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The Pacific Pharos, December 1902

Students of the University of the Pacific

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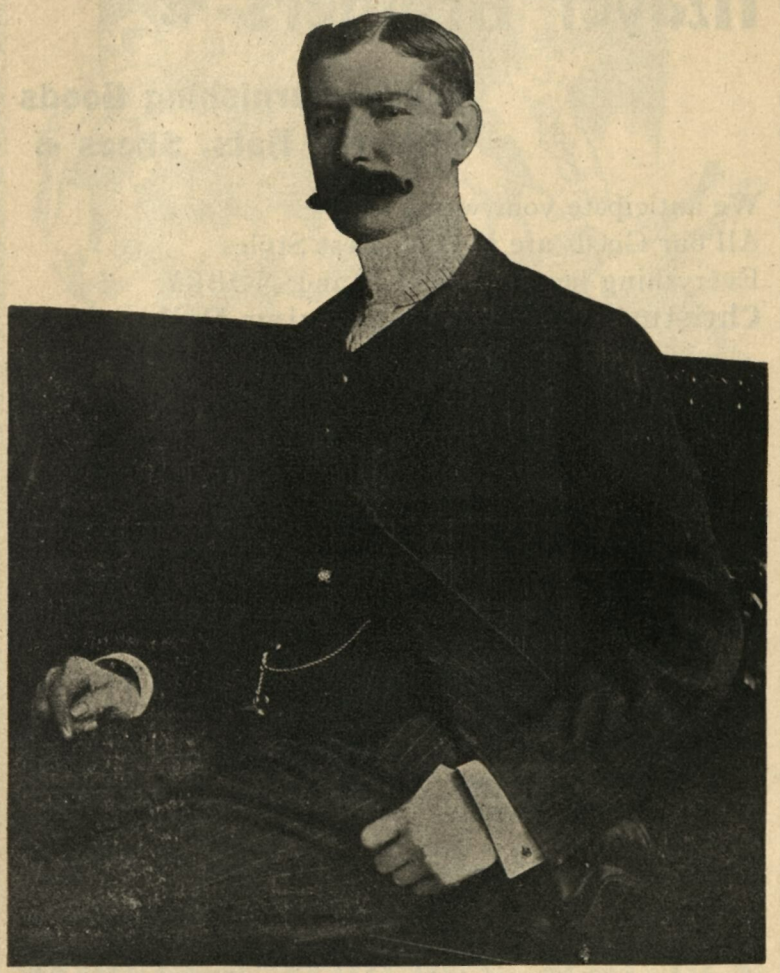
PACIFIC PHAROS

If I Could Meet You

Face to Face

I could convince you that it is cheaper to have your clothes made to order at a first class tailoring establishment, than to buy a cheap "hand-me-down" which has neither style, fit nor finish.



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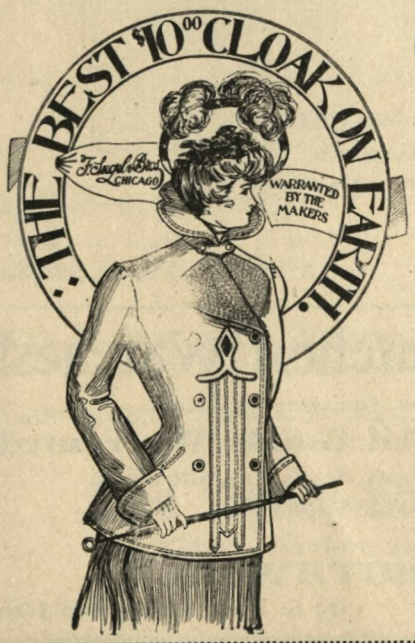

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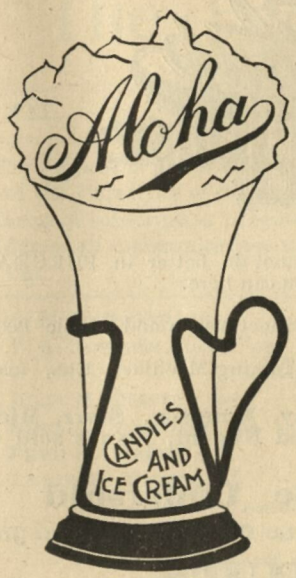

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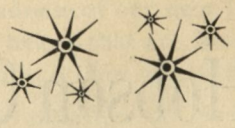

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The Pacific Pharos

Vol. VII. **U. of P., December, 1902.** **No. 3**

The PHAROS is published monthly during the college year by the students of the University of the Pacific.

Terms of subscription 75 cents a year; single copies, 10 cents.

Address all communications to the PHAROS, University of the Pacific, San Jose, Cal.

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Old U. P.

F. Mae Forbes.

Sing of the glory of our sunset sea,
Sing of the gladness of our new Jubilee,
Of all the merry hearts that are, and are to be,
Within the walls, within the halls of old U. P.

Sing the blessed yesterdays we never more may see,
Sing all the happy hours we hold today in fee,
And oh, the fair tomorrows, all so joyously
Slipping down, tripping down the paths of old U. P.

Sing the airy dreams of youth that wander free,
Sing of the sun-set glow our exulting spirits see
And the vision, and the vision we know will surely be
For the best and the rest in old U. P.

Sing it ever, sing it ever in gladest melody,
All our hope, all our faith that is and is to be:
Let us give it, let us live it, live it full and free,
All our love let us prove in Old U. P.

A Case of Mistaken Identity.

IT seemed very quiet in the little cottage that bright May morning. Even the cat, curled up in a sunny corner, purred in a subdued tone, and the bantam rooster under the window had forgotten for several minutes to remind the world of his existence. Only from the regions known to the young mistress of the house, as Chloe's sacred domain, came any sound to break the stillness. Chloe was singing "Jarusalem, Ma happy home," and beating eggs vigorously—which facts taken together, proclaimed that one of her famous cakes was being prepared. The mistress herself was affected by drowsiness to such an extent that her book had fallen from her hand and her eyes were closed.

It was not the bugle of a prince that awakened the Sleeping Beauty, but the more modern and prosaic whistle of the postman.

