

Glenwood Gazette.

VALENTINE NUMBER.

MOTTO:—"ALL IS NOT GOLD THAT GLITTERS."

Vol. IV.

MATAWAN, N. J., FEBRUARY 10, 1892.

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Glenwood Gazette

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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 for one year will be printed regularly in these columns.

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GLENWOOD INSTITUTE—1892.

Feb. 1 Third Term begins.
Feb. 22 Washington's Birthday.
Apr. 1 Third Term Ends,
Apr. 4 Fourth Term begins.
Apr. 15-16 Easter Recess.
Jun. 8 Commencement.

For Catalogues or further information apply to
CHAS. A. JAGGAR, A. M., Ph. D., Principal.

NELLIE WHITLOCK, - EDITOR.

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Rhetoric Class Department.

EDITORIAL.

The bell of time has rung to warn us it is time for another issue of the Gazette. This is one of our means of education. In the every day training of our intellect various are the lines of thought in which we are led, and with each new beam of knowledge there radiates yet more rays. One obtains knowledge by observation, asking questions and answering questions and hoping that we might broaden the views of

some of our readers we will endeavor to answer the question:

Why We Should Study Northern Mythology.

NELLIE WHITLOCK.

No nation or tribe is so low in the scale of existence as not to have some kind of religion. If they are so corrupt as to have lost the worship of the true God then they personify and deify the forces and objects of nature, as the sun, snow, ice, thunder, &c., to which they offer sacrifices.

Our own savage ancestors of Northern Europe were not an exception to this rule and from it grew up their mythology, a mythology entirely different from, yet in some ways resembling that of the people of Southern Europe.

Every well educated person is expected to know all about the gods and goddesses of Greece and Rome and to know also something of the religion of Egypt and Asia Minor, but I think that every well informed person should also know of the belief and superstitions of the northern tribes.

In the first place the Northern Mythology should be studied because it was the religion of our own ancestors. We carefully preserve old things and relics of our ancestors, as pieces of furniture, images, &c., and if these things why not their belief? Some folks buy up old furniture and put it in their house whether they know anything about its history or not. We laugh at them but that is just what we are doing in the mythology line. We are carefully preserving the mythology of Greece and Rome with whom we have little to do and are suffering the relics of our ancestry to become lost and forgotten.

In the second place the Northern Mythology is very recent. It was believed in long after the Grecian temples and Roman Empire were destroyed. It was only a very few centuries ago that it was firmly believed in.

Again, we should be familiar with the belief of our ancestors so we can better understand the literature of our own

race. Not only fairy tales and stories of elves, imps, and goblins but all our literature and especially our folk-lore is full of ideas and allusions that are intelligible only when we understand the mythology of the North.

Not only has it left its impress upon our literature but on our language also. Many names of cities and the names of the days of the week received their origin from this source, as Tuesday from Tiw, the god of war, Wednesday from Woden, the Allfather, Thursday from Thor, the god of thunder and Friday from Frigga, the goddess of marriage.

Their old beliefs were so deeply rooted that they not only left their mark in our language and literature but even in our religion. When Christianity was brought into Northern Europe, it did not destroy its rites but rather absorbed them. For instance we think of Christmas, New Year, and Easter as purely Christian institutions but in origin they are purely heathen.

The Christianity of Southern Europe knew nothing of yule-logs, mistletoe and laurel, rich dinners nor presents to children on christmas day.

But the study that we are recommending is not a hard task to perform. It is not only very profitable but is of itself very interesting. The characters and narrative are at times grand, pathetic, grotesque, even ridiculous, but never tiresome. The following is a fair specimen:

Loki, the god of mischief had a very pretty face and seemed to be everybody's friend but all the time he was their enemy. He had a hammer which, when he threw it at anything, never missed the intended mark and failed to do its work, but a giant Thyrn stole it and hid it eighty fathoms deep in the earth and Thor could have it only by giving Frigga, the goddess of love and song, for the giant's wife. Thor was much troubled for he knew she would not want to live in the dismal region with the giants so proposed Loki's dressing up in a bridal costume and veil to imitate Frigga. This he did and started for Thyrn accompanied by Thor.

