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## The Pacific Pharos, October, 1903

Students of the University of the Pacific

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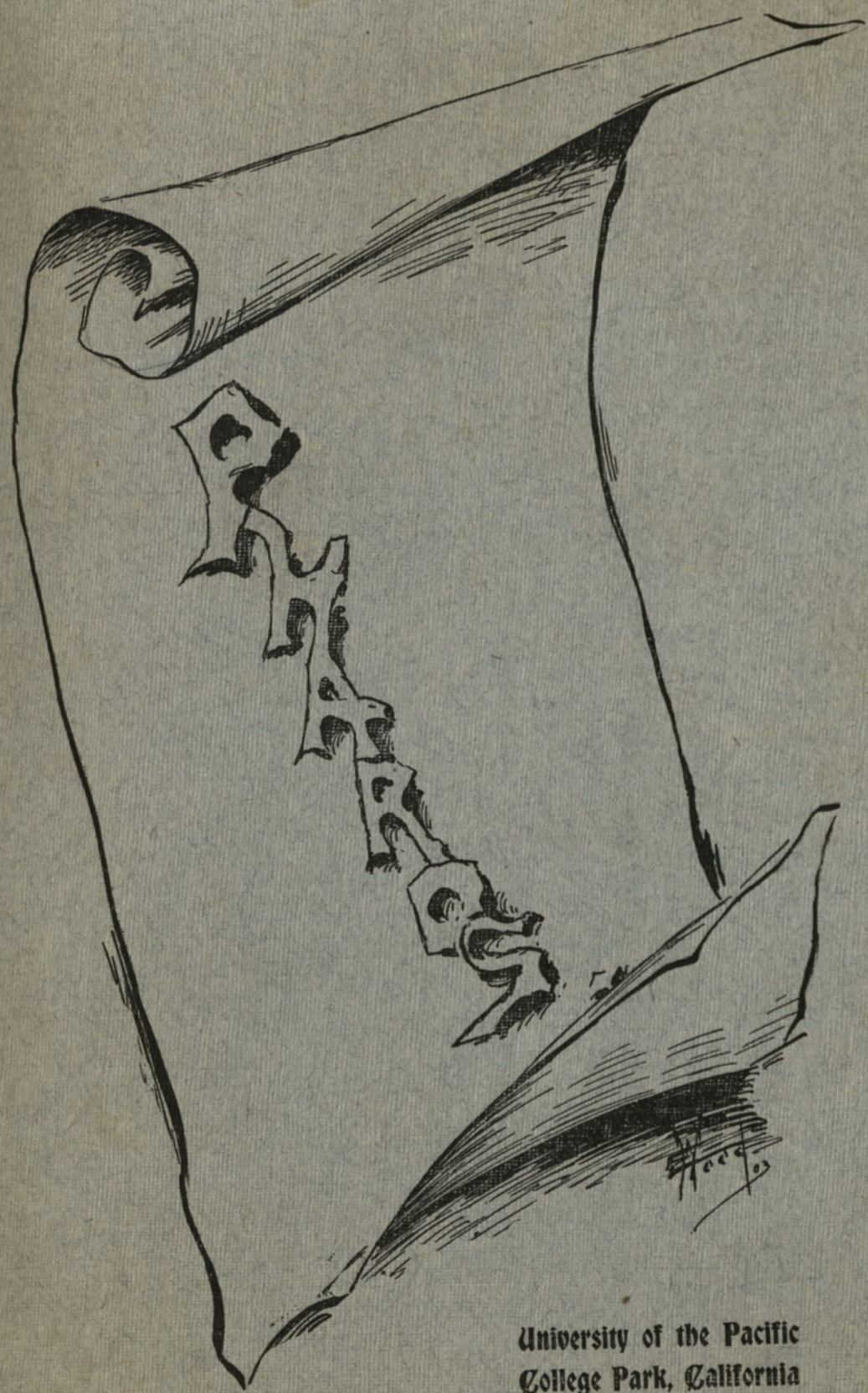
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
*Fall, 1903*

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# The Pacific Pharos.

Vol. viii.

U. of P., October, 1903.

No. 2

## A True War Incident.

"AUNTIE, aunt Margaret, who are they?" Lucile tossed her hat on the couch and dropped on the foot-stool at her aunt's feet, letting books, pencils, and lunch basket tumble in a confused heap upon the floor. For once aunt Margaret was too absorbed in her own thoughts for the usual gentle suggestions concerning order, but kept her eyes fixed on the sweep of lawn and great swaying poplar trees along the driveway. Lucile watched the thoughtful face with wonder deepening in her bright eyes and repeated more softly, "I say, aunt Margaret, who are they? I was simply dying of curiosity but they were so prim and dignified I hardly dared take a good look."

"They are a gentleman and his wife from New England, dear. They have been here all day."

"Do you know them? What did they come for?" Aunt Margaret looked down into the girl's eager face and said with more of her usual cheery manner, "They made the last chapter in a story of war days that I have never told you, Lucile."

"O, aunt, you haven't really had another story stored away all this

time? And what in the world could those two stately people, from Maine did you say, have to do with your war story?"

Aunt Margaret's eyes had gone back to their unseeing study of the familiar landscape and she spoke dreamily as if thinking her thoughts aloud.

"It was the darkest time in the struggle. Father had been gone two years and was in a union prison. A year before the boys had come home from college and enlisted."

"The boys? You mean father and uncle Richard?"

"Yes, dear, Alec and Dick. We had just heard of father's being taken prisoner and I remember that day was one of my stormy times. How I longed to be able to fight by my brother's side! I was only a little older than you, Lucy, but we grew up younger in those days, and I was as staunch a rebel as ever marched in confederate ranks. How I hated the North, and how I craved a chance to help our cause ever so little!" Lucile watched her aunt's face change and kindle with wonder in her eyes.

"Aunt," she said quickly, "you



don't feel that way now, do you?"

"No, child, of course not—" and the flush died from the softly wrinkled face, and the delicate hand smoothed the waves of white hair as if to help restore the usual calm and peace within. "Of course we don't any of us feel that way now, but I was young then and the war spirit had taken possession of me. That morning I had gone for a long walk trying to wear off some of the unrest, and when I came back by the lower hill road I found that a large army of Confederates were camped in the little hollow beyond the creek."

