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THE SAND-SPUR.



—STICK TO IT.—

VOL. I.

WINTER PARK, FLA., MARCH 18, 1895.

No. 2.

LITERARY.

SAND-SPURS.

Could a sweet poetic measure
Worthily your praise express,
Sand-spurs!
Catching,
Snatching,
Scratching,
To my own your forms attaching,
I would hymn in strains exalted
Your sublime stick-to-it-iveness.

Martyrs you in paths of duty;
Parted from your native bower,
Closely sticking,
Pricking,
Licking
E'en the shoe wherewith I'm kicking,
Your remains from off my raiment
I have gathered by the hour.

Still my daily walks attending,
With your influence benign;
Sand-spurs,
Tearing,
Wearing,
Snaring,
High nor humble passer sparing.
Strict attention unto business,
If a virtue, it is thine.

A CRACKER COURTSHIP.

CHAPTER I.

Zeb did not know that anything could be one-half as lovely as Marion Colson appeared the first time he saw her as she was stepping off the cars, at a little flag station in western Florida, on a sunny December afternoon.

How could you expect the poor boy to know, for he was the son of a Florida Cracker, had lived in the woods all his life, and, in fact, had never seen the cars until this day. On the other hand, Marion Colson had been reared in a luxurious home in a New England town, was an only daughter, lovable, bright, musical and common-sensible. In fact, she

was quite like most girls with the same environments.

Her father had died when she was small, and her mother, of Puritan stock, had kept son Miles and daughter Marion, for the most part, "in the way they should go." Both had gone through the high school; then Marion staid at home and took special studies while Miles was sent to college.

For some reason, which history cloaks, Miles was notified during the winter preceding our story, by the college faculty, that he might have an indefinitely long vacation. He was so ashamed that he did not know what to

do, and for the want of anything better he came down to Florida, acting with the consent of his mother.

He went to the government land office at Gainesville, and took up a homestead in one of the counties south of Tampa, bordering on the Gulf.

With the aid of the county surveyor, he found his quarter section on high and dry pine land. It skirted a small lake. Great tall, straight pine trees, with no branches to their very tops, drew themselves out of the sand. (Some say that their tap roots go down as far as the trunks raise themselves heavenward.) Here and there live oaks, sometimes dead, grotesque and awkward in shape, broke the monotony of the stately pines. The beach was of coarse, white sand, which looked as much like powdered rock salt as it did anything else. Limestone rocks came to the surface in patches often an acre square. This limestone formed high unexplored subterranean caves, from whose arches hung sparkling stalactites, and whose sole visitors were wild animals. There was no underbrush, owing to the annual fires, and one could easily drive a carriage through the woods.

The land sloped up from the lake to quite an elevation, and to this very spot had been attracted in former years, a squatter by the name of Haralson; and here Miles found him, his wife, and seven children. Haralson came from the poor class of Alabama, which was "po, befo' the wa' and po'ah since the wa.'" He had married twenty three years before and started out farming in Alabama. He had mortgaged the cotton crop and mules for the first summer's supply. The first year's crop was almost a failure, and likewise the second. Then he, his wife and infant son Zeb, rode behind two mules into the Land of Flowers.

Twice, in his happy-go-easy shiftless way, he had squatted.

Twice he had for a trifling sum of money, left the home which he had literally built with his hands, and "moved on" southward. It is at his third halting place that we find him on a piece of land, which a society of men called a government'says belongs to Miles Colson. In the seven years of Haralson's existence here, he and his son Zeb had made a deadening of a "sight and a right smart go by" square, as they express it, equal to about twenty acres.

Here among the trees he told Miles that he was able to "raise a crap of corn, a power of potatoes, and pen a right smart of cattle." A goodly clump of seedling orange trees of different ages hid the log cabin, no part of which had ever seen a saw mill; with the chimney built of sticks and muck; and devoid of a pane of glass or any other such modern invention. Here lived the thrice happy Haralson family. They were stanch Methodists; Wesley himself would have been more open to conviction. A circuit exhorter, or "exhauster" as someone said by mistake, visited them regularly, and usually was given a baby to christen. They loved God, and their neighbor being removed seven miles distant, it was not hard to love him.

"Mistress" Haralson, as the exhorter called her, had never used a cook stove or seen a sewing machine. She baked her cake in a spud iron out of doors, and roasted sweet potatoes in the ashes. But meats were cooked to a perfection, which deluded people who still cling to cook stoves, never reach. It was to a meal thus prepared that Miles and the county surveyor sat down on the day they told Haralson that his home was not his own. "Mistress" Haralson asked Miles whether he would

take "hard or soft sweetin' en" in his coffee. Not wishing to expose his ignorance on the subject, he said "soft sweetin' en, if you please," whereupon she poured in a quantity of molasses and stirred it with her finger. The surveyor, wishing to profit by Miles' experience said "hard sweetin' en" and the good woman bit off a piece of home made sugar and passed the beverage. The quails were browned to a turn, and made a meat to be envied.

Mr. Haralson, for one hundred dollars and the privilege of remaining until another spring, relinquished all claims to his home. Miles with Zeb's aid, hauled lumber from a saw mill twenty cow bells distant, or about twelve miles and built a four room cottage. Zeb was his constant companion, and what Miles told him of the world, was like a fairy story; like Gulliver's travels. At times his dormant nature woke up enough to want some of these things; and sometimes a sort of ambition would assert itself in his usually contented mind. Zeb's knowledge was just as entertaining to Miles as his was incredible to Zeb.

The summer passed, and with December came word that Miles' mother and sister had

decided to "rough it" and spend the winter in Miles' newly made home. Then in the week that remained before their expected arrival, Miles and Zeb made things as nearly ready as possible for the guests; and when the time came, Miles with his ponies, and Zeb with his father's mule team, drove thirty miles to the railroad station.

And now can you understand that Zeb did not know that anything could be one-half as lovely as Marion Colson appeared as she stepped off the rear coach that December afternoon?

What should a Cracker boy know of love? But love is omnipresent and does not care a fig whether it strikes the heart of an Iclander, a member of the 400, or a native Floridian.

The next day the hubs of the baggage wagon which Zeb drove home knocked off the bark from a good many pine trees in the thirty miles. He forgot to eat his own lunch or to feed the mules till two o'clock.

As he rode under the almost Italian blue sky, he thought and thought, but he did not realize that one half the world does not know how the other half lives. H. B. M.

DEMOSTHENIC SOCIETY, January 20.

(To be Concluded.)

BICYCLING.

WRITTEN FOR FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

This subject was given me with the remark "Do make it funny" when 'tis to be founded on personal experience! The only consolation to be had after that, comes from the fact that the one who made the unfeeling plea cannot possibly know of the trials and tribulations besetting the unfortunate possessor of a bicycle.

Where to begin, I don't know, for the facts—like myself—have been so shaken up,

that it is hard to find the ones originally on top.

So if the "firstly," "secondly," "fifthly," "lastly," "in conclusion," and "just one word more," do not come in just their proper places you will forgive me the jumbled condition of the interior of my thinking apparatus, won't you?

In the beginning, for most things do have a beginning, Gypsy was purchased in Chicago and sent down to the little town in Michigan

where I was spending the most of my summer. Away on a visit at the time of its arrival, I was very glad to have a friend improve the opportunity of learning to ride the interesting machine.

Nell's experiments proved rather disastrous to the wheel, as well as to herself, and so Gyp was laid by for repairs.

Taking it all in all, it was nearly a month before I began to tempt Providence.

Meanwhile, I had been watching the various bicycle riders around town, and seeing the ease with which they rolled along, made up my mind it was all nonsense making such a fuss over a trifle. Why couldn't people get right on and go? Ah, well, we live to learn in this world, tho' sometimes, it is true, we have knowledge thrust upon us.

One evening, Nell, the self-sacrificing little body, the wheel and myself, started on a short tour. Of course Nell helped me that time, but 'twas simply astonishing, the things that wheel tried to do.

Evidently it was of a very investigating turn of mind. At one moment it seemed filled with a desire to solve the mysteries residing in the tip top of some wayside tree. Failing in that, away it would rush, down into a hollow, find a stump and halt for an instant before toppling over, under the weight of its great discovery, while I would be hanging to the handle bars with a death like grip, gazing into space and vaguely wondering what the thing would be doing next.

