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University of the Pacific

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EDITORIAL.

THERE is nothing better calculated to demonstrate the stability and unity of our country, than the present tour of President Harrison. Where once he met a South in arms, he now finds a patriotic people anxious to do him honor. There is no longer a North and a South, but one grand, patriotic nation. Party lines have suddenly dropped and Republicans, Democrats and Prohibitionists alike turn out to extend him a hearty welcome. Papers of every party have dropped their prejudice and recognize in him the able citizen as well as the President of a grand nation.

Few people of the East have more than a vague idea of the resources and importance of the Pacific Coast. Our needs are just beginning to be recognized in our national legislature. President Harrison's trip cannot help bringing good results. The people will be brought into closer sympathy with their President, while he will become acquainted with the people, their resources, and needs.

One pleasing feature of the journey is the universal desire of the people that he should see their educational facilities. Looking at the trip from this point of view it might be described as a grand school review. Wherever he goes the route is made to include as many institutions of learning as possible. This is as it should be; the school is the foundation of our government. Upon it our future depends. California need not fear to have her educational system compared with that of other States. Her public schools are exceptionally good, and her institutions of higher education, though not numerous, stand well. Santa Clara county will have the honor of entertaining the President next Wednesday. He will spend the forenoon with Senator Stanford at the great Stanford University. In the afternoon he will visit the colleges at Santa Clara, the University of the Pacific, Hester school, Willows school, State Normal School, San Jose High School, and other institutions of

San Jose, after which he will hold a short reception at the Court House. The route laid out through our valley is one of rare beauty and will give a good idea of the wealth of the county.

The University should make a good showing next Wednesday. Every student should be present to give the presidential party a hearty welcome.

LITTLE has been said heretofore concerning the *Naranjado*, but we would like to warn all that it is 'under way.' It is the intention of the Junior class to make it the best annual ever issued in our University. Although a fortune was not made by the Star Entertainment course, yet enough was realized to give the enterprise a good financial foundation. The book will cost one dollar this year. This is a slight advance in price, but it will all go toward improvement. Every student should order a book for himself and persuade his friends to do likewise. Alumni and ex-students will find the *Naranjado* interesting, as it will recall many old college scenes and incidents.

No year in our history has been so full of lively scenes and incidents. This will add greatly to the interest of the volume. The *cuts* will be better and more numerous than before. The beauty of the book will be added to by several elegant *crests*. The literary part is by no means being neglected.

Send in your orders at once to the Naranjado Publishing Company.

THE U. P. band will be greatly missed during the coming Field Day and commencement week. Up till the present year the University rejoiced in a strong well-drilled band among the students. Considered from a musical point of view, it was a grand success, but financially it was not encouraging. It always furnished better music than outside companies and was one of the attractions wherever it played. Unfortunately it lost a

great many of its best members last year. It is hoped that a new leader may be found with as much energy and more time than the old one. Nothing can be done this term, but we should have a band next year.

ATHLETIC exercises have never received proper attention in our institution.

There being no gymnasium, there has always been a tendency to concentrate all the attention upon mental drill at the expense of the physical. The opposite is the case in a great many eastern institutions. There, physical training sometimes seems to be carried to excess. But, contrary to the reasoning of those who do not believe in athletics, the most prominent athletes are often the most prominent in the class room.

In our own institution the only incentive to keep alive the athletic spirit seems to be our annual Field Day, which takes place on the 30th of this month. With the exception of a few days, the weather has been excellent for training. Most of the boys have been working faithfully and hope to raise the old records. The 220 yard dash for the President's medal, and the Relay between '93 and '94 promise to be of unusual interest.

We hope there may be nothing to detract from the interest of the day and that we may be able to report it as the best Field day in our history.

LITERARY.

THE CITY OF THE SULTAN.

(Concluded.)

Odd sights, and to foreigners, ridiculous ones are seen every day in this great, cosmopolitan place. Once we passed a portly, white-bearded priest, seated astride a meek little donkey, which was almost hidden by his flowing robe. His dignified expression was in such contrast to his position that it set us all laughing heartily.

Two or three times we made excursions out through the streets where are seen long lines of special kinds of shops. One would see the workers

sitting cross-legged on mats at the front of the little box-like places, containing but a few square feet of space. Around and above hung the finished articles which they eagerly besought us to buy. It is wonderful how expert these men are with their crude old-time tools and ways. The 'bazaars' of Stamboul are situated in an enormous old structure of one story, covering nearly a square mile of ground and pierced by scores of galleries, with vaulted roofs and rude pillars and arches, while the pavement is like the streets outside. The small shops set back into spaces several feet deep, like a block with openings on all four sides, which, of course, face as many avenues. The shop-keepers usually sit cross-legged on platforms or benches in front, at work on their goods. Along the passages are stands for food and rows of little jeweler's shops, of a single case and a niche or two behind perhaps. How these men, especially, manage to make even a pittance in (necessarily) infrequent bargains, with people sharp as themselves, is to me a marvel. One sees any quantity of old rugs, tapestries, etc., darned and patched with wonderful skill. Fur-dealers, also, are numerous, for this material in every variety is much used for lining the robes and caps of the priests and the wealthy. Often one is refused an article at a price much reduced from the first, and when he has gone some distance from the shop, the dealer comes running after to take his last offer. It was often very laughable to see them, but they expect to be beaten down and if they were given their first price would be mortified that they had not asked more.

The long, lofty hall of the spice-bazaar was of much interest. One saw there gums, spices, essences from all parts of the world. The air was heavily laden with mingled perfume, very pleasant to the nostrils of the foreigner; and the picturesque Turks sitting among their heaped up wares in the dimly lighted place, gave the whole scene an intensely Oriental character, that one would long remember.

