



University of Central Florida  
**STARS**

---

The Rollins Sandspur

Newspapers and Weeklies of Central Florida

---

1-1-1900

## Sandspur, Vol. 06, No. 02, 1900

Rollins College

Find similar works at: <https://stars.library.ucf.edu/cfm-sandspur>  
University of Central Florida Libraries <http://library.ucf.edu>

This Newspaper is brought to you for free and open access by the Newspapers and Weeklies of Central Florida at STARS. It has been accepted for inclusion in The Rollins Sandspur by an authorized administrator of STARS. For more information, please contact [STARS@ucf.edu](mailto:STARS@ucf.edu).

---

### STARS Citation

Rollins College, "Sandspur, Vol. 06, No. 02, 1900" (1900). *The Rollins Sandspur*. 2340.  
<https://stars.library.ucf.edu/cfm-sandspur/2340>

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

---

# THE SAND-SPUR.

*"STICK TO IT."*

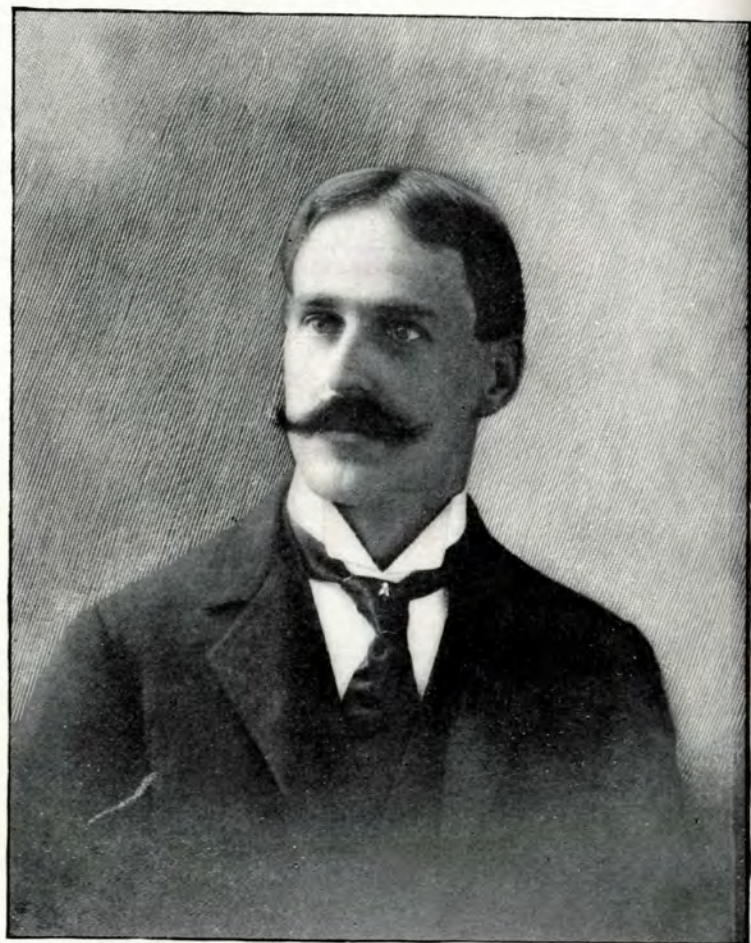
VOL. 6, NO. 2, 1900.

Published by Delphic Debating Society,

ROLLINS COLLEGE, WINTER PARK, FLA.

---

PRESS OF THE SENTINEL-REPORTER,  
ORLANDO, FLA.



PRESIDENT WARD.

## 'TIS SLEEPY TIME.

It is de quiet ebenin' time, de moon am shinin' low,  
A watchin' of its silver path, dat creeps from yondah sho'.  
De stars am lookin' close at you, an' blinkin' so'as to show  
My little man 'tis sleepy time, he musn't play no moah.

De long brack shadders in de road dat show de day is done,  
An' heah de frogs a tunin' up away down in de run,  
An' all de little libin' dings dat lub de light and sun,  
Hab shet dere eyes, awaitin' fur anoder day to come.

I heah de baby birds a twitterin' in dere nes',  
A tuckin' of dere downy heads befo' dey go to res'.  
But neber min' dose whippo'wills a mo'nin' at dere bes',  
Yo' mammy has you in her arms, you's close upon her breast.

De lake it look so lonesome-like, de waves am hushed asleep;  
De winds hab gone home lazily, of sport de's tired a heap;  
De soldier pines, dey stan' in lines, a soldier's watch to keep,  
So close dem eyes, my little man, hol' still dem res'less feet.

MARY S. PIPER.



## THE GOLDEN HORN.

CONSTANTINOPLE, the famous capital of the Turkish Empire, boasts a situation which is not surpassed in the world. It commands the entrance to the Black Sea and overlooks the Sea of Marmora. The passage of the Dardanelles is exceedingly narrow and is guarded by forts on either side and underlaid with mines and torpedoes, so that entrance from the *Ægean* Sea would be an exceedingly difficult and dangerous undertaking, should such a passage have to be forced.

The beauty of the situation of the city, too, beggars description. May is the best month in which to visit it. At that time the wooded shores of the Bosphorus are a mass of green and rise on either hand in lovely terraces. Palaces, now close to the water's edge, white and glistening in the sunlight, now embowered in the luxuriant foliage, make the scene one to live over often in one's memory.

The great bridge which spans the mouth of the Golden Horn is a scene of never ending interest. Across the bridge, from early morn until late at night, passes as motley a crowd of humanity as can be found in any quarter of the globe. A gentleman stationed himself at one end of the thoroughfare and in the course of an hour heard twenty different dialects spoken by representatives of as many different nationalities. Horsemen, carriages, soldiers, merchants, the rich, the poor, white, black and yellow, men, women and children, pass and repass—a countless, ever-changing, fascinating panorama.

The Golden Horn is the famous harbor where the Turkish warships have lain so long at anchor that they have rusted and become unfit for action from neglect and disuse.

Taking a little steamer at the bridge for an excursion up the Golden Horn, one has an opportunity of viewing scenes of the deepest historical interest. On one side lies the quarter of the city now given over largely to the European element. The English, French and German are numerous. The stores and residences are many of them modern and rich. On the other hand is old Stamboul, the Turkish quarter. Here are the famous mosques, among which St. Sophia, once a Christian church, stands out prominently. The Bazaars are here—queer little shops where the Turks display their tempting wares, the beautiful embroideries and rugs, rare silks, and articles of brass and copper, silver and gold. One can wander for about eleven miles up and down this bewildering and fascinating quarter, passing shop after shop where the Turk with immovable countenance, often smoking and seeming not at

all anxious to stir himself to wait on any customer, sits on the floor of his tiny shop, the entire front of which has been taken down to display the wonders within.

Our little steamer takes a zig-zag course, passing the neglected war vessels and stopping at a landing first on one side of the harbor and then on the other. The Golden Horn is so named from its shape, it being long and narrow and curving until it bends far inland. The wealth of the world has lain upon its water, and hence it is called the Golden Horn. Now we are passing a quarter which is given up to the Jews and Armenians, and which suffered terribly during the massacre four years ago. Here we take a row-boat in order that we may go up to what is known as the Sweet Waters of Europe, the head of the harbor. We must choose Friday for this visit, as on that day the Mohammedan women frequent the spot in large numbers. The green slopes and wooded glens are a most enchanting picture, dotted over with little groups of women in dresses of most varied and beautiful colors and rich material. Children play about and feed the swans which are kept in these quiet waters. The Turks are exceedingly fond of nature and enjoy most thoroughly a day out of doors in a lovely spot, and with their neighbors and friends they spend the day like happy children.

I must not forget to mention one other spot of exceeding interest on the Golden Horn. It is the mosque which is visited by the Sultan on the event of his coronation. Here also is kept the Holy Banner of the Faithful. Should it be unfurled, every true Mohammedan would be fired with zeal to enter upon a holy war for the extermination of the Infidels, and the saving of his country from threatened danger. In those trying days when the eyes of the world were directed toward the affairs of Turkey, some who knew well the course of events were fearful lest such a step might be taken, and then small quarter would have been given to any Christian, of whatever name or sect, within the Empire. Such a danger, however, was averted through the providence of God, and the Holy Flag of the Prophet still rests undisturbed.

---

Oh, the little birds sang east, and the little birds sang west,  
And I smiled to think  
God's greatness flowed around our incompleteness,—  
Round our listlessness, His rest.

—MRS. BROWNING.



## LATEKA.

"**J**ACK, old boy, what is there about a simple little violet to agitate you so strangely? Glancing at you on different occasions, I have noticed an expression of sadness steal over you even by coming in contact with its fragrance."

"That dear little flower, Tom, recalls the saddest but yet the happiest days of my life. Come, let us rest in this shady nook, and I'll tell you how the violet is associated with my life."

It is years ago now, but I remember it as distinctly as if it were yesterday. It began while I was attending the Edinburgh Royal Infirmary. The day was delightful. To remain in doors and study was too irksome a task. To attend the operations in the Infirmary was not in accord with the day, but a trip into the country was decidedly in harmony with the lassitude of my feelings. So we went—my chum and I. He was an Australian, and a better companion I never met. We were fellow students together and during that time we were inseparable.

Every morning at nine, the four-in-hand coach left Prince's Street Gardens for Roslyn Castle, so that hour found us seated high upon the coach, one on each side of the driver, as thus ingratiating ourselves in his favor, we elicited from him many interesting talks and tales of the surrounding country.

With the sound of trumpet and crack of the long whip, the prancing steeds were soon at their accustomed speed over the stony street. What a delightful coaching route that is!

Soon we were out on the winding country roads bordered by green hedges, and stone walls, and shady trees. Now we whirled past Arthur's Seat and Salisbury's Crag, which watch over the pretty historic city. Now past cozy little homes bedecked with flowers, and bright as the sunlight; over stone bridges, under which the water murmured forth sweet, plaintive airs; and now and then past picturesque little inns by the roadside. Tranquillity and felicity, apparently, were the environments of those lovely spots, and to the enslaved child of toil and ambition, it was soothingly restful. It was a day in June, and every rod of the country was a perfect picture.

The great coach rumbled on, and the noise of the clattering hoofs was partly smothered by the merry talk and laughter of the happy group.

We were soon landed at the ancient castle, and it was not long

before we were scattered among the famous ruins and ravines, with note-books and kodaks.

During the afternoon, as my chum and I were sauntering leisurely in the valley, a young girlish figure emerged from a portion of the old ruins, accompanied by a chaperon and a guide. She was very beautiful, and despite the fact that I had been frequently called an apathist, I must confess that my heart beat faster as I wondered who she was. Her figure was tall and slight but exquisitely formed, and in every movement there was a stately grace and dignity of bearing that was charming. The low, broad brow was crowned with soft, golden hair, and a sweet smile played round the corners of the perfect lips, which parting, exhibited teeth of pearly whiteness. A dainty bunch of violets decorated the lapel of her well fitting gown, matching the soft, deep violet of her eyes, out of whose liquid depths shone a soul of rare beauty and tenderness. I still wondered who she was, but we passed on, and I thought sadly that this was one of the ships one passes on life's broad ocean never to meet again.

My companion and I had gone a considerable distance down the pretty path, when I picked up a dainty little handkerchief. In the center was worked in a delicate pattern the word "Lateka," with a few sprays of violets, and a faint odor of the same flower clung to the little fabric. The violets at once recalled the probable owner, and as I folded it and placed it in my note-book I asked my chum to meet me at the Golden Inn when he had finished his sketches, and I would hasten to return the handkerchief, for I felt certain it belonged to the young lady who had passed us but a short time before. I thought possibly they came by train and at once headed for the station. En route I met the guide who had been with them, and found they had just returned to the city. He knew not their names, nor whence they came, nor whither they went, but he exhibited a bright sovereign the lady had given him, in place of the usual fee of two and six.

Slowly I wandered back to the inn with busy thoughts, for the handkerchief troubled me some, but the owner troubled me more. I still wondered who she was.

At the Golden Inn I found our coaching party returning from their rambles all happy and gay, and soon we were seated in our coach again and on our way back to old Edinburgh. The horses went even faster than they came, and, as the great bells rang out the hour of six, we arrived at our lodgings in Pannure Place, where our kind landlady had dinner awaiting us.

After dinner, we talked and smoked as usual in our easy chairs by



the mantel. On one side, just above the mantel, suspended by a ribbon, was a small biscuit on which was printed the word "Bessie"—my chum's sweetheart. It had been there for months. On the other side I pinned the little bit of dainty lace that had come so strangely into my possession, and the odor of violets filled the room.

Day came and day went, each bringing its interesting hospital work and heavy studies. Soon my examinations were over, and I then left to study in the hospitals of Paris.

One day as I stood looking at some works of art displayed in a window near the Louvre, I was attracted by a singularly sweet voice, and turning caught a glimpse of the face that impressed me so strongly at Roslyn Castle. I thought of the handkerchief I had found. She with her maid entered an adjacent door of a large store and I followed them.

The store was a veritable bee-hive, thousands of people were going and coming. I wondered what elevator she had taken, what department she had visited and on what floor. After an hour's search I failed again and the little handkerchief was still mine.

Not long after that I received the appointment of Intern at Rotunda Hospital, Dublin, and immediately I repaired to my new field of work. I was assigned a neat little room over the dispensary, and many, many happy days were spent in that old building. Who could live in Dublin, that city of jaunting-cars, and not enjoy it?

My work there was not so heavy nor exacting, and I had much leisure to devote to tennis, cycling and riding. I am a strong admirer of horses, and every favorable morning I used to ride before the duties of the day began.

