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THE SAND-SPUR.

STICK TO IT.

VOL. 4.

WINTER PARK, FLA., MARCH 20, 1898.

No. 2.

LITERARY.

SONNETS.

What is a sonnet? 'Tis the pearly shell
That murmurs of the far-off murmuring sea;
A precious jewel carved most curiously;
It is a little picture painted well.
What is a sonnet? 'Tis the tear that fell
From a great poet's hidden ecstasy,—
A two-edged sword, a star, a song—ah me!
Sometimes a heavy-tolling funeral bell.
This was the flame that shook with Dante's breath;
The solemn organ whereon Milton played;
And the clear glass where Shakespeare's shadow
falls:
A sea this is; beware who ventureth!
For like a fjord the narrow floor is laid,
Mid-ocean deep to the sheer mountain walls.

Richard Watson Gilder.

Scorn not the sonnet; critic, you have frowned,
Mindless of its just honors. With this key
Shakespeare unlocked his heart; the melody
Of this small lute gave ease to Petrarch's wound;
A thousand times this pipe did Tasso sound;
Camoens soothed with it an exile's grief;
The sonnet glittered a gay myrtle leaf
Amid the cypress with which Dante crowned
His visionary brow; a glow-worm lamp,
It cheered mild Spenser, called from fairyland
To struggle through dark ways; and when a damp
Fell round the path of Milton, in his hand
The thing became a trumpet, whence he blew
Soul-animating strains—alas, too few!

Wordsworth.

An old man in a lodge within a park;
The chamber walls depicted all around
With portraitures of huntsman, hawk, and hound,
And the hurt deer. He listeneth to the lark,
Whose song comes with the sunshine through the
dark
Of painted glass in leaden lattice bound;
He listeneth and he laugheth at the sound,
Then writeth in a book like any clerk.
He is the poet of the dawn, who wrote
The Canterbury Tales, and his old age
Made beautiful with song; as I read
I hear the crowing cock, I hear the note
Of lark and linnet, and from every page
Rise odors of ploughed field or flowery mead.

Longfellow.

When to soft sleep we give ourselves away,
And in a dream as in a fairy bark
Drift on and on through the enchanted dark
To purple daybreak—little thought we pay
To that sweet bitter world we know by day.
We are clean quit of it, as is a lark
So high in heaven no human eye can mark
The thin swift pinion cleaving through the gray.
Till we awake ill fate can do no ill,
The resting heart shall not take up again
The heavy load that yet must make it bleed;
For this brief space the loud world's voice is still,
No faintest echo of it brings us pain.
How will it be when we shall sleep indeed?

Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

THE PRESIDENTIAL TERM.

Much has been said regarding the advisability of having the President of the United States elected for but one term and that longer than the present term of four years. Considerable has been said in favor of the plan and much in opposition to it.

Of course the fact that it is new and untried is accepted as a strong argument against it, just as is always the case with new measures, so great is the unwillingness of men to give up the old for the new. But though it is without historical backing and is necessarily somewhat theoretical in its nature, there is so much of apparent truth and good sense in the claims made for it that it should receive careful thought.

One great advantage to result from the new measure would be to lessen in frequency the period of intense excitement and strain to which the whole nation is now subjected by the election every four years. Besides having a ruinous effect upon our commercial interests both domestic and foreign, it also affects the social and political well-being of our country.

Every political campaign brings with it a more or less extended period of suspended activity in the business world. It is natural that an event which has so direct a bearing on the interests of the country should occupy the individual to the exclusion of almost every thing else. But is it best that this should occur as often as once every four years?

If the period of general agitation came only once in six years, at the end of sixty years five changes of administration with their accompanying evils would have been averted.

Political campaigns are directly and indirectly among the most expensive luxuries in which our nation indulges.

After the last election it was stated on reliable authority that a number of private contributions to the campaign fund were each over \$50,000 and that the whole sum expended amounted to many more thousands.

With a longer term the ends of good government might be as easily, if not more easily attained, and certainly the advantage to the business world would be very great. What ever plans promise to advance the country in the way of business should receive the careful consideration of our legislators and be thought worthy of a fair trial.

The change of administration usually presupposes a change of policy which means altered tariff schedules if nothing more. This veil of uncertainty which hangs over every election acts as a hindrance not only to importation but to every branch of internal trade as well. The longer term would insure a degree of relief from this condition and by increasing confidence would act as an incentive to foreign and domestic commercial activity.

A feeling of uncertainty or slight lack of confidence in the business world invariably drives money into hiding, induces failures and is disastrous to industry in general. The helpless state of consternation which pervaded our commercial life during the last campaign owing to a proposed change in the financial policy, was enough to make apparent the fact that the less frequent such disturbances, the better for the country.

Aside from arguments of a purely commercial nature there are others of no less importance as regards the social and moral welfare of the country.

The bad moral effects of the average political campaign cannot be denied. Every four years the whole country from border to border is thrown into a state of intense excitement amounting in many cases to passion, under the force of which men do and say things without reason. One class is arrayed against another class, one section of the country against another section; politicians of little eloquence and less brains go about the country trying to make the people think that the other political party is plotting the immediate overthrow of the government.

The effect of such a condition recurring as often as once in four years must be bad for the government, for the people at large, and for the individual. Admitting that such a state of affairs must exist with every campaign, would it not be well to have it occur less frequently?

The chief objection to two terms of office is the strong temptation to neglect duty in the endeavor to gain the office the second time, and to use questionable or even dishonest means to attain that end. Even when the man is beyond the reach of any such temptation, still the mere fact that he may be elected for a second term, gives to the enemies of

the administration a chance to make false charges of neglect of duty for selfish purposes, which charges they could not make were there but one term.

The simpler the form of government the better will it be, and the less opportunity will there be for dishonest practices by unscrupulous politicians and officials. Any man who is influenced by high ideals of right and duty would rather serve his country well for one term and leave office with a good name and the respect of his country, than to have the office twice and to be subjected to a storm of false charges of dishonesty and unfair methods.

It may be argued that when a good man is found he should be eligible for a second term, but there is very little probability that a good man will be elected for a second term. Indeed under the present mode of managing politics the fact that a man is above reproach and well fitted for the place, may be taken as a guarantee that he will not be re-elected. It is not the ablest man who gets to be president nor is it the ignorant or dangerous, but, as a general thing, the man of more nearly average ability, and in this country men of average ability are not so scarce that a new one could not be found to fill the president's chair once in six years.

RUSSELL T. BARR.

THE JASMINE.

Through January and the early part of February the heart of the winter visitor is rejoiced by the sight of a luxuriant vine with dark green leaves bearing thousands of small

trumpet-shaped yellow flowers, and exhaling a strong yet delicate fragrance. This vine is commonly called the Carolina or Yellow Jasmine. It is the *Gelsemium Sempervirens*

of the family of *Rubiaceæ*, and is not closely related botanically to the jasmine. It is a climbing vine, found from Virginia southward, where it grows in great profusion, festooning trees and shrubs. The leaves are nearly evergreen, and make the plant attractive even when not in flower.

The word jasmine Linnæus derived from two Greek words, *asme* an odor, and *ion* a violet. It is not inappropriate, for the odor of the yellow jasmine, which closely resembles that of the true jasmine, is very similar to the perfume of a violet, though far more powerful. There is one peculiar fact relating to the jasmine, its odor cannot be imitated. Dickens asks if it is the one indivisible unit of fragrance.

There is another shrub which is commonly classed as a jasmine, and that is the Cape Jasmine. This is the popular name for the genus *Gardenia*, not related to the jasmine. This genus belongs to the Figwart family, and was dedicated by Ellis to Mr. Alexander Garden, of Charleston, S. C., who in 1755 commenced a correspondence with Linnæus and other European botanists, and did much to make American plants known to science.

The best known specie is the *Gerardia florida*, which does not come from the Cape, but was in 1754 introduced into England from China. There is a smaller form *G. Radicans*, and that with the *G. florida* is most extensively cultivated in the South. The flower of the cape jasmine is double with thick white leaves, very sensitive to handling, and has an almost overpowering fragrance, while the foliage is dark and glossy.

A brief mention only can be made of another variety which is classed with the jasmine, and that is the Star Jasmine. It is

the *Gracilio* of the *Jasminordeo* family. The blossom is a pure white tubular one spreading toward the top into salver form, and is without perfume.

The poet Cowper says:

"The jasmine throwing wide her elegant sweets,
The deep dark green of whose unvarnished leaf
Makes more conspicuous and illumines more
The light perfume of her scattered stars."

The true jasmine is a shrub sometimes twining, of the genus *Jasminum*, which with six or seven other species, belongs to the *Oleaceæ* family. The species are all natives of warm countries.

