

1-1-1914

Oshihiyi

John B. Stetson University

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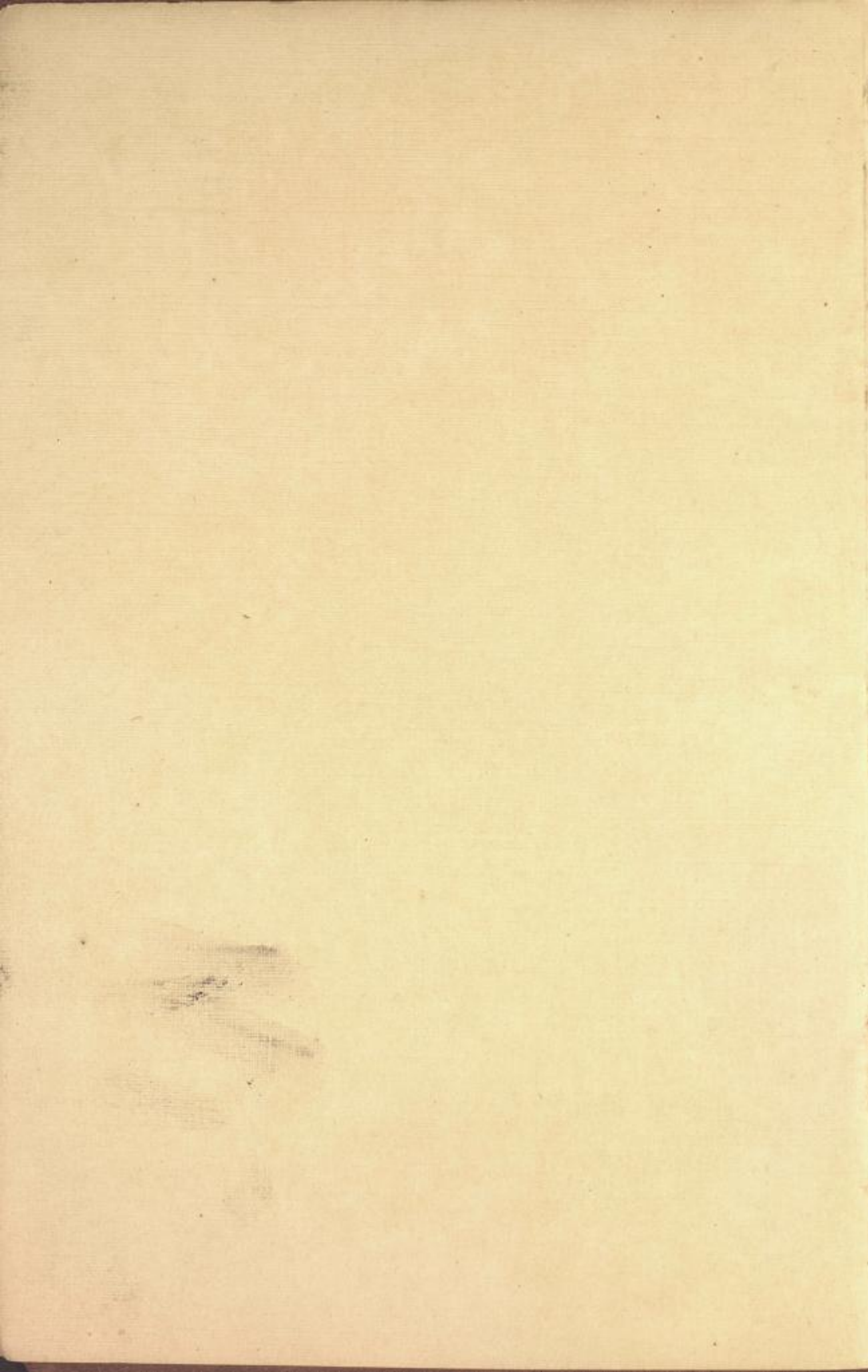


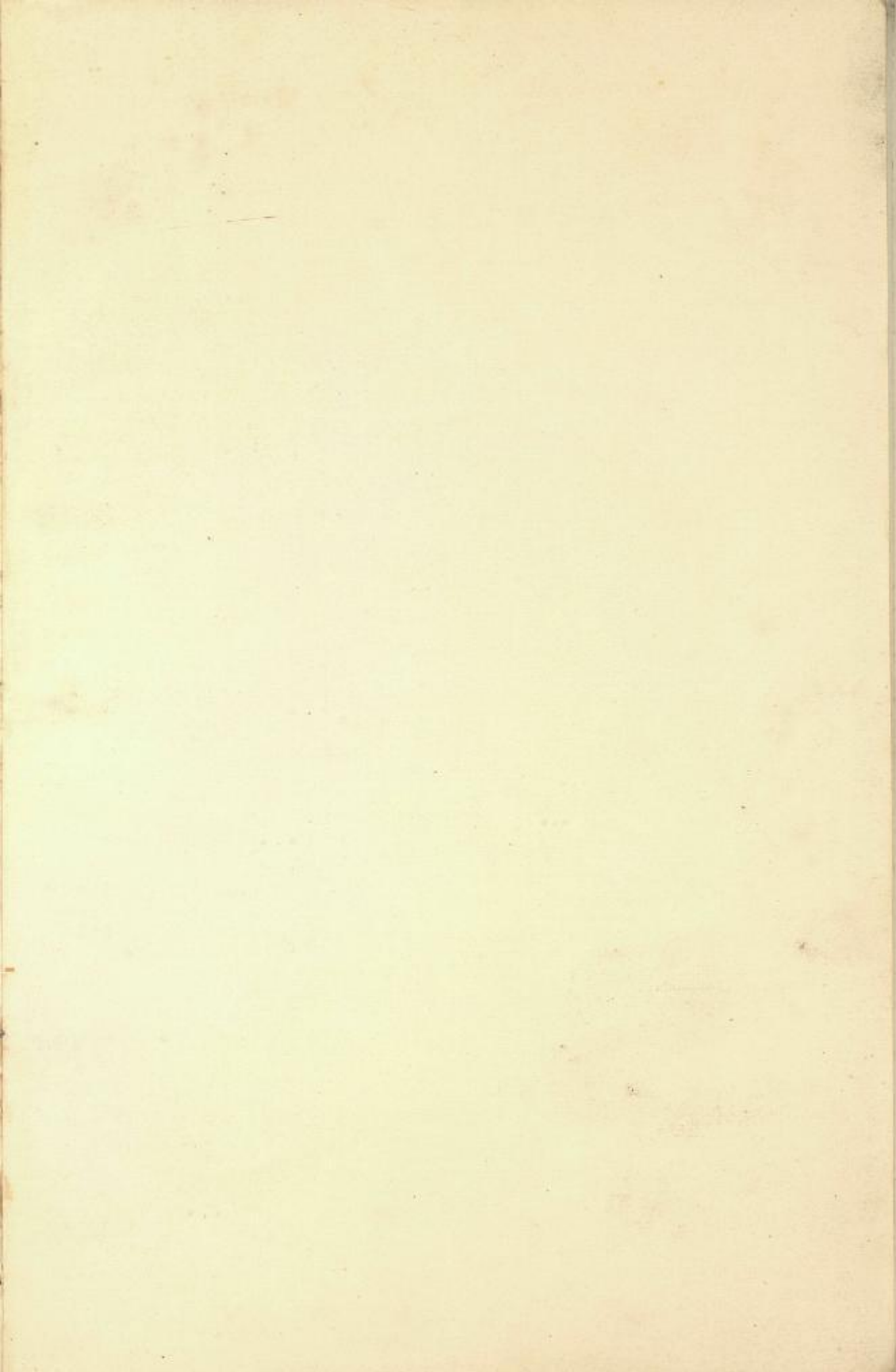
Stetson University



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"Here's to the land of flowers
and song,
Where sorrow is brief and joys
are long,
Where the weak grow strong
and the strong grow great,
Here's to Florida, our dear
home State."

Volume Seven
of
The Oshihiyi
1914



Published by
The Junior Class
of
The John B. Stetson University
DeLand, Florida

To Our Mocking Bird

Trillets of humor, shrewdest whistle-wit,
Contralto cadences of grave desire
Such as from off the passionate Indian pyre,
Drift down thro' sandal-odored flames that split
About the slim young widow who doth sit
And sing above—midnights of tone entire—
Tissues of moonlight shot with songs of fire;
Bright drops of tune, from oceans infinite
Of melody, sipped off the thin-edged wave
And trickling down the beak—discourses brave
Of serious matter that no man may guess,
Methinks I hear thy silver whistlings bright
Mix with the mighty discourse of the wise,
Till broad Beethoven, deaf no more, and Keats,
'Midst of much talk, uplift their smiling eyes,
And mark the music of their wood conceits,
And halfway pause on some large, courteous word,
And halfway call thee "Brother," O thou heavenly Bird!

—*Sidney Lanier.*

Oshihvi.

1914



Edited by
the
Junior Class
of
John A Stetson University.
De Land
Florida.



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Oshihiyi Board

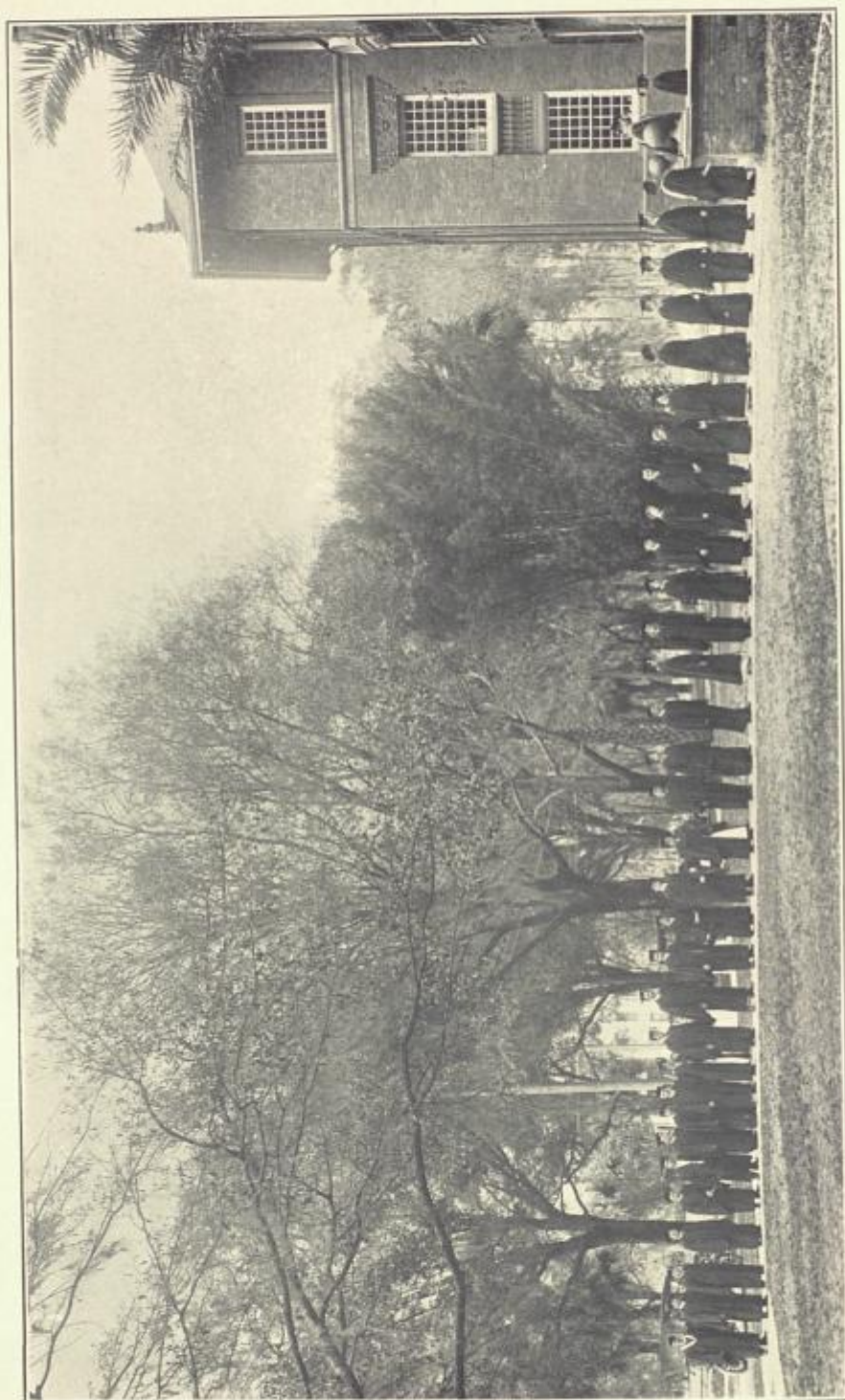
1914



Oshihiyi Board.

Paul Marbury, Wheeler	} Editors
Constance Whitmore	
Emma Williams	
Elizabeth Lewis	Art Editor,
Stanley E. McIlhenny	Business
	MANAGERS





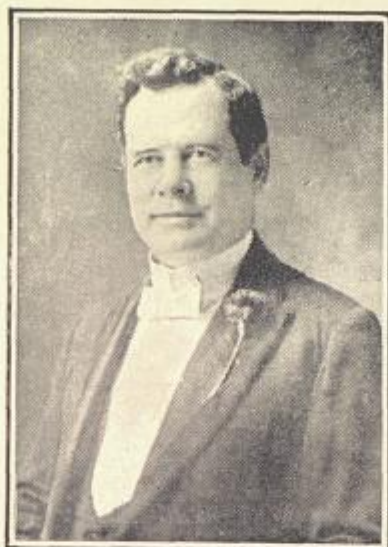
SENIOR CLASS PROCESSION—1914



Dedication

Lovingly this Oshihiyi
Dedicate we to the Seniors,
To the Seniors who are going,
Going from our Alma Mater,
Going from the long-loved campus.
As the songster of our Southland,
Mocking bird, our Oshihiyi,
Bringeth pleasure, sweetest singing,
So may this, our book of legends
That will some day be tradition,
Carry with it in remembrance
Honor due this class of Seniors,
All respect, esteem and reverence,
For the good that they have done here,
For the love they've won at Stetson.





The Big Chiefs and the Camp Ground.

Should you ask me whence these stories,
Whence these legends and traditions,
With the gossip of the campus,
With the precepts of the classroom,
With the heavy weight of learning,
Mingled with the hum of folly,
I should murmur, I should tell you,





“From that mighty seat of learning,
From that Athens of the Southland,
From our own beloved Stetson,
With its pine-tree-guarded campus,
With its palms and weeping oak trees;
With its simple Spanish tiling,
Mingling with the classic column;
Where professors gray with wisdom,
And professors young in knowledge,
Labor, some with fond endeavor,
Some with love, and some with scoffing,
Trying hard to find a glimmer
Of intelligence elusive,
In the minds that come for training,
And to fan that spark to flaming.”
If still further you should ask me,
“Who then are these seers of learning,
These oppressors of the youthful?”
I should answer your inquiry
Straightway in such words as follow:
“Know ye first our Doctor Hulley,
President and chieftain mighty,
Chief alike of profs and students,
Loaded down with honors came he,
Came to give us of his wisdom.
Hail him for his power and learning!
Mark ye, next, dear Doctor Farris,

Teaching and inspiring always,
Both by precept and example;
More, much more than Greek he teaches;
Then, the two Deans, Smith and Carson,
Ruling over cuts and credits,
Guiding those who yearn for knowledge,
Prodding those who idly wander;
Ruling o'er the realm of Latin,
"Edwin George," the Benedictus,
Bees and students both he governs,
Calm, immaculate and polished.
"Uncle Dan" and "Billy" Mickle,
Each in spheres divided widely,
Labor for a twofold welfare,
"Uncle Dan" in business ethics,
"Billy" Mickle just in business!
"Claude" and "Rockie," oh! what memories!
These are they who cause such grinding,
Set the midnight oil to burning.
All day long in laboratories,
You can see their students scorching
Both themselves and all their raiment,
Breaking glass and cutting fingers,
Then all night at note books toil they!





Oh! these profs devoid of mercy!
In another lab a tyrant,
Sharp of tongue, and long of whisker,
Curbs the wasteful, chides the stupid,
And when carelessly we answer,
"Ach! You haf no sense, you dummies!"
Comes his gentle admonition.
Rasco and our little Bauer,
In the law school lead the scrappers,
Training governors and lawyers
And, perchance, a future ruler.
Know ye also there are others
Striving with a vain endeavor
To fill up our mental vacuums.
In the catalogue they tell us,
Ivan teaches engineering,
Civil, or constructive, say you?
Neither, friend, his work lies chiefly,
In domestic engineering!
Litchfield tells us how to pommel
On its head the nail elusive.
Next, we greet the Dean of Women,
"Ellen Webster," guardian angel
Of the cherubs in Chaudoin.
Fraulein Bangs and M'amselle Whiting,
Goethe and Voltaire exhaling,
Fill the air with Dieus and Himmels.

Sympathize with poor Miss Denny,
Doomed to dwell 'mid clanking typists;
Martha G. and Annie Holden,
Wrestling with the wayward infants.
Wilma D. with brush and palette
Leads the daubers and the cubists
On to glory and the Louvre.
Mrs. Allen! Ah! she rules us
With a rod of iron unyielding!
Dimes and quarters, even dollars,
Flow into her greedy fine box,
All because we have forgotten.
"Olive," "Zodie" and "Miss Agnes"
Are the cause of mournful wailing,
Bangs and screeches, squeals and howling,
Which have caused the Dean forever
To discourage young Carusos
When they wish to sign for music.
These are aided by Miss Baker,
Who the organ's wailing governs.
Hold! My humble pen grows weary!
These are they, our dear Professors,
They who rule our days at Stetson,
They who mould our Alma Mater.





But the song of Oshihiyi,
Of the mocking bird of Stetson,
Is not ended, but it changes,
Changes now from profs, to students,
From the wise ones to the foolish.
Stay then! Listen ye who love us,
Listen ye who love your comrades,
Love your college days and memories,
Listen to the joys and sorrows,
To the sports and the achievements
Of the days of nineteen fourteen,
Stay and scan these pages closely,
Read this song of Oshihiyi.



SENIORS





Ye who love your Alma Mater,
Love the legends and the memories
That entwine about her children,
Listen to this simple story
Of the class of nineteen-fourteen;
How they toiled, endeavored, suffered,
Thro the labyrinthian windings,
Thro the gloomy deeps and shallows,
Of their perilous career.
Listen then, and hearing mark you
Every cross a crown has added,
Crowns of honor, strength, and wisdom.
Stay and read this rude inscription,
Read this song of Stetson's Seniors.



NINA PHILLIPS.

Candidate for Master of Arts.

Pi Beta Phi.

Ass't. Ed. of Oshihy, (4); Vice Pres. Y. W. C. A., (2); Sec. and Treas. Crucible Club; Sec. and Treas. Alumni Ass.; Ass't Ed. Collegiate (3), (4); Tennis Mgr. (5); Glee Club (5); Class Reporter (4); Prog. Mgr. of Eusophian Lit. (4); Sec. Eusophian '13.

Seven years at Stetson.

Senior, and yet not a senior,
Doubly honored is our Nina,
Veteran of the class of '13.
To her A. B. now is added
M. A., loud proclaiming merit.
Deeply did she thirst for knowledge,
Deep has been her draught thereof.
Give her honor for her learning.

HELEN ELOISE TINGLEY, B.S.

Candidate for Master of Arts.

Two years at Oberlin College; two years at University of Chicago; two years at Stetson; Business Manager Oshihy (1912); winner of Declamatory Contest (1911); Eusophian; Crucible Club; College play (1912); Corresponding Secretary Alumni Ass. (1913-1914.)

Here is one who counts her honor
Not so much in dull, dry learning,
As in life and work and loving,
Prouder far to write the Mrs.
Just before her name, than after
To inscribe the B. S. haughty.
Never slighting the domestic,
M. A. adds she to her glory.





CARL VERNON FARRISS.

Candidate for Bachelor of Arts.

Phi Kappa Delta.

President Senior class; French play (3); Basket ball (3), (4); College play (4); Baseball (1); Football (1).

Seventeen years at Stetson.

"ROMEO."

From the Northland have they gathered,
From the East and West assembled
With the Southland; all have given
Names upon our pages written.
Meet it is that we should hail him
Honored Chief among our Seniors,
Hail him ever brave, chivalrous,
Dixie's son—a noble chieftain!

HELEN WOOD TAYLOR.

Candidate for Bachelor of Arts.

Delta Delta Delta.

Vice President of the Senior Class;
Eusophian.

Four years at Stetson.

"HELEN BRIMSTONE."

From Pennsylvania came she to us,
Came this tall and slender maiden,
With the beauty of the moonlight,
With the beauty of the starlight;
Came she making friends and friendly,
Always calm and ever gracious;
And her class-mates, deeming worthy
Hailed her as their own vice-chieftain.





LILLIAN WADSWORTH ELDREDGE.

Candidate for Bachelor of Science.

Pi Beta Phi.

Secretary of the Senior Class;
Glee Club (4); Graduate in piano (3);
German Club.

Six years at Stetson.

"LITTIBUD."

In her hair the sunlight glinted,
Gleamed and glinted in her heart, too.
Sweet, yet firm, was Lillian Eldredge,
Strong in purpose, strong in reason.
Music witchery in her fingers,
Music, magic and mysterious;
Always sure in other arts, too,
Many things did she achieve.

FRANKLIN M. GOODCHILD.

Candidate for Bachelor of Science.

Phi Beta Psi.

Treasurer of the Senior Class; Pres-
ident Engineering Club (4).

Four years at Stetson.

"GOODIE."

On the waves of Beresford River,
On the shining St. John's River,
You can always find this sailor,
Be it night or day you seek him.
Weary with the grind of studies,
Tired of men and tired of women,
He has sought the soothing stretches
Of the quiet passive waters.





ADDIE-GRACE WATERMAN.

Candidate for Bachelor of Arts.

President Eusophian (4); Basket ball team (3); President Der Deutsche Verein (2); Glee Club (4); Diploma in voice (4).

Six years at Stetson.

"CANTATRICE."

Wise and skillful is this maiden,
Strong of character, and worthy,
She it is who sings so sweetly,
Sweetly as the Oshihiyi,
Makes the gentlest, softest music
Like the wind at evening sighing.
Sad are we to have her leave us,
Better we for having known her.

DELBERT HAROLD GILPATRICK.

Candidate for Bachelor of Arts.

Phi Kappa Delta.

Green Room Club (4); Class Reporter; Collegiate Board (4); College plays (4); Collegiate Staff (1), (2), (3), (4).

Four years at Stetson.

"BEULAH."

When in after years, a stranger
To the halls and haunts of Stetson,
Turns thy page, O Oshihiyi,
Asks, "What means this name before
me?"

You will answer, Oshihiyi,
"To our creed and law he added
Strength to make that creed eternal,
Make that ideal everlasting."





MARIE-RUSSELL STEPHENS.

Candidate for Bachelor of Arts.

Delta Delta Delta.

Glee Club (4); Secretary Class (3);
College play (3); Collegiate Board (4).

Six years at Stetson.

