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THE SAND-SPUR

"STICK TO IT"

VOLUME 14, No. 1, 1908

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CLOVERLEAF

Gift of M. B. Mattie
Cloverleaf
June 1905

Dept of M.B. Mattack, Washington D.C. June, 1935

Carnegie Hall.....	Opp. pp. 22
The Campus From Cloverleaf.....	" " 36
Boating Song—P. E. J.....	" " 46
Football Team.....	" " 62
Basket Ball Team.....	" " 64
Baseball Team.....	" " 66



Outward Bound.



Along the silent highway deep and blue,
My good ship furrows patiently her way;
No baffling wind, no tempest bids her stay,
As on she bears with steady prow and true,
Till shining gulls, a white-winged retinue,
With noisy triumph herald in the day,
To which all other days, are but delay,
Until she hails her haven fair in view.

Over a wider, all unfathomed sea,
To happier port I steer in Time's, despite
Full oft becalmed, or sped in tempest glee
Through many a rayless day and starless night.
Shall aught but joy supreme and holy be,
When on my waiting ear falls, "Land in sight?"

By Louise Manning Hodgkins.

THE SAND-SPUR

A Neglected Hero.

DEEP in the annals of American history, during "the times that tried men's souls;" when men were fighting for their homes, their institutions, and their freedom; and many were performing acts of heroism that have immortalized their names throughout succeeding generations;—deep, down in that mirey pit of our father's sufferings, and trials, and persecutions, there shines a jewel of purest lustre—a diamond of the first water. We might better say "would shine" for so long has it been imbedded and forgotten, that it is enveloped in the gray mold of inappreciation, and the historical geologist must look most sharply in order not to miss it.

It is the jewel of a life lived simply, honestly, honorably, and of a work done nobly, unflinchingly, well.

It is Robert Morris, the Financial Savior of His Country, the Neglected Hero of the Revolution.

Born January 31, 1734, the son of a Liverpool merchant, Robert Morris came to Philadelphia at the age of fourteen and entered the mercantile house of the Willings. Two years later his father died, leaving an estate of about seven thousand dollars, most of which went to Robert and was the foundation of his immense fortune. In 1769, at the age of thirty-five young Morris was married to one of the belles of Philadelphia.

His political life began in 1765, when he was appointed on the Committee of Safety of Pennsylvania. After this we see him in quick succession a member of the Assembly of the Province, of the Continental Congress, and on the Committee of Secret Correspondence. He was one of the few who insisted that the Howes be heard when they came out with a commission to treat for reconciliation in the summer of 1776.

By this time Morris was well in his era of prosperity. He had joined the Willing firm, and was making rapid strides toward his later enviable position as the richest man in America. Fully five years before he was made Treasurer, we find Robert Morris taking an active part in the War for Independence. In December, 1776, Washington ar-

rived in Pennsylvania, having been driven out of New York by Cornwallis, who was now located at Trenton. Washington saw his chance to strike, but his soldiers were leaving every day for lack of pay. Promises were of no avail. It was a case of "hard money." What did Washington do? Why, he just sent down to Philadelphia, to that rich merchant—Robert Morris. At first Morris did not appreciate the size of the demand, so he pulled out his wallet and sent up 410 Spanish dollars, 2 crowns, 10 shillings, 6 pence, and a French half crown—in all about \$420. But Washington sent again, and this time Morris was put to his trumps; he had no ready cash of his own, but his credit was good, and he used it. Early in the morning of New Year's Day, 1777, one might have seen a pudgy little man hurrying from door to door, speaking a few words at each house, and going away each time with disappointment more plainly written on his face. It was Robert Morris. He was unsuccessful but did not give up; for, later in the day, he met a wealthy Quaker to whom he told the state of affairs. "Robert, what security canst thou give?" asked the Quaker. "My note and my honor," said Morris." "Robert thou shalt have it," was the reply; and the sum of fifty thousand dollars was on its way to Washington.

We are all familiar with the details of this first crucial campaign, and we honor Washington for his part in it; but who made the whole thing possible?—Robert Morris.

Again in the summer of 1780, the American army was in a destitute condition; the men were almost naked, while starvation threatened. In this extremity, the ladies of Philadelphia organized themselves into sewing bands, to make clothes for the soldiers; and Morris sent three million rations to the stricken army.

And so throughout the early years of the War we find this noble patriot lending a helping hand in times of need, and, at the same time, prosecuting his business with such zeal that his already large fortune soon reached the million dollar mark.

At last the old method of doing business by committees became unbearable, and Congress was driven to put the finances into the hands of one man. Unquestionably Robert Morris was the man. So we find him elected Superintendent of Finance on Feb. 20, 1781, though he did not take office until the following June. Let us now note the conditions which Morris encountered upon assuming the duties of Financier. In the first place he was almost overwhelmed by the arrival of a shipload of bills of exchange for redemption. In the second place, the loans which Franklin, Adams, and Jay had been trying so hard to negotiate in Europe, had not materialized, and consequently they could furnish no money. The third and perhaps greatest difficulty, however, that

Morris had to overcome, was the sentiment of the people,—which we must understand was no light affair.

The people of America were too luke warm, they were too jealous of one another in different sections, they were too downright stingy. One community did not care if all the neighboring ones were devastated provided it escaped, and they absolutely refused to pay taxes to conduct the War on the slender excuse that tax paying was what they were fighting against.

To offset these numerous disadvantages, there were a few positive advantages: the Articles of Confederation had lately been adopted, and the country was now in a position to present a more united front to the enemy—a thing which before had been impossible; as a result of the division and lack of sympathy between the states, the British commanders had been unable to strike a blow hard enough to be felt for any distance, and therefore, the resources of the country at large had been hardly touched; but overtopping all other advantages was Morris's native ability.

He at once brought this into play. Circular letters were sent to every state, urging the immediate levying of taxes and raising of money for the expenses of the campaign; other letters were sent to the representatives in Europe urging them on to renewed efforts; and, finally, he used every possible means to reduce expenses and keep what little money he had. These three policies, taxation, getting money from Europe, and retrenchment, formed the basis of his administration from beginning to end.

So much for the conditions. What did Morris actually do? He had no sooner entered upon his duties than he was called upon to finance the greatest campaign of the war, the siege of Yorktown. For at last Cornwallis had maneuvered down into Virginia, and had unwittingly put himself into a trap. Now was the time to strike. Morris was hurriedly sent for to consult as to ways and means. He went to the camp, and, after long consultation with Washington, agreed to undertake his part of the enterprise. This was no light task, for he was called upon to advance one month's pay to the soldiers, to furnish some hard cash to keep up the secret service work, to provide transportation for the army across Chesapeake Bay, and to see that supplies reached them at convenient points. How was he to do all this without money? In the first place he got the French generals to lend him \$20,000. Then he went out and begged, borrowed, and bought all the money he could lay hands on, and, when all other resources were exhausted, he advanced \$12,000 from his own pocket.

We all know the result of this brilliant campaign: the overwhelming defeat of Cornwallis, the close of the war, and consequently our freedom and independence. Truly it was a magnificent piece of generalship on the part of Washington and his aides, and we give them all honor. But was not the generalship of Robert Morris just as truly great in the marshalling of finances, the making every penny count, and the successful accomplishing of his various duties?

We see now the important part that Morris played in the two greatest campaigns of the Revolution: the attack on Trenton, which was the first important victory, and the Yorktown campaign, which ended the war.

But his work did not end here. The actual expenses of the war were yet to be paid, and the wages of the officers and soldiers were far in arrears. To accomplish this, Morris established the Bank of North America and deposited therein \$350,000 on account of the United States. He counted on making this amount do the work of a much larger sum by issuing bank notes. He still hoped that the states would grant Congress the power to levy continental taxes, he also counted on another big loan from France, and with these moneys he would redeem the bank notes. But alas! he was doomed to disappointment. Congress was not given the power to collect taxes, and the French loan, when it came, was only \$1,200,000, just half what had been expected.

In this extremity, what was Morris to do? Well, he did this: he met with a committee of Congress and, by threatening to resign his office, made them agree to support any measures he should take. He then proceeded to print notes to the amount of about \$750,000 and with these he paid off the army. These notes were payable in six months, and Morris, by using his personal credit to bolster up that of the United States, was able to quit office on November the first, seventeen eighty-four, with the promise that his notes should all be paid at maturity.

This ended Morris's public career, except that later he was a member of the Constitutional Convention. When Washington became President, Morris was offered the Treasurership, but he declined and recommended Alexander Hamilton. The last years of his life were fraught with cares and trouble: business ventures were unfortunate, his fortune dwindled, he became a bankrupt, for three and a half years he was confined in a debtor's prison, and was released to live only a brief time wholly dependent on the income from his wife's dowry, which had been saved from the wreck.

So passed this life from mortal ken. In his prime, Robert Morris was counted among the most influential men in America. He was respected as a citizen, honored as an active patriot, trusted as a conser-

vative and successful business man, famed as the wealthiest man in the country. In the last years, we see a poor, broken old man, living in obscurity, disgraced, dishonored, his note, formerly legal tender in several states, not worth a farthing, his income a mere pittance. Had Washington's career closed with his "Farewell Address," it would indeed be difficult to determine which of these two men, Washington or Morris, rendered the greater service to his country. Washington was essentially the active organizer, leader, commander. What he did, everyone saw; and he received due credit. Morris, however, while just as active, and while doing in many respects even a greater work, was yet working in quiet, unapplauded, unappreciated. "Money is power." When George Washington was virtually dictator, Robert Morris was the man behind the throne. Without disparagement of Washington and his services, we cannot but hint at what would inevitably have been a disastrous ending to our War for Independence, had Morris withdrawn his financial support.

In a damp, dark corner under the Sunday school room of Christ Church in Philadelphia, you may find an old fashioned brick vault; and upon a marble slab, this inscription: "The family vault of William White and Robert Morris. The latter, who was Financier of the United States during the Revolution, died the 8th of May, 1806, aged 73 years." No magnificent monument marks his resting place; no marble shaft pierces the sky in mute testimony to his services; no costly tomb attracts the patriot-pilgrim in loving remembrance of this national benefactor. No; he lies in dim obscurity, unappreciated, forgotten.

In shame, O we Americans! We, who enjoy the fruits of our fathers' afflictions; we, who live now in peace and plenty, not oppressed by unjust laws, acknowledging no king, save God alone, under whose guiding hand we have come to be the ruling nation in the New World and second to none in Christendom! Where is our pride? Where is our patriotism? Where is our sense of justice? We are called a hero-worshipping people. We are. We glory in it. Then, why not worship this hero? Why not give honor where honor is due?

There can be but one answer. Let us be honest, let us be just; and let us strive, in some small way at least, to bring into more general recognition this life and work, which a long century has enshrined in oblivion.

Friends, I have been pleading for recognition of Robert Morris and his services to our country. But there is a wider application, a deeper meaning, a fuller scope. The youths of to-day are our statesmen, our diplomats, our law-makers of to-morrow. Therefore I urge, as a mat-

ter of national policy, that more recognition and more distinction be given to our great men, for the power of example is mighty in the moulding of young lives and ambitions. The future of America is in our hands. Shall we raise up a nation of statesmen? You will find the answer in your own hearts.

ARTHUR LESLIE SLATER, '09.

Delivered in the Oratorical Contest.

When Laure "Turned American"

BECAUSE I was at that time in a continual state of open-mouthed wonder at all things French, and also because she was very young and very pretty, she interested me greatly. Masses of black hair, big brown eyes, a delicately-tinted oval face, a veritable rose-bud mouth, tiny hands and feet that were never still,—a delicious mingling of sweetness, innocence, and shy laughter,—that was Laure.

We were class-mates in the big convent school of Notre Dame de Lion in Paris; mere slips of girls, adoring each other with that utterly illogical adoration possible at one age and one only, sharing our inmost thoughts, our oranges at dinner, and even exchanging images, which is the highest proof of French school-girl friendship. These "images" were small metal statuettes of one's guardian angel or one's patron saint, of the Virgin Mary, and of the Christ; and they were the most precious possessions of the convent girls; every girl had at least two, and the more fortunate, several, standing guard over her desk, and it was considered the greatest possible crime to touch another's images. The penalty for so doing was the very severe punishment of sitting with one's back to the large statue of Mary which stood above the teacher's desk; and oh! the agonized shame of the girl, tiny or grown, who fell to such depths!

The convent—the dear old convent—was the loveliest, awkward, rambling pile of stone, with a big garden; the whole surrounded by a blank stone wall high enough to hide everything from the passer-by, even should he happen to be perched on the top of a tram. But inside, words cannot picture the guarded sweetness; the old-fashioned, religious peace; the real beauty of the big, dim rooms and hallways; the colonnade, holding the green courtyard a willing captive with its twisted pillars; the chapel, fragrant with incense, yellow with the light of myriad

candles kept always burning, beautiful with much gold and carved, tapering arches and marble tiling, peaceful and silent under the smiles of the Holy Mother and her Son. When we girls crept into the chapel for vespers, covered with our white veils, and knelt before the high altar, everything seemed to slip away from our hearts, leaving only a reverent consciousness of that sweet, patient, never-wearying smile.

Part of the big garden was portioned off by prim, straight rows of chestnut trees into play-grounds for each class; and the rest was full of fragrant and rare flowers, separated into beds by a wandering little snow-white path of pebbles. Of course there was a marble fountain, stained with moss and age, surrounded by marble seats, and there was also a sun-dial covered with vines. Each play-ground was headed by a shrine, and the girls devoutly said an Ave Maria kneeling around the stone steps, before beginning their games.

It was after one of these devotions that Laure and I wandered away from the rest of the class and seated ourselves on a bench next to the high wall, nearly hidden then with lilacs,—for it was early spring; one of those beautiful, pale days that stir your heart, make you vaguely wistful, and fill you with a strange unrest. Sitting there on the bench in a bower of lilacs, the rest of the world seemed far away,—as misty as the hollows in the garden of an early morning.

"Laure," I said, taking off the hideous brown straw hat that went with the equally hideous black costume when we were in the garden—"Laure, I wish you were an American girl."

Laure picked some lilac blossoms and stuck them in her hat-band before replying, and passed some to me for the same purpose. The gentle Sisters thought this daily decorating of our hats very worldly—almost wicked. Beauty in a chapel is all very well, but in hats it is wicked. Laure shot a mischievous glance at me from under her long lashes.

"Don't I do very well as French?" she asked—then quickly, "Do look at Soeur Celeste,—how shocked she is!"

We laughed merrily and gleefully, at Soeur Celeste's "shock," and Laure went on—

"Oh, yes, I'd like to be an American, too. You girls have so much liberty that you can't realize how little I have had. I have been watched and tied to shoestrings"—

"Apron-strings, Laure!"

"Oui,—apron strings,—anyway, *tied*. And been treated like a wax bebe and—how do you say?—"handled with care"—so *very* much care that—why, qu'est-que cest, chérie?"

For I had jumped up, scattering lilac blossoms in confusion.

"I have it! I have it!" I cried, and danced a jubilant *pas seul* with the lilac-trimmed hat bobbing wildly on my head. No wonder the gentle Sisters were shocked! No wonder they could not become reconciled to the ways of the "wild Anglaise!" Laure laughed until the tears streamed down her cheeks, only finding breath to beg me to stop "jumping" and tell her what it was that I had.

So, panting, I explained; and, as I explained, her eyes grew wider and wider, her cheeks redder and redder, and when I had made my scheme clear she also danced for joy. Then the bell for dinner cut short our planning, and, giggling and mysterious, we fell in with the line of youngsters, rosy with their play, that filed across the gardens, up the broad stone steps, through reverberating stone corridors, and into the long, narrow dining-hall where we ate in absolute silence while a sedate Sister read stories from "The Childhood of the Saints."

For two days reigned the calm before the storm, and then the "storm" broke in fury. On the door of our class-room painted in glowing red letters, was tacked the following declaration:

"I, Laure Marie D'Umbot, do hereby renounce the Nation of France, turning my back on the country of my fathers, and do hereby turn American for all time. Vive L'Amerique!"

In ten minutes after its discovery the convent was in an uproar. The stolid images alone remained unmoved. Around the placard, agitated, astonished, asking each other what it all meant, craning their necks to see the fatal scarlet letters over the sea of black shoulders in front, were grouped all of the nuns and all except two of the convent girls. The girls were too young as was I—and the nuns too ignorant of the great outside world, to know that one could not change one's nationality by simply placarding the intention of so doing, and they accepted the awful treachery in good faith. As for Laure, she had such perfect confidence in my superior knowledge and wisdom, that if I had told her that by saying a certain word she would change into bacon-and-eggs, she would have avoided that word religiously.

After the first shock of astonishment was over, a delegation of Sisters, outwardly calm but inwardly boiling, was sent to find Laure and me, and to bring us before the Mother Superior for an interview. Such an unheard-of enormity of crime called for more than ordinary punishment. But the Mother Superior, after talking to us for an hour, and succeeding only in making Laure more stubborn and me more indifferent, gave us up in despair, and called a special meeting of the scandalized nuns. Classes went by unheeded, the girls frolicked through the corridors, Laure and I kicked our wicked heels and planned grand times

together as Americans who were free from "shoestrings." The meeting lasted three hours and at the end of that time Laure was called before them. From the Mother Superior down to the youngest novice, they argued, pleaded, protested, threatend, prayed and begged; but Laure, alternately stubborn and defiant, buoyed up by the tales I had told her, refused to recant.

