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THE SAND-SPUR.



—STICK TO IT.—

Vol. I.

Winter Park, Fla., December 20, 1894.

No. 1.

Henry Watterson on Holmes.

And it, too, has fallen—"the last leaf" on the stateliest tree that American soil has yet given to literature.

Leaf by leaf it has been stripped by the frosts of time within these few later years, as it lost Bryant and Longfellow, Emerson and Lowell, then Whittier, and now "the last leaf" of all, Oliver Wendell Holmes, slips from the stem to the tide below and drifts to the "peaceful sea."

Truly henceforth will one of the purest notes be absent from the world's song; will one of the sweetest spirits walk no more the haunts of men.

Old in years, immortal in youth; as simple as a child, as wise as a patriarch, he left us not so much the legacy of his own name as of our own love for him.

For we love Holmes: we do not criticise. Who cares where on the dusty shelves of the world's literature critics may assign his volumes? Their cheerfulness is at our hearth-sides, where warmth is in our hearts. With a humor as bright and as genial as the September sunshine; with a wit as sparkling, yet as hurtless, as the dew that flashes in its beams; with a knowledge as varied and rich as the wide and ripened fields that stretch beneath its rays; with a sympathy as broad as the human life that pulses beneath its sway, he shines upon us from the printed page, and we glow with good cheer for ourselves, good will for our fellows and a personal affection for him. There is never an impulse to seize the Spencerian scalpel and dissect him, analyze him, classify and label him to his component parts, in his perfections and defects. What care we if our autocrat be not entitled to the label "great" as the critics use that word, be classified as a "minor poet," or merely as

"the genial autocrat?" We know that he was a charming, sunny, big-hearted, delicate-minded man, and that he had the power to make us see him as he was, and to show the world through his happy spectacles.

And yet to the confirmed or professional literary anatomist he is a most satisfactory "subject." Where is there a simpler, more lucid style than that which perpetuates his mellow wisdom and his limpid humor in his prose, and where a defter mastery of the art of versification than in his poetry, whether in his most unpretentious and most appealing songs, such as "The Voiceless," in his imaginative lyrics like "The Nautilus," or his touching and homely ballads like "Bill and Joe?" And when, finally, was ever man and poet so combined who could, like him, lift the rhyming for "special occasions" into the realms of genuine poetry?

What matters it that he never wrote an epic? He wrote a song. What matters it if he had never written anything but "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table? His name would live as long as light and warmth shall be sufficient to perpetuate life.—*From the Louisville Courier-Journal.*

Some Old Grecian Wit.

There is little humor in the Greek classics. Homer has only one or two passages that even provoke a smile. As in one place Jupiter gave a great feast to the Gods and during it a little unpleasantness arose between himself and his wife Juno. The Gods were afraid they would lose the good feast and tried to bring about a more kindly feeling. Vulcan at last made them laugh by bustling through the halls acting as cup bearer and everything after that was merry.

In some old books are found these jests ascribed to Hierocles, a philosopher and wit who flourished at Alexandria in the fifth century of our era. The Greek word for "scholar" can be translated also "simpleton." This fact gives us some suggestion as to the character of learned people in those days. Probably in this case those pretending to be learned are referred to.

The first one is: "A scholar wishing to know whether sleep was becoming to him, after shutting his eyes, looked into the mirror."

Looking on down the page is this: "A scholar while trying to swim nearly drowned. He declared he would not go near the water again till he learned to swim."

These both remind one of some of our own jokes, tho' they were written so long ago.

Hierocles seems to have had a great contempt for scholars or rather for their lack of common sense, and he thinks they know nothing about practical things.

This is shown by another, "A scholar having a house to sell, carried about with him a brick from it as a sample."

Another act is attributed to a scholar which surely must have proved fatal to the poor man, "A scholar being shipwrecked in a storm, and those sailing with him having seized pieces of furniture and boards, took hold of an anchor."

In ridiculing learning he says, "A scholar reading that the raven lives three hundred years, went to the market and bought one and fed it as a trial."

There was another scholar who was acquainted with twin brothers, one of whom died. The scholar meeting the living brother said: "Did you die or your brother?"

A friend wrote to a scholar who lived in Greece asking him to buy certain books for him. The scholar neglected the request and after a time answered saying, "I did not receive the letter which you wrote to me concerning those books."

This wit has a style peculiar to itself. It is what we would call very dry. The point is somewhat remote and covered up. There is a certain quaintness and sympathy about it

which is rather pleasing. But one can't help feeling that the sprightliness of the Greek mind should have produced something better than these witticisms. Perhaps tho', their best have not been handed down to us.

R. C. F.

The ocean bark for which no breezes blow
Is not more safe because the waters flow
In languid ripples at the prow; nor yet
When tropic suns, unclouded, rise and set
For many days upon the drooping sail.
Ay, better far the freshly blowing gale,
Though waves were lashed to fury at its breath,
And better far some danger, than the death
Of mariners becalmed.

Even so the life
Whose rippling sea has neither storms nor strife,
Whose sky has neither cloud nor breath of ill,
Is not more blest in lying dead or still
Afar on sunny waters. Ports are gained
By bending sails and timbers stoutly strained;
And human life—a ship before the wind—
Is safest when the sky is wisely kind.

A. A. C.

From Life.

The days of witches are past and gone; we have ceased to blame, for the mishaps of daily life, the evil eye or harmful wish of an enemy; we read with shivers of horror of the dreadful deeds done in the days of Cotton Mather. But even yet in many unenlightened communities the potency of charms and amulets is acknowledged. And in the realm of childhood, many a belief still lingers which would shock even those who know children best.

I think the story of the witch of Endor must have taken a strong hold on my mind, when a child, and from that and my crude understanding of some parts of Shakespeare's plays came my conception of Doctress Cordon. Witches there must be, since both the Bible and Shakespeare mentioned them; and she, the most mysterious person of my rather limited acquaintance, must be one.

I firmly believed that she was quite capable of mounting a broomstick at midnight, with her great, fiery-eyed, black cat clinging behind her, and riding off through the air to a rendezvous with his wicked highness. Bold

as were my flights of fancy, I never dared depict the meeting; to the entrance of the dark, fearful forest I followed them but no further.

It was not strange that we children felt her atmosphere to be one of mystery. Her whole appearance was most singular, she was so very tall, and so very lank; and she always wore an enormous hoop, and a great black shawl, folded cornerwise so that it touched the ground in the back. From her folded hands hung a black sachel, the badge of her profession. I thought she never wore anything but black, until once we met her on her way from mass, attired in the gayest colors, with diamond ornaments, the black shawl replaced by a huge one of white lace. The contrast between her holiday and week day dress added no little to my wonder. I furtively hunted over my mother's old fashion-plates, but could find nothing to which either bore any resemblance.

Her house imitated her personal eccentricities. It was peculiarly situated in the center of a square otherwise unoccupied—a queer tumbledown place they say. I never saw it, for all around it grew Norway spruces with branches wide spreading at the roots, forming an effectual barrier against neighborly inquisitiveness or prying childish eyes. I well remember my rage when, hearing that the trees were dying; I toiled all the way to the house to peep in, only to find a row of cherry trees still guarding her secret. Of course she had a right to plant her trees as she liked, but why should she make a screen of them if she had nothing to hide? And my old belief was strengthened.

My interest cooled however, for a while, until one night her house burned down. Such stories as we heard of the riches in that poor place! Gold, silver and jewels, dresses of velvet and of silk, with treasures of old laces, all of which she begged to have taken out before the library, which one would have supposed to be a country doctor's most valued possession.

She removed her household gods to a distant part of the village, and for a long while only chance stories fed the flame of my imagination. The first was that her new home was

built under the direction of the spirit of her great grandmother, who wished it to be triangular in shape. The stairways were to be in threes, and from garret to cellar, any room that should be four-cornered was cursed with a dreadful curse. I had not heard much of spiritualism and mediums in those days and I wisely shook my head when my friends told me the tale, thinking to myself that I had known all along that she was in league with his Satanic Majesty.

Then came stories of pale faces seen at her windows, of strange lights that flickered about the garden, of dark forms entering and leaving her door always at dusk or at the dead of night; no one ever saw anything in daytime.

All this time I scarcely had seen her face. She had a way of slipping out of dark corners and encountering us in the most unexpected places; to say the least, it was not calculated to inspire confidence, and we always shrank back when we met her, and never saw the smile with which, as I have since been told, she always greeted children.

When I was really old enough to have outgrown such fancies, we, too, moved into another neighborhood and again I found myself within a few blocks of Doctress Cordon. I confess that my old dread still hangs to me, and it was not lessened by the fact that her long absent husband had returned to her. "Old Aaron," they called him, and a frightful object he was—red, stiff beard, leering eyes, and a bent, twisted figure, still showing great strength. I have known many a child frightened into subjection by the mere sound of his name.

Yet, this strangely assorted couple loved each other, in a way as eccentric as their characters, but truly, nevertheless. We all knew the circumstances of their long courtship, of their final marriage, of the gradual development of the disease that made him at times an object to be feared, and caused her to feel herself noticed and talked of wherever she went. No wonder she shrank into corners, and shrouded herself in black.

