



2-25-1891

The Pacific Pharos, February 25, 1891

University of the Pacific

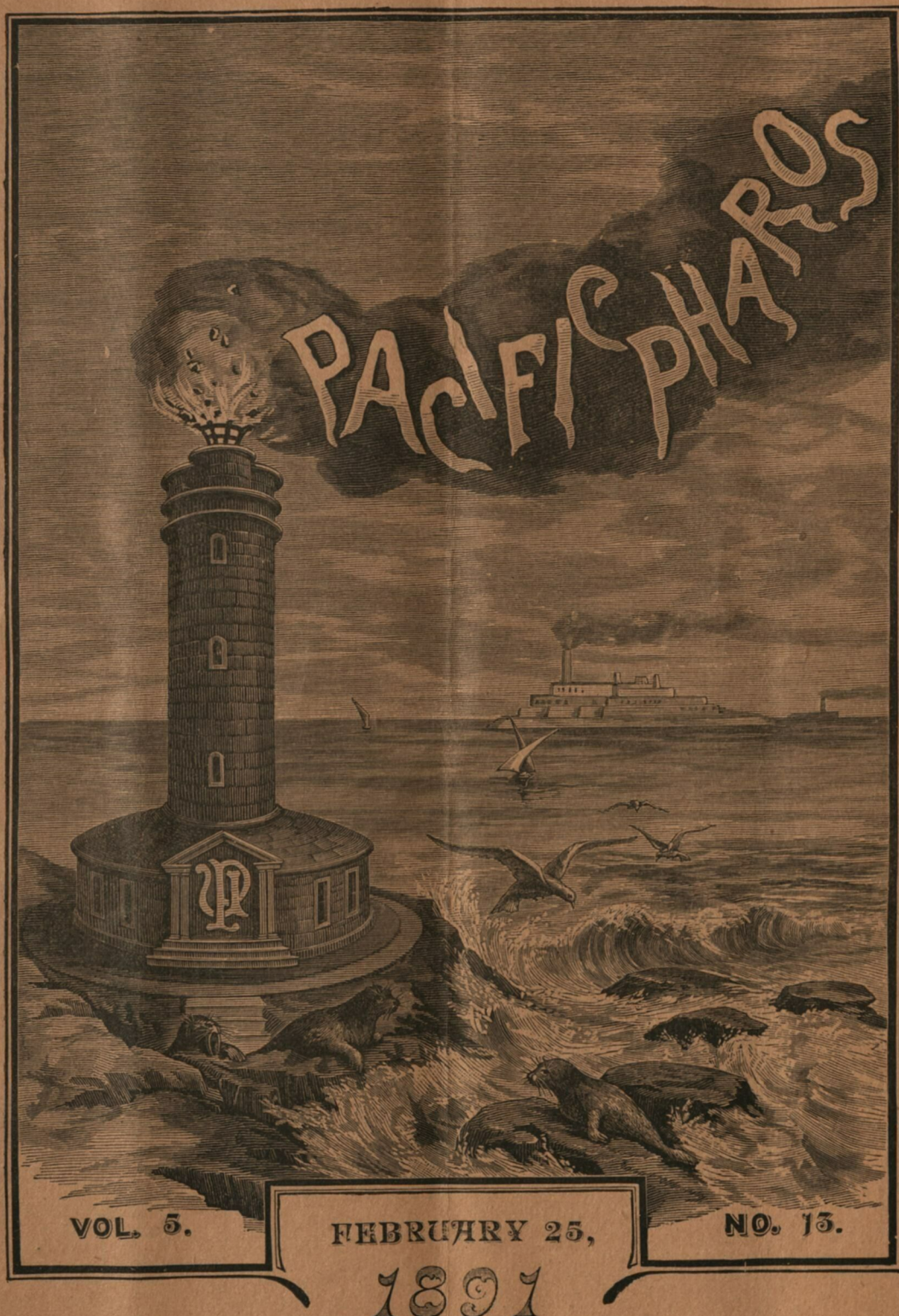
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Recommended Citation

University of the Pacific, "The Pacific Pharos, February 25, 1891" (1891). *All Issues - Student Newspaper, The Pacifican, Pacific Weekly*. 2823.

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UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC, FEB. 25, 1891.

Vol. V, No. 13

PACIFIC PHAROS.

Published Bi-weekly during the College Year, by the Pharos Publishing Association.

EDITORS:

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Terms \$1.50 per year in advance; } Single copies 10 cents.
1.00 for Six Months.

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SUBSCRIBERS and Advertisers will be considered permanent until notice of discontinuance is given and all arrearages are paid.

CORRESPONDENCE and Contributions upon topics of interest solicited from Alumni and Undergraduates. No anonymous articles will be published.

Address all communications to

PACIFIC PHAROS.

College Park, Cal'a.

Entered at College Park Postoffice as second class matter.

PRINTED BY SMITH & WILCOX, MERCURY JOB ROOMS, SAN JOSE.

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EDITORIAL.

THOSE who have listened to the fine programs of the last few Friday mornings cannot help contrasting them with the chapel oratoricals of a year or two ago. There have been great changes, and for the better. For a time it was considered a bore on all sides. The enforcement of the duty was rather lax, and little attention was given to the character of the productions. The prevailing custom was to avoid duty if at all possible.

Next the classes took it up and every Friday morning witnessed quite an interesting program. It finally became more amusing than profitable, having been converted into a time for songs, orations and essays, with a rival class as a theme. To this the Faculty objected. The character of the work is now determined according to the classes, and no one is allowed to shirk duty.

The opinion of the students in regard to oratoricals has also changed. Few try to

avoid the duty. It has taken its place where it belongs—among the regular studies of the courses. It was thought that the present system would destroy the old class rivalry, but this is not the case. Classes still take pride in presenting good programs. Carefully prepared orations are the rule instead of the exception as formerly.

