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The Pacific Pharos, November 5, 1890

University of the Pacific

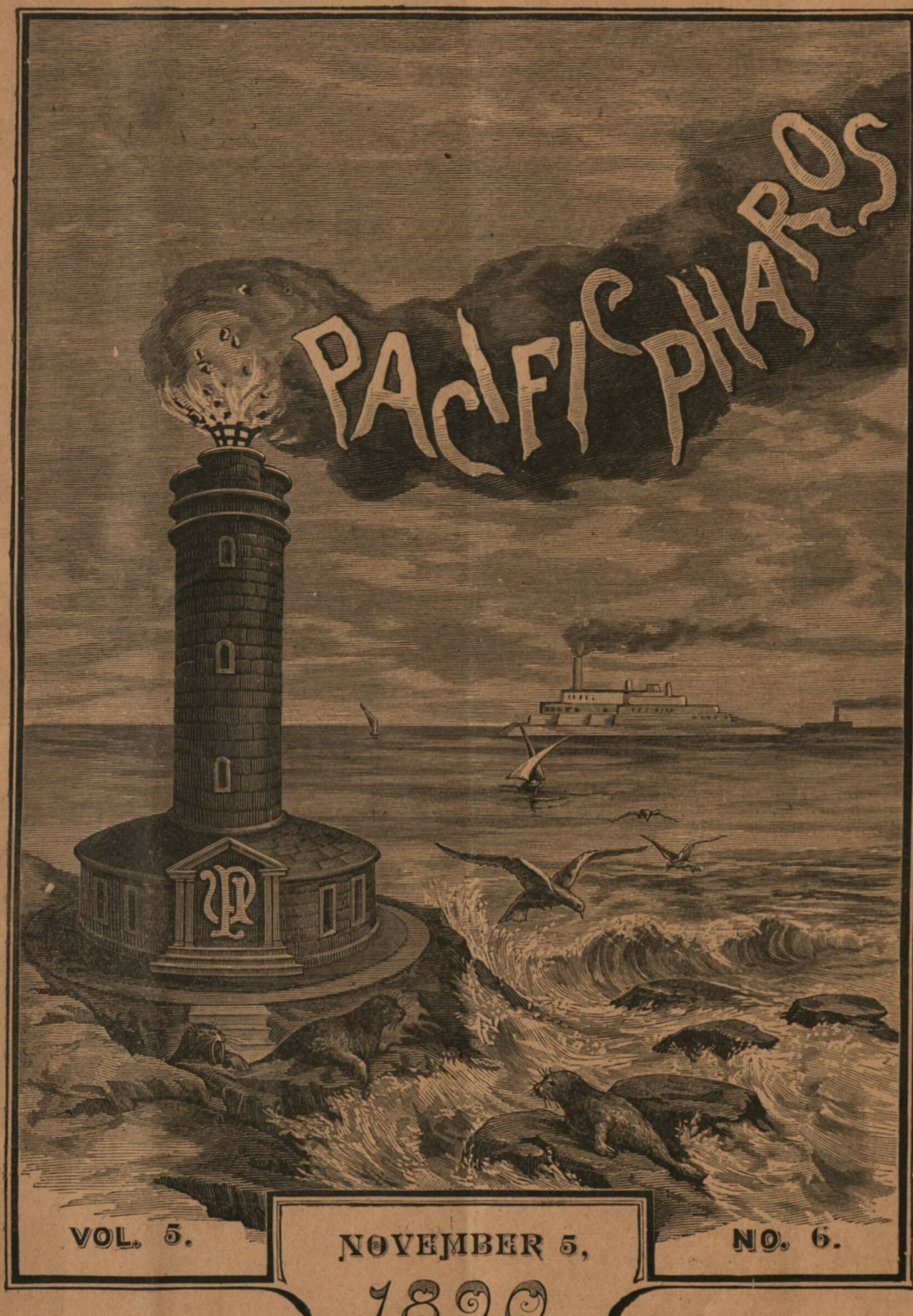
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EDITORIAL.

IT is with pleasure we notice the increasing activity in the line of athletics. The ball-grounds have not presented a more animated scene for several years. Class spirit has had much to do in bringing about this change. The Sophomore and Freshman classes have shown themselves able to put two good teams in the field. Although there was no unusually fine playing done last Saturday, yet all did their best, and the game was closely contested. The men are talking of trying another game in the near future. It is hoped they may "keep the ball rolling." It is in such contests that the best men for our first nine are found. Men who never played ball before, have found out that they can do good work in that line.

Saturday before last our team had an easy victory over the Irvington nine. We hope they may be able to show the Santa Clara boys some *real* playing when they meet them again.

SOME time ago we had occasion to speak of the practice of publishing college occurrences in the San Jose papers. We have something more to say in the same line. Instead of printing the regular "bogus programme" and distributing it at Junior Ex., the Sophomores inserted their "bogus" in a morning paper. It was printed as a joke, and accepted by the Junior class as such. Although it was rather personal, it was enjoyed by every one. Its effect on Junior Ex. was beneficial. But it did not seem to be understood by some of the people of San Jose, who thought it a Junior Ex. advertisement. Last Saturday our attention was called to the San Jose notes in a certain San Francisco weekly. There over the *nom de plume*, Sappho, the San Jose correspondent had used up considerable space on "University advertisements." He (possibly she) had read the "bogus programme" and immediately concluded that it was a Junior ad. But he did *not* read the genuine ad. in the

same paper; he did not see the "dodgers" distributed to correct any wrong impressions; he did not attend the Ex. and hear the explanation; he did not read about the "bogus" in the same paper the next morning. The "bogus" was all his mind could contain, and he used it as a text through which to score the University and students. In his mysterious tone he groans over it, wonders, points out a deep hidden meaning, and hints at something awful that he could tell. We would advise him to spend some time in a University, learn the customs and jokes of students, and if possible, absorb a little common sense. In this case he shot at a lion and killed a mouse. It is by such individuals that a few student tricks in our University have been represented as heinous crimes; that a request of the students for a proper hearing before the Faculty has been heralded to the world as a student rebellion. While there are such people, we should be careful about giving them a chance to do harm.

