

Glenwood Gazette.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

MOTTO:—"LIVE AND LEARN."

Vol. III.

MATAWAN, N. J., JUNE 17, 1891.

No. VIII.

Glenwood Gazette

Edited by the members of the Essay Class, at

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

ADDRESS, Miss J. A. KUECH, Manager
Editorial 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.

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THE GAZETTE.

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
No. 8.....Graduating Class.....June 19

EDITORS OF VOL. III.

No. 1.....Annie Whitlock.....Oct. 29
No. 2.....Harry VanCleaf.....Nov. 27
No. 3.....Mary Schanck.....Dec. 17
No. 4.....John H. Osborne.....Jan. 28
No. 5.....Minna Gutmann.....Feb. 25
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Entered at the Matawan Post-office as
Second-class Matter.

EDITORIAL.

With this number the Senior Class of '91 is forced to close its connection with the GAZETTE. None but its members can realize the reluctance with which the "Farewell" is said; for the periodical began its existence three years ago with our class. No future Seniors can bear the same relationship to it. We feel it has been one of our educators; and, along with the list of faculty names, we are half tempted to write the dear name "GLENWOOD GAZETTE."

The Essay class, from whose ranks the editors are chosen, boast without blushes that they are proud of the success and reputation which the GAZETTE has attained. This boasting may seem unbecoming, but we must be pardoned for our justifiable pride. Perhaps one feature of our satisfaction lies in the fact that the matter in its pages has been our own. For, as we state monthly, "only original matter" is found in its columns. By *original* we mean that which has been written by members of the class under the training of our Essay teacher. We have never inserted one clipping from other periodicals. All the sparkle and snap which it has contained has been furnished by ourselves. The essays, rhymical productions, and brilliant (?) items found in the Catch All columns, (for which we have often received outside compliments) are all our own.

Some of our success may be due to the spirit in which we have worked. Our Manager has spurred us to enter this arena to secure the largest amount of benefit to ourselves. Especially is the suc-

cess of the paper due to our Managing editor (our Essay teacher) who has always welcomed our feeble efforts with words of encouragement and given the help we needed. We must not fail to make an acknowledgment also to two students in the Post-Graduate course whom we have been pleased to call aids on the editorial staff.

We also owe the financial success of our paper to our advertisers, the merchants of Matawan, and neighboring towns. Our paper has paid for itself; and we feel that the benefit has not been on our side alone. We claim to be a medium for most profitable advertisement, as our paper has so large a circulation, not only in the town, but through the county and beyond.

We would also thank our Subscribers for their large interest in our periodical, since its first appearance. Our paper has always received a kind welcome among them and many compliments from our regular readers have reached our willing ears, and added to our incentive to do good literary work.

In no wise would we forget to acknowledge our indebtedness also to one of our members who has labored as our advertising agent—J. H. Osborne. We have frequently been complimented on our choice of the one who should represent us among the business men. We are proud of the ability, faithfulness, and courtesy he has shown in this direction for two years, and acknowledge that his bearing has been an honor to us.

Our publisher, Mr. B. F. S. Brown, editor of the "Matawan Journal," deserves our kind thanks, for we believe him to be the most considerate Publisher the whole country round. He has done his part of the work so well that it has made a setting for our literary efforts which has helped its reputation much. He has not grumbled when we have brought in fresh items at the last moment before going to press; nor at being obliged to unlead to give us more space. No kinder publisher ever met raw editors.

Our sheet is becoming more and more popular and we have come to claim rank among the highest school periodicals of the times.

ARBITRATION VERSUS WAR.

Graduating Essay.

HARRY VAN CLEEF.

We are living in an age pre eminently noted for its discussion of questions relating to social life. These questions range all the way from regulating the number of hours the workman should be

CLASS-DAY VISIONS.

"Should Auld Acquaintance Be Forgot."

MINNA GUTMANN, CLASS PROPHET.

Let those who have passed the boundary line, which separates youth from maturer years, be asked what friends they prize most, or what ties of friendship they find most lasting and sincere, there would be almost unanimity in the reply that the friends made in early years come nearest the ideal of true and enduring friendship. Many are the arguments and instances that might be advanced in proof of this claim; for it is most noteworthy that the friends of our youth will bear greater strains on their sympathy, and be more self-sacrificing in times of unusual trial, later on in life, than those formed after the meridian is passed.

Each event in our lives counts one link in the completed chain of existence; and as our circumstances are either happy and beautiful, or sad and evil, so will the links appear in the chain of memory.

