Annual Meeting of the Trustees

THE annual meeting of the trustees of John B. Stetson University was held yesterday afternoon. The following delegates were present in person or by proxy:

John B. Stetson, President, Philadelphia, Pa.

S. B. Wright, Secretary, DeLand.

John F. Forbes, Treasurer, DeLand.

Hon. H. A. DeLand, Fairport, N. Y.

Rev. David Moore, D. D., Geneva, N. Y.

Rev. D. S. McArthur, D. D., New York, N. Y.

Rev. W. N. Chaudoin, D. D., LaGrange.

E. O. Painter, DeLand.

James S. Turner, Levyville.

H. B. Stevens, DeLand.

F. B. Moodie, Lake City.

Rev. T. J. Sparkman, DeLand.

Arthur G. Hamlin, DeLand.

Byron E. Huntley, Batavia, N. Y.

Theodore C. Search, Philadelphia, Pa.

J. T. Clake, DeLand.

William H. Stewart, DeLand.

William S. Jennings, Tallahassee.

Frank J. Longdon, DeLand.

D. U. Fletcher, Jacksonville.

B. F. Camp, White Springs.

J. B. Law, DeLand.

E. B. Solomon, Dayton, Ohio.

The by-laws were changed and the administrative committee made permanent. This committee consists of the following members of the trustees: Dr. Forbes (ex-officio), Messrs. Wright, Fletcher, Painter, Sparkman, Stewart and Clarke.

Rev. W. H. Hobson, pastor of the First Baptist church of Jacksonville, was elected as the 24th member of the board, to complete the full number of trustees.

The venerable Dr. Chaudoin was elected as president of the Board of Trustees, and Silas B. Wright was re-elected as secretary.

Dr. Forbes was re-elected treasurer.

Mr. Stetson was requested to make full report of the endowment funds in his hands, showing how and where they were invested, etc.

The meeting adjourned at 7 o'clock last night.

County Teachers Meet in Convention

THE public school teachers of Volusia county held their association meeting in DeLand yesterday and today, in the public school building. About forty teachers are in attendance. The meetings are presided over by County Superintendent Bert Fish.

Yesterday morning talks were made to the teachers by Miss Vincent and Miss Calhoun, normal instructors at the University.

In the afternoon Mr. Palmer of Enterprise, Mr. Locky of DeLand and Mr. Brown of Daytona addressed the meeting.

The teachers will attend presentation exercises at the University today, and the president's reception at Chaudoin Hall this evening.

The teachers are a fine body of young men and women, and are enjoying themselves and taking advantage, at the same time, of the educational facilities offered at the University.

Private mailing cards with local scenes, for sale at Fisher's, Allen's and Brills. *

Our Forest Reserves.

The forest reserves of this country are almost twice the area of Pennsylvania.

How to Open a Book.

Hold the book with its back on a smooth or covered table, let the front board down, then the other, holding the leaves in one hand while you open a few leaves at the back, then a few at the front, and so on, alternately opening back and front, gently pressing open the sections till you reach the center of the volume. Do this two or three times, and you will obtain the best results, says Modern Bookbinding. Open the volume violently or carelessly in any one place, and you will likely break the back and cause a start in the leaves. Never force the back of the book.

How to Make Indian Sandwiches.

Put a cupful of chopped ham in a chopping bowl or mortar, with two tablespoonfuls of creamed butter, a dash of paprika, a tablespoonful of Indian chutney, a tablespoonful of vinegar from prepared horseradish and a tablespoonful of finely minced chervil. Pound to a paste and spread on buttered, thin slices of bread.

How to Renovate Chairs.

To renovate willow or rattan chairs that have become soiled with age and use wash off every bit of dust in all the interstices and with a soft, long haired brush tint the entire surface with oak green stain, sienna or sienna and vandyke brown. This must be done with great care so as to cover every particle of the surface. This treatment is suitable for willow because it will take stain, but rattan, which is less porous, requires to be painted or enameled. Whether stain or paint is used, varnish heightens the luster.

Orange City

Orange City, February 18.—Mrs. Wm. Heebner and daughter, Miss Rilla, gave a valentine party Saturday evening to a number of their friends. Mrs. Nellie Palmer won the first prize for coming the nearest to piercing the heart in the center. They all pronounced it a most enjoyable evening.

