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THE SAND-SPUR.



—STICK TO IT.—

VOL. 2.

WINTER PARK, FLA., DECEMBER 20, 1895.

NO. 1.

LITERARY.

OUR CAMPUS.

Oh! the dear old Rollins Campus,
Is the very place, I know,
Where the largest crop of sand-spurs
Was ever known to grow,

And scholars passing to and fro
Across the scanty grass,
Intent upon their lessons, gather
Sand-spurs as they pass.

Does it hear the whispered secrets?
Does it know the passing feet
Which, lagging on the way to class,
Returning are so fleet?

What it hears it will not tell me,
What it knows it will not say,
The dear old Rollins Campus,
As it was, and is to-day.

F. D.

MANTHY.

She was about seventeen, of medium height, with a graceful figure, although she had spent long hours in the hot sun, picking cotton and hoeing potatoes. Her hair was brown and her complexion of dazzling whiteness with just the faintest tinge of pink in the cheeks, beautiful to see and which anyone might envy.

But her eyes were weak, which kept her from being positively beautiful, and also kept her face so fair, for she wore her sunbonnet most of the time drawn down over her eyes; she would look up with the startled, blinking

gaze of a kitten, when one met her in the sandy road.

It was a failing of the Widner family to have weak eyes. Both Pa and Ma Widner were afflicted in this way, and also son Johnny, who always wore a hat, in shape and color like a chocolate caramel, pulled down over his eyes to keep out the glare of the sun.

Manthy had been quite ambitious for herself, when she was younger. Her pa did not see much good in "book larning," but she persisted and went to the country school part of the time for three years; so she could read

and write her own name, after a fashion. Although her life would seem hard to many, she was strong and cheerful, and there were many pleasant times in the little house.

Manthy was considered quite the belle of the neighborhood, and was popular with both young men and maidens. After the day's work was over they gathered on the door steps and porch in the dusk, while the sound of merry talk and laughter, or the verse of a hymn, would float across the road to the surrounding forest. They talked of the crops, the latest protracted meeting, or of subjects of equal interest. Sometimes when the company was larger than usual, the strains of a mouth organ or banjo were blended with the tread of feet in the Virginia reel or some other simple country dance.

Among the swains who congregated at the Widner house was a young man by the name of Jake Brown, a good hearted, lank young fellow, very bashful, but with a lusty voice for singing. Pa Widner said he was the "best baster" he ever heard. Jake lived on his little orange grove three miles distant, with only his mother, a querulous old lady who always fussed over the cow, chickens and pigs. Jake was a very good son and thought a great deal of his mother, and he was also very much in love with Manthy, but was too bashful to tell her so.

Night after night he would come and sit on one side of the gay company, never opening his mouth except in greeting or leave-taking. Manthy did not seem to care, and teased poor Jake, but deep down in her heart she had a tender feeling for him. She recognized the goodness which she knew was more than skin deep, if his beauty was not, and knew that he was the only one for her.

Meanwhile Jake was slowly but surely

coming to the conclusion that the only way to end his misery would be to propose. One morning passing the house, and seeing Manthy at the weekly washing in a shed near the house, he alighted from his mule and opening the little picket gate passed in.

"Howdy, Miss Manthy, how are you all this morning?" he said.

Manthy looked up and answered, "Jest tolerable, Mr. Brown. How's your ma?"

"She's jest tolerable," helping himself to a drink of water from the gourd dipper near by.

"Will you walk in, Mr. Brown?"

Jake walked in and sat down, while Manthy wiped her hands on her apron and took a seat opposite him. The never failing topics were discussed, and becoming bolder Jake began to ask the important question.

"Manthy, will you—"

But the cow-hide chair in which he was sitting, and which had been used since the war, considered it the proper moment to collapse, which it did, leaving Jake in a ridiculous as well as an embarrassing position. Manthy giggled. This seemed to bring Jake to his senses immediately, and the words were not long in coming then.

The question was asked, and answered satisfactorily to both. Jake said it was that giggle, but Manthy insisted it was the chair that helped him out.

They were married soon, and as one neighbor said, "there were nigh onto a hundred head at the wedding." S. I. G.

A world without a Sabbath would be like a man without a smile, like a summer without flowers and like a homestead without a garden.—Beecher.

FROM 12 TO 18.

It is very pleasant when a girl is eighteen ; it gives such a delightful "my-wishes-are-to-be-respected" feeling, and a conviction that several inches have been added to the height.

It is a remarkable fact that few, if any, girls of eighteen show in their faces that care-worn expression which by rights should be there, the mark of their struggle in climbing that mountain of difficulty, the years between twelve and eighteen.

No one can deny that these years are a mountain of difficulty, and it is a good thing that children are kept in ignorance of the fact, else they would sit down at the foot and flatly refuse to proceed upward.

Until they have arrived at this point, girls and boys have nearly the same pleasures, and a delightful disregard of appearances so long as they are enjoying themselves. And they do enjoy themselves immensely, playing together and romping to their heart's content, with never a thought beyond to-day.

Up to that time it is very proper to play with the boys and to climb fences and trees and the like. All at once everything is changed without any apparent reason ; the boys are whisked off to go their way and the girls theirs ; the former to become a mild kind of savage for a time, and the latter to grow up in the way they should go. It is certainly uphill work, and probably forms the origin of the expression "growing up."

The girl discovers that although fences were made before gates, gates must be used before fences, and that it is much nicer to sit under a tree than in one.

All this is very puzzling to say the least, and looking around for some solution of the

mystery, she sees that grown up young ladies refrain from such pleasures. Of course she makes the mistake of believing herself a young lady, and is at once told that she is a little girl. The reverse is told her if she tries to be one. It seems to me a great pity that girls receive so little sympathy at this time.

It is hard to tell whether this or the age beginning at fourteen (known as the awkward) is the more painful. Who does not remember the time when she would have taken the yard stick to measure her arms, when floor space was too limited for her feet, and when everything seemed secretly to get in the way of her hands. She must be gigantic at this time, for if she crosses a room full of people every one sees her and no one else, at least so she thinks. The sensations of this period are very painful, affecting, and wearing on the mind, for a good part of them are due to the imagination.

But a respite comes at sixteen. Then the girl is a happy mixture of child and woman, and sees everything in its rosiest light. The year between the sixteenth and seventeenth birthdays is apt to be very pleasant. There is so little to cause disturbing thoughts, and it is very easy to follow the Bible injunction, "Take no thought for the morrow." It is well to enjoy this year, for fresh troubles begin at seventeen. Then the girl gets the credit for being sentimental, whether she is or not. No one understands her, and she doesn't understand herself. She is restless and feels decidedly mixed up. She does not know what is the matter, but she is just losing the last of her childhood and beginning to feel herself a woman, and is not quite familiar with the new feeling, that is all.

But at eighteen she has become accustomed to it, and with her great weight of years has come a proper realization of her own importance.

H. V. M. N.

TIME.

Time is a chopped-off portion of eternity, a gift from the Creator, and we are held responsible for its use. If we misuse it or let it slip away unimproved, it is our loss. Laziness is the enemy which robs us of time. Time is money; it is more than money, it is opportunity. Many doubtless would willingly exchange it for money. But, if we regard our life as time, very few would be willing to shorten it for the sake of money.

Anything that saves time is of worth. One of the greatest results of our civilization is the saving of time by the aid of machinery, and thus brains may be called time-saving agents and civilization, a process that needs only time for its perfection.