"The chestnut wood, aunt?"

"Yes, just out of sight of the upper road. I took one good look for I had never seen so large a force before, and then ran home by a round-a-bout way.

I saw nothing of the soldiers all day and towards evening, just about this time of day, I went out into the garden to water the flowers and watch the sunset. I remember how calm and beautiful everything was, flooded with the rich warm light. I stood at the gate wondering how the world could seem so peaceful when it held so much of suffering. Suddenly I saw a cloud of dust in the direction of the village, and pretty soon I could distinguish a small party of soldiers riding leisurely up the road. I stood still as if fascinated, for before I had time to think of going in I made out the blue uniform and knew that they were Union men."

"O, aunt, and the confederates camped in the wood! What did

you do?"

Aunt Margaret was dreaming again. She was a girl once more with the warm southern blood bounding through her veins and with a tumult of passion and resentment in her heart. She stood again at the old gate breathing the air, heavy with honeysuckle fragrance, and watched the little company of Union men ride on, to what she believed to be, certain death. The graceful head was held proudly and the fire came back to the brown eyes as the embers of the old struggle glowed again.

"Aunt Margaret, what happened?" Lucile's voice was tense with eagerness.

"I stood there trying to decide what to do. They were only a handful—not a hundred—and as they drew rein at the gate I saw that they were led by a young lieutenant, not any older than Dick. He was straight, broad-shouldered, and altogether good to look at as he sprang from his horse, and saluting, asked me if they might refill their canteens at the well beside the house. I answered with a lump in my throat, for just as he turned away I saw a little enamel and gold pin in the lapel of his coat. It was the pin of Dick's college fraternity. Dick had worn his when he went away, saying it would act as a charm to keep the bullets off. They filled their canteens and I let them remount without saying a word. The lieutenant picked up his bridle—"

"O, aunt, how could you!" Lucile's voice was husky with



feeling.

"I couldn't, dear; I didn't, but you can't know how hard the struggle was. They were part of the north I hated. They had helped to make our homes desolate; they had put my father in prison; they might kill my brothers any time—but he looked so like Dick had looked when he kissed me good-bye at that very gate, and he was just a boy, so confident and fearless—I couldn't do it! Perhaps it was weakness, but I've been glad ever since that I did my best to save them though it didn't do any good."

"Not any good! How, aunt, why!"

"He would't believe me when I told him the Confederates were camped just down the road. They were a scouting party hunting provisions and he thought I was telling him a story to get him to turn back. He looked down at me with a laugh in his blue eyes and said, 'You're a keen little rebel and I don't like to dispute a lady's word but I know for a fact that there isn't a Confederate soldier within fifty miles.'"

"O, aunt, couldn't you make him believe you," broke in Lucile.

"No, everything I said seemed only to make him more certain I was trying to fool him. Finally I forgot my reserve and plead with him not to go on. I told him I stopped him partly because he reminded me of Dick and wore the frat pin. His face softened for a minute and he looked at me intently. Of course I was embarrassed and my face was flushed and he still

thought I was shaming. He laughed again and told me I was a splendid little actress and a first rate rebel and then, with another salute, he gave the order to his men and was gone."

"O, dear, how stupid he was," sighed Lucile. "Did you ever find out what happened? Maybe he escaped!"

"I sat on the steps sick with dread of what was coming, and it wasn't long before I heard volley after volley of musket reports, and then it was still. Mother found me on the steps after it was quite dark for I was too weak to go in."

"What happened next day? Did you find out about the young officer?"

"He was killed—they were nearly all killed. As they turned the corner they were met by a large scouting party sent out by the Confederate army. The young lieutenant refused to surrender and the firing began. Next day our men buried the Northerners in the back pasture together with their own dead, and I marked the lieutenant's grave. The Confederate captain gave me some letters he had found in the lieutenant's pocket and the little frat. pin. I kept them until the mails were opened, then sent them back to his mother, telling her just a little about his death."

Lucile sat with tears in her eyes, a quiet little heap on the foot-stool. Then suddenly she exclaimed, "But aunt, what did the two prim people from Maine have to do with your lieutenant?"

"They were his brother and sister, dear, and they came all the way from New England to thank me for what I tried to do, and hear what little I had to tell them."

MAUD BANKS, '07.



## Society Impromptus.

**Y**OU have never had the pleasure of giving an impromptu? Well, then you may congratulate yourself that there is something new under the sun for you, whatever may be the dismal fate of your fellow mortals. No, you cannot imagine the sensation. Your wildest fancy can not give you the faintest conception of it. It will be absolutely new from the time you take your place in the most uncomfortable upright position known to the genus homo until you stumble blindly to your seat. It will be unique from many standpoints, especially if you are an individual possessing a well grown flourishing bump of self-admiration, and have been led by doting friends to believe your innate ability will carry you gloriously through any occasion, no matter how difficult. O false hope! O fond delusion! By the time you have reached the fateful six square inches of carpet before the door, you haven't a shred of innate anything remaining, unless that awful nothingness could be so called.

Do you believe that the mind never ceases from action even in sleep? Possibly not in sleep, but there are depths of stupefaction in comparison with which those induced by slumber are as nothing. You no sooner turn your eyes upon the faces of your companions, once pleasant, now covered with fiendish

grins of delight, than a dreary desert of blank nothingness has taken the place of what was once the region of your mental faculties. You have often heard the term light headedness used of the condition of confusion, and you now discover it to be a very peculiar sensation in which you feel that the top of your cranium may rise at any time and float away revealing the awful emptiness within. Your lips are parched, your heart throbs tumultuously, then is still with an ominous stillness.

All this time you have been posing for the entertainment of your audience—a study in form and color, particularly color. Now you talk, frantically, desperately, knowing not, caring not, what you say so long as the sound of your own voice is in your ears. No music was ever half so sweet as this—if you can only keep it up. That lingering ghost of an idea which came back to haunt the desert regions of your mind was seized upon by you and made to do such strenuous duty that it has almost lost even the ghostly form. You have always been absolutely devoted to the truth, and have been convinced that no exigency could induce you to prevaricate even in the least particular; hyperbole has been your special abomination. But now you talk on and on, manufacturing, at the



rate of a yard a minute, opinions and heart sentiments which in your sane moments you will blush to face.

