



THE SAND-SPUR.



STICK TO IT.

VOL. 2.

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LITERARY.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I came to the earth on a fine autumn day,
And liked it so well I decided to stay ;
And I've lengthened my visit till really I fear
That I fail to recall what I did my first year.

Some time in my second, which all think quite
soon,

I remember I noticed my old friend the moon,
Which was looking quite cold way up in the
sky,

And it made me so sad that I heaved a great
sigh.

And ever since then I have loved the old
moon,

And some say 'twas she who taught me to
" spoon ;"

But as that is a thing I never have done,
I'm inclined to believe that they're only in fun.

From year number two I played with my toys,
Which bore a strong likeness to those of the
boys ;

And from that early age till now, when I'm
grown,

A very marked fondness for boys I have
shown.

Of dolls I possessed a number quite great,
But a doll was a thing I always did hate.
Its gaze was too stony and fixed to suit me,

And its use in the world I quite failed to see.

I loved to go fishing and the fish that I caught
(Though not very large) home in buckets I
brought ;

And with turtles and crawfish and polywogs
too,

Were put in tin pans for the family to view.

I also liked hoops and was fond of a run ;
I used to climb fences and thought baseball
great fun.

Some reading I did and the knowledge I got
Was applied in queer ways—ways you'd never
have thought.

I will speak of it later, but now think I'll tell
What I did with my Sundays, which days I
I loved well ;

For then to the church in the morning I went,
And in that solemn place pleasant moments I
spent.

As the eloquent preacher on his hearers looked
down,

I thought of his son, the worst boy in the
town,

And thought it quite likely that Philip at
home,

Enjoyed eloquence in quite a different way
shown.

Just in front of me sat a woman whose hair
Was brushed up so straight, with a smooth-
ness so rare,
That an unwary fly going there to inspect,
Lost its footing and fell, at once breaking its
neck.

Then there was the boy whose last name was
"Rose,"

With a face that was red as the reddest flower
grows,
And polished until like a mirror it shone,
Which thing must have been without use in
his home.

My Sunday School teacher had a beautiful
face,

And sang in the choir, but when in that place
She opened her mouth to such an extent
That her beauty was startled, and down her
throat went.

Can you wonder that church would interest
me so

That when service was over I hated to go?
That when Sunday was passed, with its up-
lifting joys,

I was ready once more to have fun with the
boys?

I fail to remember my first day at school,
Or if I succeeded in learning a rule.

But well I remember with what joy I found
I could prove without help that the old earth
was round ;

For was it not easy the horizon to scan
And find there no corners? A beautiful plan !
Making really quite plain what had puzzled
me some ;

How lucky I was to have such a plan come !

The study which next had most charms for me

Was that one which tells of the growth of a
tree.

I planted a seed, a peach-stone all cracked ;
It came from a canned peach, which was a
sad fact.

One day a stone was presented to me,
And there on its surface, what a sight did I
see ?

A fern leaf so perfect all made out of stone.
They said that this leaf through long ages had
grown.

I decided to make one, a very fine scheme ;
Put two stones together with fern leaf be-
tween,

And with a stout string tied them up very
tight.

And buried them deep, where they lie out of
sight.

I always retired quite early when young,
When the dear little birds their last song had
sung ;

And certainly I of all people was one
Who never awoke till the day was begun.

I had an impression, quite natural I think,
That as soon as my eyelids had quite ceased
to wink,

My old friend the moon, with most kindly
intent,

Said good-night to the world and her steps
homeward bent.

But alas for my faith, it received a great
shake ;

I chanced in the depths of night to awake,
And there from my window, oh ! what did I
see ?

But my long trusted friend on a sad "jam-
boree !"

When the next morning's sun rose, smiling
and bright,

I thought of the strange thing I'd seen in the
night ;

And getting an almanac learned from its page
That the moon staid out nights and had done
for an age.

Thus with fancies and studies and laughter so
free,

I spent all my youth and am now as you see.
I have lived north and south and in each found
a charm,

With some hearts so cold and some hearts so
warm.

And now I have grown up so grave and so
staid,

That every one knows I shall be an old maid.
For though I like boys as well as can be,
The boys (I must say it) care nothing for me.

I hope I'll leave earth on a fine autumn day,
And like it or not I shall probably stay ;
And my visit will lengthen till really I fear
I shall fail to remember my short sojourn here.

H. Y. M. N.

MY DILEMMA.

As entertainments in our little town were
"few and far between," the notice of a concert,
last winter, occasioned much interest,
and during the afternoon preceding the event
people from the country poured into the
village.

I bought a ticket in the afternoon. Yes, I
bought two tickets. As I paid for the bits of
pasteboard, I noticed an ominous gleam in
Bill Hawkes' eye which made me suspicious of
his intentions. During the rest of the day I
lived in the anticipation of the evening, and,
as I afterward discovered, it was far more
pleasant than the realization.

At dusk I went to my room to "spruce
up." I was very particular about the details
of my toilet ; spent nearly half an hour in
straightening out an ill fitting collar and a
contrary necktie, and worked to take the bag
out of my trouser's knees with a perseverance
worthy a better cause. My shoes were so well
polished that they reflected all surrounding
objects.

Well satisfied with my image in the mirror,

I donned an overcoat and started, when it
came to my mind that something had been
forgotten. Yes, my hat—where was it? I
had a vague remembrance of taking it from
my head just before brushing my hair. It
must be in the room somewhere, and I im-
mediately instituted a search. I hunted the
room from end to end, corner to corner, to no
purpose. What if I was keeping Miss Lan-
sing waiting ! (You know I said I had two
tickets.) A vision of Bill Hawkes' grinning
face rose before me and I rushed down stairs.

Perhaps after all I was mistaken about the
hat. May be it was resting peacefully on the
rack in the hall. Vain hope ! I then searched
every room on the lower floor, but the missing
hat was still missing. An idea flashed through
my mind. I had been out in the hammock
that afternoon. I remembered how I lay there
gazing up at the blue sky, thinking about
Miss Lansing. Ten to one my hat was in the
hammock. Disappointment again rewarded
me. Breathless, I rushed back into the house
and started another search. Everything I

didn't want to take occasion to show itself conspicuously. I was desperate. The clock on the mantel struck seven; in fifteen minutes the concert would begin.

I went back to my room determined to look again and if the hat was not found to wear an old one, or even to go bareheaded. My small brother had come in and followed me up stairs, a mischievous smile on his face. I caught a glimpse of him and thought that the problem was solved. I seized him by the collar and shook him soundly. "You young rascal,

where's my hat?" I shouted. "Look under the bed," he said in a faint voice. I did as he bade me, although I had looked there before. I saw no hat. "Look again; look way under." I inclined my head several degrees further, felt something roll off my head and heard it strike the floor. It was my hat.

I started for Miss Lansing's on a dead run; reached there at half-past seven and she had gone!—gone to the concert with that Bill Hawkes.

O. SUNDELL.

AN ARCHÆOLOGICAL TRIUMPH.

No book has appeared for some years which has attracted more attention than Paul Teufelsdröckh's "Manners and Customs of the First Americans." It is published by Sweet and White, New Chicago, 4896 A. D. Teufelsdröckh, doubtless, is eminently fitted for the preparation of such a work, since he has spent the better part of his life superintending excavations in North America and deciphering the inscriptions which he has found. It will be remembered that it was he who proved the government of Uncle Sam identical with the kingdom of the United States. He was, moreover, the first to claim that at an early date the people of Uncle Sam came from an island, now submerged, off the western coast of Europe.

The past ten years Teufelsdröckh has been poking over ruins in the peninsula of Florida. The basis of this recent book is a printed document which he has unearthed on the shore of Lake Virginia. An iron box containing steel nails was brought to light. On the bottom of the box was a leaf of a book. The rust of the nails, however, had effaced all

marks on the paper with the exception of these two sentences: "Johnnie slugged the ball for all he was worth," and "THE SAND-SPUR."

The first statement, according to our author, tells volumes about the people of Uncle Sam. From well authenticated sources we know that when these early American sovereigns came into power they gave a great ball, called by some historians the inaugural ball. No doubt this was the greatest occasion which the king or president, whichever he was, offered to his simple people. So it is evident that whoever "slugged the ball" must have been a king. Johnnie, then, was the chief man of his land at the time of this national dance and feast.

Our author has devoted over half of his work to the discussion of "slugged." He comes to the conclusion that slugs were an article of diet, probably wild game of some sort. "Slugged," then, means that this animal, whatever it was, graced the tables in great abundance at the time of this festivity.

Teufelsdröckh is able from this material to evolve quite a satisfactory description of the

food which these people, our ancestors, ate.

"For all he was worth" can indicate nothing but that Johnnie expended his whole fortune. The suggestive force of this phrase is so poor that even this learned man cannot get anything from it but "he spent all his money."

Here is what he says in conclusion: "Johnnie, king of Uncle Sam, when he came to his throne, tendered to all his subjects a magnificent banquet, the principal course of which was slug soup. The affair was so elaborate in every particular that the king

became financially embarrassed on account of the necessary outlay."