When they reached the giants' abode he welcomed his veiled bride but was surprised to see him eat eight salmon and a whole ox for his supper and afterward drink many draughts of mead.

Thyrn gave back the hammer, then Loki threw his veil from his face and slew the giant and all his household with the hammer.

This is only one of the many interesting stories, and to this I have not done justice. He who takes up the study of

Northern Mythology will surely find it always interesting, sometimes fascinating and by no means unprofitable.

WHAT IS "LA GRIPPE."

NETTIE STRAUB.

As I sat before a bright, cheerful fire in my study one damp, rainy evening not long ago, I was aroused from a reverie into which I had fallen by a light tapping at my window. I arose from my chair and gazed out upon the dripping landscape, yet saw nothing but a dog running across the lawn.

I returned to my chair thinking my imagination had wandered a little or that a falling leaf had been blown against my window-pane by some passing guest. I resumed my writing and before long became deeply absorbed in my work when I was again interrupted by the same rapping sound, this time, perhaps, louder than before, as the wind blew more fiercely.

I arose again, impatiently from my chair not caring to be disturbed. This time as I looked from my casement I saw a mist rising but could not understand why my visitor should knock and meanwhile keep himself concealed. Then I wondered if the night, which was dark and gloomy, had not started my imagination into undue exercise. As I sat down I said to myself, "It can be nothing more than the wind rattling the shutters."

I am not superstitious but I confess I felt that I would rather not have had the ghostly tapping continue. Now I felt a draught on my head; I arose immediately, thinking I should not like to have the Grippe and went to the window where I heard a wailing sound; I listened until I heard a voice from the misty vapor which said, "You are too late, I am already in." I was astounded for I could see no one. Finding courage to speak, I said, "Who art thou and from whence dost thou come?" A shrill laugh greeted my ears. I became annoyed at this and said, "Speak. What is thy quest?"

Then there came in a hoarse voice this answer, "I am Grendel, from the Danish swamp. I have been immortalized in the poem 'Beowulf,' the oldest writing in English literature. The story there recorded of me runs in this wise: 'Then came from the moor under the misty hills Grendel, stalking. He saw in the house many war men sleeping all together; then was his mood laughter. Hope of a sweet glut had arisen in him. Nearer forth he stept, laid hands on the doughty-minded warrior at his rest, but Beowulf reached forth a hand and hung

upon his arm. Soon as the evil doer felt that there was not in mid earth a stronger hand grip he became fearful in heart. The hall thundered and the ale of all the Danes and earls was spilt. The friend of earls held fast the deadly guest, would not have him while living. To Beowulf was war strength given. Grendel fled away death sick to seek a sad shelter under the fen shelters; his life's end was come.'

Men say this poem is an allegory and that I, the fearful monster, represented a poisonous exhalation from the marshes which laid men low in death, and that the successful drainage of the waste land delivered the country from my ravages. Though they guessed my secret and thought they had put an end to my existence. 'Twas not slain.

I have but lain dormant, brooding revenge all these centuries and truly 'Revenge is sweet.'

As I outwitted the warrior Beowulf so will I do with every human being who tries to conquer me."

I had become greatly impressed by this time for I had studied the sixth century poem to which he alluded with intense interest.

"I am more powerful than armies," he continued, "I am to-day every nation's foe, and all fear me. I breathe a death of disease in the face of mankind; man, woman and child droop and die after my blighting bath touched them, if I so will it. I have made the circuit of the globe many times and every creature bends at my will. They call me now not Grendel, but 'La Grippe.'"

"For what dost thou come to me?" I asked in fear.

"So thou mayest tell mankind that I have my revenge," came the answer from the mist. Then it continued, "I have afflicted hosts, but my revenge is not yet complete. I have been deprived of my freedom for ages but have escaped from my prison and now fulfill my threat to subject all people to my sway."