The flowers, white or yellow, are trumpet-shaped and most of the species are deliciously fragrant. The white jasmine and the night-blooming are the varieties most commonly cultivated in the South. The night-blooming jasmine, the *Nyethanthus Asbarnistus*, has a small greenish-white, tubular-shaped blossom which grows in clusters, and at night the odor exhaled from a bush in full bloom is almost overpowering.

There is a pretty legend told of the origin of the white jasmine: Once upon a time a king died, and in all his kingdom there was only one who mourned for him sincerely. This was a little boy to whom once or twice, the king had carelessly thrown a few kindly words and the boy treasured their memory in his heart.

All day the king lay in state, and his subjects came to place flowers around him. Unnoticed the child crept into the palace with a tiny handful of field flowers to lay on the king's breast. Seizing a moment when the attention of the watchers was directed elsewhere, he slipped in and laid them on the breast of the king, then pressing a kiss on

one of the cold hands he stole back again to his home.

Unseen, an angel stood by the body, reading the thoughts of the subjects as they placed the flowers around the king. There was a stern expression on his face, but when the child brought his little offering, it gave way to a radiant smile.

That night the child had a beautiful dream. He dreamed that the king came, took him in his arms and carried him to a most beautiful garden filled with flowers of celestial beauty, which the king told him represented the good thoughts that went with an offering of flowers to the dead.

Among the flowers was a delicate white one with a delicious fragrance, and the king said this represented the offering the child had made to him in the morning.

When morning came the parents of the boy found that he had not returned from the celestial land of his dream, but on his face was an expression of satisfaction and delight.

In the palace the watchers found, black and withered, the beautiful and costly flowers that had been brought by the subjects with ostentatious grief, but in place of the handful of field blossoms lay some beautiful delicate ones that are known to us now as the white jasmine.

FLORENCE HUDSON.

CAUSE AND EFFECT.

CAUSE.

Things were going smoothly; all was sunshine, except in the shade of the thick trees overhead, and of that certain umbrella. In this double shadow sat two young people, a young lady and a gentleman. The young lady was saying, "John, you must not stay here a moment longer. I told mother I was going out to sketch, and here you have been bothering me for an hour, and she will be sure to ask to see what I have done."

"Well, you did not tell her where you were going, and I'm sure no one could ever find you. It was only by greatest luck that I found you. Besides I'll help you with your picture in a few minutes."

"Yes, your sketching would help, I must say. Sit down there and let me sketch you. No, raise your head a little. Now keep still."

Silence. Two minutes of obedience, and

then, "Marie, isn't that sketch finished?"

"No, not quite." Another pause, soon broken by rapidly approaching footsteps. A pleasant looking boy of about sixteen appeared and walked up to the young lady.

"Say, Marie," he exclaimed, "Eh—I beg your pardon."

"What do you want Frank? Did mother send for me? Mr. Elson, this is my cousin, Frank Philips."

Frank bowed, and then said, "I have a message for you, Marie. What are you sketching to-day?"

"Oh, nothing"—Mr. Elson cleared his throat, Marie blushed and Frank laughed. "I wish you would tell me what you want and then go."

"Yes, I'm going to. I have my kodak along. Sit down and let me take a picture of you and of Mr. Elson."

"Frank, be sensible and tell me what mother wants."

"Wait a minute. There, I have Mr. Elson," Frank replied, taking a picture of that gentleman seated on the grass, just as a flood of sunshine burst on him through the trees. "Now Marie, its your turn, for I declare I won't tell you a word until you do." By this time Mr. Elson began to laugh, and Marie, good naturedly or perhaps because she knew her tormentor, sat down in range of the kodak. "There now Marie if they are both good I'll give Mr. Elson one of you, and you one of Mr. Elson."

"Excuse me a moment, Mr. Elson. Now Frank," said Marie when they had withdrawn a few steps, "what is it?"

"Cousin Ned came on the morning train and Auntie thought you would like to know."

"Why Frank you mean boy. When I haven't seen my brother for so long, why didn't you tell me at once? Good afternoon, Mr. Elson, I really must hurry home."

The next morning Frank went up stairs to develop the pictures he had taken the day before. He had a dark room fixed in an unused closet. When he reached there he stopped and said "By George! That's one on me. I'll bet I exposed that plate twice instead of taking two pictures. They won't guy me a bit! Well we'll see what it looks like any-way." For a few minutes he studied the piece of glass without being able to trace anything on it, then, indistinctly at first, but finally more and more clearly he saw something that made him break out into such a fit of laughter that he nearly overturned the whole outfit. In the greatest haste, he went on the balcony where the sun was bright, to obtain a print from it. Frank loved a joke if anyone did, and now he

had Marie completely at his mercy; and the more hard hearted of us, will laugh with him though perhaps not as long or as heartily. It happened that the picture showed the head and shoulders of both Marie and Mr. Elson very well. The brightness of the sun at the time it was taken was such that both had looked down a little with their heads slightly inclined to one side. The result was that they appeared to be sitting side by side, with down-cast eyes and with their heads resting together in a most surprising manner.

As Frank trimmed the prints, so as to show only the head and shoulders, it was difficult to see that there had been more than one exposure. Frank printed several of the pictures, but did not mount any, and while they were drying one blew off the balcony unnoticed by him. He put the rest away until the most favorable time for showing them.

The afternoon of the same day, Marie's mother called him into her room and began very seriously: "Frank I wish you would answer truthfully two questions. First, did you take this picture?" she asked, producing the lost print. Frank was somewhat astonished, but not enough so to endanger the joke, the success of which his aunt seemed about to insure. "Yes Ma'am, I took it." "When did you take it?" "Yesterday m rning while Marie was out sketching." "Thank you Frank, that is all, please say nothing of this interview."

No need of that last instruction. Frank went off to the barn to indulge in a hearty laugh. Oh no, he wouldn't say anything about it.

That evening Marie went to a concert with Ned, who was to leave again late that

evening. On the way home she thought that Mr. Elson passed them, but not being sure she did not speak.

When Ned's train had started and Marie had just gone up to her room, her mother followed her. Marie was surprised at the expression on her face. "Why mother, what's the matter?" she exclaimed. "Are you ill?"

"What's the matter! I'm about to tell you. No, I'm not ill, but disappointed, very much disappointed." Marie only looked her interrogations, and her mother continued. "It seems, my daughter, that I know more than was intended for me. Please don't say anything. I beg you not to make things worse by any words you can say. To be brief while you were at the concert, Mr. Elson came around asking permission to call to-morrow evening. I replied that you were at the concert, but that I thought I could answer for you. Then I told him that his company was no longer desired and that in the future he could oblige us with his absence."

"Mother do tell me what you are talking about. Mr. Elson—"

"Never mind him. Besides I think that you need no explanation. But Marie if you still doubt my knowledge of this business, I may say that in my opinion you and he have been a little too familiar considering the brevity of your acquaintance."

Then she walked out. Marie, alone, was first bewildered, and then angry, then her eyes grew moist and before she knew it, a tear rolled down her cheek. If any one had told her, she would have denied that she cared anything for John Elson. Now a thousand little memories came to make it hard to stop those tears. But then she would see him again and all could soon be explained.

EFFECT.

Frank started out with his kodak the next morning soon after breakfast and thinking he would mail a letter on the train he walked down to the station. His errand done he stood watching the people get on the train. The last person was a young man who came hurrying across the platform, carrying a traveling bag.

Frank did not recognize him at first, then he remembered and called to him, "Mr. Elson." The young man had one foot on the first step of the car when he heard his name. He turned his head. Snap, went that ever ready kodak. "Why eh"—explained Frank, "I just want to say goodbye, if you are going away."

He looked into Frank's face a few seconds and then satisfied that the boy was sincere, he said, "Yes, I am going to New York. I expect to stop with a friend at the Hotel Merrill for a few days, and then I don't know where I'll go." The conductor called "all aboard." Elson looked at the boy again. "Frank," he said, taking off a withered wild flower, "give this to Miss Marie with my respects, will you? And you might say good-by to her, for me," he added trying to laugh.

"Whew!" whistled Frank, as he watched the receding train, "didn't suppose it was as bad as that! Frank Philips you've got your foot in it now, and you've got to fix things up or give the world a satisfactory reason why not."

He would "pump" Marie a little first, to see how she felt about it. He found her at her desk writing; he delivered his message and gave her the single little flower. Marie slowly crumpled the paper she had been writ-

ing upon while he talked, and then said in a voice that he never heard her use, "Was that all he said?"

