl ushers in a Flatbush theatre had a problem offered her the other evening. She was showing two women to their seats.

"Is the show this evening fit for church women to see?" asked one of the pillareses of a Flatbush congre-gation.

"I—I don't know," responded the girl. Then she brightened. "You see," she said, "I don't have no time to go to church."—*New York Mail*.

*A Straight Tip.*—We've got to tip our hat to the Teuts for understanding the weather. Put into verse an old German proverb runs:

When the rooster crows at sunshine  
In that strident tone of his,  
Then the weather either changes  
Or remains just as it is.

—*Boston Transcript*.

## WHEN IT'LL END.

Absolute knowledge I have none,  
 But my aunt's washerwoman's son  
 Heard a policeman on his beat  
 Say to a laborer on the street  
 That he had a letter just last week,  
 Written in the finest Greek,  
 From a Chinese coolie in Timbuctoo  
 Who said that the natives in Cuba knew  
 Of a colored man in a Texas town  
 Who got it straight from a circus clown  
 That a man in the Klondike had heard  
 the news  
 From a gang of South American Jews  
 About somebody in Baraboo  
 Who heard a man who claimed he knew  
 Of a swell society leader and rake  
 Whose mother-in-law will undertake  
 To prove that her husband's sister's  
 niece  
 Has stated in a printed piece  
 That she has a son who has a friend  
 Who knows when the war is going to  
 end!

—Vedette.

## IT HAPPENED IN INDIANA.

On Friday evening Mr. Jackson Stone,  
 of Chicago, and Miss Eva Morris, of  
 Hebron, were quietly married. As sweet-  
 ly as the blending of two light-beams in  
 the solemn hush that fell over the little

For Merchandise of dependable  
 sort, at moderate prices, (quality  
 considered), you will make no  
 mistake in coming to this up-to-  
 date store.

## YARD'S

4 and 6 North Broad Street.

Trenton, N. J.

company of friends, these two souls  
 melted into each other under the mystic  
 words of union spoken by the officiating  
 clergyman.—*Valparaiso (Ind.) Vidette.*

## WORTH THE RISK.

For three successive nights the new  
 and proud father had walked the floor  
 with the baby. On the fourth night he  
 became desperate, and on arriving home  
 from the office, unwrapped a bottle of  
 soothing syrup.

"Oh, James," exclaimed his wife,  
 when she saw the label, "what did you  
 buy that for? Don't you know it is very  
 dangerous to give a child anything like  
 that?"

"Don't worry," was the husband's  
 tired reply, "I'm going to take it myself!"  
 —*Tit-Bits.*

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 148 E. State St., Trenton, N. J.

Phone 1416

## A POOR FINANCIER.

*He.*—We'll have to give up our intended summer trip. My account at the bank is already overdrawn.

*She.*—Oh, John, you are such a wretched financier. Why don't you keep your account in a bank that has plenty of money?—*Boston Transcript.*

Did you ever hear of the man who cut his trouser legs off three times, and then exclaimed: "They aren't one bit longer than they were when I started."

Did you hear about the man who was drowned in a barrel of whiskey?

No.

Well, he died in good spirits.

## SIGN OF WEDLOCK.

"There goes another married man," said the girl at the candy-counter.

"How do you know?" asked the cashier.

"He used to buy a three-pound box of candy twice a week and now he buys half a pound once a month."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger.*

## ABSURD QUESTION.

*Beggar.*—Pity a poor blind man with a large family, lady.

*Sympathetic Soul.*—How many children have you, my poor man?

*Beggar.*—Lor' ma'am, how should I know when I can't see 'em?

## Your Gift of Flowers

Your personality and thoughtfulness radiate from a tasty box of fragrant flowers, a dainty corsage or nosegay, or a bright flowering plant.

Always send flowers, they are always acceptable.

Send a FLOWERGRAM—your flowers, fresh and fragrant, delivered promptly to any city in the United States or Canada.

MARTIN C. RIBSAM

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Broad and Front Sts.

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## 'OLD FASHUN'

# ICE CREAM

A rich, smooth, delicious cream, made in a big, new, sanitary factory — nutritious — healthful.

at Agencies  
Everywhere

# HILDEBRECHT'S

*A. M. Voorhees & Bro.*

If it's New and Exclusive in  
Ready-to-Wear Apparel

You'll find it at Voorhees.

