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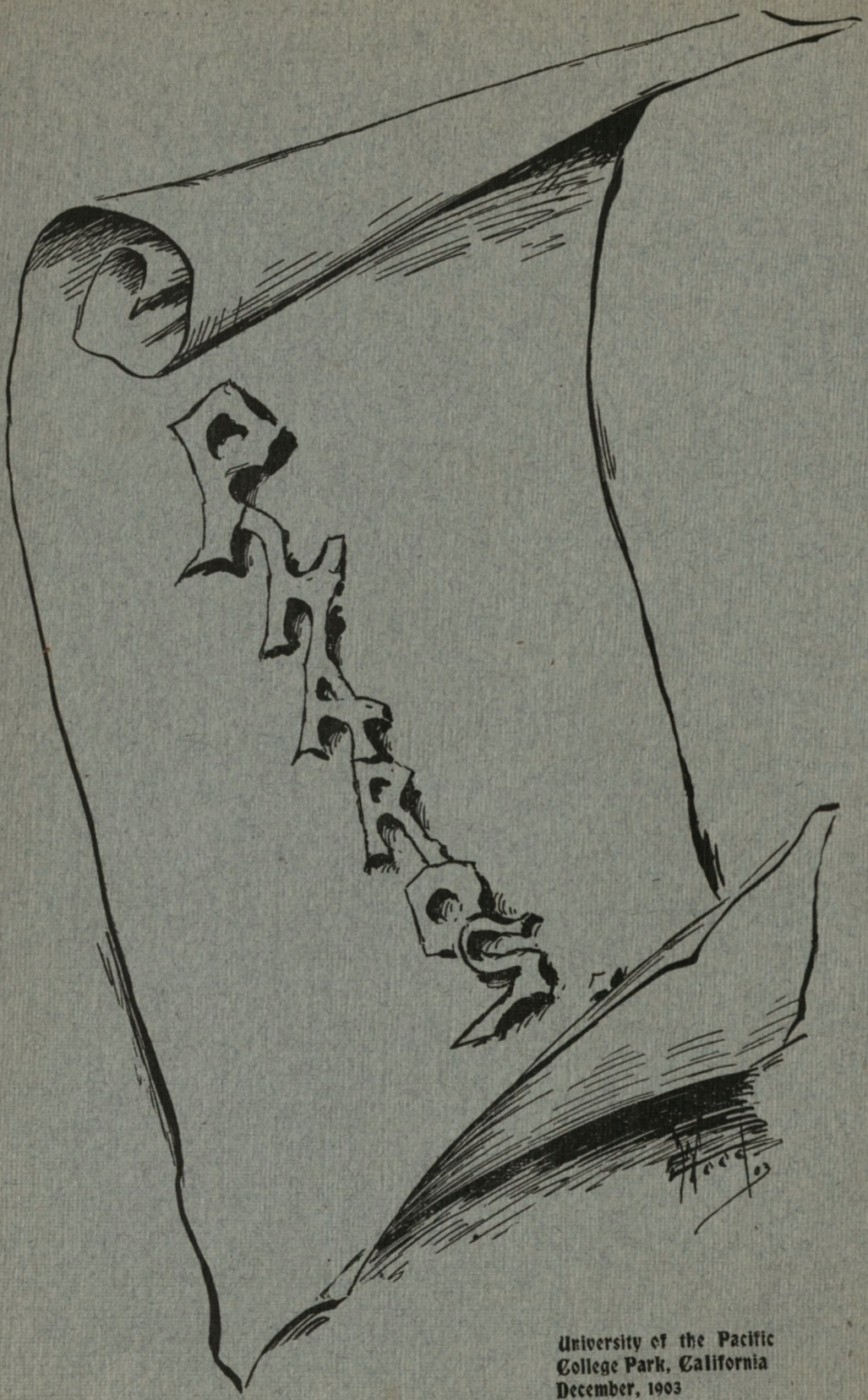

University of the Pacific
College Park, California
December, 1903

82-31

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The Pacific Pharos.

Vol. viii. U. of P., December, 1903. No. 4.

The Message of the Angels.

