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## The Pacific Pharos, March 24, 1886

University of the Pacific

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# Pacific Pharos.

CONSOLIDATION OF EPOCH AND HATCHET.

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— March 24, 1886. —



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# PACIFIC PHAROS.

CONSOLIDATION OF THE EPOCH AND THE HATCHET.

New Series.

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## PACIFIC PHAROS.

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## EDITORIAL.

**F**OREMOST among the potent influences at any college is the college press, and the truism uttered by the *N. Y. Independent*, that "the college paper is worth more for the moral tone of an institution than a whole army of faculty-spies," is worth repetition.

It is lamentably true that there is a certain class of students who are disposed to ridicule and obstruct any and all worthy student enterprises in whose conception they have taken no active part; holding themselves aloof does not, as they fondly hope, augur failure; but let the venture be realized without their aid, and this same class with Jove-like effrontery endeavor to interpolate their identity with the success of the undertaking. So much for those who smile contemptuously at the existence of the college paper; the motive which prompts such a course is easily inferred.

But what claim has the college paper to the high distinction which has been given to it? We assert that aside from its usefulness as a

collector and dispensator of local collegiate news it increases the efficiency of the working force of the professoriat, as it encourages literary work, supplements the instruction in the class room and calls attention from the student's standpoint to existing defects, and asks that they be remedied.

Next to its alumni, no institution can have a better advertisement than the general circulation of the college paper, and if many of the alumni are somnolent in regard to booming their *Alma Mater*, we must give the latter the precedence, and though it may at times make mistakes, we do not believe it is policy to throttle it or hurl diatribes at it; the parable of the fig tree is well worth study in connection.

Though the faculty may consider all editorials as merely puerile philippics, yet consideration is due to what the college papers have accomplished. It was through the medium of the college press of the University of the Pacific that the establishment of a Field Day was urged and effect-



ed; that the society system has been renovated; and that the publication of an Annual was given its first impetus. It has been through this same medium that this institution has received the recognition in the East, of being one of the two best colleges on this coast; and has been the direct instrumentality of extending the increment of students.

The editor and his paper have accomplished something; he has a mission to perform and should not be subject to the attacks of iconoclasts; and though he may often err, yet it is significant that as he receives no monetary remuneration for his labor, he must and always is actuated by the noblest and sincerest of motives.

THE Oratorical Association of the University of the Pacific has been firmly established: a Constitution and By Laws of ample breadth have been adopted and applications for membership have exceeded the authorized limit. The enthusiasm and ability of the members makes everything look propitious for a successful oratorical contest. The Executive Committee have decided that there is not sufficient time for contestants to prepare for a contest which would, in consequence of a full programme for commencement week, be obliged to come off during the meantime. However, the first contest will occur probably in the Fall term and the opportunities for reading offered during the summer vacation will be seized by the members, and we confidently believe better results will follow than had the contest been held during the Spring term.

As enunciated in the *Hatchet* when the Association was organized, it is hoped the founding of this one would ultimately become the nucleus of an inter-collegiate association in the West and to this end should our spare efforts be directed. An esteemed contemporary propounds the question as to "where are the colleges?" It is true that the term college, taken in its full sense, can be applied only to few institutions on the Coast, at the head of which are the State institution at Berkeley, and the University of the Pacific; but would it not be advisable,

owing to our isolation, to somewhat unbend our dignity, to relax our tense exclusiveness, and either countenance or associate with the students of those colleges, only in name, that are of inferior merit? And in using the word "our" we also include the U. C., and believe that no harm will come from such a worthy course; in Ohio with its numerous colleges of greater or less degree, there is an amicable feeling existing between the combined student body. In the recent inter-collegiate contest in that State, it is significant that although the Ohio Wesleyan, State University and Oberlin are the leading colleges, yet such institutions as Buchtel, Marietta, Denison and others, though recognized as belonging to a lower grade, were members of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association. Similar alloyed associations exist in Indiana, Illinois, Ohio, Wisconsin and Kansas. There is nothing to prevent such an one being formed in California, and only envy or prejudice can interfere with the successful formation of one. Shall we have it?

JUDGING from the results of the recent term's examinations, few persons have reason to be satisfied with that system of determining a student's rank and knowledge of a subject, and in support of this assertion it may be mentioned that several students regarding their papers as not fair indices of their term's work, voluntarily asked for another examination, although the credits they received were amply sufficient to have precluded such an action.

This subject is not new; if the phrase be allowed, it is "chestnut," so often has it been explored, ventilated and prescribed by our exchanges; and we note with hopeful anticipation, for we confess that we are optimists, that the more liberal, progressive colleges are renovating, and in some cases discarding a system which is so irreconcilable with its results.

At present its immediate abolition would prove almost disastrous, but a method that has been adopted in Eastern colleges with excellent results would be this: where the average daily



standing of a student falls below 90 per cent, he would be subjected to an examination, in order to further pursue the study or complete it.

This method we are inclined to believe would raise the standard of scholarship and increase the efficiency of a teacher's work. It is a fact of much comment that those who have been habitually derelict in their studies, will at the approach of examinations begin the intellectual process of bolting, and while it suffices as a temporary expedient, it nevertheless reacts upon the mind and stupefies its activity. Only a few of the evils of examinations have been mentioned, and the remedy suggested is rudimentary only in its character, and subject to modifications for the several branches of knowledge; for the classics we should advise no change, but in many other studies a radical reform ought to be instituted; for instance, giving one examination on a text book covering two terms' work, and without the benefit of a review.

