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The Pacific Pharos, October 8, 1890

University of the Pacific

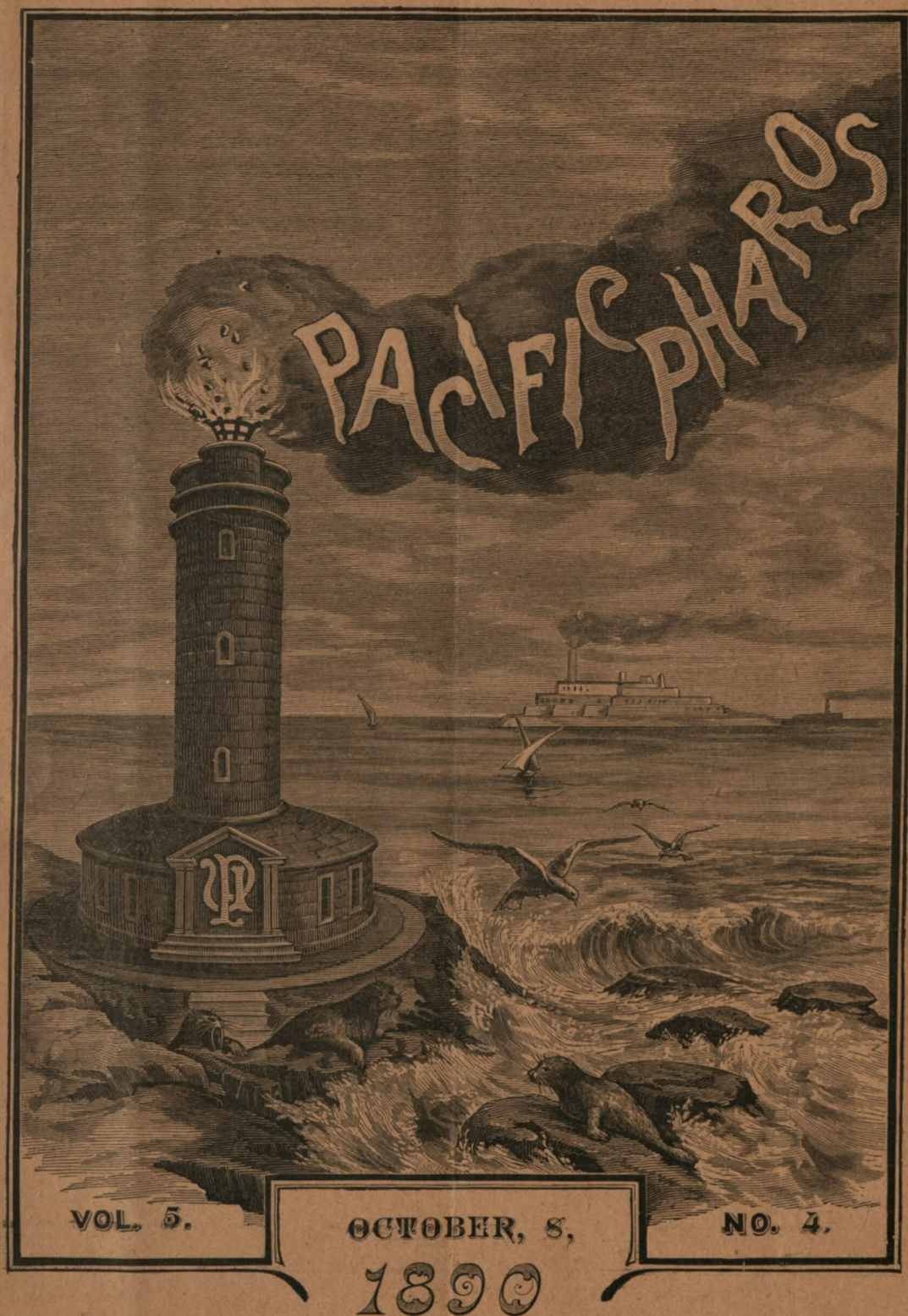
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VOL. 5.

OCTOBER, 8,

1890

NO. 4.

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
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T. G. CROTHERS, '92, Editor-in-chief.
FRED. G. BURROWS, '92, Assistant Editor and Business Manager

LITERARY:

J. B. TREGLOAN, '92. MINNIE JUVENAL, '92.
L. W. JEFFERSON, '92.

LOCAL:

H. R. TIMM, '93. MAUD GROVER, '93. P. S. CASTLEMAN, '94.

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EDITORIAL.

IN the meeting of the trustees last Friday, it was decided to improve the heating apparatus. This is an important question and was taken up none too soon. The boiler room of East Hall is under ground and during the greater part of last winter, it was so full of water that it could not be used. As the Hall was not built for heating by stoves, it was found very difficult to keep it warm. In addition to improvements here, a steam system must be introduced into the new Conservatory building. While these improvements are being made, it should not be forgotten that some of the rooms of West Hall are sadly in need of better steam appliances. It is hoped that the trustees will carry out their plans and have a good system in working order before wet weather sets in, so that the discomforts of past winters may not be repeated.

THE students are heartily in sympathy with those who desire to see the campus kept clean. Considering the increase in rubbish on account of falling leaves, the gardeners are to be commended for their energy and success in keeping things so neat, yet there is room for complaint. In burning rubbish, of late, neither time nor place has been regarded. Fires have been kept up around the buildings during

recitation hours, filling the rooms with smoke and annoying the classes. Either the rubbish should be removed or it should be burned at a more seasonable hour.

ONE feature of our recent disturbances, which can not be approved, was the newspaper reports. At first they were handed in by the boys as a joke on a rival class. They were understood by the students, but on account of their exaggeration, they seemed quite serious to the general reader. If it had ended there, little harm would have resulted; but as soon as affairs became at all complicated, the papers tended toward sensationalism. The students saw the dangerous tendency of the reports and refused to allow their proceedings to be published. The papers then depended upon rumors and untrustworthy accounts; every one was given an opportunity to see his opinions in print. Misrepresentation was common and exaggeration was the rule.

One little sheet of San Jose, which never hear a good word for the University, took particular pains to garble the reports of its contemporaries and show things up in as bad a light as possible.

