

# Glenwood Gazette.

FOOT-BALL NUMBER.

MOTTO :—"WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY AND THEY ARE OURS."

Vol. IV.

MATAWAN, N. J., NOVEMBER 11, 1891.

No. 2.

## Glenwood Gazette

Edited by the members of the ESSAY CLASS at Glenwood Institute, Matawan, N. J.

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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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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THE SECOND TERM  
AT

Glenwood Institute

begins NOV. 18, 1891,  
ONE WEEK FROM TO-DAY

Students who expect to enter then are invited to come Monday and choose their seat and arrange for their classes.

Special exercises to which the public are invited are held at the Institute every Wednesday afternoon at 3:30.

ELMER GERAN, - EDITOR.

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

## Rhetoric Class Department.

### EDITORIAL.

ELMER GERAN.

Once in a while our teacher says  
We must an essay write.  
To keep alive the school's high name,  
And prove our brains are bright.

No doubt it is a wondrous thing!  
But hard it is, I say,  
To clothe the one's thought in graceful verse,  
In a bright, attractive way.

'Tis far more easy now to throw  
The ball from man to man,  
And hear the lively catcher shout:  
"Send her the best you can!"

Or to don our foot-ball suits,  
And to the campus go,  
And there enjoy an evening's fun,  
Which is not half so slow.

The tennis tournament is o'er;  
The foot-ball took its place;  
The champion is not yet known,  
Although he's in the race.

We were compelled to leave these sports,  
To edit this Gazette,  
Which every Senior has to do,  
With many a sigh and fret.

The girls will publish the next for you,  
They have no sports to leave,  
Other than that of the fashion book,  
Whose knowledge they try to weave.

But I must close this little poem,  
In order to give space,  
To essays which will follow on  
In their successive place.

### One Stroke Fells not an Oak.

On one fine Sunday morning in spring, as a farmer was taking his accustomed stroll over his farm, he involuntarily wandered into his woods, and found his eyes resting upon a hugh oak. In his satisfaction at the sight he stepped back a few paces and gazed with joy upon that tree. He saw already the valuable amount of timber, which it would afford him. He also rejoiced in the fact that he had such a powerful giant as John working for him who, he thought, would be able to fall it in a day.

Feeling fully justified for his walk, the farmer sank his hands deep into his pockets, and, with calculations in his mind concerning the disposal of the timber from the tree, turned homeward.

In the morning John swings his axe over his shoulder and seeks the victim of his day's work. After finding it and deciding how long it will take to lay the monster low, his attention is diverted by the charming singing of a strange bird, but he soon realizes he must be at work; so lays his coat aside, and with a powerful blow buries his axe deep into the tree. Having made the woods ring with the echo of his powerful blow, he thinks he will enjoy a smoke while chopping; so sits down on a near stump, lights his pipe, puffs, watches the smoke curl upward in the clear air and growing drowsy is soon asleep.

When he awakes he is reminded by an unmistakable feeling under his jacket, and by the height of the sun that it is dinner time. Thus has passed the morning, with but one stroke of his day's work done, and the old oak stands as dignified as ever.

He returns after dinner with new determination, but as he dislodges his axe, a rabbit jumps from the bush, and of course he must follow in hot pursuit. After an hour or two he returns overheated and fatigued by his long chase. He is obliged to sit down to rest himself and

## Miscellaneous Department.

### 'Rah for Glenwood.

GLENWOOD 8, FREEHOLD 4.

This is the score of the foot-ball game played last Saturday, November 7, at Freehold. This is why all Matawan is joyful and all Freehold sorrowful.

The eleven that represented Glenwood was the first one ever organized at the school, and the game played last Saturday was its first match. Hence we have double reason to feel proud of our success. The boys were not so green as they looked, as Freehold found to its sorrow.

Glenwood's representatives left Matawan at 12:30 p. m., reached Freehold at 2:15 and began the slaughter at 2:45. There were about two hundred spectators, a considerable number of whom were ladies.

The teams lined up as follows:

| Freehold.         | Positions.           | Glenwood.   |
|-------------------|----------------------|-------------|
| Wallace.....      | Left End.....        | Fordham     |
| Martin.....       | Left Tackle.....     | Gehlhaus    |
| Parker, J. A..... | Left Guard.....      | Kreamer     |
| Donnelly.....     | Centre Rush.....     | Geran, H    |
| Pittenger.....    | Right Guard.....     | Burnett     |
| Laird.....        | Right Tackle.....    | Knecht      |
| Parker, J. R..... | Right End.....       | Van Mater   |
| Mabon.....        | Quarter Back.....    | Kilpatrick  |
| Ellis, W.....     | Right Half-back..... | Hobart      |
| Ellis, R.....     | Left Half-back.....  | DuBois      |
| Valadier.....     | Full Back.....       | Goldthwaite |
|                   | 2d half,             | Geran, E.   |

Referee, J. D. Wolf, Princeton.