Perhaps your subject is a humorous one. The writer once had the thrilling experience of being told at the door of society hall, that it was she, who was to have the funny impromptu. The informer was one of those persons that, by a kind of sixth sense, know all things which are not supposed to be known, so there was no doubt in the mind of

the victim but that the information was authentic. The occasion was an open meeting and it was truly a funny experience to sit with outward calmness, listening to the programme, thinking such funny thoughts, and awaiting so joyfully the opportunity of expressing them. If such is ever your experience no doubt you will take your seat selfishly praying that it may never be your privilege to be so amusing again.

'07.



## Autumn.

Thou somber season, sighing  
For our fast waning year,  
We vainly seek to know thee,  
Or feel thy presence near.

Tho' thy golden grain is garnered  
And thy fruitage stored away,  
Thy tinted skies are smiling  
As on some summer day.

Tho' thy leaves of brown and yellow  
Across our pathway lie  
A million perfumed blossoms  
Whisper a springtime nigh.

Thy birds among the branches  
Where citrus treasures cling  
Seek no distant sunshine  
To inspire the songs they sing.

O symbol of life's fullness,  
How dear these days of thine  
That 'midst such magic splendor  
Move to the year's decline.

MAY FORBES.



## Teresa's Chance.

THE last rays of a July sun shone down into a little mountain canyon and upon the head of a young girl who was sitting there on a moss-covered rock playing a violin. At her feet rippled a brook in whose waters graceful ferns dipped their fingers, and overhead birds chattered in the branches of the trees. But nature's joy seemed to find no reflection in the face of this girl for she was very sad.

Bending low over her violin, she was allowing it to sob out her own emotions in a wild sweet melody which echoed and re-echoed through the narrow canyon. She was putting her whole soul into her playing, and was apparently unconscious of her surroundings. Now the music grew wilder and more agonized in its cry until with a passionate shriek as if of pain it stopped.

For a moment the girl buried her face in her hands and sobbed aloud. Then taking the violin and caressing it lovingly, she began to talk to it as if it were a living thing.

"Dear old violin," she said, "it's no use. I'll have to give it all up now. Herr Voltmer is dead, and there can be no more music lessons. Oh, how can I bear it! And he said that I had a talent for music and that I might be a great player some day, if only I could study. Oh! how can I give it all up, and why must I always be buried in

these mountains while other girls can have a chance?" With these words she burst into tears once more.

When the sobs had ceased she again tenderly raised her violin and began to play another melody in the same sad strain as before. Soon she was oblivious of everything save that she was playing, and the music resounded through the hills until becoming gradually fainter and fainter it finally died away.

"That was well done, little girl, play some more," said a deep voice, near her. Springing up in surprise and confusion she found herself standing face to face with a tall, handsome stranger, carrying a satchel on his arm.

"Pardon me," he said politely, lifting his cap, "I did not mean to frighten you, but I was enjoying your music immensely and I had quite forgotten that you were not aware of my presence."

The girl stammered something in response, blushing deeply, for she could not help wondering if he had heard what she had been saying to the violin.

But if he had, he made no mention of it, but began at once to question her regarding herself. "Do you live near here, and what is your name?" he asked kindly.

"Yes," she answered, "I am Teresa Howard, and we live just



up the canyon a little way. You are a stranger here, are you not?"

"Yes," he replied, "I am a geological professor, and out in these hills collecting specimens, and taking my vacation at the same time. Just now I am looking for some place where I may board for a few weeks. Do your folks object to having lodgers?"

"Oh no," answered Teresa becoming less shy, "We very frequently have boarders in the summer time. People like to come here because it is quiet, and they say the climate is healthful. If you like, I think mother would be glad to accomodate you at our house. Come, I will show the way."

The stranger assented, and together they walked out of the little canyon, across a brown meadow and up to a large, white house where a middle aged woman was sitting on the porch looking up curiously as they approached.

Teresa advanced gracefully and said, "Mother, this is Mr." but here she stopped and turning to the stranger said, "Excuse me, but you haven't told me your name yet."

"Oh, just call me the Professor," he said laughing, "that will do as well as anything." Then turning to the woman, "This is Mrs. Howard I believe. I was just asking your daughter if you could furnish me board for a few days."

"Certainly," said Mrs. Howard, rising and extending her hand, "we should be glad to. I will show you what accomodations we have."

The Professor seemed satisfied

and he engaged a room for the following two weeks.

During the next few days the Howards saw very little of their guest for he was away all day gathering specimens for his collection. They would sometimes talk about him in his absence and wonder why he did not wish his name to be known, but as they were used to all kinds of peculiar whims in people, they thought little of it.

Meanwhile the Professor and Teresa became friends. He admired her originality and independence, and found her an interesting companion, while she welcomed him because he broke the dreary monotony of her life. While the two had very little in common, both were passionate lovers of music and of nature. He being a musician himself, recognized the girl's talent, and often amused himself by listening to her skillful playing.

He came upon her unexpectedly one day as she was sitting in one of her secluded nooks in the forest, idly drawing her bow across the strings.

"Are you and your violin never apart?" he questioned taking a seat beside her.

She did not answer immediately, but only looked more thoughtful than ever.

"Why so sad, today, Teresa? Come tell me what's the matter." Then as she shrank away, "I'm not an ogre that you need to be afraid of me, and perhaps I can help you. Come tell me what you were telling the violin that first day when we met."



Teresa looked up quickly. Her eyes flashed, and her cheek was dyed with crimson. "You had no right to listen," she said hotly; but then she stopped, for looking up into his face, she saw that it was filled with an expression of kindly sympathy and real concern.

"I will tell you if you really want to hear," she said slowly, a quiver of suppressed emotion in her voice. "You see it's just this way. Herr Voltmer has been giving me lessons ever since I was a little girl five years old. It was he who gave me my violin, and he always said that I would make a great player some day. But he died just a month ago, and now I shall never learn to play as I want to." And with this the soft brown eyes filled with tears.

"You love your violin, don't you?" he said after a short pause.