The importance of this training in literary work and public speaking can not be estimated; no education is complete without it. Some may think it a useless trouble, but they will find their mistake in after life. On the other hand all graduates are supposed to be orators, and if they cannot make a good showing when called upon in public, they are a discredit to their *alma mater*.

THE old light question has finally been settled by Archania and Rhizomia. They have discarded gas and returned to lamps. The gas used in West Hall has been paid for

by the institution and the two societies, each paying one third. The societies have long thought that they were paying for more than they used, and, consequently, there was not a little dissatisfaction. To add to the discontent, for the past year or more the gas has been unusually bad. It was generally smoky, often too weak to sufficiently light the halls, and sometimes would not flow at all. Being compelled to use lamps on several occasions, the societies came to the conclusion that they might be used continuously. Last term with West Hall free from all entertainments, from the innumerable rehearsals for Junior Ex., from committee meetings; with weak gas, or with none, and with frequent adjournments of the societies, it was thought the bill would be small. But those who thought so were mistaken; the old meter was in good condition and registered more than for preceding terms, hence the action of the societies. The stairways are lighted by bracket lamps. The society halls are furnished with elegant parlor chandeliers. The light is better and is put where it is needed. It is estimated that the cost of the lamps and oil for a year will not exceed that of gas for the same length of time. At any rate this will do away with much discontent, and allow the societies to determine which light they prefer. Our opinion is that they will stick to the "old reliable kerosene" until the San Jose gas company gives College Park a better service.

THE leading topic of conversation at present is the "Star Entertainment Course" under the management of the *Naranjado* publishers. The course comprises four entertainments. The first, taking place in the Baptist Tabernacle on the evening of Saturday the 14th inst., was a lecture by Miss Olof Krarer, the little Esquimaux lady. She gave a simple story of her life and of the character, habits, etc., of her people. Her lecture was extremely interesting and often amusing. As she was but forty inches in height she was quite a curiosity in herself.

The next entertainment will be given by the "Boston Banjo, Mandolin and Guitar Club" on Saturday evening, March 7th.

The *Naranjado* Company is conferring a great benefit upon the University by bringing these entertainments to San Jose. They are both interesting and instructive for the students; and the institution is receiving considerable good advertising. Several attempts in this line have been made by other classes, but they generally ended disastrously—financially considered. As these entertainments are all first class, we hope they will be well patronized, and that the managers may have no reason to complain of finances. All that is gained will be expended in making the *Naranjado* a volume creditable to our University.

IT is hoped that the Seniors do not intend to let their regular "Senior Entertainment" go by default. They have obtained a reputation for neglecting their class obligations; they should wake up and break their record. They have doubled in number this term, still it must be admitted that the class is not too large.

There are just enough Seniors in the college courses and in the Conservatory to present a good program. Let the "Senior Entertainment" be observed appropriately.

LITERARY.

The Gate to the Temple of Honor.

BY C. F. GILMORE.

I wandered out one sweet spring day
To ponder o'er a book,
And down upon the green-sward lay
Beside the purbling brook.

While in this quiet, pensive mood
The book was laid aside,
And Fancy came from out the wood
In vesture of a bride.

"I come," she said, "to take you back
O'er all the ages past;
To seek the laurel for your brow,
Which none but Honor hast."

"O'er all the years, from zone to zone,
'Till all are neath the sod;
From time when sun on man first shone
Beside his Maker, God."

I went, and stood at closing day,
The sixth of setting sun,
And heard the voice of God to say
The crowning work is done.

I saw walk forth, where Beauty treads,
The man and woman fair,
With Virtue clothed, and on their heads
The crown of Honor wear.

I went with man to Eden's bowers,
The tree of knowledge saw,
And plucked from there the rarest flowers
Allowed by Nature's law.

There plants from climes beyond the earth
Are seen by mortal eye,
And perfume trees of priceless worth
Shed odors to the sky.

And birds of song we there behold,
Which earthly choirs outsing,
And rippling streams o'er sands of gold
From crystal fountains spring.

The Tree of Life beside the stream
Its healing branches spread,
The fruit from which will man redeem
From regions of the dead.

And Jasper walls on every side
This Paradise enclose,
And gates of gold stand open wide
Through which the sun arose.

The Tempter came 'mid this fair scene,
The words of Vice to speak,
To cause the pair their God demean
And awful vengeance wreak.

How sad the tale that I must tell—
The Tempter's voice was heard,
From woman's brow now Honor fell—
The crown of thorns preferred.

Then man partook the sensuous fruit
And left his high estate,
The plan of God he dared commute—
No man is spared his fate.

With Virtue gone and Honor lost,
From God they try to hide,
And man will still at fearful cost
In secret sin abide.

I heard their Maker's tender call,
He sought them to and fro—
But sin had thrown o'er earth its pall,
Had sown the seeds of woe.

"Long warfare now," Jehovah said,
"Man will be made to feel,
Love shall bruise the serpents head
And it shall bruise His heel."

"No longer here in Eden dwell
Lest Life's fair tree you eat,
And thus you bind the chains of hell
Eternal on your feet."

With shame he left his garden home
To till the cursed earth
Through all the years of time to come—
And Death shall seek his hearth.

'Mid Eden's bowers a temple fair
By hands divine was reared,
And Honor's name was graven there—
By angel lips revered.

And o'er the Eastern gates of gold
Another temple stands,
Through which no man can go, I'm told,
If Vice still stains his hands.

For Cherubim stand guard to this,
And flaming swords of fire,
To guard the door to Virtue's bliss
From man's profane desire.

The way lies smooth to Virtue's gate
At first 'tis rough and steep,
And toil and sweat no man must hate
Who Honor's joys would reap.

I took my stand on Eden's walls
With Fancy at my side,
And looked adown Time's starry halls,
'Till Christ had claimed his bride.

The sons of men who, lured by sin
Spared not a brothers' blood,
Knew Virtue's way, walked not therein,
God swept away by flood.

As mortals filled the earth again,
As sand beside the sea,
Some sought the ways of Vice in vain
For Honor's temple key.