Four 20-minute quarters were played.

Freehold had the ball and, by the good work of her half backs, got it on Glenwood's 25-yard line. It hung there a few moments, when suddenly Mabon seized the ball, darted around the left end, and scored the first touch down for Freehold. Time, 8 minutes. The try at goal failed. The rest of the quarter was occupied with alternate rushes and scrimmages, in one of which Mabon was struck in the stomach, and, though he played out the quarter, was compelled to retire at its end. This was a great loss to Freehold, for Mabon was the captain of the team and by far the best player in it. R. Ellis was also injured and compelled to lay off temporarily.

The second quarter began with the ball in possession of Glenwood. They started with a V and made a gain of several yards. By repeating the trick, they succeeded in shoving Hobart over the line for a touch down. No goal. The ball being brought out, Freehold made a slight gain but finding they could make but little headway against Glenwood's stone-wall rush line, gave Valadier a chance to do some kicking, and by this means succeeded in getting it in Glenwood's territory, where it stayed the rest of the quarter. During one of the scrimmages Rob Ellis was knocked out

again and was obliged to quit for good.

The third quarter began with the score 4-4. Freehold had the ball but soon lost it. Then Glenwood's superiority in the rush line again became evident, slowly but surely they forced their opponents back. Freehold's struggle was futile. Kilpatrick was pushed over the line and Glenwood was ahead. No goal resulted. Valadier was hurt in this quarter and carried off the field but pluckily resumed play in a few moments.

In the last quarter Glenwood started with the ball, and, after gaining a few yards, lost it on four downs. Freehold passed it to Valadier and he attempted to run around the right end, but found Du Bois in his way. The two men came together with a bang and both fell to the ground half senseless. As Freehold now had all her best players "damaged beyond repairs," and as there were but eight minutes more to play, the game was called with the score 8 to 4 in favor of Glenwood. After the game the players repaired to the Institute, where they found a generous repast awaiting them. After supper an adjournment was made to the parlors, and, in spite of wounds and bruises, a most enjoyable hour was passed with speech-making, music, etc. We desire to express our most hearty thanks to our opponents for the generous way in which they returned us good for evil. A return game will be played November 21.

Meanwhile, we ask "What's the matter with Glenwood?" and the answer comes, "She's all right." "Where's Freehold?" "She's out of sight."

Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!  
Whoop! Whoop! Whoop!  
Freehold Institute's  
In the Soup!

### Song of the Foot-ball Club.

G. S. H.

Tune: "Solomon Levi."

Our name is Glenwood F. B. C., from a school in Matawan.

That's where you'll find all kinds of sports and ev'ry sort of fun;

Oh, we are the foot-ball players, and we always win th' goal;

For we can run and rush and kick, and we never get in a hole.

CHORUS:

Oh, we are from Glenwood! Glenwood! tra la la la!  
Three cheers for Glenwood! tra la, la, la, la, la, la,  
la, la, la.

Our name is Glenwood F. B. C., from a school in Matawan.

That's where you'll find all kinds of sports and ev'ry sort of fun;

Oh, we are the fo t-ball players, and we always win th' goal;

For we cau run and rush and kick, and we never get in a hole.

But if the others have the ball, and, playing a game of bluff,

They try to get it past our line, we're always up to snuff.

We snatch the pig-skin right out their hands, and soon put them to rout;  
For we won't be beaten by any club that tries to knock us out.

CHORUS:

### OUR TRIP TO KEYPORT.

Some time ago the Third Regiment of this State held an exhibition drill and field day at Keyport. The Glenwood Cadets, being anxious to give the militia a few points in drilling, petitioned their principal for a half holiday. To their great delight the request was granted, and at 10:15 a. m. the cadets "fell in" and began their march to Keyport. As it had rained a few days previous, the streets were a little muddy. Our captain, desiring, perhaps, to aid the Street Commissioners, by removing the mud from the road, led us through the centre of the street where the mire was thickest, and gave us an opportunity to carry away most of it on our shoes or trousers. When we had passed through most of it, he brought us onto the sidewalk, commanded "halt," and coolly gave permission to turn up our pants, presumably to hide the dirt that had accumulated on them.