"I respect not royalty. I have breathed on sovereigns and Egypt mourns and Britain puts on a funeral garb. Bid mankind to seek them out another warrior, another Beowulf whom I may defy. This is my message to the world," and the cold draught passed my cheek and swept out of the window.

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.

Best oil, 10c. a gal., at Peterson's.

Grammar Class Department.

Valentines.

NELLIE HARRIS.

Now this is the month of Valentine's Day,
And if nothing's amiss then all will be gay.

Hark! while I tell you some news of rare fun;
There's a sheet on the stoop, now don't leave me
to run!

Now this is the way to have sport, I am told;
But you must never, no never "get sold."

If you don't receive of valentines one,
Make out to your friends that you got nigh a ton.

When the day arrives, let it rain or shine,
Your greeting will be: "Show your valentines."

A LETTER OF INQUIRY.

VANNIETA WHITLOCK.

DEAR GLENWOOD GAZETTE:

I have long had some question I wanted to ask. Though I belong to the Institute yet I never get near enough to the school-room, much as I watch for my opportunity, to find out what the crowd of boys and girls do there. I hear them talk about "studying," "lessons" and "fun" until I have felt bound I would find out what they really do.

I live a life of freedom in some respects. I am called into service very seldom so I have used my liberty in investigating. I know everything about the grounds and nothing about the schoolroom.

Sometimes, when I get tired of my uneventful life I go across the street and down the lane on explorations. Another way in which I occupy my time when it hangs heavily on my hands is by making the boys play foot ball; but I do not see much fun in the game. It seems to me that all they do is to knock one another around to see which one can get possession of a queer-shaped ball. The one that gets it does not care to keep it but gives it a kick before anyone can get it away from him. They go through the same performances again and again. Perhaps some one might say if I had any snap to me I could see the fun and wish to play myself, but I doubt it. I wish some one would tell me why I cannot get interested.

There is another game of ball called base ball. For my part I do not see very much difference except in the last they have clubs and run more than in the former game.

One day last spring I went down to Keyport with Dr. Jaggard to see a game of base ball. The Dr. seemed to enjoy watching the players very much, but I did not see the fun in it.

I watch the boys and girls rush out of school after four o'clock and sometimes I know they say things that are neither

learned or proper according to my bringing up.

I do not see why Dr. closes school once in a while for vacation because I do not know what "vacation" means, I know only that all the boys and girls seem to be dead and gone, and I miss them when suddenly they are back again.

In the summer vacation the Dr. takes me with him to Long Island to his old home where I find a great deal more to my taste than at Glenwood.

I wish that somebody would solve the mysteries of my life, the greatest of which at present is, "What do the boys mean when they call me first an equine and then a "Pferd?" I am a horse. The time has come when I beg to be answered.

In puzzling ignorance,

PRINCE.

The School House Down the Lane.

BERTHA HONCE.

I went to school when but a tot,
Through sunsine and through rain;
Oh! how I loved that little spot!
That school house down the lane.

My teachers I can ne'er forget;
Friends, too, my memory claim.
The lessons I remember yet,
That I studied down the lane.

But now school life has nearly flown;
Oh! could I but reclaim
Those happy days which I have known
In the school house down the lane!

WANTED—A large skeleton for the physiology class. Are any of you willing to give yourselves up?

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St. Valentine's Day.

MABEL CLARK.

In February there's lots of sport,
In valentines of every sort.
The comic ones are sent with glee,
But oft' received in misery.

The pretty ones are sent with pleasure,
And to many they prove a treasure.
For we all love our friends most dear
With pretty tokens their hearts to cheer.

But boys and girls of Glenwood Hall,
Should you decide to send at all
A valentine to friend or foe,
Put on a stamp, or it wont go.

How We Climbed the Rocky Mountains

DAISY ANTISELL.

These Rocky Mountains are not very high; they are not covered with ice and snow but have a great many trees on them.

One day three of us girls went out hunting. We each took two sticks in our hands to keep ourselves from falling, and then hunted out the steepest place we could find.

We met a bear, saw an eagle, some prairie dogs, an owl, and a rattle snake.

