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THE SAND-SPUR

"STICK TO IT."

VOLUME 15.

NUMBER 1, 1909.

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF

ROLLINS COLLEGE

WINTER PARK, FLORIDA.



SENTINEL PRINT, ORLANDO.



LAKE MAITLAND

ILLUSTRATIONS.

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June, 1935
 Vol. 1, No. 1
 The Student Body

Abou Ben Adhem.

Abou Ben Adhem (may his tribe increase!)
Awoke one night from a deep dream of peace,
And saw, within the moonlight in his room,
Making it rich, and like a lily in bloom,
An angel writing in a book of gold:—
Exceeding peace had made Ben Adhem bold,
And to the presence in the room he said,
“What writest thou?”—The vision rais’d its head,
And with a look made of all sweet accord,
Answer’d, “The names of those who love the Lord.”
“And is mine one?” said Abou. “Nay, not so,”
Replied the angel. Abou spoke more low,
But cheerly still; and said, “I pray thee, then,
Write me as one that loves his fellow-men.”

The angel wrote, and vanish’d. The next night
It came again with a great wakening light,
And showed the names whom love of God had bless’d,
And lo! Ben Adhem’s name led all the rest.

THE SANDSPUR.

AN AFTERNOON AT THE ESCORIAL.

ONE afternoon in September 1906, two Rhodes' scholars ripe for expatriation, arrived at the station of the little village of Escorial, out at the edge of the mountains, some thirty miles from Madrid. A summer in Old Castile had taught us that our best way to see Spain and the Spaniard was to become as Spanish as possible in the time we had—hence our curling mustaches and small round caps and sombre garb. At Segovia, in the morning, we had been accosted in the street by a party of only too obviously American "trippers" in phrase-book Spanish, and created great confusion by replying in our best English.

The Castilian is a rapid-fire language, and we needed all its possibilities in that line, when we had climbed the hill from the station to the great granite convent and found the porter just closing the gates for the night. A final appeal through the hundreds of leagues we had come to see this eighth wonder of the world touched the old servitor's heart, as a compliment, either to a man himself, or to that which he loves, usually will do in Spain. He patted his great door affectionately, rattled his keys impatiently—to avoid any loss of dignity by appearing to give in completely to our requests,—and said he would make an exception for us, on condition that we tell all our fellow-countrymen to arrive well before closing hour in future, if they wanted to see his treasures.

We followed him across courts paved with granite, slippery with moisture, and through passages little more than caves; and over us there crept an irresistible sensation of sternness and solitude, of complete absence of all human sympathy—the spirit of this great granite pile that Philip II. made as desolate and severe as the spur of barren rock on which he set it, and out of which he caused it to grow. A melancholy man, a "kill-joy" for all about him, he turned his back on all the needs of his country at a critical time to build this palace, convent, and mausoleum all in one, in fulfillment of a command in his father's will and a vow of his own—but mainly to satisfy a morose longing

to escape all of light and happiness the world persisted in thrusting upon him elsewhere.

The outer shell, as it were, of heavy walls, Doric for the most part, which look sternly upon the world through some eleven hundred windows, surrounds the palace and convent that flank the temple. One might wander for days through their salons and libraries and make journeys in their one hundred miles of corridors. But one would find oneself returning from time to time to the temple, the crowning work of the whole mass, whose great dome towers three hundred and twelve feet; for in this church has Philip wrought his best; on its great unornamented pillars and vaults has he impressed most thoroughly his gloom, and yet his consistency of purpose—a perfect work, however much artists may decry it.

We glided over the black-and-white marble floor with our guide, scarce daring to think of asking questions, leaving to him all explanations. He led us through the naves that look as if excavated in the solid shoulder of the mountain, under the great dome, past the side doors, to the high altar. In order to see from his bed the priest, as he said mass at this beautiful result of the seven years of labor of the Milanese Trezzo, Philip had constructed on one side a small room for himself, where he spent much time brooding, and finally died.

Our guide hurried us away from this beautiful masterpiece of marble work to go to the Panteón de los Reyes. But even his haste could not make us forget the days of Philip's personal oversight of the services here, the days every part of the service had his personal supervision, the days he had close at hand for sympathy and for aid in any emergency the results of "a long life of osseous enthusiasm—whole skeletons, odd shins, teeth, toe-nails, and skulls of martyrs." That he should have been laid to rest near his cherished collection is only fitting.

Just under the high altar, so that when the priest elevates the Host he is standing on the keystone of the vault, is the Panteón—a graceful octagon, reached by a flight of glistening marble steps and guarded by a beautiful gilded door of bars. Its walls are of niches for bronze coffins, those of the sovereigns on one side, those of their consorts on the other. The noble old servitor told us naively that, before the Princess Victoria consented to be Don Alfonso's queen, she had visited this chamber and seen where she might lie. R. I. P.

As we came up from this gruesomely beautiful chamber we were glibly made to notice the cell in which their majesties go through a five years' pickling before being confided to their final resting-place.

After seeing where Charles V. and Philip II. lie, we had little de-

sire to visit the endless series of tombs, where rest the royal personages, who do not grace the throne; but we followed the old man, because he seemed hurt at our wanting to slight anything he intended we should see. We were glad, however, to escape the atmosphere of the tomb and be brought again into the more cheerful atmosphere of must and moth that pervades the long salons, in which are to be found what remains of the palace's once rare collection of paintings. A progressing world and Madrid's galleries have demanded most of the masterpieces. But progress has left to be the Escorial's own that miraculous wafer that bled under Protestant trappings at Gorcum in 1525. Modernism will not completely despoil Philip's creation of its treasures.

Philip put the wealth of provinces into this great edifice, thinking, no doubt, to link the royal residence to the church, but those who followed him have not been possessed of the same temperament, fortunately for their country. Yet many royal personages have spent part of their days here, as if to do penance in its atmosphere of cheerlessness for their too great gaities elsewhere. One can scarce conceive Don Alfonso's looking at the great building, as he passes in his car through the valley below, without a shudder. May he have no reason, when his years are more, to want to mope in the great melancholy retreat up above the valley and its life.

An unhealthy place it is, savoring too much of pickled kings and spattered holy water, and with too much of the Inquisition, as yet unsoftened, lurking about it. As our old porter gave a last wave of his keys and let us out his gate, we breathed again the mountain air and were grateful to be in the world that lives and thinks. Not until the señora at the little café under the hill had supplied us with her richest cakes and her best of lemons, were we able to shake off the gloom that had taken hold on us, to be something of ourselves, and to twist our mustaches in derision at some other visitors who had failed to prevail upon the old porter to admit them after hours, and were waiting until the next day to see his treasures.

As the sunset left its last touches on the towers of the old king's hobby, we went thumping away toward Madrid in an uncomfortable third class compartment, but each too absorbed in his own thoughts to consider comfort. At a small village a white-haired señora asked if she might find room with us. She was going to the city to see her daughter, and gave us part in her happiness. Soon she had made us forget that we had been contemplating one of the world's great tragedies—the man who did more for the church than any other man of his day, yet seemed incapable of knowing joy.

March 3, '09.

W. H. BRANHAM.

ARGUIDUNA.

HAVE you ever seen in some Eastern city the sharp pointed spire of a mosque rising up in space? Have you seen in the tranquil waters of a bay the uplifted mast of a battle-ship in full array? Have you seen in the far distance, standing out in the blue horizon, the towering branches of a proud oak of the forest rising majestically above all the other trees?

Very well. The highest minaret of an Eastern mosque, the handsomest mast of a full-rigged ship on the waters, or the loveliest waving branches of the regal oak, were not more beautiful and graceful than was Antonio de Azcue. He had just finished replenishing the mangers of the corral; his aged father had repeated the prayers for the eternal repose of the soul of her who had been his loving wife; the sisters of Antonio had saluted him with a loving kiss. All things were calm and quiet in the house of Azcue.

The youth wrapped himself up in his "capusay," he grasped the knotty staff, and, closing the house door, he ran at full speed across the fields. The rough broken ascents of Goiburu did not offer any difficulties to his rapid speed; the darksome valley in which they terminated did not stop his speedy walk. In this manner was he crossing the open space upon which stands the noble town of Urnieta; swiftly, agilely, and joyfully he had commenced to clamber over the stony road which leads to the gate of Arricarte. On reaching that height he could descry before him, across the darksome shades of night, the pale reflection of the murmuring waves of the Oria; to the right, the ancient hermitage of Saint Barbara; to the left, the bleak bare ridge of mountains which abruptly ends near the houses of Andoaina. Then, removing his cap and wiping his heated brow, he uttered the "lecayo," which was his lover's signal to Gabriela.

He was preparing to descend towards Lasarte, when the sad tolling of the bells reached his ears. The youth involuntarily shuddered. He remembered that his mother had died on the second of November. The agitation of Antonio on remembering that it was "All Souls' Day" was, however, fleeting. Gabriela was waiting for him—Gabriela, whom he had not seen for a long time by reason of the feud existing between the two families, but which happily had now disappeared, and good relationship was established among them. Hence, stopping a few moments to say a short prayer, he soon started, brimming over with love and joy.

The path he was crossing continued for a great distance, far into

the forest of ancient oaks and chestnut trees, with their huge worm-eaten trunks and spreading branches. When he entered its confines, the night was completely dark. It was necessary to grope along carefully. Suddenly a small light seemed to emerge from the center of the aged trees, a light of an undefinable color, a bluish-white gleam. After this it sped and appeared before the astonished gaze of the youth, who had stopped his walk on beholding this phenomena—a shifting light which flitted about, yet without moving from the path; a light without color of brilliancy; a light bereft of that luminous circle which radiates from other lights; a light which was not a fire gleam; a fit light for pervading a graveyard—one which could only be either enkindled or put out by the breath of the dead.

On the spot where stood Antonio de Azcue, a great battle had been fought in ancient times. The youth in terror looked to the right and to the left, expecting every moment to see the ground beneath him open, but the forest and all its surroundings continued dark and silent, and the earth refused to reveal its dead. Encouraged by that silence and calm, he took heart, and continued to intern himself farther into the wood.

The "Arguiduna," however, sped back, and in view of its flitting movements, which appeared to increase gradually, evidently implied that it wished to oppose the progress of the young man.

"Unhappy mother!" he cried, "you are doubtless unaware that the feud, the discord, which existed between the two families, is at an end. Allow me to pass, dear mother; Gabriela is waiting for me."

Nevertheless, "Arguiduna" obstinately remained on the same spot.

Antonio, removing his cap, saluted the light, left the beaten track, and continued to walk along the brushwood. But the light also shifted, and placed itself in front of the youth. This time there was no doubt.

"I love Gabriela," he said. "I obeyed you during life, my mother; it is but just that I should respect and obey you also after death. Good-night, dear mother, good-night!"

And Antonio retired by the same way as he had come. The light followed him, and only left his presence after he had crossed the narrow valley of Goiburu.

On the hearth in the house of Azcue crackles the fire fed by huge beech faggots and a comfortable warmth is diffused throughout the hall.

Juan de Azcue is reciting the Litanies; his daughters reply in chorus without ceasing from their work, and directing from time to time anxious though tender glances toward their brother Antonio, who, sad and pensive, replies mechanically to the family prayers.

Eight o'clock has struck; the patriarch has finished his prayer; he blesses his family, and slowly retires to his chamber. As soon as the old man left the room, the young women arose and surrounded the young man, who was sadly caressing the cooing dove. One sister flung her arms around the neck of the beloved brother; another leaned over the back of his chair and touched his brow with her lips; a third stood before him with folded arms silently watching him; whilst a fourth put her hands under his chin and made him lift up his face. A charming group, worthy of the brush of a Michael Angelo.

"From what proceeds this sadness, dear brother?" they lovingly asked. "Did not Gabriela receive you last night? Did she perchance tell you some bad news? Is there any obstacle to mar your happiness? Answer us, dear brother, answer us."

"Last night I saw our mother in the chestnut plantation of Arriarte," replied the young man.

The group of women gave a sudden start, and the girls, pale with terror, and eyes streaming with tears, repeated in a low voice:

"Did you see our mother?"

"Yes, my sisters, and she opposed the way, that I might not go where love was calling me."

"Is it possible?" they cried in one voice.

"Yes; listen how this happened. I was walking lightly and swiftly, full of joy, because peace had been established between the family of Alzate and ours, and been solemnly ratified. On reaching the wood, the 'Arguiduna' appeared before me. I saluted her lovingly, judging that it was the spirit of our beloved mother."

"Ah! some evil was threatening you, my brother," said the youngest sister.

"Perhaps so, Juana, perhaps so."

"This is quite certain. When the 'Arguiduna' places itself before any one, it is to warn him of some danger which lies before him, and should he not turn back?"

"I obeyed the order she gave me. I returned home, followed by the light, which only left me when I had crossed the marsh of Goiburu."

"Do not doubt it, Antonio, our good mother has saved you from some grave danger."

"Or else she has wished to save me from some great affliction, Beatrice," murmured the youth.

"Oh!" they all cried in one voice, "do you think—"

"I know that I dearly love Gabriela, my sisters, and also am aware that I am fated!"

"My brother! do not depreciate one who will so soon be our sister."

Gabriela has sworn to love you; and Gabriela, like a true Guipuzcoan, will never be wanting to her vows."

"I shall know that to-night," replied Antonio, rising up. "I shall go to Alzate, and shall cross the chestnut plantation; I shall see Gabriela, so good-night, my sisters, good-night."

"May the Lord guide you on your way, and may our good mother defend you, my brother!" reverently replied the young damsels.

An hour later, Antonio de Azcue was uttering his sharp "¡ecayo," which awakened the echoes of the mountains.

Antonio began to descend quickly the mountain, and enter the plantation. The last hours of the second day of November had not yet struck. The chestnut wood was enveloped in darkness—intensely dark. A sepulchral silence reigned throughout space, in strange contrast to what had occurred the previous night.

Suddenly, he saw among the moss-covered trunks of the trees the same pale light of undefinable color, bluish-white. But on this occasion the light was behind him; he turned his face, and noticed that the "Arguiduna" was following him at about two yards' distance.

"Good-night, my mother, good-night," said Antonio, saluting and uncovering his head. "This night we have prayed longer for the eternal repose of your soul."

But the light twinkled more than ever, then approached the youth, yet kept behind him. Antonio continued walking, followed by the "Arguiduna." He had reached the densest part of the wood, when he noticed that the pale light which had illumined his path was gradually diminishing its intensity; he turned quickly around, fearing lest the light should disappear altogether before he had time to bid it a loving farewell. Three grewsome heads appeared. On the forehead of one was written in red characters the word "Pride," on the next the word "Wrath," and upon the third, "Envy." A noise and rumble similar to that which nature will utter at the moment of its complete destruction shook the neighboring mountains to their very foundation.

Since that memorable night, never was "Discord" seen again in the Guipuzcoan territory. From that night also the three evil creatures, Pride, Wrath, and Envy, are unknown on that noble soil.

On the following morning, Gabriela and Antonio left the house of Alzate together, and bent their steps toward the fountain spring over which towered the walnut tree.

"My dearest mother, Gabriela and I prayed fervently last night for the eternal repose of your soul. Gabriela and I love you tenderly,

and we shall teach our children to love you also most lovingly, even as we love you."

A Basque Legend.

Edited by M. V. D., '10.

ROLLINS COLLEGE SETTING.

WINTER PARK is just what its name implies; a park for winter. It might be called Sunshine Park, for during the winter season cloudy days are the exception. The lakes are charming. You come upon them in every direction.

Stepping from the train at the Winter Park station, you are not likely to be greatly impressed either with the beauty or with the enterprise of the place, but if you happen to find your way up the Boulevard under its avenue of native oak trees, your interest will be awakened. Interlachen at right angles is as pretty as any park drive. There are feathery water oaks, sturdy live oaks, soft swaying gray moss, and squirrels peeping at you around the tree trunks, skipping about overhead, or dashing along the ground from tree to tree.

If you keep on through rows of trees past the President's house, all at once you find yourself face to face with Lake Osceola, gleaming in the sunshine, filled with reflections and with floating green banks of water hyacinths spiked thick, in spring, with dainty lavender flowers.

Perhaps you take another road and follow a winding crooked way through one of the hammocks that border the lakes on the farther side; then indeed will you find all your thoughts, exclamations, all your senses, eyes. A very jungle of all things green and wonderful surrounds you: stiff, spikey palmetto-fans everywhere; tall shadowy trees, thickly draped with moss; the glint of sunshine on a dark, smooth magnolia leaf; perhaps a creamy blossom, if it be the season; a tall palm; a feathery oak branch; a soft dark brown springiness under foot; a tangle of mysterious lights and shades; long drifting festoons of gray, whispering moss that change, subdue, and give to the landscape the quality of dreams,—a melancholy, shot through with the flash of blue or cardinal wing; and now a glimmer of water shines through the gray and the green.

Yes, Rollins College, the crown of the village, has a beautiful setting,—a circlet of buildings set high, rimmed by beautiful Lake Virginia.



CLCVERLEAF COTTAGE

On the campus two score tall pines keep guard over the ideals, the high purposes, the aspirations of its ever changing student life. Rollins has dreamed a dream, not of greatness easily won, but of scholarship fought out through many a changing phase; a dream realized in many a beating heart, in high hopes and bright plans with many a ripple of laughter and fun. So, the years go by for Rollins—Rollins still young, yet the oldest college in Florida.

R. M. TWITCHELL.

GUAM.

GUAM is the largest, the most important, and the southernmost of the group of islands commonly known, heretofore, as the "Ladrones," but now officially designated as the "Marianas." They are situated in the north Pacific about 1,200 miles east of the Philippines, and 1,300 miles south of eastern Japan, extending through a distance of 420 miles from latitude 20° N. to latitude 13° N., between longitudes 142° and 144° E.

The only island of the group belonging to the United States is Guam, which was included in the conquest and subsequent purchase of the "Philippines." The remaining islands were sold to Germany, by Spain, at the close of the late Spanish-American war.

