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Rollins College

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# THE SAND-SPUR.

STICK TO IT.

VOL. 4.

WINTER PARK, FLA., DECEMBER 20, 1897,

No. 1.

## LITERARY.

### HORACE: EPODE II.

SOLILOQUY OF ALFIUS, THE USURER.

(In the metre of the original).

"A happy man is he who, business cares afar,  
Like the earlier race of mortal kind,  
His fathers' acres with his own good oxen works,  
Unvexed by thoughts of usury; [call;  
Nor springs from soldier's bed at shrilling clarion's  
Nor shudders at the angry sea;  
Who shuns the forum, and avoids the haughty door  
Of citizens of higher rank.  
Accordingly he joins the marriageable slips of vines  
In wedlock to the poplars tall;  
Or in the vale remote and peaceful sees his herds  
Of lowing cattle graze at will;  
Or with his pruning knife the useless branches cuts,  
More fruitful shoots engrafting in;  
Or stores the liquid honey in the fragrant jars;  
Or shears the weak and helpless sheep;  
Or later, when with ripened fruits adorned his head  
Above the fields old autumn lifts,  
How he delights the choicest pears to gather, and  
The purple clusters of the grape,  
A worthy gift to offer thee, Priapus, and,  
Sylvanus, thee, warder of bounds.  
It likes him now to lie beneath the ancient holm,  
Now on the close elastic turf;  
Meanwhile the waters glide within their lofty banks,  
In forest glades the birds complain, [streams  
And babbling fountains murmur with their trickling  
That which light slumbers doth invite.  
But when the wintry season of the thundering Jove  
Brings on its force of storms and snows,  
He drives across and back, with many a dog, the boar  
Into the firm opposing toils,  
Or stretches filmy net on smoothly branching fork,  
To wily catch the greedy thrush,  
And timid hare, and in his snare the stranger crane  
He takes, sweet booty for his feast.

Who does not all the evil troubles love can bring  
Amid such joys as these forget?  
But if a modest wife on her part shares the care  
Of home and her sweet children's lives,  
And like the Sabine woman or the sun burned spouse  
Of Puglia's nimble-footed son,  
Piles up the sacred hearth with well-dried fagots, at  
The coming of her tired man,  
And pens the happy flocks within their hurdled folds,  
And drains their well-filled udders, and [pares  
Brings forth the crock of this year's vintage, and pre-  
The feast from stores unboughten, then  
Not oysters of the Lucrine lake could better please  
My taste, or turbot rare, or scar,  
If such the roaring storm from eastern waves  
Should turn aside to this our sea;  
Not Afric bird descend into my stomach, not  
The heath-cock of Ionia,  
More sweetly than the olive from the fattest branch  
Of chosen tree but newly plucked,  
Or sorrel meadow-loving, and the mallows, good  
And wholesome for the torpid frame,  
Or lamb perchance, slain on the feast of Terminus,  
Or kid just rescued from the wolf.  
Amid such feasts as these how it delights to see  
The well-fed sheep come hurrying on,  
To see the weary oxen draw, with languid necks,  
The upturned plowshare slowly home, [wealth,  
And, ready placed the home-bred slaves, best test of  
Around the lares shining bright."  
Thus speaking, Alfius the usurer prepared  
At once a rustic to become,  
Called in his money on the Ides; seeks now, upon  
The Kalends, to invest again.

F. E. L. ✓

## A SOUTHERN HOME.

Imposing still despite the wear of time, with its slate colored, weather beaten sides stands the old house in which one of the "first families" used to dwell. An avenue of great oaks whose dense foliage scarcely allows the sun to peep through leads by, while from the gate to the front steps on each side of the path are rows of arbor vitae. The house, situated on a slight elevation, is high above the ground, with wide steps leading to the front verandah. The great double doors with windows on each side lead into the wide, long hall, which is the general gathering place of the family. On one side a staircase winds upward, while several doors open into it from the great, high rooms. Some signs of its former glory remain in the marble mantel pieces and the gilt mouldings of the windows. It is what one may call a typical Florida home. The present mistress is the soul of hospitality, and her doors are always open to the neighbors or to the stranger as the case may be. Even while the hostess is greeting you, she calls the children who come with shy welcomes of their own, and no sooner are they come than they are sent with their visitors, if they have any, to gather a basket of plums, peaches, or grapes, as the season may offer. The idea of being "put out" by an arrival is strange to that southern heart. And the long dining room has seen many guests about its table, which literally groans with its weight of good things, appetizing southern dishes, cooked by an old mammy whose daughter lazily waves a brush of peacock feathers over the assembled heads.

Late in the afternoon, near a group of guests under spreading oaks stands a grey

haired old darkey holding his hat, or what passes for one, in both hands, while he says: "Yes Mistis, I knew Marse Frank since befo' de war. We was boys to gedder, raised by de same ole mammy, an' I tell you, I give Marse Frank many a drubbin in de sand." Then straightening himself with an air of pride, and with a reminiscent gleam in his eyes, continued: "Yes, we was one of de best famlies of de souf, dose were good ole days. I was coachman to de ole masser an' den to his son, Marse Frank, and Sylvy, my wife, she carried de keys of de house. Dis house has seen many a gay day. But de war come on and old Masser died. Marse Frank rode away to de fight, and his wife, 'Ittle Mistis,' died, an' we had freedom, but it don't compare to dose ole days." The house to which he referred stood before us. Years ago it was built and furnished for the bride of Marse Frank, 'Ittle Mistis,' she was called, in the days when Sylvy carried the keys and Uncle Sam was coachman. Those times saw these broad fields cultivated and green with cotton and sugar cane, a thrifty southern plantation, while the house in all its bridal newness resounded with joyful voices, and from all quarters the house-servants gathered to wait on this one or on that one. How many light feet have tripped over the wide hall in gay, old-fashioned dances! And the remnant of the old slaves how they love to relate stories of those free days of slavery, especially of the Christmas time, when they gathered about the foot of the staircase, to await the first appearance of Master and Mistress, and to greet them with "Christmas gif', Masser, Christmas gif', Mistis," and to

receive the egg-nog and cake from their hands. Some distance from the house but still in sight, were the negro cabins, and it must have been a pretty sight to see their occupants in the evening, after the day's work was over, sitting around in the light of their fires, and to hear them singing their songs in that weird minor key, which is a characteristic of their music, and which, by the way, seems so entirely opposite to their nature, for they are a happy, lazy race.

There is a story to the effect that a maiden aunt from New England came down to stay with the family. She was to manage the house, but was very averse to using money earned by the slaves. The master loved to tease her when handing out the amount for household affairs, but she always tried to make it up to the slaves in some way. She

did not remain long with her southern relatives, but she lived to see the realization of her earnest prayers for her colored brethren.

When the dark days of strife came, then Marse Frank rode away. Ah, what secrets this old house might relate if only its walls could speak! How during that sad time the women and children from the neighboring towns found refuge beneath its roof while the men were fighting. How the cheek paled and the breath came short and quick at the sound of a distant gun. Many a day there was scarcely enough to eat. And the bride, she sleeps out beyond the gardens beneath the sighing pines. a haw tree bends its graceful branches above, and each spring the white blossoms fall like snow around the grave and the pale wild rose sheds its faint fragrance on the air.

S. T. Gladwin.

### HALF PAST ELEVEN.

The girls were having a spread one night,  
Way up in the top-most story;  
While the matron, not dreaming of plots in camp,  
Was sleeping in all her glory.

An empty oyster can, on the shelf,  
Explained the odor arising  
From the stew-pan heating near the lamp,  
With promptness most surprising.

