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The Rollins Sandspur

Newspapers and Weeklies of Central Florida

3-20-1897

Sandspur, Vol. 03, No. 02, March 20, 1897

Rollins College

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Rollins College, "Sandspur, Vol. 03, No. 02, March 20, 1897" (1897). *The Rollins Sandspur*. 2333.
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THE SAND-SPUR.



STICK TO IT.

VOL. III.

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, MARCH 20, 1897.

No. 2.

LITERARY.

STRENGTH AND BEAUTY ARE IN HIS SANCTUARY.

PSALM 96: 6.

Thus reads the psalm three hundred decades old:
"Within God's temple strength and beauty dwell."
A living psalm outspread our eyes behold;
The truth the singer sang, its numbers tell;
Creation's psalm, whose countless voices swell
With praise in vain essayed by human tongue;
Whose worship doth great Nature's temple fill,
And echo farthest aisles of space among,
And, grand and ceaseless, hath through all the ages rung.

We live in sanctuary courts. The palm
With sculptured trunk, the enduring oak, the pine
With wind-harp voicing low its solemn psalm,
And cypress rise as pillars o'er the shrine.
The skies, its dome, with jewelled splendors shine.
Its lavers are a thousand lakes in bowls
Of gold and emerald. The jessamine,
Magnolia, orange, censers from which rolls
The fragrant breath of praise from Nature's voiceless souls.

Here strength and grace in wondrous union met—
Strength of the forest open-aisled and vast;
Beauty of branch and leaf and floweret,
Beauty of lakes with light waves running fast,
Beauty in fruits that charm both sight and taste,
Beauty in skies with glory spangled o'er;
Strength in the breeze that comes from ocean's waste,
Strength in old ocean's mighty rush and roar,
Smiling with hand divine the loud complaining shore;

Beauty in pendent moss, in grass and fern.
Beauty in perfect day and perfect night,
Beauty where'er our raptured gaze we turn.
Cloud-curtains, mist and darkness from our sight
May shroud the temple. These uplifted, bright
The sun's shechinah glories burst o'er all,
Painting in countless forms with heaven's light
The temple's floor and vaulted roof and wall,
And every living soul to God's pure worship call.

L. A. A.

THE CUBAN DIALECT.

The Spanish spoken in America bears about the same relation to Castilian that the *Koine* bore to Attic Greek. Among the many Spanish dialects brought to America, the Castilian was especially favored by reason of its being the official language and also the language of literature and culture. As a consequence, it has not only been accepted as the standard idiom of Spanish America, but has gradually prevailed in popular speech, until, with the exception of here and there a native Indian tongue or a small community speaking Catalan or Basque, Castilian has expelled all other dialects.

Portuguese, to be sure, although historically only another romance dialect of the Celt-Iberian peninsula, has held its own in South America and remains the predominant language in Brazil. But the Portuguese succeeded in keeping their political independence both in the New and in the Old World and, as a consequence, a separate language and literature.

The Castilian, however, though triumphant in Spanish-America, was forced to adapt itself to its environment and to accept new words and idioms for the expression of new ideas. Furthermore, its pronunciation suffered and, by a natural process of disintegration, dialectic variations were developed in different localities.

Of these dialectic variations of Spanish-American Castilian, the Cuban speech is one. The Cuban dialect is distinguished from the Castilian spoken to-day in Spain by many peculiarities of pronunciation, some of which are common to Spanish America, while others occur only in Cuba. Thus the pronunciation of *c* as *s*, and of the liquid *ll* as *y*, obtains throughout all Spanish America, while the Cuban treatment of *s*, for instance, is decidedly local.

For the study of the Cuban speech I have

confined myself to the pronunciation of Cubans inhabiting the highlands of the interior of the island (the *Vuelta Arriba* of the *Tierra Adentro*). The pronunciation of Havana has been purposely excluded because of its mixed character, which, besides the Cuban proper, is Castilian among the official classes and a sort of *Argot* among the lower classes. And I have preferred the *Vuelta Arriba* (Highlands) to the *Vuelta Abajo* (Lowlands), as the former has fewer Spaniards and fewer negroes than the latter.

It is a curious fact that the Cuban pronunciation has drifted toward the French. Thus *c* equals *s*, *d* final is dropped, *ll* has become *y*, and *n* is nasalized and *s* final generally dropped, unless carried over to a following vowel. This phonetic analogy with French, however, is probably due, not to any direct influence, but rather to the inherent tendency of the Romance languages.

On the other hand, there is a striking difference between the respective changes that Castilian and English have undergone in America. Our American-English pronunciation differs from that standard in England chiefly in vowel sounds, while the Cuban dialect is distinguished from the Castilian by consonantal variations.

The following notes are limited to the physiological changes in pronunciation that Castilian has undergone in Cuba, and no attempt is made to enter into a study of the equally important psychological changes in usage and meaning. After the phonetic spelling of each word or phrase the official Castilian orthography is given, which alone is used in writing and printing.

b and *v* are pronounced alike. Initially they closely resemble the English *b*, e. g., *boca* and *vaso* resemble respectively bo-ca and ba-so, with

the *b* pronounced as in English. Medially between vowels they approach the English *v*; but this softness is largely due to the Spanish system of syllabic division, e. g., the *b* of *sa-be*, *sabe*, is softer than if the word was pronounced *sab-e*, as most English-speaking students of Spanish pronounce it. Better than *sab-e* is the *sav-e* of the western cow-boy. In a lecture on Romance philology in the Ecole des Chartes, I heard Gaston Paris make the statement that, while the Castilian orthography is otherwise virtually phonetic, *b* and *v* have retained their historic usage, in spite of the fact that they are pronounced alike with a sound intermediate between the French *b* and *v*. This is certainly true of the Cuban speech.

c, before *e* and *i*, and *z*, equal *s*:—*se-na*, *cena*; *sielo*, *cielo*; *a-se*, *hace*; *so-na*, *zona*; *casa*, *caza*.

d final is dropped:—*sa-lu*, *salud*; *u-mil-da*, *humildad*; *se*, *sed*. *d* medially between vowels, when the preceding syllable bears the stress, is often dropped in familiar speech. This is especially true of the past participle:—*a-ma-o*, *amado*; *par-ti-a*, *partida*; *to-o*, *todo*; *de-o*, *dado*. In polite society to drop the inter vocalic *d* is considered vulgar.

g, before *e* and *i*, and *j*, are softer than in Castilian. This applies in the case of *s* final equals *j*. Among the *guajiros* (poor whites of the country) *j* is often dropped:—*te-a*, *teja*. In their efforts to be correct, the *guajiros* sometimes misplace a *j*, e. g., *de te-a-o a te-a-o aj-ta que ca-yo e-nel jo-yo*, *de tejado a tejado hasta que cayo en el hoyo*.

ll has lost its initial element (*l*) and become simply *y*:—*ya-no*, *llano*; *ca-ye*, *calle*; *be-yo*, *bello*. This change is not so radical as it would seem at first sight, as the Spanish system of syllabic division gives *ll* a much softer sound than that of *ly* in English, cf. *million* (*mil-yun*).