A smile as bright as summer sunshine,
A heart as true as flowers of springtime,
These are hers and we remember
That in all the years behind us,
Never has her spirit failed us.
Loyalty, devotion, service
She has given. With affection
Write her name in Oshihiyi.

EDWARD J. SMITH, JR.

Candidate for Bachelor of Science.

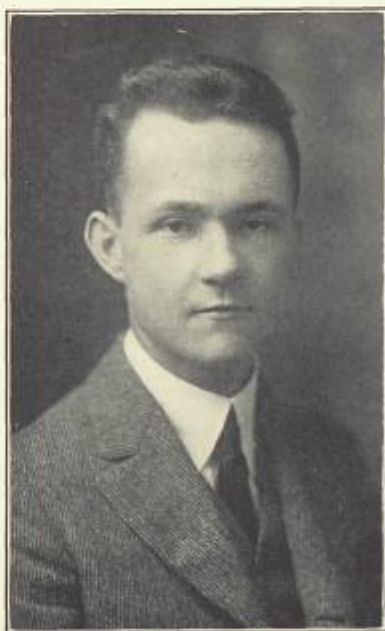
Sigma Nu.

President Krucible Klub (3); President
Eusophian (3); Editor Collegiate
(4); President Student Council (4).

Four years at Stetson.

"EDDIE."

Through the years he's lived among us,
Deep in learning we have found him—
Learned in all the laws of science—
Chemist was he, math'matician.
When they called the Student Council,
He it was they hailed as leader.
Thus for him were many honors,
Tho' he never boasted of them.





MARY ELLEN KEOWN.

Candidate for Bachelor of Science.

Pi Beta Psi.

President "Der Deutsche Verein" (4);
President Krucible Klub (4); Basket
ball team (3); Eusophian; Pres. Girls'
Athletic Ass'n (4).

Six years at Stetson.

"NELL."

At our bidding, Oshihyi,
As you journey thro' the Southland,
Sing the merits of this maiden
Who no more will grace our camp
ground!

Tell how patience, strength, and reason
Wrought to win for her just laurels!
Then, to us, who soon must lose her,
Sing a word of consolation.

BASIL FRANKLIN BRASS.

Candidate for Bachelor of Arts.

Phi Kappa Delta.

Medal in oratory (3); President Eu-
sophian (3); Editor Collegiate (3);
President Prohibition Association (2);
President Sophomore Class.

Four years at Stetson.

"BASILEUS."

Strong and big of heart was Basil,
Warm and merry-hearted was he;
Many came to him with friendship,
Won from him sincerest friendship,
Star of oratory was he,
Always ready, always willing.
He goes forth from out our ranks
With great respect from all who knew
him.





ELSIE RACHEL HAMM.

Candidate for Bachelor of Arts.

Delta Delta Delta.

One year at Wells College; Athletic director Y. W. C. A. (3); Tennis Mgr. (3); Eusophian; Glee Club (4).

Three years at Stetson.

"THE HAM CHILD."

Here's another from the Penn State
Choosing Stetson from a distance,
From Wells College came to Stetson,
Came to study arts and letters,
Music was her dearest pleasure,
Music was her choicest study,
In her friendships she was ardent,
To her friends she was devoted.

DAVID FRANK HAMMOND.

Candidate for Bachelor of Arts.

Phi Kappa Delta.

President Junior Class; Kent Club (4).

Four years at Stetson.

"DUTCH."

Reticent this serious Senior,
Saying little, thinking deeply,
Silently he walked among us,
Quietly he led his life here,
But whene'er you heard his laughter—
More enjoyed because less frequent—
Knew you then that happy humor
Was not lacking in his nature.





KATHARINE WENTZ HARKNESS.

Candidate for Bachelor of Arts.

Delta Delta Delta.

Glee Club (4); Eusophian; Class
Treas. (2); College play (3); Class
Vice Pres. (3).

Eight years at Stetson.

"KATRINE."

Katharine was graceful, gracious;
Tact and tenderness, her virtues.
Light and merry hearted was she,
Happy as the breeze in summer.
We shall miss her on the campus,
Miss her at our college meetings,
Miss her singing so melodious.
Parting time is always saddest.

EDWIN PHILLIPS.

Candidate for Bachelor of Science.

Tennis doubles; Manager Tennis
Club (4).

Six years at Stetson.

"BUTTINSKY."

Fleet of foot is Edwin Phillips,
Skilled in all the craft of tennis,
Learned in all the lore of lobbing,
He can serve a ball so swiftly,
Send it with such speed and fierceness,
Scarce a man can stand against him.
Still with all his fame and glory,
Modest is his heart within him.



MARGUERITE PFLUG.

Candidate for Bachelor of Science.

Delta Delta Delta,

Vice President Girls' Athletic Association (4); President of the German Club; Eusophian; President French Club (1); French play (3).

Three years at Stetson.

"THE STURDY TEUTON."

Have you read in olden story,
How the Teutons when they journeyed
To a distant land, brought courage,
High ideals and lofty purpose?
Thus it was she came among us,
Left the Fatherland beloved.
Sad our hearts at her departing—
We who honor, we who love her.



RUDOLPH WILLIAM

ROSEBOROUGH.

Candidate for Bachelor of Arts.

Eight years at Stetson.

"THE CYNIC."

Rudolph long has roamed this campus
With a restless melancholy,
Seldom seeming gay or laughing,
Studying deeply on Life's problems.
It is rumored architecture
Will engage his future interests.
In whatever work he chooses,
Plenteous success we wish him.



ELLA MAY DAVIS.

Candidate for Bachelor of Arts.

Delta Delta Delta

President Y. W. C. A. (3) (4);
President French Club (3), (4); Col-
lege Orchestra; Collegiate Board (3),
(4); Secretary Eusophian (2); Pro-
gram Manager Eusophian (3); Critic
Eusophian (4); Sec. Class (1); Vice
Pres. Class (2); French play (3); Col-
lege play (4).

Four years at Stetson.

"THE INFANT."

Sing of one, O Oshihyi,
Who will leave upon our annals—
On the page of Stetson's glory—
Deeds which those who follow after
Shall with strivings and endeavor
Emulate, with zeal unceasing!
—Thus it is that she has written
Of her college days the story.

HUGO BRAUNLICH.

Candidate for Bachelor of Science.

Sigma Nu.

French Play (2); Krucible Klub;
Golf Club.

Three Years at Stetson.

"PINKIE."

From the Buckeye State he wandered,
Came to Stetson in the Southland,
We were glad to give him welcome,
Glad to add him to our numbers.
Those who knew him always liked him,
Found his humor always merry
And his friendship always steady,
Praised his scholarship at Stetson.





ALDEN K. BOOR.

Candidate for Bachelor of Science.

Freshman year at University of Wisconsin; two years at Massachusetts Tech.

One year at Stetson.

"THE BORE."

Many a daylight wanes and darkens,
Still this gloomy, serious senior
Treads his path in isolation
Rarely smiles and greets his comrades.
Lost within a meditation,
Deeper than the deepest ocean,
Pent within himself, he lingers.

HOWARD STEWART.

Candidate for Bachelor of Science.

Phi Delta Theta.

Kent Club; one year at Yale; two and a half years at Stetson.

"BENEDICT."

Yet another comes before us
And with him our song is ended,
This, the song of Oshihiyi,
Honoring our worthy seniors.
Last, but not the least among them,
Many things has he accomplished,
Two fold are this senior's honors,
In both law and arts accomplished.





“The Three Chi’s”

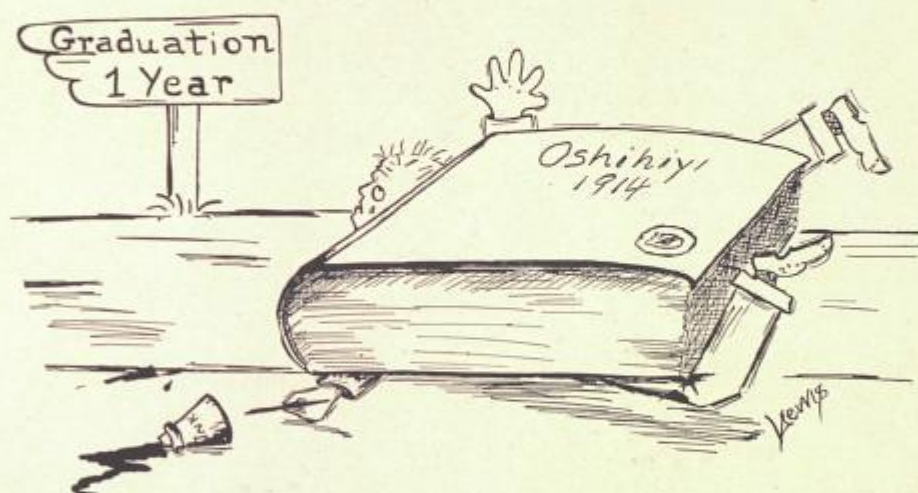
Migratory Seniors are they,
Three years have they travelled Southward,
Flitting hither for our winter,
For our winter, warm and sunny,
Leaving old Chicago's north winds,
Leaving all her chill and coldness,
How we miss them when they leave us,
June, Marie, and little Sally.



"DICK" STOVER,
Senior Mascot.



Juniors



Junior Class

Class Motto: "Semper ad summum."

Class Colors: Pink and Brown.

Class Flower: Pink Carnation.

OFFICERS, 1914.

PRESIDENT	S. B. JENNINGS
VICE PRESIDENT	ELIZABETH LEWIS
SECRETARY AND TREASURER	CONSTANCE WATERMAN
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS	ROBERT S. BLY

CLASS ROLL.

Robert S. Bly	Elizabeth Lewis
Eleanor Bly	Elsie Cara Padgett
Millard S. Breckenridge	Ruskin Roseborough
Priscilla Bishop	Constance Waterman
Tillie Chapman	Paul M. Wheeler
Franklin Evans	B. A. White
Ralph Gardner	Mary A. Whittle
S. B. Jennings	Emma F. Williams



Juniors' ourney

F was for **F**reshmen, so young and so green.
R was for **R**ats, so loved by the Dean.
E was for **E**vergreen, which we were not.
S was for **S**ophomores, we worried a lot.
H for the **H**alo encircling our brow,
M for the **M**other, for whom we did howl.
A for **A**mbitious which all of us were.
N for **N**otice, we sure made some stir!

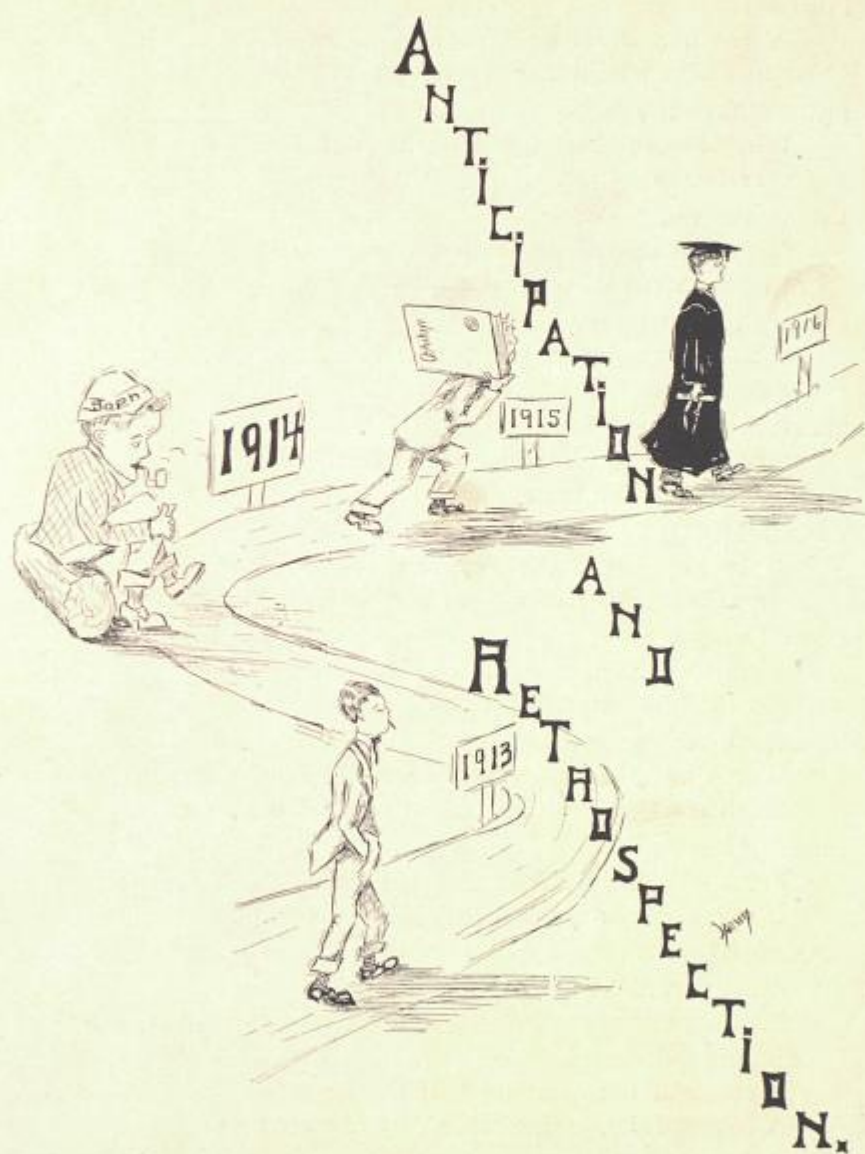
S was for **S**ophomores, silly, serene.
O was for **O**ceans of knowledge, I ween.
P for the "**P**ep" we will show till we die.
H for the **H**eight where our banner did fly.
O for the **O**ffice, which frightened us not.
M for our **M**arks, which will ne'er be forgot.
O for the **O**aks, under which we oft strolled.
R for the **R**ules which hindered the bold.
E for the **E**ase with which our days rolled.

J is for **J**uniors so jolly and gay
U is for **U**nion we strive to display.
N is for **N**umber about fifteen strong.
I is for **I**dleness for which we long.
O is for **O**ceans of work we have done.
R is for **R**est which we surely have won.

AND

A is for the **A**nnual which haunts our dreams.
N for the **N**ever we'll finish it seems.
D — but we can't say that even in extremes.

Sophomores



Sophomores

PRESIDENT	FRANK MILAM
VICE PRESIDENT	FRANK SHEDDAN
TREASURER	RUBERT LONGSTREET
SECRETARY	MARGUERITE BLOCKER
REPORTER	MILDRED VORCE

CLASS ROLL.

LOUISE HULLEY

A wise and wilful little maid,
Quick and mirthful, sportive, staid.

PAUL NORTHRUP

Whence is thy learning, hath thy toil
O'er books consumed the midnight oil?

VIVIAN SELTER

A student intense, in math a star,
In wise application she leads us by far.

JAMES B. SCHULKEN, JR.

A kinder gentleman treads not the earth
Say all who've known him, from the day of his birth.

MYRTLE CONRAD

Small, but graceful, wise and sweet,
A sparkling wit, cute, petite.

FRANK MILAM

He loves to study and there're times, too,
He calls on the ladies,—but only a few.

EDNA LEWIS

A star in athletics, not so wise as a seer,
But the best natured girl you'll ever find here.

RUBERT LONGSTREET

Words are like leaves and where they abound,
Much fruit of sense beneath is rarely found.

IRENE RANDALL

For smiles she is noted and thoughtful I'd say,
If you don't believe it, why, ask her you may.

WINFRED LIDDELL

Good natured, strong, athletic, kind—
Such men in the world's run never trail far behind.

MARGUERITE BLOCKER

Pretty and jolly and fond of the boys,
A coquette tho, in her hands they're mere toys.

CECIL SIMMONS

A profound man, so deep and great
You wonder what lives within his pate.



CHARLES WALKER

He studies hard, a parson he'll be,
Earnest and faithful, hard working, you see.

FRANK SHEDDAN

She's good and she's careful, and true to her friends,
And when she is wrong, she makes quick amends.

APPLETON LAWRENCE

Yes, he's a parson and set in his way,
And he'll make a good one when comes his great day.

MILDRED VORCE

Bright eyed and black haired, a most winning way,
Well liked and gentle you all need must say.

ORVILLE HUTCHINSON

He's a parson, too, there's three in our class,
They must not throw stones, whose houses are glass.

MABEL ELDREDGE

She's auburn haired, but say, that's class,
If you don't believe it, why, ask Mr. Brass.

FRED FISHER

The force of his own merit makes even his way,
And he'll get there, too, tho' not in a day.

JUNE ELLIOTT

They say she is great, a fine solid girl,
And in battle our colors she never will furl.

WADE EMISON

He has a sad look and so dignified,
From his dark look, all ladies must hide.

MONA BATES

She's fond of the boys, a most graceful dancer,
For all the wise men, she's a little entrancer.

DICK EMISON

He was one of nature's tall sporty men,
To him were added many extra inches.

BESSIE GUM

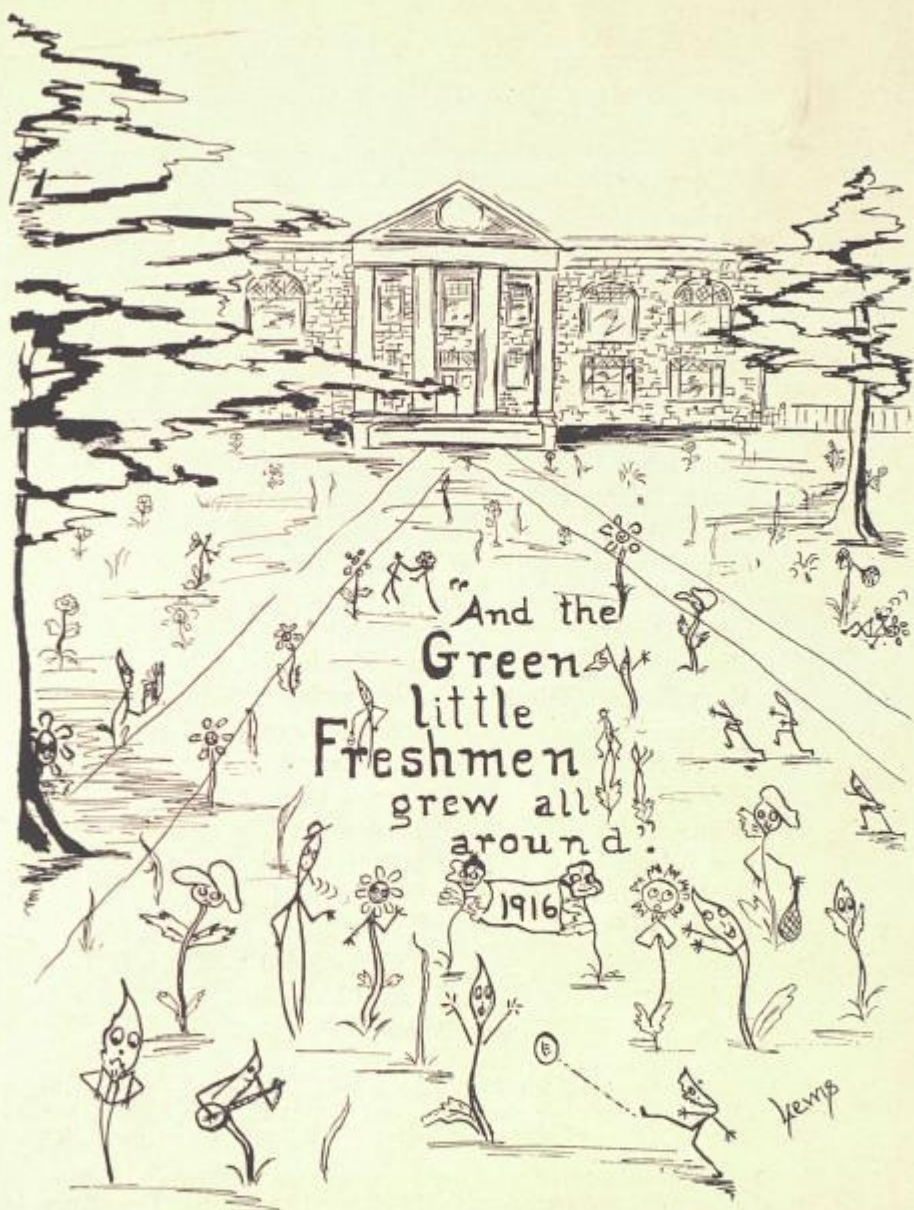
Loyal to friends, ambitious and kind,
And in oratory they say she's just fine.

C. O. TAYLOR

He comes from Chicago—is strong for the girls,
He'd get double A in tango and curls.

EVA KLICKER

Indeed she is shy, modest, demure,
But in the wide world, there's to friends no truer.



The Freshman Class

Class Motto: Build for character, not for fame.

Class Flower: Purple violet.

Class Colors: Green and Gold.

CLASS OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT	-----S. JAY ADAMS
VICE PRESIDENT	-----MARY LOUISE WILSON
SECRETARY	-----RUTH CULLEN
TREASURER	-----HERMAN DICKEY

CLASS ROLL

Lillian Arnold	James Gill
Leila Randall	Herman Dickey
Theda Horton	P. M. Anderson
Edna King	Dorothy Loomis
Grace Andrews	William Emerson
Esther Angle	Rudolph Peterson
Mary Harris	Charles Winner
Ashley Cawthon	Anthony W. Bates
Lucile Boyer	Wylie Bradley
Elisabeth Munhall	Mary Shepherd
Mary Louise Wilson	Darlie Prather
Pearle Swain	Catherine Haynes
Jewell Swain	Rachel Beatty
Helen Brown	Evelyn Beatty
Wilna Smith	Beryl Murray
Jay Adams	Elizabeth Rood
Garland Hale	Austin Conrad
Ruth Cullen	Ruby Jackson
Lena Powell	Josephine Steed
Eula Botts	Howard Hodgden

Wilman Ballough

On the twenty-fourth of last September a flock of Freshmen alighted in DeLand, and immediately their fame was spread abroad. The Seniors and Juniors soon took notice of these fine birds, while the Sophs prepared for warfare.

This flock of fine-feathered creatures came together in Elizabeth Hall on the fifth of November, and were organized into a uniform body. The officers were elected, and committees were put to work. There was great rejoicing among the flock when it was noised abroad that the class of 1917 was by far larger than any preceding Freshman class.

Peace and quiet reigned over old Stetson during the Fall term. Even the Sophs began to neglect their posts, thinking the Fresh by this time a quiet and harmless bunch. On New Year's eve, however, the banner of 1917 appeared mysteriously on the cupola of Chaudoin, and for seven long hours it floated

Freshmen Fledgelings.

FAMISHED FLOCK.



FOUR FOREMEN.



Fearful Fighters.



Feminine Freshmen.



Fair Fiddler.



Fresh Fellows.