Crisp crackers reposed in the midst of the bed,  
In lieu of a proper table;  
Few dishes were seen, but such as they were,  
Each bore of its owner the label.

The toothsome sandwiches cut to all sizes,  
White bread of the baker with ham,  
Were piled on a plate made of yellowish paper,  
While near was a jar of sweet jam.

After the oysters, the salad passed round;  
When due to some lack of care,

A plate fell down with a crash on the floor,  
And made a racket most rare.

Could the matron have heard it? Silence still reigned  
Oh, how they wished her asleep!  
But a step on the stair most certainly fell,  
And fear made every heart leap.

And nearer it came and more firmly it fell;  
Oh, where could those culprits flee?  
They must wait for her there, they knew it too well,  
Whatever the penalty be.

The dreaded one paused outside of the door,  
Not a single word said she.  
Just stepped down the stairs up which she had come,  
While the girls wondered who it could be.

Perhaps thought the matron the fright was enough  
To punish those feasters fair;  
Perhaps she would wait till the morning had dawned,  
And see to them then with care.

They picked up the remnants when silence again  
 Had let its presence be known,  
 But attempted no more to feast on that night,  
 As appetites elsewhere had flown.

Next morning the matron said never a word  
 To those innocent ruffles and curls;  
 And only years after the young ladies found,  
 At the door had been one of the girls. R. S.

### A SKETCH.

Often a person may seem very commonplace and uninteresting at first meeting, but on better acquaintance one finds surprising beauty and nobility of character under a rough exterior.

Mrs. Free, the subject of this sketch, to most people is only a poor, uncouth and ignorant washerwoman. She is such but much more besides.

Mrs. Free is one of "the white trash" of the Blue Ridge Mountains, having been brought up in the heart of this range and knowing nothing outside of the little world whose limits are the great walls of mountains on all sides. Like those about her, she had no school advantages. All the mountain women helped in the fields, hoeing the cotton and corn which grew but poorly on the rocky and barren slopes. The men made whiskey from the corn in secluded spots along the streams, and the only thing that furnished variety in life was the approach of the revenue officers or the stirring up of some old family feud, both of which often ended in tragedies.

Mrs. Free lived an uneventful girlhood and at the age of nineteen married Mr. Free, who was a thrifty, kind man in his simple way. They went to live down on the shores of the Chattahoochee, a mountain stream which runs a wild and rough course in and out among the mountains over a bed of boulders and fallen trees but finally reaches the valley and flows quietly through the fertile fields.

They were happy in their neat little log

cabin. Back of them stretched their cotton and corn fields. Every morning the sun rose over distant mountains in front of them and every evening set between the slopes of the great valley.

Five year quickly slipped by. One day, as often occurred, Mr. Free shouldered his gun and set out for a day's hunting. He never came back nor was any trace of him ever found. Evening after evening his wife sat in their cabin door looking out on the shallow waters of the river, wonderingly at first and as the weeks passed, with grief-stricken face. Her two little boys were too young to understand their loss and they were all that could comfort the mother, in her own words: "I was well-nigh distracted at first, but when I got to thinkin' 'bout the boys, it seemed like it weren't no use bein' so weak minded." So she took the children and went back to her husband's people. His father and mother were aged and destitute, so they all moved down to a little summer resort in the foot-hills. They rented a little farm and by the hardest work, Mrs. Free supports her helpless father-in-law, mother-in-law and her two worthless sons, now grown men. She walks two miles to her work in the morning and back at night also as a rule, though occasionally the younger son comes for his mother, in the old ox cart.

Some evening you can see her, with a large bundle of clothes, which she takes home for night work, seated in the cart, while "Sam," her son, sits in front lashing the ox, which

lumpers along showing the self-possession common to his class. Thus they disappear down the country road in a cloud of dust, and as one remembers the seamed and wrinkled face, the knotted and worn hands, the bent

and tired form and, more vividly than all, the honest, brave eyes of our humble heroine, one recalls Whittier's lines:

"Peace hath greater tests of Manhood,  
Than ever battle knew."

R. C. F. ✓

## DOWN IN THE LAND OF FLOWERS.

BY MARGARET L. H. SMITH.

Away down in the mysterious land of the Everglades, in the southern part of Florida, there lies one small tract of country known as "The Big Cypress." This is the home of the once powerful tribe of Seminoles. We have all heard of this band, of the war in which their chief Osceola was finally captured, and of his death at Fort Moultrie while in captivity. Originally they came from that part of country known now as Georgia. Their name—Seminoles—signifies "runaway;" this from the fact that they departed from the mother tribe, and took their flight southward.

William Bartram, the celebrated botanist who visited their country about 1775, says of them: "They possess all of East Florida and a large part of West Florida. Surrounded with a great abundance of game, quarantined from all extraneous attacks, the inhabitants of this region possess the two great requirements for men in their union as a society—security for person and for property. With the skins of the deer, the bear, the tiger and the wolf, they purchase from the traders clothing and other necessary articles. They have no wishes to gratify, or wants for which they are required to provide. Content and tranquil, they seem as free from care as the birds of the air; like them they are light and volatile, like them they sing and coo. The Seminoles

presents the picture of perfect happiness." Such they were a hundred years ago.

Then came the advent of the white man, and the wars and terrible massacres followed. It is a sad tale, for on both sides much blood was shed. Yet can we wonder that these red men fought boldly for the land which they had inhabited many years? Little did Uncle Sam think when Florida was purchased from Spain for about \$5,000,000 that it would cost the Government \$30,000,000 more, besides thousands of lives before these powerful fellows could be subdued.

Every boy or girl in the United States has probably heard of Bishop Whipple of Minnesota, who during the past thirty-seven years has done such grand and wonderful works among the Ojibways and Sioux. Struggling bravely against terrible disadvantages he has at length proved most emphatically that the savage can be Christianized? and since this is the case with the Indian of the Northwest, may it not be also the case with the Indian of the Southeast?

Down in the remotest corner of the Everglades, courageous men and women are laboring among these people in the service of our Savior, and it was to hear of their work that we assembled the other Sunday afternoon. As we listened to the story of their hardships

and heard their plea for assistance, how we wished that our mite of an offering might be multiplied a thousand fold!

These Seminoles, the missionaries tell us, are not as picturesque as were their ancestors in war paint and feathers. But the offspring of Osceola, of Tom Tiger Tail, or Billy Bowlegs are energetic creatures and devoted to hunting, trapping and fishing. As a proof of their real enterprise it is reported that they have sold to the Indian Agency during this past year several hundred pounds of buckskin, five hundred otter hides and more than six hundred alligator skins. They are learning to appreciate what civilization means and already some are showing real interest in the truths that are brought to them. If only the "fire water of the white man" can be withheld from their grasp! This whisky is their chief stumbling-block, and over and over again is the good work among them deterred, because they succeed in securing it. Their teachers, however, are not discouraged, and slowly but surely their education progresses because a few stout hearts will not be dismayed. Gradually they are becoming Christianized under the influence of these missions which recently have been established, and for the support of which aid is now being solicited.

A story is told by Bishop Whipple of one of the Sioux chiefs which I think I must relate here. It touches on the question of an Indian's natural dishonesty. And we all know that many people affirm this trait can never be eradicated. The Bishop, however, thoroughly believes in their truthfulness, declaring that never during his many years of close intimacy with them has he been deceived by those who have once accepted the true faith. He says that on one occasion he had gone far from habitation away off in the wilds to preach to them. As he left his shanty for the spot where he was to hold service, he turned to the chief who had entertained him and said, "Shall I leave everything as it is till we return? Shall I lock my possessions? Are they quite safe?"