This is a pertinent problem and will sooner or later require a solution by every faculty in the land. Pope says:

"Be not the first by whom the new are try'd,  
Nor yet the last to lay the old aside."

Shall we be the last?

THE suggestion made by the *Epoch* that the entrance facing University avenue be enlarged, as many persons of corpulent proportions found difficulty in entering, we are glad to see was acted upon promptly by the faculty.

The entrance at the southwest corner is open to the same objection and is the solitary embarrassment which cloud the prospects of the young ladies in that direction, from having a pleasant morning walk to school. Let the good work go on!

Nothing can replace the conversations of living men and women; not even the richest literature can replace it.—*Hamerton*.

We judge ourselves by what we feel capable of doing, while others judge us by what we have already done.—*Longfellow*

## LITERARY.

### To a Modern Greek.

Ancient of days! August Athena! where,  
Where are thy men of might, thy grand of soul?  
Gone—glimmering through the dreams that were  
—Byron.

Man from Athens! counterpart  
Of that mighty race, thou art!  
Whose fanes hoary high in air,  
Yet defies decay,—and where  
Man went nearest to the god—  
"You like buy some frash roak-cod?"

Man from Athens! in thy face  
Grand old Grecian lines I trace!  
Ah! methinks such arm as this  
Bore a shield at Salamis,  
When the Spartan phalanx stood—  
"Oaklan' Creek clam dees munt good."

Man from Athens! I have seen  
Thy great form in marble lean  
From the chiselled Hercules,  
Where the sculptured, figured frieze  
Crowns the pillared Parthenon—  
"Fifteen cents one big sam-mon."

Man from Athens! does her shrine  
Voice the oracles divine?  
Does the Thunderer yet rove  
Through Dodona's sacred grove?  
As when God talked with the Greek—  
"Plauty catfeesh 'bout nex' week."

Man from Athens! ever stand  
On the wavelet-laving strand,  
When Apollo from the foam  
Fired his own Delphian dome,  
Or kissed Ida's olive crown?—  
"Flounder—heap sheap—two bit poun'!"

Man from Athens! ever glide  
O'er the calm Ægean tide,  
When the flush of evening hung  
All the Attic Isles among?  
And the deep, like molten brass—  
"Dees one fine, fat sturg—sea bass?"

Man from Athens! ever weep  
Where the Grecian glories sleep?  
Where rent shaft and architrave  
Crumble on thy country's grave?  
Shards of peerless empire strown—  
"Catch gull egg on Sou' Far'lone."

Man from Athens! (Once again).  
Sing me one Homeric strain!  
Sing in pure Hellenic tongue  
Songs immortal Sappho sung—  
Pan-piped low in Arcady!—  
"Much the feesh—plauty monee!"

JACK.

March, 1886.



## IN SUNLAND.

A TROPIC TRIP—BY TOM GREGORY.

(Continued.)

WHEN we first arrived in the Gulf the old ship-doctor was agonizingly solicitous for the health of the crew. He gave us no peace night or day. If a boy loaded himself with green bananas and felt, in consequence, like a traveler in a weary land, the doctor dosed him for "yellow jack." And when that youngster was ready to go ashore next day for his diurnal fruit-feed the doctor reported the same to the Bureau of Medicine. It was told around decks that he was trying to get the Captain to order us all ashore to be nursed by the cocoanut trees, by declaring that nothing but milk diet would save us from yellow fever, small pox, St. Vitus dance, cancer of the stomach and the penitentiary. This yarn may have been untrue, but any how he took us all under his personal supervision and prescribed quinine, blue-mass, lobelia, balsam copaiba, coal-tar, copal varnish, muriatic acid, *sulfurous* ditto and Costa Rica rum. The last named he only administered when all the others failed to affect the patient. But we threw our respective doses overboard and the doctor officially and medically consigned us to Pluto in a body, prepaid and all risks taken.

We used to have battalion drill on shore, with guns and drums and wounds, heaven-save-the-mark, and all the other horrors of mimic war. Yes, wounds, too, whenever a sailor accidentally took a stand upon a live ant-hill and a brigade of the red-hot insects would deploy in echelon up each of his trouser legs. Whenever a warrior got his baptism of fire in this style, he marched in a pensive manner with his eyes fixed firmly upon the ground ever after! But one day we found our Waterloo. We were all engaged in the blood and thunder of sham-battles and our color-bearer at the head of a charging column was covering himself in glory. He sprang upon a fallen tree to cross a brook and as he was lunging along like Bonaparte on the bridge of Lodi he punched the flag staff in a red hornet's nest

having a population of about nine billion. Then there was mounting in hot haste—the steed—the car, as Byron says. When the mad things had all swarmed out of their ruined "ranchero" they seemed to fill up all Central America. The man who opened this big Pandora-box upon us dropped his country's banner and fled for the beach. Ever and anon a gallant trooper would halt in his glorious career, drop his musket, paw his face with both hands for a few seconds, then break for cover with a flock of red hornets strung out behind him like sparks of fire. Soon the whole U. S. army was in full stampede either for the water or the deep woods. I was down by the shore standing Casibianaca-like on the deck of one of our cutters when a detachment of the enemy boarded my craft. I bravely "staid"—not much! Was overboard in the twinkling of an eye, with only my head sticking out of the water close under the boat's counter where the buzzing Costa Ricans couldn't find me. The sentinel stars had long set their watch in the sky ere the rear guard of that "withered and strewn" Assyrian host straggled down to the beach and paddled off to the ship. Our grand ensign with its "pure celestial white and streakings of the morning light" lay low on the battle field all night with ten legion of the victor hornets roosting on its glorious red and white and blue.

