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The Pacific Pharos, March 11, 1891

University of the Pacific

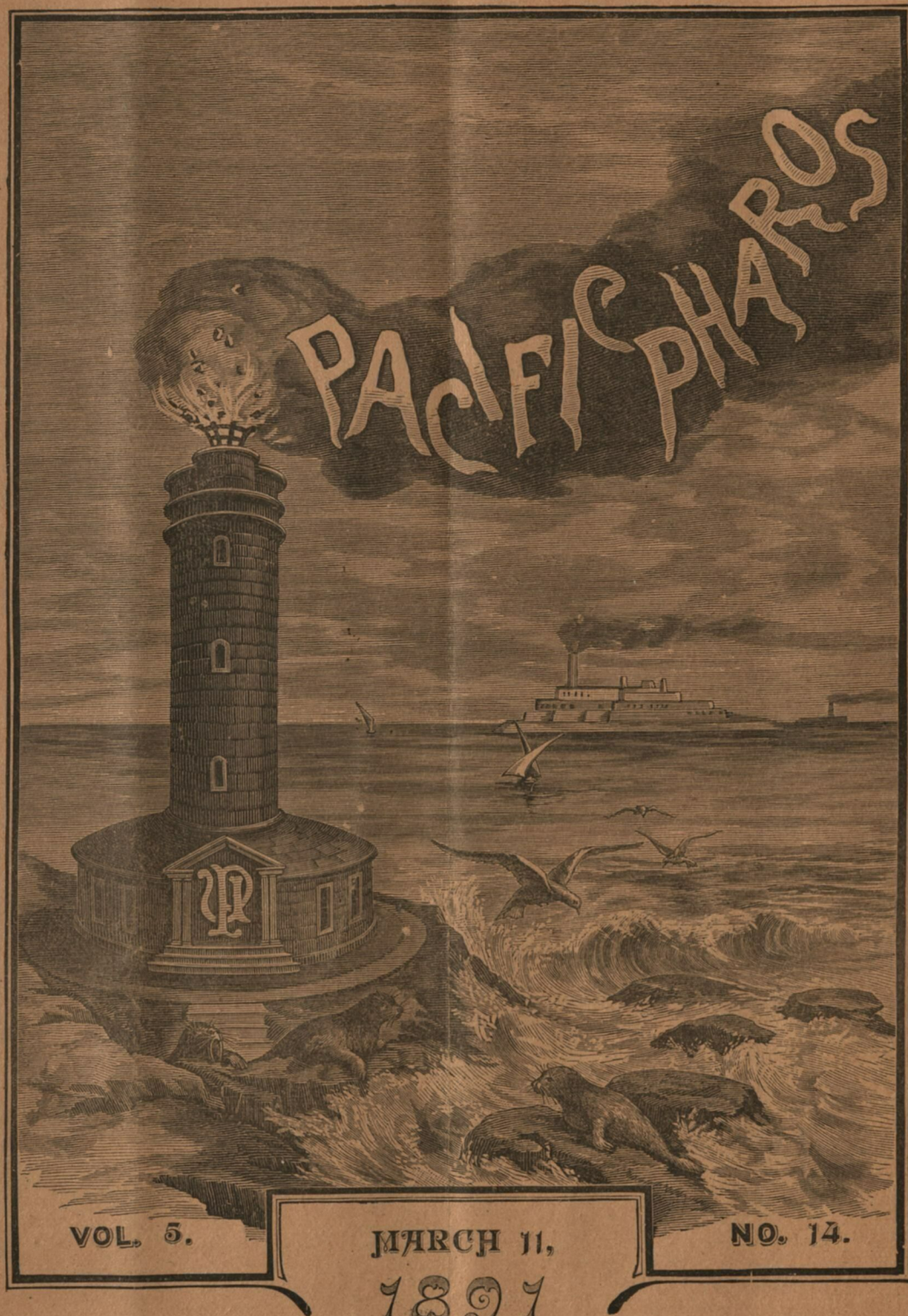
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VOL. 5.

MARCH 11,
1891

NO. 14.

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New Series.

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EDITORIAL.

TO students or other persons from Eastern States, it is always a surprise that our Trustees have not taken some mode of advertising the University. Many Eastern colleges have agents on the road continually, distributing advertising matter, obtaining students, and working upon endowments. We remember that, while living in an Eastern State, the visits from college agents were of frequent occurrence. This was not done because the institutions were in great need of funds or pupils; it was on business principles. There was great competition and as soon as an institution ceased to advertise, it began to decline.

The President or Professors can not do such work; they have all they can handle in looking after their regular duties. To make the ministers of the conference agents for a university is useless; for "what is everybody's business is nobody's business."

Our institution has not grown as it should have. It has not kept pace with the progress of the State. We have a better corps of instructors, better facilities, and a broader field for work than many Eastern colleges, yet we fall far behind them in the number of pupils and in live aggressive work. A good, active agent could do much toward increasing the attendance and improving the finances of our University.

We also believe in newspaper advertising in this as well as in any other line. To keep anything before the people, their attention must be called to it constantly. We have the best equipped Conservatory of Music in the State, but how shall it be found out while the present policy of keeping quiet and patiently waiting continues? 'Let your light shine' is the Bible doctrine. This does not mean—set it down where people may come and see it; it means, put it where it can readily be seen by all.

OF late there has been considerable complaint on the part of the students on account of the scarcity of heat in West Hall. This time the heating apparatus is not at fault; it was never in better running order. The trouble lies in the fact that the steam is not kept up during the day. It is allowed to cool off about eleven o'clock and is not started up again till after half past one. The heat from a steam system is not lasting, and, before it is turned off more than half an hour, the buildings are about as cold inside as out. This might cause little inconvenience if all the students lived close by and could go home for lunch; but it should be remembered that a great many are not so situated. No provision is made for those who come from a distance. While it is cold or raining outside, they must seek shelter in the Hall, and while there, they have no means of keeping warm.

