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# THE SAND-SPUR.



STICK TO IT.

VOL. III.

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA, MAY 21, 1897.

No. 3.

## LITERARY.

### ALMA MATER.

O blest are the friendships in school days we form,  
How we love in their sweetness to dwell,  
The teacher who taught what we hated to learn  
And required us to master it well,  
A classmate who plodded through lessons the same,  
Who strove our best pace to excel,  
How gladly we welcome the sound of the name,  
A suggestion of tales to retell.

When out in the world for the first time we went  
With our backs to the shelter so warm,  
How often we yearned as our efforts were spent,  
For rest and relief from the storm;  
And often we turned to the beacon that sent  
From its haven of peace a clear light,  
Which illumined the wake of our vessel, so bent,  
And dispelled a dark gloom from the night.

O! life is a struggle, the world at its best  
Is a boisterous buffeting sea,  
Where many a storm-ridden vessel be-tossed,  
Overwhelmed, is soon lost: but the free  
Are oft brought to harbor by light from the coast  
And bless the kind beacon which sends  
Over ocean and bay from its station so blest,  
Sweet encouragement out to its friends.

Of back to the port where equipped for the fight  
'Gainst the winds and the waves in their power,  
With cables stretched taut and with hawsers  
drawn tight,  
Strains a new ship, the pride of the hour,  
Come gathering together to look at the sight,  
Many sailors who'd previously gone,  
Rejoiced to come back once again to the light  
Which had guided them faithfully home.

How joyful to ramble with friends of our youth  
Over scenes to our memories dear;  
To point to the spot where the rhythm of truth  
Was first caught by the listening ear,  
Yes, there is the college; the wealth that it hath  
Is measured in values unknown,  
It holds as its own best possession the worth  
Of the hearts that to love it have grown.

FRED P. ENSMINGER, B. S. ROLLINS '97.

### AMBITION.

In these mushroom-like California towns, community. The pathos of it all is sympathetically appreciated by the stranger who has the gift of finding it out, but yet in a somewhat impersonal way. There came within the observ-

ation of an idle stroller such a case and with the curiosity of idleness, he followed it.

Out toward the foot hills, as you leave the railway, was laid out the greater part of the city. But in a way known only to the men that controlled the valuation of land in "the boom," the tide turned in the opposite direction. There are still standing the great bill boards advertising some one's "addition," or some one else's "tract." The streets are marked by corner posts bearing their names, though not by marks of travel. Along the rows of posts marked out Main Street, one may trace the parallel lines of a car track, which according to the driver of the one dilapidated car, will guide one to Elysian Park. The name suggests beauty, and Nature did all she could to provide it, but found herself helpless to create a park on sagebrush covered hillsides. Only the view was worth the long uninteresting ride with what appeared to be the most commonplace of old men. At least so he seemed to me, when I entered the car.

The sturdy brown mule jogged on for almost an hour, it seemed, though one does not take careful account of time when within sight of the changing sights and shadows of the mountains. Suddenly turning a corner, before us lay an oasis in the desert. To be sure, it was confined to the dimensions of an ordinary building lot, but where before had there been in such small space such a wealth of foliage and blossom? Two great fan palms guarded the entrance, and behind them grew roses in a perfect riot of color. Bushes, trees, and shrubs all grew with the same luxuriance and seemingly had no aid from the hands of man except an abundance of water. No house was visible, though at the back a tangle of red and white blossoms suggested the outline of some building.

"Maybe you'd like to get off here," suggested the driver. "I go on up to that old car and wait an hour before I start back." Willing assent was given, and between the palms I passed, only to halt at the first turn of the narrow asphalt walk. There before me were the marks of a baby's tiny feet, as distinct and unworn as if made but yesterday. In the soft grass beside them was worn a path, evidently by a single pair of feet, whose owner was unwilling to tread on those dainty footprints. Following the walk and reaching the low building, the first glance revealed that it had been built for a coach house. There were the broad doors, now clasped across by the long arm of a climbing rose bush. At the side was a smaller door, with steps newly scrubbed; and the windows were shining and curtained. This then was the home, but where were the inhabitants thereof? Knocking failed to bring anyone, and there was no sign of life, except a few chickens roaming leisurely about. Thought I, "It is hard to remove every sign of a child's presence, but certainly there is no one here. My only hope rests with the car driver, if I wish to find out how those baby feet happened to run over that bit of pavement."

Another half hour among the luxuriant shrubbery, brought back the hitherto uncommunicative car driver, who observed cheerfully, "Well, did ye see the place?" Since I could not possibly have avoided seeing it, such a natural question led to my great question. "Yes, indeed; and who lives there?" "Me" was the laconic and ungrammatical reply. "You and no one else?" "Yes, sir, just me." So for once supply and demand agreed and to my surprise he seemed almost as anxious to give information as I was to receive. Not to repeat all the tiresome dialogue, here is what followed; it may

lack pathos in the telling, but there is much between the lines.

"You see she was ambitious. Ever know one of them ambitious women? Well, I'd a liked money, too, if so be as twan't so hard to git, without you work all the time. But her pa'd left some money, and when shed got her share, she wanted I should speculate. Well I ain't any on speculatin', but land! I wish't you'd seen her! Some women are that way. We'd scraped up what would buy all this for a farm," and he waved his hand comprehensively at the "Jenkins' addition" signs all about, "and she said wait we'd sell it high some day. We'd just put up a one story shanty-like—use it for chickens now—and then that boom came along."

Well, sir, that woman went downtown, and she sold that farm for ever so much more than it was worth—maybe not that, but more'n it cost say. And then she bought and sold, and bought. I expect you've heard of the boom back East, ain't you? And when she came out, she had most of that farm back, and enough to build us a fine house and all. Tell you she was a smart woman. You see, she'd had the farm surveyed, and those trees planted, and on our own special lot, roses and callas and things. See that geranium that is growing up over the chicken house? Well sir, she carried that in her hands all the way from Stewartville, where we lived. Beats all what a woman wants plants on the cars for. Thought they didn't have 'em out here! And course she put it by the door when we settled in the shanty till we'd get the house put up."

"Well, then she got some of the money and started in on the barn. Don't know why she wanted the barn first; said we'd get that done, and speculate some more with the house money. What was I doing? An'—well, some one had to

look after Elsie. Say did you see them foot marks?" Just as if I hadn't been listening patiently to hear of that very thing.

"Weren't her feet cute and pretty? She was just two years old, then. Where is she? Why dead, of course? Couldn't you see there wasn't any little folks about up there? I always think I wasn't quite as careful of her as I ought to been. Don't you think a man's awkward with them? Course I was fond of her, specially so 'cause she was mine, but land! I always loved children, and I guess that's why I really never got much beyond them in my way of thinking."

"Now you're blaming Maggie. Hold on, Mister, you're just like the rest—won't wait till I tell you. Maggie and I, we'd always been near neighbors, and went to school and church together, and course she married me. Well, I never did care for any one else; and she didn't have no one either, excepting one of Farmer Meadow's boys."

"Elsie, she was just like her, spry and knew her own mind. Why, when her ma was getting that stone walk in, I had her out there and she just looked hard at it, and then paddled right in. The men at work were mad; but Maggie she said let it be, because it was just in front of the lot we'd planted for our own, and we wasn't neither of us sorry that she had put her mark on what we cared for, only because it would make a lady of her. We'd called it Jenkins' addition, you see, and the car line would come our way, and by that time she'd be growed up!"

"Well, just as Maggie got the barn done, and bought some more land to sell, didn't the bottom fall right out of that boom! Yes, sir! What did she do! Well not anything just then, because Elsie she had scarlet fever, and Maggie she didn't have any time except to nurse her,

Course I ought not to have let it run so far without telling Maggie, but she was so busy. No sir, she never neglected Elsie a minute; course not, even when she found out. But we lost her anyway."

"Maggie she never even asked where the money went. I s'pose you want to know about her next. Well, she went to Elsie. Funny about these ambitious women, aint it? Don't believe she was working for anything but Elsie, and after that happened, she didn't care.

"Me? Oh! Well, course I live in the barn, I never wanted no house, and horses was'n't any good to me. Ain't never been one on the place. A barn aint so bad to live in, when it aint no bigger than the one Maggie built. And there wasn't any money, anyway. I get the taxes paid—takes all my wages—and nobody ever wants any lots out here. There ain't any water, except from the wind-mill Maggie put up, and the city's going the other way, anyhow. And then I was

a one longer long before Maggie married me. Kind of a mean name ain't it? But they say it often enough out here. Tell you, though, this country is a paradise for us. Why, I've driven this car six years, and I couldn't have done it one, back in Ohio. Company has to use the line to hold the franchise, and they hire me cause I live handy, and then I work cheap."

"Yes, sir," as I got off, "two trips a day, leave the city 9:30 and 4:30."

"Well, sir," as he would say, I had a new question to interest me, as I walked over to the Broadway car. Sometimes I still wonder how far my evident curiosity subdued, perhaps even caused to be hidden altogether, any grief he may have felt. Yet, it is quite possible that to him the story was too commonplace to call forth much feeling. There are such people in the world.

FRANCES HABBITT CROOKS, ROLLINS '95.

## THE DAISY'S MISSION.

A little daisy, growing in the grass,

Longed to be mighty like the stately trees,  
Whose branches, reaching upward towards the  
sky,

Were softly rustled by the summer breeze.

"I would that men could rest beneath my shade;  
That birds might light upon my branches high.  
Here grow I, all unheeded, useless, small."

This was the daisy's oft repeated cry.

But one bright day, across the sunny field,

A boy with hurried footsteps chanced to pass,  
Yet stooped, and from its lowly hiding place,  
He plucked the little daisy in the grass.

He placed it in the little feeble hand

Of a small child, lain sick for many a day:  
The fevered eyes grew softer, tossing ceased;  
Holding the daisy, still the sick child lay.

She stroked the pure white petals, then she asked:

"O Brother, will you take me where they grow  
When I am well again? O take me please;  
I want to see the daisies white as snow."

