

Glenwood Gazette.

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

MOTTO:—"WE BUILD FOR ETERNITY."

Vol. IV.

MATAWAN, N. J., JUNE 8, 1892.

No. 9.

Glenwood Gazette

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

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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.

No anonymous contributions can be accepted. In every case the author must be known to the editor.

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 Next CATALOGUE of
Glenwood Institute
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GRADUATING CLASS - EDITORS.

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

EDITORIAL.

Graduating Class, Editors.

Commencement with its hurry and bustle, its work and toil, its pleasures and sorrows, has come once more. Most of the hard work is now over; and we have time to take a retrospect. Of course, we, the class of '92, have had a full share of the labor, preparing our commencement essays, class day exercises, etc. The road has been rough and difficult near the end, but we have at last reached the goal toward which our eyes have been directed for a long time. All our hopes and fears have been centred on this eventful day. It is a trying ordeal, but we hope we shall pass safely through it. Now is the time when the graduates are put upon their mettle to make their last literary production the best they ever wrote.

Now is the time when the seniors begin to display that dignity incumbent on their high position. Now is the time when the lower classes gaze admiringly at the proud forms of their envied companions and long for the day when they, too, shall, occupy that same lofty position. But a high post brings care and labor as well as honor. So we have found during the past few days. However, graduation day comes to each of us but once in a life time, so we have tried to make the most of ours. Whether we

have succeeded in doing so or not we leave our friends to judge. The present issue of the Gazette is the last with which we shall have any direct connection. We have tried to make it the best of the year, and will now let our readers decide on its merits for themselves.

"A Stone that is Fit for the Wall is Not Left in the Way."

SALUTATORY.

ELMER GERAN.

The duty of saluting this gathering here in the name of the class of 1892, falls upon the present speaker.

Friends this crowded Hall bears witness that we have your interest on this occasion, and we greet you most warmly. We have just now, this very hour, arrived at the point which we aimed for when we, years ago, entered this institution of learning. In the past we looked forward to the time when we should stand upon this platform as Seniors and welcome the friends and patrons, who year by year manifest by their presence their interest in the Graduates of this school. We most heartily welcome you here to-day, requesting some degree of leniency in your criticism of our literary efforts, for while we may be Seniors of this school, we are merely Freshmen in the school of life.

Many important truths are expressed in the form of Proverbs, because this clear, concise manner of speaking gives weight and emphases to the thought. Of all the many proverbs current in the English language none has a ring more crisp and fresh than this: "A stone that is fit for the wall is not left in the way."

A mason is able to realize this fact, perhaps more than any one else. One whose business it is to select good stone from worthless, to determine at a glance and in an instant's handling, which brick is sound and perfect, can well use this proverb. The mason stands before a wall with a heap of stone in front of him; he picks up one, passes quick judgment upon it, and, if satisfactory, lays it in true

position and it becomes a supporter of the others, giving symmetry and strength to the whole wall. He handles another; it proves also satisfactory and it finds its proper place in the building; again he is called upon to decide on a third. He looks at it, tosses it over in his hand, and at once perceives it is not true; a little cracked, or perhaps too soft; it is rejected thrown upon the worthless heap, and a perfect one used in its stead. So we find it true that "A Stone that is fit for the Wall is not left in the Way."

This proverb expresses also in its figurative way a truth recognized by all.

The steady, honest young man, whose reputation is good, whose character is undefiled, will find for himself a place in this world. He will be regarded as good material and his services will be desired. He will be laid in the wall of society, among the successful men of this country.

But another, who, perhaps grew up by his side with equal advantages, but contracted bad habits, is passed by, "left in the way."

Will the latter be a man who is looked up to by the community? Will he be a prominent man in society? Will he be a citizen whose principle will be advocated? No! If we were called upon to predict his future we would say it in these few words: He will be a stumbling block in every one's way, a stone not "fit for the wall."

Now then every one belongs to one of the two classes, and all have it their power to say to which they shall belong. If you desire to be laid in the wall, if you aspire to be a supporter of your fellow-man, prepare yourselves for it. If you do not become a stone fit for use you will be in the way, and become a "stone of stumbling; a rock of offense."

