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The Stetson Collegiate.

VOL 11.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

No. 2.

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1108 Chestnut street, Philadelphia.

Stetson Collegiate.

"VERITAS."

VOL. 11.

DELAND, FLORIDA, NOVEMBER, 1900.

NO. 2.

Stetson Collegiate.

Issued monthly, by the students of John B. Stetson University.
Entered at DeLand postoffice as second class mail matter.
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EDITORIAL NOTES.

The following story is told of the keeper of the wild beasts in the Philadelphia Zoological Garden. He was working in the outside cage of a great puma not long ago, and had forgotten to lock the door between himself and the inside cage where the puma was. Suddenly he turned around and saw the puma standing in the doorway blocking up the only means of escape. Slowly the beast approached him. The keeper was in an agony of fear, but stood motionless. To his surprise the fierce animal meekly rubbed his sleek sides against his trembling legs, after the manner of a large cat. He had the wisdom to act as though it was the most natural thing in the world that he should be patting the puma's head, and they were soon romping together on the floor of the cage like two friendly children. This is the explanation of it. The keeper had, a little while before, removed a tumor from the side of the puma. The animal suffered a great deal with it and seemed relieved when it was over. The keeper attributed the display of affection to gratitude for the operation which he had performed. A man ought not to be behind the beast in appreciation of kind deeds. Yet sometimes we are. We act on the assumption that it is every one's business, or rather duty, to serve us, and in case of any failure to do this, we withdraw from them. As students, many are the things for which we should be grateful, both to students and to professors.

We call the attention of the readers of the Collegiate to the article in this issue, entitled, "The Law Department of Stetson University," by Dean Farrah. The Dean is a man of a broad experience, and is dealing with facts worthy of public consideration.

Athletics seem to have taken a step this year in advance of any year before at Stetson. It is expected that one or two inter-collegiate contests will take place on Thanksgiving day at Stetson.

We note with pleasure the willingness and desire of the student body to encourage and support their college paper, the Collegiate. Every student should support his college paper, at least by subscribing for it. In case one does not he should not be allowed to read it over a subscriber's shoulder.

Local and Personal.

Mr. Don Lothian has been the most popular man in Stetson Hall for the past week. You know he received a whole box of choice oranges from his grove in South Florida.

A bicycle house has been built for the Chaudoin Hall bicycles.

Mr. Weaver, of Newburg, N. Y., is the latest arrival in Stetson Hall.

Military drill began last week.

The following story was given by a young man who broke his window glass last week. "Say, Carl, John made my room so hot by the heavy steam last night, that the hot air inside, and the cool air outside cracked my window glass. Can't you come and put in a new one?"

Messrs. Baker and Hoyt are interested in the culture of pansies now. We wonder why?

A great many improvements are being made in the gymnasium. In addition to the already elaborate equipments is being added much new apparatus.

There must be some reason for Mr. Black's de-

light in a visit to Green Cove Springs. Can we think why?

Since the arrival of Mrs. Farrah, Dean Farrah does not board at the dormitory, but is living in the house of Dr. Farriss.

A young man belonging to table No. 7, was seen approaching with a large bouquet of flowers. When asked who they were for, he replied, "For the table." Later Miss N. was seen wearing them. The rest of the table are wondering where they are "at."

Professor—"This class room is too warm, whose business is it to attend to the radiator?"

Pupil—"Turnquist's."

Professor (misunderstanding)—"That is just the trouble. I can not turn it."

Mr. Garfield King was obliged to leave school on account of his eyes. We hope to have him back after Christmas.

The first entertainment in the University Lecture Course was given last Friday evening by Mr. Lala. He is a native of the Philippines, and it was of his native home that he spoke so entertainingly for an hour and a half.

Under ordinary circumstances Dean Smith does not consider the fire escapes a legitimate exit from Stetson Hall. But it is the most convenient entrance—after bells at night. Is it not, Dean Smith?

Mr. G. Fox, of Sanford, a former inmate of Stetson Hall, comes to DeLand twice a week for his music lessons.

Miss Aline Brady, so well known to us all, is spending the fall and winter at her home in Titusville, Fla.

A bright young man of Stetson Hall in a presiding capacity, made the following announcement. "Messrs. G., A., and B., will now favor us with a solo."

Mr. Graham filled the Methodist pulpit last Sunday morning in the absence of the pastor.

Miss Elsie Smith has gone home for a week or two on account of illness.

Mr. Oates would like a volume of Aurora Leigh's poems.

