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1-1-1902

Sandspur, Vol. 08, No. 01, 1902

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Rollins College, "Sandspur, Vol. 08, No. 01, 1902" (1902). *The Rollins Sandspur*. 2343.
<https://stars.library.ucf.edu/cfm-sandspur/2343>

COMMENCEMENT NUMBER.

THE SAND-SPUR.

"STICK TO IT."

VOLUME 8, NO. 1, 1902.

Published by Delphic Debating Society.

ROLLINS COLLEGE, WINTER PARK, FLA.

PRESS OF THE SENTINEL-REPORTER,
ORLANDO, FLA.



W. R. O'NEAL,
Treasurer Rollins College.




"All the glory of heaven is excluded by gold coins held too close to the eyes,
But none is deceived save the gazer,—the lord of a fool's paradise;
With the wide world inviting to action, with humanity yearning for light,
He can see but the gold that gilds fashion, and beyond, all is swallowed in
night.

O large are the fields and fertile! O broad is the fathomless main!
Like the mountains they're calling for manhood, but too often they summon in vain.
While round the fair young flowers and the bees that within them lurk,
Repeat, in their endless endeavor, "all the joy of the world springs from
work."

Then oh how can you worship so weakly, when a monarch of money appears,
As the hoofs of his steeds o'er you trample, in the dust that is wet with
your tears.
Ah brothers of mind and muscle—ah sisters of deftness and skill,
Be yourselves kings and queens of high purpose, be earth's monarchs—you
can if you will.

—ROBERT MACKEY in Success.





THE MAN AND THE SNAKE.

IT is of veritabyll report, and attested of so many that there be nowe of wyse and learned none to gainsaye it, that ye serpente hys eye hath a magnetick propertie that whosoe falleth into its suasion is drawn forwards in despytie of his wille, and perisheth miserabyllly by ye creature his byte."

Stretched at ease upon a sofa, in gown and slippers, Harker Brayton smiled as he read the foregoing sentence in old Morryster's "Marvels of Science." "The only marvel in the matter," he said to himself, "is that the wise and learned in Morrysters's day should have believed in such nonsense as is rejected by most of even the ignorant in ours."

A train of reflections followed—for Brayton was a man of thought—and he unconsciously lowered the book without altering the direction of his eyes. As soon as the volume had gone below the line of sight, something in an obscure corner of the room recalled his attention to his surroundings. What he saw, in the shadow under his bed, were two small points of light, apparently about an inch apart. They might have been reflections from the gas jet above him in metal nail heads; he gave them but little thought and resumed his reading. A moment later something—some impulse which it did not occur to him to analyze—impelled him to lower the book again and seek for what he saw before. The points of light were still there. They seemed to have become brighter than before, shining with a greenish luster which he had not at first observed. He thought, too, that they might have moved a trifle—were somewhat nearer. They were still too much in shadow, however, to reveal their nature and origin to an indolent attention, and he resumed his reading. Suddenly something in the text suggested a thought which made him start and drop the book for the third time to the side of the sofa, whence, eseaping from his hand, it fell sprawling to the

floor, back upward. Brayton, half arisen, was staring intently into the obscurity beneath the bed, where the points of light shone with, it seemed to him, an added fire. His attention was now fully aroused, his gaze eager and imperative. It disclosed, almost directly beneath the the foot-rail of the bed, the coils of a large serpent—the points of light were its eyes! Its horrible head, thrust flatly forth from the innermost coil and resting upon the outermost, was directed straight toward him, the definition of the wide, brutal jaw and the idiot-like forehead serving to show the direction of its malevolent gaze. The eyes were no longer merely luminous points; they looked into his own with a meaning; a malign significance.

Beyond a smart shock of surprise and a shudder of mere loathing, Mr. Brayton was not greatly affected. His first thought was to ring the call bell and bring a servant; but although the bell cord dangled within easy reach, he made no movement toward it; it had occurred to his mind that the act might subject him to the suspicion of fear, which he certainly did not feel. He was more keenly conscious of the incongruous nature of the situation than affected by its perils; it was revolting, but absurd.

The reptile was of a species with which Brayton was unfamiliar. Its length he could only conjecture; the body at the largest visible part seemed about as thick as his forearm.

Brayton rose to his feet and prepared to back softly away from the snake, without disturbing it if possible, and through the door. He knew that he could walk backward without obstruction, and find the door without error. Should the monster follow, the taste which had plastered the walls with pictures had consistently supplied a rack of murderous Oriental weapons from which he could snatch one to suit the occasion. In the meantime the snake's eyes burned with a more pitiless malevolence than ever.

Brayton lifted his right foot free of the floor to step backward. That moment he felt a strong aversion to doing so.

"I am accounted brave," he murmured; "is bravery then, no more than pride? Because there are none to witness the shame shall I retreat."

He was steadying himself with his right hand upon the back of a chair, his foot suspended.

"Nonsense!" he said aloud; "I am not so great a coward as to fear to seem to myself afraid."

He lifted the foot a little higher by slightly bending the knee, and thrust it sharply to the floor—an inch in front of the other! He could

not think how that occurred. A trial with the left foot had the same result: it was again in advance of the right. The hand upon the chair was grasping it; the arm was straight, reaching somewhat backward. One might have seen that he was reluctant to lose his hold. The snake's malignant head was still thrust flatly forth from the inner coil as before, the neck level. It had not moved, but its eyes were now electric sparks, radiating an infinity of luminous needles.

The man had an ashy pallor. Again he took a step forward, and one other, partly dragging the chair, which, when finally released, fell upon the floor with a crash. The man groaned; the snake made neither sound nor motion; but its eyes were two dazzling suns. The reptile itself was wholly concealed by them. They gave off enlarging rings of rich and vivid colors, which at their greatest expansion successively vanished like soap bubbles; they seemed to approach his very face, and anon were an immeasurable distance away. He heard, somewhere, the continuous throbbing of a great drum, with desultory bursts of far music, inconceivably sweet, like the soft tones of a melodious Aeolian harp. He knew it for the sunrise melody of Memnon's statue, and thought he stood in the Nileside reeds, hearing with exalted sense, that immortal anthem through the silence of the centuries.

The music ceased; rather it became by insensible degrees the distant roll of a retreating thunderstorm. A landscape glittering with sun and rain, stretched before him, arched with a vivid rainbow, framing in its giant curve a hundred visible cities. In the middle distance a vast serpent, wearing a crown, reared its head out of its voluminous convolutions and looked at him with his dead mother's eyes. Suddenly this enchanting landscape seemed to rise swiftly upward, like the drop scene at a theatre, and vanished in a blank. Something struck him a hard blow upon the face and breast. He had fallen to the floor; the blood ran from his broken nose and bruised lips. For a moment he was dazed and stunned, and lay with closed eyes, his face against the floor. In a few moments he had recovered, and then realizing that his fall, by withdrawing his eyes, had broken the spell which held him. He felt that now, by keeping his gaze averted, he would be able to retreat. But the thought of the serpent within a few feet of his head, yet unseen—perhaps ready to spring upon him and throwing its coils about his throat—was too horrible. He lifted his head, stared again into those baleful eyes, and was again in bondage.

The snake had not moved, and appeared somewhat to have lost its power upon the imagination; the gorgeous illusions of a few moments before were not repeated. Beneath that flat and brainless brow its

black, beady eyes simply glittered, as at first, with an expression unspeakably malignant. It was as if the creature, knowing its triumph assured, had determined to practice no more alluring wiles.

Now ensued a fearful scene. The man prone upon the floor, within a yard of his enemy, raised the upper part of his body upon his elbows, his head thrown back, his legs extended to their full length. His bleeding face was tensely white; his eyes were strained open to their uttermost expansion. There was froth upon his lips; it fell off in flakes. Strong convulsions ran through the body, making almost serpentine undulations. He bent himself at the waist, shifting his feet from side to side. And every movement left him a little nearer the snake. He thrust his hands forward to brace himself back, yet constantly advanced upon his elbows. * * * *

Dr. Druring and his wife sat in the library. — The scientist was in rare good humor.

"I have just obtained, by exchange with another collector," he said, a splendid specimen of the ophiophagus."

"And what may that be?" the lady inquired with a scemewhat languid interest.

"Why bless my soul, what profound ignorance! My dear, a man who ascertains after marriage that his wife does not know Greek, is entitled to a divorce. The ophiophagus is a snake which eats other snakes."

"I hope it will eat all yours," she said absently shifting the lamp. "But how does it get the other snakes? By charming them I suppose."

"That is just like you, dear," said the doctor, with an affection of petulance. You know how irritating to me is any allusion to that vulgar superstition about the snake's power of fascination."

The conversation was interrupted by a mighty cry, which rung through the silent house like the voice of a demon, shouting in a tomb! Again and yet again, it sounded with terrible distinctness. They sprang to their feet, the man confused, the lady pale and speechless with fright. Almost before the echoes of the last cry had died away, the doctor was out of the room, springing up the staircase two steps at a time. In the corridor in front of Brayton's chamber, he met some servants who had come from the upper floor. Together they rushed at the door without knocking. It was unfastened and gave way. Brayton lay upon the floor, dead. His head and arms were partly concealed under the foot-rail of the bed. They pulled the body away, turning it upon the back. The face was daubed with blood and froth, the eyes were wide open, staring—a dreadful sight!

"Died in a fit, said the scientist," bending his knee and placing his

hand upon the heart. While in that position he happened to glance under the bed. "Good God!" he added, "how did that get in here?"

He reached under the bed, pulled out the snake, and flung it, still coiled, to the center of the room, whence, with a harsh, shuffling sound, it slid across the polished floor till stopped by the wall, where it lay without motion. It was a stuffed snake; its eyes were two shoe buttons.

THE HALL OF FAME FOR GREAT AMERICANS.

A YOUNG American student is very apt to forget that his country is not the oldest as well as the grandest in the world.