The last part of the inscription, "THE SAND-SPUR," is a puzzler. Its discussion has not entered into the present volume. Teufels-droeckh, however, is now at work at it and he has the assistance of other Americanologists; so the public has a treat in store.

We welcome this book to our library because it gives a fresh impulse to the study of archæology, and because it shows how accurate the science has become.

H. B. MOWBRAY.

AN UNEXPECTED TESTIMONIAL.

The University of L— was proud of its many organizations. Her foot ball team had wound up the season with a brilliant victory on Thanksgiving Day, and now it was time for the Glee and Mandolin Clubs to sound the name of their Alma Mater over the country.

Our manager, being of a retiring disposition and not over-pretentious, made a contract with the good people of a small village for our first concert; after that, of course we would play in all the large cities. The leader of the club kept the boys hard at work practicing many weeks before the concert, arousing our ambition by short Napoleonic speeches, foretelling the success that awaited us.

It was late one afternoon when we alighted from the train at the village of B—. The hamlet was a good mile from the depot and we were compelled to walk through deep snow, some of us carrying instruments, while the Glee Club fellows took care of their vocal organs, keeping them limbered up by giving college yells. Plowing through snow is like walking in Florida sand; counting the reaction

that occurs after every step, one mile easily lengthens into two. After falling into several streams and running against a barbed wire fence, we reached the hotel. How much one learns in a worldly way by attending college in Florida! after a long experience in dealing with orange groves, I can readily disentangle myself from the clutches of a barbed wire fence.

I find a person profits in more ways than one by going to boarding school, for while most of my companions ate but little supper, I fell with a will upon the beef that had evidently fed on wire grass all its life.

After supper we paraded ourselves on the streets for the benefit of the simple country people, and how they did look at us. Why shouldn't they? were we not the men who were to give them such a concert as they had never heard in their lives? we were determined to demonstrate to the people what grand organizations the Glee and Mandolin Clubs of the university of L— were.

That evening we appeared before a crowd-

ed house. To be sure the audience applauded a darkey hoe down, played by the Mandolin Club, more than Mendelsshon's "Spring Song" and Glee Club Classics, but then the people were country folk and not cultivated in city tastes.

"How well you played" and "how I enjoyed the music," were exclamations heard on all sides at the reception that followed.

We went to bed that night with a satisfied feeling. A brilliant career on the stage haunted my dreams. I could hear the deafening applause of the appreciative audience and I chuckled to myself.

"Such joy ambition finds."

The next morning, reveling in our success of the previous night, we marched to the train

singing a college ditty. What a treat we had furnished a lot of country people who had never received much instruction in music!

Two or three days after our first and glorious concert, as I entered the University Hall, I noticed that all the Glee Club men looked very dejected. Our director approached and saying "we will practice every afternoon this week," handed the following press notice from the "B—Hornet."

"A band of would-be musicians, styling themselves the University of L—Glee and Mandolin Clubs, gave a bum entertainment at the Opera House last evening. Our people refuse to be bulldozed. Ring off will you!"

R. P. OLDHAM.

THE CONVICT'S STORY.

At the turpentine camp near Flat Forks, a convict killed one of the guards and made his escape; but owing to the promptness and energy of the inhabitants of the town, he was captured and lay in jail awaiting trial for murder.

It was decided to spare the law the trouble and expense of a trial, and accordingly a number of men from Phosphate Centre were invited over to participate in the agreeable pastime of a lynching.

On the appointed night a large crowd assembled around the jail and were about to storm it, overcome the sheriff, and take possession of his prisoner.

The captive was told by his keeper that although he would do his best to protect him, he knew it was useless to try to cope with such a crowd, as he had but one assistant.

The convict received the announcement

with very little emotion, but asked if he might be allowed to address the mob from one of the upper front windows.

Permission being given, he took his place, and as the crowd surged up to the door below, he raised the window and stood revealed to their gaze. He was greeted with yells, oaths and a shower of bricks, clubs and all kinds of missiles.

Some one cried, "Don't shoot; it's too good for him," and the cry of "Hang him," "Hang him," arose from all sides.

Paying no attention to all this, he began to talk quietly to those immediately below, and the noise gradually subsided.

"Men," he said, "I aint hyar to beg for my life. I don't want to live, but I 'low you all ought to know the truth before I die. I want to tell my story from the beginning and hit won't keep you long.

"I have always been a railroad man and I grew up a-working. Till two years ago I hel't a job in the yards at Iron-ton. I was an honest man and had always done my work in the yards well, but when the road failed because of the hard times, I was turned off along with lots of others. I didn't know no other trade, but I reckoned an honest man didn't starve these days, especially if he only had a family of one daughter to support, like me. But there's where I missed my dip. I couldn't get work no-where and neither could my girl.

"Our money gave out, and there never is no credit for a working man out of a job.

"We soon knowed what hunger was, and things got worse and worse, but I reckon I might have got along if it hadn't been for Lizzie. I couldn't bear to see her go hungry, and to keep her from starving I took to steal-ing. I didn't steal much, but one day they caught up with me and I was convicted.

"That aint interesting to you all, but I can see the pale face of my daughter now as I was sentenced to the turpentine camp and dragged out of the court room.

"She was a girl of eighteen, left unprotected in a big railroad town, filled with idle, desperate men, fit for any devilment in the world."

The man paused and brushed his straggling locks back from his damp brow. The drawn hard lines of his face gave him the appearance of a wan, old man. By this time the crowd was silent.

"Nobody knew," he continued, "the awful meaning of that more than me, and hit haunted me night and day. It tortured me to think of the poor girl starving for lack of work, until she killed herself in despair or was claimed by some other awful fate.

"I reckon I went plumb crazy, for my only thought was to escape and find my daughter.

"Days I worked in the burning sun, under the eyes of the guards, always watching for a chance to break and run. Nights I lay chained in the barracks, thinking, planning, thinking, planning, till my head whirled and throbbed and seemed like to burst. In my sleep I tumbled and tossed and moaned at the awful visions of my dreams.

"At last I played off sick and they put me in the hospital room, where I happened to be alone.

"A guard brought me my meals, and one dark night I laid for him. I stood beside the door with a table leg in my hands, and when he came in I hit him and he dropped. The hope of escape and the thoughts of my starv-ing girl must have made me strike harder than I counted on. Instead of stunning him, I smashed his skull.

"He fell forward on his face, and then hit struck me that he was a new man and smaller than the other. I turned him over and looked at his face. My God! I gave one look at that face and my heart stopped, my legs failed and I sunk on my knees beside him.

"Who was it? Men, you know who it was. She had come to save her old daddy.

"I 'low the world stopped then, as I knelt kissing the cold face of my daughter, and in those terrible moments my hair turned white as snow. Then the awful, awful horror of it broke upon me and I fled. That's all I remember till they caught me wandering about in the woods and brought me here to hang. That's all! I said I wanted to die. Now shoot me here."

He bared his breast and knelt in the open window, his eyes closed and hands clasped

before him in the attitude of prayer, the flickering light of the bonfires lighting up his face, white and haggard with suffering.

At length his lips ceased moving. He

opened his eyes for an explanation of the delay, only to behold the vanishing shadows of men silently melting into the black circle of the night.

R. E. B.

THE LOVE OF MARK ANTHONY.

His "given" name was Mark Anthony, but despite this high-sounding appellation, his appearance was not at all impressive. He was a specimen of the Florida "cracker," and was possibly nine years old but small for his age; his hair was very light and his little face pale and thin, the only attractive point being a pair of wonderful dark blue eyes.

Miss Harte smiled as she wrote his name in her roll-book, for he was not the only distinguished personage she had met that day. George Washington Jenkins and his sister Ellen Terry had welcomed her on her arrival at the school house that morning, and later Gustavus Adolphus Smith, Mary Anderson Simmons and several other celebrities had arrived.

But though he did not outrival his colleagues in name, before a week had passed Miss Harte had decided that of all the children in the little school which she was to teach that winter, he was the most stupid at his tasks and the most difficult to manage.

By the end of a month it was an understood thing that he should be "kept in" at least three days in the week, and though Miss Harte sometimes regretted the time she was forced to spend in the dingy school-house, the culprit accepted his fate without murmuring.

"Mark Anthony," said Miss Harte one Friday, "this is the fifth time I have had to keep you in this week; now, why *don't* you do

your lessons at the proper time, for you see you can do them in the end?"

The child regarded his brimless hat with great interest, and answered:

"'Cause."

"Because why?" persisted Miss Harte.

"Cause," said he, rubbing his bare toes up and down the broad crack in the floor, "'cause I *love* yer."

"Because you *love* me," exclaimed Miss Harte.

"Yes'm," declared Mark Anthony. "I likes to be here with yer when the rest's all gone; you're good to me and I love yer."

Miss Harte was overpowered for a moment; then she took the child's hand and drew him towards her.

"I will tell you what we will do," she said. "Every day you do your lessons well you shall walk home with me, and if you love me you can show me that you do by learning your lessons nicely."

The little fellow's eyes opened wide and he listened very quietly, and then he nodded his head and said: "Yessum, kin I go with yer *this* evenin'?" And though he had been kept in an hour and a half, she could not refuse him.

