

THE SAND-SPUR.

"STICK TO IT."

VOLUME 12, NO. 2, 1906.

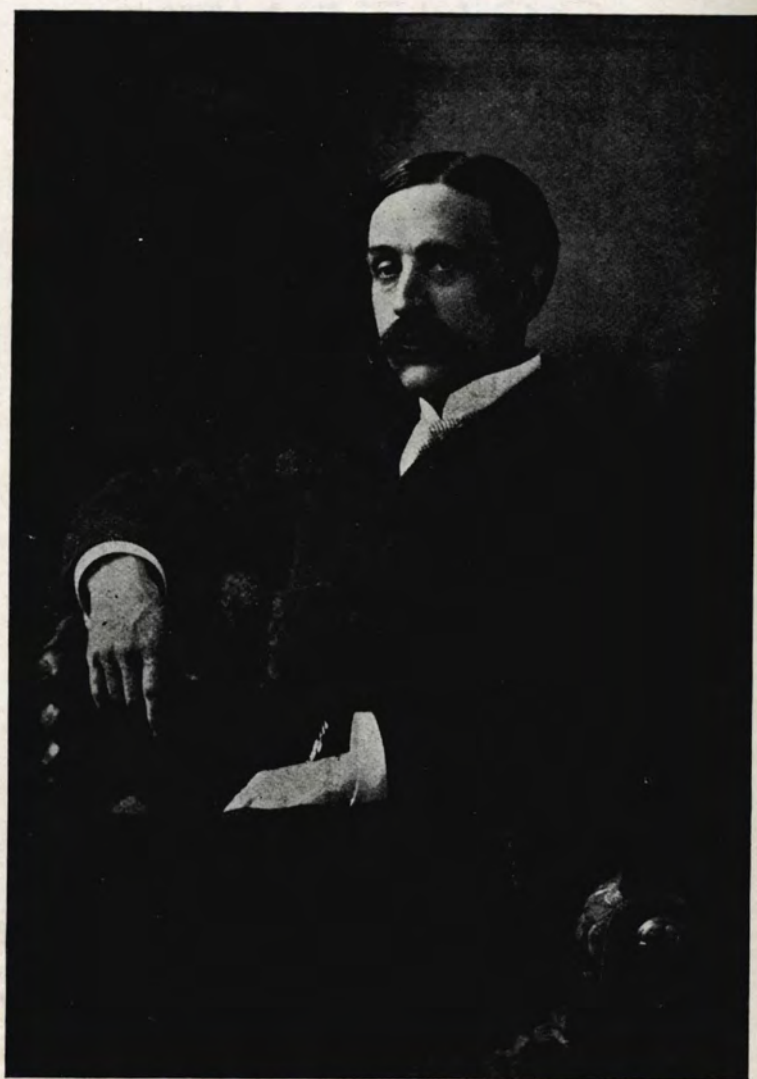
PUBLISHED BY THE

DELPHIC DEBATING SOCIETY,

ROLLINS COLLEGE,

WINTER PARK, FLA.





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And what is so rare as a day in June?
Then if ever, come perfect days;
Then Heaven tries the earth if it be in tune,
And over it softly her warm ear lays:
Whether we look or whether we listen,
We hear life murmur, or see it glisten,
Every clod feels a stir of might,
An instinct within it that reaches and towers,
And, groping blindly above it for light,
Climbs to a soul in grass and flowers;
The little bird sits at his door in the sun,
Atilt like a blossom among the leaves,
And lets his illumined being o'errun
With the deluge of summer it receives.

THE SAND-SPUR.

A Plea for International Arbitration.



THE history of man since the earliest days has been largely a story of struggle and bloodshed, the biography of warriors. The love of fighting is one of the most firmly rooted of men's passions. But the progress of civilization demands that this elemental desire, along with others which we have inherited, be changed, subdued, and finally done away with. In obedience to this law of progress we find wars themselves, in our latter days, much more humane than formerly. No longer is the wounded enemy pitilessly slaughtered, no longer is the prisoner of war ruthlessly tortured or sacrificed. The gospel of mercy has taken the place of the gospel of cruelty. And along with this change in the nature of war, but going a step further, has come the rapidly growing sentiment in favor of the abolition of war, of the settlement of differences peacefully, of arbitration.

No one, I believe, would assert that war is better than peace. All experience, all reason, all feeling, cry against it. What is the meaning of war? There is no need of exaggerating its horrors; indeed language can but faintly picture the desolation, the grief, the suffering, that follow upon this scourge. But it is a lamentable fact that we need a portrayal of the horrors of war to arouse us to action, so steeped are we by familiarity and inheritance in indifference. In time of peace the murder of a single individual or the execution of a criminal chills our blood and arouses our compassion, but in time of war the slaughter of thousands leaves us unaffected. Let us then, as briefly as may be, consider some of the greatest evils of war.

The feature of war which usually appeals to us first is the killing of men. The thought of peaceful death in its gentlest form is terrible enough to most of us, but how much worse it seems when a man perishes in the thick of battle, by the hand of a brother man, rage in his heart, a curse on his lips, and his soul most unprepared to enter into the presence of the Great Judge. I suppose that many here could not bear the sight of a surgical operation. How would such feel on the battlefield covered with dead and dying, the groans of the wounded ringing

in their ears, while birds and beasts of prey prowl into the bloody mud, tearing the flesh of the dead, or watching patiently with cynical eyes the dying struggles of the wounded. And even worse is the siege of a city, where women and children, aged and sick, all together with the soldier, are torn by shell and burned by fire, while famine and pestilence add to their sufferings.

Appaling as is the thought of a battle-field, the loss on the field itself is usually much less than that in the hospital. Long and difficult marches, exposure to wet and cold, insufficient food, interrupted sleep, all combine to spread contagion and breed pestilence in the camp. A certain glamour is cast over death in battle, for here men perish as heroes, as patriots, as martyrs; but upon the slow and often foul disease of the hospital ward no such glamour rests. Here death stands out stark and hateful, a very king of terrors.

Another item against war appeals more to reason than to feeling is its cost. Of the actual cost you may all have gained an idea from the loans floated by Russia and Japan during their recent struggle, Russia's last loan amounting to \$250,000,000. Every war of any importance costs millions, and usually billions, in cash. Add to this the cost of the extras and after effects, pensions, interest, damage claims, loss of property, business depression, and it totals up enormously. And this cost is not only for the war itself, but in time of peace vast sums are spent on standing armies and on navies, on the creation and improvement of arms and ammunition, on the training of officers and men, and on other preparations for war. The standing army of the United States, small as it is, eats up each year fifty-six millions of the people's money, and this is a mere bagatelle when compared with the expenditures of Europe, which amount to \$3,867,000,000 every year. Not long ago one of our battleships just launched from the ways, of the latest design when laid down, costing three millions of dollars, was pronounced out of date and relegated to the second class. What an estimable benefit it would be if all this money could be turned into channels of productive industry, of education or of philanthropy!

But war is not content with leaving its scars on the actual combatants. In the home communities as well, its baleful influence is felt. It is the bravest, the strongest, the best of the nation's sons who are sacrificed in war, while the coward, the weakling, the unsound in mind or body are left behind to propagate the race. Edith M. Thomas has beautifully expressed this thought in her poem on war in the following words:

“They see not as I can see, men shedding the blood of the brave,
And the craven, at home, survives, while the hero sleeps in his grave.

They see not, as I can see, that their daughters' daughters sha'l wed
With the sons of the craven, born of a blood too pa'e to be shed.
They see not the money changers unscourged in the temple remain,
While those who were fearless to strike, the best of the nation are slain."

A war means pestilence and poverty at home, as well as death and suffering in the field. If England had saved all the money she has spent in war, the famines in India could in large measure at least have been prevented. Had Japan now the money put into her late war, she would not need to be asking foreign aid for her sufferers. One of the acknowledged facts of political economy is that the European laborer is poorer than the American. Some ascribe this fact to free trade or protection, as the case may be; some to a wrong system of land tenure; but Mr. Evarts comes nearer stating the true cause when he says that "every German farmer carries a soldier on his back."

These are some of the most striking features of war. But they are all paralled in daily life. Death, suffering, destruction, grief, waste of money, all these belong to peace as well as to strife. When hundreds of lives and thousands of dollars are lost in fire or flood, we are awestruck and sorrowful, but there is not the same feeling as about war. What is the difference? It is this. The former are phenomena of nature, they are providential, as we say; there is a certain element of the inescapable in them. War, on the other hand is no natural event, but is felt as the expression of the passions of others against ourselves, and thus arouses corresponding passions in us. The greatest evil of war, then, is the passions which are engendered. Under its standard gather violence, malignity, lust, rage, perfidy, and rapacity. Of many of our soldiers, and especially of our officers, this is not now so true as it was formerly, but it is still true to an extent. The prevalence of drinking, cursing, and evil language among soldiers is too well known to need comment. War turns most men into brutes, and generally leaves them at the end permanently on a lower plane than when they entered. It encourages cruelty and indifference to human suffering. And once again the soldier is not the only sufferer. War diffuses unfriendly and malignant passions through the whole community. Men rejoice in the misery, the want, the pestilence, the defeat, of their brothers on the other side. Is all this well?

No doubt something may be said in defense of war. It brings its own benefits. No doubt peace has its own brutalities and curses. There is a danger of denouncing war vaguely and rhetorically, of arguing against it with sentimental gush instead of with cool judgment. Let us avoid this error, and allow to any advantages which it can claim.

In the first place it may be admitted that war has done much for

the nations. Every nation has become a nation through war. Is not this true of the English people? Is it not true of our own nation? Were not the thirteen colonies first united by the common war of the Revolution? Were not the North and South, sundered for thirty years by sectional antagonism, reunited by fighting under one flag at Manila and Santiago? Then again many a nation has been started on its moral egeneration by some decisive defeat. The Russian serfs were emancipated as a result of the defeat before Sevastopol. The Austrian government was liberalized by the battle of Solferino. Thus we see that war has done much for the nations.

We may also admit with the Scriptures that God gives the sword to the ruler, and that the ruler bareth not the sword in vain. War is often an instrument of God's justice in this world. It is often waged for peace, and is in many causes just. If we admit, as we all must, that the invasion of a nation's freedom, rights, or laws, is unjust, then we must also believe that defense under such conditions is just. We must look at it, as Luther says, with manly eyes, and think not only how great a calamity war is, but also what great calamities are avoided by war.

Thus we see that war has a double aspect, both good and bad. But if we look back over history we shall find that nine-tenths of the wars have been either unjust or unnecessary, and it is always a question whether the good outweighs the evil. And it is a notable fact that some of the strongest opponents of war have been our most famous fighters. The Duke of Wellington once said that he would gladly sacrifice his life to prevent one month of war in any country to which he was attached. Washington, Grant, and Sherman have all left their word against war. And if these men, who knew all about war from experience, condemn it so strongly, how can we think otherwise than that it is an evil?

I think, then, that we must admit that war is an evil, and to be avoided whenever possible. But if we also believe that it is sometimes just, how shall we know when a nation is justified in going to war? There are three tests which would seem to help us. In the first place, no nation should engage in war without a full consciousness of rectitude. A nation which sends out fleets and armies without compelling sense of just cause will be held responsible for the blood shed just as truly as any individual murderer. In the second place, no nation should engage in war without a feeling of unfeigned sorrow. A nation which can inflict the sufferings of war upon another without sorrow is surely not living up to the ideals of Christ. In the third place, no nation should engage in war until every other means of arranging its difficulties has been tried, and has failed.