Resuming the march we reached the field at Keyport without incident, and, on our arrival, were immediately surrounded by a mob of Keyport "kids." These were soon dispersed, and, "breaking ranks," we joined the crowd of spectators.

The exhibition drill was a good one and was thoroughly enjoyed by the cadets, though many opinions were expressed that "we could lay all over them, drilling." As there was to be another drill in the afternoon, the majority of the cadets decided to stay to that and "make a day of it." A few left Keyport at noon and attended school that p. m. The others arrived home at 5:30, tired, hungry and footsore, but declared that they had had a grand time. It is rumored that Major was so weary he found it necessary to stop and rest at a certain house on the way home. We all had a most enjoyable time, for which we extend our sincere thanks to Doctor.

In the above article our friend Hobart seems to have put forth a great deal of sympathy for his fellows, as not even one of them thought about their trousers, even if they did wear their new ones. I think our friend from Marlboro was about the only one who did not have his new ones and the only one to mention about spoiling "our new trousers."

Perhaps the dirt would be more easily removed from our trousers and shoes than the impression upon our people that we

were a dainty set of soldiers, and afraid to get the bottom of our trousers a little dirty. A true soldier should not be afraid of a little dirt.—[Editor.]

#### COMMUNICATIONS.

##### TO THE GIRLS:—

Some of your sex who attend Glenwood have acted rather selfish toward the boys. For awhile tennis was quite the craze with the boys, and then the girls wanted to drive them from the court. But now, since the boys have chosen foot-ball for a sport, the girls pay little or no attention at all to tennis. We would not be surprised at any time to see the girls march to the foot-ball field and ask for the ball and field.

Now, why can't the girls leave the boys alone in their sports? If the girls had a sport of their own, I am sure the boys would not interfere with their pleasure, and the boys do not want to be interfered with by them.

Yours, without a struggle,  
A Boy.

##### Literary Society.

The third meeting of the Glenwood Literary Society was held in Glenwood Hall November 6, 1891. The officers for the ensuing term were nominated and elected as follows:

President—Fred. F. Schock.  
Vice President—Will H. Osborne.  
Second Vice-President—Nellie T. Halsey.  
Secretary—Jennie LaRue.  
Assistant Secretary—G. M. Farry.  
Treasurer—Myron L. Campbell.  
Sergeant-at-Arms—Elmer Geran.  
Auditors—Reseau B. Hulsart, Mamie LaRue.

Advisory Committee—Major V. E. Kilpatrick, Dr. C. A. Jaggar.

Literary Committee—Frank W. Burnett, John S. VanMater.

Executive Committee—Charles Gehlhaus, Jr., Nellie Whitlock.

After the election of officers a debate was the principal feature.

Resolved, That the study of geography is of more importance than the study of arithmetic.

L. Reese Alexander, Nellie T. Halsey, Chas. Gehlhaus, Jr., and Mamie LaRue were for the affirmative, while Reseau B. Hulsart, Myron L. Campbell, Emma L. Fountain and Will H. Osborne upheld the negative side of the question, while Will Knecht ignominiously failed to support either side. A few others offered remarks on both sides.

Dr. Jaggar, Miss Annie Whitlock and Miss Mary Schenck were chosen judges.

While waiting for the results of the de-

bate Miss Bertha Williams favored the meeting with a solo, while Dr. Jaggar recalled some of his college songs, for the benefit of the society.

After the decision of the judges, in favor of the affirmative side, the meeting adjourned.

The regular meeting of the Matawan Literary Society was held at Glenwood Wednesday evening, October 21. Its younger associate, the Glenwood Literary Society, extends greetings to its older companions, and assures them that they will always be heartily welcome to Glenwood.

Major, what does "Omoor on Olor" mean? Is it one of the Syracuse yells?

Major Kilpatrick's brother, of Minneapolis, recently spent a week at Glenwood. He was found to be even more jolly and humorous than his brother. Come again, Mr. Kilpatrick. We will always be glad to see you.

On the foot-ball field.—Centre Rush to Van Mater, opposite him: "Look out there, Lieutenant; if you come against me, you'll be a Matyr in fact as well as in name."

We have recently heard from George Walling, who is now book-keeping in a hotel in Denver, Col. He desires to become a subscriber of the Gazette. We wish him much success in his Western life.

Does Will Osborne have so much to do with the girls that he desires to be like them? Will, bangs were instituted for girls, not for boys.