Everything national is superlative with him. He gradually grows older and wiser, and learns that nations have lived to a great age, and died, centuries before America was born.

The nation too, is growing older and wiser, and for the benefit of future students a Hall of Fame is already built and its panels are ready for the names of Americans, who are deemed the greatest in their respective fields. Only persons born on United States territory, and who have been dead ten years or more, are eligible to that honor.

They may have been authors, business men, educators, inventors, missionaries, philanthropists, preachers, scientists, engineers, lawyers, musicians, painters, physicians, rulers, soldiers and distinguished men and women outside of these fifteen specified classes.

The council of New York University accepted a gift of one hundred thousand dollars for the erection and completion of a building to be called "The Hall of Fame for Great Americans."

A structure in the form of a semi-circle, was built, connecting the University Hall of Philosophy with the Hall of Languages.

It is five hundred feet long, fifteen feet wide and one hundred and seventy feet high. Within the colonnade are one hundred and fifty panels.

Fifty names are to be inscribed on these tablets at the beginning, and five additional names every fifth year thereafter until the year two thousand when the one hundred and fifty inscriptions will be complete.

In October, 1900, the University Senate received the ballots of the judges. One hundred judges had been selected and ninety seven of these voted.

Two hundred and fifty two names were submitted to the judges, and fifty one votes were necessary for each successful candidate.

The result of the ballot is interesting. George Washington heads the list with ninety seven votes. Abraham Lincoln and Daniel Webster, each have ninety six. Benjamin Franklin has ninety four and in an irregular descending scale, we come to the name of Asa Gray with fifty one votes, the last on the list. Only twenty nine names of the fifty were selected, and, it was decided to select the remaining twenty one in 1902, under the same rules and the same judges. Doubtless we shall await the ballot of 1902 with great interest.

C. H. A.

EPISODES OF PLANT LIFE.

AMONG all the curious and interesting facts of Plant Life, it is not very easy to decide that any one of them is more curious and interesting than all the others; but perhaps to most minds those traits and properties which, in external action or internal function, most closely ally the plant to the animal, would seem to have the best claim to our greatest interest. Of these properties, the most conspicuous are Irritability, or Sensitiveness, as evidenced by spontaneous motion, and some of the processes of digestion, with its chemical products.

Internally, every particle of a living plant is in motion, from the moment that warmth and moisture of the soil distend the substance of the seed so that it bursts the tough coat that had confined and protected it. But when we speak of Motion in the present connection we refer to external, visible motion other than that of growth.

The most familiar example of this is found in climbing plants, commonly, but wrongly called vines; the vine being the *Wine* plant. The twining of a climber is performed by the contraction of the fibers of the stem as it approaches the supporting object, and the simultaneous stretching of those on the opposite side.

Every individual plant of the same species revolves in the same direction. The *Hop* turns *with* the sun, i. e., from left to right; *Morning glories* and *pole beans* *against* the sun, from right to left. It was formerly said that twining plants on opposite sides of the Equator revolve in opposite directions: this is not true in all cases, though perhaps in the greater number.

The tendrils by which some plants climb exhibit many interesting motions, seeming almost like instinct. They stretch out in search of a support and move in a circle till they find a point of attachment, then they shorten by curling up so as to draw nearer to its support the stem from which they proceed.

Professor Gray says: "If we watch the tender Passion Flower, that shows the revolving so well on a sultry day, we may see with wonder, that when a tendril, sweeping horizontally, comes round so that its base nears the parent stem, it stops short, rises stiffly upright, moves on in this position until it passes the stem, then rapidly comes down again to the horizontal position, and moves on."

Most tendrils end in a point, or claw; but others, as the Begonia Radicans, or Trumpet Creeper, end in a flat adhesive disk, like a fly's foot. The Maurandia climbs by bending the footstalk of the leaf around a support.

There are other spontaneous movements arising from sensitiveness, as the old and unaccountable antics of the *Hedysarum Gyans*—but this is too long a story. The most familiar example is the Sensitive Plant, or Mimosa, a greenhouse shrub of South America. The leaf is divided into four pinnae, so called, each of these further divided into twenty or more pairs of narrow leaflets, all lying flat in the sunshine. When touched by the hand, or even strongly breathed upon, the whole leaf collapses, the leaflets close in pairs, bringing their upper faces together, inclining forward; then the four outspread leaves approach each other, and at the same time the main leaf-stalk drops downwards.

There is a sensitive plant of the same genus native here, the *Shrankia*, mostly prostrate, the stem two or four feet long, covered with rough prickles, the whole plant of a red color, with purple flowers in spherical heads.

The ripe seed pod, of the garden Balsam, *Ladyslipper*, *Touch-me-not*, when slightly touched, springs open and scatters its seeds. In the *Barberry* the sensitiveness is in the stamens; in the *Kalmia* it is in the anthers.

Plants may be deprived of their sensitiveness by withholding water when they become wilted, or by watering them with a poisonous liquid. Common kidney beans watered with a decoction of arsenic or corrosive sublimate, faded in a few hours, then turned yellow, and were dead on the third day. A lilac was killed by injecting arsenic into a slit made in one of the branches. Vegetable poisons prove as destructive as mineral ones. *Nux vomica* killed kidney beans in a few hours; the mineral poisons acting on plants as on animals, by corrosion; while those veg-

etable poisons that kill animals by acting on their nervous system, also destroy plants though they have no *apparent* nervous system. Anodynes *suspend* the vital functions of plants as of animals. A barberry bush watered with a strong decoction of opium lost the sensitiveness of its stamens; and the leaves of the *Dionaea* entirely lost their fly catching power.

At the beginning of this paper I named the function of Digestion as one of the curious properties which ally the Vegetable to the Animal Kingdom. There is a small order of plants, the *Drosera*, or Sundew family, including the *Dionaea*, or Flytrap, which have this property in connection with irritability and motion. The Sundew is a little plant with a circle of small leaves spreading out from the root, their upper surface and edge fringed with bristles tipped with a gland that secretes a globule of clear liquid like a drop of dew, but strongly glutinous. An insect alighting to sip this tempting draught is caught in the adhesive juice, the bristles then curve inward and press it upon the leaf, where it is dissolved and finally absorbed. In the *Dionaea*, or Flytrap, the leaf is larger, the upper part like a pair of scallop shells hinged on the midrib and edged with teeth. An insect touching the leaf is caught and devoured. Bits of raw beef are acted upon in the same manner. These species are well named Carniverous plants.

Physiologists and botanists now fully accept the idea that the protoplasm, or living substance of animals and of plants are essentially similar, if not quite identical. In both kingdoms we have as a sign of life the continual building up of the living substance by materials brought to it as food, which are resolved into constituents strictly comparable in the two cases. The vegetable protoplasm produces starch, the animal, glycogen, bodies similar in composition and action; in both we find sugar precisely similar; complex fats in the animal, complex oils in the plant identical in composition. Very curiously, the wax produced in many plants appears in those rare cases where the fat in dead bodies is changed into the substance called adipocere. And lastly, as most remarkable, the curious lecithin, long known as a constituent of nervous tissue in the animal, has been produced from the simple yeast plant.

Further, the changes that give rise to these substances are due to similar agencies, mainly that of *ferments* secreted by the protoplasmic cell for that purpose. In the germinating seed, part of the solid constituents are transformed into soluble matter capable of passing into every part of the growing seedling, precisely as the grain when eaten is transformed into peptones by the digestive power of the stomach.

An extremely interesting and practical application of this discovery is seen in the extraction of these elements from plants in which they

abound, for medical and hygienic use. Familiar as we are with the Pineapple, it is not generally known that its juice is strongly digestive. A piece of lean beef covered with it, becomes tender and is gradually dissolved. The discovery of this remarkable fact has suggested its use in medicine for dissolving and removing the fatal false membrane formed in diphtheria. It is said to be used also in the predigestion of tough beef put in tin cans for market. A special feature of this property of the pineapple is that it *dissolves its own fibre*; in no other way can we explain the nectarian qualities of the fruit when allowed to ripen on its own root, a quality never known except to those who cultivate it for their own use, take it fresh from the plant, and serve the luscious, creamy pulp in its own emerald or golden goblet. For this perfect ripening is a *vital* process, impossible after the immature fruit is gathered for the market.

Another plant native in South America, the Melon Pawpaw, *Papaya Carica*, furnishes this peptone from all its parts. Though soft wooded and unbranched, it grows 15 to 30 feet high, bearing at the upper part a crowd of long stemmed palmate leaves, somewhat deeply indented, and in a well grown plant 20 to 30 inches long and broad. Before the disastrous change in our climate, it was the most stately and beautiful ornament of our gardens. The Pawpaw is diaecious, the fertile and sterile flowers being borne on separate plants. The staminate flowers form a loose cluster on a long graceful stem, and in color (yellow), form, and even fragrance, closely resemble the Catalonian Jessamine (*Jasminum revolutum*). The pistillate flower, which produces the fruit is larger, somewhat tulip shaped, on a short stem growing directly on the trunk of the tree. The fruit is oval, in this latitude usually three or four inches long, but further south much larger. The skin is thin, the pulp in color, texture, and flavor resembles an inferior quality of muskmelon. The seeds are round and black, and when chewed are strongly pungent. Domestic fowls are extremely fond of the fruit and the spicy seeds are a wholesome stimulant for them.

The juice of the fruit and the sap of the tree have, like the pineapple, the singular property of rendering the toughest meat tender in a short time. This has long been known where the plant flourishes, and it is the common practice to wrap the meat in large leaves for a few hours or over night. It is said that there are twenty six known varieties of the plant, in some the juice being too corrosive for use, in others too feeble. Within the last ten years, medical chemists have been experimenting with the juice of the variety known to us, and have made from it a concentrated extract for which they claim great digestive virtue.

