

Glenwood Gazette.

Vol. II.

MATAWAN, N. J., MAY 21, 1890.

No. VII.

MOTTO:—REDEN IST SILBER, SCHWEIGEN OFT GOLD.

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, all the numbers of this issue will be kept on file. Also, by request, the names of all the editors of Vol. II, with the date of issue, will be given in each number.

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NEMIE VAN MATER, - EDITOR.

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EDITORIAL.

NEMIE VAN MATER.

Although the editor of the last issue of the GAZETTE disdained to acknowledge any excellence in the previous Girls' Number, we will not let that evident slight affect us; but will give candid acknowledgement of our feelings, and tender compliments to both the successful editor and the contributors of that unusually good sheet. We wish to convince our patrons, that, though the boys are not generous enough to acknowledge and give praise to thoughts deserving, when they come from across the aisle, we, the girls, are willing to confess that our literary brothers make us work pretty hard in order to lead. We admit also that some of their items of wit contained thrusts so fine and keen as to draw blood.

The Essay Club is divided by sex, not brains; and whenever any issue of our common periodical gives evidence of brain-power the whole class, irrespective of sex, hastily recognizes that the Club is one, and rejoices, or should do so. We also appreciate the fact that none of the papers belong exclusively to either side, but, on the contrary, both the boys and girls share equally in the glory the GAZETTE attains.

The editor, last month, called his sheet a Practical Number, on the ground that the product of boys' brains could be

called such, insinuating that the girls' sheet should be designated a "Sentimental Number," because "they as a rule incline towards sentiment."

We would like to propose a debate in which the value of sentiment and practical thought might be compared. We believe the rather boastful sterner sex would be obliged to admit that girls and women prove themselves a mixture of both in a happy degree.

But if we should allow them their ground, that women have more sentiment than men, we would then ask them a question. Thus, where do we find the most sentiment? Among the lower classes, or the higher, in the scale of life? Among the wild tribes of Africa, or the cultivated class in our own country? The answer must surely be: Among the highest class; the higher the scale of living the more sentiment is displayed!

Well then;—Query—Are the gentle sex higher in the scale of being than the sterner?

Perhaps the answer is to be proved in the near future, which holds all secrets so closely.

The editor proposes to give here a few opinions concerning:

The Value of an Uncertain Future.

That an uncertain future is a wise arrangement of Providence is recognized by all except those silly inquisitive minds which are constantly worrying not only themselves but also their friends in trying to get an insight into the happenings of the future through the means of Clairvoyants, Spiritualists, or the Gypsy Fortune-teller. What satisfaction have they ever received? Do they really find out anything concerning their future? It must be acknowledged, even by the foolish believers themselves, that many things told them by their deceivers never come true, and that in the end, after having their hopes and fears played upon, they have had to become reconciled to the fact that an uncertain future is the best state of things for mankind.

If we knew just what the future held for us there would be no variety in life. What a dull monotonous existence ours

would be. We should have no hopes; for if we were positive of our future, years and years ahead, we would not look forward to anything with any amount of pleasure; for it is not the *known* things which give *variety*, which is "the spice of life," but it is the new and unexpected events. These bring us continual surprises. If the people of Johnstown had known, years ago, that they would meet death, in the year 1889, their interest in life would have been taken away. They would have lived under a cloud the whole time. Their minds would not have been given to business, happiness in family life, or pleasure of friendship. They would have met death in their minds a thousand times before the time came. Who would know certainly the hour he is to die? It would make one feel doomed, even as a prisoner whose hour of execution is set.

An *unlooked* for pleasure is a twofold happiness. If one should suddenly become heir to a large fortune what pleasure would be felt in the receiving of it.

Most of us have read Dickens' Novel, entitled "Great Expectations," and find there the natural effect of "waiting for dead men's shoes." Those who grow up expecting to come into possession of wealth miss all the pleasure an unexpected good-fortune brings. The thought of its coming is likely to make one uninterested in the smaller affairs of life, and one inclines to sit with folded hands to wait, instead of striving by industry and worth to gain a place in the world among one's fellow-men. These lines of a well known poem express this thought in telling words:

"I see not a step before me,
God hangs a mist o'er my eyes;
At each step in my onward path,
He makes new scenes to rise,
And every joy he gives me,
Comes as a glad surprise."

There is also value in an Uncertain Future in the play which it affords for our imagination; because if our future were made known to us how disappointed some of us would be. Yes, we would all be disappointed for who has not anticipated many things which may never happen. Each human being "builds castles in the air," and finds one of the charms of life in making himself believe they may become real. If we all knew just what our futures were to be we would not sing, laugh, or enjoy the pleasures by the way. All life has many disappointments; a larger proportion, perhaps, than of pleasures. We can meet these singly for we try to persuade ourselves that better things are in store in the future; but if we had to face them all, continually,

before we came to them, all capacity to hope would be gone.