Astonished and grieved beyond words, the Sisters gave it up, and after forbidding the other girls to speak to Laure and me, made arrangements for special prayers to be said to intercede for Laure's perverted state.

In the days that followed, disregarded by the nuns, avoided by the girls, shunned by even our dear, kind teacher, Laure and I led a solitary life; at first it was fun, but before long, although we tried hard to conceal it even from one another, the excitement wore off, leaving only two lonely, lonely little girls, very humble, very subdued, desperately willing to give in, but oh, *so* stubborn! There seemed no way out of the difficulty—no end to the tangle, and tears rolled slowly down our cheeks. We were treading the way of the transgressor, and verily, it was hard. Down, down, down, into the very depths of misery and woe, we were considering suicide as an end to our wretchedness—so day dragge l after day. It was very disagreeable, but the process softened our wicked little hearts, as sorrow has softened ever since the world began, and although the future looked very black, we began to consider ways and means whereby we might slide again into our accustomed favor without seriously jolting our pride. The solution of the problem came from Laure, upon whose sensitive conscience remorse had wrought vigorously, and whose wits had been correspondingly sharpened.

Again the scarlet placard appeared mysteriously, again a sea of black hoods and netted hair surged at its base, again was the convent in an uproar. But such a different uproar! Now, instead of indignation, joy shone from the Sisters' faces; amazed, scarcely-comprehending joy. Jubilant Soeur Celeste ran to tell the Mother Superior, who hurried to the scene of action, read the placard excitedly, and sent a sincere and happy Ave to the serene Lady of Zion. Sisters with faces wreathed in smiles surreptitiously fed me candy behind doors, and kissed Laure in token of forgiveness. The former placard was forgotten in the excitement. Our teacher, a novice who took her vows while I was still at the convent, hugged us with rapture;—dear lady, her heart had been saddened, for she loved us both dearly. The girls crowded around us, chattering and jumping like so many little magpies. Once more peace and happiness reigned supreme at Notre Dame de Lion. And these were the words that wrought the miracle.

"I, Marguerite, turning my back upon the country of my fathers, do hereby embrace the French nation as my own country, and the Catholic religion as my own belief."

May not one change one's mind?

A few days afterwards, Laure and I sat trimming our hats with lilacs on the bench near the wall.

Said Laure, "I'm glad I'm a free American!"

Said I, "Huh! I'd lots rather be French!"

MARJORIE BLACKMAN. R. C. A. '08.

A Day at Oxford.

IN trying to write a paper which shall give my friends at home some idea of my life here, I have been rather at a loss how to begin and what to pick out from the variety of things that might be said.

But I think that on the whole a description of my day's work here would give more of an idea of Oxford as I meet it than anything else I might write. Every day here is almost a duplicate of the one that went before; I lose all track of time. As every day is the same, so the colleges are much alike in customs and style of architecture, so that what I write of Queen's would fit any other college. And the college life is the University life, for in nothing but examinations is the the University anything more than the college.

Queen's, like all the other colleges, is built of stone blackened and chipped by age and the English weather, with outside windows heavily barred, and garden walls crowned with a barrier of impassable iron spikes,—at once a fortress and a prison. Set in the midst of other buildings no less gloomy than itself, which shut out much of the little light which does come from the leaden sky through the fog laden air, it seems very different to me from the sunny, open campus at Rollins. The main buildings are set around two quadrangles; from the quads open the stairs, each one unconnected with the next, forming to a certain extent a separate community. Each stair is in charge of a servant, called the "scout," and contains on the average eight sets of rooms. Each student has two rooms, a "sitter" and a "bedder." The sitter is generally a large room opening on the stair, furnished with a dining table, a set of chairs, a desk, a lounge, a fireplace, and a china closet of some kind; many have private wine cellars connected with them.

The bedder is a smaller room opening only on the sitter, and furnished much as are the rooms at Rollins.

In the morning the scout comes around about seven, builds the fire, draws back the curtains, and knocks on my door, informing me that it is "goin' on 'off pahst sev'n, sir." As we are now in training for the boat races, I have to get up and run about a mile around the meadows, or "do a meadow." On my return a cold tub, usually very cold, completes the process of driving away the last vestiges of sleep, and prepares me to enjoy to the utmost the togger breakfast at 8:30.

Ordinarily breakfast is taken in my room, with friends or alone, but at present the rowing men are invited out to different men's rooms every morning for togger breakfast, which is a very substantial meal of fish, meat, toast, and tea. The eight togger men and one or two guests usually comprise the company, and the meal is served by two of the scouts. After the breakfast has been demolished we all rise and stand around the fire place for a few minutes, then leave with the stereotyped "thanks very much" to our hosts, and separate for lectures and laboratory.

From ten to one is study time at Oxford, which I spend every morning in the laboratory. This is practically the only time given by the average student to his studies, except perhaps an hour in the evening. Of course there are men who devote all their time to books, and again others who devote practically none, but as a rule the study part of Oxford is rather decidedly in the background. As our vacations last six, six, and sixteen weeks respectively, the average student devotes most of his time in residence to athletics and having a good time, and does his studying mainly in the vacs.

At one o'clock I come back from the laboratory, and attend choir practice. Several of the colleges at Oxford have the vested choir, among them Queen's. The boys who sing are given their education in return for their work in the choir, having a special choir boys' school; while the tenors and basses are recruited from the students themselves.

Choir practice lasts about half an hour; then I have to hurry through a very light lunch and dress for the boats. The men who have rowed in the crews before, dress at the barge, but the new men have to dress at college and walk the half mile to the river in all kinds of weather. The barges of the colleges are moored along the bank of the river, one after the other, for about a quarter of a mile, each barge bearing the coat of arms and colors of its college, and a flag-pole on which the banner of the college is raised whenever the college crews are engaged in any race. Thus it is possible to tell from the flags just

which crews are racing any one afternoon. The barge contains a sitting-room, dressing room, shower bath and wash room; in the sitting room is a fire place and a table on which are kept a few daily papers and some books. The tops of the barges are flat and provided with seats and railings; they afford a point of vantage for the mothers and "sisters" of the college men during racing week.

When we come down to the barge in the afternoon our weights are first taken, and then we are given our daily journey in the tub. The tub is the first experience of the incipient oarsman; they are much like a narrow rowboat, with regular outriggers. The fresher is put into a tub the first thing, and drilled in the elements of form until he has a sufficient smattering to be promoted; he is then placed in a four, which is only an elongated tub. The fours practice most of the first term, and during the sixth week of term the college fours row against the other fours of their own college for the college championship. The best men are then picked for the torpid or toggèr, a wooden boat with fixed seats and outriggers, long and narrow like a shell. The toggèr trains during the second or winter term, and late in February rows a series of races, lasting six days, against the other colleges. The best toggèr men are then chosen to fill in the vacancies in the eight, which is the regular sliding-seat paper shell, and which rows against the other college eights six days, late in May. The climax of the oarsman's career is when he is chosen from his college eight to row on the 'Varsity against Cambridge.

On our return from the two by two journey in the tub, the toggèr is told to "tumble in." We take our places in the boat, the coaches cross the river to the towpath and mount their wheels, and we start off down the river. The coaches run or ride along the tow path and shout advice or censure at us, occasionally stopping us for a few minutes to impress the fact more strongly upon our minds that we are mighty poor oarsmen to what they were in their day. At Iffley, a mile and a quarter down the river, there is a lock and a mill; here the races are started, and here we turn in our practice rowing. We are then given a regular racing start, and row over about a half course at full racing speed. After a few minutes seat and coachic adjuration, we then paddle back to the barge, rest twenty minutes, and repeat the performance.

The races at Oxford are rowed in a rather peculiar manner. The river is too narrow for two crews to row abreast, so both in toggèr week and eights week the boats are started a definite distance apart, and each tries to bump the one ahead. The last boat starts from a stake a short distance above Iffley lock, and the others are strung out in

their respective order every three lengths up the river. As there are over thirty crews in the races this would bring the first crew almost to the finishing line; the difficulty is obviated by rowing in three divisions of ten boats each. The last division starts at two-thirty in the afternoon, the second at three thirty, the first at four-thirty. The boat which is first in the third division at 2:30 rows as last in the second division at 3:30, and the same between the second and first. The boat which thus happens to be "sandwich boat" forms the connecting link between the divisions, and has to row two races every afternoon as long as it remains in that position. A "bump" is made when any boat touches any part of the boat ahead; both boats then draw off to the bank and wait till the rest pass by before paddling up to the barge. When the races start next day the boat which makes the bump starts in the place of the boat it bumped, which goes back one place in the order. The boats thus move up and down the river as they happen to be better or worse than the crews ahead of or behind them.

After our two trips down the river we have to jog around the meadows again, then back to our rooms for tub and tea. It is easy to understand here how the English custom of tea originated. We think it at home a mere social luxury; here at Oxford it becomes a necessity. After our very light luncheon and hard exercise, with dinner hour still two hours away, some refreshment for the inner man becomes imperative. So friends gather for a pleasant half hour together, to talk over the results of the day's sports. During training tea is limited in kind and amount, all cake or sweets being barred.

After tea I have a few minutes to devote to study or writing, then at 6:30 I go to chapel, don a white surplice, and take my place in the choir. The service is the Church of England ritual; the choir sings the same response every day, but has to learn a new magnificat and anthem for each day.

Chapel lasts till seven; then comes dinner in Hall, the one meal of the day taken in common. At the end of the Hall, on a raised platform sit the dons in full evening dress and flowing robes; below are the students, in academic gown but no cap. The togger men sit below the dons at a special table, and usually eat under a fire of bread, boiled potatoes, or other gastronomic missiles, which we return to the best of our ability when the dons seem busy. We often "sit out the dons," or eat longer than they do, which is considered quite a feat.

The evenings are at the disposal of the individual. Many study, some take a walk up the street, or saunter about the quads smoking. An occasional visit to the theatre or an invitation out to dinner is about

the only variety we have. The gates are closed at nine o' clock; after that no one can leave college without special permission; those who are already out must pay a small gate fine on "knocking in." But inside the college walls one is absolutely free, and it is no unusual thing for a coud of happy "singers" to wake the echoes most of the night with their revels. The rowing men in training must be in bed by half past ten; this is the only restriction.

These are the main points of our life here. Much of the difference in dress, language, customs, speech, which go to make a great part of our experience can not be written; it must be seen to be appreciated. As for an opinion of Oxford, I think it must always be a question of individual task. Many who come over like it so well that **they** don't want to go back, and grow even estranged from the other Americans who come over; others do not feel at all thus. What one person would dislike about Oxford another would like. Each one who comes over must decide for himself, it is impossible to give any general opinion.

BERKELEY BLACKMAN, '07.

A Visit To a Chinese Temple in San Francisco.

BEFORE the earthquake the greater part of fifteen blocks composed the Chinese colony of San Francisco. The streets in this quarter of the city swarmed with men, women, and children, all dressed in queer oriental costume, all talking their peculiar nasal language. The American who walked through the alleys heard queer sounds, saw queer sights, and smelled queer smells. A Chinese smell has been described as "a mixture and a puzzle, a marvel and a wonder, a mystery and a disgust, but nevertheless a palpable fact."

Scattered through the colony were eighteen temples, a fact quite significant in this Christian country. Visitors to the temples are cordially welcomed by the Celestial priests, a cordiality which the mercenary mind will find partially explained by a neat sign, printed in English, courteously informing the tourist that all strangers are expected to purchase a package of punk wood to be burned as incense before the god. The package costs the priests about three cents. They gravely sell it for two bits which is very good profit for the heathen from the Christian. Thus in the very presence of the idols, the spirit of trade contends for mastery, with the spirit of worship.

The interior of some of the better temples is quite imposing. As one enters, he sees before him the house god, looking like some immense doll in his little stall. The room is divided with many curiously wrought screens, hung with flags and emblems, and at the western end, filled with the altar and the images of the gods themselves. At one side there is always placed a drum which the priest beats lustily when any one desires to worship. The god hears the drum and comes to listen to the devotions of the worshiper. On the opposite side of the temple is generally placed the furnace in which the money is burned to the gods. This money is coarse paper smeared with a little tin foil or gold. When this is burned it turns into smoke and in this form passes as currency among the immortals. The wealthy Chinese often spend enormous sums for this paper money which they burn in the temple as an offering. The undevout will be inclined to think that the expression "Money to burn," must have come in some manner, like so many of our customs, from this Chinese institution.

In one of the temples was a god which the children used to come to worship and which interested me very much. A great many years ago there was a boy in China who was very bad. It is bad enough for a bad boy to be bad anywhere, but in China it is even worse! This boy was disrespectful to his parents in a land where reverence is the first commandment. His poor old mother died heartbroken, but the boy did not mend his ways. Then his father died of grief. After a while the boy began to think how mean and unkind he had been and the more he thought about it the worse he felt. Directly he began to cry and when there were no more tears to flow the blood trickled in crimson little streams down his cheeks. Everybody saw how sorry he was and they made him a god. The little boys and girls in San Francisco used to come in the temple, look shyly at the hideous image with blotches of red paint on its face and solemnly vow, I doubt not, never to be like that boy even though he managed to become a god.

It was late one night and I was alone with the priest, with whom I had been trying to talk. The temple was one of the largest, that of the War God, and I was on the point of going when I heard some one slowly coming up the stairs. After a time a little, short, aged Chinese woman, carrying a large round basket, entered. In one hand she carried the basket and in the other hand some long candles and punk sticks. She informed the priest that she desired to worship and I watched her at her devotions. The priest took three huge punk sticks and set them burning before the goddess Tin Hau. He also placed four candles on a frame slightly below the incense. Meanwhile he

placed about fifty little punk sticks, in groups of six or seven, in different parts of the room.

During all this time the old woman was busy unpacking her basket. Out of it she took a large, beautifully cooked chicken, and bowing low to the idol, placed it on the altar. Dishes of Japanese persimmons and varied kinds of fruits, were arranged on either side. Next she took a large number of sheets of paper money and placed it in two piles before the goddess. Having thus made her preparations she gave the priest a dollar and a quarter for the privilege of worshipping. He in turn rung a bell and pounded the gong.

The old woman then kneeled on the mat before the idol, holding in her hands two omen sticks. She prostrated herself three times and then let the sticks fall. The manner in which the sticks rest determines whether the omen is favorable or not. In this instance it was unfavorable and I felt sorry to see her disappointment. However she did not seem to mind it very much for she cast the sticks three times before they were favorable and the goddess granted her request.

Then the woman burned the money in the furnace, gathered together all her provisions and slowly shuffled down the stairs going, I thought, out into a darkness deeper than that of any night.

F. R. MARSH.

The Unattainable.

HE was still dreamily reclining in the chair where he had sunk after going to the door with his visitor. How poor and shabby the studio looked bereft of the vision that a few moments before had illumined it all. His eyes roamed with careless, unseeing indifference over the studio walls tastefully hung with Oriental drapery and pictures of his own handiwork; but the artistic little room, so full of his hopes, so rich in dreams and aspirations, seemed strangely dull and cheerless.

How like his dreams is the partly finished picture on the easel,—a picture of a wintry street in a thronging city, and of a slender girl young and beautiful, in thin and ragged attire, standing on tip-toe with her face pressed close to a window, so that she may catch a glimpse of the brilliant ball that is in progress within; the face strained in shivering attention is filled with so pathetic a mixture of eager joy and sympathetic desire, and withal so drawn in pitiful grief and bitter resignation, that the heart of the shivering tenement girl seems spread upon the canvas.

His eyes ever return to the picture and at last remain there in lustreless despondency. Of what use is a continued struggle with his fate? Hope gone, what does life hold for him? Drearly his mind roams back over the years of struggle with bitter poverty, years that have tested his manhood and proved his worth. He recalls the days when, though his sky was clouded by adversity, he yet persevered, sustained and cheered by the one ray of heavenly sunlight that illumined the darkness. And now when his days of struggle seem to be in the past, when he has thought himself so near to the dreamed-of happiness, this hope that had become a part of his life is ruthlessly snatched away. What matters it now that his work is recognized, that his genius is rewarded? nothing to hope for; no more dreams, roseate, and glowing with the ardor of youth, dreams of the home he had planned, the happiness that had seemed so near.

He has been a poor blinded fool, longing for the unattainable, and thinking in his innocent hopefulness that he could surmount all obstacles by the very fire of youth; but now Paradise is beyond the closed door of the studio, and forever beyond his grasp. She is not for him;—gone from the studio, and gone from his life.

Again his eyes turn to the shivering tenement girl gazing with pathetic eagerness on the brilliant scene of gaiety and beauty that, with the dull apathy of despair, she knows will never be hers to enjoy; yet reluctant to leave, she remains staring through the window.