Another especially interesting and practicable development of vege-

table ferments, is found in the existence and extensive use of one similar in its action to that of the rennet, obtainable from the stomach of many young animals, particularly the calf. In an extract from such a stomach there is a principle which has the power to curdle milk, and is used for that purpose in making cheese. The change in the milk is not the loose curdling of clabber, but a true coagulation like the clotting of blood. Now it is known that in many plants a similar ferment exists, possessing this identical power. And this property seems not to pertain to all the species of a natural Order, as is generally the case, or even to all the species of a genus; and this is another mystery.

Of the rennet producing plants I will name first the *Pinguicula*, English name Butterwort, as four species of it grow abundantly in the low grounds about here, blooming in February and March. One species has delicate yellow flowers, an inch or more wide, two lipped, five lobed, spurred, nodding on a leafless stem. Quantities of them are gathered by children and sold to winter visitors. The clotting of the milk is produced by rubbing the inside of the pans with the plant. Paul du Chailu found that the Laplanders of Arctic Norway use the same plant for the same purpose.

The yellow *Galium*, a common English plant belonging to the same family as Coffee, Cinchona, and the Yellow Jessamine, was so used in the 16th century, when an author wrote of it, "*Galium* is so called because it coagulates milk, (Greek, gala.)" In the west of England the custom still continues.

A very singular species of the Cucumber family creeps partly on and partly under the surface of the sand, in dry and desert places on the coast of Africa, with long, spiny, weak looking branches 20 feet or more in length, and roots penetrating the sand sometimes 100 feet. The ripe fruit looks very like an orange, with a powerful and pleasant aroma, and a juicy and agreeable pulp. The natives eat great quantities of it, both fresh and in the form of cakes made by drying the juice and pulp in the sun; and they make great use of it in clotting milk. The rennet is contained in the juice, pulp, and rind, and retains its power for an almost indefinite time in the dried rind. The natives call it *Naras*; the botanists seem to have outdone themselves in the invention of *Acanthosycios horrida*.

In India, as is well known, many of the natives refuse all food into which any animal product enters, including cheese made with animal rennet. Fortunately for them, there is a shrub of the potato and tomato family, growing freely in Afghanistan and northern India, (named by the botanists *Withania coagulans*), the numerous seeds of which contain

an abundance of this valuable ferment. A fairly strong extract is quite equal to animal rennet, and it can be preserved with common salt and alcohol.

MISS MARY E. BROWN.

VALUE OF GYMNASTICS TO THE COLLEGE STUDENT.

GYMNASTICS consist of all those exercises which have been devised for the invigoration and development of the bodily powers. They also include those manly and healthful games which have been encouraged by all civilized nations, as calculated to improve the physical and keep alive the energetic spirit of their people.

Gymnastics are one of the chief objects of interest in the college life of almost every student and are of vital importance to the best interests, welfare, and success of every institution of learning. Not only is a systematic physical education of vital importance to college life but the national games played by the college students of America, are perhaps as beneficial as any system of artificial exercises, that has yet been devised. Gymnastics are not only good for the health of people in general but also serve to prepare a student for study and eventually for the battle of life in which so many fail for lack of health and strength.

Very often a student pursues mental culture and sadly neglects his physical culture. The result is, he pays for his education at the expense of his health. Our physical nature is a talent which God has given us. Consequently we owe it to Him as well as ourselves to develop this talent, and not bury it beneath our desire for learning.

Acting upon the well grounded opinion, that neither mental serenity nor mental development can exist with an unhealthy animal organization, and admonished by the sad deaths of two promising young men and the breaking down of others just at the end of their college courses, the authorities of Amherst College some years ago were impelled to demand that the college officials should give proper attention to physical health as well as to intellectual training. Shortly afterwards a department of physical education was created, statistics concerning which show some interesting facts about the average amount of time lost on account of sickness among college students as compared with the time lost for a like reason by men of the artisan class. While the average

amount of time lost on account of sickness by each laborer in Europe was found to be nineteen or twenty days each year, the returns of the sick list of Amherst College for term time give 2.64 days as an annual average of time lost to every student.

The student who takes no exercise is like a pool of still water. Although the air about the pool is constantly changing and agitates its surface, yet the water soon becomes stagnant and diseased for lack of exercise, so to speak. However hard the student may exercise his psychological powers, his physical nature, like the pool of still water, will become stagnant and diseased. On the other hand, he who daily engages in physical recreation, thereby strengthens his constitution and wards off disease. His healthy condition may be compared to the running brook.


The mind is very closely related to the body. The influence which well regulated bodily exercise exerts on the working powers of the mind for effective study is very great. When the body is out of order and diseased, the mind will be affected also. Consequently, a dull mental condition is often caused by lack of exercise.

Look at that man walking along one side of the street with his shoulders aslant at an angle of forty five degrees, his back slightly bent, and dragging one foot after the other with an utter lack of energy. On the other side of the street you see a friend advancing, who has been a college athlete with his broad shoulders erect bearing and elastic step. You instantly note the contrast presented by the two men, as your friend comes up you ask him if he knows that other man. And he replies: "Why, yes; he is an old schoolmate of mine, a very smart fellow and all that, but we never could persuade him to join in any of our games or take any kind of recreation. He always called it a sinful waste of time, but poor fellow, I guess he realizes his misfortune now."

To lay in a stock of health in time of youth is as necessary a piece of prudence as to lay in a stock of faithful knowledge. Therefore let the student who desires to obtain the greatest benefits possible out of college life not confine his or her labors to the cultivation of the intellectual powers alone, but seek with equal zeal the development of the physical nature as well. May the student, if there is any, who takes no part in the various branches of athletic exercises, who avoids all opportunities for muscular development, and who even shuns the gymnasium drill as he would a treadmill, speedily come to the realization that he is only injuring himself and that the opportunities which he now neglects will not be recoverable in after years at any price. L. E. BRUNER.

LEGENDS OF THE ROSE.

"If Zesus chose us a queen of the flowers in his mirth,
He would call to the Rose, and would royally crown it."

O wrote Tiaitus in the fifth century, and today in the twentieth, the sentiment remains unchanged. The Lily only has contested with the Rose for this high place, but history, poetry, tradition, and custom, have awarded the sceptre to the queenly Rose. No insolent upstart is this royal flower. For centuries prose has dealt with its virtue, and poetry has sung of its beauty. Solomon conceded it to be preeminent, and Isaiah uses it as the emblem of joy. It was known to the ancient Egyptians, and Herodotus speaks of the double rose. Poets delight to sing the praises of the Nightingale. What would they do without the "Sultana of the Nightingale," and how many quaint legends we should lose if all those concerning the rose were cast aside? One of them tells of the very way in which it gained this title "Sultana of the Nightingale." The story is that the Nightingale sighing for the love of the rose, disturbed the nightly rest of the other birds so much that they appeared before Solomon to make their complaint. The king, however, refused to do anything to the offending songster because it assured him that its love for the rose was so great that it would be impossible to check the expression of it.

One of the many traditions as to the origin of this "gem of plants," is that Flora, the goddess of flowers, finding the dead body of one of her favorite nymphs, asked the Olympian deities to change it into a flower which all others should forever acknowledge as their queen. Her request was granted, and thus the rose came into existence. Sir John Mandeville gives another version. He says that Zillah, a Jewish maid of Bethlehem, was loved by Hamuel, a man utterly unworthy of her. She scorned his suit and Hamuel vowed vengeance. Through his instigation, accused of being a demoniac, she was condemned to be burned; but the flames were averted and the stake became a beautiful rose-bush covered with red and white flowers under which the maid stood unharmed. These, the symbols of incorruption, are said to have been the first roses since paradise was lost. The ancients believed that the rose at first was white and odorless until Venus trod on one of its thorns, when it was dyed by the blood which fell from the wound. The Mussulman says that the red rose sprang from the blood of Mahomet. He says too, that as the prophet was journeying from earth to heav-

en, the drops of sweat which fell from his brow became white roses, while those which fell from his horse, Al Borak, were changed into yellow blossoms. Tradition relates a quaint story of the General Jacqueminot, which is said to have been at first pure white. The legend is that a beautiful Cuban girl in love with one of her poor countrymen, was in the habit of meeting him secretly under a large Jacqueminot bush that stood near the house. Her father found them there and murdered her lover, whose blood sinking into the roots changed the snowy blossoms to glowing crimson. The story which the Germans tell of the Moss rose is more pleasant. The angel of the flowers lay sleeping one day under a rose bush. When awaking, grateful for the shade which it had given him, he whispered, "Ask what thou wilt, 'tis granted thee," and the rose made answer, "on me another grace bestow." The angel paused a moment, then threw over the blossoms a veil of moss.

The customs and superstitions which gather around this queen of the flowers are myriad. Poets of all ages have used the rose as the symbol of love, and the Roman gallant thought the first rose of the spring-time a fit offering for his lady love. Legend says that an angel fell in love with Saint Cecelia and brought her each night a celestial rose. According to Greek mythology, Cupid gave a rose to Harpocrates the god of silence, as a bribe not to betray the amours of Venus. By this god it was made a joint emblem of secrecy and love. It is from this that "Sub rosa" has its origin, and it is supposed that the Romans got from it their custom of placing a rose over the principal door of their banquet halls, as a reminder that what was said at the feast should not be repeated afterward. The tables were laden with roses, and even the wine was strewn with their leaves. The beds of their guests were covered with blossoms. The Sybarites were even more lavish in their use of this flower. Their beds were stuffed with the petals, and their fountains and baths were of rose-water. No wonder that they astonished the Greeks with their luxury! The hall in Cecilia, where Cleopatra met Mark Anthony, was covered by the queen's order with a carpet of roses eighteen inches in depth. Nero paid \$100,000. for the roses at a single banquet and at an old Roman fete the entire surface of the Lake Lucinia was covered with these lovely blossoms. During the middle ages knights had a rose embroidered on their sleeve, signifying that beauty was the reward of valor. In the days of chivalry this favorite adornment was often the gift of some fair maiden. The customs of the present day are but the remains of the traditions of the past. In the valley of Engadine, in Switzerland, if a man accused of a crime is able to prove

himself guiltless, a beautiful young girl gives to him a white rose, called the rose of innocence. Every year in the French village of Salemy there is held the fete of *La Rosiere*, at which a magnificent rose is presented to the maiden whom the people shall choose as the most amiable and most excellent. The rose tournament held in Pasadena, California, on last New Year's day, brings to mind the rose festival which the Persians have each year as long as the roses bloom. In the annual battle of flowers at Nice, this blossom is the favorite ammunition. The Ancients thought that the rose was a charm against disease, that it had the power to nullify enchantments, and that it could induce love. These superstitions are in existence today in some parts of the world. In Italy a maiden tests her sweetheart's faith by burning the petals, and the French girl says that rosy cheeks will come to the one who buries a drop of her blood under a rose bush. The Chinese plant roses over the graves of their friends, because they believe that the blossoms bring undisturbed repose to the sleepers beneath them.

