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The Rollins Sandspur

Newspapers and Weeklies of Central Florida

1-1-1901

Sandspur, Vol. 07, No. 02, 1901

Rollins College


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STARS Citation

Rollins College, "Sandspur, Vol. 07, No. 02, 1901" (1901). *The Rollins Sandspur*. 2342.
<https://stars.library.ucf.edu/cfm-sandspur/2342>

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.




THE SAND-SPUR.

"STICK TO IT"

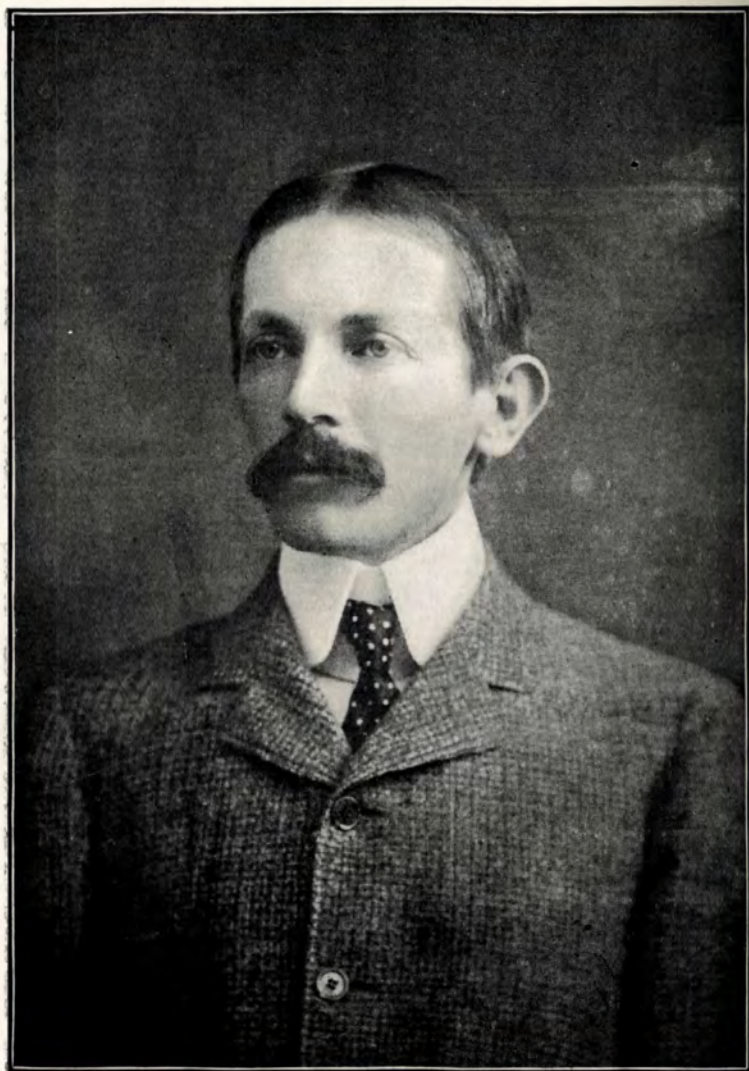
VOL. 7, NO. 2, 1901.

Published by Delphic Debating Society,

ROLLINS COLLEGE, WINTER PARK, FLA.



PRESS OF THE SENTINEL-REPORTER,
ORLANDO, FLA.



ELIJAH CLARENCE HILLS, A. B.



FINIS.

And now, before us in the onward way,
Two paths instead of one ;
And you, go on and up life's steeper ways,
Till, on some height, before your eager gaze
You see your goal, crown of laborious days,
Flash forth in Fortune's sun.

And I? But as for me, I do not know
Where leads the path I tread.
Beyond this meadow that we both do know,
Where we have gleaned all—to the last hedge-row,
Are poppies growing red where a wood hangs low,
And I—shall dream instead.

And so, before us in the onward way,
A parting of the path.
Maybe, in years to come, some vision may
Show you once more this half-forgotten way :
But you shall glean alone, where two did
stray,
Of memory's aftermath,



EXTRACTS FROM ADDRESSES ON VARIOUS TOPICS.

BY PROF. J. H. FORD.

As the years pass new light falls upon us, new relations unfold about us. A few years ago, here in Florida's New Place.

Now we stand in that zone of our country which extends—around the earth. In the work of Christian education, we may now bend to our high task under a new consciousness of power and opportunity. We have now much increased motives for making our state a model of enlightened Christian civilization. Florida is no longer a mere "geographical appendage"—the end of things southward for the United States. We are just half way between our northern lakes and Puerto Rico. Already there are more than a score of bright Cuban students in Rollins. Florida is the hand of the United States stretched southward not alone for commerce and tariff, let it be proven, but for fraternity and for the impartation of the highest gifts of Christian civilization. That hand should pulsate to Key West with a vigorous life of our best Americanism. Florida lies in the midst of the Americas. From the southward all eyes and aspirations are directed to the United States, the America of the Americas. The beacon lights of our civilization and liberty should flame on these southern shores.

We are from various parts of this broad land. In Nature. regions that we know what sunlit verdured valleys, and O, the green wooded hills, the grass-green, wheat-green hills, the flower-decked sun-crowned hills of Ohio, of Georgia, of New England! "Let the hills be joyful together." And here in this fair land in which we dwell, how often does the sun rise in unclouded glory and set amid regal splendors! Is there not beauty of green groves and grassy woodland slopes, and gem-like lakes? Is there not majesty of wide-flowing rivers? Is there not grandeur of forest aisles wide, long, and colonaded with our lofty pines and plumed palms?

And upon our near shores we may behold the vast expanse and hear the mighty anthem of what pagan Homer called the divine sea.

Culture is the great ally of religion. It improves the noblest faculties, presents high themes for contemplation, makes rational deduction of moral law, and instructs the soul from those elder scriptures, nature and reason. A mind possessing the tastes and refinement, which culture naturally produces, is likely to leave the lower and more fleeting pleasures and seek happiness in things higher and abiding. He who has seen law and order in wide study of natural science will be prepared for law and order in the conduct of life. Those who study deeply the questions of political economy, industrial and social life, and see the mutual dependence of men and the benefit accruing from mutual exchange of services, will be readiest to accept the great Christian law of benevolence. Again, he that has the joy of a rich mental life himself will be more likely to value such a life for others and to love every human being for what he is and can become.

A college should relate itself to the masses of the people. It should not have any of that fastidiousness of learning which would separate it from the people. Such a character is unworthy of its Christian origin. Pride of learning is unseemly in learning itself, and is wholly out of character in a Christian institution. A college faculty should be "Learned without pride and not too wise to pray."

The mind of man was made for reality and there are realities for it—realities sufficient to satisfy all its great yearnings. These realities must be known not only in the terms by which we call them, not by passive acceptance, not by mere acquaintance with legendary lore and belief. The truth must be found by our own personal verification of it, if it is to have power in us and through us. We must find it self-impelled and self-helped. We must find it by eager inquiry of everything that can tell us of it. We must find it in the testimony of the quick senses, in firm-footed logic, in many voiced history, in sage philosophy. Above all we must find it by deep questioning within. This is the greatest source of assurance. The inner world is greater than all the outer. From an honest and divinely illumined inner consciousness come the greatest testimonies. Here is truth original and final, truth in a free state, truth unveiled face to face with us. From within came the prophet's ken. Within is the Sinai upon which the Tables are perpetually shown.

Human progress means development of the individual. This is a great characteristic of modern times.

The reason is we are coming to know better what a human being is. Every individual is an end in himself. He has a capacity for growth and happiness and finally for a state of permanent blessedness. He exists for no other being any more than the other for him. Each is for each, and all are for each *for the sake of what each one is*. This is the great voice with which the air above us is hurtling in these times. Men are hearing it more and more, and governments are to be overturned, commercial, industrial, social relations are to be changed, and creeds rewritten till every man has his chance.

Enthusiasm is a word of noble lineage and high significance. It means "God within." It doubles the effective power of all man's high faculties. We do not know what there is in a man till he is siezed by a great enthusiasm. The man himself does not know. It is the secret of genius. It is the divine afflatus of poet and orator.

Effective workers in any field of high endeavor have been men of enthusiasm. Enthusiastic men have given truth immortal forms in art and literature. Enthusiastic men have wrought reforms, and kindled revolutions, and have given truth and justice their rightful sway among men.

True enthusiasm springs from knowledge. It is the sign that there is truth worth knowing, and that there is something worth doing. True enthusiasm is high knowing *moving* to great doing.

Only a few years ago the railway penetrated these forests. It has not been many years since the Indian's tepee was beneath these pines and his canoe upon the lake. Now a temple of learning crowns these beautiful slopes and the student's light skiff is mirrored upon the water. To-day there is nothing to remind you of the Seminole, unless it be the college yell! It is, perhaps, fitting that the primitive era and the later should be connected by an aboriginal survival. At all events whatever else we may lack in college equipment, we have a college yell equal to any in the land.

Simplicity, candor and their kindred virtues are the graces without which beauty is unadorned, and with which plainness may be charming. Everywhere in society we like the candid manner, sincere eye, and honest word. These are the felicity of social life. Without them there is "naught in hand of

man or kiss of woman." Away with shams, pretense, and every false thing, let truth and sincerity keep the dear earth bright and sweet.

It is no honor to a college to put up peculiar and Alliance of the difficult bars to its entrance. It is a false pride that College with would hold it above affiliation with the public school Public Schools. system. It should be reasonably easy to get into a college, but hard to get out with a degree.

Our scattered country schools should be concentrated by conveyance to a central school, as is already being done in many northern states. This central school should be crowned with a high school, this high school should be correlated with the college. We should then have an arrangement worthy to be called a system of education. The stimulus of our higher learning would reach down through all grades and impart new life. The child and the parent would have greatly increased incentives to effort. There would be a plain and continuous path from every rural home to college portals.

THE HARBOR OF HAVANA.



NE of the chief ports of the Western world is a landlocked harbor in which for four centuries the fleets of the nations have anchored, and from which the merchantmen have sailed to the ends of the earth.

Great are its natural advantages, and its strategic, political, and commercial importance; one-sixth of the population of Cuba is in Havana. Smaller than the harbor of Cienfuegos, more compact than Santiago, it is yet large enough to give anchorage to the great fleets from all nations, which are continually coming and going. The narrow entrance (across which a double chain was stretched in olden times at nightfall to prevent ships from entering in the darkness) broadens out opposite the city, and lateral arms stretch to the east and west, where great bonded warehouses are located. The small Spanish boats called *guadonos* dart to and fro as if instinct with life, and the bulkier freight boats, with great sails, unload the many steamers anchored by the buoys and few wharves here, depositing the merchandise on the spacious wharves, enclosed with high iron fences, from whence they are taken to the Custom house, once used as a church and convent. The yearly customs receipts are over \$15,000,000.

It is very interesting to watch the ever varying phases of harbor

life, and see the different types of humanity and the flags of the different lands. On the wharves are the vistas, or inspectors, valuing and dispatching the goods. Just below are the coast steamers from Nuevas and Matanzas. Below the busy ferryboats are coming and going to Regla opposite, where the connection is made with the steam and electric cars for Guanabacoa, a city of 15,000, but three miles distant, the Brooklyn of Havana. The parapets of La Cabana fortress crown the rocky ramparts, and with grim Morro and its revolving flash lights are reflected in the waters of the narrow entrance to this ideal harbor which is filthy in spite of all efforts to keep it clean, as the dirt of four centuries has been poured into it, and there is no exit of sufficient size to cleanse it. When the vertical rays of a tropical sun fall upon it the dreaded yellow fever glides like a specter over its turbid waters. Just across is Casa Blanca nestling under the hill, said to be an unhealthy place.