There would be such a heavy cloud hanging over us that we could not endure it.

If every one knew just when their dearest friends on earth were to be taken from them by death, and by what long suffering or sudden accident, life would be an agony continually, and all love a torment.

But the uncertainty of ones' future is like a veil hanging over and concealing the painful events of life. This veil conceals all but the happenings of the present moment, and we can see how very merciful this arrangement is.

Thus we are, through the uncertainty of our future, enabled to bear all griefs and sorrows when they occur.

An uncertain future holds a blessing in disguise. The terrible afflictions and griefs, which could not be borne if foreseen, often strengthen weak characters so that they become strong. Sometimes the supporter of the family is claimed by death, and his place must be filled by a weaker member of the home circle, who for years has been served instead of serving others. He tries to fill the place of the departed one, because the saddened family is committed to his care and protection, and in doing his duty he grows strong out of what at first seemed a terrible affliction, but was really a disguised blessing held by an unknown future. Again, if the future were all revealed what would become of Hope, the faculty of the soul which has been called man's greatest blessing?

Our lives are all made bright by Hope; and an *uncertain future* is the foundation of all hope, that is, we are constantly living in hope of things for this life and the next also. If our future were known, everything that was not past would be in the present tense. We could never aspire to become noted in any path of business, for if failure were before us we would know it, and if success, it would be so certain a thing that we would feel we need not strive for it. Yet how success could come, without striving for it, is not explainable.

All people exercise hope, but it is especially the poor man's blessing.

It is among the poorer classes that hope is most needed.

It is they who draw the most pleasure from an uncertain future, for they are always longing for the time to come when they hope to rise in society far from grinding labor, enjoying the comforts and some of the luxuries of their well-to-do neighbors.

For the rich and for the poor, for the

high and for the low, for the wise and for the unlearned, a future veiled, is best and kindest.

"JUDGE NOT ANOTHER."

MARIE E. WATTS.

In speaking of a person's faults,
Pray don't forget your own;
Remember, those in homes of glass,
Should never throw a stone.

If we have nothing else to do
But talk of those who sin,
'Tis better we commence at home,
And from that point begin.

We have no right to judge a man,
Until he's fairly tried.
Should we not like his company,
We know the world is wide.

Some may have faults, and who has not?
The old as well as young;
Perhaps we may, for all we know,
Have fifty to their one.

I'll tell you of a better plan,
And find it works full well;
To try our own defects to cure,
Before of others tell.

And though I sometimes hope to be
Not worse than some I know,
My own short-comings bid me let
The faults of others go.

To purify the blood use Compound Syrup of Sarsaparilla with Iodide of Potassium and Stillingia. 50 cents per bottle at A Bell's, Drug Store, Matawan.

Brown's silver and gold Bronze for sale by C. A. Geran.

IT SURPRISES EVERYBODY,

THE SHANTY.

Excitement Wave at Glenwood.

The first breaker rolled in and broke on our strand, May 3. When we report a genuine Circus-Day all will understand that here was excitement enough to warm the blood very thoroughly. Scholars found their heads completely turned; and there was at least one teacher who lost his head and turned giddy at the news that a veritable animal-show was coming to within 12 miles of the town. Life at school afterward was tame, monotonous, for a week, at least, to those who lived through that eventful May 3d, at Freehold.

Yet there were those, who, even on Circus Day, were influenced by a wave of another nature. Dr. Jaggar took his Astronomy class to Princeton, where, in that College atmosphere, laboratory, and astronomical observations from the Observatory, during the cloudless evening, which seemed to have been prepared expressly for their programme, a no less cause for enthusiasm offered itself.

Another breaker swept over building and grounds on Monday, May 12, when the Truck Company gave a Pantomime performance for the benefit of the general public. The observers occupied the street and lawn before the Institute, while the phantom firemen planted and scaled ladders on all sides of the building, their swinging lanterns providing imaginary fire for the occasion. Not only the Glenwood pupils were applauding witnesses, but apparently the entire school-force of the town, beside the usual general crowd.

The next roll of the wave was also in the line of the firemen's art. It has been suggested that Mr. Charles Geran may have entered into a compact with Mr. Smock to get up a genuine fire-alarm on Thursday, 6 a. m., May 15, to see whether the firemen were through with their morning nap, and how promptly, at that hour, they could be brought together in response to the rousing alarm. Another suggests that Mr. Geran's own nap may have been too early broken and that he was not a calm judge as to what amount of smoke may issue from a chimney without damage to the building. In that case both alarmist and company were sold.