COOL weather has come, the late excitement has died out, class spirit has subsided till it has reached its proper level, Junior Ex. is past, Cartesia has celebrated her birthday, our nine has been victorious abroad, and the Freshmen have gained the victory at home. Is it not time to settle down to more regular work in the class room and society hall? Society work is being broken into worse this term than heretofore. The interruptions seem unavoidable, yet it should be borne in mind that our societies are one of the *leading* features of our University, and that they should not be neglected.

BEFORE this appears in print, the people of California will have chosen their new governor. If all that has been said about the candidates of the two old parties be true, they are very bad indeed. But, looking beyond the excitement of the campaign and the prevalent exaggeration, we have little fear for the future of our State. As we see it, neither candidate is worse than the average citizen.

The Prohibition candidate, although undoubtedly the best man, seems to have no prospect or even desire, to occupy the gubernatorial chair.

ON account of extra work we have been unable to give to our exchange department the attention due so important a part of a college paper. That it may not be neglected, we have sought a man to take the position of exchange editor, and we have been fortunate in finding a good one for the position. With Mr. R. L. Gruwell, '93, at the head of that department, it will receive proper attention. We feel confident that our exchanges will find him a good critic, and one who will treat them impartially and justly.

LITERARY.

THE SPIRIT OF THE AGE.

Every age of the world's history has had certain peculiar characteristics *by* which it was distinguished from all other ages and *from* which it received a definite character of its own. To speculate and conjecture on the nature of these characteristics has ever been the delightful and profitable study of contemporaries; but, however close they may come to the truth, their nearness to the events has always made them liable to erroneous conclusions. The final determination must of necessity be left to the cooler judgments of later times.

In like manner we of the nineteenth century, impatiently anticipating the future historians of our times, continually try to combine all the peculiarities and characteristics of our civilization into some single word or expression which shall include and harmonize them all. Nor is the effort one to be discouraged or belittled. True, we cannot hope to entirely avoid erroneous deductions, but what department of human investigation is free from a like limitation? We cannot hope to see the present and the future as the generations to come will see them; we cannot foresee our final destination; but we *can* ascertain our general course,—whether it be upward and outward or backward and downward; we *can* recognize the spirit of our age accurately enough to understand the conditions for its free and unbroken sway, and to determine what should be our individual relations to it.

What then *is* the spirit of this age? How shall we

distinguish our age of the world from those which have gone before? If you should ask the question of the man of affairs, his mind would turn to contemplate the marvellous material progress of the present century, its world embracing commerce, its wondrous inventions, its triumphs of engineering, its stupendous undertakings, its colossal fortunes, and above all the dauntless enterprise and boundless ambition of its people which permit of no defeat in the ceaseless conflict with the forces of nature and which point to the day when those forces shall become the obedient servants of man—ready and willing to do his every bidding. Then looking back along our path for the cause of this wonderful advancement, we would expect him to say, "This is the age of iron," or "This is the age of steam."

Should you ask the statesman he would point to this great republic of the West as the mighty champion of popular government, towards whose example the rulers of the world are gradually turning, though with reluctant hearts—compelled by the irresistible and uncompromising demands of their subjects. With decided conviction he would say, "This is the age of Republicanism."

"This is the age of Christianity," says the Christian. "See how the errors of superstition and the delusions of the heathen flee from before its face to the uttermost parts of the earth." And so we might continue to multiply opinions from other branches of human activity and present the claims of each for the honor of naming this many-sided age of ours. But we are in search of some generalization common to all. We believe there is something that will include our progress in all departments. "The age of Iron," "The age of Steam," "The age of Republicanism," "The age of Christianity,"—none of these seem broad enough or deep enough to cover the real spirit of our times. They are *phenomena* of the deep-laying force which is urging us on—not the *force* itself. The *phenomena* change, the *force* does not. Already steel has almost usurped the dominion of iron and electricity has cleared its decks for a final conflict with steam. Republicanism still leads but only because it still *deserves* to lead. Dear though it be to our hearts let it not hope to retain its place when any other system of government promises greater good. When that time comes, if ever, the world will throw Republicanism aside without a regret and hold out its hands in joyful expectancy to the worthier successor. Nor let even Christianity hope to escape the fate of other religions, should she lag in the race of civilization. The history of the past shows that she too must keep the pace or be left behind. Herein is her safety and her glory that she is able to adapt herself to all the changing conditions of men.

Yet though iron is giving way to steel and steam

to electricity; even though our young giant Republicanism were tottering to his fall like hoary-headed monarchy, we do not, we would not recognize any change in the spirit of our age. Nay rather we hail such glorious revolutions as an earnest of increasing stability and strength. What then is this dominant principle which amid universal change remains unchanged; causing revolutions, is itself unrevolutionized, which day by day is lifting us up to higher planes and broader fields of action?

Glance rapidly over the whole field of human action. Gather the results of your investigations into one golden sheaf. Then search again for some general movement which shall serve to bind them into one consistent whole. Where will you find one more to your purpose than *Reform—Reform until the Ideal is reached*. This *Unrest in Imperfection* is the magician at the touch of whose potent wand thrones are crumbling and republics rising from their ruins; at whose look kings, princes, nobles, the powerful of earth, tremble and let fall their boasted divine rights, their hereditary privileges and unjust prerogatives, happy if they may thus appease this mighty enemy to all injustice. Reform is the spirit of the age—the mighty genius which we have summoned to our aid. Before *his* scepter all must bow. Men can no longer be cowed by ancient dogmas and long-established customs. They assert their right to *think*. They demand from every institution new or old, a *reason* for its existence and unless it has a reason and a good one, though it be old as history, widespread as man they will have none of it. *Merit* and *merit* alone rules the decision.