Here we come to the turning point of the whole matter. *No nation should engage in war until every other means of arranging its difficulties has been tried and has failed.* Probably most of the wars of history could have been prevented if the nations had heartily and in a spirit of Christian love tried to adjust their differences. International arbitration might not bring universal peace, but it would lift a load from the shoulders of the world which would make it the greatest blessing man has ever known. And it is a fact for which we should be profoundly grateful that the spirit of peace, of brotherly love, of arbitration, seems to be rapidly gaining a hold on the world. During the past century numerous difficulties, many of them serious, have been settled by arbitration. In this great movement the Anglo-Saxon race, which has produced so many fighters, and which now dominates the world in numbers and power, has been most prominent, and our own nation has taken the lead. From the very beginning of our national history we have to a great extent molded current international law. In 1796 our first international convention was held with Great Britain, and since that time we have been a party to arbitration over seventy-five times, of which eighteen have been with Great Britain. At the present time we have in the Morroccan Conference a shining example of what arbitration means. When the Emperor of Germany first challenged France in Morrocco the world held its breath, waiting for the war which was thought sure to follow. Now the spirit of peace is prevailing, the difficulty is being settled without war, and arbitration seems about to add another leaf to its crown of olive.

With such examples of the benefits of arbitration, with our knowledge of the success of these first efforts, what need is there of further argument? We know war, its evils and its sufferings; we know arbitration, its advantages and its successes. Why then hesitate? Why put off the final choice? The time is doubtless not yet ripe for the entire abolition of war, for this would mean the abolition of injustice and selfishness, and this is not yet possible; but we can inestimably help along the happiness of the world, and bring much nearer the kingdom of Christ upon this earth, by referring all our national disputes to arbitration, and settling them, if possible, without war. This great movement is bound to grow, and the day is bound to come when wars of aggression and of oppression shall cease, and peace, nearly if not quite universal, shall prevail between the nations. We have seen the beginnings of the movement, we have seen its great progress, and we of the younger generation may live to see it completed. Let us all hope that this time will soon come, and let us exert whatever influence we may have, either now or in the future, to further the cause of international

arbitration, bearing in our hearts and minds as a watchword the beatitude of our Saviour, "Blessed are the peacemakers, for they shall be called the children of God."

Future.

For I dipped into the future, far as human eye could see,
 Saw the vision of the world and all the wonders that would be;
 Saw the heavens fill with commerce, argosies of magic sails,
 Pilot of the purple twilight, dropping down with costly bales;
 Heard the heavens fill with shouting, and there rained a ghastly dew
 From the nations' airy navies grappling in the central blue ;
 Far along the world-wide whisper of the south-wind rushing warm,
 With the standards of the peoples plunging thro' the thunder-storm ;
 Till the war-drum throbb'd no longer, and the battle-flags were furled
 In the Parliment of Man, the Federation of the World.

The Future Colonel of the 195th.



IT IS difficult to recognize our little freckled faced friend, Wee Willie Winkie, in the dark manly youth, Percival William Williams, yet it is none other who stands on the deck of the Eurasia, watching the fast fading shores of India. As the last bit of land disappeared below the horizon, our friend turns slowly around to become interested in watching the many passengers busily engaged in unfolding rugs, and arranging steamer chairs.

An hour later the welcome sound of the dinner gong is heard, and little time is wasted in getting below, for every one knows what a few hours on the ocean does for appetites. Our friend, Percival-W. is not unlike other people, and so we find him entering the dining hall, with a not altogether indifferent air. The passengers seem to agree that the best plan on ship-board is to lay aside all formalities, so the first meal serves to make many pleasant acquaintances.

After five days out all are dominated by the sea air, and what may be called a small Millenium has settled on our floating world, surrounded on all sides by white caps and covered by the blue dome. Also by this time we have become quite familiar with the faces of many of our fellow passengers. Percival W. has seen one face at least that he thinks he will not forget for a long time. He had a very good opportunity to fix it in his memory, for one day in his walk around the steamer, he passed a chair whose occupant had unusually golden hair and who in her blue serge outing suit, was altogether very attractive looking. She evidently had found the glare trying, for her eyes were closed, displaying well their long silky lashes. He saw her many times during the voyage and regretted that there was no mutual friend to smooth the way for their acquaintance. When the cry "Land," was heard, something near a feeling of regret came over our friend, for he knew that in a few short hours he would lose sight of the face that had so strongly attracted him.

The white cliffs of Dover appear very indistinctly through the heavy mist, and the chilling October wind brings Percival W. to the realization that he is indeed entering a land new to him. Carefully the pilot takes us into harbor, and soon our moving world ceases motion, and then in a few minutes "All ashore" comes in the mate's deep voice.

We will pass hurriedly over the first four years of our friend's military training, and we will now go with him to complete his course at San Hurst. The day he entered was long to be remembered for he had no sooner arrived than he found himself the center of attraction for several officers, who, although they had never before seen our friend, allowed their usually stony countenances to relax in a smile as they came forward to meet him.

"I know you are Williams' son without being told, and, my boy, you are very welcome here."

This was said by a classmate of Percival's father, in fact they were all old friends of Colonel Williams, and after this cordial greeting, our friend was shown to the room once occupied by his father. It was a strange feeling that came over Percival W. as he entered within those four walls, for it was here that his father as a young man had toiled, preparing for his life work.

At the end of two years we find Percival W. with his commission in his hand, talking earnestly with his room-mate, Jack.

"Chum. now that the long looked for day has come, I hate to leave the walls of old San Hurst, and you, Jack."

The latter evidently felt the same, for after giving Percival's hand a silent grasp he turned and walked away. But they say it is always darkest just before dawn, and the saying certainly proved true in this

case, for when the commissions that had been withheld the day before, were delivered; Jack found that his first station would be in India under Colonel Williams.

Before going on duty the two young officers were allowed a furlough of a month. Jack was going to Westchester, his home, and Percival was to gladden the hearts of his grand parents, who lived not far from London. How they had counted the days until he should come, and when they heard the carriage coming up the graveled drive way, they forgot their many winters and hastened to meet Catherine's boy. Percival W. says he can never forget the picture that those two dear old people made, standing on the stone steps and welcoming him with outstretched hands.

After the strenuous life our friend had been leading, this large quiet mansion seemed a heaven of rest. When he looked down from the broad piazza, Percival thought that nothing could be more beautiful than an old English estate with its terraced garden and flowers. How happy his mother must have been here, in the free open life that makes childhood all that it should be. He was glad that they were to have a family reunion in two years when the old home would again ring with laughter and song.

Percival's first evening with his grand parents was spent by the side of a cheery fire in the drawing room. When we look upon them we find two dear old faces, watching lovingly, a young and handsome man, who is telling them his many hopes and aspirations. There are many questions asked and answered and many messages sent to dear ones in far away India.

Percival usually spent his mornings in London sight seeing. First he went to Westminster. What a feeling of awe and reverence came over him as he entered the presence of the ever living dead. Our friend was lost in thought in the Poets' Corner when he heard the music of the grand organ echoing and re-echoing through the building. Could it be the Choir Celestial? It all seemed too beautiful for earth. When the music ceased, Percival W. found his way to the entrance and into the world again, but memory of the sad sobbing music, together with the stately solemnity of the Abbey, will always live in his memory.

He next visited St. Paul's, there to see among many others Nelson's tomb. Passing slowly down the isle he reached a place where the heavy pillars and arches gather thick beneath the dome, and here found the last resting place of one of England's greatest warriors. The sarcophagus of Nelson contains his coffin, made from the mast of the ship *Orient*, which was presented to Lord Nelson after the battle of the

Nile. It was given him that he might some day "be buried in one of his own trophies."

Percival went to Windsor Castle and visited many other places in historic London. But the time came when he must leave the home in which he had been the light and life for three weeks past. The parting was a hard one for all and Percival said "goodbye" many times before he finally found his way to the steamer. He had been aboard only a few minutes when he saw Jack making his way through the crowd. The latter's train had been late, this explaining his nonappearance at lunch with Percival and his grand parents.

One might have thought these young men had been separated for years, judging by their joyous meeting, but their two years intimate life at San Hurst had made them such friends that even a day apart was was unwelcome. These two young gentlemen attracted no little attention on the steamer for they were both good to look upon. Jack's honest blue eyes inspired confidence, while Percival's dark type would always be admired, and their years of military training showed plainly in the splendid physique of each.

The ladies on board did not seem to appeal very strongly to these two military enthusiasts, and they joined groups only where politics of the day were being discussed. The time passed very quickly and while our friends were anxious to reach their destination, still they enjoyed their life on ship board so thoroughly, that they almost disliked to have it end.

Owing to an unusually smooth passage the steamer reached port twelve hours sooner than it was expected. Percival and Jack were the first passengers on shore, and Percival became Wee Willie Winkie again, as he hurried up the familiar street and soon reached his home. In a most unceremonious manner the two friends burst into the dining room, where Colonel and Mrs. Williams were at dinner. I leave you to imagine their first evening together after separation of six years.

The young officers had become very much interested in their work when Jack was taken suddenly ill with typhoid fever. A cablegram was sent immediately to Mr. Merritt informing him of his son's illness, and a reply was received saying that he would sail on the next ship for India. The crisis had passed before the steamer arrived, all danger was over; so when Percival met Mr. Merritt at the pier, it was glad news he had for him. But Jack's father had not come alone, his daughter was with him, and it took all Percival's self control as a British officer to keep from showing some slight surprise, when Jack's sister proved to be the little golden haired lady whose image he had carried in his heart ever since his voyage from India to England six years ago.

They drove to the hospital, where Jack was impatiently awaiting their arrival. Such a meeting at that bedside! Many were the silent prayers of thanksgiving offered by father and sister for their dear one, who had been spared the visitation of the death angel. During Jack's convalescence Percival saw a great deal of Miss Merritt, and when Mr. Merritt decided that he and his daughter would remain in India some months, Percival experienced a surprisingly new sensation.

To make a long story short, next week there is to be a military wedding, in other words Jack's sister has consented to Percival's being her "life pilot;" and so we leave the future Colonel of the 195th.

NOTE:—We are indebted to Mr. Kipling for our early acquaintance with Wee Willie Winkie.

Our Copper Country.



IN the extreme northwestern part of upper Michigan, there is an island, small and unsettled but of much importance to the commercial world. Three sides of this piece of rugged land are surrounded by the stormy and trecherous waters of lake Superior and the fourth is a chain of charming lakes. These lakes are small and it is still difficult for big fregihters to traverse them, although in the last few years much dredging and widening have improved them wonderfully.

Numerous boats in the spring afford a very pleasant means of visiting this country. A boat leaves the locks at the Soo, only to find rocky shores almost the entire way, till the entry is reached. Let us imagine such a boat arriving within sound of the fog whistle at the entry about six o'clock on a July morning. The passengers will behold one of the characteristic features of Lake Superior, a mass of fog. This sounds unpleasant but it really is not so, if no business matters are urgent. The boat is enveloped in a white robe till nothing can be seen except a ray of sunlight trying to pierce its dimness. One tries in vain to penetrate beyond, to see what is approaching. The entry cannot be passed through so the boat will probably remain in the harbor until the heat of the sun drives away the vapor. Little by little, the part near the water lifts and as it rises objects begin to to loom up, black and of unearthly size. The light house seems to be almost on the boat; this illusion, however, soon disappears, the sun comes out in all his glory, quickly dispelling the upper fog, leaving only a vail next the water. If there is a slight

breeze this can be seen gradually to float away until not a trace of the dense whiteness remains. The grass and water lilies sparkle as the light glares over drops of water hanging from them.

The boat now wends its way through channels, scarcely wide enough as it turns to admit both bow and stern. These channels extend for about six miles through a low and swampy region, fringed by high rocky hills. This first view gives one the impression of a lack of civilization, which new comers seem to receive and retain to an unaccountable degree. Many people coming here expect to see a few log cabins perched on the edge of a hill. We are civilized however, we live in very comfortable homes, and have street cars, ferries and steam cars.

