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University of the Pacific

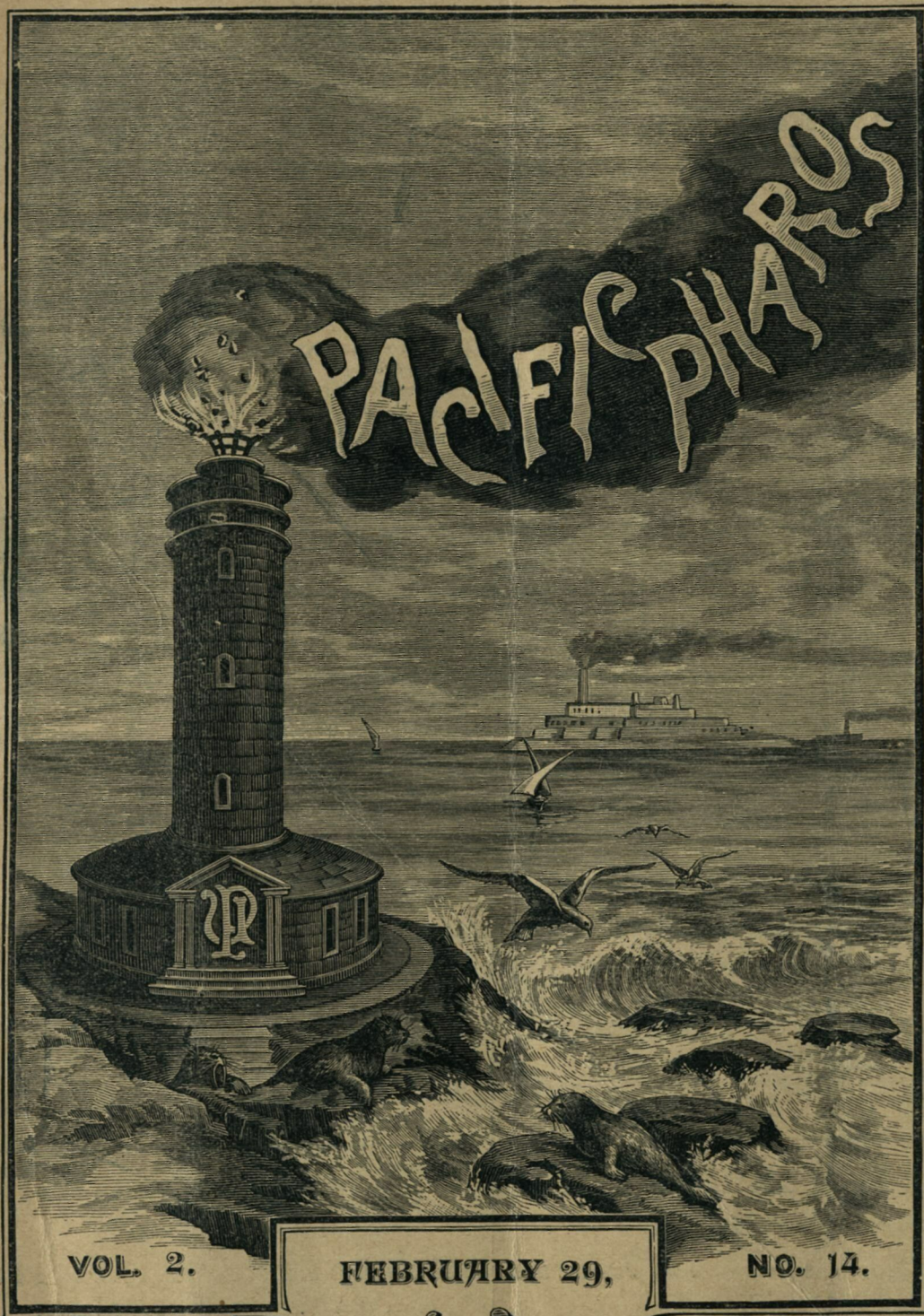
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VOL. 2.

FEBRUARY 29,

NO. 14.

1888

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EDITORIAL.

POSSIBLY what we have to remark may bring down upon our "devoted head" indignation, but that is to be expected—the editor is a universal target for mankind to practice archery against. But—*revenons a nos moutons.*

It is a notable and indisputable fact that so far as genuine social culture goes, we of the University of the Pacific are immeasurably in advance of those institutions in the land wherein the advantages and blessings of co-education are not appreciated and realized. To establish our position we need only refer you to a comparison of a body of our students with a similar group from elsewhere in the State. The result will not be at all doubtful. We have made many comparisons of this sort, and have never failed to note in our boys, more than in the average student body, an ease of bearing, a manly deference to the other sex, which marks the high-souled gentleman, coupled with a careful regard for the rights of all others. This

is only natural. Co-education is the most effective polisher of youthful manners that can be anywhere found. Now, in spite of all this, we have not yet attained the happy desideratum. Our social customs and social ideas (we are speaking of the general average) are somewhat of the back number variety. The reason for this is not hard to find. The best associations of college life at the U. P. are not open to all comers. As every alumnus knows, it is only in rare instances that Academics and lower classmen are placed upon the invitation lists of the young ladies' societies, etc. This is not a hardship to any one but a necessity, but it narrows the social limits to all but the "favored few." What is needed to supply the deficiency is the establishment of a regular social, say monthly, which all the students would feel bound to attend. Its cost would be comparatively slight and the management could be undertaken by a joint committee selected from all the classes and the academic depart-

ment. This would tend greatly to rub the rusticity from off the manners of the rural invoice that arrives every half year.

THE question which is now presenting a claim upon our attention is one which affects every loyal student in a greater or less degree and relates to Field Day. Had we been asked three months ago whether or not we advised Field Day, we should have felt not the least hesitation in making an affirmative reply. As it now stands, with the appointed day only a little over six weeks away, with the mid-terms close upon us and *no event* entered or prepared for, the matter will admit of much discussion. This, however, is not the proper place to review the case in detail, but merely to offer brief suggestions. This we urge upon the students—they should call together the A. A. and see what is to be done, or, if that body be past resuscitation, a joint meeting of the four classes might be held and the matter settled. This one thing is to be borne in mind: more harm than good will result from a poor set of records and these are all that can be made without careful training. Lastly, if we are to have the contest it *must* be determined now. Every day's delay lessens our prospects.