131-135 East State Street  
Trenton, N. J.

20-22 E. STATE STREET IS

**STOLL'S**

*The place to go for*

Stationery and School Supplies  
Kodaks, Printing, Developing

### THE SPIRIT OF '17.

"You seem very proud of your boy."

"Yep," replied Farmer Cornrossel.

"Josh is sure a credit to the army."

"Has he a commission?"

"No. He jumped in as a private.

He said he was so anxious to fight that  
he didn't have time to argue."

### A TRUE FRIEND.

Andy Foster, a well-known character  
in his native city, had recently shuffled  
off this mortal coil in destitute circum-  
stances, altho in his earlier days he en-  
joyed financial prosperity.

A prominent merchant, an old friend  
of the family, attended the funeral and  
was visibly affected as he gazed for the  
last time on his old friend and asso-  
ciate.

The mourners were conspicuously few  
in number and some attention was at-  
tracted by the sorrowing merchant.  
"The old gentleman was very dear to  
you?" ventured one of the bearers after  
the funeral was over.

"Indeed, he was," answered the mourn-  
er. "Andy was one true friend. He  
never asked me to lend him a cent, tho  
I knew that he was practically starving  
to death."—*Harper's Magazine.*

H. Wirschafter, 23 to 31 S. Broad St.

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23-31 SOUTH BROAD STREET

Unlimited Varieties

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DRY AND FANCY GOODS

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Developing for Amateurs at 10c. per  
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**Frames, Doors, Sash, Blinds, Shutters,**  
**Brackets, Mouldings, Glass, Etc.**  
**FRONT and STOCKTON STS. TRENTON, N. J.**

**STRICTLY GERMPROOF**

The antiseptic baby and the prophylactic pup

Were playing in the garden when the bunny gamboled up;

They looked upon the creature with a loathing undisguised;

It wasn't disinfected and it wasn't sterilized.

They said it was a microbe and a hotbed of disease,

They steamed it in a vapor of a thousand odd degrees;

They froze it in a freezer that was cold as banished hope

And washed it in permanganate with carbolated soap.

In sulphurated hydrogen they steeped its wiggly ears,

They trimmed its frisky whiskers with a pair of hard-boiled shears;

They donned their rubber mittens and they took it by the hand

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MAIN STORE 215 E. STATE ST. TRENTON, N. J.

See Candy a Specialty

And 'lected it a member of the fumigated band.

"There's not a microoccus in the garden where they play;

They bathe in pure iodoform a dozen times a day,

And each imbibes his rations from a hygienic cup—

The bunny and the baby and the prophylactic pup."—*Ex.*

*Rusty*—Pardon me for walking on your feet.

*Dusty*—Oh, don't mention it. I walk on them myself, you know.

#### A FUTILE EXPERIMENT.

William Williams hated nicknames. He used to say that most fine given names were ruined by abbreviations, which was a sin and a shame. "I myself," he said, "am one of six brothers. We were all given good, old-fashioned Christian names, but all those names were shortened into meaningless or feeble monosyllables by our friends. I shall name my children so that it will be impracticable to curtail their names."

DRUGS      CANDY      SODA  
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**Young's Drug Store**

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"Across from School."

**Rensselaer** Established 1824  
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Courses in Civil Engineering (C. E.), Mechanical Engineering (M. E.), Electrical Engineering (E. E.), Chemical Engineering (Ch. E.), and General Science (B. S.). Also Graduate and Special Courses. Unsurpassed new Chemical, Physical, Electrical, Mechanical and Materials Testing Laboratories. For catalogue and illustrated pamphlets showing work of graduates and students and views of buildings and campus, apply to

**JOHN W. NUGENT, Registrar.**

The Williams family, in the course of time, was blessed with five children, all boys. The eldest was named after the father—William. Of course, that would be shortened to "Will" or enfeebled to "Willie"—but wait! A second son came and was christened Willard. "Aha!" chuckled Mr. Williams. "Now everybody will have to speak the full names of each of these boys in order to distinguish them."

In pursuance of this scheme the next three sons were named Wilbert, Wilfred, and Wilmot.

They are all big boys now. And they are respectively known to their intimates as Bill, Skinny, Butch, Chuck and Kid.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

BIG SPARKS FLEW FROM OLD SATAN'S EYES.

