

Glenwood Gazette.

MOTTO:—"ONE STROKE FELLE NOT AN OAK."

Vol. III.

MATAWAN, N. J., APRIL 29, 1891.

No. VII.

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.

Issued Every Four Weeks; Except During Vacations, alternately by the boys and girls of the Essay Club; the even numbers by the former and the uneven by the latter.

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TO ONE AND ALL.

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

In accordance with the wish of the patrons, copies of all the numbers of the GAZETTE since its first issue will be kept on file in charge of a regularly appointed official. Also, by request, the names of the successive editors of Vol. II, and III will be printed regularly in these columns.

EDITORS OF VOL. II.

No. 1.....Edith Johnson.....Nov. 27
No. 2.....Harry VanCleaf.....Dec. 24
No. 3.....Marie Watts.....Jan. 17
No. 4.....Robert Fountain.....Feb. 14
No. 5.....Hulda Beers.....Mar. 14
No. 6.....John H. Osborne.....April 23
No. 7.....Nemie VanMater.....May 21
No. 8.....Graduating Class.....June 19

EDITORS OF VOL. III.

No. 1.....Annie Whitlock.....Oct. 29
No. 2.....Harry VanCleaf.....Nov. 27
No. 3.....Mary Schanck.....Dec. 17
No. 4.....John H. Osborne.....Jan. 28
No. 5.....Minna Gutmann.....Feb. 25
No. 6.....George S. Hobart.....Mar. 25
No. 7.....Lillian H. Beers.....April 29

LILLIAN H. BEERS, - EDITOR.

CONTENTS.

EDITORIAL, - - - - - EDITOR.
Lament for Barnum, ANNIE WHITLOCK.
Nature's Musicians,
LOTTIE HUNTINGTON.

PERSONALS.
Please Weather, BELLA BROWN.
Originality, LILLIAN H. BEERS.
Much in a Name, R. E. PORTER.
The Comb as a Civilizer,
NEMIE VANMATER.

The Oracle Gyp, EDITH JOHNSON.
CATCH-ALL.

Song, Long live Annie the Fair,
R. E. PORTER.

Obituary.

ADVERTISEMENTS.

Entered at the Matawan Post-office as
Second-class Matter.

EDITORIAL.

LILLIAN H. BEERS.

Easter vacation was gladly welcomed by both the pupils and teachers at Glenwood; the events and adventures that transpired during the recess have received their due amount of attention in the conversation of those interested; and now the next subject to which the school turns its thought is the forth-coming number of the GAZETTE.

Our brother editor of the March number seems to have made both a sensation and a reputation for himself by editing that sheet: The sensation is like that produced by a yellow-jacket hornet when he angrily buzzes into the midst of a quiet group. There have been a few wild springs and nervous shrieks of fright, but now when the damage is calmly estimated we seem to have survived the shock with not so very many wounds after all. As to the reputation he won, ask the party attacked.

We would fail of being courteous if we did not congratulate our brothers on the success of their unusually good number last month; but at the same time we congratulate ourselves over the acknowledgement of its editor that "the

girls furnished the most matter in the Catch-all column," as we have heard it repeatedly stated that the strength of the last issue lay just there.

The gallant March editor remarks in his editorial that "though the girls are always trying to get ahead of the boys they never succeed."

What delicacy of statement! Let us dub him a knight immediately; buckle to his side a trusty sword, and send him forth to defend our good name!

We never so realized the gratitude of our brothers as in the remark that we "Might do the work while they receive the honor," as one of the editors was frank enough to acknowledge; and added, "one could apply for reference to him, the editor of Nos. 2, Vols. II and III, Glenwood GAZETTE."

The unusual brilliancy of the last number, like that of electricity, has dazed our easily bewildered brothers, but they may live yet to view their success in a calmer light and speak less excitedly than at present. The girls are not yet used up by their effort to render the boys' number a success in March, and expect to produce their usual grade of work still.

Though they do not think it becoming to be boastful they hope to meet with the approval of the public as heretofore. They rest upon their own laurels and though they trust to remain unconceited they accept the ungracious compliment the last editor tardily awarded them in speaking of the February number as a "pretty good sheet for a girls' issue." They hope to continue to work for honor's sake and not for the purpose of outdoing their rivals.