"Only one letter this morning, Miss Holeman," he said as he passed on his rounds. Elizabeth recognized the writing of an old college friend, quickly opened the letter and read:

"DEAR BETTY:—Not time to write much ('telegraphic style' mentally commented Betty) but must tell of death of Mary Foster ('Dear me, how awful! I hadn't heard of that') last week. Leaves one child, William, bright boy, nine years. Husband died in winter. No near relatives wish to take him. ('Take *whom*? Newspaper work has ruined Kate's literary style.') For sake of old college days, for Mary's sake, for child's sake and lastly for your own sake why not adopt him? Boy lives with distant cousin. Addresa, William R. Foster, 405 Grant street, Morriston.

Hastily KATE WINTER."

"Now if that isn't just like Kate! Adopt a nine year old boy, indeed! I think not, decidedly so. Poor Mary! She was a Senior when I entered college, but she took me right under her wing and was so good to me. But that boy! Poor little fellow, I feel really sorry for him, though hardly enough to adopt him. I couldn't take that European trip or write that book or anything. And he would tease the cat, chase the chickens and bother Aunt Chloe. It is entirely out of the question. Still it is lonesome living in 'Old Maid's Hall!' There, won't think of it again."

But she did, and very frequently, too. At length she deter-

mined to negotiate with the enemy of her peace and effect a compromise.

* * * * *

It was very noisy in the office that bright May morning. Even the stenographer pounded the keys of the type writer with unusual vigor; the office boy, on his way to the door, stumbled over two chairs and a rug, instead of the customary one chair, and the din of the streets seemed to fill the room.

William Foster, alert and businesslike, as befitted the junior partner of a law firm, Jones and Foster, sat at his desk looking over the morning's mail. Only one letter remained unread and that one had purposely been left till the last. "Last the best of all the game," Foster said with a smile. That letter seemed out of its element as it lay among the business and begging letters. It was a delicate shade of blue and bore the post mark of a small town near the city and was addressed in a woman's hand, Foster decided after due inspection. He opened the letter, read a few lines and gave a low whistle.

"What is it, Foster?" inquired his partner.

"An old lady, college friend of my mother's, wants me to visit her in the country. What luck! Don't turn green with envy, old man. She is probably rich and, anyway, is a genteel spinster. She may even desire to adopt an orphan such as I am, for instance, to cheer her few remaining days Go? Well, I guess. Hang business! It can wait for a few days. She wants me to let her know the day and hour of my coming and I'll telegraph her at once so the good old soul won't worry."

As the messenger boy sauntered down the path after leisurly delivering the telegram, Elizabeth soliloquized, "Whatever unpleasant habits that boy William may possess he is certainly very prompt and thoughtful. Of course he will track mud into the house and pull Tabby's tail but I can endure it for a few days. Chloe!" as a dark face surmounted by a red and yellow turban appeared in the door. "He is coming to-morrow, so bake a good supply of ginger bread, and you had better make some pies."

"Bress yo' heard, chile, Chloe done hah boys roun' fo' yo' was born. Yo' pa done eat my cookies fo' he made mud pies. Chloe know how to fix mighty nice affectionery in her special appahtment."

The next morning Elizabeth, clad in her daintiest gown, was putting the last touches to her toilet ("a boy likes ruffles and lace,

though his dirty hands soon work havoc with them") and when Chloe appeared, her eyes opened to their fullest extent.

"Miss Betty, dat boy am come an' he aint no boy. Must have eaten yeast, he riz so fast from a boy to a man."

"Nonsense, Chloe, you misunderstood the name. It is probably a book agent," and Elizabeth hurried to dismiss the agent with a smile and a refusal.

"A relative of Miss Holman, I presume? My name is William Foster." Elizabeth almost gasped in astonishment as she faced the tall, handsome realization of her snub-nosed freckled faced expectation.

"I am Elizabeth Holman, but there must be some mistake. William Foster is—was—ought to be, I mean, about nine years of age and you are—" She paused in confusion.

"Several times that age," he laughed. "But you could not have been a college friend of my mother's for you are not old—" it was his turn to become confused as he reflected that discussion with women about her age is not likely to produce the most amicable feelings. He proposed her letter as proof that he was no other than William R. Foster and for the next quarter of an hour explanations were in order. At the end of that time both understood the situation.

"It was all Kate Winter's fault. She 'sacrificed clearness for brevity,' Browning style, in giving me your address."

"I am only a wolf in sheep's clothing, a distant cousin of the same name as the expected guest; but Miss Winters has my eternal gratitude in making it possible for me to meet you, Miss Holmes."

Conversation did not lag and was only interrupted by Chloe's announcement that lunch was ready, and as Wm I sat opposite his pretty hostess he began to envy Wm II whom he found she wished to adopt.

In the noisy office, looking back over the events of the previous day, Foster could scarcely realize that it was not a dream, but the knowledge that Wm. II was on his way to the little cottage was a reminder that it was indeed a blessed reality. The remembrance that the next week he would return to hear the decision of Elizabeth regarding the adoption of Wm. II helped him to pass the intervening days in some manner, though his partner frequently rebuked him for absent mindedness.

Just why it took several months for Elizabeth to reach that

important decision, it is hard to tell. Foster felt compelled to make many trips to lay before his client important papers relative to the case in hand, and many consultations were found to be absolutely necessary. At these conferences Wm. II was seldom present.

"Huh! Think I don't know why Coz Billy comes to visit Aunt Betty so often? I'm not so green as I look," he confided to Chloe between mouthfuls of blackberry tart.

"Yo' does look mighty vivid, chile," responded Chloe with an expansive smile.

"Of course you mean verdant, Chloe; but I'll forgive you if you will give me another tart and promise not to tell Auntie that I pulled the tail feathers out of the rooster."

"Yo' is as full of mischief as yo' can stick," Chloe said, as she gave him the desired tart and an unexpected but gentle box on his ears.

That was what Elizabeth thought when on the lawyer's next visit Tabby marched up the veranda steps decked out in white ribbon and orange blossoms. Wm. I laughed and prophesied a great career for his youthful cousin as a decorator. Then, taking Elizabeth's hand, he suddenly became serious.

"Betty, dear, why halt longer between two opinions? See, even that little scamp and Tabby are eloquently pleading my case."

Wm. II grinned as he heard a suspicious sound from the vine covered veranda and called: "Say, Aunt Betty, got a will of your own yet?"

"Come here, you fortunate rascal," answered William, the Conqueror. "She has decided to adopt two orphans so that there may be no more cases of mistaken identity." E. '02.

In Late Autumn.

