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Oshihiyi

John B. Stetson University

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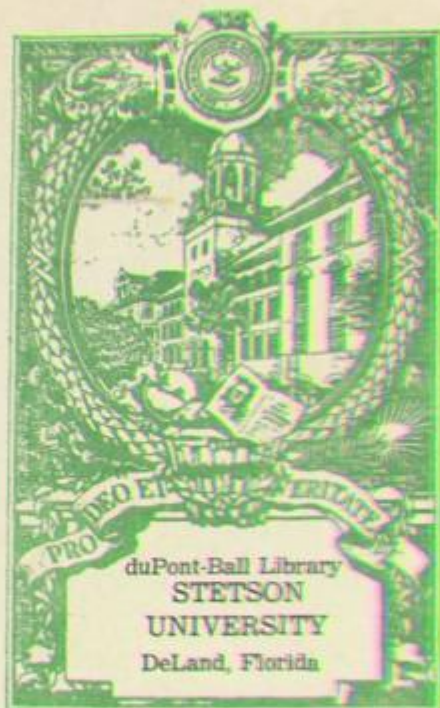
Oshihiyi

1915



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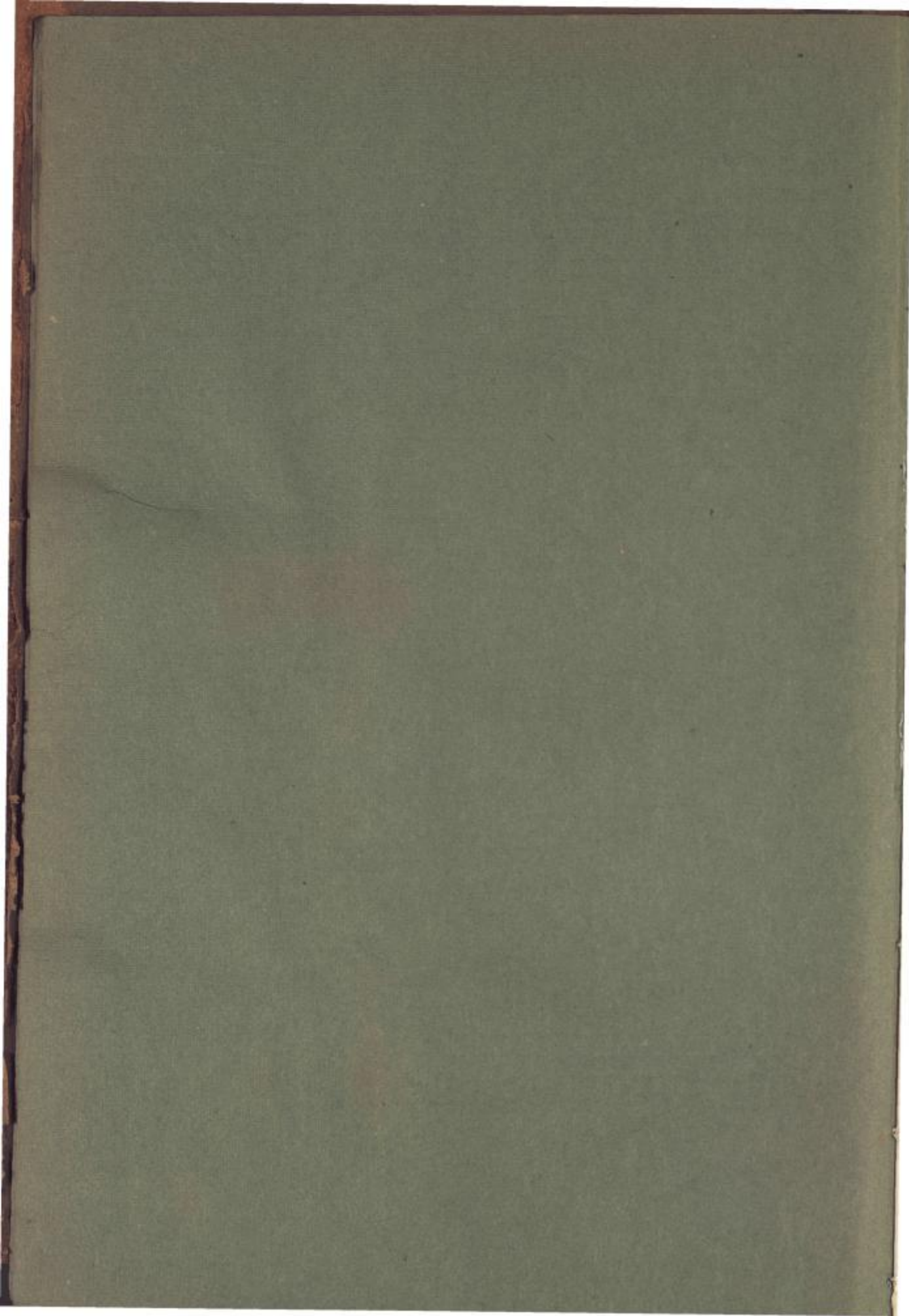
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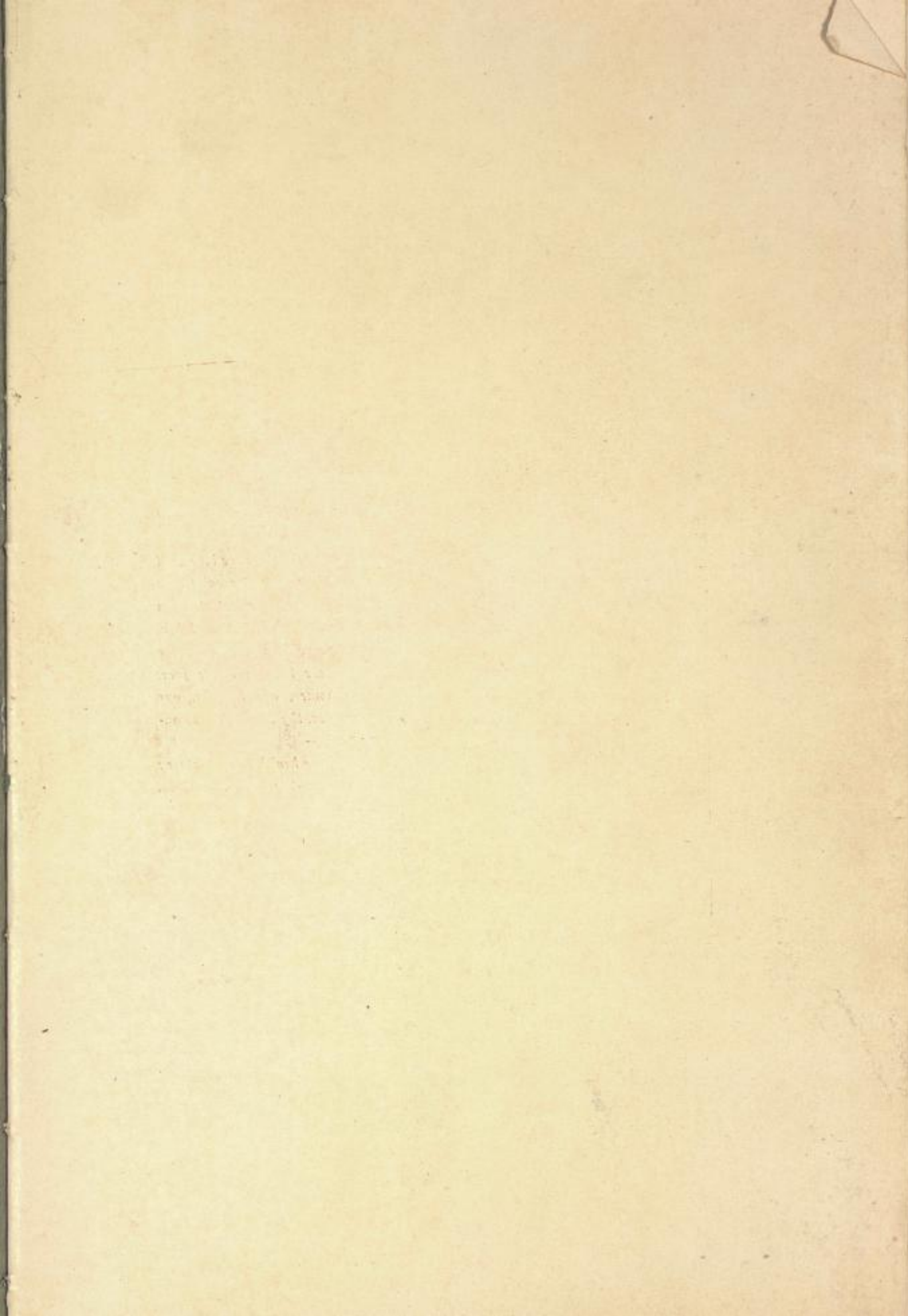
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*Here's to Florida, the Land of
the Pine and the Palm,
Where all the skies are blue, and
all the seas are calm.*

*Where joined in sweetest union
are blossom, bird and bee,
And the heart is free to wander
where breezes ripple free.*

*Our homes, our hearths, our
loves, thy sunlit plains con-
tain—*

*Here's our health to thee, starry
Queen-State of the Main.*

Volume Eight

of

The Oshihiyi

1915



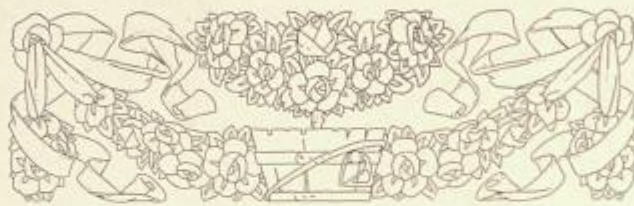
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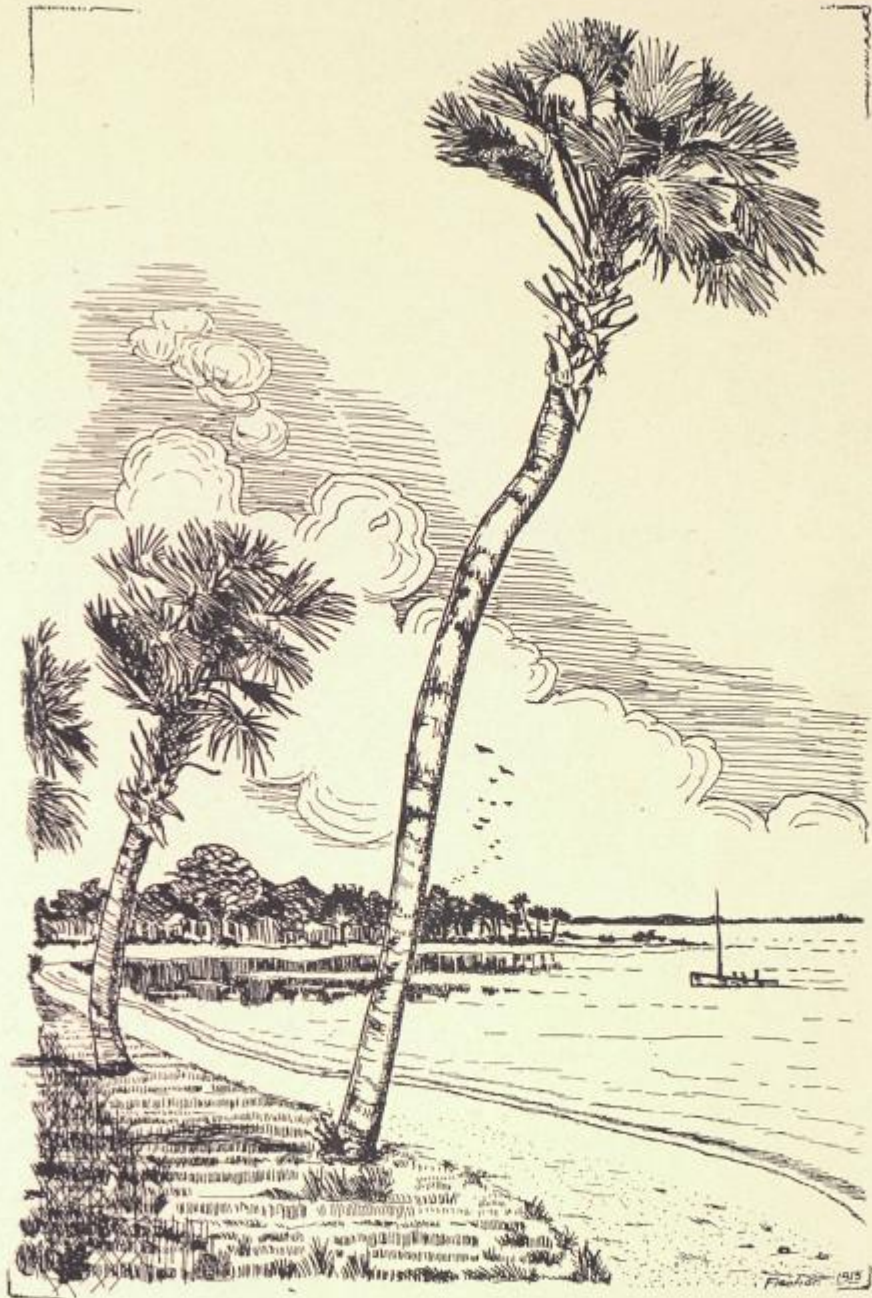
The John B. Stetson University

DeLand, Florida



Greetings

To you—all of you—Seniors, lesser students, and learned professors; friends and comrades; classmates and room-mates; companions of campus and hall; and the few strangers who happen to read this book—we extend our greeting. We hope that around this book lingers, and will linger, an air of fellowship and friendliness, of wholesome cheer, and of healthy thoughts and deeds. Greetings!







Dedication

TO

J. Howell Cummings

*Who has always been a loyal friend and generous helper
of this University
among the pines of Florida
we, with all respect and esteem
dedicate this Annual*

the Year-book of John B. Stetson University for 1915

It is our Love-gift

Take it, man of whole-souled deeds

You are worthy

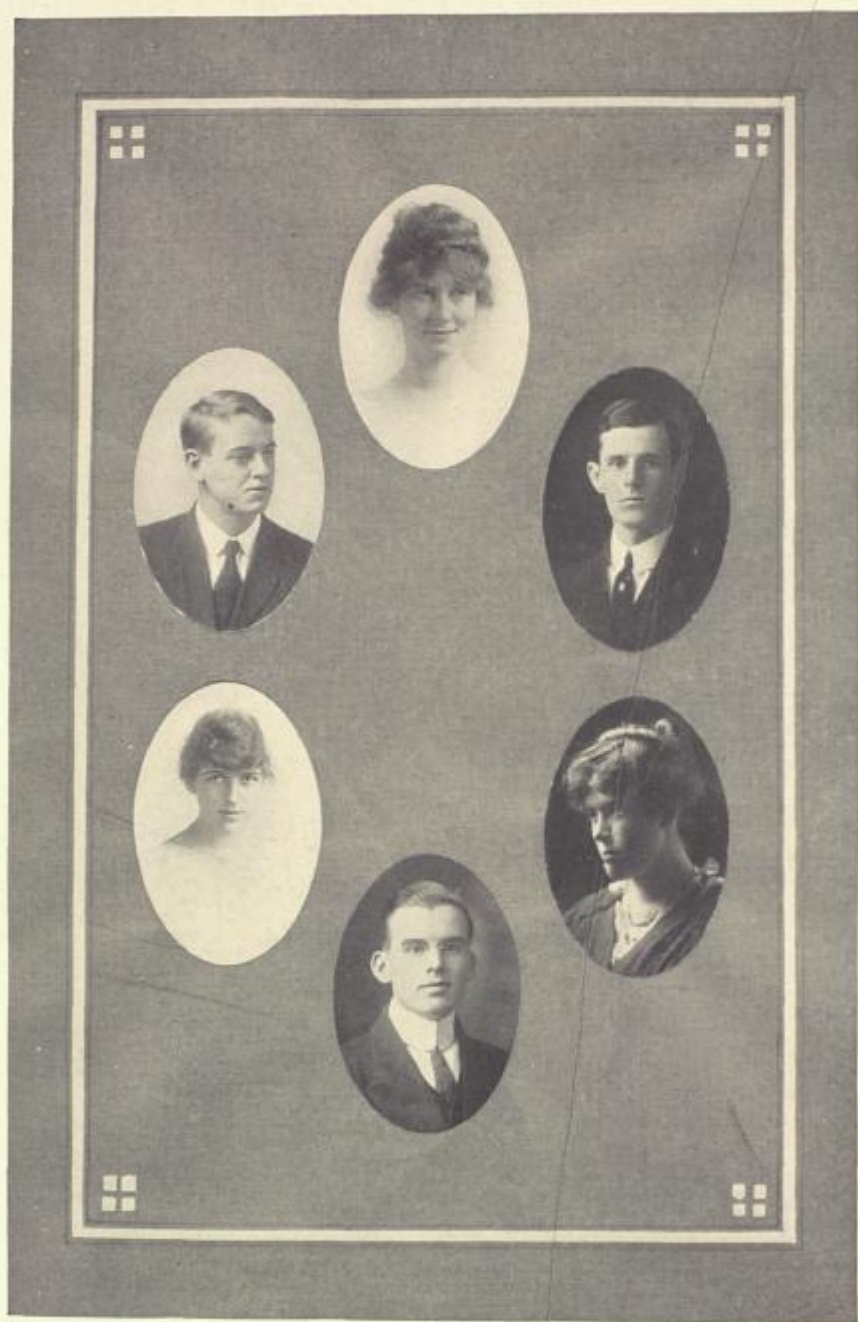


Oshihiyi 1915

Contents

	PAGE
Foreword: Oshihiyi -----	11
Lamps of Learning -----	13
Graduate School -----	17
College Seniors -----	22
College Juniors -----	37
College Sophomores -----	41
College Freshmen -----	45
Academy -----	50
Law School -----	56
Music School -----	73
Business College -----	83
Student Organizations -----	86
Fraternities -----	109
Athletics -----	125
Stetson University and Campus: Guide -----	138
Students' Recessional -----	146
On the Trail of the Bird (Story) -----	150
Fact, Fable, Fiction, and Fun -----	156
Editorial -----	168
Advertiser's Section -----	171





Oshihipi Board 1915

MARGUERITE BLOCKER, *Editor*

FRED W. FISCHER, *Editor*

MABEL ELDREDGE, *Art Editor*

LOUISE HULLEY, *Art Editor*

STANLEY T. WALLBANK, *Business Manager*

CHARLES N. WALKER, *Business Manager*

*You see the Annual Board before you;
The stage is clear, and we are here—
Do the gods in the pit applaud.*



*When the fragrance of the orange wafts out free,
When moonlight bathes in silver every shrub and tree,
When none are on the path but just we two alone,
Then nothing more I want, except to hear
The song of hidden mocking-bird swing out full and clear
To serenade the million queenly stars we see.*

Foreword: Oshihiyi

The Oshihiyi—the Seminole's "Song-in-the-Mist-of-the-Moon"—sounds sweet to the ears of the loyal Floridian. The mellow sunlight of the days, and the silvery starlight of the nights, in this, our balmy Southland, are quickened to life by this wonderful songster. Truly, even though he be but a plain-plumaged, gray-vested bird, the mocking-bird is the nightingale of the Southland. Citizen and prince at one and the same time is he—sunny natured, warm-hearted, and true and loyal to his native woods. He is with us always, in summer and in winter—and he always sings. What matters it if the red-breasted robin comes to us only when the North is covered with ice? We know him not; he is a stranger. We hardly notice when he goes again. What matters it that the kildee cries from far a-field during the winter months? It is a strange note, for we heard it not during last July.

But the mocking-bird is our friend—our out-of-doors chum; he is our feathered neighbor, almost brother. To the very doorstep of our homes he comes and sings, and would fain perch his gray body on the doorsill—threshold to our hearts. What matter all these strange birds from foreign shores? We are already rich; we are content.

The mocking-bird, when in song, is the throbbing heart of the woodland. Far above the crooning of the long-leaf pines rings his song, far out across the sunny fields flows the silvery torrent of music. Red-blooded, healthy, vital and cheery is the song. This gray-vested, mild-mannered bird is the master musician of the countryside.

If we, the editors, have captured in this year-book of the University, the eighth volume of the "Oshihiyi", some of the charm and personality that the book's namesake possesses, we are satisfied. If this volume—with its campus-lore, its class-room jests, and its attempts to enchain that intangible, filmy something called "college atmosphere"—in spite of its many and various faults—is welcomed to the heart of the loyal Stetsonite, we are glad. Our work has been paid in full, and we lay down our pens with no regrets as to what might have been.

Here's our health to the Oshihiyi—to the mocking-bird of our home-gardens and the Indian's "Song-in-the-Mist-of-the-Moon." And, kind reader and fellow-student, here's our respects to you.

To the President



We would pay our respects to you, Doctor Hulley. We would say "hello" to you. We would greet you with your own hearty "How do you do?" as we meet face to face on life's pathway. We would like to stand before you, eye looking straight into honest eye, and say, as one man to his brother-man, "Life is sweet, is it not? And there is much joy and contentment in the years and in the full, rich work that crowds them—Is this not so?" And we know you would answer "yes," and the hearty hand-clasp that you would give us would ring with that superabundant, optimistic enthusiasm that you always possess.



The Lamps of Learning

There's a college in the quiet of a pine-y wood,
Tucked away beyond the city's traffic roar;
Here you will find a host of Learning's happy brood—
Come and enter now with me the chapel door.

The brain-aspiring students crowd the sloping aisles—
Girls in sweet sixteens, athletes hard as nails,
Seniors in their caps and gowns—plus their learned smiles;
And on the rostrum sits the host from whom the Freshman quails.

Dean Carson rises in his might; he shoves his roll-book now in sight,
And takes a census of the floor as Re-Pete softly shuts the door;
Then a song is staged and set—and you can safely bet
That the singer of greatest pith is our dear Professor Smith.

A second closely follows—Baereck(e) is in the shallows
Hurrying to the shore; while Rockwood forges to the fore.
—But come, let's leave this mob, for rooms where Stars of Learning
throb.
Where Profs hold forth in glory will I tell a spell-bound story.

"Doc" Hulley is the chief of "Profs"; you'll find him behind the
 guarded doors;
And at Vespers he'll discuss with you, Psalms and loves and nation's
 wars,
Farriss and Carson are deans, rulers of you and me;
Miss Martien is dean of the women; at Chaudoin her you'll see.

Rasco is dean of the Law School, and his precepts and his law
Convert into the stuff of lawyers a mass of material raw.
Bauer and Weir are assistants two—but Weir by far is tallest of
 the crew;
And after the plotting of all those three, our lawyer students find
 few hours free.

Baldwin teacheth Latin, on bees and noun-declensions master;
Farriss teacheth Greek to the embryonic would-be pastor,
Both are rulers in their line—and the "lines" their pupils scan
Are enough to bring that prized gray to the brain of any man,

Baerecke's in his class-room with his "Haf you understood?"
We love the dear old "Deutscher" Prof who torments heads of
 wood,
A-down the hall comes a fearful squall—is it the shriek of execu-
 tion?
No, be not affrighted, 'tis only Stover's class in elocution.

And farther yet a-down the hall come notes in music's strain—
Let's hope the cause of all these warblings great is not a lurking
 pain.
Here the voice is trained to soar by Guevchenian's swaying baton—
Say, did ever the boys of Conrad tell about a mighty rattin'?

Miss Bates leads the hopeful—the voice to sweet accord she brings;
While Miss Boor teaches how in tune to fret the throbbing strings,
Miss Sinnot in another realm, and Miss Baker at the organ,
Complete the corps of the Music School. To listen is a bargain.

Mickle, the broad-shouldered, teacheth the ways of commerce—
Of freighted argosies that leave the marts, and the cities' throbbing
 wires;
Miss Denny leads the typists—the keys they must coerce
To the speed and accuracy and clean copy that her keen, sure eye
 requires.

And in the physics "lab" we find our Rockwood here—
He likes the boys, he likes the girls, he liketh you and me.
We step across the hall and hear a voice both full and clear—
'Tis Tingley hailing us to join his flock in chemistry.

And from upstairs Waterman's form appears—he's a "prof" and
civil engineer;
For his students tussling with railway curves you'd better drop a
single tear.
Under skylights reigns our Lichfield Colton—and his eyes would
turn fiery and molten
If you should deign to pass his drawing sharks in this fairest of me-
chanic arts.

One narrow hall and partition wall doth part us from Fluhart's fair
and able artists—
Where oils, pigments, hair-pins, paints are scattered, and on canvas
sometimes accidentally spattered.
A hubbub rising from below, relates that fair sweet girls are mixing
dough—
It is in this room of Domestic Science that our appetite places sad
reliance,

And here Mrs. Carson rules. Another division of the schools
Is the Domestic Art Department, where girls are taught to build a
garment
With needles, thread, and various other tools.—Mrs. Peek is the one
that rules.
Turnquist ruleth in woodshop—where draw-planes lisp, and ham-
mers clang and stop.

Let's go to Elizabeth's classic halls again. Miss Bangs instructs the
German ken,
Where "Achs" undt "Himmels" undt "Liebe dichs" do split the air.
In that room over there
Miss Whiting teacheth French; to pronounce this stuff I'd need a
monkey-wrench.
While Blocker inoculates you in ethics, and in psychology and other
sorts of anesthetics.

Dean Smith is king-pin of the "math" room, where he sits in state,
And let me gently whisper, he can make you scratch your weary
pate;
Dean Carson teaches "Pol Econ." and on history he's a shark—
To this ruler of cuts in chapel you'll find you'll toe the mark.

Gordis teacheth English, and on Shakespeare he dilates
Until we get the master's wisdom and the poetic throb within our
curly pates.

In the library Miss Gates is imploring for strident voices to quit
their soaring—

And dictionary, Brittanica, books, are placed on the shelf—along
with magazines, manuscripts and other literary pelf.

There is Rosa behind grated bars, who is bursar of "particulars,"
As you will gently, firmly see if you come sometime your bill to see.
In the office are Miss Sheddan and Kate Styles; they guard the "in-
ner sanctum" by a score of miles—

Yes, the Doc is surely fenced by oak, and flesh, and door, and to
see him you'd better ask a week or two before.

Now this tale of the School's wise profs is ended—and you see your
time is idly spended

That you spent in this perusing. Well, 'twas of your own sad
choosing.

Now I think I'll quit—my muse is getting sick; and don't you throw
a brick

To kill it as it rages—I have uses for it in the later pages.



The Graduate School



We would pay all due respect at the Shrine of the Learned. Knowledge is precious—yea, sweeter than honey, and more to be valued than diamonds or ships at sea. Above the library-front is written in outstanding letters, these words, "Education is Power." We believe it. Else we would not be here, but in farther fields.

Yes, we would pay all honor to you—you, the "post-grad" students of our Stetson University.

Let the smokes of altar fires ascend unto the hills of Learning!

JOHN M. WEIR, LL.B.
Candidate for Master of Arts.
Kappa Sigma, Phi Delta Phi.

Three years at University of Indiana; Kent Club; Girls' Basketball Coach;
University Club.

TWO YEARS AT STETSON.



We shall head this list with our instructor and scholar too,
And—shall I say it?—caller at Chaudoin, too;
Both his teachers and the pupils that he leads,
And—shall I say whom?—say that he is true.
Well, here's our luck to a strong-built man,
An upright, clear-voiced, clear-eyed man,
Who lends a hand where'er he can.
And if the gods see fit, under the old, sweet rules,
To grant his hand the prize of the Learned Schools—
What have I to say? 'Tis meetly fit
That I, the student, keep silence from the pit.

MARIE-RUSSELL STEPHENS, A.B.

Candidate for Master of Arts.

Delta Delta Delta.

Glee Club (2 years); Collegiate Board; Girls' Athletic Association; College Play (2 years).

SEVEN YEARS AT STETSON.