In the pages of history the "War of the Roses" is an important chapter. The *rose gules* was the accepted badge of Edmund, the first Earl of Lancaster, while the House of York had from the beginning the *rose argent* as its cognizance. During the thirty years of strife, these roses continued to be the badges of the two houses, and when at length peace was declared, the victors, of course made their's the national flower of England. There is a quaint tradition connected with this war. It is said that during the strife there grew in a monastery garden in Wiltshire, a rose-bush which bore both red and white roses. When the two houses were united by the marriage of Henry VII. and Elizabeth of York, it is said that this bush had no more the separate blossoms, but that in each flower was blended the red and the white, a bright omen of future peace and harmony.

Even in architecture roses have a place. The glass windows in the cathedrals of Milan, Canterbury, and Cologne, are ornamented with them. Three of the windows in the cathedral of Paris, each form a giant rose forty feet in diameter. The ceiling of the banquet room at Haddon Hall is decorated with roses. Probably the designer had in mind the old custom of the Romans.

The rose has been dedicated to Mary Magdalene, but in paintings, many of the saints are represented as wearing crowns of roses or as carrying them in their hands. It would be hard to find a flower put to so many uses as is the rose. It has its share in the—"The Bridal Day—The Festival—The Tomb," and probably there are few of us who have not some tender associations connected with it. "Every inch a queen"

is this lovely blossom, so dainty and so sweet, yet holding its head aloft with a certain pride. One cannot but feel that within it:

"Something dimly dwells,
At variance with a world of sorrows and farewells."

NATURE'S LAND.

IT was after after nine days of the fullest appreciation of seasickness on the vast Atlantic, that we joyfully disembarked at a very small town on the north east coast of Columbia.

This place, Savanilla by name, with its long stretch of ocean and its situation at the foot of a broad and thickly wooded hill, though small, is very picturesque. Being situated at one of the mouths of the great river, it has a commerce, which is gradually extending its tributaries to every part of the South American continent. Savanilla is largely composed of foreign population, for it is foreign capital and foreign talent that are straightening the crook in the continent's dwarfed and stunted growth.

All things seemed quite natural around us until we ventured outside the town proper. There we saw the native's typical house; a large building whose broad sides and V shaped roof were closely thatched with the long, native straw. The inside of these huts, for they are nothing more than an evolutionized form of the savage dwelling, is uninviting. The three rooms which compose it are wholly destitute of comfort and to all the attributes which go to make up the hallowed home. Their floors are clay, and a common sight, as one enters the large middle room or the parlor, is the little nude tots playing "mud pies" or otherwise happily busying themselves with the constituents of their floors. But often this proves a fatal pleasure, for in the rainy season the inevitable dampness of the clay, often sends the crawling babe to an untimely grave.

From Savanilla we took a small train twenty mile inland to Baranquilla. Fortunately we made but slow progress, and so were able to enjoy the trip. It was late in the Spring and nature had on her most beautiful garments. On either side of us was the blossoming orange grove, or the heavy laden mango, or the towering cocoanut; and oftentimes our eyes were gladdened by those beautiful rose gardens which are characteristic of the country.

It was a dry, hot day when we reached Barranquilla, and walking but a short way to our living quarters, we become very tired and dusty. The streets are sandy and filthy and having no sidewalks of uniform level, one chooses to "plod his weary way" in mid street. The town is a large one and the people we met, were typical natives. They are a kind hearted, ignorant, and indolent lot; short in stature and dark in complexion. Black hair and eyes and the impulsive nature are the gift of their Spanish ancestors. They are a people of great possibilities, but are helplessly bound by the chains of ignorance. In the darkness of superstition they seem to be blindly groping their way through immorality and sin to inevitable destruction. O that the sun of Christian enlightenment might soon melt away those chains, and dispel that darkness! O that those people might arise and shake themselves from the dust and make that country, endowed by nature with the richest blessing, what it should be—one of the foremost powers of the globe.

The houses here are about the same as those we have seen before, but back of each were several acres or more of land, which were turned into beautiful gardens. One of these we visited. As we looked from the corridor or back porch of the house, a most beautiful sight presents itself to us. From the back door led, a straight broad cement walk to about the middle of the "patio," or yard, as they are called there, and there, at right angles, it meets another such walk, going right and left from it. Here and there are scattered seats and the outer edge of the walk is lined with exquisite varieties of roses and other flowers. Farther out in all directions, are scattered fruit trees and other growths that add to the artistic beauty. Right back of the walk are nature's own promenades made by the beautiful rows of palms and cocoanuts. That moonlight night as we sat surrounded by all this beauty, and as the breeze gently wafted to us, all the sweetness of the jessamine and the rose, and as we passed along the half shaded palm walks, the soft, mellow light of the moon here and there finding its way to lighten the path of our feet, we realized that our eyes were beholding new beauties, and our hearts were gladdened.

Next morning, as we had planned, we got up to see the sunrise; a very beautiful sight in that country. We were up at four, and from our windows, we could dimly see at that very early hour the women with huge bundles balanced on their heads making their way to the river to begin a hard days labor. We saw the sunrise and with the impressions fresh in our memory, we proceeded down the crooked Magdalena to a quaint old Spanish-built city, very near the coast. The journey was of three days duration, but no human beings ever drank in more beauty than we did

in those three days. The river, the beautiful vegetation along its banks, those funny chattering, laughing, little monkeys, swinging from tree to tree, or industriously at work on some thick branch freeing each other from parasites, and the alligators as they sunned themselves, gaping at us with open mouths, all this made the three days pass quickly and happily.

The first object that impressed us as we approached the city, was its massive walls—walls which the Spaniards had built to protect themselves in time of war, but which afterwards served to keep them out of the city, when they would have crushed the brave efforts for freedom of the noble little republics. The Spaniards very appropriately named it Cartagena (Carthage), for it certainly has been the Carthage of Columbia. The city walls are wide enough to allow a carriage to pass over them, and after we had a drive on top of them, we kept our course through the narrow and sometimes winding streets, lined with the massive, old style, Spanish, stone buildings and many times filled with foreign and native venders who sell curiosities of all kinds and the small, common necessities of life, such as shoestrings and coliar buttons. Especially noticeable were the women who with large baskets balanced on their heads, through these streets were singing their daily song of "Dulces! Dulces!" and so gladdened the heart of the children who are very fond of the sweet. It was not long before we reached a place outside of the city which is called the Place of the Popa. Here we left the carriage and taking horses, we were allowed to enter the gate leading to the Popa, three thousand feet above us. The road is narrow and in many of its windings are places that are dangerous, and seemingly impassible, but the horses knew the road so well that without hesitation at any time they took us safely to the top. And there before us was the Popa, a small chapel with its massive, ivy-covered walls and its large Gothic arches. It is a dismal looking building, but when we saw the inside—what a difference! The gold trimmings, the beautiful figures of the saints, and above all, the splendid figure of the Holy Mother on the great and richly decorated altar, it was a beautiful sight. This is the "St. Anne's Shrine" of South America. Here people were cured, and here they were blest with the choicest blessing of Holy Mary, because it was here, so the story goes, that one of God's messengers who healed the sick, had been burnt at the stake and when dying, had prayed to the Blessed Virgin, that a shrine to her might be built where the sick could be healed. His prayer was granted.

A few days later as we put out to sea and saw the rays of the sun struggle through broken clouds and flood the land we were just leaving with light, we thought of the martyr's prayer and our hearts went up in a prayer for the whole country.

H. E. Joy.

ANTIQUITY OF CONDITIONAL BENEVOLENCE.



ONE of the most significant characteristics of the present century is the tendency to donate large sums of money to educational institutions.

The principle prevalent among the wealthy givers is that of conditional giving, that is, they give a definite amount, provided the institution raise a specified sum

Mr. Andrew Carnegie, for example, has given large amounts for the establishment of city libraries, on condition that the city furnish funds to support and maintain them.

Mr. John D. Rockefeller has by this method given millions to the University of Chicago, and large sums to Vassar College, Mt. Holyoke, and many other institutions.

The conditional method is almost invariable with the two men already mentioned, and also with Dr. D. K. Pearson. It is the prevalent opinion, in this country at least, that this is an entirely new and unprecedented method of benevolence. However, this opinion is erroneous, as may be seen by reading the following letter, written by Gaius Pliny, or Pliny the Younger, to his intimate friend, Cornelius Tacitus, in the latter half of the first century, A. D.

This shows how an important principle of to-day coincides with that of a man living nearly nineteen centuries ago. It is also interesting to notice some of his reasons for educating the children at home :

GAIUS PLINY, TO HIS FRIEND, TACITUS,

GREETING:—I am glad to know that you have arrived safely in the city, and you have come just when I especially want to see you. I, myself, shall be delayed a few days longer at my Tuscan villa, to finish up a little piece of work I have in hand. For I fear if I interrupt it so near the end it will be hard to take it up again. Meanwhile, that no time may be lost, I send this letter in the office of a fore-runner, stating what I intend to ask of you in person.