Wars are often indirectly civilizing influences. But if intelligence can avert wars, it may save life and hasten the perfection of civilization, and so, save time.

Time is used with many significations and to express various ideas. Thus breakfast-time, dinner-time and supper-time are three periods which are frequently welcome.

In time and on time denote the same thing. When anyone says he has had a fine time, delicious time, elegant time, dandy time, bully time, out-of-sight time, nice time, big old time, excruciating time, superb time, excellent time, magnificent time, high old time, or time-on-your-life, you may infer that he has had some fun.

The Romans used to say that time flew. If this is true, a flying-machine ought to be a time-saver, if it could keep up with time. The

trouble is that the ancients did not mention the direction in which time "takes its flight."

One variety of time for which students in languages have great respect is the time of verbs, another is recitation time, and yet another, the end of the period; the last being held in the greatest esteem.

Time is measured in various ways; by the rotation of the earth on its axis, by its revolution in its orbit, and by the motions of the heavenly bodies; neither must time-pieces be overlooked in this capacity, as they are quite conspicuous. It is estimated that there are about seventy-five of these instruments in this school. Absolutely correct time is that which these valuable machines have kept within the remembrance of their owners. It is a singular fact, however, and one which perhaps it might be wise not to mention, that these instruments harmonize in about the same manner as do the voices of their owners when they sing in concert.

Perhaps this peculiar coincidence has never before been noticed. The writer would be pleased to see any time-piece that does not keep absolutely correct time, but he doubts if there be any such, except, of course, his own, which, by the way, is always wrong, because it is not able to agree with all others of its kind. He earnestly hopes that he may some time possess one which will not only keep *the* time, but everyone else's time, all the time. Such a time-piece may be invented after perpetual motion has been produced.

Time is hard to break and hard to beat.

In the case of a horse, bicycle or foot-race, it might be said that the opposition with which time resists being broken or beaten is proportional to the resistance due to friction and gravitation. Suppose there was no atmosphere, the speed of a horse would be greater. Similarly, time might be beaten if gravity were lessened.

Some one asked a professor what extem-

poraneous singing was, and he answered in this manner: "Let me see. From the Latin extempore, ex, from, out of; tempus, time, out of time."

By the time this article has been finished, the reader may imagine that the writer has been killing time, and perhaps not without reason.

BELL-RINGER.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

The autobiographies of all great men are intensely interesting and highly instructive; as they give to the following centuries not only a clearer insight into the inner life and purposes of their authors, but also betray to those reading them, little points of character which might otherwise be entirely lost.

Not knowing to what greatness I may hereafter attain, I have decided to assist the generations following by such a sketch, knowing that, although I may not become a second Washington or Beethoven, yet, at any rate, the account of the doings and sayings of my humble self will be very instructive.

There are three great events in every man's life—his birth, his first proposal and his death. Concerning myself, I cannot speak of the last of these, and as for the second, I think it best to remain silent for reasons too obvious to mention; but with regard to the first, I see no reason for being reticent.

At a time when but few of my fellow students could do more than suck their thumbs or bawl aloud, in one of the most illustrious years of this century, I was born. On the night in which this important event took place there raged the greatest storm which had been experienced at that season for twenty-two

years. The wind blew at the rate of fifty miles an hour, and the house shook in the gale.

The place graced by my birth is a college town situated in the most enlightened portion of the world—New England. I might have attended a part of the Centennial Exposition at Philadelphia, but as my parents considered it best that I should remain at home, I did so, showing at this early age a desire to please those about me.

My birthplace remained my home for four years. Here I learned to walk and to talk. When I reached the age of four the family moved to Massachusetts, where we remained for a few years. Then, on account of the ill health of some members of the household, we changed our place of habitation to the land of flowers and sunshine. This was in the year '83, when Winter Park had just been laid out. As soon as I arrived, this town began to grow, and has kept on growing until at the present time it is one of the principal winter resorts in the State; and besides being the happy possessor of our illustrious Rollins, it has three churches, one large hotel and several smaller ones, boarding houses, street lights, a street railway, a weekly newspaper (minus the

news), naphtha launches on the lakes, and is the center through which run two Florida railroads.

At the age of seven I began to go to school, learning to read in the public school of this place, and ever since this college was founded have been pursuing my course of instruction here, until I can now anticipate graduation before many years have passed.

The only important event which has happened during these later years has been the

mathematical concussion which occurred four years ago, when mutual attraction caused the bumping of my head against that of one of the girls in the geometry class.

Hoping that this minute description of my life will be of use to the youth of this generation in their attempt to achieve like ends, and that it will teach the value of humility, so well exemplified in my life, I will close this sketch.

C. E. H.

A VACATION EPISODE.

(FACT FOUNDED ON FOLLY.)

It is with feelings far different from pride that I look back upon the incident I am about to relate. I feel called upon to begin with an apology. It is apology enough simply to state that it happened during the summer preceding my Freshman year, for who ever saw a Freshman of good sense?

It occurred in the mountains of Kentucky, near my birth-place, amid the loved scenes of my early childhood. Near the summit of the highest knob in that vicinity a man of my intimate acquaintance had, under the spell of enthusiastic enterprise, planted an extensive peach orchard. It had never fulfilled his fond hopes, however, and it had seldom before that year borne a good crop. But that season the crop was enormous, and my friend, its owner, had asked me to go with him to help can it for the market, I had consented eagerly, rejoicing to spend my vacation in a mountain camp, "roughing it," amid my childhood surroundings.

Our camp was delightfully situated on the very summit in a grove of stately chestnut oaks. The peach orchard stretched away

below; and at its lower edge on a projecting bench was our cannery, which was only a huge, roughly built barn. Not far from this was a little log cabin, in which lived Lizzie, our heroine, the eldest daughter of a family of Kentucky "mountain whites," a type of natives corresponding to the "Crackers" of Georgia or Florida.

I have in my time seen all kinds of feminine magnificence; I have seen your Northern belles and your Southern beauties; I have seen "queens" of the drawing-room, of the ball and of the stage; but never have I seen the peer of Lizzie. No monarch is so supreme as one whose will is never contested, and such was Lizzie. Her parents could no more rule her than could the bowlders in its bed rule a mountain torrent; they were only a vexation to her. No other maiden in that region could boast so noble an array of manly worshippers as could Lizzie, who, as will be seen, ruled her subjects with a tyranny that respected no rights or feelings but her own.

Now, I had no idea of becoming one of her admirers; not because I was blind to her wild

graces and picturesque charms, but because of respect for the brawny muscles and reckless spirit of the strapping mountaineers already in the lists contending for her favor. So I took particular pains not to pay her any extra attention. But Lizzie was not content to let me off without an attempt to add me to her list of conquests.

As before stated, she knew no law but her own, not even the laws of social etiquette to which all other so-called "Queens" are such abject slaves. She gave ample proof of this one day during a week when protracted revival services were being held nightly in a little back-woods church near by. The day's work of canning peaches was finished; I had closed the great barn door, and was about to begin the steep climb to camp, when Lizzie accosted me.

"Say, Jack," she said, "come down and go to meetin' with me to-night. What d' ye say?"

The suddenness of the assault, as well as its brazenness, struck me dumb at first. But I smiled and said gaily, "All right. What time must we start?"

"Early candle light," she replied.

"All right. But what's the matter with Sil here? Won't he go with you?"

"Sil? Huh! I guess you better believe he would; if he could. But he can wait until some other time. See?" addressing this last to Sil himself, who was near by.

