

1-1-1909

Orange Thorn

John B. Stetson University

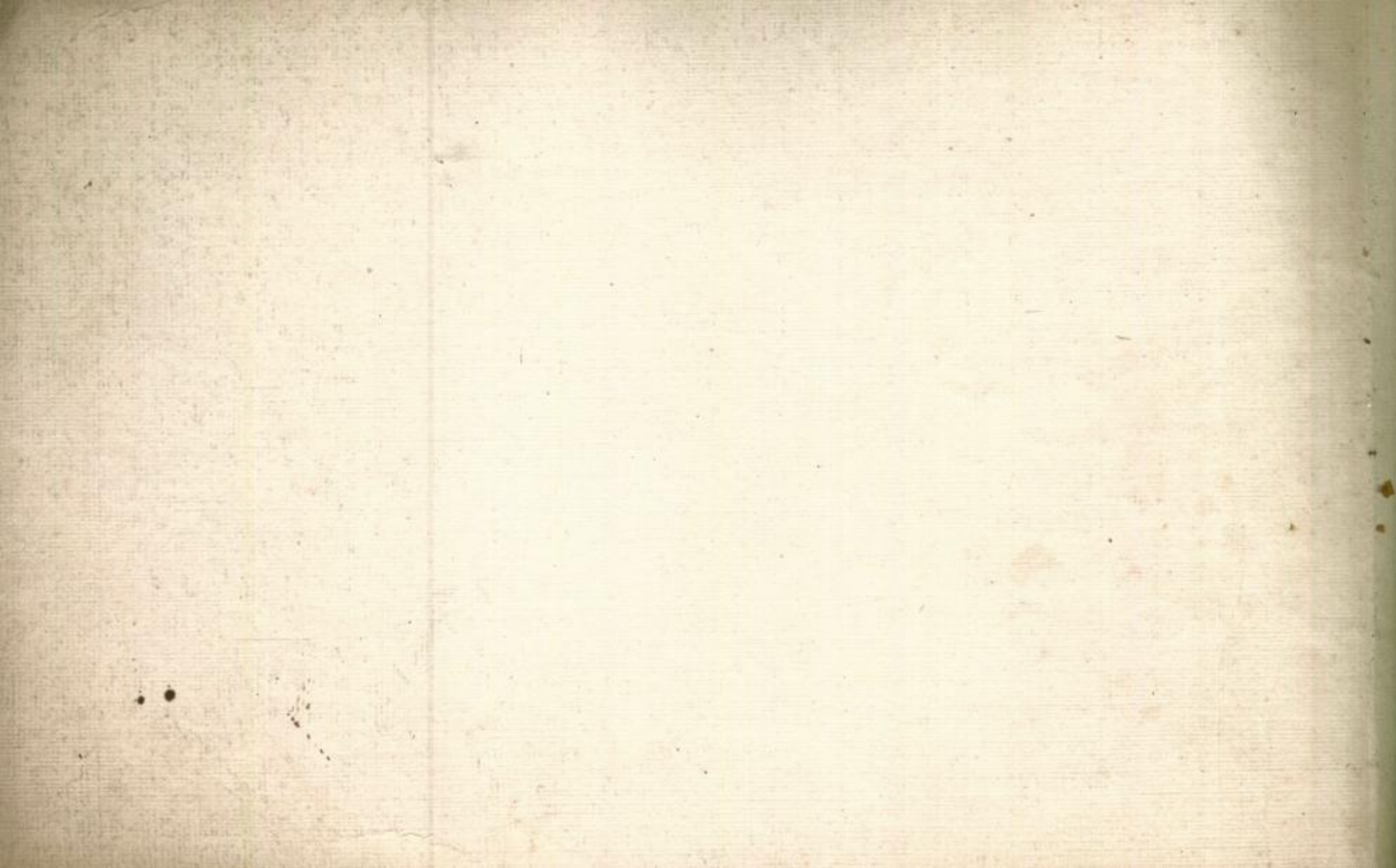
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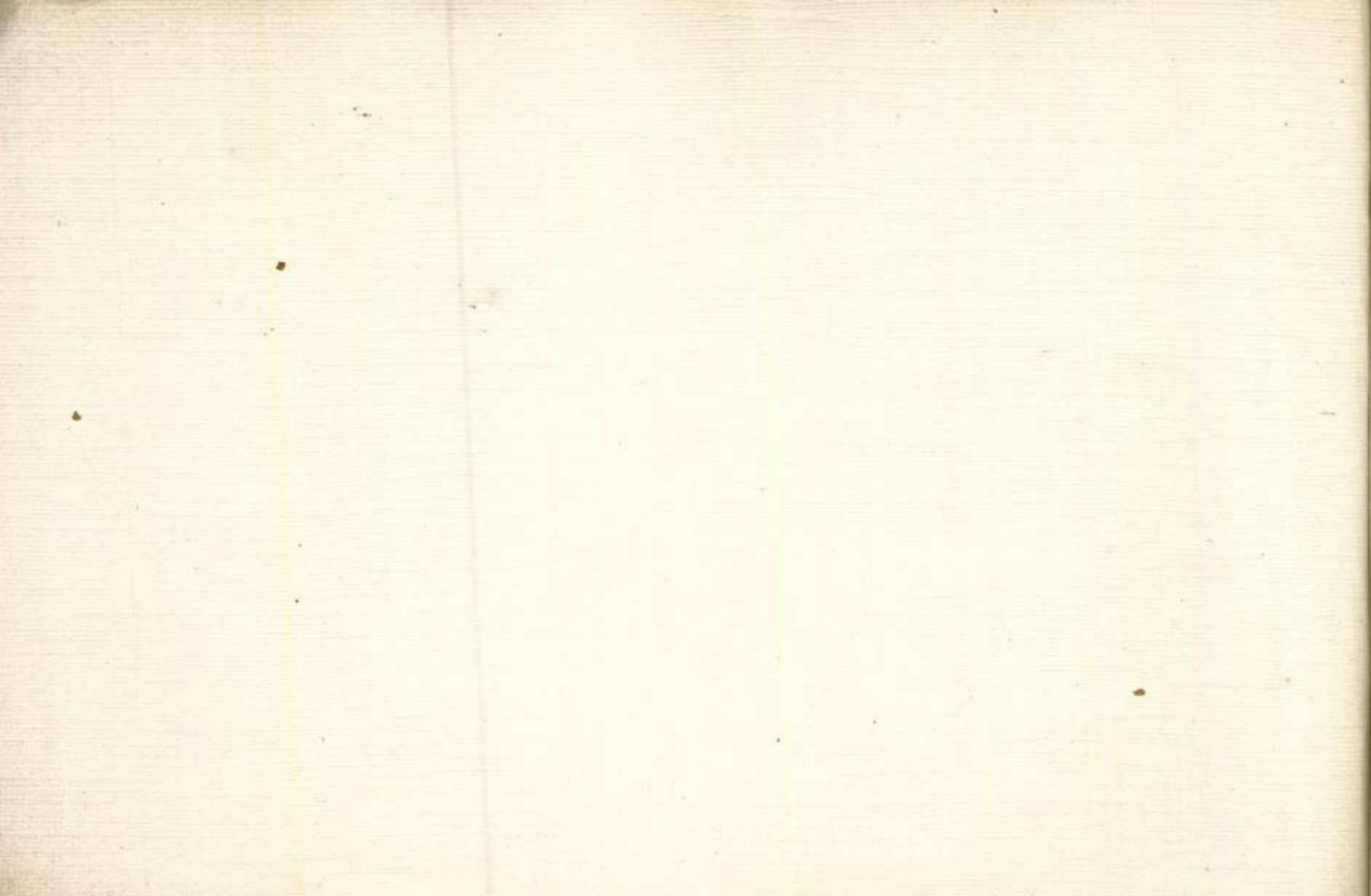
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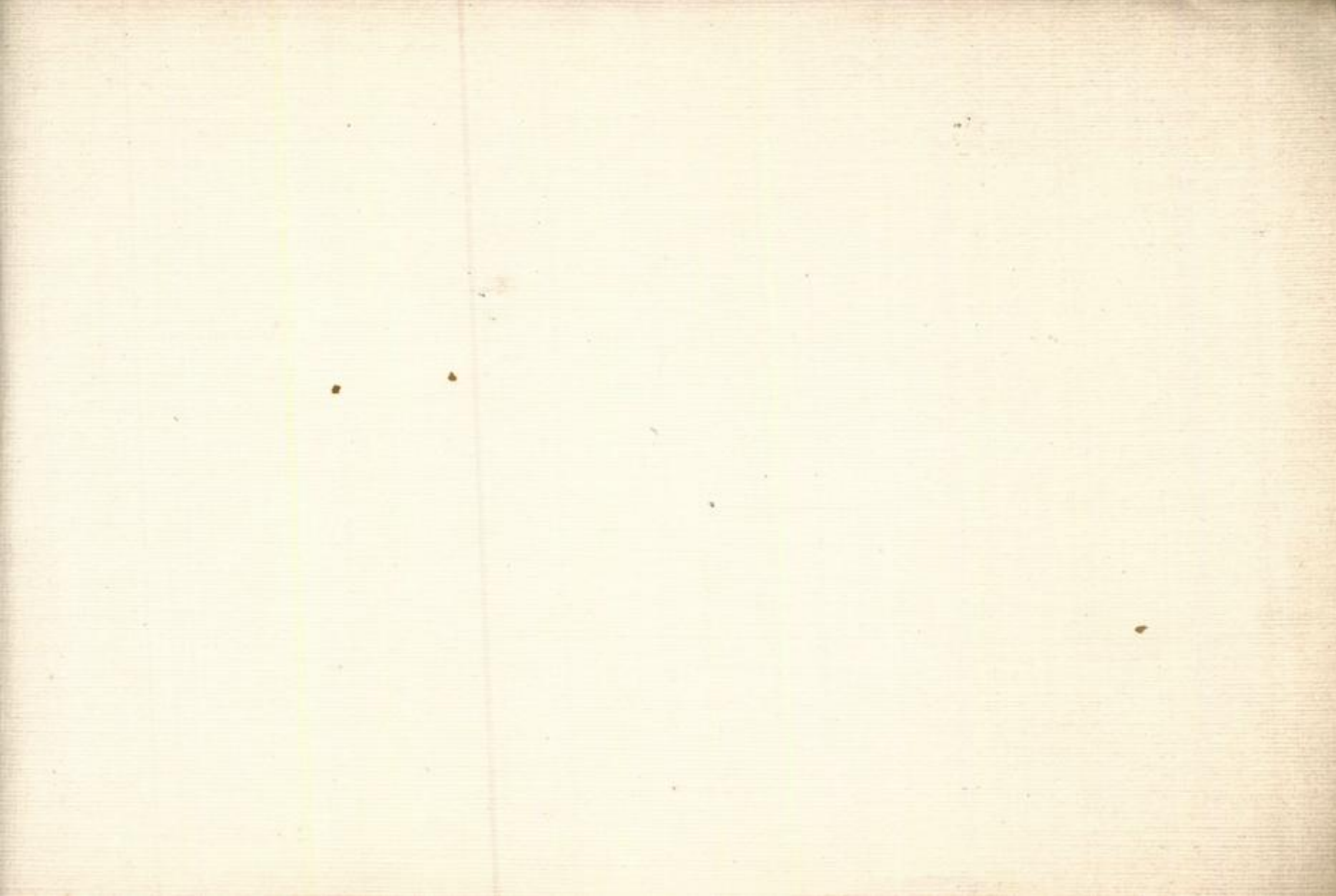
ORANGE
THORN

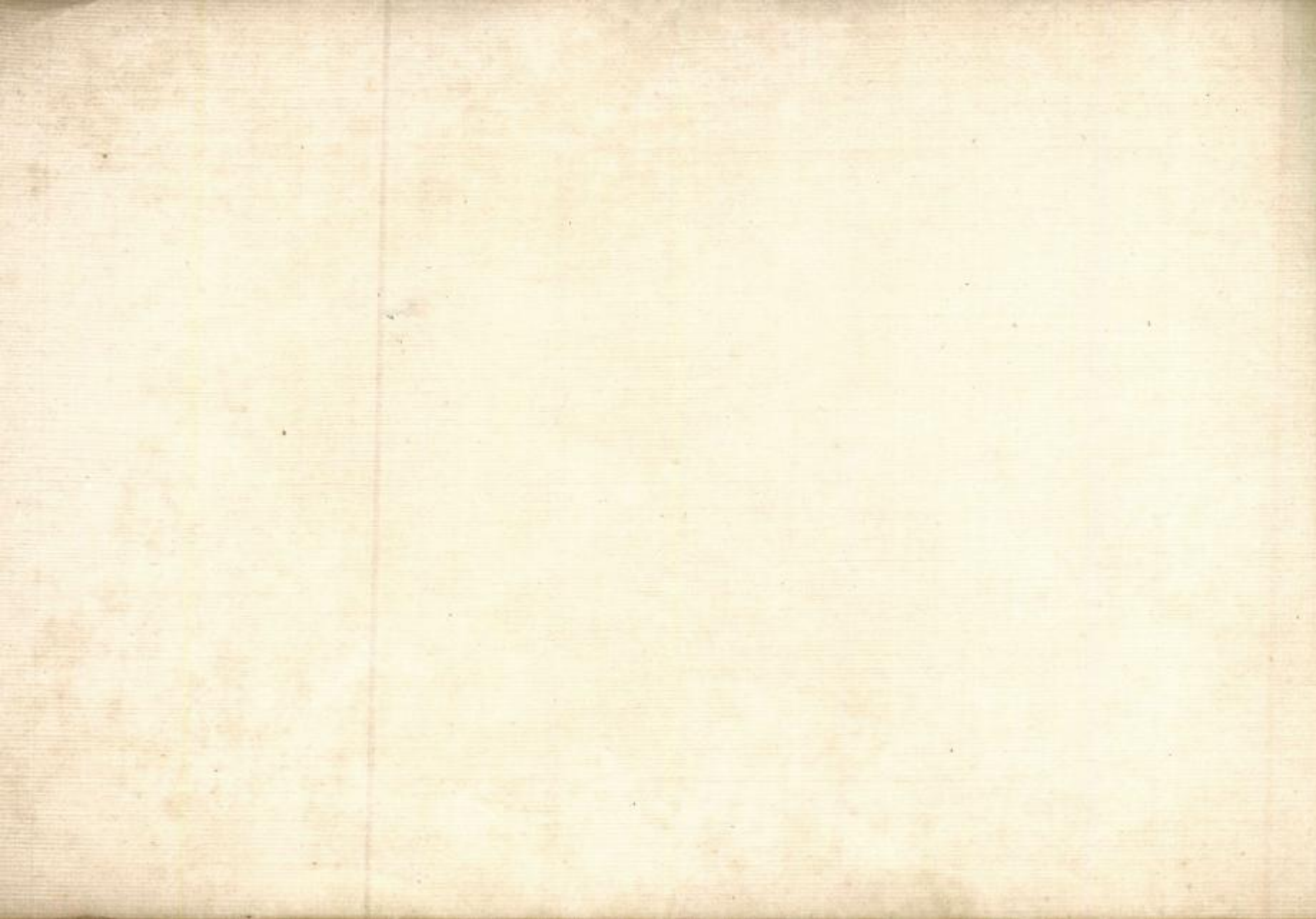


Gertra Wass
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May 23rd 89









THE ORANGE THORN



PUBLISHED BY THE GRADUATING CLASS OF NINETEEN HUNDRED NINE DURING THEIR FINAL QUARTER'S WORK AT JOHN B. STETSON UNIVERSITY.

TO OUR MOTHERS AND
FATHERS WHOSE LOVING
INTEREST HAS MADE IT POSSI-
BLE FOR US TO ADVANCE THUS
FAR IN THE PURSUIT OF AN ED-
UCATION, WE, THE CLASS OF
'09, DEDICATE WITH GRATITUDE
THIS BOOK.

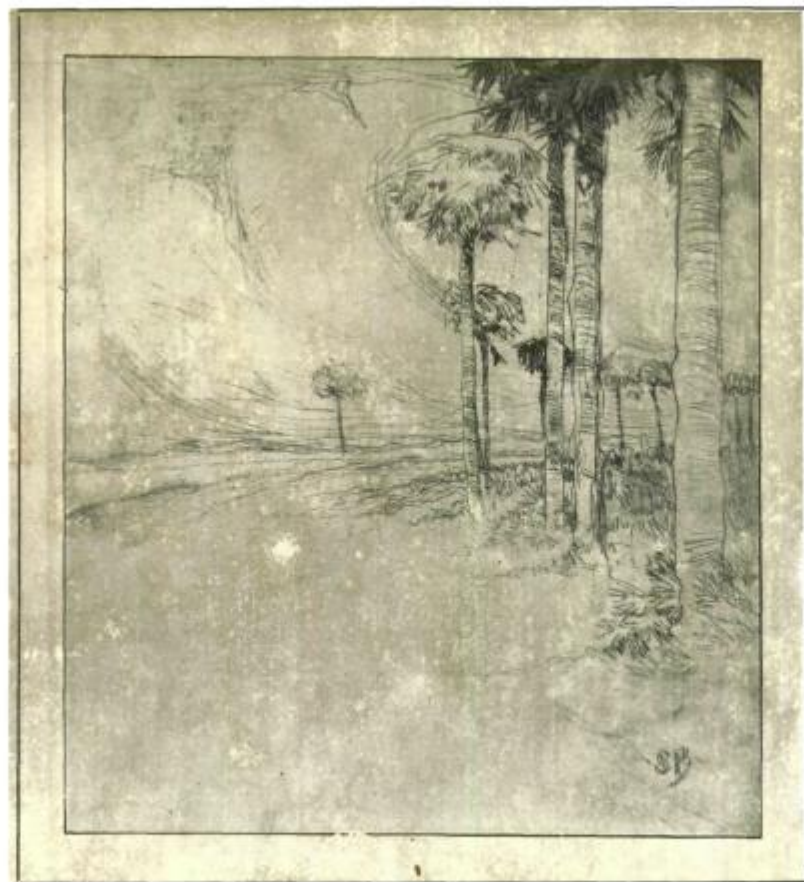


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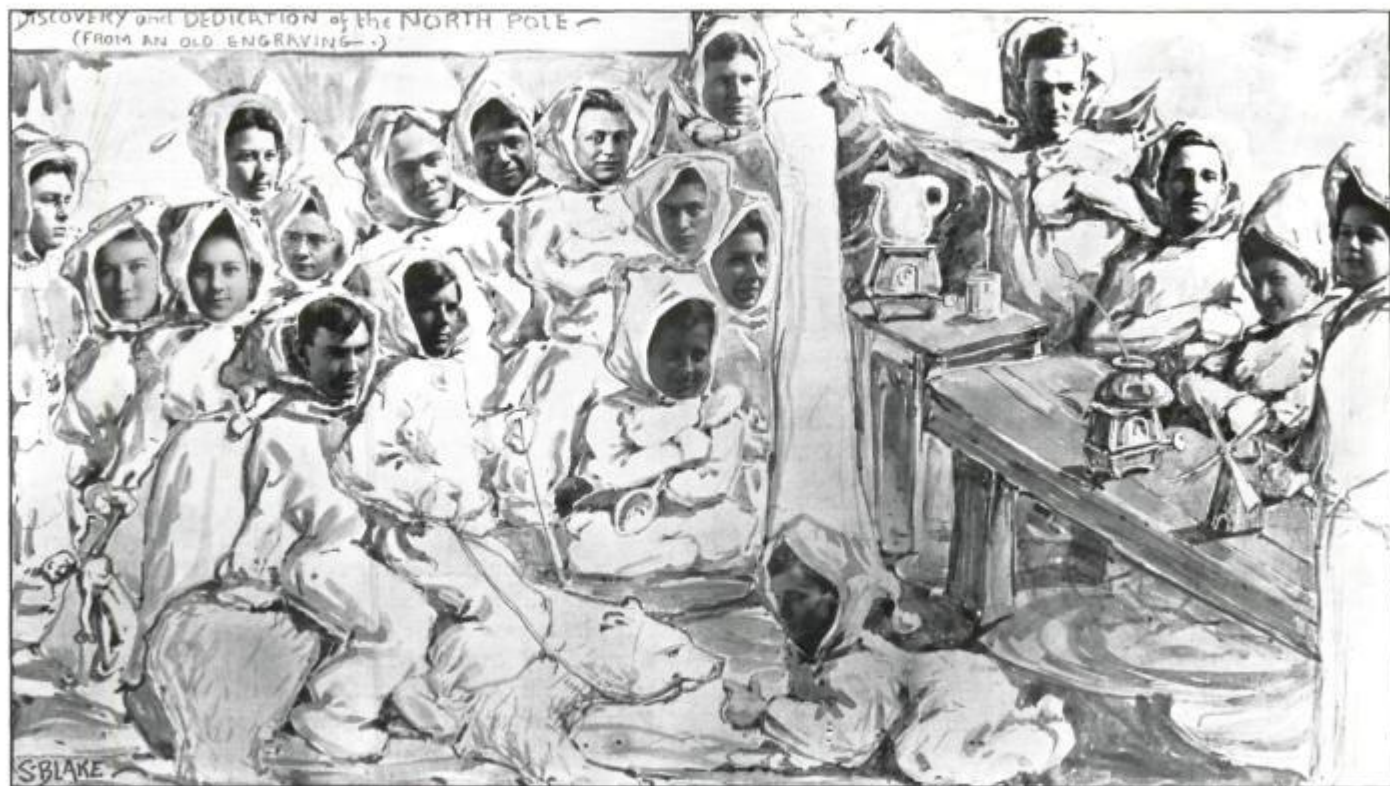
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DISCOVERY and DEDICATION of the NORTH POLE —
(FROM AN OLD ENGRAVING —)





DANIEL
JAMES
BLOCKER

Nine
Years
at Stetson.