S. R. D. '05.

The trembling trees all leafless stand
Naked in the moonlight pale,
As frosty Winter nears the land,
Suggestive in the passing gale—
In late Autumn.

"The Irony of Fate."

A YOUNG MAN sat gazing into the blazing fire of an open grate, in a comfortably furnished room of a down town fashionable hotel which had been his home these several years since he had received his college diploma and had entered the business world. As he sat before the fire, almost buried in a spacious arm chair, legs stretched out in front of him, hands buried deep in his pockets, twilight and night time had come on and below the dinner gong had sounded, but this evening, so deep was his reverie, he heeded not the things of the present; he was seeing in the fire visions of bygonedays, things that were and things that might have been. A something that had been with him all these years since leaving the college halls and which he had endeavored to forget and blot out of his life was somehow appearing to him as never before on this the eve of his wedding day. This something was a girlish face and presence but strangely enough, not that of the bride of the morrow. She seemed least in his thoughts. As he continued to gaze in the grate, events clustering around the other one thrust themselves thick and fast into his memory.

Those college days, how sweet they were and how full of everything that made life worth living and enjoying. The old campus, how vividly he could see each building, each corner and nook, driveway and path, everything from the south entrance to the athletic field stretching away to the north. He loved every inch of it, all was hallowed ground to this alunmus. And the old dormitory where he had spent the most of those four years, delightful years yet not unmixed with rough places and the serious things of life!

Down the long corridors he could hear the tinkle of the guitar or mandolin mingled with the boisterous laughter of fellows bumming in the hallways discussing the pros and cons of campus life. The very room in which he had worked and slept during those years, how plainly he could see it. Why, he was there now sitting before the old fashioned fireplace waiting for his roomy to come in. Over the mantle their sophomore canes were crossed and at the end of each hung their junior plugs, battered and crushed into inconceivable shapes and painted in water colors with full flushes, ballet girls and various other stunts. All over the walls there hung nick-nacks, class and college flags, posters and all the other paraphernalia which college men delight in using for room

decoration. And in one corner over the couch hung a fish net full of photos, kodak pictures, invitations, dance programs, and various other things including spoons swiped from the tables of unwary h tels and restaurants at different stags and feeds, and a few ladies' lace handkerchiefs fluttered from pins in the ceiling. The fire seemed to illuminate every picture and photograph in the old college room. He saw the small rectangular window by his desk. Through the lattice was disclosed a familiar glimpse of pasture, a clump of dark, quiet oaks that possessed sympathetic charms, and on the hills beyond he saw again the golf links where white and red figures on the green were many times seductive and successful rivals to study. The vision of the green hills where the links were made did not fade as the others, but instead assumed richer tints. A player came who wore wonderful costumes of red and blue and shimmering white ducks, and added a peculiar grace to the soft poppy-covered turf.

The orchestra in the dining room played a medley of waltzes that recalled the parties where *she* was by long odds the favotite, and made all those who had dances with her particularly proud. But everywhere,—on the street, even in the rain under a small silk umbrella, with just the appropriate color, she appeared specially made to be seen in rainy weather. Oh, the morning he met her! Her merry laugh that made the world such a good natured place! And the charming belt of many hues! He admitted to himself, half with regret and partly with shame, that her combined attractions seduced him into cutting an examination in order to prolong the time he might spend with her. A shadow of uncertain satisfaction came to him when he remembered that her bow-shaped mouth was miracuously the cause of many other "minus marks"—beside his own—that disfigured home-going record cards.

The watcher at the fire recalled her delightfully encouraging manner, her gracious acceptances, that made him not only happy, but grateful, and the inmeasurably grand college balls where she favored him with more dances than any other fellow. Those were the pleasanter reminescenses; but it was impossible to forget the few most disheartening points of her character. He could not deny that she had a ruthless way of making him inexpressibly jealous, while appearing devoted to him, and was herself impervious to the agonies of jealousy.

A succession of pleasant thoughts of her mingled with his

two latter years of life at the university, came and melted in the flames, until he lived again the last few days of that old time. It was only two days before graduation that she went with him for a farewell walk to the familiar haunts. More than a mile across the hills a little stream make its way beneath the shades of oaks, lindens and laurels. The water was cold and the banks were always cool—even in summer weather.

Toward this place of many inviting nooks they walked together. Once more he saw the fresh May fields swarming with poppies among the continuous green, and farther off dark blue canyons between the furrowed hills. She was happier than ever that May afternoon. She seemed a part of everything beautiful. He saw again the white and pink face that answered, "I cannot tell you now." She was more serious than he had ever known her.

A few nights later at the promenade concert, where the gray stone arches were illuminated by many hundred lanterns, and gayest music proclaimed the time for sadest partings, the ending of four blessed years, she pressed his hands and bade him goodbye,—but as he turned to leave she wrote something on a little fan and gave it to him. The words were: "When I send a violet."

As he stared into the fire he heard the echo of the music of the promenade. In the night air it died away, and then brightly dressed girls, men and matrons hurried past. Many groped in the confusion for their partners, their departing friends, or chaperones. Some laughed, many conversed, and a few were silent. The lanterns swayed from the tiled eaves of the quadrangle. She walked by. She was a picture of beauty—remembered too well —but one that cannot be defined. He remained by the pillar until the lanterns were black.

The two years following college passed more quickly through his mind. She wrote to him many times,—now from Paris, now from Cairo,—never twice from the same place. For the most part her letters came from distant, foreign countries. Sometimes she wrote affectionately of college days, but the violet never came. He thought of the two past years, of the girl he met and was now about to marry. The realization warned him of the time, and the idleness of his revelry. He noted that there remained but a half an hour till he would be expected at the bride's home. Hurridly he rose and drew on his coat, grabbed his hat and went down the

stairs. As he neared the door, a bell-boy hastened to him with his mail. He glanced at it carelessly, then selected one letter. It contained a violet. Crumpling it, he pushed the swinging doors and disappeared into the night.

ACCIDENTAL.

The Dew Drop.

F. M. F.

Aurora for the Memnon weeping
  Chanced to drop a pain-born tear
Into a larkspur leaf, where sleeping
  It rested colorless and clear,
Until Phoebus, following after,
  Sent from his ecstatic string
A shaft that touched the pearly sleeper.
  When she awoke, a wonderous thing—
Little wrecked the stricken goddness,
  Little dreamed Latona's son
Of the victory for Venus
  The sunbeam and the tear had won.
That living opal—and its symbol
  Mortals with the gods may share,
And that deep diviner meaning
  'Tis about us everywhere:
Telling to our hearts forever
  That all joy and grief may be
Joined into a many tinted
  And full rounded victory.