DURING the past week or so there has been an unusual degree of social activity manifested in and about the University. As a natural result of this, a close observer might, if he would, detect here and there heavy eyes and haggard countenances, for each hour given to society on a week night means to the conscientious student another hour added to his nocturnal vigils. There is just about so much work to be done—some will add to it and some take away—before graduation. While social attrition is essential to a perfectly polished and symmetrical life and character it is not to be lost sight of that after all close study, deep and long continued thought is the foremost article of the true student's creed. With this in view it behooves the projectors of entertainments, etc., to so arrange them as to least interfere with the student.

SELFISHNESS is not our pet failing nor is it the policy of this paper to monopolize anything, but the special editorial privilege of growling we regard as too sacred to be ruthlessly infringed upon without comment. When a paper becomes hopelessly pessimistic, as many journals do, it is mercilessly "sat upon" by its readers. There may be some excuse for such a case, though; when a paper "kicks" long and loud at anything it is generally for some good end. But when one insignificant, disgruntled individual determines not to be satisfied with anybody or anything he is to be sincerely pitied. There are among our subscribers two or three such confirmed pessimists. These objected when asked to subscribe, were terribly indignant when politely requested to "pay up;" these few modern disciples of Antisthenes we have never been able to please. They have considered, apparently, that the payment of \$1.50 gave them the right to find fault with us in season and out of season, whether we deserved censure or not. The plain fact is we are resolved to endure it no longer, for one "constitutional kicker" annoys us more than any other of our multitudinous cares. It would of course offend these individuals mightily to tell them that day by day they are growing into a similitude of Balaam's celebrated quadruped, but the same is, nevertheless, a cold, hard fact.

WE feel compelled to speak once more of that exceedingly thread-bare subject—the present stagnation in athletic affairs. We have searched carefully for a cause of this abnormal depression but must confess that our quest has been thus far vain. It is hardly possible that the diamond is deserted and grass-grown because of an absence of base-ball material. It may be that we have not the brilliant individual players we once had, but there are certainly enough good "all-around" players in the University to warrant the re-organization of our once invincible nine. We have a first-class catcher, a close out-field, an unapproachable first base man and a sprinkling of aspirants for the other bases. A passable pitcher ought to be found among the tyros who are in school.

LITERARY.

AMONG THE SIERRAS.

(To be continued.)

WE had passed a very pleasant night, considering our surroundings, so we were as fresh and bright as a new half-dollar for our second day's journey. Our route was over a very rough portion of the county, and the rocky road to Dublin could be no counterpart of the unevenness of the perspective day's ride. Leaving the little village, having however first made considerable addition to our commissary department, we, northward, took our way. Dense thickets of firs, pines, cedars and balsams, met our astonished gaze on *dexter* and *sinister* sides. The immense timber supply of this section justifies the belief of its inhabitants that this part of the county, with such a vast amount of wealth-producing resources, will, in some future time, rank as one of the richest counties of the state. We paused and pondered over the vastness and grandeur of Nature. First ten and fifteen feet in diameter, extending three and four hundred feet into the vast expanse of space; cedars nearly as high. Aye, Rome with her St. Peters, Greece with her Parthenon, and all the cities of antiquity can boast of their magnificent structures supporting gilded spires that glisten like the diamond before the rays of the morning sun, but California can point with pride to her gigantic handiworks of nature. As one gazes on these stupendous works, there is an indelible impression stamped upon character of the mightiness and the power of the Almighty.

We camped that night, Midian-like, at a small mountain town (if I properly could call it a town), known as Ham's Station. The extreme coldness of the water in and about this little burg, impressed us with the fact we were nearing the snow line, and that probably ere another sun had crossed the meridian we would be surrounded with mantles of whiteness, symbols of purity and love.

Being informed, by the gentleman in charge of the station, that an abundance of deer roamed in the wilds of the canon two miles distant, we decided to try our luck, for we were Nimrods brave and bold. Oh! will I ever forget the horrors of that night? Arriving at the desired point, marked by an Indian hut, we were met and saluted by having the muzzle of a gun poked in our faces. It was not a pleasant sensation, but of course we did not object. This prototype of barbarity ordered us off his premises, which probably extended, in his mind, from "Dan to Beersheba," and after a hasty consultation we thought it best to obey. We now began to think how to "trail" the way back to our rendezvous. A night of Egyptian darkness had closed upon the scene, for not a star was visible o'er this portion of a "still and pulseless world." We were warned ere we departed, that we were too young to leave our mothers, (for we were green col-

legiates,) and the remark seemed to be verified. Lost in this big world, hungry, wet and cold—one hundred miles from home! We had a most distressing time groping through the darkness over a trail, the merest apology for a highway, which had probably never been traveled but by the "Red Man of the Forest." Jumping over rocks and through ruts, we at last reached our camp, *sadder*, but *wiser* men. We found our camp occupied by mosquitoes, gnats and fleas, who came down upon us like a "wolf on the fold." My nose had already blossomed out like a full-blown peony, that served the purpose of a lantern, and as I desired no further attacks on that organ, I proposed to proceed to the barn and sleep with our horses, but as I only owned one-half of the bed-clothes and the other half wouldn't go, I was obliged to accept my fate—food for cannibals. There was no sleep for me that night. I had been informed that grizzly bears often made calls on campers during the late evening and early morning hours. I slept not. The Starry Grizzly, in his northern den, seemed to pronounce a lasting benediction upon me as he sank lower every hour. A rustle of a leaf hard by caused the raising of my gun immediately. My time, I thought, had come. Ever and anon the blood seemed to stagnate in my arteries. Was it possible that I was to make a meal for a grizzly? Thoughts of years ago passed over and across the *pia* and *dura* matters of my brain with lightning-like rapidity. All the transgressions of my life, the pleasant scenes of my *Alma Mater*, home and kindred all rose before me. I sounded the reveille to the rest of the party, with the ejaculation: "Boys, get up, quick; here comes a bear, sure; we are done for!" In an instant we were up, with guns cocked, and out stepped a poor, lonely old cow, quietly munching her cud.

Streakings of the morning light closed the grand hymn to-night, the black clouds of darkness swept away and morning was at hand. Luxuriant stood the tremendous thickets, and weird and solemn seemed the woody avenues, where anon a day-shaft has never penetrated.

IONE.

