

THE SAND-SPUR.

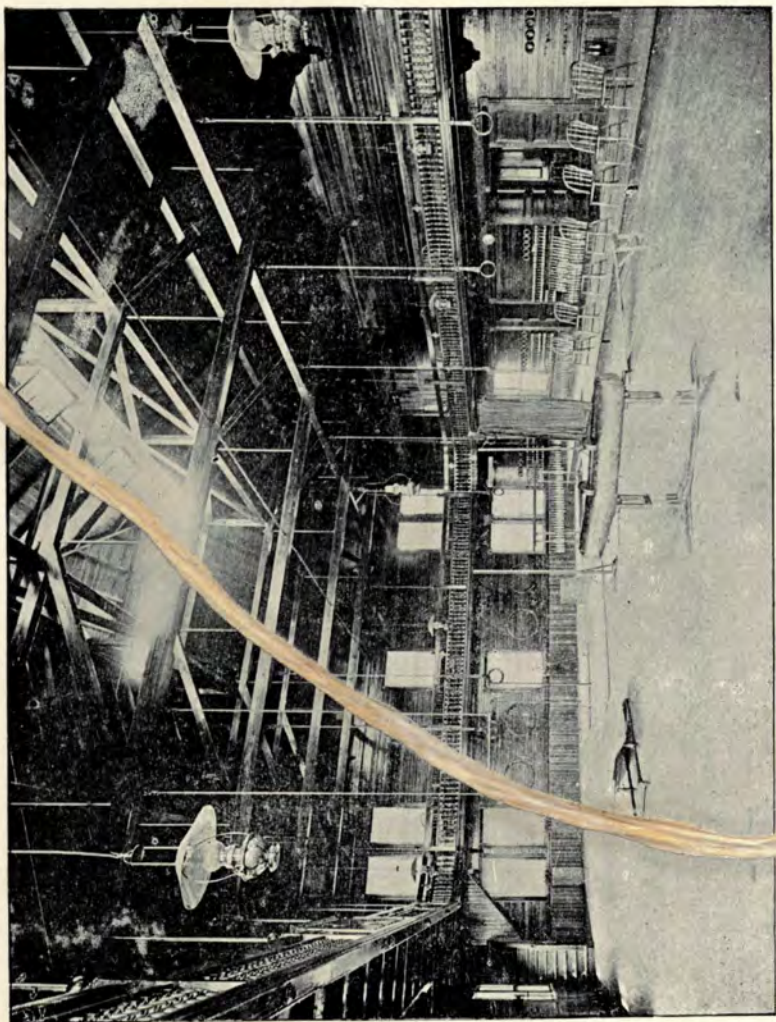
"STICK TO IT."

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Lyman Gymnasium.



GRADATIM.

Heaven is not reached at a single bound ;
But we build the ladder by which we rise
From the lowly earth to the vaulted skies,
And we mount to its summit round by round.

I count this thing to be grandly true :
That a noble deed is a step toward God,
Lifting the soul from the common clod
To a purer air and a broader view.

We rise by the things that are under our feet,
By what we have mastered of good or gain,
By the pride deplored and the passion slain,
And the vanquishedills hourly meet.

HOLLAND.





ARBITRATION vs. FORCE.

THE absolute rights of man considered as a free agent, endowed with discernment to know good from evil, and with the capacity of choosing those measures which seem most expedient, are usually summed up in one general appellation, and denominated the natural liberty of mankind.

This natural liberty consists properly in acting according to the dictates of one's own will, without any restraint or control except by the laws of nature.

But the most cursory observer of human affairs cannot fail to notice that a state of natural liberty which has obtained only among primitive peoples and savage tribes is not conducive to the welfare of the race, and affords not even tolerable security to life or property. Hence every man, when he enters society, gives up a part of his natural liberty as the price of so valuable a purchase. And this species of legal obedience and conformity is infinitely more desirable than that wild and savage liberty which is sacrificed to obtain it. For a man that considers a moment would wish to retain the absolute and uncontrolled power of doing whatever he pleases, the consequence of which is that every other man would have the same power. Force might—not right—would always prevail.

At the dawn of civilization men lived in this crude state of natural liberty, and addressed his own actual or fancied wrongs as best he could; there was no court to which he might appeal, except the arbitration of force.

But that time is forever past, like a nightmare of pristine man shaken off at the dawn of a brighter day. It will never be revived, and remains only in our memories "to point a moral or adorn a tale."

Today there is no private wrong that is not submitted to the dispassionate investigation of a judicial tribunal, and the adjudication of such a tribunal is much more likely to be just and equitable than a resort to force.

Hence, if A fancies that B has wronged him in any way, he sues him in a court of justice.

If two States of this Union quarrel, they go to court, and not to war, because forty-five States have agreed to the proposition and are

ready to enforce it. Why should not the same rule obtain in regard to disputes between nations?

This question is engaging the sober thought of judicial minds the world over, and can be decided, will be decided, only in the affirmative.

Nations, like individuals, grow wiser as they grow older, and can no longer be confined in the swaddling clothes or amused by the rattles, or frightened by the bugbears of their infancy.

"Coming events cast their shadows before," and when the representatives of the greatest nations of the earth sat in solemn conclave to adjust the various conflicting claims brought about by the Boxer insurrection in China, when the two foremost nations in the world, England and the United States, instituted negotiations for the establishment of a permanent arbitration tribunal a few years since, when The Hague Tribunal was established under such auspicious circumstances, the most superficial observer could not fail to see the precursory heralds of a new era, the dawn of a better day.

In all probability the present Venezuelan difficulties will be adjudicated by The Hague Tribunal, although President Castro first strenuously objected, and wished the United States to arbitrate it.

These and other similar events are but evidences of the trend of affairs, "That which they have done but earnest of the things that they shall do."

The time is surely coming, and not far distant, let us hope, when nations, emulating the example of individuals, shall cease redressing their own wrongs by force, but shall submit their grievances to some great international supreme court, when nations like individuals shall relinquish a part of their natural liberty in return for the greater protection which their increased civil liberty would afford.

"When the war-drum throbs no longer, and the flags that are furled,
In the Parliament of man, the Federation of the world,
When the common-sense of most shall hold a breath in awe,
And the kindly earth shall slumber, lapt in universal love."

E. R. D.

FRIENDSHIP.



WHAT is that force that binds social organizations into relations of love and fidelity? The noble English language gives it the name of *Friendship*.

We find the man who is striving to lay by a vast fortune for himself, regardless of the pleasure of others, controlled by the most despicable of human motives, that monster *Egoism*. The culmination

of all his labor, schemes, and intrigues, is the realization of a materialistic ambition.

In striking contrast to him, is the man whose very being is Altruism ; who does not ruthlessly disregard friendship's Divine right, but loves, obeys, and even worships its every form. You may ask what he gains by this spirit. He gains that which is most enlightening in Christian civilization, and most precious to the heart of every child of God—Friendship and Brotherly Love. Imagine a world without friendship, if you can. It would be one vast labyrinth of Hatred, Strife and Destruction—a mighty arena of continuous battle among Human Beasts.

T. W. L.

A HOBBY.



SING not of "arm and the man," but of a hobby and the man. What is a "hobby?" A hobby, beloved brethren, is something which you pursue with zest because it is none of your (especial) business—where lies its charm. You are supposed to be grinding away industriously at the usual routine,

which is fast turning to dust and ashes your spirit, when suddenly locking the door you give your subconscious mind to grind its grist its own way, while you are off to play truant where flowers are still blooming and life has yet questions to ask which are worth the answering.

"A hobby," says the dictionary solemnly, (Standard, 4th edition, page 854,) is an "ambling nag." That's it exactly. It ambles, which is neither the dead run of strain, nor the plod of routine, nor the lying down and kicking up your heels of loafing. It is ambling, choosing your own paths and your own gait along them. And blessed be the man that rides upon such a steed, for it will bear him far from what Hamlet calls the "slings and arrows of outrageous fortune;" from the nervous frenzy induced by trying to make Cæsar say what the veracious translation confidently affirms that he ought to say in this particular chapter ; or by the necessity of gazing heavenward for stars when you

much prefer to examine those which a kindly nature provides about five feet four inches from the surface of Mother Earth.

But lest we be thought frivolous, let us hasten to remark that a hobby is no vanity, unless, indeed, we have selected some old hack of a sport or some collecting mania—the acquisitive faculty run mad—when it is likely to waste your time, as well as prove most demoralizing. But if you have acquired an even passably decent beast, you will find it simply invaluable, for the rest of change and the calmness of spirit born of an absorbing interest are no mean capital in these strenuous days. Doubly blessed is the man whose hobby takes him into the open air where he can explore some “footpath of peace” through green and sunny pastures. But let it lead as it will, follow it, whether it be through the mazes of some tangled historical period or literary question; through some dark and secret way into nature’s heart, laboriously tracing her footsteps with retort or microscope, or perchance upon the high and perilous plane of the questions of the hour, political, social, moral, humanitarian, within that most expansive and ill-defined science, sociology. Keep a tight hold upon the bit, lest it shy at some unexpected discovery which shatters your theory, or take the bit in its teeth and bolt at some hobby find whose bearings you have not yet located, for a hobby as master is a dangerous animal.

Dr. G. F. Wright, a student in a Theological Seminary, became interested in an enormous boulder and found himself mounted upon a Geological hobby which has carried him into the place of first American authority upon the Ice Age.

A cadet in the East India Company’s service, upon a business trip across Southern Persia, accidentally ran upon some curious inscriptions on a rock, and forthwith his hobby, saddled and bridled, pawed the ground before him. It was apparently a case of love at first sight. Incidentally we might state that this was Rawlinson, the former authority on the ancient empires of the East, a man made famous by his work. And I do not believe that he did his clerical work for the company any worse for being thus pleasantly mounted. For the value of a hobby is that, if wisely chosen, it combines business and pleasure, or at least profit and pleasure. It is likely to make one, in a small way, a specialist, and that is the height of the twentieth century’s ambition.

Therefore, my friends, have a hobby, (no, not a hubby, ladies—there are things which precede even U,) select it carefully, ride it judiciously, hold hard on the bits, for a runaway hobby is a frightful time-waster, and you will find that you have added a new zest to life.

R. P. C.

CLOUDS OF RUSKIN.

Oh, Ruskin, mastergreat of English prose,
 Thy clouds across the face of Heaven swept
 By laws precise ; in measured tread they stept,
 No other mind so well their mystery knows.
 "In winding gulfs" thy morning mists arose,
 In "opaque curtains" tears of rain they wept,
 In "silver channels" on them sunbeams slept,
 Or "rippling * * * gold," their light the Heaven o'er-
 flows.

Ye clouds of Ruskin, "mossy * * * towers white,"
 Teach present men to know your beauties new,
 Teach us the "dreams, foundationless," and bright,
 And let us pierce the "unsubstantial blue."
 "The scarlet canopy" that drapes approach of night
 Must hold for us, if sought, a message true.

