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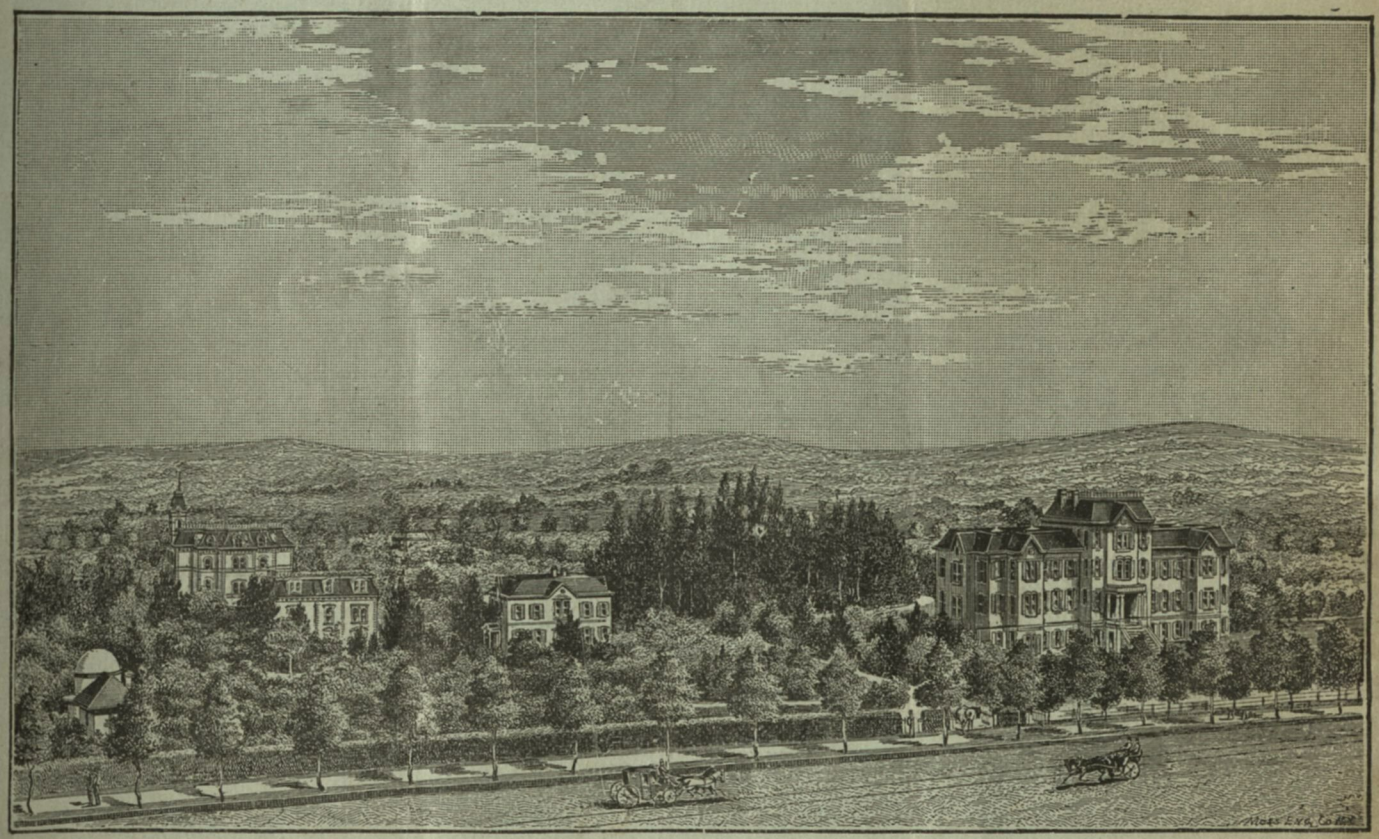

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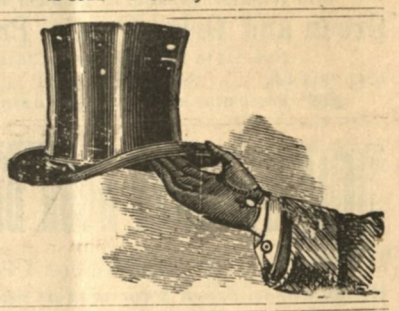

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PACIFIC PHAROS.

CONSOLIDATION OF THE EPOCH AND THE HATCHET.

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FRANCIS W. REID, '87; H. W. WILCOX, '87;
W. O. RUSSELL, '88.

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EDITORIAL.

IF any person who was acquainted with the inner workings of the U. P. a few years ago, should visit that institution and examine its present status, he could not fail to find marked changes and improvements. The increased facilities of the College speak for themselves. The new buildings that adorn the campus stand as testimonials of the regard and perseverance of the friends of Christian education—as milestones in the career of a prospering college; they are some of the fruits of nearly thirty years' toil. While the outward marks of prosperity are easily accredited to their proper sources, there are many things which baffle the careless search of an observer. These may appear small in themselves, but in the aggregate they are of much importance. Contrast the student of to-day with one of two years ago, and you will be surprised at the difference. The latter was an anamaly; he knew nothing about other colleges and their customs; his text books were his only source of information; when he had completed a certain number of studies, he took an inventory and arranged for graduation; his intercourse with his fairer class-mates was constrained, to say the least. To-day, class spirit and college customs are familiar to all, and are leading impulses; an oratorical association has been formed, and athletics placed upon a firm basis. The luxuries of an Annual and a Field Day have been enjoyed; new ideas of student life and modes of study have been implanted, and the name of the college has been made familiar to college brethren elsewhere. But one cause can be truthfully assigned for all this—*college journalism*. A careful examination into every improvement, every manifestation of energy among the students themselves, has been due directly or indirectly to this source. Ask the members of the class of '86, the prime movers in the new regime, where they obtained the many ideas which they had the energy to put in force, and credit must be given to the columns of the College paper and its exchanges. The