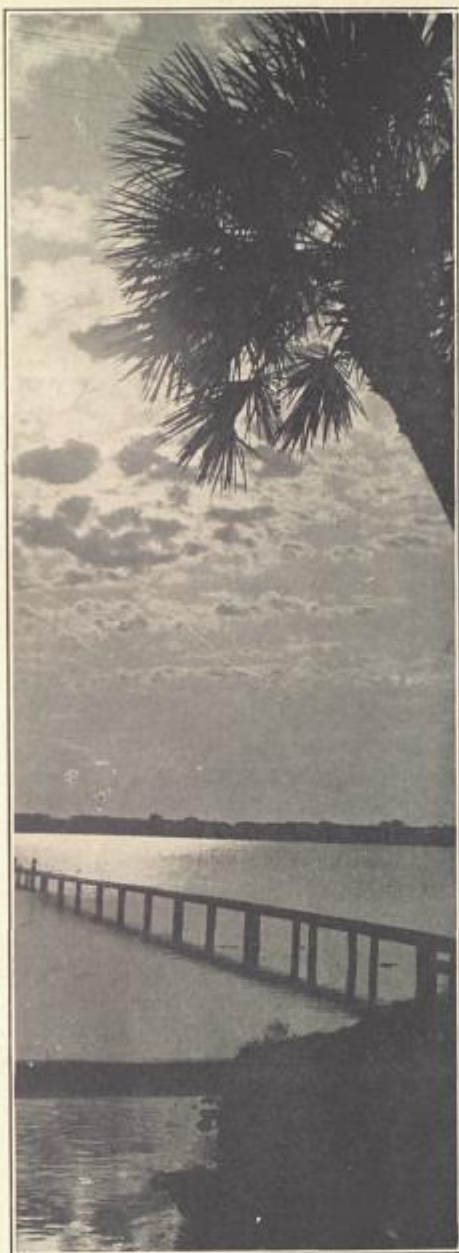
there, while proud Freshmen slept knowingly beneath. It was gone in the morning, and then there was something doing. Since that time the banner of 1917 has had many experiences which it alone can tell.

Another event, and an important one, was the delightful fledgling party given at the nest of one of the members. All the flock were present, with their feathers preened and plumed, and everyone had "a grand time." A lively program kept the fledglings twittering and chirping, while the delicious "eats" made them forget the lack of worms.

Besides having a well-organized class, and lovely parties, many of the flock have received high honors this term. There are Freshmen debaters, Freshmen orators, and Freshmen actors. Freshmen are to be found on all the athletic teams. They have helped to win many laurels for dear old Stetson this year. The Literary societies, the choir, the Glee clubs, and in fact all the college organizations have claimed us. Then—

Long life to the class of '17.
No other can outshine her;
No other fledglings can compare,
No other flock be finer!





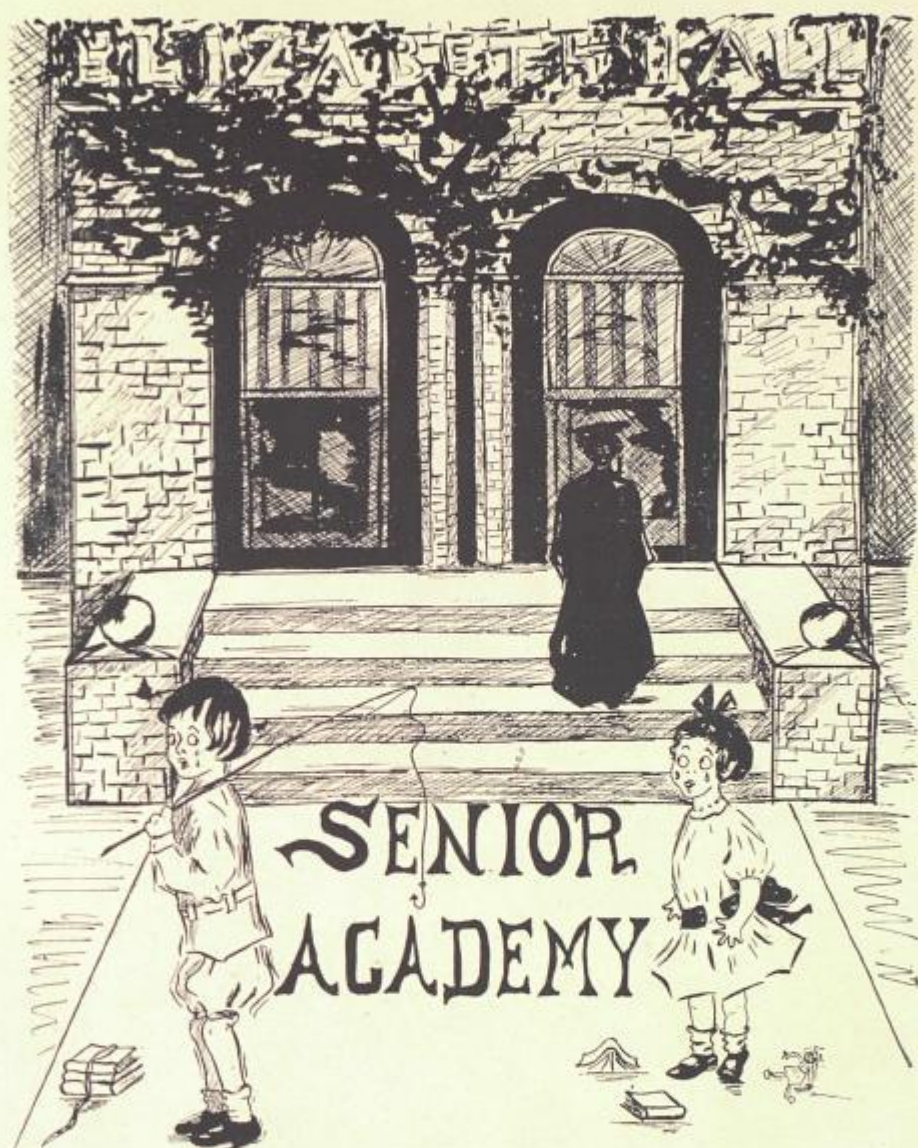
The last soft rays of daylight fade away ;
The birds their goodnight songs sing sleepily ;
The evening breeze fans the last light away,
And night now reigns majestically.



Song of Youth

I shout for muscular action, I call for mental exertion,
I shout with the shout of the athlete, I yell with the voice of the
soldier,
I laugh with the laugh of the maiden, I cry with the heart of the
poet.
I sing of the life I know; I sing of the world I see.
I dance in the surge of blood and brain; I want more work to do.

I sing of the youth I enjoy; I chant of work I would do.
I long for the warmth and friendship of co-laborers tried and true:
True as steel, and firm as oak!
Hot of heart, and pure of soul!
I would be strong—I wait for the test.



"Standing with reluctant feet
Where the brook and river
meet."

Kemp

Senior Academy

Class Motto: "Labor Omnia Vincit."

Class Flower: Violet.

Class Colors: Purple and Gold.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT	JOHN BEATTY
VICE-PRESIDENT	BEN HULLEY
SECRETARY	FRANCES GARDNER
TREASURER	MILDRED WATTS

MEMBERS.

LILLIAN WELLS—"Wisdom shall die with you."

GUDRUN WERNER—"Laugh, and the world laughs with you."

LENA LOFQUIST—"Silence is golden."

CLAUDE SMITH—"Keep something going on all the time."

LEWIS PATILLO—"It is a comely fashion to be glad."

DOUGLAS ROSEBOROUGH—"A progeny of learning."

CECILE RAMSDALL—"Give every minute something."

MILDRED WATTS—"To know, to esteem, to love."

HILMA PETERSON—"Her soul is within her eyes."

JOHN POWELL—"All the world loves a lover."

BEN HULLEY—"Actions speak-louder than words."

GUY ODUM—"If at first you don't succeed, try, try again."

JOHN BEATTY—"I dare do all that becomes a man."

MARY WALTERS—"Dark hair, dark eyes, but not too dark to be full of feeling."

FRANCES GARDNER—"A little learning is a dangerous thing."

IDA GALBRAITH—"Demure, dark and petite, truthful, learned and sweet."

JOHN PADGETT—"The substitute for genius, sense and wit."

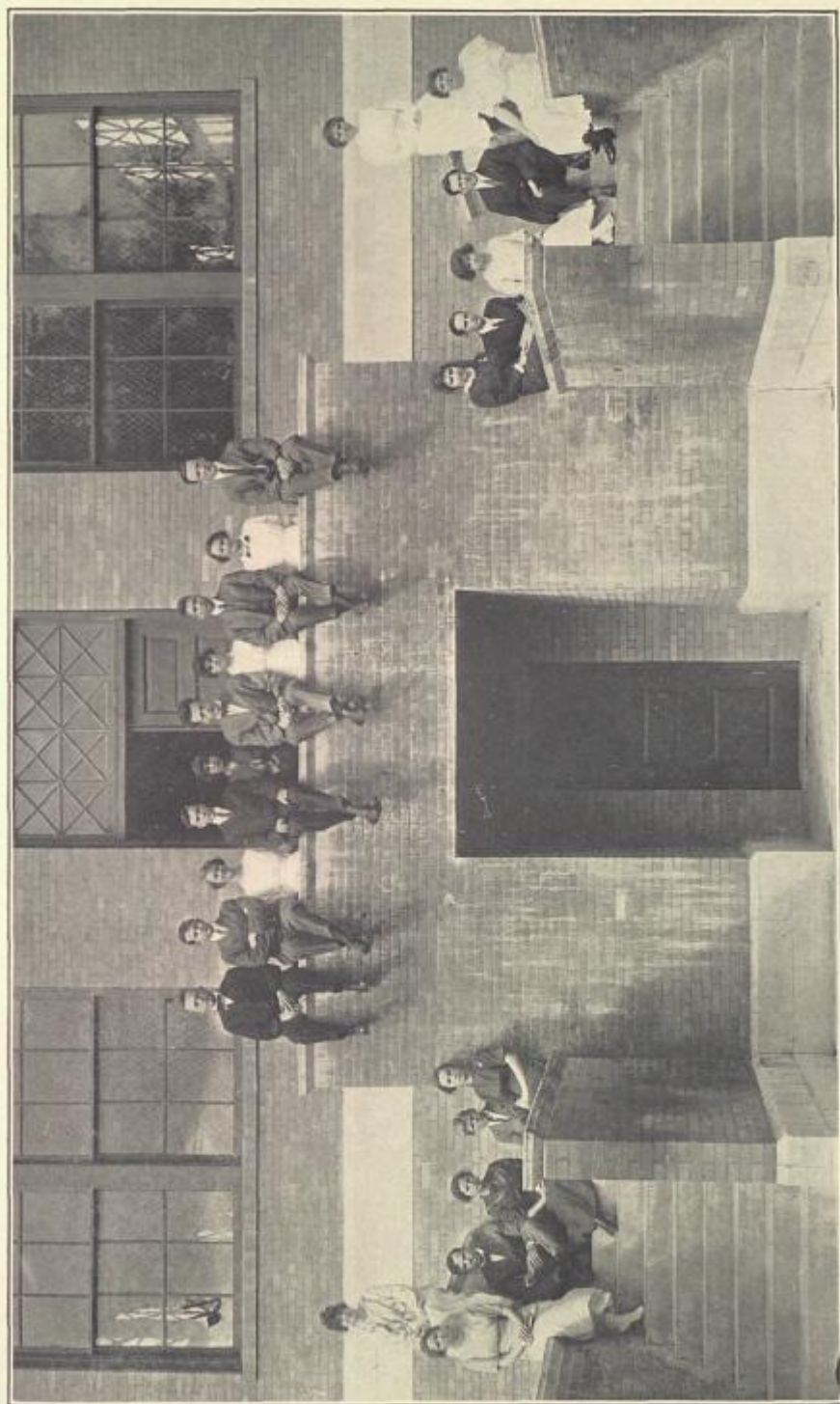
GORDON DICKINSON—"One who loves his constitution."

JULIAN SADLER—"There is nothing like trying."

DAISY DAVIS—"Her heart is true as steel."

LOUISE ALBERTSON—"Now or never."

DAISY ALBERTSON—"Bright, sunny and gay."



The Fret of the Feet

And the call of the Craft rings out for me,
And the Fret of the Feet unnerves me.
I see my Vision—fair, sweet Vision—
And I call for the consummation.
I cry for the consummation—and the gods they hear!
But they smile and turn aside;
The gods they shake their heads and turn aside.

So I go back to my schooling, to the worn, time-scarred desk,
To the drill of the gruff instructors, to the text-books crude and dull,
To the overturned ink-bottles, the splashy pen, and the chalk-dust,—
And I pick up the tools of the apprentice again, the tools that are worn and
shining from use—
Weary tools, dreary tools, that fit not the callouses in my hands.

In the School-room
I look at the map of the world, that hangs on the plastered wall,
It is checkered with mountains and rivers,
It is splotted with islands and seas,
It is colored in hues that are bright—yellow and green and pink.
And I see—oh, I see!—not on the map, but through the wall,—
In hazy clouds on the wall,—clouds that are rosy, and not of cobwebs and dirt—
Deserts and palms and pines—oceans and waves and cities—
Not mere dots on the map—but living, true and large!
Limpid lakes in the moonlight—Alps that are capped with snow—
The pyramids on the rim of the desert—the tiger in the shade of the jungle!

And I fain would leave the School-room—
I fain would hunt in the jungle—
I fain would roam the sands of the desert—
I would swim in the lakes that glimmer in star-dust;
I would climb the mountains capped with snow;
I'd sail the deep green seas, and I'd cut the crashing wave;
I would find the isles and atolls of coral and palm and shell of sea;
I would!—but my feet are weak;
The ankles bend and throw me, the soles are burnt in the sand.
Whenever I venture forth
From the Schoolhouse in the shade of the oaks,
And tho' my heart be stout for the journeys,
My limbs are weak for the toil.

So I wait, while my body strengthens
Till some near day
When my feet are hard and tireless, my lungs both deep and sound;
When my muscles are tight as steel about me,
And my body grows large and broad and hairy,
Then will I venture forth,—and see the things that my Visions see;
Then travel the paths and the far-lands that I travel now only in dreams.
I wait! I long! I wait!
I wait for the strength and the work!

LAW





DEAN OF LAW SCHOOL
RICHMOND AUSTIN RASCO,
LL.B.



PROFESSOR OF LAW
RALPH STANLEY BAUER, J.D.



GEO. B. EVERSON, LL.B.

STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN.

"A man of varied attainments."

Phi Beta Psi Fraternity; President Law Class '14; President Kent Club; Green Room Club; Medal in Oratory; Secretary Oratorical Association; Manager Basket Ball Team '13-'14; College play (4).

Two years at Stetson.

"EDGE."

He is a man who is always ready to liven things up with a hearty laugh. He is distinctly identified with the various interests of the University. Witty and humorous in a high degree, forceful and eloquent, convincing in argument and all things legal.

JEROME EDWARDS WIDEMAN,
LL.B.

DELAND, FLORIDA.

*"I can't help it if I do look like
Julius Caesar."*

Sigma Nu Fraternity; President Business College Alumni Association; Secretary LeCercle Francais; Secretary Junior Law '13; Vice President Senior Law Class; Attorney in Kent Club; Varsity football team 1910-'11-'12.

Seven years at Stetson.

"WEEDIE."

Here is a man with all the requirements for a modern Justinian—dignified, eloquent, he has won deserved respect from faculty and students.





MARIE EMELINE WILLARD,
LL.B.

BARTOW, FLORIDA.

*"A countenance in which did meet
sweet records, promises as sweet."*

Delta Delta Delta Fraternity; Kent
Club; Clerk of the Moot Court; Class
Secretary '14.

Four years at Stetson.

A woman of the law is she—the third
upon whom Stetson has bestowed that
honor. In the archives of the institu-
tion Miss Willard leaves an enviable
collection of A's—a true daughter of
Alma Mater.

WILLIAM J. GARDINER, LL.B.

DAYTONA, FLORIDA.

*"Worth, courage, honor, these indeed
Your sustenance and birthright are."*

Phi Kappa Delta Fraternity; Kent
Club; Baseball '14; Class Treasurer.

Two years at Stetson.

"DAYTONA BILL."

"Daytona Bill" is our valuable pinch-
hitter in the realms of baseball—but
not only on the diamond has he credita-
bly represented his Alma Mater. By
his diligence and good-fellowship he
has won a host of friends who predict
for him a successful career in his chosen
profession.





H. D. MOON, LL.B.

DUNNELLON, FLORIDA.

*"I know the man to be of worth
and worthy estimation."*

Two years at Stetson: Vice President
Kent Club; Student Council '14.

Two years at Stetson.

"MOON FIXER."

"Moon fixer" hails from Dunnellon,
Florida. He is a man of retiring, but
genial disposition. Being neither loud
nor ostentatious, he leads a straight and
quiet life and will help the woods he
settles in.

CLAUDE G. VARN, LL.B.

FORT MEADE, FLORIDA.

"Repose is the cradle of power."

Phi Beta Psi Fraternity; Kent Club;
two years at Stetson; President Pro-
hibition Association.

Two years at Stetson.

"VARNISH."

Because Mr. Varn is quiet and un-
assuming is no reason to suppose he is
not always on the job. His honors
have come by diligence and he has the
reputation of being a good student and
a well-grounded legalist—Success to
him!





LOUIS F. SNEDIGAR, LL.B.

BARTOW, FLORIDA.

*"The earth is just so full of fun it
really can't contain it."*

Captain Football Team '11-'12; Base-
ball Team '12-'13-'14; Football Team
'12, '13-'14; Kent Club; College play
'11-'12; Track champion.

Five years at Stetson.

"SNED."

Alas, what a scarcity of things Louis
Fielding has not done! His fame as an
athlete and general good fellow has
changed his scarlet tonsure into a halo
of crimson glory. His timely swats
on the diamond and his record-break-
ing dashes on the gridiron have won
for J. B. S. U. more than one cham-
pionship. To say that we admire and
love our "Red" is stating it mildly.
We adore him!

FLAREL M. CAMPBELL, LL.B.

MARIANNA, FLORIDA.

*"I have learned in whatsoe'er state
I am, therewith to be content."*

Two years at Stetson; Kent Club.

"COW."

Marianna has grown considerably
since it was noised abroad that it is
F. M.'s home town. Tho' quiet and
unostentatious he is not idle. There
is something finer in the man than any-
thing he has said.





DAVID FORREST DUNKLE,
A.B., LL.B.

LEWISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

*"O it is excellent to have a
giant's strength!"*

Kappa Sigma Fraternity; Football;
Basket Ball; Coach Girls' Basket Ball;
College Play; University Club.

One year at Stetson.

"Kewpie" is the mighty man of the University. His mere presence in the football ranks has been enough to inspire his opponents with terror. He is a typical college man—the sort that develops mental strength with physical. His smile is enough to make him popular, to say nothing of his stunts on the stage, his success in producing a winning basket ball team, and his star plays on the gridiron.

JOHN M. WEIR, LL.B.
INDIANAPOLIS, INDIANA.

*"He sits high in all the
people's hearts."*

Kappa Sigma Fraternity; Kent Club;
Girls' Basket Ball Coach; University
Club.

One year at Stetson.

"SNOOKY OOKUMS."

"Snooky Ookums" is on the lips of all the Stetson girls, for he's the man that helped "Kewpie" to make the Girls' Basket Ball Team famous. He has decided, as Dame Rumor has it, to be a bachelor—that is, "Of Laws," of course—and his host of friends feel assured of his success in his chosen future.





J. P. SIMMONS, LL.B.

RICHMOND, KENTUCKY.

"Perseverance is the great quality most valuable to all men."

Phi Kappa Delta Fraternity; President Kent Club '13; Kent Club Debating Team '14.

Three years at Stetson.

In "J. P." is the combination of business man and "stude" and Romeo. Here is a genuine college man with his share of honors, with his enthusiasm in all things Stetsonic, and with a generous amount of good-fellowship.

BENJAMIN CHARLES WILLARD,

LL.B.

DELAND, FLORIDA.

"A little nonsense, now and then, is relished by the best of men."

Member football team 1908-'09-'11-'12-'13; Captain football team 1911-'12-'13; Member baseball team 1908-'09-'11-'12-'13-'14; President Athletic Association 1914; Vice President Athletic Association 1913; President Business College 1909.

Six years at Stetson.

"BEN."

Who can remember when Ben Willard discovered Stetson? He has become almost indispensable in these parts, especially on the athletic field. Several years he haunted the Business College, ere his mind turned law-ward, and all this while, Bennie made the ball teams boom Stetson.





FRANK N. CULLEN, LL.B.

CHICAGO, ILLINOIS.

*"A justice with grave justices shall sit;
He praises their wisdom, they
admire his wit."*

Phi Kappa Delta Fraternity; President Kent Club '13; Secretary Football Association '13.

Two years at Stetson.

A conservative, yet active man is this representative from the windy metropolis, and if cheerfulness is an offshoot of goodness, good he is. He has stood well to the front of his class, which class is, and should be, proud of a man of his figure.

FRANK JACKSON SCHULKEN,
LL.B.

WHITEVILLE, NORTH CAROLINA.

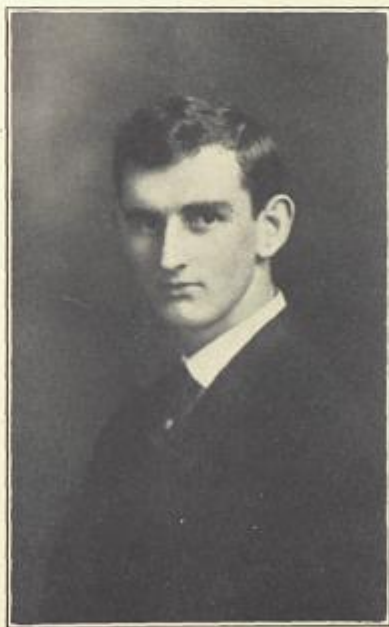
*"A man of few words, who spends half
of his time minding his own business
and the other half in
letting things alone."*

Critic Kent Club; one year of College work.

Three years at Stetson.

"COUNT."

Frank came to us from "No'th Carolina." He takes life calmly, clamoring neither for honors or notice. We wish for him a favorable future.





FRANK WIDEMAN, A.B., LL.B.

DELAND, FLORIDA.

"Whose mighty sense flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence."

Sigma Nu Fraternity; winner in three local, three state, one interstate, and one national Prohibition Oratorical Contests; Manager football team '12; Manager Glee Club '11; Pres. Freshman class '10; Varsity baseball and football teams; Kent Club.

Nine years at Stetson.

"SQUEE."

Not only has Mr. Wideman herculean strength, he has a herculean voice which has thundered forth ever and anon for Stetson's glory. Masterful of speech, genial of nature, prepossessing, and generally efficient, he will be the winner in other fields than oratory.

WILLIAM UTECH, LL.B.

SANFORD, FLORIDA.

"No two on earth can agree; all have some darling singularity."

Kent Club; Various offices in Kent Club; Soldier in German Navy.

Two years at Stetson.

"WHISPERING BILL."

Utech hails from dem Vaterland und spricht das Deutsch ganz gut. In other words he was born in Germany, which can be plainly seen. Socialism, Sanford, and Florida are his favorite topics of conversation. But he can also wax enthusiastic over German operas and machinery and philosophy. In fact, a much-travelled man, who can talk about anything except Australia, the only continent he has not as yet visited.





J. H. SWINK, LL.B.

WOODRUFF, SOUTH CAROLINA.