We have so far, failed to find a paper that was able to give a truthful account of the events. We re-

ceived plenty of free advertising, but it was not of the right kind. It is hoped that the students have learned something from these events, and that they may be more careful of what they publish in the future.

THE PHAROS seldom complains or has reason to complain of poor treatment at the hands of the students. With this preface we shall relieve your minds by saying that we do not intend to begin such a course, but simply wish to suggest a few ways of helping to make a good college paper. Every student should be so interested in it that he will do something for its advancement. Its first and greatest need is matter for publication, and there is not a student in either academy or college who can not give some aid in this line. Good literary articles, poems, locals, puns and jokes are what help to make up an interesting paper. Some of our ablest student never contribute a line to the PHAROS.

The next need is subscribers. By subscribers we mean those who take a paper and pay for it.

There is yet another way in which a paper can be aided. The PHAROS, as do most college papers, depends almost entirely upon its advertisers for its financial backing. As a return for this support, our advertisers expect and deserve the patronage of the students. On our pages may be seen the names of the leading firms of San Jose, and we have no advertisements which do not directly interest some of the students. They do not have to go outside of our list of advertisers for anything they need, and every time they patronize our advertisers they benefit the PHAROS.

A student who desires to keep fresh on college affairs, can find no better means to do so than through college papers. The PHAROS receives exchanges from all the leading institutions of the United States, and a few from Canada. In the library there is a table and case dedicated exclusively to these papers. Fellow students, they are there for your use. Read them and see how they compare with your own college paper. We feel certain you can spend your spare moments both profitably and pleasantly among our exchanges.

THE PHAROS takes pleasure in announcing that all the preliminaries for the regular literary contest between the Archanian and Rhizomian societies, have already been settled. As in former years, it will be the great closing event of the fall session. The debate, and probably the orations, will be submitted to judges. This is a new feature of the contest, since heretofore there have been no decisions. Strong men have been elected on both sides, and each society feels confident of success. An unusually interesting programme is expected.

LITERARY.

PRECEDENT AND EXPEDIENCY.

The vast universe which is moving undisturbed in God's unbounded realm and all animal creation are governed by God's laws of nature. Man is to all animal creation as the sun is to the solar universe; but man, unlike the sun, is possessed of governmental power which, affecting all creation beneath him, also affects his relation to his fellow men.

A mighty conflict is raging between man's laws and God's laws; not because human laws have not been essential to the advancement of civilization, nor because of man's ignorance of the laws of nature. The lowest type of humanity has its laws, and a knowledge of the natural sciences is of prehistoric origin.

As civilization advances, a wider diffusion of man's power over matter is acquired, as manifested in the many discoveries and inventions of lasting benefit to mankind. The onward march of change is confirmed by the multiplicity of man's laws; new-born rights and needs occasioned by the development of the arts and sciences, necessitate new laws; but in order to maintain a tendency toward the attainment of the highest civilization, there must be a constant endeavor to establish a proper relation between our laws and the laws of God. In the millenium, when the goddess of reason, subservient to, but in unity with, the God of Christianity, shall occupy the souls of all humanity, then will that relation, between the laws of God and man, conducive to the establishment of God's Kingdom on earth, be fully consummated.

In the endeavor to attain this relation, there is one great pervading difficulty; man's proneness to yield to the power of precedent on the one hand and to conform to the principle of expediency on the other, instead of complying with reason and conscience.

The chains of precedent are strained to the utmost to stem the tide of industrial and intellectual advancement, and the anchor of expediency is thrown out only to have its chain snapped like a thread. Down the stream of time, our great ship of humanity is gliding. Are we destined to a final Niagara? The situation is certainly precarious, and only as we free ourselves from sacrificing conscience and reason to human fallibility and the regard for immediate consequences, will there be any advancement toward the ideal triumph of man over himself.

The constant adherence to the same old course of human action is averse to a proper development of social and political activity. The human mind has often vindicated its opposition to existing institutions, religious and social, which have been incon-

gruous with its growth; yet it is only within the last three centuries that religious toleration and civil liberty, have existed and begun to develop. Martin Luther, scorning expediency and actuated by motives of reason and conscience, dared to face the followers of precedent whom he recognized as barriers to the human mind; and his name is immortalized. After the Reformation came the struggle for civil liberty and the English revolution was the forerunner of the terrible upheaval of the French revolution. The history of the world has been written in human blood owing to the general tendency of each succeeding generation of the several empires and commonwealth to follow in the footsteps of their predecessors, until, as in France, a Voltarian match of scepticism kindled a flame of vengeance, which swept over that fair country, leveling every thing before it. In the civil action where precedent has brought on the critical condition, so the war has been the expedient method adopted because of a reference to some precedent war as an example. God speed the day when some peaceable method will be adopted for the settlement of human difficulties.

In the province of law, precedent has occupied an important place, and, to it, is due the stability of the Common Law of England, from which, we derived the basis of our civil law. Herein, precedent was a blessing, for it exerted a baneful influence on tyrannical and arbitrary government. The lives of many of the leading statesmen of this formative period of liberty, such as those of Pitt, Burke, and Fox were spent in searching for precedents. Precedent was law. Undoubtedly, former decisions demand respect, but they should only be countenanced when the circumstances in both cases are similar, and our reason and conscience admit of the rectitude of such decisions.

The Roman law was the opposite of the common law of England, having no regard for precedent, and we find that "the will of the King was the law of Rome"—hence, the injustice of Roman jurisdiction.

But it is in the province of custom, that precedent and expediency are most deeply concerned, for custom makes law. Search the remotest corners of this wide, wide world and you shall find that the tyranny of custom reigns supreme, not only in man's physical and mental domains, but also in his spiritual. Custom is essential to activity, but the *tyranny* of custom is due to the incongruity of human mannerism with the variability of nature. Just in proportion as a race or nation adheres to the same old customs, just so will its advancement in civilization be impeded.