importance of the college journal has become a truism, but it has never been more fully exemplified than during the last two years at the U. P. In reviewing this history, the Senior editors of the PHAROS might remark with old Æneas, "*Quorum pars magna fui*," if modesty did not compel them, now as in the past, to omit all mention of the difficulties encountered and surmounted. Suffice it to say, that in spite of lack of support, and oftentimes sneers and opposition, the paper has been brought to such a stage that, considering the age and endowment of the College and the number of collegiate students, it can claim a prominent place among first-class college papers. Its editors have worked while others slept, in many cases have been grudged the time necessary to attend the details of publication, have been alone responsible for bills of seventy-five to one hundred dollars per month, and have not made one cent.

NO mention would be made of this matter if we were not intending in a few months to turn over our proprietorship in the PHAROS to worthy members of the classes of '88 and '89, and were not anxious to see the paper succeed in the future and receive the support which is its due. It has done much for the College; what has been done for it in return? The position of the Faculty is all that could be desired. They were the first subscribers, and have been the most careful readers and lenient critics; their supervision over the paper, nominal at first, has become a thing of the past, while whatever mutual suggestions have been made, have been well received. The students, however, have not done even a small share of their duty by the paper. Instead of seeking to further its interests, every method has been practiced by a large portion of the students to read the paper without paying for the privilege, and every pretext is sought to excuse not subscribing. "My room-mate takes it," "Too many jokes on the Preps," "Too dry," "Give us more literary," "Why don't you get off more jokes," are only a few of the objections. We hope to see the day when this sneaking out of a subcription will be stopped, and each student, except where there is more than one from a family, will have his subscription charged in his bill. If this were done the subscription price could be lowered one half. It seems strange, that any student with any self-respect or stamina, will come to school and "sponge" off his neighbor, or what is worse, not have enough energy or interest to read the College paper at all. Each recitation costs the student on an average forty cents, or in other words, the student pays as much for the education which he acquires in one day from his text-books as would pay a year's subscription to the PHAROS. No student can afford not to read the College paper, and no student can afford to be so mean as to take what he does not pay for. We believe that every student who can read and can afford to take the PHAROS and will not, has mistaken the institution that gives the necessary education for him. The school for educating feeble-minded children is situated on the *other* side of Santa Clara.

ATHLETICS have been the principal topic of conversation for the last two weeks. Early in the term a constitution was adopted which caused much trouble to the preparatory students. One portion of them complained because the College was represented by six directors and the Preparatory by but two, and advanced the argument, specious in this case, that whereas more "Preps" played base ball than College students, they should at least be equally represented. The other portion recognized the justice of having athletics managed by the College students, but insisted that the directors should be chosen by members of the association and not elected by the organized College classes as provided for in the constitntion. As the latter represented those most interested in athletics, efforts were made to compromise, but the College students refusing to yield the point any farther than that the directors of each class should be elected by members of the association from that class, and being voted down in a "called meeting," met, changed the constitution so as to take away all representation from the Preparatory, even if they should become

members after the stand taken, and made it impossible to change the constitution except by a two-thirds vote of the College students. This constitution virtually limits the association to the College, and is now in operation. As a result of its adoption, several of the former University nine, who are entitled to call themselves College students but had not joined class organizations, formed a club to oppose the nine from the association. As this action weakened the chances of either winning a match game, the directors of the association effected a compromise, by which base ball is to be outside the jurisdiction of the association, for a time at least, with the exception that all expenses of members of the nine who belong to the association will be paid so long as the directors approve of the management of the nine. This leaves the nine substantially as it was last year, and by practice it promises to prove more formidable than before.

IT cannot be denied that the position of editor on the College paper has not been accorded the privilege it should. There should be a small margin of excuses granted for absence for necessary business. It tends to inspire us with noble thoughts to receive word from the printer, that if you wish the paper out on time you must be there at a certain hour to "make up," and be told by the professor that no excuse of absence will be granted. Let the professors know that journalistic work gives the student an acuteness of mind and power of study that will more than make up the time lost from a recitation. We have no sympathy for the argument that students should be human clams, shut in with their text books and occasionally refreshed by a class lecture. Such a student would resemble a "Cartesian diver" if he were to give up his own ideas and rise or sink in obedience to the ideas of the instructor. Excuses were sometimes granted last year by Dr. Stratton, from rhetorical exercises in the chapel, but as a rule this is not wise, unless some arrangement can be made by which due compensation can be given in literary work on the paper. If this privilege were made general, contributions to the PHAROS would be more numerous.

THE editors of the PHAROS have become accustomed to the sterner realities of their position, and what formerly gave much uneasiness is now a source of amusement. It is pleasant, however, to have the monotony varied occasionally, as it was last week, when our letter-box surprised us by containing the pretty German poem that appears in another column. It comes from a department hitherto unrepresented, and it is to be hoped that such productions will become a regular feature.

W. O. RUSSELL, formerly of the *Hatchet* has been taken upon this paper as business manager and local editor. His qualifications for the office are all that could be desired, and to our certain knowledge he is perhaps the only student in the U. P. who would leave a base ball game in which he was interested, and go to town and collect bills. There is room for another member of the class of '88 as soon as he has demonstrated his suitability for the position. There will also be an opening for two '89s at the close of this term. We would recommend all to consider the advantages to be gained by work of this kind, and will gladly give assistance to all who may wish to prepare themselves for the position.