Reform has penetrated everywhere. It is in the food we eat, the clothes we wear, the books we read. The very air we breathe is surcharged with it. Every wind of heaven brings to our ears the first notes of some new doctrine as it opens its guns on old established custom. Every succeeding gust tells of battles fought and victories won. Science, philosophy, theology alike are stirred to their very depths. They can no longer hide their weaknesses behind exclusive barriers or arrogate to themselves immunity from honest investigation, though it topple their dearest idols over in the dust. From them too, the rude hand of reform must strip away the worthless wrappings which have so long obscured the truth. The world is changing and they must change with it. *Change, change, eternal change* is the condition of true progress.

That is a timidity utterly unworthy of the nineteenth century which fears the result of this epidemic of reform and the attempts to discover new truth. This is a conservatism which is necessary to check rash movements of society—a conservatism which listens attentively to all new doctrines and theories but

before accepting them, demands that they be based upon firm foundations. *Such* conservatism assists the progress of reform. But the conservatism that finds safety only in *stagnation* is the greatest enemy reform can have. Instead of being, as it fondly imagines, a *brake* to check society's headlong course to destruction, it is a *dead weight*, a *drag* which retards but cannot stop our onward march. Settling itself back in self-sufficient pride, it seizes one very pretext to delay the final consummation. The cry of "Enthusiasm" and "Fanaticism" is ever on its lips, whereas its own senseless opposition to all change furnishes the occasion for fanatics and enthusiasts. It affects to despise these valuable though headlong agents of reform whom its own actions render necessary and who are not more enthusiastic and fanatical than it is stupid and phlegmatic. Between the two, the enthusiast has the advantage. He is awake, not asleep—alive to evils that affect humanity, not indifferent to them. In intellect, equal; in heart, vastly superior. He feels the misery of the world and wants to relieve it and, although he may seldom choose the right means, he has the courage to maintain his convictions with all his powers of tongue and pen—if need be to die for them. Enthusiasts are the skirmishers of reform. They take up some dead cold question and by their very persistency and devotion, warm it into a living issue before the people. Through infamy and persecution they struggle on, often to fall in "the darkest hour," just before day," while the cause for which they gave their lives, goes marching on over their nameless and neglected graves.

Then away with the false notion that the present intellectual ferment of the race is dangerous to civilization and should be repressed. What a delusion to think that by choking the volcano we can diminish the force of the eruption! What folly to oppose our puny strength to the awakening energies of millions!

But why fear the result of an open encounter? Is not *truth* stronger than *error*? "Faith is strong next to the Almighty," says Milton. "Though *all* the winds of doctrine were let loose to play upon the earth, so Truth be in the field, we do injuriously by licensing and prohibiting to doubt her strength. Let her and Falsehood grapple; who ever knew truth put to the worse in a fair and open encounter?" And again, "Give me liberty to know, to think, to believe, and to utter freely according to conscience above all other liberties."

Let us then have faith in the ultimate triumph of the truth. Let her and falsehood grapple on the fair fields of public thought. She never has been overcome in the *past*. In the *future* she will not mock our hopes,

J. W. MCCAUGHEY, '90.

AN ODE TO LEARNING.

Time's Clanging Bells have wrought great change
In thoughts and tastes of men;
What once they prized is now despised,
Our gold but brass was then.
As man climbs up the scale of life
He lifts the scale of worth,
Till virtue then, in minds of men
Is now tho't dissolute?

True Greatness bends before the shrine
Of Learning's temple fair,
Then stands erect, in self-respect,
The honored everywhere.
The Hebrews lauded to the skies
Their Prophets, Priest and Kings;
And Egypt's magic workers dark
Held sway most resolute.

While Eastern hosts, Vandal and Goth,
In awe revered their seer;
And vikings rife with bloody strife
The Saga's mandates hear.
So, now, as then, the people's king
Sits high on Learning's throne;
And men bow down as him they crown
Their Ruler absolute.

Ye barbrous horde from Northland drear,
Ye heathen from the East!
Who made your boasts and sent your hosts
On cultured lands to feast;
Till temples fell; Athena bled,
Struck down by fiendish blow,
Who sought to win by battle's din
All nations to pollute!

The might of truth is stronger far
Than force of barbrous horde!
For from the tomb and mountain gloom
Came forth Truth's mighty sword,
To hurl you back, the world to save
For Future's fair browed youth!
Nor ever let you more beset
The land you would imbrute.

Thou Goddess queen, around whose head
The Age's glories flame,
Thy power we praise; thy hymns we raise;
All honor to thy name.
Let mortals at thy fountains drink
Sweet inspiration's draught,
And rise above their selfish love
Along thy shining route.

Then upward, onward lead the way
 From darkness into light;
 Till o'er the world, shall be unfurled,
 The banner of thy might;
 Tho' systems clash and nations strive
 We see thee conquering still,
 While victrous cheers, unmixed by fears,
 All power to thee impute.

As it has been 'twill ever be
 Throughout all time to come.
 The might of right will win the fight
 O'er ignorance blind and dumb,
 And brighter far and grander still
 Shall be true Learning's sway,
 Till o'er the mind of all mankind
 Her rule shall none dispute.

O. G. HUGHSON, '92.

VIENNA, AUSTRIA.

Editor PHAROS, *Dear Sir*—Thinking you would like to hear what we have been seeing and doing, within the last two or three months, I give you a general account of the sights, our experiences, impressions, etc. Three weeks or more have passed very pleasantly to us here in Vienna. We have come to know what a really fine city it is, during several excursions to various places within its limits. Riding around the old central district of the *ten*, one passes magnificent public and municipal structures, gardens and palaces, together with long squares of fine buildings and monuments, all placed along the broad, circular street in such an array as to make it almost the finest we have thus far seen. The well known St. Stephen's Church, situated almost in the centre of the city, reaches aloft its parti-colored, tiled roof and beautiful spire, the latter a land-mark from any point of the distant suburbs. The broad Danube, with canal-like banks, and minus the "beautiful blue," flows quite swiftly by the north-east outskirts. 'Tis pleasant to promenade in one of the gardens, of an evening, listening to the fine music of some military band, which are numerous here. One sees curious costumes worn by the peasants from the country round.