"Oh yes, better than anything else in the world. I couldn't live without it now."

"But are there not other music teachers from whom you could learn?"

"Oh yes, there are plenty of them in the city, but that is a long way off and besides I have no money."

"I see, but could not your father send you away to school when he knows you have such talent?"

There was a long pause before the answer came. "You see, it's like this: father likes to hear me play, but he says he has no money to waste on a fiddle and besides he thinks I play well enough now."

"I understand, but Teresa, have you no relatives to whom you could appeal for help in this

matter?"

"No, our relatives are all poor just like ourselves, and most all of them live away off where we never hear from them. There's only Aunt Eliza, she has lots of money, but she's too stingy to give any of it away."

"Have you ever asked her?"

"Oh no, really, I couldn't. You see, she's father's sister, and they had a quarrel once. Father says she was all to blame, but anyway we don't have any dealings with her."

"H'm, that's too bad. What did you say her name was and where does she live?" asked the Professor.

"Her name is Mrs. Eliza Elmsworth, and she lived in Boston the last we heard of her, but perhaps she's moved or maybe she's dead now. We don't know."

"Has she any children that you know of?"

"Yes, she has one son, but he's a worthless, no count fellow, father says, and just tries his best to spend the old lady's money. I feel real sorry for Aunt Eliza, and I don't hate her a bit if she is so mean and stingy."

Glancing up Teresa caught a twinkle in the Professor's eye, and a smile on his face and she flushed hotly. "Now you're laughing at me, and I shan't tell you any more," she exclaimed angrily.

"Oh no, I'm not. I was only smiling at your pity for poor Aunt Eliza," answered the Professor trying hard to regain a sober face. But perceiving that she was really angry, he changed the subject and



called her attention to a certain kind of wildflower which grew near there. He plucked it, showed her several interesting things about its structure and then said, "You must enjoy living here Teresa, where everything is so wild and beautiful. It must be glorious to be in such an ideal spot as this. Do you not find it so?"

"Oh yes, I know it's beautiful, and I do love the birds and flowers and brook, but really, sometimes I get so very lonely that I would gladly run away from it all. There's no one here but ourselves, you see, and it's almost like being buried alive."

"Have you never been out of these mountains?" he questioned.

"Only once when father took me to the city. That was a long time ago, but I fancy that I should like to live there very much. But I should be almost content to live here if I could keep on with my music."

"I wish that it might be possible," he answered sympathetically. "But come, let's go to the house, it's getting late."

A few days later the Professor took his departure, having staid a week longer than he had first intended. Teresa was sorry to see him go for she had come to like him, and although he had teased her, he had loved her violin, and that was enough for her.

The summer went by and when autumn was painting the leaves scarlet, a letter came for Teresa, the first she had ever received in her life. She was half afraid to open it at first, but turned it over and over

examining the post mark many times.

"You'll never find out who its from that way," volunteered her father who was also curious.

"Open it, and let's hear it," said her mother.

Finally after a great deal of deliberation, she broke the seal and with wide-open eyes read the following:

My Dear Niece,

I have been hearing a great deal about you since my son returned from your mountain home. He tells me that you are now almost a young lady, and that you have quite a talent for playing the violin. I should consider it a great pleasure to furnish you with the best musical education which money can buy. Of course it will be necessary for you to come and live with me here at Boston, but my son thinks the change would be agreeable to you. In order to give us a chance to talk this matter over, I should like very much for you to come and pay me a visit, if your parents are willing. You will find enclosed a sufficient sum to cover the cost of your journey. I shall look for you soon. Write me when to expect you.

Sincerely Your Aunt,

Mrs. Eliza Elmsworth.

The excitement which reigned in the Howard kitchen during the next few moments can hardly be described. Mr. and Mrs. Howard looked at each other in blank astonishment, while Teresa alone seemed to take in the situation.

"Oh mother, please let me go,"



she pleaded. "Father, you will say yes, won't you? Oh, it's too good to be true. Just to think that the Professor is my own cousin. Is it true, mother, or am I dreaming?"

Many and long were the discussions that followed the advent of the letter. It seemed that the father and mother could not give their daughter up, but as her happiness was very dear to them, they finally consented to let her go for several years of study, knowing well that if they refused her this—her only chance—she would never be content.

A month later she bade goodbye to her mountain home. The long journey on the railway train and the whirling life of the city were like a marvel to this child of the forest. She found her aunt kind and gentle and one whom she could love. Her cousin, or the Professor, as she still loved to call him, was also very good to her, and when she had been placed in one of the best conservatories of the city, her happiness was complete.

Time went by and after three years of contact with city life Teresa had been transformed from the bashful girl into a cultured, attractive young woman, with a real genius for music. But through it all she had lost nothing of her native sweetness of disposition and her unassuming manners.

It was the day after her graduation, and she was sitting in her aunt's beautiful garden, idly playing with her violin and thinking. The evening before had been the happiest in her whole life. She had

stood before the vast audience and held them spellbound, while she played as she had never played before. They had given her round after round of applause and called her back again and again. But now it was all over and tomorrow she must go back to the little home in the mountains.

As she sat there in the peaceful garden, the Professor suddenly appeared and took a seat beside her. "Well, Teresa," he said, "this reminds me of the first time I ever saw you way back there in the forest. You're just the same, only different, you know."

"Is that so?" and the girl's clear laugh rang out. "I was thinking of that very day myself, and there is something I want to say to you before I go home. Do you remember what I called you and Aunt Eliza on that first day when we met? I said that she was stingy and that you were worthless, and those thoughtless words have occasioned me a great deal of regret since. But I want to ask your pardon, for I said it before I knew, and during these years I have found out that it isn't true. You have done for me something for which I can never repay you, and I thank you for it all."

"Yes, Teresa, I remember what you said about it then and I've laughed about it many a time since, but you needn't worry your head about it; and I don't blame you for having had such thoughts about us, for we had never showed ourselves to be anything else. But come let's go to the house, it's getting late."



# THE PACIFIC PHAROS

a monthly magazine edited and published by  
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All subscriptions are payable to the Business Manager, and anyone not receiving the Pharos regularly should notify him.

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San Jose, California

November, 1903.