From that day he was a different boy. His love for his teacher grew day by day, until he almost worshipped her. His lessons were faithfully though laboriously done, and he

began to stand quite often at the head of his class.

Each morning he brought a bunch of flowers to lay on the desk, and if he saw her pin the little blossoms to the bosom of her dress, his heart was full of joy. Once, when he shyly tendered his little love-offering, Miss Harte seeing the wistful look in his eyes, drew him towards her and kissed his forehead. She saw the color mount to his pale little face and the light to his eyes, but she did not know how the child's heart beat faster all day with joy and love, nor how he treasured the memory of that kiss.

The autumn passed, and the winter unusually severe even in that sunny southland, was over. The bright spring days had come and the woods were full of sweet blue violets—little "love-flowers."

One bright day in early April Miss Harte locked the door of the school-house and, accompanied by the faithful Mark Anthony, started for her boarding place. To the child the brightest, happiest time of the whole day was this walk through the woods with his sweet young teacher, and she, realizing his love, taught him many a helpful lesson not in his speller, reader and arithmetic.

The road led through the pine woods, crossing a small stream, and here it was that Mark Anthony gave the last proof of his love. The bridge was old and really unfit for use; the stream had been raised by a heavy spring

rain and, standing on the further bank, he saw the frail structure sway and tremble when Miss Harte had crossed but half way. The stream was quite narrow and she saw how to save herself, but the child, full of fear for the one he loved so dearly, and forgetting that his puny strength could be of no avail, sprang forward with a cry of despair.

That night it was known in the neighborhood that little Mark Anthony had been struck by one of the timbers of the bridge, and that the doctor said he was dying. At sunrise he woke, and seeing Miss Harte beside him, stretched out his hands to her, and as she kissed his forehead, a smile came over his thin little face, and murmuring "I love you," the child "fell asleep."

Among the "crackers" a funeral is a far more important and a much more enjoyable affair than a dance, a wedding or even a barbecue, so they came in wagons from miles around, crowding the little church to its utmost.

To most of them the little boy had seemed "a sickly little feller," "a slow-actin' child," and they mourned but little for the young life so soon cut off. But the teacher whose gentle ways had won the childish heart, stood among them with bowed head and quivering lips, and she could not read the words of the service because of the tears which filled her eyes as she thought of the love of Mark Anthony.

ELIZABETH H. RAND.

"Words are available for something which is more than knowledge. Words afford a more delicious music than the chords of any instrument; they are susceptible of richer colors than any painter's palette; and that they should be used merely for the transpor-

tation of intelligence, as a wheel-barrow carries brick, is not enough. The highest aspect of literature assimilates it to painting and music. Beyond and above all the domain of use lies beauty, and to aim at this makes literature an art."—*Thomas Wentworth Higginson.*

A MEMORY.

She was certainly a most wonderful baby. Strange, what a way every baby has of seeming the brightest, sweetest, and most knowing little thing ever in existence!

A dainty, wee snow-blossom was she, and as the days passed by and the little bud unfolded more and more, while the light in the deep blue eyes grew deeper and more fraught with meaning, we thought truly, that here was one of God's own flowers given us to draw us into closer communion with Him.

How eagerly we watched the first sprouts as they appeared on the dear head. We were so afraid her hair would be straight, and how delighted we were when there was a beautiful crop of sunny curls.

Dear, "Baby Blanche!" How quickly she grew out of our arms and down to the floor, where she busied herself with learning all the intricacies of locomotion by means of one tiny hand and foot. Evidently she did not believe in the old style of creeping, and it was very amusing to watch the paddling and steering done by the midget while on her tours of investigation. It was during this entertaining period that she found her way one morning through the door and managed to scrub and "mop up" thoroughly the newly painted porch floor before she was discovered. The few places she had failed to decorate had been attended to by her great pet, the dog "Rascal," who, in his glee, had wagged himself about and planted his immense feet here and there, until that floor looked like a Chinese fan in its highest and most artistic development. As for themselves, words fail to describe their plight. Baby was one daub of grayish paint from the top of her little pug nose to the toes of her white moccasins!

Well do I remember the day when Miss Baby took her first uncertain steps. Hearing a soft cooing in the next room where she and "Sister" had been having a romp, the mother peeped in and beckoned to me. There, hanging with a determined grip to the arms of a wee rocker, was Blanche, just a tint of pink in the creamy cheeks, a roughish Hurrah—I've-done-it air in her eyes, and a smile full of satisfaction and delight dimpling the sweet face. One step, two—ah, three—and then, with a comfortable gurgle of complete enjoyment, down went the diminutive pedestrian in a soft heap on the floor, to be gathered up a moment later and hugged and kissed and tousled till she was quite breathless.

From that day she made rapid progress, and it kept every one in the house busy to avert some dire catastrophe. One day she wandered into the pantry and was found sitting tranquilly by a basket of eggs, breaking them one by one into her lap. She looked up with a most angelic smile at the dismayed exclamation which greeted her, and observed, "Me makin' pies."

She seemed strangely sympathetic for such a child, and most of her "woes" were about some poor, dumb creature or the suffering of her friends. I have seen her, many a time, perched on the edge of the bed where her mother was lying prostrated by headache, softly passing her wee hand over the "hurty" places, while a warning finger was raised if any one came near the door.

One of her greatest delights was to accompany her mother on her weekly visits to the hospital, and no where was there a warmer welcome for her.

One day they arrived just after a man had

been brought in from a dreadful accident. The sweet little face grew very white as she stopped and gazed earnestly into the one which looked so drawn and wan as it lay on the pillow. Creeping softly nearer, she laid a bunch of pansies carefully down beside the sufferer, and stood still as a little statue by the head of the narrow bed.

He must have felt the intense gaze riveted upon him, for, suddenly opening his eyes, he turned them straight to the child beside him. A stray sun-beam wandered in and fell directly across the upturned baby face. Her mother reached out her hand to her darling and took a quick step forward, but paused—for just then Blanche's small, soft hand was laid on the rough one lying outside the coverlid—and a little voice stole up to the sick man: "Poor man! You hurts so bad! But," her comfort for him, "Dod is thinkin' 'bout you, 'cause I asked Him, and He'll make the hurt go 'way;" the little hand tenderly patting the big one, and as we saw the softened look in the man's face, we turned away and left them together. "What do you know about God, little one?" he asked at last. "Who is He?"

"What do I know 'bout Dod?" reflected the child wonderingly. "Why, don't you know all 'bout Him?" Then, leaning very carefully against the cot, she went on, "Why, you know, He lives in a g-r-e-a-t, big be-u-ti-ful place, an' He sent His very own little boy and when He grew up He was always sad 'cause peoples was so bad, and He loved 'em awfully much so He"—here the sweet eyes were lifted, the little face grew more spirituelle and the little voice softer and full of awe, "He died for us, an' sometime we shall go to Him an' never, never have to be sorry any more, if we is dood. You is dood, isn't you?"

The man's voice was husky as he mur-

mured, "No, little one, I'm afraid I'm not good. What do you do to be good?"

She gazed a moment, sorrowfully, into his face, then brightening, "Oh, you must love everybody, always, an' pray to be nicer. Doesn't you pray?"

His face turned even whiter for a moment, while memory showed him a picture of a father and mother with clasped hands by a dear form not unlike the one before him. That was years ago. Was it too late to return to the God he had forsaken? Closing his eyes quickly, the tears rolled down his cheeks, as he made a slight motion of dissent.

"Oh, poor man!" exclaimed the child, while her own eyes grew dark with grief. "But me'll teach you mine prayer. Oor Fadder,"—she always said *your* father—"Which art in heaven;" "Which art in heaven," repeated quivering lips. "Hallowed be Thy name;" "Hallowed be Thy name," and so through the whole prayer she led him, and at the close made him repeat her own little bedtime prayer of "Now I lay me;" and as he finished she suddenly reached up her little face and kissed him lightly on the forehead. "May God bless her, her God, yes and mine, too, from henceforth," came from the white lips.

We hurried our blossom away after that, for the child was trembling with excitement. We did not take her to the hospital again, though she often asked to go; but we sent every day to inquire for Baby's protege, as we called him. The poor fellow went down to the very gates of the measureless Beyond, but rallied and soon was strong again.

Two weeks from that memorable afternoon we took Blanche and "Sister" out for an airing, and in the course of our drive stopped at a friend's country place, which was literally a bower of flowers. The children were wild

with delight when told they might have all the roses they wished, and soon came in with their arms full of beautiful "Bride" roses. Merrily we were unloading, when we reached home, and just as I reached out my arms to Blanche who wanted to spring into them, to see how "big" she could "jump," something startled the horses and—well, no one ever knew just how it happened, but as we carried the unconscious little one to her own bed, we knew there was no hope.

Just before the flitting she became con-

scious, and the last spoken thought was of her friend in the hospital.

To-day there lives one who is a power of good among men. Not in easy places does he spend his strength, but among the social outcasts in the slums of a great city. He keeps ever with him the memory of one brief half hour, and among his treasures is a bunch of withered pansies, and they are holy things to him—these "thoughts." Truly, "a little child shall lead them."

A "FRIEND."

A PREJUDICE.