From the Professors:

Where this head of learning,
That of hours of study spurning,
Cometh bright, cometh prepared, in the morning—
Head with all the words of Homer adorning?

From the Men:

Where this head so golden-crowned,
Where that smile so wondrous 'witching,
And those feet so lightly dancing,
And those blue eyes warmly glancing?
Why should she a man be scorning,
And instead—come to school in the morning?

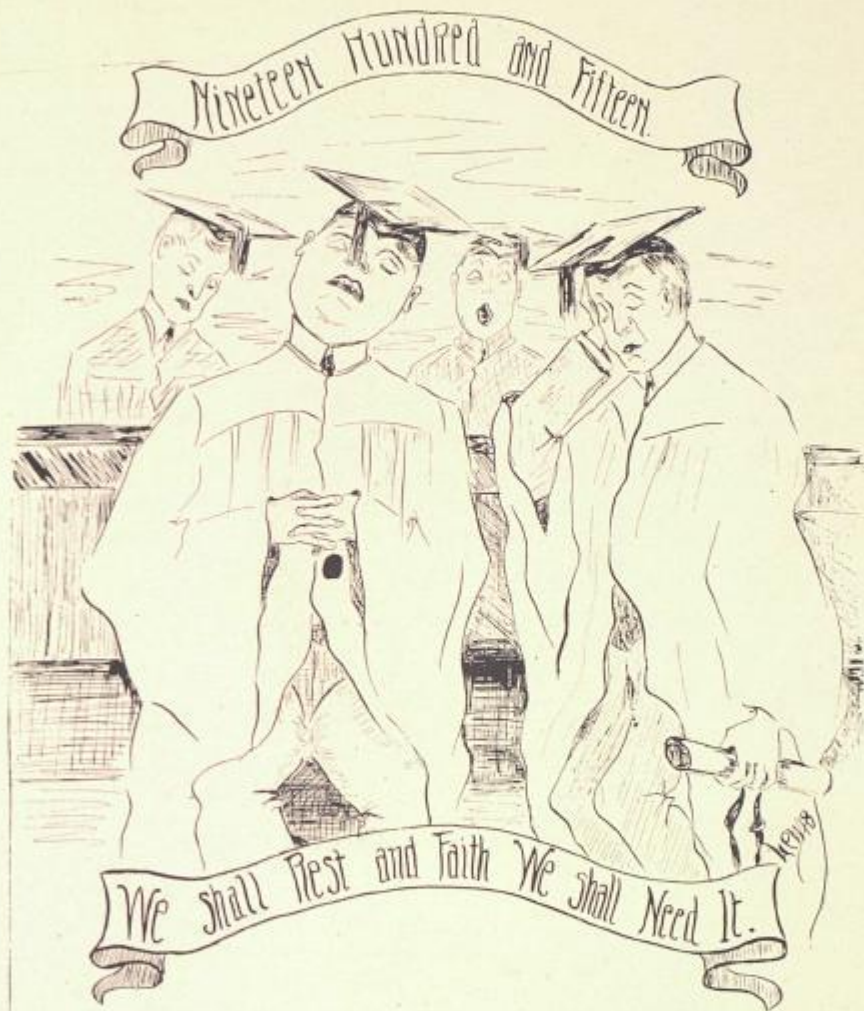
CARL VERNON FARRISS.
Candidate for Master of Arts.
Phi Kappa Delta.

President of Senior Class; Basketball; French Play; Baseball; Football.

EIGHTEEN YEARS AT STETSON.



A man, square-jawed, full of action,
In college plays a star attraction;
Sure-eyed, with the fine-nerved build
Of an athlete in excellent training;
On campus, with a strong, confident mien—
In classroom, the same confidence remaining;
Always a man—strong, magnetic, and clean—
Carrying virility and force into Learning's Halls.



To You, Senior

Senior, in your cap and gown, soon you will leave this University tucked away among the pines of Florida. For a few weeks or months you will yet take your usual seat in chapel—then suddenly one day, we shall look and see you not. You have left—left us for good! You have gone out into the world, to fight bigger battles than those the class-room affords, to taste sweeter joys than those the campus can give. Ah, maturer work, and joys that are more intense! Like the little bird whose wings have grown and strengthened, you will venture forth from the nest and fly away. Your wings have developed.

Senior, as you go out into the world with your sheepskin in your hand, we ask that you also take this little book along with you. Store it with your other treasures—treasures that are priceless to you because of their associations. For things that are priced by the heart cannot be bought for money; this you well know.

Take this book to the home of your fathers beyond the far horizon (soon, no doubt you will have a home and a fireside of your own—and that is well, for it is the law and the will and the way of the world); and in future days, turn the leaves of this book and look back upon your school days. Perhaps the memories brought up will cheer a cloudy hour. Perhaps you will remember old school-friends who are loyal and true and brave—and your heart will again be inspired by the fiery-flowing energies of those past campus days. Years may cool the blood, but the flowers of the memory stay ever fresh.

Yes, Senior, this book we would have you take with you. Judge it not harshly for its contents—we have done our best, even though it be but the summation of feeble and misdirected efforts. Remember that the spoken words of man are weak when uttered in the presence of the silent voice of friendship. Speech is but shackle and chains upon the deeper emotions; the heart speaks stronger by glance of eye than by word of mouth.

Goodby, Senior in your Cap and Gown. Fare you well! You have learned the Rules of the Apprentice Schools; now go forth to the work of the well-skilled masters.

The work awaits you—the playground of the world is large. We, here at the School shall miss you—from the campus, from the class-room, from the halls and dormitories, we shall miss you. But remember, we ourselves—we, the Juniors—tarry here but a year longer. Then in the morrow we will greet you—by your sides as loyal brothers and loving sisters we will work with you.

The Dreams of the New World, which are but the Dreams of the Old World renewed and strengthened, will come true.

And the altar-flames of our hearts are ever kindled for your love, dear Senior.

Three years have we lived with you,
Laughed and talked and loved with you,
Grown and deepened much with you,
Now we say adieu to you.

ELIZABETH LEWIS

Candidate for Bachelor of Arts

Delta Delta Delta

One year at Fairmont College; Eusophian; Le Cercle Francais; Krucible Klub; Y. W. C. A.; Green Room Club; Girls' Athletic Association; Collegiate Board; College Play (2 years); Class President Senior Class.

THREE YEARS AT STETSON



Senior President, at your feet we lay our posies.
Wilt thou look down upon them?
Thou of the large, gray, understanding eyes,
Where the wells of Knowledge show deep and clear;
Thou who art come from the Southern plantation under the palms,
Where the pine-apple glows golden on the sun-heated sand-ridge,
And the cool, deep blue of the Indian River shows up beyond towards the sunrise

To the hall of Stetson you came—earnest, aspiring,
Weighing well in your hands, with calmness of spirit,
The various joys and honors which the School held forth to you,
Choosing and leaving at pleasure as suited your will.
It is well! The will of the queen is law.
Now the queen leaves the Halls, and the Halls are desolate.

ROBERT BLY.

Candidate for Bachelor of Science.

Phi Beta Psi.

Varsity Club; Krucible Klub; Deutsche Verein; Tennis.

NINE YEARS AT STETSON.



Here we have a composite character—a conglomeration of scintillating points of genius; periodic, quick and well-directed flashes of humor; an arrogant stare and a self-confident air; a wonderful supply of energy, that seems to enable him to play tennis for 25 hours out of each day, besides cramming in on the side all the vast and various knowledge that the graduating Senior is supposed to absorb.

On tennis, automobiles and girls he is an authority—therefore you need not refer to the Encyclopedia Brittanica in the library. In all the courses of the University he is a "shark"—and in Chemistry he's a whale. If his hair were auburn I should call him a "sun that never sets," but as it is, we shall have to let him go with calling him a "star."

He will make his path, you need not worry.

P. S.—This is none of Bob's own humor. It is ours; and it is just about as serious as Bob is at his funniest. We guarantee our product.

M. PRISCILLA BISHOP.

Candidate for Bachelor of Philosophy.

Eusophian; Le Cercle Francais; Deutsche Verein; Y. W. C. A.; Vesper
Choir; Krucible Klub.

FIVE AND A HALF YEARS AT STETSON.



Once upon a time when class-days all were dreary,
Came a maid with words so sweet and cheery,
That the Raven of the weird, wild, Satanic Poe,
That had heaped the paths with shadows—halls and labs with woe—
Forsook forever his perch above the class-room door,
And left the Halls of Learning and the campus paths forevermore.
—Ay, evermore!

She was wise and cheery, and her words were prized dearly
For their worth and human interest, and the good nature merely
That their content held in store. Suns may rise and soar,
But memory of a smile, it will tarry yet a while,
And we'll ne'er forget, in the years to pass us yet,
The maid who owned the smile, and the sweet and cheery style.
—Nay, nevermore!

EMMA FLOWERS WILLIAMS.
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts.
Delta Delta Delta.

Y. W. C. A.; Eusophian; Le Cercle Francais; Krucible Klub.
FOUR YEARS AT STETSON.



Through the hesitant years of the past-fled days,
Many a name has drifted to levels of desert sand—
Because the wise heart chose the warmth of Home-ward ways,
And stooped not to awaken the blare of a passing band.

To the caprice of Fame are the truest affections tossed;
In false footlights are true colors, true proportions, lost—
So wise is the maid who chooseth Service for her queen;
All friendship, all love, all worth, to the merciful lean.

No tinsel and scattered petals of crepe-paper roses—
But on the brow of this girl the crown-jewel Sincerity reposes;
And Love lights the calm of a clear eye to everyone's friendship—
Yea! to the maid who is leaving we would all claim kinship.

ELSIE CARA PADGETT.
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts.
Delta Delta Delta.

Le Cercle Francais; Y. W. C. A.; Eusophian; Girls' Athletic Association.
FIVE YEARS AT STETSON.



Roses are flowers, the fairest which Love retrieves
From the spine-set net of ensheathing thorn,
Taking the white pure bud with its deep-green leaves,
And leaving the thorns and the briars forlorn.

Into the garden the Master went—
"I will choose me a flower to deck my brow;
I will choose me a worker to live my Cause."
—And thus were the years of her maid-hood spent.

The highway is dusty, the brow is a-sweat—
But the smile and the voice of this maid cheers us yet;
And as she repairs to the path from the School of the Pine,
Not one will rejoice, but all will repine.

FRANK A. TURNQUIST.
Candidate for Bachelor of Science.
Phi Kappa Delta.

Basketball (2 years, '14, '15); Business Manager Collegiate 1900; Inter-collegiate Tennis Team, 1911; Graduated from Business College, 1914.

SEVENTEEN YEARS AT STETSON.



The Oshihiyi now writes on its scroll of scholastic endeavor the name of the above student. Long has he lived with us, but even yet we have not fathomed the whole of his character. Lo, there are depths of the sea that have never been fathomed by the plummet of man—and shall I say it—woman? This Senior is a puzzle, and therefore a genius.

We shall take him to the chemistry "lab" and analyze him—for we would know more of this fellow-student of ours.

Ah-ha! the analysis is finished. The compound we have been working on is indeed interesting. In the test-tube we found much sterling worth, some silver-edged dreams for the future (may they bring the silver!) a trifle of arrogance (which is common and natural to all college men), strong traces of the athlete, and a whole-souled, unselfish comradeship. The various ingredients collected together and fused in the flame of life form a compound spelled thus—Individuality. This chemical is commonly called by the shorter name of Frank on the campus and in the class-room.

Frank has our best wishes for the future.

ELEANOR BLY.

Candidate for Bachelor of Science.

Krucible Klub; Eusophian; Y. W. C. A.; Student of Volunteer Band;
Deutsche Verein.

NINE YEARS AT STETSON.



Sketch:

Always friendly; wholesome; likable; a good talker; good in her studies; blue-eyed and smiling; and never in these latter days seen alone. The last feature is very prominent.

Do the birds sing in the oak trees as they sang in days of old?
Does the fire glow on the hearthplace, or is the heart and altar cold?
Do you remember the days in the schools—those golden, dream-led days,
When you and I pondered the Lessons together—our hearts with health ablaze?

When you and I sat in the desks that ranged in rows before the teacher's feet;
When another teacher—Arch Instructor—taught us things so sweetly sweet—
That were different—and far better, than the chalk-marks on the board;—
Come! would you have me count off all the treasures that I horde?

(Supposed words from an old sweetheart in the latter days when School is over.)

TILLIE CHAPMAN.
Candidate for Bachelor of Science.

Deutsche Verein; Y. W. C. A.; Krucible Klub; Eusophian.

THREE YEARS AT STETSON.



Thus her eyes:—

Where the sparkling waters flow,
Where the sunbeams come and go,
Dancing lightly, fairily, arrogantly, slow—
Thus her eyes!

Thus her words:—

With sweet, quick speech, and words that glow
With love of learning and light of truth,
With strength of fresh young blood and zest of youth,
As shy in dawn-light as the virginal steps of Ruth—
The lovely Ruth of the old days in her fields of wheat,
Where the grain is always golden, ripe, complete—
Thus is our class-mate sweet.

SHERMAN BRYAN JENNINGS.
Candidate for Bachelor of Science.
Phi Kappa Delta; Phi Alpha Delta.

Kent Club Debating Team; Business Manager Annual, 1914; Class President 1914; Green Room Club; Le Cercle Francais; College Play (3 years); French play.

FOUR YEARS AT STETSON



WE GUARANTEE THIS PRODUCT OF FLORIDA SOIL.

Florida may raise sand and sandspurs (Say, by the way, does this youth ever "raise sand" in the class-room, in the halls, or on the campus?), but it also raises men—red-blooded, whole-souled, virile, manly men. And this youth happens to be one of the manliest of Florida's men. We extend to him all honors, and all respect. His words were always friendly, clear, and backed by a cheery mind. They always shall be—for the mold of the clay in this instance is permanent.

The walks of the campus shall miss the square shoulders and athletic stride of this Senior when he departs from among us.

CONSTANCE WATERMAN.

Candidate for Bachelor of Philosophy.

Glee Club (2 years); University Orchestra; String Quartette; Eusophian;
Y. W. C. A.; Deutsche Verein; Le Cercle Francais; Music School Graduate, '14;
Vesper Choir.

SIX YEARS AT STETSON.



Through the mellow haze of warm-lit, sun-kissed days,
Where golden seas o'er fields are streaming,
A song the shadows break, and forest pines awake,
A throb in the rays of sun a-slant.—Song-mist gleaming!

From the shade of palms drift the song-starred calms—
Far and wide outspreads the tropic sea—
Wave-surge of coral atoll, sweet repose of wooded knoll,
All sensed and felt in song of sweetest Oshihiyi.

As midnight stars a-dancing, the dark eyes warmly glancing,
While nimble fingers hunt the singing threads,
The song flames forth; from South to North,
All know the Southland queen-bird's singing.

RUSKIN R. ROSEBOROUGH.
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts.
Phi Beta Psi.

Eusophian; Varsity; Le Cercle Francais.

SEVEN YEARS AT STETSON.



When we smile a little bit it clears a lonely way; when we pass a word of greeting to a brother in the street we have cheered his toiling day. Some there are who know this—and some there are who don't. Some there are who practice it—and some there are who won't.

Now we would greet this brother-student with the same friendly smile that he gave us in past days. Always kind and courteous, he was more than mere formality and a veneered and chiselled man. There was warmth behind his words and a fullness in his handshake that gripped the cords of our hearts. There was enthusiasm and life in his smile. We liked that smile; we felt it to be real. And that smile was not rare—it was always there whenever we met him—on the street, on the campus, in the hall and in the class-room. We like the earnest way in which he is friendly—habitually friendly; it turns a day to gold. To be friendly to all one meets, shows broad spirit with the world.

We know that he made good in his classes, but that does not touch us; but that he is a man and a friend most vitally concerns us. He is our comrade.

MARY WHITTLE,
Candidate for Bachelor of Arts.
Delta Delta Delta.

Hailed from Stewart Hall, Staunton, Va. Eusephian; Y. W. C. A.; Collegiate Short Story Contest (first prizes, '13 and '14).

THREE YEARS AT STETSON.



In these bright days of Stetson stars—days and stars impearled in jet—
When all the Lamps are lighted, and not a Sun has set;
When artists daub in paints and oils, and words fare forth a-flame;
When musics swell to hearts and throbs, and critics say that Art's a game—

There comes a maid to this fair land—of sandspurs, sun and shimmering sand—
Whose maxim is, that Art is still an Art, and not a bowing to a band—
That sifting verbs and coining blood in measure for the market-place,
Belies the Pattern that was modelled, and puts one Highest Workman in disgrace.

So she molds her work with quiet tools, and in Unheralded windows carves—
Saying naught unto the Schools—knowing well the Speech that starves.
Now she travels forth again, without a chest of laurels hoarded—
As unburdened, modest, as she came—the best word-artist the School afforded.

HERBERTA HATHCOCK,
Candidate for Bachelor of Philosophy.

Kent Club; Y. W. C. A.; Girls' Athletic Association. Two years at Shorter College, Ga.

ONE YEAR AT STETSON.



The tasks are a-plenty, and the workers are legion,
But the work and the workers flood full in this region—
The work is the cause which lighteth her brow;
The workers are thoughts and the hands they endow.

Full-earnest yet gay, are her eyes of gray,
And you are delighted if they look your way
(Providing you are of the masculine gender or tribe);
But hark ye, men, her motives are simply hard to describe.

Full-earnest and bright in the Realms of the Books,
Full-earnest and wise in the ways of the world;
From other Schools she hailed, where learning full-sweet
Had robed her in wisdom from her head to her feet.

To the Seniors

Three years have we lived with you,
Laughed and talked and fussed with you,
Walked beneath the oaks and palms with you,
Wandered all the campus-paths with you.

'Neath the stars you whispered strange sweet things to us,
Told us truths that were unknown to us;
Now the time has come when you must part from us,
And the old stars that glowed so warm, seem not so bright to us.

Three years in the class-room small with you,
Three years in the world at large with you,
Have we grown and deepened much with you,
Grown in brain and heart and hand with you.

'Neath the same tall pines we felt the winging words with you,
Gathered much among the books (and bee-blown roses, too)—
Dreamed the same bright, golden-misted dreams with you—
Yearned, and loved, and broadened much with you.

Now, it seems that we must bid adieu to you.
Then take this book—call it false or call it true—
But remember, the love-flame burns forever bright for you—
And remember, in the morrow we will surely follow after you.



Junior Class

OFFICERS, 1915.

PRESIDENT	-----	NELL HATHCOCK
VICE PRESIDENT	-----	WINFRED LIDDELL
SECRETARY	-----	JUNE ELLIOT
TREASURER	-----	MYRTLE CONRAD

CLASS ROLL.

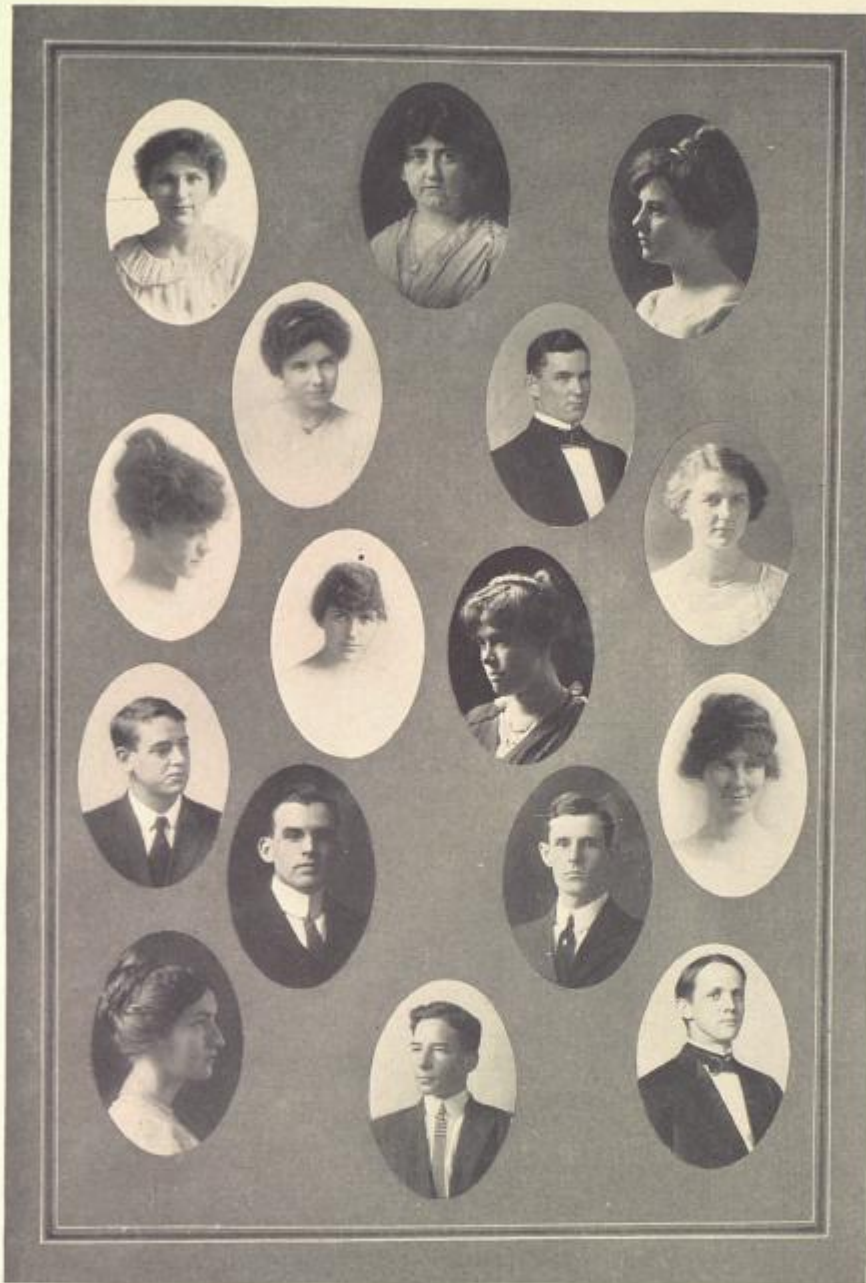
Marguerite Blocker	Orville Huchinson
Myrtle Conrad	Eva Klicker
June Elliott	Winfred Liddell
Fred Fischer	Rubert Longstreet
Churchill Goar	Paul Northrop
Bessie Gumm	Millie Null
Nell Hathcock	Vivian Selter
Louise Hulley	Charles Walker
Mona Bates	Stanley Wallbank

Can it be, O fellow-classmates
That we are coming to the time
When we shall be the rev'rend Seniors?
Surely it is only yesterday
That six and thirty Freshmen
Entered in these stately halls
Hallowed by the sound of laughter
From voices of those gone before.

Were we a jolly lot? Did we study?
Did we burn the midnight oil till dawn's red rays were ruddy?
Were we so verdant that the cow beyond the pasture fence
Turned from her meal of grass to gaze at us with wistful glance?
Did the Sophs of those days think they'd put us all to baleful uses?
(Well, we carried the flag from the field—and then they were busy making ex-
cuses.)

Did we scintillate properly—did our luster hide the sun?
Or did the deans call the weary heads to them one by one?

The above questions we won't answer—for the deeds that we have done
Will tell you much the more convincing how our honors run,
Once our class was thirty-six, but some have wandered far—
(We send them our greetings, where'er the lost sheep are!)
And now we are but nineteen—but we are as staunch and true
As when in the old days we rallied round a flag we'd hoisted in the blue.





THE MARSH-DWELLER.

Make a bee-line from the school-lands, from the camp-ground—
Pass the point where pine trees loom up large—
Cut across the silent prairie, where the cypress rims the sawgrass—
Dip into the blood-red sunset of the western sky-line.

Here in the bayou, where the cane-brake bends and covers,
Thou shalt find me, Wak-ko-lot-ko, Fisher of Little Minnows.



Sophomore Class

Motto: Build for character, not for fame.

Colors: Green and gold.

YELL.

Boom-a-laka, Boom-a-laka, Bow! Bow! Bow!
Chick-a-laka, Chick-a-laka, Chow! Chow! Chow!
We are the Sophs of J. B. S. U.
And don't give a razzle, dazzle,
Sis! Boom! Bah!
'17! '17! Rah! Rah!

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT	-----	LILLIAN ARNOLD
VICE PRESIDENT	-----	AUSTIN CONRAD
SECRETARY	-----	CATHERINE HAYNES
TREASURER	-----	RUDOLPH PETERSON
REPORTER	-----	MARY SHEPPARD

CLASS ROLL.

S. J. Adams	Kate Frenna
Lillian Arnold	Wm. Gardiner
Anthony Bates	J. W. Gill
Rachel Beatty	Garland Hale
Margaret Boggess	Catherine Haynes
Eula Botts	W. A. Patishall
G. W. Braim	Rudolph Peterson
C. O. Campbell	Dollie Prather
Austin Conrad	Mary Sheppard
Russell Curran	Flora Taylor
Herman Dickey	Mary Lou Wilson
Dolly Dunning	Charles Winner
W. M. Emerson	Marion Wright



Proverbs for Aspiring Students

Sufficient unto each day is the evil thereof. Borrow not trouble by studying today the lessons assigned for tomorrow.

Such untimely actions bringeth discomfort unto the soul, and high travails unto the heart. Likewise it causeth a mildewing of the bones, and a certain affection of the cerebral regions called the "dry rot."

Beware of these things; they cause an untimely and unseemly end.

And when the voice of the Profs is heard throughout the land, heed not these callings, for they lead unto strange actions and midnight grinding.

The mills of the gods grind slowly, but the solution of a problem in calculus grindeth finer; and strange sad voices sound in the night.

Remember this, ye students and tribes of the verdant backwoods, when you enter this famous institution of the Land of Learning in the Realm of Books.

When signing up for your classes, remember that some courses lead by a way not crooked nor devious to eternal cussedness. Some courses are a perpetual thorn in the flesh, and conduce not to the general happiness of the innocent (in no sense) soul-aspiring student.

List unto these words. Consider the advice of those who have gone before.

Old paths fret new feet, and corns are begotten of tight shoes. Sleep at night, that thy wisdom be not exposed to the chill night air and die a natural death. Pith and double A's are the calamity of long studying.

The stars of the heavens are many, but the vicissitudes of the boning student are infinitely more.

