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Jeanette Schadt's name was inadvertently omitted from the list of Editors. She was the very able Art Editor.

A Prayer.

The day returns and brings us the petty round of irritating concerns and duties. Help us to play the man; help us to perform them with laughter and kind faces; let cheerfulness abound with industry. Give us to go blithely on our business all this day; bring us to our resting beds weary and content and undishonored, and grant us in the end, the gift of sleep.
Amen.

—*Robert Louis Stevenson.*

THE SAND-SPUR

THE CALL OF THE EAST.



“SORRY, my man, but we require active, able-bodied men here. Your leg unfits you for hard work, and our physician says the climate would kill you. Good bye.” and the manager turned away.

Phelan limped slowly out of the office, dully conscious of a hurt feeling inside. He had been refused again. Eight months before he had been honorably dismissed from the King's service in India because of his wounded leg and the weakness which had developed with the injury. For the first few weeks how glad he was to be free. No more drills and campaigns, no more marching and recruiting. Only rest until he could find a job. Even London seemed bright. But work was hard to find. His education was small and his wound had left him weak. The fog and stench of the great city worried him. He had no relatives and no friends except his comrades in India, and the crowded streets appalled him. In the great streams of people he knew no one—cared for no one—and the thought hurt.

He tried to find employment which would take him back to India; the cold and chill of the city hurt his leg. But always the place he sought had been filled or he was not qualified to take it. So it had been time and again, so it was now, so it would always be, he thought bitterly.

So he drifted aimlessly along the streets until suddenly he noticed a parcel in the gutter. He stooped, picked it up and unwrapped it. It was a book, and without glancing at its title he put it under his coat. To find its owner was hopeless, he knew, and he might sell it. Funds were getting low. So he made his way to his lodging place, one room of a tiny boarding house on the outskirts of the city.

It seemed to him that there were more people than usual on the streets, and he looked hesitatingly at the faces, hoping to see a smile or perhaps—if it were not too much to hope for, to receive a word. It made no difference whether kind or harsh. To know that someone else in the crowd knew that he was alive. But he looked in vain. All the faces were set, all the eyes were strained and watchful and unseeing. He reached the steps of his house, tried to climb them, slipped and fell. Several of the passers-by laughed. One was a woman, and as he noted it, Phelan's face became a dull red. He picked himself up without a word and went up to his room.

Then, sitting in his one chair, he proceeded to examine the book. It was poetry, by Kipling, and Phelan idly turned the pages, stopping now and again to spell out a line or two. Then of a sudden he stopped. It was India, his India, about which this man was writing. Slowly and painfully he read the verses through. Then he read them aloud so as to get the sense better. Slowly, painfully, until;

“If you've 'eard the East a callin', you won't never 'eed nought else.”

Then slowly he repeated the lines of the verse as the thought made its way into his tired brain.

“But that's all shove be'ind me, long ago and far away
And there aint no busses runnin' from the Bank to Mandalay
An' I'm learning 'ere in London, wot the ten year soldier tells,
If you've 'eard the East a callin, you won't never 'eed nought else.”

He paused in wonder. How could this man know? It was his feeling, his soul, he had never put it into words, he had hardly understood it before. But now he understood. And he read on:

“I'm sick o' wastin' leather on these gritty pavin' stones
And the blarsted Henglish drizzle wakes the fever in my bones.”

and so on to the end. When it was done he sat motionless, thinking. His eyes were looking out of the window at the blank wall of the building which fronted on the next street, but what he saw was India. The chill laden breath of the city had changed to the sultry breeze of India and before him lay the bazaars and his ears rang with the shrill cries of the salesmen. So he sat,

enchanted by the poet's wand. At last he sighed, shook himself as though to shake off the dream, and laid the book reverently upon the table. That night he slept with it beside him and so for many nights after.

Meanwhile his small hoard of money became smaller and smaller. He began to eat less that he might still keep his sleeping place. The world seemed harsher, the stream of faces more stern each day. Laughter, once his delight, became distasteful to him. He did not know why, did not know that unconsciously he contrasted the laughter with his own dreariness and became more and more dreary thereby. He had almost given up looking for work. It made but little difference—now. He felt that his interest in life was small, that his time of life was drawing to a close. Sometimes he wondered dully where he would be buried. And the faces hurt him. He had not spoken a dozen words that week, and then only to purchase his scanty food supply. At his lodgings he had a pass key.

One night he came home earlier than usual. He felt tired—body and soul. He had not eaten that day, he felt no desire for food. As he opened the door a burst of laughter greeted him. The hall was filled with a crowd of revelers making merry for some reason, but why, he did not know. He paused a moment, then made his way through them. No one spoke to him, no one seemed to notice him as he passed through the midst of them.

Once in his room Phelan did an unwonted thing. He knelt and prayed; prayed aloud from the depth of his soul. He prayed, "with the faith of a little child," to the God who knew and saw all, the God of Tenderness and Pity. "Dear Lord, let me rest. I guess my life is done. I'm tired of the city and the people who don't care, and I want to rest. There's no one to care for me and no one I can care for. No one would care if I died. And I'm tired." Too exhausted even to undress, he threw himself across his bed with his Kipling clasped close to his breast.

Next morning Phelan did not leave the house as usual, and when they came to see if anything was wrong with him, they found him lying unconscious across his bed. They moved him to the nearest free hospital and placed him in a clean cot and brought a physician to see him. Phelan was muttering something over and over and the doctor bent to catch the words. "It's the

East that's calling," the sick man was saying. "The East—and I'm coming." The nurse in charge of the ward came forward and touched the doctor on the arm. "We found this under him when we went to get him," she said, "and his finger marked this place." She pointed to those lines of "Mandalay" which had first attracted Phelan to the book. "And he talks about his loneliness. Doctor, he hasn't spoken to a soul for the last eight months, except on business. Do you think he may be crazy?" The doctor shook his head. "There's nothing the matter with him that I can see except lack of food. But the man is dying. He was without friends here, you say? perhaps it's just as well—for him." And the doctor passed to another ward. The nurse looked after him for a moment, then turned and resumed her work.

Phelan lay still in his cot, except for his moving lips. All that day he lay and all the next, silent for the most part, but now and again seeming to try to speak. So weak was he that he could make no sound. But when the nurse went to look at him the third morning, she found him lying still and silent as before, but with a smile upon his lips as one "who has done his work, and held his peace, and had no fear to die." Quietly and painlessly, in the gray dawn of the early morning, he had slipped away into eternity. He had answered the Call of the East. L. G. N.

WILLIAM COWPER.

IN order to make a criticism of Cowper's works it is necessary to study his life. The character of his work is so intertwined with his own sad and unhappy life and his writing so influenced by his mental attitude toward his environment, that we cannot separate the two. It is said that Cowper's poems are almost as much connected with his personal circumstances as his letters, and his letters are as purely autobiographical as letters can be. If all information of his life had perished except that contained in his poems we would still know the personality of their author.

In Cowper's work we find a characteristic supposed to be one of more recent writings; one that marks an advancement in the romantic movement in literature, and that is the one of subjectivity. We find his peculiar views of religion, his friends, his

ailings, his musings, his daily life all portrayed in his poems. "The Task," in which all of the best qualities of his genius is found, is a poem entirely about himself.

Cowper cannot be said to be in the first rank of English poets, but he is certainly one of the most interesting authors. All through his life he was on the brink of insanity and resorted to literature in order to prevent his mind from preying on itself.

Cowper, together with Burns and Gray, marks a turning point in English literature. Never, perhaps, in England had poetry been at so low an ebb. Since the brilliancy of Pope there had been no one worthy of mention. But Cowper's influence has been extensive and lasting. He left the classic form of poetry and brought back to it naturalness and simplicity. He talks rather than sings. His blank verse makes no pretensions to majesty.

Detail was his forte and quietness his element. We find him describing events which no one else would have thought worth describing. Olney, the quaint, old town where he lived, we might think indescribable, but we seem to have lived there, through his poems. His verse is a transparent medium through which one looks into a gentle and most lovable human spirit, and one comes to know him as thoroughly as if one had lived in the same house with him for years. We think of his verse as the conversation of a beloved and gifted companion.

He brought poetry back to nature and filled his poems with the delineation of domestic and rural life. The delineation of Cowper is a simple delineation, however. He makes a sketch of the object before him, and there he leaves it. To Cowper nature is simply a background for human tasks and human pastimes. He is contrasted with Wordsworth, the great interpreter of nature, in that nature to Wordsworth is a religion. Nature to him was a special revelation and after years of deep thought and long introspection we see nature reflected by him. Wordsworth described feelings produced by nature, but Cowper evidently had none. Cowper found great pleasure in watching the common aspects of outward things and we might say of him in Wordsworth's own words:

"A primrose by the river's brim,
A yellow primrose was to him
And it was nothing more."

Cowper chooses from subjects such homely things as the post-

boy, the knitting needles, the wagon and the pretty detail of quiet life. A quotation from "The Task" shows his simplicity and love of quiet scenes,

"Home born happiness,
Fireside enjoyments, intimate delights,
And all the comforts that the lowly roof
Of undisturbed retirement, and the hours
Of long uninterrupted evenings know."

The incident connected with the writing of "The Task" is an interesting one. In the town of Olney, across the street from Cowper were living two ladies, one of whom was Lady Austen—a very energetic, vivacious, amusing and rather handsome lady of the world. From Cowper's own description we find him being entertained each morning in her home. She suggested to him one day the composition of a new poem in blank verse. He asked her to suggest a subject and she said, "Well, write upon that sofa," and this he took as the title of the first book of "The Task."

"John Gilpin" was also inspired by this same "muse" as he called her. She recounted to Cowper one day the story of John Gilpin, as one which she had heard in childhood, and in a short time the poet sent to her the ballad. It was written, he says, in order to relieve a fit of terrible and uncommon despondency.

William Cowper was born on the 26th of November, 1731, at Berkhamstead, and died on the 25th of April, 1800. The peculiarity of his life is its division into marked periods. From his birth to his first illness he may be said to have lived in one world, and for some twenty years afterward, in a wholly distinct one. The latter years of his life were spent in hopeless despondency. His mother died when he was but a child, and his only recollections of her were rather an abstract idea of what a mother should be. He wrote to her memory one of the most affecting tributes that ever came from the heart of a son.

Cowper seems to have had a double nature. Side by side with his morbid and melancholy humor, we find an easy nature, satisfied with the world as he found it.

In his collection of Olney hymns are "God moves in a mysterious way," "There is a fountain filled with blood" and "O for a closer walk with God," all written in a language of a personal experience, a painful record, only too real.

An appropriate conclusion to a life of Cowper is a quotation from Mrs. Browning's "Cowper's Grave."

"And now, what time ye all may read through dimming tears his story,
How discord on the music fell, and darkness on the glory,
And how, when one by one sweetsounds and wandering lights departed,
He bore no less a loving face because so broken-hearted."

M. O. N.

AN ORIGINAL.

Does a *perpendicular* stand on its *foot*?
And when is a straight line *base*?
Is it worse to be a *plane figure*
Or a draft with a very plain *face*?

If $a=2$, and $b=3$
The \sqrt{ab} is *ab-surd*;
And if that is wrong, is it *radically* wrong?
Or is it just wrong by a word?

Can you get an *irrational* answer
If you work in a *rational* way?
If your teeth all had *imaginary roots*,
I wonder if they would D K?

If you halve a line, and halve it again,
Oh which is the better half?
If a *curve* is queer in its turns and twists,
Is it then a "funny-graph?"

If you spend \$5 and haven't a dime,
It means that you're *minus sense*:
If *extremes* are *mean* and *means* are *extreme*,
Oh, what of the *consequents*!

M. A. C.

A VISIT TO PIKE'S PEAK AND THE GARDEN OF THE GODS.

THE end of many a trip, and the special object of many a stop-over of travelers in the middle west, are Pike's Peak and the Garden of the Gods. A two days' stay at Colorado Springs on returning from Seattle last summer gave me an opportunity of seeing these two most prominent enviroing attractions of this Saratoga of the Rockies.

The ascending of Pike's Peak first occupied my attention. In 1806 Major Zebulon Pike, at the head of a small exploring party of United States soldiers, after a fatiguing ten days' march, from the time that he sighted the mountain until he reached its base, made a vigorous attempt to go to the top, but after much exhausting effort failed to do so, and thereupon declared, with the forceful emphasis of the daring soldier that he was, that no human being could climb to the top of this rough and rugged mountain.

But when, in the fifties, Pike's Peak became the center of a great and prolific gold field, the mountain soon had many climbers, and now its pinnacle is easily accessible to the traveling public. Many ambitious pedestrians, women as well as men, go afoot to the top, making the nine mile climb in two or three days—a six year old girl climbed to the top a few months ago; many others go up on burros; the trip, which is arranged for a sunrise view from the top, requiring two days. But the most popular way of making the ascent is by rail, over the Manitou and Pike's Peak Railway—"the Cogwheel Route." I went up by rail.

The cost of going a-foot to the top is the fatiguing exertion required, and many costly stop-overs at the accommodating mountain restaurants and lodging places on the way; burro-riding up costs the rider three dollars, with hot coffee at one and another of the mountain restaurants thrown in; and the round trip by rail costs five dollars, or nearly twenty-eight cents a mile. During the "season," which lasts for about six months, from ten to sixteen carloads of fifty people each ascend the peak daily.

This railroad which was completed in 1880, and cost about a million dollars, is a marvel of engineering skill. The average

grade of the roadbed is 16 per cent., and the greatest grade, that of a stretch two miles long, is 25 per cent. The six locomotives comprising the power equipment, are four cylinder vanclain engines of 300 horse power each, and each carries a steam pressure of 200 pounds. The run to the top is made in an hour and a half.

Some of the interesting objects pointed out by the guide during this ascent are Esbro Falls, Hanging Rock, Minnehaha Falls, Grand View Rock and Mount Garfield. The top, when we reached it, was covered with a dense cloud. This soon cleared away, however, and we had the grand view that can be had only from the Pinnacle of Pike's Peak. From this monument of the continent, this "sentinel which stands in rugged majesty," 60,000 square miles of the earth's surface may be seen. A thousand towering peaks came into view to the west; to the east is seen an immense ocean-like plain and to the north and south an infinite variety of uplifts and mountain vistas.

Those of us who did not have overcoats with us or did not rent them from the car porter, felt it necessary to button our single coats more closely than usual while at the top, and those who felt the chill most keenly warmed themselves for a time by the hot stove in the Summit House. The date was the middle of August.

The hour interval between the times of our arriving and departing was spent mainly in seeing distant sights, the farthest ones fully 150 miles away, clambering over the rocks, making snow balls, and collecting geological specimens. The flattened top has an area of about forty acres. A pretty and interesting souvenir of the trip was a bunch of Pike's Peak forget-me-nots gathered near the summit.

The altitude of Pike's Peak as given in unrevised books is 14,147 feet. These figures have for several years been known to be incorrect, and the matter of its exact altitude has been for a long time in dispute. This was determined about a year ago by the U. S. Geological Survey to be 14,109 feet, and a tablet stating this fact has been placed upon the summit. Two other tablets are there, one Masonic and in the shape of a triangle; and the other a memorial to Lieutenant Pike. The average barometer reading at the top is 17 inches, and water boils there at 184 degrees F.

The building of the Rockies was one of the greatest mountain making efforts in geological history. But a comparatively quiet feature of the work is associated with this subject. A great mountain uplift, known as Front Range, rises gradually from the broken plateau spread out to the east of the city of Denver; and is one of the fine views seen from this city. To the south this range is broken into many short ranges and peaks, among which the South Platte flows on to the skirting plains; and just north of the city of Pueblo on the Arkansas the uplift rises suddenly into Pike's Peak. The plateaus and other lower levels are some of the features that remain after centuries of denuding action upon nature's rough-hewn work, but Pike's Peak, armored with enduring granite and other hard rocks, has withstood the wear of the centuries, and stands in bold relief as one of the most enduring geological monuments of the world.