And some from learning's classic halls
Were sure the prize to find,
And sought by ways that Science calls—
And art—with cultured mind.

And some through wealth would enter in,
And some by means of State,
Would rob the poor, and bribe and sin,
And God and man berate.

But Virtue's gate was bright and clear,
By feet of thousands trod,
For many walked the way with fear
To Honor and to God.

For Christ, the God of Virtue, came,
The way to Honor lead;
His gospel is the path to fame,
To him who lives its creed.

For Honor's gate and temple fair
Ne'er were defiled by sin,
And he who seeks to enter there
Must Virtue's gate go in.

When Fancy left, I was assured
This picture true to find.
The laurel crown is not procured
By wealth of human mind.

But Virtue's way, by right and truth,
The way the Christ man trod,
Is now the way to walk, forsooth,
To Honor and to God.

THE GENIUS OF SOCIAL PROGRESS.

O modern complexity! O labyrinth of society! What is the secret of thy development into a higher and more delicate organism? What is the genius of social progress?

Man, in the beginning, with no law to guide him except his own inclinations, was soon taught by nature through her manifestations of order and purpose both in the vegetable and animal creations, that he must associate with his fellow-men in order that he might more effectually protect those God-given privileges—the right to exist and the right to think. Thus society.

And, like the lower animals, men must have a leader. Thus the germ of absolutism, religious and civil. Despotism began his march at the earliest dawn of civilization: received, respected, because of the weakness of humanity; maintained, elevated, because that weakness has been fostered by keeping man in ignorance and in the dust.

The noon of the glory of that tyrant whose right hand held the headsman's axe, whose left the fagot, lay between the twelfth and sixteenth centuries; but a transition period is now apparant; the synthetical characteristic of previous ages, especially noticeable in the inflectional character of languages, gives way to the analytical; so the afternoon of despotism is attended with thunderstorms of justice; and when the flash of intellect struck its stunning blow, separating church and state forever, the night of Monarchy and Romanism was ushered in.

The morning of liberty dawns, The dark clouds

of oppression roll back and the great luminary of peace and prosperity shines in upon a world of misery. A grand impetus of progression seizes upon the former mis-directed human energy. Society at once leaps to heights of success which dwarf into insignificance those already attained. Man, now standing ruler over his own destiny, wonders at the glorious achievements which mankind has accomplished and begins to realize that the range of human possibility is within his grasp. Science fathoms the depths of mystery and joins hands with Christianity in proclaiming immortality to be the ultimate design of man.

That which makes man superior to the animal is not mind alone. Among the attributes of that motive power, the human soul, we must seek the genius of social progress. In order that the soul might reach its full development, existence and intelligence were the inalienable rights bestowed upon man. All attempts to trample on these rights are crimes against humanity and progress, and those institutions which, in any way, arrange themselves on the side of avarice and intolerance, the enemies of existence and intelligence, are objects against which the genius of social progress must ever direct its force; yes, cohorts of steel, if necessary. The darkest pages of history, the bloodiest periods in the annals of mankind, are those of battles fought for freedom and intellectual liberty; but that which made those martyrs, such as Cranmer, Taylor, and Latimer, sacrifice home and loved ones for humanity's sake; that which caused so many to go singing to the stake and scaffold rather than yield to a philosophy of government founded on the right of might, has been *loyalty to principle* which is the genius of social progress.

Many accredit the downfall of nations to the neglect of culture; but before that neglect, was the disloyalty to principle. Greece, most memorable cultivator of the mind, standing foremost among her contemporaries, succumbed easily to her foes. The spirit of decay had already struck her. So with the Roman Empire; the barbarian invasions were only a rush of a torrent against the structure already tottering to its fall. China once led in civilization, but when the national spirit perished, the Tartars subverted the native throne; and so we find that, after a thousand years, the Mongol is the same wild, marauding, miserable being as when he followed the trumpets of Tamerlane. Why was Spain plunged into ruin while the United Netherlands became free and prosperous states? *Principle* with loyal adherents will always win.

With pride, we point to the triumph of those Puritans, our fore-fathers, when, in seeking freedom of worship, climbing mountains of opposition, they

finally, by persistent loyalty to principle, planted the banner of freedom on the summit of independence. As in all other nations, those founders of our government built according to their genius. That genius, however, was one which did not build on the sands, but on the Rock of Human Rights.

Every great civilization has been the result of a great race first created. There must be exertion on our part, individually, in order that society may be elevated. The light of the reformation was a blessing because there were hearts eager for the truth and ready to die in its behalf. The fruitage of that eagerness, that loyalty, the world is reaping to-day. A civilization has been established which is greater than tyranny, grander than the glittering empire of gold, into whose system God has breathed the vitalism of Christianity, and it will live. It has given to France a republic. It is about to disenfranchise Ireland. It is leading England with rapid strides toward a people's government. All the German states, as well as the empire, are imbibing liberal principles. It has penetrated China and given it a constitution; established courts of justice in Russia. In Central and South American States and in Mexico, despotism is fleeing before it. Canada is virtually a republic. Truly, this is an age of republicanism; how long to continue depends on the interest the people take in public affairs, and whether they remain loyal to principle, the prime motive for true citizenship.

But how has that loyalty to principle been inculcated into the mind of mankind? By education alone? Education failed to sustain Greece and Rome against their own political profligacy. That power in the sculptor, called genius, which enables him to imitate nature so well, has behind it that spirit which is also behind loyalty to principle, the genius of social progress. Hence the value of *Christian* education, but not *dogmatic* ritualism.