"Safe!" replied the chief scornfully, yet with a twinkle in his eyes. "Yes! Yes, all safe here, Bishop, all safe here. No white man in a hundred miles from this place!"

This is a true story and a good story in more ways than one. Let us trust that some day an equally true and good one may be told of our dusky brothers of the Sioux—the Seminoles who inhabit "the happy hunting grounds" down in the Land of Flowers.—*Weekly Magnet*.

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## A STUDY. ✓

Hawthorne's *The House of the Seven Gables* begins with a description of Pyncheon Street, Pyncheon Elm, and finally of the House itself, all located in an old New England town. Then follows a brief history of the founders of the family, and the builder of the house, together with his descendants down to the pres-

ent occupant of the historical mansion, Hepzibah Pyncheon, with whom the story opens.

She is represented as a very conservative and genteel person, who comes in contact with the world only after a struggle and on account of financial necessity, through a very humiliating medium, the penny shop established in

a wing of the old house. Little Phoebe is next introduced after a brief mention of Judge Pyncheon. She comes like a sunbeam into the darkness and dullness of Hepzibah's soul, and into the gloom of the old gabled structure. Clifford who has been thrust into prison, on a false charge, by the Judge, returns home, almost a wreck mentally and physically. He requires the care and attention of a child. Hepzibah, through her great love, is only too willing to enslave herself for him, but she does not please her brother. Phoebe's pretty face and sunny atmosphere better suit his condition.

Uncle Vennor with his pleasant, contented nature is early introduced as a man of all jobs and as a privileged guest and friend of the family. We become better acquainted with Judge Pyncheon, each time we meet him, but our familiarity only increases our contempt for one so hard-hearted and oppressive under color of so much geniality, benevolence and patriotism. His death, the climax of the story, is pictured at some length, and in this connection we have a good description of his daily life and a complete revelation of the man's character.

Manle introduced as Holgrave, the daguerreotypist, wins Phoebe's love and hand. Clifford's intellect brightens and the whole family move into Judge Pyncheon's summer residence.

The story ends happily and satisfies the most indignant reader, for he sees wrong finally overcome, and right and justice victoriously established.

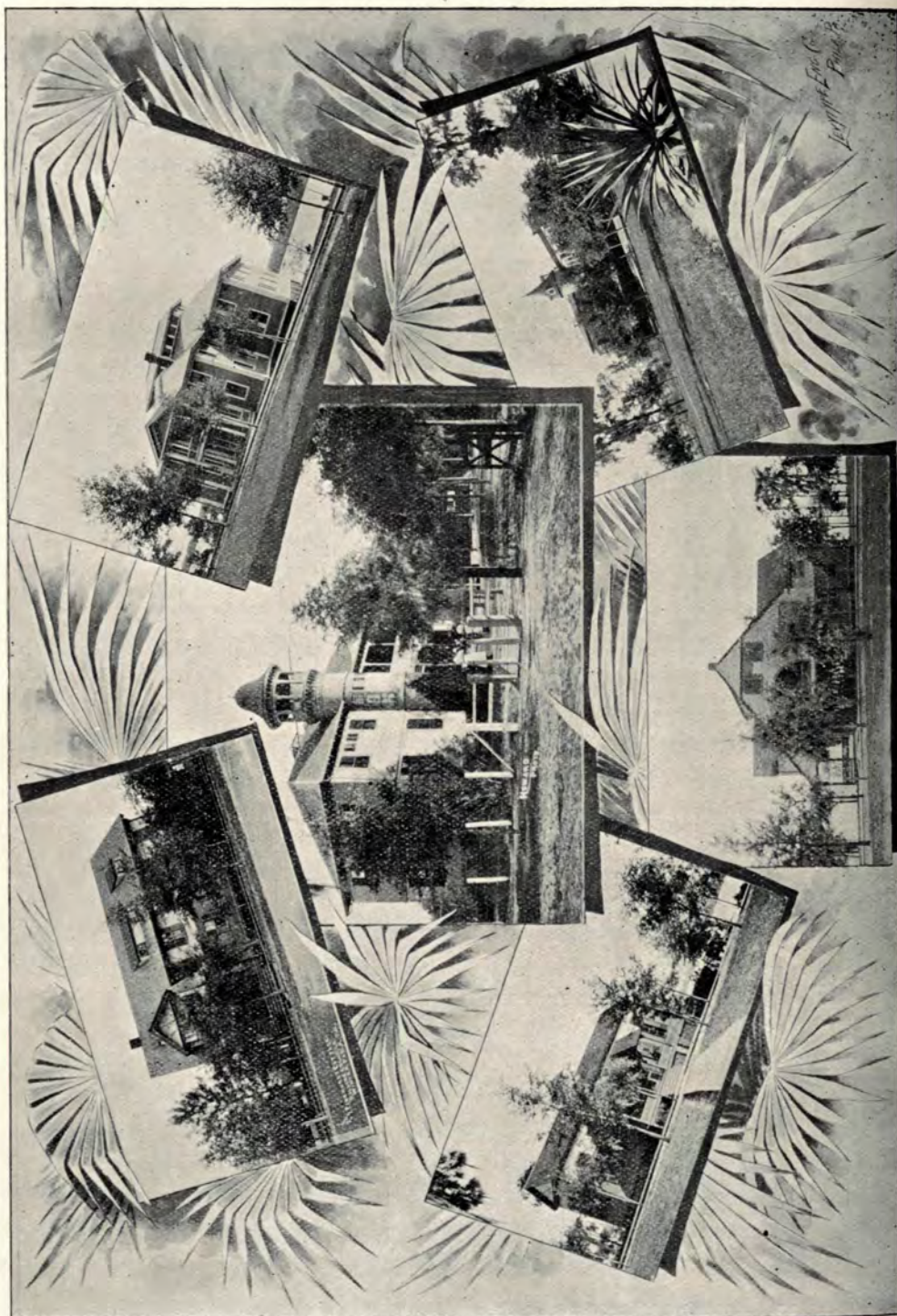
The time of the story is short. The plot is simple with few scenes and little variety. The book seems to be a statement of facts and conditions, rather than a history of people. The climax, after it is reached, is held too

long. The author presents few characters, but he manifests great skill and genius in his way of introducing and utilizing them. The same organ-grinder plays two entirely different parts in the movement of the story. Dixey and "his friend" or "the other man" represent the commenting world on several occasions. Again, we are required to remember very few names, and those only that are necessary. Dixey's companion, though mentioned as often as he, receives no other title than "the other fellow." Little Ned is the sole representative of the children. From him we must learn the sentiments of all concerning the Old House, its occupants and the penny shop, but he fulfills his office admirably.

The writer must have thoroughly entered into the spirit of this book, and he doubtless betrays many of his darker hours and thoughts while describing life in the gloomy old building. The reader's interest centers in the welfare of the characters and in the struggle between right and wrong.

The details of the story seem to be arranged chronologically, though the author skillfully scatters here and there bits of history that are essential to the story, making them appear as successive steps in the plot. Holgrave's story of Alice Pyncheon, and the account of the march of the ghosts of the former Pyncheons, in the chapter on the Judge's death, are good examples of this.

A few effective episodes are found in the book. That of little Ned as the first customer in the shop, of Phoebe and Holgrave in the garden, the flight of Hepzibah and Clifford from the House, and of Phoebe and Holgrave, again, exchanging expressions of love for each other, also add much to the interest and variety.