Candi-
date for
A. B.

Gadzooks! they jest at me, my lord; and why?
Because than they I'm greater—

Aye, on scales. Old Play.

The stork which brought "Uncle Dan"—and by the way, that suggests a picture, doesn't it?—left him in Florida and thereby earned the gratitude of the Seniors of '09. It was at the end of several years of business life in Jacksonville that he came to Stetson in 1900. Although doubtless unaware of the fact, his parents showed prophetic ability when they named him Daniel. You know the story of Daniel in the lions' den? But if you do not get the point let me whisper that he is Dean of Stetson Hall. Of course he did not start his school career in this capacity for he was once an humble Academy student and roomed in the Ell of Stetson Hall when that district was the especial province of ministerial students—a very long time ago. During these years he has by kindness, tact, and good nature, won the love of his school-mates one and all. His is always a ready reply to an appeal, be it for sympathy, encouragement or advice. Even the school-mate who contemplates risking matrimony invariably finds a ready response from him—in an official capacity, you understand. It will be hard to part at Commencement and we shall do so with the best and heartiest wishes for our classmate "Uncle Dan."

A second *raconteur* upon whose rack
Narrations stretch to twice their rightful length,
—Old Drama.

Popular tradition has it that at the very moment James Milton Carson was rumbling forth his oratory, waking the echoes and incidentally a few bullfrogs on the shores of his native lake, Claud was around on the other side of the pond in search of some hydrophoby or other upon which to exercise his embryo medical genius. Just about that time, the story goes, the orator reached a tragic flight and the marbles in his mouth unrestrained gurgled down to the depths below. Instantly Claud was on the spot with an antidote, and the result was, a Demosthenes was saved for the Class of '09, and another startling exploit added to the history of the medical science. In time, Kissimmee became too limited a sphere for two such mighty minds, so Claud B. migrated to St. Augustine where he found a broader field for his growing activities. In the fall of '07 he wended his way to Stetson, after he had spent three years in the Ga. Tech. He intends to follow the inclinations of his boyhood days, and after graduation will enter a medical college, and ultimately as a fullfledged M.D., we warrant will save many a Demosthenes for the world and fulfill his early promise of genius.

CLAUD
BERNARD
WORLEY

Three
Years
at Stetson.

Candi-
date for
B. S.





HAZEL
HENRI
SHEDDAN

Six
Years
at Stetson.

Candi-
date for
Ph. B.

Disdain and scorn ride sparkling in her eyes.
—*Shakespeare.*

Miss Sheddan was presented to our class by the good old State of Tennessee. Upon her arrival—that was years ago, before the Normal Conquest—she opened wide her eyes (just once) and was so pleased with the appearance presented by the Academy third-year class that she joined forthwith, graduating in '05. Since that time she has led a very busy life having taken much stenography work in addition to a regular College course. She has also been at the front in the Young Women's Christian Association and was a representative at the Asheville conference of last year. The members of the Verein have made her their Secretary and her name stands on the roll of the Stetson Literary Society. Miss Sheddan has a large share of class spirit and declares her firm intention of being present at each and every class reunion of the Seniors of '09.

Indeed, he hath an excellent good name.
—*Shakespeare.*

"Doctor" Fred Smith was born in the city of Keighley, Yorkshire, England, and though of pure English ancestry for many generations back, is a true American, a Floridian by adoption, and a loyal Stetsonite. He has been dubbed "Doctor," we suppose, for the reason that he has been taken for a member of the Faculty so many times. On more than one occasion he has been taken for Dean Smith or some relative of his, because he answers to the same name, and, like the venerable Dean, has a dimple on his left cheek. For some inexplicable reason he is supposed to resemble Prof. Frost and is often taken as his living double. And once he was highly flattered to be identified as Miss Martien, when two new normalites timorously approached him and asked permission to go down town. To lay aside all levity however, let us say that he is not so far removed from the aforesaid luminaries as one might think. Mr. Smith is in dead earnest in whatever he undertakes and is specially distinguished in his classical studies. He has been connected with the University for the past eight years and is a member of the "Old Guards of '05."

FRED
SMITH

Eight
Years
at Stetson.

Candi-
date for
A. B.





DOYLE
ELAM
CARLTON

Eight
Years
at Stetson.

Candi-
date for
A. B.

The amateur tenor,
Whose vocal villanies all desire to shirk.

—Sullivan.

It was just eight years ago that the door of Dr. Baerecke's Zoology room opened and the class looked for the first time into the face of the gentleman from Watchula, whereupon he, becoming embarrassed, quietly blushed himself into a rear seat. The secret of Mr. Carlton's career, however, lies in the fact that he did not stay there. No sooner had he demonstrated to his schoolmates that he could sing, do unheard-of stunts at "grinding" and crack jokes, than he became inoculated with the presidential germ. Being able, fortunately, to back this with great common sense he has served admirably in every instance. Perhaps no better illustration could be given than the "Buggy Drivin' Club," of which he is chief executive. This year Mr. Carlton has turned aside into the devious paths of the law. The fact is, of course, to be regretted and yet our respect for him forbids us to think that he will be led astray and indeed it is possible that if he should never quite get that "presidential germ" out of his system his law training might be of great assistance.

Oh, what a nice young man, man, man,
Oh, what a nice young man.

—*Old Song.*

Frank Cramer came to us direct from Tallahassee, and such an improvement have we made on him that, so they say, every time he goes back home he has to carry a letter of identification from the President in order that his parents may know their son. However, leaving off hearsay we can vouch for the following: He is a far-sighted lad. He began on a classical course and soon saw that he was on the wrong road to comfort. By the end of the first year his prognostications were confirmed sufficiently for him to try a B.S.

His dramatic career at Stetson has been crowned with success, he having played title roles in English and German plays and porch-corner pantomimes. As a member of the Glee Club, he has handed out melody to the Floridian peasant before Spring Term, and, like a modern Siren has lured many an innocent son of the soil to Stetson. Frank Cramer was a member of the now extinct local Φ A. He is now High-cocky-lorum in "K. O. A." and is Secretary and Treasurer of the Athletic Association.

FRANK
ELMER
CRAMER

Four
Years
at Stetson.

Candi-
date for
A. B.





ELIZABETH
BRYAN
CARSON.

Three
Years
at Stetson.

Candi-
date for
Ph. B.

'Tis not my nature to hate, but to love.

Sophokles, Ant.

She owns as her birth place and home the romantic city of Kissimmee, where, as you see, even the alphabets go in pairs. But now to more serious things. After the elementary days of schooling were past she attended Cox College in Georgia but the next year came to Stetson, smiled just a few times and became an universal favorite. Not having many credits to secure she went in largely for music and was a graduate of that department last year. Among other things she has studied history and German and was a prominent charter member of the Verein. Miss Carson's most well known characteristics are her hearty handclasp, winning gr—smile and a most amiable disposition. During the last term she was at home learning to cook, the sinister import of which preparation hath not yet appeared.

A lusty bachelor
With lockes as they were leyd in presse.
—Chaucer, *Cant. T.*

We have here, ladies and gentlemen, an example of what North Carolina is capable of producing; a quiet, retiring fellow possessed of scientific leanings. It is because Mr. Miller came among us so quietly and says so very few words about himself that we are unable to give more than the bare facts. We would hesitate about fabricating any incidents in his career which might displease him for he is not exactly of a puny appearance and we can't help remembering what his native state did along polemic lines some forty years ago. For some time in the past he has attended Trinity College in Carolina and from that school came to Stetson with graduating designs.

ROBERT
LEE
MILLER

One
Year
at Stetson.

Candi-
date for
Ph. B.





HAROLD
SMITH

Eight
Years
at Stetson.

Candi-
date for
A. B.

You look wise—pray correct that error.

—Lamb.

Mr. Harold Smith is of English birth. At a very tender age however, before his eyes could appreciate even the smoke of London, he was transferred to this country. He began his educational career in the public schools of Cincinnati, Ohio. In the winter of 1901, he came to DeLand and entered the Academy of John B. Stetson University, graduating with the famous Class of '05. Throughout his school life, Mr. Smith has been interested in nearly all forms of College activities. He has been connected with the Choral Society, the College Glee Club, the Literary Society, the Y. M. C. A., and this past year served as editor-in-chief of the Stetson Weekly Collegiate. Despite all his arduous duties, Mr. Smith finds leisure for diversions of various kinds. Of late he has shown a fondness for horticulture, and Senior though he is, takes great delight in a slender, graceful, golden-rod which grows on the north side of Wisconsin Avenue.

We must not make a scarecrow of the law.
—*Shakespeare.*

Unlike Abe Lincoln, Jim Carson was unfortunate in not being born in a log-cabin (that style of primeval architecture being extinct in the thriving little town of Kissimmee at the time of his nativity). Being a precocious child, at the tender age of overalls and brogans he recognized and lamented the disadvantages of his birth and determined to make the world recognize him. During these melancholy days he was wont to avoid the little school-bell and to spend his hours in sacred preparation for his future life. One day he hit upon the famous little stunt of Demosthenes and forthwith going to the beautiful shores of Tahoctalaga and, substituting a pocketful of marbles for the pebbles, maliciously expounded antiquated jokes and riddles to the innocent kine enjoying the contemplative life by the lake-shore. But one day he swallowed his last marble and had to quit. He has now come to the conclusion that law and ranching are good enough for anybody.

JAMES
MILTON
CARSON

Two
Years
at Stetson.

Candi-
date for
A. B.





HARRIET
ELIZABETH
HUGHLETT

Five
Years
at Stetson.

Candi-
date for
B. S.

If ladies be but young and fair
They have the gift to know it.

—Shakespeare.

We take great pleasure in presenting here the second number in the "Elizabeth" series. It fell to the happy lot of the Indian River town of Cocoa to be sweetened by the advent of this lady. She spent her early days there and after a course at the high school came to Stetson, entering the Academy Class of '05. Almost at once she showed scientific leanings and indulged her passion for test tubes, reagents, balances, bugs and other implements of that calling. She was a charter member of the Crucible Club and served it as President. Miss Hughlett early realized that in order to gain prominence one must excel in some eccentricity and so cultivated a bird-like utterance and a charming shrug of the shoulders—with gratifying success. That's merely an incident though for she will ever be remembered by her classmates for a cheerful, gracious and warm-hearted nature.

Whom few do cherish much, yet few despise.

—*Old Play*

Mr. Blake first put in his appearance at a town in Illinois, but becoming discouraged by the social conditions in that section, in his fourth year accompanied his parents to Lake Helen, Florida, where he has his present home. His early education being passed in that place he entered Stetson in 1901. Previous to his undertaking the editorship of the Orange Thorn he found time for his favorite sport, tennis. He is connected with the Crucible Club, the Verein and the Phi Kappa Delta Fraternity, while the Collegiate's list of past editors also claims him. Having always shown an unaccountable liking for Latin he is now concluding another year as second assistant in this department.

STEPHEN
PIERCE
BLAKE

Eight
Years
at Stetson.

Candi-
date for
A. B.





EZRA
CASPER
BOSTICK

Eight
Years
at Stetson.

Candi-
date for
A. B.

It is best to love wisely, no doubt, but to love foolishly is better than not to be able to love at all.

—Thackeray.

Ezra C. Bostick was born in DeSoto County, Fla. He comes from a long and illustrious line of clergymen and hopes after he has received his degree from Stetson and completed a full seminary course to grace the clerical profession himself. Ever since his birth in— A. D., Mr. Bostick says he has been going to school most of the time. And so today he is the most erudite representative of the Class of '09. Indeed he has quite distinguished himself and casts a halo of glory upon the class with which he is associated because of his original research in various branches of knowledge, especially along the line of sociology and erotics. He is not an eromaniac to be sure, because he treats the subject scientifically. We rarely ever find in a single individual such a diversification of talent as Mr. Bostick possesses. His genius is versatile and readily turns from sober erotics, sociological pursuits to things that seem entirely antipodal. In short, Mr. Bostick is a poet as well as a scientist. He has woven "Bright Even Star," "Dear Dying Day," "Lost Daisies," "Annie Lee D.," and other errant fancies into a laureate of undying fame for himself.

Came to us late and may she late depart.

-Old Song.

Miss Montgomery, though the latest accession to the Class of '09, is by no means the least of its members in point of loyalty and class spirit. Her home is in McEwensville, Pennsylvania, where she received her preparatory education. After graduating from the Academy of her home town, she taught for some time in the city of Philadelphia and also in Bryan, Ohio. Last fall she came to Stetson from Bucknell University, where she had been for three years. So her affections are somewhat divided, nevertheless she has a warm feeling for Stetson, and has adopted her as her alma mater.

FANNIE
MONTGOMERY

One
Year
at Stetson.

Candi-
date for
Ph. B.





ROSCOE
EUGENE
GLASS

Four
Years
at Stetson.

Candi-
date for
B. S.

Oh, that this too, too solid flesh would melt.

—*Shakespeare.*

We regret that Mr. Glass should come last, and by way of explanation it is due him to say that it was owing entirely to the necessity of counterbalancing the first named member of our class that he is thus situated. We know however that he will take it optimistically. To tell the truth he is a veritable example of optimism, and it is by virtue of this that he overcame the disadvantage of having been born in Mississippi. Tampa claimed him at an early age and educated him in the Hillsborough High School. For Stetson was reserved the privilege of putting on the finishing touches. English, history and science have largely occupied his attention and he holds membership both in the Crucible Club and the Conrad Hall Forensic Association. He found himself at the beginning of the year sufficiently ahead in credits to indulge in a rest during the succeeding term. He has promised however to appear during Commencement.

To our classmates whose diverging
paths have led them from us, as the
years have passed, and of their num-
ber especially to Mrs. Harry Duncan
who died on
the nineteenth
of June in
nineteen hundred seven,
we of '09,
dedicate this page.



ANNUAL BOARD.

DOYLE CARLTON, Business Manager,
STEPHEN BLAKE, Editor
HAZEL SHEDDAN, Secretary,
DANIEL BLOCKER, Assistant Bus. Manager,
FRED SMITH, Assistant Editor.





CHARLES S. FARRIS,
Vice President of the University.



and primeval atmosphere in search of which we now organize picnics and (whisper it lightly) "walking parties." Those were the days of orange groves set in the

O THE Stetson student who knows his Stetson history by heart there is something almost motherly about DeLand Hall. In her very early days, twenty-five years ago—and by the way since we are dealing with the delicate subject of age let us drop the feminine pronoun—things did not look exactly as they do today. There was more of that wildness

heart of sweeping pine forests and in the infant town of DeLand a few houses ranged along the sandy streets. In fact, regarding these latter, there used to be in the older times, a standing joke referring to DeLand as famous chiefly for the "sand which is there." Today the few houses have multiplied to a few hundred, the sandy streets have been transformed into smooth shell avenues and the original four-acre campus has expanded into seven times its first limits, but the old hall has never changed substantially. Its peculiarly original style of architecture, which, so far as we know, has not yet been named, couldn't change, you know.

Conditions, however, did change. There was a time, gentle reader, when DeLand Hall contained beside all the recitation rooms, the chapel, the library, and on the second floor just beneath the bell tower a rendezvous for inter-period social activities. But note how these have scattered. As soon as stately Elizabeth Hall, just across the street, had become a brick and stone reality and had further been fitted with wings on either side (excellent material for a joke but we haven't time) it proceeded to absorb the chapel and library together with the recitation rooms. By way of consolation DeLand Hall was given several pianos and became the headquarters of the music school. Also in the large east room on the second floor there gradually assembled a



band of such as worked cunningly with pen and brush, the result being the art school. Immediately below a large room was fitted up for the kindergarten people, who possibly in accordance with the law of the survival of the fittest, are still maintaining their position.

There yet remains a room—the armory—which we have not yet mentioned. Now in order to appreciate the grim significance of this word you must understand that

some years ago one of the requirements of sub-collegiate students was military drill. Every afternoon at about half past two o'clock the Master of Tactics would advance to the door of the armory with a stride as near as possible to that traditional one of Mars. The door was unlocked and by three o'clock everybody was equipped with a forty-pound musket and eager for the ensuing half hour of pleasurable exercise. In later years partly because of a desire to encourage the deliberations of The Hague Tribunal and partly on account of some contemptible jealousy at West Point the custom was abandoned.