"Yes dear, and you shall see the mighty trees,  
And some of them are very, very old."

"I do not want the trees," the child replied,  
"I only love the flowers with hearts of gold."

Soothed by the beauty of the little flower,  
The child soon slept the sleep of strength and  
health.

The little daisy too was comforted  
And felt itself possessed of wondrous wealth.

And thus the little flow'r its work performed,  
E'en though 'till now, it thought itself so  
small,

A work it surely never could have done,  
If it had been an oak tree, grand and tall.

So by our lives God gives us power to make  
Some other life, more pure, more fair and  
bright:

Our hearts should then be strong as well-tried gold,  
And pure as daisies' petals, fair and white.

ELIZABETH H. RAND.

## THE BISHOP'S VISIT.

BY MARGARET L. HOLBROOK SMITH.

[BY PERMISSION OF THE AUTHOR.]

We were seated at the tea table one evening down in our Florida home, when our dusky maiden appeared at the door and announced that "de Bishop, de presidin' Bishop, will be at de church dis night, an' all you white folks is invited an' it's gwine to be a mos' distracted meetin', shuh nuif." Such an inducement could not be resisted, and we all hastened through our supper, and then taking up our lantern, we turned our faces toward the negro quarters.

At one end of the settlement, under the great pine trees, stands the little church. It is of course wooden, gayly painted, its windows of gorgeous glass vying with the splendor of the multi-colored gowns and turbans of the women gathered within. Old and young are assembled. Darkies of quality from de fus' families of Virginia, sub, down to the blackest negro just over from Africa. Ancient "uncles" and mites of pickaninnies all are present. One old aristocrat ushers us into a seat. His bald head shines like a billiard-ball, as do also his immaculate shoes. His trousers are green as the Emerald Isle and his cutaway coat, his purple necktie and his sky blue handkerchief,

peeping out from his pocket, complete a costume, striking to say the least.

And above the congregation towers the Bishop—an imposing figure. Portly and pompous, he rises in the pulpit and commences his discourse. Soft at first, his voice gradually increases, growing louder and louder until at length it pours forth in a perfect torrent. He paces up and down the platform, he waves his arms frantically. Then suddenly from one tremendous outburst he drops into the softest, sweetest tones. He tells of a visit he has just paid to his old master; how his "massa" has been left poor and homeless since "de wah." Truly this is a land where the wheel of fortune turns most swiftly! Then he proceeds to speak of the great changes that may come, of the great change that must come to all some day and again his voice rises. In his earnestness the veins in his forehead swell as if they would burst, and the great drops appear. He fairly shouts, "when I get to heben, I can hand over to de Lord my ticket for my resurrection body. Tank Jesus, I hab it rady. Hab

you it rady also, my brudders?" And from all parts of the church comes the answer, "Amen!" "Yes Lord!" "Dats so!" "Just so, Lord Jesus!" One woman in the front row, swaying back and forth, is overcome by emotion and falls to the floor writhing and wringing her hands. It is difficult for us to realize that it is not a fit, but only the case of one who has "got religion," and even the passive young Englishmen owning groves near by, who have ridden up and stopped outside the windows to listen, rise in their stirrups and look curiously within.

Then follows the communion service. A tin cup serves as a chalice! Whiskey takes the place of wine—one spoonful of it being measured out to each communicant.

But the evening is not yet over, for nowhere is there a darky meeting without its collection. Hastily the tin cup is rinsed and wiped. For what purpose? As a plate to be sure. And it is now passed for "de benefit ob Home Missions." Fifty dollars must be raised. Can it be done? Slowly the pile increases, each one adding his amount, however small. A visitor is seated in one of the back pews, a comfortable old gentleman, a boarder from the hotel. The minister spies him and remarks, "Now won't dat gentilman on de hin"

seat gib one dollah—jus' one? I know he will, he jus' looks dat kin'." And forthwith our old aristocratic usher ambles down the aisle. It is needless to say that he is not refused. How could one resist such importunity? We at least cannot, so we add our pittance and then depart, leaving the little congregation intent on raising funds for Home Missions.

The full moon has risen—the Florida moon, than which none could be more lovely. The long gray moss hanging from the pines sways to and fro in the delicious balmy breeze—and the month is February! We recall that month a few years ago. We had spent it in Montreal, and as we trudge along in single file through the woods, we find ourselves unconsciously humming some lines of a Canadian air that the snow shoers sing. It runs in this wise:

Lightly dipping,

Tripping o'er the snow,

This club in Indian file

Tramps over many a mile,

Lightly dipping,

Tripping o'er the snow, etc.

And we smile to ourselves. It is the same America, and yet how different. Charming Florida!—*From The Christian Intelligencer.*

SEATTLE, WASHINGTON, April 20, 1897.  
MY DEAR FRIENDS OF ROLLINS:

This is a wonderfully beautiful day and the sight of the snow capped Olympics across the dancing waters of the sound from my window, suggest that I tell you a little about this corner of our country, so far away and so different from the home of Rollins.

Doubtless you have often heard it said that "Washington is the wettest state in the Union"

with perhaps the single exception of Kentucky. Washington's moisture, however, is the genuine article and not the manufactured; so we have no quarrel with our sister state. We have considerable rain here, but as one of Rollins' former teachers who has recently arrived, remarked to me a short time ago, "it seems to be a kind of a dry rain anyway, so one does not mind it much."

We can usually tell the time of year by the

the rains, for as a rule when it is time to rain it rains and when it is time to stop it stops and not another drop comes down till the calendar says it is time to begin again. This spring, however, I think the supply must be getting low and Old Probabilities is sandwiching in a good many days of sunshine in order to make it hold out till the appointed time.

Nature must have had a surplus of material as she approached the end of her work at this -- the jumping off place -- and, in order to get it all in, made everything on a huge scale. The tallest trees, the deepest waters, the highest mountains and the superlative of almost everything is characteristic of the Pacific coast. The Yankee, not to be outdone, immediately upon his arrival here, began to hew down the ancient monarchs of the forest, to dig through or tear down the hills and mountains and to fill up or bridge over the deep gorges. But he has a pretty big job on his hands and we can enjoy the grandeur of nature for some time to come.

The mountains are now the magnet that attracts all eyes and thoughts, for in them nature has locked her treasures. Men think, talk and dream of nothing but gold here and we hear of it from morning till night. They come and go, singly and in droves, all with but a single thought, gold, gold, gold. The woods are full of them, crowding as the snow disappears, up through the foot hills and into the mountains. Some come laden with the yellow nuggets, others come empty handed, but we never hear of the latter. It's catching too, this gold fever. I have it myself, and when the year's work is done I think I shall roll up my blankets and become a roving prospector for a few months.

There is something fascinating for me about

these grand mountains. In the clear summer days I stand on the hills above Lake Washington and there with the long stretches of glittering waves far below to north and south, the Olympics at my back, the snowy cascade in front with Mt. Baker standing cold and white, covered with an eternal mantle of snow, far away to the north, and Old Rainies raising his magnificent dome in the south till it almost shuts out the mid-day sun, I like to think of the master mind controlling the stupendous forces that through their working have left such glorious monuments to His power. There is something awful about them. One can almost feel their might and the heart is filled with a desire to grow and be more like them, grander and better and more worthy of the great creator.

Next to the mountains I think I like the water best. There is no end to bays, passes, landlocked sheets of water and narrows with their rushing tides, steep cliffs and pleasure grounds galore.

Beneath the waters are endless varieties of the inhabitants of the deep; anything from a tiny shrimp to the hideous devil fish or huge whale, and by the way if you want to see an interesting sight, just take a trip on the bay some dark night when every motion of the water makes a long trail of light, and see if you can tell the size, shape, character or number of millions of creatures you see darting here, there and every where beneath and beside you.

I hope all good Rollinites will make up their minds to join the Christian Endeavor pilgrimage to San Francisco in July and take in Washington on their way home. We shall be glad to see you and you will find a considerable number of Rollins people already here.

ALTON WAYLAND LANE, (ROLLINS '92-'93.)

## SONNET.

O, how I pity him who sees no God  
 In all His wondrous works on every side ;  
 But is content to struggle, toil and plod,  
 And leave life's richest, sweetest joys untried!  
 O, how I pity him who thinks his soul  
 Dies with the wretched frame in which 'tis  
 bound,  
 And that this earthly life contains the whole  
 Which ever will for mortal man be found !

Why bear so long life's labor, grief and pain,  
 If a loving God does not our suffering share ?  
 Why strive so long a virtuous soul to gain,  
 If it does not for Heaven's pure life prepare ?  
 O, vain indeed would all life's struggles be,  
 If my soul's life was not Eternity !

PAUL DEAN FAIRCHILD, (ROLLINS '95),  
 OBERLIN COLLEGE.

## OUR SCHOOL DAYS.

Our school days ! There is something particularly sweet about the words. Who ever forgets them? We look back upon our school days and speak of them with pride in that they were our's and not another's. Our joys were such full joys and our griefs so soon forgotten. In after years the events and circumstances of those days appear to us as vividly as if they had happened but yesterday and seem to beckon us back over the long years.

And when your old friend, who calls you Tom or Harry as he used to, sits down with you in some shady corner on a summer afternoon and recalls the days of "auld lang syne," when you went to the little school in the backwoods of primeval Florida and the thrashings you got and the girls you woo'd with sugary notes of "roses red and violets blue ;" often there is a burst of laughter from that quarter which might not be equaled by younger bodies. The little school house is a thing of the past.

But the teacher that stands out as the one character in that part of Florida till this day, was Miss Hunter. The calendar dates back to Miss Hunter's school. And the room at the house where she staid the most of the time

while with us, is known as Miss Hunter's room. How she was stranded in that little community of C—is a mystery which was never solved; for she seemed to fall down from the sky into our midst.