Major Kingman and seven of Mrs. White's boarders took in DeLand Monday.

Miss Ida Folsum of Eau Claire, Wis., arrived at Palmetto Cottage Saturday evening.

Mrs. Hollowell, Mrs. Wilson and Miss Underhill returned from their visit to Palm Beach Saturday evening.

Mrs. Haley and Mrs. Foote went over to Cassadaga Saturday and returned Monday noon.

Mrs. E. A. Hill made a business trip to Lake Helen Tuesday. She owns property there that she is trying to sell.

Our Tuesday Evening Euchre Club met as usual, there being a very good attendance notwithstanding the cold wave that struck us that evening. Mrs. Bolt won the ladies' first prize and Mr. Frank Taylor the gentlemen's prize and Mrs. Brewster and Mr. Sperry the consolations.

Mrs. Cap Thorp of Sanford passed through here Tuesday enroute for Cassadaga, where she is invited for a few days visit.

Miss Steckel and Miss Dennis spent Tuesday night at the Freeman house. They went to DeLand Wednesday morning where they have rooms engaged.

Mrs. Ed F. Ingersoll and two daughters, Grace and Julia, and Mrs. Cetin of New York city arrived at Norwood Villa Saturday for the winter. Mrs. Berry has a house full and several boarders rooming out.

Mrs. C. W. Munson and Mrs. I. F. Hintsberger of Toledo, Ohio, spent Monday night at the Freeman house enroute to Jacksonville.

Miss Beyer of Erie, Penn., arrived Tuesday at the Bolo for the remainder of the winter.

Mr. Wm. Kolman of Orange City offers for sale his home place known as the Ed Carpenter place, containing 10 acres of good land, one two-story house of six rooms, one large barn and packing house and other out buildings, with the house well furnished and about 600 budded grapefruit trees, orange and other small fruits. All for $1,000 cash. This is a bargain for any one.

He also offers his horse which is a gentle, sound family horse; two sets of harness, one delivery wagon, one nearly new carriage, all for $130 cash.

Also one 16-acre farm at Lake Helen, known as the Wickham place. There are about 300 orange and grapefruit trees just beginning to bear; 75 peach trees, all well fenced and lots of timber on the place. This is a beautiful location, well worth $500. He offers it for $300 cash. Come and see Wm. Kolman at Orange City, Fla.

CHESS BY WIRELESS.

Game Played on the High Seas Won by an American Team.

For the first time since the advent of wireless telegraphy rival chess teams on two rival steamships have managed to play a game to a finish, says the New York Herald. This contest was between a team chosen from the saloon passengers of the American liner Philadelphia and one from among the voyagers of the Cunarder Lucania. The result was told when the vessels reached New York the other day and told with great glee by the Philadelphians, whose side had won. There was a bit of international pride in the victory, too, for the team of the American liner were all Americans, while that of the Cunarder were all Britishers.

The Philadelphia was well off the banks when she got in touch by wireless with the Cunarder. That was Friday noon, Jan. 16. After an exchange of positions, which showed the Philadelphia to be about forty miles in the lead of her English rival, the Philadelphia signaled a challenge to play a match game of chess. "Accept!" replied the Lucania. "Will play immediately after lunch." The teams were selected, that of the Philadelphia consisting of F. C. Caldwell of Chicago, N. B. Whelen of Philadelphia and W. Weiss of New York. The Lucania marshaled six chess experts to her defense. These were E. Marshall Fox and E. Horace Mundy, both of London; F. W. Young, R. W. Milbank and William Evans of Liverpool, and Captain H. R. Campbell. The champions assembled in the smoking rooms, and quartermasters were detailed to carry messages to and from the operator's station. The Philadelphia took the white and made the first move. The game lasted about three hours. The players on the Philadelphia thought their opponents cultivated too soon the virtue of resignation, as it did not seem to them that the Lucania team's case was hopeless when they gave up the game.

It was to combat and expose quacks and fools that laughter was invented.—Thackeray.

How to Remove Varnish Stains.

Varnish stains may be removed from the hands and also from the brushes with which it is applied with spirits of wine. First wash with a little spirit and then after wiping with a rag wash thoroughly in soapy water.

