

THE SAND-SPUR.

"STICK TO IT."

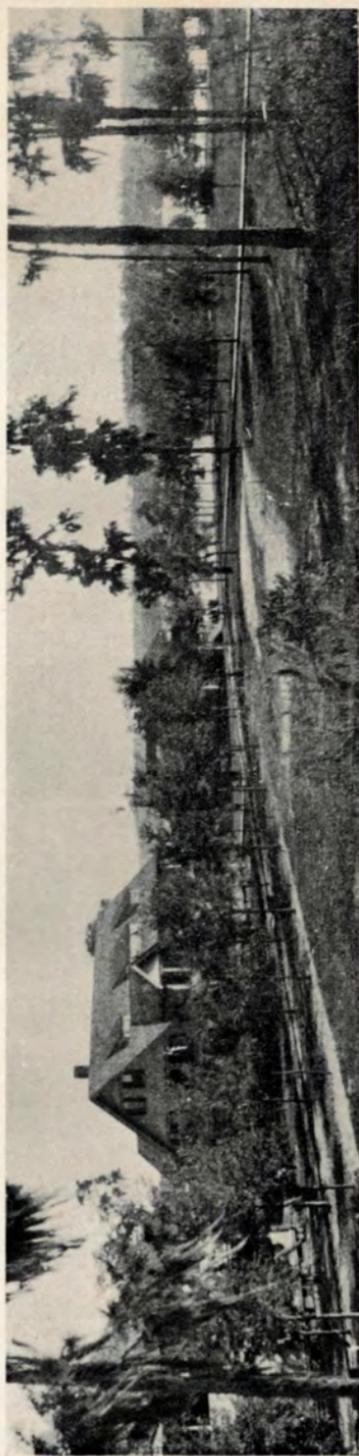


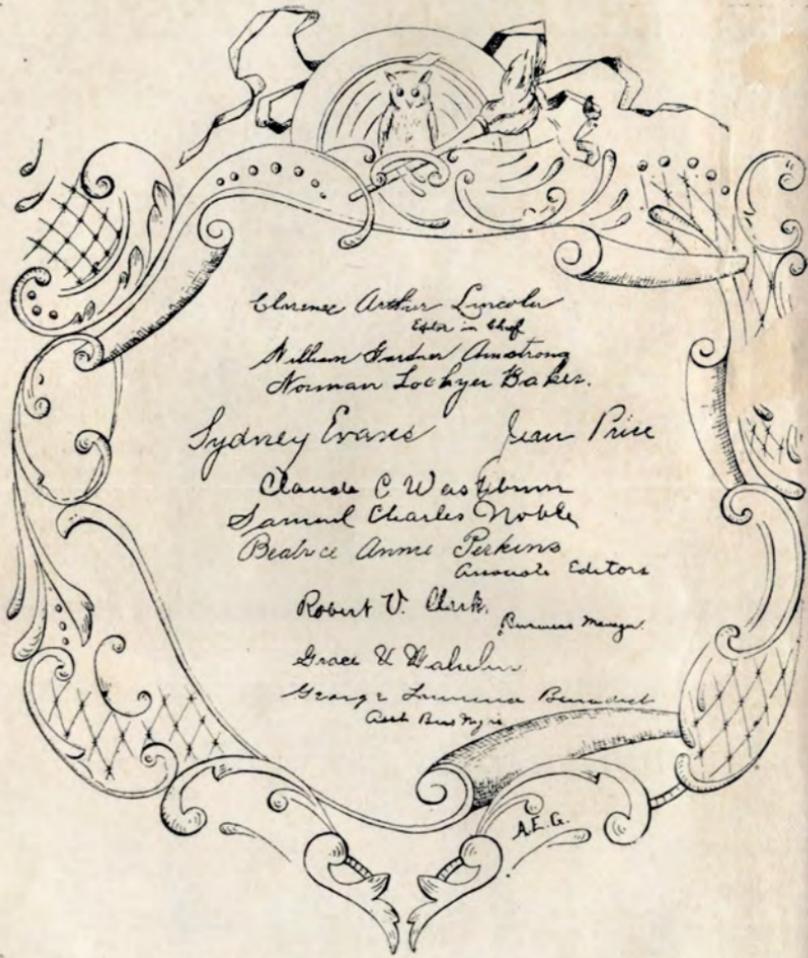
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GREETING.

WITH the appearance of this issue of the SAND-SPUR its editors give greeting to their fellow students, the members of the faculty, and the many friends interested in the student life of Rollins College. It has been their aim produce a publication original in composition, interesting and instructive, and above all worthy of representing the institution which stands for the best in all things and which deserves all the honor that its students can in any way bring to it. They have striven to publish a volume fair to all classes, societies, clubs and organizations, courteous in its treatment of individuals, reflecting the students' interests in their entirety, and conforming to the spirit of Christian culture which permeates fair Rollins. In the past the SAND-SPUR with its plucky motto has been well received. May this volume be found worthy of a place beside its predecessors.

THE EDITORS.

FAIR ROLLINS.

I.

As the sunlight's last glow steals far over the west,
And the whip-poor-will mourns on the shore,
Let the soft breezes blow and the oars lie at rest,
While we drift the bright rippling waves o'er.
Then raise up a song,
Let its echoes prolong
In the minds and the hearts of us all;
Fair Rollins, the bright shining star of the South,
Calm rising o'er ignorance' thrall.

II.

Near the low rising shores of Virginia drift slow,
Where the sun's lingering light softly shines,
Where the long-trailing moss gently sways to and fro,
From the stately and psalm-breathing pines.
Then banish all sorrow
And care for the morrow,
Let faces and voices be bright;
Fair Rollins, the far shining star of the South,
Dispelling the darkness with light.

III.

Now the Mocking bird trills as he jubilant sings,
Tilting daintly, light as the air;
And this is the message of courage he brings,
Making melody sweetest and rare,
'Tis cheer, cheerily,
'Tis hope, merrily,
Be dauntless and brave, never sigh;
Fair Rollins, the clear shining star of the South,
May all drifting clouds lightly pass by.

MARY S. PIPER.

April 19, 1899.

EDUCATIONAL VALUE OF LATIN AND GREEK.

IN an article recently published in the New York *Independent*, Senator George F. Hoar of Massachusetts calls attention anew to the educational value of Latin and Greek. He says: "I think the best character, intellectually and morally, the best type of cultivated manhood, the best instrument for the people's service, in public life, or at the bar, or in the pulpit, the most perfectly rounded type and example of the gentleman which the world has so far seen, is to be found in the product of the English and American colleges. It is a type of manhood which in England, certainly, is improving and growing better from generation to generation. We have many examples in this country. I hope we shall have many more. Now I have a very deep seated and strong conviction that one powerful influence in forming such a character, in the matter of taste, of mental vigor, of the capacity for public speaking and for writing, in the power of conveying with clearness and force and persuasive power, without any loss in the transmission, the thought that is in the mind of the speaker or writer to the mind of the people, is to study and translate what are called the classics, the great Latin and Greek authors. I think this is not only an important but an *essential* instrumentality." The Senator says that he has been much about court-houses and in legislative halls, and has listened to and read thousands of sermons with the question often in mind, "What training best fits man for public duties?" That a successful man of affairs, and among the ablest of the public men of our times should deliberately express the opinion above quoted is a fact that should have significance to the educational world. But notwithstanding this testimony from so competent an observer as Senator Hoar, many will still ask, How can the study of Latin and Greek be so valuable?

I think many doubts relating to this question would be removed by a full consideration of two things :

1. The intrinsic excellence of the classics.
2. The method by which education comes to us.

Upon the first point I would say that the preeminence, the absolute excellence of the Latin and especially of the Greek language and literature is not generally appreciated, nor is sufficient consideration given to the primal relation of Latin and Greek to history, to literature, to all knowledge and, in short, to all civilization. Let me cite the opinions of a few most competent to speak :

Gladstone, himself a most admirable example of the scholar in public life, says : " The Homeric poems through the intervention of the Greek and then the Roman civilization, for both of which they form the original literary basis, entered far more largely than any other book, except the Holy Scriptures, into the formation of modern thought and life."

Gibbon in his history of Rome shows how " victorious Rome was herself subdued by the arts of Greece, and the two languages at the same time exercised their separate jurisdiction throughout the empire ; the Greek as the natural idiom of science, the Latin as the legal dialect of public transactions."

Sir George Cornwall Lewis says : " The Greek literature is the source from which the literature of the civilized world almost exclusively derives its origin, and still contains the highest productions of the human mind in poetry, history, oratory and philosophy."

Lord Macauley says that out of the development of the Greek life " philosophy took its origin, and thus were produced those models of poetry, of oratory, and of the arts, which scarcely fall short of the standard of ideal excellence."

John Henry Newman writes : " If we would know what a university is in its elementary idea, we must betake ourselves to the first and most celebrated home of European literature and source of European civilization, the bright and beautiful Athens where all the archetypes of the great

and fair were found in substantial being and all departments of truth explored and all diversities of intellectual power exhibited, where taste and philosophy were majestically enthroned as in a royal court, where there was no sovereignty but that of mind, and no nobility but that of genius."

Ruskin says: "We owe to the Greeks every noble discipline in literature, every radical principle in art."

Prof. Whitney says: "The wider our range of historical study, the more we are penetrated with the transcendent ability of the Greek race. In art, literature and science it has been what the Hebrew race has been in religion."

Donaldson says: "Greek is the heirloom of the highest civilization, the greatest inheritance of genius and wisdom, the most effective instrument of liberal culture that the world has ever produced."

Of like purport is the following statement of Milton's: "To the polite wisdom and letters of Greece, we owe that we are not yet Goths and Jutlanders."

I need not quote further from the throng of the world's best scholars who pay the highest tribute to Greek and Latin. It is established by the united voice of those competent to testify that in strength, beauty, taste, and other high intellectual qualities the Greek language and literature excel all other products of the human mind.

But suppose this be conceded. We must then ask our second question: How does so valuable culture come from the study of the literature in the original language? Could not the advantage be substantially obtained by reading a translation?

It is not easy to answer this question in obvious terms. Some of the most real things in the world are the least obvious. Electricity, magnetism, and gravitation are great forces but not plain to be seen. So some of the strongest educational forces escape general notice. The answer to the above question requires a little reflection. I think it is suggested by Emerson's saying, "As many languages as a

man knows, so many times is he a man." Language is an expression of mind. If the mind have vigor, the language will have vigor. If the mind have precision, fineness, taste, vision of the fair and beautiful, the language will possess these qualities. Now, to study a writer in his own language is to *think after* him in the closest way in which one mind can follow another, and in doing so the student's mind acquires something of the very movement and of the essential qualities of his author. If his author be great, if he have dignity, simplicity, a sense of the beautiful, these qualities pass most surely to the learner who stands "next to him" by reading him in his own language. So it happens that a crude Saxon boy can add to his own sturdy native qualities the intellectual fineness of his polished Greek and Latin cousins and, without losing the best of his original self, he can make himself two or three times the man he otherwise would be. This culture value of the classics I consider their highest utility, because it improves the very qualities of the mind itself, it civilizes mind.

There are, however, other utilities resulting from the study of Latin and Greek—utilities of very high value. Latin and Greek furnish that element of our own language most used in organizing and expressing the facts of modern science. They furnish the scholarly, intellectual element of English. It is the universal testimony of teachers that classical students learn the sciences more easily than non-classical. Again, Latin and Greek form the literary basis of modern law, a large part of the literary basis of Christianity, and of modern literature. Among all the instruments used by the all-round scholar, of which does he make more use than of his Latin and Greek? What other learning is at once so practical in its relations to other knowledge and so excellent in itself as a means of intellectual discipline, refinement and pleasure?

When the human spirit shall become dull, when it shall lose consciousness of its own high capacities, when food and raiment and gain shall be the acknowledged ends of

life, then indeed may the pursuit of the classics be abandoned ; but, as long as man retains his interest in intellectual achievements, as long as law and philosophy attract us, eloquence charms, and letters delight, so long let Greek and Latin dwell in our halls of learning, bringing the best of the past to the present, shedding an original light upon all knowledge, adorning science herself in most fitting garments, and bestowing upon mind the rarest refinement we yet know.