An excitement of a yet different order was participated in, on May 10, on the Athletic Grounds of Glenwood Institute, where a match game of Base Ball was played between the 1st nine of Glenwood and the 1st nine of the Keyport Graded School.

GLENWOOD NINE.
F. Cooper, pitcher
C. Crawford, catcher and captain.
C. Gehlhaus, 1st base.

KEYPORT NINE.
C. Davison, pitcher and captain.
C. Walling, catcher.
G. Smith, 1st base.

J. Conover, 2d base.
H. Zebley, 3d base.
E. Geran, short stop.
E. Bissell, left field.
R. Fountain, right field.
C. Ely, centre field.

W. Ansbro, 2d base.
L. Decker, 3d base.
B. Walling, short stop.
W. Birbeck, left field.
R. Brown, right field.
D. Hendrickson, centre field.

Though at the conclusion of the playing the result stood one run in favor of the Glenwood Nine, yet we can not say that the victory was a great "feather in their cap," for it is a question whether they would have come off conquerors if the game had been played to its close.

The Keyport Nine played remarkably well, as was acknowledged by the Glenwood Nine and by the many spectators. There was some unusually good playing on both sides. The Keyport Nine requested that there be another game by the same players on their Grounds at Keyport, May 17, where another trial might be made. Before separation all were invited into the Institute Building by Dr. Jaggar who furnished excellent refreshments, which seemed to be highly enjoyed. Hot coffee, sandwiches, and cake are never more appreciated than after a ball game. The conduct of the Keyport boys was very gentlemanly, and during the whole game not an angry, hot, or profane word was used by either club. The boys parted in very friendly terms, after agreeing to match skill again the following Saturday.

The second Match Game was played May 17, according to agreement, and the result must be briefly summed thus: Disasterous defeat for the Glenwood Nine! Gaze not too closely into their feelings, but kindly drop the curtain and spare them farther mortification.

Brothers, we sympathize!

A Letter of Three Centuries Ago.

ANNIE WHITLOCK.

TEWKSBURY—ENGLAND.

In the year of our Lord, 1555,

Of the Month of March, the fifth.

MY BELOVED COUSIN GRACE:—

As Jerold Parker is going to Germany, I mean to take the occasion to entrust him with a letter to you. Is it possible it is only a little over a year since you fled to Bavaria? It seems many years in experience; we have had so much to try us and have been in such constant fear of arrest. You must have been anxious to hear from us personally, for rumor of this continued persecution has surely reached you; Mother was very ill when you left. She has grown gradually better, yet remains so sad it makes our hearts ache. She will always be an invalid, and I, being the eldest daughter, have the charge of the house, and the younger children look up to me for everything. Little Francis is just three years old and is a very forward child.

When I think that I may be cast into prison any hour, as well as many others who are daily seized, I feel that I could not possibly be spared. This dreadful persecution of the Protestants had commenced the very month you left us, you remember. I shall never be able to think without a shudder of that fatal year, 1555. I cannot bear to see the date of those three fives. Our dear father was lost to us through the fearful death of burning. His martyr-stake and that of Philip, my sister's betrothed husband, were erected side by side in the same Square, and almost on the same ground, where Ridley and Latimer met their terrible death in the flames so bravely, later in the same year. You would not know my sister since; she has changed so much. She was so brimful of happiness when you saw her last, so merry all the day long. Now she goes about so thin and white, so calm, and yet with her heart so far away, that she makes me feel that her soul is already with the two dear ones in heaven, and but the shadow of her is left to us.

The first to prove their faith were John Rogers, clergyman of St. Paul's church, and Hooper. The former was burned at Smithfield, and the latter at Gloucester, the place of which he was Bishop. Although all these scenes were dreadful, this last one seemed especially terrible, for the Bishop was nearly an hour in torture. When the fire was first lighted, the flame from the dry kindling burned its victim, but not enough to extinguish life. Then some green wood was placed on the burning fagots, and it burned so irregularly, that he was just roasted to death. Margaret Ellise and a friend were driving through Gloucester at the time; they said that, although they closed their ears, and turned their eyes away, they could not shut out the scene. I did not think then that it would be possible to live through the agony of what was before us. Sister says, we could not have borne it but for the presence of the Lord Jesus with us. Father and Philip spoke to Him, in their last moments, as if He held them in his loving embrace while their life went out. And their petitions were all for us, that we might be spared. Sister says that prayer will be answered and that we are safe. She goes fearlessly to the prison where the doomed ones wait for their sentence, and the harsh wardens all let her pass in and out without interference. Cousin Mary's brother says he overheard one fierce-looking soldier say that she looked like an angel, who might bear vengeance as well as blessing. She brought home a wailing babe from its

mother's dead arms last night. The poor woman died in a dungeon cell, having been dragged from her bed when arrested. Of course you know that these are in prison because found holding worship after the manner of the Protestant faith.