The Marianas are of volcanic origin, there being some smoking craters among the northern ones. There is no crater in Guam, but earthquakes are frequent and have been destructive.

Coral reefs fringe the islands with passages which admit boats; but Guam has the only harbor—which gives the island a very considerable strategic value to the United States, as it lies on the route from Hawaii to the Philippines. This value has been augmented since the development there of a naval supply and repair station, and the landing of the trans-Pacific cable, the Japanese cable, and the German-Dutch cable from Singapore *via* Melanesia. The next landing-place of this latter is at Yap, in the German Pellew islands, 500 miles southwest of Guam.

Guam is 32 miles long and from 7 to 9 miles wide, containing an area of 214 square miles. Its surface is diversified and generally fertile. The northern part is a plateau with several low peaks. It is here that most of the farms, or "ranchos," lie. The southern part is mountainous. There are numerous small streams flowing through narrow valleys which are very fertile. Large areas covered with valuable hardwood belong to the United States.

The island was discovered by Magellan in March 1521, after a voyage, of great privations, of three months and twenty-five days from Magellan's Straits. His men maltreated the simple and confiding natives, and as a result of encounters and reprisals, during which the natives took a boat and some pieces of iron, Magellan gave them the name of "Ladrones" (thieves) which, taken up by the geographers, has clung to them. Later the Spanish government officially proclaimed the name of Marianas, and the several American Governors made efforts to have that name adopted by the United States. The subject was finally referred to the "Board on Geographic Names," the official organization for the determination of such matters, which gave its authority to the name of Marianas—following the Spanish and the Germans—and that name has been officially promulgated by the President.

Guam has been frequently visited by pirates, adventurers, explorers, and whalers, and various expeditions, both scientific and military. From about 1668 a regular conquest of the island was undertaken in order to "Christianize" the natives and bring them completely under the control of the Jesuit priests. After many years of desultory fighting and much loss of life, several priests having been killed, the natives were finally subdued, and, since, have never given their rulers any concern.

They were originally very numerous. Various estimates have given from 100,000 to 150,000 for all the islands. The population of Guam now numbers about 12,000.

These natives are known as "Chamorros," and their language is called Chamorro. It belongs to the great Malayan family, spoken over a vast area by the aborigines of Maylasia, parts of Cambodia, the Pacific Islands from Formosa and Hawaii to New Zealand and Easter Island, and the great island of Madagascar.

The aboriginal Chamorros were a fine looking, robust, brown race, better proportioned than the Spaniards who conquered them, and of great strength. The women were tall and graceful, and fairer than the men. They were a people remarkably free from disease and many lived to an advanced age. They were all expert boatmen and swimmers.

Undoubtedly they had the same origin as the inhabitants of the Philippines and other sections to which the latter are related. This is indicated by their language, superstitions, arts, social organization, and physical appearance. As there is evidence of Melanesian or Papuan affinities, the population was not, in all probability, purely Malayan. Certain customs were similar to those now existing in parts of Melanesia—(such as the living together of the bachelors in "great houses.")

There was also unquestionable affinity with the natives of Micronesia.

.... "Unlike the Melanesians and Papuans, the Chamorros were ignorant of the manufacture of pottery and of the use of the bow and arrow in warfare. Nor did they possess the art of carving wood. Unlike the Micronesians they were ignorant of the art of weaving with looms. Their mats were plaited diagonally like those of the true Polynesians. In their art of fire-making and cooking they resembled the latter. Their adzes or gouges of stone were scarcely to be distinguished from those of many Melanesian and Polynesian tribes."

.... "Their use of the betel pepper and areca nut as narcotics instead of the Kava pepper (used by the Polynesians) connects them with the Malays, and their possession of rice, in prehistoric times, bearing the same name as in the Malay Archipelago and Madagascar, is another bond. On the other hand, they did not possess the paper-mulberry so important in the economy of the Eastern Pacific Islands as the source of bark cloth, or 'tapo.' Other trees of importance in the economy of the true Polynesian are absent from Guam."

The old Chamorros stained their teeth black, and bleached their hair. These practices would be scorned now by their descendants, who, however, are still somewhat addicted to chewing the betel-nut, though not for ornamentation.

Many of the old characteristics still obtain, although the modern Chamorro is very much of a mixture, due to the infusion of much foreign blood. The Spanish colony, an occasional Chinese or Japanese settler, and the American and English whaling fleets, which made Guam their headquarters for several months of each year during the middle of the last century, have all made a decided impression upon the population, as many family surnames show.

They have entirely lost their skill as water-men. There are now very few boats, and during a residence of nearly two years the writer never saw a native swimming in the ocean.

Instead of the ancient fashion of wearing their hair so long as to touch the ground, the women now arrange it as in any civilized community, and wear clothes modeled from "The Delineator" or "The Queen"—to which publications some of the better class are constant subscribers. On social occasions the Chamorro women of the best class appear, dress, and talk just as any ladies do that one is accustomed to meet in good society anywhere.

The early houses were said to have been the best of any aboriginal race hitherto discovered in the Indies. They were made of split bamboo, rectangular, raised from the ground, sometimes on pillars of stone, with walls and roofs of woven palm leaves. Sometimes these houses

were divided into compartments by curtains of mats. At present the houses of the richer class are of a type found in all Spanish colonies in the tropics. The walls are built of concrete, of coral stone and lime, made in Guam; the roofs are of tile, or corrugated iron, and the interiors are finished in the native mahogany—not especially on account of its beauty, but because it is the most durable of native woods. Many of these houses now have modern sanitary arrangements introduced usually by American occupants, with the eager consent of the owners, for the present-day Chamorro desires nothing so much as to be “up-to-date.” The ancient custom of cooking in concrete ovens, in the back yard, generally prevails, although there are modern cooking stoves in some houses.

The water for drinking purposes comes from shallow wells near each house. These wells have given the American authorities much concern, as it is known that they are polluted, and almost to a certainty cause the general prevalence of certain diseases, the evil effects of which are mitigated to some extent by the medicines distributed, free, by the naval medical officers stationed in Guam. But these conditions can never be eradicated until pure water is piped into Agaña, the capitol, (where two-thirds of the population of the island live)—and freely distributed. Steps have been taken to secure this, and Congress has appropriated a sum of money for the purpose, that a commencement may be made this year. This is primarily to insure the health, and therefore the efficiency, of the American officials, civil and military, and the natives will benefit thereby.

The houses are generally lighted by kerosene. The use of sewing machines is universal, and bicycles are numerous, used by both sexes. Of late there have even been automobiles on the roads of Guam, side by side with the slow, mediæval-looking bull carts of the natives.

The efforts of the American Governors have been directed to the establishment of schools, the introduction into the towns of pure water, the extension of roads and telephonic communication, and the improvement of agricultural methods. Owing to various reasons the schools were not permanently established until the administration of Governor Dyer. Shortly after his arrival, in May 1904, a law was promulgated making it compulsory for all children, of both sexes, from the ages of seven to fourteen, to attend school.

All the ladies in the colony who were not too busily occupied at their homes volunteered to teach, and the corps of instructors was completed by details from the marine detachment, and from natives who were fairly proficient in English. Convenient lavatories were provided, and the children who needed it, after a careful inspection each morning,

were sent to them, to be scrubbed by an attendant. The ailing were marched in a squad to the hospital and there attended to. Absentees were hunted up by a truant officer, and their parents fined if the excuse was inadequate.

The native parents were much pleased with the establishment of the system, and the children were assiduous and intelligent. Few fines were necessary, and few enforced baths, after the first few weeks. 2,300 children were brought into school and kept there during the whole year, with the exception of about two weeks during the midsummer. The school year was divided into three terms. As a part of the course in public instruction, apprentices were placed in the government carpenter-, machine-, and blacksmith-shops, the ice and refrigerating plant, the printing office, and the naval hospital. A large class in music was formed, out of which speedily grew a native band, which in the course of a year, became the pride and delight of the whole native population, and a source of pleasure to the Americans. The amusements of the Chamorros are few, and the introduction of musical instruments with systematic instruction proved to be an important addition to their welfare.

One of the most significant steps for the benefit of the islanders was the establishment of a hospital for women and children by Mrs. Dyer, the wife of the Governor. A hospital for men had been started by a former American Governor—(now Admiral Schroeder, in command of the fleet), but there was great necessity for one for the women, who are shyer and more inclined to hide their ailments. This hospital, called at the request of the natives "The Susana Hospital for Women and Children," was installed in an old convent of concrete, the most suitable building available, completely fitted with modern appliances, and formally presented to the Chamorro people. Since her return to the United States, Mrs. Dyer has interested the benevolence of Mrs. Russell Sage, who has endowed it with sufficient money to meet its most necessary expenses. It is satisfactory to know that this enterprise is accomplishing the beneficent results hoped for by its founder.

Guam has now a good system of fine macadam roads of easy grades, which is being rapidly extended. The towns are all connected by telephone lines, and there is a rural free delivery from the Federal Post Office in Agaño. The mail arrives and departs regularly, once a month, on the Government transport, which touches there *en route* to the Philippines. Additional mails come frequently on ships of war passing between the United States and the Philippines.

The Government transports also bring supplies of all kinds, including fresh meat, and poultry, and fish in cold storage.

The establishment of an Island Agricultural Experimental Station in the early part of Governor Dyer's administration soon supplied all, who could afford to pay a moderate price for them, sufficient fresh vegetables without recourse to the transport. This purely island enterprise has now developed into a Federal agricultural station, which is destined to be of great service in teaching the Chamorros, who are all farmers, better and more economical methods, and in giving them a greater variety of food products.

Everything is raised in Guam that is found elsewhere in the tropics. Practically nothing is exported.

“BINKS.”

“**I**N freshman year Binks lost an eye
In the game we played with Yale,
And he lost both feet in the Harvard game,
Which he fought both tooth and nail.
He lost four ribs and his collar bone
On the Princeton field that year.
His hands came off in a practice bout,
With a piece of his dexter ear.

“He broke both knees in a game we played
With the boys of Columbia,
And when he came back from the Pennsy game
His nose had faded away.
His shoulder blades were both yanked off
In a scrimmage in '94,
And his chest and lungs were smashed to bits
While he was a sophomore.

“When all was gone but poor Binks' head
And nothing was left below—
For all that he had beneath his chin
Was false as the April snow—
He entered his head for Latin and Greek,
As bold, if you please, as brass,
And—would you believe it?—commencement day
He stood at the head of his class!”—[Ex.]

DAY.

LOOKING east from my window one morning at about half past five o'clock, I beheld only a blank white wall pressing close around the building, with the trees near by, usually clear cut, looming large and shadowy. As I watched, the wall grew less dense and I could see the dim outlines of buildings in the distance; while the trees close at hand appeared smaller and less shadowy; and I could distinguish the leaves drooping under their heavy load of dew, and the moss, usually so gray and feathery, hanging wet and green, as after a shower. Then there appeared on the white a rosy spot, which grew larger and brighter, until the sun, chasing the fog back on either hand, shone through in all its early glory,—not dazzling, as at noon on a summer's day, but glowing red like a great ball of fire.

While crossing the Campus on the way to breakfast, I noticed that every blade of grass and every twig held its full share of moisture. To the right, where the lake should have been, there seemed a vast abyss filled with dense fog, until some minutes later I saw a golden path leading straight across what seemed a vast ocean. Returning from breakfast, I noticed that the ocean had disappeared leaving in its stead our own familiar lake, though the farther shore was still hazy and indistinct. By Chapel time, the sun had climbed high in the heavens and had already uplifted the heavy burdens that the grass and trees had borne. At noon, the opposite shores of the lake stood out with their usual clearness, under foot all was dry again, and the sun shone with dazzling light from a deep blue sky flecked with fleecy white clouds.

As late afternoon approached, these clouds seemed to gather in the south and west, forming as the sun set, a gorgeous bank, first of gold, then of crimson, then changing into many colors, and shading away into the pale blue of the sky. The lake at this time was beautiful. Smooth as glass, it reflected every tint of sky and autumnal landscape, thus showing the colors in their perfect harmony. Now a ripple passing over the surface would blot out the picture, then pass, and allow it to return with greater intensity.

As the sun sank slowly behind the trees, the shadows lengthened and twilight stole in, a softened light, which was barely enhanced by the crescent moon, waiting just above the treetops to slip unseen into obscurity. Lights appeared here and there on the Campus making, by their brilliance, the surrounding darkness still deeper. One shone out under its sheltering oak, a beacon, directing wanderer and wayfarer to

a place of rest. Lastly, the stars came out one by one, and restful, peaceful night reigned supreme.

F. R. BURLINGH, '11.

GLIMPSES OF YELLOWSTONE NATIONAL PARK.

HIDDEN away in the heart of the Rocky Mountains is truly the wonderland of the world. This marvelous section of our country is guarded on three sides by lofty and almost inaccessible mountains, as though God Himself would not allow mankind rashly to enter this sublime enclosure. Nowhere else can be found such a blending of the beautiful and terrible, the strange and sublime, as in this peculiar area. On one side are gray desolate cliffs and snow-capped peaks, while on the other is a rocky chasm or a rushing torrent. Here lies a pool of water sparkling with its golden colors, radiant with lovely hues, while over there is a hissing, steaming, rumbling geyser. To the right is a forest covered with trees and shrubs, mountain streams, and rivers, to the left stretches a barren tract bubbling and seething with boiling water. Here side by side God has placed these marvels of nature.

After entering the park the roadway climbs steadily upward, winding in and out among the mountains and valleys until the Great Divide of the Pacific is reached. And here at the highest point is a little lake dividing its waters equally with the Pacific and the Atlantic. From this lake flow silver threads connecting the two mighty oceans. Here each gentle breeze determines the fate of the drops of water and starts them trickling noiselessly over the mountain side. Then these silver streams unite in a larger one that laughingly leaps from rock to rock, until at last, gaining momentum as it goes, it is a roaring, crashing, swirling, lashing, angry river, now churned and dashed into spray by obstructing boulders, now dashing over the rocks in the mighty falls of the Yellowstone, and then down, down in its many-colored, gorgeous-hued bed of the canyon it winds peacefully along, and from above seems to be a silver thread woven in this beautiful tapestry of nature. No creature can dwell here on these rocky cliffs, but far out on a lofty pinnacle of rock an eagle, the king of birds, the bird of freedom, has placed its nest midway between earth and heaven, as if it were guarding this Wonderland of our Republic.

One of the most beautiful sights in the Park is the Minerva Terrace. Here the water from the boiling springs instead of wearing away the rock as elsewhere, has built it up year after year, and has left a mineral deposit which is now many feet high. The coloring of this mountain carved by unseen hands, is even more wonderful than its formation. Wherever the boiling water passes over the sides it has mingled with its magic touch the most beautiful shades of orange, yellow, purple, red, and brown. And, when listening to the low, sweet murmuring of the cascade, you think that at last Fairyland has been reached.

Among the geysers Old Faithful is the special favorite of tourists. It is not for its height or beauty alone that it is so admired, for there are others whose sparkling sprays shoot higher, but it is beloved for its faithfulness. Year in and year out, winter and summer, day and night, Old Faithful sends its silvery stream up from unknown depths every seventy minutes.

For beauty nothing can excell the pools of boiling water. Their hues are many, and varied; some are blue, some green, some golden, and others wine-colored, in all shades and tones. These gems are set in silver basins outlined with the most exquisite of ornamentation. The most beautiful of these pools is the Emerald Pool, so deeply colored that bubbles rising from its surface still retain their color and appear as emeralds tossed up from the jeweled depths of a colossal casket.

Among the strange and grotesque are the mud geysers and mammoth Paint Pots, seething, bubbling masses of colored clay formed into curious shapes in huge vats, where Mother Nature mixed her paints.

Surely after viewing all of these strange and marvelous sights we can well say with Hamlet, "There are more things in Heaven and Earth, Horatio, than e'er dreamed of in thy philosophy."

M. O'N.

A MEXICAN SKETCH.

WE were a party of four: the Doctor, a woman of sixty, who had lived in Mexico and was bubbling over with folk-lore and history, besides being a fluent Spanish student; Mary, her niece, whom she was teaching; Miss Addie, a maiden of forty; and the Kid—that's me—who had never before traveled beyond the borders of her own land.

We had been frozen and blown to pieces in El Paso, shriveled with

alkali dust, choked by whirlwinds on the plains, taxed by the altitude of Mexico City, and were now tired and glad to drop our bags and rest. It was a dear, quaint, picturesque, little old town, with houses pink, yellow, and blue walled, flat roofed, and built plumb with the street; houses whose windows and doors followed no rule at all.

Cuernavaca is a place of gardens, but the gardens form the central court of the houses and, for the most part, are hidden away behind these straight, gay-colored walls. Cuernavaca was the winter residence of the old Aztec rulers before Cortez came raiding this land of the sun. It is said that the Spanish soldiers, making signs, asked the name of the palace: "Place of trees," the Aztecs called it, but the Spaniards, repeating, said, "Cuernavaca," which means cow's born.

Two Mexican girls, daughters of the house of Mannerjesque, greeted us at the station and rode with us in the coche (carriage), drawn by mules, over the mile and a half of blazing white pumice dust, and bumped through the cobble-stoned, narrow streets.

"This is the place," said Luisa, in her low-spoken rapid English, as the coche stopped before two great doors,—open then, though always closed at night,—a huge knocker on one, in the other a smaller door (the needle's eye the camel went through, thought the Kid). Beyond the great doors is a corridor, long and paved, one side opening through pillars upon the garden; and into this corridor open the various rooms of the house. Along this particular corridor we had our rooms, for this is a small, private hotel kept by Judge Mannerjesque and his daughters.