The lakes through which the boat carries its sightseers, are much lower than the surrounding country, so from its deck the hills seem to encompass one as in a valley; the north shore is more rugged but rises less abruptly than the southern. As the big lake is left further and further behind and the narrow channels begin to widen, a change is noticed in the water; it is no longer blue and sparkling but has become a reddish brown. The cause of this is soon seen as the smelters at Dollar Bay come into view from behind Grose Pointe.

The first thing that attracts the eyes is a brilliant light as of a glowing furnace, but it is only our chief product piled high upon the docks, copper, varying from bright gold to a deep rich red, according to the kind and process of refining. The cathods, bars and ingots are piled separately, ready to be loaded on the heavy freighters which carry them to New York and Chicago. The greater portion goes to New York to be exported.

Copper is used in everything in the electrical world, copper wire being the best and most economical conductor known. Of late years it is being used considerably to sheath the hulls of sea-going ships, because of its durability and the fact that it does not foul as steel does. Barnacles will not adhere to copper sheeted hulls. It enters into all brass work and is used extensively for the bottoms of boilers and kettles. Cartridge shells are made of this metal, also locks and rivets in bell metal. Nevertheless the greater part is used in the electrical world, New York and London being the chief markets.

These buildings at Dollar Bay are of much interest to many, perhaps not the buildings themselves, although they are worthy of attention, but the work that is carried on within their walls. Men are employed both night and day. The time is divided into eight hour shifts, and a man may work two in twenty-four hours if he wishes, but it is hard work as the heat from the many furnaces is very intense. The boiling, seething mass is tested from time by dipping it with a long handled spoon and

allowing the contents of the spoon to cool, then examining to see if a black spot is present, if not, the copper is purified. Now a trolley is attached to the door of the furnace and heavy iron dippers slipped into place. About six men each take a dipper, slip it into the copper until filled almost full, then run it down the trolley into moulds, attached to a chain, which moves them onward through cold water in order to cool the boiling mass. These molds are carefully rubbed with something like lamp black before each using, so that the copper will not stick. When the contents have hardened, the moulds are emptied and the cathods, ingots, or bars, as they may happen to be, are loaded on the docks; or the bars may be taken to the wire mill, just behind the works, to be made into copper wire.

Again the tourist boards the boat and passes farther up the lakes; the land becomes more rugged and far up on the tops of hills green looking buildings rise clear into the sky. These look like the houses children build of blocks, just one square on another, but they are shaft houses which cover the openings into the mines. On the right hand, or northern shore are coal docks, where the coal for the mines is unloaded, also a brick yard and sawmill; a little farther up the left hand side is our Michigan College of Mines. We are very proud of this school, not only for its fine buildings, which beautify Houghton, but for the fine workmen it turns out. A man who has graduated from this school need never have any difficulty in getting a good position in technical work, or in any kind of mining. The remainder of the shore, till Hancock is reached, is filled with founderies, the depots, the gas plant and warehouses. Our home factories make almost all the machinery for the mines. Hancock is the central point from which to start to see many interesting things. From the dock the sightseer climbs a steep hill two blocks in length. This is not stony or hard of ascent, if he has plenty of breath and time; but on a rainy day, take care, for the walk is of cement and slippery as glass, when the water washes over it. Then a street car is taken to the top of Quincy Hill; although the distance by way of the track is scarce a mile and a half, yet the car has risen about five hundred and seventy feet.

The first interest is the Franklin shaft house, which is perched on the brow of the hill, overlooking the town. Here can be seen the shifts, which carry men to and from their work underground. One beholds a very unique picture, as he gazes down the shaft, as the car ascends; first only a flicker as of a candle is seen, but one by one, each lamp that the miners have in their hats, becomes visible, like so many stars coming out as darkness falls, finely, after what seems an interminable time, this shift, which is only a heavy ladder drawn by pulleys, arrives at the

surface with its load of men, damp, dirty, and tired from eight hours work in the heart of the earth.

From similar shafts the copper is brought up and dumped into cars, not copper as it is generally seen, but large pieces of rock that do not seem to resemble copper at all. All the copper mined in Michigan is native, or free copper, that is, it is not found as an ore. All other copper found in the United States is found as copper ore, principally oxides and sulphides. "Lake Copper" is better for electrical purposes, and therefore brings a higher price than "electrolytic," as the Western copper is called because it is obtained from the ore by an electric process. These cars of rock are then taken to the mills; the tourist could ride down on them but the road, being almost entirely over trestles, is very rough, so it is better to take either one or the other of two very pleasant ways, the first to Calumet by way of carriage and the second by street car.

There at the Calumet and Hecla shaft house may be seen the deepest vertical shaft known, a little over a mile deep. The ore from this mine is very rich and produced in vast quantities. At one time the stock was sold for about twenty-five dollars a share, but now it is considered low at thirty times its former value. One mode of getting rich in this northern country is to buy stocks when they are low and wait for a boom, sometimes, however it does not come. Another source of interest is "Big Jumbo," which should also be seen as it is the largest engine in the United States for drawing ore from the levels.

A drive through Calumet is very enlightening to anyone interested in different nationalities; the people have come here from about everywhere; Finlanders, Italians, Norwegians, Swedes, and Cornishmen, all are here working together. The houses are in very good condition; the mines provide for most of the workmen, houses alike in shape and color, differing perhaps a little in size.

From Calumet the most beautiful way to the mills is the most rugged. The hills are very steep and have many loose stones on which the horses are very apt to slip. Where the top of the last hill is reached the lake known as Portage, occupies the chief place in the view. It seems almost possible to step from this hill into the water, but distances in our clear air are often deceptive; the lake is about a half a mile away and many miles in extent. On the right hand side of the carriage is the topmost story of the mills. These buildings are arranged like steps, the top one being on the hill while the first is at its foot.

The copper rock is brought up to the top in cars and dumped into deep boxlike apartments, which open into stamp heads where the rock is ground. A fine specimen may be obtained here if everybody's back is turned. Silver is found in small quantities mixed with the copper, if

one is fortunate enough to get one of these "half-breeds," unique hat-pins or watch fobs can be made easily. From the stamp heads the copper is run over round tables which revolve and lit up and down at the same time, so the rock, being lighter than the copper, is shaken into a bin beneath the surface of the table. It is then passed through washers, where the finest sand is removed, and then flows into cars, which take it to the smelting works, the first place visited. The copper when received to be refined is like coarse sand of a reddish brown color, containing from sixty to seventy per cent. pure copper.

The mills will now have to be left behind if a day is all one has. The boat is at Houghton, so the driver takes the weary tourists back through Dollar Bay and Riply. The Douglas house offers entertainment for any who desire a change from the boat. If this visit happens to be on Thursday the life-saving men will roll out the life boats and exhibit their rowing. This is a novel farewell given to tourists on that day, as they leave the copper country rich in scenery, resources, and pleasure.

As the boat withdraws from the harbor, the sun sends a long stream of vivid red color from the horizon, over the darkening water, to the bank, which almost seems to the beholders a broad vein of finest copper ready to be turned into gold.

The Coming of the Doffodils.

BY ALFRED AUSTIN, Poet Laureate of England.

"Awake, awake! for the Springtime's sake,

March Daffodils, too long dreaming!

The lark is high in the spacious sky,

And the celandine stars are gleaming.

The gorse is ablaze, and the woodland sprays

Are as crimson as August heather.

The buds they unfurl, and the mavis and merle

Are singing duets together.

"The rivulets run, first one by one,

Then meet in the swirling river,

And in out-peeping roots the sun-god shoots

The shafts of his golden quiver.

The thrush never stops in the hazel copse,

Till with music the world seems ringing,

And the milkmaid hale, as she swings her pail,

Comes out from the dairy singing.

The Bureau of Information.



OW, Sis; when you get there do just as I did at Columbia. Use your eyes. Read the bulletins. Know what you are about from the first."

Thus wrote brother Ralph, a Sophomore—with one condition.

Christy thought of this advice as the afternoon train slowed up for Winter Park, and she wiped away the big tears that stood in her frightened, dark eyes. Already homesickness was wrapping her about like a chill garment

However, eyes were little needed at the station, for hardly had Christy's foot touched the platform, when a small man with a soft hat pulled down over his eyes stepped briskly forward, saying:

"This is Miss Lee for the College? Miss Arrow told me to take your baggage to Cloverleaf Cottage. Wish a carriage?"

"Yes, oh yes," Christy responded in a relieved tone, giving her checks to the man, and then hastening to take her seat in the waiting carriage.

The town seemed to be a charming little place, and Christy caught a glimpse of a beautiful lake through a vista of gray moss and brilliant oak leaves as the carriage turned on the principal avenue.

"Is'nt that Cloverleaf ahead?" asked Christy, when a goodly number of pleasant homes had been passed. The driver, however, seemed not to hear, but turned abruptly to the right.

"Oh!" gasped Christy, a moment later, for before her amazed eyes appeared a bunch of young men on a large, open field, and they seemed about to crush the life out of a companion, and this youth held for dear life onto what appeared to be a dingy member of the melon family.

The driver, forgetting his passenger, gave a howl of approval. Then Christy remembered that the man at the station had said, "No turning off for the game, young man."

Christy was wondering indignantly what she was to do when, "Drive on," spoken in quiet decided tones brought the driver to a sudden sense of duty, and caused Christy to notice a slender young gentleman who in passing raised his hat respectfully.

"Professor, northern fellow, teaches languages" explained the driver good naturedly whipping up his horses. In a moment Cloverleaf was close at hand.

"Oh, I never can get out before all those girls. It's horrid to enter late," thought the new-comer.

Blessed diversion! A dark youth on a bicycle, and having a leather bag flung over his shoulder, sped by the carriage.

"Mail!" shouted a girl on the veranda. Repeating the shout all the girls crowded through the screen door into the house, presumably to meet the youth at some other entrance.

"Thank goodness!" said Christy aloud, and the driver grinned understandingly as he descended from the carriage, and went forward to ring the bell.

After a moment, during which mingled cries of exaggerated woe and joy could be heard in a farther hall, a tall girl came out to the carriage.

"You are Miss Lee? Miss Arrow is caring for a sick girl, and I am to take care of you."

"Oh thank you," said Christy gratefully, "And you are a Floridian too," she added.

"Yes, Miss Knole, a real Cracker from the Miami or nearby. There comes the wagon with your trunks."

And the "real Cracker" gave directions about the trunks, and then led the new girl through the pleasant halls that connect with the three reception rooms grouped in the center of the cloverleaf.

"Oh, beautiful!" murmured Christy as Miss Knole threw open the door of her room on the second floor, and she caught a glimpse of the lake.

"And roses in a new girl's room!" she exclaimed as she approached the study table.

"Yes Miss Arrow put them there. Trunks unstrapped?"

"Yes."

"Have you everything?"

"Oh, yes, and thank you so much."

When left alone Christy freshened herself up a bit, and then began lifting out her muslin gowns from the trays, listening the while to the chatter of the girls over their letters. After a time they all trooped off to watch the youths who were still struggling on the dusty field.

"It's the Monday holiday! That's why no one is at work, but, oh dear, I can't stand that," Christy thought, for after a brief stillness below, someone began softly to play "Home, Sweet Home."

"I'll find out what I'm to do tomorrow. Know what I'm about as Ralph advises," thought the new girl bravely.

As Christy opened her door the wailing at the piano ceased, and

the house was perfectly still. Christy walked timidly toward the nearest stairway, but stopped hesitatingly before a closed door.

Bureau of Information was printed in bold type on a placard tacked on the door.

"This must be what I'm looking for. Shall I knock? Probably not if it's an office. I'll risk it anyway," thought the little freshman.

Christy slowly opened the door, and looked timidly at the occupant of the room, who without glancing up, said very promptly, "You may sweep my room to-morrow, Edna, I'm busy now."

The crisp, neat speech of the slender girl who sat writing at a desk quite paralyzed Christy before the "Ah!" came as she slowly raised the calm, gray eyes that awaited explanation.

"I'm entering late. I wish to know—this is the Bureau of Information where I should—" but here Christy's voice quite failed her.