THE WANTS OF THE CHAUDOIN GIRLS.

Bess Blanding wants—rest.

Daisy Brady wants—more time to practice.

Miss Compton wants—Helen.

Miss Baker wants—stronger lungs.

Hartley Armendth wants—her picture taken.

Gretchen Bucholtz wants—her "Honey."

Miss McCoy wants—an additional Baker.

Miss Howard wants—more time for "social hour."

Carrie Harriman wants—to be exclusive.

Miss Ireland wants—our Editor-in-Chief.

Cora King wants—more long words to add to her already extensive vocabulary.

Miss Race wants—a marrow-bone to pick on.

Miss Moore wants—Garfield.

Miss Newhall wants—a dressing-maid.

Miss Olson wants—company.

Miss Rupe wants—smaller classes.

Edith Nash wants—a Graham cracker.

Miss Remmers wants—one of the old time talks.

Hattie Porter wants—more time to talk French.

Elsie Smith wants—Pope's essays.

Clara Trueblood wants—"Bud" to write to her.

Annie Wood wants—a Weaver.

Miss Walker wants—another serenade.

Ask Ruby if she knows that Garfield has gone.

A bit of advice to D. B. and M. P.—Do not hold hands in the parlors any longer than it is necessary. Wait until you are in the dark.

Three basket-ball teams have been recently organized among the young ladies. Misses King Baker and Wood have been chosen captains of the respective teams.

The young ladies in the vicinity of Miss Porter's room will be much relieved when she learns Anthony's oration which she recites aloud every evening.

Kodaks.

WHEN THE DEAN'S OUT TO TEA.

Study-hour bell! But the dean's gone! What now? Shall we be good, go quietly to our rooms and study? But here a girl comes in to talk about basket-ball; we can't start studying before that weighty subject is discussed.

It doesn't last as long as we expected, for didn't someone say 'cake', and isn't that a knock at the door? Yes, here she comes, and some one follows—too many now for studying!

Hurry up, you get the water—yes, the spoons are on the table with the cups; hand me a match, do. This alcohol lamp is worth having." "Did you say jelly—you have some? good! bring it in." "I have some crackers and there's some cheese in the box too. Here are two apples from this morning's breakfast table, who wants some? I can't hear who does—Don't giggle so, girls! You'll get me started and the water's boiling, and you won't get the cocoa if you don't stop and remain serious for a moment—just long enough for me to make this—The dean coming now? Oh no! 'She won't be back till morning'. The moon is fine! and I do envy you privileged characters that window

seat. Oh! I declare these cups do hold so little; all hands up who want more—I didn't know there were so many in the room!"

All talking at one time, some on one subject, some on another, but ours isn't the only noisy room. To the right across the hall, there is talking, yes, even laughing going on. How many of the girls do study when the dean's invited out to tea?

There, is that really the first bell? We can't have been together so long. Oh! those lessons! How very large they loom up before our minds! Once more the cups are replenished, once more the crackers are passed around—but hush—is that the last bell? Yes, the one at Stetson Hall, "Stay girls, don't hurry!"

Several candles are fished out of drawers, the electric light is put out as our bell rings—but candles are good enough! We can't separate yet—another little chat—but now, "good night." Bed time, and now we must go to sleep; but there is a gentle tap at the door, "Come in"—"May I sleep with you? it's so cold and lonely in my room."

She slips into bed with us, and now, sleep, come when you can.

PROVEN WITH A GLOVE.

(A Paraphrase of Browning's "The Glove.")

I had been in love with my lady for some time. She was kind to me and I, young and head-strong, decided as a matter of course, she loved me. And so sure was I, that I became careless in my courtship and divided my time among several ladies instead of giving all my attention to her.

Of course, this conduct on my part must have caused doubts to arise in her mind. If I loved her, why should I wish to be with other ladies? How could I find other society half so entertaining as her own? Thus must she have questioned herself and continually grown more miserable.

At last she resolved to prove my love—to have me, by some deed of devotion, set her doubts at rest. A favorable time for this test came to her very soon. We were in the train of King Francis watching the lions at court. Ah! it was just the place for her to prove my love, and to become popular herself. She had a glove in her hand, and I noticed that she would crumple it this moment and diligently straighten it the next. But I did not know the cause of such nervousness. Soon I saw a strange light in her eyes, she was looking full in my face, and a half doubtful, half wistful smile was playing around her lips. As she turned her eyes to

the ring below, mine followed them and saw the glove lying but a few feet from the largest beast. I sprang forward leaping the rail, and rescued the glove.