Of course every encouragement should be given to students to keep out of doors during good weather, but there are certain days in which it is not best to be out, and surely college students should know enough to care for their own health. We know of several severe colds being contracted during these mid-day "freeze-outs." The students should not be subjected to unnecessary inconvenience, nor should their health be endangered. It would cost little labor or money to keep the buildings heated for two hours more on the few cold or rainy days that we have.

THROUGH our exchanges we notice that many Eastern colleges are having a gymnasium-building excitement. Last fall Ann Arbor awoke to the fact that she needed a gymnasium. The students and members of the Faculty took up the matter with a will. Since then we have heard little else than "gymnasium" from that quarter. The result is most encouraging; a grand gymnasium building is now an assured fact. Other colleges have taken up the scheme with about the same results. While reading in other col-

lege journals the earnest appeal for aid and finally the exultant cry of victory, one can not help thinking of our own need of a gymnasium.

In any business or profession nothing is of greater importance than a sound body. A man may spend long years in training his mind and storing it with useful knowledge, but if he has allowed his health to be undermined, he can achieve nothing. A great mind in a weak body is very rare. The best results in education can only be attained by letting a careful, constant physical training go hand in hand with the mental. Such a preparation for a life-work can not be obtained without a gymnasium.

If we went to work as our Eastern friends have done, why could the U. P. not have a good building? Our University is the oldest in the State. Her alumni are numerous, and many of them wealthy. California is the Golden State; her wealthy men are legion; her people are famous for other generosity, and quickly respond to the cause of education. Judging from their examples, active, systematic work will obtain a gymnasium.

THE recent rains have demonstrated quite clearly and disagreeably the fact that more gravel is needed on the campus. About half of the walks and drives have begun to cut badly. The Conservatory is on an island surrounded by soft adobe. In the vicinity of the horse sheds there is still room for improvement. The sidewalk south of the campus is much worse than the street. Gravel is cheap, and a little more of it would add to the comfort of individuals and to the appearance of the campus.

The *American School and College Journal* is the latest addition to our exchange department. The *Journal* begins life with good intentions and we extend the hand of fellowship. While it can hardly be called a college publication there is room for it, and it will be of special interest to those teaching throughout the country.

LITERARY.

Immortality.

To the sculptor, dreaming, came a thought—
 With a Master's love for his art alone,
 He hurried to fix it forever in stone—
 And marvelous appeared the stone he wrought.

To a young man's heart the Spirit came—
 Freed from sin and selfhood then,
 He strove to save his fellow men—
 And thousands have lived to praise his name.

The statue was shrivelled in fragments one day,
 And the sculptor sank to an unknown grave,
 Destroyed by the idol he could not save—
 But the Christian's work lives on for aye!

H. R. TAYLOR.

The Freshman's Dream.

At night a Freshman long and lean
 Once o'er his books to bend was seen;
 The oil within his lamp burnt low,
 His work upon his task was slow,
 Thus to the midnight's silent hour
 He labored on with all his power,
 Then stopped awhile his head to rest,
 To think and find out soon what best
 Could aid him in his silent task.

But soon his tired head bent low
 And on his face the lamp's dim glow
 Cast shadows, light as when with shade
 The silent moon her beams has played.
 As round his face the shadows crept,
 I saw at once the student slept.
 I watched a little as o'er his brow
 A deeper shadow lingered now;
 He seemed in pain and drops of sweat
 Fell off his forehead now full wet.

He started up and looked as though
 He'd waded through the depths of woe.
 Then gently laughed and turning said,
 "A horrid dream runs through my head.
 I thought, just now beside me stood
 A fiend so gaunt and pale and fierce
 His very looks my heart could pierce,
 While round him grinning, stood full six
 Of lesser imps, who held big sticks
 And pointing at me, seemed to say—
 'Shall we, or shall we not him slay?'
 The leader then approaching me

Who trembling stood, but fain would flee,
 Began to speak and threaten much
 About the things I should not touch.
 Said he, 'I am thy college fate
 And Fridays, always here I wait
 Till when with trembling limbs, come in
 The fated few condemned by hate
 To on the chapel floor orate;
 And then with heart so light and free
 I watch each fated one to see
 And, as he comes, I grasp him tight,
 Oft' in the clutches of stage fright,
 And bear him off to realms of night.'

"And speaking thus he grasped at me,
 But hard I struggled to get free,
 While laughing round his allies stood
 Enjoying much my fighting mood;
 But just when all my hope seemed past
 And I was giving up full fast,
 I looked again, as I had at first
 And saw 't was only Dr. [——];
 And as my fright much lesser grew,
 I looked upon his allies few;
 And in the forms which seemed so near,
 I saw the other Profs. appear.

My heated brain, filled up with work
 And striving hard to duty shirk,
 Had changed into the imps of fate
 The forms of those who had of late
 Placed on my head the duty new—
 To orate with the Freshman crew.
 And I had thought the imps who fell
 Were bent on taking me to——, well
 'Tis needless for me here to tell.

M.

MONUMENTS.

Where the sluggish Nile creeps silently past the
 bending reeds, where the sacred Ibis, secure in her
 sanctity, plumes her glossy wing, where the wander-
 ing Bedouin, last survivor of a mighty people, seeks
 refuge from a torrid sun beneath the shadows of
 ruined temples, there in the land of the Pharos,
 stands the Sphinx. Mighty emblem of intellect and
 force, still proudly she rears her battered features
 above the drifting sands. There stand the Pyra-
 mids, mountains of stone piled by human hands.
 Sombre, silent, firm as the eternal hills, they have
 stood there defying Time and Nature to remove
 them, heralding forth the power of their builders
 through all the wheeling cycles, since first those
 stony eyes were opened by the sculptor's hand.

And as I gaze upon those seemingly imperishable
 structures, I see in every block of stone the record

of human lives. Held in the iron grasp of merciless despots, unnumbered thousands toiled and died that there might be builded monuments to the memory of their rulers. Some left naught to show that they had ever lived but a rough-hewn unfinished block of marble. Another took up the broken thread, polished the stone, saw it placed a part of the structure, then he too, was blotted from memory and his bones were left to bleach upon the shimmering sands.