A look of surprise, quickly controlled, passed over the face of the cool young person at the desk.

"What can I do for you?" she asked taking up a pencil and turning a notebook at a convenient angle.

"I'm to take mathematics and music, papa arranged for those, but I wish to take French as well. Where should I go to arrange for that?" asked Christy, now at ease as all seemed so businesslike.

The cool young person hesitated, then she stepped to the window, and pointed to a cottage across the campus, which showed only a veranda covered with climbing roses.

"There, you see Pinehurst. You will find Professor Clark's office on the first floor. Anyone will point it out to you."

Christy with much gratitude in her sincere eyes, thanked the young lady and started for Pinehurst.

"Why did I do such a mean thing—sending that poor girl to hunt out a popular young professor? Everybody will know before she goes to classes. Professor Clark will not think her bold—he's too clever. But he'll think me horrid. He's at the game, and may never know. Some comfort in that—still, I'm mean."

So mused Louise Lines standing at her window, now not the cool head of the Bureau, but a most uncomfortable young person.

Meanwhile Christy had rung the bell at Pinehurst, but no one responded and a roar from the athletic field suggested that everybody must be at the game. After a moment of waiting, however, she heard someone tuning a violin in a room across the hall.

"I just must," thought Christy as she knocked at the door through which came the tones of the violin. The tuning went on, and then she knocked much louder.

At once the door was opened and a tall young gentleman whom Christy recognized as the one who had ordered on the delinquent driver, stood looking at her, silent for a moment. He held his violin in his hand and had donned some sort of silk dressing gown.

"I beg your pardon," stammered the professor.

"Is this Professor Clark's office?" asked Christy, looking up with child-like eyes.

"Ah, well, yes, but its hardly in order. Kindly be seated in the reception room, and I'll be with you at once," said the professor, recovering himself.

Professor Clark appeared again in a moment with his coat on, and seated himself beside Christy, saying pleasantly "You have come to see about your work. Very glad you did not wait until to-morrow."

So it was all right. An uncomfortable little doubt had just crept into Christy's mind.

"And how did you know where to find me so promptly?" asked the professor after satisfactory arrangements had been made about work, and he had accompanied Christy to the veranda.

"Oh, that was easy. I went to the Bureau of Information and the young lady in charge directed me here," Christy answered now quite unembarrassed.

Professor Clark paused a moment, and then called Christy's attention to the charming view of the lake. "The curved walk to Cloverleaf will give you a nearer view. Will you permit me to accompany you?" he added, coming down the steps with his new pupil.

Christy and her companion talked quite like old friends as they slowly approached Cloverleaf by the curved walk. Louise Lines could see them plainly from her window. Louise threw down a book she was trying to study, and going to a mirror looked soberly at herself.

"She is prettier than I, if she hasn't any style. I've done a mean thing. He is sure to know—and he ought to know," said Louise to her unhappy image.

"Oh, cousin Bettie, called Professor Clark to a fine looking lady, who, acting as her own chauffeur, was passing the campus a few minutes after the friendly parting at Cloverleaf.

"Take me in," the Professor added as the car curved up to the gate.

"Of course, of course, but I'm the chauffeur just the same," laughed his cousin. "Let's take the shadowy road to Maitland. I love it," she continued as she skillfully made the first turn.

The way was a perfect joy to cousin Bettie, and the young man was

unusually talkative. He told college stories, and Bettie, who had been a Rollins girl, had some good ones, old and new, to tell.

As the auto slowed up to make the curve at the Seminole Inn, on the return from Maitland, cousin Bettie was saying, "Speaking of signs, I think that Bureau of Information on Louise's door is the very cutest."

Professor Clark parted from his cousin at the campus seemingly in merry-mood, but he walked very slowly across to Pinehurst.

"I feel like a cad, now I've traced the thing. Small business. But Louise! She seemed too fine for that. Well, a pity," thought the young man.

"You are to wear that silvery-blue gown and go with Professor Clark and generally make the rest of us green with envy?"

"Yes, the blue, I am glad you like it," Louise replied to the spokesman of the maidens, who in varigeated kimonas, crowded her room after evening study-hour to eat crackers spread with gauva jelly.

"I've a new fan papa sent me. Would you like to see it?" Louise continued as she drew herself out of an especially congested corner.

Every kimona-ed maiden noticed that Louise did not reply to the question as to her escort to the party, and one maiden, whom we had best call Kimona, even raised her brows. For a moment Kimona's pretty face wore the prying, gossipy look that was to mark it when years had set their seal.

"Goodness! the warning flash," cried Kimona, and the laughing maidens accelerated the consumption of crackers spread with gauva jelly to a degree truly alarming.

"Fly!" cried Louise, "I must get in fifty strokes before the light goes out," and she began to loosen her crown of dark braids.

"Well, then who is going with Professor Clark, and what has happened that Louise is not?" questioned more than one maiden in the quiet that soon fell upon Cloverleaf.

"Gray moss isn't gray when the sun sets behind the great pines. Yesterday it was pink-violet, today it's pink-bronze."

So said Christy to herself as she put her pretty head out of her window.

"I really think that those clouds—rose petals—take pains to float just over lake Virginia. They think its as deep as the sky—but dear me, this isn't getting ready for the party!" and Christy's head disappeared from the window.

Then the lesser lights that rule the night changed all Christy's world of pink to silver and deep blue, and the little clouds put away the

blush of day, and took the white veil as willing brides of heaven.

Soon the gymnasium showed lighted windows, for parties must begin early at Rollins. The President's wife put the last touches to the decorations and then hurried away.

"Would not be back in time to receive! did someone say? Indeed she was back in time to receive, and to receive so graciously that bashful youths were glad that they had plucked up courage to come.

Kimona was among the first to pass down the line of the Faculty.

"I'm here early to see everything, and to have fun besides," she said to the admirer who carried her tiny fan as she seated herself opposite the door.

"A winter scene!" exclaimed a northern lady in the gallery. "I have to pinch myself to believe it real. All in muslin and nothing on their heads," and the visitor leaned forward as groups of girls entered the lower hall.

"Isn't Louise coming at all! said Kimona not yet seeing everything she had come to see.

Kimona forgot to keep up her taking ways, and her admirer felt quite out of her thoughts. Suddenly she stiffened with interest and seized his arm.

"Why, Tom, there comes Louise with Miss Arrow. Would I ever have believed it!" gasped Kimona.

Tom looked blankly at Miss Lines seeing nothing difficult to believe unless it was that she looked more lovely than usual, and thanked his stars that the "professor fellow" was not with her.

"I'll brace up, and get a little talk with her myself," remarked tactless Tom.

"You don't brace up to talk with me," snapped his companion.

"Er—no, you—different kind of charming," stammered Tom, but to his intense relief he discovered that Kimona was not hearing a word. She was staring toward the door.

"My goodness! When did they meet—out of class. She made that pink gown herself. She's a dream," murmured Kimona.

"Peach," laconically responded Tom.

"It's that new girl, and with Professor Clark, Tom, what will Louise think!"

"Nothing much. Look at her smiling and bowing to 'em."

"Smiling and bowing'—but there's the grand march. Come let's get near the head," said Kimona as she assisted her partner to his feet.

"Professor Clark always leads. Will he to-night? Yes, with Christy Lee, Louise is second. We'll be third."

Kimona was third, and Tom reached her side as soon as his skating style of crossing the floor would permit.

"Happy youth," murmured the lady from the North, as she leaned over the gallery rail better to see the swaying line which suddenly became vitalized in response to the firm march stroke of the music.

Ah lady from the North—"Happy youth." Always happy? Have you forgot!

Louise heard. She could not help but hear. Kimona's voice searched Cloverleaf.

She tapped at Kimona's door, and instantly there was silence within. Kimona opened the door hesitatingly, and revealed girls and girls still in party dress.

"I beg your pardon, girls," said Louise standing proudly in the doorway, "but just now I heard some *one* say that I had refused to go with Professor Clark to the party and that is why he took Miss Lee. I had no chance to refuse to go with him. Good night."

Louise was obliged to close the door on herself for the girls were simply transfixed.

"Got just what we deserved for tagging after Kimona to hear gossip," one girl remarked the next day.

As Louise fled down the hall toward her room she heard swift, light steps behind her, and as she opened her door a little creature in pink threw loving arms around her.

"Oh, Miss—oh, Louise, I have had such a happy evening! And I think perhaps—don't be offended—that part of it is for you."

Louise made no move to hide the great tears that rolled down her pale cheeks.

"Yes, a charming time, for Professor Clark was so kind. I told him what lovely things you had done for me since—that day—and his face just shone. Of course, I knew after a while that you fooled me a little. But, Louise, Professor Clark looks like some one at home, some one so good and fine. There! Ought I to go when that flash comes? I never can remember."

"In just a minute, dear, you must go, but"—and a merry look came into Louise's eyes—"if there is anything in the future that you do not understand you must come to the Bureau of Information. You may trust it."

The girls laughed merrily, yet in a moment were very sober again.

"We're friends now?" asked Christy.

"Yes, for always, but fly, little one, or you'll have to get your party gown off by moonlight.

Tallulah Falls



WHEN a traveler visits Tallulah Falls what is the impression left on his memory? Will he, when describing the scene to his friends say,

“That is a beautiful place?”

No, for with a beautiful place we associate murmuring streams and brooks dancing along through cool dense woods with mossy rocks and delicate, feathery ferns peeping out from every nook and crevice, or, perhaps, a river gliding along at the foot of heavily wooded hills with a village nestling among the trees. Beauty is not the impression left on the minds of those who have visited Tallulah Falls. The place is exactly what the word Tallulah means, no other than that Indian word, could so exactly express the appearance and atmosphere of the gorge and surrounding mountains,—terrible, wild, and on that account fascinating. The roar of the water and the moan of the wind in the pines tend to aid the impression that almost anything dreadful might happen there.

For ages the Terrara River has been cutting its way down through the Blue Ridge, forming a chasm many miles in length and in places more than a thousand feet in depth. It is not a large body of water in the quiet state, but directly after a storm it swells to more than twice its usual size, and during the two or three hours that this wild body of water rushes down its narrow channel a fearful amount of work is done. The river enters the Grand Chasm at Tallulah by the Indian Arrow Rapids and during the half mile through the chasm makes a fall of six hundred and fifty feet.

Crawling out on one of the flat rocks projecting from the side of the gorge and looking over, we are surprised to discover that we are on a mere shelf, which looks small and frail compared with the huge rocks forming the high cliffs. From this shelf we can see that the side of the mountain has been hollowed out by the water, so that below and within the basin shaped side we look at the tops of great trees and on masses of beautiful foliage. The narrow path zigzagging down the side of the gorge looks doubly dangerous and as if any one trying to pass over some parts of the way would topple over into the abyss beneath. With a shudder we crawl back, fearing that before solid earth can be reached this shell of a rock may give way and take us whirling through the space of a thousand feet to meet certain death in the boulder strewn chasm below.

The gorge forms a great natural boundary between Georgia and

South Carolina and we know that the rows and rows of beautiful blue peaks far away to the north are in North Carolina. On the South Carolina side of the gorge, the rocks rise more than a thousand feet in an almost perpendicular wall. The only break in the vast gray face particularly noticeable from the Georgia side is a black opening. Not many people have cared to test the strength of the ladders scaling the five hundred and fifty feet of bare rock wall, to explore the Vulcan's Forge, as the cave is called. The brow of the cliff is crowned with dark, jagged pines, and occasionally between the branches gleams the red clay of the road winding along its top. There are eight principal falls, wonderful and grand, but the fiercest and most magnificent of all is one called Hurricane. The water plunges over high rocks through a distance of ninety-two feet, and the force of the water is sometimes tremendous. The very last fall is really the most beautiful. It is a long, graceful sweep of white water called Bridal Veil. The legend of this fall is well known and often repeated through the surrounding country.