Up to the time that the foundations for Elizabeth Hall were laid the University had shown a tendency to grow eastward. About the first thing to make its appearance was the cottage where "Uncle John" and "Aunt Charlotte" live. Next was built Stetson Hall. This is in the same general style of architecture as DeLand Hall with the exceptions that the former was provided with fire—or monitor—escapes and has above the front steps its name surrounded—symbolically we think—with leaves and oranges forever green. The authorities were not slow in discovering that the innate ability and longing for gymnastic performances manifested by the dwellers in Stetson Hall must needs have a less circumscribed



field for activity than was afforded by the narrow hallways and tin porch-roof and consequently erected a gymnasium. This building made a pronounced hit and has witnessed many a spirited basketball game and Hallowe'en reception. It is said by those who were eye witnesses that years ago one could go here at almost any time during the first few of the school days and find the newcomers, who were not yet accustomed to Stetson decorum, exhibiting their agility in rooting match boxes across the floor, greatly to the admiration of groups of the older fellows.

Soon after the completion of the President's home and the central portion of Elizabeth Hall, the young ladies positively insisted that they be given something

stylish to dwell in. The request was granted, of course, and the front or Academy wing of Chaudoin Hall rose up in response. Not very long after this the college division was built on. It was a direct consequence of Chaudoin's contents that only the most intrepid writer would dare to use other than abjectly general terms in describing it. By way of illustration we might quote the words of a Sophomore's letter to his mother in which Chaudoin is said to be "About one hundred and sixty feet one way and two hundred the other, made of brick and full of girls."

These are the unadorned facts—if we are to neglect the curious little thimble dome on top which the architect forgot to take down—and yet they do not do the dear old place justice. We have always wished that some spring afternoon when the warm sun was creeping ruddily over the campus and a filmy haze hung about the stately old hall a poet





might catch a glimpse of it through the slender pines and be inspired to express what every Stetsonite must some time have felt.

But certainly the queen of the campus group

is stately Elizabeth Hall, hedged with great oaks and mantled with clinging vines. She really is a natural part of the campus. It seems no wonder that the Muses of History, Science and Literature should have chosen this building for an abode. It only seems strange that they ever left.

It was in comparatively recent times that Science Hall came to be a member of the University group. Forthwith the historians, chemists and physicists went across the Boulevard and took up their quarters in the dignified grey hall. At the same time a band of lawyers joined them and not long after a company of mechanics. The artists, too, left their former home in DeLand Hall

and entered into their splendid new studio on the third floor, while two floors below certain of those who felt the impending necessity of learning domestic economy were provided for by the Cooking School. Thus was justified that humorous remark made by one of the Faculty that above existed art for art's sake and below for the doctor's. In order to be thoroughly cosmopolitan Science Hall permitted the Literary Society and the



Kent Club to hold their weekly meetings there and lately the chemistry recitation room was the birth place of the Crucible Club.

This year we greet the youngest of the Stetson quadrangle group, the Carnegie Library. You see, dear reader, the Library which was situated for some



years in Elizabeth Hall finally became so noisy that it was banished to the new home and the music school was invited from DeLand Hall to compensate in a measure for the loss. The Library is too recent an arrival to have clustered about itself any hoary traditions but it has abundant possibilities. There will surely come a day when one will approach

the campus from the south through a beautiful grove of half screening oak trees and pausing on the broad Library steps see on either hand stately halls, dormitories and laboratories of which we today can only dream, and, spread between these a broad, green, sunlit quadrangle.

V.





Introducing
the
Juniors



THE JUNIORS

AMMONETTE GORDON, President.

FANNIE BERRY, Vice President.

IVAN WATERMAN, Secretary.

LELAND CARLTON,

ERRETT GRABLE,

DOSSIE HULL.



HISTORY OF 1910.



THE TASK of the Historian is at all times a hard and difficult one. But especially is it so when he is confronted, as is the Historian of 1910, with such deeds as the class has not achieved. Never, we say, within the memory of man was mortal so afflicted as our Historian for our history is both varied and varying. As regards our class tree we can say that its branches are multiple. Some of us belong to that one that traces its origin back to the far away regions of the Grammar School. Others of us are finished products of the Academy, while the rest of us hail from the four corners of the earth.

As Freshmen we started out on our four years' journey with a large class and with every prospect of a brilliant career. However some fell by the wayside and, after the fall examinations, others decided to change their course in hopes of finding rest beyond. But the honored few who had secured the friendship of Dean Smith still had the courage to bravely attack Analytics and to delve into the mysteries of "Unknowns."

The following year found only six of our original class who were willing to undergo further hardships of which they had tasted as Freshies. But four others influenced by the enthusiasm of this sextet decided to cast their lot with the Class of 1910. It was in its Sophomore year that the class was formally organized. In choosing a class flower what could have been more appropriate than that a rose be selected, for did we not have a whole borough of roses right in our midst? Why the red rose should be the one chosen is one of the mysteries of the world. Some frivolously inclined member of the class said because it stood for love, but you can take that as you will. Evidence of the stability of the coming Junior class began to be manifested even at this early day for the standard of the class remained the same throughout the year. Unity, loyalty, and charity characterize the class.

For unity the class found itself well organized under the leadership of the noble President. We had placed great confidence in the sincerity of this leader never suspecting that he was to desert us in favor of the Class of 1909. Knowing now the fickleness of our former President and realizing the misspent confidence, we feel that he has found in his new affiliation and degeneration a company more suited to his taste.

By this occurrence, loyalty finds itself even as clearly defined as unity.

Charity is manifested toward those who are struggling to follow the path which we have made.

At the beginning of our Junior year utter desolation stared us in the face and the Class of 1910 heartily agreed with the poet that:

"Such a world of sorrow;
Sighin' drowns the song.
Never yet felt happy,
But a cyclone came along."

Not an officer was left—our Secretary and Treasurer had moved to Mexico, our Vice-President had taken up ministerial work and our President, as we have said, had so far degenerated as to become a Senior. Needless to say a reorganization was necessary. The quality of the three charter members who remained in the class proved that the growth of this illustrious body had a prowess of the "Survival of the Fittest." The standard was not at all lower by the addition of three of the same type who blended perfectly with the former.

Now in order that no reader will get the erroneous impression that it is all work and no play with the Class of 1910, we will say that our social life has not been

neglected and that in the future it will be doubly considered. And now to close with the words of our class resolution: "Resolved that we, the Class of 1910, do hereby agree never to allow our studies to interfere with our College course."





Introducing
the
Seniors.



THE SOPHS.



ELL, come let us drink to the Class
of Naught 'leven,
A class that will always be true;
Let us hope for them health, let us
hope for them wealth,
And success in all they may do.

And then, fellow Sophs, let us live, laugh, and love,
As we go through this valley of tears;
But always in life, let us join in the strife
Where the smoke the blackest appears.

Then drink down the toast with jolly good cheer
And trust to the Sophomores to win,
For we know it's not luck, but it's downright pluck,
That in life makes true-hearted men.

E. SPENCER.

OFFICERS:

President.....EDWIN SPENCER, Ocala
Vice President.....J. A. MILLER, Leesburg
Secretary and Treasurer.....ELIZABETH YAEKEL, St. Augustine

MEMBERS:

MISS M. RAY.....Plant City
MISS BROADWELL.....Palm Beach
MISS WALLING.....Maryland
MISS CUPPERHUSCH.....Palatka
MISS I. DINNING.....Kentucky
MR. PARMENTER.....Illinois
MR. NOONE.....New York
MR. STULTZ.....DeLand
MR. PELTON.....Lake Helen
MR. R. K. ROBERTS.....New Jersey





J. ARCHY SMITH,
Dean of the University.

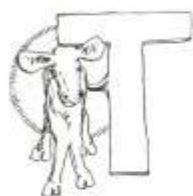


G. PRENTICE CARSON,
Dean of the College of Liberal Arts.



Introducing
the
Freshmen

FRESHMAN CLASS.



THE FRESHMAN Class of 1908-09 entered the University in September, 1908, trying to present a bold front, even if we were frightened by the awe-inspiring students in the ranks ahead, and by the stately row of Faculty members upon the rostrum of the Auditorium. We were again and again accused of being "greenies," but took pleasure in the thought that we were being true to the Stetson colors—for most of us had something white about our necks (collars of course) to trim the green. We may be green to look upon—though "greenbacks" are scarce in our class—but far beneath the surface lies a layer of pure gold which time will bring to light, if it has not done so already. If your eyes are too weak to bear the glitter you had better get some smoked glasses at once. Hurry up! We are fondly hoping that some glimpses of that rare metal, signifying our real worth, may already be shining—especially among our "star" members.

Our class did not meet to formally organize until

the Winter Term. Then, at the earnest request of the learned Seniors, we decided to furnish the decorative, and highly artistic touches necessary to guarantee the success of the ANNUAL. So we organized. Of course we did! Don't all important things organize now-a-days?

After much careful consideration we elected Mr. Hugh G. Jones as President. Though memories of our college play remind us that he is quite a "wobbler" we deem him worthy of the honor, and think that he has fulfilled his duty nobly, duly presiding at all business meetings—though very timid at our social ones—and behaving generally as is fitting for one of his dignity and position.

Our Vice-President is Mr. Clifford Botts. He has been efficient in his duty of holding up the hands of our President. He says that his would certainly be one delightful duty if the Secretary, Miss Barron, and the President would exchange offices. Mr. Botts is a Baptist, though one article of his creed has been changed since last year. He now believes one can fall from "Grace." However, he says his fall will not do him lasting injury if he can fall with the "Bunch." Mr. Botts is manager of our College paper. He is a distinct and enviable personality. We all like him very much.

As Secretary, we elected Miss Inez Barron. She, out

of deference and sympathy for Mr. Botts, in the performance of his duties, offered to assume the duties of the President for a while, just to see how blissful it might be. Miss Barron is delightfully vivacious socially and precocious as a student.

Our Treasurer is Miss Juno Wright. So queenly is her bearing that we must say she is queen of the cash, instead of the gods. Her arms are always full—of Freshman cash to be sure. They have often been nearly broken by the load. However she has not faltered, but has carried our money bag to the last inch of the way.

Miss Bunch is our Historian. She has kept, for future use, special records of names and sundry actions of the members of our class. She says she did not have to resort to fiction to record many things of interest about her classmates. Miss Bunch certainly did make a good "Mrs. Smith," in our College play.

As we line up these officers we feel proud of them, for they are good representatives of our class. They have been faithful in working, and now we note their dignified bearing as they approach the end of their Freshman career, ready to take the next steps.

As for the rest, let something good be said. It will not do to consign them to oblivion. (Indeed, this could not be done, for you can not keep the right sort of ability down). They deserve to be mentioned inasmuch

as their minds are all great—some latent, but will do great things when the proper time comes.

Unless Miss Martien could chaperone every ANNUAL, we would not even think of placing the boys and girls together on the following list of the personnel of our class. See the good of training? "It's in the catalogue, you know!"

Chester Wiggins, B. G. Williams, J. W. Shissler, J. Berry, Geo. Upchurch, Charles Nutt, John Upchurch, Clifford Botts and Hugh G. Jones are the Freshman boys.

Mr. Wiggins, the tallest member of our class, can look over the heads of even the stately Seniors. He is not very fleshy, but has borne the loss of many "Pounds"—possibly 160—quite bravely. He is our representative in the Glee Club.

Mr. Williams is seemingly the quietest member of our class. He says his good looks and winning ways, rather than his flow of oratory, are what take hold of the ladies. He lacks nothing in perseverance. We expect much of Mr. Williams.

Mr. Shissler has a part in the College play, of which our class, under the training of Prof. Stover, of the Department of Elocution, has the responsibility of giving as a number of the Lyceum course. Mr. Shissler seems to be a conscientious student.

Of Mr. Berry we prophesy good work in the field of literature. He does splendid work in the Stetson Literary Society. He possesses a vein of very original humor. We hope he may some day bring our name into prominence.

George Upchurch, and his brother John, are Jacksonville boys. Though their names are very suggestive of a high calling, they both declare they have decided not to enter the ministry. "Billy Bounce" John is a quiet and unassuming good natured fellow. As for George, give him a rattle-box, a girl-doll, and let him chatter all he wishes too, if you desire to please him. But we think he may outgrow this.

Mr. Charles Nutt is our only representative in the "Tech" Department since Mr. James LeRoach has left us. We all like Mr. Nutt. We can't help that, for he is as kindly disposed as he is good looking.

Of the girls there are: Theresa Larson, Martha Trough, Lee Bowers, Lois Carlton, Nell Ray, Wilma Davis, Inez Barron, Juno Wright, Julia Bunch, and Hazel Crouch.

Miss Larson is one of our most conscientious members. She is faithful to her lessons, therefore does not visit much. But she is always glad to welcome a visitor. In fact, she says she does like a "Kummer."

Miss Trough is a Virginia girl. That alone would strike a responsive cord in our hearts; and does this so much the more when we think of her in terms of herself—forgetting for the moment dear old Virginia. She has many friends in Stetson (If you don't believe it, just ask Mr. Grable).

Miss Davis can be depended upon to attempt difficult problems. Her impersonation of "Ada" in our College play—"David Garrick"—proved her splendid ability along that line. Though we hope she will represent us in the field of elocution, we fear that her undying love for "Math" will crush our hopes. Miss Davis is an active and able member of the Stetson Literary Society. She is a splendid girl, and we are proud to claim her.

Miss Carlton and Miss Ray are both from Tampa. They are such close friends we would not dare to mention them separately. But this is to be expected, for they are cousins (?) you know. They are well known for their personal attractiveness, and for their devotion to their cousins of Stetson Hall. They are such excellent young ladies we are glad that they are members of our class. Of course we would give them our best wishes if they could be Seniors, but we are forced to forego the pleasure until three years hence.

Miss Lee Bowers is one of the best players on the University basketball team. She has not only earned

her Stetson "S," but has become very popular. All Stetson students enthusiastically give her yell, which is: "Hip-it-up, Hip-it-up; Hip-it-up again—B-o-w-e-r-s."

Miss Crouch is another member of our class—and we are certainly glad to say it! She is one of that kind whose modesty and perfect refinement, even in her moments of silence, cry aloud, and draw friends to her.

And so this is our class. We have not told you near all about it though. Suffice it to say it is strongly represented in every phase of Stetson College life. Is it any wonder then that we are proud of it? We have planted our feet firmly upon the first steps of the ladder of fame, and we are mounting it slowly, but surely. The top seems way up in the clouds, but we see it more clearly each step we take, and some day we hope to plant a "1912" banner on the very tip-top round.

CLASS COLORS: Silver Grey and Scarlet.

MOTTO: Vincit qui se vincit.



CLASS POEM.

I.

The Freshman Class of 1909,

Of course we are proud of the name!

For we've started the race, for the goal far away,

Which we hope to attain some day

And make a name of glory and fame

For the Freshmen of 1909.

II.

"The Senior Class of 1912,"

That is our battle cry!

As we labor with all our might and main,

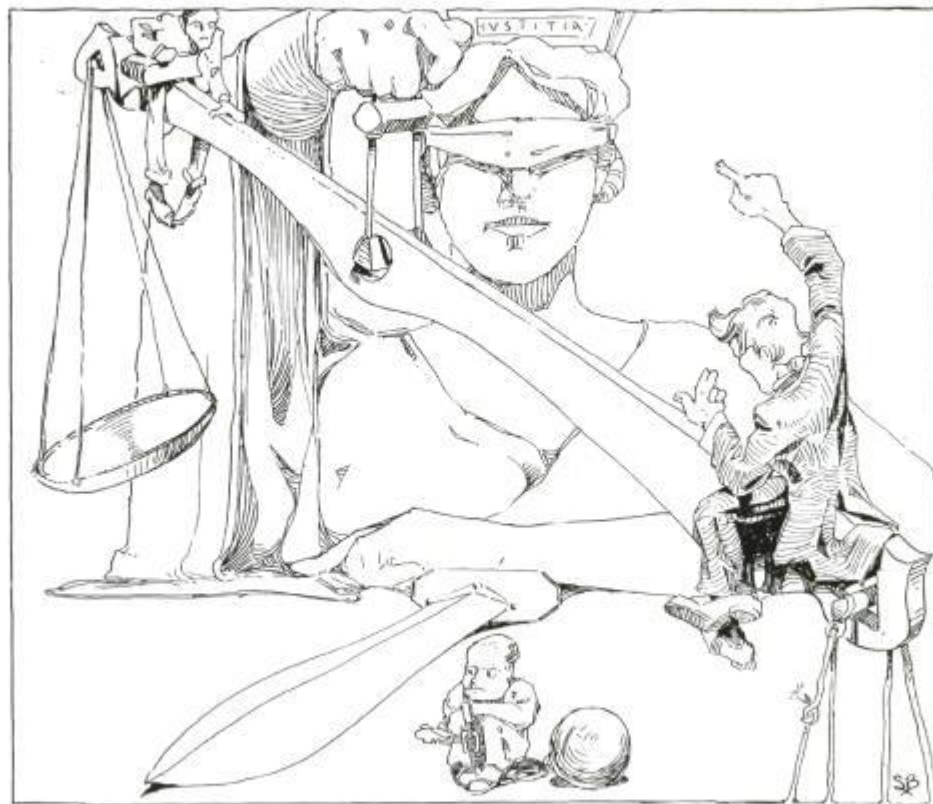
And little by little a place we gain

It gives us courage to shout on high,

"We're the Seniors of 1912"



ALBERT J. FARRAH,
Dean of the College of Law,



Introducing
the
Lawyers



SENIOR LAW CLASS.

FRED BOTTS.....President.
J. FRANK ADAMS.....Vice-President.
D. C. HULL.....Secretary and Treasurer.

The law is a jealous mistress, so says one, A. J. Farrah, Dean of the Law School. It would seem that this fact which has been so often impressed upon our youthful minds is indeed true, for of all those who have paid court only three have proved sufficiently faithful to satisfy her jealous demands and present themselves as candidates for her reward duly approved by her lawfully constituted agent, A. J. Farrah.

The President of the "Cracker" Class of Nineteen Nine is Fred Botts. He is a tried and true Stetson man. Nine of the twenty-four years of his life have been spent at Stetson. There are no students and only a very few of the Faculty who can remember when Big Botts entered school. After doing his grammar school work in the Public School of Volusia County he entered the Stetson Academy in nineteen hundred. He graduated with the Academy Class of Nineteen Four and with the College Class of Nineteen Eight. During his course at Stetson he has been prominent in the student organiza-

tions and especially in athletics as a member of the football and baseball teams. In his Academy days he was a member of the Stetson Literary Society. He is now a member of the Kent Club and the $\Phi \Kappa \Delta$ Fraternity.

Mr. J. Frank Adams, the Vice-President of the class, was born near Chipley, Florida, in eighteen eighty-five. His early education he obtained in the Chipley High School. After spending several years as clerk of the County Judge's Court of Jackson County, Mr. Adams decided to become a lawyer. In the fall of nineteen seven he entered Stetson and there became a member of the Class of Nineteen Nine.

Mr. D. C. Hull, the Secretary and Treasurer of the class, is like his classmates, a Florida "Cracker." He was born at Plant City, Florida, twenty-three years ago and is thus the baby of the class—though you wouldn't think it to look at him. His early school days were spent in the Plant City High School from which he graduated in nineteen five. In the fall of the same year he entered Stetson. After doing two years of College work he decided that his peculiar talents fitted him for the law and so he entered the Law Class in the fall of nineteen seven. Mr. Hull is prominent in literary and debating circles. He has served as President of the Kent Club and is a member of the law debating team. He is a member of the $\Phi \Kappa \Delta$ Fraternity.

JUNIOR LAW CLASS.