But as I was returning I began to ask myself why that glove had been dropped there. I did not believe that it had been done by accident, but could not tell why she did it. As I was wondering over this question I caught the eyes of King Francis and there read my answer. He had seen the act and understood it better than I. Anger arose in my breast. Why should she doubt me still? Why should she show to all these people that she doubted me? It was an insult to me. My blood was on fire and instead of giving the glove to her I threw it into her face and left the court.

But my anger did not last long. I began to feel lonely and despondent. I threw myself down on the grass to think and was soon going over my past life with my lady. I saw it all. I remembered her yearning eyes and her eager words. I saw myself as I had been, cold and indifferent. Who could blame her for wanting to prove me? I had said that I loved her but even as I said it I was smiling upon another. I bitterly regretted my cowardly act in throwing the glove in her face.

While in this train of mind a youth brought me a letter. I tore it open eagerly. It was from her begging me to return. I lost no time in going to her, and—can you believe it?—she forgave me.

J. G. Black.

HIS BOAST.

Priscilla is a maiden grave,
(An arrant flirt, they say, last year)
She's made me her devoted slave.
Priscilla is a maiden grave,
With envy other gallants rave
Because they know she holds me dear.
Priscilla is a maiden grave
An arrant flirt they say last year.

HER BOAST.

I think 'twould bring me to my grave
To live with him a single year.
I hate a man who plays the slave,
I know 'twould bring me to my grave.
It makes me yawn to hear him rave
About my eyes. He shall pay dear.
I know 'twould bring me to my grave
To live with him a single year.

"Naughty Naught."

Literary.

OPHELIA.

"Of all Shakespeare's heroines," says one, "the impression of Ophelia is perhaps the most difficult of analysis; partly because she is so real, partly because so undeveloped." She is brought forward but little in the play, yet the whole play seems full of her. Her character and her conduct stand out prominent among other personages, even those that figure much more. Her very silence utters her; unseen, she is missed, and so thought of the more. When absent in person, she is still present in effect, by what others bring from her. She is the inspiration of the queen; and likewise of Polonius. Laertes is scarce thought of, but as he loves his sister, Ophelia. Of Hamlet, too, she is the sunrise and morning hymn. The soul of innocence and gentleness, wisdom seems to radiate from her insensibly as fragrance rises from flowers. Whenever we think of her we almost forget the great poet in his creative power, and think of her as real, without reference to the wondrous power that called her into existence.

The story of Ophelia in the play, is that of a young girl, who, very early in life, is called from the quiet home into the circle of court life—a court, such as was characteristic of those times, rude, and filled with every corruption of the land and saturated to the core with wickedness. She is placed immediately about the person of the queen, and is apparently her favorite attendant. The affection of the wicked queen for this quiet and innocent creature is a redeeming touch for the queen, who seems not so wholly abandoned but that there remains within her heart some sense of the virtue she has forfeited, and looks kindly upon the lovely being she has destined for the bride of her son.

Again her father, Lord Chamberlain Polonius, the shrewd and wicked courtier, looks kindly upon his daughter, and would keep her from the wickedness of the world. So, when she is brought into the court, she seems, in her loveliness and purity, to have wandered out of bounds.

Ophelia's life at the court begins the crisis with her. She is, at this point, in the utmost ripeness both of soul and sense to impressions from without. With her susceptibilities just opening to external objects, she engages herself with these, and leaves no room for self contemplation. From the lips and eyes of Hamlet she has drunk in pledges of his love, but has never heard the voice of her own, and knows not how full her heart is of Ham-

let. "She is far more conscious of being loved than of loving; and yet loving in the silent depths of her young heart far more than she is loved."

There are many disclosures of his love for her.

"I loved Ophelia; forty thousand brothers
Could not, with their quantity of love, make up my
sum"

But from Ophelia only concealments of love. There has been much doubt about Hamlet's love, but never of hers. Ophelia loved Hamlet with an intense love, and this is shown by the confessions of what she has received from him.

"And I, of ladies most deject and wretched,
That suck'd the honey of his music vows."

But she had been caught. Whether Hamlet is to be blamed, had any wilful intention, is another question. The young dove, with lack of strength of wing, or instinct which teaches it to shun the brooding storm, is caught by the fearful tempest, hurled to the waves below, and swallowed up forever. Such was the fate of Ophelia. She is so young that her mind has not reached maturity and did not know how to guard against the impending evil. So now despair is wringing her innocent young soul into an utter wreck, and she seems not to know the source of her affliction. The truth comes out only when her sweet mind lies broken in fragments, and the secrets of her maiden heart are hovering on her tongue.