This is exactly the principle which holds in our National life. When new men are wanted to fill positions of honor in our Country's history, what kind are looked for? Certainly not young boastful talkers, but men of stable character who will stand unshaken under the slander and corruption of the present age. We want such to characterize this government wall of ours; men whose sound judgment is not to be turned by the oily tongue of intriguing enemies; whose decision in reference to the welfare of our country is not to be sold to the highest bidder; whose conception of God is pure and upright. When such men are raised to power they leave such an impression upon our National life as cannot be blotted out by hosts of self-seeking politicians. We cannot help believing that at present some of our polit-

ical men have not been exactly the "stone fit for the wall."

There have been those in our Country's history who have proven stones unfit for the wall, and in great disgrace have been "left in the way" to mark a lesson for all.

Aaron Burr and Benedict Arnold might have taken positions beside the greatest of men. Talent and opportunity they surely had. Why are their names spoken in scorn? Because they were at heart unsound and corrupt. Are they not fitly "left in the way," branded with the mark of Traitor?

How revered is the name of Benjamin Franklin! Is it necessary to say that such a person as he was "fit for the wall?" His works live after him and witness year by year that his whole life of more than four score years, was a benefit to his race. He was but a poor boy of ten years when he left his father's household to seek his own way in the world. Thrown open as he was to all the dangers and temptations of life, how did he conduct himself?

He worked his way, beginning as an apprentice in a printing office, and continuing in upward progress until he became one of the greatest scientists and diplomatists of his age, proved a defender of his Nation's rights. In England he was instrumental in the repeal of the Stamp Act; was a signer of the Declaration of Independence; stood before Parliament and in ringing voice declared that the American Colonies would never submit to the oppressive measures of British rule; stood also before the French Court and effectually pleaded that his Country be recognized as an independent power. In science he was the discoverer of electricity. He was indeed a master-mind. Mirabeau says of him: "Anti-quity would have raised altars to his mighty genius." We could quote the testimonies of others who knew his worth but, enough is here said to prove that he was eminently fit for the position he attained, and was therefore not "left in way," but placed in the wall of fame, where he is recognized as a mainstay of self-government.

And go back to our illustrious Washington! Ask the British to-day if he was not "a stone that was fit for the wall." He was, as it were, one that was cut and carved to be the corner-stone of this mighty Nation. He was indeed a rock against which the British powers threw themselves to their own destruction.

The effects of this stone, which has grown to be a stately monument, will last as long as the world exists.

Gen. Grant we would not forget. He

also proved a stone upon which the Nation built a securer government. His work placed him as a mighty pillar in the massive structure of a free country; with a calm and rock-like purpose he maintained his position before his antagonists and finally accepted at the hand of Gen. Lee the surrender of the Confederate forces.

Then when we find a wall that is built of stones from such quality do we have ground for believing that the American people have a government that will stand the bombardments of the tongue of the pen, yea, even the heaviest cannon of Civil War.

The Flower of '92.

(THE CARNATION PINK.)

G. S. HOBART.

It is the custom on these days,
When seniors sing their farewell lays,
To choose some flower of fragrance rare
To be those seniors' special care.

So we, the class of '92
Decided also thus to do,
We chose a sweet carnation pink,
To bind our hearts in memory's link.

Whene'er we see thee, fairest flower,
'Twill call up this commencement hour,
The life we've spent in Glenwood dear,
We'll ne'er again have such, we fear!

Thou art the flower of Zeus, 'tis said,
And oft hast crowned his royal head,
May we, likewise, have heavenly grace
That in Christ's crown we'll find a place.

Personals.

Ex-Major Lamont was at the ball games Decoration Day and enjoyed the fine playing of former companions on the ball field.

Ex-Major Kilpatrick is seen in Matawan quite frequently and seems to enjoy himself walking up and down the street. He says he found his new position at Hoboken even better than he had hoped. Success to you, Major.

Harry Zebley called on his former school mates last Tuesday, just in just to hear the score of the ball games the day previous. He says if he had played the result would have been different.