Mrs. Doddridge and Phil, who were spending a few days in the town, did not forget their old home, but made us a pleasant visit. We notice a great change in Phil, especially in that of pants. He looks like a little man.

On October 20, after school, Doctor's work in his study was interrupted by a gentle knock on the door; the door swung open at the general response, "Come," and there stood some girls with a pitiful expression on their faces, requesting that they might hold a meeting of their F. F. S. in the music room, stating that not one of their mothers would consent to have the jolly crowd meet in her house, so they came to the Doctor, and of course their request was granted. We learned afterward that they had a very good meeting, the program consisting of singing, speaking, music, etc.

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.

Go to Ben. E. Griggs' for Trenton Mince Meat, and all other holiday groceries.

Buckwheat and griddle cake flour for cakes for sale by Peterson.

On October 23 the literary society met in our hall. Miss Mary Schenck favored us with a solo, Miss Nellie Whitlock with a vocal solo, Major with a recitation, and Reseau Hulsart with a comical reading. Aside from these it was a very poor meeting.

We judge from the amount of noise, also from the amount of corn and beans on the sidewalk, that some did and some did not enjoy Halloween.

Election Day being a legal holiday (however we do not keep it, but take Friday, the day after Thanksgiving instead) ex-Major Lamont came and spent the day with us. We enjoyed his visit very much and hope he will have another opportunity of calling upon us. He looked as though it agreed with him at his new location.

Walter Slover met with a sad accident last Saturday while playing leap-frog. In jumping over another boy's back his hands slipped, which caused him to fall on his face, taking the skin completely off on one side. We are glad to see that he is now better.

About two weeks ago Mat. Schock, while skating in the gymnasium, experienced quite a severe fall, which resulted in the spraining of an ankle. We are pleased to see that he is with us again.

If you read the sporting sheet of any paper you will find that everything is foot ball. Nearly every college in the country has a team, so of course we have one, and are doing good work. Princeton and Yale are training hard for their game on Thanksgiving Day, and it will be a game well-worth seeing. Yale was the winning team last year, but we hope that Princeton will be the recipient of the honor this year, as it is a team from our State, also, it being the Alma Mater of our principal, we feel a relation existing between the two institutions.

It appears as though the fair maidens across the aisle have been delighted in the past to cast reflections upon our athletic club. Dear sisters, we would ask you but to recall how you looked forward to the noon intermission and after school, when you would be permitted to watch the proficiency with which our members played tennis. And now, look upon our campus and see the skill with which they play foot-ball; and again, use the imaginations of our fair sister-graduate, and see the promising material we have for a base-ball team in the spring, and you dare not ask: "Oh, where; oh, where is the boys' athletic club?"

Some time ago considerable difficulty was experienced in blowing up the foot-ball, whereupon Will Knecht proposed that we buy a foot-ball incubator. Did Will think that by means of the incubator we would be able to hatch out fine foot-ball players, or did he mean to suggest the purchase of a foot ball inflater?

It is rumored that since the purchase of the foot-ball the druggists in town are growing rich from the sale of liniments, salves, etc.

The lovers of tobacco and cigars will find the best at Ben. E. Griggs'.

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

Very fine butter at Peterson's

much time passes before he is prepared to render the second heavy blow. But now he cannot find his axe having dropped it in the chase after the rabbit. After a long hunt he finds it, but it is now supper time by the sun, and ashamed, he manufacturers some excuses to give his master when questioned, and walks homeward, but not with the step of a man who has done an honest day's work.

Next day he fails to appear, there being other work for that day, and the oak unharmed towers still the king of the forest. It is very evident that "One stroke fells not an Oak."

If one has formed some injurious habit and wishes to break it, it is not done simply by saying: "I will stop," but by continued efforts of resistance. "One stroke fells not an oak" neither does one effort break the chain of a bad habit.

No one in this world has ever risen to prominence unless he has in the past paved his way, by the persevering stroke upon stroke, from a private citizen.

No President in our land has ever occupied the White House but has step by step climbed up the ladder of public fame, until he has reached the goal of his life.

The walls of Jericho did not fall by the Hebrew host marching around them once or twice. Not until the seventh time did they fall, giving the city into the conqueror's hands. The destruction of the Roman Empire was not caused by simply a few disasters, but it was the continual misfortunes which fell upon this people that broke its strength.

