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## The Pacific Pharos, May 1903

Students of the University of the Pacific

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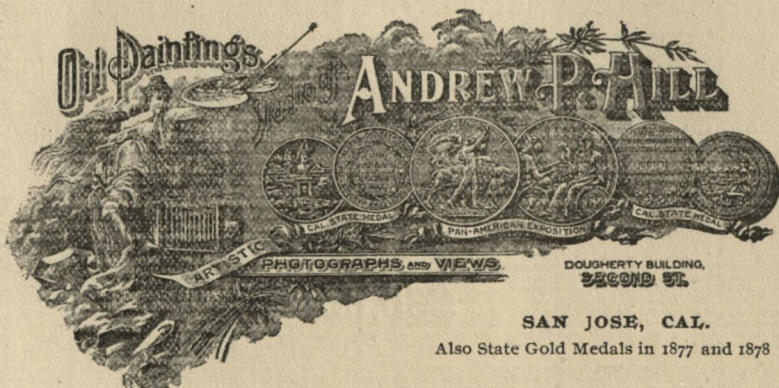


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W. M. SHEARER, '03.  
President of the Student Body.



# The Pacific Pharos.

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U. of P, May, 1903.

No. 8

## MAY.



MEADOW lark give us your wings !

Give us your song;

Give us your place in the shadowy sea  
Of promise for lovelier life to be.

Give us the message the zephyr brings  
To your covert the dear day long.

O poppies so bright in the sun,

Give us your gold!

Give us the secret the blue lupine tells,  
And the buttercup's prophecy, born of the dells;  
Give us the potion for sleep you have won  
From the Maytimes of old.

Triumphant skies, give us your light,

Give us your power !

Give us the vision the storm concealed;  
The rapture unchallenged your depths have revealed,  
The rapture, the sacred delight  
Of your holiest hour.

O marvelous Spirit of Spring!

About us is thrown

The charm of your gladness and grace,  
New hopes born of silence and space,  
New joys on your pinions you bring,  
A guerdon of glory to own.

F. M. FORBES.



## *The Honor System of the University of Virginia.*

By Heber D. Curtis, formerly head of Mathematics, U. P., in  
"The Inlander."

**P**ERHAPS there is no feature of the unique code of ethics of student life which forms a more perplexing problem to the educator than the questions of student honor in examinations and recitations. While I believe that there is in most institutions a healthful and growing sentiment in favor of higher standards, the fact remains that the dishonesty of a few and especially the laxity of student bodies as a whole in excusing or condoning such methods is a serious menace to the formation of the highest ideals of student life. Most students, though never themselves using illegitimate means have too little condemnation for their occasional fellow who "cribs" or cheats and regard him with an air of half pity, half amusement, as guilty of one of the slightest offenses against the student code. The student who considers himself "justified" in cheating at an examination is often, not always, a man of high ideals of truth as far as concerns his daily intercourse with his fellow students or his after life, and would shun a lie, a misstatement, or dishonesty in a game as he would a deadly contagion.

Probably nothing has done more to diminish this form of dishonesty than the spread of the elective system. "Required studies" and "Prescribed subjects," assumed to be a universal food for each and every mentality are becoming fewer and fewer. The result has been that more students than ever before are now electing subjects because they really desire them, because they wish to perfect themselves in some one branch in which work is to them a pleasure, not a burden, the instructor a friend and guide, not an opponent. The growing use of seminary methods even in the first years of the college course, and the substitution of reports on assigned subjects or short theses in place of the examination is another potent cause of the decrease of cheating. It is indeed a poor teacher who cannot tell from such reports and from the daily recitations just where each student stands, supposing, of course, that the number in his class are not excessive. But with the crowded classes of our larger universities the examination must be the final



test for a long time to come. Without a higher code of student honor, however, even the method of requiring special reports on certain assigned subjects may, in rare instances, be subject to abuses. I recall a famous and beloved teacher of Geology who required as part of the test for passing the year's work, a geological map of the United States. I regret to state that these maps in most cases were handed down to posterity as represented by the on-coming geological class and that some fine specimens did service for many years.