Many of the barbering establishments are curious affairs. Those I refer to are often seen out in the open squares or under spreading trees; just where the simple, easy-going fancy of the Mussul-man barber dictates. It usually consists merely of a high armchair, weighted below by a heavy stone, and overhead a rude umbrella to protect the customer from the glowing sun. Here the latter sits, and is shaved; his head as often, or more frequently than his face; and the hair is removed entirely, or only from a spot on the top, according as he wears a turban, which is very warm; or a fez, which is much cooler; for all Mohammedans are required to have at least a part of the head shaven. We noticed a few with but a single lock on the scalp, after the custom of the ancient Moslems, though many may still preserve this form.]

One of the most interesting and enjoyable excursions to be taken while at Constantinople is the visit to the treasury of the sultans in the old Seraglio Palace and to the modern Palaces of Dolma Baghtche and Behler Bey situated on either side of the Bosphorus. Application is made to your foreign minister, who sends in a petition to the Sultan, who, if he is pleased to grant the permission, has every preparation made to receive, or rather, for the reception and conduction of the visitors, and also furnishes the means of conveying them from place to place. We rode to the entrance of the old palace on the "Point" one bright morning and were there admitted, with quite a party to the deserted grounds, passing old structures, summer houses etc., to a richly furnished pavilion with a splendid view extending away up the wide Bosphorus and out over the broader Sea of Marmora toward the south. Here we were served first with some sort of perfumed conserve, which the liveried servants passed in a large vessel, with spoons, and also glasses of water, each person helping himself to a spoonful, and then taking a sip from one of the glasses. Thick black Turkish coffee was next passed, the small cups being presented in little stands of gold filagree work. This ceremony of welcome over, we entered the strong treasury building between double lines of guards and servants. Guards were also stationed about to see that nothing of the large collection of fabulously rich objects were disturbed. Here are gathered the sceptres, arms, jeweled robes, tapestries etc., of a long line of sultans, representing together, an enormous amount of wealth. One sees pieces of cloth embroidered in all kinds of precious stones, and many objects thickly set with great jewels. A throne here, taken from some Persian monarch, is literally covered with pearls set in beautiful patterns.

After seeing the place and several pretty little kiosks, luxuriously fitted up, we entered three sultan's large caiques (kaiks,) manned by several rowers and a captain in white costumes. These were capable of holding some eight passengers and were propelled up the calm Bosphorus to the magnificent white palace of Dolma Baghtche which stretches many yards along the edge of the strait, beyond the docks of Galata. A guard took the party in charge and showed us through the splendid dwelling, decorated and furnished in the richest Oriental style and exceeding in its kind of splendor anything we ever saw. Great reception rooms, grand stair-ways, frescoed ceilings; all were gotten up in a style truly royal. Pleasant well-kept gardens surround the place and ascend the hill-slope at the back.

After going through this palace we crossed to the Asiatic side, where stands that of Behler Bey, beautiful though small, further up towards the Black Sea,

whose waters, (not at all dark, however,) are seen after an hour's steam up the picturesque strait. To the gaze of the observer standing in Pera or Stamboul its bright, rich form shines across the waters, a most charming sight. Extensive gardens surround this princely dwelling also, while the views up and down the Bosphorus from the windows of its luxurious apartments are both fine and extended. It was erected by one of the later sultans as a place in which to accommodate and entertain the foreign royalty and persons of distinction who might visit him; the customs governing the imperial household rendering it impossible for him to receive strangers there. Here General Grant, the Prince and Princess of Wales, and others have been lodged and entertained amid splendor almost greater than is seen in the first mentioned palace.

This pleasant and varied excursion occupied us the greater part of the day, and we all felt grateful to his imperial highness, the Sultan, for allowing travelers here to view some of his finest possessions.

With best wishes for the welfare of the U. P. in general, and its journal in particular, I am

Yours sincerely,
P. R. MABURY.

INDIVIDUALISM.

Life is an ever fleeting ideal. Each being, for a time, joins the surging throng in the race for existence, performs the task assigned him by destiny; then sinks into the deep dark sepulchre of eternity, lost forever to human eyes. Yet all is not lost. The essence of a noble character may yet remain to enliven the hearts of men, to cast a benign influence over the lives of succeeding generations. The treasures of a massive intellect, brilliant gems of genius, the results of long and devoted study may add to the riches of the future. He may be the originator of some new industry, the fountain from which flows the steam of an ever increasing good. He may bequeath to the world but a single idea and yet, that idea be of inestimable value to posterity. Every life has had some influence in moulding the character of civilization, in shaping the destiny of human progress. His influence may be but an atom in the gigantic structure; it may be a mighty pillar on which all civilization leans for support.

He may be but the meanest slave, untutored and degraded, toiling alone within narrow walls, unconscious of the living-world without; he may dwell on the cold ice-bound shores of an Arctic coast, isolated and alone, and yet, the world feels the touch of his influence upon its life, is susceptible to his every victory and his every defect.

The development of society is directly dependent upon the individual. With him rests the mighty responsibility of preserving its life and furthering its advance. Long delayed, the world before embracing this truth, lingered long 'ere acknowledging the strength and magnitude of this fact.

Ancient theory and ancient practice denied the individual the right of exercising his own powers in the interest of self; stone-visaged tyranny, held the race within its grasp. No glimmer of light penetrated the veil of superstition and ignorance. The race groped in utter darkness. Individual welfare and happiness were sacrificed at the altar of national greatness; the race lingered in the shades of night that a dynasty's name might shine throughout the world. Society was but for the governors, not the governors for society. But truth, borne on the wings of western breezes, swept away the cloud of mystery and superstition enveloping the race. The old civilization crumbled and fell, and a new theory grasped the sceptre of power. The warm hand of sympathy now greets the individual effort. In the new civilization the highest end of each individual is sought; and the free exercise of his powers is curtailed only as much as is necessary in maintaining government and in attaining a more perfect social condition, that his condition may be advanced. Nations have plunged their subjects into war and strife, have subjected them to the dangers and deprivations of the camp and battle-field, but only that some great good might accrue to themselves and their posterity.

With the infusion of intelligence came the infusion of greater desires, until the age has become characterized by the ambition of its individuals, by the energy of the race. In the recognition of these aims and in her ability to unite the multitudinous complexities of society into a harmonious working whole, rests the life of the present civilization.