The March issue, in its editorial, made one so erroneous a statement that we must ask that it be reconsidered. In unjustly accusing the girls of snatching every opportunity for calling their sheet a holiday number the editor lost his balance so far that he may find himself open to the charge of falsifying; for, speaking in a jealous mood of the girls' double issue of a Holiday Number at Christmas time, the writer scornfully states that the "boys have never yet seized the op-

portunity of calling their sheet a Holiday Number though they might have done so." We beg our brother to turn back to the very first paper issued by the boys this year, and with borrowed glasses, since his eyesight seems defective, read with us the heading in cap type, "Thanksgiving Number." How could he have forgotten the fact, and what can be his object in slandering any number of the GAZETTE?

The Essay Class is divided into about an even number of boys and girls, and an unusually good issue by either half is, or at least should be, a credit to all. The girls do not want to get into the immodest attitude of boasting their amount of brains, but they are forced in their own defence to bring to light a statement in figures (which, it is said, can not lie) and let it speak for them. The general average of the composition work on the report cards shows that the boys' division of the Essay Class stands 65, while the girls' average is 80. Need we ask "What occasion have the brothers for immoderate boasting."

Lament for Barnum.

ANNIE A. WHITLOCK.

What's that wild cry so loud and long,
A sound to fill one with dread?
Hear the wail through the motley throng,
"Our P. T. Barnum is dead!"

The songsters sound a mournful peal,
As they in the chant are led;
Their dirge expresses the woe they feel,
Their dear, good Barnum is dead!

The dogs who miss their master's side,
Whine for the spirit that's fled,
He for whose smile they always vied,
Their gracious Barnum is dead!

The Afric lion his grief loud roars:
"The hand us so long has led,
To whom we yielded all our powers,
Dead! P. T. Barnum is dead!"

The elephant his trunk doth raise,
In fear before him all fled;
The walls around he madly flays,
Barnum, his, General, is dead!

The snakes he charmed, hiss in their pen,
With eyes now fiery and red;
"Our venom sting holds death again,
For Barnum, the Charmer, is dead!"

All animals from different zones,
Refuse to be comforted;
But fill the air with rending tones,
For Barnum, the Great, is dead!

SOME OF NATURE'S MUSICIANS.

LOTTIE HUNTINGTON.

In society-life the musical season begins in the fall and lasts until spring. It is during the winter months that the Operas and Orchestras offer their great musical entertainments.

In Nature the order is reversed; the musical season beginning in spring and ending with the fall. The first number on the program is given by the unrivaled

orchestra of the Frogs, big and little; Mr. Bull frog plays the bass-vial, his wife and the Misses Bull frog the soprano violins; and all manner of other wind and stringed instruments are performed upon by the united Frog Company; for the opening piece of the season must make a decided impression.

Then come the feathered Vocalists, many of whom are prima donna's; and, as in the program of Nature one part does not need to cease to allow another to begin, so the orchestra continues without interfering in the least with the solos and duetts which follow. Miss Oriole begins with a sweet soprano. Messrs. Cock Robin join her with their fine tenor; Mrs. Black-bird with her alto; while Mr. Frog helps with his melodious bass; and the quartet is complete.

Many others display their musical talent in solos, duetts, etc. The program is next added to by the harpers: the bees, butterflies and other insects which display their beautiful dress as well as their tuneful voices. They hum and thrum on the strings of their lyres and harps in all keys. Even the much slandered mosquito renders a prominent part on his jewsharp, which furnishes an accompaniment of buzz—buzz—buzz.

As the season advances, the music grows wilder; when the locusts chime in in ceaseless chorus and Katy-dids call "Katy did," and "Katy did'nt," and the crickets chirp in the wildest fashion, so that the finale by the entire Orchestra is voluptuously grand. How little is all this music appreciated by many! If we would but open our ears we would find an added pleasure in living. Even though our hearts are aching, if we would listen to the merry song of the lark in the morning we could not but be cheered on entering the work of the day.

PERSONALS.

Jennie La Rue has been ill but is in school again.

Harriet Bray spent the Easter vacation on the sofa with a cold.

Misses Beers and Schenck were not in Matawan once in the vacation.

Captain Geran and brother gave a party, March 28.

We are glad to hear that Lieutenant VanMater's mother is improving in health.

Gussie Fisher, Virginia Clark and Irene Whitlock have taken their places again in school after a long absence.

Dr. Jaggar and family, with Miss Kuech enjoyed their vacation at the Institute.

Major Lamont spent his vacation at his home in Richmondville, N. Y.

Miss Neal passed Easter and a portion of the week following in New York; she reports the decorations and services in the city churches unusually fine.