J. H. FORD.

SEPARATION.

Though time and space may intervene
To make two lives more desolate,
Though God's own hand may separate
For a brief time, two souls between
Whom God has given the knowledge sweet
Of life and love and joy in each,
Yet separation serves to teach
But this, that soul and soul may greet
In a mysterious, subtle way,
And each to each its comfort give
And strength to live the mortal day ;
That loving hearts may while here live
In sweet foretaste of that glad morn
When spirit shall be freely born
Of earthly toil, and soul and soul
May work together hand in hand
To gladly serve of souls the Soul
Whose work is gloriously sweet and grand.

C. ARTHUR LINCOLN.

A REMINISCENCE.

THE load of responsibility seemed to weigh heavily upon the "Committee on Publication" as they sat in council that fall day of '94. Of the five young women chosen from "The Friends," four sat in a row on one side of the recitation room while the fifth sat at a table with pencil and paper ready to take minutes of all the important proceedings. The five young followers of Demosthenes and the critic presiding at the desk on the opposite side of the room, made in all an imposing assembly.

It had been decided that something should be published, that it should be published quarterly, that it was to be of a certain style and character, but this "it" must have a name, and this necessity faced the committee on that day some five years ago.

The minutes of some preceding meetings were read, then the business of the hour was presented, "What shall we name our paper?" Each one had been asked to bring some suggestion and a number of the usual names were proposed—"The Rollins Chronicle," "Herald," etc., but none met with entire approval. The general feeling was that the name should be suggestive of a college in Florida, something typical, bright, and unique if possible. In the effort to find this illusive "something" the results were these: "The Pinecone," "The Pineneedle," "The Sweet Potato," "The Buzzard," none of which met with any serious consideration. Entering into the humorous spirit of the hour, our critic suggested "THE SAND-SPUR," and our paper was named.

The issue of the first number was of course awaited anxiously. The editors were new hands at such an enterprise so had not learned all the "tricks of the trade." But they put on a brave face and tried to look intelligent when the printer talked of "double leading," and when

they made a miscalculation in space, so ran short of manuscript, the "felt want" was soon met with an article copied from some "exchange." Finally the prettily covered leaves were in circulation and our dream was realized, Rollins had a College paper.

The second number was perhaps better than the first, and the Commencement issue went beyond all expectations with its forty odd well filled pages of reading matter and heavy cover in blue and gold.

The "SAND-SPUR" was instrumental in changing the College colors. For the first ten years or so of Rollins' existence her color was rose-pink, but the matter was taken up from time to time in the SAND-SPUR editorial pages that first year and a change advocated. There seemed to be a strong feeling that the College should have a color, or colors, giving the impression of more strength than pink, pretty as it might be in itself, and the royal blue and gold were suggested. The agitation was carried to the faculty and the new movement met with success, so the commencement number proudly appeared in the colors of her choice.

"Cloverleaf Cottage" is also indebted to the SAND-SPUR. It had formerly been nameless, while "Pinehurst" and "Lakeside" were quite set up with their pretty, suggestive names until the SAND-SPUR came to the rescue and helped the girls out by naming their three winged cottage "Cloverleaf," a leaf not often found on Florida sand but its rarity makes our "Cloverleaf" the more precious.

Through the last four years, under the auspices of the two literary societies, The Friends in Council, and Demosthenic Society, the paper has been issued regularly three times during the year and always creditably to the College, an incentive to good literary work among its students and a most attractive mode of interesting outsiders in Rollins. It has lived up to its name and aim, and the fond expectations of its founders set forth in the opening editorial of the first issue have been largely realized. That editorial may be of

interest to those who were not of the College life in those days, and even to the pioneers a re-reading is pleasant.

"It has been well said that all things have been created for the good of man. But how sand-spurs benefit us has been a subject of no little speculation and this inability to use them for our advantage has, at many times and in various places, been painfully felt.

"We have at last profitably utilized the sand-spur in that we have made our cherished publication its namesake. We feel no hesitancy in making our discovery public, being assured that such an announcement will be hailed with joy as extensive as is the domain of the sand-spur.

"Unassuming yet mighty, sharp and pointed, well rounded yet many sided, assiduously tenacious, just as gritty and energetic as its name implies, victorious in single combat and therefore without a peer, wonderfully attractive, and extensive in circulation, all these, will be found, upon investigation, to be among the extraordinary qualities of THE SAND-SPUR."

RUTH CURLET FORD.

IT TAKES THREE TO MAKE A COUPLE.

YES, she liked him—very, very much." Just as Clara Waterman came to this conclusion, a young man dressed in the unmistakable attire of the fashionable summer loafer, passed under her window and tossed up a remark about the approaching dinner hour. She dropped one back, in the same light way, and as he passed on into the hotel, she slowly arose and fastened back a few locks of pretty hair which the ocean breeze had set free, preparatory to descending to the dining room.

She had been sitting on a pile of pillows, on the floor before the window, looking out toward the water, which lay a few hundred yards away. One elbow rested on the low window sill and the hand above supported a very pretty face,

from which the light breeze was trying with gentle effort to chase away the last traces of a flush, born of healthy exercise. It was a young face, quite serious just now, but there was fun hidden away in those eyes, if you watched them closely, and as their owner sat dreamily reviewing the pleasures of the past few weeks, many a smile responded to some jolly recollection. What a summer it had been! Fun, fun, fun!—and now it was nearly over. Only a few days more. Most of the little incidents passing in mental review concerned but two people, invariably the same two, be it tennis, waltz, drives, dances, golf, or long evenings on the water in that dear little yacht. Was there ever such a jolly, good-hearted fellow as Tom Lee? She remembered that when she first arrived at the seashore, some of the girls had told her to beware of him, that he was very "smooth" and a desperate flirt. They had even suggested that she would probably be his next victim. Well, he had shown a marked preference for her from the first, but was she anybody's victim? She smiled at the thought. Hadn't she met him half way in all his fun and nonsense? Hadn't she enjoyed herself, too? But she rather resented the warnings of the girls. She could not imagine Tom Lee doing anything dishonorable. He had often said nice things to her, but she had no trouble understanding any of them. They were all labelled "Fun," as plainly as everything he did or said. To be sure, he had made love to her, but in the same playful way so characteristic. She wondered as she had often done before, if he really could be serious in anything. The very thought seemed funny, but she wished sometimes, that he would for even a little while. She would like to see him in earnest. He had never tried to make her like him, only to enjoy his company. And as she watched him from her window, at work on board the yacht lying near shore, she knew what that extra care meant, and that she would find nothing lacking for her comfort. The moonlight sail planned for that night was only one of many she had taken on board the same boat,

sometimes with a party and sometimes alone with its captain and its crew of one man.

When the work was done and Lee had started up the path from the water, even at that distance she observed again his fine figure and easy carriage, and as he drew nearer she thought the face more handsome than ever. What a man he would be if only he would take life more seriously! Too much play and, as far as she could learn, no work. That yacht alone must be a big expense to his father, for she knew it did not belong to him. Nevertheless, he was a fine fellow, she liked him, and as her dream drew to an end she settled it by deciding that she liked him—very much.

The evening fulfilled the promise of the day. It seemed made for that particular party. As usual, Tom had his guitar along. He always sang well, but never better than on that evening. Usually he preferred comic songs and darkey melodies, but that night he remembered the love songs best. When he paused, his listener wondered at the quiet way in which he spoke. He seemed different that evening, delightfully different. But the spell was soon broken. "Clara," he said, "business calls me back to the city, I have to leave to-morrow." A merry burst of laughter greeted this remark. Tom hesitated, and then joined in. "I did not mean to be quite so tragical," he exclaimed, "but maybe I forgot to tell you that I do work sometimes." "Oh, I suppose you do work sometimes, perhaps," replied Clara, "but I confess I can't imagine how it would seem. But Tom, what is this business, as you call it?" "Just the same old thing, I'm in with my father, you know. I'd give you a card if I had one with me. You see, father wanted me to stay late, but a letter came to-night saying that he has got a tough case on hand and would rather have me take care of it. Don't know whether I've told you, but we're running a law office together, and father is getting a little old, so that I have most of the difficult work.

His companion saw that he meant what he said. "When do you leave, tomorrow?" she asked. "Early train in the morning." Both paused as if trying to adjust themselves to the new state of affairs. Tom succeeded more easily and was first to break the silence. "Clara," he said, "I want to talk to you a little before we go in. After all our joking, I don't know whether you can believe me serious or not, but I feel so very serious, indeed, when I think that perhaps I may never see you again. When I came here, early in the summer, I did so because my father and my physician seemed quite stirred up about me. I had been putting in some pretty hard blows during the last year or so, and the doctor declared that I'd have to take a complete rest or quit entirely before long. He sent me here with instructions to keep my mind off of business and to go in for as good a time as I knew how. Well, it was like a prison here at first, and then I tried to carry out those instructions. I found that I had almost forgotten how to have a real good time and to enjoy myself, and I'm afraid some of the girls here think that my first attempts at frivolity were decidedly silly. But I stuck to it as a duty and soon found, as I did some years ago, that it isn't a half bad occupation. Then you came," and as if to be more personal, Tom moved his chair nearer and directly in front of hers. "Then you came," he repeated. "We seemed to get along famously together, and I think we have had good times. But you know all about what followed. I felt you were different from other girls, different from anyone I have ever met. I knew that I wanted you to have a good opinion of me, and yet how tired you must have become of my nonsense. I hated myself for it, but could not trust myself to be serious. I was afraid I might end even our friendship. But to-night I must talk."

Clara had scarcely moved since he began. She hardly heard what he was saying, but found herself still trying to realize Tom Lee in this grave man before her.

He continued speaking in the same quiet way, but



THE CANAL.

growing more and more eloquent and earnest. He leaned toward her unconsciously and his eyes told more than his words. Clara sat as though in a trance, while he spoke. His eyes held her, yet she did not care to resist. She realized in his voice something she had missed, and in his face the expression she had dreamed would make it almost perfect. Could this passionate man before her be her light-hearted and almost light-headed companion of the past few weeks? Could all this of which he told her so beautifully be within her grasp? But he had stopped, and she realized in a vague way that some kind of an answer was expected of her. She saw his face grow anxious, but her pause was not one of indecision but rather of fascination and admiration. Pleadingly he spoke again, but stopped as he saw her lips open.

The wind had been increasing steadily, unnoticed by either until it was almost blowing a gale. Then something snapped and down came the mainsail. Lee was buried under some of the heavy tackle, but Clara was unharmed. The "crew" ran forward and picked up Tom's motionless form and carried it back into the little cabin.

"Well Miss, I hope you've got grit," he said to Clara, "you'll have to take care of him, for we'll all be at the bottom in a minute if I don't get that sail straightened up."

Mechanically she followed his brief instructions for Tom's comfort and then sat down beside him to bathe the blood from a slight cut on his forehead. The suddenness of the accident was a shock, but it did not unnerve her. She thought only of the unconscious man before her. Would he never open his eyes nor speak to her? "Tom, dear," she said aloud. He seemed to respond with a restless movement as though in great pain. How she pitied him! Ah, how much she felt of something else, something far more precious than pity, that something the most divine of human emotions. As she watched him her lips stirred slightly and she stooped to catch any sound. How gladly she would answer his last question if he would but

listen. A long pause and then the lips moved again. She fancied he was trying to speak her name. Again—a little louder this time, and she heard what the lips had struggled to say. She sank back into her chair. He had spoken a woman's name, but not her name. She knew well to whom it belonged. He had spoken of her one day and she had wondered just what relation existed between them. "Grace," murmured the sick man again. She watched him curiously now. His face wore a troubled expression; he seemed worried about something. "No, Grace, listen," he said quite plainly. Instinctively his real hearer listened intently. "I have just been playing with Clara a little while, I love you best."

He may have spoken again, but nobody heard him. Clara put her hands over her ears and turned away. She did not move; she could hardly think. Now that it was too late, the warnings of the girls early in the summer came back to her with real significance. "Unscrupulously smooth,"—"sincerity personified,"—"with a manner that would deceive the gods," etc. And now to be undeceived by his own words! Only one thought came to her mind distinctly—she hated him, oh how she hated him! The revulsion of feeling was so great that she broke down completely and lay back in the chair sobbing quietly. She was unconscious of everything; she knew nothing of the danger outside, and experienced only great relief when the sailor came to the cabin door and announced in a strange, weary voice that they were finally ashore.