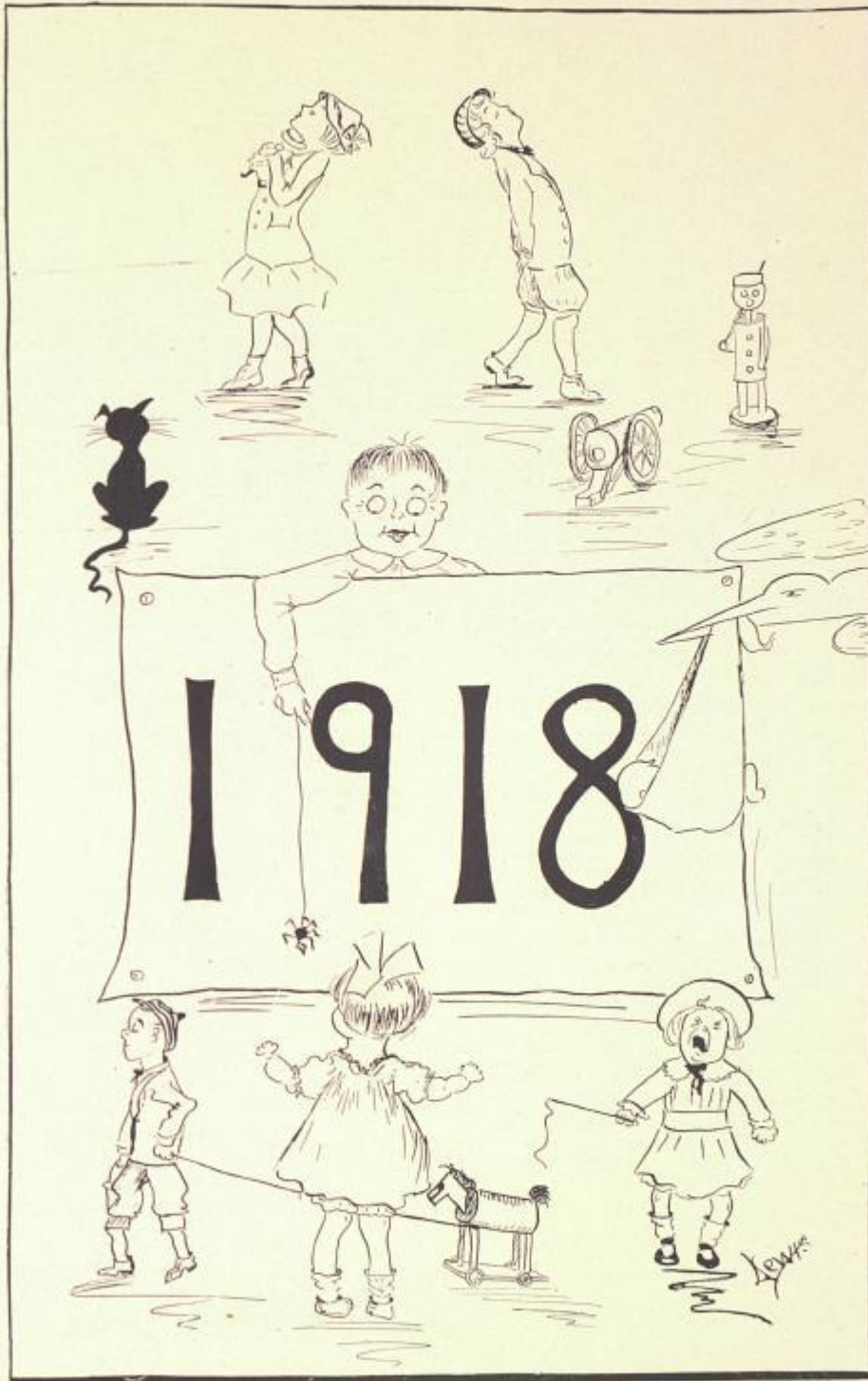
Toss thy textbooks out of the window; curse the problems that beset thy path.

Beware of the luring voice of the Instructors. They lead the unsuspecting student into a tangled forest of unceasing tortures.

Put thy faith in thy "pony"; it is a friend in need, and its enlightening voice will sound from out of the darkness when thou art in dire trouble of the publicity of the bulletin board.

Beware of the Discipline Committee; it leadeth unto strange and heart-rending disclosures. Many are the promising college careers that are ignominiously nipped in the bud and cut short in their prime, by its strange actions.

List to the words of wisdom, and from the paths of experience turn thou not away.



Freshman Class

Motto: Rowing, not drifting.

Colors: Red and white.

Flower: Red rose.

CLASS OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT -----	CHARLES ROBINSON
VICE PRESIDENT -----	ALDEN TISSOT
SECRETARY-TREASURER -----	MARY WALTERS

CLASS ROLL.

Louise Albertson	A. J. Parkhurst, Jr.
Lillian Benton	Hilma Peterson
John Beatty	Marzella Phillips
Morgan Bogart	Susie Ramsey
Marjory Chambers	Charles Robinson
Donald Conn	Douglas Roseborough
T. I. Deane	Evelyn Schaeffer
Agnes Norma Duggan	Charles Scovil
Harry Edwards	Roy Scovil
Lloyd Fenno	Annie Sheppard
Hazel Fiske	James Simpson
Ida Gailbreath	Mildred Siviter
Evelyn Gradick	Harriet Snyder
Marina Harvey	Anarrah Stewart
Ben Hulley	Martha Swain
Phillip Jones	Alden Tissot
Elizabeth Kimball	Nan Trenholm
Olive Link	Morris Tunncliff
Lena Lofquist	Elmer Varn
Flossie Matthews	Mary Walters
Addie McGrady	Mildred Watts
Adah Nooney	Howell Yates



The Annual Freshman-Sophomore Banner Fight

From time immemorial it has been the custom here at Stetson for the Freshmen to hang their banner in some conspicuous place and then essay to protect those sacred colors from the defaming hands of the Sophomores. Owing to the notorious fact that the Freshies usually outnumber the upperclassmen three to one, the results of this annual battle have generally been favorable to the Rats. The Class of 1916, however, turned the tables on the Freshies of last year and succeeded by strategy in wresting the banner from the chagrined class of '17 and they possess the rag and its banana oil to this day.

This year the Freshmen in their customary exuberance, posted their gentle flag at half-mast on the altitudinous shaft which adorns the athletic field. One Fenno in the stilly hours of night ascended said pole and spiked the banner at what was considered a secure height. In descent this same Freshie liberally applied axle grease to the sides of the post, thus thinking to defy the enraged Sophs. When morning dawned, it began to rain with much vehemence. The two classes snooped about the athletic field for some hours, but both were unable to start anything—for one was afraid, and the other "dassent."

About 10:30, the "authorities" came to the assistance of the Sophs and began to shoot buck-shot at the flag, attempting to cut the strings which bound it, and to bring it fluttering to "terra firma." However, the "authorities" were poor marksmen and the banner refused to flutter. While this was going on, Tac Bradley secured to his limbs a pair of telephone climbers, and taking the assembled hosts by surprise, he rushed up the slippery pole, jerked the rag loose, and in accordance with a well arranged scheme, tossed it to a waiting Sophie. However, the race was in this case to the swift, for the vigilant Freshmen were not entirely asleep. They raced after the fleeing Soph and both classes indulged in a free-for-all fight in the rain and mud. The Freshmen outnumbered the Sophs and finally succeeded in overpowering them and the coveted banner was retrieved. But it is only fair to say that it came very near to pursuing the same path that fell to the lot of the banner of the Freshies of the year before.



Smile Girls!



H. J. S. M.



Rat



Time-400 P.M. Place—Athletic Field.



Before



Chardomites



Tennis Girls



Isn't She Cute!



Peppermint Girls



Peppermint Girls

After

Senior Academy

Class Motto: "B²".

Class Flower: Yellow jessamine.

Class Colors: Gold and brown.

CLASS OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT	HENRY LOFQUIST
VICE PRESIDENT	DELTA HAYNES
TREASURER	CARRIE SHEDDAN
SECRETARY	HELEN CARNINE

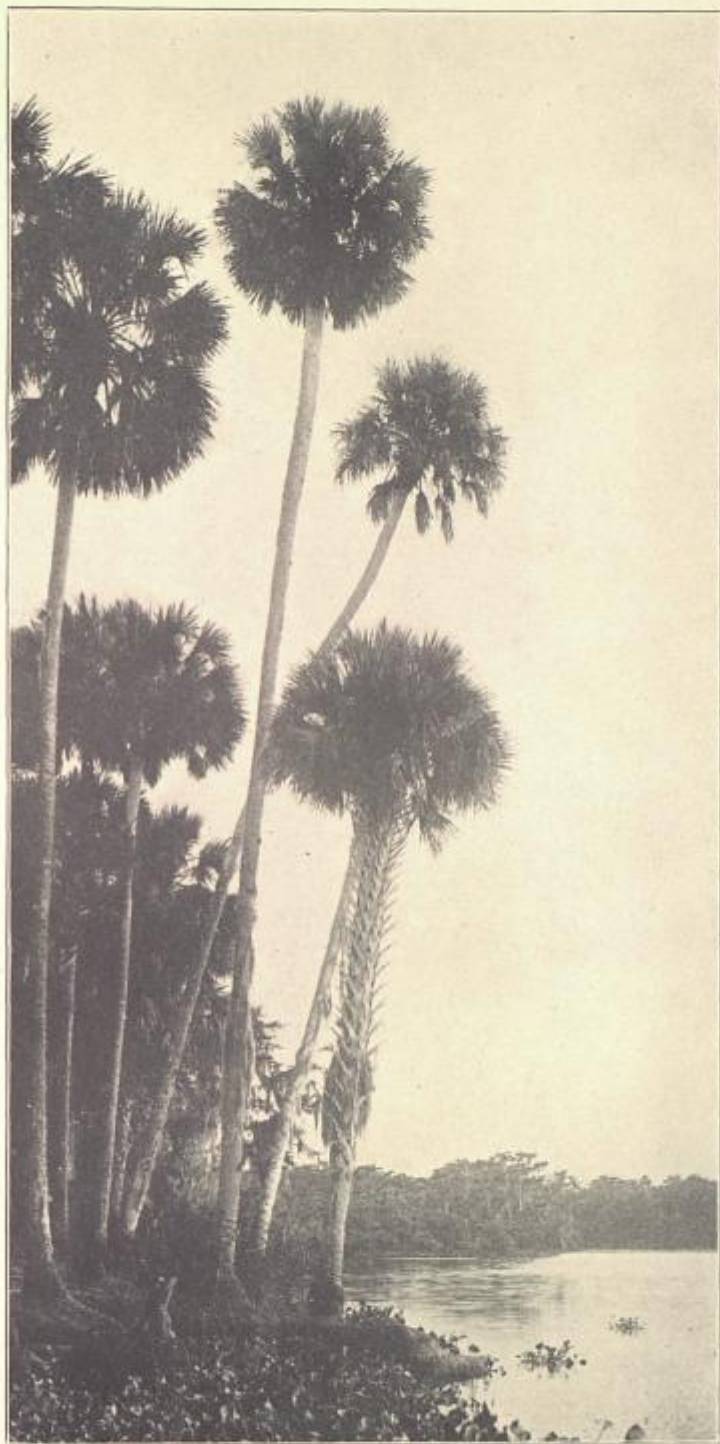
MEMBERS.

- HENRY LOFQUIST—"When I open my mouth, let no dog bark."
GRACE GUMM—"When ignorance is bliss, 'tis folly to be wise."
BURDETTE NORTHROP—"Our Math-Shark."
SARA SMITH—"The truth it would not out."
ANDREW COLEMAN—"His feet the path of duty trod."
MARGARET GAMBLE—"Our musician."
MARY NUTT—"One of the species."
HALCVON MCBRIDE—"A lover (of nature)."
ETHEL CATLIN—"Modesty is the hand-maid of virtue."
WILLIAM SALES—"Speech is the gift of all, but thought of few."
JULIA COLEMAN—"Adds dignity to our bunch."
LADRU GRAEUR—"The boy with an aim."
BERNALYN MCBRIDE—"Without knowing, you hold a gift."
JOHN ZEIGLER—"He that blows best, let him beat the horn."
LOIS PHILLIPS—"Her soul is in her eyes."
RUSSELL RASCO—"Live not to eat, but eat to live."
HELEN DREW—"Art is the ambition of her soul."
HAROLD SHELLEY—"Worthy of consideration."
WILETTA ELLIOTT—"Our Annette Kellerman."
PAUL HON—"All the world loves a lover."
ESTHER STILES—"Do not stick your opinions on other persons' sleeves."



MARVIN HATCHER—"Study to be worthy of your parents."
ALICE HATCHER—"Quiet and steady. Always red(dy)."
ABRAHAM DUNNING—"Musically inclined."
ELIZABETH GREGORY—"To know, to esteem."
FLOYD NORTHROP—"A prodigy of learning."
HELEN CARNINE—"Giggle and the world giggles with you."
ALLEN HARRIS—"Think of ease, but work on."
RUTH WILCOX—"Speaks only to express thought."
GEORGE BICKFORD—"Short but sweet (?)."
DELTA HAYNES—"Our 'Jim Thorpe'."
LEM(O)N CONLEY—"Keeps us guessing."
CARRIE SHEDDAN—"Never make a mountain of a mole hill."
HERBERT SEIGEL—"To be wise is to bluff."
MILDRED SMITH—"When lips are silent, eyes will speak."
EDWIN THOMAS—"Tallahassee phenomenon."





Junior Academy

Class Motto: V U V.

Class Flower: Marechal neil rose.

Class Colors: Dark blue and gold.

CLASS OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT ----- JOHN KRUSE
VICE PRESIDENT ----- MEDWIN PEEK
SECRETARY-TREASURER ----- RACHEL STEPHENS

CLASS ROLL.

Dewey Albertson	Charley Moore
Violet Albertson	Arvid Peterson
Eugene Brantly	Lena Pierson
John Harkness	Carlisle Prather
Esther Harris	Elmo Pursell
Jack Hays	E. Roebuck
Ruth Houston	Edith Selter
Allen Johnson	Irene Smith
Florence Johnson	R. K. Smith
William Keown	Reid Williams
Ethel Ladd	Harry Wootten





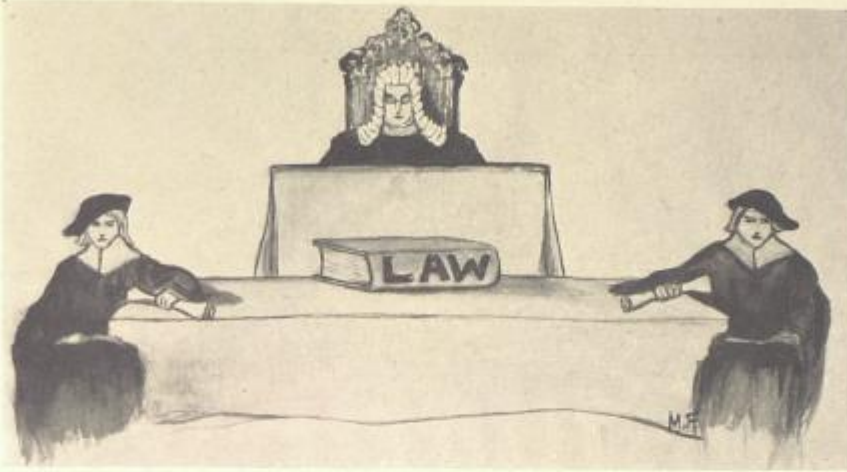
RICHMOND AUSTIN RASCO,
B.S., A.M., LL.B.,
Dean of the Law School.



RALPH STANLEY BAUER, A.M., J.D.,
Professor of the Law School.



JOHN M. WEIR, LL.B.,
Instructor in the Law School.



The Law School is one of the largest departments of this University. In it are some of our most loyal Stetsonites; here the heart throbs warm for school, for clan, for campus glory, and classroom honor. Many of our most famous athletic heroes—heroes of gridiron, diamond, and cinder track—were members of the Law School. Many of the jolliest fellows that tread the campus paths are lawyers in the making. Many of the strongest brains in the University study legal statutes. Students who have been long at Stetson will tell you that if the Law section were taken from this school, the University would lose much of the red blood, the progressiveness, and the vitality it now contains. Yes, the Law School is an important and essential part of this institution. We, the classical brothers, extend the hand of comradeship to our legal brethren.

The Senior law class—that will graduate and leave these campus pines in a few short-weeks—is, as far as we can ascertain, larger than any single class that has ever graduated from the halls of Stetson. Twenty men and one fair woman will sally forth to shine as legal lights in the various villages of Florida.

As dean, Mr. Rasco has been unflagging in his efforts to build up the Law School, both in reputation and members. Professors Bauer and Weir are able and zealous assistants. All three form a corps of instructors loyal, learned, and true to the noblest aims of the University.



WILLIAM JEPHUNNEH STEED,
LL.B.,

DELAND, FLORIDA.

"PHEUNIE."

Sigma Nu Fraternity; Phi Alpha Delta Law Fraternity; President Law Class, Junior and Senior Years; Deputy Sheriff Moot Court; Football 1914. Four years at Stetson.

"And a little child shall lead them."

Our President is the youngest member of the class—but born to be a leader of men. Always loyal to his friends, class and school.



A. OTTO KANNER, LL.B.,
SANFORD, FLORIDA.

"TEX."

Phi Alpha Delta, Law Fraternity; Vice President Law Class, Junior and Senior Years; Vice President Kent Club, Spring, '15; Member Kent Club Debating Team, '15; Varsity Baseball Team, '15. Two years at Stetson.

"Without unspotted,—innocent within."

Our Vice President, being next to the President in both power and age; a strong, conservative man is he. Loyal always.

ANNIE JOE LAW, LL.B.,
BROOKSVILLE, FLORIDA.
"JOE."

Secretary-Treasurer Law Class, Junior and Senior Years; Secretary-Treasurer Kent Club, Spring, '15. Two years at Stetson.

"She began alone—a woman of the law is she."

The only lady member of our class, the fourth to graduate from Stetson. Joe, we all love and adore you.





RICHARD G. KEY, LL.B.,
ST. PETERSBURG, FLORIDA.

"RIP."

Theta Nu Epsilon Fraternity;
Pi Kappa Alpha Fraternity;
Member Kent Club; Member Uni-
versity Club; President Conrad
Golf Club. Two years at Stetson.

*"Nor is it Homer nods, but we
that dream."*

Our "Rip" is quiet, but he is on
the job—by diligence and whole-
heartedness he has won friends.

RAY M. GRIFFIN, LL.B.,
HARTFORD, CONNECTICUT.

"DINGBAT."

Sigma Nu Fraternity; Phi Al-
pha Delta, Law Fraternity; Presi-
dent Freshman Class, College,
'12; President Sophomore Class,
College, '13; President Athletic
Association, '14; Business Man-
ager Collegiate 1913-14, 1914-15;
Glee Club Manager, '15; Presi-
dent Kent Club, Fall, '14; Mem-
ber Student Council, '14. Four
years at Stetson.

*"His powers in equal ranks, a fair
array."*

A powerful and well-liked man,
is our "Dingbat," always with us
in the cause.





IRA SCHELLE MAINES, PH.G.,
LL.B.

SANFORD, FLORIDA.

"Doc."

Sergeant-at-Arms Kent Club, Spring, '14; Secretary-Treasurer Kent Club, Fall, '14; Reporter Kent Club, Winter, '15; President Kent Club, Spring, '15; Member Stetson Baseball Association; Stetson Collegiate Staff; Clerk of Moot Court; College Play, '15. Two Years at Stetson.

"Some are thin and some are fat."

The heaviest man of the class is our "Doc." Always loyal to friends, club, class and school.

W. FORREST CHAPMAN, LL.B.,
WAUCHULA, FLORIDA.

"CHAP."

Member of Kent Club; Second Vice-Dean of Stetson Hall; Tennis. Two years at Stetson.

"Perseverance is a valuable quality."

He hails from South Florida way—quite conservative, taking life calmly, clamoring for neither honor or notice.





LEWIS H. TRIBBLE, A.B., LL.B.,
LAKE CITY, FLORIDA.

"IKE."

Phi Kappa Delta Fraternity;
Phi Alpha Delta, Law Fraternity;
A.B. from Columbia College;
Sergeant-at-Arms Kent Club,
Fall, '14; Deputy Sheriff Moot
Court; Member Green Room
Club; Varsity Football, '14; Var-
sity Basketball, '14-'15; College
Play (2 years). Two years at
Stetson.

"A Shakespeare in our midst."

Without "Ike" the class, club,
field and the stage would be sadly
vacant.

ARMIN HILL SMITH, B.S., LL.B.,
MACON, GEORGIA.

"SMITHY."

Phi Kappa Delta Fraternity;
B.S. from Georgia Tech.; Mem-
ber Kent Club. Two years at
Stetson.

*"When men display to congrega-
tions wide."*

The entertainer of the town, is
our "Smithy," of Movie fame.
Always a "Mover" in any line of
advancement.





WILLIAM P. A. DINEEN, LL.B.,
STEVENS POINT, WISCONSIN.

"BILL."

Phi Beta Psi Fraternity; Phi Alpha Delta, Law Fraternity; President Stetson Oratorical Association; Attorney Kent Club; Collegiate Staff; President Baseball Association. Two years at Stetson.

"A little rhyme most any old time."

"Bill," our poet, an active man in class and club with a generous amount of good fellowship.

ELWYN CURTIS THOMAS, LL.B.,
DELAND, FLORIDA.

"SKEET."

Sigma Nu Fraternity; Phi Alpha Delta, Law Fraternity; Member Kent Club. Seven years at Stetson.

"And that which he delights in must be happy."

Always ready with a good hearty laugh, or with an answer to a hard question, quiet, conservative and loyal.





HOWARD STEWART, B.S., LL.B.,
DELAND, FLORIDA.

"STUDIE."

Phi Delta Theta Fraternity;
Phi Alpha Delta, Law Fraternity;
Clerk of Moot Court; U. S. Gov-
ernment Service. Three years at
Stetson.

"Unbiased by favor or by spite."

A man of accomplishments, a
real paddler, close to the hearts of
his classmen.

WILLIAM EUGENE RIVERS, LL.B.,
HIGH SPRINGS, FLORIDA.

"ABE."

Sergeant-at-Arms Kent Club,
Winter, '14; Vice-Dean Stetson
Hall; First Case in Moot Court,
'15; Tennis. Two years at Stet-
son.

"A spirit natural or inspired."

Our "Abe," though quiet and
peaceful, is not idle; his diligence
is an invaluable asset.





CHARLES PRATT PHILIPS, LL.B.,
PALATKA, FLORIDA.

"PRATT."

Sigma Nu Fraternity; Phi Alpha Delta, Law Fraternity; Member Kent Club; Kent Club Representative on Collegiate Board; Varsity Football Team, '14. Two years at Stetson.

"Half of a youthful, loving, modest pair."

Pratt is a conservative, yet active man, standing along the front of his class. One of the founders of the Court Room Extension.

WALTER GREEN WALKER, LL.B.,
NEW SMYRNA, FLORIDA,

"WALT."

Vice President Stetson Oratorical Association; Member Stetson Prohibition Association; Member Kent Club; Winner of Prohibition Oratorical Contest. Two years at Stetson.

"And they say that small packages are valuable."

"Walt" is the smallest member of our class—with the loudest voice; a winner of medals.





H. BLAINE PEACOCK, LL.B.,
RENSELAER, INDIANA.
"REV. BLAINE."

Phi Beta Psi Fraternity; President Florida Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association; Vice President Stetson Prohibition Association; Vice President Stetson Y. M. C. A.; Member College Play Cast, '14, '15; Tennis. Two years at Stetson.

"Do as I say do, not as I do."

Our Reverend is full of Law as well as Prohibition, and is leading a kindly light. Success is his.

JAMES P. DODGE, JR., LL.B.,
ST. AUGUSTINE, FLORIDA.
"JIMMIE."

Phi Kappa Delta Fraternity; Member Kent Club; Member Kent Club Debating Team, '15. Two years at Stetson.

"And lo, he called us to our task."

Jimmie is the bell-ringer of Stetson—probably the last one, too, for chimes instead of bells hereafter. He is forceful, wise and eloquent.





DAVID FRANCIS HAMMOND, A.B.,
LL.B.,

FRUITLAND PARK, FLORIDA.

"DUTCH."

Phi Kappa Delta Fraternity,
Phi Alpha Delta, Law Fraternity;
Secretary-Treasurer Baseball As-
sociation; Member Kent Club;
President Junior College Class,
'13. Five years at Stetson.

*"Better than all discourse is deep
thought."*

"Dutch" is a quiet, good-na-
tured, deep-thinking fellow—yet
the useful humor is not lacking in
his nature.

DAVID SHOLTZ, A.B., LL.B.,

DAYTONA, FLORIDA.

"DAVE."

Beta Theta Pi Fraternity; A.B.
from Yale; Phi Alpha Delta, Law
Fraternity; Glee Club; Sheriff
Moot Court; Manager Stetson
Baseball Association, '15. One
year at Stetson.

"For he is a jolly good fellow."

Our Dave is the Millionaire
Kid, and the Yale Grad, and a bet-
ter fellow was never made; full
of wisdom and smiles.





ARTHUR RAY ROEBUCK, LL.B.,
WEST PALM BEACH, FLORIDA.

"A. R."

Law Librarian; Secretary-Treasurer Kent Club, Winter, '14; President Kent Club, Winter, '15. Two years at Stetson.

"A man of few words, fair and square."

A. R." has a genial disposition, leading a straight and quiet life, toiling along the road that leads to success.



L'Envoi

The students and the class-room Kings depart,
The campus bonfire sinks to ashes gray,
The hall is vacant of the long-loved heart—
The flowers wither, and old laurels fade away.

The floor is emptied, the shouting dies,
The wreaths are turned to leaves, and ancient skies
Are far forgotten. Old loves give way to new,
And new altar-smokes ascend unto the True.

Outer worlds bulge large; new voices shout the news;
New forms, new trails, loom up in dawn's strange dews.
The woods are shaded; fresh daisies crown the old-plowed fields,
And gathered to weathered walls are the time-scarred shields.

Tho' Commencement stars decline, and lines are spurned,
Still stands the heart that knew and loved and learned—
Still stands, and will stand, as Gibraltar in the deep,
Till the suns split far in fire, till the ages throb and sleep.

Tho' campus paths to roads in farther lands are turned,
Still longs the heart that in old gold days had yearned
For light of Truth and love-lit learning. Now the deep
Cries unto deep; breezes sob, and the lesser angels weep.

The Law Class of 1916

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT ----- FAIRFAX T. HASKINS
VICE PRESIDENT ----- C. B. DAVIS
SECRETARY AND TREASURER ----- MISS HERBERTA HATHCOCK

CLASS ROLL.

George Bradley	J. J. Cannon
Wylie Bradley	W. C. Carson
B. Franklin Brass	A. U. Conrad
Chester C. Beaulieu	Edward Donovan
Hamden H. Baskin	Herberta Hathcock
Marguerite Blocker	Nell Hathcock
A. R. Carver	James K. Gross
George Coleman	E. O. Huntington
R. D. Curran	Fairfax T. Haskins
S. B. Jennings	Francis Miller
Rudolph Koester	G. B. Odum
Harry S. Klinger	R. R. Roebuck
John Leonardy	W. J. Skinner
W. M. Lourcey	G. M. Sherman
Thos. McIlvain	Harry Taylor
W. C. Wallbank	Robin Hood
J. E. O'Gwin	Rader Merritt
James Jones	C. H. Baugley
J. N. Morris	H. B. Hodgden
F. C. Stewart, deceased	





School of Music



FACULTY.

BADRIG VARTAN GUEVCHENIAN,
Director and Instructor in Voice.

ZOE VIRGINIA SINNOT,
Instructor in Pianoforte.

EVAH ALMA BAKER,
Instructor in Organ.

HELEN BATES,
Instructor in Voice.