It was past noon, and warm. The judge had the state dinner in honor of the Doctor and her friends laid in the long, cool dining room, with its tiled floor and door-like casement windows, through which came the sound of rippling water and the scent of strange flowers. Mary stepped down from the foot-high casement, as we waited, and was presented with a gorgeous flower by a dark, slender maid, who accompanied her gift with a murmur of musical Spanish. Don Antonio, in a curtailed jacket just reaching his waist, spoke to the Doctor, and the Judge came down the corridor past the great cages of canaries, now, for the most part, silent.

We were to be honored by the presence of the family, and with special dishes, and with wine, which, the Doctor told us, we must not refuse, whether we drank it or not, since to refuse would be a discourtesy. That dinner lasted until dusk, there being from nine to thirteen courses,—the Kid lost count. It began with soup, eggs, and rice, and ended with strange looking fruits piled high in huge dishes, coffee, and sweets, each being served separately.

Then we all walked in the garden, the two Mexican girls pointing

out the flowers they loved best, and, themselves giving tone to the scene with their wealth of dark hair, long heavy lashes shading beautiful eyes, and grace of figure. Luisa, who was fairer than any of us, was very shy, and, though well trained, was afraid to try her English.

The girls had laid aside their rebosas and were in rather tight looking waists, not so unlike our own, except for a certain indefinable something.

The sky was very, very blue with a thrill in it.

But the garden! Down the broad side-walks or winding through mysterious little pathways quite dusk we walked; and because of the denseness of interlaced foliage, it was not until days after that we began to realize that the place was, perhaps, only half an acre in extent. Winding our way by a shady path through a maze of strange growing things beside a gurgling rill, past great clumps of bananas, we came out at last at a large dry basin, once a fountain, over which hung broad drooping banana leaves, above them a foam of feathery willow, and looming still higher the weather stained, beautifully colored old cathedral built by Cortez. Seeing its soft mellow brown and yellow stucco wall, we loved it then and always. Ah, yes! for to creep in at vespers, as the music swells and breathes and sobs, and the great candles flicker on dark upturned reverent faces, or whispering bended heads, while the robed priest silently moves before the altar, is to understand something in nature deeper, more universal, than the barriers of creed or race.

We came from the garden to the corridor past the girl's rooms, Macada, the younger, saying something in Spanish to the Doctor.

"Yes! Yes! You must hear Luisa play," Macada was saying, "shall we not enter?"

We entered. Macada waved us toward a settee set close against the wall. Exactly in the middle of the other wall just in front was a rug, while at either side of this rug, with their fronts just touching its edge, were two arm chairs, their rockers sweeping up to form the arms as well. Other chairs were set primly against the wall. Naturally the Kid and Mary slid into the settee.

"Oh don't do that!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Those are the places of honor reserved for the most honored or oldest person present."

Immediately the culprits slid out and sat modestly against the wall on either side, while the Doctor complacently took the seat of honor, "to illustrate," and the kids were laughed at for their abashed looks. This custom is universally followed, even in the State Palace at Mexico City.

Luisa played, and the girls, at the Doctor's request, showed the

Americanos their rebosas—long scarfs used as wraps—all folded carefully and piled one upon another, twenty-five or thirty apiece. They are of every color and of many colors, some small, worn when little girls, others that had been their mother's and had been handed down as we might hand down old laces. They are worn to match some color in dress or trimmings, and no modest girl will appear on the street with her waist undraped, though she may go bareheaded all she likes. "These rebosas are all the millinery ever needed, and as you see," said the Doctor, "are more lasting than ours." Some of the rebosas were hand woven and, though a yard or more in width, were so soft that they easily slipped through a finger ring. In length they must correspond to the height of the wearer, and some have wonderful knotted fringes a foot or more in depth. A pair, one soft blue gray, the other brown, had the girls' names knitted into the fringe, made by order of a friend who wished to do them honor, and these scarfs were very valuable. At last the Doctor ordered her flock away.

In the night the Kid awoke to find the moon streaming into her bedroom door, calling,—calling until she could not resist; and slipping into slippers and gown she crept out to find the world bewitched. A murmur of water, the whirl of a night insect, the note of a startled bird, the cathedral soft and dark against the still intense blue sky, all lent enchantment to the scene. Along the broad paths tall shrubs trailed great bell-shaped blossoms thick like my lady's much beruffled gown. The breath of the summer night (though it was December) touched the Kid's hair, the scent of something very sweet breathed about her "*El dulce olor de la noche*," the sweet odor of the night. There was no telling the tangle of things growing. Here in the very center, almost hidden by overhanging trees and clambering vines, the Kid came upon the summer-house, the moonlight sifting down on round table and seats. Wandering down a side path she started at sight of the stone idol grinning in his pavilion. The Doctor said he ground his teeth at night because no fearful devotee offered him sacrifices of innocent blood as of old.

It was a few days later that the Doctor told this legend, as the party lounged in the low cane chairs outside their rooms.

"You know," began the Doctor, "that Mexico has a virgin all her own—a beautiful Indian Maiden not like any other. It came about in this wise. Juan Diego, a Mexican peon, on his way to mass, passed by the hill of Tepeyacac, and hearing sweet music he stopped. Behold a beautiful lady! She spoke, telling him not to be afraid, but to go to the Bishop and tell him she wished a church built at that spot. He went, but the Bishop would not hear him. On his way home he found

the Virgin waiting. She sent him to the Bishop again next day, but the Bishop said, 'I will not listen unless you bring an unmistakable token.' Juan was cast down, but the Holy Lady told him to come again. When Juan reached home he found his uncle very sick and had to stay to nurse him, but, the uncle growing worse, Juan started for a priest, and fearing to be delayed, he hurried around the other side of the hill. Behold! the Lady coming over the hill called to him. She told him his uncle was already well and needed no confessor, and he should gather flowers from the barren rocks at the top of the hill. Immediately flowers grew where none had ever been before. With joy he folded the flowers in his *tilma*, a small blanket, reaching the knees, and having a hole for the head in the center, and went to the Bishop's home, where at last he stood before him and dropped the flowers at his feet. Lo! upon the *tilma* appeared the image of the Virgin just as Juan had seen her. On reaching home Juan found his uncle well, cured the very hour the Virgin had spoken to him.

"A chapel was built where the roses so miraculously grew, and Juan and his uncle became the attendants. The 12th of December, the day the roses bloomed and the image appeared, became a national holiday. Nor is that all. For years after the chapel was built the *tilma* hung unprotected on its wall, yet the colors never faded, the cloth never grew old. Later, when a group of churches had grown up about the original chapel, and before the magic *tilma* had been placed in state in the great church finally built to receive it, a council of famous chemists and artists from all parts of the world, was gathered together to discover, if possible, what were the wonderful pigments that formed the picture, and they spent days behind locked doors, but in vain.

"The picture was then placed in a deep gold frame, and over the pictured virgin within the frame was hung the wonderful jeweled crown, a crown more splendid than any worn by a crowned head of Europe. This was the gift of a very rich woman who put her whole fortune into it. Everywhere one may see and can buy on the streets pictures of Guadalupe; and always this crown is represented above the Virgin's brow."

"Tomorrow," said the Doctor, "We shall see what Cuernavaca can do in the Virgin's honor."

There was mass in all the churches both morning and afternoon; all the altars were decorated in pale blue and white, the Virgin's colors. There was music, and many on the street had a fluttering canopy of the same colors made of tissue paper slashed in streamers a foot long, and crimped in the fingers. These were strung on wires across the street a foot or two apart and made a fluttering, rustling roof often for several

blocks, for no work seems too great in honor of "Our Lady." In the evening we made our way to a shrine built over the tomb of a son of Cortez. The image of the Virgin was in metal, painted, and with iron spikes radiating from all sides. The image was at one end of the square with an open space in front, and was protected by a stone roof. The street leading to this was lined for several squares with bonfires. This, in itself, was a celebration, as a blazing fire is seldom used here, the cooking being done with charcoal.

When we came into the square the statue of the Virgin was surrounded with lanterns, very primitive affairs, but giving the effect of colored electric lights, while below were masses of gorgeous flowers, and blue and white streamers. Now came the most foreign part of the scene. Down among the sea of high peaked hats, white blouses, and gay blankets, was a great circle of women, sitting on the ground, cooking over charcoal braziers, and serving the people with all kinds of native delicacies.

During the evening a great tower fifty or sixty feet high, made of ropes and slender sticks, looking as though it could not hold together, was brought in and erected in the center of the open space, while ropes ran out to the corners, where smaller umbrella-shaped towers, twice as tall as a man, were placed.

At 10 o'clock we were treated to the sight of the evening, for the Mexicans are masters of the art of making fire-works. The fuse was lit, and, after a pause, a magnificent pin-wheel began to whirl on the lower round of the big tower; then another, and another; there must have been ten or twelve on that lower round. Then the fire crept up and up, while lanterns of sparks shot themselves to pieces, pin-wheels buzzed and whirled, and the light ran back and forth, now here, now there, scattering showers of sparks until the top bloomed in the national colors—red, green, and white—lighting up the picture of Guadalupe placed in the top of the tower. Then the fire ran out to the corner towers in beads of light. A tremendous popping, a great rain of sparks, the national colors, and all was still. It had taken half an hour, and we crept down from our perch in among the swaying hats, under red, green, and white lights past the dipping bonfires into the quiet streets and home.

"A very unusual celebration," said the Doctor. "A very beautiful one," said Mary.

R. M. T.

THE WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY RUSH.

A YALE TRADITION.

[The author, Mr. J. H. Flye, is a former Rollins student who is now doing most creditable work at Yale University. We gratefully acknowledge his courtesy.—Ed.]

YALE is a college of traditions. In any college community, to be sure, with its generations of only four years, customs crystalize easily, and once established soon become time-honored. But there are probably few institutions that are more proud of their traditions, and that, without slavish adherence to the past, are more glad to cherish the usages of bygone days than Yale. Some of these may, to outsiders, seem strange or meaningless, but to the undergraduate they are distinctive characteristics that go to make up the personality of his Alma Mater, and the loss of which would seem like a change in the familiar habits of a dear friend.

Why is it that there do not exist at Yale those drastic measures practiced in some colleges upon the persons of innocent Freshmen and conjured up to the terrified imagination by that ominous word "hazing?" or that such harmless methods of welcome to the members of the entering class, as are given by the Sophomores, are confined strictly to the week of the opening of college? Why do Seniors alone enjoy the privilege of going bareheaded about the campus and streets, and of roller-skating and spinning tops on the pavements? Because these are customs so firmly established and naturally accepted that no one would think of infringing them. Why does Yale, by the free annual vote of the Senior class, continue to maintain compulsory chapel for academic students? And why do the Seniors salute the President, as he walks down the aisle each morning after chapel, with the old-fashioned bow of the eighteenth century? Yale tradition, gentle reader. The college has had compulsory daily chapel since before Washington was born. What a throng of young men have attended these morning exercises in the past, many of whom like Noah Webster, Nathan Hale, and John C. Calhoun, have written their names brightly in the history of our land! The formal bow of the Seniors goes back to the early years of the college in the courtly days of the age of Queen Anne. Are such things to be lightly abandoned?

A custom, comparatively recent, of course, compared with these, but yet old enough to be, to all intents and purposes, for the present undergraduates, an immemorial tradition, is the Washington's Birthday Rush. To take up the history and development of this in detail would

be, in the words of popular monographs, "beyond the scope of the present inquiry." It has been celebrated, however, for many years, and formerly in a somewhat more vigorous, not to say heroic, manner than at present.

Each of the three upper college classes has its fence in front of its representative dormitory, these fences being parts of the long one,—a stout two-railed affair, some three feet high,—which, with some interruptions, runs around the campus inside the line of buildings, marking the boundary between the drive-way and the central green. The members of each class have the privilege of sitting on their fence, an opportunity which is much used in pleasant weather, especially in the long twilights of spring, when groups of students gather there after supper to talk or sing. Just before Commencement each year, the Sophomore class, through a "fence orator" chosen for that purpose, presents its fence to the Freshmen who are to succeed to it the next year, and who correspondingly accept through their orator.

This Sophomore Fence is the center of the Washington's Birthday Rush, which is carried on as follows. Just after chapel on that morning, the Sophomores, wearing high hats and carrying light bamboo canes, take their stand by their fence. The Freshmen form a column some fifty yards away and charge, their object being to capture the Fence, and incidentally to carry away canes and high hats as trophies.

The snow, which usually covers the ground at this time, furnishes material for missiles, while the canes are vigorously used in repelling the assault. After fifteen or twenty minutes the signal is given by marshals, appointed from the Senior class, to stop fighting, and the decision is rendered according to the number of men from each class then touching the Fence. Years ago the Fence was sometimes pulled up and carried off in triumph by the victorious Freshmen. Practically, the result counts for little except as a matter of some class pride, although the Freshmen, if victorious, have the right, thereafter, of carrying canes on the street.

Does all this seem mere boyish sport, unexpected in the academic circle of a staid old institution? There may be something of this in it, and indeed the upper-classmen look upon it with some superiority in the consciousness of greater dignity, yet mingled with that interested seriousness that the undergraduate with the right spirit feels in college athletics. When the Yale man many generations hence is asked about the Fence Rush he will say as we do, "It is a Yale tradition, established long ago, that is honored by its age and by the names of those to whom we owe its preservation. We thank them for it, and pass it on down the years to those who will come after us."

A WEDDING IN ROYAL CIRCLES.

FROM AN OLD DIARY.

Berlin, Germany, February 3, 1894.

THE newspapers this morning announced the wedding at high noon of two titled personages, he the Emperor's Court-Marshall, she a lady in waiting to the Empress. The ceremony was to take place in the historic Dreifaltigkeits Kirche—only a block away, and we went over to see the royal and wedding parties arrive. A huge Majordomo, covered with gold lace and importance, stood guard at the entrance, and to him each guest presented his little green card of admission.

As we entered the gallery we found it well filled with men and women, whom we decided were the household servants, the dressmakers and milliners of the Palace, and with boldness we proceeded to take the very best front seats, directly above where the wedding party would stand.

The great circular church was decorated elaborately with palms and ferns and huge red and white camelia plants in full bloom. The large semi-circle in front of the altar had a slightly raised throne at one side, and numerous groups of gold chairs stood about. Ladies in beautiful gowns and many jewels, and men in brilliant uniforms were rapidly filling the church. There were no ushers and no music until the bridal party came.

When the organ pealed forth the wedding march, everybody rose—including the two American representatives—and the Emperor and Empress with their four eldest sons came in and ascended the throne. They were followed by the four bridesmaids, each escorted by a handsome young officer. Then came the bride and her mother, and we discovered the groom and his mother in front of the altar awaiting the bride. There did not seem to be any fathers anywhere. The groom in a white uniform with a red sash, carried his silver helmet and wore his sword, and we concluded the red and white camelias were in honor of his regimental colors.

The bride looked as brides always do, save that the veil was held in place by a myrtle wreath and diamonds instead of orange blossoms. The bridesmaids in short white gowns wore royal purple bonnets and carried purple flowers, and the two mothers wore dresses alike of royal purple velvet. Think of a wedding with a color scheme of red and purple, relieved by the green of the Empress' magnificent velvet gown!

When all was ready, the Empress seated herself, and all the ladies

followed her example; but the Emperor, the men, and the four young princes, remained standing, as stiff and immovable as statues, throughout the entire service, which was only a trifle less than an hour in length.

Taking a text, the preacher first preached a sermon to the noble couple a half hour long. During the service, the guests united in singing two hymns, the words for which were printed and scattered about the church, and, just before the benediction, the pastor presented the groom with a Bible.

The Emperor and Empress and the four princes came forward and kissed and congratulated the newly wed. Then they passed out, everybody bowing to the floor not only to the Emperor and Empress, but to the four youngsters as well, who did their share of bowing with as much grace as their elders.

Then the groom, with his helmet in one hand and his Bible in the other, and with his dainty new wife tagging a bit behind already, after the fashion of the country, went out. Everybody greeted everybody else with much bowing and hand kissing, and we went out well pleased with this glimpse of a royal wedding.

L. W. B.

MEMOIRS DE ESPANA.

CONTEMPLANDO el pintoresco panorama del "campus" del "Rollins College" que se divisa desde el pórtico de "Pinehurst," en uno de esos días consagrados al Señor en que todo es recojimiento y quietud en estos lugares, mi mente vagaba por las regiones del pasado cuando uno de los estudiantes me vino a sacar de la meditación en que las bellezas de Natura y el recuerdo del hogar lejano me habían sumido, con su atractiva conversación la que habiendo tratado de España me sugirió á escribir algo acerca de la vida del estudiante en aquel país. Alagado por la idea y con deseos de dar á conocer á mis compañeros en este colegio cuan diferentemente se estudia al otro lado del Atlántico, me ví impulsado á dedicarles este breve trabajo.

Las primeras letras se aprenden en escuelas públicas ó privadas que se llaman Escuelas de Párvulos y en donde, y varias veces al són de la palmeta y la correa, se enseña á leer y escribir, nociones de Geografía, las operaciones fundamentales de la Aritmética y Doctrina Cristiana. Transcurrida ya esta primera etapa de la vida escolar, en la que la

afición al estudio empieza á desenvolverse, se pasa á colegios particulares en donde el pequeño conocimiento que se había adquirido sobre esas principales ramas del Saber en la clase de párvulos, es ensanchado en las clases Elemental y Superior hasta tal punto en que habilite el salir triunfante del examen que se exige para ingresar en el Bachillerato, que es curso de estudios necesario para entrar en cualquier universidad de España y que comprende los llamados en los Estados Unidos "Academia" y "Colegio."

España cuenta con diez Universidades y cincuenta y nueve Institutos de segunda enseñanza, correspondiendo á cada universidad cierto número de institutos segun su importancia y situación geográfica. El Instituto de Barcelona está á la cabeza de los ocho que comprende el distrito universitario de Barcelona y forma parte del mismo edificio de la Universidad. La arquitectura de este es de estilo romano y construido de piedra ocupa con los jardines adjacentes la extensión de dos cuadras. Su fachada, coronada en sus extremos opuestos por dos torres, una la del reloj y la otra la del Observatorio, está edificada en línea con las otras casas de la calle y descuella con majestad en la Plaza de la Universidad. Fué erigido para la Exposición que tuvo lugar en 1888 en el mismo límite entre la parte antigua y moderna de la ciudad estando situado en uno de sus puntos mas céntricos y por donde pasan tranvías en todas direcciones.