A woman with short, full, skirts, a bandana tied over her hair, and a pair of real, large-sized boots on her feet is a common sight in the streets. These poor creatures engage in almost every kind of manual labor, however rough, that the men do. One sees them at work, generally where any building is going on. They stir mortar, carry brick, and shovel dirt with the best of the men. Everywhere they carry on their backs heavy baskets of vegetables, fruit and other produce. It is hard

not to feel much pity for the poor beings, yet once a custom, their rough labors are accepted as all right, by themselves, as by others.

As over twenty thousand troops are garrisoned here, officers and common soldiers are naturally very numerous about the city. German is very largely spoken here, and almost everything has quite a German character. Soon after we arrived, the meeting of the clubs of the great confederation of German singers was celebrated, during a whole week. Companies of members had come from all over Europe and from several large cities of our United States. The city was full of people. Concerts were held in an immense hall erected in the 'Prater,' the large park lying out near the Danube. The large grounds around it were literally filled with people all day and during most of the night. These concerts were given by a chorus of several hundred male voices. They were not so fine, however, as one would expect.

We have seen many Americans here, as at other large places. Many, of course, in the sense one would naturally mean with regard to his countrymen met in a far-off land. Out in the park one evening, during the week of the "sanger fest" an American met the head of our party and asked him if he was an American, shaking him heartily by the hand and saying he was always glad to hear some good English over here. He was a simple, whole-souled fellow, and the first thing he did was to give our friend his general history and connections and then to ask questions as to the home and the possible acquaintances of that gentleman in various places. Several of our chance American acquaintances have had similar laughable experiences with these true-hearted, friendly countrymen.

In Austria, as in Germany Sunday is a great day for all sorts of amusements, especially in the afternoon and evening. Church services are attended in the morning by the better people, who then feel free to devote the remainder of the day to rest and pleasure, as it is the only time during the week that a large number of them have to themselves. Such is the national custom, or really, feeling with regard to the day, and under the circumstances it seems allowable, but only partially.

It was not long before we were struck by the absence of handsome residences which naturally seem due such a splendid city as Vienna. We learned that the better classes live, as a rule, in suites of apartments in the upper stories of the large blocks around through the finer parts, during the winter. In the summer, the wealthier class go to their villas, or to the fashionable resorts. This absence of beautiful houses is not at all the case in Berlin where they are to be found around the quieter portions. There, too,

we made quite a stay, after a continuous trip through Belgium, Holland, Switzerland, and a considerable part of Germany, stopping not more than two or three days at most of the places visited. 'Twould take a volume to give merely an idea of the scenery, sights, and characteristics of these countries, their quaint, historical, old cities, and their various people, respectively. Such a multitude of strange customs, interesting objects, and unfamiliar beings as constantly besiege the mind and senses of the traveler in Europe! Belgium, with her peculiarly French character; Holland, with her odd people, and flat, canal-intersected stretches; Switzerland, with her grand displays of nature; and Germany with her steady development and growth in towns, industries, and political power; these lands afforded us deep and varied interest in innumerable ways. It should be said, however, that too often, the place which one has time after time pictured to his mind's eye in all their fascinating, characteristic surroundings, and whose romantic sentiment and historical influences he has repeatedly tried to feel in imagination, too often, do these places disappoint the expectant visitor by their substantial, natural appearance, and (to him) almost entire lack of that charming character and air he had hoped to find. Without doubt, the more imaginative and romantic he is, the more truthfully will he be able to conjure up this long departed atmosphere of any place, and put himself under its oft sought spell. Besides, the experience of one person is not likely to be often similar to that of another in the realization of such expectations, and if it is ever so it will be with many variations.

The trip up the Rhine from Berne to Mayence was a delightful one. During the first part, the scenery was rather interesting, but the farther we went, the finer and more characteristic did it become. Now and then a bend in the river would enable us to view the entire mass of a group of wooded hills or some piece of more level landscape, lying along the banks some distance back. Towards noon, ruined castles began to appear on the summits and precipitous crags of the hills rising steeply from the river's banks. They were very picturesque and, of course, full of interest for us. Soon they crowned so many eminences on either side as to lend quite a mediæval air to their entire surroundings. This was much enhanced by the quaint little towns nestling at the foot of the hills, and retaining still, their true character and appearance in a great measure, from the time of the Middle Ages, during which they originated. In places the Rhine is entirely shut in for several miles by the high bluffs and wooded slopes along either bank. Near Coblenz it makes a sharp turn or two, and here especially, the scenery grew really imposing. Grand would not, I

think, be a proper term for any part of it. Just before reaching the latter place, the massive fortrees of Ehrenbreitstein crowning a bold, lofty eminence opposite the city, comes into view. Later the slopes are covered nearly to the tops with innumerable terraces walled up with stones, and planted in vines. These terraces, often ten feet or more in height, represent a vast amount of labor on the part of the peasants. They are rendered necessary by the steepness of the inclines, generally, while at the same time they facilitate the gathering of crops.

Near the pretty little town of "Bingen, on the Rhine" the 'Rat Tower' of the fated Bishop Hatto stands on a rock in mid-stream, an odd-shaped structure, solidly built of stone. Late in the afternoon we passed beautiful villas, villages, and pleasant woods, occupying the gently sloping banks which, above Bingen, are widely separated, almost forming a little lake. The sun, setting directly over the broad backward stretches of the river, lit up with glowing rays a most charming, quiet landscape. A troop of school boys who had come aboard with their teacher, some distance below, evidently after a botanizing trip, left the boat with us at the curious old city of Mayence, the end of our delightful experience on the storied Rhine.

PAUL MABURY.

(Continued.)

LOCAL.

Don't play pool.

Henry Timm is a peace-maker.

Read Chapman & Co.'s new ad.

Prof. Thoburn rides horse-back.

Miss Edith Cory is learning to cook.

The Seniors attended Junior Ex. in a body.

J. F. Jenness went to the city Friday evening.

Have you paid your subscription to the PHAROS?

The Sophomores looked pretty cheap after Junior Ex.

For Sale—A dozen tin horns, apply to J. B. Tregloan.

All the gentlemen of the class of '91 now wear plugs.