"No, he said to say good bye to you for him." To this Marie replied only by folding her arms on the desk and allowing her head to sink until it rested on them. For a moment a few stifled sobs were heard and it dawned upon Frank that his joke had been carried too far, but surely not by himself; something had taken place that he did not know about. During all this, his kodak had been lying on the table pointed directly at his cousin. The temptation was too great; Marie did not hear the little click. In a moment she arose walked over to Frank, and laid her hand on his shoulder. "Frank," she said. "I ought to be ashamed of myself, but I cannot. You will not say anything about my foolishness this afternoon, will you?" The boy put his arms around his pretty cousin's neck and kissed her heartily.

A few days later, John Elson sat in his room in the hotel, in New York, thinking. It was in the morning. His boat left in an hour or two.

As he sat there he reviewed once more, in thought the short vacation, during which he had met Marie. Again he was puzzled for a solution of his strange dismissal. What had happened to change things so suddenly? What had he done to displease her? He wondered if Marie really knew and understood everything when her mother spoke to him. He wondered who the fellow was, with her, when he saw her last. So much seemed strange to him, but of this one thing he was certain, he was not wanted. He picked up his bag and went down stairs, on his way to the boat, inquiring in vain at the office for

mail. He left his future address, paid the bill and walked out. The last hope was gone. No mail. Well, why should he expect any?

Things looked pretty bad, as Frank thought them over. Marie all broken up, and Mr. Elson about to leave the country, perhaps. But he seldom lacked an idea, and it followed that things were soon straightened out between Marie, her mother and himself. Another result was that about three months later, a small package overtook Elson at a little town in the far interior of Brazil. It had been forwarded first from New York, and later from a dozen other places that marked the stopping points in his wanderings. There were other results.

Not long after this, Marie's mother went one evening to answer the door-bell. When she had opened the door, a young man spoke to her, "Mrs. Philips, I owe you an explanation."

Mrs. Philips looked at him and exclaimed, "Mr. Elson! No sir, I owe you an apology."

"Not at all. I suspected there might be some mistake, and that is why I presumed to call after having been forbidden to do so."

"Please don't mention that. I am indeed sorry for my hasty words last summer, the more so, that I have since found how undeserved they were."

"You would trust your daughter in my company then, Mrs. Philips?"

"Certainly."

"Then may I see her this evening at eight?" Something in his voice implied more than he said, and caused the lady to regard him closely and to hesitate instead of making the ready reply that her first impulse prompted. Then she said slowly:

"Yes, if Marie is willing."

Marie looked beautiful that night. One

man mentally compared her to an angel. At first the conversation was somewhat reserved, but soon they were more at ease, and later John sat looking into a face that tried to appear puzzled, but that finally brightened with smiles, while Marie said, "Yes, if mother is willing."

"She is, I have seen her."

Marie broke the long silence that followed. "Let me show you these, John," and she handed to him two photographs—the first was a pair of heads easily recognized, bending closely together; the other was a young man about to mount the steps of a railway car.

Under one was written "Cause," under the other "Effect." "Let me show you," said Marie, "what taught me to love you."

He looked at them a moment and then drew from his pocket two other photographs. One was that of the same two heads, and the other of a young lady in tears before an open desk; They were also labeled "Cause" and "Effect." "Let me show you what gave me hope that you loved me, and brought me back from Brazil." Marie gazed at the pictures a little surprised at first, and then she murmured, "Dear Frank."

JOHN H. NEVILLE.

A HOME WHERE THE FERN FRONDS GROW.

Half hidden by the trees that surround it, and unnoticed by most passers by, a little home stands near a country road.

A modest dwelling it is, low and unpretentious and of no decided color. Because of its seclusion few visitors find their way thither, and it was due to the merest chance that I happened upon it.

All through the woods and to the very door grow ferns in wild profusion and in all stages of development, from the curled fronds just unfolding to the ample spread of delicate green shaded by the brown spores.

No other habitation is within view and one wonders if some hermit or recluse has chosen for a life of retirement a spot so beautified by nature. Evidently not, for on entering we find quite a family—father, mother, and children. Though greeted shyly by them, we are not made to feel unwelcome for I frequently visit there and they no longer regard me as an

intruder. After becoming acquainted with them and learning more of their quiet unassuming ways, my surprise at their choice of so secluded a nook in which to live, vanished.

To strangers it seems a trifle odd that the whole family should be attired alike, both as to texture and color. A rich brown is the prevailing hue, relieved here and there by lighter tints. The costume is simplicity itself, no ornaments or attempt at display.

In their tastes they are not literary for no books are to be seen and they never discuss the events of the day. Music seems to please them and they all have good voices. The book of nature is what charms them and a great deal of their time is passed out of doors. Every day father, mother, and all take long walks, and I often meet them in lanes and by-paths.

I am told that they have relatives living in the mountains, but no visits are ever ex-

changed. Perhaps mountain life does not suit them or perhaps some long existing family feud prevents intercourse.

One custom rather peculiar is handed down from generation to generation. As the children become able to care for themselves, they leave home without any help in their start in life. At the death of the parents the old home goes to decay.

Under this roof the utmost peace and harmony reign, and no quarrels ever come with their jarring discords. When preplexed by life's questions and annoyances, I love to steal into this place so free from all anxieties.

You may, some of you, come upon this home in your wanderings for it is that of one of our feathered friends, the quail.

ALMA HALLIDAY.

A LETTER.

ANDOVER, MASS.

DEAR ROLLINS FRIENDS:—THE SAND-SPUR came some time since like a star from another world. I am sure you will not disagree with me in thinking that the last appearance of that luminary argues well for the brilliance of the quarter from whence it came. It requires some imagination to associate New England with that section and especially at this season. Not long ago there was a heavy snow-storm here. The trains from Boston were delayed and people were practically snowed up for a day or two. What was of somewhat local interest, was the fact that several of the Seminary professors could not reach the class-rooms. One was pulled out of a drift in front of the Chapel and another came on snow-shoes.

A number of the students were invited one night to take an excursion by moonlight on snow shoes. The time was spent in this exercise and in tobogganing.

Some of you are doubtless acquainted with Andover. It is a town of some five thousand inhabitants, some twenty miles from Boston, and within sight of Lawrence and Lowell.

From the early colonial days when people were tried and hung for witchcraft, down through Revolutionary times to the present, the town has had a more or less remarkable history. From the beginning of the century Andover has been known as an educational center of considerable importance. There are three quite well-known schools here; Phillips Academy with over four hundred boys preparing for Harvard and Yale; Abbot Academy for young women, and the Theological Seminary. The latter was the first regular institution of the kind in this country and has a grand record. The "American Board" which has been such a factor in modern missions came into existence through the efforts of graduates of the Seminary and in the years past many of its alumni have become missionaries.

One of the greatest gifts of Andover to this country is our glorious "America," composed by Samuel F. Smith in 1832, while he was a student at the Seminary. Harriet Beecher Stowe was the wife, and Elizabeth Stuart Phelps the daughter, of a Seminary professor.

The fact that this institution is the place where Dr. Hooker prepared for the ministry, and in which President Ward took his theological course before Rollins was so fortunate as to get hold of him, will be of interest to all con-

nected with the college. Andover was also for some time the home of Mrs. Hooker.

Hoping that Rollins will continue to grow and prosper, I am yours truly,

[Rollins, 1897.]

FRED ENSMINGER.

THE GREAT COSMOPOLITAN THOROUGHFARE.

To persons visiting the large cities of our country for the first time, the city streets are generally very interesting. With the busy traffic and swiftly changing scenes, they may well be a source of wonder and perplexity to the simple countryman when he first sets foot on their crowded pavements, his thoughts filled as they are with ideas of the village store and the group of friendly farmers seated around its doorway. We hardly blame him for exclaiming on seeing the sign "Lead Sinks" before some large wholesale house, "Why of course lead sinks. I learned that the first time I went fishing."

If the smaller streets of our cities present much that is novel and interesting to the sightseer, how much more attractive must be the larger thoroughfares. State Street in Chicago, Market Street in Philadelphia, and Broadway, the greatest street in our greatest city, are representatives of this class. What Broadway does not show of the life of New York is, with very few exceptions, hardly worth our finding out. Stretching for about five miles through the very heart of the city, from Central Park to the battery, it is the artery through which flows daily an almost ceaseless activity. In no way can an hour be spent more profitably and interestingly than by standing on one of the down-

town corners during the closing hours of the day and watching the almost endless crowds that after their day's work is done, impatient of any interruption, go hurrying to their homes.