"A Mexican Sheep Ranche."

On the twenty eighth of October, my friend, Dan Max H. Moutoya invited me to enjoy his hospitality during a visit to his sheep ranch at Towallon, some fifteen miles distant. Having on hand no serious cases I accepted the invitation and we were soon started. Our rig was very solidly built, for in this frontier country the county is not able to satisfy the politicians, pay its interest on the bonds, and have enough left to build or maintain roads. Two horses were attached to a buckboard, with serviceable top and brake, but even then we did not go very fast, as the ascent is rapid. We were soon however upon the mesa, where we could overlook the Rio Grande valley. Here were found an occasional cactus, and amole, a variety of what is called Century plant in California, used by the Mexicans as soap. Sage brush, mesquite and, near the river, torneo brushes also grow on this sandy, rocky plain, which affords considerable pasture for horses, sheep and goats. We saw no coyotes, rattlesnakes or centipeds tho' my host told me they were nevertheless quite frequent.

Slowly we drew near the foothills and ascended to a place where we could get a larger view of the valley. We then entered a large arroyo opposite a high bluff, I should guess, a hundred feet high, composed of red sandstone. High up could be seen small oval spots, formed in ages past, which the eagles utilized as nesting places. In former days many risks were taken by the adventuresome to get the eagle's eggs, by being let down by ropes from above. A comparative degree of civilization has driven the noble bird to parts unknown where he can, Rhizomian like, be monarch of all he surveys.

The road from here on was in the dry arroyo which contains water only after a shower and then it is a raging torrent. The mountains and hills that supply it are very steep, and rocky, and having little soil or vegetation, the water runs down very quickly. The size of the stream is augmented by the fact that when it rains here, it rains hard and then quits. The walls of the canon gradually rose in height until they seemed fully two hundred feet above us. They were quite perpendicular, as evidenced by the fact that on the sand in the bottom lay large rough boulders, that had fallen from the cliffs above. One boulder was of particular size—as large as our team and buggy. It came down many years ago and for awhile stopped all passage way until it was partially

blasted away. The walls in one place approach each other within twelve feet, so steep there, as well as in many other places, that no vegetation grows at all.

After two miles ride, we drove past some walnut trees, which gave a name to the place-Nogal. These trees or cottonwoods are a good indication of water near by wherever found. And here a nice fine spring was situated in the middle of the arroyo. This is all right except when the water is running and then the muddy water of the stream must be used. Many thousand sheep come here from all directions to drink, it being the first water west of San Antonio eight miles and east of Towallon seven miles. Not only does it do service in this manner, but its excess is drawn off into a reservoir and used down the arroyo for irrigation. I took a walk some few hundred yards down the ditch called 'cecuis" which was dug without any previous plan or surveying, as are all these small irrigating ditches. The water flows out of the stream or spring and the ditch is dug following it.

They very seldem put in a flume,—instead they make the ditch as crooked as possible for they think by so doing they can get the water on higher ground the sooner. But they defeat their own ends, however, for in such a crooked ditch, even going around a tree or small boulder there collects an immense amount of sediment. This causes every year a great deal of work to clean the cecuis out, and even then after a few years the bottom of the ditch is higher than the surrounding land. The scientific surveyor digs his ditch straight with sufficient fall to wash the sediment away and then gets his water on the higher land much quicker than the native. I followed the water course and came to an apple orchard. Here were beans, tomatoes and the omnipresent chile peppers. Everything grew luxuriantly whenever the water reached.

About the camp were several corrals made of cottonwood sticks driven into the ground and in some instances stones were piled up to form the fence. In one of these was a bunch of sheep as fat as you please. The Don wished some of the best caught and so instructed the herder, who would slip up, catch a hind leg and drag the owner to the gate. I followed suit and between the three of us we soon caught enough. We walked a few miles out thro' the hills to see a certain flock of about thirteen hunbred, and there I learned the use of black sheep and goats among the sheep. I suppose it is old to most of you but I'll tell it anyway. The black sheep and the goats are easily seen and are counted every

morning, If they are all there, the herders conclude that no bunch has been lost during the night. A very few sheep would not go away alone, and enough to make a bunch would likely include a black one or a goat. So the black sheep are useful and fill a more responsible position, attract more attention an d cause more stir if lost than any white sheep could.

I was interested in the herders. At least two are with each flock. One carries the gun and does most of the tramping. Any coyotes, deer or antelope in his way is sure to hear from him. His attire is not unlike that of a poor California laborer, except his Mexican sombrero which is always in the last stages of consumption, and his home made shoes. A piece of cowhide is cut about the shape of the foot and to the edges is sewed sheepskin with a hole in the top to get in. They claim they are more comfortable for climbing up and down the rocky canyons than any custom made shoe. The other herder cares for the burro or burros, which carry the kitchen, dinning, sleeping and sitting rooms as well as the water supply. Sometimes they start off with two or three week's provisions. If they don't kill a deer or antelope they kill a sheep for food.

It was nearing dusk, so we went back down the canyon toward camp. We entered the small two-room adobe house, containing but little that might be called furniture. Supper was soon ready—strong black coffee In some tin or granite ware cups, being served on a big box—we sitting on the end of it and on the only chair, that without a back. In some tin plates were potatoes and meat swimming in red gravy, chili con carne, they call it, and served with this dish, tortillas, a large pancake, their only bread. And such was a typical Mexican dinner! At bed time I saw seven beds made up in the south room for the herders. A big fire burned in the fireplace and the beds were merely blankets laid on the dirt floor. We slept in the kitchen, keeping on our clothes and making good use of the buggy cushion and robe. After several interruptions, I managed to get to sleep when the dog awoke me, and when I heard his lap, lap, lap, I remembered the water bucket and tho't of the coffee we would have for breakfast! But with it all I did get a little sleep before daylight, when we were compelled to get up with the rest. After a breakfast of chili con carne I watched the men branding horses. Some of their brands are in two pieces and cover a space of one foot by two or three on the horses side. The iron is heavy, and often being heated very

hot, is applied vigorously, so that in the moonlight one could see the big scar.