THE WIVES OF GREAT MEN.

AS your writer was pensively strolling through the campus a short time since, these misquoted words were borne to his ears:

"The *wives* of great men all remind us,
We can be, as wives, sublime—"

Here the voice lowered and I was unable to distinguish the following lines, but inadvertently looking up I recognized the speaker as a South Hall girl. She was evidently not aware of my approach, but was addressing her chum, a "lovely maid of tender years." Not wishing to cause any embarrassment, I turned aside and passed by unobserved. As I sauntered on the words, "The wives of great men—" kept ringing in my ears. I

could not rid myself of the amusing couplet, so after reaching home I determined to ascertain who the wives of the great men were.

As I thought of the men who had achieved fame, men who were truly great, Newton, the philosopher, came before my mind; then Locke, Galileo, Pope, and many more of the eminent, but, alas! they were all bachelors. I then turned my attention to Socrates, but I did not long dwell on the wife of this learned scholar; Xantippe is proverbial, but she has immortalized her name; she was not without her uses, for, as Socrates said, "She taught me the great virtue of patience."

The wife of a great English divine then presented herself to my imagination. I thought I could see Hooker seated in a disorderly room, conversing with his friends on some subject which he loved to discuss, when his wife, not being able to appreciate the great man or his friends, broke in upon them and commanded her husband to "fetch a pail of water, and then rock the cradle for thirty-five minutes." Yes, that is the way that Mrs. Hooker chose to make "her life sublime."

Dryden, when he entered the state of "dual blessedness," forgot the warning lines of Messenger, "For any man to match above his rank is but to sell his liberty," and took to wife Elizabeth Howard, daughter of the Earl of Berkshire. The match added little to his wealth and less to his happiness. So severe was his domestic relations and experiences that in all his after writings he inveighed against matrimonial alliances.

Addison—if the reports be true—also "married discord in a noble wife," the Countess Dowager, but she, like Lady Dryden, never forgot her extraction from the nobility. Instead of appreciating the talents which a gift from heaven placed her husband in the scale of being high above the accidental advantage of wealth or position, she never forgot the distinction and by her haughty spirit embittered his life and soured his temper.

Who, then, thought I, that has read "The Sentimental Journey" or "Le Fevre," would think the author of those touching works could treat a wife with severity, yet Stearne, a minister of the Gospel, and an admired writer, behaved with such unkindness toward the one whom he had sworn "to love, cherish and protect," that she was obliged to abandon him and take refuge in a convent, whither her daughter had retired some time previous.

I also thought of the unhappy circumstance connected with the marriage of Lord Byron, for while he drank the charmed cup of fame and cared only for the "draught that mounted high," he turned from the sweet waters of affection's spring and threw away his own happiness, and in the short space of one year he ruined the hopes of his fond wife. They parted. Byron, self-exiled, left England never to return, while Lady Byron returned to her parents and proved during her remaining life that, like a true heroine, she "knew how to suffer and be still."

But these, thought I, are remarkably unhappy instances

of the marriage relations of the great, so I turned to those of a happier nature, and was surprised to find that the majority of unions effected by the great have been like those just described.

Lady Rachel Russell, wife of Lord William Russell, stood out as one of the most beautiful pictures of womanly affection. Her conduct during his trial is admired by all readers. How devotedly he loved her needs not be said. We need only remember that just before the execution, after he had taken final leave of her, the only words he could utter were; "The bitterness of death is now past!"

Steele and Parnell were both happy in their domestic relations. The latter married a young woman of great merit and attainments, but she lived only a few years, and Parnell's grief at her death so preyed upon his mind that he never recovered his wonted spirits and health.

Dr. Johnson's marriage with Mrs. Potter has caused a great deal of comment. She was old enough to have been his mother, yet the union was pleasant and agreeable. It was not a love-match, but, on the contrary, was one of mutual esteem and reciprocal affection. Johnson was anything but graceful in his appearance, but she lost sight of his ungainly manners in the recognition of his admirable qualities. Again, Mrs. Potter was not a "handsome widow," but the Doctor was very near sighted and so could not detect her personal faults. Johnson outlived his wife, and he lamented her death as his greatest trial. His writings contain many proofs of the lively and sincere affection he entertained for her.

We might refer to Luther's happy marriage with the escaped nun; of Bunyan's union with the woman of "practical piety;" to the wives of Calvin, LeFontaine, and many others, but we refrain.

From the experiences developed from these matrimonial alliances, I could not exactly understand how the aspiring inmate of South Hall could apply those lines with any degree of self-satisfaction, and I will therefore leave the reader to draw his own conclusions. †

OBITUARY.

"Died, February 22d, of starvation, the Club House cat."

In this brief notice there is a world of pathos to some of us. There are some who mourn and with heavy-lidded eyes pursue the dull routine of life, their way uncheered by the nightly sound of an oft heard voice, now hushed in the solemn quiet of the grave. No stately mausoleum shall mark her humble resting place; no wealth of flowers and blossoms deck that lowly mound. But, for all that, her name shall be a household word among us, and oft shall we name her virtues o'er. And some day, perhaps, we will rear above her narrow home a simple, unpretentious slab, with only these words carved upon it:

"Requiescat in Pace."

MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

EAST HALL ECHOES.

W. A. BEASLEY, Editor.

Miss JESSIE CHARLES, Assistant.

Allen—our tragedian.

Miss Offenbacher is classical.

The Astronomy class is doing good work.

Harry Willis has returned after a short illness.

Van Horn visited his home in Alameda recently.

WANTED—A study room from 12:30 till 1 o'clock.

Anthon's Virgil is only one step removed from a pony.

Albert Lawrence has been unwell for a few days past.

Black and Koeber are substituting Geometry for French.

The class in English Authors is studying Grey's Elegy.

The Geometry is a great assistance to those who are regular.

Nowell's war-whoop again resounds through the Hall. He is well once more.

Miss Lulu Watson will furnish music at the rhetorical of the first division of the Third Year class.

Donaldson visited the Hall not long since. He recently preached in Centella Chapel, San Jose.

"Fairy strains of music fall" in the eastern part of the building at one o'clock.

Averitt's wheel collided with that of a wagon near the postoffice lately. The wagon went on but Averitt went off.

The college societies are becoming crowded. Some energetic Academy students should form a society of their own.