Frequently I attended the steeple-chases, and at last, through the influence of a friend, I had an opportunity of buying a thoroughbred. She was kind and gentle, true, true as steel, but exceedingly nervous, as thoroughbreds frequently are. She was perfection and I considered her worthy of a prettier name than the one she had been given. At last I thought of the name on the handkerchief, "Lateka," and thus she was rechristened.

Before I had purchased her she had been entered for the Sudsbury steeple-chase, and I concluded to let her run. I am not in favor of horse-races as they are conducted every day, and especially in America, but I affirm that horses striving for a prize is not a crime. No, no; the very striving for the attainment of the reward brings into play the full development of power, strength, beauty and speed of the animal that would otherwise lie dormant.

Well, at last the day of the races came. It was a glorious day, a

perfect day, another day in June. The morning opened with a freshening shower which cleared the air and settled the dust.

The jaunting-cars were all wheeling in one direction, and that was in the direction of the race grounds. I was up at five and helped to groom Lateka myself; for if a man truly loves his horse he will consider that part of the duties a pleasure. After a short walking exercise in the dewy grass she was ready for the races—fair, fresh and keen.

Those of my college mates who could leave the hospital, accompanied me to the field. If you have never attended a steeple-chase in Ireland, Tom, you have missed a very great pleasure. Thousands gather from all parts of the country, including representatives of the crown, the very wealthy and the very poor. Splendor and gaiety are its paramount features. The grandest displays are kept for this day of days, and preparations for the occasion are put in execution months beforehand. Four-in-hands and tandems, and nobby turn-outs drive in by hundreds, and style reigns supreme.

Such was this day. The races were on when we arrived. The bell was ringing for the third event on the programme, following which was the three-and-a-half mile steeple-chase over hedges, ditches and stone walls, and the one in which Lateka was entered. The prize was five hundred guineas.

At last the hour arrived. My little rider tipped the scales at seven-stone-four, and was then thrown into the saddle. His colors were "rouge et noir," old Trinity College colors. At this point Billy, the groom, approached in breathless haste and asked me if I would advance him two months wages, as he wished to send it to his mother by a friend who was there. As his friend was with him I could not doubt his word, so handed him the money with the admonition not to put it up with the book-makers.

Five horses were before the stand in answer to the bell, and the restless prancing masses of nerves presented a grand sight.

The signal was given, and they dashed away for the goal three-and-a-half long miles distant.

There was but little excitement until half the distance was covered. At this point one horse had thrown his rider, Lateka was third, and Wamba led at a considerable distance. Wamba was a tall, rangy horse, fully sixteen hands high, a frequent winner, and on this occasion the favorite.

Before the next half mile was finished, Lateka was neck to neck with the second horse, and steadily forging ahead took the next wall in advance. Wamba still lead, but the ripple of excitement showed too



plainly that his record was in peril, for the strange horse was certainly gaining.

On and on they sped, faster and still faster, but the space between them was gradually diminishing. Nearer and nearer came Lateka; she had reached the very heels of her competitor, and was assuredly gaining the victory inch by inch. The air was oppressive, and the stillness of night seemed to drop suddenly on that breathless throng. What a mass of human beings swayed from side to side for a better view, as the horses rounded the distant corner. Lateka now was side to side with Wamba. At this juncture, they struck a stretch of rising ground, Lateka's pace grew perceptibly slower, and her chance was gone.

Now that danger to Wamba was past, and he lengthened the distance between him and his antagonist, the surging crowd burst forth, with cheer upon cheer, for old Wamba was still king.

Soon this ground elevation was past, and it was but a mile to the goal with one wall and two high hedges to clear. It now became apparent to all that Lateka had been reserving her strength, and that there yet would be a terrific struggle for the honors of the day.

Lateka seemed sensible that the crisis was close at hand, and strained every effort to regain the position she had just lost. At the next wall Wamba was still ahead with Lateka still closer. Closer and closer she came; the pace was now terrific and they seemed to fairly skim the earth. On they swept, and at the next hedge leaped together. On and yet on, again neck to neck, pace to pace, the noble animals quivering in every limb, their eyes straining in their sockets, their heads extended, their nostrils blood-red in expansion. One moment more—a cut of whip made Lateka frantic, and stung by this indignity of the unaccustomed lash, she madly lengthened her leaps, and won the race.

I hear now the frenzied cheers of that deafening throng. Never before or since have I seen so excited a crowd.

In a grassy paddock near the stables walked the foaming steeds. Within an hour, Lateka was rubbed dry and blanketed; her eye was bright and sparkling and she was cared for most tenderly by Billy.

Yes, Billy put up the money I had given him against heavy odds, and he laughed to himself as he bathed the winner's limbs.

A short time after, while I was ascending the steps of the amphitheater to view the remaining races, a gentleman accosted me saying, "Pardon me, are you Dr. Dalton, the owner of Lateka?" When I told him I was, he handed me his card on which was printed, Col. Somerville, Linden Hall, and he asked me if I would do him the honor of taking luncheon with himself and family on the grounds. I thanked



him and followed. Inside the enclosure, under the great branches of an ancient oak there stood a picturesquely painted tally-ho, in which was a little group surrounded by open hampers, and everything in readiness for a delightful five o'clock tea.

The result of the race, Tom, was a surprise, a very great surprise, but nothing in comparison to the surprise and pleasure I had just experienced, for there at the head of the group sat the same young lady whom I had met at Roslyn Castle and Paris, and whose little handkerchief was at that moment pinned to an easel in my room at the Rotunda. Of course she knew me not, but I—well could I forget her? I had a faint recollection of the introduction, but when the Colonel said *This is my daughter*, all self confidence and accustomed ease of manner deserted me, and when I bowed I nearly upset a heavily laden hamper. The easy grace of the young lady, however, soon put me at rest, and after congratulating me on the winnings of the day her first question was, "I am so anxious to know where you got the name for your beautiful horse. Won't you please tell me?" And when I told her I had found it, neatly worked on a delicate little lace handkerchief, she claimed it as hers, and I sorrowfully promised to return the pretty little piece of airiness that had been my companion so long.

She told me that a dear friend had given it to her the same day she lost it. They had been to witness "*Pharaoah*," played by the Wilson Barrett Co., and her friend thought she resembled Lateka so strongly that she ever after called her by that name, and with her own fair hands worked the mysterious word on the handkerchief, and gave it to her in remembrance of the christening. Her pleasure in the expectation of getting it once more, was quite equalled by my sorrow in having to part with it.

How merrily she talked! But the time for my departure soon came, and with it kind invitations to visit Linden Hall, their country seat. That day was long years ago, but its brightness reaches the present and will stretch far into the future.

Weeks passed before I had an opportunity of visiting Linden Hall. By the Malahide Road it was a drive of fifteen miles, measuring from Nelson's monument on Sackville street. But one day I was detailed to visit the scene of an eviction of a poor family, and this in the direction of Lateka's home. This family had lived for years on the little bit of land which they yearly tilled. Now their crops had failed, they were unable to pay the rent, and by the aid of the law were to be evicted and their little belongings placed on the Queen's Highway.

One little member of the family who had been a cripple all her life

was seriously ill, too ill to be moved, and it was to give testimony to that effect that I was sent, in order to baffle the cruel laws.

The wee, wan face I still remember, for it was lit up with a light not of this world. How pleased she was when I gave her my little buttonhole bouquet of violets, and told her the little home was still to be hers to shelter her.

She did not need it long, for in less than two months she passed from time into eternity with a radiant smile upon her wasted lips. There must be something in the great beyond.

After visiting this scene of trial and care I drove on. Presently a massive arched gateway appeared, in the keystone of which was chiselled in bold letters "Linden Hall." A short drive up a roadway, arched with cooling foliage, brought me in sight of the Sommerville mansion. It was a large stone structure, of ancient architecture, surmounted by innumerable turrets and domes, and partly covered by thickly-grown ivy. Near by was a glassy lake, reflecting the soft clouds of a blue sky. Artistic, rustic foot-bridges crossed the little outlet of the lake, and led to pleasant bowers, and I could catch the murmuring of the pretty crystal-line brook which babbled all day long to the music of the song birds, as it sprayed the bright little flowers that grew in sweet confusion on its banks.

Lateka was the first to meet me, for she was swinging in a hammock beneath a venerable oak reading "Sibylla," and beside her lay her guitar. She wore the neatest of gowns—the simplicity of its style suited her—her golden hair was caught-up in a loose Psyche knot, and in her belt was a bunch of sweet violets.

I enjoyed the afternoon fishing, playing tennis, and strolling through the spacious grounds, and in the evening I listened to the music of Lateka's voice and the sweet rhythm of the guitar.

The time passed pleasantly, and therefore quickly, and when I said farewell, Lateka and her favorite dog accompanied me to the steps of the broad piazza. We lingered a moment, then I returned the little handkerchief, which she joyfully received, said good-night, and was soon on my way back, but my thoughts—were still at Linden Hall.

There is no such thing as peace when love begins to brew. How charming and innocent is the maiden who knows not cupid; then is the happiest period of all her life.

The night was delightful. A young moon was just rising and its mellow light shed round and over all that peace and tranquility that gives evening-time its charm.

The jaunting-car rumbled heavily along over the smooth stone road,



and at an hour before midnight I arrived at the open gate of old Rotundo. The day was finished, and it seemed a pleasant dream.

Many times have I visited Linden Hall since then, and stronger grew the friendship that was so strangely begun. There was something quieting and healthful in the still, delightful air of the place, and continually I found my thoughts reverting there.

The little letters that were of weekly occurrence, came oftener now, and each one enclosed a sweet little violet.

I had always been happy, but then I was even more so. The sun seemed to be shining every day, although to some the days were certainly gloomy. Lateka, too, was happy. I knew it from her letters, I knew it from herself, for I found her either reading, or singing and playing the guitar. She laughed so merrily, she laughed so happily, I knew life held no clouds for her.

But one day a letter came—not from Lateka—she was ill, very ill. The family physician had visited her three times that day, and that alone was ominous. The following afternoon I was on my way to Linden Hall. On arriving, I found the doctor's horse at the door. The walks and steps were covered with sand to muffle the sound, and there was an air of stillness everywhere. The kind nurse looked tired and worn. God bless all nurses! their great work cannot be estimated until the judgment day. She told me the patient was better, much better, and I thanked her for the news.

I bent over her, took the little hot hand in mine and called her softly. Slowly the eyes opened, she smiled faintly, and I knew that she recognized me. When I was leaving she slipped into my hands a few sprays of violets which nurse had placed on the snowy pillow, and I promised her I would come very soon again.

That was the last time I saw her. The next morning I received a telegram that Lateka was dead.

Under the shade of the old oak tree she was gently laid to rest. The little violets, out of love and gratitude to her, it would seem, grew caressingly over the sacred spot, breathing out sweet memories of the absent one.

I start when I hear the flower-girl in the street cry "Violets, sweet violets!" Ah! Tom, through those precious flowers the soul of Lateka speaks to me, and their perfume carries me back to the Lateka I loved—to the Lateka I lost.

This is my story, old boy, and now do you wonder that I love the little violets and the sweet tinkling of the guitar?"



## SOME ASPECTS OF TRADE IN THE ANTILLES.

ONE morning in Santiago, when assigned to shore duty, I did my best to get hold of Spanish relics. My dealings were with boys, and after much talk and many gestures on both sides, they seemed to understand that a machete was wanted, a Spanish machete that had seen service. One of the boys agreed to get one for a certain sum. In about half an hour he came back with a brand new machete with the firm's trade mark on it, "Hartford, Conn." The spoils of that morning included buttons and an old bayonet, but no machete.

During our stay in Santiago the bumboats were not much in evidence. No one would have been allowed to trade with them in any case, as there was some yellow fever in the port. We had our first experience with them in Puerto Rico.

Are your ideas of bumboats hazy? If so they are correct, for a bumboat is anything that will float, and hold together to carry tradesmen and their wares out to the side of a vessel, and bring back the profits—or the merchandise. Under Spanish rule enough of the side of the boat must show above water to accommodate license statistics. The oar-lock in common use is a single stick, often with the bark still on, stuck upright in the gunwale. Over this is slipped a loop of rope knotted loosely around the oar. When stick or rope wears out, over goes the oarsman on his back. This possibility seems never to be foreseen. In Puerto Rican harbors at the time of our visits every man who could get hold of an American flag had one flying at the stern of his boat. Many natives of San Juan declared themselves "Americanos," and begged for flags with which to decorate on Evacuation Day.

It might seem that ignorance of both language and currency would make purchasing from these boats difficult, but such was not the case. Two years ago the Spanish dollar was worth about fifty cents in American money, so computation was easy. When the greed of the traders was roused, and twenty centavos was asked for a single Spanish button, the rule became "Divide by four." The only Spanish word essential to trade we found to be "Quanto" (how much?)

The articles offered for sale on the first visit were generally fruits and tobacco. Oranges were very cheap. We had only to exchange crackers (not army rations) for them. The crackers were a new form of diet to some of our friends, and an orange for a cracker was a good bargain for both sides.

We were looking particularly for curios, and soon Spanish relics of

all sorts—officers' swords, machetes, broken Mauser rifles, cartridge-belts, parts of uniforms, also hats of braided straw, canes, and now and then a parrot, were held up for inspection. Here was a good illustration of the law of political economy that one may judge the market by the demand, or the demand by the market. When these articles arrived on the scene the fun began. The men, barefoot and clad in ventilated attire, stood in their boats shouting and gesticulating, holding up their wares for sale. Each shoved his neighbor's boat out of the way to get a more advantageous position, or stepped from boat to boat till the ship's side was reached after making a sale. Some had baskets with cords attached. Any article sold was placed in the basket, and one cord thrown to the deck. The basket was drawn up while the owner kept hold of the other cord that basket and money might go neither into the harbor, nor into another's boat when the exchange was effected. It is very necessary that one know the value of an article, as there is no fixed price. What is asked at first is what they would like to get if you are green enough to pay it. The sailors were a great help in this direction. They had been there before.