The chapel hour is a short one, yet nevertheless much enters into it that makes it one of the most vital periods of the school day and its activities. Here we all meet together for a few minutes of worship; and here we touch one another's elbows, learn something of the life of the student body, and find out what has occurred and what is to occur in our college life. But there certainly are some serious faults to be seen among the good things of our chapel session—faults that could be done away with if all were a little more careful.

In the first place the order is wretched. Even during prayer there is often a busy hum of voices among a few of the girls toward the rear of the room, and the result is that neither they nor those near them can get the benefit of these few minutes. Now the five or seven minutes between bells should be a time for social intercourse, but when the last bell sounds there should be order, and each one should at least so conduct himself that his neighbor may not be disturbed while worshipping.

But perhaps the students would keep better order, if they could hear

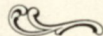


the prayer that is offered. Too often the only sound that greets the ear is a near-by whisper, for the poor little professors' voices are lost somewhere among the pages of the ponderous volume before them.

Sometimes too our services seem but a mere form. It would be a good thing to vary them once in a while. All enjoyed the day when Rev. Mr. Palmer led the devotional exercises and Miss Bushnell spoke to us. Why not have such variations oftener? It would not hurt us to listen to a vocal solo or an instrumental selection occasionally, and it would add greatly to the interest of the hour. Our chapel services should be made one of the most pleasant periods of the day, and while they are good as they are, we should not be content with "Let good enough alone."



For the sake of College Spirit, if for no higher motive, the students of our University ought to rally to the support of the Y. M. C. A. in sending a large delegation to the Pacific Grove conference this winter. Other schools at far greater distances send much larger and more enthusiastic delegations than we have been accustomed to send. We are nearer Pacific Grove than any other institution represented at the Conference; and as loyal students we should see to it that we have a large delegation at the Grove for the entire session. It will mean much to our school in more ways than one.



## The Oratorical Contest.

THE Prohibition oratorical contest, did you say? Yes, and don't you forget it—on Dec. 18 in conservatory hall. The winner stands a chance of going to the St. Louis exposition—why shouldn't one of our students carry off the laurel! Other colleges are putting much interest and enthusiasm into

these contests, why should we with our superior training in literary societies fall behind? Give the alliance your support. Enter the contest if you can, and if you find it impossible to do that, talk it, and come to hear the orations of those who enter.



## Hallowe'en.

ON the evening of Hallowe'en the young ladies of the school entertained the young gentlemen in a very unique and novel manner.

The invitation read thus:

"Your presence as a guest we seek  
In fateful spot on Hallowe'en  
Where witches prow and goblins  
peek  
And things most strange and  
weird are seen.

We cannot now reveal your fate  
Nor tell what things your eyes  
may see

But softly as the bell strikes eight  
Go stand beneath the pepper tree.  
Then wait ye for the mystic sign  
And follow over moor or fen  
With weary feet or aching spine  
Until you reach the Witches Den."

The young men responded to the invitation with the following:

"Our presence as a guest we greet  
In fateful spot on Hallowe'en  
Where witches prow and goblins  
peek

And things most strange and  
weird are seen.

We cannot now conceive our fate  
Nor fancy what our eyes may see

But surely as the bell strikes eight  
We'll stand beneath the pepper  
tree,

There to await the mystic sign

To follow over moor or fen;

Our hearts long since began to pine

To meet you in the Witches' Den."

At the appointed time about fifty  
ghosts appeared and after arrang-  
ing the gentlemen in a double row,

the silent white robed figures took their places one on each side of every couple. The procession was led through all the dark places of the Campus and after circling several blocks the Witches' Den was reached.

Here there were various attrac-  
tions to pass the time away. Be-  
sides the usual Hallowe'en tricks  
there was a splendidly equipped  
photograph gallery where spirit  
pictures were taken, also an elegant  
banquet hall where a feast on the  
"Remains of poor Timothy Tubbs"  
was served.

A great deal of merriment was  
created during the evening by the  
young men who tried to identify  
the ghosts with whom they  
promenaded.

Late in the evening refreshments  
were served out in a large field  
which lay to one side of the  
"Witches' Den." When the young  
people gathered around the open  
fire they found two witches stirring  
a black mixture in a large kettle.  
The hot bouillon and crackers were  
especially appreciated on account  
of the evenings spent in the open air.

The hour when the "Witches Den"  
should close came much too soon,  
but too many weird and uncanny  
things in one evening would prove  
disastrous for the strongest of men:  
so each one went his homeward  
way thankful that he belonged to  
this material world rather than the  
land of spirits and hob-goblins.



## Society Notes.

### Sopholechia.

On Friday afternoon, Sept. 30th, Sopholechia entertained her sister society in her hall. One feature of the program was a talk by Mrs. Wm. Alexander, an ex-member of the society, on her recent visit to the Hawaiian Islands. She gave a most interesting and instructive description of the natives, their manners and customs, and exhibited

bead-work and pictures and various kinds of souvenirs collected during her trip.

Mrs. Beasley was also present at this time. These visits of our sister society and of the old Sopholechians urge us on to better and more enthusiastic work, and we are always glad when we are thus privileged.

### Emendia.

Emendia is well on the way of success for this year. For several years past the society has done more musical than literary work, but this year, as fifteen of its twenty members are taking a literary course, more thought is being given to literature than for

some time.

In a social way, also, Emendia keeps up to her standard. On Nov. 13th she entertained Cartesia and Adelpia, and on Nov. 20th she is to hold a joint meeting with Rhizomia.

### Cartesia.

Cartesia is doing excellent work this semester, and we believe that this year will prove the most successful she has experienced for some time. Our new members are doing earnest literary work.

We have just commenced to

collect a society library, which we hope will some day be a great addition to our hall. The committee that has the matter in hand are very hopeful and expect to do considerable before the year ends.

### Adelphian.

The Adelphian Literary Society has never begun a year under such

favorable conditions. Although the membership was lessened by the



loss of several of her best workers at the close of last semester, this loss has been made good by the addition of some very promising new students.