We were just about ready to go to Torrollon when a man on horseback drove up and delivered me a note calling me to San Antonio and very reluctantly I turned my face homeward.

N. E. RICHARDSON, '01.
San Antonio, New Mexico.

My Conception of a True Education.

TO my mind an education, truly conceived means not only the acquirement of knowledge along various lines, but, what is more important, the development of the powers of the being to such a degree that one becomes capable of thinking and acting for himself and of readily adapting himself to the sphere in which he is placed. In other words it is the fitting of one's self for the duties of life.

And in order to prepare one fully to solve life's problems and to meet the responsibilities, an education must contribute alike to the building up of the three parts of one's nature; the body, mind and soul. The faculties of one must not be developed to the neglect of another, else we shall become one-sided. How often do we see examples of this in the lives of those around us!

There are some, who in their search for knowledge, confine themselves exclusively to the culture of their minds, and seemingly forget that they have a soul to be trained. The result is that their spiritual powers are so dwarfed and dulled that they no longer respond to things divine, and in some cases the soul-life seems to have been entirely crushed out. Others fail to heed the truth expressed in the ancient proverb, "A sound mind in a sound body," and develop their minds at the expense of their physical welfare. When knowledge thus robs one of health it is of little value. There are still others who train their muscles and become great athletes, but who put forth no effort at all to acquire culture. It is a lamentable fact that many students belong to one these three classes and are thus failing to gain for themselves a complete education.

In the culture of the mind there are so many avenues of thought and knowledge which lie open before one, inviting investigation and study that it is often bewildering to know which to pursue. This of course must be largely determined by a person's natural tastes, but at the same time there are some things which

it is absolutely necessary to know in order to make a success of life; others which are of great use to us, and still others which are merely ornamental; yet, on the whole, it seems to me that all three of these elements ought to have their place in education.

If one cannot have training along all branches of learning, he must at least be familiar with the most important facts in the history of the world; he must be acquainted with the greatest works of literature, must know something of art and science and not be a stranger in the realm of religion. He must know to some extent the laws of his own physical being, and also those which govern the natural world around about him that he may act in conformity to these laws.

One of the best requisites to a good education is the ability to read intelligently. That is, one's mind must be so trained that whenever he reads a piece of literature or listens to an address he will readily grasp the author's or speaker's thought in a comprehensive way. He must also be able to put his own thoughts into words. This necessitates his being capable of thinking "on his feet" which is one of the principle things to be sought after in gaining an education. While it is true that proficiency in speaking or writing is largely a matter of natural talents or gifts rather than something to be acquired, nevertheless by diligent practice one may train himself to be accurate, although he may never be an eloquent speaker or a master of language.

But even when a person has stored his mind with page after page of what we call book learning, and even when he has the powers of his mind under perfect control, his education is not finished. He is not ready to take his place in the world until he has become inspired with some high and noble motives of living, and until he has learned to restrain his passions and feelings. The cultivation of these qualities is by no means a small part of a true education, and often requires more discipline than the training of the mind.

Such an education as this is never finished and least of all is it completed when one leaves college. The student is then prepared only in a meagre way to meet the experiences of life which bring their own lessons. But when we consider that success in life depends very largely on the amount and the value of these preparatory processes of what supreme importance is it that we acquire early some just conceptions of what constitutes a true education.

FRESHMAN '06.

PORTFOLIO.

Thoughts of a Cyclist.

WON'TI enjoy my ride, with all these packages? I'll hang them by the strings on the fingers of this hand. Now I have one hand to hold on with, and at least a part of this other hand to grab with, if I run into a chuck-hole. Oh! those bothersome chuck-holes! When I strike one, it is hard enough to hold on with both hands. With only one hand free—but then I guess I'll have to try dodging them.

There, I think I'm ready, so here goes. However, did I get on so beautifully? It isn't so bad after all. I must have had—Oh! what shall I do? I've lost that tin horn I told George I'd get him. I wonder if I dropped it when I was getting on. All I can do is to go back and see. I see it now! I do wish I didn't have to get off my wheel to get it. "If wishes were fishes—" Well, I do hope I don't drop anything this time. If I do—! Let me see, have I everything? Yes, they are all here. The trouble is to keep them here!

Why don't people keep their gates shut? If I hadn't looked up just then, where would I be, and where would the gate be? But I suppose it wouldn't hurt the gate. This is rather enjoyable. If only the wind didn't blow! Oh! what a chuck-hole! How beautiful the snow looks over on the Sierras! What pretty white clouds—! There comes trouble sure. That buggy will want this good road. I'll have to try the sand. There, I just knew I would have to get off! Why couldn't that man turn out for me? Now, if I'd been driving—. I'm glad I got off anyway. This poor hand is so tired! Try this other hahd for awhile, packages.

Good! I'm nearly home! Oh! I'm so glad! The wind is getting stronger every minute. My poor fingers—. Such a relief! I believe I'll walk next time. There's a little time to think then. Here, George, come get your horn if you want it.

E. G. B., '06.

An Old Boat.

IN a dark deep pool almost surrounded by gray rocks, an old row-boat lies moored. Rushes and reeds grow thick on the steep banks and the pines and ancient oaks of the forest cast their shadows on the motionless surface. The boat had rested

there, untouched, for many years, and an industrious spider has spun its web between the oars which are crossed at one end, while at the other a saucy bird sings.

The old relic is slowly becoming moss covered and the paint is almost gone from its side. The bow has half sunk on the bank and is now filled with earth. Looking closely you can see a rusty chain lying at the bottom and connecting the old boat with an ancient ring on the shore. The name "Golden Fairy" is still faintly visible. Al is lonesome and forsaken. The old boat has been forgotten.

E. TEVIS, '06.

Behind the Scenes With a Concert Party.

IT was Thanksgiving afternoon. The cold, crisp air was most inviting, and when an invitation came to us to join a concert party enroute for Saratoga, we accept eagerly for the sake of the ride, hardly thinking of other delights in store.

We are the happy individual that is not "in it" except to help make audience, and our enjoyment of the situation begins almost immediately, for the young ladies of the party, whose precious voices are endangered by the cold winds, divide the time in a manner most amusing to one whose nerves are not on the rack, between interjections over the beauty of the scenery and the expression of solemn vows that nothing will induce them to open their mouths again while they are in the open air.