A rich Englishman came over and settled in North Carolina with his wife and only daughter, Arabel. This part of the country was then ruled by two mighty Indian Chiefs, Tallulah and Terrurah, but the white family made friends with them so that they lived near these Indians unmolested. Tallulah became a frequent visitor of the White-worth family and taught by Arabel, soon learned to talk the English language. He delighted to stroke her golden hair and saw visions of the happy hunting grounds in her clear blue eyes. As time passed Arabel grew into a beautiful maiden and Tallulah grew to love her with all his being. The tenderest venison of the hills and the finest trout of the streams were hers. The affection of the girl was won, and he persuaded her to fly with him to a land of the far south, that was supposed to abound in treasures hidden there by some pre-historic tribes. So one night at the midnight hour, when the moon was silvering the pines, Arabel stole from her room and fled with her Indian lover and his tribe in search of the land of treasure.

When, in the morning it was discovered that Tallulah had stolen the beautiful Arabel, the Englishman secured the aid of Terrurah and pursued him. Many days and nights they followed without any sight of Tallulah. Finally they came to the foot of a very high and steep mountain and looking up they saw Tallulah scaling its side. With renewed energy they climbed after him, but when they reached the summit their foe had disappeared into a fearful abyss. Looking down, they were struck with awe at the sight. Beneath them a river was leaping, and down it shot like an arrow a small canoe and in this were Tallulah

and Arabel, her golden hair streaming out as they shot over rapids, precipices, and cataracts. The story declares that several of these were passed in safety, but when they came to the last one Arabel fell from the canoe and was dashed to death among the rocks below. Tallulah, seeing that he could do nothing to save her, leaped into the river and perished with her. On the heights above the father watched the scene and moaned in helpless anguish, but Terrurah smiled over the death of his enemy. When only the angry roar of the water could be heard, he exclaimed, "It is the voice of Tallulah, it is terrible." The names Tallulah and Bridal Veil remain to keep in memory this legend.

Just below this fall the river makes a grand curve forming the gigantic Horse Shoe Bend. All this can be seen from the top of the gorge, far around the trunks of trees that have their base somewhere down on the side of the gorge, lookout houses have been built, and many people risk the tottering stairs winding to the top of a pine tree for the sake of a better view of the awful grandeur of the scene stretched out far beneath them. The effects of the shadows as they creep up and down the mountain sides and the white-headed eagles circling around over the roaring, foaming water, between the great walls of the chasm, add a lonely, wild, desolate touch to the scene.

If one climbs to the top of a huge rock called Devil's Pulpit and looks far down to the end of the chasm, a scene strikingly different from the one directly in the foreground greets the eye. The waters seem to have become tired of their rush and tumble, for the river flows out over a comparatively level bit of country with green fields on either side. It is a scene of peace and quiet, and for the first time a comfortable, deep breath can be drawn, as one realizes that all the world is not rushing headlong into dark depths. Soon the birds begin to twitter their twilight song for the shadows are creeping up the side of the opposite mountain, soon objects in the valley below become indistinct till only the river gleams like a silver thread through the deepening shades.

I. S. L.



The New South



LIVING in the South to-day in peace and prosperity, we are apt to to enjoy our ease and take little thought of the greatness of our land, of its needs and possibilities. The historic South comprises eleven commonwealths, united by the bonds of kinship, by a strong fraternal feeling.

The area of this part of our republic is nearly four times that of France and six times that of the British Isles. And this comparison in extent is a suggestion as to the importance of her people as compared with other nations of the world.

All great peoples who have really stood at the head, have been of mixed race. In the ancient Romans were fused the blood of the heroic Greeks, the sturdy Gauls, and of the broad-headed Etruscans. The British number among their ancestors the enterprising Northmen, the stout-hearted Dane, Angles, Saxons, French, and Celt. And the United States, that has finally taken her destined place at the head of the affairs of the world, is a nation of mixed people. She owes her supremacy to this mixture of the races; and the South in respect to her ancestry is equal to any other part of the world, for here are found the descendants of the best people of the best nations of Europe.

Virginia was settled by Germans, Swedes, Scotch-Irish, but in most part by the English. From these descended a class of people who have made their influence felt throughout American history. The history of Virginia is more romantic, chivalrous, and glorions than that of any of her sisters. From her soil have sprung the peers of earth's greatest sons; her soldiers, statesmen, patriots, and orators are unsurpassed in the chronicles of man. They have always been the leaders and makers of American history. Upon her banner is inscribed every battle from Bunker Hill to Richmond. The Declaration of Independence was signed by her sons. In her history are the names of Washington, Patrick Henry, the Lees, Jefferson, Madison, and all the immortal list she has given to liberty and the glory of our race.

To Carolina came the Huguenots, the flower of French chivalry, whose descendants were destined to take a leading part in the affairs of the republic. The people of South Carolina have always been leaders of feeling in America. They were the first to rebel against the tyranny of King George, and their state was the only one not totally subdued during the Revolution; and in the bloody war of Secession, they were the first to secede and stand up for the rights of their State. South Carolina sent more of her sons to the front than any other state and af-

ter the war was over fewer of them were left alive to return to their homes.

Georgia, the Empire State of the South, was settled by the English under Oglethorpe. And the other Southern States, were settled largely by the people from the Atlantic states, who carried with them the same intellectual qualities and generous natures.

It was the fusion of the blood of all these people that made the South what it was before the war, and this same reason will again lift her into prominence when she has totally recovered from the terrible effects of the Civil War and the still more disastrous results of the reconstruction period.

Many of the leading men of the North to-day are men of Southern birth and Southern heritage. Will we ever learn that the glory of our manhood and the flower of our womanhood are too precious to be given away? We now encourage men and women of the North of less adaptability to our needs, to avail themselves of our opportunities, while we should keep our own people at home to develop their own resources. While we are sending our best men away for better and wider opportunities, the wiser northern men of brain and money are coming here; they see what we do not, that the South will some day be the center of the western world. We do not depreciate the value of their enterprise, energy, and capital when we were in need of such aid, but now the South is beginning to be herself again, she is recovering from the shocks of the Civil War. We have waked up in industrial lines, we no longer sell our cotton to England for five cents and buy it back for fifty; but we bail it, spin it in our fields, and keep the money at home where by nature it belongs.

England, France, Spain, and all western Europe are declining; Russia, Japan, Eastern Asia, and the Pacific Islands are awakening. The Pacific is to be covered with a commerce that the Atlantic has never known. The Present supremacy of the Atlantic is what has made New York what it is. The Panama canal when completed will open and connect this vast new commerce of the Pacific with the Atlantic, and the Gulf will be the center of the commerce of the world. It will be the Mediterranean of the Western Hemisphere. With Mexico growing into a progressive nation, with Cuba and the West Indies coming to the front, with all South America in the rapid growth of modern progress, with the Mississippi bringing the trade of the great middle-west through our doors, with the cotton supply of the world, with our varied products that fail no season, with a Pennsylvania supply of coal in Alabama and oil in Texas, with all these the South will some day be the center of the Western world.

What the South most needs to-day is to forget the past and look into the future, to turn the minds of its people from the dead past into the living present. Our main drawback is that we live too much in records and not in acts, and instead of making the most of the present and so making ready for the future, we dream of what has been and of our noble ancestry.

Let us disband The Daughters of the Confederacy and The Sons of Veterans, and let each son and daughter spend all their energy in the advancement of our people and in the development of our great and unsurpassed resources. Let our monuments to the Lost Cause be not simple slabs of marble, but let them be men of granite strength of purpose who are willing to put aside useless memories and take up bravely the issues of to-day. Let us perpetuate the honor of the lost cause and prove our respect for our fathers who were forced to fight against the Stars and Stripes, by entering into the spirit of the times.

When we become an integral part of the national spirit and an equal builder in its present achievements, no man from New England will patronize us, and no man from Pennsylvania will misunderstand us, and then we shall have a Southern President and no longer act a minor part in national affairs.

Address by Wm. H. Jackson, April 12, 1906

Mountains and Mountain Climbing



SOME years ago two of us were ascending a wild, rocky valley in the Tyrol, on our way to climb the "Sugar Loaf," a conical peak, covered with eternal snow. High above our heads rose rocky cliffs, over which fell ice-cold streams, flowing from the glaciers and snow fields toward which we were slowly toiling. There were mountains everywhere, huge monsters, each one of which covered what would have been an entire plain in a flat country. There was scarcely enough level surface anywhere upon which to so place an egg that it would not roll away. Even to keep one's head "level" was a difficulty.

In this deserted region, far from the thronging crowds of men, we ran across a shepherd, who had spent his entire life in the mountains. In the course of conversation we told him that in various other parts of the world there were vast stretches of flat country, hundreds of miles in extent. The look of astonishment on the man's face was something to

remember, but it slowly faded into incredulity, "It is not true," he cried, "It is impossible, it cannot be imagined, how could a world be made of anything but mountains and valleys?"

To those who have always lived in Florida it seems difficult to imagine that the world can bear upon its surface anywhere great elevations of earth and rock, thousands of feet in height and covered with ice and snow, which never disappear, even in the fierce heat of the hottest of Summers.

Mount Blanc, in Switzerland, is about fifteen thousand feet above sea level, while the vast mountain chain of the Himalayas appears to pierce the very vault of the serene blue sky. Some of its peaks reach the enormous elevation of nearly thirty thousand feet above sea level, about six miles. There are huge mountains in Alaska, broad glaciers in British America, some of our own Rockies are of very respectable size indeed, Mexico can be justly proud of its lofty peaks, and in the Andes are found stupendous heights many of whose inaccessible summits, crowned with snow of dazzling purity, and veiled by clouds, have never been visited by man.

For ages the mountains were looked upon as being the home of evil spirits and grim monsters, who lay in wait in gloomy ravines and dark caves to destroy the foolish human being who should rashly venture to explore their homes. On the crowning point of each great mountain ruled, as men believed, the mountain king himself. Certain death awaited the bold adventurer who dared to appear before the cloudy throne of the great monarch, at whose nod the wind-god swept him away, or he was frozen by the ice-spirits, or the vast glaciers opened their icy jaws and swallowed him. For centuries these superstitions continued, and slowly died away, and yet, even then, the fear of the real dangers of the mountains remained in the hearts of men.

Finally some Englishmen dared to face the perils of the mountains of Switzerland; they showed that ascents were possible, and in their train followed others. In the course of time a class of brave and skillful Swiss guides was evolved, and today, with their help, the climber of little experience can safely attempt mountains which, a century ago were deemed unscalable. Today hundreds, if not thousands of ascents are made every year. There are many accidents, it is true, but these, in the great majority of cases, occur to those tourists who, despising the help of well trained and helpful guides attempt difficult ascents alone.

There is freshly fallen snow on the heights above which hides many pitfalls, and the inn-keeper tries to dissuade his guest from climbing that day. But the young man, like many other young men before him, "knows it all," and insists upon starting out, and alone. He does not

return that day or the next, nor the day after, and a search party is brought together. The treacherous snow had formed a bridge over a chasm. The climber had supposed the snow bridge to be solid rock covered with snow; and his mangled and unrecognizable body is found at the bottom of a frightful precipice—another victim to be added to the long list of those who have foolishly braved the perils of the mountains alone.