A short walk from the railway station at the base of Pike's Peak brought me to the main entrance to the Garden of the Gods; and a six mile walk in this world famous place gave me a good opportunity of seeing its many rock-worn wonders. Here easily-worn rocks, blown upon vigorously by winds heavily laden with sand for, it may be a thousand centuries, have been shaped into the strange rock-forms that the geologies so interestingly picture. Nature's tremendous sand-blasting here may easily have suggested, as the books tell us they did, the idea of our sand-blast process in making ground glass.

Some of the sand-worn rocks that are known by special names are: Balanced Rock, an irregular mass that would weigh about 500 tons, standing on a very small base; The Buffaloes; Donkeys Kissing; Three Graces; Cathedral Rock; Sentinel Rock; and Lions Guarding the Gateway. The place contains a fine bed of gypsum, of specimens from which souvenir carvers, stationed at one place and another along the road, were making and selling their interesting wares. The Garden of the Gods contains about 8,000 acres, and belongs to private owners. T. R. B.



GROUP FROM CLOVERLEAF

SOMETHING LEARNED IN THE COLLEGE COURSE: THE VALUE OF BEING SYSTEMATIC.

IN this day of wonderful invention, rapid accumulation of wealth, this day of hurrying, pushing, grasping masses and of overworked specialists, it seems to the casual onlooker that everything is done in a day. He sees only the result of the years of careful and painful development. True it is that he may step into a factory and without walking a hundred yards see ragged edged strips of leather made into finished shoes. He may see them made at the rate of a pair a minute, but unless he knows something of the history of shoe factories it is not likely that he will think of more than the ease and speed of production. He will not think of the long years in which the industry has been developing nor will he realize how dependent this speed of production is upon systematic work. A few idlers in one department will slacken the speed of the entire factory. Each worker is a cog in the whole factory wheel. So it is to a more or less degree in all of the modern industries. The wonderful development and efficiency in modern industries has been made possible only by the development of system and by invention; by the development of system in every department and in the whole.

The same is true in the great educational institutions. The whole institution is a great educational system and the efficiency of the whole and of each unit is dependent upon system. System is the fundamental principle upon which the success of the whole depends. It is only by the regular and systematic work of each unit that it is possible for the whole to work harmoniously and successfully. Thus it becomes each student's duty as well as his privilege to attend classes regularly, a cog in the great educational wheel.

The benefit of regular attendance and systematic work to the student himself are two-fold: the present advantages and those of the future. It is natural to find in regular work a satisfaction and a pleasure that is entirely lost if the work is neglected or carelessly done. This state of mind of youthful satisfaction is essential

to the proper growth and development of the student, and anything preventing such a state of mind is detrimental to the interests of the student. He also finds in the commendations of his instructors and fellow students an answer to the happy satisfaction speaking within himself, a reward both from without and from within. Furthermore, the present rewards are not all: instead, the benefits accumulate in interest and compound interest as time goes on. The careful and industrious habits formed are found productive of a further capital of knowledge and strength which also produces interest. Good as well as bad habits grow steadily, and with a little attention, grow rapidly into a wealth of personal worth that is in itself success.

The great difficulty is found in the first small accumulation. It is in the gathering of the first few, from the wide field of habits that the young student needs the aid of the experienced hand to help him in choosing only the good. The young student who is hurried and forced, instead of helped, will in his natural eagerness to accumulate, gather good and bad alike; with the result of a loose life; a life of irregular habits, without systematic work or definite purpose. He will not have a time for each thing nor a thing for each time, but will be drawn into a whirlpool of contending interests where his life will be wasted in a hopeless struggle. He will find it impossible to gather into a harmonious life, habits and interests that lead to different ends. R. S. T.

CHARLES LAMB AS A DRAMATIST.

Charles Lamb, who lived in the last quarter of the eighteenth and the first quarter of the nineteenth century, is better known as an essayist and critic than as a dramatist. His own life was more of a tragedy than any that he ever wrote, but he did not thrust the tragic part of his life upon the public. He was remarkable for his gentle, sweet and lovable disposition. His whole life was a continuous struggle against poverty, sickness and that worst of all diseases, insanity, with which his family was threatened but by valiant fighting, Charles was able to ward it off. He devoted thirty-eight years of his life to his sister and was able

to keep her with him except at times in which the malady seized her and then it became necessary for her to go to an asylum.

Charles Lamb was an ardent admirer and imitator of Shakespeare. To succeed in writing dramas was Lamb's dearest dream; but no high degree of success was ever granted him. He was not satisfied if his friends merely liked a play of his; they were expected to use some stronger term of appreciation. Once, in speaking of a certain scene to a friend he said, "Love me, love that scene."

Lamb is said to have discovered and restored the sixteenth century drama. His own dramas resemble those of the sixteenth century more than those of either earlier or later periods. He awakened an interest in the Elizabethan drama by publishing "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets Contemporary with Shakespeare."

Charles Lamb's dramas were among the first of his literary productions. "John Woodville" appeared in 1799, and "The Witch" was a part of it. "Mr. H—" was written in 1806. "The Wife's Trial" and "The Pawnbroker's Daughter" were not published until 1828 and 1830 respectively, but they were written several years earlier.

"John Woodville," his first play, was written when he was twenty-four years of age. One is forcibly reminded of "As You Like It" in many scenes. He probably unconsciously imitated Shakespeare. Lamb was so imbued with the spirit of his plays and was so impressed by his words and phrases that he reproduced them in his own plays. To illustrate the similarity of incident; one of the chief characters, Sir Walter Woodville, finds it necessary, in order to preserve his own life, to live with one of his sons in Sherwood forest. His dissolute son John, who corresponds to Duke Frederick in "As You Like It," lives at home in wealth and ease. The heroine, Margaret, dons the apparel of a youth and escapes from the ill-treatment of her guardian's household by also fleeing to the forest to be under the protection of her guardian. One could easily imagine Margaret were Rosalind, and the old steward is similar to the gardener in "As You Like It." One feels on reading this drama that Lamb is not portraying characters from Nature or from his own experience of life but from characters

which have been created by authors, especially Shakespeare. This passage from John Woodville beginning,

"Fair death shall be my doom, and foul life his,
Till then, will live as free in this green forest,
As yonder deer, who roam unfearing treason;
Who seem the aboriginies of this place,
Or Sherwood theirs by tenure,"

is similar to Act II, Scene I in "As You Like It," beginning, "Are not these woods more free from peril than the envious count," etc. Lamb observes the classic unities fairly well. The scene merely changes from the mansion of Sir Walter Woodville to Sherwood forest. The space of time which the play covers is short. The characters do not change in age perceptibly. Lamb does not bring in a large number of characters, and carries on no sub-plots. The greater part of the play is written in blank verse but a few prose passages are inserted, which is a loss to the style. There seems to be no distinct purpose or moral to the play. It seems a little unfair to compare Lamb to the greatest dramatist and yet his play seems a sort of reflection of Shakespeare as similar and as imperfect perhaps as a shadow is to a real person. Lamb worked sixteen months on "John Woodville" but it was never presented on the stage. This was fortunate no doubt for the theater-goers of the time were not in sympathy with Lamb in his devotion to and imitation of sixteenth century authors. Some critics of Lamb's own time failed to find any value whatever in his plays. But an author's own contemporaries are hardly ever able to get a right perspective of his works, and are nearly always too severe in their criticism or too lavish in their praise. Later critics have been able to make some very favorable criticism.

"John Woodville" was written under the most trying circumstances, for Lamb and his sister were traveling in search of health and were very much in need of money. "The Witch" was formerly a part of "John Woodville," but was omitted at the time Lamb prepared a second copy for the manager of Drury Lane Theater. "The Witch" is a dramatic sketch of the seventeenth century.

"Mr. H—" is a farce in two acts. It was performed in Drury Lane Theater in 1806 and although it was loudly applauded during the first part the people hissed before it was finished. There was

not plot enough to merit so pretentious a setting. Lamb realized it was a failure as soon as he saw it played and although the manager wished to give it another trial, Lamb would not allow it to be played again.

Two later plays, "The Wife's Trial" and "The Pawnbroker's Daughter," were never accepted by managers. There is a decided improvement however in these plays over the first two. The author shows more knowledge of real life at first hand. The characters are created of flesh and blood and do not seem like mere wax figures saying and doing only what they are told. Lamb shows greater finish and technique. "The Wife's Trial" was based on Mr. Crabb's play, "The Confidant."

"John Woodville" is for the most part written in blank verse with a few prose passages. "Mr. H—" is written wholly in prose. "The Wife's Trial" is written in blank verse and "The Pawnbroker's Daughter" is written in prose.

Lamb is fond of making plays on words, especially in "Mr. H—." Old forms such as hast, wilt, etc., are much to his liking. His sense of humor is sympathetic as well as keen and delicate. Lamb is entirely devoid of affectation or conceit. He was not in sympathy with the spirit of revolt which was so strong in both Byron and Shelley. Among Lamb's prologues, the one to "Mr. H—" is considered the best. Among the epilogues are those to Goodwin's "Faulkner," and Kenney's "Debtor and Creditor." The prologues and epilogues were not successful. They are unnatural and imitative. He never seems to unite them closely enough to the play to make them a necessary part of it; and the plays are better without them. None of Lamb's plays were ever acted successfully. Macdonald says in his notes, that the main facts we get from a study of Lamb's efforts to write for the stage are, an undoubted incapacity, a lifelong ambition, or at least desire, and a consistent failure. He lacked qualities of mind that are necessary for a dramatist and the gifts which made him an incomparable essayist and critic stood in his way when he approached the stage. M. L. B.

A FRESHMAN'S INTRODUCTION.

MY first day in college is one I'll never forget. How green I was and how strange everything seemed. I remember jumping off the car at the station and starting across the campus, grip in hand, for the dean's office, feeling very much grown up and trying to be impressed with the "college atmosphere," of which I had heard so much. I had proceeded perhaps half way across when I heard some one shout, "Shorten up that stride, fresh," and turned to find half a dozen fellows coming out of a near-by dormitory.

I did as requested. Then they made me turn my coat inside out and put it on, jam my hat down over my ears, and this being completed to their satisfaction, we set off across the campus together, I keeping time to a tune whistled by my captors. And the remarks passed on my appearance! Up to that time I had thought that I cut a pretty good figure. According to them I was dressed like a sport in the styles of a decade past. This was my first experience in the hazing line and, not being inconvenienced or put out by it, I rather enjoyed it. What I couldn't understand was, how they spotted me so quickly as a "fresh." I know now and can pick out a new arrival as easily as anyone. There is something different and unfamiliar in his air, that gives him away at once.

That evening, as I was unpacking in my bedroom in the freshman dormitory, my room-mate doing the same in his, I heard a timid knock on the door. As I started to open it the door was hurled back, I with it, and a regular mob of about fifty sophs crowded into the room. They had seen our light from the street and had quietly assembled in the corridor outside until their leader came.

The leader arriving, we were stood upon a desk and put through a most wonderful course of sprouts. We told our histories and gave our school yells, singly and in competition to see who could do it louder. We played cookoo, one of us under the desk, and the other on top with a pillow with which he had to hit the fellow

below when that unfortunate stuck out his head and bawled "cuckoo." Meanwhile number two on the desk top was touched up with several lengths of rubber hose.

Nothing we did was worth a row of shucks. We learned just what miserable, insignificant, good-for-nothing, unoriginal, know-nothings we were. We scrambled like eggs, broke like waves, rowed races with toothpicks, kissed each other while jumping in the air and did all the conventional stunts. I rather enjoyed it, but it was hard to keep from laughing, and every time one of us laughed he had to "Wipe that smile off, Fresh" on the carpet and begin all over again. My co-sufferer and I tried hard to please, with the result that the crowd soon tired of us, especially when they found that we were not going to give them any trouble; so, after one more race across the floor, each with a penny under his nose, we were told to sing.

Now, my room-mate and I had several little ditties which we thought were rendered in a very creditable manner. We started off with "Smarty," expecting a word of applause at the end. Much to our surprise a fearful yell broke up the performance. After about two words, cries of "Choke 'em," "Hold up there, Fresh," "What rot," "Who taught you to sing" and such like assailed us, as the mob fought to get out of the room. Our song evidently grated on their tender nerves.

When they were all out our bottled-up spirits broke loose and we almost had hysterics. It had been quite an experience to two "mamas' darlings," but it made us feel at home. Already we were on the road to becoming "college men." M. B.

ANGLO SAXON POETRY.

TO understand the beginning of literature in the history of our race it is necessary to understand the times out of which it grew and the people who produced it. At first thought it might seem strange that the beginning of all literature should be in verse—that difficult mode of expression. But a study of the subject makes clear the perfect naturalness of the verse and its origin. Perhaps it will also awaken in us a new admiration for these early ancestors of the great English race and its literature.

The Angles and Saxons, the peoples who gave the name to this poetry belonged to the Teutonic tribes which history first records as inhabiting part of the Danish peninsula and the lower coast regions of Germany bordering on the North Sea. Following the Jutes, they migrated to England in the latter part of the fifth century. They were a virile, war-like race, living much on the stormy northern seas, where they gained their fearless courage and spirit of daring. The rigor of the climate, incessant warfare, and their strenuous out-of-door existence developed a wonderfully sturdy and simply virtuous race. A gloomy fatalism threaded their religion, for they believed that Loki, the spirit of evil, hovering over all like a black shadow, would eventually overcome and devour the very gods. This hopeless religion was the outcome of stern, dreary lives, but it served to develop further their courage, which supported them to the end, bitter as it was to the Saxon.

In their great rough halls, at night after the fighting, or the days' adventures, the Saxon thanes and their men gathered about the loaded tables and when the feasting was over the harp appeared. No doubt some of the thanes were skillful with the instrument and could give their favorite songs or sing of their own great deeds. But the singing was done, most frequently, by a professional—the scop, or gleeman. So it was that these early poems had their origin. Their own stirring war tales or those of their ancestors were the favorite topics at the day's close and the spirit called for music. Then what could be more natural than that a skillful one should sing of these mighty deeds in the rhythmic swing of rude poetry and to their first wild music? The famous deeds of these people, in this way, came to be preserved in their memory in this rough poetic form and the scop or gleeman possessed the richest store.

It follows that a scop would be the first author and the earliest one known is Widsith. His poem is called "The Traveler's Song" and indicates that it was brought from Angleland, on the continent, to England, and probably dates from the fourth century. "Deor's Lament" is a contemporary poem, rather melancholy in tone, telling the story of a superceded scop and the end of his lonely, disappointed life. But the greatest Anglo Saxon poem is "Beowulf," named for its hero. It was probably composed by the scops who

added to it as it was sung from year to year. Finally, about the eighth century, it was edited by some monks who arranged it to suit themselves and left it in its present form of 3,000 lines. The story is a stirring tale of adventure and the pictures of the feast in the great halls, the clink of armor, and the flash of weapons, the brave advance upon the horrible swamp monster, are vividly described.

The year 597 marks a new era in the history of this race. By the end of the year Augustine had converted 10,000 Saxons to the Christian religion. The thought of the people developed in the new channel and the poetry which directly follows this date was purely religious in tone. Men and women devoted their lives to the study of the Bible. Monasteries were established and filled with religious men who studied, translated and paraphrased parts of the Bible. The glory of combat, war, and victory was not eliminated, but Bible history and the lives of the martyrs furnished the literary material for this period. The fatalism of the pagan gave place to the faith and hope of the Christian, which in time made its impress upon the character, first of the people and then of their literature.

Caedmon, the first author of this period, was inspired by a vision which bade him sing of the beginning of created things. His most valued work is a paraphrase of Genesis and Exodus, which is full of the spirit of the victorious Teutonic race.

The second and last poet of this age, known to us, is Cynewulf, born about 750 A. D. Unlike Caedmon, he was a gentleman, a scholar and a traveler. His four most prominent works are "Elene," "The Christ," "Juliana" and "The Fates of the Apostles." Cynewulf delighted in scenes of action, rigorous sea pictures and lively description and a distinguishing characteristic is his use of runes to weave his name into the text.