Again, it is a rosary whose beads vary in size and worth; some enticing us to linger long over the telling; and of these, the brightest are the friends of early days, true till the evening of life is passed.

Who can explain the law of selection, by which we are drawn to some early acquaintances, and make them our lifelong friends? We walk with them, talk with them; take them into our confidence, share with them pleasures and griefs, joys and sorrows, and consider them necessary to our happiness. Some of these friends are met in childhood among our playmates with whom we share our sweetmeats and make mud pies. Perhaps they grow up with us, attend the same school, and share all our childish joys and sorrows.

Although the mind is unshaped, as yet, it is making its choice; it leaves behind, at the bars of childhood, many who sat on the same bench, and selects but the few. Out in life there are other ties awaiting us; other friendships. Will the new friends ask for the places in our hearts already occupied by those who struggled with us over the knotty problems in our text books, and fought for the field of knowledge inch by inch; who brightened our way with frolic and joke, and with whom we exchanged sympathy when the battle faltered? If they do we may not be able to give what is asked.

Especially are such friendships, as we name here, formed between members of a class who have for years studied together in happy unity at such a time of life, when they are in the prime of youth's intelligence. Then are they more fully able to appreciate interchange of thought and hopes; for alike are they standing on the threshold of life, manhood and womanhood. In this manner do we today, Glenwood's Class of '91, stand in the happy relation of friends. All but one of our number of eight have been for years associated in work under the same teachers and in the same branches of study. Many are the freaks of school-life we shall remember; the jokes played at each other's expense; the subjects discussed in excited groups, the pleasant hours in the editorial rooms of the GAZETTE.

But to-day this is numbered with the past; and just here for our encourage-

ment we say, in the words of a wise writer: "Look not back upon the past, it comes not back again; go forth to meet the future, it is before thee." And with varied feelings of expectation we set our faces toward an unknown future, carrying in our heart the happy memory of past days. Our own little circle has thus far represented to us all of life on a small scale. It has been said that "it takes people of different dispositions and talents to make up a world." We face the future with different hopes and plans, and look at life with individual eyes. Will the future realize these hopes?

As the Class Prophet I am privileged to put forth some questions into the dim nebulous space before which we stand to-day.

Father Time, cast for us the horoscope! Turn thy dial a score of times and let me see the vision!"

First I see Annie, the oldest and most dignified member of the class of '91, our Salutatorian. It is evening; she sits by the fire, musing over the pictures which she sees in the flames before her. Friends she loved in the long ago at Glenwood look again into her face.

For sometime after leaving the Institute, she was a successful teacher, but now she is the wife of a celebrated lawyer, whom the students of Glenwood once knew as a wondrous debator. She proves to be still the same active friend as in days of yore.

The scene changes, again I look, and there rises before me one of the largest business firms of the Great Metropolis. Among the active clerks, I recognize gentle Lillian; she is considered one of the most capable book-keepers in the firm. She has just turned from her ledger to greet some friends who have dropped in to see her. Yes, they are some of the Seniors of '91. I hear them talk. "Lill, you look just as you used to." "And you haven't changed a bit, Nemie! How it brings up the old days of our graduating year to meet once in a while."

But the vision grows dim; the glass is turned, and I see another picture. In large letters on the page is the name of a great scientist who makes Astronomy her special forte. Feminine independence has increased still more in the last few years; women as well as men are becoming famous in the pursuits of Art and Science. The face is that of the fair Hulda in earlier times. Once she had some aspirations in the direction of a certain Captain in the military force of Glenwood, but she has given up all that, and, a worthy example of single maidenhood, is compiling a work on "Imaginary Worlds."

Next comes into view the brave gallant, our Class Poet, who used to give tributes of fragrant blossoms to the fair maidens of his class. His is a chequered career. He has tried with equal success photography, the noble art of poetry, and has even tried to win laurels as a tenor singer and composer of music, but at present he sits among Congressmen noted in public opinion as an orator possessing eloquence and power.

And now again a pleasing view meets my eye. I see before me an artist's easel; on it rests a canvas which presents a

finished work of art. Before it sits our Nemie, paint brush in hand, putting on the finishing touches. She went abroad soon after leaving school and studied the works of the best masters. On returning she applied herself diligently to her chosen profession; and with such success that to-day she is well known as one of our successful American artists. Several suitors have sought her hand, but it is not known as yet which one she most favors.