The business man, with brow contracted and thought only for the schemes of the morrow, walks side by side with the happy clerk, who confident of his position as long as he performs his duty, has not a care in the world and is content to "Let to-morrow take care of to-morrow." On the curb the pedler plies his trade of whimsical wares. In each hand is a lively jumping-jack, around his head fly butterflies, birds, and balloons, and at his feet are crawling alligators, turtles, and mice. Here too the professional beggar continually annoys the passerby with whining pleas for alms. This is the time when the newsboy is most active; he goes running with a stock of evening papers under his arm, now close beside a cable car, now up to a gentleman on the sidewalk, always bright and full of business, calling out the latest news, caring not whether it be interpreted as a grand marriage, a fire, or a murder, as long as he sells his papers and gets his coveted cent. The policeman is another prominent figure; while in some parts of the city one may search for him in vain, on

Broadway he is always at his post, the ready helper of everyone who needs his assistance.

With the seemingly endless chain of cable cars and wagons passing to and fro there is little wonder that "Samantha" once mistook them for a funeral procession, though as she thought a rather gay one. It is not too late to take a car and catch a glimpse of the characteristic up town life that makes Broadway what it is. New York is cosmopolitan, but is Broadway? No. Conditions have made classes, and custom has delegated one class, away down in the social scale, to the "Bowery," another to Fourteenth Street; and ascending the scale follow in turn Sixth Avenue, Twenty-Third Street, and Broadway. Ambition is satisfied when it can say, "I bought that on Broadway." Putting aside the moral thought, however, it is a charming sight. The grand stores filled only with what is beautiful, and the continuous line of handsomely dressed men, women, and children going up and down, and in and out, seem a bit of fairy land when the electric light flashes over all. These stores, the finest in the city, represent millions of dollars.

Moving along between these two lines of architectural splendor we lose sight of much that is grand, for each building embraced so closely seems a part of its neighbors. On our first look at the Herald Building we notice a change; it stands alone, boldly facing us with its long white front, it can be approached from all sides, and through the long low windows powerful machines can be seen at work. It is said that a room is kept in readiness for the owner and director of all this activity, James Gordon Bennett, with whose name are associated those of Stanley and Livingstone traveling in the wilds of Africa, and

of DeLong sailing through the bleak northern seas. Just across the street stands a statue of Horace Greeley. Up to the time of the last extremely hot weather in the city, this statue attracted no more attention than that usually given to the statues of great men; but now we look at it and smile, and think, "Can that story be true?" The story runs something like this: When the heat first became so intense, the statue, as was natural, did not seem to mind it in the least; but as the mercury rose higher and higher, the statue began to exhibit signs of restlessness, and no longer able to endure the heat it stepped down from its pedestal, procured a fan in one of the bargain stores and then remounted to its old seat. The fan gave temporary relief, but when the noon-day sun shone upon the head of the statue, the perspiration streamed down its face and the statue fainted.

At the entrance to Wall Street like a grim sentinel, stands Trinity Church. Amid all the noise of its surroundings, it seems almost, at times, to cast glances of reproach at the strange doings just outside its door. Imagine the surprise of some of the ancient burghers who have slept for so long a time in its old church yard, could they return and visit their once so well beloved village of New Amsterdam: or if Alexander Hamilton should leave his tomb, could he find in this great modern city that quaint old inn which he so often frequented while still a youth. Not far distant is the Produce Exchange with its numerous "corners," and its "bulls" and its "bears" that, just at present, are occupying so much of their time with "weak" "strong," and "quiet" wheat.

Going south from Wall Street, Broadway,

at this time in the evening, presents a strong contrast to the up town brilliant scene. The crowds have dispersed, side walks are almost deserted, and the street lamps and occasional watchman's lantern dimly light the dark towering buildings. Soon faint snatches of music reach our ears and we arrive at the Battery. On the benches scattered around under the trees, many poor people of the slums are seated, listening to the military band or watching the lights of some great

ocean liner moving slowly up the bay among the flashing lights of the ferry and excursion boats. True "Music hath charmes." But even the park is gradually deserted, the music ceases, the distant lights of the harbor fade out and the silence seems to say—

Home to rest!

Stillness through the streets is stealing,
And the watchman's horn is pealing,
And the night calls softly "Hist!"

Home to rest!

NORMAN BAKER.

AT THE ORMOND.

It was a strong and kindly face that looked long and dreamily into the great open fire. The broad shoulders had, at last, begun to droop and the eyes were not as bright as they had once been, so that the book and newspaper were laid aside, while the hours were passed in recalling the events of a full and well-spent life.

Yet there was another life going on about him, which he enjoyed as he sat watching the groups of people as they gathered and regathered in the great hotel parlor.

It was the eve of Saint Valentine's Day and some gaily dressed girls were hovering together as they opened one little square envelope after another. From their faces, one might think that some contained very pleasant reminders, while others caused happy ripples of laughter, that doubled the enjoyment of two young observers just outside the window.

One pretty girl blushed timidly and tucking something into her belt, she excused herself saying that she must see if her mother

were comfortable, and passed hastily up the broad stairs.

The two eyes were no longer gazing into the fire, but just as she reached the upper steps, they saw her take the little parcel from its hiding place and as she vanished from sight, the quiet observer wondered if the mother were very ill.

But why was this evening of special interest to him? It was the children's evening and they were to have the music, parlor, and all, just to themselves.

He sat opposite the broad stairway that he might see them as they came down.

The musicians were drawing their harsh bows across the quivering strings, and making them more or less tense, till suddenly as if by magic there burst forth a volume of melody.

Then came one happy little creature after another, fairly dancing with excitement, their faces all aglow with merriment. To be sure there were some children who left to the care of the nurse appeared with quantities of much

be-crimped flaxen hair, tied back with bunches of pink or very blue ribbon.

Little Miss Muffet with her spider, Boy Blue, Jack Horner, the flower girl and the fairy, were all there. As they took their places for the first dance, little Lord Fauntleroy stood alone, quite miserable for his little partner had not come; but looking up the stairway he saw her, as she paused a moment on the landing to gather up her long gray skirt.

She was a little quakeress with a dainty kerchief folded about her tiny shoulders, while the little white cap fitted closely about her quaint face.

Who would not enjoy such a sight, all these children so happy, flitting airily about, each one intent on the next movement of the fairy dance.

Many faces were turned to the little quakeress as she courtesied to her Lord, and stepped lightly about. Once she stood looking at the quiet man in the corner, and touched that all were not as happy as she, she walked up to him, and putting her hand gently on his knee, she looked up into his kind face and said, "I wish you were 'ittle and then you could dance too."

Could he help taking her up into his great arms and giving her more than one hearty kiss? while his eyes dimmed, and his hands trembled with gratitude that she should remember his loneliness in the midst of her happiness.

Did he see any but her as he watched through the evening? He saw her with his dim eyes, the strings slowly untied that held the dainty bonnet and saw the first curl come peeping out.

He saw her when she dropped the little

bag from her arm, quite forgotten upon the floor.

At last it was all over and he watched her go wearily up the stairs, tripping once on her skirt, then she reached the landing and looking down over the room her eyes met the ones that were watching her so tenderly. Many little golden curls had crept out now, and there, leaning over the railing, with her dimpled hand she threw a kiss to the upturned face while she timidly called, "Good-night."

Hours passed that lengthened into dreary days and all was quiet in that great house. The bell-boys tip-toed through the halls and the musicians laid aside their instruments that the little girl might rest. But it was all in vain, for too soon the good doctor walked sadly away, and the mother sat alone with her grief.

The hours and the days pass slowly by. Weeks have gone and it is midnight. The moon is streaming far and bright into the room and there by the window we see the mother with a little gray dress and kerchief folded on her lap. In her hands she holds the dainty bonnet and the hot tears fall again and again upon the little garments.

Again the dreamer sits before the dying fire. There is only a dim light now, that casts long and solemn shadows through the room. All is still save the crumbling of the embers as they break and fall softly out of sight in the bed of ashes. But his face is turned towards the landing and again he sees memories quaint picture, the innocent child in her smiling gentleness, greeting him in his solitude.

EDITH FOULKE.

MY NATIVE CITY.

My English home was in the ancient, pretty and picturesque city of Worcester, which boasts an antiquity as high as any in the Island.

In the time of the ancient Britons, according to a list of their cities given by Nennius, it was a place of considerable consequence and was called *Caer Guorangon*. Perhaps it owed its importance to its situation, being protected on one hand by an impassable forest and on the other by the river Severn. It was taken possession of by the Romans at an early period of their dominion in Britain, and although some doubts exist as to whether it was a principal station of that people, yet it seems certain that a fortress was erected here to protect the passage of the Severn and secure their conquests in the neighborhood.

After the general union of the small Saxon kingdoms, the Bishop of Worcester obtained certain royal grants which enabled him to fortify the cathedral and close.

In the 12th and 13th centuries the city suffered severely and repeatedly from fires, partly accidental and partly by military and other incendiaries. During this period, and the two succeeding centuries, it was also the scene of several historical events.

During the civil wars in the reign of Charles I, this city embraced the royal cause, and was, in fact, the first city which did this openly.