Across the mountain's rock and snow,
  Across the dark, uncertain sea,
Borne by the wings of winter, lo
  The anthem sung in Galilee!
The quiet shepherds heard it then,
  "On earth peace, good will toward men."

"On earth peace!" The cannon's roar
  Holds the music from our ear;
"Peace!" With half the world at war,
  A battle cry is all we hear;
Our bugles mock the higher strain
  "On earth peace, good will toward men."

"Good will toward men!" Earth's tired heart
  Is crushed beneath the tramp of feet,
Marching for gain in lands apart,
  Or battling in the crowded street;
Forgotten now seems Bethlehem's plain
  And "On earth peace, good will toward men."

"Good will!" Call back our sons of war,
  To conquer *self* let nations teach,
Follow once more that guiding star
  That still is shining out for each;
Then may the angels sing again
  "On earth peace, good will toward men."

MAY FORBES.

The Macedonian Cry.

IT is midnight on the Macedonian plains. The stars look down in peace on the sleeping villages. Far away the hills appear like a thin grey line stretching along the horizon. The nodding trees and silent meadows are sleeping too and danger seems farther away than yonder line of spectral hills. Only the howl of the wolf disturbs the sweet restfulness of the scene, as he is aroused to activity by the passing breeze and skulks away into the darkness. But look! from yonder village a flame starts up, and as it leaps higher and spreads from house to house there is borne to us on the midnight air a cry of agony. And now nearer, and farther too, the flames leap forth, and as village after village is wrapped in the lurid mantle, the shrieks of the victims and the curses of the assassins come rolling across like the billows of the ocean and the very midnight air seems to groan under the burden of the awful sound. The heart grows sick and we turn aside till the work of destruction is complete. And the moon as it rises over the hills throws a ghastly light across the scene, and the stars look down with horror upon the smoking embers of desolate villages.

Upon such scenes as this the world has been forced to look for *a* century. During that time, while the rest of the world has been steadily advancing, the "Unspeakable Turk" has obstinately and persistantly refused to advance. In Asia his presence has been a blot and in Europe a curse. For four centuries the Ottoman Empire has stood as the stanchest defender of Mohammedanism and the deadliest foe of Christianity. And because in the days of his ascendancy the Turk was able to obtain a foothold in Europe, the "curse of God" remains, with this robber and assassin among nations for its champion. And because Turkey occupies a sort of keystone position in the arch of European politics, it must not be disturbed, lest, perchance, its removal should cause the whole structure to fall in confusion.

Not Macedonia alone has suffered from the rapine of the Turk. The memory still remains of other atrocities committed against helpless and unoffending Armenia. Egypt and Palestine, the plains of Galilee and the hills of Judea, where once walked the Prince of Peace, have been reddened with the blood of murdered innocents. The whole Balkan region has time and again been ravaged by the soldiers of the Sultan, and time and again have the powers of Europe been forced to step in and call a halt. Whenever the Crescent has shone, it has illumined a land of sorrow, a land where the sword with its tale of blood, and savage men with their nameless horrors, have left a path

of woe.

Nor is the iniquity of Turkish administration exemplified only in an occasional massacre, but in continued and unmitigated misrule. Let me give this one incident as an illustration in point. A report was brought to the governor of a province that a certain commander of troops was using torture as a means of extorting taxes and provisions from the people. The governor immediately sent this dispatch to the commander, "Please inform me immediately whether or not you are using torture in your administration. If so, I must send a committee of investigation." On receiving a denial the governor read it to the person who had brought the report, remarking at the same time, with the utmost assurance, "You see there was no truth at all in that report." As if a man that resorted to torture would hesitate to deny this to a governor a hundred miles away! It is such rule as this that has time after time goaded the subjects of the Sultan to armed resistance.

In earlier years such conduct led the powers of Europe to mete out summary punishment to the Turk for his misconduct. As a result Bulgaria, Servia, Crete and various other provinces were torn from his grasp and placed under independent or autonomous governments. But in late years the concert of the powers has ceased to be harmonious, one nation looks with distrust upon another and none dares to take the initiative in bringing about a better state of affairs. As a result of this, after the Macedonian Massacres of 1878, when Russia had forced Turkey to give up Macedonia, the western nations intervened and handed back the Macedonian Christians to the tender mercies of the Turk, lest this victory should give Russia too commanding a position in European politics. As a further result of this condition of affairs, England in 1896 decreed that there should be no intervention in Armenia, and the Sultan's troops were permitted to continue their work of extermination.