One sunny noon of late September she came. She was herself a mystery. For during all the time she was with us not one word did she breathe concerning her past or her friends, except in little exaggerated snatches of her experiences. In appearance she was small and dark, with a figure made youthful by every means and contrivance, hair an unnatural black and a mouth which wore an expression as if it were habitually accustomed to saying "prunes and prisms." But later we found out that it was caused by a double set of false teeth which were unruly enough to fall together sometimes. We found out many things with watchful eyes. Not even the little string of black beads which she carried in her pocket so jealously, or the quick, fluttering little motions which she made over her face with her fingers, when a crash of thunder came, escaped us.

Then the school days began. Long, quiet days when we inbibed knowledge of things in

school, for our teacher had an education beyond that of the average country teacher. We learned of her and loved her. The glorious days when we started with our lunch baskets and books and went whistling and shouting through the spicy pine woods, over the knoll and finished with a grand rush at the door of the little log school house, are never forgotten. At one end of the building there was a fire-place made of clay and sticks, at the opposite end was the one glass window which it boasted. The two windows on one side were closed with board shutters, on the sill of one were some marks made with a knife and which served as a sun dial.

Around the wall were benches of the most primitive design and without backs. Along one side was a desk, at which we could sit with our copy books and slates. On the cold days of winter, when the wind came in through "many a chink, making ventilation sure," we sat about the fire place and studied by the light of a blazing fire of pine cones, aided by that which came in through the one glass window. And when the long, hot days of summer came and the sweet smell of the woods was wafted through, and the horse flies hummed upon the ceiling, where a more venturesome bumble bee sometimes intruded himself, the temptation to fall asleep was often too great.

Thus two years passed quietly. Then there arose dissensions among the patrons of the school. The ignorant were prejudiced against Miss Hunter because she did not *whip*. Then they called her a "furriner," because she came from some place other than Florida. She caused the little glass window to be put in the school house and a fence to be put about it, so that the pigs could no longer reign beneath, all to no avail. The climax came one morning when we found our little school in ashes. But this daunted neither

teacher or those who supported her; for another house was found in which she taught three weeks, when this also was burned.

Everything seemed against her and she gave up her teaching and went away. But one day about a year later she came back to her friends. She was ill; the pain in her side of which she used to complain in former days had grown worse and developed into a terrible cancer. She lived about three months, but never a word more did she tell of friends or relatives. At the last she requested that the priest from the neighboring town be sent for. He came and afterwards she seemed at peace. After her death there were found in her trunk some letters yellow with age, which bore the addresses of several prominent men in the eastern states. We wrote to these people and informed them of her death, and then the letters came pouring in with questions and information concerning her. It seems she had been lost to her family many years.

The story was that she went crazy at the death of a young sister who was very dear to her and she never fully recovered from the shock. It was her belief that the child was buried alive and nothing would make her think otherwise. She blamed her people for doing it, and as it was unpleasant for them and her, she left home, and since then had led a wandering life in the west and south, teaching school where ever opportunity offered.

She lies out in the little country burying ground, in an unconsecrated grave, with no cross to mark it. But I think her rest is as sweet and deep as of that of the more favored.

SUSIE T. GLADWIN. (ROLLINS '91-'97).

The more we know of any one ground of knowledge, the farther we see into the general domain of intellect.—Leigh Hunt.

## "BRINGING IN THE BOAR'S HEAD."

Each season in its turn brings much that is of interest to a sojourner in a foreign land. Christmastide perhaps most of all.

The holiday ceremony of "Bringing in the Boar's Head" is one of England's quaintest festivals and as its observance is limited to Queen's College in Oxford and St. Johns, Cambridge, one is especially privileged to have the opportunity of breathing the spirit of an old world Christmas in this "merrie joust of ye olden tyme."

Like all old English ceremonies, a legend is attached to it ascribing its origin, and a very fanciful one it is. Five hundred years ago, a student of Queen's College was perusing Aristotle in a forest near Oxford, when he was attacked by a wild boar and in the struggle managed to thrust the edition of Aristotle down his opponent's throat, exclaiming "Graecum est" thus suffocating him. To strengthen this slight thread of tradition a picture in the college hall is shown of a saint with a boar's head transfixed on a spear, while underneath is a mystic inscription. The custom was introduced here to celebrate the traditional escape.

With less fancy, but a greater semblance of truth, we are told that it is an outgrowth of the old Babylonish Sun Festival. A part of the ancient ceremony was a sacrifice to Adonis of a wild boar, as the Sun God was said to have been killed by a boar's tusk.

This custom has been kept up by the Druids in their Yuletide festivals, then in the later Christian observances, till now we find it merely a survival of the ancient sun worship, at the winter solstice. As long ago as Saxon times, the boar's head was the first dish of the State

Christmas dinner and was carried to the great hall with much pomp and ceremony.

Naturally, we were much interested to see the nineteenth century celebration of this time honored festival and so we presented ourselves before old Queen's imposing doors with curiosity aroused. No challenge could intimidate us; for hadn't we the private card of entrance of a don himself? Inside the large dining hall, hung with portraits of Queen's famous men, past and present, we awaited the ceremony, whatever it might be. Presently a shrill trumpet sounded the return from the day's hunt and the spectators parted, leaving space for the triumphant entry. Then in the distance a voice was heard chanting this ancient rhyme:

"The boar's head in hand bear I,  
Bedecked with bay and rosemary  
And I pray you, my masters be merry,  
Quot estis in convivis."

The huge head, weighing at least seventy pounds, then came into view, borne on the shoulders of three men. Behind came the choristers, while in front walked the herald or precentor, tunelessly telling forth the merit of the dish.

As the boyish voices burst forth with the Latin refrain, the line moved on toward the table at the opposite end setting in motion the flags and greens that adorned the head.

"Caput apri defero  
Reddens lades domino."

Then the second verse, all standing:

"The Boar's head I understand,  
Is the bravest dish in all the land  
When thus bedecked with a gay garland  
Let us servire cantico."

Once more the line moved on, while the

lusty chorus was again heard. Then came the last verse :

“Our steward has provided this  
In honor of the king of bliss,  
Which on this day to be served is  
In *Regimensis atrio*.”

The dish was then placed on the table before the dignitaries, who stood waiting to receive it with much state. Here the ceremony proper ended and the choir boys rushed about the head, wildly grasping for a bit of green. As soon as they were satisfied, the bystanders pushed forward and struggled for a tiny piece of decora-

tion as eagerly as the smallest chorister and looked quite as triumphant if they succeeded.

The supply was at last exhausted and we left the hall with an appetite quickened for our Christmas dinner by the sight of the tempting dish. The impression of old-time feudal days and Christmas feasts clung so closely to my mind, that not until I had seated myself before a typical English dinner of roast beef and plum pudding, could I realize that I was really living in the busy rushing days of the 19th century, in modern merrie England.

GRACE E. PAINE, (ROLLINS '96-'97).

### A SKETCH.

Harry Culver, Rollins '99, was wondering why the only vacant seat in the car should be just opposite his, and why the only passenger who got on at Y—— should be a provokingly good-looking girl, about two years his junior.

Harry was on his way home for the Christmas holidays. During the latter part of his vacation he intended to run up to Jacksonville and visit his cousin, Tom Bradley. He did not quite like his present position in the car. Not that it was so very disagreeable, but he felt at a glance that it would be hard to keep his eyes off the new passenger. “By Jove,” he to said himself, “She’s great ; I’ll bet she’s a college girl.”

The young lady took the seat opposite him, and Harry turned resolutely to the window. He finally weakened, however, and as his neighbor seemed interested in the scenery, he took the opportunity to examine her in detail. Her dress could not be criticized. Every twist to her hair, every bow on her hat, the very shade of her gloves just suited him. But what was that mysterious something about her that made him feel so queer ? What was it that made him

want to appear at his best, and made him feel so bashful ? “By George ! She’s the first one that ever downed me this way before.” He would have liked to speak to her, but oddly enough our handsome college man could not think of a single excuse for doing so. The young lady made no effort to raise the window and the blind came down with almost no effort.

Soon afterwards the conductor entered the car and took her bag out on the platform. The train was approaching M——, a small town at the junction of that road and the one running to Jacksonville. The lady opposite gathered up numerous bundles and hurried from the car. Harry regretted to see her leave. She affected him strangely and he would like to have known who she was.

“O well ! What of it,” and he tried to think of his prospects for the baseball team. His eyes chanced to turn toward the lately vacated seat. “What !” He sprang across the aisle ! A small purse, half hidden between the cushions of the seat !

He glanced hurriedly out of the window at

the other train that had just begun to move. He hesitated but a moment. "She must have that purse if it is a possible thing." He snatched his cap from his seat and was soon running along beside the other train, opposite a certain window just inside of which was a pretty girl, vainly trying to raise it. The train was now moving rapidly and Harry could not keep up, strive as he would.

A sudden determination, and swinging himself up, he was standing on the rear platform of the car waiting to recover his breath. He searched his pockets, found a card, gave his tie a jerk, his hair a pat and then entered the car.

"I beg your pardon, Miss—eh," said Harry, offering her the purse together with his card. She turned quickly, and instantly her troubled expression gave way to one of surprise. "O thank you, Mr.—Culver," glancing at the card. "What trouble I have caused you."

"No trouble whatever," he replied.

"But your train?"

"I will go on to Jacksonville. I intended to go there as soon as I had seen the folks a bit. You see, I am off from Rollins now for two weeks," and he went on telling her his plans for the vacation, ending by saying, "I can just as well see my cousin first and run down home afterwards."

The conversation once begun, ran on smoothly. The young lady was a Soph. from Stetson, a college girl as Harry had declared. They discussed their college work and found that they had common friends in the two institutions. They argued laughingly over the prospects of the coming athletic season. Not once did Harry forget his first impression or his desire to act his best. There was something about this girl that he could not understand. He had seen

pretty girls before,—plenty of them; but certainly none quite like this one.

In what seemed a remarkably short time the train pulled into Jacksonville. "Will your friend meet you at the station, Miss Warner?"

"No I think not, as she does not expect me until to-morrow."

Harry took her bag and accompanied her to a hack. "How can I ever repay your kindness and trouble Mr. Culver," she said as the hack drove off.