Sil, the smallest in size but by far the most devoted of her admirers, seemed to "see" with great clearness and with very evident disgust. And well he might, for he had been making special efforts that afternoon to gain favor. He had driven up the cow for her at milking time, had "packed" wood and water for her to get supper with, and had even

started the fire for her; and this was his reward! A more ungrateful tyrant than Lizzie never ruled.

I was on hand at the appointed time; and so was Sil, reinforced with a couple more of Lizzie's admirers, and right handsome young giants they were, too, "Hello!" said I to myself, "what means this? Methinks there's a look in those fellows' eyes that bodes you no good, Jack. Have the suitors made common cause against me, their Paris, who is carrying off their Helen of Troy? You'll see some fun before you get back to-night, Jack, I'll wager my last vest button. You'd better not have come."

But it was too late to get out of it, and Lizzie and I started down the rough mountain path side by side, followed by Sil and one of the others, while the third brought up the rear on horse-back. Nothing worth mentioning occurred until we came to a narrow place in the path, and I paused to let Lizzie pass on first. Before I could follow Sil stepped in ahead of me, and calmly took my place at Lizzie's side.

I was petrified. A loud laugh behind clearly expressed approval of Sil's impudence, and a jeering voice said, "'Fore I'd take that from any feller living, I'd go chaw hay like a mule. Ho! Ho!" This provoked a laugh from Lizzie, who seemed to enjoy the whole proceeding so much that I began to suspect I was her dupe. This thought, and the jeers of the fellows behind, goaded me to fury. I stepped quickly up to Sil, slid my fingers down the back of his neck, and then "reversed" with a suddenness that took him sheer off his feet. I shook him as a dog shakes a rat. I felt a wild impulse to throw him over the side of the path to roll a hundred or two feet below, which fortunately I did not do, for it might

have killed him. Having spent my fury I let him loose, none the worse for his shaking, but completely cowed. The others too seemed to have gained respect for me, evidently surprised at so sudden a show of game qualities, and I was allowed to walk beside Lizzie the remaining distance without interference.

Lizzie, however, was plainly displeased at the rough treatment her subject had received at my hands. She refused to engage in anything like a conversation with me, answering me as shortly as possible and never even smiling at my best attempts at wit. She scorned, too, my proffered help over the many little creeks on our way, leaping from bank to bank with the agility of a deer. The unkindest cut of all she inflicted when we at last reached the meeting-house door, and she exclaimed in a tone of relief, "There, now, I am alone!" I felt myself summarily dismissed, and remained standing in the door while she took her seat.

Then I was sure that I was her dupe, and my blood began to boil within me with indignation. After having come with her at her own request, and then to be shaken off so haughtily was an indignity not to be endured. But I was loath to acknowledge defeat quite yet, and resolved to try once more. So I calmly took a seat beside her, seemingly unaware of her evident desire to get rid of me.

I had scarcely taken my seat when my trio of rivals entered and sat down directly behind us. One of them handed her a note, to which she scribbled a few words in reply. Then there was a little whispering back and forth, which I tried to over hear, but could not.

Needless to say the services received little of my attention. I spent the whole time trying to imagine what new plot had been arranged and how I might thwart it. But it

was in vain; I was doomed to defeat, like Paris of old. Almost before the benediction was finished Lizzie made a rush for the door, where she was joined by her trio of gallants, and I did not see her again that night.

My opportunity for revenge came the next day. Having occasion to go into the "paring room" of the canning establishment, I noticed a little group aside from the other workers composed of Lizzie and her three faithfuls. I at once joined the group, for the very reason that I knew I would be very unwelcome, and began to help them pare their peaches, each one in turn with strict impartiality. I had expected to throw a damper on the conversation, but my hope was disappointed. Lizzie paid not the slightest heed to me; her tongue ran on with unimpeded velocity. She was relating one of her numerous extraordinary exploits in her usual boastful style, and concluded the narrative with the remark, "*I can go with any feller I choose, as long as I choose.*"

"You are mistaken," I said, politely. "Pardon me for contradicting a *lady*, but here is *one* young fellow you cannot go with any more, whether you please or not."

The thrust went home. Her face turned fairly purple, and she did not speak again as long as I remained with them, which I did until I felt satisfied with my revenge.

JACK DEANNE.

THE plant of friendship grows only in the warm air of congeniality. Confidence binds the parts together and is the cohesive power of its nature, while sympathy is the life giving sap coursing through every fiber. Time can not wither or destroy it; age but strengthens and develops.—C. S. Field.

DULCES MEMORIAE.

Sometimes when tired from my toil

I very weary am,
When I have failed in French or "Math."
Or flunked a Greek "exam."

A looked-for letter doesn't come,
My room-mate cuts me out,
And goes out walking with my girl,
And hopes are up the spout.

'Tis then I have a fit of blues
And shed a lonely tear,
And think of what I used to do
At Winter Park last year.

Now Winter Park's a little town,
The sick man's paradise;
Where rich folks come to seek for health
Regardless of the price.

'Tis here we find that institute,
That fountain head of knowledge,
The peer among Floridian schools
The far-famed Rollins College.

By it in youthful craniums
Small knowledge-germs are strewn,
And very tenderly are nursed
Until they're fully grown.

Quite often there on Saturday

A picnic doth occur;
While Friday nights each gallant "he"
Goes calling on his "her."

I bring to mind quite often now,
How Hank's pet rat got out,
And how that bill was posted up,
"Spook party. All come out."

I often wish that I might float
Through Maitland Run again,
Or Friday nights scale Pinehurst's porch
A little after ten.

Oh, could I wake with warbling trills
All others from their sleep,
Or from my heaving breast pour forth
Loud strains of "Mighty Deep."

If I could take but one more dive
From off the spring-board high,
I am afraid that very soon
Of wondrous joy I'd die.

May dear old Rollins ever stand
Much loved by those who've sought her,
Till in old Lake Virginia's bed
There's left no drop of water.

VIR SINE GALERO.

FOR CUBA.

BY MAURICE THOMPSON.

Have you heard the call from Cuba
Coming northward on the breeze?
Have you seen the dark cloud hanging
To the southward o'er the seas?

It is a gasp for liberty,
That shudders on the air;
Spain has re-lit her torture-fires,
And men are writhing there.

Oppression's tempest gathers force,
Its tidal wave rolls high;
Old Europe's shadow dims the stars
We kindled in the sky.

The time is come for action,
Now let the right prevail;
Shall all our boasted sympathy
With slaves downtrodden fail?

Shall we be mockers of the faith
By which our course was set?

Shall we deny what we received
From men like Lafayette?

Help! help! the swarthy patriots cry,
While Spaniards beat them down,
Because they will not bend the knee
To one who wears a crown.

The hoary, medieval lie,
That robes the power of kings,
And rivets chains on bleeding hands,
Once more its logic brings.

At subtle diplomatic pleas
Let free-born statesmen scoff;
Poor, drowning Cuba grips our skirt,—
Shall Freedom shake her off?

Oh, no! fling out the fleet and flag,
To shield her from the storm,
And let that splendid island feel
The clasp of Freedom's arm.

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THE SAND-SPUR.

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ONCE upon a time there dwelt on a pleasant knoll by a lake two colonies of ants. The surroundings were agreeable and well calculated to charm anyone who had an eye for the beauties of nature. Near by were other colonies, but these two were conspicuous on account of their numbers, their activity, and the youth of the individuals composing them. The life of the surrounding community seemed to be centered in these colonies. It was pleasant to watch them as they came trooping in from their labors, or as they marched out to conquer unknown foes.