Sanders and Taylor, two clergymen who were father's personal friends, have met his fate also. Doubtless you remember Pastor Taylor; he presided over a church five miles east of here, where Mary Thomas was accustomed to worship.

At all these human sacrifices sermons were preached and a chance given each one to recant, but they, firm believers as they were, chose to bear the suffering rather than to betray their Master, the Lord Jesus.

At the Executions many spectators throng the grounds where the burnings take place, and officers are on the watch for expressions of sympathy they may overhear, and those who are indiscreet enough to show their feeling are imprisoned and examined, and are in danger of the same fate as the sufferers for whom they wept.

The prisons have been filled to overflowing. In many instances whole families have been taken. Every two or three weeks a few of those imprisoned are burned, and a chance given the rest to recant. Four of Elizabeth Smith's family have been taken and one of her sisters burned; she was so brave, she wished her family not to feel that it was a sad ending to her life, but that she was suffering for Christ and would soon be with him.

The Protestants are watched very closely indeed; police being stationed around to learn of any secret meetings that may be held. Notwithstanding we are watched so closely, we have held prayer meetings, sometimes one in two or three months, and then again every week or two. The meetings are especially dear to us and a great source of strength. The prayers are so earnest. Our faith sometimes begins to waver, when we think at any moment we may be seized, burned, or slain by the sword. When we have these gatherings we generally have the house very well lighted down stairs, and leave two or more members of the family there to make things appear as usual. The meeting is held above, in a room, with little or no light, most of the members sitting on the floor; all talking is done in a very low tone of voice. One night, that good deacon Wald Wash came ten miles to attend one, we thought we heard a policeman

knock on the door with his sword; we fairly held our breath, and the neighbors, afraid to leave for fear the house was being watched, remained all night, spending the greater time in prayer. Oh! we can appreciate what it is to suffer so. It makes my heart almost break to think of it and my fingers refuse to write.

If you could but see our poor sister, when she chides us for having kept her from witnessing her lover's last moments. She was bound that she would go and suffer with him, but we restrained her; and we now feel it might have been well for her to have the comfort of his last tender words and witnessed the confidence with which he and father spoke of the short passage between earth and heaven.

I am so full of the pain of these dreadful times that day and night there is nothing else in my thought. The times grow worse instead of better. When will be the end!

On the sixteenth of October, Ridley, Bishop of London, and Latimer, Bishop of Worcester, were chained to the iron stake at the same time. The scene, as all others, was heart-rending. Latimer died quickly, but the lower limbs of Ridley were entirely consumed before the breath left his body. The last words of Latimer to Ridley, as he tried to comfort his companion in suffering were, "Be of good cheer, brother! We shall this day kindle a torch in England which shall never be put out." You can but partially realize what the noble men endured.

The last that I will tell you of, who suffered this death, although there are many others just as sad, was Cranmer; he breathed his last amid the flames about a month ago. He had wavered at times, and in weakness signed at last six recantations, but at the last he made a noble confession.

How thankful should those be who have not been called to meet the fearful temptation, which the officers of the Bloody Queen offer in her name, to their trembling victims, "Recant, or the stake." Yet if many are spared this trial for themselves, and live years to come, their lives will always be blighted by the remembrance of the great suffering of their parents, brothers, sisters or friends. And yet there is a silver lining to every cloud. Pastor Godwin says, "We should glory that we bear relationship to the glorified martyr-company in heaven; that those we love were able to suffer death at the stake for him rather than deny his truth in their hearts." Many families are secretly leaving Eng-

land for Geneva, where John Calvin is preaching, and where there is, at present, freedom from persecution.

As I look through the casement, I see Jerold coming on horseback. I know he will want to depart, before he arouses suspicion. He was warned, but yesterday, by a man, masked, who jostled him in the crowd, in the market place. In a disguised voice only these words were whispered in his ear, "Fly instant, thou'rt a marked man!"

O dear cousin Grace! When shall I see you again! This Jerold Parker, who secretly bears what I am writing to you, persuades us to believe that he will make arrangements for us also to leave this land of oppression and death. He is a very true friend to us all. If I tell you that he beseeches me to regard him in a much tenderer light yet, you may be astonished that any room is left in my heart with all its heavy trials for such sentiment. But last night when he stooped over my hand, kissing it with lingering tenderness, it was not unpleasant to me.