The only property left to the Spanish government in all of Cbba is the dry dock in a corner of Havana harbor, which still flies the yellow and red flag, a mournful reminder of the glory and power which once belonged to that haughty and cruel nation. Fort Atóres commands the southwestern part of the port. Its ancient battlements and bastions remind us of far off days when it successfully resisted the attacks of Lord Albemarle. Here in 1852, as the soft breezes ruffled the bosom of the harbor, and the sun flung its splendors afar upon the sea, fifty American citizens, members of the ill fated Lopez expedition, were shot like dogs, and the great letters made with cannon balls are traced in the enclosure where they suffered: "Recuerdo a los Martires." (In memory of the martyrs.)

One watches with unwearied interest the steamers as they come, and go their hoarse whistles bleating with the discordant sounds of the ancient bells in the old steeples and towers of the city. While a great variety of flags flutter in the breeze which forever blows over this beautiful island.

At night the harbor is very beautiful with the electric lights reflected in the waters, and the phosphorescent waves from the steamers stretching away, in billows of blue and silvery light wonderful to behold. From the ferry boat you watch the fishes darting to and fro, leaving a wake of light, like the trail of a rocket.

The jelly fishes drift slowly by luminous as if they reflected the rays of the moon, which turn the bay into a sheen of silver and brings out the outline of the hills, with their waving palms. When the sun dips into the sea and the tropical night comes swiftly on, the Angelus peals over the waters from the ancient bells many of which are far from harmonious,



INTERLACHEN AVENUE.

and one regrets that in the days of British occupancy Lord Albermarle permitted the Bishop of Havana to buy them back again.

A marine Kalidescope unfolds itself, here an ever varying panorama. Yonder goes a steamer just started on its long voyage to Spain, another enters with eight hundred men fresh from the Asturian hills.

Cattle steamers from Venezuela, and Mexico, boats with tropical fruits from the Windward islands, or with screeching parrots and grinning monkeys from the forests of the Amazon. From New Orleans, Mobile, Tampa and Miami, the steamers come and go. Fishing smacks from the Northern Gulf, and sponging vessels from the Carribean anchor at the wharves.

Coastwise steamers come in from Nuevitas, and Iogua, with sacks of sugar, and bales of tobacco. And the little steam launches glided by as if instinct with life.

Excursion steamers laden with hundreds of tourists, intent on sight-seeing, anchor at the buoys and are transferred to the San Jose wharf, where the busy custom house inspectors examine the baggage.

To-day a German training ship lands with its load of jolly Saxons, and the streets echo to the tongue of the fatherland. To-morrow one enters from Norway or Buenos Ayres. Then a French ironclad appears to be followed by a white U. S. transport with soldiers and supplies for the army, (which Cuba says is staying too long,) and the thunder of big guns is heard as the arrival of some distinguished official is announced.

At night the flicker of countless lights in the little boats is seen like the gleam of the fire flies, and when 9 o'clock comes, from an ancient cannon on Cabanas fort a discharge which echoes over the waters and bids all good people prepare to rest.

The harbor is outwardly clean, no refuse matter can be thrown into it. Yet a constant menace to the health of the city and who can cleanse the Augean stable? Originally called by Columbus Puerto de Cavenas, since here they cleansed the bottoms of their ships, it has long borne the more euphonious name of Habana, which is of Indian origin.

The light of Morro seems to illuminate many a page of Spanish history, and in the dungeons here, as in Cabanas and La Puerya, patriots languished until merciful death curtained their staring eyes. Spain has had her day in this city. Her stamp still rests upon it, and the very waves as they lave the walls of the old forts seem trying to wash away the stains of blood and efface from human memory the recollection of awful deeds here committed in the ended days.

The wreck of the Maine (soon to be raised) still occupies a central place in the harbor, a mute reminder of the most awful event that ever

transpired in this ancient port. And when the lantern is hung nightly to the mast, o'er the place where two hundred and sixty-six American sailors perished, engulfed in the torbid waters or blown to fragments in that explosion, we read by its light the fate of an island forever lost to Spain because of that unspeakable tragedy.

Havana, March 25th, 1901.

REV. E. P. HERRICK.

FRANK AND MARGERY.



IS the the sunset of life gives"—the lore of experience,

"And coming events cast their shadows before."

This might have expressed Madam Down's thought, as she looked from her window one bright moonlight night and saw the shadows of two figures suggestively near together on the veranda. That tall, broad shouldered shadow and the other graceful shadow could belong to none others than to Frank and Margery. "And this is

the way Margery follows my wishes," soliloquised Mrs. Downs, "She promised that he should not come into the house again. To be sure, he is not in the house; but he is at the house, and this intimacy must be stopped." With that thought she resumed her reading.

In the mean while Frank and Margery were enjoying a delightful tete-a-tete, unaware of what was in store for them.

Mrs. Downs did not like Frank because he lacked a fortune, and she could not allow all the brilliant hopes she had for Margery's future to be shattered by this country youth. During the few days following, all was the same as usual at the Downs' home, except that Margery's eyes were a little brighter, and she was less talkative than was her wont. Mrs. Downs, too, who, in her prompt way, had immediately written to her daughter in the city, was unusually quiet, and had an expectant and unsettled air. Not many nights after, a letter came from Margery's Aunt Beth inviting her to spend the coming season in the city with them. Margery urged and almost commanded by her grand-mother to accept the invitation had no choice.

A year ago she would have been delighted with the invitation, but

now conditions were different. She did not want to leave Frank, but she knew such an excuse would be received by her grandmother with no mercy.

Two weeks later, with some natural exhilaration, she was on her way to the city. Mrs. Downs thought that Margery under the skillful guidance of her wealthy aunt, and in the gayety and whirl of their social life, might forget Frank Watson.

Perhaps an idea of her experiences there may be gained from the following letter written by Margery to one of her friends.

DEAR BESS :—The other day I wrote you an extra long letter but alas ! I have lost the erudite and poetic epistle. Now you surely will not expect me to write all that nonsense over.

These men, these men, they bore me nearly to death !

I have met a new one. He's ugly and silly, but he took me to luncheon to-day, and he acts as if he were going to be very devoted. He talks love most beautifully, and is altogether interesting. He says that every season he falls in love with a pretty girl, but the love never lasts during the summer ; the girl always marries another man in the fall. Candid, isn't he ? Well, they cannot all be young and handsome like somebody.

Mr. Hazleton, about whom I told you in one of my letters, took me to the theatre yesterday, and such a play ! It was French as French can be, without any plot or interest, only a lot of compromising situations. If ever you are invited to see "Wheels Within Wheels," do not go, it will not be worth while.

I have some news for you. Dick has at last gotten it through his head that I do not care to see him. He wrote me three letters in about as many days. As I did not reply to any of them I hav'n't heard from him since. I am simply charmed.

O, dear ! I'm just longing to see Frank. Letters are too unsatisfactory ; very few men can write really good letters ; their letters are so short and business like. No one can say that about mine.

—Two weeks later.—Next time I write to you I'll try to finish without allowing weeks to elapse between chapters one and two ; yet stories that are to be continued in our next are always most interesting.

I have been hearing the most dreadful reports about Frank, which if I believed them, they would turn my hair snow white. Someone saw him kiss Lida Wilson, someone else saw him go into Mr. Bowman's, and next day he took a drive with Lucy. But the truth that I have

just heard is really sad and makes me so unhappy. He has enlisted in the army, and leaves New York to-morrow to sail away to Cuba. I am so lonely without Frank, all these people are kind but they do not interest me.

"'Twas ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay!"

I never loved a dear sweet boy
But he was sure to sail away.

May the shade of Tom Moore pardon me!

With this attempt at gaiety Margery closed her letter.

Soon afterwards she went home. As the news of Frank's bravery and well won success reached his native town, Mrs. Downs began to look upon him with more favor. Margery seemed sad and thoughtful, and she really was getting thinner. She weighed one and three-fourths pounds less than usual and was, in her own words, pining away and would not be comforted.

It troubled Mrs. Downs that Frank had gone to the war through her influence. During the winter she had kept telling him of the admiration Margery excited, and of the conquests she was making, until the poor boy was almost desperate. He would have liked to kill half a dozen of Margery's suitors, but, as that was against the law, he decided to vent his wrath upon the Spaniards.

It was a day of great rejoicing to Margery when her gallant hero came home, and Mrs. Downs also gave him a kindly welcome. Very handsome and manly did he appear, even in his well worn uniform, and very lovely was he to Margery and—yes, rather loving too. It would be hard to find two happier people than Frank and Margery. She laughingly told him of her loss of weight, then he took her in his arms saying, "poor little girl, I didn't know that you loved me a whole pound and three-fourths."



VII^o₇₀

IT has been said that "music is the child of sorrow," and, perhaps, in no other art is it so clearly demonstrated that from the crucible of poverty, misfortune and disappointment come great things. That which is best and noblest in the music of the world to-day was born of sadness and of disappointed hopes.

How great an affliction it must have been to Beethoven, that grate and proud man, and colossal figure in musical history, to be deprived of his hearing! He became shy and sensitive, and isolated himself almost entirely from mankind. He was driven in upon his art for solace and companionship, and because of that seclusion, his music is infinitely grander.

To the sad history of unhappy Poland is due much of our most beautiful music. The shadow of her sorrow broods over the writings of her patriot, Chopin, that matchless tone-poet of the piano. Parisian though he was to his fingertips, he inherited from his aristocratic Polish mother, an intense devotion to that proud country, and his grief and despair at the overthrow of his beloved land is voiced in many of his compositions; and we feel through their medium, the silent sadness of the broken-hearted exile, and the pathos of a great and haughty country humbled at the feet of a conquerer. At times Chopin's sadness is almost morbid. It is not surprising when we consider his ill health and the impressionableness of an ultra-sensitive makeup. He died at the early age of forty, leaving an inestimable legacy to the realm of the piano.

Mendelssohn was born rich. Throughout his life he was favored by the fair winds of prosperity. This is seemingly a good fortune; but had the storms of trouble and adversity beset him, too, a greater fame might be his to-day. His music, though charmingly beautiful, lacks the ring of deep and serious earnestness, the undertone of a life's struggle, that gives to the music of the master its greatness. His Scherzos, his greatest works, are a reflection of his own life, which was a sparkling Scherzo da Capo al Fine. Many of his writings are beautiful gems; they have a charm all their own. There are few enough Chertzos among the lives of the composers, for the history of music, at its best, is a chronicle of sorrow rather than of joy. Let us therefore be thankful that there are some who escaped the bitterness of life, even though the world's the loser.

