



2-1-1909

The Pacific Pharos, February, 1909

Students of the University of the Pacific

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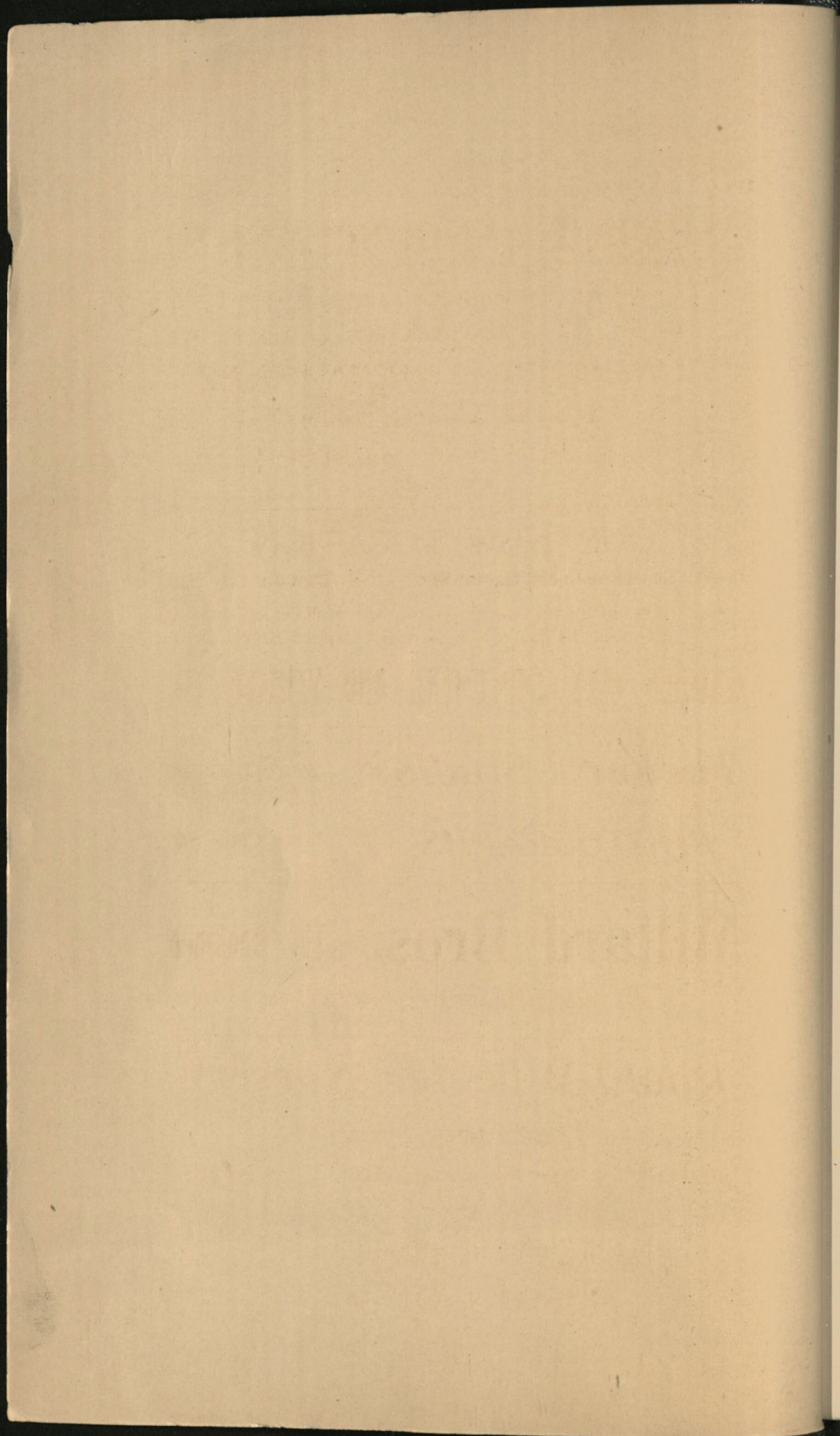
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February, 1909



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THE PACIFIC PHAROS

Vol. XIII

FEBRUARY, 1909

No. 6

The Deliverance.

By MISS BEATRICE CLAYTON.



AS the last heavy stroke of the factory bell sounded the hour of six there followed the gradual cessation of heavy machinery. In a moment the wide entrance to the cotton mills became alive with the crowds of women and children who had just completed the toil of the day. It was a motley throng indeed that issued from the open doorway on this clear September evening.

There were women, old and bent and gray, hardened by the hand of misery and want. There were little children, on whose care-worn faces was lined already the history of pain and suffering.

On some the stamp of coarseness and brutality had entirely obliterated all evidence of refinement, on others there yet lingered the traces of culture of by-gone days.

In a few moments the crowd separated into small groups, some talking aloud, some in more subdued tones, still others from utter weariness remaining perfectly silent.

Another moment and all had disappeared down the several paths leading into the forest which surrounded the cotton factory. All did I say? Not all, for on the broad stone steps there still remained a woman—alone. She was sitting perfectly motionless looking with wide unseeing eyes before her.

There was nothing uncommon about her appear-

ance. The thin brown hair drawn back tight from the face, the narrow stooped shoulders and the careworn face with the feverish flush upon the sunken cheeks, were not unusual sights among the women whose lives were starved and crushed in the prison walls of a large factory.