You dare not answer this lest it fall into hands which will use your letter against us. I do hope that the dear Lord is planning a way for us to come into your part of the country, where I shall be so glad to take patient mother and the innocent children. Sister Maud will be loth to leave, but I believe will be persuaded also. All send greeting.

Your sorrowful cousin,

GERTRUDE POTTER.

"The Mysterious White Pansy."

NEMIE VAN MATER.

"Pansy, white pansy—
Mysterious flower—
From whence dost thou come?
In what lies thy power?"

"I bloom in the heights,
Above the world far,
That on J. O.'s breast
I may shine, a star."

"You ask my secret?
That may I not tell.
I'm true to my lord,
With whom I dwell."

"Perhaps I whisper
Of some sweetheart true,
To him who wears me
So frankly in view."

"But what I tell him,
He and I know well,
And we've sworn in truth
None other to tell."

The Best Paint in the World for sale
by C. A. Geran,

WITTICISMS.

Revelation made by members of U. S. History Class: "Gen. Washington was Commander-in-Chief of the Union Army during the Civil War."

O Shade of our Country's Father, in what event of our Nation's history hast thou not been made to figure! Another of the class opens up another fact. "The Battle of Bull Run was fought in Missouri." Probably the great Western Plains suggested the idea.

Question in Grammar—"How many kinds of voice are there?" Answer—"There are two kinds, male and female."

Facts gathered from Book-keeping Class: "A pawnbroker is one who deals in pawns."

"An Executor is one appointed by the diseased."

"Heritage is the dwelling of a hermit."

Fact learned from a member of the Algebra Class: "Division is the process of finding the Algebraic answer."

How long will it be before C. S. E. will put into practical operation this new method of his? He certainly should let the class into the secret.

One bright young lady in the Grammar Class tried to convince us that "will become" is in the past tense.

Question to boy in Physical Geography Class: "What small animals are used in hotels to catch rats?" "Carrots!" came confidently, in reply. We suppose he meant *Ferrcts*. Did the mere mention of rats frighten him so that he could not recall the right word? If the question had been put to a girl the mistake would have been attributed to such a cause.

We have heard the expression "Out at the elbows" used in connection with a torn garment, but D. ~~W~~ *Mon* was literally out at the *shoulders* a week ago, and the tear was a very serious one, though it has since been repaired.

A MIDNIGHT REVEL.

Down in the kitchen,
The clock strikes one;
Three little maidens
Having lots of fun;
Vinegar and pepper,
Treachle, bread and salt,
The clock hasn't run since;
Now, whose is the fault?

Mel. M. and L.
Our brother-editor in the last issue of the GAZETTE, when saying that the girls were "crowding into their games in such unladylike sport as Prisoner's Base, Tag, etc. made a very broad statement, and the girls of the Essay Club deny the charge of ever having participated in boys' games; although they allow that some of the younger girls, who are not likely to become contributors to the GAZETTE for some years, at least, have joined the boys in their sports.

If any one could have seen our friend Will Hodges on a warm sunny afternoon, about a month ago, they might have thought he seemed warm; but had they taken a closer look at the right side of his face they would have decided that he must have felt Kuhl.

N. V. M.
May 3, 2 o'clock a. m.—Kiss stolen; liberal reward if returned to the owner. In the same locality two handkerchiefs were drowned in hair oil, which had

been mistaken for perfumery. Beware of snoopers! *C. S. E. & J. Beers.*

It was at a *soiree*,
On the second of May,
That he met her so gay and so fair.
She never felt warmer,
He thought he would smother,
So proposed a stroll for fresh air.

'Twas a beautiful night,
And the moon shone *too* bright
On the couple we all know so well.
No, *he* did not smother, *Amie &*
She never felt cooler, *Beards*
Ha, ha! *White* dresses will tell.

NEWS FROM THE SUNNY SOUTH.

Little Phil. Doddridge was watching the feeding of a caged alligator. When the meat was thrown into the tank the voracious beast began to bellow while eating, whereupon little Phil exclaimed: "That sounds just like my papa snoring!"

The school room was a scene of much confusion on the morning of the Cadets first donning of the much-talked of white belt and straps.