A short while ago it was apparent that there was considerable agitation on some subject or other, and it soon became evident that they were discussing the advisability of some undertaking which might possibly prove of doubtful issue. Such expressions as these were heard in one band: "Well, I'm in favor of doing it any way. The other band has broken up and we can do it all right alone." "I'd just like to do it to show them we can." "We can do it if we will." But it happened that the other band had not broken up, and indeed, had no thought of doing so. Besides, it seemed unanimously in favor of the undertaking, if the two bands might work together, or if this could not be, they would do it alone. At this the first group became greatly agitated and discussion after discussion followed, some of which were rather spirited. Meals even were neglected. A few who did not care were assailed by every argument of which the opposing sides could think. Here are some remarks to which the undecided few had to listen: "Now you'll vote for doing it, won't you? It would be a shame not to do it now that we have such a good start." "Well, I don't care, I'm not in favor of it. We won't any of us have time to do it, and then, too, we would be sure to get 'stuck.'" "I'd like to see the others do it. They aren't smart enough. I wish they would try it. I know it would fall back on them and stick them."

Finally one day the party in favor of the work prepared for the battle and gained the day.

Later the two colonies were seen tugging together at a sand-spur, trying to raise it out of the obscurity into which it had fallen. It was finally accomplished with the result which you see, and, needless to say, by proper management no one was "stuck."

A MERRY Christmas to all our readers ! May it bring you such cheer as will last you all the year ! By universal custom, Christmas is a merry season. It is a time when we feel impelled to extend hearty greetings to all whom we meet, a time when kin folks and friends like to gather around the festal board, a time when a feeling of general good fellowship reigns among people of all classes. Fittingly ; for it celebrates that first coming of peace on earth and good will to men.

Among Christian peoples Christmas has a double complexion. It is the season for mirth and jollity, and also for religious thought. It is a time when our Christianity seems at once joyous and serious. The result is it seems beautiful. A joyous earnestness may well be characteristics of those who believe in Christ. Let us not be afraid of festal cheer and youthful frolic in the celebration of our Christian holiday. If we may not with our sires of old endeavor to "mix sobriety with wine," we may yet mingle "honest mirth with thoughts divine."

Sir Walter Scott gives us an interesting picture of Christmas in ye olden time :

"And well our Christian sires of old
Loved when the year its course had rolled,
And brought blithe Christmas back again
With all its hospitable train.
Domestic and religious rite
Gave honor to the holy night ;
On Christmas eve the bells were rung ;
On Christmas eve the mass was sung ;
That only night in all the year,
Saw the stoled priest the chalice rear.
The damsel donned her kirtle sheen ;
The hall was dressed with holly green ;
Forth to the woods did merry men go
To gather in the mistletoe.
Then opened wide the Baron's hall
To vassal, tenant, serf and all.

* * * * *

All hailed with uncontrolled delight,
And general voice, the happy night
That to the cottage, as to the crown,
Brought tidings of salvation down."

There lies about our Christmas time a heavenly light, a holy charm, a chaste and tender beauty, which is well suggested in Milton's noble chant :

"But peaceful was the night,
Wherein the Prince of light
His reign of peace upon the earth began ;
The winds with wonder whist,
Smoothly the waters kissed,
Whispering new joys to the mild ocean
Who now hath quite forgot to rave,
While birds of calm sit brooding on the charmed
wave."

Each Christmastide let us recall the story of the star in the east, the shepherds watching their sheep by night, the angel's song, the heaven-born child that "all meanly wrapt in the rude manger lies," the wise men from the east bringing their gifts ; gold, frankincense and myrrh. Each Christmastide may the story of the Divine Child come to us with new beauty and power. May tenderness, humility, joy and love come into our hearts. There is a new light upon the earth since the star of Bethlehem hath shone.



ALTHOUGH our faculty has been for the most part very considerate this term, yet its members have brought us sincere disappointment in one particular ; we refer to their action concerning the day after Thanksgiving, which we wished as a holiday.

For several years the custom of this school has been to have no school on the Friday following Thanksgiving, but this year, notwithstanding the kind action of the pupils in voting to give their teachers a holiday, the faculty decided that school should be held on that

day; at the same time as good as promising that the students' favor should be accepted in years to come. The only reason that we can assign for this action of our beloved instructors, is that they are planning to give us Washington's Birthday as a holiday. Of course this day will be gratefully accepted, although we rather expect it as a right, especially this year as it comes on Friday and will be in leap year, which, as every one knows, is one day longer than other years. This extra day comes in the middle of the term, and therefore can be spared as well as not.

We hope that the time will soon come when both the day after Thanksgiving and Washington's Birthday will be reserved as holidays just as sacredly as Saturday and Sunday now are.



THE question of the advisability of inter-collegiate games has been so thoroughly and universally discussed that there would seem to be no reason for us to take it up.

Look at the attitude assumed by all the leading institutions of the North. There is not a college whose athletic association does not engage in a series of games annually with like institutions, and moreover most of them are united into leagues, etc. What a pity it is that such a state of affairs cannot exist in Florida.

During the first part of this year the Rollins College Athletic Association challenged that of Stetson University for a series of three base ball games, and a regular field day. An answer was received stating that they could not meet us in any games, alleging that it was contrary to the policy of their institution.

Recall the number of challenges we have sent for base ball, tennis, or anything in which

we could possibly meet them, but all with a like result. So far we have done all the challenging and only once succeeded, after hard and persistent labor, in securing a base ball game. The result of that is known to all.

Failing in our endeavors to establish inter-collegiate sports, we turned our attention in other directions, resulting in our field day of November 16, and a prospect of athletic games in the near future with the Orlando Athletic Club, now being organized. Besides this, we will have our field day each term. Our last was such a success that we feel encouraged; but, owing to the peculiar attitude of Stetson University, must be content to drop matters, regardless of an eagerness to meet them on the field.



WE are exceedingly gratified with the decided improvement visible among the students in regard to the stealing of oranges from the neighboring groves. As far as we can learn not a single orange has been stolen this year in this vicinity, of which fact we should be very proud.



THE season of Thanksgiving occurred within the past quarter. True thankfulness is one of the most essential and beautiful qualities of human character. It is a part of justice, and justice is a great quality. Thankfulness is justly due to God. The thankful person has a just view of God as a beneficent giver and of himself as a dependent recipient, and further, he has made such proper use of God's blessings that he has a just estimate of their value. Thankfulness to God, therefore, arises only from a deep and rich religious experience. This experience includes a knowledge of God as Father, Redeemer and

Comforter ; a recognition of ourselves as his children, the objects of his constant providence ; and a feeling of gratitude appropriate in view of these facts.



WE have noticed a new era in the construction of sidewalks. Rollins is taking the lead in this direction as is evident to all who have occasion to use the new saw-dust walk. It seems very proper for a school to take the initiative in any line of progress, but we can not see from a business stand point how the College can be so generous or self-sacrificing.

Philanthropy which discriminates should be condemned even if it proceeds from the loftiest of motives. Hence we cannot encourage generosity which gives the preference to one sex. However we suppose the action can be accounted for on the ground that it is axiomatic for boarding-schools to give hash for board.



WE are glad to note that the interest in out-door sports has not diminished this term but has rather increased. Florida seems especially fitted for such recreation. The weath-

er is almost always clear, and during the school year cool and invigorating.

