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THE SAND-SPUR.

"STICK TO IT."

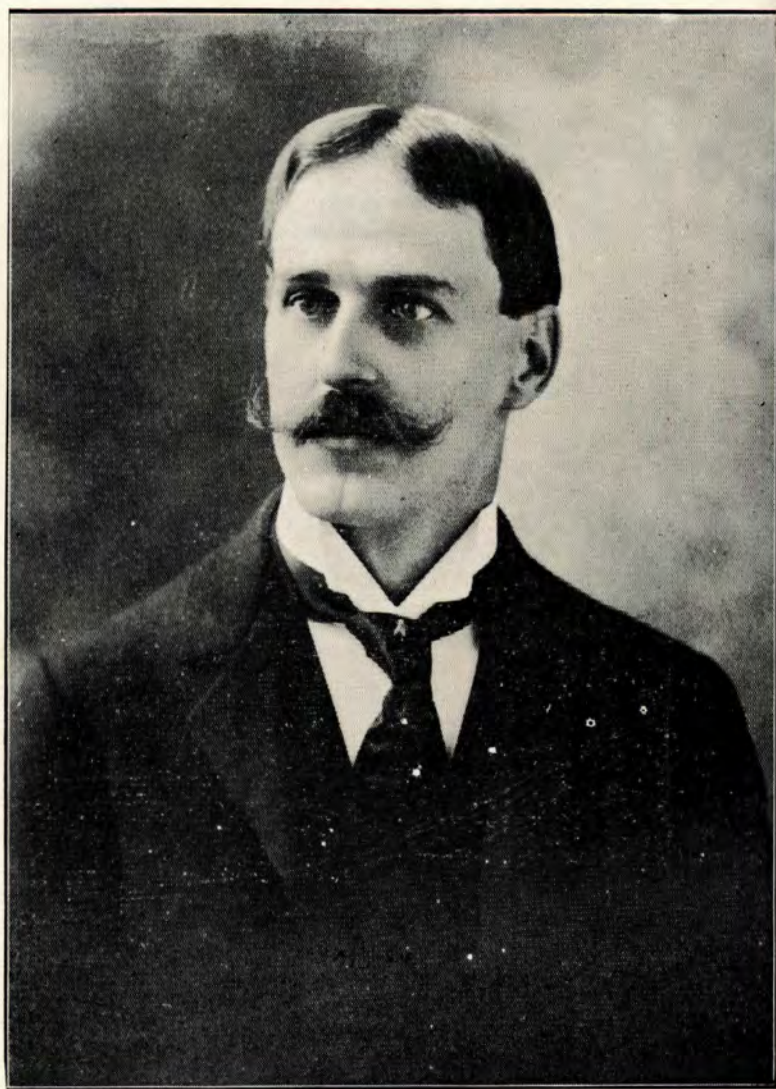
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PRESS OF THE SENTINEL-REPORTER,
ORLANDO, FLA.



Ex-President George Morgan Ward.



"All service ranks the same with God :
If now, as formerly He trod
Paradise, His presence fills
Our earth, each only as God wills
Can work—God's puppets, best and worst,
Are we : there is no last nor first.
The year's at the spring
And day's at the morn :
Morning's at seven ;
The hillside's dew-pearled ;
The lark's on the wing ;
The snail's on the thorn :
God's in His heaven—
All's right with the world."



SELECTIONS FROM INAUGURAL ADDRESS,

PRESIDENT WILLIAM FREMONT BLACKMAN.

BUT it is said that the climate here is fatal to great achievement, that a man must have ploughed through snowdrifts and had a case or two of chillblains as a boy else there will be no iron in his blood, no initiative in his brain. In the Tropics, and at their verge, men will only dream and loiter. Not once only, but often, I have been asked whether it can be expected that really strenuous and effective mental discipline can be imparted here. But tell me, where on earth if not round about the Mediterranean, has human life been splendid and fruitful? And did the mariners on that blue sea have to fight their perilous way to port in winter days through driving sleet, with cordage stiff and masts loaded with ice? Was Homer braced to immortal song by biting cold? Or Solon to making laws for the world? Or Aristotle to the indefatigable research and profound and tireless thought which made him the master mind of all the ages? Or Phidias, and the builders of the Parthenon, to their unparalleled achievements in art? Or Demosthenes to that energy of will which was the inmost secret of his resistless oratory? Or Alexander the Great, to those conquests by which the world was subdued and transfigured? Were Julius Caesar and the invincible chieftains and warriors of republican and imperial Rome wanting in vigor? Or Moses and Elijah and St. Paul, or those determined Phoenician traders who explored and exploited the ends of the earth in the interests of commerce? Or, in later times, were Mahomet and Charlemagne dawdlers? Or Dante and Petrarch and Boccaccio? Or Galileo and Cervantes and Christopher Columbus? Or Giotto and Raphael and Michael Angelo and Leonardo da Vinci? Yet no one of this mighty multitude ever felt the tingling exhilaration of zero temperatures, or coasted down hill as a boy, or wore a skate. It was beneath the orange tree rather than the Siberian crab that Napoleon, the Corsican, nurtured the irresistible ambitions of his youth, his dauntless, tireless energy. Think of Athens and of Alexandria, of Florence and Genoa and Venice and Naples and Jerusalem—is it not to these veritable "seats of the mighty" that we journey as devout and grateful pilgrims, rather than to the snow banks of Russia? And we ought not to forget that in these sacred capitals of religion, culture and heroism, the conditions of life, so far as these are climatic, were liker by far to those of Florida than of Massachusetts or of Minnesota.

If there be some lack of energy in the South, this is not due directly and in the main to its climate, but to certain ideals of life and habits of thought which were necessarily bred in our people by certain of our social institutions, now forever passed away. Doubtless there is here, beneath a more vertical sun—and ought to be—some slackening of speed in the race of life; but then, we have more days and longer every year in which to do our work than our Northern neighbors have, as well as a more responsive and fruitful Nature to work upon. And besides, is it so certain that speed and struggle are better than safety and sanity, that labor is more sacred than is leisure? What if it be true that the vocation of this South-land is, in part, to attemper the consuming ambition of the North, and steady and flavor and enrich and recuperate our American life in these days of unexampled strain after wealth and power? Is it so certain that such a vocation is to be despised?

A college Rollins is, and will, I hope, remain. Its aim is, not to extend the boundaries of human knowledge, nor to train broad investigators, nor to fit for professional life, but to breed in the young men and women who resort to it a Christian character and a fine and liberal culture, which will make them worthy and happy citizens at once of this American Republic and of the Kingdom of Heaven. After we have done this for them, we shall bid them go, such of them as have inclination and ability and leisure and means, to the great centres of scientific research, of artistic production, and of professional training, whether in this country or abroad, for further and final preparation for their life tasks. That sort of work, depending on a vast equipment, we can not do in these remote and sparsely peopled regions, and that which we can not do, we will not undertake or promise to do. But there are some things which can be done here, and in other colleges round about us, as well as they can be done amid the throngs of Berlin or Paris or Cambridge. We can introduce the boy or girl just as well to those intricacies and amplitudes and exactitudes and delicacies and flowing graces of language which give forever to the Greek and Latin tongues their unique disciplinary power. Here, just as well as anywhere, he can make long and wondrous voyages with Odysseus and Aeneas; can spread his tent with great Caesar beneath the dripping skies of Gaul, or fight with Cyrus; can talk with Plato in the Academy, or thrill with Cicero's fervid eloquence in the Senate Chamber at Rome. Here, as well as anywhere, he can join hands with Euclid and thread the wide-reaching and intricate but luminous mazes of number and of space. Above him stretch heavens of

singular lucidity, and around him is spread an earth and a sea, fecund with all manner of living things; what hinders that he should not learn here as well as anywhere the outlines and principle content of Astronomy, of Physics, of Chemistry, of Biology? Here, as well as elsewhere, he can familiarize himself with the drama of human history in its leading features, with its vast stage, its star performers, the several acts and scenes on which the curtain of the centuries has lifted and fallen, its high lights and low, and its intermingled elements of tragedy and of farce. Here, as well as elsewhere, he can master our English tongue and learn the rudiments of those other two in which the modern world depicts its ideals and transacts its business, and make the acquaintance thus, though slight yet rewarding, of Chaucer, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth and Tennyson, of Goethe and Schiller, of Moliere and Montaigne. Here, just as everywhere else are mind within him and matter without, piquing and plaguing his intellect with their insistent mysteries; he can be a metaphysician, a psychologist, a logician, here as well as in any other place.

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And what of the future?

Permit me to remind you that I am no new comer, intoxicated by the mild air, the blue sky, the unwonted and delicious fragrance of orange blossoms, the mad joy of mating mocking birds. For nearly a score of years I have studied assiduously the industrial conditions of Florida; with my own hands I have planted, cultivated, and harvested her products; I have sunk my few and hard-earned pennies in her thirsty and ungrateful sands; I have seen her devastated by frosts; I have witnessed the Abomination of Desolation standing in her holy places, the pines and oaks and weeds stealing inexorably back in the fields where fruit trees once grew, and the homes which sheltered happy households vacant and in ruins. I have seen all this, yet never for one moment has the conviction wavered within me that this Commonwealth has before it a future of great and singular prosperity. Beyond doubt, there are united here conditions of soil, of climate, of location, and manifold resources almost untouched as yet, which are the guarantee that these wildernesses are to blossom as the rose.

It will not do to import hither processes of exploitation which are adapted to more Northern latitudes—this is the mistake of the immigrant; nor will it do to leave the development of the country to those crude and wasteful methods which have prevailed here in times past—this is the mistake of the native. Native and new-comer must both understand that brain and brawn and capital, with science and art and indefati-

gable industry, must conspire, first to study and then to conquer conditions which are wholly peculiar. To understand and to master the country, this is man's sole industrial task in Florida. But I foresee the time, not far away, when our enormous resources of timber shall be at once conserved and exploited; when our endless stretches of flat woods shall support herds of cattle and of swine and flocks of sheep, which, fattened on those extraordinary foods which nature has given us as in compensation for our poor and scanty grasses, and slaughtered at some central point, shall feed a hungry world; when our hammocks, glades, and prairies shall pour an immense and continuous stream of food-stuffs into the frozen North the winter through; when citrus and other fruits shall be grown in our piney woods in a profusion and of a quality not elsewhere to be matched; when factories for the canning of surplus products, and the manufacture of our lumber and fibrous plants into forms of use and beauty, and for the spinning and weaving of cotton goods, and the manufacture of sugar and of fertilizers in almost limitless quantities shall be multiplied within our borders; and when the thousand miles of our sea-coast, and our inland waters shall yield a supply of sea-food of divers sorts, hitherto undreamed of and vastly greater than that of any other American Commonwealth; and when our commerce with Europe, with South America and with the Orient, through ports artificially deepened and through the Panama canal, will be the source of immense revenue to ourselves and of blessing to the world.

It is, I believe, a sober guess that ten millions of people will ultimately have their homes in Florida, and even so, they would be less crowded than Connecticut now is, hardly more than half so crowded as is Massachusetts. And it is for these millions, not for to-day, that we are building this college. It is that this coming multitude may be equipped for the industrial tasks which await them here, and even more, more by far, that they may forever be reminded of tasks higher and more rewarding than those which are industrial, that we establish here on firm foundations this institution. May it proclaim to the coming generations that life is more than meat and the body than raiment; that no man, no state, no nation, can live by bread alone, but that the real life is the life of truth, of goodness, of duty, and of love.



HINDU WISDOM,

THE Prince Luderfana was grieved by the ignorance of his sons, and the Sage Vishnu Sarman agreed to teach them moral philosophy in six months. The course of lectures by which he accomplished this feat is in the form of fables, and the dialogues of the characters are a string of proverbs and questions. It resembles a mixture of Esop and Solomon.

I give some extracts :

1. Let no man fix his abode where five advantages are not to be found ; wealth, a divine teacher, a magistrate, a river, and a physician.

2. Empty are all quarters of the world to an ignorant man, (another translates this ; “The universe is blank to a blockhead.” Here we have brevity, the soul of wit, and alliteration’s artful aid to memory.)

3. Let a man desert a single person for the sake of his tribe ; his tribe for his native city ; his native city for his country ; and the whole world for the sake of his soul.

4. The man who neither gives in charity, nor enjoys his wealth, breathes indeed, like the bellows of a smith, but cannot be said to live.

5. If we take not soon, give not soon, perform not soon, time gives the benefit to another.

6. It can never be safe to unite with an enemy ; water, though well warmed, will quench the fire that warmed it.

7. When a faulty person finds fault with another, it is as a sieve blaming a needle for having a hole in it.

8. Bear a thousand injuries rather than quarrel once ; but if a quarrel be begun, use every means to gain the victory.

THE HITOPADESA OF VISHNU SARMAN.

NOTE—Who would have given Polonius credit for quoting from the Hindu?

Translated by Sir Wm. Jones.



VIOLETS.

HE lay there idle,—palette and brush thrown aside. It was a hot summer day, and out in the fields the sun shone down mercifully, but here it was deliciously cool. The brooklet babbled on over its bed of pebbles; the winds sighed in the branches of the weeping willow above his head, the monotonous drone of insects came from the tall, waving grass. Yesterday, when he had in his wanderings come upon the little nook, the witchery of the scene had fascinated him; and surely the little rustic bridge with its clambering vines was enough to delight the soul of any artist. Today he had returned with his easel, and for a time had worked industriously, but, somehow, although the scene still had the same fascination, and the bridge with its background of green, and the limpid waters below had been faithfully transferred to his canvas, yet he felt intuitively that elusive something which would not come, he flung his brush aside and with his head pillowed on his arm, lay there thinking.

"Idiot," he muttered irritably, "what a fool to enter the art exhibition only to expose myself to all their ridicule. Even Howard, dear old fellow, said: 'Better wait till another year, Jack.' And it was presumptuous—but when Mons. Snedegus praised that little water scene, it fairly took me off my feet. Been working all these years—spent my last cent almost to get out of that beastly hot city, even to find a place like this," with an expressive gesture, "and then be—unable to do it justice. Yes, better give it up," he said bitterly. "Dad was about right when he called me a dabbler; said I was mistaken in my calling—and yet"—he drew his hand impatiently over his forehead—"I hate to have it all end this way!" A bitter smile crossed his face and again was he lost in revery. For some time the very silence was oppressive. Suddenly, from somewhere in the woods, he heard the crackling of a stick. With a frightened cry a little bird fluttered out of the thicket, and then, on the other side of the streamlet below the bridge, the branches were parted and the face of a little child appeared framed amid the green leaves.

"Hello!" exclaimed Jack under his breath. He raised his head upon his arm and leaned forward. All unaware the little maid, singing softly, picked her way daintily along the bank toward the bridge. Golden locks were tumbled back from her white forehead and hung down over her shoulders in long curls, with one hand she held up a corner of

her white gown from which peeped a mass of violets, she stepped lightly on the bridge, Jack sprang to his feet.

