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## The Pacific Pharos, Commencement Issue 1909

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# Parisian Pharos



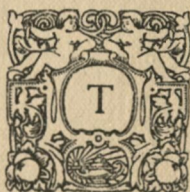
Commencement Issue, 1909





MISS BESSIE J. MAYNE





© Miss Bessie J. Mayne,  
the preceptress of the  
Young Ladies' Hall, and  
professor of the Aca-  
demic English Classes,

a woman universally loved by those who  
know her high moral and spiritual  
character, and for her kindly disposition  
and judicious handling of the many trying  
problems she has had to meet, this issue  
of the Pharos is affectionately dedicated.



## Contents.



May (poem)	-	-	-	-	5
Under the Hood of Dante	-	-	-	-	7
Wash Old Glory (poem)	-	-	-	-	16
Coming of Dawn	-	-	-	-	18
Christian Associations	-	-	-	-	20
Locals	-	-	-	-	22
Societies	-	-	-	-	24
Alumni Notes	-	-	-	-	32
Editorials	-	-	-	-	33
Joshes	-	-	-	-	35



# THE PACIFIC PHAROS

Vol. XIII

MAY, 1909

No. 9

## May.

By F. M. FORBES.



MEADOW lark, give us your wings!  
Give us your song!  
Give us your place in the shadowy sea  
Of promise of lovelier life to be!  
Give us the message the zephyr brings  
To your covert the dear day long!

O poppies so bright in the sun,  
Give us your gold!  
Give us the secret the blue lupine tells  
And the buttercup's prophecy, born of  
the dells,  
Give us the potion for sleep you have won  
From the Maytimes of old!

Triumphant skies give us your light!  
Give us your power!  
Give us the vision the storm concealed,  
The rapture unchallenged your depths  
have revealed,  
The rapture, the sacred delight  
Of your holiest hour!



## THE PACIFIC PHAROS

O marvelous Spirit of Spring!  
About us is thrown  
The charm of your gladness and grace!  
New hopes, born of silence and space,  
New joys on your pinions you bring,  
A guerdon of glory to own.

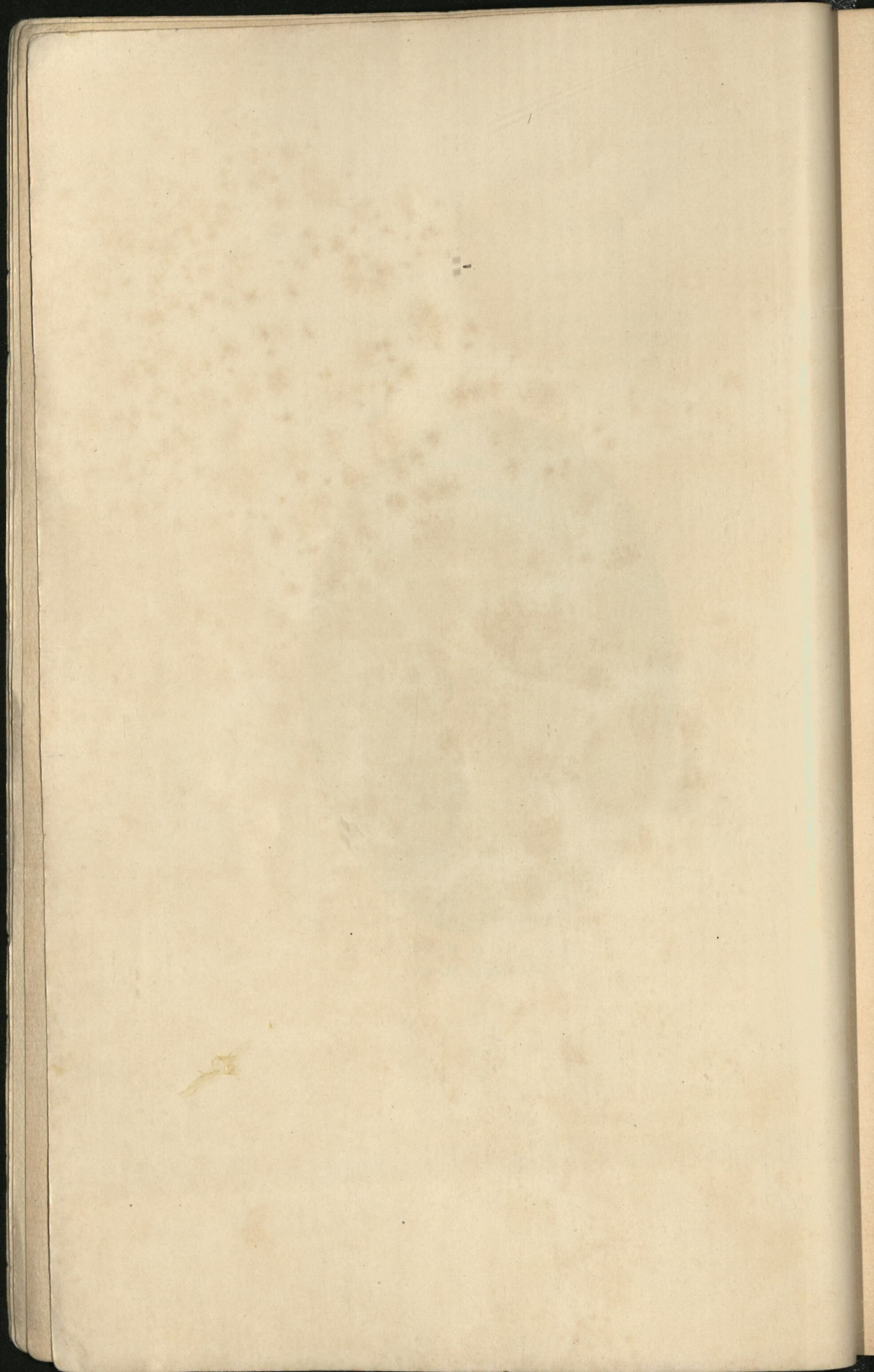






MISS LULU M. MAYNE  
Professor of English Literature







## Under the Hood of Dante.

Oration delivered at the fifty-fifth anniversary of the Archanian Literary Society May 26, 1908.

By STEPHEN C. THOMAS, JR., '08.



IN the Autumn of 1321, there lay dying in Ravenna a man whose one great hope had been to see a united Italy. He had served his native City with unfaltering zeal and her misfortunes had made him sick at heart. Nevertheless, that same City had banished him. His soul burned with indignation at the unprincipled policies he saw carried out by the Church. For years he had longed that a true spirit might animate the priesthood, but his longings were doomed to disappointment. His political hopes were frustrated. He found himself a lonely exile awaiting death.

The few friends he had must have pitied him. They must have thought his life a failure. Men have a strong tendency to set up superficial standards of judgment but history is always tearing them down. The fugitive from the Egyptian court becomes Israel's lawgiver and the greatest legislator of the ages; the men whose biography we do not know, men who were hunted like wild beasts, who were looked upon as outcasts, become the mightiest prophets of the race, and that blind bard whose wanderings history has failed to record, writes the immortal world epic in which the love of beauty, the intrepid valor and the religious aspirations of the Greek people find expression.