Our First Field Day was a success from beginning to end. The events all went off well and showed careful training on the part of the contestants. The reception given by the faculty in the evening to the Athletic Association, pleasantly closed the day. The memory of this should be an incentive to future days of the same character, and, in view of such, to regular and careful work in the gymnasium.



It gives us pleasure to make the friends of the school acquainted with the fact that we have a Young Men's Christian Association in our midst. It was organized during the last month of the term with a good membership. It is not the purpose of this organization to interfere in any way with the workings of the Christian Endeavor or Epworth League ; but rather to unite the college boys of both orders with a view to the systematic study of the Bible and of missions. We wish the movement the success it deserves.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Our society of forty-three members holds its regular weekly prayer meetings Sunday evening. They have been quite well attended and quite profitable, though we have not received so much help and encouragement as usual from the students boarding at the College.

On November 1st, new officers for the ensuing six months were chosen as follows ; Fred. P. Ensminger, president ; Susie Gladwin, vice president ; J. Harold Dale, secretary ; D. Ashley Hooker, treasurer. To the usual list of committees was added a Sunday school committee, through the efforts of which it is hoped many more will be brought into the Sunday school.

The following members of our society were present at the District Convention held in Longwood on October 25th, 26th and 27th ; Anna M. Guffin, Mary S. Hooker, Ruth C. Ford, Harold A. Ward, E. Clarence Hooker and J. Harold Dale. Many thanks are due the people of Longwood for the hospitable care of the delegates. The meetings were so good and so much enjoyed by all, that our delegates wish to attend the convention next year to be held in Orlando. The report brought back by Harold Dale was very interesting. It showed an increase in the number of societies and also in the work done by them.

There have been two socials held by the

Christian Endeavor society this term. The first was given October 11th at the house of Mr. Paul. The second was held at the residence of Mr. Peck, November 22nd. At the latter the Orlando Christian Endeavor societies were invited to be with us and were represented by quite a number from that place.

Miss Hallie Guffin represented the Christian Endeavor society of this place at the recent District Convention of the Congrega-

tional churches held at Sanford, last month.

The Junior Society of Christian Endeavor is increasing in members as well as in zeal for the work. Their meetings on Sunday afternoons are led by the Juniors themselves. Under the guidance of the superintendent, Miss Gertrude Ford, the little folks are making comfort bags for the sailors. This aids in arousing their interest in missions.

M. S. H.

MUSIC.

This term sees several changes in the musical department, both as regards teachers and students.

Miss Kate Peck, former vocal instructor and musical director at Rollins, did not return this year, but remained north, in Grand Rapids, Mich. She recommended for vocal teacher Miss Shupp, another Oberlin graduate, who now has that position. Miss Shupp is not a soprano, but has a very rich contralto voice. We believe, too, that her methods differ somewhat from Miss Peck's, but judging from her voice we are sure that they must be excellent. Miss H. A. Peck is musical director and teacher of piano.

The number of students is a little smaller this year than last, there being about twenty-eight, many of whom take both vocal and instrumental music. The interest in the work is unflagging and much progress is being made. There will be at least two graduates from the department this year.

Besides the regular vocal and instrumental lessons, some outside work is being done in the sight-singing class and in the Choral Club. There seems to be much interest taken in the former, especially among the younger students, and the class is larger than it has been for two or three years.

The Choral Club has twenty members at present, with the sopranos in the majority, and with not quite as many tenors as might be desired; but as all of the college boys have

not joined, perhaps some may yet be found with tenor voices, who will be willing to improve them in the Choral Club.

During the first part of the term the Club reviewed some of last years choruses and then began new work. One chorus "Hark! Apollo Strikes the Lyre," by Bishop has been learned and two others, "Vesper Bells" Eichenberg, and "The Trout," by Schubert are being studied.

Every Thursday night from 6:45 to 7:15 o'clock a private recital is given by the students, no guests being present. From four to six numbers are played, and a short sketch of the composer, or an analysis of his style of composition is given by the teachers. The object of these recitals is to accustom the pupils to performing in public, and to teach them to listen intelligently to good music. What might be called musical manners are also taught, no one being allowed to whisper or create the slightest disturbance when anyone is performing, even if he does not enjoy the selection. If a whisper is heard the piece is stopped until the person finishes what he is saying which is never very long.

There are two classes in harmony; one of six beginners and one more advanced, which numbers four.

At the close of this term a recital will be given and our friends will be able to judge of the progress made during the term.

H. Y. M. N.

ART NOTES.

Unfortunately Miss Hobbs, the new Art teacher, was quite ill a part of the term; but she has recovered and work is progressing well under her direction.

To the friends of Miss Dalrymple it will be of interest to know that she is studying in the Boston Normal Art School. Her time is spent in life work, a branch of study which she especially enjoys.

There will be the usual exhibition the middle of next term and from the present prospects the walls will be well covered with good work.

Perhaps it has been noticed that the studio has spread out into the gymnasium gallery. By the use of screens a pleasant little corner has been arranged for the painters in oil. The light is especially good and the artists while at work are more secluded than if they were in

the same room with the general classes in drawing.

The Sketch Club has not yet been organized, but will be next term. It is hoped that all the old members will be loyal and that many others will join.

A Round Robin letter was started during the summer among the members of last year's Sketch Club. It has made about three rounds and has been a source of endless enjoyment to the favored few whose privilege it has been to read it.

The sunsets on Lake Virginia are a constant delight to the artistic eye. The dark cypress trees on the western shore and their clear quivering reflection below, form a pleasing composition with the brilliant skies

R. C. F.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

The first meeting of the Friends in Council for the fall term of 1895, was held Oct. 7th in the Study Hall. Although many of the familiar faces of the year before were gone; still there was a goodly showing. The number recalls the pleasant meetings held in Dr. Hooker's parlor when the society was first started.

In all there are eight members,—Gertrude Ford, Maud Neff, Myra Williams, Anna Henkel, Ruth Ford, Fannie Dickenson, May Hooker and Susie Gladwin. All seem glad to be back and eager for the work of the coming year, and anxious to make the society a success.

The members are divided into divisions, coming on the program every other Monday night.

One of our members was heard to say that she had rather drop one of her studies than to give up the work of the society, and all the others would echo her words. The

drill in composition writing and delivery is invaluable, as is also the practice in parliamentary law.

We are looking forward with pleasure to the return to the ranks of several of the old members the following term, and we hope for new acquisitions also.

S. I. G.

THE DEMOSTHENIC SOCIETY.

At the beginning of the term our society had only five members and it seemed almost useless to hold the regular meetings. However after a few weeks new members were added to our numbers, as follows, Harold Ward, Norman Baker, Ashley Hooker, Orville McDonald and George Benedict. We expect to add several more next term.

The society has done very good work and none of our members have been excused. The exercises have shown careful preparation. Probably the interest in literary work is greater than ever before. The following articles

have been of special interest: Biography "John C. Fremont;" Speech, "The Sand-Spur," Essay, "Time," Paper on Athletics; Essay, U. S. Warships; Character Sketch, "Hank" and debate, "Resolved that high buildings are beneficial to a city." An interesting collection of local happenings has been gathered every week.

The literary program is the principle feature of our meetings; the business meeting seldom lasting more than ten minutes.

As some of our members live at a distance,

the time of meeting has been changed from eight to seven o'clock.

There being so few people in town the societies have not thought best to hold an open session this term, but are planning for several during the winter and spring terms.