I desire in this article to describe the workings of an honor system which for years has been practically perfect in obviating all dishonesty at examinations, namely, that in operation at the University at Virginia. Probably at no other American university is the examination system carried to such an extent as here; the first professors at the time the University was founded by Thomas Jefferson, was brought from England, bringing with them the English examination system. Very little weight is attached to the daily work of the student in deciding whether he has passed the course. The examinations are generally two or three in number, those in the middle of the school year being of four hours length, and the final examinations of eight hours, nominally, but frequently in practice lasting ten or twelve hours. These examinations are purposely made very rigid and call for some originality besides the subject matter of the course. A large proportion frequently fail to pass. At a recent examination in English Literature thirty-nine students out of eighty-three passed the examination, and there have been cases where but a quarter have succeeded. No difference is made when there are but a few students in a class as in higher and graduate courses. A very clever and able student who took his degree of Doctor of Philosophy several years ago put in twenty-five hours on his examination in his major subject, but this is an exceptional case. It is evident that where practically all the conditions for making a course rest upon such rigid tests only the most careful and thorough watching by the instructor, or a student code of honor, could prevent a great deal of cheating.

This system dates from 1842, at which date the system of faculty espionage was dropped and each student required to add the following pledge to his examination paper. This pledge was originally longer but is today written in the following form:

Pledge;



I have neither given nor received help on this examination.

JAMES A. BROWN.

The instructor makes no effort to prevent cheating by his presence or otherwise. He generally remains in the room most of the time to answer inquiries but feels perfectly free to leave the students for as long as he may wish. The student is also entirely unrestricted. He may leave the room for a stroll or lunch if he desires, though this is not generally done, as it has seemed best to avoid even the appearance of evil. A group of students at the entrances to the buildings endeavoring to recall, with the aid of the Virginian weed, their scattered sensibilities for the last hour of an eight hour examination is no uncommon sight during examination week. Quiet is observed in the larger classes; in the smaller ones opinions of a certain question or of the wisdom of the professor in "putting it up" are frequently (in the professor's absence) discussed in language more forcible than elegant, but never a syllable is breathed which would help another student by the most indirect hint.

The questions which naturally arise are, "Does it work?" and "What is to prevent a student cheating if he so desires, even though put on his honor?" In answer to the first of these questions I would state that in my belief it is practically perfect and that aside from one or two isolated instances where a student has been detected and punished there is absolutely no cheating at a University of Virginia examination. This opinion is based on my own observation and on talks with numbers of the students. As one young man naively expressed it, "Even if a fellow wanted to cheat, he wouldn't dare to."

As to the second objection, the atmosphere and tradition of sixty years of absolute honesty in examinations and the intense pride which every Virginia student feels in their unique honor system is probably the strongest deterrent. Each student realizes that, should he cheat, he would not have a single defender, and that the student body would feel that for its own safety and for the placing of all on an absolutely equal footing in these rigid tests the offender must be cast out as inexorable as society casts out the criminal. The Virginia student body is itself the strongest defender and conservator of the system, and it is through the students alone that offenders are discovered, tried, and expelled, the faculty taking no part whatever.

It is in the detection and punishment of the offender that we



have the point in which all other attempts at student control of this evil have failed. As stated above this is entirely in the hands of the students, and no faculty could guard the system more jealously. I can describe the workings of the system best by describing the trial of an offender as it took place some five years ago and again in 1891, these being, as far as I know, the only cases for many years.