Suddenly the harsh voice of the Superintendent broke the silence. "Here, you, move along there. Time to close up."

For a moment the woman shrunk back as if the sharp lash of a whip had fallen upon her. Then she arose and for a brief second looked full into the face of the man. All the rebellion of insulted womanhood flashed forth from her eyes, and no one who looked at this moment into those eyes would call them the eyes of a common woman. They revealed in that single glance all the potentialities of feeling which were continually subdued by the force of outward circumstances. The man cringed before them, then muttered something to himself and disappeared within the door.

Quickly she hastened away until the thick trees and shrubbery hid the big building from sight. The path led through an open space into which the sunlight shimmered faintly as it sank lower and lower in the west. The woman sank wearily down upon the soft ground to regain sufficient strength to continue her way. The hot flush of fever throbbed in her thin cheeks, while her quick irregular breathing betrayed how far the ravages of sickness had preyed upon her.

But gradually the soft enveloping spirit of night closed in about her. The tall trees, standing all around to guard her with their protecting arms, swayed gently to and fro in the evening breezes. The soft murmuring of the wind rustling faintly through the leaves, soothed the hard throbbing in her head as it sang a melody of peacefulness and quietness.

She leaned back against a log which had fallen

across the path, and it seemed to her that its soft moss caressed her with loving touch as if it somehow understood, poor mute thing of wood, and sympathized. Slowly a soft mellow light floated through the leaves in a golden shower down to the brown earth. She looked upward.

Above the tops of the tall trees the brilliant splendor of an autumn sunset was reflected in all its glory. One great blaze of crimson light, melting through imperceptible hues into the brightness of shimmering gold lingered for just a second in the vastness of space. Like the glowing dreams of youth in the morning of one's life, they seemed to the silent watcher beneath.

Then slowly, by a process imperceptible to the human eye, a mighty invisible hand drew the brush of transfiguration across the sky, and *now* there were great lofty billows of wondrously woven hues from the delicate tints of creamy pearl to the wonderful depths of sapphire blue. Again and again, like the changing lights of a fairy dream, was the ethereal radiance of the infinite space transformed into a mass of quivering splendor.

The woman caught her breath sharply as she arose impulsively and stretched out her arms longingly to its boundless beauty.

"It is mine, mine," she cried, over and over again. "It is all mine, for I can feel it. Oh, Thou Wondrous God of the Sky, give me but one spark of this thy glory, that I may keep it with me forever."

But slowly the light faded from out the heavens, as fade the visions of youth, when the creeping years of Time come on. "No, no," she cried, as if she might keep it there forever by the very intensity of her desire. "Let not this be but a wild dream that will vanish forever from me, as all the rest have vanished from my life."

But still the twilight deepened while great gray shadows fell darkly around. The damp night dews falling silently seemed to cling with chilly touch to

her garments. Blacker and blacker the shadows crowded, thickly obscuring from view all save hazy outlines. The vast dome of the sky gleamed dully now on all sides with a changeless blue

The woman shivered as if a chilly hand had grasped her, as the stern things of reality came back to her. A great fear gripped her when she realized the lateness of the hour. What would her husband say when she reached home?

A few minutes later and she stood at the door of a small one-roomed cabin. A glance within revealed a scene of disorder and confusion. The flickering light of a candle seemed but to intensify the atmosphere of negligence which was revealed in every detail of its appearance. A small table, the dishes upon which were still unwashed, stood in the center of the room, while in the farther corner was a tumbled up bed. In another corner was a stove over which a man was standing evidently trying to kindle a fire.

The watcher outside shuddered, raised her head almost defiantly it seemed, and then entered the door.

"Hello, there. Fine time to be getting home I must say. Where you been, anyway?"

She had expected a far different sort of greeting than these words uttered in no brutal tone.

"I'm tired, John, so I rested awhile on the way."

He seemed not to notice, for he continued in the same amiable tone.

"I got the money for the claim today, Jean. Fifteen hundred dollars, all in new shiny twenties."

"John," she cried breathlessly, "you got the money? I'm so glad, so glad."

"Yes, you get a few of my things washed now, for I guess I'll go to town tomorrow for a couple of days."

As she heard these words her heart sank; for well she knew that a trip to town meant a drunken spree and the loss of every cent of the money.

"No, no, John," she exclaimed pleadingly. "Don't, please don't. John, I can't work in that factory any longer. I cannot stand it. Look at me! Can't you see that its killing me? Let us invest the money, John, and——"

"Ah! Shut up!" he broke in harshly. "There's nothin' the matter with you that I can see. Git my things ready and be quick about it."

For a moment she stood perfectly silent, then calmly and evenly she began.

"Eight years ago I married you when I was a mere child, and there hasn't been one minute of all that time that I haven't bitterly regretted it."

"Well, what did you do it for?"

"What did I do it for? I did not know what I was doing. I had no one to care for me and I thought it was for the best. But I have found out differently. My God! how differently! I have slaved for you, given my life in earning a few cents for you to spend for liquor. Look at me now. I am only twenty-five and what is there left for me in life? But tonight the end has come to all this, John. I will never go back to that factory again."

All the brute in the man rose in the face of this opposition from the woman who had always so meekly obeyed him, and raising his hand he struck her, once, twice, thrice.