FROM HARTFORD TIMES, BY CHARLOTTE PERKINS STETSON.

I was climbing up a mountain path,
With many things to do.
Important business of my own
And other people too,
When I ran against a Prejudice,
That quite cut off the view.

My work was such that could not wait,
My path quite clearly showed,
My strength and time were limited,
I carried quite a load,
And there that hulking Prejudice
Sat all across the road.

So I spoke to him politely,
For he was huge and high,
And begged that he would move a bit,
And let me travel by.
He smiled, but as for moving,
He did not even try!

And then I reasoned quietly
With that colossal mule;
My time was short—no other path,
The mountain winds were cool—
I argued like a Solomon,
He sat there like a fool.

Then I flew into a passion,
I danced and howled and swore,
I pelted and belabored him
Till I was stiff and sore,
He got as mad as I did,
But he sat there as before.

And then I begged him on my knees,—
I might be kneeling still,
If so I hoped to move that mass
Of obdurate ill will.
As well invite the monument
To vacate Bunker Hill!

So I sat before him helpless,
In an ecstasy of woe.
The mountain mists were rising fast,
The sun was sinking slow,
When a sudden inspiration came,
A sudden wind to blow.

I took my hat, I took my stick;
My load I settled fair;
I approached that awful incubus
With an absent-minded air,
And I walked directly through him
As if he wasn't there!

THE THREE APOSTLES OF LIBERTY.

(A CONFESSION IN THE THIRD PERSON.)

Tom, Dick and Harry sat in a solemn and melancholy row listening to the oratorical efforts of the members of the preparatory declamation class. The three were very, very blue, which was a most remarkable occurrence. For by position, being Rollins Collège Freshmen, and by occupation being devout slaves of the Goddess "Personal Liberty," they were usually the happiest mortals imaginable. As Freshmen, they lorded it over the Sophomores, whom they outnumbered seven to one. As apostles of Personal Liberty, they waged continual warfare against the established rules of the school, and loved to talk about their "bold strokes for freedom," as they termed such mild acts as staying out of bed after the ten o'clock bell had rung, or playing a game of "42" during study hours, when the matron was not watching. For they were careful to strike for liberty only when they felt sure that no one was observing. With Tom this was necessary, because Tom's father was high in authority, and Tom had more regard for the honor of his family and for the wrath of its paternal head than even for personal liberty.

Dick held the important position of "bell-ringer," and felt that a good reputation was essential to his official existence. Harry was burdened with no such dignities, but kept himself in good repute by following the noble example of his fellow apostles.

So the three were happy. But this evening was an exception. They had broken no rule for a week, which in itself is enough to make any normal Freshman unhappy. Tom, however, had an additional grievance in the fact that it was Friday evening and he was doomed

to such company as that of Dick and Harry, while across the hall there sat one who seemed provokingly happy and content in the company of a young man who ought to have been Tom himself, but who was not. Hence Tom's double portion of woe. Dick was blue also, because, as he said, "He hated sanguinary contests;" and on this occasion the youthful orators were torturing and murdering their victims at every opportunity.

The unhappy condition of our three apostles was becoming alarming. Finally, as the flames began to leap about the form of an unfortunate martyr, Dick turned from the scene in horror. "Tom," said he, "I stump you to take a swim in the lake at midnight."

"Agreed," said Tom, and then added, "I stump you to a game of "42" for a thousand after the swim."

"And I stump you both," broke in Harry, carried away by the brilliancy and boldness of this latest stroke, "to a game of chess for the championship of Pinehurst."

Thus they laid their wicked plans and swore to solemn secrecy and to the conscientious fulfilment of their vows.

The moon shone bright and clear as only a Florida moon can. By the lower side of the Gym., toward the Lake, three figures were engaged in a hurried consultation. Voices had been heard in the direction of the Campus. A hasty reconnoitre revealed the fact that the enemy was approaching, and from both sides. "Prexy!" "William!" "The new trustee!" groaned the panic-stricken apostles, and a rush was made for the open dressing-room window. William appeared at the corner in time to see

the last pair of legs disappear, and divining the state of affairs, chuckled softly to himself as he thought of the pile of sandspurs he had thrown in there that afternoon. "If they can stand that, they don't need reporting," said he, and then added, in answer to a question from the President, "It's only three tramps who have gone up the track." That was false, William, but may a blot fall from the Recording Angel's pen upon the record of all such statements you have made for the sake of the boys at Rollins.

The last sandspur had been removed, and the three apostles stood upon the dock, prepared to complete the first stroke of the evening work. The air was cool, and the water looked dark and forbidding. With a shivering sigh, Harry turned his thoughts longingly toward a bed in the cottage. "The Pope of Rome once broke his oath," began Harry, hesitatingly. Tom withered him with a glance, and with one accord the three sprang into the placid bosom of old Virginia, and the noise of the mighty splash echoed across the campus and partially aroused the Instructor of English, who had fallen into a doze over a

too late perusal of some Freshman theses. "Why," she murmured, "need they have committed suicide. It is only the third time I have asked them to copy." Then she awoke, and laughed at herself; but the class were agreeably surprised the next week to have their theses returned without the usual order to "rewrite."

Nothing was to be heard in Dick's apartments but the click of the chessmen and the shivering of the three players. Manfully had they remained at their post, vainly striving to keep warm by means of Dick's extra lamp and by the heat of their own glowing thoughts, as they contemplated the boldness of their latest strokes for liberty. And at last, just as rosy-fingered Dawn was giving the first signs of the approaching day, the three apostles of liberty, tired but triumphant, sought their well earned rest; and the sun, sending its first beams through the shutter, smiled all the more brightly upon the world outside, as it saw within this picture of Innocence enjoying the sweet repose of an untroubled conscience.

[Signed] TOM, DICK AND HARRY,
Minus Dick and Harry.

A LETTER FROM A HIGH SCHOOL MOUSE.

A mouse I am, but very learned,
Though ne'er a book leaf I have turned,
All books of science I have been over,
Around the Histories I'm wont to hover.
I've gone right through an Algebra book,
And in Latin texts have dared to look;
What is meant for scholars I often taste,
And in my "course" I often haste,
O'er massive books of Logic deep,
In which other scholars only peep,
And the reason I'm such a learned mouse,
I make my home in a great big house
Which is called "The High School of the city."

But ah! kind friends on me take pity.
For though I have plenty of food for the mind,
Very little of food for the body I find.
You have heard of proverbial "church mice,"
I know;
Well in school mice's life there is just as much
woe.
Good friends I must close, but please to re-
member
When you return on the first of September,
To bring for this mouse a nice crumb or two,
And thus to keep doing the whole year
through. —CLARA B. LAYTON.

REV. GEORGE M. WARD, A. M., LL. B., B. D.

Mr. Ward was born in Lowell, Mass., the son of Dr. Sullivan L. Ward, and is 36 years of age. He was graduated from Lowell High School in the class of 1877, and entered Harvard College in the fall of the same year. At the end of the sophomore year he left Harvard and was engaged in business for a year's time.

The following fall he entered Dartmouth College, where he finished his course with the class of 1882. After graduation he studied in the law office of the late Judge Stevens, and at the same time entered the Boston University Law School, being graduated in 1885. He was admitted to the Massachusetts bar in the same year.

He was one of the earliest members of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, and in the fall of 1885 was elected General Secretary of the International Society, the only office then in the work. That was in the early days of the Endeavor movement, and Mr. Ward saw the society grow from its small beginnings to the great power it has since become.

He was soon sent into the field, and introduced the Society into every State and Territory in the Union. He was at that time one of the owners and editors of the *Golden Rule*, the organ of the Endeavor movement.

Sickness, brought on by overwork, compelled him to resign his position, and after his health was restored he returned to Lowell and was engaged in business for two years as partner in a large wholesale firm, whence he entered Andover Theological Seminary, from which institution he will be graduated this year.

Mr. Ward has taken two degrees; his A. B. and A. M. from Dartmouth, L. L. B. from Boston University, and B. D. from Andover Theological Seminary. He has also done post-graduate work at Johns Hopkins University in Baltimore. Mr. Ward has had various calls during his theological course, and this spring was invited to the Presidency of Washburn College in Kansas and of Rollins College in Florida. He has declined the Western call and has accepted the Presidency of Rollins College.

Rev. Norman Plass, a Congregational clergyman of Cincinnati, Ohio, and Miami, Fla., who is personally acquainted with President Ward's abilities and achievements, says:

"I consider that Rollins College is to be congratulated on securing Rev. George M. Ward as President. I say this, too, when I have the deepest interest in Rollins and the highest esteem for its future and prospects. Mr. Ward has not only established a reputation for scholarship at Dartmouth, Johns Hopkins, and Andover, but has had a wide experience as a man of affairs. He is one of the most pleasing speakers before the American public. As the first Secretary of the United Society of Christian Endeavor, for a number of years he traveled throughout the Union and made hosts of friends. In his new position he will be able to draw upon this large acquaintance, to the widening of both the student and financial constituency of Rollins. I must confess that it was with delighted surprise I learned that Rollins was able to control the services of such a man as President Ward. Its future prosperity is assured."

THE SAND-SPUR.