We killed an antelope and then a bear ran after us, we shot at him but did not kill him, then ran as fast as we could and crossed the Mississippi river.

I guess the reason we did not kill him was because we had a new kind of gun. Now I will tell you where these places are.

The Rocky Mountains are the banks of the gully back of the school.

The Mississippi river is the stream that runs through it.

The girls are Irene, Mabel, and Daisy, and the bear was Rosie with her long hair and big coat.

Our guns were sticks, so that was why we did not kill the bear.

The antelope was a tree which we knocked down.

The prairie dogs were some chickens which we saw.

The rattle-snake was the dry leaves which made a noise when we stepped on them.

The owl was the gray bark of a tree, and the eagle was a crow which flew over our heads.

Sending a Comic Valentine.

ROSE ANTISELL.

We knocked at the door,
And slipped it under,
But soon we found
We'd made a blunder.
For we all heard
A crash like thunder.
When they had found
What we put under.
The fact of it was
We had the wrong number.

We ran and did not
Dare to look back.
The courage we found
We all did lack.
For what we had done
Was a thoughtless act,
That we had been silly
We knew was a fact,
And it gave our conscience
A terrible whack.

A bald headed man in speaking of his adventures out west, told how he had been captured by the Indians and of their patient anointing of his cranium with bear's oil to make the hair grow that it might serve as a handle in taking his scalp. And when they found the hair would not grow the Indians kicked him out.

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General Department.

A War Bubble.

R. ALEXANDER.

As many of us well do know,
We came near having war
With a very small republic,
Upon the ocean shore.

And they did say they had just cause,
But we did think 'twas silly
For us—the great United States—
To fight with little Chili.

Our President's message they read with fears,
And turned as pale as a lily,
And said, "To fight the United States
Would be most sad for Chili."

And since they've changed their angry mind,
They've sent an humble letter
To say that in the coming time
They'll try to treat us better.

Literary Society.

Jan. 15, the G. L. S. held its first meeting in '92. The society began the New Year in a way which, if continued, augurs well for its future success. The routine business was rushed through in "quick time" as all the members were anxious to listen to, or take part in, a debate that was on the programme for the evening. Subject: resolved: "It is the last straw that breaks the camel's back." Affirmative: Messrs. E. Geran, Schock, Gebhans and Hulsart. Negative: Messrs. Hobart, Burnett, H. Geran, and Campbell. The judges were Messrs. C. L. and W. W. Percy and Charles Geran. Hulsart and Burnett led off for their respective sides and then the others took turns piling the straws on the back of the much abused camel. Many strong and witty points were made on both sides, and the debate would have been the best yet held in the society, but for the abrupt manner in which it was brought to an end.

Several of the members gave select readings in a manner creditable to themselves and entertaining to their hearers. Major Kilpatrick suggested that a critic be appointed for each meeting and propose what improvements or changes he thought fit. It was decided to adopt this suggestion.

At the last regular meeting of the G. L. S. the following officers were elected for the term beginning Feb. 1: Pres., Henry Geran; 1st vice Pres., Miss Nellie Schanck; 2d vice Pres., Miss G. M. Farry; Sec., Miss Nellie Halsey; Ass't Sec., Miss Mammie La Rue; Treas., Miss Nellie Whitlock; Auditor, Messrs. Alexander and Osborne. It will be observed that most of the new officers are girls. The boys have a majority in the society, and, as it had been found that the girls were inclined to do little or nothing in the meetings, the male sex thought it would

be wise to put the girls in a position where they would have to do something, whether they would or no. Hence the boys generously voted for their fair associates and elected them to the offices. We hope the girls will appreciate this thoughtfulness on the part of their comrades.

As the first anniversary of the society's organization occurs Feb. 12, it was decided to celebrate it by giving a dance at the Institute after the regular meeting, each member being allowed to invite one outside of the society. Committees were appointed to make the proper arrangements, and, after an interesting and somewhat protracted meeting the society adjourned.

The 3d inst., a special meeting was held at the Institute to make further arrangements for the anniversary celebration. Most of the members were present and everything was settled satisfactorily.