When someone was asked where Italy was six centuries ago, he replied, "Under the Hood of Dante." Professor Stevenson says, "There can be no mistaking the meaning of this. Dante was the condensed life of Italy. Whatever there was to learn he learned.



Whatever there was to feel for the good of Italy he felt. Whatever there was to do for the uplifting of his native land he did. Whatever there was to suffer for her sake he endured."

However, the broad outlines of his life do not differ materially from those of other men who have attained life's loftiest summits and whose ministry has been to all time. There is the same struggle, the same disappointment, the same pain, the same deathless longing. It is the story of a life whose music was wrought out in sorrow and whose visions came out of the thick darkness of night.

Many details of Dante's life have been forgotten or were never known, only the pivotal facts remain. He was born in Florence and lived there until his banishment. It was at a time when the city Republics of Italy were torn by political dissensions and Dante mingled in public affairs. How far above the ideals of his fellow politicians he was may be judged from a letter he wrote to the Florentines. He had been one of the priors of Florence, and while at Rome on an embassy, his enemies had accused him of malversation while in office and had passed a sentence of banishment against him. Later they sent word that he might return if he would pay a fine and confess the alleged crime. Hear him as he answers:

"Is this then the glorious return of Dante Alighieri to his country after nearly three lustres of suffering and exile? Did an innocence patent to all merit this?—this the perpetual sweat of toil and study? Far from a man the housemate of philosophy be so rash and earthen-hearted a humility as to allow himself to be offered up bound like a school-boy or criminal! Far from a man the preacher of justice to pay those who have done him wrong as for a favor. This is not the way of returning to my country, but if another can be found that shall not derogate from the fame and honor of Dante, that I will enter on with no lagging steps. For if none such Florence may be entered then by me never. Cannot I everywhere behold the mirrors of the sun and stars? Speculate on sweetest truths under any sky without



first giving myself up inglorious, nay, ignominious, to the populace and city of Florence?"

Here we have the spirit of Dante—the mind that prized truth above all else, the soul that knew all the vicissitudes of life could not obscure for him the wonders of God's universe. Here we have that intense hatred of wrong that bore nineteen long weary years of exile rather than submit to injustice and falsehood. It seems that pain and sorrow is the inevitable lot of great men. The mighty singers of the world have sung their songs when grief has torn their hearts. And it was while in exile that Dante wrote his *Commedia*. Its wondrous harmonies came from that master poet's soul when life's vicissitudes had wrapped him in gloom and when pain and grief had become his daily lot. The *Commedia* is the greatest Christian poem where the perennial problems of the human soul are set forth in the light of eternity,—it is also the most personal poem in literature. The poet has put himself into his work in a way no other poet has ever done. Yet at the same time it is the great artistic expression of the Middle Ages.

All ages have had their significance, but none has had a greater significance than that period of a thousand years which began with the founding of the Christian Church and ended with the formation of those institutions which crystallized the forces of Mediæval life. It was a marvelous civilization—a civilization born amid the mightiest struggles the world has ever seen; for a complexity of influences met such as had never converged before or since. The Germanic peoples of the north came with their fiery energy and untutored barbarism, with their wild war-songs and still wilder religion that breathed the spirit of the tempestuous north and shrouded itself in the gloom of superstition. The decaying Roman Empire was there with its worn out paganism, its superb body of law, the memories of imperial glory and the enervated morals of a fallen people.



And over and above all was the potent energy and quickening life of Christianity seeking to penetrate to the outermost bounds of the world and striving to revolutionize the thoughts and feelings of all mankind. Never did mightier elements contend with one another than those which led to the long, fierce struggles of the Mediæval world. The great forces of the minds and hearts of men surged like wild winds and waters in a night of tempest. And out of that mighty struggle between philosophy and religion, out of that conflict between paganism and Christianity, out of the throes of human souls seeking deliverance from sin came the theology and government and spirit of the Mediæval church.

Dante is the man whom genius had destined to voice the life of that vast, throbbing sea of human beings whose sorrows and whose triumphs had sought expression through ten long, silent centuries. He was the seer destined to look into the deeps of the human soul where spiritual law is eternally regnant and mystery holds everlasting dominion and then to embody his vision in a mighty song that should not only set forth the thought of his age but also symbolize with titanic power the thralldom of sin and robe in forms of wondrous beauty the sorrows and triumphs of immortal spirits.

Carlyle has called the *Commedia* "a mystic unfathomable song." Indeed there could be no better characterization of it. Underlying its marvelous symbolism of Hell, of Purgatory, of Heaven, are those spiritual truths which have concerned men in all ages. Over the gate of his *Inferno* he finds the words:

"Through me the way is to the city delent,  
Through me the way is to eternal dole;  
Through me the way among the people lost.  
Justice incited my sublime Creator;  
Created me divine Omnipotence.  
The highest Wisdom and the Primal Love.  
Before me there were no created things,



Only eterne, and I eternal last.

All hope abandon, ye who enter in!"

As one reads those strangely, awful words, he seems to feel the presence of a Sibyl who has emerged out of a world of infinite gloom and uttered the dread secret of eternity. It is a profound vision of life. It reveals the fact that Dante saw the reign of retributive law—that he saw the moral forces of the universe where they mount up out of the abysmal deeps of the unseen shrouded in a nameless mystery, yet awful irrevocable doom. In these words we have the problem of the entire poem. Dante finds the universe to be one; he finds God to be its ruler; he finds love as well as justice and power to be everywhere throughout its endless dominions. "God's ways are justified to man." Some minds have differed from Dante. Some have not seen the light in the midst of eternal darkness, but whatever their conclusions may be, the inscription over Dante's Inferno will remain as one of the most wonderful statements of that colossal Sphinx riddle of retribution which ever came from the mind of man.

Life had fearful significance to Dante. Sin to him was a tragedy devoid of hope. He throws into its portrayal all the power and intensity of his being.

In Farinata he gives a picture of one in whom sin had attained to final triumph; whose innermost soul was a citadel of evil. He shows us that awful circle in the Inferno where lie the turbid waters of the River Styx. Mounting sheer up into the murky air which trembles with shrieks of lost souls are those mighty cliffs that seem imbued with the spirit of evil itself; they stand out malign and grey stretching along those dismal shores until they finally lose themselves in the fearful mist. The park river forms a dark moat around the glowing walls of the city Dis. We see that plain covered with countless fiery tombs and in the mist of those flames rises Farinata, relentless, defiant. He seems to hold "all hell in



great despite". Here we have the tragedy of sin. A man in whom had been the possibilities of truth and light and in whose inmost being retribution had become a flame of fire—a man to whom divine justice is a fiery, impenetrable wall of adamant. He gazes out into an infinitude of despair, a living personality bound in the thrawl of his own perverted being—a thrawl that bids him hurl defiance at God's eternal laws. Nowhere else have we a picture that parallels Farinata. He is the embodiment of indestructible personality in league with evil that robs him of hope, yet inspires him to sin the more.

