

Glenwood Gazette.

CHRISTMAS HOLIDAY NUMBER.

MOTTO:—"PEACE ON EARTH, GOOD WILL TOWARD MEN."

Vol. III.

MATAWAN, N. J., DECEMBER 17, 1890.

No. III.

Glenwood Gazette

Edited by the members of the ESSAY CLASS, at

**Glenwood Institute,
Matawan, New-Jersey.**

ADDRESS, MISS J. A. KUECH, Manager
Editoria Rooms, No. 11, 2d Floor, Glenwood.

Issued Every Four Weeks; Except During Vacations, alternately by the boys and girls of the Essay Club; the even numbers by the former and the uneven by the latter.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, 50 CTS. YEARLY,

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One Column (Ten Inches)..... 2 00
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If you want to boom your trade, business men of the vicinity, don't fail to get your advertisement in the columns of
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TO ONE AND ALL.

The GAZETTE expects its patrons to understand that only ORIGINAL matter is presented in its columns, believing it is to the interest of the school to depend entirely on the capability of its students.

In accordance with the wish of the patrons, copies of all the numbers of the GAZETTE since its first issue will be kept on file in charge of a regularly appointed official. Also, by request, the names of the successive editors of Vol. II, and III will be printed regularly in these columns.

EDITORS OF VOL. II.

No. 1 Edith Johnson..... Nov. 27
No. 2 Harry VanCleaf..... Dec. 24
No. 3 Marie Watts..... Jan. 17
No. 4 Robert Fountain..... Feb. 14
No. 5 Hulda Beers..... Mar. 14
No. 6 John H. Osborne..... April 23
No. 7 Nemie VanMater..... May 21
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No. 1 Annie Whitlock..... Oct. 29
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MARY SCHANCK. - - EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL.

MARY SCHANCK.

The holidays are here and exclamations about Christmas and New Year's are heard daily echoing and rechoing through the halls of Glenwood.

Each student is anticipating the enjoyment of this Christmas far more eagerly than any that has past.

Not one will lay aside their school duties with any hesitation, but all, teachers and scholars, welcome it gladly.

Parents, teachers and scholars we wish you all a Merry, Merry Christmas and a Happy, Bright New Year, 'ere we close our desks for a two weeks' holiday!

Girls, last year we were called by the boys simply "girls." This year in their last issue we were addressed as "Lady friends."

Gentlemen, we most sincerely congratulate you upon your select taste in choosing for your last Editor such an illustrious and brilliant essayist and poet.

We did not feel jealous at the success of his number, for is not the GAZETTE the common source of pride to all the Essay Class?

The Editor of the present issue asks modestly that the present Christmas Number be not brought into too close comparison with the Nov. sheet, which had such a renowned editor as our brother classmate proves himself to be.

These days, when the GAZETTE is read before the whole school and assembled friends and patrons, are days greatly anticipated, except by the editor, who calls up all possible confidence and nerve, when the trying hour has come, to present acceptably the literary productions in its columns.

On this occasion the main thought running through the paper is on the Holiday we have approached. This season belongs to all ages, old as well as young.

It is the

Christmas of Life.

CHILDHOOD'S CHRISTMAS.

Peep with me at dawn of the Christmas morning into this room where hang a row of little stockings by the open fireplace. See the stealthy figures of two children of ten and eight as they tiptoe hand in hand in their night-clothes with a look, half fright, half joy, toward the hearth where their eyes are fixed.

They feel that Santa Claus has but this moment crowded the last toy into the bulging stockings, and that the shadow in the open chimney is his form as he hastily beats a retreat.

Watch them as they advance nearer and nearer to the object of their gaze; look in their faces after they have carefully examined each emblem of love; question them as to their uncontrollable delight, and you will truly say, "Christmas is indeed the happiest event in the years of childhood!"

It is quite true, as some one has said, that they think only of what they are to receive. They are yet to learn that it is "More blessed to give than to receive."

CHRISTMAS OF YOUTH.