Great thoughts are evolved, not out of the working of a nation's brain, but first find expression in the mind of a single being. From this source flow the countless rivulets which go to make the majestic river. Within the mystic labyrinth of imagination springs a tender germ of truth which, exposed to the light of a cloud-softened sun, develops a wonderful growth, spreading its seed throughout all the world, yielding its fruits to all succeeding generations. It is from the selfhood within the being that national character finds its birth, that social impetus shapes its growth. So long as society continues to protect the welfare and recognize the abilities of its individuals, so long will she reap the rich harvest of prosperity. The possibilities of such a civilization are boundless, the perpetuity of its existence is assured.

F. J. D.

POVERTY.

Poverty has always existed. Among all nations, in all lands its ghastly form is seen. In all ages statesmen have been confronted by the problem, "What shall we do for the masses?" But in spite of all that has been done, there is a great deal of misery abroad in the world to-day. It is quite evident that neither "Utopia," nor the "Single Tax Theory," nor the "Looking Backward" of Bellamy are sufficiently practical to meet the case. When we consider that poverty is the root of many of the evils of our common life, we are led to look for some more practical and effectual remedy. The homeless and unemployed are not always so by their own choice but are often rendered so against their will. With them, there comes an awful struggle, a terrible battle, in which alas, too many fall and go to recruit the ranks of the vicious and criminal classes. General Booth in his work "In Darkest England and the Way Out" brings forcibly before us the terrible condition of the poor as it is, not only in England, but also in our own land and suggests a remedy for these social evils which are becoming greater and making the problem more difficult for solution as the years go by.

Could there pass before us in panoramic vision the misery, destitution and suffering that exists; could we see the hundreds of thousands of hungry, naked, homeless ones wandering around without a place to lay their heads; could we see them tramping from place to place vainly endeavoring to procure employment in order that they may obtain the necessities of life; could we behold the sunken eyes and emaciated frames of starving women; could we hear the childrens bitter cry for bread as they plead in vain with parents who do not have it in their power to give it to them; could we know how many are driven to take their first step toward the depths of infamy and crime in order that they may procure bread to live; could we be fully awakened to see that such is the true state of affairs around us, how it would melt our hearts to pity and our eyes to tears.

Among those who are so fortunate as to have a shelter at night, there are hundreds of thousands who by the exertion of every energy are barely able to secure the means of subsistence. They have no home comforts, so they seek the light, warmth and company of the saloon. Miserable and despondent, they seek to drown their cares in the flowing bowl. As pure fresh air is lacking in the miserable quarters where they are huddled together in rickety tenements, they feel a longing for some kind of stimulant and this craving they seek to satisfy by intoxicating drink. In these tenements they live. Here their children are reared, witnesses of almost every

crime against purity and virtue, trained in every vice to go forth as enemies to the peace and order of society. This is the way in which the majority of our drunkards are made and the process by which our criminals are educated. The problem is before us. Can we solve it? Is there any remedy?

City and county hospitals are erected for the aged and infirm who are friendless and penniless. Orphan asylums are sometimes provided by wealthy men or supported by voluntary contributions. In our large cities the "Associated Charities" are very active in their endeavors to relieve human suffering. But because of lack of funds and appliances these agencies can deal with but very few of the needy cases. Of what benefit are these organizations to the great army of the poor who are living on the verge of starvation? Let a period of depression come in any particular branch of industry and hundreds and thousands are thrown out of employment and are in a state of destitution, for from their meagre earnings they have been totally unable to lay anything by to help them in their hour of need. True, many of the tradesmen are connected with trade-unions and oftentimes assistance is obtained from these organizations, but the help that can be obtained from this source is from the very nature of the organization altogether insufficient to relieve the suffering and misery brought about by such a state of affairs. Far worse than the condition of the tradesman is that of the day-laborer, who is not a skilled workman at any of the trades and for that reason debarred from sharing any of the benefits which can come from trade-unionism. When he ceases to work, he begins to starve.

All the remedies that have been tried up to this time appear to be too superficial. They do not get at the root of the disease. Can the Gospel cure all the social ills of humanity? But what's the use of preaching the Gospel to a starving man if you don't give him anything to eat? What is the use of exhorting him to lead a sober, honest and industrious life if you don't give him a chance to be industrious? What is the use of pleading with him to be virtuous if you leave him in a cesspool of moral corruption? The Gospel in its purity and entirety, a Gospel consisting of the active exercise of two vital principles, love to God and love to man, is the true remedy for the miseries of the race. Let humanity begin to realize more and more the brotherhood of man and the fatherhood of God, let each individual have a clear and practical conception of who is his neighbor, let the spirit of greed and selfishness which dominates so many of our capitalists, statesmen and employers give place to the true spirit of the Gospel and the blighting curse of poverty must necessarily disappear.

W. T. C.

A HAWAIIAN VALLEY AND A NATIVE FEAST.

The Hawaiian Islands are situated in the tropics about 2,100 miles in a southwesterly course from San Francisco. They enjoy a mild and equable climate; the variation in temperature is slight, about 15 degrees.

Leaving San Francisco in a sailing vessel on the 29th of May, I enjoyed a calm and most delightful trip; the sea was fresh and smiling all the way with seldom a frown of storm. I shall never forget June's birthday on the water. Words are weak to describe the gorgeous colorings of sky and wave. The perfect blue with hardly a cloud save those that formed the pageant that awaited the sun-god as he sunk at even to his capital beyond. Everything about—even a fleet-winged bird that dipped and curved in air, wore gladness on this summer's Natal day. About the middle of June I arrived at the port of Kahului on the Island of Maui, the second of the group in area, and a few hours journey from the island of Oahu on which Honolulu is situated. Kahului is little more than a station for the transportation of sugar. This island possesses the largest plantation in the world.

After landing and paying the Queen's hospital fee, which is collected of all strangers, I took a train for the beautiful village of Wailuku about two miles distant, and in this most delightful place, spent my first night in Hawaii. It was Saturday and as I drove up the main street, I saw the natives, men and women, sitting or lounging about the side paths, offering for sale the delicacies of the season, and exhibiting the tempting tasties (in the native mind) on impromptu booths.