Whoever went ashore was apt to be given many commissions by those left behind. On one such occasion I entered a shop in San Juan to get some water-coolers for others of the ship's company. Before the bargain was concluded the shop was full of natives eager to assist in the trade and all talking at once. When the purchase was made several little Puerto Ricans begged the privilege of carrying the jugs to the water-side. It reminded me of the story of the youngster who approached a traveler with a heavy valise thus: "Say, mister, let me carry that for yer. There's no need of yer tirin' yerself."

S. V. HOOKER.

---

## A TRIP TO THE EVERGLADES.

IT had long been my desire to visit the Everglades and see the many strange things in that section, of which I had read. Several years ago that desire was gratified, and, while attempting a trip afoot through this country, I met with some very remarkable experiences. A friend helped me plan the trip, and, in discussing the matter, we arrived at the conclusion that the most enjoyable way and the one which would afford us the best opportunity to reach the places we wished to see, would be to go on foot. For this reason we took only a few necessities. Setting



out from the nearest railroad station in the best of spirits, we anticipated a great deal of pleasure.

The first few days were very pleasantly spent as we made our way southward, stopping for dinner or spending the night with the kind-hearted and simple people who inhabit this wild section. Here the red man still roams over the country, large herds of cattle graze on the prairies, and in the flat woods that stretch out in all directions, while turkey, deer and quail abound. So far we had realized all the good times we anticipated, but these at last forsook us, and we had some experiences that were a decided contrast to those preceding or following.

The country is thinly settled and we began to find it difficult to obtain our meals at the regular time, and also to find lodging. At last, after a wearisome day's walk, we reached a small settlement and had a night's lodging at the home of a generous man who seemed above the average in intelligence. He knew the country well, and told us that the farther we went the more sparse became the population, and that there was great danger of a stranger getting lost. Nevertheless, with a few pointers from him we pressed forward, and the next night arrived at the home of a cow-boy, whom we found skinning a deer.

Next morning, after breakfasting off some of the venison, we set out on the most trying part of our journey. Starting early we walked until mid-day without seeing a single house, so we failed to get any dinner, and spent the afternoon as we had the morning, without anything to eat, and night came on without our finding a house. We walked till about eleven o'clock with the same unsatisfactory result; then giving up all hope we stopped by the roadside near a fallen pine. A brisk fire was soon kindled from its bursting and splintered trunk. We dropped down by the fire, were soon sleeping soundly, and did not waken till after the sun had risen next day.

It was a bright, clear morning, and on opening my eyes the sun just above the horizon, shone in my face. It seemed like a new world; the country was so different from that to which we had been accustomed. One continuous stretch of almost timberless land lay before us, covered only with palmetto and grass. The sunlight shone on the dew drops, that decked with diamonds every point of the palmetto leaves. In one direction a large herd of cattle was slowly wending its way over the prairie, and in another, a number of turkeys were catching insects in the bushes. Just back of me a saucy looking old fox squirrel ran up a tree.

At this point my friend remarked that while it was all very delightful, it was no place for a hungry man unless prepared to kill game, and suggested that it would be well for us to move on. We immediately



started and traveled until about eleven o'clock with nothing in sight but palmettoes. At last, in the distance, we saw a wagon coming along the road, and we were so sure we were near some house and that our troubles were about over, that we dropped down in the shade of a small pine and waited for the wagon to come up. It was January, but the sun was almost as hot as in July.

It is useless for me to comment on our hungry and exhausted condition, after passing four consecutive meal times without anything to eat, and after one night in the woods with only pine-needles for our bed and the sky for our cover. As the wagon approached we discovered that it was drawn by a small horse and that a middle aged woman was driving. When she reached us, we asked how far it was to the first house. She pointed to a mile-post which stood a few rods away and said it was just eight miles from that. My next question was, "Is there not some one living off the road nearer?" But she shook her head and added that if we were not careful, we would miss the one she had spoken of, as it was some distance from the main road and could be reached only by a very dim track that turned off at the eighth mile-post. After giving us some instructions about finding the place, she put whip to her little horse and went on.

We started wearily along, each mile seeming to lengthen into two, but at last reached the designated post and succeeded in finding the road. It was about three o'clock in the afternoon when we came in sight of the rude, log cabin, but I thought it was the finest building I had ever seen. It was the home of another cow-boy. We began relating our sad experiences in such a way as we thought would touch the sympathy of the good woman of the house and induce her to let us have something to satisfy our hunger. She looked at us for a few moments, then burst into a laugh and invited us in. She said we were not the first she had seen in the same condition, and began to prepare us a meal. The dinner, a very common one of corn bread, sweet potatoes, coffee, and bacon boiled with turnip greens, was very acceptable, and we ate to our hearts' content.

It might seem that this kind treatment would have kept us here for a rest, but we were thoroughly satisfied with our efforts to see the Everglades, and were as anxious to find our way north as we had been a few days before to go south. So, after finishing our dinner, we pushed on and spent the rest of the day traveling through the same unsettled country. As night approached we began to fear we had made another mistake in starting out so late in the day, but just before the sun set on



BETWEEN THE LAKES.



this dreary region we came upon a remarkable little cabin almost hidden in the palmettoes.

We approached the man of the house, who was standing a short distance from the door, and asked him if he could take us in for the night. The answer, "certainly," was given without a moment's delay and in a manner befitting a millionaire. We felt wonderfully relieved to know that we need not spend another night in the woods.

As far as comfort was concerned, I do not think we were much better off than the night before. Our experiences here in some respects capped the climax. The house had only one room, about eighteen by twenty feet, and was without a chimney, for it is so warm the year round that a chimney is considered useless. There was one table in the room that was almost falling down, and some very rude benches placed about. Some boxes, seemingly used as trunks, were in one corner, and over in another was a queerly arranged frame of rough timbers nailed to the wall, which answered the purpose of a bedstead. This was indeed poor accommodation for a family of nine persons, father, mother and seven children, three of whom were boys and four girls, all well grown.

They seemed, for the most part, to spend their time out of doors around a fire which they kept going all the time. As night came on they began to add fuel to this fire, and we were asked to take seats near it. They, likewise, seated themselves around it. While we sat there talking darkness closed in upon us, and as the mosquitoes came in swarms our only defence was the strong heat and smoke of the blazing pine knots. The insects buzzed around us like a million bees.

About dusk an old cow came tearing through the palmettoes and approached, shaking her head and seeming to say, "Get out of the way, I am coming." Without any hesitation she rushed right up to the fire. No one seemed to be astonished at this, but all moved around to give her room. Soon an old razor-back and five or six pigs made their appearance, and they also ran right in among us. The old razor-back, rooting in the dirt, stretched herself out before the fire with the pigs around her. I began to feel too crowded and moved back a few feet.

For quite a while nothing was said, except once when the old cow, throwing her tail around to knock off a mosquito, struck one of the girls on the side of the head, when she seized the cow by its tail, gave it a jerk strong enough to sever the spinal cord, and at the same time called out, "Stand around, Koosie."

About this time the mistress of the family rose and saying in a very droll way, "Mary get a bucket of water," went into the house and soon had supper ready. We went in and took seats at the table.



The meal consisted of a large pot of blue colored soup, made by boiling meat and sweet potatoes. The meat was so tough and gristly that I believe it would have choked any sausage mill in the country. As hungry as I was, I could not eat anything, and excused myself on the ground that I was not well.

After supper we were soon ready to retire, and were assigned the bed in the corner. I tumbled in first and my friend after me, and we were soon sound asleep. When I awoke next morning I looked about, and the first view that attracted my attention was that of the family reposing on the floor, seemingly with as much ease as if they had been in their private rooms in some great mansion.

I concluded to go out in the yard for a change, and soon my friend followed. Our movements woke the man of the house, who rose and yelled to the rest to get up. Soon everything was in a stir, and without delay a breakfast, similar to the supper, was prepared. Without ceremony each one began getting all he or she could before it was gone.

After breakfast we were ready to leave. When we asked for some directions as to the right way to go, the cow-boy said he had business in a neighboring town seven or eight miles away, on the route of our journey, and that he would show us the road. We plucked up new courage and set out on our last day's travel in that almost uninhabited country. By ten o'clock we were in the little settlement, but we did not tarry there. Our friend put us on a road on which he said there were people living, so we bade him good-by and pushed on with renewed vigor.

We soon came to several pleasant looking homes, and it was not long before we saw some large orange groves. Our troubles were over, and the rest of our journey was pleasant. The first railroad station we came to was Arcadia, not very far above Punta Gorda. We now felt safe for the first time in several days, and from that time to this neither of us has had the slightest desire to go back to that part of the country.

D. S. DAVIS.

---

He prayeth best who loveth best  
All things both great and small;  
For the dear God who loveth us,  
He made and loveth all.

—COLERIDGE.

## A FEW FEATHERED FRIENDS.

I SHALL not soon forget the first morning I arrived in Florida. As we rode along in the train the rain came down in torrents, but shortly before we reached Winter Park in the early dawn it stopped, and as we stepped off the car everything was fresh and beautiful in the light of the rising sun. An hour later, as I sat on the veranda of the Austin cottage, I heard and saw for the first time Florida's two great songsters—the Mocking-bird and the Cardinal Grosbeak. The mocking bird, who as Cable says "sits up half the night to hear his own song," poured forth his melody from the China tree, on whose berries—to quote Cable again—"the mocking bird becomes drunk." Near by on the wire fence sat Mr. and Mrs. Cardinal; he in his brilliant dress of fire color set off by his black mask, and she with a veil of the most delicate brown tissue thrown around her, as if to hide her beauty from the eyes of all but those who were nearest and dearest to her.

These two birds belong to two distinct families—for birds belong in families as men do. They are classified in Orders, Families, Genera, Species and Sub-Species, as mankind is divided into Races, Nationalities, Families, etc. Birds and men are not so very different as we at first might think. The bird chooses his mate to whom he sings his song. He goes south winters, donning a more sober dress for his long journey. There is as much variety in the homes they build as in those which we construct for ourselves. Some of them are builded for show and have a great deal of fine work on the outside, while others are very rough on the outside, but within are most carefully prepared for the reception of the little nestlings. Among the first of these is the nest of the Baltimore Oriole, a hanging basket of silvery gray placed far out on the branch of an elm tree in one of our New England yards. In contrast to this nest is that of the Barn Swallow, whose home for the little ones is the roughest mud daub on the outside, but within is lined with the softest of feathers. And it is not because the Swallow is inferior in beauty to the brilliant Oriole. No one who had watched this beautiful Swallow darting back and forth hour after hour in pursuit of his insect food, and seen the sun fall upon his metallic back, would for a moment question his beauty as in comparison with his more showy friend the Oriole. Eighteen hours at a time this bird of the upper air has been known to fly back and forth, back and forth, and so swift is his flight that he is safe to travel by day and need not wait until night to escape his enemies.



For this very reason, that he is on the wing so much, his feet have become weak from lack of use.

I have spoken of the families of birds. The largest family is that of the Fringillidae.—or as we sometimes speak of it, “the Sparrow family.” To this belong the Sparrows and the Finches. The “little brown bird” as we often call the Sparrow, is in striking contrast to the brilliant Cardinal of whom I have already spoken; and yet they belong to the same family, eat the same food and have the same general characteristics. You will find the key to this and other families of birds in the beak, which in this case is cone shaped, the best adapted to cracking open the seeds upon which these birds feed. Other birds which live on insects, as the large number of Warblers and the Vireos, have the bill sharp that they may pry into the crevices of the bark and under the leaves for their food. The Warblers as a rule are very small and active birds, usually with some bit of yellow about their person. It would not be safe, however, to say that every small bird with yellow on him was a Warbler, any more than it would be correct to say that every bird of a certain size with red on him was a Woodpecker, although these birds are often marked with a little red, usually on the nape of the neck. For a Cardinal Grosbeak and a Redheaded Woodpecker would be very much surprised to find themselves in the same Family when they do not even belong to the same general Order of Perching birds. The Woodpeckers you will notice do not perch but cling to the side of a tree or post by a special arrangement of toes adapted to this purpose. The bill of the Woodpecker, too, differs from that of his brilliant neighbor in that it is broad and flat and long and heavy for the work he has to do with it, which is no less difficult a task than hewing out his nest from the trunk of a tree. The shavings which he makes while at his work he uses to line his nest with.

The Fly-catcher has a sharp bill with a hook on the end made by the upper mandible coming down over the lower for the purpose of catching the flies and insects which are always in the air in the warm season. This bird may be seen on the outer limb of a living tree, or more often on the top of a dead tree or on a fence. It belongs to the Family known as the Tyrannidae. The King bird, a prominent member of this Family, has a special aversion to the Crow because he steals the eggs from his nest, and I have often watched him flying above a Crow at a little distance, and every once in awhile lighting down upon his back and giving him a peck.

The most beautiful singers among the birds are to be found in the Families of the Turdidae, Troglodytidae and Fringillidae. In the first

of these we have the Hermit Thrush and the Wood Thrush, about the relative beauty of whose respective songs even Ornithologists do not agree. The Mocking bird, the Wren, the Cat-bird and the Brown Thrasher belong to the second of these Families, and in the third you have the Finches, among whom there is none more rich than the Cardinal Grosbeak found here in Florida. It is not often that a fine song and a fine dress are found together in the same songster as in the case of this bird. Sometimes we have rare beauty as in the case of the Humming bird, and no song. There are many hundreds of these gorgeous birds found in South America, but we have only two varieties in this country, one of which is found on the Pacific coast and the other, the Ruby-throat, in the north and south of the United States. They are very easily made to feel at home with those to whom they are nearest. A friend of mine, a few summers since, had one day been picking Nasturtiums from her garden and sat down on the ground to arrange them. All at once she heard the humming of one of these little beauties and she remained motionless as she saw him coming for her flowers. He hummed back and forth, putting his long, needle-like bill in and out of every flower until at last he came so near to her face that he was caught in the cord that held her eye-glass and fell to her lap—dead, as she supposed. She carefully disentangled the needle-like legs and set the prisoner free. He flew off quickly but very soon came back again, and repeated the performance with the exception that this time he did not fall into the trap unintentionally set for him in the cord that hung from the glass.