The three new corporals, Knecht, Kreamer and Goldthwaite, feel themselves quite dressed up, when they have the red sash thrown carelessly over one shoulder, and then around the waist.

George F. Walling who attended Glenwood last year is a shipping clerk for the Chain & Hardy Book, Stationery and Art Co., of Denver, Colorado.

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.

Man, a Tramp.

VALEDICTORY.

G. S. HOBART.

This title, "Man, a Tramp," awakens, no doubt, two distinct feelings in an audience like this.

First, There is a prompting of resentment that the term "tramp" should be applied directly to a gathering of such respectability, the expression,—as generally understood,—being one of such opprobrium, and fitting only the very lowest class of society in the land. The second feeling aroused is one of curiosity—there is an interest to know how such a broad statement can be proved. To both classes this argument is presented with a bold fling of the gauntlet in the repeated statement: one of the most prominent characteristics of the human race is its disposition to tramp.

Ever since our first parents were driven forth from Eden their descendants have been on the move, tramping from one place to another. The expulsion of Adam and Eve was but the first step in the century after century onward movement of the race. One might almost, by listening, hear the steady "Tramp, tramp!" of the ceaseless marching of restless humanity.

From profane as well as from sacred records there seems to be no doubt that the resemblance in language roots proves that the ancestors of the European nations and those of the Persians, Hindoos, and neighboring races, formed originally one people, living together somewhere in the great, fertile plains of the Orient. Of course, this was long before the beginning of recorded history, and we can gather but faint evidences of their life during those dark, far away ages of the past. However, by piecing together the few facts of which we do have a record, and knowing that certain results must have been produced by certain causes, we can judge approximately what was the course of man's first trappings.

As population increased and man began to find himself crowded for elbow room, he commenced to leave his original home to journey westward. Probably the first move was made for the purpose of finding better pasturage for the flocks and herds, which in those days were his chief source of sustenance. Those who made these movements were literally tramps. They did not set out for any definite point, but merely strolled on as convenience and necessity prompted; stopping here a few days, there many days, sometimes turning toward the North, sometimes South,

wherever the best pasturage might be, but with a general tendency westward. These wanderings toward the setting sun were not always voluntary. It frequently happened that another band, likewise seeking pasturage, would drive its fore-runner away, thus compelling another onward move, just as we in this country have forced the Indians to get out of our way.

Thus we find that man slowly tramped from the elevated plateaus and fertile plains of the Orient, over burning deserts and lofty mountains, to new homes amid the high hills and winding valleys of Europe. Gradually taking possession of plain and mountain, in the course of centuries he is found spread over most of the continent. Then it seemed as if his tramping was at an end. He had reached the ocean and apparently could go no farther. But the restless spirit would not be checked. From their number arose a genius who, being imbued with man's characteristic spirit of restlessness, conceived the idea of making one more great tramp toward the West and of keeping on until he reached the place whence man had set out on his first journey thousands of years before; in other words he planned to sail across the Atlantic to Asia. Christopher Columbus embodied in himself the world's wild impulse to ever move on. We all know about the great move the world has made through the discoveries of this man. His followers were only too glad of another chance to give vent to their restless spirit, so we find them following him over the seas by hundreds and thousands. Of course, having once touched the borders of a new country man would never rest until he had pressed through to the opposite shores. Thus he did in America, still tramping toward the West and driving away his predecessors just as his remote ancestors had done. In an incredibly short space of time he tramped through the length and breadth of our land and is now in possession of the whole country.

So we see that man from the beginning has been a tramp. Starting in the East he has slowly followed the course of the sun and has "tramped it" from one end of the world to the other.

As a brook, rising in a little spring is at first small and insignificant, but then gradually broadens, stretching out into a lake, expanding more and more until at its mouth it is a broad river, so the stream of humanity, at first small in volume, has slowly widened, expanding here and there into nations, and has swept on, broadening more and more, until at last its waters

cover all the earth. But are there not some places not yet wet by this mighty flood? The ice bound Polar regions and the African jungles still bids defiance to all man's efforts to penetrate them; but he will never rest until he has tramped over every spot on the globe that affords a foothold for his restless feet. We doubt if he will rest even then. He has already passed beyond the limits of this world with his mind. By the aid of the telescope he tramps through and explores worlds that are afar off, so that mentally also, man may be considered a tramp.