Big sparks flew from old Satan's eyes.

"What's this I hear?" he said,

They say that when the Kaiser dies

He'll be consigned to me.

# Hooper's

Paint Shop.

So. Warren St.  
—just a step off State



## The Capital Stationery

The Capital Place for Engraving, Die Stamping and Accessories necessary for School Equipment. Quality and Price the Best.

15 N. Warren St., Trenton

Oh! Hell to me is very dear,  
The place is mighty fine,  
But if they send that guy down here  
Believe me, I'll resign.

I'll stand for murderers and crooks  
And I will not disown  
That I have now here on my books  
The worst things ever known.

But my boys would get sore, I fear,  
I know they would rebel,  
The Kaiser cannot enter here  
For he would corrupt hell.

Our sulphur is too clean for him  
Our brimstone lakes too pure

And if in one he'd take a swim  
He'd ruin it I'm sure.

Our company is not so swell  
Vile beasts we don't reject,  
But keep the Kaiser out of hell.  
We have some self-respect.

### FOOLING THE NEIGHBORS.

"What makes that hen of yours cackle so loudly?" inquired Jenkins of his neighbor.

"Why, they've just laid a corner-stone for the new workmen's club across the road, and she's trying to make the



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Model '91

S. ROY HEATH  
Model '03

# SAMUEL HEATH COMPANY

## Lumber and Building Materials

TRENTON, NEW JERSEY

neighbors think she did it."—*Chicago Herald.*

Some people don't seem to know the difference between a thumb tack and a finger nail.

*Advertisement in window.*—Buy our stoves and save half your coal!

*Pat.*—That's right! But why not buy two stoves and save all your coal.

### AN ANATOMICAL QUIZ.

Where can a man buy a cap for his knees?

Or a key for a lock of his hair?

Can his eyes be called an academy

Because there are pupils there?

In the crown of his head, what gems are found?

Who travels the bridge of his nose?  
Can he use, when shingling the roof of his mouth,

The nails in the ends of his toes?  
Can the crook of his elbow be sent to jail?  
How does he sharpen his shoulder blades?

I'll be hanged if I know—do you?

### A TOUGH PROPOSITION.

*Hostess.*—Doesn't it seem a shame, Mr. Jones, that this poor little lamb should have to die for us?

*Mr. Jones.*—Ah, yes, indeed! It is rather tough.

ESTABLISHED 1837

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HARDWARE,

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Electrical, Plumbing and Mill  
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# APOLLO :: BELLE MEAD

PARK & TILFORD CHOCOLATES

Warren Confectionery Store

WARREN AND HANOVER STREETS

AND IT WAS.

"What's the price of this lamp shade?"

"Fifteen cents."

"I thought this to be a 5 and 10 cent store."

"Well, can't you count?"—*Judge.*

THE MULE AS A BOY SEES IT

Being told to write a brief essay on "The Mule," Ralph turned in to his teacher the following effort:

The mewl is a hardier bird than the guse or the turkie. It has two legs to walk with, two more to kick with, and wears its wings on the side of its

head. It is stubbornly backward about coming forward.

MERELY A MATTER OF CHOICE

"Bobby," said the teacher sternly, "do you know that you have broken the Eighth Commandment by stealing James' apple?"

"Well," explained Bobby, "I thought I might just as well break the Eighth and have the apple as to break the Tenth and only covet it."

*How He Helped.*—"I venture to assert," said the lecturer, "that there

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isn't a man in this audience who has ever done anything to prevent the destruction of our forests."

A modest-looking man in the back of the hall stood up.

"I—er—I've shot woodpeckers," he said.—*Boston Transcript*.

*How They Feel in Washington.*—

"Have you made any resolutions or turned over a new leaf or anything like that?"

"No," replied the man with the serene smile. "No need of them. If I have any lingering vices I feel that I need only wait for somebody to introduce legislation that will make them impossible."—*Washington Star*.

*A Real Connoisseur.*—Two brothers were being entertained by a rich friend. As ill-luck would have it, the talk drifted away from ordinary topics.

"Do you like Omar Khayyam?" thoughtlessly asked the host, trying to make conversation. The elder brother plunged heroically into the breach.