"One stroke fells not an Oak." Again we find this true in our own country, in the case of the American Revolution of 1776. When our colonies declared themselves free from England by the "Declaration of Independence," this was one stroke; but England still held her claim upon the aroused colonies and grappled with them as a drowning man grapples for life. With all the confidence and assurance of youth the American Patriots struggled for 6 disheartening years to confirm the independence, they had declared. It was by stroke upon stroke that our forefathers won for us our National liberty, it was not until the stroke of the pen in 1783, signing the treaty at Paris, that the costly prize was safely ours, and they could bequeath to us this fair government which we enjoy to-day.

In our late Civil War we find the Commandership of the army frequently changed, because its leaders slashed right and left, rendering a stroke here and another there without satisfactory results. It was not until Gen. Grant received command that the Confederate Army was forced to surrender.

But you ask: Why? Because of his perseverance! You remember when he stood before Richmond and gave utterance to those noble words: "I will fight it out on this line if it takes all summer." He did not expect to bring such a war to a close in a month, nor can we expect to become a Demosthenes, a Gladstone, or a Grant in a month, or even a year.

### MY AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

GEORGE S. HOBART.

As biographers, in writing the history of a great man, often disagree about many of the events of his early life, I take this opportunity to put down in permanent form a few facts of my boyhood which may be of interest to future generations, and may save my historians much trouble and many disputes.

I have been told that the "City of Churches" had the honor of being my first place of residence; and, though I have no personal recollection of it, I suppose I had my share of the various ailments that babyhood is heir to, but having no remembrance of these events I will not dwell on them. My parents inform me that I was formerly a very good little boy, but I have noticed that they always put considerable emphasis on "formerly." After a short residence in Brooklyn, they, evidently thinking it was not big enough to hold such a wonderful baby, moved to New York. A short experience there soon convinced them that New York was too wicked to bring up a child in the way he should go, and so, in consideration of my welfare, they moved to the great and growing town of Matawan. Here I learned walking, talking, and many other accomplishments, such as fighting, swearing, etc. It was then that my trials and tribulations began, for my elder brother, by virtue of having seen the light two years before myself, assumed over me a lordly superiority, and, as soon as I had learned to walk, he delighted in giving me a chance to exercise my ability in that direction by ordering me around wherever his fancy dictated. I, not daring to disobey his commands, soon knew how to walk as well as anybody. He was also very fond of teasing. Nothing pleased him better than to make me cry, and, as I generally did this on very slight provocation, "music in the air" was a not uncommon feature of our home life. Taken as a whole my recollection of these days is quite faint and indistinct, so I will pass on.

After living several years in Matawan we moved to a farm in Marlboro. Here I first attended school. I do not remem-

ber much about my early school days, except that from the beginning I showed a decided liking for the society of girls. This great error I have since learned to correct. Though not more than eight years of age, I, following the example of many of my older comrades, thought it was absolutely necessary to have a girl, and so, selecting the prettiest one in school, who was nearly twice my age, I honored her with what attention I dared; but, having suffered several rebuffs and made myself the laughing stock of my companions, I swore eternal enmity to the whole race of girls. How well I have kept that oath you, who know me best, may judge.

At recess and noon we amused ourselves with "Tag," "Drop the Handkerchief," and various other games. At one time we had a craze for "Hare and Hounds." Both the girls and boys played, the former generally acting the part of hares, and the latter trying to catch them, just as they sometimes do in after life. Occasionally, however, the boys were the hares and then the girls tried to catch them, just as they always do when a little older.

At home my brother and I passed the time working on the farm, wrestling and fighting with each other, playing in the hay-mow, building dams, sailing on rafts which we put in our artificial ponds, and finding a vent for our boyish exuberance in whatever other ways we could. At one time we placed a long ladder on a high fence at an angle of about 30 degrees, and then, taking smooth boards, and greasing them liberally on the under side, we mounted to the top of the fence, placed our impromptu toboggans on the ladder, and, jumping aboard, coasted down the ladder with the speed of the wind. This was great fun but rather hard on clothes; and to our great grief a strict veto was laid on it, thus compelling us to wait for snow before we did any more coasting.

After several years residence on the farm we moved to our present home in the village. In '88 my brother and myself attended school at Freehold. This was quite an event for us as it was the first time we had ever gone among strangers without one of our parents being with us. We got along all right, however, and were not hazed as we half expected to be. Noons we danced or played with the girls and after school we played ball or walked home with these same girls. But these good times came to an end all too soon. Just after the close of the second term we were both stricken down with scarlet fever. After a long and severe illness we finally recov-

## Alumni Department.

To the Graduates of '91 :

As I sit here musing, it brings back many recollections of the years spent together at Glenwood which were pleasant as well as profitable. Though but a portion of the present school year has passed I have visited the school many times, and always find great pleasure in doing so. And when I enter the familiar old rooms it seems as though I was still one of its scholars and not a visitor.