The Sphinx, the Pyramids, Thebes with her hundred gates, the halls of Karnak, all are the records of a glory that shone and faded while History was yet in her infancy.

Uncounted dynasties had ruled in splendor. Their bodies had been laid away in the darkness of the tomb with all the gorgeous ceremony that a mighty empire could produce. Time had thrown her misty mantle o'er their memory and their successors knew them not. The lofty towers of Troy were humbled in the dust. Her people were scattered to the four winds before the conquering Greeks ere first Æneas touched the shores of Latium. He founded a mighty nation, so the Roman legends say, and to-day, from all over the civilized world travelers flock to Rome to view with reverential awe the crumbling magnificence of the "Imperial City."

There stand the fading records of valiant warriors. They fought and conquered. Long trains of prisoners were dragged to Rome to grace a Caesar's triumphs. Their triumphal arches, masterpieces of the builder's art, are sinking into ruin. Yet those crumbling masses still attest the downfall of those who dared oppose the Roman arms. But the glory of Rome was purchased by the lives of nations.

Ilium's grandeur is now a myth. Rome is but the relic of the bygone might of arms, and the battles of the Cæsars are but themes for poets' numbers. But still perfect, and ever increasing in magnificence, are the monuments that perpetuate the memory of those who have given their lives for the advancement of knowledge. Men whose keen perception detected the error and folly around them, and who went manfully to work, willing to give their lives in an endeavor to better the condition of their fellows. Men who lived in garrets; who were often cold and hungry; who were despised and persecuted; but who still toiled heroically on till they had given to the world the fruits of their lives. Such men have builded monuments that cost no lives but their own, but which shall endure while there is in the human heart the power of gratitude. Such lives shall stand out clear and bright, the mile-stones of the ages, long after the names of the Kings who ruled them shall have been forgotten.

Their records mark the triumph of Mind—the supremacy of Intellect over the brute force of preceding ages.

Cold and still as the snows which the blasts of winter pile in the high Sierras, mental activity lay wrapt in the oblivion of the Dark Ages. Scolasticism and superstition froze into solid ice the newly drifted snow of Christianity, while the Inquisition awed into silence the voice of doubting inquiry. But when summer's sun blazes o'er those glittering peaks, each frozen crystal, touched by the livening rays is wakened into life. Drops of living water trickle down from every point. Every snow bank sends out its rill to join the flow. On and on o'er the rugged boulders, multiplied again and again as the smaller streams join the central current, till with a roar like the surge of the ocean, a mighty torrent bursts upon the plain below, sweeping to destruction whatever dares oppose its way.

Thus when at last Catholicism's power was broken, when Christianity's sun again shone out bright and clear through the clouds of superstition, Intellect was roused from her long stupor. And as the melting snows in the spring-time, a torrent of learning swept over the civilized nations. And here in the last decade of the 19th century, in an age of intellectual development such as the world has never seen before, we bow in reverence before the achievements of such minds as Milton, Shakespeare, and Newton.

"From the dust where her proud tyrants found her,
Unhonored and scorned and betrayed,
Mind rose in the sunlight about her,
And rules in the realm she has made."

Monarchs and Mind have left their monuments. And we gaze and wonder and almost worship. Yet round us on every hand, stone upon stone are rising monuments that the multitude never see. Many of them are designed by brows whose furrows were never made by books, and shaped by unskilled hands hardened by honest toil. Yet their polished shafts pierce heaven's blue, beyond our farthest ken. For their foundations are Charity, the bond of sympathy which links man to his fellows. And the impulses which prompt a deed of mercy leap into space beyond the most distant star, outswEEP infinity and close the bond between a noble life and Nature's God.

Ay, the humblest lives have still their monuments. The beggar who, when starving, has shared his last crust with his fellow, he who for love of souls has left home and friends to sicken and die in unknown lands, he who for love of country has gone to fill a soldier's nameless grave, has still his record.

Men forget them and their names are never spoken. But when an all wise and omnipotent God shall check the flight of Time, when the veil of eternal darkness shall close the eyes of the sleepless stars, when from out the obscurity of Time the countless myriads of human souls shall march

through the gates of pearl into the blaze of Eternity, while angel voices shout "Hosanna!", angel fingers shall unveil their monuments.

J. A. PERCY, Jr. '93.

AN UNWRITTEN HISTORY.

[Concluded.]

Before the mountain torrent, sand, soil and bowlders give way until the stream washes bare the underlying rock; then baffled, the flood adapts its pliant curve to the contour of the granite. Hidden and unused before, this granite wall now guards the mountain. A granite wall in the form of a rough old miner now came to the front, a man probably of sixty, whose grizzly beard told of a hardihood that had endured, whose eye yet spoke of vigor seldom possessed by a person of his years, while his general mien betokened a man who was master of the situation.

When the company was drawn up in line facing Walker and his four lieutenants, the men who had met the expedition at the shore with the horses, there was an ominous hush, for all were waiting for one man. The muskets were at their sides, and the next command would be 'present arms.' Now was the time to act, and if this moment slipped by unimproved, the whole troop would be free-booters and murderers before the day ended. But the old miner promptly came forward. Hardly had he moved two steps when the muskets began to come over and in a twinkling all were leveled at the Commander and his lieutenants. Seventy lock-clicks was a warning to be heeded. Walker turned white with rage but dared not move a muscle; he took in the situation immediately. As the miner approached he said: "Mr. Walker, I must tie your hands," and proceeded to do so in the most business-like manner, while some of the men tied those of the lieutenants. After a little conversation the men tied the New York tough also, as it was feared he might be an accomplice.