Of her madness, what can be said? What a picture of a mind utterly, hopelessly wrecked! Past hope; past cure. Her sweet and pure mind lies in fragments. Her insanity exhausts the fountain of human pity. It is one of those mysterious visitings over which we can only brood in silent sympathy, which Heaven alone has a heart adequate to pity.

Ophelia—poor Ophelia! O far too soft, too good, too fair, to be cast among the briers of this wicked world, and fall and bleed upon the thorns of life! What shall be said of her! Like a strain of sad, sweet music that comes floating by us on the wings of night, and which we rather feel than hear, is the character of Ophelia. So exquisitely delicate it seems as if a touch would profane it, and so pure, that it must be thought of as almost divine. Her sorrow asks not words but tears; and we feel inclined to turn aside and veil our eyes in reverential pity, and painful sympathy. Of her death, what shall be said? The victim of crime, in which she has no part, but as a sufferer, we hail with joy the event that snatches her from the rack of this world. We must leave her with him who said, "'O rose of May! O flower too soon faded!'"

The character of Ophelia is one which no one

but Shakespeare could have painted, and to the conception of which there is not the slightest approach.

M. P. E.

Miscellaneous

THE LAW DEPARTMENT OF STETSON UNIVERSITY.

With the opening of the present college year, after mature deliberation on the part of the University authorities, a new department, the Department of Law, has been added to the Stetson University.

We live in an exceedingly practical age and every new undertaking, if it is to survive, must have back of it sufficient grounds to justify its existence. So with this department, there must be a real work for it to do, a place for it to fill, a demand for its finished product, otherwise it has no right to its existence.

We meet, occasionally, certain peculiar individuals who will claim that the world would be better off if there were no lawyers in it, that the legal profession, as a whole, is a kind of human parasite, feeding on the rest of mankind. This phase of the question will be dismissed with the remark that a brief consideration of the public positions that members of the bar have filled and the influence exercised by them in the formation and administration of all human governments, will be a sufficient refutation to the charge. Let us, therefore, proceed on the hypothesis that the legal profession is as essential to the business world as is any other business class or profession.

In approaching the consideration of the advisability of opening the Stetson Law School, three propositions will be submitted and the burden of maintaining the affirmative of each will be assumed. They are as follows:

1. That school laws are necessary.
2. That a law school in Florida is necessary.
3. That a law school in Florida should be a part of Stetson University.

1. We will now give attention to the first of these propositions. However much the question may have been raised in the past, it is at present quite generally conceded by both bench and bar that a law school is the best place for a young man to acquire that knowledge and legal training that will best fit him to discharge the duties of his chosen profession. The committee of the American

Bar Association on Legal Education, in its report in 1879, made use of the following significant language: "There is little, if any, dispute now as to the relative merit of education by means of law schools, and that to be got by mere practical training or apprenticeship as an attorney's clerk. Without disparagement of mere practical advantages, the verdict of the best informed is in favor of the schools." Professor Bryce, in "The American Commonwealth," says that he attributes the superior attainments of the legal profession in the United States "to the extraordinary excellence of many of the law schools." Mr. Heron, of Dublin, in his "History of Jurisprudence," says that in legal reform and in legal authorship, the United States has excelled England, and attributes it "to the superior legal education which the American lawyers receive and to the schools of law established throughout the United States."

It thus seems to be the consensus of opinion of those best qualified to know, that the law school is the place for the law student to get his legal training, the chief aim and object of which is the development of a legal mind, and at the same to acquire such legal knowledge as is compatible with a thorough legal training. The law school of today can do as much for the law student as can the literary department for the literary students.

2. The bar of Florida is composed of 500 members, in round numbers. Allowing, for the sake of illustration, that the membership is increased each year by only five per cent. of itself, which is, no doubt, a low estimate, we have, at the present time, twenty-five young men who are admitted to the bar each year and who take upon themselves the grave responsibilities, as officers of the court, of seeing "that justice is judicially administered." These men, up to the present time, have been compelled to get their preparation in some law office or in the law school of some other state and doubtless a large majority of them has been obliged to get it in the office. The opening of this school places before the young men of Florida an opportunity of acquiring, through a systematic and scientific course of study of two years, not only a theoretical knowledge of the law but a practical and working knowledge of the law as actually administered in the courts of their own State.