R.

A SNIPE HUNT.

YES, the snipe surely are running to-night," said Harry, as the noise of birds was heard from the mountains on all sides of the little hurriedly-made camp.

The scene was laid in a mountain canyon—not far from one of the larger cities—along the coast of Southern California.

Harry was a guide and workman with a large ranch owner, who was making a few weeks of camping out.

"We will run about all the snipe that you can carry in a sack," continued Stan, the young hopeful of the ranchman's family.

All this was spoken for the express benefit of Jack, the city cousin, who had come from the East to get well and incidentally to learn something about riding broncos and shooting.

"It looks as if we shall make a fine catch," replied Jack, the wise-acre who had once helped take a fellow snipe hunting back in the far East.

Harry, however, was so persuasive that the "wise man" was utterly credulous.

"It is about time to be up and stirring, if we are to catch anything to-night," said Lonnie, the young Stan's older brother.

After getting a gunny sack and lantern the outfit started off up the mountain.

Finally Lonnie broke the silence with "Here's just the place for some one to hold the sack, while the rest take different directions and drive the snipe in."

"That's just my place," returned Jack, all too easily jumping at the bait held out for him.

The remaining fellows, as soon as a lantern was put in the "gunny sack," which had been propped open with sticks—started off in their several directions.

After about a quarter-hour, which seemed ages to Jack, there was some kind of a noise off down the trail.

"That surely must be a lion," thought the now weary sack holder; "I'll slip a few rocks his way."

It was growing just a trifle too warm for Lonnie, who had been spending his time watching from a clump of bushes. So, after dodging a few stones, he came up with the advice that they had better go back, since snipe were not running.

It will take many a year for the city cousin to forget the greeting that awaited his return to camp, and never, when he tells of "the snipe hunt" does he remember to say that it was he who held the sack.

RAY DUNHAM.

A VISIT TO BLARNEY CASTLE.



Morning was clear and bright—being a beautiful day for our visit to Blarney Castle. We left the city of Cork on a queer little train that made a very big noise, and after going several miles through a hilly and picturesque country arrived at the village of Blarney. The small village consists of the station, a postoffice, and one or two houses. Several other people also alighted from the train

and it was soon discovered that we were all there for the same purpose, to see the famous old ruin.

A few minutes' walk brought us to a stile through which, after paying the customary shilling, we were admitted into the grounds of the castle. Following a path leading across a meadow and up a wooded hill, we presently met an old woman, who informed us that she would show us over the premises, and she immediately took the lead.

The first glimpse of the castle was charming, with the sunlight on the dark greening that nearly covered the ruin. After walking about and examining the exterior, our guide suggested that we climb the stairs in the old tower, to see the surrounding country and to kiss the famous Blarney stone, and she gave us minute instructions as to how to accomplish this difficult feat.

The worn circular steps were climbed with some difficulty by all and with much by a very stout gentleman in the party, who arrived at the top with a very red face and "no breath to spake of at all." But the view that met our eyes as we looked off from the tower fully repaid our exertion. On every side green hills and golden meadows stretch as far as eye can see, with here and there a silver brook threading in and out among the trees and verdant banks. Off to one side we see the modern castle of the present owner of the Blarney estate.

Finally we leave the beauties of the landscape to give our attention to the Blarney stone, for each one of us has privately determined to show it due honor and carry away its magic favor.

The position of the stone is peculiar. The floor, or roof of the tower extends beyond the walls supporting it, while a stone parapet surrounds this floor. The stone, supposed to be imbued with a peculiar charm that gives to all who kiss it a "sweet, persuasive power," is an oblong one, in the lowest part of this parapet, that is, below the floor. For many years the stone had to be reached from the outside, and only adventurous young men made the attempt. The seeker of the magic power was lowered over the parapet and held by his heels, while he performed the ceremony and then he was drawn back with some effort. Now, however, the feat is comparatively easy, for a stone has been removed from the floor and an iron bar placed above for support. We went one at a time; each one lay flat on the floor, grasped the iron bar with one hand while the others in the party securely held his feet, as in an inverted position he dropped into the open space, gave a side-twist and kissed the stone. This side of the stone has been worn smooth by kisses.

Five of us were successful, and heard the old woman below clap her hands as a token of congratulation. One lady was too timid, and the

stout gentleman could not try because the others were afraid they could not hold him, as he weighed over two hundred. The timid lady touched the stone with her parasol, then kissed that, and when we reached the ground the guide told us that many other ladies had contented themselves in the same way.

Someone asked if anyone had ever met with an accident while attempting to kiss the stone, and the old woman answered, "Yes, Miss." She said that a young man fell while being lowered over the parapet, but as he had kissed the stone just before falling, he escaped with a sprained ankle. She evidently believed that had he not kissed the stone before he fell, he would have been killed.

After looking over the table of curiosities which our guide showed us, and selecting a few for souvenirs, we were escorted back to the stile where the old woman left us with a silver crossed palm, a smiling face, and all good wishes for our future.

BESSIE L. CLEMENTS.

LEGENDS OF BIRDS.

AMONG the quaint and curious legends of the olden days maybe remembered those concerning the dainty sailors of the air. Mythology abounds with traditions of the bird and its doings. Jove took as his emblem the royal eagle, that Chaucer speaks as soaring so high that its eye pierces the sun. In earlier times Rome, Persia and Assyria followed Jove's example in taking the eagle for their national emblem. In modern times the United States and France under the Bonapartes have done the same. Prussia, Austria and Russia have for their emblems a double-headed eagle, signifying a double empire, having two heads but only one body. In heraldry the eagle signifies fortitude. The poets say that every ten years it soars into the "fiery region," and plunging into the sea moults its feathers and acquires new life. The Romans used to let an eagle fly from the funeral pile of a deceased emperor.



The birds sacred to Aphrodite were the sparrow, swallow, dove and swan. In an ode to Anacreon a dove is represented as being a gift from the goddess to the bard. Horace gives her a chariot drawn by swans, the bird that according to tradition sings just before it's death. Indeed, this is a very popular belief. In Othello, Emily says:

"I will play the swan and die in music."

The swans mentioned in the Bible probably were the sacred ibis, a bird held in idolatrous veneration by the Egyptians. They say that its plumage symbolizes the light of the sun and the shadow of the moon; its body represents a heart and its legs a triangle; that it destroys serpents and noxious insects, the eggs of the crocodile, and scares away even the crocodiles themselves. If this be true, no wonder that it is made a crime to kill so desirable a bird.

The cuckoo, known the world over, is mentioned in the Bible, and was discussed by Pliny and Aristotle. There are many tales and superstitions about this famous bird. The story goes that Jupiter once assumed the form of the cuckoo in order to take advantage of Juno's compassion for that bird. In some parts of the country its call is supposed to foretell rain, hence the name rain-crow is often applied to it. In the British colonies it is known as the "black witch," and this seems a very good name for it if it be true that it adds insult to injury by proceeding when hatched to push out the other young birds, the rightful owners of the nest. Formerly there was a belief that on growing up it murdered the bird that had sheltered and taken care of it. It is very solitary and little is known of its habits, so the poets have well called it the "bird of mystery."

The raven is a bird of ill-omen, said to foretell death, famine and pestilence, and at one time it was considered a very prophetic bird. Macaulay says that on the very day of Cicero's murder a raven entered the room and pulled the clothes from his bed. The raven is said to have once been as large and white as the swan. The story goes that Apollo passionately loved Coronis, a Thessalian nymph, but being told by a raven that she was faithless, he shot her with his dart; then, hating the tell-tale bird, he blacked forever its snowy plumage. This bird was consecrated to Odin, and was the emblem on the Danish standard, to which it was thought to give miraculous powers. We do not look at the bird with the same distrust, when we read of it in the Bible, that it was chosen with the dove to go in search of dry land, and we see in it something of God's providence when we read of the raven sent to feed Elijah.

The owl, too, is a bird of ill-omen. From the earliest times it has been associated with misfortune, darkness and death, and has been looked upon with superstition and distrust. Its early reputation is proved by the ominous epithets bestowed upon it by classic writers. Some of these are unholy, ill-boding, unlucky, ill-omened and grief-bringing. Even today some people are frightened when they hear the hooting of an owl, because they believe that it foretells the death of some member of the household. It is an uncanny sound, coming at the dead of night, and

even those who scoff at superstition are not sorry to have the visitor leave. The chat is known to the Indians as the ghost-bird, on account of the mournful notes in the midst of its song. It seems that this name would apply equally well to the owl, for it is ghostly in every sense of the word. With its soft, round wings it can glide noiselessly about, giving its weird cry now at one place, now at another, until one feels that the superstitions connected with this bird have a better foundation than many other traditions of the bird family.

Sailors think that birds bring good luck, and they always welcome any that come about their ship. Coleridge's uncanny story of the "Ancient Mariner" is founded upon the superstition that it is unlucky to shoot an albatross.

The traditions of the stork and of the swallow are somewhat similar. According to the Scandinavian story, the swallow circled over the cross upon which the Saviour hung, crying *svala, svala*, (console, console.) From this it gets its name of *svalow*, or bird of consolation. The stork, according to the Swedish legend, flew around the cross, crying *styrka, styrka*, (strengthen, strengthen.) This tradition seems especially strange since the stork cannot sing at all. A superstition concerning the swallow is referred to by Longfellow in his "Evangeline," when he speaks of the bird as

"Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone which the swallow brings
From the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings."

Everywhere the storks are supposed to bring good luck, and the Romans thought that swallows were sacred to the household gods, and that trouble would come to any who injured them. The cross-bill also gained its name in connection with the cross. Tradition says that these birds, taking pity on the Saviour as he suffered, tried to pull the nails from the cross, and in doing so bent their bills in such a way that they will always bear the mark of their merciful deed. Robin Redbreast, too, was filled with pity, and in pulling a thorn from the Saviour's crown on His way to Calvary had his breast dyed crimson with the blood which fell from the wound.

H. F.



A LITERARY BEQUEST.

As on this earth I can't fore'er
In reason hope to stay,
Like Carnegie, I will in time
My library give away.

I give my Burns unto the cook,
My Howells to the dog ;
My Longfellow to Wall street shorts,
My Bacon to the hog.

I'll give the Dickens to the man
Who swore my vote would win ;
My Lamb I leave to bulls and bears,
My Coke goes to the bin.

To miners I would send my Pitt ;
My Cable I'd unreel ;
To politicians I would give
With perfect trust my Steele.

My Whittier I do commend
Unto newspaper jokes ;
My Holmes I think a proper one
For all the married folks.

My Ade to injured ones I lend,
Though not Nye—more's the pity !
My Browning (tan) I leave with love
Unto Atlantic City.