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In this issue are several articles by former students and friends of the College. We are sure they will be of interest to our readers, both because of their merit and their source.

The editors wish to thank those who have so willingly and acceptably contributed to our Commencement Number.



THERE is probably no prettier custom at Rollins than that of presenting flowers to those taking part in any public exercise. This has long been the practice in this school, and at the graduates' concerts this spring there was a great profusion of flowers. Unfortunately by

Commencement week they are scarce as a rule, but an effort should be made to have as many as possible.



THIS has been a restful term. Some of our students have deemed it absolutely necessary to shirk school duties in order to get well rested for Commencement week. They no doubt show their good sense, for it would indeed be too bad if they were not able to enjoy to the fullest the gayeties of that season.



NEXT year there will be two clay roads between Orlando and Winter Park, if all goes well. Work on them has already commenced and will be pushed to completion. The clay is obtained from points near the routes, so the expense is much less than if it were necessary to bring the material from a distance. The discovery of good clay in this part of the country means much to Orange County, as fine public roads can now be built with a small outlay of money.

If you are not master of the wheel, practice this summer and come back in the fall with a good bicycle, prepared to take advantage of these improvements.



SERENADERS.—Allow us to suggest (editorially) that even negro "catches" and songs of questionable refinement would be less harrowing, if any two voices were in accord, or were pitched in the same key as the accompanying instrument.



MAY 7 there was a Sunday school picnic excursion to DeLeon Springs from Orlando and towns along the route. It was the longest social event of the season, lasting from eight in the morning until six at night. The ride

was pleasant, as the dust had been laid by the rain the day before. Every one seemed to enjoy himself, and we are happy to say that there was no rowdyism whatever.

With the exception of the fact that two of the boys (?) (curiously of the same given name) so far forgot themselves as to come back without their hats, we know of no accidents. We hope this holiday will be given us each year and have reason to suppose it will be if we behave as well and have as good lessons the next year as we had this year.



LESS interest is shown this term in work in the gymnasium. Tennis, however, is receiving much more attention. Almost every afternoon the court is occupied and much skillful playing is done.

A buck has recently been added to the gymnasium apparatus.

Arrangements are being made for a Field Day during Commencement Week. This will be a new feature of that week, and it is hoped that it will establish a precedent for future years. Several towns are to be represented in the events, and the occasion promises fine sport.



WHEN our new President stepped off the train on his arrival May 8th, the students greeted him with the College yell. The trainmen looked frightened and the passengers seemed puzzled. The boys should go to the train once in a while and so keep themselves in practice and accustom the railroad employes at least, to the ways of Rollins.



IT is with much regret that we learn that Professor Barrows will not be with us next

year but, as we understand, intends to engage in the occupation of farming in the North. Professor Barrows has been connected with Rollins College since its founding, and his faithful services have contributed greatly towards the growth and success of the institution. We greatly regret his going, and our good wishes for his future prosperity and happiness accompany him wherever he goes.



WE are happy to be able to present in this issue of THE SAND-SPUR a picture of the new President of Rollins College, Rev. Geo. M. Ward, with a brief biographical sketch. He has been among us only a short time, but has already won a warm place in the hearts of the students and friends of the College. We believe that under his leadership the dear old College will have a career of increased prosperity.

Long live the King!



NO DOUBT our readers noticed the poem "Retaliation" in our last issue, and were duly impressed with the pathos of the situation therein portrayed and the spirited attitude of "The Worms." We are sorry to say that that "spirit" was never shown anywhere save in the poem. These "Maids of the Kingdom" did not even try to "get down from the shelf." As soon as their king's desertion was an unmistakable fact, their signals of distress were most pitiful; and when his Majesty returned at his leisure, they were only too glad to accept even so much as a royal finger to assist them in their descent.

Those who are not lieges of this "young monarch," find it difficult to understand such abject devotion.

MISS EVA J. ROOT, whose portrait graces this number of THE SAND-SPUR, was born and reared in Michigan.

She is a graduate of Hillsdale College, taking the degree of B. S., and later the same institution gave her the degree of M. S.

Miss Root has made teaching her life work. She began this work in a primary grade at Kendallville, Ind. Later she was Principal of the High School in Lexington, Ill. After studying in the New York School of Languages with Prof. T. T. Timayennis, she became Assistant Principal of the High School in Ottumwa, Iowa. Here was developed the throat disease that compelled her to come South.

Her next service was as Presiding Teacher in the College Department of Sherman Female Institute, Sherman, Texas, where she remained three years.

She came to Rollins College in 1888. Her first work here was as Principal of the Sub-Preparatory Department. Two years later she was appointed Instructor in the Academic and Collegiate grades, and has taught French, history and the natural sciences.

Miss Root has been a member of the Congregational Church since the age of fifteen years.

She has taken much interest in our literary societies, having been critic in both of them. For that reason it is particularly appropriate that her portrait should appear in THE SAND-SPUR, which is published under the auspices of these societies.



THE Y. M. C. A. is holding very profitable meetings this term. Since the society was organized the book of St. Mark has been studied with much profit. The method pur-

sued in Bible study is simple, practical and attractive. The meetings are still held on Sunday afternoons, and the ten members are very faithful in attendance as a rule.



THERE are rumors abroad to the effect that the College buildings are to be freshly painted this summer. With her new colors and a new President for a feather in her hat, the College will feel quite gay next year.



WE notice that as the chances for rain become fewer the more the *ducks* appear.



WE extend our compliments to Mr. Harold Ward as a token of our appreciation of the maple sugar which he so kindly presented the editors. (The Second Assistant Editor, who perhaps needed it most, did not receive any of the above-mentioned article.)



TO THOSE who complain of being so exhausted by the heat, we would say :

Oh, never mind how hot it is ;

Keep cool.

Just wear a pleasant, smiling phiz ;

Keep cool.

Just take things easy for a while ;

Keep cool.

Don't try to put on too much style ;

Keep cool.

The orange trees and crops must grow,

Warm weather helps them on, you know ;

The universe must have a show ;

Keep cool.



IT is perhaps due our critic to say that she did not know that her picture was to appear in this issue until the photograph had been sent off and all arrangements made for publication.

CHRISTIAN ENDEAVOR.

"Abide, in truth abide,
Spake a low voice at my side,
'Abide thou, and endeavor.'"

On the evening of May 1st the regular semi-annual election of officers was held. The following is a list of those chosen:

President, H. A. Ward; Vice-President, Anna M. Henkel; Secretary, Thomas M. Henkel; Treasurer, Mrs. E. M. Guffin.

One new member was received at the last business meeting. This is encouraging at this time of the year, when so many are leaving us.

An effort is being made to procure new singing books for our meetings. Probably one of the many good books especially compiled for

Christian Endeavor societies will be chosen.

The Orange and Ocoola Christian Endeavor District Executive Committee held a meeting recently at Orlando with Mrs. F. A. Curtis, as a result of which some special work in temperance and in organizing new societies will be undertaken.

On May 10th the Juniors held their election of officers for the next six months. Fanny Henkel is President; Emma Coan, Vice-President; Alice Guffin, Secretary; Harold Dale, Secretary.

The society hopes to keep up its regular meetings through the summer.

ART DEPARTMENT.

"But perfection only exists in God;—without the idea of God no art would be possible. In a word, it is only the conception of the infinite perfection of God that renders us capable of perceiving the finite perfection of worldly things."—Plato.

The Art Department this year has been carried on according to the same methods used for several years past. The work has been entirely from the cast and other objects, nature and life. "Hannah" and "Wm." have been very kind in loaning and donating from their departments to give variety to our subjects. The articles have not only been put on record in black and white, but will be preserved for the coming generations in the department. Among recent donations is one of the old college bean-pots and "Wm.'s" wheel-barrow, upon which Nature and Time have left their artistic touches.

Some of the little ones in the Sub-Preparatory are among our most interesting and ardent workers. Several of their drawings have been placed on the walls in their class room, and have acted as a stimulus to better work.

Our friends are cordially invited to visit the studio Commencement Week, when there will be an exhibition of the work of the year.

Although most are beginners, yet can the beginning of growth in anything or in any any profession be other than interesting?

Though some days the parallel receding lines would diverge, instead of converge, and the shades in crayon or charcoal would go where the lights ought to be, yet the love for the work and the ability to see and to feel have steadily increased. Those who are now drawing and working in light and shade are looking forward with much pleasure to their work in color. We shall be glad when it is a little more fully realized that painting is drawing and light and shade of the most difficult kind, and that not until hard study has been given to these first branches can it be expected that painting will be other than painful and disgraceful work.

A little fellow in the public schools of New England when asked, "What is drawing?" replied, "Drawing is a think with a line around it;" and Newton, when asked how he managed to discover the law of gravitation, said, "by *continually* thinking about it;" and Michael Angelo, when asked, "What is Art?" said, "*Eternal Patience!*"

Students are too apt to reckon the number

of lessons they have taken or the number of hours they have spent in their work, and to be discouraged if great results are not obtained in a few months. Though the pencil or the brush of the master seems to go itself in just the right place and with marvelous results, and the master-piece appears a work of ease, it is not entirely the result of in-born talent.

