

# Glenwood Gazette.

MOTTO :—"CUT YOUR COAT ACCORDING TO YOUR CLOTH."

Vol. III.

MATAWAN, N. J., JANUARY 28, 1891.

No. IV.

## Glenwood Gazette

Edited by the members of the ESSAY CLASS, at

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

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

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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.

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No. 2.....	Harry VanCleaf.....	Dec. 24
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JOHN H. OSBORNE, - - EDITOR.

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### EDITORIAL.

#### Self-Mastery.

JOHN H. OSBORNE.

In presenting this, the first number issued in the year 1891, to our readers, the editor wishes to say that he accepted the editorship with extreme reluctance, feeling that he could not do credit to the GAZETTE or the ESSAY CLASS.

It, therefore, No. IV., Vol. III., proves not up to the standard attained by its predecessors, please remember that the editor makes no claims of excellence for his part. But if, on the other hand, it should meet with approval, he will account the credit due to the contributors alone.

He is fully persuaded that he is not destined to be a journalist, and he proposes with this sheet to "swear off" trying to become one.

He anticipates no serious difficulty in keeping his pledge, as he has no inherited bent, nor deep-rooted aspirations in this line to contend against.

To all the friends of the GAZETTE we extend a cordial New Year's greeting.

We hope and trust that you all had a Merry Christmas, and have begun in good earnest to enjoy a Happy New Year.

The opening of a new year is the time above all others when the thought is inclined to review the deeds of the past and resolve to do better in the future.

We hope that all made some good resolutions for the year of '91; but we very much fear that many of those made will have been forgotten ere this meets the eye of the maker.

Now, why is it that it is so hard to carry out serious resolves?

It is because we are not "Our own masters."

Different people have very different ideas of what is meant by being one's own master. In one thing, however, they agree—that is in their ambitions and plans to be "Their own masters."

We think that there never was a real out and out boy who did not indulge in many a fond dream of the time when he should be, as he thought, "His own master." And yet how little does he realize what the term means. If asked what he would do if his wish were fulfilled, he would very likely say, "Oh, I should not go to school when the skating was good, would not write compositions or speak pieces in school; I would go to bed and get up as late as I choose; I would go in swimming as much as I wanted to in the summer time."

And so he would go on through the whole list of his favorite sports, but never think of such a thing as bringing in the wood and coal, hoeing the garden, driving the cows to pasture, or any of the other little chores which fall to the lot of the ordinary boy.

To the majority of boys, being one's own master simply means being able to gratify all selfish wishes and appetites.

We do not wish to assume that boys are naturally or habitually selfish and lazy, for they are not. But their idea of self-mastery is apt to be that when they are men all obstacles in the way of doing what they please will vanish.

But how surely, as a boy grows up, does he find that he was mistaken in his ideal. His responsibilities increase and his tastes change. He realizes the fact that merely having fun is not so very funny after all. Somehow or other it does not seem to bring the satisfaction that it used to, and he begins to enjoy the feeling of being of some use in the

world. His eyes are opened to the fact that his idea of being his own master would come nearer to being his own slave. He finds that a new element is shaping his conduct, and that instead of asking himself "Do I want to do this," as he used to, he asks "Is it best to do this?"

To speak plainly, he finds that some things don't pay, and that there is something in the way of his following out the selfish impulses of the heart.

If he then heeds the promptings of conscience he will get a good deal of light on the question. He will learn that if he masters self and makes it subject to conscience he will then indeed be "his own master."

We cannot expect to have any success in life unless we are, to a considerable extent, our own masters.

As students, let us not give ourselves cause for future regret by wasting our school days. This is the time when the habit of self-mastery should be acquired. A boy who is not mastering himself will never prove a man who is truly "his own master."

We all know that faults grow rapidly, and should be overcome early before they have become too strong for us. The attempt to control ourselves when tempted to whisper in school time is most excellent discipline in the line of self-mastery.

By determined force of will to fix our attention on our lessons, and not let anything divert us while studying, we make ourselves masters of our thoughts.

Some have formed the habit of smoking and confess how hard it is to break off. Another habit which is apt to grow upon the young is extravagance.

It is very important that we keep ourselves within limits in this direction, and learn to deny ourselves some of the things to which we may take a fancy. Let us remember that no noble character was ever formed without self-denial.

