

Glenwood Gazette.

Vol. II.

MATAWAN, N. J., JANUARY 17, 1890.

No. 3.

MOTTO:—"IT'S AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY ANY GOOD."

MARIE WATTS, - EDITOR.

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TO ONE AND ALL.

The GAZETTE expects its patrons to understand that only ORIGINAL matter is presented in its columns, believing it is to the interest of the school to depend entirely on the capability of its students.

This sheet is edited by the members of the ESSAY CLASS, at

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

Address, Miss J. A. Kuech,
 Editorial Rooms, No. 11, 2d Floor, Glenwood.
 Issued Every Two Weeks; Except During
 Holidays and Vacations.

TERMS OF SUBSCRIPTION, 60 CTS. YEARLY,
 PAYABLE IN ADVANCE.
 Five Cents a Single Copy,
 500 Copies in Each Number.

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.

No. 1 Edith Johnson Nov. 27.
 No. 2 Harry VanCleaf Dec. 24.
 No. 3 Marie Watts Jan. 17.

This publication is issued alternately by the boys and girls of the Essay Club; the even numbers by the former and the uneven by the latter.

ADVERTISING YEARLY RATES:

25 cents per inch for 1 inch in each issue.
 18 " " " 2 inches " "
 12 " " " 4 " " "

If you want to boom your trade, business men of the vicinity, don't fail to get your advertisement in the columns of the GAZETTE.

EDITORIAL.

Glenwood Hall, after being deserted by the noisy, merry crowd of boys and girls for the Christmas vacation, is again filled with happy, smiling faces.

The first topic of conversation after coming together again was concerning the GLENWOOD GAZETTE.

This sheet is not to the pupils of the Institute the "darling of the hour," but of the whole year. One number is no sooner read than the next is anticipated.

When the boys grow boastful over the popularity of their issue, then is the time for the girls from their side of the house to check this swelling pride, by announcing, "Wait till you see the next number by the girls; that will take you down a peg!"

Yet a certain hesitancy seizes the pen of the editor of the present sheet, for after the boast comes the feeling of uncertainty. Where much is at stake, this is always sure to intrude.

Our brothers over the aisle, you are justly proud of your success in getting out so fine an issue as your last number, and we wish to say that we thank you sincerely for the interest you have taken in paving the way—as you are pleased to term it—for the publication of this, the girls' number of the GAZETTE, and the first of the year 1890.

We acknowledge our indebtedness; but we wish to assure you that we hope to make you proud of us also.

We truly hope with you that our paper, the GLENWOOD GAZETTE, will, before long, stand at the head of all school periodicals.

"The sheet has improved wonderfully," say all the readers of the last issue, and "so say we all of us," and during the coming year we do not mean to break our record of the past in the amount of pleasant, entertaining and instructive matter we shall offer our readers.

In the Christmas number the debate on the Exposition Site was used as an Editorial article with very good success.

As this is the New Year's issue, we would take a practical subject for our

Editorial consideration.

The time of year is peculiarly adapted to *moralizing*, and we know of no subject which seems to be more worthy of attention than the one we choose for presentation to our readers.

We guarantee that if the members of our school give serious thought to the theme we offer, and try, in the weeks to come, to make personal application of its teaching, the year 1890 will be the happiest period of their lives.

We give without further introduction our subject:—

Oil as a Means to Prevent Friction.

When one body rubs against another as it moves, a certain force is felt to resist the motion; this force is found to be very much diminished by the use of oil.

This subject may immediately suggest to boys of mechanical turn the wheels on locomotives, or their own private carriages. To the girls may suddenly come to mind the oil-can always in reach of the sewing-machine.

Ezekiel was the son of a pious father who was the happy possessor of a gentle old nag and farm wagon, with which he used to drive to meetin' at the rate of a mile an hour. Father and son always dismounted and walked up the hills, to rest the horse.

Such rate of travel called for little use of the oil-can.

But there came a time when Ezekiel found, by much coaxing of his mustache, that his upper lip was presenting quite an appearance of down; so plucking up courage, he succeeded, blushing like a peony all the time, in asking his girl "would she like to go drivin' Sunday afternoon when Pa wasn't usin' the hoss."

Sunday arrived, the little-used carriage was brought forth, the horse attached, and Zeke drives over for his girl.