How luxuriant stood these tremendous thickets, and how weird and fantastic were the woody shapes to be seen within the dimly lighted leafy aisles, for through their green roofs never a day-shaft penetrated. A home it was for the elves and gnomes of an underworld. Pale plants and fragile flowers grew by sylvan lakes, sunless as the cavern-seas of Kubla Khan. Deep in the dark forests we found mossy ruins of old cities—temples builded to the sun—

.. Across whose sombre altar stone

Brown bleeding virgins had been strown."

What a long Summer *siesta* this, laying back in the cool shade when all life stood in its bright perihelion, and bees and seas hummed happy songs of tropic lands. Ah, we were gathering the golden fleece—we young argonauts in blue! I know this is an exuberant



description, but only such will fit this quarter of the world. This is the great green house of nature—the hot bed belt of the globe, and soberness has no place here. And we, like Childe Harold, lived not in ourselves; we became portions of that around us.

The only settlement on the Gulf was a considerable town named Domingo (Sunday.) Its name was in eternal fitness, for an everlasting day-of-rest seemed to stand like the sun of Joshua over the place. The sleep of a hundred years, I think, was their's. The only motion I ever saw there occurred when an old Costa Rican hag pulled me down out of her solitary orange tree and chased me to the boat with a rusty knife the size of a scythe, in her bony claw. But the Alcalde was the boon companion of Bacchus, tho' wine could never flood out his gravity. His official duties consisted in going barefoot, riding a jackass and getting drunk every day—like Silenus.

We commenced the study of Spanish when we first arrived; and pounded away at the lingo with feverish intensity until we could conjugate the verb "to want" in the present tense, and ask for something to eat with tolerable fluency. Then we rested. There is no tongue like our native tongue! When we would sing songs of fatherland, we use the German; when we would love, we love in Italian; when we would urge a soldier on to glory, we shout in French; (and when we would epitaph the poor fool's tomb, we chisel in Latin); but we speak in English when we would talk to the gods, or strike a man for two bits.

Well, one evening when the red, yellow and green parrots were folding their colors away and the fireflies were beginning to twinkle weirdly through the forest, the weary wool hunters came back to the ship and we raised the anchor from its three-months' bed. The boilers sing over the hot furnaces, the engines move in their measured swing and the propeller churns us quickly out to sea. Soon the ruder waves of ocean are growling hoarsely below our keel, and we are drifting deeper into the Summer zone. We look tenderly back for the dark sombre woods, the long silver beaches and the

star-mirrored waters. We wished to see once more our little tropic Eden when twilight had folded her flowers and hushed her birds to sleep; when the tiny ripples breaking on her shores raise their sweet portion of ocean's great grand hymn to Night; and where the light of the Southern Cross—the sacred constellation—falls as it ever fell on us, a pure and holy benediction from the stars. But we can see only the hills that rim bright Dulce around.

*To be continued.*

### A HUNTING EXPEDITION.

[Adapted from the Rhizomian Casket.]

[Concluded.]

ALTHOUGH finding ourselves in a predicament, we were not long undecided as to the best course to pursue, so leaving Malsbury in the cart to hold the lines, we carried our guns and blankets ashore and began to unhitch our team. This task was nearly completed, when the mule uttered a cry of joy and started, yes, started, but instead of crossing the stream, he wheeled around, upset the cart and our supply of provisions into the water, and having pitched Malsbury, still holding the lines, headformost into the stream, he drew him ashore through mud and water. But our miseries were not yet completed, indeed they had only commenced. Night was coming on and we were without provisions and ammunition, a fact that did not help to reconcile us to our moist condition and the hunger that began to make us feel lonesome internally. Taylor was equal to the emergency, and after careful preparations for a fire, drew forth his matches only to find that they were as damp as ourselves. We wept; then Gober went out to seek sympathy from the mule, and relieved his feelings in some very eloquent language. Some one suggested that we try to kill enough game with the charges remaining in the guns to furnish us with supper and breakfast. It was a happy thought. But unfortunately we missed all but one load. The question arose who should be trusted to fire it. Taylor was evidently the man. Taking the gun, with confident air he silently crept up within short range of a flock of quails



and then turned to see if we were looking. We were. Stooping in order to get as many of them as possible in range he fired, while we eagerly rushed forward to secure the spoils, but there was nothing there, save the tracks. Hungry, wet and cold, seventy miles from home, and, as far as we knew, thirty miles from any house, we rolled up in our blankets and tried to forget our sorrows in sleep. But it was no use, hunger and cold were too much for us, and after rolling around till about two o'clock in the morning, we hitched up and started for home, "Home, Sweet Home," never before had I so fully realized the meaning of the word. We had a most distressing time, groping through the dark over a road which in that region was but the merest a pology for a highway, bumping over rocks, into ruts, with the violence that only a two wheeled vehicle can give, we were in misery until daylight brought relief. We had been remarkably quiet, but all at once Taylor seemed to appreciate the humor of the situation and burst into a roar of laughter, in which we all joined, while the mule, encouraged, broke into a brisk trot, which in a few hours brought us into the vicinity of a house. It happened to be an Indian hut, and the occupants not being able to understand us and seeing us in such a demoralized and muddy condition, brought out a gun and ordered us off the premises. Silently and sorrowfully we obeyed, and in a few hours reached a friendly dwelling, where we recuperated from our hardships of the past twenty-four hours and spent the night. Early the next morning we resumed our journey and finally came within sight of San Jose. But now we found we were not so anxious to get home as we thought we were, and being ashamed to be seen in our present plight, we drove to an unfrequented place and spent all the afternoon trying to invent some plausible story to account for our premature return. After nightfall we entered the city only to find that our delay had not been of any benefit; we had not proceeded half way through before we were discovered and in a few minutes a crowd had collected to enjoy the unusual spectacle. In our anxiety to remove ourselves from the

