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**STARS**

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Rollins College

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# THE SAND-SPUR.



STICK TO IT.

VOL. III.

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, DECEMBER 22, 1896.

No. 1.

## LITERARY.

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### A WEATHER CHANGE.

Tardy Winter ! Was't thy coming  
Without warning in a night ?  
Stealthily in summer's footsteps  
Touching all with sudden blight.

Through the garden-world of flowers,  
Where a subtle, faint perfume  
Whispers yet of Summer's presence  
Down the path's deserted gloom.

Thou hast walked the College garden  
And I'm thinking how thy hand  
With its grasp of frosty fingers  
Hast laid waste poor "Billum's" land.

But thou 'rt welcome, yes, full welcome  
After months of lazy heat,  
And we pray you linger with us  
Till the Spring's approach we greet.

FRANCES L. DICKENSON.

### LIFE AT ROLLINS.

The College is ideally situated on the northern slope of Lake Virginia, overlooking the town on the north.

The semi-circle of buildings, which crowns College Hill is very different from the surroundings in '85, when Rollins was founded. The campus was then wild land, covered with pines and wire grass. Where the wharf now is,

was an old saw mill and the slabs, saw-dust and lumber rafts were removed only a few years ago, while the old engine is buried on the slope between the Gymnasium and the lake. As said before, the six buildings are arranged in a semi-circle, in front of which are the drive and walk, lined by rows of oaks, thus leaving in the center the tennis court and a play ground, green with



grass and sentineled here and there with pines.

Boats from the College dock on Virginia can pass into Lake Osceola, from Osceola into Lake Maitland and from here into Lake Howell. Such a trip makes a delightful picnic for a fleet of boats, there being an element of adventure and difficulty, always pleasant to the youthful mind, in poling and paddling through the narrow winding runs and canals overhung with great festoons of Spanish moss and grape vines.

One can realize something of the feelings of Osceola and his Seminole Indians as they paddled silently along between the close banks of Maitland Run, hearing probably nothing but the cry of a bird, the splash of a fish or the rustle of the heavy magnolia and cypress foliage above and all around them.

The boy's cottages are "Lakeside" and "Pinehurst." Their names are suggestive of their situation, one being but a few rods from the water and the other higher up on the hill surrounded by pine trees.

The home of the girls derives its name from the shape of the building. It has three wings running at nearly equal angles with each other from a central hall and so it is "Clover Leaf Cottage."

Anyone on the campus knows what is meant by the "Bakery," but some explanation may be necessary to our readers. It is the laboratory and the name of the professor who presides here accounts for the localism.

The old Study Hall is full of memories pleasant and otherwise. The desks are decorated by knife and pencil; here the carver's initials or name, there the professor's classic profile. The ink wells are in various stages of preservation, some with broken covers, some stuffed with paper and chalk, some once used by an ambitious chemistry student for burning

phosphorous in, much to the perplexity and discomfiture of the presiding professor.

The old dictionary, much the worse for wear, lies open on the desk, a silent witness to the inquisitiveness of the studious youth of Rollins.

The Latin room is of classic simplicity in its furniture. The very air is classic and, as is natural and proper, this produces a feeling of awe in the student.

As to the Science room, in one corner stands the skeleton closet and on the floor near by lies the coffin like box containing the telescope, all of which is very suggestive. On the tables are dishes and glasses containing most appetizing things in way of molded bread and jelly, stagnant water, infusions of meat, hay, etc.

In the evening, after regular gymnasium work, the young athletes in blue suits with wide spread emblems of the college gold across their breasts, train for running around the walks.

After the day's work is done, many, both girls and boys, take their bicycles for a swift spin out on the country road. In Florida one can ride his wheel the year around and not have his sport interrupted by winter's snow and ice.

Often in the afternoon, the tennis court is occupied and this draws a group of friends and spectators who add zeal to the game by their cries of "good play" or their expressive silence on other occasions.

Friday night is the students' "night off," there being no study hours. This has always been taken into account by the town people as well as the college authorities, and entertainments and social gatherings are generally held Friday nights as a matter of course.

Such life cannot help being pleasant and beneficial both mentally and physically, for besides the solid work done in all lines of college study there are the out-door life and the sports which are only possible in such a state as Florida and in such a location as Winter Park.

R. C. F.



## AS TOLD BY HER SMALL BROTHER.

Jane, our girl, was out that evening, but Lil didn't know it. Lil's my sister. She was expecting to go to an entertainment and had informed the family at the supper table that Eugene Hartaway was going to call for her.

She called him "Mr. Hartaway," but I presume she did that because I was there, and she thought she'd better set me a good example, but I've heard her call him "Eugene" lots of times when she didn't know I was outside the parlor door.

Well, after supper she tripped up stairs and tripped down again too, but I'm anticipating. It takes her a good two hours to primk and I set my brain to work and hit on a "dandy trick."

I had a string and I stretched it across the stairway, not too high up, only about half a dozen steps. Now this was my idea: Eugene would ring the bell; Jane was away, so I could personificate her: I would go to the door and show him into the parlor and then I was going up to tell Sis he was there and on the way down I was going to turn down the light. The plan succeeded famously up to that point. I knew Sis would be in a fluster, and hurry tremendously the last few minutes, then she'd run down stairs and enter the parlor with that ruddy glow on her cheeks, so becoming to society young ladies.

Oh, I know her of old! She did run down part way, but as the light was dim, she didn't see the string and propelled by the momentum she had acquired, she keeled over "just as pretty!"

I didn't see but I heard her. I forgot to mention that my sister is of no light weight and when she strikes terra-firma, as she did that blissful evening, some one is going to know it.

Eugene, I mean Mr. Hartaway, jumped as though he'd been shot. Now came my turn and rushing out of the parlor, like one possessed, I hurried into the hall, falling all over myself in my frantic efforts to keep my feet from getting tangled. I speedily recovered myself and my feet when I arrived on the scene of action, at seeing my sister resting in Mr. Hartaway's arms, and—but the light was dim; I am not sure. After a little Lil declared she was able to stand. I meanwhile hastily concealed the string. Slowly and with a most graceful limp my sister ascended the stair-case in full view of Mr. Hartaway's admiring orbs.

I finally enticed him into the parlor and there endeavored to alleviate his mental sufferings, or at any rate to draw his attention from too solicitous thoughts of my sister by narrating some of the hair-breadth escapes of my pet toad. Sis finally came down and assured him that she was perfectly able to go to the concert. Ah! his tender solicitude! I began to think I had precipitated matters in more ways than one.

And sure enough! Affairs did reach a climax that night, for I saw a solitaire ring on Lil's left hand at breakfast the next morning.

M. S. H.



## ANDREW.

A teacher's life is full of incidents, some droll, some pathetic. The little sketch which follows was a bit of experience in the life of a friend.