The inertness of the vast empire of China represents the power of precedent and expediency, so also, does that of Africa, India, and the greater part of South America. Indeed, but a small portion of the

globe has gained a vantage ground over the power of precedent with its compliment expediency. Brazil has lately shown signs of innovation, and Japan is rapidly emerging from a night of lethargy into a promising morn of national entity. But, for the most potent development toward a Utopian realization, our minds at once revert to the nations of the Caucasian race. Young America proudly waves her banner of freedom and sends forth beacon-light-rays of liberty which penetrate the darkest spots of man's abode. Many causes are ascribed to the independence which our esteemed forefathers gained, but one paramount cause was the fact that they broke away from precedent and pursued their rights as reason and conscience dictated. Yet, while America, as an example to the nations of the earth, has been transcendent in its beneficial influence, could our social and political institutions endure the test of being viewed through a Lick telescope? Ah! what incorrigible corruptions would be revealed. We are drifting into the sea of self-sufficiency to such an extent that our own dear principles of liberty are being driven into inanity.

We must cease to view the affairs of state and society as we view the sunset clouds—only to behold the crimson beauty of the outward aspect; and by *we* I mean the rising generation, upon many of whom will rest the responsibility of assuming the reins of government; one hundred years of our national existence having elapsed, during which time, two generations have passed in and out, and the third largely composed of the veterans of the late war, are fast going to their honored graves—honored, because those veterans won the victory over precedent which fostered slavery, and because they did not listen to the compromising plea of expediency. There is no middle ground between right and wrong, and right will triumph only as we are thoroughly awakened to that fact and become cognizant that our duty is to be veterans against wrong, instead of resting complacently and feeling that the remainder of our lives, on earth and hereafter, will not be materially affected, whether we act according to our judgment or do as the crowd does. Such a Louis XV. policy of "After me the deluge" is not only inhuman but unchristian; and God will hold us responsible for the deluge of which we are the primal cause; therefore, young men—and, owing to precedent, I cannot say young ladies, important governmental action is devolved upon you. Many are the incumbrances which lie at the threshold of your field of duty. Be statesmen, not politicians! Be patriots, not partisans! Use your eyes of decision, which modern education affords, and dispel the fog of desultory questions which viciate our governmental institutions.

Our present system of party is one of the chief

causes of the evils which give rise to labour questions and inequality in general. That the poor have a real grievance is evident from the prevailing labour organizations which make themselves apparent by their numerous but inexpedient strikes; inexpedient, because they are unjust and a detriment, not only to the community at large, but to themselves; good cannot be obtained from evil. But what is to be done, when statistics prove that four hundred thousand people, among sixty millions, own over two-thirds of the wealth of the United States; and this minority, in the lobby and through the instrumentality of political bosses, controls the governmental machine in reaping their own benefits, while the majority, or the people, are starving in the midst of natural resources sufficient to supply the world? But why is *party* working such disastrous results? Simply because party controls the people, instead of the people controlling the party; and why does party control the people? Again I refer you to the effect of precedent and expediency. To vote with a party weaker in numbers but which really contains vital and therefore important principles which one believes ought to prevail, is thought by many to be throwing a vote away. What an erroneous idea, for unless the will of the people, of each individual voter, is expressed, our federative system is a failure and despotism is in our midst. Is not this the case? But who is the despot? His name is Precedent and that of his prime minister, Expediency.

Knowing the tyrant, then let us declare war against him and let us of this fair Pacific slope be leaders in the van in fulfillment of the prophecy of one hundred years ago:

"All hail thou Western world! by heaven designed
The example bright to renovate mankind.
Soon shall thy sons across the mainland roam,
And claim on far Pacific shores their home.
Round commerce's mole the Western surge shall lave;
The long white spire lie imaged on the wave;
Where marshes teemed with death, shall meeds unfold,
Untrodden cliffs resign their stores of gold.
Where slept perennial night, shall science rise,
And *new-born* *Oxfords* cheer the evening skies."

L. W. J.

A THREE WEEKS' OUTING.

[Continued.]

After an hour's rest, we left the San Joaquin. At eleven o'clock we arrived at a place called the Ten Mile House—ten miles from Merced. This is another garden spot in the desert—a clump of trees, an old deserted house, and a flowing well. We cooked a meal here, and while at the table, Hughson, our photographer, took a picture of the camp. Did not hitch up till 3 o'clock, it being too warm to travel. Again we pushed on, and did not stop till

we reached Merced, and then only long enough to buy a hatchet and some cartridges. Hughson was unfortunate in losing his coat somewhere between the ten-mile house and Merced. We camped for the night at the Hoffman ranch, the largest in the country, consisting of 96,000 acres, 46,000 of which were in wheat.

Thursday morning, May 30th, we rolled out at 3:20 and were ready to start by 4:30 o'clock. After passing what is known as the six-mile house, we struck the hills again, having spent two days on the plain. It was now up hill and down, over country perfectly devoid of vegetation; although we were told that during a certain part of the year thousands of sheep were pastured here. We walked up most of the hills; on the very top of one found a spring; true not the very best of water, but nevertheless, a spring. Here it was that we opened our bottles of lime juice, and, to the chagrin of all, found the contents *spoiled*. About 10 o'clock we arrived at that renowned village, Hornitos, and camped by the side of a running stream where we had our dinner. We spent part of the time watching one of the natives wash out gold. There seemed to be a great attraction for part of the boys, a short distance above the camp. After a little investigation, we discovered that they were running to a pump, under the pretext of getting a drink, but in fact to see a pretty little girl swinging in a hammock—a rare sight in this land of Spaniards and Mexicans. Broke camp at 11:45. We now began to climb the mountains in earnest. The grade was very steep. At half past three we passed the first toll gate, where we paid toll to the amount of 40 cents. At 4:25, we passed another, and, as the keeper was not in sight, we did not take the trouble to hunt him up. We were in hopes of making Mariposa that evening, but had to give up the idea, and struck camp about 1¼ miles from there. This was the hardest day's drive we had yet experienced, and the horses were very tired, one being slightly lame. After supper, we rolled out our blankets under a large oak tree which we afterwards found to be covered with ants.

Friday morning, we arose a little later than usual, and did not hitch up till six, as we desired to lay in a supply of things at Mariposa. Ask any of the boys about that sack of barley we forgot to pay for. At 6:20 we stopped at Mariposa, once a prosperous mining centre, but long since dead. The stores having just opened, we stopped only long enough to do our trading. The heat was intense, it being 80 degrees in the shade when we left Mariposa.

Almost every inch of the country looked as though at some time, it had felt the miner's pick.