There seems to be quite a dispute between the members of the Glenwood Literary society as to what refreshments they shall have at their Anniversary next Friday evening.

Our Sleigh Ride.

NELLIE SCHENCK.

One moonlight night not long ago,
The ground was covered all with snow.
Five boys then thought they'd have some fun,
With sleigh and horses it begun.

For Johnnie Schanck had brought his grey
And F. Millspatgh his little bay;
And both were harnessed to a sleigh,
And, need I add, they felt most gay.

Then up and down the town they drive,
To find some girls, they vainly strive.
But two is all that they can find,
Who will accept their offer kind.

And even they go with regret,
They think that they will get upset.
Into the sleigh with shawl and cape
The couple came in queerest shape.

They rode awhile most merrily,
Then heads popped out with greatest glee.
His head all mussed, her hat askew,
Seemed to be saying, "How do you do?"

They then arriving at Keyport
Thought they would have some other sport,
So from the sleigh they all did light
And went into the armory bright.

They looked around for quite a while,
And watched the dancing and the style,
Then thought it best to start for home,
For some had many miles to roam.

Mid-Winter Entertainment.

Our twice postponed entertainment at last took place on the evening of Jan. 22d. A goodly number of our friends favored us with their presence and we did our best to make them happy. Those who missed the music, the speaking and particularly the illustrated poem cannot have their loss made up by any printed

description and those who were there need no detailed account of the performance. The entertainment was a great success and much praise is due to Miss Neal and Miss Clark, the two teachers to whose efforts most of the programme is to be credited.

Base Ball League.

On Jan. 30 a meeting was held at Freehold Institute for the purpose of organizing a baseball league among the preparatory schools in this vicinity. Representatives were present from Freehold, Rutgers, and Glenwood. The last was represented by E. Geran, Kreamer and Hobart. Lakewood sent a letter stating her willingness to join the league, which will thus begin the season with four clubs. Valadier, of Freehold, was elected Pres., Hobart, of Glenwood, Vice Pres., and Cummings, of Rutgers, Sec., and Treas. A constitution was adopted, and a committee appointed to make all other necessary arrangements. This league will do much to promote the mutual friendliness of the schools participating in it. Of course, Glenwood will win the pennant.

A meeting of the Athletic Association was held Feb. 1, at which the report of the baseball committee was given and unanimously adopted. Major Kilpatrick was elected manager of the nine.

Kreamer (who is in a hurry to reach Freehold): "Cap, you drive a horse as though you had a girl in the wagon."

MARRIAGES.

DUNCAN—MAGGS.

William Duncan and Mary Gussie Maggs were married at the home of the bride's parents, Jan. 14, 1892.

MANNING—SHERMAN.

Louis Manning and Miss Sherman were married at the home of the bride's parents, Jan. 28, 1892, by the Rev. J. K. Manning.

"Did your brother marry his sister?"
"No, my father did."

Day of Prayer.

Thursday, Jan. 28, 1892, was the day set apart for prayer for schools and colleges. A prayer-meeting was held in Glenwood Hall in the afternoon. The meeting was opened by a few short and appropriate remarks by Dr. Jaggar. Passage from scripture by Rev. Mr. Alexander, prayer by Rev. Mr. Percy and then opened to all for remarks. Several scholars spoke and singing was rendered by all. The meeting closed at four, after a profitable hour together.

Best oil, 10c. a gal., at Peterson's.

SCHOOL NOTES.

Miss Clark's adult class in Physical Culture is a pronounced success.

Major Kilpatrick is the star performer and manager of an entertainment to be given at Keyport to-morrow night.

The fourth report of the year shows perfect attendance, punctuality and deportment for Marry Emma Arrowsmith and Mabel Clark.

There seems to be quite a gathering of boys and girls every afternoon at half past one in Doctor's physiology class. Scholars what do you learn? There always seems to be a great deal of laughter, at that particular time.

Some of the members of Miss Neal's music class are doing excellent work, and showing great interest in the study. The following music pupils are on the honor roll for the last half term: Mayzie Arrowsmith, Bessie Alexander, Maytie Simpson, Rose Antisell and Daisy Antisell.