Strange, isn't it, but next morning I felt as though I had spent about three days at the Fair, and been concerned in a railway accident besides. About a week afterward, I made my first attempt to ride alone. Again the trio started out, this time in the morning. We

found a rather retired street, a little down grade, and then began the "tug of war."

I may have a little delicacy in telling of some of my exploits, but in the hope that they may serve as a warning to some rash individual, who perhaps, even now, is contemplating the vain glory of some day possessing one of those things not far removed from a flying machine, my feelings must be sacrificed.

Of course I could not mount alone, Nell helped me, gave me a push, and away I went. True, the gait was not a very beautiful one, in fact it was entirely "wobbly" (no other word is adequate) but it was a great deal better than none at all. As I reached level ground, a little heap of gravel lay in my path. Pshaw! of course I could go over that all right. I did, to land head foremost in a ditch, hat, hatpin, wheel and self, flying in different directions, while a comforting voice from a neighboring house, called out "try it again, Lois, try it again!" Lois did; but I assure you that her bump of conceit regarding her powers of learning to ride a bicycle beautifully, without passing through a series of gymnastics, was quite perceptibly diminished. In truth, it went down almost as fast as numerous other bumps of an entirely different character came up.

Nothing daunted, however, and with the firm determination to "do or die," I tried it again. This time I was doing finely, visions of myself as champion rider even filling my head, when lo, a change came o'er the spirit of my dream, and the next thing I knew I was picking myself up from the middle of the road, covered with cuts, bruises, confusion and—a beautiful supply of dust.

While in this truly dignified position, the necessary adjunct to the scene duly appeared in the form of a young gentleman, tranquilly

driving along. He was very kind—he only smiled sympathetically, at least until he had passed.

Glancing up the road, I beheld Nell in perfect convulsions of laughter, but I didn't mind. It's a pity if one cannot consent to be viewed in the light of a small side show once in a while—don't you think so?

Picking up poor Gyp., now prone on the ground in a most dilapidated condition, back I went for another trial.

But it is nearly time for the "lastly," you think? Suffice it then, that I did learn that morning to mount and ride alone; that most of the following week was spent in my room, except at meal times and then the addition of an elevator to the house would have been a blessing—even a dumb waiter acceptable; that the first purchase made was a stock of court plaster; that because of the lameness of my arms, hair curling was among the impossibilities, and that for once at least my correspondents had a breathing spell.

Now for the "one word more." I do

hope you won't say, no matter what you may think of this, as the wee tot said of the sermon, that "she liked the first and the last pretty well, but it had a mos' drefful long middle."

Since coming South, I have found myself the object of universal respect and deference. Wherever I go, wondering small natives follow in close attendance.

Even the best of our people are so filled with veneration that they will often step away off from the side walk and stand by meekly till I am past.

If they didn't, I shouldn't feel hurt, tho' it's barely possible they might. And now, believe that a bicycle is a thing of grace and beauty and a "joy forever" if you wish, but it's my private opinion that it is simply a snare and delusion—rather substantial for the latter, I admit, and that it would prove to you, as it has proved to a certain individual who need not be further designated, vastly like "Samantha's" picnic, a "pleasure exertion."

AUNTIE.

The first time I saw Auntie she was already a woman well advanced in years, black as the ace of spades, and her face was well filled with wrinkles. The only article about her dress that I vividly recollect was an old straw hat with a brim one or two feet in width, evidently the gift of some benevolent boy. This hat was held in place by a cord that passed over her head and was tied beneath her chin, making the straw hat bonnet like. Her worn out shoes betokened many a long tramp. In one hand she carried an old and faded umbrella, and in the other a basket as old and dilapidated as the umbrella.

This was some two years ago, and she sat on the stepping block at Knowles Hall selling, or rather trying to sell, her wares, which consisted of unroasted peanuts and unsound guavas. During the first year of my college life at Rollins, Auntie was allowed to sit outside of Knowles Hall and sell to the fastidious young gentlemen who would burst forth from recitation. She sold her peanuts neither by the bag, pint, quart or handful, but by the can; a very old and dirty can that had once held tomatoes—tomato cans are not uncommonly seen in Florida.

Auntie was too much of a nuisance to

allow on the campus, so she was compelled to pick up her goods and chattels, and move across the road, and from her new post she would yell out: "Here ye'r fin' ol' peanuts. Come buy jest one can full." I must say here that those peanuts were the rankest ones I have ever tasted, but Auntie's winning ways were irresistible, and down your hand would go into your pocket for a nickel. But as soon as you had invested in a can of peanuts, she would hold up some guavas in her dirty hand and offer them for sale. I always find one consolation in eating peanuts. The nut itself is so far removed from the outside world that no unclean hand has ever touched it; so in those days I never went beyond peanuts.

Last year found Auntie stationed in new quarters, at the South Florida depot, where she remained for about one year. It was while she was dispensing peanuts in that locality that one day she told me her history. No, she is not a Florida Cracker, but is proud to claim Charleston, S. C., as her birth place. Born a slave, she was her mistress' handmaid and received the best of treatment, as she said:

"I was one ob 'de fam'ly." Her husband went into the war, and she never heard what became of him. The war left that old Southern family, as many others, poor and broken up. The old master was dead and the children separated. The mother and one son came to Florida and settled near Winter Park, and Auntie came with them in the capacity of servant. The lady died soon after coming here and the son returned North. Auntie, then an old woman, drifted to Hannibal Square, a suburb of Winter Park. There she lived until a short time ago, when she moved to Orlando. She had no fixed home while in Winter Park, but traveled around from one house to another, making short visits and living on the hospitality of the darkies.

The last time I saw Auntie she was sitting on an old box at the depot in Orlando. She wore the same straw hat, carried the same umbrella and basket, and was, no doubt, trying to sell to the generous public the same peanuts out of the same tin can. O.

DEMOSTHENIC SOCIETY, February 4.

Autobiography.

I rejoice in the growing sentiment, that each individual, who attains eminence, owes it to posterity to leave an elaborate autobiography for post-humous publication, if he does not desire to bring it out himself. Therefore, not only do I myself feel grateful to the executive committee of the "Friends in Council" for causing me to discharge this important duty at once, but beyond a doubt in the future they will receive the thanks of all posterity!

Autobiographies are necessarily supposed to be written long after the zenith of life is past. If too long delayed the mental faculties

may become so enfeebled by life's approaching nadir that the author cannot do himself justice. For the thoughtfulness that for me prevents an increase of this danger I am truly thankful.

I began life in this world, as I have been told, at ten o'clock on a Friday night. It has proved a source of life long satisfaction that my advent in life was two hours earlier in the week than David Copperfield's. So keenly have I felt the pressure for time which the demands of life produce, I am sure that benevolent soul has not begrudged me those two hours.

My babyhood was remarkable—very ; “I was not a crying child.” This absence of briny bedewment from optic orbs has followed thus far through life. Through childhood pride restrained me. Since adult life was reached there never has seemed to be time to cry. I am yet looking forward to the time when opportunities to indulge in good cries shall not be wanting.

I drew all the absurd conclusions common to childhood from literal construction of remarks made in my presence. Having learned that the earth turned once every twenty-four hours, and as I knew that things were right side up during the day, I reasoned that it must be during the night we were in the position of the griddle cake when the cook turned it. I accordingly resolved, aye, more than that, struggled many a night to stay awake and see ; but I never succeeded in staying awake !

The “know all” period came, and, in process of time, went. Few natures, I fancy,

but bear through life, marks of the erosive and depository effects of life's current during this period. It is not until after the busy period of middle life, when one is sailing in the slower and more tranquil sea of old age, that a just estimate of the relative importance of things can be made. Things that seemed all important at the time, when looked back upon seem trivial in the extreme, while too often the truly essential were half ignored. It seemed of great importance that I have a new dress on the occasion of some public performance. The discipline of character possible to be acquired on that occasion was not thought of. A prolonged old age may be to others, the most useful part of a life. I desire that what remains of mine may all be spent : “In not quitting the busy career but in fitting self to one's sphere ”—

In loving and serving, the highest and best,

Ever onward and upward, at my Master's behest.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL, January 19.