El estudiante de España es estudiante, y no estudiante y trabajador; su oficio es estudiar y divertirse; por lo que el joven que carece de recursos teniendo que trabajar para mantenerse y falto de tiempo se encuentra en muy triste situación para seguir una carrera, pues sin maestro, ha de valerse de su propio ingenio y no teniendo aparatos ni ejemplares que le ilustren lo que lee en los libros es muy fácil que salga reprobado en los exámenes oral y escrito que se exige á los que estudian de ese modo y que pretencen á la Enseñanza Libre.

Hay también muchos colegios en los que se cursan las asignaturas del Bachillerato y hasta con bastante provecho en los primeros años en los que el discípulo recibe atención particular, y habituado al estudio y á asistir á clase se halla en mejor aptitud para proseguir con lucimiento los restantes años del Bachillerato en el Instituto, en clases de más de cien alumnos y en donde tal vez sólo se le preguntará la lección dos ó tres veces durante el año. La duración de las clases es de hora á hora y media habiendo un descanso de quince minutos en los intermedios.

En el Instituto se educan mas de setecientos jóvenes, la mayoría pertenecientes á familias acomodadas que residen en la ciudad, que van á comer y dormir á sus respectivas casas y hallándose muchas de estas situadas a gran distancia no es extraño que alguno se quede por el

camino atraído por alguna novedad. A las nueve faltas de asistencia en las clases alternas, y á las quince en las clases diarias, no dejan examinarse al estudiante en Mayo, teniendo este que esperar hasta Septiembre, que es en el mes en que tienen lugar los exámenes para los que no pudieron pasar en Mayo.

El estudiante español es mas aficionado a ejercicios gimnásticos que á "sports." En todas las ciudades hay varios Gimnasios y Salas de Esgrima en los que la mayoría de los estudiantes se ejercitan en ejercicios atléticos. Los "sports" genuinamente españoles son la Corrida de Toros, abominada por muchos, y el Jay-Alai ó pelota vasca, que ha decaído bastante; en ellos predomina el profesionalismo. El unico "sport" de origen sajón que está algo arraigado es el "Association Foot-Ball," llegando á contarse en Barcelona en 1905 nueve diferentes bandos. La numerosa colonia cubana de algunas ciudades es la unica que juega al "Base-Ball," no habiendo simpatizado los españoles con tan atractivo "sport."

Asociaciones ó Sociedades de Estudiantes no se encuentran en los Institutos ni Universidades; los estudiantes toman parte activa en las Sociedades Políticas, Religiosas y Recreativas de la ciudad. Las ideas políticas son las que mas predominan entre estos y cuando aparece algun momento critico en la política del país es muy fácil que los partidos opuestos vengan a las manos teniendo entonces que intervenir la policía para restablecer el orden; otras veces la alteración de éste es debido á la aproximación de las vacaciones de Navidad, Semana Santa ó Carnaval y con objeto de adelantarlas.

Las Universidades é Institutos de España no se consideran entre si como enemigos ni rivales, sino como hermanas y como tales se esfuerzan en honrar á su madre patria con laureles. Cuando una de estas se ve oprimida por el peso de alguna injusticia ó desventura, sus hermanas estan prestas á darle ayuda, y cuando se trata de reclamar algun lejítimo derecho ó anular algun nuevo plan de estudios debido al cambio de Ministerio y en el que el Ministro de Instrucción se propone con desacuerdo introducir alguna inovación en la Enseñanza del país, entonces, levantados todos en masa y unidos estrechamente, luchan bajo el lema de justicia y derecho exponiendose muchas veces al plomo y al acero de la fuerza armada, hasta lograr el restablecimiento de sus derechos y la anulación del nuevo plan que los habia de privar de ser útil á su querida aunque infortunada patria.

ANTONIO RODRIGUEZ.

THE CALL OF HONOR.

ONE of the greatest errors of the Darwinian theory of the evolution of man from the lower animals is the inability of such a theory to explain the main distinction between man and the lower animals, namely: the power of thought, of choice between right and wrong, of recognition of the rights of others. From the lowest protoplasmic cell to the highest forms of animal life, self predominates to the detriment of the universal welfare; the single preëminent object thruout this progressive series being the preservation of number one. As with all rules, there are some seeming exceptions to this statement, notable the Colonial jelly-fish, consisting of a collection of various protoplasmic cells, each of which contributes its share toward the existence of the whole, and the herds of deer and other gregarious animals. Still, upon further research, we shall find that these exceptions are more specious than valid. Herd is but a unit of the Genus *Cervus*, while in the herd each member feeds for himself, acts for himself, fights for himself; there is no sense of obligation to each other, no recognition of the intrinsic rights of their fellows.

As we continue this investigation thru the lower strata of humanity, we find a condition approached by that of animal life, still far above it in this respect, that here we find the recognition of the claims of others in the clan. While the sense of right, as we consider right, may be lacking, the power of choice is present and exercised. While our own conception of honor and duty is not fully understood, their own is clearly conceived and adhered to.

We might continue thru cannibalism to simple savagery, thru simple savagery to semi-barbarism, thru semi-barbarism to mediaevalism, thru mediaevalism to modernism, and find thruout that the rights of others are to some degree recognized and respected; find a continually enlarging horizon bringing to light the obligation to duty and honorable action, man's respect for himself, his neighbors, and especially for womanhood, increasing as civilization increasingly demonstrates its necessity.

Honor as it is accepted to-day has ruled for many centuries in the higher class of society. The mediaeval noble was noted for his honor, which often led him to perilous journeys, duels, and death. Even in modern times the vindication of honor by the duel is sometimes resorted to, tho' mainly in the Romance nations. In ancient Greece it was their conception of honor that caused the Spartan heroes to lay down their lives at Thermopylae. It was honor that caused the Roman legions to

fight the losing war against Hannibal. It is due to honor that we have the dying utterance of that hero of the Revolution, "My only regret is that I have only one life to give for my country." Honor demanded that the immortal Lincoln give the best years of his life and finally life itself, a sacrifice upon the altar of devotion to his country. Yet, in contrast to each example of honorable action, another creeps in unwelcomed, drenched in dishonor and cowardice. The allies who basely deserted the Spartans at Thermopylae, and the low lives found even in the ranks of royalty, bring to the mind a sickening sense of the non-existence of honor and devotion to duty. The treason of Benedict Arnold and the surrender of Detroit by Hull have sullied not only their names, but that of their country. No appeal could be brought more forcibly to the young man of to-day, than the appeal for the true appreciation of honor and duty.

Most of the examples given above show only one side of honor, the obligation to one's native land. Altho' undoubtedly the greatest examples are furnished by this phase of the question, there are some just as striking to be found in everyday life. Read the annals of the Police, Fire and Life-saving departments and one immediately recognizes not only the fearlessness, the indomitable courage, but also the actual joy with which these heroes do their duty toward their fellow beings in peril. Take the example of the sailors on the battleship Missouri. With fire in the hold and access to the magazine cut off by the raging flames; with almost certain death of the most horrible nature staring them in the face; they give themselves up for lost. But one falters not. With the suffocating fumes from the ever-nearing flames blinding and choking him, with the angel of death smiling as she beckons him on, he lowers himself over the side of the vessel and squeezes thru a port-hole into the magazine. All around him lie thousands of pounds of high explosives, only awaiting the touch of the scorching flames to hurl him and his companions into the presence of their Maker. He leaps to the doors and tries to close them, in vain, they are caught, they fail to move. The fire draws nearer, his eyes smart, his breath comes in gasps, the heated iron doors blister his hands, burn them to the bone; but still he persists. For centuries, it seems to him, through the very torments of Hell, he struggles, and, just as the flames, with their lurid flashes grinning demoniacally in their fury of destruction, roaring, leap forward; just as the hero, exhausted and stupefied, exerts his last strength in one final despairing effort, the great doors relent, move first slowly, then rapidly, and with a great snap, defy the flames and save the ship. What tho' only a few precious moments have passed since he first entered the magazine? What tho' he would have died if he had not

made the attempt? Yet is his sacrifice less glorious, his work less heroic?

Another example is furnished in the wreck of the ill-fated steamship, the "Republic." The wireless operator, Binns, with the side of his cabin torn off by the Florida's iron beak, with the ship sinking under him, tho' already tired from his day's work, stayed at his post for fifty-two hours, sending feeble messages for help in all directions until they were answered, and over one thousand persons,—men, women and children—were saved from a horrible death by drowning. Was his action the less heroic because in the line of his every-day work? Is his devotion the less appreciated because he could not in honor desert his post?

"But," one says, "heroism comes easily to those who are placed in a position where it is required. We have never had the chance to be heroic." And I say in reply, that honor needs no unusual stress for its display; honor is not simply being heroic in times of crises. In the every-day walks of life obligations are always present; to one's self, to one's friends, and to mankind in general. The merchant, with his inclination to overestimate his goods; the builder, with his tendency to do inferior work; the student, with his temptation to aid himself mechanically in his recitations and examinations; the laborer's wish to loaf; the employer's desire to work his employees to the extreme limit; these are conditions where the necessity for honorable action is especially to be found, since here the decision lies wholly in the heart and soul of the tempted. If he cling to honorable action, he is not accorded a place in history or praised in the halls of Congress, while if he deviate from honor, who will point the accusing finger at his guilty heart and cry "Dishonored?" The witness who, at the expense of himself or his friends on trial, stands steadfast in the right and tells the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, has accomplished an act as heroic as any renowned in peace or war. Why? Because he fought within himself, where only his own conscience and God would know of his dishonor, while another, with the plaudits or hisses of the world to urge him on, did that which, had he been alone, he might easily have failed to do. Sensitiveness to the claims of honor is always coupled with a tendency toward heroism, but this heroism is often unseen and unnoticed, so the more praise is due to those who are honorable in the smaller, the insignificant things.

Further, the appreciation of honor has largely deteriorated, giving way to the theory of business success. The merchant, as a rule, sees no harm in selling old, cold-storage eggs under the guarantee that they are fresh from the country. Does any great pang of conscience strike

the student who writes notes on his sleeve? This is only the natural thing for some of them, and often they fail absolutely to see the dishonor in the deed. Their entire attitude may be summed up in the words of one of our students, "Nothing is contrary to the rules, until the man is caught." Yet, place the student in a heart-rending crisis, and his actions would be heroic. The merchant who overcharges and overestimates would unhesitatingly rush into a burning building to save life, or give his own without a murmur to prevent destruction or death. It is not that these have no sense of honor, but that their conception of its necessity does not govern their daily acts. God sees every good deed, and who will say that He loves the magnificent sacrifice of life for honor's sake more than the sacrifice of personal desires for the sake of a principle? And it is this unseen and unappreciated personal honor that the world demands to-day; with its politics, corrupt; its business, untrue; its youth growing in the tendency to dishonor in small things. Legislation may continue until the world ends, but until man's dormant soul arises within him to urge him to follow its true path, it will be useless. Courts of Justice may convene in vain until man's sense of honor compels him to do his share in enforcing justice. How many murderers escape because their friends aid them to get beyond the pale of the law? How many innocent men are convicted because their enemies perjure themselves?

And we, fellow students, are to be the law-makers or law-breakers of to-morrow. The future of the nation depends upon you and me. Therefore, let us resolve here to-night that our part in the reformation shall not be small, that we shall consecrate ourselves more and more to honor and duty. Will people ostracise us? No other President of our fair country has been more vilified by the press than Washington. Will it hurt us, spoil our plans, deplete our purses? King John of France chose an honorable captivity in England rather than the dishonor of breaking his word. And so must we choose, if our earth is to be brought to the feet of the Goddess of Honor. Let us, then, all live the life of honor and die the death of honor. Let us live as we would have our children live after us. Let us do unto others as we would that they should do unto us.

WORTHINGTON BLACKMAN, '09.

[Delivered in the Oratorical Contest for the Roman Medal, March 23rd.]

THE DEDICATION.

Convenerunt ad Diem.

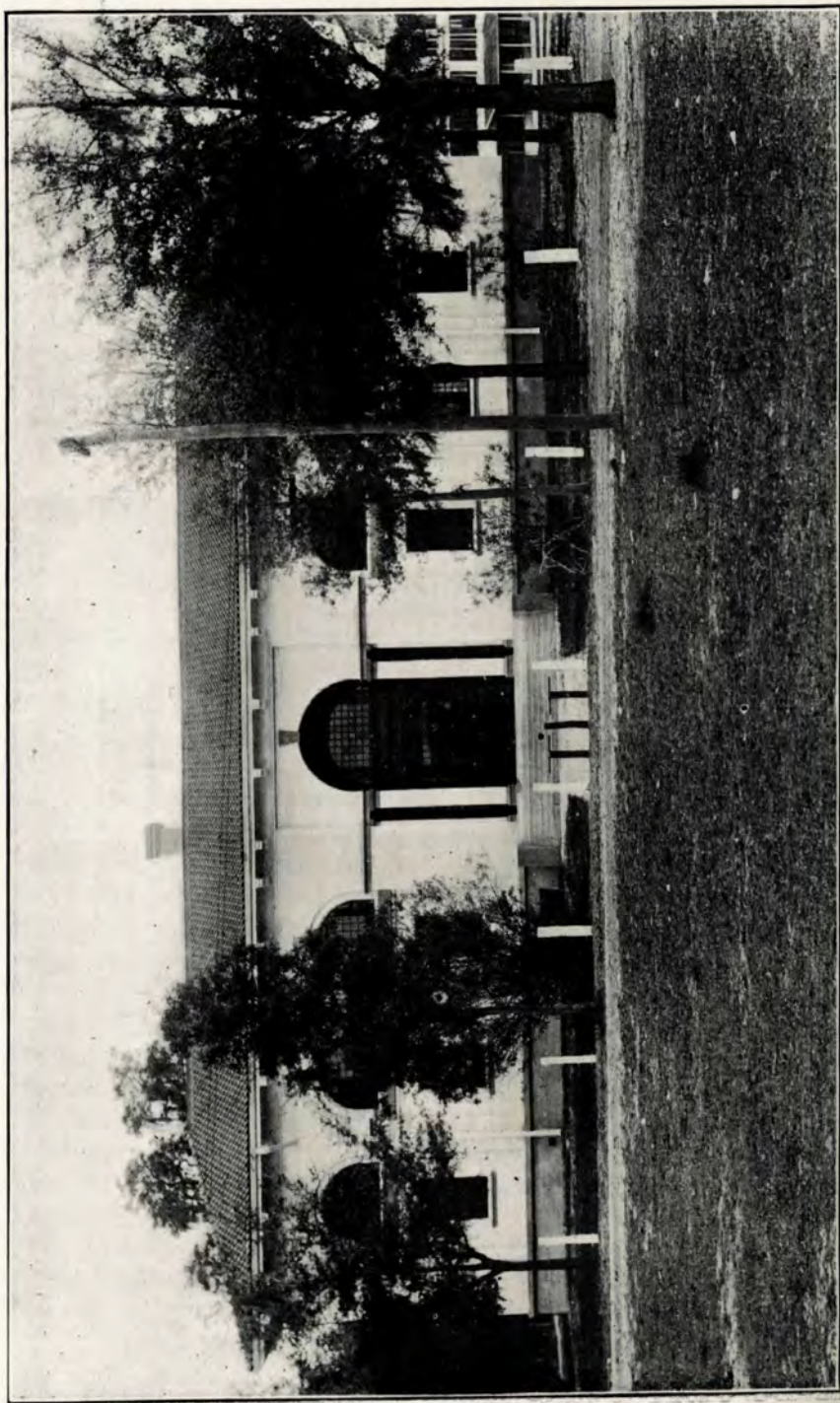
NEVER before in the history of Rollins College has there been such a day of rejoicing and good fellowship as this. It marks an epoch of a new era; it is the consummation of years of toil, struggle, and labor; and it demonstrates clearly that where there's a will, there's a way. The dedication of the two new buildings, Carnegie Hall and Chase Hall, awakened the interest of a large number of people, and, taken in connection with Trustee's Day, it is no wonder that Lyman Gymnasium was taxed to its utmost capacity. The automobiles, carriages, stages, and wagons on the Campus also testified to the popular interest of the occasion.

The visitors occupied the ground floor, the students filled the gallery. Draped in the center over the stage was a large American flag; at either end of the raised platform masses of Boston fern were artistically placed; a grand piano was at the left; the front of the stage was banked with greens; and in the midst of this characteristic Florida setting, the twelve Trustees occupied chairs arranged in a semi-circle. The gallery was likewise dressed in green leaves and vines; its row of electric lights resembled huge magnolias, each in a cluster of magnolia leaves, and the delightful effect was complete with the subdued arc lights shrouded in a heavy veil of Spanish moss. Around the railing of the gallery were to be seen flags, pennants, and ribbons of the Rollins College colors; the golden yellow and the rich blue formed, with the background of dark green, a pleasing contrast, and the touch of life and color was brought out in high relief.

The exercises were opened by President Blackman, the audience joining in the Doxology and the Lord's Prayer. All through the services this recognition of God's goodness and bounty was a very marked feature. Two of Mendelssohn's songs without words were well rendered by Miss Isabel C. Field.

The welcoming address was made by President W. F. Blackman, in which the purpose of the assemblage—the dedication of the extension of the Campus on the west, a new water plant and pumping station, and the two new buildings, Carnegie Hall and Chase Hall,—was the subject of his remarks. He spoke of the original meaning of the word, dedication or consecration, and of the thanks we owed to the two principal benefactors,—Mr. Andrew T. Carnegie and Mr. Loring Augustus Chase.