Koch is the best barber in San Jose. West Santa Clara St.

Curnow had a nice time at Vendome last Thursday evening.

Buy a present for your girl from Geo. W. Ryder, the jeweler.

See Miss Irvin about a course in short-hand or type-writing.

Several of the students marched in the procession last Tuesday.

They say the Junior girls' plugs are fine. The first ever worn here.

Oh! for another scheme whereby the Sophs. could break up Junior Ex.

O. W. M. did not sleep well during the first few nights of last week.

The first nine are endeavoring to have the baseball grounds remodeled.

If you want to know how to get off a street car in full speed ask Marsh.

They do say that John "Beetzebut" has a very exalted opinion of himself.

"Leaves have their time to fall" and the campus will bear out the assertion.

Holidays are getting rather stale. We have had our share of them this term.

The national flag supported the figures '92 all day the 24th in honor of the Juniors.

When you want anything in the line of jewelry, go to Ryder's. South First St.

Carl Smith, Academic, '88, and subsequently of U. C. is teaching school in Oregon.

Visit Koch's tonsorial parlors opposite the Auzer-ais House. He does good work.

Fred G. Burrows was in San Francisco last Friday and Saturday on PHAROS business.

Mr. Widney of Santa Clara kindly allowed the Juniors to use his hall for rehearsals.

The "bogus" was printed in the *Mercury* this year, instead of being distributed at the Ex.

Miss Lulu Mayne '90, S. M. Chynoweth '90 and Susie Kingsbury '90 were at Junior Ex.

E. A. Wilcox '90, was at Junior Ex. The PHAROS does not yet know what he thinks of it.

Resolved: That a person is justified in going to the theatre "by way of the prayer-meeting."

Henry Andresen has gone home to vote. If Pond is not elected Henry will raise a full beard.

Clark has a wonderful voice, but the neighbors say they wish he would keep it at home nights.

Curnow has at last procured a plug; a low hat something similar to those of the Junior girls would evidently be more becoming to him.

The Sophomores join in "Hark ye! hear ye! victory! once more Sophomore, ninety-three."

The Literary Contest will be held on Thursday evening, Dec. 18, at the California Theater.

The Sophomores were balked in their attempt to kidnap those who were on the Ex. program.

The lectures this term would give one the impression that the University is a Theological school.

The people that went to hear Stanford speak were disappointed; those who went to see him were not.

'94 has the best class yell in college. "It is Roar-roar-roar-ninety-four; Populi sumus, ninety-four."

Several of the boys found moonlight riding very pleasant on the evening of Cartesia's open meeting.

Playing billiards and pool at the Lick has not been beneficial to the health of several of the Academites.

Will A. Beasley, ex '92 has been heard from. He reached his destination safely, but says he is homesick.

Some of the College men are displaying hermit-like tendencies this term. Plenty of work is the excuse.

S. H. girl No. 1.—Why is Mr. Gruwell like South Hall? No. 2.—Because he is empty in the upper story.

Miss H. spilt a bottle of her best perfumery on the floor, during Junior Ex. All in that quarter were sorry.

Will F. Hyde took a moon-light ride one evening last week. He does not believe in being alone after sun-down.

The '93 banner was too slow in making its appearance at Junior Ex., and did not remain long enough to be seen.

The two credits which Prof. Lease gives for neatness in his examination papers helps some of his students to pass.

Wisner Lovejoy is having serious trouble with his eyes, in San Francisco. His many friends extend their sympathies.

Last Saturday afternoon, the first nine played the San Jose High School boys. The score was 11 to 8 in favor of the U. P.

When you borrow a PHAROS, you should return it so that the owner would not have to buy an extra to complete his volume.

The third division of Freshman class was extremely delighted when Mrs. Robinson appeared in chapel a few Fridays ago.

Miss Irvin's department is becoming more popular every day. This is not to be wondered at when the usefulness of shorthand is considered.

Wm. A. Kennedy '89 was married to Miss Bessie Hyde, of Santa Clara, last Thursday. The PHAROS extends congratulations and best wishes.

A young man in East Hall remarked that if he was a certain young lady he would throw himself out of his window and say "here goes nothing."

A number of the boys have received letters from Harry Blake, '90. He is rapidly getting used to Japanese life in Nagasaki, riding around in a "jin-whiskey."

John Sherman Meracle is a brave man with five or six girls around him, but nevertheless he put his hand in his pistol pocket when he dared the boys to touch any one of them.

Miss Calhoun and her classes in elocution will give a recital in the conservatory chapel, Friday evening Nov. 14th., for the benefit of the Y. W. C. A. and Elocutionary Department.

1st. Soph. We were foolish to act the way we did at Junior Ex.

2nd. Soph. Keep still, don't say anything about it; we will know better next time.

The game of ball between the Academy and College boys was quite exciting. The reason the college was beaten was due to the fact that most of the boys had not touched a ball for several years.

The somewhat peculiar remark made by one of our students about a young lady not long ago may be easily accounted for. The gentleman wears glasses and sometimes gets things confused.

Word comes to us from Seattle that our friend the Rev. Hezekiah Hestwood has serious matrimonial inclinations. His friends are very much concerned about his health. He always was a wayward boy.

A certain young man did not have respect enough for his company, the night of Jr. Ex., to keep his cigarettes out of sight until he left the campus, but stood on the South Hall steps with one in his mouth.

Prof. to Mr. R. (in civil government.)—Now to illustrate this, how long have you been a citizen? Mr. R. (bushing)—I don't like to tell, Professor.

It was soon found out that the next day was his birthday.

Will Cavano has been suffering quite severely from the effect of the bite of a poisonous insect, presumably a black spider, so that he is compelled to carry his arm in a sling. We are glad to hear that it is getting better.

The Juniors have the honor of introducing class yells into our University. They say "Ho, ho, hay! We're O. K.! ninety-two, ninety-two! Ho, ha, hay."

About two weeks ago Eaton met with an accident. Indications pointed to a collision with a tree. He says he was riding through the grove, when he suddenly awoke and found himself alone on the ground with the skin peeled from the side of his head.