But though Europe will not interfere, it does protest, and the Sultan, being an amiable man, promises reform, and Europe's conscience is thereby satisfied. It was so a quarter of a century ago in Macedonia, but the promises were never fulfilled and now the world is compelled to look upon the results of that remorseless Berlin Treaty. It was so in the case of Armenia, but the extermination went on. While Europe protests and remonstrates, wondering why reforms are not made and fearing to carry out the one summary reform that is demanded, the "Unspeakable Turk" continues his work of blood-shed.

And still the Macedonian cry rings hopelessly, despairingly across the waters, "Come over and help us!" How long will the great spirit of humanity contemplate with complacency the awful spectacle? How long will so-called Christians nations look unheeding upon the signal fires of burning villages, and hear with indifference the death-cry of murdered mothers and slaughtered infants? And how long will a just God hold back the avenging hand from the guilty heads of those who, possessing the power, refuse to quell the rapine of the destroyer or to stay the hand of the assassin?

Friendship.

In your heart's garden does there grow
A dainty little flower,
As fragrant as the perfumed snow
That falls from sweet May's bower?

In my heart's garden fair, one stands
And blooms through all the years,
For it is tended by Love's hands,
And watered by his tears.

GERTRUDE M. TRACE.

A Spanish Legend of Monterey.

THE sun had just gone down over the western hills, lighting up the whole heavens with varied colors shading from crimson to orange, and touching with a pale green the few fleeting clouds that seemed to float in the sky like fairy crafts in a deep blue ocean. But it was not the beauties of the heavens, nor the reflected glories which lay repeated in the broad expanse of the sea that claimed the attention of those who were thronging the streets of Monterey.

On this night, in the early years of the 19th century, the townspeople were moved by an intense excitement, for the great Don Castelo, governor-general of Monterey, was to make known by what means his most beautiful daughter, Ramona, could be obtained in marriage.

Many were her suitors, and on this day they had been arriving from all the Spanish settlements, both north and south. Among them were two who especially drew the attention of the crowd. To these involuntarily the gaze of the people was drawn as they passed through the streets upon their beautiful, prancing chargers. One was seated upon a high-spirited white charger, all of its furnishings being white except the saddle; the other upon an equally high-spirited black charger, caparisoned with a gold embroidered saddle cloth supporting a massive Mexican saddle with its many trappings and elaborate markings. Both of these young knights possessed fine physiques and to one not a close observer each appeared equally handsome and of equally noble character and birth; the first, a descendant of the noble Castilian race having features and an expression that pictured a truly noble soul; the other, a man of dark complexion and deep brown eyes that knew how to flash fire, firm set lips which spoke of firmness of purpose, and a broad expansive brow.

These rode to the extensive villa of the Governor-general situated up among the rolling hills back of the old town. The villa was a low-set typical stone structure of Spanish architecture, surrounded with palms and weeping willows. The knights, with their followers, being relieved of their horses as they passed through the gates into the court-yard, were met by the servants and ushered into the mansion, where, all having gathered, the banquet was spread.

But throughout the feast an ever-increasing excitement was evident in the knights as they realized the time was drawing near when they should hear how they would be able to obtain the coveted bride. They became less talkative, and more and more frequently their eyes stole toward the ancient and

towering clock that adorned the corner of the hall. The two who especially drew the attention of the people, as their anxieties intensified, revealed by their faces struggles of far different character, and when the appointed hour arrived and the governor-general, accompanied by the beautiful Ramona, came into the hall, there settled on the face of one an expression of admiration for the beautiful daughter and an earnest and holy yearning to win her for his bride, while on the face of the other there flashed an expression that spoke a determination to win at any cost and the eyes darted a look that was almost consuming in its intensity.

With an innate grace did the lordly host greet the gathered suitors, after which he addressed them thus: "Long and anxiously have you awaited this hour. My daughter is to be the bride of him who presents within a year certain jewels for her bridal adornment, a triple necklace of diamonds and pearls."