OUR attention has been called to the treatment—or rather lack of treatment that the '86 class tree has received. For want of water and proper care the new shoots, which at the opening of the term was the subject of much favorable comment, have withered, and the tree is apparently dying. This will not be a very pleasing sight for the members of the class who will be around the college to-day to attend the re-union. Yet who is to blame? The Janitor when spoken to on the subject, acknowledged that the tree would have received more attention had some cash been left for that purpose, intimating that this was the custom. We are only aware of such being the case in one instance, by the Class of '84, and this does not establish a precedent. But even if it was the custom it does not lessen the injustice, or ex-

cuse the carelessness of allowing this tree to perish for want of care without even notifying the class that a fee was expected. Further, we are at a loss to imagine why a class should be expected to take care of a tree, after having presented it to the institution, and it had been accepted as a gift. But we cannot believe that the neglect has been intentional, or that any fee is expected from the class. A class tree is a present and certainly should be received as such; otherwise, when in the course of a few years the class becomes scattered, the responsibility will fall on no one and neglect will result. We trust that the injury to the '86 tree is but apparent, and will soon give evidence of the fact; but such will not be the case unless attention is paid to it and that immediately.

WHEN the REVIEW was started, it was thought that much assistance would be given by the Alumni in the way of contributions and subscriptions. At a very early stage in its history this idea was abandoned together with several others which, correct in theory, wonld not bear the test of practice. Beyond the classes of '84, '85 and '86, very few of the Alumni have taken the least interest in the College publications. In other colleges the Alumni are a prominent factor in promoting the welfare of all matters pertaining to their *Alma Mater*. Why cannot the Alumni of the U. P. do the same?

A SERIOUS mistake occurred in last issue which demands correction. In the first editorial "bi-monthly" was used instead of *bi-weekly*. Tne fault was, however, with the printers, and not with the editors. Our printers, as a rule, give extra satisfaction, but accidents will happen, and in this case in a manner which, at first sight, reflects on the editors. Hence this notice.

I have no respect for that self-boasting charity which neglects all objects of commiseration near and around it, but goes to the end of the earth in search of misery for the purpose of talking about it.—*G. Mason.*

LITERARY.

The Legend of Mt. Tamalpais.

CLASS POEM OF '86.

Softly the lingering rays of sunset lay
On ripling waves of fair San Pablo Bay.
The sea-gulls passed in ever-gathering flocks
To shelter on the friendly island rocks.
And I, lulled by the rocking of my boat,
Which with the wind and tide was left to float,
Looked through the drowsy air with half-closed eyes
Across the bay, to where Mt. Tamalpais
Lies straight across the range which meets the sky,
In that fair land where sunset glories die.
And, as I gazed, I thought, "How much the lines
Of yonder mountain with its steep inclines
Portray the figure of a maiden lying there
With pink and purply clouds of drap'ry rare."
The words I must have said, for, sweet and clear,
An answer to my thought I seemed to hear.
"Yes, mortal," said a voice, "Thou speakest well,
And to thy fellow mortals thou shalt tell
The story of the maiden lying there
With pink and purple clouds for drapery rare.
For I am Fancy, Spirit of the Wind
From Western hills. The thoughts of men I bind
Into a silken cord. I'll tell to thee
The legend of the maiden. learned by me
From her outcrying spirit unserene.—
For spirit speaks to spirit tho' between
Lie mountain rocks or valleys deep and wide,
Or oceans with their ever-changing tide: "
"Hear then the tale of Eartha, wise and fair,
Who for her want of heart lies silent there.
Hear then the tale and tell it to thy kind
That they the strength of soul may add to mind.

Long years ago in that dark buried past
On which no light of history is cast;
Before these mountains rose from out the sea
To cast their shadows over vale and lea;
When great convulsions shook this stable sphere,
And continents would rise and disappear,—
Out where yon western waters surge and roll
A beauteous country stretched from pole to pole.
There lived a race of giants strong and great,
A nation of the years without a date.
Advanced were they in science and in art.
Grand homes and temples rose in every part
Of their bright land. And lad and maiden fair
Alike sought for the truth in science there.
Most learned was Eartha, daughter of the king.

Fair as the fairest maid that poets sing.
And, taught by old astronomers and sage
From wisdom's writ or nature's lofty page.
Grand in her form and intellect she stood,
And seemed the perfect type of womanhood.
Wedded was she to Nephilim the brave,
To whom half of the realm her father gave.
Favored was he, and often with his bride
By river bank or ocean beach he hied.
Yet, not so much of simple love spoke they,
As if the powers which in the sunbeam lay.
Or, if the sun had set beyond the sea,
They talked of wand'ring stars or nebulæ.
Thus passed the time; for Eartha fair and wise
Loved *most* the study of the vaulted skies
And oft with active student's keen delight,
Worked out some problem of the planets bright,
And Nephilim proud of her talents rare,
Trusted, and doubted not that love was there.

Much more to him than he could ever know,
Were those bright days; for soon a hidden foe
Shook the foundations of his country dear,
Filling all hearts throughout the land with fear.
And strange forebodings of an evil day
Troubled the wiser ones and stilled the gay.
Low rumblings oft were heard beneath the ground,
And the firm earth would tremble at the sound.
Far in the north, strange, lurid flames would rise,
And e'en the sun his brightness to disguise,
Covered his face as with a darkening vail,
Making hearts sick and bravest men te quail.
The people, gathering at the king's behest,
Debated long to find what course was best
To save their country from its direful fate.
For sages old and ministers of state
Brought forth their theories, in which all agreed
That these were signs and threat'nings which precede
Some great convulsion. That a molten mass
Of fire was 'neath their country, and must pass
Out through some opening, thence into the sea.
None could tell where this opening would be.
Perhaps beneath the stately palace domes,
Or on the plane 'neath simple country homes.
Where e'er it happened, with its fiery breath
'Twould carry to the nation certain death,
Unless by some strange Providence or chance,
The fiery mass should gain deliverance
From out its prison, on a certain strand
Far from the cities unproductive land
With ready slant down to the deep, dark sea.
If *here* it came, the country saved might be.
And *here* the people in their great distress
Said they would *make* it come. With eagerness
The younger men stepped forth their land to save
And first of all was Nephilim, the brave.

