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Rollins College

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# THE SAND-SPUR.

"STICK TO IT."

VOLUME 13, NO. 1, 1907.

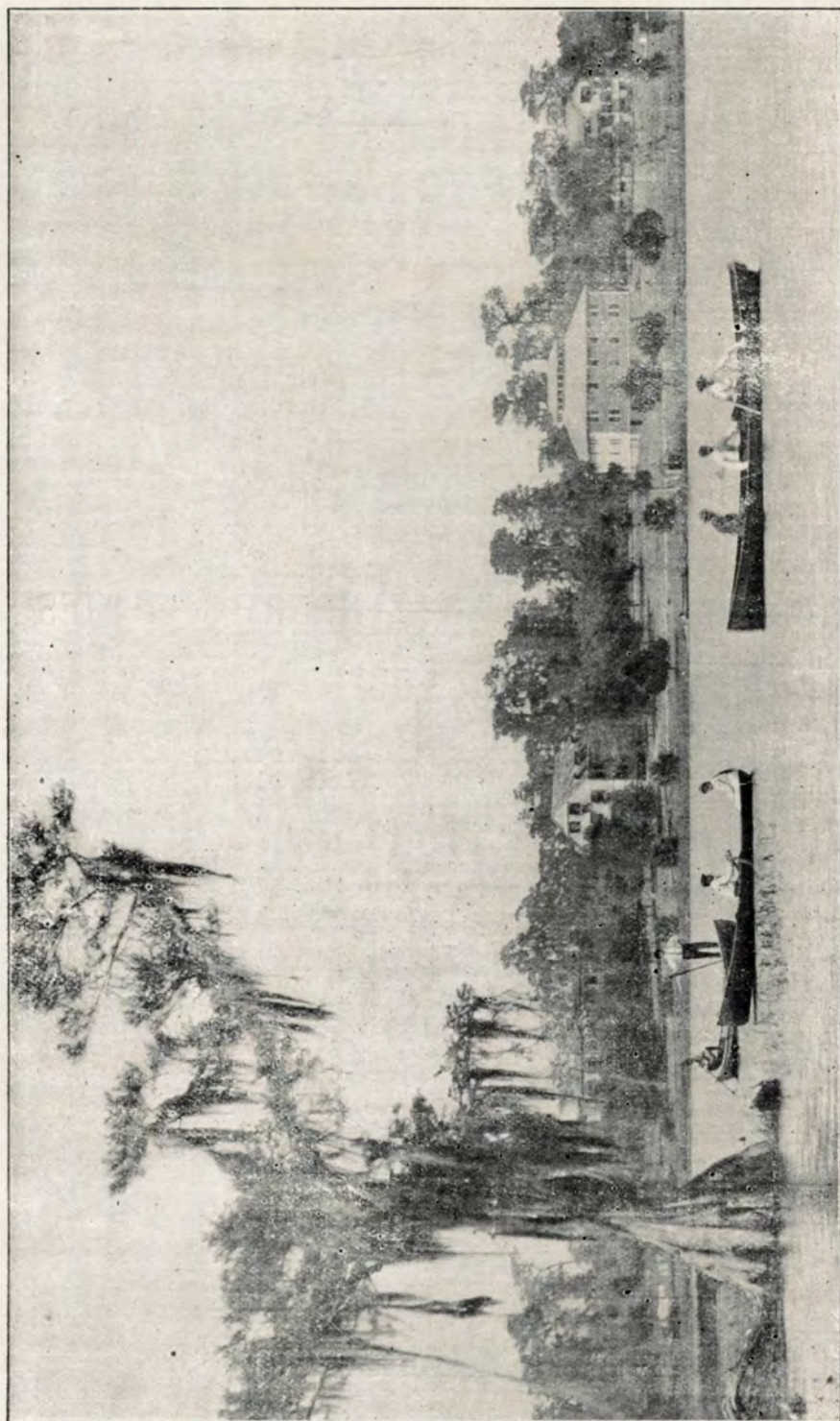
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CAMPUS FROM LAKE VIRGINIA.





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## *A Believer's Confession.*

*I believe in God the Father, Lord of heaven and earth; and in his only begotten Son, our Saviour Jesus Christ; and in the Holy Ghost, the Comforter:*

*I receive the Holy Scriptures as the sure, unfailing word of God:*

*I love the Church of the Lord which he purchased with his own blood:*

*I rejoice in the remission of sins, in the indwelling presence of the Holy Spirit, and in the free-gift of God—eternal life in Christ Jesus our Lord:*

*And I look for the blessed hope and appearing of the glory of our great God and Saviour Jesus Christ; who gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a people for his own possession, zealous of good works.*

# THE SAND-SPUR

## New Neighbors.

A few weeks before commencement Lawrence Morton, then at college, received a letter from his father saying that he intended to spend a while on his Florida property and that he would like Lawrence to go with him. He went on to say that he had had a shack built on the island, which would keep off rain and sun, but the accommodations were such that Lawrence had better not bring any of his friends with him, unless he was sure they would not mind roughing it. The hunting and fishing, however, were not to be beaten.

So here was the prospect of going South and having plenty of fishing and hunting thrown in to boot. Would he go? Well, rather.

Just then his room-mate came in, "Say, Jim, how'd you like to go with me on a camping expedition as soon as we are free?"

Visions of the Maine woods rose in Jimmy's mind. "Where's the place this time?" he asked.

"Florida," was the impressive reply. Jim's eyes opened wide, he gave a low whistle.

"Where will you be inviting me next, to the Jungles of India to be eaten up by tigers, or to the South Sea Islands to be devoured by cannibals? You don't mean it, do you?"

"Yes, and what's more, we shall be chaperoned by my worthy father and make our dwelling place upon his estate."

"In that case it's a go, and it'll be no end of a lark."

"I suppose you have no objections to sleeping on the bare ground, under the balmy Southern sky?"

"None whatever."

Above, the sky was bright, blue and cloudless; below, the water near the bank was blue and black and green, and dark and cool. Farther off from the shore, coaxed by the sunlight and the morning breeze, it rippled and sparkled and glowed as if it were alive and full of the joy of living. Perhaps a mile distant, Oak Island rose from the glowing mass, dark with the green of live oaks.

The agent from whom Mr. Morton had bought his place on the Island was awaiting him and his guests.



"Wait till I get my boat and I'll row you over," he said.

As the boat neared the island a house that had not been visible from the shore, came into sight. It was of the square Southern type with broad verandas, unpretentious, but in harmony with its surroundings. Between it and the lake the underbrush had been cut away and only the great oaks with their dark waving mosses remained. Morton scowled at the house.

"I didn't know I was to have a neighbor," he said.

"Oh, that's only old General Lenoir. He lives with Cicero and Marcus Aurelius and Plato and the other great departed; he won't trouble you as long as you respect his gray coat and don't tread upon his Confederate principles. He's an old war horse now, and no longer scents the battle from afar, but if you bring it up right under his nose he is as ready to paw up the earth as any three year old. If he sees that you come with no hostile intent, he is all courteous hospitality in a moment. He is one of the few gentlemen around here. I think perhaps you will like him."

"I thought I was to be alone on the island," was Morton's reply, "I do not want any neighbors."

"Perhaps you can buy him out," said the agent, though he did not think it probable.

"I shall endeavor to do so at once."

Evening found the new comers well settled in their island quarters. The next morning the boys proposed a fishing expedition, but the elder Morton refused to go with them, saying that he had on hand a little matter of business with his neighbor.

General Lenoir very courteously but firmly refused all offers for his little holding. Though he did not tell his visitor, his wife, for whose sake he had come here to live, was buried on the place and it would have been sacrilege to disturb her resting place or to sell it to strangers. He only told him that this land had long been in the possession of his family and that nothing would induce him to barter it away. "I am an old man," he said, "too old to move, and this is my home."

Morton was baffled and angry. He had told the General to name his own price and the latter's firm and unexpected refusal had kindled his resentment.

Larry did not share his father's feelings in this matter in the least.

"Why, father," he said, when Mr. Morton related the result of the morning's interview, "let the old warrior alone. It's a shame to disturb him. I am sure he will be a charming neighbor."



In the afternoon Larry proposed a fishing expedition but Jimmy declined. "Want me to paddle for you again, do you? No, thank you. I'm tired. I'll take a rest in the shade and let you two bake yourselves in the glorious sunshine."

Larry laughed, "Sorry, little boy, I treated you so badly. What mischief are you plotting now?"

"That's what I call adding insult to injury. I'm going to write to my sweetheart at home."

That morning while the boys were out in the canoe, Jimmy had spied the figure of a girl in a white dress and sunbonnet on the shore near the General's house. So, when he had finished his letter, he asked the old darkey who acted as cook to tell him who she was, and forthwith slipped off towards her home to reconnoiter.

"Prettiest girl that ever came to this country," he ruminated. "That's what old Tony says. That can't be saying much for her, even if it's the truth. But anyway she's the only one on the spot. Wonder how I'll manage to get acquainted. I'll do it some way."

And do it, he did. Just how, Larry could not get from him. He came back to camp very much pleased with himself.

The next afternoon General Lenoir paid a visit to the camp, and the day following the boys went to call upon him and his niece. Jimmy listened attentively and with a real interest to the old soldier's war stories, for he was a good talker, and his manner of expression Jimmy found very quaint and charming. He seemed like a cavalier of olden time. Nettie entertained Larry, mostly by listening to his boyish talk. He told her about his college life, his home in New York, and about his hunting and fishing expeditions and of his precious canoe. Finally he offered to take her out in it on the morrow.

"Do say you will go, I won't let the canoe throw us out?"

"Why, yes, I should like very much to go."

"What time shall I come for you?"

"Not till late, when the sun is almost down."

On the way back to camp both boys were more silent than usual. Jimmy said that he had kept his mouth shut for so long listening to the General that it was hard to get it open again. Larry was dreaming. Finally he said aloud, "She is the prettiest girl I have ever seen in all my life."

"Huh," grunted his companion, "she must have hit you pretty hard to make you pronounce judgment so suddenly."

The sensation of being in a canoe was something new to Nettie, and she could not at first get over the feeling that they might capsize at any moment, but after a while the motion became pleasant to her.

As on the day before Larry did the talking. He was naturally somewhat reserved, but Nettie was a girl to whom everybody talked and talked about themselves, she was such a sympathetic listener.

But finally Larry said, "Here I have been telling you all about myself, and the only thing I know about you is that you are the niece of General William Lenoir of Oak Island, somewhere in Florida."

"Do you really wish to know anything else about me, Sir?" she asked with mock sarcasm. "For if you do I can tell you that I am from the hill country of South Carolina and have been in Florida almost a year. There isn't anything else worth the telling. Are you going to the party at Mrs. Singleton's day after tomorrow?"

"I have not been invited. I am not acquainted with Mrs. Singleton. Where does she live?"

"That does not matter in the least in this country; if she learns that you are here she's sure to invite you. You must go if she does. She lives over on the mainland."

"Are you going?" She seemed surprised at the question. "No."

"Then I'll not."

"You had better, you and Mr. Morse and your father too, you will have a good time. There will not be many to go, but you as strangers will receive special attention. Besides, Mrs. Singleton may be offended if you refuse."

"But I have not been invited."

"You will be." She was confident of this because she herself intended to send a note to Mrs. Singleton in the morning telling her of the presence of the young men on the Island. "There will be music and dancing and the young people from far and near will be there. It will be a splendid chance for you to get acquainted with everybody. Parties are such great fun, do you not think so? I remember back in South Carolina we used to have such good times at ours, even if the town was full of—now don't lose your temper—full of Yankee soldiers and good-for-nothing carpet baggers and impudent negroes. I remember the first time two of the Yankee officers came to one of our public dances. None of the girls would dance with them. They certainly did look woebegone, though they tried hard to act the part of the brave soldier. Very nice men they were too, and after they had come a few times we took pity on them—you needn't think it was because we were trying to keep them in a good humor—they could not help being Yankees, you know, so we treated them more kindly and some few of us even invited them to our own parties."

"They were gentlemen and did their best to keep the negroes within bounds. I always respected a soldier, even if he wore a blue



coat. My uncle was a soldier," she continued softly, "his only son was too, and so was my brother. Poor Harry! he has been dead for seven years. At first I could not realize that he would not come home with the others when they came back, but it seems centuries ago now."

"Was your brother near your own age?" Larry asked; he could think of nothing else to say.

"He was just three years older than I, and we were such chums. I was a regular tomboy girl."

She went on telling him of their joint exploits, growing more animated as she proceeded and making her companion laugh more than once.

When they landed she turned and looked across the lake. The sun had set and the farther bank rose great and shadowy, while the moon, almost at the full, silvered the gently rippling water. The girl's eyes drank in the scene; she turned to her companion, her face shining with the joy of it.

"Is it not beautiful?"

"Yes," he replied, but he was not thinking of the landscape. Silently they went up the path, each dreaming.

"Good night," she said at the door.

"Good night, will you go with me again tomorrow?"

"I have promised to go fishing with Mr. Morse." His dream was broken; he came back to earth.

"Then, day after tomorrow?"

"Yes."

Sure enough an invitation to the party came, much to the surprise of Jimmy and the elder Morton. But when Larry explained the custom as set forth by Miss Lenoir, Jimmy was all eagerness to go.

"I say, that's great, isn't it? These people know how to treat the stranger within their gates. Is the Lady of the Lake going?"

"No, she seemed surprised when I asked her."

"Why, of course, I had forgotten, it is less than a year since her father died. She doesn't wear mourning because he asked her not to, but she would not be going to a dance."

"How do you know so much about her?"

"How do you suppose? Wouldn't you like to know? Hasn't she told you anything about herself? Well, now, don't be alarmed, she hasn't told me anything either. But Tony did; he told me all he knew about her, and all he 'reckoned' too, which was considerable."

Jimmy enjoyed himself immensely at the party; he always did if he were given even half a chance. Larry was in no mood for dancing and none of the girls were, in his estimation, half so pretty as the girl



on the island. He came up to Mrs. Singleton as soon as he saw her alone at one end of the veranda, and began to talk with her, hoping to find out something about his pretty neighbor.

This friendly and talkative matron was just the person to approach, for as she and Nettie's mother had been close friends since they were children she naturally took a great interest in the daughter. She told Larry the sad story of the family: that the only son was killed, as were so many of their people, while—as the good lady expressed it—defending their state from invasion; that this loss had saddened them all and had nearly broken the mother's heart; that after the war was over the father, already broken in health and spirit, had fought his fight against the carpet-bagging vultures that came in the wake of the war; but he was an old man, and after his wife died, he failed rapidly; anyone could see that his end was not far away.

"He did not go to the war," she said, "he was a County officer and had to stay at home. His fight was the harder one."

One result of the party was a great relief for Larry. Jimmy's wayward thoughts had found a new center of interest in the attractions of a young lady whom he met there, so he no longer interfered with Larry's opportunities of being with Nettie.