Bowser and Hoyle

He Plays a Game of Euchre With His Wife and Is Unmercifully Walloped

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MRS. BOWSER had had a hard day's work cleaning one of the bedrooms, and Mr. Bowser might have patted her on the arm and said a few words of praise when he came home to dinner. He did nothing of the kind, however. Some one had passed a lead nickel on him during the day, and, while he didn't exactly ache for a row, it was apparent that he felt edgewise. There was irritation on the other side, but peace remained unbroken. Dinner had been over for an hour and Mr. Bowser had skimmed over his paper and finished his cigar when he suddenly asked:

"Why don't you learn to play euchre, so that we can go out for an evening occasionally?"

"Why, I know how to play," replied Mrs. Bowser.

"That is, you think you do."

"But I'm sure I do. I believe I'm a pretty fair player."

"Humph! Suppose you get the cards out."

"All right."

There had been several games of euchre played in the Bowser family, and in each and every instance there had been a row, caused by Mr. Bowser's queer understanding of the rules of the game. On the last occasion Mrs. Bowser had said that she would never play cards with him again, and therefore he was considerably surprised at her present willingness. She got out the table and cards, and as he looked more closely at her he didn't feel easy in his mind.

"Is this game to be according to Hoyle?" he asked as the cards were ready.

"Just as you say," she replied.

"Well, we'll make it Hoyle, and neither of us will do any kicking. In the best of good nature I warn you that I shall win at least five games out of six. You are too sensible to get mad over it. As I'm the better player we'll start off by giving you the first deal."

"Thank you, but we are to go by Hoyle," she laughed. "We will cut for the deal."

"I see. Don't want any favors, eh? Well, the deal is yours. Perhaps you'll get one trick out of the first game. It's your lead."

"As I dealt, it's your lead."

"So, Mrs. Bowser, you've begun already," he exclaimed as he held his cards suspended. "It's a mighty queer thing that we can't have a game of cards without you getting mad over it."

"Stop right there!" said Mrs. Bowser as she laid down her cards. "It is your first lead, according to Hoyle or anybody else. If you don't know that, then you don't know how to play."

"I don't, eh? Well, let it go. I'll give you all the advantage. Clubs are trumps, and you play to that ace of diamonds."

"I take it with a trump."

"You do? You have a diamond and must follow suit. Don't attempt any trickery here, Mrs. Bowser."

"I have no suit. Play to that trump."

"Are you leading trumps?" he shouted.

"As you see."

"But who ever heard of such a thing? That shows you know nothing of the game. Take it back and lead a small heart."

"I know what I am doing, Mr. Bowser. That calls for a trump from your hand."

"Well, take it, then," he growled, throwing down the only one in his hand. "If a man plays cards with a child, he must play as the child does. What are you counting two for?"

"Because I took all the tricks."

"Oh, you did? Well, you needn't chuckle over it and bob around like a hen with her head cut off. I simply gave them to you. Now I'll show you something."

Mr. Bowser dealt the cards and turned up a heart. He hadn't a trump in his hand and therefore passed for her to make it. She said spades, and he brought his fist down on the table and shouted:

"Spades, spades! But you can't do it!"

"Why not?"

"Because you must make it next."

"I can do as I like, Mr. Bowser, and I make it spades. Play to the joker—and that—and that—and that!"

She had all the trumps, and he didn't get a trick. His first impulse was to leave the table and call her a cheat, but something in her look quieted him down, so he muttered:

"I'll give you a game just to encourage you. It's your deal. Diamonds are trumps, eh? Well, play to that."

She played, and while Mr. Bowser got two tricks she scored her point and won the game. He looked at her with a January expression, but had nothing to say. He had the four bowers and the joker under his thumb and was stacking the hand. When the cards ran off and hearts came trumps, however, he had only one in his hand and was obliged to pass. She made it next and took every trick.

"Why—why did you make it next?" he demanded.

"To suit my hand," she replied.

"Are you playing euchre or booby?"

"I'm playing to beat you."

"Oh—ah! After the cheating and swindling I have witnessed on your part I should be justified in refusing to go on, but I'll play the game out just to show you how easy it is to beat you."