Teaching in the primary department of one of our Northern cities, she had under her care seventy little ones whose average age was eight years, mostly of foreign parentage, and from the poorer classes of day laborers. Among them was one Polish boy, Andrew, who gave her much trouble. Already hardened by rough usage, she knew of no means by which to control him. He seemed to have no moral sense, and, as he said one day, "she couldn't scare him with no whips 'cause Pap licked him every day with a luther strop." One day he had been more than usually bad and was kept after school. The echo of the last little footstep had died away in the great hall, and the clock ticked off the seconds in solemn fashion. Andrew sat with his head down, sullen and obstinate. The teacher, in sorrow and perplexity, looked the figure over, tow head, dirty face, ragged clothes, and felt her heart sink.

Finally she said, "Andrew, what would your mother say, if she knew how naughty you have been? Don't you think she would be very sorry?"

"I dun know, she don't love me none. She loves Joe. She haint nothin' but a step-mother no how. Pap don't love me none neither, since he married Joe's mother;" and down went the shock of tangled tow on the desk again. Another silence. Presently the head was lifted and the same sullen voice went on: "I don't love nobody and nobody don't love me. Wisht' I was dead. Better be I 'spect. I had a little sister once and I tell you teacher, she was pretty. Her eyes were jest as blue and her cheeks as red, and her hair went bobbin' all over in funny little

curls. But then, she had to go and die." Here the voice had a little break in it. "'Spect she's 'nangel up in Heaven. When I git big I'm goin' 'cross the ocean and git her outen her grave, 'cause she loved me." Tears began to make traces through the grime on the little face, and tears stood in "Teacher's" eyes as, laying her hand on his head, she said, "Andrew, if you will try to be a good boy, I will love you, poor baby."

Down upon her arm went the naughty head, the little frame shook with big sobs, tears and kisses rained upon her hands, while Andrew cried over and over again, "Oh, if you only will, Teacher, if you only will. Nobody but the little sister ever loved Andrew."

The next Sunday morning when our friend opened her shutters she saw, seated on the top of the fence under her window, Andrew and three companions—little Irish lads of eight, seven and six years.

"Good morning, boys, what do you want?"

"Oh, nothin', only I told John 'n' Bart 'n' Connie that you'd love us. We have to go to church early in the mornin' 'n' dress up like angels 'n' go round after the priest, 'n' we thought we'd come round and tell you good mornin'."

It seems they were altar-boys in the Romish Church.

So every Sunday morning, in rain or in shine, they came and sat on the fence until the loved face appeared at the window, and a cheery "Good-morning boys. I hope you'll have a pleasant Sunday" sent them off to dress up like angels for an hour, and then to the hovels they called home, to be beaten and cursed all day, but with a warm spot under each little jacket because "Teacher loved them."

The closing day came at last and our friend bade good-bye to her flock.

The next morning at five o'clock she was



driven to the station, in a pouring summer shower. As she stepped from the carriage to enter the coach, there on the platform, heedless of the drenching rain, stood the four boys, anxious to have another glimpse of the dear face of their one friend. As the train moved off, she stepped to the rear platform to wave her handkerchief to the faithful quartette, and there was Andrew, running down the track, waving his battered hat; and above the roar of the fast

receding train came faintly to her ears, "Good-bye, Teacher, don't forget Andrew: Andrew loves you, Teacher."

She has never seen him since; she does not even know if he is living; but sometimes she hopes that love for "Teacher" may have helped to lead him to that Higher Love of which she tried to tell him, and that in some happy future she shall meet Andrew again.

### MUCH WORN SUBJECTS.

Poor old shoe, lying by the way-side; cast off by some one having no further use for it; or brought thither by a varied chain of circumstances! Maybe started by the playful puppy, who considered it his especial property; and who often left it about the door-yard or upon the front porch, among other trophies, which look not unlike the small beginning of a collection of curiosities. Then it was tossed beyond the fence for the twentieth time very likely, by the much enduring house wife. Or it may have been a conspicuous participant in some wedding festivity, along with the rice and other necessary accessories.

At any rate, there it is, beyond the fence, out of "sight and mind" to the puppy; forgotten by all the gay company; except the remembrance which lingers in the mind of the bride, of its flying through the air, aimed by some dexterous hand, at the head of the groom, who in dodging, allowed it to fall gently into her lap.

Now here it lies, the victim of kicks from its more fortunate brethren, and thus it still travels by starts and jerks, its journey never done. The leather is black and stiff with the repeated drenchings of the rain and the dryings-out of the sun. It is run down at the heel, and the gaping toe turned up, both showing that it was a

faithful servant to some one; carrying its master on many an errand, of mercy it may be. Let us not suppose the case otherwise, for it would be no fault of the old shoe if its errand were for evil instead of good. A sturdy grasshopper tilts on the edge of its dilapidated upper. And--what is this? Its days of usefulness are not yet over; for peeping out from a hole in its side, with a wise look in her little bright eyes is a field mouse, like the "little old woman that lived in a shoe," while tucked cozily in a soft nest within are her little ones, safe from the storm.

But the way-side shoe is not all of this brotherhood. In some ancient chest of cedar, which upon being opened gives forth the "scents of Araby," tucked down in one corner is a dainty pair of satin slippers, yellow with age. What associations they bring back, when shown to Grandmother as she sits knitting in her chair by the fireside. Her girlhood days when her cheeks were fresh and rosy, and another stood by her side with joy and love shining in his face.

These were her wedding slippers, brought from over the seas, in the old merchantman of which her father was captain. They might keep time to the music of many weddings to come, long after the feet that first wore them are at rest so well preserved are they. Then there are the ba-



by's first little shoes, kept in some drawer, known only to the mother. How precious they are to her who remembers so well the first feeble steps taken in them, and the little figure so dear, now grown beyond recognition.

Or have they been wet with bitter tears, at the recollection of a tiny form long lying under the

violets, the baby, who prized so much these "pitty 'ittle s'oes?" So each has its own story, glad or sad.

But for good luck, hang up over the gate or door the old iron horse shoe with its rusty nails.

S. T. Gladwin

## THE CRAFTY TURK.

Thanksgiving season was at hand and promised to be a great relief to us. Mary, Archie and I attended the academy and perhaps our most interesting subject of conversation for some time had been these few days in which we would be free from school in every shape, manner and form. Three days to be spent in quiet enjoyment! Three whole days, Thursday, Friday and Saturday without any study! For we planned to get our lessons Wednesday afternoon that our consciences might be clear and our enjoyment complete. Mother had bought a turkey for us which the man put into a barrel in the back yard. How suggestive to the imagination was the "took," "took," "took" that came from that barrel. It brought to our minds visions of stuffing, gravy and cranberry-sauce that made our mouths water. We wondered how long church would last that morning! What if the turkey was tough! Well, no matter; we could stand a little extra exertion. Wednesday, just before breakfast, Mary surprised us by calling from the kitchen that the turkey was out. Archie and I started at once and after running around the house several times to no purpose, tried strategy and began to walk slowly, thinking to take her unawares. We drew near by degrees and, at a given signal, made a dive for her. She was not to be so easily caught however, and leaving us to scrape the dirt from our clothes and hands, flew over the fence and

flopped down into the top of a small oak. We were exultant and predicted the speedy downfall of turkey. Mary was afraid she would be hurt but we were willing to risk that and thought of her only as spoil to which we had a right. Archie ran after the axe and quickly cut down the tree, but alas! we had forgotten that a bird has both legs and wings.