Pinehurst Cottage  
Dining Hall

Knowles Hall  
Lakeside Cottage

Lyman Gymnasium,  
Ladies Dormitory

## ROLLINS COLLEGE.

The plot is developed very slowly, and the reader is not moved to anticipate; only perhaps to wonder if the author can finally make those few characters happy, with their tastes and natures so different. Undoubtedly this contrast adds to the general interest. Interest also centers in the Judge's death, from the very fact that it was an answer to the many questions as to the happiness of the other characters, that were, until this event, continually arising in the mind of the reader. Among the few surprises probably the discovery of Holgrave's true name is of more value than any other, since it very satisfactorily explains many incidents of the story.

The author inserts several wonderfully vivid descriptions. The House of Seven Gables is described at different points in the narrative as required to illustrate the various scenes.

The story seems true to nature throughout and the characters are excellently drawn. Their action and conversation are in perfect keeping with the nature and sentiments ascribed to them. Hepzibah, so homely and disagreeable that we can not love her, yet so well meaning and noble hearted that we certainly pity her, is exactly the person to play her part. Little Phoebe, young, fresh, cheer-

ful, attractive in face and form, and beautiful in soul, is in her place, just as natural, and we cannot imagine anyone but Uncle Vennor himself, filling quite the position that he fills.

The book appeals both to the intellect and to the affections. We love little Phoebe at first sight, we pity Clifford and Hepzibah, we see humor in the description of the chickens and of Master Ned's achievements. We despise the Judge himself and we scorn his deeds. Perhaps some sympathy is felt for the customers who find the penny shop run on such limited business ideas.

As we close the book, we ask what was the author's object in writing such a story?

Was it for his own gratification that he gave us this work of genius, or did he have a more worthy object?

If he wrote especially to point out the might of heredity as shown in the characteristics, limitations, and crimes of the Pyncheon family, his success is certainly marked.

Yet admitting all the beauty and pathos of thought and expression, of character and of act here presented, the book remains as a story, rather deep reading, unless the reader's mind is somewhat mature and his taste is sufficiently cultivated.

J. H. N. ✓

## THE CORAL SNAKE.

A fine specimen of the little coral snake was brought to the college laboratory a few days ago by Master Charles McMurray who secured it in the vicinity of his home, near Lake Maitland. The coral snake is so called because it is marked with red zones suggestive of the color of coral. There are several species of this serpent some of which are venomous. Three of the venomous species

are found in Florida, two of them, however, are so rare that, as far as known, only one specimen of each has been found in the State—one at Volusia on the St. Johns River, and the other near Pensacola. The Volusia specimen is the only preserved representative of the species known to exist. It is in the Smithsonian Museum at Washington.

The third species, of which the specimen

recently captured is a representative, is more common, having a range from South Carolina to Central America. It is, however, not plentiful anywhere. It belongs to the family of which the famous Cobra da Cappello of India—the most dreaded creature in the world—is a member, and is known to science specifically as *Elaps fulvius fulvius*; its common name is coral, bead or harlequin snake.

The little animal is gaily dressed, the skin alternating with brick red, black and lemon yellow bands, there being in the full grown specimen, which is about three feet long, 18 black bands, 14 red ones and 32 yellow ones. The average width of the black bands is about one inch, the red ones are somewhat narrower, and the yellow ones quite narrow, serving as mere borders to the red and black. Many of the red bands are spotted with black.

The specimen under consideration, although not more than two-thirds of the length, has nearly as many bands as the full grown serpent. Its tail-bands are yellow and black, no red alternating with these colors, and a white head-band separates two black ones. The fourth red band of the tail end is broad, and contains a black disk about as large as a cent; and the fifth red band is quite narrow.

This venomous coral snake does not have the "poison pit"—a depression between the eye and the nostril—which is conspicuous in the rattlesnake and moccasin, its mouth is small and its fangs are permanently erect, fit-

ting the sockets of the lower jaw when the mouth is closed. The fangs are only about one-eighth of an inch long. The snake on account of these peculiarities is so unlike our commoner venomous serpents that some have been led to believe that it is not venomous. Even Dr. Wier Nitchell, in an article on "The Poison of Serpents," calls this species "the beautiful coral snake too small here to be dangerous to man." But Prof. Charles Coe, an eminent authority on snakes, writing on this subject, presents the following case which fully shows the poisonous nature of the reptile: "A workman at Oakland, Orange Co., Florida, captured a small snake and handled it for ten or fifteen minutes, during which time he received a bite on the hand, giving him no pain at the time. Finally killing the snake the man returned to his work. Half an hour later pains came in his hand and arm, followed by drowsiness and a dull pain in the head, and he left off work. He continued to feel drowsy and experienced a fullness of the eyelids with a partial loss of control of their muscular action. At this point a doctor was called, whose every effort to counteract the effects of the poison proved unavailing, and the unfortunate man finally died, eighteen hours after receiving the bite."

It is stated that the man who handled this serpent, and others who saw it called it a "harmless garter snake," but on examination, its mouth was found to contain two fangs fixed in the upper jaw.

T. R. B.

# THE SAND-SPUR.

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THOMAS R. BAKER, whose picture we present this term, was born of Quaker parentage in Chester County, Pennsylvania, and was graduated from the Scientific Course of the State Normal School at Millersville, Pennsylvania.

He then became a member of the faculty in this school, where he remained a number of years.

In eighteen-hundred, seventy-one he went to Germany to continue his studies, and at the University of Gottingen received his degree of Doctor of Philosophy.

After returning to America he was appointed Professor of Natural Science in the same Normal School at Millersville, and for

the next fifteen years he made a specialty of Botany, Chemistry and Physics.

During this time he became a member of the Linnaean Association of Lancaster, Pennsylvania, also of the American Association for the advancement of Science.

Prof. Baker is the author of a number of text-books on Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, some of which are used in the work of our college, which he has greatly aided during the past seven years.

His life has been one of uninterrupted activity. For a period of more than thirty years he has not been off duty an hour on account of ill health.

We would gratefully express our appreciation of the honor conferred upon Rollins College by the work of such an able and scholarly instructor.



It is with regret we chronicle the death of Major G. W. Peck, which occurred here October the eighteenth, eighteen hundred ninety seven.

Mr. Peck was born on the fourth of October, eighteen hundred thirty-five, at Michigan City, Indiana.

During the war he became Major of the 12th Indiana Cavalry, and in eighteen hundred eighty-two moved to Duluth, Minnesota, where he remained until coming to Florida about seven years ago.

From the first, Major Peck manifested the warmest interest in our college and its welfare. He became a member of the Executive Committee and soon after was elected one of its trustees.

An associated trustee states that "he was a man of sound practical judgment, of quick resource in business and a wise counselor." He was deacon of the Winter Park Congrega-

tional Church and was active in promoting all its interests. Major Peck was of a benevolent and cheerful disposition and was a great power for good among us.

We realize that in his death we have met with a great loss.



THE Rev. S. V. McCorkle died at his home in Maitland, December second.

Last February he was elected a member of the board of trustees, and in May he had a stroke of paralysis, from which he never fully recovered.

He was pastor of the Presbyterian Church and was much beloved by all who knew him.



OUR College opened this year with a larger enrollment than we have ever before had.

To be sure Florida is well represented and there is also an unusual number from other

States. Out of the twenty-five states east of the Mississippi, we have students from twenty-three.