Although the membership is small compared with that of last year, our members are all energetic workers and have kept up the society standard and will keep it up as long as they maintain the interest which has characterized this term's work.

J. R. G.

ATHLETICS.

OFFICERS OF THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

F. J. FRANK.....	President.
J. H. NEVILLE.....	Vice President.
R. E. BEACH.....	Sec'y and Treas.
G. L. BENEDICT.....	Field Marshal.
R. E. BEACH.....	Base Ball Capt.
C. L. DONOVAN, } F. J. FRANK, } R. E. BEACH, }	Directors.

ROLLINS—ORLANDO, 6—2.

Oct. 12th, 1895.

At the opening of the school year there seemed little prospect of a good base ball nine, owing to the few players from whom to choose but in twelve days Rollins had gained its first victory of the year, over the Orlando team.

This game was played on the Orlando grounds. In the first inning the Orlando boys made two runs and retired our men without a score. In the second the score was 2-0 in favor of Orlando, and no more runs were made by either team until the eighth inning, when Rollins won the game with six runs. For want of time the ninth inning was not played. Donovan fanned eleven men out in eight innings.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total.
Rollins	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	6	0	6
Orlando.....	2	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	0	2

ROLLINS—ORLANDO, 12—4.

October 24th the Orlando nine visited Rol-

OFFICERS OF THE TENNIS CLUB.

R. E. BEACH.....	President
E. G. FORD.....	Vice President.
G. L. BENEDICT.....	Sec'y and Treas.
M. G. WILLIAMS, } F. J. FRANK, } J. H. NEVILLE, } G. L. BENEDICT, }	Directors.

lins and was again defeated. The game was called by the umpire during the first half of the sixth inning, with our boys at the bat. Ives and Clayton pitched for Orlando and Donovan for Rollins. The latter struck out twelve men in five innings. There was a marked improvement in the batting of our team. This was the first match game played with a visiting team on the new ball grounds.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total.
Rollins	5	3	2	0	1	1				12
Orlando	1	0	0	2	1					4

ROLLINS—WINTER PARK.

November 9th a game was played between the town nine and College team, resulting in a score of 25-3. On November 30th a similar game took place, ending with a score of 27-5.

On Saturday, December 7th, the Second College nine and the Public School team played an interesting (?) game of ball on the grounds of the latter. The game was a close one until the fourth inning, the score being 1

to 1, but in the fourth the College scored eight runs. Everenden pitched a fine game for the College, with Chubb behind the bat, where he, also, did good work. Robt. Brewer, short-stop, put up a fine game, making several difficult catches and stops. MacMurray, of the public school, played a good game at first, as did Davey for the college.

SCORE BY INNINGS.

Innings.....	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	Total.
College.....	0	0	1	8	6	2	2	2	0	21
Public School.....	0	0	0	1	0	3	0	0	1	5

Umpire, G. W. Hungerford.

About the middle of the term a challenge for a series of three games, to be played one each term, was sent to Stetson University and was not accepted. Another, sent for a field-day, met the same fate.

Sanford was also challenged for a match game, but in reply it was stated that the players had not yet arrived, and there was no organized team.

The regular nine for this team has been, Donovan, pitcher; Frank, catcher; Beach, short stop; Benedict, 1st base; Smith, 2nd base; Kuhl, 3d base; Shivler, right field; Self, center field; Russell, left field.

FIELD ATHLETICS.

This subject presents a new phase of athletics in Rollins in the shape of the long talked of Field-day. Last year it resulted in talk, but this year the boys coming back seemed determined to at least make a trial of their strength and skill in this branch of athletic sports. So the Association decided upon November 16th as the first field-day. Eleven events were open to the members for competition. The results are as follows:

One hundred yard dash—Beach 1st, Elliott 2nd, Neville 3rd.

Sack Race Jr.—Davey 1st, Haskins 2nd, Neville 3rd.

Running high jump—Beach and Benedict tie for first, Nelson 2nd, Neville 3rd.

Running broad jump, Jr.—Davey 1st, Caldwell 2nd, Haskins 3d.

Running broad jump, Jr.—Neville 1st, Beach 2nd, Elliott 3rd.

Eighty yard dash, Jr.—Davey 1st, Marsh 2nd, Haskins 3rd.

One-sixth mile run—Neville 1st, Elliott 2nd, Benedict 3rd.

Throwing base ball—Donovan 1st, McDonald 2nd.

Pole vault—Beach 1st, Neville 2nd, Benedict 3rd.

One-half mile run—Benedict 1st, Nelson 2nd.

Throwing 16 pound hammer—Benedict 1st, Beach 2nd, Donovan 3rd.

An invitation was extended to a few of the Orlando Guards to compete in the field sports, that through these we might arrange for a field day later in the season. Mr. Gus Hart, one of those who accepted the invitation, entered in three events and won them all. Not being a member of the Association, he could not contest for the prizes. These were awarded for the various events the same evening, at the reception given by the faculty to the members of the Athletic Association and their friends.

As this first attempt has proven so successful we hope to have several more such days, perhaps one each term. If this is done the best records will be preserved until broken by the students of coming years.

TENNIS.

At a meeting of the club, officers were elected for the year. As yet there have been no match games, and there is poor prospect for such, but much enjoyment might be gained through a properly conducted club tournament.

EXHIBITION.

The date of the regular annual entertainment given by the Gymnastic department has been changed from March to sometime in February. The exact date has not yet been determined. It is rumored that the gentlemen will at that time endeavor to establish indoor college records.

PERSONAL.

Miss Laura Walker is studying in the Oberlin Conservatory of music.

Miss Ada Kramer evidently found out "how long two years are," as she left Sanford some time since and we believe is now at her home in Oil City, Pennsylvania.

Mr. Robert Benedict has for the present been obliged to discontinue his studies at Suwanee, on account of ill health.

Miss Clara Layton again has charge of the Lake Mary school.

We hope to see Mr. Hayes Bigelow with us again in the winter term. We trust that a repetition of the demonstrations of our affection for him has not kept him away so long.

Mr. Virgil Starbuck is attending Hampden-Sidney College, in Virginia.

Miss Katherine Lyman is in New York, where she will remain till the Christmas Holidays, when she will leave for Florida.

Mr. Henry Mowbray is studying at Oberlin. We hear that he divides his time between drinking sweet (?) cider and smiling on the pretty girls.

Miss Frances Crooks is spending the winter at her home in Gilman, Illinois.

Mr. Paul Fairchild, the former editor of this paper, has a good position with a business firm in Cincinnati. He expects to be with us next year.

Miss Lena Tenney will reside in Boston this winter, where she is studying vocal and instrumental music and stenography.

Mr. Bert Ragsdale enjoys the honor of being editor-in-chief, of the "Tattler," a paper issued by the Des Moines, (Ia.) High School.

Miss Olive Samson is at her home in Boardman.

Miss Dalrymple is studying at the Boston Normal Art School.

Miss Grassie is in Cambridgeboro, Penn., giving private lessons in gymnastics.

Mr. Charles Ensign is at his home in Garrettsville, Ohio.

Miss Jessie McCoy is in Tampa at present but expects soon to move to Jacksonville. She may attend Rollins the winter term.

Mr. "Ned" Rowland is studying at Williams College. We believe dancing is included in his course.

Miss Peck is in Grand Rapids, Mich., where she sings in Park Congregational church.

Mr. Robert Oldham has entered the University of Cincinnati, for the year.

Miss May Pomroy is principal of the musical department of a Congregational school in Westville, Fla.