The most pathetic life of all was that of Schubert, "the Robert Burns of the piano, 'who sang his wood-notes wild.' " It was also the shortest life among the composers, for his death occurred when he was but thirty-one, amidst loneliness and desertion. What an amount of work he accomplished in that time, and how surprisingly beautiful and satisfying much of it is! It is hard to be reconciled to his early death for had he lived, he would probably have equaled and possibly excelled Beethoven. He had just decided to try the larger forms of composition when he died. His biographers state that he never wrote well when happiest, but threw himself into his enjoyment heart and soul, and thought of nothing else. This proves that the privations and bitter discouragements with which his life teemed, and which are so sad to contemplate, were the very inspiration to his masterpieces. His works were unrecognized. He struggled in vain to keep the wolf from the door; but still he wrote on, simply because he had something to say and must say it. He gave us true poetry.

The lives of Schubert and Mozart were not unlike. Both were saddened by poverty and hardships; both were very short. Mozart lived but four years longer than Schubert; like him, he seemed to have exhausted his vitality in a vain struggle with penury.

In Schumann's existence, there seem to have been bright spots, which lighten the pages of musical history like a burst of sunlight on a sombre scene. It was doubtless a great affliction to him to be forced by the accident to his hand, to renounce the piano. But that was a blessing in disguise—if ever there was one, for it compelled him to turn his energies and genius to composing, and gave us, in Schumann, a writer second only to Beethoven. Unlike Schubert, he wrote best when happiest. He was the petted child of a prosperous family, his childhood was a joyous one; and in his early manhood, his reciprocated love for Clara Wieck, resulting finally in their happy union, was a source of great happiness to him. The life which was in many ways a bright one, was however unutterably sad in its ending. The melancholia which was inherent in the family fastened its clutches upon him early in life, and this noble and genious man finally became insane and died in an asylum.

Wagner—poet, dramatist, philosopher, musician—surely you were a strong rock against which the very tempests of trouble might hurl their power and move you not!

Indeed the man who worked for twenty-five years on the *Trilogy*, without a hope of its ever being produced, or, at least of ever seeing it staged—surely that man was dominated by such an iron will and purpose that temporary hardships and bitterness were of little moment. It

was indeed so in his later life when he had come to realize the great beauty and truth of what he had to say in Art, yet he, too, had passed through the crucible of despair. His earliest productions were but imitations of the popular lyric drama of the day, in which there was no hint nor suggestion of the revolution which he should accomplish, nor of the power which lay dormant in the man. These inartistic attempts were utter failures, and in his despair, he wrote what was in him, without hope of remuneration. "Destiny drove him toward the goal of fame by the stinging whip of adversity." Behold the result, the most stupendous conception of drama ever dreamed of, and more—its splendid production.

THE CUBAN SUMMER SCHOOL.



The expedition of Cuban teachers to Cambridge, Mass., originated in a letter written in February, and signed by Earnest L. Conant, a lawyer of Havana, and Alex E. Frye, Superintendent of Schools for Cuba.

Both of the men were Harvard graduates. Among other things, this letter said: "We are planning to carry as many Cuban teachers as possible, to the U. S., next summer, and as Alumni of old Harvard, we naturally turn

to her for help. Without interfering in the slightest degree with the summer school, could you not plan a parallel school with a course specially fitted to the needs of the Cuban teachers?"

President Eliot soon telegraphed this reply:—"Frye, Harvard. Yes, Eliot." The sum needed for paying all expenses of the expedition during its stay in Cambridge, including board, lodging, instruction, excursions and entertainment was \$70,000. This sum was raised by friends of Harvard.

The embarkation of Cuban teachers took place at fourteen different parts of the Island, and began on the twenty-second of June. Of the 3,500 Cuban teachers of the Island, 1,273 came to Boston on government transports. The first transport reached Charlestown Navy Yard on the afternoon of June 30. The teachers were taken to Memorial Hall, Cambridge, in special cars and then each teacher received a silver pin, bearing a number, by which that teacher was thereafter recog-

nized, and the pin was an "open sesame" to all points of interest.

The instruction in English was under the supervision of our own Dean, Prof. E. C. Hills. There were forty sections of the Cubans; twenty for men and twenty for women. The English teachers selected were mostly graduates or undergraduates of Harvard and Radcliffe College. Each teacher of English was to give two lessons a day and no lesson was to be more than three quarters of an hour long. The afternoons were devoted to excursions, all of which were educational.

When the teachers commenced sight-seeing around Cambridge, their trouble began. One fair faced young woman lived on Shepard Street, and she went out alone, the afternoon after her arrival and got lost. A citizen tried to assist her.

"Me lost me home!" she sang.

"Me lost me home! Shee-pard! Shee-pard! Shee-pard!"

"Me lost me home!" Her voice was sweet and mournful. The citizen proved a friend in need, he guided her to her home and received a very heartfelt "Gracios, Senior."

The average Cuban teacher had one English word which served every purpose.

"Are you a Cuban?" "Sure."

"Were you born in Cuba?" "Sure."

"How old are you?" "Sure."

The Cubans were bewildered by our constant activity. The Cuban woman is devoted to her wrapper. No toilet is complete without a flower or a ribbon in the hair, much perfume on the handkerchief and much powder on the face. The use of powder is probably the result of the climate of Cuba, and in no way corresponds to the habit of painting or rouging. It does not pretend to deceive, for it is put on in large quantities and neither rubbed in, nor brushed off. The Cuban teachers were habitually polite and gentle. They are an appreciative people, and were grateful for the many favors received.

The English teachers were enthusiastic in their work, and to me it was really fascinating. The eagerness with which the Cubans surrounded their teachers and guides on excursions, and their attempts to talk English, were a constant pleasure. President Eliot says in his report that a fair proportion of them learned much English, and got a new conception of science-teaching and history-teaching. All saw the American way of living. They made two ocean voyages, they had a hasty view of New York, Philadelphia and Washington. They became well acquainted with Boston and vicinity. They met educated American people and found them cordial and friendly.

Many of the Cuban teachers expressed a hope of returning to the U. S. and spending years in study. The farewells were loving and tender, and it was with real regret that we saw the transports sail away.

C. H. A.

THE PARIS EXPOSITION.



WHEN I promised to write for the SAND-SPUR an article on the Paris Exposition, I might have hesitated if I had realized the magnitude of the task before me. It is no more possible for me to give an adequate description of the Exposition in the limits of this article than it was for me to obtain thorough understanding of it during the two months that I spent in Paris, although I visited it twice a week, and during the hot season much oftener. All that I shall try to do will be to give a sketch of the principal features of this gigantic show.

But before we come to these there is a question which is always asked of a person returning from Paris, "How about the relative merits of the Exposition and the Chicago Fair?" Of course, good Americans answer this in one way only, but there is a good deal to be said in favor of the French exhibition. In the first place, its designers were at a disadvantage on account of the lack of open space in Paris, while this was not the case in Chicago, and, therefore, some of the buildings had a cramped look which deteriorated from their otherwise striking beauty. The ornamentation of the buildings at Paris was certainly superior to that at the World's Fair, while the Court of Honor at the latter was more beautiful than any one spot in the Exposition. The exhibition of the products and manufactures of the different peoples of Europe, Asia and Africa also greatly surpassed the same at Chicago, owing to the central position of Paris in the Eastern Hemisphere. On the whole, it seems to me the two big fairs may cry quits with each other, and rest content with the record so far; but if the exposition which will probably be held in Paris in 1911, excels that of 1900 as much as the latter excelled that of 1889, neither 1893 nor 1900 will stand comparison with it, perfect as they both seem now.



PALM SPRINGS.

The main features of the Exposition were, perhaps, the Eiffel Tower, the Big Wheel, the foreign pavilions, the Grand Palace of Fine Arts, the building along the Esplanade des Invalides, containing every kind of manufactured goods, and the Palace of Electricity. We will glance at them briefly.

The Eiffel Tower was completed in 1889, and is the highest structure in the world, the Washington Monument being second. The Eiffel Tower is 989 feet, and the Washington Monument 555. The view from the tower is magnificent, embracing all the surroundings of Paris for miles around.

The Big Wheel is, I believe, the same one which was an object of such interest at Chicago in '93. It moves so slowly that one is taken to a fine height before he is aware of it, and then the reward is well worth the ascent, though it does not compare with the view from the Tower. Of the foreign pavilions, the only one of interest to us, our own, was modeled after the Capitol at Washington, and had an equestrian statue of George Washington in front of it. It had inside a post-office for the use of Americans, and a reading room, which was a great convenience, while the other pavilions were filled with various exhibitions and advertisements of private firms. It also had in the basement the only soda water fountain in Paris.

The exhibition of manufactured goods along the Esplanade des Invalides occupied a very prominent place in the Exposition. The buildings, which were painted pure white, were beautifully ornamented, and it seemed almost a sacrilege to destroy them at the end of the fair. They were filled with every variety of goods, from beautiful, expensive furniture to the French and German toy department, which would make an American child open his eyes in delight.

Going from the Esplanade across the bridge of Alexander III, which is supposed to be the finest of its kind in the world, we come to the Grand Palace of Fine Arts, containing sculpture and paintings by the greatest living artists. America was well represented there. This is the first building arrived at when one enters by the imposing monumental entrance situated in the Place de la Concorde, where so many thousands obtained an unsought introduction to the Guillotine during the Reign of Terror. Opposite is the little Palace of Fine Arts, which contains collections of small specimens of art and ancient coins, etc.

Last comes the Palace of Electricity. This was lighted up one night in the week. It consists of hundreds of electric lights which illuminated the fountains of water playing on the grounds. The lights

are colored all the tints of the rainbow, and thus make, in the darkness, an extremely beautiful spectacle.

Finally, we must not forget the Swiss Village, the only paying feature of the exposition which was unfortunately a financial failure. It seemed like a little corner of Switzerland transported to Paris. There were the mountains, the streams, the antique looking mills, and the herds of cattle with their huge bells. The village was crowded from morning till night, which was its only disagreeable feature.

To conclude, the cosmopolitan character of the Exposition was most noticeable. One could pass at the same moment a Hottentot, a "fezzed" Turk, a Chinaman, and East Indian savage. Every country on earth was represented at the wonderful Exposition, not belonging to France only, but to the world.

WARD M. PARKER MITCHELL.

A FISHING TRIP ON THE WEST COAST.



ONE clear August morning some four or five years ago, a youth of fifteen, mounted on a pony, was loping slowly along a road away down in that charming little sub-peninsula on the Gulf Coast of Florida, when, in a bend in the road, he came suddenly upon an elderly man driving a white horse hitched to a road cart. His clear blue eyes, deep set under shaggy brows in a kindly face, browned to a mahogany color by wind and weather, twinkled with good humor as the boy exclaimed, "Why, howdy do, Major! We nearly collided, didn't we?" "Hullo! hullo! boy," said the old gentleman, "how goes

it? Glad to see you this morning. Don't you want to take a trip to the Banks to-morrow? Some of the boys are going out with me, and if you would like to go along, come down about six, or seven in the morning. Ask your father if he would like to go along." "All right, Major," answered the boy, "I should like to go, and will if I can. Shall I bring a lunch?" "Yes, I guess you had better, and some sinkers too," said the Major. "Very well, sir," said the boy. "If I can go, I'll be down by half past six." "All right, boy. Good bye," said the Major. "Good bye, sir."