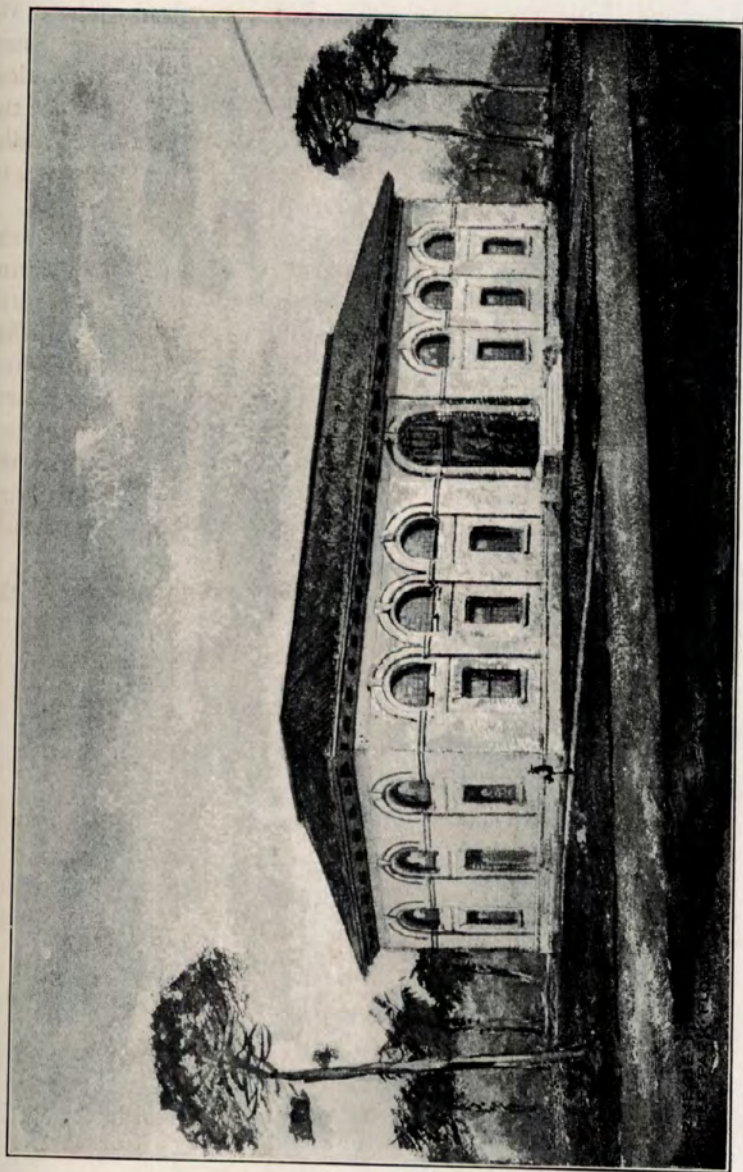
With a sudden wave of soul-born understanding, of sympathy with his own creation, he approaches the easel and taking up his brushes he retouches with delicate strokes the canvas before him.

The evening light through the wide studio window streams into the room, brightening it with cheerful beauty, defining strange shadows from the curious vases on the marble mantel over which hangs the portrait of a beautiful woman—a face full, slightly irregular, with dark hazel eyes and auburn hair, the mouth delicately curved, giving promise of strong character and resolute will that is half denied by a lurking smile and large dreamy eyes.

The rays from the sinking sun light up this portrait with a singular beauty, while the artist, seemingly far outside the little studio, works silently with deliberate purpose.

The rays grow dimmer and the shadows lengthen; the light has vanished from the portrait, but the dark eyes seem fastened on the bending figure of the painter absorbed before the easel.

Silently the room fills with groping shadows that, distorted and huge, seem vaguely to menace the silent figure sitting alone with the pictures



CARNEGIE HALL,
AS IT WILL APPEAR WHEN COMPLETED.

which under his soul inspired brush, is nearing completion. The shadows slowly merge into gloom, by the door, under the marble mantel, and slowly the veil spreads towards the wide studio window where the artist still sits before the easel. Stealthily they glide across the intervening space and for a moment seem to pause in wavering hesitation, and then just as he lays down his brush and falls back in a stupor, the gloom impulsively folds its blanket around him.—Dark is the studio, dark is the portrait, and the now finished picture of the tenement girl can be but vaguely seen.

The mysterious afterglow, weirdly beautiful, gleams through the wide studio window and touches the artist, who stirs with returning consciousness. The warm light vivifies the portrait above the mantel, and his awakened eyes fasten themselves on those eyes of hazel that gaze laughingly at him; the beautiful lips seem to form the smile which the eyes transmit. The artist looks with dull despair, and then turns to the finished work before him,—the canvas upon which he has just impressed his very soul. The poor shivering girl still gazes on the heaven unattainable, hopelessness written on her face,—yet shrinking from the wintry street, reluctant to leave the fair vision, she continues to look in with bitter longing.

With saddening comprehension the artist's eyes again return to the picture just above the marble mantel.

GEORGE EDGAR MERRICK.



The Unseen Guide.

THE late afternoon sun sent its slanting rays across the green campus of the university, and the rays stealing through the leaves of an old elm tree rested lightly on a group of merry students. A topic of interest to all was being discussed. Finally one of the group turned to Victor Wadsworth with the question, "Why don't you enter the contest, Victor?" All looked toward Victor, the general favorite and leader of the group.

"I scarcely know why myself," was the reply given with one of his good natured smiles, "but anyway," he went on to say, "I should have to spend too much of my precious time in preparation and that's too much of a good thing."

"Oh Victor!" exclaimed another of the group, "with a little hard work there's no knowing what you could do; you certainly have more in your favor than the other boys, if you'd only put yourself to work."

"Maybe I'll surprise you one of these days," said Victor lightly.

This subject was one of great importance to the students for the annual oratorical contest was only four months distant, and to win the medal in this contest was one of the high honors. However, Victor Wadsworth with his free and careless good nature, and his natural ability on which he relied to carry him through his work, did not realize the strenuous effort involved in this contest.

The campus never seemed more beautiful than at this spring time. The green lawn sloped gently to the water's edge, dotted here and there with the early spring flowers. The lake lay sparkling in the sunlight and the tall trees were nature's harps through which the soft breezes played. Shady walks led across the campus and happy youths added life to the scene. On the hill above the lake stood the University buildings, grand and massive, suggestive in their solidity of the truths revealed within their walls. Well might the students be proud of their University Home! The beauties of this scene were not unnoticed by Victor, who paused a moment, glancing with pride from the rippling waters to the noble buildings and thinking of the time, now only a year distant, when he should bid farewell to all these beloved associations and carry away with him the assurance of his completed course.

Victor had a joyous disposition, no care seemed to disturb him, and for every one he had always the same cheerful greeting. With his splendid physique and his love for athletics he was the pride of the football team, winning many honors for it; and, although the team was

sometimes defeated, defeat did not seem so sad an event in the light of Victor's cheerful outlook.

Sometimes there would creep into his deep brown eyes a serious and almost sad expression, and then one might know his thoughts were of a home far away where, only a short time before, the joy of that home had been the sweet presence of a little girl of four years. And watching closely you might notice the tender look of the brown eyes as he saw again the sad, the beautiful, scene with the soft light from the fireplace harmonizing all; yet the watchers in this room saw only the child upon the bed with fever-flushed cheeks. A child so weak from the desperate fight for life that there seemed scarcely strength for breath. Slowly, for the last time, the blue eyes opened and a look full of love and trust was given to each, resting last and longest on the face of her beloved brother. With a smile that seemed to carry with it a flood of sunlight, the sweet voice was heard, "Look! there are the angels. They are pretty and bright and oh! they are coming for me!"

The great event was nearing. Excitement reigned among those who were to take part, fear and pride each had its share. Over the cheerful face of Victor a shadow fell; the thought that he might have been the one to win the honor haunted him. Suddenly there came the thought, "Is it too late—can I still enter?" The date was only three weeks distant.—"Oh! I know!" was his exclamation as a thought came to him. In his possession was a copy of a thesis written some years before, by his uncle in a western college. With slight changes this would suit his purpose; so he quieted his conscience by rewriting and adopting it to the present occasion.

There was a joyful surprise when Victor announced his intention of entering the contest. Among the many expressions of approval received by him, one was prized above all others. This was from the President of the University—a president beloved and revered by the whole student body, a president whose smile and words alike were treasured. How vividly Victor remembered these words as he lay thinking of them just after the lights had gone out.

"I am glad you are to participate in our coming contest and I know we shall be proud of you.

"Yes, proud of me;" his President had said that. But will he be proud if he learns that my part is not the original one it is supposed to be? Proud of a deception? No, never! Then awoke within the young man's brain a strong determination. "Only one week! but I believe,—I know,—I can,—I will!" Hour after hour he lay thinking and planning for the working out of his new thought. Just as the first faint

rays of light heralded the approaching day, his plans were completed. In this early dawn there came to him the remembrance of his home and thought of his little sister, memories that made him glad of his new purpose.

The night of the contest had come. The large hall was rapidly filling, the hall so beautifully decorated with evergreens and ferns. Soon the President accompanied by his family entered and they were ushered to their places of honor. At one side sat the judges for the occasion, toward whom not a few glances were sent.

A hush fell upon the audience as the first contestant stepped forward. His oration was clear and forceful and was heard by the audience with appreciation, and each of the other speakers was in turn listened to with encouraging interest. The last name on the list was Victor's. He stepped forward promptly. His face had lost none of its cheer and seemed to have gained purpose and strength. He had not realized, nor had his friends suspected, his unusual oratorical power. Now, alive with the spirit of the occasion, he clearly and forcibly presented his theme, and with persuasive eloquence held the crowd in silence till cheer after cheer followed the close of his oration. Then all awaited the decision of the judges. At last this was ready, and every eye was fixed on the speaker as he announced that Victor Wadsworth had been unanimously awarded the golden medal for oratory presented by the University, the hall echoed with applause.

Just as Victor reached his room he was stayed by a hand laid on his shoulder and turning he saw the President, who clasped his hand and with genuine warmth said, "I have heard about your awakened purpose and I understand the work you have done to prepare for to-night, I am proud of you."

"I trust this may not be the last time," was Victor's earnest reply. And as he looked into the kindly eyes of the President he seemed to see beyond, a child's face with blue eyes looking with trust and love into own. This memory was a benediction, a crown of joy.

W. M. W., '11.

Letters from the Santa Catalina Islands.

A. L. S., '09.

Avalon, Cal., Aug. — —.

MY DEAR SANDSPUR:

We have just arrived at this most fascinating spot, and as I sit here on the porch of Hotel Metropole waiting for luncheon, I cannot but wish for a pen that would increase my poor descriptive ability as the mile boots lengthened the giant's stride.

Avalon sits in the very mouth of a canyon. Directly in front lies the harbor,—a miniature reproduction of the sky, with its broad expanse of purest blue, its various nebulae of close-clustered fishing-boats, the fewer sail-boats standing out as stars of greater magnitude, frequently a launch darting hither and thither, leaving behind two ever-widening waves like the tails of a comet, and in the midst the steamer *Cabrillo* majestically swinging like the very moon itself. Half inclosing this picture is the crescent-shaped beach; its right horn a high ridge; its left, Sugar Loaf Rock. Along the beach are the wharves, hotels, and stores, while behind these lie the cottages and tent villas between the ever-narrowing walls of the canyon.

The trip from Los Angeles was delightful; a twenty-seven mile trip by trolley to San Pedro, where there are numerous sardine packing-houses, and from this place another twenty-seven mile trip by steamer to Avalon. The steamer is named *Cabrillo* for Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, a Portugese, who discovered the islands in 1542. It appears that he named them *San Sabador*, and that their present name was given by Vizcaino, a Spainard, who re-discovered them in 1602.

On the way over, those who were able to stand the rough water, had a good chance to see the flying-fish, some of which would sail along for a quarter of a mile. We also passed a huge schooner laden with sardines for the packing-houses at San Pedro. As the steamer drew near the islands, all were struck with the clear blue color of the water. It was truly navy blue. At last the wharf was reached, and we were all obliged to "run the gauntlet" down a long line of curiosity seized islanders. I at once felt very much at home, as I remembered our old gathering place in front of the Rollins dining-hall.

There! that word "dining-hall" reminds me of what I am waiting for now. The bell has just rung, and I must go. You will hear from me again to-morrow.

With best wishes,

Avalon, Cal., Aug. — —.

MY DEAR SANDSPUR:

You will without doubt have already received my letter of yesterday before this one arrives, so I will take up the narrative where I left off.

Yesterday, as soon as lunch was over, I started out to go fishing, for you know the fishing here is almost unsurpassed. One may catch almost anything from the flat little Sard-dabs and Sardines to the Black Bass and Tuna, which frequently weigh upwards of two hundred and fifty pounds.

At last I found an old fisherman with a pretty good boat, and we went out for about two hours. I never did have any luck at fishing, and yesterday afternoon was no exception, though I did haul in a small Jew-fish. So finally I gave it up and spent the rest of the time listening to the yarns of the old boatman, who, with his tanned skin, shaggy beard, and weather beaten garments, seemed peculiarly in harmony with the rugged walls of rock rising out of the water at no great distance from us. However, with all his yarn-spinning, he managed to pull in fish, fish, fish, big and little, until the boat would hold no more and we had to row in.

As soon as we got back, I hurried off to the bathing pavillion and had a good swim. The water was pretty cold—too cold to be pleasant on any day but a warm one. Yet I enjoyed the novelty of it; for the steep pebbly beach and the total absence of breakers form quite a contrast to our broad, sandy, breaker-bound beaches of Florida.

After dinner we started out for a stroll among the many curio stores. These line the beach for almost its whole length and are very interesting, especially in their stock of jewelry made from the moon-stones and abalone-shells, the cutting and polishing of which is quite a novel feature of some of the stores.

Well so much for yesterday. This morning we got up bright and early and, after breakfasting, started out on a drive through the island, returning just before luncheon. Words fail me to describe the beauties of the scenery along this mountain road. Rocks and canyons, precipices and little rivulets, all unite to produce that peculiar charm, which renders mountain scenery above all the other kinds, difficult to describe. We went as far as summit, which is one of the highest points of the island, and from which on a clear day, the coast of the mainland may be seen quite easily. On the way back, we noticed several hunters out after goats, and, just before reaching Avalon, we passed a hunter trudging in with a kid slung over his shoulder.

As soon as luncheon was over, we took the boat for the Seal Rocks, which lie about two or three miles south of Avalon. Quite a colony of seals is located here, but other than this, there is not much to interest one in the trip. One great big old fellow, Big Ben, followed us back to the harbor in quest of supper, and later we saw him up on the beach taking a fish from a man's hand.

This evening we took a stroll through the tent village, visiting also the skating rink, dance hall, and band-stand. All these places are very popular and the Santa Catalina Island Marine Band is held to be among the best.

Do you know, it is eleven o'clock and here I have written and written, when I ought to have been asleep; for I must leave to-morrow, and there are several more sights yet to be seen.

I will try to write another letter before the boat leaves, finishing up this brief description.

With best wishes,

Avalon, Cal., Aug. — —.

MY DEAR SANDSPUR:

The boat is going to leave in another hour, so I am snatching these few minutes to tell you about the most beautiful sight yet—the Submarine Gardens.

We put out at about 9 o'clock this morning in one of those peculiar glass bottomed boats, for a trip to Moonstone Beach—about three miles north of Avalon—and on the way, had a glimpse of the famous Submarine Gardens.

These boats are all that their name indicates. A portion of the bottom is French plate-glass about half an inch thick. By this means it is possible to see down through the clear water sometimes over a hundred feet.

Soon the Gardens were reached, and exclamations of wonder and rapture began to be heard on all sides as the beautiful panorama of submarine vegetation was unfolded before the eyes of the passengers. Here was the vine-like iodine kelp, often growing two hundred feet in length, its long, wide, buff-brown leaves scraping the very bottom of our boat; there the sea-tomato with its small green fruit nestled among the rocks or on the sandy bottom; here was an abalona shell clapped tight to some rock; there sat a family of sea-porcupines; while among them all lazily swam gold-fish, the smaller electric fish, sardines, tuna, bass, etc.

On arriving at Moonstone Beach we went ashore to look for moon-

stones. These stones when polished are milk-white in color, and together with a multitude of other semi-precious stones, form one of California's chief assets.

Right here let me tell you a pretty Indian legend concerning the California gems, that I heard on this trip. There was once an evil spirit dwelling in the mountains, whose thoughts and purposes were so dark that the sight of anything bright or beautiful would throw it into a paroxysm of rage. One night he stayed out too late, and, before he could return to his lair, the sun came up flooding the mountains with the most beautiful colors. The evil spirit was so enraged at the sight that he gathered up all the beautiful tints he could find and hid them in the crevices of the rocks. After many years of imprisonment these hidden tints have come to their own in the form of sparkling gems.

Excuse the digression. It was too good to leave out. The people are going aboard the boat, and I must join the throng, though I hate to leave. May your readers all have a chance to see these things for themselves.

With best wishes for your success,

His Highest Ambition.

"He died o' biles, aged sixty years.
The good die young."

THAT'S simple, and it's true, and it's what I shall have on his tombstone," sighed the disconsolate widow. "I could be sort-o' reconciled," she continued, "if Jeremiah'd only lived to see his highest ambition gratified; but he didn't," and she burst into tears.

"What was his highest ambition?" I asked.

"To get his pictur' into the papers, same's some of his nabors had that couldn't never hold a candle to Jeremiah. But he was so tremendous healthy that he couldn't never find nothin' the matter with him, so that he could take somethin' fer it, and he was too honest to ever say that he'd been cured of somethin' he had'nt had. He wouldn't stoop to deception, even for the gratifyin' of his highest ambition. But he was dre'dful anxious to get his pictur' into the paper, and would welcome anything short o' smallpox to see it there, and I dunno but he'd welcome that. But, do his best, he couldn't find nothing to warrant his takin' anybody's medicine, till them are biles came. Now, I says, your time's come, Jeremiah. (I didn't realize what I'd said, or

I would'nt have said it for world's.) Blank's Sarsaparilla'l cure them things, fer the notices says so. Well, off I goes and gits a bottle of that medicine and when Jeremiah see it he smiled like an angel, nigh as I could judge, though I ain't never seen an angel smile, 'n I thought I heard him say, 'God bless them biles,' but mebbe I was mistaken. An' I thought I could see what I believe they call a halo round Jeremiah's head, such as I've seen round the heads o' saints and sech folk in pictures. But he didn't have," she added abruptly, and burst into a perfect paroxysm of grief.