"You have done so already," he replied.

As his cousin did not expect him that evening, Harry went directly to a hotel. Fortunately his bag had been checked through with his trunks, so that he lost nothing by the adventure. He wired home and asked to have his baggage forwarded. The next morning he sent a card around to Tom who soon joined him. The two lunched at the hotel and went out to the house in the evening. As they were entering the gate Tom said, "I forgot to tell you, Hal. Sis has a chum of hers here spending the vacation. Pretty as all blow out. I'll bet my best hat she catches you the first thing."

"O pshaw, Tom, I am not so giddy as I used to be," Harry answered laughingly.

"The girls are upstairs primping, I suppose," continued Tom. "It looks as though we were going to beat you this spring in those baseball games, Hal." Tom was from Lake City.

"You haven't done it yet, Tom, etc." The others were already waiting when Tom and Harry came down to dinner. Harry was greeted heartily by his cousin Maud, and presented to Maud's friend—Miss Warner! Harry managed to say something or other in spite of his surprise and was about to speak of having met her before, when something in her manner arrested him and he made some commonplace remark

instead and the evening was spent talking chiefly of the school life of the three students.

The next morning, the boys awoke rather late and hurried to dress. As Tom was having some trouble with his tie, Harry finished first and promised to wait for him down in the hall.

He was surprised to find Miss Warner there, viewing the outside world through the window. She arose to meet him. "Why, good morning, Mr. Culver, Maud was not quite ready, so I came on ahead."

"That is about my case," said Harry. "Tom is under oath not to appear until he gets his tie to suit him. But my! Wasn't I surprised to see you last evening, Miss Warner."

"It is queer that we should meet this way," she replied, but it seems strange now that we did not find out on the train that your cousin and my chum were brother and sister. You must have thought that I acted very strangely last evening in not speaking of our previous acquaintance. I don't see what made me act so, unless I was ashamed of my carelessness in losing my purse."

"That was alright," said Harry, "I thought you were sparing me a rehearsal of my awkwardness while running alongside the train and I thanked you heartily for it."

Tom's voice was heard at the head of the stairs and in a moment he and Maud joined them and they entered the dining room together.

It was not until just before dinner that evening, that Harry had an opportunity to speak with Miss Warner alone. Tom was up stairs primping, as Miss Warner declared, and Maud had stepped out of the room. Harry began, "Miss Warner, Tom seems worried about us. He was saying to-day that we didn't get along very well together. I was surprised, for I thought we were doing famously."

"Why yes," she replied, "I don't see what has made him think that, unless, in trying not to appear too well acquainted for two days' time, we have been rather reserved."

"Perhaps that's it. I assured him that everything was alright. You see," continued he, "Tom has been worrying so much about it, that I cannot help wishing,—well to keep him worrying awhile longer."

"I see, I see!" She replied. "I understand now what Maud has been aiming at in some of our talks. Yes, but I think it is too bad to deceive them so."

When Maud came in a few minutes later Harry was talking baseball.

The vacation was passing rapidly. The visitors had already been there a week. During this time the conspirators had had other private talks in which they compared notes and had a good laugh over them. "I nearly made a fatal step the other day," Miss Warner said on one of these occasions. "Everybody was calling you Harry and I nearly did the same."

"That would have been alright. I much prefer my first name."

"Ditto, Harry," said she, "but it would have been hard on our little plot."

The morning of the day before Harry's departure, Tom accosted him, "Harry, I have a favor to ask of you and I hate like the mischief to do it, too."

"What is it, Tom?"

"Well, Harry, to-night the — Society of our high school gives their annual ball. They always have it during the holidays. It's quite swell, but they do put up a jolly good time. Now you see Maud and I are graduates and have to go, and here is where the rub comes in. I have an engagement with a girl up town. Had it for the last six months for that matter."

Maud's in it too. She's to go with a young chap that lives just down the street. Now the fellows sent word around to be sure and bring you and Miss Warner."

"Nothing would please me more."

"I knew well enough that you would do it, you're confounded obliging. That's why I hated to ask you. I will have the double rig and we can go together and that will help you a little bit."

"All right," said Harry.

And this arrangement was carried out to a letter. At the ball, Harry tried to look bored whenever he chanced to be with Miss Warner, if Tom or Maud happened to be near.

"Harry," said Miss Warner at a time when they were a little withdrawn from the others, "it is a shame the way we are misleading our kind host and hostess. You must undeceive them before you go."

"I suppose so," said Harry, "but it does me good to tease Tom."

When they returned home late in the evening, Tom left Miss Warner and Harry at the house and drove off in performance of his duties as escort. The two were welcomed by a glowing fire in the library. When Harry struck a match Miss Warner exclaimed, "No never mind the gas, the fire is so cheery." They stood before the grate talking for a while about the events of the evening.

Then there was a pause in the conversation. Both were deep in thought. Harry was thinking of the young lady at his side. He was wondering again at that strange influence which she had over him. He was almost awed by her. Yet a jollier and more agreeable person had never lived. He thought of his departure the next morning and was surprised at his regret to go.

He wondered if he would ever see her again. He quickly answered that in the affirmative.

Why should he not? She could do no more than say no. He turned toward her. "Amy," he said, "I have been thinking of my departure to-morrow."

"So have I," she answered softly.

"As I leave before breakfast, I suppose we must say good-bye to-night. But I have a question to ask you first. It is a very important one to me. We have deceived people pretty well, haven't we?"

"I should think so, I suppose it was very naughty."

"My relatives are not the only ones that have been under false impressions," he continued. "There is another who has deceived himself until a moment ago." She made no reply but looked up into his face. "I believe," he continued, "that we are better friends than I thought"—A slight sign of affirmation—"and I cannot bear to have things end in this way." The sound of a carriage stopping in front of the house caused Amy to exclaim, "That's Maud! Why how dark it is! It will hardly be in the interest of our little ruse to be found here. Your question, and I must fly upstairs." Harry said a few earnest words and awaited the answer. "Yes, you will find my address on my card."

"Thank you," he said, taking the outstretched hand. When Maud came in, Harry was alone, comfortably seated in an easy chair before the fire.

At the train the next morning Tom said, "I am sorry, Harry, that I could not put up a better time for you."

"Why Tom, we have had a good time together, I am sure."

"Oh yes, you and I always get along

first-rate, but I was thinking of Miss Warner."

"Oh, don't worry about that, I enjoyed her company immensely."

"That will do, Hal, I might have known you would make me think you were perfectly in love with her. Your actions were a dead giveaway. Never mind. Come around again old boy. Good-bye."

"Good-bye, Tom. Good luck to you."

\* \* \*

Harry is back at Rollins, digging away at his books in earnest. He receives a letter quite frequently, oftener now than at first, but—well for instance, the other day, one of the fellows brought up his mail and held out a certain envelope. "Let me read it when you get through, Harry," he said with a laugh. "I can't do it," replied Harry seriously. "There's an odd secret connected with that correspondence."

JOHN H. NEVILLE.



# THE SAND-SPUR.

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WE take pleasure in presenting to our readers in our frontispiece, Elijah Clarence Hills.

Professor Hills was born at Arlington, Ill., and came to Tampa with his parents in 1874. Some years later he graduated from theingham School in North Carolina with first distinction in the Classics and Mathematics. He then entered Cornell University and secured the degree of A. B. in 1892 with Phi Beta Kappa

honors. The next year he was Graduate Fellow in the Roman Languages and Instructor in French at Cornell. He then went abroad and spent a year studying at the Sorbonne and College de France, Paris.

Since then he has spent two years among the Cubans and made a specialty of Spanish, having written many treatises on Spanish language and dialects.

Rollins is very fortunate in having such a man as professor on its faculty and though he has been with us but one short year, yet he has a permanent place in the regard of all.



WE know that it will gladden the hearts of our readers to hear that Rollins is making such progress. Last year was the critical point in her history. We do not hesitate to say we think the crisis was past, when Rollins obtained the services of President Ward. By his enthusiasm and aggressive business management this year the number of students has been increased, until the roll is as large as it has ever been in the history of the college.

The faculty is efficient and the students have done the best of work. All departments seem to be working systematically and in harmony. There have been many improvements on the campus during the year; the two most notable being the re-arranging of the laboratory and library. The former<sup>er</sup> now occupies the old library rooms. Four rooms on the east side of Pinehurst serve admirably as a library.

Rollins is favored in so many ways that it would be a great shame for her to lack ambition.

There is no reason why she should not aspire to be the first school in the South, and who can say that she will not be the first in the near future?

We are glad to hear from those who should know, that there is reason to believe all the cottages will be filled at the beginning of the next school year.



THE editors of the SAND-SPUR wish to thank those who have so readily and acceptably contributed to the paper this year and especially to this Commencement Number.

The year as a whole has been a very successful one for the College and that has meant in a large degree, prosperity for its paper.

As the year closes, we express our very best wishes for the success of SAND SPUR next year.



THE name "Piræes" after the port of Athens has been suggested for the Rollins College ship yards and docks on Lake Virginia. This ancient Piræes was connected with the

city by two long walls. We can name our port now and perhaps later can have the walls if there is a desire to carry out the classic idea. A cement walk lined with palms on each side, would do for the present.



ANOTHER year Rollins should have a regularly organized Glee Club. Besides being a fine thing in itself it would be a means of advertising the College throughout the State. We have the material and if the students are willing to work hard, we can produce a first-class Glee Club and a Mandolin and Guitar Club, as well. Let us try!



CAN we not arrange a series of baseball games and field events with other Florida colleges for the coming school year? Let us try to interest Stetson and Lake City and form a triple league, and settle between us the championship of the state.

## THE MONTHLY GLEANER.

Among the many newspapers published in A—, North Carolina, there is one that deserves to be better known. This is the Monthly Gleaner, an unpretentious little sheet, but one that contains on its four small pages many a rich metaphor and striking simile.