Probably the majority of English-speaking students of Spanish pronounce *calle* as if it was *cal-ye* and are, without being aware of the fact, further from the Castilian *ca-lle*, than if they used the Spanish-American *ca-ye*.

n, when it is not carried over to the following vowel, is frequently nasalized and resembles the English *ng* of *song* rather than the French nasal sound of *sans*:—*pang*, *pan*; *cong-ti-go*, *contigo*, but *co-nel*, *con el*.

r, final and before consonants, is softer than in Castilian. In some parts of Cuba it equals *j*:—*caj-ne*, *carne*; *a-maj*, *amar*. This pronunciation is everywhere considered vulgar and is generally confined to the speech of negroes and ignorant whites.

s (1) occurs, (2) equals *j* or (3) is dropped. This applies to *c*, before *e* and *i*, and *z*, equal *s*. (1) *s* occurs only before a vowel following it without any pause:—*lo-som-bre*, *los hombres*; *mi-si-jo*, *mis hijos*; *to-do-sa-ni-do* *todos han ido*. (2) *s* equals *j*, (a) before a consonant:—*loj-ca-ba-yo*, *los caballos*; *mij-pri-mo*, *mis primos*; *e-lej-trij-te*, *el es triste*, and (b) before a pause, if the syllable bears the stress:—*doj*, *dos*; *trej*, *tres*; *e-lej-co-sej*, *el es coces*. (3) Before a pause, if the syllable does not bear the stress, *s* is dropped:—*mu-je-re*, *mujeres*; *ca-ye*, *calles*; *loj-di-a* *los dias*; *laj-no-che*, *las noches*.

These phonetic changes that the Castilian *s* have undergone, often make it difficult to know whether a substantive is singular or plural, e. g., *ca-sa* may be written *casa* or *casas*. And again a curious plural in *e* is formed:—*mu-je-re*, *mujeres*, the plural of *mu-je-r*, *mujer*; *nue-se*, *nueces*, the plural of *nuej*, *nuez*. As in the case of *j* and intervocalic *d*, it is considered a sign of good breeding to use one's *s'es* correctly, and ignorant people, in their efforts to be correct, sometimes misplace an *s*, e. g., *buj-co mi re-los*, *busco mi reloj*.

ELIJAH CLARENCE HILLS.

ON DARNING STOCKINGS.

Some one has called sewing "a pretty excuse for thinking." If many kinds of needlework seem so nice or so complicated as to exact all the attention, still there are varieties which are so largely mechanical that they leave the mind free to rove. One of the least exacting of all is darning stockings. This work is so simple that the hand needs very little guidance, and the mind can indulge in aimless activity or in idle dreaming.

But you do not taste this pleasure to the full, unless you make sure of comfort and freedom from interruption. You must be seated in a quiet place, and in a comfortable chair, say in a shady corner of the piazza in summer, or in a little low rocker by the window in winter. If it is a stormy day, so much the better. Then be sure that everything you could possibly want is close at hand, so that you need not be jumping up every other minute for the ball of darning-cotton or a pair of scissors.

Besides cotton and scissors, you must have your work-basket with its usual stock of implements, and, naturally, the stockings. Another thing which is useful, though not absolutely necessary, is a stocking-darner. This is a smooth, hard object placed beneath the hole to keep all in position. It is also well to have a book. The book must not be an unfamiliar story, of course, if you really want to darn stockings. Let it be something you have read before, or something fragmentary, like Emily Dickenson, or rambling, like Montaigne; or let it be your Rolfe with a passage to be committed to memory. You may not open the book; but have it like Montaigne "at (your) elbow to delight (you) when time shall serve."

Suppose you are seated in comfort with book, sewing materials and stockings within easy

reach. First, thread your needle, not a difficult task, for the eye of the needle used in darning is large. Then take a stocking and push in your hand in search of holes—for, mind you, there must be no examination and sorting out beforehand, lest you darn with one eye on the clock, and so lose all the idle pleasure the darning might give. When you have found a hole and put the darner in position, draw the cotton back and forth across the hole till you have filled in the gap with close set stitches. These are to serve as warp. At right angles to them weave in the woof, over, under, over, across and back,—under, over,—under, over,—across and so on till what was once a hole is now cloth, firm as the stocking around it. And, by the way, be sure that the stocking around is firm and not worn half through, or you will soon have occasion to remember the proverb about putting new cloth into old garments.

Rather weave the thread in and out of the stocking till you reach a firm support for the darn. Another necessary caution is this: never draw the edges of the hole together; that not only results in a blotched piece of work, but it makes you more trouble in the end. For the foot will make new holes by stretching the stocking to recover what you have taken from its size.

And after all, it's only when you can feel that your darns are durable and workmanlike, that you get the greatest pleasure from darning. In that case you have both the pleasure of successful activity, and the pleasure of luxurious idleness combined. It is in this respect that darning has the advantage over the corresponding masculine recreation of smoking. Smoking is an excuse for idleness and musing, to be sure, but it ends in smoke, whereas darning ends

in a satisfactory pile of whole stockings.

But men are beginning to invade "woman's sphere." Boys are taught darning in our public schools, and one man of Quebec carried off prizes for embroidery, lace making, hem stitching and darning. If men are to compete with us in all the homely and peaceful employments of which darning is the homeliest and most

peaceful, they ought in fairness, to admit us to all their active and glorious fields. If men darn, we must vote and play foot ball, and we must smoke. Till the time when these things are allowed us, men darners will be studiously discouraged, and, if necessary, even boycotted.

BESSIE R. HOOKER.

THE SONG OF THE WAVES.

The sun had set and the evening shades
Were driving the light away,
And the sweet, fresh wind on my face was cool
As I looked across the bay.
Away in the distance I saw the beam
Of a steady burning light,
And one lone star o'er the bay shone forth,
A beacon yet more bright.

At my feet, the waves with gentle plash.
Came inward more and more,
Rose tinted by the evening light
As they broke upon the shore.
And a sea-bird circled across the bay
As she flew towards the open sea,
And I wished for the power to follow her there,
For the waves sang this song to me.

"Why do you stand with longing eyes,
Gazing from us to the evening skies?
Child of the land, you love our voice,
And to be near us, your heart doth rejoice:
Come, come to the open sea,
Child of the land, come and be free.

"Many a journey with us you shall go:
To the regions of endless ice and snow,
Where the lands are wrapped in endless night,
Or the midnight sun sheds a wondrous light,
Over the banks where the fogs hang low
And ice mountains follow the water's flow,

Where many a fisher has gone to his sleep,
Rocked gently to sleep in the arms of the deep.
Come, come to the open sea.
Child of the land, come and be free.

"Past many a ship sailing over the main,
Bound for the ports where they started again.
God grant them fair winds and a quiet sea,
That they come to those ports where they fain
would be.