First, let me explain to you why I ask you. Last time I was at my native place, there came to me a boy, still dressed as a child, the son of one of my fellow citizens, to pay his respects to me.

"Are you studying?" I inquired; "Yes," said he. "Where?" "At Milan." "Why not here?" and the father, for he was with him and had in fact brought him to me, spoke up. "Because we have no teacher here." "But why not?" said I, "it is certainly to your advan-



VIEW OF LAKE MAITLAND NORTH OF WINTER PARK.

tage, you who are fathers,"—and fortunately a number of fathers were present,—“to have your children taught at home, above all places. For where could they live more pleasantly than at their native place, or be more carefully guarded than under the parental eyes, or where at less expense than at home? How little a matter then it would be to hire teachers, after collecting the money, and to add to their salaries what you now spend on lodging, traveling and whatever is bought abroad, (and everything is bought abroad.) And I, who have no children, am ready and willing, for the sake of our community, as if for a daughter or parent, to give one-third of whatever amount you may be pleased to collect. I would even offer the whole except that I am afraid that my gift at some time be spoiled by jobbery, as I see happens in many places where the instructors are hired by the public. This danger can be met by only one remedy, if the right of hiring be left to the parents alone; to them also is the responsibility of choosing wisely, enforced by the necessity of collecting the money. For those who are perhaps careless of another's property, surely will be careful of their own, and will see to it that no one receive money from me unless worthy, if he is going to receive from them too.

“Then agree together and be inspired to enlarge your thought to the scope of mine, for I desire that which I must give to as large as possible. You can offer nothing more honorable to your children, nothing more grateful to your native place.

“Let those be educated here who are born here, and let them from earliest youth learn to love and be at home on their native soil. And, Oh! that you may get teachers so famous that they may draw students from our neighboring towns, and, as now your children resort to strange places to study, so in the near future the children of strangers will resort to this place.”

I have thought it well to discuss this matter more thoroughly, from the beginning, as it were, that you might the better know how grateful I should be if you would undertake that which I ask of you. I ask, and in accordance with the importance of the matter, beg that you look around among the number of students that flock to you in admiration of your talent, to find teachers whom we can solicit, under this condition, however, that I do not bind myself by promise to anyone. For I leave everything free to the parents, let them decide, let them elect. I claim for myself only the care and the expense. Then if any one shall be found who has confidence in his own ability, let him go to Comum, on the condition that he take nothing with him decided but his own confidence. Farewell.

T. W. LAWTON.

A RECENT NOVEL.

THE Maid of Maiden Lane, the latest book by a popular author, is a light and agreeable narrative, attractively bound in dark blue, illumined with cunning roses framing a quaint silhouette of a dainty maiden with a well pointed nose and well poised head. The historic setting adds greatly to the interest of the story, and it does not lack the charm that a pretty love-story always has. The reader is at once impressed by the simple, attractive language of Washington's time.

The most pleasing part of the story is the character study. Cornelia is a pure, faithful, young girl ; while Arenta is insincere and without strength of character sufficient to be actively wicked. Joris is an impetuous, good-hearted youth, who shows one of the most beautiful affections,—the deep, tender love of a son for his mother ; Rem is morally weak, though he is not altogether bad. That Joris was not a spoiled youth does not follow from the attitude of his feminine world. Mrs. Hydes' statement to her son, "Whatever it is, your part I will take. Right or wrong, your part I will take," is rather startling, and from our short acquaintance we see the effect of his home influence. Annie seems not to belong to this world, so pure, lovely and unselfish in her character. The older people, Dr. and Mrs. Moran, Van Heemskirk and Richard Hyde, are types of integrity and firmness.

The plot has nothing startling or unusually original to commend it, but it is well managed. The events follow the order of natural sequence and are pleasantly varied. Interest is kept up by what may be termed the "periodic" style of narration. The inevitable obstacle in the lovers' path is properly placed in the main action, while the minor stories of Arenta and her brother Rem bring about the conditions necessary for the development of the principal plot.

Comparing the story with *Silas Marner* we discern a wide difference. The Maid of Maiden Lane is a love-story telling the thoughts and feelings that lead to the succeeding events, while *Silas Marner* is a psychological study introducing acts which cause the feeling and changes of the mind which the story relates. The former is light and cheerful, though not frivolous ; the latter thoughtful and pensive, but not sad. The one deals mainly with joyful, vigorous people, young and old ; the other, mostly with the influence of a little child on the mind and heart of a prematurely old man.

The pleasing, easy style suits the prosperous, well-bred people, and

the details of dress and surroundings make up a natural setting. There is little humor in the novel, but several instances of pathos. The treatment is realistic and the author gives clear pictures of the Revolutionary period. Her descriptions are good, although the local coloring is gathered mostly from the conversation. Mrs. Barr, in the novel, shows great ability in successful dialogue, one of the most valuable and most difficult requirements of fiction.

The reader finds in this book a picture of the aristocracy of America at the time of Washington, an insight into the affairs of France, and a fair idea of the feelings then existing between the Americans and English and also between the Americans and French. A leisure hour may be pleasantly spent in reading this story, but whether "it is altogether a charming tale," depends upon the reader to be charmed. M. E. T.

SANTA ROSA.

ABOUT six miles from the enterprising little city of Pensacola, Fla., and extending thence forty miles to the eastward, is the beautiful snow-white Island, Santa Rosa. Fanned by the warm zephyrs of the Gulf of Mexico, and covered by a sky of ethereal blue, which is rarely hidden by clouds, this island lies as peaceful as a babe in its cradle.

Standing on its southern shore one may look to the south as far as the eye can reach and see nothing but the tossing, heaving waves of this great inland sea, whose blue waters dash without ceasing upon the shore. Crossing the island to the northern shore the eyes first rest upon the placid waters of a portion of Choctawhatchee and Pensacola bays. These small bodies of water are peaceful throughout the year, and no small amount of commerce passes through them. As we look still farther to the northward, we behold the great pine forests, which stretch away in the distance over the greater part of Western Florida. These forests have been a valuable source of revenue ever since the dawn of Florida's prosperity. The supply of lumber and naval stores seems to be inexhaustible. The fertile soil is covered by a very nutritious grass upon which large numbers of sheep and cattle subsist. In the meadows and other less densely wooded areas, one may gather flowers in

abundance, various in form and hue, and as we go through this region and breath its pure air, we delight in the wealth of their fragrance. At the eastern end of this lovely island our progress is impeded by what is known as East Pass. Through this narrow, deep channel a large portion of the waters of Choctawhatchee Bay are emptied into the Gulf of Mexico. And just beyond this is located the great fisheries of Destin & Company, who every year wage upon the finny tribe a greater warfare than any other one company in their section. Red snappers, mullet, Spanish mackerel and pompanoe are caught in abundance. The vessels of Destin & Co. may be seen daily plying between Pensacola, their shipping point, and East Pass, where their packing houses are located. From the western end of this island we see Pensacola harbor, which is one of the most important natural advantages of this region; since having thirty-three feet of water on the bar it is the deepest harbor south of Newport News. Vessels find their way into this safe retreat by what it is known as West Pass. As we look across this pass, we are impressed with the works of Uncle Sam, for it is here that we find the navy yard and the adjoining forts, and we gaze respectfully on the frowning guns of Forts Pickens and Barrancas, as they front each other. The former on the island and the latter on the mainland command the entrance to this important port.

In 1723 Metamoras laid the foundation of Pensacola on the western end of Santa Rosa, but it existed only a few years; for in 1754 it suffered the tragic fate that Gavelston did a few years ago, being destroyed by a violent hurricane. However, the survivors were wiser than those of Gavelston, as they moved to the mainland, where they laid the firm foundation of the present gem city of the gulf.

Santa Rosa Island in size is not very important, being forty miles long only, and varying in width from one-half to two miles. Its chief attraction is its beauty coupled with its semi-tropical climate. The sand is firm and level over many small areas, and to one of these, known as the "Ladies' Walk," come every summer from different parts of the country, large numbers of pleasure seekers, to enjoy themselves in dancing, surf-bathing, boating, fishing, gathering seashells and so on. And many a time the old, old story of a love that ne'er would fail has been told by fond lovers as together they have strolled upon this enchanted sea beach. One of the rare sports enjoyed in the month of June is the moonlight hunt for turtle nests. These large sea tortoises crowd out on the beach and dig great holes in the sand, where they deposit their eggs and then cover them with sand. These nests can be easily found, as the turtles invariably leave a track in the sand in the shape of the letter V,

and in the apex of this track the nest is generally placed. It is not unusual to find a nest with one hundred and fifty eggs in it. By some these eggs are esteemed very highly as a delicacy for the table, but the chief interest lies in the novelty of finding them.

As the island is almost entirely composed of coarse white sand, it looks like a beautiful fluffy cloud on a bright summer day. A theory has been formed that it is the result of some remote upheaval of the bottom of the gulf; and the existence of many broken shells intermingled with the sand seems to confirm this theory. And if it be true, it may account for the difference in the material of the island and of the main land, which is composed of dark soil, and from which it is separated by only a narrow channel.

The flora of this island is limited by the sterility of the soil, the chief representations being dwarfish pines, oaks, magnolias and sea-grasses, and naturally animal life is also limited. Animals have been known to lose their sight on account of the brightness of the sand on hot summer days.

Santa Rosa has been reserved by our government for naval purposes, and thus individuals are unable to get possession of it; but those who wish to settle upon it, are granted permission by the government.

W. C. PRYOR.

Lightly lie the shadows o'er the morning way,
Shades that mark the growing of the glorious day,
That with wondrous lightness, rise and leave no trace.
Every beauty lover notes their fleeting grace.

Like a benediction on the dainty flowers,
Softly rest these shadows of the early hours.
While each spear of greenness keeps its upward state,
And its waving frolic thinks not to abate.

"Why this beauty?" ask we, as they silent lie.
Hushed the breezy murmur as they make reply.
"Shadows clearly strengthen love of light and sky,
Never true heart can they upward look and deny."



