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# THE SAND-SPUR.



—STICK TO IT.—

VOL. I.

WINTER PARK, FLA., MAY 30, 1895.

No. 3.

## LITERARY.

### ODE TO LAKE VIRGINIA.

Oh who of thy lovers sing not to thy praise !  
As over thy clear deep blue waters they gaze,  
Thy dark shady nooks and picturesque shore,  
And rustic wood bridges with pine sentinels o'er.  
Nature's beauty remains with its wild careless grace ;  
Scarce a rude hand has yet dared its beauty efface,  
Except where a beautiful grove comes to view—  
And none but an artist that feature could rue—  
For, though not so wierd, by its white and its gold,  
The wealth of our State is to every one told.

What a view meets our eyes on a wintery morn,  
Great scurrying clouds like gowned ghosts are borne  
O'er the face of the lake, till the sun doth appear,  
When seeing the light they rush off in wild fear.  
Though so oft like a mirror thy smooth surface lies,  
When lashed by the wind thy great waves will arise  
And dash o'er each other in fury and rage,  
While a war with each other the cypress boughs wage.  
The sky, as reflected some still summer eve,

Is a sight that we feel we never can leave.  
So we sit and we watch till the last ruddy glow  
Dies away, and we see, so silent and slow  
The silver moon rise, its light stretching away  
Makes on the dark lake a broad silver way.  
How often we wish as we muse by thy shore,  
That of fighting and peace, of romance and lore  
Thou couldst tell us the all thou hast witnessed here,  
And what thou wilt see in the far future year.

### A CRACKER COURTSHIP.

#### CHAPTER II.

Against the arrival of the New England women, Mistress Haralson "smarted" up her house. The yard was swept with a palmetto broom and every weed and spear of grass pulled up. The split board floors, worn white and smooth from scouring, were a shade lighter and a degree smoother. Chairs were re-bottomed with deer skin and, in fact, so extensive the preparations they were not completed ere Mrs. Colson and Marion appeared on the scene one evening just as the sun

was sinking among the pine tops and the gorgeous colors in the sky were being rivalled in the lake, indeed the convexity of the sky could be seen in reflection more clearly than in the image. It was soon dark, for as far south as Florida, the twilights are very short. The supper, which Mistress Haralson succeeded in spreading upon the revolving table at a late hour, was freely partaken of by all, for everything tastes good with Florida appetite for sauce. This revolving table was circular and about three inches above it was a round revol-



ving platform, smaller than the top of the table proper, thus leaving a rim upon which were the individual dishes; all the food being placed on the revolving part; so when one member of the family wanted a certain article of food he did not have to trouble his commensal but merely turned the table until what he wanted was at hand.

Miles took his mother and sister to his piney home; even the mattress and pillows being stuffed with pine needles.

The Colsons became very much interested in the happy-go-easy life and were hugely entertained by the sayings and doings of their southern friends. Zeb had had only a chance to admire Marion from a distance, but one happy day she asked him: "Zeb, would you like to have me teach you something about the world of which you are a part?" "I reckon so," stammered the embarrassed boy. Thus Marion started her missionary work, as she called it, and at the same time Zeb began courting, as he supposed. Both were doing a work of love, so not unlike measures were employed.

An arithmetic and other school books were sent for and instruction in the three R's commenced; Marion holding the ferrule and Zeb sitting on the bench. "I love, you love, he loves, we love, etc.," Zeb repeated and it seemed to him to be his own story, as indeed it is natural for every one sometime thus to declaim this conjugation.

After their usual two hours of study one day Zeb worked up enough moral courage to ask: "I don't guess you all 'ud like to get up at sun up and be toted to Lake Anuthkaligga." "I think it would be very agreeable to all," replied Marion. So, at sunrise, the Colsons and a delegation from their only neighbors endeavored to start on their proposed excursion,

but the combined efforts of all could only get off by nine o'clock—a cracker start. Their destination was one of those lonesome yet beautiful lakes which have sprinkled themselves down in Florida, often curtailed off from the pine woods by a bordering growth of sub-tropical vegetation.

Zeb with his keen sense of direction piloted the party over the many-forked, dim trail. The last mile and a half of the route was over a corduroy road, which had been built by a northern lead pencil company to convey cedar logs to Lake Anuthkaligga. Some hours after the sun had passed the meridian, were sitting on the shore of this body of water these two families eating lunch. When they began Zeb was not to be found, for, secretly, he had gone a mile back on the road and waded into a pond for some water-lilies which Marion had admired as they passed; and when he came he threw them at her feet. Looking around, by chance some one discovered a strange group watching the lunching party, not a rod distant, composed of four tall, straight men having dark skin and black hair, and all dressed in very gay calicoes. Miles and Zeb learned through the youngest of them, who spoke broken English, that they were Seminoles, having come up from the Everglades to visit the encroachments of civilization. By invitation the Indians made a feast of the remainder of the dinner.

Unawares to anybody, the rain commenced to pour down, and so without much ceremony one party hustled to their camp and the others hurried to their teams and turned the horses heads homeward. Fortunately it was not dark while they were passing along the hammock road, arched over with trees and gloomy at noonday, but by the time they had gotten into the sand-hills, King Nox ruled. For miles



and miles Zeb walked ahead holding a blazing pine knot high above his head, lest the horses should leave the not well beaten road. The rain kept coming down, and would have put out the torch had it not been so fat with pitch.

Finally Zeb stood still and exclaimed: "The hosses have done lef' the road a right smart back, an' I can't fin' nary a blaze on the pine trees. What do you-all reckon we'd bettah do? Peers like I havn't nevah seen this yah place afore, an' I recon I'd bettah hollah." "What good will it do to yell in this forsaken region?" asked Miles; but he was answered by such a whoop as a Texas cow-boy or callopo would blush to hear. After repeated efforts Zeb said he heard a reply, and led the procession for about a half mile and then set up another series of hallooing, and on they went till glimpses of a light were caught through the woods. Marion said she would rather drive all night than to disturb anybody, thinking that she could never bear to go into a cracker's house and stay all night, but Zeb paid not the least deference to her wishes.

Ere long they arrived at the beacon, and there on a broad veranda stood several ladies dressed in white. The house was lighted by electricity (which they afterward learned was produced by water power). Alighting and walking up the steps upon a wide veranda they went into a spacious hall. Its walls were covered with pictures, the floor was partly hid with rugs, divans and easy chairs invited them to rest, and in the great coquina fire-place burned pine logs. It was soon learned that this house belonged to New York people who had been attracted to this isolated spot by its natural beauty, and five years before had built this winter residence.

The next day brought the picnickers back home, and during that winter many were the

sights seen and the quarters explored by this same crowd.

Zeb tried to give the object of his affections as much as he could; Marion always had the earliest of the season's flowers; frequently he would hunt all night, and the next morning Miles would find dressed game tied to the door, sometimes an opussum. The studying was seldom interrupted. Zeb appreciated his opportunity, but studied principally because it seemed to please Marion.

The weeks went by and Zeb could not muster courage sufficient to open up his heart and tell Marion how much he loved her. He kept putting it off, and the first thing he knew it was too late.

Easter came early that year, and with it a vacation was given at an eastern university allowing a Mr. Elliott, a chum of Miles, to come to Florida. He came to Miles' homestead, but he did not care especially to see Miles, nor yet his mother. It was Marion.

The mail was a great luxury, and one evening Marion expressed such a desire to hear from the office that when he went home Zeb threw a saddle on his horse and started for the post office, thirty miles distant. In the morning he obtained the mail and was just mounting his horse when a young man accosted him, who was no less than Mr. Elliott. Another horse was obtained and the two set out on their journey. Zeb found his companion extremely congenial, and little thought of the blow which awaited him. Carrying the letter in his hand telling of his proposed visit to the State, Mr. Elliott left Zeb and proceeded to Miles' homestead to find Marion.

Poor Zeb! When he went to recite that day the truth dawned upon him. A sentence in his copy book came to his mind: "Be like the sandal wood which perfumes the ax that



cuts it down!" He had fairly carried Mr. Elliott to Marion's feet. How he hated his successful rival. Why couldn't he kill—but Marion, Zeb saw, loved Mr. Elliott. Zeb's bubble had burst.

The following week the Colsons decided to pull up camp and go to St. Augustine for a

month and then to return home, Miles accompanying them. The next month the squatter Haralson, with his wife and eight children, took another move southward. Zeb was the first, on the new place, to lay low a stately pine.

H. B. M.

## A MATHEMATICAL PHANTASY.

It is not many years since I was traveling southward, one November morning, in a train which was making its way along somewhere in the State of Georgia. My car filled up about noon, and after a time I found my seat shared by a quiet-looking man in a soft gray hat, who must have come in at Atlanta. The only thing which I noticed about him for some time, was that he drew a tablet of note paper from his pocket and passed the time in figuring on it, apparently (to judge from a glance or two which I could not avoid) being engaged in a mathematical problem of some abstruseness. Doubtless some teacher, I said to myself, and noticed him no more.

I think I must have been napping a little when my neighbor touched my arm and asked me suddenly:

"Do you object to getting caught in a railroad accident?"

I replied that I had no great longing for that sort of amusement, especially as my life was not insured.

"Then," said he, "you would better leave the train at the next station. Of course you are surprised, but I thought it would be only right to warn you. I happen to be able to predict railroad accidents, and something is going to happen at thirteen minutes of three, unless I am very much mistaken. If I should speak

to the conductor he would only laugh about it, but I can do my duty by you."

"How in the world," said I, "do you claim to have this remarkable foreknowledge?"

"Oh, there's nothing occult about it," answered my neighbor. "It's only mathematics. You see these formulae here, that I've been working at"—and he showed me some of his sheets of note paper. "The idea occurred to me a good many years ago that if the mathematics of Choice and Chance was anything of a science at all, some practical use might be made of it. Why not by careful study make formulae which would give you the probabilities of things so exactly as to amount to certainties. I took up the subject little by little, and have reached some remarkable conclusions, which I have not yet given to the general public. I avoided the weather, because so many people are fooling with that, and began with the probabilities as to the time when servant girls would go off and leave unexpectedly. I was just getting so that I could be of immense assistance to my wife on that point, when I decided to take up railroad accidents, as being even more troublesome to the general public. The fact is, things are run by law in this world a great deal more than most people suppose, and as soon as we carry mathematics far enough we can understand the laws. Here is my for-



mula for railroad accidents, if you care to see it:

$$X=1-\frac{z^2}{1-2}+\frac{z^3}{1-2-3}-\frac{z^4}{1-2-3-4}+\dots (a+b)^{117}$$

It would take a long time to explain just how it works, but I have carried it all out, and, as I said before, something will happen to this train at thirteen minutes of three."

I looked at my neighbor closely, to make sure of his sanity, and after asking several more questions about his mathematical methods, all of which he answered with great intelligence, I decided to remain on the train. This was not because I had no faith in what he said, but because I wanted to personally conduct an experiment with a predicted railroad accident, if there was such a thing. Meantime, as the moments passed slowly by, I grew less and less comfortable in mind, and reflected that a calamity is, on the whole, more disagreeable in anticipation than in the realization.

The motion of the train put me to sleep again, as it usually does, in spite of my suppressed excitement. When I awoke my friend in the gray hat had disappeared. I pulled out my watch: it was just quarter of three. The

train was standing still. I walked hastily to the door and looked out. We were on a switch in a quiet bit of farm-country. Moved by a sudden impulse I jumped to the ground and took my stand some feet away from the track.

There was a curve in the road, a few yards from the rear car of the train, and I saw a brakeman walking in that direction with a red flag in his hand. As I stood watching him he began to run, and waved the flag wildly over his head. At the same moment I became aware of a fast increasing roar which seemed to fill all the air. Instinctively I shut my eyes. There was an awful crash—a mingling of all kinds of thuds and creaks and groans; and when I looked again the train which I had left a moment before was a horrid wreck, ploughed half way through by a hot engine!

Someone touched me on the shoulder. It was my friend in the gray hat, looking shocked and perplexed. "Do you know," said he, holding up his calculations again, "this is a most remarkable thing! I have been over all my formulae once more, and I find that this accident was not due until one year from to-day!"

RAYMOND M. ALDEN.

## A CHARACTER SKETCH.

A year or two ago in waiting my turn to pass out of the little Congregational church in Winter Park, I heard this query from a stranger: "Who is that elderly man with the huge white hat in his hand? He has the face of a prophet." "Ay, so he has," was the reply, "and the heart of a child." And perhaps no better picture could be drawn of our friend than that called up by this chance scrap of conversation.

Simple and honest and pure hearted, with

the unbounded faith in God and humanity that rarely lives after childhood is past, he rouses the interest of all who come in contact with him. He is well educated, and can quote Latin with rare aptness and appreciation; fond of reading, he follows the motto of a well known man of letters, "Few books and those well read." Nature's book also is open to him; he knows the birds, the flowers and trees, not only of America but of many countries. The sisters of the family, cultured women, the



wives of New England ministers, have been content with their native atmosphere, but he has been a wanderer, never resting long in one place. There are not many parts of the world of which he could not tell a tale that would have the mingled flavor of personal interest and sailor adventure. He speaks of the flowers seen near the Antarctic regions as you might allude to those bordering your garden path.