He had been under the care of specialists,

but finding him incurable, she brought him home and tried to watch over him herself. He was subject to fearful epileptic seizures, and after them often wandered miles away, living no one knew how. In summer, roots and berries and farmer's cornfields, too, may have supplied his larder. He has been found in poultry yards, and there are those who claim that many a fat fowl unexpectedly found its way into the market, through his agency.

"Old Aaron" died last year; Mistress Cordon told no one of his illness or of his death until she, herself, had made him ready for his last resting place, that seemed too cramped for one who had so often slept under the open sky. Telling the neighbors of her wishes about the services to be held, she went to her patients as usual.

She must miss him—the only creature who ever loved her or had any claim upon her, but she does not show it, save in a little bowing of the once erect figure, a slight dimming of the bright eyes. Her manner toward the children she meets has not softened; she still frightens them by her sudden appearances. They may not feel as I did, but to me she will always recall the days of witchcraft.

F. H. C.

A Real Ghost.

"Certainly I believe in ghosts. Why? From experience, and if you care to hear the story, I'll tell you."

In the spring of 1879 I was loafing around San Francisco, my health not allowing me to be in my usual business. I had a very intimate friend who was owner and captain of a large sailing vessel, the *St. John*, and who made San Francisco his headquarters. He had just bought the vessel and was getting ready to make his first trip. He had great difficulty in getting a crew, as the ship was said to be haunted.

The tradition was that a few years before, the captain had been murdered by his crew. They had severed his head from his body and thrown both overboard at the bow of the boat.

Now, at certain intervals, the head dripping with blood would come up over the railing and some disaster was sure to follow sooner or later.

As time hung heavy on my hands, Captain Montrose, that was my friend's name, asked me to accompany him on this trip; I of course, accepted his kind invitation and we set sail on the 17th of April. We had been out only a few days when the crew commenced bringing ghostly tales to the captain. They reported having seen this bloody head, but Captain Montrose paid little heed to them, as he supposed what they had seen was due to their imagination. But day after day they came with the same story, saying that the apparition appeared at exactly eight bells. At last the captain decided to look into the matter and see what it really was that so frightened his men. One Thursday night, instead of turning in at the usual hour, we sat on deck and smoked. Taking our steamer chairs and placing them near the bow, we made ourselves as cozy as possible. It was a dark night, cold and clear, and the sky was littered with stars. A slight breeze was blowing, which made the water ripple just enough to show the phosphorescence and as far as we could see it was a shimmering mass of light. Suddenly it began to grow dark and a queer, indescribable sensation crept over me. Just then it struck eight bells. I felt my eyes drawn to the side of the boat and there, slowly advancing over the railing, was an apparition such as I hope never to see again; a human head, which seemed to float in the air. The hair was matted and disheveled, the eyes glaring, the mouth wide open, showing two hideous rows of teeth, the face made more ghastly by three long scars, and a big gash on the forehead, and from the neck blood was dripping. When the head had advanced some distance from the railing it stopped and seemed slowly to rise. Suddenly all were startled by an unearthly noise, the remembrance of which will never leave me. It seemed as if all the sounds possible to the human voice were mingled in this one utterance. One man, frightened almost out of his senses by this screech rushed to-

wards the ghost, if such it was, and made as if to clutch it, but lo! it was not there. As the man had advanced the head had retreated and he, still more frightened, retreated in turn, and the head again advanced. This was repeated several times; finally, with a little bobbing motion the apparition disappeared entirely, leaving a terror stricken crowd on deck. For a time we simply stared at one another. Then I felt my muscles relax and I got up, stretched myself, yawned and said "Captain, let's go to bed!" We turned in without further words, but for me there was no sleep that night.

The men predicted that something dreadful would happen and said that the scream of the ghost was a warning to us. By this time we were so wrought up that we expected anything, and prepared ourselves for the worst, and we were not disappointed. It came, and soon too. That night a lamp in the fore-castle exploded and before we knew that anything had happened the fire was beyond control. Several of the crew were burned to death, some were drowned, a few got off in the life boats but were never afterwards heard from. The captain, second-mate and myself, after drifting around on a burnt spar for four days, were taken up almost dead by a passing schooner.

This was my first and only experience with ghosts, but it served to make me a firm believer in visitors from the spirit world.

M. G. W.

A Plea for Mistakes.

What would become of the excitement loving people of this nineteenth century if there should suddenly be a lack in the supply of originality? What if it were the accepted opinion among men that youth should cease to carry out its own peculiar ideas, should become most obliging and quite willing to profit by the wisdom of its elders?

In such a case the chronicle of the life of one generation would describe the life of the next; in minor details, it might change a little, but only in process of years. There would be a complete cessation of activity; what is known

as the era of progress would be a thing of the past.

It is hoped that we will follow the council of those who have seen more of life than we, and who have wider knowledge and experience. They would mark out a way for us to follow which they themselves have beaten and made smooth and pleasant, and which if we should tread would lead us, so think they, to happiness and all things good. It may be that they are right, but as no one ever has taken the trouble to traverse the entire length of one of these paths, we remain in ignorance of the reward of so doing. Probably it would save us from much that is harmful, but would we be our real selves? Would we not rather be a more or less perfect reflection if we did exactly as some one else wished?

It cannot be denied that we sometimes show very poor judgment in choosing our various ways; but there is a fascination in trying to do what some one else has failed to do, or in endeavoring to touch the last point inside the safety line. Further and further one goes in spite of cautions, and soon the warner watches from afar the heedless one, who goes rapidly on looking anywhere but ahead. Finally there comes a crash and the poor victim, slowly gathering up his scattered wits, then and only then becomes conscious of a haunting suspicion that though he may be wise, others are wiser.

Yet in his reckless course he has viewed many a scene no description of which would be adequate; he has passed through many an experience which though half painful is yet half satisfactory. Still such a course is not a safe one; only when it ends happily does the world justify us in following wholly our own inclinations; far oftener the voyage ends in sorrow and we are condemned.

It is natural for each to try to make a way for himself; originality is an unborn necessity. Perhaps the world might be better if it were not, since in blindly following the promptings of self, we are apt to blunder, but, after all, it gets on very well as it is. And considering the fascination of experimenting,

the attractiveness of venturing on unknown paths, can we not be forgiven for sometimes making mistakes?

H. M. I. N.

The Colored Chicken Trust.

The negro has been the chicken's mortal enemy from the earliest times. The reason the Egyptians hatched their chickens by artificial heat is no doubt owing to the proximity of the native African negroes, which rendered it impossible for one of Pharaoh's subject to keep a hen on her nest long enough to hatch a brood. To-day, in any community where there is a large colored population, this species of fowl would become extinct if it were not for the incubator. The African of this century, when offering a sacrifice to his god, scorns a goat or a sheep, or even a missionary and picks out a good fat pullet every time.

In this southern clime have we ever stopped to think why this feathered animal is so seldom placed on our otherwise bountifully supplied tables? Alas! The hennery is always empty owing to the number of negroes in this vicinity. Keeping chickens in any town where there are negroes is always a losing business. The southerner leaves the whole chicken industry in the hands of his neighbor—the colored gentleman.

A chicken costs a negro nothing except the trouble of a brief midnight raid on the whiteman's roosts and on this account he can afford to sell them at a very low price. It was owing to the extremely low price of chickens in Romeo-Athenius, a town in southern Georgia, that led to the formation of a Colored Chicken Trust. The town had a population of 2,723 colored and 401 whites, but the prevailing price of chickens, when sold by one of the former to one of the latter race was only eleven cents apiece.

The town, that is the colored portion, boasted of two religious organizations, one of the Baptist and one of the Methodist variety, and there was also a justice of the peace. The Rev. Mr. Hannibal, seeing the depressed financial condition of his brethren, called a meeting of the other reverend gentleman, the

Rev. Julius Cicero and Esquire Alexander Washington. The Rev. Mr. Hannibal, after appointing himself chairman of the committee, pictured to his companions the depressed condition of the chicken trade and suggested the formation of a trust to protect the interests of the people, and that the management of the whole affair should be placed in the hands of himself and two companions. The two declared it an excellent plan and on the following Sunday the Rev. Mr. Hannibal and the Rev. Mr. Julius Cicero preached eloquent sermons on the necessity of immediately forming a chicken trust. Their congregations received the proposal with enthusiasm. Every colored man in town joined the organization without delay, putting entire confidence in their three brethren.

The trust was worked on this basis: chickens were to be sold at an established price and the dividends of the combine to be distributed among the members in proportion to the number of fowls possessed upon entering the company.

The price of chickens rose at once from eleven to twenty-five cents. The colored population took a week's holiday and several jollification meetings were held. Dances were given by the colored "Four Hundred" and the big six cornet band never stopped playing for three days. Visions of wealth floated before their eyes and everyone thought himself on the high road to prosperity. All united in saying that the Rev. Mr. Hannibal was the ablest financier in the county and his name became known far and wide as the deliverer of his race.