Rich and Shane, whose eyes were ever on the alert, discovered some deer track along side of the road. Out they jumped with their guns, swearing they

would bring in some venison. Had they taken a closer look, they might have been spared a great disappointment, as the tracks were undoubtedly, over a week old. The rest of us drove on and camped about 10:30 o'clock to wait for the mighty Nimrods who arrived about an hour later, sadder but wiser. Lunched and again wended our way up the mountain. The country now took on a new aspect, oaks and shrubs gave way to the mighty sugar pines. The dull monotony of the foot hills was hidden. Up, up, we went, over the mountain and down the other side. We stopped for the night at a place called Cold Spring; pitching camp just above a beautiful stream of water.

While Percy and Hughson were tending the horses and Shane was preparing supper Rich and I betook ourselves to the stream to clean our game of which we had a goodly supply.

After supper all hands went fishing but we cast our hooks in vain. While preparing our beds Rich scared up a young rattlesnake and after lassoing it, he and I went to the house a short distance up the road and begged a tin can in which to put it. At this house, which by the way is a Toll House, we met a couple of young ladies and had quite a pleasant chat, after which we returned to camp and sought repose.

Saturday morning, June 1st, we were up by 3:45 o'clock. While Shane was performing the duties of cook he was unfortunate enough to upset a whole pot of game. We passed the toll house at 5 o'clock, paying \$2 toll. We now had a very heavy up grade with a most beautiful country. Still riding through pine groves. At 7:46 we reached the summit where the horses were given a rest. We indulged in a sham battle with pine cones; H— became the center of attraction.

Now we began to descend the grade, than which I have seen none steeper. Serpent-like, the road wound in and out directly below us. Crossed the Big Tree Creek by a covered bridge. The scenery about here was grand; to describe it would be impossible. We met several Indians going fishing, also an old guide who directed us to the Mariposa grove of Big Trees. Soon the trees began to increase in size. There was no mistaking the species, the foliage and peculiar red colored bark told at a glance to what family they belonged. It was in a group of five or six of these that we stopped for dinner, after which all except Percy walked on up the grove. A few hundred yards above our camp, we came to that renowned wonder, the Grisly Giant, about 30 feet in diameter. Never in my life did I feel so small as when I stood by the side of that monster, gazing up into its top which seemed to pierce the clouds. Our photographer was on hand with his instrument and took a picture of the tree with us clinging to it. Rich re-

nowned for getting into inextricable predicaments, climbed the side of the tree and was unable to get down without assistance. It had already begun to cloud up, so Rich and Hughson returned to the wagon while Shane and I started out on an exploring expedition. It began to rain but on we went. The further we went the closer the trees became and by the time we reached the little cabin in the grove we were completely surrounded by these monsters. Near the cabin was that famous one, Haverford, the heart of which has been partly burned out and in which sixteen horses were able to stand. Time will not permit me to mention others. All obtained specimens of the bark and cones. As we had been some time from the wagon we hastily retraced our steps feeling fully repaid for our little tramp. Another shower overtook us on our way back. We now made for Wawona and reached there at 4:30 o'clock. Struck camp, intending to remain here over Sunday. Sunday, June 2nd, was passed in various ways. Hughson arose quite early and mysteriously stole away with his fish pole, as he afterwards said to keep the flies off from the horses. Percy and I did likewise some time after, but in some unaccountable manner Percy returned with a fish that he had found, while I found ten. After lunch we all wrote letters then went up to visit Hill's studio. Here we were shown a rare collection of curiosities and pictures of the Yosemite Valley. We stopped at the hotel a little while and then returned to camp where we had supper and retired intending to make an early start the next morning, being now only 26 miles from the valley. This being another toll gate, we paid our toll which amounted to \$4.50, before going to camp.

Monday morning, June 3rd, we arose about 2 o'clock and by three were on the road. As it was quite dark Hughson went ahead with the lantern. We crossed Alder creek and passed Fort Monroe or the eleven-mile-house. From here we obtained a view of the Cascades across the gulch. Undoubtedly we were nearing our destination, so we stopped and gave our horses a feed. Rich and I eager to obtain a glimpse of the world renowned Yosemite walked on ahead and, before we could realize it, found ourselves on Inspiration Point gazing upon what we had come so many miles to see. Never before had we seen anything so grand, and perhaps never again will we behold anything to equal it in splendor. To describe the sights would be impossible. To enjoy it one must see it for himself. On the left of the valley El Capitan rises his majestic form 3030 feet, while on the right, Bridal Veil Falls makes a leap of about 900 feet, dashed into the finest of spray ere it reaches the bottom. Farther up the Half Dome is prominent, rising above all surrounding heights. Having

drunk in the sight until it was indelibly impressed upon our memories, we made our way down into the valley. Unable to express ourselves all we could say was, Oh!! My! Ah! Gee!! I will not attempt to describe the wonders of this valley. Almost any book on the subject will do it much better than I could.

My intentions all along have been simply to give you a description of our trip. We stopped at the foot of Bridal Veil Fall and waited for the team, which was a long time coming. Rich went to sleep while I sat down to write up my diary. As soon as the wagon came we made our way up through the valley to the Guardian's office. On either side of us were walls of granite. About $2\frac{1}{2}$ miles beyond the office we pitched our camp, and a most beautiful camp it was with the Merced River behind us and the Royal Arches towering up 2000 feet before us. We put our horses in the stable which was not far from camp. After supper we went over to the hotel across the river then came back and visited our neighbors who proved to be a party from Los Gatos, among whom was Prof. Bland whom you all know so well. The camp adjoining this was composed of San Jose folks. During the afternoon a thunder storm arose; rain and hail fell which necessitated our putting the things into the wagon. It last but a short time. It was our lot to experience one of these every day we were in the valley. As our camp was to be permanent as long as we were in the valley we gathered up some leaves and prepared our couches. Having laid our plans for the morrow we sought our beds. Tuesday morning, June 4th, we were up quite early intending to visit Morro Lake and watch the sun rise. As Percy had sprained his ankle quite severely a day or two before he was unable to accompany us on most of our excursions about the valley. And as Hughson was off in quest of pictures we were deprived of his company most of the time. He had already gone on up to the lake when we found him sometime later. The sun did not strike the water till about 8 o'clock, it having to shine over Half Dome 5000 feet above the valley and in close proximity to the lake. A large crowd had gathered about the shore on the same errand as we. A jolly crowd of boys coming along we all indulged in a song to the great amusement of the rest of the crowd. The echo at this point was perfect, bounding from side to side; farther and farther away could we hear it, until turning some corner it was lost forever. The lake was perfectly calm, not a ripple disturbing its tranquil surface.