Then we dash on the shore of a tropic land,
Where the sun shines fair on the glitt'ring sand.
And the bright-winged birds from some tall
palm tree,

Learn a song from the waves as they sing of
the sea.

Come, come to the open sea,
Child of the land, come and be free.

"Come, thou shalt see on the ocean's floor,
Wonders thou never hast dreamed of before.
No prince of the Orient ever hath known
Such gems as the treasures that to thee shall
be shown.

For, from many a ship 'neath the waves gone
down,

Borne to its grave by the Storm-King's frown,
From many a ship of many a land

Are gathered the treasures of the ocean sand.

Come, come to the open sea,
Child of the land, come and be free.

"Some talk of the sea, as the *cruel* deep,
 But it is not so: when the waves are steep
 And the waters rush with a mighty flow,
 'Tis the Storm-King's anger that makes it so.
 And when all is over and those at home,
 Mourn for the ships that will never come,
 The waves rock the wayfarers gently to sleep,
 And lay them to rest on the bed of the deep.
 Come, come to the open sea,
 Child of the land, come and be free.

"After a storm when the sun shines bright,
 The waves are adance in their free delight,
 And in summer nights by the light of the
 moon,
 We dance and play to the south wind's tune,
 North, south, east and west, by night and by day
 The glittering waves are ever gay.
 Then child of the land, come too, and be free,
 Come with us, come, be a child of the sea."

E. H. R.

ALGER'S BASHFULNESS.

Ever since Danton Alger entered Peckham University, his bashfulness and strange behavior in the presence of the fair sex, had been subjects of daily conversation among the students. Some of them said that he would walk a half mile out of his way to avoid meeting a lady, and when one spoke to him, which was not often, he would put his finger to his mouth and tremble violently; but it is probable that these criticisms were slightly exaggerated.

As Alger stood high in his classes, had distinguished himself in athletics, and moreover was so good-looking that one of the young women had called him "a modern Adonis," his strange diffidence was much regretted. Most of the students said he was unsocial and hard to get acquainted with; others thought he was a "crabid crank," but all agreed that he puzzled them.

Without knowing it, poor Alger had aroused the indignation of several of the University girls. They had not been accustomed to "waste their sweetness on the desert air," and resented his indifference and awkwardness to such an extent that they determined to punish him; yes, in some way they would mortify him and then enjoy his discomfiture. But how? that was the

question. After some discussion, this was left to a committee of Ways and Means, of which one Miss Saxe, who keenly remembered his vacant stare when once she pleasantly ventured him a "good morning," was made chairman.

One pleasant afternoon, Alger took a volume of Shelley's poems, and lay down under the shade of a clump of oaks growing at the edge of the campus. He had come there to enjoy a few hours of solitude, but it was not long before he heard the sound of voices, feminine voices at that! He felt as if the sword of Damocles hung over his head, but he decided not to run: for then they would be sure to see him. Presently, he heard his name mentioned, and Miss Saxe say: "I have it, girls. Just the thing! "He will be certain to be at Prexy's reception this evening—all the students are going, you know. We will corner him up when a good chance offers, and then I'll request the pleasure of escorting him home. Won't he feel cheap?" One of the young women laughed, and another said something about "going through a key hole." As soon as he felt it was safe, he beat a hasty retreat to his room, locked the door and held a consultation with himself.

* * * * *

"Did you see Alger come out of his room a few minutes ago?" asked one of the fellows of another a few hours later. He walked as if he owned the world. Said he was going to the reception." "Well, of all strange things!" answered the other. "Perhaps 'Adonis' will come out all right, after all."

Alger appeared quite at ease at the reception, much to the surprise of all who knew him; but they had no idea what an effort that appearance cost him. The conversation he overheard that afternoon had set him thinking, and he had made up his mind to overcome his foolish bashfulness, once for all.

Miss Saxe noticed in a moment the marked change in his behaviour, and she soon decided it would be unwise to carry her plan into execution. Later in the evening, when she was seated on a divan, surrounded by three or four girl friends, Alger approached her, and smiling blandly, said; "Miss Saxe, I believe you expressed a desire to escort me home this evening. I am ready."

To say that Miss Saxe was mortified, is to put it mildly. The story soon leaked out, and Alger became a favorite of society, but by Miss Saxe, he was ever after, "let severely alone."

OSCAR D. SUNDELL.

SKETCH.

"Howdy Honey? I nebbah see such a chile nebbah to git up till a mornin's mos' done gone. Yeah yeh comes a scoungin' in dis kitchen, reckonin' I's to git yeh a hot snack. How juh spex I's gwine to git de cookin' done? An' yeh Ma she jes' tol' me she gone done 'vited dem pow'ful big bugs o' comp'ny to stay on to dinner, an' she 'lowd I bes' chowdah clams. U-ugh; D'yeh reckon I'd dabble in clams dis time ob day? Den, yeh doesn't know yeh Aunt Manthy. Now look yeah, chile, I learn yeh Ma to clam-chowder me middle ob de monin' an I's gwine fo' to make a clam chowdah out ob des shrimps dat I's pinchin' in dis yeah pot, an' I's gwine fo' to cook 'um an' mash 'um till none dem smart Elicks can tell if dey eatin' beas', bu'd or fish. You-uns in dis house doesn't know what dey eat, nohow, chile."

The harangue was stopped by the youth addressed saying imperatively: "I know I'm going to have a cup of coffee and—and something to go with it, right away quick. That's one thing I do know."

"Keerful Bud," retorted Aunt Manthy as she turned squarely around and looked him straight in the eye, "yeh're a right smart too pert. Yeh say hot coffee to me agane an' I holler to yeh Ma an' she—."

"Never mind Aunt Manthy," interrupted Bud, "I'll go on pinching out those shrimps while you are fixing me a good warm breakfast and after I eat it, I'll write that letter to Adiline for you. That's a go isn't it, Auntie?"

"Ugh! Shu'r dats a go ebery time, Honey. I reckon yeh like sof' toas' bettern hard. Now fish dem hot shrimp out wid dat ol' big fork an' don't bu'n yehself."

Aunt Manthy went about her part of the bargain and kept jabbering as she composed the letter she was soon to dictate. Bud picked out the shrimps from the boiling water until he had the bottom of the kettle well covered. Then he poured in a layer of the sliced potatoes and mashed crackers which Aunt Manthy had prepared. Presto: change; a malicious idea: before a second and better thought

could prevail, a pocket full of strings, marbles and arrow-heads was lying under another strata of crackers and potatoes.

No sooner was this fatal work done than the voice of Aunt Manthy was heard saying: "Yeh drop nary a one ob dem shrimps'es tails in dar an' I kill yeh dead, fo' eben dem folk 'u'd know dat clams doesn't wear no shrimps'es tails. Tu'n loose ob dem, anyhow, an' fitch a cheer right in yeah an' eat dis tendah yellow chicken leg dat I saved you a pu'pose, an' done jes' too a tu'n—su'ah de finest eating in de lan'."