The study of Anglo Saxon poetry is comparatively recent, since Beowulf, the greatest of the Saxon poems, was not discovered till 1822, when Dr. Blume, a German professor of law, found the "Vercelli Book," a volume of Anglo Saxon literature, in a monastery at Vercelli, Italy.

The "Exeter Book," containing many valuable manuscripts, was deposited in Exeter Cathedral in 1050 A. D. by Bishop Leofric. In the time of Henry VIII, at the dissolution of the monasteries,

many valuable manuscripts were destroyed or used for book binding. Part of "Waldhere" was discovered as a book binding in 1860. The study of Saxon poetry is steadily increasing in popularity and well repays the time given to it, as anything so vitally connected with the early development of our race cannot fail to do.

E. C. McQ.

THE NEW KNOWLES HALL.

THE new building which will replace Knowles Hall, and which is expected to be ready for use by the beginning of next year, will stand between Cloverleaf Cottage and Lakeside Cottage, facing the Esplanade and Carnegie Hall. It will be similar in style to Carnegie Hall and will be built of the same materials, white sand lime brick with red tile roof. It will be about one-third larger than Carnegie Hall. It will contain on the ground floor an office for the professor of Natural Science, five recitation and lecture rooms, two chemical laboratories, and three rooms for apparatus, etc. In the basement, though almost entirely above ground, will be the large physical laboratory and apparatus rooms, besides store rooms, the furnace and fuel rooms.

The second floor will be devoted ultimately to a Museum of Natural History and to a biological and bacteriological laboratory, with the work rooms and store rooms properly belonging to these; temporarily this floor will be used as an auditorium and for the accommodation of the business school.

The lecture rooms and laboratories will be equipped with all the necessary apparatus for scientific instruction and research—combustion furnaces, analytical balances, burettes, distilling apparatus, crucibles, electrical apparatus, telescopes, microscopes, spectroscopes, stereopticons, maps, charts, anatomical models, skeletons and the like—all of which will be new and of the best quality. One of the lecture rooms will have a sloping floor and apparatus for darkening the windows, so as to permit the use of the stereopticon during the day time. The building will be practically fire-proof and will be heated by steam.

The building will add greatly to the working facilities of the college, and may be expected to arouse a greater enthusiasm for

scientific study on the part of the students than they have felt hitherto.

The money for the new building was contributed chiefly by Mr. Andrew Carnegie. In order to meet the conditions of this gift, President Blackman has recently raised somewhat more than \$25,000 for the permanent endowment fund of the college. Some forty people have contributed to this amount, those who have given \$1,000 or more being Messrs. Comstock, Dommerick, Laughlin, Lyman and Morse, members of the Board of Trustees; the family of Mr. W. W. Cummer, a trustee who recently died; and Mrs. Frederick Billings, of New York; Mr. E. A. Saunders, of South Bend, Ind.; Mr. W. H. Nichols, of New York; Mr. H. A. Wilder, of Boston, and "A Friend." The largest gift was that of Mr. James Laughlin, Jr., of Pittsburgh and Zellwood, amounting to \$5,000. Mr. Laughlin and Mr. Morse were elected members of the Board of Trustees at its last annual meeting.

HALLEY'S COMET.

THE appearance of Halley's comet again after an absence of seventy-five years has excited a great deal of interest among all astronomers. A very few are living now who have the rare opportunity of seeing it for the second time.

This comet was first seen in the year 11 B. C., but for many years its motion was not understood and no one thought that it was a periodic visitor returning at fixed intervals. It was the similarity between the great comets reported to have appeared in 1305, 1380, 1456, 1532, 1607 and 1682 which enabled Halley to discover the periodicity.

In 1682 the comet came to us from regions high above the plane of the ecliptic, plunging down toward the sun with amazing velocity. For a time it was lost to the sight, then it could be seen as it emerged from the sun's rays extending to a distance of many million miles.

In ancient and mediaeval times the Greeks and Romans thought the appearance of Halley's comet was a bad omen. It blazed in the sky when the Turks threatened to overrun Europe in 1456, and when the Reformation was at its height in 1531. The Saxons

were struck with terror in 1066 when the battle of Hastings was fought between Harold and William of Normandy. The head was said to look as large as a full moon, while the tail became very large and wonderfully long. But Johann Kepler, a great German astronomer, after laboring for twenty-five years, discovered and proved the laws of planetary motion and laid the foundation of our exact knowledge of the heavens, thus putting an end to this ancient superstition.

Astronomers predict that the comet will be very large and of surpassing beauty. Its brilliancy, however, will depend upon two factors, its distance from the sun and its distance from the earth. On April 20th the comet was nearer the sun, but after that date it will come nearer and nearer to the earth until on May the 18th it will be visible to the naked eye. To observers it will be most brilliant between that date and May the 21st. The tail of the comet is supposed to be about forty-five degrees in length, extending over a space equivalent to half the distance from the horizon to the zenith. It is not probable that the comet will remain visible to the naked eye beyond the first of July, but with the telescope it will be seen till nearly the end of the year. E. B.

THE LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL.

RIGHT after the foot ball season ended last fall, rumors floated about the campus that we were going to have a minstrel show this year. The fellows got together, talked and talked as fellows will, formulated a few plans, and proceeded to carry them out with the result that upon March eighth we gave our first performance in Lyman Gymnasium.

That the show was a success both from a financial point and from one of production is an accepted fact. Jokes, that were jokes, caused much laughter at the expense of the faculty to whom we now almost apologize. Bright, snappy music was given in song and dance to the appreciation of every one. Mrs. Wille Drennen Russell and Walter Drennen very kindly consented to help us and materially strengthened the programme.

On March eleventh the show was given in Orlando where we played to a larger and a more enthusisastic audience. Newspaper

reports credit us with the best amateur performance ever given in their city.

The success of the previous shows caused us to try the town of Sanford, where we played on March eighteenth. Here we were not beamed upon by fortune as our expenses slightly overshadowed the receipts. The lack of loyalty and support in the "Celery City" is accounted for by "The Commercial Club" banquet which unfortunately fell upon the same night as our show. "This ends the Lay of the Minstrel," whose programme in all three places was as follows:

SCENE IN COONTOWN SOCIAL CLUB

Easy Mark	R. A. Barnes
Lazerus	L. B. Fort
Israel	C. Ruch
Pewee	C. A. Noone

Opening Chorus	Rollins Song
Song: "Lyda, Won't You Stop Your Fooling?"	Pewee and Lazerus
"Do Your Duty, Doctor"	Lazerus
"Cubanola Glide"	Pewee
"We'll Wait, Wait, Wait"	Foxy Blackman
"Out On The Deep"	Walter Drennen
"Oh! What I Know About You"	Israel
"How Do You Like Your Oysters?"	Mary Polhemus
"Freshen Up The Label"	Pewee
"Dixie"	Chorus

II.

Pianologue	Wille Drennen Russell
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III.

"Solo"	C Topp
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IV.

SCHOOLROOM SCENE

"Schoolmaster Wiseacre"	R. A. Barnes
"Dominie Pigs"	John La Montagne
"Ezekial Eatapie"	Jesse Heard
"Jimmy Wise"	R. Twitchell
"Willie Buttin"	C. Twitchell
"Piano Forte"	C. A. Noone

Orchestra Selection

V.

CAMP SCENE QUARTETTE

"We've Come Tonight"	Pius, Doc, Bud and Buck
----------------------------	-------------------------

	"The Dinkey Line"	
	"Oh! Lord Jeffery Rollins"	
Solo:	"Moon, Moon, Moon"	Pins
	"Meet Me On The Boardwalk, Dearie"	
	"I Want You"	
Limericks:		Bud
	"Verily I Say Unto You"	
	"We're Going To The Hamburg Show"	
Solo:	"Foolish Questions"	Doc
	"Closing Chorus"	
	Carter and Clark, Electrician and Stage Manager.	

FROM SPANISH LIFE.

A laborer out of work came to the highroad determined to rob the first person he met. This was a man with a wagon. The laborer bade him halt and demanded his money. "Here are thirty dollars, all that I have," the detained man replied. "There is nothing left for me but robbery, my family are dying of hunger," the aggressor said apologetically, and proceeded to put the money in his pocket. But as he did so his mind changed. "Take this, chico," he said, handing back twenty-nine dollars, "one is enough for me." Would you like anything I have in the cart?" asked the wagoner, impressed by this generosity. "Yes," said the man, "take this dollar back, too, I had better have some rice and beans." The wagoner handed over a bag of eatables and then held out five dollars, which, however, the laborer refused. "Take them for luck-money," said the wagoner, "I owe you that." And only so was the would-be robber persuaded to accept.

This authentic story is characteristic of the mixture of impulses in the Spanish temperament. F. A. R.

GREAT SCOTT!

If Ivanhoed the bonny brae,
 And Anthelstanes his tunic new,
 If Friar Tucked the food away,
 Pray what, oh what, did Roderick Dhu?
 —Exchange.

ALMA MATER.

Oh, Rollins! Alma Mater dear!
We love thy quiet halls,
By sweet Virginia's shining mere,
A joy that never palls.

The sunlight sparkles on thy strand,
With ever changing sheen.
The dewdrops deck the verdant land
Like jewels fair, I ween.

But richer far may homage come
From those whom thou dost rear
To win from life its highest prize
In far land or in near.

The years may come, the years may go,
With all their freight of care,
With anxious toil, or bitter woe
Which each young heart must bear.

But often in the breast there rings
The song of happy youth,
Like chords from fairy harper's strings,
To drown our grief and ruth.

Then hail to thee, our Mother dear,
May Fortune bless thee well,
We bid thee reign without a peer,
And all thy praise we'll tell.

E. M. H.

KNOWLES HALL FIRE.

BETWEEN two and three o'clock on the night of December 2nd, the students were aroused by cries of fire that brought them in a rush from the different dormitories to the red mass of flames already enveloping Knowles Hall.

At a glance even the first few who reached the building saw the uselessness of an attempt to save it and turned their efforts to saving whatever property they could carry to safety.

While the bright glare shown upon the accumulation of students, and before any serious work could be done, the fire had leaped from room to room. The building had become a fierce, fiery mass surrounded by the still erect walls.

The two largest hoses had been connected and the two streams of water lost themselves in the dense flames. The heat was so terrific that it soon became evident that Pinehurst was on the verge of catching fire. One could hear the breaking of its windows and see the terrified students throwing their trunks out of the third story windows.

Knowles was left to its fate and the hoses turned on the scorching sides of Pinehurst. Steam rose with a hiss. Some of the boys got out two more hose from inside the building. With one of these a few fellows perched at the gables, kept a constant stream on the roof. The other was used on the smoking porch where the greatest danger was. Even this stream and the heavy one from below scarcely sufficed to keep that part from burning.

The sides of Knowles facing Pinehurst now gave way and fell outward in a burning heap, almost striking those who were managing the hose between the buildings.

It now became a constant, vigilant effort to keep the sides of the dormitory running with water.

For an hour and a half this was done with a tireless college spirit. Every practical suggestion was put into operation with a will. Two or three fellows were ready when one was needed and in fact all were necessary to keep the fire from spreading.

It was with inexpressable thanks that we saw the abating flames of the doomed study hall.

It seems that the first person to see the fire in Knowles was one of the negroes who worked in the dining hall. He yelled and threw bricks at Pinehurst to wake the boys.

Little was saved. The building had caught and burned in a remarkably short time.

In one respect fortune aided us from the fact that there was absolutely no wind. In case only a slight breeze had been blowing from the north, Pinehurst and even Chase Hall would undoubtedly have been lost.

The water system worked perfectly. A high pressure was kept up by the engines with four hose running and broken pipes in the burning building.

It is estimated that the value of Knowles was \$12,000, of which \$7,000 was covered by insurance. This included \$4,000 of laboratory apparatus all of which was destroyed.

It is with a feeling of bereavement that the former students will turn back to the recollections of Knowles Hall but although a loss keenly felt at present it will be replaced to the future students by a beautiful science hall bearing the name of its predecessors.

ECCENTRICITIES OF GENIUS.

Scarcely a day goes by without the discovery of some new eccentricity in men of genius.

Only lately it was learned that Socrates refused to wear suspenders.

Clopatra considered a pince-nez to be an affectation.

Dr. Johnson never recommended pumps, even for young men with water on the brain.

Isaac Watts had an inveterate prejudice against telephones—at least, he never used them.

Charlemagne never stole, borrowed, or lent an umbrella in his life.

Jenny Lind disliked aeroplanes.

Cicero considered watch-fobs to be unlucky omens.

Our own Ben Franklin, in later life, refused resolutely to ride in either a trolley car or a "taxi."—The Pennsylvania Punch Bowl.

THE SAND-SPUR

PUBLISHED BY THE STUDENTS OF ROLLINS COLLEGE

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The Sandspur appears for the ——time. Could anyone be so cruel, so sacriligious, as to laugh at this time-honored formula? There is nothing new under the sun, so let us fill the blank with sixteen and let it go at that.

In the early part of the year the college met with a severe disaster in the destruction of Knowles Hall by fire. The greatest loss was that of Dr. Baker, for not only the science apparatus but much of his personal property and collections representing the work of thirty years were destroyed. Severe as was the shock however, school was not discontinued for a single day.

Already we are looking forward to a new science hall which, when built, will serve for many purposes other than science. This is an event in the history of Rollins for it means greater possibilities, a widened horizon, and the beginning of a new era for our college.

We hope that the athletic life in our Florida colleges will change its requirements to those adopted by the larger colleges, where the amateur alone is allowed to play on the gridiron. A

certain academic standard must be attained and an attendance of one school year at the institution is generally required. If these requirements were adopted by Florida colleges there would be more ambition and loyalty among its student body and a proper place given to its athletics.

At Washington just now and all over the country men are working to preserve the forests. Such work touches vitally our own state. The pine forests of Florida are being rapidly swept away. Worst of all there is no effort made to replace them. The condition of the Chinese Empire points a bitter moral to the tale. Let Florida save her trees.

Since last the Sandspur appeared, two things of world-wide interest have occurred. The north pole, so long and daringly sought, was reached and a flag, our flag, placed above it. Of no practical value, in all likelihood, yet there is still something splendid in the heroism of the explorers that compells our admiration. Whoever found the pole matters little. Surely "there is glory enough for all." Then, too, the conquest of the air, from a mere dream has become a fact. Man has, at length, added the air to his dominion and America may well be proud of her pioneers among the man-birds; Curtis and the Wrights have won international and enduring fame.

Mark Twain is dead. For fifty years he has scattered sunshine over all the world. A man of keen intellect, a friend of all the world, "a fellow of infinite mirth," his death brings with it a sense of personal loss to us all, even to those who have never seen his face. He died as he had lived, gladly, his death being hastened by that of his daughter earlier in the winter. It is hard to judge the dead but surely no man ever lived better loved or more admired. Thus at least we may say the world of letters has lost one of its leaders, the world at large a friend.

May the simple lines he placed over the grave of the "Lovely lady with the dark hair," be his epitaph as well as hers:

 "Warm summer sun, shine kindly here;
 Warm southern wind blow softly here;
 Green sod above, lie light, lie light;
 Good night, dear heart, good night."

NEWS NOTES.

Cupid seems to have been extremely active during the last year and as a result we have several marriages to chronicle.

Early in June we were surprised by the marriage of two of our recent faculty members, Mr. Eric Schjoth Palmer and Miss Helen Katherine O'Neal. The marriage occurred in Cincinnati, Ohio, and the next day they went to Belpre, Ohio, to spend their honeymoon. They are now in New Brunswick, New Jersey, where Professor Palmer has the assistant mathematics professorship in Rutgers' College.

June saw another wedding. On the thirty-first was performed the marriage of Mr. Max Wild and of our recent student Miss Edith Bennett in Avon Park. They now reside in St. Petersburg.

Also in June occurred the marriage of Miss Lillian Wilmott, a former student of Rollins to Mr. Davis Fishback. They are making their home in Jacksonville, Florida.