Weakened by the hard day's labor and the passion of her opposition she fell to the floor in a faint. When the world of sound and sense again partially returned to her she was lying just where she had fallen. She tried to think clearly but all seemed whirling about in a dizzy circle. The throbbing in her head became unbearable so she almost welcomed the blackness which closed in about her again.

Suddenly she was again awakened, but this time every sense was seemly alert. The events of the evening came back with startling vividness!

The silence of the room was broken only by the sound of heavy breathing. She shuddered at the

sound of it.

A broad band of moonlight streamed in through the window and pointed like a long bony finger at an object lying on the table. The gold! There it was gleaming dully in the white light.

"The means of Deliverance!!"

She started as if some one had spoken the words aloud. Again they obtruded themselves upon her and she thrust them out with a shudder.

And yet they returned again and again with a horrible fascination. Her heart pounded heavily against her side while each throb echoed and re-echoed the word. A cold chill crept over her, numbing as it seemed every power save the terrible throbbing of that haunting thought.

She moved a trifle, painfully and with difficulty, her ears all the while keenly alert for the slightest sound. But the breathing continued regularly. Cautiously she reached her feet. She took one step. Hark! What was that? The hot blood rushed through her veins, almost suffocating her—but it was only the cracking of a twig outside. A great wave of relief swept over her.

Another step and another! And another! At last she had the bag of gold in her hand. With a gliding cat-like movement she crept nearer and nearer to the door, her eyes never once leaving the face of the man. Another step and she could reach it! One more and she was there! She pulled the latch, it yielded to her touch; the door was partly opened.

Suddenly a short sharp creak pierced through the room. The woman's face went deathly white—her eyes burned with a fierce fire and it seemed as if the loud beating of her heart could be heard in every crevice of the house. Still the sleeper breathed regularly on and on, and with a final effort she closed the door behind her.

Once outside the wild desire for freedom lent speed to her feet and soon she was alone in the heart

of the great silent forest. Still on and on she hastened, her breath coming short and fast and her feet seeming scarcely to touch the ground. Suddenly she reached the sharp edge of a precipice where she paused abruptly.

Before her the world lay bathed in a great flood of silvery moonlight. On the trees far down on the mountain side the dew quivering on the numberless leaves was caught up and reflected in the shimmering light like a myriad of gleaming diamonds. Far up overhead the boundless regions of the ethereal universe stretched away and away through fathomless worlds of space.

Again the soul of the woman leaped up to be in that moment at one with the soul of the Infinite Creator. But suddenly, like the crash of a harsh discord in the midst of divine harmony, she felt the weight of the condemning gold in her hand.

In a flash the consciousness of her guilt came over her strangling like the coil of a serpent the awakening life within her and shutting her out alone in isolated darkness.

With a mad movement she flung the bag far away from her down over the sharp hillside. The jutting edge of a rock tore away the covering and the gold scattered far and wide. As each piece slid downward glittering in the white light like a burning demon of sin it seemed to the woman to scorch her inmost soul.

She paused unsteadily for a moment then made a quick leap forward. An instant later a stifled moan rose upward on the still night air and then sobbed back to earth again.

* * *

The next morning they found her at the foot of the mountain with the tangled shrubbery and the damp leaves clinging all about her—but the soul of the woman had fled, who knows whither? Was it to God?

How the Freshman Full-back "Made Good."

By J. D. ALLEN.



O I love the game?" The old man looked dreamily at me for a time before he spoke. "Laddie," he said, "you'll never know how I love the game till you've been where I've been. Ay! ay! man," he cried, "when you've been carried from the field with your chest crushed and a leg maimed for life and seen the 'sub' go to your place after the awful crush of a last glorious 'scrum', then you'll know how you've loved it all and how you'll miss the rush, the crush, and the glory of the old game." He stopped, and as I noted the great shoulders, the powerful limbs, and those square jaws of the old "veteran" I recalled the stories of his smashing the line and ploughing through the foe for a twenty-five yard gain without a pass out; and then again of his breaking away and bowling his foes down like nine-pins, dashing down upon the goal that was to him the world.

For a time the puffs of the old man's pipe alone broke the stillness and I was content to sit and watch. By and by he took his pipe in his hand and slowly turning on me he seemed pondering over something gone. I knew the old man's way and waited.

"'D I ever tell you 'bout 'freshie' Ned?" I answered in the negative and he went on as if I hadn't spoken. "Yes, Ned played 'full' on the old 'Varsity' all through college—the best of the lot, for all he was a boy. Well do I remember when Ned first came out. Just a boy he seemed! He was strong and quick and he could 'boot the ball', but I never thought he'd 'come on' he was so small. Still

now I believe he appeared a bit smaller than he was. Straight, clean-limbed, and smoothly-muscled, he seemed almost slender; and looked more the lithe, graceful runner than the sturdy brawn of a Varsity football 'back'. How'd he make good?" The old man thought a moment before he spoke. "Well, it was somewhat of an accident I've thought, for although Ned showed up pretty well in practice, he was a bit uncertain in a pinch and when he was qualified as 'sub', although surprised we thought but little of it, never dreaming he'd get any closer. It happened this way. We'd played the season pretty well through with a good percentage, Ned going along and getting in now and then somewhere back, for a little while, in the last half; but captain always played his subs 'safe' and nothing ever came of it."