It is not too late to resolve to do better during the coming year. Aside from the good which will result from breaking the chains of bad habits, we also derive a great benefit from the fact that we are learning to fit ourselves to be our own masters in the great affairs of life before us.

"He that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city."

#### OUT 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.

### NEW YEAR REFLECTIONS.

GEORGE S. HOBART.

Another year has passed away  
With its alternate joy and grief.  
A New Year now again has dawned;  
Once more of life is turned a leaf.

As we glance back upon the way  
Our feet have pressed in days now gone.  
Alas, how many our mistakes,  
How many deeds we wish undone.

In vain we long to live it o'er,  
This year, which from our view doth fade.  
The past, once lived, comes never back,  
Our wishes all in vain are made.

And since we realize this truth,  
That time once past will not return,  
May we take heed and watch our steps,  
Through this New Year of ninety-one.

### MR. WEATHER PROBABILITIES.

HARRY ZEBLEY.

He is a gentleman whom we never see,  
but from whom we receive daily messages.

Every day he sends word to all the cities and towns, telling what kind of a bill of fare he has ordered for the weather; just how much sun or cold, wind or rain is to be expected over the land.

His messages read something like this: "For Eastern Pennsylvania and New Jersey clear and slightly cooler, with northwesterly winds." Such a prediction is often followed by a stormy day in the locality, instead of the fair weather promised.

If you want to call on Mr. W. Probabilities, you will be directed to look for the venerable gentleman in his office at Washington.

Perhaps you want to argue with him about the importance of speaking the truth. He predicts clear weather and the day is likely to turn out stormy; or a cold wave and it proves warm and mild. He, no doubt, calls his actions practical jokes; but is it fair that one in his position should be a joker?

You knock at his office door and receive no answer, so you walk in without a bidding. No one ever finds him in. On the walls are seen maps with many little arrows on them, pointing in different directions, showing which way the winds are blowing in different States, and which way storms are travelling. On the tables one will find books that tell how much rain has fallen in different parts of the land, and other things that Mr. Probabilities has told us about. But when one compares the statements of the book with the gentleman's predictions one has to believe that he likes to fool folks.

There are some people who are foolish enough to credit what he says, and begin a journey if he promises fair weather, or carry an umbrella, while the sun is shin-

ing, because he has said there would be rain.

The reason most people do not believe him is that they have proved him to be a story-teller.

Before they have set a day for a picnic they have taken up the newspaper to see what Mr. Weather Probabilities has promised for the day. Finding that he predicts clear weather they appoint the time, leave umbrellas and overshoes at home, and when they are fairly in the woods up comes a drenching rain, and Mr. Weather Probabilities has made some more enemies.

The animals have a weather prophet as well as man. We have all noticed birds as they fly south before the cold weather approaches; and have noticed the chickens oil their feathers to keep off the rain, which their Mr. W. Probabilities warned them was coming. We have observed the bees stop up the door to their hive to keep out the cold weather, and have often enough heard the cook proclaim the message. But it seems that the animals' weather prophet tells the truth more often than our Mr. W. P., for the animal world seems to calculate better than man.

When our prophet at Washington wants to give a scare he predicts a blizzard, and men get out their heaviest winter clothing, and the cattle are driven into shelter; but the blizzard does not come. When he gives no hint of one arriving, along it comes, spoils peach and orange crops, kills cattle, stops trains and snaps telegraph wires and nearly freezes people.

Along with other petitions which are presented to Congress there should be one asking to have the present gentleman of the Weather Bureau removed from office and a more serious reliable one elected in his stead.

#### A RARE CHANCE

to buy watches and jewelry very cheap. For the balance of this month Woodruff, the Keyport watchmaker and jeweler, will sell at reduced prices preparatory to an annual inventory. Some bargains.

A LARGE ASSORTMENT OF

**- VALENTINES -**

CAN BE FOUND AT

**R. - F. - Schock's - Notion - Store,**  
MATAWAN, N. J.

**Tin, Hollow and Wooden Ware,**  
Pocket and Table Cutlery,  
Pumps and Clothes Wringers,

-AT-

**Fountain's Stove Emporium,**  
MATAWAN, N. J.

## SLEIGHING FUN.

JAMES S. MASON.