Come also with me a few days before Christmas into a room where you will find seated the youthful part of a household; approach them cautiously; seat yourself behind a screen and listen to

their conversation. You will find them, perhaps, planning some Christmas surprise for their parents; perhaps making presents for friends. Some part of their conversation would lead one to think them incapable of controlling that inquisitive feeling which so many of us are conscious of possessing at about the time of Christmas. We even hear them anticipating and making "guesses" as to the possible gifts in store for themselves.

Look at this same group on Christmas morning and you will see a somewhat different scene from the one to which you first gave your attention.

Their anticipation and curiosity have been satisfied as they now grasp that which they have so long desired to hold in their possession. The childish joy in the visit of Santa Claus has been outlived. They have laid aside their childish likings for candies and toys and have reached that age where for a Christmas or New Year's dinner they prefer, like DuBois, "Straight turkey," and the pleasures of a social Christmas gathering.

They delight to gather with friends around the table on which are spread all the delicacies of the season, or around a large Christmas tree on which are hung presents of all descriptions. They have enjoyed their share of *making gifts* to their friends, yet, unless they have themselves shared largely in receiving the gifts dispersed on this day, there is a heavy cloud in their sky. They have not yet half learned the lesson. They feel that it is blessed to give; but that it is "*More blessed to give than to receive*" is yet a mystery to them.

CHRISTMAS OF MIDDLE AGE.

Surely we cannot forget those who bestow the gifts, which we so gladly receive in childhood and youth. Our parents never think of receiving anything from our hands, but are always ready, if possible, to do everything that can contribute to our happiness.

Look at fathers and mothers on Christmas Eve, and you will find them diligently stuffing stockings or trimming the Christmas tree with all kinds of presents and surprises, or arranging some fresh enjoyment for their children.

Parents have learned the *blessedness* of giving, which causes them far, far more pleasure than receiving. The joy they possess is far superior to the joys of childhood and youth.

CHRISTMAS OF OLD AGE.

"Christmas Eve has come around again!" so says some one's grandmother, and seating herself beside the old-fashioned fire place she looks at it with thoughts far away, and recalls the

good times she used to have when she was a girl and how she hung her stocking up on that very same rusty nail in the corner where her grandchildren's hang to-night.

There she sits living her past Christmas times over again, smiling to herself; but more than that, she is seeing her own little children (who are fathers and mothers themselves now) and again making their Christmas times glad for them.

All at once her glance rests upon her grandchild's face and she entreats her to make Christmas a happy time for herself by using her capabilities for the enjoyment of others.

"Then you will always have pleasant recollections to lighten your life when the burdens of old age have come."

Yes, Christmas is here, and while we enjoy giving and receiving we must not forget that we celebrate the giving of the greatest gift of God to men.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive" are Christ's own words.

So God, who gives all, is the happiest of all beings, and we can only come to some of the same joy by being like Him in this; *in giving*.

QUACK! QUACK!

EDITH JOHNSON.

In Matawan town,
By one Alec Brown,
Fifteen thousand prisoners are held.
O, such a crowd!
And the noise so loud,
Which comes from this prison-field.

The cause, you see,
Is sad as can be,
The sufferings of thousands so sore.
An exile band
From every land;
Tale sadest in modern lore.

This multitude great,
O, sad their fate!
Have been torn away from their home
Their dear ones too,
Without any ado,
Were ruthlessly forced to roam;

All to this place,
Though every face
Was a stranger to the other,
And there could be seen,
Wire fence between,
Friend, father, cousin and brother.

So brave Captain Drake,
For his family's sake,
Called this wondrous throng together;
And loud were the groans,
The sighs and the moans,
From beneath each sad goose feather.

For they did hear
That they were here

To be fattened for market soon;
So you may know
The amount of woe
They raised in their mournful tune.
Through the dark night,
Till the morning light,
They talk of their mournful condition,
And so every day,
Whether fair or gray,
This same thing is done, no omission.
In procession, also,
Through their pens they go,
In good line with fife and drum.
And every day,
Their doleful quacks say,
"We but wait for the avenger to come."

GLENWOOD'S LIST OF BANKERS.

