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THE SAND-SPUR.

"STICK TO IT."

Vol. 4. No. 3.

May 20, 1898,

ROLLINS COLLEGE,

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA.

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Lucy Belle Sadler.

SOCIAL EDITOR.

A FANCY

WRITTEN MARCH THIRTY-FIRST, 1898, BOSTON

A north-east March Snow-Storm is raging outside,
The Snow-flakes cling white to my pane,
But letters from "Rollins" are placed in my hands,
And I'm back in the South-land again.
Blow Winds blow, all helpless thy might
To stay for a moment my fancy's swift flight,
Or say where 't will alight.

Whirling and white, blindingly bright
I look through thy crystals and lo!
Blooms of the orange, magnolias white,
Bay blossoms and gold jasmine glow.
And out on a fair Southern lake, neath soft skies,
I float full content, while new hopes arise
And life's sorrow dies.

Close by the lake-shore, o'erhung by the cypress,
I stay my wee boat, lily-bound,
And reach for the asters, like stars all a-quiver,
'Mid silver gray moss draped around.
The tender fringed flowers of violet and gold,
In their bloom seem the tints of rare sundowns to hold,
In most beautifull mould.

And so to the gray of life's daily round,
The purple and gold-glinted hours
Give color and lustre and light and joy.
And noble right-living empowers,
Through courage and honor and effort and love,
The soul to grow strong, rising sorrows above,
Its high mission to prove.

AMY FLORENCE DALRYMPLE.

HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF ART.

Translated from the second volume of Hegel's Æsthetics, by S. A. Longwell.

CHIVALRY.—II. LOVE.

The second sentiment that plays a dominant part in the representations of romantic art is love.

(*a*) If the fundamental character of honor is the personal subjectivity as it manifests itself in its absolute independence, the highest degree of love, on the contrary, is self-forgetfulness, the identification of the subject with an individual of the other sex. It is the yielding of its independent consciousness, its particular individuality, which is for the first time compelled to have its self-knowledge in the consciousness of another. In this respect, love and honor are opposed to each other. But conversely we can regard love as the realization of a principle, which already exists in honor, in so far as it is the necessity of honor to see the infinitude of personality which he assumes recognized by another. This recognition is first genuine and total, when not only my personality in the abstract, or in a concrete, particular, and therefore limited sense, is honored by others, but when I, entirely, with all that I am and comprehend in myself, as I have been, am, and shall be, pervade the consciousness of another, constitute his real will, thought, tendency, and most intimate possession. Then this other lives only in me, as I live only in him. Each becomes in this complementary unity first for himself, and they place their whole world and soul in this identity: In this respect there is the same intrinsic infinity of the subject which gives to love its importance in romantic art, an importance which is still enhanced through the higher wealth that the idea of love comprehends.

Love does not depend upon reflection and the casuistry of the understanding, as may often be the case with honor, but finds its origin in emotion, and has at the same time, the foundation of spiritualized natural relations. However, this difference is essential only because the individual puts into this union his soul, the spiritual and infinite element of his being. This renouncing of self in order to be identified with another—this devotion, this disinterestedness, in which the subject finds again the plenitude of his being—this self-forgetfulness, so that the lover exists not, cares not for himself, but finds the sources of his being in another,—constitute the infinite character of love. And its chief beauty is that it does not remain mere impulse and feeling; but imagination, under the charm of love, creates its own world, makes all else, that otherwise pertains to interest, surroundings, purposes of the actual life and being, an ornament of this feeling, draws all into this circle, and only in reference to this assigns to anything a value.

Particularly in feminine characters is love most beautiful, since this sacrificing, this disinterestedness, is carried by them to its highest degree. They conform the whole intellectual and moral life to this emotion, find in it alone an anchor to existence, and, if deprived of love by adversity, vanish as a

light that is extinguished at the first rough breath.

In this subjective fervor of emotion, love does not appear in classic art, and generally it makes its appearance only as a kind of manifestation of subordinate moment, or only by the side of sensuous enjoyment. In Homer, either no great stress is placed upon love, or it appears in its most worthy form in domestic life, as, for example, the conjugal fidelity of Penelope, or, as the tender solicitude of wife and mother, in Andromache, or otherwise in moral relations. On the contrary, the tie that unites Paris and Helen is acknowledged as immoral—it is the cause of the horrors and necessity of the Trojan war; and the love of Achilles for Briseis has little internality and depth of emotion, for Briseis is a slave, submissive to the hero's will. In the Odes of Sappho, the language of love rises indeed to lyric enthusiasm, yet it is rather the expression of flame which consumes, than that of a sentiment which penetrates to the depths of the heart and fills the soul. Love appears in another phase in the graceful little songs of Anacreon. It is a more serene, more general pleasure, which knows neither infinite sorrows, nor the absorption of the entire existence in a single sentiment, nor the submission of an oppressed and languishing soul. It partakes freely of immediate pleasures without attaching to the exclusive possession of precisely this person and no other—a demand which is as foreign to its thought as the monastic resolution entirely to ignore the relation of sex.

The high Tragedy of the Ancients, likewise, does not know the passion of love in its romantic meaning. Especially in Æschylus and Sophocles it claims no real interest. For although Antigone is the destined wife of Hæmon, and he, unable to save his beloved, destroys himself for her sake, yet he manifests before Creon only objective relations, and not the subjective power of his passion, which he does not even experience in the acception of an ardent modern lover. Euripides treats love as a more real pathos—in Phædra, for example; yet even here it appears as a criminal aberration, caused by ardor of blood and by a troubled mind, as incited by Venus, who wishes to destroy Hyppolytus because this youug prince refuses to sacrifice upon her altars. So we have indeed in the Venus di Medici a plastic representation of love which leaves nothing to be desired, in delicacy and perfection of form, but the expression of the subjective, such as romatic art demands is entirely lacking. The same is true in Roman poetry. After the destruction of the republic, and in the accompanying laxity of morals, love appears more or less as a sensuous pleasure. In the Middle Ages, on the contrary, although Petrarch, for example, regarded his sonnets as trifles, and based his reputation upon his Latin poems and works, yet he immortalized himself by this ideal love, which under the Italian heaven is united in an ardent imagination with the religious sentiment. The sublime inspiration of Dante also had its source in his love for Beatrice. This love appeared in him as a religious love, while his energy and boldness attained the energy of a religious artistic intuition, through which he dared what no one before him had ventured, namely, to exalt himself as supreme judge of the world, and to assign men to Hell, to Purgatory, and to Heaven. As a contrast to this exaltation, Boccacio represents love, in

its vivacity of passion, frivolous, without morality; while he brings before our eyes, in his various tales, the customs of his time and country. In German Minnesingers love appears sentimental, tender without copiousness of imagination, playful, melancholy, and monotonous. With the Spaniards it is imaginative in expression, chivalric, subtile sometimes in seeking and defending its rights and duties, of which it makes so many points of personal honor; it is also enthusiastic when displayed in its highest brilliancy. Among the modern French it becomes, on the contrary, more gallant, inclined to frivolity, a sentiment created for poetry. Sometimes it is pleasure without passion sometimes passion without pleasure, a sublimated entirely reflexive sentiment and susceptibility.

(*b*) The world and real life are full of conflicting interests. On one side stands society with its actual organization, domestic life, civil and political relations, law, justice, customs, etc.; and in opposition to this positive reality rises love, a passion which germinates in noble, ardent souls, which now unites itself with religion, now subordinates it, forgets it even, and, regarding itself alone the essential, indeed the only or highest necessity of life, is able not only to determine to renounce all else and to flee with the beloved into a wilderness, but may besides deliver itself to all excesses, even to the renouncing of human dignity. This opposition cannot fail to occasion numerous collisions, for the other interests of life also make valid their demands and rights, and thereby affect love in its pretension to supremacy.

(1) The first and most frequent collision which we have to mention, is the conflict between love and honor. Honor has in itself the same infinity as love, and may assume a significance that is an absolute hindrance in the way of love. The duty of honor may demand the sacrifice of love? In a certain class of society, for example, it would be incompatible with honor to love a woman of inferior rank. The difference in rank is the necessary result of the nature of things; and, besides, it is admitted. Now, since secular life is not yet renewed through the complete conception of true freedom, in which position, vocation, etc., of the subject, as such disappear, so it is always more or less birth which assigns to man his rank and position; and these conditions are still regarded as absolute and eternal by, although not through, honor, in so far as it makes its own postion an affair of honor.

(2) But secondly, besides honor, the permanent substantial powers themselves, state interests, patriotism, domestic duties, etc., may also conflict with love and forbid its realization. Especially in modern representations, in which the objective relations of life have already attained complete validity, is this a very popular theme. Love then appears as a powerful right of the subjective nature, so opposed to the other rights and duties that the heart itself banishes these duties as subordinate, or acknowledges them, and comes into conflict with itself and the power of its own passion. The Maid of Orleans, for example, rests upon this last collision.

(3) Yet, thirdly, there may exist in general external relations and impediments which oppose themselves to love: the general course of events, the prose of life, misfortunes, passion, prejudice, wilfulness of others, and

events of various kinds. Consequently much hatred is often involved, because the perversity, the crudeness, the wild fierceness of foreign passions, are placed in opposition to the tender beauty of love. Particularly in recent Dramas, Tales, and Romances, we often see the same external collisions. They interest chiefly though our sympathy with the sufferings, hopes and disappointments of the unhappy lovers. The conclusion, according as it is unhappy, satisfies or moves us. Sometimes these productions simply entertain us. This kind of conflict however, which depends upon mere contingency, is of a subordinate nature.

(*c*) Love presents in all these respects, it is true, an elevated character in so far as it remains in general not only an affection of the sexes for each other, but manifests in itself a rich, beautiful, noble nature; and is, in its unity with others, living, active, brave, self-sacrificing. But romatic love has likewise its limits; namely, there is wanting in its comprehension the general and universal. It is only the personal sense of the individual subject that shows itself satisfied, not with permanent interests and the objective value of human existence—with the well-being of the family, of the state, and of native land—with professional duties, freedom, and religion,—but aspires only to find itself reflected in another, and to have its passion shared. This comprehension corresponds neither to its formal ardor, nor truly to the totality which must be in itself a concrete individuality. In the family, in marrige even, in a moral point of view both public and private, the subjective perception exists as such, and the union with exactly this and no other individual, may not be the principal thing upon which it depends. But in romantic love all turns upon this principle, the mutual love of two individuals. Indeed, only this or that individual exists who finds his subjective particularity in the contingency of caprice. To every one his beloved appears as to the maiden her lover, always incomparable; each finds the other the supreme type of beauty and perfection. But if it is true that each one makes of the beloved Venus or something more, it happens that there are many who pass as the same, for, as indeed all know, there are in the world many excellent maidens, pretty or good, who all, or at least the majority, find their admirers, lovers, and husbands, to whom they appear beautiful, virtuous, and lovely. Only this exclusive and absolute preference is purely an affair of the heart, an entirely personal choice; and the unlimited pertinacity indispensable in finding in just this one his life and his highest consciousness, proves itself the eternal choice of necessity. There is recognized in this manifestation the higher freedom of the subjectivity and its abstract choice—freedom, not merely, as the Phædra of Euripides, for pathos, but concerning the absolutely individual will from which it proceeds; choice seems, at the same time, a caprice and stubbornness of the particular individual.

Therefore collisions with love retain ever a phase of contingency, especially when love conflicts with substantial interests; because it is the subjectivity as such which opposes its demands, in and for themselves invalid, to that which must make the claim to its own reality dependent upon recognition. The personages in the high Tragedies of the Ancients, Agamemnon, Clytemnestra, Orestes, Œdipus, Antigone, Creon, etc., have likewise

it is true, an individual purpose; but the reality, the pathos, that was the motive of their acts is of absolute authority, and precisely on that account in itself also of general interest. The destiny that befalls them as the result of their acts does not affect us because there is an unhappy destiny, but because there is an unhappy being who at the same time loves absolutely; while pathos, which affects not until it has obtained satisfacton, has a necessary significance. If the guilt of Clytemnestra is not punished in this particular case, if the wrong which Antigone as sister experienced is not redressed, then there is in itself a wrong. But these sufferings of love, these heart-rending hopes, this being in love, these infinite anxieties, which a lover experiences, this eternal felicity and blessedness that he imagines, are not in themselves of general interest, but pertain only to himself.

Every man indeed has a heart for love and the right to find happiness in loving; but there is no injustice done if he exactly in this case, among these and those circumstances, in respect to precisely this maiden, does not attain his aim. For there is no necessity that he interest himself in this capricious maiden, and that we should be interested in an affair so accidental which has neither extension nor universality. This is a phase of coldness that manifests itself in the development of this ardent passion.—*The Journal of Speculative Philosophy.*

A TRADITION OF LONG AGO.