The tree came and so did the turkey. She came in my direction and I made a heroic grab for her but caught nothing except a handful of feathers and a blow in the face from a dirty foot. We gave chase and ran a little way into the underbrush but succeeded only in becoming sopping wet, for the morning was rainy. Mother called to us to come in if we expected to be at school on time, so, hastily changing our clothes we snatched a bite of breakfast and started off; Mother comforting us with the assurance that the turkey would not probably go far while it was so wet. At noon we hurried home, ate dinner and started on a skirmish for that fowl. There she was within a few yards of the place where we had left her. She set out at a good rate in the direction of Coonville, a negro settlement not far away; we quickened our pace, knowing that if she arrived there, it would probably be the last we should ever see of her. Archie made a detour and came upon her from the other direction. She was surprised and in a moment of triumph he captured her. To say



we were exultant is putting it mildly. Mother and Mary met us at the back gate, congratulating us upon our good fortune but alas! as we went through the gate, Archie slipped and let go the varmint which, in a half-picked condition, scooted off into the scrub, leaving him some of her tail-feathers as souvenirs. We renewed the search that afternoon but to no purpose, and came home tired and dispirited. I am sorry to say we were somewhat cross and did not relish any mention of that beast. However, we had not given up and after a night of chasing delusive phantoms in our dreams, we set out early; but that bird had grown wise and had evidently been herself after the proverbial worm, so we came home to eat breakfast, go to church and be thankful that we did not have Thanksgiving very often. In the afternoon several of our school-mates came and offered to help us, but we declined. What did we care? Probably by this time she would be too tough to eat. We did not care to eat an India-rubber turkey. Then too, turkey wasn't so much better than other meat. After all it was just our imagination and the associations of the day that made us think so.

Mother and Mary made so much fun of us that we set out the next morning before they were awake. We found that the fugitive had crossed

the road near a neighbor's, but inquiry from all the people anywhere around revealed the curious fact that they all thought they had heard her near their next neighbor's. All that morning amounted to was the gaining, on our part of a tremendous appetite; and of a promise from Will Saunders to come with his gun and dog and help us bring the artful bird to terms. We were extremely sensitive to remarks about our escaped dinner and were determined to possess her, dead or alive, tough or tender. We rather enjoyed the fact that the poor bird had lost part of her clothing and resolved to chase her if necessary until not one feather was left. Well, Will came over after dinner and started the turkey which he promptly filled with bird-shot, and the dog did his share by chewing off one wing before Will could reach him.

We dined off that fowl Saturday, and singularly enough, it was the best one we had ever eaten. In fact the dinner was so good that we were able to receive all the bantering of our companions most complacently although I confess we vented our spite by jumping with all four of our feet upon the barrel and smashing the fragments into splinters.

F.

## CURIOSITY.

I have been asked to write something about curiosity, but before getting too deeply into the subject, I want to tell a story.

In the winter of 1849, out in the wilds of California, my brother and I were prospecting for gold along a branch of the Sacramento river. We were encamped near the water's edge and on each side of us were the mountains. One evening a snow storm set in and that night shortly after being lulled to sleep by the gentle sifting

of the falling snow and the mellow music of the stream, we were awakened by the most unearthly sound that ever came to human ears. It was neither a screech nor a roar. The mountain fairly shook with its echo.

There was no more sleep for us that night. We lay in terror until morning.

At day break we ventured out and found that the snow had ceased falling. Back of our camp and a little higher up, we saw some tracks.

On examining these closely we found them



as unexplainable as the unearthly sound of the night before.

The foot-prints (if indeed they could be called foot-prints) were about eighteen inches long and shaped like one of the figures on a pack of cards called a "club," with the mark of three monstrous nails plainly to be seen. They were fully eight feet apart. A huge fallen tree trunk twenty feet in diameter seemed no obstacle to the monster. Chasms forty feet in width had been crossed at a bound. Presently we came to a mammoth tree that leaned at an

angle of about forty-five degrees over a mountain stream which ran about three hundred feet below. The tree was fully fifteen feet in diameter at a distance of one hundred fifty feet from its base. The foot-prints led to this tree and then up its incline. We looked and there, about one hundred twenty-five feet from the foot of the tree, over this chasm was a ———. I hope I have made myself plain and that you all now know what curiosity is.

ADELAIDE STRONG HOAG.

### HYMN TO A FROG.

Oh, Songster of the stilly night,  
 With blinking eyes that shine the light!  
 Thy home—so beautiful to thee,  
 Would be a torment unto me!  
 Thou lov'st thy home 'mongst slimy bogs  
 Where all night long with other frogs,  
 Thou'lt sit and croak. Encircled 'round  
 Thy habitation there are found  
 The marsh rat's den, the bittern's nest,  
 And bogs where dreadful snakes find rest,  
 The alligator's grassy lair  
 On which he suns when days are fair.  
 Tis here amidst the grass and shade  
 The heron's seagreen eggs are laid.  
 Though fearlessly thou seem'st to glide  
 Amidst the slime thou know'st there hide  
 Full many that, with constant strife,  
 Daily and nightly seek thy life.  
 The scaly snake with glistening eyes  
 Longs to embrace thee, as his prize.  
 The bittern with his bill of steel,  
 The garfish and the slimy eel,  
 The turtle,—all are seeking thee,  
 From birth till death, so constantly.  
 And yet with all these deadly fiends,  
 Thou liv'st thy life, for thou hast means  
 To save thyself: a link thou art  
 Of that great chain we're all a part.

ADELAIDE STRONG HOAG.



## HOW THE REFUGEES WERE SAVED.

BY ELLEN KNIGHT BRADFORD.

The sun had dropped low down the western sky,  
When a ship at her anchor lay straining close by  
Old Smyrna, the land where Homer once sung,  
Where Cybele ruled when the gods were young.  
The British ship Boyne, with her fragrant freight  
From the land of the olive, the fig and the date,  
Was waiting her papers, when over the hills,  
Grown red with the blood that the Moslem spills,  
Came the noise of the conflict—the cloud-burst  
of pain,

That told yet again of Armenia's slain !

Redoubling his watch, the brave Captain espied  
A frail little bark close to starboard side  
Of his own great ship, while an aged man  
By terror made fleet, up the gangway ran.

"O Captain, good Captain, have mercy," cried he,  
"Six others are with me, O, put out to sea—  
Away from this hell and the Turk's bloody hand,  
O, carry us anywhere from this land !"