Having intended to go by steamer as soon as possible to Honolulu, I had no letters to families on this island but with a word of introduction by the captain of the vessel, joined with that (I hope) unobtrusive assurance that characterizes those reared under the shadow of the stars and stripes, I won my way into the heart or rather the good graces of those most hospitable people and prolonged my visit in Kahului in a most delightful household, until after the 4th of July, which day, by the way, awakes a deal more enthusiasm there than here. I think perhaps it is the same spirit that causes those people to rejoice and raise their banners on that day that actuates the youth of our land. They little know for what they are exploding their bombs and firing toy pistols. It is a tradition, a custom, a holiday. We should teach the youth in our public schools, that a wave or flush of patriotism may rise in them, as that flag has at last been raised over our public institutions of learning—raised, alack, not at the will of the youth but at the

pleadings, yes, and the contributions of its defenders, the steel-scarred veterans of a cruel war.

Excuse this moment's outburst. Let me lead you again to Hawaii. Several days passed in novel and varied amusement. I had quitted the ship and made temporary abode in Kahului. At length the invitation came to the family whose guest I was for a "Louou" or native feast in the Valley of Iao which gives existence to this attempt. We were to go on horseback, the whole party assembling in the village of Wailuku which lies near the mouth of the valley. The sun, but a few hours up, found us gathering in groups shouting our "aloha," (the native greeting) and forming a well equipped cavalcade—not quite in cavalry order but agreeably paired. The hostess or giver of the day's fete was a Hawaiian, and a true native feast was looked forward to. The party entire consisted of nearly a score—natives and white.

The valley of Iao which we are now to enter, is about three miles or more in length, cased between high cliffs, and contains a fresh turbulent stream of water. We must descend to enter. As we ride along we see far beneath us on the right, long stretches of rice and taro-patches, with here and there a native hut made of grass. Entering now into the valley's mouth, the road winds between guava bushes, with now and again a coffee-tree or stray banana. The shrubbery here is exceedingly dense. The name of the omnipresent and persistent growth of Hawaii is Lantana. This bush blossoms in many varieties of color. It is often cultivated by us in hot houses. It is the scourge of the Hawaiian planter and over-runs everything, growing so thickly that it sometimes prevents the free pasturage of cattle. Soon we meet the Iao river for the first time. In some places it is broad and shallow, in others dashing between steep banks or hurling itself along over a rush of rapids. An enthusiastic angler would say, "What a magnificent trout leap." Well it is, only there are no trout in the Hawaiian streams; also like Ireland these islands have been in some past time visited by a snake-killing patron, and one may tread amid the tallest grasses and ferns without fear, and listen in vain for the croak of a frog. There are none of these. On the left now is a cliff rising hundreds of feet; beyond, a ravine runs off at right angles. Here the road dwindles into an exceedingly rough bridle path; Hawaiian horses however are used to it. They will ford the swiftest streams and climb the rockiest way. And the riders, men and women, are at home in the saddle; the women sensibly riding in the fashion of man, insuring safety, grace and ease. Ahead, on the right a high cone-shaped rock rears itself in air. This is called the Needle. Here at one time hid a native prince, fearing capture at the hands of enemies searching for him in the vale be-

low. And, ever and again his princess, stationed opposite and way beneath him, behind a huge square boulder, would, by whistling, signal him an encouragement or a warning. This valley was once the scene of a great strife and war. The stream now so pure and clear was, in a fierce battle between old chiefs, choked with corpses, and, flowing down its course gave name to the village at its mouth—Wailuku—a "river of blood." Rich is the spot in legend and romance. An ideal of nature in luxuriance is here; great ferns and trees of wondrous beauty in form and coloring; rare flowers and tropic grasses contend in this earthly Eden for living space. The only point in which one stumbles in his comparison of this vale to Paradise is in the absence of singing birds.

A little farther on at our right, is to me a most awe-striking spectacle; it is the Black Gorge. Running off from the main valley at an abrupt angle, it extends a mile in depth. So sharp, so deep is the ravine that light is thrown into it only a part of the day and its innermost recesses are never visited by a ray of sun. It is like the pictured entrance into Purgatory, and, with little stretch of the imagination, one may behold the words—"All hope abandon, ye who enter here." Here few men have ventured, the darkness and the thickness of the sombre foliage and withal the stillness of a rayless vault have held the place in a sort of sacredness. Here hunted lepers are said to have fled to escape life-banishment to the hated colony of death at "Molokai."

But by this time your hunger for the end and mine for something more substantial has brought us to the native house where our stopping place is to be. The term "Luou" (the Hawaiian feast) comes from the leaf which was originally used in the preparation of the food, the mode much resembling our barbecue. A couple of pigs are killed and immediately skinned in a manner however quite new, as they simply hold the porker over a hot bed of fire and use no boiling water; their internal organizations are then replaced by hot stones to a considerable number; finally they are stowed away in the ground, a huge hole having been dug, and are surrounded on all sides by large rocks snatched from the fire-pit. Fowls are thus cooked; the chickens are broken up into generous morsels, cleaned in the stream, and then wrapped in large leaves—the banana or tiplant (a native fern) being used. These are arranged in little bundles and placed around the pig in his rocky nest, and the whole is covered over with earth and stones. In this oven they are allowed to remain about three quarters of an hour.

Whether the Louou be within a house or in the open air, the mode of spreading the "board" is the same. A mat or flat of ferns and leaves is made,

laid in order, and tastefully, the thickness being about ten inches. No cloth is used, but the vessels for food are set on this bed. Seated Turk-fashion or otherwise (the natives lean on one arm and use the other in eating,) we commence our repast.