Late in this popular month, Miss Elizabeth Knox, who attended Rollins a few years ago, and Mr. Fletcher Gray Rush were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony. They are residing in Orlando, Florida.

Two former students of Rollins, Mr. T. W. Lawton, and Miss Lottie Lee, were married early in the summer. They are making Oviedo, Fla., their home.

Dr. Sylvan McElroy, a former student, was married to Miss Dozier, of Ocala, in September. They are residing in Orlando.

Miss Mary Hardaway, of Longwood, was married to Mr. Algee in November and resides in Tampa.

Quite recently has occurred the wedding of another of last year's students, Miss Ruth Jones, and Rev. Chrisholm. Their future home is to be in Orlando.

The marriage of Mr. Walter Bettis and Miss Emma Hudson during the last of November was a surprise to many of their friends. It took place at the home of the bride's aunt in Orlando, Florida, and was attended by a few friends. After the ceremony, Mr. and Mrs. Bettis left for Tampa, their future home.

Quite recently Miss Bessie Kuder, a last year's student, of Ocean Grove, was married to Mr. Paul Camp, of Jonesboro, Georgia, where they are to reside in the future.

We have recently received the announcement of the marriage of Miss Reba Le Tourneau to Mr. Frank Everndon.

Miss Frances Burleigh is enrolled as a freshman in Wellesley College. Her sister Miss Margaret Burleigh, who was graduated from Rollins College, in 1908, is taking special work in the school of music.

Miss Marjorie Blackman, also registered for Wellesley this year but on account of illness was forced to leave and has been in New York since. We hope to see her back soon.

THE IDEAL CO-ED.

The Ideal co-ed is a thing of books,
A creature of brain entirely;
With stooping shoulders and studious looks,
She digs all day and half the night;
People say she is wondrous bright,
But her figure's an awful sight;
Her thoughts are deep in the classic past,
She only thinks of an A. B. at last;
She has fled this world and its masculine charms,
And a refuge found in Minerva's arms.
Now, the kind of co-ed that I describe
Is a co-ed seen very rarely;
The real co-ed's a thing of grace,
With a dainty figure and winsome face;
She walks and rides, and she cuts, Mon Dieu!
But every professor lets her through;
For her each year is a round of joy,
A. B. means nothing if not "A Boy,"
And you and I must yield to her charms,
And take the place of Minerva's arms.

Stanford Quad.

OBITUARY.

On February ninth in the early morning, Mrs. Mabelle Copeland O'Neal, the beloved wife of our treasurer, Mr. W. R. O'Neal, awoke on the other shore. Mrs. O'Neal had been a patient sufferer for many years, yet never thrust her suffering on others, and took a lively interest in all the affairs of the college. She was a lady of unusual mental activity. Our deepest sympathy is with her bereaved family.

Three members of the Board of Trustees have died within the year: S. Mills Ely on May 5, Rev. Sullivan F. Gale, D. D., on July 16, and Mr. Wellington W. Cummer on December 25.

Dr. Gale was a member, together with Dr. E. P. Hooker and F. W. Lyman, of the committee which was appointed by the Congregational Association of Florida at its annual meeting at Orange City in 1885 to take action looking toward the establishment of a college in this State. He was present when the Board of Trustees was organized, April 28, 1885, and he was continuously a member of the same, and for nearly the whole period a member of the Executive Committee, until his death. Rollins College has never had a more devoted friend.

Mr. Wellington W. Cummer was a member of the Board of Trustees since 1904. He was born on a farm near Toronto, Canada, October 21, 1846, and was a resident of Jacksonville some fourteen years. He was a man of large business capacity, of singular strength and sagacity of mind, of comprehensive views, of tireless energy, and of great purity, modesty, gentleness and sympathy of spirit. His interest in the college was keen, and he had a firm faith in its future.

Mr. Ely was a man of somewhat similar sort. A successful merchant, he carried into his business, principles of rigorous probity, of spotless honor, of sympathy and service. Seldom is a city more deeply moved than was Binghamton when Mr. Ely died. He was elected to the Board of Trustees in 1908.

We were sorry to learn of the death of Julian Hutchings, of Eustis, Florida, who attended school at Rollins part of last year but who was compelled to leave on account of illness. His family have our heartfelt sympathy.



The music department at Rollins this season is under the direction of an entirely new staff, Miss Kelley having the piano department, Miss Dyer the violin and Mr. Pope the voice culture. The department is very full, but is being ably handled by those in charge.

A new feature has been the orchestra, organized and admirably directed by Miss Dyer, assisted by Miss Kelley. Thus far only music of a light and popular character has been undertaken, but it is hoped that by next year better and more serious work may be done, and that many public appearances may be made. The members are most enthusiastic and plans have been made for some concerts to be given later in the season. At the close of the first semester the pupils of piano, voice and violin appeared in a joint recital, which was well attended and went off excellently. It was the first public appearance of several of the pupils and they are to be congratulated upon the commendable rendering of the various compositions. Early in the year Mr. Pope organized a Girls' Glee Club, which has attracted a great deal of attention from music lovers. The fresh, young voices of these earnest students are a delight to hear and when ever they have assisted in public work they have been heartily applauded. The chorus organized in connection with the church work is

largely made up of these young women, ably assisted by some of our college men. Miss Jessie Work presides at the organ and the whole is under the direction of Mr. Pope. Miss Annic D. Macfarlane has lent her beautiful voice here and elsewhere, much to the delight of her admiring hearers. A joint recital by the pupils of the School of Music and School of Expression was given on Saturday evening, February 26th, in the Lyman Gymnasium. A large representative audience greeted the young people, every one of whom acquitted themselves admirably. Miss Louise Borland was in excellent voice and sang with a great deal of charm and naïveté. The piano numbers were well done and showed careful study. Young Master Bretos has done splendidly on his violin this year, which is largely due to Miss Dyer's excellent teaching.

The event of the musical season was the Faculty Recital given on Thursday, Jan. 20, in the gymnasium. We quote below the account given by the Times-Union: "The Faculty Recital of the School of Music was one of the most delightful events of the season. A large, enthusiastic audience greeted the artists and showed the highest appreciation for the beautifully rendered program. It opened with the Tansig arrangement of Weber's "Invitation to Dance" faultlessly rendered by Miss Kelley, "Tambourin" of Raff which followed was a delight in its clean, crisp phrasing, beautiful runs, and artistic interpretation. The Octave Etude so technically perfect, particularly charmed the audience and closed the first group. Her other contributions included three of Grieg's delightful, elf-like compositions, "Zug der Zwerge," "Scherzo" and "Elfentanz." The last piano group showed marked musicianship and scholarly interpretation. It included Schumann's "Aufschwung," Chopin's "Second Impromptu" and the Liszt "Concert Etude in D flat." Miss Kelly is a Leschetitzky pupil and possesses a strong and masterly technique; her interpretation is marked by dignity and restraint; she plays with excellent feeling for light and shade and a keen appreciation of tone values. Her rendering of the Grieg movements, at once suggestive and reserved, was especially delightful. Miss Susan Dyer, solo violinist, who was received with enthusiasm, played with taste and feeling "Minuet of Veracini Salut D'amor," Elgar, and "Mazurka," Nlynarski. The last item was heartily encored and

she responded with her own setting of a delightful Irish folksong. Miss Dyer draws a beautiful, round singing tone from her violin, which rings true and makes her playing a delight to the listener.

The tenor voice of Mr. Stanley Pope, at once full and flexible, was heard to advantage in Tour's beautiful song "Mother o' Mine" and a very delightful little song of Foote's, "Sweetheart."

The Schubert numbers of Mr. Pope deserve especial mention. His interpretation of "Frulings Glaube" and "Du bist die Ruh" showed great insight into the German "lied." The group of Löhr's "Songs of the Norseland" was especially pleasing and showed Mr. Pope's clear tenor to great advantage. Miss Christian Merriwether, a pupil of Miss Kelley's, proved herself an efficient accompanist. Altogether we must congratulate Rollins College on possessing so strong a musical faculty and thank it for giving an evening's entertainment which only left one like Oliver Twist of immortal memory, "hungry for more."

A delightful musical evening was given at the home of Dr. and Mrs. Blackman on March 7th.

Mrs. Vera Duss-MacCord was the soprano of the evening and one of the lovely things she sang was Gounod's "Ave Maria" with the violin obligato given by Miss Dyer. The pupils of Miss Kelley gave a Beethoven symphonie arranged for two pianos and Miss Merriwether played the Grieg second piano part with Miss Kelley at first piano in a particularly delightful sonata of Mozart. Miss Dyer and Mr. Pope each contributed beautiful numbers and the Girls' Glee Club gave several attractive selections.

One of the most brilliant musical events of the season was the song recital given by Mrs. Vera Duss-MacCord. She was assisted at the piano by Miss Kelley, while Mr. Pope, the voice instructor at Rollins, and his well-organized chorus contributed several numbers.

On the night of Friday, April 8th, a very excellent little recital was given by the pupils of the Music Department, members of the Men's Glee Club and the Rollins College Orchestra. This orchestra was the particular attraction of the evening and is under the able direction of Miss Dyer, who has spared neither trouble nor time to bring to a high degree of efficiency the material at her command.

The Piano Recital of Miss Mary Christian Merriwether occurred

April 26th. Miss Merriwether completes the prescribed course in the music department this year. Following is her program:

Adagio from Sonata Pathétique.....	}	Beethoven
Rondo from Sonata Op. 26.....		
Prelude and Fugue, D major.....		Bach

Tell Me, Beautiful Maiden.....Gounod
Miss Louise Borland

Impromptu—A flat major.....	}	Chopin
Fantasia—C sharp minor.....		
Blumenstueck—Op. 19.....		Schuman
Galatea, from Erotikon—Op. 44.....		Jeusen
Le Rossignol—Transcription.....		Liszt

Bourrée—Op. Violin Duet.....Bach
Mrs. Frederick Krauss, Miss Elizabeth Merriwether

Concerto—Op. 85, A minor.....Hummel
Orchestral Parts on Second Piano, Miss Kelley

Mr. Pope's classes in Harmony, History and Theory have made rapid strides and covered a great deal of ground. Altogether the music department has done steady, painstaking work, the kind that counts for broader musicianship and appreciation of God's divinest gift to man. There remain several months in which to continue the good work begun, and with the earnest co-operation of teachers and pupils we look for great things in the future in the School of Music at Rollins.

"The Moving Finger writes: and, having writ,
Moves on: nor all thy piety nor wit
Shall lure it back to cancel half a line,
Nor all thy tears wash out a word of it."

—Omar Khayyam.

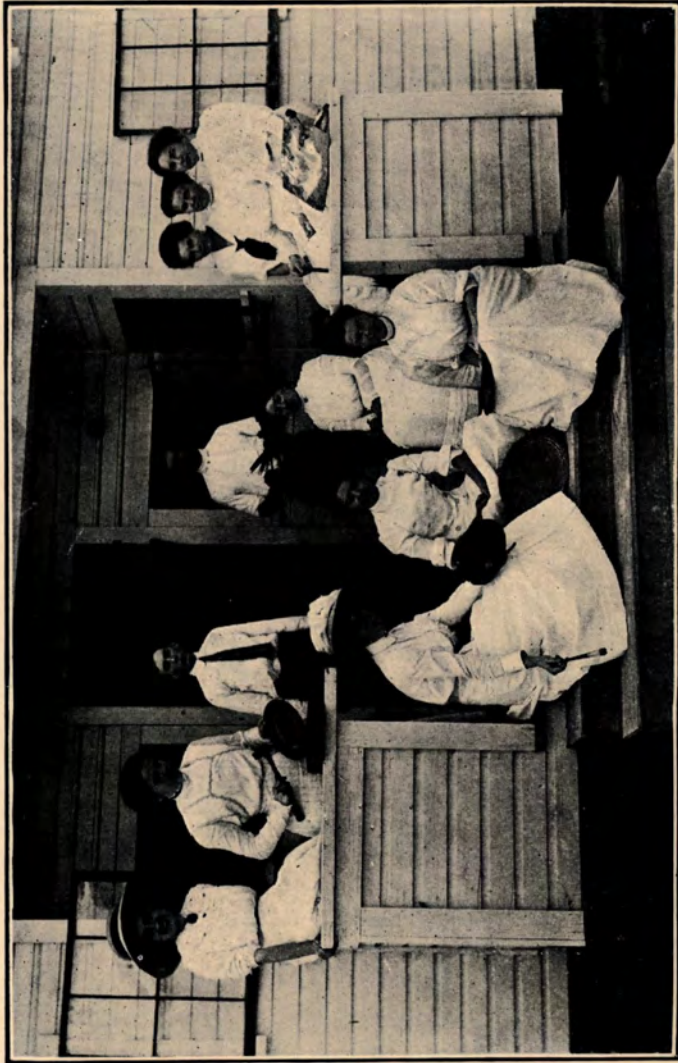


We regret that Miss Ethel Kendall, whose work during the last two years was so highly appreciated and whose attractive personality gained her so many friends, has now left us on account of her impending marriage. Her many well-wishers can but bid her God speed and trust that she will be happy in her new sphere.

Her place has been taken by Miss Catherine Brebner, a fellow-student at the Royal Academy schools and a gold medalist for painting from life.

The Studio, with its interesting display of art work is always open for inspection and on Saturday afternoons Miss Brebner and Miss Merriwether, the able director of the crafts department, are at home to all friends from the college and town and serve tea a l'anglaise.

On Friday, February 25th, from 3 to 6 p. m., an exhibition was given of the work done by the students since October last. The day was cold and stormy but this drawback did not deter a goodly number of visitors from being present. The charcoal drawings, watercolors, oils and pastels were much admired, the work of Miss Kathleen Hill, Miss Mabel Allen, Miss Edith Foley, and Mr. J. Willson being especially commendable. Miss Hill showed a drawing of St. Cecelia carefully and artistically executed, Miss Foley some vigorous charcoal studies, Miss Allen some dainty watercolors and Mr. J. Willson some vivid sketches in oil and pastel while in mechanical drawing Mr. John Harris exhibited



ART STUDIO GROUP

excellent and capable draughtmanship.

Miss Brebner herself was represented by some portrait studies and a number of watercolor sketches of the exquisite scenery around Winter Park.

In the Crafts Department some beautiful work was shown in leather, hammered brass and copper and jewelry, the desk sets, fruit plates, rings, pendants and brooches done by Miss Freda Reed and Miss Nedra Vesable being particularly noteworthy. Many orders were taken for these tempting and attractive articles.

Refreshments were dispensed by Miss Burleigh. A number of the students and their friends rendered charming assistance in providing for the comfort of the guests.

The young artists are to be congratulated on the enthusiasm and industry which make the art work so important a part of the College curriculum and many are now beginning to realize that art and artistic appreciation have no small share in that all-round culture which is the true aim and end of education.

MARK TWAIN'S MAXIMS.

"To be good is to be noble; but to show others how to be good is nobler and no trouble."

"Training is everything. The peach was once a bitter almond; cauliflower is nothing but a cabbage with a college education."

"When angry, count four; when very angry, swear."

"'Classic,' a book which people praise and don't read."

"April 1. This is the day upon which we are reminded of what we are on the other 364."



The pupils of the Schools of Music and Expression gave an excellent recital in the Lyman Gymnasium on Saturday evening, February 26. Miss Ethel Borland and Miss Jennie Bellows gave very delightful and popular numbers, and Miss Annie D. Macfarlane in Scotch dialect is simply delightful. The scenes from the "School for Scandal," given in costume, by Miss Louise La Montagne and Mr. Ira Williams, won hearty applause. No one could blame Sir Peter for his inability to keep his temper with such a provoking Lady Teazle. Her laugh alone, albeit quite musical, was enough to send the elderly gentleman into a towering rage.

The following program was rendered:

Fra Diavolo.....	Auber-Smith
	Kathleen Hill
Cavatine.....	Oscar Schmidt
	Rinaldo Bretos
The Mustard Plaster.....	
Visiting with Willie.....	
	Ethel Borland
Tripping Lightly.....	Marzo
	Girls' Glee Club
Saunders MacGlashan's Courtship.....	Kennedy
	Annie D. Macfarlane.