JACK FROST.

PARODY: PAUL REVERE'S RIDE.

Listen, my friends, and you shall hear
Of the midnight antics of Jack Frost's spear,
On the twenty-eighth of last December,
Many men are now alive
Who that famous night remember.

He said to himself, “I think I'll march
To the Land of Flowers ” from home tonight;
Hang icicles aloft in the belfry arch
Of all the churches in the State.
And whether I march by land or by sea,
Destruction on the opposite shore will be;
And no one will ride to spread the alarm
Thro' every Florida village and farm.

You know the rest. In the papers you've read
How money that night departed and fled
To regions that are not known at all;

How behind each fence and farm yard wall,
The growers chased themselves down the lane,
Then crossed the fields to emerge again;
Under the trees and stuff they had sown,
Only pausing to murmur and groan.

So thro' the night rode old Jack Frost;
And so next day went the cry of alarm
Thro' every Florida village and farm,
A cry of loss, and also of fear.
A knock at the rich, a knock at the poor,
A freeze that'll echo for evermore !
For, borne on the night wind of the Past,
Thro' all our history to the last,
In the hour of darkness, when cold and chill,
The people will waken and listen to hear,
With ears wide open and voice so still,
For the sound of the wind approaching near.

DEMOSTHENIC SOCIETY.

O. D. S.



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ANOTHER term is nearly finished, and Rollins College and Rollins students every one can report some progress made. In spite of the freezes and hard times, the chapel is fuller than ever before. A better state of affairs prevails among us, in good fellowship, good scholarship, and good living. But we are not perfect yet. Let the good work go on.



HERE'S to the memory of our dear departed orange trees: "*Ossa in pace quiescant.*" What a fearful winter this has been everywhere, and that too, right on top of the fires, droughts, strikes, and general hard times of last summer. Not only in the United States,

but in Europe^{as} as well, and on every sea, storms of unprecedented fury have raged. When we remember too, that the East is plunged in bitter warfare, it seems as if the whole world were being punished as with a scourge of torture.



THE new Rollins stick-pins which are seen displayed on lapels and other conspicuous places, surely show the weakness of the College color. Imagine pins of like pattern with gold mountings instead of silver; royal blue enamel instead of pink; and on the blue "Rollins" or "R. C." in gold. It would be a pin to be proud of, while our present one perhaps is not.



WORDS but poorly express how welcome was the talk which Dr. Hurlburt gave us one morning after chapel. His charming anecdotes, his pointed, forceful manner of expressing himself delighted us all, and the high sentiments expressed fired us with new ambition. He furnished us with a good motto, "Know something about everything, and everything about something." The occasion furnished a most welcome break in the monotony of school work, and we hope there will be many more such.



ROLLINS ball team has at length played its first game with an outside team, and made a very creditable showing, considering the small amount of really good practice indulged in before the game. With sufficient practice we believe Rollins could have as good a ball team as there is in the State, but not without hard practice and plenty of it. The trouble is, as has been said by the powers that be, the boys do not play ball enough, nor do enough boys

play ball. The Sanford game roused considerable interest, and if it needs some more rousing, let us have another match game. General track athletics need encouraging too. Could not a joint field day be arranged with Stetson?



WHY is it that both boys' cottages have such pretty names, while the girls' cottage has none? Surely, this ought not so to be. If the boys and girls are to be admitted to this college upon equal terms, let them be equal, and do not relegate the girls to a nameless home. Therefore, we would propose the name "Clover Leaf," which suggests both its architecture and its desirability as a residence. The girls ought to select some name and ask the Faculty to allow them to christen their home. With appropriate ceremonies a very pleasant occasion could be made of the christening.



THE editors of the SAND-SPUR have no desire to "run the college." They have their hands full to run the SAND-SPUR. But we beg leave to express our humble opinion, that there is one respect in which our college curriculum is lacking; there is no place in it for the study of the Bible. The "book of books" should be studied by all, from the youngest preparatory student to the oldest senior. For it is the greatest of all books, not only morally and spiritually, but intellectually as well. If a man thoroughly knows the Bible, he is educated already, though he may never see another book. No college curriculum is complete that does not require the regular and systematic study of the Bible.



THE commencement number of the SAND-SPUR should be especially good. It should

represent the very best literary work of which Rollins students are capable, and should be an acceptable souvenir of the college. It clearly can not be this unless every one contributes something for it. Do not be modest and hesitate because you think that you can not write anything good enough. Write anyway. You do not know what you can do until you try.

"One man's a wit,
Another's a poet;
You've all a gift,
If you only know it."

If it is nothing better than the above jingle, let us have that, and we will find a place for it. All we ask for is your best. Let everyone write something for the Commencement SAND-SPUR.



SOME of the younger students of this college have exceedingly low ideals of what is proper conduct in public places, and especially at chapel exercises. The scenes that sometimes takes place there before chapel begins, are, to say the least, disgraceful; more fit for somebody's barn, than for the most sacred place upon the campus.



THERE is a thief in our midst. Sums of money and other valuables have been disappearing lately in a most mysterious manner. It does not remedy the matter to caution every one to be careful, for jewelry has disappeared which was put away and locked up as securely as possible. Just what to do about it is a difficult question; but unless the depredations cease very soon, it seems as though something ought to be done.



THE consensus of opinion among doctors is that smoking is injurious to the body in every way. An athlete must abstain from it, if he

wishes hard muscles and good wind. Most of the trainer's clubs in the large cities have a rule prohibiting among other things, smoking. One great objection to the habit is its filth and the discourtesy of it to others. The whole body becomes saturated with the weed and the odor is disgusting to clean people. The breath pollutes the air and is disagreeable to one near. Has any one the right to inflict himself upon his friends in this condition? Railroad cars, public halls and homes are made foul by the smoke. Has one the right to pollute the air which others must breath? One of the most pitiable effects is the weakening of the mind and will power. It becomes harder and harder to control one's self and finally becomes impossible. The amount of money that can be smoked up in this way is no small item of expense. Over against all these considerations there is not a single advantage arising from the habit. It is absolutely useless and does not confer a benefit, but on the contrary is harmful to the whole being.



WASHINGTON's birthday was not passed unnoticed this year, which is a step in the right direction. The stars and stripes floated loyally from the belfry, and in the afternoon we were entertained by a splendid address on a patriotic theme by Dr. Creegan. The observance of the day was very good so far as it went, but it did not go nearly far enough. Rollins college somewhat reluctantly gave up two hours to rouse the patriotism slumbering in the bosom of its youths who are to lead the Nation's battles in the years to come. At least one whole day is not too much to give up for patriotism's sake. The public exercises might come in the morning, and be varied by some music from the Ladies' Quartette or the

Choral Club perhaps; and it might be of interest also to have the literary societies represented on the program in some way, in addition to the main address. In the evening there might be a grand Faculty reception, which would be the chief social event of the year. These are suggestions merely; better ones may occur; but in some way or other, Washington's birthday can and ought to be made the principal day of the school year.



THERE is always a peculiar fellowship among people who are banded together for a certain definite object, and the more exalted this purpose in view, the more close the fellowship is likely to be. The pursuit of literature has always been one of the most noble pursuits. The art of writing and of oratory was held in very high esteem by the old Greeks and Romans. A new student can do nothing better for his own good than to join a literary society. The social life is worth everything to the stranger. He becomes acquainted and is made at home immediately by the older society members. He feels that he is welcomed and that there is a place for him. Then of course there is the advantage of the work connected with the organization. One learns to appear before his school friends with comparatively little embarrassment. Something of the greatest usefulness is the drill in parliamentary rules. Too much value cannot be placed on this. When the society member becomes the presiding officer of some large organization, he will know what to do with an amendment, and will not have four or five motions before the house at once. If one enters into the work in the right spirit, it will not be hard but will become a pleasure. The reader may not believe this; let him try it!