Comfortably seated, the ride promises fair; but after "Nice day, ain't it?" and "How's yer chickens comin' on?" silence reigns, broken occasionally by a sigh. This becoming unbearable, a whip, which was concealed under the seat out of pa's sight, is produced, and

LOCALS.

We compliment the editor of the last boy's paper on his choice of subject: "Chicago as the Exposition Site." He handled it most ably. Boys, you'll amount to a good deal yet, even though we are charged with turning up our noses at you at times. The Christmas Number of the GAZETTE was a fine sheet. We hope the present one will sell as well and as fast.

We would like to hear from some of the former pupils of Glenwood; any item about them is always interesting.

NARROW ESCAPE.—Last Tuesday afternoon a black Spanish hen, while walking leisurely down the railroad track in front of the Matawan station, unconscious of the approaching train, narrowly escaped a terrible death by flying from the track just as the cowcatcher of engine 264 grazed its tail-feathers.

We hear that a former Principal, Prof. Jacobus, read a paper at the State Convention at Trenton in December, which he was called upon to repeat before the body because it was so able.

The contributor who furnished that rhyme on Whiskers in the last number was modest not to have his name appear. 'Twas the funniest thing in the paper, F—k C—r. More boys, it seems, tried to write on the same theme. Why is "Whiskers" such a popular subject among the boys? J. M., a good natured cadet, was advised in that issue to kindly loan the result of one of his operations with the razor to the Col. J. M. appears promptly with clean face and at the same time the Col.—well!—seems to have been using an unusual quantity of wax, even for him. Is this head officer in the habit of procuring his whiskers at this second-hand rate and glueing them on? The few dainty hairs projecting like miniature horns on each side of his rosy lips seem to have grown stiffer of late, and the wax which dripped in such profuse quantity from the Christmas Star, on the platform on the night of the Entertainment, was cleaned away wonderfully quick; yet no one seems to know by whom or whither it went. Can you explain, Col.?

We hear that the Military Company is about to add another piece to their uniform in the shape of some showy belt and sash. Tell us, if you dare, that the boys are not as vain of dress as are the girls.

The class in Vocal Music enjoys very much the new advantage of learning to sing by note. This chorus-work is of great value to them and it is free to all. There is also a class in Musical Notation, free to those who take music lessons. The ability of the new music teacher should insure her a larger class in Instrumental Music.

We are glad to acknowledge some pleasant visits, since the Holidays, from several of the former pupils of Glenwood. Miss Hattie Bray, a student of Wellesley College, instead of thinking slightly of the old school room here, seems to be irresistibly drawn to its familiar haunts. We were suddenly surprised also by the fine figure of Mr. Alexander De LaVille, one of last year's pupils. He also felt a strong desire to see Glenwood again. We wish him success in his business life in Conn., and hope to see him here again. Two of last year's officers, Capt. Rob't. Zebley and Lieut. VanDeventer, gave us also a flying call. The former we hope to have among us again at no very distant day, as he is out of school recruiting his health; the latter is pursuing his education at Cheltenham Academy, Ogontz, Penn., where he holds high rank as an officer in the Military Company.

"How great a matter a little fire kindleth!" The town all know of the innocent cellaloid comb that bade fair to be the means of another great town conflagration. If you smell a smell of fire, run quickly to the comb box to see if it is not the originator of the smoke, before you set the engine-bell ringing.

We wish to make mention of a most wide-awake newsboy among our number. Private Harry Zebley has outdone all his associates in selling the GLENWOOD GAZETTE at Atlantic Highlands. The great Gen. Phil. Sheridan began life as a most successful newsboy in one of our largest Western cities. May our Institute newsboy rise as high in the world. We expect the secret of their success is that both the great Gen. and the cadet were actuated by the same disposition, "Do well and thoroughly all that lies before you to do."

500 copies of the GAZETTE will circulate business advertisements pretty well. What's your opinion?

We have in our studies learned of the fabled bird—the Phoenix—which if burned to death rises from its ashes rejuvenated. Clark's new grocery, rising daily in its increased proportions from its hardly

yet cooled ashes, is an exemplification of this classical myth. We shall be inclined to call the new store THE PHOENIX when it is completed.

Truly, as the Preacher saith, "There is *nothing new* under the sun." Here our Cadets have been priding themselves that their military organization is a new branch of school order here in Matawan, when some of the fathers of these same Cadets come forward and state that when they were members of this same school there was a regularly organized and uniformed Military Company, of which they also were a part. If we could get some of these veterans to talk, it would probably be a matter of some interest to us.