Worcester was the first place in England in which a mayor proclaimed Charles II, at the Restoration, and from a timbered house built in 1572, in the corn market, Charles II escaped in 1651.

Butler, the author of "*Hudibras*," was a native of this city and the cottage in which he lived is still standing. It is a long, low, timber framed and thatched dwelling, now forming three tenements.

From Worcester the river Severn winds its way into the Bristol Channel. This river was a source of great enjoyment to me and many happy hours have I spent rowing and sailing on its waters or rambling along its mossy banks not far from my home.

Looking east over the river one gets a good view of the Malvern Hills, about eight miles distance, which contain what is considered to be an ancient British triangular-shaped camp.

I recollect going with my father on the evening of Guy Fawke's Day to watch the torch light procession and the bonfires burning on the hills. We stood on Worcester bridge and watched the dark, moving figures with their torches, going up one hill and down another, and noted the river running so silently beneath us, the stillness broken only by the cathedral clock chiming out the hour. This evening will always live in my memory.

Regattas are held annually, and in the evening the river presents a pretty sight, with its numerous boats, large and small, brilliantly illuminated with Chinese lanterns of various shapes and sizes.

Directly across the river are several acres of land known as "*Paine's Meadows*," which are frequently rented to owners of menageries who pitch their tents there several times during the season. My brother and I were allowed to go over and see the strange animals; but

it was not pleasant to be awakened at the dead of night by the roar of a hungry lion.

Worcester has now a population of about 60,000. It was formerly surrounded by a strong wall, of which some slight vestiges remain.

It is not a great bustling city, although it has a number of manufactories, chief among them being Dent's Glove Factory, and I believe that in top-playing season the boys still slip into the back yard where large stacks of waste leather is thrown, and get some of which to make their whips. Lea & Perrin's Worcestershire Sauce Works and the Royal Porcelain Works are also here and add to the city's prosperity and interest. The beauty of the Worcester china is well known as it is a considerable article of commerce and has obtained a reputation unequalled both at home and abroad.

Respecting the Porcelain Works, I may add that one of my ancestors on the paternal side came with the original founders when they settled in the city in 1751.

Speaking of ancestors reminds me of a story I once heard. An Englishman was boasting that his ancestors came over with William the First of Normandy. "Ah; wonderful!" said an old gentleman, "I have not the least doubt you are right, but, I can assure you, sir, when they did come, they found mine already here."

There are a large number of handsome public buildings, but the one that charmed me most, was the grand old cathedral. As a child I loved to wander along its well kept paths and among the ruins within its close.

The church of the Britons at Worcester was not styled a cathedral till the year 680. This edifice was almost totally destroyed by

the Danes in 1041. Bishop Walstan laid the foundations of a new cathedral in 1084, which was completed in three years. The building was partially burned in 1113, and again in 1202, but was repaired after a lapse of sixteen years, and in 1380 the west window was opened.

The present form of the cathedral is that of a double cross; and through the work of different ages, presents, at least, three distinct styles of architecture, yet it shows great harmony of design. Its exterior appearance is very plain, and the effect of the building is much injured by the manner in which its walls originally of red sandstone, have been repaired at different times with stone of a whitish green color.

The tower is greatly superior in architectural decorations to the remainder of the building. It rises from the center of the great cross aisle, and was erected in 1374. It is 167 feet high, and is divided into two storeys by a band of quartrefoil tracery.

Just before leaving England I paid my farewell visit to the Cathedral accompanied by my father. I remember how our voices and footsteps resounded through the building and the feeling of awe that swept over me, as I realized that we were in the presence of the dead.

The interior view of the sacred edifice is very pleasing, and the visitor is struck by the clustered columns, with their richly ornamented capitals and the many, and varied mouldings of the arches which spring from them. It is of course impossible to give an account of all the monuments. Some of the principal ones are: the monument to King John, the altar tomb to Robert Wilde, esq., and Lady, tomb of Sir John Beauchamp. The sculptured figures of the Knight and Lady Beauchamp lie

on the top, with the arms of their family at their head. He was beheaded in the reign of Richard II. A plain tomb is erected over the renowned Judge Littleton who died in 1481. It is stated that on this tomb was the figure of a judge in his robes, which was destroyed by Cromwell's soldiers after the battle of Worcester. A beautiful monument is erected to the memory of Sir Henry Ellis, who died of wounds received in the battle of Waterloo. Not far from this stands the monument of Bishop Gauden, with a half-length figure of the prelate, holding in his hand a book, supposed to be the "Eikon Basilike." The Bishop died in 1662, and to him was intrusted the care of collating and publishing the meditations of Charles I. which appeared under the name of "Eikon Basilike," or the Portraiture of his Sacred Majesty in his Solitude and Suffering. Near this tomb is a tablet to the memory of Ann Walton, wife of Izaak Walton.

Over the western entrance to the choir, stretches the organ gallery, in which stands a noble instrument built in 1842.

The Choir is 124 feet in length and is fitted with stalls carved out of fine Irish oak.

The octagonal pulpit is carved out of a single block of stone, and though no ancient, is considered one of the finest specimens of ecclesiastical sculpture extant. Leaving all this we wound our way up the spiral staircase of the tower, and at last reached the top. The view from the tower is extensive, including the fertile valley in which the city is situated; the lofty range of the Malvern Hills,

Perry Wood, where Cromwell's soldiers encamped, and where the disastrous battle of Worcester began; Worcester Bridge, a handsome structure of five arches, and the well kept streets and numerous steeples of the city itself.

During our visit we entered the belfry, in which there is a fine chime of bells. They play at the hours of three, six, nine and twelve, and each day in the week they play a different tune, beginning at the hours mentioned, and continuing for fifteen minutes.

Our school opened its doors at nine o'clock and we were expected to be in our places, when the chimes stopped playing. If we were a little late we felt like saying "chime on sweet bells," for should the doors be closed when we arrived we knew what to expect. I have been in the belfry when the clock was striking, and as it can be heard for about ten miles, my feelings may more easily be imagined than described.

There are many churches in Worcester, but the parish church of St. Helen's is the most ancient. It was repaired some years since and the front was cased with stone. Its tower contains a ring of eight bells, remarkable for the inscriptions on them, which commemorate the victories and heroes of Queen Anne's reign.

The writing of this paper has taken me back to "Merrie England" and to my native city, whose charms it would delight me to be able more fully to portray.

BEATRICE A. PERKINS.

THE SAND-SPUR.

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JOHN H. NEVILLE..... } Athletics.
GRACE JONES..... }
NORMAN L. BAKER.....Exchange.

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THERE has been some thought of changing our literary meetings from Monday to Saturday evenings.

As for the Friends in Council, it does seem that since we meet but once in two weeks that we ought to make the most of our limited time.

We can not do justice to our subjects or credit to our society in as short a session as we now have on Monday evenings.

Often our first thought is to get through as soon as possible, that we may not lose any more of the study hour than is absolutely necessary.

If the change were made to Saturday night

we need not limit our time and there is every reason to believe that the work would be better prepared.

Some may say that Saturday is a holiday and we do not want it broken into, but the most of us are not here to save time, but to use it.

Can we do the very best by ourselves when we break into our study hour on Monday evening and partially neglect our lessons the next day?

At any rate, the suggestion is worth careful consideration.



OUR photographers are discussing the possibility of having a developing room where all the students who are fortunate enough to have a camera may develop their own pictures.

Since there are a number interested in photography this could be done with comparatively little effort.

A room in the basement of the gymnasium has been suggested.



WE are looking forward with the greatest pleasure to the coming State Christian Endeavor Convention.

It will be held during our spring vacation.

Most of the students expect to remain, and they will have a chance to attend a convention that promises to be one of the best ever held in our State.

Every one will be eager to hear our father of Endeavor, Dr. Francis E. Clark. He will speak several times and conduct the final consecration meeting.

Other speakers of prominence are, Rev. Ira Landrith of Nashville, and Mr. F. D. Hunt, who will hold a series of Bible readings.

The Rollins College quartettes will, we are

sure, add much to the enjoyment of the music.

Arrangements have been made by the State superintendent, Mrs. Belle Tracy Philips to have special meetings held for the Junior societies, and they will have a social just to themselves.

A number of the delegates will be guests of the college, and all the rooms of Clover-Leaf will be taken.

We hope that everyone attending will return home with many valuable suggestions for the local society, and that each one will receive much spiritual help and encouragement in his work.



WE feel sure that our readers are always interested in hearing from the old students and for that reason we are glad to present a letter this term, from one of our graduates of last year.

In the next number we hope to have a letter from Klondike.



Miss Effie Littlefield has presented the young ladies with a row boat, a gift which is much appreciated by them, both for its usefulness and for the sake of the giver, who is still pleasantly remembered by the Rollins Students.