gaze of the unfeeling throng, we whipped the mule to make him go faster, when to our chagrin he stopped. All efforts to move him being of no avail, and tiring of the advice and pertinent jests of the crowd, we left everything and completed the rest of our journey on foot. So much amusement was had at our expense that Taylor and I left town for a time. Gober and Malsbury remained, but they afterwards said that it was a period of their lives filled with bitter remembrances. So much for this one adventure, but if any one should wish to pry still deeper into the events of that memorable occasion, he will possibly obtain fuller particulars on application to the heroes of my tale.

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## LOCAL.

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Preston, '89, preached at Evergreen Sunday, March 14.

Miss Joey Wheeler, '84, was present at chapel last week.

Professor Martin preached at Mayfield last Sunday to a large audience.

Sunday, March 14th, Professor Alexander filled the Methodist pulpit in Los Gatos.

A. C. Love of Texas has been visiting his cousin Russell, '88, during the past week.

The concert of the Conservatory Class, under the direction of Prof. King, takes place this evening.

Prof. in chapel to Senior: "Will you please put away that rattle box?" Silence in the gallery followed by a gentle titter.

One of the young ladies of South Hall is endowed with mesmeric power. While experimenting, she has succeeded in mesmerizing several of her friends at East Hall.

Locke Richardson, the great Shakespearian reader, is to come again! In the latter part of April he will recite "Othello," "Merry Wives of Windsor" and "The Twelfth Night." As Mr. Richardson grows in popularity from the first, we know that the house will be crowded every night.



Preston, '89, preached at Los Gatos last Sunday.

Miss Headen, an old student, was present at the lecture last Friday afternoon.

Reid, '87, took part in the programme at the social given at the Congregational Church March 12th.

Telegraphy is again started in the College. Two '88's are preparing to practice, and have already procured their instruments.

We are glad to see so many visitors attend the lectures at the University, but we are not surprised, as the best speakers of the State are engaged to address us on live topics.

Several of the gentlemen of the University are thinking of canvassing for books Saturdays and other spare time. This is a new idea, and, if it is a success, will keep several in school.

Those appointed by the Faculty to take part in the elocutionary prize contest in June are: Misses Turner, Tyrrell, Fisher and Kittie Smith; Messrs. Manning, C. Mering, Urmay and Meese.

There's music in the air. The sophomore class has a committee appointed for the purpose of selecting appropriate songs, and we hear a young lady of the class is engaged in writing a class song.

At the recent election in the Sopholechtian Society the following officers were elected: President, Carlotta Mabury, '86; Vice-President, Jessie Vance, '87; Secretary, Elva Rogers; Treasurer, Louise Tisdale, '88.

A class in law has been organized, and lectures will be delivered by Mr. Richards. The object of the class is to assist those who have chosen law as their profession, and to give to others, who desire, some knowledge of the law.

The Juniors are out with a new class song, written to the tune of "Up on the Mountain Top." We noticed at the bottom of the song the name of F. W. Reid. We congratulate our Brother Ed., as this is still another line in which to make his name immortal.

Quaker drops at B. Straub's.

Chas. Houghton has dropped out of '88, as he does not intend to graduate.

Attention is called to the new "ad" of the Southern Pacific Company in this issue.

Some of our Seniors were evidently acting as applauders for some of the men Pixley describes, at the Anti-Coolie meeting Saturday evening.

Profs. King and Wilkins and Messrs. Dennett, Ross, Brown, Preston and Stephens, took part in the programme of the social at the Methodist Church on the evening of March 12th.

The following are the Seniors chosen to represent the class at the graduating exercises in June: L. L. Dennett and Miss Stella Guppy, J. C. Needham and Miss Lotta Mabury, M. Hale and Miss Ethel Clayton.

Upon last Friday afternoon the Chapel was well filled with visitors and students to listen to a lecture by Mr. Richards upon "Italy at the time of Michael Angelo" It was one of the best lectures that the students have had the privilege of listening to during this term.

The Sopholechtians have elected Misses Jones and McMurtry as essayists for their anniversary on the last Friday in May. This anniversary promises to be the best ever celebrated by that society. The young ladies have begun work in real earnest, and all anticipate a fine entertainment.

Sitting in the gallery at the Methodist Church recently, we noticed one of our grave and reverend Seniors making a paper boat of the circular left in the seat. We wondered, especially as it was soon after one of the Senior gatherings, and we thought—well, no matter what we thought.