The old man smoked on for a time before he continued. "Yes, as I said, we'd had very good luck and had grown a bit careless when we came up to within two weeks of the great annual game with our rivals, the Santa Clara's. The spirit began to run high as usual and before long we caught it and got down to stern training. Coach, trainer, and captain worked hard and we tumbled the second team around in great shape. We were in fine fix, hard as steel and ginger clear through. Prospects were as bright as could be when we trotted into the quarters Thursday night before the game on Saturday. The coach smiled as he glanced along the bunch of 'huskies' and said he guessed we'd pass. Captain Martin was playing full then; 'Big Alec', we called him, and as we crossed the campus he said he was pretty tired and thought he'd turn in. We passed on and thought but little of it till next morning when into the rooms burst one of the boys yelling that 'Big Alec' had come down with a fever. We all poured out to see, and sure enough, so it was. Well, of course, 'Big Alec' was great in the 'back' but he wasn't the whole team; yet, somehow, one of those blue spells seemed to settle down over the whole squad. We felt we

were done for and there was no cheering the lads up. Coach and trainer despaired, for men can't play when they are in a 'punk'.

The hours rolled on, 'Big Alec' steadily getting worse. About one o'clock Saturday the red and white of the foe began to stream across the campus to the bleachers on the old field. Our school hadn't caught the spirit that was on the team and when it was time for the whistle the bleachers on our side were jammed and packed with the orange and black of old Pacific. As we looked out from the quarters on that boisterous and confident crowd we felt calmed. At last we had to go. We heard dimly the last eager passionate words of the coach as he told us to die on their goal line.

I remember as he told Ned off to 'Big Alec's' place, he said, 'Now lad, you have got to make good' and then heard Ned answer up prompt and quick, "Ay, ay, sir!" and somehow I felt a lot surer for it.

The whistle blew and it was a grim lot of 'tigers' that faced the Red and White for victory or defeat. The Reds got the kick off and the ball soared high and clear to the back and Ned caught it, nervously fumbled it for a second, ran up five or ten yards and placed it clear down to touch on his right line far into the territory of the Reds. Then the game was on.

They forced us back and for a quarter of an hour the game raged on and around center line. Then it would come back, then we'd gain and so we struggled on, the foe striking at our line fresh and unwearied, the cubs grimly holding their own. This could not go on always and at last the ball came back but not soon enough. The Reds were on it with a rush and by too hard a 'dribble' drove the ball clear through to Ned. He seemed excited, jumped at it, missed it, then got it and—but he was a second too late! The Reds poured in on him and the ball went over. They had scored. They failed to convert the goal and the half sounded.

We trotted out for the last half grimly trying to brace up. Our kick off and a good advance! But the ball was returned and it went back and forth and into scrums and lineouts till we had forced the ball down near their goal, when by a long, clean punt they put the ball over us. It was caught close in on our center line by the little full and we prayed in that second for a clear punt; but he seemed to be running wild of a sudden, for with a spring he was off down the field into the teeth of the Reds. He, the lightest lad in the bunch into the very face of their whole fifteen. We caught our breath, but closed in around him expecting a dribble rush play; but on the center line, as their big back drove for him, he suddenly veered back and to the left and clearing their whole scrum made for their back field. Two of their big three-quarters bore in on him from each side and he, heading straight to them till within five yards, by a light kick put the ball over their heads and cleverly eluding their oncoming rush caught the ball and made straight in for the goal. Five yards out the full met him clear and clean and he went down; but he had counted full well on that and with a headlong roll both men went over the line and we had scored. Three to three and two minutes to play!

From a nerve racking yell the crowd had subsided into a breathless stillness as the little full prepared to gain or lose on a last good kick. Many a strong man closed his eyes in fear almost while that little lad stood there coolly measuring off the distance and then—thud—a long graceful curve and Ned had made good.



Athletics.



ON Friday evening, Jan. 22nd, the Men's Second Basket Ball Team defeated the Santa Cruz Alerts by a score of 35-31. The opening game for the First Team, played one week later against the Santa Cruz Champions in Santa Cruz, was not so auspicious a beginning. We were defeated by a score of 51-17. This result was due in part, at least, to the fact that while our opponents had been practicing six nights in the week, our own team, on account of the gymnasium classes, had had opportunity for only one night's practice a week. On the afternoon of the next day our First Team defeated Watsonville on our court by a score of 39-27, and a second game played in Watsonville on Feb. 5th, resulted in a tie score of 34-34. The tie was played off immediately. One free and one field goal gave us the victory by three points.

Manager C. S. Dorr reports a series of three games secured with Santa Clara College, the dates of which will be announced later.

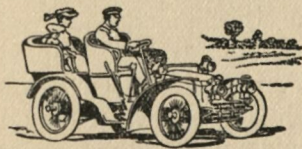
The work of the Girl's Basket Ball Team has been greatly interfered with by their not being able to secure the gymnasium for practice on the nights when Miss Wright, their coach, could be with them. This difficulty has been partially overcome by gaining permission from the faculty to use the 3:30 hour on Tuesday. A game played with Santa Clara High School at Santa Clara, on the afternoon of Saturday, Feb. 6th, resulted in victory for our girls by a score of 24-10. Miss Alexander, the manager, reports a game scheduled with Mountain View, to be played here on Friday, Feb. 12th.

G. C. Pearson has been elected to the office of Track Manager, which was left vacant by E. R.

Lindsey's recent resignation. Mr. Pearson says that there will be a coach this year and that he has arranged for a dual meet with St. Mary's College, to be held in Oakland, and for another with that school to be held here later on. He expects, also, to secure a dual meet with Santa Clara College.

