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THE SAND-SPUR.

"STICK TO IT."

VOL. 6, NO. 1. 1900.

PUBLISHED BY THE DELPHIC DEBATING SOCIETY.

PRESS OF THE SENTINEL-REPORTER,
ORLANDO, FLA.

BOATING SONG.

Rocking, we're rocking encradled in lightness,
Now to our work be an "Auf Weidersehen;"
Singing, we're singing with hearts full of gladness,
Joyous and happy, a merry refrain.

Strong in our youth, let us now pull together,
Ripples off glancing in rhythm and rune;
Onward we fly, with the blade how we feather!
Plying our oars with the strokes all atune.

Bright in the sunshine, all nature is glowing,
Filling our hearts with the joy of the day;
Softly beneath us the waters are flowing,
Crooning a slumberous, murmuring lay.

Dreamily drifting, with hearts gone a wooing,
Led by the wind wafted secrets afar,
Beauty that hideth in beauty pursuing,
As high in the heaven there hideth a star.

* * * * *

Quietly row o'er the waves now so voiceless,
Strong in our hopes and with vision more clear,
Fear not the coming of star-lightened darkness,
Seek ye, oh seek ye the welcoming cheer.

MARY S. PIPER

February 17, 1900.

CHANGE OF FLAGS. ANCIENT LANDMARKS IN HAVANA.

For the Sand-Spur.

For over four long centuries of cruel despotism and pitiless extortion, the red and yellow flag of Spain floated over the fairest of the Western isles.

The Cubans say its yellow stripes represent the gold Spain has ever sought, and the red the rivers of blood she has shed in its acquisition.

Yet that ancient banner was dear to the Spaniard and still is dear, though they must keep it out of sight in Cuba to-day. They fought for it on the bloody slopes of San Juan, and when it sank beneath the red waves of the warm southern seas, as the last naval hopes of Spain perished under Cervera, they sorrowed with a great sorrow. When it was finally lowered at Santiago and Matanzas, strong Spanish soldiers wept like children as the stars and stripes rose in its place.

Yet this flag, which floated everywhere in Cuba so recently, has disappeared. The Cuban Mayor of Havana has given orders that but one Spanish flag is permitted in Havana—the one on the office of the Spanish consul.

To have raised the lone star flag of Cuba in the great metropolis two years ago would have been to court death. Only in remote hiding places, or in far-away Cuban strongholds could it be unfurled. How great the change! Where that ancient flag that once struck terror into the hearts of both worlds, was everywhere to be seen, we see the change of flags. Over great forts, gray battlements and spacious palaces old glory floats; along the beautiful shores where the waves make unceasing music, we see the Star Spangled Banner side by side with the banner so dear to each Cuban heart. On feast days and national holidays the two are

unfurled all over this gay capital, from lordly homes and humble abodes of poverty, fluttering defiance to the ancient foe and proclaiming the advent of a new regime in Cuba, once the ever-faithful isle. The change of flags is most significant and truly prophetic. "Spain has had her day." The old flag is an anachronism; it stands for monarchy, repression and retrogression; the others stand for liberty, progress, intellectual and spiritual aspiration, and hope. The twin flags look very beautiful by day under the soft tropical skies, as under the throbbing stars which seem reflected in their wavy folds.

Havana is full of ancient landmarks. The modern crowd the medieval. You cross the street from an up-to-date post office to enter the narrow enclosure where the tiny chapel of Columbus is built on the historic spot where the first mass on the island was celebrated in 1519 when Ferdinand VII reigned. A great Ceiba tree has burst its enclosure, cracking the wall—type of the new which is putting aside the old. Just beyond is an immense and ancient convent, long used as a custom house, two stories high, built around an open court, abandoned as a custom house over fifty years since, where now the "Real Hacienda" holds forth, and bland officials keep the patient people who throng the numerous offices waiting "hasta la manana."

Just back of the Governor's palace, where the popular General Wood holds forth, is the ancient university with its three hundred students, and in the palace once occupied by the Bishop is the "Academia" with its eager students and its complete ornithological, zoological, and botanical collection from every part of Cuba. The old cathedral, built in 1721, rears its gray tower skyward; within, the arms of Spain are still lifted over the altar, and choice frescoes look down from the vaulted arches. Its deep toned bells ring out their call to prayer. Here the ashes of Columbus reposed, and some say that golden treasures are yet hidden

in its massive walls. Pressing along the narrow streets, with the narrower sidewalks, you come to the old church of San Francisco, now used as a custom house, a unique structure with its massive steeple and stone crosses, overlooking the harbor alive with shipping. Here, built into the walls, is the crown of Spain, a stone cross to which two arms are nailed, and underneath, the heart around which a crown of thorns is twisted, and above it all, the suggestive letters I. N. R. I. Below is the date 1731. Here is the cable office, and the click of the telegraph, as it flashes its messages under the blue seas to Florida and beyond; and all the bustle of a great custom house which receives fifteen millions of revenue yearly, take the place of swinging censers, and the monotonous chant of surpliced friars from the peninsula. The old Belen church carries one back to far off days when the church ruled with a rod of iron, and the very name of a street near by, Inquisidor, suggests the days when the inquisition flourished here, for on this street the inquisitor lived.