One of the most marked characteristics of the Kanakas is the patience of their palates and the stony indifference of their stomachs. They devour with equal ease a shingle nail or a feather mattress. Poi is the main and steady diet of the people. This is a thick starchy mixture made from the taro-root. Its color varies, generally being a dull gray. It is served in a "calabash" or wooden bowl and is conveyed to the mouth by nature's first spoons. Raw or salt fish is eaten with this to give a flavor. The pork and chicken are seasoned with coarse sea salt. In the line of luxuries comes a certain variety of sea-moss which is eaten with great relish, and a kind of shrimp which is devoured alive. I contented myself with a deal of on-looking. Visions of my first day at sea would scurry across my mind, if I attempted to eat. The natives and others used to it, however, enjoyed themselves over the meal; but it took a month or more of like experience before I could grin and bear it. The repast finished, a large bowl of water, lined with ferns and leaves went the rounds and did service as a finger-bowl for all. There were no toasts, not even a "God save the King." To be thoroughly appreciated and royally thought of, a sovereign must visit a republic. Thus His Majesty, Kalakaua thought and thought aright.

So novel is the whole affair, the strange viands, the chattering of the natives, and even the quaint Hawaiiian blessing pronounced by a converted patriarch that one is carried, as it were, into another sphere.

Nor is the feeling of transportation into a fancy world dispelled on the homeward ride.

Far away through the distant mouth of the valley the day is dying in the west. The sun is sinking behind a great mountain—an extinct volcano, whose bowels once held rumbling fires; and, because for ages past the guardian of the planets has made his bed behind this mount, it is called "Halekale," the house of the sun. Our way home lies in that direction and we gallop on. Our morning meeting-place is reached as it is nearing evening, and beneath the lengthening shadow of a stately cocoanut, that lies athwart the way, we say "Aloha."

HOLBROOK BLINN.

Try Koch, West Santa Clara St., for a good shave, shampoo, or hair cut.

Geo. W. Ryder the jeweler at 8 South First St. keeps an elegant stock of goods.

Try some of Shafer's soda. It is fine.

LOCAL.

Field day is postponed till April 30th.

Barney believes in "close communion."

May-day is coming. Who says vacation?

Will some one define "supulcharal" cough?

O. W. Marsh is suffering from a sprained ankle.

Beatty believes "St. Patrick was a gentleman sor."

Did you see the races?

Oh no!

Question—What is an ideal marriage? Ask Mc-Faul.

"And the goblins will git you if you don't watch out."

Emendia's reception at Mr. Griswold's the 24th inst.

A. H. Briggs visited friends at College Park recently.

The president's medal has been placed on the 220 yard dash.

O. W. Marsh's father visited him at the University a week ago.

The Misses Larkey returned to Oakland Saturday, the 18th inst.

A sister of Miss Agnes Sargent visited her at the Hall last week.

Walter I. Wilcox, Commercial '88, is studying dentistry at Berkeley.

Miss Juvenal thinks one chair enough to hold Miss B. and a Junior boy.

Jeff finds wonderful things to teach the young idea how to shoot in ethics.

The first division of the Irregulars appeared on chapel on the 10th inst.

Rhizomia's orators for anniversary are C. B. Whittier, '93, and F. J. Dennis, '92.

Miss Winnie Hiestand is contemplating a visit to Tacoma next summer vacation.

The engagement of Miss Nellie Zuck, ex-'90, to Al Flickinger has been announced.

Geo. W. Ryder can fix your watch as good as the best, 8 South First St.

Koch the barber, opposite Auzerai's House does the best business in town. The reason is that he always keeps good workmen.

Mrs. Clarke appreciates visitors at her 2:15 drawing class.

Miss Susie Kingsbury visited Santa Clara a few days last week.

Theoretically Bob doesn't approve of "season tickets" but, practically——

Prof. T. C. George occupied the Methodist pulpit of Los Gatos last Sunday.

Miss Susie Kingsbury, '90, was seen on the campus last Saturday morning.

Mrs. J. R. Tregloan of Amador City visited her son and daughter at U. P. last week.

Mrs. Dixon of Petaluma visited her daughter Miss Mary Dixon at college last week.

What's the matter with CIH? Only some of Henry's atomic summersaulting.

The class in English history have finished the text and have begun the review.

The "Dairy Maids Convention" seemed to have great attractions for the U. P. boys.

It has been remarked that the girls entrance to East Hall is the place for "Season tickets."

Miss Florence Whittier bore off the honors from the Declamatory contest of Sopholechia.

Miss Myra Abbott, Freshman with '92, graduated from the Normal and is now teaching in San Jose.

Archania's commencement orators are O. W. Marsh, '93, John Nowell, '93, and W. L. Webster, '93.

Ask Henry the significance of giving a young lady the basket. Who is the one to whom he gave the chance?

A. E. Reames, a former student of U. P., is editor-in-chief of a new paper at the State University of Oregon.

Enter for Field day! Make every man win every medal he takes by hard work. Let us have no "walk overs" this year.

In Sopholechia's Oratorical Contest last Friday Miss Florence Brown won first honor and Miss Edith Wilcox, second.

Boys, don't travel the Alameda on Sunday. It looks suspicious. Better go Stockton Avenue and avoid temptation.

Miss A. E. Foley at Room 14, Letitia Building, South First St., has a first-class ladies hair-dressing establishment. She is agent for Wild Rose curling fluid.

R. Shafer, at College Park store has his soda fountain working finely.

Mr. Gruwell had a dream which seemed not all a dream. He awoke with a faint recollection of working in a shoe store.

S. M. Chynoweth, '90, has been appointed to the office of "Farmer" for the Indians on the Mescalero reservation, New Mexico.

Frank Ried, '87, has bought a lot on Schiele avenue and Dame Rumor whispers something about a wedding in the near future.

The Misses Ada and Ida Larkey who are now attending Berkeley spent several days with their many friends in San Jose last week.

Miss Eugenie Landstrum, ex-'92, who has been the guest of Miss May Johnston, returned to her home in Berkeley, April 16th.

The recent rain will no doubt affect the records for Field day as it throws the boys out of training until the roads have had time to dry.

Hogg says he is going to tell his children to leave CS2 alone, for he had a friend who tore the whole end out of his bed by an explosion.