Miss Clark went for a few days to Long Branch.

Hulda Beers indulged in April Fool jokes at Red Bank.

Carrie Lupton and Lottie Huntington took in Brooklyn.

Annie Fordham, escorted by J. H. Osborne and brother Will, also Frank Burnett, spent several days in enjoying New York City. Of course they saw the elephant, along with other sights. After Annie's arrival in New York she was joined by two more gentlemen friends, but whether the boys had as good luck as she still remains a mystery. As souvenirs of the occasion they had their pictures taken in various startling attitudes.

We hear that ex Captain Robert Zebley has entered upon study for the ministry. We expect he will do honor to Glenwood, as will also his brother H. Zebley, who left us to enter upon preparations for a medical career.

Miss Lulu Clark spent her Easter vacation at her home in this place.

During the Easter vacation Charles S. Ely made a flying visit to his friend, Captain Geran.

Information wanted.—Will some one please inform J. L. R. whether Garfield was a Democrat or Republican, as she has been inquiring.

What mean the many telegrams which J. H. O. receives lately? It is rumored that they may have their origin no farther away than the Matawan telegraph office, and much curiosity has been expressed as to their contents.

One of Matawan's grocers locks his store door by rolling a barrel of flour in front of it. Very effectual if not ornamental or convenient.

It is with reluctance and sorrow that the seniors sever their connection with the GAZETTE at their graduation in June. It has been a source of very great pleasure and profit to them and its visit will always be welcome as the face of a dear friend, wherever it reaches them in the years to come. They know that the classes who follow them will love it equally and hope that its high standard will never be lowered. Even outsiders have been won to esteem our periodical. The March number set the Keyport Press to rhyming in its behalf. We quote:

"The GAZETTE comes on press day as jolly as ever ;
We think that its editors are very clever.
Its wit is refreshing to our weary brain ;
We are glad, little paper, to see you again."

And another interested reader whom
we have never seen sends us the follow-
ing :

"The GAZETTE is a little prize !
And how can it be otherwise,
When the class of '91
Have in it such pleasure, and such fun ?
This class of eight now soon will leave,
Some will rejoice and some will grieve,
Many a sad heart and many a tear
At parting from teachers and schoolmates dear."

H. VanCleaf ought to be proficient in
German. Besides taking his usual les-
sons at Glenwood he takes extra ones
every Sunday and Wednesday evening at
a young lady's in Morristown.

We would congratulate last month's
editor on the motto he chose for his pa-
per. His selection has clearly evidenced
two important facts. He has the honor
of being the first editor of such high
scholarly attainments as to know how to
select a Greek motto ; it certainly points
out his extreme proficiency in that clas-
sic language. We doubt not that it is
from experience also that he would ad-
vise this knowledge of one's self. He
has probably found it so delightful him-
self that he would advise all to acquire
the same ; although it is not certain that
others would arrive at such a satisfactory
state of mind.

We would say: "Be careful not to mis-
take the object of self-examination, as
given by a great writer who says: "The
end of self-knowledge is not seeing what
has absolutely been done, but what rela-
tively yet remains undone, and in how
far we have failed ; so that all our efforts
may be exerted in the direction of our
failures."

If one had a journey of ten miles to go
and had travelled nine, he would be
nearly at the end ; but if one hundred
miles was the distance to be accomplished,
and but nine traversed, not one-tenth of
the whole would be measured ; so one
may through mistake imagine he has
compassed the knowledge of himself
when he has not begun to know what is
to be known. To such we would again
present the motto of the March number,
"Know Thyself."

Obituary.

We were all much pained when we
learned that about a month ago our old
friend and schoolmate Edwin Knipe was
dead. He was a student at Glenwood
1888-'89 and was a quiet studious boy.
He went into business in New York city
soon after leaving Glenwood and died
there of pneumonia this spring. We
offer our sympathy to the bereaved
family.

PLEASE, WEATHER!

BELLA BROWN.

Weather, O where did you come from ?
That's what I'd like to know !
And where did you leave the winter ?
And where, O where, the snow ?

A few weeks ago you were frowning.
Now, you're trying to pout ;
And sometimes I know you're crying ;
What is it all about ?

Weather, wont you stop your weeping !
O, don't you hear us all ?
Wont you, O, wont you, please weather ?
There, here's a popcorn-ball !

ORIGINALITY.

LILLIAN H. BEERS.

If we lived in the time of the Dark
ages when learning was despised, in-
stead of a highly civilized country of
the 19th century, we would have known
but little of essay-writing and have
bothered our heads less about the subject
of originality.