Miss Chellis is noted for "giving marks," but she beat the record some days ago when she gave a mark to a scholar who had not attended school at all that day. We would venture to remark that most of us get all the demerits we care for when we are at school without having the number added to when we are at home.

Class-Room Curiosities.

Teacher—What is the plural of me?

Bright girl—Mine of course.

Teacher in English History:—How many houses are there in the English Parliament?

Bright Pupil:—Forty one.

Teacher:—Well come nearer home, how many houses have we in our American Congress?

Pupil (promptly), "Three!"

Teacher in U. S. History:—'How did England feel when it learned that Burgoyne had surrendered?' Mat:—"The Englishmen's didn't like it."

One of Glenwood's bright students said when preparing to recite, that the more she speaks the fraider she gets.

Algebra Teacher: "Royal, why are you so long doing that example?"

Burlew "Why it is so long that I can't see across it."

Miss Keuch (In English History class), What was the name of the first body of Pilgrims who come to this country?

Reseau, (quickly) Plymouth Rocks.

Elocution Teachers. "How many kinds of climax are there?"

Scholar. "Two, anti climax, and—and uncle climax."

Music Teacher. "Henry, in what key are we singing?"

Henry hesitates; whereupon DuBois remarked in a loud whisper: "Anybody ought to see (C) that."

Teacher: "What is blackmail?"

First Scholar: "Mail not called for."

Teacher: "Wrong."

Second Scholar: "I know. It's a negro."

Teacher: "What is meant by "fortnight?"

Scholar: "It's when you sit up all night."

We wonder if any of our boy friends know anything about such a "fortnight."

Grammar Teacher: "What is a demonstrative pronoun?"

Scholar, (a student in Geometry): "It's one that demonstrates."

The difference between a cyclone and a tornado are nearly the same.

At night the earth "coules" the air.

A glacier is a piece of ice broken from an ice-berg which extends into the water.

A moraine is a rock broken from a "cliff" and tumbled down the mountain.

The young man who wrote "suns raise," "the hole year" and "steap siopes" in an examination paper is not expected graduate this year.

The city of Mexico is "cituated" on a high mountain.

The warm "currants" in the ocean affect the climate.

"Climate is the amount of heat and cold which a country has and rain."

"Labidoar is a frozen wast."

Personals.

The other night while Nell did sleep,
A little mouse did slyly creep,
And going to her green-plaid dress
Did put Miss Nell in great distress.

In pocket deep some peanuts lay,
But mousey thought Nell far away,
So slyly in the pocket crept
While Nell awoke from where she slept.

Kreamer, we are all very anxious to know what the attraction is at Mr. Chattin's since Powers has gone. We fear Emma F. has a rival.

John, Jane doesn't mean anything when she is flirting with the boys. Don't take it so to heart.

Goldie, how are those miss-placed eye brows?

Johnnie Schanck is the best looking boy in the school. At least so he says.

Kreamer, cream-puffs are not made to sit on.

One Monday afternoon Elmer was asked by his teacher why he did not

have his essay finished. He replied: "Last night was Sunday you ought not to expect me to do any work to-day."

Overheard in the school-room: Jen, your knuckles are just like a babboon's." "I don't care if they are, Kreamer, you have elbows like an elephants."

Jennie, can you make a cake for ninety cents?

Burnett, how do you like to walk behind and let the other fellows monopolize the girl with whom you expected to walk home?

On Wednesday night Wm. Osborne was compelled to bunk with Kreamer for Goldie had gone off with the keys. Kreamer, not being accustomed to having a companion in bed, grabbed him, thinking it was a burglar. Osborne yelled and kicked like a hay-kicker. Osborne rooms with Goldie again now.

George Kuhl gave us a call a few days ago.

Reseau Hulsart has been confined to his house on account of sickness. We are glad to see he has recovered and is again with us.

Gehlhaus, we all think it is a shame that you don't give Henry a chance as a lady's escort once in a while.