The winter of '90 brought us no snow,  
And we of course could not sleighing go.  
So we had to wait for old '91,  
When the Christmas recess brought us great fun.  
For there came a snow to stay a few days  
And Matawan went wild in various ways.  
The merry jingle of sleighbells told  
That sleighing gives joys which are manifold.  
All the girls and the boys who had a sled,  
Brought them quick forth from their last summer's bed,  
To the top of the hill, for girls and boys  
Love coasting still, and coasters' wild noise.  
Not till sleighing was o'er, ceased the sound of the bell,  
Then gathered the boys their stories to tell.  
There is Dubey, our friend, who had a sleigh  
And a spanking nice team of mules so gay,  
He had hitched them up to take a sleighride,  
And asked his best girl to sit by his side.  
The sleigh was soon filled with a noisy throng,  
And there was much laughter with jest and song.  
How wildly they drove till they reached a hill,  
Which made them all think of Jack and Jill!  
For so slippery was that icy road,  
And so very large their noisy load,  
That there was fear their team would fall.  
So they had to pile out one and all,  
And walk down the hill, where again they piled in,  
With the wildest scramble and noisy din.  
When the old Town-house was reached,  
Dubey's gay party was certainly beached.  
For under pressure the tail-board gave way,  
And all the gay crowd was pitched from the sleigh.  
Among the disasters sad to relate,  
Which befell this load of merry young freight,  
Was a Buffalo-robe lost by the way,  
Not counting the scratches, many, they say.  
The bruises have healed, the robe has been found  
And all the snow disappeared from the ground,  
When our Essay teacher from Vermont returned,  
And we of the ice and snow there learned,  
It made us all right jealous and low,  
That New Jersey can't have six months of snow.

## WHAT'S THE MATTER?

GEORGE S. HOBART.

How many times has this question been asked when things have gone wrong or turned out contrary to our expectations? It is well that we ask it so often, for, if we try to discover the cause when the affairs of this life have gone contrary to our wishes, we can usually find the remedy also.

But how frequently, though we know what the matter is, and also the remedy, do we fail to make use of our knowledge, and therefore something continues to be the matter, though many of us (since conceit is natural to the human race) probably think that matters are all right. No one else thinks so, except it be sweethearts.

In order to cause not only our sweethearts, if we have any, but also people in general to think we are all right, it is necessary to do three things when anything seems to be the matter: First, to find what the trouble is; second, to find a remedy for it; third, and most important, to apply the remedy. If all did this the millennium would soon arrive; but that day is yet far distant, and with most people something will probably continue to be the matter until the heavenly home is reached, where

Everything is pure and white,  
And everybody is all right.

Let us take a few examples from daily life, where something is evidently the matter, and try to discover what the cause is, and the remedy for it.

Most of my readers are school-boys and school-girls (perhaps they would prefer to be called young gentlemen and young ladies). Let us look at an average school-boy, bright and smart in his own opinion, but who is always getting demerits in his lessons. What's the matter?

The boy himself has probably often asked himself this question and wondered what was the matter, not with *him*, but with the teachers, who give the marks. He undoubtedly thinks that the wrong is all on their side and he feels that he is a very much injured person.

As long as he continues to think this way he will continue to receive poor marks, for he who finds fault with others seldom finds fault with himself, and, if he finds no fault with himself, he will, of course, not seek to find a remedy for what he thinks does not exist.

Let us examine this matter a little more closely and see if we cannot find another and truer answer to the question, What's the matter?

Perhaps the scholar thinks that the lessons in which he fails are not suited to his capabilities; they are too easy and not worth studying; he would try harder if they were more difficult, and so, since they are so easy, he pays little or no attention to them, forgetting that he, who would do great things, must first learn to do small things. This, however, is a very rare case. Scholars generally think the lessons are too hard. When they think this way they discourage themselves before they commence to study, and, since discouragement is the mother of failure, such scholars usually fail.

They forget that lessons are not always as hard as they seem, and that "Perseverance conquers all things," even the conjugation of a Greek verb. A considerable number of scholars (there are a few even at Glenwood) seem to be always forgetting this.