It must be confessed at the very out-
set that any claim to being original has
shaky foundation ; for what thought or
plan has any one that can be called en-
tirely one's own. We may not always
know where we obtained them, but they
are an outgrowth of some previous
thought, perhaps centuries old.

We ourselves in our dispositions and
peculiarities are not original, though we
may be unconscious of imitation. We
inherit very many qualities of our an-
cestors, so we may be in a measure called
reproductions of them ; and while we are
growing up we are wholly unaware how
much we copy speech and manner of
those about us. We do not say we will
imitate our parents yet we do it every
day of our lives. How would we learn
to speak unless we had heard some one
else and learned by practice ? Those
born deaf can learn to repeat the words
made by the motion of the lips, but those
only.

Not only do we imitate our parents
and friends, but also the society in which
we move, and copy the language of the
books we read. If we select literature
that is low and ordinary in thought, and
sprinkled with slang we find ourselves
repeating the thought and words before
we are aware, and taking on the character
of its style of heroes and heroines.

An uneducated mind brought in con-
tact with those of higher aims and more
advanced ideas unconsciously picks up
an education which is not original,
though it might seem so.

Our ideas are apt to be great or small
according to the circumstances of our
lives. It has been said "Man is a crea-
ture of circumstance" and the statement
is true. Take two infants, one born in a
avage tribe in Africa, and another in

the most cultured family in a civilized
land, and exchange their homes. The
African born will grow up with the
thought and habits of mind of civiliza-
tion while the child of education will
turn out but little different in mind and
inclination from his barbarian brothers.

Look at our authors : Milton, Eng-
land's greatest poet, reproduces in
his "Paradise Lost" thought and even
form of expression from Cadmon, and
style of writing from the Greek dramas.
And writers show that Tennyson has
echoed both Milton and other English
poets. Shakespeare gets his ideas from
human life and passion, and tales told be-
fore. We know his plots were seldom
original with himself. He was a re-
writer of old plays.

Nature only seems to be original ; and
many spend their lives in imitating her.
Artists copy her scenery, her birds and
her flowers, and have succeeded in pro-
ducing fairly good specimen reproduc-
tions. But these are only imitations.
Go to some of our best art-galleries, and
gaze at the beautiful pictures "How
original !" some one exclaims. "No,
copies of life or nature !" Look again at
beautiful statuary and other productions
of art. The finest is but the best imi-
tation. A fac-simile is all that art strives
after.

VIVA L'AMOUR.

RE PORTER.

There was a young maiden in fair Matawan,
Long live Annie so fair,
Who loved a young hero whose first name was John,
Long live Annie so fair.
She thought of him early, she thought of him late :
She thought he was handsome, she thought he was
great ;
She thought he would make a most suitable mate.
Long live Annie so fair.

There was a fine class in His-to-rec,
In which was Annie, the fair.
And so busy gazing at John was she,
Long live Annie, the fair,
That she heard not her question, she heard not a
thing,
She saw not her teacher, she saw but her king,
And thought "O how shall I hope to get his ring."
Long live Annie so fair.

"Now, who did the Western Empire found,
Tell me, Annie, the fair !"
O, Annie, was startled and looked all around,
Long live Annie the fair.
She thought for a moment, then looked around
bright,
And stammered "John" only, and thought she was
right.
Viva l'amour, viva l'amour,
Viva Annie and John.

Why waste money by paying high
prices for goods? Remember that
Clarke, the Grocer, has broken the com-
bination, and is now selling goods at
prices far below all other dealers. Gran-
ulated sugar 5c., 7 lb 33c.; best Java and
Maracaibo coffee 32c, best tea 40c, best
kerosene oil 10c. Reduction in every-
thing.

CUT THIS OUT.

This ticket, with \$2.00, entitles the
holder to one dozen finely finished cabi-
net photos, of which the regular price is
\$4.00. Carroll, Photographer, 99 Smith
Street, Perth Amboy, N. J.

MUCH IN A NAME.

R. E. PORTER.

I have a cold. I put turpentine on my chest, try hot lemonade, and all the other remedies and finally send for the doctor. He greets me with "Well Re, so you are my patient! You have the grippe?" "No I haven't!" "Backache?" "No Sir!" "Headache?" "No, I have a cold, and haven't the grippe." After a few more differences he leaves some powders and goes. One of the girls calls, "Good morning Re, I hear you have the grippe! Sav, which chair has been varnished? Will it stick to me?"