Ohio ranks first, there being ten from that state. There are also quite a number from Texas, Missouri, and Iowa and also from Cuba. With students from so large an area we can not be provincial, and surely we ought not to be narrow with a faculty representing Dartmouth, John Hopkins, Wellesley, Smith, Oberlin, Vassar, Cornell, Leipzig, Oxford, Gottingen and the Sorbonne.



PRESIDENT and Mrs. Ward have been absent a part of this term. They left for the North about the middle of November but we hope soon to welcome them back again.

Prof. E. C. Hills was elected Dean of the faculty.

## CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR NOTES.

The District Convention of Orange and Osceola Counties held at Kissimmee, the 5, 6 and 7 of November was well attended by Winter Park Endeavorers.

Miss Emma Coan represented the Junior Society, and Mr. Harold Dale, Mr. Harold Ward, and Miss Ford, the Senior Society. Several others from this place were on the program among whom were Mr. G. W. VanSickle and Mr. Howard VanSickle.

The Convention was unusually helpful and enjoyable because of its deep spirituality and earnestness.

Our local society has now an enrollment of about forty active members.

Miss Edith Foulke of Ormond, is the new Junior Superintendent. Miss Foulke has had experience in such work and the society is fortunate in having her as its leader.

The State Convention to be held at Winter Park in March, is already occupying the thoughts of our members. Chairmen of the different Committees are being appointed and they in turn are choosing the other members of their respective Committees. The Winter Park workers will make the Convention the very best they can, and with such a determination there is a little doubt of success.

The Chairmen of the Convention Committees are as follows:

Dr. Evernden on Entertainment, G. W. VanSickle on Reception, Harold Dale on Press, Ashely Hooker on Ushers, Louis Lyman on Finance, Ruth C. Ford on Decoration, Mr. Coan on Hall, Howard VanSickle on Music. These Chairmen constitute the Executive Convention Committee with State President Eliot as Chairman.

## LITERARY NOTES.

## FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

On Monday evening Oct. 11, of this year, the first business meeting of the Friends in Council was held. At which the following officers were elected:

President.....MYRA WILLIAMS.  
Vice President.....ALMA HALLIDAY.  
Secretary and Critic.....RUTH FORD.  
Treasurer.....MAY HOOKER.  
Chaplain.....LUCY SADLER.  
Marshal.....SUSIE GLADWIN.

We missed many of the old members, who have helped make the walls resound with deserved applause.

Instead of coming together every week now, the meetings have been changed to every other Monday night.

The society counts among its new members Miss Lida Yancey, Miss Grace Jones, and Miss Lillie Drennen.

## DEMOSTHENIC NOTES.

The first of the term was as usual a very exciting occasion as the election of officers took place. The following officers were elected for the fall term:

ASHLEY HOOKER.....President.  
HOMER POTTER.....Vice President.  
HAROLD WARD.....Recording Secretary.  
RAY BEYER.....Corresponding Secretary.  
HOMER POTTER.....Chaplain.  
GEORGE BENEDICT.....Treasurer.  
MISS LONGWELL.....Critic.

We regret the loss of some of our old members who find that their studies will not permit them to remain in the society. They can not do justice to both.

Three new members have been added to the society, and we expect that a little later more will join.

We had a very pleasant visit one evening from a number of the faculty who came to encourage us in our work, and to suggest new plans which they thought might help the society.

We were very much interested in the letters from our old members, Clarence Hooker and Fred Ensminger and in one from our former critic, Miss Root.

Miss Longwell has very kindly consented to act as critic for this term.

## ART NOTES.

The term has been one of marked improvement in this Department.

Too much cannot be said as to the importance of early training in Art.

The class of little people of the Model School fully illustrate the benefit of this early training. Art is the outward expression of the great harmonies which underlie all life and thought and feelings. It is an interesting fact that the child has as a rule, excellent artistic feeling.

The interest shown by the older class of beginners is very pleasing and good work is being done by them.

There are thirty in this class.

The classes in advanced work are small but we think that the old saying "what is lacking in quantity is made up in in quality," is true in this instance.

Two new branches have been taken up this year. Mechanical drawing and China painting. Much interest is shown in the latter and next term there will be an increase in members,

The Sketch Club has resumed its work, holding its meetings in the afternoon of Tuesday and Wednesday alternately instead of on Saturday evening.

## MUSICAL EVENTS.

There are several changes in the Musical Department both as regards teachers and students.

Mme. Anna von Kalow-Bosworth the musical director teaches voice culture and piano. Miss Laura M. Walker teaches piano.

The number of students is thirty-two, a few of whom take both vocal and instrumental music.

There will be two graduates this year from this department.

The Choral Club of fifty members is larger this year than formerly, and meets every Thursday evening. Several persons from Orlando and a few from the town have joined the Club. Madam Bosworth is director, Miss Walker pianist, Miss May Hooker secretary. The Pilgrims Chorus from Il Lombardy, The Silent Night and the Soldiers' Chorus have been studied during the term.

There have been two class recitals given by the pupils, no guests being present except members of the faculty who are always welcome.

The following are the programs:

## FIRST CLASS RECITAL.

Fantasia, National Melodie Sovviner de Kieff.....	Schullhoff
Ollie Miller	
Dance of the Stars.....	Godard
Miss Slemmons.	
Hope.....	Hoelzel
Pina Cooley.	
Black Key Etude.....	Chopin
Jessamine Lewton.	
Eleventh Nocturne.....	Chopin
Miss Drennen.	
Reading on Chopin's life and works.....	
Miss Williams.	

## SECOND CLASS RECITAL.

Reading on Music and Morals.....	
Miss Myra Williams	
Au Matin.....	Godard
Eula Kells.	

Nocturne Op. 9 No. 2.....	Chopin
Miss Coan.	
Melodie in F.....	Rubenstein
Ralph Evernden.	
Nocturne ab.....	Chopin
Miss Boone.	
Concert Valse.....	Delahaye
Miss B. Fenety.	
Reading on Italian and German vocal styles.....	
Miss Drennen.	
Asthore.....	Trotiere
Miss Edith Williams.	
Two Lovers.....	DeKoonen
Miss Fenety.	
Duett Garde Che Bianca.....	Campania
Madam Bosworth and Miss Walker.	

On Friday December tenth, the first public recital was given by the pupils under the direction of Mme. A. Kalow-Bosworth.

## PROGRAM.

Piano—Selection Faust.....	Gounod
Ollie Miller.	
Vocal—Air From Magic Flute.....	Mozart
Mr. Herrick.	
Piano—In the Moonlight.....	Bendel
Miss Slemmons.	
Vocal—Rock-a-by-Baby, Ladies' Quarett.....	Neidlinger
Misses Walker, Drennen, Ford, Price.	
Piano—Tarantell.....	Moszkowsky
Miss Beatrice Fenety.	
Vocal—Concert Valse.....	Fulmer
Miss Jean Fenety.	
Vocal—Forsaken, Gentlemen's Quartette.....	Koshart
Messrs. Barr, Neville, Van Sickle and Herrick.	
Piano—Fantasia Rigoletto.....	Verdi-Liszt
Miss Lillie Drennen.	
Vocal—Air From Judith and Holofernes.....	Concone
Mme. A. Von Kalow-Bosworth.	
Dramatic Recitation.....	
Miss Edith Williams.	
Vocal—Beautiful Blue Danube, Trio.....	Strauss
Mme. Bosworth, Miss Walker and Mr. Van Sickle.	
Piano—On Blooming Meadows, Concert Valse.....	Rive-King
Miss J. Lewton.	
Vocal—Pilgrim Chorus, From Il Lombardi.....	Verdi
Choral Club.	