Why do men delight in mountain climbing do you ask? What irresistible attraction do the mountains throw about men? To these questions are as many answers as there are devotees of the noble sport of mountain climbing. In the mountains one comes face to face with the beauty of nature herself, the hills are far, far away from the artificial life of the counting house, the bank, the crowded city street, the theatre, the ball-room. The air, fresh and pure from the hand of God, sets one's lungs to glowing, and one's heart to beating; an indescribable thrill of joy runs along the nerves, and oh, the beautiful world that the Creator has made, how it opens out to the eye of the climber as he presses upward! A thousand unexpected and undreamed-of beauties, never seen from below, spring into view at each step. Never before has one realized that this earth is a paradise! And then the crowning glory, the summit! Row after row the mountain ranges appear; their protecting armor of snow and ice glittering in the sunlight, their sharp pointed single peaks standing in eloquent silence against a back ground of deep blue sky. By a deeper blue one can trace the valleys—and what is that tiny object, glittering white, far below, where a long, slanting ray of sunlight has succeeded in struggling over a great mountain's shoulder, and falls into the bottom of the valley yonder, which lies in deep shadow? Surely it is a diamond. Ah, we have forgotten for a moment where we are. We are thousands of feet above that valley, and that shining point is the village church. Even the loftiest cathedral spire in the world would scarcely be noticed from the great height at which we stand. And the colors, who can paint them, still less describe them with the unresponsive pen? See yonder cliff. Surely it was crimson a moment ago. Is it not purple now? Who knows what to call its color, for is it not changing every instant? That bit of vivid green just at our feet. It is a meadow. Was ever an emerald so rich in color? We have only to let ourselves drop, to fall upon it. It is half a mile from the mountain's base. The great glacier across the valley was white; we have turned away from it a moment, and now we look at it again. What is it now? We can not tell. We do not know. It is one great and grand burst of color, color that seems to speak to our hearts, to fill our ears with music; color that is poetry; and for a glorious moment,

at least, there is nothing in the world but color, we are intoxicated with it. But time presses; we must not linger. The glacier over which we came must be recrossed before the sun has melted the snow covering its crevasses. On our way down there are countless beauties of form and color at every step, and yet they do not approach those which we saw from the summit. Nothing in this day can compare with those few moments of intense delight when we looked down from an exalted height upon a new and glorified world—not the old world we see every day, but the old world turned into Heaven.

There are some climbers to whom the view is not the chief end, but who find their delight in daring to attempt a dangerous and difficult ascent. Some foolhardy youths will attempt to go where even the sure-footed climbers hesitate to venture. They seek fame, but safer is it to seek it in the cannon's mouth than in the perilous places of the mountains.

The climber can, if he chuses, weigh himself down with equipment. Each year adds to the list of useful and convenient articles which are a comfort if one could only carry them. But the wise man will not carry an ounce more than he finds absolutely indispensable. A strong and rather thick suit of clothing should be worn, a soft felt hat, thick woolen stockings, and, most important of all, shoes with heavy soles thickly studded with hob nails, which should be filed when worn smooth. Sharp nails will prevent the climber from slipping in many a dangerous position. A bag or knapsack are essentials to be carried on the back, a waterproof cloak, and a staff, called an alpenstock, and shod with a sharp pointed spike, or else an ice axe, complete the most necessary articles of equipment.

Perhaps a short account of an ascent of the Zugspitze made by the writer, may not be entirely without interest. This mountain, while in Southern Germany, still properly belongs to the mountains of Tyrol. My guide and myself started off in the morning, and all day long wound, through leafy woods and then through ravines and valleys. There were absolutely no difficulties to overcome, only a steady plodding and mounting upward. The guide enlivened the way by tales of the romantic King Louis, of Bavaria, who had a number of palaces and castles in the surrounding country. Most remarkable of all to me was the guide's account of the wonderful underground lake, whither the King was accustomed to betake himself when the mood came upon him. Hidden machinery was employed to produce storms whenever the King desired them. It is said that in one of these artificial storms the King narrowly escaped drowning, owing his life to a courtier who had concealed himself contrary to royal command, and who pulled the monarch from the

water. Here the King communed with the water nymphs, with whom his fancy peopled the subterranean lake, as the Roman King, centuries before him, took counsel with the nymph Egeria.

At nightfall we reached the refuge house, erected by the German-Austrian Mountain Club. It was a substantial building, provided with a good stove and fuel and with sleeping bunks, and comfortable mattresses and blankets. Not a soul was in sight, but the guide soon found the key, and in a few minutes had made ready a hot soup, which was most refreshing. A substantial meal followed and not long after we were sleeping soundly.

Early the next morning we were awake, and began the steep and rock ascent. We had found on our arrival considerable snow about the refuge house but still more had fallen during the night, and it was nearly waist deep in places. After wading through the snow and scrambling up the steep mountain side we reached the narrow ridge forming the mountain top. It was covered with slippery ice, and I was glad of every sharp nail in my shoes. Never can I forget the contrast which burst upon me from the highest point of the Zugspitze. Above reigned Winter, seated on a throne of ice and snow, and below, at the the mountain's foot, Autumn was King. Apparently so near the base of the mountain that a stone could be cast between the circling shores, nestled a lake, whose waters seemed to glow for very blueness, and sparkled in the sunlight; and, girdling it around, a broad ring of trees were flaming in all the brilliant hues of Autumn. In the distance slept the soft Bavarian hills, behind which, in the little town of Oberammergau may be seen every ten years, in counterfeit presentation, the sufferings and crucifixion of our Lord Jesus Christ. Still farther away, but also hidden were Munich and its river "Isar, rolling rapidly," as I learned when a child from my school reader. A broad valley with living green lay at our feet, and there was a wilderness of mountains or hills on every side.

But I was awakened by my guide from my dreamy contemplation of the view. We must be going. There is many a weary mile to plod before I can reach that white speck yonder, on the green carpet of the valley. Insignificant it is, and yet it is my inn, my home for the present, and it means food to still a ravenous hunger; and, best of all, a good bed to rest weary limbs.

Reluctantly I retrace my steps, until the point is reached where the ascent was made from the refuge house. I revolt at the idea of returning by the same route. A decision must be made. The ridge is but a few feet wide. To the left is the same old way, and to the right, this is what is on the right: it is as it were the steep roof of a cathedral, and

that roof has a slope of some thousands of feet, and it is covered with snow, and the snow is enameled with an icy crust. The guide demurs, he does not like the outlook, but finally yields and the descent is begun. It is slow, every foothold has to be carefully stamped in the hard snow. A slip! well, a slip absolutely must not be made. Down we go, for a half hour, and then the guide fusses; a storm is possible, he thinks, it is best to hasten. How did it happen? That I shall never know, but, in going around a shoulder of the mountain my foot slipped, I fell and began sliding down that frightful decline, and almost at the same moment I found that I had come to a stop. Instinctively, quicker than thought, I had, as it appeared, driven my alpenstoc through the snow and into the mountain's side and its spiked tip held me firm, and I was safe. Down and down, and still descending wound our way, till we passed the blue lake, which, with its glorious setting, we had seen from the summit. And now the way is merely a long level stretch to the inn. That doesn't count, and would not, even were it a hundred miles. To a true mountain climber the only exercise worth mentioning is the ascent or the descent.

If hunger is the best sauce, surely no monarch ever sat at such a luxurious banquet as the village inn offered me that night. And I crawled in between sheets, yes, real sheets, and lay for ten hours as if dead, and awoke with a freshness of feeling and a new joy and delight, as if I had been resurrected and had opened my eyes upon another world.

In the morning I met the guide and we talked over the happenings of the day before. "When we came down the icy slope," said he, "—well, you know I have a wife and children at home:—but, thank God it has turned out well."

It was the famous old English fisherman, Isaac Walton, who wrote of the strawberry, "Doubtless God might have made a better berry, but doubtless God never did." In like manner it could be asserted that certainly God might have created greater earthly beauty than that which lurks upon and about the mountains, but that doubtless God never did. There may be some recreation, or rather let us say profession—for it is too noble a sport to be called a recreation or even an occupation—which is more uplifting than mountain climbing or which fills the spirit with greater joy and delight; or which more fully awakens stimulates, or enlivens the whole man or woman. If so, it is unknown to the writer.

Perhaps not every man is endowed with that incomparably rich gift of God to man, the love of the beautiful in nature. To such a fortunate one, however the mountains give an insight into the grandeur,

sublimity, and infinite beauty of the Creator which can be realized by contemplating no other of His great works. A word in closing may not be amiss, upon the wide spread interest which is taken in mountain climbing, as shown by the clubs which have been organized to promote the welfare of climbers. In Austria there is the Austrian Tourists' Club; in Germany, the German-Austrian Club; there are also clubs in Switzerland, England France and Italy. In our own country there exists the Apalachian Mountain Club, the former President of which, the Hon. Albion A. Perry, an enthusiastic mountaineer, is accustomed to spend the Winter months in Winter Park. These various clubs number thousands of members, and their managing officers occupy themselves constantly for the benefit of the members, obtaining reduced traveling rates, building refuge houses for climbers, issuing periodicals which give descriptions of successful ascents, and present other matters relating to the mountains, and, in general, putting forth every effort to maintain, stimulate, and increase an interest in mountain climbing.



THE SAND-SPUR

Published by the Delphic Debating Society of Rollins College.

TERMS.—Single Copy Twenty-five Cents.

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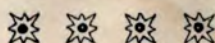
BUSINESS MANAGER, - - - - J. H. BUTTRAM

At this season of commencement, the time when we feel we have left behind us many rough paths of arduous labor that we shall never have to travel again, there comes a sensation of relief, a feeling of freedom, a removal of pressure from our lives. This results in an emotion of joy and light-heartedness. But there is another and sadder side to the parting from college life, some of us for a season, others forever; there is a "sadness of farewell" at the thought that we must part from many true and noble associates whose company we have enjoyed, whose example and precept have uplifted us to a higher appreciation of ourselves and of humanity.

Our feelings are a mingling of joy of anticipation and of sorrow at having to forsake so much that has been a source of our happiness during the past many months.

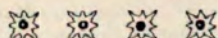
Whatever work we may undertake in the near future, we shall always look back with grateful remembrance upon the days that together we worked and lived at Rollins.

It is interesting to consider how wide may be the extent of the Rollins influence; students leave for distant points each carrying with him more or less of the learning and culture of college life with which he in his turn will influence his future associates. Year after year fresh youth and vigor come in, and later go out into the world of action with a training and culture which shall help them in the struggles of life and be a means of encouragement to their future companions.



The recent governmental changes in Russia have deservedly attracted world-wide attention and interest. It is a point of speculation how the great nation, with its almost mediaeval social institutions, will accomplish the reforms that have been long so sorely needed by the Russian

populace. Will the millions of uneducated and oppressed of the poorer classes submit to a peaceable readjustment; or will they, once becoming aware of their rights and powers, demand such radical changes as to result in such a revolution as France underwent over a century ago? Shall a Russian Napoleon plunge Europe again into terrible wars? Many of the essential conditions seem to exist in Russia of to-day that caused such strife in eighteenth century France. Let us hope, however, that modern methods and wisdom of experience will outweigh these tendencies toward violence and render a peaceable adjustment possible.



We have, during the year, received some excellent exchanges. "The Review and Bulletin," of the Southern University of Alabama, is one of our most valued exchanges, it is thoroughly a college magazine, and is a credit to its class.

The High School of Daytona publishes the best high school paper we have seen from this state. Its stories, articles, and general arrangement are a great credit to its staff.

A very bright little publication comes to us from the Tampa High School under the title of "Donnybrook Fair." It always contains a few interesting short stories and articles, and some witty contributions.

"The Palmetto and the Pine," of the St. Petersburg Schools, while good in some points is far too brief to be of much literary merit. The same may be said of the "Orange and Black," from the Donald Frazer School of Georgia.

We feel indebted to our exchanges for many good suggestions, and wish them all increased success for the future.

MUSIC NOTES.