The joint meeting with Rhizoma on Friday evening, Oct. 23rd, was one in which the literary standard of both societies was proven. It was not only one of the most profitable meetings of this semester, but also one of the most enjoyable owing to the presence of the young ladies of Sopholechia and

Emendia. These meetings should be encouraged for they stimulate both College and Academy to do their best.

The reception tendered Adelpia and Cartesia by Archania on the evening of Nov. 6th was most enjoyable in every respect. Such future events Adelpia will anticipate with much pleasure.

The friends of Adelpia are always welcome to her weekly meetings and a cordial reception awaits all visitors.

### **Rhizomia.**

During the last month Rhizomia has held joint meetings with the two Academy societies, Cartesia and Adelpia. Both were occasions of considerable interest to each society, the members of Sopholechia and Emendia lending the inspiration of their presence.

Last Friday evening Rhizomia held a Congress session. A subject of political interest was thrown

open for general discussion.

Mr. William Spangler, having completed work sufficient to secure his degree, has accepted a position as Instructor in Pianoforte in an Oregon University. We are sorry to lose Mr. Spangler, but rejoice in his good fortune, and feel sure he will be another added to the long list of alumni of which Rhizomia is deservedly proud.

### **Archania.**

The month has been one of "forward movement" for Archania.

The addition of three new men brings strong reinforcements to the society. Mr. Briggs, who comes to us from the Upper Iowa University where he has been actively engaged in Literary society work; Mr. Coyne, who is well known among U. P. students; Mr. Joseph Leonard, a graduate of the San Jose Normal, are all men of whom the society may justly feel proud.

The reception given to Cartesia and Adelpia on November sixth was an occasion of especial enjoyment. A short literary and musical program was rendered after which

a few moments were spent in social intercourse. The company, consisting of forty couples, was then conducted to the dining room of Central Hall where a light banquet was served. I. W. Snow gave a toast to Adelpia. This was responded to by Mr. Warren, the president of that society. F. H. Tibbetts, an alumnus of the university, toasted Cartesia. L. H. Whitmoyer gave the response. B. G. Lipsky gave a toast to the ladies.

It is to be hoped that the spirit of mutual helpfulness which is manifest among all the societies of the school may be cherished and strengthened.



## Christian Associations.

### Y. W. C. A.

During the past month considerable change has been made in the Y. W. C. A. Cabinet. The resignations of Miss Elizabeth Green as President and Miss Anna Eller as Vice-President occasioned much surprise and regret among the members of the Association; but as both young ladies find it impossible to serve their term of office because of the pressure of other work, their resignations were accepted. The vacancies have been filled by the election of Miss Ora Hill as President and Miss Viola Lantz as Vice-President.

At one of the devotional meetings we had the pleasure of listening to Mrs. Sawyer who gave us a most interesting account of the life and work of Miss Bushnell, preparatory to her coming among us.

The six services conducted by Miss Bushnell were a source of great profit and helpfulness to all

who attended them. The general topic for the meetings was "Some Lessons for Young Women from the Word of God." Viewing the question from the standpoint of the original languages of the Bible, in which she is thoroughly versed, Miss Bushnell sought to show that the responsibility of preaching the gospel rests upon women as well as men. She took such passages as "Let your women keep silence in the churches," "Suffer not a woman to teach," and showed that the popular interpretation of these verses is at variance with the true meaning of the original language used. Her arguments were logical and convincing and betrayed much careful thought and diligent study. She is a woman of rich experience and deep spirituality and we consider it a privilege to have had her in our midst.

### Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. has had the pleasure of joint meetings with the Y. W. C. A. during the stay of Miss Katherine Bushnell among us. The address of Wednesday, November 4th, was one of the most powerful appeals for Christian witnessing ever given to the students.

The Y. M. C. A. Conference held annually at Pacific Grove is near at hand. Many of the young men are desirous of going and plans are being considered for arousing the interest of all. Ten dollars cannot be better spent. Let all go

can; and if you cannot go yourself help to swell the fund for sending others, and thus aid in uplifting the spiritual life of our school. Athletics is also to be a prominent feature of the afternoons of recreation at the Conference, and some of our boys are training for the contests.

This paper goes to press at the beginning of the "Week of Prayer," so we can give you nothing of the work we hope to accomplish. But we trust it will be a week of profit and spiritual uplift to all.





## Foot-Ball Notes.

This month has been one of unusual interest on the campus grid-iron, both because of the fact that Manager Moody has been able to secure nearly all the games on the home field, and because our men have been doing so well.

On October 21st our team met the Pacific Coast Business College team in a three down practice game. The young business men were much heavier than our men, but their lack of practice and team work was very evident. We had six touchdowns while they were unable to score.

Saturday, October 24th, we played the Los Gatos High. A good crowd was present, and the enthusiasm of our rooters again cheered the orange and black to victory, the score being 44-0 in our favor.

Without doubt, the hardest game of the season was played with the Oakland High School on October 31st. On account of class feeds the evening previous, our team was in bad condition, and so we were not surprised at the final score 15-5 in their favor. On the other hand we as well as our opponents, were surprised at the ease with which we scored a touchdown during the first two minutes of the game. Each man played as if he were

responsible for the outcome, and had the referee been less partial the score would have been different. As it was the ball was rapidly approaching the enemy's goal when time was called. Although the score shows defeat, we feel very proud of our boys, for the Oakland High has one of the best teams around the bay, and our boys did nobly in keeping the score as equal as they did.

Another victory was gained Thursday, November 5th, when our second team played the second team of the San Jose High School, with a score of 6-0 in our favor. This shows what we can do with a little spirit, practice, and enthusiasm. Our second team this year, with the necessary practice, would almost equal our first teams of previous years.

November 7th the first team played a tie game with the team of the Mt. View High School. Owing to lack of practice the team was unable to make a score, but the defensive work was excellent.

Never before have our athletes had such backing from the rooters' section. The yell leader wishes to thank all for their hearty support and their faithfulness. Keep up your interest, fellow-students, and we shall have still better records.



## Personals and Joshes.

### WISE SAYINGS BY WISE PEOPLE.

"A young gentleman should be able to walk across the campus without the moral support of a young lady."

"Monitors, please rise. At four fifteen today, I should like to see the following—"

"Yes yes,—Carlyle says—"

"Now, class, where shall I put my decimal point?"