For giant implements he sent his men,
For dangerous work he laid his plans, and then
Thought of his bride, and turned to bid adieu.
For of these grave discussions Eartha knew.
He looked among the anxious populace
For that one fair and most beloved face.
For her, from whom throughout his dangerous task,
He rightly love and sympathy might ask.
She was not there. And yet he could not leave
Her whom this fatal journey might bereave,
Without a parting word. And so with haste
He sought her, and her wandering footsteps traced
Down to her favorite nook—a beauteous cave,
Carved in the solid rock by ocean wave,
And lined within with tracings delicate
Made by the fairies Lime and Silicate.

And there he found her, *wrapt in sleep profound,*
While maps of stars and planets lay around.
Long had she worked to fill a student's whim
Without a thought of country or of him.
A moment gazed he on his lovely queen,
When opened were his eyes. To anger keen
And fierce his unrequited love was turned,
And thus he spoke the while his fury burned:

"False is thy wond'rous beauty, telling all
"A heart of flesh beats 'neath this lovely wall.
"Thy heart is *stone*, and like it thou shalt be
"And buried in yon deep, unsounded sea.
"There shalt thou lie 'till *ocean change to land*
"And where this waste of water is, shall stand
"Women whose hearts are great as is thy mind—
"Living in them shall thy chained spirit find
"Release and power to make their womanhood
"As wise and learned as 'tis true and good."

He turned, and flinging wide his gold-filled purse
Left Silica the elf to fill the curse.
Oh! everlasting curse! For when would strand
Change into sea and sea change into land.
Still Eartha slept. While out from deep recess
Within the cave, the little fairies press.
They with a charm her slumbering senses bind,
Then call upon the elves of waves and wind,
Who draw her gently down where seaweed rare
Catches and mingles with her floating hair.
Still, on they bear her, through the stilly deeps
Far from the land, while close behind her creeps
The fairy Silicate. with all his elfish band,
Each grasping tight his gold within his hand.
At last on mossy couch they laid her down,
And every busy fairy, white or brown
Began his work—to mortals never shown—
Till all her lovely form was changed to stone.

Scarce was their task completed, when a sound

As of a mighty tempest thundered 'round.
The sea was parted, and from out the main,
Her caves arose to form a mountain chain.
While the great continent of Nephilim, the brave,
Sank out of sight beneath the ocean wave.
Naught but her loftiest mountain peaks were free;
They form the islands of the southern sea.
Thus was the dreadful curse, in part, fulfilled.
And *sea had changed to land*, as had been willed.
Long lay this new-born land in deep repose.
In *other* climes the human race arose.
But with *these* tribes, no gifted maiden fair
Her brother's store of intellect might share.
She must be meek and humble, well content
To be a simple slave or'ornament
Worn in the home, where lay her proper sphere
Standing in *Love's* domain without a peer.

On rolled the ages, 'till at last 'twas told
That in *this* land was found the farie's gold,
For, at the dreaded sound, the elves had fled
And hid themselves in rocks and river-bed.

To gain the golden dust from far and near
The bravest, strongest people gathered here.
They came with courage strong, thro' trials great.
They sailed o'er oceans to the Golden Gate;
And now within these lovely homes they stand
Peers of the noblest race in any land.
And womanhood with them is great of heart.
And yet 'tis versed in science and in art.

The voice of Fancy ceased—I turned my head
To catch her parting words. "Mortal," she said,
"No more the mount thou callest Tamalpais
Chains down the soul of Eartha, fair and wise.

MABLE URMY.

"A DREAM OF THEE."

A dream of thee before my sight
Comes flitting at my fireside bright.
A rosebud face, two wondrous eyes,
Within whose endless depths there lies
The glowing of a pure love light:

Two little hands so soft and white
That clasping close in mine unite,
All these before my thoughts arise,
A dream of thee!

My mind goes back in winged flight
To just a year before to-night.
Beneath October's starlit skies
(It seemed not far from Paradise)—
Yes, I remember, 'twas not quite
A *dream* of thee!

—*Dartmouth*

THE LECTURE SYSTEM.

SOME recent remarks of President Stratton to the Seniors recalls to mind an old and somewhat hackneyed subject. Hackneyed though it may be, it is interesting, and one destined to determine future college methods. The old system of rigid adherence to the text-book in recitation is fast going out of date, and the change is agreeable as well as accompanied by good results. But whether the lecture system as practiced in many of our colleges, is the proper thing, is a point upon which writers differ; and one which admits of some grave questions as to its efficiency. First, does this system anticipate the object of college training? and secondly, does it meet the desired end of obtaining the most from the subject in hand? To each of the questions we are inclined to answer in the negative, for reasons which will be given.

Training is no small factor in education. It begins with the child, and does not disappear in the man. Without discipline the mind is crude and unable to work. From the lowest grade up the student is classed according to his powers of study, his ability to concentrate his mind, and to grapple with the subject matter. College work is a continuation of this course of discipline. The student in his freshman year finds much difficulty in mastering his studies. It would be quite impossible for him to undertake junior or senior work. Yet when he has reached that period in his college course, the required studies seem comparatively easy. Why is this so? It is because his mind has, by constant exercise, grown equal to the task.