A contributor wishes to call attention to the fact that there is a rule of the school which is unjust. In all ages there have been attempts to make laws, which should bind the common people, but at the same time would not touch those in office. One of the Rules of Glenwood Institute reads in substance like this: "No one in *Military Uniform* shall at any time, while connected with the school, smoke cigar or cigarette, or use tobacco in any form, on the school grounds, on the street, or in their homes." Our Principal is not chargeable with the offense; neither are the Cadets, belonging to the school, as far as we know at present. Why should the highest officer of the Company break the rule with impunity?

The prevailing Grip laid hand on a goodly number of the members of the school. A few have been quite seriously sick, little Mazie Arrowsmith among them. The teachers, with all their dignity, succumbed like ordinary mortals. The ministers may have thought they should be exempt, as Sunday preaching-service must be conducted. Alas for their hopes! The very doctors laid them meekly down when they saw the visitation was inevitable.

The purse of money made up so promptly by the pupils, as an expression of their sympathy for the widow of their late Janitor, George Roscoe, amounted to over \$8.00.

OBITUARY.

George Roscoe, Janitor at Glenwood Institute for the past few months, died suddenly Tuesday morning, Jan. 4, at his home after a week's illness. We miss his kindly face and pleasant smile. We felt much touched when we learned that nearly his last word was of the "Children at the school."

CHARGE OF THE FIRE BRIGADE.

A PARODY.

I.

Through the night, through the night,
In haste straight onward,
At call of human need
Ran the one hundred.
"Forward, the Fire-Brigade!
Charge for the blaze!" all prayed;
To the scene of havoc and fear
Flew the one hundred!

II.

"Forward, the Fire-Brigade!"
Was there a man dismayed?
Not though the firemen knew
Defeat surely threatened.
Theirs not to make reply;
Theirs not to reason why;
Theirs but to dare or die;—
Back from the cistern dry
Came the one hundred.

III.

Flames to right of them,
Flames to left of them,
Hot blaze in front of them
Hissed, roared and battled;—
Though the thick cinders fell,
Bravely they worked, and well;
Into the blackest smoke,
Into the fiercest heat,
Dashed the one hundred!

IV.

Flashed all their fire-hooks bare,
Flashed as they turned in air,
Grappling great fire-beams there;
Fighting the fire-fiend, while
All the town wondered.
Plunged in the blinding smoke,
Right through the blaze they broke,
Firemen and Truckmen;
Holding in check the foe—
Shattered and sundered—
Victorious they stand at last,
Noble one hundred!

V.

Ruins to right of them,
Ruins to left of them,
Embers behind them,
Lay black and smouldering.
Where was such honor won,
In land beneath the sun,
As in our Matawan,
By Track and Fire-Brigade;
When with few score of men,
And water low—once and again—
Vanquished the fire-fiend lay
Before the one hundred.

VI.

When can their glory fade?
O, the wild charge they made!
All the town wondered!
Honor the charge they made;
Honor the Fire-Brigade;
Noble one hundred!

"'Tis not Fine Feathers that Make Fine Birds."

NELLIE WHITLOCK.

There are many birds which have beautiful plumage, but that is all their store; for if they open their mouths they make the most discordant noise instead of sweet music.

These fowls are not valued as food. For instance the peacock; its beautiful tail is wonderfully fine, but what other value has this bird? It is not valued for its supply of eggs, and who would make a dinner on its flesh? The mocking-bird is noted for its singing; it can imitate any songster it hears, but it is a very homely bird. By this I do not mean to say that some pretty birds may not sing sweetly, nor that homely birds are the only singers; but I mean to say IT IS NOT THE FINEST FEATHERS THAT MAKE THE FINEST BIRD.

Those which are most noted for their beautiful plumage are mostly found in the torrid zones. The ostrich has rich and valuable feathers; but did one ever hear of the melodious song of this bird? Man may be compared to birds in this particular. For example, a person may have a homely face; may even be deformed in body, and yet may have the kindest, gentlest voice, the sweetest disposition; may be the friend in need to many in distress.