Pretty climbers spreading over the Hall near the rooms of the grammar grades make it the most charming corner of the Hall.

With what loud assurance does a man say "Perfect" at roll call when by chance he has been asked no questions during recitation.

Some persons who desired to double the lessons in Caesar last term do not get on so swimmingly in Latin now. "Haman hangs on Haman's scaffold."

The amount of rubbish deposited on the grass-plot near the bookstore is disagreeably large. The grass there is also much worn by the feet of idlers who make it a loafing place.

Prof. Surface met the Third Year class Tuesday of last week, and gave them some information as to the standing that will be required for graduation. The class will be small owing to irregularity.

MIGMA.

Heard at a Social Promenade.

"Will I join you in the procession?
Why really and truly you're kind,
And deserving my frankest confession
There's nothing that's more to my mind.

"Aren't promenade socials delightful?
Where's your arm? I'm just dying to go!
Though, would you believe it?, that careful
Preceptress thinks it not *comme il faut*.

"What a crowd! it is really exciting;
The occasion is really a boon.
Just see those Seniors inviting
Attention by trying to spoon!

"I declare! it is awfully trying
To submit to a cross chaperone
When every minute I'm dying
Like the Seniors to go it alone.

"You need not do so much gazing
At Carrie, Bessie and Fan,
I don't see much about *them* amazing;
But then that's the way of a man.

"I really can't see what's the matter
That everyone talks so to-night;
I can't bear to hear a girl chatter,
It makes her a regular fright.

"Dear me! I was nearly a goner,
Preceptress was looking this way
Let's find a secluded corner
And indulge in a nice *tete-a-tete*."

San Jose, Feb. 22d.

KNARF.

"BOOKS THAT HAVE HELPED ME."

IN these degenerate days when it has become the fashion for every person of any literary repute to proclaim in print the mental pabulum to which he attributes his greatness, I do not deem it entirely an act of presumption to disclose to a long suffering public my source of cerebral development.

Among the earliest memories of my youth is an old dogeared 'Wilson's Primer,' that never failed to delight my child's heart with its classic utterances. It was the corner-stone of my education, but was not essentially valuable to me in this way, since a much smaller book would have contained all the wisdom that I gleaned from its pages. But never can I forget its value as propped upon my desk in its most studious attitude it served as a screen while I spent the hours of happy childhood in playing 'tit-tat-toe' upon the slate of my desk-mate. Pleasant

diversion! I find nothing in Horace to equal it in its fullness of rustic pleasure.

In a few years I found myself learning the secret of the earth's surface from 'Monteith's Primary Geography.' Perhaps this book would never have proved of especial value to me beyond conveying the astounding information that the world was round, if I had not been under the care of a lady teacher possessing peculiar ideas regarding co-education in the public school. The first day found her tracing a line from the middle of the door-step across the playground to the front gate, and dire was the penalty to be inflicted upon any one of either sex who should dare approach nearer than ten feet of the danger line separating his or her allotted portion. Unfortunately for me, I had the temerity to defy the rule, not in deed but in spirit, by playing "catch" across the line and was detected in the act. The irate school-mistress bade me prepare for punishment, and with unusual obedience and alacrity I cheerfully prepared to the best of my ability. I had not then attained the dignity of suspenders and skirt coats, and my "Monteith" was soon placed in a position where it soon very materially "helped me," while undergoing a species of chastisement generally regarded as peculiarly adapted to those of tender years. Still, the humility of my position sank very deeply into my being, and I have never recovered from being extremely cautious lest I should infringe some law, known or unknown, established by the terrestrial guardian angel so necessary to provide for the welfare of the young ladies in educational institutions.

I always had a desire for literature, and at a comparatively early age made the acquaintance of a number of authors. The luxuriant rhetoric of the dime novel was forbidden fruit to me, but numerous volumes from a Sunday School library supplied the deficiency. One of these, "Jimmie and Tommy," has stamped itself upon my mind. The hero, as usual, was a good little boy, who at the age of ten could discuss with ease questions in theology that would stagger a Senior in all his ethical lore. This impressed me very forcibly, but my desire to become famous for longevity would not permit me to follow in the footsteps of "Jimmie," who died young, and I attribute my ripe old age to the reflex action of this book. Perhaps, however, it was fortunate for me that I could not, by reason of lack of facilities, entirely pattern after "Tommy," the bad little boy, who in addition to numerous faults, used to fish in the river on Sunday, and, it is not necessary to add, is alive yet.

I might give a long list of college text-books that have "helped me" utilize the greater part of the twenty-four hours in study and research, but I am afraid that they are already more or less familiar to PHAROS readers. The most prominent of all is a ponderous scientific tome, which in training for Field Day serves as a fulcrum under my phalanges, and is very useful when the inclemency of the weather hinders outdoor muscular exercise.

Perhaps this is enough to show of what value books may

be when properly used. "Reading maketh a full man," it is true, but to extract the greatest good from books one must be prepared to use them in every emergency. If students would follow my example and give results of their experience regarding books, in time a list might be prepared that would prove very valuable to future generations. It would not be a very astonishing fact if Bohn's translations would not be given the place of honor as the student's greatest help. I often wonder that the student world has not long ago prepared suitable testimonials in appreciation of his services.

'88 RECEPTION.

ON Thursday evening last, Mrs. A. B. Miner tendered a farewell reception to the Senior Class, at her elegant residence on Stockton Avenue. Mrs. Miner has, from the time of '88's organization, ever been a true friend of this class, and her home has been the scene of many pleasant gatherings of '88, the incidents of which will be cherished and the pleasures remembered when, in future years, fancy, with her magic wand, shall throw back the veil of by-gone times. The evening was spent in the indulgence of parlor games, *novel* and *new*. The latest "fad" of progressive *angling* and a Josh Billings spelling match, were features of the evening's festivities that were especially enjoyed.

The harmonious sounds of the piano, the warbling of songs peculiar to college life, and the *maneuvers* of some members of the class, hastened the approach of the small hours.

At the close of a collation of the choicest of eatables, and amid the sounds of "Good Night, Ladies," the joyous throng sought their coaches, declaring they had spent one of the pleasantest of many pleasant evenings. There were present:

Mrs. A. B. Miner, Mrs. F. A. Taylor, Miss Bertie Miles, ex-'88, Miss Etta Beale, Miss Janie Cory, Mrs. Campbell, Miss King, H. W. Wilcox, '87, Miss Clara Ross, '86.