When all six were tied on horses, the old miner, rubbing the muzzle of his revolver against Walker's forehead, said: "Mr. Walker, you show us the shortest way back to the schooner, and no game, or you're a dead man." So the expedition was started back to the coast. "Well, boys, I guess we might as well leave the tools; we ain't goin' to do much more diggin' in this kentry. Dunno as we'd plant the boss if he did die of lead pizenin," was the remark of the old miner at dinner that day. So after dinner the men threw the picks and shovels as far down the gulch as they could. Let us hope that if they are found by some future U. P. geologist, he may not make the supposition that these Yankee

picks and shovels were used in an Aztec mine, but let him remember this *petite histoire* and send back to his Alma Mater, *charges paid*, a Yankee-Astec pick and shovel to be placed in our already renowned museum.

The route was westerly and as they did not strike their old track as soon as expected, they went to Walker and threatened him with torture if he played them false; but he firmly protested that he was taking them to the vessel in the quickest time possible. This satisfied the old miner, yet watches were set at night and four guards were always with Walker.

At last, after about six days they smelled the salt sea air, and there, away to the northwest was the vessel anchored in a bay; but a salt marsh so thick with bamboo growth intervened that it was almost impossible to get through. The brush had to be cut and laid crossways on the soft ground to keep the animals from sinking. Tunnels in the brush, two feet across, were found and occasioned some misgiving until they saw the animal that made them, which was no more nor less than the tapir. Progress through the marsh was so slow that they went no more than five miles that day. The next afternoon they arrived at the beach near the schooner. Walker was threatened again and told to signal for a boat. He complied, and the mate with some sailors put to shore. When he arrived, he was made acquainted with the situation and compelled to remain while the expedition was transferred to the schooner—including the New York tough. As they were not sure that he was not an accomplice, he was still guarded. Walker and his four accomplices were left on the beach with enough provisions to last them for months. In the last boat was the old miner who had untied one of the men, leaving him to untie the others. "Hope you've larned something, Walker, Goodbye!" the old miner said as the sailors shoved the boat off.

The Captain was ordered to take the schooner to Panama and to lose no time, which he did, for there was no chance of his rebelling; nevertheless, four guards were kept pacing the deck continually. Having been on the march about three weeks, the party were nearly exhausted. Besides this the nervous tension of fear of being caught was wearing to the leaders, and now there was much anxiety felt lest some revenue cutter might hove in sight and send a shot across the schooner's bow, demanding her to stop and be examined.

"I dee-clare," said the old miner one day, as a knot of men were on the deck, "it's a little strange how Walker and his four men, and the Cap'n and mate here, an' all the sailors have light hair an' full sandy beards. They're all Southern men, too, by the way they talk. Did you hear Walker tell me

one night to *tote* those mules to water?" "Yes," he went on, "we had a purty close shave, we must have been a hunderd miles from the coast. Wish I'd bro't a map. Say Ed., bring up the Cap'n's map, will ye?" The map was brought and after some gazing he broke out, "Well, boys, I reckon we wasn't far from that big town at one time, but what in the world did he turn to the south fur? D'ye rec'lect, Egan, the night when them two fellers came in, their hosses nearly dead—prospectin', they said—an' we struck out early the next mawnin' without drillin'? I bet they'd been to that big town and got bad news. We're lucky, I tell ye; s'pose we had took the town; Walker and his four fellers could a' piled 150 pounds of gold on their two hosses apiece; there's twelve hunderd pounds of dust worth three or four hunderd thousan' dollars. They could a' skipped to the coast and got on the schooner, an' we'd been back there in the brush or wus'n that. Well, we're in luck if we git out o' this scrape all right."

After four or five days' sailing the schooner arrived at the Bay of Panama just as the California steamer was entering. The men hired natives to take them to land. The schooner disappeared immediately, supposedly to return for Walker and his men.

For fear of the law all agreed not to mention their South American Fillibustering expedition, for such it was. Had Walker succeeded, the affair would have been brought to the notice of the U. S., and the men in all probability, would have been condemned to the gallows or shot. So cautious was our Dick about the affair, that he did not tell it to a person for nearly thirty years, then in conversation with an intimate friend who had been for some time in Mexico, he found out there was in that city about five years ago, a Mr. Walker who answered to the description of Fillibuster Walker. He had there the name of being a bushwhacker and a bad man. Then Dick, for the first time, told the story, and since then to only a few of his friends one of whom is the writer.

S. D. B.

SOCIOLOGY.

On an earth inhabited by nearly one and a half billions of human beings of various nationalities, each possessing traits peculiar to itself, and in all speaking over three thousand languages and possessing one thousand religions, it might easily be seen that invaluable is the study of sociology, or the science of society by the few, who are privileged to live on a section of this terrestrial ball where the reign of ignorance has comparatively subsided; invaluable not only for the preservation of one's own

happiness by fitting us to uphold a government under which the largest degree of freedom is possible, but also invaluable from the fact that through the study of the data already collected and by the scientific investigation of social phenomena, we are better enabled to minister to the needs of those who are yet enveloped in a mist of social darkness.

When we compare the past history of the human race with that of the present, we are amazed at the great contrast; such a marked improvement in the intellectual and moral status of mankind. Yet, while there has been a general dissemination of knowledge conducive to social advancement, there is nevertheless much to be accomplished toward establishing better social adjustments, not only *within* the uncivilized countries and *within* the most enlightened nations, but also *between* the two. One of the primal objects, then, toward social amelioration is the removal of those obstructions, governmental and ecclesiastical, which retard the progress of useful knowledge; and, secondly, the intellectual energies of man need direction toward the attainment of those objects of right living worthy of his high station in the scale of existence. Ignorance, the prevailing cause of those obstructions, above mentioned, is due to the general depravity of human nature, the general disposition of mankind to place chief happiness in sensual gratifications, including a desire for riches and power—all, evils which the spirit of Christianity, in conjunction with other exertions, aims to eradicate. These other exertions are to be most effectually exercised through the science of sociology, the science of life; a science which treats of the human natures and activities of mankind. Magazines, platforms, pulpits, congresses, parliaments, are ever dealing with *topics* of sociology—with the symbol rather than the thing itself, and when action is taken on the many and perplexing questions, how often is it futile! Probably because the instigators, either through self-interest, class bias, loyalty to party, regardless of traditional creeds, have not rightly judged the causes which they espoused. But the fact is, there has not been a common ground on which all might stand in judging social questions. There has ever been a clash between radicals and conservatives, the continuance of which will only be averted by the acceptance of the great Spencerian evolution principle, the key to the study of sociology.