Although monarchy has been limited and the temporal power wrested from the church, their influence, especially that of the latter, is unabated. Even in our own fair land, a law known as the "Bennet Law," demanding substituted denominational education to be equivalent to our common school education, is resisted as unreasonable. What! our common school education to be questioned? Pray, on what grounds? Secularity is the reply. At first, plausible, but in fact absolutely futile; for in secularity is patriotism which places the demands of the people above those of church and state. Secularity is not infidelity, and the Great Book need not have been excluded from our schools; *for the Bible is not sectarian*, although sectarian interference has driven it from many of our schools. There are no grounds for the assailants of our common school,

and we may justly infer from such sinister motives, *disloyalty* to our free institutions. It is Foreignism against Americanism. It is an attempt to exalt a fifteenth century education above that of the nineteenth century. It is assuming that the language of Washington and Lincoln is inferior to that of Frederick or Napoleon; a language that fairly breathes the spirit of independence. Shall our common school, then, the citadel of freedom and self-government, stand or fall? Shall twelve millions of children be subjected to an education that leaves South Ireland with sixty-five per cent of illiteracy? Shall we bow beneath the yoke of retrogression, or *defy* one of the greatest barriers to social progress?

Not in this day of peace and prosperity will we allow Liberty to be choked by the mailed hand of Tyranny. Ah! therein lies the sequel of our indifference to the many social problems which demand our attention. The great luminary of peace and prosperity is blinding us to the pitfalls ahead. Where are the heroes of to-day? Has the race been won? Was America, the wall of western progress, intended to be the goal, when reached, only to hold civilization for the on-rushing of eastern barbarity to heap ruin upon all? Is this the Johnstown bridge of destruction? This, the home of intellectual culture, refinement and virtue, to be dragged down and ruled by ignorance, superstition and vice?

Of course a panacea can not be offered for the evils which beset society. Time and evolution are necessary to work a cure. Yet that evolution is retarded or advanced only as the social forces are regulated by *loyalty* or *disloyalty* to principle. The greatest energy does not always employ itself on the most worthy work. Listen to the tumult of sea and sky, and with subtler ear, detect the movement of the most solid substance of the earth, then think what might be accomplished could those forces be turned to their greatest effectiveness. So with the social forces. Oh! what wasted energy! Politics, with its artful contriving, tireless vigilance, excited feelings; large cities full of scheming, fraught with selfishness; abroad, colleges, claiming to be the seats of scientific investigation, given up to beer drinking and dueling. Will social progress emanate from such energy?

On the other hand, a better aspect presents itself. Commerce has been increased; industry advanced, friendship and good will created by *loyalty to principle*. With such a motive thoroughly established, may we hope to realize a social regeneration that shall bring light into all homes, happiness to the millions, Christianity for all.

L. W. JEFFERSON, '92.

The Vassar girls have a new skating rink.

AN UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

[A true incident that happened to an inhabitant of San Jose

In the days of old,
In the days of gold.]

It was in the spring of '59 that Dick, then a young man of twenty, was on his way home from California by way of Panama. He had been in California for four years seeking his fortune, but Fortune was fickle. Luck was against him, and having inherited a roving disposition from his father, a Methodist minister, he took a notion one day to visit his old friends and kindred; so taking steerage passage on the steamship *Orizaba*, with about seven hundred dollars hard earned coin in his belt, he found himself one bright morning in May steaming out of the Golden Gate homeward bound.

The incidents of a long voyage need not be related. Adventurers returning home from California were not likely to stand upon dignity, so it was not long before they were all on speaking terms with one another and many were the jokes followed by a dozen guffaws from the grizzly miners as they smoked their clay pipes, lounging about the decks. The warm summer evenings were spent in singing or dancing to a tune from a squeaky fiddle or a thrumming banjo.

Though so free and jovial, there were some whom Dick avoided, and one in particular who intruded himself, Dick knew must be a rascal. While at the dock in San Francisco buying his ticket, he was accosted by this saucy fellow who was very polite and friendly. "Pardon me, my friend," he said, "but I just noticed your buying a ticket for New York, I am bound there myself and would rather bunk with some respectable person like you than with some nigger. Suppose we go partners for the trip." This one, of all persons, Dick would not have chosen for a friend. He had a dissipated mouth and a leering eye. But there was no way out of it, so Dick consented to the proposition and, having seen a good share of "roughing it," he wisely kept his eyes open and his mouth shut. But this New York tough as Dick put him up to be, was extremely friendly, so much so that Dick mistrusted and avoided him. He seemed to be very congenial to a set who spent the days gambling on the second deck.

Then the gossip that ran over the steamer—one day it was one thing, another day another. Now it was rumored that pick-pockets were abroad. A German had been robbed of several hundred dollars. How the news flew over the vessel can only be imagined. At this juncture the New York tough approached Dick and told him confidentially to tie

his money in his pocket. But Dick's money with the exception of a few dollars, was in his belt, and he was glad of it for many passengers were robbed of all they possessed. One of the passengers that particularly attracted attention was a heavy bearded man who gave his name as Walker. His precise military step and quick flashing eye pronounced him to be a man of nerve and some ability and, as he smoked good cigars and always offered one to a companion in an off-hand generous sort of a way, he soon became known as a good fellow, just the kind of a man that was most respected by rough grizzly forty-niners.

After they had been out about a week Mr. Walker began to let his fellow voyagers into his plan. It was this, Mr. Walker was a miner; he owned mines and was looking for men to work for him. The mines were located in Ecuador about two weeks' journey from the coast. He offered his men \$250 per month and board with free passage down and back. This was considered a good offer and before two days had expired, he had enrolled 80 men, and Dick was on the list.

At Panama a schooner was waiting with provisions, mining tools and other articles of use. Mr. Walker had done as he promised, he paid his first month's wages as soon as the men stepped aboard the schooner. Thus far there had not been a sign of suspicion. Everything was done on the square, but when the schooner heaved anchor Mr. Walker assumed a very different bearing. Calling the men into line the next morning, he told them that since the mines were located in a savage country inhabited by Indians and renegade Spanish, it was more than likely that the mines would be attacked sooner or later and they would have some fighting as well as shoveling to do. He thought that there would be little danger if they were drilled so that if they were attacked on the line of march they would not be at the mercy of the Indians. He thought it best therefore to be drilling while on shipboard. And, to the surprise of the men, they were furnished with muskets. So the days were spent in drilling until they reached the Equator where they landed in a little bay, almost due East from Mount Cotopaxi. Mr. W.—had animals in waiting, a horse and a pack-mule for each man, so the little expedition started out without delay.