NATHALIE LORD.

## ECHOES OF A RECENT DEBATE.

WHEN was a time when the necessity of war was not questioned, but with the dawning of civilization the sentiment against war began to appear. Man's moral nature was asserting itself. This sentiment early found expression in the Delphic Amphictyony. All who are familiar with the history of civilization know how that sentiment has grown, till last year witnessed the assembling at The Hague of representatives of the civilized nations in a grand Peace Conference of the world. What was the purpose of the former? Simply to mitigate the cruelties of war. What did the latter accomplish? Twenty-two representative nations of the world have made "agreements or covenants involving, (1) Regulations prohibiting use of asphyxiating gases, projectiles from



balloons, and expanding bullets ; (2) Regulations concerning the laws and customs of war on land ; (3) Provisions for the pacific settlement of international disputes by mediation and arbitration."

Why is it that of all the nations which participated in that conference, only the two which there wielded the greatest influence are to-day engaged in war? That these two nations are at war shows that the world is not ready for universal peace. It shows that nations will still go to war, some to perpetuate, some to put down, injustice. But war will cease to be necessary, because nations that formerly could resort only to force may henceforth have recourse to impartial reason. The time is near at hand when what Tennyson called a "parliament of man," a "federation of the world," shall be established.

That will be the ideal civilization fully realized, the visible expression of the growing love of peace among men. This realization cannot come too soon. But at present just as the tradesman, the scholar, and the statesman represent other elements of power in the state by which her better interests are promoted, so the soldier represents the element of force by which the state must rule action without ruling will, when the necessity shall arise. If the condition of the world is such that we must have armies, it is not wrong to be a soldier. Some seem to think there is such antagonism between religion and war that a soldier cannot be a Christian. Some of our best army officers and soldiers are Christians. "I have not found so great faith, no, not in Israel," was said of a Roman soldier. We may lament the conditions that made it necessary for our revolutionary forefathers to sacrifice their blood upon the altar of freedom and justice. In their day the evils of submission were obviously greater than those of resistance, and they made the right decision. They were Christian men and brave soldiers, and the nation may well honor them as its founders.

It has been said, "The ostensible object of an army is to destroy the lives of those composing an opposing army." This may be true ; but the real purpose, of our armies at least, is the protection of home and country. If such protection involves the destruction of an opposing army, that is the misfortune of the enemy and no reflection on our defensive body. Granting that the "ostensible object of an army is to destroy," the protection thus afforded costs less in the actual number of lives than the pursuit of the general industries of the country. This is shown by a comparison of military and industrial reports. Our Labor Commissioner, Mr. McMackin, of New York, in a recent report upon industrial accidents states that "Among the million workers in the shops and on the railways of New York state, approximately nine hun-

dred toilers last year met death through accidents. The total number killed in the American army during the recent war with Spain was two hundred and eighty. The total number of American soldiers wounded in the war with Spain was only one thousand five hundred and seventy-seven." Note that this comparison is made between only one state and the whole United States. The United States provides a pension for her wounded and for the widows of her dead soldiers, while the families of those injured in the industrial army receive no compensation except through lawsuits. And the Commissioner goes on to show that even by this method the compensation is uncertain. While we need not question the truth of this report, as far as it goes, yet nothing is said of the suffering and loss of life caused by exposure and disease; nothing is said of the demoralization of thousands of men and the destruction of their homes.

In times of peace the sympathy of a state or of the entire nation goes out to the bereaved families of fallen soldiers. In times of peace the army of industrial workers suffers losses as grievous without attracting public sympathy or even public notice. Why is this? The soldier is the heroic defender of the people and his deeds are known and praised, while the victims of accident are scattered over a large territory, one here and one there, so that sympathy is aroused only in their immediate locality. Yet the man who labors faithfully at his post day by day and meets death working for his home and the general prosperity of his country is as great a hero as any soldier; indeed, he that falls thus is a greater hero than if marshalled into battle with shout and bugle and beat of drum.

---

## SELF-RELIANCE.

IN any vocation one of the essentials of success is self-reliance. In the teacher and student this quality is especially important. In all mental work there must be self-activity, or there is nothing. In some forms of manual labor there may be mere imitation, and yet good work may be done. But even in manual labor there is usually an intellectual element, and the larger that element the more important is self-reliance, self-activity, or, in other words, active thinking on the part of the workman. In all matters in which the mind is chiefly concerned, there must be self-directing power, original thinking, original planning, original methods, a pervading originality, or there will be inferior work. In literature it may be observed that an author writes a book which



has great popularity, and immediately other books of similar character follow, but being imitations, they meet with no favor—are failures. Miss Phelps wrote "Gates Ajar," then followed "Gates Wide Open," and it was wittily said by some one that all kinds of gates were slammed in our faces.

The teacher may learn methods of instruction used by others successfully, but when he essays to use those same methods himself he may fail of success. In any profession one may provide himself with various helps, but without self-help there is no help for him. One may learn so many ways of doing a thing that he will be unable to decide which to try, or he may not try any method long enough to test it, and make it his own. One may so overload himself with borrowed equipment that he will paralyze his own powers, like a soldier who should put on so much armor that he could not move his own body, or who should seize arms so many that he could wield none with effect. David used simply his accustomed sling. One may be thoroughly trained, loaded with theories, provided with battalions of solid facts, and yet be unable to cope with the slightest difficulty. The British regulars at Braddock's defeat were well drilled, fully equipped, aided by the best warlike appliances of their time, yet in battle they were inferior to savages.

Students may attend school with the impression that it will be sufficient for them if they but put themselves into the atmosphere of a college. Apparently some think the atmosphere of a college so surcharged with educational oxygen that he who but breathes it becomes in the course of nature an educated man. Nay, in the nature of the case a truly educated person is self-educated.

Some naturally possess more self-reliance than others, but it is not difficult to show that it may be cultivated. Self-reliance begins in thinking for one's self, and making one's own inferences. Instead of accepting the conclusions of others passively, the self-reliant person inquires for the primary facts, traces the law of cause and effect, and forms an opinion for which he can give a reason based, not upon prevalent opinion, but upon the nature of the subject. It is thinking, thinking, thinking that furnishes the ground for the best kind of self-reliance.

Earnest, patient, independent thinking gives one confidence when he proceeds to action. I believe that most persons underestimate their own mental power. They do not do as much independent thinking as they might. They have not the confidence in their own powers they should have. There are plenty of people confident of success, but expecting to reach it through various helps and favoring circumstances. We have, perhaps, little conception of the greater results to follow earnest and

penetrating thinking for ourselves. We are too much inclined to let others do our thinking for us. Others have written or spoken, we run to them for wisdom, and give them a too easy superiority and authority over our minds. Thus we weaken and stultify ourselves, and become mechanical and servile in our mental life. In all educational work there are so many aids, facilities, easy methods, short courses, etc., that there is great danger of losing sight of the most important end of education, which is to awaken the mind to a consciousness of its own powers.

It is not necessarily a disadvantage to obtain help from others; we may avoid the dangers of it. It is certainly a great advantage for men to confer with one another, to exchange views, to cherish a kindly interest in one another's achievements, and to render mutual aid. But what each receives from another should be wrought upon in his own mind. What one adopts from another he should adapt to his own use. He should think upon it, think into it, think out of it, think beyond it. He should give it a deep coloring from his own mind, combine elements of his own, so vitalize it with his own that it becomes in a proper sense his, then he can use his acquisition with effect, and what is more, he has gained from it growth and power.

Perhaps comparatively few are destined to hew out entirely new paths,—to be in the vanguard of the thinking world; but to follow intelligently, with appreciation, sympathy and participation is the privilege and duty of all. Many follow listlessly, indolently, blindly, mechanically. To recast, to remodel, to adapt, to extend, to embellish, these things are in the power of all. The body takes various foreign substances, reacts upon them with its own vital principle, and adapts them to the production of growth and strength. The mind must react upon what it receives. A mind stored with the best things is only ready for the supreme act. When you have collected enough cream in the cream jar, you put the dasher in.

All are conscious of a power of mind by which we can do something which we may call our own work. This is the power which we should continually summon into action. The more we use it, the more we judge for ourselves, the more we mark out our own course in light obtained by our own inquiries, the greater men and women we are. The power of doing something which is our own is wonderful, is God-like. It is the cultivation of such power that distinguishes the great from their fellows.

Think for yourself, be self-reliant, face difficulties, be resolute, trust not in allies for victory but in yourself. Be wide-awake, don't trust



others to look out for you ; don't use crutches to learn to walk, or life-preservers to swim.

My friend, don't imagine that self-reliance is the same as audacity and dash. Bold movement often puts difficulties to flight, and seizes the coveted prize, but there can be no permanent success without real power. We have heard of a handful of cavalymen dashing into a fortress and receiving the capitulation of the garrison, but we do not read of their carrying on a campaign. It takes strong armies to do that. In the intellectual world there must be something besides brilliance. Unite sound learning with self-reliance and you will have a combination hard to beat.

Self-reliance is not to be cultivated for its own sake, for the sake of showing it and boasting of it, or for the sake of being eccentric, but for the higher improvement it brings to us, and the better work we may do in the world. True self-reliance, wise self-trust will, on the one hand, be courteous to others, ready to accept upon evidence, anxious to receive light from whatever source ; upon the other hand, it will keep its own counsel, make its own investigations, mark out its own way in the light received, then act with decision. We may receive cotton and wool from abroad, but we must weave at home. While we receive from without, we must be active within.

It is self-reliance that makes our acquirements available. It is within ourselves we must find that constant force which gives growth, firmness, stability, and consistency to character. J. H. FORD.

## BLANNERHASSETT AND HIS ISLAND HOME.

THE story of Blennerhassett, as it is often told, inspires sympathy for gentle lives whose current of happiness was turned into channels of bitterness, by pursuing the glorious dreams of the deceitful Burr.

It has been said that Blennerhassett had more sense than common sense, and this was probably the reason why he was so easily deceived by the artful Vice-President, into whose power he finally fell.

Herman Blennerhassett, the son of eminent Scotch-Irish parents, was a native of Hampshire, England. He was educated at Westminster, and graduated with honor from Trinity College, Dublin. He then became an apprentice to the law, as the profession most likely to advance his political ambition and fortune. Finding both law and politics uncongenial, he chose a literary career, believing it promised more repose and

domestic pleasure. In 1776 Blennerhassett determined to make his home in America; so, converting his estates into funds, he wedded a beautiful woman of the Isle of Man, daughter of the Governor, and soon landed in New York. Here, led by the glowing reports of the valley of the Ohio, of its rivers, islands and scenery, he traveled by coach to the village of Pittsburg, and decided to go down the Ohio.

The mode of river transportation was both primitive and perilous; but he secured passage, and, helped by the current, glided by islands fringed with tangled forests until he came to the town of Marietta. All could see that he was a man of culture and refinement, and so he was received with the utmost hospitality by the New England people of that settlement.

He spent several months trying to locate a home in that beautiful region. The spot that seemed most beautiful to him was an island in the Ohio, a mile below the little town of Belpre, and Blennerhassett soon became its owner. The island had been included in one of the general surveys made by Washington himself. It is beautiful to-day; but think what it must have been a hundred years ago, when the majestic forest trees were abundant, when wild flowers grew luxuriantly and birds and deer were numerous.

Here Blennerhassett reared an expensive mansion, building it on an elevation at the upper end of the island, and surrounding it with porticos, walks, drives, gateways, hedges, and many foreign shrubs and plants. To appreciate the scene, one must picture the bluffs on the southern shore, crowned with an unbroken forest, and remember that the background is still the haunt of bear and deer.

Into this beautiful wilderness Blennerhassett brought the farmers, gardeners and butlers of his English home. The apartments were filled with Paris and London furniture, with splendid mirrors and costly carpets, and on the sideboard shone massive silverware. He reserved space for his laboratory and scientific apparatus, as well as for the medical and surgical instruments he brought with him. It is said that Blennerhassett was studious, that he enjoyed scientific investigations, experimenting in chemistry and electricity, and that he was also a musician. He was acquainted with English literature, and his conversational powers made him a popular host and an entertaining companion.

He was about six feet in height and of slender build, with large blue eyes and a well-formed forehead. His whole appearance indicated amiability, and he was easily made the victim of artful schemers.

His wife was one of the most remarkable women of her time, and history affords but few instances of such feminine beauty, physical



endurance and social charms. Every attention had been given to her education; she spoke and wrote several languages, was a skillful elocutionist, a good musician and a poet. She was fond of out-door exercise, and especially of riding.