As the company was worked on the basis of the number of chickens owned on entering the trust, chicken stealing became obsolete in Romeo-Athenius. On the night before the trust was formed, it is true, every darkey wished to augment his number of chickens, but as he had to sit up all night watching his own coop with gun in hand and as every negro in town sat thus guarding his own chickens, not a single hen changed hands. With success were the affairs of the trust conducted,

but on the Sunday, two weeks after the eloquent sermons appealed to the hearts of the colored people, on the very day before the first dividend was to be declared, when hearts were beating with joy, there were two vacant pulpits, a justice's office closed—unusual for the Sabbath—and an outraged community of people.

The last heard of the Colored Chicken Trust the Rev. Mr. Hannibal, the Rev. Mr. Julius Cicero and Alexander Washington, Esq., were making tracks for an unknown land, winding up the accounts of the trust with a game of poker on the front seat in the smoker of a fast flying express. R. O. P.

Recollections of the Early Days of Rollins College.

We were talking about them, Huckleberry and I, as we had done so many, many times, recalling the old days and those early experiences which will always be precious memories to us, when one of the editors who had happened in, as even those august personages sometimes will, brought us down from the clouds by the practical, and to us almost irreverent suggestion, "Why not write about them for the SAND-SPUR?"

We had not thought to see those sacred urns profaned by any devil, not even a printer's, or their ashes again take form, and stare at us from the pages of a newspaper as "Recollections of the early days of Rollins College." But the power of the press is irresistible. It was a happy circumstance that our Bantam should be conceived in Winter Park, even if the egg was laid in Orange City, and the incubation was so peripatetic that Mt. Dora, Winter Park and Orange City may each justly claim to have supplied even more than its share of the necessary heat, while the shell was actually broken at the latter place. Development was so rapid that when only twenty-four hours old the fledgeling returned in excellent voice, if somewhat deficient in tail feathers, to take up his permanent abode among us. All of which was on this wise. The idea of a col-

lege in Florida originated in Winter Park and a paper embodying the thought was prepared. This was read at the meeting of the Congregational Association of the State in Orange City. The association appointed a committee to take the matter up and see what could be done in the way of awakening interest, with the result that Mt. Dora, Winter Park and Orange City became eager contestants for the prize, each offering inducements in the way of land and money. The association visited the towns in the order named, the final vote determining the location, being taken at Orange City. The standard bearers of Winter Park had promised to telegraph the good news, if successful, at the earliest possible moment, in the hope that a reception might be held while some most deeply interested in the project were still with us. As the time for their departure had been fixed, not a moment must be lost. But those were the days of few railroads and fewer telegraph lines so that no word could be sent until Sanford was reached on the way home. When at last the message came, the church bell rang out the glad tidings to the waiting town. It seemed as if the electric button, as in the White City by the lake, set all in motion. Such hurrying and skurrying; such gathering of light wood for bonfires; such decorating of the little cottage with flowers and flags and lanterns for the reception; such beating of eggs and stirring of cake and squeezing of lemons; such racking of brains for speeches; such implorings of the muse for poems; such shaking of hands; such laughter and rejoicing surely never were seen or heard before. Words fail to express the delight, the ecstasy of that glad time.

It had been a hard fought fight and the day was ours. As the shadows deepened, the entire community moved by a common impulse, gravitated to the rendezvous. Imagine, if you can, the fascination of the scene. Great fires of fat pine lighted the boulevard with a weird beauty, while the Japanese lanterns among the oaks beckoned invitingly, welcoming all to the good fellowship which radiated from each door and window. The hours sped

away bearing their burden of thanksgiving for the past; joy in the present; hope in the future, till the fires burning low, God's starry tapers came to view and all felt that His light was after all the sweetest, and prayed that our college might ever walk in it.

Having caught breath and had a little time for reflection, the not unnatural question suggested itself, What are you going to do with your bird now you have captured him? Can it be that the rooster of yesterday has been metamorphosed into the white elephant of today? Perish the thought! With slightly chastened enthusiasm, however, a sort of communal inventory was taken, which disclosed the following available architectural assets: The six room unplastered cottage which stands to the east of the Seminole; the Larrabee house, so called, west of the South Florida railroad station and a vacant loft over what is now Mr. Maxson's store. Comparatively few streets were open, and this net work of magnificent sidewalks, the crowning glory of our later development, was not even dreamed of. We walked hand in hand, not to say foot by foot, with nature. It was felt that great stress might be laid, especially in the larger cities at the north, on the ample spacing of the buildings, the notable absence of unsanitary crowding. Other advantages will readily occur to the reader. These being pre-gymnasium days plenty of exercise in the open air was especially necessary, affording opportunity for "the balsamic fragrance of the pines" to accomplish its beneficent work. Botanical research would be stimulated by intimate personal contact, among other things, with the family from which you derive your name. Mathematics would become a great moral force, as finding the shortest distance between two points would so become second nature, as to imperceptibly incline the student to follow the straight and narrow way. Biology would become invested, shall we say infested, with a new charm.

Earth and air were instinct with life. The marvels of creation as revealed in insect life alone might well arouse an enthusiasm for research and investigation that would never fail.

Their pertinacity and untiring patience; their devotion to duty as they saw it; their mastery of the science of predatory warfare; their ambuscades by day and forays by night could not fail to arouse the most sluggish and indifferent scholar, especially where the individual became the chosen field of their operations. Enough has been said to demonstrate the excellence of the arrangement, the adaptability of the plan. The first year was marked by a devotion to duty, a self sacrificing consecration to the work by teachers and pupils, which augured well for the future.

That was a great day when Knowles Hall was dedicated, not the least inspiring feature of the occasion being the raising of nearly two thousand dollars to furnish the first cottage then nearing completion. And so the work went on; building followed building offering even better facilities and larger opportunity.

There have been many changes among the workers; some have gone to other fields, some are still with us in spirit though unable to longer bear the burdens, and some have been chosen by the Master for even higher service. But we are admonished that our allotted space is filled, while we have only touched the subject, leaving the ghosts of unrecorded memories to haunt us.

F. W. LYMAN.

Mystery of the Sink Hole.

During the summer of the third year of the Seminole war I had been to St. Augustine to visit my brother and was returning to Lake Tohopekaliga. The rainy season was nearly over and the roads were good. There was considerable danger in the journey but Jim, my travelling companion, and I did not mind that. We had been all over the northern part of the state together a few years before; I was a pack-peddler and he a country doctor. We had met about six years before in a small settlement in Southern Georgia and become friends immediately. We had a supply of ammunition; I had a combination of shot gun and rifle; Jim had several hand grenades, and both had good revolvers. I could not understand his

idea in carrying the hand-grenades, but he said he had brought them along for company.

We set out from St. Augustine on horse-back and went directly west to the St. Johns river, where we took a boat to Lake Monroe. The trip was uneventful and the scenery charming, but we were ill at ease as there were rumors of Indian outrages in the section through which we were to pass.

Leaving Lake Monroe we followed an old trail which ran along a chain of lakes and was the one used by the Indian traders. We hoped that the Indians would let us alone, trusting to their former friendship for me.

The first day we made but little progress and about noon had a lively skirmish with three or four Indians, whose attention we had attracted by exploding a bomb in the water, hoping to stun some of the fish for our next meal. We rode several miles and hid in a swamp for the night and early the next morning we set out again. After about a half hour's ride a band of the savages were seen coming up the trail. We hastily made for the swamp and remained in concealment the rest of the day. That night we inspected and put in order our fire-arms and prepared as best we could to defend ourselves or at least to sell our lives as dearly as possible, for we believed that, if we were caught, we would be tortured. When morning came we again proceeded on our journey. All went well till we reached a place between two lakes where our attention was drawn to a sound seeming to come from the ground but which we thought must be caused by Indians; we found afterwards that this place was only about four miles from Osceola's camping ground.

We retreated to a position behind a group of pines where we remained for some time, but seeing nothing, we ventured out when we saw about a dozen Indians, hideously painted, coming up the path. They were riding along, carelessly following our trail; Jim whispered to me and we took up the bombs. The Indians passed us but soon came back to the place where we had left the trail. Seeing us, they gave a hideous yell and started for us firing as

they came; at that instant we threw the bombs, the noise of the explosion was followed by a howl from the savages and then both were swallowed up with a mighty roar; all nature seemed to be in revolt; the earth quaked under our feet; trees were upturned in every direction; the air was filled with debris and the very sky seemed black; the horses reared and plunged and finally broke from their fastenings and ran. The dust cleared a little and we saw a chasm before us and in it the three foremost Indians and their horses struggling. The others barely escaped and with terrible yells of rage and terror fled down the trail. It seemed that the noise we had heard was the roar of an underground stream in the rotten limestone and that our bombs had broken the thin crust of earth. We examined the pool but could not find bottom and also definitely located the place.

The rest of the journey was passed in safety as the Indians thought us super-natural.

F. P. E.

Opinions Culled from Famous Authors on the Art of Extempore Speaking.

This is a subject well worth consideration. The fact that one has been through college by no means implies that he has learned the art of extempore speaking; for many fine scholars are unable to say a word for themselves without the book or manuscript.