After a few weeks time the elder Morton was convinced that, for the present at least, General Lenoir was not to be moved from his determination to keep his home; so he took his own way northward with the remembrance of an entirely novel experience.

Larry and Jimmy promised to follow him shortly. The ensuing weeks were full of happiness for Larry. Often of an evening he and Jimmy came over and sat on the veranda with Nettie and the General, and on these occasions the conversation was such as the boys had never participated in before. The old soldier's lofty ideals of fidelity and honor and the simplicity of his nature, as revealed in his conversation upon the political conditions of the times, could not fail to impress the younger men. And his refusal on purely sentimental grounds to part with his little home, which at first had seemed unreasonable to Larry, now became to him perfectly natural and proper.

They were standing on the shore together a few days before the time set for his going away.

"I am going home day after tomorrow," he said.

"I am sorry you are going so soon," she frankly replied.

"But I am coming back this winter and I am going to write to you if you will let me. Will you?"

"I shall be glad to hear from you."

He came to pay his farewell visit and when he started away, she

walked with him down to the landing. She had been gayer than usual that morning, and she said lightly as she looked out upon the lake, "I shall long for a ride in a canoe while you are away; nobody here has one."

"You know how I shall miss you," he replied.

She answered nothing at all, but she knew how she should miss him.

E. G. B. '07.

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### Shell Mounds of the St. John's River.

To the old shell mounds of Florida are due in a large measure the visits of scores of scientists from all parts of the United States. It would be difficult to relate in one book the many interesting stories connected with these old mounds, and to tell of the historic contents that scientists have found them to contain. In a short paper, only a few of the more important known facts can be dwelt upon. As near the St. John's River, one of the most beautiful of rivers, may be found the largest number of mounds and some of the finest, our scene will be laid along the banks of this river. There are thousands in the state besides these along the St. John's. They are most abundant close to the water and are often found at the union of a stream with the river. There are very large and interesting ones near Palatka, Enterprise, Sanford, Lake Harney, and on Murphey's Island.

The mounds vary in size from about three to twenty feet in height, and are sometimes of surprising extent. They are nearly always overgrown with a dense forest, oaks, palmettoes, and cedars being the most numerous. In parts of the state wild orange trees grow in abundance on the mounds. Examining the contents of one of these piles we see a curious mixture of shell and bone. The mounds are in layers as though portions had long ago been deposited at different times. Some layers are dark and some very light, but throughout human bones and those of animals, and shells large and small are intermixed now and then with a heap of charcoal, apparently the remains of a fire.

Soon we wonder what people were the mound builders, and for what purpose the mounds were built. In reading early history we find that when the first white men came to Florida the mounds were supposed to be a natural feature. Later investigations have proven the falsity of this theory, and it is now an accepted belief that they were accumulated by prehistoric Indian tribes. Scientists also assert that the mounds served as dwelling places for the original Indian inhabi-



tants, being advantageous because their height rendered the air purer, the atmosphere cooler, and insects fewer, and that they were completed and often deserted before the advent of the white man. Accounts given of the mounds all tend to prove their age to be several hundred years, and the oldest are supposed to have existed a thousand years.

Now let us look more particularly at the signs which lead investigators to feel sure that the mounds are the work of a time so long past. First is the fact, almost conclusive in itself, that in several known cases, the river and its tributaries have changed their course since the mound builders performed their work. Second, one of the most important reasons for believing in their antiquity is the age of the trees growing on them. The durability of the live oak is wonderful; it is not only long lived, but the wood lasts for centuries after the death of the tree. A few years ago there were the remains of an old live oak on top of the shell heap at Blue Springs. It had certainly been dead long years, for the bark, sapwood, and larger branches had all decayed. Judging from the size of other oaks, and by counting annual rings in sections of other trees, the age of this old oak is thought to be about three hundred and seventy-five years. It is a curious fact that pieces of pottery have been found in the shells between the roots of this tree.

In the old shell heaps have been found the bones of animals long since extinct. The remains, of course, show signs of great age, but withal can be recognized by persons experienced in such researches. Among the remains found were a tooth from a wild horse, ribs of a manatee, and small remains of oxen, mastodons, and elephants. It is certain that these animals were not in existence at the same period as the mound builders, but these remains show that they could not have been very far removed in time from each other.

The shell, stone, and bone implements found in the mounds show that the mound builders were almost as primitive as any race of whom records have been found, yet were skilled to a certain degree in hunting and fishing, and had made some progress in the useful arts. They seem to have known nothing of agriculture. In the oldest mounds no pottery has been discovered, and it is supposed that nothing was known of it by the Indians at that time. Some stone implements have been found, but they show that work of this kind was new. Most of the pieces are worked flint and are thin and sharp. The shell implements are most numerous of all, and are largely made of sea shells. Many tools of an unknown kind have been found, also chisels and drinking cups. The drinking vessels deserve especial notice. They are made from Busycon shells with the inner whorls removed and a hole made near the small end. An Indian probably carried his drink-



ing cup with him. The articles made of bone are next in importance to those of shell. The chief instruments made were awls. The bone was evenly cut by making a circle around it and then breaking it. Antlers of deer appear to have been somewhat common. The pottery as before stated is scarce. Two whole vessels, however, have been discovered, one a cup, the other a small vase. The style is very rude, and the decorations extremely poor and scanty. It is all made of pure clay, and some pieces are curiously strengthened by threads of palmetto fiber. Ornaments are almost totally absent from the mounds, and pipes and metals are altogether so.

Many human bones are found, and it is a general supposition that the mound builders were cannibals. It was an old belief that the mounds were burial grounds, but this idea has long since been abandoned. The way in which the bones are scattered about in most of the mounds, and the way in which they are broken, tend to establish the theory that the ancient inhabitants of Florida were man eaters. A skull in one of the mounds differs so decidedly from the skulls of Indians known to have been here when the French and Spaniards came, that it is believed by many that the mound builders were a race of Indians entirely different from the later ones known to us, and who probably came down from the north.

In conclusion we may say that these Indian mounds have not only provided in the past a rich treasure for scientists, but also are store-houses for still further investigations. At the present day they afford material for practical use in the state. The shell roads built from them are excellent. It is to be hoped, however, that they will not be entirely destroyed for even so useful a purpose, and that Florida will not lose these most interesting prehistoric remains.

R. S., Academy '07.

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### A Strange Epitaph.

Not long ago, while I was wandering about in the old cemetery at Little Campton, Massachusetts, I came upon a group of three graves and idly began to read the inscriptions on the stones. The first record was that of Mary, wife of Captain Joseph Buffinton; and beside her lay the body of the Captain himself. Nothing interesting here, I thought; but, as I read the words on the third stone, my curiosity was suddenly aroused. The inscription ran:—

## THE SAND-SPUR

Here lies the body of Abigal Robinson.

Born Sept. 13, 1758.

Died Nov. 3, 1820.

She should have been the wife of  
Captain Joseph Buffinton.

That was all; but what possibilities of love, or joy, or sorrow, lay in those few words. As I stood dreaming of the histories of these people, the intelligent old care-taker came to me and asked if I had ever heard their story. Of course I inquired about them; and there, in that beautiful place and at that beautiful time when the afternoon sun was lengthening the shadows, he told me this tale:

When the Revolutionary War broke out, Joseph Buffinton was mate on a schooner plying between points on the New England coast. The captain of the "Elizabeth," as the ship was called, was an ardent patriot; and he often carried supplies for the colonists hidden under his nominal cargo. On one of these trips he had about fifty kegs of gun-powder concealed in a load of wood. This gun-powder was to be taken to Tiverton, but when the "Elizabeth" was just outside Westport Harbor, Captain Ward became alarmed at the action of a strange ship and put into the Acoaxet River. It was then decided that Buffinton should take the powder in a wagon across country to Tiverton, and that he should ask a Mr. Robinson, one of the most zealous patriots in the country, to guide him on the trip. When he reached the house, however, he found that Mr. Robinson was just recovering from a severe illness and was unable to attempt it. But Mr. Robinson said that his daughter, Abigal, could point out the way as well as he, and that she should aid Buffinton in the undertaking. Together the two young people made the hazardous trip and brought the powder safely to the anxious inhabitants of Tiverton.

After this, whenever his affairs took him near Westport, the mate of the "Elizabeth" visited the Robinson home; and he became more and more in love with the young girl. He said nothing about his feelings, however, thinking that it would be better to wait until the end of the war, when he might have more to offer her. On one of his visits to the house he met Abigal's cousin, Mary Noble, who had just come to live with her uncle. Now the mate was a whole-hearted fellow, and when he saw the little maid homesick and lonesome in her strange home, he tried his best to cheer her. Of course his kindness was largely due to his love for her cousin; but, when Abigal and Joseph did not seem to care for each other, how was Mary to know that? At any rate, she lost her heart to this young man, perhaps the only one who had ever noticed her.



When the war was over, Buffinton started for Westport, making his way through Tiverton and Adamsville, and thinking, as a young fellow will, of his first meeting with Abigal, and of their trip with the gun powder over this same road. He went to the Robinson home, and there, in the garden which you may see to this day and very little changed too, he told Abigal of his love for her. To his grief, she refused him, saying, "Mary cares for you and her whole life would be blighted if I should marry you. I have my father and my home, but she has nothing. It is our duty, yours and mine, to give her what joy we can!" In vain did he protest that there would be two lives spoiled instead of one. Abigal maintained that it was a question of duty and that Mary was the one to be thought of. Buffinton waited for years in the hope that she would change her mind, but she never did. Finally the need of a home, a place of his own where he might rest between voyages, became too strong for him; and almost ten years after their first meeting, Mary and he were married.

In the meantime Abigal, though she had many offers, settled down in her father's home, saying that she would never marry. Thus things went on for years and all were tolerably happy. Finally Mary died. Then Buffinton felt that, at last, both Abigal and he were free. But by this time, her father was an old, old man; and she could not leave him. So for a second time Fate denied them happiness. And soon after this Abigal died, leaving the two old men to mourn for her.

Here the story-teller stopped, as if his tale was ended; but my curiosity was not yet satisfied.

"And who wrote the epitaph?" I inquired. He looked at me for an instant in astonishment and then said:

"Why, the Captain; he seemed to feel that it would give him *more* of a claim upon her; and it was a comfort to him that the world would know of his years of waiting."

Soon after this the care-taker strayed away; but for a long time I sat there thinking of his story; and as the sun went down behind the river, I wondered if somewhere in that glory of red and gold the Captain had at last found his happiness.







### The Campus, Present and Prospective.

Most colleges and universities in this country, as well as most towns, have made the mistake of building hap-hazard without regard to any plan covering a long period of probable expansion; hence most college campuses are incoherent, without organic unity, unimpressive from the artistic point of view, and practically inconvenient.

At its last meeting, the Board of Trustees of Rollins College adopted a Campus plan which will provide for a half century of growth, and which will ultimately insure to the institution a Campus of singular unity and attractiveness; this plan is reproduced on the opposite page.

The present Campus includes a driveway and walk, like a horse-shoe in shape, around which are ranged six of the nine college buildings—Knowles Hall, Pinehurst Cottage, Dining Hall, Lyman Gymnasium, Lakeside Cottage and Cloverleaf Cottage. The plan is to add two other similar driveways, to the westward, these being planted on both sides, as is the present one, with water-oaks. The main entrance to the Campus will then be a little to the west of Cloverleaf Cottage. On the central "horse-shoe" will be built in a row, running from the street towards the lake, the Chapel, the Carnegie Administration and Library Building, and the Commons or Dining Hall. These three buildings will separate the Men's Quadrangle, lying to the eastward (the present Campus) from the Women's Quadrangle, lying to the westward. The Chapel will stand at the head of Chapman Avenue and at the main entrance to the Campus, which will be marked by large stone gate-posts. This will necessitate the ultimate removal of Cloverleaf Cottage to some point on the Women's Quadrangle, to the westward.

The present Dining Hall will be moved eastward and will be used as a steam laundry, including a power-plant in the basement; and Chase Hall, a home for young men, will be erected where the Dining Hall now stands. The Commons, or new Dining Hall, will stand west of Lakeside Cottage, and will thus be central both to the Men's and Women's Quadrangles; it will perhaps contain in the basement a heating-plant, from which steam will be driven to all buildings on the Campus.

Flanking the Chapel to right and left, and facing Kentucky Avenue, will be the Hall of Science and the Hall of Art; and other buildings, not yet specifically provided for, will be placed about the third or western "horse shoe" as they may be called for. The plan provides for an Infirmary, where teachers and students may be cared for when ill. The development of these plans will give to it a campus perhaps unapproachable in the South for attractiveness and convenience.



### After the Race.

The great roadrace for the Sultan's cup was over, the giant racing cars had been covered with their canvas hoods, and the throngs that had collected around the sixty mile circuit were ebbing away, leaving behind in the pockets of the French landlords many happy reminders of the great event. In the guest chamber of the village inn at Merles, his figure lighted by the flickering of a fast dying fire, sat Chantrell, the idol of the multitudes, he who had brought glory to France the year before by driving his racer a hundred miles on the Ormond beach in several seconds under an hour. He sat low in a great arm chair, his attitude indicative at once of weariness and despondency. The fire light emphasized the hollows of his cheeks and eyes, his black hair was rumpled up from his head in disorder, his arms were folded across his breast. The dust of the morning's race was still thick upon him; here at evening he sat where he had dropped five hours before, not even having removed his racing suit, though the goggled hood lay over the back of the chair.

He had lost the race. His rival, Humbert, the only man he feared, had beaten him. He had driven as only a reckless man can, whose every hope lies in victory; he had crossed the finish line a full seventeen seconds under the track record. A dozen times he had swept around turns on two wheels, almost turning over, but this determination to win had kept his nerves steady, and Death had missed his scythe stroke each time by a hair's breadth. His mecanicien had been taken from his seat at the finish dead from heart failure. Seventeen seconds had he clipped from the world's record, and yet another man, as reckless, as determined, as cool and skillful as himself, had driven his car across the line, with engine white hot and bursting at every joint, in three and two-fifths seconds less than he had done. And Marie had promised to marry the winner.

For over a year they had been trying to get her to decide, and she had kept putting them off, using all her art to keep them both in her net, waiting till one or the other had done something unusual to make him more worth her capture. For a year each had striven to excel, to win her from the other, and at last, a week before the great three hundred mile road race for the most costly trophy in the world, she had said she would marry the winner. And Humbert had won.

For the first time he moved. He drew from his coat pocket a vial, filled with a golden liquid, which gleamed in the firelight like molten amber. He turned it between his fingers, watching it as if fascinated,

reading again the red label with its grinning skull and cross bones, the devil's own invitation to a beaten man. Here was the way out, the escape from the grief, struggle, disappointment. Why should he live? He had been beaten; the world which had rung with his praises had already relegated him to the class of the "has beens." He was no longer a victor, a hero, almost a god; popular favor had shifted to the new speed king. He had been beaten. He knew he should never race again; his nerves were gone, shattered by the strain of the terrific speed he had maintained. He had never had a home, he knew nothing of his birth. His glory was gone, his calling was gone, the girl he loved was gone, all he had in the world. Why should he live?