There is still another answer to this question, which applies to a great many students. That is, they are so intent on having what they call a good time, lots of fun, a racket, etc., that they have little time for study, and, when called upon to recite, they mutter and mumble something unintelligible to the teacher, then stop in confusion, and when their recitation is marked a failure they mentally kick worse than a mule and want to know "What's the matter with the teacher?"

Having shown that the matter in this case is, not the teacher, not the lessons, but lack of study and putting pleasure before duty on the part of the scholar, we will suggest a remedy, which, if followed faithfully, is certain to make the matter all right, and will result in better lessons, better marks, and better feelings.

It is very simple.

Less play and less shirk,  
More study and more work.

Let us take another example from daily life and try to discover what's the matter.

We see a man enjoying a seemingly successful and prosperous business, high-

ly respected and trusted by all. Suddenly the business world is startled by the news of the failure of Mr. So-and-So. He is dashed at one blow from his high pinnacle of success and falls to the ground ruined and dishonored. What was the matter? The answer is evident. Simply lack of good judgment. Spendings were greater than earnings. This is a matter that has ruined thousands and will ruin thousands more until men learn to live within their income.

Remedy for ninety-nine out of a hundred business failures—spend no more than ninety-nine cents out of every dollar earned.

Once more. A promising young couple set sail on the sea of matrimony. This is noted for its many rocks and frequent storms, and soon the skies of affection are overcast; the winds of temper begin to blow; a great storm of anger arises; their ship is driven on the rock of quarrel and dashed to pieces. What was the matter? What caused this wreck?

It is not hard to answer. It was ill-temper which resulted in anger and quarrels.

The love and happiness of many a couple has been wrecked on these rocks, and that of many more will be until husband and wife learn to exercise mutual patience and forbearance.

There is another explanation of the matter which goes still deeper. Their ship of love was not as strong as it should have been, and when the winds of trial blew and storms arose, it had not strength to withstand them and was wrecked.

Let us learn a lesson from these examples, and in youth endeavor to form such habits, that, if it should be asked of us, now, or later in married life or concerning our business career, "How does such an one stand?" it may be truthfully answered, "They are all right."

## EXCHANGES.

Among the new exchanges we have received are the "Peddie Chronicle," "Keypoint Graduate," "Phillips' Exeter Literary Monthly" (in which we are pleased to see the name of Geo. Jacobus, '91, on the staff of editors), "High School Tribune" of Syracuse, "The Academic," St. Albans, Vt., "Peekskill Reveille," "Cheltenham Reveille" of Ogontz, and "Freehold Institute."

F. D. Woodruff, the Keypoint 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.

Fine Dress or Plain Business Suits  
MADE IN LATEST STYLES BY  
**CHAS. MATZ,**  
MERCHANT TAILOR,  
Next to J. P. Applegate's law offices,  
Main St., Matawan,  
Cleaning and repairing neatly done.

## THE CHRONICLE.

Now it came to pass on the nineteenth day of the twelfth month, which is the month December, in the last month of the old year, the year 1890, that after the setting of the Sun each disciple came up to the Hall of Learning bringing each and every one his friends to make merry.

The instructors and disciples had prepared to celebrate, as is their custom, the closing of the Temple of Learning for the two weeks vacation. With all manner of music and declamations, and a Christmas drama, did they delight the goodly company who came to make merry with them. And our gracious Ruler, Chas. II, surnamed the Great, did provide confectionery in abundance to be served to the disciples and their guests, and they did feast and make merry.

Wherefore the disciples have decreed that the thanks of the disciples be given unto our kindly Ruler. And the writing is after this wise "Illustrious Ruler, Live Forever! and know that thy servants, the disciples, be deeply and truly grateful for the period of feasting and making merry, which thou in thy great clemency hast provided for thy school "Long live our Ruler!"

Now the great Hall had been abundantly furnished with many boughs of the fir tree, and with divers devices brought in evergreen from the forest; so that stars and wreaths in green, and festoons on the walls greatly ornamented the place, which decorations remain unto this day, to the joy of the disciples.

II. The period of the Great Feast of the year being ended, it came to pass that on the fifth day of the first month of the year 1891, in the fourth month of the second year of the reign of Chas. II. that all the disciples did return and come up again unto the Hall of Learning to pursue, as heretofore, their various branches of study, their zeal being greatly revived by the rest they had enjoyed.