The blood of the Briton within him was stirred.  
"Aboard with them, drift their boat loose" was  
his word

To his mate. To his steward "Now give them relief  
In the shape of a meal on our good British beef,"  
The words were scarce uttered when, scenting  
their prey,

Twelve broad-turbaned Turks rushed up the  
gangway,

And one of them gruffly, "Now give us," cried he,  
"The Armenians aboard, ere you put out to sea."

Then up spoke the Captain, "No never will I  
While the British flag floats o'er my ship, I will die  
And so will my men, every man of my crew,  
Before we'll surrender these victims to you,"  
They insisted, entreated and talked themselves  
hoarse,

And swore if denied them they'd take them by force  
The limit of time they would fix at next day  
Precisely at sunrise, and then rowed away.

Alone in the harbor, no friendly ship nigh,  
With night on the water and clouds in the sky,  
The Briton bethought him of help down the bay,  
Where at anchor a cruiser from Italy lay.  
So he manned up his gig and he muffled his oars,  
And out in the darkness, away from the shores  
Of Smyrna he sailed till he lay at the last,  
Where the ship of King Humbert, her anchor  
had cast.

Then he spoke to her captain, Commander, quoth he  
"I have here refugees from Armenia with me ;  
In the name of the flag of my country, and more,  
In the name of humanity, help I implore !"

"I am here, sir," the haughty commander replied,  
"To care for the subjects of Humbert, beside  
His interests no other have I. As for you,  
Your queen must protect her own subjects, adieu."

Dawn broke, the Boyne's furnaces reddened like  
gore,

The steam from the safety valves hissed, and before  
The sun's rising the ship's crew were all on deck.  
Soon, out through the mist they discovered a speck  
Pricking out from the haze, fast it grew, mid the din.  
"Bring my glass," cried the Captain, "A ship's  
coming in."

He leveled his glasses—"Now heaven be praised,  
'Tis the white Minneapolis," Then how they raised  
Three wild British cheers for the strives and the  
stars

O'er America's warship, those brave British tars !

Then quickly the gig from her davits was swung,  
And their ensign reversed from the halyards was  
hung,

It was all understood ere the rippling tide  
Brought the Captain along to the great warship's  
side

Where the strong "Jacob's ladder" was dropped,  
and it seemed

Like the vision of old, when the Patriarch dreamed  
Of the succoring angels. His story was told,  
And a friend he soon found in the Admiral bold.

"Those men, every one, you shall carry from port,  
If I bombard the town and riddle their fort,"  
Spake the Admiral. Then, "Man a barge, all join"  
(Was his order) "to save refugees on the Boyne."

Soon the Boyne shipped her cables, and sailing  
forth free,

The white Minneapolis bore her to sea,  
Till safely from port she could trust her to go  
To the land where th'oppressor no harbor can know.  
Then a farewell she gave and three loud rousing  
cheers

Rose over the water to gladden the ears  
Of England's brave sailors, and then three times  
three

For America's braves wafted over the sea!  
But as good Captain Fisher steamed up New  
York Bay

His papers were wanting, and all he could say  
Was to tell just this story—how Selfridge and he  
Brought the stricken Armenians over the sea.  
Old England, we all know, believes in FREE TRADE,  
But we're sure that whenever request shall be made  
For American PROTECTION 'twill ever be given  
As freely as air or as sunshine from heaven !

*The Congregationalist.*



# THE SAND-SPUR.

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ANOTHER school year is well on its way and again THE SAND-SPUR appears. Our College shows an increase in numbers over last year and we expect more students the coming term. Our buildings have received a new coat of paint and are greatly improved in appearance. The faculty and students have been on good terms thus far, the conduct on both sides being worthy of commendation. In such a locality as Winter Park, with such a college as Rollins, such a faculty as is ours, such a publication as the SAND-SPUR, who would not be satisfied?

REGULAR training is needed to obtain the best results from athletics, and there is nothing that will insure more systematic work than will foot-ball.

The game is very exciting and is not one for a drone. It is hard work from beginning to end, and much practice is required before it can be well played.

One argument against it is that it is very rough and the players are liable to serious injury. It is rough but that is the fault of the players and not of the game.

In a recent foot-ball game between Amherst and Dartmouth the former was defeated. They acknowledged it a fair defeat, and said the game was free from all objectionable features. This is the way all foot-ball games should be. Why is there not more interest in it here? It is just what we need to enliven athletics.



WE take this opportunity to apologize to our readers and to a certain young folk's journal for a story published in one of our last year's issues. It chanced that neither the Editors nor the Censor had seen the article as it originally appeared; and the rather striking plot was explained (?) to the satisfaction of the Censor by the supposed author.



THE idea seems to prevail that during chapel singing the thing to do is to close the hymn book and listen, consequently there is little to hear. We have a good leader and a good book; what we lack is spirit.

Next term let us make the halls of Rollins resound every morning. Singing in unison has a rousing effect and encourages many to sing who would not otherwise do so. Let us make this a new feature of the coming term.



WE are happy to welcome to our faculty Dr. E. C. Hills who is to have charge of the department of modern languages.

Dr. Hills is an honor graduate of Cornell, and wears the degree of Ph. D. received in Paris, and has perfected himself by years of study abroad for his chosen profession.

His alma mater would gladly have enrolled him amongst her list of noted teachers but Dr. Hills prefers the climate of the South to that of the Northern States.

A residence of several years in a Spanish family has served to perfect his knowledge of Florida's second tongue (Spanish.)

It has always been the policy of Rollins College to secure only the very best instructors; to obtain men of experience whose wisdom and skill is well proven. We do not wish our instructors to gain their knowledge at the expense of our pupils as is often the case with young teachers. We prefer that they should prove their ability elsewhere.

Dr. Hills will add much to the interest already existing in the department of modern languages. His manly and refined character and his kindly courteous ways have already won him a very warm place in our hearts.



THE late political campaign, which has been acknowledged by all to be one of the most animated in our history, is now a thing of the past. We sometimes wonder how much farther the discussion of "gold and silver" would lead us and where it would end and what would be the result. Gold will doubtless be put to the test during the coming administration. So let it be.

## MEMORIAL.

We regret to chronicle the death of Mr. Henry Huntington, former Secretary and Treasurer of our College. Years of devoted labor in our midst have impressed us all with his great worthiness of character. All who knew him will recall his gentleness and true nobility.

He was highly cultured, having possessed a thorough education, and having had wide experience in different lines of work. Soon after his marriage in 1856 he was connected with a railroad in the West: and held the place of cashier of the Chicago Evening Journal for sixteen years. At this time his health failed, and he came to Florida, nearly fourteen years ago. Greatly benefited by the climate he entered upon his duties as Treasurer of Rollins College, which position he held until his death, June 11th, 1896.

His grandfather, Jedidiah Huntington, was a general on Washington's staff during the Revolution, and his father was Thomas Huntington. His sister, Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, is a prominent American writer. Mr. Huntington belonged to the Congregational church of Winter Park, and was buried from that church Saturday, June 13th, in the village cemetery.

We present a letter written by Washington to General Huntington upon his retirement from the army.

ROCKY HILL, Oct. 16th, 1783.

