

Glenwood Gazette.

MOTTO :—"Υγρωσκε Σεαυτον."

Vol. III.

MATAWAN, N. J., MARCH 25, 1891.

No. VI.

Glenwood Gazette

Edited by the members of the ESSAY CLASS, at

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

ADDRESS, MISS J. A. KUECH, Manager
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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
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GEORGE S. HOBART, - EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL.

"Muth Verloren, Alles Verloren."

GEORGE S. HOBART.

It is with great diffidence that the editor of this, the March number of the GAZETTE, has accepted the honor of editing a paper so widely and favorably known as the GAZETTE, even though the honor extends to one issue only. He feels that he is not capable of keeping it up to the high standard of excellence set by former editors, and he, therefore, hopes the present sheet will not be brought into too close comparison with previous numbers, especially with the brilliant February number. The editor of that most excellent paper says that the girls are accused of always trying to get ahead of the boys in the quality of their sheet when they are the editors. This accusation is strictly true. They are always trying to get ahead but never succeed. The February editor also claims great credit for not calling that issue a Holiday Number, implying that the boys would "greedily snatch" such an opportunity if it were offered them. We would respectfully suggest that the boys have not yet seized such an opportunity, though they could have done so in January. The reason for this is that the boys,

having consideration for the feelings of their fair rivals, have not wished to beat them too badly, and so have refrained from distinguishing their papers in any other than the usual way. Perhaps the girls may claim that they were moved by the same consideration last month; but we would assure them that they need have no fears of surpassing us in this line.

We cannot deny, however, that the February issue was distinguished much more than is usual for a Girls' number. Though lacking a little in witticisms, the articles, both prose and poetic, were of a very high order, and we congratulate our sisters on the real worth and great success of their last number, which was not a Holiday Number.

If the present editor should inadvertently fail in keeping this issue above the level of the girls' papers, he hopes the boys will bear in mind that he is more accustomed to wield a gavel than a pen, and not judge him too severely. When first offered the editorship he was somewhat alarmed at the magnitude of the task, but he remembered that "Muth verioeren, Alles verloren;" so he plucked up courage and has tried to do his best. The German proverb, of which the heading of this editorial is a part, reads in full as follows:

"Geld verloren, veil verloren;
Ehre verloren, mehr verloren;
Muth verloren, alles verloren;
Besser man ware nie geboren."

First. "Money lost, much lost." Probably some would say, "Geld verloren, alles verloren," looking upon money as the most important of all and thinking any disaster preferable to the calamity of money lost. But they are mistaken. Money is indeed something we could not well do without, and, when lost, much is certainly gone, but not all, surely! One may lose all his earthly possessions and still be rich in that priceless treasure, honor. If he keeps courage also, and with that as his weapon, and honor as his shield, fights manfully in the battle of life, he will soon regain all and more than all which he had lost.

"Ehre verloren, mehr verloren" (Honor lost, more lost). Many in their anxiety to get rich act as if they thought that honor lost, least lost. If they can only get money they are willing to let honor "go to the dogs," arguing that in the eyes of the world money will cover a multitude of sins. Perhaps it does in the eyes of those who regard money as the only thing worth possessing; but all whose respect is worth having hold a very different opinion of one who has acquired his wealth at the expense of his honor. Such an one may be flattered and courted to his face; but if he could turn around and hear what is said behind his back he might begin to think that in losing honor he has lost something after all. Suppose such a man should lose his money. Would any pity or help him to rise? Hardly!

He who has lost his honor is ever after marked as with the mark of Cain. The world is slow to forgive a man who has once fallen from grace in this wise. No matter how truly he may repent or how hard he may try to get back what he has lost, he will never again be what he once was. If one loses honor he loses far more than money; for money lost may be regained, but honor lost is gone forever. True, with continuous courage one may win back the shadow of his former honor, but it will be the struggle of a life time. Better, far better, that he had never lost it. "Geld verloren, veil verloren, aber, Ehre verloren, alles verloren."