"Thomas, can you carry a few books this morning?"

Gustave C. Lammers, Ph. D. will prevent your becoming bald.

"Let us avoid even the appearance of whirling."

"When going out in the evening just leave a note under my door."

Inquisitive Student—"What's the matter with the bell?"

Prof.—"It wasn't able to hold its tongue."

Bessie says—"I was lonesome when I first came, but I'm not any more."

Students—if your scalp itches and your hair falls out call on Dr. Lammers.

Song of the Business Manager—"Some men are born great, others attain to greatness, some have greatness thrust upon them."

We are glad to know that Miss Le Moine who has been home during her recent illness has returned.

The Commercial College has adopted most modern methods; even Mr. Bowers recites his Arithmetic lesson by clock-work.

Chemistry Class. Student thirsting for knowledge—"What is a water-bath, anyway, professor, and what is it used for?" Have you obtained the desired information, Mr. Briggs?

### MODERN BEATITUDES.

Blessed are the Freshmen for they shall find consolation in four years of misery.

Blessed is the janitor for he shall inherit anything he finds upon the floor.

Blessed is the man who sitteth upon a tack, for he shall rise again.

Blessed are the Sophomores for they shall inherit the scraps left from *Important* Freshmen Feeds.

Blessed is he who uses a pony for he is wise, sometimes otherwise.

Blessed are our foot-ball men for they shall rise to kick again.

Blessed are those who dine in Central Hall, for they shall be filled (?)



On Wednesday afternoon, Nov. 4th, Miss Minnie Tuck gave a recital in which her youngest pupils participated. The program rendered was greatly enjoyed by the parents of the children.

Is Miss V. Archer fond of fuchsias? Mr. Buchanan seems to think so.

Prof. Adams, to the class in English History—"Tomorrow we will have a short review on the notes you *should have taken*."

Barber—What makes your hair so thick?

Customer—Dr. Lammers' prescription.

A number of young ladies from the Conservatory attended the Concert given at Stanford University by the Symphony Orchestra of the Metropolitan Grand Opera House, New York.

The latest addition to our Kitchen Crew is all (W) Right.

The young gentlemen of the University quartette were entertained on the evening of the 5th at the home of Mrs. Clayton.

Found—Under the blackboard trough in the French Room, a large and delicious looking "wad" of gum. Owner may receive same by identifying and by paying for this ad.

A South Hall Dialogue.

Miss B—"Where's my lamp?"

Miss M—"Was it one like this?"

Miss B—"Yes, just like that."

Miss M, (apologetically)—"Perhaps we have it in the *back parlor*."

Miss B—"That's all right; you

may keep it."

Miss M—"No, I think we can manage without a lamp."

#### WANT ADS.

Wanted—By the first years, some praise.

" —By Coy, a debate with the Stanford Freshmen.

" —By Hart, a Girl.

" —By the Faculty, good attendance in Chapel.

" —By the Freshmen, something to cover the green.

" —By the Editor of the Pharos, Subscribers.

" —To know why the College Societies are paying so much attention to Adelpia and Cartesia.

The editor of this department has received no less than ten messages a day from persons not wishing to be joshed. It is useless, none need apply; you must all be held accountable for your acts. By the way let there be a few more acts.

Mr. Tuttle attended the Christian Endeavor convention at Palo Alto on Saturday, Oct. 24th. He reported a very inspiring convention.

Miss Wilson to the Josh Editor—"Please don't josh me about not knowing which one of the twins I was going with. Now you won't, will you?"

Gloomy Gus--Who is that man up in the Ryland building?

Sunny Jim—Why, that is Dr. Lammers, hair, scalp and skin specialist.

Mr. E. Nerell gave us a practical



illustration at Archania's banquet of how he can drive with one hand.

The preceptress of South Hall occasionally pins a rather ambiguous notice upon her door, such as "Will be back soon; have gone to the church for a *little time*."

#### CAMPUS QUOTATIONS.

Can you act on this committee?—Tuttle.

All right fellows, line up.—Waddington.

How did the base-ball game come out yesterday?—Judge Hart.

Pay less and dress better—P. R. Wright.

I expect to bask in the realm of the classics.—Stephen Thomas.

I think that will be all right, but I'll ask Coy.—Kuykendall.

I tell you fellows what we ought to do.—E. W. Smith.

Why, man, you don't know how busy I am; rushed to death.—F. Towner.

#### FELLOW STUDENTS—

GET YOUR HAIR CUTS, SHAVES, TOILET ARTICLES, PERFUMES, RAZORS, STROPS AT CAYNE'S.

Of whom could Miss Banks have been thinking when she rose from the table the other evening and said, "Please excuse *us*."

"Prof. Hampton, Chemistry—"I have adopted the simple rule, never to pour anything back into the bottle." We hope the Prof. applies this only in Chemistry.

One of the girls—"Have you met my brother?"

Miss Chamley—"N-no, have you?"

You who are reading this in a borrowed paper should become promptly ashamed of yourselves and exhibit enough school spirit to buy one of your own.





## "The Commercial Feed."

"AND so you want to hear of the Commercial Feed? Well we went to Morgan Hill."

"Morgan Hill?"

"Yes, Morgan Hill—Oh, it's only twenty miles and it took us only three hours and a half to go. The ride was lovely and the night also as the moon was shining in all its splendor. Just an ideal night for a twenty-mile ride in a carryall."

"When we asked the Faculty about going they said, 'Yes, you may go provided you start at four and return at twelve.' Well, we tried our best to get off at four but plans will not always mature as planned, you know, and it just seemed impossible to get off before four thirty, and consequently we concluded that we would be allowed to return at twelve thirty."

"What time did you say you got home?"

"To be frank it was half-past two when we drove into the Campus, but should anyone ask us at what time we arrived we shall say, 'Before a quarter of twelve,'—see that's where our Commercial Arithmetic counts."

"Professor Campbell is just as fine a chaperon as he is a teacher. When we were planning our drive we asked him if we might drive around the Campus before we started and blow our horns and he said we could. You see we wanted to let these Academy and College

students know that there is a Commercial Department here in the U. P. We want then to realize it to such an extent that when a committee is desired by the Vice-President of the Student Body, representing the classes in the school it will consist of nine rather than eight."