By the time that Bud had finished the morning's repast, Aunt Manthy had the chowder boiling on the stove, and had seated herself by the side of her amanuensis, ready to begin the letter.

"Pear's like if I knowed how to read an' write my cup 'u'd be full," pitifully said Aunt Manthy. "But beings nobody nebah learned me I's boun' to ax you."

"That's all right Auntie, fire ahead. Say just what you want to.

So Aunt Manthy dictated as follows: Howdy Adiline, Howdy Abraham Lincoln, Howdy Susan Jane Annie Lily, Howdy George Washington, Howdy Mitch, Howdy Gus, Howdy James William Henry Hannibal."

"Oh, Auntie, let the rest of your nephews and

nieces go and say something," suggested the writer.

Aunt Manthy paused. "Hurry up," said Bud.

But her mental mill ground heavily and slowly. Drops of perspiration came out on her massive brow. With apparent effort she finally said: "Tell 'um, I's not writin dis yeah. It's Bud King. He's growed a heap an' is a mighty likely boy."

Another delay. The stream of consciousness seemed congealed. To thaw the same, Bud ventured: "Auntie, say what you are doing yourself."

"I's gwine to hab clam chowdah fo' dinnah. Bud, he toted de clams from de Bay an' I opened 'um my own self," Aunt Manthy at length succeeded in evolving from her imagination. "I's got to quit," she continued; "so good bye Adiline, good bye Abraham Lincoln, good bye Susan Jane Annie Lily, good bye George Wash—."

"Oh Massa, Massa," cried Aunt Manthy, "de liquah done b'iled out an' de chowdah's done bu'ned up. De smoke: de smoke: shet dat doo' yeh pie-face. Stay out dar, Bud King fo' ebah an' ebah. Oh, why was I bo'n? Oh, my soul dem shrimps! yeh Ma! de comp'ny! u-ugh!"

HENRY B. MOWBRAY.

DESTINY.

It was the fourth day of their honeymoon. They were a typical pair as they rode along in the moonlight, and if you had been there you might have noticed that their features were lighted up by a look of poetical happiness as if each had attained the summit of desire.

The evening was still and as they silently pursued their way, they realized more than ever

before, the beauty of nature.

They were on a tandem; and the gentle whirl of the wheel seemed to add to the beauty of the scene. Suddenly she turned her head, thinking that she heard sounds from the railroad track a short distance ahead and as she did so, he yielding to an overpowering impulse, leaned forward and kissed her. Perhaps the time was inopportune,

but he just couldn't help it, she looked so bewitching as the moonlight fell on her hair and changed it from gold to silver. He could not have helped it if the penalty had been hanging. To say the least it surprised her. She had been startled by the sounds near the track and the two together were too much for her.

The bicycle had, for a moment, its own sweet will and, making the best use of it, took a shoot off the road into a ditch.

When the wheel and its riders again appeared one of them looked slightly ruffled in temper, while the other bore a very self-accusing, woful expression on his face. 'He might have known better,' that was a fact, but it was also true that 'he couldn't help it,' and the storm vanished as they both caught again the sounds from the railroad. Soon they saw some men rolling a large rock down on the track. It came upon them that their little comedy might disappear in a tragedy as they thought of the express due, they knew not how soon.

After some troubled whispering they crept carefully along the ditch to a bend in the road and, mounting their wheel, sped along the road toward the next town. It was a thrilling experience for a wedding trip and as they bore down on the pedals they made the wheel fairly fly over the smooth road. In a remarkably short space of time the town was reached and they breathlessly rushed up to the railroad station and gasped out the news to the surprised official. He immediately went to the instrument and telegraphed down the line.

When the train came in fifteen minutes later several armed men sprang upon the platform and, mounting horses which were in readiness, galloped up the track. In a short time one of them returned and the train proceeded while our hero and heroine warmly congratulated each

other on their courage and presence of mind. The incident on the road was recalled and again forgiven and blessed as a happy occurrence.

Suddenly the bride exclaimed: "O Sam! It's the funniest thing I ever heard of. I never thought of it before. I never heard of such a queer thing. One day about three years ago I had my fortune told by an old Gypsy and she said I should meet my husband on board ship, and we should afterwards save a lot of people from being killed. It's come true, hasn't it? I declare it's the funniest thing I ever heard of."

"It is curious, that is a fact. Did she prophesy anything else? I suppose she said you would marry a disagreeable man, one who didn't know enough to come in when it rained and hadn't any more judgment than I had this—." "O hush! she didn't do anything of the kind. She said I would marry a good looking man and would be happy ever afterwards."

"That is very complimentary to me I am sure. Did she say anything else?"

"Yes, she did, she said that we would not be happy if rich, but would be rich if happy."

"Well, that woman had a good deal of sense. I had a dream when I was a boy and, as it came to me quite often, I began to think of it as true. I have thought of it several times since we were married but I guess I'd better not tell it to you, Jeannette."

"O yes, do. Only I hope it isn't anything very bad. What is it?" "Well, I don't know that it will come true. I don't suppose it will. Perhaps it was because I ate too much mince pie or something else like that, or perhaps it was like something I read of in the paper the other day about a venerable mathematical professor, who had a fearful experience one night when he had been sitting up late over a difficult problem. He was in terrible agony and when he woke he

realized he was vainly endeavoring to get his son from under the radical sign, but could find no means of doing it. Probably the son was an unknown quantity."

"Well, what about your dream?"

"O yes, I nearly forgot. I dreamed that I should first see my lady-love with a spy-glass and that I should rescue her from drowning. I thought once that it had come true and that I had fallen in love at first sight, but I guess it was a mistake. It happened as I was going south in September 1890. Just as the steamer left the dock, I noticed especially a young lady in the crowd but she turned away and I did not see her face again until we were quite a distance out. Then it struck me that I had met my fate, but I guess it was all a mistake."

"O Sam, what kind of a dress did she have on?"

"I don't know. How should I? Why, what difference does that make?"

"A good deal, you goose. Was it blue serge?"

"Yes, I believe it was blue."

"Well, that was myself. I know, for I saw

some one looking right at me and I turned away and afterwards I saw he had a telescope."

"Well, this is quite romantic. I am glad it was you. I am beginning to believe in signs and in destiny, but what about the other part of the dream. I don't believe that will come true."

"Neither do I. I believe it must be the exception that proves the rule."

The next morning when the journey was resumed and the strange happening, which had been so curiously foretold, concerning the lives of this young couple, was again discussed, the wheel became an interested listener. They were coasting along the shore of a beautiful lake and were laughingly talking of his dream, when the bride noticed the lake and said that they would better keep away from it or the last part of the dream would be fulfilled. She steered the wheel to the other side of the path but the bicycle, after the fashion of its kind, again gained its own will and rushed into the lake. This time however, fate had over reached herself and our our young hero and heroine laughed in good humor as they waded out and sat down on the sand to dry.