The next morning two notes were written and received. The first read:

DEAR CLARA:—Too bad that knock-out blow could not have come a few seconds later. I wish I could see you but they won't let me out. Feel as tho' I had a good sized saw-mill in my head. But Clara, do you remember the last thing I said, last night? I hope you will have something nice to tell me when we meet next. Yours,

TOM.

It was written in the old playful style, with an under-

current of seriousness, but its very seeming sincerity made its writer more despised. "Yes, she remembered the last thing he said, and would never forget it."

The other note ran :

TOM :—Edged tools are always dangerous. I was informed when I came here that you were a sad flirt, and have simply met you on your own ground.

But as I still have some respect for the sacredness of the subject which you brought up last night, and desire to spare you the trouble of again simulating what is not, I leave with auntie on the afternoon train.

It was not signed but the writer was unmistakable. It took a long time and several readings to get the full meaning through Tom's poor, throbbing head. Finally he murmured with a sob, "To be hopelessly misunderstood by the only woman with whom one has ever tried to be serious. A tough blow when a man is down."

One afternoon, about a month later, Clara sat in the beautiful home of her city cousin. Mrs. Wilson was talking—as she chatted along she spoke of what a shame it was that they, first cousins, had never met before but the once when very small children, and how glad she was that her invitation of several years' standing had finally been accepted. "But now that I've got you, dear," she said. "I'm going to keep you, all winter, perhaps." "Clara," she rattled on, "tell me more about yourself. Where did you spend the summer, and what kind of a time did you have?" Thus compelled to speak of an unpleasant subject, Clara began by naming the place, at which Mrs. Wilson interrupted, "Why that's where Tom was. Tom Lee, did you meet him? Tell me all about it. I hope you weren't one of his summer victims. Tom's a great boy for the girls you know." Clara tried to conceal her embarrassment and dislike for the subject of conversation by laughing. "But Clara," continued her cousin seriously, "I want you to tell me something if you can. Some time during the summer Tom fell desperately in love with a girl—something I have

never known him to do before—and she refused him. Well, ever since, I have felt the greatest curiosity to see what kind of a human being that woman is. Do you know anything about the affair, or the girl, or what her reasons were for doing as she did?"

Clara managed to say that she knew the girl quite well and had heard something about the matter. She believed the girl thought that Mr. Lee was playing with her.

At this Mrs. Wilson burst out impatiently. "Oh bah! Anyone with ordinary intelligence can tell when Tom is serious or in fun. Why, that woman must have been a fool to refuse a man like that. There isn't a nobler, better man in the world. One of the most promising young lawyers in the city, too. He has won some very difficult cases and will make a wonderful mark for himself some day. Forgive me for boasting about him. You see I've known him all my life; we grew up together and were great chums. I never liked a man better till I met my husband. Poor fellow, he has been so broken up and wretched lately. I can't do anything for him for he won't say a word about it. He is trying to forget, but the other day he showed that he had not. He said in fun that he felt almost as badly as the time I scorned his love," and Mrs. Wilson laughed at the memory. "You see," she continued, "it was long ago when I was Grace Parker, in fact we were only about ten, I guess. Well, we had always been sweethearts, and one day I thought he had been paying too much attention to a certain little Clara Hamilton. So I took him to task about it, and told him he had been playing with her altogether too much, that he didn't like me any more, etc. Well, you ought to have seen his face, I'll never forget it, nor what he said. 'No, Grace, listen,' he explained, 'I have only been playing with Clara a little while. I love you best.' But I was as hard hearted as this woman seems to have been and would not speak to him for two days. But say, Clara, if you two have met I might have him drop in to dinner to-night. He

often does. You are not too tired, are you, dear? Would you care to meet him again?"

No, Clara was not too tired, and—and she would like to see him again.

Once several months later, Tom said, "Clara, do you remember that night on the boat when I got my head bumped? Well I had the queerest dream about——"

"I know you did, dear."

SUNSET ON LAKE VIRGINIA.

'Neath moss-hung pines, on mossy sward,
 We stand by chance, toward close of day,
 And cast an eye of keen delight
 On sparkling wave, and ceaseless roll
 Of tossing irridescent foam
 'Twixt shore and shore.

And see the sun,
 The heavenly author of the gleam,
 Resplendent in those gorgeous hues
 That blind the eye of human kind,
 And yet enchant. For even now
 We dare not trust our weakling gaze
 To rest upon its glory-light,
 Though wanes its power toward eventime;
 For brightly beams that brilliant ball,
 Whose gift is life and health and strength,
 To all who temperate use its power—
 To spendthrift and intemperate death.

Yet look again. E'en while we spoke,
 The mighty power of the God
 Began to wane, and now we strive,
 With more success, his beams to meet
 A steady eye, a moment more,

And pales the ruddy countenance,
And we gaze free. No! we mistake;
More radiant still his face he shows,
It seemeth like a fiery mass;
Yet even so no pain we feel,
Though straight as arrow's flight we gaze.

Ah! yes, the mighty monarch knows
His death is drawing to the hour,
And, filled with gracious thought and kind,
His fearful face he tempers mild,
That all may look and live entranced
For these last moments of his life,
May praise his glory, his radiance laud
Less in his living than his death.

To aid his will he calls the clouds,
Which, grouped in lazy abandon,
Seem not to tend their sovereign's death.
Yet now each answering cloud awakes
And does the bidding of its Lord,
See! Bright aflame is all the sky!
From west to east, from south to north,
The heav'n reflects the fire. It grows
More radiant still!—and more and more!
Can mortal man such visions see
And hold his sight?

But even yet,
The dying one is not content,
The waters of the earth he bids
To make his glory greater still.
The planet's glowing deepens more,
And with the signal, on the deep
Each tiny wavelet flushes red
And sends a tossing sea of fire
To every shore, o'er all the deep's
Unruffled crest, and in the deeps

So far as eye—But no! Forbear!—
 We cannot! Down!—Upon your knees!—
 And to the god your homage give!

Alas! Too great was seen his pow'r—
 Too much we trusted to our will
 To keep us from the heinous sin.
 Now, now indeed, we censure less
 The heathen man who bows his head
 And makes obeisance to the source
 Of all the joy his wretched life
 Has seen. For have not we, indeed,
 Enlightened though by truth divine,
 His pow'r acknowledged with the knee?

Now fades the light, the sun grows dim,
 And, with what seems a victor's gleam
 Of triumph, and resigned heart,
 Sinks down below the western sky.
 All light grows dim—The sun is gone,
 And darkness settles on the earth.

But hope still lives. Another sun
 Will usher in the morrow's toil,
 And not in everlasting gloom
 Must we our lives expend.

'Tis meet

That honor should this eve be paid
 The memory of the gracious god;
 And so the winds and zephyrs, all
 Beseech the fragrant trees and plants
 For aromatic, sweet perfume
 To offer to the dead. Ere long
 The pyre is made. Fair Luna sets
 The pile ablaze, and upward rise
 Magnolia's marvelous perfume,
 The bay's and jasmine's odor sweet,
 The balm and balsam of the wood,

And all the sweets and spices found
 Throughout the near and neighb'ring land.
 This is the incense to the god—
 An offering of a grateful world
 To Light, the gracious minister
 Of all that renders earthly life,
 Existence possible.

PAUL PATTON FARIS.

A DEEP SINK-HOLE.

HERE is a place about three miles west of Winter Park known to many people of this section as the "sink." Although it has been regarded by casual observers familiar with such geological depressions as an ordinary sink, yet on account of the great depth of the water in its basin, and the absence of a surface outlet to carry off the water that flows into it, it has been regarded by some of our people as possessing certain unusual sink-peculiarities.

Some of the people hereabouts have associated considerable mystery with the place, and this has been heightened by crude soundings of the waterbasin, and the speculations to which they have given rise. A neighboring farmer had sounded the place, using a 100 foot string, and his sounding weight did not touch bottom. And another amateur, failing to find the depth, came to the conclusion that the water was so dense at the great depth reached by his line that it prevented further descent of the weight, and hence that the bottom could never be found.

In regard to the age of the sink, local opinion fixes its origin at quite a recent date. According to this opinion a fine orange grove included the place, and a portion of the grove was swallowed up when the sink was formed. The place is pointed out where the house stood that was occupied by the owner of the grove. The absurdity of this opinion becomes evident when it is known that there are pine trees

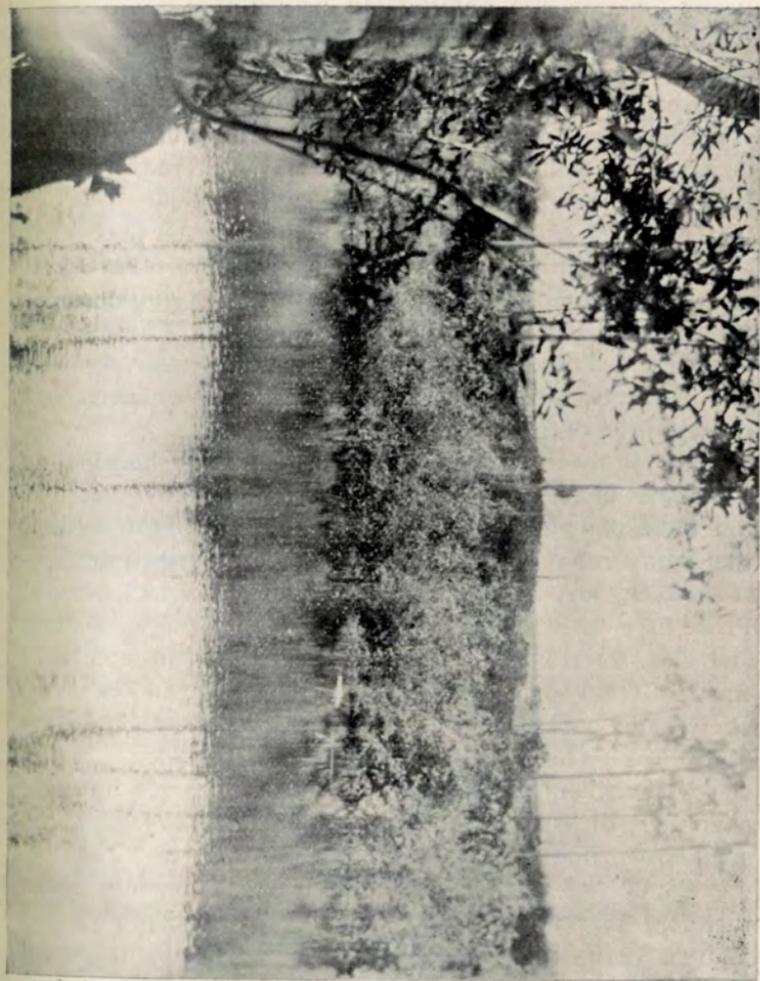
nearly two feet in diameter growing in the basin of the sink. One hundred years would probably be required for the trees to grow to this size.

On a cool morning late in December a party from the scientific department of Rollins College, equipped with an ax, a long tarpon line with a heavy window weight for a plummet, standard thermometer, mud cylinders and bottles fitted with automatic pressure apparatus for obtaining samples of mud and water from the bottom, and some engineering apparatus, visited the sink for the purpose of solving the mystery of its depth, and making a general scientific exploration of the place.

Our first work after reaching the sink was to construct a raft to enable us to sound the lake within it and ascertain the shape of the bottom. This was easily made of logs obtained from dead trees found in the basin. The raft was launched with two of the party aboard, and paddled to the middle of the lake. The weight was let go and the line paid out, and down it went—100 feet—200 feet—300 feet—and no bottom. We were beginning to think that our long line was too short for this seemingly bottomless pit when at nearly 350 feet the weight struck bottom, and we had the depth—349.6 feet. Then we secured a sample of the bottom mud and a bottle of water from the bottom. The pressure apparatus referred to is essentially a tube connected with the bottle and so corked that the stopper would be forced into the bottle by the pressure of the water and the bottle be filled. The water-basin was found to have the shape of a lop-sided cone for a distance of probably from 200 to 300 feet below the surface, and to widen toward the bottom especially in certain directions. The shape of the entire basin is supposed to be, therefore, somewhat like a double frustrum of a cone with the larger ends at the top and the bottom.