After the sun rose Rich, Shane and I retraced our steps until we struck the road leading to Vernal Falls, the foot of which we reached after a short time. This to my notion, was the most beautiful sight in the val-

ley, although by no means the grandest. A solid mass of water, 60 feet wide, falling a distance of 336 feet. We met a guide and party of tourists. As it was very windy, the guide advised us not to attempt to reach the top of the Falls by the ladder, so we took the long but safe way around. There is a perfect battlement along the top. The guide showed us a hole in the rock which we might descend, at first perpendicular and then at right angles, bringing us out to the very edge of the Falls. We passed up by the rapids, crossed the bridge which spans the Diamond Cascades and finally reached Snow's Hotel. Stopping here to rest and view the Nevada Falls, we were highly entertained by Mrs. Snow, who showed us her views of the valley, taken in both summer and winter. Now began the ascent to the top of Nevada Falls. The wall being almost perpendicular, we were completely tired out when we reached the top. Here we ate our lunch. These Falls are about 35 feet wide at the top and 700 feet high. We next took the trail to Cloud's Rest, a number of miles off. We brought with us our blankets and food enough to last us till the next day, intending to camp over night. We passed through the lower end of the little Yosemite, which was a repetition of the valley just left, only on a smaller scale.

Attempted to catch a cow and provide ourselves with fresh milk but were unable. Shane heard a bear (which afterward proved to be a grouse) and was all excitement, he being desirous of killing one before we left the valley. He took a gun and started in pursuit, saying he would meet us farther up. Rich and I kept the trail, gathering gum on the way. It was at one of these trees that I left the sack of food, not missing it until my attention was called to it. There was nothing else to do but return for it. We found a good camping place at the foot of Cloud's Rest, near a stream of ice cold water, coming from the snow which we found the next morning a few hundred yards above us. We built a rousing fire and waited for Shane who soon came in attracted by the smoke.

Wednesday morning, June 5th, we arose pretty early and finished the food. Rich and I took the trail to the summit. Shane remained in camp till we returned. Before reaching the top we struck snow one foot deep on the trail, while in places it was four or five feet deep.

We now encountered a ledge but a few feet wide. To the right and thousands of feet below us lay the Tenaya valley. Should we have slipped nothing would have prevented us from going to the bottom. To the left it was equally precipitous, but the distance was not so great.

A. KINCAID.

To be continued.

LOCAL.

Patronize our advertisers.
 Frogs are "dear" just now.
 Tobe Lord's new rig is a daisy.
 Our church choir is improving.
 Henry Timm never gets excited.
 Freshman rhetoricals were good.
 What made Burwell so mad last week?
 J. S. Meracle went to Oakland last week.
 Tennis is becoming a very popular game.
 Miss Cory, '94, will not return to college.
 Riegg keeps his shop open all the afternoon.
 The hair of the shorn animals is growing fast.
 Beattie is often troubled with serious thoughts.
 The Preps. call the new society the Amazonian.
 Gruwell is becoming quite a neat house-keeper.
 Thanks have been very common for about a week.
 Fred Hazzard ex-'91, is farming in Southern California.
 Prof. George preached two sermons in the City the 28 ult.
 Mrs. S. G. Tompkins, '86, has joined Kappa Alpha Theta.
 Riegg is the East Hall barber. He does good work.
 Miss Hattie Nelson '90, visited Sopholechtia last Friday.
 Miss Mc Closkey is the champion talker in the institution.
 Prof. Crabb preached in San Francisco last Sunday week.
 E. L. Rich '93, attended the Presbytery in San Jose last week.
 Miss Emma Buffington, '92, has cast her lot with the "Kats."
 Miss Lulu Heacock ex-'90, visited friends at U. P. last week.
 H. M. Bland, '87, was seen on the campus last Thursday.
 May Percy, ex-'89 visited Emendia last Friday afternoon.
 The Epworth League of College Park Church is doing splendidly. A good attendance at every meeting.

We have found out lately who are hot headed and who are not.

Sastus are getting popular both with the boys and with the girls.

Two scrub nines played base ball on the diamond last Saturday.

Wm. Murphy, ex-U. P. student, was seen on the campus recently.

Chas. Milnes, '89, visited the University several times last week.

Whittier taught Prof. George's physics class one day last week.

Frogs are worth twenty-five cents apiece to the desecting class.

John Zumwaldt is a "brick" anyhow, that is what the Freshies say.

Koch, the barber, always does good work. Give him a trial boys.

Clark says—"If she wasn't crying she was sweating most horribly.

Mrs. S. G. Tompkins, *nee* Jones '86, was at the art exhibit last Friday.

The "English" students have had reviews in all of their studies lately.

Some of the Juniors are busily engaged in preparing their Tennis court.

L. C. Simpson, '91, has returned to college and will graduate with his class.

J. E. Richards '77, talked to the students and Faculty last Friday morning.

When was the only time that Washington laughed while leader of his army?

Miss Alice Naramore, former student was at Sopholechtias' feed last Friday.

Rev. F. F. Jewell was at chapel recently. He read a carefully selected Bible lesson.

Koch is the leading barber in San Jose. His shop is opposite the Auzerais House.

Marsh's father and mother visited their Santa Cruz friends at the U. P. last week.

For fine gold goods go to Geo. W. Ryder's jewelry store next door to Safe Deposit Bank.

The Blind Man Eloquent, W. M. Milbourne spoke to the students one morning last week.

Kelley was out of school several days last week. Business was rushing at the Nucleus and he had his hands full.

Miss Needham's throat is worse again, but she hopes it will be all right before long.

Professor Thoburn has been suffering lately from the knowledge that he has a back bone.

Harry Blake, '90, took a boat-ride some time ago and raised thirteen blisters on his hands.

If you want to know how to write *short-hand* just ask Miss Irvin what she thinks about it.

Why is South Hall on Sunday morning like a wine cellar? Full of champagnes (sham-pains.)