Saul was chosen to be king of Israel because of his very fine appearance, but he turned out to be a great disappointment, for in spite of his fine looks and bearing he became a wicked king. Absalom, the son of David, was a remarkably handsome man, with long flowing hair which he prided himself upon very highly. His father loved him very much even after he knew his son was wicked and treacherous. Absalom by his good looks won the hearts of the people and through this got them to go against his father and dethrone him, so that he himself might be made king. His hair of which he was so vain was the means of his death. His body was thrown into a pit, and stones and rocks hurled down upon it till he lay deep buried beneath. No; THE FINEST FEATHERS DO NOT MAKE THE FINEST BIRD.

The prettiest lady does not always make the best lady, mother, companion or wife. If she is very pretty she is likely to be conceited and look upon some not as handsome with a feeling of superiority, though they may be more worthy than she. If she is a mother she may not care for her children as she should, for when she ought to be thinking of them, her mind may be given to herself. I do not

mean to say that handsome women cannot be nice, for that is not so; but I have used this as an illustration to show that it is NOT THE FINEST FEATHERS THAT MAKE THE FINEST BIRD.

It is this way often in the ministry. Some preachers make a very poor impression when they first appear in the pulpit. One may be uninteresting in his looks and manners, yet the hearer may not have to listen long before it is necessary to change one's mind; and the first impression is forgotten, because of the talent and eloquence shown by the preacher. Then again there are ministers who are fine to look upon and may know a great deal also; but when standing before an audience they think more of themselves than of the divine message they bring and prove a disappointment.

Young people easily believe they can judge the qualities of a person from the appearance; but learn, as they grow older, that it is very easy to be deceived. "TIS NOT FINE FEATHERS THAT MAKE FINE BIRDS." We should be much more anxious to be true and right, than to be attractive in appearance. If we are ever so pleasing in our outward form, the opinion of the wisest may be "All is not gold that glitters." One would always prefer to turn out better than was first expected, rather than to turn out less. Remember, "HANDSOME IS AS HANDSOME DOES."

WITTICISMS.

A very bright boy in the English History Class said that "as the Earl of Stafford was on his way to execution he stopped under the window where Archbishop Land was imprisoned, for the priest to pronounce a "PRELATE" on him. When did the term *prelate* begin to signify *blessing*?

The brave brothers across the aisle need not name the girls "Dudes" because they comb out their bangs when they get out of order, while one of their highest officers is in the habit of dressing the hair of an inferior in rank nearly every day, some time between eleven and eleven-thirty.

A little girl in attempting to read this sentence, "There is a worm! Do not step on it;" rendered it after this manner, "There is a warm Doughnut; step on it!"

Have some of the Latin words come to have a different meaning? Formerly "Filiabus pulcris" signified "beautiful daughter;" but one of our most promising students of the dead languages re-

School Advertisements.

Proposal to the Science Class.

1—Viz:—That they collect from the daily newspapers the opinions of scientific bodies, in this land and Europe, as to the cause of the strange epidemic—the Grip—which is so widespread. The collection would make a good subject for discussion. What says our Principal, Dr. Jaggar, to our proposal?

2—The boys were prematurely sarcastic in their last paper when they proposed to sing "What, O What, has become of the Broom Drill?" to the tune of "Where, O where, are the Hebrew Children?" That Broom-Drill Corps made itself publicly recognized and is still today an order in "good and regular standing. But, Brothers; it is our turn to sing, and the tune may not seem sweet to your ears:—

"Where, O Where, is the Boys' Athletic Club?"

We do not expect to disturb its dreams even, for its Winter's sleep is probably too deep. Surely the truth was expressed when some one said in the first number of the GAZETTE that it was hibernating. Yet who will discover to us its quarters? Since the girls are offering rewards, they will offer one for this purpose also. For months the Club has not been seen or heard from.

3.—WANTED—Good remuneration offered for some one who has two pairs of eyes to fill ink-wells successfully; as one pair cannot possibly be watching the girls and pouring ink at the same time without saturating books with the murky fluid.

4.—MERCHANTS; Men of all kinds of business! We will give you space among our advertisements at cheaper rates than were ever offered before. We can afford to do it so low as our PAPER wants only to clear expense of publication. See Yearly Advertisement rates. We will guarantee that your notices will be more widely read than if they appeared in any town or county paper in the State.