With such a demand the hope of most fled and they departed from the villa in utter despondency. Soon the two found themselves alone in the hall. Both stood rigid and amazed—could such a demand be met! They had wealth, but such jewels were extremely rare and the possibility of obtaining them very small. However, though they felt the task almost impossible, the determination became only the more fixed in each to obtain the coveted jewels. They simultaneously passed from the villa to far different adventures.

A few days later the knight of the black charger, having prepared himself for a long journey, left Monterey bound for Mexico. Jewels of rare worth were said to be found there. After a month of hard travel he arrived at the Spanish settlements on the Mexican frontier. He stopped at one of the old missions where he soon won his way into the hearts of the fathers and established with them confidential relations which with succeeding months ripened into a most implicit trust—a trust which led the fathers to reveal all the accumulated wealth of gold and jewels. Little did they realize the calamity they were thus bringing upon themselves.

A fateful day came, when the fathers led the knight once again to view the treasures, among which for the first time he saw the coveted jewels that would make Ramona his. Here at last was his opportunity! Immediately a villainous purpose took possession of him. He saw the coveted jewels his; he saw the bride his own, if only these fathers were slain. Ah! no one would see, no one would know. The conclusion was no sooner reached, than the crime was committed, the jewels were snatched up and the knight was fast making his way back to California.

With great rejoicings he was received in Monterey and hurried preparations were made for the promished nuptial ceremonies.

The intervening weeks were soon passed and again the knights and

their followers were ushered into the villa—among the guests being the Castilian knight, disappointed in his hope, yet having still retained his nobleness of character throughout his seeking.

At the appointed hour of seven, the marriage ceremony began. As the bells of the clock chimed seven, into the hall marched the priest preceded by two candle bearers and followed by two boys bearing his robes. After these came the bridegroom appearing more commanding and princely than ever before, but about his eyes and mouth flitted the shadows of a spirit at unrest. Next came the Don Castelo, bearing on his arm his beautiful daughter, a maiden of a tall, majestic form and a face as rare and pure as the jewels which adorned her person. The ceremony was soon completed but to the restless spirited bridegroom moments seemed hours.

The priest immediately retired and the hall was arranged for further festivities. Soon the company was in the midst of the dance and all eyes were rivited with admiration upon the beautiful bride and groom whose dancing was the perfect poetry of movement. But when the knight would cease from dancing a momentary frown would flit across his face and again and again a shudder shook his frame.

But not alone did this unrest confine itself to the bridegroom, for a sense of foreboding calamity was holding each mind, when suddenly the clatter of the hoofs of hurrying horses was heard in the court yard and voices of strange men called for the governor general. When the men were ushered into the hall at one entrance, at the other entrance leading to the stables went out the groom accompanied by Ramona. He realized his avengers were upon him. He sought safety in flight, but his bride must go with him. No sooner had they entered the court than followed the sound of a hurrying steed as it plunged out into the night in a race with death. Scarcely had they reached the road when a great clamor arose, and the sound of pursuing horses smote their ears. The bride, being ignorant of the cause of flight and now suspecting her husband of some dastardly deed, struggled to release herself from his grasp but in vain. Nearer and nearer arose the shouts of pursuing men, and despair and hope alternately stirred the heart of the knight. His horse was giving way under the strain. He had just reached the sea-coast when his avengers overtook him. All hope had vanished! One wild thought leaps into his brain. In utter despair he turns his horse, evading his pursuers, and with the leap of death plunges from jutting crags into the sea below. And with this tragic death ended the oldest and most fascinating of the Spanish legends of Monterey. And unto this day the fatal crag from which the leap was made is looked upon with peculiar awe by romantic persons.

Eloquence.

I joined an audience of men one day
To hear the word the orator might say,
More out of idle wish to hear the sound
Than that some inspiration might be found
To spur my life to greater activeness;
So sat I there in idle thoughtlessness.
The orator arose; and as he spoke
Unconsciously my interest awoke.
I thought he spoke to me: the rest were gone,
And I sat drinking in his words alone.
His thoughts were blazing chariots of fire
That caught my soul, and bore it ever higher;
The blinding veil of self was cast away;
My night retreated from the dawning day.
Clear and distinct I saw before my eyes
My fellowman in all his need arise.
I faced the problems of humanity.
I heard a pleading voice, which said to me:
"Arise and act; encourage, bless, and give.
Let man be happier because you live."
The speaker ceased; the audience moved away.
A purpose seized my life, that, from that day,
My fellowman, yea, the whole world, should be
More noble and more blest because of me.