The last among a list of wise and worthy judges of the U. S. Supreme Court is one we knew as Sergeant O. the Valedictorian of '91. He has through diligence, uprightness, and perseverance worked himself up from the lowest round of the ladder, to his present position, where he rules with equal kindness and justice in the court as well as in his home; in the latter of which he is assisted by "Annie the Fair." Glenwood has been often surprised and delighted by visits from them. Their initials, interwoven, and cut deep as jack-knife allowed, still embellish bench, seat and wall of the dear old Institute.

Now I hear melodious strains of music, and on the dim glass grows into clear view another one of the figures of our happy Eight. How often have the same fingers made the halls of Glenwood ring with melody! Our Mary chose music as her profession, and became noted as a brilliant pianist; but not long was she permitted to belong to the public. A certain dashing Captain of '91 found it not hard to persuade her that life had for them both the most happiness and satisfaction in a union of interests and homes. He has become a wealthy merchant, and together they make life merry and happy, not only for themselves but for a large circle of friends.

I would gaze longer, but the picture melts away; and now, though I strain my eyes as I may, I get only a doubtful view of the last of the band. Though the vision of the Class Prophet could behold the future of the rest of the class, she is left in doubt as to the meaning of the view given her of herself. She seems to be in a school room. Is she to be Professor of German, as her classmates often predicted?

She blesses the happy future lying before her, as yet, youthful group, and turns to find the present closing days of Commencement of '91 too delightful to dream longer of that which shall come in the days to be.

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.

Oculists prescription carefully filled.

Try one of our gasoline stoves. If you do not like it we will refund the money. All who use them like them. T. H. ROBERTS & Co., Keyport.

The very best quality of ice cream only 40c. per quart. Also choice candies, fruit, etc., at VanPelt's, Main St., above Methodist Church.

The 1891 Catalogue of Glenwood Institute

WILL BE ISSUED ABOUT JULY 1.

Any one desiring copies will receive them by applying in person or inclosing stamp to CHAS. A. JAGGAR, A. M., Ph. D., Principal, Matawan, N. J.

THE WHITE ROSE.

(Class Flower.)

NEMIE C. VAN MATER.

'Tis but a fragrant rose,
Fresh on its slender stem,
With its dewy petals,
Fairer than costly gem!

Eut, O, the visions rare,
The pure white flower repeats,
As eight companion hearts
It in the future greets!

What lesson would'st thou teach,
To us of ninety-one,
Thou pure and spotless rose?
Speak low, to us alone!

Would'st have us give a pledge
That, when school-days are past,
We'll not "grey glasses" wear,
To make our sky o'ercast?

"My message is the truth
Taught by our Lord of Grace,
'Be pure and spotless white,
So shall you see his face!"

COMMENCEMENT NOTES.

The monthly issues of the GAZETTE, this year, have been regular from the first number till May, when it was decided to defer that sheet till midsummer. Our year has usually closed with the Commencement issue in June. We propose an after clap this year; so Vol. III. of the GLENWOOD GAZETTE will not be completed till No. IX, the Midsummer Sheet, is issued. One reason for this innovation is that the final literary work of so large a class of Seniors, together with the report of Commencement, can not be accommodated in one number. So we ask our readers to look forward to the Midsummer Sheet for the honor essays, viz.: Salutory (by Annie Whitlock), Valedictory, (by John H. Osborne), Prize Essay (by Nemie Van Mater) and for completed report of Commencement Exercises.

Our April Number regretfully informed its subscribers of the resignation of Glenwood's highly esteemed principal, Dr. Charles Jaggar. It has a much pleasanter task this month in announcing that in compliance with general request, the resignation has been reconsidered, Dr. Jaggar deciding to remain in his present capacity at the head of the school.

The Composition Prize, given each year by the Hon. H. S. Little, has been awarded to Nemie Van Mater, for the year's most faithful Composition work in a class of thirty. Her Prize Essay entitled, "Weather: Natural and Social," will be found in print in the Midsummer Number of the Gazette, as will the other honor essays. The Prize consists of Irving's Works (complete), handsome copies of the Hood's, Whittier's and Lowell's Poems. Last year this prize was taken by Harry VanCleaf, and consisted of a full set of "Gibbon's Rome" and Irving's Works (complete).

Now that so large a class of Seniors bid us farewell, it would be well for the aspirants for this handsome award in the

Junior Class to decide it is worth striving for next year.