OUR beautiful Lake Virginia has been the scene of many a jolly hour of royal good sport this term. We do not know whether or not it was due to the editorial on the subject in last term's SAND-SPUR, but what boat craft the college does possess is being cared for now, and quite a respectable fleet of sail boats has its moorings at our landing. They are a pretty sight, on a windy day, when they are all out at once; and the boys make the most of every breeze. The boys do, but not the girls; alas! Florida breezes are too uncertain, and sail boats too cranky, to expose such precious articles as girls to their dangers. Boys are not so valuable. But this only the more forcibly reminds us how great is the need for some safe easily handled row boats. We realize that the college would supply this need if it could; we are not grumbling; we say this in hopes that some kind-hearted millionaire lover of outdoor sports will take pity upon our hard lot and give us some nice boats, and while he is about it, a pretty boathouse to keep them in, and perhaps even a couple of shells for racing; but no, we will not ask so much all at once. But if such an one should devote some money to this purpose, (it would be but a trifling sum for a rich man) he would make every student of Rollins College his friend forever.



We may be few here at Rollins, but never say we are feeble. We are surely not, if motives are any criterion, such as "Stick to It," "Build for Eternity," "Find a Way or Make One." We are surely not if one can judge by the number of organizations; for our clubs and societies are remarkably numerous compared to our numbers. Every one here who belongs to anything, belongs to several. Most of these organizations are doing good work, but some need to wake up a little. The boys

should do better work in society than they have this term, which they intend to do. Interest in Christian Endeavor must not be allowed to flag. One organization, the Mandolin club, has disbanded, which all sincerely regret and hope will be revived again. But the tennis and baseball interest manifests the greatest lethargy. It is hot of course, but that is no excuse for being lazy. The boys cannot expect to be allowed to play outside teams if they will not play at home. There is one more general criticism: A childish spirit is often shown here even by our oldest students. It does no good to whimper, nor is there any cause for it. Some people do not know when they are well off. All things considered, there is not a better college in America at which to attend school than Rollins.

MRS. AUSTIN.

The sad death of Mrs. Mary Austin, wife of Prof. Austin, occurred Saturday, February second. She had been ill for several weeks, but even those about her did not think the end so near. No funeral services were held in Winter Park, save the singing of a hymn, and a few words spoken by Dr. Hooker at the home on Sunday, at the hour which she had been accustomed to spend in the Bible class. She was laid at rest near her old home in Ohio.

We miss her bright face and cheery voice; she had so long been "one of us" on the campus that even since leaving it, we have felt her interest in college affairs undiminished. The beautiful home with its outlook upon the lake was rarely suited to her artistic taste; but it has lost its chief charm, that of her presence.

We wish to express our deep sympathy with Prof. Austin in his great sorrow, and also with the son whose love and companionship filled so large a place in his mother's life.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

NOTES.

The Y. P. S. C. E. has now eighty-seven active members. This shows a great increase in the last two months and makes the society the largest in Orange and Osceola districts.

On the night of February 3rd, Dr. Hurlburt spoke during the usual hour for the C. E. prayer meeting. His theme was "The Ideal Young Christian." He first showed the necessity of genuine Christian experience, then of education and industry. It was all most practical and helpful.

Might it not be well for our local society to consider the question of badges? The color selected many years ago was dark wine. But very few possess the original badge and their design perhaps is not as pretty as could be obtained now.

During the ten days following the Week of Prayer, short prayer meetings were held by the young men in the chapel and by the young ladies in their cottage. They were only ten or fifteen minutes long, but were delightful to all who attended. As a result of these meetings and those of the week preceding, about twenty members joined the Christian Endeavorers.

On the 17th of February, Dr. Brecht, formerly a resident of Winter Park, now a worker among the Indians of this State, gave a very interesting description of the Indian's life and peculiarities. He told also something of his mode of work and his hindrances.

The Junior C. E. has now fifteen members. The society is doing good work. Fannie Henkel and Ruth Fairchild were sent to the State Convention and brought back a very interesting report. The junior movement is growing in the State and is receiving much attention.

The State Convention of the societies of Christian Endeavor was held in Sanford on the 8th, 9th and 10th of February. Notwithstanding the extremely cold weather the meetings were well attended. At the last consecration service there was not standing room.

Among those who attended from Winter Park were Mr. Ernest Missildine, Miss Anna

Moore, Mr. Paul Fairchild, Mr. Rowland, Miss Ruth Ford, Miss Frances Crooks, Miss May Hooker and President Fairchild.

The question of State colors was brought up at the State Convention. No action was taken but orange and royal purple combined received the most favorable consideration.

The Orange and Osceola District now contains about fourteen societies. The place of their next convention has not been chosen but Longwood wishes it.

The next State Convention will be held at DeLand during April of 1896.

The societies in the State are becoming more and more interested in missionary work, both home and foreign. Some are supporting Bible readers in heathen countries; others have opened reading rooms in their own towns; quite a few are helping their needy churches; one has a mission school for colored children, and so many are making their organizations a practical one. It shows a great advancement.

There were about one hundred and fifty visiting delegates at the Sanford convention, and about the same number of local endeavorers, making in all about three hundred C. E. members in attendance.

The great National C. E. Convention will be held this summer in Boston.

The "two-cents-a-week plan" is being universally adopted for foreign missions all over the United States.

GLEANINGS.

"There is only one thing that need make us down-cast; that is sin. The Savior came to conquer this, so there need not be in our lives a single depressed day."

"The soul is monarch in its domain of character. In spiritual things, one is what one chooses to be."

"The motive is the very soul of the act."

"Laughter is one of life's duties."

—DR. HOOKER.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

It has been said that youth has an almost insatiable passion for organization. Certainly there is ample proof of this in the number of clubs, societies, leagues and guilds, formed with every imaginable purpose for or by young people. All the impulses of the day lead to the formation of unions by those interested in any special work; and we, though few and feeble, are nevertheless glad to be in accordance with a world-wide movement. Our aim is lofty, despite the fact that we lose sight of the mark sometimes; we "build for eternity."

The "Friends," began three years ago by a half dozen young ladies, not one of whom had ever before worked in such a society, has now twenty-five members, two-thirds of whom were at entrance, wholly unfamiliar with such societies. Owing to the latter fact, much time has been spent in learning how to work.

We have been accused of valuing literary work more than the practice of parliamentary law. Still, we believe ourselves mistresses of certain simple rules. Our faith was somewhat shaken once, but as our president had never before so lost her self-possession, we feel that she may never again do so. Surely any student would have been a little upset by the sudden announcement that we were free to attend the reception given at the Seminole to the wife of so great a man as General U. S. Grant.

The society has this year set aside a usage that might have become a custom—that of adding the presidency of the society to the already heavy burdens of Senior members. It is to be hoped that this will establish a precedent. Seniors have quite enough to do, without the responsibility attached to this office.

Some literary societies have an irreverent way of handling questions that puzzle the great minds of the day. In justification of the young ladies who discussed the advisability of state arbitration in case of strikes, be it said that it was not their fault. The Executive Committee did it themselves.

THE DEMOSTHENIC SOCIETY.

Let us ever keep before us our motto: "Find a way or make one."

The society has done fairly good work this term. Some of the programs have been of much interest, as was the one presented on the evening of Feb. 11. Our Mandolin and Guitar Club rendered three beautiful selections of music. Mr. Oldham's character sketch, "Auntie," was much enjoyed. So also was the discussion on foot ball and other inter-collegiate games, by Messrs. W. Fairchild, King, Ensminger and P. Fairchild. Mr. Missildine's paper, "Comparison of Pope and Dryden," was very ably written, as was also Mr. Flentye's essay.

Mr. Louis Lyman was welcomed back to the society last month. We have added two other members this term—Messrs. Flentye and Galloway. The society has sustained a severe loss in Miss Roots' resignation as critic, and will have to work hard to keep up the high standard hitherto maintained.

In connection with the Friends in Council the D. S. gave an entertainment at the Gymnasium on March 1st, which proved very successful. The program consisted of a comedy from Shakespeare, several interesting recitations by Miss Belle Tracy, "the spectral gymnast," who "turned out" to be Mr. Beach—statuary, etc. A neat sum was realized from the door receipts.

The subject of changing the college color has not yet been settled. It was brought up before the society some time ago, and a change was unanimously desired, in favor of royal blue and gold. A committee was appointed to draw up a petition for presentation to the faculty, requesting that the change be made.