R. E. PORTER.

Has it ever been noticed how many bankers Glenwood has produced? Look at the Farmers' and Merchants' bank at Matawan. Its cashier, though he was never a student at the Institute, is yet connected with it, inasmuch as he is the treasurer of Glenwood's board of trustees, but the three clerks in the bank received their education at Glenwood.

Look at the list of Bank cashiers who have studied at Glenwood. Mr. James L. Fountain, of the Manufacturers' National Bank of Brooklyn; Mr. Edmund Dayton, of the Ocean Grove and Asbury Park; Mr. Jas. Terhune, of the 1st National of Red Bank; Mr. John Terhune, of the 1st National of Long Branch; Mr. Elihu Bedle, of the Central National of Freehold; Mr. Garrett Jones, of the Keyport Banking Co; Mr. Wm. Tuthill, of the People's National at Keyport; and Mr. M. D. L. Magee, of the 1st National of Manasquan.

And for bank clerks—Mr. Luther Fountain, of the St. Nicholas Bank, N. Y.; Mr. Joseph Bray, Central National, Freehold; Mr. William Hornor, 1st National, Asbury Park; Mr. Arthur Brown, Keyport Banking Co.; Mr. Geo. Foot, Syracuse, N. Y.; Mr. Ira Frost, Trenton Banking Co.; Mr. Edward R. Clarke and Mr. Wm. Hendrickson, Farmers' and Merchants' Bank, Matawan, (Ex Capt. Robt. F. Fountain being temporary clerk at the same bank); Mr. Wm. Lupton and Mr. Edsell Bissell, Importers' National Bank, N. Y., and Mr. Wm. Statesir, Freehold Banking Co.

Besides this, of the board of Trustees, Mr. Henry W. Johnson, secretary of our Trustee Board, is cashier of the Long Branch Banking Co. You can never think lightly of Glenwood, our Banking friends, though you go ever so far out into the world.

A CHRISTMAS REVERIE.

NEMIE VAN MATER.

'Tis the year two thousand, Christmas eve,

Beside a blazing fire I sit,
And Memory does for me weave
An old time picture, bit by bit.

She whispers soft of times long gone,
When we, school boys and girls, did
romp,
And when the Merry Christmas came
Cared naught for passing time or
pomp.

At length I chanced, no matter how,
My reverie to break through,
And then to my surprise I find
My class-mates present too.

The German songs in happy measure
The merry time fills up,
I drink again past pleasure
From Memory's magic cup.

Here's Harry Van Cleef, the actor,
Who in those days of long ago,
Portrayed as well the character
Of Romeo, as the stingy Jew.

Again I see our fair Juliet,
Hulda, who leads in the German song,
The priestly John, (the Pansy's his pet)
And all the happy Senior throng.

And Memory recalls again
The days when our "Gazette" was read,
How some sat upright in their seats,
While others hid with fear and dread.

O fair days those, that thus come back,
The old school rooms, and teachers
there;

As Memory leads me down the track,
I see naught else so rare, so fair!

F. D. Woodruff, the Keyport Jeweler, is now putting in a larger stock for the Holidays than has ever been in Monmouth county before. Fine watches, chains, seal, wedding and friendship rings, and other staple goods in immense quantities, and many fine novelties and cased silver goods for wedding and holiday presents.

The School Entertainment at Glenwood Institute, Friday evening Dec. 19, offers a variety of instrumental duets, vocal solos, and choruses, German songs, etc., with a unique Christmas exercise by the pupils of the Intermediate and Primary Departments. A treat, we believe, that no one of the patrons and friends should miss enjoying.

CUT THIS OUT.

This ticket, with \$2.00, entitles the holder to one dozen finely finished cabinet photos, of which the regular price is \$4.00. Carroll, Photographer, 99 Smith Street, Perth Amboy, N. J.

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The Origin of the Christmas Tree.

LILLIAN H. BEERS.

Once, ages ago, when the labors of summer were over, all the trees in the woods decided to have a celebration, in which each should array itself as much in holiday apparel as possible. And the brilliant appearance of their red, yellow, and gold foliage showed that each had tried to out-do the other.