"Little girl," he called, "little girl!" The singing broke, and in startled surprise she stopped, a handful of the violets slipped from her dress and lay at her feet upon the bridge. "Stand still, child, I want to paint your picture."

"Oh, a really, truly picture,!" she said breathlessly; the large violet eyes gazed at him wonderingly.

"Yes, a really, truly picture, if you'll just stand still a little while, and when it is finished, you shall tell me if it looks like a certain little maid you know."

"All right," answered the child, and the compact was sealed.

Meanwhile, he was hurriedly making preparations, and even as he finished speaking, had settled down to good hard work. His brush moved rapidly over the canvas, and as he worked, he talked. Jack had ever been a favorite with children; they never stood in awe of the great handsome fellow; his laughing roguish eyes and boyish ways won them in a moment, and spell-bound they listened to his stories or sat upon his knee and fearlessly pulled his heavy, black locks, as they called him "Brother Jack." And now he launched forward in his most delightful style into the story of Sir Ralph, telling of all his wanderings and dire mishaps in a foreign land. Bending forward, drinking in every word, she stood there motionless, lost in the story. Her long white gown had slipped down over one bare shoulder, the green boughs waved over her head and cast their reflection in the limpid waters below, and Jack worked on.

The little child upon the bridge was all that was needed to complete the picture, and as he worked and saw it growing under his hands, his brush trembled for very joy. The sun sank a little lower, the shadows deepened in the wistful violet eyes, and Jack worked on. Now, he was finishing his story, and Sir Ralph, amid the clamor of arms and martial strains of music, was making his triumphal entrance into his native city, from which he had so long been an exile, and as the prow of his vessel touches land, he leaps ashore and clasps in his arms his own true and winsome lady-love, "and, of course," concluded Jack, "they lived happily ever after."

"Oh," the child clasped her hands together in ecstasy, "what a splendid story!" she cried, and a long drawn-out sigh expressed her mingled pleasure and regret that it was finished.

But Jack was silent, intent upon the canvas, a few more masterly strokes, "Eureka!" he cried and then stepped back, contentedly sur-

veying his work. Unnoticed the little child came 'round in front of the picture, and stood before it, lost in wonder and amazement. In her quaint old-fashioned way, she did not exclaim or dance with joy as other children would have done, but in perfect silence stood before her own portrait. At last, Jack stepped aside and suddenly perceived the child standing motionless. Putting out his hand, he was about to speak, but checked himself, and watched the various expressions flitting over the child's face, her eyes riveted upon the canvas. Several times she seemed about to turn away, but could not.

"Come, little one," said Jack finally, "we must go now." She looked up at him, and he saw that her large childish eyes were full of tears.

"Why, what's the matter, baby, who has made you cry?" A sweet smile spread over the grave little face.

"Oh," she said slowly, "it is a really picture, but, somehow, I don't know why, the little girl makes me cry." Yes, there was in those deep violet eyes such a pathos that many times after tears were brought to the eyes of those older than the little child, yet had you asked them why they wept, they would have replied that they knew not. Jack quickly rolled up his canvas, tossed together the paints and brushes and folded his easel.

"Come, little one," he said, as he put out his hand, "I'm going to take you home now if you'll show me the way." Hand in hand, they crossed the little bridge, and wended their way along a winding path through the darkening woods. Merrily they passed along, all traces of sadness had vanished from her childish brow, and with her hand in his trustingly, she laughed gayly at his good natured conversation.

"We're almost home, now, it's just around the bend and up to the fence;" and a moment later, Jack saw a gate loom up in the twilight. They entered and walked slowly up a broad shady walk, the leaves rustling under their feet.

"Will your mother and father be worried about you?"

"Oh no, they are dead," said the child softly, "but aunties won't care, they know I'm always down by the brook. And now we're home; oh yes, you must come in and see my aunties; do come," pleadingly, as he would have turned away, and clinging to his coat sleeve, she pulled him up the steps upon the broad veranda.

"Auntie," she called softly.

The silken curtains were pulled aside from the low French window and a sweet elderly lady in a gown of soft lavender shade, came forward.

"What is it, darling?" she asked in sweet tones, and then she saw the tall handsome stranger.

"Oh, it's my artist, auntie, he's painted a picture of me, he didn't want to come in, but he does tell the most splendid stories."

"And you wanted me to tell your auntie some, didn't you, baby?" interrupted Jack. The lady laughed softly. "My name is Halsted," he said, placing his hand in hers, "and your little niece was so good as to let me sketch her in an ideal little spot down by the brook. I have brought her home, and now as it is growing late, I must be getting back to the Inn."

"Yet, Mr. Halsted, come in and have tea with us, do, I should like you to meet my sister, Peace."

"Well, it's really very good of you, but," and Jack would have declined had not the child's fingers clung so tightly to his, so that he found himself obediently following the lady into the large room, and over to one corner where a sweet looking woman half reclined in an invalid chair.

"This, Mr. Halsted, is my sister Peace," and as Jack looked down upon the face, marked with lines of suffering, yet patient and serene withal, the clear brown eyes and thin hair smoothed back from the high forehead, somehow she seemed the very embodiment of "Peace," and then, he never quite knew how it was, he had stooped and kissed the slender delicately veined white hand. Ever after, that scene was one he liked to remember, the cool room darkening with its shadows, the invalid opposite, the winsome little lady, serving the tea in delicate china cups, while the child, seated in a great cozy arm-chair, in her quaint old-fashioned way joined gravely in the conversation. All seemed so like home that he settled back comfortably in his chair and when they would ring for lights he begged them not. They led him on to talk about himself and he told them how he had entered for the next Paris Salon, had centered all his hopes upon the picture of the little bridge, but becoming discouraged, had given it up, till the little child had come out of the woods, and it had ended by his painting her.

"It is not yet quite finished," concluded Jack, "but some day, I shall send you a copy. And now I must go," and he shook hands gravely, almost reverently, with the two ladies, but, when he stooped to say good-bye to the little maid, she impulsively threw her arms around his neck and kissed him, and he went out of the great house and down the broad walk with the little child's "Good-bye, Mr. Jack," ringing in his ears.



It was the last day of the Art exhibition, and crowds surged through the beautiful galleries. There were people of all descriptions, all classes: the gay, versatile Frenchman, the reserved Englishman, and scores of self-possessed Americans.

"Pictures on the right, pictures on the left," cried some one merrily, and indeed there were, and of every style; exquisite little etchings, old-fashioned portraits, and paintings in imitation of the grand old masters. "Have you seen the medal picture yet, Mr. Hartley?"

"No, I'm on my way there now," was the reply, and the speaker walked on.

"There," he heard some one cry, and looking saw a small picture hung in an out of the way place, and as for the first time he stood before the picture whose fame had spread over all Paris, he experienced a slight feeling of disappointment. It was a simple scene, a rustic bridge spanning a brooklet with a giant weeping-willow spreading its shade over all, but there in the middle of the bridge stood a little child; her long white gown had slipped away from one bare shoulder, and with one hand, she held up a corner of her gown from which peeped a mass of violets; some had fallen and lay at her feet upon the bridge; a picture all simple enough in itself, that which appealed to one most was the child's eyes. She stood there in the shade of the willow and the shadows were deep in the large wistful violet eyes half-veiled with their long lashes. Beneath the picture was the single word, "Violets."

As Mr. Hartley turned away, his eyes were moist, yet had you asked him why, like the little child he could not have explained, but the lonely little figure standing in the shadow, and the wistful violet eyes lingered in his memory.

It was a cold wintry day, and the little child sat by the large window looking out across the snow fields in the direction of the brook she loved so well. She leaned her head upon her hands as she thought of the summer before when Mr. Jack had painted her picture.

"He was splendid man," she said softly, and he promised to send me my picture some day.

The flames crackled and roared in the great open fire-place, laughing defiance at the snow piled without.

"The mail has come," said her aunt, coming quietly into the room. "And there is a wee little package for you, dear." Slowly, thoughtfully, the child removed the wrappings, and opened the little box.

"Oh! Oh!" she said softly, but there was a world of pleasure in her tones. On the dainty pink cotton lay an old-fashioned locket engraved in violets, and a heavy Roman-gold chain was coiled around it.

"Open it, dear," said her aunt. The child unclasped it and within was a tiny picture on ivory of herself, the green bough above and the violets on the bridge at her feet, and facing it, on the opposite side, the handsome smiling face of Mr. Jack.

"Auntie" she said, impulsively, "I shall always love Mr. Jack."

In the roseate glow of the shaded lamp, the child in her snowy night-gown knelt before her little bed.

"Are you ready, dear?" called her aunt from the next room.

"In just a minute, auntie;" and clasping the precious locket close to her bosom, she murmured softly,—

"God ever bless and keep Mr. Jack who painted my violets."

VIOLET MYRTLE MCCOY.

FROM THE PHILIPPINES.

PALO, LEYTE, P. I.

AFTER more than five months at Carigara, my fellow teacher and myself, the only American women there, have come to Palo to teach a month in the summer school for native teachers. As sixteen Americans are here, we are rich in companions. Palo is a very pretty place, by far the prettiest place I have seen on this island. The house in which we live is situated on the bank of the river, and just below is a bridge with neat stone pillars, built in Spanish times. Across the bridge a high hill rises sheer, and set right in the side of it, facing the bridge, is a shrine to the Virgin. One of the teachers, a Catholic, had purchased some candles to put in the shrine, and last evening I went with her to light them. Returning, we sat on a stone seat on the bridge and listened to the Filipino band giving a concert in the plaza. The music of the sonata mingling with the fall of the water under the bridge was a delight. The shrine with its glowing candles reflected in the water beyond us, the dark mountain rising beyond that, and the "big dipper" hanging above with the "pointers" directed toward the shrine; just opposite, swinging low, the Southern Cross; and over all the misty moonlight—the whole made a scene of wonderful and never-to-be-forgotten beauty.

In Carigara I had the girls' school with a total enrollment of one hundred and twenty. My work was entirely English. At first we worked with objects, and it was very hard, for the girls knew very little Spanish and I knew nothing at all of Visaya, the dialect spoken there. Later the work was easier, and I now know quite a little of the language,

as it was necessary for every word in English, to give them the word in Visaya also. An hour each day was given the native teachers. The school house is a long building with four rooms, two of which were in use. One room twelve by twelve contains the books and school furniture, the other twenty by fifty is the school-room proper, containing two long tables with benches down the middle and also along the wall. There are blackboards, one three by six, and a movable one three by four. These are innovations, and everything else, with the exception of tables and benches. The roof is of dried nipa, from which the centipedes and lizards come down on tours of investigation. The walls and floors are of wood. The windows have shutters only. On one side we looked out upon a carabao wallow and could see at any time two or three of the great, slimy animals sniffing and snorting in deep content under the dap-dap trees. From the window on the other side just across the street, can be seen the old stone church, a huge stone building over three hundred feet long.

From that the glance wanders to the bay and the islands of Biliran and Samar beyond, while in the foreground we look upon the little plaza where lie buried five American soldiers. Three of the graves have been made since we came. The first was that of a soldier in Co. E. 11th Inf. We watched the procession from our school-house windows. It was the first military funeral that I saw, and it was so strange and sad. The next was that of an American scout who had been killed by Ladrone between Carigara and Jaro. We were awakened in the night by the marching of the troops that were bringing his body, and a short time after we heard the three volleys fired over his grave. The last burial was the following morning. A young American inspector of constabulary who had been left on Biliran with a company of Macabebe scouts, had been fatally wounded at the town of Lugdao, and had died as his men were bringing him in. The inspector, with whom we were acquainted, came to borrow the school flag and a prayer book, and later we went down to the plaza. The procession preceded by the band playing a slow march, came from the "cuartel;" the firing squad first, then the flag-draped coffin, and following this the Macabebe scouts, fierce-looking muscular fellows, armed with guns, pistols, and ugly-looking knives. These men belong to a tribe that had always been at war with every other tribe in the islands, and some of them were with Funston when he captured Aguineldo. The men lined up about the grave and we walked over. The coffin was lowered and the burial service read, and I could not help wondering about the young man's mother. The three volleys were fired and "taps" sounded; then the scouts marched off and we

came home. It seemed a part of the half-dream in which I am living over here. The inhabitants of the Visayas appear to be a mild and sociable people. They do not fight unless there is some one to lead, and they are not natural warriors as are the Macabebes and Tagalos. It is the Tagalo element that keeps up the fighting throughout the island.

The costumes of the people are many and various. The women never wear hats, but hoods or veils, white-lined, or sheer black silk. The younger women—even the little tots—have a veil, if nothing but a handkerchief, pinned to their little knots of hair. The older women wear a purple hood that comes down below the waist, and is trimmed on the top with two or three little tufts. It is a strange sight to see the immense interior of the church full of these kneeling hooded figures.

It has been very hard for them to give up the catechism in school, and I often wonder how the children feel about coming down from solid *Doctrina* to the primers for children that we have. But the solid things are by no means abandoned; they are taught in every home; and at any house, at any time of day, can be heard the tired, droning little voices reiterating, b-a, ba; b-i, bi; b-e, be; or the *Doctrina*, "*El cuar-to Hon-ra pa-dre y ma-dre*," being pounded by an irascible elder into their poor, enduring little heads. The people are great church-goers, and every house has its shrine. When the bells ring for vespers, and in the early morning, we can hear all around us "*Ave Marias*," the voice of the aged grandfather mingling with the lisp of the youngest.

It was more convenient for us to live in a house alone and to do our own housekeeping with the aid of a "*muchache*," in this way increasing both our comfort and experience. Our house was built of mahogany, the main part, with a nipa roof and rosewood floor; the other part of bamboo. We used the native stove, which is made of dirt; our pots rested on stones; however, the kitchen table was of mahogany, and the mixing board of rosewood, and both took a fine polish. Our sitting room was cosy with its tables and chairs and our home things around. The windows are double; the outer ones have tiny shells for window panes and the inner ones are of heavy boards made to lock. Sometimes we kept them all open until the last faint glow of sunset had gone and a glorious moon hung in the western sky, lighting up the old bell tower and the nipa roofs.

Speaking of sunsets reminds us of those we saw the first nights in Manila. We lay in the bay three days before we were allowed to land, and one night with the flash-lights from the gunboats at Cavite darting over the sky, I heard the story of the battle of the bay told by a veteran. Later when we went ashore and were stationed at the Exposition build-

ings in Malate, after a hot and tiresome day on the Escotta, or a busy one at the grounds, 'twas a rest to get into one of the little two-wheeled "caromatas" and trundle off in the coolness to the Luneta down by the bay, where all the rest of the city were, to see the sun slow-dropping behind the mountains, across the waters, and hear the splash of the waves on the rocks below, while soldiers, statesmen, and representatives of every nation passed and repassed in the enchanting light. The military exercises on the day of President McKinley's funeral were held there. About eight thousand soldiers, including cavalry, infantry, artillery and marines, were in the parade. The bands played the dead march and the colors were draped. There was so much that one could not see or hear, but it seems to me no one can forget how those bands played "Nearer, my God, to Thee," and "How Firm a Foundation," while the minute guns boomed from boat and fort.