'88's—Misses Eaton, Huggins, Gober, Smith, Tisdale, Turner and Mayne, and Messrs. Bronaugh, Driver, Elsey, Nelson, Pettit, Simpson, Stewart, Miner, Sweigert, Avery and Mark.

CAN YOU TELL—Why Cecil left the reception so suddenly the other evening? Why McKelvy didn't get left February 22d? Why Pliny Evans didn't go to the Sopholectian reception? Why the young ladies of South Hall did not go to Alum Rock February 22d? Why Milnes went to Gilroy? Why Stewart never lost sight of his company at the Soph's reception? Who are the happiest—Those who went to Mt. Hamilton, or those that staid at home? Why Kendall blushes when you talk about ushering? Why the young ladies departed so suddenly from the Rhizomian trial?

SOPHOLECHTIA AT HOME.

FRIDAY evening, February 17th, will long be remembered by the "wit and beauty" of Sopholechia and her many friends as one of the most delightful and pleasant evenings spent within her history.

The elegant parlors of the handsome residence of Mrs. H. Eaton, 530 North First Street, were filled by eight o'clock with active and honorary members of the society, who captivated by Sopholechia's many charms had released themselves from the cares and anxieties of college life, *pro tempore*, to enjoy one of the pleasantest of the many pleasant events of University social life. The large parlors had been transferred by the young ladies into a veritable bower, scented with the sweet perfumes of the rarest exotics from garden and hothouse. This combined with the elegant costumes of the young ladies, under the subdued light transmitted through vari-colored globes, presented a spectacular effect. The festivities of the evening were introduced by a prize competition in placing a tusk (while blind-fold), upon the crayon-drawing of an elephant. Miss Meda McMillan, '91 and Mr. R. C. Sargent, '91, were the victors. Other parlor games followed, which continued with the harmonious sounds of the piano, the reverberation of college songs, and the conversation of the joyous throng hastened the approach of the morning hours. At 10, a dainty collation that would bring tears to the eyes of an Epicurean was served, at the close of which quotations were given to the guests while the recipients were obliged to guess the author at the expense of a forfeit. The "shorter hours soon passed by with footsteps fleet." It was a late hour when the guests departed, vowing they had never spent a more pleasant evening, and that a indissoluble link had been forged in memory's chain of pleasant recollections.

Among the joyous throng were to be found:—Prof. and Mrs. J. N. Martin, Professors Lease and Surface, Miss Lucy Booth, Mrs. H. S. Kingsbury, Miss Jensen and Mrs. H. Eaton. Misses Ida Larkey, Hattie Nelson, Ada Larkey, Lillie Nelson, Eva Hunkins, Etta Hirst, Belle Mabury, Carrie Stevens, Eugene Mabury, Kittie Pierce, Emily Brown, Louise Tisdale, Nettie Whitehurst, Agnes Sargent, Florence Brown, Myra Crow, Alice Naramore, Elsie Shelley, Lulu Heacock, Nellie Zuck, Rosa Harrison, Edith Wilcox, Edna Bowman, Meda McMillan, Susie Kingsbury, Jessie Charles, Lena Ury, Nellie and Mamie Offenbacher, Ethel Clayton, Percy Harris, Belle Eaton, Lulu Watson, Laura Miller. Messrs. J. W. McCaughy, Paul Mabury, H. M. Nelson, Robert Masten, Fred Stewart, P. S. Driver, E. C. Bronaugh, R. C. Sargent, E. A. Wilcox, Will Bowman, Albert Eaton, W. D. Kingsbury, Will A. Beasley, E. Rich, Will Gossard, H. McKelvey, Fred Canney, H. B. Hunkins, Fred Hazzard, Walter Searle, Claude Macfarlane, R. B. Hale, S. C. Evans, Mark Pettit.

Prof. of Law—"What is necessary to constitute a will?"
Law Student—"A corpse and some property."

PERSONAL.

J. L. Coats, '87, is visiting his old college friends.

W. I. Hawkins, '85, was in San Jose on the 22d.

Cecil Mark, '88, spent last Sunday in San Francisco.

H. R. Taylor, ex-'90, passed through San Jose, Friday.

W. R. Shafer, ex-'88, is visiting his parents in San Jose.

A. J. Swickard, ex-'90, is engaged in the mercantile business in San Jose.

Miss Jennie Alexander, '87, was present at the chapel exercises Friday.

A. S. Larkey, '86, will complete his studies at the Philadelphia Medical College in '89.

Will Jacks, ex-'88, is pursuing a course in book-keeping at Heald's business College, San Francisco.

Miss Myra Crow, ex-'91, student at Mills Seminary, was present at the Sopholechthian reception.

COMMUNICATIONS.

THE OTHER SIDE.

As the Rhizomian Society caused a notice of my expulsion from its membership to be published in the last issue of the PHAROS, I desire to state a few facts in reply.

I never handed my name to any member of the Rhizomian Society. It was voted on without my knowledge or permission. When congratulated as a member of that Society, I was ignorant of what the congratulations might mean, as I consented to nothing and signed nothing. I never considered myself a member and so never paid fees or dues. I do not consider myself expelled, though the Society may have gone through the formalities of expulsion.

Respectfully,

ARTHUR A. BIGGER.

A VISION.

Chum and I had been "grinding" for the mid-terms from dusk until close upon the "witching hour" when, according to Horatio and old wives' tales, the "sheeted dead" do "squeak and gibber in the Roman streets." My mind growing weary of sine, cosine and log., parallax, refraction and differentials, I thought to find rest and relaxation in the perusal of my pet author, Dickens, so I took down from the shelf a battered, much-be-thumbed copy of his *Christmas Carols* and settled myself for a quiet half hour's read, preparatory to retiring. Growing drowsy soon, I closed the volume and sauntered out into

the still, pale moonlight, lazily thinking of old Scrooge's ghostly visitants. My aimless steps led me, before I knew it, to the western gate of the campus. I entered and, having sated my thirst at the tap, glanced at my watch, thinking I would turn homeward. I had just observed that it was twelve o'clock to a minute when I saw out upon the "diamond" spectral forms flitting noiselessly around the bases and through the field. After I had rubbed my eyes, pinched my arm and assured myself that I was wide awake and in my sober senses, I drew nearer, impelled by a sort of fascination. Around the ball ground I was positive that I saw an etherial throng, and then, when I beheld them throw their hats in the air and clap their hands, but without the slightest sound, I was too stupefied with amazement to wonder at anything. Just at this point I saw what at first seemed to be a procession marching in regular rank and in perfect time through the grove. Looking a second time, there became apparent the silver glint of the moonlight reflected from bayonets and buckles. What could it be? As I was musing I *felt* rather than saw that I was not alone! By my side was a ghost-like form, statelier than any I had yet observed. In rambling accents I inquired, "And who or what may you be?"