After a few minutes she became somewhat calm, and said, "I've got an old daguerreotype of Jeremiah up attic, and I've a mind to get it and have it put into the paper 'long with a notice of Blank's Sarsaparilla, and say that Jeremiah took one bottle of it, an' doubtless would have been cured if he'd lived to take enough, and mebbe Jeremiah will see the pictur' from the other world, an' decide that his highest ambition was sort o' half gratified, after all.

C.

A Matchmaker.

Thomas Stevens Jr., was talking. This in itself was nothing remarkable for he was usually talking. But what was perhaps unusual, he was more or less in earnest and had an attentive listener.

There are probably but few college or university communities that do not know a Tommy Stevens. The particular young man in question was of a not uncommon type. As Preston College knew him, a careless, happy-go-lucky fellow, seldom taken seriously, and as rarely expected to be.

Indulgent parents supplied a more than liberal allowance, and he apparently found life one continual round of pleasure. When a conscientious participation in all social activities left time, and there seemed nothing else to do, he often studied, yet attending lectures and classes he found a disagreeable necessity. Blessed with a never failing good nature, and generous to a fault he was personally likable and popular.

Just now Tommy's new auto was bowling down the country road, himself and most platonic friend, Miss Florence Herrick, sole occupants. Miss Herrick was young, pretty, fascinating, entertaining—if there were any more adjectives he couldn't call them to mind. However it was not his own cause that he was pleading. "So you see, Florence," he was saying, with the familiarity of long acquaintance,

"I rather thought that in introducing Dick Hubbard I was doing you both a service. At any rate I patted myself on the back, for I was sure you two would make a go of it."

"Make a go of it?" repeated the girl.

"Yes; like each other immensely, find a great deal in common, and all that sort of thing."

"Oh, as far as that goes, you were right, I guess, and I like and admire Mr. Hubbard very much indeed, but that is all."

"Well what is wrong?" persisted the young man.

"If there is anything, it is of his own making," she answered. "You know I never considered him quite the little tin god you think him. He is attractive, good-looking, and—nice, and you know there is no end to my admiration for all round athletic ability like his. But—well, Tommy, isn't he a good deal like yourself? I mean you don't 'do things'—things worth while."

Tommy started in unfeigned amazement, "This from frivolous you," he laughed. "But as to that, Hubbard could 'do things' as you call it. Time enough for the serious things; just now seems to me his foot-ball, base-ball, track—"

"Oh, yes, I know," she broke in, "but there are other things besides sports even in college. I expect it does sound funny from me, but its the way I feel sometimes. It was something of the kind Mr. Hubbard and I were talking about the last time I saw him. He didn't seem any more impressed than you, and much less good-natured about it. I think, perhaps, he thinks me not duly impressed with his achievements. Isn't he just a little conceited? At any rate he seemed rather high and mighty and patronising. Maybe I did say too much—he stalked away offended I'm afraid. I don't care, he needn't look down so on my opinion if he is a great athlete. I don't believe he is so great anyway that he doesn't fail sometimes."

"Humph!" grunted Tommy, as they drew up to the curb in front of the Herrick residence, "girls don't know everything."

"Talk about your talk-about's, this is the kind you read about." The raised voice of irrepressible Tommy Stevens dancing excitedly up and down the coaching line, broke the hush which will sometimes as now fall over a crowd in a moment of excitement. And Tommy voiced the sentiment of the spectators who filled the grand stand and bleachers and overflowed upon the field with ever-increasing danger of interfering in the playing of the most exciting baseball game seen in years on the Preston college grounds.

It was the ninth inning between Preston and Stanton University.

On the result depended the inter-collegiate championship of the State. The contest had been one to stir the most sluggish blood, early resolving into a pitchers' battle in which the visitors had slightly the better of it.

Up to the proverbial "fatal seventh" neither team had scored. Then, however, Stanton had jumped into the coveted lead, squeezing in one run. For Captain Richard Hubbard, pitching for Preston, had unaccountably weakened. A base on ball, a scratch hit coupled with an error, another pass to first, followed by a long drive over center fields, had sent one runner across the plate and left the bases full. Only the almost miraculous support of Hubbard's team mates had prevented further scoring.

Now in the last half of the ninth with the score still 1-0, the Preston nine were making their last stand. Never in the games of many previous years had the despised Stantonites won. Surely Preston would make the needed two runs. They must at least score the one to tie.

Amid cheers from the section of the stand reserved for the supporters of the visitors, the rest of the crowd, silent, watched the first batter-up strike out, falling an easy victim to the curves of the Stanton pitchers. The next man got in the way of an inshot and trotted to first ruefully rubbing his hips. A high foul, gathered in by the visitors' catchers, disposed of the batter following. But Preston spirits revived when their husky first baseman, followed by a round of applause, drove out a clean single.

Two out and two on bases. A great deal depended on the next man up, and every one realized the fact. The cheering became continuous. Preston rooters endeavored to "rattle" the pitcher, and the Stanton section boomed him encouragement. In the lulls could be heard the piping advice from the inevitable small boy on the fence, and from down off first the coaches' stereotyped—"Take a lead, take a lead; down with his arm."

On the bench Captain Hubbard had been watching the inning listlessly, his thoughts wandering. Dick Hubbard, popularly known as Hub, was rather the ideal of the athletic world at Preston. To quote his friend and satellite, Thos. Stevens: "There isn't anything in the way of athletics that Hub can't do, and do as easily as rolling off a log." And Tommy, for once, was something near right. Particularly in baseball had Hubbard shone—with a record of Captain for the past three years, and not an important game lost. Perhaps not wisely but too well, from the standpoint of scholarship, he also enthusiastically attempted all the other sports on the calendar, and in but few did

he fail to stand head and shoulders above his fellows. But now as upon the scorer's "batter up," Hubbard selected a bat and started for the plate, little of his usual energy and spirit were apparent in his manner.

When the stalwart figure of their captain appeared at bat Preston began to see the game won after all. Stanton remembered him of old, and their cheering became less assured. Over the field sounded the long-drawn 'varsity: rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Rah, rah, rah! Hubbard! Followed, sharp, barking:

Hub, Hub! Bully for Hub!

Preston! Preston! Rah!

Stevens, self-appointed yell-master, had succeeded in "starting ing something." The school was cheering their encouragement and confidence. Hub heard. They depended on him. He tried to forget everything save that he was there to hit the ball. But for the first time since he could remember he lacked confidence, and what was worse he didn't—couldn't seem to care much.

The day before had witnessed his return from an unexpected week at home. Though man in strength he was but a boy in the narrow limits of life's horizon, and the unwonted happenings, and his own part in them, had made a deep impression on his mind. Now again as in the seventh inning the tired what's-the-use feeling assailed him. In the new aspect his mind had not yet adjusted things in their true proportion. In the light of the events of the past few days ball games "rather trivial and unimportant anyway." Then too there was the girl—"Strike one"—the umpire's voice brought Hub's thoughts back to earth. But his lapse had not been apparent. With runners on first and third the batter needs must let the first ball pass. The pitcher, mindful of this, had shot it straight across the pan, while Preston's man on first scudded down to second, with his team mate prancing far off third in a vain endeavor to draw the throw. But with two out Stanton was wisely "playing for the batter."

Hubbard tried to pull himself together. He would crack out the next one for two bags and have it over with. Time enough for worrying over the other things afterward, and Florence—well, no use to let anything like that bother now. Girls were funny things anyway. But why had she looked so perfectly oblivious—"Plunk! the second ball struck the catcher's mit and the droning "Tw-o stri-ikes" from the umpire came to his ears. This would never do! He was batting like the veriest "dub" on the scrubs, and fooled by the old trick he had used so many times himself. For Stanton's pitcher, without his usual preliminary wind-up, had sent the ball straight back immediately it

reached his hand and Hub, unprepared, had swung too late. He gripped his bat tighter and viciously tapped the plate. "Next time." Next time the wide delivery was rightly adjudged. "Ball," by the autocrat in citizen's clothing behind the pitcher's box. And so with the next two. By this time Hub was dreaming again.

Two strikes and three balls. It was at this point that the pent-up excitement in Tommy Stevens had burst forth in song. His original talk-about-read-about remark broke the spell. From holding their breath spectators took to cheering wildly with some vague idea of intimidating the visitors into feeling that the next instant would view their defeat.

Above the general din Tommy again made himself heard—"Wake up and take notice, Hub. Just a dinky little single."

But Tommy's hero seemed not inclined to "wake up." Lazily he watched the pitcher's arm begin to drop swiftly in the last and decisive delivery.

This one would have to be good he thought dimly.

The ball sailed up to the plate slow and puzzling. Expecting a straight swift one he had stiffened himself to swing quickly—and swung. Spectators edging slowly away, but pausing hopefully when Hubbard had come to bat heard the umpire's "Batter out," and followed by the rest filed silently out of the gates. Hub had struck out, and the game was over. A minute later came unwelcome to most of the great crowd the Stanton cheer followed by a triumphant "Cha-am-pions!"

Across the field to the gymnasium Capt. Hubbard was hurriedly making his way alone. A tumbled confusion of thought surged through his mind which left little capacity for sorrow over the result of the game. "Hub! Oh, Hub." He turned to see the dejected figure of Thos. Stevens Esq. approaching. "Well,—we lost," Tommy panted mournfully. "You needn't look so blank, I suppose you know I mean the game or do you think I'm talking about the war with Spain or the last election," he added falling into step beside the other.

"That twenty-five I put up looks good to the Stanton fellow about now, I reckon." Serves you right for betting, "answered Hub shortly, you know it's against Prexy's—." "Oh, yes I know, Hub, but you should have heard those Stanton muckers. They were talking about winning in a walk, knocking you out of the box and all that, some one had to bet to shut 'em up, and anyway," Stevens ended lamely, "I thought we had the game cinched."

His companion said nothing, and after walking a few seconds in silence Tommy burst forth.

"Look here, Hub, what I want to know, is what's the matter? Where have you been the last week; and the game, well,—I've seen you play better. We didn't even know you were back, you might have come over to the stand to speak to your friends, Florence Herrick among 'em." Hub looked down at the other.

"It's rather a long story, he said, and if I'm to get a shower and dress before dinner it's up to me to hurry. Besides I'm tired, see you in my rooms in half an hour and we'll try to find time for explanation. I don't mind telling you though that it was my last game, as for Miss Herrick, I imagined from the very interested way, she stared at something evidently far above my head,—we can discuss that later, though." Quickening his steps he swung through the door into the gymnasium, pulling off base-ball togs as he went.

"Good evening, Florence! May I come up?"

Miss Herrick lifted her head quickly from over the big Newfoundland she was petting, to see Tommy Stevens, standing at the bottom of the steps leading to the wide piazza.

"Good evening! Yes, of course, come up, you foolish boy. Since when did you commence standing on formalities?" she responded, standing up and throwing a porch cushion over the railing at her guest. Catching it he came lightly up the steps seating himself in a chair opposite hers, assuming a most injured and dignified air.

"So the infallible Hubbard lost the game," commented the girl, unwittingly opening the way for what was uppermost in the young man's mind.

"Yes I suppose he was more or less to blame," he answered. "His last game, too, but if you knew the circumstances I think you would only be wondering that he played at all. Talk about 'doing things,' Florence, I tell you what, you can't talk about Dick Hubbard. If you care to listen I'd just like to tell you what I've learned since the game this afternoon."

The girl nodded, surprised into silence. This earnest manner in the idle youth opposite was something new. "You know," Tommy went on, "no one has seemed to know anything about Hub since he left suddenly over a week ago, until he showed up for the game. I got most of the story from him tonight, but the best parts were filled in by a talk over the telephone to his kid brother at home.

"Perhaps you remember that I ventured the opinion that Hub was capable of doing things if the occasion arose. Never mind frowning, I'm not going to say 'I told you so,' knowing how you detest it. Just wanted to intimate that it would possibly apply.

"Well then, listen! I can't tell it as it ought to be told, but here are the facts. When Dick Hubbard reached home last Monday in answer to a telegram he found a great state of affairs. It seems there had been a strike and trouble going on in his father's factory for some time. He arrived on the scene to find things fast going from bad to worse. His father, ailing for some time, had collapsed and was in a critical condition, able to see no one but the doctors and a trained nurse. The superintendent at the factories instead of proving equal to the emergency, had decamped with valuable papers and funds.

"No, it was no case of Appears Hub, the boy hero! Presto! chango! Quells the strikers single handed. All's well! None of that tommy-rot. But he was there and he did his best. There was no one else, but his distracted mother and a small brother. He sent to a neighboring city, for a trustworthy man who from experience would be able to cope with the situation. Then he went down into the factory, and studied conditions for himself. There was plenty to do and he worked practically day and night. His father improving slightly was able to confer with him and Hub had the help of his knowledge and advice.

"By Saturday the general chaos seemed in a fair way to come to a successful straightening out.

"So with a week of the hardest kind of work and worry behind him, Hub came back today for a dinky little ball game because he knew we needed him."

Tommy paused. He looked up to find the girl listening intently, her eyes shining. "I didn't know what I was talking about," she said simply.

"No, girls don't know every thing," the boy quoted, his old, light manner returning. "Hub goes back home for good early to-morrow morning," he said, "I don't know how we can get along without him any more than a rabbit."

"Why—do you think—will I see him before he goes?" she asked.

"Why—er, I don't know," Tommy answered. "You see it's perfectly good moonlight night. I thought Hub ought to enjoy his last evening here, so I suggested that he use my machine and 'cheffonier' since they were idle. Faith Stallman, a girl he knew at the seashore came down with the Stanton bunch today, I suppose they went down on the old Murray road. Awfully romantic along there in the moonlight you know."

Whistling the first stanza of "You Never Can Tell" Tommy arose, gravely bowed himself down the steps and went on whistling through the moonlight.



THE CAMPUS, FROM CLOVERLEAF.

The Campus.

WE are exceedingly fortunate in having a campus of such singular beauty. Lake Virginia, one of the most beautiful lakes in Florida, gives us the ideal water front from which rises the campus to a height of some forty feet and is distinguished by its numerous water-oaks, magnolias, palms, oleanders, and other ornamental shrubs and trees. This year we have added to these some two or three hundred trees and shrubs, and an Armoor river privet hedge along the campus front. We hope in the near future to have one or more specimens of every decorative or interesting tree or shrub that can be successfully grown in this climate.

Plans are now complete for the work that will soon be begun on our two new buildings, Carnegie Hall and Chase Hall. Cloverleaf Hall will be moved to the southwest and the dining hall to the east at an expense of about three thousand dollars in order to provide sites for these buildings.

Carnegie Hall will be devoted to library and administrative purposes and Chase Hall will be used as a dormitory for young men. Each will be two stories in height and will be built of white sand lime brick, with galvanized iron roof.

The first, Carnegie Hall, will be one hundred feet in length by forty eight feet in width, and on the ground floor will contain large handsome offices for the president, secretary, treasurer, bursar, dean and librarian, together with an elegant reading room forty-eight by thirty-seven feet, open to the roof and surrounded by a wide gallery. The second floor will contain three large stock rooms and a room for the storage and repairing of books. With special gratitude we appreciate our indebtedness to Mr. Andrew Carnegie for this building.

Chase Hall will be a little smaller than Carnegie Hall, and will contain rooms for about fifty young men, besides the proctor's apartments, and a fine reception room two stories in height. Chase Hall will meet a long felt want in providing quarters for our growing student body. This building is a memorial to Mr. Loring A. Chase, one of the founders of Winter Park. These buildings will be ready for use by next autumn and will add greatly to the facilities for our work at Rollins.

This summer also, the Kewanee Water Supply System will be installed. This system provides a tank buried in the ground with a pneumatic pressure of seventy-five pounds per square inch, and can throw a large stream of water over the top of the highest building on

the campus. Three inch pipes will connect this tank with every building, and one hundred feet of linen hose will be provided at each connection so that abundant water connection can be supplied to every room in case of fire.

Rollins always has been proud of her beautiful campus, and justly too, but with these magnificent improvements she can congratulate herself on having a campus surpassed by none in scenic arrangement of buildings, location, and natural beauty.

THE SAND-SPUR

Published by the Students of Rollins College

TERMS—SINGLE COPY 50 CENTS

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J. H. BUTTRAM,	-	-	-	-	BUSINESS MANAGER

We are nearly at another turn as we journey on life's road. Our school year is nearly over, and, as we look back over the part thus far traversed, we see many beautiful spots where we would fain have lingered a short while to bask in the sunshine; we also see many rough places which we had to struggle over, and these struggles have not failed to leave their marks. When we look forward, we see only to the turn in the road, we know not what lies beyond; the thought that we must soon leave this portion of the way, never to repossess it with conditions exactly the same, and perhaps never to review these scenes again, brings to our hearts a pang of grief. Yet this grief may be softened by the thought that we can go out upon the new highway that lies ahead, and do good, faithful work, which will bring honor not only to ourselves but to our Alma Mater and to all the friends who have en-

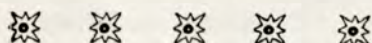
joyed the bright spots with us and helped faithfully to smooth the rough places.