Strong enthusiasm has already been shown in regard to next year's Rugby season. A. G. Peterson, recently elected to the office of Football Manager, made a short speech before the student body and secured \$128.00 in one dollar subscriptions. The response was very encouraging, but we feel certain that Mr. Peterson would greatly appreciate like subscriptions from those who were not present on that occasion. Payment is not expected until registration day next August. Several members of the community, also, have shown their interest by coming forward with voluntary subscriptions. Mr. Peterson expects to make a thorough canvass among the friends of the institution in College Park, San Jose, and among the alumni elsewhere.

Arbor Day evening has been secured for the interests of football, and though Mr. Peterson was disappointed in securing Luther Burbank for a lecture, he expects to have the popular reader, Montaville Flowers, here early in May, and will make efforts to secure other talent from the East. A fuller survey of his plans will be given next issue.



The German Entertainment.



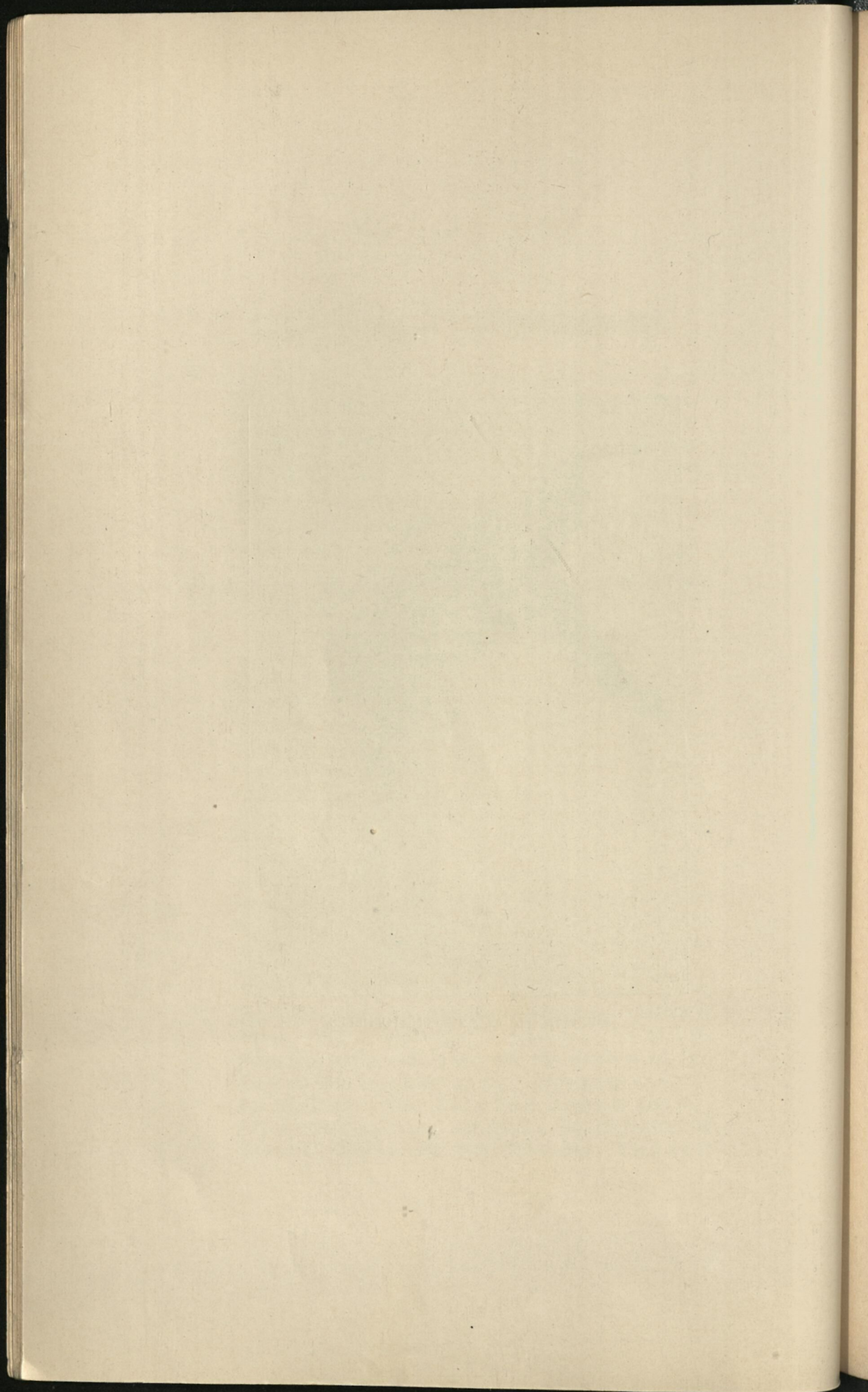
THE German Entertainment took place Feb. 5th, under favorable circumstances. Pleasant weather and a full moon assisted in bringing out a large audience. The new electric lights were ready just in time to add brilliancy to the Conservatory Hall, and to the festoons of German and American colors which decorated it. The curtains worked better than ever before, as Mr. Lee had succeeded in applying apparatus which enabled one man to both open and close the curtains—work heretofore requiring three pairs of hands.