Mrs. Frank Haynes, (nee Belle Abbott,) is living in Buffalo.

Miss Edith Robinson and Miss Gertrude Smith, former students of Rollins, are teaching a kindergarten in Orlando.

Miss Susie Johnson is at Melbourne, her home.

Mr. Charles G. Fairchild is in Cincinnati, where he is engaged in "social settlement" work. He is aided in all he does by Mrs. Fairchild.

Mr. Walter Fairchild is attending the University of Cincinnati. He is considered one of the finest players on the 'Varsity foot ball team.

Mr. Ernest Missildine, one of last year's graduates, is teaching Latin in a school in Tryon, N. C.

Misses Emma and Irene Gere are in Marietta, Ga.

We suppose Miss Funderberg is perfectly happy as she expects to spend the winter in Maryland, HER Maryland.

Mr. Albert Barrows is in Brockton, Mass., engaged in his chosen work.

Mr. "Lije" Cushing is clerking in Waycross, Ga.

Miss Ivy Lewton is in Orlando, where she will remain during the winter.

Miss Bessie Hooker is studying in Radcliffe College.

Mr. Fred. Lewton is teaching chemistry in Drexel Institute, Philadelphia.

Miss Florence Ross is studying music and art in Pratt Institute, Brooklyn.

Miss Eugenia MacMillan is at her home in Buffalo.

Miss Millie Hooker is again at Vassar College.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

October 11th. The Christian Endeavor Society gave a social at the home of Mrs. Paul. It was hoped that most of the College students would be present, and thus give a chance for all to get acquainted at the beginning of the year. As it was, there were not many new faces to be seen; however, those who were present spent a pleasant evening. A short program, consisting of music and recitations, had been arranged, and during the evening refreshments were served.

Oct. 31. All Hallows' Eve was duly celebrated after the usual fashion, by the students of Rollins College. At eight o'clock in the evening all repaired to the gymnasium, where they entered with zest into "apple-bobbing," which came first on the program. After this raisins were snatched from burning alcohol, at first with many misgivings and false starts, but finally with remarkable certainty and precision. One energetic young person, in particular, "landed" sixteen "at one fell swoop." At the close of the peanut hunt, Miss Neff having found the greatest number, was awarded the prize, a box of candy.

A most amusing feature of the evening's entertainment was the blind-folding of two of the students, who proceeded to feed each other with cracker crumbs, which resulted in putting the crackers everywhere but in each other's mouths. In fact, all enjoyed themselves, generally and particularly, and when it was over, united in declaring the observance of All Hallows' Eve a most excellent custom.

Nov. 16. On the evening of our first Field Day the Faculty gave an informal reception to the Athletic Association and many of their friends. After music by Miss Peck and Miss Shupp, the prizes were awarded to the winners

in the afternoon sports. Miss Root and Prof. Ford presented these with short speeches appropriate to the occasion.

Nov. 22. The second C. E. social of this term was held at the home of Mr. Peck. The Orlando Endeavorers had been invited to spend the evening with us, and quite a number accepted the invitation.

Dec. 13. The first of a series of monthly church socials was held on the evening of Friday, Dec. 13th, at the home of Mr. Lyman. The town and college people filled the parlors. A short program was given. The success of this entertainment augurs well for its successors.

SUMMER MEETINGS.

Again the past summer during the long vacation, as in the preceding one, a series of afternoon meetings was held in the Lyman Gymnasium. There were seven meetings in all, held on alternate Thursdays. It was thought doubtful at first, in view of the absence of all the college professors and teachers and their families, whether the meetings could be profitably maintained. The number of townspeople also, who went north for the summer, was much larger than usual. Yet those who remained found it very pleasant to unite in these meetings, to enjoy a slender program, indeed, but to find the cords of friendship growing stronger with each occasion.

The first one held near the fourth of July was given up to patriotism in speech and in song.

The others in their order were:

2. The Merchant of Venice, read by Mrs. Dieffenderfer.

3. A Golden Vista, a story read by Miss Anna Haydock.

4. Hot Weather Houses, with illustrations, by Mr. Geo. D. Rand.

5. King Rene's Daughter, read by Misses Haydock and Guffin, and Messrs. Hooker, Henkel, Dale and others.

6. Vacation Notes, by Dr. Hooker, Prof. Ford and Mr. Martin.

7. The Only Young Gentleman in Town, a play in verse.

While the attendance at these meetings could not be large, and was once or twice interfered with by rain, it was very evident that the people were very glad to help each other in this agreeable way to break up the monotony of a long and lonely summer in Florida.

LOCALS.

The Sand-spur comes but thrice a year ;
Tho' when it comes it brings good cheer.

The "correct time" is held by every boy in Lakeside.

Mr. Donovan has recently learned to ride a bicycle.

Flower beds, vaulting poles and sixteen-pound hammers just now contend for the mastery at Lakeside.

It is said that our good janitor finds it necessary to make weekly evening visits to Orlando. Why?

There is always "music in the air," at Lakeside, and sometimes a good deal of air is required to produce the music.

A valuable collection of scientific reports from the Smithsonian Institute has been added to the college library.

We found Mr. Lyman, our worthy trustee, a little changed in appearance on his return this year. We recognized him without much difficulty, however.

When H. H. sleeps, he doubtless sleeps the sleep of the just, and "no guilty fears annoy;" neither do boys, knocks, nor matrons.

Was it the college yell that broke the wagon? The tinkle of a mule bell may cause the falling of an avalanche.

It gave us much pleasure to welcome as visitors to the school this year, several of Rollins' former pupils. Among these were Miss Pomroy, Miss McCoy, Miss Zachary, Miss Lewton, Mr. Parker, and Mr. Vansickle.

The short, small, thin boy who fell in the

lake one evening this term might heed with profit the advice of the following:

"Mother may I go out to swim?

Yes dear; but for my sake,

Hang your clothes on an orange tree,
And don't go near the lake."

Dr. Barrows while on his vacation trip north last summer obtained three very interesting and valuable specimens for the college mineralogical collection from Straitsmouth Island, near Rockport, Mass. They are boulders of granite rock that have been beautifully rounded by the action of the wind and tides, aided probably by the chemical action of the seawater.

In his haste to speak in meetin' one of the young gentlemen seconded the motion for the meeting to adjourn before it was made, at which an audible smile went round the room.

The pupils who remained here on Thanksgiving Day, spent the day very pleasantly. A union service was held in the Methodist Church in the morning conducted by Rev. Dr. Ripley, Rev. Dr. Hooker, Rev. Mr. Martin and Prof. Ford. The Thanksgiving dinner as usual was very substantial and much enjoyed. Miss Canfield's after-dinner speech was highly appreciated and loudly applauded. Ice cream and cake were served in the evening at 7:30, after which the pupils had a very pleasant time in the gymnasium.

Mr. Fletcher S. Brochman, Secretary of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association, College Department, visited Rollins College on Dec. 4 and

gave a very earnest and interesting talk to the school on the history, work, and aims of the college department of the association. Mr. Brochman spent the day at the college, meeting by appointment, inquiring students in the afternoon, and attending the students' prayer meeting in the evening.

The South Florida District Convention of the Congregational Churches was held at Sanford the 21st and 22d of November. Mrs. Barrows, Mrs. Maxson, Mr. Rand, Miss Hallie Guffin, and Prof. and Mrs. Ford attended the Assembly.

EXCHANGE.

The Converse Concept has the distinction of being the first paper received by us as an exchange. It is always welcome.