SUSAN T. GLADWIN, Rollins '99.

HOW UNCLE BEN WAS EATEN BY A LION.

ARIZONA DAVE.



ONE Thanksgiving evening, the family sat around the fire in the sitting-room grate, and told stories of various kinds. This Thanksgiving was a peculiarly pleasant one on account of the visit of our Uncle Ben, who was a general favorite with the children. He now sat in a large chair, listening while others told stories.

At last, after a particularly fine tale, he broke the ensuing silence by saying, "I've been in many situations, and had many adventures, but no other as thrilling as when I was eaten by a lion."

"Humph, you eaten by a lion, and here to tell it!" ejaculated my brother, "surely you don't expect us to believe that."

"You can believe it or not, as you choose, nevertheless the fact still remains I was eaten alive by a lion."

From incredulity we changed to inquisitiveness, and all called for the story.

"Well," he said, "it happened in this way. When I was young I was sent to Africa to hunt plumage for a London millinery establishment. We landed on the Western coast, and started inland with a gang of blacks and some donkeys. I was accompanied by a friend named Mulvaney, a very excellent man, when sober.

"After we got some days into the jungle, our meat gave out, and we were obliged to subsist on canned goods. Every day Mulvaney and I went out hunting, but for some unaccountable reason we got no sight of game in that usually plentiful region.

"At last one day a negro came into camp and told us through the interpreter that a large herd of deer were browsing in near proximity to the camp.

"We seized our guns and calling a gunbearer set out after our guide. We ran on, but saw no deer. After we had proceeded a couple of miles, our guide indicated that we were near the game. We crept on our hands and knees, and at last saw the large herd of deer, consisting of one buck, one doe and two fawns.

"Mulvaney and I both blazed away, dropping the two fawns. Running forward, we cut off the haunches as quickly as possible, as it was now nearly nightfall. Charging a haunch on the back of each one, and tying it firmly in place we started quickly homeward, or really campward.

"We were about a half mile from camp, when we heard a sound that froze our blood. It was the roar of a lion directly behind us!

"We started to run but had not gone far when I heard a twig snap behind me, and, as I turned to fire, a soft heavy, furry mass landed fairly on my shoulder, hurling me face downward to the earth.

"I knew nothing for some time, and, when I came to, I felt a weight on me and heard a low growl. I knew that the lion was on me, and I lay perfectly still. Soon I became conscious of a warm liquid which saturated my clothes and ran in little rivulets down my sides, and I heard a rending of my flesh, and a bone crack under the powerful jaws of the great cat!

"Then it all came over me, I was being eaten by the lion. But why no pain? Ah! I remembered that men when struck by a wild beast are providentially numbed, so that they experience little or no pain. Another bone cracked, and under the nervous tension I fainted again.

"I awoke to a consciousness of blazing lights, and saw standing around, a lot of black imps with grinning faces. Ah! would I had been better during my earthly life, I thought; now I'm done for, for good! Then I saw my friend Mulvaney coming up. I wondered if the lion had got him too.

"Come, old man, get up;" he called.

"Can't you see I'm nearly eaten up, I'll break into two pieces if I get up."

For answer he laughed and pulled me to my feet.

"Why, I thought the lion ate me," I exclaimed.

He answered, "Allow me to congratulate you on your narrow escape;" and he cut off the remains of the haunch, which still clung to my shoulders.

HOME THOUGHTS.

O, could I loose the sager spirit's flight
 And teach its unused wings a longed-for course,
 If 'twere to prove, indeed, a sweet resource,
 What soul with mine, thinkst thou, it would unite?
 Dear ones, whose distance calls for closer thought,
 The arching vault of Heaven's sunset dome
 Joins strangest lands in one with each loved home,
 And eve is thus with consolation fraught.
 Couldst burst thy bonds, and, as th' immortals soar,
 O, soul of mine, that struggles to be free,
 How swift thy rapid flight would seek one's door,
 Nor linger in a quest so dear to thee.
 And dost thou not, perchance, in time of sleep,
 Steel softly forth and natural bounds o'erleap.

R.

EDUCATION IN CUBA.

AMONG the most important auxiliaries of education are the school houses, for it is on their happy play grounds and within their walls that we as students obtain our first experiences. With us a school-house is generally a separate building erected solely for educational purposes. Several years ago there were no such houses of learning on the beautiful Island of Cuba, Pearl of the Antilles. During the possession of the Island by the Spaniards, interest in education was lacking and consequently school-houses were not built, but there was a great interest in the erection of block-houses. Our government, ever alert to see what good may be done, has caused school-houses to be built in many parts of Cuba, and time will show the good results. An oft repeated statement is "The Spaniards built block-houses and the Americans, school-houses."

It may be interesting to note in a few of the Provinces of Cuba the number of inhabitants who cannot read. Havana, the Province which has the largest population, is also the best educated. It has a population of 424,804, of this number 49.9% are illiterate. Santa Clara, the Province ranking next in population, does not rank next in education. Statistics show that 67.2% of its people cannot read. The smallest Province, Puerto Principe, ranks second in education yet only 37.8% of the population can enjoy the pleasure of reading.

From these statistics it is evident that education in Cuba has been neglected, or that the people have no desire for it. Probably the ignorance of her people is a result of Cuba's misfortunes. War is being waged against this ignorance by making attendance at the free schools compulsory. Victory would undoubtedly be won sooner if tactics were changed. In passing these battle fields the loud din of the youthful army is heard, and louder still can also be heard the hoarse and nearly broken voice of the general as he directs the attacks upon their lessons. If studying loud enough to be heard afar were prohibited, and if the teacher were to speak in a mild voice, intelligence might sooner prevail. May the time quickly come when this noisy warfare shall cease and quieter methods shall conquer the strongholds of ignorance.

GUY FRAZER, Guanajay, Cuba.

TO A SOUTHERN SWEETHEART.

Dreaming, sweetheart, of the Southlands,
Jasmine scent, breath of the pine,
Breezes drenched in sultry sweetness,
Climbing roses all atwine;
Mockingbirds forever singing,
Soft South skies forever fair;
Just a-dreaming, sweetheart, dreaming,
To forget the old despair.

And your face is in the picture,
Smiling as of old, sweetheart;
There are dreams of love and laughter,
Dreams of youth and fame and art,
And the candle-light grows dimmer
As I dream dreams old and new,
But forever in my dreaming
Comes the old, fond dream of you.

JOURNALIST.

SOCIETY GOSSIP FROM HANNIBAL SQUARE.

LOCAL AND PERSONALS.

WE are pained to learn of the death of the wife of Brother Vaccination Brown, of Hardscrabble Avenue. Brother Brown feels the loss very heavily. He says he had just had her teeth fixed for four dollars and a half! We heartily sympathize with him in his severe loss.

Mr. Beelzebub Johnson has had a dangerous explosion at his house near Watermillion Pond. He was busy drying some gunpowder before the fire when the accident occurred. Brother Johnson is still missing two children and a dog. There is a reward offered for the dog.

The gallant members of our Colored Brass Band serenaded Convolution Briggs and his fair bride at their residence on Stringbean Avenue, last night. They played many appropriate selections,—such as “Watermillions Smiling on the Vine,” “Run Nigger Run,” “Old Dan Tucker,” and “Gimme the Good Sweet Ham.” The band then adjourned to a neighboring watermelon patch and spent the evening very delightfully.

Mr. Benediction Jimson, one of our political leaders, who has been attending a convention in a neighboring city, has returned to once more radiate up and down our streets. He takes a pessimistic view of the situation, and says the country is going to the dogs. He says the highest price paid for votes this year will be fifty cents, and that a fellow can't vote more than five or six times before he will be shut off! A fellow can't begin to support a family at these rates. Shame upon such political rottenness!

There was a fish fry on Watermillion Pond last Saturday. This was gotten up by the colored ladies of Hannibal Square, and was a decided success. None of the men got too drunk to fish till after 10 o'clock, and only two got drowned altogether.

Reverend Thermometer Andrews is carrying on a distracted meeting in the Hard-Shell Baptist church. The fair sex of his flock gave a festival last night to defray Brother Andrew's expenses. The story that the festival broke up in a row is entirely false. Everything was very peaceful and orderly. Only one man was killed and four or five wounded. This one will be buried in due solemnity in the new cemetery this afternoon. We beg leave to state that Brother Andrew's black eye was caused by the explosion of a soda-water bottle.

Poisoned watermelons and hog cholera are making fearful havoc among the upper classes in our blooming young city. “D.”

TO AN UNKNOWN PICTURE:



Silent face of inspiration—

Dusky eyes e'er haunting me,
Why no smile of approbation,
When I rest my gaze on thee?

Is it that thy dreams are flitting
To some distant sunny clime,
That thou dost not see me sitting
'Neath thy classic face sublime?

Art thou dreaming, gentle Flower,
That the zephyrs kissed thy cheek ;
Dreaming of that first sweet hour,
When the lips of Love shall speak?
Or, art thou some Southern Maiden,
Far from thy soft azure skies,
And thy heart with sorrow laden
Grieves within those wistful eyes?

Or have lips once so enthralling
Passed from thy young life away?
And thy fancy is recalling
Mem'ries of a summer day?

Classic features, coyly peeping
From thy tresses, flower-decked,
Show thy heart to be in keeping,
Tempered by thy intellect.

Graceful, swanlike throat of brightness,
Bending with that spotless breast;
Such Elysian Fields of whiteness
Lull my tired sight to rest.

Eyes expressive, soft and tender,
Symbols of thy gentle heart;
Rounded chin of sculptured splendor,
Dimple-kissed by nature's art.

From that pose of girlish fashion,
To the truth thine eyes confess;
E'en those luscious lips of passion;
All bespeak thy tenderness.

If I could but fan the fire
Slumbering in those languid eyes,
Then my heart would beat still lighter,
From this earth to heaven rise.

Silent face, above me beaming,
If my heart have read thee wrong,
Do not wake me from my dreaming—
Let me dream this one sweet song.

SYDNEY S. JACQUELIN,
N. Y. Homeopathic Medical College.



WHY BARNUM FAILED.

NO one denied that the firm of Barnum & Berry, Attorneys-at-Law, was one of the most widely-esteemed and successful law firms in the city. Everything connected with their office wore an air of prosperity and business alertness. The imaginative and unsophisticated person might mistake the busy bustle which emanated from the main office, for the sound of a small corner of the mill of justice itself, so busy did these two props of the law keep a force of clerks and typewriters; and the two gentlemen themselves could not possibly be taken, even by the most careless observer, for specimens of the struggling, or even moderately successful, of their profession, for in the whole bearing of each was plainly written: "I have fought the world and won!"

Notwithstanding the fact that each gave the same impression, it is not to be inferred that they were at all alike. Nothing could be more erroneous. Mr. Barnum, the senior member, was something of a bear; large, bald, stately, aggressive—a man that we might perhaps have an instinct to step aside for; a man whom we would at once characterize as having abundant brain-power, but who might impress one as not apt to conform closely to the orthodox moral principles. Mind, I do not say that he did not; I only say that in looking at him some people might receive that impression. Mr. Berry, on the other hand, was of the general make-up which brings to mind the fox. Small, wiry, quick, alert; shrewdness and acumen were the most salient characteristics of his countenance. Peace usually reigned in the private councils of the firm, for tho' both men were decided in their views and wishes, each had a wholesome regard and even a sort of affection for the other, which served to make compromises possible in matters where opinions clashed.

The senior member was a hard and conscientious worker for eleven months in the year, but the twelfth always saw him with all his professional cares and duties thrust from his shoulders, and in their place his kit of fishing tackle, spending the days in plying the cool nooks where trout are wont to secrete themselves. He was in fact one of those enthusiastic fishermen who have the thing worked out into a fine and complex science, vastly interesting, but generally not especially productive of large material results. Mr. Barnum was never so happy or so amiable as when plying the rod in some promising brook, and if, perchance, he had succeeded in capturing a couple of good specimens of the

speckled beauties—in which case he was sure to be wet to the skin, for he had a theory that a good fish could not be landed unless, after hooking, the angler waded in boldly,—his good nature knew no bounds, and it is probable that he would have treated even a lightning-rod agent with a fair amount of consideration.

One day Mr. Barnum worked his way slowly and painfully up through a strip of woods, faithfully working each pool and eddy. More than ordinary success had rewarded his efforts, and more than ordinarily wet and good-humored he emerged into a high meadow just at the point where the turnpike crossed the brook. The road led back to the club house where the fisherman made his headquarters. Just as he was trying to lift his elephantine form over a brush fence he heard a wagon rattling over the stones, and presently a farmer hove in sight driving toward the club house. In spite of Mr. Barnum's high spirits, he was tired, and the three-mile walk did not hold many attractions for him, so, when the farmer offered him a ride, he accepted promptly.

The farmer was just as pleased to accommodate Mr. Barnum as that gentleman was to get a lift, for they were acquaintances of long standing; and in a matter very close to the farmer's heart, he had determined to ask the other's help. It took the horse nearly an hour to make the three miles, and the farmer took something over that time in explaining his request. Briefly stated it was this; a son of his was one of the brightest boys that ever saw the light. If he could get suitable employment in the city, there was no doubt but that in time he would develop into a great man. Mr. Barnum's help was besought in obtaining such a place. Without stopping to discuss the theory upon which this idea is based, we will only say that Mr. Barnum being, as before stated, in a most genial humor, agreed to remember the boy if any opening for him came to his notice.

Not long after, the firm found itself in need of a new office boy, and the senior partner, who was not the man to forget a promise, bethought him of the farmer's son. Berry was opposed to having any blundering countryman bothering around, but finally the boy was given the place. He was not devoid of brains, and altho' he of course made blunders at first, and was promptly named "Yap" by the office people, he was rapidly developing a good idea of his duties and a good idea of himself when his ambition caused a serious set-back in the affairs of the worthy Mr. Barnum and incidentally to the career of "Yap."

We neglected to explain that Mr. Barnum had great political ambitions which he believed could be better gratified by political pulls than by personal popularity. Therefore for several years he had made him-

self the servant of the most powerful machine. He was now in strong hopes of receiving an appointment which would give him much power and chances for all kinds of "deals." In order to secure this it only remained for him to gain the co-operation of a certain Senator who was a power in city politics. But this individual more than half favored another suppliant. Mr. Barnum had used every means in his power to win him over, and with such success that the bargain was nearly consummated, and would have been sealed, had not Mr. Barnum chosen to ask the Senator to dine with him on the final day, and had not the Senator found it necessary to step into the office shortly before dinner time.

There was a particular newspaper reporter for whom Mr. Barnum had a most particular and pointed dislike. Several times of late he had made attempts to interview Mr. Barnum, without success. The personal appearance of the Senator was remarkably like that of the reporter. As "Yap," the office boy, was returning from an errand, he saw a man who, he supposed, was the same that had been giving his employer so much trouble, talking to another man at the entrance of the building. City life was giving the boy a way of making up his mind in a hurry, and he was also looking sharp for an opportunity to please Mr. Barnum. As he saw that reporter he had an inspiration. He would fix that fellow! He hurried to the elevator, and as soon out of it, rushed around and got a large pail of water into which he poured a liberal quantity of ink; then he climbed into a little niche in the wall where the fire hose was kept.