Like most of our winter visitors, he has two homes. With the instinct of a sailor, both of these are near the water. To be sure, our little inland lakes, beautiful though they are, are not to be compared with the great Atlantic itself, rolling within sight of his northern home, but better these than no opportunity at all for launching his beloved dories. Here he has no chance to ply the trade which gained him the name of "Doryman Lamson;" but at Pigeon Cove his greatest delight is to take parties of ladies and children in his safe little craft out of the bay to the real ocean beyond.

When he came to Florida about fifteen years ago, he saw no reason why his dories, sea-going boats though they were, should not be desirable for navigating the St. Johns river and this chain of lakes; so he brought several with him, built of well seasoned wood, copper riveted—the finest of their kind. No one else seemed to appreciate their value, so he has them still.

About ten years ago, when he came to this place, at that time only a wilderness, but newly christened Winter Park, he had a small stock, the nucleus of his present "store," and with that he roamed about from place to place, selling here a little and there a little, enough to supply the simple necessities of existence. He has never owned a foot of land anywhere, but was allowed to build a small

one-story dwelling near some friendly people who had known his family. This afterwards was moved to land adjoining, and he added another building, in which he now has his store and sleeping room, using the first building as a kitchen.

Through many little additions the assortment has grown until he has now a great variety. The keynote of his character is the love of things new and strange, showing itself in his youth in an adventurous spirit, but now spending itself in quest of curiosities. For instance, several years ago a lumberman cut him some immense palmetto logs, and he had a lengthwise section cut and polished, making a tiny board, curiously marked and beautifully tinted. This he says no one else has ever done, and he expects some day to sell the logs at an enormous price to some millionaire.

He has dug up, with great care and labor, a large part of the taproot of a veteran pine tree, which is to go as another Florida curiosity to Pigeon Cove. If he takes a fancy to any such thing, no trouble is too great if he may finally obtain it. He is interested in antiquities, also; at a recent visit he was jubilant over the discovery of an old-fashioned tin kitchen in a pile of old iron; and he gave a very interesting description of its use, comparing its results minutely with those obtained by the use of the brick oven of the same period, of which he owns a well preserved specimen.

But the wares in his store are in general of the most ordinary kind. Two dories, one in the other, fill one side of the room, and on boards across them is displayed a variety of writing materials, among them a cork penholder. In his quaint way he explained that this was "the best thing in the shop—that is the penholder, the dory and the cooking crock



are the three best things." The cooking crock is a new fad; until lately dried codfish occupied this place in his esteem, but that is now a second class article.

It may be added that he is quite a shrewd trader, and never buys a thing unless fully convinced that it is the best of its kind obtainable. Once bought, it is priced according to this valuation, and no change is ever made, though the article should fall to pieces before his eyes from very agedness. He might have sold some of his dories long ago, but for this principle.

Taking down a pair of "spoon" oars he said, "I sold a pair of these just this morning, but not at the college, because they manufacture their own up there." Coming to the contents of a few shelves, "You see—or you probably wouldn't see—that all of these cups and saucers have been more or less damaged in firing or packing, but I tell people they all are so, and if they can't find the spoilt place they ought not to mind, do you think?"

He had had a "store" for a lady in Winter Park that day, because she was not able to come to him, and the remainder of that stock was in a basket, which he overturned in his search for something—describing each article as it rolled out—corks, pins, ink, pens and holders, rubber erasers and bands, a miniature of the cooking crock—memory fails to recall half that was exposed to view. He has often been at the college with such a collection.

He is a living sermon on hospitality. So free a heart and hand are rarely met with. He entertains right royally, too, for no king can do more than to set before his guests all that he has. His fare is simple, consisting only of brown bread, cranberry sauce, dried dates, figs or raisins, and maple syrup; tea is his favorite beverage. Any chance guest is

welcome to any or all of these things, but to see him in his element one must arrive while he has a large party. He will run about the whole day, waiting on them like a slave, happy in their pleasure, and chatting all the time in his bright, original way. Many cultivated and distinguished persons are among his guests; his neighbors have been heard to speak of meeting at his humble place people whom they were glad and proud to know. Not only older people go to see him, but he has warm friends and frequent visitors among the youth of the neighborhood.

While giving so freely of his own food to others, he seldom touches that cooked by any one else; when invited out, he usually carries with him his meal of bread and fruit. This custom springs entirely from religious scruples; for though New England born and bred, he has all the traditional hatred of a Jew for anything that has touched the flesh or fat of swine. Another odd belief to which he holds is that red flannel is the only material fit for clothing. He defers to custom in so far as not to appear attired wholly in red, but always clings to his red flannel shirts. So he has another name—"Redshirt Lamson;" and yet another, "the man of the white hat," because of the wide brimmed white felt that covers his head on state occasions.

In spite of the oddity of some such beliefs as these, he is deeply and truly religious, always attending church services, and more than that, living up to his professions. He possesses in a marked degree the virtue next to godliness; so strong is this that when the carpenters were at work on the inside of his house, he followed them about with broom and dustpan, sweeping up the saw-dust as it fell from their tools. He is scrupulously honest, and so very truthful is he that he never varies a hair's



breadth from the letter of a story once told, though repeated again and again.

He left us about ten days ago, travelling as usual in a palace car. This time he set his house in order never to return to it ; but since

the beloved dories are stowed somewhere in it, we shall expect to see him appear with the first touch of winter. If he should not, Winter Park has lost one of its oldest and best citizens.

F. H. C.

## YOUR ACQUAINTANCES.

The most noticeable characteristic of this friend is the inclination to refer everything to the first personal pronoun. This important part of speech is of such immense proportions as to fill his entire vision. He cannot see over or around it on account of its height and breadth. One strange thing is, that other people do not look at the matter in the same light. But fortunately this does not trouble your friend in the least. He is perfectly unconscious of any doubts in your mind, and happy in his conceit.

One of the pleasantest things about this egotistical person is, that one seldom need fear to hurt his feelings. Anything of a doubtfully complimentary nature which may be said cannot possibly refer to him.

The next acquaintance of yours is censorious. He is closely related to your first friend and resembles him much. But this severe person is by far more disagreeable. Nothing is ever quite right and the spirit of discontent always shows on his face. He makes those around him very uncomfortable and unhappy by his constant censure. There must be back of this a great deal of egotism, for his fault finding never pertains to his own actions. Altogether he is a most disagreeable and provoking person to deal with or to try to please.

One of your friends is very sensitive. He is always acting the part of an injured person. He is constantly expecting some one to slight

him, so the least slur on himself makes him a martyr. Things that were not meant so, are taken by him as slights, and he is the most injured and wronged man on the earth. He keeps other people in hot water all the time and seems to enjoy it. You are never sure how he will interpret an action or speech, so the only way is, to do and take the consequences, and the consequences are not always pleasant. Yet any one with good common sense soon learns to pay no attention to them. Many of your friend's spells are laughable and subjects for just ridicule.

Another of your friends is the person who is always a little behind hand. It is simply impossible for her to get to any meeting or appointment quite on time. She is late to her meals, especially breakfast. Committee meetings are delayed by her tardiness. She just barely gets to her recitations as the last bell taps. Those who know her well, do not expect to see her prompt at her appointments and if by some accident she is, grave fears arise in their minds as to the probability of its raining or some like phenomenon. She makes other people waste much precious time in waiting for her, but otherwise she harms no one so much as herself. All through life she will be just a little behind other people, and never quite in the front ranks.

Your next friend is a matter of fact person. He does not know a joke when he sees it.



While you are trying to tell something humorous, he looks rather puzzled and when you are through and it is time to laugh, he is perfectly blank. If you try to explain to him the point he says in such an appreciative tone, "isn't that funny." You begin to question yourself whether it was very funny after all, and believe A jest's prosperity lies in the ear of him that hears it,  
never in the tongue  
Of him that makes it."

This is your ideal friend. In her company you feel perfectly at ease. She is likely to be of the silent kind and never tires you with her

constant talk. You can count on her being always the same, never doing anything unexpected. She has above all plenty of common sense, and gives the impression of being entirely sure of herself and ready for any emergency. She is very unselfish and does not think of herself at all. You can depend on her for appointments and may be sure to find her on time. She has too much honest respect for herself to expect slights from other people, so she is not suspicious. In all she is an ideal friend and one whose love and respect are worth striving for.

R. C. F.

### AN OLD FASHIONED STORY.

"Once upon a time"—as the good old fashioned story begins—well, to continue, "Once upon a time"—. Now this "time" began, I am quite sure, the very morning Eve ate the apple. I feel certain it was early in the morning she did the eating, for you know a thorough going woman always rises early, especially if she has a new or important enterprise afloat. We know full well Eve's was *new*, and alas! a whole lifetime is insufficient to realize its importance!

This time to which I refer, although having its beginning so early and at so critical a time still continues and seems likely to do so until humanity is completely remodeled.

But to resume my story. As I commenced to say, Once upon a time there was a road. You know there are roads and roads and roads; they may be called boulevards, turnpikes, avenues or lanes, but this is just a road. From my previous remarks alluding to Mother Eve, you will perceive it is no "spring chicken" road.

In the older countries the country roads are

much below the surface and decidedly ditch like in character. It was a sunken road, you remember, that cost Napoleon the loss of Waterloo. Now this road I am talking about is not alone old and much worn, but has proved the Waterloo of many a Napoleon. Once in it, it is easier far to keep on than to turn out, and the longer traveled the more difficult leaving becomes. The name of this road is "Bye and Bye."

Of course Rollins students know nothing about it; but not having been a student of this praiseworthy institution always, I am, to speak modestly, somewhat familiar with the aforesaid highway, and have been seized with a strong desire to impart some information on the subject.

Bye and Bye is an attractive road: no hills to climb, apparently level, but in reality just sufficiently descending to make travel easy. No heavy, mealy sand to plod through, or sticky clay to hold one fast, or treacherous quicksand to engulf.

You, to whom I am telling this, as I have



already said, knowing nothing about it are wondering what are the characteristics of the travelers. The most striking one is that although all the travelers are hopeful, cheery and even jolly, yet each one is intending to leave and would be indignant if you hinted his leaving was in the least doubtful!

Now there is just one way to leave this road, and only one, and that is *to leave it!* If a traveler decided to wait until he reaches a point where he will find an easily made turn he will never do it, for he will never find such a fork. In leaving it may be necessary to climb the wall of "Fixed Habit," and there will be danger of slipping in again unless well away, and entirely clear of Fixed Habit wall.

I have not told you there is a house at the end of the road which no traveler desires to reach. Moreover I never heard of a traveler on this road who did expect to reach it! An

optical illusion causes it to appear to be much farther away than it really is. The name of this house is "Never." It is repellent in exterior, besides there is an odium in connection with it which makes the travelers on Bye and Bye doubly determined not to become inmates. Yet many of the pilgrims on this highway do, and the strangest part of the whole story is that very few, who are inmates of this house, know where they are "at!" The longer they remain the more difficult departure becomes. As members of society their usefulness is nearly all lost, and their probability of success in life is extremely small.

Now, Rollinsites, consider yourselves sufficiently well posted in this line, and trust to my judgment which assures you that this is one of the few lines in which you do not need experimental knowledge. K.

## THE CAMPER.

It was not like most prairie schooners, which, as a rule, impress one as being comfortable and picturesque. In the first place there were no children in this wagon, and generally one sees little faces peering from front and rear, and under the flapping canvas at the sides.

"Perhaps you may have seen some day,  
Roses crowding the self same way,  
Out of a wilding wayside bush."

The sticks supporting the canopy bulged through the brown tattered cover, their outlines distinct as the ribs of the starving horses crawling along through the white blur of dust.

The wagon lurched slowly up the main street of the little Nebraska town, the fierce wind swooping down from the cliffs in the

south and sending the rotten canvas into fantastic fringe. No stock followed. A dejected dog slunk between the wheels in an apologetic attempt to efface himself. The man on the creaking seat leaned forward, holding the slack lines in languid hands. He was about forty, thin and stooping of shoulder; his sallow face was lined, his hair was streaked with gray.

He drove on to the outskirts of the town; there a great oak tempted him. He drew up under its shade and turned the lean horses loose. He took a little flat piece of sheet iron about two feet long, and under it built a fire of twigs and sticks. He went down to the creek running near, a mere thread in its parched grave, and came back with a tin of water. He



put a handful of ground coffee in a skillet, poured water on it and set the utensil on the primitive stove. When the coffee had boiled several minutes he strained it, wiped out the pan with a newspaper and laid on it a few slices of fat pork. These cooked, he took from the interior of the wagon a bag of soda crackers and sat down to his lonely meal.

A young farmer, jogging by on horse-back, nodded to him and sent him also a glance of curiosity. "Campers" were a common sight. Of late they had been passing through in droves, but few had appeared so forlorn as this man.

"How fur," called out the camper, "is it to the next town east?"