Atares is still seated on its impregnable heights, a fort which successfully resisted England in 1762 and sank the fleet of the aliens. Only recently while dredging the harbor twenty ancient English cannon were brought to light.

Castello de Principe with its superb view of the city, its terrible subterranean dungeons where captives languished until death mercifully curtained their staring eyes, carries one back to the days long past never to return.

At the portals of Cabana fortress you pause on the drawbridge to read of the distinguished Spanish official who in 1762 began that vast structure costing over eleven million of dollars, completed in 1773 or three years before our liberty bell rang out its peal of joy in Philadelphia.

On one of the ramparts of Morro, overlooking the blue waves that fret the rugged shores, is a marble tablet, reared in honor of the Spanish soldiers who lost their lives in 1762 in the defense of that place against the superior hosts of

Lord Albermarle. The flash light of old Morro seems to illuminate, as it sends its beams over the dark seas, the pages of Spanish colonial history.

St. Augustine church, now used for educational purposes, is very quaint, and the royal palms which lift their graceful heads in its plaza seem to whisper of those days when prayer worship was offered in its long drawn aisles, and under its sculptured arches.

Thus on every hand the old presents itself. It overshadows the modern, and we are transported to the far off days of centuries of which we read in history, but over which the dust of oblivion is settling. Most thankful are we that those days are gone never to return, that Cuba is waking from the lethargy of ages and feeling the pulse beats of a new and nobler national life, passes (without a sigh) these ancient landmarks, as she presses on into the radiant future, so full of hope and promise.

REV. E. P. HERRICK,

February, 1900. Havana, Cuba.

THE INDIAN WELL.

Our merry party, consisting of three college friends, brother Jack, his chum, and myself, returning from a hot walk, took possession of the garden chairs and hammocks. There under the trees, amid blooming plants and fragrant herbs, we soon regained our spirits, and discussed plans for entertainment. The thick foliage of a wide spreading magnolia protected us from the July sun, and a fresh breeze blew up the lake, glimmering through the double row of encircling trees.

"Yesterday," said Alice, "as the sun was sinking and we were going westward, the trees were so accurately reflected, one might fancy herself rowing into an orange orchard."

Madge commented on the beauties of the lake by moonlight, on the tiny, dancing, silver topped waves. She was the only one fortunate enough to ride on the lake in this light, as my brother always excused himself when asked to take the others, and declared his skiff would not safely carry more than two.

An excursion to sulphur springs occupied us the following day; and in the evening, clad in the family relics of former fashions, we arranged tableaux from legendary tales. Impulsive Madge, attired in our great-grandmother's wedding gown, after acting The Sleeping Beauty, with Jack as prince, came behind the scenes and threw her arms around me, exclaiming,

"This is the most beautiful place on earth, and we have the lovliest times! I am happier than ever before in my life. I wish I could live here!"

"I wish so, too, dear," I said, returning the kiss of my favorite. "And perhaps you may."

After some discussion we decided to assemble on the pier at five o'clock the next morning, then hurried away for our beauty sleep, while Madge said, "Good night, please call me early that I may catch the first fish."

So on the morrow all except lazy Bob, arrived promptly at the boats. We wished to try our luck with the rod while the fish were breakfasting. Miriam was the first to succeed, but after she had made the beginning the rest seemed equally fortunate.

Soon the fish ceased to bite; the sun sent down his warmest rays, and the party, growing weary, requested the long promised, though mysterious treat. So, after landing, we wandered toward the east between the long over-arching rows of fruit trees. "This land," Jack explains, "was once an Indian maize field, near which the owners lived, easily getting their food of corn and fish, until the Seminole war disturbed them. Here and there are trees marked in a

curious way, and deep excavations made by the tribes, either to mark direction or to conceal their supplies."

Emerging at last from the orange groves, we came, almost immediately, to a dense wood. For some distance the walk descended and soon a circular hole appeared before us, apparently deep, and differing from those in the corn field only in its fern-covered edge. A tiny stream trickled away under an arch of baby ferns and violets; and on closer inspection, the hole, or Indian well, as it is called, proved full of water, clear but darkly shaded by over-hanging trees.

Next we thoroughly explored the place, and followed the brook for some distance on its course. The party disposed of the lunch, which in the meantime had arrived, and after a short rest, searched for flowers an hour or more, and at last gathered by the spring again.

The time passed pleasantly and swiftly in narrating adventures, and the sun was sinking ere the story of the spring was again thought of, and Alice requested that it be told. After collecting my thoughts, I began:

"Here an Indian tribe once lived in contentment and peace. The braves, only two of whom come directly under our notice, pursued the hunt while the squaws kept the wigwams. Their village lay to the south, hidden from view by the trees, and before their open doors children played or ran back and forth to the well.