Question to a girl: Didn't G. L. look nice the night of the Christmas entertainment. Answer: Yes, he looked as pretty as a picture and a great deal better than the high-toned dudes.

According to ex-President Geran several of the officers in the G. L. S. were elected by proclamation. Cap., we all, by acclamation, advise you to join Reese in studying the dictionary.

We advise Will Knecht not to go skating until the ice is thicker. He will be short of pants if he does.

Miscellaneous.

THE WINDOW PANE.

"O, window pane! O, window pane!
What makes you look so sad?"
I answer, "'Tis because the boys
Get cutting up so bad."

"O, window pane! O, window pane!
What makes the boys get bad?"
"Why, don't you know boys can't behave.
I s'pose that way they're made."

One of the boys remarked that girls go to parties alone. The reply was, "Yes, and boys take them home."

We hear that one of the girls has kept a secret—a real secret—for three whole weeks. We would hardly believe this astonishing fact were it not for the well-known veracity of the one who gave us the information. We congratulate this remarkable young lady on possessing a talent which, if rightly used and devel-

oped, will create for her a world-wide and most enviable reputation.

O, gun-case glass, O, gun-case glass,
Why must thou fall in sections?
Dost thou not know that thou must pass
The Major's sharp inspections?

Then gun-case glass, frail gun-case glass,
Why must thou break so meanly?
Not only Major, but each lass
Doth look on thee most keenly.

The ice pond has been more attractive than the school-room a good deal of the time this month.

A boy while looking at his picture book came to a view of some lions. "Oh, mamma," said he, "I know what that is; that's a 'precept upon precept' lion upon lion."

A large audience listened to Mrs. Sparks deliver her lecture to the Loyal Legion last Wednesday night.

G. K. when asked if he didn't think a certain girl pretty replied, "Yes, she is as pretty as a hedge fence."

A certain young gentleman and a young lady were out sleigh-riding one day when they chanced to go over a high snow drift. In consequence the sleigh was tilted a great deal to one side when the young lady exclaimed in her terror, "Oh let me get my feet out so I can see." Could she not see on account of her feet being in her way or had she accomplished the mysterious art of looking with them?

Jessie: (On the ice-pond) Where is Kreamer?"

Emma: "Everything is Kreamer with you. You are trying to cut me out, but you can't."

The other day a little boy, who was evidently deeply impressed with the enormity of indulging too freely in sweets, said to his companion: "If you eat too much sugar, when you die and go to Heaven, you'll be full of worms."

It seems that the members of that "Athletic Club" which our school is, without doubt, so proud of possessing, have gone beyond the ordinary limit of pronunciation in the respect that in the last issue of the GAZETTE the editor took the authority to pronounce the name of their society the "Ath-the-let-ic" Club. We generally pronounce the word with three syllables. Brothers, where do you get the fourth? You seem to have some method for inserting extra syllables as your brother editor put in an unnecessary syllable in the word umbrella, making the pronunciation um-ber-rel-la. We do not understand the ground for disputing Webster and Worcester, but we advise the boys to stick to the authorized pronunciation.

Boys, we wish to congratulate you on your good ironing. It is as good as we can expect from a boy.

We would suggest to Mr. Charles A. Geran that it might be profitable for him to lay in an extra stock of window panes—32 by 11.

Exchanges.

We have been favored with a goodly number of spicy and interesting exchanges this month but lack of space forbids any acknowledgement in detail.

WANTED—Seven pillows of the softest down for the use of the class that recites from three to three-thirty in the main room.

Clark, Bissell Block, has the best confectionery in town.

Best oil, 10c. a gal., at Peterson's.

L. BRIEGS,

Merchant Tailor,

PERTH AMBOY, N. J.,

OFFERS GREAT INDUCEMENTS

—IN—

READY-MADE CLOTHING.

Look at Our Prices!

Men's Overcoats \$10,

Former Price \$14 & \$16

Men's Overcoats

from \$2.00 up.

COME AND SEE US.

R. P. VAN BRAKLE,

PLAIN AND DECORATIVE

PAPER HANGER.