This discipline is one of the main objects of a college course. It is for this that the student is compelled to "wade through" the prescribed course of mathamatics. It is for this reason almost entirely that the languages hold their places in the regular courses of almost every college of standing. The college course is but a preparatory to higher and more special studies. It is the discipline of long years of study that gives to the successful lawyer the ability to see, and make others see; to the physician, his powers of determining causes and effects as ap-

plied to diseases; and to the business man a clear and an orderly brain. This is the result of college training, but the Lecture System ignores all thought of training. The text-book is lost sight of, real study ceases, and and a mere simmering is the consequence. The real benefit goes to the instructor rather than to the student. The latter gradually loses interest in the lectures and loosens his grasp of the subject. He neglects the study until he has done himself an injury which soon becomes apparent in the other recitations.

An argument that is urged in favor of the Lecture System is, that it offers a better and more agreeable method of study. If all other things were equal, we would assent to this argument; but such is not the case. When the recitation is supplanted by a lecture, there is no means of testing the student's knowledge or enforcing a reasonable amount of study. This may be attempted by an occasional "quiz," but the instructor's time will not admit of a genuine recitation. It may be argued that this is not necessary with college students. It may not be for some in the higher classes, but there are those who will shirk when the opportunity is offered; and even the best students are bound to fall into a habit of neglect, perhaps unintentionally. As a rule the text book is not followed by the student, and he only reviews the lecture before an examination. Experience has shown this to be true. Here again the Lecture System is at fault.

We do not mean to advocate the old and now foreign mode of compelling the student to "stick like a leech" to his text book. This system is being rapidly banished from methods of college instruction. But we firmly believe that the Lecture System is not the proper substitute. An intermediate method would conform more to the spirit and demands of the age.

Every professor has his own ideas as to how a subject should be treated, but surely it has not come to pass that in this age of books, a text cannot be found sufficiently comprehensive and clear for the general body of students. If the teacher can improve on the author, let him write his own text book, but at any rate let there be a text book for the class to follow, the subjects being studied, and then discussed by the students and professor. This plan, when properly carried out, admits of all the best features of the Lecture System without being open to its objections.

THE FARALLONES.

(Continued.)

BEFORE the present fog signal was erected, a few years ago, the fog whistle then in use was as curious as any contrivance in the world. It was a huge trumpet, six inches in diameter at its smaller end, and blown by a rush of air through a passage under the rock, connected with the sea The huge incoming breakers, striking with tremendous force against the cave or passage, violently forced the air through the tunnel under the rock to the mouthpiece of the trumpet, at the spout hole, at about sixty feet from the ocean, blowing the whistle with the force, if not the regularity of steam. Thus the very fury of the waves which would quickly sink the bravest ship and drown her crew, was utilized to keep mariners from destruction on the treacherous rocks. Caves are numerous, and one extends under the rocky hill for about one hundred feet. The passage way to the larger chamber within is in places very low and narrow and leads one through devious ways to a good sized room at its end, which is about thirty feet wide and the same in height. There is an excavation in this chamber where tradition says some one once dug for buried treasure, but whether or not anything was ever found remains a mystery. A large grotto by the sea furnishes many curious objects of interest to the student of natural science. Sea anemones and various sorts of marine life of many beautiful hues enlivens the dull somberness of the rocks. Farallon island is certainly a splendid place to study the endless wonders of "old ocean" in all their beautiful and attractive forms.

Sealions are very abundant on the island, and I am told sometimes grow to the extreme length of sixteen feet. The Italian fishermen hunt them for their skins, often killing twenty-five

in one day. Their great hides, some of which are three or four inches thick, are sold by the hunters for three cents a pound, and as the skins weigh on the average two hundred pounds each, the profit to the sealer is seen to be not inconsiderable. The skins are tanned in San Francisco and made into heavy belting, etc. Some of the parts of the sealion are used by the Chinese for the manufacture of medicine. The whiskers are also saved to sell to the Chinese who esteem them highly as toothpicks. A Chinaman will sometimes pay as much as $2.50 for one of the longest whiskers, about fourteen inches in length. The sealions roar continually and never tire of fighting among themselves on the rocks. From the "North Rocks" I one day had a close view of these animals, stretched out on what is known as "Seal Rock." So near was I to them that I threw rocks across, which struck them, but I found I could not succeed in driving them into the water. A dishonest light-keeper once substituted sealion oil for the lard oil sent to the station by the government for the light, selling the lard oil for a good price in San Francisco and pocketing the proceeds. The government was robbed of a considerable amount of money in this manner before the knavish fellow was found out.