The loathsomeness of sin is revealed in Dante as nowhere else in literature. Sin is its own supreme punishment. Man becomes what he does. If you have never felt what Christ meant when he said, "if that light which is in you be darkness, how great is that darkness?" Read that picture of Ugolino. He is frozen fast in Cocytus linked by chains of ice to Ruggieri, the Archbishop, who had starved him to death. He tells the pitiful story of his starvation and his agonies as he beholds the sufferings and deaths of his sons; for he had loved them. We should almost say as we hear his sad story that love has endured in Hell itself but suddenly he turns upon Ruggieri and gnaws into his victim even as he writhes in agony. The very love of his children inspires him to hate their destroyer the more.

Dante's *Inferno* is a fearful picture; it is a world of pain; it is a kingdom of night. The laws of life are there, but their only mission is retribution. Can we wonder that the poet's face was sad? Few men felt sin as intently and none have pictured it as he. He felt it as the one baffling mystery of time; it led him into the mysterious deeps of the soul and he did not emerge from those deeps again until he had sung the saddest song that ever came from the heart of a poet.

But if Dante saw retributive law veiled in eternal gloom, he saw also the power of life's redemptive



forces glorified with infinite beneficence. He saw goodness working in the hearts of men raising the fallen and guiding the weak. In the Purgatorio, he has represented life as a great mountain which all, who would realize the highest potentialities of their being must climb. The soul is still suffering for sin but is reaching after God, is on the way to triumph. The great mountain reaches upward towards the realms of light and day. We sometimes forget that in the midst of life's forces, in the midst of earth's decaying empires and the designs of evil counselors of state, in the inmost soul of ignorant, sin cursed multitudes that have faded away into oblivion—we sometimes forget that in all that vast throbbing sea of life, there is an invisible power which works for righteousness, a power unto whom the scepter of dominion was given ere the foundations of the earth were laid. Yet the lonely exile of Florence caught the vision. He saw that God works in the hearts of men. The Purgatorio has its music. From that innumerable multitude who are struggling toward purity and truth, there goes up a mighty anthem of praise whenever a soul attains the summit and the vast mountain thrills with the melody of the mighty host.

However, the profoundest of all Dante's pictures of sin, we find in the Purgatorio. The sense of sin had burned itself into his innermost consciousness. One would at times believe it to be the only thought he ever had were it not for his yearning after redemption and his marvelous vision of Paradise. At the gate of Purgatory, an angel meets him bearing a flaming sword. With bowed head, Dante approaches the throne. As he kneels, the angel traces on his forehead seven P's indicative of the seven deadly sins. Peccate—Sins! Here we have the profoundest symbolism of potential sin man has ever conceived. The mighty poet who had sought to sound the deeps of evil, the man whose standards of rectitude forced him into a long and painful banishment, the seer



who read life as in the light of the Invisible Throne tells us that an angel traced upon his forehead with a sword of flame the awful fact that sin lurked in the very potentialities of his being. It reveals Dante's ideals of life. It shows how earnestly he sought the kingdom of truth and how passionately he yearned after the divine. Notwithstanding his overwhelming sense of sin, he saw a divine power leading men to the light. As he climbs the mountain, the angels who guard the way point him upward and at every advance the snowy pinion of the angelic messenger touches his brow and the deadly sin is gone forever. The beauty and power with which the wonder and beneficence of God's ministry of redemption is set forth, its transcendent faith in the final triumph of the struggling, aspiring soul make the Purgatorio a song of hope and love, whose music will gladden the sin stained children of earth to the end of time.

Man has never been satisfied to leave life's enigmas unsolved. He has always been looking for a vision of light. If you have ever gone out into the darkness and looked around you, a feeling of awe must have come over your soul. Night seemed a boundless empire and her fearful secrets veiled them selves in dreadful gloom until you lifted your eyes toward the shining stars and beheld their wondrous glory even as it was on that first morning of creation. You saw that sidereal universe of living light flooding the vast unfathomable all and on the silent flood of that infinite, mystic glory, there was borne into your soul the knowledge that night's dominion had forever passed away.

Dante went far into the night of earthly existence seeking as others had sought to find some trace of God's love in his dealings with men. He saw the darkness of sin; he felt that passionate yearning for the divine. At last the vision dawned and in its light he found the inspiration of the Paradiso. Many have thought of Dante as the stern Ghibelline who pictured with the mighty power of a titan a world



of night and gloom. Yet the marvelous beauty, the wondrous majesty, the ethereal splendor of the Paradiso is one of the most transcendent triumphs of the imagination genius has ever achieved.

The Paradiso is the state of the soul in a glorious immortality at one with God. It is a world of light and music. The planets, the fixed stars, the boundless empyrean become in the poet's imagination the symbols of heaven. They become realms of light and in them he sees the triumphant of earth. The mighty statesmen, the martyrs, the saints, the prophets and that innumerable host who have come up out of great tribulation and washed their robes and made them white in the blood of the Lamb have entered into the great heritage of life and freedom. They are citizens in the empire of righteousness and truth. But it is not alone the triumphs or the sins of a people that have led the soul to seek an explanation of existence. There is a nameless mystery overshadowing the infinite all and the seer has sought to read the meaning of those mystic hieroglyphs of judgment, of sin, of life itself in every age. Why this flood of being? To what purpose is this universe? How account for the terrors of existence? It is into the innermost mystery that Dante seeks to probe. He had gone into the nethersome depths and he sought to scale those heights where man has never trod. For a moment he penetrates the veil of Time and Space. The forms of thought fade away. Alone with existence he gazes upward. Earth sinks out of sight, a light bursts upon him, the poet becomes a prophet, he is in the presence of God. It is in that moment he saw or thought he saw the universe mounting up out of the fathomless deeps of love.

No wonder that men called the *Comedia* divine! It is a dirge of numberless lost souls wrapped in the retributive gloom of implacable moral law, it is the soul rending cry of innumerable pennant hearts agonizing in the throes of repentance, it is a paean of glorified spirits throned in eternal light—all these melt into one mighty song whose harmonies borne out of the deeps of eternity thrill our souls with divine music and fade away again into those deeps like an elusive dream.



## Wash Old Glory!\*

By JUDGE J. E. RICHARDS, '77.



ASH our flag? Wash Old Glory?  
 Wash out of it what?  
 Is there in it one color or on it one spot,  
 One stain on its stars or one blot on its  
                   story,  
 We will ever permit to be washed from  
                   from Old Glory?

Wash our flag? Wash Old Glory?  
 Wash from it the tears  
 Of the women who watched it, through  
                   perilous years,  
 Float over their fathers and sweethearts  
                   and sons,  
 When they dared the dread thunder of  
                   death-dealing guns?  
 Wash from it the blood of the battle-fields  
                   gory,  
 Where our heroes and patriots died for  
                   Old Glory?

Wash our flag? Wash Old Glory?  
 Wash from it all trace  
 Of the prayers which rose from a liberate  
                   race;  
 Of the blessings which fell from the lips of  
                   the slave  
 On our banner when borne by the patriot  
                   brave;

\*Suggested by a cartoon depicting the American flag being taken down in order to be washed.