Last Friday afternoon, Rev. James Blackledge delivered the most interesting lecture that we have heard this term. His subject was "The Bible as a Text Book." He held the attention of the students from beginning to end. A few lectures of this stamp would cause a better attendance of the students.

MIGMA.

JUNIOR EX.

The much talked of Junior Ex. is now a thing of the past, and everything is settling into its former state of quiet. This sixth Ex—the first in two years, will ever be memorable in the history of the U. P. For the first time in our history, "Junior Day" was observed. The Juniors had a vacation, and were considered the guests of the University. The other college classes had but two recitations.

The flag, on which was a large '92, floated from the Conservatory. Preceding classes hoped in vain for a new building in which to hold their Ex. To '92 was given the privilege of initiating the Conservatory into such a use. It was, indeed, a great relief to be free from the old building with its winding stairs, rickety seats, and poor ventilation.

The new chapel never presented a more beautiful appearance. The stage was decorated with flowers and ivy. The choir gallery was filled with a mass of evergreen. Covering the north wall, was a large canvass on which was drawn in charcoal the class crest. This banner, drawn by Miss Kennedy, was a beautiful piece of work, and called forth many compliments from the audience. '92 has always shown a spirit of progress, and never loses an opportunity to correct a wrong custom. Instead of asking the Sophomores to furnish ushers, that part of the Ex. was placed in the hands of the Freshmen where it belongs, and they appointed their young ladies as ushers. By seven o'clock the people began to arrive, and by eight, the Conservatory was comfortably filled with a large audience, such as only can be called together by the hope of enjoying an exceptionally good programme, and they were not to be disappointed.

The programme opened with a selection by D'Ablaing's string quartette, after which the class—

each member, both ladies and gentlemen, wearing the gray Junior plug hat, marched upon the stage and formed an X. While in this position they sung the class song. This was followed by a short well-worded address by L. W. Jefferson, the president of the class. The next was an oration by J. B. Tregloan, on the subject "The Divine Law of Love." It was a scholarly production and was well delivered. Miss Needham then favored the audience with a vocal solo, "I think of Thee." The charming manner in which it was rendered called forth such a storm of applause that she was compelled to respond to an encore, when she sang "Two Little Co-eds"—a humorous song with a local application.

Miss Edith Wilcox, in her pleasing style, recited the class poem—"An Ode to Learning," written for the occasion by O. G. Hughson. Then came an interesting, carefully prepared oration on "The Race for Gold" by A. Kincaid.

The string quartette closed the first part of the programme with a selection—"Andante Expressif" composed by Prof. F. Loui King.

The second part of the programme was of a humorous character. The class appeared as the U. P. Glee Club, each member wearing a full dress suit; some wore wigs; others ridiculously high collars and loud ties. V. C. Richards the leader, explained that the Club was organized to travel through the State and advertise the U. P. He said it was considered nothing but proper to favor the students and friends of the University with the first public appearance. The programme consisted mainly of local jokes at the expense of different students, the Sophomore class, and members of the Faculty. Mr. Richards precluded each part by a short humorous explanation.

The first number was a song by the club, "Solid '92." Then followed a solo by S. D. Briggs, the club joining in the chorus. It consisted of "hits" on several of the professors. The next was a pompous sophomoric oration by O. G. Hughson. He appeared with the sophomore mortar-board, cane and gown. Following this was a chorus—"The Classes" by the club. A quartette consisting of Misses Needham and Buffington and Messrs Tregloan and V. C. Richards sang "Commencement Day." It recounted the manner in which was raised the remainder of the money to pay for the Conservatory.

Miss Buffington then read an essay on a *new subject*, "Spring." It was a production "as silly as she knew how," drawing lessons from nature, and illustrating the common school-girl effort.

The audience was then favored with a solo by S. D. Briggs, dressed up as a lady, with a long Italian name. The audience went wild over this solo, and she was compelled to respond to an encore.

V. C. Richards followed with a solo on "93 Class History."

Next was a chorus by the Glee Club. It consisted of local "hits" sung to the tune of "Meerchaum." The last number was a song by the Club, in which each member of the Faculty received proper (or possibly improper) mention. It was quite amusing and called forth applause even from the professors.

The class yell was then given with a will, and Junior Ex was a thing of the past.

Never in our university has there been presented a programme showing more originality and careful work. No previous Junior class has been favored with so large and appreciative an audience.

A PLEASANT EVENING.

On Thursday evening, Oct. 23rd. the Senior and Junior classes were entertained at the Vendome by President Hirst. At six o'clock they marched into the beautiful dining hall and took their places around a long table tastefully decorated with flowers. After partaking of an elegant dinner, the company retired to the parlors, where an hour was spent in social conversation and in singing college songs. Nothing that would make the affair a pleasant one was lacking.

The students felt satisfied that the time could not have been spent more profitably or pleasantly.

The guests were: Misses Meese, McKeaney Juvinial, Buffington, Wilcox, Needham and Watson; Messrs. L. C. Simpson, M. Tochikura, S. D. Briggs, F. G. Burrows, T. G. Crothers, W. T. Curnow, O. G. Hughson, L. W. Jefferson, J. F. Jenness, A. Kincaid, J. S. Meracle, J. F. Richards, V. C. Richards, J. B. Tregloan and E. B. Williams.

CARTESIAN ANNIVERSARY.

Friday Oct. 31st. was a red letter day in the history of Cartesia, the leading literary society of the Academy. On that evening she celebrated her first anniversary in the University Chapel. The platform was tastefully decorated for the occasion. Prominent among the many choice decorations were the society crest, of beautiful and suggestive design, and a handsome frame containing the portraits of those who had recently graduated from the Academy and joined one or the other of the college societies. The program was well arranged and rendered in a manner which reflects great credit on the society and on the work done in the class-room.

After the orators of the evening had taken their places on the platform and Dr. Hirst had offered prayer; Mr. Rowell, the president of the society, delivered an address of welcome and in a few well chosen remarks recounted the history of the society

and set forth its object, place and importance in the institution.