All my Hall Caines I leave to dudes
To match their wooden heads,
And Chaucer to the law that on
Expectoration treads.

My Cooke I'd keep at any cost
Till all my meals were Dunn ;
Also my Harte, 'less fate Mark Twain,
Where I mark two as one.

I leave my Bunyan to my Foote
(My Haggard face it curls !)
My Peck to all my little birds,
My Lover to the girls.

This disposition of my books
My will holds like a rock ;
Lest thieves break in, I place on all
A combination Locke.

Baltimore American.

"IN OLD COLLEGE DAYS."

T was Festival week at — College. The beautiful campus was gay with the bright colored dresses of the students as they wandered over the velvety lawns beneath the trees. Artists were coming and going with violin cases and bundles of music under their arms. The curious medley of the orchestra tuning up for a practice, was wafted across the campus to a group of young girls going down the smooth gravel walk to the entrance gate.

"Won't it be simply grand!"

"And wasn't the Dean perfectly lovely to let us go?"

"Miss Copeland *is* a dear to take us."

An outing was such an unusual thing for the students, that Festival week was always joyously hailed as a time of merry-making, and these girls were on their way to their chaperon. When they were all together they boarded the car for Glendalyn. Down hill they flew past fragrant apple orchards, past prosperous farms noisy with the cackling of chicks and geese, and the calls of the plowmen and dairy-boys till finally every vestige of the city was left behind and the green trees of Glendalyn came into view.

The girls ran gaily up the steep to the pavilion nestling among the pines.

"Come on," cried Jean. "See what a grand place for a dance."

"What a shame that we can't come out to some of the germans," said Mary.

"Never mind, you have the Festival german Saturday night and that will make up for all the others you have missed," said Agnes.

When they had satisfied their curiosity on shore they decided to take a row on the lake above the dam. What did they care if the sun beat down with almost tropical heat. Complexions were forgotten in the delights of the rippling waters. But, alas! their delight was changed to despair when they ran into a clay bank and found all their efforts to push off resulted in failure.

"Dear me," said Jean Carlisle. "Do we have to stay here all day?"

"There are some men on the shore," said Agnes. "Let's wave to them to come and help us."

Immediately four handkerchiefs were waving, and two men, seeing

the signal of distress, ran quickly down the shore and soon their boat was speeding over the waters.

"What is the matter?" said one of its occupants. "Stuck?"

"Yes, these red waters have proved very treacherous and we have got on a mud bank."

"Well, I think," said the young man looking critically at the waters, "that the best thing to do is to lighten the boat."

"Do you not think a good pull at the stern would answer the purpose?" asked Miss Copeland.

"Well, yes, I believe it would," and in a few minutes the boat was free.

Miss Copeland thanked the boys with her exquisite Southern courtesy and took her girls to the other end of the lake; but not before they had had time to see that the boys wore the pins of the best fraternity in the College on the hill.

"One of them was Joe Morris," said Mary, "the one who did all the talking, and I just know he will tell every boy in the College."

"I never saw the other one before, did you?" said Agnes.

Jean said nothing, but a glance from a pair of grey eyes—eyes that certainly did not belong to Joe Morris—still lingered in her memory.

"He must be a new boy," she thought. "Wonder if any of the girls know him. Someone does very probably, and of course he will be at the German Saturday night and then—"

But her thoughts were interrupted by Miss Copeland's reminder that it was luncheon time and Agnes and Mary, prompted by their healthy young appetites, eagerly assented to her proposition to land.

"Oh, what do you all want to land for," cried Jean, "It's so lovely out here, and you know you are not hungry. That is something Mary and Agnes never were accused of, Miss Copeland."

"No, you never were either were you," retorted Agnes with fine sarcasm. "You would be hungry, too, if you had been rowing instead of mooning for the last half hour. What's the matter, Jean? You never were known to keep silent for five minutes."

"O, nothing" replied Jean impatiently, "Come on let's go," and they were rapidly whirled away to the song of the wind and cable.

II.

"I really think I like grey eyes with black hair better than blue ones. Brother Charles' are blue and he is so big. He would be much nicer if he were real slender." A sigh and a still more pensive voice. "He wore a K. A. pin, too, so of course he is nice, and I love a firm mouth and chin."

And at this point Miss Jean Carlisle jumps up and furiously begins to pull down all her brown curls while her dark eyes flash with angry mortification.

"Aren't you *ashamed* of yourself," she said "to be thinking so about a boy you don't know and never even saw till today, What *would* your mother say !"

That same young man who had caused poor Jean so much self-reproof was leaning carelessly against his window at the College on the Hill.

"Gee !" he soliloquized, "that was a stunning girl. What splendid eyes! Wouldn't she make a fellow the finest little comrade going! I must get Fred to introduce me. He knows every girl in — College."

He saw her that afternoon at the concert, and from the time he caught a glimpse of her little curly head, and daintily curved shoulders, the grand old chords of Mozart's Masonic symphony fell on deaf ears, so far as he was concerned, at least.

III.

The Festival was over. The musicians had departed and the tremendous auditorium, whose walls had so lately resounded with the plaudits of enthusiastic thousands, was deserted. Only the massive organ was left to inhabit the solitude of its columned vastness. But over in the old Gym, dear to every student's heart, happy voices and merry laughter echoed round the lofty walls. Brilliant lights shone down on a scene of surpassing beauty.

The double row of columns were twined with roses to the very ceiling, the deep enclosures of the windows were filled with potted plants and soft cushions. Up and down the broad stairways, exquisitely gowned girls, and men in faultless attire, passed to and fro. From a mass of ferns and palms the entrancing strains of a Faust waltz floated out to the dancers.

Jean Carlisle was the acknowledged belle of the evening, and robed in some soft sheeny material, she certainly was a vision to delight the most indifferent eyes. What then must she seem to one young man already half in love with her.

"Talk about love at first sight," said his friend, Fred Campne, "You certainly have got it bad, but even that is no excuse for railing at a fellow, because you haven't been introduced. It's not my fault if she has been unattainable for half the evening."

"You have danced with her twice, you might have managed it then," replied an indignant young man.

"Well, at all events, you can have your chance now. There are only three at her shrine at present."

"Miss Carlisle, permit me. My friend Mr. Peyton." She turned and acknowledged him with sweet graciousness.

"Oh! Miss Carlisle, that is the loveliest waltz that was ever written. May I have the pleasure of it with you?"

Never, never, would Harry Peyton forget that dance. The glances from Jean's merry eyes as she made some laughing rejoinder to his remarks, set his pulses tingling and made him wish the music would last forever. Before the evening was over she had promised to wear his fraternity pin and he bade her good night with the happy knowledge that he was to call on her the next calling Saturday. The next few months proved unalloyed delight to him, and he looked forward to the days when he should see her, with eager pleasure. And Jean — what were these days to her? Who can say? Hardly Jean herself I think, but this last play was one full of misery, for Oh how could she tell him that she had lost his frat. pin!

"Oh, what does a fraternity pin matter!" he said, when the dreadful words had finally been said. "But — Miss Carlisle, I have something I wish you would wear instead. Jean, Jean, I love you, dear, don't you understand?" and he knew that she did, by the light in her eyes as they were raised for one instant. His were grave and tender as he took her in his arms.

"Jean, dear heart, shall it be for always?" And now the brown eyes looked unflinchingly into his, and the rosy lips were close to his, as they softly whispered,

"Always."

M. C. D.

CHOPIN.

IN glancing hurriedly through the life of Chopin we find he was a specialist—a poet of the piano alone. He was born in 1809, the year of Haydn's death. In his youngest days he disliked the piano extremely, but at the age of nine, while at Warsaw, he was spoken of as the new Mozart. When only eighteen he wrote his first Opus, a Rondo in C minor. Op. 2, "Variations on a Mozart Theme," caused Schumann to exclaim: "Hats off, gentlemen; a new genius."

Chopin, whose mother was a Pole, inherited from her a great love

for that unhappy country. When, in 1831, Warsaw was taken by the Russians and many Poles were tortured and exiled, his grief and despair at the overthrow of his country were voiced in his compositions, Op. 10, and Op. 12.

While in Paris Chopin's success as a composer became world wide. Mendelssohn and Liszt were loud in his praise. Liszt on hearing that Chopin could improvise better than he himself, requested Chopin to improvise for him one evening in the dusk. The sweet strain of the melody so enchanted Liszt he drew closer to the piano. Once the pedal being out of fix, Chopin declared he could play no longer, but Liszt, to remedy this, crawled under the piano and worked the piano with his hand, thus showing his appreciation of Chopin's genius.

Chopin's A^b Polonaise, which is full of national inspiration, was the result of a dream in which he saw processions of Poland's soldiers marching to war.

Like so many of our great musicians, Chopin's life ended sadly. Poor and sick he returned to London where he soon died, October 17, 1849.

F. R.

A HALLOWE'EN MYSTERY

WITH A HIPPO-PHILOSOPHIC SOLUTION.

TELL me not in mournful numbers, 'Life is but an empty dream.' 'Thus muse the Prof.'s on the first day of November. "It looks," says one "that of a truth things are not what they seem."

"If campus life is a dream," quoth another, "it is a subject to the most hysterical night-mares."

To many such remarks, boys listened intently, and their drooping eyes were forced open with a wonderful degree of pseudo-surprise at the multifarious, and manifold revolutionary evidences.

Among the most sweeping evidences of a night-mare, was the capillary brevity of the most recent appendage of the receding college horse.

"Perhaps he beat it off on the single-tree," suggested a boy of origi-native genius.

"Hardly probable while sleeping in his cozy stall," retorted the keeper.

That some mysterious catastrophe had occurred, was put beyond doubt by this remark from the art-teacher, "Methinks I perceive a strange

lack of symmetry as respects our beloved animal's weapon of theriopectic defense. It would give me inward pleasure to be allowed the privilege of instructing the barber in matters pertaining to the happy combination of aesthetics and utility."

Some profound philosopher of economics is of steadfast and unwavering opinion that the barber's price was exorbitant and that said animal, being interested also in economical principles made himself a shining example of one who insists on getting his "money's worth," symmetry or no symmetry.

The final solution of this involved problem was intrusted to the Professor of Celestial Mechanics, he deeming it indisputable that, for twofold apparent and many more fold reasons, known to him, but not to be expected of the ordinary man, he should bear the distinction of investigating and making the final decision, and of pronouncing the ultimatum. His absolute proof that the occurrence is included in his province, as well as pertinent to his welfare as "Homo Sapiens" will not be questioned after hearing his following remarks.

"This active equine member has a constant tendency to direct itself toward the centre of gravity, thus being a forcible and often striking illustration of the effects of Gravitation. Again, from a negative point of view I likewise deem it my duty to decide this hanging mystery, for the weighty reason that it is disconcerting to, reflects unfavorably upon, and is, in fact a veritable eternal insult to my lofty profession, in so obstinately refusing to direct any attention to the Heavenly bodies.