Wash away the grand song and the  
luminous story  
Of liberty, written all over Old Glory?

Wash our flag? Wash Old Glory?  
Ah, never! my friend;  
The banner of freedom will bear to the  
end  
The blessings, the prayers, the blood and  
the tears,  
Which have gathered upon it through  
glorious years;  
Till the sun grows cold and the stars  
become hoary,  
No impious hand shall wash these from  
Old Glory!  
—*Idylls of Monterey and Other Poems.*





## The Coming of the Dawn.

By ELBERT R. LINDSEY.



It was just as the first faint rays of dawn began to drive the night away that I chanced to look out over the mountain tops. My lofty position on the summit of the range commanded an excellent view of the lower ridges and the valley which lay beyond them. A dull glow creeping up the eastern sky told me the sun would soon be rising. I waited to watch this coming of the dawn.

Below me extended a vast sea of silvery grey fog, stretching far out across the valley to the mountain's range on the opposite side, and shutting off the view of all that lay beneath. Rolling and heaving in the gentle morning breeze, the dense mass drifted up into the canyons, and was wafted by the breeze against the steep side of some barren bluff, and breaking curled upward into a mist, as the breakers are dashed into spray on the rocks at the seashore. Here and there a mountain peak or some gigantic redwood peered above the level of the fog and seemed resting or floating quietly in the silvery sea. So vivid was the scene that one would almost listen for the roar of the deep. Yet there rose not a sound from the depths, and the sight seemed but a phantom, a ghost of the sea that ages ago washed the sides of these now forest-clad mountains.

Then there came a transformation; the glow in the east grew brighter, till at last, as the sun rose over the eastern horizon, its rays flashing out before cast a golden tinge upon the fog. It was but a few moments till the mass of fog was transformed from a silvery to a golden sea. The various shades cast on the waves of the misty sea, so rich and so beauti-



ful, blended together so delicately, seemed a reflection of the wealth and beauty of the valley below.

But the splendor of this beautiful scene was soon to fade away. As the sun rose higher and higher, its rays beating down upon the fog, the golden beauty faded and slowly melted away. A sudden rift now gave the first view of the valley below. Slowly the rift widened, as the fog drifted and melted away, till now only small patches of mist lingered about the mountain tops, seeming to run for shelter back into the cooler canyons, and the whole valley now lay in full view, clear and bright in the dawn of another day.





## Y. W. C. A. Notes



It is interesting at commencement time to look back over the achievements of the school year. This is true in the Young Womens' Christian Association as well as in athletics or society work.

The past year has been one of great interest and helpfulness to the members.

New lines of work have been taken up and carried out successfully. The Association Room has been beautified and made more homelike by the addition of three beautiful pictures. We owe these to the effort of Miss Ora Hill, who, when she was a member of the Association, undertook to raise a fund for buying a new piano for the room. She raised nearly seventy dollars, which has been added to since. As Mrs. Fry gave her piano to the Association to use indefinitely, the money raised by Miss Hill has been applied for other uses. We appreciate her work and are enjoying the fruit of it.

Rev. Burcham has taught two mission study classes in the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A. The class during the first semester was on India, during the last, on China. The missionary interest during the year has been strong. Once a month there has been a meeting devoted to missionary interests, at which we have heard fine addresses from people who have come to us.

The new cabinet has been elected, and the new officers have planned their work for next year. We are looking for an increase along all lines, for the prospect is hopeful. The following young ladies have been elected as officers: Miss Beulah Whipple, President; Miss Agnes Sharp, Vice President; Miss Zoe Gerry, Secretary; Miss Roxie Alexander, Corresponding Secretary; Miss Ruth Kellogg, Treasurer; Miss Myrle Saunders, Pianist; Miss Henrietta Sivera, Choirister.





OFFICERS AND HEADS OF COMMITTEES OF Y. W. C. A.

MISS CARROL SIMPSON	MISS ESTELLE FASSET	MISS RUTH KELLOGG
MISS HENRIETTA SIVERA	MISS BEULAH WHIPPLE, President	MISS MILLEN WINSOR
MISS ZOE GERRY	MISS GERTRUDE VON GLAHN	MISS AGNES SHARP
MISS ETHEL STANLEY		MISS ROXIE ALEXANDER



1875  
March 1st - 1875



## Y. M. C. A.

At a Student Y. M. C. A. Conference held at Berkeley, April 10th and 11th, at which Stanford, Berkeley and U. P. were represented, our school had five delegates. The Conference was a decided success, and every session was full of interest. With the helpful Christian fellowship, the inspiring talks from able and experienced leaders in Y. M. C. A. work, and the practical suggestions received from the discussions of college problems, our delegates returned full of enthusiasm, and determined to make the Y. M. C. A. a more potent factor in school life next year.

At the suggestion of Mr. Gale Seaman, Y. M. C. A. Secretary for the Pacific Coast, our Association has adopted a policy for the coming year in which certain definite objects are set forth as the chief aims of our Christian work. While we may not realize all our ideals, we shall earnestly endeavor to carry out the program. The new cabinet is composed of the following members: President, M. J. Williams; Vice President, Amos Clark; Corresponding Secretary, Elmer Smith; Recording Secretary, Alonzo Boles; Treasurer, Roy Bernard; Committees: Membership, Amos Clark; Bible Study, J. D. Alexander; Mission Study, Leroy Bernard; Social, A. G. Peterson; Devotional, M. J. Rutherford; Personal Work, R. W. Kelly; Music, Fred Horidge; Fall Campaign, Elmer Smith.

A special effort will be made at the opening of the fall semester to reach the new students. A fall campaign committee consisting of the above cabinet will be on hand to welcome the new students and to assist them in getting registered and located. Much depends upon the activity of this committee during the first few days of school. The chief object will be to help the students in every way and show them



that the Association means useful service. To promote mutual acquaintance, a joint reception of the Christian Associations will be held the first Friday evening of the semester. But it is the duty of the Association to give the new students a place to work on the Bible and Mission Study Committees, and especially to encourage all who come to school to prepare for the ministry or missionary work. College handbooks and letters of welcome will be mailed to prospective students this summer and the Y. M. C. A. work will be given the prominence which its importance demands.



## Locals.



THE close of this semester is not far distant and before many days each of us will be departing in his or her particular direction to seek recreation or employment as the circumstances demand. But before we depart for the year there will be one last grand week of merriment, unhindered by studies. The degree of success, too, of the coming events depends chiefly upon our efforts to make everything pleasant and enjoyable for ourselves and friends. So let us work with a will, and the fun will be ours, without a doubt.

Arbor day was the big feature of April's amusement and the whole affair proved to be profitable as well as entertaining. More work could have been accomplished, however, if a date several weeks earlier had been chosen when the ground was not so dry and hard. Under the circumstances this would have been impossible because the evening's entertainment could not have been prepared. That the play achieved such marked success in the short time given for its prep-



aration is remarkable, to say the least.