Both these cases occurred in the Medical Department, whose examinations are very rigid as attested by the fact that a larger number from this medical school pass the difficult Army and Navy medical examinations than from any other school. B—, a student of foreign birth, had been suspected by his fellows of cheating at an examination. Accordingly at the next examination two of his class mates were detailed by the president of the Medical class to keep an eye on him. This is one of the duties of the class president and it is never shirked. It was noticed that B seemed worried and after a while left the examination room and was absent for quite a long while. This fact was reported to the class president and a committee detailed to find him. He was found in his room taking notes from a medical book. The committee then told him that if he would leave the University at once and quietly nothing would ever be said as to the cause of his leaving and the knowledge of his offense would forever remain secret with them. B, however, denied the jurisdiction of the students in the matter and declared that he was responsible only to the faculty. This action on his part made necessary a formal trial conducted by the Medical student body to which neither the faculty nor students of the other departments were admitted. B's closest friend was made his attorney; a prosecuting attorney was named and a jury empanelled in the most approved manner. The class president acted as presiding judge. Every opportunity was given the defense, the strongest plea made by them being that B was a foreigner and did not fully appreciate the force of the code of student honor as exemplified at the University of Virginia. He was judged guilty and condemned to leave the University within twenty-four hours. As it was then Saturday night, this was felt to be a hardship and he was later given till Monday night to leave town.

A somewhat similar case occurred last year. The accused was D, a very popular student belonging to one of Virginia's best families. The evidence against him was more of a circumstantial nature, consisting mainly of the fact that he had been previously



suspected, had been absent from the examination room for over an hour and could give no satisfactory account of his doings in that time. Moreover, torn scraps of paper were found under his desk and on these, as well as on his examination paper, the subject matter of the text book was reproduced faithfully as to the language and even as to the quotation marks. At first he decided on the advice of his closest friends not to stand trial and left town. His parents doubtless insisted upon it, however, as he claimed entire innocence, and he came back for trial. As his parents had hired a high priced lawyer to defend him it was felt by the students that a trial behind closed doors would be unwise, so the usual procedure was abandoned, the trial was thrown open to the public, a lawyer was employed to assist in the prosecution, and the jury was this time made up of five of the faculty. Many witnesses were called on both sides. D's lawyer made a hard fight but D was found guilty.

Quite recently the question was submitted to vote at the University of California as to whether the system of self-government there should be extended to the introduction of an honor system at examinations, to be guarded by the students themselves. The project was defeated decisively, the main objection to it being that to punish offenders it would be necessary to spy upon a fellow student and give testimony against him. I am aware how strong a law it is in the code of student ethics never to give information against a fellow student and as far as concerns mere student pranks and escapades it seems a good trait and good ethics. This feeling doubtless arose in the old days when the faculty were regarded as legitimate opponents and student jokes as an important part of college life. From the protection of one's comrades in these innocent though often mischievous or even harmful pranks, this law of the student code has been extended until it is wrongly thought to shield acts of questionable morals and actual criminality.

No good citizen objects to the employment of detective methods to discover an offender against the moral or civil statutes, nor would he consider that any code of honor could prevent him from giving testimony which should convict such a criminal. If he thinks of such considerations at all he realizes that his work as a detective or his testimony is only a part and a necessary part of the machinery which society has devised for its own protection against its enemy, the criminal. The criminal is beyond the oper-



ation of the code which insists that the relations of a gentlemen with his fellows must always be frank, open and uncloaked. So it is in the feeling of a Virginia students toward the one who cheats at examinations. The sense of personal honor of the true Southern gentleman is proverbial, and the Virginia student feels that he is not only conserving this Southern ideal and an honor system of which he is intensely proud, but that he himself really is not violating any law of the student code of ethics in testifying against the "cribber" or in assisting to ferret out one whom he feels to be, in a sense, a criminal and beyond the pale, an unpardonable offender against the laws of honesty and uprightness.

I believe this to be a sane and healthful view of the question and wish that such a system might find a place in every American college. I realize, however, that without the precedents afforded by a sixty years' trial of so noble a system as the honor system of the University of Virginia, the introduction of such methods might be attended by great difficulties and that it would be several years before a sentiment could be worked up *de novo* which would support such a system with the absolute unanimity seen at the University of Virginia.