*"For it was Casey, mighty Casey,
at the bat."*

Baseball coach 1913; captain and manager baseball 1914; Kent Club.

Two years at Stetson.

This is the man that coached the fellows that formed the team that played the baseball that broke the record and won the Florida championship. Baseball is not only his specialty, it is his life. He eats, drinks, and sleeps it. Here's hoping that his success at the bat will help him to strike out the first man up against him, and that in his first case he will out-casey Casey.

WILLIAM J. TOUCHTON, LL.B.

MOULTRIE, GEORGIA.

*"I know you lawyers can, with ease,
twist words and meanings as
you please."*

One year at Mercer; one year at Stetson.

"TESREAU."

He joined the '14 class at the beginning of the year to become a settler of men's disputes—a man on whom deliberation sits, and public care. Though not conspicuous in what he says and does, he nevertheless is an important constituent of a steady student body. It is difficult to tell the trend of Mr. Touchton's mind, but he's one of the subjects which Cupid has touched on.





GUS WILDER, A.B., LL.B.

LAKE CITY, FLORIDA.

"He is developed in a love for the law."

Kent Club; Dean Stetson Hall; Stetson Debating Team '14.

Two years at Stetson.

"GUS."

One who is from '13, having taken his degree of A.B. in that year. During his days at our school, Mr. Wilder has been an instructor, and Dean of the inmates of Stetson Hall; previous to this, a high school teacher in the State. If he is as good a practitioner as he is a student, he will not lack in the material things of life.

HOWARD V. FISHER, LL.B.

LEWISBURG, PENNSYLVANIA.

"For fair and square is he."

Sigma Nu Fraternity; Basket Ball team '14; Baseball team '14; Football team '13; Kent Club '14; Basket Ball Captain '14.

One year at Stetson.

"SQUIRREL"

The Law Class would be incomplete without the subject of this sketch. "Squirrel," although he has been with us for only a year, has become a necessary man of the school. Bucknell's loss is our gain.





To Stetson's Seniors

We have made for you a song,
And it may be right or wrong,
But only you can tell us if it's true;
We have tried for to explain
Both your pleasure and your pain,
And, Seniors, here's our best respects to you.

Oh, there'll surely come a day
When they'll give you all your pay,
And treat you as a Christian ought to do;
So, until that day comes 'round,
Heaven keep you safe and sound,
And, Seniors, here's our best respects to you.

The Law Class of 1915

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT	W. J. STEED
VICE-PRESIDENT	O. O. KANNER
SECRETARY AND TREASURER	MISS ANNIE JO LAW
HISTORIAN	H. H. BASKINS

CLASS ROLL.

F. R. Anderson	A. S. Kirkbride
C. C. Beaulieu	F. R. Koester
H. H. Baskins	Miss Law
W. F. Chapman	I. S. Maines
A. R. Carver	H. B. Peacock
J. P. Dodge, Jr.	C. P. Phillips
W. P. Dineen	Wm. Rivers
C. B. Davis	A. R. Roebuck
R. M. Griffin	A. H. Smith
F. Hammond	H. P. Stewart
F. H. Haskins	W. J. Steed
J. W. Junkin	L. H. Tribble
F. M. Johnson	E. C. Thomas
O. O. Kanner	W. G. Walker







Music Graduates 1914.

Constance Waterman
Violin



An Indian Lover's Song*



Voice



Addie Grace Waterman.

* Note: Printed on the first time, because of no further correction.



Customs and Traditions

What is it that gives a school character, atmosphere? That marks it as an individual atom in the great university system? Is it the campus? Is it the course of study offered? Is it the location or the administration? Is it that ever-changing mass of profs and students? Nay, it is none of these. It is that much-talked-of College Spirit, that intangible something, as intangible as the soul of man, which lives in a school for many generations unchanged, settling down upon the Freshman ere he signs the registration card and governs all his ways until he finally steps out, firmly grasping his diploma. It is seldom that a student body is strong enough to entirely change the type of College Spirit. It is something which lives in the school and comes as a heritage to succeeding generations.

As Coach Jordan told us, College Spirit consists of three things; first a financial spirit which backs all college projects, from athletics to debates; secondly, in a working spirit which gives us the men for the teams and the debates; and third, that spirit of interest which cheers the football hero, applauds the debater, and furnishes an enthusiastic audience for every college event. But let me add a fourth factor—a factor which seems to me to rival in importance any of the three mentioned by Jordan—Customs and Traditions. It is these which largely form the character of your Alma Mater; without them a dormitory would degenerate into a boarding house, the school room into a brain factory, and your Alma Mater would be as pale and colorless as a Chautauqua course. What college can have a definite character and stability without fixed customs and traditions? Look at our neighbors in the South and East. Where you find the greatest enthusiasm and spirit, you will find the greatest number of customs and traditions. So look to these traditions, you men of Stetson! Our Alma Mater is comparatively young and we must not rob her of her heritage. Don't neglect any time-established custom, unless it be a bad one, and then inaugurate a new one in its place. But don't drift along carelessly and let the old traditions fall into abeyance just because you are tired, perhaps, and think, "Oh, well, what's the use!" There is use, and if you don't think so, your Alma Mater suffers.

Here at Stetson, our heritage of customs is comparatively small. Think of it for a moment: Football bonfires in the fall, the Hallowe'en masquerade, the Freshman-Sophomore banner squabble, April fool day stunts, class parties (which we usually don't have), Presentation day, Vespers, inter-class games (very spasmodic), May-day party for the Seniors, Class day ceremonies, the Annual, established banquets and receptions, etc. Do all these receive your hearty and enthusiastic support? And you who are just starting your four years' journey, are there no new ones you ought to inaugurate? Why not make the March 17 athletic celebration an annual event? Why not establish a traditional Cap and Gown day, when the Seniors appear for the first time in their mortar-boards? Why not—but I cannot begin to enumerate the things we might do. Think of it seriously, O Sophomores and Freshmen, especially, for you have more time before you. And you, O Seniors and Juniors, because of your superior influence and intelligence (!) Think of it, O you loyal students of Stetson! If you neglect the customs and traditions of your Alma Mater, you are doing her an irreparable injury.

"When women became suffragettes,
And to business turned
with a will
Said Cupid, "I'll have to get
busy!"

And change my bow
for a
quill?"



BUSINESS COLLEGE.

Business College, 1913-14

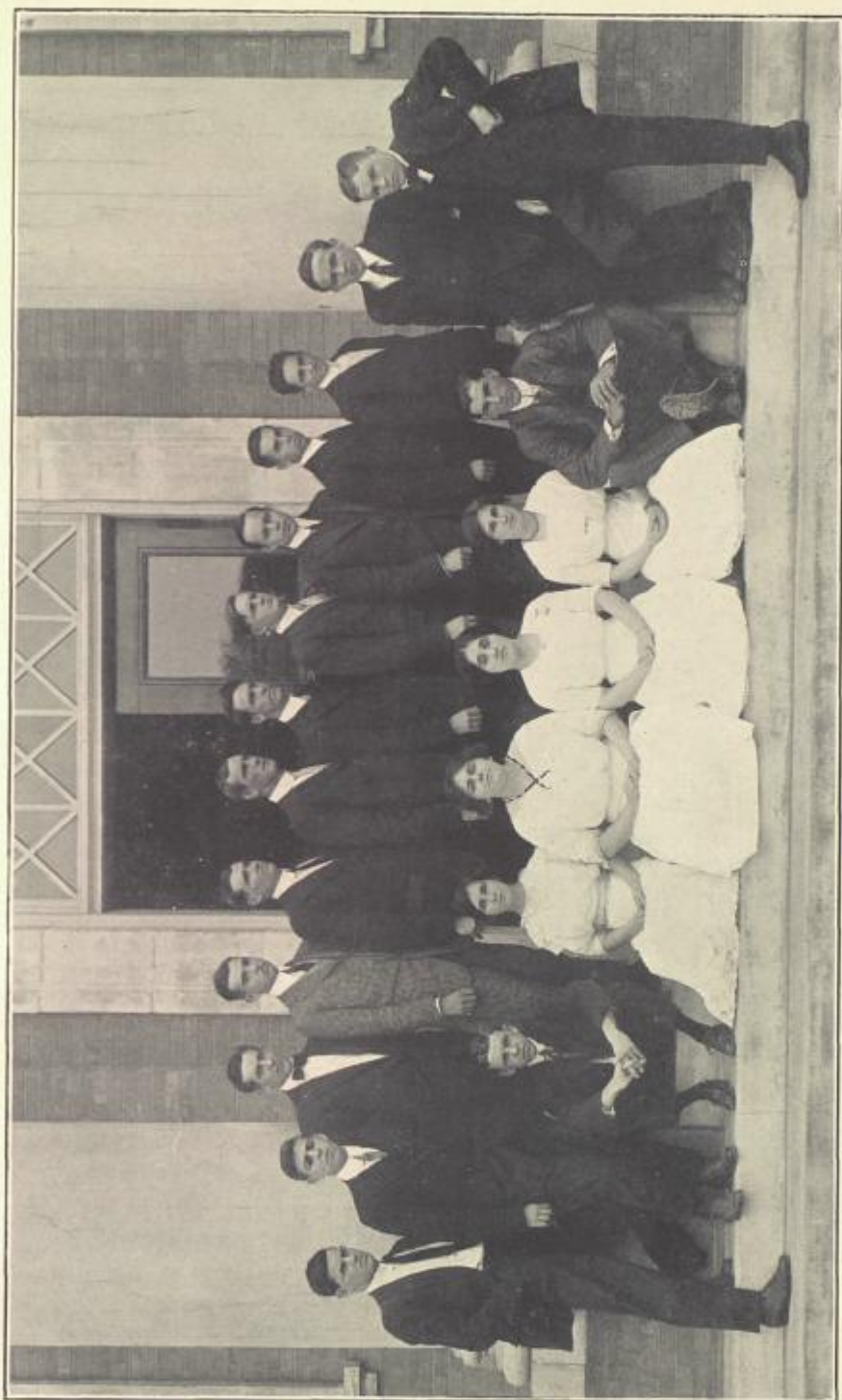
OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT	-----	H. A. McPHERSON
VICE-PRESIDENT	-----	MISS E. LEWIS
SECRETARY	-----	MISS M. WRIGHT
TREASURER	-----	T. B. HAUGH

CLASS ROLL.

Victor Fountain	D. M. Gautier
W. R. Battle	G. S. Bennett
A. A. Langston	Wm. Lourcey
Temple Harris	F. A. Turnquist
R. R. Roebuck	Miss N. Kremer
Tom Jackson	Miss E. Newton
Austin Conrad	George Cloyd

Ralph Tavel



Kent Club Presidents



F. CULLEN.
President Fall Term.



GEO. B. EVERSON.
President Spring Term.



J. P. SIMMONS.
President Winter Term.

The Kent Club

The Kent Club started the eleventh year of its existence at the opening of the school year. The Junior law students, with all the enthusiasm of embryo lawyers, took an early active interest and twenty-one of them enlisted in the cause, determined to be some day leaders of the house or members of the bench, and realizing that the benefits of the Kent Club could be secured from no other source.

The usual literary programs were followed throughout the year, Parliamentary Discussion, Debating, Extemporaneous Talking and the reading of papers. Some varied and original questions as well as important ones which have kept the interest of the United States at a high tension, were settled conclusively in some of the debates. These debates all bore fruit, however, and when the Kent Club met Varsity Club, with a team like Wideman, Wilder and Simmons, we had no difficulty in taking the boys from the College of Liberal Arts into camp. Southern College came over and argued the same question with us and went home with our scalp dangling at their belt. (Better luck next year.)

The Kent Club

OFFICERS.

	FALL	WINTER	SPRING
PRESIDENT -----	F. Cullen	J. P. Simmons	G. Everson
VICE-PRESIDENT --	J. P. Simmons	H. D. Moon	H. Baskin
SEC. AND TREAS.---	W. J. Gardiner	F. Anderson	A. Roebuck
ATTORNEY-----	J. Wideman	C. Varn	F. Haskins
SERGT.-AT-ARMS---	C. Varn	W. Rivers	F. Maines
CRITIC-----	F. Schulken	F. Schulken	F. Cullen
REPORTER-----	W. Utech	R. Griffin	R. Griffin

CLASS ROLL.

F. Anderson	C. Phillips
H. Baskin	H. B. Peacock
F. Cullen	A. Roebuck
J. Dodge	W. Rivers
H. Chapman	P. Steed
W. Davis	J. P. Simmons
G. Everson	A. Smith
W. J. Gardiner	F. Schulken
R. Griffin	L. Tribble
F. Hammond	E. Thomas
F. Haskins	W. Utech
J. W. Junkin	C. Varn
R. Kirkbride	W. Walker
A. Kanner	J. Wideman
Anna Jo Law	F. Wideman
H. Moon	B. Willard
F. Maines	Marie Willard

G. Wilder

Varsity Club

OFFICERS.

CRITIC, J. ARCHY SMITH

FALL TERM

PRESIDENT	-----	R. J. LONGSTREET
VICE-PRESIDENT	-----	S. B. JENNINGS
SECRETARY-TREASURER	-----	D. F. MILAM
PROGRAM MANAGER	-----	P. M. WHEELER

WINTER TERM

PRESIDENT	-----	A. M. R. LAWRENCE
VICE-PRESIDENT	-----	R. D. PETERSON
SECRETARY-TREASURER	-----	R. S. BLY
PROGRAM MANAGER	-----	R. J. LONGSTREET

SPRING TERM

PRESIDENT	-----	R. S. BLY
VICE-PRESIDENT	-----	P. M. WHEELER
SECRETARY-TREASURER	-----	R. D. PETERSON
PROGRAM MANAGER	-----	D. F. MILAM

MEMBERS.

S. J. Adams	R. J. Longstreet
R. S. Bly	A. M. R. Lawrence
G. E. Childers	W. W. Liddell
H. S. Dickey	D. F. Milam
W. C. Emerson	R. D. Peterson
S. B. Jennings	P. M. Wheeler
O. B. Hutchinson	Chas. Winner

When a new project is undertaken, its originator is either at once condemned, or else judgment is suspended on him till he makes good. When the new Varsity Club was organized this year from the male contingent of the Eusophian Litt, a great many at once assumed the former attitude towards it, saying that it was impossible to make it go from lack of numbers and lack of interest. Others were so charitable as to suspend judgment and "give it a chance" to prove itself. It was left for its loyal members, the boosters, to voice their belief that the new Litt was needed and that it would make good. The character of its work this year, its excellent debates, orations, etc., is the best proof that it has made good, and this is due to the determination of its few but faithful members that they would make it go.

The need for a college men's Litt, has been felt for several years, since the class of work in the mixed Eusophian Litt was not of the kind to inspire budding orators to do their best work. The opinion crystallized this year and was at once given an occasion for concrete work by the decree of Dr. Hulley, dissolving the Eusophian Litt into its two components. The disenfranchised men at once met and organized the Varsity Club, a society organized primarily for debates on live subjects.

A rather rigid constitution was adopted which drops from the membership roll the names of all who absent themselves from two meetings in one term. So there are no inactive members. Everyone is a worker and is getting high-grade training in debating and public speaking, such as is invaluable to a student of the arts and sciences.

A further notable feature of the constitution is the method of electing officers. This method is designed to do away with fraternity squabbling and block-voting, which is so prejudicial to the efficiency of any general student organization. The officers are elected three times a year by a committee of five, which serves throughout the year. This committee is composed of one man from each of the three fraternities, one non-fraternity man and the critic, who is chairman. This rather novel method of electing has been found highly successful, and has the heartiest approval of all the members.

To our Critic, Dean Smith, is due no small credit for our success. He has had a deep interest in the work and has been a most efficient critic. He does not hesitate to point out our shortcomings in debate, and at the same time he instills into our minds the broad principles of the art of debate. He has, by his presence, lent a dignity to our meetings, such as is essential to good work in any society.



The Eusophian Literary Society

Founded 1909.

MEMBERS.

Esther Angle	Elsie Padgett
Lillian Arnold	Nina Phillips
Mona Bates	Marguerite Pflug
Marguerite Blocker	Irene Randall
Ella May Davis	Leila Randall
Mabel Eldredge	Frank Sheddan
Mary Harris	Mary Shepherd
Louise Hulley	Pearle Swain
Nell Keown	Jewell Swain
Elizabeth Lewis	Constance Waterman
Elizabeth Munhall	Addie Grace Waterman
Millie Null	Emma Williams

Mary Louise Wilson

Time was, when in the Eusophian hall, the men and the maids were gathered all. But Time on his mighty wings has flown, and left the maidens all alone; yet not uselessly to mourn as the far-famed "maiden all forlorn." For with their motto of classic Greek, they wisely Athene's guidance seek. From the archives of lettered fame, they brought forth many an honored name. Addison, first, their interest earned, and then their eager attention turned to Ruskin, whose love of his fellow-men shone forth in every stroke of his pen. And they did not fail to recognize the worth that in men of our own time lies—Riley's "Old Sweetheart of Mine" and "The Raggedy Man" stepped into line. "The Blue Flower" bloomed in its setting rare, and the "Other Wise Man" made his earnest prayer. "The Vampire" followed with "Gungha Din" holding aloft the old canteen, "Fuzzy Wuzzy," his entrance made, and in "L'Envoi" a last word was said. "Tom Sawyer" came from the printed page, and "Huck Finn" crossed the Eusophlaian stage. O. Henry jovially greeted us then—a first-class American gentleman! And "Robert Elsmere" hand in hand with "Diana Mallory" took his stand. But not in the realm of book alone have the Eusophian maidens shone, for they have judged with wisdom rare, the questions that today appear. "Hothkhesen", maidens, your motto bright, shall be before you and guide you aright!



The Eusophian
Rostrum



Eusophians
of
1914

The Stetson Literary Society

Fall Term

PRESIDENT-----BEN HULLEY

Winter Term

PRESIDENT----HAROLD SELDEN

Spring Term.

PRESIDENT ---HENRY LOFQUIST

The purpose of this society is to foster and encourage public speaking among the academy and business college students of the University. The society is the oldest existing at Stetson, and consequently many traditions are linked with its twenty-five years' history. Time was when the Stetson Lit room was the only meeting place for the genii (literary or otherwise) of all departments of the school. And many alumni have pleasant and painful recollections of the old days when the walls reverberated with thunderous forensic attempts and uncertain lisplings of embryo politicians and orators. Several years ago, all other departments withdrew, leaving the prep and business students to carry on future development. They have succeeded admirably.

Meetings are held every Saturday evening in Science Hall where programs consisting in general, of recitations, current events, orations, parliamentary practice and debates are presented. Great enthusiasm has been shown in the programs, and the strict enforcement of the laws of attendance and appearance on programs has proved a great factor in the society's success. Credit is due Mr. Selden who through his efforts has brought the society this year up to what it now is. May the coming years bring even more satisfactory results!

Der Deutsche Verein

Farben: Schwarz, Weiss, Roth.

Lied: "Die Wacht am Rhein."

*Motto: "Wir Deutschen furchten Gott, sonst nichts
auf der Welt."*

BEANTE.

PRAESIDENTIN	NELL KEOWN
VIZE-PRAESIDENT	EDWIN PHILLIPS
SEKRETAER	PAUL SELDEN
SCHATZMEISTERIN	LILLIAN ELDREDGE
PROGRAM FUEHRERIN	MARGUERITE PFLUG
CRITIKERIN	FRAUELEIN BANGS

VEREINSMITGLIEDER.

Millie Null	Paul Wheeler
A. J. Parkhurst	Mary Louise Wilson
Medwin Peek	Lillian Eldredge
Rudolf Peterson	James M. Emison
Edwin Phillips	Richard Emison
Lena J. Pierson	Bessie Gumm
J. E. Sadler	Myra Wilson
Julia Coleman	Marian Wright
Lewis Coleman	Lillian Arnold
Gordon Dickenson	Elizabeth Bangs
Herman Dickey	Priscilla Bishop
Elizabeth Munhall	Lucile Boyer
Frank Sheddan	Ashley Cawthon
Mabel Sherman	Grace Gumm
Claude Smith	Nell Keown
Wilna Smith	Eva Klicker
Dorsey Thompson	Halcyon McBride
	Marguerite Pflug

Le Cercle Français

LA PRESIDENTE	Mlle. ELLA MAY DAVIS
LA VICE-PRESIDENTE	Mlle. RUTH CULLEN
LA SECRETAIRE	Mlle. MARGARET GAMBLE
LE TRESORIER	M. ANTHONY BATES
LA CRITIQUE	Mlle. MARGUERITE PFLUG
LA DIRECTEURE DES PROGRAMMES.....	Mlle. ELIZABETH LEWIS

L'ORCHESTRE FRANCAIS.

LE PIANISTE	M. ANTHONY BATES
LA VIOLINISTE	Mlle. RUTH CULLEN
LA CORNETISTE	Mlle. ELLA MAY DAVIS

Toujours on parle français ici.

The Krucible Klub

PRESIDENT ----- NELL KEOWN
SECRETARY ----- PRISCILLA BISHOP

The Krucible Klub has had what is perhaps the longest and most varied career of any society in Stetson. It was organized by some enthusiastic embryo chemist and a more enthusiastic professor in the days of our long-lost youth—so long since that the mind of man runneth not thereto. After a decade or two of exciting existence, it lapsed into a placid slumber. From this state of lethargy it was awakened last year, and afforded some exciting politics and brilliantly successful social functions—fudge parties, etc.

This year the Krucible Klub joined the good cause of Woman's Suffrage, and under those two eminent militants—Keown and Bishop—have given many interesting and instructive programs. Anyone who was fortunate enough to be present a short while ago, and heard Longstreet discuss "Stereoisomerism as Applied to Tetramethyldiaminoheuzophenone and Methoxytetrahydroquinoline," received a liberal education in chemistry. (Yes, gentle reader, those are rather large words for so small a youth, but they were the shortest to which he gave utterance).

We regret that so little interest in this praiseworthy organization was manifested by the chemistry students—the attendance usually consisting of the two above-mentioned officers. This was through no fault of the officials, but rather on account of a new clause in the constitution providing for yearly dues. Now, let's start right next year, and back up the Krucible Klub. It is for the benefit of those interested in chemistry, and cannot exist without their support.

Prohibition Association

PRESIDENT ----- C. G. VARN
VICE-PRESIDENT ----- P. M. WHEELER
SECRETARY AND TREASURER ----- BRYAN JENNINGS

A. M. R. Lawrence will represent Stetson in the Interstate Prohibition Oratorical contest to be held at Southern College, being the winner of the local contest held at Stetson, January 10, 1914.

SONG OF THE BOOZE-FIGHTERS.

Fifteen men on a dead man's chest,
Yo! ho! ho! And a bottle of rum!
Booze it killed him or I'll be blest,
Yo! ho! ho! And a bottle of rum!
Booze will put any guy on the blink,
Yo! ho! ho! And a bottle of rum!
He can't stop when he hears that clink,
Yo! ho! ho! And a bottle of rum!
Now he's laid in his coffin bare,
Yo! ho! ho! And a bottle of rum!
Look out, boob! or you'll be there!
Yo! ho! ho! And a bottle of rum!
Prohibition! shall be our cry.
Yo! ho! ho! And a bottle of rum!
Keep it up and you'll never die,
Yo! ho! ho! And a bottle of rum!
Joy and temperance and repose,
Yo! ho! ho! And a bottle of rum!
Slam the door on the doctor's nose,
Yo! ho! ho! And a bottle of rum!