CARNEGIE LIBRARY



Chase Hall, the gift of the latter, has been erected as a monument to his memory, with the help of some of his friends, also friends of Rollins College, and is one of the most attractive college dormitories in the State of Florida. It is built of white sand-lime brick, with stone trimmings, and the roof is of Ludowici red clay tile. It contains eight double and six single rooms, together with a large common room with fire-place and built-in seats. There are five toilet rooms with shower baths. The building overlooks Lake Virginia, toward which the land slopes sharply, and in this direction two porches on each floor and a large terrace give outlook. The terrace is floored with Indian red cement and affords space for potted ferns and palms. The furniture is Mission style, stained light green. A more beautiful home for young men could hardly be imagined.

Carnegie Hall, the gift of Mr. Andrew Carnegie, is to be used for library and administration purposes. It is 98x50 feet and two stories in height. The material is Florida sand-lime brick, with cement stone trimmings, and the roof is covered with red clay tiles, Spanish style of architecture. On the wall to the right of the handsome entrance is a bronze medallion of Andrew Carnegie and on the left a bronze tablet containing the names of the building, the president of the college, and the architects. The building faces north and the west half of the ground floor is devoted to the reading room—50 by 37 feet—and reaches to the heavily timbered roof. An octagonal gallery extends around this room, and both above and below there are alcoves reaching to the edge of the gallery, affording shelf room for some 20,000 volumes. The floor of this room is of Indian red cement, and the room is finished throughout in natural wood. A glass partition containing a hinged window and a railing separate the reading room from the librarian's room, which is connected by a lift with the second floor. The east half of the ground floor is devoted to the offices of the president, secretary, treasurer, bursar, and dean. These offices are large and commodious and are finished in natural wood and have filled and waxed floors. The rooms on the second floor will be used ultimately for steel book stacks, which will probably provide accommodation for 100,000 volumes. Until they are needed for this purpose, three of them will be used as class rooms by the professors of History and English. A large room, 38 by 20 feet, will be set apart for the use of the Young Women's Christian Association, the Kappa Epsilon Sorority, and other organizations of the young ladies.

President Blackman announced the further offer by Mr. Carnegie of \$25,000 for a new Science Hall, providing an endowment of \$25,000 should be raised for the department of science; and the President also

announced the assigning of retiring grants to Professors Lord, Longwell, and Dr. Baker, by the Carnegie foundation for the advancement of teaching. These two additional announcements were received with much enthusiasm by the large audience, and especially by the students.

The first half of the services were devoted to the dedication of Chase Hall, and several addresses were given by school-mates and business friends of Mr. Chase. Hon. Joseph Carter of Illinois made an informal speech concerning the character and motives of Mr. Chase. He spoke in glowing terms of his friend; of his pure heartedness, loyalty, and high aspirations; and of his wish to found a college for young men. He emphasized the statement that Mr. Chase's life ought to be an inspiration for the students. At the close of his address he referred to the college banners and colors displayed in the gallery, and to the college spirit everywhere manifested.

The next address was made by Col. D. B. Dyer of Augusta, Ga., likewise an old friend and school-mate. He gave an intimate appreciation of Mr. Chase's life at school, and compared him to Homer as to worldly circumstances in his early life, and as to the statement that seven cities at his death were anxious to provide a place for his ashes. Mr. Chase, although a Northerner by birth, who fought against the South in a Massachusetts regiment for conscience's sake, lies buried in Southern soil, and has left his property for the benefit of Southern young men.

At the close of Colonel Dyer's speech, a prayer of dedication was offered by the Bishop of Maryland, which was followed by a pleasing selection from the cantata, "The Rose Maiden," sung by the Rollins Choral Society, under the leadership of Mr. Walter Drennen, instructor in vocal music.

The second part of the program was largely reminiscences of Rollins College. After a few remarks the President introduced Hon. W. R. O'Neal, who has for many years so faithfully served the College as secretary, treasurer, and trustee. Mr. O'Neal spoke of the past, and of his long connection with the work of the College, of his love for the student body, and of his desire that the largest possibilities of the College should be realized by them. He closed his speech with a personal word of satisfaction at the completion of the two new buildings.

President Blackman then introduced ex-President George M. Ward, who was President of Rollins through the hard and struggling years. When he arose to speak he was greeted by cheers and the waving of the blue and gold on the part of the students. His address was amusing, interspersed with clever stories; his reminiscences of former days had their pathetic as well as their droll side, and oftentimes his incidents of

the early college life were touched with sadness. He referred to Dr. Baker as "Our Mutual Friend," and took his observations of occurrences and incidents from the standpoint of the oldest inhabitant. In this connection, the speaker paid a fitting tribute to the splendid services of President Blackman. Dr. Ward also brought greetings from Mr. C. A. Rollins of Chicago, a trustee, brother of the late Mr. A. W. Rollins for whom the College was named, and from Mrs. A. W. Rollins, now in Egypt. Dr. Ward's speech was followed by loud and protracted applause, with many shouts of "Hurrah for the New Rollins!"

After a benediction by Bishop Paret, the audience dispersed and went to look over the new buildings, through which they were ushered by students.

The evening services of Fellowship and Felicitation were opened with an invocation by Rev. George L. Hanscom of Jacksonville, followed by a selection of Reinecke, brilliantly rendered by Miss Helen K. O'Neal.

Addresses were made by men of experience in the educational world. President Andrew Sledd of the University of the State of Florida, gave an interesting and helpful address on "Higher Education in Florida." He laid special stress upon the great need of better common schools as a basis for more successful work in all the higher schools.

President Albert A. Murphree of the State College for Women, was enthusiastic in his appeal for higher education, and referred to the Dedication Services as an occasion for rejoicing for every loyal citizen of this commonwealth.

After a beautifully rendered selection by the Choral Society, Prof. F. A. Hathaway, President of the State Teachers' Association, spoke of the value of the common schools in training the young people for the institutions of higher learning, and his "Florida Schools for Florida Boys and Florida Girls" was received with great applause.

The closing addresses were made by Mr. Geo. B. Utley, Librarian of the Jacksonville Public Library, and Rev. Hanscom. Mr. Utley pointed out the need of books—for the true University these days is a collection of books. Dr. Hanscom's speech was bright and witty. He spoke of the great value to Florida of Rollins College, and congratulated the people of the State on having such an institution. His tribute to President Blackman was appreciative of the splendid results of his labors for Rollins and for education in general.

An interesting feature of the evening was the conferring upon Presidents Andrew Sledd and Albert A. Murphree the degree of Doctor of Laws in recognition of the valuable services rendered by these gentlemen in the educational work of Florida.

After a benediction by Dr. Blackman, which was followed by three cheers for the President of Rollins, the audience became the guests at a reception tendered by the Board of Trustees in Carnegie Hall. The young ladies and gentlemen of the student body added much to this occasion by their assistance in the introduction and entertainment of guests. The last hour of this auspicious day was thus most agreeably spent with pleasant acquaintances and association.

Rollins has had a commendable past and *paucis annis* may we, all her children, bow our heads and hearts to her, our Alma Mater, on the dedication of a greater Rollins.

Mens discendo alitur—

BESSIE FELL KUDER.

"POP'S" LAMENT.

I ain't no use to work no more,
And nothing ain't no use to me;
In vain I pace the lone lake shore,
For I have saw the last of thee.
I've even taken up base-ball
To git my mind off that event;
I haven't did a thing but squall
Since thou hast went.

Alas! for I ain't one of they
What hasn't got no faith in Love,
And them fond words of yesterday
They was spoke true, by Heaven above.
Is it all off 'twixt I and you?
Will you go wed some other gent?
The things I done I'd fain undo,
Since thou hast went!

O Lil! I cannot stand it long,
I cannot live in this suspense;
Return again, I sadly bid,
Before my feelings git intense.
I have gave up all pomp and show,
I have gave up all hope of fame—
But Oh! what joy 'twould be to know
That thou hadst came.

S.

THE SAND-SPUR

Published by the Students of Rollins College

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For the fifteenth time, THE SAND-SPUR makes its annual bow to the faculty, student body, and friends of Rollins College, and to the public in general. Once again we greet you most heartily, wishing you success in every right enterprise, and happiness without measure. As to the book itself: whatever blunders have been made we hope may serve as danger signals to future Editors, whom we exhort to profit by past experience, as we ourselves have endeavored to do. With this apology, gentle readers, trusting that your criticisms may be rendered with fairness and tempered with charity, we commend THE SAND-SPUR to your perusal.



It is doubtful whether we of the present generation shall ever witness another year containing as many centennial anniversaries of noted personages as this one, 1909. By the end of December, we shall have been called upon to celebrate the 100th birthday of no less than eight men and women of unusual importance.

On February 12th, 1809, Abraham Lincoln first saw the light of day. The story of this great man is too familiar to need repetition. The memory of this great-hearted lawyer, statesman, President, and martyr, will ever remain green in the hearts of his fellow countrymen. On the same day, that great scientist and philosopher, Charles Robert Darwin, came into the world, where, some years later, he was to revolutionize the teachings of his time, and render his name permanent by his "Theory of Evolution." August 6th will mark the centennial of Alfred, Lord Tennyson—that noted English poet of such unusual endowments and power. Oliver Wendell Holmes, American philosopher and humorist,

will claim our attention on August 29th. February 3rd and March 1st were the centennials of Felix Mendelssohn-Bartholdy and Frederic François Chopin, respectively. No criticism of ours could serve to heighten the esteem in which these two noted musicians are held throughout the world of music. Edgar Allan Poe, whose date was January 19th, will ever live in the hearts of his admirers as the author of "The Raven," and those other wierd and ghastly poems and short stories. Just one hundred years ago on March 6th, Elizabeth Barrett Browning was born in Durham, England. Among English-speaking peoples, the author of "Sonnets from the Portuguese" and other delightful poems will ever be held in most loving remembrance.



We wish to call the special attention of our readers to the article on Guam in this issue of THE SAND-SPUR. Situated, as this island is, in the midst of the Pacific Ocean, between the Philippines and the Hawaiian Islands, it is a most valuable asset to the United States as an outpost and supply station. The author is Ex-Governor Dyer, who has come to make his home in Winter Park. The editors are deeply grateful to Commodore Dyer for this contribution.



As ever, the Faculty is maintaining its high standard of efficiency. Some changes were made necessary by the resignation of several instructors, but their places have been filled most satisfactorily.

Prof. W. H. Branham comes to us direct from Oxford University, where he held a Rhodes Scholarship. As instructor in French and Spanish, and as Proctor of Lakeside Cottage, Prof. Branham has become most popular with the student body.

As Acting Dean and Instructor in Mathematics and German, and as coach of the football team, it has not taken Prof. E. S. Palmer long to make his personality felt in college life. Happily, Prof. Palmer's personality is not half bad. (It would never do to say more than this for the Dean).

The History department is fortunate in having Miss Elizabeth Donnan of Cornell University at its head. Miss Donnan is also Proctor of Cloverleaf Cottage and Dean of women. It is safe to say that no one of the other Rollins professors is more popular than Miss Donnan in her rather thankless position.

Mr. Walter Drennen of Birmingham, Ala. and Orlando, is in charge of the Music School and is instructor in vocal music. To those who are familiar with Mr. Drennen's rare capabilities as a singer, no further in-

roduction is necessary. Those who have not heard him have something to anticipate.

The Latin and Greek settee is ably filled this year by Prof. B. L. Alexander. Prof. Alexander, also, was a Rhodes Scholar at Oxford, where he specialized in the classics. As Proctor of Pinehurst Cottage, he has brought sunshine to the hearts of many a son of Adam.

The charming personality of Miss Elizabeth Burleigh soon won for her a sure place in the hearts of the students. Miss Burleigh was formerly a Rollins' student, and is now back again in the capacity of house-keeper and instructor in the Domestic Arts.

Since the withdrawal of Prof. Brinson, Miss Grace M. Johnson has been in full charge of the Business School. Miss Johnson by her ready wit and attractive personality, has endeared herself alike to teachers and students.

The office of Secretary to the President and Faculty is held this year by Mr. William Francis Ronald of the Class of 1906. Those of the older students who knew "Little Willie" would hardly recognize him in the popular young man who fills his position so admirably.

During the year, two very attractive ladies have come to strengthen the work still more. Miss Isabel C. Field takes her place as assistant teacher of piano music. Miss Linnette Branham is, at present, assisting in the work with Spanish-speaking students. She is to be librarian in the new Carnegie Library.



The following very attractive and interesting Exchanges have been received by THE SAND-SPUR during the year:

THE TALISMAN, from the Florida College for Women at Tallahassee.

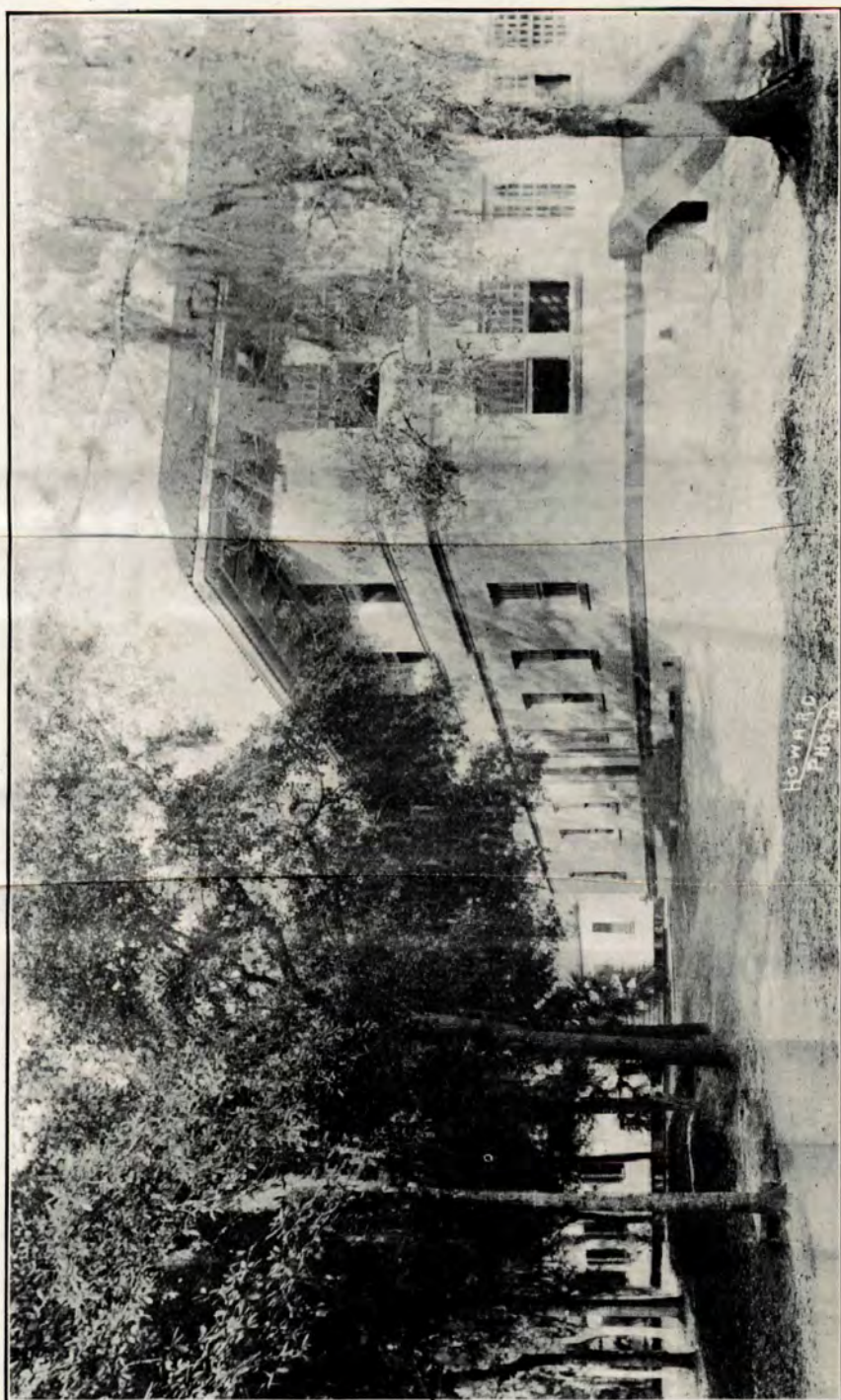
THE ORACLE, by the members of the Duval High School at Jacksonville.

THE STAR OF THE GULF, issued by the Hillsboro High School at Tampa.



Choice seems a thing indifferent, thus or so,
 What matters it? The fates with mocking face
 Look on inexorable, nor seem to know
 Where the lot lurks that gives life's foremost place.
 Yet Duty's leaden casket holds it still,
 And but two ways are offered to our will,—
 Toil with rare triumph, ease with safe disgrace,
 The problem still for us and all of human race.

—J. R. LOWELL.



CHASE HALL

HOWARD
F. B. 1913

NEWS NOTES.

Norman L. Baker was graduated from Rollins College in 1901, and from Cornell University, Mechanical Engineering Department, specializing in Electrical Engineering, in 1905. After six months' work in the drafting department of the New York Edison Company, he became electrical inspector for the New York Central and Hudson River Railway Company, his special work being the inspection of the 60,000 volt transmission line being erected between Niagara Falls and Syracuse. In the fall of 1906 he entered the service of the Arnold Company, consulting engineers, of Chicago, and his first special work with this company was the designing of a large locomotive repair plant, to be fully electrically equipped, to be erected for the Grand Trunk Railway System at Battle Creek, Michigan. His six months' work prior to the

Lamson or Winter Park, Florida, January 20th, 1909.

Mr. Arthur Ray Maxson (class of 1900) of Columbia University, and Miss Nellie Scott Garman of Bath, New York, December 21st, 1908.