The most common bird on the island is the California guillemot or murre. The many colored eggs seen in the market of San Francisco, very often erroneously called "gull's eggs," are from this bird. Their eggs have been picked up and brought to this city for sale since the earliest days of California, when they were sold for very high prices. In the year 1853 a boat visited the islands being gone only three days, and brought back one thousand dozen eggs, which were quickly disposed of at one dollar a dozen. The egg industry of these islands was of so much importance that there was an actual war on South Farallon between rival egg companies, and dead men were sent to San Francisco by every boat. Numerous stone barricades, scattered over the island, are still pointed out as relics of this sanguinary strife. Thirty-thousand dozen is a low estimate of the numbers of eggs which were once shipped every year to San Francisco, but the birds have so decreased in number because of the continued stealing of their eggs that only ten to eleven thousand dozen are now gathered annually. The egg company which used to monopolise this business was put off the island several years ago by the Government. The cruel assault upon an old man, a light-keeper, led to an appeal to Washington for protection, and the removal of the trespassers followed. The eggs are now gathered by the Italians only on "West End," which is connected with "East End" of the South Farallon, by a suspension bridge built on heavy wire and about thirty feet long, which spans the water. The eggs on East End are reserved for the keepers of the light-house. As two large sign boards, one at each landing, forbid any one to land without a special permit, the Italians are in reality tresspassers. The guillemot's eggs are picked from steep and often dangerous places, so that baskets cannot be used, and the eggs are carried around the waist of the egg-picker in special bags or "egg shirts." The eggs of the gull and guillemot are the only kinds used for food. But few of the gull's eggs are brought to market, because of the thinness of their shell, which are much more easily broken than the eggs of the guillemot. Unlike the gull, the California guillemot builds no nest, and deposits but a single egg on the bare rock. The Western gull is the great pirate and "bully" among the birds, and watches relentlessly for a chance to steal and eat the eggs and young of the other species. The eggs of the guillemot and cormorant or shag, are the only ones which he finds accessible, and these he devours at every opportunity. The gull will not devour other gulls' eggs, but frequently steals the eggs from its neighbor gull to supply the place of those stolen from its own nest. The cormorants delight to build their nests on crags, in places out of reach of man. They stay on their nests with more persistence than the proverbial sitting hen, and even after their eggs are stolen they return and sit patiently on the empty nest as though nothing had happened.

During my stay on South Farallon the weather was very windy and foggy, but the island is said to have a full share of pleasant

weather during the year. A lady on the islands suggests that the cloudy weather which prevails during the stay of collectors is entirely due to the profanity of the birds. This may have been true in my case.

Sunset on the Rhine.

Translated from the German of Gottfried Kinkel.

In the clear, spring evening's splendor
When the heavens by stars are kissed,
And the pale moon mild is shining
On the fields o'er hung with mist—
When the evening's ling'ring sunbeams
In the westward paint the skies,
And the nightingale is singing
Where the evening breezes rise—
When from out the deep, blue water
Fishes spring with merry bound,
And within the drowsy coolness
Lies the world without a sound—
When among the dusky willows
Dance the elves with great delight,
And the Nixes with low murmurs
From the stream rise to the light—
Then is the enchanted hour;
Then great splendor too is thine,
For the night and day uniting
Hail thee Prince of Streams, Dear Rhine.
Upon thy surface melted lies
The Niebelungen's gold
Which, like a ball of flaming fire,
On thy flood is ever rolled!
The breath of the Stream God mounts above
In a mist o'er thy peaceful deep,
Embroid'ring the golden-fringed banks
Where he commends thee to sleep.
Meanwhile the shadows on thy bank
Are mingling purple with blue—
Red, white and blue,—thus giving us
The Rhine's own colors, grand to view!

A STUDENT.

All mankind love a lover.—*Emerson.*

They never fail who die in a great cause.—*Byron.*

Knowledge is no part of an education.—*Prof. Standish.*

Not what I have, but what I do, is my kingdom.—*Carlyle.*

He who is not honest with his God, will bear watching everywhere else.—*Rev. Crane.*

MIGMA.

STARTLING DISCOVERY AT SAINTS' REST.

I.

IT was early dawn, the first grey streaks of Old Sol where just breaking forth o'er the eastern hills. All was silence profound, not a murmur nor the rustle of a leaf disturbed the stillness of the hour. It was about the hour for *Sanctus Maximus* to arouse from the arms of "Morpheus" and take his morning stroll through his modern Eden of rare exotics. While perambulating like a visitant from the ephemeral beyond through his sequestered vale and fairy-like grottos perfumed with rare fragrance, he made a discovery which is a valuable addition to modern science—one that would bring tears to the eyes of a Tyndall or Huxley.

He pondered. "Shall I expound it to a startled world? No!—yes, I will."

II.

It was morning. "The beams of the rising sun had gilded the lofty domes" of Saint's Rest. The other Saints were aroused. It was an exultant joy that thrilled the hearts of all when the discoverer made known his wonderful find to an audience of wisdom. Time rolled on.

III.

It was noon. *Sanctus Supremus* and *Sanctus Scribens* were engaged in a heated conversation as to whether the Little Dipper dipped up water, while *Sanctus Taciturnus* and *Sanctus Tennis* were mute. It was then that *Sanctus Minnimus* came in and added an amendment to the morning's discovery. This it was, Editors PHAROS, that persuaded me to offer you this constitution. Pen cannot portray the astonishment of an awe-stricken family. As each visited the scene each returned ten shades paler.

O warriors bold! O heroes rare!
O! scientists just listen,
That which so startling was
The old hen had a chicken.

MINNIMUS.

LOCAL.

P–l–u–g–s ! ! !

Who went to the circus?

Admission Day is coming.

No lecture on last Friday.

Tennis tournament field day ?

Base ball will be lively this year.

Who is to get out the *Naranjado?*

Why do the girls take a front seat in Mechanics?

"Saint's Rest," excommunicated by the Preps.

Why did Seniors take two days to celebrate September 4th?

A pun was noticed in the department of mathematics the other day.

The Class of '86 are to have a reunion this vening at the residence of Miss Guppy.

Latest—"Saint's Rest" in mourning.—The old hen's dead and the chicken's missing.

It is rumored that an alumnus fainted when he first beheld a cup at the faucet near West Hall.

It is rumored that the Preps. have organized a new society. We would suggest "Dark John" as a pass word.

Prof. George to co-ed. in Lab.: "Is this your laboratory bell, Miss ——?" "No. But ——."

For the information of that Junior who professes a strong belief in the Platonic kind of lore, we here state that Washington's birthday is February 22.

Not half a dozen young ladies came for the PHAROS last issue. Why?—we are at a loss to say. Surely they don't wish us to hunt them up.