"Muth verloren, alles verloren," (Courage lost, all lost). One may lose money, even honor, and may still with courage regain something of what he had lost. But if he loses courage also and gives up in despair, *all is lost*. Life for such a one will not be real life, but mere animal existence. He might as well stop living; and many a one, who through repeated misfortunes and continual struggles, has lost his heart and almost his mind, would stop living if he were not afraid of dying.

In the large cities of the world there are thousands existing like this. They are discouraged and have lost all hope of bettering their condition. Philanthropists, who devise schemes for their relief, often lose sight of the fact that man to be helped must first be encouraged. If each should encourage his brother many lives otherwise wasted would redound to the honor and glory of those who inspired them with hope. But one can not give what he does not himself possess; and before we can give courage to, and so help our fellow-man, we ourselves must first have courage for him. If we have also lost courage we will soon descend to

the level of those whom we have tried to help. Without it one can do nothing. With it one can do anything. "We are saved by hope," says the Apostle Paul; and hope is but one phase of courage.

The German proverb states the value of this quality in strong fashion: "Better one had not been born" than to have lost courage.

FAREWELL TO GLENWOOD.

JAMES S. MASON.

Oh Glenwood! Dear Glenwood, at last adieu!
I shall not again come back to you.
My school days are past, my parting is near,
And I'm very sad to leave friends so dear.

I shall enter upon the world's wide plain
And I hope to labor with might and main;
But Glenwood and friends I shall not forget
Through all life's journey, 'till my sun is set.

The teachers have ever been true and kind,
Few friends like them in the world I shall find.
The play-ground at Glenwood, to you good-bye!
Foot-ball and base-ball, for you I shall sigh!

The game of croquet the girls always won,
For they could not have the foot-ball fun;
It was sure to make them good natured and gay
To be called the conquerors of the day.

Good-bye to you, too, you friendly old swing,
For all the year round, you gladness can bring.
And good-bye, GAZETTE, you dear old friend,
Come visit me still though I'm at the world's end.

Then there's our drill, which I must not pass by,
All other Cadets in the land we defy.
And our Boys' Glee Club, to you, too, good-bye,
Many a time for your music I'll sigh.

And school-mates dear, though you're last, you're
not least.

Of all school pleasures, you've given me the best.
My memory shall hold you in warmest place
As I live o'er my school-life in future days.
Good-bye, I must come to my last farewell:
Farewell, dear, dear Glenwood, a last farewell!

Some Reasons Why Smoking is a Hurtful Habit.

POWERS CHATTIN.

First.—It is an extravagant habit. Most boys do not like to smoke cheap cigars, and if they smoke any that cost less than five cents apiece somehow they talk about some one having given it to them; that they did not buy it themselves. Five cents a day counts up thirty-five cents a week, but what boy, who has formed the habit of smoking, contents himself with one smoke a day?

First after breakfast the boy thinks, "Well now, I will take a smoke to make me ready for work!" which, however, it does not do, but acts just the opposite. Again after dinner, he reasons, he must have his smoke "to settle his dinner." And after supper surely he must have another smoke before the day is over; and such a boy don't seem to think he is a bad smoker. But you see he is fifteen cents a day poorer than if he did not smoke.

Now take a boy who's spending money is, well, say \$10 per month; with an extra quarter's worth for Sunday he would spend half of it, or over \$5, for cigars. Five dollars a month makes \$60 a year. Isn't that a big sum to go up in smoke?

But the boy who wants to smoke after each meal will want to smoke between meal-times, or I'm no judge! And if he does as lots of boys do, take an extra one between meal-times as well as after, his \$60, with treating his friends once in a while, will run up to \$100. If he keeps it up for ten years the sum will have gone to \$1,000. What a nice piece of property that represents, *gone up in smoke*.

Would not one be a great deal better off if he just gave the money away, for then some one would be getting some good of it. He benefits no one, but rather harms himself in a way he never can recover from if he does not stop. But just for the present pleasure he will do what he knows hurts him in every way.