Miss Irvin is as enthusiastic as ever. She is capable of imparting her energy to her students.

Sherman Harley, a former student of our Conservatory of Music is visiting friends in San Jose.

Miss Larkey came down from Oakland to spend a few days last week. She returned on Monday.

Job Wood, Jr., County Superintendent of Schools of Monterey Co., visited the University recently.

For a nice watch, diamond, or gold novelties see Geo. W. Ryder's dazzling display. 8 South First St.

Cecil Mark, '88, visited Archania a week ago Friday evening. Cecil still wields the rod at Hester school.

T. T. Dennett '86, of the law firm of Needham & Dennett of Modesto, visited friends at the University last week.

W. D. Gossard has gone to San Simeon, San Luis Obispo county, on a visit. We hope it will not result seriously.

One of the Sophs took a flying trip to San Francisco one day last week to see about bogus programs for Junior Ex.

The Epworth League meetings are getting very interesting. All that is needed is a piano, to make them excellent.

S. M. Chynoweth, '90 spent a few days with friends at College last week. He will adopt teaching as his future profession.

Some of the boys went to the Normal last week to hear the blind orator speak but were disappointed as he failed to appear.

Some of the Freshman girls did not know that they had been honored with the "G. B." until after they were re-instated.

The Professor who teaches the Sophomore Bible Class evidently does his best to interest his hearers. Last Thursday he held the class in the closest attention while discussing the different methods in which the spiritual world acts upon the physical.

Archania did not present her literary program last Friday week on account of the nervousness in college circles at the time.

Young men should learn to recognize their best girl's hand writing or they are liable to get into serious trouble around the U. P.

Young ladies from South Hall set a new carriage off to advantage. It is questionable which looks the prettier, the young lady or the carriage.

Father Higbe has returned to College Park. His health is very much improved but he is stone blind. There is no hope of his ever seeing again.

W. D. Kingsbury, '89, visited friends at U. P. and in San Jose last week. Mr. Kingsbury has a \$1,680 position in a High school in San Francisco.

Rev. Mr. Woodward has arrived at College Park and taken charge of the M. E. Church here. His first impression upon the students was good.

J. D. Van Eaton, ex-student has secured the Democratic nomination for Road-master of this district. We may hope for better streets in the future.

They do say that the next one of U. P.'s ex-students to divide his sorrows and double his joys will be Bert Dallas of Modesto. The day is set for Sept. 23.

D. H. Blake, '90, is becoming well established in his position in Nagasaki. Harry is already in athletics. He will represent his firm in a local Field Day.

Tobe Lord, the livery man is cutting a great figure with South Hall girls. He came out with a six-in-hand and took about a dozen of them out riding one day last week.

Hughson says that the Normal girls are prettier this year than they have ever been before. His eyes have evidently been opened to a sense of the beautiful, since his recent illness.

Some of the boys are in the habit of taking long walks in the evening after dinner. They are generally seen starting out about six and they come straggling in any time after dark.

Dennis and Zumwalt met with a serious accident at the Normal last week. Dan J— blushes yet. Dennis refuses to say anything about it, but the other boys say there were some girls "in it."

Dr. J. H. Wythe lectured to the students last Friday week on "The Bible and its Adversaries." This lecture was very interesting and instructive. The students are always glad to see the grand old man on the rostrum.

Harry Taylor, ex-student was married at his home in Alameda last Wednesday. He stopped at College Park on his wedding trip to say "hello" to his many friends here. The PHAROS wishes him much joy.

Miss A.—(at dinner in Central Hall when a new kind of dessert is brought in.)—"This must be Let me down easy Pudding."

Miss K.—Oh! no this is Let me die easy. Laugh-ter! Blushes.

Problem—If a cannon ball and the Electric car start at the same time how far would one be ahead of the other in ten minutes?

Answer—Quite a distance if the car didn't have to stop to let passengers off.

The San Jose Y. M. C. A. raised \$20,000 last month for the purpose of erecting a building. They already had over \$9,500 on hand. With this \$29,500 they hope to make their building not only a great convenience for the members but an ornament to the Garden City.

Miss McC.—Professor there is a lady in your Latin class that is going to be married.

Prof.—Yes, who is it?

Miss McC.—You guess.

Prof.—Well, it must be Miss G. because she is so absent-minded.

S. G. Tompkins, '86, entertained some of the college boys one evening recently, by telling in his inimitable manner, how the boys used to "pick the hay seeds" out of the locks of the especially verdant ones by initiating them into a secret athletic association. Sam is a capital story-teller.

Archania and Rhizomia will strike swords Dec. 18. Archania's team are Debators:—R. L. Gruwell '93, and A. H. Barnhisel '93. Orators, S. W. Jefferson '92, and J. A. Percy Jr. '93. Rhizomia's team are Debators:—E. B. Williams '92, and L. C. Simpson '91. Orators, P. S. Castleman '94 and Henry Anderson.

MIGMA.

"LATE CLASS RIVALRIES."

Never in its history has our institution experienced such lively times as during the last two weeks.

The excitement began soon after the introduction of the Sophomore canes. The Freshman thought that the canes looked good as curiosities but were not just the thing on our campus, consequently they began to make a collection. The Sophs soon found that they held but a minority of the canes. This aroused both their wrath and their class spirit. Something must be done. They decided to set a trap. A cane was left in the library and guards were stationed in the hall to watch for its appearance. A Junior saw the scheme and decided to steal the bait. He took the cane and threw it out of the window; it was taken

in hand by the Freshmen and soon joined the majority of its brethren.

Of course the act was beneath the dignity of a Junior, but the temptation was too great to be overcome. This happened on Friday, Sept. 19th. A war of words followed until Monday after chapel, when the Junior found himself unceremoniously stood on his head in the already famous water trough near West Hall.

Things were now becoming interesting: some thought that such an act should not go unpunished. On Tuesday night, or more properly Wednesday morning at 2:30 o'clock, a band of Juniors and Freshmen met on the campus, proceeded to Phi Psi hall, lifted two Sophomores from their beds, carried them to West Hall, gave them a cold bath, and put them back to bed. To say the Sophomores were mad the next morning would come far from expressing their feelings. While going to chapel there was a collision between a few men of the Junior and Sophomore classes, in which two Junior plugs and a Sophomore cane were destroyed. After chapel a Freshman mortar-board was used up. At 2:30 another Junior hat yielded to the attack of foot and knife.