"Twelve miles."

"Bad road?"

The young fellow stopped his horse and turned around.

"Middling. Going far?"

"Back to Ioway."

"Burnt out?" ventured the other.

"Yaas. Corn whar I come from in Western Nebraska only fit for fuel. Everything out there dried up like dust."

"Did you have much to lose?"

"Only three hundred and sixty acres and a wife and child."

"Eh?" queried the young farmer stupidly. He had ridden up close to the wagon, and now lifted one leg over the mare's head and swung around in the saddle. The camper had forgotten his supper. He clinched two gnarled brown hands around his knees as he sat on the grass.

"I went out West four years ago, when I got married," he said, glad in a way to break the silence of days. "She was lots younger'n me, and pretty ez you ever see. Her folks

said as how she'd be sorry fur taken me. She was."

He sat silent a few moments. When he looked up, he went on with a kind of twitch in his voice; "I dont know why I'm tellin' you this; I aint never seen you before. Ennyhow things went wrong. First there came hog cholery; then there wus cinch bugs. I had to mortgage the farm, and Bessie kep' gittin' more'n more discontented. Even the comin' of the little gal, which heartened me up so powerful, seemed only a worriment to her, though she fairly worshiped the little thing.

"This spring she says: 'Ef thar's a crop this year, we stay together; ef thar ain't, I'm goin' back home.' Gittin' a wet spring made us hopeful. Things was lookin' fine when thet parchin' hot weather came along. The everlastin' hot winds kep' a-blowin' and a-blowin.' The corn curled up and crackled like paper. What was left wouldn't make decent fodder. It would make the heart of a man ache to see the stalks that meant peace an' love an' happiness to him a-dyin a slow death, an' him a-hopin' till the last ear was shriveled. Thinkin' too, all the time a middlin' rain would save it, and God havin' floods up thar to sweep other men's farms away.

"As if that warn't enough, Bessie she was took with malairy, or heart-break, the neighbors said, an' died. The little girl did well fur awhile, then she was took with the malairy, or frettin' after her mother, whichever it was; she died too. The mortgage was foreclosed, the furniture was sold to pay fur her coffin."

He began gathering up his traps preparing to resume his journey. "You're going back East, what to do?" asked his confidant.

The camper climbed wearily to his seat. "God knows!" he answered, "I don't, an' I don't care much."



## LONG AGO.

Listen, O you of our College who gather together  
 Under her roof, while I tell of the days long gone by.  
 How, where the College now prospers, an Indian village  
 Stood in the resinous woods, 'neath the Florida sky.  
 'Twas in the days ere the wonderful ships from the eastward  
 Came, or the foot of a white man had trod in the land.  
 Here by the beautiful lakes which enrich the village,  
 Kahumka, the tribe-king, ruled all with a powerful hand.  
 Northward and southward he ruled with a hand as of iron ;  
 East, towards the sea, and e'en westwards, his power was felt.  
 Fierce in the battle, with no thought of mercy or pity,  
 He ever returned with his enemies' scalps at his belt.  
 Returned to his tepee, which stood where the Clover Leaf Cottage  
 Now stands, and greeted Withmona, his wife, at the door.  
 Then gazing without, he beheld how the sunset light brightened  
 The soft crested waves of the lake as they splashed on the shore.  
 Where now stands the Hall, was the Chamber of Council ; its walls  
 Built of great logs and a hole in its roof to the sky,  
 Up which the smoke of the council fire rose, and ascending  
 Bore on the night winds the council "to live" or "to die."  
 Here was a path by the lake where, through moonlight and shadow,  
 Often a maid, with her warrior lover so bold,  
 Wandered ; and heard, as they stood 'neath the cypress together,  
 The story of love which can never, never grow old.  
 Over all else, they believed, here did reign the Great Spirit.  
 Once, on that point which juts out in the water so clear,  
 To appease that Great Spirit who turned from him sore in the battle,  
 While all the people stood wailing aloud in their fear,  
 Welaka, a chief, did offer his daughter Maimi.  
 And when next you see the mist on the lake at sunrise  
 Flee down the shore, like a maiden in long flowing garments,  
 Think of Maimi, who still for her tragic death cries.  
 Often across the fair lake, with the swift shifting shadows,  
 Their boats must have shot as they fished, or some joined in a race ;  
 And often the beasts of the forest affrighted, have fled  
 As the dark Indian warriors came to the chase.  
 Strange was the life they led mid all that verdure and beauty ;  
 Wild as the birds and beasts deep in the forest glades green.  
 What would Kahumka have said had he looked to the future ?  
 What would they all have said, think you, if they could have seen  
 Where stood their village, our buildings, our walks and our campus ?  
 Seen us at work at our studies, and then at our play ?  
 Living our lives and not thinking of those ancient people  
 Who over the land we call ours held their long ago sway ;  
 And then, as we realize how quickly the days pass from us,  
 And that time's fleeting footsteps not even the strongest can hold,  
 We cry with the psalmist, who said of man's short earthly sojourn,  
 "The span of our life is a tale—is a tale that is told."

E. H. R.



## AND WHO WOULD?

I was down on the Bowery, one warm May evening, studying human nature. I was very fond of this occupation, partly because it could be pursued with no outlay of capital, and partly because it required very little exertion on my part, two things that could be said of no other amusement offered on that wonderful thoroughfare. I could hardly have chosen a better spot for my favorite occupation. Here were all classes and conditions of men, Jews and Gentiles, all hurrying about in the great struggle for existence. A merchant passed with firm steps, giving evidence in his very being of prosperity in business and happiness in domestic life. Then a flashily dressed man with a huge diamond breastpin, upon whom you do not look with so much favor. A fakir with his sparkling tray of cheap jewelry; a peddler who entreats you to buy a tortoise shell comb, or a paper donkey's head which will bob up and down after the manner of a jack-in-the-box. A tired looking Italian girl hurries by, carrying upon her head a huge bale of rags and waste paper, which seems three times her own size. Now comes a white coated bar-tender with jaunty tread, and behind him staggers a victim of his trade, a poor drunken wretch for whom there will be no more peace and rest until he reaches his final resting place.

A group of gaudily dressed women pass by, talking and laughing, and you shudder to think of them in connection with your own mother and sisters. Near me stands a blind man with a bunch of pencils in his hand, patiently waiting for a customer, and around the neighboring lamp-post lounge several seedy-looking individuals, with a never-did-a-stroke-of-work-in-my-life look on their faces,

who doubtless, like myself, are also making a "study of human nature."

As I stood there trying to read in their faces the history of all these lives, I became absorbed in thought, unmindful of the hurrying crowds and the rumble of the wagons, the gongs of the cable cars, the shouts of street criers and the overhead rush of the elevated trains all mingled together in one mighty roar, a "noise as of many waters," as it were, when suddenly my attention was attracted by a very extraordinary individual coming down the street. He had *some* points in common with many others that I had already seen; his clothes were dirty and ragged, his shoes, broken open at the sides, were held to his feet by a piece of packing twine, and his old derby hat, which he carried in his hand, showed the effects of many drunken sprees and rough and tumble fights. He was unwashed, which fact would hardly be worth recording but for the extraordinarily superior quality of his unwashedness. Here seemed to be the accumulated dirt of ages, unaffected alike by the driving snows of winter and the warm rains of summer, and which so obliterated, as it were, the features of his face that it was almost impossible to tell to what race or nationality he belonged.

But the most remarkable thing about him was his actions, which filled me with the most intense curiosity. His hands were clenched and he would fling them around in the wildest gestures, his face working with the intensity of his feelings, and in his eyes there was such a look of hatred and violence that I shuddered as I looked. As he drew near I saw that he was talking and muttering as if carrying on a conversation with some imaginary person. He



was strangely affected by it, and seemed to be denying or refusing to do something which some one else was urging upon him, for out of the unintelligible muttering I could catch the words, "No! no! I won't! I won't do it! I tell you I won't!" and he would work himself up into a paroxysm of rage that was terrible.

My curiosity was thoroughly aroused by his mysterious behaviour, and I determined to find out, if possible, what it was that was so strangely affecting him. He hurried on with me at his heels, all the time keeping up that continual muttering and gesturing, and every once in a while I would catch the words, "I won't! I won't!! I tell you I *won't!!!*"

I was horrified; he was so terribly in earnest. What was it he wouldn't do? Had some one paid him for doing some terrible crime, and his better self was now struggling against it? Had he killed some one in a moment of passion and was now fighting against the dictates of his conscience which would compel him to surrender himself up to justice? Or was he worn out with the cares and sorrows of this life and was struggling against the temptation to make an end of it? All sorts of solutions flashed through my mind, but nothing that would satisfactorily explain the awful ravings of the man, for he was now almost in a delirium of passion and rage. All the time there was that continual "I won't! I won't!" coming back to me, spoken with an earnestness that was almost terrifying.

Suddenly he turned and went up a flight of stairs, I followed with those awful mutterings and denials ringing in my ears. We came into a large room in which a corps of the Salvation Army was holding its meeting. He sat down and I took a seat near, wondering what could have influenced him to go up there, but

soon I noticed that the spirited noise of the singing and drums seemed to soothe and quiet him. His arms fell to his side and though he still kept shaking his head and talking to himself, he made no audible sound, and presently, when a comrade came to him and began to talk in a low tone of voice, he gradually became as quiet as a child and a gentle look which made his eyes almost beautiful took the place of that fierce threatening expression which had so affected me before. I marveled at the change in the man, but my curiosity was all the more excited by it and my determination was strengthened to find out what it was that had troubled him before. Soon I heard the comrade say something about lodgings and a bath, remarking, with a touch of humor, that a "little soap wouldn't hurt him." At the words the man became completely transformed, that gentle look, which for a moment had made me forget his filth and rags, left his eyes, and then came again that terrible look of hatred which had so frightened me, and he began to mutter and gesticulate as before, working himself up into a passion that was awful. As before I could understand nothing except that curious "I won't!" "I won't!" The comrade began to calm and soothe him as one would a child, and finally, when he had become somewhat quieted again, he said "what is it my friend, what is it you won't do?" The man looked up as if about to speak and then hesitated. I leaned forward anxiously, sure that now the mystery would be explained. "I won't" he said and then stopped again, struggling to control his feelings which seemed to be getting the better of him. Then with a grand effort he gathered himself together, while I strained every nerve to catch his words, "I won't" he said, and his voice trembled, "I won't use Sapolio."

It was too much, I fell back in a dead faint



and the ambulance came and carried me away.

Jonothan Bloughhard,

per W. F.

New York, May 10th, 95.

The above has been duly sworn to and attested before me, this the 10th day of May

in the year of our Lord, the 1895th. (But you don't have to believe it unless you want to.)

Don T. Karacent,

Notary Public, deceased.

(Deadmen tell no tales.)

I. Nolytle, witness.

## FLORIDA CHAUTAUQUA.

Those who are interested in any degree in Chautauqua work, will be glad to know of its success last month, at Mt. Dora. The financial distress of Florida had no injurious effect. This was the first session that has more than paid expenses.

A very interesting program had been prepared, and the enthusiasm increased from day to day. Among the best features was Teachers' Day. Addresses were given setting forth especially the value of poetry in one's education.

Old Settlers' Day was a very enjoyable one, closing with an old folks' concert.

Veterans' Day was thought to have been the best of all. A sham battle took place on a hill near by. The Union army was on the hill top and the Confederates at the foot, hidden in an oak grove. Both armies crept forward, and when each saw the other firing began. The cartridges were blank, but made the usual noise. Men on both sides were killed and carried off on litters, which were recognized as our restful cots. There was great excitement, and finally the Union army won. In the afternoon there was a drill. In the evening a real camp scene was presented in the auditorium. The platform was made into a wood. The soldiers came in, tired by a long march, and laid down their knapsacks and guns. Then they built a fire and showed how they

used to cook in war times. One man rolled out a long strip of flour and water, then wound it about a stick and held it over the fire. If, after the dough was done, he had told how one could eat it, the picture would have been complete. Suddenly the men were surprised by the enemy, who rushed in firing all the time, and soon nothing could be heard but the terrible groans of the wounded.

Every evening at 5 o'clock Captain Putney took the C. T. S. C. for a sail while they carried on their work of the Round Table.

Mrs. Crafts, of New York, carried on the Sunday School work very successfully, and gave talks to Normal workers every morning.

Among the best lecturers was Dr. Paine, of Sanford. He lectured on Christian Citizenship for the most part.

Mrs. Jerome, of Eustis, had charge of the choral class, with her daughter as pianist and organist.

After all, the Assembly owes its very existence to Mr. Shaw—"Chautauqua Shaw," as he is called. April 1st was his forty-fifth birthday; so the ladies decorated his plate with forty-five bright dimes, forming the figures 45. He expressed his thanks in his usual smiling way.

It is to be hoped that the following sessions will be as good as this one; and if they are, they should be better patronized.



# THE SAND-SPUR.

"STICK TO IT."

Published Quarterly by the  
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"If there's a hole in a' your coats,  
I rede ye tent it;  
A chiel's amang you taking notes,  
And, faith, he'll prent it."