"Like the Club House cat, died of starvation and neglect," came the reply.

Recognizing in the ghost an old friend, and one whom I had sought to recuperate time and again, I grew bolder and asked him the meaning of the strange antics I saw still going on.

"The forms you see on the ball ground," said my ghostly guide, "are those of the University Nine. They are winning over again one of their old-time victories. Ah, me! that was when I was in all my glory."

Sure enough, on looking closely I recognized among the shadowy shapes the forms of Brown and Warburton, the phenomenal battery of by-gone days. Turning then to the squad that was still marching, and going through what was evidently "company drill," I questioned my unearthly familiar; I asked an explanation, and learned that they were the spiritual counterparts of the "University Guards." "This is drill night," said the ghost. Among these I recognized forms of those that I *knew* were among the living. Before I could control my chattering teeth and fear silenced lips, however, sufficiently to make them do their office, my guide pointed with a long, bony fore-finger to another group who seemed to be carrying drums, horns, and all the paraphernalia of a brass band. Arguing from analogy, I presumed that these were the shades of the musicians who of yore formed the brass band. "Look," said the spectre by my side, "there are still more. See; there comes the Athletic Association, from the Gymnasium." The last word was unfamiliar, but I looked and saw a crowd pouring forth from a handsome building, lettered over the doorway, "GYMNASIUM." Too much astonished for speech, I looked at my

cicerone's bidding and saw the shapes and shadows of many a departed organization flitting hither and thither through the weird, fantastic shadows cast by the stately Eucalypti which towered high where I *daily* saw unsightly stumps. "Tell me, Sir Ghost," was my query, "what does all this mean?" With a vague, indefinable smile of pity, the spectre answered: "These strange sights that you have seen, pale 'slave of the lamp,' are the spirits of things departed and of things yet to come. Disembodied, we nightly hold our revels for one short hour until the first of the new day. Some of us shall live again, maybe, but my spirit, alas, is growing more and more tenuous, day by day. I fear I shall soon fade away forever and be forgotten, forgotten, forgotten. But, hark! 'tis one o'clock," and I looked, but there was neither shape nor shadow any more. Building, trees and specters had vanished whence they came. In my fright I ran, stumbled, fell and opened my eyes to find myself lying back in my easy chair and heard my chum saying, in no mild tone, "—, you are the worst sleepyhead I ever saw. Quit your muttering and mumbling and go to bed!"

Reader, can you understand it all? It has furnished me mental food enough to keep me thinking for the next three months. Queer dream, wasn't it?

AN OLD FOGY.

SAN JOSE, Feb. 27, '88.

LOCAL.

Prof. George says there are "cranks" in Chemistry.

Dr. Wythe was last Friday's lecturer. Subject: "Life."

"In Botany to day we take up pistils. Well, now, how about that?"

There are about one dozen societies that a young man can join in the U. P.

Latest sheet music at Schemmel's music store, 72 to 78 East Santa Clara street, San Jose. *

The Archanian Society has some new oak colored frames hanging in the halls of the college.

Swickard of '91 has finished his University career. Andy says he is going to be a groceryman.

Senior boys have taken to ladies' jewelry; one wears a bracelet, another a cuff-button.

"In the Spring the Senior's fancy

Lightly turns to thoughts of —his thesis."

The Rhizomian Society, ever taking the initiative in new departures, has now in project a society picnic.

For a fine hair cut or shampoo call at Koch's Hair Dressing Saloon, Santa Clara street, opposite Auzerais House. *

Mark Twain's *Meisterschaft* article will be utterly eclipsed when the Modern Language social comes off.

Pianos tuned and repaired at Schemmel's Steinway agency, 72 to 78 East Santa Clara street, San Jose.

One of the Juniors came to Mathematics the other day just as his class was being dismissed. Juniors, wake up!

It is too bad that where the paths diverge there could not be these signs, "Ladies, this side; "Gentlemen, this."

Misses Crow and Breyfogle were in San Jose over last Sabbath. They will return to the University next term.

The Sopholechtian reception was the most enjoyable social event that has taken place this term.

The base-ball backstop is coming into bad repute of late. We easily see why many of the scholars were enthusiastic for having a good one.

We happened to glance into a '91's book a few days ago, and what do you think we saw? The '90 yell. That is right, Freshie, emulate your elders.

C. G. Jefferson, of '91, has been confined at home with the measles, which leave his eyes in a weak condition. It is hoped that his eyes will speedily regain strength.

The chapel hour, Thursday morning February 23d, was occupied by Prof. J. N. Martin, who lectured briefly on "Language." This, the first of the language lectures, was highly enjoyable.

Student to Prof. of Science—"Professor, try it with your finger to find out if it is nitric acid." Prof.—"The Sopholechtians are going to have a gathering this evening and I don't want anything on my finger."

The French and German reception is looked forward to with much pleasure. Although we will probably work under difficulties at first, until a better vocabulary is formed, much benefit must follow.

Several of the bicyclists spend their noons spinning around the school track. As the road was poor, they all thought they would wait a few days before lowering thirty-six seconds.

The regular afternoon lecture bell the previous Friday was occupied by Miss Calhoun and her pupils. Recitations by Miss McCracken, W. A. Allen and Fred Hazard were exceptionally good and loudly applauded.

A member from each class has been appointed to receive entries for Field Day. Boys, start the ball rolling. Some good healthy practicing would tend to make things more lively. As we will have a Field Day we must have a good one.

Lately in one of the societies, the only one who wears "side-burns" was appointed critic for the evening. During the course of his remarks he very sternly reproved persons for playing with other persons whiskers. It is needless to say the critic was an '89.