"I haven't the grippe at all, and that turpentine is on my chest; you may safely sit down!" She apologizes and tells me how many colds develop into pneumonia, and how fatal that is. She leaves and Cousin Blank comes in. "Hello Re, got the grippe, haven't you! ha, ha! Whew, smell the turpentine! Getting ready to move, and beginning to varnish?" I tell him sweetly that it is only a cold I have, and that the turpentine is on my lungs. He only laughs and goes through the questions about grip symptoms. He sees one of my school friends coming, and leaves. I hear him say, as he meets her in the hall, that Re has the grippe and that it has affected her temper. My friend comes in and says sympathetically "O Re, I'm so sorry you have the grippe!" and feels of a chair carefully before she sits down. I explain where the varnish is and say that I have not got the grippe in so decided a tone that in the hour she stays she does not breathe the subject again. After she leaves I see another caller coming, and hastily retire to the back part of the house, sending my mother to explain that I have not the—and that none of the chairs have been varnished.

The Comb as a Civilizer.

NEMIE C. VAN MATER.

In attempting to discourse on this subject,—*"The Comb as a Civilizer,"*—I find it necessary to apply the old proverb, namely, "Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a fact or know where to find it; and when we cannot pen down facts we feel justified in appealing to the imagination.

That the comb is not a modern toilet article is proven by the fact, that relics of this article, are found among the ruins of most ancient cities. And have not the poets from time immemorial sung of mermaids who combed out their golden hair? This useful article, the comb, is surely an Oriental invention, and was used by the Orientals while our early ancestors, the people of western Europe, were living in caves, with very disheveled locks, "Westward the Star of Empire takes its course." This is a proverb which is true in regard to art and the sciences, and why will it not hold good in regard to that invention which has, no doubt, been an active agent in the civilization of man,—the comb? Unkempt heads belong to a barbarous people, whose locks in a tangled mass hang over the features; as are occasionally found still in North American settlements among the wild tribes in British Columbia.

One of the first signs of improvement among a savage people is an attempt to bring the hair into decent order. As a people comes up, more and more attention seems to be given till we find them so in love with the use of the comb that they add to the amount of hair Nature provides, and the powdered wigs of high society in Europe, in the last century, occupy a good share of the law-maker's thought.

Individuals (as well as nations and the race) have been improved by the use of the comb. Any one is at liberty to make the experiment. If a street urchin in a great city has proved a failure, when an attempt has been made to christianize him, don't be discouraged! one effective means has not yet been tried. Buy a common comb. Promise the lit le fellow five cents for every time he makes you a call with combed hair with the morning papers. He will think it a good joke at first, and hide the despised article from sight, lest he be caught with it in his possession. Then he will wonder how he would look if he should comb his head just once. He will be surprised at the change when he slyly gets before some shop window to see the reflection of himself in the pane. Then he will think he may just as well go and get the promised five cents, as he secretly acknowledges his improved appearance. Then he feels quite above the common, uncombed news-boy; finds he is actually selling more papers, perhaps because he feels so pleased with himself that he calls out his evening edition in a more business-like tone. He tries it again, oftener; at last takes a pride in doing it regularly. His clothing now does not suit him as it did; he saves his money to buy new.

Next he feels above the fellows he has associated with; and if he finds a friend in the person who gave him the comb, he may say that he is ashamed he has no schooling. If wisely influenced, that uncombed, dirty, swearing "street tough" will accept instruction, and may yet fill a dignified position as law-maker in the country. And all this change from the small beginning of the present of a cheap comb, at the hand of one who will follow up the gift with farther help. Who will deny that the Comb can do Missionary work?

If this number of the *GAZETTE* wears no bands of mourning the only reason is that not until it was partly published did we learn the fact that our Principal, Dr. Jaggar, had decided to make this his last year at Glenwood.

We most earnestly hope that he may be prevailed upon to reconsider his decision, for we are very much grieved at the thought of his going away after so short and successful a Principalship of our school. We fully appreciate his thoughtfulness for us in many directions, while we have both highly enjoyed and profited by the course of teaching he has given us.

F. D. Woodruff, the Keyport Jeweler, has just completed an optical course with Dr. Julius King, of Cleveland, the best authority on glasses in this country, and has fitted up a room specially for examining eyes for all defects that can be corrected by refraction.

Oculists prescription carefully filled.

THE ORACLE GYP.

EDITH JOHNSON.

