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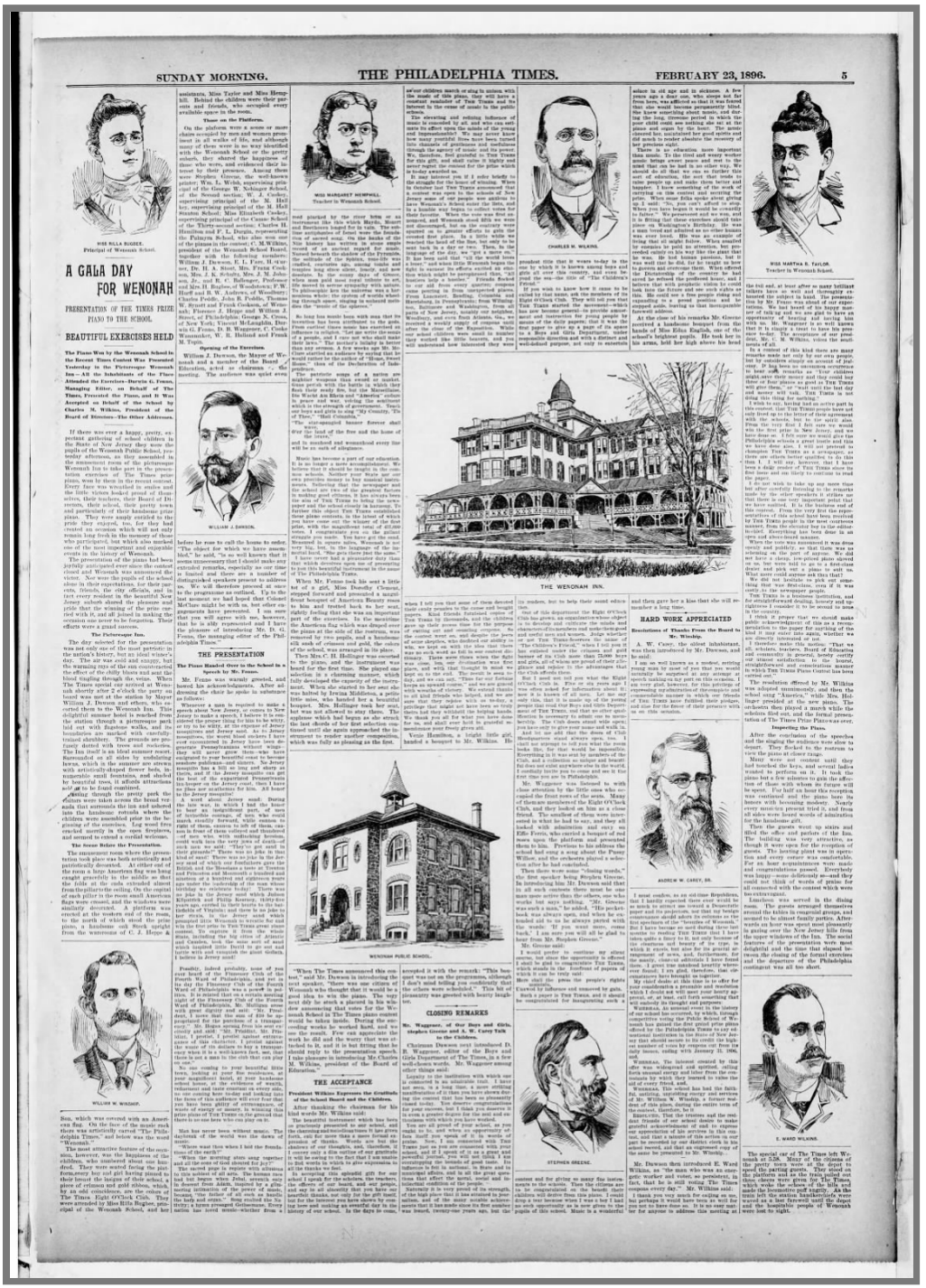

SUNDAY MORNING. THE PHILADELPHIA TIMES. FEBRUARY 23, 1896. 5

MISS BELLA BUGBEE, Principal of Wenonah School.