Commencement week at Glenwood is always the occasion of the year at Matawan. This year the public exercises began earlier and are more numerous than usual. In spite of the extreme heat the audience seems untired in its interest in what we do here at the Institute. We go to press at the high-water mark of our program, and shall therefore not be able to give full account. As already announced, the complete report of the Musical Entertainment this evening (Tuesday), the Commencement day exercises to-morrow, with athletic sports in the afternoon and Reception by the Faculty and Seniors in the evening, will be found in the Midsummer Number of our periodical. Our program opened with a public meeting of the Glenwood Literary Society Friday evening, June 12. The audience listened an hour to a debate by some of its members on the subject, "Protective Tariff and Free Trade." They were entertained by off-hand speeches, readings, and both instrumental and vocal music. In the afternoon of that day there was played the final game in the Tennis Tournament, which had been going on for two weeks, and at the conclusion Frank Burnett, of Southampton, L. I., proved the champion player.

Monday afternoon at 3:30 in the presence of about twenty-five people, '91's Class Day exercises were conducted. The audience were comfortably seated on the lawn, the class being, seated on the porch, where a piano had also been placed. Miss Schenck and Miss Van Mater opened this program with a piano duet well rendered; after which the Class President, Hulda Beers, very gracefully welcomed the audience in a short address. The history of the class was then given by the Class Historian, Miss Mary Schenck, in which she went through the roll, giving account of those members which had fallen out by the way, the class, at its formation, four years ago, numbering thirty. She was followed by the Class Proplet, Miss Minna Gutmann, who in most pleasing manner laid bare the future of its members in her "Class Day Visions." So famous will the eight become in a score of years that it is safe to predict that there shall not any come after them like unto them. (These Visions are given in another column). The Class Poet, whose parting song is also found in this sheet, read in a clear tone his poetic tribute for the occasion.

Miss Lillian Beers read an essay teaching that the "Tongue kills with more cruelty than the Sword." Miss Gutmann then gave some most delightful music, and Miss Van Mater concluded the exercises with a sweet little poem on the Class Flower, the White Rose, which is also found on another page.

In the evening, the warmest in our recollection, the annual Declamation Contest came off with nothing to indicate, on the platform at least, that the temperature was not the most agreeable of the season. The contestants for the Declamation Prize were William Osborne, Fred Schock, Frank Burnett, George Hobart, Maytie Simpson, John Van Mater, Emma Fountain, Reese

Alexander, Mamie La Rue and Lila Arrowsmith; of which Emma Fountain and Mamie La Rue were the winners of the First and Second Prizes; Maytie Simpson and Reese Alexander receiving honorable mention. The judges who awarded the medals were Samuel Thompson Dodd, A.M., of the Electrical Laboratory, Princeton; Rev. Albert L. Mershon, Keyport, N. J.; Mr. Frank Knecht, Easton, Pa., brother of Dr. Knecht.

All the speakers showed careful preparation, and all did well. We overheard one of the audience say that young Osborne was a witness to the triumph of memory; for his selection, "The Declaration of Independence," was a severe test, the list of the colonies' wrongs being so long and disconnected in the wording. If space allowed we would be glad to comment on each speaker.

The music, both instrumental and vocal did much credit to the music teacher, and at 9:30, when the German class closed the evening's exercises with the Farewell song, "Lebewohl," the audience, and the boquet-laden elocutionists were surprised to find the evening was over.

A full report of the meetings of the Literary Society since our last issue has been given us for the Gazette, yet only a brief statement can find place for lack of room. The Glenwood Literary Society has held its regular meetings every two weeks since our last report. Their exercises have consisted of debates, readings, music, etc., and have been sustained in their interest up to their last gathering. New officers have been chosen, which leave the Society opportunity to start in good working condition when the school year opens again next September.

Miss Neal and her music class have been busy for several weeks getting ready for Commencement. This is the largest class the Institute has had for several years; one more scholar would have quadrupled the number with which she commenced the last school year.

HONOR ROLL.

GENERAL EXCELLENCE.

John H. Osborne, Water Mill, L. I.
George S. Hobart, Marlboro, N. J.
Nellie Harris, Matawan, N. J.
Maytie Simpson, Matawan, N. J.
Mary Emma Arrowsmith, Matawan, N. J.

SPECIAL EXCELLENCE.