5.—The girls of Glenwood are always desiring information; have always some questions to ask. Their inquiries are not always satisfactorily answered. Here is one that they desire to put in the advertisement column, in hopes there may be some Solomon, able to answer hard questions, who will solve it for them:—

Is a Cadet's cap a live thing with a stubborn disposition? Have all of them banded together to be found at all times on their owners' heads, even if said owners are in danger of losing their reputa-

tion as gentlemen? It seems to girls, who have a standard as to what a gentleman's manners should be, quite unaccountable that military manners should be lower in their standards than an ordinary town boy's. For the sake of the reputation of Glenwood, they offer a *high reward* for an invention which will jerk a military cadet's cap (especially an officer's) off from his head as soon as he enters the house-door.

We appreciate the manners of the students who are not in uniform. We have taken pains to notice that they in this respect do not offend the educated taste as do their military brothers.

REWARD OFFERED.—Lost, strayed or stolen, the only pair of Side-burn (Burnside) whiskers which this school could afford. If found, please deliver in as good condition as possible to the Col. of the Military Company.

Apply at Editorial Rooms, No. 11, 2d Story, Glenwood Institute, and put your name on the subscription list of the GAZETTE as a regular subscriber. Terms, 60 cents a year, postage prepaid.

SOAP-SUDS.

NEMIE A. VAN-MATER.

Soap suds are a mixture of soap and water; or, scientifically speaking, soap-suds are a mixture of Alkali, Grease and Water.

Good, strong soap-suds are made by dissolving one pound of soap in a pailful of rain-water.

The principal uses to which soap suds are subjected are bathing, the washing of garments, scrubbing, etc.

One of the incidental, merciful uses to which the suds can be put is that of amusing the children. When mothers have supplied their little ones with a bowl of soap-suds and clay-pipes, there is no reason for them to fear they will be bothered by them again until some unusual event takes place, unless the supply of soap-suds gives out, or the bowl becomes upset.

Every soap-bubble contains a miniature rainbow, as perfect as ever spanned the vaulted heavens.

Have you ever seen boys standing around their mother's washtub, each with a clay-pipe in his red right hand, eagerly waiting for a chance to dip his pipe into the suds? And perhaps you have noticed the expression of pleasure on the face, while the bubble is sailing in mid-air, or the disappointed and dejected look when the many-colored bubble bursts. "A bubble burst, and then a world."

Did you ever notice the dissolution of a bubble? It goes to pieces all at once,

like the Deacon's "one-horse shay;" there is never a hope of mending it, or patching it up. It has gone like riches, which are often called a bubble.

Soap-suds possess excellent fertilizing qualities, and will cause maple-trees to grow like mushrooms, and they are excellent for watering some garden vegetables.

Strong suds are an excellent emetic for sick people or young children. Perhaps they are the easiest remedy of the kind to find at hand in case of sudden need.

For some years past the soap manufacturers have had quite a strife to see which one could secure the most taking advertisement for their soap. One which is frequently seen in our daily papers and magazines, is that of an old lady vigorously scrubbing a dirty street urchin. We feel like exclaiming, as she does while scrubbing, "You dirty boy!"

Soap suds are absolutely necessary to both the animal and the vegetable kingdoms. How the health of man would be affected if it were not for the beneficent soap-suds. It has been said that the higher the civilization of a nation the more soap is used. The lack of the use of soap in the early and middle ages has been by some argued to be the cause of the fatal pestilences which ravaged the earth.

The men of the present age have another reason to be devoted in their praise of soap. What a barbarous look some of them would wear from the heavy growth of beard which would take possession of their faces, if it were not for the help of the kindly soap suds.

How many shaving-mugs are among the presents Mr. Santa Claus leaves yearly for the younger and elder brothers of the Caucasian family of man. Was ignorance of soap the reason why the men of the patriarchal age wore such long, thick beards?

There are substances which resemble soap-suds to quite a degree; for instance, the froth on a glass of beer resembles soap-suds very much. The foam which is on the top of a basin of soap suds, or on a glass of beer may possess the same sparkle, but Oh! what a difference in its effect! The purifying soap-suds is an unmix'd blessing to the human race. Its bubble is a rainbow of good will to man.

None can deny that it has a great deal to do with the progress of civilization; while the deceptive, intoxicating froth on the beer glass is a *curse to mankind*, and its sparkle is a counterfeit, a fraud, an *unmix'd evil*. Instead of advancing civilization, it hastens its destruction.

cently applied the term to two gentlemen. Had they reason to think it a compliment?

"Say, sis," asked a boy aged 10, "Do you know why they didn't look for me in the Science-Room when they thought I was lost?" "No; why?" Boy—"Because it was (k)no(w)na (I) was there."