James Wheeler left his pleasant home in England about the year 1633, and with his wife and five children set foot upon the lonely shore of the new world to begin life anew.

With the aid of his eldest son the father cleared away a small tract of the primeval forest and soon, in the midst of the clearing, erected a cabin of rough hewn logs, in which were passed, with such experiences as are incident to the life of the early settler, the first few months of their sojourn in this strange land.

Many discouragements came to them, but in spite of all, their lot was a happy one, for good health was theirs, and love ruled supreme within the narrow, rough walls of the cabin.

One day a ship was sighted afar on the eastern horizon and as it drew steadily nearer and nearer, joy filled their hearts, for the flag of old England, the flag that told of home and friends, was seen flying at the mast head. And as the ship came to anchor and her crew stepped ashore, their hearts overflowed with gratitude to God that He had allowed them once more to look into the faces of their fellow countrymen.

The party, it appeared, were bound for some colony more remote, but a lack of provisions and the ravages of disease had compelled them to land. Indeed, their looks were more eloquent than their words, for hunger combined with the dreadful malady which had seized upon so many members of the expedition, had reduced all to a pitiable condition.

The compassionate heart of the pioneer was deeply moved by the sufferings of the

wanderers and he did all in his power to alleviate them. In ten days the remainder of the band sailed away, and again were the Wheeler family alone in the wilderness. As they gazed after the departing sail and watched it intently as it rose and sank on the billows, gradually growing less and less distinct, an unwonted sadness crept into their hearts; and as they re-entered the rude shelter they called home, all seemed unutterably lonely and desolate.

To the father it seemed that some evil was hanging over them—something vague, unknown, alarming, pervaded his mind. He looked anxiously around among his children and saw them ruddy, healthy and strong, but he then glanced at his wife and understood. A feverish glow overspread her patient face, her breathing was quicker and shorter, and her eyes of unusual brightness.

"Oh, God!" thought he, "is this the reward of my hospitality?" Yes, alas for him, it was thus to be, for ere the sun of the second day sank beyond the tree tops to the westward, a fresh mound of earth appeared beneath the spreading branches of a nearby oak, and when the sorrowing man gathered his family about him at evening one was missing. The babe of a few weeks soon followed, and a tiny flower laden grave was made by loving hands beside that of the mother.

Not many days had passed before another place was vacant, and the grief-stricken man scanned in silent anguish the faces of those who remained. Little of hope or encouragement did he see there, and the next evening found beneath the oak a fourth mound, under which the eldest son rested in the final sleep. The father paced the cabin in silence, or at night went forth under the starry heavens seeking comfort and finding it not, while his thoughts ever recurred to the two who were left him. Soon the grim messenger took these away and left him alone in his sorrow—alone save for the six graves beneath the oak.

Here he sat and prayed fervently that he might soon join those who had passed on before. And indeed it seemed that his prayer was not unheard, for the terrible malady had already seized upon him and was consuming him like a hidden fire.

In spite of this he dug one more grave, one for himself, and in calm expectation of a speedy death stretched his wasting form in the cool earth beside his loved ones and watched, and waited, and prayed for relief.

The morning sun slanted down into the open grave, at noon it beat upon his form, later it bent toward the horizon, and finally sank in the glorious colors of the west, but the sufferer moved not. One by one the stars peeped forth, timidly at first, but twinkling more boldly with each succeeding moment, they seemed to look with silent sympathy down into the open grave; still he moved not. The fair queen of night rose in beauty from the sea and shed her pure silvery light through the branches of the oak, and upon the feverish brow below; but he moved not.

The denizens of the forest uttered their weird cries above, but they did not disturb the sleeper. The returning sun found him still wrapped in slumber, but ere it had reached the zenith the sunken eyes opened and the stricken man found that the fever had left him. Yet so weak was he that he could scarcely raise his hand. The man's contact with the cool, fresh earth had conquered the disease. Such was the irony of fate; the very means he had employed to hasten death had warded

it off. The fever had not conquered, but now in his weakened condition starvation threatened, and he still in his weakness and pain, prayed for release. Toward evening as he gazed into the branches of the giant tree above him and through these into the azure above, a sweet face suddenly appeared and looked in wonderment and sympathy into that of the prostrate man, and a musical voice in the Indian tongue greeted his ear.

The sight of a woman's face and the sound of a woman's voice has turned the tide in favor of many a perishing man. So the voice and presence of even an Indian maiden inspired James Wheeler with new life and hope.

With all the tenderness possible this child of nature cared for the sick man. She brought him back to life and led him to her father's tribe; and tradition says she led him away a captive, for the descendants of James Wheeler have always boasted that the blood of an Indian princess flows in their veins.

WILL WORTHINGTON HERRICK.

A BIT OF REAL LIFE.

As the last rays of the sun shed their fading light over field and meadow they seemed to linger, and their faint beams half illuminated the gathering dusk in a room that was hushed and still, for the angel of death had passed and now a white haired man was forever at rest.

His life had been one of sadness, and away from home, away from old friends, away from those near to him by ties of blood, it had gone out.

In childhood and in youth the future had beckoned invitingly. Overstudy, however, brought its penalty and, little by little, almost imperceptibly the brilliant mind became clouded, the keen intellect lost its power. At last he was sent away, and in a quiet country spot he stayed with two friends who had known him in his boyhood.

The wife whom he had loved with all the devotion of young manhood, failed him in the hour of need. No brother or sister came to care for the one whose life was blighted, and his father and mother were dead. Yet the two who remained faithful to him, watched over him with tender love, and though he knew them not, their affection never wavered.

Always kind in disposition he was still gentle; out of doors with the birds and flowers, by the streams and in the woods he found his only enjoyment. Day after day, with some one ever near, he wandered through the fields and woods, returning as the shadows lengthened, with the flowers that were so dear to him. At times the modest daisy attracted him, again the pale, dainty buttercup, but more often the shy violet, sweet and timid, pleased him.

Slowly he grew frailer, daily the slight figure became more fragile. Only a few years and the summons came, and then the soul so long fettered winged its way to perfect freedom. As the unseen messenger hovered above the little home, the dimmed mind became clear again; and he knew once more those who had done so much for him.

In his lovely way he thanked them, but the pain caused by the desertion of those whom he had cherished was almost more than he could bear, and made the last moments inexpressibly sad. How he longed for his children, for one last look at his wife, for his brothers and sisters, and he left for each one a farewell message. Just at nightfall, when all the air a solemn stillness holds, he entered his heavenly home.

The hush over the earth deepened; the birds ceased their restless twitterings, the trees, murmuring drowsily, grew still, and the laughing brook flowed noiselessly past. All nature in her unobtrusive way seemed to make up for the unkindness which had grieved the brave spirit.

Silently, as the dawn broke, they laid away the wasted form, and in the fresh coolness of the Sabbath morning they held the short service. The troubled soul had found peace; and the holy calm that pervaded the silent chapel told of the release from earth's sorrows. The flowers so dear to him were placed about him, and the unblemished purity of the white blossoms were fitting emblems of his blameless life.

Without, in the hallowed church yard, the birds poured forth melody, the rippling brook sang while it took its way through the fragrant meadows, and upon the trees beautiful in their early green, a strange serenity settled, as if nature knew that joy had come to another heart. In fields far more lovely, mid scenes more fair, he was gathering flowers that would never fade and with his heavenly Father he had found rest.

ALMA G. HALLIDAY.

NEED OF FOREST PRESERVATION.

What would our beautiful country be without its miles of waving forests?

Manifestly it would be little more than a desert waste, wholly unfit for a habitation for wild animals, and much less suitable for man. If we realized of what immense value this natural covering of green is to us in hundreds of ways, we would adopt every possible means to preserve and protect it from the destroying agencies which are rapidly and surely consuming it, and exposing the earth in a way which nature never intended.

Forests are a wise provision of nature and they form a comparatively large part of the area of every country which is not a desert, and where no destroying agency has been brought to bear upon them. Geological records give abundant proof that ages ago, before the earth was inhabited by man, it was covered with a far denser growth of forests than is now found anywhere, and that these extensive areas played a very important part in preparing the earth for our habitation, as well as ministering to our future comfort and needs in supplying inexhaustible beds of coal, and in many other ways.

While we enjoy the blessings of these great forests of primitive ages, which are found stored up at our very feet, we should not forget that the forests of to-day are of almost vital importance, not alone to those living at the present time, but to future gen-

erations as well. The world should have more of the sentiment which prompted an aged man to reply when asked why he planted trees since he could never hope to enjoy their shade or fruit, "I may not live to enjoy them, but someone will live after me." Were such motives more common there would be much less need for protective measures of a legal nature.

So prone is a man to destroy the blessings which nature has so lavishly bestowed upon him, without the least thought as to consequences or effort to repair the damage, that, wherever civilization and the hand of man have come, the forests, which were found abundant in a natural state, have suffered directly, and, as a result of removal, the land has lost in productive quality through washing of the soil and through direct exposure to the sun's rays, causing too rapid drying. In addition the process of radiation and evaporation, which so intimately effect climate, are greatly interfered with by the diminished leaf surface.

Especially has this been found to be true of the countries of southern Europe, where the clearing of timber from the hillsides has led to most unfavorable and even disastrous results, not only to agricultural and manufacturing interests, but to climate as well.

The indirect benefits resulting from a sufficient forest area are many and various as to kind, but nevertheless fully proven by scientific observation covering many years. Among these indirect benefits may be mentioned the maintenance of equable temperature and humidity, the control of the regular flow of rivers; the supply of perennial springs which beautify and enrich the country.

The salubrious and fertilizing effect of forest clothing upon the climate and soil of India has been clearly established by careful study, and it is believed that the terrible drouths and famines which visit that country and China with such frequency and disaster to human life, are due in great part, if not wholly, to the stripping from mountain slopes the timber with which they are heavily clothed, and which absorbed and held in reserve the heavy rainfall that now runs rapidly off into the sea, leaving the country unprepared for the dry season.

Such conditions as these prove only too conclusively with what reckless extravagance the deepest concerns of mankind are sacrificed to commercial interests and the desire for gain. It is the climatic and physical importance of a due proportion of woodland, independent of the utility of the forest products in the many arts, which contribute to our comfort and happiness, that has finally awakened people to the necessity of protecting forests from ruthless destruction.

The first instance of the protection of forest land by law is found in the forest laws of the early English kings. These laws were not for the protection of the trees unless as a secondary matter, the chief object being to maintain a hunting preserve for the special use of the king. Under the Norman kings the forest laws were remarkable for their extreme severity, an offense against them being, in some cases, punished by death. Thus that which grew out of a selfish king's endeavor to gratify his own personal desires, regardless of others, has come in our time to be followed for the interests of humanity.

The modern science of forest preservation had its origin in France or Germany. In Germany it has reached its highest develop-

ment, is looked upon as a profession and followed with great success. There are numerous well organized forest academies with courses covering from four to five years.

The educational requirements for admission are very strict and include a variety of subjects. The other countries of Europe have similar though less highly developed systems.

In our own country little attention has been paid to the preservation of forests until within comparatively recent years. This was because the forest areas were so vast that to exhaust them seemed impossible, but although this country when first settled possessed magnificent forests of great variety and superior quality, so persistent and exhaustive have been the demands made upon them for various purposes that to-day there is said to be but one state in the Union which has within its borders more forest land than climatic and physical conditions demand. But even Oregon has felt the inroads of the woodman, and the hum of the saw mill on her many mountain streams is the death-knell of her departing glory. California has lost all of her valuable Sequoias except those that are protected by the state.

Probably the chief destructive agency from which our forests suffer is man himself. The usefulness of most of our timber for building and for various other purposes, has made the lumber business very profitable and each winter large numbers of men are employed in converting our beautiful forests into commercial form. In many cases a wasteful course of extravagance is pursued, and in the general slaughter many trees are sacrificed which cannot be made use of, and so are left to decay. Domestic animals are also an important factor in this work of destruction. When allowed to roam at will they injure the saplings and trample the younger growth and thus prevent their taking the place of the former growth.

Annually fierce fires sweep over large areas of forest land, leaving behind a gloomy and desolate waste, which it takes nature years to repair. Most of these fires are the result of carelessness on the part of some one, so that here, as in other cases, man becomes responsible indirectly, if not directly. Such a thoughtless and extravagant course, if pursued for any great length of time, must of necessity be followed by the serious and deplorable results above mentioned.

The eastern part of the United States, while it has been longer settled, has not suffered as much as might be expected from forest destruction, because of the moist climate which enables nature more quickly to repair any damage. New York State, realizing the value of forests, has set apart large tracts among the Adirondacks and protects them by strict laws. These preserves add greatly to the natural beauty of the country.