"I do not think that the blame can be laid on my unlearned executor of the shears, but there is invulnerable evidence, both casual, effective, and circumstantial that the dire calamity is the direct result of a mental state, known to students as semi-insomnia, or nocturnal suggestive mental aberration, caused by equine mirage, or psycho-optic illusion. It is my opinion that in his wild gyrations, totally unconformable to any geometrical regulations, in frantic endeavor to avoid coincidence with an imaginative scourge, he trod not so daintily upon this necessary member, causing the present deplorable condition of said organ. Furthermore, by chemical analysis, I find that the hairs, detached, have become combined with particles of the iron shoe, making a capillo-ferric hydrate."

These and many other profound arguments of this venerable and infallible philosopher accounted satisfactorily for the lamentable depreciated value of this equine theriopectoclastic agent. *Ergo Homini Sapienti, Gratia,*
(STULTISSIMUS.)

THE ESCORIAL.

BOTH armies were brave, both powerful, and although Philip the Second's army was larger in number than the French troops, victory seemed to favor the latter. The struggle became more terrible every time. In vain the Spanish Chivalry, urged by the energetic words of Philip the Second, fought the French Nobility face to face. All seemed against the Spaniards. Yet orders were given to sustain the battle a little longer; then Philip, returning to the rear of his host and kneeling down among the wounded made the Solemn Vow to St. Lorenzo. "St. Lorenzo; this is thy day on the Earth as also the first time that I engage in the battle-field; if thy sanctified spirit will on this very day give the victory to me, I will build a monastery in which every day we shall thank thee for thy help." Then mounting his horse, Philip the Second rode to the head of his army, and holding his soldiers, harangued them, and commanded to make a final and most vigorous attack on the Frenchmen. Soon after the battle, on a slope of the Guadarrama Mountain, about thirty miles from Madrid, the Capital of Spain, thousands of men were seen working on the foundations that were to hold the Great Monastery. In the memorable battle at St. Quintin, St. Lorenzo had given the victory to Philip, vanquishing the strong French Army. Philip the Second at this time was the most powerful monarch in the world, and Spain had reached the height of its prosperity, therefore, the Escorial, naturally, is in Spain of the utmost historic interest.

When I first visited this wonderful edifice, it impressed me with its vastness. It covers acres and acres of land, and as it is of granite and deprived of color on the outside, its vague appearance is cold as the peak of the Guadarrama on the slopes of which it is situated. The first thing I did before entering the Escorial was to climb up the slope to the peak of the mountain in which the guide showed me three seats made of stone, for Philip the Second, his wife and his son, who used to sit here and observe the work as it progressed. From here I could very well see the plan of its structure which is that of a gridiron: the architect was told to give it this shape in honor of St. Lorenzo who suffered death on account of these instruments. This statement is generally believed, but it is not, in my opinion, well established, for I have seen many buildings that have exactly this shape.

One may very well compare the Escorial in size with the Great Pyramid in Egypt, but in form there is this difference, the height of the Pyramid is in proportion to its base, while that of the Escorial is not.

This remarkable monastery and palace was easily built, not only because the granite was found in the neighboring mountains, but also because at this time Peru and Mexico were pouring gold into the Spanish Treasury. The beginner of the work, the famous architect, Juan de Herrera, died soon after his projects were begun, but his son, and pupil, succeeded him and finished them successfully. The building was begun in 1556, and finished in 1594. The ground plan occupies 400,700 square feet and the total area of all its stories would form a causeway one yard in breadth and 99 miles in length. There are 19 gate-ways, an average of about 13,000 doors and windows, seven chapels, and a Church. Every thing in the Escorial is on a colossal scale and its material being granite makes it as cold and imposing as it is colossal.

Between the apartments of the kings and the part that constitutes the monastery, stands the Great Church, which is ranked in architecture and magnificence with the famous cathedrals of Spain. The altar rises on Doric columns of different sizes to a considerable height, and the choir in front of it, with its organ weighing 17,000 tons, rests on columns of the same style, although not so high, leaving a space between the altar and the choir of about 500 feet, with nothing to break it. The area of the church is about 70,000 square feet. Its grandeur is not equalled, travelers say, by that of any other church in Europe.

The library of the Escorial is doubtless one of the best for the Spanish speaking people. The antiquity of the style in which the books are written and this ample literature, preserve the most interesting and instructive features of the Spanish Language. This library was once the first in Europe. It contains the king's own collection, the works of Diego Mendoza, Philip's Ambassador to Rome, the spoils of the Emperor of Morocco, Ninley Tilan, etc. The four titles mentioned are the four most remarkable books of the library. Among its curiosities are: an ancient Koran, a Virgil of the 10th century, an Apocalypse of the 14th, the Book of the games of Chess, by Alfonso the Wise, and the Alcala Ordinances. The artistic frescoes of the Escorial are celebrated. I need not mention all the famous painters and weavers whose names are seen in the Escorial, but will simply say that Velasquez's pictures have been admired all over the world, and yet his works in the Escorial are still greater than those that have been exhibited abroad. In one of the most retired parts of the Escorial is a small room in which an ordinary table, a wooden chair, an inkstand, a pen and a picture of the Virgin may be seen. This was the cell of Philip the Second, the most powerful monarch of his time. In this very room, sitting in the wooden chair, he issued orders to be executed on the other side of the world, and a single stroke of his pen

moved with fear the capitals of Europe. This chamber does not, in the least, look like a royal apartment; the floor is of brick, and the walls are bare. It was Philip the Second's caprice, as the common proverb says—"A palace for you and a hut for me"—yet from this little room he made his power felt in both hemispheres.

After lingering a while in the long corridors of the Escorial, I descended and faced the tombs of the illustrious Spanish kings. The pantheon, or burial place, is taken care of by the monks belonging to the order of St. Geronimo, who live in the Escorial and who are not allowed to open the doors of the pantheon to visitors; but influence helped us along and the heavy iron doors swung open. This hall of tombs below the surface of the ground is spacious, but it appears almost fully occupied. Every grave bears an inscription, recalling some heroic deed, which to the historian brings up whole periods of history. The contemplation of these tombs is impressive to one familiar with the history of the country.

A Spanish king may be known to be dead; but for his court he is still living. He is taken to the pantheon and there his ministers address him as if he were alive. At the burial of Alfonso XII, for instance, as the procession started from the royal palace at Madrid, to go to the burial place in the Escorial, a herald announced the approach of the king; cornets were blown at the corners of the streets, flags were hoisted, just the same as if the king were living. When they reached the Escorial the Minister of Grace and Justice announced their arrival to the dead king, then he knocked at the principal entrance and a monk opened the large doors, asking: "Who desires to enter here?" to which the Minister of Grace and Justice responded, "His Majesty, our King, Alfonso XII." Then he was taken to the church of the Escorial and after some further rites to the pantheon. The bearers placed the body on a marble table, and his court gathered around as they were accustomed to gather around the throne; then the Minister of Grace and Justice opened the coffin and kneeling down called "Senor!" After waiting five minutes for the answer he called again and waited five minutes longer, and so he called three times; five minutes after the last call he said, as if surprised: "The king does not answer; the king is dead!" Then, taking in his hand the wand of office, he broke it as a token that the power of the king had ceased. After this rite the body of the king was immediately taken to the place reserved for it with those of his house. After having whispered some prayers, the funeral procession retired, led by the Minister of Grace and Justice. They had laid another Spanish monarch in the "burial place of kings," and the humble monk had again closed the heavy

iron doors not to be opened to the world, but to the royal family of Spain.

The palace and monastery of the Escorial are full of wonders, curiosities, relics, historical documents, etc.; their very walls reveal the character of their great designer, and in the interior he is himself seen carved in stone. Every chapel, every room, every tool, almost everything has a wonderful tale. The Escorial represents a great period in history, represents the once-feared power of Spain, represents the prosperity of the country and the character of Philip the Second together with his reign.

R. L. MARTINEZ.

A DAY IN MONTGOMERY.

AN interesting place to visit is the old Southern city of Montgomery. This city has its place in history and is known as the Cradle of the Confederacy. The city is extremely Southern in every respect. The residences, most of them, are built after the colonial style, with pillars which impress one with their massiveness. Some of these pillars are decorated with various designs, but most of them are plain. These mansions are not more than one or two stories in height, but they are ample, including space for many guests. One of these is now owned and occupied by the Plant System, whose busy offices, with their crowds and traffic seem very incongruous, where formerly reigned the quiet of a refined home. The mansions are built of gray stone. The only exception I remember is the Jefferson Davis mansion—the one occupied by his family during their stay in the city. This is comparatively small, with wooden pillars in front, and six very conspicuous chimneys.

Not far from the Jefferson Davis mansion, on the principal street of the city, is the capitol. It is situated on the top of a hill which seems to be only a short distance from the business portion of the street, but we found that it was about a quarter of a mile. All the way being up hill, I was very tired by the time I reached the capitol, but afterwards I felt fully repaid for my exertions. The grounds were full of interesting plants and brilliant foliage. At the right of the building is an impressive monument erected to the memory of the Confederate dead. On the top is the figure of Jefferson Davis. Beneath, facing in four directions, are figures representing the Confederate soldier in the navy, the infantry, the cavalry, and the artillery. There are appropriate inscriptions beneath each of these figures.

After leaving the monument, we entered the capitol. The building

is very old and contains much of interest. On the first floor, in the centre of the building, is an open space in which are several glass cases containing relics of the war. Among the most interesting ones, are the bier on which Jefferson Davis' body lay in state at the capitol, and several confederate flags, very much battered and riddled by bullets. As we were looking at some confederate money and uniforms, an old soldier came up and told us this story of the three silver dollars in the case: when Jefferson Davis knew that he would be captured, he did not wish the money of the Confederacy which he had with him at this time, to fall into the hands of the enemy, and to prevent this he divided the money among his men. There was just enough for each man to have three dollars. One of these men, a few years ago, brought his share and left it with the memorial fund. We were also told that a few days before our visit, an old soldier had died, who, a short time before his death, had requested his son to have him buried in his old uniform, so the son came to the capitol and took his father's old uniform out of the case, and buried him in it.

In a room facing the monument, are several portraits of commanders in the army and also of former governors of the state and of their wives. In the second story of the building, we were shown the way to the Jefferson Davis room. Inside this room is a tall four posted bed covered with an old fashioned fringed counterpane. On the floor, are old fashioned rugs. Hanging on the wall, are Jefferson Davis' hat, cane, umbrella and sword. An old leather trunk is in one corner of the room, and several other personal belongings are here preserved. As there is nothing in the room to remind one of modern times, one feels as if he were really living in the days of the Civil War. I could willingly have spent the entire afternoon in the capitol, but as it was an old story with the rest of the party, I had to leave much sooner than I wished.