Stetson Oratorical Association

The Stetson Oratorical Association is the central organization through which inter-society and intercollegiate debates are arranged, and under the auspices of which the annual oratorical and declamatory contests of the University are held.

Last year, the association awarded two prizes of twenty-five dollars each. Similar prizes in cash, or in the form of a gold medal, have been offered in past years. This year the usual contests have been held.

There has been, however, a new feature to the work of the association this year, in that attempts have been made to secure debates with other colleges of the state. The administration has discovered a lamentable lack of interest in debating, not only at Stetson, but at Rollins, Florida, and Columbia. The only school of the state which could be induced to accept a challenge to debate was Southern College. It is to be expected, however, that once interest has been roused in this form of intercollegiate rivalry, other institutions will take up the work.

The speakers that represented Stetson University in the first intercollegiate debate in Florida were chosen from the two teams which served in the contest between the Kent Club and the Varsity Club. The Stetson Debating Team this year was Frank Wide-man and Gus Wilder, with R. J. Longstreet as alternate.

The association feels that it has had a successful year. The officers turn the work over to those who succeed them, recommending most earnestly that every effort be expended next year to arrange a Triangular Debating League in Florida, thus perfecting and making secure the work already begun.

The officers for 1913-1914 are—

PRESIDENT	-----	RUBERT J. LONGSTREET
VICE-PRESIDENT	-----	A. M. R. LAWRENCE
SECRETARY	-----	GEORGE B. EVERSON
TREASURER	-----	CHARLES N. WALKER

Stetson Engineering Society

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT	FRANKLIN GOODCHILD
VICE-PRESIDENT	WINFRED LIDDELL
SECRETARY-TREASURER	WILMAN BALLOUGH
PROGRAM MANAGERS	CLAUDE CAMPBELL, FRED FISCHER
REPORTER	RUDOLPH PETERSON

The Stetson Engineering Society was organized December 9, 1913, its object being to discuss subjects outside the regular course, that are of general engineering interest. In this way members are brought into closer touch with the latest developments of Engineering. At each meeting a program is given, dealing non-technically with some of the most interesting modern subjects. Sometimes the program is composed of several short articles on various subjects, while often an entire evening is devoted to one subject of unusual interest, such as the Panama Canal. The society has enjoyed several good articles on the subject, "Uncle Sam's Big Ditch."

Meetings are held fortnightly on Tuesday evenings in Science Hall.



The Alumni Association

PRESIDENT-----D. J. BLOCKER, '09
 FIRST V.-PRES----HARRIET HULLEY, '13
 SECOND V.-PRES--FRANK WIDEMAN, '13
 THIRD V.-PRES-ELIZABETH BALDWIN, '04
 COR. SEC----HELEN BOOR TINGLEY, '12
 RECORDING SEC----NINA PHILLIPS, '13
 CHAPLAIN-----RALPH K. ROBERTS, '11

The local alumni of the Alumni Association, together with the officers of the Association, extend greetings and best wishes to each and every alumnus of our dear Alma Mater.

Once again the Association has been favored. The Junior class, to whom was given the task of getting out the Annual this year, followed the example of the Senior class of former years, and very generously opened the pages of the Annual to the Association. If this is not loyalty already reduced to existence, it is at least loyalty in the making.

Since the last Annual was issued, many well equipped young men and young women have been added to the ranks of the Association. Last year's graduates were a credit to their Alma Mater. They have already shown their appreciation of the Alumni Association and their loyalty to their Alma Mater, in both word and deed. They are talking and working enthusiastically for the advancement of the University. They believe in the ideals that obtain within her walls. They praise her equipment and uphold her standards. They appreciate the honor which she has conferred upon them, and the investment which she has made in them.

The present year has been a great one for our Alma Mater. It has been characterized by earnest purpose, fine deportment, heroic endeavor and untiring application. This, of course, has been made possible by the co-operation of the faculty and student body. The faculty has been strengthened and the student body increased during the past year. This means greater efficiency, greater enthusiasm and a greater outlook.

Monday of Commencement week will be given over to the interests of the alumni. The authorities have set apart that day for class reunions, for the annual meeting of the Alumni Association and for the Alumni banquet. We ought to make much of the day. It is ours. It has been given to us. It must be used.

The officers of the Association are planning to have many of the alumni attend the Commencement exercises, to be present at the banquet, and to take part in extending a warm welcome to the graduates of this year when they enter our ranks for the first time. Nine 'Rabs for each and every alumni of John B. Stetson University. May they live long and may they be happy and prosperous as long as they live.

III

If you can spend the midnight hours when all are sleeping,
 And all the waking hours in labor, too;
 If you can see the tasks before you heaping,
 'Nor' grow discouraged by so much to do;
 If you can draw cartoons of all the classes,
 Coercing them to hand their write-ups in on time,
 And see that none without attention passes,
 But all receive their due reward in rhyme;
 If you can work until your eyes are heavy,
 Your brain is whirling, thoughts refuse to come,
 And yet persist, and all your forces levy
 And write on madly till your hand is numb;
 If you can find fresh jokes on each professor,
 And rush them in before they grow too stale;
 And write of all, the greater and the lesser,
 And make of each an interesting tale;
 If you can praise each other's witty sallies,
 And from them take fresh courage to go on,
 And grip your pen as one who no more dallies,
 And with set teeth work on until the dawn;
 If you can force your brain and hand to serve you,
 And furnish you at all times with fresh themes,
 No matter what may happen to unnerve you,
 Nor how fatiguing the world to you seems;
 If you can read through closely-printed pages,
 And be alert to notice each defect,
 Until all your weary power engages
 And you feel you'd rather have it incorrect;
 If you can keep up this continued labor,
 And yet not dwell apart from all the school,
 But be on guard to observe every neighbor,
 In order all their faults to ridicule;
 If you can make your jokes all entertaining,
 And yet abstain from any that will harm,
 Thus only sympathetic laughter gaining,
 Such as need cause no timid one alarm;
 If you can toil with courage undiminished,
 And tirelessly thus wield the sportive pen,
 Until at last you find each detail finished—
 Rest! Sleep awhile! For you've an annual then.

The Green Room Club

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT -----	STANLEY T. WALLBANK
SECRETARY AND TREASURER -----	MARGUERITE BLOCKER
BUSINESS MANAGER -----	D. FRANK MILAM
DIRECTOR -----	PROF. IRVING C. STOVER

Our Thespians, thinking that they had reached *Years of Discretion*, and realizing *The Importance of Being Earnest* and *The Havoc* caused by managing dramatics just *As You Like It*, decided to ask *The Power That Governs* or *The Man Higher Up* for permission to form the Green Room Club, provided they kept *Within The Law*. With these *Barriers Burned Away*, *Step by Step*, the club, having *A Square Deal* was soon *Going Some With Flying Colors*, as though *Only Forty-five Minutes from Broadway*.

When on the *Firing Line*, the club was a *Stranger in a Strange Land*. The first of the *Ninety and Nine* questions confronting it was a *Battle of Wit*, in choosing a play. To Shakespeare the club said, *Excuse Me*, but to Oscar Wilde they clamored with one accord, *Introduce Me*. Hence on the *Twelfth Night* of December, every one from the *College Widow* to the *Little Minister* turned out to witness *The Importance of Being Earnest* when *Man Proposes*, and there were *None So Blind* as not to feel *Paid In Full* for the lessons learned in the *School For Scandal*.

In *The Springtime*, the club presented "Brooks at Stetson." Try-outs for the several different parts were held and much enthusiasm was manifested by *The Rivals* when they were put in the *Melting Pot*. Some stood *The Test*, while others declined to play *Second Fiddle*. The play scored a big success and was really *The Climax* of the dramatic year at Stetson.

Much of the Club's success has been due to Prof. Stover, who has shown himself to be a *Man Among Men* in the dramatic line. Sometimes he needs must rise to the *Taming of the Shrew* when perchance *She Stoops to Conquer*, and sometimes he would experience great difficulty with *The Boys and Betty*, or perhaps he would have to play *The Diplomat* and overcome *A Woman's Reason*. Many times the situation looked like *Love's Labor Lost*, but realizing that *It's Never Too Late to Mend*, he brought forth the *Silver Lining* of every cloud. So to Prof. Stover the Green Room Club gives the title of *The Man of the Hour*.

The Fourteenth
Annual College Play
The Importance of Being Earnest

Presented by
THE GREEN ROOM CLUB

John B. Stetson University Auditorium

FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER TWELFTH, NINETEEN
HUNDRED AND THIRTEEN

CAST

The names of the characters are given in the order in which they appear in the play.

Algernon Moncrieff	Mr. Delbert Gilpatrick
Lane	Mr. Frank Milam
John Worthing, J. P.	Mr. Stanley Wallbank
Lady Bracknell	Miss Mona Bates
Hon. Gwendoline Fairfax	Miss Marguerite Blocker
Miss Prism	Miss Edna Lewis
Cecily Cardew	Miss Elizabeth Lewis
Rev. Canon Chasuble, D. D.,	Mr. Appleton Lawrence
Merriman	Mr. Churchill Goar

SETTINGS

Act I. Algernon Moncrieff's room in Half Moon Street, W.
Act II. The garden at the Manor House, Woolton.
Act III. A room at the Manor House, Woolton.

The music is furnished through the kindness of the University Orchestra, Mrs. C. B. Rosa, director.

The Importance
of
Being Earnest



A COLLEGE COMEDY

Brooks at Stetson

Presented by the
GREEN ROOM CLUB

John B. Stetson University Auditorium

FRIDAY EVENING, APRIL THIRD, NINETEEN
HUNDRED AND FOURTEEN

CAST

Bab	Miss Ella May Davis
Mr. Brooks, Henry's father	Mr. S. Bryan Jennings
Guy Marks, I. D.	Mr. Lewis H. Tribble
Henry Brooks	Mr. D. Forrest Dunkle
Peter, Chillingworth's valet	Mr. Carl V. Farris
Mrs. Brooks, Henry's mother	Miss Louise C. Hulley
Helen Baldwin	Miss Marguerite Blocker
Caleb Weston	Mr. Churchill Goar
Bill Carter	Mr. Stanley T. Wallbank
Lord Chillingworth	Mr. Delbert H. Gilpatrick
"Mollie" Runkskool, a freshman	Mr. S. J. Adams
Ned Andrews	Mr. H. Blaine Peacock
Professor Dixon	Mr. George B. Everson
Amy, his daughter	Miss Lena M. Powell

SCENES

Act 1.—Parlor in Henry's home, in Redville, Tenn., on New Year's night, 1922.

Act 2.—Curiosity Room in the Delta Sigma Fraternity Boating House, at Beresford, a morning in May.

Act 3.—Same as Act 2. Afternoon.

Act 4.—Same as Act 2. Evening.

(About seventeen months elapse between Acts 1 and 2).

Music is furnished through the kindness of the University Orchestra.



Christian Associations

The Young Women's Christian Association

1914-1915

PRESIDENT	EMMA WILLIAMS
VICE-PRESIDENT	FRANK E. SHEDDAN
SECRETARY	ELIZABETH ROOD
TREASURER	WILNA SMITH
ALUMNAE SECRETARY	HAZEL SHEDDAN

CABINET FOR 1914-1915.

Devotional Chairman	Elsie Padgett
Bible Study Chairman	Mabel Eldredge
Missionary Chairman	Hilma Peterson
Social Chairman	Esther Angle
Membership Chairman	Frank E. Shedd
Financial Chairman	Wilna Smith
Educational Chairman	Mary Louise Wilson
Social Service Chairman	Helen Brown
Music Chairman	Theda Horton

"I shall pass through this world but once. Any good, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Young Men's Christian Association



PRES.-----A. M. R. LAWRENCE

VICE-PRES.-----R. D. PETERSON

TREAS. ----- C. N. WALKER

SEC'Y ----- F. M. GOODCHILD

PRESIDENT LAWRENCE

The Y. M. C. A. has had a very successful year. Bible study classes have been conducted and a mission study class has been instituted, in which interesting weekly meetings have been held.

The association is planning to send two men to the Southern Student's Conference, which is held every summer at Black Mountain, North Carolina. C. N. Walker represented Stetson at last summer's session.

Thanks are due to the Devotional committee for their efficient work, to the Y. M. C. A. quartette for their helpful share in the programs, to Mr. M. G. Perry, director of Y. M. C. A. music, to the faculty for their co-operation, and above all, to our Father in Heaven from whom all blessings come.

Pen and Inklings

D. G.—“Oh! gracious! Miss Sinnott and Miss Husband have both been at my table this week and it is the Goariest (goriest) two weeks I have ever spent.”

Sned (on stew day)—“Say, girls, pass me a straw; this fork leaks.”

Basil—Sounding Brass—Tinkling cymbal—Festive chime—May belle.

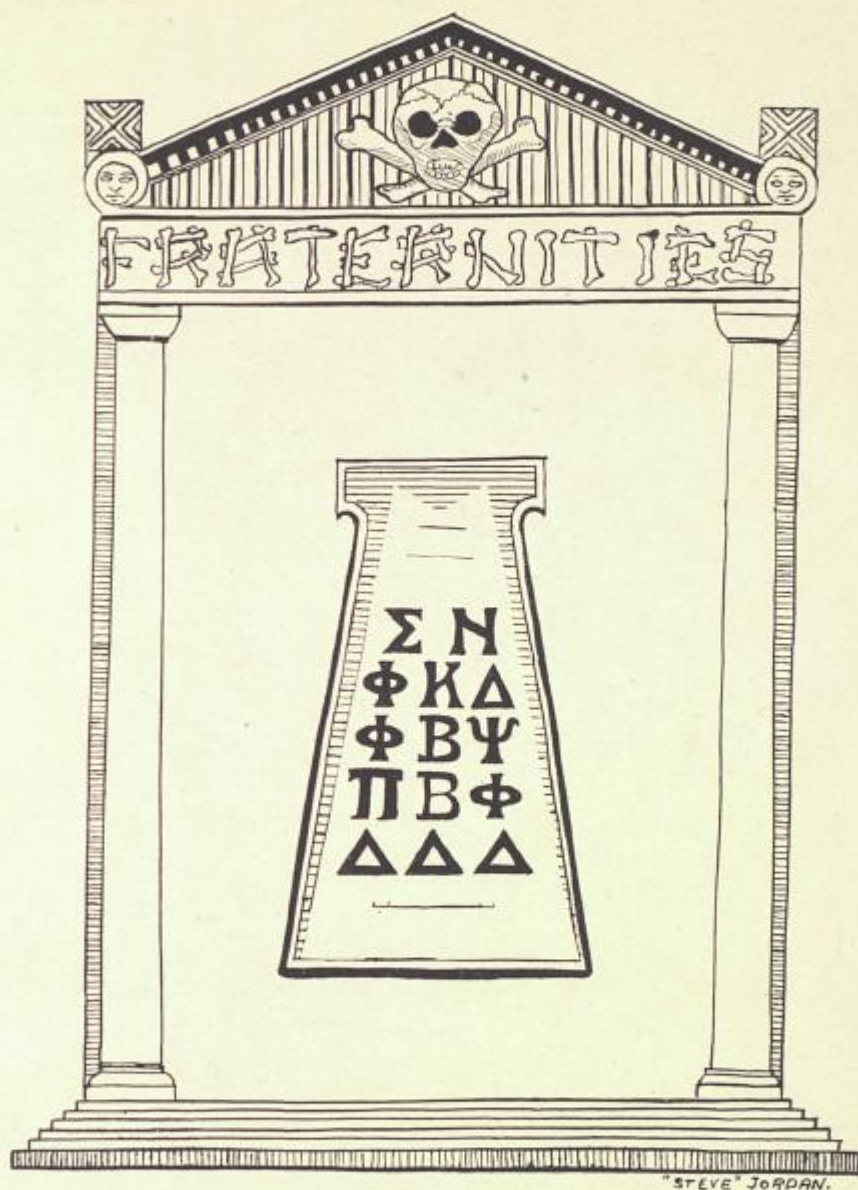
Sned (on viewing the heliotrope cherries)—“Don't eat violets myself! Where are the stems?”

D. G.—When he was a boy, he played as a boy. Now that he should be a man, he seems to be unable to put away childish things.

Junk—“Say, Squee, why did the last year's Senior Class tree die?”

Squee—“Too much hot air around its roots.”

Learned Senior—“Mrs. Allen, where can I find Shakespeare's Lamb's Tale” (or tail, it sounded as though he meant.)



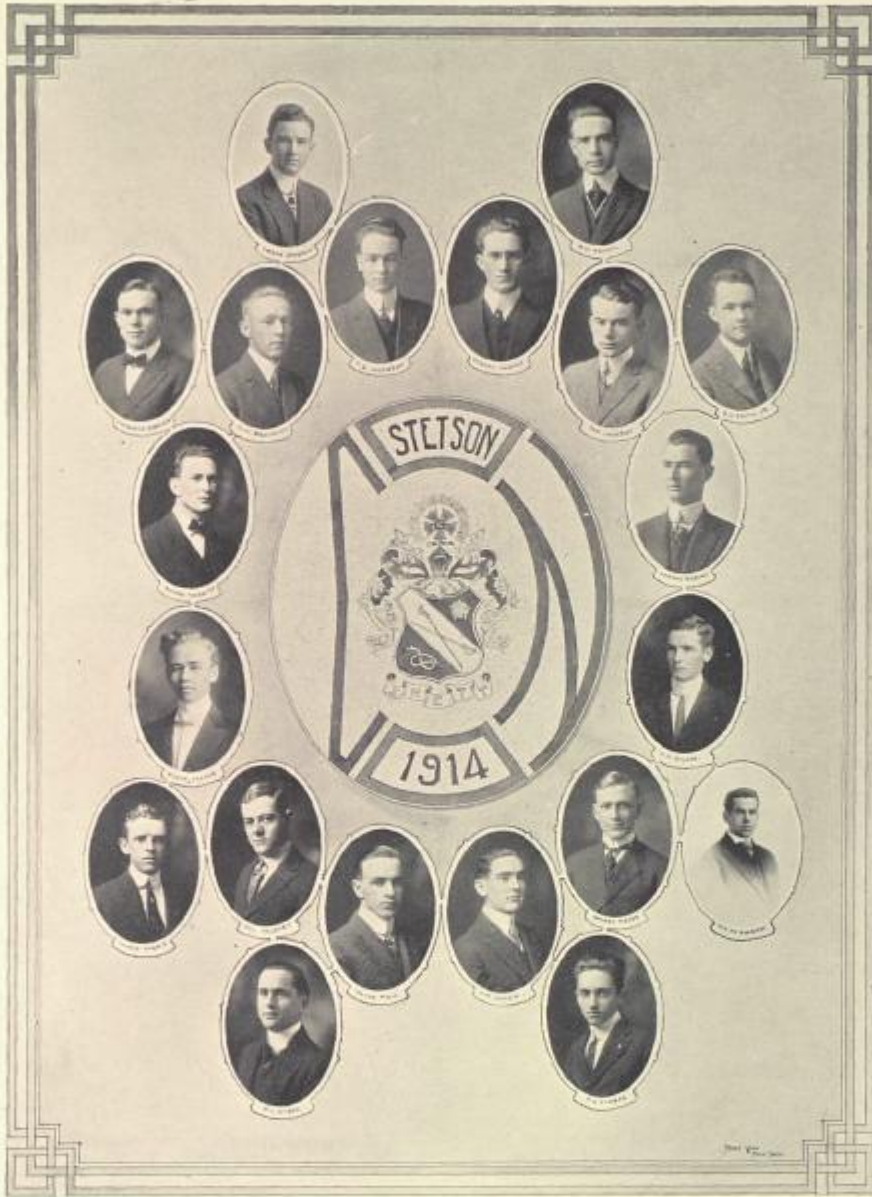
"STEVE" JORDAN.

CHAPTER ROLL, 1913-1914

Delta Mu of Sigma Mu

INSTALLED MARCH 1ST, 1913.

E. J. Smith, Jr.	H. A. McPherson
Ray M. Griffin	Fairfax Haskins
Frank Wideman	F. R. Anderson
Hugo Braunlich	Wayne Field
Jerome Wideman	Howard Fisher
Frank Milam	Rader Merritt
Elwyn Thomas	Max Maloney
Willis Junkin	Temple Harriss
Alfred R. Phillips	W. J. Steed
Tom Jackson	Austin Conrad



Phi Kappa Delta

FOUNDED 1898.

CHAPTER ROLL.

Samuel J. Adams	Howard Hodgden
Anthony Bates	S. Bryan Jennings
Daniel J. Blocker	Robert S. Rockwood
B. Franklin Brass	Paul H. Selden
Frank Cullen	J. P. Simmons
James P. Dodge, Jr.	Armin H. Smith
Carl V. Farriss	Tom B. Stewart
William J. Gardiner	Lewis H. Tribble
Delbert Gilpatrick	Frank A. Turnquist
Garland Hale	Charles Walker
Frank Hammond	Stanley T. Wallbank

MEMBERS IN URBE.

Clifford Botts	D. Gordon Haynes
Lawrence Botts	D. C. Hull
R. P. Hamlin	E. L. Mickle
W. Y. Mickle	



Hail, Fellow Greeks!

All ye who, by Hellenic symbols bound,
Do hold a vision of a nobler day,
We give thee greeting warm, for where are found
Thy standards raised, we tread a fairer way.

Oh, mighty brotherhood, thou shalt for aye
Point to a coming age the gleam of Truth.
They who forged thy bonds shall never die—
They live in hearts of men an everlasting youth.

For this is not the structure of a day,
Unfit to stand against the surge of Time,
The clash of strife—but built to stay
The course of evil, with a strength sublime.

Our brothers, sisters all! Thy vows are made
To fight all wrong, beneath a banner rare,
Whose emblems can not dimmer grow, nor fade,
For none halo greater truth, and none one-half so fair.

Fraternity and friendship! Let our hearts
Not grow asunder, but united be.
The thrill of kindred aims new life imparts,
And leads us where the greater glories be.

Then hail all Greeks who striving lest
The flower of friendship wither and decay,
Shall faithful be till all that now infests
With evil this world's peace, shall pass away.

ΦΨ
Β

Phi Beta Psi

ROLL.

Rubert J. Longstreet	Chester C. Beaulieu
George B. Everson	Claude O. Campbell
Robert S. Bly	Hermann S. Dickey
Claude G. Varn	Charles B. Davis
Franklin M. Goodchild	Paul M. Wheeler
Ruskin R. Roseborough	Arius B. Prather
Winfred W. Liddell	H. Blaine Peacock
William P. Dineen	James P. McDonald, Jr.

Pledge

John W. Padgett



Πi Beta Πbi

FOUNDED APRIL 28, 1867.

FLORIDA ALPHA CHAPTER.

Installed January 30, 1913.