The stately pines probably have a more far-reaching effect upon the climate of Florida than is generally supposed. The levelness of country and the sandy nature of the soil make some form of protection from the sun's rays indispensable, and what is better fitted to furnish this protection than the pines? The great change which has come over the climate of Florida within recent years, and has proved so disastrous to her chief products, may be attributed in large part to the removal of the heavy pine forests from the northern and north-central portions of the state. The interests of Florida demand the protection of her pines.

The central region of the United States, where the timber is scanty and of slower growth, has suffered most from the causes mentioned. Here planting must be resorted to. The removal of heavy forests which once covered the country around the head waters of the Mississippi River, has had a marked and very undesirable effect upon the strength and permanency of the flow of that river, and upon the climate of the whole upper Mississippi Valley.

But fortunately public opinion has been, and is being aroused to the fact that the nation's wellfare requires that measures be taken to protect our forests from a continuation of the ruthless course which has marked the past. Many of the states have passed laws bearing upon this subject, and as the need becomes more apparent, these laws are being broadened and strengthened. Through the means of literature, people are coming to realize that trees have a value apart from their value as lumber.

While Forestry does not receive in this country the attention that it does in Europe and is not studied as a separate science, yet within the next few years it will receive the consideration which its importance merits.

RUSSELL T. BARR.

LIFE IN WESTERN FLORIDA.

The boys and girls of Bradford County as I saw them while I lived there were very interesting. Their mode of life, their ways of working and their pleasures are so widely different from what I was accustomed to.

All the children are expected to work and earn their share of the living. Even the little ones only three and four years of age I have seen with their cotton sacks over their shoulders out in the "cotton patch" at work. Often as a punishment for misbehavior they are sent out thus to labor.

But few of them, even those of more mature years, are industrious. They love to be idle, and many a time during the day might you find them resting on their hoe handles in the corn field, telling or listening to a long and ridiculous yarn, either true or drawn from a vivid imagination ; or often you might find two or three perched on the top rail of the Virginia rail fence peeling, "rounding" and chewing sugar cane.

When night comes the boys are not contented to stay in-doors but start out, going from house to house through the neighborhood hunting up the boys. Then you will hear almost blood-curdling shrieks more like those of wild beasts than of a human being. Each knows the other's call, and the woods resound with the noise thereof.

When all are gathered together then comes their fun of capering about in the woods, telling stories, etc. In the winter months they build bon-fires to warm themselves by and from a distance I have watched them apparently dancing around the fire and heard their loud shouts of laughter.

They have some quite original sports which the more educated young people have never had the opportunity of enjoying.

One evening sport they enjoy is called a "chicken bog." I had the pleasure of attending one while I was among them. At this one there were present six young people beside myself, three girls and three boys. It was held at the school house. After dark the chicken was killed and dressed, and while it was cooking over an open fire out doors near the school house, we played croquet and tried to amuse ourselves as best we could. I might say right here that croquet is a favorite game there among both the old and the young. They make their own sets. The wickets of wire; the balls are whittled out of soft wood by means of a jack-knife, consequently not perfect spheres, and the mallets are also made in a like manner. To go back to the "chicken bog." At about half past nine the chicken was pronounced "done." Then had the boys been alone probably one would have caught up the pot and run for the woods and the others when they discovered their loss would have pursued and doubtless rescued their share of the dainty. This time, however, no such caper was indulged in, and after the dumplings were done we carried the whole into the school-room, and seated on the tops of the benches by the light of torches placed on the stove we ate our feast from a large tin pan and one crockery plate. Tin spoons took the place of knives and forks. We stayed until after eleven and went home, having had a jolly time and as they would have expressed it, "taken a plumb mess of chicken."

At another time while I was there I attended a candy pull at the same place. There were present about twenty young people and children, and a lively time they had. The syrup was boiled in a large iron kettle over a fire built out doors—a regular Cracker fashion. Such quantities of candy as I helped cool for the younger ones to pull. At another candy pull I went to, the young people played games, such as "Marching 'round the Lever," "Stealing Grapes," "Winding the Ball," "London Bridge," "Big Snap" and "Little Snap," some of which require considerable agility, and in which one not acquainted with them would not care to participate.

In the fall the "cane grindings" are the great attraction. The sugar cane is all ground by horse-power machines and the juice boiled down in large kettles holding from forty-five to sixty gallons and some more. Each family has its own "grinding" and the neighbors are expected to "drop in" during the day and evening to drink "juice" and have a neighborly chat. In the evening there is usually quite a gathering of the young people especially. There they play games of different kinds, and the smaller girls tease the boys while the latter make cigarettes and smoke them.

When the boilings are taken off and put in the sugar-trough, foam always rises on the top and with a thin cane peeling this is easily skimmed off and by some considered very nice.

Sunday is a day set apart for visiting, I might say a vacation day, when all are at liberty to go about and enjoy themselves generally. It is not to them as we are taught, a day of quiet rest.

As soon as the morning work is finished they dress in their best, the young man usually in a suit of blue or black woolen goods and that bought at some previous date before the owner had reached his present dimensions. A celluloid collar and possibly cuffs of like quality adorn his neck and arms; if he has a gold collar button a neck-tie is thought un-

necessary; a pair of stout shoes, in sore need of a "shine" complete his attire. Then they saddle their ponies and away they ride to church.

Now the churches there are either Primitive Baptists or Missionary Baptists. The preachers are all uneducated men who toil in the field on week days and go to their respective churches to hold service on Sunday. Usually the same man supplies several churches, thus getting around to each about once a month. The louder the preacher can holler and the faster he can talk, the better he is liked. The Primitives or "Hard-shells," as they are sometimes called, think it a very great sin for a man to take money for preaching the gospel and expect all their preachers to earn their living by manual labor. They also think it wrong to hold evening meetings in their churches, though they will preach in a private house and crowds are welcome to come and hear them.

The singing is done mostly by about three or four of the men; occasionally you will hear a high pitched soprano voice. They have no musical instrument in the church. The service lasts about two hours and they wait at least an hour for the minister after the time set.

The people of this district seem from what I saw of them quite contented with their life, although it is one of very hard labor, never having known anything any different, they seem quite satisfied. The younger ones appear to look forward to nothing better than the life led by their fathers and mothers and their grandparents back for many generations. Few seem enterprising enough to try to do better.

NINA MORSE WALKER.

A STUDY.

The reading of Hypatia, Kenilworth, and Henry Esmond, is like going through an art gallery and studying three different classes of pictures. On one canvas is painted in broad lines and glowing colors a pageant of queens, noblemen, courtiers and followers; every detail of costume and environment is carefully represented, and its value and purpose are easily understood. On another is a picture, faithful as the first in setting, but more serious, more tragic, and more suggestive; a picture whose meaning both baffles and stimulates thought, appealing to the highest of man's nature, the soul. The third is a faithful portrait of an eighteenth century gentlemen, charmingly and tenderly drawn.

As each picture may have its place in this gallery, so each one of these three books has its own place and its peculiar purpose in literature. They may be taken as representatives of three types of the historic novel; one dealing more with stirring events, and odd characters and situations, another as more of a pyschological study of the working out of great problems and issues, during an exciting and decisive period of the world's history, while the third is a sympathetic and semi-satiric delineation of the virtues and foibles of

ordinary people in a more commonplace, though interesting time.

While all three novels appeal to the emotions, intellect, and moral nature, yet it may be said of Kenilworth that it plays more upon feelings and appeals less to the mind than either Hypatia or Henry Esmond. Our curiosity is aroused and held throughout the story; we pity, scorn, despise, and condemn while reading the tragedy of Amy Robsart; our hopes rise and fall as we anxiously await the denouement, and many times the striking portrayal of some oddity of character in the lesser personages is overshadowed by the absorbing interest we feel in the principal actors.

Hypatia may be characterized briefly, aside from its historical setting, as a moral conflict, a conflict with semi-barbaric forces in their almost Titanic struggle. The forces of light are ranged against the forces of darkness, and the darkness is so lightened by the light, and the light is so shadowed by the darkness that it is difficult to distinguish the one from the other. Which is pagan and which is Christian, which is friend and which is foe? we ask. The pagans have Christian virtues, the Christians, pagan vices; good and evil are side by side in the same faction and in the same soul. We must admire and revere Hypatia, noble, pure, and true; we sympathize with her in her devotion, though mistaken, to a declining faith, and in her struggle to attain blind ideals, and we lament her tragic death; while we are repelled by the cruelty, arrogance, and intolerance of Cyril and his company, and by the unworthy strife and intrigue found in the church. Yet we must take into account the hideousness of the age, and the condition from which these Christians had been raised; for the people whom Hypatia was trying to win were profligate, cynical and selfish patricians, or of the enslaved and brutalized mass. The truths which Hypatia teaches, though pure, noble, and good as far as they go, fail in the time of deepest need, and bear no fruit. The church, though hindered by the sins of its leaders, the ambition for power and aggression had followers, who were, in the midst of the degradation around them, pure in heart and life.

In reading Henry Esmond we have a keen intellectual enjoyment, which differs in every way from our interest in Hypatia and Kenilworth. We appreciate the nicety of observation, the cutting, though kindly satire, and we share the author's deep knowledge and wide experience of human life and character.

It is difficult to compare three books so unlike in subject, style, and spirit; for if they respectively portray well their own age, they must be as essentially unlike as the fifth, seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. And this is their charm, that they take us out of the present into the struggles and triumphs, sorrows and joys of the past, making us feel that despite the changes of centuries, the human mind and soul of yesterday is very much like that of to-day. Indeed it is the closing thought that Kingsley leaves with us, that although we have been horrified at the scenes through which we have been passing, yet he has only been showing us "New Foes under an Old Face—your own likeness in toga and tunic instead of coat and bonnet. * * * Their sins are yours, their errors yours, their doom yours, their deliverance yours. There is nothing new under the sun. The thing which has been, it is that which shall be." If Thackery and Scott do not thus

clearly state this truth, they nevertheless teach it in Henry Esmond and Kenilworth. In each of these three novels the plot is developed naturally. The story of Henry Esmond's life is told, if not swiftly, yet logically and fully. The history of a tranquil life is varied by the introduction of vivid and stirring accounts of famous campaigns, and by interesting glimpses of the great men of the period.

In Kenilworth we find the plot best developed, each event naturally follows the preceding. Leicester must cover deceit with deceit, which inevitably brings its own ruin, affecting not only himself, but, as is always the case, those nearest and dearest to him.

In Hypatia there are plots within plots, but at first our interest centers in Philammon, whose impetuous nature longs for the conflict in the world beyond the narrow cell of the monk. His perplexity, his sudden change of belief and purpose are just what we may expect of a convent bred youth placed suddenly in the midst of the world as it then was, a world of mental and spiritual unrest and change. He learns for himself by failure and experience what the old Abbott wished to teach him. The characters of Hypatia are most diverse and offer most artistic contrasts. Hypatia and Pelagia, Philammon and Raphael, Cyril and Orestes, monk and pagan philosophers, Goths and Romans, are brought before us side by side.

Scott has admirably drawn the character of Queen Elizabeth, but it is the picture of an impressionist in broad strokes, quite different from the finish of Thackery's character sketches. Scott is especially happy in his peculiar characters, as Wayland Smith, the Astrologer Alasco, and Dickie Sludge, whom he presents in his own inimitable way.

The people whom Henry Esmond introduces are true to nature; they talk and act as we expect them to; their faults are not hidden; we know plainly the vanity of Beatrix, the partiality and jealousy of Lady Esmond, and Henry Esmond's weakness in yielding to the demands of Beatrix to join a cause in which he disbelieves, and to become partner in a plot whose consequences are far reaching and serious. His characters stand out by themselves. We can think of Henry Esmond, Beatrix, Lady Esmond, and Frank as living at any time, and apart from their setting, but we cannot separate Hypatia or Philammon from the time and place that the author has assigned them.

Scott's style in Kenilworth is vigorous, realistic, and clear, more dramatic than that of Hypatia; but the style of Hypatia is scholarly, earnest, and thoughtful, yet strong. It is also clear, and while less dramatic than Kenilworth, it abounds in striking situations and conversations of well sustained interest and power. Nothing can be finer than the skillful way in which Kingsley has Orestes gradually overcome Hypatia's scruples, and gain his point by his sophistries. The novel, Hypatia, also excels in picturesqueness and imaginative power. The word paintings of Hypatia and her "shrine," of the old Egyptian temple and its surroundings, not only equal Scott's descriptions, but excel in being more artistic and more subdued.

But what can we say of the style of Henry Esmond? Its qualities evade us, yet the charm is there. It is such a style as we should expect an elderly gentleman recalling a long life, to use, prolix, at times inclined to wander, yet always pleasing, smooth, and polished. It is never monotonous, for humor-

ous satire and unexpected turns of thought surprise and delight us as we read.