For several years the home of Blennerhassett was the scene of domestic joy; but this was brought to an end by Aaron Burr, the murderer of America's greatest financier, Alexander Hamilton. Burr had been a soldier of the Revolution, and had served on Washington's staff. He was very ambitious, but his ambition was of the worst kind; he was deceitful and dishonest, and he well merited his final disgrace. Despised and hated for his murder of Hamilton, he decided that treason was preferable to political failure, and with this feeling, conceived the plan of seating himself on the Mexican throne and of annexing to Mexico all the territory west of the Alleghanies. Mr. Randall thus describes Burr's project:

"He would cross the Alleghanies, descend the Ohio, and in its valley rally the chivalrous, the adventurous, enlist troops, organize a force, proceed down the Mississippi, occupy New Orleans, arouse the insurrectionary hosts in Louisiana, cross into Mexico, declare himself Emperor of the independent kingdom, and seat himself on the throne of the Montezumas. Then he would annex the country of the Ohio and Mississippi, and, like another Cromwell or Napoleon, march to the capital of the United States and overthrow the American Republic, which had so ungratefully spurned him, and would install himself at the head of the great and glorious empire from the Atlantic to the Rocky Mountains. It recalled the realizations of Alexander, of Cæsar, of Charlemagne, and of Burr's own contemporary, Napoleon."

So in the spring of 1805, at the close of his term as Vice-President, he started down the Ohio and landed at the island of Blennerhassett. The owner was absent, but his wife entertained Burr and thought her husband highly honored by this mark of respect from so eminent a citizen of the Republic.

One year later Burr paid the island a second visit, and by deceit secured the cooperation of Blennerhassett, representing his scheme as endorsed by our government.

Blennerhassett had the utmost confidence in Burr, and his daughter, Theodosia, was filled with the visionary glory of the conquest of Mexico, which Burr promised to secure. She was to be the Queen of the Empire, and dreamed of honors, titles, and a long line of kings. It was even stated that Blennerhassett had been selected as Ambassador to England from Burr's Empire.

Blennerhassett was to provide the boats and provisions for the journey, and Burr, the men. A flotilla of fifteen large boats was contracted for in Marietta. One of these, elegantly equipped, was to be the floating palace of Blennerhassett and his family. The island, which before had been so peaceful, was now the camp of recruits. Burr, too, was active. He sought favor and support in Virginia, Ohio and Indiana; but kept his real object concealed from the public. Land speculation was the pretext. If war was declared with Mexico, some fighting might have to be done. The young recruits understood that they were engaging in an expedition in which both glory and fortune were to be secured. But while all was apparently serene on the banks of the Ohio, the movements of Burr had not escaped the notice of the administration, and of the friends of the Union. A proclamation was issued by the President, warning all persons against unlawful enterprise in the western states, and commanding all officers, civil and military, to bring the offending parties to punishment.

Blennerhassett was much disheartened, and wished to give up the enterprise, but, like Dewey, he was influenced by his wife, who urged him on. Learning that the island was to be seized, he determined to escape with his followers and to try to join Burr at the mouth of the Cumberland.

He bade his wife and children good-by, telling them to follow later, and made his escape before the militia could intercept him. The next day Mrs. Blennerhassett rode to Marietta to get the boat intended for the family, but discovered that all the boats at that point had been captured, and on returning found the island in possession of Virginia soldiers. That day, some recruits who arrived from New York were immediately arrested, but later were released for lack of evidence. These offered Mrs. Blennerhassett passage in their boat, which she accepted, and, collecting such books and treasures as could be carried away, this devoted wife forever bade adieu to home and happiness. She soon joined her husband, who, though ruined, tried to return to his peaceful island home, but, like Burr, was arrested for treason and imprisoned at Richmond. They were tried by John Marshall, Chief Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. Burr was acquitted, and Blennerhassett, when discharged, followed him, demanding reimbursement in some way, for the fortune he had lost on Burr's account; but the latter was also ruined and soon fled like a criminal, from the country.

Blennerhassett returned to his wife; then creditors pursued him with demands, and his library and apparatus were sold. Being an



honest man he settled on a cotton plantation in Mississippi in order to make money to pay his creditors. Here he and his wife remained several years, but the war of 1812 and the constant pressure of Burr's creditors, who held his endorsements for thousands of dollars, finally caused him to sell his plantation that he might satisfy their demands.

He moved to New York where he attempted to practice law, but failed. He then went to Canada seeking office, but not succeeding, he departed for Ireland, hoping to obtain an estate left him by a relative. His plans and hopes again frustrated, he died in complete destitution, on the Isle of Guernsey.

In the meantime his wife worked desperately to support the two little boys she loved so well. In 1842, in a dreary tenement house in the city of New York, broken hearted, she left this world, the brightest victim of Burr's conspiracy. The complete story of Blennerhassett is most beautiful and pathetic, one which must, when fully known, touch the very hearts of the American people.

---

## PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

THE public library is a powerful factor in modern civilization, second only to the school as an educating force; and the position of the library in education is well expressed in the new library building of Columbia University in New York City. This building is superbly located, overlooking a fair country on the north and the teeming city on the south, and, surrounded by the other buildings of the University, it seems to be the center of University life.

The library, as a store-house of books, has existed since the earliest times. Long before the true literature of the ancients was preserved by written documents, records of important religious and political transactions were carefully guarded by the priests, upon whom, in their ancient political character, this duty naturally devolved.

Famous collections of books, as that of the Medians at Ecbatana and of the Persians at Susa, were government records, and the true library did not exist until the arts and sciences had been developed and men were collecting information concerning them.

The libraries of Greece were numerous, and more nearly approached the modern library in plan and purpose than those of the intervening centuries. Pisistratus, the Athenian Tyrant, is said to have been the first to collect books on a large scale; but it remained for the Ptolemies

in Egypt to create the first great libraries. Ptolemy Soter and his successors built in Alexandria the most celebrated libraries of the ancient world. Ptolemy Philadelphus sent throughout the known world and spared no expense in obtaining the most valuable books for his collection, and later all books coming into Egypt were confiscated for the royal libraries, and their owners were forced to content themselves with copies. The Alexandrian libraries were carefully housed, and arranged for the purpose of making them in every part easily accessible, a problem which is still confronting modern librarians.

The early Romans, the sons of Mars, were indifferent to literature, so the library made no appeal to them. The great and valuable libraries of progressive Carthage were deliberately destroyed or scattered by the Roman Fathers, except the few works relating to agriculture that were preserved and translated. The first libraries in Rome were brought thither as trophies to grace the triumphs of the conquerors, but the Romans were not slow to perceive that they needed the libraries of Greece, as well as her literature. Soon Greek librarians and copyists were imported, and books were brought together from all parts of the world. Of these Roman libraries, many gained a well deserved reputation for the scope and completeness of their collections. The literature of the age has many references to libraries and to their arrangement and administration. Many noted men were as deeply interested in their collections as were Cicero and Atticus, whose letters make frequent mention of their own literary treasures.

Among the numerous projects entertained by Cæsar was that of presenting Rome with public libraries, though it is doubtful whether any steps were taken towards its execution. The credit for founding the first public library is undoubtedly due to Pollio, a Roman citizen, whose library was established some time before the two famous public libraries of the Emperor Augustus; the Octavian, founded in 33 B. C., in honor of Octavia, the Emperor's sister, and the Palatine collection. The homes of these libraries were magnificent, long marbled colonnades and pleasant shady walks, making them doubly attractive, and they are at once the envy and despair of library-builders of to-day. By the fourth century there were twenty-eight public libraries in the City of Rome alone, and many more throughout the provinces; but these soon suffered destruction at the hands of the barbarian hordes.

During the middle ages the fortunes of the library followed closely those of the school. From the downfall of the Roman Empire until the time of Charlemagne the libraries were in the hands of the clergy, and the classical writings were carefully barred out as the works of non-



believing Pagans and, therefore, harmful to the church. Charlemagne established libraries and a system of public schools, but at his death the church again assumed the entire control of education, and the library once more found a home in the monastery, where it was strictly devoted to church history and religious writings.

The reviving interest in literature in the fourteenth century stimulated a taste for books outside the monastery. Guy, Earl of Warwick, formed a library which at his death in 1315 he bequeathed to Bordesley Abbey. Charles the Fifth of France, surnamed the "Wise," established a library which in 1373 numbered over nine hundred volumes. Richard of Bury, the Chancellor of Edward III, equipped Durham College at Oxford, which he had founded, with his own private library.

But with the invention of printing, coinciding with the revival of true learning and sound science, the modern history of libraries may be said to begin. Of these the British Museum is the most important, out-ranking any other in number of books, with the single exception of the *Bibliothèque Nationale* at Paris which it far excels in systematic arrangement and accessibility. It is remarkable for the great range of its contents, for, in addition to the finest collection of English literature in the world, it has the best collection of American literature outside of the United States, the best library of Dutch literature out of Holland, and, in short, the best library in any European language out of the territory in which that language is vernacular. The Museum possesses valuable copyright privileges and contains over a million and a half volumes.

The National Library at Washington was established in 1800, and has suffered many misfortunes. In 1814, when the British army burned the government buildings, the library was entirely destroyed, but the nucleus of a new library was obtained by the purchase of Thomas Jefferson's collection. Again in 1851 an accidental fire destroyed twenty thousand volumes. Since that time, by purchase and by the copyright law, which gives the Library two copies of every copyrighted book or periodical, the Library has steadily increased. Now, in its spacious new home, under the management of a thoroughly competent librarian who has a finely equipped staff and is hampered by no political obligations, it fully deserves to be called the "Library of the Nation," not only from its central location and superb equipment, but also from the scope and excellence of its work.

There are in this country over four thousand libraries, each containing one thousand or more volumes. They are working hand in hand with the schools in educating and training the future citizens of

America. They are interesting and are instructing the children of the great cities out of school hours and in the vacations, when the work of the teacher is so often neutralized by the associations of city life. This is only one feature of the work with the children, and is one not very generally recognized as a part of library work. The library systematically supplies both teacher and student with the material supplementary to their studies. The motto of the Public Library is, "The best reading to the greatest number, at the least cost." The library is subject to the rules that apply to other modern business operations. Economy of time and labor has led to much opposition from conservatives, who have objected strenuously to what they call the "abnormal" system, with its pink slips, pneumatic deliveries, and elaborate statistics.

Perhaps the best result of this revolution in library methods is the Dewey System of decimal classification. Its author is not Admiral Dewey, but Mr. Melvil Dewey of the New York State Library. The system starts with ten general classes, and each of these large classes is subdivided into ten smaller ones, each of these again into ten, and so on, almost *ad infinitum*, until a book on the most highly specialized subject has its own number and distinct place on the shelves.

Those who are developing the library system are liberal-minded men; they have made library work a profession and have placed it upon an equal footing with the professions of law and pedagogy. The ideal librarian is no longer a book-worm, though he is a lover of books and in sympathy with readers; he is a man of business habits and a good administrator.

The official organizations of the librarians in this country is the American Library Association. This association, organized in 1876 and holding annual meetings, has been of inestimable value to the cause of library work. Among the practical advantages of the association are the discussions at the conventions, the public attention drawn to their work, the stimulus of associated workers, and especially the favorable legislation obtained.

Quoting the words of an ex-president of the A. L. A.: "The library is as definitely an educational institution as the school, and is broader in its scope. Its use does not terminate with the years of pupilage, but extends through life. It is the one institution in which all may be interested, and which may be of value to all. It may be counted with the home, the church, and the school, as one of the forces making for social betterment."

MORGAN L. BRETT.





THE BALL TEAM.

## MERRITT'S ISLAND.

**A**LONG the eastern coast of Florida, there are a series of long, wide lagoons, or arms of the sea, two of which are named, *sa one* finds by looking on the map, Indian River and Banana River. The latter is an arm of the former, and within the bend which they make nestles the sun-kissed, wave washed Merritt's Island.

This island extends about forty miles between the two rivers, varying in width from less than fifty yards at its southern extremity to several miles at its northern. So a person passing down the east coast on the mainland between Titusville and Eau Gallie, on looking out of the car window, sees lying in the distance across the water of the Indian, either two or three or seven miles away, Merritt's Island, between which and the ocean there is yet another river of varying width and also a narrow peninsula. Along its Indian river shore are weather-worn coquina rocks, rising toward the south to quite high cliffs, with caves washed out underneath, where the shy sheephead dart in and out, and the jellyfish waves on its aimless way. The Banana River shore, on the contrary, shows no sign of rocks. It has a soft, sandy beach. Here a fish-hawk or a crane may be seen at any time wading in the shallow water. The growth of the island consists of the ever present cabbage palmetto, sweet bay and water oak inter-twined and festooned by the wild grape and the love vine, and a soft spruce pine, a very graceful tree. The yellow pine is rare. These trees all bend toward the southwest, indicating the direction of the prevailing winds.

It is about thirty years ago since the island was settled by white people. Now the Indian River shore is dotted with thrifty little towns: almost every house along the bank boasting its little wharf out in the river. But there are signs upon the island of an occupancy much earlier than that of the white people. The ancient shell-mounds and the buried ashes of old camp fires show that it was a favorite home of primitive people long before the white man had come to this continent.

With deer in its woods, wild duck on its marshes, and oysters plentiful along its shores, it must indeed have been a happy hunting ground. We can easily imagine ourselves back in those early days by passing beyond the margin to the lonely Banana shore. There, with only the cry of a wild bird or the wind in the trees to break the stillness, we can see a deer bound from the thicket, followed so silently by some dark brave with watchful eye and quick aim. Soon the chase is over and the prize is taken to the gleaming camp fire. May be it is some bold figure we



see standing with face toward the setting sun, chanting a song of brave deeds, a plaintive love-song, or a wail for the dead.

Old Spanish coins have been found near the shell-mounds. Their history is also sealed, but we cannot help wondering whether they were picked up from the wreck of some bold buccaneer, or obtained from some Spanish adventurer who had wandered away from his companions.

One sunny morning in late September the teacher arrived at Banyan, a village in the southern part, about five miles from what is called the "Point of the Island." Here the island is two hundred yards wide, not a good place for base-ball, as the boys soon informed the Teacher. 'T was either Scylla or Charybdis for the ball.