[Dedicated to Gyp, the dog who has for years graced the grounds of Glenwood and whose palsied nod is as perpetual as a Chinese mandarin's before a New York tea store.]

O! thou hoary headed creature!
Aged a hundred years or so,
Every time I see thee nodding
Thoughts to Delphi backward go.

When thou'rt asked profoundest questions,
"Shall I thus, or shall I not?"
Thy most mildly, pleasing nicktate
Cuts the hardest Gordian knot.

If I heed thee all is pleasing,
When thy head has nodded "Yes;"
If I cry "Will all things fail me?"
Thy nod grants me no success.

Thus the legend-famed old heroes
Took their most perplexing cares
To the oracle at Delphi,
Where like answers met their prayers.

Ever so in answer vaguest
Those at Delphi learned their fate,
Not less brief and not less solemn
Comes thy sign to those who wait.

Truly thou compar'st most bravely
With that oracle of old,
Though it may be shaking palsy
And not fumes through fissures rolled.

CATCH-ALL.

At the reading of the March No. of the *GAZETTE* the Glee Club rendered some of their best music. We expect they will do us all honor at Commencement. Capt. Geran's declamation also added interest to the occasion.

What have become of the boys white Military belts? Have they met with the fate of a child's toy, soon tired of, then discarded?

When the question was asked why the Cheltenham Reveille was not as good as the Glenwood *GAZETTE*, we were very much surprised to hear one of our boys promptly reply, "Because all of the editors there are boys!" They will sometimes acknowledge that the girls are their superiors at editing a paper.

There's nothing namby pamby now about girls. Sure as they are hit in open attack they'll hit back. In words we mean, not with fists, of course. While a boy, meek creature, will stand any amount of verbal pummeling and feel too helpless to defend himself. This No. of the *GAZETTE* throws the gauntlet at your feet, gentle brothers! Is there one among you to pick it up? Let him now prove his training!

Louis DuBois enters room.
H. V. C. "Say, quite a dubious look!"
Nemie. "Looks as if he had had a sell!"
H. V. C. "What kind of a sell?"
Nemie. "Why, an Antisell!"

Of course it gave our ever mirthful Lieut. an occasion for a laugh when Sergeant O. obeyed the word of command and turned left for "Column Right!"

It is very evident that the boys of the April Number of the *GAZETTE* are greatly concerned by the way they examine every little piece of paper owned by the girls. Not only do they do that but they snatch the girls' tablets and coolly read what is written on them,

then ask "Is that intended for the GAZETTE?" We hope in their anxiety they will not lose their good manners.

No State can get ahead of Vt. in early products. Our Vt. teacher has a generous brother in the Green Mt. State who shares his good things. Those of us who have been treated assert that all that has been said in praise of Vt. maple sugar is true.

In noticing in the last issue of the GAZETTE the prize medal offered to the G. M. I. by Dr. Geran, by mistake his place of residence was not given correctly. The item should have read Dr. Geran of Brooklyn. The cadets are preparing for the contest and more than one has hopes that his heart may beat beneath that glittering decoration.

The class in U. S. history especially regrets losing from its ranks Myron Campbell and Herbert Cottrell who were obliged to leave for other work. Such good scholars as they are not easily parted with. They both promise to be with us again next September.

It has been said that if one wears a moon-stone ring for six months it will be followed by the prompt engagement or marriage of the wearer. Is that the reason one of our sister seniors is wearing a borrowed ring of that kind?

Last year we had in school several boys who for some unexplainable reason dared not carry or wear their jewelry, consequently placed these valuable possessions in charge of their young lady friends, but this year it is the other way; the girls look to the sterner sex for the protection of such articles.

We all know that when a young man presents a diamond ring to a young lady it signifies that they are engaged, but we should like to know what it means when a young lady gives a gentleman a diamond ring?

Query—Why did not M. S. get her diamond ring large enough so that when she loans it to her friend E. G. he can wear it on his finger instead of being obliged to hang it from his watch chain?

Girls have often been accused of being fickle, but several of the sterner sex at Glenwood are displaying a quality in their games which we (the girls) name fickleness. Last month several of the boys in company with their gallant Major were crazed on base ball; they played before and after school and we don't know but that they also played in the dark hours of night; but now they are paying all their attentions to the Tennis Court.

Who would have thought that Major and Ex-editor H. would ever have deserted the manly sport of base ball for the effeminate game of Tennis!

What a waste of muscle after all that private base ball practice.