The next morning dawned bright and clear, and about sunrise the boy and his father might have been seen threading their way through a woods path which led them presently to a gate in the fence around the Major's place. When they reached the house, they found four or five neighbors, young men, sitting on the steps, and the Major himself was coming around the corner of the house with a small keg under his arm. On seeing the boy, he said, "Here, boy, take this keg down to the spring, rinse it out good and fill it up fresh." He handed the keg to the boy, who took it and ran down a nearby path to the spring where he proceeded to execute the Major's commands. This done, he stood there for a few minutes interested in the beauty around him. The spring issued from under a mossy bank in a little depression, while on all sides was a jungle of sub-tropical vegetation. Right across were a number of palms in all stages of development, and some leaned out overhanging the spring. At one side was a tangle of bay trees, tall oaks, and palmettoes, with wild grapevines climbing everywhere. Off to the left toward the bay flowed the outlet to the spring, which, with its over-shadowing oaks, draped in long scarfs of moss, with here and there an occasional palm intermingled, combined to form a charming vista. The morning sunlight was just filtering through the foliage, imparting to it a fresh vividness and beauty, while from all around came mingled music from a score of feathered songsters.

But time was passing, so the boy lifted the keg in his arms and returned to the house. There he found the Major busy packing all the lunch in a large box. In another smaller box were packed the lines of stout twisted cotton, each furnished with a heavy sinker and equipped with two large hooks mounted on wire. Soon everything was in readiness, and the party, comprising the Major, the boy and his father, four young men and myself, was ready to go out to the boat, which lay at a little distance from shore, in the channel.

It was nearly low tide, and here and there in the bay huge sand bars lay exposed. Sea birds of various kinds were ranged around the edges in something like martial order. Now and then a pelican would straighten up and flap his wings vigorously, creating a commotion on both sides. In the shallow water near by stalked tall, awkward herons that had not returned to their rookeries on the mainland after their night's feed. Occasionally a few belated cormorants would come over from their inland rookeries, and descend to the level of the bay in great zig-zag dives, with a "whirr" almost startling when unexpected. Across the bay the beach of the island gleamed white in the sun, and nearer by were the tiny white sails of some small fishing craft. Far

beyond the bay, now ruffled by an occasional catspaw of breeze from the land, stretched the blue waters of the Gulf, seemingly limitless.

"Well boys," said the Major cheerfully, "I guess we'll have to wade for it, seein' the tide's so far out. We'll float the skiff and load these traps into it to take them out to the big boat." So down we all sat and pulled off our shoes and stockings, and then proceeded to drag the skiff out to where it would float easily. Before long we had all our boxes and bundles and then ourselves transferred to the big boat in which we were to make our trip. The boat was a graceful creation, built on the sharpie plan, rigged with a jib, a small aftersail, and a big foresail. Mooring the skiff, we began to hoist the sail, coil away ropes and get things generally ship-shape. Presently from one of the men at the bow came a cheery, "All ready, Captain," and from the erstwhile Major, now our captain, at the tiller, the response, "Break away." The anchor rope was hauled in short, and the boat swinging directly over it broke its hold on the bottom. The anchor was lifted inboard, the jib quickly hoisted, and the boat filled away gracefully, heading N. W. for the pass between the islands.

During the time necessary for us to make the trip across, let us take a look at the mainland we are leaving. Directly behind us is the Major's house nestled in the grove of semi-tropical palms, with a background of oaks and tall pines rising above them. There, nearby, the stream from the spring has cut through the bluff; the overhanging trees, the palms apparently toppling on the very edge, the drapery of vines, with the little stream trickling down under all, combine to form a charming detail. To the northward the bluff rises higher and more rugged, and the beach is strewn with rocks. Four or five hundred yards further north in a natural cove between two points which jut sharply out from the regular curve of the land, overlooking a wide white beach, is where a sawmill was located years ago. All that now remains of it are the sills which formed a part of the foundation and the old fashioned twin boilers, which, resting on these old timbers, point seaward through the myrtle bushes, which have grown up all around, so like huge cannon that there is a strong suggestion of a fort concealed there.

But by this time we are approaching the pass between the islands through which we must go to reach the Gulf. As we go into it the Captain announces that, as the tide is at its ebb and there is no current in either direction, it would be a good time to stop and try our luck. So the boat is luffed sharply into the wind, and the anchor, provided with a rope around one fluke to trip it with, is dropped. With sails still

isted, two or three lines are thrown over, and for a few minutes there is silence. Then the Captain begins to look interested, and soon there is a quick tug at his line. After a few minutes' lively fight, he hauls in a medium sized gray fish, which, as soon as it strikes the boat, begins to make with amazing rapidity a curious grunting sound. As the hook is extracted, the mouth of the fish is seen to be colored a brilliant pink inside, and from this combination of peculiarities it is called the pink mouth grunt. For ten or fifteen minutes everybody is busy, then suddenly the biting ceases and the lines lie quiet. "Well boys," said the Captain, "I guess we may as well pull up and go, for that run is fast." Scarcely had he spoken when there was a yell from the stern, where one of the boys was dancing around playing with might and main what was evidently a big fish. "I must have hooked a whale," he gasps, and as a fresh lunge makes the line smoke over the gunwale, an onlooker would have been inclined to agree with him. In and out, forward and back, from side to side the line sings, and then there is an instant of quiet. "Haul in the slack," yells some one, and the excited fisherman attempts to obey, but another rush to one side takes out all the line, to the very end. An instant the big fish strains and then slowly yields, allowing himself to be drawn in close to the boat. "A shark," exclaims the fisherman disgustedly. "Give me the hatchet." Drawing the head of the fish up on the edge, he stuns it by a well directed blow of the hatchet. Another quick cut severs the line close to the hook, and the fish drops back into the water. "Well done," says the Captain, "for there isn't room inside for us with a five foot shark likely to come to at any time."

After this we tripped our anchor and filled away for the Banks. An hour's steady sailing took us some four or five miles southwest from the pass. "Watch for the marks boys," calls the Captain. "Get the south side of the pass in line with the tower on the Doctor's house, and the lone pine with the saw mill." Then our temporary anchor consisting of a large sand bag attached to a rope, was made ready, and presently, as we came into the position determined by the landmarks, the foresails were lowered, and when the boat lost headway the anchor was thrown over. Soon we were swinging easily on the long swell, lines were uncoiled, hooks baited, and in a few minutes everyone was waiting anxiously for a bite. Then the boy jumped up suddenly, exclaiming excitedly, "I've got a bite, a big one too. I do believe I've got him." And he began to haul in on his line, which came easily for a few feet. Then came a violent tug which nearly caused him to fall overboard. "Take care that he doesn't get you, boy; I guess he is a big one by the way he

pulls," said the Captain. Soon the big fish was near the surface, and one of the men, taking a gaff hook, a large steel hook with a wooden handle about six feet long, watched his chance, then with a quick jerk caught the fish in the gills and landed him flopping in the boat. "Isn't he a fine one!" exclaimed the boy. "How much do you suppose he weighs, Captain?" "Twelve or fifteen pounds at least," replied the Captain. By this time another was hooked, then another, until in half an hour a dozen or more lay flapping around in the bottom of the boat.

Let us take a look at one of these fish. At first sight, it conveys the impression of being clumsy from its thickness and weight; really, it is quite active and can put up a good fight. This one is a brownish-red on the back, shading off into a lighter hue beneath, with fine, almost invisible scales, thick skin, and broad powerful tail. The mouth is quite large, armed with a double row of sharp teeth. Two varieties are known, the red grouper just described, and the other similar in all respects save the color, a dark brownish black, from which it takes the name of black grouper.

Soon the biting ceases, and the Captain declares, "We may as well move boys for there are no more here." So the anchor is hauled part way up, the jib hoisted, and in a few minutes we are far enough away to try again. Scarcely had the boat swung to the wind when a grouper was hooked, and the happenings of the first stop in effect repeated.

Dinner time was approaching and one of the young men hauled up his line, and then proceeded to haul out from under the forward deck a small charcoal furnace, frying pan, wood and charcoal, some knives and forks, and a small pail of lard. A fire was kindled, several of the choicest fish skillfully dressed, and then cooked. In half an hour fishing was suspended, and we sat down around a large board placed across the cockpit for a table. Hungry as we were, our lunches with the freshly cooked fish made a feast for us, with some to spare. What remained was carefully stowed away in the lunch box as a precaution in case we should be late in getting home. Fortunate it was that we did so.

During the afternoon time passed very much the same way as in the morning. After an hour or so, a leopard shark about four feet long, so called from the light gray spots on the body, was caught after a lively fight, and a sucker about a foot long was found attached to his side. These fish, of the *Remora* group, are very interesting. The head is flattened on top, and this flat section is provided with cells of peculiar formation, so that they can be contracted at will, and form a hollow or concave "sucker." The fish has the power to attach or to detach itself whenever it wishes, and is oftener found attached to sharks than to other

fishes. They go whither the shark goes and obtain their food by picking up fragments that the shark leaves in feeding.

The revenue cutter which patrols this section of the Gulf coast pass, told us about three o'clock going north. Shortly after, the Captain stood up and said, "Boys, we had better be getting inside pretty quick. That squall in the southwest is coming this way fast." In an instant everyone was on the alert, lines were hauled in, the fish stowed in a box, everything not necessary was put out of the way, and while this was being done, the anchor had been gotten in, the sails hoisted, and in a very short time we were gliding away toward the pass some three or four miles distant. The breeze, which had been fresh from south-east when we started, gradually fell, and we all knew that next would come the fierce wind from the squall, and it only remained for us to do what we could to gain the pass.

Meanwhile, the huge mountainous masses of clouds which had grown from the narrow dark band down next the horizon, were rising spreading, thickening. The thunder, which had been muttering in the distance, became louder, the vivid lightning played incessantly across the dark leaden mass. Soon the sky was entirely overcast, as though earth and water were covered by an immense pall. Little preliminary gusts brought us the sound of the squall almost upon us. Now we could see its approach, the crests of the long smooth swell lashed into boiling foam by the fury of the wind, and, in the far distance, the gray wall of rain. The fearful crashing of the thunder, the intense flash of the lightning which revealed to us the dark waste of waters torn and whipped by the wind, all combined to make an awe-inspiring scene. Then, with a shriek, the wind struck us. Despite the fact that our sails had been reduced to mere scraps, we were almost capsized by the blast, and for an instant the water poured in over the side. Just then it seemed doubtful whether we should ever see land again. But the boat came around at last into the wind and slowly righted. One of the men sprang to lower the jib, and this done, the after sail kept the bow to the wind. "Get some of this water out of her; boys do it any way you can, but be quick," commanded the Captain. Two buckets were snatched from under the forward deck and the men bailed furiously, so that in a few minutes the boat rode easier. So far the sea had not become high, and we remained hove to for a while, but as the sea increased, and the rain reached us it was determined to run for the pass before dark. Improvising other reef points, we bound the sails closer, two men were given the buckets, and others placed at the sheet of each sail, and so the boat was brought slowly around to head for the pass, but now the wind

was on our beam. The little craft heeled far over, but gathered way slowly, and the Captain, straining his eyes through the thickening rain, shouted, "We'll be lucky if we make the pass to-night, boys, with this wind and rain and over that breaker bar." By this time the land was blotted out altogether, and from our small compass it soon became evident that we could not make it. So when the wind moderated for a bit we decided to try and gain Big Pass, several miles farther north. We changed our course and sailed thus for some time. Very often a gust heeled the boat far over, and the inrush of water which came before it could be brought around, forced the men to bail rapidly. Now and then a big sea threatened to overwhelm us, but we nearly always managed to escape them, only occasionally shipping any water. The wind now began to moderate, as is nearly always the case after the first sudden fury of these summer squalls, and everyone wore a relieved expression, for whatever other difficulties might present themselves, we had a fair chance of gaining the islands and from there getting home safely. The wind continued to fall, and so fast that, as we neared the upper pass and saw how the tide was running out, it became very doubtful as to whether we should be able to get inside or not.