"It was late in the evening; the rising moon sprinkled the tiny well with silver. Beside the water sat a dark maiden with her head in her hands evidently in deep sorrow. A slight noise caused her to look up, and a gleam of joy lighted her dusky face for a moment, but it disappeared when a voice was heard.

"'Chatto,' said the stalwart young brave, exultingly, 'I have found you.'

"The girl gazed haughtily at him for a moment, then turned her eyes away and remained silent.

"'Have you nothing to say to me? We start on the

war path in the first light of the next sun. Yehologa, as you know, is now on the way.'

"A dark look of anguish passed swiftly over Chatto's countenance, but not quickly enough to escape the keen eye of Coeejaho, her companion.

"'And that is the reason of your hate,' he said coolly. 'Well, the one who returns from the fight next moon will lead you to his wigwam.'

"Chatto bowed her head and continued silent.

"Make ready, bright star, pride of the tribe, to go with me,' he said, and then walked away muttering, 'Yehologa shall never come back to the dark water.'

"The girl's eyes flashed, and a look of determination settled upon her face as she whispered, 'Chatto will never till the soil and cook for him when the warriors return, if Yehologa, the Silver Cloud, is not among them. Chatto will—' A call, and she rose and went to her dwelling.

"All through the struggle of the Seminoles the maiden patiently performed her part of the work with heart aching, but not void of hope, for now and then some one returned from the front, always bringing good news of Yehologa. Each evening found her at the well, for it was here that 'The Silver Cloud' was to meet her on his return. Thus she waited one April day, sitting on the bank of the stream, surrounded by ferns out of which timid violets and southern butter-cups peeped.

"The war was over. The old warriors had returned at noon and the younger braves were expected that evening. Hark! there was a step; the maiden rose; 'Yehologa!' But another voice answered her. The girl recoiled as from a blow; over her face came again that determined look, and the slight figure trembled for a moment.

"Coeejaho, for it was he, advanced. The place was completely shut in. The trees bent till their tops met over the tiny pool they so securely sheltered, as if to mirror their faces in its heart; and the underbrush, dense and fragrant

with the odor of the magnolia blossoms, gleamed white in the twilight, and the scent of the yellow jasmine was wafted on the evening air.

"'Chatto, Bright Star, I come—to claim you,' said Coeejaho, coming toward her.

"The maiden's hand sought her belt. There was a momentary gleam, the hand descended, and Chatto fell at the warrior's feet.

"He turned like a baffled serpent and hissed at the spring in which he had trusted, for the Indians believed that the spirit of the waters brought success to their wooing.

"The first rays of the morning sun pierced through the leafy boughs and kissed the sleeping maiden; an owl that had watched through the night flew away; a little squirrel frisked down a tree and came toward the figure, and the birds, in their first glad morning song, flew down to take their bath and carol on the brink of the stream, but nothing disturbed the silent figure.

"Suddenly the birds ceased their warbling and the playful squirrel disappeared in the branches as a tall, muscular Indian approached, clad in the full attire of a warrior. His eye was at once attracted by the stricken form, and going nearer he saw the glittering dagger and guessed the cause. Groaning deeply he bent over Chatto, calling her tenderly, but there was no response. He sat as one stunned, then, wrapping his blanket about him, with bowed head and a last long look, Yehologa left the lovers' well to become a wanderer upon the earth."

A charm we were loth to break seemed thrown around the little group, and silently we proceeded homeward, Jack and Madge lingering behind the others.

Madge broke the spell: "Ethel, do the waters of the well still perform their mission?"

"Yes," I answered," "if the lovers are in earnest."

Very early next morning Miriam rushed in and begged to go once more to the wishing well.

"Why, Miriam, has Cupid been aiming at you?"

"Me?" No; of course not. I only want to see the place once more."

So we we went down through the groves. The air was pleasant and cool, and a few late orange blossoms mingled their perfume with that of the primrose. My friend broke the silence by saying, half aloud, "I knew this would be my last chance, as we leave on the noon train."

I was about to reply when she held up a warning finger.

There under the arching trees, a glass of water in one hand, stood Jack, slowly clasping in the other the hand of Madge. A. E. L.

EPIGRAMS FROM MARTIAL. (tr.)

5-58.

"Going to live to-morrow," thou sayest; 'tis ever "to-morrow."
Tell me, that morrow of thine, Postumus, when does it come?
How far distant that morrow? where is it? or whence to be sought for?
Hides it among the wild, wandering tribes of the East?
That to-morrow of thine has already the years of a Nestor?
What is that morrow worth? tell me, how can it be bought?
Live to-morrow? To-day is late already for living;
He is the wise man, Postumus, he who lived yesterday.

7-43.

First, I would choose that you give me whatever I ask for, O Cinna;
Next to this, I would choose that you shall quickly refuse.
Him who gives I delight in, nor hate I him who refuses;
But you neither will give, nor quickly, Cinna, refuse.

6-82.