As the school-room was being converted into a dressing-room, at 11:30, when all the young ladies were present, they awaited a signal to retire, but as none came, some felt it would be more modest to keep their eyes fastened on their books, while blushes suffused their cheeks; others were convulsed with laughter to witness the unsuccessful, awkward attempts of the boys as they attempted to adjust their harness properly. The white straps are painfully suggestive of suspenders, and it seemed to the girls as if those articles were suddenly being brought from their concealed position under the coat to be worn on the outside, as a Chinaman is said to wear his shirt outside of his coat. We do not wonder that the cadets were in no hurry to have these "fearfully and wonderfully made bandages" bound about them. They seemed to us, as they moved up into town on the march, to have the appearance of some strange company, drumming up trade, rather than that of our dignified cadets.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Inquiry—Has one of our sturdy cadets a claim on a certain young lady of our school? *Amie & C. V. C.*

He seems to have attached a strong chain to her button-hole, and we have seen him so often thus "watch" her that we have become suspicious.

Another inquirer may throw light on the preceding. In what extreme danger is the cadet who entrusts his watch to the keeping of a certain young lady? Does he expect to be way-laid and robbed, or is there a sentimental explanation to the mystery.

Notice—A Safety Deposit Company has been opened in the Northeast corner of the Hall by the firm of Beers, Fordham, Schenck and Company, where rings, scarf-pins and other jewelry are received on deposit and good security given, or exchanges made. The company is reliable and has had considerable experience in this line. The officers stand ready to give good testimonials on application. Deposits solicited.

Why do the cadets wear those polished shields over their hearts? Is it to protect their hearts from Cupids darts?

"A New Broom Sweeps Clean."

NELLIE WHITLOCK.

"Mary!" calls out Mrs. B., "I am going to have company to-morrow, and I want you to give the parlor a good sweeping." So Mary goes to the place where the brooms are kept. First she picks up one which has been used some time, and says to herself, "I do not want you, with your nose stuck up!" so she throws it aside and picks up another, which is split in the middle, and says, "Neither do I want you with your spread toes!" The third one is worn to a stub, and again she says, "I don't want you, for you are worn off to your knees!" By this time she spies a new one in the corner and quickly picks it up, saying, "A new broom sweeps clean!" With it she sweeps the parlors till her mistress can find no fault.

People are compared to brooms. For example, a boy wants a position as clerk in a store. When he applies he is very polite and says he can do this and that, and his manner promises so well that he is engaged. The first week or two he is very smart, gets up early in the morning, works diligently, and when he goes to his dinner returns quickly for faithful work the rest of the day; but this does not last long; he begins to feel at home, and takes advantage, grows slack and neglects his duty. His employer has been watching him. "A new broom sweeps clean," he had said of him to one of the clerks, who was praising the new hand. And sure enough when the newness was worn off the boy did his work in such a slovenly way that he was dismissed.

If one hires a new servant-girl one can not tell how she may turn out. At first she may be very faithful in her work, but in a few weeks show signs of slackness. I do not mean to say that every one who begins well is sure to turn out badly, but, that those who begin and "are so very good" at first may not hold out. It is better to start easy and faithful and keep it up than to be unusually smart at first to fail on longer trial.

When one is running a race with another the one who starts the fastest is not, generally, the one who wins; for when he is fresh he goes so fast that he is tired before he is half through his run; but the one who starts at an ordinary speed and keeps it up will last the longer and win the race.

It is the same way with some who fall heir to property. At first they seem to think it will last forever, so they get fine horses and wagon, dress very handsomely go to all the balls, theatres, etc., but soon find that it does not pay to sweep

too clean, or too fast, through their possessions.

It is said that Americans go wild over anything new. For instance, when gold was discovered in California, the country was taken with a great craze. Great investments and wild speculations were practiced. It was the same way in connection with the discovery of petroleum.

When a study is taken up at school some scholars learn their lessons perfectly, because it is new and has fresh attractions, but the subject gradually becomes old and is not cared for. These scholars should say to themselves, when they find that they are becoming careless, "Take warning by our proverb, 'A new broom sweeps clean.'" If a new game is played every one is anxious to play it, and, as the saying goes, it is "played to death." If strangers come to a place to settle, they may be, at first, very much admired and receive a good deal of attention. The reason is that they show at their best while new. It may not be that they are trying to deceive, but one always likes to make a good impression, and so these, as it were, put their "best foot forward." So it is with new acquaintances. One can not at once find out all a new friend's ways, but must continue to be with them till the newness is worn off. Here holds true the saying, "One must winter and summer a friend before he is really known." It is natural for new friends to wish to please, so, involuntarily, they put on their best behavior; the faults and weaknesses are not seen till on a longer acquaintance. One should remember, even in deciding on the merits of a new friend, that "A new broom sweeps clean." If the acquaintance is an evil one the faults are not exposed on the first meeting. It is said, even of the Evil One himself, that the "Devil doesn't mean to show his cloven foot."