Mrs. Haynes, *nee* Abbott, and Mr. Wm. R. Roxby of Daytona, Florida, March 20th, 1909.

Miss Eula Drennen and Mr. Richard Peters, Jr. of Birmingham, Alabama, February 16th, 1909.

News comes of the marriage of Mr. Frank Sloatermen, who has been teaching for the past year in Prof. Ensminger's school at West Tampa, Florida. Details, however, are lacking.

It requires mind to accomplish great wealth and distribute it wisely, not physique. It requires mind to write such poetry, history, music and tragedy that it shall live in the hearts of men. Here physical bulk in the presence of mind dwindles to insignificance.—The Banner.

MRS. SOPHIA WAY BAKER.

On December the thirtieth, in the late evening, Mrs. Sophia Way Baker, wife of Dr. T. R. Baker, passed into eternal peace. Her death was a great shock to all who knew her, for, although she had been in poor health for some time, it was not known that her condition was at all serious. She was buried on New Year's day in Palm Cemetery, and many friends witnessed the sacred ceremony with a sense of personal bereavement. Her sweet dignity and gracious spirit had endeared her to us all, and the value to the college community of the strengthening and uplifting influence of Mrs. Baker's noble ideals and consistent Christian life, can not be estimated. Our deepest sympathy is with our beloved Dr. Baker, who is not only a faithful teacher but a faithful friend to each one of the whole student body.

MRS. EMMA HENKEL FETZER.

In the first morning hour of February seventh, awoke to infinite day Mrs. Anna Henkel Fetzer, of the class of 1898.

Her class mates and we who knew her in those years of her student life at Rollins, treasure the memory of Anna Henkel. She was a sympathetic and loyal friend, and a faithful and intelligent student. From the honored band of Rollins College graduates she is the first to be called to the blessedness of Heaven.

After her marriage Mrs. Fetzer's home was at Moorefield, West Virginia, but in November last she came to her early Florida home, hoping to be benefited by the climate.

Her devoted family and her many friends and college associates, even in their sorrow, must rejoice that her months of weariness and suffering are ended, that she has entered into the fullness of life, into the wonderful joy and peace of the redeemed.

ORATORICAL CONTEST.

Tuesday evening, March 23rd, at 8 o'clock, in the Lyman gymnasium, was held the seventh annual oratorical contest for the Ronan medal. The exercises were opened by music, and the speakers were then introduced by Dr. Blackman, President of Rollins College, who, by way of preface, paid a fitting tribute to Mr. Ronan, the giver of the medal. It was a matter for regret that the latter was not present.

The first orator, Mr. Worthington Blackman, spoke on "The Call of Honor." By various illustrations he brought out his main theme, that honor should not be restricted to crises that demand heroism, but is a vital element even in the seemingly trivial tasks of every-day life. His voice was a slight disadvantage to him, and he seemed a little ill at ease at first, but recovering himself, he presented his points in a forceful and convincing manner. His oration appears on page 33.

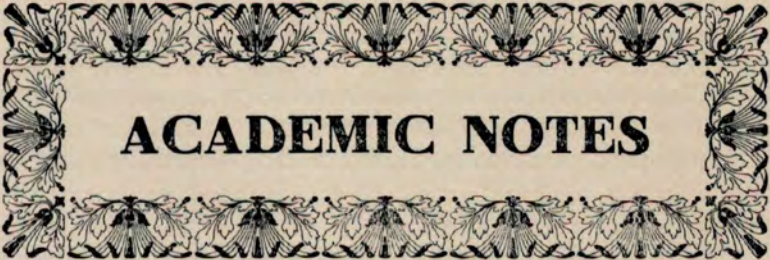
Mr. A. L. Slater then spoke on the theme "Altruism." By a discussion of the relation between the self and others he showed that egoism and altruism blend into one another and are not really antagonistic principles. The practical point for us is that though not every one can be a great hero or benefactor, yet each can do his small part with the resulting satisfaction in work well done. Mr. Slater's delivery was easy and unembarrassed, and his thought clear and logically developed.

The third and last speaker, Mr. A. D. Gates, presented the subject "The Duty of Patriotism." He, like the previous speaker, lamented the pervading spirit of commercialism in our country, showing that our duty demands that worthy ideals of citizenship be kept before the young, so that on reaching the age of maturity they may as legislators disregard personal, selfish, or purely local aims, and as citizens, may look upon their citizenship as a responsibility, not merely a privilege. Mr. Gates' outline of his subject was plain, but it is to be regretted that he did not lay on more flesh after constructing the skeleton. One could wish in particular that he had developed more fully his last point—the danger to good citizenship from the tendency, prevalent in far too many of our newspapers, toward jingoism and sensationalism. His style was at times perhaps a little too ornately serious, but in general was earnest and pleasing.

The judges were Commodore Dyer, Prof. W. J. Kirkpatrick, and Col. Hugh T. Reed.

By the judge's decision the medal was awarded to the second speaker—Mr. A. L. Slater—a decision in which the audience heartily concurred; and after congratulations to the winner the assembly was dismissed.

B. L. A.



ACADEMIC NOTES

MUSIC—WHAT WE ARE DOING.

The music at Rollins this season—1908-1909—has been far out of the ordinary, and the success of this department is largely due to the hard work of the teachers in charge, who are Miss Helen O'Neal, pianist, Miss Isabel Clark Field, assistant pianist, Mr. Walter Drennen, vocalist, and Mr. Martin, violinist.

The Rollins Choral Society was organized early in the season, and the result of the first concert, "The Rose Maiden," by Frederick Cerva, presented by this body of singers, under the direction of Mr. Drennen, on Dec. 18th, 1908, was nothing short of extraordinary; the singing of the chorus was excellent—the quality of tone pure and even, the phrasing and interpretation in keeping with any chorus of professional singers. The soloists for this cantata were Mrs. Drennen-Russell, sister and pupil of Mr. Walter Drennen, Miss Annie Macfarlane, Mr. Cestia Lawton, and Mr. A. P. Curry. Mrs. Russell's voice is of especial beauty—full and rich, good tone, placement, clear enunciation, excellent phrasing, and musicianship and personality to hold any audience. Miss Macfarlane is a younger singer, with a fine voice, easy manner and temperament, and with these at her command, there is no doubt but that she will go far in the world of music, into which she has so lately entered. Miss Helen O'Neal was accompanist at all rehearsals, and her splendid work and faithfulness did much for the success of this concert.

The second concert by this society was on Feb. 3rd, and was devoted entirely to Mendelssohn, it being his hundredth anniversary. The opening number of the program was a short talk on Mendelssohn, his life and his music, by Dr. A. A. Rickert. Miss Field played a group of "The Songs Without Words" with delicacy and tenderness, and a good conception of what the work meant. Miss O'Neal played the

Gamior concerto, with keen appreciation of her text—fire and precision. Miss Macfarlane again charmed the audience with her singing of the solo parts in "As The Hart Pants," and the chorus reached high points in the feeling and the musicianship of this splendid composition, but the greatest charm of this program was "O For The Wings of a Dove" sung by Mrs. Vera Duss-MacCord, who is also a pupil of Mr. Drennen's. Mrs. MacCord sings with intelligence. She is a musician, and too much can not be said in praise of her beautiful singing and voice.

Then on Feb. 25th came Mr. Homer Norris to us for a lecture on the "Evolution of the Art of Music," and it was most interesting and entertaining. Mr. Norris began with the Palestina era, and traced the evolution down to the modern day, with clearness, simplicity, and a full understanding of the great subject. Mr. Norris is an organist at St. George's Church, New York City,—a song writer of international reputation, and Rollins is to be congratulated upon having secured so great a light in the world of music. The lecture was admirably illustrated with songs from the different periods by Mr. Walter Drennen. The large audience was greatly in sympathy with the words and work put before them.

Much work yet remains to be done this season.

Work has been begun on Rossini's "Stabat Mater," and in a short time this will be produced.

Plans are already being laid for work next season, and there is no doubt that the coming season will be the best that Rollins has ever known. The Choral Society will sing Händel's "Messiah" in its entirety at Christmas, and a quartet of soloists of renown will be imported for the occasion.

The music department of Rollins has grown so this year that assistant teachers will have to be employed to take care of those who are so earnestly seeking to learn the blessed art. And why should music not grow in Florida? Where do the birds sing more sweetly—the flowers bloom with such fragrance? Surely God made music to come with sunshine—to nestle where the birds nestle. It is in the birds—the sunshine—the ripples of the lake—Aye! cool winds, fresh kissed by the moist lips of the lakes—the best of all—it is in Rollins.

Music, when soft voices die,
Vibrates in the memory.

—Shelley.

STUDIO NOTES.

The Studio has changed its position on the campus since last Commencement, and with this change its old independence of character has disappeared, and it now boasts the coat of white paint common to all the college buildings.

The interior is improved by the acquisition of fine new casts, including two figures—the standing Discobolus and Michael Angelo's Slave; and much pretty, quaint pottery has been added to the stock of curios.

In the workshop Miss Merriwether has enlarged the scope of the crafts-work by the addition of a new course—Leather-work, which has been taken up with much enthusiasm; and she has raised the standard of the metal-work in a marked degree by the introduction of newer and more elaborate methods, new designs, and new possibilities for the use of brass and copper. Both she and her students have executed many commissions for friends and visitors, and the beautiful work done in this department is always much admired.

On Tuesday, February 4th, the Art students gave an exhibition of work in both departments, which drew a crowd of appreciative visitors. Industry and careful study were shown particularly in the charcoal drawings, and the miniature work of Esther Gerrish, and James Willson's clay modelling received high praise. Miss Kendall showed a miniature, and pastels of Florida subjects—Sunset, the Lonely Cypress, the Shadowy Lake, etc.; and in the workshop was found an attractive display of brass, copper, and leather-work. Trays of many shapes and designs, useful desk sets, candle-sticks and sconces, dainty belt buckles, pins, and hat pins; and purses, pocket-books, bags, and blotters in leather of various colors, were examined with much interest, and many orders were given for similar work.

The students were responsible for the charming decorations, and are indebted to Miss Burleigh for her kind assistance in serving tea.

At the recent State Fair three premiums were awarded to Esther Gerrish for two drawings in charcoal and a still-life in water-colors; one to Marie Gutierrez for charcoal drawing; one to James Willson for a drawing of the Venus of Milo; and seven to Miss Kendall for various subjects, including a miniature.

The increasing efficiency of this department marks a constant approach toward the ideal it has set for itself, which is to make Winter Park an art center for the State of Florida.

SCHOOL OF EXPRESSION.

On Thursday evening, January the twenty-eighth, in Lyman Gymnasium, Miss Marjorie Blackman gave her senior recital, thus completing the regular course of study in the School of Expression. The hall was crowded, and Miss Blackman held her audience through a delightful program.

Miss Reed, the head of the school, has never recommended a pupil for graduation who has not shown painstaking work, a voice controlled in volume and quality, and a fine sincerity of purpose, and perhaps never has one of her pupils more perfectly illustrated these points than did Miss Blackman.

PROGRAM.

The Merchant of Venice—Act IV, Scene I	Shakespeare
(a) Her World	Miller
(b) The Song My Paddle Sings	Johnson
(c) Cradle Song	Aldrich
How The Elephant Got His Trunk	Kipling

The Trial Scene from the Merchant of Venice filled the first part of the program. It was given with dignity and force. The audience was made to feel that Portia, the great lady who could love so well, could also serve with a mind balanced and just. In "Her World," by Miller, the persistence of mother love was shown with appealing tenderness. "The Song My Paddle Sings," by Johnson, brought out a sweet, bright quality of voice, and the "Cradle Song," by Aldrich, the sweet and gentle. Kipling's "How the Elephant Got His Trunk," was done about as well as it could be, and suggested that Miss Blackman might do and look Beatrice extremely well.

The hall was beautifully decorated with ferns and roses; and the ushers—Misses Louise Borland, Ethel Borland, Louise La Montagne, Bessie Kuder, Agnes Hill, Kathleen Hill, Edith Foley, and Amy Jones carried large bouquets of pink rose buds, the gift of Miss Blackman.

On Tuesday evening, February the ninth, Miss Julia B. Reed read Tennyson's "Enoch Arden," Miss Helen O'Neal accompanying her on the piano with the Richard Strauss music. The reading was clear, firm, and strongly sympathetic, and held the audience perfectly. The poem could hardly have been more beautifully rendered. "The most artistic performance I ever witnessed," said one competent to judge.

Miss O'Neal accomplished the difficult task of playing with varied expression, and of bringing out the beauty of the music while giving

most of it in a soft undertone, which did not dominate the voice of the reader.

The decorations arranged under the supervision of Miss Kendall, were beautiful, and were a unique and most pleasing feature. Magnolia leaves were so arranged that the softly shaded bulbs of the electric lights made the blossoms.

The second of the Senior Recitals, School of Expression, was given by Miss Emma Hudson, assisted by Miss Annie D. Macfarlane, Miss Field accompanist, at eight o'clock Tuesday evening, March thirtieth, in Lyman Gymnasium. The stage was decorated with masses of green, with about a thousand scarlet amaryllis. In what other place in the world could a stage be thus decorated at this time of the year? The thousand lilies from the shores of Lake Virginia were gathered early in the afternoon and were gracefully nodding to the audience as the breezes from the open windows fanned them.

Miss Hudson, one of the most popular young women in the college, was gowned in white French organdy, made princess style. When she took her place among the red lilies, reminding one of a tall, stately white lily, queen of them all, she was greeted most cordially by the audience. The following program was given:

Two Gentlemen of Verona	Shakespeare
Julius Cæsar,—Act II, Scene IV	
The Roses on the Terrace	Tennyson
The Snowdrop	
The Thistle	
In the Toils of the Enemy	Wood
Killarney	Balfe
At Parting	Rogers
MISS MACFARLANE	
Old Fashioned Kind	
The Rooter	Reed
The Bear Story	Riley
Gentlemen, the King!	Barr

Miss Hudson, in the difficult scene from "Two Gentlemen of Verona," between Julia and Lucetta, showed that the women understood each other quite perfectly, whatever confusion either might bring to some masculine mind. The character of Cæsar's wife, in the next selection, was quite another matter. There, dignity and wifely anxiety were well suggested. The Tennyson lyrics were lightly and clearly rendered, though perhaps with the robust college fun of "In the Toils of the Enemy," and "The Rooter," the audience were more in sympathy. In her child impersonations Miss Hudson is always entirely

successful, but surprised her friends by the volume of voice and force with which "Gentlemen, the King!" was given. Each number on the program was enthusiastically applauded, while the ushers were kept busy bringing in flowers.

Miss Macfarlane sang most sweetly, as she always does, and was the recipient of many flowers. Her gown was a rich white directoire satin trimmed with point lace.

There was a large audience and it was a most delightful evening for all.

The ushers, charmingly gowned in white, were Misses Bronson, Burleigh, Donaldson, and Simrall.

So far this year Miss Reed's teaching had been brought to public notice only through the excellent work of her pupils; but on April second she gave a program herself, which was rarely good throughout. From the dramatic Labrador story, "The Going of the White Swan," through four lighter selections to "An Opera," the audience was all sympathetic attention; and in the last selection, the reader raised a "furoire" quite equal to that which would have greeted the favorites of grand opera, whom she impersonated. "The very funniest thing I ever heard," one exclaimed, "or saw," added another.

Mr. Luckie did not disappoint the friends who greeted him so warmly. His voice is sweet and mellow, and he has the temperament of a true musician. His selections ranged from "Slumber Romance," Gounod, and "The Yeoman's Wedding March," to "Goin' a Courtin'," Molloy, and he did them all well.

Miss O'Neal played the accompaniments, which means that they were quite worthy of the occasion.

PROGRAM.

Slumber Romance	Gounod
Mr. Luckie	
The Going of the White Swan	Parker
Miss Reed	
The Yeoman's Wedding March	Poniatowski
Mr. Luckie	
Da Mericena Girl	
A Little Bunch of Rah-Rahs	
Aunt Cynthia	
A Frenchman on Macbeth	
Miss Reed	
I'm Wearin' Awa', Jean	Foote
Drink to Me Only With Thine Eyes	Old English
Goin' A Courtin'	Molloy
Mr. Luckie	
An Opera	Ade
Miss Reed	

DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

The work in the Department of Domestic Science began on October twenty-sixth, when the girls in last year's classes gave an opening reception in the cooking school kitchen and dining room at Sparrell Cottage. The rooms and adjoining piazza were decorated with vines and magnolia leaves; and fruit cup, sandwiches, and punch were served.

Twenty-eight girls were registered in Cooking and five in Sewing for the first semester, a decided gain in numbers over the previous year. Much enthusiasm has been shown for the work, and the lessons have been enjoyable as well as instructive. Because of the approaching warm weather the classes of the second semester have not been so large but have made up in earnestness what they have lacked in numbers.

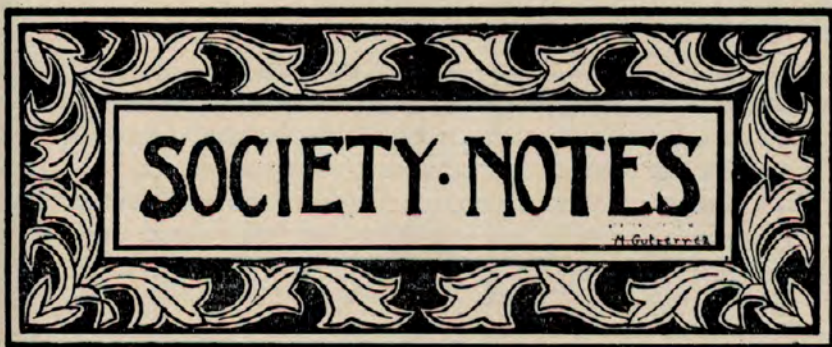
Two courses have been given in cooking. The Elementary course for the beginners gave necessary skill in handling materials and utensils through the preparation of simple recipes. The Advanced course was given to the girls who had had cooking before, either at home or in school. Some of the work of last year was reviewed and many new and difficult recipes tried.