While this work was in progress other members of the party were making surface measurements. The diameter of the sink was found to be nearly 400 feet, and the

THE SINK HOLE



diameter of the lake within it, 163 feet. The level of the water was 36 feet below the level of the mouth of the sink.

In the sandy banks of the sink are noticed occasional clayey deposits and outcropping very rotten sandstones; and shelving sandstone projects into the lake on one side of the sink for a considerable distance below the surface of the water. There are several springs in the basin near the margin of the lake, and we estimate that the constant inflow of water from them would amount to a stream about three inches in diameter, flowing at the rate of five miles an hour.

The part of the basin not containing water is covered with saw palmetto, bushes, and some pines and other trees.

As to origin and geological features this sink does not differ essentially from other sinks found in Florida and elsewhere. These depressions are due to the wearing away of subterranean rocks, causing the formation of caves, and the falling in of the caves.

Of all rocks, limestone is most easily eroded in this way, and hence caves and sinks are generally found in limestone regions. The Mammoth cave in Kentucky and the Luray cave in Virginia are immense caverns in limestone rock, and sinks are found wherever this rock occurs. From fifty to one hundred feet below the sand, sandstone and clays of this region is an immense bed of Eocene limestone. It is known to be pervious to water, and in many places to be honey-combed by cavities, caverns, and various other characteristics of eroding action. In evidence of this our well drillers inform us that in sinking wells into this rock their drills frequently make sudden drops, falling at a single drop from a few inches to several feet.

Conditions very favorable to sink depressions exist therefore in our bed rock, and the great depth of the Winter Park sink indicates simply extended and deep erosion into this limestone bed. The water flowing into the sink must be carried away by channels worn through this limestone, and may reappear again as springs on lower ground, or in rivers, or even in the ocean.

DOWN IN THE MEADOW.

Down in the sunny field midst the bright clover,
Nodding and smiling over and over,
Is gay little Timothy, happy to meet
Such a sweet little lady as fair Marguerite.

Sweet Marguerite, with a gown of pure white
And a heart that is filled with the sun's golden light,
She nods to small Timothy smiling and gay
And they talk there together the whole bright day.

The blue sky above them is shining and bright
And their small hearts are filled with a joyous delight.
The birds whisper secrets as upward they fly
From the flower decked fields to the blue summer sky.

Bees search midst the clover for honey so sweet
And they borrow a little from fair Marguerite ;
Then Timothy says : " You've enough and to spare ;
I'd take a kiss too if I only might dare."

Then Marguerite looks at the sky overhead
And pretends to have heard not a word that he said,
But Timothy's smile, the whole story can tell
And Marguerite loves her sweetheart full well.

What care these gay lovers if now and again
The dark clouds pile up, and down comes the rain ?
They hide their small heads 'neath the broad clover leaves,
And when it is over are gay as you please.

So happy and gay through the bright summer weather,
These two little lovers are talking together,
Our blithsome young Timothy bowing to meet
His dear little sweetheart—the fair Marguerite.

ELIZABETH H. RAND, 1893-96.

A NOTABLE LIFE OF THE EIGHTEENTH
CENTURY.

IT is but little more than a century since the death of England's great orator-statesman, Edmund Burke. His work thus ceased near the beginning of a century whose end was in a war which has brought unexpected colonies to our own country. As a result of the Spanish war, we are, as a nation, confronted with weighty problems concerning the care of our new dependencies, problems which Great Britain, by following the teachings of its eminent citizen, has solved in surprising measure to its own profit and to the peace of the colonies. Under such conditions, perhaps, it may not be unfitting to call to our remembrance the career of Burke—a statesman of true foresight, an orator of rare eloquence, a man of pure and unselfish motives, whose mightiest powers of genius were exerted toward the correct government of the British colonies.

Opinions differ concerning the place in history to which Burke should be assigned. Some would make him the "first mind of the age," some, "the most profound and comprehensive of political philosophers that have yet existed in the world;" even Macaulay exclaims: "The greatest man since Milton!" Some, on the other hand, disparage his genius and his intellect, averring that there is in his works not one leading principle or lasting thought, to offset which there cannot be found some adverse sentiment. Despite this wide divergence of opinion, however, there can be little doubt that Burke possessed surprising elements of genius, and that he so used these talents as to leave behind him lasting mementos of wisdom and prudence. His powers were extensive and varied; his knowledge of men was wonderful. Witty and imaginative, subtle and sublime, he used his copious supply of language, also, in such a way as to compel the attention of his hearers. But the distinguishing feature of the statesman was his com-

prehensive intellect, which aided by profound philosophical instincts, secured to him an accurate knowledge of the hidden undercurrent of public history, and of the inevitable tendency of events. Other statesmen, lacking this insight, have failed miserably in the presence of great problems which its possession enabled Burke to solve.

Nor did Burke fail to use his great powers in an unselfish endeavor to better the condition of his fellows, and this reason alone renders his life worthy of deep study. Having struggled through youth and early manhood against poverty, he entered upon his public life poor and unknown, but with a pure reputation and a sensitive conscience. Immediately his native horror of crime, his humanity, his fine sensibility, ushered him upon the course of contest against tyranny, struggle for the preservation of the good, strife against evil in all its forms and methods, which ended only with his retirement thirty years later. "He went to work with the zeal of an enthusiast. . . . No part or order of government was so obscure, so remote or so complex as to escape his acute and persevering observation." Naturally he encountered great opposition in his efforts for reform. He himself said in his later years: "*Nitor in adversum* is the motto for a man like me. At every step of my progress (for in every step I was traversed and oppressed), and at every turnpike I met, I was obliged to show my passport. Otherwise, no rank, no toleration even, for me."

Not even in the presence of such opposition, however, did Burke abandon his labors. He turned his attention to India, though surely without hope of success or of honor in the attempt, and he let in such a flood of light upon the abuses incident to British rule there, as to crimson the cheek of even the most shameless Englishman. Burke courageously entered upon his masterly arraignment of Warren Hastings on account of the evils of his East Indian administration, with the whole of the ministry and with the greater part of Parliament manifestly hindering his

movements. Though baffled at almost every turn, he continued his efforts for seven years, in the end only to meet seeming defeat, for the man whom he accused was acquitted. Yet by this trial Hastings' guilt was made so clear and the maladministration in India so evident that the reform of these governmental evils—which, indeed, was the true object of Burke's labors—was but a short time delayed. Though technically a loser in his fight, it has long since been acknowledged that Burke could have won little more success had Hastings been convicted. For this one service Great Britain, not to say the world, owes Burke a debt which is not easily to be paid.

Burke's attitude toward the French Revolution, also, was one provocative of great opposition, especially from his ancient friends, the Whigs. From the smallest beginnings of the revolution his keen foresight told him that in the apparently laudable beginning there were possibilities of great disturbance to the whole of Europe. He knew something of the fiery nature of the French, and he feared an evil ending of that struggle whose coming the average Englishman hailed with applause. He perceived with his acute eye, that the French Reformers were determined to divorce liberty and justice, and he considered that when this was done neither justice nor liberty was safe. It was his declaration that the methods of the Constituent Assembly, up to the summer of 1790, were unjust, precipitate, destructive, and without stability. Men had chosen to build their house on the sands, and the winds and seas would speedily beat against it and destroy it. In his discussion of the Revolution, however, Burke acted as perhaps he had never acted before, and never acted again—without an adequate knowledge of the facts. In his haste and fury, aroused by the almost frantic delight of the English over the uprising, he neglected to study closely enough into the causes of the Revolution, and so became prejudiced. He observed one side of the question with all its evils, and failed to look at the redeeming features on the other. The errors he thus

fell into, however, are decidedly minor in importance. The real scope of his objection to the Revolution has been abundantly upheld by the whole subsequent history of France, while the truth of his foresight has been testified to by men of note from that time to this. Said Lord Brougham, many years after the Revolution: "All his predictions except one momentary expression have been more than fulfilled." Thus posterity once more recognizes the truth of his statements. He served the world while arraigning Hastings, he served it while condemning the Revolution—and the worth of his services is now acknowledged.

But it is probably on account of his colonial policy that Burke has received the greatest honor. Though vehemently opposed at the time, it was not long before even his worst political enemies admitted the wisdom of his course. He primarily urged upon Great Britain the importance of considering the fact that each colony was but one part of a great empire, and that the mother country itself was but one component of the same great nation. Said he in later life: "I think I can trace all the calamities of this country to the single source of our not having had steadily before our eyes a general, comprehensive, well-cemented and well-proportioned view of the whole of our dominions, and a just sense of their true bearings and relations." He never was wild enough to conceive that the governments of Hindostan and of Virginia could be ordered in the same manner. He would consider the needs and capacities of the West Indies as well as the requirements of Ireland and Scotland. He would not expect an island in the Pacific to be benefited by the laws which controlled the British Isles. He urged an unprejudiced view of the whole.

Burke added to this opinion the further thought that each colony should be granted the utmost possible degree of freedom. He would search out the capabilities of the inhabitants of the colony, discover to what extent they were able to rule themselves, and grant them the greatest power which they could use. Where necessary, indeed, he would

have a wholesome restraint, but "it ought to be the constant aim of every public counsel to find out by cautious experiments, and rational, cool endeavors, with how little, not how much, of this restraint the community can subsist." Grant the colonies freedom, he exclaimed. "Slavery they can have anywhere. It is a weed that grows in every soil. They may have it from Spain, they may have it from Prussia, but until you become lost to all feeling of your true interest and your natural dignity, freedom they can have from none but you." He held that the natural effect of fidelity, clemency, kindness in governors, is peace, goodwill, order and esteem in a government; and the whole course of progress goes to show the wisdom of this statement.

Burke prophesied evils to the home country if the colonies were not conciliated. His voice was not heeded, the oppression continued, and the small current of restlessness in America increased to a stream of remonstrance, to a river of revolt, and finally to a flood of violence which swept aside every tie that bound America to the mother land. After this disaster to his country, Burke tried again to induce it to heed his voice. He turned his attention anew to Ireland, and continued his efforts to secure a free government for her people. He labored long and late, with but a moderate degree of success. But later generations, again, have wholly vindicated his Irish policy. Says a prominent British writer: "In our day there is nobody of any school who doubts that Burke's view of our trade policy toward Ireland was accurately, absolutely, and magnificently right." Such is the colonial policy for the adoption of which Burke labored, and upon which Great Britain has proceeded for many years, until now her colonies are models of good government, material prosperity and contented peoples.

Burke labored for purity at home; he met great opposition, but for his efforts later years have loved his memory. He arraigned the evils of Indian government; he lost his case, but the world without ceasing has lauded his work.

He warned against the violence of the French Revolution, and time has shown the wisdom of his words; he urged conciliation with America, and history acknowledges the sagacity of his advice; he defended Ireland in Parliament, and saved this realm to the mother country. Surely in such a record there is yet a lesson for our own times—aye, and for time to come.

PAUL PATTON FARIS.

REVERIES OF A SENIOR.

"HERE, that's finished!" as I collected the many and scattered papers of my thesis, and having sorted and arranged them, impatiently put them in a drawer until I should be called before that sage and dignified body, the faculty, and told to account for myself if I wished to obtain an A. B.

'Twas after the study hour, indeed, the bell had long since rung lights out. Throwing open the shutters, I looked over the campus all bathed in moonlight and dew, where in truth all knowledge seemed asleep.

So this was my Senior year, this was what I had looked forward to and worked for, a few more weeks and it would all be over. It was my going out from my Alma Mater. After I had once said farewell, I could never come back and find my place unoccupied. It might be out in the world that I must look for my vacant niche, or even should I come back as a teacher, life would not be the same. It was the ending of one chapter and the beginning of another. In coming years when I look back, all will seem unchanged, the same faces, the same conditions will appear, but should I come back in reality, all would be changed.