In the parable of the sower, "Some seeds sprang up quickly, but soon withered away." It is the same way with people who are so very loving and affectionate to you at first; for their feeling soon withers away and they never think to appear in time of trouble; only when days are bright and they can receive pleasure for themselves.

As a new broom they sweep clean, Christ taught "He that endureth to the end shall be saved." This is the strongest condemnation of those who are meant in the proverb by *The new brooms*. He that endureth to the end in every undertaking in this life shall have success, and he that endureth to the end, in the affairs of the next, shall have everlasting success in that.

White Enamel sold by C. A. Geran.

SPRING MUSIC.

MINNA GUTMANN.

Of all the signs of Nature and art which show the approach of Spring, none are more varied and delightful, or show more conclusively that the world is waking from its long winter sleep, than the many melodies of Nature that play their part in the opening concert of the season.

Spring Music may be separated into two classes. The music made by Nature and that made by man. That of both is at this time of the year pleasing, though there may be discordant notes intermingled; but we are likely to pass by all jarring chords and hear only the harmonies. The music made by Nature is felt to be more poetical than that which is contributed by man.

The sweet, clear whistle of some distant songster is in perfect tune with the warbling brook, whose swelling stream goes hurrying on; neither is the robins' morning chorus marred by the cock's shrill crow, or the bleating of young animals. Were it not for *Nature's melodies*, Spring would not be to us the great joy we find it. Old and young are alike ready to exclaim "What can be more pleasing to us than the first notes of the season? What memories of previous springs come to mind. Shouts of happy children and the sounds of men's toil come up from the street to mingle with Nature's more poetic music in the air above. Do we often really stop to listen to the beautiful melody? The birds sing their songs in clear, rich music, while the bees hum their thoughts low in bass voices; the frogs croak a mixture of bass, alto and soprano, and insects chirp and buzz an accompaniment. On a stormy day we hear the music of the gently falling raindrops.

Beside all the audible melodies, there are others, that, though we cannot hear, would no doubt be music if our ears were fine enough to receive them. For flowers must make a melody when their buds expand, though it is without sound to us. The trees, leaves, grasses, countless plants, rustle in the stirring wind, while the breezes continually furnish a harmony, now soft and low; then wild and strong. The sun, moon, and stars are said to make music in their revolutions. All seasons of the year have, perhaps, melodies of their own, but they are not as this one, when the whole realm of Nature seems throbbing with inexpressible music and new life.

W. R. Tobias,

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Announcement to the Patrons of Our Paper.

With our next number in June we complete Vol. II of the GLENWOOD GAZETTE. As there will be so great a call for the final issue we are planning already to meet the increased demand. The sheet will contain, beside an amount of interesting matter, the essays of the Graduating Class, the Prize Essay, and a full account of Commencement Exercises. Arrangements have been made to issue from 1500 to 2000 copies.

To our advertisers this is a matter of importance. We present them opportunity, at our extremely low rates, to make an appearance before the public in this unusually auspicious way. Fifteen hundred or 2000 copies means at least double that number of readers. Wise business men will not fail of early engaging advertising space in the columns of the June Number of the GAZETTE.

The Editorial Rooms of the GAZETTE received lately a pleasant call from two of Glenwood's former pupils—Miss Gertrude Cortelyou and Miss Cassie Whitlock. The former was a graduate four years ago, and, in reminiscing, stated there were present in the school to-day but three pupils who were in attendance at that time. "So much does the character of a school change in a few years.

The bags of rice which were sent by some of the pupils at the Institute, to help make happy the marriage festivities of Miss Neal's sister in Parkersburg, Va., received the following notice in the local paper of that city: "One interesting incident was the throwing of bags of rice after the bride, the rice having been sent for that purpose by the pupils of Miss Eva Neal at Glenwood Institute, New Jersey."

Promotions in the Ranks.—Sergeant Harry VanCleaf created orderly-sergeant. Private Charles Crawford created corporal.

We have been sorry to say farewell to three of our fellow students during the past month, though we console ourselves with the hope that they will be back again when school opens next September, and also that they left because of business calls. Sergeant Cooper, one of the boys' poets, whom they could ill spare, has entered business in a drug store; Frank Weeden, another of the Essay Class, has gone to be assistant book-keeper for a firm in Asbury Park; while Fred Schock has to remain at home to attend store, while his father is away on business.

F. D. Woodruff, Watchmaker, Jeweler & Optician, Front St., Keyport, N. J., agent for all brands of American watches, which he will sell at the very lowest cash prices. Sole agent for the celebrated King combination Spectacles. Difficult optical prescriptions filled. Special attention to repairing fine watches.