In the estimate previously made, we have considered those only who would study law for the purpose of gaining a livelihood through its practice. But the opportunities offered by a law school in Florida, as in other states, will be taken advantage

of by many others. Carefully prepared statistics, gathered in the largest law school on this continent, show that less than forty-five per cent. of those receiving degrees there continue to practice law for a living. With many, the intention is to prepare themselves for a business career, to become familiar with the fundamental principles of the law applicable to the every day transactions arising in their part of the business world. The study of the law, therefore, is not and ought not to be limited to those who intend to engage actively in its practice. A competent knowledge of the laws of the society in which we live ought to be possessed by all. As Blackstone says, such knowledge is "a highly useful, I had almost said essential, part of a liberal and polite education."

In summarizing the reasons for establishing a law school in this State, your attention is again called to the views of Professor Bryce and Mr. Heron and to the resolution of the National Bar Association in 1879. In 1891 the same association declared that in its opinion "it was a part of the highest duty and interest of every civilized state to make provisions, when necessary, for the maintenance of law schools and the thorough professional education of all who are admitted to practice law." In view of the correctness of these statements and the reality of the benefits to accrue to the students, to the profession and to the state, heretofore pointed out, it is submitted that a law school of the right stamp in the state of Florida, with its population of 523,000, is a necessity.

3. We will now give attention to the third division of our subject. Should the law school of Florida be a part of the Stetson University? This inquiry will be considered with reference to the advancement both of the University and of the law school. A university means more than an institution that gives instruction in literature, the sciences and liberal arts, so called. Its very name is suggestive of more.

Is the science of law a proper subject to form a part of the curriculum in a university? No better reply to this query has been given or can be given than is found in the first lecture of Sir William Blackstone, delivered in Oxford University, October 25, 1758, which lecture marked the beginning of giving instruction in the common law at that great seat of learning. He said in part: "Sciences are of a sociable disposition, and flourish best in the neighborhood of each other. Nor is there any branch of learning but may be helped and improved by assistance drawn from other arts. I may safely affirm that nothing, however unusual, is,

under due regulations, improper to be taught in a university, which is proper for a gentleman to learn. But that a science which distinguishes the criteria of right and wrong; which teaches to establish the one and prevent, punish or redress the other; which employs in its theory the noblest faculties of the soul and exerts in its practice the cardinal virtues of the heart; a science which is universal in its use and extent, accommodated to each individual, yet comprehending the whole community; that a science like this should ever have been deemed unnecessary to be studied in a university, is a matter of astonishment and concern." It would thus appear that the giving of legal instruction is a legitimate part of the work of a university. It was more than that in this case. Under the conditions existing in this state, there being no other law school, it was a positive duty resting on an institution having the rank and position of the Stetson University to supply this need, and it would have been a shirking of that duty had it not taken this step when it found itself able to do so. That the influence of the university will be extended and strengthened and that its prosperity will be materially increased by thus responding to the call of duty, it is confidently believed the future will demonstrate. To go into an analysis of the reasons for this belief would take us beyond the limits assigned for this article. It may, however, be not out of place for us to recall the experience of others in like undertakings. Dr. Angell, who for twenty-nine years has been the head of the University of Michigan and has guided its destinies while its attendance has increased from a few hundred to nearly 4,000, made the significant statement that that institution showed no indications of its subsequent phenomenal growth until after the professional schools were established.

It remains for us to consider what advantages, if any, a law school in Florida will derive from being a part of the Stetson University. It is contended not only that the law should be studied in a law school but also that a law school should be connected with a university. What reasons are there for this position? In the first place, the literary department will serve, in a measure, as a feeder for the law school by turning over to it the students who have taken the whole or a part of the literary course and who desire to take up the study of law. At least this will be the tendency. Again, if a law school is connected with a university, students can avail themselves of opportunities for the study of other branches of learning that are of allied significance, such as Political and Constitution-

al History of England, Constitutional History of the United States, Comparative Constitutional Law, History of the Middle Ages, Elements of International Law and the Social, Sanitary and Economic Series.

In conclusion, it is submitted that we have established the three propositions laid down at the outset of this discussion, to-wit; that the law should be studied in a law school, that the situation in this state demands the existence of a law school and that this law school should be a part of the Stetson University. It is, therefore, claimed that we have "set up and established facts sufficient to maintain our cause of action" and accordingly we ask for a verdict for our client.