The improvements that are being made in the western portion of the campus will add much beauty to the adornments of the grounds. Plots of blue grass marked off by gravelled paths, surrounding a central fountain, are among the special improvements.

A bachelor borrowed Engineer Burns' best hatchet last week to carve a Club-House Steak with. Upon the return of the implement the genial owner surveyed the deep notches in its once keen edge and gravely remarked, "You borrowed a hatchet and brought back a saw."

On the 22d inst., during the promenade, a lonely Freshman addressed two or three couples of ladies and gentlemen in this wise: "Say, don't you fellows get awful tired of walking around? Come in here and let's start up some games. A fellow gets awful tired walking around."

A certain Sophomore, whose name is the same as a member of the class of '91, evidently needs to study "How to read clearly," and not turn things around as he did in the last issue of the PHAROS when *trying* to answer a previous item. His early training must have been shamefully neglected.

On last Sunday in Sabbath School at San Jose, one of our Seniors was asked by the teacher if he was to forgive seven times seventy times how many times that was. Whether he did not have his hand book with him or whether he considered the question beneath his dignity we can not say, but we can say that he was unable to answer the question. Think of it; a Senior.

Notice has been received by us that some one has been trespassing upon the flower beds of South Hall. One of the young ladies upon inspection decides it to have been done on the evening of the Sopholechtian reception, and that the impression in the soil "was not quite as large as the foot-print exhibited in the sand at the Fair."

A fine collection of zoological specimens in Prof. George's recitation room speaks well for the industry and enthusiasm with which the Freshman class of '91 took up their work last session. As the case is not yet filled it is the intention to place the botanical specimens on the unoccupied shelves. This is a very pleasing manner the class have of being remembered by the University.

Some one has said "The co-ed is a thing of beauty and a joy forever." It might be added "The thermometer will be considerably depressed when the co-ed becomes relinquished." The last was demonstrated at the "promenade social." An independent young lady was deserted by a *pro tem.* escort and, resolving not to be vanquished by his defection, she spied an unattached Freshman who was gazing wistfully from a doorway on the merry throng, and calmly taking his arm she remarked without a blush at her temerity, "Good evening, Mr. —, how's your father? Enjoying yourself? Yes, I *will* promenade since you wish it." And now "How's your father?" is the proper salutation.

On Washington's birthday several of the young ladies of South Hall engaged a carryall for a ride to Alum Rock. The carryall did not come; but two young men, one Rich and his son Morris, started off on a constitutional; destination the same place. They reached the pleasant grounds and hunted around for co-eds, but found none. The young men had to come home on gravel wagons, etc., sadder, but wiser boys.

There is a Senior, grave, reverend and patriotic, the very model of dignity. His name is a peculiar one; for years he has been with us—from Prepdom to Seniority. Neither the royal purple of a Charlemagne nor the wealth of a Cræsus could entice him to ever cross the doubtful threshold of Cupid's palace. The very name was met with sneers and disgust. But old Father Time's hour-glass marks many mutations. Whether it has been the fancy of some magic spell or the dream of his earlier childhood we know not, but our "bachelor" Senior has been ostracised from his less susceptible classmen and in lieu thereof has decided to become a "Nimrod!" and venture out into the Elysian realms of the archer god's domain.

It is now drawing nigh to that season of the year when the collegian feels it incumbent upon him to indulge in that outgrowth of civilization and college life—the class picnic. He will soon buy a straw hat with a gay ribbon around it, a pair of spiked canvas shoes, a bottle of poison-oak lotion and prepare for the hilarious enjoyment of the Springtime when the poison-oak looks its prettiest and poisons its deadliest and when the "carryall" excursion is in bloom. He will squander the shekels of his dad, and will count not the cost, for truly he will have a great time; he will rejoice when he gets ahead of his rival and will mourn when his rival gets ahead of him. Who, then, so bold as to decry the picnic, glorious heritage of our ancestors? Out upon such a one!

A mock trial was substituted for the last meeting of Rhizomia. It had been announced in the PHAROS and from the platform but no such crowd as came was anticipated. When the participants came upon the platform and saw the audience that was waiting for them they were too much astonished to speak. At 7:30, J. C. Black, a well known San Jose attorney, took the judge's chair and called the court to order. The audience evidently came prepared for a hearty laugh and when the defendant, Dennis O'Flaherty, (R. C. Masten) appeared upon the scene in the custody of the sheriff, the laugh came. M. L. Pettit, '88, opened the case for the people reciting the circumstances of the crime, etc. The witnesses called by the prosecution managed to perpetrate a number of local "gags" that fairly brought down the house. But when W. F. Hyde was summoned to give expert medical testimony the ingenuity of the defense became apparent. Rev. Hezekiah Hestwood testified that the accused was a Sunday School superintendent and treasurer of the Y. M. C. A. etc., but when the prisoner took the stand in his own behalf the

prosecution waived formality and asked that he be then and there searched. The results of the search were, to say the least, damaging to the defense. He was relieved of an overcoat, six entire suits of clothing, a navy revolver, a saw-blade, besides numerous articles hardly in keeping with his established "reputation for peace and quietude." The defense, however, abandoned the good character plea and succeeded in establishing to the satisfaction of the jury that defendant did not fire the fatal shot. After both prosecution and defense had reviewed the evidence, Judge Black charged the jury who thereupon retired. They returned in a few moments with a verdict of "Not Guilty." On the whole the effort was an overwhelming success despite its impromptu nature.

Washington's Birthday was appropriately observed at the U. P. by the suspension of recitations. No exercises were arranged for the day. In the evening the following programme was rendered before a good sized audience in the University chapel:

1. Song—America..... Audience
(String Orchestra accompaniment.)
2. Instrumental Duet, Misses Cora Hatch, Susie Surface
3. Vocal Octette.....
Messrs. Hyde, Bronaugh, Hughson, Hazzard, Rutter,
Lease, Rich and Morrison.
4. Address—"Washington's Life and Character"...
..... Cecil Mark
5. Recitation..... Miss Josie Holyer
6. Vocal Octette.....

After the programme a promenade social was begun on the lower floor of West Hall.

GOSSIP.