Only some trees stood aloof and unchanged. The hemlock and fir trees kept on the same green raiment, which they had worn all spring and summer. The other trees all jeered at them, yet the firs did not care to explain. But this is the real explanation.

One little fir tree was at the bottom of it. It had called its sister and brother fir trees together and proposed that they should stay away from the tree-festival that autumn, for it had heard that men celebrated a far greater festival than they, though the trees had never been able to witness it, for after they had decked themselves in their autumn finery they felt too fine to work; so, neglecting to provide nourishment for their leaves, when the storms of autumn came they all died and stood bare and dead when man's festival, the Christmas time, was celebrated.

Always after the tree-festival was over the wind and frost stripped them naked, and so they remained during the whole winter.

The little fir reminded them of all this and succeeded in making the other firs agree to remain away from the tree-festival, still performing the duties of the summer, nourishing their roots to sustain their leaves that they might remain green till the Christmas time should come.

They thus hoped that if they were able to keep alive they might watch how men celebrated their great Christmas festival, and what it all meant.

When winter came they were greatly surprised at their fresh beauty as they gazed in the mirror of ice that surrounded them, and were also thankful that Jack frost, discovering their strange intentions, tried to protect them from the cold by covering them with white blankets. So they continued to keep green and happy.

The children, rejoicing in the glad times of Christmas, noticed what a contrast the beautiful fir trees made to the other bare stiff ones around, and asked if they might bring in the green boughs to help them keep the celebration of the birth of Christ.

To the surprise of all the other firs the little tree that had first longed to know

the manner of man's Christmas observance was the very one the children first brought into the midst of the Christmas joy, with delight hanging on its branches all their gifts. There the little trees heard the sweet carols, and quivered with delight to have a share in the great Christmas celebration.

The fir trees of all lands now know the meaning of Christmas day, for messengers were sent to all the fir trees of the earth with this word, "O fir trees of every clime, do you not remember that night when over all mountains and plains there shone the light of a new star in the sky? How when the shepherds were watching their sheep what a bright light shone about them! and how they went away led by the star; and when they came back they were shouting Our King is born! Our Savior is here!

That night was the birth-night of Christ, and that is what man has been celebrating to-day. And shall not we, too, celebrate it?" And all the boughs bent their heads with an "Amen!"

Ever since all the evergreen family have shared with men in praise at this time of the year.

In many different forms we find them in all our homes; the wreaths, stars, crosses, garlands and the heavily laden Christmas tree in all homes show the welcome they receive. They see and share in all that goes on, but above all have the honor of being the one to hold the many treasures which make so many little children happy and thankful.

THE CHRONICLE.

I. Now it came to pass that a great and sore snare fell upon the town of Matawan, renowned for its celebrated Hall of Learning. In the eleventh month, on the twenty-seventh day of the month—the day of the great feast of Harvest, which is the feast of Thanksgiving—the inhabitants failed to assemble themselves together, at the usual hour, to worship according to the time-honored custom of their forefathers. This people turned them from the worship of their God to do sacrifice unto the Turkey, where they feasted and made merry.

II. Now it came to pass on the ninth day of the twelfth month, which is the month of December, that numerous desks arrived at the Hall of Learning. Now each desk is provided with a lid and causes many and great rejoicings in the breast of each and every disciple.

III. It hath been decreed by the great clemency and goodness of Charles II., our gracious Ruler, that since it draweth near to the time of the last and greatest feast of the year, that each and every dis-

ciple return unto his tribe for a season of feasting and rest; and that from the nineteenth day of the twelfth month, even unto the fifth day of the first month of the new year, the students at the Hall of Learning shall not assemble as aforesaid. Let there be peace and good will among all the disciples through all the feast of Christmas weeks; and the Ruler and all his Council send to the disciples greetings of peace as they depart each to his tribe.

IV. Now this is the record which hath been recorded concerning the disciples of the school, which is called Glenwood in the town of Matawan, and hath been set in writing by the scribe to be kept with the scrolls which be laid up for reckoning. The number of the new disciples which have assembled at the Hall of Learning in the beginning of the year eighteen hundred and ninety for to become wise in all knowledge and wisdom, be one and thirty. Many of them be youths, and there are also goodly maidens. Of the new maidens there are these: Bertha, the daughter of Honce, Emily the daughter of Cottrell, Bessie the daughter of Warne, Virginia, the daughter of Clark, Alice, the daughter of Cartan, Bella, the daughter of Brown, and Nettie, the daughter of Schock.