His mind is never at rest any more than his body. He is always thinking new things, and making new discoveries.

Every new invention and discovery made by man is a step onward in the path of knowledge. Of late years he seems to travel in seven-leagued boots. He has already left the civilization of the past far behind and is still striding on to new fields. There is no end to this path over which he is advancing and he will probably go on and on in it forever.

Spiritually also this supreme motive is the strongest impulse that governs him. He embodies it in his very songs. Hear the echo of the refrain, "I'm but a pilgrim," and

"This is not my place of resting,
Mine's a city yet to come;
Onward to it I am hastening," etc.

Thus we see that the human race as a whole, both in body, mind and spirit is an aggregation of tramps. If we examine individual lives we find the same prevailing characteristics. We as a class have come to a period when we realize that we are on tramping ground. We have pressed forward through the course of study assigned us here at Glenwood, and, having reached the first goal of our ambition, are obliged to say "Forward" to each other and start out on a new path. We have tramped together in our school life, but now as we go forth into the world our paths will necessarily diverge and we must journey onward independent of one another.

But though we shall soon leave Glenwood, the pleasant memories of life there will never be dissociated from our minds. We shall always hold in grateful regard the deep interest that you, our board of trustees and our many friends, have ever manifested in all that pertains to the welfare of Glenwood. We assure you that though we may not have deserved your favor and kindness, we appreciate it fully and to-day we desire to thank you heartily.

To our schoolmates, soon to be school-

mates no longer, we would extend a parting word of advice: "Don't think you know it all." We thought so once but we are now beginning to learn our mistake; you may not think it, but it is nevertheless true that "there are more things in heaven and earth than have ever been dreamed of in your philosophy;" so do not imagine when you shall stand on this platform, as we do to-day, the cynosure of all eyes, with a labored dissertation on some abstract subject in your hand, that you will have reached the summit of the hill of knowledge. We are all steadily tramping on toward that distant height, but it will be a long time yet before we reach it. We leave you to the tender mercies of Geometry, Commercial Law, Political Economy, etc. Study them harder than the class of '92 has done.

To our teachers, who have so carefully and patiently guided our faltering footsteps through the mazes of Algebra, Rhetoric, German and the various "ologies," we owe a debt we can never fully repay. We are as yet, as we look back upon the way our feet have trod in days now past, just beginning to understand the trouble and difficulty you must have had in endeavoring to make the "difficult path of knowledge" as easy and pleasant as possible for your too often inappreciative pupils. We fear we have often needed the spur to urge us onward, but, though we may have objected at the time, we now begin to realize that, after all, a state of inactivity and indolence is not the ideal of life; so we thank you for the stirring up you have so often found we needed, and we regret that hereafter we must do our own inspiring. We fear you will never be able to write "Rec'd Payment" at the foot of your bill, but nevertheless, as the only means of cancelling our obligations to you, we shall endeavor in our future life to be an honor to Glenwood and its teachers.

Though it may seem incongruous to change our figure from the tramp to the builder, a valedictorian can hardly do justice to the occasion without an allusion to the class motto. Classmates, above us is lettered the one of our choice: "We build for eternity." In these school rooms, by text book and teacher we have been having our building tools placed in our hands. This day our apprenticeship is over. We must now put into practical use that which we have hitherto held but theoretically. The building material lies before us, waiting for our hand. Some of it seems smooth and flawless; much more is rough and imperfect. We must smooth and polish the latter before it will be fit to be placed

in our building. One stone, one beam at a time; slowly and carefully, must we lay our wall and build our structure. We must not let it deviate in the least from the perfect pattern. Year after year, laboriously, steadily, must we keep at our task. We can not do our work over; builders in this line have but one trial. This structure is ourselves—every deed, every thought has its effect on the building. Yet, classmates, we will not let this dishearten, though it should sober us. We have cause to be happy at our task, since "We build for eternity." As we separate to day to continue our building in different localities we feel that the friendship we bear each other will ever be a bright spot in our memory and though there may be moisture in the eye, the voice shall have a firm ring as we clasp hands at parting with a hearty, "God be with you till we meet again."