True, Spencer's writings, all of which exemplify his great principle and its relations to religious and scientific thought, are being assailed by many able minds, charging him with inconsistencies, wrong conclusions, etc., yet his great "law of all progress" is destined to revolutionize the world of affairs as well as that of thought, and eventually

bring all societies and governments into a harmonious relation. For the study of sociology as directed by Spencer's writings, which manifest a realization of the under strata of life, will better enable our legislators to grapple with the problems of society, better enable our people to understand the various environments which make up the social fabric.

About one hundred years ago, the doctrine of organic evolution, *i. e.* the origin of species, began to develop; but it is only within the past fifty years that it has been firmly established; for the creation of man independent of the rest of the animal kingdom, was scarcely questioned fifty years ago. Even yet, the evolution theory is discredited by many who claim that such a doctrine is at variance with the Bible. This objection is being rapidly overruled, and, instead of religious teaching being opposed by science and philosophy, it is being benefited by them.

Spencer did not stop to worry over the problems of Darwinism, but made the grand generalization that "*the law of organic progress is the law of all progress.*" Here are his words, "Whether it be in the development of the earth, in the development of life upon its surface, in the development of society, of government, literature, science, art, this same evolution of the simple into the complex through a process of continuous differentiation, holds through out." Now what has all this to do with sociology? What has the foundation to do with the structure of an edifice? How like that bit of protoplasm, unable to adjust itself to circumstances, is man, the primitive unit of society. Again, just as the mutual dependence of the organs of an individual is necessary to physical life, so is the mutual dependence of the individuals, the organs of society, necessary to social life. However, self-dependence, or independence, must not be ignored. In order that your arm may be fully developed, dependence on a proper blood supply will not alone suffice. There must be self-dependence—exercise. So it is with the social organism. The defeat of the Blair educational bill may yet prove a blessing to the negro, for the sooner he realizes that largely through individual efforts is he to rise, the sooner will he throw off that contentment with his lot which keeps him down. How many pages of history record the triumphs of rightful demands of the oppressed! The iron-rule of Russia will some day meet its inevitable "Bastille."

Our commercial activity may also be brought under a like sociological test. For more than two thousand years, commercial regulations have been strangling trade, and the principle of reciprocity is still repudiated.

America, the brightest star in the crown of humanity, is what she is, largely through the self exertion of self-made men.

May sociology so shape our institutions that she may ever stand the Beacon light of the world.

L. W. J.

HEROISM.

Heroism is a quality of the human soul, and is an exponent of our better natures. I can imagine what heroic natures we would have had save for the sin of our forefather Adam. As it is, mankind has not fallen so low but that we have some grand specimens of heroism.

In many ways and in various spheres does this noble quality shine forth. Not alone do we see it in the armed soldier on the field of carnage, and in the brave sailor on the mighty deep, but it shows itself in the opposite sex, and in Christian martyrdom.

Stephen, the first of Christian martyrs, endured with heroic calmness the terrible stoning of the Jews. In all the apostles, most notably in Paul and Peter, we see the fires of heroism. From then till now, the path of history is lined with Christian martyrs, who, by the sacrifice of life itself, have shown their heroic devotion to the cause of Christ. Martin Luther and John Wesley endured the foe of public opinion, all for His name.

A low idea of heroism is prevalent among those who, by day-dreaming or continual novel reading, have weakened their noblest ideas. The devotees of dime novels and silly love stories imagine that brigands and flirts are heroes and heroines. They idealize as such the most sinful characters. How false! The real hero or heroine may never fight in war or suffer painful death, but in everyday life, may exhibit the greatest heroism. A firm adherence to right in the face of all opposing forces is heroism.

Bravery must not be confounded with heroism, though the two often go together. The ancient "heroes" of mythology had base plans to carry out, and selfish lusts to gratify. Because they showed bravery in endeavoring to obtain their desires, they must not be classed as *true* heroes. Rather let our ideal hero or heroine be the one who does his or her duty at all times, and sacrifices personal comfort and prospects for the sake of God and Right. This is Heroism.

Dr. Schliemann is dead, after a lifetime of very arduous work for scholarship; the man who has made facts of the noblest myths of ancient poetry, the man who has changed the story of Helen and the Trojan war from a legend to real history, the man who has made Achilles and Hector actual, and converted the Iliad into history, has passed away, and the world suffers a loss.—*Indiana Student*.

LOCAL.

Prof. S.—“Yes, if you pass.”

A. Kincaid is again able to be in school.

Mr. Kincaid—“Is this examination final?”

P. S. Driver, '88, was on the Campus on Feb. 26th.

The girls in forensics say they don't understand politics.

The logic class sings “Hide Away” when the Prof. is late.

A Junior banquet does up the logic class for the next day.

“Three times and out.” Barny at last appeared with an oration.

Dr. Easton's lecture on “slang” was well received by the students.

The old “Gym.” is being fixed up for the use of the calisthenic class.

The third division of the Sophs came on chapel Friday the 27th ult.

O. G. Hughson has deserted the club-house and now lives across the Alameda.

Bob and Henry say that the walking is excellent on Fourth street to Santa Clara.

Geo. W. Ousley has been quite ill with La Grippe. He is again in school, however.

Melvin says he didn't know the girls were there or he wouldn't have shut the door so hard.

The ladies of South Hall entertained their friends most delightfully on the evening of the 23rd ult.

Moral—“If thou be a Soph, go not to the banquet of the Jr. the night before you come on chapel.”

The man who wants to run a gas stove in West Hall hereafter must settle with the gas company himself.

John Nowell is getting a little rusty in his Latin. He says *infima* (lowest) comes from *terra firma*, somehow or other.