"Pretty well," he said, "but I prefer Chianti."

Nothing more was said on this subject until the brothers were on their way home.

"Bill," said the younger brother, breaking a painful silence, "Why can't you leave things that you don't understand to me?" Omar Khayyam ain't a wine, you chump, it's a cheese."—*New York Globe*.

*Didn't want his nap cut.*—He occupied a barber's chair recently and he was drowsy. His eyes could not be kept open, and his head rolled about and drooped over his shoulder and down upon his chest in a way that made

The new Spring Styles in Kaufman Ready-to-wear apparel for Women and Misses are ready for inspection—showing the very latest Metropolitan City Ideas at Reasonable prices.

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shaving a difficulty for the knight of the lather and a dangerous one for the patient.

At last the barber said gently, but firmly:

"Look-e-here, sir, I can't possibly shave you unless you hold up your head."

To which response was made with drowsy indifference.

"Well, then, cut my hair."—*Philadelphia Public Ledger*.

*Junior*.—Do you know my brother?

*Freshie*.—Yes, he and I sleep in the same Chem. Class.—*Ex*.

*Wrong Line of Talk*.—Among the guests at a reception was a distinguished man of letters. He was grave and somewhat tactiturn. One of the ladies present suggested to the hostess that he seemed to be out of place at such a party.

"Yes," replied the hostess, with a bright smile, "you see, he can't talk anything but sense!"—*Christian Register*.

*True Instinct*.—Little Lydia had been given a ring as a birthday present, but, much to her disappointment, no one of the guests at dinner noticed it. Finally, unable to withstand their obtuseness or indifference, she exclaimed: "Oh, dear, I'm so warm in my new ring."—*Youth's Companion*.

*And Again, Ha, Ha!*—"All the writers on that funny paper have resigned."

"Ha, ha! then the editor has literally lost his wits."—*Baltimore American*.

*Perhaps there was a reason*.—An editor received this letter from a fresh youth:

"Kindly tell me why a girl always closes her eyes when a fellow kisses her."

To which the editor replied:

"If you will send us your photograph we may be able to tell you the reason."

—*Puck*.

*Inspecting Officer*.—Ah Ha, You need a shave.

*Soldier*.—(Studying French) — Wie, wie; No razor.

*Then Silence Reign'd.*—"Ma," roared Mr. Jagsby, "where in the bow-wows is my hat? I can't keep a thing about this house. It's a shame the way things disappear without any apparent reason. I would just like to know where that hat is."

"So would I," replied Mrs. Jagsby, coldly. "You didn't have it on when you came home last night."—*Birmingham Age-Herald*.

"How old are you, Miss?"

"I have seen eighteen summers."

"How long have you been blind?"

*The Restive Button.—Indignant Wife*  
—"What on earth do you do to your clothes to keep me sewing on buttons this way?"

*Apologetic Husband.*—"I don't know, my dear. I merely touch the button—I can't imagine what does the rest."—*Baltimore American*.

The following is a list of the "Up-to-date ones" at the camp at South Antonio, Texas, taken from a letter from "Doc" Thayer:

*Guard.*—Halt! Who goes there?"

*Answer.*—Officer, wife and child."

*Guard.*—Advance officer; wife and child, mark time.

"G'wan, nigger, you-all ain't got no sense nohow."

"Ain't got no sense? Whut's this yere haid for?"

"Dat thing? Dat ain't no haid, nigger; dat's jes er button on top er you body ter keep yer backbone from unravelin'."—*The Lamb*.

### WHY EDWARD FLUNKED

"What was the principal result of the flood?" asked the Sunday School teacher.

Edward pondered the question gravely. "I guess," he said slowly, "the principal result was mud."

*Virginia*—My friend's twin brother died when he was nineteen.

*Irene*—That's too bad. Which was nineteen, your friend or his brother?  
—*Exchange*.

### HIS OWN FAULT

"Sir, your daughter has promised to become my wife."

"Well, dont's come to me for sympathy; you might have known something would happen to you, hanging around here five nights a week."

### ROCKED TO SLEEP

An old darkey went to the judge and wanted to have his wife arrested for rocking him to sleep.

"Why, man," said the judge, "you can't have your wife arrested for rocking you to sleep."

"Dat's all right, judge, but you should have seen the rock."

—*Exchange*.

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