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Class Song.

G. S. HOBART.

Tune—Auld Lang Syne.

We're now about to say farewell,
And sing our parting lay.
We're now about to leave our school,
And go a different way.

Chorus.

Whatever then may be our lot
In all the days to come,
Dear Glenwood ne'er shall be forgot
In all the days to come.

How often have we ta'en our way
To famous Glenwood hall!
How many pleasant hours we've passed
Within this cheerful wall!

Chorus.

Whatever then may be our lot
In all the days to come,
Dear Glenwood ne'er shall be forgot
In all the days to come.

To those who made the hours so sweet,
To teachers kind and true,
Whose precepts we shall take through life,
We now must bid adieu.

Chorus.

Whatever then may be our lot
In all the days to come,
Our teachers ne'er shall be forgot
In all the days to come.

Our schoolmates, too, we now must leave,
And cut apart the link
That binds us to their hearts and lives.
Of them we'll ever think.

Chorus.

Whatever then may be our lot
In all the days to come,
Our schoolmates ne'er shall be forgot
In all the days to come.

We also with each other now,
Must shed the farewell tear.
The time has come for us to go,
The parting hour is near.

Chorus.

Whatever then may be our lot
In all the days to come,
Our school life ne'er shall be forgot
In all the days to come.

Dear teachers, friends and schoolmates kind,
In those bright realms afar,
We hope some day to meet you all
Where no more partings are.

Chorus.

Whatever then may be our lot
In all the days to come,
This hope shall never be forgot
In all the days to come.

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

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Our Commencement.

On Monday afternoon quite a number of our friends gathered on the lawn in front of the Institute to enjoy the class day exercises which were held on the front porch.

Miss Nellie Whitlock, the president of the class, conducted the exercises. Chas. Gehlhaus, the class historian, gave the history of the class since it commenced school at Glenwood. Elmer Geran delivered an oration and George Hobart, the class poet, read a poem on the class flower and the class poem. Henry Geran delivered an essay on "Education; How much is needed," and the exercises were concluded by the class prophecy by Fred Schock. Miss Nemie Van Mater of last year's class favored the audience with a piano solo.

On Monday night the Declamation Contest was held in our Hall. Contestants were George Kreamer, Vannieta Whitlock, Frank Burnett, Nellie L. Schanck, Maytie Simpson, L. Reese Alexander and Nellie T. Halsey.

The speaking was such as displayed the thoroughness of their training and which did them as well as their teachers much credit.

The judges were Mr. J. D. Bills of Morganville, Mr. W. Percy of Toronto, and Mr. R. Ogden of Keyport. The first prize a gold medal, was awarded to Reese Alexander, the second, a silver medal, was taken by Miss Nellie L. Schenck of Holmdel. Honorable mention was made of Frank Burnett and Maytie Simpson.

The friends of Glenwood, who visited us Tuesday, were doubtless pleased with the merits of those, who used their time and patience in preparing the program and of those who carried it through.

Tuesday afternoon at little before three o'clock the art room was visited, and many beautiful pictures were presented to the visitors.

At three as you look down the gymnasium stairs, you witness with others, the exercises given by the Physical Culture class. They were carried through so well that any one "with half an eye" could see that those exercises meant well-spent time by the teacher in drilling the class. Miss Clark believes thoroughly in Physical Culture and she surprises her students with this belief.

Next we find ourselves at 8 o'clock in the "Hall of Learning," and might view that stage with many thoughts of the past, but our thoughts are on the present, and we hear the harmony of vibrating strings, as fingers after fingers owned by more than one individual, chase themselves over the piano keys.

Two well spoken recitations are delivered and they are well delivered, too, also those given later in the program, giving well earned honors to our little people in the school who ought never to begrudge the well spent time they have consumed this winter.