A special train was run from Orlando for the occasion. Quartettes consisting of Misses Walker, Drennen, Ford and Price, and of Messrs Barr, Neville, Donovan, and Herrick, have been formed.

## NORMAL SCHOOL.

A new feature this year is the Normal Department.

We have long recognized the necessity for a more thorough training for our public school teachers. The training schools have been far too few and too inadequate. Not only is it necessary for a teacher to have thorough command of her subject matter, but it is equally important that she knows how best to present it to the child's mind. Life is too short for useless experimentation and far too much of this has been done.

The work of the Normal School is to deduce from the experiences of the best teachers truths concerning a child's mind and character with its powers and limitations, and with these truths as a basis to decide upon the best method for preparing the child's mind to re-

ceive the subject matter. The underlying principles are the same in the presentation of all subjects but the details differ and so we have definite and distinct methods for the presentation of different subjects,—Grammar, Geography, Arithmetic, Reading, etc.

Our Normal School has two departments. In one of these the Normal students receive instruction in subject matter and in methods for teaching the same; in the other department we have schools of practice where the pupil teachers can actually teach under the supervision of critic teachers, those subjects in which they have had methods of teaching.

The methods presented here are those given at the present time in the best New York Normal Schools and Colleges.

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## THE GYMNASIUM.

It was our good fortune one afternoon to be of a party privileged to attend the girls' class in the gymnasium at Rollins. What an attractive and imposing sight met our eyes as we entered the spacious gymnasium! The light, active girlish figures sensibly and becomingly clad in uniforms made of green or blue flannel were scattered in all directions. Some were swarming up the poles like lively young monkeys, a half dozen of them were at work with the chest weights, going through a series of exercises to the sound of the piano; others again, were hanging from the trapeze, swinging from the rings, or marching "with solemn steps and slow" for poise; others were using the rowing machine or the chest expander or practicing running and fancy steps.

The Indian clubs, dumb-bells, high and low pulley, wrist and finger machines (the latter for the music students mainly), were claiming the attention of another group; al-

though the instructor warns us that we shall "see no feats" because more attention is paid to all round development than to "show tricks," the work therefore being recreative, relaxing, and scientifically designed to prevent and cure bodily defects, yet we do witness acts that seem little short of marvelous to the unaccustomed eyes. A modified form of the Sargent system of measurments is in use at Rollins. When a pupil enters she is carefully weighed, measured and tested, that a special prescription of work may be given her, adapted to her individual needs. In this way many abnormal tendencies are corrected, which if left would in later years become serious matters.

Miss Pelton comes to see us after three year's teaching at St. Mary's in Knoxville, Ill., where she went fresh from her completion of the teachers' course in the government schools of Dresden. She also studied medical gymnastics, massage and the Swedish move-

ments in Paris, besides taking some similar work in London. As she had previously studied the Sargent system at Oberlin University, from which she received her diploma, and had later been one of the instructors in the gymnasium there before studying abroad, she understands how to adopt foreign ideas to the needs of American girls. "The importance of such work can hardly be over estimated," says a recent writer. Late scientific investigations of brain and nerve centers clearly demonstrate the fact that certain tracts of brain cells are developed by movements and the necessity for basing true mental education upon physical

foundations must in the near future, induce a steady demand for intelligent and conscientious development of the physical being. Thus it is with pride and pleasure that the friends of Rollins College note how in this, as in all other lines of work she is keeping constantly ahead of the demand in excellence, "adding outward beauty to inward grace."

The work in the young men's department is progressing. The grading of the classes is based somewhat upon size and age, but more especially upon the physical examination taken at the beginning of the year.

Several contests are planned for next term.

## ATHLETICS.

### THE ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

At the first regular meeting of this organization the following officers were elected for the year.

GEO. L. BENEDICT.....	President.
J. H. NEVILLE.....	Vice President.
W. W. HERRICK....	Secretary and Treasurer.
CARL NOBLE.....	Field Marshal.
G. L. BENEDICT.....	Base Ball Captain.
C. L. DONOVAN.....	Base Ball Manager.
J. H. NEVILLE.....	Captain Track Team.
NEVILLE, HERRICK, BENEDICT, }	Directors.

The office of treasurer is quite an important position again this year, as the finance play a prominent part in the business of the Association.

Of course every one is rejoicing over the new athletic field, or more correctly the prospect of one. The field is just north of Clover Leaf Cottage. The Association must thank Mr. Eliot for his personal interest in the work and for his management of it during the last summer. Under his supervision the ground was cleared, a task which included the removal of some eighty pine, and three hundred oak stumps. The land was surveyed, the

track and base ball field laid out, and the grand stand moved up from the old grounds. A card of thanks is also due the friends of Rollins for the important aid they contributed. We are hoping that we may find our list of friends much larger before the year is over.

As soon as school opened and the new officers were elected the Athletic Association took up work.

The base ball field is now in fair condition, especially the in-field which has been clayed, and is nearly completed. The out-field is in a figurative way, a little rocky yet, but some fast base ball is expected nevertheless. There is more material this year than there has been for some time and the prospects for a good team are promising. So far the practice has been in general playing and in batting, tho' the team will be chosen soon, and practice in regular positions will follow.

A game with Oviedo, under some handicapping conditions for Rollins is expected soon. This will be the first game of the year.

We have some fair foot ball material this year, and there has been a little talk of a team next term.

Certainly we all regret that Mr. Fred Turner our quarter-mile runner, is not back

with us this year. His position on the track team will be one hard to fill. With this exception all the old team are back. There is some promising material among the new students, and we ought to do some good work next spring.

We are glad to welcome our friend Mr. Will Herrick back. Among other things he is valuable addition to the base ball and track teams. As a member of the latter, he is expected to leave us a record for the mile run and the mile walk. The track men will begin training after Christmas, and a trial field day will probably be held towards the close of the winter term.

A number of the school records were broken last spring.

#### COLLEGE RECORDS.

100 yards dash.....	11 1-5.
440 yards dash.....	58 4-5.
880 yards run.....	2 min. 27 sec.
Running high jump.....	5 ft. 4 in.
Running broad jump.....	19 ft. 1 in.
Pole vault.....	8 ft. 10 in.
Throwing 16 lb. hammer.....	87 ft. 5 in.

Putting 16 lb. shot.....	35 ft.
Throwing base ball.....	96 yds.
Standing broad jump.....	9 ft. 5 in.
Running hop, step, and jump.....	37 ft. 2 in.

#### INDOOR.

Running high jump.....	5 ft. 1-2 in.
Standing high jump.....	4 ft. 2 in.
Standing broad jump.....	9 ft. 6 in.
Jump, step, jump.....	27 ft. 11 1-2 in.
Bar vault.....	6 ft 7 in.

Those that were broken are,

100 yards dash—BENEDICT.....	10 4-5.
880 yards run—BENEDICT.....	2 min. 17, 3-5 sec.
Running hop, step, and jump—BENEDICT.....	39 ft. 5 1-2 in.
Standing broad jump—NEVILLE.....	9 ft 7 1-2 in.
Running broad jump—NEVILLE.....	19 ft. 3 in.

#### INDOOR.

Standing high jump.....	4 ft. 4 in.
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Several of these records may suffer in the hands of the new team.

#### THE TENNIS CLUB.

The interest in this branch of Athletics seems to be reviving. Almost every day the court is occupied by the girls and boys, and the Club appears to be flourishing.

#### SOCIAL EVENTS.

The first event of this term was a social given at the home of Mr. Maxon. The evening was spent very pleasantly in finding proverbs. Another social was given at Mrs. Burke's, where games were the order of the evening, delicious refreshments was served.