Patronesses

COUNTESS OF SANTA EULALIA

MRS. PARK TRAMMEL

MRS. DUNCAN U. FLETCHER

MRS. W. S. JENNINGS

MRS. E. B. SOLOMON

MRS. S. A. WOOD

Faculty

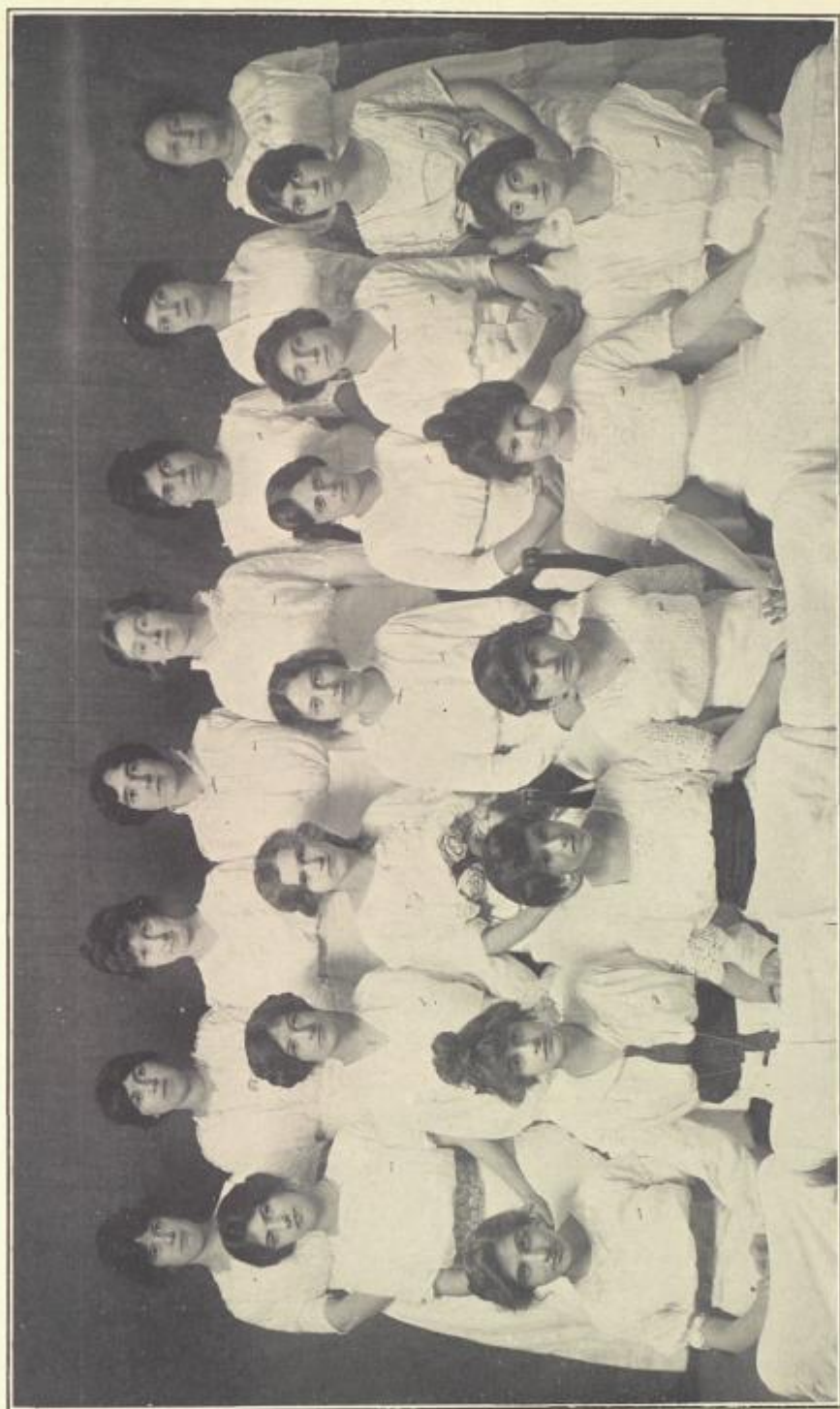
ANNIE NADINE HOLDEN

CHAPTER ROLL

Nina Phillips	Lillian Eldredge
Katherine Carpenter	Nell Keown
Marie Dye	Sarah Jones
June Adams	Louise Hulley
Marguerite Blocker	Mabel Eldredge
Bessie Gumm	Mildred Vorce
Ruth Cullen	Catherine Haynes
Evelyn Beatty	Rachel Beatty
Enla Botts	Mona Bates
Ruby Jackson	Josephine Steed
Helen Brown	Wilna Smith

Pledge

Myrtle Conrad



Delta Delta Delta

FOUNDED THANKSGIVING EVE, 1888.

Alpha Delta Chapter

Installed May 17, 1913.

Open Motto:

"Let us steadfastly love one another."

CHAPTER ROLL.

SENIORS.

Helen Taylor	Katharine Harkness
Ella May Davis	Marie Willard
Marguerite Pflug	Elsie Hamm
Marie-Russell Stephens	

JUNIORS.

Elsie Padgett	Elizabeth Lewis
Mary Whittle	Emma Williams

SOPHOMORES.

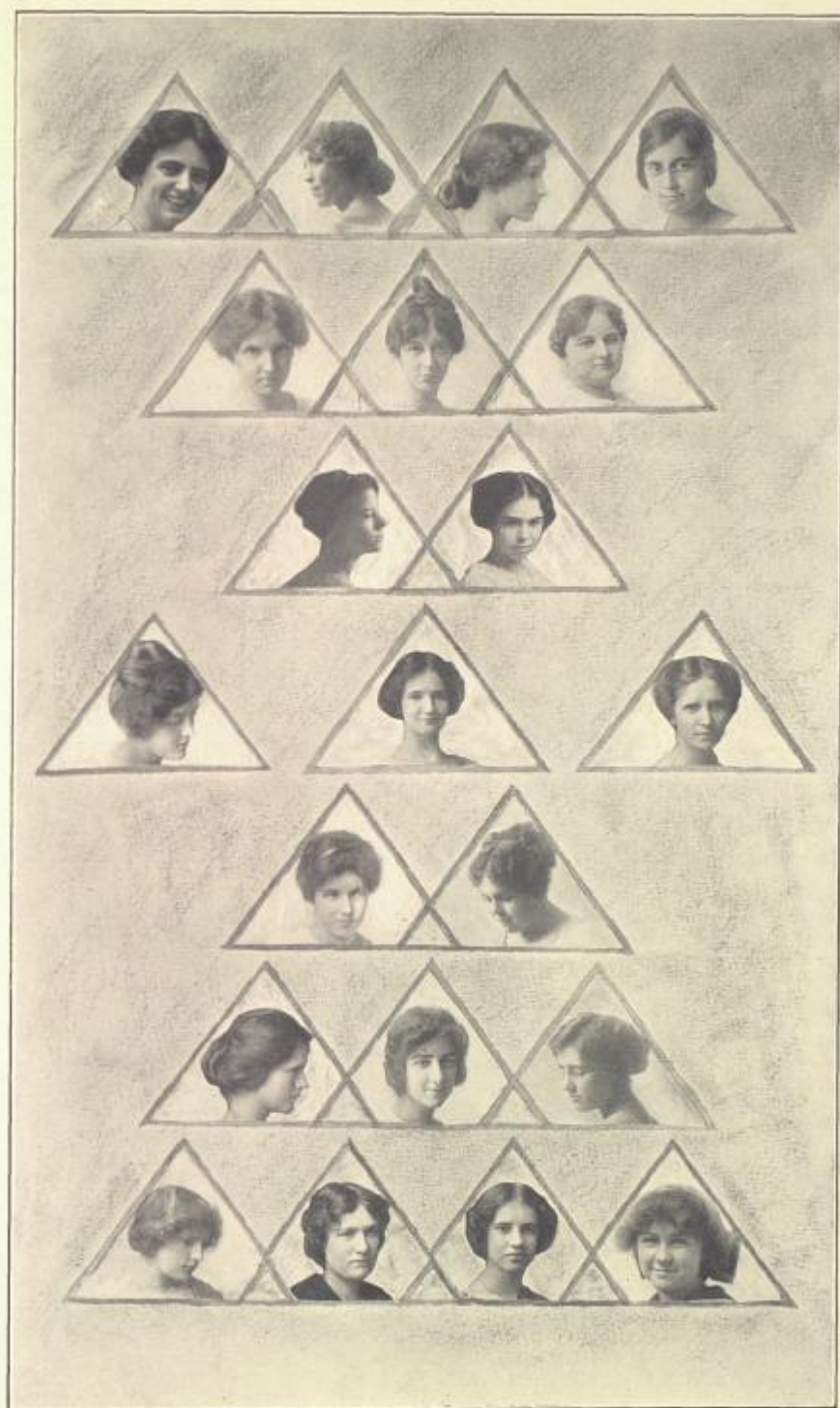
Irene Randall	Edna Lewis
Millie Null	

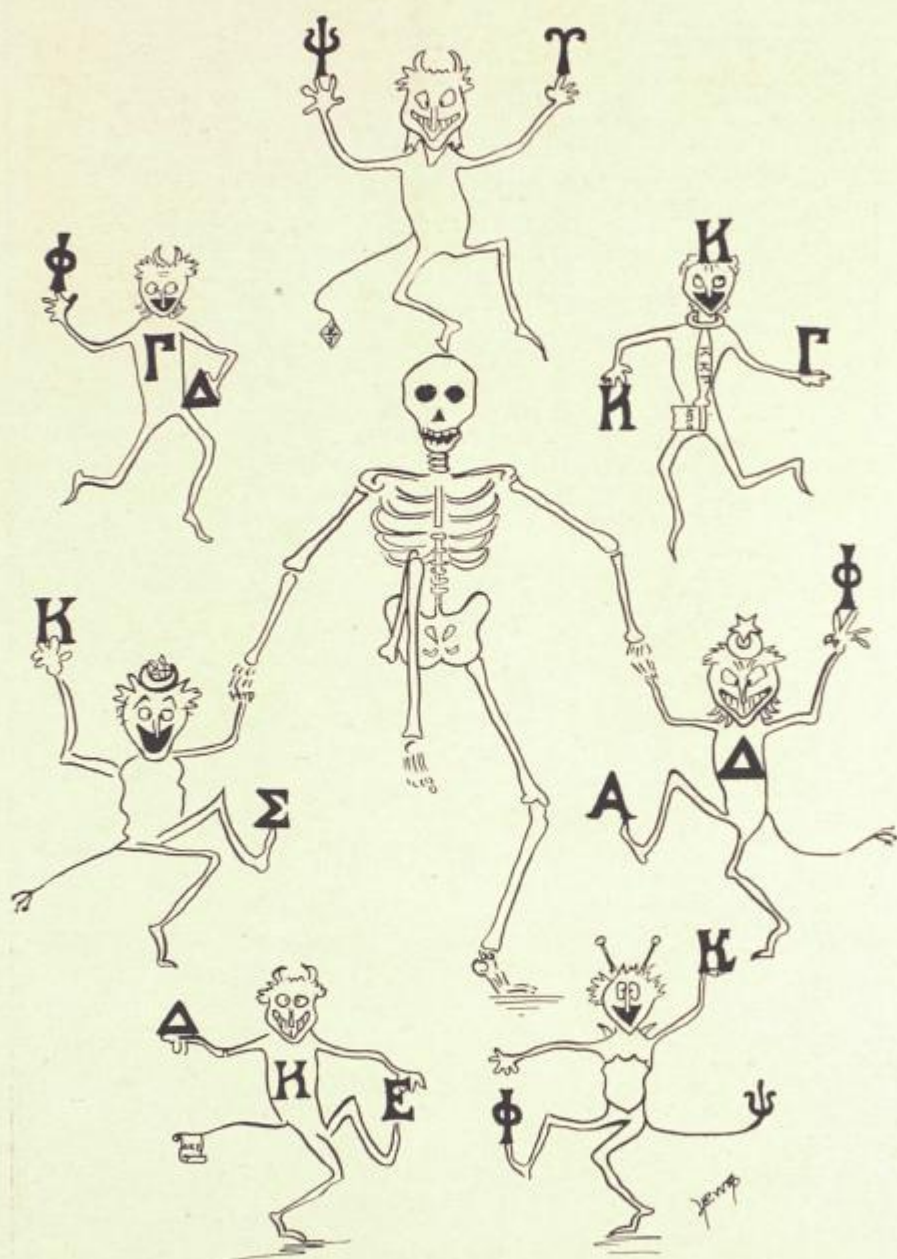
FRESHMEN.

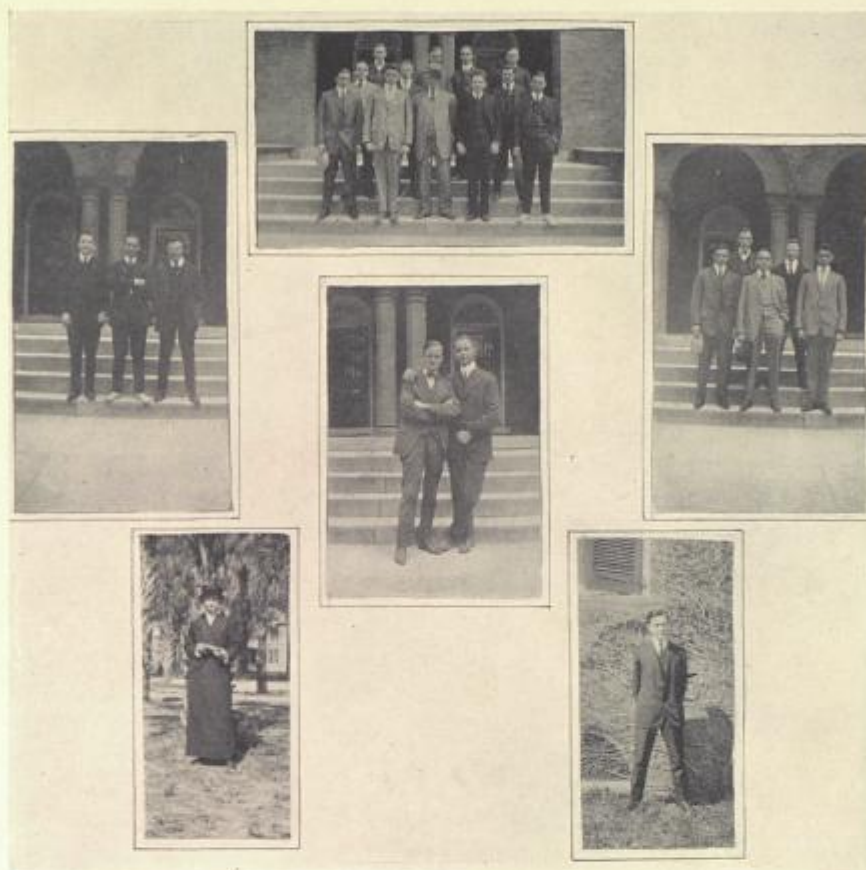
Lillian Arnold	Mary Shepherd
Mary Harris	Elisabeth Munhall
Blanche Wise	Leila Randall
Esther Angle	Mary Louise Wilson

FACULTY.

Mrs. C. B. Rosa	Miss Agnes Husband
Miss Claire V. Whiting	Miss Wilma Davis







The University Club of Stetson

C. O. Taylor, $\Phi K \Psi$	Howard Stewart, $\Phi \Delta \Theta$
R. A. Emison, $\Phi K \Psi$	John Weir, $K \Sigma$
J. W. Emison, $\Phi K \Psi$	P. C. Goar, $K \Sigma$
C. C. Simmons, $\Phi K \Psi$	D. F. Dunkle, $K \Sigma$
A. A. Jordan, $\Phi K \Psi$	B. A. White, ΨY
Frank Brower, $\Pi K \Lambda$	F. B. Evans, ΨY
Richard Robbins, $\Pi K \Lambda$	R. U. Gardner, $\Delta K \Sigma$
Richard Key, $\Pi K \Lambda$	Minerva Schubert, $K K \Gamma$

We feel proud to welcome to our midst this year a greater horde of stray Greeks than ever before. They are a representative bunch, coming from the best schools of the country, and have won for themselves a place in Stetson's ranks which will remain as a pleasant memory after they have betaken themselves from our presence. They have during their sojourn with us added many laurels to the crown of Stetson's glory, especially in athletics, and unlike our ancient classic friends who "feared the Greeks, even when bringing gifts," we welcome these strays gladly, for they have proven themselves friends to "Greeks" and "Barbs" alike.



Conrad Hall

You may talk o' college days
When you haven't trod its ways,
An' you don't know any bloomin' thing about it;
For there's more'n goin' to classes,
An' there's more'n wearin' glasses,
An' followin' rules an' apin' profs about it.
Now in Conrad's shelterin' walls,
An' in Conrad's masculine halls,
You'll learn everything there is to learn about it,
From unholy midnight rattin'
To various sorts o' spattin'—
For it's college life you find in Conrad Hall.
I ain't sayin' there's no grindin',
An' no folks that's business-mindin'—
There is plenty; but there's other things they do there,
For there's sometimes bully cats,
An' there's often jolly meets,
An' there's often howlin' jokes the fellers pull there.
(There's a knock—they're raisin' thunder—
Call the boys: "Hey there, scratch under"—
An' behold! The Great High Monarch—he just stands there)
Oh, they call it Angel's Roost—
An' let's give the name a boost,
For it's Angel's Life they lead in Conrad Hall.

ATHLETICS



Football, Baseball and Basketball

FOOTBALL TEAM.

Stetson won vs. Maryville-----	13-2
Stetson won vs. Mercer-----	13-6
Stetson won vs. Bingham-----	25-6
Stetson won vs. Florida (Florida defaulting)--	10-0

BASEBALL TEAM.

Stetson won vs. Kentucky M. I.-----	14-2
Stetson won vs. Kentucky M. I.-----	6-0
Stetson lost vs. Southern College-----	2-3
Stetson won vs. Southern College-----	5-1
Stetson won vs. Ormond and Archer-----	6-5
Stetson won vs. Rollins College-----	3-0
Stetson lost vs. Rollins College-----	4-8
Stetson won vs. Kentucky M. I.-----	13-1
Stetson won vs. Ormond-----	7-5
Stetson tied vs. Jacksonville professionals (darkness) -----	1-1
Stetson won vs. Fort Meade-----	14-3
Stetson won vs. Southern College-----	3-2
Stetson won vs. Southern College-----	8-4
Stetson won vs. Keewatin-----	12-5
Stetson won vs. Keewatin-----	8-4

The year 1913-1914 has been, without question, the most successful one in the history of athletics at Stetson. Our teams have been the strongest that have ever represented the University, and the number of games played in the various branches of college sports has been larger than in any past year. And further, this unprecedented athletic activity has not resulted in any financial deficit. The students have shown an excellent spirit by supporting the teams; have cheered lustily at games, subscribed liberally to all funds, and on several occasions have chartered special trains to see our athletes bring home the bacon for old Stetson. Altogether the general interest in athletics is on a higher plane than ever before, and our college now commands a strong position among the other institutions of the South.

The season began rather inauspiciously. Both the manager and the captain of the football team failed to return to school. There was a large deficit left over from last year as a result of student-management, and a number of old "S" men had been graduated. But the faculty assumed control and we soon were provided with an excellent coach, Mr. A. A. Jordan, of Bucknell, who made the All-American team two seasons before. Coach Jordan knows football from A to Z, and after his arrival a huge mass meeting was held in the auditorium to put the football proposition on a firm basis. The largest sum of money ever before subscribed resulted; a lot of good, husky fellows donned their uniforms, and we soon had a team that was the pride of the entire school. With Dunkle and Albritton as tackles, Padgett and Carson as guards, Fisher, center, and Ben Willard and Lofberg as ends, backed up by our redoubtable Sned and his side-partners, Liddell and Hodgden, and Merrit at quarter, we had a team



that easily downed every opponent from Georgia, Tennessee, the Carolinas, and brought joy and happiness to every Stetson man.

As soon as the glorious football season was over the basket-ball enthusiasts got busy. There was but one college team (Southern's) in the state, and that was an easy mark to the tune of 30 to 16. Our boys lost two games, one to Jacksonville Y. M. C. A. and one to the Keewatin Academy. Fisher, Jennings, Dunkle, Turnquist, Jordan, Hodgden, Emison, Tribble, Farris and McPherson experienced no difficulty in defeating all high school teams by scores of 54 to 8 and the like.

While basket-ball was closing a successful season, the baseball artists were beginning to work. Captain Swink set himself to produce a winning nine, and he succeeded nobly. The schedule was a full one, with some eighteen or twenty games in all. The infield was undoubtedly the best that has ever graced a Stetson diamond. Stanley, Willard, Swink and Snedigar remind one of that famous quartette of Connie Mack's. Howell and Lourcey performed regularly behind the bat. Gross and Brower did the best of the twirling, with Fisher and Hodgden as reliable alternates. There remain games yet with Mercer and Georgia Tech, but the results so far have been a percentage of .812. We broke even with Rollins and have not lost a series. The mighty wielders of the stick were Swink, Snedigar, Stanley, Willard and Brower, with Howell and Gardner following them closely. Jordan, Merrit and Langston did good work in the outfield. Altogether, the bunch of players make up the best team that Stetson has ever put out.

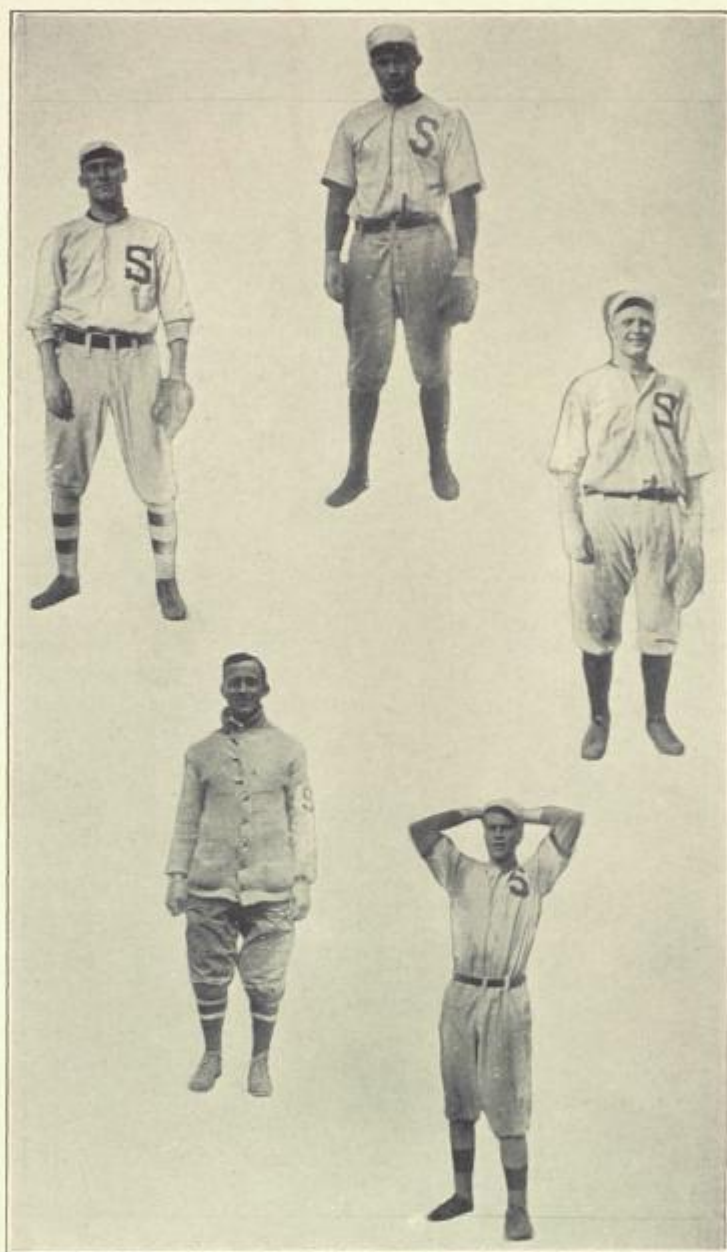
The girls also have covered themselves with glory this year. Of eleven games played, but one was lost, and that by a score of 23 to 24. Therefore, a percentage of .909 stands to the credit of the able Stetson girls. Professor Tingley has for two years been building up a winning basket-ball team, and this season Dunkle and Weir continued this grand work with truly startling success. The only team which has even threatened to take the state championship from us was Duval, and we took the series from them very nicely.