Mr. J. says he knows a girl who used to have a moustache on her upper lip every Friday night; since April 1st she has a smooth face.

The race for the president's medal promises to be an interesting one this year. The winner must capture two heats in order to take the medal.

H. M. Bland, '87, Ph. D. has written a work on orchard pests. It is now in press and promises to be the best work of the kind yet issued.

Fair representatives of the Junior and Sophomore classes met in "tug-of-war" one day last week. They tugged valiantly, but '92 was victorious.

P. R. Mabury, ex-'92, who has been traveling in Europe during the past year with Dr. Breyfogle's party is expected home about the 1st of next month.

M. Tochikura of the Senior class has been suddenly called home to Japan by the serious illness of his father. We tender him our sincere sympathy in his sudden sorrow.

Miss Kitty Pierce is back in college again after quite a protracted absence on account of sickness. We would congratulate her on having gotten off so easily in an encounter with La Grippe.

Prof. "Mr. Toyama, you may take a seat near the window if the light is poor where you are sitting."

Mr. T. "Oh! I'm afraid of the ladies."

Miss A. E. Foley, ladies' fashionable hair-dresser. Agent for Wild Rose curling fluid. Room 14, Letitia Building, South First St.

Miss DeForest with her elocution class occupied the rostrum during the usual lecture hour on Friday, P. M. the 10th inst. The ladies who gave the Delsarte exhibition were very graceful indeed.

F. G. Canney, who has been in New York for the past six months attending the college of Physicians and Surgeons, is home again to spend the summer with his preceptor, Dr. Ward, in San Francisco.

Say! Just ask Timm and Jeff how much can be seen through a knot-hole on a Sunday P. M. at a certain place on the Alameda. They declare they didn't climb a tree to see because the trees were all full.

The *Naranjado* man with the kodac goeth about like a mighty Nimrod in quest of game. He spareth none. Hoary age, reverend professors plug-hatted and solemn, the verdent Freshie, and the giddy maiden, all are targets for his little box.

Prof. Riedeman was much annoyed by the frequency and brevity of the visits to his class in Prof. Sawyer's room one morning last week. Boys, you should ask some one near the door whether or no there is a class in that room before you walk in.

The names of Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Martin were unintentionally omitted from the list of those invited to the Sophomore Reception that appeared in last issue. Dr. and Mrs. Martin are so dearly loved by all that no student gathering is complete without them.

The concert company of the star entertainment course did not sing last Saturday night as had been announced. The cause was a broken agreement on the part of their manager. Their failing to sing was a great loss to lovers of good singing as well as to the *Naranjado Publishing Co.*

During the Y. M. C. A. convention Mr. Barnhisel was discovered by a fellow Soph. wandering about in a prune orchard not many blocks from the campus, rending the air with sounding sentences. He was just practicing an impromptu speech to give before the convention that evening.

The PHAROS election takes place May 8th. According to our constitution all nominations must be made and reported to the editors by Friday of this week. The following positions are to be filled: from the incoming Senior class, an editor-in-chief, a business manager, and a president of the association; from the incoming Junior class, three literary editors and a vice-president of the association; from the incoming Sophomore class, two local editors and a secretary; from the incoming Freshman class, a local editor; from the Third-year Academic and the Third Commercial, two local editors each. Each class may make two nominations for each position.

MIGMA.

KAPPA ALPHA THETA'S PAN-HELLENIC RECEPTION.

On Friday evening, April 10th, the Greek world of the University and vicinity was royally entertained by the Phi chapter of the Kappa Alpha Theta sorority. The reception was held at the elegant home of Miss May Johnston, '89, in San Jose.

The guests began to arrive shortly after eight o'clock and by nine the spacious parlors were filled with representatives of seven Greek fraternities. The brilliantly lighted rooms, bedecked with choicest flowers, ferns and other objects of beauty, the sweet strains of music that continually poured through the halls, the captivating appearance of the Kappa Alpha Thetas in their beautiful Grecian costumes made the effect truly dazzling, overwhelming all with that peculiar mysticism known only to the initiated, and gave every Frat the feeling of deepest satisfaction. While each guest gloried in and upheld the standard of the fraternity of his choice all paid homage to Kappa Alpha Theta. The evening was spent in social chat of which Greek life was the predominating theme and reminiscences the source of mirth; all this was interspersed with such games as "Grecian Quoits" and the intensely interesting, yet more unclassical tid-dledy-winks, as well as spilicans and classic games in the "mystic chamber." At a seasonable hour the dining-room doors were thrown open and an elegant repast served "when all manner of dainties had been driven from their desire" all again retired to the parlors, losing themselves in the pleasures of the evening, and when the time came to separate each wondered how the hours had so quickly flown.

Those invited were: Beta Theta Pi: Dr. and Mrs. A. C. Hirst, Prof. and Mrs. T. C. George, Mr. Stoney and A. H. Briggs of San Francisco, Mr. Stevens, Chas. Bentley and Mr. Mantaigue of Berkeley and Mr. Jenness; Delta Tau Delta: Prof. and Mrs. D. A. Hayes, and Prof. E. B. Lease; Alpha Phi: Miss F. Hubble; Phi Gamma Delta: Prof. and Mrs. Crabb; Gamma Phi Beta: Miss Stella Guppy, and Miss Ruth Guppy; Phi Kappa Psi: Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Martin, Dr. and Mrs. Bishop, J. A. Fairchild, P. F. Gosbee, S. G. Tompkins, Mr. and Mrs. F. C. Ross, J. P. Ross, Dr. and Mrs. Rob't. Gober, Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Johnston, W. F. Hyde, E. A. Wilcox, Henry Ayer, Fred G. Canney, Harry Wilcox, J. B. Tregloan, S. D. Briggs, V. C. Richards, Fred G. Burrows, O. W. Marsh, H. R. Timm, R. L. Gruwell, L. M. Burwell, E. L. Rich, P. S. Castleman, C. B. Whit-tier, Geo. Gilman, A. H. Barnhisel, Harold Kirk-bridge; Kappa Alpha Theta: The Omega chapter at

the University of Cal., Miss Henderson of Mills Col-lege, Mrs. Dr. Avery, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Alexander, Mrs. S. G. Tompkins of San Jose, Miss Susie Kings-bury of San Francisco, the Misses Ada and Ida Larkey and Eugenia Landstrom of Berkeley.