Just now carefully some one looked me over,
Like some purchaser or training master.
When he critical had me well examined,
"Art thou, then," said he, "art that famous Martial,
He whose jests and jokes every one is charmed with,
Be he not indeed stupid as a Dutchman?"
Smiling modesty I, and nodding gently,
Did not say that I was not whom he called me.
"Wherefore then," said he, "are thy clothes so shabby?"

I make answer, "Because a shabby poet."
Lest this should again happen to the poet,
Send thou, Rufus, to me some better clothing.

J. HAROLD DALE.

THE MISTLETOE.

From Popnlar Science.

The plant, popularly known as mistletoe, is an evergreen parasitic shrub belonging to the Loranthaceae family, which is represented by twenty-five genera and about four hundred species, most of which are found only in the tropical parts of America and Asia. Only one species, Phoradendron flavescens, is common in the United States, and this probably does not grow farther north than New Jersey. It is a very bushy plant from two to five feet high, producing small flowers in axillary spikes in early spring time, and developing white gelatinous berries.

The shrub grows on both deciduous and evergreen trees, being common on the oak, elm and ash. In Florida and Louisiana oaks are sometimes seen almost covered with mistletoe. The accompanying cut shows a tree in an oak grove in Winter Park, Fla., quite full of mistletoe. The photograph of the tree was taken shortly after a light frost had caused its leaves to fall. The generic name Phoradendron means borne upon a tree; and the meaning of flavescens is that it grows yellow in ripening, referring to the yellowish color of the plant and fruit.

The mistletoe of tradition does not belong to the Loranthaceae family; it is Vascum album. It is known as the true mistletoe and is the best known of the three European species. It grows upon the apple, pear, linden, and various other trees, but is rarely found upon the oak. In Belgium it is very plentiful on old and exhausted apple trees, a pretty decoration for the scraggy limbs.

The mistletoe is propogated and distributed in a very interesting manner. This is done mainly by the agency of

frugivorous birds that feed on the seeds. The gelatinous substance surrounding the seeds causes them to adhere to the beak of the bird, and wiping its mouth on the tree on which it alights, the seeds are glued fast to the bark of the tree, and soon germinate and produce a plant.

The custom of kissing under the mistletoe, formerly so common at Christmas festivals in England, still exists to some extent, but in designating the plant under which the ceremony is performed as genuine English mistletoe, a "pious fraud" is practiced, for most of this plant used for decorative purposes is imported from Belgium.

The mistletoe was never placed in the churches along with the other Christmas evergreens, as it was considered a profane plant. Years ago it was held to be a charm against witchcraft, and the great respect in which the Druids were held was due to the marvellous cures wrought by them with the aid of the mistletoe.

This is the wood, according to an ancient legend, from

which the cross was made. Long ago it was an ordinary tree, but after the crucifiction of the Savior it was disgraced for the unfortunate part it had in his death, and has lived ever since as a mere parasite.

Another story says that Baldur, god of sun and summer, had conquered Loki, ruler of night and winter, and compelled him to make a peace treaty. Loki promised to do Baldur no harm with anything that grew on the earth or in the water, and with nothing that became green on the approach of summer, but he had a thought of revenge in his heart. Cutting a branch of the mistletoe which, growing on other trees and remaining green all winter, fulfilled these conditions, he fashioned an arrow from it and severely wounded Baldur, who would have died had he not been magically cured. T. R. BAKER.

COLLEGE PETS.

Ordinarily the college wood pile is a very prosaic place, but for several weeks during the early part of the term it was the scene of a very interesting incident. A pile of oak wood near the entrance to the wood cellar became the temporary home of a wren which was seen to go into and out of the pile and fly about it in a very familiar way. Upon questioning Jacob, the head manipulator at the wood pile, on the subject he informed us that the wren had made the place its temporary abode in order to be more convenient to an apparently newly discovered food-supply. For when Jacob began operations the wren would soon perch himself upon a near-by stick to watch for the worms that the sawing and splitting might uncover. It was there in the early morning as well as late in the evening—whenever Jacob was there—to catch its worm and sing its little song of gladness at being so bountifully provided. And so while some people were talking about golf and others were associating themselves with other pastimes, etc., of the Florida "sea-

son," Jacob and his feathery little friend had a "season" quite their own, and one perhaps as joyous and with as full a share of Heaven's blessing as that of the bigger world of men and women.

And Jack, what a big, contented dog he is. This is his first year at college and he is becoming proficient very fast as he actually understands two languages, coming at the call of both his Cuban and American friends. Spending most of his time sleeping and eating, Florida is his paradise. What more could any well-bred dog wish than to lie out in the warm sand, chase squirrels all day long, or occasionally take a walk with his friends. Friends! Yes, Jack has hosts of them. Everybody pets him and speaks to him on passing. But this is often a dreadful bother, for he does hate to be wakened in the middle of a nice nap by some bothersome boy who only wants him to wag his tail and look up. Jack always answers when spoken to, for not to do so would be a great breach of canine etiquette, and he is very polite.