H. S. T., '05.

THE PACIFIC PHAROS

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The students of the University of the Pacific, San Jose.

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Business Manager - - - - -

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San Jose, California - - - - December, 1903.

The Holidays.

Home and the holidays are almost upon us,—not very many hours more until the recitation bell will be silent and we shall be scattered far and near to revel in the joys of the Christmas season. To many of us home has never been such a sweet and sacred haven as it will be during these next two weeks. To most of us, whether we have often been away or whether we are parted from the home for the first time, it will be a season of revelation, for absence has opened our eyes and we shall see hidden beauties in father's heart that we never dreamed of before; it has unstopped our ears and we shall hear the great waves of unselfishness, of self-forgetfulness, surging in the depths of mother's soul; it has touched our hearts and we shall feel, as never before, how great, how strong, and yet how tender is the bond that unites us and draws us to the home hearthstone and to mother's knee.

And as you go to this love and joy, the good-wishes of the Editor go

with each one of you. Enjoy to the full the privilege that is yours, and may a "Merry, merry Christmas and a happy New Year" await you all.

Finances of the Pharos.

The Pharos has surely had its share of woes this semester, and at times the sky looked very gloomy indeed. Three business managers in turn steered its financial course and now a committee of five is piloting it over the rugged waves. The plans that are being put in operation should receive the hearty support of every member of the student body, for it is only through the willing co-operation of every student that our college paper can be continued and made a credit to the institution. Do not forget to patronize our advertisers. When you go down town, take the little tickets with you; and before you enter a store think twice or consult your slip, and then put your trade where it will tell for the Pacific Pharos.

Society Notes.

Emendia.

Emendia has been entertaining considerably this month. On the evening of November 13th, she entertained Cartesia and Adelphia. An excellent program was rendered and then the remainder of the evening was given over to a social time. Games were played and later refreshments were served.

On November 20th a joint meeting was held with Rhizomia. Prof. and Mrs. Adams were present and also several young ladies from San Jose. An instructive, as well as enjoyable, evening was spent and the time passed all too quickly.

As the term nears its close, Emendia looks back upon a semester of good, earnest work and feels proud of the record she has made.

Archania.

Because of unforseen circumstances of Messrs. Dorr, Snow, and Lipsky, our representatives on the Archania-Rhizomia debate, and because all available substitutes felt it prejudicial to their best interest to serve on the team, Archania formally stated to Rhizomia the necessity of withdrawing from the debate. Archania is grateful to Rhizoma for the spirit with which she accepted the withdrawal, in view of the fact that some of Rhizomia's members had already sacrificed considerable time in preparation for the debate.

Adelphia.

As the semester draws to a close, the Adelphians feel that they have had a very prosperous season. Excellent members have been initiated; careful, earnest work has been done as our programs have shown; and a general good fellowship prevails among all the members old and new.

The society regrets very much that one of its most energetic and useful members, Leslie A. Warren, has been compelled to leave school for the remainder of the semester on account of ill health. Mr. Warren has been a member of Adelphia for several years and during this term has been its president. Two or three years ago, at a time when the fate of Adelphia was uncertain, Mr. Warren came forward as its courageous cham-

pion, and it is largely through his efforts that the society has been raised to its present good standing and popularity. And it is not Adelphia alone that will miss him, for his genial character and ready wit have endeared him to all who have known him, and his helping hand on the gridiron and in the management of the finances of the Pharos has done much toward making our school enterprises what they are.

Rhizomia.

As usual Rhizomia has been very much alive during the past month. A joint meeting with Emendia on November 20 was an occasion of much enjoyment and profit to all present. Rhizomia is grateful for the privilege that has been hers of combining social life with literary work, in the joint meetings with both the young ladies and the Academy Societies. Nor would it be fair to pass without a word of appreciation, for the enthusiastic encouragement given Rhizomia by the co-eds during the semester.