The membership was at one time eighteen, but is reduced to sixteen by the resignations of Miss Root and Mr. King. After considerable discussion and delay, a plan was agreed upon by which society members could substitute society work for the theses required in the English Department of the college. O. D. S.

ATHLETICS.

BASEBALL.

SANFORD 13—ROLLINS A. A. 8.

Our game with Sanford brought out two things very distinctly. First, that our boys had not had sufficient practice to play a good game of ball; and second, that we have at Rollins the material for a good nine. The manager at Sanford told us after the game, that our catcher, pitcher and first and second basemen were as good as any they had played against, which is high praise considering that Sanford has played the best teams in the state.

The first two innings were nothing but an exhibition of poor ball playing, errors being made on nearly every play. Sanford scored eleven runs to Rollins two. By the beginning of the third our boys steadied and held Sanford down to two runs, shutting them out entirely in the fourth and fifth. The fifth inning opened for us with Donovan at the bat; he was presented with first base, while Fritz helped him on with a rattling single. Beach came to bat with his eye on the twirling sphere, and when he had swung his wagon tongue the crowd gave a yell which must have been heard clear to Winter Park, and kept it up till Rex was safely seated on third base with a credit of bringing in two runs and having the biggest hit of the game placed to his account. Flentye punched out a single, and Fairchild followed with a hot grounder through the pitcher, bringing our score up to eight. It being nearly train time, the game was now called.

The Sanford pitcher, about whom we had heard such great tales, proved an easy mark for our boys, only three striking out, while Beach made a three bagger, Case a two bagger, and Fairchild, Flentye, Frank and Donovan each made singles. Owing to the unfortunate loss of the score book we can not give a full score of the game. The following is the score by innings:

Innings.	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
Sanford	5	6	2	0	0	13.
Rollins.....	1	1	2	0	4	8.

We were well treated by the Sanford boys, and hope to have a chance to play them again when a full nine-inning game can be played.

On account of the very wet winter we have had, our diamond has not dried sufficiently to allow us to play on it this term, and as hot weather comes on it will be hard to keep up an interest in such violent play as base ball, but we hope the inducement of a good diamond will call the boys out next term for some good play.

TENNIS.

After long waiting, the back-stops to the Tennis court are at last in position. The club has done almost nothing this term, which is greatly to be regretted, as it will soon be too warm for comfortable playing. Perhaps no one is to blame, and yet the whole club have shown a lamentable lack of interest in tennis. Let us "get out of this trance," and keep the tennis court hot next term, and get in shape for a good tournament before commencement.

NOTES.

We feel that a word of caution will not be out of place. Do not let your athletic work interfere with other important duties. It does not help good, honest athletics to have active C. E. members stay away from church and prayer meeting because they overdid at a ball game. We were sorry to notice that this was the case after the Sanford game, although it was consecration meeting.

The new boat landing is a great improvement, as it enables the young ladies to get the "arks" afloat without the assistance of the young men. The boys seem to be content to let the wind do the work for them, and every good breezy day sees the three sail boats well loaded down with strong, healthy youth who ought to pull an oar, now and then, to keep their muscle from going to grass.

MUSICAL DEPARTMENT.

LADIES' QUARTETTE.

One of the new organizations of the college is the Ladies' Quartette, composed of the Misses Peck, Miss Moremen, and Miss Crooks. Their first appearance was made at the closing recital of the first term, and was noticed in these columns at that time.

Several engagements were made for the Christmas holidays; but being unused to the discomforts of traveling all day and singing at night, all were cancelled except those in Tampa and Ocala. The ladies were delightfully entertained in both places, by the friends of Rollins; nothing more could have been added to increase their comfort and enjoyment.

The Quartette has appeared in Winter Park in the last three months, and has proved the exception to the old rule that "prophets are not without honor, save in their own country." While the Alabama Press Association was on its late tour through Florida, the Quartette sang for them at the Seminole, by request of the business manager of the excursion.

For Easter vacation, a short tour is planned visiting the East coast this time; the Quartette expect to sing in Daytona, Ormond, and other winter resorts. Sanford, Jacksonville and St. Augustine also are on their list, but the dates for the different places have not yet been decided. Their programme will consist of songs by Miss Peck, piano solo by Miss Hattie Peck, as well as trios and quartettes.

The Tampa Daily Times of Dec. 27, devoted a half column in praise of the Quartette's singing at that place. We quote the following extracts:

"The beautiful music room of the Tampa Bay Hotel was filled last evening by a critical and appreciative audience gathered in anticipation of a musical treat. They were not disappointed in the choice program rendered by the Rollins College Ladies' Quartette which won laurels on this their first appearance in Tampa. Misses Peck, Misses Crooks and Moremen have fine, well trained voices that harmonize perfectly, each one seeming to add to

the beauty of the other. This is one of the finest ladies' quartettes of the South, and several compared them last night to the famous New England quartette, Lil-Hat-Ann-Sue.

"Every number on the program was well rendered, but 'Ave Maria,' by Marchetti, by the trio Misses Peck and Crooks, 'Rockabye,' by Neidlinger, and the 'Peasants Wedding March,' by Soedeman, sung by the Quartette gave exquisite pleasure to their audience."

MANDOLIN CLUB.

The Demosthenic Mandolin and Guitar Club is no more. It is with regret that we chronicle this fact, for on comparing it with like organizations in other colleges, we feel that it was at least as good as the average. Its members were gentlemanly, well disposed young men, and by their music have given their fellow students many an evening's pleasure. Often 'neath the illusive shadows of the "golden moonlight," the sweet strains of *Vogel's Waltz*, *Mamie*, or *Pride of the Ball* have crept forth and soothed the restless spirit of the fair ones at the ladies' cottage. One, who lives on the second floor, facing the engine house, told us confidentially, after being awakened at 1 a. m., that "she was dreaming that she was listening to the Boston Symphony when she awoke to find it was the Mandolin club playing 'Miserere.'" Many thanks for such sweet words of praise.

The only appearance of the club, away from home, was at Orlando at an entertainment given by the ladies of the Methodist Church. They were most cordially received and heartily encored. To Mr. and Mrs. F. A. Curtis, they extend hearty thanks for a royal supper and pleasant entertainment. The final appearance at the Society entertainment took place under many difficulties, and the club did not by any means do itself credit.

The members of the club were: Eugene Fairchild, Director and Second Mandolin; C. Francis Ensign, First Mandolin; C. Le Barron Donovan, First Mandolin; Aleck Shine, Violin; R. P. Oldham, Guitar; Rex Beach, Guitar.

NOTES.

The classes in this department are even larger than last term. The teachers found it unusually difficult to arrange for lessons and practice. Every piano in the campus has been in use all through school and study hours; and several pupils have been assigned hours at private houses.

Miss Peck has had two new assistants this term—Miss Abbott and Miss Pomeroy, both of the class of '94. Miss Abbott has a class in Orlando, coming here Wednesday and Saturday of each week. Miss Pomeroy is also studying both vocal and instrumental music.

The rumor that we are to have two new pianos is almost too good to be true. Surely the Faculty will grant us a holiday in which to celebrate fitly their arrival.

The graduates of this year are beginning to feel their burdens resting heavily upon them. From the end of this term until the close of school, there will be an almost endless amount of practicing to be done. The class consists of Miss Moremen, Miss Crooks, Miss McMullan, and Mr. Missildine.

The first of the graduating recitals will be given by Mr. Missildine, assisted by Miss Neff and the Misses Peck, at Knowles Hall, March 21st. The program is one of unusual excellence. Miss Peck studied the duet on the program with the composer, George Henschel, in London. Following is the program:

1. Trio from Fidelio.....*Beethoven*
Misses Peck and Mr. Missildine
2. Verdant Meadows.....*Handel*
Chivuola zingarella—Paiesiello.
3. Piano—Valse Caprice.....*Chanimade*
Miss Neff.
4. Yearnings.....*Rubenstein*
Thou'rt Like a Flower*Rubenstein*
Creole Lover's Song.....*Dudley Buck*
5. Piano—Nocturne.....*Paderewski*
The Witches Dance.....*MacDowell*
6. Duet—La Gondoliera.....*Henshel*
Miss Peck and Mr. Missildine.
7. Piano—Etude.....*Chopin*
Nocturne
Polonaise
8. Aria from Der Freischutzy.....*C. M. von Weber*

Of the regular Thursday evening recitals, by far the best was the one devoted to the works of Schubert. A few of the pupils played or sang; but that which made it best in the opinion of the students was that Miss Peck sang, and Miss Hattie Peck played. Those who heard the "Erl King" will not soon forget the skill and feeling with which the voices in the dialogue were given, and the beauty of the piano accompaniment.