On the soft days of September,
When the yellow leaves were showing,
From the suburbs of New Smyrna,
Where the ocean breeze was blowing,
From the banks of the Suwanee,
From the highlands of Wyoming,
From the woods about Wauchula,
Where the lowing herds are roaming;
From the hills of old Lake City,
From the wilds of Pasco County,
From the fertile fields of Gadsden,
Teeming rich with Nature's bounty;
From the farming lands near Trenton,
From the grassy streets of Perry,
From old Madison's wide borders,
Where the days and nights are merry;
From the fields of Carolina,
From the city's crowded highways,
From the lake-shore town Kissimmee,
From Daytona's moss-hung by-ways,
From DeLand, the Southern Athens,
Came the students here right gladly;
Here to learn the law at Stetson;
But they learned, and tell it sadly,
The law is passing hard.

All this may be more briefly expressed by simply saying, "Venerunt, viderunt, victi sunt." The Junior Class has been so thoroughly and completely overwhelmed and conquered by the study of the law that, at a recent meeting of the class, a motion was unanimously passed amending General Sherman's famous declaration by striking out the word *war*, and inserting in lieu thereof the word *law*.

During the school year that is now almost past there have been few unusual happenings, in fact, none that have affected the Junior Class alone and which call for a place in history. So much time and thought have been given by the class to the work required by faithfulness to duty, that there was no time left which could have been devoted to making history.

But while nothing worthy of record has occurred, the members of the class are interesting in themselves alone. For collectively they constitute the greatest aggregation of distinctive personalities in captivity.

The honored President of the organized class, Mr. Frederic Rider of Wyoming, is remarkable for his suavity and plausibility in recitation, his pleasing poetry, and his practical politics.

Mr. Dickinson, the Vice-President, aggressively argumentative, but conscientiously courteous always, has

long since learned that language was invented to conceal thoughts, not to express them.

Mr. Surrency, the renowned Shakespearian actor, whose chief role is that of the melancholy Hamlet, was elected Secretary, and kindly consented to serve.

Mr. Duss was elected Treasurer, but he was once a resident of Pittsburg, and no money has as yet been entrusted to him.

The less said about the Historian, the better; for you are bound, from reading this, his feeble effort at historical etching, to form a thoroughly competent, if not wholly complimentary opinion of him.

Mr. Carlton of Wauchula, is never flustered nor flurried, but is always dignified, habitually pleasant, and perpetually grave.

Eager to learn the law, Mr. Calhoun is no less eager to tell what he has learned, and sometimes more.

Mr. Cone is always ready to acquire new information, and is already well informed enough to be eternally concerned for the welfare of his fellow-men. He is, by the way, distinctly not conical.

Endowed by Nature with a dogged positiveness, Mr. Fletcher finds it at once his greatest weakness, and his greatest strength.

Mr. Hardee reminds us in more ways than one of King David. Mr. Dickinson is Jonathan; and David

and Jonathan find, each for himself, and both for each other, humor even in the dry and dusty pages of Blackstone.

The lean and hungry Cassius, whose other name is Carlton C. Small, is agile in argumentation, insistent in interrogation, and never plays the Ace when the Jack will take the trick.

Boisterously irrepressible, Mr. Sturkie, having legislative aspirations, knows thoroughly and intimately the General Statutes of the State of Florida.



While those of the class who are still determined to learn something of law, are exceedingly interesting, "jointly and severally," it is to be intensely regretted that many of the "fairest flowers of them all" have been plucked from the garden in the shade of the Law Tree.

One, formerly a preacher, has gone back to preaching, and another, who had never preached before, has entered the ministry. It is an open question whether the good and sweet influence of the class had this effect, or whether he learned from his association with its members that the world is growing more wicked and needs uplifting.

The most popular member of the class, a charter member of ΣX , and a veritable smasher of hearts, has retired to live on his income. He will devote all of his time to yachting and automobiling, and other pursuits followed by the moneyed aristocracy of America.

The young man who was most faithful of all (except the revered President of the class) in absenting himself from chapel, has taken unto himself a wife, and has, we trust, forgotten long ago the very name of Blackstone.

Another dashing young man has bought a newspaper, and is even now directing its destinies. Three months ago, none would have thought that such an end awaited him, but alas! how uncertain are the caprices of fate!

Two others have left us, in order that they may devote more time to the cares of business.

Miss Pitcher, the only fair co-ed in the class, with the spirit of a martyr, sacrificed her own legal ambition to the best interests of the class. She, finding herself a rival of Blackstone in the attentions of the boys, gracefully withdrew, in order that the work should not suffer.



The study of the law, it will be thus seen, is not a means to an end, but to different ends. Some it pre-

pared for the ministry, another deserted it for a life of leisure, another still considered it a preparation for matrimony, another used it as a means to the end of journalism, others as a stepping-stone to success in the business world. But, withal, there are some yet in the class, and in the world outside who are old-fashioned enough to believe that the study of the law prepares men to be lawyers.





Introducing
the
Academy '09 and '10

SENIOR ACADEMY.

FLOWER: Violet.

COLORS: Violet and Lavender.

MOTTO: Labor Omnes Vincit.

YELL: *Che-hee, che-ha*
Che-ha-ha-ha!
Academy Seniors!
Rah! Rah! Rah!

OFFICERS:

CHARLES M. DURRANCE,	President
MARJORIE L. MACE,	Vice President
HARRY C. GARWOOD,	Sec'y and Treas.

CLASS ROLL

GORDON HAYNES,	LILLIAN BAUKNIGHT,
HARRIET HULLEY,	MELVILLE BUCKLEY,
MARJORIE MACE,	GEORGE COLEMAN,
NINA PHILLIPS,	HELEN DOZIER,
HENRY PRICE,	CHARLES DURRANCE,
PERRY ROBERTS,	CARL FARRISS,
GEORGE SELDEN,	HARRY GARWOOD,
FRANK SMITH,	DUKE GORDON,
FRANK WIDEMAN,	



WHEN, FOUR years ago, we first entered upon our Academic course here at Stetson, our number far out-ranked the present number of our class, but the good fellowship of this year was lacking to a great degree. Never,—I think we can safely say—have the members of any class been such good friends and chums as we. Our only social event this year,—so far, at least,—has been a picnic at DeLeon Springs. We reached the Springs about ten o'clock that morning, and after loitering there for only a short time, took our lunch and went up the lake-shore about half a mile, landing near a large oak grove. Here we ate our dinner,—and here it was that Mr. Roberts and Mr. Price gained for themselves great glory as athletes.

Realizing that "Labor omnes vincit," we have tried to live up to our chosen motto, and we feel that our class is one to be proud of. And each and every member has proved herself or himself, as the case may be, most loyal to it. The pin chosen, the picture taken, the pennant decided upon, and the picnic a thing of the past, we are now looking forward to the night when we shall present our play. This is a daring undertaking for a "Prep" class, but among the twelve boys and five girls

making up our number there is fine material for the cast, and so it is bound to be a "go."

In the following class statistics we have endeavored to give a brief sketch of each member:

STATISTICS OF CLASS OF 1909

NAME	ADDRESS	KNOWN AS	NOTED FOR
Lillian A. Bauknight	Micanopy, Fla.	Baukny	Dodging (?) Profs.
Melville L. Buckley	Weirsdale, Fla.	Buck	Beau-ing
George Coleman	DeLand, Fla.	Herr Jacob	Bashfulness
Helen Dozier	Orange City, Fla.	Helling	Fondness for B. C. (D.)
Charles M. Durrance	Oma, Fla.	Ball	Singing
Carl V. Farriss	DeLand, Fla.	Carolus	Studying
Harry Garwood	Green Cove Spgs., Fla.	Lord Help-Us	Forgetfulness
Duke Gordon	DeLand, Fla.	The Duke	Disposing of pennants
Gordon Haynes	DeLand, Fla.	Moses	Photography
Harriet S. Hulley	DeLand, Fla.	Hulli-han	Attending rehearsals
Marjorie Mace	Lake Helen, Fla.	'Smarty	Dodging Profs.
Nina Phillips	Sagamore, Mass.	R-a-hem!	Firting
Henry C. Price	Hawthorne, Fla.	Speedy	Rope-jumping
Perry Roberts	Lynne, Fla.	Sprinter	Firting
George Selden	DeLand, Fla.	J. Gould	Wittiness
Frank Smith	DeLand, Fla.	Harpye	Giggling
Frank Wideman	DeLand, Fla.	Squeedunc	Talking

NAME	FAVORITE STUDY	Expression of Countenance	CHIEF FAULT
Lillian A. Bauknight	Lab. work	Indescribable	Her love for Claude
Melville L. Buckley	Girlology	Grin	Fondness for the girls
George Coleman	L. A. B.	Grave (sometimes)	Sun-burning
Helen Dozier	Banking	Puzzled	Studying Macbeth
Charles M. Durrance	Elocution	Variable	His laugh
Carl V. Farriss	Billiards	Angelic (?)	Laziness
Harry Garwood	Math.	Philosophical	Numerous love affairs
Duke Gordon	Automobiles	Sober	Flunking (?)
Gordon Haynes	Greek	Troubled	Seriousness
Harriet S. Hulley	Math. (?)	Depends	Quietness
Marjorie Mace	Lab. work	Smiling	Desire for Red Estate
Nina Phillips	Domestic Science	Worried	Blushing
Henry C. Price	Palministry	Good-natured	Plugging at Geom.
Perry Roberts	Chivalry	Engaging	His loftiness
George Selden	French	Mischievous	Has none (?)
Frank Smith	Virgil	Happy-go-lucky	His youth
Frank Wideman	Physics	Scowling	His wisdom

NAME	HIGHEST AMBITION	They Think Themselves	What Others Say of Them
Lillian A. Bauknight	To assist in Chem.	Bright (?)	A nice girl
Melville L. Buckley	To make a hit with "her"	All right	Well, ask—
George Coleman	To be a German Prof.	Pretty fair	A dandy fellow
Helen Dozier	To go into partnership	Not much	A sweet little girl
Charles M. Durrance	To secure a D.D.	O. K.	A born orator
Carl V. Farriss	To get a diploma	I'll do	Mischievous, but O. K.
Harry Garwood	To be small and cute	A +	The right kind
Duke Gordon	To be a chauffeur	A sport	He's in for fun
Gordon Haynes	To teach Latin	Learned	A good student
Harriet S. Hulley	To study music	Passing fair	Rather sedate
Marjorie Mace	To own (Le)land	A chatter-box	"Isn't she sweet?"
Nina Phillips	To explore with Perry	A p-h-u-e	Good company
Henry C. Price	To get A.A. in Math.	An "oyster"	He likes a good time
Perry Roberts	To go to mass (Mass.)	75 per cent.	Very gallant
George Selden	To be a singer	All to the good	Jolly!
Frank Smith	To be pretty	N. G.	Cute
Frank Wideman	To be tall	Intellectual	Well——!

—M. L. M.

—G. H. S.

ACADEMY JUNIORS.

Members Shown.

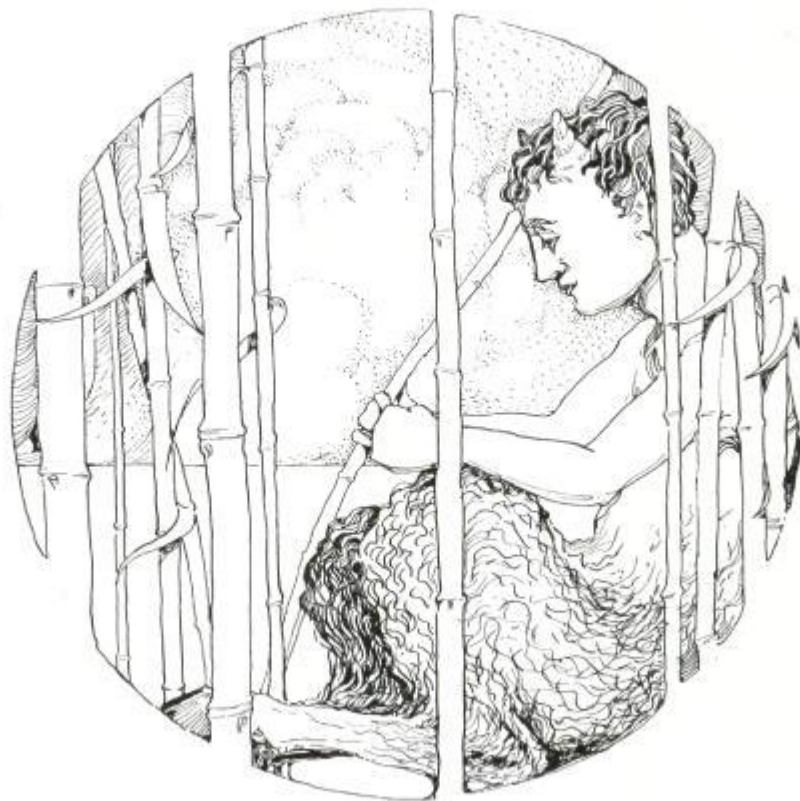
MISS PURCELL,
MISS HARKNESS,
MISS WATTS,
MR. PREVATT, Sec'y and Treas.
MISS ELDRIDGE,
MISS HOUGH,
MISS FIELDS,
MISS BLY,
MR. CHILDERS,
MISS HIBBARD,
MR. ROSEBOROUGH, President.
MISS HARGREAVES,
MR. PHILLIPS
MISS STEVENS, Vice President,
MR. BRADLEY,
MISS WATERMAN.

Other Members.

MISS M. DAVIS,
MISS HAPPERSETT,
MISS M. SMITH,
MISS TEASLEY,
MISS VIGNIER,
MISS KEOWN,
MISS A. DAVIS,
MISS MORRIS,
MR. HOWELL,
MR. LEE,
MR. NEAL,
MR. PRATHER,
MR. RUMSEY,
MR. SPAULDING,
MR. ALLEN.







Introducing
the
Musicians



MISS RUTH HENDRICKS.



MISS LENA CONKLING.



MUSIC GRADUATES

MISS HENDRICKS,	Piano
MISS CONKLING,	Voice
MISS HAMPTON,	Piano
MISS EMMA BAKER,	Piano



MISS SALOME HAMPTON.



STETSON ORCHESTRA,

Mrs. C. B. ROSA,

Director and Leading Violin,

First Violins—

BETHEL BREWER,

EDITH CAMP,

Second Violins—

LEONARD BUMBY,

FRED SMITH,

Flutes—

ELIZA DANIELS,

RUTH DANIELS,

Clarinet—

ROSWELL BUSHNELL,

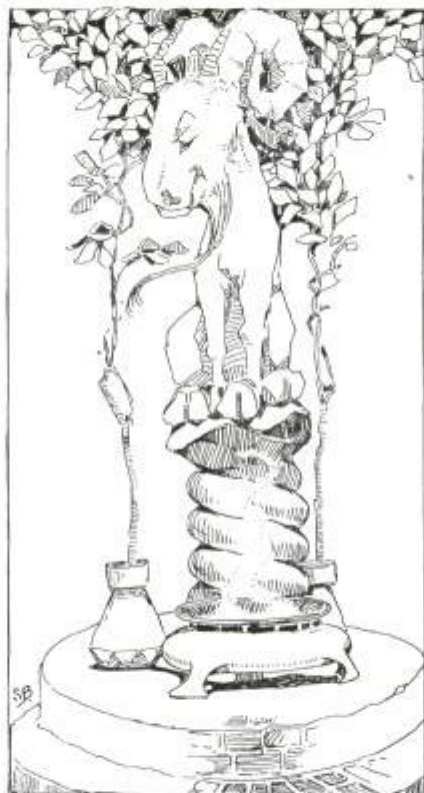
Corinet—

RUTH WOODWARD,

Piano—

GERTRUDE PURDON,





Introducing
Fraternities.

Φ Κ Δ

Σ Β Φ



Φ Κ Δ FRATERNITY.



FROM TIME immemorial social institutions have existed. Men have grouped themselves together in various ways that they might better realize the rational self, and promote the highest good of the social universe to which they belong.

Natural affection, contract, and friendship, are the foundations upon which many of the social structures have been built. The Greeks gave special attention to friendship. Under the power and sway of the Epicureans it developed into the highest degree of prominence.

Through the process of evolution, many of the social institutions of antiquity, founded upon the principles of friendship, have developed into our modern fraternities. This age is fraught with a fraternal spirit. Altruism is advancing with steady step, holding aloof the fraternity as a searchlight. Its rays are lighting up the innermost chambers of the human heart, dispelling darkness and selfishness, and enthroning the fraternizing spirit of brotherly love and esteem.

In the galaxy of fraternal organizations, the Greek

Letter Fraternity is a brilliant star. Its light and power is seen and felt in nearly every college and university in America. Many of these organizations have assumed national proportions. They have local chapters in various educational institutions. Others are purely local, having been organized to meet the needs and conditions of the individual college or university life. Both forms of organization have advantages and disadvantages. But whatever may be the weakness of the one, or the strength of the other, the goal set up is the same. Both seek the perfection of character, by promoting the social and intellectual interests of young men and women.

The Φ Κ Δ Fraternity has been, for more than a dozen years, the leading student organization of Stetson University. It was organized in the day of small things. But while its beginning was small, it was nevertheless sure. It did not plan its life and work for a day or a week, but it builded as if its structure was to be eternal. The woof and texture of its life was selected with care and forethought. The best available material was put into it. The lines were, and have been since, drawn hard, but with the best intentions. Its standards are not necessarily high, but selected with a view of aiding all who would try to conform to them. The Fraternity has succeeded in building up fellowship and promoting friendship among its members. It has always

emphasized scholarship, morality, and manhood. It believes in rewarding merit. No favors accrue from the fact of mere membership. It is not a clique, or combination of students, with selfish ends and purposes, but a social institution that is doing its full share in bringing young men closer together in the bonds of friendship and mutual helpfulness, and seeking to promote peace and good-will throughout the student body.

Through the generosity of the University authorities, the Φ κ Δ Fraternity has its own room, furnished and equipped with such paraphernalia as is necessary for carrying on its work. The regalia and furnishings of its room, however, are only means to an end. Its symbols, signs, and tokens, are all fraught with uplifting thought, and suggestive of beautiful sentiment.

Together with the fraternal spirit fostered by the Φ κ Δ , the intellectual and social phases of college life are promoted. Literary programs are given from time to time, and a prescribed course of study adopted. At the close of each scholastic year the Fraternity gives a banquet in honor of members of the Faculty and other special friends. This custom has obtained for some years, and has become so popular that it is recognized as the social event of Commencement time.

OFFICERS:

DANIEL J. BLOCKER.....President and Grand Master.
DOYLE E. CARLTON.....W. of A.
FRED BOTTS.....W. of I. P.



MEMBERS:

WILLIAM Y. MICKLE,
DOSSIE C. HULL,
CHESTER M. WIGGINS,
C. MORRIS DURRANCE,
GEORGE H. SELDEN,
S. PIERCE BLAKE,
WILBER L. TILDEN,
HUGH G. JONES,
LELANE F. CARLTON,
CLIFFORD C. BOTTS,
CLYDE POUNDS.