Minna Gutmann German
Nemie Van Mater History, Composition
Annie Whitlock Geometry
Frank W. Burnett, Algebra, Book-keeping, Gram'r
Powers Chaitin Physical Geography, Algebra
Annie S. Fordham German
William H. Osborne Botany, History, German
John Van Mater Phys. Geography, Book-keeping
Theron Bedle Arith., Book-keeping, Grammar
Alice Cartan Arithmetic, Grammar
Virginia Clark Arithmetic
Emma Fountain Elocution
Vannetta Whitlock Arithmetic, Grammar
Henry Wyckoff Arithmetic, History

Intermediate and Primary.

Bessie Alexander Arithmetic, Grammar
Daisy Antisell Grammar
Rose Antisell Geography, Grammar
Irene Whitlock Geography, Grammar
Frank Smith Geography, Grammar

Athletic Games—Order of Events.

1. Potato Race.
2. Throwing Base-ball.
3. Egg and Ladle Race.
4. Obstacle Race.
5. Land and Water Race.
6. Tub Race.

discussed, a glimmer of the dawning of a new era—the era of universal peace. We turn our eyes toward the East and wait for the rising of the Son of Righteousness. We surely are catching its first beams above the distant horizon! The black night of cruel, treacherous and awful war is nearing its close! We bare our head and thank the over-ruling powers that we live to watch the dawning of His day of "Peace on Earth."

MARIE.

Translated from the German of Rudolph Gottschall
BY MINNA GUTMANN.

Marie, by open pane you sit,
You simple, peasant child,
And watch the play of blossoms blown
In th' evening breezes mild.

To the worthy peasant passing by,
You seem so like a prayer,
That rev'rently his hat he lifts
To one so good and fair.

The blossoms lift their starry eyes,
To yours so full of light;
Within the window blooms your face,
Of all the flowers most bright.

Ye evening bells, delight her ear
With sweetest melody!
O, may no storm e'er crush the flowers,
Nor e'er your heart, Marie!

THE PRINCIPAL'S REPORT.

TO THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES OF GLENWOOD INSTITUTE:

Gentlemen—According to the precedent which I established for myself when I held my first commencement here, I am again called upon to report to you the condition of the school and what has been accomplished during the past year.

Our attendance has been very gratifying in both quantity and quality. During the middle of the year we had an attendance of more than ninety students. It is unfortunate both for us and them that several of our very best students were taken out of school before the close of the year because of pressure of work at home. As to quality, we have not had any students of the kind that schools usually consider hopeless cases.

There is every indication that our attendance will be still larger next year than it has been this.

The work done here during the past year I am sure will meet with your approval. The teachers feel justly proud of it. As announced last year we have emphasized the foundation studies. In the so-called higher branches, subjects that are rarely taught outside of our colleges or great universities, the utmost that we attempt is to give a little insight into them and pave the way for future private work and reading if the students are interested in these branches. We have in our curriculum most of the subjects that are taught at any of the smaller Eastern colleges and some that are unheard of in western institutions. We do not take up these studies with the thoroughness that our colleges do for we have not the facilities of a great university at our command nor have we any demand whatever for the kind of work they do. The utmost we attempt is a fair knowledge of the general content of these studies and we leave all detail and embellishment to private study after graduation.

But in the foundation studies, element-

ary English, mathematics, all our college preparatory studies, we demand the utmost thoroughness. The grade of work we do in English is well-known to those of you who take the trouble to read the *Glenwood Gazette*, and if any of you have been present at the reading of our more juvenile paper "the Comet" you are aware also that our younger students are not without the very best possible literary training. We have had also a third publication in our school, the "Meteor," which is produced by the primary department and is by no means a discreditable sheet.

What we do in the line of forensic English those of you know who were present last Monday evening at the Declamation Contest.

We are not only doing good work in the higher studies and in the so called common English branches but also in Music and Art. Our Musical Department has increased constantly during the year, till now we have a goodly number of students pursuing this branch of liberal study, with what success you have but to listen to judge.

Our class in Fine Arts needs no mention if you will take the pains to examine the work now on exhibition; work that we are not ashamed to compare with that of any institution in the State.

We still continue to give instructions in Vocal Music and Drawing to the whole school free of charge; and although this takes time that would otherwise be available for other classes and makes it very difficult to arrange our schedule still the results are so satisfactory that we are unwilling to forego the great advantage to the school of this arrangement.

It is our purpose to emphasize still more another year the subjects we have laid special stress upon heretofore, especially penmanship, reading, composition, and public speaking.

Some repairs and improvements, to which I will call your attention at another time, are needed about the Institute building and grounds, the most glaring need in this line being for a more attractive fence in front.