The school-house is a small frame building, eighteen by eighteen feet. Its one door faces the Indian River, which at this place is about two and one-half miles wide. The county road runs by the door-step, and just beyond the road are the rocks, which on calm days the water caresses with a soft lap, lap, but in stormy weather the spray is dashed upon and beyond them, sometimes peremptorily slapping the school-house door, as if demanding admittance, and with a sound which resembles, in less degree, the roar of the sea.

Here is a favorite play ground for the students. They gather some bright flower that grows by the shore or pick up a toad-fish, comically protesting all the time, which has been lured into shallow water by bare toes, at which they are fond of nibbling, and bring them up for the teacher to see.

In this particular portion there are young orange groves, but the principal product is the string bean, raised for northern markets. It is a very pretty sight to see field after field of these, in different stages of growth. But as they are raised during the winter months, the fear of a "freeze" keeps the farmer in constant anxiety. After the first planting, which follows the "flat weeding," plowing, harrowing, and laying-off, the weather may rival in variety that of New England. Calm, sunny days when the wind is in the east, and the roar of the sea from across the Banana comes distinctly to our ears, the train across the Indian as it passes on the mainland for miles, can be seen and heard. Then the many red birds flash through the air and win our hearts with their song, and the sun sets beyond one river, making a glowing path of light, and the moon rises beyond the other, making another golden path to meet it, then the bean thrives.

These beautiful days may be followed by several of rain when the wind is from the south or southwest, and it seems as if everything upon that strip of land must be washed into one river or the other. The wind

changes to the west and comes around gradually to the north-west. The waves of the Indian beat upon the rocks, and sail boats go swooping by like birds winging home in fear, and not with that *sans souci* air of other days.

By night the water looks one sheet of fire, lighted by the phosphorescence of its animal life. Then comes a day and night of anxious watching for the farmer, to see if the wind which comes from the north-west, where hangs a low, black cloud, will not change. But the night comes on cold with increasing wind, and the "blizzard" is upon them. The night is spent in watching the thermometer and the beans. Ever and anon the cry of a watcher comes through the thin walls of the creaking house, "39!"—"34!"—"32 and here is ice!" Then with plows and hoes they go to work to cover the young beans; but as soon as the temperature permits these must be carefully uncovered, for Nature even in Florida cares for winter growths in step-dame fashion. But the farmer, disheartened one day is cheered the next, and bravely makes new ventures.

S. T. GLADWIN.

## RED ROCK.

THOMAS NELSON PAGE has become famous as a portrayer of life in the Southern states, and his recent book, *Red Rock*, a story of the southern country gentleman, bids fair to surpass in popularity all his former writings. Mr. Page has been eminently successful in representing the scenes and occurrences of the Civil War and the years immediately following it, and the book undoubtedly presents a true picture of the exciting events, and also of the trials and sufferings which were the common lot of the plantation owners. Even the most unsympathetic cannot help pitying the kind people who were made the subjects of so many indignities at the hands of the low class with which the country was overrun.

From first to last the reader is thoroughly interested. As we become acquainted with Dr. Cary, Mr. Gray, and their admirable families and friends, we seem to be with them in their beautiful homes. It is a pardonable pride which they manifest, and we envy the happy life that all seem to lead. Open-handed and liberal, they are hospitable to all whom fortune brings to their door, and they heartily welcome strangers, but they nevertheless espouse the cause which seems right to them and, if necessary, are willing to sacrifice even their lives.



At the close of the struggle, when the survivors returned to their desolated homes and began the task of rebuilding their ruined fortunes, the undertaking appeared hopeless. The crops were in ruin, the slaves were all free and could hardly be prevailed upon to work for their former owners, and the lawless men who flocked into the country gradually obtained the upper hand and left the people in desperate poverty. Is it any wonder that they rebelled and, at times, had bitter thoughts toward the government that had conquered them, or that Steve Allen and the other young men formed bands for mutual protection. They simply desired their rights and maintained their honor, for the latter was dearer to them than all else. They acted honorably and wished only that others should act toward them in the same manner.

Hiram Still, Leech, and their friends the "carpet-baggers," we thoroughly detest. Their lawless acts, wretched administration, and abuse of the power with which they were vested, soon became intolerable. They are good illustrations of hundreds of men who were scattered over the south at that time, who incited the negroes to up-risings, and were the first to scoff at the vain efforts to keep them in control.

Captains Middleton and Thurston, and Mr. Welsh, however, did all in their power to lessen the ill feeling existing. Their efforts did much to right the many wrongs, and the suspicions of the people soon gave way to friendship and regard. Mrs. Welsh, too, when she learned the true condition of affairs, ceased her efforts to improve the condition of the colored people at the expense of their white neighbors, and learned the proper way to treat them.

The purpose of the story is to give a true picture of the existing state of affairs during the dreadful reconstruction period. The love stories woven into the plot add to the special interest; and the final union of Ruth and Steve, and of Miss Dockett and Captain Thurston, when the latter at last consents to dance to the tune of Dixie, assure lasting harmony in the small community.

The whole story is exceedingly interesting and the many exciting parts leave a vivid impression on our minds. The gay party at Mr. Gray's, the scenes at the trials, and the final overthrow of Leech and his creatures, together with Hiram's vision of the Indian Killer, and the visit of the dreadful Ku Klux, are all very realistic incidents.

The charm of the story is greatly enhanced by the feeling that it is a just picture of those troublesome times. Where others have given partial glimpses, Mr. Page has represented them in their true light, and we know that the cause of these people awakened a deep sympathy in the heart of the author who has represented them in such a vivid manner.

N. L. B.

## THE SAND-SPUR.

Published by the Delphic Debating Society of Rollins College,  
Winter Park, Fla.

NORMAN L. BAKER, Editor.

WILL G. ARMSTRONG, Business Manager.

MORGAN L. BRETT, Asst. Business Manager.

The Sand-Spur is on sale at Maxson's, Winter Park, and at Curtis & O'Neal's, Orlando; or copies can be obtained by addressing the Business Manager.

For advertising rates apply to Business Manager.

We take this opportunity to thank our friends who have done so much toward making the Sand-Spur successful. The work of editing and managing even so small a paper as the Sand-Spur is quite an arduous one, and the publication is made possible only by the co-operation of many of the students.

Having learned by experience some of the duties that devolve upon an editor, we heartily extend our sympathy and best wishes to the future occupants of the editorial chair.



Rollins has been exceedingly fortunate in securing the services of three such valuable teachers as the Misses Rich, Hollister and McLeay. These ladies have shown proficiency in their respective departments and their work is highly appreciated by the students as well as by their associate teachers.

Miss Rich was graduated from the well-known New England Conservatory of Music in Boston, so that we anticipated in a measure the excellence of her work.

The ladies in the gymnastic class, under the instruction of Miss Hollister, have received training in many directions, and the thorough work given by their teacher has been of great value to them.

Not only has Rollins been favored with several very enjoyable recitals given by Miss McLeay, but audiences in other parts of the State have been greatly pleased with her readings; indeed all who have heard her, speak with unstinted praise of the ability and skill she shows in her work. Her recent entertainment assisted by the young ladies, was one of the most pleasing of the year.

Although Miss Piper was with us last year, yet this year she has



succeeded Miss Ford as instructor in Mathematics. Her work has been entirely successful, proving her to be a thorough and conscientious teacher.

We sincerely hope that Rollins may be able to retain the services of these ladies in the future.



Can we not dignify our docks and boat-house with appellations in consonance with our classical thought? May we not accept the suggestion and have our own Pireaus? The port of Athens, famous from its importance to its parent city, suggests to us a most appropriate name for this spot, so pleasantly situated on the shore of our beautiful lake.



It is with deep regret that we chronicle the recent death of Prof. Nathan Barrows, who for many years was one of our most esteemed teachers. Prof. Barrows came to Florida in 1882 and, after resting for several years from his labors in the North, as medical practitioner, preacher and teacher, when Rollins College was opened became a member of its faculty, remaining here until he resigned his position in 1896. The following extract from a resolution of sympathy drawn up by the college faculty will show the high esteem in which he was held by the members of the Faculty:—"The Faculty of Rollins College, having learned with deep regret of the death of Dr. Barrows, desires to put upon record their recognition of his great worth, and the sense of bereavement felt by those of us who were associated with him during the years of his membership in this faculty. He was naturally endowed with a large and vigorous mind which, with his high scholarly acquirements, fitted him to be the great teacher he was."

---

## MUSIC.

Our department of Music, at the beginning of the year, met our expectations, both as to the increased number of students and the interest with which they entered upon their work.

Miss Bibbins is still with us as Musical Director, and she has associated with her, Miss Alice Rich, of the New England Conservatory, who has proven herself an able pianist and teacher.

An appreciative audience enjoyed the following programme given by Miss Rich Monday evening, May 21st.

#### PROGRAMME.

Polonaise in E. Flat.....	Rubenstein
{ Freischutz Study.....	Heller
{ Barcarolle in A. Minor.....	Rubenstein
The Music Box.....	Liadoff
{ Spring Song.....	Grieg
{ Etude in G. Flat.....	Chopin
First Movement, Concerto in G Minor.....	Mendelssohn

Orchestral parts arranged for second pianoforte played by

Miss Bibbins.

The Mandolin Club, though small, has done good work, assisting in several entertainments.

The Choral Club has also been in good training, and gave some numbers in a concert, April 20th. This concert was very pleasing and the work of the students came up to its usual high standard.

Our programmes for commencement promise to be interesting, consisting of choruses given by the Club, a semi-chorus of young ladies, Piano quartettes, Solos in voice and Piano, and something enjoyable from the Mandolin Club.

ANITA R. BIBBINS, Director.

---

### THE ALUMNI.

May 25, 1898, was organized that august body known as the Rollins College Alumni Association, with Miss Clara Guild as President, which position she has held ever since, having been re-elected in May, 1899. A committee was appointed to draw up a constitution and by-laws, which, after the manner of graduates, it failed to do, and so far the society exists merely in name, without aim or object. Membership in the association seems to be conducive to single blessedness, as so far not so much as a love affair can be scented among the "Bachelors" of Rollins who are scattered far and wide over the country.

Miss Ida Missildine and Miss Clara Guild, our senior members, are both teaching, the former being musical instructor in the Presbyterian College of Columbia, S. C., and the latter instructing in Art in her Alma Mater.

Of the class of '93, Stuart Hooker is attending the Howard Medical School, and Hamilton Johnson, after a four years' course in Mechanical Engineering at Vanderbilt University in 1897 received the degree of M. E., receiving the first honor medal in his department. He is now Assis-



tant City Engineer at Jackson, Miss. Emily Hooker, '94, is in Boston doing literary work in the Public Library for Miss Hersey, a well known character in Boston literary circles. Ernest Missildine, '95, since leaving Rollins has taken a course in Pharmacy, from which he graduated last year, and he is now in business for himself in Tryon, N. C. He is also Mayor of Tryon, and is a "terror to all evil doers," according to the *Tryon Bee*. Fritz Frank, '96, is in business in Chicago. Of the class of '97, Ruth Ford is taking a course in Mathematics at Oberlin College, and Fred Ensminger is studying in the Andover Theological Seminary, expecting to finish next year.

The zeal inspired by old Rollins seems to have abated somewhat when it reached the class of '98, as we find the "dignity of labor" being upheld by one member only, the others seeming content to merely enjoy life. Mary Piper is catalogued among the Rollins instructors, Anna Henkel is visiting friends in Virginia, and Myra Williams is at her home on Indian River. Of the class of '99, Carrie Price is beginning her medical studies in St. Luke's Hospital in Chicago. Susie Thayer is at her home in New York, and Susie Gladwin is again at Rollins after a very successful term of public school teaching. And of the class of 1900—who can tell?

M. G. W., '98.

---

### ART NOTES.

"Beginners in drawing" still continue in large numbers in this department, and have done good work.

Miss Olney, as a beginner in water color, shows marked improvement, as well as Miss Ffoulkes in light and shade.

This year Mr. Washburn will complete the three years course, being the first to graduate from this department.

Many visitors have been welcomed at the Studio during the year, all expressing themselves much pleased with the work seen, and the beauty of the room.





A ROOM IN CLOVERLEAF.





## SOCIAL EVENTS.



The exhibition given by Instructor Pearson and his classes in the Lyman Gymnasium, was a profitable and pleasing change in the entertainments of the winter term. Almost everyone seems to be interested in the results of steady and careful training in athletics and physical exercise. The running gallery around the hall was filled with spectators who were well pleased, if one may judge by the hearty applause. The drill-work of the younger boys was excellent, and some of it very funny, causing merry laughter, such as the series of summersaults on the mats, which made them appear like a succession of little rolling balls of humanity. Their pyramids and jumping showed a good deal of courage also, which is undoubtedly increased by athletic training under the care of a competent instructor.

The drill work of the senior class was much like that of the smaller boys, except that they had some heavier, harder work, better suited to their needs and ages. In some cases the result of irregular attendance was very apparent. The wrestling contest was the event of the evening, and had been eagerly looked forward to by all who knew of the steady, hard work and training that had been done by the men who were to participate. The bouts were watched breathlessly and silently, till some decisive point was gained, when the enthusiasm burst forth in exclamations of encouragement for one or the other of the wrestlers. The final bout deciding the contest was won by W. E. Burrell against E. H. Noble; the interest and excitement ran high and when the down was called by the referee the applause was most hearty. The basket ball game which came last, after the intermission, necessary for arranging the two teams, was interesting and exciting and all who saw it must admit that the game is a safe and healthy form of exercise and that it brings into play every muscle of the body.

The Basket Ball game between the Orlando and Winter Park College girls was a great success and caused much favorable comment as to the physical training the girls receive here at Rollins. It certainly was well attended, and ought to have netted quite a sum in payment for their work. We do not know its use, unless it paid for a most elaborate spread which the two teams held immediately after the game. The game was lively and skillful, and spoke well for the practice that the girls had been giving it.