One of our small boys recently annoyed the girls by attempting to expand his lungs by means of a tin horn, and when reported to the teacher (Kuhilly) coolly put the toy in his pocket. Don't he want a rattle also?

In the Science Room,
What a pleasant sight!
Looking at to-morrow's lessons,
Ready to re(ite)cite.

Our Captain has a name, Fountain(e), which would indicate that he is a Frenchman, only that his accent is decidedly English. He has a great antipathy to Fizzles, though all our attempts to find out what he considers a Fizzle have failed. He gave out that a Fizzle would be exhibited at the last school entertainment, but the girls did not know which one of the numbers on the programme it was, and some people were very much disappointed that it was not produced. Does a Fizzle have any relation to Fezzes? Has there been a confusion of the terms? This brave officer sometimes turns pale in face of danger and runs. At the last rehearsal for the entertainment just mentioned he rushed stage-struck from the platform, where he had been practicing the singing of a German song with some girls; he did not appear again. Was that occurrence the predicted Fizzle? Now Captain Schanck, of the Broom-Drill Corps, was never known to fear anything. She is ready to face the music every time, even when asked to prepare her Company for a public drill without the Drill-master's assistance. Some of the highest officers of the Cadets, yes, the very highest one, would have been pleased to have been accorded such hearty applause from an audience, as she and her Company had, the eve of Dec. 19th.

SOMETHING NEW.

MINNA GUTMANN.

If there is anything that will awaken our interest and renew our courage, it is "something new."

We hear new ideas and read of hundreds of events occurring every day, yet the *newest* awakens our keenest interest. Our preference continually for a new

diversion, a change, is shown in many ways.

We like to play the latest music, read the newest book and see the newest picture.

We do not have to wear the same style of dress month after month; we are constantly receiving new supplies from Dame Fashion, so that we do not tire of them.

The seasons change to new ones, each bringing with it new breezes, new weather, new skies and new harvests.

We always think more of the first fall of snow than any that comes after.

It is on the opening of the New Year that people make new resolves and have new aspirations.

These new purposes are not always kept, but even if they are not, it is better to have made them, and have tried to improve, than to have made no attempt at becoming better.

How eager we are for the first flowers of the year; but when the season advances and new blossoms make their appearance, we do not sigh for the first any longer.

No matter how many toys a child has, or how costly they may be, it is the new one just received that he enjoys the most.

The poet does not write forever from the inspiration received at first, that sprung into his mind and told him he loved the gift of poesy.

He has to depend on new inspiration, to write on new themes.

If that were not so, we would not be awaiting new thoughts continually from the pen of the poet, neither would one have the honor of being greater than another.

He writes constantly on *new* subjects, and so freshens our interest in his art, and also awakens in us a wider range of thought.

It is so with the preacher also; he must get new inspirations for a new sermon; and the same rule holds good in the Christian life; every day he must get new grace for living aright. A lecturer cannot bring the minds of the people to be satisfied if he delivers the same lecture every time he appears before them.

There have always been new customers, new forms of speaking, new arts and sciences in each succeeding generation; and the *newest* is the most absorbing of all.

Our printed sheet is a new enterprise, and the pupils of the Institute are full of enthusiasm concerning it. It is not likely to grow old very soon, for every issue is a *new one*, full of fresh matter and alive with new interest.

In all the world's history, the people have been attracted by something new, although afterward it may not prove to be worthy of their notice.

St. Paul says of the Athenians that they spent all their time in either hearing or telling something new.

What kind of a race would we have been if, in the beginning of the world, there had been laid down for us a beaten track, a certain amount of pleasure and knowledge to be gained, from which we were not to rise, and were not to hope for any other?

But so it was not willed, and we should thank God for having given us a chance to rise "on stepping stones to higher things."

LA-GRIPPE.

MARIE WATTS.

If we lived in the days of the Spartans,
In the year nine hundred, B. C.,
We would think that the gods were offended,
Just as certain as certain can be.

But these days, when no gods are considered,
It is thought not much more than a joke
For La Grippe to hide in the corners
Of the house of innocent folk.

Now the small boy no longer wonders
"Whence the hat" you so gracefully tip,
But the first thing he says when he greets you,
Is, "Hello there! Have you had the "Grip?"