Slower and slower we moved, until at last when the wind fell completely, we were about half inside. It was now so near dark that it was important to get inside and at once. "Boy," commanded the Captain, "unreeve the forsail halyards, knot them together and coil them on the forward deck, make one end fast to the cable cleat, and tie a bowline loop in the free end. Henry, when she comes close to the point, take the line and get ashore. Lee and the boy will come after you, and you three can haul us around until we get out of this mill race here." He managed to bring the boat to within thirty feet or so of the point, and then in a minute or two, the three were ashore. Slowly, laboriously, they hauled the boat in beyond the strongest influence of the tide, continuing thus nearly a quarter of a mile to a little cove where the water was quiet. There we anchored and held a consultation. As the tide would soon be dead low, and the moon would soon set, and as we were some three or four miles from home through tortuous channels, it was decided to camp that night in one of the palmetto shanties a little way from us up the beach. Then we proceeded to get ashore by bringing the bow of the boat up close to the beach so that the bowsprit projected over. Our box of lunch, considerably damp, an old sail, our water keg and hatchet were taken ashore, and soon we had a rousing fire going in front of the hut. There we dried our garments, and ate our lunch, for we were hungry and tired after our long hard afternoon. Then every-

body scattered to cut palmetto fans for our bed, and before nine o'clock all were asleep, for we were almost exhausted.

Next morning the boy was awake early, and perceiving that it was near dawn, he arose and went outside into the open air. The grayness of sky and water was as yet faintly illuminated by the pale glow in the east, and the mainland in the distance to the eastward was as yet but a heavy shadow. At a little distance could be heard the faint splashing of a school of fish, and not far from shore, the black dorsal fin of a huge shark could be faintly discerned moving slowly along. The heavy flap, flap, flap of a pelican's wings, and the shrill cries of the sea birds could be heard now and then, and as the light grew stronger, a small sand bar a few hundred yards away showed black with birds. Soon the glow became brighter and a bank of fine fleecy clouds which lay just above the horizon was touched by the sunlight, and as if by magic, seemed edged with pale gold. As though heralding the approach of the sunrise, a faint breeze sprung up, roughening the glassy surface of the bay and rustling the grove of tall palms which overshadowed the camp. Five or six large blue herons which had been feeding during the night in the shallow water nearby, took wing with hoarse cries and flew away to the mainland. A single ray of golden light, the first from the rising sun, was caught on the top of a majestic palm, and in a few minutes a flood of sunlight streamed through the grove, chasing the shadows away and imparting to all nature a new beauty. Seaward, the sails of some small fishing craft showed snowy white in the sun, as they were lifted on the long swell of the sea. But by this time the others were stirring and in a few minutes all were up and out.

As the tide was again ebbing, we were forced to wait a little time for the current to cease, but before nine o'clock the staunch little boat was safely anchored opposite the Major's house, the sails were furled, and in a few minutes our party were ashore. After a little talk over our trip, good-byes were said and the party scattered to their respective homes.

W. A. W.



BLIND EYES.

Two wide gray eyes ;
 Gray with the dusk of early falling light,
 Which never lifts, but deepens to completer night,
 That night which falling fast knows not the after-glow.

They are as gray—
 Gray as the dun sweep of a fringed cloud
 Before it breaks in hurrying whispering drops,
 Upon the waiting waters of a dark'ning sea.

They are as gray—
 As are dim shadows trembling on some wall
 Whereon the glory of the outer day ne'er shines ;
 No prison gloom, but that of some dim cloister aisle.

As gray they are—
 As gray sea sands upwashed by wintry tides ;
 Pathetic eyes ! void of the soul's intensity, and blank,
 The soft, dull, sightless eyes of one born blind.

F. L. DICKENSON.

A WONDERFUL WATERWAY.



IT was my privilege last year to visit several times that greatest of artificial waterways: "The Chicago Sanitary and Ship Canal."

The purpose of this canal is two-fold: a means of carrying away the city's sewerage, which has before this passed into Lake Michigan, and a waterway connecting the Great Lakes and Gulf. This latter object was what Joliet proposed as early as 1674. At some remote period, geologists tell us, that the Great Lakes were once an arm of the sea, and the building of this canal has simply restored this outlet.

On September 3, 1892, work was commenced on this new enterprise, and it has taken a little over seven years to complete it. One of the first obstacles to overcome was the Desplaines River, a stream of no reliable supply and of wide fluctuations. Some seasons it is only a small stream and again volumes of water roll along, flooding the whole valley. A new river channel had to be excavated, thirteen miles long, two hun-

dred feet wide, running parallel to the main drainage channel, with a levee nineteen miles long for divergence.

The drainage channel, as it stands now, is little over thirty-four miles long. The width varies, although it is intended to make it uniform, 202 feet at the bottom and 290 feet at top, and 22 to 24 feet deep. The cross-section of the channel, just above the controlling works, which is cut in stone, is enlarged to form a windage basin, in which large vessels may be turned around.

The most wonderful part of this canal to me was the controlling works, at Lockport. Here are seven sluice gates of metal with masonry bulkheads, and a bear-trap dam, one of the greatest triumphs of engineering. The sluice gates have a vertical play of twenty feet, and each gate is thirty feet wide.

The bear-trap dam is one hundred and sixty feet long with a vertical oscillation of seventeen feet. It is two great metal leaves hinged together and working between masonry bulkheads. One leaf is hinged securely to a very heavy foundation and the other is so placed as to prevent a barrier to the water. Water is admitted through conduits controlled by a valve directly under the leaves. These gates and dam control the flow of water from the main channel into the river, and any change in the surface of the water in Lake Michigan will be felt at these works. The flow of water at present is 300,000 cubic feet per minute, but double that amount is possible.

The work of excavation must have been a stupendous undertaking, especially through the solid rock. I was told that the amount excavated was nearly 44,000,000 cubic yards. That the whole amount of earth and rock, if deposited in Lake Michigan in forty feet of water, would make an island one mile square, with its surface twelve feet above the water line. The cost of this part of the work has been over \$20,000,000.

All the bridges across the canal are movable structures of the latest designs. The eight track bascule railroad bridge is said to be the largest structure of its kind in the world.

Besides the great benefit this canal will be to Chicago and vicinity in a sanitary way, what a wonderful benefit it will be to our country, if in time we have completed a navigable waterway from the Lakes to the Gulf. It would traverse the greatest agricultural and industrial area on the globe. Commerce would be facilitated and every section of our country would feel its effects.

CLARA LOUISE GUILD.



LEPORIDAE.

THERE is a family of rodent mammals known to science as Leporidae, but generally included under the terms, Hare, and Rabbit. This family consists of about thirty species, all of which are very much alike.

It is exceedingly interesting to note the geographical distribution of these animals.

Their original home is thought to be the countries on the western half of the Mediterranean. But now they are found in nearly all the great zoological regions of the globe; and in the northern and temperate areas of both hemispheres they are especially numerous. This wide scattering is due to two causes. The first is the agency of man, since they have been used both for food and as pets; the second is that there are certain species that migrate long distances in flocks of five or six hundred.

For food the hare has long been used. Hares for this purpose are fed on nutritious substances, causing them to grow very rapidly. Accordingly they are killed at an age of less than four months. It is said that during the winter months several hundred tons are imported from Ostend to London, weekly. Hares have been domesticated for a long time, exactly how long, it is impossible to tell. The life of domesticated hares is much longer than that of wild ones. Their average life, when free, is about seven years, while, when domesticated, they have been known to live thirteen and fourteen years.

These animals feed at night and sleep in the day. They eat grass, roots, and grain. For this reason, in some sections, they have become very troublesome to farmers, especially has this been the case in Australia and New Zealand. It is related that, during the reign of Augustus, hares became so numerous and destructive in the Balearic Isles, that the inhabitants sent for the royal force to extirpate them.

The Rabbit is usually smaller, more cunning, and hence more destructive than the hare. They seem to be acquainted with the philosophy of the transmission of sound, as, when danger is near, they thump the ground with one foot to warn their neighbors.

There is in England a breed called "lop-eared rabbits," on account of the unusual proportion of the ears. These are so large that, in descending a hill, the rabbit must run diagonally, to prevent capsizing. This breed is raised as a curiosity, each owner striving to produce the



THE ROGERS HOUSE.



PINEHURST COTTAGE.

longest ears. And, indeed, in some instances, ears have been produced ten or twelve inches in length, and five or six in width.

Rabbits are of three general colors, viz.: black, white, and gray. These colors are seldom found distinct, but are of different shades. There are more gray rabbits than of any other color; and a pure black one is seldom found.

Hares, being less shy and timid, are tamed much more easily than rabbits. Yet in these there is quite a variety of dispositions, some being easily tamed, while others never become entirely domesticated. Also there are persons whom hares like at first sight, while others cannot approach them without causing displeasure.

Hares, as a rule, are susceptible of considerable improvement by training. Especially noted for intelligence is a small hare of Russia, the "Calling Hare," so named because of its shrill, sharp voice. Having a good ear, and its natural posture being on its hind legs, it has been taught to beat a drum, gesticulate in cadence, and do many other remarkable feats.

To the casual observer, dogs and hares may seem to be natural enemies, but this is a mistake; dogs are trained to run hares, and they, shy creatures, have to run to escape. Dogs are often their friends and protectors against their enemies.

The nature of the country has a great effect upon the size of these animals, the mountain hare is much larger than his kin on the plains. The foes of hares in America are many, and to this fact is due the slow increase in numbers as compared with that in other countries. Wolves and lynxes prey ravenously upon them. But they are not entirely without resource in escaping. One of their favorite means of escape is swimming. They have been known to swim a quarter of a mile without rest. Along the Mackenzie river the Indians destroyed them in great numbers, using them for food.

At present there is a kind of mania for Belgian hares, as there was a few years ago for old China. The natural result of this is that they sell at most unreasonable prices. This craze is partially due to schemers who are importing stock with a pedigree. There is no reason why the Belgian hare should command such abnormal prices, for it is easily raised and cared for, and its pelt is worth only a few cents. True it is that its flesh is superior to that of most others, but this is not a reason sufficient to justify such exorbitant prices as fifty or sixty dollars for single animals. No doubt this is merely a passing whim, and soon Belgian hares will have no greater market value than their actual worth as food.

THE SAND-SPUR.

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

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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.

EVER GLIDING time has once more brought commencement with its pleasant relief from duty, its fond farewells and its joyous summer expectations.

Our classmates will scatter, some to fleet the happy hours away by the border of Neptune's realm, others to roam the mountains, or rusticate on the hill side. While still others with visage grave will expound ideas new and old to fortunate, or unfortunate hearers. To each, to all, the Sand-Spur bids adieu and offers many wishes for a summer of good cheer.