Most boys who smoke are not well, they are always complaining of being tired or sick. Sometimes they don't feel like playing games in which they have to move very fast. They do not get good lessons at school. They know their breath smells bad, and think the teachers will notice it and speak to them about it, which they are quite likely to do; and then they feel mean, especially if it is a lady teacher. A boy who smokes is generally very nervous, he cannot hold a pen as steadily as boys who do not smoke, and he is always in great fear lest some one should notice it. His blood becomes impure and his skin will grow dry, and his eyes pain him so much it is tiresome to read or study. Then, after he has been smoking for a time, he thinks he cannot stop, and if he tries to stop he feels, after a week or so, that he cannot stand it any longer, he will have to smoke again. Now, here is the place for a boy to be brave and show his spirit. If he comes out and firmly says "I won't!" to his longing for the taste of cigar or cigarette, and to every one asking him to smoke, he will be as much of a conqueror as a war general, for the wisest man of olden times said, "Greater is he that ruleth his spirit than he that taketh a city." And every time he says "No!" it makes him stronger, and he can likely help some one else, too.

A boy who smokes sometimes thinks, "I'll stop!" or "I'll stop by degrees," but he never can that way, but he will go on worse than before. If he does not stop when he knows he ought to, it is doubtful if he can stop after he becomes a man, because it enslaves him and he

cannot throw off the chains which keep growing stronger.

The smoker loses confidence in himself. He will say he won't smoke again, and after a while goes back to the old habit. Again he will stop, and say he won't, but he breaks a promise not to smoke over and over again, until he will give up trying at all. It is not in this only. A smoker don't seem to think it is so bad to break his word in this way as it is in other things; but I think it is, for he becomes a *promise breaker*. In nearly everything he comes to stray from the truth, because he gets in the way of breaking his word.

THE MASQUERADERS.

GEORGE S. HOBART.

Four maidens bold of Matawan,
One fine night said, "Let's have some fun!"
Of old amusements tired, the clique
Thought they would play a game unique.
So putting cork upon a wire
They held it close within the fire;
When it for use was burned enough,
On faces fair they rubbed the stuff.
The change was great. To tell, words lack;
They turned so very, very black.
Then of a friend they borrowed p—(unmentionables)
And also coats to fill their wants.
Two put these on; two left them off,
Then boldly did they sally forth.
The night was clear and cold; not dark,
And just the kind to have a lark.
Then to a certain house they went,
With bold and mischievous intent;
For they did think that they would scare
The people who were living there.
They knocked; but no response d'd come.
Good reason: there was no one home.
Then back they went, by different ways,
By chance they met; and great amaze,
And fear, and fright on them did fall,
For each their friends knew not at all.
With shriek and cry apart they fled,
Each frightened so they were "most dead."
With might and main they homeward run;
And quickly they the goal have won.
And then, expressions much like this
Were heard and said by each young miss:
"Oh say, did you that black man see?
He frightened me most awfully."
"Oh dear, I am all out of breath;
That black man scared me 'most to death."
For sev'ral hours they talked this way;
At last, when each had said her say,
They found out who had scared them so;
And then, in whispers soft and low,
They solemnly d'd swear that they
Their prank would never give away.
What most girls mean we know full well,
When they declare they'll "Never tell!"
These girls did do as most girls do;
And soon we all the secret knew.

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.

A special fertilizer for garden seeds, at Geran's Hardware Store.

YE CHRONICLE.

I. Now it came pass in the third month, which is the month of March, on the fourth day of the month, that Mrs. Wade, who hath now for a long time been missionary among the Indians, did with great kindness come up unto the Hall of Learning, which is at Matawan, and did tell the disciples of the same of their brethren of the Omaha tribe. She did tell each and every maiden of her Indian friend in the Agency Mission, and did show many and interesting pictures. And each and every disciple doth heartily thank Mrs. Wade for her kindness and doth most earnestly entreat her to visit us again.