From the capitol we went to the cemetery, which combines with historic interest, unusual beauty of natural scenery. A deep ravine separates two high hills. On the first, sloping to the bottom of the ravine is the old cemetery, and on the second is the new. After crossing over into the new cemetery, one sees, on the opposite side, hundreds of weather-beaten tombstones all alike. They mark the graves of the soldiers slain in the Civil War; these are all marked "unknown." Beyond are many beautiful monuments commemorating distinguished persons. Many inscriptions in the old cemetery are in Hebrew, indicating the former large proportion of Jews in the city. Twilight was approaching, and we soon took an electric car back to the homes of the living.

MARY HARDAWAY.

SCHOOL LIFE IN A PARISIAN CONVENT.

IT is six o'clock in the morning. The bells in the convent of Notre Dame de Sion (Our Lady of Zion) are ringing. The girl pupils and the Sisters are rising, very sleepy, but they are too well disciplined to lie in bed; so, silently they rise and kneel, while an old Sister recites the rising prayers. After the religious rites are over, they dress. There is absolutely no noise or fun in getting up, no happy "Good mornings," as in *Cloverleaf*, but all is silent, the deep, solemn silence only broken by various yawns. The girls look almost severely neat, and clean, as with downcast eyes and folded hands, they file out, only pausing to kneel before a waxen image of Mary.

The dress is very peculiar,—a severely plain, black dress, of soft woolen material, an elastic net for the hair, which is drawn tightly back by a round comb. About the waist is a cord and tassel, and around the neck a ribbon, to which is attached a mother-of-pearl cross. Each class has its color, just as here each class has a number or grade, and the neck and waist ribbons are the color of the class to which the wearer belongs, as for instance, the yellow, red, or blue class. The shoes are as plain and as "common sense" as can be made.

Passing out, silently, slowly, they come to the dining room, and here, if possible, the silence is still more rigid. The tables are not as they are here. The dining hall is one long, rather narrow room, in which are placed two long tables, reaching from one end to the other. The food consists of meat, vegetables, fish, on Friday, delicious French rolls, a plain dessert, and wine, which has been blessed by a priest.

The study and school rooms, dining hall, kitchen and dormitories are in one large, handsome building. There is no campus, but in its place a beautiful garden. Each class has its section of the garden for a playground, and at the head of each section is a statue of the patron saint of the class. Coming from breakfast into this garden, the classes, with Sisters at their head, march up to this statue and, kneeling, pay their devotions. Then comes the fun. Sisters and girls play tag, hide-and-peek, talk, and make a lot of noise. This seems to be the only place where these poor girls dare to open their mouths, except in recitation and chapel, and they make the most of their opportunity.

After the hour's recess is over, the girls go to their rooms and veil themselves in a soft, white veil, covering the head and reaching to the bottom of the dress. Then they march to Chapel, where the morning prayers are said. If you have never been inside of a Catholic church,

you have missed a good deal. I will not attempt to describe to you the grand coloring, the fine windows, the beautiful altar with ever-burning candles, and the splendid music of the Catholic churches of Europe.

After Chapel comes school, lasting until twelve. If a girl commits a fault, she is sent to kneel in a corner, or to stand with her back to a statue of the Virgin or a Saint, which is considered a very severe punishment. Then comes dinner, which is usually very good, then school again, and then vespers. Oh, those vespers! How I used to thrill with delight when it was time for vespers! We would get on our veils, and gloves, pick up our prayer-books, and get in line. With folded hands we marched slowly into the chapel, the three hundred girls in single file, each kneeling a moment before the high altar. Why did I like it so much? I can't tell you, except that the music was so beautiful and the incense so sweet, that I could not but look forward to it every day with gladness.

After vespers the day scholars go home, and the others study until supper. Then more prayers, bed, and a good night's rest, I hope; only to wake up to do the same things over again. I wish you might know some of the lovely Sisters of this Convent who were women of high education and culture. Imagine to yourself a life like that! Dragging slowly, the days pass; month after month, year after year, these Sisters stay in the Convent, behind its old, grey walls and stern aspect, until Death takes them to a brighter and happier place.

MARJORIE BLACKMAN.

THE CHRISTIAN MAN IN COLLEGE.

HUMAN nature undergoes no radical change upon entering college. The conditions of the spiritual life are the same there as elsewhere; its needs are the same; its perils are the same. There, as elsewhere, one of the chief perils is the denial or the evasion of responsibility for personal Christian work. Perhaps this peril is more imminent in college because of the seemingly reasonable excuse that pleads for it. The Christian man enters college in order to fit himself for some sort of service. His college life is often the consummation of years. It is a prized opportunity of which the very most must be made. He feels that all his time and energy should be concentrated upon study. Associated with this honest conviction is the fact, that he has usually left his church membership at home. The result is often a complete cessation of per-

sonal Christian work. On the other hand, the college man must face two stubborn facts : first, the spiritual life atrophies if its powers are not exercised, and like the pool that has no outlet, it becomes stagnant ; the surest way to get knowledge is to give, so to meet the spiritual needs of our fellow students is to satisfy our own ; secondly, the college offers a specially rich and important field for Christian work. Here are gathered together the picked men from many communities, who are to be leaders of men, no matter in what circles they move.

It is true that the work in college involves some special effort, but it is work which must be done, and the Christian student in daily touch with his fellows is, above all, the one to do it. No broader, or richer field will he ever have in which to labor. Lift up your eyes, and behold the fields are white to harvest.

A student once went to the president of his institution and declared his determination to enter the ministry when he had finished his course. The reply was in the form of a question, "Why not enter it now?" In college as elsewhere, the point to guard is one's own spiritual life. The rule is, life first, then activity as the fruit of that life. It is not so much what we do, but what God does in, and through us, that is of real importance. We should give special emphasis to this fundamental truth because of the radical requirement of reality in the Christian life which is demanded of us in college. An imitation will not do there, because of the close scrutiny with which our fellow students observe our daily life. Only a real experience, a real life, will stand the close examination it must meet with on the college campus. The Christian in college must be characterized by simplicity and manliness ; otherwise he misrepresents Christ. He must have a pure, noble and upright character, for nowhere does character count for more than in college. It is indeed true, as Carlyle says in his study of Voltaire, that "the influences of each and every one, which have had a beginning will never have an end." What is done will link itself with the everliving, the everboundless, the everworking universe, and will work there for good or evil, openly or secretly, through all time.

Tennyson adds, "Our echoes roll from soul to soul and grow forever and forever." Ideals determine character to a great extent. "We grow like the things our souls admire, and rise or sink, as we aim high or low." Impalpable, intangible ideals are the unseen verities that sway the world. These ideals are to the soul, what the helm is to the ship and, according as they are directed, the man's course will issue in safety or shipwreck. Then the function of the work of the Christian man in college, should be to create over against any downward tendency of his

fellow students, the ideals of true manhood, self-reverence, self-knowledge, self-control, the trinity of virtues,

The Christian man in college is called to the truer, higher, nobler life, the life lived under loftier ideals than those which make gold its hope, or find its joys in the fleeting pleasures of the hour—the life lived in touch with Him who is indeed the “holiest among the mighty and the mightiest among the holy.”

LEWIS HILSON.

THE BROWNIES OF 1902.

(FOR SALE BY PHARMACISTS AND UNDERTAKERS.)

BY ARIZONA DAVE.

The latest Brownie prank I sing,
With which the neighborhood doth ring.

The other night, on Hallowe'en,
When teachers all did snore serene,

The Brownie band, unseen by all,
Upon the college swift did fall;

To start the ball, the ghostly band
Did cut, with deft and willing hand,

Old Hundred's tail, so that the bone
For half a foot or less was shown,

Then, the monotony to break,
They ran the wagon in the lake.

They stole the bell-cord, rang the bell,
Did divers other things as well.

Now, as a child must surely know,
This poem was meant to plainly show,

That Brownies, whom we cannot see,
Are not what they're cracked up to be.

Instead of little noiseless sprite,
They often grow six feet in height.

You ask me why I know 'tis true?
Because I've been a Brownie too.

“The truth of God working through the personality of man has been the salvation of the world. Increase the personality and you increase the power.”



THE SAND-SPUR,

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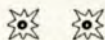
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Once again, the Sand-Spur, with no palliation of its usual pungency, proffers greetings and thanks to its generous supporters and patrons.

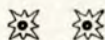
Doing as you would be done by, stick to it, and you will find it displaying no hesitancy in requiting your appreciated interest. Although the affinity of some of its points may be too keenly realized by an occasional victim, yet all will admit that it "glides in with a mild and healing sympathy, that quite steals away their sharpness, ere he is aware."

We hope it may serve as a true and unrefracting medium of transmitting to you some rays of the light so abundantly emanating from Rollins College.



We take this opportunity to thank heartily those, who by their support and contributions are responsible for whatever degree of success is attained by this issue of the Sand-Spur.

Realizing that they are the most important factors in the paper's welfare, we ask their assistance and co-operation in our next issue, sincerely trusting that the one which we now submit will meet with their hearty approval.



Education is the only way to the Ver Vitae perpetuum.

Never, in all its history, has the Delphic Debating Society enjoyed a period marked by greater activity and progress than the past four months. During October and November, the presidential chair was occupied by Mr. W. E. Burrell. December saw the honors of chief executive conferred upon Mr. S. H. Edes, of Newport, N. H., as it is the custom to elect new officers every two months.

The members have displayed unfeigned interest in all the meetings, and some very creditable and exciting debates have been the natural consequence.

Some attempt was made, at the beginning of the semester, to divide the society, forming one for the ladies, and another for the gentlemen; but the strenuous objections of the most active members soon put the idea out of mind, and all moved on as smoothly as if never a ripple had occurred.

As this society is the literary life of the students, it is looked upon with great approbation and interest by the faculty, and it is the earnest wishes of the students to render it well-deserving of their regard.



Physical courage is the savage in the man, while moral courage is the spirit of true civilization.—Ex.



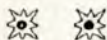
THE DURBAR.

The durbar at Delhi lasted a whole week, and was an occasion of great splendor.

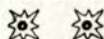
Lord Curzon, the Viceroy of India, and Lady Curzon, his American wife, were the centre of attraction.

King Edward was represented by his brother the Duke of Connaught.

Lord Curzon read a message from the king expressing his regard for the rights of his subjects, and his devotion to their welfare. He also made an address to the people, in which he predicted future prosperity and happiness.



The chief end to be attained by a College education is the power of concentration. The men that make the world move are those who have unity of purpose, and the ability to execute it with undivided energy. Make the mind ancillary to the will; let it be the ready, obedient servant of the will, and the paramount consideration of mental culture is attained.