During the month the society has given some attention to the discussion of the temperance question, which was suggested by the orator-contest; and three members have applied their society drill by preparing for this contest.

Rhizomia very deeply regrets to learn that Archania has withdrawn from the annual open debate which was to have been held the early part of next semester. Of course Rhizomia is greatly disappointed, and while she feels that these public contests are of great benefit to the debaters in training them to study thoroughly, think accurately, and speak with greater ease and confidence, yet an occasional omission of them may leave more time for development in other ways.

Rhizomians are pleased to see the faces of former members. Wm. Shearer, '03, N. F. Hindson, J. H. Thompson, and S. R. Downing have been seen on the campus recently.

If next semester proves as prosperous to Rhizomia as this semester the students may expect to hear frequently the enthusiastic notes of "Old Rhizomia Booms."

Cartesia.

The fall semester is closing a prosperous and valuable semester for the Cartesian literary society. It will be in excellent condition to begin its spring work, which no doubt will be even better than the one just ending. The officers for next semester are as follows—S. N. Smith, president; S. L. Lindsey, vice-president; P. S. McClish, recording secretary; H. Tomlinson, corresponding secretary; G. H. Buchanan, treasurer.

The Cartesian library is steadily increasing. Many of the members are very much interested in it and are doing what they can to make the collection of practical value to the society.

On Dec. 11th the society gave a reception to its young lady friends. A very pleasant evening quickly sped away and the boys proved themselves worthy hosts of the occasion.

Christian Associations.

Y. W. C. A.

Since the last issue of this paper the Y. W. C. A. has, according to the yearly custom, observed the week of prayer. The services were held in joint session with the Y. M. C. A. and were of exceptional helpfulness and power. One of these meetings took the place of the daily chapel exercise, and at it we had the privilege of listening to Mr. and Mrs. Baker, the well known blind singers. This service was addressed by Dr. McClish.

In the near futnre we are anticipating the pleasure of a talk by Mrs. Dr. Wagner, who has been for some years a missionary in China and who will doubtless have many things of interest to say to us. Let all the young ladies keep this in mind.

During the month we have been very glad to welcome to our fellowship three new members, Miss Birge, Miss Pullman and Miss Cox.

Y. M. C. A.

More than usual interest has been shown during the past month in the work of the Y. M. C. A.

This is very encouraging; and it is hoped that this is only an indication of increasing possibilities for the Association.

The month was ushered in by the week of prayer; and it is encouraging to note that the meetings since then have been distinctively devotional.

The attention of the Association is being directed this month especially toward planning for the Students' Conference which is to be held at Pacific Grove from Dec. 26 to January 3. In past years these Conferences have had a deep influence upon both the individuals who have attended, and the schools they have represented. We hope the effect this year will be no less than in the past.

The highest benefits cannot be reaped from the Conference unless all the students take an interest in its work, and cooperate in carrying out any helpful ideas which may be brought back by those who attend.

On Dec. 4 the University enjoyed a visit from General Secretary C. D. Hurrey, who represents the National committee on the Pacific Coast. His deep sympathy and fellow-feeling with college men made his earnest words most impressive.

C. W. Janes, Secretary of the San Jose Y. M. C. A. led the devotional meeting Dec. 16. His visits are always welcome, and certainly helpful.

The work of the Association next semester will be greatly aided if all the Christian students will begin on registration day—and continue throughout the semester—to make the new students, and all who are not Christians, feel the cordial fellowship and the uplifting influence of the life for which the Association stands.

Athletic Notes.

THE football season for this year closed with the game played with Alameda High School, Saturday Dec. 5th. Although the team had been greatly weakened and somewhat discouraged by the loss of two such valuable men as Capt. Waddington and "Shorty" Warren, nevertheless under the leadership of the new captain, Harry Smith, and with the addition of Dudley as fullback the team took new interest and rallied for the final contest. While the score shows a victory for neither side, we feel that the position of the ball at the end of the play testifies to the superiority of our men. There is but little doubt that the team would have scored a touchdown had it not been for the serious accident which befell one of Alameda's best players, and on account of which Capt. Smith consented to discontinue the game two minutes before the call of time. As it was the ball was within one foot of the opponent's goal. The team work, although perhaps not so evident as earlier in the season, was very good. The line held well on the defense and rendered great assistance to the backs when in possession of the ball. Grieve played especially well and from the showing made by Dudley the team would have been bettered had he played during the whole season. His punting was an especial feature of the game.