II. Now it came to pass on the sixth day of the third month, when the sun was in the meridian, that there was a great alarm of fire in Matawan, and each man and woman, and every youth and maiden did run unto the fire. And the fire was upon the roof of a house which belongs unto the honored secretary of our Board of Trustees, one Henry, of the house of Johnson. And each and every disciple did run to the fire for to look on, and for to render aid, but the many men had put out the fire before the disciples reached it, which caused much sorrow in the heart of each disciple. And each youth did make haste to climb to the roof and put his head through the hole made by the fire.

III. Be it decreed by the order of the great Ruler, Charles II., "Let each and every student leave the Hall of Learning on the twenty-seventh day of the third month, two full hours before the setting of the sun, and let him not return there for purpose of study until the sixth day of the fourth month, which is the month of showers, three hours after the rising of the Sun. Let each and every disciple rest himself and enjoy the Easter season to the best of his ability." And the disciples say, "Let Charles II. live forever, and let him receive the thanks of the disciples for the period of recreation, and may his Easter season be most happy."

IV. Now it came to pass in the third month on the twentieth day of the month, at the hour of evening, that the band of girls called the Band of Willing Workers did assemble together and each and every girl did bring her friend. Now they did entertain their many friends with a Japanese Wedding, and did bow low, and did drink tea, and did give cups of tea to their friends. Now their friends were much delighted and did testify the same. And there was never an entertainment like unto it in this town, and has not been since unto this day.

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.

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.

PATSY'S SONG.

CHARLES GEHLHAUS, JR.

Put on the green and don the tile,
'Tis the hat my grandfather wore.
For we are the sons of the Emerald Isle,
And we march the round world o'er.

The seventeenth of March we celebrate,
Made famous by Patrick, the Saint,
Who banished from Ireland the snakes and toads
And other creatures of loathesome taint.

Mid slush and mud, and snows' mad squall,
We shout to Patrick a loud "Hoo-ray!"
We wind up at night with a rattling ball
To finish the frolics of Patrick's day.

CATCH-ALL.

Vacation is at hand. Glenwood takes Easter week for a holiday period as do schools in general. Put on your hats and caps, girls and boys of Glenwood, and let the old school room and grounds lie fallow for the small space between the winter and spring school work. On April 6th, when teachers and pupils re-assemble, there will be renewed life for the short respite.

W. Conover is both cat and spider in one, there is no place he can not spring from or clamber up; he can run up a rope or swing from it in mid air as if in a previous state of existence he had been born on a web, and had spun and hung airy cables in ceaseless lines through space. A *genuine* sailor lad.

Glenwood has two buglers: one for week days when school is in session—Grover Williams—and another, Will Osborne, for the rest of the time. The latter is not only becoming so proficient that the former must look well to his laurels, but is skilled also in the use of the fiddle-bow. "Annie Laurie's" bewitching strains melt the most hardened heart into sentiment. Go it Will, you'll be a whole orchestra in one before Commencement.

After the exercises Feb. 25, at the conclusion of the reading of the GAZETTE by the editor, Minna Gutmann, the song written for the occasion, "Matawan, my Matawan," was sung by the school in most enthusiastic spirit. We thank the contributor, Miss Harriet Bray, for contributing to Glenwood a school song.

Good is an adjective that you can apply to almost any commercial fertilizer; but before you buy be sure that you get absolutely the best. Darling's High-Grade Fertilizers claim that distinction, as they are of such a high grade, chemical; that we invite comparison with any brand at any price. Send two cent stamps for circulars, testimonials and samples of the various brands. VANCLEEF & KUHN, Cliffwood, N. J.

Picture one of our maidens of sweet sixteen in the office, fondly kissing a photo, then quickly hiding the face under her arm, thinking that she had concealed it from those who saw her. She failed however, for across the back of the card in full sight was a name which we all recognized (Manuel Cooke). J. H. O. had better keep his eyes open!