The following are the names of the officers of the Emendian Society: President, Clara Ross, '86; Vice-President, Rena Warren, '87; Secretary, Alice Johnston; Corresponding Secretary, Grace Huggins, '88; Treasurer, Bertie Miles; Editress, Kitty Smith, '88; Chaplain, Mary Mering, '87.



Molasses peppermints and tar drops for colds.

Look out for three bouquets from '88 at the musical recital to-night.

The Juniors are warbling three new songs—productions of class talent.

The choicest confectionery in town may be had at C. Straub's, 118 South First street.

The Juniors are going to give the Seniors a reception next Friday evening. So says rumor.

For the best shave, hair cut or shampoo, go to Koch, opposite the Auzerai House. Best place in town.

Prof. of Latin to Freshman—Give the principal parts of *solvo*. Fresh—*Solvo, solvere, soxi* —. Prof.—Please be seated.

After the game of base ball on Saturday a foot-race was run between Coats, '87, and one of the Washington College nine. Coats won easily by several lengths.

Rumor has it that the Sophomores who participate in the Field Day exercises will wear shields at that occasion, constructed of the class colors. Where will they come from?

Last Saturday an interesting game of ball was played upon the campus, between a nine from Washington Corners and the University nine. The score stood as follows:

| WASHINGTON CORNERS.  | T. | B. | R. | P. | O. | A. | E. |
|----------------------|----|----|----|----|----|----|----|
| Weston, { p.....     | 5  | 1  | 5  | 5  | 6  |    |    |
| Killion, { p.....    | 5  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 1  |    |    |
| Twohigs, r. f.....   | 5  | 0  | 3  | 6  | 4  |    |    |
| Gibbs, c.....        | 4  | 1  | 8  | 1  | 0  |    |    |
| Millard, l. b.....   | 4  | 0  | 0  | 1  | 0  |    |    |
| Wicks, l. f.....     | 4  | 0  | 4  | 2  | 0  |    |    |
| Durham, 2b.....      | 4  | 1  | 1  | 0  | 2  |    |    |
| Horn, 3 b.....       | 4  | 1  | 2  | 2  | 4  |    |    |
| Huff, ss.....        | 4  | 2  | 0  | 0  | 0  |    |    |
| Cassidy, c. f.....   | 39 | 7  | 24 | 17 | 17 |    |    |
| Total.....           |    |    |    |    |    |    |    |
| UNIVERSITY.          | T. | B. | R. | P. | O. | A. | E. |
| Curry, l. f.....     | 7  | 2  | 0  | 0  | 1  |    |    |
| Mering, 2 b.....     | 7  | 3  | 3  | 1  | 1  |    |    |
| Blake, l. b.....     | 6  | 2  | 8  | 1  | 1  |    |    |
| Chynoweth, r. f..... | 6  | 5  | 1  | 0  | 0  |    |    |
| Tompkins, 3 b.....   | 6  | 2  | 2  | 0  | 1  |    |    |
| Cary, ss.....        | 6  | 2  | 0  | 1  | 3  |    |    |
| Warburton, p.....    | 6  | 3  | 1  | 15 | 2  |    |    |
| Brown, c.....        | 6  | 3  | 12 | 3  | 3  |    |    |
| Surface, c. f.....   | 6  | 3  | 0  | 0  | 0  |    |    |
| Total.....           | 39 | 25 | 27 | 21 | 12 |    |    |

In the fourth inning Weston had a finger broken, and Killion of Santa Clara was chosen as substitute.

## COLLEGE SPIRIT.

AN exchange complains that in its college the lecture association is unable to raise \$800 for literary and musical entertainments, while for baseball the students alone subscribe about \$1,500. This item illustrates the great interest taken in athletics among Eastern students. If a college can scrape up a good nine or a strong eleven, it commands support. This is confined largely to the long-established and strong institutions, where the large number of students makes the individual expense comparatively light, though not entirely. Several colleges have gymnasiums costing from \$10,000 to \$30,000; magnificent buildings, supplied with every convenience, and all necessary apparatus, lacking nothing that could add to the means for physical exercise. Such an institution is bound to boom athletics, and it is no wonder that Eastern institutions, with these superior facilities, should turn out some first-class athletes. These buildings are seldom built by the college authorities. They are, as a rule, the work of private munificence from the alumni, students, or perhaps other interested parties.

But if a college cannot afford to support a gymnasium of such proportions, it does the next best thing and endeavors to establish a reputation in the common sports; and the honor of the college is seldom held back for want of funds. It is a notable fact that the strongest colleges always give considerable attention to athletics. The enthusiasm displayed on the campus is the source of most of the spirit of college life.

\* \*

One of the most pleasant of exercises, and, perhaps, the most popular college sport, where circumstances will permit, is boating. We cannot but envy our fortunate college brethren whenever we come across an account of an exciting contest for the mastery of the waters. The old contests of Oxford and Cambridge are now repeated nearer home. But the smooth, glassy stream and shady banks, the start, the pretty race and the exciting finish, the thrill of



enthusiasm coupled with cheers and shouts of victory, are all air-castles to our excited imaginations. Even the thought of jolly rows to pass away leisure hours is an idle dream. Alas, unfortunate!

\* \*

There is constant complaint made by colleges situated in small towns, where there is little or no competition among dealers, of the extravagant prices that students are compelled to pay for articles, especially in the book line. This fact has caused the adoption in many colleges of co-operative associations, in order to protect their interests. These associations consist of the larger part of the students, who, acting as a body, make special rates with dealers, so as to obtain goods at certain fixed rates. At Harvard and Yale the experiment has been tried, and proved to be a success, the expenses being reduced 10 and 20 per cent. Dartmouth is now considering the proposition, and appears to be on the eve of adopting the system.