THE editors of the Sand-Spur have examined the publications of leading colleges and have found that the present size of our magazine is about the standard, and they would suggest that future numbers be kept uniform in size.



THE short talks in chapel after the devotional services have been heartily applauded. We have heard discussed paramount questions in the four most important fields of human activity. Dean Hills in his pleasing manner has told of the movements in state, national, and international politics. His treatment of these subjects, some of which are fraught with partisan feeling, has not aroused the opposition of the adherents of any party. Dr. Baker has clearly explained recent inventions and researches in the realm of science, and has also given us some interesting information regarding the wells and springs of our state. Florida unfolds to the naturalist and antiquarian facts of no slight im-

portance ; our Indian mounds contain the skeletons and utensils left by those mysterious people whose history is unknown. Our caves and sink holes give much light in regard to the formation of the state ; this vicinity offers abundant facilities for investigation along these lines.

Much profit was derived from Prof. Ford's able discussions on political economy. This subject, which is expanding because of the vast changes in the industrial world, is of absorbing interest. Vice-President Morse has given us important information in regard to the four world movements in religion which are to be potent factors in the 20th century.

As the semester closes, The Sand-Spur wishes to express gratitude on behalf of the student body to these gentlemen for their instructive remarks.



THE campus has been the scene during the past semester of many grave discussions among our Cuban friends regarding the political movements in their island home. When we realize the far-reaching effect of the decision tendered by the Constitutional Convention, we can appreciate the intense interest shown.

The Platt amendment has been thoroughly considered, and each clause contained therein picked to pieces and passed upon. Those that are most objectionable are in regard to coaling stations and intervention. We do not fully sympathize with that class of Cubans, who, in the face of the humane and self sacrificing acts of the United States, would sever all connection with this country ; and, again, we do not agree with those who blame Cuba for wanting unconditionally that for which she has struggled so long. But whatever may be the relation of the island to this country, there is one thing certain, the new republic will need intelligent, patriotic, and upright citizens. And we are confident that our fellow-students after their years at this Institution will return home ready to be worthy citizens.



THE next oratorical Contest will be held on the second Saturday after the opening of College. Now, orators, all summer is before you, and who knows what orators may be produced if throughout the summer months you concentrate your thoughts on worthy themes. Do not delay your preparation, begin on reaching home. Let us have a brilliant contest next year.

IN MEMORIAM.

DURING the first semester of this year, our friend, Charles H. Robinson, of Cleveland, Ohio, was obliged by failing health to withdraw from Rollins. About four years ago, after years of suffering, he came South in the hope of finding renewed health. He bore his disappointment with fortitude, and, we are assured, was happy in his work, and in his social and religious life. A copy of the following memorial tribute was sent to his parents and it was also inscribed in the College records :

THE Faculty and Students of Rollins College learn with deep regret of the death of Mr. Charles H. Robinson, and desire to put upon record their recognition of his worth, and the sense of bereavement felt by those of us who were associated with him during his years in this school. He was endowed with scholarly acquirements, enthusiastic in the classroom, and an inspiration to pupils and teachers. As a student he was straightforward, with an uprightness that could not be shaken, and among his fellow students his influence was given to all that was noble and good. His courage under physical disabilities was unflinching. As a Christian he was unfailing and tireless.

We tender our heartfelt sympathy to his mother and father, at the same time expressing our sense of satisfaction in the thought that a spirit so high, so self-denying, so consecrated, has found its home in the presence of the Lord whom he loved.

Committee appointed by the faculty and students :

MRS. C. A. ABBOTT,
MISS MARY A. HARDAWAY,
MR. MORGAN. L. BRETT,
MR. WILLIAM E. BURRELL.

Winter Park, Feb. 18, 1901.

ALUMNI NOTES.

DURING this pleasant Commencement time the thoughts of the Rollins Alumni turn once more toward their Alma Mater as they remember the time when they too had their share in the festivities and exercises which are among the most interesting of the year. It is at this time also that those of us who are still here wonder what has been the lot of those same graduates, and in what directions they have turned their efforts.

Our youngest class, the "Naughty-Naughts," first attracts our attention. Harold Dale is hard at work in the Theological Seminary at Andover, Mass., where he is thoroughly enjoying both his studies and the practical work of assistant rector of a large church in the neighboring city of Lawrence. Louis Lyman, soon after his graduation, accepted a position as stenographer in Jacksonville, Fla., where he has been working steadily during the past year. Of the other two members we need only say that Arthur Maxson is still connected with Rollins as a post-graduate student, and Norman Baker is at present mathematical instructor in the institution; both intending to study electrical engineering at Cornell University in the near future.

Miss Gladwin, '99, is at her home in Florida, where she has been spending the past winter, and Miss Thayer has spent much of the past year visiting friends in New York, Philadelphia, and Pottstown, Pa. She is now at home.

Carrie Price, another graduate of '99, is still working as trained nurse in one of the Chicago hospitals, preparatory to securing her degree of M. D.

Anna Henkel, '98, has returned home after a prolonged visit of more than a year with relatives in Virginia; Myra Williams is also at her home on the Indian River, and Mary Piper has been enjoying home life and doing some graduate work in Springfield, Ohio.

The class of '97, Ruth Ford and Fred Ensminger, is widely separated, Miss Ford having recently accepted a position in Union Christian College "On the Banks of the Wabash Far Away," while Fred Ensminger completes his senior year at the Theological Seminary in Andover and expects to graduate in June.

Stuart Hooker is still in Boston pursuing his course in the Harvard Medical School, and Hamilton Johnson of the same year is in Jackson, Miss. where he is city engineer.

The choruses were well sung, and the Mandolin Club was popular as usual, receiving a hearty encore. The quartettes were pleasantly rendered. The piano solo by Miss Coan was a very creditable performance, while Miss Fenety, who finishes the course this year, sang "With Verdure Clad," in a finished style. The solos by the teachers, Misses Bibbins and Rich, were, of course, up to their usual high standard, and met with hearty applause.—Times-Union.

Mr. W. Waugh Lauder, lecturer and pianist of Chicago, gave in March a very interesting series of lectures on musical art, illustrated by selections from the works of the masters.

The lecture, Sunday, March 10th, had for its subject, "The Hymnology of all Ages." He gave a very interesting as well as profitable resume of ancient and modern sacred music.

Beethoven was the subject of the Monday evening lecture and was one which he treated with much earnestness and consummate skill, giving us graphic illustrations of the greatness of the master by comparing his sonatas Op. 53 and Op. 109 with the compositions of lesser composers in lighter vein. Tuesday afternoon, he discussed Wagner in a manner which showed a heartfelt devotion to his subject, and gave us a rare opportunity of hearing selections from the grand operas of Wagner which Mr. Lauder played in a masterly style.

The last regular recital of the year was held Friday evening May 10th, in Lyman Hall, in which Mrs. R. A. Arnold of Orlando sang two songs, and Misses Coan and Robinson played. Miss Rich gave a talk on Schubert, Chopin, Mendelssohn, and Schumann, which was illustrated by three of the Schubert Lieder, by Miss Bibbins, and by piano selections from Chopin and Mendelssohn played by Miss Rich.

Miss Jean Fenety, graduate of the School of Music, 1900-01, gave her song recital Tuesday evening of Commencement week. She was assisted by Miss Beatrice Fenety, post-graduate of the piano department.

The annual Commencement concert was given Wednesday evening; it consisted of piano and vocal solos, numbers by the Mandolin Club and ladies semi-chorus, piano duetts and quartettes, and piano trio.

The music department also contributed several numbers to the Commencement exercises of Thursday morning. There were selections by the Choral Club, a piano quartette, piano solo, and a vocal solo.





Strawberry Fetes this second semester have been numerous, remunerative, and very pleasant. The first, given in February, was for the benefit of the Congregational church. The grounds of the Lyman cottage looked very inviting, and attracted a goodly number, both of strangers and townspeople, all willing to aid the ladies in their generous efforts. The second Fete there, although not so great a success financially, was voted by almost every one to be a greater success socially.

About a week later, Mr. and Mrs. Kirkpatrick's attractive home was the scene of still another Fete, this time for the benefit of the Methodist church. The refreshments with the candy, flower, and fancy tables, brought gratifying returns. The rain later in the evening only added to the fun and made people more sociable. The Christian Endeavor social at Mrs. Bonfield's was much enjoyed, as was also the Dime social given by the Epworth League Society at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Mizelle.

Soon after, the Seminole was the scene of an unusually brilliant entertainment arranged by interesting and interested friends from the North, in which literature, art, and the social graces combined to win hearts and purses. The result was a generous gift to the church.

Every one has been interested in the new Library building, and many attended the Fancy sale at "The Palms," Mr. Brewer's beautiful home on Lake Osceola. Over a hundred dollars were gained: this sum including the proceeds from the refreshments, and the improvised bazaars. Now every one is rewarded by seeing the neat little building completed.

The observation party at Cloverleaf on a Friday night was very interesting. Everybody was allowed to go into a certain room for a

limited time, then write a list from memory, of all the objects noticed. Mr. Percy Dale and Miss Gertrude Ford succeeded in remembering the longest list.

Endless fun was afforded by the Millinery party at the Ladies' cottage. Very amusing were the struggles of the young men with that delicate implement, the needle. Most of the hats were marvels, and were indeed a credit to the creative imagination of the designers.

The last Christian Endeavor social of the year was enjoyed at the Pansy Cottage, on May third. Each of the guests had a chance to show his artistic ability in drawing illustrations of popular songs. When these illustrations were ready and put up for exhibition, there was a very interesting gallery of suggestive pictures. The cool lemonade, dainty cake, and ice-cream were especially refreshing on such a warm evening.

The party that went to Clay Springs, on Saturday, May the Fourth, found the day a most pleasant one for a picnic. The forenoon was spent in bathing, shooting the chute, and other pleasures. In the afternoon everyone went boating down the river. The ride home in the moonlight was an ideal ending for a perfect day.

ART NOTES.



"In Egypt even the caldron-maker tried to give to his humble works an elegant form and tasteful ornamentation"—Ibid.

A visit to the studio at almost any hour of the day will testify to the fact that all ages love the beautiful and that unusual interest is shown by all the classes in their work.

Miss Mostert has done good work in pen and ink. Her Gibson sketches reflect much credit upon her ability to copy. Her "Golf Girl" in color, as a first sketch from life, may encourage her to continue in this line of work.

For a beginner Portia Swett shows remarkable talent in the handling of colors, as her sketches show.

It was with much pleasure and gratitude, that the gift of several valuable volumes on Art was accepted for the Art Department from R. W. Hill, of Waterbury, Conn.

ATHLETIC NOTES.

As summer with its accompanying hot weather approaches and leaves its enervating effect upon us, interest in athletics generally wanes and sports which appeared attractive during the cooler weather months, gradually lose their interest. But this year the opposite has been true. During the past few weeks golf and tennis have been the all-absorbing games and there have been few pleasant afternoons when the tennis court has been unoccupied or when the golf course has been deserted by numerous golfers, who have been "approaching," "driving," or much to their regret making that all too common stroke a "foozle." The college has reason to be proud of its golf players as one of the students won first prize in the golfing event of the winter, the all-comers scratch tournament, beating all his opponents by a wide margin. One of the instructors was almost as fortunate in winning the second prize in the ladies handicap tournament after a very exciting contest for first place, only losing the latter honor by one stroke.