Hay, straw, flour and feed. Peterson & Co., Matawan, N. J.

The second regular meeting of the Glenwood Literary Society was held Friday March 6. Great interest was manifested in this meeting, as the subject for the debate, "Resolved, That Mohammed was an impostor, and his religion a curse," had been placed on the Literary Program for the evening, and a lively time was anticipated.

After the usual routine business, Miss Mary Schanck rendered a piano solo in her usual excellent style, and Mr. Powers Chaitin put all the members in good humor by reading a humorous selection about a pig and the trials of its owner. Those appointed on the affirmative side were the Misses Annie Whitlock, Hulda Beers, Nemie Van Mater and Mr. George Hobart; On the negative were Miss Mary Schanck and Messrs. Harry Van Cleef, Elmer Geran, and Fred Schock. The negatives were slightly worsted in the first round, but rallied and eventually came out with flying colors, the decision of the judges being that Mohammed was an impostor, but that his religion was not a curse. The debate was exciting and interesting throughout, and all who took part expressed the opinion that a debate is excellent training in extempore speaking and also "lots of fun."

Miss Nellie Whitlock then gave a select reading which was loudly applauded, and Mr. Frank Burnett offered the society some points on "How to swim," with the promise of a few practical lessons when swimming season arrives. The program was closed with an original song by four members, which must be heard to be appreciated.

The third regular meeting of G. L. S. was held Friday evening, March 30. The business of the society being disposed of, Mr. Charles Gehlhaus and Miss Mary Schanck gave piano solos, which were well received, and Mr. Fred Shock made a "few appropriate remarks" about the value of this society to its members. The other members appointed to take part were, for some unexplainable reason unable to do so, and the meeting as a whole narrowly escaped being a fizzle.

Mr. Wardell was informed by one of the members of G. L. S. that he had been elected a member of the Society by a "monotonous" vote, meaning *unanimous*. Reese will have to take to studying the dictionary.

We suggest that G. L. S. hereafter be understood to mean Great Lack of Speeches.

(Teacher in botany class.) What is Morphology? (Pupil.) That which tells more about it.

America might blush for shame,
("Wie green sind dine Kleider;")
No trophy for our Washington,
Who our esteem has justly won,
But when St. Patrick's day has come,
("Wie green sind dine Kleider.")

Little Mary Jaggar, accidentally getting a piece of peppermint candy in her mouth, asked her mamma to blow it as it burned her.

Is E-r G-r practicing to become a barber? As in shaving his first victim (his father, alas!) he cut him six times, we would suggest that he might be more successful as a surgeon.

The competition among the cadets for the recent appointments of corporalship has improved the condition of the company greatly, but the boys now have another incentive which should keep them on their mettle until Commencement. It is a handsome gold medal, the gift of Dr. J. P. Geran, of Newark. The exact terms of the competition have not yet been decided upon, but the chief consideration will be skill in the manual of arms. Soldierly bearing and conduct, personal neatness and other individual qualities which go to make up the polished soldier, will probably be taken into account also. Competition will be open to all but the commissioned officers. Boys, that medal is worth working for, and working hard, too, and remember that there is no *second prize*, so make sure of the *first one*!

All varieties of garden and flower seeds for sale by Ben. E. Griggs.

A series of ten competitive drills, beginning early in February and continuing until the middle of March, resulted in the following appointments: Henry Geran, Reese Alexander and Jesse Beers to be Corporals, and Fred Schock, Color Bearer. Frank Burnett stood second on the list, but was not eligible to appointment, on account of not having been in the Company long enough to obtain the necessary two good conduct stripes.

Member of G. L. S. "Are you going to belong?" L. D. B. "I don't know. I'll be short."

Oil meal, horse and cattle salt for sale by Peterson & Co.

Our genial comrade J. S. M. left us Friday, the 6th inst. He signaled his departure by buying a peck of peanuts and treating all his school-mates; which generosity was much appreciated by every one, except those who received five marks apiece for throwing the shells on the floor.