There are some persons who are masters of recitation or reading and can thus produce a great effect. In this manner no doubt, both thoughts and words can be better weighed, and the speaker can deliver what he has to say with greater precision. But there is this drawback that the discourse is colder and less enthusiastic. Should any unforeseen circumstance occur, such as an objection or a discussion of any kind, the speaker not expecting, may find himself stopped short or at fault. Moreover a professional man liable to be called upon to speak at any moment, has not always the time to compose a discourse still less to commit it to memory. His speaking originating with the occasion and at the very mo-

ment, will bear more closely upon the subject and also be more lively. So called bookish men have perhaps more trouble to find words in time of need, than practical men—the cause is evident. The scholar knows more of words than things and he is in the habit of depending upon the written word to suggest to him the thing; his own language is to him very much like a foreign tongue that he has learned to read but not to speak.

The man of affairs is not troubled in this way and however deficient he may be in a classic vocabulary, he has at his tongues end all he knows. The farmer can talk farm and the sailor ship very glibly and they are never troubled to find the connecting link between the thing and name; there is something in such spirits as Bunyan and Burns that books cannot glve. That dreamer had evidently studied the "Slough of Despond" and the "Delectable Mountains" from sloughs and mountains before his own eyes, and this poet had seen the "Daisy and Mouse" for himself before he put pen to paper.

The same principle holds good of ready and eloquent speech. We are applying this truth from the nursery upward. Say apple to a child and he will say it after you, but show him a ripe, red apple and let him taste of it and he will tell its name with gusto, so as to carry the color and flavor in his tones. Some religious writer has spoken of the importance of the orator's having an eloquent experience, meaning that he who feels much will speak strongly on spiritual matters "for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh."

But why limit the remarks to one class of subjects? Why should not all experience be eloquent? Cicero well and wisely said that the good orator must be a good man. The English language is said to contain about one hundred thousand available words; but of course many of these are too technical or strange to be used in common speech. Shakespeare used but fifteen thousand and Milton has in his poems not more than eight thousand.

Estimate our vocabulary modestly and say that in our speech and conversation we employ

some five thousand words and try as nearly as we can to make out a list of them. How instructive is that simple catalogue? In our college course, in reading, translating and writing we must have employed a pretty large portion of the language. But only that is vocabulary to us which is familiar and easy, in studying Latin and Greek; the translating of Homer or Sophocles; Virgil or Horace; Livy or Tacitus, we have opportunity to enlarge our vocabulary with some of the finest idioms. Imagination is one of the most necessary of the orator's faculties, representing suddenly to himself what he wishes to express to others when a new thought arises and when an image is presented unexpectedly to the mind to know how to speak one must first know how to think. Logic teaches the art of thinking, the orator must therefore be a good logician. Practice is one of the most important things for extempore speaking. Courage is necessary in order that one may speak well in public without books or notes carrying everything in the head.

Faint heart never won fair lady nor made fair speech.
E. E. M.

A Jolly Camp.

On the 12th of last August twelve of us boys started from Geneva, Ohio, for Battle's Grove, a very pleasant but almost unknown summer resort on Lake Erie, about fifty miles below Cleveland, on an outing.

We pitched our tents on a bluff overlooking the lake in a pretty grove of maples. To get down to the beach we were obliged to cut out steps in the hard clay of the bluff, an operation which took us all the morning and we were quite ready for dinner when the time came. We had an excellent cook, in the shape of a colored boy, who was very fond of singing his own praises and did so until a committee was appointed to sit on him, a proceeding which they carried out so well that he was permanently cured.

Late that afternoon most of us decided to go fishing; so all the means we could devise

for the capture of the bony denizens of the deep were made ready, our boats tied to the bar stakes, and we waited for the fish that never came. When a sufficient time had elapsed we returned to the camp hungry and sunburnt. Our comrades on land had had better luck, having shot a gray squirrel, and so a feast was set that an epicure might enjoy, at least it seemed that way to us.

But because we didn't catch any fish that day was no sign that they had fled, or that we were Jonahs, as the phrase goes, for we made fine catches on several subsequent occasions.

One night one of the boys seemed to be a fiend incarnate. As he could not sleep he would not let any of us sleep. Finally, about midnight, we held a council of war and decided that he needed a cooling off. Suddenly, in the midst of his ravings, he was siezed by strong hands and borne bodily toward the lake, a dull splash, a cry, and we all slept better.

While fun held sway the days slipped by, and all too soon we struck tents and went back home, however, not until we had shaken hands and declared if nothing unexpected happened we would spend two weeks of the summer of '95 at the old camp.

C. F. E.

A Letter to a Northern Friend.

WINTER PARK, FLA., July 29, 1889.

You will be most interested in my southern life. I came to Florida in 1882. Soon moved into a homestead of forty acres. On it was a one room house, which never saw a saw mill. Every part of it, shingles, siding and floor, was worked out of yellow pine with axe, wedge, maul, and froe. The floor boards didn't exactly match—when my wife dropped her scissors we had to crawl under the house after them. The chimney was built of sticks and clay, and stuck onto the outside of the house like the handle to a tin dipper, and it leaked in a rain just as the dipper handle will after long use.

We were a mile from the nearest house, but were not alone. Gray and red foxes, coons, opossums and skunks, chicken and hen-

hawks, black snakes, chicken snakes, and coach whips were very abundant, friendly and sociable. They called early upon our chickens, and the chickens returned the call, but alas! never came back. Music in abundance. Bull frogs that grunted like a hog, whistling spiders that exactly imitated a lost chicken, and the great bass snore of the alligator cheered our loneliness.

Soon we made additions to our house, and were more comfortable. Then we built a barn and it was a good ope, too, splitting every part from the pine log. It was in the shape of a rectangular parallelopipedon (see Davies and Peck), so that the horse might get a square meal in it. Such was our early life in Florida.

When you make the acquaintance of a man in Florida, it is necessary to ask him two questions; "Where did you come from?" "What are you here for?" Now I knew I came from New Hampshire, but to the other question I had to say with the children—'cause. So little do we know what God intends to do with us.

I was soon called to take charge of a church, was one of five men who formed the General Congregational Association of Florida, which now includes over thirty churches; and helped found Rollins College, in which I am now professor of mathematics, trying to convince just such little fellows as your honored secretary that two and two make four.

N. B.

Hymn.

Dear Jesus, Savior, I adore,
The love and mercy given me.
'Tis greater far than all the love combined,
Of those who have loved thee.

My feeble frame is weak indeed,
And loaded down with guilt and shame,
And still, through all my years of sin,
Thy love to me has been the same.

My prayer, most honest, true, sincere,
Is that I give my Savior, Friend,
The cheerful service of my life,
And never waver to the end.

A. H. B.

THE SAND-SPUR.

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It has been well said that all things have been created for the good of man. But how sand-spurs benefit us has been a subject of no little speculation and this inability to use them for our advantage has, at many times and in various places, been painfully felt.

We have at last profitably utilized the sand-spur in that we have made our cherished publication its namesake. We feel no hesitancy in making our discovery public, being assured that such an announcement will be hailed with joy as extensive as is the domain of the sand-spur.

Unassuming yet mighty, sharp and pointed, well rounded yet many sided, assiduously ten-

acious, just as gritty and energetic as its name implies, victorious in single combat and therefore without a peer, wonderfully attractive, and extensive in circulation, all these, will be found, upon investigation, to be among the extraordinary qualities of the SAND-SPUR.



We wish here to thank all those who have assisted in the publication of The SAND-SPUR. We are under great obligations to the contributors who have responded so promptly to our requests.



OUR esteemed President has been missed indeed this term and we are glad that he will now be with us. His absence makes us appreciate him the more. We understand that he has been away in our interests. He said before leaving for the north that he would be as homesick for Rollins as any of us could be for our own homes. We welcome him back.



IN one of our contributed articles we hope that the imputation against our colored friends for stealing chickens will not be taken too seriously. Colored people, justly, or unjustly, have a reputation for chicken stealing. White students have an equally good reputation for orange stealing. "People who live in glass houses should throw no stones." Our humorous contributor could be told that in this vicinity the "honors rest easy" between a certain white class and the colored class referred to.



THE recent retirement of Major General Oliver Otis Howard from the U. S. A., has no doubt attracted attention. Ever since he gave his lecture in the chapel last winter on the "Reminiscences of the War" we have had a personal interest in this truly great man. The way he opened up his heart to us in the

Christian Endeavor prayer meeting which he attended, made our hearts burn within us ; indeed his very presence was in itself a stimulus for better living.

Long live General Howard !



The Bible study class, which is an unofficial auxiliary to the Christian Endeavor, meets Sunday nights after the C. E. prayer meeting in the College library. Last year this class studied the life of Christ using the Blakeslee lessons as a text book. This term they have taken up special subjects. They have just begun the study of "Christ among Men," by J. R. Mott, who is one of the general Y. M. C. A. secretary and also connected with Mr. Moody's Northfield school. The class are enthusiastic over their work.



In place of a Y. W. C. A., to which perhaps such work properly belongs, the Christian Endeavorers in the Ladies' cottage hold a Sunday afternoon meeting. All are invited who wish to study the C. E. topic for the day, and are requested to bring their Bibles. The order varies according to the preference of the leader, but the pledge is always read and a short prayer offered. Then references are read, questions asked and answered, and helpful thoughts suggested. In this way one gains much that might be missed in solitary study. The effect on the general meeting in the evening is most marked. There is less time lost in hurried turning over of leaves in search of a suitable reference, or in hasty searching of memories for a thought suited to the subject. All are prepared and ready to speak at the first opportunity.