And yet he hesitated, moved by he knew not what fear of the unknown beyond, restrained by the love of life which follows all men, no matter how bitter life may be to them. Why should he live? Yet some mysterious desire stayed his hand for a while. He had heard the priest say that it was a sin, and that sinners could not enter the kingdom. Was there a kingdom? If there was a God who could order things as He would, was it not His fault that a man should be driven to such despair? If there was no heaven, why should he endure on earth? And how did he know that there would be a future life? Other people said so, but how did they know? He could tell nothing about the future, but he knew his present existence. He knew that he was a broken man, broken in body and mind by the strain he had undergone to win her. He knew that the girl he loved, for whom he had dared all had married another man that very afternoon. Life had been hard for him, he had no friends, he had fought his best fight for her, and lost. He was of no use to anyone, no one cared for him, no one would shed a tear or take a passing thought if he should die. What did a future life mean to him without her, anyway? He knew the present, why should he live for an uncertain and hopeless future? No, he would end it; no one would care, and it would be so easy. A moment's pain, more easily borne than the pain in his heart, and then a long sleep and a forgetting, a relief from suffering and sorrow. He turned the little vial in his fingers, the golden liquid seemed almost eager to leap out to meet his lips. Yes, it would be easy, it would be best. He would trouble no one again, he would suffer no more himself, the world would turn on as well without him as with him. He had no one to say a word of farewell too, he would not annoy Marie. She might grieve a little, but he would not add to her sadness. He would go out alone, unnoticed, to the unknown future; he would sleep the dreamless sleep, with no waking to another day of a life which held for him no sweetness, but only bitter disappointment and grief.



Next morning, when the landlord came in to ask him if he would have breakfast in his room, he found Chantrell in his chair before the cold grate, the dust of his last race on his clothes and face, dead.

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### An Episode of the White Pass.

Nelson Wilford was in love for once and all with John Weston's pretty sister. This fate had befallen him two years ago when he had gone home from college to spend the holidays with his sworn chum. John and Nelson were fraternity brothers, in all the significance of the word, of the old school of Princeton University.

On the first night when Jean entered the drawing room just before the dinner hour, her sweet, bright face flushed and smiling expectantly with the anticipation of meeting this friend of her brother's, whose dauntless courage and manly accomplishments had been lauded continually in the Weston house, and when she advanced, extending her strong, shapely hand in proffered friendship, he forgot himself and stared right into her pretty, true eyes. The look that came into his face then told its own tale—he was lost. Nor could he wish it otherwise, when she said frankly in her charming accent, "Mr. Wilford, I am glad to welcome so good a friend of John's to our home. We have anticipated your coming with very great pleasure."

It had been a perfect week, during which he had enjoyed her companionship almost constantly, and when he left, there had been an understanding between them.

Then came the crash of Mr. Weston's failure, and his sudden decision to try to better his health and fortune with the gold seekers in Alaska. His son and daughter accompanied him.

For some reason Nelson had not received replies to any of his letters, and consequently, he was becoming constantly more anxious as to the safety of his sweetheart and his chum, and of their father. When he could endure the suspense no longer, he determined to go to Alaska himself, and to exert every power to find them and keep them, if they should be in need of assistance.

In Seattle he searched page after page of passenger lists until at last he found the name Weston. Upon his arrival at Sitka, he experienced no trouble in ascertaining that their ship had made a safe passage. Finally, by tireless persistence in his undertaking, he traced them to the White Pass via Dawson City. Here the clue was lost and no trace whatever of their whereabouts remained. Then he was forced

to abandon the search for lack of money, but after considering the prospects of the surrounding country, he provided himself with guides, dogs, and provisions, and set out on a two months' trail over snow, by a comparatively new course, in the face of the untold privations of the Eskimo winter. Still his pluck and intensity of purpose bore him up, and one day towards the end of the second month, when human endurance was nearly exhausted, the men arrived at the bank of a small river. Knowing the importance of running water to the gold seeker, they decided to settle here. Nelson took up a claim and dug for gold with almost uninterrupted diligence. At intervals he turned his attention to his first purpose, but the whereabouts of the Westons still remained a mystery. Early the following spring he struck a rich vein of gold and worked with all the zeal and eagerness that comes to the fortunate gold-seeker.

But each month as he looked at the increasing hoard of bags filled with gold dust and nuggets, he would sit before the fire and with his hand stroking his trusty dog's head, would point to the pile of bags and say:

"Lee, old fellow, that is all gold—gold that is to take me to Her. Won't we be glad when we can get out of this forsaken hole of existence?"

One day, returning late from the mines, he found several bags of the gold missing. He was unable to find any clue as to its disappearance. In a few days several more disappeared and during his next absence still more. But the snow was falling continually and no tracks of any description could be found.

He remained at the hut for days, his loaded gun leaning against the door, then again taking courage at the prolonged absence of the robbers, he ventured to return to work again. But just as certain as he went to the mines, just that week the gold disappeared. By this time nearly the whole of his hard-wrought fortune was gone and he was in a state of distraction and desperation, and still he was in perfect ignorance of the methods of robbery. On the day of the disappearance of a part of the few remaining bags, the snow ceased to fall, and he found, leading from the door, distinct dog tracks and a little at the side the trail of something that had been dragged through the snow, marks that were, undoubtedly, made by snowshoes. Nelson tried to put his dog on the scent, but the dog refused to take it.

Then taking two of his men and a supply of provisions and ammunition, he began the trail of the robbers. It was not difficult to follow the tracks, but with the knowledge that there were strange thieving men lurking somewhere in the vicinity, they necessarily must be very



cautious, and go slowly, so that their strength might not give out, and that in case of an unexpected ambush attack they might be in constant readiness; or, later, in the encounter that seemed inevitable, they might have all possible strength for the struggle. For you know, gold-stealing in Alaska has the same unwritten law of settlement as the old time horse-thieving of the West.

The next afternoon Nelson sighted a small hut in the distance.

"There we are," he shouted to his guide. "Now be ready and look sharp. Give him a chance to talk if he wants to, fellows, but don't let his gun have the first word."

They closed in around the hut and Nelson entered. It was empty, except for some cans of oil, a pair of snow-shoes, two sleds and some rope. But leading from the door off across the snow, was a path made by shoe-prints of various shapes and sizes. This complicated matters, as they feared to attack a whole band with their scant resources.

They carefully followed the path with the intention of finding out where it led. They had not gone far, when in turning around a ledge that overhung the path, they came directly into full view of a larger hut.

"What a fostering place for an abominable den of thieves," said Nelson. "It would be impossible to get out of that place, once we were in it and they saw us. Now lookout, men."

They concealed themselves at a short distance to await a favorable opportunity for making an entrance, in the meantime closely watching the door of the hut for a possible glimpse of their victims. Cautiously creeping up to the door and listening, Nelson discovered that there were at least two men within. He was so enraged at the daring, bold deed that had robbed him of the means to gain his greatest ambition and desire in life, that the sound of the men's voices infuriated him beyond control, and with a deadly gleam in his eye, he burst open the door and with one stride, stood in the room. He confronted—Mr. Weston, his chum and Jean, sitting around the fire, very much startled by the abrupt entrance.

Nelson fell over in a dead faint from the sheer shock of surprise.

When he regained consciousness, he opened his eyes to meet the smiling face of his sweetheart, and the warm clasp of John's hand. Then wondering and happy in this half-conscious state, he closed his eyes again to retain the dream. But he was not to dream long, for at that moment he heard Mr. Weston engaged in a heated argument with the guides outside. Then the object of his mission swept over him, and he turned cold and sick. There came to him the thought that John must have known the gold was his and been mean and cowardly

enough to sneak and steal from his best friend. What a miserable coward John was! The pain of a true man over the evil-doing of a trusted friend is a pain of disappointment, hard to bear.

Opening his eyes again, he looked John squarely in the face. John smiled, pressed his hand more strongly, and returned his look with honest unflinching gaze.

"How did you ever strike this place, old man? It is great to see you again. I tell you, Nelson, you don't know how good the sight of you makes me feel. What's happened?"

Nelson had not heard the question, but, still looking sadly at John, asked tremblingly, "Why did you do it John? How could you do it? Didn't you know you might have had it all for the asking?"

"Had all what?" interrupted John.

"I would have given it to you, if you had said so," continued Nelson, blindly.

"Given me what? You're crazy, Nelson—absolutely a raving lunatic. I haven't a thing of yours,—but your hand," he added laughingly to Jean.

"Then there has been some awful mistake," said Nelson, seeing clearly once more. "I am so thankful." And he jumped up and ran outside to where the men were still talking excitedly.

The story of the theft was soon related and it proved to be as great a mystery to the Westons as to Nelson. Then they all went down to the hut where the first trail ended.

John went in and examined every corner but there was only a mound of dirt that doubtless had not been removed at the time the floor had been leveled. Mr. Weston stopped to examine this more closely, and suddenly cried out,

"Look here!"

He had found some marks in the soil made by a dog scratching in it. He took a shovel and digging rapidly, soon unearthed a bag of gold. To the utter amazement of everybody present, the other missing bags were successively brought to light.

The mystery was solved. The dog had dragged the bags to that place and hidden them. The snow-shoe tracks turned out to be nothing more than the trail of the bags as they were dragged along.

Nelson called his dog, which had been left concealed in their first hiding place, and took him to the spot. He immediately began to dig in the dirt. Yes, without doubt, he was the guilty party, and the dog's object in bringing the gold here was soon to be explained, for just then Jean entered the door and the dog gave a delightful yelp of welcome and ran to greet her.



When Jean caught sight of the dog her face lit up with pleasure, and she said,

"Why, come here, you dear old dog, you haven't been to see me for a long while. Why didn't you come before? Oh, is he yours, Nelson? How lovely! I saw him one day down the trail and brought him back home with me. Since then he has often come to see me. I am so glad you are his master, so you can let him come over sometimes. I have grown very fond of him."

"Yes, he is mine, Jean, and I have grown very fond of him, too. It was he who brought me to you."

Jean only stroked the dog's head.

"I want you to have him, Jean. Will you take him?"

With her arms around the dog's neck, Jean thanked him.

M. D. '08

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## Salt Lake City, and Vicinity.

### A DESCRIPTION.

We are all acquainted more or less with the brief history of the Mormon people: how after their leader and founder—Joseph Smith—had been killed, they were banished from the East; how they crossed the Great Plains and the Rocky Mountains, enduring all manner of hardships and being in constant danger from disease, famine, wild beasts, and Indians. Can we not imagine the relief and joys, with which, as they emerged from the Rockies, they heard their new leader—Brigham Young—announce, "This is the Promised Land?"

Then followed the home-building; for houses had to be built, crops planted, the land irrigated, and farming implements had to be constructed. One of the first things that Brigham Young did, was to lay out the country in ten-acre farms, separated by streets 132 feet wide. The central one of these divisions was set aside for sacred buildings, while each family was given a farm, which was nearer to or farther from the Temple Block as its owner ranked higher or lower in religious affairs.

The Temple Block is surrounded by a high stone wall and contains the Temple, Tabernacle, Assembly Hall, Tithing House, and Bureau of Information.

The Temple is a massive structure of gray granite, 186½ feet long and 99 feet wide. The corner-stones were laid April 6, 1853, by Brig-

ham Young and the building was completed and dedicated 40 years later. It has six towers, the highest of which rises 222 feet, and is a most imposing structure. The cost was about \$4,000,000. It is not open to the public, but is used by the Mormons for marriages, baptismal ceremonies, and other sacred gatherings.

A little west of the Temple is situated the Tabernacle, which is one of the most wonderful buildings in existence. It is elliptic in shape, being 250 feet long, 150 feet wide, and 80 feet high. The roof is the second largest self-sustaining roof in America. It is built entirely of wood, even to wooden nails, as iron nails were unobtainable. This fact adds greatly to its acoustic properties, for which, above all else, it is noted. The fall of a pin, a whisper, the tone from a small tuning fork, all these may be heard distinctly from one end of the building to the other. In this building is located the Great Organ, which is famous all over the country. This organ was built by the pioneers, and almost wholly from native materials; but has been remodeled since, though still retaining its peculiar tonal qualities. The choir is another notable feature of the Tabernacle, comprising 550 excellently trained voices. The Assembly Hall is used for small gatherings.

East of the Temple Block are the Lion House, Bee Hive House, and Amelia Palace; all of them former residences of Brigham Young and his wives. He had twenty-one wives of all ages, sizes, and appearances. He did not know all of his own children. There is a story that he once asked a small boy on the street to run an errand for him. After the boy had delivered his message, Mr. Young complimented him for being such a bright little fellow and asked, "Whose boy are you?" "Why!" said the boy, "I am the son of your —teenth wife."

Among other features of Salt Lake City are Eagle Gate, Tomb of Brigham Young, Brigham Young's Statue, The Lagoon, Salt Palace, and the old Mormon farm houses, which are fast disappearing. The writer saw one with seven front doors, which indicated that the owner had seven wives. Whenever a new wife was brought home an addition was built, and by this means, no doubt, they were enabled to maintain a greater degree of harmony than otherwise.

The city as a whole is to-day a thriving business place of some 75,000 inhabitants. The original ten-acre farms are the present business blocks. The streets are the old farm roads and are paved with Utah asphaltum, while they are traversed by 100 miles of street-railway. There are also many beautiful churches, homes, and public and business buildings. Add to all these features a genial climate, and the result is a most attractive and charming city.



Now let us take a dip in the Great Salt Lake. But it is sixteen miles away, so, in order to reach it, we must take a thirty minutes ride over the Salt Lake and Los Angeles Railway. About two miles from the Lake, we pass through extensive acres of coarse salt, which is being loaded into cars. The process of extracting salt from this briny lake is worth mentioning.

The ground for a mile or two back from the lake is almost perfectly flat, so that, by pumping the water to a height of 14 feet, it can be conveyed to a series of artificial ponds, which cover about 1400 acres. The pumping season lasts for five months, beginning in March, and, after the ponds are once filled, is only carried on to keep the water at a constant level. As the water is 26 per cent sodium chloride, (common salt), the heat of the sun is all that is required for evaporation, and during the season salt crystals are deposited to a depth of about six inches. This affords a yield of about 900 tons per acre. The other solids, among which magnesium chloride and sodium sulphate are most abundant, are returned to the lake with about one-tenth of the water. At the end of the season this coarse salt is loaded into cars and sold at one dollar per ton, or is carried to the refining works, finally emerging as ordinary table salt.

Arrived at the Lake, we alight at Saltair Pavilion. This structure is 1200 feet long by 355 feet wide and is built entirely on piles. It is out in the Lake 4,000 feet and ten years ago stood in ten feet of water, but now there is only about a foot of water underneath it. The first floor is given over to bathrooms, lunch counters, amusements, etc., while upstairs there is a superb dancing floor, 140 by 250 feet, without a single obstruction.