Prof. D. A. Hayes preached one of his characteristic sermons in the First M. E. Church in San Jose on Feb. 22nd.

The Misses Walton enchanted the audience with one of their masterly executed duets, Friday the 27th. It was fine!

'92 banqueted '94 at Germania Hall on the evening of the 26th ult. A well acted farce was a feature of the evening.

Prof. R——says, “And behold Joseph was not in it.”

Koch, opposite the Auzerai House, is the best barber in town. Try him.

Go to George W. Ryder's, 10 South First street, for your jewelry, watch repairing, etc.

Prof. Lease says that Prof. Reideman dreams sometimes in English, French, and German.

Otto A. Reinhardt furnishes the best of meat, Chicago meat market, 194 W. Santa Clara St.

George W. Ryder, the jeweler and watch-maker, has an elegant stock of goods at 10 South First St.

Dr. Hirst preached morning and evening in the first Presbyterian Church in San Jose, Sunday before last.

Go to Koch and you will come home with a smooth cheek. He will give you a satisfactory hair cut also.

The venerable song of “Old Solomon Levy” has received a new and deeper meaning since the night of the banquet.

If you want the best meat at the lowest price, you will patronize O. A. Reinhardt. Look out for his delivery wagon.

Emendia has increased her Hall furniture by the addition of a handsome Ivers and Pond piano beautifully finished in walnut.

A runaway horse hitched to a phaeton brought up against a tree in front of the P. O. on the 26th ult., sadly demolishing the buggy.

This term our president, Dr. Hirst, has had the honor of being elected a member of the “American School of Christian Philosophy.”

The recent storm played havoc with the trees on the campus. Many large limbs were blown off, and one large cypress was blown down bodily.

The Misses Bauter spent Sunday and Monday, the 22nd and 23rd ult., visiting the Misses Avery and Grover in South Hall. The Misses Bauter are residents of Santa Cruz.

The following officers were elected by '93, last Wednesday: Pres., Agnes Sargent; Vice Pres., C. A. Elliott; Sec'y., May Hughson; Treas., Mabel Holsclaw; Sergeant-at-Arms, J. A. Nowell.

Students can have essays etc. copied, or taken from dictation and copied, by students of the shorthand and typewriting class, by applying to Miss Shelley, Room 23, East Hall. Two cents for 100 words.

Hopkins is raising a moustache.

Notice the new *ads* in this issue.

Apply with a sponge, *Mercer, M. D.*

Miss Alice Murphy has been quite ill.

Ask Mr. G.—“When it is going to begin?”

Burwell coaches his classmates into mutiny.

Nowell is thankful that Greek is a *dead* language.

The prolonged rains have greatly retarded baseball.

The girls in Mrs. Woodward's gymnastic class all have their suits.

The Freshies say that Prof. Thoburn is the most jovial chaperon in the institution.

Santa Clara College nine get the benefit of practice with the San Jose league team.

Harry Walton looked so unnatural at the '92 reception that his company did not know him.

Walton hopes to get some practice with the San Jose team so that he may coach his men better.

The German Prof. marked one of his classes zero last week because they did not have a perfect lesson.

The Virgil class had a Jubilee last Wednesday. Cause: Prof. Lease's necessary absence in San Jose.

Juniors should not peek through the key-hole at a Sophomore class meeting. They might come to grief.

Williams is designated by the young ladies at the Normal as “The boy that got ducked in the watering trough.”

Now that Mrs. Woodward has fixed the old gymnasium the trustees are talking of turning it over to the boys.

Miss P.—presented a very picturesque appearance going in the rain from the Laboratory to West Hall on Tuesday last.

Representatives of the Faculty, alumni, and every class and society in college were invited to the Junior reception, still '93 was not satisfied.

The officers of the Freshman class for the spring term are: Don J. Zumwalt, Pres.; Miss May Goss, V. Pres.; Miss Needles, Sec'y.; Mr. Tilden, Treas.; and Mr. Blinn, Sergeant-at-arms.

Rhizomian officers for the spring term are: L. C. Simpson, Pres.; C. A. Elliott, V. Pres.; Ed. W. Parker, Rec. Sec'y.; G. W. Brown, Cor. Sec'y.; W. M. Cavano, Treas.; P. S. Castleman, Attorney; J. F. Jenness and C. B. Whittier, Critics; H. D. Melvin, Chaplain; E. B. Williams, Sergeant-at-arms.

A number of young gentlemen visited Emendia last Friday.

Louise Tisdale, '88, is contemplating a trip through the East.

Frank Urmy was visiting old friends in San Jose last week.

Many of the students attended the League Convention last week.

Kincaid is practicing up with his camera. Look out for *Naranjado* cuts.

Jenness, Kincaid and Tregloan spent last Saturday circulating ads. in San Jose.

Rev. A. H. Briggs came down to attend the Epworth Convention at San Jose, and stopped over Sunday.

Now that the rain is over things on the diamond will begin to liven up. The nine will be in good trim soon.

Rev. Mr. Cox of Washington, Iowa, delivered a practical and interesting address to the students last Friday morning.

The electric car balked last Saturday night when returning from the concert with a load of students; a special car had to be chartered.

The last Sophomore sat for his picture last Saturday. They will all appear in the *Naranjado*, for which no extra charge will be made.

Emendia's superb piano was selected by Prof. King and Miss Meese. It was obtained from Winter & O'Connor, the new piano firm of San Jose.

The Misses Edith Wilcox, Mattie Haven, Emma Buffington, Eugenia Mabury, Prof. Crabb, Mr. Briggs, Mr. Guth and Harry Morton visited Archania last Friday.

Archania's officers for the Spring Term are Fred G. Burrows, '92, Pres.; W. T. Curnow, '92, Vice-Pres.; J. R. Denyes, '94, Rec. Secretary; A. B. Post, Cor. Secretary; W. H. Crothers, Treasurer; A. Kincaid, '92, Sergeant-at-Arms.

A meeting of the Athletic Association will be held to-day at noon, and arrangements will be made for a field day. Every one interested in the matter is requested to be present and have his say, then there will be no dissatisfaction.