We ask the audience to judge of the well trained and sweet voice which came from Miss Foley, and we are sure they will all express the excellence of her singing.

Miss Neal now feels her responsibility removed, for the evenings program went off with smoothness, and it gives credit to the one whose patience permitted them to carry out such a musical entertainment. The duo of pianos, and especially when three and four brought out the harmony from the two pianos, displayed the skill of the teacher in training them. The mixed chorus also was pleasing to the audience.

Prizes.

The Glenwood Scholarship Prize to be divided between Maytie Simpson and Emily Warne.

The Hon. H. S. Little Prize in English Composition, George S. Hobart.

Declamation Prize: Gold medal, L. Reese Alexander; Silver medal, Nellie L. Schenck.

Honorable mention, Frank W. Burnett, Maytie Simpson.

Primary Scholarship Prize, Amzi C. McLean.

Honor Roll.

GENERAL EXCELLENCE.

George S. Hobart.
Frank W. Burnett.
Frank Manning.
L. Reese Alexander.
Lila Arrowsmith.
Nellie Harris.
Maytie Simpson.
Emily Warne.
Charles Goldthwaite.
George Kreamer.
Amzi Chapin McLean.

SPECIAL EXCELLENCE.

John Van Mater—English History
Will Osborne—English History, Composition.
Theron Dedle—German, Composition.
Alice Cartan—Algebra, Arithmetic.
Virginia Clark—Algebra, Arithmetic.
Benjamin Gutman—Physiology, German.
Vannieta Whitlock—Algebra, Arithmetic.
Reese Alexander—Music.
Peenie Howard—Grammar.
Nellie Schenck—Grammar, German.
Daisy Antisell—Music.
Rose Antisell—Geography, Grammar.
Mabel Clark—Grammar.

Wanted. A fair umpire. We will pay a large sum for same. Any one who can furnish us with this rare article will receive the hearty thanks of the Glenwood baseball club.

Miscellaneous.

Kreamer has been wearing a beautiful patch just over his right eye the last few days, as the result of a collision between the ball and the wire of his mask on the afternoon of May 30. The accident occurred in the early part of the 1st game, but our gallant catcher pluckily finished not only that game but the next one also.

It would take too long to mention by name all the girls who tried to give the Rutgers boys a pleasant time Decoration Day. They seemed to succeed in their efforts.

We learn from the "Yale News" that our friend, Wendall Strong, of the class of '93, formerly a Glenwood student, is appointed to give a philosophical oration at Yale.

Lately seats under the trees in the front yard seem to be a favorite resort for many of the scholars.

"Are there any kind of potatoes that won't sprout?"

"Yes. Speckled 'taters" (spectators.)

A short time ago, Reese, contrary to command, opened the register in the commercial room. The teacher threatened, as a punishment, to put him in it, when Elmer remarked, "He'd be registered for sure then."

Stray note. To our friend Kreamer. With these bows on your nose, you will surely win the next baseball game. Hoping you will accept these as a token of friendship, we remain your two school mates, Nellie and Jennie.

We are sorry to say that in spite of the green bows victory did not perch on Glenwood's banner.

After much changing of winds and showers of disappointments, added to by the sudden squall, which came up Saturday, the sailing party who left Glenwood, succeeded in getting their much enjoyed sail when they found themselves "Bounding over the billows" of Raritan Bay with a stiff easterly breeze, the master of two reefs. If the party had had more time they would have sailed to the Highlands, but wind and tide were against them. After two hours spent in dashing through the waves, which sent their spray the length of the deck and over the shawls, gossamers and coats used for protection to the party, the pleasure seekers "Gave in" to King storm, and retreated to Keyport. Not one would have missed the fun of that day. All are anxious to try it again with as good success.

A certain young man has become so elated by the sudden attention of a young lady in town, that, not only are his evenings all full, but he thinks of remaining here several days after school closes. We would suppose by his tale that Bellport was full of young ladies, but results show that they are not to be compared to the young ladies of Matawan.

We welcomed, on Saturday, the appearance of John Osborne and Annie Fordham, who will stay with us until after commencement.