A GALA DAY FOR WENONAH

PRESENTATION OF THE TIMES PRIZE PIANO TO THE SCHOOL.

BEAUTIFUL EXERCISES HELD

The Piano Won by the Wenonah School in the Recent Times Contest Was Presented Yesterday in the Picturesque Wenonah Inn—All the Inhabitants of the Place Attended the Exercises—Dorsie G. Fouse, Managing Editor, on Behalf of The Times, Presented the Piano, and It Was Accepted on Behalf of the School by Charles M. Wilkins, President of the Board of Directors—The Other Addresses.

If there was ever a happy, gushy, expectant gathering of school children in the State of New Jersey they were the pupils of the Wenonah Public School, yesterday afternoon, as they assembled in the amusement room of the picturesque Wenonah Inn to take part in the presentation exercises of The Times prize piano, won by them in the recent contest. Every face was wreathed in smiles and the little visitors looked proud of themselves, their teachers, their Board of Directors, their school, their pretty town and, above all, of their handsome prize piano. They were amply entitled to the pride they showed, for it was a day created on occasion which will not only remain long fresh in the memory of those who participated, but which also marked one of the most important and enjoyable events in the history of Wenonah.

The presentation of the piano had been joyfully anticipated ever since the contest closed and Wenonah was announced the victor. Now was the pupils of the school about in their expectations, for their parents, friends, the city officials, and in fact every resident in the beautiful New Jersey suburb shared the pleasure and pride that the winning of the prize carried with it, and all joined in making the occasion one never to be forgotten. Their efforts were a grand success.

The Picturesque Inn.

The day selected for the presentation was not only one of the most patriotic in the nation's history, but an ideal winter's day. The air was cold and snappy, but the warming rays of the sun counteracted the effect of the chilly blasts and sent the blood tingling through the veins. When The Times special car arrived at Wenonah shortly after 2 o'clock the party on board was met at the station by Mayor William J. Dawson and others, who escorted them to the Wenonah Inn. This delightful summer hotel is reached from the station through a picturesque park laid out with flagstone walks, and the boundaries are marked with carefully-trained shrubbery. The grounds are profusely dotted with trees and rockeries. The Inn itself is an ideal summer resort. Surrounded on all sides by undulating lawns, which are ornamented with well-artistically-shaped flower beds, in ornamental small fountains, and shaded by beautiful trees, it affords attractions not to be found combined.

Rising through the pretty park the visitors were taken across the broad verandah that surrounds the inn and ushered into the handsome rotunda where the children were assembled prior to the beginning of the exercises. Log wood fires crackled merrily in the open fireplaces, and seemed to extend a cordial welcome.

The Scene Before the Presentation.

The amusement room where the presentation took place was both artistically and patriotically decorated. At either end of the room a large American flag was hung from the ceiling, and from the centre of the folds at the ends extended silver ribbons to the ceiling. On the capital of each pillar in the room small American flags were crossed, and the windows were similarly decorated. A platform was erected at the western end of the room, to the north of which stood the prize piano, a handsome oak Stock upright from the warerooms of C. J. Heppe & Son, which was covered with an American flag. On the face of the music rack was handsomely carved "The Prize of the Times," and below was the word "Wenonah."

The most attractive feature of the occasion, however, was the happiness of the children, who mustered about one hundred. They were seated facing the platform, every boy and girl having pinned to their breast the insignia of their school, a piece of crimson and gold ribbon, which by an odd coincidence, are the colors of The Times Eight O'Clock Club. They were attended by Miss Ella Bugbee, principal of the Wenonah School, and her assistants, Miss Taylor and Miss Hemphill. Behind the children were their parents and friends, who occupied every available space in the room.

Those on the Platform.