Recently, while on the ball field, when M. C. was exerting all his powers of locomotion to beat the ball to first, one of his companions remarked, that he never before saw a camel (Campbell) move like that.

Garden seeds a specialty, at C. A. Geran's.

What is that sound which soundeth as the distant roll of thunder? Nothing. It is only the dull thud of the base ball as, propelled by the mighty arm of Hobart, it threads its erratic way through the mazy realms of space, and strikes against the new six-inch-thick gloves of Major.

Pure teas, coffees and spices at Peterson's.

A dillar, a dollars,
Three very late scholars,
What make them come so soon?
They used to come at nine o'clock,
But now they come at noon;
When they have been at a party the previous evening.

Ground oyster shells, meat scraps and Imperial egg food for chickens for sale by Ben. E. Griggs.

One of the girls recently remarked that they (the girls) were contributing more to the Catch-all column of the present paper than the boys themselves. Granting that this may be so, we would inquire why they did not expend some of this surplus energy on their February number, which certainly needed it. While we thank our sisters for whatever help they may render us, we would say in behalf of the boys that they (the boys) are quite capable of taking care of their own paper, and we would advise them to pay more attention to theirs.

The streets of Matawan are notorious for their mud and it takes a stranger but a few minutes to discover their wretched condition. We do not wonder that the Borough Commissioners refused to receive Main St., as a gift from the Turnpike Company.

Unfortunately the Matawan mud is not confined to Main St., but is found on the side streets in a somewhat less degree.

The sidewalk leading to the Institute and Public School is used more than any other in town, excepting possibly Main St.

During dry weather it is quite passable, but dry weather is a luxury in Matawan, and consequently the sidewalk in question is nearly always in bad condition. Parts of it have been gravelled, but the job was not completed, and there are spots which are very miry. It is said that a chain is only as strong as its weakest link, and may not the same be true of this, also.

There has been an exceedingly large number of absences from school this winter on account of colds, sore throat, &c, which were undoubtedly caused by the children sitting in school all day with damp feet.

A comparatively small amount of work, properly applied, would put this short stretch of walk in good condition, and certainly no public work would be of more general benefit to the town than this. Although its condition is worst in the winter, it can be vastly improved for spring use.

We hope that the proper authorities will give this matter immediate attention and take away the cause for complaint.

IT IS RARE

That more than a quarter of the students are prepared in rhetorical on the day assigned.

That '91 ever misses a party.
That E. G. shaves his father.
That Miss Obellis gives marks.
That the weather is clear.
That H--l—a ever walks home from church alone.

Why are not invitations sent out for daily athletics in which figure Maj. Lamont and Editor H? We are inclined to think that they would have greater incentive in their practice if they had an audience. Are they practicing so as to be known to fame as the "Stags of Glenwood," or is it for the development of an extra supply of muscle with which they, in the coming season, expect to cover themselves with glory (?)

Wanted, by certain young gentleman at Glenwood.—Instruction in the art of managing legs and feet gracefully. They are beginning to question whether the

straddling attitude in the presence of ladies has warrant in polite etiquette.

We would like to inquire who barbers A F's bangs. We think it must have been her gentleman friend, and his taste shows he favors short bangs. Why not brush it up on end A. F. ?

Glenwood's clock, with its tick, tock, Must have received a terrible shock, For it took Sergeant two hours or more Before he could make it go once more.

But yet, without it, what should we do? Though Easter is nigh, we must bid it adieu,

When we assemble together again It will tick us the welcome, "Come in!"
—G. S.

A flash-light from the Comet, March 11, revealed some very remarkable things.

Why is it that the two Senior girls, who occupy the first desk in the first row, like to spend a good part of their vacation in Matawan? Is it love for the place, or is it because there is some attraction at Glenwood which so holds them that they cannot bear to be out of it's sight? Rumor whispers that perhaps Capt. G. and ex-Capt. F. might explain this mystery.