REV. JAS. CHEW.

During the chapel exercises on Friday of last week President Forbes announced that the Rev. James Chew had promised to conduct the regular "Vespers" on the following Sunday.

Within the same hour, Dr. Baerecke, summoned hastily to the home of Mr. W. A. Sharp, found Mr. Chew dead; he had died during the night, passing away as he slept.

About two weeks before he had left his church near Springfield, Mo., to come down to visit his daughter, Mrs. Sharp, and to aid her in caring for his invalid wife. His sudden death was a great shock to those who knew him. He seemed to be perfectly well, his very healthy appearance occasioning remark.

Every day of his visit here had been one of pure happiness to him; his delight in his grandchildren—whom he had never seen before—his enjoyment of the home life, after months of living alone, his comfort in our balmy fall days. His genial face was never so benign, his laugh never so hearty. On the evening of Wednesday, the evening before the day of his death, he took charge of the mid-week service at the Presbyterian church. He died in the harness, as he had scores of times expressed the hope that he might do.

On the Sunday preceding his death he preached in Mr. Gelston's pulpit and people were impressed with the earnestness and strength and breadth and scholarliness of his words. He spoke as one with authority, as one of wide experience and knowledge. The kindly fatherliness of his manner invited confidence.

Mr. Chew was nearly seventy years of age, at the time of his death. He had been in the ministry for more than half a century. His work, which

began in the south of England near the home of his boyhood, extended over a broad field.

During his long pastorate he had charges in all parts of England, in Australasia and in different sections of this country. Everywhere and at all times his life and work were characterized by an earnestness and liberality which did great good. It was not creed nor sect with him, but truth in its fullest meaning. As Dr. Little, of the Episcopal church, said at the simple service which preceded the burial, "he was large enough to look over the fences of the church." Often, very often, his warmest friends were men outside the church. His acquaintances were his friends. Hundreds of them, in all parts of the world, will feel a sense of personal loss with the thought of his death. His new-made friends here filled the home and covered the casket with flowers. Members of the University faculty, men of culture and degrees, men among whom he would have been at home, carried the body to the grave in our pretty little cemetery, where he sleeps now after all his travel and service in many lands.

HALLOWE'EN.

Another Hallowe'en has come and gone, and this year the festive spirits were gayer, if possible, than ever before. At seven o'clock the students of the halls filed into the gymnasium in various disguises. Nearly every one was in costume and all sorts of characters were represented. Before the spectator there flitted a fantasy of figures and odd groupings.

Strapping negroes promenading with maidens of classic Greece, Napoleon and Marguerite, gypsies roaming about dressed in gay colors, Josiah Allen and Samantha beneath their huge white umbrella, Little Red Riding Hood, Winter Night, a Prince of the fifteenth century, a flower girl, the Irishman, and innumerable negroes, all went round in a merry whirl. For awhile there was laughter and chatter, and every one was so lost and surprised at the others, that he forgot himself.

Presently the curtain rose to the time of "Smoky Mokes," from the orchestra. Gathered in a circle upon the stage stood a company of burnt-cork artists, dressed in white trousers, evening coats and gorgeous ties. After "Hot Time" by the entire chorus, the end man began to exchange fusillated jokes. Prof. Carson, as Mr. Johnsing, presided with great dignity. For nearly an hour the "darkies" went on with their quaint humor,—jokes, songs and mimic prize fight, the irrepressible Mr. White (Prof. Sharp) being always very much in evi-

dence, until at last by the soul-splitting strains of his music, he forced everyone, including a long-suffering dummy from the stage.

The curtain rose again and several "specialties," short comic scenes were presented. Next came the grand cake walk. Josiah and Samantha Allen together with several others deserve great credit, but undoubtedly the cake was rightfully awarded to Messrs. Johnson and Anthony. Miss Hattie Porter and Mr. Calmes were the judges.

After the entertainment refreshments were served and the rest of the evening was spent in social chat. Much interest being centered in the gypsies' tent, where fortunes were told.

About eleven the masqueraders began to grow tired and sleepy, and soon the old gymnasium was once more dark and deserted.

Reminiscences of the happy occasion, however, are still brought to our minds, as ever and anon in either hall one hears the sweet classic strains of "Goo-Goo Eyes."

Library Notes.

The steady growth of our library has already rendered the room, which three years ago was considered so ample, almost inadequate to its needs. The accession of the law library and constant inpouring of government publications, in addition to the annual purchase for the various departments, necessitates a large amount of new stack room, and the time is not far hence when more space will have to be secured, either by a separate building or by the utilization of rooms now devoted to other purposes. The object of this paper however, is not boastful prophecy but to call attention to a few of the more recent accessions.