A peculiar state of affairs exists between Rollins and her DeLand neighbor. It seems that the Stetson boys think they have been challenged to play base ball and are looking forward to a "pleasant game," (Stetson Collegiate, Vol. VIII, No. 5), while the Rollinsites, on account of two letters signed by Mr. F. W. Healy, as manager of the S. U. Base-ball Club, to that effect, are under the impression that they are the ones that have been challenged, and that the challenge had

not been accepted on account of certain vacancies in their team.



It has been decided by the editors that the names of the contributors shall be given. While some are modest about having their names appear, we know the articles will be read with more interest when the writer is known, and since some of the students have the same initials, mistakes may best be avoided by giving the name in full.



THE fair held in Winter Park, Feb. 22-25, under the management of the District Horticultural Association was an event of considerable interest.

In spite of the recent freeze, which might have discouraged the people, many vegetables and fruits were on exhibition, to say nothing of the fine display of flowers.

There was also a display of cakes, bread, etc., and of dainty needle-work.

Miss Guild had charge of the Art Department, which included map drawing, sketches in water-color, and china painting. Certainly her own work in china painting is most beautiful and it was generally admired.

The women shared the burden by serving refreshments.

There were a number of outdoor sports of interest, but the greatest enthusiasm was manifested in a game of ball between Rollins and Orlando, and in the bicycle races and parade.

The addresses were well attended and the talks by President Ward and Bishop Whipple were especially enjoyable.

It was a very pleasant affair socially, and it must have awakened interest and have given to most gardeners new and practical ideas.

LITERARY NOTES.

DEMOSTHENIC NOTES.

At the first meeting held this term, general excitement prevailed on account of the election of officers for the term. The names of the successful candidates are as follows :

HAYES BIGELOW.....	President.
RAY BEYER.....	Vice President.
NORMAN BAKER.....	Recording Secretary.
ORVILLE McDONALD.....	Corresponding Secy.
HARLIE WARD.....	Treasurer.
ASHLEY HOOKER.....	Marshal.
HOWARD VAN SICKLE	Chaplain.

Among the new names found upon our programs this term are, Carl Noble, D. S. Davis and George Parks.

The Friends in Council were present at our meeting held Feb. 28, when the following program was presented.

Recitation.....	The Grand Advance
	GEORGE BENEDICT.
Locals.....	HAYES BIGELOW
Extemporaneous Speech.....	Influence of Personality
	HOWARD VAN SICKLE.
Reading.....	NORMAN BAKER
Biography.....	U. S. Grant
	ASHLEY HOOKER.

The work in the society this term, has been very good and we expect to vary it some next term, as we will have several more members and can make several important changes before the year is out.

FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

Owing to the demands of college work the Friends in Council are meeting only every other week.

There is no lessening of interest in the society, and the programs, consisting of essays, recitations, debates, etc, with some of the most original compositions, are enjoyed by all.

We greatly regret the loss of Miss Lillie Drennen, the treasurer of the society, but we are pleased to welcome the new member.

The officers for this term are :

President.....	LUCY SADLER.
Vice-President	GRACE JONES.
Secretary.....	EDITH FOULKE.
Chaplain.....	ALMA HALLIDAY.
Treasurer.....	ETTA CRUMPACKER.
Marshal.....	MYRA WILLIAMS.

LOCALS AND PERSONALS.

President and Mrs. Ward, on their return, were welcomed with enthusiasm, and their presence completes the home life of Rollins.

The President's classes in Commercial Law, Political Economy and Bible Study are meeting regularly.

Mrs. Wm. D. Piper, of Springfield, Ohio, is spending some weeks with us, and is taking work in the Art Department.

Among the new students are the following : Miss Luella Saxton, Homeland ; Miss

Bertha Jones, Orlando ; Miss Lily Kochenderfer, Kissimmee ; Mr. Carl Robinson, Orlando ; Mr. Francis Rose, Fairbault, Minn. ; Mr. John Minary, Louisville, Ky. ; Mr. Julio Nivarro, Havana, Cuba ; Master Ralph Boyosen, La Porte, Ind. ; showing that Rollins is still receiving representatives from various parts of the country.

Nine new pupils with much down and a few feathers have arrived with their venerable mother, who, we should judge, intends to

bring them up in the way they should go. If you wish to learn more about them, make hen-quiry.

The college girls have been delighted to welcome their old friend, Miss Nina Walker, on her recent brief visits.

Colonel W. H. Jewell, of Orlando, on Feb. 9, delivered a lecture on Sources of Common Law. It was entertaining as well as instructive.

Mr. Edward Gaston, of Chicago, vice-president of the World's Christian Citizenship League, visited the college recently.

The lecture on Practical Architecture and Civil Engineering, delivered by Mr. Isaac Hopper, of New York, one of our newly elected trustees, was especially clear and interesting.

Mr. C. Arthur Lincoln, vice-president of the Florida C. E. Union, was the guest of Willard Eliot, state president, last month. He came in the interest of the coming C. E. Convention to be held here March 22-25.

The talk given by Dr. Henry Barnum, Feb. 14, on the Christian Colleges of Turkey, was listened to with sympathetic interest.

Dr. Barnum preached a missionary sermon in the Congregational Church Feb. 13. The collection amounted to over twenty dollars.

The Rev. John Martin, former pastor of M. E. Church, Winter Park, has been sent to Miami. He was with us five years. The members of his church and other residents regret his departure very much.

We extend our heartiest welcome to the new pastor of the M. E. Church, the Rev. Horace Levan Houghton, who comes to us from the Northwest.

Professor L. A. Austin is pastor of the Congregational Church at Orange City.

The Woman's Christian Temperance Union of Winter Park held a memorial service in honor of Miss Francis Willard in the M. E. Church, March 1.

The Seminole, Jan. 17th, opened its doors to the traveling public. A number of guests are enjoying its hospitality. A pleasant dinner party was arranged for the opening day as a tribute of respect to the genial and efficient manager, Mr. A. E. Dick. The usual musicals and hops are given weekly.

Mr. and Mrs. Philips, of Sanford, visited Winter Park recently and called upon former friends and acquaintances. They were the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Tousey.

The Rogers House has its quota of guests, and many Northern friends are spending the winter in our attractive town.

Mrs. Fuller and daughters are with us again. They say that they are glad to exchange Milwaukee snow for Florida sunshine.

The Troquis has been repainted and in its bright colors, floats invitingly near the wharf.

Miss Minnie Forrest, one of our former students, is taking music lessons at the college.

Mr. Robert D. Emery, who was prominent in our base-ball games of last season, and who has been missed very much this year, is studying Osteopathy in Los Angeles, Cal., where he has been for some months.

Rev. S. F. Gale, of Jacksonville, preached in the Congregational Church, Sunday morning, March 13.

Homer Potter has the position of book-keeper in Mr. Watson's store at Ormond, Fla.

We miss the bright face and winning manners of Mrs. Gonzalez, who has returned to her home in Havana, Cuba.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

Early in the term was announced a Pactolus social, the name itself awaking interest.

The guests were entertained the first part of the evening with pantomimes.

A little girl was "a little old woman as I've heard tell, who went to market her eggs for to sell," and the part of the peddler was taken by one of the little boys. After this "Young Lochinvar" was given by young gentlemen. It seemed rather strange when Lochinvar came in and carried his bride off on a tandem, and the "poor dejected lover," would probably have been able to catch them this time, if he had not found it necessary to light his lantern, as it was after sun-down.

When the ladies and gentlemen entered they were each given slips of papers numbered, and each gentleman was supposed to find the lady who had a number corresponding to his. Then the difference in their weight determined the amount they must pay for refreshments, consisting of pineapple ice and cake.

The following week a musical and dramatic entertainment was given. The young ladies and young gentlemen's quartettes sang, and several piano solos were rendered. Then followed the comedy "Per Telephone," the characters being taken by three of our young ladies and two young men.

The play is very amusing throughout, and the climax is reached when Mr. Harding, an aspirant for the hand of Miss Nan Cuzzin, proposes by mistake to Miss Halcome, Nan's cousin. He had tried to bring in his proposal while calling on her before going abroad, but had been interrupted in each attempt by the ringing of the 'phone. In despair he tries a proposal by telephone and makes it to the wrong girl. She accepts, and then her consternation becomes deplorable when she hears of the mistake, and receives an offer of marriage from a former admirer, Mr. Austin, but matters are finally arranged satisfactorily. Nora's

fright and astonishment at the working of the 'phone add life and vigor to the scenes.