There is the most unity in Kenilworth. Thackery proceeds in a leisurely way, the story being subservient to the delineation of life and character. Kingsley has too complex a period to admit of anything but complex treatment.

Of the three, Hypatia is the most tragic, for while the story of Amy Robsart is sad and pitiful, it is not the history of souls struggling for spiritual light, of blighted lives, and of martyrs to higher ideals in an age dark with self and sin. But Amy Robsart comes nearer to our own lives; we can understand more easily, and sympathize more readily with her human longings, and cravings for love, for protection, and for justice.

Kenilworth is the most stirring, for even though it is not crowded with exciting events, as is Hypatia, yet it moves from one brilliant scene, or dramatic situation to another, with swiftness, unity, and power.

Henry Esmond, in our mind, is the greatest of the group, and we never tire of reading it; for Thackery, with wonderful art, so identifies himself, in language and spirit, with the eighteenth century, that the book seems not a modern writing about the past, but a contemporary record of the period itself. And can anything be more charming than the chronicles of this noble, tender, and chivalric gentleman of Queen Anne's times? The success of the work is not based upon the romantic interest of the period as in Kenilworth, nor upon the struggle of elemental forces, as in Hypatia, but upon the strong and natural revelation of life.

It is safe to say that the test of a book is its influence upon our lives. Are we strengthened intellectually by the reading, do we have nobler resolves and a clearer view of the realities and purposes of life? If measured by this test, we do not think any of these books will be found wholly wanting. Kingsley lets his characters preach their own sermons, teach their lessons, and leave their influence in the heart of the reader. Scott does not trouble us with moral teaching, except what always pervades wholesome and healthy literature, while Thackery himself preaches quaint, delightful, satiric, and often whimsical little sermons along the way. He does not scruple to stop us at the most critical point of the story and talk to us face to face, but it always pays to listen.

MARY S. PIPER.

THE HONEYMOON.

My love and I were drifting slow
  Across a summer sea,
When my love fell aweeping sore,
  And turned her face from me.
A cloudlet drifted 'neath the sun:
  Its shadow fell on me.

INDIAN RIVER.

Indian River! How dear the name is to us born and reared there. Was there ever anything quite so beautiful as that stretch of water, "like a wide blue ribbon floating!"

Come with me and take a look at it. lying bathed in sunshine, dotted here and there with sails that look in the distance like clouds against the blue sky.

Far down the river you can see the smoke of the steamer, plodding along in her daily journey, while near us are whole fleets of row boats, and across the river, fairly skimming through the water, are some dozen little launches, gayly decked with flags and filled with tourists, out to "see the sights."

Are you not tempted to take a plunge in the clear blue water? When is it most beautiful? Ah! 'tis hard to tell.

Look from your window in the early morning and you will see a broad expanse of clear blue, with a line of reddish golden light streaming across its smooth surface. Over the tops of the pines that border the eastern shore is the sun, just awaking from his slumbers, in dazzling splendor. By and by, as the sun climbs higher, a breeze from the ocean changes the water into a mass of shimmering ripples. As it sparkles and glistens one can almost imagine that the stars have fallen down and have tumbled pell-mell into the water, where they struggle vainly to reach the shore.

In the afternoon the breeze of the morning changes to a moderate sou'-easter. Then the ripples grow into waves, which gayly deck themselves in their best white caps, dancing merrily about and tumbling on top of one another in their sport, nodding coquettishly and tossing their heads saucily in the face of the wind, as if challenging it to touch them if it dare. And the wind in his growing might accept the challenge, and half in fun, half in a spirit of envy, chases the waves here and there till they are tossed against the rocks and dashed in pieces. It is growing late The sun sinks lower and lower till at last, weary with his long journey, he falls asleep and leaves us in darkness. But look! Surely the sun has dropped into the water and been awakened by his cold bath. Was there ever a more beautiful sight? Everywhere the water is aglow. The phosphorescence is truly magnificent, but it is useless to try to describe it. It must be seen to be appreciated. But the wind is getting tired; the waves cease their play, and again the river is calm. Yet the splendor of the phosphoresence still dazzles us as the millions of fishes dart here and there, leaving long trails of light behind them. From the distance comes the roar of the ocean. Then the moon rises, making across the river a path of light, which loses itself in the shade of the palmettoes on the western shore. The moonbeams chase one another over the ledges of rock which form the river's bank, peering under projecting edges and into deep recesses, determined to find if any terrible secret is hidden by the darkness. But the rocks and the river remain unmoved, being in accordance with the rest of the world, lost in slumber, where let us leave them in quiet to finish their night's rest.

MYRA GRAY WILLIAMS.

TO THE CAMPUS.

The parting of our way
appears,
No longer rings the
bell for school,
Its peal but sounds the
knell of years
We've spent in learn-
ing wisdom's rule.

But ere we say our last adieu,
Before our last slow footstep falls,
The while we pass the gateway through,
And silent grow the echoing halls,

Thanks to the Campus we would give,
For health and strength and friendship dear.
Long years, and happy, may it live,
Nor ever know disheartening fear.

And when we wander back some day,
Back to the South-land of our youth,
When youthful years have passed away,
And we have tested book taught truth,

Still firm may its loved buildings stand
Untouched by life's wild wind and sea,
In proof that wit is safe on sand,
If worthy its foundations be.

H. BIGELOW.

GREEN PEAS.

Mammy moon is shinin', de baby stars too,
'Gator 'gins to beller in de big bayou,
Lis'en Pickaninny, whut de catbird sing,
Lis'en pickaninny—frum de grape vine swing.
Green peas, green peas,
Brer Rabbit knows,
Green peas, green peas,
Jes whar dey grows.

Wus it you playing in de garden late,
Lak as not wus swingin' on de gyarden gate.
Lis'en pickaninny, if de catbird say true,
Brer Rabbit projecken' whut kin he do.
Green peas, green peas, etc.

Did ye shet de gate? er lebe it gapin' wide?
What yer shufflin' thar fer? want ter run and hide.
Look here pickaninny, see, de cawn pone's done.
Tell de truf dis minit er yer shan't hev none.
Green peas, green peas, etc.

F. L. DICKENSON.

EARLY FLORIDA.

In the palmy days of Spain she reaped golden harvests from the discovery of America by Columbus, and at a much later date, she considered Mexico and Florida lands abounding in gold and full of opportunities for conquest. But England found Florida to be a land of resources even greater than the supply of gold, which would sooner or later give out, that is, its great agricultural resources. Men believed it a great money making project to obtain tracts of land in this new country, for the purpose of raising indigo, sugar-cane, and cotton which were important commodities in those days. Then they with their families and servants came over and ruled in their little kingdoms. One can imagine what the life must have been in this wild country, with Indians on every side. But these men were ready for any danger, and built their dwellings against all enemies, strong and high. What a dreary life it must have been for a woman, no neighbors, only one's own household within miles around. These old plantations where are they now? Trees are growing where then were cultivated fields, with Spaniards and Minorcans at work, talking in soft southern tongues, or singing some song of far away Spain. Florida has the remains of several of these early plantations.

In 1767 Dr. Turnbull in company with Sir William Duncan, brought over a colony of 1,500 Greeks and Minorcans to settle the tract of land now known as Turnbull Hammock, which extends along the Halifax and Hillsboro rivers to the northern extremity of the Indian river. This colony flourished about nine years, until some misunderstanding arose, in which Dr. Turnbull was accused of illtreating the colonists and they removed to St. Augustine, where their descendants now live. History mentions a beautiful Greek wife of Dr. Turnbull but that is all. On this tract of land there are many interesting ruins, near New Smyrna are the picturesque walls of a mansion house overgrown with ivy and wild grape vines, while in the town are traces of the old castle fronting the river. At Ormond there are the remains of three sugar mills, with their tall chimneys. One of the favorite drives is to the Three Chimneys as the ruins are called. The iron doors of the furnaces are still on their hinges, and great trees grow up from the hollows where the kettles were placed, while palmettoes at least 75 years old form a thicket around. The chimneys are quite near together, and the evening we visited them about sunset, we could almost imagine that we beheld the ruins of a castle, with the fading light on its walls. On the St. Johns river due west from St. Augustine are traces of another plantation, which was granted in 1755, to Lord Dennis Rolle who brought over 100 English families as colonists. On the banks of the river, a few miles above Palatka are embankments and the remains of a fort built for protection from the Indians. Oaks now spread their branches above, and the embankments are covered with grass and flowers. Out beyond there is an old road leading to St. Augustine and the coast. The place is called Rollston after Lord Rolle.

All along the St. Johns may be found the remains of defensive works. It was between

the years 1763 when Florida had been ceded to England in exchange for Havana, and 1783 when Great Britain decided to give her back to Spain that these settlements were made. After the latter date, the plantations were abandoned, the country became barren and the Indians roamed the fields as before, no doubt many a massacre was committed by them on these old plantations.

SUSAN TYLER GLADWIN.

JANIE'S ROSE.

It is not a very pleasant room into which we look, a room on the third floor of a tenement house in one of our large cities, with the smoke and heat as well as the noise from the street below coming through the open window. Few pieces of furniture are to be seen, but on a bed in one corner a little girl of about five years is lying. She has been ill for many weeks, and the sad faced mother who is watching, realizes as she looks upon the wasted form, that the pure spirit of her darling Janie will soon be freed from suffering.

In another part of the room a sturdy, intelligent boy of twelve years is mending his kite.

Janie moves uneasily and looking into her mother's face says softly, "Mother, Janie wants a rose." Rob hearing his sister speak comes to the bedside; she looks at him with her large blue eyes and repeats "Janie wants a rose." Rob glances at his mother and seeing tears in her eyes kisses her and Janie, saying, "Sister shall have a rose." He left the room, went hastily down the stairs and along the streets until he came to a country road. The air was pure and sweet, and he wished his mother and sister were with him to enjoy it.

They had lived in a pretty country home before moving to the city, but now father was dead and mother worked hard to provide even the necessities of life.

He saw many wild flowers and thought to stop and gather some, but no, she had asked for a rose.

He had not walked far when looking up he saw a quaint, old fashioned church. Several persons were standing near the door and just as he approached the sweetest music met his ear. While he stood looking at the door, a little girl came out dressed in white, with rosy cheeks and fair hair.

Rob wondered if she came from fairy land, and his eyes brightened still more when he noticed that she carried a basket of roses.

These she was scattering along the pathway of a small bridal procession which followed her closely. As the little girl drew near, he stepped into the path and lifting his cap said; "Please Miss will you give me a rose for my sister? she has been asking for one all the morning, and she is very sick."

Maud seeing the earnest expression on the boy's face and the anxious look in his eyes, selected three of the finest roses from her basket, two, pure white, the others deep red. Handing him the white ones she said, "Take these to your sister," then, the red one, "This is for you."

Rob thanked her and hurried away, reaching home just in time to place the roses in Janie's hand, she smiled faintly and closed her eyes. Rob and his mother wept together, but a few months later, he was left to mourn alone, for his mother had been called to meet her loved ones.

Mr. Norton, a prosperous merchant, in he city, hearing in some way of the boy's bereavement sent for him and finally decided to adopt and educate him. Then followed happy, busy years.

One morning, at breakfast, the mail was brought in, and a letter addressed in a pretty feminine hand was given to Mrs. Norton, who reading it said to her husband, "Maud writes vacation will commence the fifteenth and she is coming to visit us for a week. The fifteenth, that will be two weeks from today." Then to Rob she said; "Our niece whom we have not seen for about six years is coming. I know you will like her. I remember what a pretty child she was, with blue eyes and golden hair. We saw her last at her aunt Alice's wedding, and how pretty she looked as a little flower girl!"

Rob thought blue eyes, golden hair, and flower girl; could she be the fairy who had given him the roses? Rob pondered this question as he went to the office that morning, could she be the same girl? His thoughts had often wandered back to her, and he had wondered if he should ever see her again. Rob thought the two weeks would never pass.

At last the eventful day arrived, and he drove Mrs. Norton to the station. When the train came in, a pretty, girlish figure clad in a simple travelling costume, came toward them. Rob rubbed his eyes to be sure that he was not dreaming, yes, that is the flower girl, but a young lady now. He wondered if she remembered the poor boy to whom she gave the roses. As Mrs. Norton introduced them he fancied her eyes had an inquiring look.

Dinner was ready when they reached home, but Rob somehow had lost his appetite. Maud sat opposite him and kept up a lively chatter. In the course of conversation they spoke of her aunt Alice's wedding, and she told them the story of the boy with brown eyes and tumbled hair, that had asked her for a rose to give his sister who was very ill, Then looking shyly at Rob, she said; "you remind me so much of him," and he replied. "now I know that you gave me the roses."