The Senator came up the elevator, and stepped briskly toward the office of Barnum & Berry, but just before reaching it—swish!—splash!—a small cataract seemed to have burst upon him. He staggered back, falling against the door of Mr. Barnum's private office just as the senior partner was coming out. Mr. Barnum was in an even more testy mood than was his wont, preparatory to being bland at dinner time. Not recognizing his victim he seized the unfortunate Senator by the coat collar, shook him violently, boxed his ears, and finally helped him gently toward the stairs with the toe of his boot. The Senator was a vain and sensitive man, consequently he did not wait for explanations but went his way vowing vengeance on Barnum & Berry and all connected therewith.

A clerk told "Yap" what had happened before that unfortunate imp saw Mr. Barnum—therefore he is still hale and hearty and promises to make a good farmer.

S. H. EDES.

IN CHEROKEE COUNTY.

THE crossing of two heavy sand roads, one running north and south, and the other east and west, a building in the southeastern angle and two more in the northeastern one, this was the town of Jackson, the county seat of Cherokee county at the close of the war. These buildings were made of logs and rough hand-cut lumber. The first was a store; of the other two, one was a courthouse, schoolhouse, and church, and the other was dignified by the name of "hotel." No other buildings were within half a mile, and there were very few at that distance. In the two remaining angles made by the roads, the trees and grass had been stunted and almost killed by the horses and oxen tethered there by their owners, when they came to trade or attend court.

The hotel was kept by Mrs. Stuart, the widow of a man who had settled here some half dozen years before, and whose daughter Rosina was the prettiest and most popular girl in the country. Mrs. Stuart generally had a few guests; people who came from a distant part of the country to trade were obliged to stay all night, the schoolmaster boarded with her, and once in a while some health seeker from farther north stayed a few weeks. During the session of court the hotel was full to overflowing, and some men had to camp out with their cattle in the vacant angles.

This particular Saturday an unusually large crowd had gathered, even considering that it was Saturday and also that court was in session. There was, however, a particularly important case on hand; John Barton, who had come to this county only about five or six years before, was accused of murdering Joseph Surry, one of the old settlers, and the wealthiest cattle man in this part of the state. All of Surry's kinsmen had come to court fully armed and bent upon seeing Barton hanged.

The Surries had been prevented from lynching Barton three weeks before by George Surry, the oldest son, who knew that, if they did, he could never persuade Rosina Stuart to marry him. Rosina, knowing her influence, and believing in Barton's innocence, had entreated him long and earnestly to be patient, and let the law have its course. It had been hard to persuade him, for she steadfastly refused to give herself as the price of his forbearance. At last he promised, but she was not at all sure that if Barton were acquitted, Surry would still keep his word.

She was in despair. What should she do? Was it her duty to

sacrifice herself to save John Barton from so horrible a death, and his invalid wife and little children from suffering. True, any other girl within a hundred miles would be glad to marry George Surry; she did not dislike him, in fact they had always been good friends. She had never seen any trace of cruelty in him before, and if he insisted upon lynching Barton it was because it was the barbarous custom of the country in which he had passed his life; she certainly had great influence over him to hold him back so long, and if she married him she could effectually keep him from any such deed hereafter. Of course she must accept him; she would be doing so much good, and George Surry was certainly the best husband she could ever hope to have.

Then something would whisper softly to her, "No, he is not," and she would remember the young lawyer who was to plead Barton's case. She had known him only a year or two, but he had sought her almost from the first. She was interested in him, but his confidence piqued her, and she had given him little encouragement. Now she remembered that he would be here in a week, and she had promised to give him a definite answer.

What should it be? He was the disconcerting factor in the case. She knew that she was always glad to see him, that she was fond of him; but she would never let herself think whether she loved him or not. He had ability, but he was poor, while George Surry was rich. She believed he was a gentleman, but might not George be the same if he had been reared under similar influences. She sternly decided that the chances of the two men were equal, if the affair of Barton was left out, and that counted for George Surry. She wished she had never seen Charles Marshall. If it were not for him, it would not be so hard to marry George Surry. However, Charles must have his answer when he came. Must he? It was not right to discourage him just before he was going to plead this case, and she could not say "Yes," to him; for even if John Barton were acquitted he would still be in danger. She would tell Charles that he should have his answer when he had won his case. She realized that she was playing a double part, for although she had refused George Surry any definite promise she had led him to believe that some time she would look favorably upon his suit.

The truth was that Charles Marshall had no chance unless he lost his case. If he won she would have to marry George to save Barton; if he lost there would be no need for such a step, the man would be hanged anyway. She asked herself if the lawyer would try to fail if he knew what the result would be. "No," came the indignant reply. "He would not do anything so dishonorable for me or anyone else."

"Then why do you not tell him everything? He may find someone else is the guilty man, and you know you like him better than you do George Surry. If you promise to marry him if he succeeds, he can do it. Of course he will do his best without this promise, but with it his best would be better."

The Monday morning before the trial he came, and she told him all. She took him to see Mrs. Barton and the children, who were with the storekeeper's wife; she knew that they could tell their own story best. She went with him to the place where Joseph Surry had met his death, and he carefully examined every bush and tree and every inch of ground. He told her hopefully that he should succeed, and he would not let himself doubt it.

He went again to the scene of the crime and considered long and carefully the slight evidence that seemed about to convict an innocent man, as he believed. He interviewed everybody in the neighborhood; he shut himself up in his room and thought and planned and thought. The night before the trial he told Rosina that he had his case made.

Rosina Stuart did not go to the trial, she went to stay with Mrs. Barton, who fortunately did not know what day it was; her mind seemed paralyzed with dread; only at intervals did she seem conscious, and then she wore herself out weeping and imploring Rosina to save her husband. Influenced by the girl's gentle voice she grew quieter and sank into an apathetic condition. Just then Rosina heard a confused noise outside as of a mob mad for death. Had Charles failed and had George Surry broken his word? If she could only go outside, but she hesitated. One, two, three, the minutes dragged by, hours to her. She could stay no longer. Disengaging her hand gently she slipped out.

Marshall entered the court room confident of victory. He cross-examined the witnesses carefully. The storekeeper and several others testified that on the evening of the murder, John Barton was at the store, and could not have reached the Surry home by the time the crime was committed. The men had quarrelled only over a matter of one's cattle getting into the other's cornfield, and everybody knew that Mr. Barton had always been thought good-natured and moderate. The lawyer elicited the information that a few weeks before his death Joseph Surry had severely cowed a negro named Moses Jefferson, a worthless and dangerous character. Several of Moses' own race testified that he had muttered strong threats of revenge. Witnesses had seen him skulking around the Surry ranch, and the ball that caused Surry's death was of the same calibre as the revolver which Moses had bought.

The crowd waited for no more. A voice cried: "Mose Jefferson

killed Joe Surry!" and the crowd shouted: "Lynch him! Lynch him!" The disorderly mob poured out of the court house with no thought of caution in seeking their victim. It was plain that the jurymen could not be kept in their place, and so, without waiting for more to be said, the judge ordered them to bring in a verdict of "Not guilty." In less than ten minutes after the crowd had left, John Barton was acquitted.

Marshall did not wait for the verdict. He made his way through the crowd and met Rosina just as she was coming out of the door.

"Oh, Charles, what are they doing?" "They're going to find Mose Jefferson." She shuddered.

"Why, did he do it?"

"It may be that he did, but he's safe. He's been gone a week, He's safe."

"Oh, Charles, how proud I am of you!"

EDITH GRACE BOONE.

IN THE SOUTHLAND.

Here my pine-tree, tall and high,
Tow'ring straightly, touches sky,
And its fingers, long and thin,
Tap so gently "Let me in."
Clear at night, the Lady Moon
Answers softly, "Yes, yes, soon,"
And the stars, with twinkling smiles

Beckon on through myriad miles.
Oh, how oft it seems by day,
God and Heaven are far away.
But at night, my pine tree high
Seems to grow and pierce the sky,
Then through spaces far and dim,
Draws me upward, close to Him.

R.





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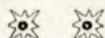
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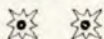
We look forward to Commencement with conflicting emotions of joy and sadness. The pleasant acquaintances formed during the year are to cease for four months in some cases, in others, forever. We leave the arduous work of the past year to resume our pleasant relations at home. Some of us go never again to return to our beloved Alma Mater. It is to these that commencement assumes the sadder aspect, for nowhere on earth can ever be found more sociable and harmonious environments than in the college. Leaving college, with its duties and toil more than counterbalanced by pleasure, some must go out to face the world and enter the never-ending battle for life among men of all classes and conditions. And, looking over the tumultuous human sea, you will find the Rollins men tossed about in seemingly hopeless confusion with the myriad other strugglers. But amid the vast expanse of dashing waves and "white caps," you may discern an occasional cap of blue-and-gold rolling far above the surrounding mass, destined soon to rise to noble height and become the ruling Neptune.

To such aspiring friends the Sand-Spur bids a fond but sad farewell. To all we wish the happiest vacation our beautiful land can afford.

We feel sure that every student of Rollins takes a deep interest in the Sand-Spur and is anxious to do all he can to promote its success. The management has little to complain of in regard to the support received from the student body. There is one point, however, to which we beg leave to call your attention, as we fear all do not appreciate its importance to the paper. This is in regard to the people who advertise with us. We have to rely upon our advertising columns for the major part of our financial support, and should these decrease to any considerable extent, it would be impossible to continue the publication. Now when a man places his advertisement in the Sand-Spur, he expects some return for the investment, and if he finds that much of the college trade is going to some other place, that does nothing toward the support of the paper, in all probability he will withdraw his advertisement, and is he not right in so doing? We simply wish to call to your attention this aspect of the case, feeling confident that you will see its importance and and whenever convenient help us in this matter.



There are two theories of education struggling for the mastery; the one views life from a utilitarian stand point, and finds the prime function of education to be to teach the shortest and quickest way of making a living, or of making a show in the world; the other finds the function of education to be the making of men and women. The one theory largely eliminates the personality of the teacher as a factor of prime importance, demanding not so much character as skill in transferring in the shortest time a given amount of information to the mind of the student; the other puts a premium upon character—the character of the teacher, and character of the student graduated under that teacher; yet we believe, that the best education for young men and women should combine the ideals of the two theories in the golden mean.



Dr. Pearsons in his closing address to the students and Faculty, friends and trustees, of the college on the evening of April the second, used this language:

“The lights of liberty, religion, and education are kindred fires, kindled at the same celestial altar, nurtured by the same ethereal aliment; together they were born, and together they must expire. The sacreligious hand that would extinguish the one must quench the more than Promethean heat of the other. Our fathers caught these blended lights from the skies. Long did they watch their rising, their widening,

their brightening. Long may it be our happy lot to walk in the beams of their effulgence, till the night of time shall settle upon the world, and the lights of liberty and religion and education are lost in the blaze of eternity."

ROLLINS.

Do you ask me for a story,
For our Sand-Spur, read by all,
Told anent the College Campus,
Cloverleaf to Music Hall?

Let me tell it slowly, softly,
Only heard of you and me,
For the tale is one to ravel
Skeins alone for such as we.

Tell we first of one, a Blackman,
True and strong and wise is he,
Come one day to fill an office
All too hard, but great to be.

Near his hand perceive a helpmate,
Lovely, gracious, tactful, proved,
Look to these, and feel incentive
Good to seek; be ill removed,

Come before, was one who Kendall
(Scotch in sound, I hear you say)
We behold Lakeside's protector
Ev'n through schedules clear the way.

Dear to heart of English lovers
Now appears one Long well known,
I would say that brain of woman
Seldom to this breadth hath grown.

Here's an Abbott, safely cloistered
In the heart of all around.
Trust me well that where most needed,
This devout one will be found.

One we see, who being Baker,
Deals with mysteries deep, profound.
We, the dough, he kneads and raises,
Science laws to keep are bound.

Mark we these from highest places,
House of Lords, where great ones dwell,

THE SAND-SPUR.

And LaMontagne, from the far land,
Through tongue's mazes guard they well.

Follow Lam(b)son, wise and gentle,
See another Guild the rose,
Still one other, comes to Merrill
By combating nature's foes.

At the home of Math, Athletics,—
Newly entered, they denote
One small son, to be appointed
Coxswain of a College boat.

Shall we lightly say, "The Dickens!"
(Son he's not of fiction's fame),
Yet the writer's gift he quickens,
Gives the long a shorter frame.

List we now to vibrant echoes
Sounding sweet and pure and clear.
Dream we oft it is a bird-note
Ringing from the Marsh that's near.

Soft and low and fine attending
Music other (not less dear)
Comes to us, how Rich a dowry!
Ear and heart are tuned to hear.

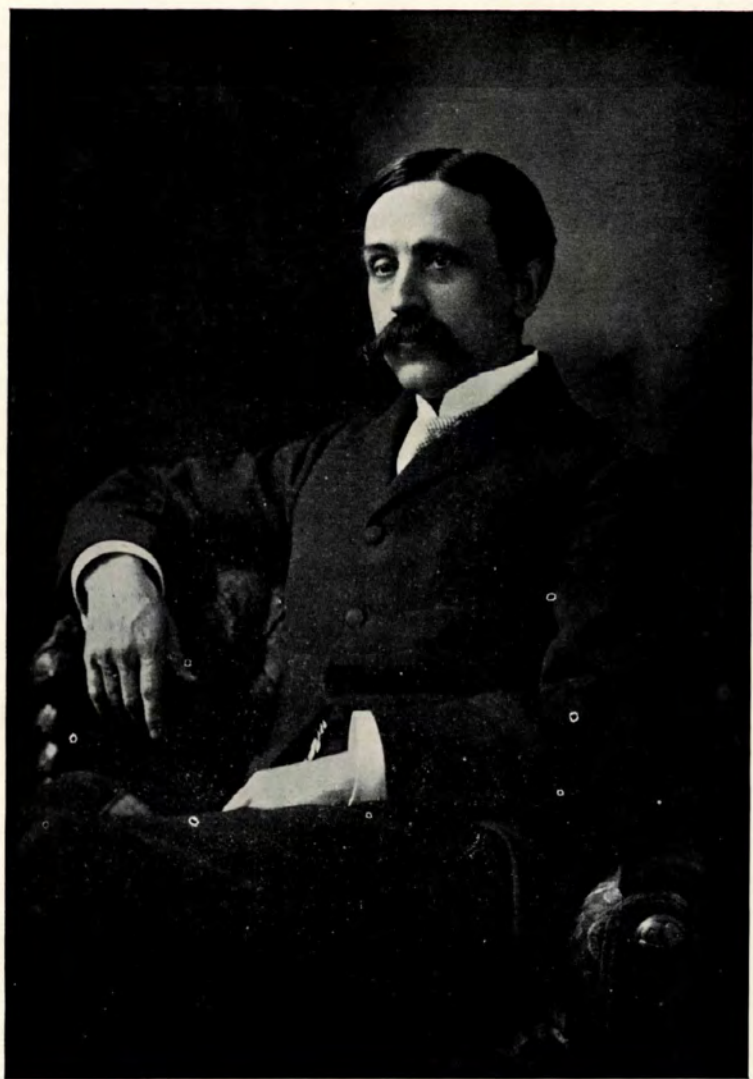
In the wake of this procession
Let the absent praise be wrought,
They who from reMorse would Ward us,
Higher life and trust have taught.