EAST HALL ECHOES.

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

The latest in contests—pillow fights.

How well the colors in the new society blend.

Burnett is taking his meals in the dining hall.

Bowman had a slight attack of La Grippe last week.

Tilden attended a Golden Wedding in Santa Cruz a week ago Monday.

E. Lee, a former student of the U. P., paid Bow-man a short visit last week.

"Young man, is there anything I can do to help you?" There was nothing he could do.

Quite a number of students attended Professor Thoburn's lecture a week ago Tuesday evening.

"Her looks are mightier than words." Be on time for meals or you will feel her keen glance.

Don't be surprised to see gentlemen walking with their shoulders slightly raised. For the cause apply of the elocution class.

The person who took the short-hand book from second floor will please hand same to Professor Crabb or the owner. No questions asked.

Prof. L— in Bible study informed us of the fact of Jonah taking the steamer and going down the river to Ninevah. According to this Fulton is not "in it" as far as invention goes.

The small boy and base-ball crank walked down to the ball grounds, but much to their chagrin there was no game and they returned with fallen countenances.

G. M., alias Buzz, received a small package through the mail which seemed to have a soothing effect upon his general system. He now cracks very few jokes. The "fifth wheel" was too much.

Some of the Hall boys were sure of company for this reception. Their invitations were all written a day before they received theirs from Emendia, and as soon as they did it was a case of "first see, first get."

It would be a good plan for W. C. D. to take a chaperon when next he wanders into San Jose, for he will then be able to pilot his way home without having to inquire the direction of the University.

The right hand men of Fitz James were not loyal to him. They made known secrets in the *black art* known only to themselves. They were discharged but James laid in a new supply from over the Rhine.

A good deal of trouble has been caused lately by the disappearance of books from the halls. Students who leave books on the shelves provided for this purpose often fail to find them upon their return. It would be a good plan for all to keep a close lookout for the culprit as it is generally believed to be some outsider.

"Phonographia" is the name of the new society organized at one of the dining-hall tables with the following officers: Pres., Miss Meese; Vice-Pres., J. R. Knowland; Sergeant-at-Arms, Miss Sargent; Secretary, P. Spencer. The preamble of its constitution reads thus: "For the advancement of those not gifted with loquacity this society is organized." It is stated that one of the East Hall Professors upon reading the preamble, immediately sent in his name.

Student to Prof.—"That was quite a collision on the electric cars Sunday. (This, by the way, was the day of the balloon ascension.)

Prof.—"Was any one hurt?"

Student.—No, but we were all shaken up and one lady fainted."

Prof.—"How do you know so much about it?"

Student—"I—I—I went down town to see m-m-my Aunt who lives on that road." The band played and the balloon went up."

A week ago Saturday evening the Adelpic society was given a banquet by the High School Senate of San Jose. Upon their arrival at the High School they were ushered into the spacious assembly hall where a bountiful repast awaited their disposal. The work of the society was discussed and, together with college songs and other amusements, the evening was pleasantly wiled away. Some boy inserted in a certain evening paper a notice to the effect that the Adelpic Society, the allies of the Senate, had been banqueted. In the minds of most persons no significance was attached to this, but some members of one of the societies of the hall thought they had turned traitors to them and were working for the Senate. In behalf of Adelpia it is well to here state that they are loyal to the University and have not, and furthermore do not intend to make themselves "self assumed" allies with any one or thing other than their society work. Boys, let us be aloof from taking notice of small things of this kind, and strive to make our society work a more important factor—let us form an alliance with it.

EXCHANGES.

Students should read—*Reflector*. Account of the Y. M. C. A. Convention in the *Occident*, April 13th. Three good articles in *Central Collegian*, March. Civilization of the Anglo Saxon in *Ottawa Campus*, March. "A Shakespere Study" in *Ogontz Mosaic*, March.

The *Soverign* and *Hendrix College Mirror* are among our new exchanges.

The *Washington and Jefferson* gives an interesting diagnosis of its class of '91.

Pres. Garfield's two sons fill the positions of half-backs in the Williams foot ball team.

The University of Michigan Glee Club recently netted \$4,500 at a single engagement in Detroit.

Harvard allows the substitution of Japanese and Chinese for the Greek and Latin required for entrance. It is thought that this will attract many Japanese students to Harvard.—*Athenaeum*.

The *College Rambler* in doing away with its exchange column, because other papers have misconstrued and misused such. It puts us in mind of the old foggy who ceases to vote because others disgrace the ballot.

The *American School and College Journal* hails from St. Louis, Mo. It is devoted to the interest of teachers, students and pupils. It is worthy the perusal of every student and we hope it will continue to come to our table.

The *Pacific Methodist Collegian* comes to our table from the Pacific Methodist College at Santa Rosa. If the manager would change it from a weekly to a bi-monthly or monthly and also put it into a journal form it would cost no more and be more of an honor to the institution.

The editor of the *Areal* should get a patent for a padlock from his way of wrapping a paper, we almost gave up in disgust before we succeeded in extricating the last one from the mire, however, we found our labor was well rewarded especially by a letter written about this coast by H. P. Baily of Minneapolis.

A SISTER TO ME.

"Sweet maiden, ere I knew you,
I loved you long," I cried.
"I'll be a sister to you,"
This cruel maid replied.

I saw my chance and kissed her
Full many times—"My sister
Cannot object," I whisper;
And now she is my bride.

—*The Red and Blue*.