Von Glahn, '89, returned Monday from Monterey, wearing a pretty little shell on his watch-chain; and yet Von says he had nothing to do with the girls down there.

Plugs are on the tapis.

"Who is not in chapel?"—(Prof.)

Why is a punster like "White wings?"

New name for Senior mustache—"Moth-eaten eye-brow."

It is rumored that Milnes, '86, is contemplating matrimony.

Subscribers will please notice that we have an office and office hours.

Messrs. Tompkins and Upton, '86, visited the Rhizomian Society on last Friday evening.

Codington, '88 is said to have retired to the country on account of illness. Reported convalescent.

An aspiring chemist of '89 who explored a jar of Cl. with his nose, was last seen wearing that organ in a sling.

The hedge on the north side of the Campus has been removed, the remainder is soon to follow.

You may break, you may shatter the flask if you will,
But the fragrance of chlorine will hang round it still.
—ANON.

G—'88 says he is actually learning to like to talk to the girls in the library. "Practice makes perfect."

Class officers of '88: Simpson, President; Miss Chamberlain, Vice President; Pettit, Secretary; Stewart, Treasurer; E. G. Bronaugh, Jr., Sergeant-at-Arms.

Field-day will be held in the latter part of October. Medals will only be offered for broken records although prizes will probably be given to the winners of each event.

Owing to the small attendance at the society on the 27th ult., the Rhizomians indulged in impromptu speeches and an impromptu debate on the labor question.

The following officers were elected by the Athletic Association: President, Wilcox; Vice-President, Wilson; Secretary, Owens; Treasurer, Manning. The directors are: Mering and Reid, '87; Manning and Sweigert, '88; Von Glahn and Owen, '89.

What was the matter with the bells on Friday?

It is whispered that the girls of the boarding hall indulge in "water-mellon feasts."

The graduating exercises will be held in the open air this year.

Young gentlemen who play tennis say that rocks have a great affinity for coat pockets.

Complaint is made by society men of the lack of material suitable for membership.

Conference at Pacific grove called away quite a number of the professors and some of the students last week.

A copy of the Howard street (S.F.) M. E. Church *Monthly Review* contains articles from the pens of Dr. Stratton and Professor George.

We advise our baseball players to study up the articles on curve pitching in the *Scientific American*, on file at the PHAROS office.

The Senior knows no such word as fail. Even a barbed-wire fence proves no obstacle if there is sufficient attractions on the other side.

Trimble is the only Senior who repudiates the black silk plug. His classmates think strongly of compelling him to wear a "shaker" bonnet.

Specimens from the "Cartesian Mine" located last Saturday by Mering, Sing and Reid are the latest additions to the debris on Professor George's desk.

The chapel classes are now arranged, and soon the embryo orator will commence to chew his pen-handle.

Three Seniors who went to church last Sunday with their alleged mustaches, afforded considerable amusement to a party of Chinamen on the car. "Chinese must go."

It is alleged that Meese caught one trout on the Senior picnic; in the absence of the victim to prove the assertion this will be regarded as a "fish story."

Frank E. Smith, formerly of the firm of Smith & Rider, is now in business for himself and prepared to give bargains in all articles in the jewelers line.

Miss Benfey is to have a class in elocution composed of Seniors.

Read Shively's "ad" on last page of cover and make ten per cent on your purchases.

Misses Turner and Mering taught in the Hester school on last Thursday.

Prof. George was unexpectedly called away from school last Friday.

The first base-ball victory of the season was gained by the preparatory nine over a picked nine partially composed of "Eurekas;" score, 15 to 7. Blake, first base, made a four base hit during the game and brought in three men.

Professor George says that, in some respects, it takes more faith to be a scientist than it does to be a Christian. C. Mering says that it takes still more to raise a mustache. From appearances he must be a Senior of little faith.

A movement has been started by the ladies of the State, headed by Mrs. Kingsbury and Miss Lefler, to raise money enough to build a new chapel and art room for the U. P. Over $1,500 was collected at the meeting at Monterey.

Last Saturday the Seniors carried out the first annual celebration of the victory gained by them over the Class of '86, on the night of Sept. 4th, '85, by a picnic and geological excursion to Stevens' creek. They report a splendid time; with but few casualties. Several disputes occurred with regard to the geological period at which the country was upheaved, and one bold youth in his fruitless search after the *epicentrum* came back with harrowing tales of his hair-breath escapes from an *isogeotherm*. Several fine specimens of copper and mercury ores were found, and some of the class talk of developing the resources of the canyon which contains silver, gold, copper, mercury and iron in small quantities, but promise big returns if the lode can be discovered from which the fragments of ore are broken. No mention need be made of the large quantity of grapes and almonds secured by the foraging committees. The next outing of the class will probably be a visit to Mt. Hamilton.

PERSONALS.

Hale '86 is in Sacramento.

C. H. von Glahn spent Sunday at Pacific Grove.

Miss Guppy was out to chapel last Tuesday morning.

Miss Fannie Smith is rusticating at Pacific Grove.

Miss Mamie McMurtry visited school on the 30th ultimo.

Rev. J. J. Martin was at chapel on Tuesday morning, September 31.

Misses Janet Jacks and Ethel Clayton visited school on the 20th ultimo.

W. E. Hawkins spent last Saturday and Sunday at his home in Hollister.

S. G. Tompkins, '86, spends his spare time in the vicinity of the University.

Ralph Urmy visited his old friends at the college on Saturday and Sunday.

Will Jacks went home on last Friday evening to spend Saturday and Sunday.