MY DEAR SIR:—

Your letter of the 3rd inst., which I received a few days since informed me of your intention to retire from the army. Permit me, my dear sir, to take this opportunity of expressing to you my obligations for the support and assistance I have, in the course of the war, received from your abilities and attachment to me.

As during our service together you have always possessed my esteem and affection, so



you will now carry with you every possible wish I can form for your future happiness. I beg you to present my compliments to Mrs. Huntington, and to believe me, with great regard,

D'r. Sir, y'r. most obed'.

and affect'e servant,

G. WASHINGTON.

GEN'L HUNTINGTON.

FROM one of the articles which appears elsewhere in our editorial column, it would seem that the instructors in Rollins College are all men. What the seven women who are supposed to be doing some sort of work in their various class-rooms should be called, we are at a loss to know. We would be glad to have them classified.

### Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

The Y. M. C. A. is prospering. Its membership has been nearly doubled during the term. The meetings are held Sunday afternoon in the library and are fraught with interest to all. In Bible study The Acts of The Apostles was taken up at the first of the year, two chapters being reviewed at each lesson. The system of study is this: The chapter is read and a short name, including as many of the incidents as possible, is chosen. Then synopses, oral or written, are

given and a devotional memory verse selected by each member. Of these the one agreed upon is learned at the next meeting.

This method has been profitable and popular.

The officers of the Association are as follows; President, George Benedict; Vice-President, John Neville; Recording Secretary, Fred Ensminger; Corresponding Secretary, Clarence Hooker; Treasurer, Harold Ward.

### CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

The Christian Endeavor Society is not as large as it is generally at this time of the year; yet most of the committees are active and the society is in good condition. The new officers elected in November are as follows:

Louis Lyman, President; Myra Williams, Vice-President; Alma Halliday, Secretary; Mrs. Evernden, Treasurer.

Mr. Willard Elliot, State President, makes his headquarters now at Winter Park and is a great help in the local work.

The Junior society holds its meetings Sunday afternoons again instead of on Saturday. Fred Ensminger is the new superintendent and Ruth Ford, assistant. Miss Lillian Post, State Superintendent of Junior Work, recently at-

tended one of their meetings and gave the little folks a delightful talk.

The Seventh Annual Convention of Orange and Osceola District was held at Orlando the last of October.

Winter Park was well represented by five regular delegates and a number of visitors. Among those who were on the programme from Winter Park were Fred Ensminger, response to address of welcome; President Ward, who gave an address and conducted the question box Sunday afternoon; G. W. Van Sickle, who gave a Bible reading on Saturday afternoon. The sessions were very well attended and the convention was a success in every way. It meets next year at Kissimmee.

R. C. F.



## LITERARY SOCIETIES.

## DEMOSTHENIC SOCIETY.

Our society numbers thirteen this term, an increase of three over last year's membership. The work, on the whole, has been satisfactory. Our literary programmes have consisted of debates, declamations, essays, original stories, character sketches, etc.

In the business meeting ample occasion is given for training in parliamentary practice and many a doubtful point is thoroughly discussed by the eager disputants.

Our officers for the term are: George L. Benedict, President; Orville B. McDonald, Vice President; D. Ashley Hooker, Recording Secretary; John H. Neville Corresponding Secretary; Louis A. Lyman, Treasurer; Harold A. Ward, Chaplain; Fred P. Ensminger, Marshal; Fred P. Ensminger and Louis A. Lyman, Critics.

## THE FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

The Friends in Council held their first meeting of this school year October 5th, since when work has gone on as usual.

There are but nine members at present as seven have not returned.

On account of her other duties, Miss Root has been obliged to resign that of critic in the Society, which we regret very much. Miss Ford takes her place.

November 2nd the Society attended the regular meeting of the Demosthenic Society, which was very much enjoyed.

The officers for the term are: Susie Gladwin, President; Alma Halliday, Vice President; Nina Walker, Secretary; May Hooker, Treasurer; Susie Gladwin, Chaplain; Myra Williams, Marshal.

N. M. W.

## ART NOTES.

[All art is nature better understood. -Ruskins.]

This term sees some changes in the Art Department, many of the students being but beginners. Much interest is shown by all and we feel sure that the endeavor will be not only to know what good work is, but how to do it, remembering that "Good art will as surely live as bad will perish."

The Art History Class will meet Tuesday afternoon. It is hoped that this will be a means of awakening more interest in this department of study.

The Sketch Club has been organized with its usual number of members. Miss Sadler fills the office of President, and with Miss Ruth Ford, Vice-President and Miss Faye Ford, Secretary and Treasurer, good work is sure to follow.

We are often asked "In what way does a

work of Art educate?" The influence is not in any direct sense an intellectual one. The direct appeal is to the feelings. We feel the beauty of fitness; we feel the ugliness of the unfit, and the great work, the inestimable benefit of Art as an educator consists in the fact, that she educates the senses. She teaches us not merely to know more but to feel more: not merely to know the truth, but to feel its beauty and to perfect it.

On the evening of Dec. 19th the, students of the Art Department, including the members of the Sketch Club were invited to tea at the instructor's home. After the wants of the inner-man were satisfied a very enjoyable evening was passed in playing games and in many other amusements which the hostess had arranged.

ALICE GUILD.



## MUSIC.

The past term in this department has been a most enjoyable and instructive one. The number of students has increased until at present there are twenty-seven instrumental and eighteen vocal pupils. There have also been two classes in harmony which consist of four members each.

The recitals began Oct. 12th with a lecture on Sound, by Prof. Baker. This was followed Oct. 19th by one on the Pianoforte, by Miss Peck.

During the term we have learned something of the following composers: Heller, Grieg,

Stavenshagen, Godard, Palestrina, Bach, Scarlotti and Handel. Nov. 3rd we spent the evening studying the life of Bach and listening to some of his compositions.

A very novel and useful feature in the vocal department has been the Thursday afternoon talks by Miss Shupp.

The Choral Club meets every Thursday night. They have been hard at work on the "Messiah." The officers for the term are E. Gertrude Ford, President; Harold Ward, Vice-President; Myra G. Williams, Secretary and Treasurer. J. F. F.

## ATHLETICS.

The Athletic Association has held one meeting this term at which the following officers were elected:

GEO. BENEDICT, ..... President.  
GEO. WATSON, ..... Vice-President.  
JOHN NEVILLE, ..... Sec'y and Treas.  
ARTHUR RANDALL, ..... Field Marshal.  
GEO. BENEDICT, }  
JOHN GALLOWAY, } ..... Directors.  
NORMAN BAKER, }

A small assessment was made and the amount received used for improving the Athletic Grounds. The subject of foot-ball was discussed and teams were organized, but too little interest was shown to keep the teams together and get them to practice. In fact the weather during most of the term has been too warm to encourage the boys in athletic sports.

The Tennis Club held a meeting the first of the term at which four new members were admitted and the following officers elected:

GERTRUDE FORD, ..... President.  
FRED TURNER, ..... Vice-President.  
MYRA WILLIAMS, ..... Sec'y and Treas.