Having made a tour of the pavilion, we next don somewhat precarious bathing suits and proceed to pickle ourselves. Now the fun begins. The novice starts out with quite a bold stroke, but in a few moments he finds, much to his surprise, that he is as helpless as any other cork; and, after perhaps several unsuccessful attempts, he is obliged to acknowledge that it is an impossibility to swim for any distance in the Great Salt Lake. The explanation is simple. First, on account of the density of the water, it is very tiring to exercise in it much. In the second place, the water is so heavy that the body floats like a feather, and of course it is impossible to swim with the feet and hands out of the water. But at the same time it is impossible to sink. Where the water is over six feet deep one may stand erect with the water just up to his arm-pits. But do not try it unless you are a swimmer, for as likely as not you will stand on your head. Of course, no one ever attempts to dive in the water, as a few drops in the throat will

produce strangulation, while a very little in the eyes will cause temporary blindness.

According to Geologists, the Great Salt Lake is only a remnant of that great inland sea, Lake Bonneville, which covered all of Nevada and parts of Oregon, California, and Utah.

Proofs of this may be readily seen in the terraced mountains around the Lake. At the present time it is 10 miles long by 30 miles wide, covering about 1600 square miles, and having an average depth of ten feet. Indications are that soon it will be but a series of pools, as it has fallen nine feet in the last ten years.

There is a general opinion abroad that, on account of the dense brine, the Great Salt Lake is not inhabited. But this idea is entirely erroneous, as four life forms have been distinguished, conspicuous among which is the *Artemia fertilis* (or *Artemia gracilis*). This animal is commonly known as the brine shrimp, and is about  $\frac{1}{4}$  inch long and of a dark red color. They are seen very often around Saltair.

No sketch of Salt Lake City or "Zion" would be complete without a word about Mormonism. Most of us have a very hazy idea of a religion, involving a very small element of Christianity, with the slogan, Polygamy. We also imagine that the Mormons have some distinctive feature by which they can be distinguished from other people, and that they live in clannish separation from the rest of the world. Nothing could be farther from the truth. The Mormons are as much Americans as we are; in their business and social relations they are just like us; and they are just as homely as other people. As for their religion, a reading of the Articles of Faith shows that it is distinctly Christian, though of course differing from the more universal creeds.

Notable among the differences is Article 7, which states that they believe in the gift of tongues, prophecy, revelation, visions, healing, interpretation of tongues, etc.; and Article 10, which may be quoted: Article 10. We believe in the literal gathering of Israel and in the restoration of the Ten Tribes. That Zion will be built upon this continent. That Christ will reign personally upon the earth, and that the earth will be renewed and receive its paradisiacal glory." They also believe that the Book of Mormon is the word of God. All Mormons tithe themselves—a thing that comparatively few so-called Christians do.

As regards their practice of polygamy, we Gentiles of course cannot excuse it. They believe that the more wives a man has the closer relation he has with God. Brigham Young had twenty-one wives. But the home, that prime factor in both society and the state, is practically destroyed, and without doubt a nation of such people would not last long.



However, while recognizing their manifest short-comings, let us remember that we owe them a great debt. For Salt Lake City ever since its founding has played an important part in the development of the far West. Hunters, trappers, settlers, miners, explorers, adventurers, in fact all who dared to penetrate beyond the Rockies, stopped at Salt Lake City for supplies. Therefore, instead of blaming the Mormons for believing what they consider to be the truth, let us honor them for their perseverance, endurance, and all their other virtues, through which they have been able to undergo so much and accomplish so much.

A. L. S. ('09.).

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### Mount.

It was a typical Florida night. The moon was shining down from the zenith, silvering everything with her soft light. In the corner of the yard of Mr T—— of Winter Park, closed in a little yard of his own, lay Mount. He was a fine specimen of the nearly-grown catamount of the Florida lake region. His soft fur, white and black spotted, was long and silky. He was undoubtedly asleep. His long soft muzzle was tucked under his fore paws and he was absolutely unconcerned. And to the experienced hunter, it was evident that he had either been born in captivity or else had been caught when very young.

Suddenly the door opened, and Mr. T—— came out and stood on the front doorstep. He was dressed in his old hunting clothes, and, as he filled and lit his pipe, he noticed that the dew lay heavy on the grass. This was a good sign, as the scent would not have lasted long if it had been dry.

As he started out, he stepped over to Mount's yard and called him, but that wily beast was either sound asleep or else playing 'possum. So T—— went to his kennel, loosed his three dogs, and started.

It was about four o'clock. The moonlight was slowly dying away, vanquished by the stronger light that was rising in the east. In the palmetto scrub across the lake was a little clearing that had evidently been used by the college boys to have purlieus, the chickens of which were either charged to foxes, or else to the "Loss and Gain" account by their previous owners. In this clearing stood Mount. His was the same long silky hair, the same sleepy demeanor of the captive. And as he stood there he heard the sudden, chill-striking cry of a pack on trail. Slowly he crouched down, waiting developments, which were certain to follow.

He was soon certain that the pack was on his trail. As he made the discovery he rose, looked around him, and then silently stole off into the darkness. But the instinct which was born in him was not enough to serve him in his present dilemma. Twice during his flight he passed swamps which would have afforded plenty of shelter for an old experienced cat, but he skirted them and ran on, and on.

It was late in the morning. The hunters had long ago been left in the rear, but over the horizon came the cry of the pack. Yet one would not have recognized it for the same cry that had started early that morning. Now the long beautiful baying had changed to the short yap yap of an exhausted hound. Soon the cat put in an appearance, and was evidently as exhausted as the dogs. Every few steps he would stumble, and as often recover. But he felt that he could not keep it up much longer and acted accordingly. Skirting the shore, he climbed into a tall cypress tree near the water. The hounds came to the tree and, seeing that their quarry had gone up, sat down before it and began to rest.

But Mount, whose muscles had from long captivity been unfitted for such hard work, soon saw that he could not hang to the tree much longer, and so took a flying leap and landed far out in the water. The dogs leapt in after him, but fatigue and cold did the work before they could get to him. He paddled listlessly for awhile, and then, seized by a cramp, he sank beneath the water, never to rise again.

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### A Plea for Simplified Spelling.

The "cry of the times" is "Progress." In the hustle and bustle of modern life there is no room for the man who is not progressive. No longer can a man sit back and rely upon the reputation left by his father to bring him business. He must get out and hustle, advertise, and compete with the other man.

In earlier times every marked step in advance, every invention that appealed to the imagination, was attributed to the aid of evil spirits. The first clumsy barometer in Germany nearly cost its builder his life, the printing press was clearly promoted by the Prince of Evil, the powers of darkness worked in every laboratory and betrayed their presence by flashes of light, explosions, and odors from the lower regions.

Now the world has passed the stage of ignorance and superstition and welcomes new ideas and inventions. We do not limit our confidence



in the power of the human mind. But with all this forward impetus there inheres an element of conservatism which always has been, and no doubt always will be, opposed to advancement.

About seventy years ago an earnest instructor in making a farewell address to a class of boys that he had fitted for college, chose as his theme the Life of Benj. Franklin, and dwelt upon the wonderful discoveries made by that remarkable man. In closing his speech with best wishes for their future success he added the kindly meant warning that they must not enter upon their life work with too exalted hopes, for since such great progress had already been made it was evident that they were born too late to take a hand in important inventions. Think of the state of the world only three-fourths of a century ago, when people had just begun to use matches, when electricity was still unharnessed, no one had yet dreamed of a horseless wagon; and youths of that day were admonished that they were born too late.

No better standard of progress can be named than the state of the written language by which all records are made and preserved. Then let us look to the state of our written language. Can we hand it down to posterity with pride and say, here is the standard of our time? Can we be proud of it with all its exceptions, lack of uniformity and reason? Can we write for them, rough, plough, cough, through, and dough, all spelled with the same ending, yet wholly dissimilar in pronunciation? This is only one of the absurdities of which our language is full. The English language to-day is in the most chaotic condition of any modern language. No wonder the alien is mystified and disgusted, and the child temporarily stultified; there is engendered a disbelief in learning and a total lack of confidence in inference. Were it possible indeed for a rational adult to begin the study of his mother tongue he would speedily recognize the grim foundation for Lord Roseberry's recent half humorous remark that he was not at all sure that the archaic rules of spelling laid down by tradition and stereotyped by the dictionaries had not filled half the lunatic asylums of the country.

We do not ask or wish a radical change in our language, but some small and gradual changes advancing toward uniformity. There is always a feeling against bothering with trifles, but it is the small things and the many of them that count. Not the man who patents the largest machine, but the man who gets a patent on a tiny screw of which millions are used, is the man who makes a fortune.

It is true that most of the changes suggested in spelling are slight, but, when we stop to think that they affect ninety-three millions of people in the United States and her territories alone, their proportions become enlarged almost beyond comprehension. The changes advised



by the Simplified Spelling Board in such words as program, catalog, tho, altho, dropt, prest, are nearly all authorized by the standard dictionaries, both English and American, or are used in preference by our greatest writers. In the six words just quoted fourteen letters are discarded. This is a labor saving age, why not apply the economic principle to spelling? Of two authorized forms of spelling we should at least take the shorter, more reasonable, and more regular form.

Mark Twain in a speech at the annual dinner of the Associated Press held in New York, September last, said: "There is really no argument against reform except merely sentimental argument. People say it is the spelling of Chaucer, Spenser, and Shakespeare, and a lot of other people who did not know how to spell anyway, and it has been transmitted to us, and we preserved it and wish to preserve it because of its ancient and hallowed associations. If that argument is good, then it would be a good argument not to banish the flies and cockroaches from hospitals because they have been there so long that the patients have got used to them and feel a tenderness for them on account of the associations."

The simplification of spelling is not a new thing, it has been gradually going on as long as a written language has existed, and the reform movement is only a stimulus of this advance and a guide in the right direction. Take the word fish for example; the author of "Fyshshnng Wyth an Angle," in 1496, spelled the word fysshe, and Caxton did the like and worse; earlier writers had used such forms as ffysshe, fishshe, fysshe, fiche, fiss and several other awkward combinations. Within one generation most of these spellings were set aside until our present spelling prevailed. This was simplification; it was not effected by abstract growth or evolution, but by conscious human effort guided by common sense. Some persons began the change, others accepted it because it was good.

The proposed changes do not obscure the derivation and history of words. Using a single vowel for a diphthong or dropping superfluous consonants does not change the suggestive form of the word enough to disguise the family likeness. Scholars need not be disturbed, sufficient landmarks remain to guide their thoughts as far into the dim past as they may choose to wander. The eminent scholar, Archibald H. Sayce, Professor of Assyriology in Oxford University, declares that English spelling has become a mere series of arbitrary combinations, an embodiment of wild guesses and etymologies of a pre-scientific age, and the hap-hazard caprice of ignorant printers. It is good for little else than to disguise our language, to hinder education, and to suggest false etymologies.



Simplified spelling rests on reason, economy, and authority.

Reason dictates that what we write or print should represent only and exactly what we hear or speak. Alphabetic writing is founded on this principle. The written or printed word is a fashion, a dress, by which the spoken word is represented to the eye.

Economy requires us to dispense with useless letters. No good business house hires clerks who perform no duties. The writing and printing of useless letters cost our people millions of dollars every year.

Authority for simplified spelling is found in the dictionaries, in original editions of standard literature where many common words are spelt in two or more ways, and in the approval of eminent scholars and men of affairs. Of these there is an imposing list of names, among which we find Dr. Wm. T. Harris, formerly U. S. Commissioner of Education, David J. Brewer, Justice of Supreme Court of U. S., our President, Theodore Roosevelt, besides the leading English Professors in Yale, Harvard, Columbia, University of Pennsylvania, Cornell, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Leland Stanford, and many others in this country, while from our brothers across the sea we have the support of the leading scholars in Oxford and Cambridge.

Dr. W. D. Whitney, formerly Prof. of Sanskrit and of Comparative Philology in Yale University says : "There is one dominant reason for a reform of our orthography, and it is the immense waste of time and effort involved in learning the present irregular spelling. It is the generations of children to come who appeal to us to save them from the affliction which we have endured and forgotten."

In view of this great waste of time and of nervous energy, let us put aside any willful clinging to past methods, any selfish indifference to the present and future welfare of our children and youth, and heartily co-operate with every effort made in their behalf? Let us not hesitate to enroll ourselves on the side of this much needed reform.


LEON BERGEN FORT, '08.

Delivered in the Oratorical Contest, April 18,

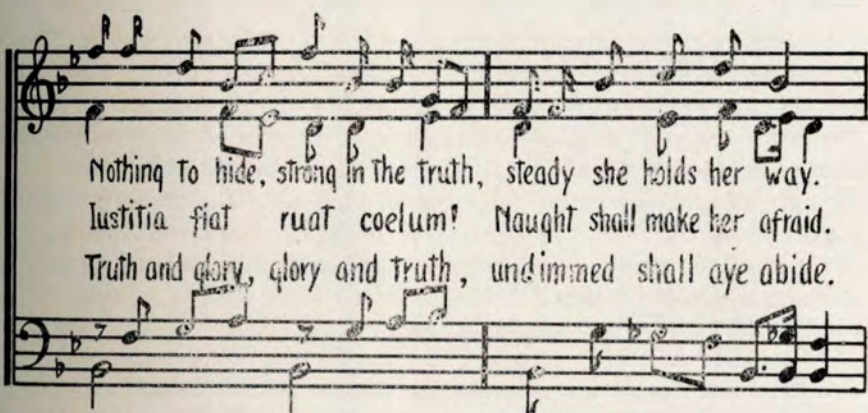
# ROLLINS SONG.

Prof. F. E. Lord.

Music from S. A. Emery,  
By Permission.



I. Fiat Lux! let Rollins shine clear in the golden light of day:  
 II. Splendeat usu! true as steel 'Gainst error she draws her shining blade:  
 III. Per purum serene her banner blue and gold is floating wide,



Nothing To hide, strong in the truth, steady she holds her way.  
 Iustitia fiat ruat coelum! Naught shall make her afraid.  
 Truth and glory, glory and truth, undimmed shall aye abide.



Refrain. 1st verse. 2nd Verse. 3rd Verse.

Cara! Carissima! Clara! Clarissima! Cara! Carissima! Clara! Clarissima! Sempiterna Rollins!



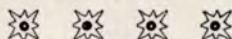
# THE SAND-SPUR

*Published by the Lyceum and Sphinx Literary Societies.*

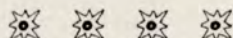
TERMS:—Single Copy Fifty Cents.

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MARGUERITE DRENNEN,	}	-	-	-	-	JOKES
FRANK SLOATERMEN,						
<hr/>						
J. H. BUTTRAM,	-	-	-	-	-	BUSINESS MANAGER

Once more the days of Commencement draw near, and another school year is rapidly slipping into the past. At this time there is always a little feeling of relief that vacation is coming, but as we look back over the year, the hard work and unpleasant experiences seem strangely faded, while the pleasant times stand out above all. Some of us look forward to a happy return; some have seen Rollins as a student for the last time. And in the future, when the battle of life grows fierce, those who now look forward to the vacation will look back on their days at Rollins as the happiest of their lives.