Miss Helen Jackson was captain of the Orlando team and Miss Carrie Ensminger of that of Winter Park. They played two twenty-five minute halves and when time was called, the score stood six to five, in favor of Winter Park. We can say nothing as to the success of the spread for we were not invited to be present. All we were allowed to know of it was expressed in a most ferocious college yell given outside the dining hall while we with fear and trembling sat at supper.

The C. E. Social in the "Gym" on a Friday evening, was pleasant for the few who were there, particularly for those who seemed to be attached to the farther wall, and spaced themselves off, a couple about every ten feet. We were favored with a song from Mr. Pearson accompanied by Miss Ford, also with a song by Mrs. Haines accompanied by Miss May Pomeroy. There was a song by the male quartet, Messrs. Harold and Percy Dale, Harlie Ward and Arthur Maxson. The children then played "Going to Jerusalem" for a time with Miss Fay Ford at the piano, and an attempt was made to have a grand march, but, not proving successful, it was soon abandoned for the more popular occupation of eating ice cream and cake, which was served generously for the small sum of five cents.

The musical was a great pleasure to all who are fond of good music, and was certainly a very creditable entertainment. The only complaint we would make is that it was over too soon, for we could have enjoyed a great deal more of the same sort without becoming in the least tired. The full Choral Club with all its strong cheery young voices, seemed fairly to carry one along with their bounding melodies. We hope it was as great a pleasure to them to sing as it was to us to hear them, and it surely seemed to be. We all greatly enjoyed Miss Tilden's flower song and would like to hear it again any number of times. We wish that Mr. Harmon's song had been one to show his fine voice to as good advantage as did Miss Tilden's. Miss Fenety's two songs, "If I Were Gardner of The Skies," and "Dearest Heart Fare Thee Well," showed much expression and study, and as well as the instrumental pieces by Miss Roberts and the duet by Misses Jackson and Guernsey.



The rain unfortunately set in just before the close of the entertainment and necessitated much effort in getting many light dresses safely home.

Nature favored the reception at Cloverleaf Cottage on April 27th, with a perfect evening, not so hot as to be at all uncomfortable to the many people gathered indoors. Bright faces, and neat and handsome gowns were everywhere about us; the decorations were effective and tasteful; the subjects of conversation were about the same as usual at a reception with a few new ones suited to the times, golf being an interesting one to many whom we often see out on the course with their much abused little balls. Refreshments—fruit, lemonade and wafers—were served, and the guests took their leave after a pleasant and very social evening. The reception committee were the Misses Rich, Hollister and McLeay, assisted by the Misses Acheson, Robinson, Tilden and Price.

---

## THE ROLLINS GIRL IN THE GYMNASIUM AND ATHLETIC FIELD.

The present display of interest on the part of the girls in athletics indicates a brilliant future for the same. The old-time prejudice against girls entering athletic games has entirely disappeared, so that to-day a girl may enter any form of athletics without overstepping the bounds of conservatism. As a result, the healthful, self-possessed young woman is our ideal woman, and such a young woman is the Rollins girl.

The work of the girls in the gymnasium has been steady throughout the school year. Their splendid physical condition, self-possession and self-reliance was shown in the game of basket ball played in the gymnasium March 15th. Two twenty-minute halves were played, with ten minutes intermission, in which only one substitute was played. For the purpose of bringing in as much competitive spirit as possible, one team was composed of the girls from Orlando. The playing in the first half of the games was fast, and some excellent goal-throwing was done. The two teams were very evenly matched, and the game close throughout. The first goal was made by Miss Odiorne, scoring two points for the Orlando side. Winter Park then made two goals in succession; another goal made by Orlando, scoring two extra points. The first half ended in a tie, the score standing four to four. At the beginning of the second half, two points were made by Winter Park. The playing in this half, however, was less careful, and two fouls were called in succes-



LIVING PYRAMIDS.







Isn't it hot!

A popular summer resort: Lake Virginia.

Interesting spectacles: The girls who have visited the oculist.

Tennis seems to be going out of fashion. Hardly anyone has played this term.

At present golf is the all absorbing game, but the hot weather and overgrown condition of the course is causing interest in this to wane.

As the year draws toward its close the faces of the seniors daily become brighter as they think of their theses and college work nearing completion.

Chess has become quite popular with some of the boys who often indulge in quiet games.

Wanted: Someone to act as peace-maker by Armstrong and Brett.

It is allowable when making a social call to stay until ten P. M. We wish to advise Messrs. A—g. S—r, and B—t, however, that the young ladies are excusable if they become sleepy at two o'clock.

The squirrels are unusually plentiful this year and may often be seen daintily eating an acorn under an oak tree or scurrying up its trunk to avoid some passer-by.

W. G. A. Don't feel discouraged if you are cut out once in a while. You know it won't happen often.

Several of the small Cuban boys spent Saturday, April 28 picnicing at Lakemont. Misses Rich, Hollester, Piper and McLeay accompanied the boys.

Some of the larger students have had two picnics to Clay Springs this year. They reported very pleasant days spent in boating excursions, swimming, and a general good time, and delightful return trips by the light of the full moon.

When the work of deepening Maitland run has been completed another pleasant, easy excursion route will be added to the long list of those already enjoyed by the students.

We often hear the expression "rubber neck," but it certainly does not apply to certain persons in the dining hall.



Recently Davis had a cool corner in his stomach and a warm one in his heart. The first was caused by three cups of sherbet, and the little Cubans who contributed it caused the latter.

When will Gleason and Navarro dry gunpowder over the laboratory lamp again, I wonder?

The following contributions to the college museum have recently been received. A box of valuable minerals from Miss Helen Harcourt, of Leesburg; specimens of cocoanut flowers, fruit in various stages of development, leaves and bark in several forms, from Miss Moses, of Palm Beach; an interesting specimen from an Indian mound from John Davey; and a piece of Indian pottery from Orin Sadler.

Breakfast, Mercury 80 deg.

Mr. B. "The butter looks tired this morning."

Mr. W. "Yes, sort o' run down."

#### A THUNDER STORM.

Perhaps most of the students attending Rollins College, who indulge in sweet sleep, free from all the cares and worries that a busy college life brings, and unbroken by any nervousness because of an approaching storm, can hardly realize what a few of the timid ones endured, in a thunder storm which occurred recently.

"Seein' things at night" can be very minutely described by one who was awakened by the most terrific crash of thunder, as the storm burst forth in all of its fury. Seeing a bright light she rushed to the door, thinking that the cottage had been struck, and was on fire, and to add to the horror saw a group of grotesque figures standing below. The procession slowly wended its way in single file through the corridor, guided by one who seemed to be its leader, and who held the light which was at first thought to be the fire. The witness, with eyes still strained to their utmost, and too frightened to move, watched them silently move on, step by step, with a slow, stealthy motion until another flash of lightning, accompanied by peals of thunder, came; and then a scream, which would have done credit to an "Indian War Whoop" was heard, identifying them as four of Rollins' most dignified young (?) ladies.

The calmness displayed by the leader was heroic, and, with words of caution and encouragement, although the hand that held the light grew more and more unsteady, the figures gradually disappeared from view, and it was afterward learned that they had taken refuge in a room far down below, and there, after the storm was over, breathed a prayer of thankfulness that they were still together and had been safely kept through that perilous time during the dangers of a thunder storm.

ANON.



## PERSONALS!

Among the guests at Cloverleaf, who added to our enjoyment during the winter are Mrs. Nute from Lowell, Mass., Miss Newell whose home is in St. Louis, Mo., and Mrs. Smith of Newton, Mass.

We are always pleased to see with us again former students of Rollins. Of these Mrs. Haynes of Buffalo, N. Y., has been spending the winter in town; Miss Pomeroy of Oxford, Fla., spent about three weeks here, the guest of the Misses Price; Miss Minnie Moremen of Lake Howell, made a morning call at Cloverleaf, the early part of this term; And during the spring we have enjoyed the society of Miss Faye Ford of Chicago, who has been the guest of her uncle, Prof. Ford. Prof. Ford has also been favored with a visit from his sister, Mrs. Altgeld of Chicago. Miss Susie Gladwin of Titusville, Fla., is back again, taking post graduate work.

Mr. and Mrs. Hills of Tampa are visiting Prof. and Mrs. Hills.

Miss Emma Dreyer was sent as a delegate by the Winter Park C. E. Society to the State Convention which was in session at Tampa from April 20th to the 23rd.

Mrs. Smith and Miss McLeay enjoyed a ten days visit at Palm Beach, and while there Miss McLeay, our teacher of elocution, gave several recitals. She has also given recitals at Starke and Sanford.

Miss Piper has visited friends at Interlachen for a few days.

Pres. and Mrs. Ward were warmly welcomed, as usual, on their return from their brief stay in the north.

Mrs. E. P. Herrick and Miss Herrick of Havana, Cuba, are with



us to remain until after commencement, when they expect to leave for their summer home in Conn.

We shall be doubly interested in the 1450 Cuban teachers who are expected at the Summer School at Harvard, for our Mrs. Abbott is to join their corps of instructors in English.

Miss F. E. Lord intends to spend six weeks of the coming summer at Oxford, England.

A number of the Faculty and students have engaged passage on the Comanche, sailing north soon after commencement. Other members of the college plan to be in the path of the total eclipse on May 28th.

---

## GRADUATES OF 1900.

### COLLEGE DEGREE OF BACHELOR OF ARTS:

Norman Lockyer Baker. Thesis, "The Dynamo as a Factor in Modern Civilization."

John Harold Dale. Thesis, "Examples of Greatness."

Louis Atwater Lyman. Thesis, "Commerce and Resources of South America."

Arthur Maxon. Thesis, "The Futility and Effect of Human Effort."

### PREPARATORY SCHOOL CERTIFICATE.

Elizabeth Neale Acheson.

Margaret Allison Acheson.

Morgan Lewis Brett.

Hans Ford Evernden.

Ralph Littlefield Evernden.

Mary Seymour Guernsey.

Mary Alleen Hardaway.

Tinnie Lewis Price.

Jennie Florence Robinson.

Orin Winslow Sadler, Jr.

Harry Coffin Thompson.

Mabel Pauline Tilden.

### BUSINESS SCHOOL, SHORTHAND, CERTIFICATE.

Mamie Louise Blue.

Charles Alexander McMurray.

### BUSINESS SCHOOL, COMMERCIAL, CERTIFICATE.

Ilse Matilda Deyoe.

Earl Bert Foster.

Mabel Frances Jameson.

George William Scobie.

Robert Lee Wheeler.

### SCHOOL OF ART, REGULAR CERTIFICATE.

Claude Carlos Washburn.



"Herrick's laugh and—well—say Barnum's Circus."

"Mr. Washburn has given considerable attention to the art of mural decoration and his work in fresco and mosaic has received favorable mention.

"Where *did* they get those *hats*?" (Chorus of Cloverleaf charmers Saturday, March, 1900.)

"What did you say about a little poem, Harry?"

Professor (Sharply) "Is that a 3 or an n?"

Sadler (genially) "Well Professor, that depends on whether I am standing up or lying down."

"What dire offence from amorous causes springs,  
"What mighty contests rise from trivial things."

Miss Heath.

WANTED:—A responsible servant to keep my room and myself in order. No one afraid of considerable work need apply.

O. W. SADLER, JR.

H. T. (In desperate mood)

"In days of old, when knights so bold,  
Roamed proudly o'er the plain,  
To win the love of maiden fair,  
They had to fight. No good was gold."

"I would 'twere e'en now as then,  
I'd fight from here to Maine,  
To golden gate my way I'd hew,  
If her love I could win."

Interesting spectacles: The girls who have visited the oculist recently.

Why are some of the Lakeside boys so afraid of pond-lily stems, especially when they are coiled harmlessly between the sheets?



Professor:—(In botany class) "Where did you find this rare lily, Mr. Harmon?"

Mr. Harmon (Who desires to keep the find to himself) "I cannot tell a l-lie, Prof-f-essor, I f-f-found it in Lake Virginia."

Jack:—"Who said cows?"

Tell me not in accents dismal,  
We will have codfish to-day,  
Or that on our plates before us,  
Prunes appear to our dismay.

We are hungry and can't eat them,  
And the grave is not our goal,  
And the things we *think* about them,  
Can't be spoken in the whole.

But please give us in their places,  
Something we can masticate,  
And from off our knees we'll bless thee,  
Dear Miss M—considerate.

Can anyone aid Mr. Davis in solving this troublesome problem? "If eight little Cubans go in swimming to-day, and one is drowned, how many will go in to-morrow?"

Who walked across the campus on the first of April?

Two Cloverleaf ladies,  
Live in great fright,  
Of the small mice and roaches,  
That come in the night.

But one to slay roaches,  
Has courage and might,  
The other, the mice,  
For both puts to flight.

So each of these ladies,  
Her neighbor protects,  
And kills for the other,  
Rodents and insects.

The (C) lark is a sweet singer and a very early riser(?)

#### NOTICE.

Pinehurst Restaurant. Meals at all hours. Fried eggs a specialty.  
Thompson & Washburn, Proprietors.

Louis Brett dreamed the other night,  
It made his heart stand still,  
He dreamed that every one in sight,  
Subscribed and paid his bill.

Miss Jackson makes her chemical experiments in "distorts."

Armstrong:—"Claude got up half asleep this morning and put his stockings on wrong side out."

Lyman:—"What did you do to him?"

Armstrong:—"Turned the hose on him."

Armstrong at 7:07 A. M. gazing sadly at the dining hall,  
 "How I hate that breakfast bell,  
 For it wakes me with its knell,  
 And scarce getting fully clothed,  
 I reach here when the doors are closed."