Nellie Bly is a pretty good topic,
While McGinty's a thing of the past;
Robert Browning has died and is buried,
But "La Grippe" seems to stick till the last.

One might wonder if this is the reason
That Miss Bly makes that wonderful trip;
She's afraid she may be overtaken
By the Joker the French call La Grippe.

Are the sprites running riot this season?
Is it Ariel who softly sifts down
An invisible powder, La Grippe,
O'er the State, county, village and town?

But we know not where "Grip" has his dwelling,
Though the doctors all say "In the air;"
Since he's far beyond reach of our anger,
His mischievous freaks we must bear.

TRAVELERS'
INSURANCE
COMPANY.
NEVER TRAVEL WITHOUT
ACCIDENT INSURANCE.
TICKETS FOR \$3,000,
IN CASE OF DEATH, OR
\$1,500 PER WEEK,
FOR DISABLING INJURY,
Cost 25 CENTS Per Day,
Or \$1.50 for 30 Days. For sale by
WM. A. FOUNTAIN, AGENT,
Matawan, N. J.

old Bess is obliged to make double quick time for once.

To this gait the carriage equally with the horse is unaccustomed. The wheels creak, squeak and groan, and finally refuse to turn altogether. The couple are obliged to walk home in silence, leading the horse, with the stubborn wheels of the wagon scuffling after.

All their pleasure spoiled because the oil-can had been unused.

Young men, when you want to show your fine driving to the gentle companion at your side, be sure you use the oil-can freely beforehand.

Almost every time a train stops at the station, a workman is seen going the length of it carrying a can and examining the heavy iron wheels, and administering the necessary lubricator. This is to prevent too much friction. If he should neglect his duty, wreckage and death might result to the passengers.

Medicinally, what remedy is more efficacious than oil!

For consumptives, Cod-liver oil; for rheumatics, St. Jacob's oil; even for the children, Castor oil—"They cry for it."

We have heard the saying concerning peaceful words, they are "Like oil on troubled waters."

There is always more or less friction between different communities, and often between individuals themselves.

At election times, when opponents cause the political machinery to creak and groan, and threaten a standstill, *money* is the oil resorted to; but instead of preventing the evil, this means has a tendency to increase it, and there is often extreme friction experienced at the polls. At stump speech meetings, and in bar room discussions, *liquor* is made to serve as oil to prevent friction of opinions; but dissensions are heightened instead of being softened.

All have had occasion to notice a state of friction between the members of some families. There is a continual irritation noticeable to every observer.

This unhappy state of things could easily be reduced by the application of a little *oil of forbearance and kindness*. No one seems inclined to bestow it, and finally the continual grating and clashing have worn out the stock of affection and patience which existed at first, and thus members of families have been separated.

What can equal a cheerful face? It has a missionary work all its own, and its simple presence makes even animals happier.

Unpleasant words grate on our sense of hearing, and the friction therefrom is an electricity which every one fears to come

in contact with. A few drops of the OIL OF CHEERFULNESS would serve a long way on an up hill road in life.

A dog knows the difference between a genial and a surly man, and will shrink away from the latter, and wag his tail when meeting the former.

If there were only a sure and certain recipe for making our faces cheerful, it would be better than any cosmetic ever put upon the market; for the plainest features with a happy expression can never be unpleasant to look upon.

Perhaps this may be a form of the Scripture oil "Which causeth the face of man to shine."

"Hi Diddle Diddle, My Son John."

MARY SCHANCK.

"One shoe off and one shoe on; Hi Diddle Diddle, my son John."

John was certainly a very queer boy, and yet his father must have thought a great deal of his son to write such a piece of poetry about him. He could not have been out and out ashamed of him, for then he would not have so publicly exposed his fault.

How strange of John to go to bed with one of his shoes on. Although his father does not expressly state that he found his son in this condition in the night, we cannot help thinking that that was the fact, for certainly John could not have gone round limping this way in the day time.

We know that this strange fellow wore more than his shoes to bed. If trousers were so made that they were in two parts, like shoes or stockings, his father might have found him with one of his trowser-legs on still. He writes of him:

"Hi Diddle, Diddle, my son John,
Went to bed with his breeches on;
One shoe off, and one shoe on;
Hi Diddle, Diddle, my son John."

Perhaps John's father hoped by his public exposure to cure his careless child of the bad habits he was forming.