Of the youths there be Samuel, which is the son of Gordon, Myron, which is the son of Campbell, Powers, which is the son of Chattin, George, which is the son of Hobart, Louis, which is the son of Meinzer, George, which is the son of Sayre, William, which is the son of Osborne, Theron, which is the son of Bedle, Reseau, which is the son of Hulsart, Edwin, which is the son of Jacques, Alexander, which is the son of Cooper, Walter, which is the son of Weeden, VanLeau, which is the son of TenEyck, Mario, which is the son of Cook, and Antonio, his brother, Gabriel, which is the son of Ramires, Herbert, which is the son of Cottrell, Judson, which is the son of Van Arsdale, Frank, which is the son of Burnett, Michael, which is the son of Kain, and Henry, which is the son of Wyckoff, Oscar, which is the son of Nelson, Joseph, which is the son of Linzmayer, and Walter, which is the son of Slover.

Besides these, there be in the school the great number of disciples who have been recorded in the rolls of previous years, whose names be recorded in the records of past times. These all with one accord assemble themselves daily with all diligence to become wise in all learning. There hath not been so large a number of disciples in the school, no, not these many years, for the school hath become of much repute in these days.

"Short Reckonings Makes Long Friends."

MINNA GUTMANN.

The proverb, "Short reckonings make long friends," may be interpreted to mean, that the fewer debts we owe our fellow-creatures, the more will we win their friendship and esteem.

This holds true in all circumstances; even among boys and girls at school. It refers to all manner of debts. We may be indebted for acts of kindness, as well as for material things.

Debts of kindness should never be allowed to wait; they should be paid when due, since they lessen in value if not repaid, and sometimes even become worthless.

These debts should weigh most heavily on the conscience, though it is often found that debts unpaid have the opposite effect and produce a hardened conscience.

Since short reckonings make long friends, it may be said with equal truth, that long reckonings make short friends.

Either characteristic makes a person well-known; but while one will continually be gaining in others' esteem, the other will become more and more disliked and shunned.

The person who owes and does not pay is always afraid of meeting his creditors, and acts guilty when in their presence. Men who are thus in debt often turn down a side street if they see the one to whom they are indebted approaching. Such persons can not enjoy themselves in society, for they are likely to meet their creditors continually. How unpleasant they make life for themselves.

It lessens the respect for a person, if one has constantly to dun for an unpaid debt, and any friendship between the parties will become gradually cooled.

The saying of the poet might be applied, that

"It is the little rift within the lute,
That by-and-by will make the music
mute."

So a habit in youth of neglecting to pay every indebtedness, however small, will likely result in a character which in after life is called a "dead-beat."

It may be said, that neglecting to pay one's debts is a vice; and of this it is written:

"Vice is a monster of so frightful mien;
That to be hated needs but to be seen.
Yet seen too oft, familiar with her face,
We first endure, then pity, then embrace."

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PERSONALS.

Dr. Jaggar spent Thanksgiving Day in New York City. We hear he took his pleasure in a dentist's chair.

Miss Eva G. Neal spent her vacation in New York City, and enjoyed the opera at the Metropolitan.

Our Literature and German teacher, Miss Julia A. Kuech, enjoyed her vacation at Morristown, where she met quite a circle of old friends, among them Miss Claire Greene, a former teacher at the Institute.

Mr. Lamont was the only teacher who stood guard over the turkey at Glenwood.

Miss Mary Clark spent her Thanksgiving at her home.

Capt. Elmer Geran, who enjoyed his Thanksgiving turkey in Brooklyn with his uncle, the dentist, says he had a very fine time, but we are inclined to doubt his word, for who ever heard of any one having a good time when visiting a dentist.

Second Lieut. Harry VanCleaf has also been enjoying a few days in Brooklyn with his cousin, and from the stories he tells he must have had a "razzle dazzle" time.