“Let the searchlight of practice illuminate the dark places of theory.”
Indeed, there are dark places in theory,—many and exceedingly

dark. No theory is accepted as absolute truth without being established by fact. This has caused many men of high ideals to err in their advice to the youth. They too often disregard, or forget, that the surest means of making practice valuable, is by having it based on a feasible theory. The quotation is "Let the searchlight of practice illuminate." If it is to illuminate, it must first have that which needs illumination.

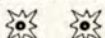
We sometimes hear men say to the boy, "Go out into the world and learn by experience; it is the only true way to success. Your forefathers did it, and you are no better than they." What deplorable indifference to progress. Are we Chinese, whose pernicious motto, "Walk in the trodden paths," has held them down to a position of comparative insignificance in civilization?

The wise men of the past have sought out and given to posterity the means of rendering easier and more profitable our practice. If we are to be true, progressive, and successful Americans, we must accept the above quotation, both as it stands, and also in its reverse: "Let the searchlight of theory illuminate the dark places of practice."

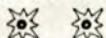


There is a morbid tendency among American students of today to specialize too early. Those who specialize in youth go through life with a distorted view of its highest ideals. All studies are pursued with regard to their relation to a certain branch of knowledge.

Wait till the College course is nearly, or entirely completed and then specialize on a broad, expansive, and comprehensive foundation.



We respectfully call your attention to the advertisements in the last few pages. Remember to requite their appreciated favor.



Letters patent were issued to Thos. R. Baker of Rollins College faculty, on Nov. 11, 1902, for a new and useful improvement in blackboard troughs. The patent was secured through the services of patent attorney, Thomas Drew Stetson, of New York.

ATHLETICS.

Athletics at our school this year opened with a much brighter prospect in every way than in any year for a long time. During the first few weeks a good squad of baseball players, including new as well as

old, came to the diamond. From this squad, a team has been chosen with which we hope to meet and defeat all of our opponents, and thereby bring the coveted championship into our midst.

Later in the year a great deal of football enthusiasm has been shown by many of the students, and a squad has appeared upon the field and done some splendid work in practice. By the time the football season is upon us again, we hope to have a team that will be ready to meet any of the college teams in the State.

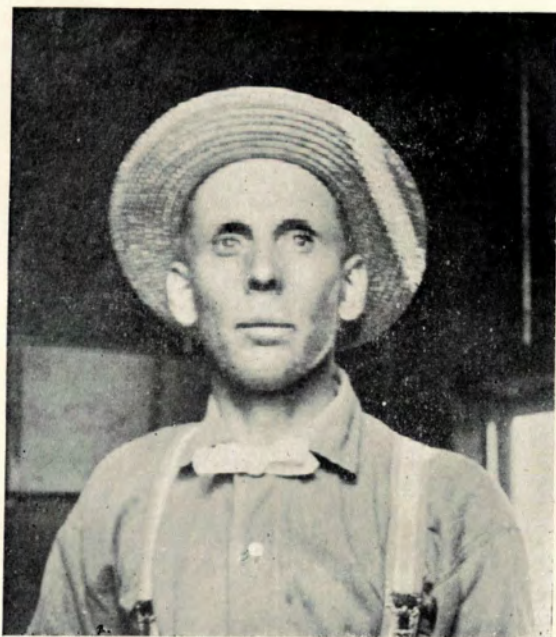
For the track work we have some very promising material, and this will be entered upon a little later in the season. But at the present time, baseball is the chief sport. The team of last year, which reflected much credit upon the institution, inspired the students with a kind of "fever" for this sport. During the fall session we had a practice-game with Orlando which resulted in a victory for the Rollins team, the score being 10 to 3. This game proved that we had splendid baseball talent in the school, and under the direction of the coach this talent has developed into one of the fastest teams Rollins has ever had in the field.

On Monday, January 19, we met the Sanford team upon their diamond and were again victorious by a score of 10 to 0. Too much cannot be said in praise of the playing of each individual. Edes, a new man to the game, played fast at third and fully did his share with the stick. Burrell and Booth played their usual steady game in their positions at first and short respectively. Thornton, our new man in the box, pitched a masterly game, and was fairly supported by his catcher, Evernden. The game was splendid practice for rounding the players into form, and by February 13, when we first meet Stetson, we hope to be in fine shape.

Tennis is also very popular at Rollins this year, and every afternoon lovers of the sport can be seen practicing "new strokes."

Basketball is also quite popular with the young ladies, and preparations are being made for the organization of two teams among them, to compete with each other for the honors.

The golf grounds have just been put in fine condition, and some of our fine players are out hitting the rubber every day. Mr. L. C. Pinkerton is the college champion, as well as of the links here, and gets in a little practice each day, to keep in form for a tournament, which we hope will come off this spring.



"Was Useful as well as Ornamental."

OUR STUDENTS ABROAD.

It is intended in the near future to get facts concerning the present life of every former Rollins student that can be reached and to publish these reports either alphabetically or chronologically. The reports are to contain all the cardinal facts. It is not known now whether this will be made a department of the Sand-Spur or whether it will be carried on independently. The twentieth anniversary of the founding of the College will occur in 1905. Will it be possible in the winter or spring of that year to get together a fair representation of each year's attendance at Rollins? If this year is decided upon, be sure to plan your outing for the year so as to be in Winter Park for the Rollins' reunion. Correspondence on these subjects by old students is invited. Address, Secretary of Alumni Association, Winter Park.

Rev. and Mrs. Robert Benedict have moved to Evanston, Illinois.

Mr. Hayes Bigelow has "Florida oranges," "Choice grapefruit" in orange letters on his Tarpon Springs' letter head.

Mr. Elijah Cushing, who is in the insurance business in Valdosta, Georgia, was back for a look at the college in December.

Mr. J. Harold Dale, '00, graduates from Andover Theological Seminary in June.

Miss Ruth Curlet Ford, '97, who is now Mrs. Daniel B. Atkinson, followed Mrs. Ford's example by becoming a professor's wife in Merom, Indiana. She lives two doors away from her mother's first house.

A recent letter from Mr. Fritz Frank, '96, who is circling the world, came from Australia.

Miss Susan T. Gladwin, who is teaching her second year in the Philippines, writes interestingly of the life there.

Miss Annie M. Guffin has come back from Asheville, North Carolina, as Mrs. Harold A. Ward. Mr. and Mrs. Ward have purchased a house between Interlachen and Charles avenues, near the college.

Mr. Hamilton Johnson, '93, of the firm of Kirkpatrick & Johnson, civil and mechanical engineers, Jackson, Miss., visited the college during the Christmas vacation.

Mr. W. B. Hathaway, last summer, sent a thrilling account of an organized fight with the cholera in the Phillipines.

Miss Alma G. Halliday is teaching at Osteen.

Miss Fannie Henkel, '02, is spending the winter at home.

Mr. Stuart V. Hooker, who made a fine record in Harvard Medical

College, graduated last year and was appointed to the much-competed for position of third assistant surgeon in the Boston City Hospital.

Mr. Louis A. Lyman is in the civil service in Manila.

Mr. and Mrs. Orville B. MacDonald have moved to Yeomans, Iowa.

Mr. Richard P. Marks recently won a case in which the opposing attorney was one of the leading legal lights of the State. He is a prominent lawyer in Jacksonville.

Mr. Arthur Maxson, of the class of '00, is teaching Mathematics at the Cook Academy, New York.

Mr. John Henry Neville was married to Miss Jessie Blake at Titusville, Pa., December 24, 1902.

Mr. Robert Pollard Oldham, who graduated from Harvard Law School in '01, is practicing law in Seattle, Wash.

Mr. William F. Peters, who has been over a large part of the country since he was in school, is settled in Orlando.

Miss Katherine Slemmons has the music studio in Orlando, beginning this year.

Mr. Wood R. Stewart, '02, is a junior in Andover Theological Seminary.

Miss Myra G. Williams writes of the life at Guanabacoa, Cuba, where she is a private tutor.

Mr. and Mrs. C. Fred Ward have removed to Littleton, N. H.

ELOCUTION AND DRAMATICS.

If in these classes there is a motto, it is *genuineness*—freedom from affectation: if the aim of the work can be condensed into one word, it is *interpretation*.

Expression is a broad, deep theme, holding a three-fold purpose—the complete and symmetrical development of voice, body and mind. In its two departments the psychical always leads, the physical follows, first the thought, then its translation into tone and action. Self-expression admits of no pure gymnastic—no exercises simply mechanical. With all drills of voice or body are associated corresponding mental action. "The ancestor of every action is a thought."

The best results in vocal culture are gained by reading aloud that style of literature which the voice requires; for instance, one voice needs brilliancy—it must be brought forward, or, to speak more plainly, the tongue must be gotten out of the way. It is given light, bright lit-

erature, as "Welcome to Alexandra," "L'Allegro," fairy scenes in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," and also intensely invective literature. Another lacks large, round tones; it demands vocal dignity, and finds it in "Othello's Defense" and "The Instigation Speech of Cassius." Others are not smooth; they acquire legato through "The Lotos-Eaters." Many are deficient in range; such voices take scale work in addition to the study of Orations.

A number have false cadences—make too many sudden jumps. They practice scale work in sentences which hold a large thought. By this method are educated both brain and voice.

The power of mere tone-beauty was tested by Modjeska when she made people cry by repeating the Polish alphabet, and by Edwin Booth when the dinner party wept at the recital of the Lord's Prayer. The quality of a voice has often swayed a multitude and turned the tide of a kingdom when reason counted for naught.

Physical culture gives bodily freedom, strength, graceful attitude and bearing, unity and rhythm of movement and mental concentration.

Grace means more than mere charm of movement; it is "the token of the life within." "The first wealth is health," says Emerson, and the "Psycho-physical culture is a culture," so claimed, "every gymnastic of which tends to develop one of the three essential attributes of physical power and of natural expression, namely, poise or equilibrium, freedom or elasticity, strength or control." The natural development of gesture is in direct opposition to what is called "mechanical" gesturing; namely, certain movements and attitudes at certain set places. Individuality is unrestricted. His own conception of the selection each student is led to express according to his judgment of the principles involved. Thus the student retains animation, spontaneity, simplicity and directness, or regains them if they have been lost through repression. "Man knows himself only as far as he makes himself objective."

Goethe says:

"Be thou but self-possessed,
Thou hast the art of living."

By the analysis of gesture is shown the correspondence between the psychical condition and the physical manifestation. It enables a teacher to ascertain the student's mental attitude. It makes of the student a reader of human nature, helping him to judge from a person's outward expression his habitual inward tendency,—often the specific thought,—only he must have the knowledge whereby to determine whether this attitude proceeds from a physical condition or from a sentiment.