There should also be some provision made for a more complete and permanent record of the work done here by our pupils.

Our teaching force is well known to you all. Besides the principal, Miss Kuech, Miss Clark, Miss Neal and Mr. Lamont devote all their time to the work of the school. Miss Chellis spends two days each week with us; the remainder of the time she works under distinguished artists in New York. Mrs. Jaggard devotes her afternoons to the school. Miss Annie Whitlock has had charge of some of the Arithmetic classes and has proved herself a competent and successful teacher; and our instruction in drawing has been made much more efficient by the valuable assistance of Miss May Johnson.

We expect to have the same faculty next year with one exception. Unfortunately for us but doubtless fortunate for him, Dr. Farrand of the Newark Academy has succeeded in persuading Mr. Lamont to take charge of a department in his school next fall. With this one exception we expect no changes

whatever among our teachers.

Respectfully submitted,
CHAS. A. JAGGAR,
Principal.

[DEDICATED TO THE GLEE CLUB.]

SONG.

Air: "Solomon Levi."
R. E. PORTER.

O, we are a famous Glee Club, we belong to the G. M. I.
O, we can sing the bass notes low, and the treble notes up so high.
From solemn hymns to gayest glees, from anthem down to song,
O, we can sing, when we feel like it, with notes both clear and strong.

CHORUS.

O, Glenwood Glee Club, Glee Club, tra, la, la, la,
O, Glenwood Glee Club, tra, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la, la,
O, we are a famous glee club, we belong to the G. M. I.
O, we can sing the bass notes low, and the treble notes up so high,
From solemn hymns to gayest glees, from anthem down to song,
O, we can sing, if we feel like it, with notes both clear and strong.
O, there's the Captain in this club, who stands so straight and tall;
And there's Van Cleef, and Osborne, too, but Campbell beats them all.
And Edwin J., we are all in gray, and all stand up in line—
In the whole world round there can not be found a glee club quite so fine.

CHORUS—

And if a concert's in this town, and wants to be very fine,
It sends for the Glenwood Glee Club, which never sees fit to decline.
And when GAZETTE day comes around, it's always ready to sing,
So always come GAZETTE day, and somebody with you bring.

CHORUS—

ENCORE.

And since you've called us out again, it's very plain to see,
That you, too, think us a Glee club fine; but as we're very free
To speak our minds to every one, from kitten up to queen,
We ask you, now you've called us back: (Spoken)
"Do you think you see anything green?"

CHORUS—

Having bought the property lately occupied by Smith Bros. as a dry goods store, I will open with an entirely new stock of dry and fancy goods on Monday, June 22. A share of your patronage is respectfully solicited.—Mrs. Rosa F. Schock, Matawan, N. J.

The champion peanut roaster in town is William Clark. If you don't believe it, try him. He also has the best assortment of candy, fruit, nuts, etc., in town. His store is in Bissell's Block.

Anti-Swear Sleeve Button—the best sleeve button made—can be had only at Woodruff's Jewelry Stores at Keyport and Atlantic Highlands. Prices low, styles superb, quality A1.

For coughs and colds use Compound Syrup Tolu, Tar and Wild Cherry. Sold at A. Bell's Drug Store, Matawan.

The best harness, whips, lap-ropes and sheets for the money are to be at T. H. ROBERTS & Co's., Keyport.

Ben. E. Griggs is clearing out his canned fruits and vegetables cheap.

Preserving kettles of all kinds for sale at C. A. Geran's.

CLASS SONG.

WORDS AND MUSIC BY
HARRY VAN CLEEF.

We've assembled here together,
Day by day from year to year;
And perhaps when ties are broken,
We may shed the bitter tear,
Oh, the many recollections
That before our visions play,
Waile we to our "Alma Mater"
Sing a last farewell to-day.

Teachers, 'neath whose kindly guidance
We have labored many years,
In the light of this last moment
O'er the past a glow appears,
Life's a vague uncertain desert,
Where we'll walk apart from you,
And our "farewell" has a falter,
As we sing our last adieu.

Schoolmates, we would breathe a blessing,
'Ere our way from you we take,
May your future, brightening ever,
Of life's every joy partake,
May the weeping eye of sadness,
Ne'er of inward passion tell!
Soft we whisper, "God be with you!"
May kind heaven "Fare ye well!"