It was a gay bunch of workmen that began their work of cleaning the campus, when the eight o'clock bell rang, but before long it was easy to pick those who were old hands at such work. By nine o'clock many who had started with such noticeable vim were thoroughly testing the flexibility of their hoe or rake handles, or were tenderly nursing the blisters on their soft hands. A bucket of lemonade was passed around about eleven o'clock by the young ladies, much to the pleasure of the thirsty ones.

At 1:30 o'clock the boys sat down to a very satisfying lunch which the ladies had thoughtfully spread under the trees in Maple Grove. As soon as they finished their meal, the boys gave their places to the ladies, whom they served as well as their small experience would permit. The time between dinner and the evening's entertainment was left free for individual amusement, while a phonograph furnished music for those who cared to stay and listen.

The musical program in the evening, as furnished by local talent, far eclipsed anything previous this year at least. The "Enlistment" would do credit to any chorus, and the pleasing manner in which the play was rendered has evoked no small amount of favorable comment.

The singing of Miss Alice Meese, the clever acting of Miss Lovejoy and others in the Teddy Bear chorus, the Cats' Quartet, the amusing antics of Mr. Liang in the Tennis Song and the Flag Song, as composed by Messrs. Towner and Bolster, deserve special mention. Much credit is due to Mr. Vivian Duncan, who arranged the plot and music. Mr. Earl Towner, who trained and directed the chorus, shows ability and should not be content to stop with one production.

The first Senior Recital of the Conservatory was given in the Auditorium Friday Evening, April 30th, to a large audience of music lovers. Many beautiful flowers evinced the appreciation of those present. The second Recital was given the evening of the 7th to a somewhat larger house. Mr. Ernest McCandlish was encored several times for his rendition of compositions by Miss Wythe and Prof. Wm. J. McCoy. Miss Magdalen Turner also received considerable applause for her part on the program.



## Emendia.



MENDIA'S work for the past semester has been very successful. Much appreciation is due to our president and officers for their interest shown and faithful work accomplished in the weekly routine of society affairs. We feel that largely due to this has been the maintenance of the high standard of our regular program both in regard to literary and musical excellence. The numerous joint meetings held throughout the semester have been beneficial socially as well as advantageous in the rendering of the joint programs. Other social affairs including a very enjoyable reception given us by Mrs. Guth have resulted in a most happy mingling of pleasure with our work.

Emendia has welcomed from time to time many visitors who have shown her their interest and appreciation in the work being carried on in the society hall. Their presence has also been an inspiring source of helpfulness to her.

And now with this backward glance, viewing the completion of the past semester's work, we feel indeed that it holds bright promise of higher achievements for the ensuing year.

We greatly regret the loss of twelve of our members who will receive their diplomas from Emendia at the annual Commencement exercises. Our graduates representing the four departments of the University, are these: College, Evelyn Atkinson, Hazel Dixon, Bell Eby, Hattie Rogers. Conservatory, Pearl Andrews, Lottie Barber, Nellie Keary, Anna Belle Wythe. Art, Lucia Northrup, Mrs. Etta Waddington Smith, Patty Stevens. Elocution, Bertha Miller, Florence Thompson. Emendia wishes all success to their departing sisters, and commends to them as a life motto that of their society, "Nulla dies sine linea."





OFFICERS OF EMENDIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

MISS VERGIE CRITTENDEN

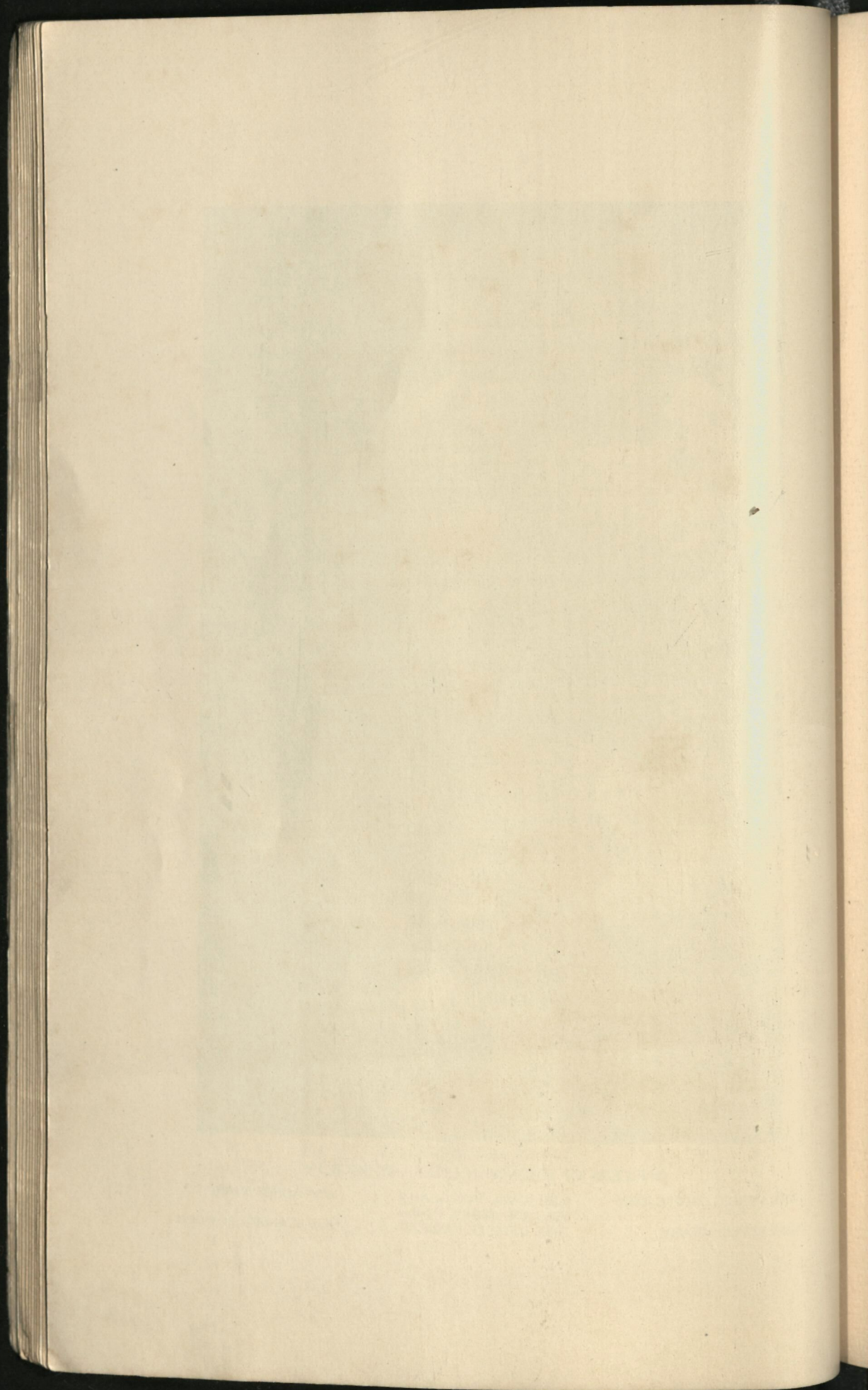
MISS NELLIE KEARY

MISS ANNA VON GLAHN  
MISS ZOE GERRY, President  
MISS ESTELLE FASSETT

MISS AGNES SHARP

MISS BLANCHE BOWDEN







## Sopholechtia.



URING the past year Sopholechia has given her entire efforts to the fulfillment of her motto, "Ad summum per sapientiam." It is indeed inspiring to review the pages of our society's history and note the many musical and literary triumphs of our present and former members. Literary training is essential to any young woman's education, and, as has often been remarked by the members of our University faculty, students should ally themselves with some one of the Literary societies, thereby gaining the privilege of giving expression to the work which these years of absorption most essentially need.