THE SAND-SPUR,

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

WOOD R. STEWART, }
N. C. JOHNSON..... }Editors and Business Managers.

AGAIN commencement approaches, bringing with it the joys, not unmixed with sadness which it has brought with it since colleges were established. To those who at this time finish their college life, it is a question whether to rejoice because they have received a well earned diploma, or to be sorrowful because of separations which must inevitably follow. To them life takes on a different hue, looking much more serious and formidable than they have been accustomed to consider it.

Heretofore, during vacation they have had the thought of next year's work and enjoyments in mind, but now they come face to face with a life of stern reality, of rigid practicality.

It is with something of quaking at the possibilities of an unknown future that they approach the serious problem of a life of activity and successes, or should they be unfortunate, of disappointment and defeated hopes. We can only hope that none of those who go out from their Alma Mater this year shall meet with any thing but the fulfillment of their most ardent desires. It is to be hoped that they have gained, during the years in which they have labored so faithfully, not only noble ideals and ambitions, but the training, morally, mentally and physically, necessary to the realization of them. Should they have failed to do so then the very purpose of their toil has been defeated. While they have been in school they have had their plan of action constructed for them, but after they have laid aside their text books, it remains for them to show whether they have profited by the guidance.

To those who have toiled, or who have worked moderately but determinedly for an education that would fit them for the higher positions and responsibilities of life there is a great deal in the thought that they are to be of the men and women who shape the policy of the country.

It has been shown by statistics that only four-fifths of one per cent of the young people of the country, attend colleges until they graduate, but that sixty-six and two-thirds per cent of the responsible positions are held by those who do.



The years we pass in college, should be and we believe are the most pleasant and profitable years of our lives.

We enter school with perhaps the highest and most noble of ambitions and aims, and begin to toil along the rugged road of learning which shall lead us to the desired goal, with light and pleasant anticipations; as the months pass by and we find our work agreeable and even attractive, we become attached to the school of our choice, and count no joy greater than that which we experience in our daily routine of study and recitation. This if we are students by natural inclination.

Unfortunately there are numbers of young people who find college life with its invariable quota of work, of commendation, and but too often of necessitated urging, incompatible with their ideas of liberty, pleasure and profit and soon leave school for the freer and more frivolous life of society, or idleness. Or, perhaps, one finds that he is not so bright as some of his classmates, that while he studies hard, toiling early and late, he can not make so good grade as some who do not seem to put forth any especial effort, and becomes discouraged, leaves his studies for a position of some kind, and so relegates himself to a common or mediocre life. If such would only stop and think that perseverance overcomes all difficulties, that an unyielding determination must finally conquer, there would be conserved to the world of learning many valuable minds who in these moments of discouragement, allow themselves to be turned aside, and go down in obscurity and worthlessness.

Some one has written of the value of the art of discouragement. But it is the art of encouragement, of animation, of inspiration which is the more valuable. There come times in the life of every man when he stands hesitating, undetermined, vacillating when but one kind word, one gentle reminder, one exhortation to duty coupled with a word of encouragement would be the means of determining his actions and would save many from destruction, or degradation. Such an attainment is not to be lightly considered in any walk of life, and should be an object of especial consideration in colleges where, usually, a man is either made or unmade for his entire future existence.

Had we more teachers and more students not too busy to drop a word of encouragement wherever there is need of, we should find that many a pearl is enclosed in a forbidding and uncompromising exterior,

that many a mind but needs training to make it useful. Hundreds who now discontinue their studies before they have finished their courses, would remain and fit themselves for lives of usefulness.

May the day come speedily, when encouragement and not discouragement shall be the practice of instructor and associate in our schools and colleges.



THERE has been much agitation recently as to the necessity of a college education for success. This has been caused by articles appearing over the names of some eminently successful men, who have written favoring the theoretical, rather than the practical education. These opinions, backed as they are by the lives of the men themselves, have naturally carried much weight. But it should be remembered that such men as these are men in millions. They have in some way, perhaps only in one way, special endowments, that have placed them where they are. But how many of us are so endowed? And do these gentlemen remember that it is the theoretical man's genius and science that have really placed them where they are and have made possible those gigantic enterprises, of which they, through a turn of Fortune's wheel, are the head? And the theoretical man is almost of necessity, a college bred man. But in a college, a man not only learns theory, but he learns that which is possibly the true secret of these men's success—he learns to deal with men. In a college, a man learns how he is judged by other men; he learns to estimate his own and other men's abilities and limitations. This knowledge of men is perhaps as valuable to him as the actual mental training he receives, but hand in hand with this training in men and things goes the acquirement of his real education—of that knowledge which will enable him to rank high among the world's workers. The college man is the man of the future.



THE second oratorical contest of the Florida Oratorical Association was not held this year, owing to the failure of the colleges composing the Association to send their contestants. It was to have been held in Jacksonville on March 1st, and our contestant Mr. Wood Stewart, accordingly wrote his oration and forwarded it to the judges on composition as is required by the constitution. The only college to do likewise was the East Florida Seminary. The lack of interest manifested by the societies of the different colleges is to be deplored, as there is no part of a college course which tends more to culture and advancement, than engaging in friendly discussions. Mr. West, the President

of the Association, who has worked faithfully to keep the society from going to pieces, regrets exceedingly the action he was forced to take in calling the contest off. We sincerely hope that there will be more interest displayed in the future.



BEFORE our commencement shall have passed, we shall have the pleasure of celebrating the birth of a new republic. This will be a glorious day for Cuba. Her sons have fought long and stubbornly for liberty and now that they are to receive it, as is natural, they are to celebrate with a magnificent program of both civil and military display. It is to be hoped that there will now come about a better understanding and mutual regard between the people of the two countries which are so vitally concerned in each others welfare. If the United States shall give the expected tariff concessions to the Cubans, she will have fulfilled her last obligation, and will stand before the world completely exonerated of the charges of mercenary motives in her dealings with the island.

The Cubans themselves will be forced to recognize our good intentions toward them and as a natural result, the two countries will become most friendly. Viva Cuba Libre is or should be the sentiment of every true American.



ATHLETIC NOTES.

Athletics this year have centered in base ball and the interest in this has been most gratifying. The team has distinguished itself in every game, and although not always fortunate, it has made a record of which the college is justly proud. Our greatest antagonist was Stetson, and although they have twice scored victory on us, the team out-played them at DeLand and brought joy to the hearts of every Rollinsite. Altogether the boys have played most excellently and made a most enviable record.

The organization of the team was started in January, and some time was devoted to picking the men. After most careful selection, the men chosen for the first Stetson game of Jan. 25, were Evernden, 2nd base; Murray, catcher; Walker, pitcher; Burrell, 1st base; Mitchell 3rd base; Booth, shortstop; Brewer and Jones, in the field. Later, Joy was

substituted for Brewer, and he played a good, steady game the rest of the season.

The battery has done good work all along, Walker allowing less than six hits a game and giving very few bases on balls, a record rarely equalled by an amateur against such teams as he has faced this year. Murray's work behind the bat has been done in professional style and his sensational stops have saved Walker and Evernden more than one wild pitch. Murray's throws to second have been some of the smoothest work seen this season. Evernden and Murray in every game except the game at Sanford, had the base runners at their mercy. Evernden also pitched in two games.

The infield has been fine all through. Burrell has played an errorless first the whole year. Booth's picking up grounders, his jumps after high drives and his hard, true throwing to first made many a would-be scorer feel sick. But perhaps the little voice of little Billy Mitchell did as much toward winning games as any other thing. When that smile was at third, the boys felt confident and assured and his stops and throws to first showed his ability as a player. The team missed him sadly at Sanford.

Our outfield has had only two errors charged to it the whole season. Saddler is one of the best ground coverers of the year. Joy held his place down finely—making some great catches. Brewer also covered his territory with credit. Jones was always under the flies in right and stopped some pretty drives in that direction. Cortina did well in his only game, but misjudged a fly owing to the twilight.

The first game was with Stetson University and was played on Rollins diamond. The boys from Stetson came down on Friday afternoon at 3 o'clock and repaired immediately to the diamond where they put in some good practice. The evening was spent at Clover Leaf Cottage.

The morning of the game, saw all ready and anxious for the time of calling the game to arrive. It was called at 2:30 p. m. Stetson going to bat.

Confidently our boys went into the game, the first since the reorganization of the team.

Walker allowed two men to take base on balls. Three men were on bases, a hit by Fox, two wild throws over third by Murray. Another by Evernden from second, and Stetson's score stood five, netted in first inning. Then Rollins team settled down, and though not a score was made in the second half, Stetson saw that they would now have to work for any thing they might gain. Again and again she came to the bat, but each time told the same story—"Second not



ROLLINS COLLEGE BASEBALL TEAM.

reached." This was due largely to Murray and Evernden, whose playing was the sensation of the day. Murray's throws to second were exceptionally fine, while Evernden's catches were sure, and his manipulations of the ball were quick as a flash. Many a man went down under him.

Jones distinguished himself by making connections with three flies, these being the only chances taken by the outfield during the game. But all in vain. Though Rollins boys batted Johnson almost at will, still, he kept the hits so well scattered that not a score was made. Rollins was disappointed but not discouraged. The fine playing done by the team after the first inning inspired it with confidence, and filled it with determination.

In the evening, an informal dance was given in honor of the Stetson guests. Their presence was much enjoyed by Rollins people and when they left for their homes they carried with them the respect and good will of the entire college.

The next game was with the South Florida Military Institute, and was hurriedly arranged, the S. F. M. I. telegraphing their acceptance of the Rollins Challenge, only two days before the game.

The game was without notable feature, our boys finding the S. F. M. I. pitcher easy and making no errors up to the seventh inning when Saddler made the first error of the season, dropping an easy fly. Two men were on bases, Walker gave a third man his base. Then a scratch hit netted Bartow two runs. Saddler again made an error, the second and last of the season, and the team went to pieces. Seven men crossed the home plate that inning. When Rollins again came to the bat and settled down to actual work, the remainder of the game was without especial interest, Bartow failing to reach second.