Newer to our work, and nearer,
One whose nature glad we Read,
Tend'rest heart and hand extends us—
Love and faith, her constant creed.

Ask my story's application?
Not a moral—ah, no, no—
But (recall ambition's promptings)
Could one, elsewhere *wiser* grow?

Thus, to boys and girls of Rollins,
Light of heart, a joyous band,—
Heaven's arch so blue above us,—
Life is good; we understand.





President William Fremont Blackman.

INAUGURATION DAY.

Thursday, April 2, was a perfect day at Rollins College. No fairer day has ever dawned over Lake Virginia; a beautiful spring day neither too warm nor too cold, a breeze neither too strong nor too light, Winter Park never more winsome, happy people filling the College and town, a delightful and social holiday, programs so interesting that time was not noticed, reports of a college year successful from all points of view, a coming endowment; in short the realization of present success, and of future promise of final triumph after a long fight with disaster and struggle with embarrassments.

At the close of the evening program Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons, of Chicago, perhaps the greatest living educational philanthropist, announced through Dr. Ward, and later in his own words, his proposition to the Board of Trustees of the College at their special meeting in the morning, namely, that he would make a personal gift of \$50,000 if the remaining \$150,000.00 should be raised for a \$200,000.00 productive endowment. After his announcement of the gift, which awoke a storm of applause from the large audience, Dr. Ward asserted with a confidence that was magnetic, "And it will be raised!" That it will be raised there is not the least doubt on the part of those who know the work that the College is now doing, the man in the presidential chair, and the large number of friends who may be expected to give a considerable share of the endowment fund. To supplement the endowment gifts, Dr. Pearsons proposed that every one should be asked to contribute to the endowment; that even the five-cent pieces of the smallest children should be collected and recorded. Dr. Pearsons stated that his eighty-third birthday occurs on the 14th inst. He publicly proposed to Dr. Blackman that on the 84th anniversary of his birthday, April 14th, 1904, the tables be spread in the Gymnasium (in which he made the announcement) and the money be then counted. Dr. Blackman said that it should be done and also on that occasion there should be a plum pudding with 84 candles in his honor. Dr. Pearsons' speech, as well as his gift, was eloquent. He said that there was no such pleasure in life as giving, and that giving for education was the most profitable use of dollars; that he in his gift was turning money into brains. Dr. Pearsons says of himself, "I am a thrifty and frugal old man. I have labored nearly eighty years to make money, and I have made it, and honestly too. The statement may seem strange to you, that I do not pose as a benevolent man. I have no benevolence in me, not a particle. I am the

most economical, close-fisted man you ever put your eyes on. You can see it in my face—it is there. I do not think I ever foolishly spent twenty dollars in my life. I never went to a theater but once in my life and then I was ashamed of myself. I never went to a horse race, or a football game, or a baseball game, over which our students all over the country are making such consummate fools of themselves, and by allowing which the presidents and faculties are making idiots of themselves. I am doing all that I am doing on business principles. After working hard and practicing rigid economy for seventy years to lay up money, I said to myself: 'What am I going to do with this? I cannot carry it out of the world in my dead hands. Coffins were not made to carry money in. I have got to leave it; that's the way to look at it. Now, what shall I do with it?' " Speaking of raising endowments Dr. Pearsons says: "I make everybody work a little—and that's the way to do it." Dr. Pearsons has been the means of endowing eighteen American colleges, giving, himself \$4,000,000.00 and so conditioning his gifts that other people have given \$10,000,000.00 in addition. He has given money to twenty-three higher institutions, and has helped many young people to an education. He was emphatic in praise of Rollins' faculty, saying that it was as good as any he had seen anywhere. He said, however, that the College must have more buildings to provide for the boom that always comes with an endowment, and that if the president did not get more buildings immediately he would not be able to take care of the additional young people that he would have next year. He had made a discovery since he had come to Florida in finding Dr. Ward, who had rescued the College from insolvency, had steadily built up a large attendance of students, and had won numerous supporters for it. Dr. Ward was just the man on account of his ability and other fine characteristics to be president of any one of several Western colleges. It is the idea of Dr. Pearsons to put the cost of thorough education within the reach of all ambitious young people of limited means. He regards poverty as a good heritage. "I am thankful that I was born in poverty, and that I had to hustle while the chilly winds of adversity blew about me." The students made a hearty demonstration in his honor at the Atlantic Coast Line station as he left for Chicago, Friday noon, April 3d.

THE DAY.

The gift of Dr. Pearsons was reserved till the last part of the last program. The day was full of good things. Many guests were entertained in town and at the College; but a small fraction of the 1750 guests that had been invited from other places, had been able to come on ac-

count of the long distances involved. The different sections of Florida were well represented and several were present from Georgia. The local attendance was large, Sanford sending a large delegation, and a special train bringing most of the Orlando visitors. Two of the College buildings were draped with the national and College colors, and decorated with tropical foliage. In the evening the avenue around the campus court was illuminated with Japanese lanterns. The first exercises of the day was the ball game between the College boys and the Kissimmee team. The College boys started in with a rush and won the game in the first three innings, after which the turn of the visitors came. The score was 11 to 4 in favor of Rollins. The Kissimmee boys remained for the exercises of the day,

A special meeting of the Board of Trustees was held at 10 o'clock in Knowles Hall.

The inaugural procession took place at 3:30. The young men assembled before the Gymnasium and marched around the campus to Cloverleaf, where the young ladies took the lead. When the column reached Pinehurst Hall the trustees, faculty, and speaker, joined the procession and on approaching the Gymnasium passed in between the double column of students.

The afternoon and evening program were as follows :

INAUGURATION DAY PROGRAMME.

- 9:30. Base-ball Game—Kissimmee vs. Rollins—Score, 4-11.
- 11:00. Special Meeting of Board of Trustees.
- 3:15. Grand Procession on the Campus.

ADDRESSES AND SALUTATIONS.

VICE-PRESIDENT O. C. MORSE, CHAIRMAN.

Prayer.....	Rev. C. M. Bingham, Daytona
Music—How Lovely are the Messengers (Mendelssohn).....	Chorus
Pres. T. H. Taliaferro, Ph. D., Lake City.....	
.....	The College and the Sister Colleges of the State
Prof. Josiah Varn, Ocala.....	The College and the Public Schools of the State
Mr. Thomas W. Lawton, Oviedo.....	The Students of the College
Dean Robert R. Kendall, Winter Park.....	The Faculty
Prof. Fred P. Ensminger, Winter Park.....	The Alumni
Music—L'Ete—(Chaminade).....	Miss Marsh
Ex-Pres. George M. Ward, D. D., Lowell, Mass.....	
.....	The Outgoing Administration and the Board of Trustees
Rev. J. I. Norris, Orlando; Prof. E. L. Richardson, Avon Park.....	
.....	The College and the Churches
Music—Fruehlingsrauschen—(Sinding).....	Miss Rich
Hon. Robert W. Davis, Palatka.....	The College and the People of Florida

INAUGURAL EXERCISES.

Prayer.....	Rev. S. F. Gale, Jacksonville
Music—Sanctus and Benedictus—(Gounod).....	Chorus
Address.....	Mr. William R. O'Neal, Secretary of the College
Inaugural Address.....	Rev. William F. Blackman, Ph. D., President
Address.....	Dr. Daniel K. Pearsons, M. D., Chicago, Ill.
Music—Hallelujah Chorus—(Handel).....	Chorus
Conferring of Degrees.....	
Benediction.....	Rev. E. V. Blackman, Miami
Cloverleaf Cottage, 9.30 p. m.....	President's Reception
Music.....	Rollins College Orchestra

MUSIC NOTES.

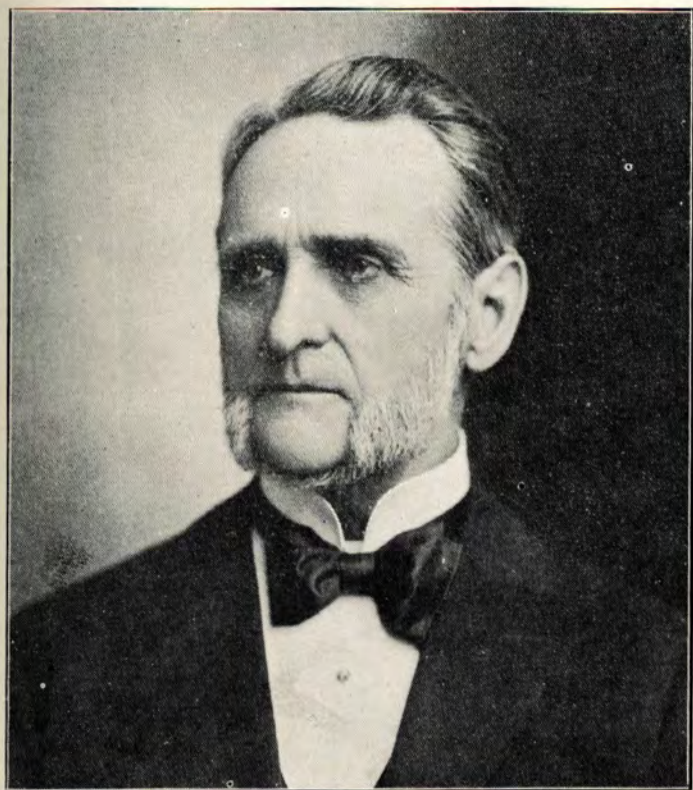
The February vesper service was attended by a large and sympathetic audience. Mendelssohn's 42nd Psalm, "As the Heart Pants," was given, and the chorus did unusually well in the rendition of the work. The recitatives were beautifully sung by Miss Marsh.

One afternoon and two evening recitals have been given by the pupils of the Music Department since our last issue, in all of which the pupils acquitted themselves with much credit to the department. The program of May 2nd being representative of the year's work, we give it in full:

Quartet—Egmont Overture—(Beethoven).....	Misses Olmstead, Bumby, Lamson and Howard.
Troika—Novembre—(Tschaikowsky).....	Miss McGinnis
In Autumn, and Spring Song—(Oscar Weil) Violin Obligato by Miss Kimball....	Miss Drennen
Sonata—Op. 10, No. 1,—(Beethoven)—Allegro, Adagio, Prestissimo.....	Miss Olmstead
Love's Eternity, and The Thought of Thee (Augusto Rotoli).....	Miss Robinson
Impromptu in B Flat—(Schubert).....	Miss O'Neal
Berceuse—(Chopin).....	Miss Knox
Waltz in A Flat—(Chopin).....	Miss Dawson
A Dutch Lullaby—(Nevin).....	Soprano Solo and Semi-Chorus

During this semester the violin department has been in charge of Miss Kimball, who is a violinist of much ability, and a successful teacher. The orchestra under her direction has been a decided addition to our music.

The early publication prevents a review of the commencement music in detail. The programme will be of unusual interest, and will consist of choruses, vocal, violin, and piano solos, and piano concertos.



Dr. D. K. Pearsons Chicago, Ill.

The recitals given each month by the school of music have been both instructive and entertaining.

We are all looking forward to the commencement social events which are to be both numerous and lengthy.

EXPRESSION.

The Interpretative Recital by the Expression pupils on March 28th was of a high order. Most of the readings were from Shakespeare and Tennyson, and the trueness of their interpretation showed the intellectuality of the readers and their strong grasp of the subjects.

A delightful program has been arranged for commencement; an interesting feature of it being six readings from "Julius Cæsar."

On Monday night, April 20th, at Lyman Hall, the Rollins Dramatic Club presented "The Merchant of Venice" in a masterly style, with the following cast:

Duke of Venice.....	W. E. Burrell
Antonio, the Merchant of Venice.....	F. H. Hamor
Bassanio, Friend to Antonio.....	S. H. Edes
Gratiano, Venetian Gentleman.....	F. J. Booth
Lorenzo, Venetian Gentleman.....	S. C. Noble
Salarino, Venetian Gentleman.....	Berkeley Blackman
Solanio, Venetian Gentleman.....	William Ronald
Shylock, a Jew.....	Woody Thornton
Tubal, a Jew Friend to Shylock.....	W. C. Pryor
Launcelot Gobbo, Servant to Shylock.....	F. H. Morrow
Old Gobbo, Father to Launcelot.....	Ira Johnston
Leonardo, Servant to Bassanio.....	Guy Fraser
Balthasar, Servant to Portia.....	William Ronald
Portia, a Rich Heiress.....	Helen Reber
Nerissa, Her Friend and Companion.....	Edith Rix
Jessica, Daughter to Shylock.....	Francis Smith
Manificoes and Pages	

The interest and attention of the cultured audience, many of whom had seen the play time and again given by the leading English and American actors, were held to the drop of the curtain.

The tension in the "dress circle" and the bowed heads in the gallery during the trial scene, were potent witnesses to the art of the players. Their acting showed a clear insight into character, a keen appreciation of the delicate points of the text, a delving into the inner meaning of the lines; and it was the lifting power which marks the genius of patience.

It was a remarkably strong cast. Each so thoroughly was the character, that the presentation seemed not a play, but scenes from life. This trueness in each part made the whole a revelation of amateur work.

The stage setting was in excellent taste, and, in some scenes, an artistic creation.

The conventional curtains and screens were not attempted; but graceful palmettos, soft backgrounds, rich draperies and cushions, pieces of unique furniture, flower-wreathed tables, glimmering Venetian lamps—left nothing to be desired.

The costumes were ordered from VanHorn & Son in Philadelphia, and lent themselves with charming effect to the players who so graced them.

For weeks before the presentation of "The Merchant of Venice," a lively interest had been manifested in the coming event, both in Winter Park and Orlando; but beyond their highest hopes was the large audience that greeted the young actors at the drawing of the curtains.

So great was the pleasure of the Orlando party that they requested that the play be repeated in Orlando the following night. The second evening was a repetition of the signal success scored on the first; some thinking the players even surpassed, in Orlando, their record at Rollins.

This triumph on the part of the Rollins Dramatic Club is the result of honest, faithful, conscientious work, stability of purpose, a one-ness of aim, and the strength to subordinate pleasure to duty; and it stands for a growth in those eternal principles which enrich and sweeten life.

OUR STUDENTS ABROAD.