Σ-B-Φ

(ORGANIZED 1907)

FRATRES

DEANE L. HART.....	Ph.B.....	1912
FRANK WIDEMAN.....	A.B.....	1913
CHARLIE L. NUTT.....	E.E.....	1912
HENRY C. PRICE.....	B.S.....	1913
RALPH K. ROBERTS.....	B.S.....	1911
ALFRED F. SMILEY.....	E.E.....	1913
EDWIN SPENCER.....	A.B.....	1911
GEORGE W. COLEMAN.....	C.E.....	1913
ERRETT M. GRABLE.....	B.S.....	1910
BRADFORD WILLIAMS.....	B.S.....	1912

FRATRES NON IN URBE: A. G. Eccles, J. S. Moffat, R. Pattison, J. B. Campbell, R. H. Lowrie, J. Roseborough, C. M. Conkling.



COLORS
Purple and White



KEY TO THE TEAMS

FOOTBALL

FIRST ROW					
	COLTON (Coach),		ROBINSON,		L. CARLTON.
SECOND ROW					
SELDEN,	GARWOOD,	McKASKELL,	F. BOTTS (Manager.)	WATERMAN,	HUFFAKER.
THIRD ROW.					
LOCKE,	C. POUNDS,	CAMPBELL (Captain),	SHINE,	HENDRY,	DUNCAN.
FOURTH ROW.					
		TILDEN,		WILLARD.	



BASEBALL

WILLARD,	ALDERMAN,	SELDEN,	C. POUNDS,	ALLEN (Manager),	
SAMS,	CAMPBELL,	TILDEN (Captain),	C. JONES,	LOCKE,	PAGE.



BASKETBALL

FIRST ROW					
F. BOTTS (Coach)		VANDERPOEL,		J. WRIGHT,	BOWERS.
SECOND ROW					
KEOWN,		VIGNIER (Captain)		BROADWELL.	
THIRD ROW					
	ANDERSON,		YAEKEL (Manager)		







MARY MINE.

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WILLIAM WATKINS FROST.

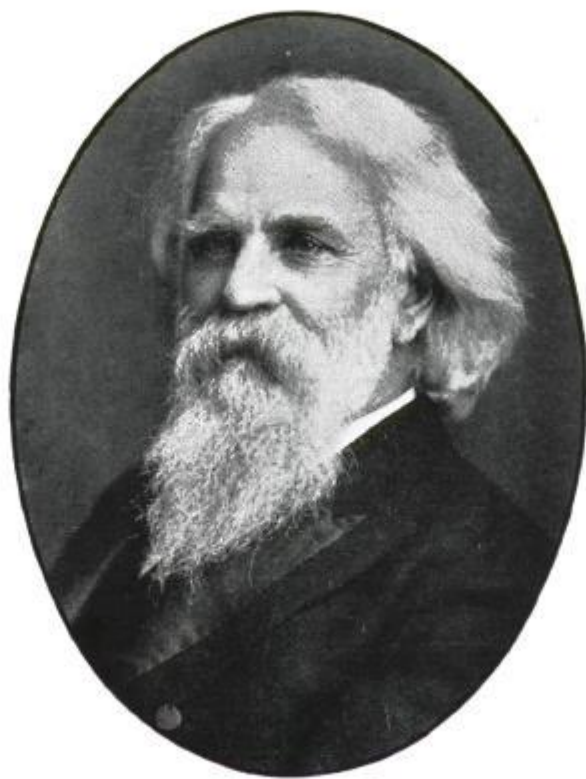
Mary mine, why is it, dear,
Your name falls gently on my ear
As on my lips your kisses?
Why is it that your name is sweet
Although with it I daily greet
A dozen little misses?

A thousand Marys all about—
I've called them all by name without
A thought or feeling!
But when that name is, Mary, thine,
Sure something in that name's divine
And quite appealing!

Why that old sound should weave a spell,
Just how it is I cannot tell,
Or analyze it;
But I confess upon my word,
No matter when your name is heard
Or I devise it,

Around about me everywhere,
I see in mists of golden hair
Your roguish smiling;
And sparkling eyes are peeping through
Those wavy clouds in glorious blue—
My heart beguiling!

And more's the mystery I suppose
That in it all 's a turned up nose
And freckled forehead!
Why *should* our fancy be so airy
About such common names as Mary,
Or those more horrid!



H. A. DeLAND,
Who erected the first of the University
group of buildings in 1884.

OTHER ORGANIZATIONS

YOUNG MEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

DRAMATIC CLUB.

LYCEUM COURSE.

CRUCIBLE CLUB.

STETSON LITERARY SOCIETY.

SIGMA DELTA CHI.

DEUTSCHER VEREIN.

STETSON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.

ART DEPARTMENT.

NORMAL DEPARTMENT.

STETSON WEEKLY COLLEGIATE.

ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

BUSINESS COLLEGE GRADUATING CLASS.

STETSON GLEE CLUB.

YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION



OUR BRANCH of this work is small but we are glad to be a part of the great world-wide association which is doing so much good for the young women of all lands. It is our purpose to lend a helping hand to all the spiritual work of the University; to assist the students in their religious life by means of devotional meetings, Bible Classes and Bible Study and Mission Study Groups; and to live up to the motto of our Association: "To do the will of Christ in little things."

OFFICERS:

President, WILMA DAVIS
Vice President HARRIET HULLEY
Secretary, LILLIAN ELDBREDGE
Treasurer, MARJORIE MACE

ADVISORY BOARD.

MRS. HULLEY,
MRS. PEEK,
MRS. FARRISS,
MRS. FARRAH,
MISS MARTIEN,
MISS MARTIN.



THE YOUNG MEN'S

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.



HE Y. M. C. A. at Stetson is not a place for embryo ministers to air their theological doctrines. Nor does it furnish the ministerial students an opportunity for sermonizing. It has been our endeavor to make this feature of college life appeal to young men and to impress them with the value of the work, in the discussion of "How to Help College Men Meet Temptations," "The Manliness of Christianity," and kindred topics of direct interest. The meetings are free from formality, of conversational methods, and open for the men to enter into plain heart-to-heart talks.

Last year, special interest was aroused in Bible study, resulting in the organizing of five classes with an attendance of about fifty. Activity in this line has waned and at present there exist but three study groups. In January, eleven delegates were sent to the State Inter-collegiate Conference held at Winter Park, and returned with new plans and methods for making religious work attractive in the school. Some of the strongest men in

the school are enlisted in the work, strong not only in the class-room but on the athletic field, in football, baseball, and other sports.

DeLand Hall, up to this year, has furnished a place of meeting but with the completion of the new library, the administration has given a room fitted purposely for the Y. W. and Y. M. Associations.

OFFICERS:

PRESIDENT, L. F. WATERMAN
VICE PRESIDENT, H. C. GARWOOD
SECRETARY AND TREASURER, HUGH G. JONES

DEVOTIONAL COMMITTEE:

E. C. BOSTICK,
HAROLD SMITH.

BIBLE STUDY COMMITTEE:

D. J. BLOCKER,
EDWIN SPENCER,
H. C. GARWOOD.

MEMBERSHIP COMMITTEE:

C. M. DURRANCE,
H. G. JONES.

The Dramatic Club.

THE DRAMATIC CLUB of Stetson University is an organization of College Students under the directorship of A. L. L. Suhrie, Ph.D., M.E., Professor of Public Speaking. The Club presents annually some high class dramatic entertainments.



THE "COLLEGE PLAY" given in the Auditorium during the Winter Quarter as the fifth number of the University Lyceum Course, marks the climax of the Club's activity during the College year. The play presented this year was "David Garrick."

DAVID GARRICK, MR. IRVING C. STOVER

Ingot, Mr. C. M. Wiggins
Chivy, Mr. Lawrence Jackson
Smith, Mr. Clifford Botts
Brown, Mr. William Page
Jones, Mr. Hugh Jones

Thomas, Mr. John Shisler
George, Mr. C. M. Durrance
Ada, Miss Wilma Davis
Mrs. Smith, Miss Julia Bunch
Araminta, Miss Lois Carlton

In the coaching and in the public presentation of this play Mr. Stover proved himself an artist and a teacher of rare tact and splendid capability.

STAR LYCEUM COURSE.



THE LYCEUM Course of the University was founded upon a deeply-felt need. The isolation of DeLand from the usual route of the platform celebrities fifteen years ago, was almost complete. Some power was required to turn the tide of oratory, music and entertainment southward. The University at first managed the courses from year to year by direct control; later, by agency of a committee specially in charge, subject to University approval. The wisdom of the authorities has been apparent from the first, for the growth of the work has been steady and surprising.

The College Play early became a feature, almost *the* feature, of the course. Presented by University students, and supported by funds of the Lyceum, it has become of such dimensions and worth, as to win at times the approbation of even connoisseurs in histrionic art, almost transcending the narrow limits of mere amateurism. Lord Fauntleroy, Prince Otto, Taming of the Shrew, Ingomar the Barbarian, Damon and Pythias, and many more, will suffice to give an idea of the range.

A few years ago the scope was widened to include under one management *all* the attractions of a public na-

ture, nearly, that appeared on our platform. Patrons of the course have heard a singer of first rank in the great-voiced, great-hearted Madam Schuman-Heink. Many lesser lights have shone on our stage. The year just closing has witnessed the successful undertaking and completion of the first Music Festival ever given in Florida. That marks a very important milestone.

The coming College year will witness special emphasis placed on the dramatic side of the course. There will be a Shakespearean Week, five days and nights devoted to an adequate presentation and able interpretation of the best things from the Bard of Avon; lectures in the forenoon, monologues and presentation of parts of plays, in the afternoon, with whole scenes, and entire plays, in full costume, evenings. The best Shakespearean talent of the country will be engaged.

Good things are in store for the people of DeLand next year. Bryan was with us the past year; the committee are still working to secure Gumsaulus, and "Bob" Taylor, with other bright stars of the platform firmament; their motto is "none but the best."

Committee.

E. G. BALDWIN, Chmn.,

O. A. MORSE,

A. L. L. SUHRIE,

CRUCIBLE CLUB.



HILE our club is not so ancient as that club, a Shillala that came down through sixteen generations of an Irish family all the members of which were knockers, still, we have a respectable genealogy and have been in existence long enough to acquire a certain measure of dignity and self respect. It is, moreover, composed of earnest and anxious-to-be-thoughtful followers of a science which has come down through the silent and dust-shrouded ages of the past and whose birth date can nowhere be established on the pages of history.

When we look back into the past achievements of this science we feel that so much has been accomplished that we despair of doing or of finding much to do in the future, but there is one great factor in our favor and that is, that our club has before it the limitless ages of the future in which to work and grow and develop, and we are looking forward to the possible discoveries to be made by our present and future members and expect

them to use their crucibles in behalf of humanity as have those gone before.

The Crucible Club holds its meetings twice per month in the Chemistry lecture room in Science Hall, some of the matters discussed there would give sufficient data upon which to base our kinship with the whole scientific world, while some of the discoveries announced by our members would hardly deserve passing notice in scientific journals, but could be placed in the list of benefits to humanity. For instance the club has for sometime been trying to analyze one of the Professor's smiles. Miss Bunch who is now taking work in Qualitative Analysis, says, it shows traces of sugar and $C S_2$ (T) and gives a strong acid reaction.

Mr. Blake made the startling announcement that $K I$ plus S_2 is one of the most alarmingly effervescent combinations that he has ever analyzed and that it seemed to transmit into electric currents moving in four distinct directions.

But the experiment which is now taxing the strong and energetic brains of our members is to discover a way by which all the members can be tried and tested in a great crucible so we may be sublimated into such beings that we may know and understand the great laws which we but dimly recognize in our present condition.

M. RAY.



Fuller than all other words of mystery
 Is our Egyptian, Spanish, English Chemistry,
 From out the world wide, age long civilization
 Without a quahn, or sign of trepidation,
 This ancient god of Egypt, "Amen Khem,"
 Came strutting forth with names so long, Oh! men.
 Then we in merest, sheerest self defence,
 Determined their long names at once to dispense
 All pain from head and jaw alleviate,
 And henceforth such vile names to abbreviate
 Consistency we claim in doing so,
 For old Amen is busy changing, too,
 Nor do we think it any greater sin
 Than when we change common tin to Sn,
 Nor are we practicing a greater lie,
 Than when he changes Lithium to Li.
 And when poor Mercury became H—g,
 Some lesser goddess would gladly be p—g.
 Clearly it is our duty in all cases,
 To elucidate Acids, Salts and Bases.
 Into your character change Iron and Steel,
 For all these properties are surely real.
 Nor do you try any new experiments,
 There are plenty of fools for want of good sense.
 But quickly find the use of a nickle
 Or you will surely be in a pickle.
 And your wife become a Tartar-ic maid
 In spite of all I've done and said.
 But learn from beautiful Alchemy to aspire
 And change earth's baser things to something higher

Stetson
Literary
Society
Group.



STETSON LITERARY SOCIETY.

ORGANIZED 1902.



OF THE numerous organizations of Stetson, the Literary Society is one of the most important. It promotes literary work among the students of Stetson, and renders its members capable of speaking in public.

A few general remarks will acquaint you more closely with the work done by this organization. We realize, however, that it will be a reiteration of what Stetson students already know. The work of this society differs from that of most organizations of the kind in several ways. Its work is primarily to cultivate the mind. Therefore it does not lose any time with frivolous social functions. Very often, however, special programs are given; but these are always of a high literary standard. At times they are something on the order of a banquet. But at these, special orations and toasts are delivered. These are incentive to the work of our society, and at the same time prepare young people for the demands of later life. Then again, there are few school organizations that demand such thorough work as ours does. Our work is conducted in such a way that the Stetson Literary Society is an august organiza-

tion. Our constitution, by-laws and Robert's Rules of Order govern us. They are adhered to strictly. Therefore no "slipshod" business can go on. Thus one of the crying needs of the masses is being cared for. Our work is producing parliamentarians.

Of our past we are justly proud. It is irrevocable, but we do not care to call it back, as pleasant as it was. We know that it was not as great as the present is. But we do not expect this, for the only development that is worth while is that which comes gradually, but surely. Organizations that spring up suddenly and are already perfected, usually meet fate similar to that of the seed cast in stony ground. But all signs point to an existence, and great work for our society that is anything but ephemeral. Its growth has been steady. It had its beginning in "Class-room 5." This was in 1902. It was composed of only a few members, but they were enthusiastic. "Prof. Baldwin was critic and advisory member in general." The organization soon became too large for its quarters. Therefore it moved into the Association Hall. The next year (1903) it moved into the room opposite Prof. Carson's office, in Science Hall. But later that room was needed for a class-room; therefore the room just above this one was given to the Literary Society. There has never been another change made. This was given to the "Lit" as a permanent

possession. As the society grew, the appearance of the room was improved, until now it presents a splendid aspect. The colors of the calcimined walls and ceiling which are white trimmed with green, blend delightfully with the colors of our large rug. This is the gift of Mrs. E. G. Baldwin. Many of the splendid works of art that adorn our walls were presented to the society by Dr. Hulley. Add to these plenty of chairs and several handsome tables, and a large new dictionary and you can imagine how cozy an appearance our room presents. One of our tables was presented by Mr. Stults—a piece of his own handicraft. This is an example of the personal pride our members take in the society. Before leaving the past work we wish to mention the names of two others from whom the "Lit." has received valuable assistance. These are Prof. Suhrie, and Prof. Frost. The latter of these stayed with us long and criticised us vigorously. He did us more good than we can estimate. Though Prof. Suhrie was drawn away very soon, his interest remains with us. Our present is auspicious. It not only assures good history of our society, but it is setting such a high standard of precedence that the future must give great things to the "Lit."—for it never stands still. The members of our society are working together as they have never done before. If there is strength in union the "Lit." is stronger than

it has been in the past. But this, and some other improvements just accomplished, are only tokens of what the Stetson Literary Society is to be. One other of the chief improvements of the present is the amendments to the constitution and by-laws. These amendments solve problems that have been confronting the society since its organization. These are only examples of that steady growth we attributed to the Literary Society. We could continue to mention things that promise a future even more bright than the present. Therefore we are confident that the future and some Florida Legislature will grasp hands by way of mutual congratulation for the worthy work they have done in granting a charter to the Stetson Literary Society.



COLOUR: BLACK AND GOLD.
WINTER TERM CABINET, 1909.

President,	H. G. JONES
Vice President,	E. SPENCER
Secretary and Treasurer,	F. WIDEMAN

PROGRAMME COMMITTEE—Harriet S. Hulley, B. Neal, J. C. Howell.

EDITOR-IN-CHIEF—Wilma Davis.

Of the Σ Δ X's there's little known,
But still among the leading frats it holds its own,
On every Friday night after lights they hold
Meeting in honor of "Chicken Simmons" bold.

"Kangaroo" and "Old Hop" too, take from off the plate
Victims that "Buck," the cook, sends to their fate.
"Wampus" and "Jack," the elect dishwashers of our frat
Keep the "Hungry Intruders" from off our door-mat.



Members of Σ Δ X	Nick Name	Office
L. F. CARLTON	"Hop"	"St. Muck the Muck"
R. K. ROBERTS	"Kangaroo"	"Cocoa Scrambler"
M. L. BUCKLEY	"Buck"	"Cabbager"
E. C. BARLOW	"Wompuss"	"Skilet Manipulator"
L. H. JACKSON	"Jack"	"Pot Rastler"
C. C. SIMMONS	"Simmons"	"Chicken Bagger"



DEUTSCHER VEREIN.



IEDER kommen wir, der Deutsche Verein, vor dem Publicum. Alle vierzehn Tage versammeln wir uns und werden echt Deutscher, sprechen, singen nur Deutsch. Kein englisches Wort wird erlaubt. Erstens haben wir ein kurzes Programm. Gewoehnlich besteht dies von einer kurzen Abhandlung ueber irgend einem beruehmten Dichter oder Verfasser und etwas Ausgewahltes von seinen Werken. Auch singen wir, gute, alte, geistreiche, deutsche Lieder, aus unseren "Deutschen Liederbuecher." In Gesellschaftsspiele finden wir auch ein angenehmes Zeitvertreib.

Im ersten Semester des Schuljahrs studierten wir in unseren Programmen Die Lieder und Gedichte des "jungen Deutschlands." Auch bearbeiten wir mehrere kleine Novelle von Storm, Heyse, Von Hillern, Rosegger und andern.

Wir feierten das Weihnachtsfest in unserem neuen Versammlung-Zimmer in der erste Etage der Bibliothek. Unser Weihnachtsbaum wurde von Flitterwerk, Ziera-

then, und Geschenken ausgeschmueckt, und wir sangen, "O Tannenbaum, O Tannenbaum, Wie treu sind deine Blaetter."

dann las uns Fraeulein Martin die alte, schoene Geschichte der Geburt Christi.

Heutzutage glaubt man dass eine Bekanntschaft mit der deutschen Schriften, ein wesentlicher Teil der vollkommenen Ausbildung sei. Die Groesste deutsche Schriften werden kaum in irgend einer Sprache uebertroffen. Deswegen versuchen wir eine groessere Kenntniss der deutschen Sprache.

VORSTEHENDEN DES VEREINS.

Vorsteher, HERR BLAKE
 Protokollfuehrer, FRAEULEIN SHEDDAN
 Schatzmeister, HERR ROBERTS



MITGLIEDER LISTE.