The program was carried out with but one deviation, namely, Mr. Lee read the Explanation of the Comic Duet for his German classmate, Miss Ferguson, who had much to do with the music of the evening—playing not only in the opening piano duet from Gounod's "Faust" with Miss Keary, but also accompanying all of the songs, excepting "Gretchen am Spinnrade". This solo was brilliantly rendered by Mrs. A. N. Kellner of San Jose, while the Shubert accompaniment, representing the whirring of the spinning wheel, was daintily rendered by Mrs. Edith MacChesney Crittenden. Mrs. Kellner responded to an encore with a selection from a modern composer, A. von Fielitz. Otherwise the First Part of the program was composed entirely of Faust numbers.

Four of the German students presented "Der Nachbarin Haus," a favorite scene from Goethe's drama. Miss Sharp recited from memory the English foreword, which clearly showed the relation of the scene at Martha's house to the love tragedy of Faust and Margaret. Miss Kayo, Miss Kennedy and Mr. Liang represented very acceptably the characters of Margaret, Martha and Mephistopheles. They were



MR. H. K. LIANG AS MEPHISTOPHELES.



garbed in correct costumes, secured in San Francisco. The setting of the scene was made as quaint as possible, Miss Booth's spinning wheel helping to this end.

The stage was transformed into a modern parlor for the Second Part of the program. The elaborate Comic Duet, "Frau Inspektorin and Frau Direktorin" was much enjoyed, as Misses Stanage and Winsor accompanied their singing with action appropriate to gossiping women at their coffee, indignant at the proposal that they relinquish their husbands' titles. The two duets of the evening recommended highly the musical training of Dean Douillet and Miss Rogers.

Mr. Rutherford read very distinctly an English synopsis of the comedy "Er ist nicht eifersuechtig." The audience was thus prepared to enjoy what to many was like a pantomime. The characters were well sustained by Myrtle Simpson, Guy Needham, Rufus Cook and Archie Fickes. Their few slips in pronunciation were very excusable, considering that these students are from the second year German class. Miss Macomber's skill was apparent in both their action and make-ups. The program closed with two pleasing choruses.

Professor Hempl, the head of the German Department at Stanford, was present on invitation of Dr. and Mrs. Franklin and tarried to congratulate Mrs. Sawyer on the success of the evening, assuring her that the efforts necessary to the preparation of such an entertainment were well spent.

Under the business management of Mr. Charles Dorr the low admission fee covered the rather large expenses of the evening and netted a fair sum for the basket ball team.

The Critical Observer.

By E. M. H.



NOCKING!!" What is it? Why, nothing but a destructive criticism or a criticism with evil or malicious intent.

Knocking! That word, which so aptly fits into the place it has secured for itself, is heard in every college in our land. Knockers are found in all departments of life, and they arise out of jealous impulses or selfish motives. A knocker is none other than a pessimist. He sees no good in anything, and he thinks conditions can never improve. Knockers have been in the race ever since Cain cudged Abel, and were it not for the larger and more hopeful view taken by optimism we would be forced to believe that the race must always have to tolerate them.

"Ho! Its no use for those fools to try their schemes. They'll not work anyhow."

"Well, that clique is in power, I guess they don't need our help, we will let them do things if they can."

When you hear such as the above you can place your individual with a certain amount of accuracy.

The following editorial, from the "University Courier" of the University of Southern California, dated Jan. 21, 1907, will fit a few cases in every college, especially the small colleges:

"That student who, because he has not been granted his own way in conducting some college affair, refuses to give any assistance to those who are chosen to take the lead, but rather attempts to block all progress, unwittingly confirms the wisdom of his classmates, in refusing him the place of prominence and giving it to another."

We will publish another article which appeared

in the "California Christian Advocate" of January 14, 1909, entitled "Church Kickers."

"The quarreling, kicking, complaining church member is well described in the following fable: The clapper of an old cracked bell was bemoaning its fate because it had been fastened in such a bell. The gentle zephyr offered a rebuke by saying: 'I have four serious objections to your complaints. First, you cracked the bell yourself. Second, no one would have known it if you had not told it. Third, the bell is made of better material than yourself. Fourth, you yourself could have no earthly value without the bell.' Many a Christian church member raises a fuss in a church, brings on discord, and then complains of the church, because of the lack of harmony, and tells of the discord to all he meets."

The above might be aptly modified to "Student Body Knockers." Are you one? If so keep it to yourself and profit thereby, others will know it without you publishing it yourself.

During the last month school has been running along in smooth lines. Among the enjoyable affairs were the lecture by "Bob" Burdett, a joint meeting between the Sopholechtian and Rhizomian Literary Societies and the German play. All of these events proved most enjoyable and beneficial to all who attended them. Mr. Burdett showed his splendid ability as a humorist to the satisfaction of all. Mr. and Mrs. Burdett both addressed the Associated Students at the noon hour of January 22nd. Both speakers were thoroughly applauded. Mrs. Burdett's story of "team work" was of especial interest to many.

There is every reason to believe that the next few months will be busy ones, from the number of dates applied for.

Societies.

Emendia.



URING the past month, Emendia has elected officers for the spring semester. The following members are holding the offices—President, Miss Zoe Gerry; Vice-President, Agnes Sharp; Secretary, Vergia Crittenden; Corresponding Secretary, Nellie Keary; Treasurer, Blanche Bowden; Chaplain, Estella Fassett; Sergeant-at-Arms, Grace Merrill.