The season has been one of the most successful of the last several years, and if the same enthusiasm prevails during the next season it surely promises bright prospects.

The following is the score of the season:

Oct. 10 Anderson vs U. P. A.
score 0-0

Oct. 21 Pac. Coast Bus. College
vs U. P. A. score 0-30

Oct. 24 Los Gatos H. S. vs U. P. A.
score 0-44

Oct. 31 Oakland H. S. vs U. P. A.
score 15-15

Dec 5 Alameda H. S. vs U. P. A.
score 0-0

Total 15-79

The men interested in the Track have been putting their enthusiasm to practical use and as a result they have prepared a good six-lap track around the center of the campus. From the material we have at present in our Academy we ought to make a good showing in the field days next spring.

OWEN C. COY '07.

Alumni Notes.

Rev. R. E. Wenk, '71, of Redding and Miss Rose M. White of Oakland were married near Twin Lakes, October 20, on the shores of Monterey Bay.

Mr. John Trimble, '87, who has been seriously ill for many weeks at his home near Milpitas road is slowly recovering.

Miss Maud Grover, '94, was married at her parents' home in Santa Cruz on October 14 to Mr, A. E. Chandler. They are residing in Carson City, Nevada.

On October 22, Mr. Ralph Zuck, '97, of Gilroy was united in marriage to Mrs. Mollie Zeh of Berkeley.

Miss Alice Beach McComas, '97, was married in New York City to Mr. Charles P. Gray. Their future home will be at 681 Degraw St., Brooklyn.

Mr. T. P. Mitchell, '01, is instructor in music in the public schools of San Jose.

Mr. Wm. T. Spangler, 03, has recently entered upon his duties as teacher on the piano in McMinnville College, Oregon.

The following are the officers of the Alumni Association for the year '03-'04:

President—Mr. C. N. Kirkbride, San Mateo.

Vice-President—Miss A. Mayne, College Park.

Secretary—Miss E. Nelson, College Park.

Treasurer—Mrs. N. Coulter, San Jose.

Executive Committee—Rev. J. H. Wythe, Nevada City; Prof. L. R. Kroeck, College Park; Prof. R. D. Hunt, College Park; Miss E. MacChesney, College Park; Prof. H. C. Tillman, College Park.

Mrs. J. B. Hannah, '77, of Lancaster and Mrs. J. A. Williams, '77, of Alameda were called to College Park on account of the death of their father, Rev. A. M. Bailey, whose funeral was held in College Park December the first.

Campus Jotings.

The literary students were especially favored one Monday evening during the past month. Dr. and Mrs. McClish tendered them and the faculty a most delightful reception where each had the privilege and pleasure of meeting gifted little Kathleen Parlou and of listening to the violin she loves so dearly.

The Commercial department has lost two members during the past month. Miss Flewelling, on account of ill health found it necessary to discontinue her work for this semester. And Mr. Waddington has returned to his home in Humboldt county to look after some business interests.

On the evening of Nov. 20th many of the students enjoyed a very pleasant time at the Epworth League social held at the parsonage.

Bessie Cook's merry face was invisible for several days some few weeks ago on account of a severe case of the "grippe," but we are glad to hear laughter once more.

The girls miss Lena Nelson very much. She is improving slowly at her home near Modesto, but sends word that she will surely be among us again next semester.

The University has lost a stanch friend and supporter by the death of Rev. A. M. Bailey. For several years he had lived in our community and we had all come to look upon him as one of the fathers of the school.

Very few students were here to enjoy their "Turkey Dinner" in the U. P. dining hall. On Wednesday evening a bevy of jolly girls boarded the train at College Park and sped away to enjoy the Thanksgiving holidays either at home or with friends. All reported a "most splendid time" and a good old Thanksgiving dinner.

Leslie Warren has returned to his home in Los Angeles to recuperate from his late illness, but hopes to be with us again after the holidays.