FRAEULEIN BOWERS,	FRAEULEIN GORDON,
FRAEULEIN KENNEDY,	FRAEULEIN HULLEY,
FRAEULEIN R. DANIELS,	FRAEULEIN MARTIN,
HERR SELDEN,	FRAEULEIN HAMPTON,
HERR STULTS,	FRAEULEIN GLASS,
HERR WILLIAMS,	FRAEULEIN E. DANIELS,
	HERR COLEMAN,

Einer Muss Heiraten

LUSTSPIEL IN EINEM AUFZUGE
VON ALEXANDER WILHELMI



PERSONEN

JACOB ZORN	{ Professoren	HERR COLEMAN
WILHELM ZORN		HERR CRAMER
GERTRUDE, IHRE TANTE	- -	FRL. DANIELS
LOUISE, IHRE NICHTEN	- -	FRL. HARKNESS

Scene: Gutein gerichtetes Zimmer

THE STETSON ALUMNI ASSOCIATION.



LULIE SNEAD,
First Vice President.



FRED BOTTS,
President.



WILLIAM Y. MICKLE,
Second Vice President.



MRS. G. P. CARSON,
Third Vice President



STEPHEN BLAKE,
Recording Secretary.



EZRA BOSTICK,
Chaplain.



MRS. E. G. BALDWIN,
Corresponding Secretary
and Treasurer.



ART DEPARTMENT.

EMMA M. WHITEFIELD, B.A.,

Director of Department.

LET BOWERS,

ELIZABETH COEN,

ANN CHRISTIAN,

RUTH DANIELS,

NORMA GLASS,

HARRIET HULLEY,

LOUISE HULLEY,

OLIVE LOCKLEAR,

CASSIE LOCKLEAR,

FRANCIS TARVER,

FRANC TROUGH,

CHRISTINE WIDEMAN,

LEONA WRIGHT,

EVA NAHM.



A GROUP OF THE 1908 REVIEW CLASS IN FRONT OF ELIZABETH HALL.

THE NORMAL SCHOOL AT STETSON

OFFERS THE FOLLOWING COURSES:

- A Special Review Course.
- An Elementary Normal Course.
- An Advanced Normal Course.
- A Kindergarten Training Course.
- A Teachers' College Course.

For information concerning any of these courses address,

DIRECTOR A. L. L. SUHRIE,
DELAND, FLORIDA.

THE STETSON NORMAL SCHOOL

Its Aim is to graduate good teachers, and to this end every effort is made to give:

1. A solid basis of thorough scholarship.
2. A familiar knowledge of the common branches taught in the public schools.
3. A professional training in methods of teaching.
4. A knowledge of child psychology in theory and in practice.
5. A knowledge of the history and principles of education.

Its Equipment is complete and includes a well regulated Model School conducted in a separate building—DeLand Hall—and comprising all of the grades from the Kindergarten to the Academy.

Its Teaching Staff includes a force of more than a score of professors and instructors, all of them graduates of some University, College or Normal School of good standing. A number of them have had considerable experience in Public School work.

Its Growth during the past several years has been phenomenal. In some of the courses the enrollment has increased more than one thousand (1000) per cent in three years. And the improvement in the character of the work done has been as marked as has been the increase in the number of students enrolled.

Its Graduates and former students are occupying positions of responsibility and influence in the school work of Florida and elsewhere, and they are loyal always. There will be a splendid ingathering of Stetson Normalites when the Florida Educational Association convenes in the Auditorium of Stetson University during the holidays. The Stetson Normal Faculty will give a warm welcome to the teachers and educators of Florida on this occasion, and it is hoped that this may be the most notable educational gathering yet held in the commonwealth.

STETSON WEEKLY COLLEGIATE.

OFFICIAL PUBLICATION OF THE STETSON STUDENTS.

EDITOR, HAROLD SMITH, '09
BUS. MANAGER, CLIFFORD BOTTS, '12
EXCHANGE AND LITERARY, CLARA GOODMAN, '11
ATHLETICS, FRED BOTTS, '08

REPORTERS:

D. J. BLOCKER, '09,	E. C. BOSTICK, '09,
AMONNETTE GORDON, '10,	ELIZABETH HUGHLETT, '09
J. M. CARSON, '09	H. G. JONES, '12,
FANNIE BERRY, '10,	C. M. DURRANCE, '13,

BOARD MEMBERS:

S. PIERCE BLAKE, '09,	FRED BOTTS, '08
ELIZABETH HUGHLETT, '09	ELIZABETH CARSON, '09
CLAUDE WORLEY, '09	ESTHER HAMPTON, '08
FRED SMITH, '09,	DOYLE E. CARLTON, '09
W. L. TILDEN, '10	J. M. CARSON, '09.

THE ORATORICAL ASSOCIATION.

On February 1, 1909, the Professor of Public Speaking issued a call for a mass meeting of the College students to organize an Oratorical Association. The temporary organization was presided over by Mr. Doyle E. Carlton.

The following named persons were appointed to draft a constitution: Edwin Spencer, Chairman; D. J. Blocker, and D. C. Hull.

These gentlemen in consultation with the Professor of Public Speaking prepared a constitution which was submitted and adopted at a called meeting on March 30.

The organization was completed by the election of the following officers: President, D. C. Hull; Vice-President, Hugh Jones; Secretary, Fredric Rider; Treasurer, Claud Jones; Faculty, Treasurer.

The constitution provides for an executive committee consisting of the student officers of the association and the Dean of the College of Liberal Arts, the Dean of the College of Law, and the Head of the Department of Public Speaking.

This committee organized early in March and have since gone to work aggressively to foster an interest in public speaking through interdepartmental and intercollegiate oratorical contests and debates.

BUSINESS COLLEGE GRADUATING CLASS.

OFFICERS:

President,	DUNCAN C. McLEOD
Vice President,	L. H. JACKSON
Secretary-Treasurer,	J. P. HOPSON

CLASS ROLL:

HOMER F. CARPENTER,	Bookkeeping
HELEN DOZIER,	Bookkeeping and Banking
JAMES B. HOPSON,	Shorthand
ELIZABETH HODGSON,	Shorthand
LAWRENCE H. JACKSON,	Bookkeeping
DUNCAN C. McLEOD,	Bookkeeping
JANE C. MONTGOMERY,	Shorthand
ISABELLE SIMON,	Bookkeeping
COSSIE C. SIMMONS,	Bookkeeping
AVIS H. SPRINGSTON,	Shorthand
HUGH R. HUNTER,	Bookkeeping
R. C. WILLARD,	Bookkeeping

MOTTO: Every man is the architect of his own fortune.

CLASS COLORS: Red and White.

CLASS FLOWER: Red Rose.

CLASS YELL: Twelve of us, twelve of us, isn't that fine?
Graduating Business class of 1909!

In the Stetson Business College, in the class of 1909,
There are twelve young men and maidens, climbing up the steep
incline;

First and foremost is their leader, D. McLeod, of mighty frame,
And in future lines of business, he will surely carve his name.

Next in order in the roll is L. H. Jackson, of high class,
Who was heard to softly murmur, "Give to me my Looking Glass."

J. B. Hopson, Secretary, is sure to rise to heights of fame,
If he keeps on as he's going, through the Stenographic lane.

Now we come to Helen Dozier, of whom we can truly say:
She improves each passing moment as the time goes "Day by Day."

H. R. Hunter, surnamed "Squire," says that nothing is so plain,
As that cash will never prove if you want to catch a train.

Miss Simon comes from Sanford, works the day from end to end,
And vows a Trial Balance stayeth closer than a friend.

Few classes have a Carpenter to build for them a name,
But we hope that Homer F. will surely bring us fame.

Bessie Hodgson is in earnest in the Stenographic line,
Watch her pound the old typewriter, just like Maysie's new ragtime.

C. C. Simmons, man of muscle, fought a battle to the last
With his final examination, now says: "Gee, I'm glad they're past."

There's another maiden with us, and a worker hard is she,
And the name by which she's known is Jane Montgomery.

Springston is a Shorthand man, a "dashy" writer he,
But to watch him at the typewriter's a sight we seldom see.

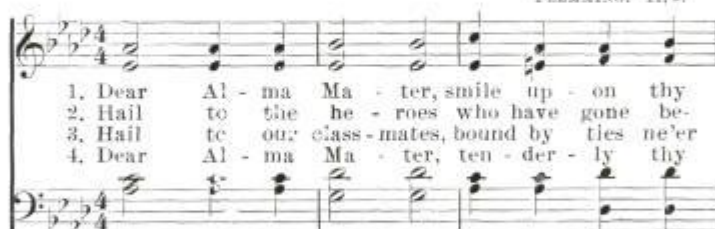
Last but not the least in wisdom, is Willard, named "B. C."
He can tell you to a fraction what the answer ought to be.



LINCOLN HULLEY, PH.D., LITT.D., LL.D.
President of the University.

Stetson Alma Mater Song.

FLEMMING. 11, 5.



1. Dear Al - ma Ma - ter, smile up - on thy
 2. Hail to the he - roes who have gone be -
 3. Hail to our class - mates, bound by ties ne'er
 4. Dear Al - ma Ma - ter, ten - der - ly thy



chil - dren! Glad - ly we greet thee,
 fore us! Young men and maid - ens,
 brok - en; Here once a - gain we
 chil - dren Gath - er, and bring to thee



al - to - geth - er love - ly; Peace be with - in thy
 filled with true de - vo - tion! Bright is their glo - ry,
 pledge our vows of friendship; Brave hearts and true hearts
 gra - cious sal - u - ta - tions; Comrades, your voic - es



elas - sic halls and tem - ples, Hail, Al - ma Ma - ter dear,
 fade - less and un - dy - ing, Hail to our heroes gone,
 sound a - loud the cho - rus: Long live our comrades dear!
 lift once a - gain in chorus, Hail, Al - ma Ma - ter dear,



PROF. J. W. PHILLIPS,
Musical Critic.



MRS. PHILLIPS,
Accompanist.



PROF. I. C. STOYER,
Reader.

THE STETSON GLEE CLUB.



THE Glee Club of 1908 was excellent and unsurpassed up to that time, but the 1909 organization is decidedly better. The Club's achievements during the season just closed prove that. The programs presented have been of more musical worth—more varied, and better balanced. Furthermore, the Club's singing has never attained so high a standard. The singing has been marked by clear enunciation, splendid phrasing, good tonal quality and fine expression. Credit for good conscientious work belongs to each individual member. It is certain that a finer ensemble of young people never went out to represent a great University. The feeling of good fellowship pervading the Club has contributed not a little to the success of the season's work.

The roll call reveals the following personnel: Prof. Phillips, musical critic; Mrs. Phillips, accompanist; D. E. Carlton, I. C. Stover, first tenor; L. F. Carlton, L. H. Jackson, second tenor; F. E. Cramer, I. W. Cotton, first bass; C. M. Wiggins, W. Y. Mickle, second bass.

The Stetson Quartette, made up of D. E. Carlton, L. F. Carlton, W. Y. Mickle and C. M. Wiggins, proved

to be royal entertainers and were decidedly popular with every audience. The humorous selections especially called forth hearty appreciation.

Miss Lena Conkling, soprano, added materially to the Club's success with her splendid voice and artistic singing. Miss Marion Gardner, in a comedy sketch with Mr. Frank Cramer, lent charm as well as success to every program offered.

Mr. I. C. Stover, with his clever readings, humorous and serious, was well liked everywhere.

Mr. Phillips, in solos and duets with Miss Conkling, and Mrs. Phillips with artistic accompaniments, shared in making up a varied and pleasing program. These assisting artists have our special thanks.

The Glee Club made extended tours through Florida this season, as the following engagements will show: Palatka, Madison, Live Oak, Lake City, Gainesville, Plant City, St. Petersburg, Orlando, Lakeland, Tampa.

The fame of the Glee Club reached the capital of the State, and as a result the Governor extended an invitation to the young people to sing at the reception given to the legislature. The Club accepted and charmed everybody at this brilliant function. They concluded this trip with a successful concert at Lake City.

A NIGHT PIECE.

WALTER GWYNN SPARKMAN
ex. '09

What warmth of night air? Comes this breeze
Fruit-fostering off the Antilles?
Are oranges near? The tropic incense
Exhaled of bloom more pregnant yet?
I feel, I feel the' intense
And tremulous sigh of wonderment;
Of Nature's ravishment
At her resultant form from beauty met
With passion in a Florida night. A fair
And new-betrothed girl so sighs.
A chance reflection sets her heart intent
And holds her eyes a moment all a-stare
For the strangeness of her beauty's increment.
"He found my features lovely," Rapturous
She sighs, that the lover's eyes,
Long gazing after his desinent troth; beheld them thus
In warm mutations from his kisses dear.

II.

Why are you silent? Nay, I would have you so.
White mist-fall is such light, silent, rare,
Most tenuous, swaying. *I touch your hair.*
Thus softly? Sense you it. To the zenith slow

The full-moon comes and our dusk is spent,
As a taper, though yet some paces are the lines
Of the o'er-darkening eaves. Too, night is lent
By bamboo, there, and oak. The breeze declines;
Or when it stirs, with shadow seems to form
A palpable entity—one undiscerned,
Who breathes, for whom you reach; and at a touch
Lose fearfulness. Th' unseen hand is warm.
Your hand is warm. Be silent not too much;
But yield me words, now since your eyes are turned.
White, mist-fall light—so seem those walls to sway,
Chaste, white-built walls, more sensible, more gray,
Yet vague as moonlight, seen by half-closed eyes,
As ours; and on the palms about them, lies
A dull moon-glitter. How often have we seen
These things; in joy of them, in sentiment
Of greater joy that they as well should be
Denotative of Florida. A stilly scene
In nightly semblance; every element
Of natural sonance wakes the heart to see,
In the flushing day, its converse beauty spread
In heightened pigments. *We sit till the hour is dead,*
And our dusk forspent by the loom of seeming day
Above the eaves—now of the eaves just clear,
So we must go at last, although to stay
I yearn, for joy of moonlight on your hair,

III.

Thou art not, Stetson, given o'er too far
 To tutelage. There is of the heart,
 Tuition beyond thy teaching art;
 Such as, *of beauty*, thy environments are;
 Such as, *of quietude*, this beauty may beguile
 One morbid, with the logic of a smile;
 And such, *of dignity*, heart-quietude
 And natural beauty do, in thee, unite
 Towards natural nobleness. My thoughts present
 Thee, to a mindful heart, in a cordial might
 Of emotion; a dear beatitude
 Of feeling, and a local sentiment.





MORNING CHAPEL ASSEMBLY.



CARNEGIE LIBRARY, STETSON UNIVERSITY.



SPRING TIME EPIDEMIC.

When the days is long an' dreamy, an' the skies is smilin' blue,
An' the gentle southern zephyrs come a whisperin' to you,
An' the mocker's fluted carol joins the red bird's cheery note,
An' the bull frog's deep profundo comes a-tremblin' from his throat,
An' your heart is jest a-weary fur the wood-land an' the stream
Fur the sweet an' coolin' shadows where the dimpled waters gleam
An' all the wild flowers beckon with their tiny tremblin' hands,
Jes' to boot with all your lessons an' go join their choral bands;
Then you need some anti-germine, fur there's microbes all about,
Worse'n all the red-bugs and mosquitos that's ever been hatched
out,
Spreadin' Spring time epidemic, and it's catchin' sure as fate,
An' you'd better squelch 'em or you'll never graduate.

—F. S.

QUESTION BOX.

Dear Mister Editor:

I am trying to write my Academy Senior oration and have it finished almost but can't find a good way to stop, and can you suggest something? My subject is "Socialism among the Aztecs."

Your question surprises me inasmuch as I thought that nearly every one was familiar with the method usually employed. Most good lecturers—excluding the curtain variety—find that they secure the best results by ending with what is called a peroration. This preferably has no bearing on the subject and in your case we suggest something like this:

But, friends and fellow students, as I stand today in these classic halls and look back in review over my subject there is recalled to my memory a scene once witnessed in far-away Sweden. The sun was setting. The cool of evening was falling upon hill and dale; from the ruddy west the ensanguined rays of the moribund orb of day were transfusing their luciferous effulgence o'er the dimpled fjord, seeming to bestow a thousand kisses upon the huts of the fisher folk, the smacks of which were plainly seen at anchor. At last the rubicund spheroid had encouched itself behind the nebulous horizon. But hold! (here you could add to the effect by pulling out a handful of hair) lo, from behind the cumulous voluminosity of the upboiling thunder clouds there shoot two tenuous rays of hyperboreal luminosity, higher and yet higher, each instant growing more altitudinous, yet never satisfied, ever aspiring—higher—up—up—up—pup—then suddenly—nothing!



Dear Friend Editor:

I am absolutely discouraged. I have been here at school for two whole terms and it doesn't seem as though anybody even knew I existed. Perhaps it is wrong but I would so like to be talked of and well

known like my room-mate. I'm not good at athletics but get good marks.

Can you help me?

Yes, if you will do your part. It is too bad that you can't indulge in athletics but there are other methods. This is an age of specialization and you must also specialize. One of the readiest lines is humor. Try a few of your best witticisms on your friends and if they laugh without any inordinate effort you may venture a larger audience. It is best to select as victims of your jest such persons as are not in the highest favor with your audience, preferably, too, those who will be unable to retort. In exploding these witticisms be sure first, to speak very distinctly and second, if there is any doubt of their reception, to be ready with a suitable practical joke which will render your victim the more ludicrous. A hearty laugh at one's own performance frequently has good results but it requires considerable skill. A few weeks of this treatment will start your reputation and at the end of the term you will find that the slightest word or action on your part will be sufficient to convulse the entire company.

In the case of a young lady other methods may be

pursued. One may cultivate a peculiar manner of speech or way of swinging the arms when walking. In fact, the acquisition of an originally grotesque carriage should be one of the first duties of those who desire distinction. There are, of course, many more suggestions but their mere mention would prolong this letter unduly.



The sunlight fell thro' palm leaves' woven lace,
Dropping a glory round her head
As she with smiling, half-shamed face,
Laid in my hand this rose Commencement Day.

Of what DeLeon long and vainly sought,
Its parent bush had drunk, I know,
For all the years have only brought
A more than fragrance to these brittle leaves.

Perhaps, too, in some distant land each year
When June wears roses, their display
Turns back her thoughts to this one here,
Laid in my hand on that Commencement Day.

CHOICE EPITAPHS. I.

Here lies a bore.
I rest now from my labors,
Yes, I—for we were neighbors,
I and this bore.

Many's the time
That he my threshold darkened
And I to nonsense harkened,
Losing much time.

"Where did you say,"
He'd ask, "the lesson ended?"
"Page ten," I condescended,
But still he'd stay.

Vainly I'd glower
Or speak of my retiring:
Hint proof, he talked untiring,
Talked by the hour.

"Silence is gold."
I don't know where I read that,
But he was wise who said that
Silence is gold.

BIOGRAPHICAL COMMENTS ON STETSON CELEBRITIES.

[The sensitive reader will possibly detect in the following a slight tone of acidity. Let it be said in defence of our special epigrammatist, that they were composed for the most part during dyspeptic pangs incident upon a too sumptuous indulgence at the Sunday-evening meal in Chaudoin. Further, remember that acid has no effect upon pure gold.]

Dean Smith: Jocosely irascible and irascibly jocose. We merely pity his archaic and senile jocosity, but his irascibility which is neither archaic nor jocose does not pity us.

Mr. Camp, Teacher at Law: The law being in very young hands, the sedate law must resign itself to suffer youthful handling.