The school enjoyed a holiday on April 17, which was spent on Beacon Hill. The picnic was given by the Senior Class; many were the jokes enjoyed while going to and from the historical place.

That the day was warm might be easily inferred from the ruddy faces of the happy throng, although outsiders might have asked "What did Senior V. C. put in the lemonade that had such an effect on the complexion?" After having fine sport in the woods they all seated themselves

in order to do justice to the ample refreshments provided by the Seniors, and, while eating, a kind member of '91, by the aid of a camera, took a picture of the happy company. After lunch some of the members of this gay party went over to Senior M. S. where they spent a social time in merriment and in tripping the light fantastic; then followed the walk back to Matawan, and we know of one couple who were two and one half hours covering the distance of four miles.

Was it weariness or was it the walk so pleasant that they could not bear to end it?

What has become of Major's beard? Did he dispense with it on account of its weight? If so the next time we have a walking excursion some of the girls will have to practice for the occasion, for the Major will have no obstructions in his path.

We understand that Lieut. V. M. is acting as private postman for L. D. B. and his lady friend. We suppose that accounts for that officer's being so often seen in Matawan on holidays and after school hours. How comes it that he is doing such disinterested service? We think he must be Rue—ing it unless there is another lady in this case.

We propose a novel feature for Commencement exercises. A walking match between Senior H. B. and Major L.

J. H. O. had better pay close attentions to A. F.'s actions or we are afraid she will give him the slip. We see on her left hand a ring which we all recognize as belonging to Ex-Captain F.

What says the lady, H. B. who expects all F's favors? Farther she is wearing a scarf pin inscribed with the letter M. which she says stands for Manuel.

Three strings to one bow! Too many, A. F.!

We wonder whether P. C. will move to Cliffwood or if H. V. C. will take up his residence in Matawan this Summer. These two boys might be called Glenwood's Siamese Twins.

The regular meeting of the G. L. S. for the nomination of officers was held April 10th, most of the members were present, but we missed from our number Dr. Jaggar, who having an invitation to attend the Tribune Semi-Centennial, accepted and thought he was going to have a great treat hearing the Hon. J. G. Blaine and others; but from reports the addresses at the Metropolitan Opera House were nothing to be compared with the ones heard at the G. L. S. The following persons delivered eloquent nomination speeches, Harry VanCleef, John S. VanMater, Charles Gehlhaus and Elmer Geran, The officers elected were for

President—Annie Whitlock.

First Vice President—Harry VanCleef.

Second Vice President—Mary Schanck.

Secretary—Nemie VanMater.

Assistant Secretary—Fred Schock.

Treasurer—Elmer Geran.

Auditors—Reese Alexander, Charles Gehlhaus.

Sergeant-at-Arms—George Hobart.

A piano solo by Annie Fordham was very much enjoyed by the society. A whistling solo by Nellie Whitlock charmed all that heard it.

The meeting adjourned to meet one week later, it being the regular literary evening. After the adjournment, and before any of the members had left the building, some of the boys extinguished the lights and made a great racket, which was very annoying to the rest of the society.

What has caused the sudden craze for roller-skating among the scholars and even certain of the teachers for the past two weeks? A wave from the reviving excitement for the sport in other places must have reached Glenwood. At noon-time and after school hours may be seen the most wonderful feats executed on wheels. Even W. S., one of the smaller scholars, who lounged to emulate his elders, got a pair and tried them in secret, not giving up even at the expense of bumps.

Antonio Cook has purchased for himself a handsome croquet set, and with some particular friends plays some very pretty games.

Will O,
He can blow
The bugle, ho,
And make it go,
Don't you know,
Like fury, O!

Little Mary Jaggar has also become affected by the roller-skating craze. How large a foot must a miss of two years have to wear the skates of a young lady of sixteen.

One of Glenwood's attractive girls started up the subject of dress, when another, having heard her say she was going to look the prettiest at Commencement, asked her what she was going to wear. The reply came promptly, "Well, I think I looked prettier last year than all the rest and I mean to again this year."

It is with a strange sensation that we record the decease of our noble ex-editor, George Hobart, who met his just deserts on March 25, immediately after the reading of the GAZETTE. His sad end is attributed to over-exertion in editing that unusually brilliant boys' number. Though his form lies prostrate and helpless, his wan ghost still haunts the halls of Glenwood. The girls all join in expressing their pent-up feelings in the following lines:

Not a tear was shed, not a sigh was heard,
When the news of his end was brought to us;
Not a maiden drew forth her handkerchief,
To lament the sad fall of this Zeus.