Davey is learning a new song:—

"I can't give up my rough and ready ways."

Orin will fix up his room if he doesn't forget it while rigging up his wireless telegraph line.

Is it the thesis of Lyman, or Lyman of the thesis.

Pearson (in Physiology class):—"Name the bones of the skull."

Gleason:—"I've got 'em in my head but I can't think of 'em just now."

Mr. Herrick:—"Morton, can't you possibly cut down your college expenses."

Morton:—"Well I might possibly get along without any books."

Prof. Baker:—"Miss Robinson, give the properties of nitrogen trioxid."

Miss Robinson:—"It is a sky blue, pinkish gas with a raddish odor."

Problem:—"If it takes a cockroach, with a wooden leg, an hour and a half to jump over a bar of soft soap, how many yards of oilcloth would it take to make an elephant a raincoat?"

WANTED:—Some one to study my hard (?) lessons for me.

E. H. Noble.

Prof. B.—"Please tell us about sodium sulphate, Mr. Robertson."

Mr. Robertson, (after thinking sometime.) "It is commonly called gobbler's salt, Professor."

John says, "Every coon has a lady but me."

Stewart (at table and thinking of old times)

"Will you please pass the beer, Armstrong."

WANTED:—An accomplished gentleman would like a number of pupils to learn a good horse laugh. Apply to Room 30, Pinehurst.



It is said that Stewart is to spend the summer in Longwood. Wonder if its so.

FOR SALE:—Magnetic Flux by the bottle. Apply to Miss Florence Robinson.

Miss H. (to Mr. "Martaniz.")

"I want to *pasear* with you. Yo te amo."

Mr. M. (greatly frightened.)

"I no understand."

Robertson has been looking rather Blue lately. What's the matter Clint?

There are car brakes, wagon brakes, bike brakes, in fact any number of brakes; but Dick says there are no brakes like heart breaks, and he ought to know.

Prof. (In chemistry class) "On what does the amount of oxygen consumed by a person depend?"

Miss H. "Why, on the size of the person."

P. D:—"Have you ever loved before?"

Miss R:—No, I have often admired men for their strength, courage, beauty, or something like that, but with you—oh with you, it is only love.

"Ill fares the school boy,  
To hastening ills a prey,  
Whose debts accumulate,  
Whose purse is in decay."

"Soon down upon him,  
His creditors will come,  
His pleadings are unnoticed,  
By him who is at home."

"For days he is tormented,  
By collector men galore,  
Till he swears in anger,  
To buy on credit no more."

The occupant of room 33 sometimes thinks aloud in silent hours of the night. His thoughts as they were caught by a late retiree, not long since, ran like this: "I believe she really does care for me, for when she looks at me her eyes take a beautiful dreamy droop—which they have for no one else. Besides, she has shown her preference for me in a number of instances. And yet I have not told her of my regard for her, though I think she is aware of it. At table, did I not move my seat, so that I should sit before her, yet I knew I should blush when

she looked my way, yet I dare not lose myself this uncertainty, for, suppose I should ask her of her love for me and she should not care, that would be worse than death. Yet if it ever comes to that, I have before me, a distance of thirty feet with which to end it all. Bah! it fills me with horror to think of it." And after a few croaks of his bed which told of his terror, he lapsed into silence, while the listener crept into bed thinking "How great is love."

---

## CLIPPINGS.

A teacher asked his class to prepare a practical paper on "The Results of Laziness," and received from one of his pupils a blank sheet of paper.

Love not to talk,  
Love not to boast,  
Grief comes to him  
Who brags the most.

Ex.

(Repeat Rapidly.)

"What kind of a noise annoys an oyster?"

"A noisy noise annoys an oyster."

"Forgetting her," the father said,  
"Your heart will heal its rent,"  
"For getting her," the son replied,  
"My heart is ever bent."

Oberlin Review.

Teacher: "Johnny, repeat this after me; Moses was an austere man and made an atonement for the sins of his people."

Johnny: "Moses was an oyster man and made ointment for the shins of his people."

## MIXED

'Tis not a miss to kiss a miss,  
But 'tis a miss to kiss amiss,  
As for a miss to kiss a miss,  
Far more amiss to miss a kiss.

Ex.

Hotel keeper, (Talking over the telephone to butcher) "I am shy three ribs, a heart and a liver, and want them sent up right away."

Railroad official (connected by mistake) "Sorry sir, but the wreck is cleared up and you can't have them."

Ex.



"Tis strange," mused he sadly, "how little some people appreciate a kindness."

"And why," he was asked.

"Well," he answered in a much agrieved tone, "The other day I saw one of the boys place a pin, point upwards in Prof's. chair and as he was sitting down, I pulled the chair from under him and, well no matter, he may sit down on a thousand pin points next time and I won't move a peg." And he limped slowly away filled with sad reflections.

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen."

The lovesick boy began,

"The saddest of all by far to me

Are, she loves another man."

#### A CHEMICAL ROMANCE.

Said Atom unto Molly Cule,

"Will you unite with me?"

But Molly Cule did quick retort,

"There's our affinity."

Under electric light plant's shade

Poor Atom hoped he'd meet her,

But she eloped with a villian base,

And now his name's Salt-peter.

Ex.

"A bee flew down and ate an ant;

A bug he ate the bee;

A hen then gobbled down the bug,

But failed a hawk to see.

The hawk had eaten up the hen

Before he saw the cat,

Which ate him up, but then a dog

Ate pussy quick as scat!

A wolf now sprang upon the dog

And ate him in a trice,

And then a lion ate the wolf

And found him very nice.

But when the lion fell asleep,

He said, "I really can't

Imagine why that wolf should taste

Exactly like an ant!"

Ex.

## A GOLFIC FARCE.

IN ONE ACT.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.....

{ A MAIDEN.  
HER CADDY.  
{ THOSE MEN.

## SCENE I.

Time, 4 p. m.

Place, a Golf Course.

(A maiden playing golf. Group of those men in the distance.)

The maiden, having adjusted her hat and hair, goes through the proper preliminaries (in form a la Gibson)—misses the ball. Caddy winks at a tree.

Chorus of Those Men from a distance (derisively) "Playing two."

Maiden repeats the proper formalities—and misses the ball.

Caddy winks at the tree.

Chorus (derisively) "Playing three."

Maiden, (missing the ball again) "Those Men!"

Chorus of Those Men, (very derisively), "Playing four."

Maiden slightly excited. Men happy. Maiden tries another stick—and misses the ball.

Chorus (convulsed with laughter) "Playing five."

Caddy attempts to conceal a grin.

The Maiden, "Those horrid Men! Why *don't* they go away?"

Men disappear in the distance, evidently very greatly amused. Maiden, making a very neat brassie shot, "Why *did* those men go away!" Caddy tries to look sympathetic.

## SCENE II.

Time, one hour later.

Place, the Maiden's tea table.

Maiden (to best friend), "Have another cup, dear, and a bonbon. I am so hungry. Had a perfectly charming time this afternoon, on the links. Think of it, dear, I made one hole in seven! I don't count the times I miss the ball, do you, my dear?"







A ROOM IN PINEHURST.

# Rollins College.

## The Growth and Prosperity of Rollins College During 1899-1900.

The year 1899-1900 has been in many respects the most successful year in the history of the college. Never before have the dormitories been so filled with students. At one time every room in the two large dormitories, Pinehurst and Lakeside, was filled. If the number of students that board at the college increases in the same ratio another year, Rollins will need another building. The students at Rollins College have come from the North and the South as well as from Cuba, Spain, and the Phillipine Islands. The Spanish-speaking students have received their instruction in special classes, so as not to interfere with the work of the regular courses of instruction offered to the American students. The following changes have been made in the trustees this year. In the place of Rev. W. D. Brown, deceased, and Leslie Pell-Clarke, resigned, the following were elected: Mr. Charles H. Hutchins, Worcester, Mass., and Mr. E. H. Brewer, Cortland, N. Y., both representative men of their respective cities.

Rollins College is proud of its faculty. There is probably no college of its size in the United States that has so scholarly a corps of instructors as Rollins College. The members of the faculty during 1899-1900 have been the following, all of whom have received their training in the best American and European institutions: Rev. Geo. M. Ward, president and professor of Law and Economics, is a graduate of Dartmouth College, Boston University Law School, and Andover Theological Seminary, and has done postgraduate work at Harvard and Johns Hopkins. Rev. Oliver C. Morse, vice-president, is a graduate of Phillips-Andover Academy, Yale College and Union Seminary, and has spent several years in study at Leipsic and other German universities. Mr. E. C. Hills, dean of the faculty and professor of Modern Languages, is a graduate of Cornell University, and held a postgraduate fellowship in the Romance Languages in the same institution. He also spent one year at the Sorbonne, Paris, France, and a considerable time among the Cubans. Mr. John H. Ford, professor of



Greek, graduated from Oberlin College, and was a member of the faculty of Union Christian College, Merom, Ind., before coming to Rollins. Dr. Thomas R. Baker, professor of Natural Sciences and Mathematics, has received degrees at the State Normal School, Millersville, Pa., and at Goettingen, Germany. Dr. Baker was for six years professor in the Pennsylvania State College. Miss Susan A. Longwell, professor of English and History, has taken graduate courses in Paris, in Germany, and in Oxford, England; and was formerly professor of English at Smith College. Miss Frances E. Lord, professor of Latin, was at one time instructor in Latin and Greek at Vassar, and later, professor of Latin at Wellesley.

Mrs. Caroline A. Abbott, director of years one and two of the Preparatory School, received her training at the Boston Normal and Training School. Miss Alice Ellen Guild, director of the Art School, is a graduate of the Boston Normal Art School, and also studied with J. Ennerkin. Miss Anita R. Bibbins, director of the School of Music, is a graduate of the New England Conservatory, and has studied in San Francisco, Chicago, and Paris. Mr. W. G. Johnson, director of the Grammar School, received his degree of A. B., at the University of Mississippi, and has been a successful teacher in many public schools. Miss Eva S. Lamson, college librarian, was a student of Oberlin. Rev. Chas. P. Redfield, lecturer on the History and Literature of the Old Testament, took his degree of A. B. at Williams College, and his degree of B. D. from the Hartford Theological Seminary. Miss Mary S. Piper, instructor in Mathematics, is a graduate of Rollins College, and has had two years' experience in teaching. Mr. Robert V. Clark, instructor in the Business School, and in Music (Violin and Mandolin), is a graduate of the Adrian (Mich.) Business School. Miss Bertha A. Hollister, instructor in Physical Culture for the young women, is a graduate of Dr. Anderson's Gymnasium, New Haven, Conn., the Chautauqua School of Physical Education, and Dr. Hermann Arnold's School of Medical Gymnastics, New Haven, Conn. Miss Alice Rich, instructor in Music, is a graduate of the New England Conservatory of Music. Miss Florence McLeay, instructor in Elocution, was a student of the New England College of Oratory, and was also a graduate student at Toronto, Canada. Mr. Louis A. Lyman, instructor in the Business School, is a graduate of the Eastman Business College. Mr. Antonio Soto-Navarro, instructor in Gymnastics for the young men, is an advanced student of Rollins College.

A new department of Oratory will be established next year at Rollins College, which will offer a complete graded course of two years'

work, leading to a diploma, or special work for those that desire it. In the Business School, a complete office and banking equipment has been installed this year, by means of which the students of the Commercial Course are organized into a business community, each doing a face-to-face business with his fellows and with the wholesale and jobbing houses represented by the offices. This method of actual practice is the modern and only successful way of teaching the art of accounting, and of eliciting the business propensities of the student. Each student in Bank Accounting is required to fill, for a considerable length of time, the positions of Cashier, Teller, etc., in the College Bank. The price of room, board, and tuition at the Rollins Business School is \$165 for the college year. There is probably no better business school in the state of Florida to-day, yet the charges are less than elsewhere.

Rollins College is fortunate in having the best equipped and most complete gymnasium in the state of Florida and one of the best in the South. In addition to the class drill and special work in the gymnasium, the students are encouraged to engage, to a reasonable extent, in outdoor sports, and in special cases a student is sometimes permitted to substitute the outdoor sports for the regular gymnasium work.

The students of Rollins College are able to take exercise in the open air and sunshine on almost every day during the school year. The favorite games are baseball and football basket ball (both indoors and out of doors), bicycling on the excellent rock roads, boating on Lake Virginia, and playing golf on the new Winter Park links, which are among the very best in the state, and are open to all students of the College free of expenses. Experience has proven that the regular physical exercise required of the students, together with abundant, wholesome food, and the regular hours for sleep and rest, are conducive not only to the best physical well-being but also to the best mental work.

There has been a systematic growth during the past year at Rollins in all departments. New courses of study have been offered in the Preparatory School and College. The Business College has been re-organized and made modern in every respect. The Schools of Music and Art have offered thorough instruction to a large number of students. The class of students at Rollins has grown more mature and more advanced.

The tone of the student body has improved from year to year until a body of young men more gentlemanly and young women more lady-like can be found nowhere. Under the inspiring direction of the Rev. Geo. M. Ward, president of the college, and his able corps of instructors, Rollins is becoming one of the leading educational institutions of the south.



F. T. SCRUGGS,

—DEALER IN—

CLOTHING, MEN'S FURNISHINGS,  
HATS, CAPS, AND MEN'S SHOES.

Agent for Knox Hats,

Also for Five of the Best Tailoring Houses in America.

ANDREW AHK,

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA.

*LIVERY* AND *FEED STABLES.*

Transfer and Heavy Hauling Given Prompt Attention.

Good Saddle Horses for Ladies or Gentlemen,



Shoes and Harness Repaired at Short Notice.



Picnic Parties a Specialty