In the quiet moonlight, fancy rules my thoughts and I see myself coming back to visit, walking in Knowles Hall, finding the recitation rooms the same but many strange faces within. I wait impatiently for the bell to ring the

end of the hour and think surely there will be some of the "old ones" back if only as visitors. The bell rings and the students pour out, all laughing and talking; this one of a startling translation he has made, that one of a story Professor has told; all are busy with their present, none with my past. Suddenly I hear a voice that seems familiar and turn to find a lad who during my senior year was in the lowest class. He was not a particular friend, yet I welcome him as one for the sake of old times. This is his Senior year he tells me with a little note of conscious pride that will creep out in spite of his best efforts to hide it. I ask about several of my class only to find that they are scattered. One is a missionary in a far away country, another is a doctor in a large city and doing maavelously well, others are dead, and still others are lost to view as if they had also left this world, while some have reached a height that only great men can attain.

We walk through the College buildings while I note the changes and improvements. The rooms are all heated by steam, there is no more use for the oil stove that caused such fun by smoking like a chimney the minute it was left by itself. The bell rings for breakfast and the students go in and out as they please. Fear of being locked out of the dining hall causes, as of old, no hurried flinging on of coats while making hasty strides in that direction. And the blase man no longer is present who enters the hall as if he had been up for hours and wonders why a smile passes from lip to lip, till it is suddenly borne to his inner consciousness that his hair is in that state of topsyturveydom it was in when he first realized a new day was upon him.

Perhaps we nodded here, for our next fancy is that wandering down to the lake we are attracted by a boat-house that was not, when the boys used to tumble into a boat half filled with water. As we draw near the crew sweep past and disappear within. They have just returned from a practice, and as the race for the championship of the State takes place the following week, there is an interested

and critical crowd of observers watching them as they come in. The championship has been held by them for the last three years and seems by no means likely to be lost this, though, as many of them know only too well, a little over-training at the last will place the coveted cup far beyond their reach and Collins has been working his crew pretty hard of late. As the men come out they are given a lusty cheer and the crowd gather round them to give their opinions. We visit the gymnasium and find there the usual amount of new apparatus that must be added each year in any institution of note.

We go out and as we close the door we hear a "yap! yap!" that makes us look back and there is Jean with her minus tail, but her frog-like hops have given place to the dignity of age, and she walks along as if the weight of a nation instead of a college rested on the Rollins Mascot. The setting sun shining full in my face reminds me that my visit has come to an end, so while the strains of "Fair Rollins" come faintly over the campus from the Glee Club, I say farewell again to my Alma Mater.

BY A SPECIAL.

SCENES IN AND AROUND NEW SMYRNA.

IT was late in the afternoon, when we went out for a drive in order to see how generously nature had favored this seaside town.

Going toward the south we crossed an old canal which runs through New Smyrna from west to east. This canal is fourteen miles long and opens into Hillsborough River. In many places beautiful water-lilies grow so profusely as to obstruct the channel, while mosses and ferns cling to the rocky walls.

Along the highway the comparatively level surface of the land is covered with a luxurious growth characteristic

of Southern Florida. Hundreds of level-headed, short-stemmed, wide-branched oaks which witnessed, perhaps, the painful toil of helpless slaves, fling their gnarled arms over a thick growth of vines, palmettoes, and copsewood of various kinds, while numbers of palm trees thrust their round, slender bodies through the branches of the oaks, and waving their crown-like tufts, seem to say, "You glory in spreading yourselves over the copsewood, but *we* wave our palms above you."

Crossing a narrow strip of woods which, in marked contrast to the land bordering the canal, is almost barren, we entered an old field now uncultivated. In this field stands what are known as the ruins of the Old Spanish Mission. These ruins consist of solid stone walls about eighteen feet high, and sixteen or eighteen inches thick. In one wall, six feet from the base, is a square hole, evidently made to serve the triple purpose of light, ventilation, and defense, in case of attacks by Indians.

Although a large part of these walls has been torn down and used in constructing a stone fence about the place, five are still standing, but not in such a way as to form any complete enclosure. Five great doors, two in one wall and three in another, with their perfect arches and sustaining pillars, show that these ruins in Florida have a Roman origin.

Within these walls is a well, a dark and dangerous-looking pit, a yard in diameter and very deep. This well is curbed with coquina rock, of which the walls are also made.

Two hundred years ago, according to tradition, Turnbull, a Spanish slave-owner, settled at this place and called it New Smyrna in distinction from Smyrna in the Orient. He found it profitable to grow and to export indigo; and in order to drain the land, and afford means of transportation to the ocean, constructed with slave labor a number of canals. The land through which these canals run is a peculiar kind of shell rock, and it was with stone taken from these canals that their walls were made.

Turnbull is said to have been a most wicked man. It is also stated that he worked the poor slaves unmercifully. It was his ambition to establish a Roman Catholic Mission Station at this place ; but his hopes were never realized, for before he could complete his castle the Indians fell upon him and drove him away. However, these stone walls stand as a memorial of his ambition, while the canals, as perfect as when constructed two hundred years ago, testify of his wickedness and cruelty to the very beings whom he wished to bless.

As, in the light of the setting sun, I gazed upon these old ruins, with green ivy clinging to the rough sides and hanging from the archways in natural festoons, imagination spoke to me, but in language too strange, in words I can not utter.

One morning when the air was fresh and bracing, and the sun shone brilliantly from a clear sky, we drove across the river which separates the town from the beach, and were soon gazing with delight on the great Atlantic. Passing the Sea-Side hotel we turned south and drove by, perhaps, a score of cottages that stand along the beach, some of them so near together that the people on their porches may chat with each other. A year ago an American cruiser, making its way to Cuba, was saluted by some ladies, who from their cottage veranda, waved aprons and handkerchiefs at the boys in blue. To their surprise the ship honored their salute by firing the great guns which were destined soon to play such havoc with the Spaniards. While the ladies were delighted with this response, some people of the town were badly frightened, thinking that the Spaniards had really come to bombard them.

The only person to be seen on the beach at this early hour was a lawyer from the Sea-Side, who, armed with fishing tackle, was diligently seeking a breakfast for his keen appetite. Far to the right in a lagoon stood a solitary crane, waiting patiently for a fish to come within reach of his long beak ; while a large fish-hawk flew slowly and

warily over the ocean. And high in the air, gracefully soaring, could be seen the forked-tailed kite, which, as some one has remarked, "illustrates the poetry of motion."

Gazing on the waves of the mighty ocean as they came rushing toward us, each chasing the one in advance, then wrecking itself against the shore, I could but think of individuals in the great sea of humanity who rush headlong in pursuit of pleasure, wealth, or fame, regardless of the rights or feelings, of the success or failure of others, in their efforts to satisfy selfish ambition. W. B. HATHAWAY.

MEMORIES OF ROLLINS.

Girt round by fair Virginia
 Beloved Rollins lies ;
 In memory's heart reflected,
 Shine back thou happy days.

And watching each dim picture
 Float by in visions slow,
 We live anew the schooldays
 The Florida suns below.

We think once more of Rollins,
 With longing and with tears,
 Our college home seems faded
 In the swift rush of years.

Before us stands the tower,
 Once more the bell we hear
 Arousing us from rev'ries,
 In accents loud and clear.

Gone are those busy hours
 With hopes so bright and true,
 The visions also vanish
 While we our tasks renew.

But if to schools beloved
 Should lasting fame belong,
 We all do well to honor
 Dear Rollins in our song.



LAKE OSCEOLA.



SOCIAL EVENTS.

During the first term a pleasant day was spent by a party of students on the shore of Lake Mizell. The preparation and disposal of the lunch took up much of the time. The remainder was occupied in playing amusing games. One of the party added the necessary spark of excitement by nearly stepping on a moccasin. The row home in the gloaming was not the least enjoyable part of the day.

Rollins celebrated the Thanksgiving season in the orthodox way, feasting on turkey, cranberry sauce, and other delectables. Then the students adjourned to the Gymnasium, where they saw on the stage before them a realistic picture of a New England barn ready for an old-fashioned Husking Bee. Corn stalks were heaped on the floor and various farming implements lay around. Aunt Sophia and Uncle Jedediah first appeared and lighted the jack-o'-lanterns which grinned cheerfully at the audience. The approach of the guests was heralded by Ezra and his fiddle in the sweet strains of "Mary Had a Little Lamb." While willing hands stripped the yellow corn from the stalks, tongues were busy, and many a laugh at some merry

jest went round. Josiah and Jane each added to the fun by reading and song, and even bashful Polly was persuaded to recite. After the red ear had been found, the village singing teacher led the merry workers in singing Auld Lang Syne.

Christmas and its festivities favored us with some of the good things in its train, in the shape of a valuable importation of mechanical dolls left over from the holiday sales in our near metropolis. These for the amusement of our students, were brought to the College for exhibition on January 20th.

On that night as the curtains of the stage parted we saw arranged before us the carefully covered figures of the toys. Mr. Lincoln, the exhibitor, before unveiling them remarked that the mechanical science of the nineteenth century had attained such perfection that we might almost be deceived into thinking we beheld the features of some of our fellow students.

As one by one the figures were disclosed they were wound up with the assistance of Johnnie and we were astonished at their perfect imitation of human *movements* and *voices*. The sailor resplendent in white and blue would certainly have succeeded in hailing a boat a long distance off with the lusty "Boat Ahoy" that came from his lips. The clown's besmeared face and motley garment caused much amusement, and the soldier's gun, which he fired point blank at the audience, made the more timid ones feel that they had come in contact with reality. The bride was all modesty in her white robes and floating veil, the Paris lady all beauty, while the fierce-feathered red man and the grinning darkey formed a dusky back-ground for the fair flower girl, the Japanese lady, and the sweet-faced nun.

The charm of this little company was enhanced by the sweet strains of the Spanish Gypsy's mandolin. The papa and mamma of the baby doll brought tears to all eyes, and the dude might surely be mistaken for a Broadway swell. So great was our astonishment at all these that we were not

much more surprised to see the inanimate figures suddenly become breathing humans under the magic wand of a fairy. In the joy of their liberation they marched to the strains of sweet music triumphantly through many intricate figures.

OUR VALENTINE PARTY.

I.

Cloverleaf Cottage, St. Valentine's day,
Was the scene of a novel and festive array.
All ye youths and ye maidens together did come
With hearts open to Cupid and ready for fun.

II.

The key to unlock the door to the same
Was a valentine sweet, with time honored refrain.
Then the helmet was shaken, to each came his fate,
Not always the right one, ah! sad to relate.

III.

But whatever the name, soon hidden from sight,
The little white missives awaited the light,
While Cupid lay low, with darts all prepared,
And laughingly thought of the hearts he'd ensnared.

IV.

Names then were called, and one after one
These happy winged messages found them a home,
And Cupid, no longer away from our view,
Quite openly gazed on those whom he slew.

V.

Last, the modest request, now tell it abroad,
Those whisperings tender proclaim them aloud.
Midst laughter and talk and many a jest,
We gave to the world what we'd never confessed.

VI.

There were valentines short, and valentines long,
Valentines, music and story and song;
Valentines witty, wise, saddest, and gay.
But 'twas a success, our St. Valentine's day.

There have been a number of Christian Endeavor socials during the year. Among them may be mentioned those at Knowles Hall, at the home of Vice-President Morse, and at the Parsonage. After the business meetings, the evenings have been spent in social intercourse, with games, pictures, and music, sometimes followed by refreshments.

It is astonishing to find how queerly very familiar names appear when the letters composing them are written in altered order. We found this true indeed, one evening in Cloverleaf, when upon our collars was respectively pinned the name of a United States city spelled awry. St. Augustine and especially a city written "Meals" were very confusing, and only one person was keen-sighted enough to decipher as many as twenty-six of them.

A most informal evening was the result, however, as we all moved about studying with rapt looks everybody's neckdress. Some very startling poses were witnessed as two people, each bent upon seeing the other's label, twisted heads and shoulders for a better view, and our camera girl sighed in secret for snap shots.

Dainty refreshments lightened our unsuccessful labors, and shortly the good-nights were said.

During the interval between the Winter and Spring terms a party consisting of College and townspeople, accompanied by Judge John Penn Jones and Miss Jones, of Washington, D. C., spent a day at Clay Springs. The drive over the beautiful roads and through the pine forests, and the stay at the famed sulphur spring, aided by the fresh spirit of students and teachers just out of school, made a day of rare pleasure. The return home in Florida's extraordinary moonlight was not the least pleasing feature of the excursion. On this homeward drive two of the party entertained the rest with exhibitions of a circus gavotte by their team of horses. They are certainly to be commended for having trained the animals to so great a degree of proficiency.