The game however demonstrated something of our strength and our team expectantly awaited the coming game with Stetson, the second of the series. The teams crossed bats at DeLand.

The first three innings were most interesting, neither side scoring a run. On the fourth, our boys led by Mitchell, began hitting Johnson, Stetson went up into the air, and the game was started in our favor. In the last half, Stetson fell onto Walker, and by good hitting, ran in three men.

Then Evernden went into the box, the hits were kept down, and the game saved. Rollins boys continued to hit Johnson who did not receive the best of support.

Our fielding was almost perfect. This was Joy's first game and his playing showed the Captain's judgment in selecting him, he taking all his chances nicely, and making one assist from centre field which was

especially noteworthy. Saddler made one especially difficult catch. Jones in the right was always ready and batted hard. Mitchell started the runs and kept the boys at it. Booth made a sensational hit to right field. Burrell ran in three scores. Murray's work behind the bat was of exceptional merit despite his suffering from a broken rib. Walker played a good second making the last assist of the game, besides catching a high liner. The score at end of the game stood Rollins 10, Stetson 4.

The Stetson boys gave us a nice time. We were met at the station, and driven around town in an omnibus, put up at a good hotel and every thing done for our comfort.

The team returned to Winter Park amid great rejoicing.

The game with the F. A. C. of Lake City now occupied our attention. The weather was so bad on Thursday evening that the manager was in doubt as to the advisability of going. It was raining heavily when we left Winter Park. It rained all night, it was raining when we reached Ocala. It was raining at 11 a. m. But about 11:30 the obliging weather cleared. The sun came out, and the team was off to find the ball grounds, which were not so good as could have been wished. We found the Florida Agricultural College men in possession but they surrendered the field to us. After half an hour of practice our team returned to the Hotel not over confident of success. The game was called at 3:00 o'clock. Rollins went to the bat and failed to score. Lake City likewise. Then our men began to warm up and soon the scorers found occupation. Taylor pitched a hard but easy ball. At the end of the fourth inning he was forced to retire in favor of Rogers who is said by our boys to be the enigma of the season. In the second we began scoring and scored 13 during the game. Booth was hit in the eye during practice, and played the entire game with one eye closed and covered. Evernden had his nose broken and though he bled profusely, and suffered greatly, he pluckily refused to leave the game until it was finished.

It was a fine game. The mutual good feeling manifested by the two colleges was marked, each vying with the other in paying respects. Our boys have nothing but the highest regard for them, and regret very greatly not being able to play the remainder of the series.

The last game of the season was the deciding game of the series between Stetson and Rollins. With Mitchell gone, and our team otherwise crippled we had to face Stetson, strengthened by Sloan and Blake of Chicago and Reid, pitcher for the DeLand Team, in Sanford on March 8th. Though weakened, the team was able to fight hard for the victory,

though fate was against us. The last inning was played in twilight and though our best men who had not failed to make a hit every time, were at the bat not a safe hit was made. The game was lost, Stetson scoring 9 Rollins 6. Had Mitchell been there and our team in regular condition it had not been so hard to call it defeat.

GOLF.

There has been an active interest taken in golf the whole season, and the honors have been carried off by Rollins students. On the tournament in March, Pinkerton carried off the first prize in the gentlemen's scratch tournament and Portia Swett the first in the ladies' scratch. Pinkerton's playing was fine, his phenomenal driving being perhaps the most noteworthy feature, although his approach was excellent. The most sensational feature was his making the 4th hole in two. Altogether, he distinguished himself, and the beautiful cup which he secured, is a trophy of which he may well be proud.

Miss Swett's playing was exceedingly good. Her work all through deserves the highest praise and she well merited the cup which she won. Miss Eda Brewer carried away the second prize easily in the second tournament.

In the mixed foursome on Wednesday, Pinkerton and Miss Swett carried off second honors, each winning a cup. Their success was most gratifying to the whole school and all wish them continued success next year.



MUSIC.

Throughout the year the regular monthly recitals have been given by the students, and they have been much enjoyed, but the most notable musical recitals have been the recitals of Mr. Lauder and Miss Marsh and the Choral Club concert. Mr. Lauder, of Chicago, gave two lectures in Lyman Hall that were thoroughly enjoyed by the students and the large number of visitors present. In his first recital he showed his wonderful technique to rare advantage, his beautifully sympathetic touch making the recital a thing to be remembered. In his second lecture-recital on "Folk Songs," he brought out on the piano the peculiarities of the songs and their representations of the characteristic of the people in a manner which lent rare interest to his lecture. Both lectures

were much appreciated by those who were so fortunate as to hear them.

Miss Marsh's recital on the evening of March 14th merits the highest praise. In her beautiful solo work Miss Marsh was notably assisted by Miss Rich, pianist, and Mr. Raymond, violinist. Mr. Raymond's rendition of a Hungarian fantasia was thoroughly appreciated, and in his obligato work, he showed a rare sympathy of tone that much enhanced Miss Marsh's beautiful singing. Much credit is due Miss Rich for the ability with which she played the very difficult accompaniments and for the rendition of her solo.

On the evening of March 31st a concert was given in Lyman Hall by the students of the music department. The program was as follows :

- | | | |
|-------|--|--------------|
| I. | Chorus—Sanctus | Gounod. |
| | Choral Club. | |
| II. | Romance in F Minor | Tschaikowsky |
| | Mr. T. W. Lawton | |
| III. | Duetts—On the Wings of Song | Mendelssohn |
| | The Wanderer's Night Song | Rubenstein |
| | Misses Robinson and Guernsey. | |
| IV. | Sonata—Allegro—Allegretto—Presto | Beethoven |
| | Miss Helen O'Neal. | |
| V. | Sing—Smile—Slumber | Gounod |
| | With Violin Obligato by Mr. Johnson,
Miss Helen O'Neal. | |
| VI. | Novellete | Schumann |
| | Miss Ethel Dickson. | |
| VII. | Thou Sublime Sweet Evening Star | Wagner |
| | Mr. A. W. Harmon. | |
| VIII. | Kammenoi—Ostrow | Rubenstein |
| | Miss Robinson. | |
| IX. | Quartette—The Night Has a Thousand eyes | Emery |
| | Misses Robinson, Marsh, Guernsey, Mrs. Ensminger. | |
| X. | Papillons. | Schumann |
| | Miss Elizabeth Knox. | |
| XI. | Hallelujah Chorus From the Messiah. | Handel |
| | Choral Club. | |

All the numbers were most thoroughly enjoyed and the recital reflects great credit on the teachers of the department, Misses Marsh and Rich. The whole year has been most successful and bears testimony to the high ability of these two.

We regret that we have been unable to obtain the programme of the annual commencement concert, but our early publication has prevented this.



PERSONALS.

Just at this time, Vice President Morse has been called North. We regret to have him go, but wish him a pleasant journey. It is very probable that he will not return this year.

President and Mrs. Ward have not been with us as much as we could wish this term. After a severe illness lasting several weeks, the President, in company with Mrs. Ward, went to West Palm Beach, where his health was much restored. In the mean time, the Royal Ponciana availed itself of his services as a minister. He now returns to Rollins, and will remain until commencement is over. We welcome him back.

Prof. Hill, known and well loved by the students of this institution, is spending his time hunting health and big game in New Mexico. We expected to print an article from him in this issue, but were unable to do so. We sincerely hope that he is finding health and game in abundance and we trust that his health is so far restored that we shall see him back in Rollins next year.

We voice the regret of the whole school over the withdrawal of Mr. Walker from among us. Each one of us personally feels deep regret at his leaving, and his importance to the team could not have been better shown than by immediately disbanding. Tem's pitching has done great work for our boys this season; indeed, we could not have had a better pitcher. But he is not only missed on the team, but also on the campus and in all the school life generally. We regret this greatly, and can only hope that he will return to us again next year.

Another missing team man is Joy, who left to enter again at Mt. Herman, Mass. Jay was one of our best players, and both the team and those who have not that distinction regret his leaving sincerely. Next to wishing him a quick return here, we can only wish him success in his old school, and this we do, heartily.

Messrs. W. B. Hatchway and Lewis Lyman are in the Phillipine Islands and so far as we have been able to learn they are doing good work. We can learn nothing as to the pleasantness of the occupations; anyhow, they went a long way off when they did go.

We publish below a letter from Guy Frazer, who will be remembered as an old student here and who is now in Cuba. Mr. Frazer graduated from the preparatory school last year and, we are glad to say, expects to enter the college department next year:

GUANAJAY, CUBA, Nov. 4th, 1901.

DEAR ROLLINS:—On Sept. 2nd, 1901, we left Key West for Guanajay, Cuba, via Havana, to commence a mission. After spending a day in the metropolis of the island we arrived at our future home Sept. 4th. A few days later we rented a house and in the front room of this house we hold our meetings.

The city of Guanajay is nearly forty miles west of Havana in the province of Pinar del Rio. It is supposed that the real beginning of this was in 1807, so in a few years it can celebrate a hundredth anniversary. The population in 1899 was between eight and nine thousand, a less number than before the war with Spain, although now there are more Spaniards here than in any other part of Cuba.

When the Spaniards had control of Guanajay the streets were named for Spanish generals and other prominent men, but now the Cubans have changed the names of the streets. One street is called Marti, from a Cuban general.

There are three macadamized roads which are excellent for bicycles and automobiles. From here one can ride to Havana, Artemisa and Mariel, a seaport distant about ten miles or more. The roads are measured by kilometers instead of miles.

The country around Guanajay is hilly and mountainous. There is range of mountains in sight, which appears to be very high. The Mariel and Havana roads pass through the hilly and mountainous part of the country.

With best wishes for Rollins College, I remain,

Sincerely and affectionately yours,

GUY H. FRAZER.

LOCALS.

Booth wants to know if they have white patent leather shoes in Orlando.