But his chief delight is barking at the train. The engine is rather fierce looking and he always lets that pass, but each separate car receives its full share of his attention. Racing along the platform he feels that his efforts are instrumental in the successful starting of the train.

Jack's only enemies are the squirrels and the college cat. With the latter he has found that "The better part of valor is discretion," for her courage is much greater than her size, and retreat is undoubtedly the most prudent course when his tender nose comes in contact with her sharp claws. The squirrels also usually come out ahead in the end, for Jack has not succeeded in keeping two up different trees at the same time, and when he does imprison one it always gets away from him at last, much to his chagrin.

I suppose Jack, like the rest of us, has his cares and troubles, but he soon forgets them, and let us hope that he may tell the boys and girls of the future of his first year at college.

THE SAND-SPUR.

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NORMAN L. BAKER, Editor. BEATRICE A. PERKINS, Asst. Editor.
WILL G. ARMSTRONG, Business Manager. J. HAROLD DALE, Asst. Business Manager.

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Once again the Sand-Spur sends its greetings to its patrons. Since our last issue changes have occurred in its relation to its environment. One of the most important of these is that the paper is now published under the auspices of our new debating society instead of by the student body as a whole. But let no one think that it is merely a society paper. It has the whole interest of the school in view, and is, as it always has been, a college paper. Our friends have been kind to us with their contributions; we heartily thank them for their present interest, and hope that they will renew it for the Commencement number. It, we hope, will be the largest and the most interesting number ever issued, and we ask one and all to use every possible exertion to make it a success.

In the present issue it has been the intention of the editors, as it will be their intention in the coming one, to pay more attention to the literary portion of the number and to devote less time and space to the lighter vein. This is the policy of almost all of the leading college publications, and we feel that we can do no better than to follow in their footsteps.

SOCIAL EVENTS.

Most of the Social Events of this year have been exceptionally bright, interesting, and very pleasant.

The opening reception in the Chapel was unusually social and well managed, and the good old room was cheerful with foliage and flowers. The number present seemed unusually large, perhaps because the room is smaller than the Lyman Gymnasium and was more crowded. The cool refreshments in the study hall were very agreeable on so warm an evening, and the plans of the Faculty, as reception committee, were exactly right, of course, as is to be expected from anything which our Faculty undertakes.

The Ladies' Reception at Cloverleaf was also enjoyed by all who had the pleasure of being present. The young ladies were exceedingly bright and charming in their dainty light costumes.

An entertainment of tableaux given at the Gymnasium was a credit to all connected with it, for the themes were well chosen and well represented. Two of the best were "The Gypsy Camp" and "A Soldier's Dream."

The Spiderweb Party gave a jolly evening, and caused endless amusement, also some very funny predicaments in the endeavor to straighten the seeming miles of provoking string.

The Church Social at Dr. Evernden's was well attended, and certainly it ought to have been on such a beautiful night. The entertainment program was very good, including a choice bit of Irish dialogue, and one of Miss Gertrude Ford's delightful songs. Many, to to their disappointment, were not able to get near enough to hear the program.

The Shadow Party in the Gymnasium caused great pleasure and amusement. Some of our familiar faces were recognized almost at once, while others, when presented in silhouette on the big screen, seemed to be total strangers.

The likenesses were in most cases pronounced to be good, when the subject was guessed; however, some persons had little idea of the prominence of a particular feature and unable to recognize their own shadows, were shocked when informed that they were looking at them.

The Christian Endeavor Social at Mrs. Bonfield's was a quiet and pleasant affair. Parlor games furnished much of the amusement, and some were so much interested in their little contests that they did not wish to stop even to enjoy the refreshments, when passed, which was surely unusual for Rollins students.

Several other socials and entertainments have been held, and enjoyed fully as much as the ones mentioned; especially one where each person present was given a name of an animal and requested to draw its picture on a blackboard, while the others looked on and guessed what creature was intended. Some of the pictures were marvelous creations, and had they seen them would have caused the poor creatures, which they were intended to represent, to look for a corner in which to die.

Much can be said in praise of the Japanese Tea, given by the Methodist Church at the Ergood Block. The supper was first class, and was promptly and generously served by a most charming group of Japanese maidens in their pretty costumes. The cake of the evening, however, should have been awarded to the big, burly Jap, who was on exhibition at the tea booth, with his four foot-pipe and big old parasol. He was certainly a curiosity in every way, and we would suggest that he join some traveling troupe, for he would make more than by selling tea. Yet if he could not move any faster than he did that evening, he would never do to travel with the circus.

The novel Cake Walk at Mrs. Tousey's home was certainly amusing. The walking cakes were the cause of much merriment and sharp guessing, till, finally, all the cup cakes, batter cakes, sponge cakes, angel cakes and

cookies had been guessed and the prize awarded to the winning walkers, who were Mr. Woodruff as ice cake, and Miss Pomeroy as lemon cake, dressed in very funny cake walk costumes. The refreshments were true to their name and gave real refreshment, and we are told that quite a considerable sum was raised through the aid of the Great American Beggar and his little box, for the free Reading Room of Winter Park.