We are exceedingly glad that Rollins is not backward in the National College Y.M.C.A. movement. On the other hand we are taking rapid strides in advance and showing other schools that we stand for true manliness to the core, no matter whether it be in athletics, scholarship, everyday life or best ideals. Our local Y.M.C.A. has now more spirit and true interest than ever before and is backed by the entire student body. Such growth as this is pleasing and we hope to see it continue.



A cloud has passed across the brightest sunshine of our college life this year—the Angel of Death has claimed a beloved member of our senior class. We cannot understand the loss of Isabel Gaines and with difficulty do we realize that she has passed beyond our knowing. During her two years and a half with us we had learned to love her and to appreciate her keen intellect, and above all her originality, the true mark of her genius. We deeply sympathize with her parents and friends in their bereavement. Yet why should we not in a measure be comforted. She has gone to an early realization of her ideal, high and true.



Miss Crocker is just home from her trip abroad, where she visited England, Germany, France, and Italy. We think the continent cannot be such a bad place as some people would have us believe, from the interesting accounts given by Miss Crocker whom we are very glad to have with us again this year.

We congratulate ourselves on being able to report Dr. Blackman still at the head of our department of Social, Political, and Economic Sciences; Dr. Baker is still faithful to the Natural Science Department; Prof. Longwell does not cease to require those awful English papers and is as exacting as ever with our Philosophy students; Prof. Lord is strict as only she knows how to be in Latin and woe to the student who does not prepare well his latin lesson. No one of our teachers has more to do than Prof. Peet who guides most faithfully our excursions into foreign tongues. The music department is prospering as usual under the skillful guidance of Miss Leeper and Miss O'Neal, we are also very grateful to this department for the excellent entertainments given at various

times. Prof. Brinson is at the head of our Business Department, and we can only hope that he will not leave us to take the Office of Superintendent of Public Instruction for Marion County.

Miss Wilkins is directing the Sub. Preparatory work, and has undertaken the difficult task of leading some college men aright in the matter of Economical Geography, she has our profoundest sympathy in this latter venture; Miss Fairfield is still teaching our young ladies how to make those delicious eatables with which they allure the unsuspecting young men, we are afraid, however, that this has been our undoing as Miss Fairfield leaves to be married in June.

Among the new teachers who came to Rollins this year are : Prof. W. S. Cannell, a graduate of Tufts College, '03. While in college Prof. Cannell played three years' varsity foot-ball and four years' varsity base-ball. He was in charge of the athletics at the Goddard School, Barre, Vt.; later coach in the Cascadilla School, Ithaca, N.Y., where he taught before coming to Rollins. Prof. Cannell is head of the mathematical department and acting dean of the faculty.

Mrs. Florence Walker Cannell, also a graduate of Tufts College, comes to us from Cohasset, Mass., where she taught music and languages in the high school; she also taught in the Goddard School, Barre, Vt.

Rev. Fred Raymond Marsh is instructor in the Greek language and bible study. Mr. Marsh was prepared for college at Eustis, Fla., was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1899, took the degree of M.A. at Princeton in 1904, and was graduated from the Presbyterian Theological Seminary in San Francisco, '05.

Miss Sarah Hale Douglas of Newton Highlands, Mass., teacher of vocal music. Miss Douglas has studied under Wm. H. Whitney of Boston for six years, taking also one year of piano with him, and teaching in his normal school two years.

Miss Ethel Mary Lohmeyer Kendall, Beckenham, Kent, England, teacher of fine art. Miss Kendall studied at the Crystal Palace School of Art two years, at the Goldsmiths' Technical Institute, two years, and had a scholarship in the Royal Academy Schools for five years. She has exhibited at the Royal Academy several times.

Prof. James Madison Chapman, head of the department of expression. Mr. Chapman is a man of large experience both in teaching and and platform work. He comes to us from Miami University at Oxford, Ohio, having also taught in Lane Theological Seminary and Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, Ohio.

We extend a hearty Rollins' Welcome to all these new teachers,

and do not fail to appreciate the members of the faculty who have long been our friends.

The kindness of Col. and Mrs. Reed in contributing current magazines to the Cloverleaf reading room, has been appreciated, and the periodicals have been enjoyed.

TRUSTEES' MEETING.

The twenty-third annual meeting of the Board of Trustees of Rollins' College was held in Winter Park, Tuesday, February 26th.

There were present President Blackman, Edward P. Branch of Melbourne, Dr. Frederick Tinman of Florence Villa, the Rev. B. F. Marsh, D.D., of Daytona, Edward H. Brewer of Cortland and Winter Park, the Rev. G. F. Gale, D.D., of Mt. Dora, the Hon. W. R. O'Neal of Orlando, Col. Henry S. Chubb of Winter Park, William C. Comstock of Chicago and Winter Park, W. W. Cummer of Jacksonville, and the Rev. Mason Noble of Lake Helen.

The Rev. Frank E. Jenkins, D.D., of Atlanta, and S. Mills Ely were elected members of the Board for three years. Mr. Ely is the proprietor of a successful wholesale business in Binghampton, N.Y., is a member of the First Presbyterian Church of that place, and has a winter home in Maitland. Dr. Jenkins is the Superintendent for the South of the Congregational Home Missionary Society and is a man of much energy and influence.

The report of the treasurer, the Hon. W. R. O'Neal, showed that the college has now an endowment fund amounting to \$205,325.01, mostly invested in high-grade bonds and mortgages and profitable real estate, to which has been added in cash and pledges since the last fiscal year just closed the sum of \$16,400. During the fiscal year ending September 30, 1907, the sum of \$7,759 was contributed by various donors to the college expenses and student aid.

The board voted to proceed immediately to the construction of a new and extensive water supply, which will afford fire protection on the campus; to the removal of Cloverleaf Cottage and the erection on its site of a library and administrative building at a cost of \$20,000, which is to be defrayed by Mr. Andrew Carnegie; and to the removal to another location of the dining hall to provide a site for a dormitory for young men, to cost \$15,000, and to be named Chase Hall, in memory of the late Loring Augustus Chase, one of the founders of the town of Winter Park.

The following resolution was adopted by the board : The trustees of Rollins College assembled in annual meeting hereby express to Mr. Andrew Carnegie their profound appreciation of his generous gift to the college of \$20,000 for the erection of a library and administration building. This gift meets a vital need of the institution, and at a most opportune moment. In the judgment of the board this gift and other similar gifts will do much to bind together in sympathy and concord the North and the South and to promote intelligence, patriotism and righteousness throughout this region and in the Republic of Cuba.

A vote of thanks was also given to the Barber-Frink Company, proprietors of the Turkey Creek Nurseries, Macclenny, the Griffing Brothers Company, proprietors of the Pomona Nurseries, Macclenny, and M. C. Gillett, proprietor of the Buckeye Nurseries, Tampa, for their generous gifts of ornamental trees and shrubs for the campus.

In the course of the discussion which followed the reading of the President's report, the members of the Board who were present pledged the sum of \$7,500, to be expended in large part on the campus—this, in addition to the full amount needed for the erection of the two buildings proposed, and which had already been paid in or pledged.

Including these sums, gifts amounting to about \$52,000, have been made to Rollins College within the last 10 months, despite the financial stringency which has prevailed during this time, and without the employment of any field or financial agent. Within a period of less than four years, nearly \$300,000 has been raised for the various uses of the institution.

The Trustees and friends of the college have been generous and untiring in their support to a degree which can hardly be matched elsewhere, and there has not been during the nearly six years of the present administration even the slightest dissension or difference of opinion in any matter among the members of the Board, or between the Board and the President of the college.

At half past five, the annual dinner was served to the Board of Trustees at the President's house. As usual, this dinner was prepared, cooked and served by the members of the cooking-class of the college, under the direction of Miss Helen F. Fairfield, Instructor of Cooking, Sewing and Basketry and was dainty and delightful. The following young ladies participated: Misses Ester Garrish, Emma Hudson, Jessie Conklin, Florence Moore, Lillian Bingham, Katherine Horton, Margaret Burleigh, Frances Burleigh, Margaret Woodruff, Freda Reid, Reba Le Tourneau, Clementina Escabosca, Agnes Clark, and Sallie Harrison. The following was the menu:

Sardines Canape, Tomato Bouillon, Croutons, Olives, Salted Almonds, Oysters, Celery au gratin, Fillet of Beef, Mushroom Sauce, Mashed Potato, Creamed Cauliflower, Dinner Rolls, Fruit Salad, Roquefort Cheese Sandwiches, Strawberry Bavarian Cream, Cakes, Bonbons, Coffee.

A profusion of roses was furnished by Mr. C. S. Smith and Mrs. W. J. Kirkpatrick. The right Rev. William Paret, Bishop of Maryland and president of a school for young ladies in Baltimore, was present at the dinner as the guest of the Board, as were also Mrs. W. F. Blackman, Mrs. W. W. Cummer, Mrs. B. F. Marsh, and Mrs. F. W. Tumer.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

ON Thursday night, March 28, the contest for the James Ronan medal for oratory was held in the gymnasium auditorium. President Blackman presided and introduced the speakers. In his remarks he spoke of the appreciation in which Mr. Ronan was held by the college. A splendid audience greeted the speakers. The following judges were announced: Rev. James L. Folsom, Col. Hugh T. Reed, and Prof. W. J. Kirkpatrick. The marking for decision was to be on subject of thought, literary style, and delivery.

The first speaker was Worthington Blackman, his subject being "The Night Riders." His remarks were introduced by a quotation from a recent interview of Gov. Wilson in which he made a pronouncement in favor of the maintenance of law and order, then of the character of the Kentucky settlers, their knowledge of and dependence upon tobacco growing. The substance of the oration was a skillful defense of the night riders and a vivid portrayal of the wrongs inflicted upon the growers by the tobacco trust. He entered into close detail and handled his subject in an able manner and presented a plausible side for the night riders.

The next speaker was James Henry Buttram, his subject being Policies and Principles. He at once launched into a discussion of the injustices to which the Indian had been subjected, mentioning particularly the Cherokees in Georgia and the Seminoles in Florida. He spoke of the legal features of their titles to lands and right of possession. He described the capture and life in prison of Osceola. The white man violated treaties with the Indians in times of peace and flags of truce in times of war. He closed with a strong plea for equitable treatment of the peoples in our insular possessions.

Miss Douglas then sang in her bewitching manner Reginald De Koven's "It was a Lover and His Lass." She responded to an encore with a beautiful and catchy air.

The next oration, that of Arthur Leslie Slater, was a model of composition, and the style of delivery was admirable. This oration appears in the present number of the Sandspur.

The last speaker of the evening was George Edgar Merrick. His subject was "A Plea for the Weak." His opening words referred to Senator Davis of Arkansas and he plunged into a criticism of the expression, the survival of the fittest. He claimed that it in many cases meant the triumph of the strong and brutal. His plea was for the "under dog." He referred to the laws of might as exercised by the brute creation. He referred to the cruel power of wealth and an expression from President Baer of the Reading railway. He spoke of the crushing out of individualism by combination and gave a vivid picture of the depressed condition of the laboring people in many places and recited in most impressive manner the lines of Mrs. Browning entitled, "Oh, the weeping of the children." He spoke of the hard conditions of child labor in the mines and factories and of the miners in the west. He spoke of labor unions, court decisions, and mine disasters. It was a powerful arraignment of present conditions delivered in the best oratorical style and couched in the most expressive language. The peroration was a masterful appeal for the rights of the weak and oppressed.

The judges retired to agree upon an award and Misses Leeper and O'Neal gave the piano duet, Hofmann's Hochzeitszug, and responded to an encore. The judges then appeared, and through Rev. M. Folsom announced the award of the medal to Mr. Merrick, the last speaker. The auditorium rang with applause and President Blackman called the winner to the stage and presented the beautiful gold medal in the midst of great enthusiasm.

ALUMNI NOTES.

How pleasant it is to recall one's school days and the many friendships formed. It has been the proud lot of many to have spent these days at Rollins.

Few of her graduates have been able to visit their Alma Mater since their graduation but many have recently sent cordial words of remembrance. It was thought at the last meeting of the Alumni Association it would be most pleasant to learn of the whereabouts of each one.

Of course, following present day style, our youngest must be mentioned first.

Grace Boone, '07, is teaching in Winter Park Public School.

Berkeley Blackman, '07, is at Oxford, England, preparing to carry off honors for himself and Rollins. It has been the privilege of many to read his letters describing his life and work.

The class of 1906 was the largest in respect to numbers.

Carrie L. Ensminger has been at home in Sanford, Florida.

Grace Louise Lainhart had charge of the Art Department at Rollins two years. During this last summer she studied medicine. She has resigned from Rollins, and next year will have charge of a school for girls, "Grasmere Lodge," West Palm Beach, Florida.

Guy Frazer went immediately after graduation to Cuba, teaching in a mission school of the Episcopal church in Havana. In June was confirmed. September, 1907, entered Cambridge Theological Seminary. He expects to graduate from the Seminary June, 1909. He writes:—"I shall never be able to make myself worthy of the name an 'alumnus of Rollins College.' My only desire and prayer is that the expectations of Rollins, and of my friends and parents, may be felt more and more as the media through which God is speaking and bidding me work for Him."

Willam Francis Ronald is at home, at Daytona Beach, Florida.

Samuel Jones Stiggins, who spent one year North studying, is this year at Rollins.

Ada Bumby, '05, has been at home, Orlando, Florida, but last summer she had a delightful visit in England.

Samuel Carl Noble, '05, entered Stetson Law School, 1906. We hope to hear of a successful career.

Mary Hardaway, '04, accepted a position as stenographer in the fall of '04 in a law office at Tampa, Florida. 1906 after a vacation North she took a position with an attorney in Jacksonville, Fla. In spring of '07 became stenographer and translator for Glen Saint Mary Nurseries Company, but next year resumed her former position in Tampa. In addition to her week day duties she has taken a Sunday class of Spanish speaking girls in the Mission in West Tampa, of which Mr. Ensminger has charge.

Lewis Hilson, '04, after graduating, took a special course in "Methods of Teaching," at University of Alabama. He was elected Principal of Graded Department, Piedmont College, Demorest, Ga., 1905-06.

That summer he took teachers' course in University, Ga., and in the summer of '06 was Principal of Public School, Homer, Ga. Left Homer

and entered Atlantic College of Physicians and Surgeons, where he is now finishing his third course of lectures. In June, 1907, he was chosen to deliver alumni address of Dothan High School, Dothan, Ala.

Daniel Sherrod Davis, '04, is engaged in mission work in Utah.

Thomas Willingham Lawton, '03, continued his studies one year in a Northern college. Later he taught at Oviedo, Fla. Is now in charge of the school at Longwood, Fla.

Fannie Henkel Smith, '02, in the fall of '03 went to Piedmont College, Demorest, Ga., where she remained four years, two years in charge of business department, two years science work. In June, 1907 she married W. Baxter Smith, acting dean and professor of mathematics of Piedmont College.

Wood Stewart, '02, entered Cambridge Theological Seminary.

The class of 1900 Rollins may well be proud of. Each one is making a name for himself. Arthur R. Maxon in the fall 1900 took position as teacher of mathematics in Cook Academy, Montour Falls, N. Y., remaining there until 1903 when he entered Teachers College, Columbia University as a student. During the first year there he had charge of the mathematics in the Berkley School and in the night sessions of N. Y. School of Structural Engineering. The second year he was appointed a graduate scholar of Teachers College. In June, 1903, he received the A. M. degree from Columbia and from Teachers College, and at the same time was appointed instructor in mathematics in the University proper, which position he now holds. Last summer he taught in the University Summer School.

J. Harold Dale entered Andover Theological Seminary in September, 1900, and graduated from there June, 1903. On May 1, 1903, he was called to the First Orthodox Congregational Church, Billerica, Mass., and entered upon his work July 1, 1903. He is still the pastor of this church.

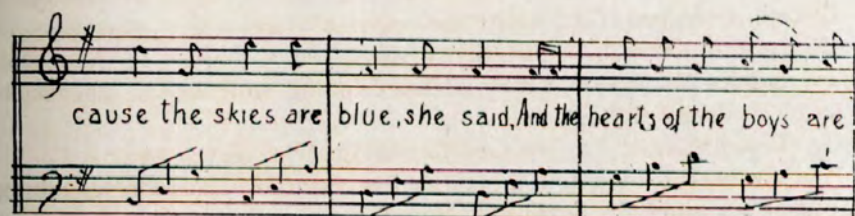
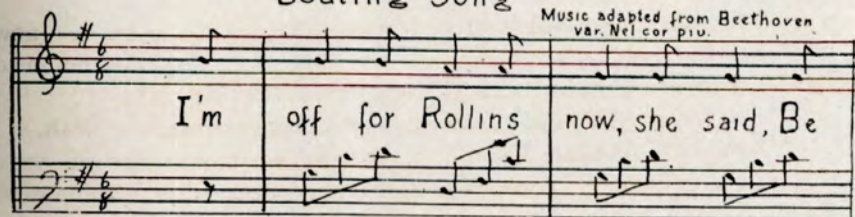
Norman Lockyer Baker, took the four years course in mechanical engineering at Cornell University, and received his M. E. degree. He is now engaged in his professional work, is married, and has his home in Chicago.