As *The Sandspur* goes to press, the students are earnestly preparing dramatic and recital work. On April 25, at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Harry Leland Beeman, as a benefit to the Rosalind Club of Orlando, Goldsmith's "*She Stoops to Conquer*," was presented as an out door play with the following cast:

Miss Hardcastle.....	Miss Louise La Montagne
Mrs. Hardcastle.....	Miss Winnifred Wood
Mr. Hardcastle.....	Mr. Berkley Blackman
Mr. Marlowe.....	Mr. Ralph Twitchell
Sir Charles Marlowe.....	Mr. Maltbie Babcock
Miss Neville.....	Miss Ethel Borland
Mr. Hastings.....	Mr. Ira Williams
Tony Lumpkin.....	Mr. Arthur Landstreet
Diggery.....	Mr. Antonio Rodriguez
Roger.....	Mr. William Clark
1st Servant.....	Mr. Leigh Newell
2nd Servant.....	Mr. John Wilson
Valet to Mr. Marlowe.....	Mr. Carol Twitchell
1st Maid.....	Miss Jennie Bellows
2nd Maid.....	Miss Annie Macfarlane

As Miss Ethel Borland and Mr. Ira Williams are academy graduates for 1910, the play will be repeated at Rollins, Tuesday evening, May 31. On Monday night, May 30, will be given four or five scenes from Shakespeare's "*Much Ado About Nothing*," Miss Jennie Bellows as Beatrice, Mr. Berkley Blackman, Benedick, Miss Ethel Borland, Hero, and Mr. Ira Williams, Claudio; also a Shakespearean burlesque in which Miss Jennie Bellows will be Portia, Miss Ethel Borland, Lady Macbeth, Miss Louise Borland, Ophelia, and Miss Annie D. Macfarlane, Juliet.

In May, there will be three recitals, one being given by Miss Ethel Borland and Miss Winnifred Wood. At the other two will appear, Miss Jennie Bellows, Louise Borland, Lillian Himes, Annie Macfarlane, Margaret Marshall; Messrs. Ira Williams and William Clark.

Miss Jennie Louise Bellows graduates in June from the School of Expression, after three years of faithful, efficient work.



The Cooking School gave its usual opening reception at Sparrell Cottage Friday afternoon, October twenty-second. The dining room and kitchen were decorated with vines and flowers and were open to inspection. The girls who had cooking last year assisted in explaining the equipment and in passing the punch and sandwiches which they themselves had prepared. Miss Kelly, whose work here had just begun, was invited to open her teaching room and aid in receiving the guests.

The following Tuesday the classes in cooking were organized and work began at once. Three courses have been given, the elementary work for beginners, the more advanced course for those who have been in classes before, or who have had home training, and cooking III.

The class in cooking III has given most of its time to the study of the text book and the U. S. Government Bulletins, but some practical work in making marmalade and preserving fruit has been done. As a consequence these girls have been able to fill orders received by the cooking school for several dozen pints of preserved kumquats.

The girls in the cooking classes were given ample opportunity to test their knowledge on March thirteenth. On that day the Trustees of the College held their annual meeting, and, according to time-honored custom, the Cooking School girls, with the

able assistance of Mrs. Blackman, prepared and served the "Trustee's Luncheon" at the home of the President. Small tables were laid for the guests, each one decorated with pansies held in a brass pansy bowl made in the Crafts Studio. The room was decorated with smilax and large bowls of red lilies.

The menu was as follows:

BANANA COCKTAIL

CLEAR SOUP CROUTONS

CREAMED OYSTERS IN PANEKINS

BAKING POWDER BISCUIT

VEAL CROQUETTES

POTATO BALLS PEAS AND CARROTS

SANDWICHES KUMQUAT PRESERVES

NUTS OLIVES CELERY

CHEESE AND NUT SALAD

STRAWBERRY SHORT CAKE WITH WHIPPED CREAM

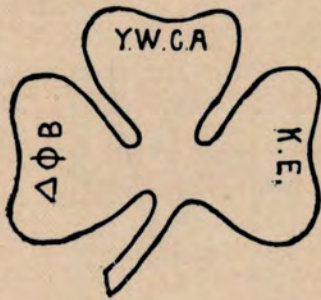
COFFEE

After the luncheon Mr. Brewer very kindly offered his automobile and the cooks were taken for a delightful ride around Lake Osceola.

In sewing, the classes have been small, but the workers have been faithful. The one girl in Advanced Sewing has made several garments for herself, while the elementary class has prepared a book of sample stitches, and is now working on chafing dish aprons.

Grip makes the man
The want of it, the chump,
The men who win
Lay hold, hang on, and hump.

—D. K. Pearsons.



SOCIETY NOTES.

Y. W. C. A.

Annie Macfarlane, President; Winifred Wood, Vice-President; Marguerite Doggett, Secretary; Florence Duncan, Treasurer.

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

We have been much encouraged this year with our work,—at the annual recognition service, every girl in the dormitory, became a member of our society.

Our regular meetings which are held every Wednesday night from 6:45 to 7:30, have been well attended.

A series of meetings on Outline Study of Christian Fundamentals have been found most interesting and helpful.

We feel very thankful for having two student volunteers among our members.

We greatly appreciate the visit that Miss Theodosia Wales, the Student Secretary for the Gulf States, paid us.

The society was helped, as a whole, and made stronger by her encouraging individual work.

A most interesting missionary meeting was led by Miss Calder, of New York City, in March.

We have two strong Bible classes led by Miss Reed and Miss Agnes Clark.

A new feature of the society is the "Sunday Night Sing," held for both young men, and young women, in Lyman Gymnasium.

Our Y. W. C. A. library has been enlarged by the generous gift

of Miss Longwell, former Professor of English, much beloved by everyone.

She has been greatly missed this year.

The delegates to the Asheville convention last June, were Miss Annie D. Macfarlane, of Tampa, Fla., president.

Miss Agnes Clark, of Oviedo, Fla., chairman of the Devotional Committee.

The representative to the Athens convention, held in February, was Miss Marguerite Doggett, of Clemson College, South Carolina.

The usual acquaintance social was given in the form of a domino party. It was voted a most successful affair.

Another social event was an informal reception tendered Miss Wales.

The Y. W. C. A. girls were delightfully entertained at Sparrel Cottage by the Delta Phi Betas at a thimble party.

The basket ball team has donated a sufficient amount to send our future president to the Asheville convention in June.

The basket ball girls have been efficient in many lines of work, and this crowning act of generosity has made them the better members.

KAPPI EPSILON.

The members of the Kappa Epsilon Sorority, with their mother, Miss Reed, began a prosperous and eventful year by their annual reception to the faculty and students in the parlors of Cloverleaf Cottage, Monday, October 11th. Many of the old members were present to welcome the guests.

At the November luncheon, given in Sparrell Cottage, the Delta Phi Betas were the guests of honor. The decorations were of poinsetta and asparagus fern—the place cards bearing the same design.

On March 26th, the Sorority entertained at dinner, at The Bachelor, Miss Olive Harrison, of Buffalo, N. Y., and Miss Lida Bronson, of Ishpeming, Mich. The red rose, the Kappa Epsilon flower, was the center of the color scheme.

Miss Reed has been "at home" several afternoons to the K. E. girls.

The many Sorority gatherings, during the year, have been delightful; especially, being remembered the spread in honor of Miss Lois Sample, of Bloomington, Ill., and the farewell supper given by Miss Freda Reed.

The annual banquet crowns the year's functions.

The members of 1909-1910 are: Misses Lesley Donaldson, Florence Johnson, Louise La Montagne, Alice McCreedy, Freda Reed, Mary Simrall, Jessie Work, and Ruth Work.

The honorary members are: Mrs. Blackman, Mrs. Curtis, and Miss Elizabeth Merriwether.

DELTA PHI BETA.

Colors: Torquois Blue and Black.

Membership of Alpha Chapter No. 4:

Miss Louise Borland, Citra, Fla.

Miss Ethel Borland, Citra, Fla.

Miss Adeline A. Niemeyer, Longwood, Fla.

Miss Mary L. Branham, Orlando, Fla.

Miss Mabelle O'Neal, Orlando, Fla.

Miss Edith J. Foley, Charlevoix, Mich.

Sorority Mother:—

Miss Eva Wilkins.

Honorary Members:—

Mrs. Mabel A. Clayton, Williamstown, N. Y.

Miss Louise V. Kelley, New York City.

The Alpha Chapter No. 4, of the Delta Phi Beta Sorority, of Rollins College, met on October 7th, to take up the work for the years 1909-'10. Five of the members of Alpha Chap. No. 3 had returned and happily entered upon the work of the new school year. During the year the Sorority has been much honored by the three new members received into this year's chapter, Miss Edith J. Foley, of Charlevoix, Mich., and the two honorary members Mrs. Mabelle A. Clayton, of Williamstown, N. Y., and Miss Louise V. Kelley, of New York City.

On the evening of Saturday, October 22, the Sorority gave to the Faculty and students of Rollins the annual reception, in the Art Studio. The Studio was prettily decorated in autumn foilage,

wild grasses and flowers, making a charming background for the hostesses and guests. This reception was given to welcome the new students of Rollins and to greet once more all of those who had returned. The Sorority Mother, Miss Eva Wilkins, the honorary members and the Sorority President, welcomed the guests and later they were entertained and served to delicious refreshments by the daintily gowned members. When the hour for departing arrived, all voted the occasion a complete social success.

The new members were welcomed into the Sorority on November 6th, by an informal tea given in Miss Wilkins' parlor which was enjoyed by all who were present.

On November 27th, the members of the Delta Phi Beta were entertained by their sister Sorority, the Kappa Epsilon, at a delightful luncheon given in the dining room of Sparrell Cottage. The room was beautifully decorated in red and white, the Sorority colors. A large bowl of poinsettias graced the center of the table and the place cards bore the design of this same flower.

On Monday afternoon of December 6th, an at home was given in the music room of Sparrell Cottage to the members of the Y. W. C. A. The guests were requested to bring their workbags and thimbles, and in the hour spent, their tongues flew faster than needles.

Those present were entertained by several readings and musical numbers, and at the close of the evening each one departed, feeling that the link that binds the girls of Rollins in sisterhood was made yet stronger.

On December 18th, the Sorority members were entertained most enjoyably at a dinner given by Miss Edith Foley at the Seminole Inn. This was one of the pleasant social affairs of the season.

The future for the Sorority holds many bright prospects in view. Several of the members of this year's chapter will return in 1910-11, and our one wish for them is that the Delta Phi Beta may have nothing but success to fall upon their pathway, and that the joys of this year be small compared to those to come.



SOCIAL NOTES



Saturday, October 9th, the Y. W. C. A. of the college, held a reception for all the students and faculty in the Cloverleaf parlors. The school was there in a body and the new and old wore their name and chief characteristic on a card, in a prominent place, by way of introduction. Numerous ingenious games and charades with simple, cool, refreshments, made the entertainment complete.

Monday, October 11th, the Kappa Epsilon Sorority held its annual reception for the students and faculty in Cloverleaf. The parlors were lovely with penants and a profusion of Florida smilax. During the evening a dainty little tot threaded the guests, presenting each with a rosebud from her basket. Miss Kelley, Mr. Drennen, and Mr. Pope rendered musical numbers which added to the pleasure of the occasion.

Saturday, October 16th, Cloverleaf entertained the visiting football men of Sutherland.

Saturday, October 30th, the Delta Phi Beta Sorority gave its annual reception to the students and faculty in the Studio, which was decorated in fall tinted oak and field daisies. The wild things produced a charming effect with the artistic surroundings. The honorary members and president formed the receiving line, while the guests ministered to the inner man. The boys, returning home across the campus, sang the praises of the Delta Phi Betas.

Monday, October 30th, the faculty gave a Hallowe'en party to the students in the gymnasium. The ghosts of Blenheim appeared

before our eyes, the gnomes danced up and down the gymnasium, and a disappearing ghostly procession sang John Brown's Body. At the close, Miss Reed told stories about a witch's cauldron, while the guests were occupied with the contents of paper bags.

Thursday, November 11th, Miss Kelley gave a very formal and delightful tea in honor of Miss Dyer. All were happy to discover Miss Dyer's charming personality with its unique element.

Saturday, November 27th, the Kappa Epsilon Sorority entertained the Delta Phi Beta Sorority at luncheon in Sparrell Cottage.

Monday, November 29th, Miss Kelley and Miss Burleigh, as mistresses of Sparrell, entertained the girls and faculty.

Monday, December 6th, the Delta Phi Beta Sorority gave a reception to the Y. W. C. A. in Miss Kelley's parlor in Sparrell. It was a very enjoyable, informal affair. Gossip, sewing and reading aloud, made the time pass too quickly for all.

Saturday, December 18th, Miss Donnan gave a tea to the new girls in her room in Cloverleaf.

On the same evening Miss Edith Foley entertained the Delta Phi Beta Sorority at a dinner, at the Seminole Inn.

Monday, January 24th, the Sutherland basket ball team was entertained at Cloverleaf. A very friendly informal affair.

Wednesday, January 26th, the Y. W. C. A. held a reception for Miss Wales, the Gulf States Secretary. The pansy and moss decorations were exquisite and an effective pansy poster was placed in a prominent position on the wall. The girls were delighted with their charming new secretary.

Saturday, January 29th, Miss Donnan gave a party to the boys and girls in Cloverleaf. The games took in the far corners of the halls to the teachers parlors and a jolly good time was given to them all.

Friday, February 18th, Miss Reed entertained the faculty and friends, at tea in one of the Cloverleaf parlors.

Friday, February 25th, the teachers in the Studio, gave an art exhibit tea. It was attended by the faculty, students, and tourist friends of the college. The work exhibited was most creditable to the efforts of the splendid teachers of this branch of the college curriculum.

Wednesday, March 2nd, Mrs. Blackman held a very formal

reception to introduce Miss Donnan and Dean and Mrs. Clayton, to three hundred friends of the college. In spite of the heavy rain during the early part of the afternoon, the guests did not fail their hostess, and the affair was a great success.

Wednesday, March 9th, the faculty reception was held in the Cloverleaf parlors. Dr. and Mrs. Blackman, the Dean and Mrs. Clayton, and several representatives of the faculty, stood in the receiving line. It was fully attended by many friends in Winter Park, and Mr. Hamilton Holt, of New York, whom President Blackman was entertaining, was a prominent guest.

Monday, February 28th, the tennis tournament with Eustis was held.

Miss Reed has entertained the Cloverleaf girls in groups, at tea, on various Thursdays throughout the year. Miss Reed's charming personality made these occasions delightful.

On Sunday evenings, in the gymnasium, the student body and faculty meet for a "sing." Favorite hymns are called for. Sometimes special music is furnished. Every "Sing" is an enjoyable occasion.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."—Pope.

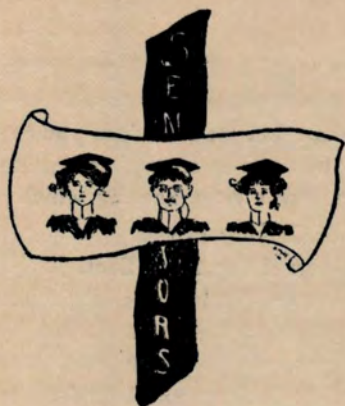
"Today is, for all we know, the opportunity and occasion of our lives."—Dr. Trumbull.

"The situation that has not its Duty, its Ideal, was never yet occupied by man."—Carlyle.

"Nature arms each man with some faculty which enables him to do easily some feat impossible to any other."—Emerson.

"Pardon me, governor," began the interviewer, "d——"

"Certainly, certainly," replied the Tennessee executive, reaching for a blank. "What are you guilty of?"—Philadelphia Ledger.



LOOKING BACKWARD.