About this time the Faculty concluded that things had gone far enough. They met and decided that a cash restitution should be made for all personal property destroyed. This resolution was rather severe on the Sophomores who would be out of pocket about \$18, while the Juniors would have to pay but 60 cents. The Juniors decided that, if agreeable to all concerned, they would neither receive nor pay any damages. The Sophs willingly agreed to such an arrangement; the settlement was reported to the Faculty and was accepted.

The Freshmen did not find their difficulties so easy to settle. They had destroyed no property, and claimed that the canes which they had captured did not come under the resolutions of the Faculty.

After several communications had passed between them, the Faculty, for supposed insubordination, suspended the class for thirty days. This resolution of the Faculty was passed on Friday afternoon.

The other classes, knowing the actions of the Freshmen, were surprised and not a little angered at the turn affairs had taken. They met and decided to leave the institution if the Freshmen were not reinstated.

On talking with several members of the Faculty, it was found that they had received a wrong impression of the resolutions of the Freshmen. On Monday afternoon a Faculty meeting was called to which a committee of two was sent from each class. Differences were explained, and the Freshmen were reinstated and allowed to settle their affairs as the Juniors and Sophomores had done. Thus, an affair

which threatened to disorganize our University, was amicably settled and all were satisfied. Class spirit is still high, but it is kept within proper bounds.

SOPHOLECHTIA'S SPREAD.

Last Friday afternoon Sopholechia gave one of her charming spreads to her new and ex-members. As it was the first in her new hall and as Sopholechia's prospects for her future prosperity are bright, it will be long remembered by all who were present. After the good things were heartily enjoyed Miss Edith Wilcox, '92, their fair President, called upon Miss Edith Cory, '94, to respond to the toast "Our new members." Miss Lulu Heacock, ex-'90, was called upon for a speech. She responded with some very appropriate remarks. Miss Esther Needham, '92, responded to the toast "The gentlemen."

Among the invited were the Misses L. Heacock, H. Nelson, Emily Brown, Alice Naramore, Meda McMillan, Belle Eaton, Eva Hunkins, Evelyn Hunt, Emma Buffington, Carrie Bean, May Belle, Ida Berringer and others whose names the reporter was unable to get.

THE PALETTE.

Editors. { - - - - - ELLIE J. FIFE,
EVELYN HUNT.

Miss Wilson's study of snow-balls is worthy of mention.

Miss Chandler of San Francisco visited the studio last week.

Miss Ethel Page and Miss O'Farrel were visitors of the studio last week.

Friday before last, several of the Freshmen paid a farewell (?) visit to the studio.

As the date of Miss Kennedy's departure draws near, the studio is besieged by "would be" art teachers.

Miss Bertie Theuerkauf has just completed a crayon portrait of her father. It is an excellent piece of work.

By working one day extra each week, the scholars of the studio reached the end of the mid-term last Friday. We are now on the latter half and feel just that much ahead of other students.

Miss Gordon left for her home in Auburn last week. She will spend a few days with her father, at his ranch, and then proceed to Auburn where she expects to have her studio. She leaves a host of regretful friends behind her and their best wishes follow her wherever she may go.

The art display given last Friday in the reception room of the Conservatory building was truly elegant. The students of the literary courses have not realized before how much work is being done in that department. The exhibit represented only five weeks' work, but would have done credit to a much longer time of preparation. Miss Brusie's crayon portrait of Miss Hunkins is remarkably good. The pastel piece on satin, of Yosemite Falls, by the same artist, called forth many exclamations of delight. Miss Theurkauf's crayon portrait of her father is "just as natural as life." Miss Gordon's Vestal Virgin—pastel on chamois—was pronounced by many to be the finest piece shown.

There were a number of pastel pieces on satin deserving mention, not only for their delicate finish, but because the idea is original with Miss Kennedy. There were two most beautiful pastel pieces by Miss Kennedy; one, a sun-set scene on the road to Yosemite, to be given to Sopholechia, and the other a delicate view of the Merced river, away up among the Sierras in the Yosemite Valley, which is to be given to Emendia. The following is a list of the exhibits:

A crayon portrait of Miss Hunkins, a pastel piece on satin of Yosemite Falls, a crayon portrait of S. Marchant, two ideal heads on chamois skin, a marine scene in oils, and several sketches by Miss Marie Brusie.

"Marguerite," several sketches, crayon portrait of Levant Fife, two "California Canaries," ideal head on chamois skin by Miss Ellie Fife.

Two pastel pictures, three in oils, a shovel, a pastel on satin, a crayon portrait of father, three sketches, and a large beautifully framed and decorated mirror by Miss Bertie Theuerkauf.

A cat, a dog, and a study of chrysanthemums by Miss Maggie Wiedeman.

Portrait of Joe Henry, two pastels, an ideal head, a crayon portrait of mother, and several sketches from the campus by Miss Sue Gordon.

A study of snow-balls, a study of wild roses, a dog's head, kensington, and a silver plaque by Miss Rose Wilson.

Two pieces on porcelain, and a study of roses by Miss Rose Gilbert.

Mt. Tamalpais, a scene from off the coast of San Diego, and a tambourine decorated with pansies, by Miss Evelyn Hunt.

Carved box, and a pastel piece by Miss Helen Keiser.

A student observes that Antony and Cleopatra could never have been happy together as man and wife, because Cleopatra could never have kept the buttons on Antony's toga with such large needles as she had.—*News Letter*.

EAST HALL ECHOES.

Editors. { - - - - - MISS BRUSIE,
O. G. HOPKINS.

Cartesia has a new society song.

Prof. Lease—U-no—Ju-bet (*you bet.*)

East Hall has a new literary society.

Wanted—A name for the new society.

The new society had fifteen charter members.

Study hour has been changed from 7 to 6:30 P. M.

The next building East Hall wants is a wood-shed.

East Hall is to be well heated this term, unless it rains.

Mid-term examinations will be held week after next.

The boys make a race course of the 3rd floor, when nobody is looking.

There was no danger of Prof. Roger's lamp exploding last week.

Prof. and Mrs. Crabb and Prof. Rogers visited Cartesia on the 26th.