Friday, April 21st, the first real play of the year was

given. The five characters were most ably personated by Miss Morse, Miss Price, Mr. Norman Baker, Mr. Claude Washburn and Mr. Will Armstrong.

The plot rested on the misunderstanding of a letter which confused the lovers. However, the tangle was satisfactorily solved.

The second part of the program consisted of music and recitations, of which the most striking feature was a difficult Valse well rendered by Miss Jessamine Lewton, who is to be graduated in music this year.

Miss Jameson, in reciting the "Legend of Bregenz," seemed to live, for the time, in the heroism of the Tyrol Maid.

The Music Department has, during the year, given two public concerts which deserve more extended notice than we can here give them. The first was given in the Winter term, and the Lyman Gymnasium was filled with people from Winter Park and Orlando. The program consisted of selections by the Choral Club, the Mandolin Club, the Ladies' Double Quartette, and of vocal and instrumental solos. Miss Walker, as usual, charmed the audience with her grace and skillful rendering of a piano solo. Miss Bibbins, whom Rollins is justly proud to have as Director of the School of Music, responded to insistent encores. The audience was carried away by her beautiful voice, which gives evidence of excellent training.

In the Spring term, the School of Music gave a concert in Sanford. The opera house was filled with people who gave generous applause, and their words of appreciation are still heard.

A short time before the first public concert, Miss Bibbins assisted by Miss Walker, gave a public recital in the Lyman Gymnasium. A special train was run from Orlando and the building was packed until standing room was at a premium. It goes without saying that the recital was a success in every way. The program, which is too long for insertion here, was enthusiastically applauded.

It can hardly be out of place to mention in connection with the other social events the social meetings for Bible study, which the young men and young women have, respectively, held once a week during the year. These have been counted very pleasant and profitable meetings and, in the case of the young men, have led to the formation of a Y. M. C. A., which is ready to take up more systematic work at the beginning of the next school year. Mr. Paul P. Faris has been delegated by the young men to represent them in the students' conference at Asheville, N. C., in June, and the young women are planning to be represented at a similar conference for young women, to be held at the same time and place.

BOOKS OF THE YEAR.

- "Notes on Harmony,"
By Hathaway.
- "The Art of Self-restraint,"
By N. Clarke.
- "The hearts I have broken,"
By C. Arthur Lincoln.
- "Society as I found it,"
By Miss Pelton.
- "My Life in the Box,"
By C. A. Lincoln.
- "Confessions of a Country Doctor,"
By Miss C. A. Price.
- "Vanity Fair,"
By Miss Roberts.
- "How I became a Darling,"
By R. Clarke.
- "A Tour of American Colleges,"
By H. Bigelow.
- "Rat Catching as a Fine Art,"
By Miss Jean Price.

COMMENCEMENT WEEK.

SUNDAY, MAY 21.

- 10:30 a. m. Baccalaureate Sermon, by President George M. Ward, at the Congregational Church.

MONDAY, MAY 22.

- 9:00 a. m. to 3:30 p. m. Examinations.
8:00 p. m. Recital by Miss Jessamine Lewton.
9:00 p. m. Ladies' Reception at Cloverleaf Cottage.

TUESDAY MAY 23.

- 10:00 a. m. Meeting of the Alumni Association at the College Chapel.
2:00 p. m. Annual Meeting of the Trustees.
3:00 p. m. Field Sports.
7:45 p. m. Concert by the Students of the School of Music, at Lyman Hall.
9:00 p. m. President's Reception

WEDNESDAY MAY 24.

- 10:00 a. m. Graduating Exercises, at Lyman Hall.
Commencement Address, by Rev. F. M. Sprague, Tampa, Fla.
1:00 p. m. Alumni Dinner.
Art Exhibition at the Studio throughout the week.

GRADUATING CLASSES.

GRADUATES OF 1898.

At the close of the scholastic year of 1897-'98 the following were graduated:

COLLEGE DEGREE OF A. M.,

Clara Louise Guild. Thesis, "The Child the Center of Education."

COLLEGE DEGREE OF A. B.,

Anna Maria Henkel. Thesis, "The Jew in English Literature."

Mary Sophia Piper. Thesis, "The Basques."

Myra Gray Williams. Thesis, "The Influence of Victor Hugo on French Literature."

PREPARATORY SCHOOL CERTIFICATE,

Emma Nancy Dreyer,



MAITLAND RUN.

Alma Gabriella Halliday,
 John Henry Neville,
 Lucy Belle Sadler,
 Harold Anson Ward.

BUSINESS COURSE, COMMERCIAL, CERTIFICATE,
 Harold Anson Ward,
 Emma Nancy Dreyer.

BUSINESS COURSE, SHORTHAND, CERTIFICATE,
 Bessie Maude Bonfield,
 Edythe Penrose Foulke.

SCHOOL OF MUSIC, PIANO, CERTIFICATE,
 Lillie Alma Drennen,
 Beatrice Etta Hall Fenety.

NORMAL COURSE, ELEMENTARY,
 Maude Mower Chapman,
 Lida Allen Yancy.

GRADUATES OF 1899.

COLLEGE DEGREE OF A. B.,
 Susan Tyler Gladwin. Thesis, "Some Records of our
 Indian Policy."
 Carrie Ashmead Price. Thesis, "Narcotics."
 Susan Nichols Thayer. Thesis, "Prose and Poetry of
 the Vine."

PREPARATORY SCHOOL, CERTIFICATE,
 Sidney Evans,
 Thomas Willingham Lawton,
 Annie Ethel Lee,
 Elizabeth Douglass Meriwether,
 Orin Winslow Sadler, Jr.,
 Grace Victoria Wakelin.

BUSINESS COURSE, COMMERCIAL, CERTIFICATE,
 Orville Black McDonald,
 Beatrice Annie Perkins.

SCHOOL OF MUSIC, PIANO, CERTIFICATE,
 Jessamine Lewton.

PATCHWORK.

When I was young, my grandma wise,
In teaching me to sew,
Cut bits of cloth of various size
And joined them in a row.

So now, of fabric quaint and queer,
This nonsense-rhyme is built,
Forming, when done, in pattern clear
A "Rollins Crazy Quilt."

Yes, to the curious, thoughtful brain
A motley throng are we.
Two Abbots have we, Nobles twain,
Two "Lords of high degree."

With Bakers two, their crumbs to strew,
One Crumpacker is needed;
Three Brewers keep their wares in view,
Only two Beyers heeded.

A Sadler and a Tanner, they
Go hand in hand together;
And our two Hunters roam all day,
No matter what the weather.

These represent our various trades.
My Self I cannot see.
Why is it, 'mongst these boys and maids
Two Benedicts have we?

We've many Prices at our gate,
Their rulings never cease;
For one is Tinnie, others great,
And the greatest of all, CAPrice.

We have a Berdie with Lou Sears—
A sweet girl, number one.

I saw her recently in tears,
 Now what had Gertrude Dunn?

A fair one, dwelling quite apart,
 (I will not write her name)
 Sings ever in her silent heart,
 "O! Robert, *que je t'aime.*"

Washburn's sometimes with H₂O,
 That's good for everything but stocks.
 A question asked some time ago
 Was "William Watson Knox?"

We've many noted names, of course,
 From Moses' time till now,
 We've Adams, Lincoln, Davis, Morse,
 And Tilden, anyhow;

There's Bryan, Evans, Garcia,
 And Lee (immortal name),
 And then you know, there's Winslow,
 Of "Soothing Syrup" fame.

We've Dales, and Hills, and Underhills,
 Parks, and a Heath for play,
 Five Fords, some deep, some tiny rills,
 And Meriwether every day.

Upon "the reef of Norman's woe"
 An explosion reached the 'Evans;
 Not a single wheel would go—
 Everything sixes and sevens.

We have a maiden who seems Blue,
 For pity's sake don't Crowder;
 Three Chubb-y lads we boast of, too,
 Who are not afraid of powder.

Only one Armstrong for the fray;
 How Noble that looks when stated;

And others, asked the reason, say,
"We've all been vaccinated."

Now, in our midst you'd hardly think
We have a "doubting Thomas ;"
Yet recently "a missing link"
Made her this curious promise :

"In eighteen hundred and ninety-nine
I will be your valentine.
In nineteen hundred—well, we'll see
If I love you and you love me."

So many humble men have sent
Their *sous* down here to College,
For it is Hardaway from class
To make advance in knowledge.

There's Dickson, Jackson, Jameson, Maxson,
You may often see ;
Roberts and Robertson, Robinson, Morrison,
Of Thompsons we have three.

Fair is our campus, spreading wide ;
Barnett we need for "skeeters" few ;
The colors which we wear with pride,
Old gold and royal blue.

Our "Crazy Quilt" before you lies
With patches grave and gay.
No doubt you view with great surprise
The harlequin display.

ORGANIZATIONS.

MANDOLIN CLUB.

Miss Anita Bibbins, Director.
 Miss Ruth Roberts, 1st Mandolin.
 Mr. Geo. Schoyer, 1st Mandolin.
 Mr. Leslie Crocker, 2d Mandolin.
 Mr. Charles Robinson, 2d Mandolin.
 Mr. Robert Clark, 3d Mandolin.
 Miss Ellen White, Guitar.
 Miss Ruth Ford, Guitar.
 Miss Ida Dickey, Guitar.

DOUBLE QUARTETTE.

| | |
|---------------------|------------------------|
| 1st Soprano. | 2d Soprano. |
| Miss Gertrude Ford. | Miss Mabel Tilden. |
| Miss Laura Walker. | Miss Mabel Thomas. |
| 1st Alto. | 2d Alto. |
| Miss Jean Price. | Miss Ruth Ford. |
| Miss Mary Guernsey. | Miss Marguerite Morse. |

PIANO QUARTETTE.

| | |
|---------------------|---------------------|
| Miss Emma Coan. | Miss Helen Jackson. |
| Mr. C. C. Washburn. | Miss Mary Guernsey. |

TENNIS CLUB.

President, Arthur Maxson.
 Vice-president, Miss C. A. Price.
 Sec'y and Treas., N. L. Baker.

Directors: {
 Miss Sydney Evans.
 Miss Laura Walker.
 Rev. Robert Benedict.
 Mr. Norman Baker.

MEMBERS.

| | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| Rev. Geo. M. Ward. | Mr. Hayes Bigelow. |
| Mrs. Geo. M. Ward. | Mr. C. C. Washburn. |
| Miss Clara Guild. | Mr. C. A. Lincoln. |
| Miss Sydney Evans. | Mr. N. H. Clark. |
| Miss Sara Moses. | Mr. R. L. Evernden. |
| Miss Charlotte Heath. | Mr. H. C. Thompson. |
| Miss R. C. Ford. | Mr. O. W. Sadler. |
| Mr. John Davey. | Mr. W. G. Armstrong. |
| Mr. C. Robinson. | Mr. Edw. Brewer. |
| | Mr. W. E. Burrell. |

BASE BALL NINE.

R. V. Clark, Manager.
 R. L. Evernden, Captain.
 N. L. Baker, Umpire.

| | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| O. J. Miller, Catcher. | Julio Navarro, Short Stop. |
| Arthur Maxson, } Pitchers. | Julio Lopez, 3d Base. |
| C. A. Lincoln, } | W. E. Burrell, Left Field. |
| R. L. Evernden, 1st Base. | G. L. Benedict, Center Field. |
| W. G. Armstrong, 2d Base. | J. R. Davey, Right Field. |
| SUBSTITUTES.—Steadman Chubb. S. C. Noble. | |

BASE BALL RECORDS.