\* \*

It is amusing to read the various notes on the prospective Stanford University as they appear in our Eastern exchanges. We cannot expect to find everything correct to a notch, and so we are prepared for the slight discrepancies in the reports. The cost, as given by the different authorities, ranges all the way from \$3,000,000 to \$30,000,000. The comments on the advisability of spending so much money for a Western University are equally numerous and varied. Senator Stanford receives many flattering notices and eulogies.

\* \*

A recent game of foot-ball between *Orions* of Oakland and the *Berkeley* club, resulted in a defeat for the blue and gold. Berkeley claimed that the decisions of the umpire were unfair, but its claims were not allowed by the league.

Miss Boston, to college graduate—"Can you recall the names of the different muses, Mr. Grounder? There were nine of them." College Graduate—"The muses? I don't know the club. Must be a new organization."

## EXCHANGES.

—Studies in the Senior year at Columbia are all elective.—*Ex.*

The February number of the *De Pauw Monthly* is in many respects one of the best issues we have received. There is a notable absence of those long, dry articles; whose only merit is their exceeding dullness, which so many of our exchanges affect.

The *Holcad* in its last number discusses the prevalence and alarming increase of "Business Colleges," which profess to give an education in as many months as the college requires years. A merited rebuke is given to the pseudo-educationists who are doing so much to lower the standard of true education.

In somewhat the same line the *Cornellian* discusses the time worn subject of opposition to the classics and to higher education. Although the college needs no defense except its work, yet these discussions show the appreciation of college men of the shoddy pretension to intelligence that the ignorant are inclined to make.

We had formerly supposed that we, of the West, were especially afflicted with this unreasonable desire to get something for nothing,—education without labor—and the delusion that anything which costs nothing can be palmed off as worthy of consideration.

The abuse of the term "professor" has of late been commented upon by the college press, and the *De Pauw Monthly* speaks with sound sense upon the subject, as follows:

Western colleges and universities put on a great deal of so-called dignity, which, if considered even by the ordinary observer, will be found to be fictitious and visionary. Among other things which might profitably be noticed, the promiscuous use of "professor" is perhaps the most glaring. What first Prep. has not blushed at his own weakness when he called his tutor "professor." The satisfaction he derived from seeing his tutor swell an inch every time he was thus addressed was perhaps his only reward.



But the students are not the only ones who commit such errors. It is often humiliating to hear a college official salute some assistant as "professor," with as much pomp as if he were addressing the President. There is something radically wrong about this. The term "professor" is either a vague and meaningless one, to be indiscriminately scattered around upon every amateur tutor that can be picked up, or it must be used with its former dignity, and applied to him only who has, through talent and work, attained the right to his professorship.

### ALUMNI.

'61. A. E. Pomeroy is a successful real estate agent and capitalist in Los Angeles, Cal.

'65. H. P. Tuttle is practicing medicine in Salinas city.

'67. Alfred Bannister has for several years followed the profession of a Civil Engineer in Alameda, Cal.

'72. Mrs. A. J. Hanson *nee* Starr, is residing in Olympia, W. T.

'81. Jabez B. Burns is in business in Chicago, Ill.

'81. Geo. Hazzard is teaching school in Los Angeles.

'81. Ed. K. Taylor, having completed his law course at Hasting's, left last Friday for Europe. It is his intention to visit the Southern States before leaving America.

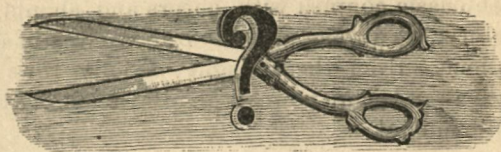
'58. Mary J. McDonald is teacher of music in Santa Rosa College, Santa Rosa, Cal.

### SIMILIA SIMILIBUS.

A box of bonbons for Babette  
I bought at Mr. Huyler's shop,  
And put a "candied violet"  
Or two, upon the very top.

I think that she will see the joke,  
My clever, winsome, wee Babette,  
Who looks at wise and foolish folk  
With eyes of *candid* violet.

—*Harvard Lampoon*



A paradox—two physicians.—*Ex.*

Does the baby belong to the class of athletes known as foot-bawlers?

Sin has many tools, but a lie is the handle which fits them all.—*Oliver Wendell Holmes.*

Thrice is he armed who hath his quarrel just.—  
The Bard of Avon.

And four times he who gets his blow in fust.—  
Josh Billings.—*Ex.*

A junior cut Bacon this week. He told the professor he was hungry. The professor gave him a cold shoulder.—*Press and Badger..*

The student who went to the country last summer for "rest and change" says the waiters got most of his change and the landlord got the rest.—*Ex.*

Scene—Astronomy class. Professor to Junior—"What time does Mars get full?" Junior—"Don't know, sir; never associate with such company."—*Bates.*

She came rushing into the school-room with an "O! girls, did you know that a man just got shot?" "Where? Where?" in a chorus. "Down in the hardware store. He only got a pound."—*Ex.*

"Yes, chum, I called upon her,  
And sent my card above;  
The time at length had come to me  
To boldly speak my love.

"A cold, cold note was brought to me  
By one of the servant maids,  
That card of mine—Ye gods of war!  
It was the ace of spades!