III. Now it came to pass, in the last days of the last month of the year, being the year 1890, that there came a fall of snow upon the earth, and the old men and women and the young men and maidens did take each and every one his horse and sleigh and did ride. And every youth, who had not a sleigh did hire or borrow of his neighbor; and the whole town became one long race track where the inhabitants did trot every one his steed. And the driving was like unto the driving of Jehu, the son of Joseph, for they drove furiously. And many were the sufferings of the steeds, and much disaster to the sleighs in the few days following, while the snow remained upon the earth.

## LIFE'S KEY.

LOUIS DU BOIS.

My Boy! Thou'rt growing older every minute,

What doth the great world say to thee,

About the work that there is in it,

To be finished by thee and me?

There is some plan we know not what,

Laid out by heaven for thee and me.

There surely is some kind of lock,

To which exactly fits thy key.

A fast closed door stands facing thee.

Be bold, and throw its portals wide,

Thy key is opportunity,

Thy life-work lies the other side.

## PERSONALS.

Dr. Jaggar and family spent their vacation at the Institute, and from appearance greatly enjoyed the temporary sleighing.

Miss Chellis found abundance of sleighing at her old home in New Hampshire during the holiday vacation.

Miss Neal ate her Christmas dinner at home in West Virginia.

Mr. Lamont enjoyed the holidays at Richmond, N. Y.

Miss Clark spent her vacation with her family.

Miss Kuech visited both New Hampshire and Vermont, where she came near being snowed under.

Annie Whitlock joined in the holiday sports at Brooklyn and Bay Ridge.

John Osborne and brother participated in the Christmas festivities at Water Mill.

To Hulda Beers fell greater variety than to the rest of the Seniors. After enjoying the vacation time in various ways she wound up with a personal experience with measles. Hulda knows how to vary fun.

Mary Schenck, Lillian Beers, Nemie Van Mater, Minna Gutmann and Harry Van Cleef, enjoyed the greater part of the holiday vacation at their respective homes, from whence they made flying trips to Red Bank, Keyport, Holmdel, Matawan and other neighboring towns while the sleighing lasted.

Lottie Huntington spent two weeks of vacation in New York City.

Annie Fordham shared her turkey with her parents at Southampton, L. I.

Powers Chattin enjoyed his vacation at Jamaica, L. I.

Emily Cottrell joined in the holiday feast at Englishtown, N. J.

Lizzie Clark spent the greater part of her vacation in New York City.

George Sayre enjoyed his vacation at his home at Budd's Lake, Morris County.

Vannieta Whitlock helped consume goodies at New York City and South Island.

Send in your subscription price for the GLENWOOD GAZETTE for the balance of the year. Only 25 cents for the remaining five numbers, including the double Commencement number.

One of our exchanges recently got off a rhyme to the effect that with all the GAZETTE's puns, jokes and rhymes we could not beat them yet. Now we think that we make a pretty fair showing of rhyme, witticisms, etc., and we hope that it will not be forgotten that the matter in the columns of the GAZETTE is all *original*, while many school journals are composed more or less of borrowed selections.

At the reading of the Christmas No. of the GAZETTE we were pleased to see among us the familiar face of James L. Schanck, who seemed to be in Matawan for business purposes. We hear he came to put electric bells in the house of Dr. Jackson.

About two weeks ago Glenwood welcomed with pleasure also the bright face

of Miss Gertrude Cortelyou, a graduate of the class of 1886. Her home is now Bay Ridge, L. I.

Miss Ada Wooley, a graduate of the class of 1887, is attending Glenwood as a member of the Art Class and also Instrumental Music.

Frank Weeden has also reconnected himself with the school work in some branches of study.

It is with much regret that we part with Harry Zebley—our Phil Sheridan—who leaves to begin the study of medicine in a practical way under the direction of an M. D. at Atlantic Highlands. Our constant Phil, we may not hope, for many a day to see thy like again among us!

The manager of the GAZETTE received, some time since, a letter from Wendall M. Strong, a pupil at Glenwood in 1887. He impressed all his fellow-students while here as a most studious and faithful pupil and we are glad to hear he ranks so high in Yale, where he belongs to the class of '93. He has shown his standing among college student, by bearing off the 3rd DeForest Prize in Mathematics. We shall follow his record with interest.