GERTRUDE FORD, }  
GEO BENEDICT, } ..... Directors.  
JOHN NEVILLE, }  
MYRA WILLIAMS, }  
FRED TURNER, }

There was some interest in this game at first, but for some unaccountable reason it is now a thing of the past. It is to be hoped that it will revive the coming term. A game was arranged between the College and the town which was commenced but not finished, as one of the town boys was obliged to leave on account of business.

Some practice has been done in field and track athletics, and some of the College records have been broken.

Work in the Gymnasium has been good from the first. The girls have had no heavy gymnastics, but in the light work they have learned a new dumb bell drill and have begun to practice for the entertainment next term. They talk of organizing a team to play basket ball.

The object in the boys' heavy work class has been to learn the easier things and prepare for heavier work next term.



## COLLEGE RECORDS TO JUNE 4, 1896.

Running Broad Jump, . . . . . 19 feet 1 inch.  
 Running High Jump, . . . . . 5 feet 4 inches.  
 Running Hop, Step and Jump, . 37 feet 2 inches.  
 Standing Broad Jump, . . . . . 9 feet 5 inches.  
 100 Yards Dash, . . . . . 11 $\frac{1}{4}$  sec.  
 440 Yards Dash, . . . . . 63 sec.  
 1-2 Mile Run, . . . . . 2 min. 40 sec.  
 Putting 16 lb. shot, . . . . . 35 feet,  
 Throwing 16 lb. Hammer, . . . . 87 feet 5 inches.  
 Throwing base ball, . . . . . 96 yards. . . . .  
 Pole Vault, . . . . . 8 feet 7 inches.

## INDOOR.

Running High Jump, . . . . . 5 feet  $\frac{1}{2}$  inches.  
 Standing High Jump, . . . . . 4 feet 2 inches.  
 Standing Broad Jump, . . . . . 9 feet 3 inches.  
 Jump Step and Jump, . . . . . 26 feet 10 inches.  
 Fence Vault, . . . . . 6 feet 7 inches.

Later—The College records were broken as follows, at the Athletic Meet, Saturday, Dec. 12:

100 Yard Dash, Neville . . . . . 11 1-5 sec.  
 1-4 Mile Run, Neville . . . . . 58 4-5 sec.  
 1-2 Mile Run, Benedict . . . . . 2 min. 27 sec.  
 Pole Vault, Neville, . . . . . 8 feet 10 inches.

## PERSONAL.

Virgil Starbuck is again at Hampton-Sidney, Va. He is now in the Junior year.

Clara B. Layton is teaching a public school in Grasmere.

May Pomeroy spent a few days in October with us. She is now in Oberlin studying music.

Adolph Hempel is passing the winter with his parents at Gotha. He has our sympathies that at this time of promised success, his eyes should fail, making it necessary for him to drop all work for a year. He was here for two or three days in October.

Hamilton Johnson, of the class of '93, is about to complete a post-graduate course in electrical science, at Vanderbilt University.

Ernest E. Missildine, '95, is one of the proprietors of a drug store in Tryon, N. C. He is also continuing his study of medicine.

Walter McDuffee has charge of the Classical Department of the Springfield High Schools.

Mr. Willard Elliot, State President of Christian Endeavor, was here on a business trip in October, and again in November. He intends to make Winter Park his headquarters while working for the College.

Flora Walker has completed her course of study in Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Effie Littlefield is in Winterport, Me. She does not expect to come South this winter, owing to the ill health of her father.

Annie Fuller was in Atlanta this summer.

Katharine Lyman is attending the University of Minnesota in Minneapolis.

Ida M. Missildine, '90, is teaching in New York City.

Raymond Alden is assistant in required Junior Composition, "Forensics," at Harvard. He has charge of two divisions—classwork and themes. Is also working for his doctor's degree.

Fidelia Fisk is now in Auburndale. She is still working with Dr. Foster.

Sue Creary is attending school in Tennessee.

Florence Baker is spending the winter in Apalachicola, her home.

Dr. N. Barrows is cultivating a fruit farm in South Hanover, Mass.

Josephine Brown is visiting in Boston.

Eugenia Swaine is teaching in a Cuban Mission school in Tampa.

Miss Hobbs is teaching in Maryland.

Eugenia McMillan is in her home in Buffalo, N. Y.

Ethel and Blanche Bender and Mabel Stuart are attending the High School in Kirkwood, Mo.



Sallie Deaderick is teaching in the public school of Palatka.

Mrs. Lewton and her daughters Ivy and Jasmine, are spending the winter in one of the "White cottages" in town.

Maud Neff is spending the winter at home, in Tampa.

Avis Paine, formerly a student at Rollins, died at Thomasville Ga., of lung trouble, on the way to her winter home in Coca.

Mr. Albert Wright and Miss Daisy Thayer were united in marriage Dec. 2nd, at Ocala. It will be remembered that the bride attended Rol-

lins College at one time. We extend our congratulations and best wishes.

We are very sorry to report the absence of Mr. and Mrs. Geo. D. Rand from our midst, this winter, owing to the illness of Mrs. Rand. They are now in Boston. We extend our heartfelt sympathies and best wishes to them.

Miss Isabelle Canfield, formerly matron of our dining hall was married Sept. 30th to Mr. J. C. Evans, of Orlando. We have no doubt that Mrs. Evans will be as successful in her new sphere as in the old. We extend them our best wishes.

## SOCIAL EVENTS.

Social life is something never wanting at Rollins and this term has been a lively one.

Halloween was made a season of fun and fortune-telling and the students spent this eve of All-Saints day in having a good time. Refreshments are always an important feature and they were not lacking on this occasion.

Among the social gatherings that were most enjoyed was the reception given by President and Mrs. Ward on the evening of election day. Telephonic connections had been made between Pinehurst Cottage and Orlando, and the returns were sent to us as fast as received at that place. The house was decorated for the occasion with the national colors and all things united to remind us that it was an important day in our country. Chinese lanterns lighted the piazza and made it an inviting place in which to enjoy the delicious

refreshments that were served.

An evening of tableau-pantomime attracted us all to the gymnasium. The program was decidedly amusing and all pronounced the affair a great success.

This is the first of several similar evenings which are promised.

At Thanksgiving time a short vacation was granted, which without doubt added zest to the "thanks-giving" of the students.

A candy pull and various games such as "Jenkins-up" and "Proverbs" filled Friday evening and helped to make the two days enjoyable.

These fall weeks of school have gone rapidly and we trust the coming ones will be equally pleasant.

## LOCALS.

We wish all our friends a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

Quite an improvement has been made recently in the appearance of the strip of woods extending along the north side of the campus. All the underbrush has been cut away and it is possible once more for strangers to find the college buildings. Other improvements are the addition of

two full Wards to the village, of a new member to the college Bakery force and the putting of Hills on the campus.