They soon became firm friends, and before going back to school she promised to write to him occasionally, and Rob was made very happy by this promise.

They met many times after this and as the years went by, realized how much they were to each other. Soon Robert became the junior partner in the firm of Norton and Co., and he then thought he had the right to ask Maud to become his wife.

The Xmas before her graduation, Maud made her aunt and uncle a visit and Rob took this opportunity to tell her of his love. She had planned a trip abroad. She told him this and he replied, "Let us go together."

They were married on a perfect day in the quaint, little country church, with plenty of roses both white and red, fragrant reminders of their first meeting, beautiful garlands for present joy, and sweet heralds of their future happiness.

BEATRICE A. PERKINS.

THE HOUSE OF THE BLOSSOMING PLUM TREES.

A Japanese play is the most plastic of all literary productions, if indeed it can be called a form of literature at all. For only the most important speeches are committed to writing, and if there is a book of the play, it is a mere summary of the leading incidents.

The impression produced on the foreign spectator by one of these plays is that of witnessing parts of several melodramas and pantomimes combined into an imperfect unity, though, as a whole, one thought or sentiment generally prevails. These plays are family possessions and are handed down from father to son like a house or an estate. Each time a play is enacted, there are changes or revisions adapting it to the new conditions.

The theatre is a large rectangular building, with the pit divided into family stalls. Here between the acts the friends converse and take their tea and tobacco together. And surely they need some refreshment, for often times from ten to twelve hours are spent in the performance of one play. The stage is but little elevated and is so arranged that it revolves, thus while one scene is on, another is being set ; and there are no waits.

Let us suppose we visit one of these theatres and watch the performance of a drama. The play is to be, "The House of the Blossoming Plum Trees,"—a title which leaves everything to the imagination. When the prologue is finished the curtain is drawn aside and the stage is seen to be crowded with people in antique costumes. A tournament is in progress and two of the retainers of Lord Asama are engaged in a fencing bout ; they deal foul blows and have to be separated, and when it is intimated to Yakuro that had the fight continued, his opponent would have come off victor, he vows that he will have his revenge.

The crowd departs and the stage revolves. It is night, and a wounded man is seen attacked by an assassin, who takes his purse and hastens away. The victim is Issai, Master of Ceremonies to my lord Asama, and the murderer is Hosikage, a ronin, or vagabond. The two daughters of Issai appear in the direction opposite to that which Hosikage has taken, and as they stumble over the body of their fallen father, he has just life enough to give them his dying injunction to exact vengeance for his murder.

The stage again revolves and a throng of people are seen—husbandmen, artisans, and peddlers, and on the outskirts of the crowd a poorly dressed girl attacked by a ruffian. Asamas sends two of his retainers to her assistance. Her name is Hotogisu and from the long set speech which she gives of her life and her search for her lost family, we know her to be the heroine of the play. The first act is now over and there are apparent three distinct motives which we expect to see developed in the following scenes. The resentment of Yakuro, the vengeance to be exacted by the daughters of Issai, and the search of Hotogisu.

But the next scene does not seem to advance any of these motives. It is winter and the ground is covered with snow. Several men appear with the coffee which they have stolen from the shrine of the mountain God. It is their leader's intention to array himself

in the mask and dress used by the priest when he impersonates the divinity, and with his followers to enter Issai's home and carry off his daughters. He is prevented from carrying out his intentions by a samurai who unexpectedly appears on the scene. Another disaster impends over the house of Issai, and we begin to see the real drift of the story, which is the misfortunes of the parted family.

The third act is an example of those contrasts between action and scene in which Japanese play-wrights excel. It is April and we are in the beautiful garden of the Daimio s palace. Asama's young wife and her mother, Yuri-no-Kata, are expressing to each other their dislike for Hotogisu when Yakuso appears, and together they plan to get rid of this favorite. Yakuso who has already provided the means, leads forward a physician who has brought the poison with him ; then the mother feeling he would not keep the secret, boldly takes Yakuso's sword and strikes off the physician's head.

The stage revolves and the garden scene is even more exquisite. Hotogisu is suffering from the effects of the poison, but the spirit of the slain physician seems to appear and to tell her an antidote for the poison. Just as she is recovering two furies rush in and cut her down. Then Youri-no-Kata, to make sure that all is well comes in and when she thinks Hotogisu dead, she and the servants prepare to withdraw. Hotogisu who is not quite dead, crawls painfully from the pavilion, but she is seen and killed by Yuri-no-Kata who afterwards stabs herself, with the satisfaction that Hotogisu is dead and her purpose is accomplished.

The fourth act passes in Kioto. Oju, the daughter of Issai appears magnificently dressed, she takes a koto and begins to play when suddenly a flame shoots up and Hotogisu seems to appear. As Asama recognizes her, he comes forward and asks what is the purpose of her visit. She tells him that in the other world she has found her parents and Issai is her father, then after complaining of her cruel murder she vanishes.

The opening scene of the next act is again at the tea house but several years are supposed to have passed away. Besides Oju, two new characters, Gorojo and his wife appear in the act. Oju thinking that she can find the hiding place of Hosikage, the first cause of all their misfortunes, more easily by exchanging dresses with the wife of Gorojo, does so, but on her way to find him she is murdered by Gorojo, who thinks she is his wife. After Gorojo learns his mistake he is horrified at his deed and to make reparation, stabs himself. Before he dies his friends tell him that the authorities in their search for the murderer have come upon Hosikage whom they have long sought to apprehend for his numerous crimes, and Gorojo turns on his side, saying: "You have done well to bring the good news, it is an acceptable farewell gift."

ANNA M. HENKEL.

A SKETCH OF COUNTRY LIFE.

It was a long and dusty road which lay between the Brent Farm and the small village of King's Corners. The Brent family had settled a distance of five miles from the Postoffice and store, and people often wondered why they had chosen this very remote place. But the farmer said he wished to be out of the busy and social life at the Corners and truly he was; still it did not seem far when one had a good horse to drive.

Some one always went from the farm to the village, at least twice a week, to get the mail, necessary supplies, and hear the bits of gossip; and of the three, the last seemed to be the most important, especially to the women at the farm. The Postoffice and store were combined and they prospered under the management of Deacon King, from whom the Corners had obtained its name.

The Deacon, a large, robust man, always smiling and joking, seemed to be on good terms with the village people and farmers for miles around; and the store at mail time presented a busy sight.

It is Saturday and the store is crowded, the hitching posts and fences in front of the store are tied close with horses patiently waiting their masters. The men inside are seated on cracker boxes, sugar barrels, nail kegs, and in fact on anything on which they may find room; and are discussing the drouth, crops, stock, and farming in general. At one end of the store a few women are trading butter and eggs for groceries and "dress fixings;" this department is managed by the Deacon's wife. All is excitement when a loud "Hello, Deacon!" comes from the front of the store, for this rather unceremonious greeting announces the arrival of the daily mail. Room is quickly made as the brawny mail carrier comes in, bearing on his shoulder the pouch containing a few letters, and deposits it within the small railing which divides the office from the store. All this is done with as much dignity as if the dozen letters each contained valuable papers, and the mail came only once a year.

After a few cheery words as to the weather and the purchasing of a bit of tobacco, the carrier is off; and all is silent, save for the buzz of the flies and the slow thumping sound as the Deacon stamps the mail. At last the mail is distributed and slowly the crowd disperses, some intent upon letters, others talking until their ways part.

We will notice one of these teams and its driver as it slowly wends its way homeward. The large, lean horses with their heads hanging low and their ill-fitting hames, seem well suited to the great farm wagon, with its squeaky axles and dilapidated bed. The driver, whom I will introduce as Farmer Brent, did not seem to note the worn out appearance of his belongings, for he thought as long as they could do service they were not to be rejected. His gray head was covered by a large straw hat, much too large as it nearly reached his ears; blue checked shirt, black vest, and blue overalls tucked snugly into his great boots, completed his garb. As he sat perched on the high seat of his wagon, he was indeed a sight to behold.

The reins had fallen carelessly from his hand and lay at his feet, but he did not seem

to notice them for he was greatly interested in a letter and small catalogue, which lay unopened on the seat, at his side. He had carefully examined the hand writing and post mark, yet his face wore a perplexed look.

"From Newark," he said. "I aint a known any body there, and for my Mandy too." After thus giving vent to his thoughts, he seemed to notice it was growing late, and picking up the reins he urged the lazy horses into a jolting trot. As he neared the farm house, he gathered the smaller parcels together and placed them in the market basket.

The farm was a model one, neatly fenced in, and every thing looked scrumptously clean. The barn-yard gate was opened by a tall, slender woman clad in a clinging calico dress, her faded sun bonnet had fallen back and showed her thin gray hair twisted into a tight knot, at the back of her head.

"Well, father, you be rather late; what's the news? and did you get any mail?" she asked, as he drove in the gate.

"Well, no, not much news. I heard that Parsons's wife was sick. Mr. Brown's new horse had died. Mrs. King's said to tell you she had in some new calico, and I got a queer looking letter and circular for Mandy, they's in there with the parcels." Handing the basket to the woman, he drove to the barn to put up the horses. This task finished, he went to the house where his wife and daughter were busy getting supper. His daughter, Mandy, a very pretty girl of about 17 years, was busy skimming the milk. She worked quickly in hopes of having time to read her letter before supper, but as she carried the last crock of milk to the cellar, her mother called them to supper. Mandy would have gladly done without her supper in order to satisfy her curiosity as to the contents of her letter, but being absent from the table during grace was considered in the Brent household an unpardonable fault. She did not eat much supper and soon left the table. Her favorite place when she wished to be alone, was the wood house steps, here she sat down and with nervous hands opened the letter. After reading a far away look came into her eyes, and she seemed not to notice any of her surroundings until, "Mandy, Oh, Mandy the dishes is to do." reached her ears. "Coming!" said Mandy, as she started for the house. Farmer Brent meeting her on the back porch said, "Who be your letter from, Mandy?" The girl turning gave the letter to her father and said, "It's from Mr. Johnson, the school teacher, and he wants me to go to Western College at Newark next year, and he sent a book about the college, too." "Mandy, aint you ever coming?" called her mother from the kitchen.

Mr. and Mrs. Brent read and re-read the letter and as their daughter joined them were deeply studying the catalogue. "It seems as if Mr. Johnson was very anxious for Mandy to go to Newark; he always did humor her and thought her uncommonly smart," said Mr. Brent. "Yes," said his wife, "and how proud we would be to be the only family at the Corners who had a girl at College. Do you reckon we could send her, Pa?" "Well, we'll see, it's three months off yet," said he, still reading the catalogue. "I see here they have over twenty teachers, besides them that teaches piano music, singing, and drawing, so it must be a big school as they have big buildings and electric lights. But we'll wait and see how the crops turn out and maybe we can send Mandy."

July, August, and September sped quickly by and it was now near the opening of the fall term at the Western College. The crops had been better than usual and with the little money saved by selling and trading the butter and eggs, the mother and daughter had managed to make up a rather scanty wardrobe. School was to open on the third of October, and the farmer thought best to drive to Newark and thus save car fare. On the morning of the second of October, Mandy could be seen arrayed in a new pink calico dress with a white sun bonnet and real store shoes, standing beside an old hair cloth trunk awaiting her father and the team. Mr. Brent had dressed in his Sunday best, as he was to go all the way and be there on the opening day. After bidding good-bye to mother, Mandy climbed into the high wagon and seemed in excellent spirits and somewhat proud, especially when some of the village folk came out to see her pass, for Mandy Brent was the first girl to go to College from the Corners. Mandy and her father spent the night at a cousin's, who lived near Newark, and then drove on in the morning. Such sights Mandy never saw before. The crowded streets, large stores and pretty buildings interested her very much, but the College, a large building, with a shady campus, seemed to charm her most.

Her father, putting her down on the pavement, tied the horses, and then shouldering Mandy's trunk, proceeded to the main entrance of the building.

The bell was answered by the President himself, a very pleasant old gentleman, who seemed very busy; so seating Mandy in the parlor, he took Mr. Brent to his office, and sent the trunk to Mandy's already assigned room.

Other girls were in the parlor, who laughed and talked in small groups and none seemed to notice Mandy's discomfort. Presently a bell began ringing, the groups of merry girls left the room; but poor little Mandy was alone and half afraid; she felt the hot tears coming but quickly brushed them away, for she had been so anxious to come and she must not give up now.

Her father came and they went to a large hall which was crowded with young folks. After the exercises were over and studies arranged, her father left her.

Next we see Mandy in her room which is very pleasantly located; she is engaged in unpacking her trunk, but is not as joyful as the other girls. She soon reached the bottom for it contained no dainty bric-a-brac or bright cushions which so brightens a college room.