FRIDAY EVENING—ANTICIPATION AND FULFILMENT.

I will tell you a tale which is often told,
In classical colleges, both new and old,
By professors and scholars, some dull and some
bright,
The tale of what happens on each Friday night.

It is easy to see the girls are alert,
Though of course each denies her being a flirt,
But throughout the week a bright smile may be
seen
On the girls tall and short, the girls fat and
lean,

Whenever a boy is seen coming their way.
He drops the remark, "'Tis a most charming
day."
She quickly replies, her face growing more
bright,
"Yes, indeed; and the moon will be full Friday
night."

Upon the boy's face comes a sly, knowing smile
And lights up the surrounding deep gloom for
awhile.
The girl's heart begins to go pit-a-pat-pat,

But he only turns round to go for his hat.

Her hopes are then dashed down a rapid incline:
She returns to her room and sits down to pine,
While he says, "Why couldn't I get up my
'spunk?'"

Now I'll go to my class and make a 'flat flunk.'"

When at last he can "screw up" his courage
enough,

He excuses his bashfulness with a bold bluff.
And receiving his answer in accents so low,
He dresses that evening to make a big show.

With fine patent shoes and patent silk tie,
With hair parted just so and slicked down with
lye,

With boiled shirt and collar, gold cuff buttons new,
Red roses in one hand and candy for two.

The girl in deciding which dress she shall wear
Takes the greatest of pains and infinite care.

'Tis hard to choose from the reds, yellows and
blues

And she finally decides to take one of Sue's.

Then off to the room of this same loving friend,
She tries to make out what is mostly pretend;
She don't want a caller and indeed never did;
And loftily styles him a mere bit of a "kid"

And when told her young man awaits her below
She goes down with a smile just made so by so.
But not till she's kept him waiting awhile
To show that a "miss is as good as a mile."

When the bell rings "adieu" at just half-past
nine,

She thinks that next time with thanks she'll
decline.

But he rises up with a smile all serene,
Not knowing at all what her smiling may mean.

And going out into the darkness of night,

He gazes above to her room where a light
Is already shedding its brightness afar,

And says to himself, "she's my bright shining
star."



THE SAND-SPUR.

Published Quarterly by the
 DEMOSTHENIC LITERARY SOCIETY
 AND
 THE FRIENDS IN COUNCIL
 OF
 ROLLINS COLLEGE,
 WINTER PARK, - - - FLORIDA.

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TERMS :

For one year, in advance, 50
 Extra copies, to subscribers, each 15
 Single copies 20

The SAND-SPUR is on sale at Maxson's, Winter Park, and at Curtis & O'Neal's, Orlando, or copies can be obtained by addressing the business manager.

For advertising rates apply to business manager.

Entered at the post office at Winter Park, Florida, as second class matter.

We were quite fortunate this term in the number of our holidays, two afternoons and one entire day having been given. It was only fitting that such an institution as Rollins should give its weight of influence to aid in making the Good Roads Congress a success, especially when the cost to us was only to deny ourselves half a day's recitations. It would have shown a great lack of interest in our town, had we not attended our local fair, which was made possible by another half holiday. We surely appreciate the Father of Our Country the more for having had

a day in which we might think of him. Patriotism is a quality which students need to cultivate.

The students have shown a high appreciation of the brief liberty thus granted them. May our experience of this term prove a precedent for the future.



The most important change which has taken place on the Campus since our last issue, is, the removal of the library to its present stand in, the four rooms on the eastern side of Pinehurst Cottage, and of the laboratory to the old library room in Knowles Hall. The change of the library is quite an advantage, it being now away from the noise of the class rooms. The four rooms opening into each other make pleasant alcoves, the first of which contains history and text-books, the second, fiction, biography and miscellany, the third, the theological library, while in the fourth one finds the reference books.

We rejoice with Prof. Baker in his newly acquired "Laboratory," which we think a vast improvement on the old Bakery. The room still contains the cabinet cases, which with the chemical apparatus, make things appear quite business like, and the faint, familiar fragrance of weak chloral, which greets our nostrils makes it seem more than homelike, and assures us that the genius of the laboratory is presiding.



The crossing of cinders placed at the northeast entrance to the campus is among the most important improvements of the year. Through the thoughtfulness of William, a narrow path connects this with the walk within the gate, so bicyclers can pass without dismounting as formerly. This crossing also furnishes a solid foundation for the landing of the Orlando students each morning when the hack

comes in. The need of such a convenience has long been felt and the names of "William" and "Kate" should be indelibly engraved on every thankful heart.



THE town ordinance prohibiting the riding of bicycles on the sidewalks after dark has given the marshal another employment. Early in the term that official could be seen on Interlachen Avenue, lying in wait for those riders who were so unfortunate as to go his way. We understand that he had varying success, one night securing as many as five victims. If this ordi-

nance is unpleasant to the students, it would be more appropriate to petition the town officials to change it than to continue to break it.



WE are glad to notice the interest taken in base-ball this term, and hope that it will increase. Although our boys were beaten twice at the outset, they are still in earnest and mean to have a team which shall be respected and be an honor to the College. Those who do not have places on the nine have an important part to perform in encouraging the players.

MEETING OF THE TRUSTEES.

The annual midwinter meeting of the trustees of Rollins College was held Friday, February 18th. This meeting of the trustees was the most satisfactory for years, and the administration and policy of the new president, Rev. Geo. M. Ward, were most emphatically endorsed, and every offer of encouragement and help was made. In his report President Ward called attention to the fact that, despite the hard times, there has been an actual increase in the number of students over that of last year of more than 100 per cent, a larger gain than that of any preceding year. With the increase in students there has been an increase in revenue from tuition and a corresponding increase in the expenses of the institution. On the whole, the financial outlook of Rollins College was never brighter than now, in spite of hard times and in spite of the fact that the price of tuition is lower than that of any institution of equal grade in the State. And, moreover, provision has been made for all worthy students who are unable to pay tuition,

The trustees present were, President George

M. Ward in the chair; W. G. Peck, W. R. O'Neal, C. M. Bingham, S. F. Gale, Mason Noble, E. P. Hooker, H. B. Shaw and Charles H. Smith. The general election of trustees was postponed until the spring term, but the following four new trustees were elected to fill vacancies and bring the number up to the requisite limit: Rev. C. E. Jones of Lakeland and Rev. S. V. McCorkle of Maitland, to represent the Presbyterian Church; Rev. J. H. Martin of Winter Park, to represent the Methodist Church, and H. S. Chubb of Winter Park.

The courses of study offered by the college and preparatory department have been extended and broadened to conform with more modern ideas of education. Important changes have been made in the entrance requirements for another year. Hereafter the applicant for admission to the college may, in addition to the preliminary subjects, offer Latin and Greek as entrance requirements, as has been the rule heretofore, or may substitute an equivalent amount of work in the modern languages and natural sciences. This is in conformity to the

new entrance requirements of Harvard, Cornell and many of the larger colleges of the country.