Chas. X. Crawford, one of our last year's Corporals, now at Cheltenham Academy, helped his parents eat turkey on Thanksgiving, and enjoyed his horse again for a few days.

Lulu Clark, one of our old students, now studying at the Normal School, Trenton, spent Thanksgiving at her home in Matawan.

Chas. S. Ely, a member of our last year's Essay Class, spent the Thanksgiving vacation with his parents at Holmdel.

Two of the Seniors amuse themselves with a miniature top, spinning it in their desk with the lid raised to hide their sport from the doctor.

There was a very pleasant and interesting progressive Tiddely Wink party given on the evening of November 27 by Miss Jennie La Rue. A white silk muffler for gentleman's first prize was won by Mr. Robert Fountain, and first prize for lady was a rose-jar, which was awarded to Miss Lizzie Clarke. The booby prizes were won by Mr. Henry Geran and Miss Lottie Huntington, which were a bugle and donkey, respectively. All prizes were justly won.

Mrs. J. C. Rice, of Cheltenham, spent a few days at Mr. David VanDeventer's.

There has been some complaint by friends in town that they were not given the opportunity of purchasing the GAZETTE. We would say to such that we would be most glad to receive their sub-

scription for the year, when they would receive the sheet regularly by mail. Copies can also be had at Chas. Geran's, where they will be placed on sale regularly.

Read our advertisements.

Corp. L. D. B. is so solicitous about his personal appearance that he deems it necessary to his career in life to have a miniature mirror fastened on the inside of the lid of his desk, where it is called into frequent use. The Capt. seems to find the same practice necessary.

James Stiles, a student at Glenwood last year, has entered for a course of study at Eastman Business College at Poughkeepsie, N. Y.

We were glad to notice the presence of two of our trustees at the reading of the November GAZETTE, Judge Spader and Mr. E. I. Brown. We hope they will come again and bring the others with them. We were also glad to see Frank Weeden's familiar face in the Hall.

Hulda Beers was compelled to spend her Thanksgiving vacation in Matawan in exile, while her family is in quarantine with the measles. Hulda made the best of her banishment, however, and favored the audience, who attended the fair given by the Mission Band, with a very well rendered German cradle song.

The girls take this opportunity of thanking the boys for their kind invitation in the last number of the GAZETTE to their Thanksgiving feast; also for the many compliments paid them in the last issue by especially both the editor and the author of the "Swing Log" poem. But the girls would like very much to know whether the boys have been actuated by mere gallantry or if they regard the girls with such high esteem? If we should draw up a set of resolutions covering many of the points which they have already complimented us on, we wonder how many of the boys would be willing to sign the statement. Brothers, have we caught you?

Our patrons' attention is called to the increased size of our Christmas number. Advertisers are wise to secure the hearing of the public in the columns of the GLENWOOD GAZETTE.

On Friday, December 12, the students of Glenwood contributed a purse of \$18 for the purpose of bringing Christmas cheer to the Indian Mission School among the Omaha Tribe in Nebraska. This is the fourth year they have donated Christmas offerings to these children, and have endeavored to bring them near to their thought by personal correspondence with them. The boys and

girls of Glenwood send warm Christmas greetings to the boys and girls of the Omaha Mission, and hope again to hear from them personally.

Mrs. Dr. Seeley, who taught at the Institute some years since as Miss Henness, is visiting friends in town. We are glad to see her.

EXCHANGES.

The GAZETTE has received during the past month the "Peddie Chronicle," now in its twentieth volume, and the "Freehold Institute," Vol. I, No. 2. To the first we wish continuance in its well-doing, and to the latter as great success. The "High School Tribune," from Syracuse, is also a fine example of a school paper. We are also in receipt of the Cheltenham "Reveille" and the "Reveille" of the P. M. A., of Peekskill, N. Y.

The New Jersey Standard comments thus on the October issue of the Gazette: "We welcome to our table the first No. of Vol. III of the neat and vivacious paper edited by the members of the Essay Class of Glenwood Institute, Matawan. Like pure wine it improves as it grows older."