A very pleasant recital was given on March 31st by the students of the School of Music. The programme was as follows:

Serenade.....	H. Hoffmann
	Misses Oliphant and Blackman
En Courant.....	Godard
	Ulla Dohn
The Silver Ring.....	Chaminade
	Mary Gutierrez
Caro mio ben.....	Giordani
	Eva Belle Rich

THE SAND-SPUR

Scotch Poem.....	MacDowell
	Frances Burleigh
So Long Ago.....	Owst
	Nell Broward
Valse Arabesque.....	Lock
	Marjorie Blackman
Four Leaf Clover.....	Coombs
	Louise Borland
To a Wild Rose } So a Water Lily }	MacDowell
	Agnes Hill
Barcarolle.....	Enna
	Mabel Lampkin
Villanelle.....	Dell Acqua
	Margaret Burleigh
Serenade.....	Chaminade
	Louise Brown
Polonaise.....	Chopin
	Eva Belle Rich
Du Bist die Ruh.....	Schubert
	Mabel Lampkin
Grillen.....	Schumann
	Mary Lee Oliphant

 ART NOTES

The interest manifested in the Art Classes at the beginning of the year has not lessened with the spring months, but has developed such enthusiasm that there are now over seventy students enrolled in the various classes of this department.

Exhibitions of work done by students have been held from time to time during the year and the general character of the work has been excellent.

The work exciting the greatest interest has been the clay modeling and casting in plaster. Several copies and original sketches have been cast at different times, and all students are invited to attend the "casting" to see for themselves how the plaster "sets," "surfaces," or "chips off."

In view of the inadequate room and facilities for the various branches of work this year, a new studio and workroom is promised for 1906-1907.

The plans are already drawn and the building will be erected during the vacation months. The main studio for drawing, painting, and

designing will have an overhead light, adjustable side lights, and suitable arrangements for evening work. Opening from this will be two smaller rooms, one for metal work and wood carving, the other for modeling. An artistic little veranda, finished in rustic style, will give entrance to the three rooms.

The advantages of such an acquisition will be manifold, not only to Rollins but to Florida. We have already secured recognition from the Art Students' League of New York, and our students are allowed to compete for the League Scholarships.

All Art classes will commence with the College classes in October, when there will be a formal opening of the new studio.

A special folder of the Art Department will be published and distributed during the summer. These may be obtained by addressing Miss Lainhart, West Palm Beach, Florida.

A new feature connected with the ordinary studio work is the Art Lecture Course. The several lectures given have been illustrated by excellent slides of various examples of architecture, which add much to the interest of the mere "History."

This course includes the following five lectures :

- I. The Genesis of Art and Architecture.
- II. The Art and Architecture of the Egyptians.
- III. Greek Art and Architecture.
- IV. Roman Art and Architecture.
- V. The Study of Pictures.

Y. W. C. A.

Rollins was fortunate indeed in being one of the seven hundred colleges and institutions of higher learning represented at the great convention, held in Nashville, Tennessee, Feb. 28th to March 4th, in the interest of the Student Volunteer Movement. It is no easy task to describe such a gathering,—almost five thousand missionaries, teachers and students with their motto: "The Evangelization of the World in this Generation."

All day Tuesday delegates poured into the city and by noon Wednesday most of them had arrived. At three o'clock the Ryman auditorium, which seats nearly five thousand, was filled to overflowing. It was an impressive sight. The large platform was devoted to notable men and women, missionaries from all parts of the world and leading

men of thought. Equally impressive was the view from the platform, as tier upon tier filled with eager young men and women, all with the same definite purpose, rose before the eye.

The opening service was led by two of the most gifted student leaders, John R. Mott, president of the convention, and Robert E. Speer. Those who had gone without realizing the greatness of the movement were impressed by its magnitude, and each delegate, after Mr. Speer's searching address felt keenly his individual responsibility. The audience dispersed hushed and subdued as in the mighty presence of the King, and this spirit was marked throughout the succeeding sessions.

The impossibility of accommodating all the delegates in the auditorium, made it necessary to hold morning and evening sessions in the large Presbyterian church. In the afternoons various conferences convened in several churches. An effort was made to restrict the auditorium meetings to the visiting delegates, but many of the hospitable hosts visited the Missionary Exhibit with their guests.—The large and carefully selected Missionary Collection occupied two floors of the Watkins Hall and, by actual count, was visited by almost 1900 people.

It was a carefully selected crowd of students. Owing to the impossibility of accommodating as many as desired to come all of the registration list had to be cut, so that the personnel of the convention was exceedingly strong. The value of this sifting process was seen by the way in which the audience received and applied the daily messages.

As had been the custom of former conventions no programmes were announced and each session proved a delightful surprise. Leaders of thought and action spoke out of the fullness of their hearts, and the meetings seemed to strengthen as the convention moved on.

Among the most distinguished speakers were Donald Frasier, lately returned from Africa; Bishop Thoburn, of India; Bishop McDowell, Mr. McDonald; Sir Henry Northmier Durard, British Ambassador; General Foster, ex-Secretary of State. The whole world in fact was considered, and its appeals through such able messengers will not be in vain.

The final session was the most impressive. In this nearly two hundred volunteer missionaries who were to sail this year, gave in one sentence their reason for becoming missionaries. The entire audience was deeply moved.

From the statistical secretary we find that 3077 student delegates presented their credentials and that three hundred and nineteen presidents of institutions were present. As for institutions seven hundred were represented by delegates. At Toronto four years ago four hun-

dred and sixty-five were represented. The total official representation in the convention was 4210 as against 2955 delegates at Toronto.

The deep, quiet, prayerful character of the delegates was impressive. The whole convention had been wonderfully arranged and with almost superhuman skill. Not a hitch was made in the programme and 4000 people were handled with ease. The tone of the people of Nashville was most hospitable. The thought of the results of such a gathering is overwhelming. The interest and enthusiasm aroused over the United States and Canada by the home coming delegates, can not be estimated. Several results however are apparent. In response to an appeal for funds to carry on the work of the movement, \$21,000 yearly was subscribed for the next four years.

"The influence of this gathering is not over. It is only begun. Its power will go out through an earnest constituency and, endorsed and strengthened by the prayers and interest of the Christian world, can be made a mighty factor in securing the evangelization of the world in this generation."

Y. M. C. A.

The new year brings new officers. Under their leadership we expect new members, new achievements, and new victories. Still we must not forget the old workers who have laid the foundation for new successes. The retiring officers desire to introduce to the reader Messrs A. F. Sloatermen, C. W. Lyvers, and A. L. Slater, President, Vice-President and Secretary and Treasurer, respectively.

Mr. Sloatermen will represent our Y. M. C. A. at the Southern Student Conference to be held at Asheville, N. C., from June 15 to June 24, inclusive. A grand opportunity for Bible Study will be offered as Dr. Bosworth will be the interpreter of the Word. The afternoons will be devoted to athletics and other forms of recreation. So our delegate should develop in mind, body, and spirit, which form the Y. M. C. A. triangle.

As a personal thought to our successors let us put the words of Dr. Bosworth in this form: "May their connection with the source of power be so perfect that there will be an abundant overflow into the lives of others."

KAPPA EPSILON

The Wednesday afternoon socials have been resumed and have proved as delightful as ever.

The sorority presents two short comedies the 23rd of this month in the gymnasium, to be followed on Thursday evening by the annual K. E. banquet, at the home of Mrs. F. A. Curtis.

We were very glad to welcome one of our K. E. girls, Miss Broward, again into the sorority and Miss Shaw was added also to our number. The K. E.'s have regretted very much the absence of their mother, Miss Reed this semester. Also the absence of Misses Sadler and Ax-tell, who left early in the term, and Misses Shaw and Broward who recently returned home.

The Kappa Epsilon extends most hearty welcome and greeting to the Piro Delta and wishes them a long life and great success.

PIRO DELTA

The Piro Delta, a sorority recently organized by young ladies of the college, entertained the Kappa Epsilon Sorority and the teachers of Cloverleaf, Thursday afternoon, May 10th, in the studio.

Decorations of the blossoms of the Spanish bayonet and the white Oleander added to the daintiness of the refreshment tables, and couches with inviting cushions were placed near the highly decorated walls.

In the receiving line were Miss Crocker, the mother, introduced by Miss Bellows, the president; the three sisters, Miss Leeper, Miss Lainhart, and Miss Estes, introduced by Miss Ensminger, the vice-president. The members are:—Elizabeth Meriwether, Margaret Burleigh, Eda Brewer, Gail Moore, Carrie Ensminger, Frances Burleigh, and Jennie Bellows.

A very pleasant feature of the sorority has been a picnic on the lakes each week since its organization.

The Piro Delta's plan to give an entertainment this month and they also look forward to a banquet during commencement week.

LOCALS

Early in the semester it was our good fortune to have an evening with Miss Jeannette T. Broomell, a wonderful impersonator of child life. The entertainment was varied by piano music charmingly rendered, by

Miss Lillie Dronnen, a former student of Rollins, who also studied two years in Germany.

The last Wednesday in April Miss Longwell invited the ladies of the faculty and the college girls to meet Mrs. Brewer, Miss Brewer, and Miss Wakelin of Philadelphia, a former Rollins student. The distinguishing feature of the decorative scheme in the reception room, was a wealth of carnations from Mr. Ward's garden.

Every week brings its social evening, and these in succession are sufficiently varied to keep us all interested. On a recent Saturday night President and Mrs. Blackman entertained a merry party of students, girls and boys. The evening was full of surprises and tip-top jokes that we are not going to give away.

We have had the advantage of several evening journeys through Egypt and the Holy Land by means of stereoptic views and lectures by Rev. Mr. Brower of Winter Park, in review of his personal travels through those interesting countries.

Rev. H. L. Gray, a missionary to China for six years, gave us early in the semester, an unusually instructive and interesting address on "Customs and Religion of the Chinese."

Another interesting and practical address by Rev. Mr. Anderson of Tampa, on the Commercial Value of a College Education, is distinctly remembered.

March 7th, Mr. Herrick Hunter, of Albany and Jacksonville, favored us with an interesting and impressive report of the work of the Mohonk Peace Conference.

A lecture on the "Legacy of Cæsar," a comprehensive view of the past with an optimistic reference to the future art interests of Winter Park, was given us, March 24th, by Mr. Douglas Arthur Teed.

The following is a clipping from the Florida Times-Union.

"Winter Park, April 13.—Rollins is indeed fortunate in her friends. Among the several medals offered by several parties for different lines of excellence is one by Mr. James Ronan, of Trenton, N. J., for excellence in public speaking.

"On Thursday night Lyman Gymnasium was well filled to listen to the contest for this medal. The following young men contested, each disussing the subject mentioned with his name:

1. "Plea for International Arbitration," Berkeley Blackman.
2. "The New South," William H. Jackson.
3. "Truth," William Francis Ronald.
4. "Value of Preparation," Samuel J. Stiggins.

"All of the orators showed very careful and able preparation. The first speaker was remarkably calm and clear in the discussion of his subject and he marshalled most telling statistics in a most cogent manner to prove the incomparably greater humaneness of arbitration to the wastes of war in settling national and international differences. He was in excellent voice and his production was strong.

"The second speaker was enthusiastic in his admiration of the many glittering virtues of the old South and revered the memories of her great men and noble women, but turned his eyes toward the new South with ambition's hopes and a justifiable pride.

"The depicting of the eternal fitness and sure triumph of Truth by the the third speaker was a masterpiece of oratorical construction and delivery. He is a graduate of the Rollins School of Expression, and for a polished presentation of powerful argument he would be very difficult to excel.

"One could but feel a thrill of inspiration as the fourth speaker eloquently argued and plead for the value of preparation. It was a very strong production, most convincingly presented and his peroration was particularly beautiful and sublime.

"Each of the speakers was enthusiastically cheered. Their work was conspicuously free of strained effort and ranting style frequently observed on occasions of this kind. This part of their work comes immediately under Professor Longwell, who received many compliments for the efficient training they had received. The rapt attention of the entire audience was noticeable.

"The judges retired and after some minutes of consultation returned and, through their spokesman, Col. Reid, rendered a decision in favor of Mr. Ronald, giving this very worthy young man the honor of the Ronan medal."

The State Convention of the Christian Endeavor Societies, was held at Winter Park from the fourteenth to the seventeenth of April. There were about eighty delegates in attendance, and the college was fortunate in being able to entertain a number of these earnest workers. The time was filled with meetings that were very helpful to the many who attended.