Pantomimic expression is used to train the imagination and to secure the body's sympathetic response. Individual pantomime, character and scenes from classic literature lead to the study of the Shakespearean and Greek plays "The Merchant of Venice" and "As You Like It" are now in process of preparation by the class, for public presentation, the former to be given the middle of April, the latter at Commencement, the last of May. The practical study of the drama is the best, surest and quickest way to get the student out of himself; the "open sesame," it is to the realms of self-possession, objectivity and complex emotion. "The practice of personating the great characters of literature reacts upon the mind of the student and thereby leads him to a higher plane of thought and feeling." A wealth of material is at hand, as the greatest literature is in dramatic form, and tragedy deals with the noblest part of life.

The most apparent need today in the profession of elocution is that of literary interpretation. A godly part of the profession has been aroused by this cry of the hour, and no longer by the initiated is the intelligence of their audience insulted by voice-chasing and bodily gymnastics where the expression of thought is expected. Herein lies the difference between the *old* and *new* elocution, the new being the return to the oratory of the Greeks. Into such ill-repute, through the demonstrations of the *old* elocutionists, has the word "elocution" fallen that many have exiled the term, replacing it with one of attractive dignity, "oratory," or one with broad significance, "expression." An appreciation of the literary and æsthetic value of a selection is the first requisite for good reading, bearing in mind that in the final analysis, literary interpretation is a matter of emotion, imagination—an inspiration.

JULIA B. REED.

MUSIC.

In a home of its own, under its own vine and fig-tree, as it were, the music department has entered upon life this year with a fresh impetus. The acquisition of a music building proves a great blessing to the west side of the campus, and it is most deeply appreciated by those who are farthest from it. And here opportunity offers itself to deny the base accusation originating in Knowles' Hall that each occupant of the music building is engaged in the sole occupation of drowning out his next-door neighbor. It's not true.

The earnest spirit and ability that characterize the department are

gratifying, and its ever-increasing numbers testify to the increasing interest. Our chapel service has broadened musically under President Blackman, who makes of this service a most impressive and helpful beginning for our day. The use of the lofty and dignified old Hebrew canticle—the *Omnia Benedicite*—in the antiphonal form—has added much to the service, and under the direction and inspiration of Dr. Blackman has been sung with commendable spirit.

There have been two vesper services on Sunday afternoons, during the hour of twilight, and the worshipful song of the masters seemed fitting indeed at such a time when all devout Nature joins in praise and prayer, when even the stately pines stand in silent reverence, all their myriad voices hushed. The spiritual uplift of these services made us feel our songs attuned to Nature and a part of God's great harmony.

In his lecture at the first service, Dr. Blackman paid an earnest tribute to the power of music in worship, and the eloquence of the sermons the great composers have left us. An impressive part of the service was the reading of Jacob's vision, each verse being responded to by a verse of "Nearer, My God, to Thee," sung by audience and chorus. The chorus also sang Mendelssohn's "How Lovely Are the Messengers!" and Gounod's *Sanctus* and *Benedictus*, and the *Messiah* solo, "How Beautiful Are the Feet!" was sung by Miss Marsh. At the Christmas vesper the time-honored custom was followed, and Handel's *Messiah* given in part. It was preceded by a brief interpretive lecture by Dr. Blackman. Four choruses of the oratorio were sung, and, considering our limited numbers, were well done. The solo work was taken by Miss Marsh and Dr. and Mrs. Blackman, and the accompaniments played by Miss Rich. The solos were excellently rendered and audience and singers were a mutual inspiration.

The pupils' recital of December 18th was well attended, and was a credit to the department. For the next vesper service, to be held shortly, the chorus is preparing Mendelssohn's forty-second Psalm, "As the Heart Pants."

The presence of Dr. and Mrs. Blackman is of inestimable value to the music department, for with their broad musical knowledge, their ability and their enthusiasm, they are an unfailing inspiration.





SOCIAL EVENTS.

"Society is a strong solution of Books."

At the beginning of the semester, the "tea," given by Miss Lamson to the new girls in Cloverleaf was a pleasant welcome. The Faculty Reception attended by both College and townsfolk seemed to be thoroughly enjoyed by all, and Hallowe'en was the occasion of festivities in which a large company shared. Various entertainments have enlivened the social evenings, while several afternoon "teas" have been in harmony with the home atmosphere of Cloverleaf.

The hospitality of Doctor and Mrs. Blackman adds greatly to the social life of the College, and we are indebted to them for the most distinguished of our social events. A Florida moonlight evening has a wonderful beauty, and the scene as we approached the President's house on one of these evenings was enchanting. Japanese lanterns illumined the verandas and the spacious grounds sloping to the lake, and also the launches that were waiting near the shore for boat loving guests. With in doors, music and readings were a part of the charming entertainment.

The annual Convention of Florida State Teachers was held in Orlando during the Xmas recess. There were many able and instructive addresses on the program, and one of the most scholarly was that of President Blackman on Child Study. On Thursday afternoon, between two and three hundred of these teachers visited Rollins, and after viewing the buildings and campus they were invited to the President's home where they were cordially received, and offered light refreshments. They expressed much appreciation of the beauty of our surroundings and of the hospitality of Dr. and Mrs. Blackman, and departed evidently well pleased with their brief visit.

On December 30th, "A Bachelor's Banquet," a farce by Humfrey, was very pleasingly presented by Misses Ballenger, Drennen and Rix, and Messrs. Blackman, Edes and Hamor, they having been chosen by the Dramatic Club as the truest interpreters of the play.

The after-piece was, "How the Old Maids of Pleasant Valley held a Convention to Exterminate man," put on by thirty-three young ladies, members of the Dramatic Club—Miss Florence Robinson acting as chairman of the convention. The success of these presentations was evidence of Miss Reed's excellent work.

LOCALS.

The opening of the school year was marked by as large an attendance as any for years.

Golf still holds its popularity with the College students, and out of school hours there may be seen many beginners having a bad time with the provoking balls.

For some of our "strong men" who are playing golf, it is advised that the manufacturers put steel handles in their clubs.

The little fleet of six-oared boats adds a great deal to the pleasure of our students. A race between crews representing the cottages would be interesting.

Free instruction in dancing, down town, has been an attraction to some of the young men during the past fall.

Many on the campus have become familiar with a weird, shrill whistle which is heard any dark night after 9:30.

Love's kindergarten department has a hold among us,—Youthful "Bones," leader.

We hope to meet Sanford on the baseball diamond again, with the same result as to score, but not in some other respects.

Any one wishing to obtain refrigerators, apply to some occupant of Cloverleaf on a cold day.

We have noticed that some of the baseball team, coming in exhausted from a run and scarcely able to locomote, suddenly revive upon going under the shower spray, letting forth such lusty yells as would do credit to a band of Indians. Any one cast down in spirits should try its reviving properties.

For latest styles in gents' wear, go to D. & R.

The terror of waiters is the training table. Any one undertaking to keep the boys supplied must have strenuous training himself.

It is hoped that Mr. B. will not get into so close contact with nitric acid again as to lose any more clothes.

Early to bed and late to rise,
Makes me fat and of a good size.—Merrill.

Mr. F. M. Scott has very kindly had a wire screen put before the grand stand. He has the hearty thanks of all the students for thus interrupting some very probable and discommoding coincidences.

INTERVIEW WITH GEORGE EDWARD "RUBE" WADDELL.

CHAMPION PITCHER OF THE UNITED STATES.

"I was born in Bradford, McKane County, Pa., October 13, 1876."

"I first started to play base-ball when a little fellow on the school grounds, where I caught."

"I played till 1897 on amateur teams."

"On August 23rd, 1897, I went to the Louisville National League as pitcher, where I finished the season."

"In 1898 I was with Detroit."

"In 1899 I went back to Louisville and from there, in the spring of 1900, went to Pittsburg, as Pittsburg bought the Louisville club, and I was transferred to Pittsburg as one of the six chosen men."

"I played the season of 1900 with the Pittsburg club."

"In 1901 I was sold to Chicago."

"In the fall of 1901 I went to California with the All American Baseball Club as one of her star pitchers."

—"From California I went to the Philadelphia Athletics, whose club under my pitching became the champion club of the American League.

"I had thus the honor of being the champion pitcher of the American League."

"I hold all the records of both Leagues."

"In 1899 when Louisville got me back from Detroit, I broke the strike-out record in the National League, striking out 14 men in 8 innings on a Chicago diamond."

"In 1900 I won a 17 inning game 1-0, and lost a 14 inning game 1-0."

"This 17 inning game was the longest game played in 1900."

"In 1900 when Pittsburg loaned me to Milwaukee, I pitched 22 innings one afternoon."

"In 1902 I won the Championship for the Philadelphia Athletic Club, making me champion pitcher of the American League, winning 24 out of 31 games, and tying another."

"I had 193 strike-outs in 32 games."

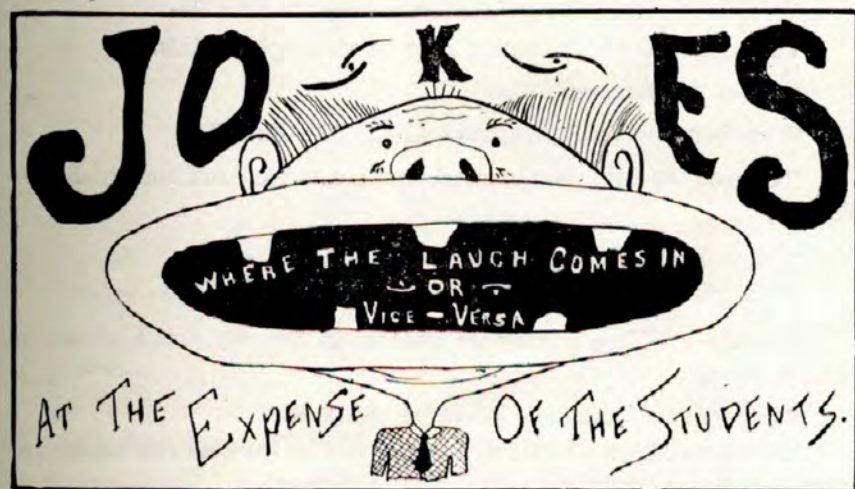
"My pitching average for 1902 was 774, Si Young of Boston being second with an average of 744, giving me a lead of 30 points."

"I will play the season of 1903 with the Philadelphia Athletics."

"I am now ready to face any pitcher in the United States, and I am at present attending school at Rollins College, and coaching the base-ball club."

(Signed)

G. E. WADDELL.



Alas! alack! O, rue the day!

That brought us this affliction,

That causes us to tear and cuss,

Unequaled in all fiction!

Is there no help? Is there no way

For us to escape this being,

Who acts like it was here to stay,

And in our ears keep dinging

The never-ending cry:

"I am the smartest thing on earth,

And quite unequalled by

Any living mortal on the terra firma found,

And you'ns just ain't in it—
 So give me all the ground! ”
 We hate to hurt your feelings,
 But it's a case of push, you see,
 So please do take the hint, and forever, ever be
 Just a little more subdued,
 And we'll think lots more of thee!