The gangplanks had been drawn up. The "Campania" was slowly moving out. The passengers leaned over the railing bidding their friends farewell. Among the crowd I noticed one whose face seemed familiar and in a few moments she turned. I recognized her at once as our senior class president. Old memories of Rollins' college days returned.

"Oh, Marguerite, is this you?"

"And you, Florence Duncan, who ever would have thought of our meeting aboard this ship bound for Europe five years after graduating?"

"Now for a good talk," said Florence, after they had found a shady nook.

"What have you been doing and why are you taking this trip? Do tell me everything."

Marguerite laughingly replied, "Well, to begin with, after I left Rollins I spent some time visiting in New York. I then prepared for library work and secured a position in the Boston Library. The work was enjoyable but there were other things of interest—the most important a Harvard graduate, and, well—we are now on this delightful trip. Florence, proceed."

"I carried out my plan of graduating at the Massachusetts General Hospital and the following winter was spent nursing in Florida, then came an opportunity for surgical work. Among my

acquaintances, was a lady whom I have the good fortune to accompany abroad."

"Oh, here you are," said a tall young gentleman speaking to Marguerite. "Yes, and just imagine, I have found one of my college classmates. Let me introduce you to Miss Duncan."

"Great, and I believe this is another classmate," he said presenting a newspaper with a large heading which read:

The Strike is Gaining Power.

Federal Officers Have Been Sent.

Mr. Worthington Blackman is Urging on the Strikers.

"I am not surprised in the least. Remember his enthusiasm for socialistic principles and his ability in upholding them in debate?"

He had gone into business and later into politics.

"And where is your friend Winnie, Florence?"

"Winnie is now in Baltimore. She spent a year at home and then visited relatives in the East. You know she was always much interested in Y. W. C. A. work, but now is more interested in Y. M. C. A."

Strange coincidence!

Just then the gong sounded for dinner and further conversation was interrupted.

"Doesn't this moonlight evening remind you of Florida and Rollins?" said Marguerite, as she spied Florence on the deck later in the evening.

"And what about Florence and Agnes?"

"Educational interests are foremost in their minds just now. Florence is still interested in domestic science and graduated from Simmons in that department. She taught for a year in a high school and now she is at the head of the domestic science department at Rollins."

"And Agnes"—"She attended the University of Nashville, graduating with high honors. The following year she accepted a prominent position as Latin professor in a leading college of Virginia."

"What careers has our class of 1910 followed!"

The next year this announcement appeared: "The new Winthrop hospital at Haverhill, Mass., will be opened October 5, 1910. It is to be in charge of Dr. Ridgewood and his wife, formerly Miss Duncan."



Athletics, always popular, have held a more prominent place than usual in the Rollins school life this year. Each team has fought through victory and defeat with the old Rollins spirit, playing the heaviest schedules of any school in the State. Rollins has placed a team in the field in every form of college athletics in which an opponent could be found in the South, and the teams have all played with a skill and spirit worthy of the oldest school in the state.

FOOT BALL.

Like the old proverb, "a bad beginning makes a good ending," the Rollins athletic season commenced with a margin of defeats over victories. But even foot ball, this year's only unsuccessful team, ended the season with three victories, two defeats and a tie game. From the very beginning of the training season, it was seen that the team was not developing as might have been expected from the goodly squad of recruits. Constant changing of men and positions through the entire season kept the team working with the crudeness and uncertainty of an untrained team. In spite of the reliable work of many of the individual players, the team lacked the swing and accuracy of last year's champions and was found very weak on open defense work.

The season opened October 20th, with a decided victory over the light but fast Winter Haven team. The game was one of the best of the entire season. The Rollins team played well in every position, winning 22 to 0.

October 31st, Rollins met the University of Florida at Gainesville. Our team, which was badly crippled by illness of the men caused by the hard trip, played a desperate defensive game, losing to the University 14 to 0. It was a hard battle from the start, Florida won mainly through the remarkable playing of their left-half, Taylor, who scored every point, with two long runs from trick plays and a goal from field.

November 4th, Rollins defeated the Orlando city team in a close game, winning on a beautiful goal from field by Boyer. Score 3 to 0.

Two days later, November 6th, the Rollins team played Summerlin Institute at Bartow. It was a long hard game in which neither team scored. The Rollins men made nearly two yards to their opponents one but the team work was badly interfered with by Twitchell playing quarter-back with a badly injured hip. It was an intense game, featured by the speedy work of left-half, Windham, a long run by Twitchell, and by the consistent punting of Summerlin's full-back.

On November 15th, the University of Florida played their return game with our team at Orlando. It was a Hoodoo-day for Rollins, for scarcely had the Dinkey Line's special train carried our team into the woods than the engine jumped the track and the team was forced to walk ties for over three miles, and arrived at the grounds ten minutes before the game was called. In spite of this discouraging strain the Rollins men started the game with a rush, carrying the ball down the field to the Universities 30-yard line, where Boyer kicked a beautiful field goal. But the men were tired and did not play a heady game. Florida soon scored on a trick play. The middle of the Rollins line then went to pieces, and the game was lost 28 to 3.

The season closed November 21st, with a victory over the Summerlin team; 17 to 11. The game was opened and marked by long forward passes and trick plays. The Rollins men handled the passes cleanly for long gains, and carried the ball within kicking distance three times in the first half only to fail at goal,

Boyer missing the drop in the deep sand.

The season's line-up:

Gates, (Mgr.) . . .	Left End	Blackman, . . .	Right End
Osterhaldt, . . .	Left Tackle	Boyer,	Quarter
Heard,	Left Guard	Twitchell-Loveland, . . .	Left-half
Topp,	Center	Slater-Windham . . .	Full-back
Baldwin,	Right Guard	Windham-Twitchell, Right-half	
Barnes, (Capt.)	Right Tackle		
Substitutes		{ McLean	
		{ Peral	

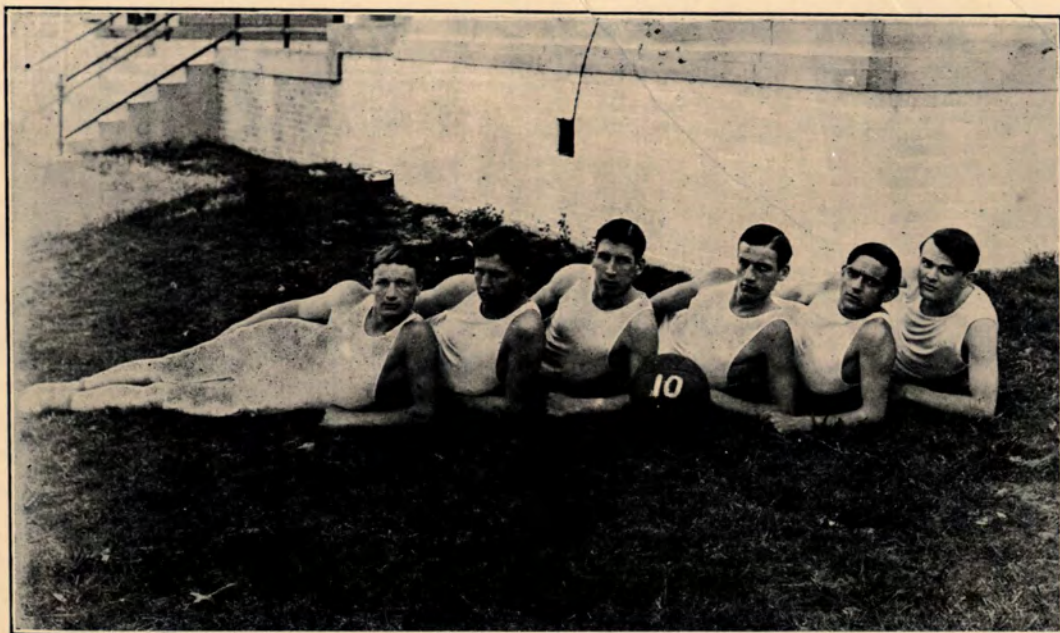
BASKET BALL.

This year, as for many years past, Rollins has turned out one of the best Basket-ball teams in the South, winning more games than were played by any other team in the State. With the best college gymnasium in this part of the South, we are well fitted to turn out fast teams although not quite ready to beat a team in a foot of loose sand such as was met with at Sutherland, the Rollins men have nevertheless met with great success.

With three of last year's players, Lee, Twitchell and Rodriquez, as a foundation, the team was quickly put into shape, although the filling of the other two positions proved very difficult and five men were used to play these positions during the season.

The series of games played with the fast team of the Orlando Rifles, covering the entire two months playing season, were without doubt the closest and most interesting games of the winter. No game was won until the whistle blew and the scores in each game were close until the end. Rollins won five of the six game series.

On January 15th and 17th, our men played Southern College in the deep sand of the Gulf coast. The Southern players, equipped with high leather shoes, at first ran around the field with the ball while the Rollins men looked on. They were fouled fourteen times for running and tackling but the wind was so strong that the Rollins men with difficulty caged one of the fourteen fouls. Southern had the day her own way, winning 18 to 9. The second game started in the same manner, the first half ended 18 to 2, but in the second half, Twitchell and Lee found



BASKET BALL TEAM

R. S. TWITCHELL, r. f.

BALDWIN, center.

RODRIGUEZ, l. g.

C. E. TWITCHELL, r. g.

PERAL, sub.

LEE, l. f.

their snow shoes and Southern was played to a stand still. The game ended Southern 22, Rollins 19.

January 24th and 25th, the Sutherland team returned their games. The first, played on a hot night, was slow but interesting, the men playing in spurts as their team fell behind. Rollins, easily superior, won with score 28 to 22. The second game was forfeited to Rollins, as the Southern men were recalled to Sutherland by their President.

February 4th and 5th, our team played the Jacksonville Y. M. C. A. at Jacksonville. The games were fast and interesting, Rollins won the first 21 to 17. In the second game the Rollins men played as if dazed, without purpose or aim, apparently. The first half finished 21 to 3 in favor of Jacksonville. In the second half Rollins played desperately; Twitchell made a spurt and scored 14 points in 4 minutes, but the pace was too fast in the heat and the men fell back, not holding their own through the rest of the game. Score 35 to 22.

February 14th and 15th, Jacksonville played our team on our home floor. Missing their train, they arrived too late to play the night of the 14th. The 16th and 17th being baseball dates the game could not be postponed, Jacksonville recognized it as forfeited to Rollins. The game scheduled for the 15th was fast and close, Rollins lead through most of the game but fell a basket behind just as the whistle blew. Score: Jacksonville 23, Rollins 21.

Games.	Season's Scores:
1st. Orlando 15	Rollins 19
2nd. Orlando 28	Rollins 20
3rd. Orlando 17	Rollins 21
4th. Orlando 19	Rollins 21
5th. Orlando 11	Rollins 13
Jan. 15th. Southern 18	Rollins 9
Jan. 17th. Southern 22	Rollins 19
Jan. 24th. Southern 22	Rollins 28
Jan. 25th. Southern 0	Rollins 1
Feb. 4th. Jacksonville 17	Rollins 21
Feb. 5th. Jacksonville 35	Rollins 22
Feb. 14th. Jacksonville 0	Rollins 1
Feb. 15th. Jacksonville 23	Rollins 21

Season's Line-up.

Gates (Capt.), Baldwin, Slater.....	Center
Lee, Peral.....	Left-forward
R. S. Twitchell (Mgr.).....	Right-forward
C. E. Twitchell, Howell.....	Right-guard
Rodriquez	Left-guard

GIRL'S BASKET BALL.

Girl's basket-ball this year, has been exceedingly interesting. True, Rollins has had to bear defeat, nevertheless, the girls were not discouraged and only quit practice when the large platform forced them from the floor.

The girls turned out well, four teams being formed for practice. From these, two regulars were picked, the Osceolas and the Virginians. These teams supplied the Varsity through the season, the line up for the first team running as follows:

Jennie Bellows.....	Left Forward
Helen Smith.....	Right Forward
Agnes Clark.....	Center
Freda Reed.....	Right Guard
Jennette Schadt.....	Left Guard

Berkeley Blackman and Duval Gates coached the girls during the season and to them is owed a debt of gratitude. Under their hands the girls' team work improved rapidly, and toward the end of the season they were able to compete with their opponents upon an equal footing. This was the first year that the Rollins girls have met outside teams and although defeated in every game their spirit was not daunted, the team developing rapidly throughout the season, as the following scores will show:

Cathedral School 22	Rollins 2
Cathedral School 24	Rollins 11
Orlando High 24	Rollins 6
Orlando High 17	Rollins 4
Orlando High 25	Rollins 17



GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM



BASE-BALL

The Rollins College Base Ball team again holds the Intercollegiate Championship of the State. We have gained a most enviable reputation, for our teams for many years have been, without exception, successful. Del Mason has handled his material in a highly commendable manner and the teams have all played with the snap and class of well trained clubs. The schedule for this year was long and the games all good, the men improving rapidly from the very start. With but two exceptions the positions were all skilfully played through the entire season, the team batting with exceptional strength.

The first games, played with the professionals at Ormond, were both lost by Rollins. Our team showed superiority in nearly every department of the game, but both pitchers were out of form and had no control. Cook, who started the first game, was very wild, filling the bases several times in the first few innings. Bradley, who then took the mound, was also wild, but held Ormond much more safely through the rest of the game. The next day the pitching was again wild and the game went as before.

The third day Rollins met the Daytona team and defeated them easily. They had at last found their pace, the pitching being much improved. Score 12 to 1. Bradley in the box.



BASE BALL TEAM
CHAMPIONS FLORIDA 1910

HAWES, s. s.	BOYER, r. f.	BRADLEY, p.	FOLTZ, p.	WILLIAMS, l. f.
MASON, coach.	DAISY, mascot.			BARNES, c.
GORE, 1 b.	LEE, c. f.	BRADLEY, 2 b.	WINDHAM, 3 b.	BALDWIN, sub.

February 12th Rollins played Ormond in Orlando. The game was close and interesting, Rollins winning on a three base hit by Windham, with the bases full. The following day the two teams played in Winter Park. The game appeared to be Rollins' from the start, but an untimely error by Mason, in the 7th, gave the lead to Ormond, 6 to 5.

March 1st and 2nd, Rollins played Southern at Sutherland. In the first inning of the first game Rollins batted Southern's student pitcher out of the box and Burleston, the South Florida Leaguer, was put in against them. They found him hard to hit and the game ended a tie, 1 to 1. Foltz pitched a star game for Rollins. The next day Gore, Rollins' first base man was put into the box and although he pitched a remarkable game Burleston was far his superior and Southern won 6 to 4.

The games with the University of Florida, in Orlando and Winter Park, March 7th and 8th, and in Gainesville the 15th and 16th, were all won by Rollins by large scores. The University was in every way outclassed by Rollins, their pitchers being unable to hold their own against Rollins' heavy batters.

March 11th and 12th Rollins defeated the Kentucky Military Institute. This team also was outclassed, but the games were well played and interesting. Windham, Hawes and Boyer were all hitting the ball hard through both games, Foltz and Windham pitching in good form.

The games with Southern, scheduled for March 21st and 22nd, both went to Rollins 9 to 0, Southern College forfeiting over a strong contract.

March 23rd Rollins defeated the Orlando team in a close, hard hitting game, 7 to 6.

Rollins finished her season at St. Augustine in three fast games. Rollins won all three. The St. Augustine team had been strengthened for these games by three league men hired from Jacksonville, but the Rollins men were playing in form and carried things before them.

The following shows the percentage of the inter-collegiate games played for the State championship:

TEAM	WON	LOST	TIED	PCT.
Rollins	6	1	1	.856
Stetson	5	3	0	.625
Southern	3	4	1	.428
Florida	1	7	0	.125

OUR SEASON'S SCORES.