I also miss very much the ride to and from our Alma Mater. It was very pleasant in the spring when everything looked so fresh and green, or on our return in the fall after a delightful vacation to find the great change nature had made in the out-door world where the leaves had been touched with the frost and each one seemed to be trying to out-do its neighbor in its gorgeous colors. They were very much like a fire which shines the brightest just before it goes out, for the leaves soon drop and fade.

I now find myself dwelling too long on the past. You will soon think I am like one of last year's students, who could not bring her poetry to a close. I was glad to hear through the last number of the Gazette of the successful meetings held by the literary society. I hope it will continue in its prosperity, for it will be a society that we shall like to look back upon with pride in future years.

Annie I am glad to hear that you are still at Glenwood. I hope you will remain there as a successful teacher for many years.

John, do you like Mine Hill any better than Lake Hopatcong or Ogden Mines, or do you like them all but think that "Variety is the spice of life?"

Harry, I see you still appreciate your studies, as the Gazette says you intend to take a post-graduate course this year; thought you were going to Brooklyn to study electricity. When it is your turn to write tell us what you study and all about the school, as you know the least thing that happens there will be of interest to us all.

Many times last year while we sat around the register talking, the question was asked where will we all be next year this time. With me it is very much the same this year as last, with the exception of my not going to school now, but in the spring we will move to Keyport, as we have become tired of the coun-

try and think we would like to try town life for a change. LILLIAN H. BEERS.

### The Parting Scene.

We halt at the bars in the twilight flush,  
As the sun bathes us in its crimson dress;  
We halt, and I see in the silent blush  
On her lips the plea that she would express.

Her eyes so tender and large and brown,  
Glance up at me in their mellow way,  
And I note the look of contentment there;  
But, alas! I'm mute on our parting day.

I glance up the valley that we are in,  
I glance down the valley that we are in;  
I stammer aloud when I find we're alone:  
"Must I leave you now? Oh, forgive the sin."

My heart grows bolder by a word expressed,  
I note some color in her pallid brow,  
I long to be nearer and feel quite blest,  
As I rub the ears of my MULLEY COW.  
—THE MAJOR.

Miss Mary Schenck was present at the last meeting of the Literary Society.

Miss May Johnson has returned from a visit to Orange and to Bay Ridge.

Miss Neal spent Saturday with Hulda Beers at Crawford's Corner.

### EVERY BIRD HAS ITS NEST.

We were glad to see our old student, Harry Zebbley, here at the reading of the last Gazette; also the faces of Mary Schenck and Lillian Beers, showing that they have not forgotten us.

## Antisell Pianos!

Aluminum and Steel Tuning,

Patented Invention instead of Wood.

GREATEST IMPROVEMENT

IN 100 YEARS FOR

Tone, Durability,

AND

STANDING ALL CLIMATES.

Buy Direct From the Maker.

Factory, Matawan, N. J.

ICE CREAM FOR SALE!

Apply to

G. K., Room 2, 2d Floor,

GLENWOOD INSTITUTE.

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.

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.

SCOTT'S

Carriage & Machine Shops,

MATAWAN,

Monmouth Co., N. J.

All kinds of Repairing of Machinery and Brickyard work quickly executed.

ered, but our school days were ended for that year. The following September I again went to Freehold but had gone but a term and a half, when I was once more taken sick and compelled to leave school. After my recovery I studied Latin with the minister and spent the rest of my time playing base-ball and checkers. Next year I attended Glenwood. You all know my history since, so it is not necessary for me to write it.

### Grammar Class Department.

#### Story of a Shipwreck.

GEORGE KREAMER.

On the night of March 3, 1890, the Schooner Otter, that carried lumber from St Kitts to the Canary Islands, was wrecked at about 4 o'clock in the morning. The patrolman, George Rice, of the life-saving station, seeing the schooner too near the shore for safety lit his warning light but none of the ship's crew saw it.