—Burns.

It is with great pleasure that we present the portrait of Rev. E. P. Hooker, Ex-President of Rollins College.

Edward P. Hooker was born July 2, 1834, at Poultney, Vermont. A year later his parents moved to Castleton, Vt. Here his early life was spent on a farm. He prepared for college at Castleton Seminary. In 1851 he entered Middlebury College, Vt., and was graduated in 1855. The next year he was principal of

Brattleboro Academy, and the year after this tutor at Middlebury College and assistant in Chemistry. During the years of 1857 and 1858 he was Professor of Ancient Languages and Higher Mathematics in Fort Plain Seminary and Female Collegiate Institute, New York. At the end of this year he entered Andover Theological Seminary and studied there till 1861. He was then called to the Mystic Church, Medford, Mass. He was pastor of this church for seven and one-half years. From 1870 to 1880 he was pastor of the Congregational Church of Middlebury, Vt. The next three years he spent as pastor of Elliot Church, Lawrence, Mass. In 1883 he became pastor of the Winter Park Congregational Church. Two years later, in 1885, he was made the first President of Rollins College. After seven years of faithful work, in 1892 he resigned as President on account of ill health. Since then he has been College Pastor and Trustee.

As to his life in connection with Rollins College, we may well quote the words of a member of its faculty upon a public occasion: "Able, scholarly, philosophic, selfless, devoted, he gave us wise leadership during the early and difficult period of our enterprise. We congratulate ourselves that he is yet our colaborer."



WHAT do you think of our new college colors? Do you not think that gold and royal blue are a vast improvement over—rose pink, was it, which tradition says formerly indicated the character of Rollins College? We do not share the objection which some expressed, that they are quite similar to the colors of so many other colleges; for, after examining statistics, we find no other college having precisely our colors, though there are several having colors



more or less remotely similar. This fact however is not an objection, but additional proof of the wisdom of our choice; for it shows that they are colors which are universally admired. It is not likely that our colors will ever be mistaken for those of any other college, not by any one we care for, at least. Gold and Royal Blue will never say anything but "Rollins" to a loyal Rollins student or friend. There is a handsome little blue pitcher trimmed with gold in the Art studio, which has the proud honor of having suggested by its beauty our new colors. Our Art teacher, whom we think ought to know, says the colors on this pitcher are not exactly the colors chosen to represent our college, though they are so near to it that it would take an expert to tell the difference. However the pitcher suggested the real colors, and for that reason ought to be sacredly treasured, and used only upon most state occasions.



ATHLETICS this term for the first time in Rollins history has been quite a feature of our college life. Interest in base-ball and tennis is on the increase. We have not yet a foot-ball team to be sure nor a field day, but we will hope for these in the good times coming. We have however a base-ball team to be proud of. Although some of our best players left us at the end of last term, yet our game with Stetson proved that we have good players enough left to win a fairly fought game and to cover themselves and Rollins with glory. The game with Orlando proved it again with emphasis. Donovan especially has distinguished himself; his achievements in the box are the admiration of friend and foe alike. But while bestowing praises do not forget our captain to whose faithfulness in giving the boys practice our success is largely due.

## COL. FRANKLIN FAIRBANKS.

DIED APRIL 24, 1895.

Extract from Dr. Hooker's sermon, May 5, 1895:

This Christian land, especially the denomination to which we belong, is to-day under a deep sense of loss on account of the sad tidings which come to us of the death of Col. Franklin Fairbanks. He has been a friend of every good interest in this community. He has been the friend of those everywhere in need, who have sought counsel or needed aid. A leading member of the great Fairbanks interests at St. Johnsbury, he and those associated with him have become known in many lands, and their gigantic industrial and business enterprises have been among the great forces of the civilization of this day. They have been administered, we are sure, with that end in view.

Mr. Fairbanks has been in sympathy with the Christianity of Works and of the Spirit! All that was of God's works seems to have interested our friend. Many of you must have been present and have shared in the manifest pleasure with which he talked to us in this house of the birds of New England. The man of gigantic business enterprises was loyal to the God of Nature and to his little creatures that sing among the branches.

He was deeply interested in the great movements of Christianity in this century, in Home Missions and Foreign Missions. His name has been for years upon the roll of the Corporation of Rollins College. He has been a frequent donor to its needs. His business was understood to be consecrated. He was one of those Christian men who seem to have constrained the Master, saying: "Abide with us. And he went in to abide with them."





### FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

Motto : "Build for Eternity."

Colors : Cherry and White.

MISS ROOT, Critic.  
ADALAIDE STRONG, President.  
RUTH FORD, Vice President.  
GERTRUDE FORD, Secretary.  
RAY NEFF, Treasurer.  
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LAURA WALKER,  
NINA WALKER,  
MYRA WILLIAMS,  
SUSIE JOHNSON (Absent).  
FLORENCE FERRIS (Absent).

The close of this, the last term of the school year 1894-95 finds our society established on a firmer basis than ever before. Then no society with a senior for president and three other seniors for members could fail to take an interest in its work.

All this year the literary work has been improving in quality ; it might be said in quantity also since the impetus given it by the critic's remarks addressed to the society in behalf of its high standard.

Besides the literary work more attention has been paid to parliamentary law, the members wishing to become proficient in its practice.

Some interest has been manifested in extemporary speaking, the interest, it must be con-

fessed, being felt more by the audience than the speaker. It is so disconcerting to think for two or three weeks on every thing imaginable, supposed to be suitable for an impressive speech and then have a subject assigned which had been too trivial to be thought of for a moment.

Compared with the number of "Friends" last term the present number seems rather small, but when we remember that at the beginning of the year there were only six in the society, it seems not so small after all. This year's progress has been most encouraging and there is no doubt that the Friends in Council at this term's close will find in their possession better tools with which to "build for eternity."





## DEMOSTHENIC SOCIETY.

Motto: "Find a Way or Make One."

Colors: Gold and White.

LOUIS LYMAN, President.  
 CLARENCE HOOKER, Vice Pres't.  
 JOHN GALLOWAY, Secretary.  
 VIRGIL STARBUCK, Corres. Sec'y.  
 REX BEACH, Treasurer.  
 PAUL FAIRCHILD, Chaplain.  
 FRED ENSMINGER, Marshal.

HENRY MOWBRAY,  
 ERNEST MISSILDINE, } Critics.  
 ALBERT BARROWS,  
 WALTER FLENTYE,  
 JOHN NEVILLE,  
 ROBERT OLDHAM,

CHAS. ENSIGN (Absent),  
 EUGENE FAIRCHILD (Absent),  
 WALTER FAIRCHILD (Absent),  
 STEPHEN LOWE (Absent),  
 BERT RAGSDALE (Absent),  
 OSCAR SUNDELL (Absent),  
 CAREY TAPLEY (Absent).

The work of our society for the past term has been excellent; more thorough preparation of the subject in hand was evident. Probably the term has been the most profitable in the history of the society.

In the weekly programs the following exercises have been of special interest: Essay, Experience; Speech, Municipal Reform in Chicago; Character Sketch, Mrs. Bates; Debate, Resolved that the Income Tax is Expedient; Biography, A. H. Stephens; Oration, State Interference; Essay, Should the Negro be Educated? and Debate, Resolved that the Proposed Electric Railway between Sanford and Orlando should be built. Budgets have been a new and interesting feature of the pro-

grams. The debates and discussions have been well contested.

Much interest is taken in the business meetings. "Roberts' Rules of Order" are used, and the business is carried on with strict regard to parliamentary law.

The membership of the society is thirteen, about two-thirds the number enrolled during the year. The society has lost some members who would be difficult to replace. At present the majority are college students; in fact all but two of the college students belong to the society. Under these circumstances it must necessarily do good work.

It is to be hoped that the society will ever advance at the rate it has during the past term.



## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

"Attempt the end and never stand to doubt,  
Nothing's so hard but search will find it out.

—Herrick.

The meetings of the Y. P. S. C. E. have been regular and well attended this spring. The hour is generally filled so there are few pauses. Many still insist on sitting near the back of the church as if they wanted to have a chance for escape if necessary.

The semi-annual election of C. E. officers was held on Friday night, the third of May. The nominating committee consisted of Dr. Hooker, Miss Grassie, Miss Clara Layton and Mr. Albert Barrows. Mr. Clarence Hooker was made President, Miss Layton, Vice President, May Hooker, Secretary and Mr. Wiley Abercromby, Treasurer. The committees appointed were Prayer Meeting, Lookout, Social, Missionary, Flower and Visiting, and Music. The places are well filled and the summer's work will surely be successfully carried on.

On Friday, the 19th of April, the first C. E. social of this winter was held at the Gymnasium. A good number were present

and amused themselves guessing conundrums and playing games. During the evening delicious strawberry ice and cake were served. More such occasions would help the work of the society much.

The Junior C. E. held a social at the parsonage on Tuesday, the 23d of April. Many little Juniors gathered for a good time. The social committee had arranged for ice cream and cake, which kept them very busy.

The Junior Society closes for the summer after a good winter's work. Many object to such societies as interfering with the Senior organization. This has not been found so here but on the contrary, the movement has proved a great success. Much credit is surely due Mr. Barrows, for his faithful and earnest work.

It is now a settled fact that Orange and Osceola Union will hold its next convention at Longwood in the fall.

## ATHLETICS.

"Play not for gain, but sport. Who plays for more  
Than he can lose with pleasure, stakes his heart."

—Herbert.

## OFFICERS OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

R. E. BEACH,	}	Directors.
F. J. FRANK,		
C. L. DONOVAN,		
R. P. OLDHAM.....		President.
A. H. BARROWS.....		Sec'y and Treas.
S. A. DEWEY.....		Field Marshal.
R. E. BEACH.....		Base Ball Capt.

## BASE BALL.

ROLLINS—STETSON, 11—10.

At last Rollins and Stetson have crossed bats. There are few here who do not know something of the efforts put forth by the older students to arrange some kind of an athletic contest between the two colleges, and something of the difficulties which were encountered. But at last the result has been

## OFFICERS OF THE TENNIS CLUB.

MISS FORD,	}	Directors.
MR. FRANK,		
MR. FAIRCHILD,		
MR. FLENTYE,		
MR. CALDWELL,		
MISS GERTRUDE FORD.....		President
MISS KATHERINE LYMAN.....		Sec'y and Treas.

attained and we feel confident that inter-collegiate sport between the two schools have received such an impetus that there is no danger of athletic interest dying out.

Owing to the difficulty in obtaining an umpire the base ball game at Sanford was not called quite on time.

Rollins won the toss and took the field. The first three Stetson men were retired in



order, and Rollins lost her time at bat in much the same way. At the first ball thrown the crowd from DeLand began to exercise their vocal powers in an extremely interesting manner. Barring the facts that it hindered the decisions of the umpire being heard, and that some of their remarks were slightly personal, the gentlemen accomplished nothing by their efforts beyond inspiring the respectable spectators with a feeling of disgust.

During the second inning Stetson scored 4 runs, 3 being the result of errors. Rollins in turn scored 2 runs, and in the third scored 2 more. At the end of the fourth inning the score stood 6-4 in favor of Stetson, but when Rollins took the field at the beginning of the fifth, the general aspect of the game changed immediately. Donovan had taken the box while Beach played first base. The first man at bat smashed frantically at the air three times and retired, the next in order after repeating the process, much to the disgust of the DeLand mob, gave place to the third, who repeated the performance.

The first ball thrown to Kurtz while at bat, owing to its speed, split the catchers mit and bruised Mr. Frank's hand severely through the thickness of feathers. It was evident from the first that the visiting team was entirely unused to such speed and although making several hits their score increased but little during the remainder of the game. Two runs were let in on an error during the seventh, so at the end of this inning the score stood 9-9.

In the first half of the eighth this was raised to 10-9 in favor of Stetson, while the last half opened with Barrows at the bat. He made a very long hit placing the ball securely over the fence and securing second base as a reward. Clayton helped him to third by a sacrifice, and Fritz brought him in, this tying the score again. Ganzales reached first and Fritz went to third. Beach made an out leaving the score even with two men out and two men on bases. Donovan next took the stick and with his customary coolness punched out

a safe hit, allowing Fritz to score the winning run.

The game was called at the end of this inning as it was within fifteen minutes of train time.

The base work of the DeLand team was superior to that of Rollins but their batting averaged considerably less. Their longest hit was neatly captured by Clayton in left field while Coleman skillfully managed a difficult liner.

While at bat Clayton and Barrows placed balls outside the grounds, while Frank and Donovan made hits equally as good but into left field, several safe hits were scored by others.