February 7th,	Ormond 10	Rollins 9
February 8th,	Ormond 8	Rollins 6
February 9th,	Daytona 1	Rollins 12
February 15th,	Ormond 9	Rollins 12
February 16th,	Ormond 6	Rollins 5
March 1st,	Southern 1	Rollins 1
March 2nd,	Southern 6	Rollins 4
March 7th,	Univ. of Florida 0	Rollins 6
March 8th,	Univ. of Florida 0	Rollins 12
March 11th,	Kentucky Military Inst. 1	Rollins 5
March 12th,	Kentucky Military Inst. 4	Rollins 10
March 15th,	Univ. of Florida 2	Rollins 8
March 16th,	Univ. of Florida 4	Rollins 7
March 21st,	Southern 0	Rollins 9
March 22nd,	Southern 0	Rollins 9
March 23d,	Orlando 6	Rollins 7
March 30th,	St. Augustine 2	Rollins 5
March 31st,	St. Augustine 5	Rollins 13
April 1st	St. Augustine 4	Rollins 10

Opponents 69 Rollins 151

The batting and field averages of the team in the seven games played at home were as follows:

BATTING AVERAGES.

	A. B.	R.	H.	AV.
Baldwin	5	1	3	.600
Windham	29	3	15	.517
D. Bradley	4	2	2	.500
Mason	23	9	11	.478
Boyer	30	7	11	.367
Hawes	26	8	8	.308
Williams	21	6	6	.286
Barnes	23	3	6	.214
Lee	31	7	6	.194
Gore	23	3	4	.174
B. Bradley	23	2	4	.174
Foltz	12	1	2	.167
Blackman	11	0	0	.000
Trovillion	4	0	0	.000
Team record	260	57	78	.300

FIELDING AVERAGES.

	P. O.	A.	E.	AV.
Barnes	57	9	0	1,000
Lee	10	4	0	1,000
D. Bradley	0	4	0	1,000
Gore	46	11	1	.983
Mason	43	14	2	.966
Hawes	7	13	2	.909
B. Bradley	7	22	6	.829
Boyer	8	0	2	.800
Williams	3	1	1	.800
Foltz	3	7	3	.769
Windham	7	15	8	.733
Baldwin	1	0	3	.250
Trovillion	0	0	0	.000
Team average	192	110	28	.915



THEY TELL
ME ROLLINS BEAT 'EM!

TENNIS.

This year, with three old men, Rollins was able in a few weeks to turn out a most successful tennis team. Preparing, with less than two weeks notice, the first tournament found Twitchell and Heard somewhat out of form. This tournament was with the Lake Eustis Country Club, played at Rollins, February 28th. The tennis was fast and hard but a little ragged. The Country Club won three of the five matches.

The Scores:—Singles.

Landstreet lost to Wade, 3-6 and 3-6.

Twitchell won from Graber, 6-1 and 6-3.

Twitchell lost to Wade, 5-7 and 4-6.

Doubles.

Twitchell and Landstreet lost to Wade and Graber,
8-10, 7-5 and 5-7.

Newell and Heard won from Wade and Taylor,
3 6, 6-4, and 6 3.

The return date, played at Eustis a week later, March 7th, found the Rollins men much improved. The tennis was much faster and more heady, it being a perfect tennis day. The Rollins players were accompanied to Eustis by several girl friends whose cheery enthusiasm helped noticeably, the day being won by Rollins, three matches to two. Wade alone prevented Rollins from making it a sweeping victory.

Scores:—Singles.

Landstreet won from Jolly, 6-0 and 6-3.

Twitchell lost to Wade, 0-6 and 8-10.

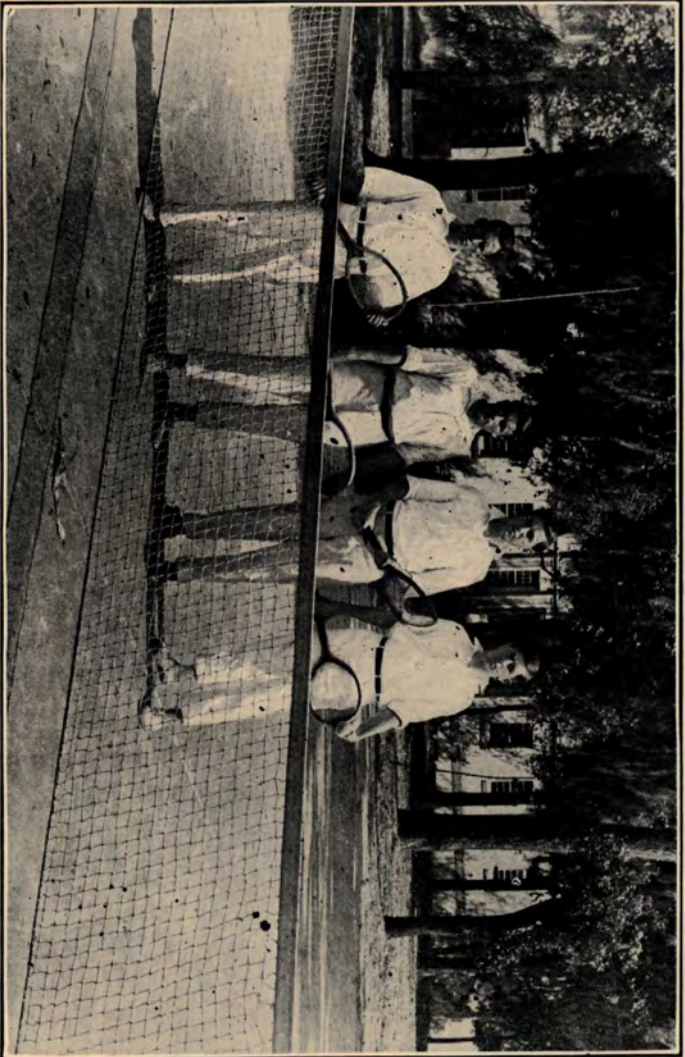
Newell lost to Wade, 1-6 and 0-6.

Doubles.

Twitchell and Landstreet won from Wade and
Jolly, 6-4 and 6-3.

Newell and Heard won from Taylor and Graber,
6-3 and 6-3.

The two tournaments left the season undecided, 5 matches to 5. The Country Club considered it's team the strongest in the State, so a third and final tournament was arranged to be palyed at Rollins, March 21st. Both teams practiced faithfully for the deciding battle, improvement being rapid. Twitchell practiced with



TENNIS TEAM

NEWELL

TWITCHELL

HEARD

LANDSTREET

a new man, Babcock, for the first doubles, but a few days before the tournament Babcock was forced to leave for Daytona while Twitchell was taken sick. For a short time Rollins' hopes ran low, for it seemed that it would be impossible to win without either of these men. But the outlook brightened rapidly as play began on the morning of the 21st. Twitchell was out and the Rollins men won every match, from the first on through, and finished by defeating Wade 7-5 and 6-4. This was a glorious day for Rollins, it being the first time that Wade has suffered defeat in his half dozen years of tournament play in the South.

The Day's Scores:—Singles.

Landstreet won from Jolly, 10-8, 4-6 and 6-2.

Twitchell won from Wade, 7-5 and 6-4.

Doubles.

Heard and Newell won from Graber and Taylor,
6-1 and 6-2.

Twitchell and Landstreet won from Wade and
Jolly, 6-4 and 6-4.

This victory over the hitherto undefeated Eustis club gives Rollins title as State champions. Personal challenges were sent to Stetson, University of Florida, Jacksonville, Southern College, and Summerlin Institute; although all of these schools have tennis teams, of differing grades, no challenge was accepted.

ROLLINS MEN AT ATLANTA.

As a wind-up to our athletic season, Rollins sent M. L. Babcock and R. S. Twitchell to the Southern Inter-collegiate Tennis Tournament held under the auspices of the Atlanta Athletic Club, May 9th, 10th and 11th. This was a long step for Rollins, our men meeting all of the best players in the South.

Both of the Rollins men drew fast players from the start, and won many matches with a skill and speed that was a surprise to everyone. Babcock defeated two fast players from Georgia Tech. and was only put out in the semi-finals in a long and desperate battle with the champion himself, E. V. Carter, of the University of Georgia. Twitchell was over-played the first day and after defeating H. T. Howden of Georgia Tech. in a hard match, he

was himself defeated in a long match by S. B. Slack, of the University of Georgia. In the doubles our players were still more successful, winning their way to the finals where they met defeat in a five-set match; the Carter brothers, of University of Georgia, winning the two beautiful cups by a single set.

The Atlanta Georgian says:

"Under the most favorable conditions possible, the fourth annual inter-collegiate tennis tournament opened at the East Lake courts of the Atlanta Athletic club Monday afternoon at 2 o'clock.

"Four colleges were represented in the play, these being Tech, Georgia, Vanderbilt and Rollins, all competing for the three handsome cups offered by the Atlanta Athletic club, and the racquet offered by the Spalding company.

"In yesterday's play the semi-finals were reached, and today the finals and semi-finals in the doubles will probably be completed.

"The most interesting match of the first day's play was that between H. W. Patterson, of Tech, and M. L. Babcock, of Rollins College, in the second round. Patterson won the first set after a hard fight. Babcock won the second, and the third set went to him, too, but only after the most stubborn contesting by Patterson."

The most interesting match of the day in doubles was the one between Babcock and Twitchell, of Rollins College, and the Dawson brothers, of Tech, the former winning the first set in comparatively easy style; the latter the set after a hard fight and the former the third set, only after several dence sets and by playing extra games in this set.

Tampa Morning Tribune:

E. V. Carter, Jr., and Frank Carter, brothers, of the University of Georgia, today won the doubles championship of the Southern Inter-collegiate Tennis Association, defeating M. L. Babcock and R. S. Twitchell, of Rollins College, in the finals. The East Lake course was never before the scene of such a hard fought contest, five sets being required to decide the championship. Score: 4-6, 6-1, 6-4, 4-6, 6-0.

FLORIDA'S FIRST INTERSCHOLASTIC MEET.

On February 22, Rollins held the first annual interscholastic field and track meet and declamation contest. Four high schools were represented: Bartow, Plant City, Lakeland, and Sanford; Bartow winning the meet with a total of 33 points. The point winners were as follows: J. L. Marquis, of Bartow, first in the 50-yard dash. Carl Kern, of Lakeland, second; Wallace Riggins, of Lakeland, third; time, 6 1-5 seconds. One hundred yard dash won by H. H. Hull, of Plant City; Carl Kern, of Lakeland, second; Lee McLain, of Bartow, third; time 10 4-5 seconds. Quarter Mile, B. Wilson, of Bartow, first; Lee McLain, of Bartow, second; Henry Moor, of Sanford, third; time, 59 seconds. High jump won by Wallace Riggins, of Lakeland; H. H. Hull, of Plant City, second; Lee McLain, of Bartow, third; height, 4 feet 10 inches. Broad jump, won by Hull, of Plant City; B. Wilson, of Bartow, second; J. L. Marquis, Jr., of Bartow, third; distance, 17 feet 11 1-2 inches. Mile run won by McLain, of Bartow; Henry Moor, of Sanford, second; B. Wilson, of Bartow, third; time, 6 min., 38 seconds. Shot put won by Lee McLain, of Bartow; Hull, of Plant City, second; distance, 32 feet, 9 1-2 inches; 220 yard dash won by H. H. Hull, of Plant City; B. Wilson, of Bartow, second; J. L. Marquis, of Bartow, third; time, 25 seconds.

The meet was well contested, nearly all of the events having close finishes, especially the 220 yard dash, in which but two or three inches separated the winners of first and second place.

The track was rather heavy, owing to recent rains, and slowed up the time somewhat, especially in the longer runs.

In the evening the declamation contest given in connection with the track meet, was held and was won by Mr. Borden Wilson, of Bartow.

The college expects to hold a better meet next year, and to make this a permanent event, open to all high schools in the State. Several schools which did not take part this year have signified their intention of competing in the future, and we hope to make this meet an event looked forward to by all the high schools of the State.



FINISH 220 YD. DASH INTERSCHOLASTIC FIELD MEET

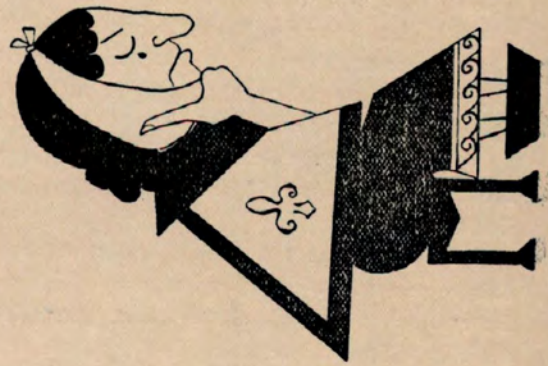
Sarah Jane Was always Sick,
So Thomas brained her with

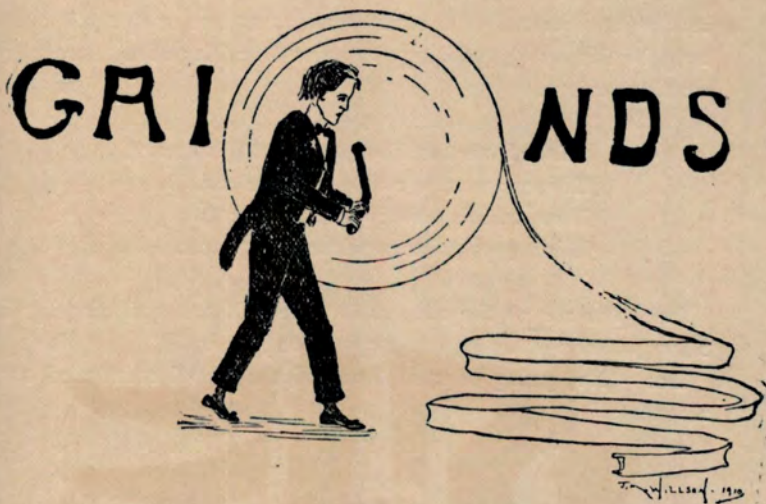
A Stick--

Sarah knew her Husband's
fooling;

And she'd no Business
to be

ailing.





A wit is a person of eminent sense,
Whose sayings are bright and amusing.
And wit in itself would seem to be, hence
Nonsensical sense,—'tis confusing.

Miss Donnan—"Mr. Hanscom, what legislative measures were taken against the Catholics in Germany?"

R. H.—"Bismark had a law passed expelling the Holy Ghost."

Red—"Did you ever land at Spooner's boat-house?"

Freda—"Which one?"

Del Mason—"Get in the game! Get in the game!"

Inquisitive Freshman—"Are you sure that he loves you, and you alone?"

Helen, (archly)—"Oh yes; more then than at any other time."

In Chase Hall, Dr. Clayton—"What is that awful noise up there?"

Voice from Above—"Just Baldwin falling asleep."

It has come to light that there is a college class this semester not in the curriculum. We understand that time is spent for work only in this new psychology class of Doc Noone's. Assuredly a worthy project.

Blish, from the dining-hall, naughty man,
Swipes an orange whenever he can.
Miss Burleigh hot? That's a treat,
Blish goes grinning down the street.

Lee goes across the campus in base ball suit and carrying bat.
Miss Johnson—"Going out to practice base ball?"

Lee—"No, going over in front of the grand stand and shoot alligators."



LATIN PROFESSOR IN AN UNGUARDED MOMENT

"Del" Mason (who is very fond of dogs)—"Miss —, don't you think that you ought to have an intelligent animal about the house, who would protect you and —"

Miss —, "Oh, Mr. Mason, this is so sudden."

J. J. Heard—"Can't eat those crackers. They're all dust."

Room-mate—"That's all right, throw on some more dust and a few bugs and imagine we're camping."

Serious-minded Junior—"Why do you have a Y. W. C. A. delegate?"

Miss B.—"Why, to send to the convention at Gainesville."

S. J.—"What is the convention for?"

Miss B.—"Why, to send delegates to."

Spelling Teacher—"Give the meaning of tomahawk."

Santos—"It's a little hawk."

Mrs. Smith—"Well, Berkley, my son, do you think you can make my little girl happy?"

Berkley—"Happy! You just ought to have seen her when I asked her."

Base-ball Classicism—

"A Roland for an Oliver,

A Xerxes for a Cyrus,

And coming down to late renown,

A Honus for a Tyrus."