The play was received with enthusiasm and in every way passed off successfully. On all sides were heard exclamations of approval and surprise that the actors should acquit themselves so creditably since this was their first appearance in such a role. No one could imagine that the anxious lovers were new at that sort of thing, and the young ladies certainly seemed at ease.

Miss Strough had charge of the affair, and to her patience and painstaking, its success was in a large measure due, and to her much of the praise should be given.

An oyster supper was given in order to obtain money to defray the expenses of the Christian Endeavor convention which is to be held here soon.

Several of the young ladies of Clover-Leaf gave a Valentine party inviting the gentlemen of Pinehurst. The young people were dressed in costumes representing characters as Glaucus and Ione, Priscilla and John Alden, Bo-peep Boy-Blue. All were masked and after the young men had found their partners, they joined in a grand march. As the couples dressed in dainty, becoming, and varied costumes passed through the prettily decorated parlors, and wound in and out under the arches, they made an attractive sight.

Later in the evening Martha Washington held a reception, and presided at the table where refreshments were served.

We celebrated Washington's birthday by a colonial entertainment. The colonial maidens gave a flag drill, and Mme. Bosworth played a solo, which was much enjoyed. Then followed the reception of President and Mrs. Washington, at which was danced the "stately minuet."

The scene was then changed to the green-sward and we had an exhibition of fencing by several of the young ladies. The program

ended with the May-pole dance, which was very pretty and effective.

The following Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, the Horticultural Fair was held in the town, and it proved as great a success this year as last.

Friday, March fourth, an entertainment was given at the Pansy Cottage for the benefit

of the town library. The house was open from four in the afternoon till nine at night. Delicious refreshments were served. The rooms were decorated with many-colored advertisements, large and small, and the special interest of the afternoon and evening was to make a correct list of their names, and to win one of the three prizes offered.

ATHLETICS.

There has been more athletic life this term than last. The base ball team continued its practice after Christmas, and great improvement was made.

Considerable correspondence was carried on about games, but few materialized. One was arranged with Orlando, for Jan. 29, but for some reason the visiting team did not show up and a scrub game was played for the benefit of those who were not too disgusted to stay. Another game was advertised for the 23rd of February, during the town fair. The Orlando team came up and the game was begun, but only three and a half innings were played, owing to some misunderstanding among the visiting players. Our boys made some fine plays. The infield was especially good, and the diamond being so hard, it made their work very difficult. The batting was good too, considering the practice the team had had. Every man found the ball for safe hits. The

work of the visitors was good, also, what there was of it.

The track team has begun its training, and some hard work will be done until after the annual games in May.

During the last of March the preliminary field day will be held.

The new athletic field is not yet completed, but all events, excepting the runs, will take place on the association grounds. It will probably be necessary to hold the long runs on one of the clay roads near town.

Considerable interest is shown by the smaller boys this year, and several first class junior events are promised.

Some improvements have lately been made on the field, in the line of new take-offs for the pole vault, running broad jump, etc.

During the fair held in town, the last of February, a few of the college boys entered the races. Cilly did some fast riding for the school, winning his race easily.

ART NOTES.

With few exceptions all have continued their work in this department from last term.

A larger number are working in water color than at any previous time, Miss Hooker doing excellent work in figures, while Mrs.

Piper and Mr. Bigelow are continuing in landscape; others working from still life.

Interest still continues in the Sketch Club, and although the numbers are smaller than last year, all agree that the work done is far

better. It is hoped that more will avail themselves of this opportunity of working from life.

Several of the members of the beginning classes, were made happy by receiving prizes

at the Horticultural Fair for best outline drawing.

Our friends are cordially invited to visit the Studio the last Friday afternoon of the term.

MUSIC.

The Annual Choral Club Concert was given in Lyman Gymnasium on Friday, March 11. The concert was well attended and was financially a success. A special train was run from Orlando, and there was also a party from Sanford.

PROGRAMME.

Piano—Salut a Phest. Hungarian March.....Kovalsky
MISS KATE SLEMONS, MR. OLLIE MILLER.
Vocal—Ave-MariaConterno
MISS JEAN FENETY.
Orchestra—An Evening in the Mountains.....J. S. Cox
SEMINOLE ORCHESTRA.
Vocal—Soldiers' Chorus. Faust.....Gounod
CHORAL CLUB.
Recitation—The Tribulations of Biddy McLone.....
MISS JULIA VON KALOW.
Vocal—Estudiantina. Spanish Ladies' Quartette...P. Lacombe
MISS WALKER, DRENNEN, FORD AND PRICE.

Flute Solo—Fair Harvard.....J. S. Cox
MR. J. S. COX.
Piano—Grande Polonaise de Concert...Carl Maria von Weber
MISS LILLIE DRENNEN.
Vocal—Forest Worship. Male Quartette.....Franz Abt
With Tenor Solo.
MESSRS. BARR, NEVILLE, BAKER, DONOVAN AND HERRICK.
Piano—Alice, Where art Thou? Concert Transk.....Asher
MISS BEATRICE FENETY.
Vocal—From Flower to Flower. Duett.....Køelling
MME. BOSWORTH, MISS WALKER.
Violin Solo—1st Concerto.....DeBeriot
MR. LAWRENCE STRETZ.
Vocal—Scene and Miserere from II Trovatore.....Verdi
MME. BOSWORTH, MR. BARR AND CHORUS.
Piano Solo—Grande Fantasie Norma.....Alfred Jael
MR. OLLIE MILLER.
Vocal—Grande Chorus. Tannhauser.....R. Wagner
CHORAL CLUB.

EXCHANGES.

A copy of the *Emory Phoenix* of Oxford, Ga., has just been handed to us. We are particularly pleased with the appearance of this paper and with the interesting articles with which it is filled. It would be a valuable addition to our list of exchanges.

The *Palladium* is another bright monthly. We think, however, that a few editorials and some other solid reading would be an improvement.

Here, Student's Pen, is the paper for you that has actually never published an article on "Klondike."

Professor—"You should be ashamed of yourself, sir. George Washington was surveying Virginia at your age."

Dull Pupil—"And at your age he was president of the United States."—Ex.

They tell how fast the arrow sped,
When William shot the apple;
But who can calculate the speed,
Of him who's late to chapel.

—Trinity Tablet.

In a few college publications we notice that almost the entire space of the exchange department is taken up by a long list of the different papers with which these papers ex-

change. While this is a good way to display a long exchange list, and is very convenient as a source from which other editors may get new names we think that a few interesting comments on the different papers would be much more interesting.

The oldest national flag in the world is that of Denmark. It has been in use since the year 1219.—Ex.

A professor of systematic theology being unable to hear his classes, the following notice was given: "The professor being ill, requests me to say that the seniors may keep on through purgatory, and the middle class continue the descent into hell until further notice is given from the professor."—Ex.

One out of every ten pupils subscribes to the school paper. The other nine find fault with the paper and its management.—Ex.

The frontispiece in the February number of the *Student Life* must certainly have been inserted by a left-handed printer. The effect would be much better if the picture faced the title page instead of facing the advertisements. And, by the way, most of our contemporaries would do well if they would occasionally relieve the monotony of their pages by inserting an interesting cut.

A college course a race course is
With a difference though, 'tis said,
For those who trot the fastest pace
Come rarely out ahead.—Ex.

Aye—"Isn't Burke's Conciliation a grand speech?"

Yew—"Magnificent! Have you read it?"

Aye—"No; have you?"

Yew—"No."

The college men are very slow,
They seem to take their ease;
For even when they graduate,
They do it by degrees.—Ex.

Yale annually buys \$7,000 worth of books for her library; Harvard spends \$16,000 for the same purpose, and Columbia \$43,000.—Ex.

Professor (in logic)—"Mr. Smith, what is the universal negative?"

Smith—"Not prepared, sir."—Cornell Widow.

Good boys love their sisters,
So good have I grown,
That I love other boys' sisters
Better than my own.—Ex.

CONTINUITY AND DIFFERENTIATION.

Whenever in America,
A girl is asked to wed,
She straightway says, "go ask papa,"
And coyly drops her head.

And over in the Fatherland,
Where flows the terraced Rhine,
She whispers, while he clasps her hand,
"*Ich liebe dich allein.*"

But up in Russia, where the snow
Sweeps hissing through the firs,
She simply murmurs soft and low,
"*Bhjnksk st zwmsk rsk pbjumsk pjbrs.*"

SPURS.

CHRONICLE OF PINEHURST.

CHAPTER I.

1. Now Pinehurst lieth to the east of the country of Rollins in the land of Winter Park, which is beside the sea of Virginia, and looketh toward the south country.

2. And the sons of Pinehurst dwelt together in peace and unity and they turned neither this way nor that to do evil in the sight of those in authority; for their minds were not turned toward foolishness or toward girls, but toward the pursuit of knowledge,

and the getting of something to eat, morning, noon and night.