Wherever she goes, Joy goes with her.

Sam says he never goes unarmed with a girl.

Who pushed Johnson into the lake that hot Sunday?

Martinez (gallantly) "Miss R., you look like a cannery (canary).

We have heard it remarked that one day in the palmettoes is worth two in the campus.



THE CUBAN VILLAGE ON ROLLINS CAMPUS.

Some time ago a large gnat was seen to lift a sheet of fly paper bodily and plaster it on the dining hall wall over the piano. Talk about your Jersey mosquitoes!

Professor (in Natural Philosophy) Miss D., how is rain formed? Miss D. Water goes up in frogs and vipers (fogs and vapors) and comes down in rain.

Johnson's golf record is three holes in four hours.

"O hear dem pails a ringin!
Tis' rough-house, I declare!
And hear dem boys a flingin'
Barrels down de Lakeside stair"

One of our students of Economics proposes to organize a trust trust. Might we offer as a suggestion, at least the planning of a trust trust trust.

On behalf of the faculty and students of Rollins College, we respectfully suggest to the Honorable Commitree the name of our beloved Bones for a place in the Hall of Fame.

Some one asked if that yellow stuff mixed with vinegar is the devilment in deviled eggs.

Why does Stewart speak feelingly of Cuban affairs. Perhaps because he desires reciprocity in this particular.

Mr. Odem is quite a "sponge."

Why is it that instead of having two rubbers we have three, and being graded by letters, they are K. K. K.

It is reported that Miss Brown is going to Beyer a new hat.

Miss Dickson has had more Joy in this last half term than in any two semesters before.

Miss Westall seems to be very Frank.

For a new method of singeing chickens, apply to Miss Ensminger.

Why does Miss H. say to Mr. P., "My brother" instead of "your brother?"

Why is Miss Lambkin so fond of the dining room?

What is Miss Clara B's. favorite color? Pink.

Miss Goodwin is a great Walker on the golf links.

By a motion of Miss Lamson's, all meetings are adjourned.

Ask Miss E. D. about the trials of a leaky boat.

Miss R. Says that her typewriter practice used to give such a nice appetite for breakfast.

VERSOS POR PEDRO DEL CASTILLO.

MI DESEO.

Yo no quiero las dichas y goces
Que este mundo me ofrece tan malvado
Solo quiero el objeto adorado
De mi puro y castísimo amor.

Yo no quiero del baile el bullicio
Ni Apetezco del tiempo la gloria
Solo quiero una pobre memoria
Que mitigue del alma el dolor.

No deseo riquezas ni honores
Que los grandes tan vanos ostentan
Ni los lauros que en sienes se asientan
De los hombres con gran esplendor.

Solo quiero en la noche callado
De tu boca escuchar dulcemente
La palabra divina y ardiente
Que mitigue del alma el dolor.

A UNA INGRATA.

Adios mujer, mujer, ingrata y despiadada
Olvida para siempre mis amores,
Que ya no existe el alma enamorada,
Ta cesaron por siempre sus dolores.

Olvida para siempre un desgraciado
Que en este mundo gime sin consuelo,
Y enciema entre su pecho acongojado
Tristes clamores a levanta al cielo.

El recuerdo infeliz de la memoria
Se borra con el tiempo destructor,
Porque todo en la vida transitoria
Se marchita y se seca cual mal.

Yo por eso he perdido la alegría;
Le esperanza infeliz perdi tambien.
Quiera Dios y Tormentos y falsias
Sean el premio queha tu amor le den!

What kind of habitation does Miss W. like best?
A Booth.

Professor B:—"What do you know of luminous paint?"

Mr. L:—"The secret of it is not known."

Mr. B. is going to jump at his opportunity (girls take warning !)

What papers does a lover mention when he speaks to his sweetheart ?

No Spectator, no Observer, but as many Times as you like (so they say.)

One of the students has been, and is yet, suffering from son-stroke.
For lessons in typewriting apply to Miss Fannie Gonzalez.

THE SUCCESSORS OF ANNANIAS.

SCENE:—Lakeside Parlor. TIME:—Any Sunday about 10 A. M.

Dramatis Personae:—

AUTHORITY (personified).....Professor B.

SUPPLICANTS.....The Cubans.

(Curtain rises on Mr. B. wielding the majesty of the law. Cubans advance in a body, with Cortina at their head.)

CORTINA:—Professor, may I be excuse from church? I have a very bad headache.

PROF. B:—Are you sure, Mr. Cortina?

CORT:—I am sure, professor, I am sure it is very bad.

PROF. B.:—Very well, Mr. Cortina. (Exit Cortina, tearing off bandage)

TORNES:—Professor, I cannot go to church, I have a very bad eye. See here, professor, it is very bad.

PROF. B.:—Very well, Mr. Tornes. If you are SURE it is very sore you may be excused.

HERNANDEZ:—I cannot go either, Professor. My-my leg, professor my leg is very sore—very sore indeed professor.

MAZQUIRAN:—Mitter Blair, I have a um-um-m-m what you call it? a um-um-m-um-m-m-m— a cholera morbus—you know cholera morbus? inside of me, professor.

PROF. B.:—Are you SURE that your leg is VERY bad, Mr. Hernandez?

Hernan:—Yes, professor, see-see here professor where it is.

CARNELLAS:—Mister Blair, I have a very bad plumbago in my back and cannot go to church today. It hurts me very much professor.

MR. B.:—Are you VERY sure that—

GARCIA:—Professor, I have been cut on the finger by a piece of glass, and professor—

(Sudden exit of Prof. P. Miracle among Cubans, who are marvelously restored to health, Exeunt, dancing fandango.)

CURTAIN.

Ask Miss E. D. about the trials of a leaky boat.

Miss R. Says that her typewriter practice used to give such a nice appetite for breakfast.

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(Sudden exit of Prof. B. Miracle among Cubans, who are marvelously restored to health, Exeunt, dancing fandango.)

CURTAIN.

EXCHANGES.

You believe then after all that Shakespeare wrote the plays himself?

She. Yes. But to make sure, the first time I meet him in heaven I'll ask him.

He. But suppose he isn't there?

She. Then you can ask him.

Is kissing often overdone?

She answered, "Yes tis horrid,

When men ignore the lips of one

And kiss one on the forehead,"

Teacher. How many mills make a cent Johnnie?

Johnnie. None of them. Pa says they are all losing money now.

Little Wille was a freshman,

Green as grass and greener too,

Not a thing in all creation was of such a hue.

But one day while exercising,

Through a field he chanced to pass,

And a brindle cow devoured him, thinking he was only
grass.

Little Willie is in heaven,

Vacant are two places now,

In his class there is no Willie, in the field there is no
cow.

Ethel. What a pretty mouth you have. It ought to be on a girl's
face.

Jack. I seldom miss an opportunity.

"Oh you may take the mistletoe,

And hang it any where she said;

And as he wasn't slow,

He hung it in her hair.

A jolly young chemistry tough,

While mixing a compound of stuff,

Dropped a match in a phial,

And after a while

They found his front teeth and one cuff.

The sleepest thing on earth—a senior.

The haughtiest thing on earth—a junior.

The wisest thing on earth—a sophomore.

The most ridiculous thing on earth—a freshman.

Miss B. (Translating german lesson) "will you me wed."

Prof. B. Correct. Now how would you express that in good English?

Miss B. Will you wed me?

Prof. B. "Certainly."

Professor do you expel students often?

No, only once.

I sat and mused in quiet ease,
In peace my mind was sunk;
I heard my name and rose and scored,
A sad, ignoble flunk.

In Latin and Greek
He was quick as a streak;
In dress he was foppish and tony,
The latter was due to his being an ass,
The former was due to his pony.

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

"The lips that touch liquor shall never touch mine,"
So warbled a maiden with zest quite divine;
Then retorted the man with wickedest glee,
"The girls who kiss poodles shall never kiss me."

Teacher. What good was the abolition of the feudal system?

Bright pupil. "Took away the villains."

How do you like keeping student boarders?"

"Its real nice. They are so kind. Why, even when the mutton was under done the other day, they cheered me. Their merry "raw w! raw!" was so helpful."

When you court a girl to wed her
Never let the question stop;
First you have to pop the question,
And then you have to question Pop.

"I have a few more points to touch upon," said the tramp, as he awkwardly climbed over a barb wire fence.

PARSON:—"Child of the evil one, why do you fight thus? Do you not know that perdition stares you in the face?"

CHILD:—"Yes, and you ought to have better manners."

ROLLINS COLLEGE,

ITS GROWTH DURING 1901-1902.

During the school year ending June, 1902, 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, another dormitory is now being arranged for, to meet the demands of the ever increasing members. The students now in attendance at Rollins College are on the average considerably older and more advanced than those of 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 a number of Cubans in attendance at Rollins. For their benefit 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.

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 for five 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 years 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.

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.

As a rule, in the smaller Colleges in this country, Latin and Greek are required throughout the college courses, largely by the 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 course of study offered by the Rollins Preparatory School covers the work done in a well equipped grammar school (two years), 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 students may obtain practice in the everyday work of commercial life. Three courses of study are offered: the Commercial course, the Short hand courses and the telegraphy course. There is no extra charge for instruction in the business department, except five dollars for the use of a typewriter.



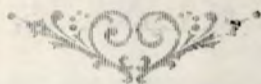
KNOWLES HALL.

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.

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.

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.

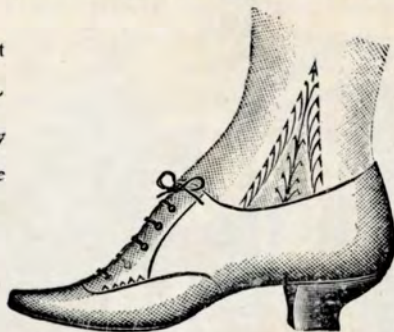
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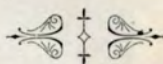
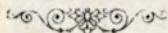
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