Let us bury him deeply at dead of night,
Out of sight the sharp critic hurrying,
Remembering how often he slashed right and left,
With his sarcasm the girls ever worrying.

It's gayly we'll talk of our fallen foe,
As o'er his last rest we review him,
But little he'll reck in the slumber deep
Of the bed where revenge now has laid him.

Surely and safely we'll lay him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We'll carve not a line, we'll raise not a stone,
But will leave him alone in his glory.

—[NEMIE C. VANMATER.]

The evening of the 17th of April was very much enjoyed at the G. L. S. for the inauguration of officers took place. President Hobart's remarks were ex-

cellent, and very encouraging to the members, although he showed his dread of leaving the Chair for the Broom and Dust pan. It was with great reluctance that the new president took her position on the stage after one who had fulfilled his duties so faithfully. Miss President spoke at no great length. All the other officers made a few appropriate remarks which were highly appreciated.

As Reese Alexander is an associate member he can not hold an office and Annie Fordham was elected Auditor in his stead.

The Sergeant-at arms who was instrumental in making the noise after the last meeting imposed a fine on each of the *lady* members of the society for the act he, himself had committed. As the girls were in the minority they could not have justice done them.

We are glad to learn that ex-Corporal DuBois has not forgotten the art of poetry-writing. Since he left us in March he has written a three-page letter in rhyme to one of the officers.

The reading of the Comet on the 22d was enjoyed by all those who heard it, and we take this opportunity to congratulate the first and second year students on their success. We hope they will continue the good work, for as the years pass by and the Seniors leave the Essay Class, the GAZETTE calls upon the next year's students for her staff of editors, and it will soon be their turn to take the places of those who leave. We expect they will one day do its columns credit.

We are sorry to hear that Gabriel Ramirez and William Valdes have both been so sick in New York. We hope they will be able to be with us at Commencement.

We are glad to have Antonio and Mario Cooke with us again.

Boys, boys, don't leave all the hard duties for the captain to perform. Where were you all the night of April 12, when Captain G. walked home from church with two girls on one arm and one on the other, and none of them Seniors, either? Come, boys, do your duty and stand by the captain!

Ever since Mrs. Wade's visit to us we have felt an increased interest in our Omaha friends. Several of the girls have heard from their Indian proteges lately, and may be interested to hear that Miss Fetter, whom they so often mention, is now in Perth Amboy at the home for Aged Ministers. Miss May Johnson and Miss Bray called upon Mrs. Wade in New York on April 9. They found her in good health, and wishing to be remembered to all her Glenwood friends.

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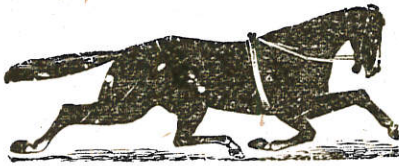
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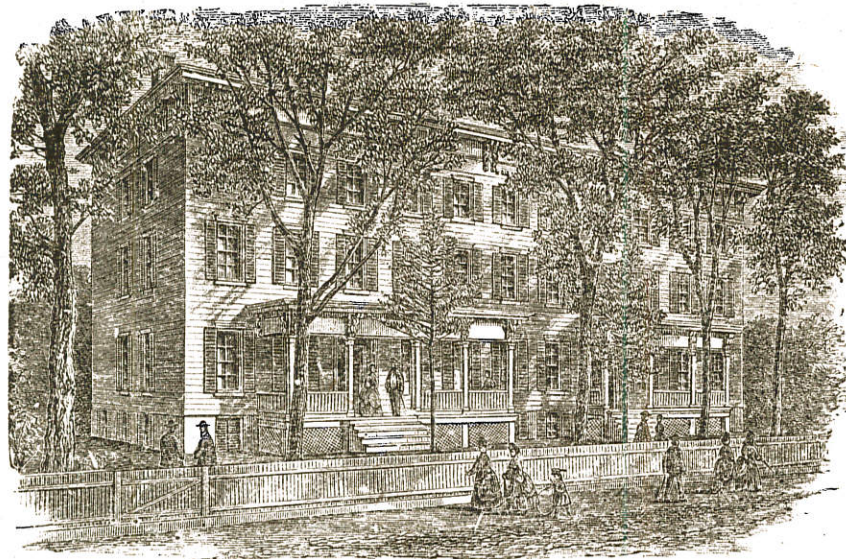
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