We have been pleased to receive visitors at all of our meetings this semester. Mrs. Crittenden and Mrs. T. A. Towner have both been with us and spoken during the program. We have been especially favored in having the young men present.

Sopholechtia.

Sopholechtia's new officers for the semester are as follows—President, Lillian Bray; Vice-President, Beulah Hunter; Recording Secretary, Marie Breniman; Corresponding Secretary, Grace Lovejoy; Treasurer, Alice Drace; Chaplain, Ruth Beard; Sergeant-at-Arms, Ruth Kellogg; Directresses, Mabel Bray, Myrtle Simpson and Katherine Kaiser.

On Jan. 29th, we held our annual joint meeting with Rhizomia. An excellent program was rendered, one of the numbers being a vocal solo by Dr. Mark Hopkins, an old Rhizomian. Light refreshments were served and all enjoyed a pleasant evening.

Cartesia.

Rah, rah, rah!
Car—tes—ia
U. P. Academy
Zip, boom, ah!!

There are few things that add such life to a society as do some good hearty yells. Cartesia does

well along this line but she is going to do better. New yells will soon be adopted and all will be given the privilege of hearing them.

The weekly meetings are steadily improving, and with each fellow doing his best we expect to do work second to no other society in the institution.

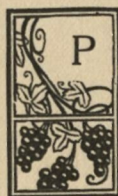
Cartesia boys received some very interesting news lately in hearing of the marriage of a former member and ex-president, Mr. C. C. Coleman to Miss L. B. Jayes, of College Park, and together they join their voices thus:

Coleman, ray, ray, Coleman!

Mrs. Coleman, ray, ray, ray, Mrs. Coleman!!

Best wishes for a long and prosperous wedded life.

Conservatory Notes.



PROF. PIERRE DOUILLET announces that Prof. William J. McCoy will take charge of the Department of Theory and History of Music.

He was a student in Leipsic, Germany, studied piano under Reinecke, director of music in Leipsic Conservatory, and Theory and Composition under Houpman and Sellinick.

Prof. McCoy was special lecturer on music at the University of California. He has composed on various musical instruments, written vocal music and music drama, "The Hamadryads". He ranks among the foremost American composers and vies with such men as McDowell, Foote and Chadwick. As theorist and pedagogue he is second to no one.

The students felt at once that he is a master and are greatly inspired with his energy and enthusiasm in teaching and lecturing.

All students in the various departments of the school are encouraged to take the course offered in history of music, if their time will permit, as it tends to broaden the individual's scope of general culture.

Alumni Notes.



EO. W. BLACKFORD, the last surviving member of the class of '59, died at his home in San Jose January 30, 1909. Mr. Blackford for many years practiced law in San Jose, retiring about ten years ago to give his entire time to horticulture. The San Jose Bar Association passed resolutions expressive of their appreciation of his ability, and the Judges of the Superior Court, with many other members of the bar, attended his funeral which was held at his late residence on February 2.

Mrs. N. S. Hanson, '72, has presented in the "California Christian Advocate" a full report of the recent alumni reunion, the program of which appeared in the last issue of the PHAROS.

Judge John E. Richards, '77, has published an instructive booklet on Alum Rock Park which the San Jose Chamber of Commerce is distributing gratuitously.

Rev. M. H. Alexander, '81, one of the recent visitors on the campus, was formerly one of our professors.

Rev. James Falconer, '00, pastor at the Presbyterian church in Hollister, is moderator of the San Jose district synod.

Mr. Leslie Richardson, '01, of Byron, rendered most pleasingly a baritone solo in College Park church a few weeks ago.

Mr. Leslie B. Briggs, '05, has just returned from Yale University and will soon take charge of a pastorate in Berkeley.

Mrs. J. W. Holland, '90, has just been appointed trustee of the East San Jose Carnegie library.

During the past month Death has claimed two persons who for many years were closely identified with the University of the Pacific. Dr. Martin and Mr. David Jacks.

Prof. J. N. Martin, D. D., died at the home of his daughter, Mrs. A. B. Stuart, '79, in Seattle January 18, 1909. He was for eighteen years professor of Greek and Latin in our University and during that period endeared himself to the entire student body, but particularly to those who came in personal touch with him day after day in the class room. The students loved him. They honored him for his sympathetic spirit, his whole-souled interest in their welfare, and his genuine Christian manliness. Men and women out in the world today revere his name and are grateful that the formative years of their lives came under his loving and inspiring influence.

Mr. David Jacks, one of California's earliest pioneers, was for many years a loyal and beneficent trustee of the University of the Pacific, and was well known by the alumni and students of a couple of decades ago. He gave frequently and liberally of his time and wealth toward the various interests of the school. One gift which stands today as a monument to himself and to the late Captain Goodall is our valuable telescope and the observatory building. Mr. Jacks died at his historic home in Monterey January 13, 1909, and a few days later was borne by eight members of the United States Army to his final resting place.

Editorial.

Arbor Day.



THROUGH the past one day in each year has been set aside for the purpose of cleaning the campus and planting trees. The work of campus cleaning has always been well done, but the tree planting has been attended with varying degrees of success. This has been due to the fact that, owing to the weather conditions and the nature of the soil, it has been impossible to secure a favorable day before the first or the middle of April. This is so late in the Spring that the trees are generally in a state of vigorous growth, and any attempt at transplanting during this period either checks and stunts their growth or actually kills them.