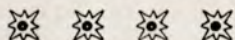


The year has been a most successful one taken altogether. The dormitories have been full to overflowing, and full of the right kind of people. Rollins has started in the race of progress, and we all believe and intend that so far as we can help, she will finish well to the front. We print on another page a map, which gives some idea of the future campus. Some of the buildings come soon, others will be long in coming, but in the end Rollins will be the pride of her children. May she also be proud of us.



We wish to express our unqualified approval of the stand taken by

Coach Bevier in regard to the training rules. We do not wish to raise the question of whether these rules are beneficial and right, or not. We don't know. But if rules are made, they should be observed, whether good or bad, and we are glad to see one man who has the strength of mind to enforce them, though the enforcement cost him something. We hope the lesson has been learned, and that in future years the athletic spirit of self-sacrifice for the school will enter more and more into the hearts of the men who uphold our honor in the field.



At the opening of this number we publish a Believer's Confession from the pen of Prof. Lord. We have no sympathy with the feeling of false reserve so prevalent in our colleges which leads men to deny or at least to conceal their religious faith. This feeling is always seen among students of today, though more and more the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are succeeding in stimulating the spiritual life in our colleges. But it still exists, and we suppose it is some such feeling which fosters the disrespect and disorder shown at times at our chapel exercises. Anyone who has not sufficient respect for the feelings and opinions of others to keep quiet during devotional exercises, seems to us a poor specimen of college *man*.



### Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees.

The twenty-second Annual Meeting of the Board of Trustees of Rollins College was held February 20; there were present E. P. Branch of Melbourne, William C. Comstock of Chicago, Rev. William E. Boggs, D. D., LL. D. and Wellington W. Cummer of Jacksonville, E. H. Brewer of Cortland, N. Y., F. W. Inman, M. D. of Florence Villa, and Rev. Mason Noble of Lake Helen, besides President Blackman and Secretary and Treasurer O'Neal.

The Trustees whose terms expired at this time were re-elected for a period of three years, viz, William P. Hall, William C. Comstock, H. S. Chubb, Rev. Mason Noble, Wellington W. Cummer, and George A. Rollins. Frederick W. Lyman of Minneapolis, formerly president of the Board of Trustees but for some years not connected with the college, was elected to the Board and was also made a member of the Executive Committee.

The routine business of the year was attended to and the condition and prospects of the institution were carefully discussed.



The President submitted the following resolutions on the death of John H. Wyeth, which were adopted:—

"The death of J. H. Wyeth, which occurred at Kenosha, Wisconsin, May 24, 1906, removed from this Board a valued and beloved member.

"Mr. Wyeth was born in New York, February 28, 1840. He went to St. Louis about 1861, where he was engaged in the railway business, and in the business of railway supplies, for a number of years. In 1887 he came to Winter Park, which he made his winter home thereafter until his death. In 1901 he became a Trustee of the college, and in 1904 a member of the Executive Committee and Investment Committee of the Board, of which latter committee he acted as Treasurer. In these several relations he served the college with singular devotion, fidelity, and ability. He was stricken with paralysis a few hours after the last meeting of the Board which he attended, and at which he reported as Treasurer of the Investment Committee.

"His caution, thoroughness and precision in all business affairs, and the soundness of his judgment made him invaluable as a counsellor and administrator, and his friendliness of spirit endeared him to his associates."

The President presented the following resolutions, which were on motion unanimously adopted:—

"Resolved, that in view of the contribution of one thousand dollars each, either to the Endowment Fund or to the current expenses of the college, by Mrs. Matilda Burleigh, Loring A. Chase, Mrs. Helen G. Coburn, Mr. and Mrs. Chas. H. Hall, Prof. F. E. Lord and others, Mr. and Mrs. John F. Scott, and Mr. and Mrs. Chas. L. Marks, seven perpetual scholarships be established, to be known as the Banquet, Burleigh, Chase, Coburn, Hall, Mark, and Scott Scholarships; in each case the income of one thousand dollars at current rates of interest shall be assigned annually to a worthy and needy student of Rollins College, by the President and Faculty, and the donor of the Scholarship, if living, shall have the right to nominate the beneficiary, subject to the approval of the President and Faculty."

"Resolved, that in view of the contribution of one thousand dollars to the Endowment Fund by the Hon. Augustus Storrs Worthington, of Washington, D. C. and Mrs. William Fremont Blackman, of Winter Park, a permanent fund of one thousand dollars be erected, to be known as the Eliza Worthington Fund, the income of the same to be devoted to the support of the Department of Domestic and Industrial Arts."

"Resolved, that the offer of the heirs of J. H. Wyeth, communica-

ted through H. B. Wyeth, to contribute to the college the sum of one thousand dollars for the founding of a scholarship in his name, be gratefully accepted, and that such a scholarship be established in accordance with the conditions which govern in the case of other Scholarships."

The following minute was adopted:—

"Resolved, That the bequest of Loring A. Chase, together with the conditions attached thereto, be accepted. The Board wishes to place on record its high appreciation of Mr. Chase's character, and of this gift in particular.

A sketch of Mr. Chase's life and several estimates of his character will be found in the pamphlet which the President is hereby authorized to issue, containing the addresses given at the Memorial Service held in the Congregational Church in Winter Park, on Sunday evening, February 17, 1907.

As the founder of the town, Mr. Chase may be regarded as in some sense the founder also of the College. From its beginning, he was devotedly attached to the institution, an attachment which grew more pronounced and tender to the end of his life. It is hoped that a building bearing his name may be erected soon on the campus, and that it may serve to remind successive generations of officers and pupils of his fine, strong, and pure character, and of his services on behalf of the college and the town."

It was voted, that the campus plan presented by the President, and recommended by the Executive Committee, be adopted, subject to revision by the Committee.

It was voted, that no frame building other than of a temporary character be erected hereafter on the campus.

An adjournment was taken to the President's House to partake of luncheon, which was prepared, cooked and served entirely by members of the cooking class; during the luncheon the following resolutions were presented and adopted:—

"Resolved, that we would express our hearty and sincere appreciation to Miss Fairfield and the students in the Department of Domestic Arts, for the splendid luncheon served, and that a copy of this resolution be conveyed to them;" "Whereas, Mrs. Wm. F. Blackman has given of her time, her strength, and her great talent, for the furtherance of the interests of the college, we would hereby express our grateful and earnest appreciation, and acknowledge the valuable assistance which she has so continuously given."





FOOTBALL TEAM.

## ATHLETICS

### FOOTBALL

Although the year of '06-'07 has not been a victorious one for us, yet we feel well pleased with the showing made, especially in view of the fact that this is the second year we have played intercollegiate football. Before school opened the squad was out under our coach, Prof. W. F. Buck, and practising new plays, which proved successful later on.

Four games were played, two with the University of Florida, and two with Stetson. The first game against U. of F. was hotly contested from the start, and neither team scored until nearly the end, when a University back got away with the only score of the day. The score was 6 to 0 in favor of the U. of F.

The next game was played at home with the same team, this time resulting in a victory for Rollins, 5 to 0. Again the score was in the last few seconds, but all through the game our team showed marked superiority in material and coaching.

The third game was played at Winter Park against Stetson, and resulted in a victory for the Stetson team, 15 to 0. Stetson outweighed our team fifteen pounds to the man, and appeared the better team.

The fourth game was with Stetson at DeLand, and though the

score was 2 to 0 in favor of Stetson, it was virtually a victory for Rol-lins, for we kept the heavier Stetson team from crossing the goal line, and lost the game on a fumble.

The first team lined up as follows :

Schopke .....	Center
West.....	Left Guard
Morales.....	Right Guard
Story .....	Left Tackle
Evans.....	Right Tackle
B. Blackman.....	Left End
Blackburn .....	Right End
W. Blackman.....	Quarterback
Bettis (captain).....	Left Halfback
Cheney.....	Right Halfback
Windham.....	Fullback

There is a good prospect of most of the men returning next year, and we should put out a stronger eleven than ever before.

During the season the second team played four games, two with Orlando and two with the Hillsborough High School. With Orlando they tied one and lost one, with Hillsborough they tied one and won one. Credit is due them for their work, and especially for their performance of the thankless task of giving practice to the first team.



SECOND FOOTBALL TEAM





BASKET BALL TEAM

### BASKETBALL

The girl's basketball team this year was again under the coaching of Miss Ruth Rich, and lined up for the greater part of the time as follows: Miss Frances Burleigh, Miss Marge Burleigh, and Miss Doster, forwards; Miss Borland, center; and Miss Conklin, Miss Marg Drennen, and Miss Gregory, guards. The team played five outside games; two with Stetson, one with Tallahassee, and two with Orlando. The first game was played at Stetson, and resulted in an easy victory for Stetson, score 25 to 9.

The second game with Stetson was played at Winter Park, and was closely contested, finally resulting in a victory for Stetson, 19 to 17.

The games with Orlando, which were regarded as practice games, resulted 26 to 4, and 14 to 10 in Rollins favor.

The Tallahassee girls were also defeated by a score of 34 to 2. Their visit was much enjoyed by us, and we think by them, and they left the best impression of any team we played.

The girls have done hard and faithful work this year, and the improvement of the team was marked. Prospects for next year are also bright, as most of our best players expect to return.

## BASEBALL.

Our baseball team this year was composed almost entirely of Florida boys, and was handicapped by the inexperience of the players. Our popular coach of last year, Frank Bevier, was again at the helm, and in spite of disadvantages he brought out all there was in the boys.

Six games were played, four with Stetson, one with Daytona and one with Ormond. The scores were Stetson 8, Rollins 2; Stetson 5, Rollins 1; Daytona 4, Rollins 2; Ormond 6, Rollins 1; Stetson 9, Rollins 2; Stetson 10, Rollins 2.

During the last two games with Stetson we were handicapped by the fact that four of the players had to be put off the team for violating training promises, and the second team men were called on to fill in. The second team men who played at Stetson were Franklin, W. Blackman, McPherson, Thompson, Robbins, and Bettis. They filled the positions well, but of course were not as experienced as the older men.

The team started the year as follows:

Windham, p.	Mauk, 3rd.
Story, c.	Palomino, s s.
Ludwig, 1st.	Rhodes, c f.
Schopke, 2nd.	Blackburn, lf.
McCall, r f.	

Those who were not in the last games were Ludwig, Schopke, Rhodes, and Blackburn.

Several games of basket ball have been played this winter, but owing to disagreements among the men, and other causes, the games did not amount to much. No intercollegiate games were played.

The candidates for the track and field work at commencement are out working hard, and an enjoyable meet is expected.

---

MUSIC NOTES.

Miss Fisher has delighted the students and friends of Rollins with two very artistic song recitals.

The following programs were rendered:

## SONG RECITAL

Given by Miss Alice Hosford Fisher, on Saturday evening, December 8, at 7:30 o'clock, at Lyman Gymnasium:

With Verdure Clad-Creation.....	Haydn
Folk song )	
Spring { .....	Schumann



## THE SAND-SPUR

Request	
Thou Art so Like a Flower	{ ..... Chadwick
I've Been Roaming.....	..... Chas. Horne
The Lark.....	..... Horatio Parker
Russian Song	
Cuban Hammock Song	} ..... Paladhile
Hill Songs .....	..... Landon Ronald
Stolen Wings.....	..... Chas. Willeby
Little Irish Girl.....	..... Lohr
Ariette—Romeo and Juliet .....	..... Gounod
Gertrude M. Leeper, Accompanist.	

## VOCAL RECITAL

On Thursday evening, March 7th, 1907, at 7:30, in Lyman Gymnasium.

Alice H. Fisher,

Gertrude M. Leeper, Accompanist

Elsa's Dream .....	..... Wagner
Retreat.....	
Like the Rosebud.....	{ ..... Frank La Forge
Songs My Mother Taught Me.....	..... Dvorak
L'Henre exquise.....	
Si mes vers.....	{ ..... Hahn
Summer.....	..... Chaminade
Nirvana.....	
Barcarolle .....	{ ..... Hervy
My Laddie.....	..... Thayer
You and I.....	
Greek Love Song.....	{ ..... Liza Lehmann
The Dandelion.....	..... Mary Salter
Polacca Esmeralda.....	..... Goring Thomas
Gypsy Dance, Carmen.....	..... Bizet

On February twenty-seventh Mr. Walter Drennen gave a vocal recital to a large and appreciative audience.

The program was as follows :

O Cessate di Piagarmi .....	..... Scarlatti
Bois Epais.....	..... Lully
Aria, Robert le Diable.....	..... Meyerbeer
Wanderers Nachtlid.....	
Das Wandern.....	} ..... Schubert
Ich hab in deinem Auge.....	..... Franz
Angedenken .....	..... Cornelius
Prayer, Lohengrin .....	..... Wagner
The Hills o' Skye .....	..... Harris
Daintie Daphne.....	..... Marshall
Myrra.....	..... Clutsam
Till I Awake .....	..... Huhn
Three Roses Red	
The White Rose	{ ..... Norris
O Mother Mine	{
Twilight	
Turn the Light Low	{ ..... Drennen
Drinking Song.....	..... Bizet

## ART NOTES

In the new Studio building, the Art Department has been doing even more work and displaying more enthusiasm than was apparent in 1905-1906. The conveniences and facilities for the various branches have been increased and the character of the work now being turned out is such as to give the Art School at Rollins an enviable rank in Florida.

The new home of the Art Department was built last fall thro' the kindness of Mrs. Cummer and a number of other interested friends. It is situated on one of the highest parts of the campus, overlooking Lake Virginia, and sheltered by great pines that half screen it from the Horseshoe Drive. Its three rooms provide ample space for work in the various mediums. The main studio is 26 by 26, and is adapted for painting, drawing, designing, and mechanical drawing. Opening from it is the modeling room, a scene of much interest to all visitors and pupils. Beyond the main room on the south is the workshop for metal and wood work. One large bench extends half its length, while shorter ones occupy the ends. All the windows open on hinges and admit an unusual amount of fresh air and light.

Much of the craft work has been sold at an excellent profit and the demand next year will be greater than before. The Rollins exhibit at the Tampa State Fair attracted a generous share of attention and gave many skeptics a proof of the actual work in the Fine and Industrial Arts. Prizes were awarded Miss Jennie Bellows for metal work, and Miss Margaret Burleigh for pyrography.

A great number of visitors have come and gone during the winter. Some tarried to avail themselves of the privilege of working for a short time and carried away with them interesting pieces of work they had produced in their play time.