Doctors say that drinking large quantities of water will produce fat. To show its absurdity look at a fish. It lives in water, yet why is it so bony?—*Texas Siftings*.

Columbia College has a library of 203,000 volumes.—*Oberlin Review*.

The increase of colleges in America during the last hundred years has been marvelous. Before the breaking out of the Revolutionary war, nine were in existence, and now the total number is 450.—*Oberlin Review*.

Birds of a feather flock together; women with high hats sit all over the house.—*Texas Siftings*.

In shuffling through our last exchanges we experienced the pleasure of coming in contact with a Florida Sand-Spur, from Winter Park. The Sand-Spur may be too sharp for some, but it is needed for variety's sake.—*Squibs, Seattle, Wy.*

The University Courier (U. of P.) recently published a special 24-page "Dormitory" number of 14,000 copies. This is the largest edition ever published by any college paper in the world.—*Oberlin Review*.

SPURS.

HINTS TO THE CATS AND MICE.

Your fellow students could get along quite as well without so much "gush" on your part.

Poets are born, not made (nor maidens).

"What's the score?"

Love, four."

Of this don't give us any more.

Do you wish special mail service for your correspondence?

SNAPS FROM THE BAKERY.

Roll call.

"Haydock?" "Present."

"Randall?" "Present."

"McDonald?" "Present."

"Ward?", (No response.) "Oh! Mr.

Ward absent? Who answers for Mr. Ward?

Ah! Miss Hooker?"

What makes the stove in the Bakery hot?
"We will refer that to the class, if you please."

Student—"Why doesn't the needle move?
The connections are all made."

Prof—"Well, just let down the plate."

Student—"Oh!" CRACKER.

DICTIONARY.

With great labor the following list of words has been prepared. Strangely enough none of them are given in Webster's or Worcester's:

Randall. Ch. RANNA, to shout, groan, rant. Wel. DALA, to keep. One who keeps raving in a boisterous manner. An orator.

Ward. Old Eng. WAR, to smite. One who is severely smitten; most dead.

Galloway. Sp. GALANTE, attentive to

ladies. Sax. WAER, cautious. One who is afraid of the girls. A bashful person.

Marsh. Pol. MAR, light. Swe. SHA, small person, child. A Fairchild.

Frank. Dut. VRANK, fed high. A Rollins boarder.

Burnette. Norw. BWESH, to warble. Jap. NYTE, a machine. One who sings with an instrument. A vocalist.

Beach. Hott. BEEK, bright, wide-awake; hence one who is always taking a Knapp.

McDonald. Irish, MAC, son. Port. DONNO, farmer. Siamese, ALDER, whiskers. A young person who raises (not razors) whiskers.

Shivler. Hung. SHIVE, to smoke. Dan. LIRE, eternally. A perpetual smoker.

Caldwell. Span. CALDA, strong. Per. WELLO, foot. Hence a kicker.

Haydock. Icel. HEY, fodder. Sp. DOCTOR, one qualified to teach. A connoisseur of good food.

Neville. Lat. NE, not. VILETE, bad or vile. A good fellow.

OUR CORRESPONDENTS.

All communications strictly confidential.

Dear Editor. What weapons would you advise in a duel between two rivals in love?

J. F. T.

J. F. T. Choose Rays-ors, if you wish to cut him, and Neffer say die.

Dear Editor. Is it improper to wear a military overcoat at meals and recitations?

D. F. E.

D. F. E. No, it is in good taste to wear it at meals, etc., but a better mode of showing it off is to wear it to chapel and on warm days.

Dear Editor. When is "that agonizing period of human puppyhood?"

G. N.

That period occurs at just about your present age, Mr. N., when in your imagination every breeze whispers of love, and every occurrence is fraught with romantic possibilities.

William. Pompadour is a very becoming mode of dressing the hair.

M. A. HENKEL, M. D.
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WINTER PARK, FLA.
Graduate of the University of Pennsylvania.

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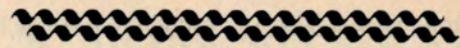
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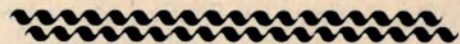
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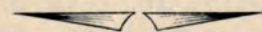
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The letters from the following persons have been omitted for lack of space :

Ashley. If two dishes of ice cream are of unequal size, always give the smaller to your lady friend out of deference to her health.

May. It is entirely correct to drop one's cape out of the back of a dog cart, and thus lengthen a ride by having to hunt for the lost wrap.

Prof. F. should enter the Mechanics class and study the subject of equilibrium, and perhaps also the subject of gravitation. He would then be able to manage a chair successfully, it is thought.

Arthur. If while out rowing with young ladies one of them should happen to fall overboard, it is best to get her out of the water as soon as possible.

Miss B. If one has fallen into the water by some mishap, it is best to return to the cottage by the back door.

C. E. Society. A Smiling Committee of the following members would undoubtedly be an addition: Ray Neff, chairman, Gertrude Wilcox, Frank Elliott.

Influential Trustee. Good features are not improved by being hidden.

Ex. Editor. Instead of the *nom de plume* "Jack Deanne," we advise you to use that of "Boaz" in the future.

New principle parts from Latin room.

Drag, drig, drug.

Bring, brang, brung.

New conjugation.

dewey

didupby

donovan.

TO THE FACULTY :

We, the inmates of Pinehurst Cottage, respectfully request that your honorable body grant us William Ingram as matron and Fritz Frank as assistant.

Signed,

WILLIAM INGRAM,
FRITZ FRANK.

"Much Ado about Nothing," as the small boy said, when his father interviewed him behind the wood-shed for getting zero in arithmetic.

Who has a laugh like the priming of a pump? Ans. "Ask Frank."

JUVENILE PAGE.

THE WET CAVE.

I was in Suwanee, Tennessee, at school last summer. One Saturday our head-master, Mr. McKellar, told us that he would take us down the mountain to Wet Cave, which is about four miles below Suwanee. After the boys had got their lunches and had put on their jean pants, we took our candles and were off.

We went first to Greenville, then started down the mountain path. It took us about an hour and a half to get to the valley; then we went through some corn fields and came to a brook, and followed its course about a mile when we reached a farm house, owned by Mr. Long. Here we bought some apples, for we were hungry from our walk down the mountain. Then we went to the cave which was just outside the fence. We hid all our lunches in a hole where the pigs couldn't reach them.

We went into the mouth of the cave and waded about two hundred yards in ice cold

water up to our waists, then we came to a ladder that took us into the upper story of the cave. Next we walked about a quarter of a mile, jumping over rocks and ditches and came to Fat Man's Misery which is about as big as a wash-bowl. No stout person can go through, but small slim people can wiggle through with ease. After we had passed this we came to Angel's Chamber, where the mud is knee deep. Beyond this is the petrified waterfall, and a wall about two feet above the ground, which we had to roll under. The opening was about one hundred yards long. This was the last of the sights we saw, and we came back the same way we had gone.

We ate our dinner just outside the cave and then started up the mountain, reaching home about six o'clock p. m. I hope my story has not been dry. I am sure if you had been there you would have been rather wet.

J. W. CALDWELL.

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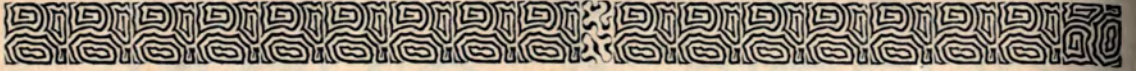
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