Not alone are these literary triumphs to be held in memory, but many close friendships date their beginning to the hours spent in the work, and also to the hours given over to the great pleasure of social duties of Sopholechia. This bond of sympathy is not alone among those who met in her hall to-day, but extends to the many who have carried away with them the love for the society which gave them so much pleasure and profit.

Twenty-eight years of history now lie behind us, and each year's work has had its own highly valued profits. While we, who are now the active force of Sopholechia, feel, as the time has come to close the records of this twenty-eighth year, it is our great joy to review, not only all of the past annals, but those that the year 1909 shall close. Our splendid musical and literary programs have retained their usual individual interest. Our joint meetings with the College and Academy societies have been of more than usual concern. These occasions have always meant a great deal to the promotion of culture, and this year especially the highest literary standard



was maintained, likewise all other features of the evening were much more elaborate. Our Friday afternoon programmes throughout the year, occasionally have been given over to one special feature. Among them we would mention their pianoforte concert given by one of our post-graduates, Mrs. Tuck-Banks, in honor of Dr. and Mrs. Guth. Invitations were extended to a great many on this occasion. Our celebration of the annual "open meeting" was without question a decided success. The delightful plans of the evening, and the elaborate decorations, which added so much to the atmosphere of the programme, were in turn made more charming by our friends who gave us the pleasure of their presence.

The one unique occasion and decidedly pleasant affair, that Sopholechtia has been invited to this semester was the "At Home" given by Mrs. Guth. In her spacious parlors so richly decorated, we enjoyed the privilege of rendering our literary and musical programme. The afternoon sped on all too swiftly, and one and all reluctantly took leave of our hostess who had so charmingly entertained us.

Every year's work culminates in one great event. It is the one rallying time of all the year, when for one evening Sopholechtia entertains the public. It is the time when our graduates and former members come back to join in the celebration of Sopholechtia's anniversary, and the joy of this crowning event cannot be over-estimated. Yet with all this joy there is also a deep vein of sadness, knowing that many of us leave these College Halls not to return. Especially is this true of the Seniors, whom we call our graduates, and they or any others who may not return to live again among the associations that have rooted and ripened here now feel the pang of separation. Eight members of our society graduate this year, and though they will be greatly missed, we know they will never forget their allegiance to Sopholechtia.





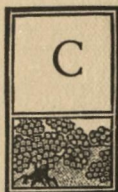
SOPHOMORE LITERARY SOCIETY



1870-1871



## Cartesia.



ARTESIA has experienced a busy and we believe a most prosperous year. At the opening of the Fall Semester her members were assiduously engaged in surrounding every eligible candidate and their labor was not in vain, for Cartesia's patrons soon numbered over a score. Naturally new blood gave new life and an impetus was felt in every activity which the Society was engaged, and to utilize the surplus energy new lines of work were begun.

One of the most enjoyable occasions of the year was the ever memorable night when the new captives were made to pass under the yoke and experienced what is commonly termed an initiation. Some of Cartesia's former members were present at this event and added their quota of "stunts", chicanery, etc., etc. Those who had to bear the brunt of the sport have one consolation in the fact that another initiation is coming.

At the beginning of the Spring Semester we were especially favored in having Dr. Guth present to install our officers for the term. Such a visit, and the spirit in which it was made, produced a warmer spot in every Cartesia's heart for our well beloved President.

The Literary work has been most satisfactory, and those who have watched with a critical eye have seen a steady improvement, even to such an extent that some who at first riveted their attention upon the beautiful carpet at their feet plucked up courage while performing their part of the speech-making and looked the young ladies squarely in the face when they were our guests at a recent meeting. These friendly visits of the young ladies add much to the interest of the programs and all we have to say is, "Saepe vinitote."



The young men have worked hard in getting the hall into the best condition, and with the splendid new piano and desk, also the new arrangement of the pictures upon the walls and the recent application of several coats of varnish to the furniture and fixtures, we feel that Cartesia's quarters present a worthy appearance, and speak well of the taste and interest of her members. We are ready for the vacation season, but have already prepared for the new semester by electing a strong staff of officers to push Cartesia's interests from the first day of opening. The officers elect are: President, Carrol A. Look; Vice-President, James Stout; Secretary, Vernon Ross; Corresponding Secretary, Rufus O. Cook; Treasurer, Cling Cook.

Cartesia's graduate at this season is our esteemed friend and retiring president, William Settlemeyer.







CARTESIAN LITERARY SOCIETY







## Rhizomia.



AS the close of the school year approaches and we begin to look back in review over the record of the past months, we find that much that has been of interest and of profit in the year's work has centered about the Friday evening meeting in society halls. Rhizomia began the fall semester of 1908-'09 with six men, tried and true, under the leadership of President George C. Pearson. The luring of the unsuspecting Freshman was duly accomplished as the first number on the program. With the membership increased to sixteen, the active literary work of the year was entered upon in good earnest. The usual round of "Orate debate, zip! boom! ah!" has been carried out for public and private benefit. The "boom" type of effort seems to have predominated in much that has been said and done throughout the year, but there has still been sufficient prosy work of the good old fashioned kind to preserve the time-honored name of the society. Among the many pleasing features of the year, the evening spent at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Albertson, of Santa Clara, will ever stand out as one of the most enjoyable occasions that Rhizomia has ever known. Nothing can give more pleasure to those who have the welfare of our society at heart than to know that so many of the alumni still take an active interest in those who are endeavoring to carry forward the work that they began.

While we realize that there has been much that has passed undone, more perhaps that has not been done well, we feel that as a society we can be proud that our little band of twenty men can take their rightful place in the mighty army of those who are



striving to build up for the best and truest in college life and college spirit. Let our motto be then as ever: "A square deal to all; the University of the Pacific first; then boom Rhizomia."