During the latter part of last year we were so fortunate as to come into possession of that magnificent work, Tissot's *Life of Christ*, containing reproductions of the original paintings which have made their author so famous. An interesting piece of gossip in connection with this is to the effect that Tissot never had a brush in his hand until after his fiftieth birthday.

"The Jesuit Relations," in seventy-three volumes, seventy of which have arrived and are now on the shelves, edited by Reuben Gold Thwaites, is an invaluable contribution to American history, being an account of the early missions, travels and explorations of the Jesuit Fathers in Canada and the north-west. It contains the original Latin,

French and Italian texts with English translation. Several books on the subject of America's new possessions, and Morris' "Greater Republic," a general history of the U. S., coming up to date, are also added to this department.

"Plant Life in Minnesota" is a beautifully illustrated work of more than local interest. Among the recent Smithsonian reports is one on the fishes of north and middle America and many others of equal value.

Records of the 55th Congress and the U. S. statutes at large for 1900 are among the many recently received government publications.

The 1899 periodicals returned from the binder and were placed on the shelves a few days before the opening of school and the law library temporarily shelved at the same time.

These are but a very few of our recent accessions and all the teachers are at work on lists, which, when purchased will materially increase the usefulness of the library. Librarian.

Alumni Notes.

MANN-CHILD.

Married.—In Los Angeles, California, August 31, 1900, at nine p. m., Mr. Jas. S. Mann to Miss Leila M. Child.

This announcement will be of especial interest to many Stetsonites scattered throughout the country from the fact that few of the alumni have been so intimately associated with the life of the University for such a long term of years.

Mr. Mann entered the university in 1889, and graduated from the college department in 1897. During the last years of his college course and the year after his graduation he acted as Instructor in Chemistry and gave great satisfaction in his work.

Miss Child was one of the first students in the college department and being the only college student for a period of two years was facetiously known as "college department." She became a member of the faculty upon graduation and held the position for four years. She then went to California and took post-graduate work in the University of California.

Although the wedding was celebrated in that far off land, away from friends, home and childhood associations, they were not allowed to feel any lack in the happy event. The ceremony took place at the residence of Mrs. McWain, the aunt of the bride who gave them a handsome send-off.

The house was beautifully decorated with date palms, smilax, the graceful boughs of the pepper tree, tuberose, carnations, etc.

The officiating clergyman thoughtfully abstained from reading that portion of scripture inevitably suggested by the names. "When I was a child, I spake as a child, I understood as a child, I thought as a child, but when I became a man I put away childish things."

After the ceremony a brief reception was held and then the happy couple led the way to the dining room which with its dainty refreshments and graceful decorations formed a fitting complement to the joyous event.

Prof. and Mrs. Mann left the next day for their home in Tuscon, Arizona, where Mr. Mann holds the position of assayer in the University of Arizona.

The Collegiate extends its hearty congratulations and wishes the young people a long and happy life.

THE DEATH OF MISS SWIFT.

At her home in DeLand on Friday August 3, last, Miss Mamie L. Swift passed away. She had been ill for the previous eighteen months with consumption; nevertheless so great was her fortitude and buoyancy of spirit that few suspected that her end was so near at hand; indeed she usually seemed fairly well and strong.

In the University Miss Swift was well known to us all, having been a student in various departments for seven years. In her studies she was a sincere and faithful worker, and always had the confidence of her instructors, and the friendship and respect of her fellow-students. She was graduated from the General course in the academy in the class of 1897. Since then she had been taking work in the Business college of the University, and was for some time assistant teacher. For some time Miss Swift was connected with the Collegiate, being literary editor in 1898. She is the third of our Alumni to pass away. She died at the age of twenty-three.

She had lived in DeLand for sixteen years; and was a devoted member of the Presbyterian church. We know that in her church and among her friends she will be greatly missed. We can only say that she has been faithful, true and sincere as a student and as a woman in all her walks of life. The Collegiate feeling a personal loss to itself extends its sincere sympathy to those to whom the loss is greater still.

Athletic Department.

Innovations are the order of the day. And innovations in athletics are as prominent and as pronounced as elsewhere.