On February 14, St. Valentine's Day, a very pleasant Valentine Reception was held at "The Palms," the charming home of Mr. E. H. Brewer on Lake Osceola. The reception was given for the benefit of the Winter Park Library building fund, and was largely attended by Winter Park and Orlando people. Very pleasant music was rendered during the afternoon by the Seminole orchestra, and in the evening the college mandolin club aided in entertaining the guests. The proceeds from the refreshments, candy and valentines amounted to over $100. In the evening the grounds were glowing with Chinese lanterns.

On Friday evening, February 16, Miss McLeay, the college elocution teacher, gave a Dramatic Recital in the parlors of the Seminole Hotel. The audience was large for Winter Park, and the parlors of the hotel were filled, except a small space around the platform, some having come from Orlando and Maitland. It was unanimously pronounced the most artistic exhibition of dramatic skill and expression that has ever been given in Winter Park. One of the pieces in lighter vein, Eugene Field's little poem "Seein' Things at Night," had such an amusing influence that handkerchiefs were resorted to by some of the young folks to smother irrepressible laughter. The tableaux, the last number on the program, were wonderfully perfect and beautiful, and all went away feeling glad they had been present.

PHYSICAL DEPARTMENT NOTES.

The opening of the school year found an unusual number of young men and boys present, and each one more or less interested in the development of some kind of college sport. The weather being admirable for out-door work, base-ball naturally came in for the first place.

For several weeks short-stop and fielders chased the evasive little "horse-hide" over field and diamond, but rarely captured it before it had picked up a half dozen interesting sand-spurs. Whereupon the player found it necessary to get on the "good side of the ball" before hurling it in to the basemen. Soon, however, this condition was changed, when eighteen of the boys with hoes and rakes cleared the entire field, and then, after a moment's breathing spell, flew upon the tennis court and shaved it of intruding bermuda in a manner creditable to a barber. A new covering of clay was afterwards spread over certain portions of the diamond.

Quite long-continued practice has been engaged in by the team, and it is still preparing for games to be played during the approaching season. One game was played and lost at Kissimmee on Thanksgiving Day.

Late in the Fall term a good deal of interest was shown in foot-ball. Several strong, heavy fellows kicked, caught, and tackled nearly every day, only wishing for two conditions, viz, just a few more men like themselves, and an opposing breast-work of students from a neighboring institution to dive into. Long and hard did these enthusiasts strive to arrange the conditions for a successful foot-ball team, but were finally compelled to drop the project, hoping to start earlier and to play next year.

The tennis court has been used a great deal and is now being played on by the girls in turn.

The dock at the swimming place has been repaired, and a new nineteen foot springboard put in place. Here the

sophisticated diver is thrown high in the air and driven far out into the lucid waves, while the beginner is landed flat on his back. Trapeze and rings will also be introduced for the further enjoyment of our water-loving boys.

The narrow strip of land just between the dock and railroad has been converted into an athletic field. Most excellent sod-plots for the high jump, running broad jump, pole vault, and shot put have been located and are being used by Americans and Cubans. A one hundred yards straightaway track is also under consideration on the shore of the tranquil lake.

The regular class drill in the gymnasium has been running steadily, and good work has been done by some students in chest weights and calisthenics, while others have shown more interest in apparatus work. A number have become proficient in long-horse work, and others have taken to wrestling. A class of eight of the heaviest boys was organized in November in this healthful and manly sport. They have learned and practiced forty-two different holds and breaks, and are now able to change quickly from one hold to another, perform breaks, and rapidly employ good wrestling tactics. This class is just finishing the course, and will wrestle for the heavy-weight championship of Rollins College at the coming exhibition. Their grappling and twisting will arouse the keenest interest of the gallery. Another class of ten middle and light weights are taking up the same course.

Still another group is just starting in a course of boxing, which, from the hygienic point of view, holds second place only to wrestling. This will continue through most of the Spring term, when lessons in swimming, diving, fancy diving, racing strokes, and resuscitation from drowning will be given, besides a few lessons in massage treatment.

Basket-ball has also been introduced and is rapidly finding its way into the hearts of many of the boys. The danger to the windows has held off the playing; but now

an order is in the factory for twenty-one screens for the lower windows, and we hope to have some match games this season.

These different lines of physical training are quite sufficient to exhaust the time that students have for athletics, and to suit most dispositions.

Finally, I must not fail to mention the golf links which have just been laid out, and which cross the campus, giving the students a fine opportunity for recreation in this attractive open air sport.

W. R. PEARSON,
Athletic Instructor.

PERSONALS.

Among the students who have entered school this term are Miss Alma Philips of Sanford, Miss Ruth Roberts of Daytona, Miss Emma Dreyer of Tampa, Miss Pearl Hackett of Starke, John S. Minary of Louisville, Ky., Mario Paglieri of Havana, Ramon Martinez of the Philippine Islands, and Hosea Montaner of Barcelona, Spain.