No one ever yet produced a great work without continual study and "eternal patience." This is one of the greatest secrets of success.

A beautiful bit of fruit was placed with a

glazed jar to form a study in color last term, and when the student came the second day, she exclaimed, "O! this has changed since yesterday; that bright reflection of the fruit wasn't on the jar then!" She was too blind to see that beauty spot the first day; but it came like a revelation on the second!

"Ah, if so much beauty pour itself
Through all the veins of life and of creation,
How beautiful must the great Fountain be,—
The Bright, the Eternal!"

—MINNIE L. HOBBS.

PERSONALS.

At Anthony, on the evening of April 16, Miss Adelia N. Swain was married to Mr. Hamden S. Smith. Miss Swain was formerly a student at Rollins.

Miss Ivy Lewton is now at her home in Forest City.

Miss Mary Ensminger spent the winter at her home in Sanford.

Mr. Fayette Adams is in Tampa, where he holds a position with his brother.

Mr. Joseph Empie has left for Biscayne Bay, where he expects to spend the coming summer.

Miss Flossie Hill is at Fort Myers, her home.

Mr. J. W. Harrington, of Worcester, Mass., who was with us during the winter term, has returned to his northern home.

Miss Sallie Lu Peabody, who was obliged to discontinue her studies here on account of ill health, is at present with her people in Sanford.

Miss Effie Littlefield has returned to her home in Winterport, Me.

Mr. Hayes Bigelow is pursuing his studies in Tampa.

Mr. Jonathan Hoag, Jr., and Miss Adelaide K. Strong (Ac. '95) were married April 28th at Fort Myers, Fla.

We expect quite a number of visitors for

Commencement. Among them Miss May Pomroy (Ac. '94) of Oxford, and Mr. Ernest Ricker, of South Lake Weir, both former students.

Miss Bessie Clements spent the past winter in Crookston, Minn.

Miss Laura Walker will not return to Florida after the Oberlin Commencement, but will spend a few weeks with friends in Chicago, and from there will go to Postville, Ia., where she will remain during the summer.

Miss Memie Cofield, an old student of Rollins, was married not long since to Mr. W. C. O'Brien. Mr. and Mrs. O'Brien are at present residing in Atlanta.

Miss Minnie Moremen (Ac. '95) will spend the coming summer with her sister in Nashville, Tenn.

Mr. Gerard Franz is at his home in Tampa.

Miss Clara Layton (Ac. '94) has closed her school at Lake Mary, after a very successful term. We believe Miss Layton intends spending her summer vacation near Sanford.

The many friends of Miss Flora Walker will be glad to learn that after her graduation from the Normal Institute at Cedar Falls, Ia., next December, she will return to Florida.

At 8 o'clock A. M., on Thursday, the 16th of April, 1896, Miss Alice E. Fundenberg died at the home of her uncle, Mr. Robert Shriver,

in Cumberland, Md. Miss Funderberg spent last winter here with us, where she made many warm friends. In her one could always find a genial companion and an earnest friend. She had a strong, true character, and was a woman in every respect. Her unfailing good humor and ready wit made her a favorite wherever she went. We have greatly missed her from our circle this winter, and are most deeply grieved to hear of her death. We tender our sincerest sympathy to her sorrowing family.

We greatly regret the absence of Mr. Geo. Nelson. He was called away on account of the severe illness and death of his sister, Mrs. Beck, who visited Winter Park during the winter.

The sudden death of Dr. Harding, of Ormond, was a shock to his newly made friends in Winter Park. At the meeting of the College Trustees in February he was made a member of that Board. He was a man greatly loved and respected by all.

Hamilton Johnson (Cl. '93) graduates from Vanderbilt University, Nashville, Tenn., this spring with high honors. A few friends were recently fortunate enough to see a picture of him in cap and gown. His father, Professor Johnson, of Orlando, is candidate for Superintendent of Public Instruction in Orange County. The very best wishes of his Rollins friends are with him.

Eugene Caldwell and Virgil Starbuck are at Hampden-Sidney College, Virginia.

Mr. Brewer and family left for their Northern home May 11th. These people have been a great addition to our town in many ways besides in numbers, and we are glad they are to return next fall.

Fletcher G. Watson has been Assistant Instructor of Book-keeping in Pennington Seminary, Pennington, N. J., this year. He has entered the Classical Course, and is carrying on his studies in addition to his work as teacher.

Mr. and Mrs. Rand will spend the summer months in the East.

Maud and Ray Neff go to New York State for their vacation.

Ruth and Gertrude Ford intend spending the summer in Indiana and Illinois. During the month of July they will be at Springfield, Ill., with their uncle, Governor Altgeld.

A grand sight—To see William's hair stand on end when he was on the insulating stool in the laboratory.

Mr. Lyman and family, with the exception of Miss Katharine, leave for Minneapolis soon. We wish they would stay through Commencement week, since it is so near.

We regret to hear of the severe illness of Mr. Winters Haydock, in St. Louis, Mo. A most speedy recovery is the wish of all his school friends.

Mrs. Abbott will be in New York City and Buffalo during the summer, spending some time with her daughter, Mrs. Haynes.

Mr. W. V. McDuffee is doing post graduate work in Greek and Pedagogy in Harvard. He is undecided whether he will teach or study farther next year.

Miss Alice McDuffee has been in the High School at North Adams, Mass., this year. She made the four years in two at the State University at Burlington, Vermont, and graduated last June with high honors. We are told she was the first lady ever elected to a place on the Commencement programme of that College. She has recently been offered a position in Springfield at a large increase of salary.

Mr. Alton Lane has been in a dentist's office for two years. When last heard from he was talking of going to the gold fields of British Columbia.

Mr. Raymond Alden, Professor of Literature in Columbia College, Washington, has been doing graduate work in Harvard the last year.

Miss Ida Missildine (Cl. '91) is to be in Winter Park during the coming summer. Miss Clara Guild, also Cl. '91, and who has been Principal of the Winter Park Public School the past year, will also be here, so

Rollins will have her two eldest children "at home" for a little time.

Mr. Sidney Williams is in business in New York City, staying with his grandmother at Mount Clair, N. J., and going into the city each day.

Mr. Louis W. Austin, Ph. D., son of Pro-

fessor L. A. Austin of this College, and whom many of us remember, has recently been appointed Assistant Professor of Physics in Wisconsin State University at Madison. Professor Austin, Jr., has recently published a very able and valuable text-book on Physical Measurements.

SOCIAL NOTES.

Men of character are the conscience of the society to which they belong.

—EMERSON.

The first Saturday of the term the fate of THE SAND-SPUR was decided by a "SAND-SPUR Fete" on the campus, near Lakeside Cottage. The afternoon was perfect, the strawberry ice and cake the best of their kind, and the whole affair financially as well as in every other way a decided success.

Mr. Shaw, State Superintendent of Sunday Schools, delivered a stereopticon lecture in the Congregational Church. The views were chiefly of the Holy Land, but there were some copies of paintings by great masters, among them one, Reuben's "Descent from the Cross," Raphael's "Transfiguration," Holman's "Christ in the Garden."

Fourteen of the young people from the College went picnicking to Lakemont Park Saturday, April 25th. Mrs. Ford chaperoned the party. They returned by moonlight, after having enjoyed a delightful day.

The last of the series of church socials was given at Cloverleaf Cottage. Although the number present was small, the evening was very pleasant.

Miss Hobbs chaperoned a party of young people for a row around the lake one Saturday of the term.

Picnics seem to be the favorite amusement of the term. May 2d, the pupils of the sub-preparatory gathered on the picnic grounds at Lakemont. The day was passed with games and the lunch was delightful.

President Ward, Mr. Lyman, Professor and

Mrs. Ford took tea with Mr. and Mrs. Rand on the evening of May 12th.

The girls of the College will give a "Young Ladies' Reception" Tuesday evening of Commencement week, in honor of the Athletic Association. This is a new thing at Rollins and, judging from the plans being made, it will be one of the most brilliant social occasions of the year.

Myra Williams and Maud Neff spent Saturday and Sunday, May 2d and 3d, with Sallie Deaderick and Fanny Dickenson at their homes in Orlando. A party was given in their honor by Miss Dickenson.

Of all recent social functions, the most noteworthy is the Washington Tea, given by Madame Abigail Cleaveland Tyler, assisted by her daughters, Miss Dorothy and Miss Pricilla Tyler, in honor of their guests, Madame Sallie Sylvester, Miss Louisa Pingree, and Madame Lovice Edwards Cleaveland. The affair was Colonial in every detail. The rooms were darkened and lighted by wax candles in old brass candelabra and sconces. Refreshments were served from a table of polished antique oak, spread with dainty embroidered linen and rare old china and silver. We noticed especially a plate of old Delft, a pitcher of old blue and gold and some tiny teaspoons with curiously carved and twisted handles, such as belonged to the days of long ago. The costumes were strictly in keeping with the occasion, even to the powdered hair of the ladies and the black patches on their faces. Madame Tyler wore an Empire gown which had come

down to her from some fair ancestress in its original style. It is of yellowish gray silk, trimmed with black thread lace and velvet. A Marie Antoinette fichu caught at the throat with a beautiful shell cameo of the seventeenth century, completed a charming costume. Miss Tyler wore as ornaments an antique rope necklace and locket of Roman gold, and a high shell comb, both of which she inherits from some far-away English "fore mother," while Miss Pricilla wore a comb of silver fillagree and a quaint flower brooch of old enamel.