On returning to the station, he went to the chamber of the sleeping men and cried, "Ship ashore boys!" In the twinkling of an eye the men were ready for duty. By the time the life-saving crew had reached the shore opposite the ship with the life saving apparatus, it was daylight. Rain was falling and the wind blew very hard. The next thing was to get the shot line to the schooner. The gun was loaded, and the captain took the string. Was his aim accurate? Every breath was suspended. The captain pulled the string. His shot was fired, and he was almost afraid to see the result. His aim was accurate. The line fell across the ship's deck, just right for the men aboard the ship. The rope was lashed to the mast of the schooner. The breeches-buoy was hauled out to them. The first man that tried to come ashore was a colored cook. He got in the breeches-buoy when a floating spar hit and stunned him. He fell back into the ship's hold. The next was a young Englishman. He had one leg in the breeches-buoy when a big wave came over the ship and washed him overboard. He swam back to the ship but the rest of the crew were unable to save the young man's life.

By excellent work on the part of the life-saving crew, the rest, including captain, mate, and two seamen, were saved. The captain was the last to come to shore and when he got there he was almost exhausted. The colored cook had said when they left St. Kitts the schooner would never reach New York and she never did.

#### "You, Too, Brutus!"

POWERS CHATTIN.

The scene when these words were uttered must have been one of the saddest one can imagine.

Place yourself, if you can, in Cæsar's position, and you will then know how he must have felt. When one sees his best friend, as he thinks, working as an enemy, like Cæsar, he will not care to live.

Cæsar was said to be kind and gentle toward all people, friend or foe. Some of his friends, thinking all this was for a purpose and that he wanted to overthrow the republic and become emperor, decided to kill him before he accomplished his purpose.

At a meeting of the Senate they fell upon him and stabbed him twenty-three times. At first he warded off the blows in self-defense, but when he saw his most trusted friend, Brutus, among the party, and received his stab, he looked at him and exclaimed, "Et tu, Brutus? Then fell Cæsar!"

### George B. Clarke,

DEALER IN

## STAPLE AND FANCY GROCERIES, PROVISIONS,

Teas, Coffees, Spices, &c.

### BEST BRANDS OF FLOUR.

Everything First-Class and at Bottom Prices.

Your favors respectfully solicited  
AT THE OLD STAND

Opposite F. & M. BANK,  
MATAWAN, N. J.

### 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.

## THE OLD MARKET

—OF—

### 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.

### R. P. VAN BRAKLE,

PLAIN AND DECORATIVE

## PAPER HANGER.

Painting, Graining, Etc.

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

### JAS. E. VAN PELT,

— DEALER IN —

## Fish, Oysters and Clams

2 doors above the M. E. Church.

### OYSTERS

by the Pint, Quart or Hundred.

OYSTERS SERVED IN ANY STYLE

## RESEAU B. HULSART, General Information Bureau.

Teachers especially should apply for information concerning their scholars. Their absence, either from roll-call, class or school can all be explained at these headquarters:

Fifth seat, middle aisle, boys' side.

Office Hours: From 9 to 12 a. m., 1:30 to 4 p. m.

Dr. Jaggar attended the inauguration of Dr. Warfield as president of Lafayette College on October 20.

We notice the following promotions in the company: Second Lieutenant John Van Mater to be first lieutenant, Corporal Geran to be first sergeant.

Harper's Advanced Arithmetic is no snap.

There is a secret society among the girls that goes by the name of "F. F. S." Many theories have been advanced by the boys as to the meaning of those mystic letters. Among them are the following: Female Foot ball Society, Female Fun Society, Funny Female Society, Female Fancy Society, Fearfully Foolish Society, Fresh Fourteen Society. Sisters, is any of these right?

Harry Walling, of Keyport, called at the Institute Saturday, but found it pretty well deserted.

Charles Ely was at the game Saturday and seemed to be enjoying life.

"The Literary" have had their constitution and by-laws neatly printed at the Journal office. Copies were distributed to members last Friday evening.

#### DISPATCH.

Hon. J. G. Blaine, Washington, D. C.

Do not be frightened at the prospect of a war with Chili. The Glenwood Cadets are willing and able to thrash the independent South Americans, and would be only too glad to do so. We await further instructions. GLENWOOD CADETS.

Matawan, N. J.

One day we went to Freehold. That day for us was not cold, for we went in a hack and we all came back with three cheers for the gray and gold.

Any one who wishes to know Roswell P. Flower's attitude towards "ballet reform" will do well to ask George Hobart.

We went to the county-seat, a foot-ball team to meet. We entered the field, and making them yield, we "got there with both feet."

Will O: G. M., will you go for a ride with me?

G. M.: If you will take that goggled fellow out of the carriage I will go with you.

Will: Why, that is my brother.

G. M.: Oh-oo-oo-oo!! I didn't know you had any brother but John.

Nellie, where did you get *that* hat?

Goldie is a crack tennis player.