It is dangerous to stand in the lobby of the Conservatory after chapel, for some of the young ladies throw rubber shoes with a vengeance. One of the Juniors was seriously injured last week; it is feared softening of the brain may follow the effects of the blow.

MIGMA.

SOUTH HALL AT HOME.

Monday evening the 23rd ult. brought with it one of the most pleasant events of the season. The ladies of South and Central Halls were most charmingly "at home." The halls and stair-ways were tastefully decorated with fir boughs, so artistically and skillfully placed, that in several places miniature arbors were formed. In one of these cozy little nooks seats were placed, much to the delight of diverse youths and maidens whose tender "sensibilities" could not bear the glare of light in the open parlors. In another, those who cared for it were served with lemonade, delightfully cool and refreshing. The early part of the evening was pleasantly spent in discussing a number of interesting topics. Each lady held a dainty program upon which were written the various topics, each gentleman placing his name opposite the topic which he wished to discuss. At the ringing of a bell, all changed partners and topics. The topics finished, the remainder of the evening was spent in pleasant conversation and college songs, sung as only college students can sing them.

About 10 P. M., the visitors paid their acknowledgments to our charming preceptress and said good night, having spent an unusually pleasant evening.

THE CONCERT.

The second program of the Star Entertainment Course was presented last Saturday by the Boston Banjo, Mandolin, and Guitar club. The weather was an agreeable contrast to that of the opening night of three weeks ago, and the management had reason to feel encouraged by the audience, which comfortably filled the Tabernacle. The University was present in full force. Every encouragement had been offered to the young gentlemen to act gallant and many "special arrangements" were made.

That the program was a success from an artistic point of view, was attested by the generous praise conferred by competent critics who were present in numbers.

The company took the audience by storm, every number being loudly applauded. The program was interspersed with a number of character and jubilee songs but it was easy to see that the boys were very ordinary vocalists. Among the many encores which were acknowledged, Mr. Lansing's dumb-show of his "Banjo Etchings," and the company's parody on

"Steal Away" seemed to greatly delight the audience.

So far the people have no reason to complain of the value they are receiving for their money; and if we can take the first half of the course as proof of the latter half it should be an assured success for all concerned.

BASEBALL.

For the last month baseball matters have been almost at a standstill on account of the rain. Last Saturday the Haverlys and Pioneers woke things up by playing a game. Although neither the men nor the grounds were in very good condition, the game was quite interesting. Upton and Raven of the Pioneers, and Henderson and Walton of the Haverlys composed the batteries. The following is the summary of the game: 3 base hits, Bowman; 2 base hits, 0; bases on balls, Pioneers—8, Haverlys—8; struck out by Upton—3, by Henderson—6; pass balls, Raven—3; Walton—1. Umpire, Quince; Scorer, Percy Nelson; time of game, 2 hours, 5 minutes. The score was 17 to 8 in favor of the Pioneers.

'92-'94 RECEPTION.

The evening of Feb. 26, 1891, will be long remembered by the classes of '92 and '94; for that was the occasion of their first joint festivity. The Juniors received the Freshmen at Germania Hall. At about eight o'clock the guests began to arrive and soon the reception rooms were filled with happy faces. After an hour of pleasant conversation and greeting, the company was entertained by an instrumental solo by Miss Hattie Nelson. Then the doors leading to the great hall were thrown open and those present were entertained by a farce called "The Elevator." This was somewhat of an innovation in our institution and was enjoyed accordingly. After the farce a declamation by Mr. Blinn of '94, games and music made the time pass but too quickly until refreshments were announced when a grand march, led by Mr. Jefferson and Miss Wilcox, was formed and very nicely executed, bringing a halt in the dining-room.

After refreshments more songs were sung and, as the "wee sma' hours" were already come, the company dispersed. Those present were Pres. and Mrs. A. C. Hirst, Prof. and Mrs. W. W. Thoburn, Misses Edna Needles, May Goss, Alice Murphy, M. Hirst, May Belle, Hattie Murphy, Miss Rosencrans, Rose Gilbert, Jennette North, Clara Sweigert, Mattie Haven, Alice Meese, May Percy, Carrie Bean, Edith Wilcox, Agnes Sargent, Emma Buffington, Hattie

Nelson, Jessie Russel, Maud Caldwell, May Johnston, Alice Naramore, Edith Griswold, Minnie Juvenal, Florata Peet; Messrs. L. V. W. Brown, Milnes, Denyes, Blinn, Tilden, Geo. Brown, Marsh, Whittier, Castleman, Offield, Kirkbride, Gilman, Walton, Zumwalt, Eaton, Goodall, Otaki, Frank Richards, V. C. Richards, Dennis, Hughson, Tregloan, Briggs, Curnow, Jenness, Burrows, T. G. Crothers, Williams Jefferson.

EAST HALL ECHOES.

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

More red ink.

Schneider "vos vet."

Where has H's pin gone?

Upton has joined Adelpia.

Caution! Don't pass notes.

The class in Spanish has been organized.

Have you seen Jimmy, the ex-Pinkerton man?

WANTED—Second hand essays. Apply to T—.

Bowman and Knowland are now rooming together.

Doub has been elected President of the Third Year Class.

Our friend Blinn can now say "I have found it"—water.

Why do some of the young men in elocution class blush so when co-ordinating?

Biscuits will do in their places, but not in the place of Sunday-school bells.

It is not always well to give German quotations unless you know the translation.

Midnight feeds are all the rage in the Hall at present. The craze has extended to South Hall.

The contest between Cartesia and the High School Senate comes off on the 20th inst. Engage your company.

Guth, who for the last two weeks has been confined to his home in San Francisco by La Grippe, has returned.

One of East Hall's editors found it quite difficult to receive PHAROS(?) notes at the table. Henceforth please label them.

Mr. Anzai, the writing teacher, has been called home to Japan on account of the dangerous illness of his aged father. We are sorry to lose him.