Classmates, as we've traveled onward,
Plucking flowers along life's way;
We have shared our joys and sorrows,
Yet must break the bond to-day,
Yes, our class-ties must be broken,
Though we try to joyful seem,
As we sigh a sad and tuneful
Last "farewell" to Life's fair dream.

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confined to his daily labor to the weightiest problem of National life. Perhaps the one of largest importance, since it relates not to one people only, but awaits decision in the Court of the Nations of the World, is that of Arbitration versus War.

The great devastation of human life, which war has wrought in all ages of human history, is so appalling that the mind is incapable of grasping it in its entirety, but with the advance of civilization mankind is insisting that another system than wholesale man-slaughter be devised to settle the questions of National dispute. Not only is a country drained of its noblest and best citizens, but such an array of calamities follow in the wake of war that the very existence of a people to-day depends on how this question of questions shall be settled. All nations are hanging breathless on its decision.

I. The origin of war lies in the nebulous distance of the far past. Even before the Eternal Father of mankind had fashioned this terrestrial sphere and given the heavens bodies their diurnal motion, the very palace of heaven was caused to tremble with civil strife; and Satan, driven from his maker and his God, sought to avenge his fate by implanting the germ of his own sinful and rebellious nature in the heart and mind of the being, whom "God had created in his own image."

Thus from the creation of man has human nature been rebellious and self-assertive. The "Old Adam" of our nature has exerted its influence through all the ages of the world's history; has affected all nations, heathen, semi-heathen, and, shame to say, even Christian nations.

We can trace the development of war from the time, when, seemingly infantile, yet nevertheless terrible, it laid its first victim, in the person of dying Abel, so near the gates of "Paradise," until it rose, full-statured and strong, a power that should decide the destinies of nations, through the following ages, even to our own day, and beloved land.

The inventive genius of man has kept pace with his every need. "Need," shall we say? for we cannot believe that military equipments and munitions of war have ever been an absolute necessity. Be that as it may, we cannot doubt that the arts of warfare have received, and are constantly receiving, acquisitions which materially add to its horror.

The cudgel of Cain, though deadly and terrible in that first single combat, was not a weapon sufficiently murderous to place in the hands of large bodies of troops. Something more effective was called for to level more than its single victim. What was the result? The pointed javelin and sword counted their slain by scores and hundreds. The cry of the widow and orphans pierced not the heart of steel. It seemed but to quicken man's inventive skill to produce its multiplied weapons of destruction. The spear and sword were followed by the battle-axe, the long bow and the coat of mail. The war-gally, with its well-armed crew, soon swept the seas, and the catapult and battering ram were defied by the fortified walls of the ancient

cities until the invention of gunpowder seemed the culmination of murderous force.

But had man reached the limit of his genius? The safety of our land was in peril. The Civil War threatened to dismember "the land of the free and the home of the brave." The mind of man triumphed still, and again the needs of war were met when Ericsson gave the land of his adoption the result of his patient study, and, harnessing the elements to his service, sent forth the "Monitor," thereby completely revolutionizing the methods of naval warfare among civilized nations.

To-day the steel-armored cruiser and gun-boat, both the outcome of the Monitor, the only types of war-vessel extensively employed in the navies of the world; and even their auxiliaries, the torpedo-boat and like vessels, are iron-clad exclusively. These, when aided by the modern rifled cannon, carrying a projectile a ton or more in weight; the "Gatling" gun, with its metallic ram of 1,000 balls per minute, and the advantages given by electricity and dynamite, give a combination of results almost beyond human conception.

No three days' fighting here! No retreating body of stragglers escaping the fury and rage of battle! This is a rapid age. Rapidity of action and perfection of results are in warfare also studied and attained. Little possibility of reunited families! Oh, no! Modern methods of warfare do their work more effectively than that. Both sides being so well equipped, the *chances of war* can be calculated almost to a nicety.

II. But is all this necessary? Must nations, people and factions deprive both themselves and their friends, as well as their enemies, of comforts which the human race is entitled to enjoy in order to assert would-be rights? Must a nation go into bankruptcy and murder half its inhabitants in order to enforce views which it thinks are just? In other words, does "the end here justify the means;" and are the results always satisfactory? The words of such a victorious general as our U. S. Grant should have some weight on this subject. He says: "An arbitration between two nations may not satisfy either party at the time, *but it satisfies the conscience of mankind*, and it must commend itself more and more as a means of adjusting disputes."