Seven girls have borne the brunt of these battles—Katherine Dunning, Wiletta Elliot, Catherine Haynes, Louise Hulley, Edna Lewis, Dorothy Loomis and Sara Smith. As a mark of appreciation of their efforts these girls were feted in the Auditorium on March 17 and presented with Spalding sweaters with an "S" in old English, which heralds the wearers as Stetson athletic heroines.

In tennis also Stetson claims state championship. Rollins was the only school that would accept a challenge, and that institution fell before Harold Seldon in singles and Edwin Phillips and John Beatty in doubles by easy scores. This year has been marked by an unprecedented interest in tennis among the men and the women.

Our hero in all athletics is the famous Louis Snedigar. "Sned" has starred in football here for four years and is the best half that ever hit the line in Florida. He plays baseball with equal success, and as a runner he has not been beaten yet in the state. Snedigar is our field sports champion. It is with a tear of regret that we note that he will never again in the green and white delight the multitude with his skill and strategy, and that the gridiron career of the Florida Cracker has closed. We may have others who will carry Stetson's pigskin on to glory, but we will never have another "Sned." But while we are mourning for those we must lose, let us give three cheers for the teams of 1913-14, and let every Stetson man and woman return to Stetson in the fall with a firm determination to make next year rival this glorious season of victories.





STEVE JORDAN
Coach Football

J. H. SWINK
Manager Baseball

LOUIS SNEDIGAR
Our Hero

BEN WILLARD
Captain Football

JIMMY GROSS
The Kid Wonder





JORDAN HODGDEN DUNKLE
 TURNQUIST TRIBBLE FISHER McPHERSON JENNINGS

BASKET-BALL.

Stetson won vs. Michigan "Big 5"-----	38—17
Stetson won vs. Daytona-----	51—19
Stetson won vs. Southern College-----	30—16
Stetson won vs. Michigan "Big 5"-----	42—13
Stetson won vs. Palatka-----	34—21
Stetson won vs. Sanford-----	54—08
Stetson won vs. Michigan "Big 5"-----	36—19
Stetson won vs. Palatka-----	27—22
Stetson lost vs. Wisconsin Keewatin-----	21—25
Stetson lost vs. Jacksonville Y. M. C. A.-----	19—39
Stetson won vs. Jacksonville H. S.-----	32—16

The Football Team

CAPTAIN ----- BEN WILLARD
MANAGER ----- FAIRFAX HASKINS
COACH ----- A. A. JORDAN

Louis Snedigar	Ben Willard
Winfred Liddell	Victor Lofberg
Howard Hodgden	Howard Fisher
Rader Meritt	Al. Philips
John Padgett	James W. Emison
D. Forest Dunkle	William Cook
Cecil Simmons	

The Basketball Team

CAPTAIN ----- HOWARD FISHER
MANAGER ----- GEO. B. EVERSON
COACH ----- A. A. JORDAN

A. A. Jordan	D. Forrest Dunkle
Hamilton McPherson	Frank Turnquist
Howard Fisher	Carl Farriss
Bryan Jennings	Louis Tribble
Howard Hodgden	

The Baseball Team

CAPTAIN AND MANAGER ----- J. H. SWINK

James Gross	Ben Willard
Frank Brower	Howard Hodgden
Louis Snedigar	William Howell
J. H. Swink	William Lourcey
Rader Merritt	A. A. Jordan
Will J. Gardiner	Howard Fisher
Noel Stanley	



STETSON GIRLS' BASKET-BALL TEAM.

Stetson won vs. Palatka-----	37-21
Stetson won vs. Cathedral, Orlando-----	33-18
Stetson won vs. Seabreeze-----	50-10
Stetson won vs. Palatka-----	31-16
Stetson won vs. Daytona-----	23-16
Stetson won vs. Jacksonville-----	16-12
Stetson won vs. St. Augustine-----	14- 4
Stetson lost vs. Jacksonville-----	23-24
Stetson won vs. Daytona-----	13-11
Stetson won vs. At. Augustine-----	40-11
Stetson won vs. Jacksonville-----	34-14

The coaches, Mr. D. F. Dunkle and Mr. John Weir, have designated the following as worthy of special commendation for their basket-ball work: Esthet Angle, Marguerite Blocker, Helen Drew, June Elliot, Frances Fields, Theda Horton, Edna King, Mildred Powe, Irene Randall, Frank Sheddan, Bessie Turbyville, Marie Willard, Margaret Woodall, Katherine Dunning, Wiletta Elliott, Katherine Haynes, Louise Hulley, Edna Lewis, Dorothy Loomis and Sara Smith.

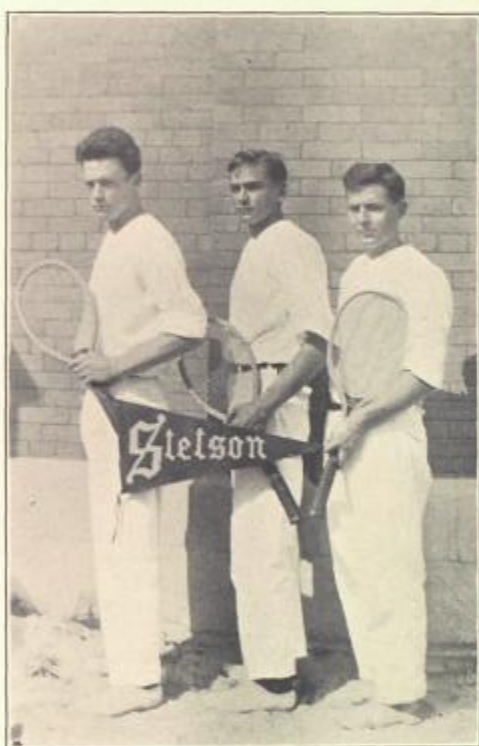
The coaches have also designated the following persons as having earned this year the right to wear the Stetson S as an extra honor:

Katherine Dunning,
Wiletta Elliott,
Katherine Haynes,
Louise Hulley,
Edna Lewis,
Dorothy Loomis,
Sara Smith.

(Tune: "The Merry Widow Waltz.")

"Stetson, do your very best to win the game,
And if you don't we'll know that you are not to blame.
We'll cheer you if you don't win,
We'll cheer you if you do.
We'll cheer you always, Stetson!
Just because you're you!"

Stetson Championship Tennis Team



JOHN BEATTY EDWIN PHILLIPS
HAROLD SELDEN

Stetson Songs and Yells

Tune, "Chicken"

S—am de way it begins,
T—am de next letter in;
E—now dat am not all,
T—we've a cinch on de ball.
S—am de fillin' in,
O—am nearin' de end;
S—t-e-t-s-o-n.
dat am de way to spell Stetson.

Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe.
Give 'em the axe, the axe, the axe.
Give 'em the axe! Give 'em the axe!
Give 'em the axe! Where?

Right in the neck, the neck, the neck.
Right in the neck, the neck, the neck.
Right in the neck! Right in the neck!
Right in the neck! There!

Tune, "Amherst"

"Cheer for old Stetson
Stetson must win
Fight to the finish,
Never give in (Oh! Bless us!)
You do your best, boys!
We'll do the rest, boys!
Fight on to victory.
Rah! Rah! Rah!"

J. B. S. U. Rah! Rah! Rah!
J. B. S. U. Rah! Rah! Rah!
Hoo, rah, hoo, rah, hoo, rah, ree!
Stetson, Stetson, 'Varsity!

Hip-it-up, Hip-it-up,
Hip-it-up-again
St-Et-Son!

Tune "Billy Magee."

We are, we are, we are, we are for Stetson to the core
We fight to keep her honor bright as we have fought before.
Oh! Stetson has a glorious name
Her boys have won undying fame
And we are, we are, we are, we are for Stetson to the core.

Our War Song—"Onward Stetson."

Tune—"Go Wisconsin."



Onward, Stetson! Onward, Stetson!
 Plunge right through their line.
 Run the ball around the others —
 Touchdown sure this time.
 Fight for Stetson! Fight for Stetson
 Fight on for our fame—
 Fight, fellows, fight, fight, fight,
 We'll win this game.

Fight for Stetson! Fight for Stetson!
 Fight for green and white.
 Roll the score up for old Stetson,
 Fight with all your might.
 Fight for Stetson! Fight for Stetson!
 Fight on for her fame,
 Fight, fellows, fight, fight, fight,
 To win this game!

Around the Campus with Our Poets

(With No Apologies To Any Literary Guy.)

Backward, Turn Backward

Backward, turn backward, O time, in thy flight,
Make me a Rat again, just for tonight!
Give me the sport that I had once before,
The hazing and hair-raising days of yore.
Send the old gang again down to the room,
Force my locked door with a biff and a boom.
Summon me forth as you used to do then.
Rat me again, fellows, rat me again!

Rat me again, fellows! (Believe me, I'm game),
Bring back the good old days, 'fore things were tame
(And all the boys do as they ought to do,
And treat just alike the old men and new).
Waken my slumbers in the deep of the night,
Move 'round again, boys, and do things up right!
Backward, then time, in thy hurrying flight,
Make me a Rat again—just for tonight!

To

I saw thee on thy Freshman day,
When a sheepish blush came o'er thee,
When confusion all around thee lay,
And Dean Smith's desk before thee.

And in thine eye a hopeful light
Of something thou would'st be,
Was in a flash expelled from sight,
When Dean Smith gazed on thee.

That blush, perhaps, was youthful shame.
Pity it did not last,
While the greenish hues do still persist
(After the blush is past!)

Poor self-deceived young rodent thing,
'Twere well that blush stay o'er thee!
Some sympathy to thee 'twould bring—
Perhaps some wisdom for thee!

Sawdust

The shades of night were falling fast,
As through the college ell there passed
A maid, who bore beneath her arm,
The books which caused her much alarm—
Psychology!

In other rooms she saw the light
Of chafing dishes gleaming bright;
But she must study, grind, and bone;
And from her lips escaped a groan—
Astronomy!

"O stay," the neighbor said, "and rest,
You need not study for your test."
A tear stood in the maid's blue eye,
But still she answered with a sigh—
"Trigonometry!"

"O try to pass," the teacher said;
"Examinations loom ahead,"
The maiden turned her head aside,
And with a woeful voice replied:
"Philosophy!"

At break of day the room-mate found
The maiden buried, covered 'round,
With Latin, Greek and History too,
And still she had her French to do—
O Misery!

The Rubaiyat of One Who Knows

After the Rising Bell's harsh sound had died,
Methought a voice from o'er the campus cried—
"Aha! Aha! When breakfast waits within,
Why wait the ever-hungry ones outside?"

And, as Ike crew, those who stood before
The dining room, cried, "Open then the door!
You know how little while we have to stay,
And, once departed, may return no more."

And I, that had made merry when the light
Had marked the hours, full festive, gay and bright,
Had tarried in my downy couch too long,
And now ran wildly in my hungry plight.

There was the door to which I found no key—
The greedy ones inside I had to see,
Some talk of seeking out the kitchen door,
There was—and then, alas,—no more of *me*!

To a Rat

(On seeing Liddell dash across the campus with the coveted
banner, January, 1914.)

Gee, meekit bowin' humble pestie!
What makes thee now 'gin act so freshie?
Knowst thou not that Sophs may haze thee
Wi brush an' blackin'?
Thou would na like to have thim chase thee
Wi mur-drous rattin'.

I know thou'rt sorry that thy banner
Wast ta'en awa in sich a manner;
But naught will't help thee thus to clamor
'Gainst thy betters.
Know thou: Sophs of Freshies can na
Be respecters.

That wee bit heap o' felt an' gilt
On which banana oil was spilt,
I know thy highest hopes were kilt
When it was ta'en,
But 'twill na bend their sov'reign will,
So why complain?

So rattie, weep not; calm thy brain.
Thou see'st thy strife is all in vain.
The best laid plans o' mice an' men
Gang aft awry,
And laes their highest hopes and gains
To wilt and die.

"Prery"

There is a man named Hulley,
And he lives in De Land town;
He is, just chock-full of learning—
He's a man of great renown.

He's an orator, a scholar,
He's a boy among the boys,
He is jolly and he's genial,
And he is our heap, big noise.

Oh! We're fond of Doctor Hulley.
Stetson wouldn't be the same
If our president were known
By any other name.

"Spring"

When you feel a certain humming,
And a drumming in your veins,
When the air is filled with sudden,
Balmy, soporific rains;
When the wild phlox are a-sprouting
'Neath the trees along the lanes,
Then it's Spring.

When the palm trees on the hillside,
And the willows in the glen
'Gin to blossom forth in greenness,
And in beauty bloom again;
When the modest little violets
Show themselves within the fen;
Then it's Spring.

When the red-bird in the meadow,
And the mocker in the tree,
Blend their notes in glad rejoicing,
And are as happy as can be,
When the orange blossom's fragrance
Weights the zephyrs on the lea,
Then it's Spring.

Oh! The spring tide! Glorious spring tide!
Happiest of all the year!
When the air is full of fragrance,
And the sky is blue and clear;
When the human heart is bursting
With the thought that God is near—
Welcome Spring!

?

Sweet little Adams!
Fresh as they make 'em!
Surely his nerve
Will never forsake him.

Young but not graceful;
Green but not fair;
No need to be tender,
He won't know or care.

Nothing too sacred
But that he won't scoff.
Handle him gingerly,
The green may come off!

Limericks

There's a Senior far-famed in football
Who has grown through his hair, he's so tall—
He's called Kewpie for short
Because he's a sport,
And smiles kewpishly upon all.

* * * *

When Beulah was busy one day,
Stanley asked: "What'll you do when you're gray?"
"I'll have me a wife,
You can just bet your life"—
Delbert said: "Here's a pipe—smoke away."

* * * *

There's a Senior—Carl Farriss by name—
Who as a fisherman has won some fame.
When angling with her,
He made quite Esther (a stir),
And it is said that the girl did the same.

Now, Snooky, I know, deserves place,
And so we will give him this space.
All the girls he delights,
And now even afrights
Them by the small fringe on his face.

* * * *

Ike Tribble once asked Uncle Dan:
"Do you believe in the evolution of man?"
"I am almost forced to,
When I look at you,"
He replied, and then lit out and ran.

* * * *

Some say that this world will be bum
Until we destroy chewing gum,
But Zip, he says, "No!
I do not think so;
I always will stick up for Gumm."—(gum!)

It

Oh! We know a fellow
Who has got a yellow
One growing 'neath his nose;
And all the fellows wonder
How it stands the nasal thunder
When Snooky Ookums blows.

It's so very young and tender,
And pale, and sick, and slender,
It requires the best of care.
I am inclined to guess,
It the ladies would caress,
Only that its growing there.

It's a rosy little beaut,
And it snuggles up so cute,
As if it were in fear
To leave the nose above it,
But all the girlies love it,
For it's part of Mr. Weir.

A Fool!

He was a fool!!! He knew it! She did! The world would! She had toyed with *him*—had never loved *him*. He had been a pastime for her whilom fancy—and he ground his teeth in rage. Now he was cast aside! A fool! That was all! Bitterly he regretted his blindness, and cursed his stupidity in not seeing the outcome. Savagely he kicked the furniture and wondered why men were always fools!

All this and more danced through his weary brain, as he dressed on the morning after the revelation. * * * He had been so merry and gay that evening * * * and she had never seemed so dear. * * * He had thought himself the luckiest and sanest of mortals. * * * Now, he knew himself for a fool!!

All day he was tortured with his self-abasement—the hours dragged by in sheer weariness—his appetite fled with a bound—his very heart seemed shriveled up within him—only his weary brain lived on—with that one convincing word burning into his very being—A fool! A fool!

Night came, and with it a pathetic sort of peace. His anger had gone, and in its place a calm despair took possession of him.

He had an important engagement at eight, which he dreaded, and longed to keep, for she—his soul's misery—was to be there. He couldn't go—yet he must! He would! And show her by his carefree actions that *she* had not the power to hurt *him*!

Yes; she was there. He could see her as he entered the room, all in white. Was it fancy that *she* looked paler than usual? Pshaw! He was a fool to think it! He would avoid her—there was a Miss Blank over there he wanted to meet. *She* wouldn't know he had seen her. Suddenly, *she* raised her eyes and saw *him*!! 'Twas over in a second. She smiled—she beckoned—and with radiant face, and the wretched misery of the day and night forgotten in the joy of reconciliation, he went!!

Later, as he stood before his own mirror, with a joyful laugh he murmured to his happy reflection—"I'm a fool! I'm a fool."

Oshihiyi



The dry season had come again to the Everglades. Wooded islands unknown to the pale-face during the rest of the year had grown into prominence, covered with giant saw grass and small trees. The waterways which in the rainy season developed into fair-sized rivers, had shrunk into narrow and dark channels, and the rich land of the hammock had come again into view with its undergrowth of scrub palmettoes and wild tangle of tropical plants. In the cypress swamps the alligators, turtles and snakes glided stupidly in and out of their accustomed haunts as if realizing that although they themselves were untouched by winter, others, less favored, of their kind, were hibernating in the cold and cheerless north.

To the two young men stretched out on the sand beside the clear water of a slowly-flowing little stream, the earth might have been gradually appearing above the water again after another flood from which they had been the only survivors. Their college town, not so very far away as the bird flies, had apparently sunk as far out of space as out of their thoughts.

They, with a sullen, non-committal Indian guide, were spending their Christmas vacation in the Everglades—a very exciting and romantic thing to do when hunting and fishing are good and one feels the call of the Wanderlust. Just at present the guide was busy over the remains of a pine cone fire by the tent in the distance, and the long spirals of tobacco smoke curling upward from two pipes told that the midday repast was no more than a pleasant memory.

The two smoked in silence for a while, enjoying the aftermath of a morning's fishing, until at last Sterritt took his pipe from his mouth long enough to give a low whistle.

"Man!" he muttered later on between puffs, "If this isn't the end of creation I give it up. Feel as if you and I had dropped from that big white cloud up there into the land of nowhere. It's great, though, isn't it?"

"You bet!" came in an emphatic grunt from his friend, who, with his head in the cup of his hands and cap pulled down well over his forehead, looked dreamily out into the lazy little stream.

Walden was not much of a talker. College lore had it that it was for this reason that these two had sought to brave the Everglades during their vacation, so that Sterritt could talk himself out for once, and that Walden might have absolutely no chance to do anything but keep silent.

"It's big and grand, all right, and makes a fellow feel about as little and no account as this orchid," Sterritt went on, idly picking the flower that grew near his hand and aiming it at Walden's head. "And it surely takes you right

next to the heart of things. How would you like to be in chemical lab instead, old man?"

Another grunt expressed Walden's sentiments on the subject and the monotone went on. "Wonder if there are any Indians prowling around here. It strikes me it is just about time we were meeting up with some. We can't be so very far from some of their haunts. They tell me there are still five or six hundred of them in Florida. But you can't learn anything about 'em from that old guy of a guide."

As not even the usual grunt responded to this harangue, Sterritt turned to find his friend sleeping peacefully, his cap shielding his face from inquisitive sunbeams that crept through the dense foliage of the cluster of cabbage-palms under which he lay. A few minutes more and Sterritt had followed his example, and the sleepy eyes of a six-foot 'gator rolled lazily in their direction as he continued on his way down stream.

Walden was the first to wake, and after a few preliminary stretches he prepared himself for work. Going to the tent he brought out his fishing tackle and kodak, and, sitting down on his former resting place, he proceeded to load the latter. Just in front of him the stream wound suddenly from the right to the left, so that it was only visible for a few yards. Suddenly the silence was broken by a long, plaintive cry that seemed to come from the heart of the wilderness. Walden, just preparing to take a snapshot of the jungle across the stream, paused to listen, and again the sound came, but this time there was about it a human quality not to be mistaken.

There was some one beside the guide, some one with the voice of a song bird. For as the cries grew nearer it appeared that they were but the high notes in a song of weird beauty which was being poured out to the silent, listening world around.

Walden, a lover of music to his finger-tips, sat motionless, his kodak resting on his knees as when that first note had startled him, his whole being absorbed in the melody that came thrilling down the stream to him. The voice was a girl's, without a doubt, and as it soared up and up into the blue above the pines, and then dropped earthward again, it seemed to have gathered into expression all the melancholy beneath the sky. The song came from just around the river bend now, but long before he heard the words Walden knew that the song was not English.

And then the singer came into view around the bank of cypress trees that hid the bend in the river.

She was an Indian girl of about sixteen, and, in accordance with the Seminole fashion, she was not seated but stood erect in a long cypress dugout pointed at bow and stern. Her eyes were half closed, and she paddled the canoe with an easy, slow grace as if there were no such thing as time in all the world. Indeed, she herself scarcely seemed to be of the world as she drifted down the stream, her glorious voice thrilling every fibre of Walden's being.

But she had not spent her whole life in the hammock land. Walden saw this in the brief glimpse he had of her while she was still unconscious of his presence. Though the dark complexion and jet black hair might proclaim her a pure Seminole, and, as such, of first rank among all Indian women, yet she had evidently passed some time among white people, for Walden's quick eye saw that she wore a blue dress of some sort and that her hair, instead of being drawn back and coiled in the ugly Indian fashion, hung in two long, heavy braids over her shoulders, tied under each ear by a scarlet bow. But around



her throat hung the chains and chains of bright beads with which the Seminole woman adorns herself. The girl's face was very sad, for the Seminoles are not a gay people. And this was all that Walden had a chance to notice before her dark eyes sought his.

The kodak, framing the view of the little river, still poised on Walden's knee, and with a quick movement he pressed the bulb just as the girl turned her startled gaze on him, her song hanging all unfinished in the air. For a moment the long Indian canoe lay idly in the stream while the girl gazed at him, her breath coming fast between her parted lips, her sensitive little face revealing her amazement and eager interest. For only an instant, and then with a quick turn of her slim fingers the long pole, with which the Indian paddles, sent the dugout skimming around the bend of the river.

The ripples in the trail of the canoe widened until they reached the shores and disappeared. The kodak dropped unnoticed between Walden's knees.

"Oshihiyi," he muttered at last. "The Indian mocking bird! But is she an Indian?" He waited expectantly, but the song was never finished.