A party of students (not of the Wesleyan Ohio, University,) were once attending a performance of Richard II. When the scene came where Richard rushes upon the stage and shrieks: "A horse, a horse; my kingdom for a horse," immediately twenty books, with covers of dark blue went flying towards the footlights.  
—*Rochester Campus.*



A put up job—the professor asking a Senior to raise the window.

PROMISING GEOLOGIST, being examined;—“Corniferous rocks? Why, corniferous rock are those in which *fossil corn* abounds.”—*Troy Polytechnic*.

He—“As a general rule, men have brains and women have not; of course there are exceptions.” She—“You and I are exceptions, aren’t we?”—*Ex*

Prof.—“Mr. W., a fool can ask a question that ten wise men could not answer.” Senior—“Then, I suppose, that’s why so many of us flunk.”—*Ex*.

Society Senior (to a store clerk)—“Have you any blue neckties to match my eyes?” Clerk—“No, but we have some soft hats that I think will match your head.” Exit Senior.—*Ex*.

A misleading odor: First student (entering companion’s room)—Ah, I see you have been burning midnight oil. Second student—No; that’s a couple of old shoes I threw into the stove.

#### ROOM MATES.

Of all the uncongenial souls,  
Of opposite electric poles,  
United by the Fates,  
None half so uncongenial are,  
Nor none so very apt to jar,  
As those they call room-mates.

If A’s a literary chap,  
Then B for books don’t give a snap,  
A very sporting man.  
A’s prints antique and volumes rare,  
In B’s opinion can’t compare  
With his black and tan.

Or A, perhaps, is one of those  
Who likes to see all things in rows,  
And everything in place.  
Then B’s the very kind of boy  
Whom shelves and hat-racks most annoy,  
Who thinks arrangements base.

And thus they’re coupled, one and all,  
Stingy with lavish, short with tall,  
These men of diverse traits.  
Their rooms we grant you are the same,  
But a misnomer is their name,  
For surely they’re not mates.

—*Chronicle*.

“Nehemiah, compare the adjective ‘cold,’” said a schoolmistress to her head boy. “Positive, cold; comparative, cough; superlative, coffin,” triumphantly responded Nehemiah.

Professor of Zoology to an inattentive class—“Now, gentlemen, if you want to learn the peculiarities of the monkey, look me square in the face.”—*The Atlantis*.

“Clara,” asked Fannie, her dearest friend, “has Frank offered himself to you yet?” “Only by piecemeal, my dear; he offered me his arm last night.”—*College Argus*.

It is said that one of the largest telescopes in the United States has been recently mounted at Vassar College. If there is a man in the moon, it is evident that the Vassar girls are going to see him.—*De Pauw Monthly*.

Scene: Class room. Two Juniors by the fire with their arms affectionately around each other. Fair co-ed to one of the juniors. “It is very cold here, will you be so kind as to change seats with me?” Deep consternation and astonishment on part of junior. “Oh! er, eh! certainly.”

The movement for the higher education of women, says the *Home Journal*, has already shown results in introducing a new stock of recitation jokes. The former supply was getting ancient. The new Vassar book—“Two College Girls”—tilts the following: It happened during a history recitation that somebody quoted, “Ill fares the land to hastening—to hastening—” and could get no farther. “Who can finish it? Who can finish it?” cried the professor, and, catching Kitty’s steady gaze, he said, “Miss Morris?”

“‘To hastening ills a prey,

Where wealth accumulates and men decay.’

But I just happened to see it in ‘Familiar Quotations’ yesterday. This was the only reason I knew,” said Kitty, blushing. “And who wrote it?” asked the professor, smiling. “‘Ibid.’” “I beg your pardon.” The professor’s pet alarm was deafness. “It said Ibid.” He was very near asking her the date of “Ibid’s” birth, but he refrained.



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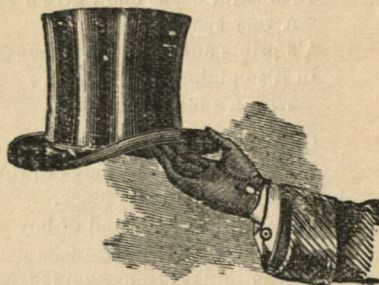
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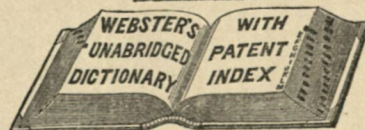
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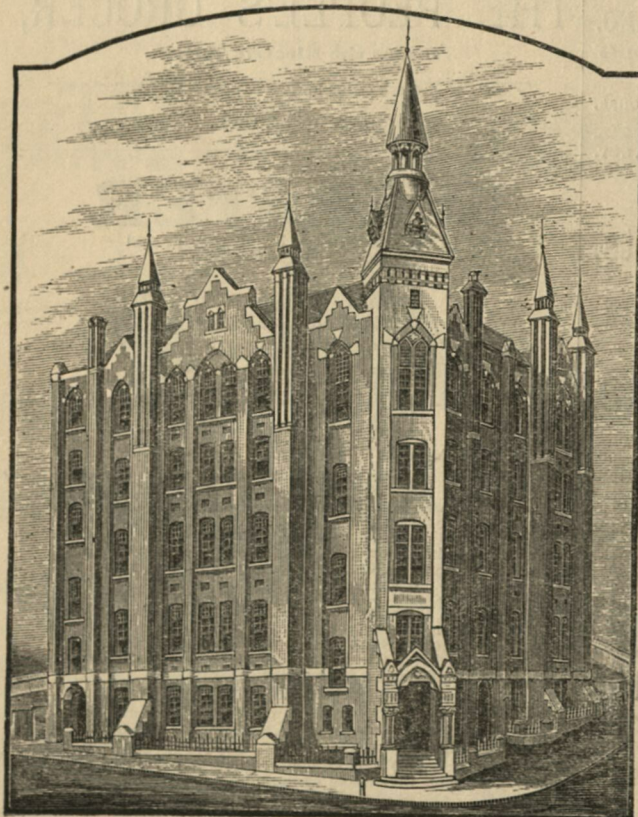
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COLLEGE CAPS, and everything in the line of Hats and Caps made to order. Send for our Illustrated Catalogue. Mailed Free.