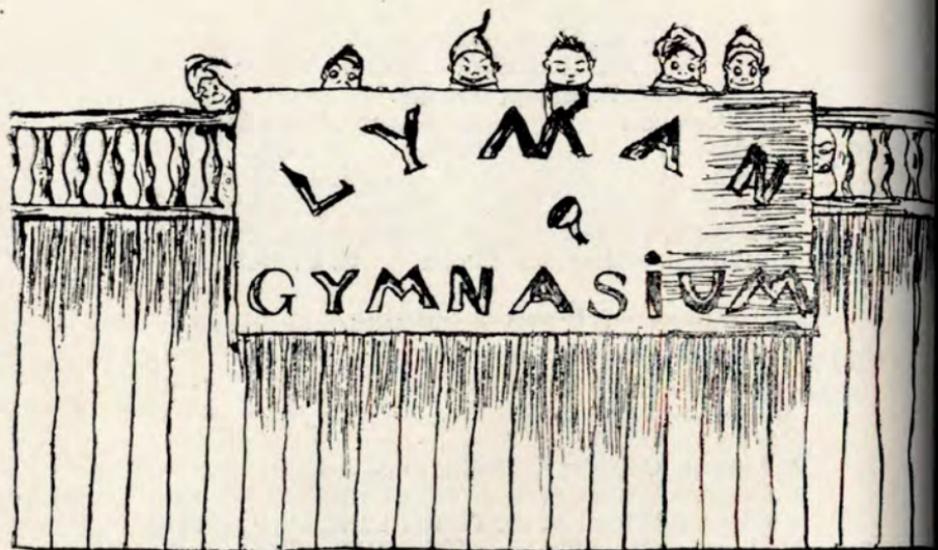
| | | |
|--|---------|------------------------|
| 1895—Rollins vs. Sanford, Sanford, | - - - - | 8-13 |
| Rollins vs. Stetson, Sanford, | - - - - | 11-10 |
| Rollins vs. Orlando, Orlando, | - - - - | 26-13 |
| Rollins vs. Orlando, Orlando, | - - - - | 6-2 |
| Rollins vs. Orlando, Orlando, | - - - - | 12-4 |
| Rollins vs. Winter Park, Winter Park, | - - - - | 25-3 |
| Rollins vs. Winter Park, Winter Park, | - - - - | 27-5 |
| 1897—Rollins vs. Chase Training Ship, Winter Park, | - - - - | 9-10 |
| Rollins vs. Chase Training Ship, Tampa, | - - - - | 6-12 |
| 1898—Rollins vs. Orlando, Winter Park, | - - - - | 20-5 |
| 1899—Rollins vs. Winter Park, Winter Park, | - - - - | 15-6 |
| Rollins vs. Sanford, Sanford, | - - - - | 8-15 |
| Rollins vs. Winter Park, Winter Park, | - - - - | 8-6 |
| Rollins vs. Sanford, Winter Park, | - - - - | 14-9 |
| Games won, | 10 | Runs by Rollins, 195 |
| Games lost, | 4 | Runs by opponents, 113 |
| Games played, | 14 | |

Y. W. C. T. U.

President—Miss Luella M. Saxton.
 Vice-President—Miss Mary S. Piper.
 Secretary and Treasurer—Miss Emma N. Dreyer.



DYSPEPTO-GASTORNOMIC CLUB AT WORK.



THE NIGHT HAWK CLUB.

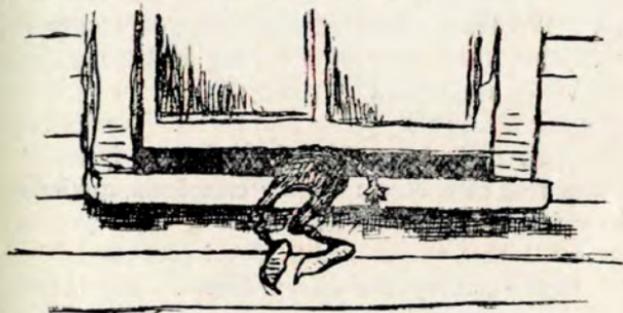
Never Heard Clark, Grand Knight of the Hawks.
 Petthe Pussy Faris, Vice Grand Knight.
 Late Grinder Crocker, Grandissimo Treasurer.
 Laughing Lyman, Extra Grand Treasurer.
 Wake Emup Burrell, Early Bird.
 Cat Catcher Washburn, Late Bird.
 Whackem Good Armstrong, American Bird.
 Whata Howlingracket Muirhead, Scotch Bird.
 Delightful Singer Davis, Chief Songster.

MEMBERS OF THE FLOCK.

Nowi Lay Baker, Can't Awake Lincoln, Outof Bed
 McDonald, Fraidofthe Moon Winslow, Alwaysup Soto-
 Navarro, Justgotup Soto-Navarro, Whoopitup Boys Hatha-
 way, Cat Hater Robinson, Catch Fish Norton.

MOTTOES: "Birds of a feather flock together."
 "Late to bed and later to rise makes one for breakfast tell
 mighty big lies."

NOTE :—The club has sworn everlasting enmity to the five minute rule for breakfast and has seriously considered the advisability of boycotting the dining establishment in the morning. This has been undertaken by individual members but without marked success.



LIFE ON THE CAMPUS.

It was Sunday. Pinehurst was filled with its profound and accustomed stillness, the stillness which is accustomed to prevail about one hour before breakfast on Sunday morning. All the students were deep in the worship of Morpheus, and the earnestness of their devotion was strongly attested to by the deeply uttered expressions which seemed to proceed from their innermost beings and roll outward in sonorous accents, inarticulate but awe-inspiring.

Suddenly upon this grand and awful chorus there burst a new note, a strange tone that brought instant discord. The hymns of praise to Morpheus suddenly ceased as every prostrate worshiper was rudely torn from his shrine. The reclining position became a half-sitting one, the inarticulate words of devotion changed to articulate ones low-spoken, but expressive of deep feeling. They could no longer be called words of devotion. Each worshiper recognized the source of disturbance. Davis was singing, and

singing as only Davis can. The solo he was rendering was not a lullaby and that is no Seminole Indian dream. No, it was a camp meeting classic and Davis knows how to render it. Like a virtuoso he poured forth his soul in song, and his soul had its Sunday morning strength. Every note had special accent and the whole composition was rendered fortissimo. Pinehurst trembled and the inhabitants thereof muttered direful threats while reaching for bed slats, brooms or other articles suitable for beating time.

Then suddenly they pause and listen. A door has been thrown open and the voice of Hathaway is heard even above the roar of a steam engine crescendo, anxiously but earnestly inquiring, "Davis, how long have you studied monotony?" Everyone awaits developments with bated breath—that is, every one except Davis. His breath goes right on manufacturing terrific tones. Hathaway, not to be ignored, uses Davis' door after the manner of a bass drum, in a vain endeavor to entice the singer within reaching distance. Pinehurst is interested. But the singer is thoroughly wrapped up in the mighty melody of his voice and evidently thinks Hathaway is applauding him. Then Hathaway makes a fatal mistake. Some fair damsel of Cloverleaf had flattered his voice, calling it dulcet, etc. Remembering the Sabbath, he thought to overcome evil with good and let out the most ear-splitting rendition that ever man heard, of "How firm a Foundation."

Pinehurst was paralyzed—absolutely paralyzed. No one could hear such a duett and be the same man again! The paralysis did not prove fatal to any one but the effect of the nervous shock is still felt by many a Pinehurst man. Now when Davis and Hathaway tune up for a duett, they are very promptly squelched in the most effective way that can be thought of by the squelchers.

Muirhead in the heat of debate and pointing a threatening finger at Washburn howls excitedly: "You have the most cheek of any fellow I know," and Washburn yells in reply: "Yes, and you have less moustache than any

other fellow I know." By prompt interference on the part of the bystanders a duel is averted.

Baker was making scientific experiments with a sun glass at noon-time. To his exceeding joy he found that he could set sticks and leaves on fire, and the ambition seized him to burn up the sidewalk between the dining room and Cloverleaf. Several very stupid fellows in their desire to see how the experiment worked, happened at various times to stand between the sun and the glass just as Norman was about to make the experiment a success. Naturally he grew indignant and incidentally said a few things intended to produce a proper respect for scientific investigations. Finally just as a spot on the walk began to smoke, another shadow fell upon the glass. Baker is a great admirer of the famous Diogenes. This time he was exceeding wroth and, without looking up, he shouted, "Get out of the light!" The next minute he began looking around for a small hole in the walk; for the voice of Miss Longwell answered in gentle surprise, "Certainly, Mr. Baker."

The scene was Cloverleaf and the time was night. A lamp was burning brightly in the room of a charming young lady whose friends call her Char— Oh, perhaps I had better not mention her real name. We will call her Hattie. No cares troubled her mind. She was at peace with the world and thought with pleasure of the morrow. Then her thoughts turned to the past and a dreamy smile hovered over her face. No premonition warned her of imminent danger. Little did she dream of what the fates had in store for her. Glancing quietly about the room, her gaze suddenly became fixed with horror. For a moment she sat as if paralyzed. Then the cottage was electrified with shriek upon shriek, "Girls! Help!! Oh!! Horrors!!! Oh!! Murder!! Fire!! Thieves!!! H-e-l-p!!!! Oh!!"

With pale faces the girls rushed to the rescue, all but one; Syd— that is, Edith, with remarkable intuition, surmised what dreadful monster was in her friend's room,

fell prostrate and lay moaning, powerless to save her friend from a horrible fate. But the other girls not realizing what they would find rushed bravely on to the rescue. They entered the room fearlessly only to stop and stand with trembling limbs as their eyes beheld the sight within. Waiting only to gather the fainting Hattie in their arms, they ran in terror from the spot. Then after gathering all the brooms, bed-slats, curling irons, hat pins, and other dangerous weapons which the cottage afforded, they returned, grim determination stamped upon their faces, and killed the —— cockroach!

Late one night ye editor-in-chief sat at his desk trying vainly to think of something bright that his associates could write up which would escape the blue pencil of the critic. As he sat turning over the leaves of several theological works with a view to finding something sufficiently dignified and wholly proper for a student's publication, his attention became attracted by peculiar noises on the campus. He listened and heard the voices of strong young men calling in gentle, wheedling tones: "Come kittie! Come kittie! N-i-c-e kittie! Come here, pussy!"

Ye editor was astonished. It was very late and not a proper time to pet or feed a cat. Suddenly he remembered having heard a student say he was going to prepare some catsup for breakfast and it seemed time to interfere. So he stepped to the door and, in his most dignified and commanding tone of voice, exclaimed: "Gentlemen, what are you going to do with that cat?" Immediately he received several replies bearing upon the advisability of wearing a padlock on his jaw, very impudent and saucy remarks indeed, which he would have considered highly insulting had he been in good health at that moment. Under the circumstances it seemed best to consider them amusing, so he retired to his sanctum and awaited developments.

The cat climbed a tree and all sorts of pleasures and joys in life were promised that cat if he would only come down. After long coaxing and some tree climbing the

brave company drew near unto Pinehurst, bearing the captured cat in their midst. Soon the editor distinguished the voice of Faris as he ascended the stairs, saying: "There, kittie! pretty kittie! Confound you!! quit that! N-i-c-e kittie! There!! Ow!!! take your claws out of me, you chump!" Ye editor felt that the score was being made even. The procession filed past up to the third floor and very quietly was a large black cat deposited in Washburn's room.

On retiring that night, Washburn had been restless, so he read for a time from the pleasant works of Edgar A. Poe that he might quiet his mind and compose himself for sweet sleep. Finally he fell asleep while reading and immediately began dreaming most frightful dreams. His hair stood on end and sweat poured from his body—cold sweat that left a clammy feeling. His whole frame shook with fear. He dreamed that a white tigress with yellow stripes and green eyes was about to make a lunch off his head. He was powerless to move. Not a muscle would respond to his will. But just as the green-eyed monster sampled his ear, Washburn awoke and—Horrors! What did he see by his head? With a yell of terror he flung the thing through the window. It caught and hung on the sill, but with chattering teeth Washburn howled, "Git out!" reached over and pushed it down. Then he ran from his room out into the hall. Of course, all the fellows that had previously shown such marked attention to the cat now rushed up stairs and asked Washburn what the matter was. When he could control himself, he answered between dry sobs: "There—was—a—wild—cat—in—my—room; a—big—white—wild—cat." "Nonsense!" came the answer. "You must have been dreaming." "No, I wasn't, I know—it—was—a—wild—cat." "See here, Washburn, you must be mistaken. You know a wild-cat or any other animal, save a boy, couldn't find its way clear across your room." "Well, it was a cat, anyway, a big white one." "Sure it wasn't black?" "Yes, I am; it was white." With reassuring words the

fellows calmed him down and finally got him to go to bed again.