The crayon manufacturing concern of Miller & Davey has recently made an assignment.

Since the opening of school several new students have been added to the list. Among



them are some friends of the President's from New England.

A number of new books have been received by the town library.

Mr. Nelson has been very unfortunate with his wheel. He will, never-the-less, be with us again soon, as it is being repaired.

The officers of the Athletic Association met in Mr. Bigelow's room, in Pinehurst, Saturday evening, Nov. 14th, to discuss certain matters of business. Light refreshments were served by the host, and music on the autoharp by various members, made the evening very pleasant.

Miss Neff and Miss Williams have recently mastered the tricks of the bicycle.

Several of the boys have spent their Saturdays in hunting. We have heard of one successful party at least. During the Thanksgiving holidays two boys brought back eleven birds. They killed more, but could not find them.

The recent heavy rain fall so flooded the athletic track, that for a while it seemed as though it would be of no use, except, perhaps, for swimming races. Now, however, it is in good condition.

Winter Park is displaying her enterprising spirit in the erection of a new store building. She can boast also of her increasing number of business houses. A grocery, a bakery, a market and a jewelry store have been added to the list of firms.

The clay roads between Orlando and Winter Park are appreciated by all. Several Orlando students ride over and back every day on bicycles. The distance makes a very nice after-school ride. Nearly every day a party makes the trip. Some fast riding has been done be-

tween the places. Turner claims a time of seventeen minutes from the court-house to the college, a distance of five and a half miles.

The number of bicycles in Winter Park is increasing rapidly. A great many ride their own while others rent from the "Hospital."

"Mr. Speaker, I smell a rat," "Where is Billum," Such were the sentiments at Lakeside for nearly a week prior to William's crusade against what turned out to be a rabbit that had evidently "passed away" in the basement of that cottage.

It is hardly necessary to remind our friends that first class candy can be had at Mr. Ladd's store. How about that, you boys at the training table?

We congratulate Mr. Turner upon the possession of such a neat boat. It is probably his own design or at least it was made to order. The style is very popular with the younger generation. This age is fast doing away with the great cumbersome vessels of our ancestors.

N. B. : Turner's boat carries two.

The Rollins College photographer who occupies the southwest room of Pinehurst, is a noted experimenter. On each occasion of trying a new developer it seems necessary to use a different room. Thus far the cottage has been large enough, but if his experiments continue, it will be absolutely necessary to erect a separate building for the department of photography.

We are glad to announce that the new grammar compiled by Washburn & Wilcox will be published in a few weeks. One important change from the old method is the omission of the article *an*. *A* is used altogether, even in such expressions as *a apple*, *a orange*, etc.



## EXCHANGE.

The following Exchanges have been laid upon our table: The High School News, St. Louis, Mo.; Converse Concept, Spartanburg, S. C. Stetson Collegiate, DeLand, Fla.; The Fence, New Haven, Conn.; College Exponent, Bozeman, Mon.; The Riverview Student, Poughkeepsie, N. Y.; The McMicken Review, Cincinnati, O.; The Mississippi College Magazine, Clinton, Miss.; The Light-House, Orlando, Fla. We are glad to see our friends again. Some are in a new dress, while others come with familiar covers, and the general tone of each is especially good.

Common sense is not a common thing.—*Ex.*

The University of Edinburgh has bestowed the degree of M. A. on two women graduates. This is a new departure for a Scottish University.—*Riverview Student.*

Under an ancient elm she stood,  
A fairy form in gray,—  
Her eyes were bright as the stars at night  
As she merrily trilled a lay.  
I stood in the shadow and watched her face,  
It was eerie and passing fair,  
As the ditty she sang so merrily rang,  
On the waves of the evening air.

I was stirred to the depths of my very soul,  
Ne'er heard a voice like that,  
And I threw all I owned at her very feet,  
For she was my neighbor's cat.—*Ex.*

Through all nature there runs a continuous poem, and although the meter seems varied with every line yet an undercurrent of sympathy links them all into an endless rythm.—*The McMicken Review.*

Make up your mind what you are going to say and then say it quick."—*O. W. Holmes.*

It is a strange contradiction of terms to hear a student wishing for an education and at the same time, when his lesson is difficult, wishing that Cicero, Xenophon or Demosthenes had ceased to exist before the founding of Rome or Athens.—*Stetson Collegiate.*

Dartmouth has the largest freshman class in the history of the college. It contains 160 members.

Plans have been completed for a new \$100,000 library at Wellesly.—*Riverview Student.*

The Teacher asked, "And what is space?" The trembling student said: "I cannot tell at present,

But I have it in my head."—*Ex.*

It is better to believe that there is some good in everybody, than that there is no good in anybody.—*Ex.*

"Pa, what does fee simple mean?"

Pa—"It's the fee a man gives to the minister when he gets married."

Look at it this way. The world and everything in it are yours to help you make a truer man of yourself.—*Ex.*

A sepal, petal and a thorn  
Upon a common Summer's morn,  
A flash of dew, a bee or two,  
A breeze,  
A caper in the trees,—  
And I'm a rose.

EMILY DICKENSON.

A lie is always an enemy, no matter how friendly it may seem.—*Ex.*



## SPURS.

## TRY, TRY AGAIN.

There was a boy in our school—

But never mind his name,—  
Who always tried to act the fool  
When near the girls he came.

He loved the pretty maidens so,  
'Twas beautiful to see!

And every where the girls would go,  
Why there, behold! was he.

He fell in love one sunny day  
With a maiden young and fair,  
Good natured, full of GRACE and gay  
Albeit she had red hair.

But him, this maiden fair did hate,  
And when he said, "I pray  
That you with me will make a date."  
She said unto him nay.

This answer did the poor youth stun,  
But quickly he recovered,  
And ere the setting of the sun,  
He round another hovered.

He asked her if he upon her  
On Friday night might call.  
But she to him replied "No sir!"  
For she liked him not at all.

The poor, poor lad, how bad he felt,  
But his spirit was not daunted,  
So he sent a note, correctly spelt,  
To another girl he wanted.

But she also did tell him "nit"  
And said he had come too late,  
And laughed at him a little bit.  
Poor lad! 'twas surely fate.

Like Bruce of old, this brave youth said:  
"One more attempt I'll make."

This time the maiden cut him dead.  
Friends, sorrow for his sake!

That he will make the best of men,  
I'm sure you're all agreed,  
For his motto is: "Try, try again,  
If at first you don't succeed."

Out of an excess of good nature, one of the College boarders has undertaken to entertain all the "tables" in both rooms. The other boarders appreciate this extreme unselfishness, but, out of consideration for her throat, and too, because an incessant sound, however pleasing, becomes at last monotonous, they wish to assure her that if she entertains only the table at which she sits, they will consider that she has performed her whole duty.

We would refer anyone who wishes to know where Miss Carson lives, to Miss Gertrude Ford for directions.

Free—Hereafter I will give lessons on the bicycle free of charge. This offer to ladies only. Address all inquiries to The Henkel Bicycle School.