It may be well to mention here the gift of Mr. Douglas Arthur Teed to the college. Mr. Teed, one of the most promising men of the art world, first visited us last year. He came, saw, and





was conquered. His interest manifested itself last fall in the presentation to the college of one of his masterpieces, "The Coming of the Normans to England." The picture hangs temporarily in the Public Library for the pleasure of all who may wish to enjoy even for a moment its strength and inspiration. Mr. Teed later gave himself to the town by purchasing a home here and spending his winters in the many pleasures of lakes and woods. That a man of Mr. Teed's perspicuity should select Winter Park as an art home augurs well for the future popularity of the School of Art.

The quiet and general atmosphere of culture and study are conducive to the best art work, and when it is realized that it is now practically the only Art School in Florida it will be hailed as a Mecca by the scores of young people anxious to begin their art careers near home.

During the summer many new accessions in the way of furnishings, etc., will be secured. All questions regarding the work and courses of study may be addressed to Miss Lainhart, West Palm Beach, Florida, after June 1st.



## EXPRESSION NOTES

The School of Expression gave its first recital on the fifteenth of December with the following program :

THE CRICKET ON THE HEARTH.....CHAS. DICKENS

(A) The Cricket on John Peerybingle's Hearth.

(B) A Stranger at the Carrier's Home.

(C) The Cricket on Caleb Plummer's Hearth.

FANNIE DRENNEN.

(A) Tackleton, The Man Without a Cricket On His Hearth.

(B) Caleb Plummer Makes a Confession.

(C) The Wedding Day.

MARJORIE BLACKMAN.

The readings were excellent and showed thorough preparation; Miss Drennen's work being marked by a sincerity and earnestness of purpose, Miss Blackman's by proficiency in technique.

On the afternoons of April 18th and 20th were Expression Recitals which reflected great credit upon the reader. The programs were:

## THURSDAY AFTERNOON

Sonny's Christening.....	Stuart
Sabina Su herland	
Brother Rabbit and the Little Girl.....	Harris
Isla Green	
Griggsby Station.....	} Riley
Nothin' to Say.....	
Old Aunt Mary's.....	
Hesper Inman	
The Slow Man.....	Poole
Orene Pooth	
Our Guide in G enoa.....	Twain
Rufus Robbins	

## SATURDAY AFTERNOON

Jane Jones.....	King
May Borland	
Patsy Enters the Kindergarten.....	Wiggin
Emma Hudson	
The Tournament.....	Scott
Ruth Sauls	
The Wonderful Tar-Baby Story.....	} Harris
How Mr. Rabbit Was Too Sharp for Mr. Fox.....	
Kate Dawson	
That Old Sweetheart of Mine.....	Riley
Bessie Axtell	

Fannie Drennen gave her graduating Recital on April 19, her program being :

AS YOU LIKE IT.....	SHAKESPEARE
Act I, scene II; Act III, scene I.	
Bud's Fairy Tale.....	Riley
The Boy That Was Scaret o'Dyin'.....	Slosson
Pauline Pavlovna.....	Aldrich

Miss Drennen's work was characterized by sincerity of purpose, freedom from affectation, and poise, and in all her readings she held her audience at will.

Marjorie Blackman will not give her graduating Recital until next year; for though she completes the course in Expression in May, as she does not graduate from the Academy until 1908, she cannot until then receive her diploma from the School of Expression.

The commencement program promises to be very interesting,—



## THE SAND-SPUR

part 1 consisting of readings by the two seniors; part 2 of a drama in which Miss Drennen and Miss Blackman will be assisted by Mr. Blackman and Mr. Robbins.

## PART I

(a) The Cap That Fits .....	} Dobson
(b) Secrets of the Heart .....	
Marjorie Blackman	
A Perjured Santa Claus. ....	Kelly
Fannie Drennen	
Lost .....	Riley
Marjorie Blackman	
(a) Picnic Time .....	} Field
(b) Headaches Jess Fore School .....	
(c) Mammy's Li'l Baby Boy .....	Edwards
Fannie Drennen	
A Hymn to the Marshes .....	Lanier
Marjorie Blackman	

## PART II

The Falcon .....	Tennyson
Dramatis Personae	
The Lady Giovanna .....	Marjorie Blackman
Elisabetta, the Count's nurse .....	Fannie Drennen
The Count Federigo Degli Alberighi .....	Berkeley Blackman
Filippo, the Count's foster brother. ....	Rufus Robbins

The English III class has made a creditable study of Julius Caesar and The Merchant of Venice. Happy results have also been attained by classes in the Technique of Expression.

On the evenings of March 21 and 22, a brilliantly picturesque Pantomime—"May Time in Merry England"—was most beautifully presented by fifty-two members of the Dramatic Class. The charming story was, in every detail, so faithfully portrayed through bearing, attitude, and gesture, that words were felt to be unnecessary in the transmission of thought.

There was an unusual wedding of music to scene in Schumann's *Faschingsschwank* adapted by Miss O'Neal.

The cast was as follows :

Bride .....	Elizabeth Axtell
Groom .....	Barnes Rhodes
Father of Bride .....	Berkeley Blackman
Mother of Bride .....	Marjorie Blackman
First Bridesmaid .....	Emma Hudson
Best Man .....	Walter Bettis
Gipsy Queen .....	Marguerite Drennen

Colonial ladies, gentlemen, and children; Gipsies, fisher folk, and angels.—Dramatic Class.

The Pantomime was such an artistic success, and so many people wish to see it again, that it will probably be repeated early next winter.

Much of the picturesqueness of the Pantomime was due to the artistic touches given its costuming and setting by Miss Lainhart.

Warmest thanks are merited by the young men who so skillfully arranged and managed the electric lights and the scenery.

The entire school will unite in making the May-Day fête memorable. It will be held on the College Campus, from four to six o'clock, Wednesday afternoon, the first day of May. Fannie Drennen has been unanimously chosen Queen of the May.

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## SCHOOL OF DOMESTIC ARTS

"We learn to do by doing," sums up the work of the Domestic Science class.

For five years the school has successfully carried on this work. Owing to the crowded curriculum the classes do not meet during the school hours but the girls enthusiastically give of their recreation time to attend the Cooking classes.

The class room is equipped with individual outfits for twelve. These in themselves attract to the class, suggesting higher housekeeping. Just a step from childhood and clay pies!

Each lesson is divided into two parts. The first part of the hour taking up a study of the composition and food value of the materials to be used that day, in relation to age, sickness or health, and climate. The artistic serving of meals and attractive ways of preparing very common foods are discussed, and the rest of the lesson is devoted to practice.

After cooking a series of breakfast or luncheon dishes, the class then prepares a whole meal, and with their invited guests gather round the table in our private dining room to enjoy the feast.

In February the members of the classes prepared and served the Annual Luncheon to the Trustees of the College at the President's House. The following was the Menu:

Oyster Cocktail

Chicken Croquettes, Cranberry Sauce

Creamed Potatoes

Egg Rolls

Green Peas



Cherry Fritters, Maraschino Sauce

---

Waldorf Salad

---

Cheese Soufflé

Crisped Crackers

Strawberry Mousse

Venetian Cakes

Bonbons

Coffee

---

## THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

The fourth annual contest in oratory for the James Ronan Medal brought together a large audience on the evening of April eighteenth.

First on the program was the waltz in E minor, by Chopin, given by Professor Peet, and last came a violin solo by Mr. Reed. Both received hearty applause.

Mr. Albert Sinks spoke on "Money and the Man." The strong point in his delivery was controlled and pleasing conversational tone. His oration showed rhetorical aptness and logical sequence. Good taste in the use of sarcasm was also noted. The audience could not fail to be in sympathy with his point of view from first to last.

Mr. Leon Bergen Fort accomplished the difficult task of awakening and holding the interest of the audience in an impersonal theme, "A Plea for Simplified Spelling." The purpose, scope and value of the proposed reform were made clear in a well expressed and logical speech that presented the movement in a new and interesting light to many of his hearers. A natural earnestness in speaking gave added value to the clear presentation of his theme.

Mr. Berkeley Blackman had a distinct advantage in the nature of his subject, "A Second Nero." His address, an exposition of the methods of King Leopold in the Congo Free State, culminated in an eloquent appeal to humane feeling and moral and religious sentiments. For excellence in the content, composition, and delivery of his oration, he was unanimously awarded the medal by the judges, Professor Hathaway of the Orlando High School, Dr. Litch of Al Saints Church, and Mr. Douglas Arthur Teed of Winter Park.

## SOCIETIES

## Y. W. C. A.

Not by might, nor by power, but by my spirit, saith the Lord of hosts.—Zech-4:6.

Pres.—Winifred Morse Wood.

Vice-Pres.—Jane Elizabeth Axtell.

Sec.—Jessie Alma Conklin.

Treas.—Frances Russell Burleigh.

Our association work began this year under very encouraging conditions. At our first regular meeting twenty-seven new girls became members and later five others, making at that time every girl in the school a member of the Association.

Feeling the deep need of the knowledge of the Bible, a volunteer Bible class was begun in November which met twice a week at first, and later but once a week. We had no teacher. During the visit of our secretary, Miss Stafford, 26 girls enrolled in a Bible Study Class which was formed into three divisions under the leadership of Mrs. Davis, Miss Reed, and Miss Wilkins. These classes meet every Sunday at 6:30 p. m.

Our association has been very fortunate this year in securing one of the rooms of Cloverleaf for a Cabinet Room. Here the cabinet meetings are held once a week and the various committee meetings bi-monthly. Our cabinet room is always open to anyone who wishes to spend a few moments by herself.

The Y. W. C. A. meetings which have been held weekly throughout the school year have been planned for one missionary, one business and two devotional services every month. At each of these business meetings the secretary reads the report of the Cabinet for the month and the treasurer reports the decrease or increase of finances. At the close of the Association year in March, new officers were elected and installed to serve the remainder of this year and until March of next year.

The treasurer's report shows an increase over the budget of last year. Our pledge of \$25.00 to support our Y. W. C. A. secretary in India, Miss Guituer, has been raised by monthly systematic giving, which has proved an excellent plan.

## THE MONTGOMERY CONVENTION.

At the annual convention of the Y. W. C. A. of the Gulf States Division held in Montgomery, Ala., from Nov. 2d to 6th, 1906, Rollins



was represented by two delegates, Miss Jessie Conklin and Miss Fannie Drennen.

Our delegates returned with renewed enthusiasm and a deeper and broader knowledge of the Y. W. C. A. work of this division.

The yearly reports of the State officers were read. Twenty-one colleges and institutions were represented by 117 students who attended the convention. The meetings were instructive and helpful, and everyone was strengthened and brought nearer to God.

Our Montgomery hostesses were so hospitable and we were so delightfully entertained that everyone hated to leave the pretty, old fashioned city.

#### Y. W. C. A. SOCIALS.

The first Saturday evening of the school term was given to a student's reception under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. The first Saturday of each year has been promised the Association for its reception.

In order to secure sufficient funds to send two delegates to the State Convention held in Montgomery we had a Cook's Y. W. C. A. Tour. The porches of Cloverleaf, Knowles Hall, and Music Hall were beautifully decorated and refreshments were served at each place. The balcony of Knowles Hall was used as a tea room and the girls who served were in Japanese costumes. The ticket office where the trains left every five minutes was very entertaining.

On the 12th of December our annual Christmas Sale was held in the Gymnasium. Coffee and sandwiches were served. At our last regular meeting before the Christmas holidays our girls had a very pretty Christmas tree with apples, oranges, and nuts.

All of the girls were invited to meet Miss Stafford at a reception given in Cloverleaf on the afternoon of February the fourteenth.

The Y. W. C. A. was indeed happy in bringing Miss Alice Rich, one of Rollins former instructors, to Winter Park again. The many friends of Miss Rich enjoyed seeing her and hearing her piano recital on the evening of March the 28th. Miss Rich is now teaching in North Western Maryland College and the association was very sorry to have her only a few days.

Our new Cabinet has begun its work. We hope to grow more next year and our plans are very enthusiastic. Through prayer all things can be accomplished. We want this Y. W. C. A. year to come closer than ever to the lives of the girls, and to make our association

truly a band of Christian sisters united by a bond of Christian fellowship.

### Y. M. C. A.

It was decided early in the year, on the advice of Christian workers, to devote the time and energy of the Association to Bible study. Murray's "Life of Christ" was taken up and the work received an impetus through the Y. M. C. A. Bible-Study Conference at Gainesville, Jan. 17 21, at which Rollins had ten delegates—the largest delegation of any school in the state.

Since then a class for Bible Study Class leaders has been organized and instructed by Rev. Mr. Brower.

Mr. R. M. Harper, the traveling secretary, has been with us and left us enough new ideas and plans to keep us moving till he meets us again.

On Saturday night, March 9th, the Y. M. C. A. in connection with the C. E. of Winter Park gave a stereopticon exhibition in Lyman Gymnasium on "Our Own Country." A set of fifty slides was procured for the occasion, embracing views from Maine to California and Alaska. The entertainment was quite instructive as well as enjoyable, and proved a considerable success.

We are hoping and planning to have the Bible-Study Conference held at Rollins next year. It will mean days of hard work, thinking, and planning to do this, but all we could do would be more than repaid by the quickening of the spiritual life that such men as Clayton Cooper, W. D. Weatherford, and other prominent association men would give to the student body. We hope that every old student who has not as yet identified himself with the Christian work of the college, and every prospective student will plan to do so at the opening of the new term.

The officers for the ensuing year are:

A. L. Slater, Pres; A. F. Sloatermen, Vice-Pres; J. H. Buttram, Sec. and Treas.

### KAPPA EPSILON

Monday the eighth of October the K. E. girls entertained the teachers and girls in Cloverleaf at a reception.

Early in the fall, the members spent Monday with Miss Bumby at her home in Orlando. The day was a memorable one for all, full of fun and happiness.

Shortly before Christmas the Kappa Epsilons gave a reception to the Delta Phi Betas in the sorority rooms.

A supper was given in the studio January the twenty-third. The proceeds go toward the Chapter House Fund.



In March Miss Reed, our Sorority Mother, entertained the members at a delightful supper in Music Hall, and Miss Brewer gave a luncheon at her home on Lake Osceola.

April the thirtieth a concert was given in the gymnasium by the Orlando High School Orchestra under the direction of the Sorority.

The members of this year's chapter are :

Marie Drennen, Bessie Axtell, Eda Brewer, Louise Brown, Jessie Conklin, Kate Dawson, Marguerite Drennen, Mary Lee Drennen, Emma Hudson, Leola Kipp, Fletcher McCarty, and Fannie Robinson

### PHI ALPHA

The second local Greek-letter fraternity of Rollins College made its appearance during the first Semester of the present school year. It was organized as the Phi Alpha Fraternity, and had for its charter members the following : J. Claude Reed, Reuben E. Blackburn, Donald A. Cheney, Vincent H. Green, Alfred J. Malby, Thomas J. Evans, Edgar D. Katz, Leon B. Fort, Walter F. Bettis, Barney Rhodes, J. Merle McElroy, and Richard D. Morales. Prof. Theodore Peet, A. B., was received into the Fraternity as an honorary member.