A wonderful discovery. After long and patient search we have at last found several girls who actually do not like to talk. They are the only ones in existence, and may be seen every other Friday at Glenwood Hall from 7:30 to 9 p. m. For further information inquire of G. S. H., Pres't. of G. L. S.

"Say, pants, where are you going with that boy?" Addressed to O. N.

Our irrepressible Lieutenant does not seem to have profited from the rebuke administered last month. He continues to laugh as much as ever in drill.

A serious case. C. L. and P. C. were recently attacked with a very severe case of "bang" fever. At last accounts they were doing well, and expect to recover before their turn again comes to recite the German poem, "Der Erl-Konig."

Who is the queen of the G. M. I. ?
Who runs away to school so sly,
And when recaptured tries to fly?
Why, Mary Jaggar!
Who wants to "elp self" every day,
And with her dinner likes to play
Whenever papa is away?
Why, Mary Jaggar.

J. H. O.

Some time ago the Universal History Class came in their study to the employment of women in past ages and the limitation put to their educational privileges. When the teacher called attention to their larger range to day, and asked if it was not an evidence of the advancement of civilization, one of the members, G. H., muttered under his breath, "No, they had all they ought to have!" The girls in the class were, of course, surprised, but trace the feeling to jealousy, for the boys know well, only too well, that give women the same educational advantages as men and they will easily keep apace with their brothers. Now that women are being allowed to prepare for and practice medicine, law,

etc., the sterner sex are clutching nervously to their laurels to find often that they have already passed from their brows and grace fairer heads. Where has G. H. been while the march of the ages has passed by? Is he still existing in the Dark Ages.

We quote from Keyport *Press* concerning our periodical: "The Glenwood GAZETTE came to us again last week as bright and spicy as ever. We notice in its columns that a literary society has lately been formed at Glenwood. If the students succeed as well with the literary work in the new society as they have with their paper, they will not have organized in vain."

When sorrow fills your heart with care,
And puts some whitewash on your hair,
Tis then, oh, sorry to relate!

You'll paint it black as sure as fate.
Thus when a man is "stuck" for life
He finds he's got a "whitewashed" wife.
And girls who marry for *black* hair
Will find there's lots of "blackwash" there.
—By A. B. E.

FOUND.—A pocket sized mirror. The owner can have the same by applying at seat No. 5, side aisle.

All kinds of type writing done at short notice. Apply at seat No. 4, side aisle.

Before commencing to clean house go to Ben. E. Griggs' and buy white-wash and scrub brushes, window and dust brushes, Sapolio, Pride of the Kitchen and all kinds of soaps and soap powders.

On the evening of St. Patrick's Day seven of our young friends, five girls and two boys, started from Matawan with but one horse (poor beast!) to visit one of our Seniors at her home, four or five miles away. When about half way there, on ascending a hill, they took pity on the poor animal and themselves took to the road, the moon lighting their way. We will say nothing of their conduct on their way there, but simply remark on their course after they called upon the surprised Senior. They enjoyed themselves in various ways until 12 o'clock, and then told the boys they might go home, which like good fellows they did. The hour for retiring being long past, at half-past one, the girls filed up stairs; but only to find their hotel accommodation not sufficient for so large a party. The hostess, M. S., found in the garret an old feather bed, which she brought down and made up on the floor. After the six girls had exchanged their day apparel for sleeping garments, they began to feel hungry. So our brave Senior went down stairs and got twenty-four slices of bread, six pieces of cake and a bottle of chow-chow. The company, in novel party dress, sat down on the floor and ate out of hand. Well, who would not have been glad to have seen the six ghosts arrayed around the early morning feast? for it was getting now toward the dawn. They ended the night by telling stories in which all shared, but N. C. W. (Strange she had none to tell). Do you ask what time they arrived at school next day? Ask of the winds!