We wonder how John dared go to bed half undressed after this time. No doubt his schoolmates got hold of the rhyme; and to his dying day it will be told of him. He must have been a very remarkable son. Wonder if his father had any more like him.

John probably did everything by halves. I suppose he studied about half of his lessons, and let the other half go, like some of the scholars at Glenwood. When this kind of a boy goes on an errand for father, mother, sister or friend, he gets half way there and tries to recall what he is sent for, but he thinks in vain; he has forgotten; and even if he remembers, he is altogether likely to

give but half of the message committed to him.

Do you think this son, who does anything by halves, could have been very tidy in his appearance? He must have gone with his necktie untied half of the time, since he did everything by halves, and there are several other things that one who is particular would notice.

His room would be likely to have, on table, chair or floor, pieces of work begun, but not finished. What boy has not tried to make a boat? His model would be half whittled out, then thrown aside; his kite would have been left for something new before he finished it.

How little satisfactory enjoyment such a person must get out of life; and yet there are plenty of just such people.

Though John was so full of faults, there was one good thing to be said of him; he was always feeling good natured, always laughing. One never found him grumbling, or pouting about nothing. This is why I suppose his father thought so much of him. No doubt John was talked to about his fault, but he would only laugh; and though he might promise to do better he probably would not remember it half an hour afterward.

He grew up in bad habits, and is likely to continue to do everything by halves till he is an old man.

All the meaning life has for him is "Hi Diddle, Diddle." If he trips over his shoe string because he has left it untied, and gets a bump on his nose, he will give it a rub and sing, "Never mind! Hi Diddle, Diddle!" without stooping to tie the laddered strings even then.

What if he falls over them again; he will keep on singing, Hi diddle, diddle. When he becomes a man, if he fails in business because he has only half seen to things, he will most likely sing or whistle still. If he causes other people to meet losses because he has been negligent, he will never really feel deeply bad about it. People will call him a good-natured fellow, but will never really care for him.

Only fathers and mothers keep on loving such a careless, untrustworthy son.

Be wise now, and prove it by subscribing for the GLENWOOD GAZETTE.

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Important School Exhibit.

Hon. E. O. Chapman, State Superintendent of Public Schools of New Jersey, has prepared the annual report to be presented to the State Board of Education. From it we compile the following interesting statistics:

The total amount from all sources for public school purposes for the year was \$3,323,067.02. The present value of public school property in the State is \$8,800,610.

The whole number of children between 5 and 18 years of age is 392,209. Of these there have been 227,441 enrolled on public school registers, and 45,765 estimated to have attended private schools, leaving the enormous number of 119,003 who have not attended any school during the year.

Of course consideration must be given in connection with the above to the fact that there are many hundred children 5 years of age whose parents do not care to send them before they are 7 years old; and again there are thousands who have to leave school when about 16, to engage in some trade or other occupation.

A serious fact presented, however, in the statement is the report that the public school buildings will seat comfortably only 211,514. Hence, though so many do not now attend who have the right by law, there are now seated about 16,000 more scholars in the public schools than the rooms will comfortably accommodate. How serious would be the situation were the other 164,000 to seek admission to these schools. This deficiency in seating capacity chiefly exists in the large cities and principal towns, the rural school buildings being as a rule large enough for the attendance, unless it may be right in mid-winter, when a little crowding is not so objectionable. For example: Hudson county, which contains Jersey City, Hoboken, etc., is able to accommodate only 319 of her children of school age; Essex seats 467, while Monmouth seats 344, and other agricultural counties about the same, except perhaps Middlesex—which contains New Brunswick, and seats 531.

The number of teachers in the public schools is: male, 802; female, 3,497; average monthly salary to male teachers, \$71.86; average monthly salary to female teachers, \$42.76.

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IV. A Commercial Course, specially designed to accommodate those boys who

intend going into active business life upon leaving this institution. It includes practical business correspondence, commercial arithmetic (including foreign money,) book-keeping [Double and Single entry, Wholesale, Commission, Importing and Banking.] and the ability to draft all papers used in business. The instructor in this department, has had practical experience in double entry, railroad and bank book-keeping.

V. A Thorough Course in Vocal and Instrumental Music. A diploma for music as in the other courses, is a new feature of the Institute for the coming year.

VI. The school has also a primary department in charge of experienced teachers.

The Next Term Opens Monday, February 3d, 1890.

Catalogues and circulars on application.

For further information or particulars call on or address the Principal.