The Fraternity has kept pace with the progress of the college and has taken a prominent part in scholarship and student activities. Phi Alpha had a representation of five on the 'Varsity Eleven, and one on the 'Varsity nine. Besides this, ability has been shown in basketball, tennis, and track and field sports.

On January 18th a reception was given by Phi Alpha in honor of the Delta Phi Beta Sorority at the Art Studio.

On February 1st a farewell banquet was tendered Brother Evans at the Seminole Inn, 'mid an atmosphere of good fellowship and fraternalism.

The Fraternity on the 22nd of February presented a catchy college comedy, "The Toastmaster," in the gymnasium, which was so well received that it was repeated in Orlando and Daytona with equal success.

During the year Phi Alpha Fraternity has received the following new members : Guy B. Wilson, Henry D. McMichael and Stephen J. Drawdy; and as honorary members : Albert E. Sinks, a Delta Upsilon, and Charles F. Ludwig, a Phi Delta Theta.

Although several of the present members of the Fraternity will not return next fall we are looking forward to a successful year and a larger and stronger chapter.

## DELTA PHI BETA.

The Delta Phi Beta Society of Rollins was organized in November, 1906.

The announcement was made by a reception given to the Kappa Epsilon Society and the Phi Alpha Fraternity.

## THE SPHINX.

Late one afternoon in December a party of six girls were called to one of the rooms in Cloverleaf for—no one knew exactly what. But, much to their surprise and pleasure, it was not for a scolding, but to ask their advice about starting a literary club. All liked the plans that had been made, and so a club was formed. After much thought and discussion it was decided to call it "The Sphinx."

This name was taken from the great stone images of which we all have heard tho perhaps we do not know its meaning. The Sphinx represents the head of a woman always looking into the future—always looking ahead for the good that is to come, and never looking back on the trials that have passed.

So this society is to start a library for Cloverleaf to help others to look forward to brighter things, rather than looking backwards to the darker ones. Its purpose is to aid all who come to it for aid.

## ORDER OF GOSSIPS.

## CHAPTER NO. I.

Kate Dawson,	Ulla Dohn,	Grace Garrett,
Leola Kipp,	Louise Brown,	Juvia Loomis,
Emma Hudson,	Margaret Bell.	

"The Gossips" is the name applied to a gang of girls whose rendezvous is "Flim Flam Flat." The name is misleading, however, for the chief aim of their existence is not gossiping, but eating.





# SOCIAL NOTES



The first Saturday evening of the year, the young ladies of the Y. W. C. A. gave an informal reception at Cloverleaf to Faculty and students. In order to promote sociability each person was labeled with a characteristic and the aptness of these suggestions caused much merriment among the young people.

The Christian Endeavor and Epworth League socials have proved a source of great pleasure to all who have attended them.

Hallowe'en Eve a masquerade dance was given in the gymnasium. The grand march was led by Mr. Berkeley Blackman and Miss Leeper, both in Greek costume. The costumes were all varied and attractive, and the masks added the bit of mystery appropriate to the spirit of Hallowe'en.

November the tenth the Gainesville Football Team was favored with a reception at Cloverleaf. Judging from the expressions of appreciation, the evening may well be called a successful one.

A picturesque entertainment, "A Trip Around the World," was under the direction of the Y. W. C. A.

Thanksgiving Day was a quiet one on the campus, many of the students being absent with the football team; but on Saturday night following we celebrated the day with a dance in the gymnasium.

Several Christmas trees enlivened the campus this year and both donors and recipients rejoiced in the generous fruitage.

Shortly after Christmas the Psi Alpha Fraternity entertained the Delta Phi Beta Sorority in the studio.

Early in the second semester the Faculty gave their annual reception at Cloverleaf to which were welcomed not only college people but also residents of the vicinity and winter visitors. We remember with

interest the artistic decorations, the cordial welcome, and the many distinguished guests.

The members of the girl's Basket Ball Team entertained the Stetson Basket Ball Team with a spread in the studio February the eighteenth.

Saturday evenings at Cloverleaf are always enjoyable, and two this year merit special mention. One in January was in charge of Miss Rich and Miss Lainhart and was given over to charades. Another novel and interesting evening was in celebration of Valentine's Day. There were valentines for all, not all pleasant ones, judging from the expressions on different faces. Special features of the evening were a humaniscope, a composite recitation, and a human graphophone.

An event of semi-social interest was the recital of Miss Broomell of Philadelphia. Her impersonations of child life were a delight to us all.

Dr. and Mrs. Blackman received at their home, March the fourth, the Tallahassee Basket Ball Team and a number of our own young people. The entertainment was varied with original rhymes, music, and readings, and was full of good cheer.

All the students who claimed April the first as their own special holiday, had an opportunity to celebrate with a dance in the evening.

Another special pleasure of the month was a picnic at Clay Springs Monday the fifteenth.

We need not mention the social life of the campus day by day; the beautiful walks, and the charming rides upon the lakes—all under Florida skies at their brightest and best.

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## THE FLORIDA RHODES SCHOLARSHIP

Each state of the American Union is entitled to send two representatives to Oxford University, England, under the will of Cecil Rhodes. These Scholars must be at least nineteen years of age, must have reached the Sophomore year in college, and must successfully pass an examination which is especially rigid in Greek and Latin. The appointment is for three years, and the scholar receives an annual stipend of \$1500. A committee of three college or university presidents is empowered by the Rhodes Trust to select from among those whose examination papers have been declared satisfactory by the authorities in Oxford, the candidate whom they regard as standing highest in scholarship, athletic ability, moral and social leadership, and general promise:

Mr. Berkeley Blackman, Rollins, '07, has been appointed as Rhodes Scholar for the next three years.

W. F. B.



## ROLLINS FOOTBALL SONGS.

[Music from "Everybody Works but Father."]

Everybody works on our team,  
 The work that wins the game;  
 They always work together  
 To honor Rollins name.  
 When the backs begin their plunging  
 And Bettis begins to run,  
 It's all over but the shouting—  
 The game is won.  
 Hard luck, old—.

Hang old — to the sour apple tree;  
 Down went McGinty to the bottom of the sea;  
 She's my Annie. I'm her Joe;  
 Listen to my tale of whoa!  
 Any ice to day, ladies? No! Get up!  
 Rollins! Rollins! Rollins College!  
 Rollins! Rollins! Rollins College!  
 Rollins! Rollins! Rollins College!  
 Old Rollin's Football Team.  
 Rah! Rah! Rah! for Rollins College,  
 Cheer, boys, cheer the blue and gold;  
 We can down old — now,  
 Through their broken line we'll plow.  
 Show them what the Rollins Football Team can do.

Hard luck, old —, what can you do?  
 This Rollins Football Team's too much for you.  
 Each man's a wonder, tried through and through;—  
 They'll play like thunder,—it's all up with you.

[Music from "Why Don't You Try."]

Do you think that you could beat us  
 If you tried and tried and tried?  
 Do you think that it would help you  
 If you cried and cried and cried?  
 Do you think that you could play ball  
 In the sweet, sweet bye and bye?  
 If you think that you could learn to,  
 Why don't you try, why don't you try?

[Music from "Creole Belle."]

My mamma told me, that we would conquer,  
The Stetson ball team  
If we played ball.  
Now don't you doubt us,  
For they can't rout us,  
For we will win this football game.

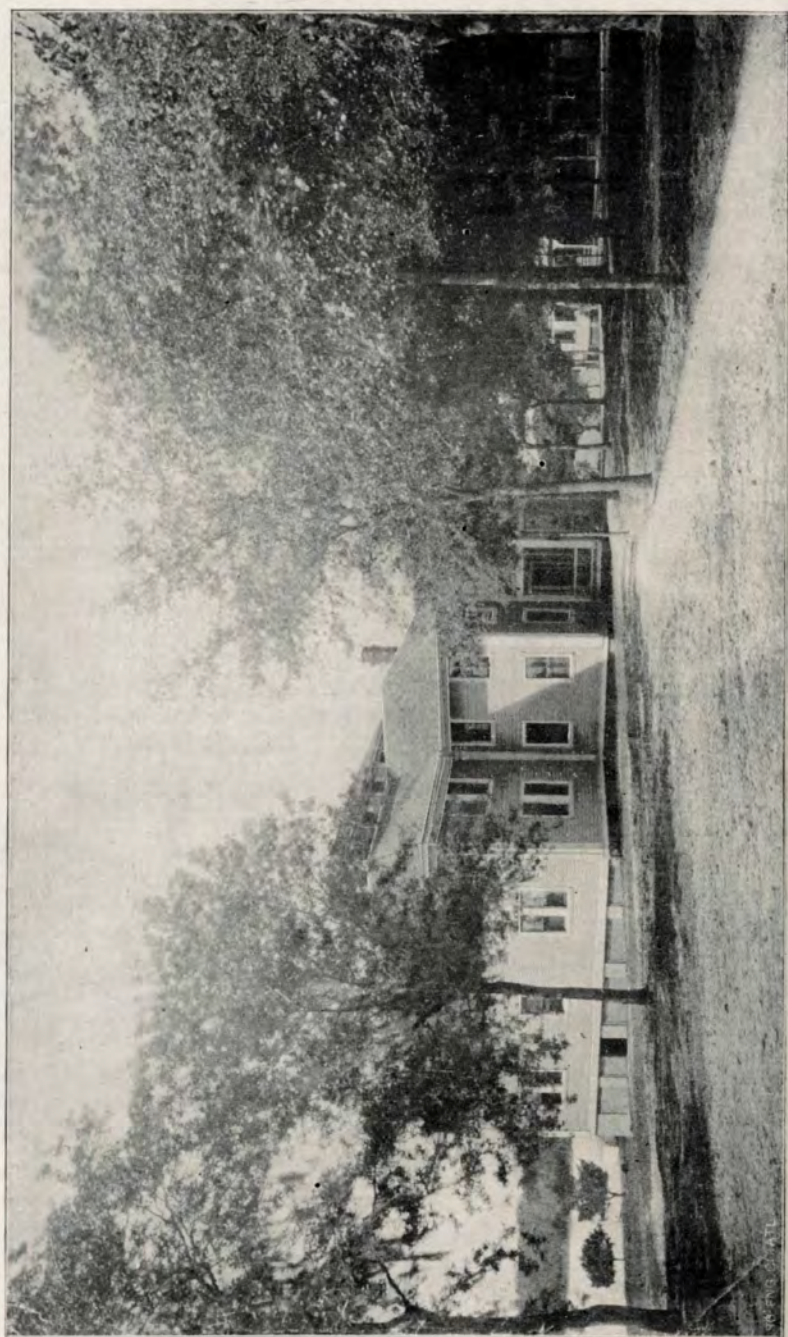
[Music from "Cheyenne."]

Rollins College, you are a wonder ;  
You take them and shake them and  
Break them, and snow them under.  
When the game is won we will all scream,  
"O, Rollins is our ball team."



FLORIDA WOODS SCENE





LYMAN GYMNASIUM.

# SANDSPURS

WITH  
POINTS



Miss L. in Eng. V.—“The Sphinx is an Egyptian bird.”

Prof. P. in French I.—“Miss Cats will please recite.”

Prof. P.—“The babies of Arabia talk gum-Arabic.”

Mr. S.—“Come up to my room, B.”

Mr. B.—“O bug-house.”

A Problem for the Logic Class—Students may see their reports at 3 p. m. in Knowles Hall.

No College members may see their reports at 3 p. m. etc.

Therefore, no College members are students.

Find the fallacy.

If Worcester is pronounced Wooster, how do you pronounce Rochester?

Mr. C. in French I.—“Alors le bon Dieu envoya un second avertissement.” Translating;—“Then the good God sent a second advertisement.”

Prof. P.—“What does three plus five mean?”

Miss H.—“Minus.”

Mr. M.—“You didn’t come to breakfast this morning.”

Miss S.—“No, I devoured a book instead.”



Mr. Y.—“How many demerits have you got?”

Mr. Z.—“Well, there were six of us and we each had a pillow-slip full.”

One of our girls in town tells us that a kiss is the anatomical juxtaposition of the orbicular muscles in an excruciatingly exquisite contraction. If that girl will go over and let a neighbor boy kiss her just once she will not talk so slightly about it again. When the infinitesimal tintinabulations of concentrated quintessence of double-gear'd supernal bliss begins to permeate her anatomy, she will be willing to call a spade a spade instead of an agricultural implement.—*Ex.*

Prof. P.—“Miss Moore, what is a barber?”

Miss Moore—“One who cuts.”

Prof. P's motto—*Cherchez vous la femme.*

Prof. Peet's Observations—“Get the great big solid truths and the little ones will follow.”

“An educated man is not one who knows everything, for that is impossible, but one who can find out many things.”

Miss L.—I can't get that (d—!!) B flat.

Stock quotations—“Why is the ocean built so close to the shore?” (Edwards)

“We're the Lakeside Purlieu Band Halleleu.” (Windham.)

“Its a skinch.” (McMillan.)

“Able to sit up and take nourishment.” (Hardaway.)

Dr. Baker—“What are culinary vessels?”

Mr. Vass—“Vessels with holes in them sir.”

Mr. Morales—“Gunpower is fired by friction and precaution.”

Prof. B. (In Algebra)—“Mr. Slater's answer is correct but I prefer your form.”

Mr. McMillan is very much interested in Bible Study, for instance the book of Ruth and the character of Saul.

Most greedy person on the Campus—Moore.

Mr. Morales,—“The sculptor cut his complexion on stone.”

B. C. Skinner—“They didn't want me any longer at home.”

“No Cashee ; No Washee.” (Sloatermen.)

"If you can't be happy be happy as you can." "Fiji."

"Our last quarrel?" Mrs. B—ll.

Student (observing Miss C. and Miss M. walking together.)

"There is an example of before and after taking."

"Miss L—t, why didn't you turn sideways to get thro' the door?"

Miss L—t, "I haven't got any sideways."

Did you ever see "Auntie" Julia and "Grandpa" Robert?

"Who has Win(ning) ways?" Miss Griffith.

The most characteristic feature of the "Wilds of the West" is Brown.

"Golden locks, golden locks,  
Wilt thou be mine?  
Thou shalt not wash dishes  
Nor yet feed the swine;  
But sit on a cushion  
And sew a fine seam,  
Feast upon strawberries,  
Sugar, and cream.

Why is Bumper more important than the capital of Hong Kong?  
The capital of Hong Kong is Victoria, and Bumper is Victorious.

Katz's favorite—another Kip-ling.

Why do the boys like the Lakeside cat so well? Her name is Julia.

In what sense are the Virginians like Miss B.?  
They hold court at Rich-mond.

*Social Motto*—"A Fair-field, even numbers, no favor, and let the best win."

Dr. B.—"What are fossils?"

Bright Student—"Petrified knowledge of former ages."

A—"What is the matter with the bell?"

B—"Grover is duck hunting."

"Why are Mr. W— and the people of the English colony, Mauritius, so much alike?"

"They all go to Louis(e) to pay homage."