### *A Race Against Time.*

A GROUP of excited miners had gathered on a street corner of the little mining town of Kirksville. They were all talking wildly and their anxious faces betokened that they were distressed about something. A few moments before, one of their number, an aged miner named Ned Morris had fallen from a roof, where he was shovelling snow, and had been severely injured. Unless medical aid should be obtained immediately he could not live through the day. There was no physician nearer than Wellington, twenty miles distant, and he could be reached only on snowshoes, as communication by all other means had been cut off a month before by the heavy blockades of snow.

The situation was a critical one. Under ordinary circumstances it would have been hard to find someone to volunteer to go, but during the last few days there had been ominous rumors of large snowslides near, which made it exceedingly dangerous to venture far away. Delay would mean death to poor Ned, but still no one offered to go. The men looked anxiously at one an-



other. Suddenly they were startled by a voice on the edge of the crowd which said quietly,

"I will go to Wellington, and have the doctor here at three o'clock this afternoon."

Almost before they had a chance to express their surprise, the speaker, a young man of about nineteen had darted away and was running up the street.

"It's Charlie Randolph," exclaimed one in great amazement, and ejaculations of wonder were heard on every side.

But the boy was already out of hearing. Up the long street he ran and into a small hut at the top of the hill. It took but a moment to buckle on his snowshoes, snatch his long steering pole and he was off. Arriving at the summit of the long hill, he paused just for a moment. Before him were countless peaks, each clothed in its spotless garment of white, a scene inexpressibly beautiful, but he cared not for the grandeur of the scenery, he thought only of the perils innumerable that perhaps awaited him ere he should reach his journey's end. "It's pretty risky," he said to himself, "but I'll do it." Then glancing back in the direction of the village, he muttered fiercely, "I'll show them that Charlie Randolph is no coward, although they do think he is."

Nerved with such a purpose, he seized his pole firmly and darted like a flash down the long slope. Straight as an arrow he went, swerving neither to the right or left, but ever keeping his eyes fixed on the dazzling sheet of whiteness before him. Such a ride! Would he ever forget it? For a moment the joy of thus triumphing over the forces of nature almost made him forget his errand, but it was only for a moment. Faster and still faster he went, for the grade was steep and he was an experienced runner. Soon he stood gasping for breath at the bottom of the hill, having made the entire three mile descent in less than five minutes. But now there was a laborious hill to climb and his speed could not be so great, but nothing daunted, he began the ascent, taking great leaps until the summit was reached. Once at the top he looked at his watch and then slid down another long incline with lightning-like rapidity. Next came a level tract, across which he skimmed like a bird, making the most of his time for he knew that the worst part of his journey was still before him.

Back in the little village, the miners waited anxiously. They had done all that they could for poor Ned and now there was nothing to do but await the coming of the messenger with the



doctor. Most of them were of the opinion that neither would ever arrive, for they had lived too long in the mountainous region not to be acquainted with its winter terrors. But our young friend was to pass through perils of which even they with all their fears did not dream. For some reason or other they had never liked Charlie, although he had lived among them since he was a small boy. He was so different from the other boys that they had never felt him to be one of them, consequently they had left him to himself in a great measure, and in time this neglect had grown into a positive dislike on the part of many. Moreover, they thought him to be a coward, as Charlie himself realized.

Far out on the white hills, as he skimmed along, his thoughts were busy for he was wondering what they were saying about him at home. He could imagine the sneers and jests in which they would indulge at his expense and the thought stung him and made him more than ever desperately determined to make them change their opinion of him that day. His way was becoming more difficult now; the peaks were closer together, the hills steeper and there were no level tracts. He must move with more caution and less haste. Glancing at his watch, he found that he had already been an hour on the way, for it was now ten o'clock. If he could only reach Wellington by twelve o'clock that would leave three hours for the return trip. He sped onward encouraged. An hour later he was nearing the summit of a high peak. Just before him and hardly a good stone's throw away was another peak over which he must go. How he wished he could cross over to it in an air line, instead of making the long descent into the valley beneath and then the long climb up the other side. But there was no other way. As he was buckling his shoes a little tighter before starting down, he thought he heard a voice call to him from below, whether he merely fancied it or not he never knew, but it seemed very real and distinct to him then. He shouted "Halloo" with all his might and waited for the answer. But instead of the human voice which he expected in reply, there was first a dull roar then a mighty rumble as of a thousand cannon. His heart stood still. He had done something of which he had heard others tell many times but which he had never believed was possible until now. The great mass of snow on the opposite mountain had begun to melt and in doing so its hold on the earth had been loosened to such a degree that it needed only the vibration caused by a human voice to send it of its own weight crashing