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Opposite Auzeais House,

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721 Market Street, San Francisco.

IMPORTING AND MANUFACTURING

JEWELRY HOUSE,

W. D. ALLISON.

259 Santa Clara Street, San Jose, Cal.



BROAD GAUGE

TIME SCHEDULE.

Commencing on SUNDAY, OCTOBER 18, 1885, and until further notice, Passenger trains will leave and arrive at San Jose Passenger Depot, foot of Market street, and Santa Clara Station as follows:

| LEAVE<br>Santa Clara. | LEAVE<br>San Jose. | DESTINATION.                                                             | ARRIVE<br>San Jose. | ARRIVE<br>Santa Clara. |
|-----------------------|--------------------|--------------------------------------------------------------------------|---------------------|------------------------|
| 7:20 A.               | 7:15 A.            | Menlo Park.                                                              | 10:30 A.            | 10:23 A.               |
| *8:31 A.              | *8:26 A.           | Redwood, San                                                             | 12:39 P.            | 12:32 P.               |
| 1:42 P.               | 1:36 P.            | Mateo, San Fran-                                                         | *5:05 P.            | *4:59 P.               |
| 4:12 P.               | 4:05 P.            | cisco.                                                                   | 6:25 P.             | 6:18 P.                |
| 12:32 P.              | 12:42 P.           | Gilroy, Hollister,                                                       | *8:23 A.            | *8:31 A.               |
| *4:59 P.              | 5:08 P.            | Tres Pinos, Paji-<br>ro, Castroville,<br>Monterey, Salinas.              | 7:40 P.             | 7:42 P.                |
| 12:32 P.              | 12:42 P.           | Watsonville, Apto-                                                       | 4:02 P.             | 4:12 P.                |
| *4:59 P.              | *5:08 P.           | tos, Soquel (Camp<br>Capitola) and<br>Santa Cruz.                        |                     |                        |
| 12:32 P.              | 12:42 P.           | Soledad and all<br>Points South.<br>StageConnections<br>with this train. | 4:02 P.             | 4:12 P.                |

\*Sundays excepted.

†From Hollister and Tres Pinos Sundays only.

A., for morning. P., for afternoon.

Two-Day Excursion Ticket to San Francisco, \$1.75.

These Tickets are sold for the last train Saturday evening, and the first train Sunday morning, good for return by any train on Sunday.

SPECIAL RATES FROM SAN JOSE

TO

MONTEREY, APTOS, SOQUEL AND SANTA CRUZ

Single Trip Tickets to any of the above points, \$1.75.

EXCURSION TICKETS—Round Trip to any of the above points sold on Saturday and Sunday, good for return until following Monday, inclusive, \$2.50.

SPECIAL ROUND TRIP TICKETS

(Good for return within six months),

|                                                        |        |
|--------------------------------------------------------|--------|
| To Monterey and return...                              | \$3 00 |
| To Aptos and return.....                               | 3 00   |
| To Soquel or Santa Cruz and return.....                | 3 00   |
| To Monterey and Santa Cruz (inclusive) and return..... | 4 00   |

STANDARD OF TIME:

Trains are run on Pacific Standard Time, which is ten (10) minutes faster than local time.

TICKET OFFICES:

SAN JOSE—No. 7 Santa Clara street West; Passenger Depot, foot of Market street, and Fourth street station.

SANTA CLARA—Station ticket office.

A. C. BASSETT.  
Sup't.

H. R. JUDAH.  
Ass't Pass. and Ticket Ag't.

JOS. R. RYLAND.

JAS. W. FINDLAY.

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KEEPS CONSTANTLY ON HAND A CHOICE and CAREFULLY SELECTED STOCK OF

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"MERCURY"  
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**RESTAURANT.**

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We have made very large purchases of Ladies and Children's Parasols. The Styles are the best and the Prices the lowest.

**KID GLOVES!**

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**FAMOUS CENTIMERI GLOVE,**  
**IN ALL SHADES.**

3 Buttons, \$1.25; 5 Buttons, \$1.50; 8 Buttons, colored, \$2.00; 5 Buttons, undressed Centimeri, \$1.50. 10-Button Length Centimeri Mousquetaire, colored and Black, \$2.25.

Our Kid Gloves, 5 buttons for 45c., \$1.00, \$1.25, have no equal for the price.

All our \$1.00, \$1.25, \$1.50, \$2.00, \$2.25, \$2.50 Kid Gloves are

**WARRANTED.**

**O. A. HALE & CO.,**

140, 142, 144 South First St.,

San Jose, California.