The floral decorations were all of the garden sweets, so dear to the hearts of our grandmothers. The affair was very select and most delightful. The following is the form of the invitations issued :

Ye are requested to be present
at ye
Washington Tea
at ye heure of five
ande a quarter more,
Will ye, deare friende,
be at oure doore.

LOCALS.

"Learn to live, and live to learn,
Ignorance like a fire doth burn,
Little tasks make large returns."

Hurrah for Rollins! May she ever be on top.

Small Boy--"What is the electrical brush good for, Professor?"

Prof.--"Just put your hand here while I turn the machine and you will see."

May 7th and 8th Miss Shupp made a short trip to Ormond.

"I didn't know the jar was loaded," said Ollie, recovering consciousness after meddling with a charged Leyden jar.

Throats strengthened for the College yell by means of the Coal Oil Remedy. Apply to George Benedict, throat oiler.

It might be well to suggest that the inmates of Cloverleaf have nothing to fear from a few random pistol shots.

NOTICE.--Lost on sidewalk near Lakeside Cottage, one day last term, a large jar of most excellent pickles. The finder will please return and receive suitable reward.

The inmates of Lakeside Cottage were honored recently by a call from Dr. Hooker. He visited them in their rooms and had many kind and cheering words to say.

Saturday and Sunday, May 2d and 3d, seemed almost like vacation, so many of the students were absent.

On the afternoon of April 27th, the world-renowned high-bridge jumper gave an exhibition of his agility from a railroad bridge in this vicinity. The feat was performed with his customary skill and was greatly appreciated by the spectators.

The Choral Club has been doing earnest work during the past school year. In anticipation of the usual Commencement exercises, several choruses are being prepared. Gounod's "Sanctus" and "I Waited for the Lord," will be repeated. The club will sing the sacred idyl, "Rebekah," by Barnby, at the closing concert. They are fortunate in procuring the services of Mr. Cheney, tenor, of Orlando, who will take the part of Isaac. Mr. Frank and Miss Gertrude Ford take the parts of "Eliezer" and "Rebekah."

The Higher Physics class is studying Magnetism and Electricity this term. A good part of the time the weather has been very favorable for experimenting with the Holtz machine and for charging Leyden jars.

The practical work in Chemistry is the most delightful part of the study. The only disagreeable thing about this is the writing of

notes on the experiments. Any who complain of this requirement should remember that the Professor will suffer enough when the time comes for him to examine these notes.

We are sorry not to be able to give an account of Field Day in this issue, but it comes too late for publication.

We would call your attention to advertisers in this number, and hope you will give them your patronage.

President Ward preached in Orlando at the Presbyterian Church Sunday morning, May 17. In the evening he delivered a lecture to the young people at the same place, to a large and appreciative audience.

A most enjoyable Senior recital was that given by Miss Neff of the class of '96 on Tuesday evening, March 17. The programme was a varied one, each number showing earnest and conscientious preparation. Miss Neff is perhaps most at home in the more brilliant numbers, as her Chopin "Etude" and Schubert-Liszt "Erlking" gave evidence. The "Erlking" was especially well rendered, forming a very effective close to an interesting programme.

PROGRAMME.

- | | |
|------------------------------|----------------|
| 1. Bourree..... | Bach |
| Miss Neff. | |
| 2. A Winter Lullaby. | De Koven |
| Miss Ford. | |
| 3. a. Die Lorelei..... | Perry |
| b. Prelude in F..... | Mason |
| c. June..... | Tschaikowsky |
| d. Caprice Espagnol..... | Moszkowski |
| Miss Neff. | |
| 4. Wood-nymphs | Smart |
| Misses Ford, Peck and Shupp. | |
| 5. Berceuse..... | Chopin |
| Etude C moll..... | Chopin |
| Miss Neff. | |
| 6. The Proposal..... | Brackett |
| Miss Ford. | |
| 7. Erlking..... | Schubert-Liszt |
| Miss Neff. | |

Prof. Ford has had his class in Homer read Mathew Arnold's "Sohrab and Rustum." It is the story of a noble youth seeking far and wide for his warrior father whom he had never

known. He meets him at last in single combat between the fronts of two hostile armies, and their relationship is discovered only after the father has inflicted a mortal wound upon his son. The poem is closely formed after Greek models, and is perhaps the best expression of the Greek spirit and manner ever yet given in English.

The following action on the part of the Executive Committee will be of interest to our student readers: "Voted that the President be instructed to express the desires of the Trustees that the custom of the Senior Class making presents to the College at Commencement be dispensed with."

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

The work of the societies has been going on as usual during this term. The "Demons" have been holding their meetings Saturday instead of Monday evening, thus not interfering with study hours.

On invitation of the Friends in Council, the Demosthenic Society was present at their meeting May 4th, for which a special programme was prepared.

The usual Anniversary Exercises will be held Monday evening of Commencement Week.

The officers of the Demosthenic Society are as follows:

President.....	JOHN NEVILLE
Vice-President.....	HAROLD WARD
Secretary.....	NORMAN BAKER
Corresponding Secretary.....	ASHLEY HOOKER
TREASURER.....	FRED. ENSMINGER
Marshal.....	ASHLEY HOOKER
Chaplain.....	HAROLD WARD
Critics.....	{ FRED. ENSMINGER
	{ REX BEACH

Officers of Friends in Council:

President.....	MAUD NEFF
Vice-President.....	MAY HOOKER
Secretary.....	ALMA HALLIDAY
Treasurer.....	NINA WALKER
Chaplain.....	MARY BURRELL
Marshal.....	GERTRUDE FORD
Critic.....	RUTH FORD

EXCHANGES.

We were much pleased to receive a copy of *The Bachelor of Arts*. It is quite a large magazine, published monthly, and devoted to University interests and general literature. It offers a prize of \$125.00 for the best short story written by an undergraduate subscriber.

Among our many exchanges received since our last issue are the following: *Converse Concept*, *The Stetson Collegiate*, *The Riverview Student*, *The Fence*, *The Item*, *School-Bell Echoes*, *Cadet Bugle*, *Mississippi College Magazine*, *Bachelor of Arts*, *The High School News* and *The McMicken Review*.

WARM.

Press me closer, all my own ;
 Warms my heart for thee alone,
 Every nerve responsive thrills ;
 Each caress my being fills.
 Rest and peace in vain I crave ;
 In ecstasy I live, thy slave.
 Dower'd with hope, with promise blessed,
 Thou dost reign upon my breast.
 Closer still, for I am thine ;
 Burns my heart, for thou art mine ;
 Thou the message, I the wire—
 I the furnace, thou the fire—
 I the servant, thou the master—
 Roaring, red-hot mustard plaster.

—BOB BURDETTE.

According to a law recently enacted in Pennsylvania, new institutions must have an endowment of \$500,000 before they may be colleges or confer degrees.

They heard her father descend the stairs,
 But they trembled not, "for," said she, "who cares?
 "Just get thee behind my left arm sleeve,
 "And he'll think, my dear, you have taken your
 leave."
 —Ex.

Miss Helen Gould has given to \$8,000 to Vassar to found a scholarship in memory of her mother.—*Oberlin Review*.

The Daily Palo Alto, of Leland Stanford University, now boasts of being the only college paper in the United States which appears daily with more than four pages.—*Ex.*

Yale is to have a new lecture and concert hall with a seating capacity of 2,000.—*Ex.*

The wrestler makes his reputation in the fall, while the jumper makes his in the spring.—*Ex.*

Detective (to man whom he has caught in the act—"You don't seem to be a very skillful pickpocket?")

Pickpocket—"Oh, no! I was only just getting my hand in."—*Pennant*.

Census Agent—"Have you any children, madam?"

Lady of the House—"I have that—three children livin' and one married."

Since 1879 twenty-one College Christian Association buildings have been erected in the United States and Canada at an aggregate cost of \$438,000.

The Greatest of Home Rulers—The baby.

Non-union Men—Old bachelors.

"She's as pretty as a picture," said the young man.

"Yes," replied the young woman with a glance at her rival's complexion, "hand-painted, too."

It seems a striking fact that although there were 16 religious denominations represented among the 780 students at Wellesley College last year, there was only one representative of the Jewish, and one of the Roman Catholic faith.

There are five Harvard men in the United States Senate at present, and two graduates of Yale.

The race between the Freshman crew of the University of Pennsylvania and the Annapolis Naval Academy will take place on May 16.

The University of Paris has the largest attendance of any in the world.

Ohio leads in the number of colleges, with Illinois next.

Mrs. Josiah Fiske, of New York, has given \$5,000 to Radcliffe College, in memory of her late husband.

The faculty of Harvard University are

discussing a plan to reduce the course of study from four to three years, but no change is likely to result, owing to the certain opposition of the Overseers.—*The Riverview Student*.

SPURS.

"How do you like Mr. Shivler's voice?"