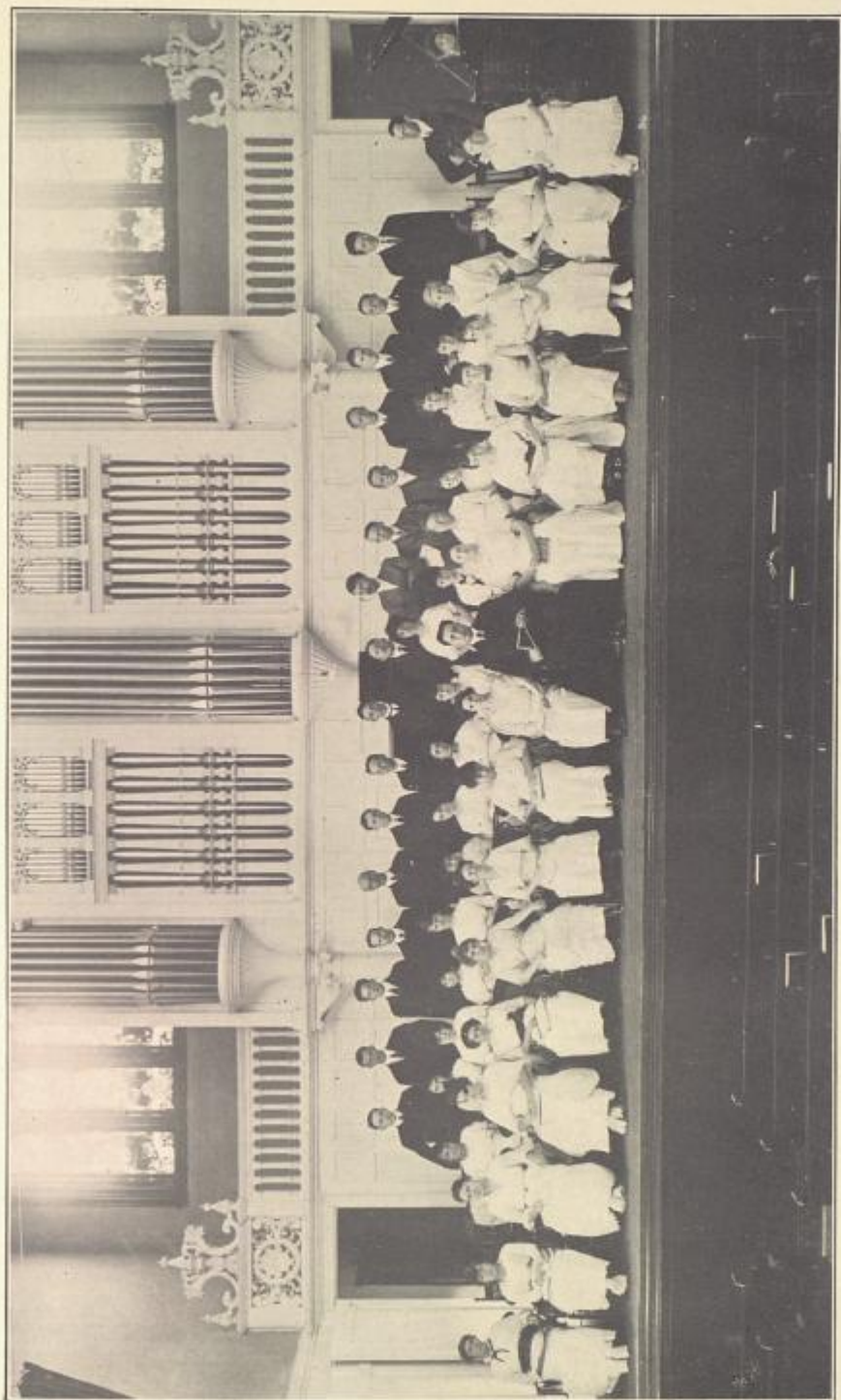
MARJORIE BOOR,
Instructor in Violin.



LILLIAN WELLS.
Graduate in Pianoforte.

This year has witnessed in Stetson a growing appreciation for the very best in musical literature. Prominent in the musical life is the Vesper Choir, a mixed chorus of fifty voices. Choruses from the oratorios of the Messiah, the Creation, and the Redemption have been given, as well as many beautiful anthems, part-songs and solos. Special services of Christmas music were rendered; also Dudley Buck's cantata, "Christ, the Victor," at Easter.

Various recitals have been given by Professor Guevchenian, the music students, the Euphony Quartette, the Men's Glee Club, the Aeolian Club, and a superb organ recital by the eminent artist, Clarence Eddy, of Chicago.



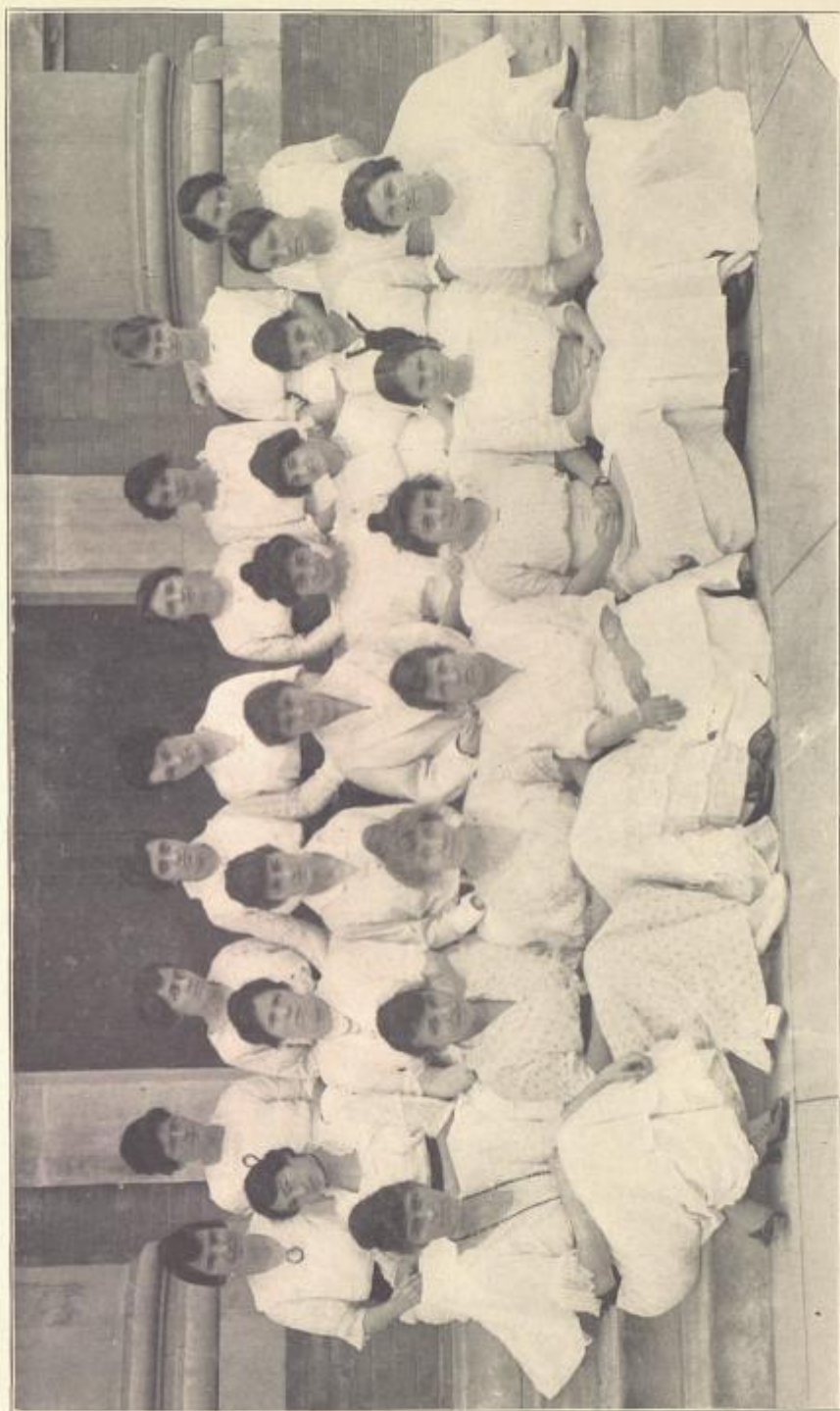
Aeolian Club

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT	MARGUERITE BLOCKER
VICE PRESIDENT	INEZ BARRON
SECRETARY-TREASURER	OLIVE LINK
LIBRARIAN	FRANCE SPARBER
DIRECTOR	MISS HELEN BATES

MEMBERS.

Hilma Peterson	Mary Russell Stephens
Norma Duggan	Martha Swain
Susie Spear	Flossie Matthews
Olive Link	Margaret Gamble
Mildred Siviter	Edith Buck
Gertrude Hutchinson	Dolly Dunning
Irene Smith	Constance Waterman
Mildred Smith	Mary Louise Wilson
Elizabeth Lewis	Louise Hulley
France Sparber	Flora Taylor
Hazel Fisk	Louise Watts
Marguerite Blocker	



Song Recital

BY BADRIG VARTAN GUEVCHENIAN

AUDITORIUM, JANUARY 28, 8 P. M.

- | | | | |
|----|-------------------------------------|---|---------------------------|
| 1. | Litany | | <i>Schubert</i> |
| 2. | (a) Sebben, crudele | } | <i>Caldara</i> |
| | (b) Deh piu a me non v'ascondete | | Italian |
| | (c) Lungi dal caro bene | | 18th
Century |
| 3. | (a) L'amour s'envole | } | |
| | (b) Bergere legere | | French |
| | (c) Jeune Fillette | | 18th Century |
| 4. | (d) Beau Soir | | <i>Debussy</i> |
| | (a) Das Wirthshaus | | <i>Schubert</i> |
| | (b) Fruhlingsglaube | | <i>Schubert</i> |
| | (c) Nachtgang | | <i>Richard Strauss</i> |
| 5. | (d) Traum durch die Dammerung | | <i>Richard Strauss</i> |
| | (a) Charity | | <i>MacDermid</i> |
| | (b) Serenity | | <i>Mary Turner Salter</i> |
| | (c) Come to the Garden | | <i>Mary Turner Salter</i> |
| 6. | (d) We Two Together | | <i>Kernochan</i> |
| | (a) Yesterday and Today | | <i>Spross</i> |
| | (b) I Hear a Thrush at Eve | | <i>Cadman</i> |
| | (c) Love Is a Dream | | <i>Percy Pitt</i> |
| | (d) Invictus | | <i>Bruno Huhn</i> |

MISS JULIA BALL AT THE PIANO.

Organ Recital

BY CLARENCE EDDY

TUESDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 2ND, 1915.

- | | | | |
|----|---|---|------------------------------|
| 1. | Concert Prelude on a German Chorale | | <i>William Faulkes</i> |
| 2. | (a) "Song of Sorrow" } | } | |
| | (b) "Will O' the Wisp" } | | (new) |
| | | | <i>Gordon Balch Nevin</i> |
| 3. | Third Sonata in E major, Op. 43 (new) | | <i>Rene L. Becker</i> |
| | I Prelude—Andante maestoso | | |
| | II Adoration—Adagio sostenuto | | |
| | III Finale—Toccata, Allegro vivo | | |
| 4. | (a) Boatman's Song on the River Volga | | <i>Anon</i> |
| | (b) Vorspiel to Lohengrin | | <i>Richard Wagner</i> |
| | (Arrangements by Clarence Eddy.) | | |
| 6. | (a) "At Evening" } | } | |
| | (b) "Jubilate Amen" } | | (new) |
| | | | <i>Ralph Kinder</i> |
| 5. | Fantasia on "My Old Kentucky Home" | | <i>J. E. W. Lord</i> |
| 7. | (a) Rondo, "Soeur Monique" | | <i>Francois Couperin</i> |
| | (b) Toccata and Fugue in D minor | | <i>Johann Sebastian Bach</i> |
| 8. | (a) Nuptial Song | | <i>William Faulkes</i> |
| | (b) Nuptial Benediction | | <i>J. Frank Fryssinger</i> |
| | (Dedicated to Clarence Eddy.) | | |
| 9. | Toccata in F major | | <i>Thomas J. Crawford</i> |

Concert

BY AEOLIAN CLUB.

AUDITORIUM, MAY 28, 8 P. M.

1. (a) Springtime *Donizetti-Rhys Herbert*
(b) Stars of the Summer Night *Perkins*
AEOLIAN CLUB.
2. Love in Springtime *Arditi*
MISS HELEN BATES.
3. (a) Po' Little Lamb *Parks*
(b) My Lady Chlo' *Clough-Leigher*
AEOLIAN CLUB.
4. Reading
MISS MONA BATES.
5. (a) Waterlilies *Linders*
(b) Crossing the Bar *Neidlinger*
AEOLIAN CLUB.
6. Solo
MISS CONSTANCE WATERMAN.
7. (a) Indian Serenade *Beresford*
(b) Wynken, Blynken and Nod *Nevin*
AEOLIAN CLUB.

Glee Club Concert

BY STETSON UNIVERSITY MEN'S GLEE CLUB.

PROGRAM.

- For Fellowship and Song *J. S. Fearis*
The Wise Old Owl *George Nevin*
A Midnight Tragedy *E. L. Ashford*
Sans Souci
Tenor Solo—Where'er You Walk *Handel*
A Dream Boat *W. Rhys-Herbert*
The Low Back'd Car *Lover-Herbert*
Serenade *A. Borodine*
A Hong-Kong Romance *Hadley*
Like the Woodland Roses *Franz Wair*
Wake to the Hunting *Smart-Fearis*
The Long Day Closes *Sullivan*

B. V. GUEVCHENIAN, DIRECTOR AND SOLOIST.

ANTHONY BATES, ACCOMPANIST.

Stetson Men's Glee Club

LEADER	-----	R. J. LONGSTREET
TREASURER	-----	RAY GRIFFIN
DIRECTOR	-----	B. V. GUEVCHENIAN

MEMBERS.

Top Row—Hamden Baskin, Harold Shelley, William Sale, Anthony Bates, Ray Griffin, Churchill Goar.

Bottom Row—R. J. Longstreet, B. V. Guevchenian, D. S. Sholtz, Rudolph Peterson.

Though organized late in the school year, the Men's Glee Club has done some remarkably good work. This club failed to organize last year, but this year by reason of Professor Guevchenian's unflagging interest and earnest efforts the club has again materialized. We hope to hear before many days a musical feast that will turn our memories back to the dear old days when the halls of Stetson rang to the voices of the Glee Club of '13. In fond recollection we still hear the manly voices of this group, and the strains of music that ring in the ear will not be stilled. We wish the present Glee Club to excel the olden clan.

Under the able instruction of Professor Guevchenian, assisted by Mr. Longstreet, the club has held a number of rehearsals. These rehearsals show promise that in the near future the students and music-loving public will hear this group of singers at their best. We will all come and applaud when that sweet hour arrives.

Mr. Guevchenian, head of the School of Music, is earnest in his efforts to advance all interests of this department—and recognizing that the Glee Club is an important factor in the musical activities of the University, has given his time in unstinted fashion to the club's use. Mr. Longstreet, as leader, shows the same untiring enthusiasm that characterizes his other undertakings.

The Men's Glee Club contains unheard possibilities.



GO TO
STEED'S
FOR SHOES

The Stetson Weekly Collegiate.

Published by the Students of Stetson University.

HAVE YOUR SUITS
MADE TO ORDER
Cleaned and Pressed
AT STEED'S

VOL. XXV.

DELAND, FLORIDA, FRIDAY, MARCH 21, 1914.

NUMBER 12

STETSON DIVIDES WITH ROLLINS

FIRST GAME LOST ON CORKLEY BOOTS, 2 TO 0. SECOND WIN BY JEFFERS, 8-1

Wash of Laundry, Mearns and Haskins Sold To.

First Game—Attendance for the first ball match for a week. The men class were favored, 2 to 0.

Second Game—Corkley pitched for the Stetsons. The game was won by Jeffers, 8 to 1.

Wash of Laundry—Mearns and Haskins sold to.

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LAW NOTES

THE KENT CLUB

One of the best examples of the modern law student is the Kent Club. They were a great success in their presentation of the national law school year of 1913.

LAW FRATERNITY GOES NATIONAL

SOCIAL LEGAL ORDER ORGANIZED IN FALL GETS CHARTER

Installation in the State Early in Spring Term.

The law fraternity which was organized at Stetson in the fall of 1913, has been chartered by the American Bar Association. The charter was granted to the law fraternity of Stetson University, Florida, by the American Bar Association, New York, N. Y., on March 10, 1914.

CLASS OF JERELINGED

Class is very successful in law school. In the past few years the class has been very successful in law school. In the past few years the class has been very successful in law school.

BASKETBALL TEAM DEFEATS RUSKIN

IN HARD FIGHT CONTEND STETSON WINS IN LAST HALF

Other Games Scheduled During Week End

Last week was a busy one for the Stetson basketball team. The team won a hard fought contest with Ruskin in the last half. The game was very hard fought and Stetson won in the last half.



R.J. Longstreet, Editor



R.M. Griffin, Bus Mgr.



Constance Waterman



R.D. Peterson



Elizabeth Lewis



I.S. Mairnes



R.S. Bix

Fourth Game—Mearns and Haskins sold to.

Wash of Laundry—Mearns and Haskins sold to.

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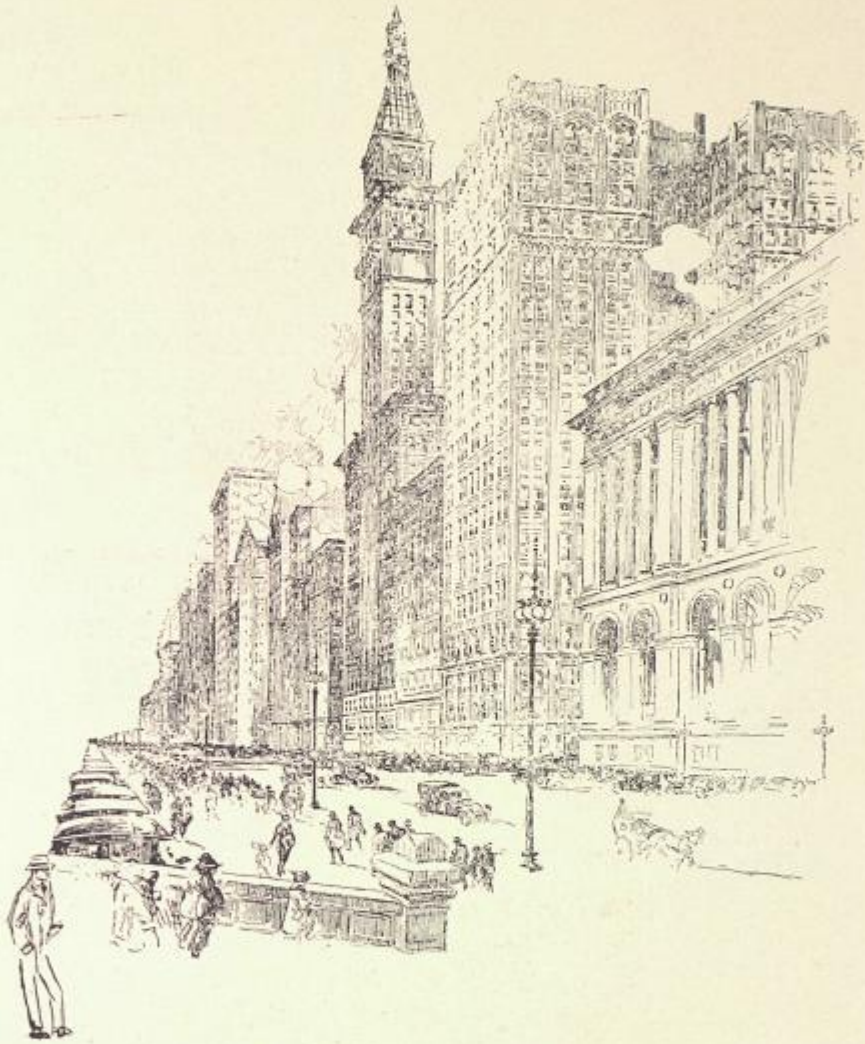
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Business College

Business College

Motto: Business before pleasure.

Class Flower: Red carnation.

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT	AMANDA FRANCES GARDNER
VICE PRESIDENT	JAMES W. GILL
SECRETARY	ANNIE CRAYTON
TREASURER	RALPH K. TAVEL

LIST OF GRADUATES.

Marion Beardsley, Shorthand	Frances Gardner, Bookkeeping
Eugene C. Brantley, Shorthand	James Gill, Bookkeeping
Edith Buck, Shorthand	Earle Higginbotham, Bookkeeping
Ruth Bourlay, Shorthand	Genevieve Humeston, Shorthand
Hilda Budd, Bookkeeping	Cora Jackson, Shorthand
Edna Christopher, Advanced Bookkeeping and Banking	Milton Jones, Bookkeeping
Austin Conrad, Advanced Book- keeping and Banking	Adin Maltby, Bookkeeping
Annie Crayton, Shorthand	Bessie McMahan, Shorthand
Gordon Dickinson, Bookkeeping	Lewis Pattillo, Bookkeeping
Wilbur Divine, Jr., Bookkeeping	Kathleen Scadeng, Shorthand
W. P. Dunson, Bookkeeping	Robert J. Shelley, Bookkeeping
Lucile Fluhart, Shorthand	Esther Stiles, Shorthand
Margaret Fluhart, Shorthand	Ralph K. Tavel, Bookkeeping
Belle Fussell, Bookkeeping	Ruth Wallace, Shorthand
	Elsie Ward, Shorthand





Domestic Science

"To increase and preserve health, and thereby promote happiness and prosperity."

MRS. MARION POWELL CARSON, INSTRUCTOR.

Top Row—May Ackroyd, Patsy Morris, Susie Spear, Florence Gregory, Margaret Gilliland, Helen Mead, Louise Weir.

Bottom Row—Cora Bell Wright, Virginia Johnston, Olive Link, Mary O'Neal, Vashti Richardson, Marena Harvey, Marjorie Thomas, Josephine Steed.

ST. PATRICK'S DAY LUNCHEON.

Grapefruit Cocktail	Saltines
Salmon Croquettes	Green Peas
Cream Potatoes	Pattie Shells
Waldorf Salad	Parker House Rolls
Pistachio Cream	Cheese Straws
Coffee	Angel Food Cake
	Mints



Domestic Art

REBECCA MEDWIN PEEK, INSTRUCTOR.

MEMBERS.

Virginia Babbitt	Irene Smith
Genevieve Humeston	Anne Rhett Trenholm
Flossie Mathews	Wiletta Elliott

HOMECRAFT.

A class of girls to delight your heart
 You'll find in the School of Domestic Art.
 They're thoroughly trained in every craft,
 Can furnish a room from fore to aft;
 Can tell at a glance all kinds of lace
 And if a picture has rhythm and space,
 With tiny buds or big carnations
 Make grand interior decorations.
 The colors they choose all harmonize
 With their lovely locks and downcast eyes—
 They care no more for Virgil and Horace,
 Their taste is formed by William Morris;
 They know all the history of costume
 Which began with an ostrich feather plume,
 Till the icy cold winds of winter blew
 And one felt the need of a warm tattoo.
 They think they know just how it would feel
 To start their trousseau on a spinning wheel,
 But I think they prefer the modern way,
 For they chatter and laugh and seem so gay
 As they study the gowns of great Ducet—
 The Parisian Elegante of the day.

The Kent Club

OFFICERS.

	FALL	WINTER	SPRING
PRESIDENT	R. M. Griffin	A. R. Roebuck	Ira S. Maines
VICE-PRESIDENT	W. P. Dineen	Bryan Jennings	A. O. Kanner
SEC. AND TREASURER	Ira S. Maines	F. T. Haskins	Annie Joe Law
ATTORNEY	F. T. Haskins	W. P. Dineen	E. F. Donovan
CRITIC	J. M. Weir	Dean Rasco	Prof. Bauer
VICE-CRITIC	W. P. Dineen	W. P. Dineen	F. T. Haskins
REPORTER	H. H. Baskins	Ira S. Maines	H. G. Taylor
SERGEANT-AT-ARMS	L. H. Tribble	J. G. Leonardy	Bryan Jennings

FACULTY MEMBERS.

	Dr. Lincoln Hulley, President	
Richmond A. Rasco, Dean	Ralph S Bauer	John M. Weir

ROLL.

J. P. Dodge	W. P. A. Dineen	J. N. Morris
A. Ray Roebuck	Ira Schelle Maines	R. G. Key
W. G. Walker	L. B. Jennings	William Lourcey
J. W. Junkin	Rudolph Koester	Harry Klingler
H. B. Peacock	C. B. Davis	Basil F. Brass
A. Otto Kanner	W. C. Wallbank	A. R. Carver
Fairfax T. Haskins	Jake Aronovitz	Mr. O'Guin
Annie Joe Law	Howard Stewart	James Gross
W. E. Rivers	James Jones	W. C. Carson
E. C. Thomas	Chester C. Beaulieu	Francis Miller
H. H. Baskins	Nell Hathcock	Dr. Huntington
Ray M. Griffin	Herberta Hathcock	Austin Conrad
W. J. Steed	H. G. Taylor	Howard Hodgden
A. H. Smith	John G. Leonardy	R. D. Curran
L. H. Tribble	Ed. F. Donovan	Dave Sholtz
Frank Hammond	Ray R. Roebuck	Geo. Coleman
Chas. P. Phillips	W. I. Skinner	
W. Forrest Chapman	Wylie Bradley	

Slogan--"Bring a Friend."

Named in honor of the well known Chancellor Kent, of whom a life-sized painting now hangs on the "Wall of Fame" in the Club's artistically arranged Club Room in Science Hall.

The Kent Club began its twelfth year of existence with the opening of the school year, and with the unusual large enrollment from the Junior Class together with the ever-working spirit of the present Seniors has had a most successful year.

During the year the Kent Club has adopted the slogan, "Bring a Friend;" this was suggested by a member of the club and has been made the official slogan.

Every member of the Kent Club, realizing the true worth of the Society as a debating, speaking, and parliamentary practice school took an active interest in the programs, and every one did his or her best to make the club an object of interest.

Various forms of literary programs were followed, such as Extemporaneous Speaking, Parliamentary Practice, Original Discussion, Readings and Debates; a new departure in the debating subjects being sprung by the attorneys. Questions of daily interest were arranged and speakers that were especially adapted to that subject were put "on," and in this way the Club has been instructive to the members as well as to the numerous visitors that are always present.



Varsity Club

OFFICERS.

	FALL	WINTER	SPRING
PRESIDENT -----	R. Peterson	W. Liddell	T. I. Deane
VICE PRESIDENT.---	S. J. Adams	T. I. Deane	E. S. Varn
SEC. AND TREAS. --	W. Emerson	W. Pattishall	B. Hulley
PROGRAM MGR. ---	R. Longstreet	R. S. Bly	C. Walker

The second year of the Varsity Club has been a marked advance on its first. The membership has increased, the interest has been higher, and the year has altogether been a very successful one.

The Varsity Club is primarily a debating society, and in keeping with this, the programs of the year have been largely made up of a strong series of debates in which all members of the club are required to share. In addition to the regular weekly debates, the programs have been varied with occasional papers and talks by some of the members. A feature of the year has been regular weekly reports on the war situation in Europe.

Dean Smith has served as the critic during the whole year and his presence has been an inspiration to the club. His short talks at the close of the programs are always highly instructive and thoroughly enjoyed, and his criticisms are always helpful. The Varsity Club wishes to express its appreciation of the interest which the Dean has shown both this year and last.

On March 19, Dean Smith entertained the club at his home on Clara avenue, where an evening of thorough enjoyment was provided the members. After the regular program, Mrs. Smith served delicious refreshments in the form of grapefruit punch and cake.

The debate with the Kent Club will not be held until too late in the season for its result to be published in the Annual. But the Varsity Club hopes to reverse last year's decision.





Eusophian Literary Society

OFFICERS FOR 1914.

PRESIDENT---ELIZABETH LEWIS
 VICE PRES.-----JUNE ELLIOTT
 SECRETARY----ELSIE PADGETT
 TREASURER----ELSIE PADGETT
 PROGRAM MGR.--C. WATERMAN
 CENSOR---MARZELLA PHILLIPS
 SENIOR CRITIC--PROF. BLOCKER
 JUNIOR CRITIC---E. WILLIAMS

OFFICERS FOR 1915.

PRESIDENT---ELIZABETH LEWIS
 VICE PRES.-----JUNE ELLIOTT
 SECRETARY---MILDRED SIVITER
 TREASURER---MILDRED SIVITER
 PROGRAM MGR.--ELSIE PADGETT
 CENSOR---MARZELLA PHILLIPS
 SENIOR CRITIC--PROF. BLOCKER
 JUNIOR CRITIC---E. WILLIAMS

MEMBERS.