III. When a land is convulsed in the throes of war, a ruinous effect on the National treasury is sure to follow. The war debt on the shoulders of civilized nations at the present day shows in how marked a degree this assertion is true. The equipment of many thousands of men for service; the supplying of ammunition for such a host; the expenses of maintaining a navy, together with many other drains on a people at such a time, foot up a sum total which is truly appalling. The Civil War cost this nation about \$2,500,000,000. What would it have cost to have arbitrated the same dispute? In money what a bare fraction of this sum. Nearly \$2,500,000,000 used for the prosperity of the country rather than in destruction. No hardships for soldiers, no Southern and Northern valleys dotted with the graves of heroic

dead. *One nation*, united in the bonds of friendship. What a pleasant picture as contrasted with the actual fact of but twenty five years ago.

IV. Then turn to the moral side. Is it not beyond possibility of dispute that war is not a humane, but a cruel and evil institution? This enormous sacrifice of life brutalizes a people. How can it be otherwise when the earth's fairest fields are turned into places of wholesale slaughter. Does it not add to a nation's prosperity to protect the lives as well as the property and legal rights of its citizens? And if this is so has a nation the right to deprive its people of their personal safety in order to retaliate for some supposed indignity? How can the National government claim that right as long as any other practicable means of redress remains within her reach? It is only when all other means have failed that the nation's patriotism should come to the rescue and compel the citizens to enter the field ready to sacrifice "their lives, their fortunes and their sacred honor." "Thou shalt not kill" is a command as solemnly and irrevocably imposed as any in the decalogue. How can a people then, in the face of it, rely upon murder to carry out its schemes, when other means, which would not thus violate the higher sense, might be employed.

Consider the justice of arbitration and compare it with the harsh and unjust decrees of war. The robber-brigand may deprive the heiress of her jewels, but does his superiority of strength make the valuables it obtains his just possession? Just so may one nation rob another and yet have no just claim to the victory.

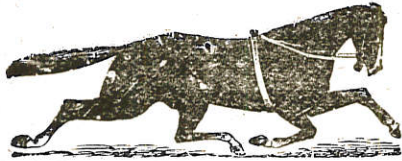
It is thus recognized that something must be done to ameliorate the oppression which war and standing armies impose upon a people.

The present Emperor of Germany is making great effort to induce other European powers to accept his ideas of arbitration, and, although he may deem the German army a present necessity, yet looks forward to the time when the "sword shall be beaten into ploughshares, and the spear into pruning-hooks."

Has not the time ceased when the fairest fields of the earth shall be battle grounds? In less than eight hundred years England has been engaged in twenty-four wars with France, which occupied two hundred and sixty six years—one-third of the whole time. She has had twelve wars with Scotland and eight with Spain. England was at war with herself for more than a century. She has had only one hundred years of peace during the last eight centuries. The estimated annual expenditure for all war purposes is not less than \$3,250,000,000.

As long as nations exist under human conditions, having different opinions and aims, so long will disputes arise. It is not our policy to prove how these can be avoided, for that would be practically impossible. But we urge with all the force we can command the *vastly superior* advantages of arbitration, as a means of settling contentions when they do arise. Disarmament and international law are, of course factors in this remedy.

We believe we see already, in the willingness with which this question is dis-



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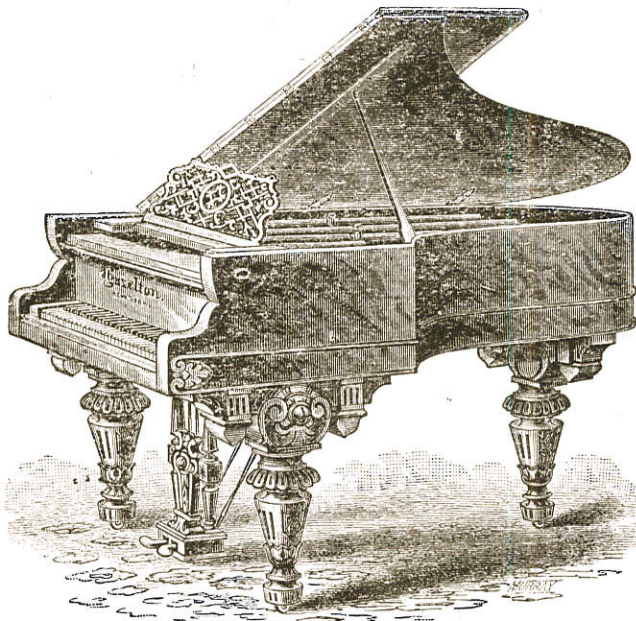
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