into the valley below. He gazed in amazement as he saw the whole mountainside begin to move, slowly at first then with increasing momentum until with terrific thundering, it rushed downward, uprooting trees, tearing rocks from their foundations and carrying everything movable in its destructive path. Almost paralyzed with fear at the thought that perhaps the side on which he stood was in the same condition, he did not dare to move. What thoughts flashed through his mind during the next few minutes as he realized what he had escaped, and what was probably awaiting him can better be imagined than described. But there was not a moment to lose, and, trying to recover himself he pushed onward, wondering what danger he would encounter next.

But the excitement of his recent adventurment had made him reckless and he plunged down a steep hill without first taking a survey of what was before him. When about half-way down he saw just in front the branches of trees peeping out from the snow crust and he knew that he had made a mistake. These were the tops of the tall pines that grew in the valley beneath and he was headed straight for one of those treacherous drifts which had been the death of more than one reckless runner. To stop and turn back was impossible for he was going with the speed of a locomotive. He tried to veer to one side but something caught his foot, he lost his balance and fell rolling and tumbling over the icy crust at a tremendous pace. He clutched wildly at the trees as he passed, but it was no use; nothing would stop him now.

His next feeling was that of intense suffocation. He could hardly breathe, and there seemed to be a heavy weight upon him which pressed him lower and lower. He opened his eyes. It was dark. He tried to arouse himself but for a moment could not. Where was he? What had happened? What did it all mean? It was several minutes before he could recover his senses and then like a flash it all came back to him. He had slipped, fallen on the hill, and rolled into the great soft drift at the bottom. How long he had been there he could not tell. Perhaps it had been hours, perhaps only a few seconds. He did not know. He recalled with a shiver that the winter before one of the miners had fallen into just such a death trap as this and had met his fate. He must get out some way, for to remain there longer meant to be smothered to death.

Now that he was thoroughly awake he could see that it was not altogether dark but there seemed to be a faint light coming



from somewhere, although he could see no opening. He called out several times with all his might but his voice sounded strange and awful and then he remembered that it would do no good to shout for it was not likely that anyone was near. He tried to move about in his narrow prison and realized with sickening horror that he was sinking lower.

Suddenly his foot struck something and went no further. He reached down to find out what it was. Something brushed his face. It was the branch of a tree. Then he discovered to his surprise that the support on which he was standing was nothing more than a limb of the same tree. He had in fact fallen directly through the branches of a pine and but for it would have fallen much further. Then there was some hope of getting out. He could climb the tree.

Feeling about in the darkness his hand touched the trunk. Now he thought he was safe. He had been too much frightened up to this point to notice a dull pain in his left arm. But when he attempted to lift it up preparatory to climbing, he found that it was altogether useless. He had injured it in the fall. Now thoroughly frightened he began the ascent. It was difficult work, thus crippled as he was and constantly growing weaker from the pain and he began to despair of ever reaching the top. Moreover the air in his prison became very close and a feeling of intense drowsiness crept over him and almost threatened to overpower him. But he persevered and almost before he believed it to be possible he found himself to be again breathing fresh air. He had not fallen so far as he had at first supposed, and now by a tremendous effort he was able to pull himself out on the hard crust again.

Exhausted he lay there a few minutes unable to rise. But this would never do. He struggled to his feet and was surprised at his own weakness. Nevertheless, he would not allow himself to be beaten now. One of his snowshoes lay close to him and he saw the other one half-way up the hill. Strangely enough, neither one was broken save for the straps. He buckled them on as best he could with his one good arm and laboriously began to climb the hill again, for to avoid the drift at the bottom he must make a long circuit around the other side. He looked at his watch. It wanted just a half hour of noon and he had still three miles to go. This was only a short distance but in his weakened state, and with the pain in his arm, which by this time had become almost unbearable, it was not easy.