On May 4th, a scratch tournament was held for the college boys, thirty-six holes being played. The three leading scores were as follows: Edward Brewer, 202; Colly Pinkerton, 208; Arthur Maxson, 215.

These scores, while very large, were as low as one could expect when the poor condition of the course is considered.

On the following Saturday there was a men's handicap tournament, with the best scores as follows:

	Gross Score.	Net.
Pinkerton.....	208.....	205
Percy Dale	209.....	202
Claude Pelton.....	220.....	210

The ladies' scratch tournament, held on the Friday before that of the men, resulted in Eda Brewer winning the first prize with a score of 148, and Maude Mostert 2nd, with a score of 161.

A handicap tennis tournament has just been completed, and the excellent playing of some of the beginners afforded several surprises in the defeat of players of longer standing.

The regular gymnasium work has progressed steadily, and very good work was shown at the exhibition given by both the young women's and the young men's classes.

Just at present interest is centered in the much-talked-of Commencement Field Day. The committee in charge of the sports promises an interesting program of Field events with one or two boat races and the finals of a tennis tournament in addition.

N. L. B.



PERSONALS.

Dr. and Mrs. Ward have been greatly missed this winter, but we hope to have them with us more in the future.

We are all very sorry Miss Stafford could not remain with us until the close of school.

Encouraged by a few warm days most of our winter residents went North early in April.

Cousins of the Misses Merriwether enjoyed a very pleasant winter in Florida. We regret to say the Merriweather family returned North with them in April.

The Young Ladies of Cloverleaf enjoyed several of the sacred concerts at the Seminole.

Mr. Davy was welcomed by many friends during his short visit on his way to Chicago. Who said Golf?

We are all very glad to have Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Morse with us again.

Miss Mostert, a new resident in Winter Park, is taking Art at the College.

We are all more or less interested in golf since one of our faculty won a prize in the tournament.

Miss Guernsey and Miss Smith, former students, have several times visited and entertained College friends. We wish we might have kept them with us.

Some of the Young Ladies wish to advise Mr. Brett to give laughing gas to his jokes.

Mr. Gleason has left before the close of school to go North. He is missed by many friends.

Miss Wakelin, a former student, has favored us with a visit; she is to spend some time in Washington on her way home.

Miss Roberts, who has been greatly missed this year has been studying music in Daytona, her winter home, with an excellent teacher just returned from Germany..

We hope that Mr. Noble will be able to return next fall much improved in health.

Miss Jean Price expects to go North this spring with the college party.

Miss Gertrude Dunn has been at her home in Sanford.

Mr. Washburn has spent this year at Andover preparing for Harvard.

Miss Helen Jackson is at school in Washington, D. C. Many friends at Rollins wish she were with us.

Mr. Armstrong is at his home in Belpre, Ohio.



CLOVERLEAF COTTAGE.



Anyone who wishes to know the weather forecast, is referred to Miss L.

If present indications prove true, we shall soon have some expert telegraph operators.

The money cleared from the lectures and recitals given by Mr. Lauder, will be used next year in the interest of the music department. We hope to have visits from other musicians.

Several of the students have been sick during the year, but none seriously.

Mr. Brett is thinking seriously of running for county surveyor, next election.

The debating society has not met in some time. At the last meeting there was a large attendance. What would the impeachment of the present officers do toward effecting its reorganization?

The new rules are interpreted: the young ladies and gentlemen are hereafter not allowed to walk, ride, or drive together except in the halls of Cloverleaf.

The finals in the tennis tournament will be played field day.

April first passed as usual, a number of unwary ones being caught. It is said that one of the faculty sat up all night trying to fool(?) some of the young ladies.

The interest in base ball seems to have come to an end. For awhile everyone was alert, but for some unknown reason all interest has been lost, the result is, no team. Next year we hope to have more material, and also more enthusiasm, and by combining the two have a team which will ably cope with that of any other school.

In the golf tournament, Mr. Edward Brewer won the scratch, and Mr. Percy Dale the handicap prizes.

During the coming summer vacation—from May 24 to September 30—there will be at Rollins a Summer School conducted by Dr. Thomas R. Baker. A considerable number of students have already signified their intention of entering the Summer School.



Mr. J. (A student who has been studying chemistry for 6 mos.)—
 “Professor, there is some mercury open, evaporating.”

Prof. B. quietly smiles.

Student (Reading aloud from Merchant of Venice.)—

“And it is marvel he outdwells his hour,
 For lovers ever run before the clock.”

Teacher.—“That could be applied to callers at Cloverleaf, with the change from ‘lovers’ to ‘callers’.”

Timid Maid.—“Oh dear! my mouth is tired.”

Prof. of Latin.—“Mr. Luter, parse flumen.”

Mr. L.—“What ’s that mean?”

Prof. of Latin.—“Tell all about it.”

Mr. L.—“It’s a river.”

Prof. Ford (Commenting on translation of the Iliad.)—“The only trouble with that, Mr. H., is that it is not like the original.”

We have noticed that the Seminole tennis court is now used a great deal.

Why is golf such a popular game since the new rules?

Why should Norman be the ice man?

Why do all the jays come to Pinkerton? Is it a case of “Birds of a feather?”

Why is Stewart going to Cuba this summer?

Miss Yingst has taken unusual interest in Spanish during this term.

"What is the latest?"

"I am here." !!!

Lakeside Menagerie and Arsenal,
Mario Lopez, in charge of the animals.

If Harry is absent from College, ring up 'phone No. 108.

The terror of the laboratory, Sulphuretted Hydrogen—or at least Miss Deyoe thinks so.

C. (Giving music lesson).—"Why do you persist in playing where there are rests? You must have specks on your eyes."

O.—"I have; I bought them last week."

BOUND FOR THE ORIENT.

T.—"Where are you going?"

J.—"Oh, I am going to Rushher."

For all kinds of reasons apply to 'The Reasoner, Cloverleaf.

Prof. Baker.—"Have you a Chaucer?"

Orin.—No, Prof., I don't chew."

Mr. Fitts (innocently).—"What do you do for recreation, Mr. Harmon?"

Mr. H. (after a pause)—I-I-I-do not j-join the sports."

"Don't they put mutineers in irons?"

"Yes."

"Well why do they iron them?"

"To take the starch out of them."

Mr. Thompson is advised not to have his thoughts so far in advance of him on his way to Orlando, as not to be able to see a tree across the bicycle path.

Miss G.—"Oh, Miss H., what's that little glass for?"

Miss H.—"I am trying to etch it."

Miss G. (innocently)—"What is 'an etch it'?"

(In Greek)—H. "Sunestratopedueto, Prof. that is a corker."

Prof.,—"Do you mean it stops the mouth?"

The place whence those who come a minute late are first to depart :
the dining hall.

A man in town has a cold drink stand,
And sells milkshakes to beat the band,
But papa's the one who receives the bill;
There's a moral in this, read if you will.

"But Harry, why do you argue with Lewis so much?"

"Oh I just debate with him to keep him from proving anything."

'Tis very easy, said slicky slim,
To keep away from the College "gym,"
Just fall in love with—"birds and trees,"
Doctor will say, "you've heart disease."

The coming man,—our postman.

Everything you wish to know, at Lewis' intelligence bureau.

Mr. Booth,—“Sodium hydrate is prepared by mixing milk or lime—or something of that sort—with a solution of sodium carbonate.”

Mr. Duke gave each member of the chemistry class a memento of his dy(e)ing.

“Why is Thompson hirsute?”

“Because he's Harry (hairy)”

A PINEHURST BOY'S EXCUSE.

Owing to a few slight imperfections in a tonsorial operation which Mr—— kindly volunteered to perform for me, I have lost a small portion of the epidermus of my superior maxillary. And not being able to stop the flow of blood from the conjested portion I wish to be excused from reciting to-day.

The heretofore stated misfortune is accompanied by a slight unpleasant sensation in the region of the mucus lining of my superior abdominal cavity. Hoping you will grant my request I remain,

Sincerely,

The inventor of liquid air has not yet asked for a protective tariff on the raw material.

COMMONER.

AN ATTACHMENT.

An Irish sheriff got a writ to serve on a young widow, and on coming into her presence, said,

“Madam, I have an attachment for you.”

“My Dear,” she said, blushing, “your attachment is reciprocated.”

“You don't understand me. You must proceed to court,” said the sheriff.

“Well, I know 'tis leap year, but I prefer to let you do the courting yourself. Men are much better at that than women.”

“Mrs. P—this is no time for fooling. The justice is waiting.”

“The justice waiting! Well, I suppose I must go, but the thing is so sudden, and besides I'd prefer a priest to do it.”

PILOT.

Prof. B. (to Mr. Duke who could not read a question which Prof. B. had put on the board)—“ Why, can't you read good writing, Mr. Duke? ”

Dr. Duke—“ Yes Sir ! ”

RECEIPE FOR SKUMGUDGEUN.

Four tomato cans of water,
Six slices of salt pork,
Eight jay birds, one duck,
One squirrel, ten bull frogs,
Four milk cans of rice,
Three sliced sweet potatoes,
Three table spoonfuls of salt,
As much pepper as suits the taste,
One can of corn,
One balogna sausage sliced thin.
One can of milk,
One milk can of sugar,
One-half pound of cheese,
Three table spoons of butter.

El senor Antonio Soto Navarro a resulto partir a Italia donde espera recibir el primer (patatrzo') premio en uno de los principales conservatorios de aquel pais

(EN LA CLAE MR. ASN)

Mr. A. S. traduzca usted, around the square,
Mr. Lopez, square significa cuadrado
Mr. Carreno, pero aqui se traduce por plazase mister Navarro?
Mr. Navarro, aqui se traduce por cudra
Mr. Lands, tambien puede ser una fabrica de sanochar nieve.

Selberg esta enamorado, pero no es correspondido

yo creo que el no ha podido, en su vida, ser amado. Anonimo.

¿ En que se parece el Foyo a la reina de Espana ?

En que tiene un castillo.

CARCION.

Son simpaticas y bellos
Sus ojos son cuatro estrellas,
Modelos de hermanas son
y en el Sand-Spur del colejio
les dedico esta cancion.

R. MARTINEZ.

Who helps to furnish our lights? Mr. Wicks.

What member of the English nobility attends Rollins? A Duke.

What ship of a great navigator can be seen on the Campus? Santa Maria.

What great actor have we among us? Booth.

Should a mysterious crime be committed, upon whom should we call to find the perpetrator? Mr. Pinkerton.

If you have all the ingredients for ale, whose assistance would you next require? The Brewer's.

THE GREATEST SHOW ON EARTH.
THE GRAND ALL STAR COMBINATION,

Making the Most Successful Run in its History.

CONTINUOUS PERFORMANCE.

SEASON ENGAGEMENT.

Under the management of the Faculty of Rollins College. The Company disbands 1st of June (if not sooner).

Now Playing the Famous Farce.

"HOW TO BE HAPPY THO STUDIOUS."