Only a few aborigines were seen, and they were dwarfs who fled in terror at the sight of the Americans. Their thin, shrunken limbs presented a laughable comparison to their distended bodies. Birds and monkeys were plentiful. There were also plenty of wild berries, but the men were afraid that they might be taken with tropical fevers so did not eat much of what might have been the most whole-

some of fruits. The line of march was in an easterly direction through a mountainous country so rank with vegetation that it was with difficulty that roads could be cleared. A gang of men was always at the front clearing away brush so that the march was necessarily slow. They had penetrated the wilderness north of Mt. Chimberazo, then by a wide detour to the west, had gone around it and now were a few miles to the south. The tropical sun, nearly verticle at this time of the year, made the heat almost unendurable in the deep gorges. Water was plenty. All vegetation was new to the men; the animals were different. But Mr. Walker seemed to know the country like a book.

But what puzzled the men most was the persistency with which Mr. Walker had them drill. For an hour after each meal he would put his little company through all the manouvers of a parade. So much time was spent in this that the men began to complain. They had been offered a share of the proceeds besides their wages, and they were spending their time drilling and making long detours through the mountainous country. At supper one night after two weeks of marching and drilling, Mr. Walker told some of the men that by to-morrow at this time he hoped they would be in possession of the mines; and to prepare for a fight for they would first have to take a town. This, then, was the reason they had been drilling; they were to attack a town, slaughter the people, load the the booty on the horses and make for the coast. Walker had deceived them. They were here as freebooters. If unsuccessful, they would be killed, and some would be killed anyway. If successful Walker could elude them and escape to the schooner with the horses, leaving them to walk 300 miles to Panama where they would be seized by the U. S. authorities, tried, and hanged.

Some were eager for the game and among them was the New York tough who, since landing in South America, had sought more congenial company than Dick. There was much discussion in undertones that night at the camp-fires, but not much said aloud against the plan. To most of them the idea of slaughtering a town was an unbearable thought. And it was these stalwart men who kept the hands of that whole company free from blood.

Some time in the night Dick was awakened by his "pard" who had just crept in from consulting with some of the men. "Sh-sh-Dick!" "What?" whispered Dick, under his breath. "I tell you, Dick, Walker's game is no more or less than the robbing of that town. It's mean business for honest men to be doing, don't you think so?" Dick's thoughts turned to the home of his dear old mother who toiled so hard to bring up the family to be God-fearing men.

What if she should look down and see him robbing innocent people? He thought of his brothers; they were all grown up now and were honest men. What a blessed thing memory is when childhood's purity is remembered in after years. Dick swallowed a lump in his throat, clinched his hand, and half raising himself from his bed, said too audibly, "I won't do it, I'll desert, first." This was all that George Egan wanted. Then he told him the plan laid out by some of the men. At drill the next morning, at the command of "present arms," Walker was to be "held up," tied on his horse, and told to take the company back to the schooner *quam primum*.

[Continued.]

LOCAL.

Averett has a girl.

Rhizomia has a new pin.

"Step——step——kick"!!

Miss Agnes Sargent sings in the choir.

John is developing into quite a comedian.

Emendia is quite elated over her new members.

The Misses Barmby are wearing Emendian colors.

Some of the Phi Psi boys are becoming dissipated.

Whittier will soon appear with his new pin on his hat.

J. B. Tregloan took a run up to S. F. on the 17th inst.

Timm says he tried to smile in his picture but failed.

Misses Hughson and Burnett have joined Sopholechia.

Sopholechia is to have an interesting debate next Friday.

Miss Lillian Nelson spent part of last week in San Francisco.

Miss Pierce has been suffering with an attack of "La Grippe."

Harry Walton has dropped Modern History, being over-worked.

Last Monday was a holiday in honor of Washington's birthday.

Prof. Lease knows but one chapter in the Bible—the 103rd Psalm.

The Normal visitors were anxious to see the famous water trough.

The Freshman Geometry class has begun to suffer.

Prof. Crabb was in S. F. over Saturday and Sunday the 14th and 15th.

The second division of the Sophs appeared on chapel last Friday.

The first nine did not go to Irvington Saturday on account of the rain.

Somebody says Charley Freeman is in the city studying medicine.

Try Koch, the barber, for a first class shave, shampoo, or hair cut.

Miss T—— was heard to ask Mr. H—— how much a ten cent note book cost.

O. G. Hughson has had his tussle with "La Grippe" and downed him.

The Sophs have had their pictures taken and arranged in a cabinet group.

Geo. W. Ryder, 10 South First St., for any kind of jewelry, watch repairing, etc.

Mrs. Alexander (*nee* Cory) and Miss Naramore visited Chapel Friday morning.

Geo. E. Crothers of San Jose High School visited Adelphia last Friday evening.

Rain prevented a game between the Pioneers and Haverlys a week ago Saturday.

Rhizomia was favored with the presence of several young ladies a week ago Friday.

V. C. Richards, '92, and Miss Flora Richards drove to Irvington last Saturday.

A. Kincaid suffered from an attack of the grippe last week and went home on Friday.

The best place in town to have your watch repaired is at Geo. W. Ryder's, 10 S. First St.

The young ladies of South Hall were "at home" to their friends last Monday evening.

The Phi Psi boys know how to get out of going to church at night by going out the——

Miss Jennie Alexander, '87, is type-writer and stenographer for a law firm in Oakland.

Prof. Hayes preached in the First Methodist Church of San Jose last Sunday morning.

The recent rain made a great difference in the attendance at church and Sunday school.

Sopholechia is the proud possessor of a "bran new" carpet. The pattern is very pleasing.

The attraction at College Park Church a few Sundays ago was Miss Agnes Sargent in the choir.

Koch, the barber, keeps the fighting editor's hair and beard in trim. He will do you as good work.