In regard to friends who were with us last year, we learn that Mr. Orville McDonald still has his position in Lowell, Mass.

Mr. Paul Faris, much to his regret, was unable to return to Rollins this year, but is in Park College, Missouri, from which he expects to be graduated in June.

Mr. Neville Clark was called home to Daytona, to assist his father in his mercantile business.

Mr. Ray Beyer has a good position in Syracuse, N. Y.

Our former editor, Mr. Arthur Lincoln, is studying at Amherst College, Mass.

Miss Anna Lincoln and her sister have gone to Nebraska, to join their father.

Miss Etta Crumpacker is spending the winter in Roanoke, La.

Miss Luella Saxton is in Homeland, Fla.

The Misses Fanny, and Trina Gonzales, are now at their home in Havana, Cuba.

Miss Tinny Price has returned to her home in Winter Park, after a prolonged visit with relatives in Lewis, Kan.

Miss Mabelle Thomas is at her home in Glens Falls, N. Y.

Miss Pina Cooley expects to go in March, with her parents, to Kansas.

Miss Sallie Adams has been teaching near her home in Westfield, since the early summer.

Miss Sidney Evans is taking a course in Domestic Science, at Drexel Institute, Philadelphia, Pa.

Miss Grace Wakelin has been taking a literary course at Drexel, but she is planning to visit her Florida friends this month.

Miss Maude Bonfield expects Miss Wakelin to spend a few weeks with her, in her Winter Park home.

Miss Gertrude Ford is teaching, but she is at home in Winter Park.

Our seniors of last year are widely separated. Miss Carrie Price is taking a course in St. Luke's Training School for Nurses, in Chicago, Ill.; Miss Susan N. Thayer writes from her home, "The Elms," Pen Yan, New York, of an ice covered lake and of other winter conditions; Miss Susan T. Gladwin has spent the past months in teaching at Banyan, Indian River, Fla., where summer has reigned, and harvests have claimed her pupils even in January.

Mrs. Frank Haynes, Master Abbot, and Baby Evelyn, of Buffalo, N. Y., are visiting Mrs. C. A. Abbot, in Winter Park.

Miss Ruth Ford is taking a post-graduate course in Mathematics at Oberlin College, Ohio.

Miss Laura M. Walker went north with her family last June, and is spending the winter in Massachusetts.

Miss Clara L. Guild has returned from Chicago, where she spent most of the past year visiting friends.

Friends have received the announcement of the marriage of Miss Emily Gertrude Pelton to Mr. Harry H. Shults, February the eleventh, at Seattle, Washington.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY.

"Though old the thought and oft expressed, 'tis his at last who says it best."—Motto.

Rollins in the past boasted of two literary societies, The Friends in Council for the young women, and The Demosthenic Society for the young men. The members of these societies were extremely enthusiastic and did commendable work. The college halls were vocal with their eloquence, and the pages of the Sand-Spur were adorned with their literary productions.

At the beginning of this college year, one of our professors, inspired either by the fame of our former societies, or affected by the influence still lingering in the college halls, conceived the idea of organizing a debating society, and started the ball rolling. As a result, the students met October 21, 1899, for the purpose of forming such an organization. Officers were elected, pro tempore, and a general discussion followed in which many excellent and helpful suggestions were made. The conclusion reached was, that we, the students of Rollins, should have a debating society.

The first step was to consider the constitution and by-laws, and as we found none quite suited to our needs, the president, pro tempore, appointed a committee of five to draft new ones. The honored men whose privilege it was to draw up the Constitution of the United States may have been quite as modest in the estimation of their work as were our committee, when after weeks of labor their task was completed, and the new constitution was adopted.

We had been so interested in other matters, that for a

time at least, no one had thought of suggesting a name; but soon numerous names, ancient, medieval and modern, were presented, and after a heated discussion the name Delphic Debating Society was chosen.

The constitution, after revision, was signed by thirty-two members, and several others have since joined our ranks.

Our officers for this term are as follows: President, L. A. Lyman; Vice-President, N. L. Baker; Secretary, Sara Moses; Treasurer, T. W. Lawton; Critic, C. H. Robinson; Chorister, Howard VanSickle; Pianist, E. Gertrude Ford; Sergeants-at-Arms, D. S. Davis and Mary A. Hardaway.

The work of the society includes debates, orations, mock trials, stories, essays and poems, but special attention is given to debating, and many of our members have shown considerable talent in the "art of persuasion." Some interest has been manifested in extemporaneous speaking, though perhaps it is enjoyed more by the audience than by the speaker.

Our first open meeting was held March 3d, and all who were present must believe with us that our society has a future of promise.

"GOAKS"—ARTEMUS WARD.

Prof.—"What shall we do to correct John's grammar? I so often hear him say 'Gertrude Dunn.'"

The Rollins Laughing Quartette, made up of Messrs. Armstrong and Lyman, the world renowned tenors, and Recardo Lopez and Herrick, the famous bassos, has recently been organized. All of these gentlemen are soloists, and their voices may be heard on almost any part of the campus. Even the cats are envious.