Evelyn Graddick	Adah Nooney
Olive Link	France Sparber
Hilda Budd	Ruth Bourley
Belle Fussell	Hilma Peterson
Lillian Benton	Mary Sheppard
Flossie Matthews	Annarrah Stewart
Evelyn Schaeffer	Martha Swain
Norma Duggan	Eva Klicker
Rachel Beatty	Hazel Fisk
Catherine Clyatt	Addie McGrady



H. BLAINE PEACOCK,
President of the State Association.

The Prohibition Oratorical Association

LOCAL OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT	-----	CHAS. N. WALKER
VICE PRESIDENT	-----	H. BLAINE PEACOCK
SECRETARY-TREASURER	-----	S. J. ADAMS

We believe in the work of our association, we wish to see it prosper. Our annual oratorical contest was won by Walter Walker, who will represent us in the State contest. We hope to see special study courses instituted in the University next year, so that our young men may fully understand this liquor problem.

*"Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging;
And whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise."*

Prov. 20:1.

Stetson Literary Society

OFFICERS.

FALL TERM PRESIDENT	-----	PAUL HON
WINTER TERM PRESIDENT	-----	RUSSELL RASCO
SPRING TERM PRESIDENT	-----	EAROLL ROEBUCK

MEMBERS.

Julia Coleman	Burdette Northrop	Esther Stiles
Helen Carnine	Floyd Northrop	Susie Spier
Margaret Gamble	Donald Murray	Irene Smith
Ruth Houston	Medwin Peek	Mildred Smith
Paul Hon	Carlyle Prather	R. K. Smith
Howard Hon	Arvid Peterson	William Sale
Mary Hulley	Lena Pierson	Kathleen Scadeng
B. V. Johnson	Russell Rasco	Ralph Thompson
Ethel Ladd	Wendell Rasco	Ruth Wilcox
Henry Lofquist	Earl Roebuck	John Zeigler
Helena Nutt	Carrie Sheddan	

Stetson Lit. is now only for the academy children. The college students withdrew some time ago, and left us the name, the room, and the society itself. Now this society is the most flourishing on the campus. Work and play mix amazingly well; every program is comedy and seriousness combined, and about once a term a social is enjoyed. You see that is an advantage of not being too grown-up; none of the other Lits. seem to care for socials.

But socials are only an incident. These mixed programs of ours are wonderfully good—with hardly an exception. Perhaps in former years "skipping program" has been rather a common occurrence but it doesn't seem in vogue this year. It is evident that this improvement and several others are due to our excellent critic, Prof. Baldwin.

Our program always contains the "Stetson Star"—our weekly newspaper, which is encircled by many satellites, of which the debate is the most brilliant.

No one, after attending a meeting of our Lit., not to mention socials, has ever been heard to say that he was sorry he came.





Young Women's Christian Association

*Motto: To do the will of Christ
in little things.*

*Purpose: To win young women
to Christ; to build them up in
Christ; to send them out for
Christ.*

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT ---- EMMA WILLIAMS
V. PRES. ---- ELIZABETH LEWIS
SEC. --- CONSTANCE WATERMAN
TREAS. ----- MARGARET GAMBLE

The Young Women's Christian Association is becoming more and more a factor in our college life. The work of the past year has been gratifying. A number of the old Y. W. C. A. girls returned early in order that they might greet the new girls on their arrival and make them feel at home. Early in the year a reception was given for the new girls and many of them decided to affiliate themselves with the work of the Christian Association.

Stetson sent four delegates to the Blue Ridge Conference last summer, three of whom returned and brought back with them much inspiration from the Conference.

The Stetson Young Women's Christian Association owes much to its splendid Advisory Board. The members of this Board respond nobly to every call for advice or assistance.

One of the plans for the future is a house party for the Cabinet just before the opening of the Fall Term, 1915, at which Miss Mabel E. Stone, Field Secretary for the South Atlantic District, will be, and will help plan for the work of the year.



Young Men's Christian Association

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT -----	RUDOLPH PETERSON
VICE-PRESIDENT -----	H. BLAINE PEACOCK
SECRETARY -----	MILTON G. PERRY
TREASURER -----	CHARLES N. WALKER

The Y. M. C. A. has had, we believe, the most active year in its history. Weekly devotional meetings with many able speakers, and Bible classes, have been conducted throughout the year with good attendance. During the fall term the Association secured Dr. Winfield S. Hall, Ph.D., M.D., of Northwestern University Medical School, Chicago, who gave lectures on sex hygiene and the education of youth. The Association sent ten men to the State Student's Conference held at Rollins College, Winter Park, Florida; and is planning to send two or three men to the Southern Students' Conference held at Black Mountain, North Carolina, every summer. Stetson was represented at last year's session by M. G. Perry and Rudolph Peterson.

The Association has been very active in community service throughout the year. Gospel services have been held in the convict camp nine miles from the University and in the county jail Sunday afternoons.

The Association is indebted to the devotional committee for its good work in choosing appropriate subjects and securing able men as speakers. To these, as well as to the cabinet officers, the Association owes its success during the year.

*"Only one life, t'will soon be past;
Only what's done for Jesus will last."*

Der Deutsche Verein

PRAESIDENTIN -----	FRAULEIN HILMA PETERSON
VIZE PRAESIDENT -----	HERR PAUL NORTHROP
SCHRIFTFUEHRERIN -----	FRAULEIN ÈVE KLICKER
SCHATZMEISTER -----	HERR MEDWIN PEEK
PROGRAMFUEHRERIN -----	FRAULEIN MARZELLA PHILLIPS
KRITIKERIN -----	FRAULEIN BANGS
PEDELL -----	HERR CHARLES SCOVIL
PIANISTINN -----	FRAULEIN ANNARRAH STEWART

DER APPELL.

Marian Wright—"Du bist wie eine Blume."
 Alden Tissot—"Sie ist mein Gedanke bei Tag und Nacht."
 Annarah Stewart—"Aennchen von Tharau ist die mir gefaellt."
 Mildred Smith—"Du, du liegst mir im Herzen."
 Irene Smith—"Ich hatte einen Kameraden."
 Edith Selter—"Freut euch des Lebens."
 Roy Scovil—"Der gute Kamerad."
 Charles Scovil—"Fest steht und tren."
 William Sale—"Ich weiss nicht was soll es bedeuten das ich so traurig bin."
 Lena Pierson—"Ich traecumt' so manchen suessen Traum."
 Marzella Phillips—"Kennst du das Land, wo die Zitronen bluehen?"
 Rudolph Peterson—"Sie ist mir gut."
 Hilma Peterson—"Die schoenste Jungfrau sitzt oben."
 Arvid Peterson—"Liebe und Treue und ehrlicher Sinn."
 Medwin Peek—"Freiheit, die ich meine, die mein Herz erfuehlt."
 William Pattishall—"Kann ich gleich mit all-weil bei dir sein?"
 Lewis Pattillo—"Ich sah ihm ins Gesicht, das schien mir gar befreundet."
 Paul Northrop—"Bedenklichkeiten."
 Floyd Northrop—"Hoert, ich sing' das Lied der Lieder."
 Burdette Northrop—"Er versprach zu shuetzen das alte Recht."
 Flossie Matthews—"Nimmer mehr vergess' ich dein."
 Olive Kruse—"Wir heitern einander des Leben."
 Eva Klicker—"Deutsches Fraulein, Deutsche Treue."
 Blanche Klicker—"Pfluecket die Rose, eh' sie verblueht"
 Florence Johnson—"O Wandern, O Wandern, meine Lust!"
 Allan Johnson—"Er reitet so freudig sein mutiges Pferd."
 Grace Gumm—"O du Froehliche! O du Selige!"
 Bessie Gumm—"Ein freundliches Maedchen!"
 Kate Freund—"Maedl' ist weg, alles weg!"
 Hazel Fisk—"Sie war so jung und morgenschoen."
 Fraulein Denny—"Handlung und Wissenschaft."
 Myrtle Conrad—"O Tannenbaum, O, Tannenbaum."
 Lewis Coleman—"Halten will ich stets auf Ehre."
 Ethel Catlin—"Stimmt an das Lied der Lieder."
 Helen Carnine—"Droben winken holde Augen."
 Eula Botts—"So rein und schoen und hold."
 Eleanor Bly—"Ich habe mich ergeben mit Herz und mit Hand."
 Priscilla Bishop—"Ich habe gelebt' und geleibt."
 Lucille Bashline—"Stimmt an mit hellem, hohem Klang."
 Fraulein Bangs—"Sie raet uns wohl."
 Lillian Arnold—"Freundvoll und leidvoll, gedankenvoll sein."

Le Cercle Français

LES OFFICERS.

LA CRITIQUE GRANDE ----- MADemoisELLE WHITING
MADemoisELLE LA PRESIDENT ----- EMMA WILLIAMS
MADemoisELLE LA SECRETAIRE ----- MARY LOUISE WILSON
MADemoisELLE LA CRITIQUE ----- ELIZABETH LEWIS
MONSIEUR LE MANAGEUR DE PROGRAMME... RUSKIN ROSEBOROUGH

LES MEMBERS.

Mademoiselle Gradick Mademoiselle Waterman
Mademoiselle Bishop Mademoiselle Ladd
Mademoiselle Houston

“Aimer le vrai, le beau, chercher leur harmonie,
Ecouter dans son coeur l'écho de son génie;
Chanter, rire, fleurir, seul, sans but, au hasard,
D'un sourire, d'un mot, d'un soupir, d'un regard,
Faire un travail exquis, fleur de crainte et de charme,
Faire une perle d'un larme,
Du poète ici—bas voilà la passion,
Voilà son bien, sa vie, et son ambition.”

Alfred de Musset.

The Civil Engineer

From the North Pole to the South,
And all the seas between,
From Hell-Gate to 'Frisco's mouth—
His footprints may be seen.

Presaging the dawn of history
By the pyramids that he builded;
Following the spread of the nations
By cathedrals gold and gilded;

Fencing the rivers and raging seas
By the dams his workmen erect;
Tunnelling the hills and world's great knees
By the specifications of employer's contract;

Girding with twin steel threads the plain,
Watering the rose on the desert's sand,
Spanning with cable the depths of the Main,
Draining the swamp to fertile land;

Pioneer of boldest pioneers is he,
Conqueror of wilderness and king of the free;
You may follow the steps of his onward feet
By car-shops, cities, imperishable concrete.

* * * *

The biggest giant that looms on the onward trail,
With power to hold, and to train, the comet's tail;
And whenever the world needs him, he is right here—
In your man-sized god, your god-sized man—
The Civil Engineer.

Stetson Engineering Society

OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT	RUDOLPH D. PETERSON
VICE-PRESIDENT	BURDETTE K. NORTHROP
SECRETARY-TREASURER	WINFRED W. LIDDELL
PROGRAM MANAGERS	CLAUDE CAMPBELL, FRED FISCHER
FACULTY MEMBER	PROF. IVAN F. WATERMAN

This organization has now ended the second year of its existence. Its work has been successful because the interest of the members has not lagged and Prof. Waterman has been untiring in his efforts. The purpose of this Society is two-fold; to increase the ability of the young engineer in speaking before any group of men, and secondly to stimulate and arouse greater interest in the various engineering enterprises in our country and its possessions. Various topics have been discussed during the meetings of the year, for example: Drainage; the uses of concrete; and highway construction. The railroad that is going to be built by the United States Government in Alaska has been the last engineering topic under discussion by the Society. The members have great hopes that in the near future this organization will grow to be one of the most important organizations of its kind in the South.





Alumni Association

PRESIDENT	D. J. BLOCKER
FIRST V.-PRES.	A. D. MCNEIL
SECOND V.-PRES.	D. C. HULL
THIRD V.-PRES.	MRS. E. G. BALDWIN
COR. SEC. AND TREAS.	EULA BOTTS
RECORDING SEC.	MRS. C. S. TINGLEY
CHAPLAIN	C. S. TINGLEY

On Monday of Commencement week the Alumni Association will observe its twenty-first anniversary. This will be an interesting day for every member of the Association and for every friend of the University.

The day has been set apart by the University authorities for Alumni exercises. It will be a day for class reunions, class exercises, Alumni business meeting, Alumni night, and Alumni banquet. From year to year these exercises have been growing more and more interesting. A more thorough participation in these exercises by the members of the Association will mean more profit to the Association and to our Alma Mater. With this fact in mind the officers of the Association, the local alumni and the members of the graduating classes urge all alumni, who possibly can, to return to the campus and aid by their presence and counsel in the observance of this anniversary.

The Alumni night of this commencement must be the best yet. It was good last commencement. A tradition was begun then that is destined to live. The idea is a capital one. It must be allowed to live. Do you remember the class "stunts"? They were all good and entertaining. Every one seemed to enjoy the mirth and fun which they provoked. Plan to be present this commencement. "Don't forget to remember" that your Alma Mater will gladly receive you. She is still interested in you. She is glad because of the investment which she made in you. She is proud of you because of the investment which you are making in life and for life.

Green Room Club



OFFICERS.

PRESIDENT -----	STANLEY T. WALLBANK
SECRETARY-TREASURER -----	MARGUERITE BLOCKER
BUSINESS MANAGER -----	S. J. ADAMS
DIRECTOR -----	IRVING C. STOVER

MEMBERS.

Mona Bates	S. J. Adams
Bryan Jennings	Inez Barron
Lewis Tribble	Stanley Wallbank
Carl Farriss	Elizabeth Lewis
Churchill Goar	Marguerite Blocker
Irving C. Stover	

It is to Professor Stover, first, last, and all the time that the Green Room Club owes its life and success. He has struggled through all kinds of trials and discouragements, always enthusiastic, always cheerful, always giving abundantly and freely of his time and strength. It is safe to say that never has a play been produced under as many adverse circumstances as "The Fortune Hunter," and it is due to Mr. Stover that we can say that there has never been a more successful one. With everything in the world to dishearten him, working harder than anyone in the cast, he was always the same courteous, considerate, and kind Professor Stover, and we suspect that the one and only "curtain lecture" which he delivered, was written and rehearsed beforehand! And although it made a terrible impression on us, and we felt like dogs—still we would suggest that he isn't much of a success in that line of oratory!

And one more thing. I wonder if Professor Stover suspects the number of students who have left Stetson much happier, feeling much more confident of their ability, and with much brighter recollections of their college days, because he discovered in them some latent ability, which the rest of the world was too heedless and unobserving to suspect? Not only did he with keen eye discover these hidden talents, but as soon as found he would set to work developing them. How many times after a successful play have you heard, "Why, I never knew *he* could act!" No more did the person himself, perhaps—but Prof. Stover did! May we embody our tribute to him in words that I think he will appreciate more than any others—"a student for Byron King to be proud of."

In the "Fortune Hunter" cast, friends of Stetson will recognize many familiar names, but there is one that is lacking, that of our president, who has always been an ardent supporter of dramatics. However; although he was unable to enter the cast, many thanks are due him for his encouragement and aid in other directions.

Especially worthy of commendation this year is the comedy work of "Doc" Maines and Bessie Gumm, to say nothing of the entrancing "Millionaire Kid," Garland Hale; while splendid character work was done by Ike Tribble and MacIlvain. But "The Fortune Hunter" himself was a wonderful "leading man," and deserves much credit. Altogether "The Fortune Hunter" was a "grand success," both histrionically and financially, and the year 1915-16 will need to work hard to rival it.

The Green Room Club

PRESENTS

"THE FORTUNE HUNTER."

THE ANNUAL COLLEGE PLAY.

JOHN B. STETSON UNIVERSITY AUDITORIUM

March 23rd, 1915.

CHARACTERS NAMED IN THE ORDER OF THEIR APPEARANCES.

Robbins, Kellogg's servant	Mr. Willis Junkin
Tom, a newsboy	Mr. Jay Adams
George Burnham, a promoter	Mr. Churchill Goar
Nathaniel Duncan, "Nat," the Fortune Hunter	Mr. William J. Skinner
Willie Bartlet, a millionaire's son	Mr. Garland Hale
Henry Kellogg, a rising young financier	Mr. Thomas W. McIlvaine

VILLAGE CHARACTERS

Betty Graham, the druggist's daughter	Miss Elizabeth Lewis
Tracey Tanner, the liveryman's son	Mr. Ira S. Maines
Mr. Lockwood, the banker	Mr. Vernon Smythe
Roland Barnett, the bank clerk	Mr. H. Blaine Peacock
Mr. Sam Graham, the druggist	Mr. Lewis Tribble
Josephine Lockwood the banker's daughter	Miss Marguerite Blocker
Angie Tucker, a friend of Josie	Miss Bessie Gumm
Mr. Sperry, the drummer	Mr. James Gill
Pete Willing, the deputy sheriff	Mr. Bryan Jennings

SCENES

Act 1.—The sitting room of Henry Kellogg's bachelor apartment, New York City. Time: June.

Act 2.—Samuel Graham's drug store in Radville, Pa. Time: Two months later.

Act 3.—Office of Graham and Duncan Drug Company in Radville, Pa. Time: One year later.

Act 4.—House and grounds of Sam Graham's house. Time: Same evening.

Stetson Oratorical Association

PRESIDENT ----- WILLIAM P. DINEEN
VICE-PRESIDENT ----- CHAS. N. WALKER
SECRETARY-TREASURER ----- S. J. ADAMS

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

Last year, attempts were made to organize in the State a Triangular Debating League, but it was found that the colleges of Florida were not ready to discuss any such proposition. It was hoped that this year such a project could be achieved. But no success has so far been realized. The annual debate with Southern College which was inaugurated last year was held. Further than this, nothing in the way of inter-collegiate contests have been arranged.

The annual oratorical and declamatory contests have been postponed until the Spring term, and their results cannot be included in this Annual report.



S. J. S.

MEMBERS.

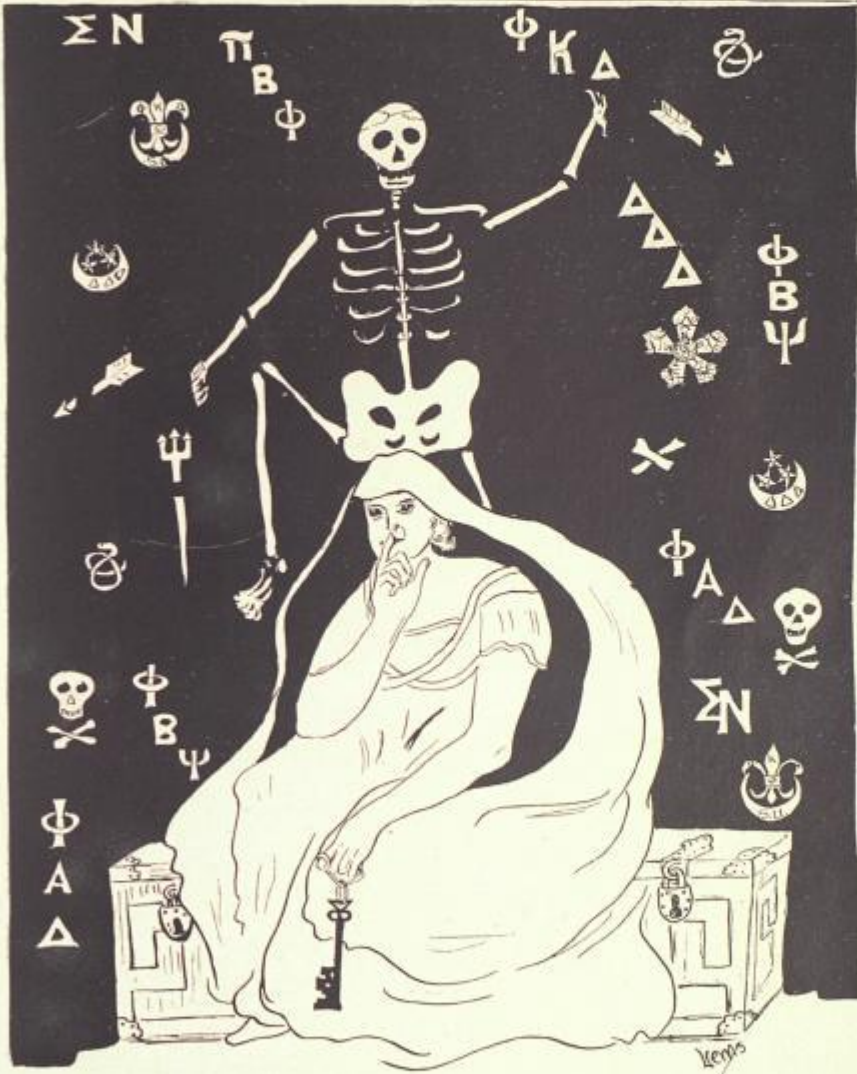
Back row, from left to right: C. N. Walker (Parson), H. B. Siegel (Smoky), W. H. Sale, Jr. (Shrimp), O. V. Smith (Bonehead), R. P. Fuller (Hank).

Front row: R. P. Thompson (Bowlegs), R. K. Smith (Pill-roller), B. V. Johnson (Champ), H. F. Carr (Bruin), D. H. Murray (Cy Perkins), John Ziegler (Snipe).

This club is composed of residents of the second floor of Stetson Hall, and it holds weekly meetings for social and literary purposes.

Motto: "No dogs, no cats, no suffragettes."

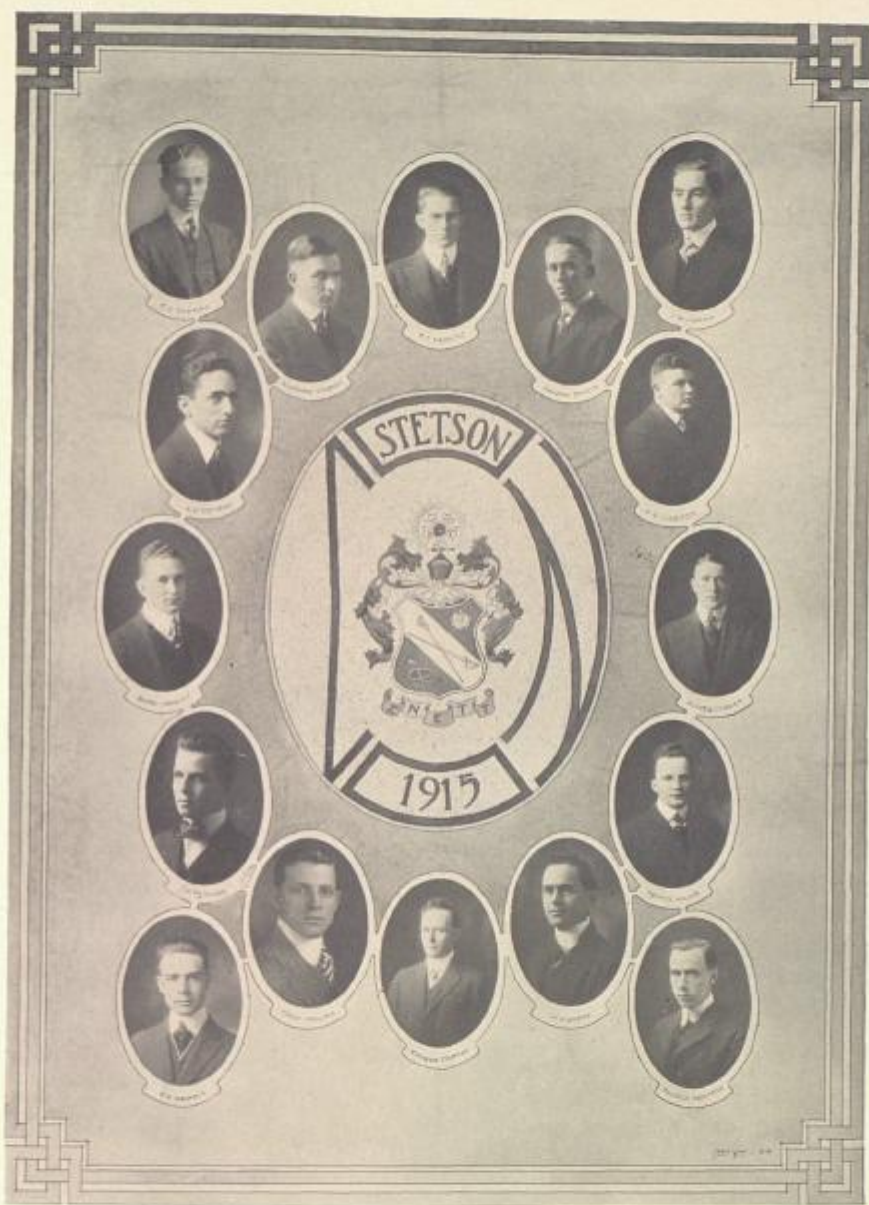
ΦΑΝΤΑΣΜΑΤΑ



Sigma Nu

CHAPTER ROLL.

B, U. of Virginia	Γ A, Georgia Tech.
M, U. of Georgia	Γ X, U. of Washington
Θ, U. of Alabama	Γ B, Northwestern U.
I, Howard College	B Σ, U. of Vermont
K, N. Georgia Ag. College	Γ Δ, Stevens Tech.
Λ, Washington and Lee U.	Γ E, Lafayette College
E, Bethany College	Γ Z, U. of Oregon
H, Mercer U.	Γ H, Colorado School of Mines
N, U. of Kansas	Γ Θ, Cornell U.
Ξ, Emory College	Γ I, State College of Kentucky
Π, Lehigh U.	Γ K, U. of Colorado
P, U. of Missouri	Γ Λ, U. of Wisconsin
Σ, Vanderbilt U.	Γ M, U. of Illinois
Υ, U. of Texas	Γ N, U. of Michigan
Φ, Louisiana State U.	Γ Ξ, Missouri School of Mines
Ψ, U. of North Carolina	Γ O, Washington U.
B Φ, Tulane U.	Γ Π, West Virginia U.
BB, DePauw U.	Γ Σ, Iowa State College
B Θ, Auburn College	Γ T, U. of Minnesota
B Z, Purdue U.	Γ Y, U. of Arkansas
B N, Ohio State U.	Γ Φ, U. of Montana
B X, Stanford U.	T Ψ, Syracuse U.
Δ Θ, Lombard College	Δ A, Case School of Science
B H, Indiana U.	Δ B, Dartmouth College
B I, Mount Union College	Δ Γ, Columbia U.
B Ψ, U. of California	Δ Δ, Penn. State College
B M, U. of Iowa	Δ E, U. of Oklahoma
B Ξ, William-Jewell College	Δ Z, Western Reserve U.
B P, U. of Pennsylvania	Δ H, U. of Nebraska
Γ P, U. of Chicago	Δ I, Washington State
B T, North Carolina A. and M.	Δ K, Delaware State
B Y, Rose Poly. Institute	B K, Kansas State Ag. College
Δ A, Brown U.	Δ X, Nevada U.
Δ N, Maine U.	Δ M, John B. Stetson University.
Γ Γ, Albion College	



Phi Kappa Delta

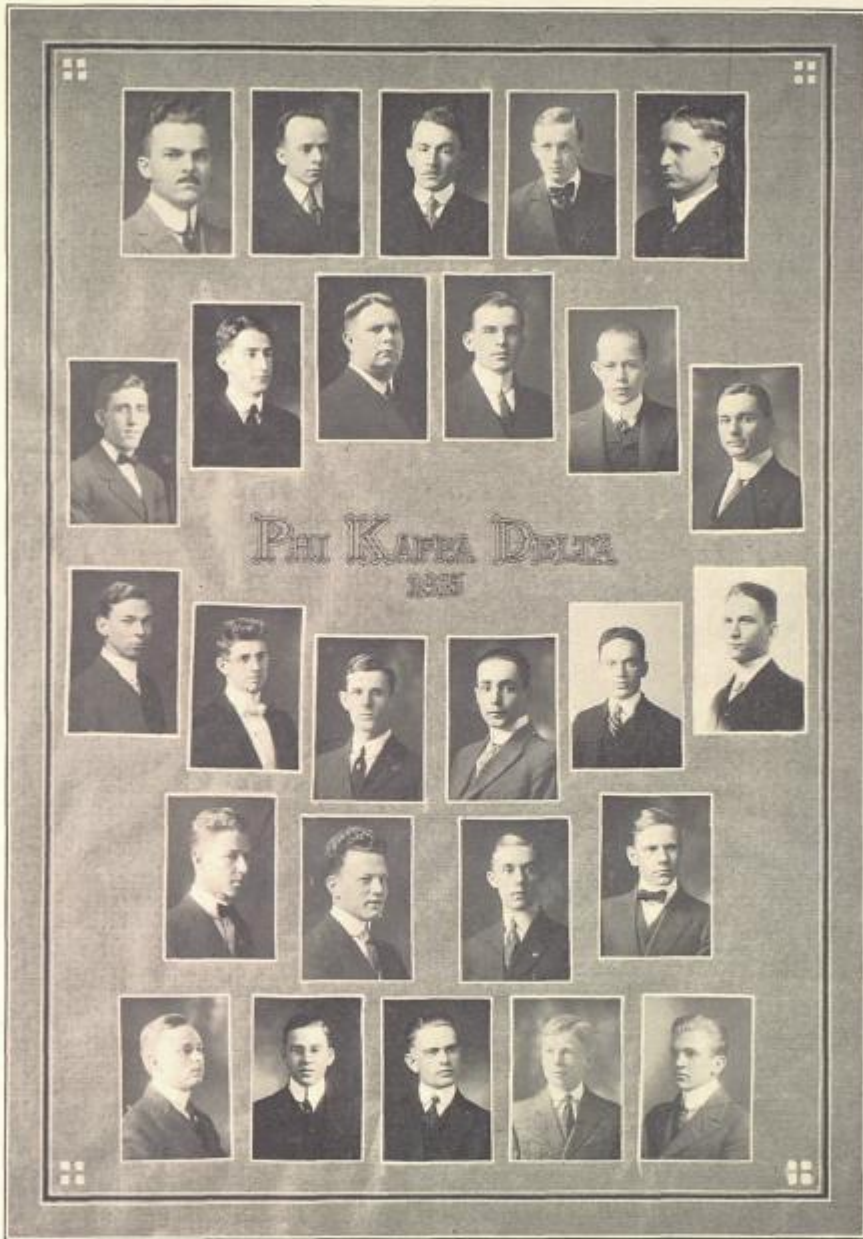
FOUNDED IN 1898.