At dinner time a very pleasant lady came to take her to dinner and she was not quite so "blue." Few girls had spoken pleasantly to her, and some laughed and made sneering remarks as they passed her. This Mandy felt keenly and had a good cry to comfort herself.

Three days passed and on Friday evening as Mandy sat in her little room, she carefully wrote the following letter:

DEAR PA AND MA:—I reckon you think I am writing very soon, but I just can't stand it here any longer. It is a pretty place and the people are nice, but as I sit here and the bright lights are burning, I think I can see you and Pa sitting round the little candle light and I long for my place there too. Some of the people is kind hearted and others ain't; they don't seem to like me very much. Two pretty girls came to see me and one asked, "How the corn crop was this year?" She then winked at the other and both laughed, and the other one asked if that quilt, (the pretty one you made me,) came over in the May

Flower? I guess they were making fun of me. but Oh! Ma! please let me come home. I will just die here if Pa don't come after me soon. Its now time for bed.

With love from your

MANDY.

On the day after the farmer received this forlorn little note, he was seen driving to Newark for Mandy. She was watching and waiting, and as her father stopped at the gate she nearly choked him with hugs. Climbing in the wagon she waited until the trunk was placed in the back and then sat down relieved for she was really going home. Yes, home to mother.

Reaching home she threw her arms around her mother and said: "It was a nice place but home is better." And we bid our country girl farewell as she stands washing the dishes and relating her experiences to father and mother.

GRACE JONES.

WILLIAM.

THE SAND-SPUR.

PUBLISHED QUARTERLY UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE

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

THE effects of the present war upon Florida are different, perhaps, from its effects upon any other part of the country. Tampa shows the most change. Those who have visited that city lately say that it is quite another place. The streets are crowded—bluecoats every where. Naturally the privates predominate but lieutenants and captains are common.

One is much impressed with the extreme order of the camp. The first glance might suggest carelessness, to the inexperienced, but examination reveals great system. There is a place for every thing, and every thing in its place. The cleanliness of the camp is remarkable. But the most impressive part of a trip to see the soldiers, is seeing the soldiers themselves. What men! The physical development attained by the privates especially, is certainly to be admired.

The presence of these thousands of men in the State has its effect on business, principally, of course, in Tampa. Business men in nearly all lines, say that they are continually rushed. The hotels are doing a big business.

The transportation of so many men and so much ammunition, etc., has kept some of the railroads busy, which of course, produces a rather bad effect on the general freight business in the State, causing great delay in the delivery of goods.

Even the SAND-SPUR has felt the effects of the war; our publisher was unable to obtain supplies as promptly as usual, thus somewhat delaying this term's publication.

SOMEWHAT like the Will-'o-the-wisp is William, our college factotum; wanted in innumerable places at once, now here, now there, his wits must at times be almost distracted. No one however since the founding of Rollins has devoted his energies more indefatigibly or perseveringly to the good of the institution. Always obliging and helpful he has proved a friend indeed.

For many years Mr. Ingram and Kate, the college steed, were a familiar sight on our campus, but the latter has passed away and since that time William has been credited with more than his share of misdemeanors.

Formerly when something out of the way had been done and every one was asking, "Who did it?" from all parts of the grounds would come, "Katy did, Katy didn't, Katy did, Katy didn't." Now all censure falls upon William and we here in mournful cadences "whip-poor-Will, whip-poor-Will."

The early student gets the meal. Any one who boards at Rollins can tell you that a change has been wrought and now the one who saunters calmly up to the refectory ten minutes after the bell rings, may saunter less calmly away again, may go breakfastless to class or supperless to bed.

No more light slumbers after the breakfast bell, no more straggling in to meals when one gets ready. The regulation is a good one and all find that it is possible to be prompt.

YEAR after year we grow accustomed to new faces, but old friendships become more closely knit, and the sight of a well known face brings untold pleasure. Even material surroundings assert their claim to our regard, and it is with a sigh that we see our board sidewalks disappearing one by one, and giving place to ashes, clay, and sawdust. But we find consolation in the fact that we shall no longer be awakened by passengers bound for the midnight train or by early pedestrians passing to and fro.

AGAIN Commencement is here and again Rollins is sending forth young lives to struggle with the world. How great the success to be attained, how many victories to be won, will depend on the faithfulness of the past years of preparation. Our college graduates this year three young ladies, and May 25 they are to receive the degree of A. B. Next year they will enter new fields of work. To whom much is given, of them much shall be required.

WE hope that all our friends are interested in the Art Department. We feel sure that all who have worked there during the past year will carry away pleasant memories of the Studio and will appreciate the picture of it which we present in this issue.

There has been some excellent work done this year in all branches of the department.

Perhaps the most fascinating branch is the China painting, at least those who have taken it pronounce it to be so. It has made it possible for more to take this branch, as the firing of the China is done by the instructor.

The light and shade in pencil by beginners is very good, and also much of the plain outline work, which is of quite as much importance to the workers as the more advanced workers could possibly find this to be.

Lovers of Art can fully appreciate the early efforts, for who knows what genius time may bring forth.

WE think we have a right to be proud of the SAND-SPUR, as it leaves the hands of the publisher, wrapped neatly and clearly directed in ink. If some of our exchanges showed the same care and neatness their appearance would be greatly improved. Often college papers come to our desk with the address in pencil, blurred ere it reaches us, and with old wrappings. A careful attention to details is an essential element in gaining success for our publications. We hope that this suggestion will not be regarded as impertinent, and that a change for the better will be effected.

GRADUATING CLASS.

Those who will receive the degree of A. B. are: Miss Anna Maria Henkel, Miss Mary Sophia Piper, and Miss Myra Gray Williams.

The students who this year complete the course of study in the Preparatory School, are: Miss Emma Nancy Dryer, Miss Alma Gabriella Halliday, Miss Lucy Belle Sadler, Mr. John Henry Neville, Mr. Harold Anson Ward.

In the School of Music—Piano—the young ladies to be graduated are: Miss Lillian Alma Drennen, Miss Beatrice Etta Hall Fenety.

Glorious is Thy Name Almighty Lord.....Mozart
CHORAL CLUB.

THESIS.....The Child the Center of Education
MISS CLARA LOUISE GUILD.

Erlen-King.....Schubert-Liszt
MISS LILLIE DRENNEN.

ADDRESS.....
REV. J. N. MCGONIGLE, St. Augustine.

Concerto No. 2, for two pianos.....Tschaikowrsky
Parts Orchestral Arrg. for 2nd Piano.
MISS LILLIE DRENNEN AND MISS BEATRICE FENETY.

Presentation of Diplomas—President Ward.

Tales of the Vienna Woods.....Rive-King
MISS BEA RICE FENETY.

The candidates for certificates from the Business School are: Miss Bessie Bonfield, Miss Emma Nancy Dryer, Miss Edith Penrose Foulke, Mr. Orville Black McDonald, Mr. Harold Anson Ward.

The candidates for certificates in the Normal School are: Miss Maude Chapman, Miss Lida Yancey, Miss Etta Crumpacker, Miss Alma Halliday.

The honorary degrees of A. M. and A. B. are to be given respectively to Miss Clara Louise Guild, and Miss Susan V. Longwell.

SUNDAY, MAY 22.

10:30 a. m. Baccalaureate Sermon, by President George M. Ward, at the Congregational Church.

MONDAY, MAY 23.

9:00 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. Examinations.
8:00 p. m. Anniversary Exercises of the Literary Societies at Knowles Hall.
9:00 p. m. Ladies' reception at Cloverleaf Cottage.

TUESDAY, MAY 24.

10:00 a. m. Meeting of the Alumni Association at the College Chapel.
11:00 a. m. Annual meeting of the Trustees.
3:00 p. m. Field Sports.
7:30 p. m. Concert by the Students of the School of Music, at Lyman Hall.
9:00 p. m. President's Reception.

WEDNESDAY, MAY 25.

10:00 a. m. Graduating Exercises, at Lyman Hall. Commencement Address, by Rev. J. N. MacGonigle, St. Augustine.
1:00 p. m. Alumni Dinner.

Art Exhibition at the Studio throughout the week.

ATHLETICS.

The officers of the Athletic Association are, George Benedict, President; John Neville, Vice President; William Herrick, Secretary and Treasurer; Carl Noble, Field Marshal; Herrick, Neville and Benedict, Directors.

ON THE TRACK.

In the photograph of the Track Team reproduced on the opposite page, we find Neville, Captain; Clark, R., Donovan; Herrick, Lyman and Benedict.

The great drouth during the spring together with the very oppressive weather has greatly hindered our track work and has not only discouraged us but compelled one of our runners to give up practice altogether for more than a month. This we greatly regret as Mr. Herrick promised to do some good work for us in the long distance runs. We are happy to be able to say that he is again on the track and improving rapidly.

HERRICK. LYMAN. DONOVAN.

BENEDICT. NEVILLE, CAPT. CLARK, R.

We hope to see some good work at the Annual Field Day, to be held Tuesday afternoon of commencement week. Although the team has been confined to practice yet this has not been without great results. Besides the general improvement, several records have been broken. Among those broken are,—the running broad jump, the standing broad jump, the 440 yard dash and the indoor standing high jump. The above being done by Neville. The one mile run by Herrick and the hop, step and jump by Benedict.

The team has been compelled to resort to the old track across the So. Fla. R. R., as the new field is in such a condition that it would be impossible to hold a field-day on it. The great objection to our old track is its distance from the campus and also the situation is not as desirable as might be.

The team of '99 will be composed almost emtirely of new men, among whom should be Noble, Gove, Herrera, Nevarro J., and possibly Turner and Thompson. Lyman and Clark of this year's team will be back and should hold down their events better than ever. Ill health has kept Clark from taking active part this spring, but he will be valuable next year in the sprints and high jump. We expect that next year will find Neville at Northwestern, where he hopes to make the team and enter for the broad jump and pole vault. Herrick will be at Yale, where we hope he will make a good showing in the mile run. Donovan will be found during the summer pitching for Palatka. Benedict is to leave for the Lowell Textile School.

BASE BALL.

The season for this sport opened with a bright out-look and it was expected that there would be a number of games played on our diamond. But unfortunately we have failed utterly in this line, although we have a good diamond and fair out-field. One trouble was the lack of interest that should have been taken, but our main trouble was the fact that we could find no one who was able to hold our pitcher. It was not until the beginning of Feb. that we succeded at all in getting this important place filled and even then it was by no means satisfactory and did not last long.

After a number of unsuccessful attempts to play the Orlando team and try the metal of our men, the team was disbanded. The team would have played as follows :

Benedict, Captain	1st. Base.
Donovan, Manager,	Pitcher.
Lumpkins,	Catcher.
Herrick,	2nd. Base.
Everenden,	3rd. Base.
Gonzales,	Short Stop.
Herrera,	Center Field.
Barr,	Left Field.
Welburn,	Right Field.

EVENT.	HOLDER.	TIME OR DISTANCE.	WHEN MADE.
100 yd. Dash	Benedict	10 4-5 sec	Spring '97.
440 yd Dash	Neville	57¼ sec	Spring '98.
880 yd. Dash	Benedict	2 min. 17 3-5 sec	Spring '97.
Mile Run	Herrick	5 min. 26½ sec	Spring '98.
Standing Broad Jump	Neville	9 ft. 9¾ in	Spring '98.
Running Broad Jump	Neville	19 ft. 6 in	Spring '98
Running High Jump	Beach	5 ft. 4 in	Spring '96.
Putting Shot	Beach	35 ft	Spring '96.
Throwing Hammer	Beach	87 ft. 5 in	Spring '96.
Throwing Base Ball	Donovan	96 yds	Spring '96.
Pole Vault	Neville,	8 ft. 10 in	Spring '97.
Hop, Step and Jump	Benedict	39 ft. 7½ in	Spring '98.

INDOOR RECORDS.

Running High Jump	Beach	5 ft ½ in	Spring '96.
Standing Broad Jump	Neville	9 ft. 9 in	Fall '97.
Bar Vault	Beach	6 ft. 7 in	Winter 96.
Standing High Jump	Neville	4 ft. 5¼ in	Spring '98.
Jump, Step and Jump	Neville	28 ft. 8½ in	Fall '97.

PERSONALS.

Miss Gertrude Ford will graduate from Stetson University, DeLand, this year, and will be home in time for Commencement.

Mrs. C. A. Abbott goes to spend the summer with her daughter, Mrs. Haynes, of Buffalo.

Prof. Hills will spend the vacation at the Thousand Islands, on the St. Lawrence River.

Mrs. Evans, of Gainesville, Fla., our former matron, was the guest of Mrs. Abbott for a few days.

Miss Longwell, Mrs. Piper, and Master Robert Piper, spent a few days at the seashore.

Miss Gertrude Pelton will go to Boston and from there to Glen's Falls, New York.