It is said that when A. was but a baby in its mountain cradle, the literary instinct of the people made itself felt. Many were the thrilling tales of adventure and romance, told in

front of the village postoffice with but a dry goods box for rostrum. As the village grew into a town and its inhabitants were taught to read and write, this tendency grew apace. But slowly the pernicious influence of the school-master made itself felt and the local story-teller became more cautious in his choice of words and less bold of metaphor until at last originality seemed lost in imitation.

Happily the Monthly Gleaner gives evidence

of reaction against the modern school of servile imitation and to its pages we may look for a perpetuation of the traditions of western North Carolina. In a recent number Mr. F——, the editor and proprietor, unreservedly expresses his aspirations to the public in the following remarkable article:

"Gleaner is a deep thinking power produced from the writer and yet there is not a man who can make his thoughts so fine for general ideas as this man which is wonderful. I am not the only one as a writer who say this, but many writers say who know me, the editor can not be beat. His manner and winning ways are just as nice and he is fully competent of the office in which he now holds. The Gleaner she is rich and rare and racing. She is certainly to be encouraged and everlasting allow us to shower blessings upon that young head by overspreading in such an extent that he may reign as King James, the author and distinguisher of our faith. Go on, Ed, you are well enough and you may have rights and sacred honors."

After reading these lines, the ignorant may charge Mr. F. with a vain attempt to be funny. To this we feel bound to reply that we are personally well-acquainted with the editor of the Monthly Gleaner and know him to be the most serious of men and never given to joking or punning, those worst of rhetorical faults.

And let us not accuse Mr. F. of self conceit. He realizes his worth to the literary world and is willing to avow it. Let us rather admire his candor! But note, first of all, his freedom from conventionality and the naive freshness of his

language. The following passage may serve to illustrate Mr. F.'s skill in discription:

#### THE DICKENS PARTY.

"The Dickens party was held at the Vangilder some weeks ago with crowning success.

The barn-room in the adjoining place was decked in all sorts of flowers, of mid-day life, with taste and refinement. As to the character of the performers, was simply nonesuch; for there are none like it. The dancing and its actions as well as shape, was amusing, and socialism in itself was much enjoyed by maidens and their escorts, that reminded one of puddle dogs attached to their heels; men, boys, kids, high, deep, were partners to the bird's eye view, were flocked together. The high hats, top boots, swords helmets and army and navy officers with grotesque features was a novelty in itself. Dancing with all its illustrations of waltzes reels and jigs, in such manner that it would have scared a flock of geese should they see it. Mr. Dryden, a noble youth, was calm and peaceful in his dotage. The electric lantern strung in mid air on a wire connected with the house, was shocked with admiration performed by the heroines below. As to dress colors dazzling from the numerous rays of light from the lanterns overshadowing the editor's head while he notified his paper the reports of the play. Every color of the rainbow fluttered among the brilliant draperies of the ladies so charming to our eye. As to the movements in general of the people reminded us like as to excitement first at one thing and then at another, here a little, there a little, all the evening to be waited upon.

Next, refreshments; ice cream and cake made by the fingers of the maids of mist, very nice and lovely to the taste. Our mutual friend the Roseycome was found arm in arm of the bell of her choice. She was walking and he talking. She with flowing hair down her back adding to her beauty, while he was made manifold with deep consideration while walking around the house by the light of the moon. Dombey and Son characters in the play of Dickens look cutest in their costume somewhat esthetic, but fine in character. It was the Dickens to play but yet Peter seemed to rob to pay Paul. As to the conclusion to make the affair complete, the editor saw with difficulty to do justice to all yet from his idea he has covered himself with glory."

Still more startling is the remarkable poetic talent displayed by our author. With a complete disregard for the conventionalities of rhyme and metre he introduces a new style that may some day revolutionize the art of poetry. A study of the following short poem will convince the most skeptical of the author's poetic fancy and power of expression. At the first glance it may seem to have been written in a

light and perhaps ironical vein; but as one reads it, one feels here and there the presence of a deep emotion that might with further study throw some light on the romantic side of the author's life, that side which even his unusual candor has not yet made public:

Of all who dance at Battery Park,

I rather dance with him,

None like that evening spark—

As her.

You have so many men in this world,

But none they say like me,

Our women at the Park alike,

With all their colors on,

But whom can man set apart

Is not the girl for me.

Men they say are well liked,

But Battery takes the cake,

For all I've seen 'tween man & boy,

There's not a girl left for me.

Our editor took his stand

And run his eyes o'er and o'er,

But to his dismay she went away;

He could not find her more.

[EDITORS.]

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

The appeal for aid on behalf of the starving people of India has been promptly and heartily answered by Winter Park Endeavorers. The Senior Society recently sent seven dollars to the famine fund and the Juniors are selling bread tickets for the same worthy cause.

Miss Effie Littlefield most kindly sent five

dollars as an Easter gift to the Senior Society, three dollars of which is for Home, and two for Foreign Missions.

The Senior and Junior Societies have each pledged eight dollars this year for the Ybor City mission work.

An Information Committee has been added

lately to the working forces of the society which reports Sunday evenings, taking a short time at the beginning of the meeting.

On the evening of May 7th the following officers were elected for the next six months:

President, May Hooker; Vice-President, Harold Ward; Recording Secretary and Treasurer, Arthur Maxson; Corresponding Secretary, R. C. Ford.

## LITERARY SOCIETIES.

### FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

The "Friends in Council" have been especially prosperous this term. The addition of three new members to the society has put new spirit into the old stand-bys. These new "Friends" make a membership of eighteen, fifteen of whom are active, so that seven or eight come on each program. These programs have been the best of the year, and this is probably due to the increased membership this term and last.

There will be the usual banquet on Saturday evening, May 22nd, at which something like twenty girls will be present. A full account of this event will be given later in this issue.

The society regrets the loss of Miss Root, who was the organizer of Literary Societies at Rollins, and has acted as their critic for many years. Though she was compelled to give up that work this year, yet the members felt they had a strong friend near in time of need.

The officers for the term are follows: Ruth Ford, President; Myra Williams, Vice-President; Susie Gladwin, Secretary; Beatrice Perkins, Treasurer; Faye Ford, Chaplain; Alma Halliday, Marshal.

### DEMOSTHENIC NOTES.

The term's work in this society has been very helpful and enjoyable. Toward the end of the term but few members have come on, as those who are to take part in the anniversary exercises have been excused from active work.

Among many good papers, those most worthy of mention are the following: an essay on the "Tobacco Industry in Florida," and a story in two chapters. In the former paper the tobacco was taken from the seed through the curing process.

One evening the following subject was debated: "Resolved, that the sword is mightier than the pen." Add to these, readings, declamations, special discussions, other essays and papers, and we show quite a creditable term's work.

The following have been the officers for the term: President, N. Baker; Vice-President, J. Neville; Rec. Secretary, G. Nelson; Marshal, A. Hooker; Cor. Secretary, G. Benedict; Chaplain, G. Benedict; Critics, F. Ensminger, C. Hooker.

## ART NOTES.

"A talent for any art is rare, but it is given to nearly everyone to cultivate a taste for art; only it must be cultivated with earnestness. The more thou learnest to know and enjoy, the more com-

plete and full will be for thee the delight of living."—PLATEN.

The work of the art department for the year has been more than ordinarily good. The

classes have been large and have shown an unusual interest in their work. A visit to the studio at almost any hour bears witness to this fact. At one hour may be found a large class of children, many of whom do beautiful work. At another, young men and women, or perhaps those of maturer years, all doing similar work. Maturity is but an idle boast after all.

An attractive feature has been the pen and ink sketches and the sketches in oil and water colors. Much good pencil work has been done in lines, as well as in shades, and especially fine charcoal work. The Saturday Night Sketch Club has won for itself praise in its character sketches, and in the poetry the sketches have inspired.

In beginning the study of art it is perhaps not well to dwell upon the thought that there has been but one Raphael, nor upon that equally discouraging thought, "Artists are born, not made," for there is a beautiful principle of harmony in art as in music, to which all natures can be attuned.

We persist in saying of a young person, he has talent for this or that, and thus limit his possibilities of attaining to that full "delight of living" that is a God-given right. Beauty in form has a fascination for every child. The talent is not wanting, but is so dwarfed by those who have the evolution of the child in process, that herein lies the explanation of the so-called "waste of time."

## MUSICAL EVENTS.

### MUSIC.

God is its author, and not man; he laid

The key-note of all harmonies; he planned  
All perfect combinations, and he made

Us so that we could hear and understand.

M. G. BRAINARD.

At the recitals this term, the lives of Beethoven, Weber and Mendelssohn have been studied, and there has also been a weekly drill in musical terms.

The Choral Club now has three rehearsals a week, and the members are working hard on "Joan of Arc" which they will render Commencement night, May 26th.

Miss Shupp and Miss Peck have assisted in several concerts this term,—one given at Tampa for the benefit of the Hyde Park school building and one given at Sanford for the benefit of the benevolent societies. The following is the program of the concert given at Sanford April 30th:

Quartette.....	MESSRS. D. L. MILLER, J. D. PARKER, H. M. PAPPWORTH, A. C. DOUDNEY.
Vocal Solo. } Protestations..... Norris	
} Woodland Gossip..... Zarzycki	
	MISS SHUPP.
Recitation—"Sisterly Scheme".....	Bunner
	MRS. H. E. ADAMS.
Instrumental Solo—"Polish Dance".....	Wieniawski
	MISS PECK.
Vocal Solo—"Una Voce Poco Fa".....	Rossini
	MISS SHUPP.
Quartette.....	MESSRS. D. L. MILLER, J. D. PARKER, H. M. PAPPWORTH, A. C. DOUDNEY.
Instrumental Solo—"Tremolo".....	GOTTSCHALK
	MISS PECK.
Recitation—"Village Gossip".....	Kate D. Wiggins
	MRS. H. E. ADAMS.
Vocal Solo. } "Summer Lullaby"..... Root	
} "Summer Night"..... Goring Thomas	
} "Spring Song"..... Oscar Neil	
	MISS SHUPP.