On the platform were a score or more chairs occupied by men and women prominent in all walks of life, and although many of them were in no way identified with the Wenonah School or the pretty suburb, they shared the happiness of those who were, and evidenced their interest by their presence. Among them were Stephen Greene, the well-known printer; Wm. L. Welsh, supervising principal of the George W. Nebinger School, of the Southwark section; Wm. Hunter, supervising principal of the M. Hall Stanton School; Miss Elizabeth Cooker, supervising principal of the Cramp School of the Thirty-second section; Charles H. Hamilton and F. L. Durgin, representing the Palmyra School, who also won one of the pianos in the contest; C. M. Wilkins, president of the Wenonah School Board, together with the following members: William J. Dawson, E. L. Fuss, H. Wagner, Dr. H. A. Stout, Mrs. Frank Cookson, Mrs. J. L. Schultz, Mrs. J. M. Johnson, Jr., and R. C. Ballenger, Professor and Mrs. H. Hughes of Woodstown; W. W. Hurff and B. W. Andrews, of Woodbury; Charles Fouse, John R. Peddle, Thomas W. Wright and Frank Cookson, of Wenonah; Florence J. Heppe and William J. Bisset, of Philadelphia; George X. Cross, of New York; Vincent McLaughlin, Darby; Wm. G. Fouse, D. B. Waggoner, C. Cooke and Commander, W. B. Holland and Frank M. Topin.

Opening of the Exercises.

William J. Dawson, the Mayor of Wenonah and a member of the Board of Education, acted as chairman of the meeting. The audience was quiet even

WILLIAM J. DAWSON.

before he rose to call the house to order. "The object for which we have assembled," he said, "is so well known that it seems unnecessary that I should make any extended remarks, especially as our time is limited and there are a number of distinguished speakers present to address us. We will therefore proceed at once to the programme as outlined. Up to the last moment we had hoped that Colonel McClure might be with us, but other engagements have prevented. I am sure that you will agree with me, however, that he is ably represented and I have the pleasure of introducing Mr. D. G. Fouse, the managing editor of the Philadelphia Times."

THE PRESENTATION

The Piano Handed Over to the School in a Speech by Mr. Fouse.

Mr. Fouse was warmly greeted, and bowed his acknowledgments. After addressing the chair he continued, I believe I am addressing the proper thing for him to be witty, but I am not. I am not a humorist, and consequently I am not. As to the mosquitoes, the worst blood suckers I have ever encountered in New Jersey have been degenerate Pennsylvanians without wings—and I am glad to see that they have not emigrated to your beautiful town to become permanent pollitans—and sinners. No Jersey mosquito has a bill so long and sharp as theirs, and if the Jersey mosquito can get the best of the exported Pennsylvania mosquito on the Jersey coast, then I have no fear for the success of Mr. Jo. Ad Sharp in the Jersey mosquito line.

A word about Jersey sand. During the late war, in which I had the honor to bear an insignificant part, of men marched forward, while others marched backward, while cannon to right of them, cannon to left of them, cannon in front of them volleyed and thundered—of men who, with unflinching heroism, could walk into the very jaws of death—of whom it was said: "They've got sand in their craws"—of men who were full of that kind of sand! There was no joke in the Jersey sand of which our forefathers gave the British and the Hessians a taste at Trenton and Princeton and Monmouth a hundred and twenty years ago, and which our forefathers again tasted to the undoing of the rum power a birthday we celebrate today! There was no joke in the Jersey sand which Johnny Kilpatrick and Phillip Sheridan, thirty-five years ago, carried in their hearts to the battlefields of Virginia; and there is no joke in the Jersey sand which our boys in blue have scooped into Wenonah to scatter far and wide with the first prize in Tom Times great piano contest. To express it from the whole State, including the big cities of Atlantic City, Camden and Trenton, not one of which landed little Dutch to go out and battle with and vanquish the giant school I believe in Jersey sand!

Frankly, indeed probably, none of you ever heard of the Pioneer Club of the Ninth Ward of Philadelphia, but I am told by the Pioneer Club of the Fourth Ward of Philadelphia was a power in politics. It is related that on a certain evening eight of the Pioneers Club of the Fourth Ward got together and said: "By Jove, dear, I have sand for politics and such." "By Jove, dear, I have sand for politics and such." "By Jove, dear, I have sand for politics and such."