	Pos.....	At B.....	B. B.....	D. B.....	A. O.....	Hits.....	Outs.....	Errors ..	Runs.....	I't on B.	St. B.....
Barrows..	2 B.	5	0	1	0	2	3	2	2	0	1
Clayton..	L. F.	5	1	0	0	3	2	0	3	0	2
Frank ....	1 B.	5	1	0	1	2	4	1	1	0	1
Coleman	S. S.	3	1	0	0	2	1	0	2	0	2
Beach.....	P.	5	1	0	1	1	4	0	1	0	1
Donovan	C. & P.	4	1	0	0	3	1	1	1	1	2
Dewey ...	3 B.	4	1	0	2	1	2	1	0	1	0
Adams ...	C. F.	4	1	0	1	1	4	0	0	2	0
Fairchild	R. F.	4	0	0	3	1	3	0	1	0	1

## SCORE BY INNINGS.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total.
Rollins .....	0	2	2	0	3	1	1	2		11
Stetson.....	0	4	2	0	0	1	2	1		10

## ROLLINS—ORLANDO, 26—13.

Notwithstanding the nearness of Winter Park and Orlando, the game of May 4th was the first ever played between the two places. Considerable interest was manifested in the contest, both by Orlando and Winter Park people, especially by the former, and it was a surprise to them to witness such an easy victory for the visiting team. Score, 26—13.

Our boys are improving in their batting, and their fielding, considering the grounds, was as good as could be expected. It is unfortunate that several games of this sort could not have been arranged during the earlier part of the year, as these outside games give that kind of practice to a team which it is impossible to secure in any other manner, besides keeping alive general interest in athletics.



## AN AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THE BALL.

Mine has been a very checkered existence, although the checker, as one might say, has all come within the last twenty-four hours. Before that, as far back as reason has had its throne, I have lain passively in a clean red box with others like me, and though I have admired our nice white skin, I have sometimes found existence flat, stale and unprofitable, as Shakespeare would say.

But my day has come and it was "a hot one." When I found myself in the sunlight, I was quite dazed and stupid until I received such a terrible blow that I cast discretion to the winds and just fairly spun my way out into the field beyond anyone. It took an extra twist to get past center-field, but I did it. I felt as if I wanted to rest far from the haunts of men, and yearned for my red box. But no, I was picked up and had only time to see that I was stained with horrid sand before I was in the pitcher's hands again. I found afterward that Donovan gave me that blow, and it took a good deal of further acquaintance with him to enable me to forgive it.

I did not get my breath again during the first inning, for Barrows and Beach and Frank hit me so hard that it is a wonder that anything my size survived at all. I soon begun to get my second wind, however, and it was really interesting to find that that great ugly bat could not even break my skin. I just had to laugh in my sleeve to think how the poor skinny thing tried. (Between you and me, if I was as thin as that bat in Orlando, I'd take a vacation and fatten up.)

The Orlando men seemed to get mad during the third inning, and I thought one while that I *must* die if they did not let me rest a bit. I must have lots of sand or I never could have stood it. They made ever so many runs while the Rollins men were picking me up from different parts of the field, and I thought the Orlando men looked very happy for some reason. I'll just remark in passing that I have a great admiration for some of those men, particularly Clayton, Jaudon and Ives. I had the

hardest work in the world to keep out of their hands; I never could tell when they would cross my path. It took me some time to get used to Clayton's pitching, too. I don't mind left-handed men, but I wish they would all be one or the other. It's so disconcerting to be whirled first one way and then another, and such whirling is apt to cause a rush of brains to the head most any time. I guess that pitching bothered the umpire, too, at first; he looked harassed and care-worn. I had no time or I would have talked it over with him. I could have given him a pointer. I know.

At the end of the third inning they said the score was 11-6, in favor of Orlando. I was sorry, for the College boys are prettier, and I was beginning to have a real interest in them. My, how I worked during the fourth and fifth innings! There was a good deal of talk at that time about goose eggs. I can't imagine what it meant, for there wasn't a fowl of any kind about, much less an egg.

It was about this time that Donovan won my undying respect and gratitude. His pitching is most considerate, I must say. It made me painfully dizzy to be sure, and I nearly knocked the back-stop down once, besides nearly smashing a fellow's leg who persisted in standing before it, but to see the way Donovan would fool that nasty bat paid me for everything. Time after time it fanned the air in a way that made me actually *roll* in mirth. At the end of the sixth inning, the score was tied at 11-11, and although I did long to stop and wash up, I was really very happy and awfully sorry to see the college girls go off on the train, for I knew there was going to be fun.

During the rest of the afternoon, I was so excited that I hardly knew my name, and I couldn't have told my left side from my right. Every body worked well, but O how those college men played! Even the youngest, a fair-haired, blue-eyed creature, stood up and did his work like a little man. He caught me straight from Clayton's bat once. I was so afraid of hurting him, but I could not get out of his way.



There were several narrow escapes during the game: once I nearly hit a little girl on the grand stand and another time I just missed a horse out in the field. That was a foul and I was so nervous that I couldn't have told what hit me, but I think it must have been Flentye.

He does knock more fouls than any one I know. I had such a tired feeling once when he was at the bat, that I just longed to be left lying where I had fallen.

The eighth inning is somewhat confused in my mind, but there was a lot of shouting by Winter Park people, a good deal of talk about "two baggers" and "three baggers" and "take your base" and so on. There were eleven runs made by some body, and they must have been by the college men, for they looked more intensely happy than anybody I ever saw. Beach's eyes were quite hidden, and all the dimples of the nine were in full play. I am sure that Dewey and Frank and Ward contracted wrinkles from excessive smiling. Adams, by the way seemed to do more running than anyone else; he must be a very smart boy. The score was 26-13 in favor of Rollins at the close of the game.

I had the pleasure of riding home in Capt. Beach's pocket. It was very pleasant there, and I grew quite drowsy and dreamed I was back in my nice red box. I was awakened about two hours later by being held up a moment in Capt. Beach's hand. It was lamp-light and there were a lot of people round a table, and a smell of coffee in the air. Somebody called me "trophy." I'm sure I don't see why. Nobody ever called me names before, and I wasn't doing anything. The capt's jacket hangs over a chair now, and every thing is very quiet here, except that I hear an occasional snore. I wonder who does it.

A. F. D.

#### TENNIS.

April 5.—Two college braves, namely Beach and Oldham, with their rackets, white ducks and a few of the boys, went to Orlando to meet two challenging players of the "Orlando Ten-

nis Club." The boys entered the set with some doubts, but these soon gave way to expansive smiles as game after game piled up to their credit. The match was to be the best three out of five sets. Rollins easily won three straight sets, the score being 6-2, 6-2, 6-4.

Another match was arranged and two better players were produced by the "Orlando Club." A very close and exciting contest followed. The first set was a deuce set, and was won by Rex and "Bobbie." The next set they yielded gracefully to their opponents, but the third and last was the most exciting of the day. It was not until the score stood 15-13 did our laddies win; and right proud of them we were. At one time their opponents only lacked one point to win the set, but the boys awoke from their "trance" and won the game.

I. WITNESS.

April 27.—Oldham and Beach defeated Messrs Drury-Lowe and Brownrigg on our court in a closely contested tennis match. Although the games were not as exciting as those played in Orlando, yet it was no walk-over for the winners.

Mr. Brownrigg has a "cannon ball" serve which is very difficult to return.

Some of Oldham's back-hand plays were remarkable, while Beach proved hard to lob over.

#### NOTES.

In a recent issue of the "Stetson Collegiate" we find a paragraph saying in reference to the ball game at Sanford, that although it lacked thirty-three minutes of train time and the train was known to be fifty-five minutes late, the Rollins boys refused to finish the game.

Either the editors have taken no pains to find out the truth of the matter or else it was a deliberate falsehood on their part, for at the end of the eighth inning it lacked just fifteen minutes of train time and when Capt. Beach left the field he had less than ten minutes to make the train.

None of the nine had time to change their



clothes, and members of the Stetson team were at the train and saw it leave *on time*.

Such articles as that would lead people to think that Stetson is still "sore" over her defeat.

On the night of the gymnasium entertainment, John Neville made a record jumping rope, 195 times in a minute.

The best time in walking between Orlando and Winter Park was made by Dewey and Beach. Forty-nine minutes from the F. C. & P. depot to Lakeside Cottage.

The base ball nine are thinking of adopting a uniform of the college color Royal Blue and Gold. This will make an exceedingly pretty suit and something out of the ordinary without being loud. We hope to come to feel that a Royal Blue shirt with a yellow "Rollins" is a sure sign of victory.

There has been some talk of establishing a system of Rollins records but outside of John

Neville's record in skipping the rope, no attempts have until recently been made.

But we learn that the soul of one ambitious youth has been fired and he has blossomed out as one among many. This only goes to show what possibilities lie hidden away in us, only awaiting a suitable time in which to expose themselves and astonish both our friends and mankind in general.

To continue—We learn both from the lips of witnesses and from Mr. Rowland himself, that in addition to a hearty meal, he transformed himself into a sarcophagus for fourteen Irish potatoes, and did it with a smile on his face. This is a conservative estimate, as Mr. Rowland makes the number slightly less while his friends slightly more. He acknowledges however that he might have lost count, his mind being occupied with roast beef, lettuce, corn bread pudding and a few other small affairs. We think that with proper development, Mr. Rowland would do credit to any institution.

## MUSIC.

"O Music! Sphere-descended maid,  
Friend of Pleasure, Wisdom's aid."

### SENIOR RECITALS.

The first of the Recitals given by the class of '95, of the Department of Music, was that of Mr. Ernest Missildine, who was assisted by Miss Helen Maud Neff, of next year's class. Mr. Missildine surprised even his best and most sanguine friends by his self-possession and purity of tone. He is at his best in songs like "Verdant Meadows," by Handel, and "Thou Art Like a Flower," by Rubenstein, where a nicely unstrained tone and smooth legato are needed. But the Italian song, by Piasello, was done in a graceful manner, as were the florid passages in the duet by Herschel.

Those of his listeners who are not satisfied with "tone" and good taste in singing, liking only volume, not to say noise, may have been disappointed that his selections were not more

of them on the riotous order. In the aria from "Der Freischutz," however, the "Revenge! Revenge!" rang out in a truly threatening manner.

Dramatic power Mr. Missildine certainly lacks; but it is something he will gain as he becomes more confident of himself and his voice. There is so much that is musical both in the voice itself, and in the interpretation and finish of his work, that it is a pleasure to the really musical, and gratifying in these days of Wagner, and severe taxing of throat and lungs.

Miss Neff's playing was brilliant, and showed to good advantage in MacDowell's "Witches Dance" and in the Chopin group. All the numbers, excepting the Paderewski Nocturne, were played from memory. To be able to play one such piece as the Chopin Polonaise in E flat from memory, with any



degree of accuracy and clearness of conception, makes demands upon the intellect as does translating scores of pages of Latin or Greek, or the solving of the most difficult of problems in mathematics.

Both singer and pianist were recalled, and graciously responded to the applause of an appreciative audience.

The spring term was well under way before the three remaining members of the Senior Class brought on their Recital. As the time was so short the young ladies united their forces and gave us one good program.

The two pianists, Miss MacMillan and Miss Moremen, are so very different in their qualifications that their selections gave just enough variety to the program.

Miss MacMillan has a very brilliant touch, and a surprising amount of power. We say "brilliant touch" advisedly, and not because we can think of nothing else to say! Her touch has that penetrating incisive quality that is really brilliant. In the "Silver Spring" the arpeggios and scale passages had a real sparkle and truly silvery quality that were truly delicious. As is often the case with a brilliant pianist, Miss MacMillan's playing is somewhat lacking in clearness; but while there is too much *abandon* in her performance, Miss Moremen has too little of that feature. Miss Moremen excels in works of the purely classic style, or in the portrayal of the peaceful and placid in music. This was evinced in her interpretation of Liszt's picture of the Swiss lake "Wallenstadt," and in her poetic rendering of Rubenstein's portrait of a lady "Kammenoi Ostrow." Miss Moremen astonished even those who know her playing best, by the dash and power she threw into the first movement of Mendelssohn's well-known G minor Concerto.

The vocal numbers were given by Miss Crooks, and it was universally felt that she never has sung better in public. Her singing of Schubert's "Death and the Maiden" was graphic enough to send the cold shivers all through one, and the "Linden Tree" showed

how much she has gained in smoothness and phrasing. Although not gifted as a singer of *coloratur*, Miss Crooks did her best and smoothest work in the florid duet from "Semiramide," where her tone was mellow and rich.

The Aria, "O Love thy Help!" from Samson and Delilah, gives one a chance to vent all the pent up passion and dramatic power in him. Miss Crooks sang the Aria with a good deal of power and dramatic fire, with good full upper tones. There is no doubt that Miss Crooks will, in time, overcome her one weakness, that of faulty intonation. She has made such marvelous improvement in this respect within the past two years, that there is little doubt that it may not be entirely overcome with careful study.

If there is any Conservatory of Music in the country so small as ours, whose graduates can give two more creditable Recitals than our sessions gave us this year, we have not yet heard the name thereof. The work done by them in public is intelligent and musicianly—work that we should be glad to have the most critical hear.