3 But the mind of Benedict, one of the sons of Pinehurst, was not like the rest, for he would cross the campus, even into Clover-Leaf, which is to the west, of the plain of Rollins, and is the home of the maidens of Rollins who are slow, even as the sons of Pinehurst are slow.

4 And it was so that the sons of Pinehurst, needed no rule or law to govern them, as did others of the children of Rollins; for the sound of discord was not heard in their land.

5 Therefore each one did that which was after his own mind, and it was pleasing and good in the sight of those in authority.

6 Yet, withall, were the sons of Pinehurst modest and unassuming in manner, and not given to thinking themselves better than others, as is the custom of some, who are wise in their own conceit.

7 And they attended to their own business rather than to the business of others: which was right in the eyes of all the people.

8 Wherefore the sons of Pinehurst were sorely misjudged by many of the children of Rollins, and false accusation was brought against them, for it was noised abroad that they had the big-head.

9 So certain of the maidens of Rollins refused to sit and eat meat with certain of the sons of Pinehurst, for they said, Of a truth, the men of Pinehurst are conceited; wherefore we will not eat meat with them lest they perchance think we care for them.

10 But the sons of Pinehurst knew that the maidens cared not for them, save to make sport of them; so none of the sons of Pinehurst went to Clover-Leaf, save the Cubans who had a "dead cinch" on Clover-Leaf and the inhabitants thereof.

11 Now it was not so with all of the maidens of Rollins, for some would eat meat with the men of Rollins, even pancakes and potato salad with the sons of Pinehurst.

12 And so it came to pass that with cer-

tain of the sons of Pinehurst, meal time was looked forward to with pleasure, for it was a season of no little enjoyment.

CHAPTER II.

1. Now the whole land knoweth how that the Pinehursts can play base ball a little.

2. For have they not a grand stand, a back-stop and a diamond like to none other which was, is or ever shall be in the land?

3. So they said among themselves, Let us do battle with the Orlandoites, which inhabit the land to the south, and are "warm" people.

4. And the Pinehursts sent messengers to the Orlandoites, even unto Orlando, which is in the south country; and is by the way which in the Florida tongue is called the Plant System.

5. And the messengers went and came nigh unto them of Orlando and said, come and play us on a certain day; whichever day suiteth you best, that shall be the day.

6 And the Orlandoites said, We will do that thing, and we will moreover on that day do you also. And the messengers went their way rejoicing and brought the glad tidings to their people.

7. Now there was joy throughout the land of Rollins, even from border to border thereof, at the words of the messengers; and the sons of Pinehurst began to make ready to do battle.

8. Then there went out a decree from Benedict, the chief captain of those who throw the base ball, to summon all the fighting men into one place, and it was done according to the words of the decree.

9 And Benedict, the chief captain, said to them which were gathered together into one place: Each day from this time until the day of battle will we practice, that we may have skill in hurling the base ball and smiting the same with the bat.

10. So on the day appointed, Benedict, the chief captain, with eight picked men, whom he had chosen to go out with him

against the Orlandoites, were ready and waiting, but lo, the men of Orlando came not.

11. And Benedict, the chief captain, and his men were filled with disgust and scorn for the men of Orlando, because that they said, We will come out against you, and came not.

12. But the sons of Pinehurst said, We will give this people yet another chance to play us, and if they come not, then are they of a truth afraid to come out.

13. And messengers went a second time to Orlando, and the men of Orlando said, Surely on a given day will we wipe up thy ball field with thee, even with the Rollins base ball team.

14. So it came to pass, after many days, that certain of the men of Orlando came, but not all came, for some feared as before and would not come.

15. Now the grand-stand, which is near to the diamond on the west, was filled with multitudes who had come from afar to see if the Orlandos would do up the sons of Pinehurst.

16. So the two peoples, even the Pinehursts and the Orlandos, strove with each other that day till evening, and the score was in favor of Rollins.

17. And all the people departed, every man to his own house; but in the gates of Pinehurst there was heard the voice of lamentation, for the game was not what it should have been.

JUST A FEW.

Miss S——“Absence makes the heart grow fonder.”

Mr B——“I'm not in the roll of common men.”

Mr. N——“Noble by birth, yet nobler by gentle deeds.”

Miss D——“A face of lily beauty, and a form of airy grace.”

Mr. H——“Come let us trip it as we go on the light fantastic toe.”

Miss J——“'Tis good in every case, you know, to have two strings unto your bow.”

Miss E——“I have immortal longings in me.”

Mr M——“I love to wind my mouth up; I love to hear it go.”

Mr. B——“Possession is eleven points in law.”

Miss F——“None knew thee but to love thee; none named thee but to praise.”

Mr. Barr——“From her eyes he did receive fair, speechless messages.”

Miss Walker——“O, she will sing the savageness out of a bear.”

Miss Piper——“Thy soul was like a star and dwelt apart.”

Miss Hooker——“A noble type of good, heroic womanhood.”

Miss F——“She moves a goddess and she looks a queen.”

Mr. G——“So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long.

Mr. C——“His voice, the music of the spheres, so loud it deafens mortal ears.”

Miss G. W——“Yet even her tyranny had such a grace.”

“If you are deceased to-morrow,” said a young lady to a young man, after he had eaten four pieces of gooseberry pie, “we will all go gooseberrying.”

For information regarding the care and culture of house plants, call on or address,

MR. HAYES BIGELOW.

Mr. Gray has, during the last term, been giving his social nature an opportunity to develope. At present he has the Orlando phase of the social question well in hand.

This was heard to break the morning silence of Pinehurst:

Sadly I am hacking

My two days' beard away,

Wishing I had the backing

A barber for to pay.

Did you hear about the break made in the dining hall this morning;

No. What was it?

Nothing, only someone dropped a plate.

George L. Benedict will instruct you how to walk slowly. Terms liberal. Special attention given beginners. We wish to state that Mr. Benedict is a recognized authority on this subject, and is fully competent to give instructions in this most agreeable branch of knowledge. He already holds the record for the longest time between the "Gym" and Clover-Leaf.

Hayes—"Oh, I am undone!"

Donovan—"Get back into the oven again."

Why is life in Pinehurst like the Wild West?

Because nearly every day somebody has a "close shave."

Neville—"How should this tie be worn now?"

Barr—"Oh! The style changes every few weeks, the best way is to suit yourself."

Neville—"Well, I do that every time I dress, don't I?"

Bigelow—"And yet we are called 'slow'."

We are ready to furnish girls on short notice; also boat rides arranged for. Address
CLOVERLEAF SOCIAL COMMITTEE.

One B.———"Cabbage seems to go begging at this table."

Another B.———"Well, I should think it was able to go begging!"

A.———"Where is B.?"

B.———"He has gone to the library to look at a dictionary."

A.———"I suppose he will take a 'century' to look it up, too."

Wanted—By Mr. Gray, a good, strong man to clean and keep room in order. One who has had experience preferred.

N. B.—Must furnish his own hoe and shovel.

Lakeside Mission is as lively as ever. If it were not for the continual noise and confusion there, the savages would find the silence oppressive.

Where is Donovan? Among the "Pansies."

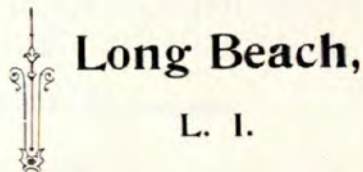
One Sleepy (yawning)—"Well, I must seek my downy couch."

Another Sleepy—"Has your couch got down on it?"

One Sleepy—"No, but I will very soon get down on it."



Long Beach Hotel and Cottages,

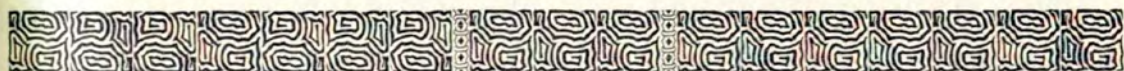


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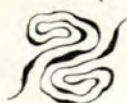
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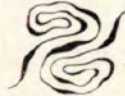
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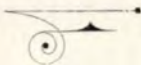


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REFERENCES:

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WM. J. TUCKER, D. D., President of Dartmouth College.
CHAS. F. THWING, D. D., Pres. Western Reserve University.
CYRUS NORTHUP, LL. D., President University Minnesota.
EGBERT C. SMYTH, D. D., Pres. Andover Theological Sem'y.
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CHAS. S. MURKLAND, D. D., Pres. N. H. Agricultural College.
REV. S. C. BARTLETT, D. D., Ex-Pres. Dartmouth College.
FRANCIS E. RUSSELL, D. D., Prof. Gen. Theological Seminary (Episcopal), New York.
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MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER, Dean of Woman's College of Northwestern University.