Dean Farrah: If Dean Farrah could forget some of the things he is so seriously sure he knows about "contracts" and the painful stress he lays upon precision to details, his pedagogical path would not be strewn with so many legal failures.

Miss Galbraith: We should much prefer Miss Galbraith to teach German than French. An irrelevant reason is: because she is more distinctively Teutonic than Gallic in appearance. A more sensible reason would be that we long for Galbraithian gentleness and sweetness to be brought into the grim German room.

Cotton, Irwin W.: This gentleman is, I am sure, unconsciously supercilious and disdainful. But dear me! how much better are we prepared to endure his disdain than his devotion.

Blocker, D. J.: If we ever forget his name and (incredible happening!) his breezy personality fades from us, thanks to our anatomical memory—that at least, will retain for us a clear picture of him.

Frost, William W.: If there be any thing in Pythagoreanism—Behold; the bard of "Lintern Abbey" and the "Duty" poem in our midst.

Baldwin, E. G.: Suavity, sweetness and serenity. Remember him by the three s's.

Tingley.: Professor Tingley is a singularly agreeable fellow, notwithstanding himself.

Carlton, D. E.: To readjust the trite Bulwerianism for present purposes, we may say that in the bright lexicon of Carlton's life there are no such words as "perturbation," "apparent disturbance," or "lack of the serene front."

Cramer, the one F. E.: An Adonis "a la 20th Century." We are pained that "Beauty hath its own excuse for being."

Tilden, W. L.: This meagerly-limbed, curly-haired buffoon undoubtedly lives to show us how *really ridiculous* life is after all, and make himself merry over those who find it so *ridiculously real*.

Miller, J. Archy.: Gay, fine-tempered (for the most part, but sometimes a little quick to resent a thing he should rather pride himself upon, to our way of thinking). For instance: When he found a particular *noon* at quite its highest meridian he proceeded valiantly to mar it with some unlovely spots.

Dickinson, Miss: Hoity, toity! If this lady could succeed in losing her appallingly dominant personality, she might gain something very much like our consideration and even our love. Probably she will haughtily reply "she doesn't want either." Permit us to anticipate this

stinging retort by venturing this somewhat paradoxical statement "that in her losing she will gain incalculably."

Durrance, C. M.: Remove oratory, an intense craving for the lime light, and some few other unmentionable discrepancies, and we shall have an excellent fellow, and one we humbly think (Provided these things be done as advised) more fully prepared to awaken finally and for all his dozes.

Of all the horrible crimes (greater and lesser inclusive) and the "slings and arrows" which made the melancholy Dane so earnestly querulous, we could wish our friend Jackson no bitterer fate (fanciful as this may seem) than to be cut by Glass.

Vignier: If "pride goeth before destruction" we are alarmed to even contemplate the havoc that she will do.

MacLeod: To say the least, he is fascinatingly complex. He has a convincingly handsome exterior, while within we know him to be the least vain of youths.

If Mr. Cone cannot triumphantly receive the right to legislate, he can console himself with the certain knowledge that he has learned to saltate. We wonder which accomplishment will serve Cone the better turn.

Bro. Carson is a noticeably undemonstrative fellow to come from such an osculatory "ville." James is profound and far-sighted, the bosom friend of Miss Mnemosyne who was exceedingly generous to him. He is neither neutral nor Pharasaical. His affection is a rare boon, while his aversion is a harrowing blight. Cultivate Jim's acquaintance, he is worth it.

MORAL POEM.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following gem, with the full consent of its author, is respectfully submitted to the critical attention of the class in English V. as an example of how not to do it.]

This biscuit clothed in livery brown,
Facing destruction on my plate,
So coldly doth return my frown
And seemeth but to scorn its fate.
My knife point in its soggy heart,
The avalanche of white hot grits,
Claims in its thoughts no single part,
Spread no confusion o'er its wits.
O fearless glob of baker's dough,
Tell me, I pray, what gracious power
Aids thee to thus defy thy woe
And tranquil brave thy ultimate hour.

ON BURYING A SCHOOL BOOK.

This is not as I thought to feel
When years ago I planned this rite,
As wrestling with your tangled truths
I longed to thrust you from my sight.

It is as tho' I lay to sleep
A friend more faithful than the rest,
Who mutely summons to my thoughts
What in the others I found best.

For 'round this fading, aimless scrawl
That once defaced, now graces, you,
Cling still the ghosts of halcyon days
That thrilled me first when it was new.

A teacher's patient face, or here
The sunglint on a comrade's hair,
Who smiles still beckoning me away
To sports I never more may share.

But now to sleep, worn little friend,
Keep well our golden days long fled,
And may Spring's green new woven shroud
Lie lightly, lightly on your bed.

CAMPANINI.



PERHAPS it was because I entered the office very quietly that my friend, the editor, did not look around. He sat upon the top of his desk which was unusually tidy after the yearly overhauling, his feet upon a chair back and his eyes fixed upon the dusky campus. From the chapel there drifted across to us the droning harmony of the choir rehearsing the Commencement anthems and for three, five, ten minutes the music swept along while we sat solemnly in the gathering dusk watching evening shadows thicken under the quiet campus trees. Then the melody ceased and without turning, he asked abruptly, "Did you know Campanini?"

"Campanini"—I had not heard the name for months yet at its sound I could have closed my eyes and seen again that tiny room in the old dormitory crowded by a derisive band of "hazers." In the center, standing on his still unopened trunk, a slender boy whose dark eyes were thrown into cavernous depths by the dazzling electric globe above his head. They had made him sing and when at a certain phrase of the song his lips

quivered and his thin voice stopped, some one shouted, "Go it, Campanini!" and Campanini he was from that night on.

"Heard from him?" I asked curiously in reply.

"No, I was just thinking how he used to like that last thing they were singing. He loved music so—poor kid." And then, after a pause, "You know how he got his nick name, of course? I remember I dropped into his room just after the fellows had finished initiating him. He was sitting beside his half-unpacked trunk holding two portraits. I shook his thin hand warmly, and after a glance about the disordered room, smiled to let him know that I understood. But when I asked what the fellows had done to him he hesitated, looking at me inquiringly for a time and then, as though satisfied that the question was friendly, said without any show of resentment, 'Why, sir, they hurt me—a little. Oh, no, not that way,' as my glance fell involuntarily upon the frail shoulders and thin left hand on the table between us, 'of course they didn't know. It was an old tintype and within the frame stood a lad dressed in the odd clothes and coppertoed boots of the sixties. He was young and awkward but looked out the song.' He laid before me one of the pictures. It from the conventional surroundings of painted columns

and drapery with a fresh frankness that made the tarnished frame and faded shadows seem unreal. 'My father,' he said simply. 'It was taken on what he calls his 'opportunity day.' You see he had gone to the city to find a music teacher for he was passionately fond of singing and had saved some money from his wages on his uncle's farm. He's told me so many times how he went to the music teacher's studio and how, after a few trials the old man turned around on the piano stool and taking him by the shoulders begged him to take lessons. But father doubted him just a little, I think; and anyhow the money he had was far from enough so he had to turn away from his dream and go back to the farm.

"That was forty years ago. He sings a little now but I know that he realizes his voice is failing for sometimes when the tenor runs very high he will stop and look so wistfully at the book. You see, sir, the fellows made me sing one of his favorite songs just now and I—I couldn't finish it. It hurt me so to remember. But I'm going to take two lessons a week here and work, oh, so hard; if I could make the Glee Club or the choir, he'd be so glad. Dear old daddy,' he ended, and laid the other portrait beside the first. There sat an old man, gray-haired, upon whom hard work had laid its hand. The

features though roughened were still fine and sensitive and around the mild, old eyes there were innumerable tiny wrinkles which told of care and disappointment but forbade a thought of any bitterness. But the tired lips drooped wistfully.

"Days and weeks went by and in the growing press of school work I hardly saw Campanini except on occasions when he would come to me and eagerly relate his progress or confide some word of praise his instructor had spoken. It was on an evening about the time at which the permanent Glee Club was to be chosen that returning from a trip down town I stopped on the chapel steps for a few moments to listen to the club practice. Some three or four numbers had been sung when I became conscious of a peculiar sound which I soon discovered to be a human voice. It began and stopped exactly with the singers inside and, to tell the truth, was not unpleasing for while the quality of the voice was rather crude and in the higher notes quavered into a falsetto the harmony was remarkably good and betrayed a musician's love of melody. At last the singers struck into an old, old song which had been a favorite half a century ago. The same strange accompaniment followed and with even more feeling than before, if such a voice could be said to have feeling.

Through two verses the odd harmony persevered but at the close of the third the unseen tenor's voice broke and punctuated the music from within the chapel with deep, fierce sobs. I started to my feet but had gone only a few steps in the direction of the sound when there was thrust up into the light which streamed from within the chapel, the haggard, deep-eyed face of Campanini. He turned as though to escape, then, recognizing me, stopped and said brokenly without preface, "It's all up. They encouraged me and told me I had a good chance. It was like heaven to me. I wrote daddy a letter that night—hopeful—extravagantly hopeful—full of dreams. Today they told me that—that the club had been made up—I'd have to give up, and then tonight this came." He took from his inside pocket an envelope, pulled part way out the letter, pressed it reverently and passionately to his lips and handed it to me. I glanced down and recognized the labored hand writing of the old father but when I looked up I was alone in the chilly night."

"And the letter?" I asked after some moments.

"Ah, yes, that letter," the editor replied simply. But I guessed something of its contents from his husky tone.

TO THE SPRING.

Anacreontis Carm. xlv.

Behold, how at the birth of Spring
The Graces wake to life the rose
And even Ocean's thundering
Is soothed to profound repose,
How cranes o'erhead are on the wing
And wild ducks revel at their bath,
Under the ruthless Sun god's ray,
Who lights up all the works of man,
In fleetly chasing rout there play
The skimming shadows of the clouds

* * * * *

From leafy screens the olives peep;
The wine god's founts with wreaths are plied,
And boughs low bent by luscious freight
In blushing hues stand glorified.

THE BOYS OF '05.

[The following is printed by request and with the courteous permission of the Stetson Weekly Collegiate.]

I.

Come, fellow, away with that Ethics!
Down with that Political "Con!"
Throw to the dogs that Sophocles;
He's long ago dead and gone.

II.

For what's the use of us worrying
When we've only two more months of this?
Come! down with that eternal grinding!
Let's taste a little of life's bliss.

III.

That's it. Uncle Daniel's all in for't.
A rollicking, jolly old soul,
Throw off that frock coat and white necktie,
Grab a glass, take a swing at the bowl.

IV.

We'll not have a sermon now, thank you,
Ha! Ha! That's a good one, by Gum!
Hear that? Fellows, he's a plumb good 'un;
Dan's a sight when he's once begun.

V.

That long, slim, sleek, and that slender one?
That's Blocker's "old lady," whoopee!
And you never heard of his warbling
He's a song bird, goes clear up to P.

VI.

Down with those Torts and Contracts.
You're a peach of fellow, I must.
Oh, Lord, help me to stand it. Quit Doyle,
Or I swear I'll bust.

VII.

Now, Smith F., say, you don't mean it.
Help yourself to this fiery old ginger!
We can't help it, old boy, if you are in Fla.
And your heart longs to be with Virginia.

VIII.

Give up those little Greek gods,
They'll dry up your soul, like lead!
Come! pick up that scratching old fiddle
And we'll jig till we raise the dead.

IX.

Now, Stephen B., quit playing 'possum,
I know you're a sly old crow,
And what doesn't rest in your noodle
Isn't worth for the rest of us to know.

X.

But what do we care for the Annual
Just now? Away with that pen!
We've only two months of this solid, good fun,
Come on with the rest of the men.

XI.

And where is our "lady killer,"
That handsome-looking old-crook?
For he's broken more hearts than any the five,
By his charming eye and shy look.

XII.

Now, Bostick, I didn't mean it.
I wouldn't tell on you so.
But here! drop that blooming "Egoist,"
Pull up a chair, and let her go!

XIII.

Smith H., are you here? Yes, I see you.
Lord, there's that same sickly grin!
If it got a bit the broader
The preacher would call it a sin.

XIV.

Ah, nonsense! What is it that we care
If exams are coming next week?
Let's drive away worry, in the endeavor to bury
The hash that they cram down our cheek.

XV.

So, come ahead, let's be happy and merry,
Let the world stand still if it will,
And just for tonight we'll forget and be bright,
While the Profs. are all silent and still.

XVI.

One last drink, as we part—perhaps ever.
Ah! give me your hand again.
Well, we must quit all this foolishness—
Two months, and we'll have to be men.

—H. S.



What mek y' all call it a Commencemen' time,
White folks? Hit's more lak quittin'
When yu close dem shutters,
An' yu packs yo' books,
An' yo' voice sort o' flutters
An' yo' eyes kin' o' looks
Lak a shower is a-brewin'
When yo' says good-bye;
White folks, don' tell me dat's Commencement time,
Hit's too blame much lak quittin'.

THE FLY IN THE MUSH.

[A tragic fragment as it would have been written by Alexander Pope. Together with notes predigested and critical for beginners.]

Arrayed along the festive board,¹ appear
Fair, hopeful² co-eds, drest in fearsome gear,
And in between, with wonder-bulging eyes,
Sit dormitory swains whose rainbow ties,
Out-vieing e'en³ th'⁴ oleomargarine,
Dispense a soft effulgence o'er the scene.
Then Phyllis, turning to a football man
Upon her left, in accents sweet began:

"Brave youth, upon whose shining face
I see of virtue and of soap the trace,

[NOTES.]—1. The beginner must not be misled by the use of the singular number. There were of course more than one board in the table. This is what is called poetic license.

2. "Hopeful" because the social hour followed the meal.

3. This word stamps the work at once as poetry.

4. The omission of the "e" is called elision, and is found in all the great poems.

Permit a maiden's prayer to touch thy soul,
And gain for me yon matchless china bowl,
In which unless some god deceive mine eye
The crushed hearts of corn⁵ I now descry."
Whereat the youth who from his coach had learned
Soft, silken, accents thus her words returned.

"Fairest of maidens by whose *rougeish* cheek
And downcast eyes I judge a spirit meek,
Smile thou but once, all spoken thanks behush,
And now receive, I pray, this ardent mush."⁶
She heard, she took a spoon, she grasped the bowl,
But as she gazed therein grief grabbed⁷ her soul,
For lo, protruding from the dish appear

5. Critics have much to say of the genius required to speak of common things elegantly. How great must be the ability of one who can thus refer to hominy.

6. The student should not fail to observe this splendid touch. The point lies in the double meaning of "mush."

7. A picturesque touch. The use of the successive "g" is called alliteration.

Five⁸ tiny, piteous insect legs upreared.⁹
 On either side a sticky little wing
 To which some fatal bits of grits¹⁰ still cling.
 Then like white snow upon the mountain high
 Or pastry sugar strown on pumpkin pie
 So crept a pallor o'er the maiden's face,
 Who trying to escape, swooned in her place.
 Not so the moleskin knight, but waved on high
 His solid silver table knife and cried
 "Gadzooks, black cook, thou shalt thy fate abide."
 Saying which words, intent on deeds of gore,
 Traversed the hall and banged the kitchen door.

8. German critics have pointed out that flies have more than five legs. But is it not possible that that this particular fly may have lost one or more during the culinary preparations?

9. This is technically called a nigh rhyme.

10. Some critics attack this phrase as being meaningless. However, the sound seems suited to the sense.

CHOICE EPITAPHS. II.

Here on the campus primeval where sorrowing,
 Horace-cursed Freshmen
 Tell to each other their woes, here shall his monument
 be;
 Let not the indolent Soph nor the pride ridden
 heart of the Junior
 Deem this too childish a deed; they have done
 likewise, maybe.

A tired pony here doth rest
 Still in the well worn saddle drest
 In which I rode to Gaul's conquest
 With Caesar's legions.

We hiked along from day to day
 And, though engaged in many a fray,
 Each time my pony got away
 Bearing me with him.

But when the war was almost done,
 E'er Caesar crossed the Rubicon
 And he and Pompey had their fun,
 We turned us homeward.

Unused to peace he soon grew thin,
Seeming to miss the martial din
And, woe is me, now deep within
This tomb reposes.

And thou, if in that lower space
Shouldst meet with Caesar face to face,
Neigh *salve*, and in *medias res*
Draw his attention.

Speak, pony, of that dear first book
Recall the *oppida* we took
And how that awful Rhine bridge shook
As we tramped over.

But mind, let all your Latin be
Used with the greatest care, for he
Feels mighty small affinity
For the poor pony.

Then patient on the Stygian sands
Close to where Charon's ferry lands,
Scan close the new brought spirit bands;
Some day I'll join you.

TO A SIX-MONTHS-OLD.

Solventi tenera manu insciaque
Iam primum tibi vela nec scienti
Qualis aequora verrat asperata
Tempestas, precor omina et secunda
Salvis denique carbasis tenentem
Te cursum accipiat sinus beatus.

—S. P. B.

As without any training you put from the land,
Unfurling your sails with your wee, baby hand,
For you all unknowing what storms may arise,
I pray but fair weather and prosperous skies,
That your sails may be whole when the sailing is past,
And a safe, happy harbor enfold you at last.



TO PROF. E. G. B., AFTER EIGHT YEARS.

Te duce, nobilia et monumentis digna, magister,
Mi traxere oculos, sed tenuisti animum.

—B.

THEOREM XXIII.

[A specimen chosen at random from the new "Bott's Metrical Geometry."]

If in the vast profundity of space
Two lines projected be whose onward pace
Knows neither deviation, crook nor bend
But side by side their separate journeys wend,
And 'longside these in parallelity
Conjoined, a third line goes its way; then we
This affirmation make, beyond doubt's reach,
That parallel are all three, each to each.



SED OMNIA PEREANT.

THUR., 21 B. C.

Old Horace beneath a green juniper tree
In corpulent ease sat reclined,
His brows to somniferous breezes free
With spicy Fabernian pretty well primed.

"I'll spick off a carmen or two," said he,
As a sort of relief for my mind;
"Twill be better than all the hellebore juice
That any one ever can find."

The next day he took up the half-finished song,
And glanced it through with more critical mien;
One line was a foot and a half too long
In the strangest meter that ever was seen.

"By Bacchus," he cried, "that's very queer,
This don't sound right, I know;
Sed omnia pereant. Euhoe! Euhoe!
Confound it all, let's let her go."



ROOM 5, FRESHMAN LATIN, 1909 A. D.

'Twas a hot sultry morn in the spring of '09
And the Freshman class in dire agony groaned;
They had toiled all in vain with an obdurate line
Over which they had faithfully boned.

"That verse," quoth the Prof., "is one hard to render,
But still one of singular charm.
Take it quite free with your feet on the fender
Forget the construction; 'twill do no harm."

Old Horace looked out from the deep realms of Pluto,
And pulled at his beard with a satisfied smile;
"Sed omnia pereant; let everything go,
Take life with ease and be famous the while."

—F. S.



Those days when you have smiled on us
And mild on us,
Your favor fell,
We treasured them as days of gold—
Mocked care as all too weak and old
To break the spell,
That mild on us
Descended, when you smiled on us.