Mr. Frank Wooten's brother was with him for a day or two last week.

Sam Terrill paid us a visit last week and was present at Cartesia's meeting.

The only new student in the Hall since last issue is D. C. Wisecarver, from Salinas.

How did that frying-pan get out in the hall the other night, Oh who were the campers?

The lady editor to the East Hall department is supposed not to be dead, but she is utterly speechless.

H. Otaki has left school for the balance of this term on account of his health. He has gone to Oakland.

Frequent are the pitched pillow battles in C. H. but as yet, no one has been killed or mortally wounded.

East Hall societies are limited to 10:30 o'clock, for closing their meetings; unless they appeal to the higher court.

The last two recitations in East Hall on Friday week were dismissed, on account of the excitement that prevailed.

A number of the boys from the College societies visited Cartesia after the close of their own meeting on Friday week.

Chas. F—(would-be Freshie.) Why, Miss Mayne, the answer is 1 1-5 not 6-5, isn't it? Charley is fond of mixed quantities.

College boys are not the only victims to the tank. One East Hall boy can testify to the temperature of the water, of about a week ago.

One of the dining hall boys tried to re-enact the "Butler spoon game" the other day. Whether it was accidental or intentional is to be determined.

Freddie Muir had quite an experience with room-rangers the other night, checks are formidable weapons in the Hall, and also are very often rescuers.

Said a lady of C. H. to the ladies who were about to initiate her into the mysteries of "Black Art," "did you ever get left?" There was a chair against the door.

The officers of the new society are Pres. W. C. Donb; V. Pres. E. A. Needham; Secty. M. H. Diggs; Cors. Secty. F. Wootten; Treas. C. H. Raven; Critic, Chas. Hamilton.

The second year Latin class was treated to a novel but entertaining prose composition lesson a week Thursday, and the results proved, that the pupils can't talk Latin, a little bit.

Those fellows that work in the Laboratory (a room situated somewhere in the Hall) have compounded some sort of truck, which has opened all the joints in the sink, and the consequence is—water-water-water all over the floor.

EXCHANGES.

There is but one college ~~p~~aper in England.

The new gymnasium at Yale cost \$200,000.—*Ex.*

A Japanese holds one of the Professorships at Yale.—*Ex.*

The National University at Tokio, Japan, enrolls 50,000 students. *Ex.*

Ohio has thirty-four colleges, more than all Europe put together. *Ex.*

The Northwestern has 1700 students and an endowment of \$3,000,000.

The average age of those who enter Yale from her academy is 22.—*Ex.*

We have about four times as many colleges in America as in all Europe. *Ex.*

Six Siamese students have been sent by their home government to Westminster College, New Wilmington, Pa.

Mrs. Susan Brown has favored Princeton with a new gift, this time \$100,000.—*Ex.*

Cornell's new laboratory cost \$80,000 and will accommodate over 200 students.—*Ex.*

Of the 362 colleges in the United States 271 are supported by religious denominations.—*Ex.*

The *Muhlenberg* from Allentown, Pa., is a neat sixteen page monthly! We are glad to read it.

Syracuse University has the finest college building in America. It cost \$700,000 and was the gift of one man.

Willamette University, at Salem, Or., enrolled over 400 students last year. There is talk of removing it to Portland.

Rev. Samuel Small, the noted revivalist preacher has accepted the Presidency of the new Methodist University at Utah.

The winner of second place in the Ohio state oratorical contest has been suspended one year, for plagiarizing an essay.—*Ex.*

The President of the United States, four members of the cabinet, every member of the Supreme Court, 44 of 80 senators and 164 of 329 representatives are college graduates.—*Ex.*

The aggregate of contributions to American colleges during the year 1889, was \$4,000,000 while contributions for the same purpose thus far in 1890 is \$400,000.

The *Collegiate*, from Geneseo, Illinois, contains much original work of merit, but the advertisements alternating with columns of locals mars the appearance of the paper.

Our exchanges have poured in bountifully during the past week. There are many good articles upon which we would be glad to comment, but space and time will not allow many remarks.

Harvard now offers a three years' course, for which the degree A. B. is conferred. Columbia proposes to accomplish the same end by opening professional courses to seniors as electives.—*Ex.*

Boston spent \$15,000 in introducing an exercise feature to the public school curriculum; Chicago spends \$35,000 annually for twenty-four physical supervisors, while Kansas City has one.—*News Letter.*

The *Annex* from Monmouth, Ill., has dedicated one column of its valuable space to the Faculty. This is a new venture and we hope may prove satisfactory to all concerned. Their literary department is very good.

Over five hundred young ladies have applied to Wellesley this fall. The college cannot accommodate more than two hundred and fifty in one class.—*Ex.*

The *Dartmouth* is one of our best exchanges. It is a well edited magazine and is alive on college questions. To it we are indebted for many of our college notes. Its literary department is not extensive but is interesting.

The following is a list of the exchanges received: *The Acamedian, University Kansan, Weekly Courier, Tinkershim, Daily Crimson, Washburn Reporter, The Unit, Moore's Hill Collegian, Normal Exponent, The Washburn Argo, North Western, Kate Field's Washington, National Politician* and others.

We invite our readers to read the exchanges for themselves. We have a table for the purpose of placing them at the disposal of all interested. This table, in the library affords much information not attainable any where else. We hope that this table will be of special interest during this year.

"Everybody's Paper" is among our exchanges. It is a curio. There is an article on our institution that is a disgrace to humanity. While we are glad to have everything that is good said about us we do object to such barefaced miss-statements as were made in that article. We are strong believers in the "whole truth and nothing but the truth."

THE GRADUATE.

She was a little graduate; she'd read her essay sage;
And told men how to govern in a bright, enlightened age.

She'd settled many a question and evolved conclusions new;
And now her "education," as they call the thing, was through.

But though so much of learning had been crammed into her head,

She couldn't for the life of her compound a loaf of bread.

She stranded on plain doughnuts, and admitted, with a sigh

That she couldn't make a pie-crust that would not absorb the pie.

Now, we've volumes full of sageness, from the living and the dead,

But things we're really needing most are better pie and bread.

Economic ideation may be proper in its place,
But good coking, little maiden, is much better for the race.

—Unidentified.

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