The Senior German scholars are very much pleased with Bernhardt's "Im

Zwielicht," the text book which they are now using. But it was with great reluctance that they finished Homann's *Marchen*, for many have been the bursts of laughter occasioned by those quaint German tales.

We now approach the time when some scholars contract Spring fever; but the class of '91, instead of lightening their labors, have commenced two new studies, Astronomy and Logic, both of which often plunge them into infinity.

One of our Seniors is so opposed to recognizing St. Patrick's Day that he disdained wearing a bit of the green when it was offered him. Is H. V. C. so much that color himself that he objects to adding more?

The Glenwood Glee Club took part in the entertainment given by the Presbyterians February 25. How their singing was appreciated may be judged by the following quotation from the *Matawan Journal*: "The choruses by the Glenwood Glee Club, which is composed of fifteen male members, were sung in good time and were heartily encored. Most of the selections were of a humorous character and 'took' with the house."

BLESSING OF LIGHT.

What would we do were there no light?
No one could see or go aright,
We'd ever group along our way
Without the beauty of the day.

Then let us ever grateful be
For God's great care of you and me
In giving us his glorious sun
To guide us until life is done.

LOUIS DU BOIS.

Stray note—no signature. Nettie, ask Will Knecht whose friendship ring he has got, but don't tell him I told you to.

EXCHANGE COLUMN.

The Cheltenham *Reveille* was even later than usual this month.

The *Academic* (St. Albans, Vt) is one of our best exchanges.

The *Phillips Exeter Literary Monthly* seemed to be growing sentimental in its February issue.

The *P. M. A. Reveille* and the *Tribune* (Syracuse) keep their usual high standard.

What has become of the Freehold Institute paper?

Owing to limited space it is impossible to even mention the *Peddle Chronicle*, the *Holyoke High School Monthly* and others.

MARRIED.

TICE—TICE.—In Jacksonville, March 11, Miss Dorcas Ann Tice, former student at Glenwood, to Ervin Tice.

VAN SCHOICK—THOMPSON.—At Oceanic, March 18, Miss Lottie L. Thompson to Walter Van Schoick, former student at Glenwood.

T. L. Peterson has a large assortment of canned goods at bottom prices.

Iron, steel and all kinds of wagon material, at Geran's.

WAS HE FOOLED?

HARRY VAN CLEEF.

The moon was shining overhead;
 A fellow at the door
 Stood pressing the electric bell
 As often times before;
 A maid, within, the ringing heard,
 And came to let him in;
 The words they said, when all alone,
 I'll tell, though 'tis a sin.

They entered in the drawing-room
 Youthful and full of life;
 She let him come to have "some fun;"
 He came to win a wife.
 He clasped her fondly to his breast,
 The way to love to pave,
 And she has said that she enjoyed
 The kisses that he gave.

He cried in tones of deepest love,
 "For you I'd give my life!
 And if you'll only give consent,
 I'll take you for my wife!"
 She put her sweet face close to his,
 And said in accents sweet and low,
 "To-morrow eve, my dearest one,
 My answer you shall know!"

Next day, on a suburban train,
 Her country aunt came in
 To pay a visit to her niece,
 Quite tall she was and thin.
 Red was her hair as living coals,
 Her nose was quite a pug,
 In fact she wasn't quite the girl
 That you would care to hug.

That eve at seven-thirty, sharp,
 The aunt and niece were chatting,
 When steps they both distinctly heard
 Out on the front door matting.
 A moment more, our last night's youth
 Embraces his fair dancer,
 Who, pointing to the matron says,
 "This is my only answer" (Aunt, sir).

OBITUARY.

Harvey Cottrell, former student at Glenwood, died at his home, March 9, of lockjaw. He was a promising young man, twenty-three years of age. About a week before his death he accidentally cut his foot with an axe, which resulted fatally, although the wound had not been considered at all serious. We extend our hearty sympathy to the brother and sister, who are at present members of our school, and to the other members of the bereaved family.

Eggs for Easter at Ben. E. Griggs'.

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