We arrived at the parson's home, where the "troop" were to thaw out before going to the concert hall, fully two hours before the time of opening, and the young ladies at once devote themselves to the task of removing all disheveling effects of the journey. The second soprano stands before the mirror wrestling vainly with a refractory pompadour.

"I tell you I can't do a blessed thing with it—it's all gone to pieces," she exclaims, frantically back-combing and tugging in a manner highly dangerous to the roots of her tresses.

But her lament is scarcely heard, for each one is thoroughly engrossed with her own particular woe, and the elocutionist in sepulchral tones breaks in with,

"I'd like to know how anybody thinks I'm going to recite with this voice—it's worse than any fog horn that ever blew—won't somebody hold a lamp so that I can see to stick this bow in?" The first soprano cools the atmosphere of the room by laugh-

ing at everyone, including herself, although her cold of a month's standing is hardly conducive to liberty.

When the toilets are finished the girls adjourn to the parlor where the violinist is frantically copying music, making notes as big as his head in his haste. The pianist is pacing the floor, nursing a swollen hand and discoursing in eloquent language of the ideally managed concert, where no one takes cold, music is never forgotten, and everybody's temper is angelic.

Soon the practicing begins. From the dining room there floats the strains of "The Frog and Co-education," for here the male quartette, chrysanthemums planted firmly in the proper button holes, is holding forth. In the other room the ladies quartette is vainly trying to sail forth on the waves of melody, but always there is some hitch in the rigging, and the second alto returns again and again to the piano to obtain the "key," but each time declares she cannot get her "tone."

"Here it is," cries the second soprano, and forthwith proceeds to give her idea of the second alto's "tone," but that young lady scornfully refuses such assistance, and tries again. At last "Sweet and Low" is launched, and is followed by others, each closing with a volley of very frank advice from one member of the quartette to another.

The appointed hour arrives and our performers sally forth to appear before the waiting audience with faces of angelic spirits, the voices of sirens, and the music of Apollo, no trace remaining of tense nerves or tried tempers.

ACADEMY, '03.

After Four Years.

The familiar hills were coming into sight again as the train sped on toward the town where he had spent his boyhood days and which he had left some four years ago to go away to college. It seemed an age since then. How much older he had grown, and he knew he had changed in more respects than one. That is what he had gone away to college for. And the rest, he wondered if they would be changed and if he would know them. Well, he would soon find out for undoubtedly they would all be at the station, his folks, his friends, and—Emma. She would certainly be there, she had written him so in her last letter. How

anxious he was to see her, and then he fell to thinking of the good times they used to have together and of the last evening he had spent with her and how she had begged him not to forget her. The train rushed snorting into the station and stopped. He grabbed up his suit case and stepped upon the platform. He looked searchingly for her face among the crowd gathered around the steps but he could not see her there. There was mother and his sister and some of his friends but no Emma. He was soon in their midst, kissing mother and sister, shaking hands with the others—but where was Emma? He hated to ask. Oh, there she was at the other end of the station, laughing and talking with some strange young men. Yes, she seemed to have changed some, and how familiar and confidential she was with that young man. She looked toward him and said something to her companion at which they both laughed. He felt his face grow red as he tnrned to answer some question of his sister. Had he seen Jack Ward lately? Oh, yes, he was coming tomorrow and—Emma was approaching bowing and speaking to friends. Finally she reached him and held out her hand. "How do you do, Mr. Jones," she said. "We are glad to see you again." It was quite nice and civil but— "Thank you, Miss Stone, I am quite well and pleased to be with you all again." It was the first time he had ever addressed her so. After answering the query of some friend regarding his trip, he turned to his sister.

A. SENIOR, '03.

The College Park Mosquito.

(AN ODE.)

I.

In South Hall
In the fall
On the wall
The College Park Mosquito dwells.

II.

And when the co-eds
Are in their beds

Then on their heads
The College Park Mosquito dwells.

III.

Says he, "Of all the things in creation
I certainly like co-education."
Thus in buzzing meditation
The College Park Mosquito dwells.

ACADEMY '04.

The Observer.

WE have had a chance during the month to try the working of our reconstructed Executive committee. As it is it amounts practically to an auditing committee. It is a trifle ridiculous on the face of it. We have a large committee of twelve persons to do work that is usually assigned to a committee of two or three. It is somewhat cumbersome, too, as an auditing committee. The Observer has heard two plans suggested for obviating this, which is practically the only defect of our constitution as it is. The first of these is to cut the committee down to three or five members and make it purely an auditing body. This has the advantage of doing away with the somewhat peculiar necessity of calling an auditing committee an executive committee. The other plan is to change our financial system and to apportion out our money to certain funds, as for instance, a foot ball fund, a base ball fund, a debating fund and a general fund. Let these apportionments be made say the first of each month by the whole student body and then give the Executive Committee power to make disbursement from these funds for those purposes to the amount of the monthly appointment, but no more. But let the Executive Committee have no authority to disburse from the general fund. Let that power be reserved to the student body. You thus have complete control of your finances, while you gain the additional advantage of doing away with the annoyance and delay incident to the present system.

ACADEMY '03.

EDITORIAL.

JUST a word concerning our exchanges. As most of the University students know, the PHAROS has gone to considerable trouble in securing exchanges with the magazines and papers of the leading colleges and academic schools of America and has had these exchanges placed in a convenient spot in the library, so that they will be accessible to the entire student body and that all might have the privilege of reading and inspecting them, with the understanding that none are to be carried away from the library without consulting the librarian, and if carried away, are not to be kept, but returned to the exchange table. This is but a just request and all who enjoy the exchanges should seek to comply with it. We are glad to say the privilege has been abused but little and we hope complaints will cease coming in altogether concerning missing copies. The librarian reports the exchanges are quite generally read and enjoyed. Every one who can, should take some time while the library, in perusing some of the exchanges and learn what other colleges are doing in the journalistic field. Many of the exchanges are really excellent publications and are fully worth the time spent in reading them. One is sometimes surprised at the information and inspiration one receives from a first a first class college or academic paper and we have many such on our table.