We give a copy of the program :

Impromptu.....	Miss J. Lewton
Death and the Maiden.....	Miss Crooks
Theme and Variations	Miss Hattie Peck
The Young Nun }	Miss Pomroy
Rosebud	
On the River	}
Lied der Mignon	
The Erl King	
	Miss Peck

CHORAL CLUB.

A number of new members have been voted in, at the recommendation of the examining committee. The parts balance much better since a few more basses have joined the club.

The much talked of concert was given March 8, in the Congregational church. Instead of the Handel Festival, a general program was given, which was so well received here that it was repeated in Orlando the next Tuesday evening.

1. Chorus—The Heavens are Telling,
from "*Creation*".....*Haydn*
2. Duet—I will magnify.....*Mosenthal*
Miss Abbott and Mr. Cheney.
3. Piano—Barcarolle.....*Schubert-Liszt*
Miss Walker.
4. Chorus—The Skylark.....*Barnby*
5. Aria—Omio Fernando,
from *La Favorita*.....*Doniszetti*
Miss Pomroy.
6. Chorus—Faithful and true,
from *Lohengrin*.....*Wagner*
7. Song—The Erl King, (by request).....*Schubert*
Miss Peck.
8. Trio—Ave Maria.....*Marchetti*
Miss Peck, Miss H. Peck and Miss Crooks,
9. Chorus—Soldiers Chorus, from *Faust*.....*Gounod*
10. Song—Selected
Dr. Eager.
11. Piano—Waltz.....*Moszkowski*
Miss Hattie Peck.
12. Chorus —Hallelujah, from *The Messiah*.....*Handel*

ART.

NOTES.

The semi-annual art exhibition was held the last days of the third week of February. The walls of the studio were well covered with very creditable work. One of the main features of the exhibition was the large amount of excellent pencil work.

Some of this was out door work in sketching which is a line of work that never lacks material in Florida.

Many were studies of casts, still-life groups and corners of the the studio. These were all good studies in perspective and proportion.

The exhibit from the life class showed much improvement. This is one of the most difficult departments in Art, and satisfactory results can only be obtained after long and careful study. The exhibit in this branch showed that the club has not been idle.

The display in charcoal was perhaps smaller than usual, but it made up for lack of quantity by its excellent quality. The studies were in casts and still-life and give good effect of light and shade.

The exhibition was well attended. About two hundred visitors registered during the few days the studio was open.

Dr. Creegan was a very appreciative guest and was much pleased with the work done in the Art Department.

SKETCH CLUB.

The Sketch Club has completed one of the

most prosperous terms known in its history. The hour of meeting on Saturday evening is conceded by all to be the pleasantest of all the week, except perhaps that one or two make exception in favor of the corresponding hour or two of the evening previous. But that the time is not wasted is shown by the many excellent sketches that are on exhibition in the studio, some of which give evidence of considerable talent in the artists, though that of some is evidently somewhat undeveloped.

The constitution has been remodeled so that now the club stands upon firmer footing than heretofore.

At the election of officers, Mr. Paul Fairchild was chosen President; Miss Ruth Ford, Vice-President and Miss Ross, Secretary and Treasurer.

The club now consists of eleven members, three of whom, Miss Smith and Messrs. Ralph Fairchild and John Neville, have joined this term.

On the evening of February 23rd, the club donned its best bib and tucker, and, making its home in the Gym, shook hands with its many friends, whose evening's enjoyment was doubtless heightened by the excellent chocolate and cake which were served upon the stage, prettily decorated for the occasion.

The club wishes to express its thanks to the friends who so kindly assisted them at this time.

COLLEGE NEWS.

EVENTS.

During the past term the social market has been way up, as the authorities seemed to think it overcrowded. New methods of controlling the market are being devised. Among the different methods, restrictive and prohibitory measures hold preeminent places. Vacation days were spent in as diligent a pursuit of fun as the school days were of learning.

December 28.—The devotees of "42," who have worshipped at its shrine since the party

given by the Freshman class, met at the Ladies' Cottage in the evening and had a very interesting game.

January 1.—Something to eat is always acceptable. So thought the young people who made candy and popcorn balls at the dining hall on New Year's night.

January 19.—The young people from the college who attend the Episcopal church, were invited to spend from two until four at the residence of Mr. Comstock. With true wo-

manly tact the hostess realized that the best way to entertain college students was to feed them, and the rapidity with which the sandwiches, cake and coffee were disposed of showed their appreciation. A most enjoyable afternoon was passed.

January 26.—A break in the usual dull monotony of the Saturday evenings at Clover Leaf. Miss King invited a number of her friends to the northwest reception room for a general good time. Would there were more such!

January 26.—On this date a picnic to Lake-mont occurred. This might be called a Fair-child picnic as that family sent five representatives, a large minority of the number present. The morning was pleasantly spent in indecision on account of the weather—to go or not to go? It was finally decided by starting. With the exception of the attempts of a "rambunctious" member of the party to overthrow a fence, a very peaceful and quiet afternoon was spent by all.

February 1.—A poverty party was advertised. A notice to the following effect resembling in shape and appearance a cow-hide was open to the public gaze on the bulletin-board at Knowles Hall:

POVERTIE SOSHAL.

Nex Fridy in the Jim.

This aint no stuck up affare
so jus dress nateral and ack nateral.
No doods alloud.

Followin fines will be took from	
Wimmin	Gents
silk dress 10c	starshed kolar 2c
hare komed 15 sents	butes blaked 4c
bangs not out of sight 10c	biled shirts 3c
starshed waste 6c	neke-tye 2c
tite shus 1c	selulyoid kolar 1c
powderd fase 2c	long taled koat 15c
jules 7c	flurten \$15.00
nue things 50c	
ornamental hare-pins 5c	

A kompetent komite will wate on basheful fellers.

On account of the critical illness of Mrs. Austin, the party was postponed.

February 2.—A banquet was given by six of the young ladies to as many gentlemen. The feast, which was worthy of the name, lasted from seven to eight-thirty o'clock.

February 15.—On this date the students were invited by Mr. F. W. Lyman to spend the evening at his residence. The invitation was accepted, and Friday night found nearly every student at his spacious dwelling. The grounds were illuminated by Athenian watch fires. There were refreshments of ice cream, cake, and raspberry frappee. The affair was one of rare social pleasure.

February 18.—The management of The Seminole gave a reception in honor of Mrs. Ulysses S. Grant. Many of the students attended and had the pleasure of meeting the wife of the Northern commander in the late war. Music was furnished by the Seminole orchestra. The Guitar and Mandolin club still reserve a section of their hearts for the inmates of the Ladies Cottage. At the weird hour of midnight the girls were awakened from their slumbers by sweet strains of music floating into them on the soft breezes.

February 22.—The concert given at the Congregational church by the Episcopal and Congregational choirs and the College quartette, was a decided success.

February 23.—An account of the Sketch club reception held on this date is given in another column.

February 28.—A Conumdrum Tea from 5:30 to 7:30, was given at Mr. Lyman's residence for the benefit of the Public Reading room. Every one had a good time and lots of good things to eat.

March 1.—The entertainment given in the gymnasium by the Demosthenics and Friends in Council, was largely attended, and much enjoyed. Miss Tracy's recitations were the feature of the evening. A vote of thanks is due the committee for their perseverance and fortitude. The SAND SPUR and its readers will profit by it in more ways than one.

March 8.—The Choral concert held in the Congregational church was a success despite the heavy rain that fell late in the afternoon. So well was this enjoyed that it was repeated at the Orlando Opera house on the next Tuesday evening.

March 15.—The Gymnastic class gave an exhibition in the Lyman gymnasium. The entertainment consisted of marching, hoop and dumb bell drills, fencing, club swinging, and various other calisthenic exercises. The boys' class gave an exhibition of heavy work. A tennis drill in costume was given by a number of young ladies.