The Editorial Room is also in receipt of a photo of little Miss Ruth Keigwin, a fresh little maiden who is looking out in wonder at the strange world about her.

The girls are always trying to get ahead of the boys; making quite a successful attempt in the Holiday No. of the GAZETTE, whose pages they increased from eight to ten. Although the two extra pages were used for advertisements they made room for a large grist of witticisms, poems, etc., which made it a very spicy sheet.

We hardly dare contemplate the dimensions to which they are capable of extending it, as one of their number declared that when she got to writing poetry she could not stop.

## SOME OF LIFE'S PLEASURES.

HARRY VAN CLEEF.

Oh Holidays, Oh Holidays,

Wie hast du mir gefallen!

With gifts which thou didst give and take,

For more than dear companion's sake,

Oh Holidays, Oh Holidays,

Wie hast du mir gefallen!

And Hulda B. to measles says,

"Du hast mir nicht gefallen!"

Then sympathy to friendship tied,

Did eight consoling notes provide?

Now Hulda B. to measles says,

"Wie hast du mir gefallen!"

Three lovers to three maidens said,

"Wie hast du mir gefallen!"

When Christmas came, to please them more,

Their love to each a plush box bore;

Then said Miss V. and L. and C.,

Wie hast du mir gefallen!

Oh Holidays, Oh Holidays,

Wie hast du mir gefallen!

And since such pleasure thou hast sent,

Come we to school with hearts content,

And days at school to thee we say

Wie hast du mir gefallen!

Third Term at Glenwood opens February 4th.

### CATCH-ALL.

We have heard of a new and startling way in which cold weather may affect one.

One of the bass-singers in the Glee Club on being asked by the teacher why he did not sing, replied, "I am singing, but the notes freeze before they get out."

We understand that Miss Nona V. is widely celebrated on account of her wonderful and great (probably the latter) skating feats (feet).

Not long since some of the friends of the Institute were talking about the benefits of the sight-singing class, when one of its bright members brought down the house by remarking with serious earnestness, "I tell you — has improved. Sometimes he hits the tune now."

A certain person's lameness being the cause of inquiry, one of the art students replied, "He got it by falling through a hatchet" (meaning *hatchway*).

Teacher—Parse she.

Bright girl in grammar class—She is a verb.

One evening while skating on the pond the boys were having a bonfire, when one of the young ladies of this great Hall of Learning exclaimed, "Those boys had better be careful or they will burn the ice-pond up."

Jack and Jill, two specimens of the genus homo, were dispatched by their maternal ancestor to procure some of the necessary liquid for ablutions. The excavation from whence the fluid could be obtained was situated on a neighboring eminence. After the aqueous substance was drawn, Jack accidentally precipitated himself to the earth, which disaster fractured his cranium. His sister, thinking that the action merited patterning after, without stopping to calmly regard the affair, followed her fraternal relative in his surprising feat. It is fortunately not stated that she likewise damaged her phrenological protuberances.—F. Schock.

Teacher—From what animal in British Columbia do we obtain fur?

W. W.—Codfish.

Teacher—What is the rhinoceros noted for?

Pupil—His fine feathers.

It is easy to make a rhyme if you stop and take time. For instance, about the weather, if you can't find anything better. The weather-clerk ordered snow, but it disappeared in a blow.

Advertisement—All heads carefully examined free of charge. Accurate information given concerning every elevation and depression in the human skull. Special attention given to young ladies. For further particulars apply to Prof. H. V. C., No. 3, West Centre Aisle, Glenwood.

A most abstruse question was effec-

tively answered the other day, when L. D. B. in answer to the teacher's question, "Why were the priests of ancient Rome called augurs?" replied, "Because they *bored* the people."

Sentence from a stray note picked up from the school-room floor. It has rather a Spanish flavor, if we do not mistake. Is its tone revengeful or is it in the nature of advice? "Every girl in the school is well-bread, but you; and you are not only bad bread, but very haughty."

Teacher—How does one suck cider through a straw?