In Sewing the work has been elementary. Samples of the simple stitches have been prepared for note books, and stitches learned have also been used in the working of a dainty chafing dish apron.

THE FLUNK.

O thou most hopeless being in creation,
Most witless of all mortals on this bubble,
Most foolish spendthrift of thy time! What trouble
Giv'st thou to all thy friends! What consternation
To thy preceptors! Knowledge is all a muddle
In thy noddle; "Exams" do thee befuddle;
And zeros mark thy path of volitation.
"It takes all sorts of folks to make a world,"—
And doubtless those do some small part fulfill,
Whose best reports bear never more than E's;
But I should feel most sad, and truly hurled
To deep despair,—indeed, 'twould make me ill
To think I could not get the A-B-C's.

S.



SOCIETY NOTES

Y. W. C. A.

Orene Booth, President; Frances Burleigh, Vice-President; Winifred Wood, Secretary and Treasurer.

The purpose of the Young Woman's Christian Association is three-fold: to bring young women to Christ; to strengthen and build them up in Christ; and to send them out for Christ.

Work began this year under very encouraging conditions. Early in the year we had our recognition meeting, at which nearly every girl in Cloverleaf became a member of our society.

All but two of the cabinet members returned, and their places were filled at the first cabinet meeting.

We have our regular meetings every Friday night from 6:45 to 7:30, devoting the first meeting in each month to a missionary subject.

Great interest has been aroused among the girls by the Volunteer Bible Classes led by teachers and girls. They are interesting and instructive.

The Y. W. C. A. is very fortunate in being granted a room in Carnegie Hall for its meetings.

Our social functions this year have been the source of much pleasure. As usual, the first Saturday night of the scholastic year was given to a reception under the auspices of the Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A., an acquaintance social for all students.

An interesting occasion of the year was a bazaar on the second Saturday night of December at the gymnasium. The gymnasium was beautifully decorated and divided into several booths with appropriate articles for each, which the girls had contributed. The bazaar furnished amusement to all and added a fair amount to the finances of the society.

One of the charming features of January was the reception given by the Y. W. C. A. to the Y. M. C. A. conference delegates, representing all colleges of the State.

Several candy sales on the porches of Cloverleaf have also increased our resources, and our appreciation of the co-operation of our friends.

The society has been greatly strengthened this year by the interest taken in it by the teachers in the house.

Last year we had two delegates at the Summer Conference at Asheville—Miss Louise Borland and Miss Orene Booth, and we expect to send two at least this year.

Y. M. C. A.

The only happening of note in the ranks of the Y. M. C. A. for this year was the holding of the Third Annual Student Conference for the State of Florida at Rollins College, January 15th to 18th.

Under the leadership of two such men as W. D. Weatherford, International Student Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., and Neil McMillan, Jr., Associate Bible Study Secretary of the Y. M. C. A., this Conference could hardly fail to be a success, and such it was. Delegates were present from Columbia College, the University of Florida, Stetson University, and Sutherland. All these men returned to their institutions resolved to interest their fellow-students in the Christian Life in general, and in Bible Study in particular.

Beside the addresses by the two Secretaries, Rev. Dr. Tupper of Philadelphia and Maitland, gave a most interesting talk and also preached the closing sermon. Receptions were held at the President's house and at Cloverleaf.

KAPPA EPSILON SORORITY.

Colors: Crimson and White.

Motto: U-T-U.

Rah! Rah! Rah! Ree! Ree! Ree!

K. E. K. E.

Vive la So-ror-ity.

Although the Sorority met this year with only two little home-sick lonesome sisters, they were not in the least discouraged, and were able

to wear happy faces, knowing that they were once more under the protecting care of a loving mother, and that there was a band of sisters as near as Orlando, whom they could call upon in time of need. But by the end of the first semester, five new members had been initiated into the secrets of the Sorority, and from whispers we hear now and then, it seems as if they are enjoying a lively time.

The annual reception to the faculty and students was given the first Monday of the year, and as usual, was quite an enjoyable affair.

A Dutch supper was given early in the year for the benefit of the Chapter House fund, which is slowly but steadily increasing. In the mean time, Dr. Blackman has kindly consented to let the Sororities have the use of a room in Carnegie Hall in connection with the Y. W. C. A., for which the societies are very grateful.

Very enjoyable was the informal supper given in honor of Miss Field, our new honorary member.

The school year has been such a busy one that the Sorority has found it hard to get in their usual at home afternoons once a week; the hearts of its members, however, have been made very happy on several occasions by meeting with their mother, Miss Reed, for afternoon tea.

One of the most enjoyable features of the year is that of the annual banquet, to which every one is looking forward with great anticipation.

The members of this year's Chapter are: Misses Kate Dawson, Annie Macfarlane, Theo Hart, Lida Bronson, Mary Simrall, Lesley Donaldson, Emma Hudson.

DELTA PHI BETA.

As the college year '08-'09 rapidly draws to a close, the Delta Phi Beta Sorority of Rollins College views with pleasure its prosperity and strong membership.

Early in the fall the Sorority gave a reception in the Art Studio to welcome the new students and to greet the old. The Studio, charming in itself, was artistically decorated with wild grasses and flowers, and made a perfect setting for the happy faces of the guests, who were extremely appreciative and voted the occasion an artistic social success.

On March 26th the Sorority room in Carnegie Hall was opened with a large reception. The many guests were delighted with the beautiful room, so artistically decorated with the Sorority colors, tur-

quoise blue and black, and the guests also seemed to appreciate the charming hostesses, the delicious refreshments, and the ease and grace with which every one was welcomed and served. This was a distinctively successful reception, and the girls feel more than repaid for their work.

Mr. Walter Drennen honored the Sorority on March 27th, by giving one of his much appreciated song recitals under its auspices. A most enthusiastic audience greeted him and greatly enjoyed his program. The Sorority are much indebted to him for his kindness, and hope that he will favor them again in the future.

Many "spreads" and feasts have been enjoyed by the D. P. B.'s this year, among which should be mentioned the one given in honor of Miss Linnette Branham in January, and later, in March, the one in honor of Miss Addie Niemeyer. Several more are scheduled for the remainder of the year, and are looked forward to with delight.

The new members this year are Misses Ethel and Louise Borland of Citra, Mabelle O'Neal and Mary Branham of Orlando, and Addie Niemeyer of Longwood; also Miss Linnette Branham of Georgetown, Kentucky, as an honorary member.

With one exception, this year's entire chapter plan to return next fall to take up work again, and so there is a very pleasant promise of another prosperous year for the Delta Phi Beta.

SOCIAL NOTES.

On Wednesday evening of the second week of the first semester, the young men of the college directed a most amusing burlesque concert by the new boys, which was greatly enjoyed by both students and faculty.

On Saturday evening following, the young ladies, assisted by the members of the foot-ball team, gave a reception to the visiting team from Bartow. After an interesting game planned to introduce the visiting team to the members of the college, a musical program was given by the young ladies, which was followed by refreshments.

The annual Hallowe'en Masquerade Social was given in the gymnasium. Promptly at seven o'clock the masqueraders began to gather, and there was the usual interest in guessing who was who. While the line of march was forming, Buster Brown, in a pink suit, closely at-

tended by Tige, who, at a word from Buster, would go through his tricks, attracted the most attention.

On the evening of October 28th, the new girls in Cloverleaf cottage gave a burlesque minstrel to a very enthusiastic audience. Miss Anna Macfarlane made an unusually good interlocutor.

On Friday, February 5th, a most delightful social was held at Lyman Gymnasium. It was especially enjoyed after the strenuous mid winter examinations. The decorations were very artistic and original. There were a number of guests from Orlando and Maitland.

Monday evening following, Miss Donnan gave a farewell supper to Miss Bingham and her special friends. The young ladies of Cloverleaf gave a costume party at half past seven, which was a very pleasant surprise to Miss Bingham. It was a merry occasion and the costumes were unique, amusing, and dainty.

The young ladies of Cloverleaf were given a tea by Miss Burleigh. Each young lady earned her cup by performing some work assigned to her in preparing for the comfort of the many guests expected at the dedication of our new buildings.

In the evening of February 12th, Rev. H. K. Job, of New Haven, Conn., under the auspices of The Florida Audubon Society, gave one of his famous lectures. He described the large water-fowl and illustrated his lecture by lantern slides made from his valuable photographs, taken on many trips along this coast, and especially in southern Florida.

On Good Friday at four o'clock, at the Gymnasium, Miss Reed read the book of Job as condensed by Ida Benfey to what she considers the first hand that penned the great drama. Miss Benfey cuts out both prologue and epilogue, but Miss Reed retained the prologue to the "Tragedy of Doubt," reaching the climax on "I know that my Redeemer liveth—yet from my flesh shall I see God," and concluding with "I have heard of thee by the hearing of the ear: but now mine eye seeth thee. Wherefore I abhor myself, and repent in dust and ashes." The reading was clear, vivid, strong, and moved deeply. The tension of this sore conflict was softened by songs whose themes fitted into that of the poem. The hearers left the service stilled and uplifted. Mrs. McCord, Miss Macfarlane, and Mr. Luckie sang.

On April thirtieth and May fourteenth will be given Recitals by the under graduate students. The Commencement Recital will be by the two graduates of the Expression School, Miss Marjorie Blackman and Miss Emma Hudson, assisted by Mr. J. B. Luckie and Mr. Rufus Robbins.



FOOT BALL.

Victory! Victory! What more can we ask when we hold the State Championship in foot ball, base ball, and basket ball? The Rollins boys have pulled together as never before to make this season, 1908-'09, the most successful year ever known in our athletic history. No praise, however great, is too great for our victorious teams. As never before, our athletes have fought their way to victory. Well may we join hands and shout with a loud voice, "Rollins forever!!"

As stated above, this has been a remarkably successful year in foot ball. For several years Rollins has been the "under dog" in inter-collegiate foot ball of the State, simply because we would not sacrifice a clean athletic spirit for the questionable glory of victory at any cost. Besides winning all home games, the boys added fresh laurels to their list in the way of a victory over the University of Havana on Christmas Day.

The opening of school found a large squad out, all eager for a place on the team, and the ardor with which the men fought for their place is shown, when we notice that the line-up never remained the same for any two games. A great share of our success is due to Coach Palmer, who, assisted by our student coach, Mr. Harman, succeeded in getting the boys in the condition which won for us the victory.

The first game of the season was played with the Riverside eleven of Jacksonville at Jacksonville. Although outweighed and handicapped by a regular cloudburst, which flooded the field, we won out by a score of 10-0. Touchdowns scored by La Montagne and Harman.



HARMAN, R. T., Capt.

ROBBINS, Sub.

GATES, R. E.

LA MONTAGNE, L. H.

BLACKMAN, R. T.

LUCKIE, R. G.

BOYER, Q.

BARNES, C.

WINDHAM, F. B.

ROOSEVELT, L. G.

ROGERS, R. H.

CHENEY, Sub.

RODRIGUEZ, L. T.

PALMER, Coach.

FORT, L. E., Mgr.

VARNUM, L. H.

ROLLINS FOOT BALL TEAM

FLORIDA STATE CHAMPIONS, 1908

Line-up as follows:

Barnes, ...	Center	Fort, (Mgr.) . .	Left End
Luckie, . . .	Right Guard	Boyer, . . .	Quarter-Back
Bryan, Gates, .	Left Guard	Varnum, . .	Right Half-Back
Harman, . . .	Right Tackle	La Montagne,	Left Half-Back
Story, ...	Left Tackle	Windham, . .	Full-Back
Palmer, (Coach)		Right End	

The second game was played with the University of Florida, on the home grounds, October 31st. This was the most interesting of the home games. During the first half both teams surged back and forth across the field, neither coming within kicking distance except once, when the University boys tried a long drop-kick. What a moment of awful suspense, as the ball sailed through the air in the direction of the goal-posts! But the Fates had not so ordained; the ball sailed past the posts, thus greatly relieving the Rollins crowd. Soon after this the half ended.

About the middle of the second half our team took a spurt, and by hammering the line, and with a couple of end runs, we managed to get on the enemy's thirty-yard line, where Harman broke away from the bunch and scored a touchdown. The kick for goal failed, leaving us five to nothing. During the rest of the game, neither side was in any great danger, and so the game ended, 5-0, in favor of Rollins.

Line-up same as in first game with the exception that Blackman played right-end.

Shortly after this the University of Florida defeated Stetson, and in consequence Stetson broke two dates with us, and the University of Florida broke their second date.

Had our boys met the team from Stetson, they would undoubtedly have shown them that Rollins was the 'Real Thing' after all.

The only other game in the State, besides a match game with the Orlando High School, was a game on the home field with The Orlando City Team. This was easily won to the tune of 33-0.

The crowning event of the season was the great game with the University of Havana, played there on Christmas day. Two weeks before Christmas, just after we had ceased practice, Mr. Fort, our manager, received a telegram from Havana inviting us to play them there on Christmas day. The next day, practice was resumed with redoubled energy, and, although we seriously felt the loss of Harman and Varnum, who had left a short time before, the practice inspired the fellows with confidence 'till all felt that a stand could be made against the Havana eleven. The 20th of December found all in good condition and

ready for the trip; and being of the party, we will describe the trip and game as it appeared to us.

We left via the A. C. L. railway on the evening of December 20th, and sailed from Port Tampa at midnight on "The Olivette," of the P. & O. Co. The passage was very smooth and we landed in Havana at six-thirty a. m. Tuesday, the 22nd. We were taken to "The Hotel Louvre" and were treated in the best possible manner while in the city. Promptly at three o'clock on Xmas day the teams were called upon the field, and the coin tossed. The University won the toss and chose the ball. At the kick-off we ran the ball back to the center of the field, fumbled on first down, and a University man got possession of the ball. The ball then passed from one side to the other without either side gaining much ground, until La Montagne dashed down the field for about forty yards, and this dash put us on the University's twenty-five-yard line. Here Boyer tried for a field goal but failed by a few feet. When time was called the ball was on the University's forty-yard line.

Rollins started the second half by a kick-off to Havana. The ball shifted up and down the field for some time, when Windham made a long forward pass to Gates, which put us on the University's three-yard line. The pass itself was one of the prettiest ever witnessed. From the three-yard line Windham was pushed over center for a touch-down; Boyer, however, failed on goal, leaving us 5-0.

Soon after play was resumed, Blackman caught a forward pass by the University and ran to their thirty-yard line. Here we were held for downs but the University could make no gains, and time was called with the ball again in their territory.

Line-up as follows:

Barnes, ... Center	Fort, (Mgr.) . . Left End
Luckie, . . : Right Guard	Boyer, . . . Quarter-Back
Roosevelt, . . Left Guard	Rogers, . Right Half-Back
Blackman, . Right Tackle	La Montagne, Left Half-Back
Rodriguez, . Left Tackle	Windham, (Capt.) Full-Back
Gates, . . . Right End	
Substitutes, . . { Cheney	
	{ Robbins

Two days later a game was played with the Havana Y. M. C. A., but the boys were tired and somewhat lame from the other game and were unable to win. Nevertheless, they fought stubbornly, holding the Y. M. C. A. down to 0-0.

Our total score for the season stands Rollins 53; Opponents 0.



ROLLINS BASKET BALL TEAM

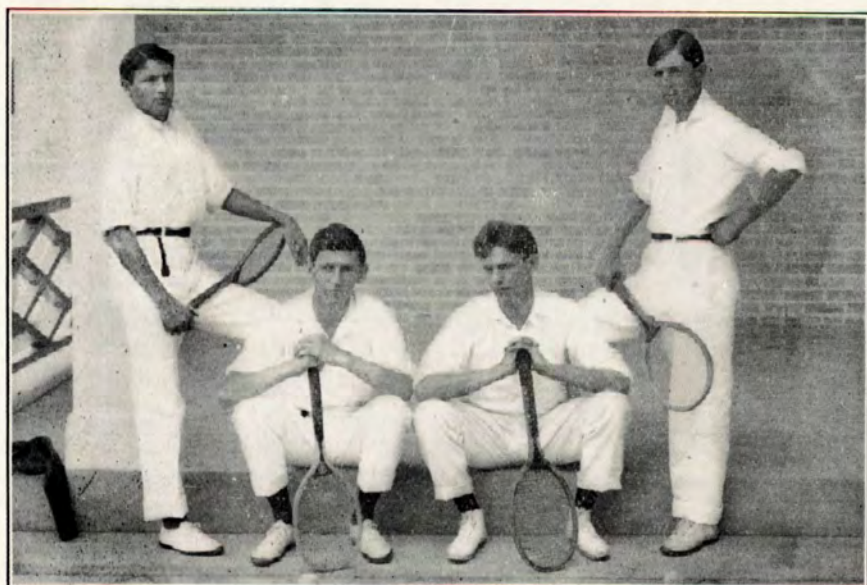
FLORIDA STATE CHAMPIONS, 1902-09

GATES
LEE

ARRANTS
RODRIGUEZ

FORT, Cap.
WINDHAM, Mgr.

BRETOS
TWITCHELL



ROLLINS TENNIS TEAM

TWITCHELL

HEARD

ROGERS

LANDSTREET

BASKET BALL.

Again in basket ball, as well as foot ball, we have taken great strides. Basket ball, we are sorry to say, has not yet taken a strong hold on the Southern colleges; nevertheless, we are pleased to note the rising favor in which it is held. Basket ball is undoubtedly one of the fastest and one of the most interesting games known in College Athletics. It is not, as sometimes regarded, simply a girls' game, although primarily and principally designed for girls; yet the rules governing the two games are somewhat different, being more rigid in the girls' game. The season for the boys' basket ball was almost over before the girls were fairly into work.

Besides playing three games with the Orlando Rifles, of which Orlando won two and Rollins one, we sent challenges to the various colleges in the State. Only one was accepted. Southern College at Sutherland was the victim.