In this climate the best time for transplanting would be from the beginning of December until the middle of March. The observing of Arbor Day, however, at this season of the year, would necessarily eliminate some of the more pleasant features of the day which add to the many cherished memories of school life. A suggestion has consequently been made that various classes or organizations procure trees for the campus and plant them early, then when Arbor Day arrives later, use this occasion as a day for dedication. We should thus procure more permanent results and the various individuals who participated in these exercises would be better able in the future years to refer with pride to the trees which would then be living monuments to their spirit of enterprise.

The Trees of Our Campus.

Probably not over one-tenth of the students have

any conception of the number of the varieties of plants on our campus. It is well to note that beside the great number of Monterey Cypressess, *cupressus macrocarpa*, and the Monterey Pines, *pinus radiata*, there are only a few native California trees on our grounds. There are, however, quite a number of the Box Elder, *acer negundo*, and only one or two specimens, at most, of the following varieties: The Lawson Cypress, *Chamecyparis Lawsonia*; the California Maple, *acer macrophyllum*; the California Big Trees, *sequoia gigantea*; and the California Redwood, *sequoia sempervirens*.

There are a number of yuccas and fan palms from Southern California, and recently there have been added specimens of the Red Cedar, *thuya plicata*, and the Tideland Spruce, *pica sitchensis*. Of the numerous varieties of native California plants these are practically all that appear upon the campus. It seems feasible, in as much as there are so many improvements needed which employ the attention of the administration, for the students and friends of the institution with no great inconvenience on their part to supply a greater variety and a larger number of our native trees. Especially desirable are trees of a deciduous order, for, since the poplars have been eradicated, the campus shows a great scarcity of this class of trees, the trees whose foliage so clearly marks the coming of the seasons. May we be able to stimulate an active interest in the plant life on our grounds. Foreign trees also will be gladly received when it is possible to secure them, as they are not only valuable for ornamental, but also for botanical purposes.

Magazine Reading by College Students.

Facts have from time to time been brought to the editor's attention concerning the reading of magazines. Statistical evidence will prove that the

average student in college reads far less of current literature concerning progress in world affairs than he does during vacation when not in attendance at school. And further when a student does pick up a magazine it may be for some story that has attracted his attention rather than for the purpose of investigating progress in scientific or political affairs.

Today we are living in an age which presents facts more interesting than any tale ever invented by fiction. The genius of the human mind is every day attaining new results which, if related as a possibility the day before, would be viewed with the eye of incredulity. If we would keep abreast of the times we must read something of what is transpiring around and about us. If one cannot afford to subscribe personally for a magazine, he should make use of those in the school and public libraries.

By magazines we mean not the daily newspapers but periodicals of known literary standing. There are magazines for nearly every phase of human activity, and magazines for general information. Magazines of the latter character are probably better suited to the average student than those pertaining to special lines, as they give in a general outline form the essence of the progress of the most important events.

Reasons for the lack of interest in magazine reading are obvious enough when we consider that the average student has so much reading in other spheres of activity that he does not take time to interest himself in these matters. We believe that this is an important subject which merits the careful attention of every student.

Joshes.

FINANCIAL CONDITION OF U. P. STUDENTS.

Some of the U. P. students whose homes are at a distance have been fearing a financial panic. Owing to the inclemency of the weather and the overcrowded condition of the dead letter office neither cold cash nor drafts can be sent through the mail. Several of the latter have just been received from the snow banks east of Alum Rock, however, so the outlook is better. This statement will be printed in the PHAROS only and we kindly request our readers not to "air it" too much.

ONE ON P. R.

P. R. Wright while complaining of the basket ball boys staying out late at Santa Cruz the night before the game with Watsonville Y. M. C. A., incidentally remarked that he and Rev. Burcham got the worst room in the hotel. When asked how that happened he said, "Oh, we got in last."

Prof. Kroeck (in Physic Lecture)—You observe that first there is an attraction and then a throwing down.

Prof. McCoy—How many beats (beets) in a measure?

The following was handed us by a young man who has been hit pretty hard by some of Duncan's Cupid Rhymes":

There was a young fellow, V. Duncan,
Who had much more crust than a punkin;
He delighted to rhyme
Of the "two's" of the time,
But quite forget smiling V. Duncan.

You have all seen how wonderf'ly keen
Is he to spot queener and queen;
But the fact of the case—
He himself sets a pace
That leaves them all out of sight clean.

Dr. Cross (as Horridge and Hermitage each answer for the other in Greek Art)—Generally an Englishman thinks he is It, but each of these Englishmen seems to think the other fellow is It.

We are going to start a subscription to buy lanterns for certain U. P. students so they will be able to find their way home after making early afternoon calls.

Mr. Simms remarked that he would like to have Mrs. Burdette matron of South Hall because she believes in team work.



Glasses Are a Nuisance

unless you need them—so is a wooden leg, or false teeth, or a wig, or any other artificial aid to overcome a natural defect.

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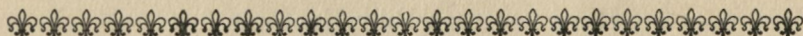
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at ten and (looking at Beacock who is a Greek student) my
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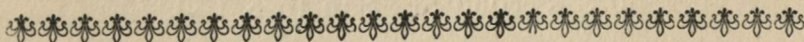
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receiving the Pharos regularly should notify him.

Entered as second-class matter November 9, 1908, at the Postoffice at
San Jose, Cal., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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