PROF. RANDALL, Prop.

Be sure to obtain some of Ensminger's chocolate bonbons, alligator brand. They cannot be excelled. One box lasts a lifetime. No one can afford to be without one.

Washburn—The Lone Democrat,  
Steadman—The Politician,  
H. Dale—Zacchaeus,  
Ensminger—Longfellow

Is Ray's recollection hazy?

Which is the more correct statement: Of all the boys Ashley walks with the most grace, or, of all the boys Ashley walks most with Grace?

Lyman:—"Prof., there must be two answers to this example, but I can't get the one in the book."

In view of the following list, gathered from many manuscripts, it is suggested that Rollins needs a Professor of Spelling:

aligator,	perserverance,
pollitition,	thrawldom,
hazzy,	hygene,
inqueiries,	treatice,
woud,	succomb,
bomboms,	appearence,
repetes,	grammer,
allagory,	acknoledge.



## BOOK NOTICES.

"History Repeats Itself;" or, "How The Youth of The Blue Tie and The Pink Shirt Became No. 4 The Second Time." An allegory on perseverance.

"In The Thralldom of Fayte" by the author of "The Cousins," "A Broken Bicycle," etc. This book likens destiny to a beautiful girl who trifles with a lover's deep-seated passion.

"Benedict's Hygiene," a very learned treatise. The author insists on the giving up of sweets as a steady diet and shows that even horses sometimes succumb to too large a quantity.

## ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

L. G. S. (1) The expression "perfectly divine eyes" is Hyperbole. (2) Even if your professor is nice, we would not advise your staying too often after class—for "people will talk, you know."

Nellie.—"Uncle" was not in it at the last election. Tanner carried the day by a large majority. For such disappointment it is proper to wear mourning until June 1st.

Jack.—Since there are no girls of your own age with whom you care to go, it would be perfectly proper for you to go with the young woman, even though she may be considerably your SENIOR.

G. A. J.—It is a question whether it is proper to let a young man wear your jewelry, but as it is leap year, it may be considered permissible.

Dictionary.—(1) When a young woman compliments you, don't take it too much in earnest, for very probably she has some end in view. (2) We advise you to avoid making the same speech to each of the ladies whose company you desire, as afterwards they might "compare notes."

M. G. W.—It is not considered good form to address a young man in terms of endearment, especially at table.

Benety.—You were right to feel grieved at

the death of the horse. It was a most unfortunate occurrence. (2) See answer to "Sugar Lump."

Hayes.—An engagement once made should be kept even if one's head does ache severely. Sending a substitute does not always answer, for it is possible that the young woman may prefer your presence to your presents.

Jim.—We are unable to find the scientific classification of the Ray you described as having penetrated your heart.

E. G. F.—When you found that your singing was driving the thoughts of the student from his mathematical proposition, you should either have soared to heights "beyond his ken," or else have desisted from your work for the time being. (2) You were wise to stay home from the picnic. Your trip to Orlando was no doubt more profitable.

J. F. T.—Probably the reason you were not able to reach the picnic grounds at the appointed time was that your boat had too much Leightweigh. (2) See answer to "Sugar Lump."

Miss K.—You will find the lines

"Pretty as Eu—

La, prettier too."

in a composition by the renowned poet, Davey. It has been set to music and the song is said to be a great favorite with the celebrated tenor, Professor R——

Alma.—Since you care so much for him we think you are quite right to try to get on the good side of his father and mother. (2) Don't flirt on Sunday afternoons. It is not considered proper.

Prof. L.—You should not keep the same young lady after class more than five times in one week. It is all right in itself, but it might cause comment.

M. S. H.—(1) The young man who is to act as your escort to choral practice should try to be more prompt, for it is very annoying to the leader to have couples coming in late. (2) It is not well to call all the boys by the same



name, for although that name may be a great favorite of yours, yet as a rule each person prefers his own.

Sugar Lump.—Don't let any engagement whatsoever interfere with your regular attendance at the Baptist Church. Matters of this nature are not be trifled with.

Perplexed Senior.—We agree with you. It is vexing that the gentlemen do not call, nor show the attention your position seems to merit. But we can hardly advise tarrying for them after meals, nor waiting on the horse-block or Clover-leaf porch after dark, in order to intercept them as they pass.

It would hardly secure for you the esteem you desire, and might cause unpleasant criticism.

Mention should be made of the following officers of the Campus:

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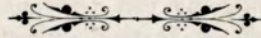




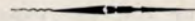
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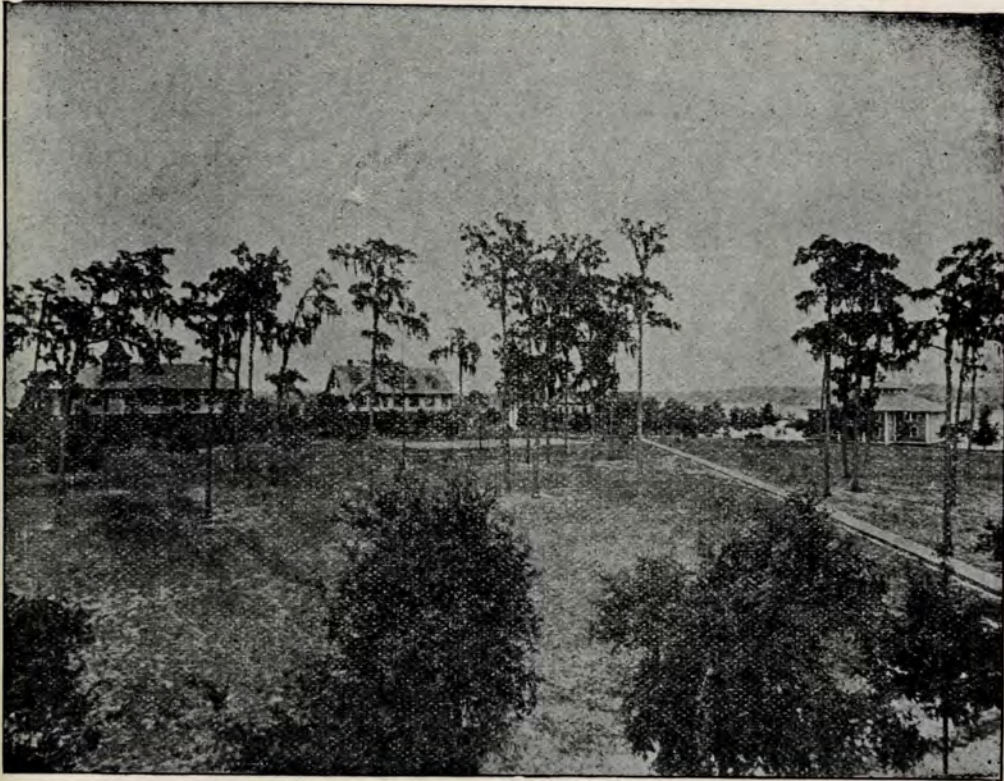
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