Dr. B—"Mr. L.—, of what is that hill of which you speak made."  
L.—"Ag(ree)sate."

"O, of all dainties I prefer Sal(ie)ad." L—

Miss Hudson—"The way things look now I guess I'll be cooking every day next year."

Miss Loomis—"It looks as though the Gossips would have a Brother George next year."

Miss Boone—"One of these books is slushy."

Miss Gaines (eagerly)—"Show it to me."

Polly—"I go with the ladies to improve my pronunciation."

Denham (at table)—"How do grits grow?"

Miss Fairfield—"Sometimes they grow by hazing."

Miss Axtell's favorite song—"I love to tell the Story."

Mr. Slater (in French)—"When the rays of the loon struck the enchanted palace."

Windham goes to Cloverleaf Moore or less.

To Lett—(Dobbins).

Miss Fisher—"Chaperoning is not my Forte."

Don't swear; just say, "Van Deusen."

Sparrell coat of arms—a pig en rampage.

Mr. Morales—"Richard the Lyon-Hearted."

The girls on the campus are inclined to think that Forts are not "strongholds."

Mrs. Davis (chaperoning Emma and Mr. Bettis rowing one afternoon)—"Mr. Bettis, did you ever have any unpleasant experiences on the water?"

Mr. Bettis—"Yes'm; this is a case of man overboard right now."

(In Dr. Baker's geology class.) Dr. B.—"Are there any really remarkable sinks in Florida?"

Mary Lee—"Yes, sir; one."

Fletcher, you're a wonder; you're surely hard to beat.—

But will you kindly tell us why your shoes fit either feet?

Winnie Griffith—Bureau of Information.

Mr. Ludwig, upon being asked if he could do Harmony, replied:

"Well, I don't know so much about 'hominy,' but I can do grits all right."

Bumper—"Dick, is love blind?"

Dick—"No, Bumper; if love was blind you never would have seen Marie going to Orlando that day."

The boards of Rollins' famous walk are having a mighty hustling time keeping up with the couples this year.

Dr. Blackman (in Economics class)—"Well, we have discussed fully the socialistic view; now let us hear from the side of the communists. That is the doctrine of 'whole hog or none.' Are you in favor of this, Miss Conklin?"

Miss Conklin—"Yes, sir; I'm in favor of the pig."

It is a question in our minds whether Bessie will listen to the same old Story or venture to change her fortune by taking to new Rhodes.

The idea of fresh air and plenty of exercise is a good one. A course that comes highly recommended by the students consists of gymnasium, dining-hall, and board walk.

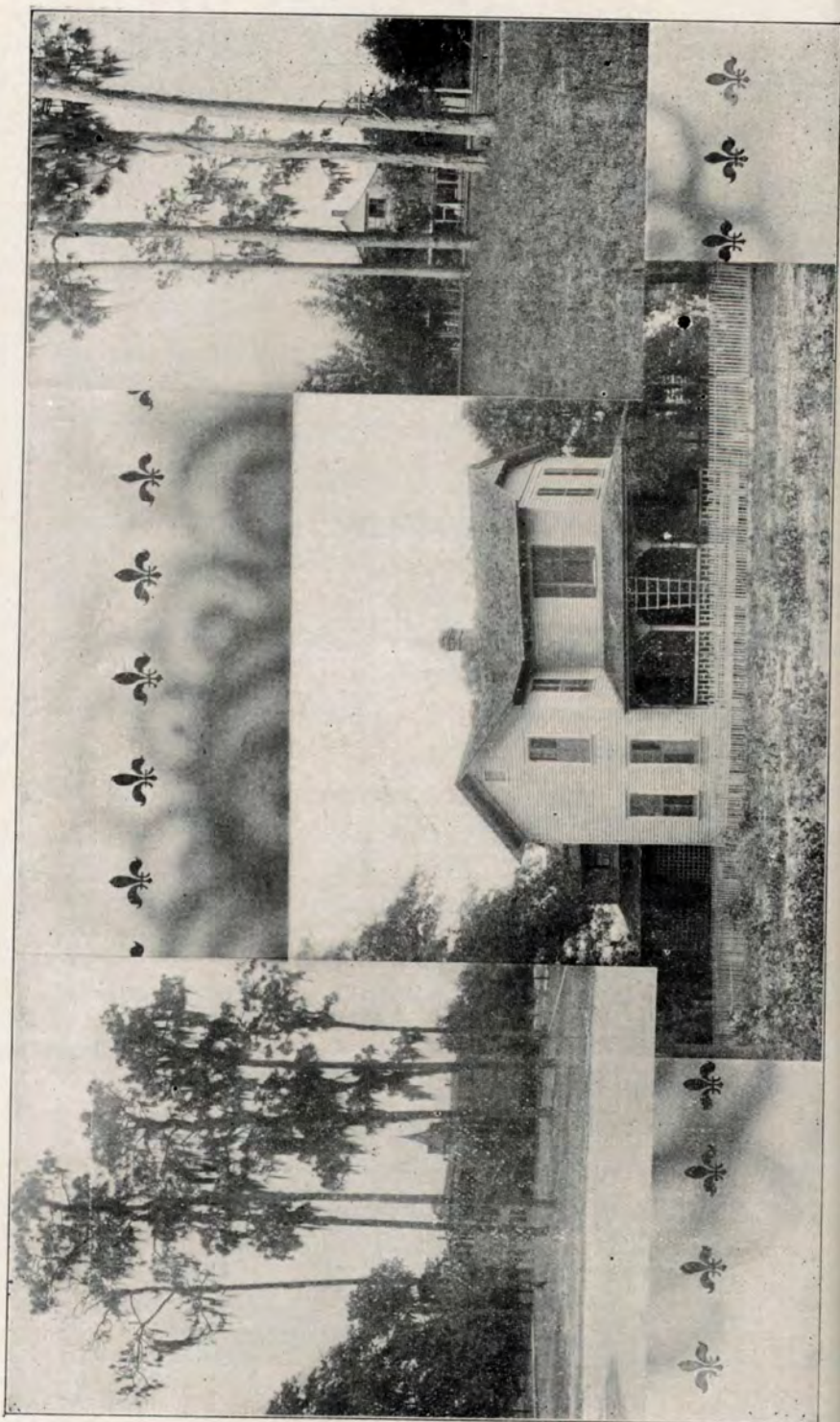
Miss Lainhart's high-dive into the trash barrel lends confirmation to the story of her trip to Europe on a tooth-brush.

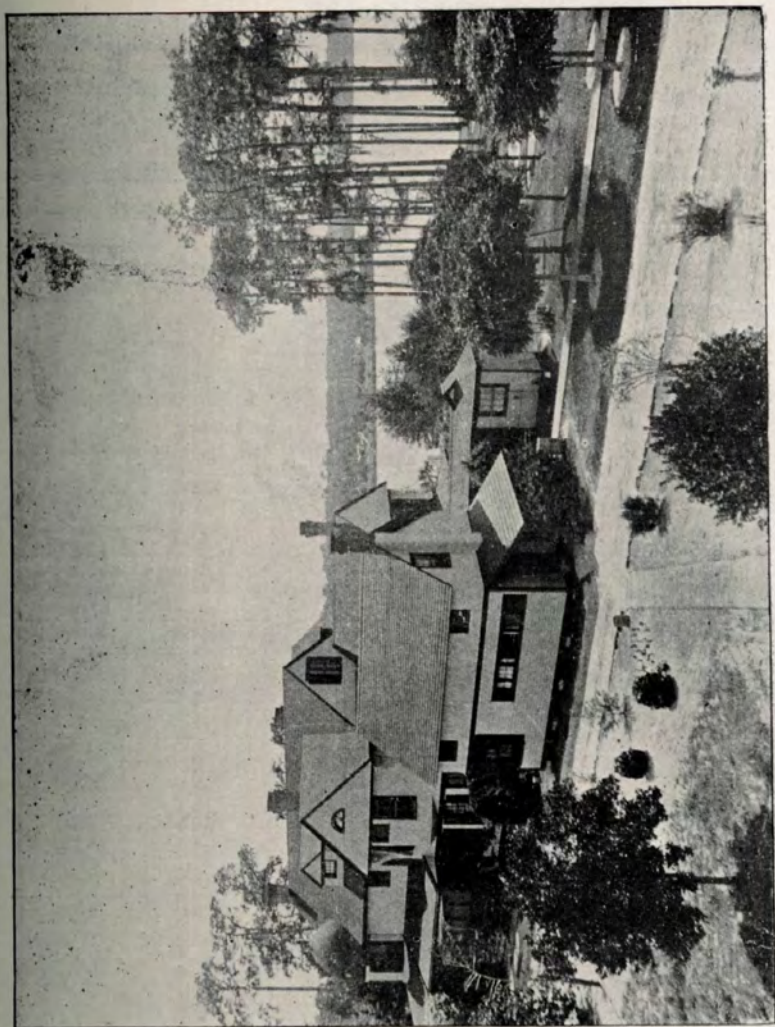
Several incidents of this year have resulted not only from the old saying, "plan your work," but are also indebted to the new saying, "work your plan."

One evening just before the production of the Pantomime one of the girls received the intelligence that her uncle was ill with ptomaine poisoning. No one blamed the poor girl when she read out in a startled voice, "Oh girls, uncle George has 'pantomime poisoning.'"










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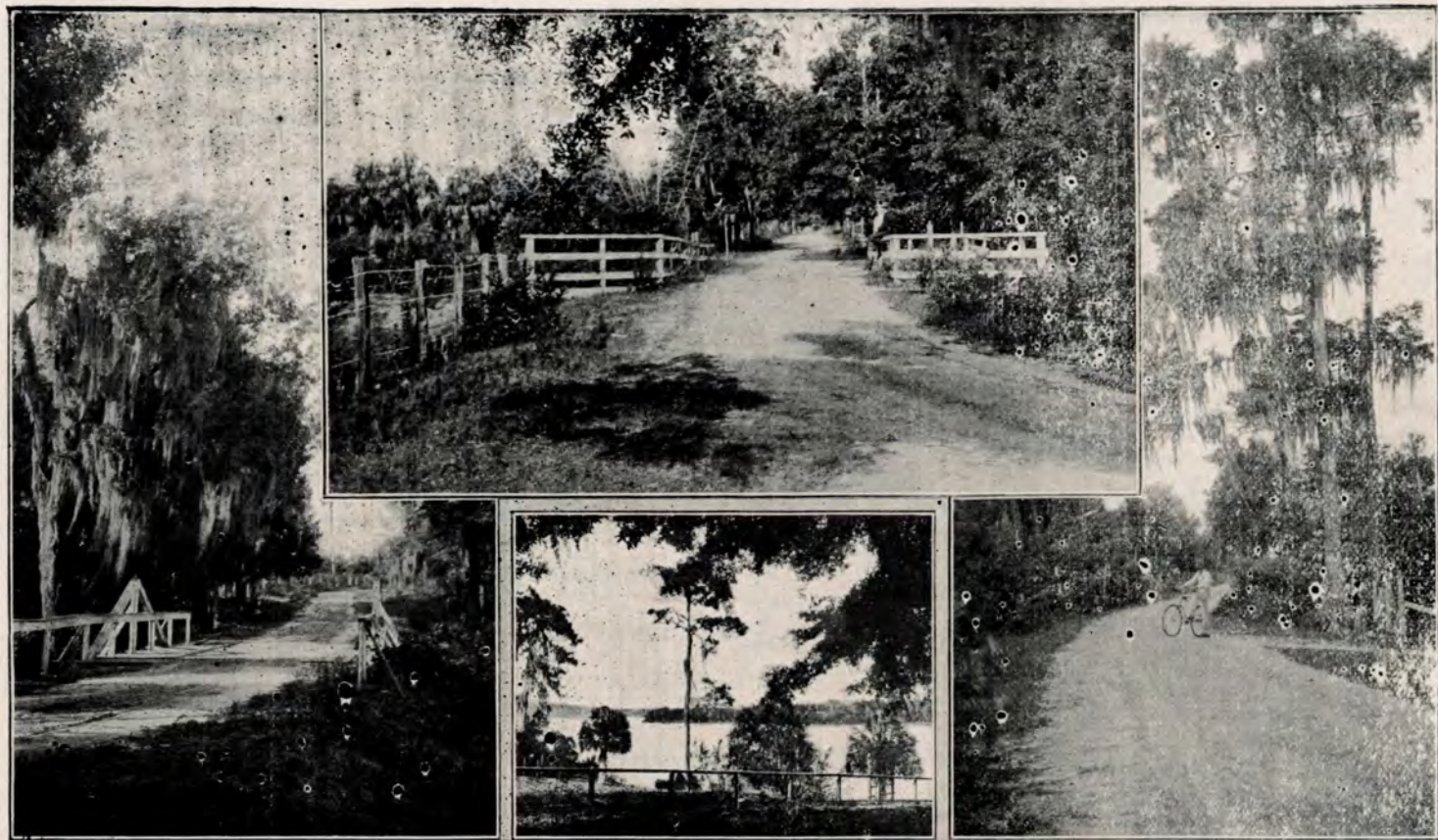
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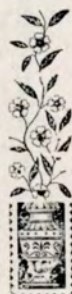
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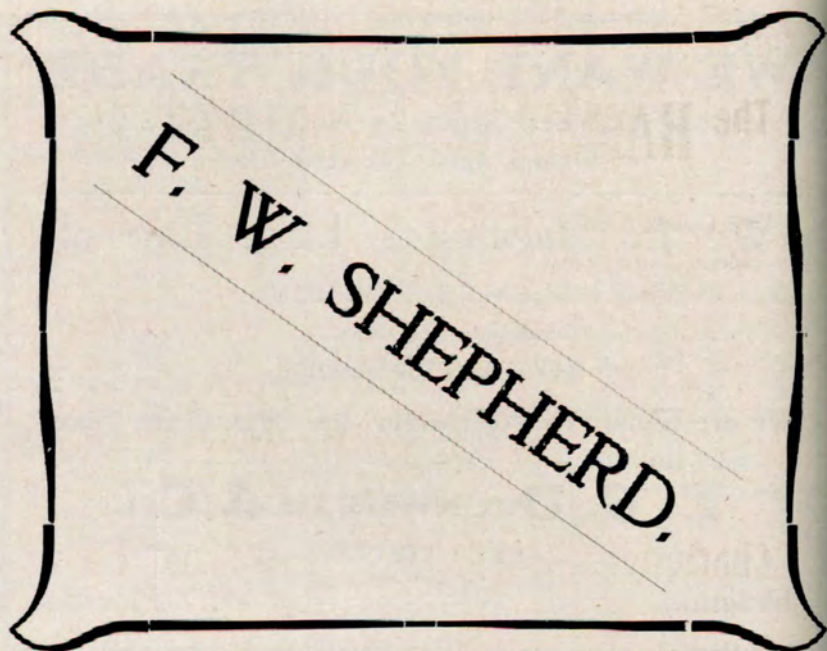
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