IT was quite unfortunate, indeed, Mr. Editor, that your space was in such great demand last time. Some of my remarks were not meant to keep, and may possibly have "lost their savor" before this. It seems to me, moreover, that when you are so little troubled with contributions, as is apparent, you *might* find room for them when they do come. Speaking of contributions, what has become of the contribution-box that used to hang in the upper hall? I know some timorous maidens who would be tempted to add their mite of verse or prose if it were not for the formality of handing said mite to the editors personally. Why not letter the box, "Pity the Orphan," in bold type, and hang it up again?

Have you never met the ^{*}Misogynist? Of course you have, but you do not know him by that name. I doubt if he would recognize the title himself. But he is too remarkable a character to escape without notice. Long as I have known him I have never been able to discover what blighted his affections and made him forswear all belief or trust in "fickle femininity," as he calls it. Nothing that the girls do meets with favor in his eyes.

We concur.

The time-worn statement that collegiates are never heard of after they leave college halls is discredited by the following from the *Messenger*:

One half of one per cent. of the young men of the country are college graduates; 65 per cent. of the presidents of the United States have been college graduates; vice-presidents, 50 per cent.; speakers of House of Representatives, 50 per cent.; members of the Senate, 46 per cent.; associate justices of the Supreme Court, 73 per cent.; chief justices, 83 per cent.; cabinet officers, 54 per cent. Draw your own conclusions as to the value of a college education.

Upon the question of students subscribing for the college paper, allow us to quote from the *Lantern*:

There is a number of students in attendance at the University who never subscribe for any of the college papers that are published, and yet these very same persons have the unprecedented gall to take some one else's paper and read it before the subscriber has read it himself, and occasionally forget to return it altogether. We know a number of these persons (and they are not preps, either) who have been guilty of both of the above offenses, and in the future we intend to publish their names, that all may know of what caliber they are.

Here is a copy of the Harvard freshmen's yell:

"Johnny get your gun,
Johnny get your gun,
Chippy get your hair cut,
Ninety-one."

COLLEGE NOTES.

Columbia's chess club has never been beaten except by Princeton.—*Ex.*

The first professor at Ann Arbor was the late Dr. Asa Gray, the noted botanist of Harvard.—*Occident.*

The college paper which has the largest circulation is the Notre Dame *Scholastic*; each issue 1250.

One hundred and seventy-five of the three hundred and sixty-five colleges in the U. S. publish papers.

The non-fraternity men at Ann Arbor controlled elections this year for the first time in the history of the College.—*Ex.*

Phi Gamma Delta has entered Madison University with eleven men. The other fraternities have nick-named them the Fijis.

Mr. L. D. Wishard is about to start around the world to visit colleges and establish Y. M. C. A's.—*Wooster Collegian.*

The standard of passing has been raised by Cornell from 60 to 70 per cent. Harvard recently raised the passing mark from 40 to 50.—*Cynic.*

Amherst gives annually nineteen thousand dollars in prizes, and the income of one hundred and eighty thousand dollars in scholarships.

The University of Michigan was the first to introduce co-education into this country, but this institution has not graduated the largest number of ladies.

Cornell has lately been obliged to refuse a bequest of \$1,500,000 because the institution is prohibited by law from holding an endowment of more than \$3,000,000.

The class of '78, Princeton, the wealthiest ever graduated from that college, is considering the project of presenting the institution with a heroic life-size statue of Dr. McCosh, to cost \$25,000.—*Ex.*

Williams College holds the world's amateur record in throwing the base-ball, with a throw of 127 yards, 2½ inches.—*Ex.* The record of the University of the Pacific is 337 feet, 7½ inches.

Harvard is the college best represented in the fiftieth Congress. Counting law school graduates, she has fourteen; Yale, nine; Michigan University, nine; Amherst, two; Brown, two; Bowdoin, two; Dartmouth, one.

At the Illinois College, the rule that a student who obtains a grade of 85 per cent. need not pass the examination, has been tried a year, and it works well with both Faculty and students.—*Ex.*

Seventy-five students of Lincoln University were recently suspended for refusing to obey a rule of the trustees prohibiting ladies and gentlemen attending the same societies. Only eight of the remaining students attended classes next day.—*Ex.*

Cost of the gymnasiums of the different colleges: Columbia, \$156,000; Yale, \$125,000; Harvard, \$110,000; Amherst, \$65,000; Williams, \$50,000; Cornell, \$40,000; Lehigh, \$40,000; Princeton, \$38,000; University of Minn. \$34,000; Dartmouth, \$25,000; Tufts, \$20,000.

A new magazine, *University*, has begun publication with the first of the year in New York City. It is in the hands of several graduates of different colleges, and will aim to give an accurate and impartial account each week of the affairs at the principal colleges and universities.—*Beacon.*

This is the hat-room primeval. The murmuring Sophs.
and the Freshmen,

Bearded with frost, and in garments cold, like a slice of
an iceberg,

Stand with noses red, with voices mad and acetic;
Stand with ears of ice, with cheeks that pop with the
coldness.

Faint from his turbulent depths the shivering, shudder-
ing student

Speaks, and in accents disconsolate pours forth a volley
of cuss words.

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Professor Princ. and Prac. of Medicine.
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Adjunct to the Chair of Clinical Surgery.
W. S. WHITWELL, M. D.,
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LEAVE Santa Clara.	LEAVE San Jose.	DESTINATION.	ARRIVE San Jose.	ARRIVE Santa Clara.
7:20 A.	7:15 A.	Menlo Park,	10:25 A.	10:19 A.
*8:37 A.	*8:32 A.	Redwood, San	12:19 P.	12:13 P.
2:41 P.	2:35 P.	Mateo, San Francisco.	*5:03 P.	*4:55 P.
4:55 P.	4:46 P.		6:20 P.	6:13 P.
12:13 P.	12:19 P.	Almaden and Way Stations.	2:30 P.	2:41 P.
10:19 A.	10:28 A.	Gilroy, Hollister, Tres Pinos, Pajaro, Castroville, Monterey, Salinas	*8:32 A.	*8:37 A.
*4:55 P.	*5:03 P.		4:46 P.	4:55 P.
10:19 A.	10:28 A.	Watsonville, Aptos, Soquel (Capitola) and Santa Cruz.	*8:32 A.	*8:37 A.
*4:55 P.	*5:03 P.		4:46 P.	4:55 P.
10:19 A.	10:28 A.	Soledad, Paso Robles, Templeton and Way Stations StageConnections with this train.	4:46 P.	4:55 P.

*Sundays excepted. †Sundays only.
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