THE ability to adapt ones self to his environments is a trait much to be admired. For

instance, if providence has placed anyone in Florida for a winter why does he dilate on the charm of the weather in Pennsylvania? All new portions of this country have their drawbacks and, while Florida is not an exception, she has as few as the least. Again, it is a most unfortunate state of affairs when the spirit if-you-don't-do-it-I'll-take-my-doll-rags-and-go-home exists. We cannot keep it up always, or, at least, not without tremendous trouble, because on this mundane sphere the minority might just as well submit gracefully to the will of the majority first as last. Again—but we will give no more free advice for as a poet has said:

"As a rule man's a fool,
When it's hot he wants it cold;
When it's cold he wants it hot.
Never wanting what he's got,
Always wanting what he's not;
As a rule man's a fool."



WE students of Rollins College have a blessing for which our fellow students in the northern colleges have good reason to envy us; and that is a climate most admirably suited to the fullest enjoyment of college life. Except for a week or two at the beginning and end of the school year, when it is sometimes a little too warm for real comfort; we enjoy one continual round of delightful and invigorating spring-like weather. The opportunity for out-door sport is unexcelled. Here the weather is almost always just right for tennis or base ball, or for rowing or swimming, or for a stroll through the country highways or byways with gun and game bag, if you prefer. It is very seldom that a picnic or a Saturday afternoon walk with "somebody" has to be postponed or given up on account of bad weather. But it is not merely in our sports and pleasures that the climate is a blessing; it is conducive to

hard study and good scholarship as well. Florida is a great health resort, as you know, and "*mens sana in corpore sano*" is indisputably sound doctrine.



We have heard over and over again the raptures of tourists who admire, and rightly, the beautiful chain of lakes about Winter Park. Certainly there could be no finer situation for a college than that occupied by Rollins. To live for eight months of each year within sight of such scenery, is an education in itself.

But with the eye of youth for amusement, we feel that there are more advantages in our location than those of beauty alone. Think of the bathing, of the possibilities in the way of rowing and sailing! There might be the most exciting races between picked crews, or rival sail boats. It would be no small item in the latter to reckon on the wind, which usually changes just in time for the home-stretch, or to remember that if Lake Virginia is still, its companion, Osceola, is usually ruffled by a strong breeze.

As to picnics, the standard amusement of Rollins students, there are any number of beautiful places on the shores of the various lakes, only waiting to be explored.

As if all this were not enough, there are natural waterways connecting the lakes from here to the St. Johns, and they tell us that no more delightful trip could be imagined than an exploring tour, in that direction. We are not yet making use of the lakes as we should.



THE COLLEGE COLOR.

THE complaining whispers which the writer has heard for the past five years in regard to the college color have at last increased till they are quite audible and demand interpretation. We are aware that to some it will seem

like treading on sacred ground to speak against our color, but if the complaints are likely to go on, it seems to us that the sooner a change is made the better. It is said that the rose-pink which was selected and which Wana-maker promised to keep in stock for us, is not the color which we now use and that the original color cannot be procured—a good reason for changing it. While we hold the thought, aspirations and plans of the college-pioneers as indeed sacred, we think that this is one matter which demands a change. One of the first graduates, with whom we have consulted, agrees with us that a change of color could be made to advantage.

In the first place a college color, like its motto should be made typical of the institution which it represents, that is, typical of the aspirations and ideals which the college is supposed to cherish. Colors express character; one would not use pale blue to suggest strength nor dark red to express delicacy. Pale colors in general are not suggestive of strength, though some have a good deal of character through associations, for instance, yellow as the color nearest allied to light and emblematic of the sun which is a creative power, has a force and value which no other pale color has.

The one strong objection to rose-pink is that it is felt to be inadequate to express dignity, strength and stability. It is a very pretty color for girls' evening dresses, or worsted shoes and sacques for young babies, but we feel indeed that something with deeper meaning is demanded for the purpose under consideration.

While we do not wish to adopt the crimson of Harvard nor the orange and black of Princeton, nor the colors of any prominent college, we think we should not be too fearful

of having a color which has already been chosen. Whether we know of it or not, there is little chance that a color can be found which has not already been selected by some one of the colleges of our land.

We have considered a great many colors and nothing better than the following has come to mind. For a single color, maroon has richness and suggests depth and strength. A charming combination of colors are royal blue and gold, each color giving force to the other by contrast. A beautiful college pin could be designed of gold letters on an enamel background of the royal blue which is very deep and rich, almost merging into purple.

Let the royal blue suggest kingship, power and the highest and deepest in character and aims, and let the gold mean to us, unchanging value, and real, substantial worth.

While we know that the settlement of this subject is not for us and while we would not dream of insisting on our choice, we hope for a fair consideration of this subject by all interested and that some day a color or colors will be found that will meet the wishes of all.

D.



OUR NAVY.

For ages a great aim of man has been to obtain mastery over the elements. Ever since Noah was a sailor, men have tried to gain this power over water, so innumerable craft have been devised. These have their special uses and vary much according to the people making them. We have large battle ships, ocean steamers, barges, rafts, row boats and skiffs of every description. Each nation and people, civilized or otherwise has some floating device, even to the Indian with his canoe.

In a flight of oratory a member of the faculty at the inauguration of President Fairchild,

said, "Not many years ago the Indian's tepee was beneath these pines and his canoe upon the lake. Now a temple of learning crowns these beautiful slopes, and the students' light skiff is mirrored upon the waters." Where is the light skiff? How many of it are there? Here are indeed the beautiful mirroring waters but where is the mirrored skiff and how light is it?

We possess three arks, one floating and two supposed to be stranded on some Mount Ararat. We ought to have a boat house, light, graceful, swift boats, boating crews and boat races.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

The front pews do not look so empty Sunday evenings as formerly. All enjoy the meetings more when they are close to the leader and the leaders' work also is much lightened.

Quite a delegation from Winter Park attended the district C. E. convention held at Sanford in October. They brought back a most interesting report. The State convention also will be held at Sanford in February. We are one of the large societies in the state and we are also near the place where this enthusiastic meeting is to be held. There is no reason why we should not carry off the banner as far as attendance is concerned.

The "two cents a week" plan has been adopted to raise money for missions. This is the plan used by most societies for missionary purposes and we cannot afford to be behind in this line of work.

ART NOTES.

The one wish of the outdoor sketch class is that they might draw everything. Lake Virginia continues to furnish them abundant material for work.

There has been some very good outline work in the studio this term. This shows that solid foundations are being laid for more advanced work in art.

A few handsome draperies and a new T-square have been added to the studio properties this year.

The Saturday night sketch club has six earnest members. Miss Florence Ross is secretary and treasurer. The young men especially show talent in some directions.

This year an exhibition will be held the middle of the winter term and at commencement instead of one each term. Visitors are always welcome though, and there will be some special work on the walls at the end of this term.

R. C. F.

MUSIC DEPARTMENT.

The number enrolled in the Music Department is greater than ever before in the history of the college; and so large a proportion are students that those who are not, are ashamed to own it. In so large a class there are always triflers, but we are glad they are in the minority here. Many are studying vocal and instrumental music, and harmony with a view to gaining as thorough a knowledge of the subject as possible.

At the regular Thursday night recitals, one hears good music, and the practice of playing before one's fellow students overcomes the dreaded stage fright. When a selection from a noted composer is played, pupils are expected to be able to answer questions concerning his life and work. Often the programs are arranged to illustrate the style of one composer.

Miss Peck evidently intends to develop the ear as well as the sense of rhythm. After a piece, those present are asked the key, whether major or minor, just which one of the "seventeen different keys" it is, and the time, whether triple or quadruple. If a concerto is to be played, the theme is first given, that they may listen for it throughout the piece. Even if they never become phenomenal musicians, they will be able to listen intelligently to those who are such.

Following is the program of one of the weekly recitals:

1. Thesis. Hans Sachs and the Troubadours Gertrude Ford.
2. Piano Duet.....Kate Dickson and her Teacher
3. Song—Spring song..... Dudley Buck
Frances Crooks.
4. Piano. I think of Thee.....Goerdeler
Ada Kramer.
5. Five VocalisesSieber
Misses Walker, Ross and Kent.
6. Piano—First Loss.....Schumann
Flossie Hill.
7. Song.—The Woods.....Franz
Florence Ross.
8. Piano.—German Song.....Tschaikowski
Sue Creary.
9. Song—The Old Cathedral.....Pinsuti
Miss Dalrymple.

A quartette composed of Miss Peck, Miss Hattie Peck, Miss Moremen and Miss Crooks, made their first appearance last Friday evening. They are to be known as the "Rollins College Ladies' Quartette," and during the Christmas holidays, will sing at Tampa, Ocala, Daytona and Rock Ledge. They intend to visit several other places at later dates. The program consists of music by the quartette, songs by Miss Peck, piano solos by Miss Hattie Peck, duets, trios, etc. Many inquiries have been made as to the object of this quartette and now the secret is out.

The Choral Club is flourishing. Those who were members two years ago cannot fail to note the great improvement in the way in which new choruses are handled.