Miss Gertrude Ford gave a musical Friday evening, May 14th, assisted by Miss Slemons of Orlando. The following is the program:

"Jocelyn"—Lullaby.....	Godard
	MISS GERTRUDE FORD.

O Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star.....	Wagner-Liszt	Barcarolle.....	Rubenstein
MISS SLEMONS.		MISS SLEMONS.	
Without Thee.....	Di Hardelet	Summer.....	Chaminade
My Love is a Weaver.....	Hildach	MISS GERTRUDE FORD.	
A Leaf	Neidlinger.....	Black Key-Etude .....	Chopin
Morning	Neidlinger	MISS SLEMONS.	
MISS GERTRUDE FORD.		Aria.....	From "Elaine"
		MISS GERTRUDE FORD.	

## PERSONALS.

Miss Shupp will study in New York during June, and then will go to Portland, Oregon, to visit her father and mother.

Miss Lamson expects to spend a part of the summer with friends in the North.

Miss Peck goes to New York to study, after the college closes. After staying there a month or two she will go further west to visit her sister and friends.

Miss Hobbs is teaching art in the public schools of North Attleborough, Mass.

The Misses Guild will spend the summer elsewhere. Miss Guild expects to go as far north as New York, and Miss Clara at least as far as Georgia.

Professor Hills intends spending the vacation at the Thousand Islands on the St. Lawrence River.

Professor Austin will pass the summer months in the North.

Miss Tracy will be in New York State during the summer.

Arthur W. King is taking a medical course in Tufts' Medical College, Boston.

Miss Mabel Kent has the deepest sympathies of her many friends in the recent loss of her mother.

Miss Grace Spencer, at one time a student of Rollins College, was married in February. We have been unable to find out the name of the other contracting party.

Married, March 31, at eleven a. m., Miss Clara B. Layton and Mr. Fred C. Ward, at Sanford. The bride was graduated from the Academic Department of Rollins College in 1894. Since then she has taught public schools in Lake Mary and Grasmere. The groom is the eldest son of Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Ward of this place. He formerly attended the college, but in '94 he went to Montpelier, Vt., where he has since resided. The happy couple left for Vermont on the afternoon train. A remarkable and noteworthy incident in connection with this marriage is that one of the prophets of the Demosthenic Society foretold some such happy fate for Mr. Ward.

William A. Holshouser and Miss Kittie Reynolds were married in April. They are both of Orlando and have gone to St. Petersburg, where the groom is in business. It will be remembered that Mr. Holshouser attended Rollins College some years ago.

Miss Mabel Brewer has left for the North. Cary Tapley is teaching in Missouri.

Fletcher Watson is studying preparatory to becoming a Methodist minister.

Edward G. Rowland is a sophomore in Williams College.

Paul Fairchild is a junior at Oberlin.

Mrs. Abbott goes to New York at the close of school. Later, her daughter, Mrs. Haynes, Rollins '94, of Buffalo, will join her and they

will spend July and August in southern New Hampshire.

Henry B. Mowbray takes the degree of A. B. at Oberlin College in June.

Walter Fairchild is still attending the Cincinnati University.

Miss Dalrymple has opened a studio in Boston this winter, and we are glad to hear that she is meeting with success.

Miss Sallie Deaderick, Rollins '94-'95, has been teaching in Palatka this year.

Professor Ford and family will spend the summer at their home in Winter Park.

Fritz J. Frank, Rollins '96, is at Scranton, Pa., where he has a fine position in a church choir.

Bessie R. Hooker takes the degree of A. B. at Radcliffe College in June. She expects to leave for Europe the same month, intending to spend the remaining summer months in the south of France. During the winter she will go to Paris to take a special course in literature.

Anna Mills, who was with us during the win-

ter term, was not able to return for the spring term, but expects to be with us next year.

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

May Patterson returned to her home in Pennsylvania the first of April, intending to stop for some weeks at her brother's in Maryland.

Orville McDonald, who has been among us for the last two years, has gone to Lowell, Mass., to study mechanical engineering. He expects, however to return next year.

Emily G. Hooker, class of '94, takes the degree of A. B. at Vassar College in June, thus completing the four years course in three.

Fronie Carson, Ac. '94, after teaching a kindergarten here during the winter months, went to Orlando in March, and has since been at work in the office of Drs. Person & Harris. She leaves for the North in June.

May L. Jolly was present at the marriage of Miss Clara Layton, in March.

Frances Crooks has been spending the winter at her home in Gilman, Ill.

## SOCIAL EVENTS.

Since the first of April there has been something going on at Rollins each week, and the spring term, usually the quietest of the year has been lively enough. One of the most delightful social events was a picnic to Clay Springs. Eight couples and the chaperon made up the party and a little before eight they left the campus. Three hours riding over a remarkably smooth road brought them to the springs, and soon after arriving the girls prepared lunch. This slight matter attended to, nearly all members of the party immortalized their names by carving them on a weather beaten table. During the afternoon

three boat-loads went up the Wekiva, and then about five the party started homeward. All those who went being fond of travelling, it was decided to make a tour of the State before returning. Not far from eleven o'clock the picnickers drove in at Rollins, a little delayed owing to the indisposition of one of the horses. The day had been perfect in every respect.

Another event much enjoyed was a literary social given by the Christian Endeavor Society at the home of Mr. Wyeth. The greater part of the evening was taken up in trying to guess the names of books represented by various objects.

Music and refreshments completed the program.

One more social must be mentioned, that held at Mrs. Brewer's, where games were the order of the evening, and delicious refreshments were served.

Impromptu parties, one at Prof. Ford's, another at Dr. Hooker's, made two Friday nights pleasant with games and singing college songs.

The Phantom party given at Cloverleaf, Friday evening, May 7th, was a very unique affair. The invitations received by the young men a week before, were decorated with a skull and cross-bones, which filled the possessors with some apprehensions and yet excited much curiosity. On the eventful evening the guests were received by a smiling group of young ladies and sent to the music room to amuse themselves.

Soon they were ushered into the parlors again and the sight that met their eyes was enough to make any man shudder, even a Rollins' baseball man. In the dim light were seated many shrouded spirits, each with an empty seat beside her. The boys then conversed in turn with these unknown ghosts and tried to find what their real earthly names had been. Mr. John Davey had the largest number of correct guesses and won the prize, a nut cake with skull and cross-bones outlined in chocolate on its white frosting. After this sheets and pillow cases were put aside and banana ice cream and cake were served.

The "Friends" banquet held Saturday night, May 22nd, was a very brilliant affair. At six the doors of the dining room at Professor Ford's home were thrown open. The two long tables placed at right angles to each other were beautifully decorated in the society's colors, cherry and white. The menu cards were hand painted, showing bunches of cherries and their white blossoms. The menu read as follows:

	Boned Chicken.	
Hot Rolls.		Deviled Eggs.
	Ham Croquettes.	
Saratoga Chips.		Olives.
Potato Salad.		Salmon Salad.
	Ice Cream.	Cake.
	Coffee.	Nuts.

After the dinner came the toasts. Miss Williams was mistress of ceremonies and made an admirable toast mistress. The following are the toasts responded to:

Miss Grace Paine, "The President of the F. I. C."  
 Miss Burrell, . . . . . "The Demons Banquet."  
 Miss Neff, . . . . . "Old Kate."  
 Miss Ford, . . . . . "The Sand Spur."  
 Miss Gladwin, . . . . . "The Demosthenic Society."

On the afternoon of May 6th Rollins held an open air reception on the campus. An excursion train on its way to Lake Charm, loaded with delegates from the State Horticultural Association, which had been in session at Orlando, stopped at the College platform and was received by the Faculty and students. The guests were then shown the grounds and buildings.

Near the centre of the campus was a booth where lemonade was served, and where the royal blue and gold was pinned on each gentleman's coat. The College nines were meanwhile playing an exciting game on the north side of the grounds.

The party staid only about an hour and then went on to Lake Charm to visit Mr. Mead's place. Some from the College joined them and saw among other interesting things some of Mr. Mead's rare and beautiful orchids, which he told us about in his lecture the first of the term.

It is needless to say that the Rollins boys and girls enjoyed the afternoon festivities. They felt proud of their home and with good reason, judging from the remarks heard on all

sides. One man, who was hurrying to the train and yet kept looking back as though sorry to leave, was heard to soliloquize: "Well, this *is* a pretty place."

Commencement week promises to be full of life and with its gayeties to end the year, we shall no doubt be ready for our long vacation.

Our annual field day on May 25th will probably be the best ever given. At the trial meet, held last fall, several records were broken, and since then several more have been added to the list.

Our track team is small, but—Oh, my! Heretofore the attendance of the students has not been so large as it should be on such occasions. They have not shown the proper interest in the athletics of the college. We hope that in the future they will help us to maintain our place in athletics among other colleges.

#### OFFICERS OF THE SENIOR CLASS:

President, . . . . .	Fred Ensminger.
Class Historian, . . . . .	Ruth Ford.
Class Poet, . . . . .	Fred Ensminger.
Secretary and Treasurer, . . . . .	Ray Neff.
Chief of Classical Department, . . . .	Ruth Ford.
Chairman of Scientific Dep't, . . . .	Fred Ensminger.
Head of Academic Department, . . . .	Ray Neff.
Press Committee, . . . . .	Ruth Ford.
Marshals, . . . .	Clarence Hooker, Gertrude Ford.
Ushers, . . . . .	Louis Lyman, Mary Ensminger.

#### ROLLINS COLLEGE DAY AT THE SOUTH FLORIDA CHAUTAUQUA.

A characteristic feature of the South Florida Chautauqua exercises at Mt. Dora is the special instruction and entertainment furnished by schools, literary organizations, etc., desiring to take a representative part in the work. Special days are set apart for this work and each organization or school occupies most of the time of the

day assigned for its exercises. Rollins College day at the Chautauqua this year was Tuesday, the 31st of March. The following is an abstract of the program:

The exercises of the forenoon consisted of a solo by Miss E. Gertrude Ford, and a lecture by Dr. Baker. The first exercises of the afternoon were a wand drill, engaged in by Misses Ford and Sadler, Messrs. Neville and Nelson; fancy fencing by Misses Ford and Sadler; and fancy club swinging by Miss Ford. These were followed by a lecture by Prof. Austin. In the evening a musical and elocutionary entertainment was given by Misses Peck, Shupp and Tracy.