THE PHAROS STAFF takes pleasure in wishing each member of the student body a Merry Xmas and a very Happy New Year. The term's work is almost over and we are about to enjoy a much needed rest of a few weeks duration. We sincerely hope that every student will make the best use of these few weeks and come back to college with increased zeal and vigor, ready to enter into the activities of college life with an earnestness that will show fruit in a successful baseball and track season. U. P. athletics are awakening from the lethargy in which they have long lain, a lethargy that has done much to hurt the good name and past record of the institution. It was deemed best, for various reasons, to confine our efforts this fall to producing a winning football team for the academy. The effort was well paid and we have every reason to feel proud of the team that has made a better record than any academic team in the Santa Clara valley. Although of much lighter weight than any team it bucked up

against this season, it certainly made a better showing in the majority of games played. The San Jose team was unfortunate. We were confronted with odds which it seemed impossible to surmount, but in many respects the game was a severe lesson and it was not without its good results to us.

In the spring athletics the entire university will enter. If we can develop a pitcher, the outlook for baseball is very encouraging. We have made an early start and will have the advantage of several weeks training this semester which ought to be of considerable use in the formation of a team. Games between different departments of the university are scheduled and will be played before the semester ends. This looks like business. The track men are beginning to appear on the track, which is also an encouraging sign. Let the good work go on and in the spring the university has every chance of making a good showing.

PERHAPS no college of its size in this state has so many flourishing literary societies as the University of the Pacific. We boast of six such societies with a total membership of about 125. There are two ladies' societies and four gentlemen's, two for college men, one of which is the oldest society of its kind on the coast, having been organized in '54, and two for academy men. Each society has its own particular hall, every one of which is neatly and attractively furnished, and they take particular pride in keeping them so. Friday evening is given over entirely to the societies and for years they have had the precedent for this evening, all outside social events and entertainments depending on the will of the societies as to whether their evening should be given up or not. Debate and oratory are especially emphasized in society work and many excellent debaters and orators have gone out from these societies into the legal and ministerial professions, all of whom say their society work was equal to at least one subject taken in college.

We boast about our society work, and yet when we come to back up against an outside school, in the language of the streets, we're "up against it." Something certainly is radically wrong. Either we are not doing the work we think we are, or else opposing teams are by far our superiors. This latter statement we do not believe. We have men of as much ability as can be found in any similar institution. Where the fault lies we do not claim to know, but fault there certainly is and each society should en-

deavor to find out just wherein it lies and rectify it as soon as possible. Perhaps if we put a little more zeal and life into our debates and orations, cultivate just a little more style, go into our literary work with the same spirit which prompts the athlete, next spring will show a better result for us than in previous years.

THE PHAROS does not publish anonymous articles. The editor is responsible to the student body for everything that appears in the paper and consequently it is but just to all concerned that he should know the author of every article handed in for publication. If it is not desired to have the name appear in print, that matter can be arranged with the editor, but he must know who the contributors are.

About the Campus.

Merry Xmas.

Hurrah for the holidays and vacation!

If you want a Cleveland or Columbia bicycle see P. R. Wright.

The Ladies Quartette has scored quite a hit at each of its appearances.

Everybody enjoyed the Thanksgiving recess, and incidentally, the turkey.

Get an order from P. R. Wright for a pair of "Stuarts Special" shoes, best on earth.

Miss Lina Banks has returned to college after an absence of several weeks on account of illness.

P. R. Wright has secured the agency for both the Columbia and Cleveland bicycles. See him before buying.

The T. B. D. girls have initiated the following members: Miss Rose Moody, Miss Stella Tuck and Miss Blackie.

It is reported J. Goldsworthy, quarter of last year's team, is lying dangerously ill at his home in San Francisco.

The concert given at the Unitarian church was enjoyed by all who attended. The audience was small but very appreciative. The large choruses and orchestra did some effective work and the

individual solo work, both local and instrumental, was up to the standard.

Rhizomia has challenged Archania to a debate and the challenge has been accepted, the debate to occur sometime in March.

P. R. Wright has been appointed notary public by Gov. Gage. The gentleman is wearing his honors with his usual dignity.

The choral class has discontinued meeting until after the holdays. When it resumes practice again, new music will be studied for the next concert.

Prof. Miller and the geology class have made two field excursions during the month, one among the group of hills south of San Jose, the other to Alum Rock cannon.

The Academy has voted to place all its literary business in the hands of a committee. This was deemed advisable in as much as it seemed impossible to obtain a proper representative meeting of the Academy student body.

The Halloween party in old West was an enjoyable occasion. The boys proved themselves excellent entertainers, so the co-eds afterwards remarked. Why not have more of those university gatherings? They are certainly conducive to good wholesome college spirit.

The East Hall club has been rather silent this semester, but the fellows are a jolly lot and with the three resident Professors, Kroeck, Campbell and Miller, making a valuable addition, now dormitory people can expect something unusual in the way of good times next semester.

The University quartette did very effective work during the campaign. The boys were constantly in demand and their music way enjoyed wherever they went. Perhapno quartette making campaign music was as popular as the U. P. They recently scored a hit at the Normal fair.

The Laurel Vocal Quintette of which Mrs. Hillman-Smith '91 is soprano, Prof. Nella Rogers, mezzo soprano, and Miss Minnie Alice Tuck '99 pianist, will make a southern tour during the holidays, appearing before the State Teachers' Association in Los Angeles, and filling various other engagements. The quintette is composed of the best artists in San Jose, and their music is of the

highest order, thoroughly sweet and enjoyable. They have issued invitations to a recital of some of the choicest selections taken from the numbers to be rendered on their tour, to be given Wednesday evening, December 10th in the Unitarian church.

The football team and several officers of the student body were banqueted at the home of Arthur Filben, corner of Stockton avenue and Julian street, on Thursday evening, Nov. 20th. The spread was elaborate and served in a delightful manner. The host proved himself an capital entertainer.

The star lecture course should be well patronized. The course offered is a strong one, and every student should avail himself of the opportunity of hearing each one of the lectures. A stronger course has not been given in San Jose for some time. The lecture on liquid air with experiments promises to be especially fine.

The Chamber concerts under the direction of Prof. Bettman has begun for the winter. The first concert was given in the Unitarian church Wednesday afternoon, November 18th. Mrs. Johnstone-Bishop, a soprano of great ability and talent, was the vocalist. Only artists of high standing appear on the program for the various concerts.

The Y. M. C. A. expects to be well represented at the mid-winter conference in Pacific Grove during the holidays. A number of fellows have already signified their intention of going down All interested in the work of the Association should not fail to attend if it is at all possible to do so. No Y. M. C. A. man can afford to miss the conference.