Louis Lyman accepted a position as stenographer in Jacksonville after graduating. The next year he went to the Philippines as teacher, and remained two years. At present is stenographer for the Cummer Lumber Company, Jacksonville, Fla.

Susie Thayer Travis, '99, sends greetings to Rollins friends, and best wishes for the future of the college. In April Mr. and Mrs. Travis are to be again at home at "The Elms," Penn Yan, N. Y.

Boating Song

Music adapted from Beethoven
var. Nel cor piu.



A flame of beauty the cardinal flies;
What cheer? what cheer? what cheer? he cries;
T'sweet! sweet! sweet! my heart replies;
Rollins forever!

Blue are the waters down below,
And full of shadows where we row,
Sometimes of moonlight too, you know;
Rollins forever!

Gold grows on the trees for us,
Golden apples of Hesperus;
Nor dragon to keep them away from us;
Rollins forever!

The "mocker" he chaffs and laughs at us,
And jokes and scoffs and scolds at us;
Eftsoons he'll learn to sing with us
Rollins forever!

Forever Rollins thy Blue and Gold
Our hearts and minds shall steadfast hold,
As the sun in the heavens or the stars untold;
Rollins forever!

Carrie A. Price, '99, entered St. Luke's Hospital, Chicago, taking a course for trained nurses. She is married and lives in Tampa, Fla.

Susie T. Gladwin taught one year near home, Titusville, Fla. When the call came for teachers for the Phillipines she entered the ranks for three years. Upon her return home she visited Rollins, giving us many interesting and graphic descriptions of her experiences. She is now teaching at Sebastian, Fla.

Mary S. Piper, writes from her home, Springfield, Ohio: "A memory winged thought brings to us the familiar faces and scenes of the good old days at Rollins, days of happy work and student frolics. The college friendships are treasured still, and many letters are written that speak of former Rollins days and present Rollins hopes and doings.

"Here's to Rollins! May she ever grow in strength and usefulness.

"And here's to all our friends, old and new, known and unknown, bound by common loyalty to Our College!

"The years do not always lead us along the paths we chose when we left the college walls, but the high hopes and resolutions, the high ideals never come amiss."

Myra Gray Williams, '98, writes that most of the time since leaving Rollins she has spent at home doing unprosaic housework. One winter she taught common school branches to a private class and did some tutoring in Spanish. From November, 1902, to June, 1903, she was in Granabawa, Cuba, teaching English branches in private family, and in February, 1904, returned to the same position until September, 1904. Since then she has been at home.

Anna Henkel Fetzer, '98, spent two or three years after graduating visiting at Moorefields, W. Va., resting and enjoying life. Then the three following winters she taught in Florida returning to Moorefields for the summer. She was married June, 1905, to Mr. Fetzer, a merchant of Moorefield, and has one little boy. She writes that Geo. Miller's mind has developed so rapidly this one year that it will not be long before he is enrolled as a student at Rollins.

Fred. P. Ensminger, '97, graduated from Andover Theological Seminary, and while taking a post graduate course at Harvard was urged to accept work at Rollins. Year before last he entered upon his chosen profession, the ministry, and is engaged in mission work among the Cubans, West Tampa, Fla.

Ruth Ford Atkinson, '97, taught mathematics one year at Rollins and studied one year at Oberlin; then accepted a position as art instructor at Merom College, Ind. The following year she married Prof.

D. B. Atkinson of Merom College. Her home now is at Muncie, Ind.

Fritz Frank, '96, entered a business which has taken him to nearly all parts of the world. He is now vice-president and manager of the Sauvage Safety Break Co., New York.

Ernest Missildine, '95, taught in a school and tutored in Latin and Greek one year, then studied pharmacy and graduated from the Chicago Pharmaceutical College, '98, and has been in drug business ever since. He was married Oct., 1901, and has one bright little girl. He lost his wife March 18th, 1907. For eight years was mayor of Tryon, N. C.

Emily G. Hooker, '94, took a special course at Vassar, since then has been engaged in literary work.

Stuart V. Hooker, '93, graduated from Harvard Medical College, and was appointed 3rd assistant surgeon in Boston City Hospital. He is now practising medicine at Seattle, W.

W. Hamilton Johnson, '93, took a post graduate course at Vanderbilt University, receiving degree of M.E., in '97, and the first honor medal in his department. He is now of the firm Kirkpatrick and Johnson, civil and mechanical engineers, Jackson, Miss.

Ida M. Missildine, '90, entered Boston Conservatory of Music, and later spent one year in Germany. We believe she is teaching in South Carolina.

Clara Louise Guild, '90, taught after her graduation for several years at Winter Park. In '98 Rollins conferred upon her the degree of A.M. The last five years she has been teaching in Sanford High School, this year as principal of the high school department.

We are glad to see that all of these graduates are leading busy and useful lives, and may success follow them in all the years to come.

C. L. G., '90.

RESPONSE.

Yes, we are the class of ninety-eight!

Do we seem so very out of date

To the haughty senior of naught eight?

While to us the ten years seem

Like a swiftly fleeting dream

And alas! we are not great.

Yet we are very much like you,
And we did, just as you do,
When we were at Rollins, too,
The same old college songs were sung,
The same old college bells were rung,
With work and fun alike our due.

We lived by rule from sun to sun,
We groaned till theme and prob. were done.
We never noticed boys? Oh, hum!
We girls all said we hated gym,
And yet we took it with a vim
And never seemed so very glum.

On Friday evenings how we crunched
The toothsome fudge, and goodies munched!
While in the parlor sat in fearful state
The girls who said they had a date,
Though on stairs a teasing group was bunched.

Ah me! we chums live far and wide,
But letters bridge both time and tide,
And memory's pleasures still abide.
We hold the love of Rollins strong,
Her future greatness is our song,
And may we ever be her pride.

'98.

SCHOOL OF ART.

The picturesque little studio where the pupils in fine and industrial arts pass their busy hours has had many visitors this year. The copper work under Miss Bessie Merriweather and the still life in water colors have attracted much favorable notice.

It has been a great benefit to the art students to have before them the work of Miss Ethel Kendall who, as head of the art department, has given such valuable instruction. The bits of English landscape, studies from life, and sketches of our beautiful Florida, Miss Kendall's own work, have certainly been an inspiration.

The studio has had its share in the social life of the college as numbers of guests, tourists and townspeople, have been welcomed to the pleasant Saturday afternoon teas.

RESOLVED, that in the death of **Isabel Cromwell Gaines** the Senior Class of Rollins College, of which she was a member, has met with grievous loss and bereavement. Her breadth of intellectual interest, her enthusiasm for the acquisition of knowledge, her accuracy of scholarship, her independence of mind, and her diligence and faithfulness in every task, aroused our respect and admiration, while her sympathetic and companionable nature appealed powerfully to our hearts. We were proud of her, as class-mates, for the unusual qualities of mind with which she was endowed, and we anticipated for her a career of distinguished success in the work which she had chosen and to which she looked forward with so much zest. We miss her inexpressibly in the class-room and on the campus, and while we acquiesce in the wise and good will of God, we deplore the loss which her untimely death has brought to her family, the college, and the world.

RESOLVED, that the foregoing Resolution be printed in the Sand-spur, and that a copy of the same be forwarded to Miss Gaines' parents.

MUSIC NOTES.

Miss Douglass gave a recital on November 21, offering the following fine program:

Ciascum lo dice }
Convien Partir } Donizette

La Figlia del Reggimento

Le Retour du Printemps }
La Plus Belle } Godard
Ronde }

Sogno Tosti

Spring Henschel

Love is a Sickness Parker

Nonsense Rhymes Lear-Lang

Swedish Love Song Lahee

Haymaking Needham

Miss Helen K. O'Neal, Accompanist

An appreciative audience enjoyed a Russian recital given Friday evening, January 31, by the Faculty of the School of Music. The program follows:

Dvorak Humoreske
Balakirew L'Alouette

Gertrude Mary Leeper

Tschaikowsky No one my Grief can Feel

Rubinstein Golden Rolls beneath Me

Sarah Hale Douglass

Rachmaninoff Serenade

Rubinstein Barcarolle in A Minor

Helen Kathryne O'Neal

Rubinstein The Eastern Slave

Dvorak Als die Alte Mutter

Sarah Hale Douglass

Rachmaninoff } Prelude in C Sharp Minor
} Polichinelle

Gertrude Mary Leeper

Von Stutzman Vainka's Song

Sarah Hale Douglass

Rubinstein } Barcarolle in G Major
} Staccato Etude

Helen Kathryne O'Neal

Mrs. Emma Porter Makinson of Pittsburg gave great pleasure to a Winter Park audience on Thursday, March 5, by the artistic rendition of the following interesting program:

My Heart at Thy Sweet Voice Saint Saens

- | | | |
|--------------------------|-------|----------------------|
| (a) An African Love Song | } |Ethelbert Nevin |
| (b) The Rosary | | |
| (c) The Wood-Pecker | | |
| (a) Forever and a Day | | Mack |
| (b) Als die Alte Mutter | | Dvorak |
| (a) At Parting | | Rodgers |
| (b) Elegy | | Massenet |
| (c) Im Herbst | | Franz |
| (d) Die Bekehrte | | Max Strange |

Piano Selection—Miss Helen O'Neal

- | | | |
|-------------------------------|---------------------------------|------------|
| (a) He Shall Feed His Flock | | Handel |
| (b) With Verdure Clad | | Haydn |
| (a) The Night is Dark | | Von Pelitz |
| | (From Song Cycle "Fair Jessie") | |
| (b) Come Out, Mister Sunshine | | Bliss |

Miss Gertrude Leeper at the piano

COMMENCEMENT CONCERT.

The following program will be given on Wednesday evening of Commencement week, May 27:

- | | | |
|----------------------|-------|-------------|
| Mazurka | | Saint Saens |
| Nocturne (left hand) | | Scriabine |
| Impromptu | | Sinding |

Gertrude Mary Leeper

- | | | |
|------------------------------|-------|-----------|
| Liete Signor (Les Huguenots) | | Meyerbeer |
| Nymphs and Fauns | | Bernberg |

Sarah Hale Douglass

- | | | |
|-------------------------|-------|---------------|
| Reading | | Prof. Chapman |
| Novelette Op. 21, No. 2 | | Schumann |
| Ballade | | Reinecke |

Helen Kathryne O'Neal

EXPRESSION NOTES.

Owing to the enforced absence of the head of this department, no work was done until after the Christmas vacation, and as there was no certainty at the beginning of the year that anything would be attempted in this line, most of the students arranged their schedules with no provision for work in Expression.

On account of conditions mentioned there have been fewer students in this department than usual, but the degree of interest has been commendable.

English III will have read the greater part of "The Merchant of Venice" before Commencement, besides giving much attention to the principles of Expression as embodied in various selections from Cum-nock's "Choice Readings."

After supper, on Saturday evening, several of the young gentlemen students have met with Prof. Chapman for general instruction, and not a little has been accomplished by them.

On Friday evening, Feb. 26, Prof. Chapman appeared before a large audience in Lyman Gymnasium, when the following Program was presented:

- | | | |
|----|-----------------------------------|--------------------|
| 1 | Closet Scene, from "Hamlet" | Shakespeare |
| 2 | { Primer Selections | Eugene Field |
| | { The Moo-cow-moo | Edward N. Cooke |
| 3 | Lady Clara Vere De Vere | Tennyson |
| 4 | Our Guide in Genoa and Rome | Mark Twain |
| 5 | The Bridge of Sighs | Hood |
| 6 | The Man who Apologized | Detroit Free-Press |
| 7 | The Bells | Poe |
| 8 | A Model Discourse | Anon |
| 9 | Poor Jo | Dickens |
| 10 | How "Ruby" Played | Bagby |

Misses Leeper and O'Neal presented piano forte numbers and Miss Douglass a vocal selection on this occasion, all of which were heartily encored. The entire program was received with more than favorable comment, and there was much enthusiasm manifested throughout the evening.

On the evening of March 20, a dramatic and musical entertainment was given in Lyman Gymnasium, when the program presented was as follows:

Piano Duet.....Misses Leeper and O'Neal

"The Obstinate Family," Translated from the German

Mr. Harwood	Mr. Story
Mrs. Harwood	Miss Blackman
Henry Harford	Mr. Rogers
Jessy Harford	Miss Hudson
James	Mr. Longmire
Lucy	Miss Gutierrez

Reading	Mr. Chapman
Song	Miss Douglass
Piano Duet	Misses Leeper and O'Neal

"Elder Sniffles' Courtship" Adapted from the
"Widow Bedott Papers"

Elder Shadrach Sniffles	Mr. Blackman
The Widow Bedott	Mr. Chapman

This simple program was given with such naturalness that the performance, coupled with the matter of the plays and the fine music delighted the largest audience of the season.

At this writing, several young men are preparing for a prize declamation contest, and the academy seniors are preparing an attractive commencement program. The Y. M. C. A. members are expecting to produce a benefit-play in a few weeks.

And so, all things considered, the work in the department of Expression, cannot be said to have been neglected, and it has reflected no little credit upon all concerned.

SOCIETIES.

Y. W. C. A.

Winifred Wood, Pres.; Louise Borland, Vice-president; Jessie Conklin, Secretary; Francis Burleigh, Treasurer.

The Association began its work this year under more encouraging conditions. At the first meeting of the cabinet, new officers were elected to take the place of the girls who had not returned. The work for the year was roughly outlined, and a watchword adopted, "Prayer," and we feel that good has answered our earnest prayers.

Early in the year there were enrolled all the girls in Cloverleaf except five. Regular meetings are held every Thursday evening, the first meeting in each month being devoted to the study of missions. During the first semester a mission study class was organized for a six weeks' course of study from "Effective Workers in Needy Fields," a study of the lives of five of our great missionaries in different fields. Having finished this course we began a study of Murray's "Life of Christ." This study has been specially helpful to the girls because of their universal interest in it. There are six classes engaged in this study with membership including every girl in school.

Miss Alice Fitch, traveling secretary of the Gulf States Confederation, made her annual visit in March. This was Miss Fitch's first visit with us, and we feel sure that we have found a new friend whose deepest interest centers in the great work of which we are a part. She gave

us many helpful suggestions and encouraged us to greater effort and fuller lives.

Financially we have had a fairly good year. Besides several social functions which have been a source of much pleasure, we have made a few semi-social events, the occasion of adding to our funds. The bazaar given in the gymnasium just before Christmas was as usual most successful. Each member contributed something dainty or something useful to the sale of fancy articles and home-made candy; coffee and sandwiches were served.

A candy sale given on the porch of Cloverleaf added to our finances and the appreciation of our friends' generous co-operation. The financial committee now have orders for over fifty college pennants of various kinds, which, when filled, will add something to the treasury.

Last year we had three delegates attending the Gulf States Conference at Ashville: Miss Winifred Wood, Miss Francis Burleigh, and Miss Julia Doster. This year we are hoping to send at least two delegates.

Y. M. C. A.

The society, although doing a good work and holding fairly well attended meetings, had not through the first semester, shown the interest and accomplished the work which, by those interested, was felt that a Rollins Society should be capable. It was therefore with the idea of awakening greater enthusiasm that the presence was secured for a few days, of Clayton S. Cooper, Bible Study Sec. of the International Y. M. C. A. and W. D. Weatherford, Southern Secretary of the Y. M. C. A. These gentlemen succeeded in arousing fresh interest, and it was thought fit to effect a reorganization of the society, which was done with their efficient help, and the society was given a splendid impetus that is yet apparent in our well attended Sunday morning meetings, and as shown in the more general spirit of interest which we hope has come to stay.

Under the direction of Mr. Cooper, seven Bible Study classes were started with an enrollment of 30. These classes are holding weekly meetings and the work seems to be progressing nicely. This Bible study movement is doing a great work in other colleges and we are encouraged to believe from the present evidence that it will not be without its effect in Rollins.

The Sunday meetings have been favored with talks by Dr. Conway of Pittsburg, Dr. Blackman and others, and the scheme of topics gotten up by the prayer meeting committee was designed to be of special in-

terest as covering all phases and temptations incidental to college life.

At the time of reorganization, a special business committee was elected, having for its purpose the raising of funds for the equipment of the Y. M. C. A. rooms and toward the library fund. This Committee has planned an extensive program of money making schemes looking toward this end, a part of which has already been put into effect, including basket-ball games, lectures by Dr. Tupper, Carrie Nation, and others, and a minstrel show and concert. Altogether the present outlook is bright, and we look forward with confidence that the society will continue to forge ahead.

The officers are:

Geo. E. Merrick, Pres.; Walter F. Bettis, Vice-Pres', George Booth, Sec. and Treas.

KAPPA EPSILON.

The Kappa Epsilon met this year with only three of the old members; but the band of sisters, though small, has had a happy if not eventful year. We have missed our Dear Mother, Miss Reed, who has been unable to be with us this year. Still we are hopeful that next year she will return to her longing orphans.