'Oi Adelphoi.

Daniel J. Blocker	Stanley T. Wallbank
Basil F. Brass	S. Jay Adams
Carl V. Farriss	Anthony W. Bates
William J. Gardiner	John Beatty
Frank Hammond	James P. Dodge
D. Gordon Haynes	Garland Hale
S. Bryan Jennings	Howard H. Hodgden
William Y. Mickle	Benjamin Hulley
Robert S. Rockwood	Armin H. Smith
J. P. Simmons	Lewis H. Tribble
Tom B. Stewart	Tenney I. Deane
Frank A. Turnquist	W. A. Pattishall
Charles N. Walker	W. J. Skinner

PLEDGES

William C. Wallbank Paul Hon
William Sale



Phi Beta Psi

Ruskin R. Roseborough	Howell L. Yates
Robert S. Bly	Elmer S. Varn
Alden F. Tissot	T. Summer Baisden
Charles A. Robinson	Claude O. Campbell
William P. Dineen	Winfred W. Liddell
Herman S. Dickey	John W. Padgett
C. Bernard Davis	Chester C. Beaulieu
H. Blaine Peacock	Rubert J. Longstreet

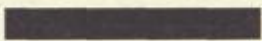
PLEDGES

Amos J. Parkhurst	Harold F. Shelley
Douglass Roseborough	

FRATRES IN URBE

Arius B. Prather	Claude G. Varn
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Phi Beta Psi
 John D. Stetson University
 1915



In Loving Memory

of

Fletcher T. Stewart

This Page is Affectionately Dedicated

By

Phi Beta Psi Fraternity




Brewer Chapter of Phi Alpha Delta

MEMBERS.

David Sholtz	Hamden Baskin
Ray M. Griffin	William P. Dineen
Howard Stewart	A. O. Kanner
Elwyn Thomas	Chas. Pratt Phillips
William J. Steed	Lewis H. Tribble
George Coleman	E. O. Huntington
Chester C. Beaulieu	Frank Hammond
S. Bryan Jennings	Fairfax Haskins

HONORARIES.

Dr. Lincoln B. Hulley	Judge Bert Fish
Dean R. A. Rasco	Hon. Cary D. Landis
Ex-Gov. Jennings	Judge James W. Perkins

Phi Beta Phi Fraternity

FOUNDED MONMOUTH COLLEGE, APRIL 28, 1867.

Florida A Installed January 30, 1913.

PATRONESSES.

Countess de Santa Eulalia
Mrs. William S. Jennings
Mrs. Duncan U. Fletcher
Mrs. Edward B. Solomon
Mrs. Park Trammell

Mrs. Sidney Arch Wood
Mrs. Samuel D. Jordan
Mrs. George W. Fisher
Miss Mariana Hyde
Mrs. C. Edward Stewart

MEMBERS.

Mona Bates
Josie Steed
Ruby Jackson
Louise Hulley
Marian Wright
Myrtle Conrad
Mabel Eldredge
Harriet Snyder
Catherine Haynes

Marguerite Blocker
Bessie Gumm
Eulla Botts
Nan Trenholm
Mildred Watts
Marina Harvey
Rachael Beatty
Frances Gardner
Margaret Gilliland

Faculty Member: Annie N. Holden
Alumnae Member in Urbe: Katherine Carpenter.

PLEDGES.

Hazel Fisk

Darlie Prather



Delta Delta Delta

ALPHA DELTA CHAPTER

Installed May 17, 1913

Open Motto: Let us steadfastly love one another.

OFFICERS

PRESIDENT -----	EMMA WILLIAMS
VICE PRESIDENT -----	ELSIE PADGETT
CHAPLAIN -----	ELIZABETH LEWIS
MARSHAL -----	MARY WHITTLE
HISTORIAN -----	MARY SHEPPARD
RECORDING SECRETARY-TREASURER -----	MARY LOUISE WILSON
CORRESPONDING SECRETARY -----	EVELYN GRADICK
LIBRARIAN -----	NORMA DUGGAN

MEMBERS

FRESHMEN

Anarrah Stewart	Norma Duggan
Mary Walters	Martha Swain
Evelyn Gradick	Adah Nooney
Olive Link	Mary Frances Ross

SOPHOMORES

Mary Sheppard	Lillian Arnold
Mary Louise Wilson	

JUNIORS

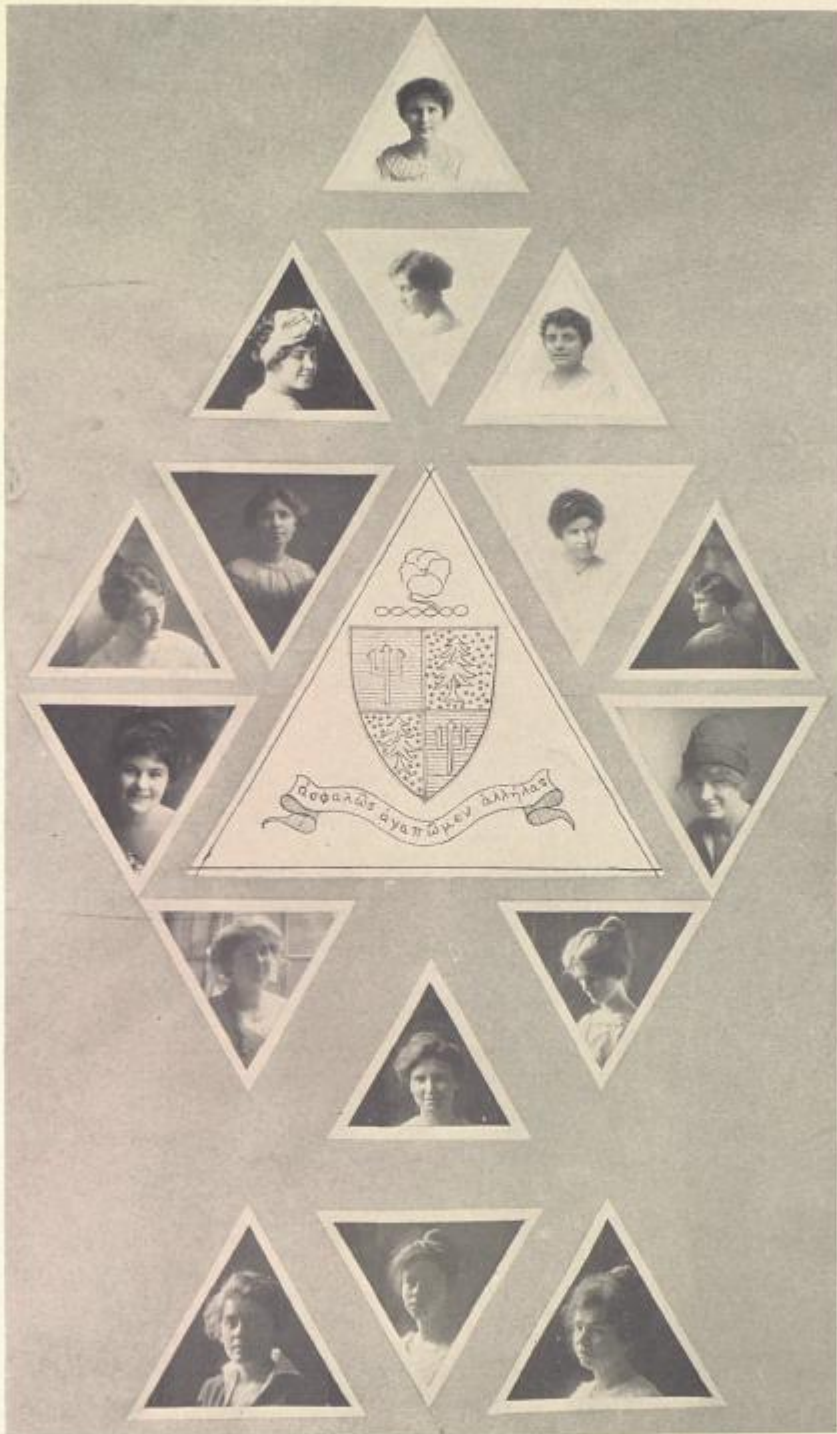
Millie Null	June Elliott
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SENIORS

Elsie Padgett	Elizabeth Lewis
Mary Whittle	Emma Williams

Post Graduate: Mary Russell Stephens

Faculty: Miss Claire V. Whiting

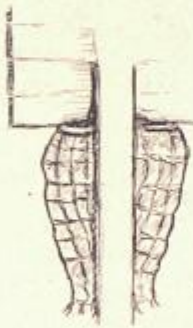
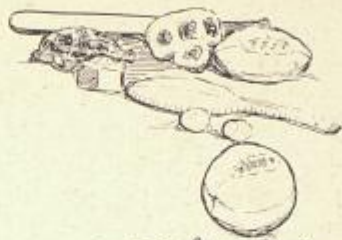




The University Club of Stetson

Dr. Lincoln Hulley, Phi Gamma Delta
Dean Carson, Alpha Delta Phi
Professor John Weir, Kappa Sigma
Dr. Huntington, Delta Kappa Epsilon
Howard Stewart, Phi Delta Theta
David Sholtz, Beta Theta Pi
Syral Conley, Beta Theta Pi
Churchill Goar, Kappa Sigma
William Hunter, Kappa Sigma
Vernon Smythe, Kappa Sigma
Griff Key, Pi Kappa Alpha
C. O. Taylor, Phi Kappa Psi
T. Tunnyclift, Psi Upsilon
Harry Klingler, Alpha Tau Omega

ATHLETICS

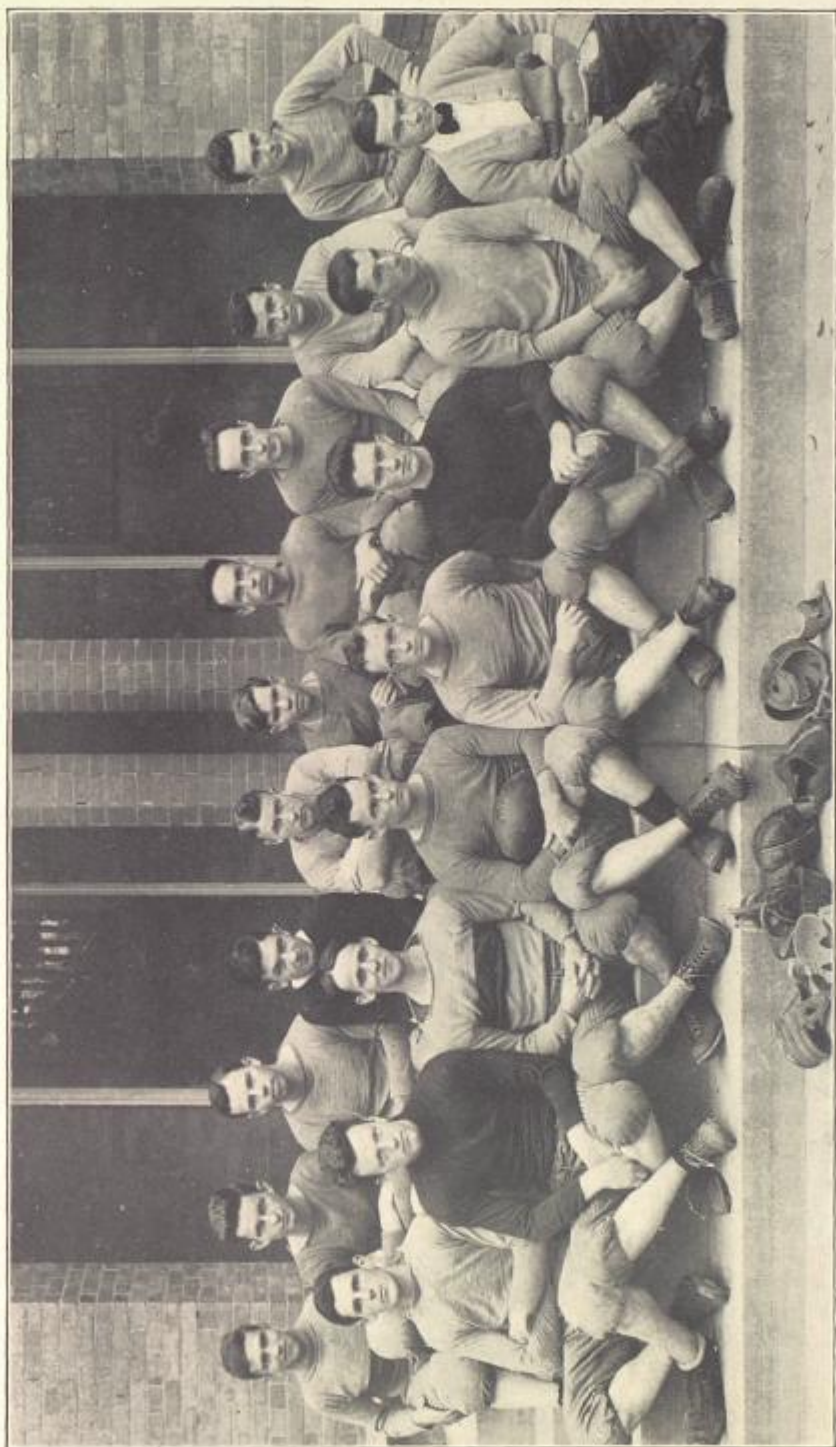


Football, Baseball, Basketball

The year 1914-1915 is one that should take high rank in the history of athletics at Stetson. Not, perhaps, because of the victories won, for in that respect we have not been so fortunate as in some other years. But principally and primarily this year should be remembered because our University has this season been represented by bona fide teams in every department of athletics. No man has been brought to Stetson for the purpose of playing on our teams. There has been no secret assistance rendered to any brawny athlete to keep him in school for his services as a half-back or a pitcher. Every man on our teams has been a student first and then an athlete. In this particular we have established a precedent, which we feel sure will be followed in the years to come.

It was freely predicted last Spring when "ring" athletics were summarily ejected from our school, that we should have a most wretched season this year. It was argued that Stetson could not put out a respectable team in any department of sport unless men were imported to play. It was prophesied that athletics would die a natural death. But what has been the result? We found in the Fall that we had the material to put out a football team which with excellent coaching and strict training could have won four out of five of its games. As it was, we were not outclassed so very badly. And in basketball, although the team has won but a small percentage of its games, yet we have had some contests staged in the Cummings Gym which have never been equalled in the history of the indoor sport in this institution. In baseball we have had a nine that has been a credit to the school. Half of the games have been won in spite of the fact that several were with such teams as the Brooklyn Superbas.

The result of clean athletics at Stetson is very far from discouraging. On the contrary it is most encouraging. We have learned that it is possible to put out bona fide teams and at the same time be represented by athletes who can win a fair percentage of their games. And further, we have discovered that the townspeople have rallied to our support in splendid fashion, thus amply proving to us that what they prefer is not necessarily teams which can win by overwhelming scores in every contest in which they may enter, but teams made up of bona fide students, who truly represent what the college can do. The business men subscribed no less than three hundred and sixty-six dollars to the support of football last fall. And the expressions of approval of the changed attitude of the students towards the question of "ringers" have served to justify us in our faith in the good will of our city friends.



Too much in praise of Dean Smith cannot be said in reviewing the athletic season. Upon his shoulders has fallen the entire athletic situation. He personally financed the football season. He has worked indefatigably in behalf of student athletics. And any success that we may have won is in a very large measure to be credited directly to his untiring efforts.

The football question was the first one that faced us when we came back to Stetson last fall. Football is the premier college sport. A college would not be complete without the gridiron. We had five games on our schedule. The first was one of the best of the season, when our light team went up against the tall mountaineers from King's College of Tennessee. This game was lost by the score of 7-0, and that lone score was made on a "fluke." The second game was with Southern College. Southern had all the "ringers" that she could muster and they succeeded in vanquishing our eleven in a hard fought battle by the score of 12-0. In the third game with Georgia Military Institute, we defeated the Crackers by one touch-down, and outplayed them during the entire game. The fourth game was with Mercer University, in Jacksonville. The Baptists outweighed and outplayed our boys and defeated them 44-0. The last game of the season was played with Southern in Tampa on Turkey day. Our team was decidedly weakened by the loss of Curran and Lourcey and we were beaten 21-0. In summing up the work of our football boys, credit should be given to Captain Liddell for his hard work, and to Hodgden, Tribble, Padgett and Carson.

The basketball team has worked under a severe handicap in having no coach. The fellows have practiced regularly, but could not get together as they should, with the result that a series of sad defeats have fallen to their lot. Twelve games were played with high schools and colleges. Two of the finest games ever seen here were those played with Southern when the Methodists won by the close score of 24-22, and the contest with Ruskin College, which we won, 20-18. The managing of the team fell to the lot of Jennings and he deserves credit for his work, both as manager and player. The work of Hodgden and Charles Scovil at guard and of Roy Scovil at forward was particularly good.

It is at baseball that we have been most successful this year. Coach Lourcey worked up a very good team, which was able to get an even break with Rollins and that is all that has been done for the last four years even by our imported players. Two tie games were played with our old enemies, K. M. I., and the third was won 7-4. Manager Sholtz arranged a good schedule of fourteen games, of which five were won, two tied, and seven lost. This is including the games with National League teams. Thus the percentage of college games won is .600. Particularly good work on the nine has been done by Lourcey, Gross, Hodgden, Gardiner and Bradley.



The Football Team

CAPTAIN ----- WINFRED W. LIDDELL
 MANAGER ----- FAIRFAX T. HASKINS
 COACH ----- C. H. CAMPBELL

John W. Padgett	F. T. Haskins
Gardiner Sherman	C. V. Farriss
Russell D. Curran	W. W. Liddell
L. H. Fenno	R. J. Longstreet
Lewis H. Tribble	John Beatty
Howard Hodgden	C. N. Walker
W. Z. Carson	H. L. Edwards
Rader Merritt	G. W. Brown
Wm. Lourcey	

The Basketball Team

CAPTAIN ----- HOWARD HODGDEN
 MANAGER ----- S. B. JENNINGS

Charles Scovil	S. B. Jennings
Roy Scovil	Howard Hodgden
R. D. Peterson	J. W. Junkin
H. H. Baskin	Paul Northrup
L. H. Fenno	L. H. Tribble
Frank Turnquist	Burdette Northrop

The Baseball Team

CAPTAIN ----- JAMES GROSS
 MANAGER ----- DAVID SHOLTZ
 COACH ----- WM. LOURCEY

Wm. Lourcey	Austin Conrad
James Gross	Chester Beaulieu
E. L. Thomas	F. T. Haskins
Wiley Bradley	Robin Hood
W. J. Gardiner	Paul Hon
A. O. Kanner	W. W. Liddell
Howard Hodgden	Frank Fuller
Rader Merritt	

Tennis

MANAGER OF TOURNAMENTS ----- JOHN BEATTY

CAPTAINS OF COURTS.

Mary Hulley	B. Franklin Brass	Blaine Peacock
John Beatty	Harry Klingler	





Girls' Basketball Squad, 1915

JOHN MERLE WEIR, COACH.

From left to right; back row: Helen Drew, Evelyn Turnquist, Mary Walters, Bessie Gumm, Marguerite Blocker, Mildred Smith, Irene Smith, Flossie Matthews.

Front row: Margaret Woodall, "Bob" Kruse, Catherine Haynes, Louise Hulley, Wiletta Elliott, Sara Smith, Delta Haynes.

Schedule (not completed):

Stetson won vs. Cathedral, Orlando.....	21— 8
Stetson won vs. Palatka	25— 6
Stetson won vs. Palatka	15—11
Stetson won vs. St. Augustine.....	40— 8
Stetson won vs. Palm Beach	24— 5
Stetson won vs Ruskin College	29— 4
Stetson won vs Ruskin College	20— 2
Stetson lost vs. Cathedral, Orlando.....	12—17

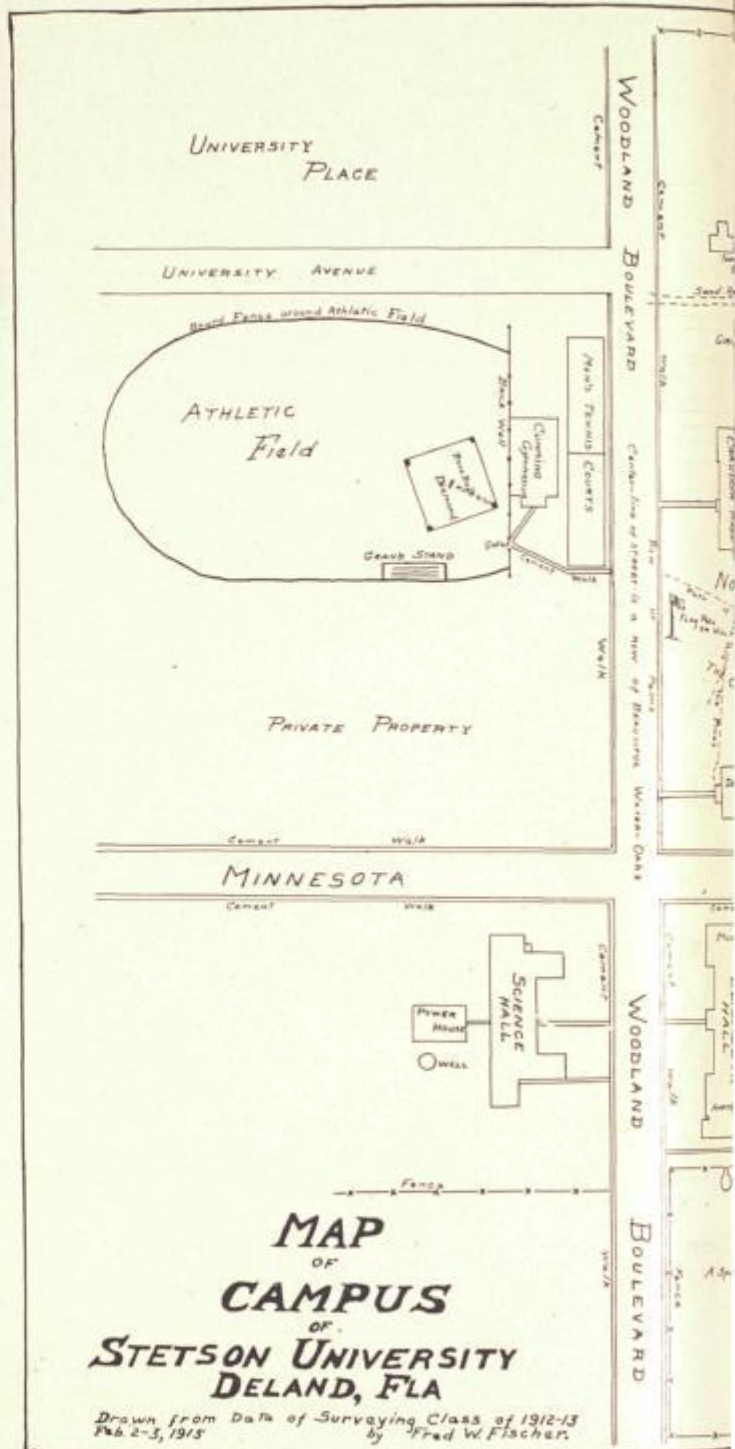
The following have been granted the Stetson Girls' "S": Margaret Woodall, "Bob" Kruse, Delta Haynes, Evelyn Turnquist.

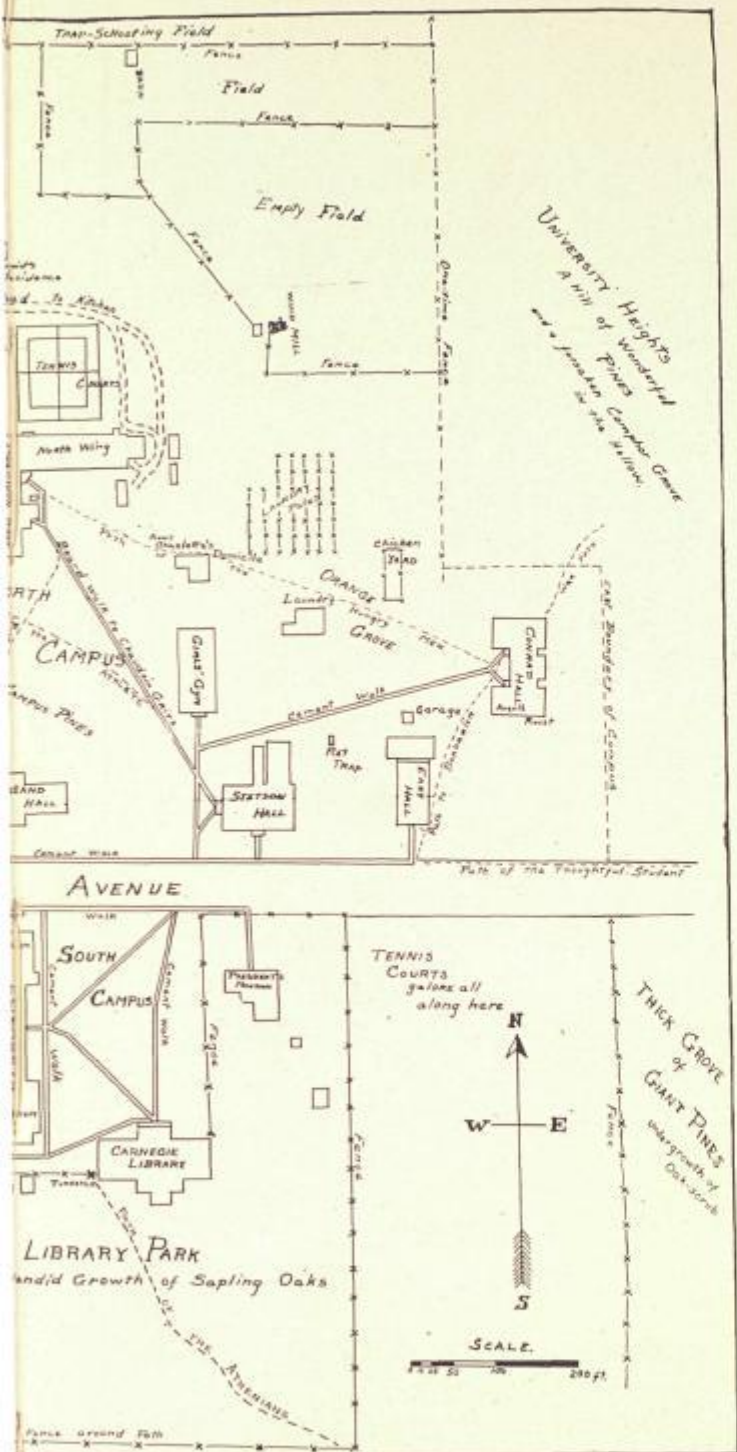
The following has been granted the "S" Star: Sara Smith.