Those who, as old acquaintances, visit Glenwood this year, are struck with the improved appearance of the grounds. The fence has been removed and our front is looking quite lawn-like.

'92 Class Prophecy.

FRED. F. SCHOCK.

It was a spring evening about the first of May, when the chills of a long winter had subsided, and a soft refreshing wind was stealing its way across the fields and meadows, to fan the face of Nature, which was praising the sun for sending down its warmth upon the earth. Tender shoots and leaves were bursting forth, and filling the atmosphere with fragrance.

At such an hour I strolled from the school to help nature rejoice. The fields of grass looked like large sheets of velvet spread upon the earth, the trees, the streams, everything, was proclaiming its appreciation of welcome spring. At length I arrived at a grassy bank where I sat down and listened to the musical notes all around me. Insects, birds and water were all keeping time in the soft music. Fully appreciating the harmony I lay down at full length on the mossy bed, closed my eyes, and was soon in a drowsy condition, the sounds about me seeming to be farther away, in the distance. The birds had ceased their song when I aroused myself.

The tide water of the creek was at a stand; the new moon had already made its appearance; suddenly I remembered a saying that if one should look into tide-water when it was at a stand, when the new moon first rose into view, future things would be unfolded in its mirror; so the opportunity was grasped and behold, what a vision I saw. There were all my classmates with myself among them. I saw into the future a score of years, and realized what changes twenty years can bring.

The vision was clear; at the extreme right of the group Lieut. Geran is seen. He is in possession of considerable fortune, which has not come to him suddenly, but which he has amassed by shrewd business methods and steady life. He lives in a large mansion on Fifth Avenue in New York. He has also been successful in love, and succeeded in winning one, Violet, from a Sergt. of Glenwood, and together they live a life of continual happiness. He has a son, a very "chip of the old block," who now attends school at the Institute, and plays football with as much vim as his father did twenty years ago.

Next is seen Corporal Hobart, our Valedictorian of '92. He seems to have had a very active and successful career. After leaving Glenwood he attended College, after which he practiced at his chosen profession of law, rapidly rising in ability and influence till he was called into political life, in which he was equal-

ly successful. From Congressman he rose to be Secretary of State, where he is directing the administration after the pattern of his youthful admiration, James G. Blaine.

Strange his aspirations in the direction of a certain fair maiden of the '91 class were not as quickly realized. It was known that he had been disappointed in love, but those who knew his determined nature in everything else are not surprised to learn that he is at last to be rewarded. Rumor has it that there is to be a grand wedding, and the stately couple in middle life look almost youthful again.

A pleasing view meets my eyes when I look again; Charles Gehlhaus, who, after leaving the Institute, attended Harvard studying medicine, and carrying all the honors of his class, shows the same good disposition as of old. He has become famous in his practice, and has a most happy family living in comfort and content. He has taught his children to use the musical talent inherited from him, and as he made the halls of Glenwood ring with melody, so now his home is a charming centre of music.

Then another familiar picture meets my eyes. This is certainly gentle Nellie, who was the only girl member in the class. After leaving the Institute she spent years in taking a vacation. Then she secured a situation as a school teacher, where she acquired fame in several branches. As a public lecturer on "Woman's Rights" she is unexcelled. She has remained a beautiful specimen of maidenhood, believing in the epitaph of Queen Elizabeth, "Here lies one, who lived and died a maiden Queen.

And now my attention is brought to bear upon Capt. Geran, our Salutatorian of '92. After leaving the Institute he also attended college, and was admitted to the bar, where he became very successful in his profession. He continued an interest in his father's business and has become very wealthy, and he and Mary, of last year's class, live happily through life's changing scenes, receiving and entertaining the hosts of friends they both have.

A cloud here passed over the fair new moon, and I could see no more, though I watched a long time to learn something of the last member of the class—its prophet.

Finally I turned away with a feeling of hope, that his prospects might be as bright as those of his classmates, and that the mystery was as interesting as the revelations had been.

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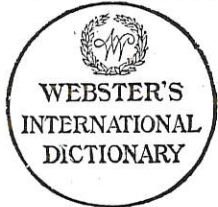
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