March 19.—The class in elocution will give an entertainment consisting of a number of recitations, a dialogue, comedietta, convention of muses, and an exercise called "The Search for Happiness," in which the characters will be Wealth, Grief, a Warner, Genius, Fame, Power, Music, Beauty and Love. The muses will be represented by nine little girls.

March 21.—A recital in Knowles Hall will be given by Miss Neff and Mr. Missildine.

LOCALS.

One more freeze is expected.

The number of new pupils this term is 17.

The total enrolment of students this term is 143.

The address given by Dr. Creegan Feb. 22d, was well attended.

Mr. Ricker of So. Lake Weir, left home in time to enjoy the latest freeze with us.

Those having bills of the Sanford-Rollins base ball game as souvenirs are earnestly requested to drape them in black.

We can now boast a navy indeed, and Lake Virginia presents a beautiful appearance when dotted with the sails of our craft.

Prof. Barrows and others, went to New Smyrna March 5th. Henry Mowbray accompanied them on a visit to his folks.

The Christian Endeavor convention at Sanford seemed to draw large crowds. Would that the base ball game had the same effect.

The advent of a new landing has doubtless been marked by all. Noah probably had

some arrangement like this when he got into *his* ark.

Mr. Hurlburt's talk to the students was enjoyed by all, and the memory of his visit will remain in the hearts of Rollins people for a long while.

It is rumored that the Music Department is to have two brand new pianos next term. Good! but we hope they will be placed as far from the library as possible.

O. Pierre Havens, a photographer of Jacksonville, in a letter to one of the boys remarks: "I have seen a copy of your college paper, and think it by far the most artistic college paper I have ever seen."

The row of trees back of the dining room commonly known as wild olives, are not wild olives, and moreover do not belong to the olive family at all. They seem to be a rare species of tree, as they are not classified in any of the leading botanies.

A contribution entitled, "A Mathematical Fantasy," came from Raymond Alden too late for publication in this issue, but it is good enough to keep and will appear in commencement number. Mr. Alden occupies the chair of English Language at Columbia University, Washington, D. C. We thank him sincerely for his interest in our young paper.

The friends of F. L. Lewton, formerly a student here, will be interested in the following letter from him; he writes from Drexel Institute, Philadelphia: "Several days ago I received a sample copy of the SAND-SPUR, for which please accept my thanks. I wish to express to you my hearty wishes for its success, and in order to do this in the most substantial way, I enclose money order for fifty cents for a year's subscription, beginning with the current number. The article on the College color has interested me very much. I remember well the struggle over the rose pink, and have now my rosette of the original ribbon. As you say, the shade has never since been matched, and though I should be sorry for the sake of old associations to have the color changed, I will say that I am in favor of something else."

On Saturday noon, March 16, Test Leach, age fourteen or thereabouts, who knows very little about swimming and less about sailing a boat, took Dea Batchelor's large sail boat out alone and directly against orders, while a gale of wind was blowing. The thing to be expected happened; the boat upset. Fortunately, it happened to occur where the water was shallow, so nothing serious came of it. This is not the only case of idiotic fool-hardiness that has occurred this term, and unless the boys are more careful the faculty will probably forbid sailing altogether.

About half past two of the same day a very exciting boat race came off without any accident except that one boy's hat blew into the

water. It was an ideal day for a race, and the landing was crowded with an interested group of spectators. Three sailboats, in holiday attire, started off close together in the following order; Joe Empie's, the "Mazie" and the "Kittie." They held well together until they rounded the first goal, but on the return trip against the wind the "Kittie" showed the best judgement in tacking and made a large gain, rounding the second goal ahead. The "Kitty" sailed the course in one minute and fifteen seconds better time than the "Mazie." Empie's boat dropped out. One of the judges (W.F.) says that it was the name of the winner that caused it to win.

EXCHANGE.

There are one hundred and ninety college papers in the United States, while England has none.

President Garfield's youngest son, who graduated from Williams in '93, is now coaching Williams' foot ball team.—*Ex.*

The SAND-SPUR is a "brand new" paper, coming to us from the land of oranges and alligators. We sincerely hope that it will *stick to it*, as it has begun.—*Riverview Student.*

Among the last rulings of the executive is that the young ladies may go down town any day after school, but must be accompanied at all times by a teacher.—*Stetson Collegiate.*

The University of Chicago intends to publish a magazine similar to the *Century*, which will be a rival to that periodical. It is to be called the *Lakeside Magazine*.

President Eliot, of Harvard, in a recent address, advised students to apportion the day as follows: Study, ten hours; sleep, eight; hours; exercise, two hours; social duties, one hour; meals, three hours.—*Ex.*

He asked a miss what was a kiss,
Grammatically defined.

"It's a conjunction, sir," she said,
"And hence can't be declined."

—*Yale Record.*

Harvard is congratulating herself over her fifth successive victory in debate over Yale.

However, Yale can beat Harvard every time in foot ball.

On January 1st, the Chicago University received \$175,000 from Mr. John D. Rockefeller, and \$30,000 from other persons. Mr. Rockefeller's gifts now amount to almost \$3,500,000.

Out of eighty students in Drury College only twelve are unconnected by membership with some church; in the preparatory department more than half the girls and nearly half the boys are professed christians.—*Ex.*

The Cornell faculty has passed a resolution prohibiting the foot ball team from engaging in inter-collegiate games, except on some college grounds.

Ye listening rocks, ye sounding sea,
Ye bellowing winds from o'er the lea!
Oh! tell me, if ye can tell aught,
What will they call the class'oo?

—*Yale Record.*

The new president of France, M. Faure, rises at five o'clock in the morning and by eight has got through the brunt of the day's business. He is an active worker in the Young men's Christian Association.

How dear to our hearts is
Cash on subscription,
When the generous subscriber
Presents it to view.

But the man who don't pay—
We refrain from description—
For perhaps gentle reader,
That man might be you.

—*Chatham Courier.*

"Do I bore you?" asked the mosquito politely, as he sunk a half-inch shaft into the man's arm. "Not at all" replied the man, smashing him with a book. "How do I strike you?"—*Riverview Student.*

Bishop Whipple of Maitland succeeds the late Rev. C. C. Painter, as member of the Board of Indian Commissioners.

MOTHER GOOSE UP TO DATE.

Sing a song of touchdowns,
A pig-skin full of air;
Two and twenty sluggers
With long and matted hair.

When the game was opened
The sluggers 'gan to fight.
Wasn't that for tender maids
An edifying sight. —*Oberlin Review.*

Harvard has been obliged to discharge fourteen instructors on account of financial embarrassment. In fact many well endowed institutions cannot get hold of their funds.

The SAND-SPUR, with its suggestive title, has reached our table and is gladly welcomed. We would warn all its exchanges lest they get "stuck."—*College Thought.*

The SAND-SPUR is encouraged by the warm reception given by all its exchanges. Says the *Converse Concept*: The SAND-SPUR comes

to us from "way down where the orange blossoms grow" and in spite of its name it has the sweet odor of the "Land of Flowers." Its dress is tasteful in its simplicity and upon the whole it is very prettily gotten up. The literary department contains short and interesting articles. "Household Hints" and "Wise and Otherwise" we found clever and amusing. We infer from its motto "Stick to it" that the SAND-SPUR has come into the literary world to stay, so give it a hearty welcome.

Once Cupid, in his rouguish way,
Into a room went peeping,
And there upon the sofa lay
A maiden calmly sleeping.

Then Cupid straightway aimed a dart,
With a triumphant grin;
The shot was careless, missed her heart,
And struck her in the chin.

He drew the shaft and kissed the place;
'Twas healed by means so simple;
The wound, however, left a trace,
A charming little dimple.

—*The University Courier.*

We acknowledge with thanks the following exchanges: *The Riverview Student*, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; *The Stetson Collegiate*, De Land; *College Thought*, Leesburg; *Squib*, Seattle, Wash.; *Cadet Bugle*, Lake City; *Converse Concept*, Spartanburg, S. C.; *Journal of Commerce*, Jacksonville; *The Lake Mary Cracker*, Lake Mary.

Clippings.

EVOLUTION AGAIN.