PROF. B.—“ Mr. P., give an illustration of a phenomenon.”

P.—“ Well, the train was on time today.”

A complete and up-to-date collection of phonograph records, number varying somewhere between five and six.—Hills.

EDE'S LAUNDRY BILL.—“ Please pay boy; the month is up E weeks.”

Youth and white paper take any impression.—Leach.

His serious songs bespeak a pensive soul.—Thornton.

Talk about blowing yourself for a phonograph.—Hills.

Ever at thy side.—George.

What is meant by “ prospective home ”?—Burrell.

“ One of the few, the immortal names that were not born to die.”—Sand-Spur.

“ How do you rate at Rollins?”

“ Oh, First-rate, of course.”

MISS B.—“ We generally see meteors in the sky, but I saw one in the twinkling of an eye.”

“ Did you see that Ray, Beyer?”—Miss B.

Would that I were a camel, that I might lie down on the installment plan!—Hills.

“ Hear that clap of thunder?”

“ Oh, that's just Leach smiling!”

B.—Come; let's go to the Bugology class.

MISS R.—“ The beautiful language of the ancient Romans doth mightily please me.”

M.—“ Great Scott! did you say? Don't use that name with such evity.”

L.—“ Noble looks as if he were running for a doctor.”

H.—“ He hears Edes playing 'Floradora.'”

"The wind bloweth where it listeth ;"
But the hat lighteth not where it falleth.

For triangles with arms embracing 195 degrees, apply to Sam Stiggins, expert trigonometrician.

PROF. BURRELL (in physical examination).—"Mr. Schuyler, have you a good grip?"

S.—"No, sir ; but I have a dandy suit-case."
(Intended for a joke on Mr. Schuyler.)

WANTED.—To instruct especially advanced students in geography under the Flat System.—Buttram.

The Scottish Chiefs—Dunham, Thornton and Martinez.

H. (in Geometry).—"3 and 5 are 7."

PROF. E.—"Why, Mr. H., what are you thinking of?"

H.—"Excuse me, Professor, but you must remember I am not a second Isaac Newton."

WANTED.—A chaperon who can speak English only.—Miss S.

Boats bailed out to order.—Misses O'Neal and Bumby.

He dips his fingers into his mouth,
At least so I've been tole ;
But let's excuse this erring youth,
For he has no finger-bowl.—R. D.

"O, Dea certe!"—Miss E. M.

Analytical disintegration of jokes, by Miss Cheney.

PRESIDENT EDES (in debating society).—"The nose has it."

As across the walk I walk,
How the boys begin to talk,
And I can most plainly see
That their talk is all of me,
As across the walk I walk.—Cloverleaf.

S.—"Professor E., you are setting us a bad example." (Algebra.)

His wit ever flowed like a mighty tide of ditch water.—Pink.

Will Miss H. please sleep out before going to the Economic class!

Brevity may be the soul of wit, but it can't apply to my shoes.—M.

The "rooters" at a ball game are suggestive of a pretty remark by Æsop: "The fly sat upon the axle-tree of a chariot wheel and said: "What a dust do I raise!"

GRAND SAMIO COMEDY,
(IN THREE ACTS, BASED ON MACBETH.)

First Sam (N).....	"Hail!"	
Second Sam (E).....	"Hail!"	
Third Sam (S).....	"Hail!"	
Three Sams.....	"Hail!"	(Exeunt.)

Spectatores si vobis placet jam plausum date.

Nominations seconded to order by A. S. M.

The boy stood on the burning deck—
But who could blame him, please?
The price of coal, it rose so high
'Twas either this or freeze.

Dactylic gymnastics and digital acrobatics.—Miss F. R.

We are not a fraternity, but we want you to think so.—Phi Delta.

In early life I sometimes rose
Before the rising of the crows;
But now in school I plainly see
That early rising's not for me.
For I deeply Morpheus love,
And I keep the covers well above,
While the slumber, sweet, profound,
Holds me till a ringing sound
Makes me from my bed to bound.

What does George do when he meets with the inevitable?
Well, Phillips Brooks!

Wonder if Edes is President of the Debating Society for revenue only?

"I count my time by the times that I meet thee."—F. B.

"Like the blowing of the wind,
Or the flowing of the stream,
Is the music of my mind."—Deak.

"Perhaps 'twas boyish love, yet still
To feel once more that fresh, wild thrill
I'd give,—but who can live youth over?"—V. M. R.

LAWTON.—"At whose sight all the stars hide their diminished heads."

MISS BALLENGER.—"Whatever any one does or says, I must be good."

BUTTRAM.—"It is a great plague to be too handsome a man."

MISS PAUL.—"To be slow in words is a woman's only virtue."

HILSON.—“Night after night he sat up and bleared his eyes with books.”

Why is a man who has just lost his wife worse than a drunkard? Because the drunkard is full, but the man is mournful.

PROF. KENDALL (dictating to his class in Greek composition).—“Slave, where is thy horse?”

SCHOLAR.—“It’s under my chair, sir; but I wasn’t using it, really.”
Ex.

It is rumored that some time ago Miss Cousens found Bones in her soup.

At the Lakeside-Pinehurst game, Miss H. was heard to say: “Don’t you think Thornton, the pitcher, would make a better catch?”

BOOTH (In Chem).—“Sam, where is our deflaggerating spoon?”

PROF. Kendall wants to know where Ibid rooms.

How the Professors will use their spare time :

Pres. B. will continue to use his knowledge of antiphonal hymnology.

Prof. E. will draw square triangles.

Prof. L. will show the error of “Nihil agens.”

Prof. D. will grin and grow great.

Prof. L. will prove H. an example of abnormal Psychology.

Prof. B. will cultivate facial expression so as to laugh at Deak’s jokes.

Miss R. will invite but not requite affection.

Miss M. will flatten sharps.

Prof. L. will teach his class to say “Trey Bien.”

PROF. Burrell will turn somersaults, and drive young ladies off the tennis court.

Prof. A. will ameliorate the wicked Simons.

Prof. K. will give illustrated lectures on *loquacious loquacity* and *quadruped speakers*.

Prof. Rube will serve athletic mule to his voracious subjects.

Miss R. will teach crows the art of more delicate vocal expression.

Robbie to Thornton—“Why don’t you get a lady of your own?”

The coming Tennis champion.—Leach.

Overheard:—Sadler.—“No, really now, I’m not going with her because, you know, I just can’t rush two at the same time.”

Hadley.—“I dont care for any one of them.” (the girls).

Farmer.—“Indeed, one must eat to keep from dying.”

Hernandes.—“Is it not a terrible thing to be so in love?”

Miss S.—“And where did you acquire such large words?”

Berkeley B.—“You should read Stalky & Co.”

PROF. B.—“Miss B., how would you compare the sun and moon as to size?”

MISS B.—“The earth is forty-nine times as large as the moon, the sun is two thousand times as large as the earth, therefore the sun is more than twice as large as the moon.”

Freshy.—“Say, what do those red and black sweaters with the funny looking things on the front stand for?”

“Oh those show who’s who ‘round here.

The Phi Delta is a society by that name and is Greek for *We’re it!*”

Why will the young ladies of Cloverleaf persist in falling down stairs when they know there is no one at the foot?

ROBBIO-TRAGEDY.

Dramatis personæ: Kendall and Robbie.

SCENE: Back stair of Lakeside and road toward Cloverleaf.

MAIN ACTION: Robbie with Kendall in pursuit.

CLIMAX: Startling of tree by sudden appearance and violent perturbation caused by hasty approach of Robby,—Discovery of astronomical phenomena.

FINALE: Arrival of Sam with medicated restorative for epidemic brevity.

(Tragedians exeunt.)

Hills to Prof. (in German).—“Please go away and let me sleep.”

If it takes Miss Drennen 22 strokes to make the Lake hole, how long did it take Noah to coax the elephant into the ark?

Prof. Dunham is prepared to teach the art of winning the affection of young ladies by serenading.

Despite the imperative demands of College life, Miss Schopke seems to be having quite a Blissful time.

(At supper when the ice (?) tea was not very cold:)

Miss R.—“My, I wonder what is wrong with the ice tea?”

Mr. J.—“I suppose, or maybe, it has been warmed over.”

What is cute?—Ask Miss D.

Light-headed boys, like feathers, are often on a lark.—Lake-side.

The Mercerian is among the best exchanges received this year. Its contributors give evidence of a certain maturity of mental development rarely found in College magazines.

"You can't do that again," said the pig, as the boy cut off his tail.—Exchange.

An elocutionist, indeed, was she,
But when they asked her to recite,
She sadly shook her head and said:
"The welkin shall not ring tonight."

THE POET'S SOLILOQUY.

You can purchase pen and paper,
You can dabble in the ink,
You can lead your brain to water,
But you cannot make it think.

—Tenn. Univ. Mag.

"I fear," said the postage stamp on the student's letter to his father, I fear I am not sticking to facts."—Ex.

Kiss is a noun, and according to a College girl, is both common and proper.—Ex.

Rule in Physics:—The department of a pupil varies directly as the square of the distance from the teacher's desk.—Ex.

Why was Noah the best broker of ancient times? He could float more stock than any other man.—Ex.

Thornton—"Say Hadley, Miss S. smiled at me today."

Hadley—"Yes, she was too polite to laugh out loud."—Ex.

I.

I shot a golf ball into the air;
It fell to the earth, I knew not where;
For so swiftly it flew, the sight
Could not follow in the flight.

II.

I breathed a curse into the air;
It fell to the earth, I knew not where;
For who has sight so keen that he durst
Follow the flight of a curse.

III.

Long, long afterward, in an oak
I found the golf ball still unbroke;
And the curse, from beginning to end,
I found again in the mouth of a friend.

“ There are gains for all our losses,
 There are joys for all our pain ;
 But when youth, the dream, departs,
 It takes something from our hearts,
 And it never comes again.”—Miss L. F.

EXCHANGES.

We feel honored by receiving a copy of the Monroe College Monthly. The productions “Education” and “College Enthusiasm” are especially fine. The magazine, as a whole, is a noble representative of a glowing, spirited and enthusiastic Christian College. It is a brilliant spark for the mighty forge of education.

“Character is the centrality, the impossibility of being displaced or overset.”—Emerson.

A copy of “Old Hughes” from the Hughes High School, of Cincinnati, Ohio, has been handed us by one of her former students. It is very spicy and interesting.

Some students think it necessary to be behind in their lessons in order to pursue their studies.—Ex.

“That motion is out of order,” said B. as he saw P. raising his arm to throw a lump of coal.—Ex.

We don't want to buy your dry goods—
 We don't like you any more ;
 You'll be sorry when you see us
 Going to some other store.
 You can't sell us any sweaters,
 Four-in-hand, or other fad ;
 We don't want to trade at your store,
 If you won't give us your ad.