H. D. Sheldon, in an oration "Shall the Negro be Educated?" showed that education is an essential factor in securing the permanence of any government. Having traced the rapid progress made by the Negro since his emancipation, he reasoned that we must educate him so as to fit him for the duties of citizenship, in order that we may ever be true to the principle recognized by us, of making liberty and education the corner stones on which our government is founded.

A select cornet solo by Harry Gray was followed by a thoughtful oration by J. F. Stewart, on "The Lever." His leading idea was that pure, earnest, consecrated thought is the lever by which we are to move the world. Thought is the steed which waits to carry the mind of man away beyond the horizon of present limitation into the sphere of boundless possibilities which lies beyond. To day, no greater power is wielded for the world's advancement than thought.

A piano solo by E. F. Schneider received a well-merited encore.

In his oration, A. C. Marks ably discussed the question of "Emigration for the Negro." He argued that "white people formed this government and white people must preserve it. The control of a government by foreigners is an evidence of its speedy downfall. As a means to secure the endurance of our government some plan must be devised to induce the Negro to emigrate to Africa from whence he came.

The Misses Bonn sang a duett in a very acceptable manner and were encored, after which Prof. W. D. Crabb, Principle of the Academy, delivered the society address. His main proposition was, that all values are the results of victories over opposing forces and evils. Absolutely, there is nothing of value with which men have to do but what is the result of somebody's victories over opposing influences. In literary work as well as in all other fields, to obtain anything of real value, we must labor to overcome the forces which are ever ready to drive us back.

When school life is o'er and its happy days are lived over again in memory, one event, at least, will have an especial charm for the Cartesians of to-day, and that will be "Cartesia's First Anniversary."

FRESHIES BEAT THE SOPHIES.

Last Saturday afternoon the Freshmen and Sophomores played their long looked for game of ball on the college diamond. It was anticipated as one of the events of the term by both '93 and '94, as each had come out determined to win. The game opened with '93 to the bat—*retiring in order*. The '94's half was utilized to the tune of 4 runs, but after this the game

settled down to steady playing—not phenomenal by any means, and '93 were two ahead in the 5th inning. '94 came to the bat and made 4 runs, making them two ahead: score 8 to 10. '93 came to bat and made one run—on error—and were retired for their last inning, leaving the score 10 to 9 in favor of '94. Last but not least by far, was the appearance of the ladies, who supported their respective classes as only ladies can.

Following is list of players and the score by innings:

SOPHOMORE.				FRESHMAN.			
Hamilton	catcher	Walton		
Rich	pitcher	Zumwalt		
Percy	1st base	Gilman		
Timm	2nd "	Rea		
Burwell	3rd "	Brown		
Melvin	c. f.	Milnes		
Webster	r. f.	Offield		
Barnhisel	l. f.	Castleman		
Gruwell	s. s.	Edwards		
		1	2	3	4	5	6
'94	4	0	2	0	4	*=10	
'93	0	0	2	3	3	I=9	

THE PALETTE.

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

Mr. Brown visited the studio last week.

Miss Oaks of Santa Clara is a new art student.

There is a great craze for portraits in the studio.

Miss Helen Keiser and Marie Brusie have left the U. P.

The studio is the hottest place on the campus. No "brimstone" is needed here.

Miss Blanche Rosencrans joins the art class next week. She is going to do crayon work.

Miss Jackson and Miss Warren expect to enter the studio next week. They intend taking Pastelle.

Miss Kennedy has lost her skull. Any one finding, please return to owner, as it has "fond memories" connected with it.

There is not a college or university professor in the United States whose salary is over \$5,000, while the great majority are under \$3,000.—*Ex.*

Out of 38,054 alumni from fifty-eight colleges and universities since 1829, nine per cent are recorded as physicians, ten per cent as lawyers, and twenty-one per cent as ministers.—*Ex.*

EAST HALL ECHOES.

Editors. { - - - - - O. G. HOPKINS.
- - - - - GRACE BEAN.

Diggs, you are wanted in room 78.

Miss Brady entered the Academy last week.

Reigg's melodious voice is missed in the Hall.

Something is wrong with Knowland's type-writer.

A natural curiosity on the third floor—a young lady.

The Prep. base-ball team is all right. "You bet."

The "Adelphic" expects to fit up a nice room for its meetings.

Poor Cavano is crippled again with a sort of a crab-uncle on his wrist.

O. B. Wood has been home for a few days on account of his health.

The boundaries of the campus do not extend very far for some of the boys.

The boys did go down to take part in the parade and hear Markham speak.

Miss Irvin will hereafter meet her short-hand classes in the Senior class room.

Boys of college! Miss Sh-l-y can blush, ah yes. Ask one of the third floor boys.

Cavano has found a remedy for extracting corns. None need apply for treatment.

Emendia intends to obstruct the searching gaze of sight-seers—her curtains are up.

We shall all be glad to hear that the "pipers" have completed their work in East Hall.

The Milnes' boys cart became ambitious the other night and climbed to the ridge of the barn.

A number of the Hall boys took a tramp (six or seven of them) to Mt. Hamilton Saturday week.

The Mt. Hamilton boys said it was a long road that had no turn between San Jose and College Park.

C. H. the other morning was favored by a visit from two of the feline tribe. Nine pets for the boys.

"Rats," on the academic examination papers, does not receive much credit. It is decidedly not "Latin."

College fish horns will have to be introduced in East Hall to get rid of those most blood-thirsty mosquitoes.

A general stampede took place when Prof. appeared, and but few remained to explained, why all this noise?

Wm. Cavano was quite unfortunate last week, in handling nitric acid, ruined his clothes and stained his hands.

The latest craze in East Hall is, Yale locks, not strawberry, auburn, melodrame or any other kind of locks, but straight cast.

Knowland was seen to fall in the hall last Tuesday week, at about 4:30 o'clock; palpitation of the heart is supposed to be the cause.

The Commercial students have been well entertained during recitation hours this week with bass solos from "way down below."

The Mt. H. boys say they felt all right with their hands, but the epidermis is all off the top of the phalanges of the lower appendages.