We predict that the old students will be eager to do anything in their power to help the Trustees to secure that endowment. Let us work all the more systematically since we are not organized as we should be for the task. Individual effort is powerful if the right individual is behind the effort. If we all begin by giving what little we can, we do well. We may advance the "well" to "better" by sending to the president, Dr. Blackman, the names of people who might be disposed to have a hand in the endowment of so useful an institution as Rollins, and then personally giving such individuals an idea of the work Rollins had done and the high standard it maintains. The Ladies Auxiliary that has been organized to help the Trustees in their task wishes to hear from the young women disposed to help. Mrs. Brewer is president of the

Auxiliary, and Mrs. Blackman secretary. It will be a great shame if we Rollins beneficiaries fail to do our share of the money-raising.

Miss Maud Neff writes that her family has removed from Havana to Jacksonville. We should think that there were enough students in Jacksonville for a Rollins club.

Miss May Pomeroy was present for the inaugural. The family is soon to move to St. Petersburg.

Miss Frances Dickenson was a recent visitor at the College. She helps to run the office of Hon. Robert W. Davis, of Palatka, this much more "our Bob," and probably the next Governor of the State.

Mr. Walter Moore has been in Winter Park much of the time recently on business.

The sly Arthur E. Benjamin, a successful business man of Tampa, is agent for the Fox Typewriter.

It is rumored that Miss Helen Fairchild is soon to be married. The engagement of Mr. Walter Fairchild to a young lady of Cincinnati is announced.

Harry Vanderpool, of Maitland, while on a visit home, witnessed one of the Rollins base-ball victories.

Mr. Harold Dale, who graduates from Andover Seminary this year, has accepted a call to a church in Billerica, Mass.

Miss Jeanette B. Obenchain is perhaps the last student to accept a college position, having been chosen instructor in Potter College of Bowling Green, Ky.

Mr. Paul B. Fairchild, the first editor of the SAND-SPUR and the originator of a variety of "Spurs" more vicious than the torture instruments of the inquisition, has taken up farming for the summer. He has been pursuing advanced studies in New York City lately.

The College Alumni has secured a flag pole to take the place of the old one. We wonder if its foot will become a battle ground again.

Mr. Clarence Hooker is in business in New York City.

Rollins numbers three new vocal students in its constituency. Charles Forest VanSickle, of Winter Park, aged four months, Lida Yancey Brooks, of Orlando, the little daughter of Mrs. Brooks, formerly Miss Sallie Yancey, and William Ward Ensminger, of Winter Park, aged one month.

Miss Clara Louise Guild has finished her year's teaching and has returned to Winter Park.

Miss Mary L. Piper is again at home,—Springfield, Ohio,—and her many friends are glad to hear that she has nearly recovered from her long illness.

Miss Anna M. Henkel, also of the class of '98, has been teaching during the past year.

Miss Susan T. Gladwin whose interesting letter appears in this number, is still at Palo, Leyte, P. I.

Miss Susan N. Thayer, Penn Yan, N. Y., is interested in architects and builders. They are remodeling their house.

Misses Pomeroy and Wakelin, former students at Rollins, have each visited at Cloverleaf this semester.

Mrs. Chas. D. Campbell (Luella Saxton, Rollins '98-'99) has gone to Knoxville, Tenn., to visit her brother until commencement at the University of Tennessee.

BASEBALL.

Rollins' success in baseball this year has been unsurpassed by any team representing it so far on record. That is to say, Rollins has won the inter-collegiate record this year. The team has been composed of the pluckiest set of young men ever composing a Rollins team. The team which backed Thornton, the little star pitcher, was one that could be depended upon in a pinch, and to this fact is due the unbroken line of victories.

Shortly after Christmas, Mr. F. O. Schreckengost, Rube Waddell's catcher on the Philadelphia Athletics, joined the team and we considered ourselves in clover, but a curious fact stands to view, viz., that with them, we lost two out of four games whereas since they left, we have not been defeated once, although we probably have not hit as warm a team.

Our first game after Christmas was with Stetson University and the game was forfeited to Rollins, owing to the non-appearance of the Stetson team upon the field at the appointed hour, and subsequently the series was called off. We then played Bartow school, the S. F. M. I., at Bartow and were victorious by the score of 9 to 3. Just a week later, we went to Ormond and took on the fast Ormond hotel team, playing two games. The first resulted in a victory for Rollins, 1 to 0, but the second proved to be no game at all so far as interest was concerned. The Hotel team was victorious by a score of 11 to 2. Upon this trip we had the finest time of the year. The "Ormond" people treated us royally and we could easily take defeat at the hands of such gallant hosts.

Upon our return home the team had to be reconstructed somewhat, owing to the loss of Waddell and Schreck, who were obliged to return to

their team in Jacksonville. Thos. H. Morrow, a new man this year, was then placed in catcher's position and has played his position admirably, considering the fact of his being new at such work in fast company. The team which was then organized, and which has done the bulk of the playing, stood as follows: Morrow, catcher; Thornton, pitcher; Burrell, 1st base; Evernden, 2nd base; Booth, s s.; Fernandez, 3rd base; Hadley, l. f.; Sadler, r. f.; Edes, c, f.; Thompson, sub.

Our first game after the reconstruction, was with the E. F. S. team at Gainesville. Here we ran up against a strong aggregation, but after nine hard fought innings, we came out ahead, 4 to 3. Mr. Chubb received us royally at Gainesville and gave us a fine time during our stay there.

We then had a series of three games with the Kissimmee town team and were victorious by large scores, two of the games being played here and one in Kissimmee.

As the S. F. M. I. team had defeated us once and we had returned the compliment; we stood a tie, therefore a third game was played in which we came out victors with a nice margin, although, Helms, the Bartow pitcher, is the best man we have been against this year, barring none. Score 13 to 7.

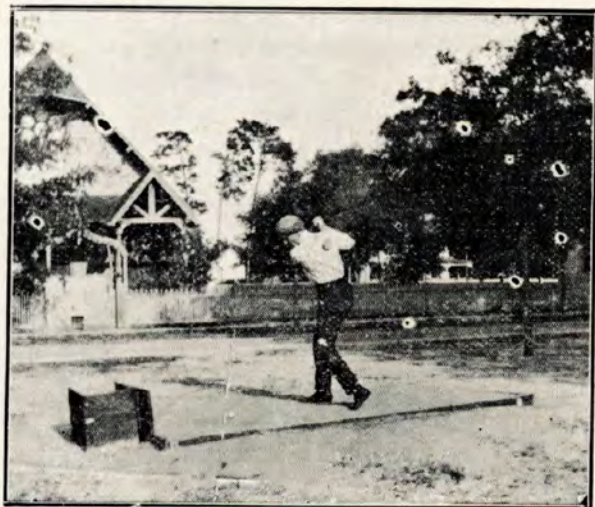
This completed our schedule and although we challenged and rechallenged all the other institutions in the State, we received no reply; therefore we rightly lay claim to the inter-collegiate championship of Florida.

GOLF.

A remarkable interest has been shown in this game during the past season, considering that the Seminole hotel was not here to attract more enthusiasts. Mr. W. C. Temple has had the links kept in perfect repair all the year, and their condition has been better than heretofore.

We regret that the annual tournament was not held, but aside from that, the links have been patronized with nearly the same results as last season, though perhaps not so enthusiastically.

Mr. R. S. Dunham, of Ohio, who spent the winter here, and who is at home in the Scotch game, challenged Mr. Pinkerton, the former holder of the college championship, for a match game. This was played on March 27th, resulting in a victory for the latter. The score for 18 holes was: Pinkerton, 86 strokes, and 10 holes up; Dunham, 103



strokes. Dunham had till this time played excellent golf, and would have made a closer match, had his nerve stayed with him.

Mr. E. Brewer, of New York, now attending Andover Academy, who was the champion of this golf club and college in 1901, spent his Easter vacation at his southern home and arranged for a match with Pinkerton who held the same honors in 1902. This match was played on April 9th, and resulted thus:—For 18 holes, Pinkerton, 78 strokes and 11 holes up; Brewer, 97 strokes.

Pinkerton has played better golf this year than ever before, he has not suffered a single defeat on the Winter Park Links. The young ladies and gentlemen of the college have displayed much interest in golf by playing frequently, and by forming large galleries, and following the successive matches that have been played.

TENNIS.

Tennis was the game to several students this year, and many on the campus will readily accept this statement. The interest in this, the prettiest of out-door sports, to real tennis-lovers was great in comparison to the number of students who took part. Among the students there are not more than a half-dozen who can really be called tennis-players.

One of the most interesting features of the last semester was the tennis tournament which continued for three days, the last three of April. There were only six entrees, Messrs. Atkisson, Booth, Burrell, Frazer, Robinson, and Thornton.

PRELIMINARIES.

The preliminaries began on the 28th of April as follows:

MATCH 1: BOOTH VS. THORNTON

	GAMES	GAMES
Set 1.	2	6
Set 2.	5	7

MATCH 2: ROBINSON VS. ATKISSON

	GAMES	GAMES
Set 1.	2	6
Set 2.	6	0
Set 3.	6	3

MATCH 3: BURRELL VS. FRAZER

	GAMES	GAMES
Set 1.	10	8
Set 2.	1	6
Set 3.	5	7

Thus ended the preliminaries, with Thornton, Robinson and Frazer winners.

SEMI-FINALS.

The semi-finals were played on the second day by only one match.

MATCH: ROBINSON VS. THORNTON

	GAMES	GAMES
Set 1.	6	1
Set 2.	7	5

Robinson is again victor and we shall soon learn more of this player.

FINALS.

The finals were played on the third day by Robinson and Frazer.

* MATCH: ROBINSON VS. FRAZER

	GAMES	GAMES
Set 1.	6	3
Set 2.	6	3

The outcome of the finals makes Robinson not only winner, but champion of Rollins College for the year 1903. One can readily see from the score of the finals that neither of the players improved their playing, but played as steady and even in the first set as in the second.

Robinson plays a steadier game than Frazer in all respects. But we must acknowledge Frazer's serve as the superior of the two, yet he has not complete control over it. In one game Robby only served four balls which were not touched. He is the "coming tennis champion" we referred to in the last Sand Spur.

We, as students of Rollins College, gladly and willingly recognize Mr. Verne Robinson of St. Louis as champion of Rollins College in tennis, 1903. We also heartily congratulate him upon his success. It is our sincere wish that he may not only be successful in tennis tournaments, but also in every tournament and walk of life.

SOCIETIES.

THE FRIENDS IN COUNCIL.

After much deliberation our society was formed, and was considered not a new organization, but a reorganization of the former girls' society, the "Friends in Council." A large part of the constitution, the motto, and the name of the society, we adopted, yet we made some new plans to suit changed conditions.

Miss Reed and Mrs. Reber have been faithful members of our society, and whatever success has come to us during the year is, in a great measure, due to them. The ladies of the faculty who were here during the existence of the former "Friends in Council," are honorary members.

Our membership is not large, and we have met with some discouragements, as all small societies must, but there has been much patience, loyalty and faith displayed, and as we look back we see that we have come to know each other better, and that the year of the society has not been in vain.

We have met once a week in Billings Hall, and given literary and musical programs with current events a main feature. Some of these programs have consisted of original work, some have been arranged from one author, while others have been miscellaneous. One evening was given to a unique entertainment of readings by literary characters in costume, as Maud Muller, Priscilla, and Mrs. Wiggs; and to this meeting the other young ladies of Cloverleaf were invited.

Mrs. Brandenburg, whose home for many years has been in Europe, gave, one evening, an informal talk on life abroad. The rector of All

Saints' Church, Winter Park, Rev. Mr. Punnett, gave us, May the 4th, an address to which we invited the Delphic Debating Society.

Some weeks before, this society had challenged us to a debate, and the challenge was accepted, although debating was not quite in the line of our work. We lost the debate, as we expected, but we felt most grateful to those members of our organization who were willing to attempt the contest.

We are now looking forward to one or two social functions as the closing events of the year.

DELPHIC DEBATING SOCIETY.

To any one familiar with the work of the Delphic Debating Society during the past year, one indisputable fact stands out, namely, that there is not room for two literary and debating societies in Rollins College.

At the beginning of the year we took a vigorous start, secured a large membership, adopted a new constitution and were happy in the thought of the prosperous year that lay before us. Without doubt our hopes would have been realized had it not been for the unfortunate occurrence which need not be mentioned further, which cost us some of our most useful members and caused another literary society to be formed. While we of course bear that society no ill will, yet no member of the Delphic, in view of the subsequent course of this society and of what we know of that, can believe that its formation was for the best interest of the College. For a time after that, as you know, the membership steadily decreased until it reached its present solid constituency. It is a good society and does excellent work, but it is not large enough to do the work that it should.

Notwithstanding all this, the year has been most pleasant and profitable to those who have taken an active part in what we have attempted. All of the twenty-three debates we have held have been interesting, and I think it is safe to say that not once have any of us gone away without having derived some benefit from what we have said and heard. There is no doubt but most of us have developed somewhat. Some of our members who at first regarded it almost a punishment to address the society, and who at each attempt plainly showed their restraint—not to say fright—now find it perfectly easy to make us long addresses, when, perchance, they have nothing to say.

The brightest achievement of the year is the Sand-Spur. The society has reason to be proud of it, for, through the care, foresight and sagacity of Mr. Johnston, business manager, the usual order of things has been reversed and we show a surplus of about the same amount as

the usual deficit. Mr. Lawton has been a signal success as editor; his remarkable executive ability and fine literary taste have combined with his great capacity for work and produced the best Sand-Spur the school has yet seen. The hearty thanks of the society are due to both for the unselfish labor and pains which they have given freely to promote the success of the paper.

In all this we have done well. The year has not been a failure. But at the same time I am sure that you all feel that, well as we have done, we have not done as well as we might have, and that you will all join me in the hope that next year, in place of two weak literary societies, we will have a single one which will be a credit to the college.

(Extract from Speech of the President at the last meeting of D. D. S., May 18, 1903.)

S. H. EDES.

KAPPA EPSILON SORORITY.

K-a-p-p-a E-p-s-i-l-o-n

Kappa Epsilon

The one and only one

Which has any fun

At Rollins, Rollins.

Siz! Boom! Bah!

K. E. K. E.

Rah! Rah! Rah!

COLORS.

Crimson and White.

MOTTO.

U-T-U.

THE LUCKY THIRTEEN.

Jene Ballenger,
Eula Drennen,
Lily Wilmott,
Ethel Westall,
Edith Rix,
Lizzie Knox,

Florence Robinson,
Helen Steinmetz,
Cora Milligan,
Myrtice Scott,
Julia Steinmetz,
Esmeralda Milligan,

Enyde Scott.

THE SORORITY SPREAD.

It is a hot evening in May, supper is over and the study bell rang long since, telling the students of Cloverleaf Hall that it is time to go to their rooms and prepare the next day's lessons. The Hall is usually quiet at this time save only for the little clock in the Matron's room, which sends its silver chime every half hour through the building, and an occasional burst of smothered laughter from one of the rooms where two or three girls have managed to gather, when the Matron perhaps is down stairs in the parlor receiving a guest.