Miss Ford was the special instructor in gymnastics during the Chautauqua meeting, and her work was highly praised. The subject of Dr. Baker's lecture was "Combustion and High Temperature." The lecture was illustrated by a number of interesting experiments. Prof. Austin chose "Higher Education" as the subject of his lecture. His address was listened to attentively and appreciatively and was a very substantial contribution to the exercise of the day.

The evening exercises were very interesting and entertaining and were listened to by an unusually large audience. Every item of the attractive program was well given and heartily received, but the piano solo "Tremolo," played with such admirable skill by Miss Peck; "The Merry Brown Thrush," sung so beautifully by Miss Shupp, and the recitation "Sugerin' Off," so well presented by Miss Tracy, were perhaps received with most favor. Everything connected with the exercises of the day seemed to pass off to the entire satisfaction of both the assembly management and the college people and Rollins College day was pronounced a "perfect success."

## LOCALS.

The morning that the entire population of Cloverleaf came to breakfast without a single hairpin in the crowd, will long be remembered by those who had the privilege of witnessing the sight. The affair was well calculated, as the effect was great and all that could be desired.

The clay road around the north side of Lake Osceola, will be finished soon. This will make the circuit of the lake complete. Winter Park will have between nine and ten miles of clayed roads when this piece is finished. The roads in town, together with those to Orlando and Maitland, will make wheeling possible on quite an extensive scale.

## CARD OF THANKS.

The Athletic Association wishes to extend its thanks to the following persons for their assistance in the erection of the grand stand.

Pres. Ward,	Mrs. W. C. Comstock,
Prof. Hills,	Mr. De Bachelor,
Mr. Chubb,	Mr. Thompson,
Miss Root,	Mr. Wyeth,
Mr. Maxon,	Mr. Smith,
Mr. Faulkner,	Mr. Pierce,
Mr. W. C. Comstock,	Mr. Detwyler.

Mr. Bigelow's boat house has recently been remodeled into a bath house. It serves its new purpose very well. Also some light repairing has been done on the college docks. A new spring board is badly needed. May it be one of the surprises of next fall.

The annual picnic of the Orlando Sunday schools this year was not so well patronized as those of previous years. The Winter Park Sunday schools were invited to join those in Orlando, but few went from Rollins. What a studious crowd we are!

Only one place in town to buy Bologna now.

Not long ago the firm of Green & Detwyler bought out the establishment of Pierce & Mathews.

The athletic track is much improved by the recent rains. We only hope that the rainy season will not come until after the field day.

It might have been well to mention the cleverness of our two Cuban friends at the spook party which the young ladies gave.

A building fund has been started for the town library, and before long it will have a home of its own.

## A GALLANT KNIGHT.

Far to the south in Dixie's land

There dwelt a youth of comely mien,

A stalwart youth with brawny hand,

And agile limbs as e'er were seen.

He dwelt beside a lovely lake,

And often o'er its shining face,

With powerful strokes his bark he'd take,

A glistening path of foam to trace.

One morn in spring-time's verdant days,

He wanders idly to his boat,

And stepping in, awhile he stays,

Then slowly o'er the lake does float.

The sun shone on the mirror bright,

A gentle breeze its surface kissed.

For nature, of her awful might

Oblivious, had gone to rest.

But treacherous oft are nature's ways

Among the tall Floridian pines;

And soon the heavenly dome displays

The coming tempest's warning signs.

And so by Neptune's might impelled,

A surging wave the dyke breaks o'er,

So the rough winds, no more withheld,

Break through the pines with sudden roar.

Then high the foaming surges rise.  
And breaking 'gainst the craft, with spray  
The youth besprinkle, as he plies  
His oar along the billowy way.

But hark! from yonder shore is heard  
A wailing voice beseeching aid,  
And, by his gallant nature spurred,  
There rows he, nor by aught is stayed

Then nimbly from his bark he leaps,  
And lo! he sees a maiden fair,  
Who wrings her hands, and loudly weeps  
Like one abandoned to despair.

That spirit which in days of yore  
Sent forth a gallant knight well plumed

To rescue from her trial sore  
A maid to tower or dungeon doomed.

That spirit which against the Greeks  
Sent brave Carobus with hot speed,  
Now fires his blood, makes burn his cheeks,  
And bids him aid her in her need.

Inquiring then with question free,  
He learns the cause of her distress,  
Then drops he down on bended knee  
And—picks the sand-spurs from her dress.

D. WINTERS HAYDOCK,  
(Rollins, 1893-'95.)

## EXCHANGES.

We are very glad to add to our exchange list  
"The Lawrenceville Literary Magazine." It is  
very neatly edited and is one of the best of its  
kind we have seen, being truly a Literary Maga-  
zine.

"The McMicken Review" is another of our  
most welcome visitors.

"Come little boy," his grandma said,  
"Here on this chair you'll sit,  
"And hold the worsted in your hands  
"And help your grandma knit."

"Oh, yes," the little boy replied,  
And smiled a little bit,  
"Of all the things I like to do  
"Is to help my grandma—*Nit!*"

—*Student Life.*

Ohio is educating more students than any  
other state in the Union. There are at present  
16,000 young men and 8,000 young women in  
her numerous colleges. — *Wooster Voice.*

Cornell has won in its annual debate with  
Pennsylvania.

### THE STUDENT'S SOLILOQUY.

Backward, turn backward,  
O Time in your flight!  
Feed me on gruel again,  
Just for to-night.  
I am so weary of sole-leather steak,  
Petrified doughnuts and vulcanized cake;  
Oysters that sleep in the wat'ry bath;  
Butter as strong as Goliath of Gath—  
Weary of paying for what I can't eat,  
Chewing up rubber and calling it meat,—  
Backward, turn backward, for weary I am!  
Give me a whack at grandmother's jam;  
Let me drink milk that's never been skim'd,  
Let me eat butter whose hair has been trim'd,  
Let me once more have an old-fashioned pie,  
And then I'll be ready to curl up and die.

—*Oberlin Hi-O-Hi.*

[This doesn't apply to Rollins, however.  
Our food is all right.]

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

First Freshman.—"What will we call the next year's Freshmen?"

Second Ditto.—"Why, the *naughty ones*, of course.—*Princeton Tiger*.

President Eliot recommends to Harvard students that they study ten hours, sleep eight, exercise two, leaving four for meals and social duties. This is a good rule for us at Rollins.

It is proposed to consolidate Harvard and the Massachusetts Institute of Technology. This would give the combined institutions about 6,000 students.

"How much is this a yard, sir?"

A blushing maiden asked  
Of a gay and gushing salesman,  
Who admiring glances cast,

"Only a kiss," he answers,  
With an audacious air.

As he unfolds the fabric  
Before the maiden fair.

"If you please, I will take ten yards, sir;"  
For a moment he stood still,  
Then, the cruel creature added,  
"Grandma will settle the bill."

—*Record*.

There are ten schools in the United States that publish daily papers.—*Stentor*.

Senior.—"Have you noticed how many of our athletes get shot?"

Junior.—"Yes, and how many get loaded."

Sophomore.—"Yes, and how many get fired."

Freshman faints.—*Princeton Tiger*.

Did you ever notice this :

When a fellow steals a kiss  
From a righteous little maiden, calm and meek,

How her scriptural training shows  
In not turning up her nose,

But simply turning 'round the other cheek.

—*Cornell Widow*.

## REJECTED MANUSCRIPT.

REJECTED BY THE ASSOCIATE EDITOR.

The following articles were rejected by the editors and thrown aside, but unfortunately reached the printers' hands. The editors objected but were emphatically told by the printers that whether they were published or not they would be obliged to pay for it. With this consideration in view, the editors thought it best to let the articles stand, and so perhaps be an encouragement to young authors.

MEMBERS DEMOSTHENIC SOCIETY : Your committee of one on "Curious and Fitful Reverber-

ations Emanating from Study Hall at Sundry Periods but Especially Noticeable on Monday Nights" begs leave to report. The committee will attempt to give nothing more than history, leaving the society to form its own conclusions. Many novel methods of transacting business may incidentally be gleaned in the narration.

After a period of great solemnity and when several gurgling zephyrs had followed in the wake of the gentle breeze, there came to the ears of the committee unmistakable sounds of appro-

bation. Your delegate at once jumped at the theory that some kind of an association was holding a meeting. A further speculation that it was a literary society, (in fact the Friends in Council, the peer of our own organization), proved to be correct and the writer listened with great admiration to the applause given to the speaker. It was hearty and well-timed and yet the performer could not have been entirely appreciated; for, while the feet of some of the members played a merry tune, those of others clung to the floor in undisturbed gravity. Suddenly the literary tension gave way and several members engaged in a sprint around the Hall to relieve their pent-up feelings. One individual, who did not indulge in this diversion, evidently a philanthropist and an artist, drew a portrait on the board back of the rostrum. This was strikingly realistic, being intended as a likeness of Pearline, (whom the artist was probably recommending to some of the members as an eligible person). It was observed that the P forming the hat and the L in the nose were slight variations from the original, but, on the whole, the picture bore a close resemblance to his portrait as seen in the magazines.

At this point in the proceedings the committee entered and his gaze was met by the marshal, the chairman, (who it was afterwards ascertained had appropriated the chair), and an indistinct bunch of loveliness, all but two of whom were seated in a quadrangular phalanx. The bogus chair-lady proved to be the irrepressible member and, as she charged on the timid reporter with great energy, using the instrument of her usurped office at an angle of ninety degrees as a persuader, his heart sank, and then fluttered violently when he was invited by the marshal to elope. Withstanding these charms he at last

availed himself of a seat at the right hand of the phalanx.