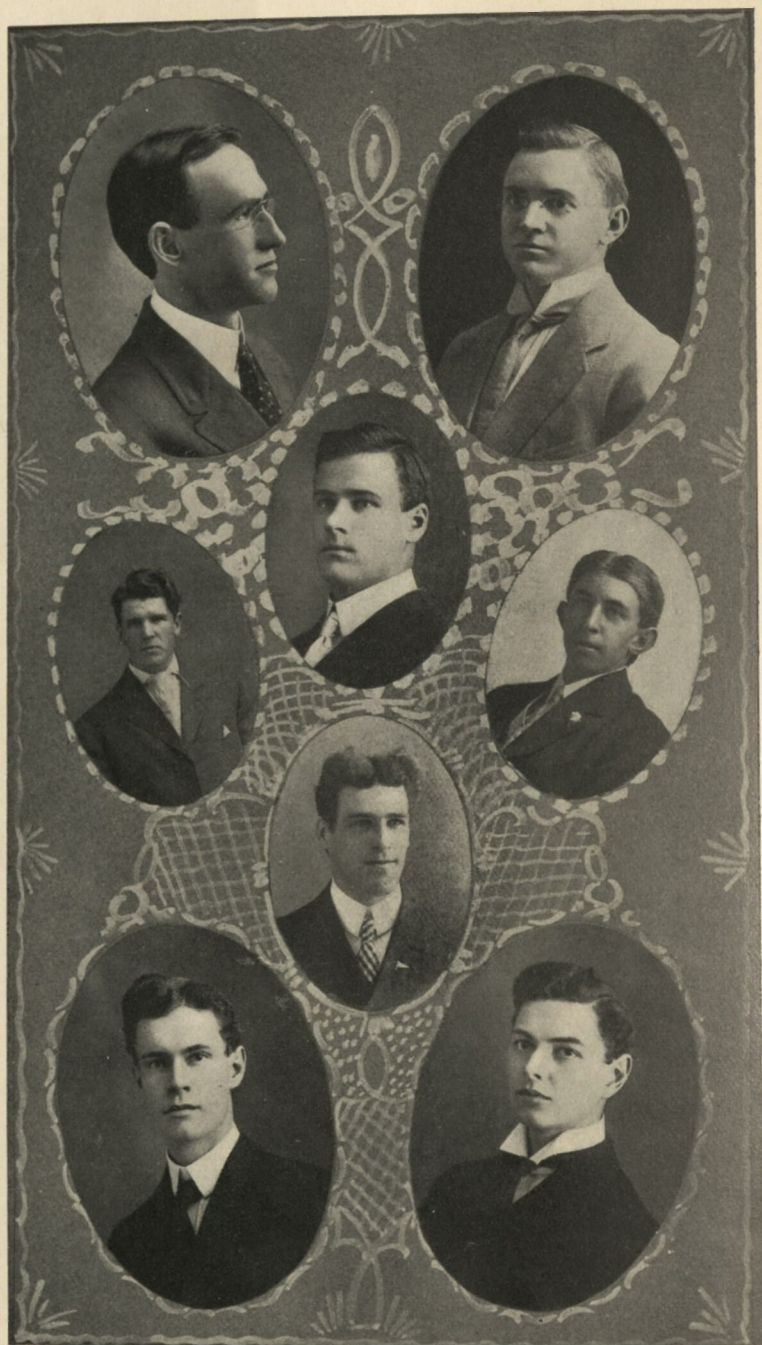






RHIZOMIAN LITERARY SOCIETY





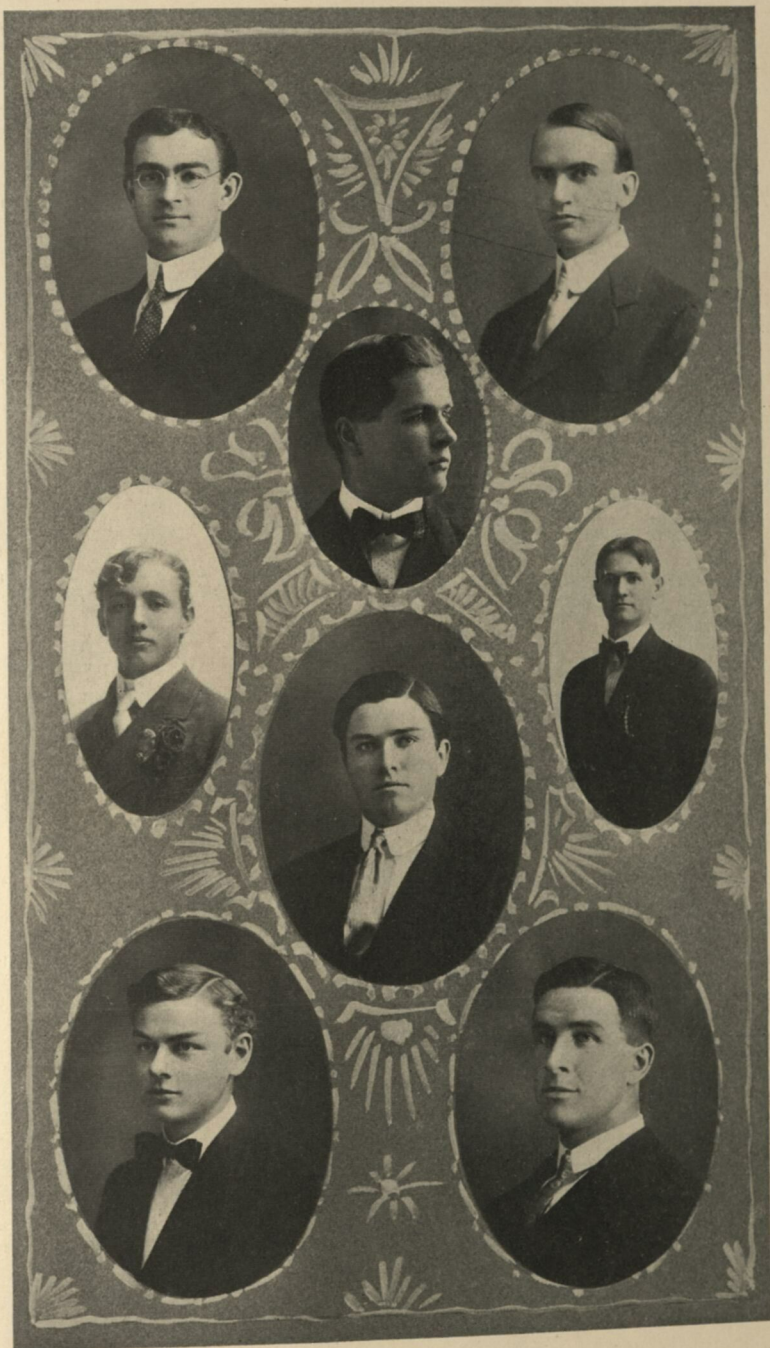
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Sok-de-alley,  
Boom-de alley,  
A-lee-hoo.

Boom a-laka, boom a-laka, bow, wow, wow,  
Ching a-laka, Ching a-laka chow, chow, chow,  
Boom a-laka, Ching a-laka, who are we?  
Old Adelphia of U. P.



## Alumni Notes.

By A. M. MAYNE.



RECENT issue of "World Wide Missions" announces the marriage of Rev. Williard D. Kingsbury, '89, in Tokio, to Miss Melinde Bakenhus of Seattle.

Mrs. Reuben Hale, '89, spent Easter week in San Jose with her brothers and other relatives.

Mrs. F. H. Sears, '86, has presented two short critiques on the May issue of "Sunset" on recent publications.

Mr. Reuben Hale, '90, in behalf of the merchants of San Francisco, delivered an address of welcome to the Japanese fleet at their first formal reception in San Francisco.