The newcomer in the list of college games is basket ball. Last year witnessed for the first time a general series of basket ball games in the colleges of our land. All but two of the colleges of New England played the game. It was Yale that first gained any prominence in the game; away back as far as '95 and '96 they had a team of basket ball players, and thereby gained a vantage ground that they have never lost. Yale has never been overcome in basket ball by any of the colleges.

Time is all that is required to make basket ball a thoroughly intercollegiate and interclass game. It has difficulties, however, to overcome. It has not been looked upon heretofore as a college game, in the true sense of the word; and for that reason it has often been found a hard matter to bring the men out to practice. They have held aloof and looked askance as it were. Consequently the first teams that were got together were rather poor. Home games between the classes of any one institution will do much, but not until intercollegiate games are scheduled and played will college boys really grow enthusiastic over it. It is for this reason that many fail to grow deeply interested in basket ball.

Even in the north where the winters are long and cold, the game is proving a rival to football, in some slight measure. But there it is played only in the gymnasium in winter months. In the south we have a decided advantage in that respect.

The advantages of the game are mainly two; first the cost of running the game is slight, as compared with that of football or base ball. It requires little apparatus, outfitting or paraphernalia. Second, it is an excellent sport to keep men in training for track events or foot ball; especially, as a training for endurance; nothing could be better than this game for hardening and training. A third possible point; it is a connecting link between college men and outside teams; college men play with Y. M. C. A. teams, and High school boys, and many men are thereby secured for college. It has been well proved that there is no better advertising factor for his college than the hearty and contented college boy; and to mingle in friendly rivalry with a college team will be almost sure to win for the college many a man from the outside.

The athletic management hope that the game

of basket ball may be for Stetson University a stepping-stone to a wider and more friendly and manly relationship with the sister colleges of the state. It may be a stepping stone to a more complete system of intercollegiate athletics. This is our sincere hope. The game offers fine chance for skill of a high-order; it offers fine room for great endurance; it has the requisites of a thoroughly collegiate sport, and there is every reason to think that it has come to stay in the list of purely college athletics.

Stetson University plays the team from Rollins College on the 29th of November, Thanksgiving day, and let it be a game well worth the day. Let every Stetson boy rally to the game that day, and "Root" for the team that is representing you on the field. And if we are defeated, as we may be from lack of outside competition, then let us resolve in advance that we will make our defeats our stepping-stones, and rise on them to higher things.

In connection with this matter we may quote a bit of information in regard to collegiate basket ball. A meeting of about fifty students who are interested in basket ball was held at Columbia University lately (this fall) and an association was formed; a schedule of games was arranged with Yale, Harvard, Brown, etc. Columbia is contemplating joining the Intercollegiate Basketball Association, composed of teams from Yale, Harvard, Williams,

Dartmouth, Brown and Wesleyan. Players on the team are to wear the "Varsity" letter on sweaters the same as any other team.

Exchanges.

When a fellow gets a letter
From a maiden, he divines
Many a precious little secret
Written in between the lines.

Funny too, in Greek and Latin,
How we meet with like designs;
Strange, how many happy meanings
Oft are read between the lines.—Ex.

Bicycle girl wearing bloomers, on her way to Wareham, jumps on her wheel and inquires her way, saying, "Is this the way to Wareham?"

Quick witted by-stander.—"Dunno, I never wore 'em."—Ex.

Hic, Haec, Hoc,
Hug us, Hug us, Hug us,
Quick, Quick, Quick.—Ex.

Professor, translating.—"Tell me, thou slave, where is thy horse!"

Guilty Student.—"It's in my pocket, but I wasn't using it."—Ex.



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When fond recollections present them to view;
The woodshed, the slipper, the fond loving mother,

And every dear spot which she made black and blue.—Ex.

"Take back the heart you gave me,
The angry maiden cried;
So the butcher gave her liver,
And the maid was satisfied.—Ex.

There was a young girl in the choir,
Whose voice rose hoir and hoir,
Till it reached such a height
It was clear out of sight
And they found her next day in the spoir.—Ex.

Mrs. Simpson.—Here, Willie, while I am away I am going to give you the key to the pantry, just to show you I can trust you."

Willie (proudly)—I don't need it, Mamma, I can pick that lock any day.—Life.

"Non paratus," Freshie dixit,
Cum a sad and doleful look;
"Omnia recte," Prof. respondit,
"Nihil" scripsit in his book.—Ex.

"They say our new neighbor is quite liberal in his religious views," remarked the minister.

"Liberal" snorted the deacon. "He only put a three cent piece in the collection plate last Sunday."—Philadelphia Record.

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