W. C. Wise, a former student, is studying at the Pacific Theological Seminary, Oakland.

G. W. Strine, '87, is recovering from his severe illness and will soon be in school again.

Harry Taylor has been out of school of late on account of sickness. He had an attack of brain fever.

The familiar face of Charley Houghton was seen in our halls on Wednesday. He goes to Berkeley soon.

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

Meade Bland has charge of the recitations in mathematics in East Hall and is giving good satisfaction.

Jed Ballard '86, came down from the city Saturday and went back Monday. He intends leaving for Chicago the latter part of the month.

Charles Milnes is wrestling with a tenor horn and promises to be a much needed addition to the U. P. orchestra.

James W. Rea, a former student of the U.P., has been nominated on the Republican ticket for Railroad Commissioner.

Miss Fannie Barbour, '87, was happily surprised at her residence in San Jose on Friday evening, Aug. 27, by a merry group of young people from the University who captured the premises.

AFTER THE WEDDING.

I loved her dearly years ago,
And she—she loved me too, she said.
We planned and promised, she and I,
When we were older to be wed.

We planned and promised—happy time
All life was fair before us then
"When we were older," seemed far off,
For she was eight and I was ten.

I chance to think about it now
Because—I married her to-day.
I think of how we pictured it
In those old times, so far away.

'Twas all as we had planned—except
The bridegroom was young Walter Fay,
And I—I was the minister—
And so I married her to-day.

—*Fortnight.*

The following records made at the last field day at Syracuse University may be interesting:

Throwing base ball, 283 feet. One hundred yards dash, 11¼ seconds. One hundred yards dash backwards, 15¼ seconds. Standing broad jump, 9 ft. 7½ in. Putting shot, 30 ft. 1 in. Pole vaulting, 7 ft. 4 in. Four hundred and forty yards dash, 53¼ seconds. Standing high jump, 4 feet 2 inches. Hurdle race, 21 seconds. Hop, step and jump, 38 feet 2 in. High kick, 8 ft. 2 in. 220 yards dash, 25½ seconds. Throwing hammer, 64 ft. 3 in. Running high jump, 4 ft. 10 in. One mile walk, 8 minutes and 9 secoud. Running broad jump, 17 ft. 3½ inches. ½-mile run, 2 min. 20 sec.

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And it verily is a detestible sin
That the students are so greatly lacking in tin,
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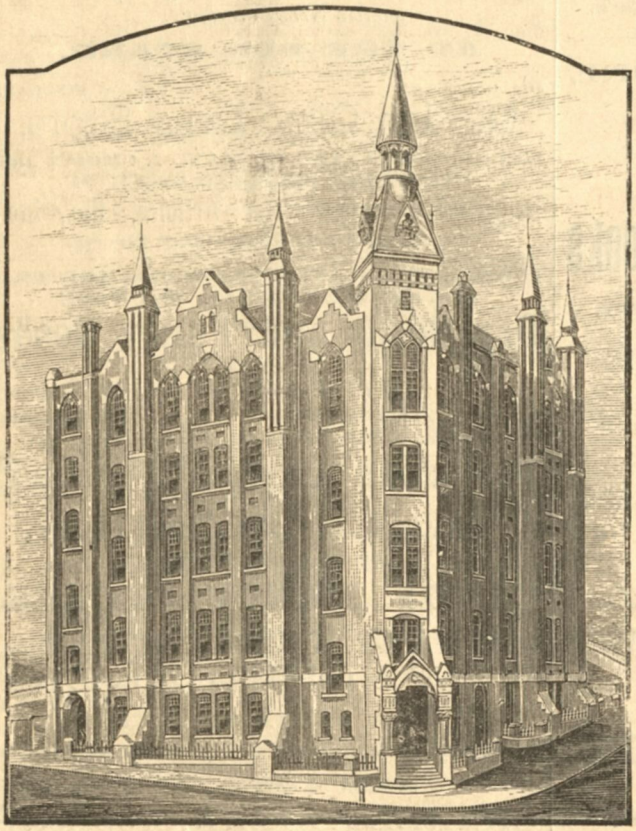

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NORTHERN DIVISION

SOUTHERN PACIFIC COMPANY

BROAD GAUGE

TIME SCHEDULE.

Commencing on SUNDAY, AUG. 20, 1886, 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 Santa Clara.	LEAVE San Jose.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE San Jose.	ARRIVE Santa Clara.
7:25 A.	7:20 A.	Menlo Park, Redwood, San Mateo, San Francisco.	†9:25 A.	†9:16 A.
*8:37 A.	*8:32 A.		10:19 A.	10:13 A.
*1:46 P.	*1:40 P.		12:40 P.	12:33 P.
4:07 P.	4:00 P.		*5:00 P.	*4:55 P.
†6:19 P.	†6:13 P.		6:13 P.	6:06 P.
†7:26 P.	†7:20 P.			
12:33 P.	12:43 P.	Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, Salinas	*8:32 A	*8:37 A.
*4:55 P.	*5:00 P.		¶3:57 P.	¶4:07 P.
12:33 P	12:43 P.	Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel (Capitola) and Santa Cruz.	*8:32 A.	*8:37 A.
*4:55 P.	*5:00 P.		3:57 P.	4:07 P.
12:33 P.	12:43 P.	Soledad, San Ardo and all Points. StageConnections with this train.	3:57 P.	4:07 P.
†9:16 A.	†9:25 A.	Monterey, Aptos, Soquel, (Capitola) and Santa Cruz. Sunday Excursion	†7:17 P.	†7:26 P.

*Sundays excepted. †Sundays only.
¶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.

SUNDAY EXCURSION TICKETS—Round Trip, to any of the above points, sold on Sunday, good for return on same day, only **$1.75.**

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.

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