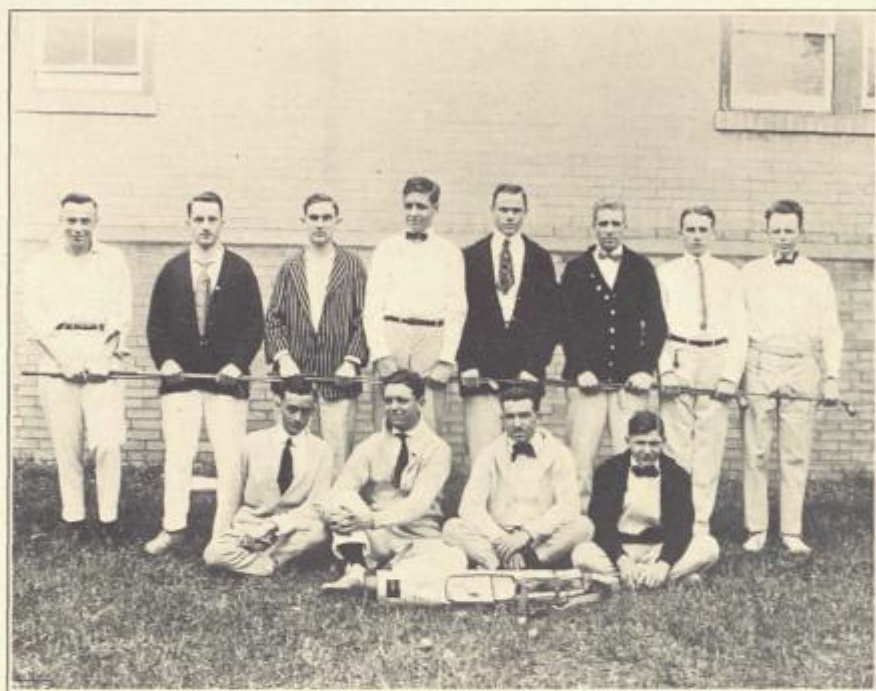
The following have been granted the "S" Double Star: Wiletta Elliott, Catherine Haynes, Louise Hulley.

The following members of the squad have been granted the numerals of their classes: Mary Walters, 1918; Evelyn Gradick, 1918; Marina Harvey, 1918; Helen Drew, 1915; Mildred Smith, 1915; Irene Smith, 1916.









Stetson Golf Club

Griff Key, President

MEMBERS

Syral Conley	Malcolm Hurkness
William Dineen	Willis Junkin
Herman Dickey	Kuntry O'Guin
Preston Dunson	Vernon Smythe
Wilbur Devine	Ralph Travell
Howell Yates	

Stetson Song

Tune: Tipperary.

The musical score is arranged in five systems, each with a treble and bass staff. The key signature is one flat (B-flat) and the time signature is 2/4. The melody is primarily in the treble clef, while the bass clef provides a steady accompaniment. The piece concludes with a final chord in the treble clef.

It's a good way to dear old Stetson,
It's a long way to go,
It's a fine way to dear old Stetson,
To the grandest school I know.
A kind farewell to all the others,
They're nice, but our own's so fair,
It's a good way to dear old Stetson,
So meet me right there.

Stetson University and Environs

HANDBOOK FOR TRAVELERS

BY KARL BAEDEKER.

The object of the book, like that of the Editor's other guides, is to render the traveler as nearly as possible independent of the services of guides and others, and to enable him to employ his time, his money, and his energy to the best advantage.

With map of Stetson University.

Seipaic: KARL BAEDEKER, *Publisher.*

1915.

Preliminary information in regard to DeLand:

A—RAILWAY STATION.

There are two terminus stations in DeLand; at one the Dummy deposits passengers and at the other it lays aside its train crew and whistles. Passengers arrive in the passenger coach, which may be found either behind or in front of the engine, as the engineer sees fit. Approach is heralded to DeLand by periodic and piercing screeches from the Dummy.

B—ARRIVAL.

At the station the traveler must force his way through the dense crowds to the south side of the street, where taxis are waiting.

C—PORTERS.

Stetson porters meet all trains, the name of the University on their caps and a brass number on their coats.



D—PLACES OF INTEREST IN VICINITY.

Speck's Ice Cream Parlor.
Moving Picture Show.
Postoffice (about 3 o'clock in the afternoon).
St. John's, or lakes (on warm days).
Corner of Boulevard and Indiana Avenue (when the fire siren blows).

E—NEWSPAPERS.

Very numerous. Most popular are Collegiate and Stetson Star.

F—TIME-HONORED FESTIVALS.

Dixie Night, Old Twelfth Night, Arbor Day, May Day.

G—POLICE.

Police offices are open day and night. The address of the nearest may readily be found in Jacksonville.

H—SHOPS.

Most of the best shops are found on Woodland Boulevard.

I—POST.

The addresses of the nearest postoffices are given on the letter boxes. The letter boxes may be found by inquiries at the nearest postoffice.

A DAY AT STETSON UNIVERSITY.

A fair knowledge of Stetson may be gained in a fortnight if one is pressed for time, but the visitor who has but a day at his disposal will be helped in making the best use of his time by the plan suggested below :

SCHEDULE.

8:40. Arrive at Elizabeth Hall, one of Stetson's seventeen classic halls and temples.

8:45. Chapel exercises in Auditorium. No fee.

9 to 3. Visit lecture rooms. Guides are easily secured. Lectures delivered hourly. Language and manners of Professors pleasing and prepossessing.

11:15. (Thursdays) History lecture room. Do not fail to obtain tickets of admission for the exhibition. Doors closed promptly on the second.

5:30. Chaudoin grits. Permission necessary.

6 to 8. Social hour. Reserved seats in Chaudoin Hall.

University Buildings



Alighting from a taxi on Woodland Boulevard just south of Minnesota Avenue, we see on our right the historic and imposing outlines of Elizabeth Hall. The lofty, vine-covered, tower-crowned building is of red brick, set well back on its beautiful lawn of sandspurs. The massive doors are reached by four steps and the cornices of the portals are (usually) supported by male and female figures.

The interior is of handsome proportions, the large vaulted hall being modern and, unlike the Pantheon, was not originally open in the center. Within this spacious hall to the south can be seen the most magnificent of the fountains of Stetson University, which sends up a copious and lofty jet. On leaving the University travelers take a draught from this

fountain and throw a coin into the basin for the benefit of the chimes in the pious belief that their return is thus insured. On either side of the main entrance may be seen the offices of the University, with their wealth of catalogues, red ink, etc., and directly in front of us, set between ornamental columns, the bulletin board presents its variegated and useful front for inspection.

Down the north corridor after passing the stately offices of the president (closed to visitors), we reach the Museum of Fine Arts. We come early to avoid the rush. The entire first floor of this building, 50x70 feet, is given over to pictures, among which the visitor must pick his way gingerly, else he might step down on a painting that has once hung in the Paris Salon.

Directly opposite the north wing is the south wing, the whole extent of which is occupied by the splendid auditorium, rising two stories skyward and with a seating capacity for nine hundred people. Note the stained glass windows. Chapel exercises are held here every day and the visitor is advised to attend. At such time the rostrum is ornamented by the various members of the faculty and the traveler should surrender himself to the influence of these greatest and best examples of how to do it and not spend himself uselessly in the minute examination of the students. Note particularly various characteristic attitudes assumed on the rostrum. Note august company of Seniors. If all are wearing cap and gown the year is still young. Note seven oil paintings. Note the young man in lawyers' tier whose eyes are so arranged that one gazes earnestly at the platform while the other smiles in the exactly opposite direction. They alone will experience the full measure of delight to be derived from the contemplation of these treasures who cultivate to the utmost the delicacy of their perceptions.

Retraversing the south corridor and passing enroute various apartments of historic and educational interest, notably the Latin quarter, we come upon the principal stairway of Elizabeth Hall. A window on this handsome flight of steps enables us to obtain a view of the Woman's Quadrangle, situated to the east, completed in 1920 but not yet in use.

Following the course of the imposing stairway we reach the second floor, which is entirely devoted to the pursuit of learning. The visitor is requested to refrain from disturbing the solemn stillness that reigns,

particularly when the bell rings. In a hurried survey of the various lecture rooms we find that their imposing effect is produced not so much by their vastness as by the harmony and symmetry of their perfections. Wise and ripe



scholars preside over these rooms so sweet and voluble in discourse that the visitor is reminded of the saying, "So wise, so young, they say, do never live long." The business college, which is also on this floor, presents such a busy, get-rich-quick appearance that the tourist need only to take one hasty glance around to imagine himself on Wall Street.

On the third floor the visitor stands enchanted. From his left come soulful harmonies from pianos, violins and human voices in one entrancing, ear-splitting din. On his right he fancies he hears a regiment in delirium, but, to quote a distinguished professor, it is "Elocution, not execution." From before him sounds vigorous pounding and hammerings of the mineralogy laboratory. And over all floats the sweet odor of sulphur or arsenic or of some equally pleasing perfume.

For the sake of convenience we descend the same steps by which we mounted and soon find ourselves once more on the boulevard.

Directly opposite Elizabeth Hall the palms of Science Hall wave a friendly greeting from their lawn of well-kept bermuda grass. Entering the aforesaid building, whose fine architectural effect will warrant close scrutiny, our five senses are at once excited. We hear the rumbling of the engines in the workshops, gently inhale extracts from the laboratories, gaze upon the fine arts in the studio, feel the wisdom and importance of the Law School in the atmosphere, taste the peculiar joys of the domestic science department. Many hours of pleasure and profit may be spent in a perusal of the inmates and the innermost workings of Science Hall.

Continuing up Woodland Boulevard the visitor finds upon his right an ancient temple of learning formerly designated as DeLand Hall, but now commonly known as the Phi Kap shack. Visitors may view it from a respectful distance. Following the trail of the campus pines and passing the flagpole on the hill (note: visitors will find a microscope most convenient whenever there is reference to a hill in DeLand) we arrive at the entrance to Chaudoin Hall, one of the dormitories for young ladies. Note; the visitor, should he be of the masculine variety, may enter only if he has a date and a ticket of admission from the dean of women. Mounting the steps and crossing the long wide porch, the "raison d'etre" of which is to be found during social hour, we enter the sacred precincts. The spacious chambers to the left of the square reception hall are a very fashionable resort toward evening. Byron had these rooms in mind when he sang:

"There was a sound of revelry by night,
And J. B. S. U. had gathered then
Her beauty and her chivalry, and bright
The lights shone o'er fair women and brave men;
And many hearts beat happily."

Loud speaking is forbidden here. The landscape presents a refreshing change to the tourist when jaded with sightseeing and weary of bustle.

No other rooms in this building are open to visitors. The upper stories are given up to apartments which are furnished with an elegance not often seen in a school building, and are occupied by young ladies during their pursuit after knowledge. In them their occupants secure absolute seclusion from the outer world and pass their time in study, finding occasional refreshment in a cracker box and glass of cool water. Each young lady lives entirely to herself though there is frequent exchange of greetings in the corridor.

After leaving Chaudoin, a few minutes' walk will bring us to Sampson Hall, which is also a dormitory for the gentler sex. The first floor is given up to a spacious dining room, capable of seating three hundred persons, and a modern kitchen and store-room. Admission fee is necessary. Note the hand-painted china. This dining room is widely known throughout the State of Florida, its notoriety resting chiefly upon the quality and quantity of the famous grits served therein and which once tasted are never forgotten but will live forever in the memory of the unfortunate taster. The aim of the tourist should be to acquaint himself with the next date on which this delicacy will be served so that he may make every endeavor to reserve a seat for the occasion.

Immediately west of Chaudoin our attention is arrested by a massive edifice adorned with fine windows, a handsome portal and bearing the sculptured legend, "Cummings Gymnasium." It is here that the gentlemen of our land are physically developed, "ut mens sana in corpore sano." The building is a product of Stetson's professorial genius and consequently speaks for itself to the admiring tourist, especially when a lively game of basketball is in progress inside its walls. To the rear of the building may be seen and heard the athletic field within whose highly ornamental fence scores of Stetson men have led the green and the white to victory amid tumultuous applause from the thousands of throats seated upon the marble stadium.

To the east of Chaudoin we follow the Board Walk to Chaudoin grits (see map); note the magnificent view obtained from this vantage ground. The laundry poles may here be enjoyed to special advantage. To the left we pass a structure which has been touched by the finger of time. This is the Girls' Gymnasium and around its ancient walls cluster rich memories of a bygone age when the Girls' Athletic Club was sheltered only by this humble roof.

In due time we arrive at Stetson Hall. This is not an insane asylum but one of the dormitories for young gentlemen. Note: ladies are perfectly safe in passing in front of the building as all of the inmates are harmless, but those visitors who have weak ear-drums are advised not to remain long in the neighborhood. If stone deaf they will enjoy a promenade of inspection through the forty-five luxurious apartments.





A little farther down the shady avenue is situated the home of the Rhi Psis, formerly East House. Standing at a worshipful distance from this abode the visitor will perchance catch the sound of a voice which brings to mind Dante's announcement to Virgil, "Now art thou that fountain which flows abroad so wide a river of speech."

Situated on one of the highest and healthiest eminences in Florida, Conrad Hall is visible amidst its grove of pines and camphor trees. A handsome brick edifice, there clings to it an air of comfort, indolence and ease which is entirely belied by the character and life of the inmates. For Conrad is the home of the Stetson Grind. Here live those students who have long since put away childish things and devote their entire lives to study. Each one awakes in the morning with the inspiring words, "I have great things to do today" ringing in his ears and all day long he strives to make the most of his intellectual opportunities. Except to attend lectures he leaves his study table only to follow the Path of the Hungry Men at rare intervals or to stroll down the Path of the Thoughtful Student (see map) for purposes of meditation and self-communion.

We turn in awestruck silence from contemplation of Conrad Hall and after pausing to admire the President's mansion (always open to visitors), we face due south and immediately find ourselves in the grove of wonderful palmettoes which ornament and shade with their luxuriant foliage this portion of the campus. In their thick leafy branches many beautiful southern birds have found homes and the visitor has but to close his eyes to imagine himself in a dense, tropical forest. We emerge from out this cool, verdant retreat at the entrance to the Carnegie Library Building, which is an imposing structure 150 feet long by 50 feet wide. Quiet is the order of the library which the tourist should remember as he takes the regulation trip up one side of the stacks and down the other. Note: the visitor then considers that he has seen the reading room with its twenty thousand volumes. In the second story of this most commodious building spiritual refreshment may be found in the respective meetings of the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. every Thursday. Across the corridor mental refreshment is offered every Saturday evening by the Eusophian Literary Society.



Note: Too much cannot be said in praise of this last organization, which settles the affairs of the commonwealth in a most dignified and final manner.

Coming out once more upon the portico of the library building, we descend the broad flight of steps and gaze around us for one last look at **Stetson University** before seeking Woodland Boulevard and a taxi. If the day is in early spring the view will not be forgotten by even the most *blase* sightseer. The sky is as blue as a Turner-esque Italian sky and flecked all over with gauzy wisps of tiny white clouds. The topmost branches of the tall old oaks and straight pines sway in the fresh April breeze and "whisper, whisper, heart to heart." As far as the eye can reach, stretches a glorious carpet of riotous phlox, shading from pure white through all the tones of pink and red to deep crimson and purple. Down the walks through the flowers, happy-eyed students come with armfuls of books toward the library. And looking up at the building the visitor finds the meaning and reason of Stetson University inscribed over the entrance, "*Education is Power.*"





Students' Recessional

God of brains and hearts with master cunning wrought,
God of the healthy host that crowds these college halls—
Be not wroth if we forget within these learned walls,
For one fell moment, the faith our sacrificing fathers taught.

* * *

If drunk with dream-worlds newly found,
And schisms based on logic wonderfully knit—
We pause where names and words are scrawled in stone,
And see not the stains of red that mar the blue-veined tomb—

If, as cynics with skeptic-mind, we confound Thy holy laws,
And ranting, blaspheme the lofty thrones and starry paths,
And turning, speak light and soft of the lower hells,
And build us new religions that the ancient sages spurned—

If we, delving 'neath the lavic seas of ancient ages,
Unearth the creeds of melting obelisks and by-gone heathen peoples,
And look to strange shores and foreign temples for siren songs,
To soothe and charm our ears when faith is gone—

If we, mole-blind, with eyes affixed to lettered scrolls,
Gaze where Hellenic pillars rise, and sculptured walls
Front the barren sands, and Athenic arabesques
Deck the walls of shrines whose cold gods died in ages past—

If we, star-blind, clutch at stars of strange red hues,
That driving, slipping past, elude the outstretched palm—
Then awake at last, to feel the depths of true white stars—
And find us—too late now!—owners of fruitless years and barren
days—

If within these classic halls, we clutch at fading dreams,
And twisting threads of chance and Kismet grinning,
Accept the faiths of Oriental East, and chant these heathen songs,
While strength-shot muscle and glow of youth gives us the heat to
dance—

If, soothed with sweet, soft sounds of cymbal, harp and horn,
And contemplating unheard-of musics of twinkling, lofty spheres—
And wrapped in luxury, and the pillowed couch of ease,
We forget the toiling neighbor who sweats with bare throat at our
elbow—

If the power of a tiny class-room clouds our vision
Of our proper size; if incisions made and conceptions re-cast,
Shove the nobler and better from our minds—
And ambitious, we fear naught in the warm blood of our youth—

If we build us wreaths of withering leaves,
And list to strange mouths, and doctrines of earth's sad hells,
While the earth spins on afresh, and fearful flames are fed anew—
And engrossed, we stoop not to light Thee incense fires—

If we lift our eyes to other stars than Thou ordained,
And forget hearth-fires in the pine-shaded sheltered homes;
If fitful flame of unknown sacrifices show gray ash in the dawn—
The strange beacons we have lighted—

If we take us tools, and cutting, carve us gods,
And build false altars of stone and gem,
And light our worship fires, and let strange smokes ascend,
Encompassing the land in fitful mists of unbelieving haze—

If we allow new gods to walk the old, old paths—
If we pay not Thee the obeisance due to princes' kings—
If we leave Thy shrine unlighted, Thy words unheeded—
If we choose our paths without Thy guidance—
Thy mercy on Thy students, Lord!

* * *

God of chambered hearts with master Vision chiselled,
God of the homes and fathers beyond the campus pines,
God of the race this ivy-mantled tower covers—
Be with us while the Star of Learning shines.



The Stetson Chimes



“Ring in the valiant man and free
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
“Ring in the Christ that is to be.”

When one truly loves an ideal—cherishes it, actually and practically works toward it—somehow, somewhere, sometime, that ideal will take on material form. Thus has a certain ideal lived in the mind and heart of President Hulley and all friends of our University through many years. It has been this: that over our campus, over beautiful DeLand, sweet symbolic music of chimes should peal out to thrill glad and sad souls.

Offerings from the Vesper services, generous personal contributions, sums realized at plays and concerts, have gone toward making up the necessary fund to purchase chimes. And now, before 1915 shall have passed by, these chimes—these longed for chimes—will be in their proper place on the University campus, not only in time to ring the old year out and 1916 in, but even to sound at the opening of next school session. Already they are being prepared, eleven bells, with significant inscriptions upon each one. Attuned to the key of D, it will be possible to play many and various tunes upon them, for it is an exceedingly good set of bells.

We, who are leaving the dear old campus, shall frequently vision its scenes; we shall see the dear familiar buildings, the great oaks, lovely palms, and tall dark pines silhouetted against a twilight sky at the Vesper hour; all this that we have learned to know and love we shall see. And more—we shall *hear* that which we have known only in dreams—the enchanting harmony from the tower of Elizabeth Hall. Very often, when the morning sky is bright, and Stetson college life is stirring, we shall hear in fancy what we dreamed of hearing—the chimes at chapel time. On festive days, and on days when Stetson hearts are mourning for some one gone Beyond, we, as well as the coming student body, shall hear the melodies so full of meaning. May the University Chimes give worthily in making a better Stetson!



KNOWLEDCE



On the Trail of the Bird

In the story the woman had a dream. The woman was a mother; she had a son in the Schools.

The youth stood on the earth. He stood thinking; and as he thought, a bird fluttered over him. He looked up; he saw the bird hovering overhead. It was a wonderful bird to his eyes—this strange bird—glistening in the sunlight, brilliant-hued and airy-winged, with plumage that shone with all the colors and glory-tints of the rainbow.

As he looked, a feather fell from a wing of the bird and came drifting, curving down through the air, falling at his feet.

Only for a second did the bird flutter above him; then it flew away. With eager eyes the young man watched it, till it finally grew a speck on the horizon. He marked its course with care. It was the Bird!

He picked up the feather at his feet; it was delicate, beautiful, magic-colored, glory-tinted, perfect in symmetry. It had the beauty which only God can give, but man can look upon. The boy wondered. Yes, it was a prize fallen from the heavens. And, come to think of it, on the body of the bird were many, many feathers like this one in his hand. The youth became possessed with a desire to capture the Bird.

What is more to be desired than something that has life and beauty—that lives and moves and is beautiful? It is the quest of Man.

"Maybe it sings," he thought. "I would hear the song of this wonderful bird. I would capture the Bird."

It is decided. He will spend the day—what, the day?—life! the years!—in search of the Bird.

He starts towards the point where the Bird disappeared in the western sky. His feet soon step into a broad road. It leads in the same direction he is going. He is thankful; it will hasten his journey. He forges ahead swiftly, surely—the road is firm and well-traveled.

He sees that many people have gone before him; he surmises that they also have gone in search of the Bird. The supposition is true—the ages have followed the airy-winged, fairy-winged bird; and in the following of the bird the ages have cut a highway leading out to the horizon. But the highway is not completed at the present day—and it will never be completed, though it will stretch far out through the wilderness into the glory of the sunset. The road-makers are the Searchers—the men whose eyes glisten with the Vision.

After traveling a certain length of time the young man noticed that the road was becoming narrower and rougher, and not so heavily packed. When the road was easy to travel he had not looked to either side, but had rushed ahead in the fresh, hot ardor of his youth, eager not to lose a second of time—for time is precious. But now, as he had to proceed more slowly, he looked about him. He saw that the road was bordered by graves and skeletons—thickly studded was the roadside with the bones.

"Ah, the bones of those who went in search of the Bird, but were weak and died by the way," he said. "I am young and strong. I have already gone as far as they did; I will go ahead and find the bird." His confidence is renewed, and determination surges high.

But as he traveled, the road gradually dwindled to a narrow trail. In the deep shade of the woods the trail was not easy to follow; he had to peer sharply to discern the blazes on the tree-trunks ahead of him. He happened to notice the skeletons by the side of the path; they gleamed white in the shadow. "They can serve as guides." He used them as such.

The trail led out on the prairie. The man ventured forth on the sea of grass, following the thread of footprints that wound towards the mountains on the western sky-line. The man had now reached his prime; the years of youth were past. Still the trail led on—it was long.

On the surface of the sea of grass as a tiny fly the man plodded onward. Alone he was—no trees, no houses, no comrades in sight; nothing but sky above and grass below—and the mountains bulking up on the horizon. The mountains cheered him on. When the sunset glowed behind them, he was happy—for then he thought that he caught a flash of the brilliant plumage of the Bird against the fiery clouds. When the night fell and the shadows crept out over the prairie, the evening star gleamed over the peak of the highest mountain. It served as a guide until it sank behind the peak.

The trail was becoming dim—nearly lost in the grass. But still the skeletons lay by the path, only they were fewer and more scattered than they used to be. Half-sunk in the soil, they lay; and the grass shoved up through the ribs, and weeds and flowers alike sprouted through cavities of hip and skull. The man was becoming toil-worn—trail-worn. He was losing the ardor and confidence of youth, and his strength was not what it used to be of old.

"Suppose I do not capture the Bird after all? Is there such a thing as failure?" He whispered the words, because the prairie was broad and lonely, and the mind felt averse to shouting.

Suddenly the dim trail ended under his feet. The last skeleton lay in the grass before him. The traveler gave a shout.

"I will capture the bird after all. Surely its home lies just ahead, for the trail is now ended." He laughed and stood erect. "That last man was a strong man—he nearly succeeded. But his bones are at my feet! Look—I am stronger; I *will* succeed."

He stepped over the skeleton—Last Sacrifice to the Trail and the Bird—and went ahead. The mountains bulged above him. He plunged into stony ground. The prairie, and its grass and level stretches, were left behind.

No trail was before him. Now he had to build the Trail himself.

The stones cut and tore his feet. Blind passes in the mountains led him out of his way. Cliffs thwarted his progress. Desert sands blocked his bee-line course. The skin became a-sweat in the noonday; the flesh chilled in the dews of the night. He was learning the trials, the battles, of the trail-maker—the explorer.

It was hard, hard work to build a true trail. And the work progressed oh, so slowly! Every foot of the way had to be cut. Blood dripped on the rocks; and the traveler's mouth was a-thirst.

The years passed—many of them. The man's hair became gray; the muscles shrank on the bone. Yet in the heart burned the same old fire, and fully as fierce as ever—the desire to capture the Bird.

At last one day came. It was the Day! The man knew it—he sensed it in his cooling blood. He knew it was his last day on the Trail; a chilling finger was reaching out toward him that could be felt.

He trembled as he walked. Even the sun of mid-day was not enough to warm him. He thought over his past life—the stretches of trail that he had covered. In a picture in his mind he saw the journey outlined as on a map. He re-traced its curves, he followed its windings; in retrospect he re-traveled the whole back-trail. It had turned aside for streams, and lakes, and swamps, and other obstacles innumerable. (Still, obstacles can be the most beautiful of scenery—he regretted them not.)

Every mile the pencil of memory re-traced—coming slowly forward to the day that was now shining. At last the point stopped at the place where the last skeleton had been passed—from here on the trail was his own. He had builded it. In his eyes it shone red—he had bathed it in his blood.

But it was so short—this, his portion of the Trail! Where was the result of all those toiling years? Was that scant bit of new-cut ground all that he had covered? And his thoughts raged in bitterness.

He was not such a strong man after all. And *now* he would become but a skeleton by the wayside—just like all the rest he had passed in the days before. Yes, these Searchers who had been slain at the Altar; these weary men who had gone to sleep in the grassy path their steps had hollowed; these vision-fired, vision-blinded, unfretting Children, whose feet were restless, and who followed, but who dropped to rest their heads—and who have not yet awakened;—yes, he would become one of that silent legion. Naught but bleached bones by the trail, and ages and ages of quiet and inaction—and not even a glimpse of the Bird!—it was torturing, brain-gnawing—these thoughts of his.