A Handel Festival, the program to consist of solos and choruses from the "Messiah," and other works of this composer, is to take place early next term. F. H. C.

AMONG THE COLLEGES.

In numbers Harvard ranks first among American universities; University of Michigan, second; University of Pennsylvania, third.

Howard refuses to participate in a debate arranged with Boston University, because the latter chose a young woman as one of its representatives. Harvard students prefer to debate with men.

The students of Philips Exeter Academy have challenged the young ladies of Robinson

Female Seminary to a spelling match. Representative spellers from each institution take part in the contest.

The question for the annual Harvard-Yale debate is, Resolved, 'That attempts of employers to ignore associations of employes and to deal with individual workmen only, are prejudicial to the best interests of both.' Yale has the negative.

Daniel Webster was editor-in-chief of the first college paper in the United States. It was published at Dartmouth.

The exercises of commencement day at Yale have been thoroughly revised. There will be no salutatory or valedictory addresses. A new officer called the orator will present the various candidates for degrees to the president.

A new magazine will shortly appear as the official organ of the American Republican League. It is to be published monthly in New York City, and will be edited by a board selected from the leading colleges of the country.

Seven Yale graduates were chosen members of the House of Representatives at the last election.

Amherst has a system of student self-government. A small body of students, called the "Senate," composed of four Seniors, three Juniors, two Sophomores, and one Freshman, and chosen by each class, considers all cases of infringement of college rules. The system has been a success, the decisions of the senate being respected by, and having great weight with the students.

Cornell has a similar system. A Student Committee on Discipline was elected to investigate and take action, subject to the approval of the faculty, upon all cases of fraud in examination. The faculty were so pleased with the result that they have given into the committee's hands the consideration of all cases of university discipline, subject to faculty approval.

Wellesly has a Freshman class of 250 this year.

The rendition of "The Messiah" by the Oberlin Musical Union will be even finer

than ever this year. It will be given by a chorus of over 200 voices, assisted by a carefully selected orchestra, and by soloists of wide reputation.

University of Illinois did not have its annual Freshman-Sophomore cane-rush this year. '97 tendered '98 a reception instead.

Northwestern University has adopted caps and gowns as a college uniform.

An attempt was made on December 5th to blow up with dynamite one of the buildings of Berea College, Ky., but failed through the prompt and courageous action of one of the students. The attempt is perhaps accounted for by the local feeling of ill-will against the college because it admits both colored and white students on equal terms.

ATHLETICS.

Athletics have come to be looked on as a very material part of a college curriculum, and justly so, as through them the old time student, a narrow chested, stoop shouldered wretch of humanity, has been changed into the modern well developed college man. Therefore: success to the Rollins College Athletic Association.

The Tennis Club has cleaned its court and scarcely a day passes but, during every minute of spare time, some one is on it. The good results of this steady practice are to be seen in the greatly improved playing of most of the club members. It is to be hoped that an early day will see the back-stop removed from its present resting place and erected at the two ends of the court.

At the beginning of the present school year there was manifested a great interest in base ball, but owing to the lack of suitable grounds this interest has largely died out. We have now secured a good field for our diamond which is being rapidly put into good shape, and we hope by the beginning of the winter term to organize two regular nines who shall play for practice, and from which the Varsity nine shall be chosen.

A few words of exhortation may not be out of place here. A man cannot become por-

ficient in any line of athletics without steady practice, while on the other hand steady work will do wonders for one who at first seemed to be only a third or fourth rate man. Regular gymnasium work along with your outdoor exercise is of paramount importance. Be temperate. A fellow who has run his system down by the use of such stimulants as coffee and tobacco, and by eating such trash as candy, pie, rich cakes and hot biscuits, coupled with irregular hours for eating, sleeping, and exercising, can never successfully compete, in any line of athletics, with the fellow who is regular and temperate in his habits.

So it is in baseball. If you want to get the most fun possible out of it, and are trying for Varsity, you must practice. The practice you will get from playing a game once a week does not amount to much; the only way to get any good from your practice is to get some one to play you in your position several times a week; play catch; bat flies and grounders till you get your hands used to the size and "feeling" of a base ball. The fellow who does this will stand a hundred per cent better show for playing on the Varsity, than the fellow who only comes out when ordered to do so in a game.

A long step in advance in the athletics of the college was taken when the Athletic Association was organized, but the association can do nothing unless the members give the directors their hearty support. With the material we have to work on, we ought, before the end of the year, to have a first class ball nine, and a good team for field and track athletics. We have fellows who are capable of making very creditable records in the sprints, broad and high jumps, hurdles, pole vault, putting sixteen pound shot, throwing the hammer, etc., if they will only train for it.

A plaintive voice asks "and how are the girls to have a part in all these good things?" A short time ago the young ladies took a most active and liberal part in promoting the efforts of the Athletic Association, for which we wish thus publicly to express our hearty thanks, and whenever the desire comes to them to take

any further action, the treasurer can be found on very short notice! In return we will do our best to give them a first class exhibition of manly prowess.

In conclusion we repeat: let every one take an interest in and support the Rollins College Athletic Association.

SOCIAL HAPPENINGS.

October 12. The Demosthenic Literary Society and the Friends in Council gave a reception in the gymnasium. Herr Backhandel with his "most vonderful invention," the Humaniphone began the entertainment. Unfortunately the climate had a demoralizing effect upon his machinery which greatly distressed the worthy gentleman. The exhibition was enjoyed however by all except the professor.

Music was furnished by the Demosthenic Mandolin and Guitar Club. This was their first appearance and they were very warmly received.

The rest of the evening was spent in social chat and in making acquaintances. The reception was enjoyed by all as the Literary Society entertainments always are.

October 20. The Freshmen and a few others made an excursion to Lake Maitland. The picnickers started from the college landing just after study hours and had a very pleasant row through the lakes. The trip down the run was full of excitement as it generally is. Arriving in Lake Maitland, the dinner was spread where Osceola is said to have had his camping ground. After spending the afternoon very enjoyably in hunting, fishing, playing games, etc., the party started for home, arriving at the college about supper time.

October 27. About twenty of the "old" students went to Clay Springs on a picnic. The party started from the campus at 8 a. m. and after traversing all the intervening country, arrived at the springs about 2 p. m. Dinner was immediately prepared and everyone did it justice. Some of the boys took a bath, and afterward, the picnickers took a boat ride down the run. The ride home was pass-

ed very pleasantly in telling stories and singing familiar songs. They arrived at the college about 11 p. m.

October 31. A Hallowe'en entertainment was given in the Lyman gymnasium. There was the usual bobbing for apples, and those possessed of the necessary courage ruthlessly tore aside the veil which hides the future. The feat-ure of the evening was the three witches who kindly consented to name the future wife of any young man who wished to know. After the young ladies had returned to their cottage they found that Miss Lamson had prepared a dainty repast for them in the reception rooms. Three cheers for Miss Lamson.

November 5. At about 9:30 in the evening the Mandolin and Guitar Club, whose music has thrilled all who have ever heard it proceeded in the direction of the ladies cottage and, after practicing a few minutes favored the young ladies with their sweetest music.

November 9. The gymnasium was the scene of another festive gathering.

The Freshman class gave a "42" party to which the older students were invited. Miss Lyman and Mr. Walter Fairchild took the first prize a one-cent stamp, which they were to divide between them. The booby prize was won by Mr. Neville.

November 10. A party of twenty chaperoned by Miss Grassie picnicked at Osceola's Spring on the shore of Lake Maitland. The party landed at the grounds about noon, and immediately set about preparing dinner. The lemonade had to be made with lake water, as Mr. Paul Fairchild, while in one of his pre-occupied moods, walked into the spring. After a most enjoyable dinner, the young people proceeded to collect autographs. This has become an organized feature of every Rollins picnic. In the afternoon, games were indulged in, and about 4 o'clock, the party re-embarked for the college. Surely every matron's heart rejoiced to see them "getting in by dark"

November 23. Prof. Ford attended the circus in Orlando, accompanied by Hubert and Margery.

November 24. The spooks visited the ladies cottage to-night. Great care was taken to keep the news of their coming secret but in spite of all precautions it was discovered and a notice was posted at the dining hall. About seven o'clock they arrived. Six very stately spooks preceeded their tribe and stood as silent sentinels at the entrances of the reception room. The lights were burning low and the spooks seemed in their very element. One of their number recited a blood-curdling tale which was greeted with loud groans by the assembled band who then joined in a promenade over the house, after which all joined in a weird dance to very ghostly music. After the performance inside, the spooks on the outside of the building began to make themselves evident by their ghostly howls, ringings and rappings, but as they were not as fully appreciated as those inside they soon took their departure.

November 29. The Thanksgiving dinner was a success in every way, and a credit to Rollins, to Miss Canfield and her able assistants. The tables were specially arranged for the occasion and the dining room was gay with flowers. An abundance of roses, star jessamine and palmetto leaves were used in decorating the room.

For two hours a gay company of forty people feasted on wit, merriment and other things appropriate to the season and it was unanimously voted that Thanksgiving day be appointed at least twice a term in the future.