"We arrived at Morgan Hill about eight o'clock, and drove to the home of Mrs. Stone who had so kindly invited us out there. There were twenty of us in the crowd, just enough for a genuine jolly time. The bountifully spread tables were very appetizing after our twenty-mile ride. We ate our supper soon after arriving and then spent two or three hours in playing games. Before starting for home we were served with ice cream and cake."

"And so everything was perfectly lovely?"

"Yes, on the whole everything was lovely and enjoyable. Oh, we did forget our ice cream but that didn't amount to so very much."

"But I thought you said you had ice cream!"

"Oh we did. The boys stopped in San Jose and got some more. We thought of it just as we were at the Notre Dame, but you know its bad luck to turn around and then we happened to think that the Freshmen and Juniors were going to have a feed that evening and we



thought they might have it. But they didn't take it. Some of them said they did not feel like taking that which did not rightfully belong to them, and others say they knew nothing of the ice cream left in Central Hall. I am inclined to believe the latter, for I cannot think of any one's being so conscientious as to let ice cream melt rather than eat it, simply because they had not been given permission. To tell the truth however there was another reason why we did not go back. Two of the horses were so slow; we thought the best policy was to lose as little time as possible; but after we left San Jose one of our number suggested a way to put life into the horses which was successful. We passed a large tomato patch and noticed some nice red tomatoes on the out side of the fence, so this party suggested that we get some of those tomatoes,

throw them at the horses and make them 'catch up.' From that time on the horses kept up very well."

"If you can I wish you would name the Commercial students, I really don't know who they are."

"Oh, I didn't suppose you were one who didn't know of the Commercial—but I shall try and name those who went to Morgan Hill:

There was Messieurs Lewis, Hiller, Raobi, Waddington, Dashiell, Bowers, Taylor, Grieves, and Archer. The girls were Misses V. Archer, Kaiser, Birge, Frasier, Beard, Gilbert and Fluelling and Mrs. Engle. Then there were the two Professors, Hampton and Campbell. There goes the bell and I must go to class, but just remember to tell every one of the grand ride of the Commercial to Morgan Hill and that Professor Campbell is the finest chaperon on the Campus—good bye."





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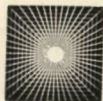
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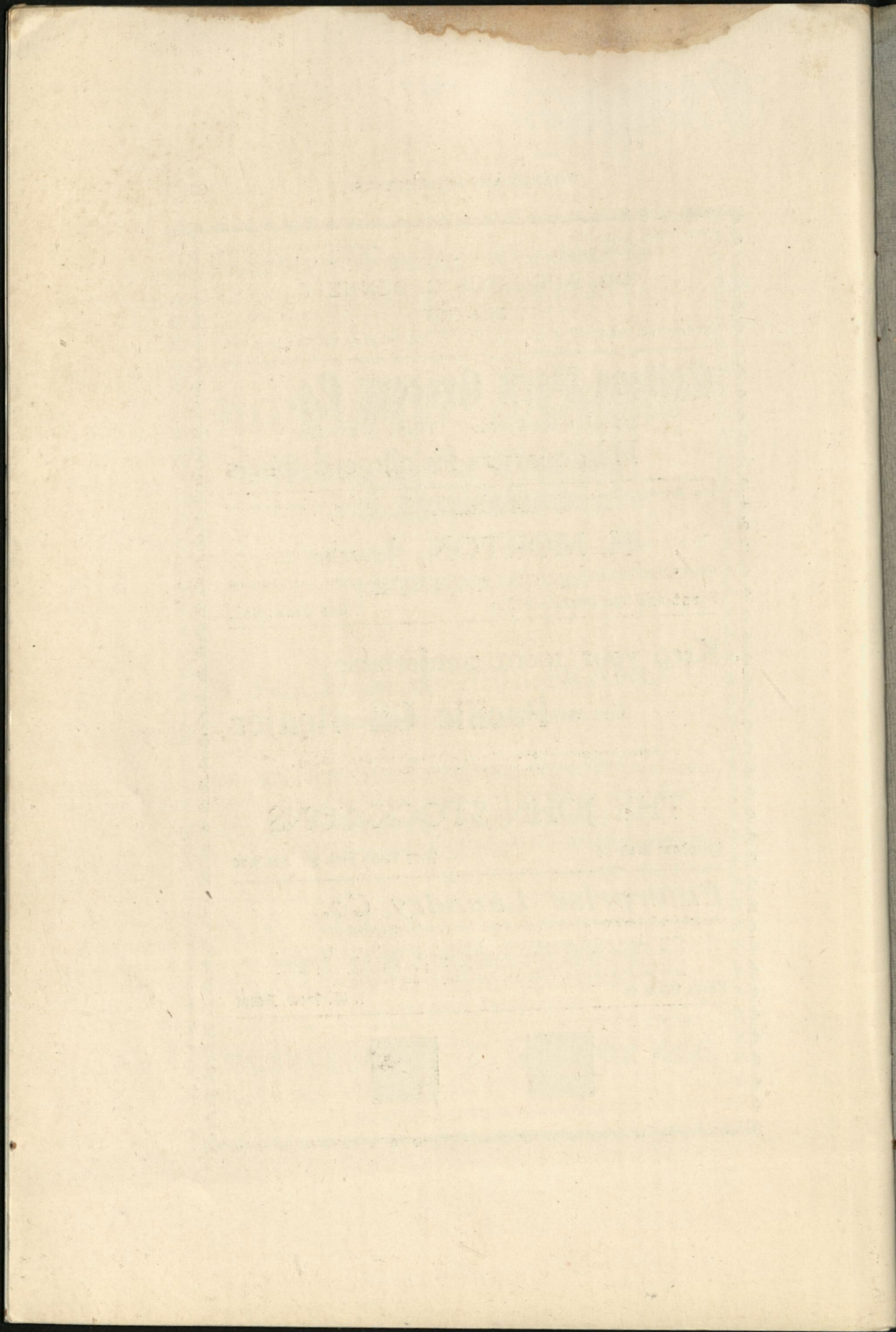
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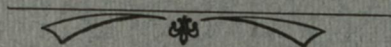








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