Some days, alas, you scorned us, too:
We, warned thus, drew
Sad sackcloth on
And waited for the skies to clear,
For smiles to chase away the tear
That welled anon
And warned us to
Forsake pursuit when scorned by you.

We bid farewell to you today
Do you, we pray,
Remember us,
And though our paths far sundered, wind
Unto strange shores now undivined,
When Sunset Time's last, level smile
Shall find you, do but pause awhile
To render us
Our due, we pray,
Our due for loving you today.

SWEET QUESTIONS

FOR CANDIED ANSWERS.

[EDITOR'S NOTE—We hope, nay, we are sure that this department of our book will prove helpful and suggestive to our readers. The thoughtful ones of their number must, we feel sure, appreciate the fact that we are endeavoring to make a publication which shall be of value to young and old, hisping freshman and tottering senior, in short, to the whole er——— that is, entire family.]

Do you suppose that Prof. Trussler has ever smiled since he was a little girl?

If there be any thing in the idea of metempsychosis don't you suppose that the Wideman brothers are connected with Stentor in some way?

If Mr. Chambers should hold out until the end of the year wouldn't it be a pious idea to give him a medal?

Isn't it really a blessing that Miss Watts doesn't try to sing, too?

Is Miss Anderson, in your opinion, any evidence in favor of the Darwinian theory?

With reference to Miss Teaseley's leaving the table so quickly every meal; do you think the reason is that she is feasting her soul instead of her natural appetite?

Did you hear that Mr. Bostick went into the Dean's office lately and almost fainted when he found that when he received his degree at Commencement he would be a bachelor?

Do you suppose that Miss Yackel is wearing a new bit of ribbon, or that Mr. Stokes has a new necktie every time they come into the dining hall late?

Of course we all know about Frank Turnquist and Raymond Spaulding, but who can be the other member of the triumvirate—that is the sextette.

Does anybody know where Fred Botts and Edwin Spencer learned the art of tiptoeing?

Couldn't one make a splendid croquet mallet of the
roommates, Sturkey and Wiggins; using the one as head
and the other as handle?

Judging, now, from your observations during the
chapel singing can you state whether Dean Farrah carries
the soprano and Dr. Baerecke the alto or vice versa?

What can you say definitely about the number of
"hits" Mr. Duncan has made this term?

Wouldn't you like to hear the subject "Cigarettes"
debated by Carrie Nation and "Fluffy Ruffles?"

HINTS TO FUTURE EDITORS.

Begin at least two years before the date
Of issuing to scheme and calculate
On phoolish puns, lame jokes in rusty rhyme
And metrical atrocities; aye, lose no time
But grind them out. And be assured of this
That none such anger feels as those who miss
Their names when glancing down the line
Of personal hits. Therefore all thoughts resign
Of making yours a literary book
Wherein no single desecrating nook

Shall harbor personalities. Dash in
And guy folks right and left, they'll only grin.
Yet even here 'tis best to exercise
Great circumspection, (though upon your size
Much doth depend) for who, if much inclined
To auburn hair, think you, would find
Rich humor in a reference to the same?
Nay, 'ware of such and let your jests be tame,
Lest angered by what you deemed witticism
Your victim in your hide should made a schism
(This means a gash; I had to have the rhyme.)
Trust not contributors to be on time
With copy. Should they ask what day 'tis due,
Say confidentially, "Well, since 'tis you,
I reckon it will do a fortnight hence."
That's long before it's due, but self defence
Justifies it, as does this knowledge, too—
The printer played the self-same trick on you,
If typographic errors should occur
And Ethylle's name's misspelled, declare to her,
" 'Twas that confounded printer, he's a fool!"
And with glib flattery her anger cool.

Much more I might advise, but let me say:
If you are hunting for a job all play,
And wish your mind of all dire care to rob,
When chosen editor—don't take the job,

TO CHAUDOINITES.

If tripping meters were in my pen
And in my inkstand rhythm
And rhymes occur to me now and then,
Know you what I'd do with 'em?

Why, praise Chaudoin's inmates,
(But I'd not call them that)
And speak of them as angels
In words not quite so flat
And hackneyed as most poets
Praise girls, or they a hat
For "lovely," "true" and "charming"
I'd find a finer name,
And write instead of "dazzling,"
(So lustreless and tame)
Long, lanky words that like you,
Girls, should set the heart a-flame.
I'd have a reputation,
A demigod I'd be,
And every day a fudge box
Beside my plate I'd see,
And bask in sunny smilings,
Oh, would that it might be!

But lyric meters are not for me;
And in my inkstand wriggles
No prisoned rhyme that I can free
But what would cause you giggles.

TO A COY SWEETHEART.

Horace Od. Lib. I, Carm. xxiii.

You shun me like the little fawn
That seeks its anxious mother's side
In mountain by-paths, foolishly
By woodland zephyrs terrified.
For panic touches heart and limb
When nimble leaves a-dancing go
At Spring's first breath or in the brier
The painted lizards come and go.
No tigress fierce, no Moorish lion
Do I your trail for slaughter tread:
Come, leave your mother's apron strings,
'Tis high time you were wed.



CHOICE EPITAPHS, III.

On a Math Book.

A beloved math book now *hic jacet*
And though pious enough not to mock it,
Let me say that though worr
Yet, as sure as you're born,
It, far better than I, stood the racket.

THE LITTLE PAGAN.

Of the six heads in the Greek class four were bowed intently over text books as the professor read in review the day's lesson. Between precautionary glances at the progress of the reading, my gaze wandered out the window where a lovely spring day was reigning absolute. The other delinquent, too, seemed fascinated by something out of doors; perhaps the green and purple foothills a mile away shimmering in the hot sunlight. There had always been something about him that attracted interest and more than once I had found myself looking curiously at his olive features, but today I saw in the deep eyes which slanted ever so little at the corners, a singular intentness, an unusual sensitiveness about the shapely mouth and chin. As I looked he seemed to recognize some one just outside the window. Glancing quickly out, I saw nothing but a gentle stirring among the new leaves of the oaks. Yet upon his face and in his eyes there grew a look of animation, spreading into a half smile about his lips. Then quite suddenly, yet with the inexpressible grace which he always possessed, he rose, took three quick steps to the window sill and

stretched out his arms appealingly towards the beautiful sunlight, uttering at the same instant a few indistinct syllables. Then in a moment the spell seemed to break for him, and he turned almost wistfully and faced us who were staring open-mouthed at him and out upon the empty campus.

This strange incident furnished the rest of the class material for discussion, mostly among ourselves, for we liked the bright little fellow. Of course, the simplest explanation was that he was "touched" just a little. To tell the truth, he had never mingled very freely with the fellows since his first week in the dormitory, and had been frequently seen walking solitary along the country roads. His favorite haunt was one of the foothills, against the sheer side of which a ponderous boulder had found lodgment, and thereby gained the name of the "Lid" among the country people. Not infrequently on these rambles he would be carrying a geologist's hammer. But as for that, no one had ever seen any rock specimens in his room, and two of the fellows who tried to trace him, though successful as far as the Lid, had come back no wiser than they set out. And yet there was his brilliant school work. Especially in the classics had he become the envy of the others, and was known as the one to

whom the instructors were prone to assign the completion of the translation when the time was found to be short. Really, the more we discussed him, the further we were from a conclusion. He was, I know, conscious of our curiosity, and though right courteous when approached his sensitive little soul withdrew him more and more from those who would have gladly been his friends.

As I remember now, it was about three weeks later that our little college town was jolted from its morning nap by the echoes of a distant earthquake. There was much excitement and confusion both on the campus and in the town, but aside from a half dozen broken china sets and a few down-tumbled chimney tops, no real harm was done. Those who had hoped for a relaxation from school duties were sadly disappointed, for the routine plodded on much as usual. Only once, at about ten o'clock, I believe—for I did not think much about it then—the shock recurred for a very few seconds.

At the Greek period, which came early in the afternoon, the end desk near the window was vacant. As none of the other members of the class could recall having seen our eccentric classmate that day I made inquiries after the recitation was over and found that he had been absent from the noon meal. Such information as I could

gather about the campus did not satisfy my growing curiosity, and I walked over to his room in the boys' hall. As was customary, I knocked and without waiting for his response, pushed the door open. The room was vacant. His bed, usually made with the greatest precision, was still as he had left it on arising. All else, however, was in perfect order, even to the chair pushed close to the study table and the neatly piled books. On the walls, instead of gaudy advertising posters, hung two simply framed photographs of ancient Greek temples, and on the bare, clean top of the bureau stood the only other ornaments in the room—a tiny bust of Minerva and a cracked plaster statuette of Apollo Kitharoedes, side by side. Somehow these cheap statues thus patiently awaiting their master's return touched me with the pathos in the little enthusiast's life and recalled that strange scene in the classroom and the half defiant, half wistful look on his dark face.

Remembering his habit of walking, I next set out upon the road which led toward the Lid. Occasionally I remarked the evidences of the earthquake; here an oak had partly lost its century grip on the hillside and there a huge rock had been jarred out of its bed. Just at the foot of the Lid itself I noticed particularly how a great boulder

had forsaken its place and rolling downward capriciously crushed the life from a shapely, budding sapling. The ponderous Lid had also suffered, for from one side had been split off a huge fragment, revealing to my surprised gaze an opening which continued before me like a natural hallway.

As I squeezed through the crevice I saw shoe prints in the sand at my feet. There were very many of them, apparently by the same person and made before the splitting of the rock as I judged by the fragments which littered them, but how anyone could have entered there I could not conjecture. A closer scrutiny showed footprints made since the shock and evidently in haste. Bending over these I followed for several minutes until the soil became rocky and they vanished. I looked up to find myself in an utterly strange surrounding of rocks and trees. My sense of direction was gone and the sun which should have aided me was hidden by high walls and an overarching network of ancient tree limbs and creepers. Only occasional rays struggled through and made color patches on the path. Just ahead it seemed that the passageway ended and a moment later I brushed aside the fragrant leaves of a bushy tree to find myself looking into a vast square stone quarry.

By means of several blocks apparently put there as steps, I descended to the uneven floor of the roofless chamber, and looked about. Three of the walls were nearly regular and offered nothing of interest except a few aged trees uprooted from their position on the top of the wall and a shaft of rock which had been cast down by the recent shock. The wall to my left, however, was uneven and three hundred feet from where I stood sent out a jagged projection which hid its further extent. I turned and started thither, noting with surprise how far the afternoon was spent. The great, red sun swung low above the tree-fringed wall of the quarry sending through the finger-like branches its ruddy beams to cast curious, contorted patterns on the ground. Over all the sky was drawn a filmy, uncanny haze which seemed every moment to grow denser. Little by little it sank down upon the earth, giving a drowsy charm and softness to the stark forest and the rough-hewn chamber. The cool of evening was beginning to spread abroad and at its touch those strange odorous flowers that open at sunset were spreading their petals to the air. My path now was sloping downward ever so gently and some subtle influence compounded perhaps by the cool, perfect hush of evening and the wildness of the place that compelled me to go on.

Just as I had reached the edge of the screen of rock a faint, mellow chime touched my ear from very, very far away—far as from another world, I thought. It was the college curfew. In almost a half dozen heart-beats it had melted into the universal hush and, glancing up at the sunlight now living only on the tree tops high in the air, I turned and looked behind the ledge of rocks.

Before me on a crude stone base some ten feet square and about a foot high, stood upright what seemed at first glance a rough stump of rock the top portion of which had been recently broken off. But looking more closely I saw that the rock had been wrought with a chisel into folds of drapery from under which showed a foot carved with a sandal bound about it. Stumbling through heaps of small stone chips I came to what was apparently the front of this strange altar. The fallen portion of the rock completed a gigantic human figure covered with a long, flowing robe and chiseled from a single piece,

though now it lay in three ponderous fragments, broken at the hips and neck. I clambered over the prostrate idol and found that I had not seen all. There, bent cruelly backward from a kneeling posture before the shrine, lay a lithe young figure, the bare feet bound with rudely improvised sandals, a long, white robe about the limbs and in one tense hand a wreath of bay twigs beginning to wither now. The crisp, dark hair was bound by a fillet of white twisted cotton and the shapely lips and chin had by some strange chance of the fall been pressed to those of the goddess. Very gently I turned his head so that I could look into the handsome olive face. There was no contortion of pain, but rather the same look of wonder and recognition I had seen that day in the classroom. And around the lips there was a gentle smile not yet entirely faded, by which I guessed that the little pagan had found a happy way to the far Hesperides.

Y.

MARTIAL TO HIS LITTLE SLAVE GIRL.

Mart. Ep. X—lxi.

Ah, stolen in the winter days
Of her sixth year, so soon a prey
To ruthless Fate, Erotion lies
In peaceful slumbers here today.
And whoso'er when I am gone,
Shalt call thine own this tiny plot,
Each year to her, poor little soul,
Let all due rites be not forgot.
For which long lineage be thine,
Thy home brood safe throughout the years
And may, in all thy fields, this stone
Alone repeat a tale of tears.

ON A MOSQUITO.

Anopheles lies here supinely,
By a death which you might call untimely,
Inasmuch as she tried,
With her eighth notes, to ride
O'er my rest, while she warbled divinely.

TO. PROF. W. W. F.

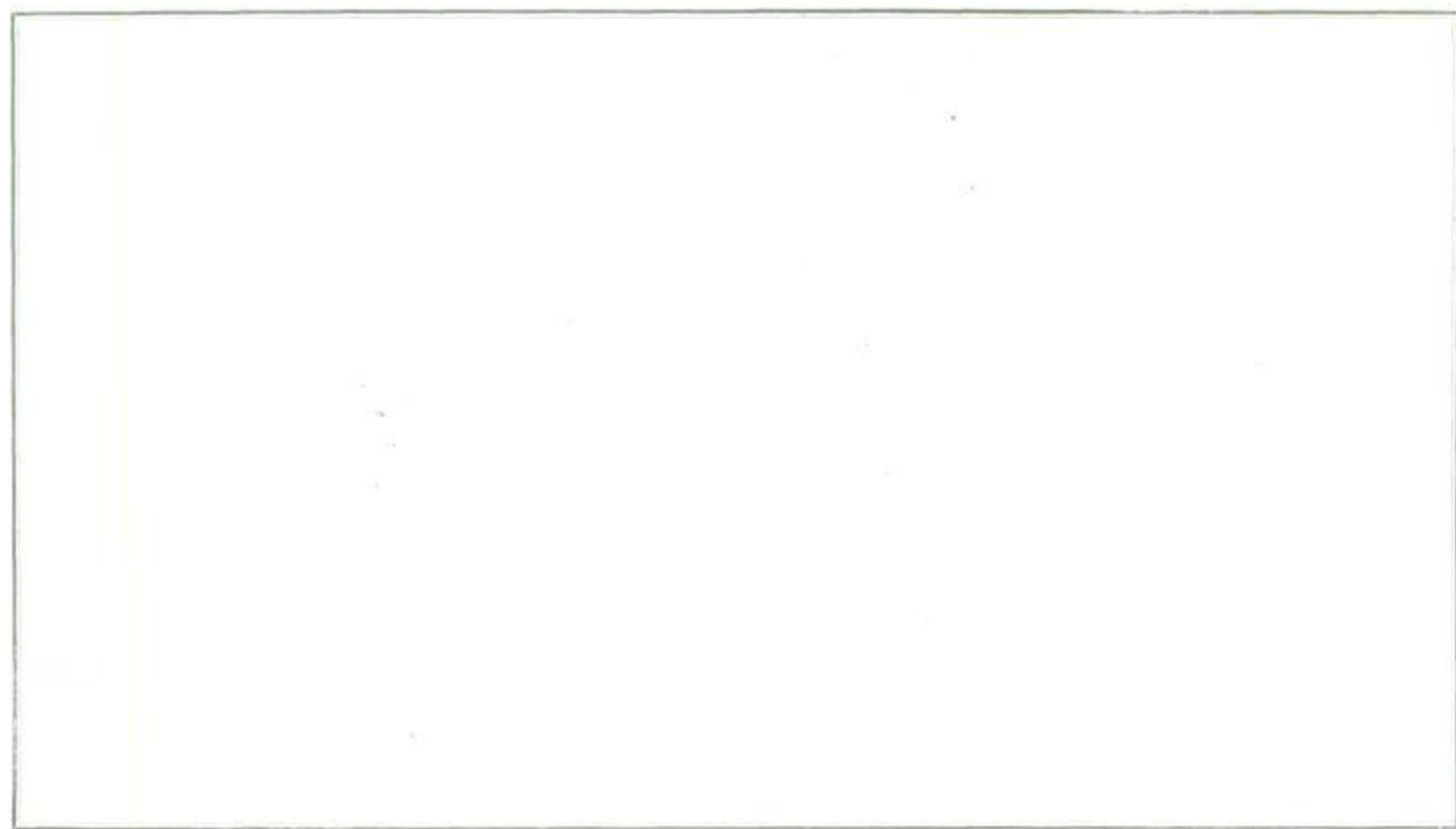
To you, a master in whose face
I first read love then proved it so,
Whose kindness hinted outwardly
The richer, finer things below,
I only wish these humble lines
Of thoughts as sad, as sweet might tell,
As those that mingle smiles with tears,
As those I feel at this farewell.



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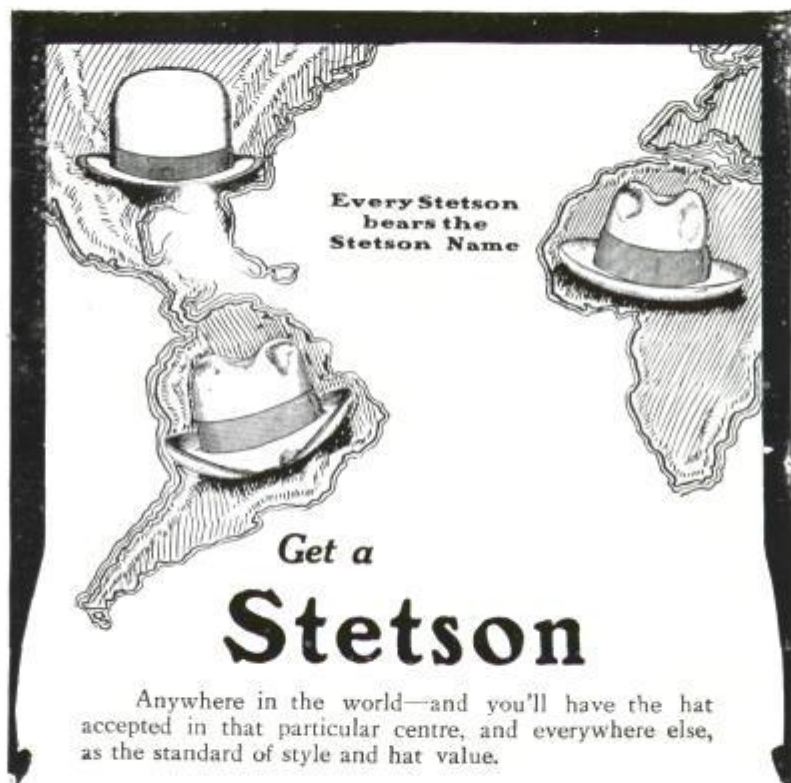
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When this white page shall yellow with years,
When locks now dark be snowily white,

 Ah, tell us who with yearning,
 Back to school days returning,
Shall smile with misty eyes to think on us?