The holiday was very pleasantly ended by a social at the residence of President Fairchild to which every one was invited. The house was very prettily and appropriately decorated with flowers, fruit, spanish moss and tropical foliage. Beautiful roses and great clusters of fruit from the vicinity were especially conspicuous.

November 30. Those who remained at Rollins during the Thanksgiving vacation went to the gymnasium on this evening and participated in a taffy pull which was not a taffy pull. While Miss Grassie, Miss Crooks and Mr. Fairchild were at the dining hall vainly endeavoring to make pullable taffy out

of butterine, the party at the gym. were indulging in such questionable sports as hypnotism, etc. Mr. Rowland passed into an unconscious (?) state, and Miss Ford in wild alarm, flew to the dining hall and brought back a six-gallon water pail.

December 7. A "42" party was given at the residence of Mr. Lyman. The participants were Misses Ford, Ross, Fundenberg, Crooks, Gertrude Ford and Lyman, and Messrs. Paul Fairchild, Missildine, Mowbray, Walter Fairchild, Rowland and Frank.

LOCALS.

The cottages in town are well filled this year.

You are slightly out of Gear, said the doctor as he did up her arm.

Mr. J. C. Neville and wife, of Bay City, Mich., are in town visiting their son.

We are so good natured that we mention *The Lakeside Herald* and even wish this rival success.

We all join in welcoming back our old friend and school-mate, Walter Flentye. He looks as jovial and congenial as ever.

We have secured a very fine assortment of Sand-Spurs, and offer them to our friends at astonishingly low figures, guaranteed true to name.

If a smoking room was added to Pinehurst Cottage it would be a decided improvement on the plan of using the reception room for that purpose.

Electrical engineers are at work on the Seminole Hotel, putting in a system of electric lights. The work will probably be completed soon after Christmas.

Rollins College is coming to the front with gigantic strides. The last important step has been the acknowledgment of it as a flag station by the F. C. & P.

The orange crop in this vicinity is very good, as the college boy can testify. The trees are loaded—ditto the neighboring shot-guns, if reports are true.

We feel that we have a friend in Mr. E. P. Branch, of Melbourne. He was the first

subscriber for *The Demosthenic Demonstrator* and THE SAND-SPUR.

In proof that Rollins girls are of a superior quality we assert that they can keep a secret. Think how well they guarded the knowledge of the spook party.

Miss Curtis and Miss Dalrymple gave a swell supper a few weeks ago to the students who sit at their dining room tables. There were sixteen of these favored ones.

Improvements in Winter Park are just now taking the form of cement sidewalks. The packing house opposite the S. F. depot also adds greatly to the appearance of the town.

December 8. Great transformation like Samson of old they were shorn of their locks. The visit of the "Heavenly (i. e. unearthly) Twins" to the barber resulted in their still more celestial appearance.

Mr. Comstock is erecting a stand-pipe on his place for irrigating purposes. When completed it will be 65 feet high which is half the height of the Orlando standpipe. It will have a capacity of 55,000 gallons.

Our thanks are due to Mr. Ricker for his kind thoughtfulness as well as lemons. Another gift that would doubtless be highly appreciated would be a keg of olives presented to the new girls from the north.

The lake has been higher this year than before in six years. At the beginning of the term the wharf was about a foot under water, but the lake has lowered now so that our old landing place is gradually appearing.

Extract from Demosthenic discussion December 3rd:—"It is not clearly demonstrated to this honorable body that if those words be substituted, it will not be compulsory for members to appear? What are ye kickin' about?"

The Demosthenic Mandolin and Guitar Club have been out serenading several nights this term. They have been warmly welcomed by those whom they thus favored. Dr. and Mrs. Eager gave a supper one evening in honor of the club.

Perhaps certain members of the faculty will be glad to know that it was only a bonfire

of cigarette stuff burned not long since in the halls of Pinehurst, which caused those mysterious fumes to penetrate the innermost recesses of the aforementioned house.

We have not been able to find out whether it was on Wednesday upon which the prince found and awakened the sleeping beauty, but we do know that it was upon that day that one of our lady friends from Boston saw fit to reproduce the same scene with a young man from Lakeside as prince and a downy couch consisting of the wharf and spring board.

The editor in chief of *The Demosthenic Demonstrator* feels that he owes an explanation and perhaps an apology to one of "the powers that be." The conjugation of the verb "done" which appeared in that magazine was not published with a view to being good grammar but merely as a joke, and hence instead of saying "I done" he would recommend the plain old Anglo-Saxon "I did."

The Sand-Spur, *Cenchrus echinatus*; *Cenchrus tribuloides*. This is a charming little plant, and a great favorite of the ladies. Very easily gathered, as it requires no stooping. Does not readily wilt, and hence can be worn by any temperament. The college authorities have so high an appreciation of this plant, that they have set the whole campus with it, and employ a man who gives his whole time to its care. Comes to perfection three times a year, about the end of each term.

The College and town libraries have been brought into co-operation during the past year, and both thrown freely open to the public. Each remains for the present in its own place; but they are to be catalogued together, and are served by the same librarian. A course of lectures is now in progress in aid of the town library, although they are delivered in Knowles Hall. The general subject is The Development of Form and Style in Architecture. Egyptian, Assyrian, Persian, Grecian and Roman architecture have occupied the first three lectures. The early Christian styles are the subject of the lecture on the 12th inst.; and the closing one on the 26th, will be on the Architecture of the Renaissance. They are given by Mr. Geo. D.

Rand, of Winter Park, and are illustrated by sketches, photographs, prints; and on the blackboard.

The members of the Departments of Music and Elocution gave a public entertainment in the chapel Friday evening, December 14. The dialogue at the end was highly appreciated, and many thanks are due the Lady Quartette for their fine work. The following is the program:

1. Scripture Reading—The Truly Wise...Desire King
2. The Wayside Inn.....Lula Vanderpool
3. The Rising.....Rosa Johnson
4. Keeping His Word.....Mary Ensminger
5. Ave Maria *Luzzi*.....Frances Crooks
6. Lochiel's Warning Ashley Hooker, Geo. Benedict
7. Evening at the Farm.....Edith Carey
8. The Last Leaf.....Helen Fairchild
9. La Livry Chaminade.....Katharine Lyman
10. Mona's Waters.....Ethel Bender
11. Papa's LetterMabel Stuart
12. (a) Still as the Night.....Bohm
(b) Love is like a Bird.....Bizet
Gertrude Ford.
13. How he saved St. Michael's.....Annie Griffin
14. The Last Hymn.....Harold Dale
15. A Catholic Psalm.....Jessie McCoy
16. The Grand Advance.....George Benedict
17. Song of Love—*Liszt*.....Laura Walker
18. The Benediction.....Blanche Bender
19. King Robert of Sicily.....Annie Haydock
20. The Angels of Buena Vista.....Susie Johnson
21. The Sunshine and the Rain.....Tadell
Miss Peck, Miss Hattie Peck, Miss Moremen and Miss Crooks
22. Courtship under Difficulties.....
Louis Cilley, Harold Dale and Annie Guffin.

The following is the program of the public recital of the Musical Department, to be given Thursday, December 20, at 7.30 p. m., in the chapel. The friends of the college are cordially invited:

1. Duet:—Canzonetta.....Godard
Miss Moremen and Miss Williams.
2. The Mighty Deep.....Jude
Mr. Rowland.
3. Cradle Song.....Wm. Mason
Miss Rand.
4. Alone.....Dudley Buck
Miss Crooks.
5. Pastorale.....Scarlatti
Miss Moremen.

6. Sempre Pin.....*Carafa*
Miss Ford and Miss Lyman.
 7. Happy Hearts.....*Geibel*
Miss Emma Coan.
 8. (a) Where did you come from?.....*Neidlinger*
(b) I Love, and the World is Mine.....*Johns*
Miss Dalrymple,
 9. Norwegian Bridal March.....*Grieg*
Miss Lewton.
 10. The Charmer.....*Mendelssohn*
Miss Lyman.
 11. The Red Sun is Sinking.....*Leslie*
Misses Ford and Moremen, Messrs. Barrows
and Missildine.
 12. Polonaise, in E flat.....*Chopin*
Miss Neff.
 13. Creole Lover's Song.....*D. Buck*
Mr. Missildine.
 14. Concerto, in F sharp minor, Allegro
Moderato.....*Hiller*
Miss Walker.
- (Orchestral parts on 2d piano).

THE SUMMER IN WINTER PARK.

During the long summer vacation the people remaining in town enjoyed a series of seven very pleasant afternoons together at the Lyman gymnasium. They were held on alternate Thursdays, and were intended to be largely social in their character. The central feature was some interesting exercise, preceded and followed by music furnished by the Misses Ford, Miss Merriwether, Mr. Frank and Mr. Missildine, assisted at times by Miss Louise Merriwether, Dr. Eager and Mr. Barrows.

During the course there were lectures by Prof. Barrows on some of our wild flowers; by Prof. Baker on water; by Prof. Austin on the old Roman army; by Mr. Rand on St. Mark's church in Venice; by President Fairchild on the Passion Play at Oberammergan; a reading of portions of Macbeth by Mrs. Diffenderfer, and charades by the young people assisted by Mrs. Baker.