Blanche Harter is again at work after an extended vacation spent with her parents in Fresno.

The more advanced conservatory pupils of Miss Minnie Alice Tuck gave a concert in Sopholechtia Hall on Wednesday, Dec. 16.

Miss Le Moine has been forced to

discontinue her studies on account of ill health.

Old times have been vividly brought to mind during the past month by the presence of several former students of the old U. P. Wm. Shearer, '03, Norman Hindson, and J. H. Thompson visited us for several days; Miss Agnes Caughy, '03, spent a pleasant time with her old Sopholechtian chums; and Abbie Richardson, '03, renewed again her close companionship with Miss Ora Hill.

Joshes.

If you loiter in the hallways,
If you talk upon the stairs,
If you whisper in the chapel,
Or if you sit in pairs,
You'd better be more careful
And you've got to look about
Or the Faculty'll git you
Ef
you
don't
watch
out!!!!

They are few and we are many,
But they do not care at all,
If you're Senior or you're Freshman,
If you're big or if you're small,
And look about so sharply
That there's not a bit of doubt,
But the Faculty will git you
Ef
you
don't
watch
out!!!!

—Ex.

Mother running down Emory St. with her son meeting U. P. co-ed—"O, young lady what shall I do, my boy has swallowed a dime; how shall I get it out of him?

Co-ed (reassuringly). Don't worry; take him over to the Bazaar. I can promise you they will get it out of him.

Much Ado About Nothing—The Discussion in Student Body on December third.

The days of miracles are at hand—Last Sunday Mr. Dorr kicked the bucket; today he declares that he never felt better in his life.

If at first you don't succeed bluff, bluff again.

We would tell if we hadn't promised not to—

That Mr. Buchannan has decided to get *reserved* seats next time he goes to Cartesia's reception.

That Miss Huffman has had her picture taken with someone while out for a stroll.

That you don't want to fail to see *it*.

That O. O. S. means Old Oriental Soaks.

That Mr. Sam Smith was either short sighted or nervous the night of Cartesia's reception.

That there are some splendid guessers in the 4th Year History Class.

That someone has had his hair cut.

That someone else ought to.

That when Miss P. M. Archer heads the procession for the door before the bell rings, she sometimes gets sent back.

That Sunday is Miss Eaton's "busy day."

Pres. McClish—"What course do you wish to take, the academic or commercial?"

Aspiring Youth—"I think I'll take that Epedemic course I've heard you speak of."

The following books may be had at the Editor's office for a small pecuniary consideration:

How to Sing Items
By U. of P. Quartette
How to Keep Resolutions
By J. D. Kuykendall
What I Know About Parlimentary Law By O. C. Coy
How to do Steep Hill Climbing
By Miss Ethel Beard
Poetry I Have Written
By Buchannan
How to do (W)Right
By Miss Damon
Advice about Bluffing in Exam's
By Senior Class
Not long for this World
Miss Moody

We have heard of men not being able to find the key-hole, but when two young ladies cannot between them find the gate and when one of them is Miss Plummer we vainly wonder what we are coming to.

Let us be glad Thanksgiving came before examinations for

"Of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these—I've *flunked* again."

Sophomore—"When I stand on the rostrum I see nothing and am conscious of nothing but of what I am saying. The audience entirely disappears."

Freshman—"Well I can't blame the audience much for that."

"I'm on to you," the drop of ink
Unto the blotter said
"Oh! dry up" quoth the blotter
And the paper weight fell dead.
—Ex.

Mr. Owen Coy *never* sleeps in church. What he does is to lean back against the wall, close those dreamy eyes, assume that peaceful look and nod assent to what the preacher says.

The quartette have finished singing their *solo* and Miss McComber is about to give the next *item*. Inquisitive gentlemen in last row—"Who is that lady?"

Brother Cheerful—"Oh! she's the woman that goes round with the show."

Deep wisdom—swelled head
Brain fever—he's dead
The Senior.
False fair one—hope fled
Heart broken—he's dead
The Junior.
Went skating, 'tis said
Ice hit him—he's dead
The Sophomore.
Milk famine—not fed
Starvation—he's dead
The Freshman.
—Ex.

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