#### LADIES' QUARTETTE.

The Rollins College Ladies' Quartette met with such success during the Christmas vacation that they decided to make other engagements for the Easter holidays. They left here on Saturday, March 23d, to spend a delightful Sunday at Titusville, with one of the "cottage girls." For three members of the party this was the first glimpse of the Indian river, and many were the expressions of regret because of the heavy fog that spoiled the view seaward. On the next morning the clouds lifted, and they were given a chance, during a pleasant drive, to see the sights of Titusville.

Leaving at noon on Monday they were soon in Rockledge, where they gave the first concert of the trip. The audience was large for a Florida town whose winter guests had almost all departed. The Indian river at Rockledge is remarkably beautiful, and the residents have



made the most of it; almost all the homes and hotels face the water. They were given abundant opportunities to judge of its beauties during a launch trip to Fairyland. The good genie in possession says that half its beauty is gone since "the freeze;" but there is enough left to exhaust one's vocabulary of adjectives.

Tuesday evening the quartette sang in Melbourne. They were met at the station by one of the college trustees, Mr. E. P. Branch, who, with his charming wife, had laid all possible plans for pleasant entertainment. The concert was in the new church, for which its proceeds were to help to pay; and if applause is any index, the singing was well appreciated by a full house. The ladies, having no engagement for Wednesday evening, were urged to stay in Melbourne and join a sailing party, and three were glad to accept. The party went to the house of Mr. Phillips, on the island, and after a picnic lunch walked over to the beach, the island being only about three-quarters of a mile wide at this point. The sail home was not half long enough, which is the only criticism that could be offered upon the whole day.

Thursday evening found them in Daytona, again at the home of a student of Rollins, Miss May Jolley, who was here in '92. The concert was in the opera house, a much better one than one usually finds in Florida. There was less time for sight-seeing here than in other places, but the kind host took them for a long drive through the liveoak avenues so much talked of. As one of the members said, one hears so much about the beauty of some Florida towns in which the tourist is woefully disappointed, that it is delightful to find one that more than fulfills one's expectations. Daytona has the thing that our inland towns usually lack—good hard roads. It is a perfect paradise for bicyclers, and is recognized by them as such; there are nearly three hundred wheels in use there during the winter season. The camera fiend must find occupation there, too; the glimpses of shady lawns and handsome homes, seen beneath the moss-hung liveoaks,

and the bits of the river seen between palmetoes—all these are rarely beautiful.

Ormond is much like Daytona, except that it has not so many live oak avenues; but the "hammock road" and the river road have the same hard paving, while the trees are left much more in their natural state. The tangle of palmetto and wild vines about the ruins of the old Spanish chimneys makes one think he is near the tropics.

The quartette sang for the Village Improvement Society at Ormond, in the Casino at the Ormond House. Thanks to the friends of Rollins, the ladies of the quartette know whereof they speak when they praise the scenery on the roads about the town. The beach was the scene of an interesting tournament on Saturday afternoon, but as the quartette was bound for St. Augustine, they did not see the end of it.

It was pleasant to arrive at a hotel without having to go through the usual program—unpack, practice, rest, have supper and dress for the concert.

Contrary to reports at Ormond, St. Augustine was not even half burned up, though to many the ruins of the recent fire were more interesting than those left from the Spanish occupancy; but Fort Marion and the "Oldest House" had their quota of visitors. Most of the large hotels were still open, though not well filled, and the orchestra at the "Ponce" had its usual audience.

After a quiet Sunday, much of it spent in watching the white sails on the river and the waves of the ocean beyond, breaking in lines of foam on Anastasia Island, the quartette turned their faces homeward.

But one more concert remains to be chronicled—in Jacksonville, Monday, April 1st. Here again thanks are due to one of our Board of Trustees, Rev. S. F. Gale, and his family, who worked with a will to make it a success. On Tuesday the Misses Peck left Jacksonville by train, Miss Moremen and Miss Crooks following on the steamer City of Jacksonville.

The trip was a success in more ways than



one. It advertised the college, and more than paid all its expenses; the members of the quartette had fun and a good time everywhere, and saw all the sights of the prettiest towns on the coast. Surely no one could ask any more.

The following criticism, clipped from a Daytona paper, is a particularly good one; the writer shows discrimination, a quality rarely seen in newspaper reports of music except in large cities:

Miss Peck excels in expression and dramatic power and her abilities as a singer are far above and beyond that of the merely sweet and melodious voice that can only warble a melody. The time comes to all true lovers of music when the mere sweetness palls and something higher and better is demanded: power, soul feeling, expression, and this Miss Peck's voice, method and dramatic power supplies.

Miss Hattie Peck is an accomplished pianist, and her rendition of the Wagner-Liszt Spinning Song and Moszkowski waltz was brilliant and full of power.

Following is a copy of the program usually given during the trip:

## PART I.

- 1 Quartette—The Sunshine and the Rain.....Tadell
- 2 Song—The Bright Blue Eyes of Springtime.....Ries  
MISS PECK.
- 3 Quartette— { a. Last Night.....Hjerulf-Rees  
                  { b. Rockaby.....Neidlinger
- 4 Duet—When Life is Brightest.....Pinsuti  
MISS PECK AND MISS CROOKS.
- 5 Piano—Spinning Song.....Wagner-Liszt  
MISS HATTIE PECK.
- 6 Quartette—Robin Adair .....

.....Harmonized by Dudley Buck

## PART II.

- 1 Quartette—Peasant's Wedding March...Soedermann
- 2 Trio—Ave Maria.....Marchetti  
MISS PECK, MISS H. PECK AND MISS CROOKS.
- 3 Piano—Waltz.....Moszkowski  
MISS HATTIE PECK.
- 4 Quartette—The Frogs' Singing School.....Bartiett
- 5 Aria—O don fatale, from Don Carlos.....Verdi  
MISS PECK.
- 6 Quartette—Waltz Song.....Vogel

## CHORAL CLUB.

The attendance on Tuesday evenings has continued good, although it is the last term, and everyone is busy. The extra rehearsals for the Commencement concert have been very well attended also.

Will some one tell us how it happens that

tenor voices are so rare at Rollins? We shall hope for a large importation next year.

The club will sing twice on Commencement morning. One selection peculiarly appropriate, since it is Decoration Day, is the "Song of the Flag," from "The Knickerbockers," by Reginald De Koven. Mr. J. H. Neff, of Tampa, will sing the solo. The second selection is "The Silent Land," by A. R. Gaul, whose cantata, "The Holy City," is well known.

At the annual Commencement concert the last number on the program will be a cantata, "The Rose," a beautiful arrangement of Lowell's poem, the music by W. W. Gilchrist, whose setting of one of the Psalms received the prize at the Cincinnati Festival of Music. Miss May Pomroy, of '94, will sing the solos, which are for mezzo-soprano, and Mr. Neff will assist in the choruses.

## PUBLIC RECITAL.

Friday, May 24, 7:30 p. m., at Knowles Hall.

## PROGRAM.

- Trio—Valse Noble.....Gurlitt  
MISS E. BENDER, B. BENDER AND STUART.
- (a.) Good Night.....Doorak  
(b.) One Spring Morning.....Nevin  
MISS JESSIE MCCOV.
- Au Matin.....Godard  
MISS FLORENCE ROSS.
- Thy Sentinel Am I.....Watson  
MR. E. G. ROWLAND.
- Christmas Eve.....Gade  
MISS EMMA COAN.
- Bridal Song.....Jensen  
MISS E. WILLIAMS AND GLADWIN.
- Cavalier Song.....Brockett  
MR. FRANK.
- Gavotte.....Bach-Mason  
MISS MOREMEN.
- Stars the Night Adorning.....Wekerlin  
MISS MABEL KENT.
- The Chase.....Rheinberger  
MISS RAND.
- The Wanderer.....Schubert  
MR. OLDHAM.
- Rondo Capriccioso.....Mendelssohn  
MISS LYMAN.
- Sognai.....Schira  
MISS GERTRUDE FORD.
- Scherzo in B flat minor.....Chopin  
MISS LEWTON.
- Duet, from Elijah.....Mendelssohn  
MISS PECK AND MR. MISSILDINE.



## ART NOTES.

"Seraphs share with thee  
Knowledge; but art, O man, is thine alone!"

—SCHILLER.

At the end of this term the regular exhibition is held. The work is of its usual good character. Miss Ross has some fine charcoal and pen and ink studies in still life groups.

Mr. Paul Fairchild has done some very good pencil work in casts. Miss Mary Ensminger, Miss Mira Walker, Miss Sadler, and Mr. Norman Baker have been doing good work in charcoal. Miss Ruth Ford has a few pieces in color.

Miss Dalrymple has some very interesting sketches in water color which she has painted this term. The subjects are various, some in Winter Park and several from other places. They are well treated and make a nice collection.

The Sketch Club has grown some in mem-

bers this term, so the work has been more interesting than usual.

On April 20th the club, with a few invited guests, spent the day in Osceola picnic grounds. After the strawberry ice was frozen the rest of the forenoon was spent in sketching Mr. Misdine, who proved a difficult subject. The picnic dinner was a success, of course. Then the afternoon was spent in blowing bubbles and having a general good time.

The Sketch Club had a severe loss in the departure of Mr. Walter Fairchild. Soon after he left the club was delighted to receive a letter from him. The letter was answered by each one of the club picnic writing a page while out for their day of pleasure.

## COLLEGE NEWS.

## SOCIAL.

"'Tis pleasant, sure, to see one's name in print;  
A book's a book, although there's nothing in't."

—BYRON.

March 21.—A company consisting of Mrs. Ford, Miss May Hooker, Miss Gertrude Ford, Mr. Rowland and Mr. Mowbray, started for Mt. Dora by way of Tavares. Mr. Mowbray went to his home, and the rest camped during the Chautauqua Session. A few days later, Miss Lucy Sadler and brother Orin also left for Mt. Dora to spend the vacation with friends. After a ten days stay they returned having had a most enjoyable time.

March 26.—On this Tuesday a party consisting of Miss Root, Miss Curtis, Miss Ross, Miss Fundenburg and Miss Lyman started on a vacation trip up the St. Johns river to Jacksonville, and from there to St. Augustine. They returned Friday evening and had a most delightful time.

March 27.—A fleet of seven vessels, manned thirty-one strong, left the dock early this morning. The crews were bent on having the very best picnic Rollins has had yet. They went through Maitland Run and having cruised about some, disembarked by a bridge over Howell Run. Of course, the boats were well provisioned as the good dinner later proved. After spending a very enjoyable day the company reached home about dark.

March 29.—The few left about the campus wishing to do something out of the usual, walked to the Sink Hole, two miles west of town. After reaching the Hole they found an overgrown spring, and made frantic but unsuccessful efforts to drink the water from a palmetto leaf. They then disposed of a bag or two of ginger-snaps, and returned a tired but satisfied company.

March 30.—During the forenoon of this day nine young people decided they wanted a pic-



nic. So after some hustling they set sail with baskets and ice cream freezer about half past eleven. The midday meal was spread in a shady hammock on Lake Osceola, and as some of the young gentlemen had not eaten anything since breakfast, it was much enjoyed. The company consisted of Miss Grassie, Miss Ross, Miss Fundenburg, Miss Lyman, Miss Ruth Ford, Mr. Oldham, Mr. Frank, Mr. Paul Fairchild, Mr. Walter Fairchild.

April 5.—A few of the students took a row on the lakes after C. E. business meeting. The evening was enjoyed, as the weather was especially favorable. After making a brief tour of the lakes, the party returned with a pleasant recollection of the occasion.

April 5.—Miss Abbott, of Orlando, gave a song recital in the Congregational Church of that city, assisted by Miss Walker, Miss Peck and the Ladies' Quartette, all of Rollins. The house was well filled, Sanford, Longwood and Winter Park being represented. A special train on the F. C. & P. ran to accommodate the Winter Park people.

April 25.—School was not held on account of the picnic to Port Tampa. A large majority of the teachers and students took advantage of the excursion. Winter Park and Orlando sent over a thousand people. Below Orlando there was a delay of an hour on account of a broken truck. Two divisions of the train were made at Kissimmee. There were in all seventeen coaches. The divisions arrived in Tampa at noon and about two o'clock, and returned at five and six respectively. Some spent the day in Tampa; most of the party went to Picnic Island. There the time was spent in gathering shells, looking over the ships, and not least important, lunching. There were no accidents, and the crowd was well behaved, as crowds go. Everyone seemed to enjoy himself. The picnickers reached home before midnight, and no one seemed to have regretted going on the excursion.

As the day seemed given up to pleasure, those remaining at the college embraced the opportunity and had a good time, which was

considerably shorter in duration. At noon there was a feast at the dining hall, and late in the afternoon a floating spread.

May 3.—Three of the musical graduates, Misses Moremen, MacMillan and Crooks, gave a recital in the college chapel in the evening. A fine program was presented and the performers were warmly applauded.

May 4.—A party of girls had a picnic in Lakemont Park, on Lake Mizell. A good time was reported.

May 11.—A small party of six, chaperoned by Miss Curtis, picnicked on Lake Osceola. They left the campus about 2:30, returning by moonlight at 7:00. A delightful time—and lunch—was reported.