Amid tremendous applause the meeting was called to order. You can imagine the feelings of the committee, (and will doubtless pardon any omissions he may have made), when he came to a realizing sense of the fact that he had to encounter the gaze of twenty-four lovely orbs from the front and a flank volley of four more. Under such circumstances he was barely able to record the following business:

1. Call to order.
2. "Movement" to adjourn, lost.
3. "Movement" to go into secret session, carried.
4. "Movement" to eject visitor made, (no second).
5. Personal remarks on visitor by irrepressible member.
6. "Movement" to throw committee out of window. (Laughter and cries "I'll do it.")
7. More personal remarks.
8. Sundry giggles.
9. Call to order.
10. Minutes of last meeting read, and upon correction by irrepressible member, approved.
11. A minute of silence followed by audible smiles.
12. Program of last meeting consisting of "Mrs. de Kitty in the Hospital;" and "The Rollins Idol," (presumably one of our number), "in a Cracker Wedding," (presumably with one of the F. I. C.)
13. Committee from Demosthenic Society requested to state his mission.
14. Speech of committee, followed by applause.
15. Moved and warmly seconded twice that

there be another speech. (Committee did not respond.)

16. Reports of committees. (Committee on present to instructor, reported that they had held several meetings with Demosthenic committee and recommended several more).

17. Remarks by irrepressible member.

18. One member holds physiognomy under elbow, while expressing amusement.

19. Speech by your committee.

20. More remarks.

21. Program for next week read. (Committee noted only one selection, "Pant, O mine Heart," a realistic number by two Friends.

22. "Movement" to adjourn made, debated and lost.

23. Personal remarks.

24. "Movement" to go out of secret session, carried after a debate.

25. Personal remarks by irrepressible member.

26. "Movement" to adjourn, carried.

Your committee begs to note that business was carried on in a very brisk manner, especially by the irrepressible member. The floor was occupied the greater part of the time. When one member was not speaking two were and when these were not so engaged three might have been heard. After being favored with this exceptional treat, your committee begs to retire, with the assurance that, if you all become Jay Goulds in the transaction of business, you can with difficulty be more irresistible in your "movements" than the members of the F. I. C., F. I. C., F. I. C. K. L. E.

#### ODE TO M'KINLEY.

O thou, who dost for protection stand—  
For protection of house, home and land,  
For protection of industry and country's fair  
name,

To thee let our nation point never with shame,  
Noble McKinley.

Early in youth  
Thou stoodst for the truth,  
And throughout thy whole life  
Thou hast never shirked strife,  
Major McKinley.

In Congress thy name didst rank  
Equal to Reed's,  
And thy bill hast proved of its kind  
The greatest e'er passed,  
Bill McKinley.

Thy State has given thee honors galore,  
And thy glory, in turn, didst on it outpour.  
Two terms as its governor  
Thou hast well served,  
Gov. McKinley.

Lately thou stoodst for finance sound,  
That respect for our courts might forever abound,  
That the spoils system might ne'er again rule,  
And a grand U. S. commerce be a national jewel,  
William McKinley.

Against thee there stood an orator bold,  
Who drew great crowds, but their hearts did not  
hold.

On the third of November the people outspoke,  
And on that great day their silence they broke,  
And the greatest plurality that ever was known  
Was given to thee as a token shown  
That thou art the choice of the people.

Mayst thy great and powerful name  
Be a means of humbling man-slaying Spain.  
May America be a name always respected  
'Mong Spaniards and Turks however dejected!  
With thee at the helm all must go right,  
The nation be pure and free from blight,  
Thou holdest the rudder ready to steer,  
And while thou dost hold it we harbor no fear,

President McKinley.

EDWARD CLARENDON HOOKER.  
(Rollins '85-'97.)

## JOHNNY.

A little boy who lived next door—

A small red-headed kid,

On yester-morn to warmer climes

Most suddenly was slid.

He used to rob the birdies' nest

And kill the warty toads,

Throw stones at peaceful cats and dogs

Along the village roads.

But justice swift doth e'er o'ertake

The wicked in their way,

And retribution came at last;

It happened in this way:

He sits upon the railroad track

A torturing a fly;

The whistle blows! He hears it not!

Then the choo-choo cars roll by.

A crunch of bones, a scrunch of meat;

His body's vivisected;

And from his facial orifice

A piercing yell's ejected.

With tearful eyes and tweezers small

They gather bit by bit

The remnants of that wicked boy

Who by the cars got hit.

His mortal dust they pack away

Within a cushioned box,

They chuck it down beneath the sod

And fill the hole with rocks.

The epitaph upon his tomb

I'm sure your heart will rend,

And with its repetition

My awful story'll end.

.. Darling Johnny,

His life is spent,

He kicked the bucket

And then he went."

EDWARD GOULD ROWLAND,  
(Rollins, '94-'95.)

## SPURS.

A pretty girl, a spring-like day,

A very nice young fellow,

A dainty note, a courteous no,

'Tis sad indeed to tell—oh!

Another girl, another day.

The street—so far all well—oh!

Her company asked, refused again—

Alas! 'tis the same fellow.

A starlit night, a dim church door,

Another girl quite swell, oh!

The same request, the same reply—

And worse, the same young fellow!

Prof. (to studious pupil) "Mr. —, you may recite on that topic, if you please."

Pupil (wholly unfamiliar with lesson) "Er—ah—well—I—I don't remember just how that topic begins, Professor."

Prof.—"Talk fast, if you please; there are some experiments to make."

(After a short period of silence) "Well, I guess that will do—we don't want you to tell it all."

Why should Nellie, poor little lad,

Look of late so extremely sad?

We sympathize with Miss Dryer in her pity for the poor little darkies she saw when she first came South, who had nothing to eat but corn-stalks.

Some of the scholars do not seem to like the fact that Annie Lyt is one of Prof. B.'s favorites.

There was a good youth named Barr,

Who in boating went out too far,

The boat did tip,

Barr got a dip,

And in future he'll ride in a car.

One of our young gentlemen has been doing special work in Botany this past term, and will shortly publish a treatise on the "Pansy Family." He has devoted most of his time to the study of this subject, and his work may be considered authority.

Donovan, Barr and Bigelow, three,  
Are comprised in the formula 2 B.D.

A nice little boy named Jim,  
Who was filled full of fun to the brim,

With his head in a whirl

Sat down by a girl—

And the Prof. came in and fired him!

No one knows when O. C. Snell  
Is going to ring that college bell!

There were three girls at Rollins,

There were but three, you know,

And everywhere that one girl went

The other two would go.

*Miss Dreyer* Boarder (to head of table)—"Please, ma'm,  
I'd like my meat well-done."

*Miss Merrill* H. of T. (carefully inspecting meat platter)  
"I guess I gave the wellesst-done piece to Claude."

*Miss Jones* Student (translating). "Caesar saw—"

*A. Austin* Prof. (after a pause) "Well, what did he saw?"

At Rollins there were two sleuths,

You'd scare find more promising youths,

Though you sought the whole long spring,

And their skill was no fable,

For by it they were able

The darkey to justice (?) to bring.

We notice that "our friend, Miss Wilcox," has changed her allegiance from the "Florida Dale(y) Citizen" to the "George(a) News."

As long as Myra has a voice,

Think you she will consent to be third choice?

#### FAVORITE SONGS.

Miss G. Ford, "Crossing the Bar;" Dudley Buck.

Donovan, "Only a Pansy Blossom."

Bennie, "I'm Wearin' Awa', Jean" Foote.

J. H. Neville, "Grace 'tis a charming sound."

Misses Neff, Wilcox, Williams, "Three Little Maids from School."

Freddie, "My Pretty Jane" Bishop.

C. Hooker, "Fannie's Curls" Le Jeune.

Prof. Lyman, "Mary had a Little Lamb."

Miss Jones, "When Jack Comes Home Again;" Marks.

Bell-Ringer, "O! Miss Susie."

Miss Hardaway, "The Miller and the Maid;" Marzials.

Miss Faye, "Seeing Nellie Home;" Fletcher.

Bigelow, "Don't you care, Don't you care;" (Bigelow).

Nelson, "Is Life Worth Living?"

The Messrs. Dale, "'Tis May in my Heart;" Rodney.

Miss Lamson, "I Will Wait for Thee;" Behn.

#### CONVERSATION CORNER.

Hostess, "Myra won't you have another loaf of bread?"

First Senior, "For what degree is Billum studying?"

Second Senior, "D. B.—driver of bovines."

Big Boy, "Are you putting up a telephone?"

Little Boy, "No, it's a telegram."

Old Teacher, "Why is Ollie like dry Florida sand?"

New Teacher, "Because he needs a soaking?"

J. N. "I am going to learn to cook next summer?"

Miss W. "I am so glad, I won't have to learn."

Student (at dinner table)—"Prof., may we have some more water, please?"

Prof. (absent minded)—"No thank you; not any."

Knellie, "Did you notice how pleased Turner looked when he received that letter?"

Barr, "His physiognomy expressed graphically exerceiating manifestations of extreme pleasure."

Mrs. A. "What is the injustice of making you sit on the front seat?"

G. W. "We have no place to hang our feet."

Miss Dryer, "A terrible silence has fallen upon us."

Turner, "I didn't feel it."

Prof. (Logic class)—"Miss H. you may begin the lesson."

Miss H. "Barrbara dearest to me Harlieo, in the first place primoris."

## WANTED.

Some one to introduce strangers at the Dining Hall.

An escort for Myra when her escort elopes.

To know who is the youngest lady in the Meteorology class.

A place to spend spare time. L. B. D.

A speller and proof-reader. EDITORS.

## LOST.

A B-b-b-b-ro-o-o-m. MAY HOOKER.

A picnic party somewhere on the Gulf Coast. All information gladly received by Miss LAMSON.

LOST—A voice on the West Coast of Florida. Also a hat. Refer to R. BARR.

May's temper during F. I. C. secret session. Article earnestly desired by the reporter present.

Erata: Page 17—Instead "Piraes," read Piraeus. Page 10—Instead of "lades," read laudes.

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