Painting, Graining, Etc.

Large stock of Samples of Wall Paper constantly on hand. Latest designs.

J. FREY,

THE FASHIONABLE HAIR CUTTER.

Choice brands of CIGARS always on hand. Also Frey's famous HAIR TONIC, for ladies' and gentlemen's use. Sure cure for Dandruff or money refunded. 50c and \$1 a bottle. Box 5, Matawan.

Alumni Department.

'91 Class Letter.

DEAR GLENWOOD:

It affords me great pleasure to write you a letter; it seems a connecting link between the present and the past, and brings back pleasant recollections of happy days spent among you and some recollections too that are not so happy, recollections of equation of payments and quadratics, to say nothing of etymology, syntax and prosody (English as she is rit). We reap our reward according to our diligence.

I congratulate you on the able manner in which you conduct the Gazette. Your watch word seems to be: onward, upward. Miss Kuech need have no fear of failure for lack of talent; '92's are coming out strong and bright.

I had the pleasure of attending your entertainments as the guest of Miss Neal who was kind enough to think of me, knowing the interest I take in Glenwood's pleasures and literary efforts.

The illustrated reading of the "Hanging of the Crane" was admirably executed and the recitations by Major Kilpatrick and Capt. Geran were exceedingly well rendered, and the music showed training by skilled hands. The foot-ball song by Myron Campbell is evidence that the team think themselves invincible, which I hope they will be able to prove in their next great battle.

My stay at the Institute was very pleasant indeed; everything seemed natural excepting the absence of the familiar faces of my classmates, and next June I hope to see all at our beloved Hall of Learning.

Yours truly,

H. M. BEERS.

January 29, 1892.

William Clark has some of the loveliest oranges ever seen in Matawan.

Best oil, 10c, a gal., at Peterson's.

MEN,

Get your Collars and Cuffs laundered;

WOMEN,

Buy your Dry Goods, Fancy Goods and Notions;

CHILDREN,

Buy your Confectionery and Peanuts at

MISS MARY McDOAL'S,

MATAWAN.

JUST RECEIVED BY

FOUNTAIN,

THE MATAWAN STOVE DEALER,
A JOB LOT OF TABLE AND POCKET
CUTLERY

TO BE SOLD AT HALF ITS WORTH.

"First Come, First Served."

Prescriptions of All Physicians

ACCURATELY COMPOUNDED AT

Slater's Drug Store

where you can find the largest stock of
TOILET ARTICLES,

PERFUMERIES,

COSMETICS,

SPONGES,

Hair, Shaving & Tooth Brushes

in town. A full line of

TRUSSES.

Also all the leading

PATENT MEDICINES.

Remember the Place,

SLATER'S DRUG STORE,

MATAWAN, N. J.

THE OLD MARKET

- or -

H. P. LISK,

is headquarters for

CHOICE BEEF,

Mutton, Lamb,

VEAL, PORK

Sausages of all kinds,

HAM, BACON,

Corned Pork & Beef,

SMOKED TONGUES, ETC.

All Kinds of Poultry.

GOODS DELIVERED FREE.

FRANK A. MILLER,

has opened a

New Harness Shop

in the

OLD HOTEL PROPERTY,

MATAWAN, N. J.

A fine line of Harness, Blankets and Whips always on hand at Lowest Prices.

BEN. E. GRIGGS,

—DEALER IN—

FINE FAMILY GROCERIES

Teas, Coffees and Pure Spices.

Best Grades of Flour and Butter

CONSTANTLY ON HAND.

OUR PROVISIONS

are always Fresh, and we would call attention to the

TRENTON HAMS,

which we have sold for the last fifteen years.

A large stock of all kinds of Feed, which we always sell at bottom prices. Don't forget the place.

Commercial Block, Matawan,

TRY

C. A. GERAN'S

ASBESTOS

LAMP WICKS.

No Smoke.  No Smell.

No Burning of Burners.

Makez poor oil appear good

SEEDS,

JUST ARRIVED,

FRESH AND NEW.