Then another thought!—and his teeth ground until the nerves at the roots of them cried. "And the next person who comes will use my trail—*my* trail—the trail of my blood. And he will never heed, nor care. He will kick my bones aside (just exactly as I have done in my following of the Trail—Oh! Is this the retribution?)—and will go on after the Bird." Thus the man cried in the desert to the empty air; he was weak, but his heart was burning.

But as the day wore on towards its close—this last day—and the cool of the afternoon crept forth over the hills—the thoughts in the brain of the man lost their heat and bitterness.

Surely, even though he had blazed but a short trail, he had blazed it well. It led faithfully forward on the Search for the Bird. "My toil is not in vain. I have been true to the world and to the followers who will come—and therefore true to myself."

"Now will I lay me down and rest. I am a-weary. And tomorrow will come another man, a Searcher on the Trail. After me comes a Strong Man, a man stronger than I—and I wish him well. I have built him a firm, true trail; it is the best I could do, the best I could give. I hope he captures the Bird."

With exhausted strength and halting breath he sank to his knees on a low, sandy hill.

"I can go no farther. My work is done. I will rest here, where I can see the sunset. I will put no guide-post here, for my bones will be a monument to the Next Man. His eyes will be clear and well able to read the sign."

He looked back once on the trail, long and earnestly, then he turned his eyes to the west; he cared not to look back again. "Gazing towards the west shall I lay, with my eyes in the direction of the Flight of the Bird. This is proper and fitting for a Searcher. Thus will the next man find me. It is well.

"I am satisfied—almost. I know that it was ordained that I should not capture the Bird (long ago it was written so, but I did not know it then); but I do wish I could catch one glimpse of the Bird, or hear just once its Song." So he said as he sat and rested. The sun was sinking; it would soon be night.

"My life shall go out with the sunset. I am alone, but what does that matter. In the morrow will come another—and he will be alone. They are all alone; the men travel alone on the Trail of the Bird. - - - Oh, the Bird!"

He leaned back against the sloping sand. In his hands he still clutched a red feather; along all the miles and days of the back-trail he had held it. Soon he would hold it in the icy dews of death.

The west was now ablaze with glory—bars and banners of gorgeous red were outflung from a central sun behind the hills, while above all flowed the clear blue flood of a peaceful sky. The mind of the man was calm. He was prepared to step out on this his last journey. This journey was not to be a search—he was going home.

"Goodnight, goodby, dear old Trail. I have not seen the Bird or heard the Song; perhaps it is just, that this my last wish, is not granted." He took one last look at the sunset, then shut his eyes. Motionless he lay—the old, weary, dying man.

Suddenly out of the sky above him rang out a bar of song. Like a sound of wild bells—wild, tinkling, sweet-toned silver bells—it rang down to his ears. The man opened his eyes—and in them shone a bright, feverish, happy, unearthly light; in this light shone all the freshness and joy of his youth, but also a half-wild, dewy, unfathomable glow that is not seen in the eyes of creatures in possession of their blood.

He looked up; he saw the Bird. It was the Song of the Bird that he had heard! The Bird was fluttering over him now, just as it had done on that bright day in his youth. He was happy—satisfied.

The Bird swooped. Down it went—to the body of the man—and the body was man no longer, but clay—then up and away—away into the west. Away into the glory of the sunset they flew, the Bird and the winging soul of the man.

The man had not captured the Bird; instead the Bird had captured the man. The Bird had come for its own—it had owned him ever since that first day in his youth when it had revealed itself to him.

Back on the ridge, when the night winds came up and swept along the

sands of the earth, a still form lay in the starlight. Another stretch has been added to the Trail—and a guide-post waits the next Explorer in the morrow.

The woman awoke from her dream, and thought of her son in the Schools.

(Note.—Certain apologies are due to Professor Smith. He told the thread of this story once to a class in mathematics. My old comrades in Calculus will remember. That was a wonderful lecture that day. And the thought-thread of the Search of the Bird—which, you know, is symbolic of Man's eternal quest for Truth and the fruits of Knowledge—fascinated me. I kept thinking about it, and slowly it developed, expanded, in my mind. The story before you is the result, the blossoming forth. I present it to the School, that others may see the Vision that our dear "J. Archy" showed five of us, the calculus class of '14, one bright and sunny morning in Springtime. If this story is able to show you the Dream of Scholarship as vividly as the words of the "Dean" brought it to my mind, I am satisfied.—Author.)



The Call

Let's venture out on the new trail, dear lass?

'Tis just beyond the campus.

Let's quit the roofs and halls of Learning—

Their rules, they only cramp us.

Our eyes the lines of books are spurning—

To live the printed page is sweeter.

Our hearts tell us that years beyond the college walls

Are richer and completer.

Do you see the trail in the dawn's warm glow

That man and maid may follow?

Are my eyes a-blind—that study seems a tinsel show

And lettered scrolls are shallow?

The springtime now is here, which frets the blood to know

That bud and bloom are burst a-leaf, and bird and bee may gather

Where honey dews lie mellow.

The farther fields are fertile, dear, there's gold beyond the sea;

Let's venture out on the New-cut Trail, it was built for you and me.



A Senior's Farewell to His Pony

Ode to Pegasus: Farewell.

Without fault and without guile,
Thou hast carried me many a mile—
Across Caesar's mighty bridge;
With Hannibal over Alpine ridge;
To Horace's simple home;
O'er the Seven Hills of Rome
Down to the noted Forum,
Where great Cicero, with decorum,
Attempted in speeches fine,
The driving out of Catiline.

On and on many a league,
No sigh for rest from sheer fatigue,
But on to sad-fated Troy,
The Ilian home of Helen coy;
Over rough and rugged way
With Cyrus to check Babylon's sway,
Marching with ten thousand Greeks;
Thence to Athens where Socrates seeks
His defence in vain to make—
But drinks the hemlock for tyrants' sake.

In many a Greek and Latin play
Thou hast told me what to say;
Of bloody wars thou did'st often tell,
Where Greek, Gaul and Roman fell.
Not as the Trojan horse of deceit,
But all the way both swift and fleet;
Stumbling not o'er rock and crag you'd strike,
But over land and sea alike
Thou did'st carry me the journey 'round
And brought'st me home secure and sound.

My journey's o'er, my race is run,
And to thee I'll say: "Well done."
Most faithfully hast thou done thy work,
—Not a whit trying to shirk;
Ever willingly leading the way
Through darkest night, and brightest day.
'Tis sad it must be, true as thou art,
That the best of friends some time must part.
Not yet are thy labors at an end;
I've bequeathed thee to a friend.

—By "R3."

"B" Culture

Yea, I would tell a truth.

Professor Baldwin is no "bald one." He and his bee-farm and his class of Latin students need to be made famous. Therefore ye humble scribes, the editors of the *Oshihiyi*, have taken the task upon themselves to inscribe certain facts concerning the aforesaid Baldwin, bee-farm, and Latin students, in their year-book.

Professor Baldwin's class of Latin students are composed of—in the B notation:

Would-B Latin students, can't-B Latin students, never-will-B Latin students, ought-not-to-B Latin students, never-tried-to-B Latin students, and never-"seen-a-B" Latin students.

He certainly has a hive of them; some are drones, and some are workers (a few), and there are a few queen bees from Chaudoin.

There are no old-time "quiltin' bees," nor the backwoods "spelling bee," nor a "sewing bee," in Room 5, but I tell you what, if you have ever happened to "happen" into Room 5, you will find that an old-fashioned "husking bee" is in progress. In this husking bee they husk the verbs and clinging participles from the awe-inspiring sentences until the words of Caesar, Virgil and Tacitus stand forth in all their unencumbered and pristine glory.

Ah! the Room 5 is not for me. My head is a-weary. Good-by! Au revoir!



Chronicles of Annual Building

The Backwoods Preacher Arises and Speaks

"Consider ye the Senior in his cap and gown; he looketh neither to the right nor to the left, or on the puny tribes of men that are as ants on a sun-baked ant-hill to his vision—but sitteth upright, and looketh within himself at himself, and is wonderfully pleased with himself."

This text is contained in the 23rd and 24th verses of the 66th chapter of the Epistle to Verdant Students, according to the correct and unabridged translation from the original Seminole in 1556, which translation was made by a learned body of scholars commonly known as the Class of 1916. Now you know whence the authority and the source; hence follows the application, *per se*. My tongue shall expound the text while my hands pound the table.

Ladies and gentlemen, and all other persons who happen to be present, I will begin.

Lo, the ways of the world are strange—even strange unto the strangeness that characterizes the mysterious fancies of women. A certain Senior class of one hundred moons ago were vexed. They were not satisfied with the scarcity of "Rah rahs" that were circulating the air around them for their benefit. It was strange, but those Seniors wondered why the thirty-seven tribes of the Land of the Sandspur did not sit up and take notice of them.

And those Seniors got huffy and said, "We will build unto ourselves a book tabulating our virtues. We will call it an Annual. In it we will portray all our doings. We will sugar-coat all our actions, and our comings and goings shall be hailed as the march of the Mighty Wise. Our weird waywardnesses shall be explained, and our eccentricities accentuated in unique fashion. And our faults shall be as nil when we put ourselves in print, and we shall harp on the many things we shall do. We shall enumerate the worlds and suns and stars and moons we shall create; we shall list and tabulate the dreams and visions that we shall bring to pass. We shall annotate all things that concern us whatsoever.

"It is well. These things shall we do—and upon all shall we put our trademark. We shall build unto us this Annual—which shall be a catalogue of all our virtues—and our unknown possibilities and untold powers shall blossom forth as the rose in springtime."

Thus it came to pass in the Moon 1022 that this first Annual was builded. And they called it Oshihiyi, which sounds like a woe-begone sneeze with its edges and headgear chipped off.

Many moons waxed and waned, and more Annuals were planned, constructed, erected, and shoved onto the suffering students. In them the Seniors pictured themselves as the paragons of all excellences, plus a few more things that trail off into infinity. In other words, they were all crated as A No. 1 Fruit. More and more overbearing the thing became. At last it was seen that this thing must be stopped. The Seniors were usurping all the Powers that Be, and manufacturing some new ones to take the place of those worn out and out of style. It was seen that the Lid must be Shut Down, and that Somebody must sit on the Lid.

So the little people of the Minor Tribes and the Lesser Tables arose and said:

"We have considered; and we have coined a word which we call 'Arrogance.' We think it especially fits your case. We also have another word in our tongue called 'Annoyance.' We wish there were silence in the land. Therefore we have revised the statutes of the Class-room Kings and decided that it is not proper etiquette for the Senior to build an Annual to praise himself. Shall we translate our words?"

The Lord High Jiggadier-Brindle of the Seniors, to whom the "Caesar dixit" was addressed, pondered long. Then he gathered together all his Pots and his Kettles and Pans, and made a noise, which was a signal for all the Seniors to come together. They came, and they held a caucus. In this caucus they discussed and they cussed and they cawed. But it was of no avail—the mandate was law, and their Wings were Clipped. So they betook themselves off to their Halls and said nothing. They Canned their Eloquence.

The Royal Tenders of the Palace Guy-Ropes consulted together and decided that the custom of making a Year-Book must be continued. They said that the Laws of the Medes and the Persians, and a few other such heathen races, had a clause concerning College Annuals. They Unearthed the Clause.

And so it came to pass, in the course of Geological Epochs that the honor of editing the Annual was bequeathed (for merit's sake) to the People of the Wondrous Achievements—which people dwelt down by the Sea, hard by the land of a heathen nation called the Sophs. There were also members of a callow and sap-green race wandering at large in the near vicinity; these nomads were known to travelers as "Rats," but were also called "Freshies" in times of War. And the Juniors edit the Annual unto this very day!

Facts and Fiction

Bob Bly:

"All my feelin's in the Spring,
Gits so blame contrary,
I can't think of anything
Only me and Mary."

The editorial blaze	R. J. Longstreet
The society craze	"Stew" Stewart
The personal daze	Blaine Peacock
The poetic maze	Betty Lewis
The story phase	Mary Whittle
The wit and humor haze	Ike Tribble

STETSON SONG BOOK AND HYMNAL, COMBINED.

"Sweet and Low"	Library Conversation
"Songs in the Night"	Prof. G—'s Voice
"All That I Ask Is Love"	Fairfax
"No, Not One"	"A's" on Mac's Report
"How Firm a Foundation"	Bryan's Feet
"Work for the Night Is Coming"	Annual Editors

The Fable of the Unhatched Chick

And a Brainy Stude came to the Wondrous Halls of Stetson. And he Assimilated unto Himself all Sorts and quantities and qualities of Knowledge—until the Profs sat back and Scratched their Heads. And the size of the Cranium of the Miraculous Stude expanded until the Authorities had to Enlarge the doors of all the Class-rooms to allow him to Enter. The Instructors were Nervous when he sat before them; they thought he would Show them Up. The Astonishing Cerebral Wonder had Knocked the "P" out of the "Power" in "Education is Power" above the library's Massive Pillars.

And the Voice of the Celebrated Stude was Heard throughout the land of the Bald-headed Whooping Crane and the Sand-starved Pine.

And Many Peoples—wise(?) and ancient (yes!) Seniors in their sooty Caps and Gowns and Timid Rats in many and various Shades and Hues of Green—heard this wonderful Roaring Voice. And Hearing, they Trembled.

And the Voice sounded like the roaring of a Mighty Wind through the Pines, and all the Little Peoples in the Schools and their Kindred Tribes, sat up and Took Notice.

And the aforesaid Celebrated Stude sat back on his Haunches and gathered in all the Laurels. He thought he was the Whole Cheese; he thought the Planetary System revolved around his Head, and that he was a Star the World could not Afford to do Without.

Of knowledge he thought he had Absorbed it All. The Profs he did not Deign to Recognize on the Streets.

And he Forgot to Study!

And anon after the elapse of Several Moons, Exams rolled around.

And a Catastrophe occurred; the Celebrated Wonder flunked in all his Classes! Great was the Fall thereof.

The Celebrated Stude retired to a Hole in the Depths of the Wood, and took unto himself Lofty Aspirations as a Lemon-Soda Slinger.

And Peace was at hand, and the Peoples Rejoiced. For the Voice of one arrogant Swelled Head was Silent in the Pine-barren flat-lands and the Prof-Infested study halls, and quiet Reigned throughout the Land.

And the voice of the Tom-cat was heard at the same old Hours of Midnight, and still the Bad-aimed Bricks marred the Palings of the Fence; and the Locust hummed as usual in the Noonday Sun.

Thus are These Words written in the Book entitled Oshihiyi 1915, which the printer Cussed most Fervently as he set up the Type. Let each word Stand as it is Written.

Moral—Count not on Owning several Sections of the Moon and Securing an Option on the Sun before the Shoes under your Feet are Paid For.

Pride Goeth Before a Hazing

(Apologies to Longfellow.)

This is the Freshman saucy. The murmuring lad of the first year.
Bearded a little, and in garments green, he hails from his home in the country,
Stands like a wooden image when *called* upon to recite.
Stands like a Druid of eld, with a voice fearless, defiant
And loud when he answers what he knows, out of turn,—
Speaks and in silence awaits much loud applause.

Yes, this is the Freshman all right; but where is the heart that within him
Leaps like a roe when he hears at night the voice of the hazer?
Where is his strut, his vanity, his superiority?
Waste are those wonderful locks—the pompadour forever departed—
Scattered like dust and leaves when the firm red hand of the Sophie
Seizes and whirls him aloft, pouring buckets of water upon him,
Shorn of his vanity, naught but tradition remains.

Sweet, Lazy Springtime

When June is here—what art have we to sing
The joy that fills our hearts and o'erflows our souls?—
As exams are past and Commencement by us rolls,
And we are free. Free to do our will—
To rest—to sleep—what matter how time flies!
We would not be all work and all sighs,
But be young—and play—and act as children still.



Mother Goose Rhymes a la Stetson

There was an old woman
And her name was Mother Goose,
She lived many years ago.
Her rhymes we claim as our excuse
For what you find below.

* * *

Sing a song of Stetson girls—
A bunch of merry lasses,
Four and forty teachers stern
To quiz them in their classes.

But when their tasks are over
The girls all feast,—but say?
Wouldn't college life be pleasant
If we could have our way?

* * *

There was a Stetson student with talents not a few,
Whose name was Betty Lewis, and she didn't know what to do—
For she liked a certain laddie—she also liked her books—
It perplexed this lady muckle whether to study or to cook.

* * *

There was a little girl
And she had a little curl
Right in the middle of her forehead.
But when she forgot
To roll it up at night
She came down to breakfast looking horrid.

* * *

Little Miss Dumpling,
Sat with little Junkling,
Out on the courts all day.
Along came a Dodge(r),
And sat down beside her,
And frightened Mr. Junkling away.

Ten dainty Chaudoinites walking in a line,
One went to town with Snooky and then there were nine.
Nine saddened Stetson girls weeping for their mate,
One went to a Putnam dance and then there were eight.
Eight happy, carefree girls thought they were in heaven,
One had too many dates and then there were but seven.
Seven artful little girls up to cunning tricks,
One thought too much of Brass and then there were six.
Six merry college girls with knowledge all alive,
One cooked in the frat room and then there were five.
Five frightened Stetson girls feasting on the floor,
One failed to flee in time and then there were four.
Four pretty Chaudoinites so full of joy and glee,
One was late to every class and then there were three.
Three brave and studious girls, now "the favored few,"
One went up to the cupola and then there were two.
Two loving school girls with work so neatly done,
But one never went to church and then there was one.
One lonely, good, little girl hadn't any fun,
So she left school to wed, and then there was none.

* * *

The girls who were able
Went to the table
Right after the Thanksgiving spread.
But when they got there,
Only hash was there,
"Oh, where are the *grits?*" they said.

* * *

There are rules for everything you do
And everything you say,
There are rules for every time you move
All the livelong day.
There are rules about the walks you take,
And some to whom you write,
There are rules about the clothes you wear
And turning out your light.
Yes, there are rules for everything
And everybody here,
So you had just as well decide to
Bear them with good cheer.

When Sholtz Speaks

During the recent installation Mr. David Sholtz was called upon for a speech at one of the gay functions.

Mr. Sholtz perambulated heavily out to the front.

He generously placed two hunks of feet on the floor and stood there.

He looked at his fraternity brothers solemnly, curiously.

Silence reigned.

Then—he cleared his throat.

After the echo had died away, silence again.

He tried to open his mouth—really tried.

His frat brothers wondered.

Mr. Sholtz heaved in a deep share of the atmosphere and waited.

He looked around, hopefully.

He opened and closed his hands.

He straightened up his knees which were giving way.

Some minutes elapsed without further preparation.

Then Mr. Sholtz blushed—a great, big Ben-Davis apple blush and stood with mouth agape.

Time rolled on. The audience comprehended that he was waiting for something. Finally, "Speech!" yells Pheunie, thinking he had forgotten his mission.

We Should Worry

When "Doc" sends for us.
After Exams.
When we break rules.
When the library book is overdue.
When Dean Smith cracks a joke.
When Annual dues have to be paid.
If the bell happened not to ring at Social Hour.
When the fudge burns.
When we study in chapel.
If Baerecke should sing in chapel.
When our cozy seat on Chaudoin porch is gone.
When the third party sits beside us.
When vacation comes.
When there's no steam heat.

Not more than 15 minutes beforehand.
When she breaks a date.
When our "pony" gets lost.
When the Glee Club gives its concert.
When the "Governor" doesn't send the check.
When the 6 o'clock rising bell rings.
When the heart yearns.
When *her* eyes won't look our way.
If wishes were autos.
If the "grits" should fail to appear.
When we find that our hairpins are borrowed.
About everything.

A "Date" Story

That "Billy" ist maked up his-own-se'f as he went along.
(Mr. Riley, please forgive "Billy.")

W'y wunst they wuz a little Boy went over,
Way over to Chaudoin to call. So, he went across,
'Way 'cross to that grea'-big place—he did. An' he wuz skeered,
He wuz. But he runned an' ringed the bell—
That little-old bell, you know. The door opened: an' 'tuz the Maid!
An' he wuz skeered,—for she ist went "*Who?*" ist that-away. Then
Here "*She*" come out of the room to git the name
Of the Little Boy an' set it down in the big book.
An' the Little Boy wuz sho'nuff skeered then, he wuz.

But he set down; no—he stood up an' hung aroun', he did—
An' purty soon the Little Girl come down so *sweet*—
An' nen—w'y nen the Little Boy, he wuz worser skeered than ever!
Nen the Little Girl tuk the Little Boy to a corner, she did—
An' he set down. No—he didn't—I forgot—
Not one of 'em set down—they *bof* set down.
Purty soon *Some* come and set down, they did!
Nen the Little Boy wuz mad, he wuz.
So he moved away—they *bof* moved away.
An' nen *More* come settin' down,—an' settin' down, you know—
Wite clos't to the Little Boy, they did—
Nen he wuz badder mad, he wuz.
Than *eny* time! An' so he think he'll move agin,
'Way off—way off in the parler—further off
Than *They* kin come, you know. But he—
He *can't* git off where no one'll come—
'Cause *They* kin set *all* around
Eny place in the *whole pà-r-r-ler*.
An' nen he wuz ist *ever* so mad—
'Cause he had *lots* to say—
No—*she* had lots to say—
No—I know—he had somethin' nice to ask her—
Enyhow, they didn't git to say it
'Cause *They* kept comin' clos'ter to him all the time, everybody settin' 'round,
An' nen—first thing you know—an' he still ain't told her
Whut he wanted to—why nen—
Oh yes, I know—the bell runged—it did,
An' that means he must go—and nen—
He was madder, he wuz than any time.
Nen here "*She*" come to shoo him off, *She* did.
"Shoo!" *She* said, ist that a-way, "Shoo!"
Nen, he was badder skeered than any time, he wuz,
An' he runned away, oh so skeered, ever so much.
An' nen—an' nen,—oh yes *he never come back*
'Cause he wuz so skeered an' the poor Little Girl,
Why, she ain't *never, never* heard what nice things he had to tell her—
An'—an'—oh, *she's so sad*,
—An'—an', that's all.

Dear Mabel on a summer's day,
Went out upon the courts to play.

Beneath her red hat glowed the wealth
Of redder tresses, redder felt.

But play tennis, oh no, this pretty lass,—
But talked instead to B. F. Brass.

The Dean came slowly down the walk
To see who all had lingered to talk.

Upon the couple she made a raid—
And snatched away the poor, scared maid!

Now Mabel sits and sighs, "Ah me!
That I away from here might be."

Heaven pity them both! and pity us all
Who cannot our own follies of youth recall.

* * * *

We wonder why the fair Miss Bly has a habitual (lay stress on the "habitual," please) habit of sitting in autos under the shady oaks of the campus. "Does she sit alone?" did you ask? No, kind reader, you are sadly displaying your ignorance. She sits with— Well, we won't mention; but if you want to know, go where the English-sparrows whisper, and a little bird will tell you.



The Excuse

(With various apologies to Kipling.)

When I was a full-fledged college man,
In the full red surge of my might,
I thought I would build me an Annual,
So I girded my loins up tight.

And I gathered me pen and paper,
And I spattered my fingers with ink;
And I chewed all the wood off my pencil,
And I worked till the dawn was pink.

But the notions were slow in their coming—
They were strange and sort of shy;
And cussing and coaxing did no good—
'Twould have made an angel cry.

And now I'm sort of disgusted—
As on my work I look;
It's hardly worth the sweat of the brow
And all the time it took.

But anon there comes a whisper—
'Tis the printer from the press.
"You'd better hurry in your copy,"
And—"Your type's a fearful mess."

So I bundle this work together,
And I fasten with paste and pin;
And I fain would rest when the work is done
And the "filler" is handed in.

And now I've nothing more to say—unless
To the generations in the morrow grown:
"Lo, after me cometh Editors numberless—
Tell them I too have known."



Editorial

This is an editorial.
Now you know.

At last we, the editors, are come to the last stretch of the course. As the end of our task looms in view, as this book approaches its completion, we are glad. We would fain lay down our pens and rest. We are tired; our heads are a-wearied, our fingers fret, and the ink-well has nearly run dry. Our muse has been overworked—it was rather feeble and stunted in the beginning when we started, more so than we wished.

But we cannot throw aside the pen until after doing one thing. We want to render thanks where thanks are due. So the palette, the pen, and the brush, halt in the hand while we go through our last ceremony. The ceremony is sincere—every word is meant.

We want to thank several members of the Junior Class for the assistance they have rendered. And we want to thank the Seniors for various articles they have contributed. If the Annual is a success, it will be largely due to the willing and earnest hands of Senior and Junior.

All the classes and students have shown a kindly interest in our work—and the instructors have been courteous and long-suffering when our editorial duties caused lapses in our classroom standing. We appreciate all this.

We would thank the Business College—that is, we would thank Miss Denny and her typists—for the valuable help that was freely given us. Uncondi-

tionally and out of pure love for the work, the rattling keys pounded and danced at our service—and the pages came forth ready and clean for the printer.

We also wish to thank those who did typing for us outside of the class-room. At our beck and call, they quit campus pleasures to turn out our "rush orders."

We wish to thank poet and prophet, essayist and humorist, photographer and printer and engraver, artist and architect. All the workmen who laid a brick or handled a trowel in the building of the Annual, we wish to thank. If there is any one we have forgotten, we would tender our regards to him. Like the superstitious Romans of old, we would lay a sacrifice at the altar to the unknown god.

And now as we stand on this, the last page, and find our work practically finished, we wish to thank our lucky stars that it is done. We almost rejoice—yea, we would rejoice if the "proof-sheets" were back and corrected.

* * * *

And now, reader, we hand you this book. It is yours—for it is supposed you have paid for it.

With this book we extend our greeting. We hope it meets, in part at least, your expectations.

We fain would retire from the scene.



The Annual Board has gone
on a Strike. The Sweets of
Vacation come to the Weary.
Class-mates and fellow-students,
Kindly Profs and Keen-eyed Critics,
Goodby. We Wish You Well.
Farewell!!

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How to Grow a Mustache	J. M. Weir
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How to Get a Man	Evelyn Gradick
Hints on How to Edit an Annual	Annual Board
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Fifty Different Blessings for the Table	B. F. Brass
How and When to Study Voice	}
	J. M. Weir
The Value of a Co-Educational System.....	W. J. Skinner
The Value of Taking Domestic Science.....	Marena Harvey
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"An' I've taken a look at the weather chart, and we've a rising tide,
But until the spoons be coming, we'll delay this pleasure ride.
I'm proud of the Ark and her fittings, but I think it's a mortal sin
That I'd forgotten my newspaper when the critters were coming in.

"I could have looked at the 'ads,' and ordered a ton of spoons,
But I was sorter careless, and now I'm whistling tunes
To while the lazy day along. I'll tell you what, my son,
When you get a-hold a newspaper, read those advertisements ev'ry
one."

And kind reader, the moral it is plain; when Noah forgot the *Ark
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He'd lost his right-hand man. And now I'm willing to safely bet
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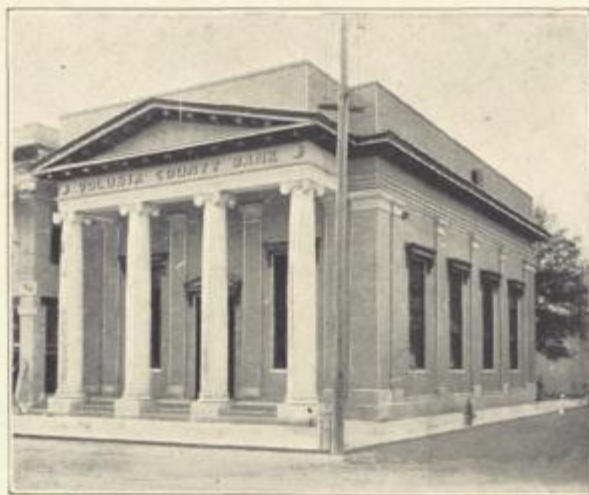
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