The first report of the year shows perfect attendance and deportment for Louis DuBois, Lila Arrowsmith, Mary Emma Arrowsmith, Nellie Halsey, Elizabeth Alexander, Daniel Mason and Emily Warne.

Woodruff the Jeweler, at Keyport and Atlantic Highlands, is making special reduction in finger rings for the rest of this month, having an unusually large stock of some sizes and styles. Call and see his fine stock.

Ben. E. Griggs sells nothing but the Home Light Oil, and it is the best.

Maple syrup, 30c per qt., at Peterson's.

WANTED.—Twenty artificial arms, suitable for adjustment to the right shoulders of cadets. The arms must be of the best quality and capable, when outstretched, of supporting a weight of nine pounds for half an hour without breaking. Any party able to supply this need will find ready purchasers and good prices among the Glenwood Cadets, Matawan, N. J.

Peterson keeps a large stock of all kinds of feed and baled hay and straw.

## A. H. WHITE, PORTRAIT AND LANDSCAPE PHOTOGRAPHER.

All work finished in the highest style of the art.

Popular New York Prices.

CABINETS \$3 50 PER DOZEN.

See our ¾ life-size, hand-made

CRAYON at \$6.50,

a perfect marvel. Call at our parlor and see our work.

25 Broad Street,  
RED BANK, N. J.

## Mrs. R. F. Schock's

NEW STOCK OF

Fall and Winter

DRY GOODS,

Boots, Shoes, Hats, Caps,

Umbrellas, Gossameres, Etc.,

JUST IN.

I HAVE TAKEN THE AGENCY

FOR THE

American Steam Laundry

Good Workmanship, Prompt Deliveries  
and Low Prices.

WM. MILLER,

Gents' Furnisher,

MATAWAN, N. J.

## W. R. TOBIAS,

PHOTOGRAPHER,

High Street, Perth Amboy, N. J.

Our Prices come within the reach of all, and our work is unexcelled, as many of your family albums will attest.

E. SCHWENDLER,  
FASHIONABLE

TAILOR

BROAD STREET,

Opp. the Mansion House,

KEYPORT, N. J.

This space is reserved for M. T. Bissell, whose advertisement will appear in next issue.

TAKE YOUR

LAUNDRY

TO

J. Frey's Barber Shop.

Cartan & Devlin,

DEALERS IN

Coal, Lumber, Grain, &c.

**Advertisers' Department.**

**ADVERTISING RATES:**

|                              |       |
|------------------------------|-------|
| One Inch.....                | \$ 75 |
| Two Inches.....              | 1 00  |
| Four Inches.....             | 1 50  |
| One Column (Ten Inches)..... | 3 00  |

Local or reading notices, 10 cents a line.  
Yearly Rates, one-half the above.  
500 Copies in Each Issue.

The Glenwood Gazette is recommended as a first-class advertising medium to the business men of this section.

1st. It reaches more families than most of the other papers of this county.

2d. Its circulation is among well-to-do people who are able to send their children to a private school and who are willing to pay for what they get.

3d. The Gazette is read more carefully than the average newspaper.

4th. The Gazette is preserved in many, if not in most cases for future reading and reference, and thus an advertisement is good not for one week only but for all future time.

5th. The advertisements are not crowded together on a few pages that no body reads but are used to fill out columns throughout the paper and all have choice position.

6th. Our rates are lower than those of most papers of less circulation.

If you want to boom your business  
**ADVERTISE IN THE GAZETTE.**

This is reserved for E. E. Cline, dealer in School Books, Stationery, Artists' Materials, Toys and Plush Goods, Post Office Building, Keyport, N. J., whose advertisement will appear in next issue.

Fine Dress or Plain Business Suits

MADE IN LATEST STYLES BY

**CHAS. MATZ**

—MERCHANT TAILOR,—

Lower Main St., Matawan.



**Furman** HOT WATER Heater

has all screw joints, therefore can not leak. Has Vertical Circulation and burns all the coal, hence the most economical. Satisfaction guaranteed or no payment asked. Best boiler for homes, least money. 112 styles steam and water boilers. Send for 150-page Illustrated Heating Book Free.

Herendeen Mfg. Co.,

GENEVA, N. Y.

**W. A. FOUNTAIN,**

Agent for Matawan and Vicinity.

**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.**

**GOODS DELIVERED FREE.**

I BUY THE

**BEST KEROSENE**

IN TOWN OF

**C. A. GERAN**

FOR 10 CENTS.

**OF WHOM DO YOU BUY OIL?**