Mr. L. H. Albertson, '00, a few weeks ago entertained the members of Rhizomia, of which he is an ex-member.

Mrs. Gertrude Allen Nutter, '00, who has spent the spring in College Park will be in Berkeley during the summer.

Dr. Wm. A. Angwin, '01, of the United States navy, recently called upon his old friends on the campus.

Miss Lulu Kinsey, '02, who is teaching in the San Francisco schools, made a short visit on the campus during her vacation.

Mr. Irving W. Snow, '04, visited several of the classes at his Alma Mater during his Easter vacation.

Mrs. N. F. Hindson, '05, has been the guest of Miss Margaret Lewis, '06, during her stay in College Park.

Miss Catherine Hughes, '08, made a short visit with her College Park friends in April.

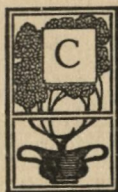
Mrs. Edith MacKerricker Tibbetts, '05, came from Berkeley for a short time during Easter week, and called on her intimate friends on the campus.

Miss Esther Macomber, '08' and Mrs. Ida Sedgwick-Pogson, '08, assisted on a program in the Senior Conservatory recitals.



## Editorial.

### The Significance of Commencement.



COMMENCEMENT time has come again, marking the close of one more cycle in our school history, which we hope has carried us over another milestone of progress. Every Fall sees an influx of students who eagerly count the passing months until the commencement of the following spring, when the vacation arrives. More particularly do they look forward to that time four years away when they will stand upon the auditorium platform to receive the parchment which signifies that the bearer has finished his prescribed course in the college which he soon must leave. Every year the Commencement season marks the close of an important epoch in many young lives throughout our country.

But, why should we call this closing period a Commencement, has been asked by many. While in truth the Commencement closes one period, it also opens up another to a newer life. It closes a long period of preparation, when the young mind has been observing things around him and absorbing facts, many practical and more theoretical, under the direction of teachers and instructors. The time has come when the youth must cease this peculiar and pleasant form of life and face new problems alone. His life has been one similar to that of the eaglet, who from its aerial nest high among the crags observes the flights of its parents and fattens upon the food that they bring to it; but at last the time comes when the young bird can no longer remain in the nest and be fed by those who have reared it. So on an eventful day it starts out, amid the wild screamings of the other birds, to try the strength of its pinions in its maiden flight and to seek a new



mode of existence for itself in regions as yet unexplored and unknown to its young life. So at last the college graduate standing on the rostrum amid the Commencement demonstrations with his diploma in hand, as a sign of preparation done during the feeding period, is ready to take his first flight into the great world of life, that has now opened up before him. And upon the perfectness of preparation during this period depends, to a large extent, the success of the individual in after life. So Commencement is in reality not a concluding point, but a point from which one's life really begins to deepen and develop.

May it be hoped that each student shall take full advantage of his opportunities here and that he may develop his life that he will enter into that great Commencement, which shall lead out into the æons beyond which no living mortal has explored.

### A Word From the Editor.

During the past year the PHAROS met with its usual number of adversities, yet we have endeavored to put out the highest standard of paper that would best represent the whole University with the material which was available for us. We wish therefore to express our sincerest thanks to those who have faithfully given us their support and helped to make this year a success. We wish especially to thank Miss Stevens and Miss Northup, of the art department, for the cover designs of the Christmas and Commencement numbers.





## Joshes.

Mayme: "You refused that handsome young lawyer. Why, I thought you liked him."

Maybelle: "I did, but when he proposed to me he put it in the form of a hypothetical question four hundred words long."—Selected.

### HE UNDERSTOOD.

Bank President, who has been explaining the use of Clearing House Certificates to an old German: "Now, do you understand, my good man?"

Old German: "Yess, I understandt. Ven my paby wakes up in der night and cries for milk, I giff him a milk ticket."—Selected.

### IN BOSTON.

Guest: "Bring me two deviled crabs."

Waiter: "Two mephestopholized decapod crustaceans, please, chef!"—Selected.

D. Clark: "Dignified in public and devoted in private. That's my philosophy and that of every other sensible man."

Beacock (translating in a portion of Virgil, narrating the visit of Æneas to the underworld) "Portitor aquas rervat. The ferryman serves the waters."

We suppose congratulations are in order for Charles Dorr. He was seen wearing orange blossoms the other day.

### ON ELECTION DAY

Clerk: "Mr. Blank—twenty-three."

Student: "Not on your life! I paid my student body dues and have as much right to vote as any one."

Freshman (reading for third time the sign, "John Drew 5c Cigar): "That's nothing, I drew a forty dollar bicycle once, but they didn't advertise it on the fences and windows."



Dr. Cross (in Greek Art lecture): "This wall is as thick as the head of a Freshman and this building is as big as the head of a Sophomore."

Perhaps the girls were no nearer angels in the Middle Ages than they are now. One of our earliest English poets writes of being "stung."

R. S. Duncan (looking for some of the Senior ladies): "Have you seen any *senoritas* around here?"

Miss Mayne (giving talk on tardiness, when a number enter the room about ten minutes late): "Every well constructed oration has a climax."

Since the Freshman English class has devoted some time to the study of Romances, M. J. Williams has been laboring earnestly to revive the spirit of chivalry.

#### SOME FAVORITE EXPRESSIONS

Bob Atkinson, "Judas Priest!"

Doc Bolster, "Believe me!"

E. W. Smith, "I wish to make an announcement."

Bill Settlemyer, "By Gum!"

Beacock, "Oh Heck!"

D. Clark, "O, Tommyrot."

Visitor (in Insane Asylum): "Why do you have that wheelbarrow upside down, my good man?"

Inmate: "If I turn it up right they'll put brick in it. Oh, I'm crazy, I am."—Selected,

#### MR. COLLEGE MAN.

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#### AN EASTERN JOKE.

Under this stone, a lump of clay,  
Lies Uncle Peter Daniels,  
Who, early in the month of May,  
Took off his winter flannels.—Ex.

---

~~~~~

Wishing you all a Merry Christmas  
and a Happy New Year  
Fourth of July, too

*P. R.*

~~~~~



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Saturday night."—Ex.

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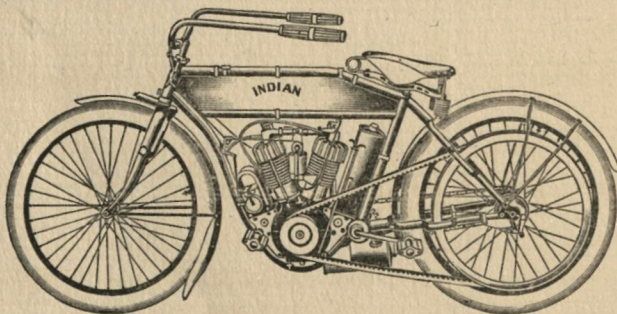
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If a college girl hears of another being kissed she is horribly shocked, but under favorable circumstances she will let the same thing happen right under her own nose.—Ex.

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A young man from the island Canary  
Tried to read through the whole dictionary.  
Said he, "On reflection,  
I miss the connection;  
The story is most fragmentary."—Selected.

---

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