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One of our Essay Class proposes that the citizens, who contemplate burning out their chimneys at so early an hour as 6 a. m., give notice a few days in advance so that Matawan Firemen have time to lay out their caps and belts where they will be handy for the occasion.

What can have become of the once prosperous Glee Club! Why did they fail to sing at the reading of the last paper? Are they recognizing that the young ladies' Singing Club have surpassed them, and so become dumb from chagrin and jealousy?

The school wishes to announce that Commencement is but four weeks distant. All the patrons and friends of the Institute are most cordially invited to attend all our proceedings on June 16, 17 and 18.

OBITUARY.

Our Friend Glenwood.

H. W. BRAY.

Glenwood is no more. He disappeared from among us a few weeks ago. His noble life was so well known and admired that his friends have asked that some account of it be given to the public.

About four years ago, one autumn day, just after the opening of the school-year, he entered the Institute grounds with confident step and an inquiring air, which seemed to say, "Is this the celebrated Hall of Learning? Then this is the place for me!" After leisurely exploring the building he decided upon the editorial rooms of the GAZETTE as the place of his choice, and continued to live there till the day of his departure.

His was no ordinary character. He took a decided prejudice to the basement part of the house. When forced to take his meals there, he always went reluctantly and left as soon as he had satisfied the cravings of hunger. He much preferred to have his meals taken up to his room, and his preference was respected.

Glenwood's one antipathy was summer boarders. He must have had some unpleasant experience in some former period of his existence, before we knew him, for no sooner did the first boarder arrive than Glenwood took his immediate departure, and never issued from his retreat till school opened again. This marked preference for school-life shows his desire for knowledge, in the acquiring of which he was eminently successful.

Glenwood did not express his feelings as a common cat would have done. To sit in a lady's lap and be petted was far beneath his dignity. If there were any marks of affection to be shown, he wished to give expression to them himself.

He had given himself, especially, to the study of oratory. The platform on which he held forth was called a pulpit, which indicates that the subject of his oratory was of no trifling nature. His attitude, during delivery, was most striking. Standing erect on his hind legs he gesticulated with inimitable grace, and always completely won over his audience. His subject was frequently the absolute necessity of regular sustenance for the physical frame.

He was polite to a nicety, making his requests with a courteous "Please!"

which made it a delight to serve him. His posture in sitting was that of a most thoughtful person. It has been intimated that at such times he resembled Victor Hugo in his absorption. Leaning back in his chair in this human attitude (he has been seen thus by his many friends for long periods of time) he would seem lost in thought, from which he could not easily be aroused, when he would sigh deeply, as if burdened with the great thoughts which possessed him.

All admitted that he was a philosopher, wise beyond his day and generation.

Glenwood showed a marked respect for religion. He seemed to feel a deep sense of duty that he must keep the premises of the Presbyterian church free from feline intruders during the evening services there. And many were the skirmishes resulting from this self-laid obligation.

The last few days of his life he manifested a peculiar gentleness. His sensitive nature seemed to have a presentiment of coming evil, and he showed it in restlessness on that fateful morning of April 24, when he went for his usual morning walk. He went forth into that mystery from whence he came. We know him to have departed this life, for he had repeatedly sworn to live at No. 11, Second Floor, Glenwood Institute, till his death. He was tenderly attached to the managing editor of the GAZETTE and would have made no movement of voluntary departure without consulting that friend.

How did he meet his fate? Did a fatal accident o'ertake him? Did dark poison do its deadly work? Did some stealthy weapon of concealed foe strike all too surely in its deadly aim? We know not! Dear departed Comrade, thou didst appear in mystery, tarry with us awhile, and it is fitting that the same mysterious cloud should rest over thy end! Peace to his memory.

As he always kept close in his own breast the name he bore before he came among us, he was renamed, Glenwood, by one of his friends, former Prof. of Mathematics—H. W. K., who stood god-father for him.

In Memoriam.

Glenwood is dead, our true Comrade,

We ne'er shall see him more.

He used to wear a rich grey coat,

All striped down before.

Where e'er one heard his mead of pain,

The heart with pity burned.

When e'er the sky showed signs of rain,

He always homeward turned.

But good old Glen is now at rest,

Nor fears misfortunes harm.

He wore a double-breasted vest,

The stripes ran up and down.

Knowledge he hid from public view,

And kept it very quiet;

He made no noise election days,

And loved a good milk diet.

Then undisturbed by anxious care

Beside the stove he sat.

And everybody said he was

A most unusual Cat.

Small girl asked by the teacher what piece she had selected for speaking, re-

plied, "Phosphorous on the Bridge." She evidently meant, "Horatius on the Bridge."

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