Thompson (in geometry class). "So Professor, according to a future proposition, the angles are equal."

Mr. Pearson has just finished reading "When Knighthood was in *Bloom*."

Pinehurst's boys account for one month:

RECEIPTS.		EXPENSES.	
From home,	$10.00	Tom Henkel,	$2.00
		Spent,	1.65
		Soda,	.50
		Mr. Henkel,	1.00
		Golf,	3.00
		Necessaries,	.30
		Unaccounted for,	1.55
		Total,	$10.00

Why doesn't Claude attend the theory class?

Private lessons in extemporaneous speaking given by Mr. Claude Carlos Washburn.

W. B. Hathaway:—"Rise, slay and eat Peter."

Instruction in the management of literary societies given free by E. H. Noble. Also debates written to order.

The managers of the Winter Park Golf Club insert the following notice:—No person will be allowed to play on the new golf links who takes more than forty strokes to each hole, or who seriousiy injures either teeing ground or sand with his clubs. We understand that three young ladies of the college have broken this rule, (sixty-five strokes to a hole,) and we sincerely hope they will leave at least a little of the clay on the teeing ground.

No boy will be allowed in the future to attend meals unless he wears a necktie.

TABLE TALK.

Miss R.—"What was the temperature last night, Mr. B.?"

Mr. B.—"I forgot to set the thermometer."

Mr. T.—"Then you set it as you would a steel trap, do you? What do you catch?"

Prof. L.—"Catch cold, of course."

"Tis pleasant sure to see one's name in print." The Undersigned.

"What means this lethargy that hangs upon me
This heaviness that creeps through all my senses."
Armstrong.

"He fell upon whate'r was offered, like
A priest, an alderman, a shark or pike." Brett.
"In each cheek appears a pretty dimple;
Love made those hollows." Washburn.
"Is she not more than painting can express,
Or youthful poets fancy when they love." Roberts.
"I do but sing because I must." Harmon.
"I am constant as the northern star." Davey.
"Heaven sends us good meat; but the devil sends cooks.
Hoffman.

"Being a queen her wrong is right." Miss Bibbins.
"To be doing good for some one else." Miss Lamson.
"Sigh no more, ladies, sigh no more
Men are deceivers ever." Cloverleaf.
"Whoever accused woman of being just." Pinehurst.
"And then he danced; he danced I say right well."
J. Navarro.

"Spoilt she was on all hands." Roberts.
"Only a pansy blossom." Pabor.
"He was in logic a great critic,
Profoundly skill'd in analytic." Prof. Ford.
"We do not profess talking." The Cubans.
"My words are only words, and moved,
Upon the topmost froth of thought." Stewart.

"He knew whatever's to be known,
But much more than he knew would own." Muirhead.
"And still they gazed and still the wonder grew,
That one small head could carry all he knew."
E. H. Noble.

"A learned lady,
With virtues equall'd by her wit alone." Miss McLeay.
"Her sunny locks hang on her temples
Like a golden fleece." Roberts.
"We are little airy creatures,
All of different voice and features." Cloverleaf.
"I am a man more sinned against than sinning."
Robt. Clark.

"O! wad some power the giftie gie us,
To see oursels as ithers see us." Lakeside.
"Look, he's winding up the watch of his wit;
By and by it will strike." Muirhead.
"There is a kind of men so loose of soul,
That in their sleep will mutter their affairs." Thompson.
"He gives the bastinado with his tongue." Stewart.
"Oh ye, who teach the ingenuous youth of nations,
Scotland, America, Cuba, Italy and Spain,
I pray ye flog them upon all occasions;
It mends their morals; never mind the pain."
The Faculty.

COLLEGE CONUNDRUMS.

IN CLOVERLEAF.

What authoress is represented in name?
What ancient lawgiver?
What English general?
What American governor?
What English islands?
What American general?
What educational institution?
What hero of our late war?
What famous raid?
What forsaken stretch of country?

LAKESIDE.

Who has the name of an American cavalry officer?

Who that of an American commodore?

Whose first name is that of an English general?

And whose that of an American general?

Who has the name of an American poet?

Who that of a governor of Virginia?

Who the name of a man that once caused the United States a great deal of trouble?

PINEHURST.

What boy bears the maiden name of a celebrated poet's wife?

Which one the name of a celebrated American cavalry leader?

Which the name of an English mathematician and philosopher?

And which one the name of a celebrated professor of chemistry in the Royal Institution?

Whose given name belongs to a character in several of Shakespeare's plays?

Whose name is the same as the first name of a famous divine?

And which one is the fortunate possessor of the first name of a hero in fiction, whose servant was named from a day of the week?

Who bears the name of a great Puritan reformer?

Which boy has the name of the inventor of a heavy gun?

Who reminds one in his name of a former governor of Minnesota?

And who is named after a famous English astronomer, having both his first and last name?

What indications are there that, in the future, the college will be more quiet and sedate in its demeanor?

Ans.—It has donned a suit of "Quaker-drab."

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