Moreover, the candidate for the degree of Bachelor of Arts at Rollins may largely elect his work, but will be required to select some one department and devote at least one-third of his college course to the department chosen. Thus a student, after having done a certain amount of general work, may specialize in the moral and political sciences, history and English literature, the classics, the modern languages, the natural sciences or any other of the departments of instruction in the college proper, and will receive the degree when he has done satisfactorily the requisite amount of work.

As has been the rule heretofore, courses in the college may be taken by special students not candidates for the degree of A. B. and by students in the preparatory department, if they have given proof of their fitness for the work.

The preparatory department associated with the college has a two-fold object—(a) to give a fairly liberal education to students who cannot take a college course, and (b) to give a thorough

preparation for admission to Rollins and other colleges. Freedom of choice in the selection of studies will be allowed in the preparatory department as well as in the college, so that a student in the preparatory department may devote himself to the arts and sciences, whether he intends to take advanced work in the college or not, or may direct his energies toward fitting himself for a business career. In the new commercial department there are opportunities for a thorough, practical training in book-keeping, stenography and telegraphy.

The music and art departments of Rollins have maintained their previous standard of excellence and have met with gratifying success, both in the number of students and quality of work done.

At the recommendation of President Ward, three new departments were organized in the college—(1) that of moral and political science, conducted by President Ward; (2) that of the natural sciences, and (3) that of the modern languages. Dr. Thomas R. Baker was elected to the chair of the sciences and Mr. Elijah Clarence Hills to that of the modern languages.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

Nothing of special interest has happened in local C. E. circles this term, except that the meetings have been unusually good and well attended.

A successful effort has been made by the Society through an appointed committee to raise the \$10.00 pledged this year for state work. Collections have been taken up twice a month and the sum has been raised. Every society should help in this work and if it is taken in time a pledge of \$5.00 or \$10.00 per. year does not prove a burden, and is a great help to the

state organization. The society also recently voted to take up a special collection for District Union work.

If the question of "saloons or no saloons" comes up in this county within the next few months, as is likely, Endeavorers should take an active part in the campaign. The Christian Citizenship department of the C. E. movement could have no better opportunity for work. Every society in the Union should plan for temperance rallies and the society here would do

well to take a leading part as soon as the matter is more certain.

The Juniors are working industriously just now for Missions. A nickel was given each member to invest and see how much could be made with it as capital. The amount raised will be given to the Ybor City Mission.

All Christian Endeavorers feel interested in "California '97," and numerous circulars are

out giving rates, accommodations, etc. Round trip tickets from most of the large cities, New Orleans being the nearest to Florida, among those named will range from \$45 to \$50. These tickets will allow stop-overs at noted places on the return trip, and besides these there will be numerous cheap excursions for delegates and visitors to all special points of interest in California.

R. C. F.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

DEMOSTHENIC SOCIETY.

The officers for this term are : Harold Ward, President ; George Nelson, Vice-President ; Orville McDonald, Recording Secretary ; Hayes Bigelow, Corresponding Secretary ; Norman Baker, Treasurer ; Fred Ensminger and Louis Lyman, Critics ; George Benedict, Marshal ; John Neville, Chaplain ; Harold Ward, Louis Lyman and Clarence Hooker, Executive Committee.

Although everyone has been very busy this term the work of the society has not been neglected and some of it has been very good, especially that of Ensminger, Van Sickle and Hooker.

February 22nd, the members of the society

spent a very delightful evening at the reception given by the Friends In Council.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

The officers for the term are as follows : President, May Hooker ; Vice-President, Nina Walker ; Secretary, Faye Ford ; Treasurer, Faye Ford ; Marshal, Susie Gládwyn ; Chaplain, Alma Haliday ; Critic, Ruth Ford ; Executive Committee, Secretary, Vice-President and Critic.

The hour of meeting was changed from 7 to 6:45 o'clock for the term.

The work has been very good. Two new names have been added to the roll and two old as members have resumed active work, making our number twelve.

ART NOTES.

This term we have seen a number of new faces in the Art studio. Steady advance has been made by those who began the study of art last term and are now working in charcoal.

Several are taking some special work in pen and ink, others in oils and water colors.

The beginning class consists of thirty-two members, there being twelve in the advanced class. Both are doing very nice work. At the Horticultural Fair there was a very creditable exhibition from the Rollins studio which gave

evidence of earnest and faithful work.

The Sketch Club of nine members has reelected the officers of last term and meets every Saturday evening as usual. There have been a number of interesting poses this term. Fancy costumes add to the picturesqueness of the sketches and such poses are not unfrequent.

The studio was open to visitors on the 18th and 19th of March. Many expressed their appreciation of the exhibit.

MUSIC.

Recitals have been held as usual every Tuesday evening. During the term, the lives of Emanuel Bach, Haydin and Mozart have been studied and much time has been spent in thorough drill on musical terms.

Feb. 16 a public recital was given by Miss Peck, assisted by Mr. James V. Logan of Formosa. The people of Rollins enjoyed hearing Mr. Logan and appreciate his kindness in giving the public such a treat. Miss Peck's closing piece, "Tremolo" was especially well received.

The Choral Club has added a choir practice on Saturdays, to its regular Thursday evening work, and sings in the service Sunday morning.

Friday eve March 5th, the Club gave a "Messiah" concert in the College Chapel. It opened with a talk by Miss Root which was interesting and helpful in understanding the famous oratorio. Several choruses were rendered and also solos by Miss Shupp, Miss Gertrude Ford and Mr. Howard Van Sickel.

Tuesday March 9th, Mme. Genevra Johnstone Bishop of Chicago gave a recital, assisted by Miss Cook. Mme. Bishop is one of the best oratorio singers in the country. The students

as well as the Winter Park residents were fortunate in having an opportunity to hear her. The rendering of the "Spanish Orange Girl" and a Gypsy song were especially charming.

Edward Remenyi, the great violinist played in Orlando March 16th.

Feb. 2nd and 3rd, the home talent of Orlando gave an operetta entitled the "Doctor of Alcantara," which proved a great success. The first night a special train ran in from Winter Park and a goodly number, including some students attended the entertainment.

The following is the program of Miss Shupp's Song Recital given March 22:

Gaynor.....	{ "And I," "If I Were a Bee," "Slumber Song," "The Night Hath a Thousand Eyes."
Zarzycki.....	"Woodland Gossip."
Chaminade.....	MISS SHUPP. "Autumn."
Bizet.....	MISS PECK. Aria from "Carmen."
Flute Solo.....	MISS SHUPP. "Believe Me of All Those Endearing Charms."
Mendelssohn.....	MR. COX. "Hopes and Fears."
Cornelius.....	"Monotone."
Goring-Thomas.....	"A Summer Day."
Buck.....	"The Merry Brown Thrush."
	MISS SHUPP.

ATHLETICS.

It is very much to be regretted that we could not have our annual field day this term. Many of the college records were broken last term and we had hoped to give the public an exhibition of some of the best work ever done by students of Rollins.