THE SCHOOL CLOCK.—A Parody.

R. E. PORTER.

Somewhat back from the village street
Stands the school where we always meet.
Across its pleasant portico
The maple trees their shadows throw;
And from its station in the hall,
A modern time piece says to all,
Slow forever,
Forever slow!

Half way up the hall it stands,
And points and beckons with its hands,
From its case of shiny oak,
Like a monk, who, under his cloak,
Crosses himself and sighs, alas!
With a mournful sigh to all who pass,
Slow forever,
Forever slow!

In that school there used to shine
A bugle which sounded at quarter to nine.
But now that a drum is beaten instead,
No one but Grover can beat it, 'tis said.
The clock must wait for the Highland's train
And never a minute is it to gain.
Slow forever,
Forever slow!

Never fast, always slow,
All through the course the students must go.
The clock will a bad example give,
And teach the students a slack way to live,
For it is very bad, you see,
For clocks and students together to be
Slow forever,
Forever slow!

The Dumb Beasts' Christmas Praise.

MINNA GUTMANN.

From churches comes the Christmas song,
From children's lips also;
But there's a tale that once a year
Even beasts sing praises too.
Long years ago when wise men came
To kneel unto the child,
There rose from out each dumb beast's stall
Sweet sound of music mild.
'Tis said that, when they saw the light,
Which streamed the stable through,
And heard the angels' song of praise,
Their heads and knees bent too.
And ever since at Christmas time,
When midnight hour comes round,
O'er all the land, from ev'ry stall,
Come strains of joyful sound.
How prone we are to let our thoughts
Dwell less on God than gain,
While even these poor soulless beasts
Sing Peace, Good Will to Men.

CATCH-ALL.

"THE TOP OF THE CHRISTMAS MORN'ING TO YE!"

NEW FACTS.

Water is a liquid which contains much moisture.

Water holds heat longer than any other metal.

The sun has gas jets which squirt water 200,000 miles high.

Proof that water is elastic: Take some out of a pail in a cup and it will not leave a hole.

Where, O, where are the cadets' white belts?

Our Literature teacher asked one of the Seniors for the pronunciation and definition of Belles-Lettres. The prompt answer was: "Why, love letters, of course!"

Peterson & Co., dealers in hay and straw, flour and feed at the lowest market prices.

Fine holiday presents (silver, china, work-stands, toys, etc.) at T. H. Roberts & Co.'s, Keyport.

Geran has just received his stock of fine Christmas crockery. Come and look before buying elsewhere.

Emma Fountain received a present on December 4, worthy of mention. It was a mouse sealed in an envelope from one of her gentleman admirers.

THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING.

NETTIE STRAUB.

High from the old fashioned chimney place,
A stocking hangs limp in dim fire-light,
It had been hung there by little Grace
On that cold, bleak December night.

The Christmas morn brings surprise to Grace.
What hand has stuffed it till it runs o'er?
This stocking, that hangs in the chimney-place,
Spills its contents over upon the floor.

Go to Ben. E. Griggs' for tubs, clothes baskets, water pails, butter pots and lanterns.

Several mice have appeared in school lately. Don't bring any more, or any other animals, for you know

"It made the children laugh and play,
To see a lamb at school."

F. D. Woodruff, the Keyport Jeweler, has just completed an optical course with Dr. Julius King, of Cleveland, the best authority on glasses in this country, and has fitted up a room specially for examining eyes for all defects that can be corrected by refraction.

Occulists prescription carefully filled.

Compound Syrup Tolu, Tar and Wild Cherry, for coughs and colds, at A. Bell's drug store, Matawan.

All kinds of crockery and silverware given away with tea and baking powder at Griggs'.

SNOW EFFECTS.

"Pitty!" says baby, clapping her tiny hands. "Glorious coasting!" shouts Johnny. "Snowballing!" cries Ned. "Croup!" thinks mamma.

"Downy, dazzling snow!" says poetical Lalage. "Fine sleighing!" says sentimental Adele. "Bad colds!" sighs practical Prudence.

"Wet feet!" mews Tabby, shaking her paws. "Snow balls!" howls Ponto, making great speed. "Great trotting!" neighs bay Shipman, shaking his bells.