All these were much enjoyed, well attended, and helped to pass agreeably the long days of the long summer.

Planting colleges and filling them with studious young men and women, is planting seed-corn for the world.—*Rev. Dr. Judson.*

THE FLOATING SPREAD.

Have you ever heard the story told
Of what we did and said,
On the afternoon of that perfect day
We had our "Floating Spread?"
Come, let us gather, and place in rhyme
The pleasant thoughts of that happy time.

The "Spread" was planned by those who yearn
For light in human heart:
The pleasure gained, we look to them,
And gratitude impart.
And the effort made, they well may know,
Has lightened our hearts,—they wished it so.

And the feasting, oh, a daintier feast
We can never hope to know;
And the way 'twas served could aught but set
A poet's heart aglow!
The Goddess of Nature bestowed her aid
And daintily our dishes made.

The plates were made from the "hollowed" waves,
And the "silver" from their tips.
From the "golden" sunlight were made the cups
That we raised to our smiling lips.
And while we supped at the "Floating Spread,"
The mischievous nymphs heard all we said.

The wandering breezes, though lightly felt,
Our boat was drifted before;
And lower fell the setting sun
As we neared the western shore.
The woodland now came on the scene,
With aged cypress and shrubs of green.

But joys must end. The dews and shades
Now told us the day was done;
And we quietly, thoughtfully, wended our way
From the land of the setting sun.
Sweetly reminded our journey was o'er,
And yet 'twas with yearning we left the shore.

Ocala. H.

PERSONAL.

Miss Fronie Carson is at Frostproof, her home.

Miss Daisy Thayer will return to Rollins next term.

Miss May Pomroy is at her home in Oxford, Fla.

Miss Edith Floukes has a school at Sea-Breeze, Fla.

Miss Gertrude Southgate is spending the winter in Orlando.

Mr Howard VanSickle and wife are living at Crescent City.

Mr. Eugene Caldwell is at Hampden-Sydney College, Va.

Miss Bessie Hawley is in New York City training for a missionary.

Miss May Jelley is assisting her father in the post office at Daytona.

Mr. Hamilton Johnson is at Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. Stewart Hooker is a clerk in Hovey's large dry goods store, Boston.

Miss Flora Walker is attending the Normal school at Ceder Falls, Iowa.

Miss Della Swain and sister, Miss Gene, are at their home in Anthony, Fla.

Mr. Robert Benedict is studying for the Episcopal ministry at Sewanee, Tenn.

Miss Ivy Lewton is pursuing a course of study at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

Miss Millie Hooker, after completing the Collegiate Course of Rollins, has entered Vassar.

Miss Clara Layton, one of our graduates of last year, is teaching school at Lake Mary, Fla.

Mr. Fred Swain is at present in Ocala, but we have heard that he intends to go north soon.

Mr. Henry Merrill was married last month to Miss Marion Neville Wright, of Kansas City.

Miss Birdie Abbot is in Orlando and has a class of music pupils. She visits Rollins as often as possible.

Mr. Ernest Ricker has a store and is assistant postmaster at South Lake Weir, Fla. He is assisted by Mr. Harry Merton.

Miss Minnie Forrest is in Kissimmee, where she expects to spend the winter. She will come to Rollins twice a week for music.

Mr. Fred Ward has gone from the Southern to the Northern extreme of the U. S. and is clerking in a store in Montpelier, Vermont.

Mr. Arthur Bringham did not return to Rollins this year, but remained at Zanesville, Ohio, where he is attending a military school.

Mr. Virgil Starbuck is teaching school, and at its close, which will be in March or April, will return to Rollins to finish the year.

Mr. Fletcher Watson is a student of Pennington Seminary, Pennington N. J. His cornet is one of the pieces in the orchestra of his Literary Society.

Miss Ella Todd is attending school in Denver, where she will be graduated this year. She then expects to go to Boston and there continue her study in music.

Miss Annie Fuller, after spending the past summer in Atlanta, Georgia, is once more in Tampa. She expects to return next term, and will study music and French.

Miss Katharine Franz has recently returned to Tampa from Ohio, where she has spent several months visiting her friends and relatives.

Miss Ida Missildine is in Berlin pursuing a course of music study under Klirdworth. She will come over to the U. S. in the Spring and be present at our commencement exercises.

HOUSEHOLD HINTS.

To Conceal Scratches on Furniture:—Rub well with a wet cloth. If this course is faithfully pursued, no one will know whether you or last year's inmate should be held responsible.

A Useful Footstool:—Any donations in the way of wooden boxes may be transformed into useful articles, by tastily covering with cretonne. If by any chance the box contained excelsior, comfortable cushions may be added.

The care of Lamps:—To obtain clean chimneys:—Go to the lamp room early enough to take your choice. If a card should be attached to the best one, do not hesitate to transfer it to your own smokey globe. "First come, first served," you know.

Care of Needle:—Pinehurst inmates please note:—Keep needle in left hand top desk drawer, and never lend it; it may never be returned. We use the singular number because we understand that only one person in that cottage ever has occasion to refer to this article in the plural.

Spots—how to conceal. If of candy or any similarly sticky substance, lay a few sheets of paper on the spot, and place a weight care-

fully over all; in a few minutes remove the weight, and it will be found that the spot is effectually concealed. If it should be oyster soup or cocoa, it is best to move the desk or dresser, or set a chair over the place.

Elevators arranged to convey useful articles to the third floor should be strong enough to carry the matron also.

If a reception room is desired, it is little trouble to move your bed into the adjoining room. Your neighbor may object, so it is best to do this when he or she is absent.

Miss L's hint: "Girls, sweep under your radiators." Miss C's hint: "Boys, sweep under the bed." And the obedient students sweep everything under the bed or the radiator.

Once in three weeks is as often as hardwood floors should be swept; it is very wearing to do it oftener. A small bellows will be found useful in dusting; blowing the dust off furniture is liable to cause shortness of breath.

"Necessity knows no law." The wash-bowl has been found an excellent utensil for the making of cold candy; cocoa may be served in tooth mugs; and soap dishes robbed of their contents make very effective soup bowls.

Directions in case of unexpected visitors:—Sweep all the dust on top of the biggest spot on the floor and arrange rug over it; open top drawer of desk and dresser, and pile in all untidy articles; put lamp on closet floor (if unoccupied.) N. B.—In following these directions, it is hardly necessary to say that the receptacle mentioned should have keys, attachable to keyring in owner's pocket.

For guarantees of reliability, see Mr. Olsen, Mr. Bush, Mr. Fane, Mr. Mady, Miss Gave, Miss Ross, Miss Fung, Miss Nef, and Miss Lagon.

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

While traveling through Nebraska, as agent for Zeno's One Night Corn Cure, I was "laid over," together with three other drummers, at a little town called Y—, by a sudden fall of snow which blockaded the track. Among other things story telling was indulged

in to pass the time. "Speaking of sudden changes of weather," said the millinery drummer, "reminds me of what happened near my uncle's a couple of weeks ago. He raised a large quantity of pop corn, and stored it in his barn while waiting for the market to raise. One warm night the barn burned, producing the natural effect on the corn. An old, half-blind horse in an adjoining field, waking suddenly, thought it was snow and lying down froze to death.

"*A propos* of freezing," said the shoe drummer, "a friend of mine going to bed one night left his window open, and forgot to entirely close the faucet over his tin wash basin. In the night it turned very cold and the drops of water from the faucet, freezing in their fall, made such a noise that my friend, who had belonged to the militia, thought it a discharge of musketry, and seizing a broom he charged through the open window. The shock of his fall burst a water pipe and the escaping stream, immediately freezing, raised him to the top of the house. His friends who gathered around at once, knowing that if they cut the column, the man would be killed, solved the difficulty by building a fire at the foot. As soon as the column had melted as low as the bedroom window, my friend crawled in again and went to bed."

Why don't the boys raise Ned? Because there is a Ford to cross, to get to him.

The gymnasium should be used more; it is quite Grassie.

Rollin's college musical glory may not be hidden under a half-bushel; but it is contained in two Pecks.

'Tis said that the German class leaves the room to the tune of Boulanger's (Baker) March, "Class dismissed."

New Girl from Alaska: "Who is that fine looking young man?"

Old Girl from Kissimmee: "That is the President of our Athletic Association."

N. G. f. A., in grieved voice: "That's not fair, child."

O. G. f. K. assertively: "That is Fair-child."

THE SAND-SPUR.

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CALENDAR FOR 1895.

WINTER TERM of Twelve weeks: Begins Wednesday, January 2d, at 8:15 a. m., and ends Friday, March 22d.

SPRING TERM of Nine weeks: Begins Monday, April 1st, and ends Commencement Day, Thursday, May 30th.

FALL TERM of Twelve weeks: Begins October 1st and ends December 20th.

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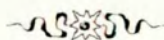
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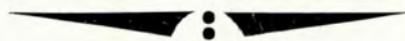
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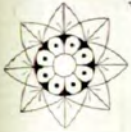
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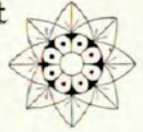
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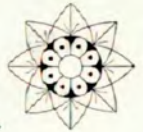
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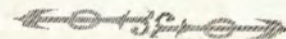


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