Berne, Switzerland, has a professor for every five students at the University.—*Ex.*

Nature seldom makes a fool. She simply furnishes the raw material, and lets the fellow finish the job to suit himself.—*Iowa Wesleyan.*

The University of Leipsic opened its doors to women a short time ago, and now of the 2,300 students there are six women, four of whom are Americans.—*Yankton Student.*

Miss Anna Williams, of the Iowa Wesleyan University, came out victorious in the State Contest at Mt. Pleasant, in January, as did also Miss Kate E. Morehart, of the Ohio State University, at Wooster, in February.—*University Review, Lawrence, Kansas.*

The preachers at Harvard University the coming year will be Dr. F. G. Peabody and Brook Herford (Unitarian), Phillips Brooks and Dean Lawrence (Episcopal), Dr. Henry Van Dyke (Presbyterian), and Dr. Lyman Abbott (Congregational).—*Exchange.*

Prof. Simon Newcomb, Johns Hopkins, astronomer, and the chief of the United States Astronomical Observatory, has been honored with the Copy medal from the Royal Society of England. He also received a present of silver plate from the Czar of Russia.—*Yankton Student.*

NOT IN IT.

I asked her heart of Winnifred,
Ah! if I could but win it;
She laughingly replied, "Dear Ned,
I fear you are not in it."

—*Harvard Lampoon.*

There is a story about George Washington, that, when on being detected by his father, he stammered out, "I can't tell a lie," the old gentleman replied: "That's all right about the lie, George, but do you think"—whack! "that you"—whack!!—"can tell a cherry tree"—whack!!!—"when you see it again?"—whack!!!!—*Harvard Lampoon.*

The *Occident* makes itself ridiculous by attempting to ignore the University of the Pacific. In giving an account (an account of U. C.'s part) of the recent intercollegiate convention of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. held at U. P. it displayed its sore-headed and jealous condition by not even stating at what college the convention was held but on the contrary, says that it was held at College Park, San Jose. Is it possible that it is so ignorant or was it a desire to find some other place for crediting the convention?

Again it says that "the San Jose boys exerted themselves in entertaining." Bosh! Does the *Occi-*

dent think that anybody will believe that this was intended for anything other than a bare-faced deception and a desire to give an open insult to our students after the exertions they made to entertain the visiting delegates?

We hold nothing against the delegates who attended the convention from the University of California, through them we were truly benefited, for them we have the kindest feelings and retain pleasant memories of their visit. In fact we do not feel hurt at all for we know that the delegates, who attended from U. C., did not delude their fellow students by reporting that their entertainment came from *some boys over at San Jose* instead of the members of the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. here at the University of the Pacific.

The above mentioned mis-statements, and intended such, originated in the mind of the sore-headed thing that edits the *Occident*, and we are happy to say that we know they are not the sentiments of the friends who visited us from U. C.

We have just received a copy of the *Reflector* published by the literary societies of the University of Oregon. Being only the second number we have no right to criticise its literary department for we appreciate the fact that launching out into the field of journalism for the first time is no small undertaking and of itself sufficient to occupy a great part of the staff's time. We might say that the appearance of the *Reflector* is not what it might be, the paper in the first place is too small and has too much the appearance of the many catalogues sent out by the colleges and universities of our land.

There are three things necessary to make a college paper a success. 1st, that it receive the financial support of the students, 2nd, that it receive the support of the students in a literary way, 3rd, that it have a good staff of editors. As to the 1st and 2nd we can say that the students of the University of Oregon can do nothing more to advertise that university than to make their paper a success and they can do nothing more for themselves than to contribute to their college paper. The *Reflector* displays loyalty to its institution, and the students undoubtedly see the advantage of a college paper. As to the 3rd our devil informs us that he and the editor-in-chief of the *Reflector* were preps. together, that they were in many battles fought between "3rd and 4th floor," that he found him an able and worthy antagonist. Yes we feel personally interested in the *Reflector* and know that it is in hands that will push it to the front and make it worthy of a high place in college journalism. We welcome the *Reflector* to our table.

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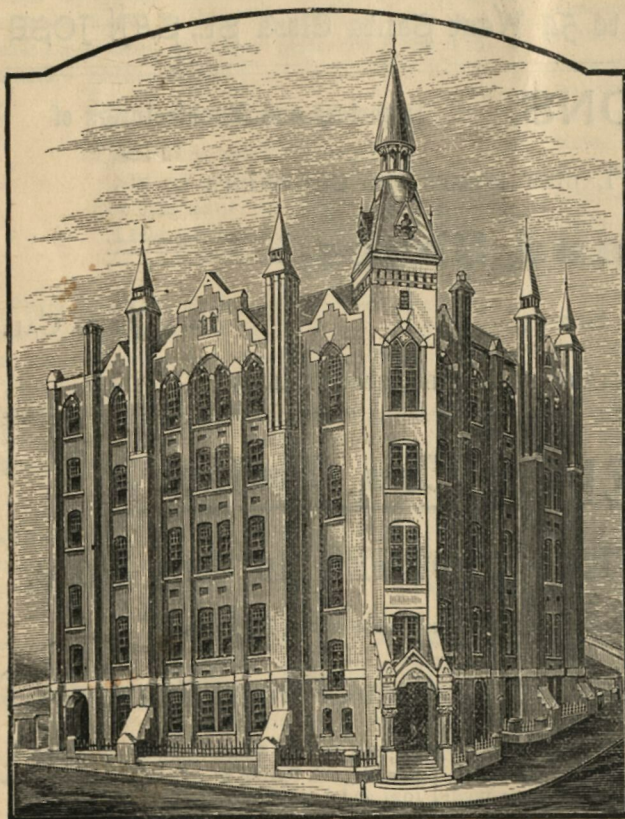
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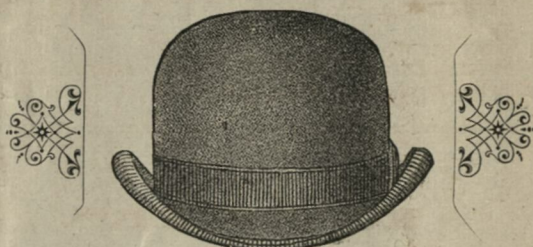
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