Hallow'een the students were invited down to the gymnasium. The entertainment for the evening was kept a secret, and was enjoyed all the more. The most enjoyable part was the pantomime of Hiawatha's Wooing, given by a young lady and two of the young gentlemen, Miss Strough reading the selection. At the close of the scene the Indian's tent was taken possession of by three gypsy girls who told fortunes in various ways.

Saturday November 6th, was spent very pleasantly by a party of College students with Miss Guild as chaperone. About eight o'clock

they left the campus in a joyful mood, after a long but pleasant drive, arrived at Clay Springs about noon, when owing to the lateness of the hour dinner of course was first on the program. A very appetizing lunch had been prepared by the young ladies, to which all did justice.

The afternoon was spent in taking pictures of the party, in boating on the Wekiva, in listening to the music of Mandolin, Guitar, and Violin furnished by the young men.

Several young gentlemen showed their courage by shooting the chute, which is one of the new attractions at the Springs.

Supper was served all along the route from Clay Springs to the College and the party reached home somewhat tired but in exuberant spirits and all pronounced it a "most glorious day."

The same day a picnic party went down through Maitland run, landing at Oceola's camping ground on Lake Maitland, where according to their firm belief they spent the day quite as happy as those who were at Clay Springs.

November 12th the Friends in Council and Demosthenic societies gave a reception to the faculty and students in the Lyman Gymnasium.

The hall was decorated very prettily with evergreens and bunting.

Miss Edith Williams added to the interest of the evening by giving two recitations, and Messrs. Ward and VanSickle each kindly assisted in the entertainment by singing appropriate solos.

The abundant refreshments served by the society were an enjoyable feature of the evening.

Thanksgiving day passed off pleasantly. After lunch, several of the young ladies assisted by the young gentlemen from Pinehurst gave a comb concert with a hand organ accompaniment.

The dinner served at five in the evening was perfect in nearly every respect but it was noticed that one important dish was forgotten, namely, sweet potatoes. The dining room was very effectively decorated with palms and Spanish moss.

In the evening the students were invited to the gymnasium, and spent the time playing games and acting charades.

The two literary societies held an open meeting December 17th. The program was as follows:

Devotional Exercises.....	DR. E. P. HOOKER.
Roll Call.....	
Serenade.....	Stojowski
.....	LUCY SADLER.
Recitation.....	Parody on the Curfew shall not ring to-night
.....	LIDA YANCEY.
Special Discussion:	
Resolved that the Winter Park Bicycle Ordinance is a nuisance to humanity in general and Rollins students in particular.	
Affirmative.....	HOWARD VANSICKLE.
Negative.....	MYRA WILLIAMS.
Solo—Retourelle.....	C. Chaminade
.....	HAROLD WARD.
Essay—The Importance of Greek in Colleges,	ASHLEY HOOKER.
Wit and Wisdom.....	JOHN NEVILLE.
Fantasia Impromptu.....	Chopin
.....	LAURA WALKER.

## PERSONALS.

Miss Nina Walker, who was with us last year, is teaching in Brooker, a town in the northern part of the State.

Misses Ray Neff and Gertrude Wilcox are at present at their homes in Tampa. They found it necessary to take a rest from their work and so did not return to Rollins.

Mr. Fred Ensminger, of the class of '97, is taking a theological course at Andover, Mass.

Miss Tracy, a former elocution teacher at Rollins, spent the summer at her home in New York. After Dec. 20 she will be at home in Sanford as Mrs. Phillips.

Miss Gertrude Ford has a position at Stetson University. She teaches gymnastics and also assists in the Normal department.

Mr. Clarence Hooker continues his studies at Middlebury College, Vt., this year. He makes a specialty of history.

Harold Haskins passed successfully the competitive examinations and secured the scholarship at the military school at Bartow. By this scholarship he has four years there.

Miss Emma Galloway is at her home in Okahumka. Her brother wields a rod of iron over unruly youngsters in Missouri.

Miss Mabel Kent finds a winter north somewhat cool after spending several years in the South. She is at home in Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Miss Root spent a part of the summer with her father in Illinois. For a part of the winter she and her sister will be together in Jackson, Michigan.

Miss Lucy Robinson, one of our old students, will be known by the old name no longer. Henceforth we must address her as Mrs. Williams.

George Watson has accepted a position in a clothing store in Daytona.

Miss Annie Mills takes private lessons this winter at her home in Daytona.

Miss Florence Baker will soon be graduated from a business college in Atlanta.

Miss Flossie Hill will be glad to receive her friends any time at the Hill House Myers, Florida.

Mr. Arthur Randall is trying his hand at farming in Michigan. He intends to begin school after the holidays.

Miss Faye Ford may be found at her home in Chicago.

Miss Grace Paine has gone to Baltimore, Md., College for a year's hard work.

Miss Mary Patterson, after staying home a year may come South in '98.

Mr. George Nelson attends a Methodist school near Atlanta.

Miss Fanny Dickenson and Miss Gertrude Smith are teaching in the towns of Gabriella and Christmas.

Miss Deaderick is again installed in the Palatka school.

Miss Mable Bruner begins a course at Smith, and will not be South this winter.

Miss Gertrude Southgate was married last summer to Mr. N. P. Yowell, of Orlando, Fla.

We were all glad to hear that William Ingram, our efficient janitor, had taken unto himself a help-mate.

## LOCALS.

October 6, Rollins College entered upon its thirteenth year, under favorable auspices. The increase in the number of students is a source of gratification to all well wishers of the institution.

Mr. G. D. Rand, a member of the prudential committee of the college and a gentleman who has other interests in the town, paid us a visit in the early part of November. While here he gave a lecture in the chapel on "Art in Common Things," which was greatly enjoyed by his audience.

Married Oct. 18, at five p. m., Miss Louise Merriwether and Mr. De Batchelor. They receive our best wishes and hearty congratulations.

November 22 was observed as Rally Sunday in the Congregational Church. Appropriate selections were recited by the young people and a handsome collection for Home Missions was received.

On Thanksgiving day a union service, with a sermon by Rev. E. P. Hooker, D. D., was held in the Methodist church.

In November the Episcopal Church had its first service of the winter.

A Methodist parsonage is in process of erection. It is located next the church with which it is connected.

Mr. Will Adkins, who with his mother, had spent two or more years in Winter Park, passed away the morning of Dec. 1st. He was greatly liked by all who knew him on account of his gentle and amiable disposition.

The following winter visitors have already arrived: Miss E. A. Sparrell, Mr. Wyeth, Mr. and Mrs. Woodruff, Mr. and Mrs. Ronan, and Mr. and Mrs. Mark. We are sorry to hear that on account of the ill health of Mr. Denny, he and his wife will probably not be here this season.

Besides the other winter visitors mentioned above, Mr. Brewer and family and Mrs. Brewer's brother, Mr. Ainsley, have arrived and are located in the Mitchel house on Interlachen Avenue.

It is understood that the mother and two sisters of our present Latin teacher, Professor Lord, have engaged Professor Austin's house for the season.

In accordance with the decision of the Winter Park Horticultural Association Satur-

day Dec. 4, was held as a tree-planting day, on which oak and camphor trees and flowering shrubs were set out. The fine leafed

bamboo which was planted adds much to the appearance of the park.

## EXCHANGES.

In looking over our exchanges for this issue we find many of our old friends and some new ones. We welcome them all as friends. In all we find much that is worthy of commendation and little that deserves criticism. On top of the pile is the *Lawrenceville Literary Magazine*, with its well filled pages of good literary matter.