The first Monday in the year the sorority gave its annual reception to the Faculty and to the young ladies of Cloverleaf; and some weeks later a supper to a few guests. Our social afternoons of the fall and winter were full of joy and merriment; especially does the afternoon when Miss Mary Lee Drennen entertained the Orlando members with the present chapter hold a lasting claim upon happy memories. During the visit of Miss Bessie Axtell, and Miss Leola Kipp, and Miss Ada Bumby, we enjoyed, among other things, a purlieu given by Mr. Bettis and Mr. Fort. Brave lads they were—and successful in the entertainment of so many girls. Freshest in our memory, but not for that reason alone very bright, is the breakfast given by Mrs. Barker, Miss Leeper, and Miss Wilkins to our sister sorority, the Delta Phi Beta, and to ourselves. The tasteful refreshing breakfast served on the beautiful front varanda of the Barker home would have delighted social veterans—and we were school girls! Still looking forward, we now happily anticipate our sixth annual banquet to be held commencement.

During the year Miss Leeper was chosen an honorary member, and has since been our hostess on several enjoyable occasions.

We were sorry to lose, during the term, Miss Mary Lee Drennen and Miss Fletcher McCarty.

The members of this year's chapter are: Miss Jessie Conklin, Miss Mary Lee Drennen, Miss Emma Hudson, Miss Fletcher McCarty, and Miss Margaret Woodruff.

We have a wish—an ambition! When the good fairy opens his sack to set down his buildings for our beautiful new campus, before he leaves, we—well, we would be awful good, if he'd leave us a Chapter House. Here's hoping that never again the Kappa Epsilon may be both motherless and homeless.

DELTA PHI BETA SORORITY.

In order to meet the new girls early in the year and to do their part in the social life of Cloverleaf, the Delta Phi Beta Sorority gave a reception on the afternoon of November second. The daintily-gowned guests added much to the effect of the decorations, and said many kind things to their hostesses, who were much pleased that the reception was really as pleasant as the delightful one given earlier in the year by the Kappa Epsilon Sorority.

The sorority counts among the informal good times of the year the welsh rarebit party given at Sparrell Cottage by Miss O'Neal and Miss Douglas, and Miss O'Neal's feast and musical evening given in December.

On the evening of January thirtieth Mrs. Harry Barker with Miss Wilkins, gave a dinner to the sorority. The charming round table laden with flowers and arranged by Mrs. Barker was a joy to behold and to be remembered.

The absent members were much missed on this occasion, which reminds one of the kind greetings and presents which came from Erie's frozen shores, from Georgia, from Kentucky, and from farther south at Christmas time. Miss Hesper Inman loyally embroidered the linked emblem on gray leather card cases for each member of the sorority, and for Miss Wilkins, the sorority mother.

The Sunrise Breakfast given by Mrs. Barker, Miss Leeper, and Miss Wilkins for the Kappa Epsilon and the Delta Phi Beta sororities and a few of their friends was most enjoyable. The guests at Mrs. Barker's home helped make the occasion one to be remembered and even the birds seemed to approve a breakfast on the porch and gave fair exchange of songs for crumbs.

The society closes its social year with best wishes to "sisters," friends, and all the other girls, and again extends its thanks for Mrs. Barker's kindness and hospitality.

PHI ALPHA.

The chapter of the Phi Alpha fraternity this year is as large and strong as ever, and the prospects for next year look unusually bright. It is hoped that next year we may have rooms well suited to our needs.



The members of the Y. W. C. A. gave their annual acquaintance reception the first Saturday evening, October the fifth. Several solos by Miss Douglas delighted the guests; and various amusements were enjoyed by both teachers and students.

One Monday early in the year a large number of students spent the morning picking sandspurs off the football field. A prize box of candy given to the couple having the largest pile of sandspurs, was won by Miss Guterrez and Mr. Fort.

Hallowe'en was a time of merriment for all those who spent the evening at the masquerade party in the gymnasium. It was a very picturesque crowd which gathered there in attractive or grotesque costumes. The grand march came first and was followed by dancing.

On account of the large number going to De Land to the football game, Thanksgiving festivities were postponed until the following Saturday, when a very cheerful crowd filled the artistically decorated dining hall. All enjoyed the bountiful dinner, the toasts, songs, and hearty college yells. From the dining hall our festivities were transferred to the gymnasium, where the rest of the evening was happily spent.

Two receptions in honor of the ball teams of the University of Florida gave pleasure to our guests and brought them into our social life.

The leap year dance on February the first was a delightful occasion. The young ladies had the gymnasium decorated beautifully. The artistic arrangement of the cosy corners, the lights trimmed with palms and moss, and the young ladies with their delightful costumes, formed altogether a delightful scene.

On February the eighteenth, the Faculty entertained a large number of town and visiting friends, and College people. Cloverleaf parlors and halls were very beautiful and attractive with their decorations of vines, palms, and flowers. The guests began to arrive at an early hour, and the whole evening was pleasantly spent.

Saturday the fourteenth of February, we celebrated the victories of our baseball team, and we need not give in detail the exuberant gaities of the occasion.

Saturday evenings throughout the College year are free for various social interests, visits, games, or music. Many are the pleasant acquaintances, the quiet chats, as well as scenes of cheer and gayety that our Saturday evenings bring us.

FIRST EPISTLE.

¶ My son, heed mine instruction, and let thine ear be pricked that thou mayest hear, so that in the day of Rath to come thou mayest say I was not present.

¶ Verily I say unto you that if purlieus entice thee consent thou not, for I say unto you that it is better to be seen riding an automobile on Sunday than to be found on one of these.

¶ Also, see that thy conduct be of a grade that is unassailable, and that if the walls have ears, they hear none of thy lamentations over the rules that are set before thee.

¶ He who walketh in the way of the boardwalk, and attendeth certain of those who do reside over the way, let him walk in the fear of the watch which is held over his footsteps, lest he meet disfavor at the end thereof.

¶ Better is the ignoramus that seeth a Prof. afar off and puts out his cigarette than the wise man who puffeth in the face of the Faculty, also if thou art campused see that thy footsteps turn not to the arriving mails, neither shalt thy desire for any cool thing betray thy judgment, for the Dean rewardest a fool after his folly.

¶ He that gettest wisdom early will wax great in the eyes of his proctor, neither shall his footsteps be pursued throughout the study hours.

¶ Hear counsel O ye, of many demerits, that thou mayest be long in the days before us, from the rising of the sun to the setting of the same, great shall be the fear of the Dean, and if thou keepest these things in thy mind thou mayest set thy self up as one of much authority on small matters.

Here endeth the first Epistle.

SECOND EPISTLE

¶ My son, when thou receivest the substance from thy home see that thou renderest to Favor the things that are Favor's, and keepest not back any thing that is his, lest thy excuses take their places among the fables of Aesop, and thy credit as a pay train that runneth fast, but stoppeth not.

¶ Remember also how it fareth with those who do beguile their time with idle things and runneth in the way of many maidens, for I say unto thee that in due time they shall be even as a pitcher in a muddy box who tangleth his *understanding*, and misseth many chances withal.

¶ A wise man maketh few dates, but a fool considereth not time and wasteth his attentions among sundry of those who calleth observation to him as a *good thing*, and whispereth to her chum who spreadeth the news broad cast, even unto the length and breadth of the Campus.

¶ Now it hath been spoken that if any man carrieth unto a maiden certain of (Huylers and Lowneys) confections and Nabiscos his name shali be great in Cloverleaf, and many shall call to him from afar and smile withal, while he regardeth them, yet I say unto thee that thou mayest do all these things *and* more, yet thy name will be Easy Mark in secret, and thy simpleness a thing of marvel among the sundry who accepteth these things of thy hands.

¶ Let *no man* deceive thee, for attend my words, when I assure thee, that he who getteth wisdom early considereth long before he purchases any thing to win esteem among maidens.

¶ Start no thing that thou knowest not the end thereof, lest thou reapest ridicule among thy fellows, and receiveth the laugh from the seats of the scornful.

Here endeth the second lesson.

Townsend (Elijah XVI).



The year of 1907-8 has surely been a banner year for athletics at Rollins. While we cannot boast of our football record if judged by scores, yet the distinct progress made by the team over previous years gives us much satisfaction. We are proud, however, of our two championships, viz., baseball and basketball, and we are sure that this feeling is shared by all former Rollins students.

ATHLETIC ASSOCIATION.

The Rollins College Athletic Association, at a meeting held early in October, adopted the Constitution and by-laws presented by the Committee on Constitution, appointed in March, 1907.

The adoption of the Constitution, and a definite set of by-laws puts the Association on a firm standing, making it possible to handle the athletics of the college in a thoroughly business like manner.

An analysis of the above report will show that the Association would, at the end of the year, face a large debt were it not for the subscriptions collected by Mr. Mason. We take this opportunity of extending the thanks of the Association to the friends of the school who have so generously contributed to the support of our athletics.

The books and records of the Association are open for examination

to any member of the Association. It is the purpose of the Association to have its books audited each year by the head of our Commercial Department.

Financial Report, Rollins College Athletic Association, 1908.

RECEIPTS	EXPENDITURES
A. A. dues 99.00	Total expense of Foot-ball for current year 428.59
Receipts from Football games 304.45	Total expense of Basket-ball for current year..... 25.90
Total receipts Basket-ball games . 62 94	Total expense of base-ball for current year 431.75
Total subscriptions 242.00	Balance on hand 68.46
Total receipts from baseball games 246.31	
<u>\$954 70</u>	Signed W. S. CANNELL, Sec. and Treas

FOOT-BALL.

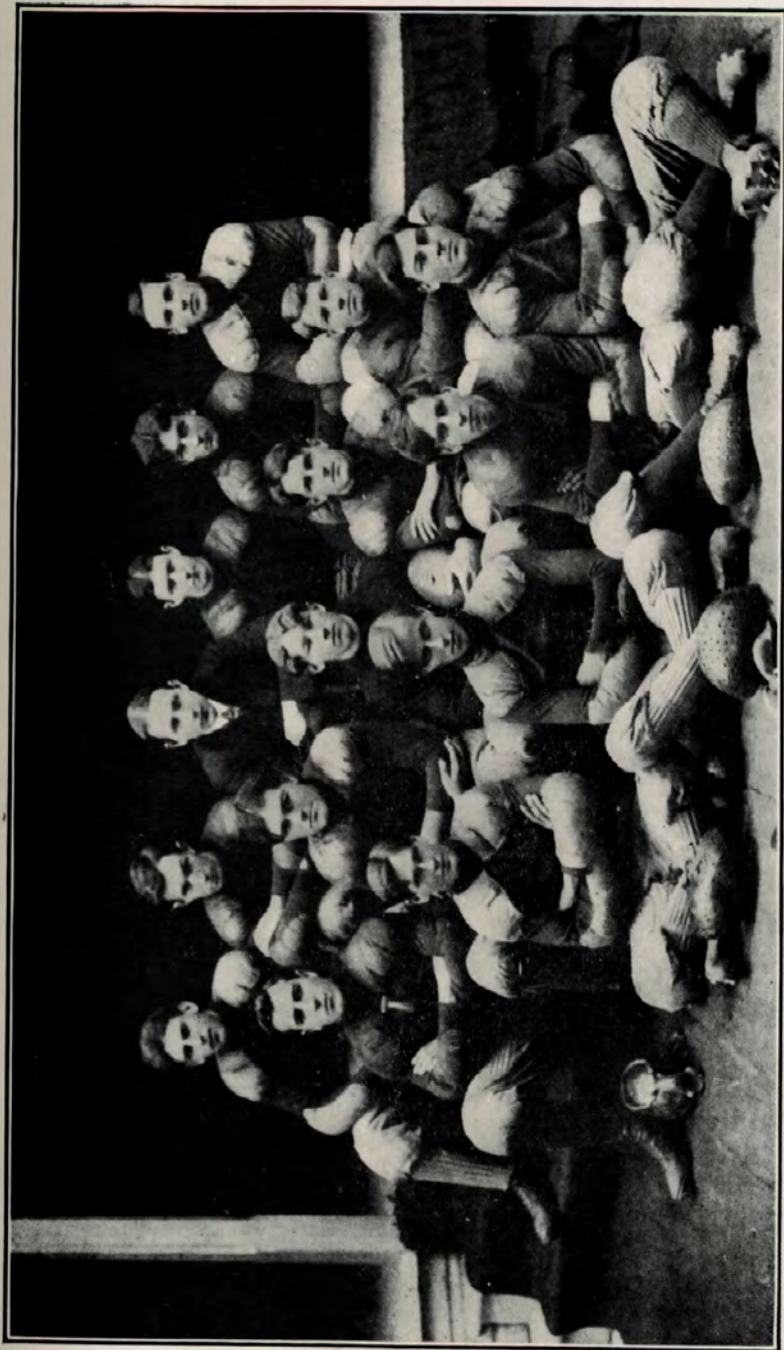
Our football record of the past season is one of which we are justly proud; of course we are regretful that it shows no victories, but the results and the whole story of the season, are so much to our satisfaction that we are proud of the team, and of their work of '07-08.

The opening of school found a fairly large squad out for team places, and the regular round of practice, under the experienced eye of Coach Cannell, soon shifted the best material into their permanent positions. The line up was as follows:

Schopke	Center	Roper	Left End
Fort (mgr.)	Left Guard	Blackman	Right End
Eaton	Right "	Boyer	Quarter Back
Story	Left Tackle	Rogers	Left Half-Back
Wright	Right "	Bettis	Right "
		Windham (captain) Full Back	

The first game was played with U. of Fla., at Gainesville. Rollins played an aggressive first half, and a stiff defensive second; a place-kick over goal was made in first half by Boyer after good gains by Windham, Rogers and Story. In the 2nd half U. of Fla., made a drop kick and touch-down, resulting in the score of 9-4 in Fla.'s favor.

The second game was with Stetson on the home field. Stetson's weight average was many pounds in excess of Rollins. Although handicapped by weight and by longer experience, the excellent training and thorough spirit of our team displayed itself in a most aggressive game, a game marked by splendid gains made through Stetson's line again and again, by several brilliant plays by Wright, Bettis, and



ROLLINS FOOTBALL TEAM, '08.

Blackman, and by the first class team work as shown in the line and interference. Rollins, aggressive from the kick-off, kept the ball in Stetson's territory until the last of the first half, when Stetson, after several good plays got a place-kick over Rollin's goal. Stetson played a fierce and stubborn game, but Rollins gained ground steadily through their line, by forward pass and line split. Wright made a 40 yard run, and Bettis and Blackman several phenomenal gains; with the ball near Stetson's 20 yd. line, the game was called on account of darkness, with the score 4-0 in Stetson's favor. Rollins total gains were 283 yards against Stetson's 194 yards.

No harder or more fiercely contested game will likely ever be seen on the Stetson Univ. field than was the return game played there by Rollins. Both teams, in good condition played their limit. Stetson's weight, together with their team work, which was better than in the first game, gave them a distinct advantage; but though outweighed, Rollin's gains were close to the total of Stetson's and so successful was the line, interference, and general team work, together with the splendid individual work of each man, and in particular of Bettis, Windham, Boyer and Story, that had it not been for an unfortunate fumble at the last of the second half, Stetson would not have scored. The ball was kept in Stetson's territory throughout the first half and several gains made by Rogers and Wright sent the ball to their 20 yard line; but in the second half Stetson's superior weight forced Rollins to a more defensive game. Fiercely contesting every inch the ball was forced to Rollins 5 yard line. Here a stubborn stand was made. A 30 yard kick gave ball to Stetson. Stetson kicked for goal from field, which was caught by Rollins, and by mistake was not returned, thereby placing ball on Rollins 3 yard line; an heroic defense here took place with only five minutes yet to play, and it was only by their weight advantage that the ball was forced, literally, over the bodies of the Rollins team, to a touch down during the last two minutes.

The last game was played with U. of Fla. on the home field. A spirited game from start to finish, it was a fine display of Rollins training and genuine ability. Both teams played with determination, and the scrimmages were fierce and heavy. Rollins gained over Fla. throughout the game and kept the ball in their territory from the kick-off. Especial mention should be made of the gains by Rogers, Bettis, Blackman, and Roper.

Each member of the team deserves much credit for his work. Boyer made a tip top quarter back, Schopke added to his old reputation, and Eaton played guard in true 'varsity style. Wright and Rogers

made themselves famous by their big gains, while Fort and Roper made their mark in every game. Bettis and Blackman added fresh laurels to their previous pile, and Story and Windham—well,—everyone knows just what Jim and Story always do !

Credit is due the second team for their football spirit, and their good and faithful work in the practice games. Much of the efficiency of the 'varsity team was the result of the patriotism of the fellows of the 2nd team.

The splendid training of the team was, of course, Coach Cannell's work. The wonders he wrought from his light and somewhat inexperienced material, testify to what he is going to do next year when he will have, as we expect, nearly all this year's men ; and with their greater experience, we have ample faith that Dean Connell will coach them to victory.

BASKET BALL.

Considerable enthusiasm has been manifested in basket-ball this season, and the gymnasium was the scene of some of the most thrilling and scientifically played games that the most discriminating judge of this sport could desire.