Miss Layton and Mr. Lawton happened to be seated at the same table in the dining-hall. Mr. Barnes, in an endeavor to revive a languishing conversation, remarked, "Miss Lawton, how greatly you resemble your brother." Injured glances from both parties convinced him that he had committed a social error.

Ralph Hanscom—"How's the train?"

Dr. Hyde—"Are these apples good for an animal to eat?"

Impudent Student—"Try one."

Heard in Cooking School—"Oh, I just love to make bread. It cleans one's hands so nicely."

Teacher (to foreign students)—"Use the word yawn in a sentence."

Student—"The horse yawns because he is hungry."

Teacher (to Floridian)—"You may try the same word."

Floridian—"He told me a yawn (yarn)."

Chauncey B. to Dr.—“But how can I take one pill three times a day?”

Alice McC—“Why won't you go to the picnic?”

Bob B—“Too tired. Let's soak a few sandwiches in lemonade, and eat 'em on the kitchen floor.”

Dr. Schadt—“Money! Russia! Russia! Money! Money! Russia!”

O'er at Carnegie Libe, one morn,
Cliff Lopp, one of our preps,
Seeking a good detective yarn,
Requested “In His Steps.”

Miss Marshall—“Have you been through Algebra?”

A. P. Crosby—“Yes, but it was dark, and I didn't see much of the place.”

Ira W.—“Can't press your suit until you pay for the last.”

A. P. Crosby—“Gee! I can't wait that long.”

FOOLISH QUESTIONS.

Because books in the library will slide from view, would you call them Ely?

If the Dramatic Class stoops to conquer and Dwight Bradley most of the time bends to tell her—how much are orange blossoms in Cleveland?

If she tries to teach English and a calf bellows, what is her name?

If the good die young, are there any conclusions to be drawn when Bugler Topp takes three involuntary baths in the lake but is still on hand bugling?

If Southern forfeits to Rollins and wins from Stetson 14-2, and Stetson claims the base ball championship, how many north poles did Dr. Cook discover?

Why from Chase Hall Topp Heard Noone Reed Work, Hyde Schadt and Bellow Prices?

MENUS.

Monday.

Today, its dogs for breakfast,
For dinner, we'll have ham,
And supper is a repast,
Meat and grits, O damn!

Tuesday.

Oh morning feast, beef steak and rolls,
Oh midday, pork and spuds,
Alas, alas, the vesper tolls,
Grits and boullion suds.

Wednesday.

Real liver, that's not fiction,
We dine on cow and beans,
Arise, the Benediction,
Is Beans, Beans, Beans.

Thursday.

Get up! The ham floats in grease,
The wampus cannot swim,
The fidos are exempt from fleas,
And have not a single limb.

Friday.

Tender, juicy, luscious beef,
Shoot again cocked dice,
Supper brings us no relief,
It's Irish mol and rice.

Saturday.

Egg frappe: Oh what a botch,
Razor back in sight,
And supper you must closely watch,
To hold your weeny tight.

Sunday.

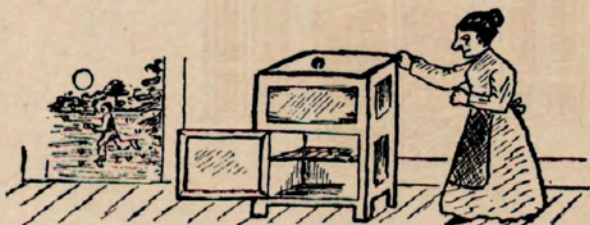
Farewell; Farewell, I close in haste,
I'm going to end this ballad,
But time can never change the taste,
Of fish balls and salmon salad.

L. Mc.

MOTHER GOOSE AT ROLLINS.



Hey diddle diddle,
Little Mike and his fiddle,
The President jumped over the moon.
The students laughed to see such sport,
And Miss Work ran away with Noone.



Good lady Fox went to the ice box
To get the poor follows a bite.
But the ice box was bare,
For some one had been there,
And made a raid in the night.



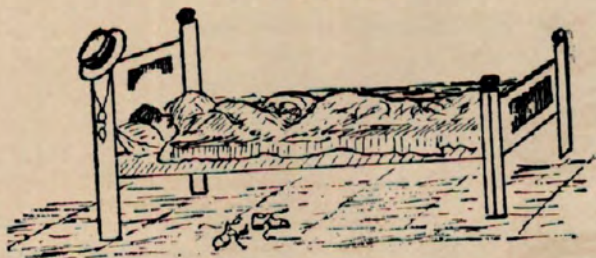
Little Miss Strickland sat in a chair,
Over in Cloverleaf to fix her hair.
She reached for her rat;
Bless us, 'twas fat,
For it had gnawed right through her
very best hat.



Little Miss Donnan's lost her girls,
And doesn't know where to find them.
Let them alone and they'll come home
Bringing their beaux behind them.



Lanky Dwight Bradley
Sat looking sadly
Over at Cloverleaf's door.
He put in his head,
But little Florence said:
"Come here no more."



Little boy Topp
Come blow your horn.
The dean's in bed
And the boys are gone.

G. C. B.

Mickey—"The safest way to kill a man is to bore him to death."

Barnes—"You had better be careful, or you will find yourself guilty of wholesale manslaughter."

Spelling Teacher—"Define the word chirp."

Bretos—"A little squeak."

H. M. Donaldson (upon his father's arrival)—"I've got a 'peach' on you and your careful business methods. The last time you wrote me you referred to my letter of the 16 inst., when you should have said 12th."

Mr. D.—"My son, if you will look over your correspondence, you will find that the letter in question was the 16th instance of you asking for money this month."

Red Donaldson—"Rah! Rah! Rah! Let's start something."

Ask Amy about the Billikins,
Who sit with upturned toes,
O, how shocked she was, as she scandalized said,
"My dear, where are their clothes?"

TENNIS SHOES.

She—"Shoo, shoo, get off that court!"

He—"Why do you bother poor old Dobbin?"

She—"You surely would not have me leave him on the court without proper shoeing."

Solicitous Professor—"Do you stutter all the time?"

J. B.—"No s-s-sir only when I t-t-talk."

Father (anxiously)—"I learn with surprise that you are marked deficient in history. I believe that you told me that you finished your paper in ten minutes."

D. J. Bradley—"So I did, but the question was, 'Tell all you know about German history.'"

Father—"Ah, I see."

Berkeley Blackman to class in Chemistry.—“We will now make a little nitroglycerine.” (Just then Donaldson was seen rapidly emerging from the laboratory and showing a remarkably clean pair of heels to those in the vicinity).

Venable (in Algebra)—“Two sides of an equation are not always equal, because sometimes there’s a whole string of things on one side, and zero on the other.”

Alice McC—“There are plenty of jokes in school.”

D. B.—“So?”

A. McC.—“Yes, indeed. You may put my name at the head of the list if you wish.”

Jessie Work—“Oh, Doc, you have broken your promise.”

C. A. Noone—“Never mind, I’ll make you a new one.”

Mrs. Fox—“Scat! Get out! Bang!”

Dr. Schadt, (in German I.) “Translate into German, Life is long.”

Mr. Newell (without hesitation) “Lieben ist lang.”

A pleasant young fellow named Clare,
Once offered a lady a chair,
But alas and alack,
The chair held a tack,
Which greatly embarrassed poor Clare.

Dr. Hyde (lecturing on Rome)—“This structure has endured for twenty six hundred years. No modern structure has ever stood such a test.”

Lesley—“We had your boys for dinner.”

Miss Donnan—“They must have made a rare delicacy.”

“Prof” Gates (after long silence)—“What’s a fellow thinking about when he ain’t thinking about nothing?”

Roddy—“Thinking about you, papa Gates.”

Just ^{the} Czar

I am Schadt



Miss B. (absently at spread)—“I’m sorry, girls, but I’ve got to eat this German now.”

(Inscription found on fly-leaf of Spanish text book) “Mrs. Berkeley Blackman, Winter Park, Fla.”

Alice McCready (Singing)—“I want a home.”
Bob Bradley (Wildly)—“I really must be going.”

Lovey—“Those who live in stone houses should never throw glasses.”

Miss Layton (in Biology class)—“Turtles are aquatic and celestial.”

Paul (in Algebra class)—“It seems to me that the question is, how far apart they’ll be when they meet.”

Miss Donnan—“What were the relations between Philip Augustus and the Plantagenets?”

Chauncey B.—“The plantagenets were a wild and savage people that Philip Augustus tried to civilize.”

Dr. Hyde—“Mr. Lawton, what is the rule for the partitive genitive?”

Lawton—“The partitive genitive designates a part of which the whole is taken.”

Miss Kelly—“Mr. Melaphone, did you bring your Topp tonight?”

Miss Donnan—“Mr. Cleveland, was Elizabeth a happy woman?”

Wilbur—“Yes, during her life.”

Dr. Hyde—“Miss B. will please give me the principle parts of ‘damno.’”

Miss Bucher—“Damno, damnave—”

Dr. Hyde, (interrupting)—“We will call it ‘da (h) mno,’ so that it will not sound so emphatic.”

Dr. Clayton, (as Miss Louise Borland hesitates to take last cake)—“I don't think that works with this particular kind of cakes.”

Miss Louise Borland—“Oh, I hope not.”

Miss Reed—“I once knew a young girl who
. . . and she died.”

Miss Donnan—“Did Draco write three laws?”

Roosevelt—“No, ma'am, he didn't write them, he just wrote them.”

Miss McQuaters—“Do you believe in vivisection?”

Miss O'Neal—“Yes, decidedly.”

Miss McQuaters—“Oh, but it's awful.”

Miss Borland—“Oh, it doesn't hurt them any after they are dead.”

Leader—“What is a chilblain, Mr. Venable?”

Venable—“Why, I guess it's a kind of a foolish fellow.”

Doc Noone—“What was that we had for breakfast?”

D. Bradley—“Tripe.”

Doc—“I never heard of that kind of fish before.”

Chauncey B.—“Say, Jim, do you use Allen's Foot Ease?”

Hawes—“Yes, when she gives me a chance.”

Cur'ous Stranger—“What is the height of Dwight's ambition?”

Facetious Stranger—“Oh, she comes just a little above his knees.”

Miss Donnan, (seizing a book which lay on the library table)—
“Here's a book I've been wanting for two years.”

(The volume was “Political Situations in Africa.”)

Voice from the gang (In Favor's)—“Have a drink, Noone?”

C. A. N.—“No thanks, but if its all the same, I'll take a lead-pencil.”

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OH, HUSH THEE, MY BABY.

WITH APOLOGUES TO ARTHUR S. SULLIVAN.


Oh, hush thee, my baby, 'tis Saturday night,
Miss Donnan is going to put out the light.
The chafing-dish, fudge-pan, and spoons which we see
Are all belonging to friends, not to thee.

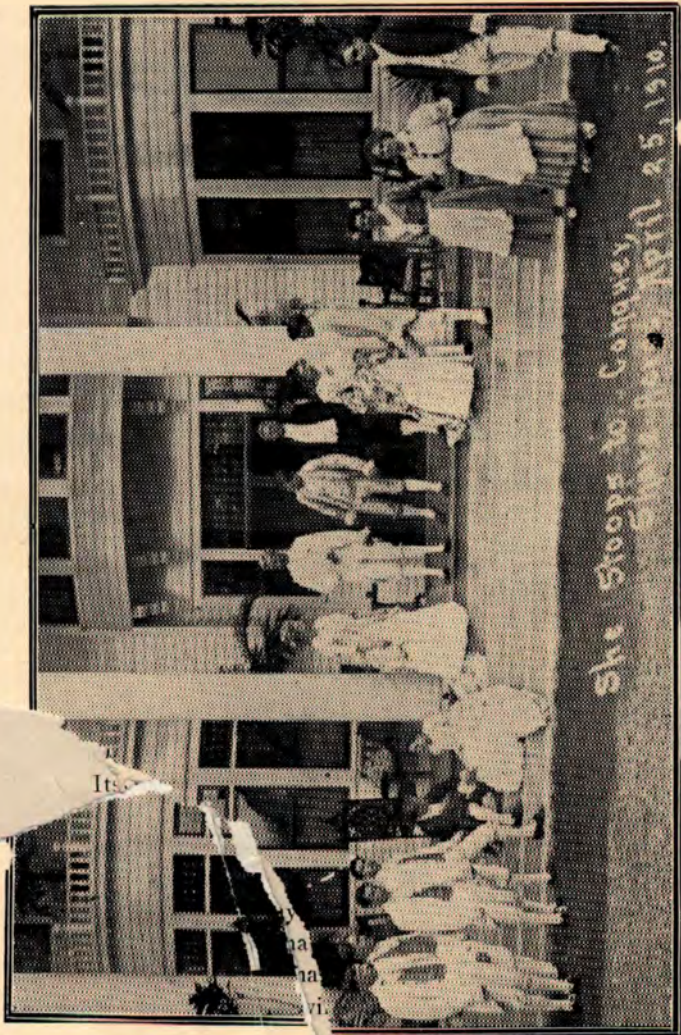
Oh fear not the bugle, though loudly it calls,
Its summons to breakfast of sweet codfish balls.
The steak can't be bended, the sausage is red,
And thy teeth will be broken on biscuit and bread.

Oh, hush thee, my baby, there'll soon come a time,
When thy sleep shall be broken by loud Baker Chime;
The campus will change, there'll be new dining halls,
And new students will eat the same old codfish-balls.

—B.

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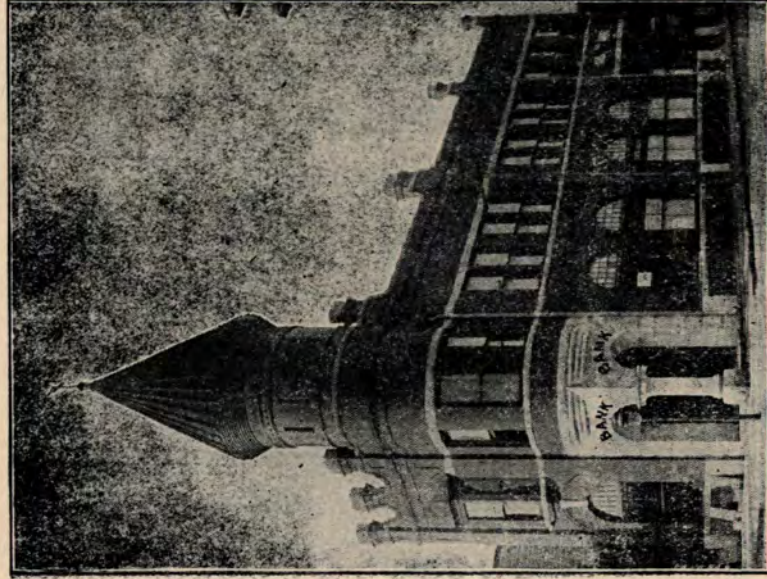
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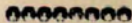
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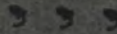
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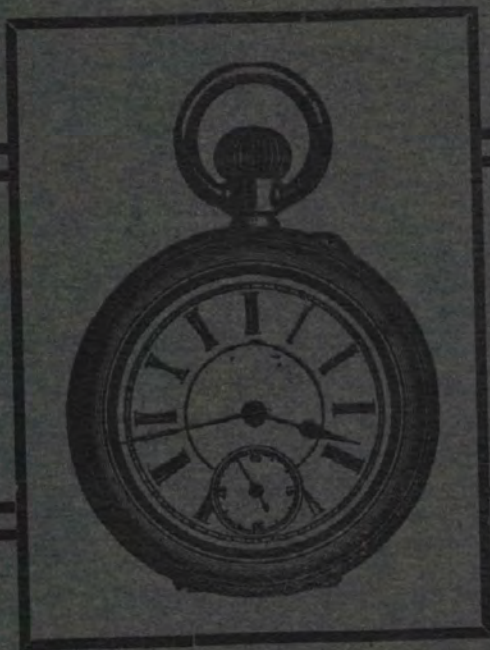
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