Miss Lina Wilkins will attend the Hillsborough County Normal, at Tampa.

Miss Eugenie Swain was married to Mr. William A. Briderbocker, Thursday, April 23, at the home of her parents. Mr. and Mrs. E. H. Swain, at Anthony, Fla.

Miss Annie Fuller returned to Braidentown, after spending a few days with her sister, Mrs. Fuller.

Miss Annie Henkel, a graduate of the College Course, will spend the summer in Virginia.

Miss Mary Piper, one of our College graduates, and her brother, Robert, will return to their home in Springfield, Ohio.

Mr. John Neville is intending to spend a few weeks in New York, Philadelphia, and other places of interest before returning to his home in Bay City, Mich.

Miss May Pomroy has returned from Oberlin, and hopes to spend Commencement week with us.

Mme. von Kalow Bosworth has accepted a position as directress of an orchestra in Sheboygen, Wis. Her children will accompany her.

Miss Sydney Evans and Miss Grace Wakelin will spend the summer in Philadelphia, their home.

Mrs. Pelton, after spending the winter with us, has returned to Cleveland.

The following are the new students this term: Miss Anna Lincoln, Auburndale; Mr. Bruce Wade, Bartow; Julio Lopez and Ricardo Lopez, of Havana; William Warren, Braidenton.

Mr. William Herrick expects to spend the summer at New Haven, Conn., and will attend Yale University next winter.

How patriotic our people are! The stars and stripes wave proudly from numerous flag poles. The young men display the national colors on their coats and the young ladies even are wearing red, white and blue ties.

Miss Susie Gladwin and Miss Beatrice Perkins go to Titusville. Miss Perkins, having taken a business course, will assist her brother in his office.

Mr. H. Martin Morton is now an M. D., having taken his degree at Denver Medical College, this spring.

Prof. Ford and family, Mr. Willard Eliot and family, will remain in Winter Park, this summer.

Miss Ellen Lord expects to spend her vacation at Handcock Point, Maine

Miss Strough will spend the summer at her home in Clayton, New York.

Mrs. Warren and her son Willian, of Braidentown, Fla., have been with us during the last weeks of the term.

EXCHANGES.

President Gilman, of Johns Hopkins University has summed up in the following manner the objects of a college education :

1. Concentration or the ability to hold the mind exclusively and persistently on one subject.

2. Distribution, or the power to arrange and classify facts.

3. Retention, or the power to hold facts.

4. Expression, or the power to tell what you know.

5. Power of Judgment, or making sharp discrimination between that which is false, that which is temporal, that which is essential. —Stentor, Lake Forest.

The article in the March number of the *Stetson Collegiate*, entitled, "A Practical Talk on Painting," is both interesting and in structive. Some of the qualities which belong to good pictures are clearly explained.

"It is easier," the curate read, "for a needle to go through the eye of a camel," but he saw the vicar's gaze fixed upon him and knew that he had made a mistake, so he corrected himself: "It is easier for a camel to go through the knee of an idol." Then he went on quite happily.—Ex.

Caesar conquered many nations,
Conqueror of the world was he,
And at the examinations
Caesar completely conquered me
—The Calendar.

We wish to congratulate the editors of *The Converse Concept* for the exceedingly interesting musical nnmber which they recently published.

According to careful estimates, three hours of close study wear out the body more than a whole day of hard physical exertion.

The Army and Navy Year Book rates the navies of the world as follows: 1, Great Britain; 2, France; 3, Russia; 4, Italy; 5, United States; 6, Germany; 7, Spain; 8, Japan; 9, Austria, and 10 Netherlands.

In Australia spring begins August 20; summer, November 20; autumn, February 20, and winter, May 20.

A tramp once to a back door came
And begged for food to eat,
The kitchen fairy looked askance,
Then said with smile discreet:

"There is a woodpile just without,
If you saw a cord or two,
There will be waiting, without doubt,
Some very nice hot stew."

The tramp he hurried out the gate,
Called back with loud guffaw:
"Just tell them that you saw me,
But you didn't see me saw."—Ex.

Student—"Why is my brain like the north pole?"

Professor—"Because no one has ever discovered it."—Ex.

Headquarters—A hat.

Freshman—"I wonder if the professor meant anything by giving me a ticket to his lecture on 'Fools?'"

Senior—"Why?"

Freshman—"It reads on the ticket 'Admit one.'"—Central Luminary.

The sketch in *The Mountaineer* for March on "Robert Louis Stevenson" is well worth a careful reading.

MUSIC NOTES.

The gentlemen's quartette consists of Mr. Barr, first tenor; Mr. Neville, second tenor; Mr. Donovan, second bass; Mr. Herrick, first bass.

The members of the ladies' quartette are Miss Walker, first soprano; Miss Drennen, second soprano; Miss Ford, second alto; Miss Price first alto.

The gentlemen's quartette was formed the early part of the year merely for their own pleasure but it met with such success that Madame Bosworth kindly offered to train them. They have taken a great deal of interest in their work, and have met with hearty appreciation.

The two quartettes have been attractive features of most of our entertainments this year.

During the winter our Musical Deparment was represented at the musicals at the Seminole Hotel, by the two quartettes and the two graduates of the department.

From several parts of the State requests have come at different times for the quartettes to assist at dramatical and musical entertainments but it has never been possible for them to accept these invitations.

The ladies' quartette has been under the direction of Madame Bosworth also, and it everywhere received a warm reception. Their singing is always of the highest excellence and the enjoyment that they afford is shown by the encores accorded them.

The graduates of this year from the Musical Department are,— Miss Lily Drennen and Miss Beatrice Fenety. Both are piano pupils. They have not given a recital as has been the custom formerly but will appear in the Commencement concert and also at the Commencement exercises Wednesday morning.

Mr. F. Sloan Hall, of Orlando, gave a very enjoyable piano recital in Lyman Hall on May 6th. He was assisted by Miss Marian Curtis, vocalist.

The following is his program:

I.

J. S. Bach.....Preludio. Fuga No. 21, Vol. 1, W. T. C. (INT.)

F. Chopin .... { Nocturne Opus 32. / Fantaisie, Impromptu Opus 66. (EMO.)

II.

Arthur Seymore,.....“Only One Heart I Live For.

III.

E. A. McDowell..... { Praeludium. Marsch. Opus 14. (INT.)

{ Three Marionetts / Lover, Lady Love and Witch

Wm. Mason..... { Berceuse Opus 14. / Serenata Opus 39. / Spring Dawn Caprice Opus 30. (EMO.)

IV.

W. H. Neidlinger..... .....Serenade

“The Wind is Whispering.”

Oscar Weil. .....Spring Song

V.

Robert Goldbeck..... .....Pleading

Franz Liszt..... .....Grand Polonaise No. 2, E Major

The recital was well attended and warmly appreciated.

The Commencement Concert will be given on the 24th of May. The program will be the following:

Fantasie Belisario.....Goria

OLLIE MILLER.

Kammonoi Ostrow.....A. Rubenstein

MISS LUCY SADLER.

Air from Robert Le Diable.....Meyerbeer

MISS JEAN FENETY.

Spinning Wheel Song.....Wagner-Liszt

MISS BEATRICE FENETY.

Vocal Male Quartette.....Asher

MESSRS. BARR, NEVILLE, BIGELOW AND HERRICK.

Warum / Aufschwung } .....Schumann

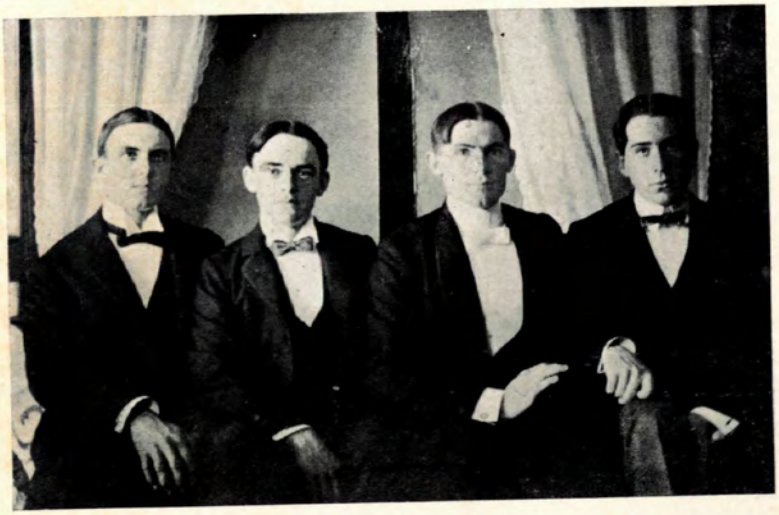
MISS LILLIE DRENNEN.

Damascus Triumphal March.....Costa

CHORAL CLUB.

The program is not as long as usual as there is to be a reception after it.

FEMALE QUARTETTE.



MALE QUARTETTE.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

In looking over some old magazines and papers, I came across one with the word "Sand-Spur" written on it. I wondered greatly at first as to what kind of a paper it was, that it had been kept so long. Glancing at it again I saw the word "Rollins," and then it all became clear to me, for I had remembered hearing my grandmother tell of the pranks her mother used to play when she was a girl and went to Rollins. I examined the papers more closely, and found that the date upon it was May, 1898. In turning over the leaves my eyes caught the words "Social Events," and as I am interested in what other people are doing, I presume you may be also, and therefore I will copy word for word what I found.

May 25, 1898.

This term, which is generally quite lively, has been rather quiet so far. The first Friday a lawn fete was given for the benefit of the SAND-SPUR. Strawberries, ice cream and cake were sold on the north side of Knowles Hall. Settees and tables were placed here on the grass, and bright pieces of bunting made it look very gay. The fete was well attended, and everyone pronounced the ice cream excellent.

The following Saturday several of the young ladies had a supper for the benefit of the Christian Endeavor society. The supper was given in the Peck building, being served from four till eight in the evening.

The most enjoyable affair that has been given this term was a picnic to Palm Springs.

If you had been at the ladies' cottage one bright and pleasant Saturday morning you probably would have seen a party of young people starting off in a large open wagon. After several delays in town they started taking the "branch" road to Maitland, which proved to be a little rough, but on that account the drive was all the more interesting and exciting.

An hour and a half after leaving Winter Park they arrived at the Springs where a bountiful dinner was soon set forth which every one seemed to enjoy. The afternoon passed very pleasantly, and about five the party started for the home of Dr. Walker, and there spent a very enjoyable evening.

April 28th, the Christian Endeavor gave a social in the gymnasium. The entertainment consisted of an Art Exhibition. The guests were each given a catalogue of the pictures, and they were supposed to suit the picture to the name, which was found rather difficult in some cases. Many looked long for the Great American Desert, some thinking it to be a dish of sand but it proved to be a pie. The latter part of the evening strawberry sherbet, ice cream and cake were sold.

The following Friday the SAND-SPUR gave another lawn fete. A number of Orlando people had come up to Mr. Hall's recital and as the train waited half an hour they took advantage of this and patronized the SAND-SPUR social.

A temperance society was organized this spring among the young beople and last Friday a parlor meeting was held at the ladies' cottage. The young people were all very much pleased with the address given by Mrs. Drury-Lowe, of Orlando. Several readings were also given, and Miss Walker and Mr. Lincoln, each sang a solo. The remainder of the evening was spent pleasantly.

Monday a birthday party was given for the benefit of the Methodist parsonage. Over $35 was cleared. In the evening games were played and a pleasant social time was spent.

SPURS.

SIDE TALKS WITH GIRLS.

Miss W——s.—Men callers take care of their hats themselves.

Miss E——s.—As your mother is not with you it will be necessary for you to use your own judgment in regard to exchanging photographs with the young man.

Miss P——r.—You are perfectly right in letting the young man know that you do not care to receive his attentions.

Miss S——r.—The letters of a man correspondent should be answered within two weeks after being received.

Miss W——n.—You will have to let your conscience decide for you in this case. I cannot advise you.

Miss G——n.—Many thanks for your kind letter. I am always glad to help my girls.

Miss W—k—s.—If you have a taste for the work of which you speak, fit yourself for it by all means. In this 19th century a woman can enter almost any work she chooses.

Miss P——e.—There can be no impropriety in your practicing with your friend. I hope that your summer may be as pleasant as you anticipate.

Miss F——e.—In good society puns are considered in very bad taste. An excess of condiments is extremely injurious to the health.

PROVERBS.

Thy meals are the principal thing; therefore get thy meals; and with all thy getting get plenty of dessert.

Cast thy lot in among us, for we all have no purse

Divers weights are an abomination unto the swimmer, and a false balance is not good.

When thou sittest to eat in the dining hall consider diligently what is before thee. And put a knife to thy meat if thou carest anything for it.

SIDE TALKS WITH BOYS.