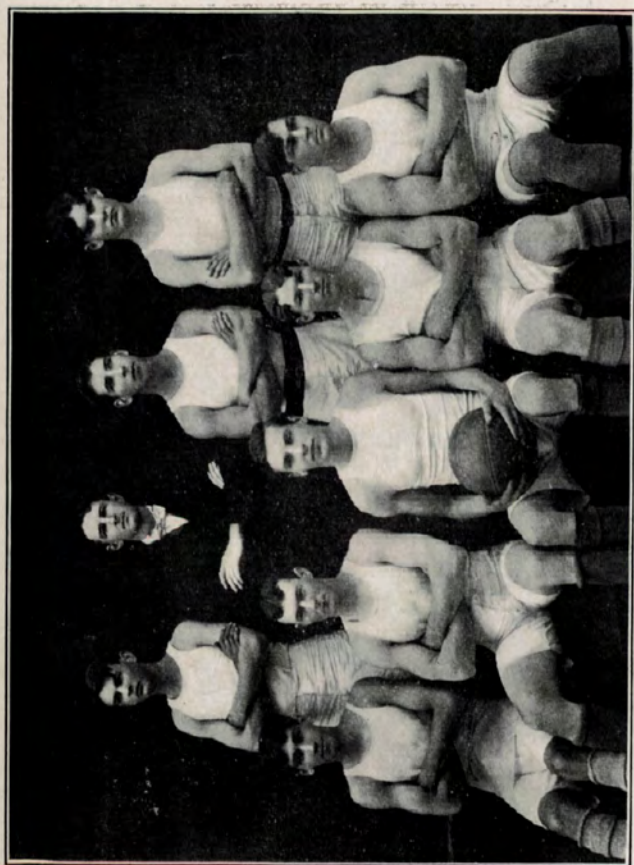
Five trial teams were selected, and a series of games played off to determine the personnel of the college team, which resulted in the following line-up:—

Fort	Center	Rodriguez	Guard
Lee	Forward	Windham	Guard
Bretos	Forward		

Challenges were sent to the other Florida Colleges, but the only acceptance was from the Presbyterian College of Eustis. Our team won an easy victory, score being 35 to 7 ; thereby giving Rollins the basket-ball championship of the state.

Three games were played with the Orlando team, all of which were close and interesting. The teams were pretty evenly matched and in good training. Each game was a well played contest and all the more credit is due the Rollins team for winning over such able opponents. The scores of the Orlando series are : First game, 9-7 ; second, 14-11 ; third, 12-10 ; all in Rollins favor.

The girls at the first of the year made up two teams, the yellow and the gold. These teams showed ability in the several games they played, and had the girls put out a college team there is no doubt but that they would have loaded themselves with honors, but owing to the difficulty of securing a coach, no college team was organized.



ROLLINS BASKET BALL TEAM.
FLORIDA STATE CHAMPIONS 1908.

BASE-BALL.

Our team, Del Mason, and Success. These words sum up the story of our base-ball season. Never before has Rollins had such a splendid lot of base-ball material ; never before has she had such a grand, thoroughly expert, and able team ; never before has she had the services of a coach with the baseball genius, energy, and unflagging interest, that are so characteristic of Del Mason, and never before has she had such glorious unparalleled success, the success that has given Rollins the base-ball championship of the state.

The coaching of Mason, himself a League man, was the kind that joined to the unusual ability of the several men of the team, has enabled this series of victories, that eclipses by far the records of Florida colleges, past and present.

While according the coaching of Mason all of the enthusiastic praise that is certainly due, too much credit cannot be given the men, for surely the ability of the coach found its parallel in the extraordinary work done by each member of the team. The pitching of Windham easily gains for him precedence over any rivals in the state, and when we lose Jim we have no doubt that one of the leagues will be the gainer. The team lined up as follows :—

Windham	P	Bretos	3rd
Story	C	Blackman	R.F.
Wright	1st	Boyer	C.F.
Rogers	2nd	Lee-Polomino	L.F.

Mason-Thompson S.S.

The five games with Stetson were the most wildly exciting and hotly contested. Rollins' great victories over her strong and previously successful rival created the greatest enthusiasm.

The last game with Stetson was played at St. Augustine during the Ponce de Leon celebration there. This game was a grand refutation of the charge made by Stetson through the newspapers that "Rollins could not have won from them without the aid of Mason." Not only was Mason gone but Wright, our first baseman and star batter, was in the hospital, and Story and Windham had just recovered from illness. In the face of these serious disadvantages Rollins walked over Stetson to the tune of 6 to 4 in a fiercely contested game in which the superior ability of Windham was severely tested and proved.

That night Story was taken sick and the game with Ormond on the following day was played with the fatal disadvantage of an unpractised man in the battery. Inevitably, with such handicaps, and against such a team, the result could be but defeat ; notwithstanding, our team made a splendid fight, scoring five against Ormond's nine.

The following day the last game with U. of Fla. was played under the same handicaps. In addition, this was the third successive game, and some degree of fatigue among the players would have been natural, especially would this usually be the case of a pitcher filling the box three days in succession as did Windham. However the team played a good game, apparently as fresh and enthusiastic as on the day of the Stetson game. To Windham is due the chief praise for holding down a bad situation in such a skillful manner. When the game was called on account of darkness the score stood 5 to 5.

Story as catcher and Mason as short stop played their positions in the style to be expected. Wright did grand work on first, while Rogers and Bretos on second and third, made some league plays and filled their places in an unexcelled manner. Splendid work was done by the Rollins fielders throughout the year, and especially in the Stetson games.



THE CHAMPIONSHIP THAT STETSON EXPECTED
AND THE ONE THEY GOT

Twelve games were played in all; two with Ormond, three with Kentucky Military Institute, five with Stetson and two with Univ. of Florida. The following table shows the scores and base hits of each game.

Runs B. Hits				Runs B. Hits			
Rollins	9	14	Ormond	4	5		
Rollins	7	8	Kentucky Military Institute	1	0		
Rollins	8	13	University of Florida	3	7		
Rollins	5	5	Stetson	3	3		
Rollins	2	3	Stetson	9	5		
Rollins	4	13	Stetson	3	5		
Rollins	12	20	Stetson	1	3		
Rollins	17	12	Kentucky Military Institute	4	8		
Rollins	7	10	Kentucky Military Institute	3	4		
Rollins	6	15	Stetson	4	6		
Rollins	6	8	Ormond	10	6		
Rollins	5	8	University of Florida	5	8		
Total	88	131	Total	50	60		



ROLLINS BASEBALL TEAM.
FLORIDA STATE CHAMPIONS, 1918.



SAND=SPURS

Miss Leeper.—When does the Sand Paper come out?

Here it is. We know it is a little rough on some but we hope it will not scratch anyone too deeply.

Boyer.—Yes, the doctor told me that custard pie never caused any “garish” dreams. Did you hear that it would Lee?

Heard lately —Miss G.—And I shall study abroad and come home a singer of the first water.

Miss J. W.—And I shall be a trained nurse.

The Rollins Athletic Association has just received a bill from a fashionable dressmaker at Ormond for six yards of French lace to replace that torn from the bottom of a young (?) lady’s dress.

Ex—Jim Windham does love to dance.

Rogers (declaiming): “The boy gazed long into the terrible abyss.

Mary had a little lamb,
It was noted for its wool;
But much to Mary’s own surprise
This lamb turned out a bull.

Latest scientific invention.—A process by which one can listen to the professor talk without getting tired. Patent applied for.

Extract from the diary of W. Blackman :—My name is Worthington Blackman. In case of death notify Rev. W. F. Blackman, also Miss K. P., No 23 Lovedovey Ave., Gainesville, Fla.

We wonder what Miss K.P. will do now that Mr. Blackman has met Widow Bedott.

We wonder why Mr. G. gave Miss B. nerve tablets for leap year.

Mr. Longmire—"Agnes, I love you."

While at Ormond Mr. Story took advantage of the opportunity to slip across the river unobserved (as he thought) to consult Dr. Evernden concerning his severe attack of heart trouble. The diagnosis must have been unfavorable, as Story came out of the office with a sad expression which bespoke despair. Har ——— d luck.

Casual observer : I have been standing in front of the dining hall noticing the different gaits of the students as they go across the boardwalk. Pretty slow, some, eh !

Fresh stude : Did you notice Miss Bingham's (Gates). Very slow, eh !

In spite of the forewarning of Carrie Nation, Miss D. still wishes to be a Mason.

Dr. B. (in chemistry class): "Mr. Gray, have you a match? I fear I am matchless to-day."

Miss B. (misconstrueing it at once), "Oh, it is leap year, Dr. Baker ; there is still hope."

Sunday the fifteenth he came a cortin'
Came a-cortin Katheryne Horton.

Speaking of horseracing have you ever been to Winter Park and seen "The Rollins Dining Room Futurity for Boardwalk Steaks."

At Gainesville.—Waitress (interested in football): "Are you Eaton ?

Teddy Bear (making a desperate effort to swallow one more pancake): "Can't you see I am."

Ditty sung by the Rollins Baseball Team in Eau Gallie Hotel:

Now I lay me down to sleep
This room would make an angel weep;
The mud is thick upon my rug,
And in my bed I found a—grand piano.

Wanted: Complete information in fruit growing—especially X.K.
V burys.—F. N. H.

Iodine is good for swellings, including swelled heads.

Smarty: I wonder what they will do with the \$7,000 for campus improvements?

Slick—Use it up raking the leaves.

Miss W. while telling a man good night on a cold evening in February kept her hand on the door handle. When he left the knob was hot.

It has just been learned by the secret service department that Townsend was also under his bed with a slat during the Pinehurst rough house.

Ask Miss Borland how to spell knead (bread).

Our esteemed and departed baseball coach Adelbert W. Mason was of a musical turn of mind, shown by his constant attention to a young lady widely known in musical circles. He seems to be more inclined towards rag time than classical selections, his favorite being Waiting at the Church.

Miss L.: I declare Jim is not worth a cent.

Miss Moore: What Jim.

Miss L.: Jim Longmire, of course.

Prof. P.: Miss Wright I think you will always be (W)right.

Florence and I met in France,

Coming back she taught me to dance.

But the ocean was rough, and I soon had enough

For I slipped and tore quite a hole in my sleeve.—J. W.

Carrie Nation (After reading Psalm I.): David was the greatest man that ever lived.

Miss G.: She told the truth then.

NAME	BEST KNOWN AS	AMBITION	AS SEEN IN A GLASS	AS SEEN BY OTHERS
M. Blackman	"Marge"	To be a man	None greater	None greater
W. Blackman	"Nuttie"	To take a trip to Gainesville	The It	Too flip
W. Bettis	Brother	To win a home	A lovely man	A love sick man
C. Boyer	Clara	Pose in the studio	A young man of twenty	A smitten lad
L. Bingham	Mama	A gate tender	A social leader	A pop(ular) leader
J. Buttrum	Colonel	The bar	Glass broke	Undescribable
C. Cleveland	"Grover"	Unlimited sleep	Swell	A fatty
C. Escabosa	"Kid"	An Art-ist	A Queen	A little flirt
M. Evernden	"May"	Story writing	Ever dainty	Neverdon giggling
E. Garrish	"Baby"	To be a boyer	One of a happy pair	One of a scrappy pair
M. Guiterrez	"Pete"	(Read her want add.)	English	Spanish
Gates	"Papa"	Heart breaker	A budding Apollo	A \$2.50 derby
Fort	"Gov."	To represent Buffalo	Social critic	Mashed
E. Hudson	Flim Flam- mer	"Teaching little boys?"	An actress	Texas cowboy
Slater	"Prof."	To be good	A scholar	A book worm
J. Longmire	"Chattahoo- chee"	Tragedy	An actor	A nuisance
D. Mason	"Del"	To make good in the big league	Condescending	Stuck up
G. Merrick	"Topsy"	Politician	Orator	Tomato grower
F. Roper	"Freddie"	A business man	Prominent	A waiter
W. D. Rogers	"Davie"	To be a cigar maker	An east coast ad- vocate	A hot air advocate
A. H. Stewart	"Arturo"	A 2d Cortez	A masher	Kidded to ruin
A. Story	"Bull"	Already fulfilled	Alfred the great	Alfred the late
Windham	"Zeke"	A dancer	Handsome	Handy
J. Wright	"Juney"	To win social distinction	The right ideal	The smile that won't come off
G. Wright	"Goat"	Change calendar giving June 365 days.	A sentimentalist	A June bug

As bulletined for catalogue.—Black and white. James Willson West Palm Beach. Which are you Jim?

Gentleman caller to Miss Horton—"But they said the male had come."

Mr. Slater has discontinued playing tennis to reduce flesh as it is no longer necessary owing to his strenuous efforts in preserving order in Pinehurst.

I am going to be married in June
My sweetheart will be here soon
And then I will be Mrs. Turksbury you see,
Then we'll go off in a balloon.

RECORD	REASON FOR LIVING	CAUSE OF DEATH	FAVORITE QUOTATIONS
Bad 6 cuts per day	Romeo To spread abroad his noble acts	A bursting heart The cold shoulder	When I was in France Ma. I want a dollar
Same as last year	To do her bidding	"No"	Thank goodness the table is spread "This for you"
Raising the wind	Garish dreams	A bottle of—	
Undisclosed	To outline Prof. B—	Mumps	Here comes papa with the preacher (Not printable)
(?) Unexcelled in his line	To aggravate The kitchen	Prof. of History Foundered	Just a cousin of mine Art for Arts sake
One broken heart "Bull-y"	To fill the string Hopes of seeing mama	The girl in Palatka Homesickness	I love to tell the story Hello Brother
A blue ribbon	Sitting out the dances	Commencement	
One a year Not detected	It just happened Mama's pleasure	Missed breakfast Iodine	"Button this Lizzie" Watch your papa
Scandalous Black	Tennis Dreamy eyes, wavy hair	Buffalo returns Snuff	"Snappy! Snappy!" "Gee Buzz"
Perfect (sarcasm)	To be petted	A mortified conscience	I know I'm right
Broken	Benefit of science	An idea struck him	Agnes I love thee
One for each dance	His voice	Went out to dinner with a (dirty collar)	Meet me at the church
One medel(er)	Board walk	Late (rner)nt thought	Socialism must come
Ask (Fluffy) Awful	Rollins fare To beat Ed. Favor	Hash given out A duel in Jackson-ville	I don't see the point Sweet Marie come to me
Three to the flash	An unfinished task	Rules	Oh my darling Clementine
2 window curtains per day	Base Ball	Castor oil	Anything to eat?
Moornfull	To look sweet	Rough house	Put a bag over that fog horn
"Horrors"	Not understood	Mental exertion	Two rights never make a wrong
Changeable	Gymnastics especially the circular motion of the arm.	Disarmed	Just a little loving now and then

Rodriguez (reading the paper): I notice yams are high now.

Fernandez—What are yams.

Rodriguez: Why you have them every day at college.

Fernandez: No we don't either. We have beef.

Stude—What am I fired for?

Dean—For constantly smoking cigarettes. Where there's so much smoke there must be a fire.

Last but not least comes the biggest joke of all "Our team's banquet."

It happened in Jax Christmastide.

Ester: The gas went out while Chauncey was calling on me in Jacksonville.

Clementina: Did he try to kiss you in the dark?

Ester: Nope; he stumbled down cellar and put a quarter in the slot; and now I can't tell whether he wanted to show his generosity or whether he just lost his nerve.

Resolved—never again to take a Sandspur reporter boatriiding as a chaperone.—Geo. E. M.

Miss L.: What is political economy.

Mr. Longmire: Something that Dr. Blackman teaches.

Teacher (to small boy): Willie, kindly lend me your knife I want to sharpen my pencil. There is so much wood work that it won't work.

Have you "Red" Furen's book?

Mrs. C. (at the table) Story don't you sit near enough to give me the mumps.

Goat: Why I thought you could only catch them when you were young.

Some of the members of the Rollins Baseball Team have contracted the peculiar habit of ordering four kinds of meat not on the menu, and then signing their name to it. Hard on buttons.

Smart Co-ed (Art Dept): If a baseball should go through and hit Story on the mask would that be a masque ball?

Why is Miss E. destined to become great? Because she is attentive to the science of Art.

Miss G.: Who says the want column is a fake?

Miss O'Neal, Miss Douglas and Mr. Gates returning from Orlando one night met a small dog at Formosa post office which began barking loudly at them. Suddenly a head appeared at the window and a rough voice shouted "Fido, Fido, come here and stop barking at those other little dogs." What do you think of that?

Baldwin—my Baldwin ('nuff said).

Nerling don't believe in hazing.

Miss X (to Prof. Peet who has been playing Chopin Washington's birthday) you are practising Chopin early this morning in honor of the day I suppose.

Miss F. C. (holding a skirt which had just had some ink stains taken out of it). It's dangerous, isn't it? You used choloroform (Chlorine).

ROLLINS FOOTBALL SONGS.

Rollins wins, you lose,
The game belongs to us.
We'll win it fairly and squarely today
And all your plays we'll bust.
Don't sigh, don't cry,
Some other game you may win
For we're here to play,
Now do what you may,
Rollins will win, you lose.

Play football, play football,
We have got a football team
That can clean up anything,
Play football, play football,
Hare 'em, rare 'em, tear 'em, scare 'em,
Play football.

We've got the team that plays football
And a little bit more.
We're going to win this football game
Or know the reason why.
Well, you'll get all that's coming to you,
And a little bit more.

Marching right down the field
Cheering for Rollins,
Crash! through this line
Our men will go for a touch down.
We'll give a cheer for the blue and the gold,
Cheer on to victory,
Stetson men will fight to the end,
But Rollins will win.

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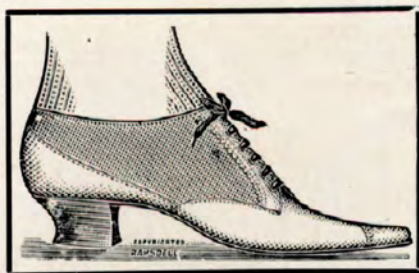
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