May 17.—Mr. Rand invited the members of his Sunday School class to spend the evening. They were charmingly entertained, as guests always are at his home.

May 25.—The Sketch Club, with its models, will give a "Bubble" Party. Many exquisite bubbles will be "blowed." Could the club transfer their beautiful tints to paper, no doubt the joy would be complete.

#### OMNIBUS REBUS.

"The flying rumors gathered as they rolled."

—Pope.

Rollins.

"Stick to it"

Few, but not feeble.

For we are the people.

Hurrah for the Gold and Royal Blue,

R-O-L-L-I-N-S, rah, rah, rah! rah, rah, rah! rah, rah, rah! Rollins!

Rollins seems to have caught the athletic fever in earnest this time.

The attempt to open the spring term on Monday proved rather unsuccessful.

Only 47 of the pupils and 10 of the faculty were present the first morning.

The total enrollment of pupils for the year is 167.

The invitations which the graduating class has sent out are very neat indeed.

It is rumored that "Shorty" Evans has had to go home on account of his health.



Hayes Bigelow, in spite of Prof. Ford's remarks in chapel one morning, left us Friday, May 17th.

Miss Strong has been giving Lindus Marsh private instruction this term. She has a very promising pupil.

Miss Sallie Deaderick, a former student of Rollins College, was one of the graduates of the Orlando High School, at their recent commencement.

During the year the Musical Department has enrolled 55 piano and 26 vocal pupils, a remarkably good showing for a school of this size.

The cabinet cases being erected and arranged in the library forcibly call attention to the need of a suitable habitation for our rocks and shells.

The handsome appearance of the general program for commencement week shows how good was our choice of new college colors. No one can regret the change.

Ned went out sailing one day in the "Nadine" with his shoes on, and capsized. He sank beneath the swelling tide eloquently singing, "O could I but fathom the mighty deep!"

Morgan King and his sister have been having a nice long visit from their mother during the latter part of this term. Some of the rest of us wish we could enjoy a like happiness.

The Tennis Club shows signs of reviving. A meeting was held during the term, the constitution was waived, and it was voted to mark the court. Ralph and Jack did an excellent job of marking.

It seems to be based on authority that the first, second, third and eighth letters of the Greek alphabet end in r. This mode of pronunciation has been partially adopted by the class in Analytical Geometry.

We notice the names of Laura Walker, Belle Abbot, May Pomeroy, and Rex Beach, down in the catalogue in very large capitals among the "Faculty and Officers." How the faculty has sprouted this year, to be sure!

Rex and Bobbie are the tennis heroes;

they stand unconquered. The Englishmen from Orlando put up a stiff game, but it was no use. They are splendid players, especially Brownrigg; and both of them are gentlemen.

Unless the "Stetson Collegiate" will condescend to correct certain mis-statements made in its report of the Rollins-Stetson ball game, we suggest that they change their motto from "Pro Deo et Veritate" to "Pro Diabolo et Mendacio."

All sincerely sympathize with Rex on account of his badly cut lip, which came in violent contact with Neville's feet while turning a hand-spring in the gymn. It was an unfortunate accident, and it is to be hoped that it will leave no scar.

The graduates from different departments are as follows: College, Ernest Missildine; Music, Ernest Missildine, Frances Crooks, Minnie Moreman, Eugenie McMillan; Academy, Frances Crooks, Minnie Moremen, Adelaide Strong, Lena Tenney.

Did you see Bobbie's new style English spring jacket? It is the envy of all the boys. It is called a "Father Hubbard;" is somewhat abbreviated as to sleeves and tails, and is exceedingly ample as to waist measure, which Bobbie says it is his ambition to some day fill.

Mark Twain, Wilkie Collins, and the Musical Cherub stood out in front of Pinehurst one Saturday morning during study hours, and foully murdered "John Brown's body;" for which heinous crime Miss Curtiss made them stay in their rooms twenty minutes after study hours.

Henry was on the sick list a few days this term. Pinehurst fellows vied with each other and the matron in attending to his wants; and numerous flowers showed what a warm place he holds in the hearts of the inmates of Clover Leaf. Everybody seems to be Henry's friend, and vice versa.

Miss D. shocked us one morning in chapel by utterly losing control of her risibilities during the reading of the psalm. But what astonished us more Miss C. followed suit; and even Miss R., whose face is usually as im-



mobile as chiseled marble, could not refrain from smiling. The cause of it all is still a mystery.

The immortal class of '98, Rollins College, which started the year with such bombastic eclat, appears to have fizzled. The catalogue consigns its president and two other of its boasted members to the class below, its vice-president to the class above, and other officers have left for distant parts. The class is gasping its last, as it were. Sminger is doing the gasping.

A startling rumor was circulated one morning to the effect that Hank had broken his collar bone during Greek class while making frantic attempts to pronounce one of those Hellenic proper names. It gives great pleasure to announce that the rumor was but partially true; it seems that it was not his collar bone, but his bone collar button that is supposed to have sustained the injury.

We would advise our esteemed friend Mr. H. B. M., to get a cat, during the present financial depression, a good healthy kitten could be secured at a very low price, perhaps below cost, in Orlando or Sanford; and it would doubtless prove a great source of comfort to Mr. M., a blessing in disguise to Pinehurst, and by its destruction of rats would prevent more wakeful nights than any quantity of soothing syrup.

At two o'clock Sunday morning, the slumbers of *some* were disturbed by the ringing of the Episcopal church bell, which rang for fire. The block composed of Mr. Hunter's home and the Pennsylvania House, occupied by Mr.

Taylor, were entirely destroyed. Both houses were insured. People regard such occasions differently. One Senior Prep., the first man from the College on the scene did not take time to put on shoes or sandals; while a certain college student high up in his course dressed completely, even to stand up collar and watch and chain.

Here's a good joke on Hank. Hank gets more than his share of attention, but this is too good to keep. During all this year, every night before retiring, he has been taking great pains to stuff paper into the key-hole of his closet door, in order to keep the mosquitoes and other vermin out. Often, when by chance he has awakened during the night and has fancied he heard mosquitoes, he has arisen and examined the wad in that key-hole to be sure the mosquitoes had not dislodged it. Well, the other day he discovered that the hole does not extend clear through the door!

An alarming case of attempted suicide came to light during the term. On one of our hottest evenings, soon after bed-time, Miss Lamson saw a light in one of the girl's rooms and went in to investigate. She found the maiden asleep in bed, buried beneath a sheet, two blankets, a spread and a comforter. The lamp was burning brightly. Every window and the door and transom were closed tightly. The wash-bowl and pitcher were filled with magnolias and bay-blossoms; and, to make the picture complete, upon a chair beside the bed were the remains of a recently consumed cucumber! The maiden is still alive.

## EXCHANGE.

Mr. Gladstone is still a great reader of novels. He is fond of the realistic kind if they are pure, but if not they stir his wrath. He declares that no impure novel can be great.  
—*Ex.*

Next year will be leap year; another will not occur for eight years. This skipping the

fourth year will not again occur until 2100.  
—*Clipped.*

He came to see her stormy nights.

When he had nowhere else to go;

She liked to see him at such times,

And so she called him her *rain beau*.

—*Brunonian.*

Oberlin Review—We acknowledge the



receipt of the SAND-SPUR, a neat quarterly, published by the literary societies of Rollins College, of which Mr. P. D. Fairchild, ex. '95 is editor.

As Providence willed  
By her bicycle killed;  
'Twas thus that her epitaph ran:  
"In bloomers and cap,  
Though sad the mishap,  
She went to her death like a man."

—*Ex.*

*Safety in Travel* is the title of a very artistic and handsome little booklet issued by the Y. M. C. A., showing different Y. M. C. A. buildings along one of our leading railway systems, and giving the testimony of the officials of this road as to the worth of the Y. M. C. A. work.

The University of Paris has over 7,000 students, and in this, as in other universities in France, there are no classes, no athletics, no commencement day, no college periodicals, no glee clubs and no fraternities.—*Ex.*

#### THE OLD QUESTION.

At dusk 'mid the lengthening shadows,  
Alone they sat, side by side,  
While over the darkening meadows  
The glow of the sunset died,

"May I ask you the old, old question?"

She said: "This is sudden, quite,"

But in faltering accents he murmured,

"Have you read, 'Ships That Pass in the Night.'"

—*Exchange.*

A.—"Did you hear about —'s watch?"

B.—"No. What about it?"

A.—"He dreamed one night that some one was prowling about in his room. Then he awoke up and, not knowing it was a dream, put his hand under his pillow. The watch was not gone, but—it was going."—*Ex.*

*Policeman* (to wheelman who is riding on the side path:) "See here, young man! You can't ride there." "Can't, eh? Well, you just watch me." And he shot out of sight.—*American Wheelmen.*

One-third of the university students of Europe die prematurely from the effects of

bad habits acquired in college; one-third die from lack of exercise, and the other third govern Europe.—*Ex.*

"It's a shame, Mirandy," said Farmer Woodenplough, looking up from his paper, "fer sech old people to git married; here's John Franklin Brown, '94, goin ter git spliced ter Miss May Willis Smith, '95.—*Stetson Collegiate.*

An assisted immigrant is making a lot of trouble in Louisiana. It is the water-hyacinth, which a man in New Orleans brought from Colombia only three years ago. Now all the canals are choked up with it, and navigation is impeded in rivers and lakes. It is spreading fearfully, and is a tremendous nuisance. In its native home it is a harmless plant growing in tubs. Great patches of it are to be seen in Lake Virginia.

#### A MODERN TRAGEDY.

Boyibus kissibus,  
Sweet girliorum;  
Girlibus likibus,  
Wanti someorum.

Inibus lapibus,  
Siti girliorum,  
Thenibus boyibus,  
Kissi someorum.

Papibus seeibus,  
Slapi girliorum.  
Kickibus boyibus  
Auti doororium.

Thenibus boyibus,  
Limpi homeorum.  
Girlibus cribus,  
Kissi nomeorum.

—*Earlhamite.*

An item of interest in the athletic world is the revival of the Olympic Games, which have not been celebrated for fifteen hundred years. They will be held every four years, the first at Athens in 1896, the second in Paris, and the third in the United States. The contests will consist of the regatta, boat races, running, jumping, and approved sports. The prizes will be silver wreaths of laurel awarded to the victors by the King of Greece in person.



## WISE AND OTHERWISE.

"Quips and cranks, and wanton wiles,  
Nods and becks, and wreathed smiles."

—Milton.

## ALPHABET.

A stands for "Abbott," of Lakeside the pride,  
Also for "Annie," who's late been a bride.  
B suggests "Baker," enormous and brainy,  
C stands for matron whose first name is "Lanie."  
D stands for "Donny," who pitches like fun;  
Also for artist our campus upon.  
E stands for Englishmen, beaten outright;  
Also for "Sminger," dear Pinehurst's delight.  
F suggests "Ford," Greek, Latin and all  
That joins to make cheerful the old study hall.  
G stands for "Grassie," of talents diffusive;  
H "Helen" and "Henry" and "Hannah" inclusive.  
I is "Will Ingram," who's oft made to sigh.  
J is our "Jack," he's short but O, my!  
K stands for "King," for kindness well known.  
L is "Miss Lamson," on "Clover-Leaf's" throne.  
M stands for "Minnie," for "Myra" and "Mabel,"  
Also for "Mowbray," our rat-catcher able.  
N suggests night when serenades sound,  
O is "Rob Oldham," who then cometh round.  
P stands for "Peck," for picnic and pitch,  
For "Paul" and for peanuts, philopenas and sich.  
Q is for question: Why is it that some  
If one says but "6.50" look sheepish and glum?  
R stands for wretched which some of us seem  
At the thought that so seldom we look at ice-cream.  
S means small "Sadler," a spry, springy sprite,  
Of activity full from morning till night.  
T is the trophies our ball-team has won;  
Also the training its captain has done.  
U's Uncle Sam of whom we've a "Sam"-ple  
And somehow on "Hayes" full oft he doth trample.  
V stands for valor which showed in our play  
When Stetson was forced to retreat in dismay.  
X, Y and Z are most troublesome letters,  
The rhyming of which I leave to my betters.  
& I lie, my work incomplete,  
But hope in the future again we may meet.

F. A. J.

## I WONDER.

Who Sminger's stuck on?  
If Mabel likes Sminger very well?  
If Ralph or Frank will ever shoot another  
otter?  
Why Ruth likes forty-two?  
If Gertrude likes potatoes?  
If May is one of Jenness Miller's admirers?

If a vote from the ladies' cottage would  
prove "that absence makes the heart grow  
fonder?"

Who sent a recital program to Sanford?

If Miss Strong likes the South sufficiently  
well to make it her home?

If Susie thinks that all the girls she carries  
trays to are sick?

Why Maud has been so pensive this term?

Why Nina disturbs the girls in her hall  
with such a noise?

If Myra has two strings to her bow?

Who keeps Ray supplied with water-lilies?

If Florence asked to borrow that ice cream  
freezer?

Why Myra is so fond of tennis?

I wonder where Laura was the night the  
boys serenaded her?