Next is *The Mount Holyoke* looking as though it had just come out of a band-box, so neat and chaste it is. And by the way, the absence of advertisements from its covers offers a suggestion that many of its contemporaries might profit by. We quote the following paragraph of rich questioning from its pages:

"Can we stick to our business while the band and procession are going by? Can we look into the shop windows with Socrates and say, 'How many things there are here that I do not want'? Do we know net values? What is going into the structure silently building from day to day—'gold, silver, precious stones, or wood, hay, stubble'? Are we putting into the edifice material that will stand the fire that shall try every man's work of what sort it is—the fire of our own corrected judgment—the fire of God's unescapable inspection?"

One poor exchange editor seemed to find nothing on his table that merited favorable criticism. Look at home friend. "People who live in glass houses should not throw stones."

And here is *The High School News*. We heartily congratulate it on its modest appearance. Its covers no longer remind one of small-pox and "danger ahead."

In all the Universities of France there exist no college periodicals, no glee clubs, no

classes, no fraternities, no athletics, and they have no commencements.—The Riverview Student.

It always seems to me  
That Homer's Greek is bad,  
It's either Odd I see,  
Or else it's Ill I add.—Ex.

"Mother what does trans-Atlantic mean?"  
"Across the Atlantic, don't bother me."  
"Does trans always mean across?" "Yes, if you disturb me again, I will send you to bed."  
"Well, then, does transparent mean a cross parent?"—Ex.

"He that knows not, and knows not that he knows not, is a fool. Shun him.  
He that knows not, and knows that he knows not, is simple. Teach him.  
He that knows, and knows not that he knows, is asleep. Wake him.  
He that knows, and knows that he knows, is wise. Follow him."—Arabian Proverb.

### A SPACE FILLER.

This wasn't very much of a space,  
But we hated to leave it blank;  
And so were compelled, at the very last,  
To fill it with something rank.  
The pleasantest days of editor's life,  
And the fullest of hapiness,  
Are those when the copy has been made up,  
And the paper is going to press  
Then he cocks his feet on the office desk,  
And settles back in his chair,  
And heaves a sigh and whistles a tune,  
For his mind is free from care.  
Then he falls asleep, perchance, and dreams  
Of the glory his name will earn—  
And wakes again, to find that the kid  
Has "pied" the whole concern.  
Oh, such are the joys of an editor's life,  
As he sits in his easy chair  
And grinds out copy to fill up space,  
While his heart is filled with care.

—High School Leader.

## POT-POURRI.

The faculty of Rollins having given the students a Halliday, it was decided to spend the day in going around the Parks. There was such a Hayes in the atmosphere, however, that their starting was postponed till the grass became Dryer.

Of all the animals in the Parks, the Cam(p-b)ell attracted the individual n-Otis. After we spent several hours here, our best Walker suggested that we climb the Hills. But before we started some nice (S)lemons were purchased at a very moderate Price. To Carrie these a Gray pony was secured. After crossing a Ford, one of the young ladies Mett-a cow and she was afraid it would Hook(h)er.

When the top of one of the Hills was reached the party began Pelting each other with Pina Coans, and Gertrude took refuge in a Dale and said, "Pelt-on." Dinner time came, and the Baker began to Rake straw for the fire and the Carpenter improvised a table. Meanwhile the Belle of the party gathered Jessamines, Mayflowers, John-quils, sweet Williams and Lillies on the Lee side of the hill to Grace the festive board.

We saw Jack-in-the-pulpit up there, and, while waiting for dinner, visited his monastery

where the Abbott gave a Noble discourse on Grace. At the close the congregation was dismissed with the Benediction.

During the meal, the-Piper played some airs from the Roberts Pittsburgh band, and altogether it was a Mary crowd. Mr. Clark was the first to leave the table and this proved to be a signal for all the Foulkes to rise. The lunch was very fine and among the delectable were Apples, Kellsie plums, Goose Berrys, Tilden cake and (S)lemonade. Old-ham had been sent for, but much to her disappointment, the poet Laura-ate something besides pork.

It was necessary to Curry the pony before starting home-Ward, and while this was being done the Crum-packer gathered up a Ful-ton of fragments. A strange Russell was heard amid the trees, but it proved to be "nothing" but a Miller. Now that everything was cleared up we all played a game of Jenkins-up.

We finally started home, and on the way met a party who had just come from a Barr room and acted somewhat Cilly. It was so late when we arrived at the college grounds that the lighted Lams-on the table at Clover-leaf suggested to the boys that it would not be advisable to remain.

## SPURS.

He did not make a date with Miss W——. But, like many another, he failed to embrace the opportunity.

Wanted—By George B. and John N.—A little Grace.

Miss Sadler's favorite study—Homer.

Why has this term been like one long vacation for Mr. Herrick? Because he takes a Halliday so often.

Lost, Strayed, or Stolen—Two large plates of potato salad from the dining hall. Detective Bill will please Russell around and probe the thing to the top.

Why is a stale ginger cookie like an easy job? Because it is a soft snap.

## FAVORITES.

Miss Halliday's—Sweet William.

Miss Von Kalow's—John-quil.

Harlie Ward's—The May-flower.

Mr. Herrick's—Alamander.

Miss Strough's—The wooded Hills.

Miss Pelton's—The blooming Dales.

Miss Sadler's—Homergeneous plants.

Wanted—The kind assistance of my lady friends in selecting side-combs for my unruly fore-top.—N. Blank.

Willie—"Say, poper, ins't the ruler of Russia a Czar?"

Papa—"Yes."

Willie—"Well, then, is his wife a sardine?"

#### PHYSIOLOGY CLASS.

Prof. B.—"Ha-chew! ha-chew!"

Pupil—"What did you say Professor?"

#### CHEMISTRY CLASS.

Prof. (after some silence)—"Let's see: who had that subject?"

Pupil—"I believe that was my number, Professor."

Prof.—Oh yes! Well, you might just go right on with it if you please."

Why Miss Halliday likes Ethics. Because so large a part is the study of (the) Will.

Wanted—Admission to the Barr by Myra.

Some one wants to know:

Why the young men call so often. Are the young ladies deaf?

If De Witt is always Gray and never blue.

If Ollie will ever be anything but a Carpenter?

Which Laura would rather be—a good Walker or an Old-ham or an Apple?

Who can be Dryer than Emma.

If Gray is Kate's favorite color.

If Sydney will ever be a Baker.

If Jacinto thinks life Hard-away from Mary.

Whether Carl would not be more Noble if he gained a little in weight.

If Miss Odiorne enjoys being the Belle of the college.

If Mary would enjoy remaining a Piper always.

If Carrie's Price will be too high for those who want her.

Are birds fond of candy?

Someone—"Yes, I once saw a (C)lark that was."

### A MYTH AND A FACT.

There is a tale that murmurs low  
From out the hush of long ago,  
As in bleached shells sea-voices sing.  
The gods' mad laughter still did ring  
Within the temple of the years  
When man's rash courage strove to throw  
Aside dim mystery's veil, and lo,  
Was cheated by a vision, so  
He said, gone mad with hopes and fears,  
The earth was round.

Thus runs the tale—but who can say?  
Perhaps 'twas true in that far day,  
But men so long, with knives of care,  
Like sulky schoolboys, here and there  
Have hacked the old earth's rounded plane  
Till roundness has been chipped away.  
So blind with joy or grief are they  
Their corners pierce their hearts each day  
Heart's blood and corners still maintain  
The earth is square.

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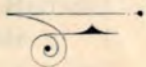


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