The campus was quite deserted on the 16th. A number went down to see the Hollister-U. P. Academy game, and still more attended the San Jose-Santa Clara game on the Santa Clara College gridiron. The impromptu jollification in Central Hall on the return of the team from Hollister, was an occasion of much jollity and general good feeling.

The Academy Seniors enjoyed a sumptuous banquet at the home of Dr. Filben one evening during the month. Miss Mae

The Enterprise Grocery

Filben is a member of the class and was the hostess of the evening. After the many good things were disposed of, toasts were in order and several very fluent and spicy speeches were made by various members of the class. Everybody had a good time, and now it is whispered on the campus, "For right, jolly good entertainers the Filbens can't be beat."

The schedule for social events among the societies carried out up to date are; Archania, banquet to co-eds and the faculty, Friday, November 20th; Rhizomia entertained Cartesia on the evening of November 20th; Adelphia entertained South Hall ladies the same evening; Rhizomia entertained Sopholectia, Emendia and the faculty on December 5th; Cartesia and Adelphia held joint program meeting the same evening. Sopholechtia has issued invitations to an open meeting on the 12th.

Negotiations are now pending for the purchase of the gymnasium goods of the San Jose Merchants Club. The outfit is valued at $800 and is almost complete. The deal can be made at a very low figure and without a doubt will be made. A properly equipped gymnasium is something Pacific has needed for a long time. Since the old gym. has been partitioned off into baths and dressing rooms, the only available place for a temporary gym is the old chapel in West Hall. It will amply fill the needs until that $10,000 building makes its appearance.

Alumni Notes.

Mr. Fred V. Bartley, '01, has entered Drew Theological Seminary.

Rev. A. C. Bane, '81, of Howard St. M. E. Church, San Francisco, preached the Thanksgiving sermon this year for the Methodist churches of San Francisco.

Mr. Wesley J. Burrell, '76, passed away at his home near Mountain View, Oct. 6. His funeral services were held in the Baptist Church, Santa Clara, whence a large number of friends followed his remains to the Santa Clara cemetery.

117-121 Second St., Phone James 3411

Mr. Philip Driver, '88, a prominent attorney in Sacramento, is president of the Board of Education in that city.

Rev. E. P. Dennett, '82, is serving the First M. E. Church of Alameda as pastor for the fifth year.

On Wednesday, November 19, Miss Helen Beck, '02, and Mr. Marvin Parsons, '02, were married in the Methodist church in Berryessa. They will make their home in Stent, Tuolumne county.

Mrs. William Dunstan, '96, nee Carrie Denise, who has been in San Jose for two months, has gone to Stockton to remain there for the winter.

Dr. Thomas Filben attended in October the great Missionary Convention in Cleveland, Ohio. The last Sunday of the month he preached in two prominent Methodist churches in New York city.

Mr. J. E. Glendenning! '79, at the last county election, was chosen Justice of the Peace of Santa Clara Township.

We are glad that Dr. A. J. Hanson, '73, has so improved in health that he is able again to take a pastorate. He has been cordially received at Byron.

Hon. J. C. Needham, '86, received from the sixth congressional district 17,268 votes for his re-election to Congress.

Mr. H. G. Turner, '84, an enterprising business man of Modesto, has held the office of superintendent in the First M. E. Sunday School of that place contiuuously since '86.

Rev. C. H. von Glahn, '90, is pastor of the M. E. church in Bernardsville, N. J. He has recently finished a pastorate of four years in Springfield, N. J.

Mr. Carroll Spencer, '01, is still continuing his theological studies in Garratt Biblical Institute.

Mrs. A. B. Stewart, '79, of Seattle, spent part of the month of November in College Park with her parents, Dr. and Mrs. J. N. Martin. Mrs. Stewart was at one time assistant professor of the classics in our university.

It is rumored that Mr. Tong Sing Kow, '87, is the chief character in the recently published novel, "A Chinese Quaker." It will be remembered that he received the degree of M. S. last commencement.

ANNIE M. MAYNE, '88.

Athletics.

If our track team can be organized promptly at the beginning of next semester and practice faithfully and systematically from then on then they ought to win *first* instead of last place in the P. A. L. field day.

Baseball seems now to be the predominent interest. Quite a number of men practice every evening. Two interesting games have been played between the Commercial College and the University, resulting both times in a victory for the former. Recently the Academy and Commercial College played a game, the score standing 12 to 9 for the Commercial College, when darkness put an end to the game.

The football game with San Jose, it must be confessed was in many respects a disappointment. The mistake which our boys made was chiefly in underestimating their opponents. Towards the close of the season, San Jose undoubtedly had the heaviest and best team in this vicinity, and handicapped as we were by the loss of our best end, and the poor physical condition of most of the men, the wonder only is that the score was notlarger. The U. P. A. team waited over an hour in a raw north wind for their opponents and when the game finally did begin and they lost the ball on a fumble, it seemed for a while as though San Jose could break through their line at will. They took a remarkable brace, however, when it was too late, and during the entire last half San Jose was unable to add anything to their eleven points. The most commendable feature of the whole game was the "never die" spirit which in the face of defeat held the U. P. A. team together and prevented a larger score.

On the 15th of November it was a different story. Though both ends and Capt. Sparks were unable to play and several new men had to be worked in at the last moment, the U. P. A. team under Capt. Blakey defeated Hollister by an overwhelming score of 22 to 0. The features of the game were a field-goal from the twenty-yard line by quarter-back Blakey. Sweet at full also played an excellent game, breaking through the line once for a twenty-five yard run to a touch-down. Several of the men were injured, but fortunately none of them permanently. This final victory closed the season and the team disbanded, after a very en-

joyable banquet given them by Mr. Filben on the 20th, mention of which appears elsewhere. Taken as a whole the football record this season is the best for a number of years. A brief comparison with a few of the other teams in this vicinity will show this as conclusively as anything. The U. P. A. has lost but two out of five games; San Jose has lost four out of six, and Santa Clara four out of four; Palo Alto beat San Jose 10 to 0 and the U. P. beat Palo Alto 11 to 6. Finally Belmont, one of the best teams on the coast, tied Santa Clara College and beat Stanford Freshman 12 to 0, but could only score 10 points on the U. P. Surely this is a very satisfactory showing, and the members of the team deserve much credit.

F. TIBBETTS, '03.

West Hall.

L. A. P.

Most picturesque, historic pile,
Voices of the past, and footsteps linger round thee still;
Spirits of other times pervade thy silence chill.

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