Thursday afternoon, May third, Rollins enjoyed the honor of receiving the ladies of the State Convention of the United Daughters of the Confederacy. The visitors were shown through the several buildings on the campus. They were much interested in the superior equipment of the gymnasium, art department, commercial and scientific departments, and the excellent provision for outdoor exercises on the campus and boating on the lakes.

As the ladies finished their inspection they took carriages, which were kept in waiting, and were driven to the President's residence, where Dr. and Mrs. Blackman met them in their well known hospitable manner. A committee of the college young ladies were constant in their attentions, and saw that they were served to refreshments, consisting of delicious fruit punch, ices, creams, cake and coffee. The ladies expressed themselves as being delighted with the manner of their reception and the great attractiveness of the town and college grounds. They returned at six o'clock by train and auto to Orlando.

On May eighteenth a large audience in the Gymnasium enjoyed the senior vocal recital of Miss Florida Howard, a Rollins student of Orlando.

FAREWELL CONCERT.

The popularity of "fake" exhibits, lectures, and entertainments in general, has extended to Rollins and, as in many other places, her "Fake" Concert proved the hit of the year.

Mlle. Eva Belle Riche, to fulfill the engagement set forth in a surreptitious poster planned, and gave a most original recital, on May 10th at six-thirty.

Mlle. Riche appeared to most excellent advantage as Nordica II, assisted by the talented trick pianist, Mlle. Mabelle Lampkin, as Patricia II.

Gowned in an Oriental robe of cream of gossamer, set off by an elaborately embroidered bolero of scarlet and gold and attended by her train bearer, Mlle. Grace Garrett, Mlle. Riche's entree on the simple, artistic stage, amid showers of tropical flowers, was such as no Rollins student will soon forget. She captivated her audience at the onset by singing in her rare, well known tones an original ballad, "The Good old Rollins Time." Afterwards in succession she sang many interesting lyrics.

This extensive repertoire was interspersed with instrumental solos by Mlle. Lampkin, who simply, and even plainly robed in pure black and white, rendered her numbers in her usual energetic, spirited manner exhibiting an unusual amount of original technique and breadth of tone.

As Mlle. Riche began her "Farewell Hymn" every eye was filled, and many were forced to hide their faces to conceal an undue display of emotion. Never had the Prima Donna sung as she sang this hymn of tender parting. All the pent up feeling of years was betrayed in the far-reaching, heartbreaking tones of her rich, deep voice that spoke volumes for her future career.

The ability of both artists demonstrated forcibly the noted efficiency

THE SAND-SPUR

of the respective Professors of Vocal and instrumental Music as neither performer had received any assistance in the preparation of the elaborate program.

Much of the credit of the concert's success is due Miss Ruth Riche, the Business Manager and verse composer of Mlle. Eva Belle Riche, through whose courtesy we have secured the copyright on some of Mlle. Riche's most popular numbers, which appear below.

(Tune of My Bonnie Lies Over the Ocean.)

My Barney stays off the campus,
Except when he's walking with me.
My Barney stays off of the campus,
Oh! bring back my Barney to me.

CHORUS.

Bring back, bring back,
Oh! bring back my Barney to me, to me.
Bring back, bring back,
Oh! bring back my Barney to me.

My Willie stays over in Pinehurst,
My mother lives over there too.
I go there to see her quite often,
Its quite the right thing to do.

CHORUS

Willie, Willie,
Oh! come back my Willie, with me, with me.
Come back, come back
To Cloverleaf, come back with me.

ROMANTIC MEDLEY

(Tune of Kitty.)

Oh! Kippie, you'r so very pretty with you'r eyes of blue,
Oh! Kippie, you'r so wise and witty, you'r so sweet and true,
Oh! Kippie, have a little pity on me, do, do, do.
For night and day I'm thinking, Love, of you, you, you.
Oh! Kitty, don't you think her pretty with her eyes of blue?
Oh! Kitty, don't you think her witty? she's so sweet and true,
Oh! Kitty, we think it all a pity, yes, we surely do,
And night and day we're wondering what you'r going to do.

(Tune of Good Old Summer Time.)

In the good old Rollins time,
In the good old Rollins time,
Skating all around the rink,
With your baby mine.
You hold her hand and she holds yours,
And that's a very good sign,

That she's the ond of whom you think,
In the good old Rollins time.

(Tune of Over The Banister)

Over the banister leans a face,
Tenderly sweet and beguiling,
While below her with tender grace,
A Burleigh man watches her smiling.
The light burns low upon the porch,
Nobody sees them standing,
Saying good night again soft and low,
Half way up she is standing,——
And singing, (Tune of Sammy,)
Sammy, oh, oh, oh, Sammy,
For you I'm pining when we're apart,
Sammy, when you come wooing,
There's something doing around my heart.
Sammy, oh, oh, oh, Sammy,
Can't live without you, my dream of joy.
Sammy, oh, oh, oh, Sammy,

(Tune of Quilting Party.)

In the sky the bright stars glittered,
In his eyes a bright light shone,
For 'twas always and on all occasions,
He was seeing Jessie home.

CHORUS

He was seeing Jessie home,
He was seeing Jessie home,
And 'twas always and on all occasions,
He was seeing Jessie home.

On her lids a whisper trembled,
Trembled till it dared to come,
And 'twas won't you please eat slow just this time?
So he can see me home."

CHORUS

He did see Ethel home,
He did see Ethel home,
And her friend still ate Hardaway,
But he saw Ethel home.

ATHLETICS

BASEBALL.

The baseball season this year has been very satisfactory. The team was probably as strong as any we have ever had, the only drawback was the fact that we could get no college games.

The first game was played with Ormond, and was a large sized surprise to them. Although they won the game they were mostly outplayed. Mason was in the box and pitched gilt edged ball, striking out thirteen men, allowing but four hits, and passing only two men to first. Rollins got eight hits, and only four men struck out. But the error column tells the story. Twelve errors for Rollins and six for Ormond. At the end of the seventh inning the score was six to four in Rollins' favor, but in the eighth a single, a double, and four errors let in three runs, and the Hotel team had won, seven to six.

The second game was played here against the same Ormond team. Once again the figures gave the game to Rollins, but the facts are three to two in favor of Ormond. Owing to the rain the game was not sensational, but there was good playing throughout. Mason again did the pitching, striking out in seven innings eleven men, allowing four hits and passing two. Rollins hit twice to Ormond's once and only three fanned. But in the third inning two bases on balls, a sacrifice, and a wild throw by Bevier let in three runs, and that was enough to win.

The third game was with Jacksonville here, and it broke the hoodoo. Mason pitched, and he allowed the star hitters of the South Atlantic League but two little bingles. Our boys got four hits, and only made two errors. The game was won in the second inning, when three bases on balls, two wild pitches, one passed ball and a hit scored two runs, and won the game, Jacksonville getting a nest egg for her share.

The last game was another story, and was the only one in which Rollins was really outplayed. Jacksonville got fourteen runs, fifteen hits, and six errors, while Rollins got four runs, nine hits, and twelve errors. The game was won in the second inning, when four singles, two two base hits and five errors gave Jacksonville nine runs.

GOLF

Golf has been exceptionally popular with the students this year and many good scores were made. There were many entries in the golf tournament, which resulted in Vincent Green, of Tampa, winning the Handicap Cup while Gerard Denning, of Winter Park, won the Championship Cup.

TENNIS

Tennis has been the game for many and is still very popular. The tennis tournament for Commencement week promises to be exciting.

FIELD DAY

Monday, May 28, will be devoted to field and aquatic sports. Many interesting contests in rowing, swimming, running, etc., are on the program, for which prizes and medals are offered; many through the kindness of our Orlando friends.

 MISCELLANEOUS

There is so much bad in the best of us
 There is so much good in the worst of us
 It scarcely behooves any of us
 To talk about the rest of us.

Wise Junior:—"I guess I know a few things."

Sophomore (not willing to be thought ignorant):—"Well, I guess I know as few things as anybody."

Carl Noble, who graduated here last year has just finished his junior year in the Stetson Law School.

During the present year Miss Helen O'Neal has been studying in The New England Conservatory of Music, Boston, Mass. Miss Elizabeth Davidson Burleigh has also been a student in Boston at Simmons College.

Professor in Geometry Class.—"What is a chord?"

Student.—"It is a pile of wood four feet wide, four feet high, and eight feet long."

"Do you know why Frazer keeps his mouth shut?"

"No, why?"

"So that people can see his face."

—Exchange.

O, ye seniors, ye'd better not frown,

What ye gwine to do when the "zams" come roun'?

Ye'd better look out.

Get to scramblin' about,

For what ye gwine ter do when the "zams" come roun'?

Ira Johnson has a good position with the Florida Hardware Company, of Jacksonville.

James Parramore is studying medicine in Baltimore, Md.

Wayne Stilwell writes that he has had a fine year at a large college in his home state, Ohio.

Stewart Ankeney is superintending a pineapple plantation near Ft. Pierce.

Miss Alice Longley has been at her home in Noblesville, Ind. this year; she still continues her work in music.

Miss Jeanette Contant our "May Queen" spent some time this year as tutor in a private family at Eldred.

He (Waltzing)—"How slippery this floor is; it's hard to keep on your feet."

She—"Oh, you'r really trying to keep on my feet then, are you?"—Exchange.

Prof. (In Geometry Class)—"What is a locus, Mr. B.?"

Mr. B.—"I know but I can't express it."

Prof.—"Suppose you send it by freight then."

A night of Cram,
An angry Prof.,
A tough Exam.,
A busted Soph.

Wanted: A good judge of music to distinguish between the tuning of a fiddle and the fiddling of a tune.—Sparrell.

Mr. Katz:—"He's a regular match-maker."

Miss L.—"For goodness' sake get him hold of me."

"In the distant untrodden paths of the future we behold the hidden footprints of an unseen hand."—Webster. (Fat).

Prof. (In Geometry Class);—Mr. W., what is a rhombus?"

Mr. W.—"It is a parallelogram with no sides parallel."

Miss D. —"If they would give Mr. S. two pairs of skates he could skate gracefully."

Dr. B.—Mr. W., take the steam engine, intake, output, and efficiency."

Mr. B.—The input, the outtake, and the sufficiency of the engine, is the energy taken in, prepared to the work it can do."

RULES FOR ATTENDING CONCERTS.

1. Come late.
2. Leave early.
3. Wear creaky boots, and make your entrance and exit at *pp* passages.
4. Encore everybody.
5. Converse with your friends; only a narrow mind is unsocial while music is being performed.
6. Instrumental music may be ignored; it is generally meant as an accompaniment to conversation.
7. Violin music is an exception to the above rule. Listen attentively; open your mouth at the softest passages; the more you don't hear it, the finer it is.
8. Be wary lest you applaud too soon at very soft endings. Watch the performer; if it is a soprano, she will shut her mouth; if it is a violinist, he will flourish his bow; then you may safely stamp, whistle, clap, shout "bravo," "bravee," "bravah," or anything you like.
9. Loud endings are also to be applauded, but you need not wait for the end. As soon as the singer hits the high note—go it!
10. Changes in program are frequently made; be non-committal.
11. There are many European modes of applause. Always use these in preference to the American manner. Shout "bis," "brava," "encore," etc., and somebody may mistake you for a great kanoozer (connoisseur).
12. You may hum the tunes if you know them. You may also hum them if you don't know them, but the former method is, on the whole, to be preferred.
13. It may be possible that you do not own the hall, singer, orchestra and audience, but there is no harm in acting as if you did.
14. Wag your head.
15. Beat time with your feet.
16. Paste these rules in your hat or bonnet.



J. D. Beggs, Pres.

W. S. Witham, V. P.

M. M. Smith, V. P.

Thos. Hopkins, Cashier.

E. W. Pollock, Ass't Cashier.

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