A week ago last Friday Archania met at 6:30 and adjourned in time to attend Cartesia's mock trial.

Oscar Wood, who has been out of school on account of a broken arm, is again able to be in school.

Otto A. Reinhardt is the proprietor of the Chicago Meat Market, the best in San Jose, 194 W. Santa Clara St.

Whittier and Tregloan spent a few happy hours with Rhizomian friends in San Francisco one day last week.

V. C. Richards, '92, has resumed his studies and will be able to catch up with his class before the end of the term.

It is evident from the Rhetoricals a week ago Friday morning that Tregloan's future vocation is "Patent Medicine Quack."

One of the Conservatory young ladies was locked in the chapel the other evening, and her only way of escape was to jump out of the window.

It has been advised by some of the U. C. students that the Sophomores follow their example and have a "Hop." What would the faculty say?

Della Willis, ex-'92, was married to a Mr. Hoppins last week. The PHAROS extends congratulations to the lucky man and best wishes to them both.

"Gosh! there's oil enough to start a dozen fires," Timm remarked as he turned a cup of water onto the kindling. He wonders that the fire doesn't go.

The many friends of U. L. Rice, Junior with '90, will be grieved to hear the sad news of his death. He died about a month ago. We are unable to give particulars.

O. G. Hugpson says that that little rectangular arrangement in logic is about the crookedest thing he ever struck. A Greek root is straight when compared with it.

The Sophs made their first appearance at chapel Friday the 13th inst. They viewed the common people from an elevated standpoint, sitting in the central choir gallery.

The Chemistry class has come to the conclusion that a chemical reaction is very much like a square dance—all change partners—and that oxygen must have come from Utah.

Lotta has left college, probably permanently. He has determined to teach and has engaged a school in Yuba Co. He says he intends to pursue a regular course of study by himself.

Those who want first class meat should follow the example of the club house boys and patronize the Chicago Meat Market, 194 W. Santa Clara St. Watch for the delivery wagon.

Miss — "Yes, I know I am looking worse than usual to-night."

Mr. B —, gallantly, "Oh, no, that would be impossible." (Confusion with explanation.)

When the hall is crowded, it might be well to have the placard with you "This seat is taken." Otherwise you might be unavoidably separated from your fair companion. The J's know by experience.

C. N. Shane, a former student, is teaching in Placer Co. In a letter to one of the boys he says that his health is much improved. We are glad to hear it for all who knew Charlie in school found him to be the kind of fellow that makes the truest friend.

DIED—In San Francisco, Feb. 8, 1891, Florence H. Childs, daughter of Prof. and Mrs. C. W. Childs of the Normal School. Miss Childs had many friends in the U. P. We extend our sympathy to her family in their great bereavement.

Barnhisel was so obstreperous in chapel one morning recently that Mrs. C — felt called upon to sit by him to make him be good. Arthur felt sat down upon; but no doubt the little lesson will do him good. Some one ought to explain the joke to Mrs. C.

Last Thursday, Chas. T. Springer and Jennie A. Saunders, both of the class of '84, were united in marriage by Dr. Martin. After a tour through the principal cities of California, the couple will return to Mr. Springer's home in Tempe, Arizona. The PHAROS sends congratulations and best wishes for their future happiness and prosperity.

What are we to do in rainy weather? As it now stands, students kept in by the rain are at a loss as to how to amuse themselves, and as "Satan always finds some work for idle hands to do," they are apt to get into mischief. Take for instance a rainy Saturday. Would it not be a feasible plan to allow the students the use of one of the empty rooms on the fourth floor, where they could engage in boxing, tumbling and other gymnastic exercise?

The vicinity of South Hall came near being the scene of a serious accident last week. Several young ladies from town were riding on horseback across the campus, when one of the horses shied and threw its rider. As she fell her riding skirt became fastened on the horn of the saddle, leaving her dragging head downwards on the ground, her head almost under the horse's feet. Luckily, however, she was unhurt by the fall, and the arrival of timely aid prevented any further injury than a badly torn riding habit.

MIGMA.

CARTESIA.

On Friday evening Feb. 13, Room six in East Hall presented quite an unusual appearance. The Cartesians had taken the tables out and arranged it into a court room, in which they were to hold a mock trial. The room was filled to overflowing, and the trial was a success in every respect. Pres. Blake acted as Judge, with Sam Terrill as court clerk and Harry Gay as sheriff. The charge preferred was assault and highway robbery against M. Rowell, J. Stewart, D. Rowell and G. Husted, A. Marks being the plaintiff. Messrs. W. Guth, C. Henderson and J. Hyde led the prosecution, and C. Chamberlin, W. Burnett and F. Gray the defence. A number of ladies from South Hall and many friends and visitors were present. The verdict brought in by the jury was "Guilty" with a recommendation for mercy. The prisoners were sentenced to "thirty days" labor in the campus chain gang and also to clean Room six and put it in its usual order.

The work done by "Cartesia" this term is unusually good and deserves commendation. The boys are working with a will, and the enterprising spirit manifested in the mock trial is one of the elements of success in any society. Their contest with the "High School Senate" will be one of the events of this term, and as both societies are working hard for success, it will not lack interest. Messrs. Terrill, Mark, Sheldon and Gay will represent Cartesia, and and Messrs. Johnson, Alexander, Benson and Crothers, the High School Senate.

At the last meeting of Cartesia the names of Messrs. Whittier, Crossley, and Lord were added to the list of new members since the beginning of this term.

NOTHING.

DEAR EDITOR: I am not a Bill Nye. If I were John Nowell could not be, for the University can not endure more than one; but permit me to be one t(w)o just say something *mean* and not *mean* it.

* * *

The second division of the Soft-oh! more rhetorical was an honor to U. P. I never bet, but Fred Burrows said he would set the oysters up that there wouldn't be any thing extra that morning. Well, the programme was extra itself but when Miss W. was "called upon to appear upon the scaffold," Fred realized that I had him, I mean the oysters. Of course that is not betting for Will Hyde and John Tregloan will put the oysters—*down*—on the success

or failure of the lecture course, and you know those gentlemen would not bet.