This evening it is most remarkably quiet, but any one who is acquainted with girls can tell that some fun is up for the evening. The little clock has sent six different chimes through the hall. It is nine o'clock and study hour is nearly over. But no sooner has the little clock said nine, than long draped figures and merry girlish faces on which is plainly written, "Secrecy," appear in the doors, and after looking up and down the long halls to see if anybody beside the "Lucky Thirteen," are in sight, are seen with bags and pans in their arms wending their way cautiously to a third floor room. Soon more begin to come from all parts of Cloverleaf,—eleven in all. It is the meeting of the Sorority, a good-bye "spread" to two of its most popular members, who are to leave the College in a few days.

The room is a vacant one, with only a desk and two or three old chairs, but as the guests begin to arrive, they find seats where girls alone can. Florence, a tall, well-built girl with fair hair and blue eyes, the hostess for the evening, takes her elevated place in the window, and soon beside her is found Judy, who is very fond of punch. Next come Lot and Lizzie, with the inevitable bottle of stuffed olives peeking out of the paper sack which Lizzie is trying to conceal under her kimono until the time of the spread. It is an axiom among the Sorority that Jene and Edith happen to spy the olive bottle, it is fated, it immediately disappears, no one knows where and no one would presume to say. Helen, the quietest girl of the number, sits in a corner and listens to the gay talk and laughter, and is the first to hear a rap on the door which means some untimely call. Florence and Judy hasten down from their place in the window, and the latter, with Lily, are placed in the closet for safe keeping until this caller goes away. The others hide where they can, one behind the desk; the rest crawl out of the window on the balcony, and Jene and Ethel alone remain to receive the unwelcome guests, who, thinking some fun is on hand, have come to join them—but the desire is not at all mutual, so, when they are greeted only with yawns, and with the sight of two lone girls at the desk, they think after all it is a mistake, and return to their rooms. No sooner are the visitors heard going down stairs than the closed door is quietly opened and Lily and Judy cautiously creep out; they drag the desk from the corner to find Polly crowded behind among dust and cobwebs, but with a mischievous twinkle in her merry brown eyes. The window is raised, and the girls on the balcony come from their retreat.

After the secret business of the Sorority, which no one knows anything about, the bags and packages are opened and the spread is about ready. The girls are all seated on the floor, and they look not unlike

Japanese girls in their gay-colored kimonos. The lunch is passed—first came the crackers, which are to serve as plates; sandwiches and salad, pickles and cake follow. All are eating and chatting when Jene and Edith are seen in one corner together tugging with the cork of an olive bottle. First Jene gives it a dig with her hair pin; then Edith tries her luck; but the ugly cork will not move. Soon Cora, the good angel, spies the two rogues and comes to the rescue. She takes the bottle, and with a mysterious hat-pin, which her knowledge of spreads told her to bring along in case of emergencies, she neatly takes out the cork and the olives are ready to be eaten. They are passed around, and Polly is about to take one, when Ethel, who is sitting beside her, accidentally turns the bottle over and the contents, juice and all, are deposited in Polly's lap. Did I say all? The juice only remained. In the excitement of the occasion the olives disappear, and soon Florence and Judy are seen winking and blinking, as if trying to eat something in a hurry.

Time passes quickly; the little clock says eleven, but the jolly girls do not hear it, and the laughing and talking are kept up. They grow louder and louder when suddenly Lot, whose chair, tilted back against the wall, slides from its place, finds herself on the floor. She does not think of the hour or occasion, but gives a most awful yell; the others join in, and soon steps are heard in the hallway, and, after a gentle tap on the door, the matron reminds the young ladies that the retiring bell has rung.

The secret meeting is over, and the girls in two's and three's leave for their rooms.

E. R.

A. R. S. H. A. R. S. *SEE?*

The name of this organization has been so well kept secret that there is naturally much interest in the full significance of the many initial letters with which the society signs all its correspondence. For a long time it was thought politic to keep the name secret, but by the time of the issuance of this magazine, time and circumstance will have changed all that. No apology at all is given along with the name, for the cognomen of the association does not admit the necessity of further explanation. The whole name of the ———, almost an axiom explaining itself. Also the very name was an inspiration, for as you see, the first part of the name shows the object of the society and the last half the scope of action with which the association is to exert itself.

But it is not wholly with the name and object that you are interested. The members who go to make up the society come in for some consideration. They appear to good advantage in the boat. Of course

the first of all must be the Captain, George Phillips. A complete biography of his life might be very entertaining, but must necessarily be omitted here. Enough to say that he is a big, husky, two fisted fellow with an even temper and a smile that is contagious. By his side sits Teddy Hills, the other stroke oar, Teddy, the fellow who would like to lie down in installments. For the race it is expected that a special over-hang will be built for his pedal extremities. Besides taking up all his own room when he stretches half his whole length in a stroke he crushes the coxswain in front of him and smothers Prince whose position of disadvantage is just behind. It is now for us to consider Prince alias Chief, the legal minded man. We won't say much about him except that all he has he puts into the oar he is rowing. Beyer sits on the other side and follows the stroke given by Phillips. Beyer is the hardest worker in the boat, rowing just at present the prettiest oar in the boat, excepting perhaps Edes', Edes goes in for form and it is he more than anyone else who keeps life in the stroke. Of Noble the other bow oar we will say nothing, not because there is not anything to say but because all the rowing adjectives of our vocabulary have been exhausted. Now comes the climax, Winnie Morrow, on whose head so much depends, not that a reward is offered for him but it is to him that all the head work of the race will come. All through he has been faithful in his early rising and his "hepping" has been like the clicking of a metronome. The crew has practiced enough to know something about one another and also to pick up a few pointers about rowing. Willie Burrell has been an aid to whom he thanks!

Until after the race is over, it will not be well to say much about what the society has accomplished this year. Still all look with wonder upon its survival through those stormy days when two gallant crews went down in the storm of words of faint hope and incourageous speech. There is a rumor that the ladies are to be blamed for the failure of the P. D. crew, but allow me right here without further words immediately to deny this ungallant assertion, behind which some boy was hiding either cowardice or laziness, we will not say which. There is no need. One is as bad as the other and either would wreak disruption in a more sturdy and altruistic union than the P. D. ever was. Of the boy who seeks to cast the blame with the girls we cannot say enough, we can do nothing better than ignore him.

We would treat rather of our honorable opponents, the Vikings, the only crew with stamina enough to race. They are to be congratulated upon the enterprize of their organizer, Mr. Merrill, whom all must thank for the race. The Vikings are to be complimented too that

they did not catch that serious contagious disease, the declining fever, which was so fatal to our would be opponents. The Vikings did not rest long after organization but commenced work at once. Good consistent work too. This crew is rather heavy despite their title, the "Little Six." The two crews will weigh about the same. The A. R. S. H. A. R. S. strokes are heavier but the four front men of the Vikings will out-weigh those occupying the same positions in the other boat. The crews are so even in work and in weight that the race should be excitingly close.

In the natural course of a discussion of this sort, the next step would deal with the prospects of the A. R. S. H. A. R. S. However, remembering that quaint aphorism "Young people tell you what they will do, old people what they have done, and it is fools that tell you what they are going to do," we refrain from a premature statement.

But in low simplicity we will give out gratis and thus bring down a full knowledge of our dealings to all here in Rollins.

PHI DELTA.

At the beginning of the present school year, six of the young men of the institution, being old-time friends, were drawn together a great deal and decided to form a little fraternity among themselves. For this fraternity as a name was chosen the Greek letters Phi Delta and the colors red and black. The "Big Six" all sent for very handsome sweaters and these have adorned the campus throughout the year.

"Moons" have been held at different times throughout the year and much pleasure has been had by each member. The "Phi Delta" has also been active in athletics this year and especially in base-ball, as they furnished five men to fill positions upon the team, this being due only to the fact, however, that they were men most capable of filling the positions. And now in the track team they are to be well represented in all the events.

It may also be remembered that the Golf championship rests in the "Phi Delta" Fraternity, with one of its members, Mr. L. C. Pinkerton.

"Phi Delta" has also been active in a social manner, being the most popular set among the young ladies, as has been shown in every day life and in social events such as dances, musicales, etc.

Quite a little sensation was produced recently by the formation of a crew with a long name and a long man. They proceeded to go into training under their gallant leader, S. H. Edes, and immediately challenged the Phi Deltas, who had not even formed a crew as yet, to compete with them and in the course of time a little strategic bull-

dozing was engaged in, but the Fraternity felt they had been sufficiently active in athletics and were not obliged to row in order to hold their heads up. This A. R. S. H. A. R. S. Etc., became very vociferous but after a year of inert activity upon the part of nearly all of its members in athletics we feel we must make way for these jolly fellows to make for themselves a name. But we hope through the great reputation to be achieved by them that the "Phi Deltas" may not be disgraced, forgotten, or rejected.

THE VIKING SIX-OAR CREW.

The Viking Crew was organized about two weeks before Commencement Week. We think that we're the Whole Cheese, but the others think they are too, so we aren't talking. We hope and truly expect to come in among the first, but others dispute this fact also. Well, we'll let it go at that. Time will show who is right.

As we go to press the order is as follows: Atkisson and Frazer, stroke; Thompson and Ronald, middle; and Merrill and Stiggins, bow. Blackman, coxswain. This may be changed before the race, but we won't be responsible for anything that happens.

We "understand upon the Rialto" that the Phi Deltas, alias Crawfish, became screwed and crawled. Well, we've done them brown in glue and bread crumbs, and it is all over. If there are only two crews we may, if we try, get second place. No one can tell.

LOCALS.

W. Blackman, wonderful alligator exterminator.

The panama hat craze was suddenly cured by Uncle Sam's custom officer, who reported what he saw in one of the frequent packages due for the college.

Great things are expected from the stalwart boatmen who are to contest for the honors of the victors in Rollins' first boat race. Another year we sincerely hope to see barges here.

Swimming is being taught, and there is no doubt but we shall have necessity of exciting rescues eliminated.

As Commencement draws near and the time for home-going approaches, we are amused at the serious expressions seen to flicker across the faces of some of our devoted members.

The baseball team has earned for itself a deserved rest; at least in the way of games, but we hear that extra diligence will be necessary on

their part to begin in the same class mentally as they are physically.

We are glad to welcome Sadler back from his short trip north, though a few days too late for — — —.

Great interest was manifested in the dramatic class, and it will doubtless be one of the best drawing cards the college has, for all its present members will return next fall, if possible, to continue the study of the Shakespearean plays.

The inaugural exercises of Dr. Blackman to the chair of college presidency drew the old students closer to our former president, while we join with the new students in the gladdest of welcomes to our "Prexie."



SOCIAL ~~~~~ EVENTS

Some Rollins boys play with the girls' hearts as they play an end game in chess—and then wonder why they win only a stale mate.

An informal tea was given Cloverleaf girls by Miss Lamson, April 16th. As usual all spent a very pleasant afternoon.

A number of the students were entertained at the hospitable home of Dr. and Mrs. Blackman in the early part of April. After an ideal row, by moonlight, on Lake Osceola, refreshments were served on the lawn.

In honor of her guest, Miss Francis, of Daytona, Miss Clements gave, on May 5th, a very enjoyable tea to the ladies of Cloverleaf.

On the afternoon of May 14th the parlors of Cloverleaf were decorated by loving hands, and then fruit punch was served in honor of Miss Lamson's birthday. The girls presented Miss Lamson with a beautiful fern jardiniere in appreciation of her kindness to them all.

The reception given by the F. I. C. at the home of Mrs. Reber on May 16th will long be remembered by the students because of the jolly good time and plenty of ice cream.

Several socials have been given by the C. E., and all who attended always reported a good time.

The most notable event, from a literary standpoint, was the joint debate in April between the two literary societies. Quite a number were present, and all were very much interested in which side would win. The judges, Miss Longwell, Prof. Kendall, and Prof. Baker, after much discussion gave the decision in favor of the Delphic Debating Society.

At the last meeting the Delphic Debating Society gave a varied program. The society is to be congratulated on its work this year, and may they follow our motto "Stick to it."

Several of the musical students went to Orlando to hear the Roman pianist, Milo Deyo, and were more than repaid for their trip.

On the evening of April 4th, St. Gyn's cathedral was the scene of the prettiest wedding that has ever occurred in the history of Rollins College. The friends of the bride had decorated the cathedral most beautifully in green and white, testifying their love and friendship to her. Promptly at half-past seven as the campus bell pealed forth the merry wedding lay, Miss Robinson began the wedding march from Lohengrin. The wedding party met at the altar, when the rector read the following impressive ceremony :

Friends, Students and Faculty :

We are gathered together to-night to witness the union of this man and this woman. If any one knows any just cause why they should not be so joined, let him make it known or forever hereafter hold his peace.

Who gives this woman away ?

I Do.

Amous Adam, do you take this woman to be your wedded wife. Do you promise to defend and preserve her from all the wicked wiles of the faculty and students ; to keep her out of all devilment current in the halls of CLOVERLEAF and to give her a dead rush 'till June 1st ; do you ?

I Do.

Florida Estell do you take this man to be your wedded husband, to live within earshot of him until you both can live together without conflicts or disagreements, to hide him in your wardrobe or under your bed in times of serious need ; and when the demon of laziness has pre-

vented him from adjourning to the dining hall in the early hours of the early morn, to bring him a bountiful supply of muffins? Do you?

I Do.

"With this ring, I thee wed, and will abide by all my promises."

Friends let us all now wish these parties long life and happiness.

After the ceremony the happy couple were plentifully showered with rice and congratulations. The bridegroom looked very happy indeed as he led off his lovely bride in the first dance to which the orchestra furnished music.

After the first six dances the wedding party adjourned to Billings Court, where a most sumptuous supper awaited them. The table was artistically decorated in deep pink roses and merry were the jokes and many the toasts.

The bride was dressed in white organdy with a veil of Irish point. She was attended by two flower girls in white and her maid of honor in pink. The two bridesmaids wore white and carried pink roses.

A few days previous to the wedding the bride and groom entertained their attendants at an informal spread, at which they served light air wafers and non est champagne.

Altogether the evening of April 4th, will be remembered by the students of Rollins.

Among the most exciting events of the year, was the celebration of the baseball victory over the E. F. S. at Gainesville, March 6th. Bells were rung, bonfires lighted, fire crackers exploded and many other demonstrations of great joy were manifested. Needless to say study-hour was forgotten.





The college girl of today is going into every kind of athletics, but there is one kind of field she will never enter.

She,—I would like to know why?

He,—Because the cows are in it.

In Mrs. A's room, Pupil:—4 gills one pint, 2 pints one quart, 4 quarts 1 gallon, 32½ gallons 1 barrel, 2 barrels 1 hedge-hog.

No body's looking but the owl and the moon? *Perhaps*.—Annie.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder.—Miss O'Neal.

Willie,—Pa can anyone see through glass.

Pa,—Certainly Willie.

Willie,—Then why can't Uncle Henry see through his glass eye.—
(Ex.)

I need the money.—Chorus of Pinehurst boys.

A.—Why do all the weather vanes point East on Sunday p. m?

B.—Don't see the point, give it up.

A.—Ask Evernden and Harmon.

PROF. B.—Miss W. what is a pipette?

Miss W.—A biped is a little thing to dip up water with.