About three o'clock, one of them awoke and went up to Washburn's room. He found Washburn sound asleep lying on the book he had been reading earlier in the night and this he carefully removed and carried down to the campus. He arranged and placed it in a bed of poppies under Washburn's window and then retired to sleep the sleep of the innocent. The next morning when Washburn was relating his terrible experience, everybody scoffed and said, "Prove now this wonderful tale by showing where the cat struck the ground. We believe that you were dreaming." With confident mein Washburn led the crowd around under his window. Imagine, if you can, the all-overish feeling that possessed him when he discovered the book he had been reading the night before, apparently flung from his window to the ground. He wilted and the crowd howled delightedly. Finally Washburn managed to say, "Well, if it was not for this book here, I would not have believed that I dreamed that cat story."





"A difference of taste in jokes is a great strain on the affections."

- "All *Gall* is divided into three parts."
Muirhead, Davey, and Miller.
- "All is vanity saith the preacher."
Hathaway.
- "Joyous, Jolly, Jestin' Joker."
L. Lyman.
- "Education is the only interest worthy the deep, controlling anxiety of the thoughtful man."
T. W. Lawton.
- "As merry as the day is long."
Miss Elizabeth Morse.
- "Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave, none but the brave,
None but the brave deserve the fair."
Armstrong and Baker.
- "Deign on the world to train thine eyes,
And pause awhile from letters to be wise."
Miss B. Meriwether.
- "Some are wise and some are otherwise."
R. Evernden.
- "Ah! Love, thou hast undone me."
Gleason.
- "Fair thoughts and happy hours attend on you."
Graduates.
- "Whose sense instructs us and whose humor charms,
Whose judgment sways us and whose spirit warms."
Miss Susie Thayer.
- "The joy, the consolation, and pattern of her friends."
Miss M Piper.
- "A most gentle maid "
Miss Perkins.



- "A bright, luminous star from out of the wild and woolly west."
Miss T. Price.
- "O, what damned minutes tells he o'er
Who dotes, yet doubts ; suspects, yet fondly loves."
Baker.
- "It's not my fault I was born tired."
Armstrong.
- "Whatever you dislike in another person take care to correct in yourself by the gentle reproof."
Miss C. Price.
- "'Tis, alas! his most bashful nature and pure innocence that makes him silent."
Winslow.
- "A malady preys on my heart that medicine cannot reach."
Miss Evans
- "A wit with dunces, but a dunce with wits."
Miller.
- "A lion among ladies is a dreadful thing."
P. Dale.
- "Those evening bells, those evening bells!
How many a tale their music tells!"
Cloverleaf Inmates.
- "But light as any wind that blows,
So fleetly did she stir."
Fanny Gonzalez.
- "Softly her fingers wander o'er
The yielding planks of the ivory floor."
Jessamine Lewton.
- "For a man's house is his castle."
Pinehurst Inmates.
- "Large was his bounty and his soul sincere."
Mr. F. W. Lyman.
- "I am too handsome for a man ; I ought to have been born a woman."
Washburn.
- "Sweet bells out of tune."
Davis and Hathaway.
- "Cleverness is a sort of genius for instrumentality."
Miss Dreyer.
- "This *King* of smiles."
H. Dale.
- "The time is never lost that is devoted to work."
Lincoln
- "Patience is a plant that grows not in all gardens."
Billum.
- "So we grew together like a double cherry."
Misses Merrill and White.
- "He who makes haste, makes waste."
Editor in Chief.
- "Use your art."
Miss Thomas
- "Qualities give you admittance."
Faris,
- "Eminence—high throned and sphered."
Mrs. Abbott.

- "One in authority of merit." Prof. Baker.
- "Laughter, holding both his sides." N. H. Clarke.
- "When a lady's in the case,
You know all other things give place." R. Clarke.
- "Trust not too much to an enchanting face." Miss Thomas.
- "Deserved the praise of the world." Prof. Hills.
- "Those dark eyes—so dark and so deep." Miss Heath.
- "I must go to the barber, for methinks I am *marvelous*
hairy about the face." Washburn.
- "We have all a propensity to grasp at forbidden fruit." "
Lakeside Inmates.
- "Not stepping o'er the bounds of modesty." Miss Gladwin.
- "And melancholy marked him for her own." A. Maxson.
- "He has become a lady's man with great violence."
Muirhead.
- "Who loves too much, hates in the like extreme "
Miss Heath.
- "I've no belief in bachelors myself. They're like a tub with-
out a handle—nothing to lay hold of them by." Prof. Hills.
- "The listening crowd admire the lofty sound."
Miss Bibbins.
- "New comfort hath inspired thee." Miss Walker,
- "So perfect and so peerless." Harmon.
- "The better part of valor is discretion " Miss Thomas.
- "He hath eaten me out of house and home." Washburn.
- "Fools rush in where angels fear to tread."
Lakeside boys from the spring-board.
- "Much study is a weariness to the flesh." Sadler.
- "To her is given
To garden the earth with the roses of heaven."
Miss Walker.
- "Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by." Seniors.
- "Yet even her tyranny hath such a grace." Miss Lampson.
- "She wears the roses of youth upon her." Miss M. Morse.
- "Comb down her hair. Look! Look! It stands upright."
Miss J. Price.

ROLLINS COLLEGE.

Its Trustees, Faculty and Students.

PROGRESS MADE DURING THE PAST YEAR; COURSES OF STUDY OFFERED; RECORD OF HEALTHFULNESS; BRIGHT OUTLOOK FOR THE FUTURE.

During the past year Rollins has had unusual prosperity. The number of students has increased, there have been several additions to the Faculty, and new courses of instruction have been offered. New books have been added to the library, and the Scientific Department has received new chemical and physical apparatus. The former high record of healthfulness has been maintained, a fact due largely to the elevation of the land on which the college is situated and to careful sanitation. And, finally, thanks to President G. M. Ward, and the noble men and women that have assisted him, Rollins now has a bright financial outlook.

The college is fortunate in having a strong board of trustees, composed of representative men from all parts of the country and from all walks in life. The following is a list of the members: Rev. Geo. M. Ward, President, Winter Park; W. C. Comstock, Chicago, Ill.; Rev. J. N. MacGonigle, St. Augustine; Geo. A. Rollins, Chicago, Ill.; L. F. Dommerich, New York; F. W. Lyman, Minneapolis, Minn.; Rev. S. F. Gale, Jacksonville; H. S. Chubb, Winter Park; Leslie Pell-Clarke, New York; W. R. O'Neal, Orlando; Rev. E. P. Herrick, Tampa; Capt. H. B. Shaw, Ormond; Rev. C. M. Bingham, Daytona; Rev. Mason Noble, Lake Helen; Rev. E. P. Hooker, Marshfield, Mass.; E. P. Branch, Melbourne; Chas. H. Smith, Jacksonville; Rev. W. D. Brown, Interlachen; Rev. J. H. Martin, Miami; F. E. Nettleton, Scranton, Pa.; Rev. C. E. Jones, Lakeland; Geo. D. Rand, Boston, Mass.

Rollins College excels in the quality and range of in-

struction offered. The members of its faculty have received their training in the best American and European institutions of learning. Rev. Geo. M. Ward, president and professor of Law and Economics, is a graduate of Dartmouth College, Boston University Law School, and Andover Theological Seminary, and has done work at Harvard and Johns Hopkins. Rev. Oliver C. Morse, vice-president, is a graduate of Philips-Andover Academy, Yale College, and Union Seminary, and has spent several years in study at Leipsic and other German universities. Mr. E. C. Hills, dean of the faculty and professor of Modern Languages, is a graduate of Cornell University, and held a post-graduate fellowship in the Romance Languages in the same institution. He also spent one year at the Sorbonne, Paris, France, and a considerable time among the Cubans. Mr. John H. Ford, professor of Greek, graduated from Oberlin College, and was a member of the faculty of St. Mary's, Knoxville, Ill., before coming to Rollins. Dr. Thomas R. Baker, professor of Natural Science, has received degrees at the State Normal School, Millersville, Pa., and at Gottingen, Germany. Dr. Baker was for six years professor in the Pennsylvania State College. Miss Susan A. Longwell, professor of English, has taken graduate courses in Paris, in Germany, and in Oxford, England; and was formerly professor of English at Smith College. Miss Frances E. Lord, professor of Latin, was at one time instructor in Latin and Greek at Vassar, and later, professor of Latin at Wellesley.

Mrs. Caroline A. Abbott, director of Years I and II of the Preparatory School, received her training at the Boston Normal and Training School. Miss Alice Guild, director of the Art School, is a graduate of the Boston Normal Art School. Miss Anita Bibbins, director of the School of Music, is a graduate of the New England Conservatory, and has studied in San Francisco, Chicago, and Paris. Miss Clara L. Guild, instructor in the Grammar School, Miss Ruth C. Ford, instructor in Mathematics, and Miss Mary S. Piper, instructor in Normal Work, are graduates of Rollins.

Miss Emily G. Pelton, instructor in Physical Culture, has studied at Oberlin and the Turnschule, Dresden, Germany. Miss Laura M. Walker, instructor in Music, received her training at Rollins and Oberlin. Rev. Robert Benedict, instructor in Normal Work, studied at Rollins and the University of the South. Mr. Louis A. Lyman, instructor in Stenography and Typewriting, is a graduate of the Eastman Business College, Poughkeepsie, N. Y. Mr. Robert V. Clark, instructor in Bookkeeping, is a graduate of the Business Department of the Adrian (Mich.) High School.

The students of Rollins College are industrious and intelligent, and ever eager to obtain a thorough education. That the quality of instruction offered by the college is appreciated throughout Florida is proved by the steady increase in attendance from year to year.

In the education of the Cuban youth Rollins College easily takes the lead. The first Cubans, two in number, were admitted in 1896-'97; in 1897-'98 15 entered, and the present year 18 were in attendance, making a total of 22 after deducting names repeated. Of these, two were young women. Special classes have been formed to meet the needs of the Cuban students, and every effort is made to teach them English quickly and thoroughly.

Rollins, as an institution of learning, includes a College, a Preparatory School, a School of Music, an Art School, a Business Course, and a Normal Course. The courses of instruction offered by the College are arranged to meet the educational needs of young men and women, whether they take a full course of study leading to the degree of Bachelor of Art, or do only special work.

The requirements for the degree of Bachelor of Arts cover four years' work. At least one full course in each of the following subjects, amounting in all to a little more than two years' work, is required of all candidates for the degree: Economics and Sociology, Philosophy, English, History, Modern Languages, Natural Sciences, and Mathematics.

The remaining work is elective, but the student is ex-

pected to take at least one-half his electives in one, or at the most two, departments of instruction under the direction and supervision of the professors in charge. Furthermore, the student must present a thesis on some subject connected with his special work and embodying the results of original investigations on his part.

The courses of study offered by the Rollins Preparatory School cover five years' work, and are equivalent to those of a well equipped Grammar and High School. Upon the completion of a course of study the student receives a certificate of graduation that admits him to Rollins College or other institutions of learning of equal rank.

In the School of Music to the Departments of Piano and Voice has been added that of Violin, and a class in ensemble playing has been organized. Regularly graded courses are offered that lead to graduation. Those students that are unable to take regular courses are admitted to special work.

The School of Art offers a systematic three years' course. For those students that do not take the regular course special work is provided, which includes instruction in Outline Work, Charcoal and Pen and Ink, Paints in both Oil and Water Colors, and China Painting. An elementary course, extending through one term, is open free of expense to all students of the Preparatory School.

The Normal Course aims to prepare students for the uniform State examinations for teachers. Review and drill work is given in all the required branches.

Three Business Courses are offered, as follows: Commercial Course, Shorthand Course, and Telegraphy Course. Students of average ability, that are willing to apply themselves, may expect to complete any one of these courses in two terms or any two courses during the college-year.

The cost of tuition, board, and an individual room is \$165.00 a year in the Preparatory School and Normal and Business Courses, and \$182.00 in the College. Music and Art are the only extras.

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N. D. SMITH,

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