What I expected Friday morning to be worth the oysters was an "ad" from Profs. King or Perkins, which would have added greatly to the "moreness" of the Soft-"mores'" morning mournings. Something "live"-ly (post)-more-Timm's "laborious" effort would have been acceptable but not appropriate after a "monument" had already been erected.

The reason the above "ads" would add "moreness" is because we have had the "muchness" "ad," consisting of an echo De (la) Fore(s)t, which was much appreciated; but the "muchness" of the Mormon Lecture was not much except the (boarding hall) hash and "Germany."

* * *

I wonder how that gal-isthenics class is progressing? I hope the dum-belles don't swing as those did at the Dickens' (of a) carnival. Frank had a hard time convincing one that his name was "Dennis." Ding, ding.

"Belles" are terrible creatures from what Profs. H. & T. say, but I really think they should vote, for they would make the "ring" leaders in politics (w)ring their hands in vain, and Markham would not "shake" himself into the gubernatorial chair if they had a say. They might not say much but they would make your "ear ring" for they are "jewel(er)s; but if you wish to get any light on that subject visit Archania when Percy upholds the Soph-oh! *more* girls, Fred B., the Junior's, John Sherman Meracle, the Seniors, who thinks that they speak for themselves.

* * *

By the way we do not use "gas" any more in the societies. Gas bills like all other bills are high but gas has a tendency to "go up." Speaking of gas makes me think of the Club house gas-o-line stoves, which accounts for the leanness of those fellows. Why they live on gas, except Hughes-ton, who weighs a ton and Hugh-sted who keeps up on the Farmers' Alliance, but then others among them do not "Mark" so high on the scales (of knowledge). But we hope the new electric R. R., which will pass the club-house, may bring them better things; perhaps a broom, but you will club me if I don't discontinue.

* * *

Just a word more on clubs and I am done (up). One club in particular, although "ten (it) is". You may ask why it does not play. A compromise was made to re(a)p(h) air the court with "(Henry) Clay," which was done without delay. But the club did not expect a crop of whiskers or wire fences; the latter grew on the trees for no one put it up unless a wily Soph, which would not alter the statement.

I hope the Archery club will not meet such diffi-

culties. Please don't shoot toward S. H. for the "season tickets are not all taken yet.

* * *

There is one more club which has lately sprung into existence, making its *debut* at Santa Clara and announced as the "University Glee Club." Some have suggested that the lecture course would not be complete without engaging this club for an evening to follow the "Weber Concert Company." It would not do to have them precede it for they could not be excelled (?) However, we hope this club may not be known as the "University Glee Club" for the College department is not represented and does not desire to stake its reputation on the superior capabilities (?) of the said club.

BILL NYE No. "Two."

EAST HALL ECHOES.

Editors, - - - - - (ELLIE J. FIFE.
J. R. KNOWLAND.

Miss Grace Grover has returned.

Hatch has a weakness for red ink.

The Misses Barmby have joined Emendia.

Fourteen have joined the class in elocution.

"The candy he gave her she would not eat, But, etc."

Adelphia has been presented with a bulletin board.

There is a movement on foot to organize a Spanish class.

Professor Rogers has fifteen in his Commercial law class.

Swinging the clubs seems to be a favorite pastime on third floor.

New students since our last issue are Jacob Schneider and Albion Gile.

"Water to the right of us, water to the left of us and not a Prof. in sight."

What is the difference between Dutch and German? Ask Miss H——.

Mr. Anzai has nineteen in his writing class and reports them all doing nicely.

Bowman entered the hall as a boarder Monday, his parents having gone East.

Miss Jessie Casad taught the drawing class last week, Mrs. Clarke being unwell.

Mrs. Professor Crabb returned Friday. East Hall extends to her a hearty welcome.

The many friends of Mr. Knowland are glad to welcome him back to the campus.

The Short-hand department is doing more efficient work than it has for some time past.

We should advise all the fairer sex who are not very loquacious to join Prof. Rogers' bible class.

Holbrook Ulysses Blinn is a strong believer in hydropathy. No wonder he is feeling so well.

Prof. Rogers is a catabaptist. East Hall's editor wished he belonged to the same faith the other Sunday evening.

The latest fad in securing society members is by treating them to peanuts. What's the matter with French candy?

"Oh, there's Miss ——!" "That makes no difference to me." Probably most people will not see the point, but Mr. J. will.

Our olfactory nerves have been tested to their full capacity by the stench arising from the laboratory during the last two weeks.

Thursday evenings several of the boys are late for dinner, as they have a lingering suspicion that they may be called upon to ask the blessing.

There is a certain table in the dining hall which should be termed The Table of Mysteries. For further information inquire of Professor C——.

First Boy—"I see there has been a check placed on the boys in regard to playing ball in the halls."
Second Boy—"Yes, there were five placed on me."

We hear that some of the young ladies are going through a systematic course of gymnastic exercise. Wonder if they have decided to make Field Day a success.

Bang! bang! bang! There was no cause for alarm, for some of the boys, not wishing to be outdone by the young ladies, were celebrating Chinese New Year.

The truce of Rogerdam holds the great warriors of East Hall in check. Ulysses and Achilles sweat beneath their armor, and long for a blow on the forces of the Magnate.

We should advise our friend Mr. Tilden to use a little more agility when endeavoring to confiscate syrup dishes from the dining hall. "Be sure your sin will find you out."

Mythological names seem to be all the rage at present. We have an Apollo, an Achilles, a Cupid as well as a Ulysses, and it is now stated the boys are hunting for a Venus.

A class was started Thursday noon in Delsarte by some of the E. H. gentlemen. Any one wishing to acquire grace in batting a ball or running, would do well in joining this class.

"Found in the ocean; I answered that question some time ago," and one of the young men in the "box seat" wished he could become even smaller than the little lady herself.