Prof. R. (to Miss S.) "What is the fifth wheel of a wagon?" Miss S.—"The horse."

It has been found that Prof. Riedeman can make puns. Inquire of the Freshman German class.

Wooten has come to time. Wonder if it is Stand-andt time? We hope he will be in time for the Contest, however.

The elocution class is rapidly advancing in that art; and some of the students are acquiring grace in their movements.

Tilden took the photographs of quite a number of the boys the other afternoon. Some of them were in very amusing attitudes.

We hear that two of the second floor boys are thinking of taking a course in theology. For information apply to Fallager.

Miss Mary Bunker, a graduate from the Commercial department, is now holding a position at the State Capitol as stenographer and type-writer.

There was applause in Second Year Bible study when the Professor asked one of the fair ones a question. It must be that Professor is overcoming his bashfulness.

Adelpia has taken in eight new members this term. Cartesia has added six to her list. It looks as if the societies are becoming a more important feature in the eyes of the students of the Hall.

Some of the students were surprised to read in the last issue a plea for a recreation room for the "boys." The local in question will sound all right if read under the East Hall Echoes from which it was taken by the printer to complete the local column.

What made the light go out? We always thought Standard oil was of such extra quality that it would be Doub (tful) whether any influence could come to bear which would make it burn so dimly and then go out entirely.

The contest between Cartesia and the High School Senate on the 20th of this month, promises to be a grand success. The best men have been chosen from both societies, which insures a very interesting program. The debate is to be one of the principal features. All are invited.

The smile which usually hovers over the countenance of Juerges was seen to vanish a few days ago, and when inquiry was made as to the cause of his sorrow as well as anger, it was found he had received a negative reply to an invitation sent to South Hall. He remarked that the worst of it was, he had not sent the invitation. Evidently some one had been trying to play the Diggs racket.

"Bill Nye No. Two" in the last PHAROS did not add much glee to University (?) glee club. Give the boys a chance "Bill," and when they do enter the portals of College, you may be over anxious to have them tour the State as an ad. for the U. P. Remember "tall oaks from little acorns spring."

Blinn and Tilden report a very exciting incident which occurred to them early the other morning. They were awakened by a slight noise at the door. They had no more than collected their senses when the door opened and at least six ghosts (?) stood before them. With a superhuman effort Blinn arose and the "ghosts" scattered, but as they did so the clatter of water pitchers was all that was heard.

The Adelpic Society which was organized last September with a charter membership of eighteen, has within six months, increased that to a total of twenty-nine, and has cleared all but twenty dollars of the debt of one hundred and fifty dollars which was incurred by the furnishing and papering of their hall. An assessment was first made which left a balance of seventy-four dollars. This balance was assumed by one of their members, but they have settled with him until now there is only a balance of twenty dollars as before stated, and as this is held by one of their own members, they are practically out of debt. When the 26th of next September rolls around and their anniversary is being celebrated, they will start upon their new year with a clean balance sheet.

EXCHANGES.

Cornell has registered 500 students in chemistry this year.

The *Penn Chronicle* contains an interesting poem on Henry M. Stanley.

Yale has a spring vacation of one week; beginning March 25th this year.

Longfellow was only nineteen years old when he was made a professor at Bowdoin.—*Ex.*

Columbia, Dartmouth, and Williams have dispensed with commencement exercises.—*Ex.*

Out of 867 graduates of the Vassar College, 315 or a little more than 36 per cent. have married.—*Ex.*

The largest University in the world is the Moham-medan University at Cairo. It is said to have 10,000 students.

In a Senior class of two hundred and eighty-nine at Harvard, thirty-one have already obtained degrees from other colleges.

The *Round Table* contains a lengthy description of some local scenery and geologic formation in the neighborhood of Beloit.

The Harvard Athletic Association will hold two meetings this month. These meetings comprise very interesting events, and gate money will be collected.

The *Highlander* for February contain an "Ode to the Cuckoo" which is so old that it almost seems new. Mr. Highlander, do you borrow without giving honor to whom honor is due?

The *Butler Collegian* for February contains a well written editorial on the proposed three years' course of Harvard University. The *Collegian* thinks four years none too much time to spend in college, and we respond to that with a hearty Methodist amen.

The *Crescent* from New Haven contains an interesting account, by one of their students, of "An Hour on a Toboggan Slide." We Californians have no such experiences, but know if we ever visit the cold North we'll charter a toboggan and go a sailing.

A skeleton was recently unearthed in the West, holding a one-cent piece clenched in one hand. Some wicked and uncharitable newspaper has since intimated that it was probably the remains of some college editor who tried to take his wealth along with him.—*Ex.*

The *Northwestern* of February 20th gives an extensive account of their Pan-Hellenic. While the "Fraters" were enjoying themselves immensely, they found that the "Sorors" were having what they termed a "Pan-heavenly" with the same *menu*, etc., as they. The "Frats" appreciated the joke and serenaded the ladies.

The boys of Bowdoin are very enthusiastically discussing "an advisory committee" for their athletic association. There are two departments in which the *Orient* usually excels—viz.: "Personal" notes of Alumni and "Rhyme and Reason." While this issue is rather meagre in "Rhyme and Reason" it contains a nice little "Legend" in verse.

In the *Wofford College Journal* for February we notice a plea for "some young historian to do something for them." If the author of that article was not so young, he might be called a "sore-head," but as he will get older there is some hope for him. There are two ways out of his difficulty; either he might write a history himself, or study carefully some good history, remembering that the "Johnnies" must have been pretty good men else the "Yanks" could not have gained so much glory.

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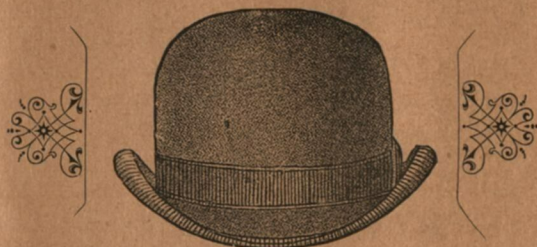
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