Mr. Bowser was a fair player, but the cards ran against him, and he only got one point in the game. He didn't lay it to luck, however, but to Mrs. Bowser, and, shoving back from the table, he said:

"You've robbed me of two games, and I hope you are satisfied."

"That will do," she answered as she rose. "The truth of the matter is that you are no player."

"You are talking to me?"

"To you, sir."

"And I'm your husband!"

"Yes, sir. Don't shout your lungs out nor pump the blood to your head. You are always bragging about what a player you are, but you barely know one card from another. If you want to spend half an hour taking lessons, I'll"—

"Woman, such talk to me! Why—why"—

"Be calm, Mr. Bowser. If you don't want to learn the game, you needn't, but if you are as poor at poker as at euchre the men at the club must have a soft snap. What were you about to say?"

"I—I was about to say that I remained at home this evening to enjoy my own fireside, and you—you"—

"Beat you two straight games at euchre," she finished. "I also remained at home to enjoy my own fireside, but you seem anxious for a row. There is no occasion for one. You simply play euchre just well enough for me to beat you. Why don't you let me give you some pointers?"

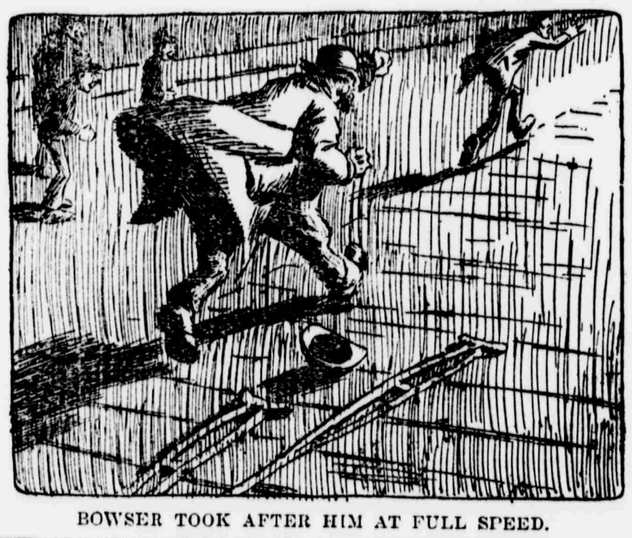
"I'll be hanged if I'll stand this!" shouted Mr. Bowser as he rose up and began throwing his arms about.

"Well, we are all through for tonight," she answered. "I have some work to do upstairs, and as it is still early you might run out and take a few lessons somewhere."

When she had disappeared, Mr. Bowser put on his hat and coat and walked out to cool off.

The cooling process hadn't had time to set in when an old man walking with the aid of crutches struck him for a dime.

"I'll dime you, you old fraud!" shouted the victim of euchre. Then belated pedestrians witnessed a curious sight. The old man threw away his crutches and fled, and Mr. Bowser took after him at top speed, and as they went clattering along the sidewalk at a gait of ten miles an hour the sound thereof was like the rush and roar and clatter of many waters suddenly let loose upon the land. M. QUAD.



BOWSER TOOK AFTER HIM AT FULL SPEED.

Sound Sleep Sounds.

"Let me alone!" he grumbled. "What on earth did you wake me out of a sound sleep for?"

"Because," replied his patient wife, "it was such a distressing sound."—Philadelphia Press.

Consider the Cost.

He—That a waterfall! And you made us pay 50 cents to see that!

Guide—Ah, but you must remember it cost us $400 to make it.—Petit Journal pour Rire.

JINGLES AND JESTS.

The Cheerful Man.

With tingling cheek and frosted ear
And almost frozen fingers
He ne'er complains that coal is dear
Nor by the car stove lingers.

He prances round to warm his toes
And beats his arms together
And yells at every one he knows,
"What glorious winter weather!"
—Cleveland Plain Dealer.

His Candid Opinion.

"Could you write as good a book as this Sizzers who has leaped into fame?"

"I could write a better book," answered the self trustful author, "but I couldn't write one that would sell as well."—Washington Star.

The Middleman.

Mrs. Reuben—You're a big fool to pay a hundred dollars for that gold brick.

Reuben—Don't you worry. I'll sell that there brick to Si Hopkins fer two hundred. He's twice as big a fool as I be.—New York Journal.