A grand-stand has been built for the accommodation of spectators, and the members of the Association are very grateful to their many friends who aided in building it.

We have with us this term, Mr. Robert Emery of the University of Vermont. He has coached our base ball team from the time of his arrival and has developed some very good players. We sympathize with him because of the hurt he received so soon after his arrival and congratulate him upon his speedy recovery.

He leaves at the end of the term to join his college team in their southern tour. We wish

him a pleasant and successful trip and regret that he cannot be with us longer.

We have had two games of base ball with the cadets of the U. S. Training Ship Chase, now anchored at St. Petersburg. The first, Feb. 27th was played on our grounds. The game was called at the close of the fifth inning. We lost by a score of 9—10. A ball was given the cadets at the Seminole Hotel the same evening.

March 6th we played them a return game in Tampa. A misunderstanding existed between the lieutenant and the cadets. They expected a game of foot ball and it was with some difficulty that they were persuaded to play base ball. As foot ball had been advertised it was decided to

play a game of each. A five inning game of base ball came first, resulting in a score of 12—6 in favor of the cadets. Our individual playing was good but the team work was poor.

The cadets then entertained the audience with foot-ball. To those acquainted with the game it was very amusing, and we think they can scour decks much better than they can play foot-ball, (and make promises much more readily than they keep them. We did not get our half of the gate receipts as was agreed upon.)

March 11th, the Junior College team played the Winter Park team. The game was full of interest and resulted in a score of 20—4 in favor of the college nine.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

Another term has gone, and with it the liveliest weeks of the year. Among the events that have made school life enjoyable, our social pleasures stand prominent. This winter, "at homes" have seemed quite popular and of those who received their friends in this way we may mention Mrs. Comstock and Mrs. Kirkpatrick, each being a very elegant affair.

The evening of February 22nd, The Friends In Council gave a reception to the faculty and to the Demosthenic Society. The Council were "at home" in the chapel, which had been entirely transformed for the occasion. The rows of seats had disappeared, and comfortable easy chairs and divans took their places. Rugs covered the floor, and upon dainty tables interesting pictures invited inspection, and books with attractive bindings made one long to open them. Our country's motto, those of the college and of both societies, together with palms, jessamine, flags and bunt-

ing decorated the walls, while the memorable hatchet occupied a prominent place. The society certainly gave its friends a charming evening.

By inviting her music pupils to spend the evening at her home, Miss Shupp made one Friday night most pleasant.

The gymnasium entertainment is one of the features of Rollins, and this year it came off in February. First was the regular class work and then the more attractive part of the exhibition consisting of three drills by the young women and a burlesque by the young men. The first drill was a fancy march, the second a zouave drill in costume with Japanese parasols as weapons. Lastly the Japanese drill; Again the parasols appeared and the bright colors of these, and of the dresses made the scene a gay one. The intervals between the drills were occupied by the young men in an exhibition of their heavy work, and near the close, they gave a

burlesque on all that the young women had done, which proved extremely amusing.

One somewhat notable event of the season was a dinner given at the Seminole March 4th, in honor of Mr. Dick, the manager. Sixty guests came from Orlando on a special train, and one hundred fifty persons had seats at the tables. President Ward acted as toastmaster, Prof. Austin responded to "Our host and our guest," and following him were other toasts by

Messrs. Garret, Cheney, Gore and Butt of Orlando, and Major Sydney Herbet of Maitland.

On the afternoon and evening of March 12th, the ladies of the Congregational Church gave a strawberry fete at the Lyman cottage. Ice cream, cake, strawberries and flowers were sold. The Seminole orchestra furnished music. There was a program prepared for the evening. The gathering was a success financially and socially.

LOCALS.

Horrible! Horrible!! Another Sunday accident. Details not known. March 7, witnessed the accident of the season. Three young lads of varying ages, names unknown (?) were cap-sized while out boating Sunday afternoon. The first known of the affair was the appearance of one of the party about dinner time at Lakeside Cottage. His hair was disarranged, his face was pale and betrayed great fright. He made his errand known with difficulty, and a party was at once formed and led to a point on the other side of the lake as near as possible to the scene of the disaster, in the hope that they might not be too late to render some service, but alas! Their hopes were in vain, no help was needed! All was over! Both were found quite near the shore, probably having been driven in by the waves. Again alas! They were cold! They had been in the water too long to be otherwise. Their friend aided them in bailing out the boat and the whole party were very late for dinner.

Local happenings have been few this term. The long list of little things that usually fills this column seems to have given way to two or three big things; the Horticultural Fair of Winter

Park, Golden Rod, etc., etc., Horticultural Association, for instance. That was a big thing, no mistake, and great credit is due to the management for its complete success. It was held in Givin's packing house, which was tastefully decorated. Many features such as the bicycle races and parade, the gymnasium exhibition and the Ice Cream stand, added to the attraction.

The break in the clay road between Orlando and Winter Park, has been clayed this term.

Mac's mustache is not exactly a big thing yet, but it has made quite an addition since last term.

Part of the work of the surveying class has been the triangulation of Lake Virginia, and from the field-notes of this work several plots of the lake were made, and a very neat and accurate map drawn by Arthur Maxson. Some measurements derived from this triangulation are given below.

The length of the shore line of the lake is 12,300 feet; the distance from the college dock to the nearest point on the opposite shore is 840 feet; the distance across the lake at its widest place is 3,850 feet; the length of the lake from railroad bridge southwest of the college campus,

measured in a line at right angles to the chord of the bridge, is 4,625 feet.

Mr. H. D. Potter found a fine specimen of Indian pottery a short time ago in the woods near the college campus, and has given it to the college for the natural history collection.

Nina's successful fishing—three large fish in less than an hour—enough for a breakfast for a whole table full; and a whole fish left.

We are glad to welcome Mr. Donovan among us again.

One of the most important gatherings that ever convened in Orange County was the Good Roads Congress which met in Orlando early in February. Delegates were present by governmental appointment from many States both North and South, and much general, as well as local, interest was manifested in the meeting. The most important matters discussed were the legislating required to advance good road-making throughout the country, the best material for making roads, and best ways of making them.

The presiding officer was Gen. Stone, of Washington, D. C., connected with the road improvement department of the National Bureau of Agriculture. Among the many interesting

and valuable papers read before the Congress, that of Gen. Stone on "Good Road Making in Florida" was of most interest and importance to us. The Statement that good roads could be made more cheaply in Florida than in any other state in the Union was forcibly emphasized by General Stone; for in our road-making we have no grading to do, very little draining is necessary and we have an abundance of material easily accessible. The speaker predicted that in the near future every section of Florida will be provided with good roads, and the indications are that if local interest in the movement continues to grow as it has been growing during the past year, Florida will have a greater mileage of good roads than any other State in the Union.

The extension of the clay road from the Seminole eastward for more than a mile is quite an improvement aiding travel in that direction and making a very pleasant drive and bicycle ride.