"Very well, excepting he has such a small range."

"I had not noticed that."

"No? Why, he can not sing anything but mi and re."

Cough-drop seems to be a Pearl of a name for Percy.

Definition of Retaliation.—*Re*, back, backward,—*taliation*, the act of tallying or scoring, hence the act of scoring backward or scoring against one's self. For example consult SAND-SPUR, Vol. II., No. 2, p. 21.

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Ice Cream oftener at the Dining Hall. B. O. Arders.

BOOK NOTICES.

"Twixt Fenny T and Fanny D," an essay on love and duty, by Clarence Hooker.

New book slowly coming out, "H-h-h-h-ow to T-t-t-t-alk," by J. Worde Caldwell.

"The Teachings of Paul" must be very interesting, judging from the attendance there on afternoons.

QUERIES.

Some one wants to know:

If Alma would smile in the presence of a boy.

How we can get any jokes without Randall.

How Shivler could wait till he got to Sanford to write.

Whether he wrote at every station which had a postoffice.

How often they come now.

Whether it was ever as hot as it is now.

Who, at Cloverleaf, takes a matrimonial paper.

If we could like the new President better than we do.

If we will have some new boats at the beginning of next year.

If we'll have a bath-house at the same time.

Who Maud was looking at when she read her autobiography.

Who Harold Dale walked with for the cake.

If Johnnie recognizes the poetical stage of love.

If he could write any worse songs.

Why every one doesn't want any jokes put in on him.

If Turner could look any sweeter if he'd try.

If he isn't perfectly satisfied with the way he *does* look.

Which kind of songs was most popular on the DeLeon Springs picnic.

If these serenades (?) will ever cease.

If the Rollins boys will get the majority of firsts at the field day.

If there is any fun in writing jokes.

Who "Mr. Johnnie" is.

If Billum parts his hair in the middle.

How tall Gertrude is.

How much Andy weighs.

If Miss Gertrude always encloses a stamp to Mr. Nelson.

Whether our readers will be ready for the dirge after finishing our Literary Department.

Why Jack sings, "When you know the girl I love loves you."

Whether George likes Norman.

Who Shivler's girl is.

Which Ray likes best.

If Maud is still hopeful.

If Paul thinks he can save postage enough to come down next year.

And how much cheaper it would be.

Twelve boys and girls a picnicking went
With a chaperone quite small,
With lunch *baskets* big and *handles* bent,
And that they found was all.

QUARTERLY REPORT OF ROLLINS COLLEGE
HOSPITAL.

Case 1.—C. E. H. Age 14. Symptoms: Frustrationes cum blushibus, excruciating contortions of the face, terrible gash under the nose. Diagnosis: Tried to shave with dull razor-ibus. Treatment: Compress applied, and $H N O_3$ $Cl O_2$ $H Cl$ every hour.

Patient recovered but is liable to semi-occasional recurring attacks.

Case 2.—H. Y. M. N. Age doubtful. Symptoms: Ache heart. Diagnosis: Fatal crackibus heartibus de continued gazing at the large wrecks on the beach of the lakeside.

Treatment: A spoonful of $H Cl$ every half hour and low diet.

Patient: As much hopes for her as *any of the rest*.

Case 3.—Sminger. Age 81. Symptoms: Respiration 12, temperature 30, pulse 23. Diagnosis: "That tired feeling," absent minded. Patrol wagon found patient wandering while in a state of mental abberation in vicinity of East Church door waiting for ladies; said ladies accidentally (?) left church by west door. When patient discovered the above fact he was thrown into a state of raving. Treatment: Copious doses of Mrs. Winslow's soothing syrup. Ice bag applied to base of brain.

Patient: Recovery hoped for if remedies are faithfully used.

Case 4. M. G. W. Age 12. Symptoms: Restlessness, wandering mind, very excitable. Diagnosis: Acute inflammation of the Cerebellum, induced by extended contemplation of the pronoun I and the discussion of ladies' toilets at the table. Treatment: Bagibus Mushibus applied to Caput.

Patient pronounced incurable. Sent to ward of chronic cases.

PORCH LAKESIDE COTTAGE.

Davey—Was there a girl here last year by the name of Stuart?

Chorus—Ask Sminger.

Single Voice—Stand a hundred yards off when you ask him.

The following note, which might or might not have been found in Knowles Hall, explains itself:

Professor F.: Please accept these felt slippers as slight tokens of our esteem. We thought they might give rythm and cadence quite suitable to the Old Greek Measures.

Fraternally, L. A. A.,
E. J. R.

Have you noticed the reduction in Howard's photographs? Look at his ad.

STATISTICS.

NAME.	AGE.	FAVORITE OCCUPATION.	FAVORITE BOOK.	FAVORITE EXPRESSION.	MATRIMONIAL PROSPECTS.
Turner, Fred	Would-be old.....	Breaking girls' hearts.....	"Picturesque Florence".....	"Do I look all right?".....	Will be good some time.
Wilcox, Gertrude.....	3.....	Pouting	"Handy Andy"	"Up North".....	Below par.
Benedict, George.....	Uncertain.....	Clearing the bread plate.....	"The Norman Invasion".....	"Oh, the deuce".....	Under the weather.
Neff, Ray	5.....	Looking discontented.....	"Frank Thoughts".....	"Te! he! he! he!".....	Fluctuating.
Ford, Ruth.....	45.....	Bossing.....	"Sand-Spur".....	"Isn't it funny?".....	Don't mention it.
Neville, John.....	Old.....	Looking captivating.....	"Treatise on Light".....	"O, Ruby".....	Ask Myra.
Beach, Rex.....	Doubtful.....	Kicking	"Cook Book".....	"Is that so?".....	Declining.
Williams, Myra.....	Old.....	Moving.....	"Table Talk"	"O, Mr. Neville!"	Good this year.
Frank, Fritz.....	Youthful	Going visiting	"Advice to Editors".....	"That's what I said".....	Wait!
Deaderick, Sallie.....	16	Sighing	"Harold the First"	"O, Norman"	Can't tell, by George.
McDonald, Orville.....	35	Making Induction Coils.....	"How to Cook"	"You did?"	Remember the S. S. picnic.
Ford, Gertrude.....	10	Running.....	"How to Court, or Gym. Chats".....	"I second the motion".....	Good this year.
Hooker, Ashley.....	4.....	Smiling at the girls.....	"The Advantages of Ducks".....	"Say, fellow, date?".....	He's too fickle now.
Baker, Norman.....	12	Meeting trains	"Sally in Our Alley".....	"She ——".....	Rising.
Lyman, Katharine.....	13	Consulting the library.....	Lessons in French.....	"O, Fritz".....	We'll see.
Ensminger, Fred.....	Breakage	Growing.....	"Philosophy of Rest".....	"I know my time is right. .I set my watch last year".....	Too young.
Dale, Harold.....	21	Studying Latin.....	Greek Grammar.....	"O, come on".....	Good.
Hooker, May.....	42	Guying somebody.....	"Him Book".....	"You musn't".....	Will tell you later.
Henkel, Annie.....	15	Studying Latin.....	"The Weather"	"O, Harold!".....	Good.
Ward, Harold.....	11	Riding home to dinner.....	"My Neighbors".....	"Yes, sah!".....	Out o'sight.
Hooker, Clarence.....	25	Shaving	Parliamentary Law.....	"My kingdom".....	Wait till the next letter comes.
Donovan, Le Baron.....	10	Eating, or trying to serenade.....	"Lessons on the Violin".....	"Oh, Miss Williams".....	Bad.
Neff, Maud.....	Same as Myra.....	Gazing	"How to be Queen".....	"Oh-a, I-a, don't know-ah".....	Immense.

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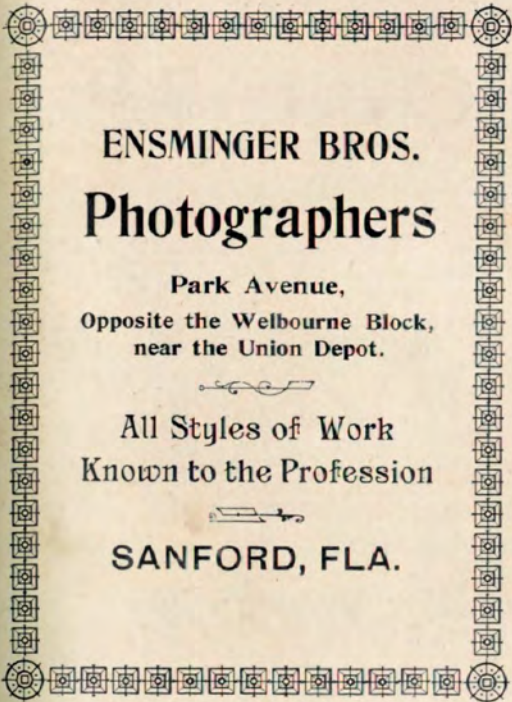
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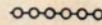
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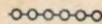
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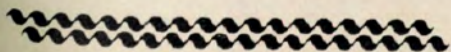
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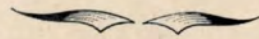
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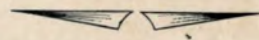
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