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

Buck—The Song and Dance Man,	The Professor.....T. W. Lawton.
.....A. W. Harmon.	The Parson.....W. B. Hathaway.
Slush- { Rabbit Hunter, }	The Deacon.....D. S. Davis.
{ Tanner, }	The Caballo.....W. R. Stewart.
{ Orator, }	The Song One (alias Lengthy Lenk the
Hones—The Tennis Player... C. R. Jones.	Doc)O. W. Sadler.
Accessible—It, the whole thing	The Sportiest One.....Castillo.
.....A. Wicks.	Pina.....A. Soto Navarro.
The Monogirliac—Tom Cat,	Leche.....J. Soto Navarro.
.....H. C. Thompson.	Scumgudgeon Jim.....D. Mayo.
The Pugilist.....Hamor.	A dark green background....N. L. Baker.



CHAMPIONSHIP OF THE WINTER PARK GOLF CLUB.



THE Second Annual Meeting of the Winter Park Golf Club was held at the Seminole Hotel on Saturday, January 26th, at which meeting the following officers were elected :

President, Mr. Temple ; 1st Vice-President, Mr. Edward Brewer ; 2nd Vice-President, Mr. Rouan ; Secretary, Mr. De Batchelor ; Treasurer, Mr. W. C. Comstock ; Governors, Doctor G. M. Ward, Mr. Edward Brewer, Mr. Temple ; Greens Committee, Mr. Frank Price, Mr.

W. C. Comstock, Count de Visconi, Mr. Murray, Mr. Swett.

The links this year are in excellent shape, Bermuda grass having been planted during the summer, which is rapidly making excellent turf, and the greens have received the daily attention of a greens-keeper throughout the season. There is also a marked increase over last year in the Club membership. The principal events of the season were the men's tournament and the women's tournament, in which the Club championship was played for by members, the winners being presented with handsome silver cups.

The men's tournament took place on Wednesday, Feb. 20th, which consisted of medal play over 36 holes. Rain fell steadily for two days previous to this date, making the course much better to play upon, and the weather conditions on the day set were favorable to the best playing on the part of the competitors, the temperature being even and there being no wind. Much interest was manifested by the spectators at the finish of the 18 hole round, Mr. Edward Brewer being in the lead. During the final round, which was played in the afternoon, Mr. Brewer exhibited the same steadiness of play, while one or two of the other competitors who were considered likely cup-winners, fell off on their play. A large gallery of spectators curiously awaited the finish at the last hole, and when it was announced that Mr. Brewer had returned the best score and won the cup, many friends were ready to offer congratulations. His score for the 36 holes was 180, which is an average of five strokes to a hole. Mr. Gooding came in second, returning a card of

196. We are justly proud of Mr. Brewer, in that he is a Rollins boy and also one of the youngest of the golf players.

The day following the Men's Championship was given up to the Men's Handicap competition which was won by Mr. Stephens with a handicap of 16 strokes. The second prize was won by Mr. George Schoyer.

The Women's Championship Tournament took place on Friday, Feb. 23rd. The contestants played over 18 holes medal play. Miss Catharine Westinghouse led the field finishing with a score of 118 which entitled her to the Cup.

On the morning set for the Women's Handicap Competition, rain set in shortly after the players had started off and continued throughout the day. The 18 holes were finished in spite of the unfavorable conditions. Miss Westinghouse again presented the best gross score, but Mrs. Wadsworth Smith aided by a handicap of 32 strokes making her score 116, won the Cup. Miss Alice Rich with 36 handicap finished a close second, winning a set of Golf sticks.

B. A. H.



THE SEMINOLE HOTEL.

EXCHANGES.

Samson, the strong man read about, was the first to advertise. He took two solid columns to demonstrate his strength, when several thousand people tumbled to his scheme, and he brought the house down.

Teacher.—“How do you account for the phenomenon of dew?”

Boy.—“Well, you see the earth revolves on its axis every twenty-four hours and in consequence of this tremendous exertion it perspires freely.”

How did Caesar meet his death?

He had too many Roman punches.

Caller.—“Can I see your typewriter a few minutes?”

Business Man.—“She’s engaged.”

Caller.—“That’s all right, sir, I’m the fellow.”

Question.—And what is space?

The trembling Freshman said, “I can’t think of it at present but I have it in my head.”

Teacher.—“Mr. F., leave the room!”

Mr. F.—“Yes’m; I hadn’t thought of taking it with me.”

What is the symbol of milk?

$\text{CaCO}_3 - \text{H}_2\text{O}$.

Motto of Physics class:—“We shunt go ohm until morning.”

“My son, did you eat the whole of the doughnut?”

Son.—“No sir, I ate what was around the hole.”

Graduate (at parting, with emotion).—“Professor, I am indebted to you for all I know.”

Prof.—“Don’t mention such a trifle.”

Sunday School Teacher (during lesson on the children of Israel in the wilderness).—“Robert, tell me why it was that the children of Israel built a golden calf.”

Robert.—“I don’t know less ’twas ’cause they didn’t have money to build a cow.”

In grammar.

“What gender is ‘chagrin’?”

“Masculine,” was the reply.

“No, indeed. . It is a *she*-grin, therefore feminine.”

WHAT IT COSTS TO PATCH UP ANGELS.

Illuminating to the last degree is the bill recently presented by a painter who was engaged to make extensive repairs to the frescoring of a church in Berlin. When his charges were disputed this modern Michael Angelo submitted the accompanying itemized bill :—

1.	Corrected the Ten Commandments.....	\$ 3 25
2.	Embellished Pontius Pilate and put new ribbons in his hat	5 12
3.	Put new tail on rooster of St. Peter and mended his comb	3 20
4.	Replumed and gilded left wing of Guardian Angel.....	4 18
5.	Washed servant of High Priest and put carmine on his cheek.....	5 12
6.	Renewed Heaven, adjusted the stars and cleaned the moon	7 10
7.	Reanimated flames of Purgatory and restored lost souls....	3 05
8.	Revived flames of hell, put an extra joint in the devil's tail, mended his left hoof and did several jobs for the damned.....	7 12
9.	Rebordered the robe of Herod and readjusted his wig.....	4 00
10.	Put new spotted dashes on son of Tobias and dressing on his socks.....	2 00
11.	Shoeing Balaam's ass.....	3 02
12.	Mended shirt of the Prodigal Son and cleaned his ears....	4 00
13.	Put earrings into the ears of Sarah.....	2 04
14.	Put new stone into David's sling, enlarged the head of Goliath and extended his legs.....	3 00
15.	Decorated Noah's Ark.....	3 00
Total		\$56 97

N. B.—Please remit promptly.

The particularity with which the artisan compiled his account so won the hearts of the Auditing Committee that the account was liquidated instant. It was apparent that anyone who charged only \$3.02 for "Correcting the Commandments," and only twice that paltry sum for "Renewing Heaven, adjusting the stars and cleaning the moon," was no mean genius or sordid pessimist.—Ex.

"A fellow insulted me by offering me a beer the other day."

"What did you do?"

"Swallowed the insult."

Vonker—"Why doesn't your daughter study French?"

Oldy—"I think one tongue quite sufficient for a woman."

The poor man who weds an heiress believes in the gold cure for financial ills.

If the grub makes the butterfly, what does the churn do?

Miss A. thought that Bacon wrote that about Pork, but it was Lamb,

Elder Jones—"Well, brother Smith, how many have you in your church?"

Elder Smith—"Oh, two hundred and some odd. How many have you?"

Elder Jones—"Two hundred and all odd."

"Why was the great evangelist so unsociable?"

"I don't know why?"

"Because he was so Moody."



THE SPANISH BAYONET BLOOM.

ROLLINS COLLEGE,

Its Growth During 1900-1901.

During the school year ending June, 1901, Rollins College has grown steadily in enrollment of students and in the development of its courses of study. The three large dormitories have been filled with students, and it will probably be necessary to build another dormitory to meet the demands of the ever increasing numbers. The students now in attendance at Rollins College are on the average considerably older and more advanced than those of the previous years, and a larger number than usual are taking courses of study in the College proper. A majority of the States of the Union, and also a majority of the counties of Florida are represented in the student body. There are several Cubans in attendance at Rollins. For their benefit six special classes have been organized, so that the Spanish-speaking students may learn English quickly and thoroughly. As soon as they have acquired a knowledge of English they are admitted to the regular classes. By this means the English-speaking students are in no way hampered in their class work.

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Rollins College includes a College of Arts and Sciences, a Preparatory School, a Business School, and Schools of Music and Art. In the College the following courses of study were offered this year: Economics and Law, five courses; Bible study, four courses; Philosophy, four courses; Greek, seven courses; Latin, ten courses; Modern Languages, nine courses; English, seven courses; History, five courses; Natural Science, twelve courses; Mathematics, seven courses; and Physical Culture, four courses. A limited elective system in the College has now stood the test of four years, and has proved in every way satisfactory. All students in the College are required to take the following courses: Economics, Sociology, Logic, Psychology and Ethics, Modern Languages (one year's work), Advanced Rhetoric and English Literature, English and American Literature of the 19th Century, History of England,

American History, Natural Science (one year's work), Solid Geometry, Higher Algebra, Trigonometry and Analytical Geometry. This amounts in all to a little over two year's work. The remaining work of the four years is entirely elective, but the student is expected to devote at least half of his electives to one department of study.

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It will be observed that Latin and Greek are no longer required subjects at Rollins College. At the same time, both elementary and advanced work in the classics are given, and students are encouraged to elect these subjects. During the Senior year each student is required to write a thesis on some subject connected with his special group of studies, and embodying the results of original investigation. With regard to the entrance requirements of the College, an equivalent amount of work in the Modern Languages or Natural Science may be substituted for Latin and Greek. In taking this step, Rollins College has followed in the wake of Harvard and Cornell.

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As a rule, in the smaller colleges in this country, Latin and Greek are required throughout the college courses, largely by reason of the fact that the College does not offer a sufficient number of elective courses. This difficulty has presented itself at Rollins College, and it has been necessary, at considerable expense, to increase the number of electives in the Sciences, Modern Languages, Mathematics, etc., in order to supply the needs of those students that do not wish to follow a strictly classical course. Rollins College, according to the best information, is the only one in the State of Florida that does not require Latin and Greek in the course of study leading to the degree of Bachelor of Arts.

The courses of study offered by the Rollins Preparatory School cover the work done in a well equipped grammar school (one year), and in a High School (four years). There are three courses of study offered. First, one including Latin and Greek; second, including Latin but not Greek; and third, not including either Latin or Greek, but substituting an equivalent amount of work in the Sciences and Modern Languages. The diploma of the Preparatory School admits to Rollins College or other institutions of learning of equal rank. The Business School is now equipped with all the appliances of a bank or counting room, so that the student may obtain practice in the everyday work of commercial life. Three courses of study are offered: the Commercial course, the Short hand course and the telegraphy course. There is no extra charge for instruction in the business department, except five dollars for the use of a typewriter.



In the School of Music instruction is offered in Piano, Voice, Theory of Music, Violin, and Mandolin, and class instruction in the elements of sight singing and in the proper rendition of hymns is given, open to all students.

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In the School of Art systematic instruction is given in outline work, charcoal, pen-and-ink, painting in both oil and water-colors, and china-painting. An elementary course extending throughout one term is open free of expense to all students of the Preparatory School.

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The cost of tuition, board and room is \$172 a year in the Preparatory School or Business School, and \$190 a year in the College. Music and Art are the only extras. Each student has a room to himself without extra charge.

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Catalogues and illustrated circulars will be sent upon application to the Dean.



KNOWLES HALL.