Mr. Hamor.—I am too handsome for a man, I ought to have been born a woman.

I've got to go tomorrow, but I want to go today.—Miss Wilmott.

I sing a little tenor, I sing a little barytone and I also sing a little bass.—Martinez.

Bill Bailly won't you please come home.—V. McC.

Why is Frazer so fond of continued stories?

Mr. BUTTRAM.—No, we cannot say that it is the best form for young men to wear their hats at evening entertainments.

N. B.—For whole sale manufacture of college flags go to Miss O'Neal.

WANTED, by Teddy Hills.—Someone to clean rooms, strong man preferred, must be able to reach under beds.

N. B.—Must also bring hoe and shovel.

No, Helen, we cannot conscientiously recommend foot pads for cold feet.

I've a longing in my heart for you —Sam.

From her eyes he did receive fair speechless messages.—S. H. E.

His voice, the music of the spheres, so loud it deafens mortal ears.—Woody.

PROF. LORD.—“Mr. Pryor, now is your opportunity to distinguish yourself.”

Mr. P.— (hastily) “But Miss Lord I am not seeking the opportunity.”

In German.—“Mr. L. you did not pronounce the name of the sixth month correctly, give the seventh please.”

L.—“You lie” (July.)

WANTED.—By a certain young lady, a good fill-up. (Philips.)

Previous to the “Merchant of Venice:” Woody:—Really, my mustache is growing in such straggly fashion I don't know whether to let it grow any more or—

MISS R —Oh, do. Perhaps you may get it all out of your system.

Writing Teacher.—You write your first name very well indeed, Miss Majorie, but you make a botch of the last part of it.

Pupil.—What is the difference Miss Guild, I expect to change that part of it some time.

D.—Say old fellow why do you never smile?

B.—Ecclesiastes seven—four.

A.—They say Mr. M. is a very hard person to make talk.

B.—No wonder, he has only half a language from which to select his words, the other being “cuss words.”

MR. WARD.—In chemistry—“Dr., Miss Smith did not give the composition of aqua regia properly. She said it was composed of five volumes of hydrochloric acid to three volumes nitric acid. It is three volumes nitric to five volumes hydrochloric.”

(In General History.)

MR. PINKERTON.—“Miss Longwell, did Demosthenes live before Adam and Eve?”

Pineapples bring a fine price; 50 cents each, on the campus.

The Lakeside boys, on getting baptised with ice water, while preparing to go calling, will say. “My home is nothing like this.”

THE JUDGE SINGING ALONE.

When you want work done
That's too hard for you
Call upon Lakeside,
They will put it through.

When you want money, boys,
To pay off pineapple bill,
Call upon Lakeside,
We'll fix it; yes, we will.

When you want squirrels caught,
No matter how they run,
Call upon Lakeside,
We'll do it just for fun.

When you want music
That is nice and sweet,
Go down to Lakeside,
And take a back seat.

When you want to smoke boys,
At evening, morn or night,
Go down to Lakeside,
And get a big pipe.

If you have an ax to grind
That's too dull for you
Go down to Lakeside,
And, ask them what to do.

If you are not satisfied
With the tennis score,
Say it down at Lakeside,
They will play it o'er.

Now if you would like to know
Why Lakeside is prime
Watch her and you'll find it so,
She's always there on time.

For all lost articles call on rooms 16 and 34, Lakeside.
Something tells me that I can catch a squirrel.—W. M.

SPECIAL CONVERSATIONAL SPANISH CLASS:—*Morrow, Stiggins, Atkisson, Robinson and Eb Prof. Dickerson.*

S. to B.—“Don't you know people will laugh at you for that.”

B.—“Let them laugh, who cares? Some good person is resting.”

PROF. K. will stand at the foot of Lakeside stairs at half past ten, and invite the “Wonderful Piper” down.

PROF. K. will give *sick* excuses to all who apply for them.

What is it that is often brought to the table, and often cut, but never eaten?—Ask the boys who lose money on it.

First-class music every week in room 22 Lakeside.

The red sweater crowd is getting quite athletic,—in eating.

Rough-housed rooms are a mournful sight,
Pails are thrown all hours of the night;
The Dean is shampooed by his lantern's light,
Then the actors take a brilliant flight.

Lakeside,—

We Lakeside fellows are just the stuff,
As stout and strong as steel;
Of course, they say we're pretty rough,
But we pay for what we steal.

We wonder why some of our musical faculty have such a propensity for Etheopian picnics!

MR. H.—“Say, Johnston, where is Farmer?”

J.—“He has gone to Hunter.”

DeForest says the loss of an uncle or aunt is bad enough, but that the loss of a Cousen is almost unbearable.

(In Eng. Class.)

MISS L.—“Miss Scott, in this sentence ‘A youth that is discreet will make friends; what part of speech is ‘that is discreet?’”

MISS S.—“It is an adjective clause advertising the noun Youth.”

PROF. K.—“Well, Johnston, what is Algebra?”

J.—“Forgery.”

Who's the best fellow on the place
When one is hungry
And out of sorts?

The “Cook?”

Who's just the bes' all-'round man
Who gives us cakes—
Bread and butter and ham
Whom everyone courts?

The “Cook.”

(Signed.)

AN ARDENT ADMIRER.

At the joint meeting of the literary societies, Rev. Dr. Punnett said that a certain Earl's daughter was one of the plainest, commonest looking women he ever saw, and added, "Why any one of you ladies might be an Earl's daughter."

(PARODY ON THE "TALE OF A KANGAROO.")

Some die of hearing English,
Some die of hearing French,
Some die of hearing Latin,
Some die of hearing Dutch,
But of all the boring linguists,
That we most dread you see,
Is the, "si, que, ciertamente,"
Of Professor E. R. D.

Gee Whizz!

TO "BILL."

Our Thomas Willingham, 'tis to thee,
We wish prosperity,
To thee we sing,
To thee victorious,
Great, grand and glorious,
We all uproarious
Our praises bring.

Pinehurst Boys.

According to one of our youthful geographers, Indians live in "reservoirs."

Prof. in Ancient History:—What is the meaning of the word "ossified."

Student.—After long hesitation. "Bonified."

MISS FRAZER.—(Speaking of Cuba's fine macadamized roads)
"You know we have kalsomined roads in Cuba."

It is reported that some of the fellows have been doing a "rushing" business this year.

Schuyler thinks there is no kin so desirable as a Cousen.

There was a young fellow named Burrell,
Who once made a mash on a gurrell
Some day we surmise,
If his better half dies,
He'll not do it again for the wurrell.

How do you know that Miss—is soon to leave us. ?
She goes to-morrow.

We have "Christmas" every day in the year now.

Prof. Enslinger has introduced a new member of the faculty, who will take charge of the department of vocal expression.

In German class Miss Dawson translated a word "release." Miss Bennett replied. "No, not 'release' but 'marriage.'" May the gods avert the omen!

Mosquitoes are so numerous on the shores of Lake Virginia in the summer that it is often unnavigable. (P. Shaw.)

Best bread baker on the place—Frank Booth. M. M.

For first-class instruction in Virgil, apply to Harold T. Atkisson, assistant, "Little" Morrow. M. M.

Miss D, (before musical recital), "Now if I don't get 'b flat' to-night why—" Miss M, "Oh, my dear, you'll get 'v sharp.'" M. M.

"Spooney," a term of contempt applied to a foolish, ignorant, half-witted, conceited, contemptible person. Definition, a la Hilson. M. M.

Problem unsolved: Why does Miss L. no longer celebrate "St. Patrick's Day" with the good ould grane of Oireland? UNSIGNED.

Oh, why when all the dining room,
Is filled with sorrow and with gloom,
That shouts ring out from Merrill's board?
Ah, some one, on some else has scored!

M! M.

Ask Hilson, BUREAU OF GENERAL INFORMATION.

Whereas: We the undersigned have been much questioned concerning *enthusiastic likes* or *violent dislikes* in regard to Rollins, do hereby affirm, nay, solemnly swear, that every one has been "*perfectly lovely*" to us, and that we have had some "*jolly good times*" since we came.

Signed.

"STETSON GIRLS."

The more I know—I know—I know—
I really must confess
I know—I know—I know I know
I know—I know the less.

From the Autumn.

Submitted by M. M.



EXCHANGES.

The *Mercerian*, as always, is full of interesting articles. Especially commendable is the frequent interspersing of poetry, giving a restful and pleasing effect as one glances hurriedly through its pages. The first prose article "Two Shakespearian Comedies," shows deep study and fine critical talent, yet as a whole, is rather heavy reading for the average college man. In strict and delightful contrast is the humorous episode of the cause and manner of Jeremiah's arrival at college. Who wouldn't be delighted with the panoramic description of the general interest of all the multifarious observers? "The sight was inspiring: old men shook with convulsions of laughter, women—old and young—lost their public dignity for the moment, clerks forgetting their customers, ran to the front, small boys turned somersaults in their ecstasy, and policemen tripped over them in wild pursuit; yet on sped the runaway." The "modern cavalier" rides his bovine "pony" in far more graceful form than many a graceful college man. Hurrah for the twentieth century Paul Revere!

We must be pardoned for objecting to this sentence taken from "The Opportunity of the New South in Literature;" "The inhabitants delighted in the superficial pleasures and luxuries of plantation life." It is liable to create the false impression of idleness as a characteristic element of the plantation families, which all will admit, cannot be made to harmonize with the thrifty, energetic spirit of the Southern aristocracy. However, we heartily agree with the following extracts: "It is in the field of fiction that the South will win its present laurels." "The life of the negro as a slave, as a freedman and a racial outcast, offers undoubtedly one of the richest mines of romantic material that have ever been opened to the English speaking people." "Because of the woefulness of a not too recent past, therefore, and the disturbing conditions which are the sad inheritance of the present, we may confidently expect the children of the soldier and the slave to advance American literature to a front place in that immortal procession whose songs are eternal and whose tales are never told."

We are glad to receive as an exchange such logical and instructive magazines as the "Review and Bulletin" from the Southern University, Greensboro, Ala. The articles on Tennyson and Lord Byron are exceedingly good, and "A Plea for Classics" is logical and convincing enough to convert the most skeptical Juniors and Seniors. The only suggestions we would make, would be, that one or two well developed stories be added to the literary part, and that the articles be not quite so

brief. We feel sure that the "Review and Bulletin" is on the road to success, and promises to be one of our best exchanges.

"A fellow-feeling makes wondrous kind"
A quotation old but true,
This little poem brings it to my mind,
For I have "been there" too.
Each New Year's Eve I bid my pipe "Goodbye ;"
It's solace no longer I'll seek—
But soon, the world seems bleak and drear, and I
Am smoking inside of a week.—Ex.

When we remember what we think of others, we are not anxious to know what others think of us.—Ex.

H. (in society) "Why Mr. President, the laws of heredity are as strong as—as—awa—awa—(?)" but Smith's hair removed the difficulty and pointing over toward him, he finished triumphantly—"I declare to you, sir, that the laws of heredity are as strong as the laws of red—headity."—Ex.

B. (to young lady) so you are a mind reader are you Miss——? I hope you have not been reading my mind.

Young Lady.—Don't be alarmed Mr. B, one must have a mind before it can be read.



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are
you
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working
for
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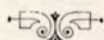
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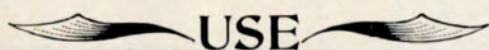
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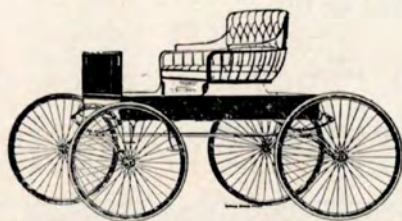


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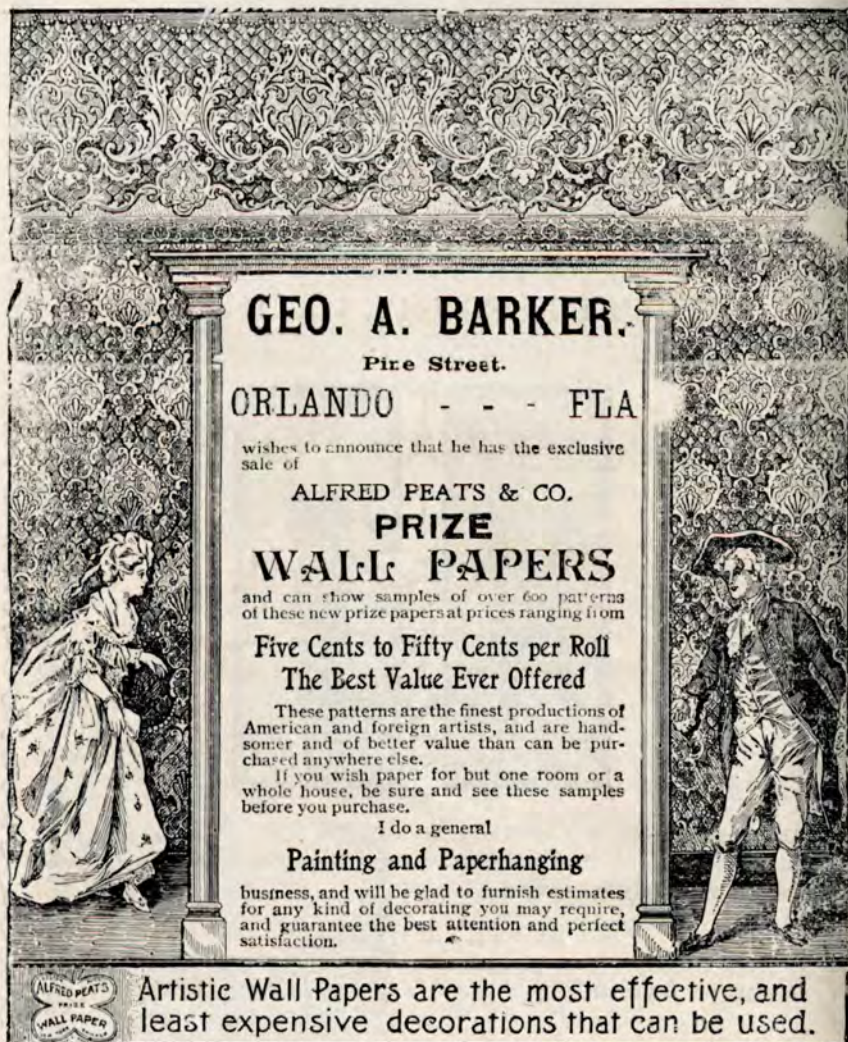
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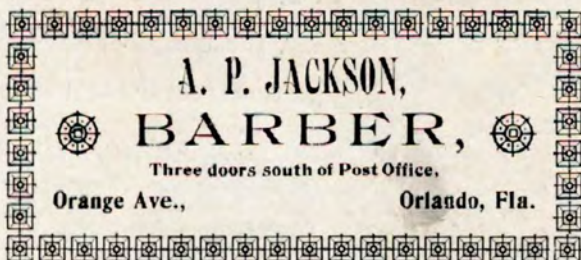
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