If Ada knows how many months there are  
in two years?

If Mabel is going North this summer?

If duck suits are adopted as uniform at  
Rollins?

What Annie's recipe for taffy is?

What takes the Sanford girls to that early  
morning train so often?

If "Gene" uses special delivery stamps,  
and how many of her letters he will burn?

How Minnie got G-C-'s address?

Why Miss Grassie is as strict?—

Why Lena is so faithful in "Gymn"  
work?

Which of the girls is considered "per-  
fect?"

If the boats and trains in New York con-  
nect, or if one should be met by a friend?

Why the pansies stopped pouring into this  
cottage at the first of the term? Who got  
them after that?

How long it takes to freeze a gallon of ice  
cream?

Who is banker at Clover Leaf for the fi-  
nancially embarrassed?



If it will be safe for the editors to stay in town after the SAND-SPUR comes out?

Why Miss Fundenberg would just as soon not tell the boys how she vaulted the bar in gym' one day?

How often young Sadler deserves to be spanked?

What Rex does about that sore lip of his "when out in the moonlight together?"

How Ripley found out "that this hot weather is hard on a fellows brain?"

Why Prof. A. does so much gesturing with his toes?

Who runs the college, Sminger or Sminger's watch?

Why Gertrude prefers love songs?

Why it takes Sminger so long to deliver the mail at clover leaf?

What William said when the piano turned a somersault, and the cow jumped over the tennis back-stop?

Why Lindus can not sleep nights?

What Lindus dreams about all day?

How long Chubb can chew the same piece of gum?

Why it took Miss D. nine hours to draw a sketch of Jack?

What Ned's "job" was at Mt. Dora during vacation?

Who Miss Ross invited to the Sketch Club picnic?

Who invited Missildine to the Sketch Club picnic?

Who "dear little Fritzie" is?

If Flentye still thinks his collar bone is situated in the back of his neck?

Why all living creatures, even rats, are so fond of Hank?

How much the barber charges to cut Bobbie's hair?

If Lindus thinks curly hair is pretty?

What happened in the reception room when "Georgie" went away?

Why May gets hacked when anyone says, "Wyman, Lyman, O dear!"

If Clarence thinks he is as strong as Sampson?

Why the printers persist in setting up Sminger's name "Swinger," and

Why it seems so appropriate?

Why Kittie wanted to know what was going into the SAND-SPUR about her?

If Ned thinks he can sing?

Who wrote this "stuff:"

Most historical stuff is considered enough

For to give one a fit

To commit.

I'll admit it's no snap;

By a date I myself have quite often been stumped.

But there's one little curly-hair'd, blue-eyed chap

Who will never forget,

I'll bet,

The day when "Swampus" was swamped.

P. OWE-IT.

What is the difference between geometry this term and vocal music? One is solid and the other is all holler.

"The only crop," remarked the consumptive to his neighbor in chapel who had just trod upon his toes, "which the recent freeze did not affect in the least is the corn crop."

"It is shameful the way some men neglect the ballot." Morton, "O no, all men don't neglect it. Some men vote two or three times!"

The author of the following very prudently wishes his name not published:

"My tightened heart-string's snapped and busted,

And now my heart is cracked,

And now I've learned the sad, sad lesson:

Keep your heart-string a little slack!"

The same rising young genius also wrote this:

#### THE MIGHTY DEEP.

In the mighty deep some brave souls sleep,

Where the slimy eels do play;

Where downy chickens never peep,

Nor see the light of day.

Down in the waters green they lie,

Where the sun doth never shine;

Like a hunk of pork in a barrel big,

All covered up with brine.



Precocious infant (after contemplating in absorbed silence a picture of Michael Angelo's statue of Moses), "Say, Mama, I wonder if God still remembers how many hairs there were in Moses' beard." (At another time,) "Mama, which is badder to say, 'Tom Twister, or dogone it, or plague on it?'"

One very important organization was overlooked until the very last moment. We regret that we cannot give it a separate department for its use.

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FRED ENSMINGER.....Secretary.  
ROBERT OLDHAM.....Treasurer.  
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ALBERT BARROWS.....Model.  
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ERNEST MORTON.....Chaplain.

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#### NOTICE.

It has been thought unwholesome by the officers of the R. C. Spoon Manufacturing Co. to discontinue business, though it is now being carried on at a loss on account of the lack of opposition. The money in the treasury will be equally divided among the members of the company after the auction sale of three second-hand spoons at the first of next term. These spoon are still in good second-hand condition. Business remaining after the close of the school can be transacted with the president.

EDWARD G. ROWLAND,  
Lee, Mass.

Sminger ought to be prosecuted. The Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals ought to indict him. He has a three-legged pet (?) alligator called George Wash-



ington, which he takes a fiendish delight in torturing, and with which he has terrorized the whole neighborhood. One of the fellows was returning in negligé costume from a swim in the lake one day, and as he passed Sminger's door, Sminger appeared holding George by the tip of his tail. The sight of the uncanny creature's sprawling legs and wide distended jaws, and the consciousness of his own denuded limbs, nearly drove the poor bather insane with fright. But, what is even more cruel, one day the fiend actually tied a live toad to a long string, and then let George swallow the toad. His purpose was to pull the toad up again by the string; but, fiend though he was, he hesitated so long to go to such lengths of cruelty, that when he finally did pull on the string it came out with no toad attached. And to cap the climax, that toad is absolutely the only thing poor George has had to eat this term.

But Sminger don't care; he thinks it a good joke. Poor George!

The last tennis game occurred too late to put the following item under "Omnibus Rebus" where it belongs. The editor, desiring to uphold the cause of truth, is compelled to place it under "Wise and Other-wise", even at the risk of being accused of considering the item trifling.

"Until Monday afternoon, May 20, Rex and Bobbie were considered invincible tennis champions, but on that day the Orlando club sent over two players, Brownrigg and his brother, who beat them by a very close score, the Orlando men winning only eight points more than ours in the whole five sets. The score was as follows: Orlando—Rollins, 8-6, 2-6, 4-6, 6-1, 7-5. Another tournament has been arranged, which our boys are determined to win.

## COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

"While words of learned length and thundering sound  
Amazed the gazing rustics rang'd around."

—Goldsmith.

Friday, May 24, 7:30 p. m., at Knowles Hall, Recital by the department of music. (See program under Music Department.)

Saturday, May 25 and Monday, May 27, Art Exhibition at the studio.

Saturday, May 26, 10:30 a. m., at Congregational Church, Baccalaureate Sermon by Rev. E. P. Hooker, D. D.

Monday, May 27, 7:30 p. m., at Knowles Hall, anniversary exercises of the Literary Societies.

### PROGRAM.

#### INVOCATION.

Special Discussion—Resolved: That Modern Achievements are Superior to those of the Ancients.

Affirmative—VIRGIL STARBUCK.

Negative—RUTH FORD.

Duet—From *Deutsche Reigen*.....*Moszkowski*  
MISS PECK AND MISS HATTIE PECK.

Essay—British Policy in America.

PAUL FAIRCHILD.

Potpouri—

MYRA WILLIAMS.

Waldenanschen.....*Liszt*

LAURA WALKER.

Ode—(After Horace) *Asclepiadean IV.*

FRED ENSMINGER.

Oration—Unquarried Marble.

ADELAIDE STRONG.

(a) Elegy.....*Mamnet*

(b) Spring Flowers.....*Reinecke*

MAY POMROY.

(Violin Obligato, MISS MERRIWETHER.)

Wednesday, May 29, 3:30 p. m., at Congregational Church, Commencement Exercises of the Department of Music.

### PROGRAM.

#### INVOCATION.

Kaiser March.....*Wagner*

[Arr'd for two pianos.]

MISS NEFF and MACMILLAN,  
MOREMEN and WALKER.

Prayer from *Rienzi*.....*Wagner*

MR. MISSILDINE.



Ballade in A flat.....Chopin

MISS MACMILLAN.

Penelope Weaving a Garment, from *Odysseus*.....Bruch

MISS CROOKS.

"Sweet scented over hill and vale," from *Trompeter Von Lakkingen*.

[Arr'd by VORGRICH]

MISS CROOKS and MR. MISSILDINE.

Is not his Word like a fire? from *Elijah*

.....Mendelssohn

MR. MISSILDINE.

Concerto in G minor.

Molto Allegro con fuoco.....Mendelssohn

MISS MOREMEN.

[Orchestral parts on 2d piano]

I Naviganti.....Randelger

MISS PECK, MISS CROOKS, and

MR. MISSILDINE.

Presentation of Diplomas

Benediction.

Wednesday, 7:30 p. m., at the Congregational Church, Commencement Address by Rev. S. V. McCorkle, D. D. 8:30 p. m. at the Ladies Cottage, Reception by the Faculty.

Thursday May 30, 10 a. m. at Congregational Church, Commencement.

#### PROGRAM.

MUSIC—Marche Pontificale.....Lemmens

MISS HATTIE PECK.

PRAYER.

MUSIC—Miserere Scene from *Il Trovatore*.....Verdi

MISS PECK and MR. NEFF WITH MALE SEXTETTE.

ORATION—The Influence of the Ideal.

LENA M. TENNEY.

ORATION—The Virgil of Character.

ADELAIDE K. STRONG.

MUSIC—The Silent Land.....Gaul

THE CHORAL CLUB.

ORATION—The Philosophy of Noise.

FRANCES H. CROOKS.

ORATION—Reflex Action.

MINNIE A. MOREMEN.

MUSIC—The Passage-bird's farewell.....Hildach

MISS PECK and MISS HATTIE PECK.

ORATION—Chemistry as a Factor in Civilization.

ERNEST E. MISSILDINE.

MUSIC—Waltz Song.....Vogel

THE ROLLINS COLLEGE LADIES QUARTETTE.

Presentation of Diplomas.

MUSIC—Song of the Flag, from *The Knickerbocker*.....DeKoven

MR. NEFF and THE CHORAL CLUB.

Benediction.

Thursday, 1:30 p. m., at College Dining Hall, Alumni Dinner.

7:30 p. m. at the Congregational Church, Annual Commencement Concert.

#### PROGRAM.

I. Marche Hongroise from *Damnation of Faust*.....Berlioz

[Arr'd for piano and organ.]

MISS LAURA WALKER and MISS HATTIE PECK.

II. Quartette from *Fidelio*.....Beethoven

MISS PECK, MISS HATTIE PECK,

MR. MISSILDINE and MR. FRANK.

III. My heart greets the morn...*A. Goring Thomas*

MISS KATHARINE LYMAN AND

MISS GERTRUDE FORD.

IV. Tenor Solo, Selected.....

MR. J. H. NEFF.

V. The Magic Fire.....Wagner-Brassin

MISS HATTIE A. PECK.

VI. Ocean! Thou Mighty Monster! from

Oberon.....Weber

MISS KATE WALDO PECK.

VII. Concerto in A minor Op. 16.....Grieg

Allegro molto moderato

[Orchestral parts on 2d piano.]

MISS MAUD NEFF.

VIII. Ballad; The Rose.....Gilchrist

MISS MAY POMROY and CHORAL CLUB.

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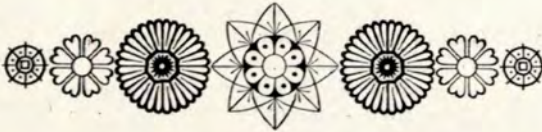
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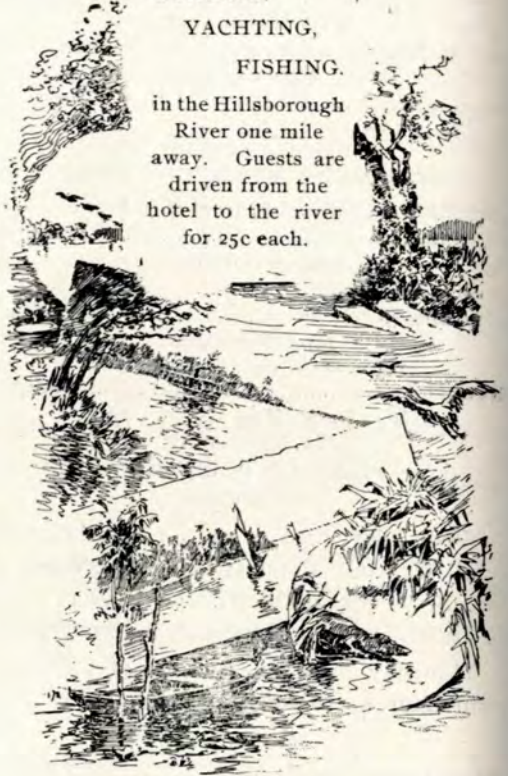
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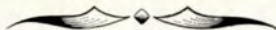
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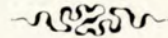
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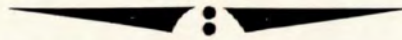
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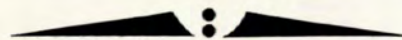


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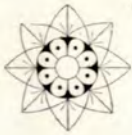
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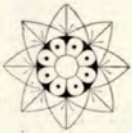
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