'Twas in the Biology lecture
I heard the professor tell
How all the animals, even the elephant,
All start from a single cell.
And I thought of those jokes that go round and round
And tears from my eyelids fell,
For I knew that the boniest, knock-kneed gag,
Started out as an innocent sell.

J. W. S., in University Herald.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN.

We're in need of a poet
And he's so hard to find!
Did our writers but know it,
We're in need of a poet;

Given the mark, who can toe it?
No good work is declined.
We're in need of a poet
And he's so hard to find!

—*Sequoia.*

MODERN AGNOSTICISM.

"The professors are wrong," said the student in college,

"In giving me marks that are low,
For, with Huxley, I think that the height of all
knowledge

Is in the three words 'I don't know!'"

—*Trinity Tablet.*

WISE AND OTHERWISE.

HAUNTED!

Dramatis personæ:

Professor.

Margery.

Ghosts of Departed Pupils.

Scene: The Study Hall at Rollins College since its transformation. Professor with his head in his hands, moaning. (Enter Margery)
 Margery: "Why are you lonely?"

Why sit alone?

Why have you no Greek class?

Why don't you go home?"

Professor: "I had a Greek class;

Long, long ago.

Nothing in the Greek book

They didn't know.

But they grew weary;

Died one and all,

And I am left alone

In the old Study Hall."

(Chorus of Ghost of Departed Pupils to the tune of "After the Ball.")

"After the class is over,

After the books are closed,

After he's given the lesson,

And we are bemoaning our woes,

Many the heads are aching,

If you could feel them all,

Many the hearts are breaking

In the old Study Hall."

Claude is a smart lad, there's no getting round it; and a favorite with his teachers, too. But a little the cutest thing was the way he outwitted Miss G., one day. He had gotten into the habit of getting excused before dinner was over in order to get the first chance at the tennis court for a few games before study hours began. He did this several times until it became rather a nuisance, so one day when he asked to be excused, Miss G. said, "O, I guess you had better stay and have some desert, Claude."

Claude looked injured, but said nothing. Presently he began to shift uneasily in his

seat, and his foot accidentally (?) came in contact with Miss G.'s chair. "O, excuse me, Miss G.," he exclaimed.

"Certainly, Claude," she answered.

"Thank you, ma'am," said Claude, triumphantly, and left the table!

AT OUR BOARDING HOUSE.

I've always wondered more or less

Where my lost rubbers get,

For almost every week, I guess,

I buy another set.

But yesterday while striving sore

A piece of steak to maim,

Unthinkingly I turned it o'er,

Behold! there was my name.

B. O. ARDER.

A Dexter, (Mich.) woman got so much faith in faith cures that she threw away her false teeth, expecting her natural teeth to grow in again. She waited six months, and now has neither faith nor teeth.

Result of too much erudition. Heard at a Prof's. breakfast table recently:

Small Sister: "Oh, Mamma! Hear the clock tick."

Big Brother: "You're off, kidlet, that's a bed tick."

A Voice: "Well, a bed tick's better than a broom stick, isn't it, youngster?"

B. B.: "Not for a domestic."

Voice: "That sticks me."

S. S.: "Well, Mamma, if a bed tick wood tick it would tick-le me, wouldn't it?"

B. B.: "I have often seen a board walk and a house fly, but I never yet saw a tree check its trunk when it leaves in the spring."

S. S.: "Well I saw a watch spring."

Voice: "Enough! Let February March that April May."

B. B.: "Clariss; what's the difference between you and your father?" (*Silence while the butter flies.*) "Because he has the most nose and you have the least knows."

Voice: "What's the most comical use of the telephone?"

B. B.: "Not knowing, I feel an inconceivable, but nevertheless a preeminently incontestable hesitancy in elucidating such an unprecedentedly incomprehensible proposition of a diminutive cerebellum." (*The gum drops and the table spreads.*)

Voice: "To tell a funny story" (telephone.)

(*At this point the table leaves to ease the window pane, the beef steaks the chair-back, the door springs for the jamb, the coffee settles to hear the hat-band play "Till We Meet Again," and a truce is declared.*)

It has been proved at "Clover Leaf" that quite the best way to don one of the new stiffened dress skirts is to descend from a trunk as if going down stairs two steps at a time.

Of all busy places, Rollins stands at the head. A most interesting program was arranged, but, alas the time, and on account of it it fell through. Our not wishing you to miss it entirely, the time shall be taken to say a word about it. Can you fancy anything more entertaining than a museum? In which most marvelous freaks were to be seen. The bearded woman, the giantess and even a woman who wrote with her toe. Wonders and wonders, and then the world renowned "Sutherland sisters" with their marvelous hair. Oh! that bell. Is it possible I won't have time to write more.

BLESS HIM !

There was a young man, slim and lank,
And so charming his manners and frank,
That he held in all hearts a first rank.

Bless him !

His adventures were many and queer.
He knew nothing whatever of fear,
Would risk his life often, O dear.

Bless him !

One night an adventurous rat
Got into a Pinehurst flat.
Quoth Henry, "O where are you at?"

Bless him !

The rat did not deign to reply.

Hank rose from his bed with a sigh
And escaped from his room pretty fly.

Bless him !

To the feast-hall, he shortly made way ;
Secured a young brave for small pay,
Who consented with him for to stay.

Bless him !

They waited his rat-ship's return,
While with daring their hearts 'gan to burn,
And all thought of retreat they did spurn,

Bless 'em !

As their senses began to scatter,
The rat came back with a clatter,
Cried the lady down stairs "What's the matter?"

Bless her !

They cleared the battle-field, quite,
Of all furniture, heavy and light,
Then sailed in with vim out of sight.

Bless 'em !

Well armed with racket and broom,
Pursued they that rat round the room,
Pursued him, alas, to his doom.

Bless 'em !

Hank's other adventures are legion
And are known all over this region—
They need not be told with precision.

Bless him !

When you write a merry jest,

Cut it short ;

'Twill be too long at its best,

Cut it short ;

Life is brief and full of care,

Editors don't like to swear,

Treat your poem like your hair,

Cut it short.—*Ex.*

WHO ?

Who is it with his smile and glance
Can quickly all the girls entrance,
And thinks it's shameful we can't dance ?

Our Bob.

Who is it with his tuneful lay,
Wakes us at the break of day ?
You know, of course ; you don't ? Well say,
It's Ned.

Who is Pinehurst's hope and joy,
That model of a good, sweet boy,
That the matron, calls with happy (?) sigh ?

My Claude !

Business Announcement.

PRESIDENT'S OFFICE, ROOM 27,
PINEHURST COTTAGE.

So much opposition has been aroused against the R. F. Feeder Co., and a few other smaller concerns, on account of their close, unwholesome and trifling methods, that it has seemed best to the stockholders of the different firms to combine for protection against a common enemy. The new combine styles itself "The Rollins College Spoon Manufacturing Company." The officers are: Mr. Rowland, president; Messrs. Beach and Ragsdale, vice-presidents; Mr. Oldham, floor-walker; W. Fairchild, treasurer and soliciting agent; Mr. Ensign, advertising agent; private secretaries, Misses G. Ford, Tenney, McCoy, Walker, Lyman and Neff. Business is rushing. Gold bond circulars will soon be on hand. Pressing engagements prevent a more extended notice.

Below we give a list of the advertisers in this issue of the SAND-SPUR and we urge the students to patronize, as much as possible, those who advertise in their college paper: Rollins College, B. F. Bowen, S. E. Ives, H. M. Woodruff, Coronado Hotel, C. E. Howard, Curtis & O'Neal, Chas. Green, Colyer Bros., E. L. Maxson, J. E. Nicholson, A. M. Nicholson, F. T. Scruggs & Co., A. T. Hopkins, White Star Laundry, Rogers' House.

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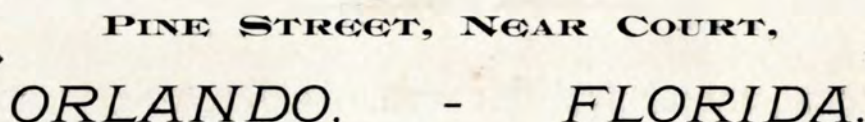
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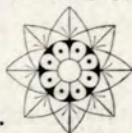
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