G. W.—Put the cider in the straw and suck on it.

Do the officers of the military company think it incumbent upon themselves to revise the Manual of Arms? The latest revision from a "Ground" to a "Carry" is "Advance your left foot! Pick the gun up with the right!" We would respectfully suggest to Captain Geran that to pick up a gun fingers are better adapted than toes. We therefore move that the revision be not adopted.

The teacher of the English Literature class asked the sedate body of Seniors, after their reading selections from "Pilgrim's Progress," if they did not wish a Bunyan. One member, who is given to contemplating the enormity of the sin of forcing shoes on feet not quite so diminutive, cried out involuntarily, "Give me a *Bunyan*, but never a *bunion*."

E. G. rejoices in being made acquainted with a new figure of speech, which he calls "Schenectady." (Synecdoche.)

Dedicated to the girls.

Witches' potion for inducing chronic absence.

Two ounces of Indifference mixed with forty drops of essence of Good Bye. Bring to a boil. Add one pound of Don't Care, well mixed with Society Pleasures. Take once a day in the cup of Forgetfulness.—Mario Cook and William Valdez.

Of all the games

The boys now play,

There's none so fine

As "Home-away."

We tag the first

Then catch the rest

And that's the way,

We play our best.

It is astonishing what ways and means certain small boys will devise to amuse themselves during school hours. One class of geniuses aspire to musical (P) powers; and not only improvise their own melodies, with which they ravish the ears of the students near them; but have the renown of having manufactured their own instruments, which are intended to bear resemblance to a harp, banjo, and violin. Teachers had better examine certain desks to duly appreciate the inventive (P) powers of their pupils. There is also a Mason, who conducts a mimic horse-race with the noted Royal Spriglets, his miniature steed.

At 1:15 p. m., December 19, on the Friday preceeding the Christmas vacation, the music room was the scene of a pleasant little event, in which the Glenwood Glee Club and their instructor, Miss Eva G. Neal, were the principal participants.

At about 1 o'clock mysterious whispers were heard, and except to those initiated into the secret, great wonderment prevailed.

The excitement increased until 1:10, when the club repaired in a body to a room of one of the members where pandemonium prevailed.

Soon a cry of exultation was heard and our friend Geran was seen to emerge from the room and appear at the top of the stairs, closely followed by a mob of excited boys, some singing, some yelling, showing that something great was about to happen.

They took their way to the music room and Lieut. Geran placed a box, which he bore, upon the centre table around which they seated themselves.

There they sat, eager and impatient, when Miss Neal, for whom they were waiting, smilingly entered the room.

This was a signal for proceedings to begin, and Capt. Geran, in most appropriate words, presented the teacher with a handsome plush toilet set, which was, as he said, "a token of the esteem and good will" in which their instructor was held by the club.

Miss Neal responded to the captain's presentation speech in very suitable terms, although her expressive looks were more eloquent than any words she could audibly express.

### BIRTHS.

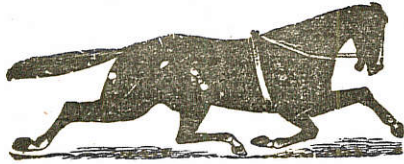
Born, Friday a. m., January 16, 1891, an heir to J. and E. Baird.

When the event became known the astrologers of the school met in the most retired part of the Institute to cast the horoscope of the child which had aroused so much interest.

The occasion was solemn in the extreme. Silence reigned while the momentous observations were being made. Then Hulda, the fair prophetess, arose, saying, "January predicts that the child shall be brave, strong, and an honor to his country; he shall also be gifted in song." This was accepted. The next speaker declared, "Friday's bairn is loving and giving." The moon, being in its first quarter, doubtless cast its rays over the child's right shoulder, therefore, "money awaits him." The moon being also that night in "Pisces" it is safe to affirm that he will be fond of taking the inhabitants of the sea in his net; whereby he shall rise to wealth. His song will doubtless allure the finny tribe. Mercury being morning star, the Goddess of Wisdom will surely graciously endow the child. The future of this child is certainly propitious.

### CHANGE OF RESIDENCE.

Mrs. Bray has bought the Antisell home and will move in in April. Mr. Antisell has bought the house next the Presbyterian Church, the Whitlock's will thus be obliged to move out. And there are yet other moves in contemplation, which will be reported later.



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