This happened in Walden's Senior year. Two years later, while home for Christmas from a college of medicine in the far north, Walden, in a little settlement on the Caloosahatchee river, was making preparations for another venture into the wilderness. His friends at home teased him about his love for the Everglades, and indeed it did seem as if he must spend a part of every holiday wandering with his guide through the intricate mazes of swamp and jungle, the first pale-face, perhaps, to set foot on some of the fastnesses of this Indian hunting ground. For the Seminoles have well-nigh hidden themselves away in this one spot of Florida that is still left them. But in vain did Walden search for the girl whose picture he carried always with him, and whose startled, sorrowful eyes haunted him.

On first waking from his trance by the little stream he had eagerly questioned his guide as to who the girl might be, but the black frown and angry grunt of disapproval left him in despair, and none the wiser. An Indian could be as silent as the grave where another Indian was concerned, he discovered, and he was forced to the conviction that if the girl was ever found it would not be through the voluntary agency of a red man. The mocking bird had apparently flown out of his reach.

The last preparations for the trip had been made and Walden, sitting on the porch of the shack which served as general store, was idly watching the guide pack the fishing tackle into the canoe, when a dugout with a solitary Indian drew up at the little boat landing on the Caloosahatchee. Fastening the canoe the Seminole walked straight up to the storekeeper, who was watching the guide's preparations. He seemed to demand something of the white man,

but was so perfectly unintelligible that Walden's guide, because of his vast fund of English, volunteered to act as interpreter.

"Winaco sick. Want white medicine man," he translated, and then added by way of explanation, "Winaco—White Moon."

The storekeeper shook his head in perplexity. "There's no doctor south of Lasooosa that I know about," he was obliged to admit.

But the Indian's answer, when translated, was emphatic and disgusted:

"White man holowagus (no good)! White Moon so sick she die." Walden jumped down from the porch.

"Here, Big Knee, tell the guy to take us along. I know a little something about medicine and may be better than nobody."

And it was not until the close of their first day's journey through the Everglades that Walden, resting on his bed of sweet-bay twigs and leaves, the dim and mysterious wilderness all around him, began to wonder.

"Why in thunder," he thought as he gazed at the figure of the strange Indian keeping a solitary vigil by the camp fire, "Why in thunder did an Indian squaw send for a white medicine man!"

On the evening of the third day the trio, after hiding their canoes in the jungle, came at length on foot to their journey's end. Their destination was one of those little Indian settlements which the explorer may occasionally come across, though always by chance, never by intention, that are almost securely hidden away from the pale-face. High points of cultivated land in the rich hammock, surrounded by tall pines, formed a little oasis in the jungle, and here lived a handful of oppressed and downtrodden people.

Not to one of the bamboo shacks, but to the only cabin of which the settlement boasted the tall Indian led the way and motioned Walden to enter. The latter opened the door and closed it softly behind him. And there on a rude pallet lay the squaw who had sent for a white medicine man. Though now deeply tanned, her skin had once been as white as his. With a little weak, glad cry she beckoned Walden to her bedside, her dying eyes lighting up as he knelt beside her. Even to his unpracticed eye the end seemed very near.

"You are in time," she gasped; "just in time; and now, listen."

Then with her eyes on Walden's she told her story. She had married at sixteen in her old home in South Carolina, much against her parent's wishes, and her husband had taken her directly to Florida, thinking to make his fortune from an orange grove. In the desolate little settlement near the Caloosahatchee they two, with their little girl, had lived until her husband's death a few years later. Left a widow at twenty-five with an eight-year-old child and with absolutely no means of making a livelihood, for she was soon forced to sell the grove, she had undertaken to run the little store. Her chief customers were Indians, and gradually she realized that one great, strong man was spending most of his time in the little shop, watching her. And when, thrusting aside all customs and the approval of his group, he offered her his love in broken English, but in the straightforward, honest Seminole way, she had felt too utterly discouraged and beaten in the battle of life to be anything but thankful for the home he offered her.

But the child—she had not been happy. Old enough at the time to realize to some extent the step which her mother had taken, the feeling of disgrace had grown with her growing years.

"She will never become accustomed to the Indian ways," moaned the poor woman, "and I do not want her to. I had no right to bury her here. I begged



her to let me send her away to school, but she would not leave me. And now I am dying fast. Some one must give her what I have denied her. Listen," raising herself on her elbow. "Listen; I hoped an older man would come, but I have no more time to wait. You are white, and I leave her in your care. Take her to your mother."

The keen eyes seemed to pierce Walden's soul as he answered, "I swear it. I swear it on this picture," and he drew the snap-shot out of his pocket.

But the woman did not notice his gesture.

"Ulichaxpezhia!" (Little Star) she called weakly. "Ulichaxpezhia!"

The door into an adjoining room opened and a girl came swiftly forward. She paused in bewilderment at sight of the stranger, and turned to her mother for explanation.

"Come here, my daughter," the weak voice whispered. "This white man is willing to take you to his mother when

I am gone. Will you go with him?"

For a long minute the girl scanned Walden's face and he saw a look of recognition creep into the depths of her dark eyes. But her only answer was to put both her hands impetuously into Walden's outstretched one. Then with a sob she flew to her mother's arms.

* * * * *

In Walden's home in the Florida University town there is a girl who is being educated into the ways of life and Love. To the world at large she is known as Matilda Ridley. But in the letters which arrive daily from the northern college of medicine where a certain student is almost ready for his M. D., she is always addressed (with qualifying adjectives) as Oshihiyi.



Last Cry of The Seminole

You have driven us far from the Wee-laa-ha, the River of the Many Lakes;
You have sent us far from the O-shee-ha-yi, Our Song-in-the-mist-of-the-moon,
You have driven us to the depths of the lone Grass-water, to the glades that are
grass and marsh and mire

To the Glades that are broad and harsh and lone—
Where the gray cypress rims the sawgrass and the lagoon hides the 'gator.
And you have taken our fair lands—Our homes and hammocks, our lakes
and creeks,

Our oranges and our cedars, our pines and the mocking birds,
This you did in the long ago—five hundred moons ago,
And now because of your land-thirst,
With your men and your tools you are dredging,
You are digging your ditches thru marsh and grass;
Why! you are stealing our Grass-Water, and now—
Where will we go tomorrow?

In the old days, in the days of other suns and moons—
Suns that were bright and golden—and the light they shed was mellow and
gold-laden;

Moons that were bright and silver—and the nights were cool, dew-wet and
pearl-laden!

In those days we dwelt on the banks of the We-la-ka.
Those were happy days, mellow with the song of the O-shee-ha-yi.
We found much joy on the piney hills of We-la-ka,
Cheered with the song of the O-shee-ha-yi!

No more for us the days on the Welaka—the broad, hyacinth-bordered Welaka,
Those days are gone; Those suns are gone!
Those mellow, golden suns have sunk in the western swamp, sunk for us forever;
No more they shove above the teeth of the ridge, red in the mists of the morning;
And the Oshihyi that greeted those suns is silent for us forever.

No more for us the nights on the Weelaaka—the black, silvery-edged Weelaaka;
Those nights are gone, those moons are gone!

Those moons uprise no more from the silvery line of the water;
Those moons uprise no more from the wall of the pines and sail in the bowl
of blue;

They shine no more on the night-closed cup of the water-lily, and the whisper-
ing fans of the palms;

And the song of the Osheehayi floats not to our eager ears o'er the velvet
stretch of the waters.

We listen, but the moon-mist song floats not from the depths of the oaks on
the shore—

The Welaka, the live-oaks, and the Osheehayi know us now no more.

No more the silver moon-path reaches from the reeds of the shore to the prow
of the cedar canoe;

No more the dusky Maid of the Moon-mist treads the silver lane on the rippling black—
With dainty, airy steps of fairy moccasined feet—airily, silently, down the forest-gemmed pathway—
No more the Tithe young warrior sits a-poise at the end of the water-path,
Waiting for warm dewy touch and whisper of love from the Maid of the mists and mystery.
No more the warrior waits—no more the silent Maiden glides on the quiet waters of Weelaaka;
No more drifts out in the jewelled night, on the night-breeze the song of the sweet Oshee-hayi,

The O-shee-ha-yi sings no more to us;
He sings not in the sea of the Grass-water;
Where you drove us forth, he followed us not into the sawgrass.
His song, the song-in-the-mist-of-the-moon,
We have heard, but hear no more.
We have heard—will hear no more.
No more, by our homes on the small lone keys of the sawgrass,
No more, while following our water-trails in the sawgrass,
Will we hear our gray-vested, silver-tongued Oshihyi.

We have our water-lily with us, for the gold-centered white cup of the Shee-lo-fo-haw followed us into the dark lagoon;
But the drooping moss of the live-oak is far away,
And our song-in-the-mist-of-the-moon is gone.
The beauty of our life was departed a many a moon ago
When you drove us from the banks of the Welaka and the haunts of the mocking-bird;
When we retreated to the sawgrass and the sedgy shores of the inland sea,
The Everglades and Lake Okeechobee.

Our Okeechobee and the Grass-water you granted us
In treaty of peace—But the mind of the white man forgets,
You have our song of the Osheehayi,
Now you want our home in the saw-grass.
You look on our grass-water, our sawgrass and our inland sea,
You look—and your old land-thirst creeps on you afresh,
So you come with your men and your ditches—
And you would drain the Glades of its water.

You would drain the marsh of its water—
So that the water-lily parch on the sun-cracked mud,
So that the otter leaves its run-way,
And the alligator forsakes its lagoon,
This you would do.
You would follow the water-trails to our homes on the keys—
The tiny keys in the sawgrass;
And you would drive us forth, and build your own snug warm houses

Where the sites of our palm-thatched camps were.
And we would have to go forth in silence—
Hounded from the face of the earth.

Long moons ago you took our song of the Oshihiyi;
Of our pine-studded hills on the Welaka you robbed us—
And now would you take our homes in the Grass-water?
Where would we go when you drove us forth?
Would you that we plunge in the ocean? We ask.

We cry out to you, white-man, Ista-hadkee;
We—once a noble race of warriors, Ista-chattee—
Now cry to you, we cry and ask,
Where will we go tomorrow?



"Social Hour"

(With apologies to Henry W. Longfellow.)

Between the dark and daylight,
When night is beginning to lower,
Comes a pause in the class recitations
That is known as the Social Hour.

We hear in the chamber above us
The stamping of maiden's feet,
The sound of a door that is slamming,
And voices by no means sweet.

From the hall, we see in the lamp-light
Descending Chaudoin Hall stair,
Gay Esther and silent Minerva,
And Mabel with auburn hair.

A greeting and then a silence;
Yet, we know by their merry eyes,
They are plotting and planning together
All the Dean's rules to despise.

A sudden rush for the front porch,
A sudden raid from the hall,
Thro' the front door, altho' guarded,
They make for the corners, all.

They climb up onto the railing,
They seize the most comfortable chair;
Escaping, the teachers surround them—
They seem to be every where.

Do you think, O stern-eyed teachers,
Because you have lived so long,
Such youthful couples as they are
Will hearken unto your song?

The couples are fast in their confabs,
And you cannot make them depart,
So, leave off the bell's shrill clanging
And thus bring joy to their heart.

Here would we stay forever,
Yes, forever and a day,
Till Chaudoin's walls crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away.

To Our Friend, the Normalite

She was a vision of delight
When first she walked in on my sight,
A lovely Co-ed truly sent
To be Chaudoin's chief ornament.
Her eyes were veiled with lashes long,
Her lips seemed truly made for song,
Her teeth were pearls, her hair was night,
She was a vision of delight!

I saw her at a closer view—
A student, yet a woman too.
She dropped her fountain pen, one day.
I picked it up—she turned away,
And with a sweet, bewitching look
She dropped her new spring term note-book.
I swore right then to be her knight—
She was a vision of delight!

But now I see with eyes serene
The very pulse of that machine.
She lost her curls one windy day.
I kept them from blowing quite away.
I found out why she did not waltz.
Her teeth would rattle—they were false.
For this fair vision of delight
Was old—
She was a Normalite!

This is the cry of the Senior,
This is the cry of the "Rat,"
Whatever in all creation
Made them do a thing like that?

They've sent the word from the office
They've sent the word to us all.
No more tender romances
In the noble Eusophian Hall.

For now thro' the ages forever
Now thro' the years, one by one,
Meeting of youth and of Maiden
No—there shall surely be none.

The lads must all be debaters,
The damsels must learn to recite,
But to work together, my children,
That is too far from the right.

But we must all be quiet, contented
And each in his separate sphere
Learn to take these things as we get them
We're in the minority here.

Selected.

"Breathes there a man with soul so dead,"
Who never to himself (?) hath said,
As he stubbed his toe against the bed,
—— !! —— !!! —— !!!!! ???—."

All the birds were singing early
Tho' you'd think it would make them blue
To wake each blessed morning
With their bills all overdue.

As Phunnie was going out one eve,
His father questioned, "whither?"
And Phunnie not wishing to deceive
With blushes answered, "With her."

"Think you not," said Hammond to the maiden fair
"My moustache is becoming?"
The maiden answered as his eyes she met,
"It may be coming, but it isn't there yet."

Selected.

The Shallowness of Fame

The athlete, the undergraduate politician, the joint debater, the college editor, the orator, and the student sat about the table. Each had impressed his own name upon his fellows. But, now it was over. On the morrow they must part to engage in sterner things. Amid the haze of blue smoke, they were pleased and satisfied, for they had done their best to win pre-eminence.

A cynic joined them. He came unnoticed among them and remained unnoticed until these words dropped from his lips: "Who led the affirmative for the Kent Club ten years ago?" There was suddenly a dearth of conversation. "Who was football captain in '95?" "Who won the oratorical contest in that year?" "Who ranked highest in the class of a decade ago?" "Who edited the Collegiate that year?" "Who was class president?"

The athlete arose and searched for his hat; the orator and the joint-debater departed arm in arm; the college editor stepped out; the student glided softly away; the Senior President stole away. The cynic alone remained muttering: "The shallowness of fame!"

The Daily Routine

6:00 A. M.—Mike arises from an ill-gotten rest and plods his weary way to Conrad.

6:30 A. M.—Grits—nuf sed.

6:50 A.M.—Dean Carson prepares to meet his semi-somnambulant class in Pol Econ.

7:00 A. M.—Eddie's alarm clock goes off. Eddie almost hears it.

7:05 A. M.—Roommate to Pinkie: "Wake up, Pink. You simply must make this seven fifteen. This makes your sixth cut."

7:10 A. M.—Pinkie wakes up.

8:00 A. M.—Classes. Nothing doing.

8:45 A. M.—Dean Carson calls the roll.

9:00 A. M.—Johnson tells all he knows about the law in two minutes, and is then surprised at his complete knowledge of the subject.

9:30 A. M.—Mrs. Allen at libe desk: "No. It's against the rules of the library."

9:35 A. M.—Quiet.

9:40 A. M.—Mrs. Allen—"No. It's against the laws of the library."

10:00 A. M.—Robbins appears.

10:01 A. M.—Robbins reclines. Swink sits beside him, smoking the makings his paw provides him.

10:15 A. M.—Longstreet indorses himself for another position.

10:30 A. M.—Eddie rolls over.

11:00 A. M.—Freshie, leaving Dean Smith's office, sings "Fare ye well, my way is yonder."

11:10 A. M.—Hale borrows some tobacco.

11:30 A. M.—Ike discovers that a sack of Durham has lasted twelve hours.

12:00 M.—Eddie gets up for breakfast.

12:10 P.M.—George begins to eat his lunch.

12:15 P. M.—More grits.

1:30 P. M.—George just finished his lunch.

2:10 P. M.—Beulah in the barbershop: "No, just trim it. I can stand it if the girls can."

2:30 P. M.—Squee and Rat Gautier leave Sigma Nu for Spec's.

2:40 P. M.—Eddie, stumped for an editorial: "Well, I guess I'll rub it into the Junior Class."

3:00 P. M.—Steve strolls into the libe. Several librarians faint. He is warned by Mrs. Allen: "Don't do it again, Mr. Jordan. That is all right for once a term."

4:45 P. M.—Merritt reads at home, "How to graft your friends."

5:00 P. M.—Elsie goes down town.

5:25 P. M.—Elsie comes back plus a bag of peanuts, five lbs. of candy, 2 quarts of ice-cream, looking like a ham (Hamm) sandwich.

5:30 P. M.—Grits yet once more again.

6:30 P. M.—Chaudoin inmates quit dancing. Grind for ten straight minutes.

7:00 P. M.—Grand rush at opera house and Colonial.

7:30 P. M.—Carl and Brass shine at social hour.

7:45 P. M.—Dingbat calls up his feminine friends and warbles the story of his life.

7:50 P. M.—"Let's go down town."

8:00 P. M.—Winner cracks a joke.

8:50 P. M.—All quiet on the Potomac.

9:00 P. M.—Winner still laughing.

9:25 P. M.—All the rounders leave for down town.

9:30 P. M.—Sned starts boning.

9:35 P. M.—Sned, after putting in a good night's work, leaves for down town to join the bunch.

9:50 P. M.—Cecil decides to cut again.

10:00 P. M.—Darkness, darkness, all is darkness (?).

10:10 P. M.—Miss Martien, on her nightly parade, "It's after ten, girls."

11:00 P. M.—On Fisk's porch: "Isn't that a horrid light!"

12:00 P. M.—Thomas concert on campus.

1:00 A. M.—Varn quits boning.

1:02 A. M.—Rear guard of the rounders cavort up the Boulevard—Only an ordinary one—Nothing doing.

1:30 A. M.—Varn hears the bunch pass. "Isn't that disgusting?"

5:00 A. M.—Varn starts to bone again.

6:00 A. M.—Rising bell.

Lament of the Spring Term

Wake, and call me early, call me early, oh! you Boob!
Tomorrow we will breakfast at six-thirty like some Rube!
Tomorrow'll be the saddest day of all the whole long year
So set the clock for sunrise, or we'll get no grub I fear.

Former Stetson Annuals

- 1908—Oshihiyi.
- 1909—The Orange Thorn.
- 1910—The Cracker.
- 1911—Oshihiyi.
- 1912—Oshihiyi.
- 1913—Oshihiyi.

The 1914 Annual Board urge that in the future, Junior Classes will adopt Oshihiyi as the name of Stetson Annuals. Inasmuch as five classes have so characterized their products, may Oshihiyi go down in tradition for with it are associated fond memories of happy college days.

Editorial

Oshihiyi now sings a farewell note, and the editors hope that, hearing it, the reader may judge with consideration and indulgence this work of their hands. In contemplation of the unusual possibilities, the experience of predecessors, and the unbounded enthusiasm and self-confidence with which their work was planned and begun, they feel that in many ways it has fallen short.

But difficulties innumerable have impeded the progress of its production. In fact it was not until late in January, 1914, that the Senior Class decided not to publish the annual, and it was still later that the Juniors finally obtained any promise of support from the Seniors. Consequently only two short months were left in which to place the copy in the hands of the publisher. Twice our staff has been broken by members dropping out, which naturally hindered progress. Surely if there is no merit within the work itself, at least the custom of producing a Stetson year book has not been broken. And at the same time a precedent has been set for the Junior classes of future years which we trust will be faithfully upheld.

The editors have received the co-operation and loyal support of their class, and whatever approval the Oshihiyi meets with, they desire that credit be given to those who have labored so unselfishly for its success. They also wish to take this means of offering special thanks to all outside of the Junior class who have given their kindly interest and assistance towards the work. If there be any who are not represented or think they are not sufficiently represented herein, the editors beg that it be understood that nothing personal has entered into their work to cause such feeling.

Our thoughts in producing this annual have been wholly to the future when some of our fellow-students may derive some little joy in looking through its pages; when a college chum, buffeted by the cares of a busy world, as he turns aside for a moment in company with this Oshihiyi, may possibly have a smile settle over his countenance at the recollection of these sacred college days. Despite its faults and imperfections, this work will ever be a pleasure, and of inestimable value to us if it be that some will be

induced to visit once more in memory and wander again in fond recollections among these classic shades of sacred charm; if it be that some may in reminiscence of college days, live over again these days fraught with real happiness and think again on these days for which our hearts will ever yearn—dear college days!

We acknowledge the faults of our work and we realize that it will be severely criticized perhaps, but we hope that you will not be led through its short-comings to under-estimate the school which it represents.

Editors' Dying Words

Wheeler—"And with all your getting, get busy."

* * * *

Waterman—"Oh, I have the grandest idea!"

* * * *

Williams—"But nobody will want it when it's finished!"

* * * *

Lewis—"Yes; I'll do it all and have it finished by tomorrow night."

* * * *

Jennings—"But what I don't understand is"——

* * * *

Wallbank—"Now that all copy is in, my work is *done*."

* * * *

All—"We shall rest—and faith! we shall need it."



L'Envoi

Ah! fond readers, wise as sages, as you scan these annual pages
You can never know the ages that we labored as we swore,
When we wished the bard of Avon, or the author of the Raven
Or some other guy were slavin' now to write this dog-gone lore.
And as thinning locks we tore, and in vain endeavor swore,
Quoth stern duty: "Write some more."

Ah, you Sophomores, take warning, by our sad and bitter mourn-
ing,

When you think you've started soon enough just start a month
before.

If you want to write some rhyme, or some tragedy sublime,
Just be sure you start in time, or you'll toil as we of yore
Every night 'till early morning and all duties else foreswore,
So get busy, Sophomore!

Be that word our word of parting, and as now we are departing,
Fellow students, fellow classmates, all our readers! We implore!
Judge with kindness what we've done, and if any praise we've won,
We are thankful, every one, but a mighty oath we swore
When the day of toiling on the Oshihiyi should be o'er,
That we'd never do another, "Nevermore!"



To Our Advertisers

In viewing this work of our hands,
The pictures, the prose, and the verse,
We hope at the least you can say:
"Oh, well! It might have been worse."

But whether you praise us or blame us,
Whether you like it or no;
Please show your appreciation
To these men who helped with "the dough."

Do You Know

that A. G. Spalding & Bros. spend thousands of dollars in making just one implement, or a single ball? Sometimes a bat, a racket, or a pair of shoes. The first ones that are made each cost a small fortune.

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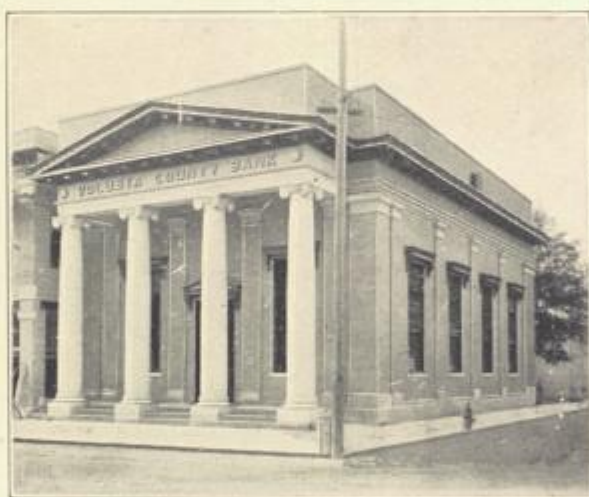
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