

- Dr. Benton -

The Big Holler.



Once a certain Genius who thought that the Moon was inhabited proposed that at a certain moment on a certain night every man, woman and child on earth should holler just as loud as possible...

Everybody said it was a Fine Idea. Everybody agreed to Holler with a big H. For a month in advance everybody practiced lung exercises...

The Eventful Night arrived. The Moon Man was looking down through a cloudless sky. Everybody on earth drew in two large lungfuls of air and got ready for the Big Holler.

Silence! Absolute silence! It was the silentest moment since the morning stars first sang together.

When the returns came in it was known that only one man, a negro in Darkest Africa, hollered, and one woman in Oshkosh, Wis., who was so excited that she just couldn't help it, let out a faint hysterical shriek.

Everybody else had kept Mum in order to hear the Big Holler that all the others were going to make.

But nobody made the holler because they all waited for the other fellows to do it—all except the African, who had no curiosity, and the Oshkosh lady, who had hysteria.

And the Man in the Moon just laughed! It was enough to make a comet splutter, for it revealed a very amusing trait in human nature.

You will find lots of people right here in this community who refuse to join in the Big Holler because they want to get the full benefit of the holler when the other people make it.

If it takes a Big Holler to get what we want, every fellow must lend a hand.

This is not just a funny story. It is full of philosophy. It ought to set you thinking.

MORAL: Now's the time for the Big Holler!

JUST A FEW SUGGESTIONS

College Spirit as it Should Be.

STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER.

Get Out or Get in Line is the Talk

One thing that suggests itself at this time, is the conditions that spring up like deadly nightshade from a poisonous soil. I refer to the habit of sneering, knocking, corping, grumbling at and criticising those who are above us.

The man who is anybody, and who does anything, is surely going to be criticised, vilified and misunderstood. This is part of the penalty for greatness.

Not long ago I heard a "gang" of these students talking. I am sure they did not represent the true University spirit, for they were full of criticism and bitterness toward the institution.

Very soon I saw the trouble was not with the institution; the trouble was with the young man. They have dwelt on some fancied slights until they have gotten so out of harmony with the institution that they have lost the power to derive any benefit from University life.

This is not a perfect institution, which we are quite willing to admit, but it does supply certain advantages, and it depends upon the students whether they will avail themselves of the advantages or not.

Hammer—a small, busy implement carried by blacksmiths, geologists and knockers for breaking iron, rock or friendship.

tion, and the first high wind that comes along, you will be uprooted and blown away in the blizzard's tracks—and probably you will never know why.

Every where you find these out-of-a-job-fellow students. I mean, that are not at present in school. Talk with them and you will usually find out that they are full of raving bitterness and condemnation.

You can not help a team so long as you are explaining in undertone and whisper, by gesture and suggestion, by thought and mental attitude that the coach's system is dead wrong.

Some students get promitious in spite of their failings; but the chances are that your superious will not have the love that suffereh long and is kind. The silent student, who rules his own spirit criticised no one, railed at nobody, minded his own business, and did the work that no man ever can do unless he gives absolute loyalty, perfect confidence and untiring devotion is the man that is going to the front.

"PLUG" TOBACCO.

An Old Farmer's Story of How the Name Originated.

In the jury room at the courthouse a few days ago an old time farmer said as he took a chew of tobacco:

"All the difference in the world in tobacco. I've tried twenty different kinds, and none is as good as that we used to make ourselves down on the farm. We would take a maple log while 'twas green and bore a dozen holes in it with a two inch auger. They were our molds. We selected our choicest tobacco and soaked it for a week or more in wild honey. Then we'd take the leaf to the log, get a good hickory tamping stick and go to work."

"A little ball of the honey soaked tobacco would be put in the auger hole and tamped in with the stick and a hammer. We'd pound it in solid. Ball after ball would be rammed in and pounded until the whole became a solid plug. When the hole was nearly full, we would pound in the plug, and then the log would be put away to season. As the wood dried the moisture would be drawn from the tobacco. And when it was split the sweetest tobacco ever made was taken from it. We called it 'plug' tobacco, and that's where the name originated."—Kansas City Star.

Car Laughter!

What was the origin of the phrase "Enough to make a cat laugh?" Dr. Murray's Dictionary notices only "Enough to make a cat speak," which is explained as signifying something extraordinary, especially something very good to drink.

Catching Butterflies.

To catch butterflies you must reach out after them. As a rule you won't catch many in your hand. You must use a net. It is the net that scoops them in.

A hand reach in catching butterflies is no better than a handbill in catching business. It is the net that counts.

The net is the newspaper. This reaches out to all the people and scoops them in. Experience of several generations has shown that the newspaper is the best business bringer.