The first game was played there. This was our first game on an out-door court, but we won by a score of 25-20.

The second game, played here, was not so close, although quite interesting; the score being 48-17 in Rollins' favor.

Line-up for season as follows:

FORWARDS—Lee, Bretos, Twitchell, Gates.

CENTER—Fort (Capt.)

GUARDS—Windham (Mgr.), Rodriguez.

THE GIRLS.

Although the girls have had no real games this year, we think they deserve honorable mention for their pluck in adhering to practice.

The greatest draw-back has been the lack of a regular coach. They finally got Mr. Fort to help them, and from then on they showed great improvement. We believe had he started in with them the first of the year, we should now have a fine team, for we certainly have the "material"—the girls are pluck through and through.

Some practice games were played with the Orlando High School, and the difference between the first and last games shows what the girls are made of, although we lost heavily in both games.

TENNIS.

This is the first year that Rollins has had a Tennis Team in the field. Two matches were played; both with Eustis. The first was at Eustis. The boys played remarkably well and came home victors, but in the match here were not so successful, for Eustis carried three out of the four matches. The first, Landstreet and Twitchell against Wade and Jolly, was lost: first set 6-4, Eustis; second 6-2, Rollins; third set 12-10, Eustis.

The second match was Heard and Baldwin vs. Wade and Gardiner. This was lost 6-2 and 7-5.

The next match was singles between Landstreet and Jolly. Landstreet won by 6-3 and 17-15 to 6-2.

The third and last match was a hard-fought fight between Twitchell and Wade. Both men were tired, but fought like tigers. Twitchell carried the first set 6-2, but Wade took the next two by 6-4 and 8-6. The way the men fought was certainly encouraging and it is hoped that more real interest may be shown in tennis in the future.

BASE BALL.

This year our team has met with great success, having won four games and tied one.

The first game was with Ormond, played on their own diamond. This game being the first of the season was not as snappy as some others, but was easily won by a score of 11-7.

The next game with Ormond was played at Ormond. There our boys were in better shape, and walked away with the Ormond nine 16-4.

At Daytona, the next day, the team was up against quite a different proposition. The Daytona boys had a man in the box that almost rivalled in skill and head-work our star pitcher, Windham. Some fine plays were made on both sides, but darkness put a stop to the game after ten innings, without either side's making a single run. This was undoubtedly one of the fastest games played in this part of the country.

The next two, the first inter-collegiate games of the season, were played with the Kentucky Military Institute, which has its winter

quarters at Eau Gallie. These two games were played at home March 5th and 6th, and were both easy victories. They showed what our team was made of. Every man played a "star" game, very few errors were made by either side, and all in all the games were finely played, although Rollins had too much of a lead to make them exciting.

The first, March 5th, with Windham in the box, was won by a score of 16-2. Windham was too much for them, and came near shutting them out, but in the ninth inning they managed to score the two runs.

The second was a much more interesting game. Bradley, the second team pitcher, took Windham's place and pitched a fine game. The K. M. I.'s had in their best pitcher, and, up to the seventh inning, the game was quite close—only 2-3, favor of Rollins—but here we took a spurt and brought in five runs. Where was the old proverbial hard luck inning? It was there all right, but the "hard luck" was for the other side. From then on we kept scoring until the game ended, 12-4.

Mr. Bretos did the star batting of this game. Out of four times up, he landed three two-baggers and one single.

The baseball season for this year practically closed with the two games played at St. Augustine during the Ponce de Leon Celebration. The first of these games was played with the St. Augustine Y. M. C. A. team and was won by Rollins with a score of 5-3. The second game was played with the same team on Saturday, April 3rd. Rollins again won to the tune of 7-1.

Rollins still keeps her grip on the State Championship in baseball, as well as in basketball and football. On account of the severance of athletic relations with Stetson University, no games have been played between the two colleges this year. The following comparison, however, will give an idea of what we might have done for them:

Rollins vs. K. M. I.

16.....2

12.....4

Rollins vs. St. Aug.

5.....3

7.....1

Stetson vs. K. M. I.

4.....3 (15 inn'gs)

6.....6

Stetson vs. St. Aug.

4.....11

The line-up is as follows:

Windham,	P.	Bretos,	3rd b.
Barnes,	C.	Loomis,	S. S.
Gore,	1st b.	Williams,	L. F.
Rogers,	2nd b.	Boyer,	C. F.
	Lee,	R. F.	

SECOND TEAM.

Our second team certainly deserves credit for their fine work this year. They have won three out of the four games played.

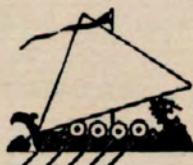
The first two were with Maitland, both were won by a large score.

The next two were with the Summerlin Institute of Bartow, Fla. The first was won by a score of 7-5, but we lost the second 5-2.

Great thanks are due the boys for their service in practice with the first team. This has helped to make the first team the best in the State.

ROWING.

After several years of idleness, the two eight-oar shells are to be brought out again this spring. The shells are to undergo a certain amount of overhauling and will be used by crews from the two boys' dormitories, Pinehurst and Lakeside. These shells are the only ones in the State, and it is gratifying to see them brought into use again. As yet the representative crews have not been selected. There will probably be a race on May Day and another during Commencement Week.

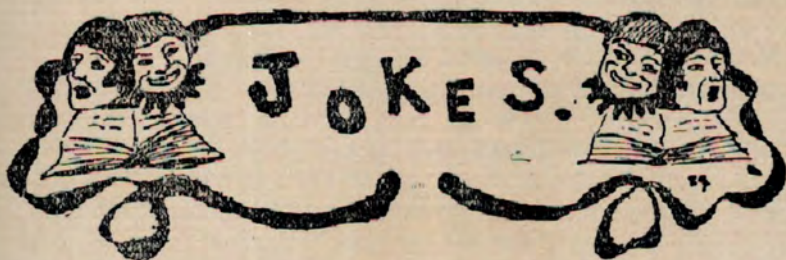




ROLLINS BASE BALL TEAM

FLORIDA STATE CHAMPIONS, 1903

MASON, Coach	BOYER, C. F.	WILLIAMS, L. F.	LOOMIS, S. S.	LEE, R. F.
WINDHAM, P.	GORE, 1st B.	ROGERS, 2nd B., Mgr.	BRETOS, 3rd B.	BARNES, C., Capt.



"P-A-L-M-E-R spells Palmer—That's Me."

Prof. B., in Chapel: "The young men will please provide themselves with shoes before Tuesday."

Miss H.: "How did you enjoy the Minstrel in Cloverleaf last night, Mr. Knighton?"

Mr. K.: "Which one?"

Miss M.: "Does Prof. Palmer paddle the girls when he takes them out canoeing?"

Prof. Branham, after third verse in chapel: "Last verse, please."
Quartette: "A-men."

Discussion among the Gossips as to who should invite Mr. Katz to their luncheon: Miss Loomis: "Oh, Emma, do let me write to Kitty, for he knows I'm an old Gossip."

Miss Macfarlane to Mr. Drennen: "Oh, Mr. Drennen, I just can't."

Prof. Branham in Spanish I.

"Hace sol—it is sunny."

Little Bretos: "Well, does hace luna mean it is moony?"

Academy Student: "Got is such an ugly word. What does it come from?"

College Student: "It's past participle of to go, go-get-got."

Miss J.: "What has become of the boys' sorority?"

Knowledge is the only thing of which nobody wants their money's worth.

Miss K., telling a secret at the table: "Now, don't you squeal, Mr. Fort."

Mr. Fort: "I can't squeal; I didn't eat any pork for dinner."

Johnnie Bull: "Not every hog squeals."

Who said Miss Macfarlane had Luck(ie)?

Fort (giving out words to spelling class): "Bobolink: a flower."

Miss J., admiring the evening sky. "My! how large the milky-way looks down here!"

Miss W.: "I suppose you thought we had even the milky-way condensed down here."

Mr. G. to Blackburn: "Here, Shorty."

Miss Hobbs: "Don't call him that. It makes people think of me."

Lost on campus, the telescope. Finder please return to Dr. Baker and he will be excused from looking at sun spots for two weeks.

"Seems as though Prof. A. ought to sprout wings pretty soon."

"Why, is he that good?"

"Oh no; but he eats so many eggs."

At German table: "Ask Prof. Palmer what macaroni is in German."

Prof. Palmer: "Well, the nearest to it—" (lost in general conversation.)

Miss Borland. "O yes! Fraulein Field, Geben si mir etwas nearestoit Bitte."

Miss Kuder in Astronomy (who hasn't looked at her lesson): "Dr. Baker, I couldn't get this example to come out right."

Dr. Baker: "O, well, that is of little importance, we will go on with the lesson."

Miss Kuder: "But I want to see it worked out. I'm never satisfied unless an example comes out right."

Of course, everyone believes and is willing to hear Mr. Luckie's "Imaginary Fables."

Miss K., in physics: "Dr. Baker, I don't see why they can't go to Mars in an air-ship."

Dr. Baker: "What would they do when they got beyond the air?"

"Bottle up the air and take it along."

Johnny Bull: "Prof. Branham, I can't make my light work. There's plenty of oil down cellar but it won't run up the wires."

New student: "Miss Donnan, please come and move my radiator; I want to sweep behind it."

????????????????—Steil.

Why can't the basket ball girls get enough to eat?

Ans. Because Mr. Williams has social duties in the breezeway.

Old student on a visit: "Say, girls, who's George Merrick's latest?"

Miss Wood's logical conclusion in regard to spaghetti: "I always thought spaghetti was young macaroni, but as it is manufactured instead of grown, therefore it hasn't so much nourishment."

Mr. S., in Sociology: "I can't answer that question because the period isn't long enough to tell all I know."

What kind of cats live at the North Pole?

Ans. Pole-cats.

We would suggest that when the campus has been fully re-arranged, the name of Cloverleaf cottage should be changed to Affinity Hall.

Marie: "Booh-hooh! Nobody loves me."

W. D.: "Yes, they do."

Marie: "No, nobody loves me."

W. D.: "I know somebody who loves you."

Marie: "Who?"

W. D.: "Why, ... the Lord."

For the Logic Class:

If absence makes the heart grow fonder, why does Windham's hair so nicely curl?

If an elephant can roll a peanut to Orlando in five hours, at what time should a couple arrive at Cloverleaf, leaving the Dining Hall at 6:30 p. m.—no stops at the way stations.

"Gosphashchublungkabungbungbang!"

Nervous visitor: "Mercy, what's that?"

Student: "Why, that's only the Cubans raising a pow-wow on the third floor."

Tempus fugit—also the hymns in Chapel.

Extract: "Ever twitter the beautiful sonata."—B. F. Kuder.

An explanation: Why did the trustees look so tired and haggard at the Dedication Exercises?

Ex—"The Cooking Class."

B.: "Almost none of the English Schools teach grammar."

S.: "That explains many of my troubles in French last year."

"Hey, Fort, come here and let me shine your shoes."—Baldwin.

To the Board of Directors, Y. W. C. A., Rollins College:

Most Revered Body:

We, the undersigned, humbly petition your most august selves to hear our prayer.

Firstly: We beseech you in the name of his most high and omnipotent personage, Johnny Bull, to take into your solemn consideration the formation of a fund to equip and maintain an efficient, competent, and pious body of sixteen ecclesiastical dispensers of the gospel, to be transported and distributed among the poor heathen student inhabitants of that wild section known as Stetson University, in the vicinity of De Land.

Secondly: Should no indication of progress manifest itself among this savage tribe, twenty more missionaries should be sent in the fall.

Signed, "THE GANG."

BETRAYED.

Outside, the balmy zephyrs beat the cold hail-stones against the shivering panes, and disturbed the tranquility of her introspective incursions into the realm of cherished memories of the unhappy past. Her's was to do and dare. His was to live in despair. The soft, mellow light from the dying embers brought into relief the outline of a fair but firm visage. From the rear came the mournful wail of a lost soul. Could it be he? No! Why was it the mere thought of him threw her into such a state of mental anguish? From the walk echoed no welcome footsteps. The loneliness overwhelmed her remorseful spirit, the suspense was too great, her impetuous nature answered the call of the wild. Throwing wide the portals, she gazed into the impenetrable darkness. Then, thrusting her arms into a winter bracelet and throwing a bead over her shoulder, she plunged forth into the icy embrace of the cruel night, mournfully wailing, "Gatito, my Gatito."

BOOKS THAT HAVE ARRIVED AND WILL BE PLACED IN
CARNEGIE LIBRARY:

"The Lady in the Kimona"—Built on an embarrassing situation.
Humorous. —Mary Ralph Simrall.

"The Story of a Pug"—A lively sketch of the rise and downfall of
wild youth. —Ducky Louise Bronson.

"Apple Growing"—A scientific treatise on this branch of horti-
culture, with special reference to Baldwins.
—Ruth Samantha Jones.

"The Lone Fight"—When the Faculty trembled.
—Miss Leslie Carter Donaldson.

"To Marry or Not to Marry"—Life's most serious problem dis-
cussed from all points of view.
—Worthington Much-Hat Blackman.

"Demerits vs. Basketball"—A poor innocent cat is shaved in Clover-
leaf. —Frances Hodgson Burleigh.

"Treasured Memories"—A sweet little volume dedicated to Elijah
XXVI. —Juvenelia Wheeler Wilcox Loomis.

"Two Hearts in One Hospital"—This is a sad, cruel world.
—Mary Baker Eddy Evernden.

"Little Parlor Talks"—Gathered by the author through his asso-
ciations with Cloverleaf. In English dialect.
—Leigh Darnton Alexander.

"Gone But Not Forgotten"—The life of a murderer's sweetheart.
—Emma Kendrick Hudson.

"Fair Play"—A short course in palmistry.
—Lillian Russell Bingham.

"The Coquette"—The wiles of a flirt.
—Florence Pauline Moore.

"Tried and True"—The story of an everlasting love.

—Esther Stanhope Gerrish.

"Waiting at the Door"—Story of a heartless desertion.

—George Barr McCutcheon Merrick.

"The Never Waisted Sleeve"—The unromantic story of a henpeck.

—Chauncey Phew Boyer.

"Soul Mates"—The theory of preordained affinities thoroughly treated.

—Marie Corelli Gutierrez.

"A Romantic Flight"—Illustrating the advantage of the Seaboard walk over the Old-board-walk.

—Elizabeth Thurston Kuder.

"The Trials and Tribulations of a Prima Donna"—A realistic story.

—Anna Catherine Macfarlane.

"Innocence is Bliss"—Volume XVII. of the famous College Widow Series.

—John Foxy Jr. La Montagne.

"I Don't Want to be a Soldier Boy"—or "What The Attractions of a Great City Did for Me."

—Richard Harding Robbins.

"The Call of the Hills"—A nature story centered in the hills of Maitland.

—Theodore Boccacio Roosevelt. (Present).

"Why I Forgot My Wife"—Another case of soul mates, centered in Sutherland.

—James Whitcomb Windham.

"Wedded and Parted"—A heart-rending tragedy full of pathos.

—Austin Devolvere Gates.

"Ever faithful and True"—The story of a modern romance.

—Waltaire Davidson Rogers.

"The Girls of New York"—A story of high society life beautifully told by Gurdon Beecher Loomis.

"Rollins Episodes"—Thrilling college tales enlarged and retold by Grover Cleveland (not deceased).

"Modern Kindergarten Instruction"—Loosely bound volume with many illustrations.
—Jesse Lynch Heard.

"As the Heart Pants"—An interesting tale of a dashing, merry young widow.
—Bart L. Standish Wilson.

"The Autobiography of Elmer Washington DuPont"—The life of this grand and noble character related to us by Louis Randolph Furen, Pres. T. W. U.

"The man without a Job"—The wanderings of a Weary Willie—extremely funny.
—Buck Luckie.

"Are you sincere?"—Sequel to "The Girl I Left Behind Me."
—Herbert Chambers Martin.

"Ruth"—A biblical story founded on Ruth's own words, "Whither thou goest I will go."
—Jack London Baldwin.

"The Short Mrs. Long"—The vicissitudes of a short girl and a tall boy.
—Blackburn.

"The Evolution of Woman"—A gigantic problem treated in a masterly manner.
—Arthur Leslie Slater.

"The World and How I Made It"—An attempt to enlighten the public on sociological problems.
—Erik Hudson Palmer.

"Kjlemnop"—A new universal language that makes Esperanto look foolish.
—Branham.



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W. F. BLACKMAN, Ph. D.,

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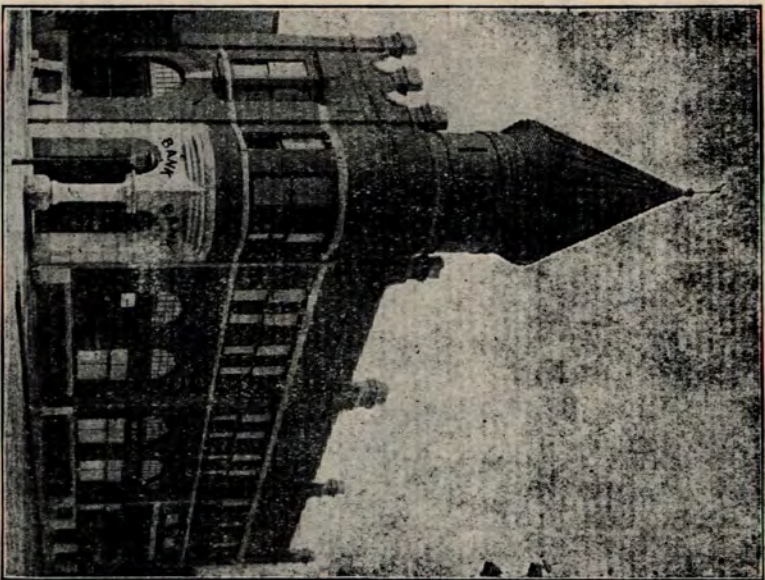
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