This department will be found to be a source of great help to our boy readers. In answering the inquiries the real name will be disguised as much as possible.

Early riser.—The average person requires at least seven hours of sleep. I should certainly discourage your trying to do with but one hour. Such a course is almost sure to shorten life and bring grief to friends.

It was quite proper for you to accept a young lady's invitation to go boat riding after breakfast, even if she had asked several who excused themselves.

Bill.—It should in no sense be a source of regret or mortification to you that your feet are so large. It must have been consoling to find, as you did when you called for a young lady's shoes, that there are some with even broader foundations than your own.

It is to be hoped that your engagement will not take you from us before commencement. The circumstance must be one of embarrassment for you, but remember you have the sympathies of many friends and one has offered to help you out of the difficulty. You need not be surprised to hear that you are married. But you need not believe everything you hear.

Prof. W.—Your idea of starting a bureau of general information for the benefit of the students at Rollins is a good one and should meet with universal approval. There is probably no one there who is better fitted for such a position than you are. Have patience; in time you will become popular.

Tarpon Springs.—Yours is a bad lot. The early years of a poet's life are frequently full of sorrow and cruel disappointment. But do

not be discouraged because the world is cold and unappreciative. Genius always finds it so. Your sympathy for the "chilly" is admirable, even though it be Miss directed.

B–rr.—I cannot advise the use of waxed paper as a food. It is doubtful about its supplying the tissues of the body.

Three Pinehurst Boys.—No it would not be proper to sing patriotic songs with a party of girls. Such a thing should not be thought of for a moment, even if there had just been a great naval victory.

Miller.—Strange it is that any one should doubt for a moment your importance to the institution. It may be due to the fact that you are so modest and unassuming. It might be well for you to push yourself to the front just a little and notice the result.

Bennie.—From what you say, I am sure you must have behaved yourself pretty well this term. You must miss those quiet walks which were of so frequent occurrence. But then the best of friends must part. When it makes one uncomfortable to have you look at them, turn the other way.

I certainly do not approve of your wearing the editor's ring as a watch charm.

D– Witt.—I can understand how your intense patriotism makes you want to join the army, but it hardly seems necessary that one of such tender years should face the dangers of war. By careful attention to the *New York Journal* you will learn more than if you were in the field.

J–ck.—If you feel the heat very much in Choral it would be well to take a walk around the campus to cool off.

I see no serious objection to your giving boxing lessons under the circumstances which you name, if you do not resort to the clinch too frequently and do not hit too hard.

Gallant B.—Boatriding is a harmless amusement and your taste for it should be cultivated. When you have as many as three in the boat you might get a large vessel to take you in tow as the exercise of rowing so many might prove injurious.

MISCELLANEOUS.

In order to keep the fly from getting drunk one of the White Ribbon Girls carefully fished it out of the glass of milk.

It is said Miss Evans will go to sea, if it is safe to go home by boat.

Jacob has not been taking postgraduate work, but he has been paying attention to some of the higher branches.

"This will be a foggy night."

"I don't see why, the moon is clear."

"Don't you see there is a Hayes hanging low over the Barr."

On the first of June bids will be opened for the excavation of Lakeside provided there is enough of the building left to pay.—Davis.

For the sake of a few in Pinehurst whose education has been neglected, I will form a class and give instruction in the use of the broom and dust pan —Prof. Hills.

On the last day at school at the south door of Pinehurst I will sell at public auction to the highest bidder my famous oil stove together with numerous other articles of even less value. The stove must *go* this time even though it has refused to go before. Come early and avoid the rush.—W. W. Herrick.

(Party of girls on Seminole piazza.)

M.—"There goes Mr. Dick."

E.—"Wonder if he'll give us the dickens."

Herrick.—"Jack, I am not running much lately."

Neville.—"I've stopped running and gone to rushing."

Herrick.—"I've stopped rushing and gone to loafing."

Neville.—"Never mind, I am going to surprise the people around here, I have been good all this year, now it is time to have some fun."

Barr.—"Well, we all ought to do a few

things. Come, Herrick, don't look so glum, absolve yourself from your vow, bring Bennie and come with us."

N.—"Look at B. rolling around on the floor; he had five plates of salad for supper."

H.—"He looks like the dying gladiator"

B.—"No, he isn't glad-he-ate 'er."

TO ?

Tinkle, tinkle cottage bell,
When a fellow's feeling well,
If you would but lose your tongue,
Then your song would be unsung.
Never more to hear your voice,
We would one and all rejoice.
When the evening's scarce begun
With the welcomes yet undone,
Even while the door bell's sound
Through the hallways yet resound,
Telling that without has come
Pinehurst lad or Lakeside "bum,"
Even then your senseless chatter
Makes us wonder what's the matter.
Ever will your noise and din
Make us all commit that sin
Call the dog who, on the floor
Just outside the cottage door,
Lies as he is wont to lie
Near to those who's called him by.
Since it has been ever so,
We to take the hint and go,
When a fellow's feeling fine,
Then the bell rings half past nine.

Doing two things at once.—Taking two girls home.

A new broom does not sweep clean unless used.

We know where Rockledge is, but where is Florida?

Man wants but little here below and many of us get just what we want.

A stone is heavy, even so is a sweet potato, and whosoever eateth one shall be sorry.

They say the Biology class would be crowded if there was a single addition.

Sleep answereth all things, and happy is he who has enough of it.

(All things?) come to him who waits, if he does not wait over ten minutes.

Knock and it shall *not* be opened unto you: ask and ye shall *not* receive.

COMMENCEMENT EVE.

The last sad hour had come. Two grief-laden hearts throbbed with anguish as they stood in the fading twilight.

Ah! 'Twas hard to part!

His manly form quaked with emotion, while every line of the maiden's countenance expressed excess baggage weight of woe. She, unable longer to endure the strain, nestled her auburn locks upon the bosom of the only boiled shirt he possessed, and, mindful of her 33⅓ per cent commission from the Orlando Steam Laundry, poured a copious flood of briny tears upon the same.

And on the next succeeding day
The gentleman wore a negligee.

BACHELORDOM.

A pipe, a book,
A cozy nook,
A fire, at least its embers,
A dog, a glass,
It's thus we pass
Such hours as we remember.
Who'd wish to wed?
Poor Cupid 's dead
These thousand years, I'll wager;
The modern maid
Is but a jade,
Not worth the time to cage her.
To take the town
In silken gown,
Her first and last ambition.
What good is she
To you or me,
Who have but a position.
Then let us drink
To her, but think
Of the man who has to keep her.
And *sans* a wife
Let's spend our life
In bachelordom. "It's cheaper."

For some time past the students have been manifesting a greater warmth of interest in their studies than at any previous season of the year. It must be encouraging to our instructors to notice that as summer advances we are warming up to our work.

PINEHURST STATISTICS.

Average age, 16 years. Average height, under 7 ft. Average weight, ante prand., 150 lb.; post prand, 149 lb. Tallest man, Herrick. Shortest man, Gonzales. Handsomest man, Barr. Homliest man, Muirhead. Noisest man, Lyman. Earliest man, Clark. Laziest man, (doubtful), Herrick or Benedict. Biggest rusher, Neviile. Dude, Lincoln. Heartiest eater, Benedict. Invalid, Herrick. Living skeleton, McDonald. Crack wheelman, Wade. Poet, Bigelow. Wild man, Herrerra. "Slowest," Barr. Clown, Clark. News agent, Gray. Photographer, Bigelow. Engaged, "Bill." Married, "Billum." Our youngest, J. Nevarro. Most popular member of Faculty, Prof. Hills.

Our Motto—Never sew on to-day what you can sew on to-morrow.

GRINDS.

"Some must sleep." Benedict.

"She would talk. Lord! how she talked." M. G. W.

"A man tall and slim like a bamboo cane split half way up." Robinson.

"I to myself am dearer than a friend." L. A. D.

"Men, even when alone, lighten their labor by song however rank it may be." Baker.

"Did nothing in particular and did it well." Donovan.

"Wherewithal shall it be salted." Piper, Jr.

"Melancholy marked him for her own." Neville.

"He was a man of an unbounded stomach." Herrick.

"She told me I was everything; it's a lie." Barr.

"Those (Friday) evening bells." Cloverleaf.

"I must go to the barber for methinks I am marvelously hairy about the face." Davis.

"The down upon his lip lay like the shadow of a lingering kiss. Clark.

"Behold the child by nature's kindly law,
Pleased with a rattle, tickled with a straw."
E. P. F.

"Nature abhors a vacuum so she fills some heads with sawdust." Herrera.

"Heard round the world." Lyman's Laugh.

"A bright luminous star from out of the wild and wooly west." Barr.

"It is a gentle thing." Pe aza.

"I am a man—that is, I wear pants." Miller.

"The world knows nothing of her greatest men." Wade.

"A noisy, hearty, boisterous creature." Lyman.

"Here is something lately hatched." Pedro.

"For several virtues have I liked several women." Neville.

"The only way for us to live peaceably together is to separate." Cloverleaf.

"I am too handsome for a man, I ought to have been born a woman." Barr.

"God bless the man who first invented sleep." Benedict.

"This tall, stiff collar greatly frets my neck." Guernsey.

"Move not the ancient landmark which thy fathers have set." M. G. W.

"What tellest thou me of black and blue? I was beaten myself unto all the colors of the rainbow." Orlando B. B. Team.

"I must be a most fascinating young man." Gray.

"Some men were born for great things,
Some were born for small,
Of some 'tis not recorded,
Why they were born at all."
Muirhead.

"When I was young I acted as a child. I am still young." S. E.

"A soft, meek, patient, humble tranquil spirit." L. B. S.

"All regardless of their doom the little victims play.
No sense have they of ills to come, nor care beyond to-day." The Model School.

"He disappointeth the devices of the crafty so that their hand cannot perform their enterprise." Prof. Hills.

"Even so the tongue is a little member and boasteth great things." Gray.

"He has become a ladies man with great violence." Gonzales.

"The glass of fashion, the mold of form, the observed of all observers. P. Dale.

"'Tis, alas! his modest, bashful nature and pure innocence that makes him silent."
Herrick.

"And grating songs a listening crowd endures,
Rasped from the throats of bellowing amateurs." Choral Club.

"As yet, thou knowest not all, my son."
Wade.

"Swans sing before they die: 'twere no bad thing did certain persons die before they sing." Benedict.

"Of all those arts in which the wise excel.
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."
Herrick.

"Too late I stayed,—forgive the crime:
Unheeded flew the hours:" Who?

"In youth when I did love, methought 'twas very sweet." Benedict.

"News, news from heaven! Marcus the post come.
Sirrah, what tidings? Have you any letters." Everenden.

"Latin was no more difficle,
Than to a black-bird 'tis to whistle."
Prof. Lord.

"All men seemed mad to him!
Nature had made him for some other planet,
And pressed his soul into the human shape
By accident or malice. In this world
He found no fit companion." Bigelow.

"Why, you can utter with a solemn gesture
Oracular sentences with deep no meaning."
Barr.

"Her sunny locks hang on her temples like a golden fleece." L. B. S.

"Would the gods had made thee practical."
W. E.

"The grass stoops not she treads on it so light." L. A. W.

"A happy soul that all the way to heaven hath made a summer's day." B. A. P.

"His chuff cheeks dimpling in a fondling smile," Brett.

"Of comely form she was and fair of face." M. S. P.

"The curse of the hungry be upon you."
Miss Merrill, 7:10 a. m.

"Bright as the stars that cover thee,
Maid of the sunny brow." G. A. W.

"Exquisite beauty that nature made so frail." L. A. W.

"In the Spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love."
Neville.

"The fond attentive gaze of young astonishment." S. E.

"For truly in my youth I suffered much extremity for love." Baker.

"Take him off to bed." Clark.

"'Tis the voice of the sluggard; I hear him complain,"
You have waked me too soon, I must slumber again." Herrick.

"His voice went forth and that a mighty one." Prof. Ward.

"Art thou offendedwith me? Heaven knows that odious business was no fault of mine." Grind Editors.

We present greetings to all who have contributed to this number of the Sand-Spur, or have assisted in other ways. We give a Vote of Thanks to our Advertisers, who, by their generosity, have enabled us to make this issue of the Sand-Spur possible, and we request all the Students to show their appreciation of this generosity.

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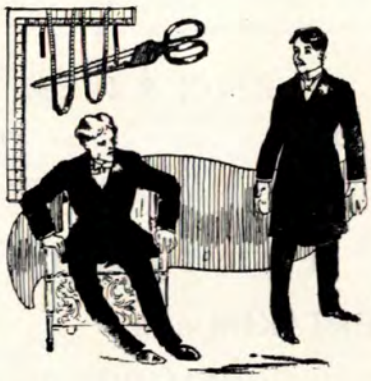

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