"Neuralgia!" moans the spinster. "Rheumatism!" murmurs the bachelor. "Falls!" groans the old man.

"Work!" says the workman, taking his shovel. "Play!" say the children, finding their sleds. "Skating!" say the youths, polishing their skates. "Pain!" say the elders, and draw nearer to the fire.

For the Holidays—Oranges, lemons, apples, figs, dates, nuts of all kinds, mince meat, cranberries, etc., at Peterson's.

John Holler's razors, the best in the country for \$1, at Geran's.

CHRISTMAS TRICKS.

BELLA BROWN.

The stockings were hung by the chimney one night,
As the family were sitting round the fire so bright;
They were waiting to hear the jingle say,
That St. Nick was coming in his sleigh,
When they heard it at last they all retired,
Except little Johnny who said he wasn't tired.

St. Nick must not be watched, you know,
Or else he'll turn back and away he'll go.
Jack meant on St. Nick to play a trick,
And hid behind that large black stick,
From there he could see St. Nickolus come,
And take count of the presents one by one.

And soon he heard the step of St. Nick,
On whom he was going to play his trick,
The stockings he reached, and spied Johnnie's head,
Who sat wishing for that large red sled;
But Nick is sly, he, too, played a trick,
Left only for Johnnie a long birch stick.

Skates, sleds, games, lamps, and a great variety of holiday goods to choose from at T. H. Roberts & Co.'s, Keyport.

Leibig's Extract of Meat, 35 cents per jar, at A. Bell's drug store, Matawan.

Teacher—"What are the Continental cities?"

G. W.—"Those one does not care anything about!"

Teacher—"How is that?"

G. W.—"Well, if you don't care anything at all about something that is mentioned, you say, 'I don't care a continental,' so I suppose Continental cities are those that one doesn't care about."

All kinds of holiday nuts, oranges and bananas at Griggs', the popular grocer.

Girls, do you suppose the boys know what comments we make on their evening calls when they extend them past midnight? Their ears would burn long if they did!

The seasonable hour for a gentleman to retire is 10 o'clock, and we do not take it a compliment when they stay longer; and we commission the GAZETTE to inform them so.

Who will be the happy winner of the Composition Prize for '91, boy or girl? Ask last year's successful competitor whether it be not worth striving for.

A SOLUTION.

MARY SCHANCK.

My teacher has asked me
A poem to write;
And I've baited my hook,
But the fish don't bite.

To sit by the brook-side
On a green mossy seat,
To watch the clear water
Run under my feet.

To gaze on blue sky
On the clouds' fleecy gray,
To think of things noble,
In a rapturous way.

Is not a bad pastime,
When you're in the right mood:
But to clothe thoughts in verse,
Is—

"A horse of another color."

Have you tried Griggs' fine honey for buckwheat cakes.

Teacher in grammar class:—Is this sentence correct? "They made excellent saleswomen?"

E. F.—No. It should be, "they made excellent salesmen."

Note from one of the boys of the Essay class to teacher, upon being asked to furnish some poetical production for the Gazette.

"I am asked to make a rime, and I will if I have time."

Who lays claim to the following note, which was found astray in the school room?

"I asked him if he got over his spat, and said, 'before I would cry over a girl I would go West.'"

Or this one, "I like you best of all the girls and so does Bert."

Fine blankets and robes, bells and whips at T. H. Roberts & Co.'s, Keyport. Some bargains in fine goods.

The usual holiday entertainment will be given in Glenwood Hall by the students of the Institute on Friday evening, December 19. Admission 25c. and 15c.

Married.

BEERS—WHITTING.—At Red Bank, November 5, 1890, Miss May Whiting, of Red Bank, to Edwin Beers, of Holmdel Township, former student at Glenwood.

HARPER—HORNOR --At Morganville, November 27, 1890, Miss Lillian Hornor, of Morganville, to Mr. Thomas Harper, of Newark, former student at Glenwood.

A good assortment of knives and forks and all kinds of cutlery at Geran's.

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Friday Evening, Dec. 19.

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