Take, for instance, this paper. (Most people take it.) An announcement in this paper goes into the homes of the people whom you must reach if you get the business you are after.

There is, indeed, a very much larger net that scoops in the business butterflies. It is stretched out not only over this community, but over every similar community in the land. It is the mail order net, made up of big catalogues and of advertisements in periodicals which are circulated broadcast to catch the unwary.

To prevent that great net—which is really an octopus with a thousand tentacles—from catching your trade away from you, wisdom suggests that you use your home net—the local newspaper.

Usually a word to the wise is sufficient. If you want to keep your patronage or build it up, you must compete with the butterfly catchers from the outside.

The Dollar is the Butterfly. It has green wings, and is attractive to merchants in the big cities just as it is attractive to you.

If you would catch these pretty butterflies that are circulating around home, you must use the net that circulates around home.

Could anything be plainer?



Diamond Dust.

Stetson at DeLand, March 8 9th Stetson at Gainesville, April 6.7th, Mercer at Macon, April 20th., and other games now pending. Boys, this looks like business. The manager has done his part. The coach has tried his best to get boys to come out and practice, and those that have come out have been greatly benefited by the things they learned from him.

maybe you are not physically able. That's all right, for in that case you are not expected to participate in such events. But you can control that big mouth of yours. Now, we men on the foot ball team had to stand the worst kind of knocking. Enough, more than enough to discourage anybody, but you didn't hurt us, you only hurt yourself.

We are going to Stetson. Will your name be on that Block ticket, or will you be sitting around the Barracks cussing out the team and finding fault with each member wearing the F. Resign from the Knockers, join the ranks of the Loyal, and Root—dog gone you—root. You can practice every afternoon at 3:30. Now, will you? Student its up to you.

CORBETT.

Tennis Notes.

The Tennis Club is now on the boom. It has a full quota of numbers as given below with the following officers: Coach Forsyth, President; W. W. Gibbs, Manager of Courts; R. D. Rader, Treasurer. Members: Barrs, Johnson, Rader, Gunter, Neilson, Dean, Cason, Mickler, Shands, Kime, Gibbs, Weller, Daniels, Daniels, Alderman, Smith, Chapin, La Roche, Roe, Thompson, Martin, Hancock, Person, Evans, Lightfoot, Ames, Vidal, Jenkins, Forsyth, Ludwig, Bryan and Bryan, and Shands.

A Few Hot Liners and Pick-ups.

Some of the boys will have to buckle down to studies if they want to be on the base balls team. You know the rule.

The new bats have come. Don't you want a bat which no one but yourself can use. Its worth a dollar. See Pee Wee.

We like Bouris style. We like his spirit better. You'll have to hustle to get away from 3rd base. Ludwig wants to get that short arm throw to second down a little better. Pat and Tommy are always right there to get it when it comes down that way.

Corbett is holding down 1st at present. There are two other 1st basemen in this college. Why don't you come out and make him hustle to keep his position.

We have seen Earman working out. Where is Phil Carter. Only been out once. We are going to depend on you two pitchers. Better get busy. Earman has got some mighty good curves and his control has improved very much.

The old reliables are out in the field, but there is always room for one more. "Why don't you try."

Have you seen Pat Johnston line 'em out?

Have you seen Pee Wee's A. C. L. ball. Oh its a beauty. And just aint he proud of it.

The hoodoo word—Slide to second.

Say, can you bunt like Pee Wee. Guess he knows how to lay 'em down.

Thompkins is a good fast man in the field; and old Mose—well his hands are as sure as a bucket of tar.

Guess Corbett and Bouris can shoot 'em some.

We want Carter, both of them. Hancock, Ralph Thomas, Pound and all the rest of you fellows that can play ball to come out to practice. How about it?

Don't you want to go to Stetson, Rollins and Macon. All co-eds. CORBETT.

A Few Net Balls.

Wouldn't you hate to have Gibbs' job.

Guess Jimmie Shands plays some tennis.

So far Coach is the only one who has besten him. Fast, well I reckon.

Neilson has some fine cuts, but he is so fancy, makes the ladies say, Oh! Isn't he lovely.

The courts are nearly always full N. Barrs never leaves them.

Too bad the courts are not in better condition. The Tennis Club are making the best of it however and they find lots of recreation in playing on them.

Did you see Gunter and Cason with their lovely red and white sox. Weren't they loud. Cason couldn't be heard above them.

CORBETT.

The University News

A Sprightly College Paper that Deserves Your Patronage

The next edition will be a fine write-up of the University and the Commencement exercises. Every one should get a copy and our advertisers should avail themselves of this opportunity to place their 'ads' in an edition that will be read by the multitude.