We rejoice to see an old "Demon" back among us in the person of Fred Ward and hope his month's visit will be a happy one, as we are sure it must be.

EXCHANGES.

We have before us the Christmas number of the *McMicken Review*, which contains an interesting and happily-written account of the 150th anniversary of Princeton College.

Teacher: "Do you stutter all the time?"

New boy: "N-n-no, ma'am only wh-wh-when I t-t-t-talk."

Yale receives \$60,000, one of the many generous gifts to various objects from the late George Bliss. The bequest is to be disposed of at the discretion of the President.

He: "Have you heard my new song, 'The proposal?'"

She: "No; What key is it in?"

He: "Be mine—er."

She: "I will, and now you can transpose it to the key of 'A flat.'"

"The Uses of Good Literature" is one of the pleasing features of the January *College Exponent*.

"Capital punishment," said the boy when the teacher seated him beside a girl.

Teacher: "How was Tyre destroyed?"

Scholar: "Tyre? Punctured, I guess."

We acknowledge the *High School Leader* of Butte, Montana. Florida sends greetings to far off Montana.

Yale has graduated ninety-two college presidents.

A New York father who has a son in Yale at an annual expense of \$1,200 fears that he will be obliged to say with Aaron, "Behold, I have thrown gold into the fire and there has come out this calf."

The first college paper printed in the United States was at Dartmouth College with Daniel Webster as editor in chief.

"Money am offen like some days," said brother Watkins, "dew in the mornin' and mist at night."

Columbia College, New York, will build a new gymnasium, which, when completed, will

be the finest building of the kind in the world. It will cost \$450,000, and will contain, among other things, the largest swimming pool in the world. There is also a movement on foot to induce the business men of New York to donate \$1,000,000 for the purchase of an athletic field near the university.—*College Exponent*.

"Take away women," shouted the orator, "and what would follow?"

"We would," promptly replied a man in the audience.

In Germany one man in 213 goes to college; in Scotland one in 520; in the United States one in 2,000 and in England one in 5,000.

"We cannot expect to be mowers,

And reap the bright golden years,

Unless we first have been sowers,

And watered the furrows with tears."

Keep your milk of human kindness fresh—
it will never keep in a vinegar jug.

SPURS.

HALF QUERIES;

Concerning the Inmates of Roll. Coll.

Some harmless folks are noted for

A most enquiring mind;

But if these questions seem quite blunt

No rudeness is designed.

Does G. M. War—?

(I wonder what for)

He surely holds the victor's place.

Marion O'Neal!

When suffering's real

Can one bear always Paine with Grace?

Is Susie Glad—?

And Lucy Sad—?

Why are those circumstances thus?

But if Mabel Ken—

The "why" and "when,"

I certainly don't need to fuss.

Can Mabel Brew—?

And broil and stew?

And when she does is Raymond Thayer?

Can Norman Bake—?

Which, bread or cake?

And if the last, is it plain or layer?

What does Ray Bey—?

Can Louis Ly—?

Say, can the charming Frederick

Turn—?

Can Nina Walk—?

And also talk?

And must Claude either Wash or burn?
 What makes Hayes Big—?
 To delve and dig?
 Why's De Witt Gray and Harry Green?
 Is John Neville?
 P'raps Myra Will—
 Appear with healing on the scene.

Tell me who can
 Why Arthur Ran—?
 What was it scared the young man so?
 Can Gertrude Ford
 Without the "Board?"
 Now this I'd really like to know."

Wait Mabel Til—
 Sweet Gertrude Will—
 Come over to your room to call;
 The rain May Patter—
 (What does that matter?)
 "Into each Life some rain must fall."

If Mary Ens—?
 The year with friends
 (Saying "this is all my holiday")
 O'er Hill and Dale
 You hear the wail—
 "Good gracious John! our Gal oway?"

Does Nellie Pres—
 Her kindness? Yes?
 Is Pina Cool—? And Mary Hard—?
 If the smiling May
 Should go away
 What would become of her old Ward?

Can we Carrie R. Price
 Concerning ice?
 May Edith Russel by the Field?
 Has Mary A. Burr—
 That's fast to her?
 How much do Berry Hunters yield.

Does Marion Coo—
 The whole day through?
 Is Bessie Merri—? Florence Cros—?
 Does S. C. No—
 Where violets grow?
 Do (S)lemons Eva(r) Root in moss?

Does Beatrice Perk—?
 Has Belle McCork—?
 What good's a Miller without Mills?
 If John W. New—
 Just what I do

Would he go tramping over Hills?

A "Simple Simon" in your midst
 Most earnestly desires
 Authentic answers to th'above
 Before the term expires.

*
 * *

THE LAZY STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY.

Parody: "HAMLET," Act III, Scene I.

To "flunk" or not to "flunk,"—that is the
 question:

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
 The slings and arrows of a racking torture,
 Or to take arms against a sea of troubles
 And by not studying, end them? To "flunk,"
 to sleep:—

And so not worry: and by a sleep to end
 The brain-ache, and the thousand natural
 shocks

That study gives us,—'tis a consummation
 Devoutly to be wished. To "flunk,"—to
 sleep:—

To sleep! Perchance to wake too late:—ay,
 there's the rub

For in that sleep of study hour, may come
 With loving kindness and forbearance shuffled
 off.

The matron, and report me. There's one
 respect

That makes me study.
 Then, who would wear his poor brains out
 Dissolve his mind in study, and so suffer
 But for the dread something *after* "flunk-
 ing :"—
 "You may take this lesson *over* again."

A TRAGEDY.

It was midnight. The modern Samson slept serenely on, unconscious of the fact that he was a murderer,—that henceforth the brand of Cain must rest upon him. He did not know how in the silent watches of the night, his strong right hand had suddenly shot forth, dealing destruction and death to a being that had trustingly come to him for suc(k)or.

And upon Samson's right cheek might have been seen the mangled remains of a once happy mosquito !

A mule can kick hard enough to break a silver dollar.

Watson: Give me a dollar and I will break it.

Mr. Barr will soon issue a pamphlet on "How to float and swim in Lake Virginia."

Various noises from parts of the dining hall reminds one of a farm yard.

George W. : (At breakfast table) I am sorry for those cakes.

Geo. N. : Why.

Prof. R. : Because they will get cut up.

It was sad that Mr. Emery missed his train. He was showing a small crowd of young people from the "Square" how to fall off a bicycle in the sand with his best clothes on.

The spectators were much amused.

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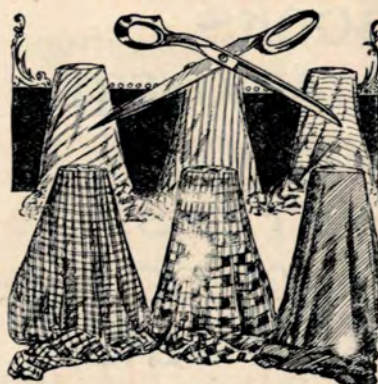
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