The "Pipers" have entirely renewed the heating apparatus in the Hall, and now the boys are looking forward to a pleasant winter, and little rain.

One of the Hall boys had his coat badly burned by the reflection of Republican sparks. If there is any virtue in a name he will soon have it mended.

Will Blake tried to make a toy out of a car conductor's tally table. The conductor could not see the fun in allowing little Willie to play with it long.

Cartesia's new roll of officers are: Pres., M. Rowell; V. Pres. J. Stewart; Rec. Sec., W. Guth; Cor. Sec. O. B. Wood; Sergeant-at-Arms, Chas. Henderson.

Prof. C.—Mr. N. what is the great attraction for the boys in your room to-night?

Mr. N.—(with his hands dripping with molasses candy) I guess this is the attraction Prof.

EXCHANGES.

The *Simpsonian* is a welcome guest.

Dartmouth was illustrated last issue.

The Persian language is taught at Cornell.—*Ex.*

Ann Arbor is to have three weeklies this year.—*Ex.*

The *Normal News* enters upon its tenth year. We wish it success.

The total membership of the Greek-letter societies is about 75,000.—*Ex.*

In American colleges there are four thousand young men preparing for the ministry.—*Ex.*

One hundred and seventy-five out of the three hundred and sixty-five colleges in the United States, publish papers.—*Ex.*

The Highlander in its highland flings reveals the disposition of its editor.

The Round Table devotes an entire page to this year's annual—in an "ad."

Ann Arbor had 545 graduates last year and this year has about 2500 students.

The College Student devotes seven pages to their president's inaugural address.

The Owl has an editorial staff of ten. If the work is divided equally no one need be over-worked.

There is a movement on foot to establish a chair of the Irish language at the University of Pennsylvania.

Prof. (in history,) What man first fought in Wales? Prep. (from England) triumphantly, "Jonah."—*Ex.*

Henry Wade Rogers, the newly elected president of Northwestern University is said to be but thirty-six years old.—*Ex.*

An opposition paper has been started at the Northwestern University by a sorehead element, for which the PACIFIC PHAROS has no sympathy.

The Board of overseers of Harvard passed resolutions favoring the reduction of age at which students may enter, from 19 to 17 years.

Kate Field's Washington is on our table. Whether her tongue is hung in the middle or not, it certainly has some of the properties of "a two edged sword."

The Daily Crimson, of Harvard has had some interesting comments on the proposed three years' course.

The Board of Overseers have not sustained the Faculty in their decision upon the adoption of the three years course.

"The committee's report says, referring to the proposal of the faculty to cut down the number of courses required for the degree of A. B. more than one-ninth: This proposal involves a sweeping and very large reduction of the required amount of liberal studies for all students, as well as for the comparative handful of intending medical students in whose needs alone this movement had its origin, without affording any sufficient relief for the latter who need it. Your committee can hardly conceive of a more unfortunate step in the educational world than a significant and conspicuous lowering of the standard of the higher liberal education would be at the present time. The one thing more needful than any other in the whole business, social, and political world of America, is a broad, generous and leisurely liberal education for its young men preparing for active life."

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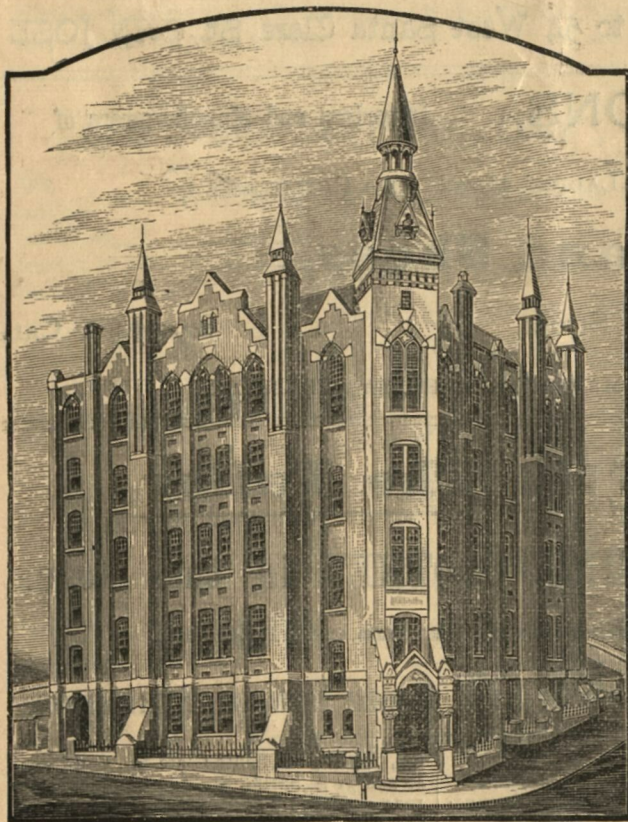
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- JOS. H. WYTHE, M. D., LL. D., F. R. M. S.,
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- HENRY GIBBONS, JR., M. D.,
Professor of Obstetrics and Female Diseases of Women
and Children and Dean.
- JOS. O. HIRSCHFELDER, M. D.,
Professor of Clinical Medicine.
- CLINTON CUSHING, M. D., Professor of Gynecology
- W. D. JOHNSTON, M. D.,
Professor of Chemistry and Toxicology.
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Professor of Anatomy.
- CHAS. H. STEELE, A. M. M. D.,
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- C. N. ELLINWOOD, M. D.,
Acting Professor of Clinical Surgery.
- W. S. WHITWELL, A. M. M. D.,
Adjunct to Chair of Obstetrics and Lecturer on Mental
Diseases.
- CHAS. E. FARNUM, M. D.,
Adjunct to Chair of Anatomy and Demonstrator of
Anatomy.
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Adjunct to the Chair of Clinical Medicine and Demon-
strator of Pathology.
- GEO. F. HANSON, M. D.,
Adjunct to the Chair of Materia Medica and Thera-
peutics.

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The regular Course of Lectures commences on the first Monday in June of each year, and continues until November. The Intermediate Course commences on the second Monday in January of each year, and continues nearly four months.

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