The vigilance of the Professors seemed to be the "Mayne" (main) hinderance to the parties who were to perform the rite of pedobaptism on the third floor the other Friday evening.

Holbrook Blinn, the first of a powerful duumvirate, enjoyed recently a visit from his colleague, Chester Atkins of S. F. These two lay claim to the honor of being the "Last of all the Romans."

W. C. D. is in a predicament. He wishes to be informed as to how he can acquire that *standard* of excellence which will win the graces of a certain young lady, for candy did not have the desired effect.

What ails H—— at the table?

To tell you I'm not able.

I've heard "it comes like a summer cloud,"

And that two's company—a table, a crowd.

One of the young men in Third Year English asked the teacher if people did not become like the books they read. Perhaps he was thinking of the effect that P. V. Nasby's books have on a certain person.

East Hall is greatly in need of a separate room fitted with heating apparatus where students who are unfortunate enough to be sick, can be kept comfortable and free from noise. This matter should be looked into.

Do not be surprised to see on the campus, students with their mouths open and their diaphragms expanded, for they are simply members of the Elocution class who are working under instructions. They are co-ordinating.

We are afraid the members of the third year Bible class are not as well posted on the book of Isaiah as they might be, for when one of the members arose and gave a quotation from Nasby in place of one from Isaiah, the mistake (?) was not noticed.

EXCHANGES.

Henry Wade Rogers was inaugurated President of the North Western University, Feb. 19.

Those who read the exchanges may always expect to find something interesting in *Bates Student*.

We commend the Jan. number of the *Butler Collegian* and the *Carletonia* to the perusal of our students.

We had almost concluded that the *Occident* had gone off to pout but it is back again; stopped for examinations, we hear.

While Harvard and Columbia speak of shortening their course to 3 years, Stephens speaks of lengthening theirs to five years.

"Say, Bobb did you ever propose to my wife?" "Why do you ask?" "Oh, because when I gave her your love as you told me to in your letter, she said, 'chestnuts.'"

HE KNOWS IT ALL.

"Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
I know exactly what you are;
A glowing ball of burning gas,
Revolving around your central mass.
Twinkle, twinkle, little star!
I know exactly what you are;
For to my spectroscopic ken
I see you're only hydrogen."

—Exchange.

The *Highlander* hailing from Denver Colo. is an interesting journal; the Jan. number contains several good articles. "The Indian Problem," "Essay on Poetry," "Highland Flings."

A BIRD.

A freshman arrived at his family nest
And acted the howling swell.
He'd stolen two signs, had sampled some wines,
And such terrible actions could tell.
As he recounted his feats to admiring friends,
And said, "I'm a bird, they say,"
Some sophs, who heard, said, "Yes, you're a bird,
But the bird you're like is a Jay!"

—Yale Record.

Base ball note—"I claim a foul," said the old hen as she laid an egg.—*Ex.* We would suggest that the hen was off her base. The egg will soon be batter now. We call the game.—*Thielenstian.*

PERSIFLAGE.

"I am no coward," said the Earth.
"And yet you have two constant fears;"
Remarked the Sun facetiously,
"And what are they?" "The hemispheres."
"And yet one other," quote the Moon,
Who high in heaven shone clear and pale.
"And that?" "It is the astmosphere."
And then the Comet wagged his tail.

—Brunonian.

"No graduate of Vassar has ever been divorced from her husband." Such is the statement of a man who declares that the young ladies who have been educated at the college are the best cooks in the world. This is important, if true, as it assures all graduates of that institution numerous matrimonial offers.—*Ex.*

There are several exchanges that may *some day* come out from their coats of moss, peep around in the sunlight and then find out that the address of the PACIFIC PHAROS has been changed for two years. Among these journals we will mention the *Academy Student*, *Dickenson Liberal*, *The Sioux S. D.*, *The McMicken Review*.

A CATCH.

Behold some maidens rowing—
Some five or ten or more;
Behold a lone youth sitting
Upon the verdant shore.
Now hear a clear voice ringing,
As the girls row home with joy,
"Just wait till we have landed,
And then I'll catch that buoy."

—Wellesley Prelude.

The *Undergraduate* contains an interesting article on Grey's Elegy. The writer says, "This poem, which afterwards obtained and retained a higher reputation than any other English poetical production, at first was circulated carelessly and inconsiderately among a few friends; in about a year it was published and is now known in nearly every language of the globe."

CREDO.

I believe the sea holds treasures
Of course men can never know;
Precious things of rarest beauty
Buried fathoms deep below.

I believe the brown earth covers
With its brown and sandy mould,
Brighter things than yet discovered,
Sparkling gems and shining gold.

I believe the dark woods shelter,
Nestled in the cradle green,
Flowers of a beauty fairer
Than the eye of man hath seen.

I believe the wild birds warble
Melodies so sweet and rare,
That could we but hear the music,
We would think the angels there.

I believe that noble actions,
By the world unseen, unknown,
Pass from earth like white-winged angels
And surround the Savior's throne.

—Exchange.

We see from several Eastern exchanges that "An inter-collegiate oratorical association is being talked of in California." Did this report come from the "University of California?" If so we are happy to hear it. As we know that they can hardly keep up one dwarfed literary society, we certainly would be surprised to hear that U. C. would even mention such a thing. We at University of Pacific are willing to join an association. If you have come out of your lethargy speak out and let us hear your sentiments, *Occident*.

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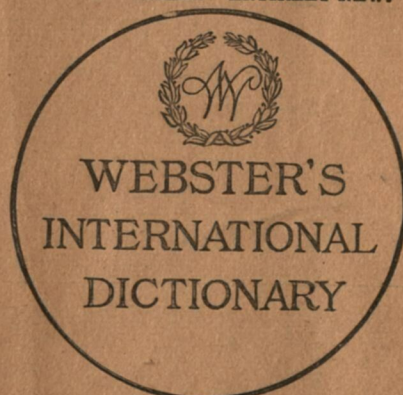
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