That last half hour seemed longer to him than all the time since he had started. His head reeled and he could hardly keep his feet, but his determination still held. Should he fail now when he was on the home stretch, after all that he had gone through? Never! The thought nerved him once more, and making a last desperate effort, he accomplished his journey in safety.

A week later having in a measure recovered from his business he returned home. He had learned from the doctor at whose house he had been staying, that Ned was getting along nicely, and he had also found out something else which was vastly more important to him. The doctor had told the story of Charlie's bravery to the miners and they were anxiously awaiting his return for their opinion of the boy had been very materially changed, and they wanted to "square up" with him, as they said.

When Charlie heard this, he felt that if it be true, he was amply repaid for his dangerous trip, for was not this the very thing he had been aiming at. He wondered what the squaring up would mean, and whether his life henceforth would be any happier because of it. With such thoughts filling his mind, he made the return trip. It seemed that he could not go fast enough and still he shrank from meeting the men.

No sooner had he reached his hut than a dozen burly miners seized him and bore him on their shoulders down the street. On the corner a large crowd had collected.

It would be impossible to tell all that was said and done during the next half hour but it will suffice to say that at the end of that time, things had been "squared up" on both sides. Finally one of those who had most openly antagonized Charlie stepped forward and said in a husky voice, "Say boys, let's give three cheers for Charlie Randolph," and they were given with a will.

'06.



## *Fire Burned-A Sketch.*

“**I** SN'T this beautiful! I sometimes long for the mind of a poet or the hand of an artist to express myself when I look on such scenes as this.”

The speaker, a young man, was sitting in the long grass that grew up the slope of the hill, face in his hands, elbows on his knees. Below him lay the Santa Clara valley stretching away acres upon acres of orchards in full bloom, with the roofs and spires of San Jose rising island-like out of the waves of creamy blossoms that surrounded it east and west, north and south. On the opposite side the Santa Cruz mountains lifted their rugged, purple peaks with Loma P—— standing majestically and proudly above his lesser fellows. To the north glistened and gleamed in the late afternoon sun the waters of San Francisco bay.

A second youth, companion of the first, softly sang a quaint, old-fashioned air about spring time and apple blossoms and home returning swallows. When he reached the chorus his voice swelled out into the full rich notes of the baritone, even and clear, dying away at the finis into a sweet cadence that some way mingled with the hum of the bees flitting from blossom to blossom, and the gentle murmur of the afternoon breeze through the old cypress at the brow of the hill.

It was one of those delightfully pleasant days in mid April when the air is full of the fragrance of blossoms, and there is new life in the trees and underfoot, and overhead the bluest of spring skies.

The two youths, college chums and senior class mates, had spent the day at Alum Rock and were homeward bound. They had reached the mouth of the canyon where the road winds down the hillside into the valley, and, leaving their wheels at the side of the road, had jumped the fence to gather poppies when the beauty of the scene below them attracted their attention.

“This is a beautiful old world and I am thankful every day of my life for being allowed the privilege of living in it and enjoying its beauties,” remarked the first speaker, Arthur Coleman, after a short pause in which each was busy with his own thoughts stirred up by the picture below them. His companion, Tom Hall, answered nothing and Coleman continued,

“And yet there is so much misery and degradation here that



sometimes it seems as if it would be a relief to one to get away from it all."

"Pshaw, Art, you take life altogether too seriously. To be sure there is a great deal in the world that is far from being pleasant, but why should one make his own life less happy, less enjoyable by brooding over matters that he cannot help and that certainly do not concern him? I find I have my hands full in taking care of my own troubles, let alone any one else's."

"I used to think so, too," Coleman answered, "until I got a larger glimpse of life during these days in the university. Now some way I forget my own little insignificant vexations in the knowledge of the great amount of suffering one knows lays all around him."

"Of course there is trouble in the world, but usually the persons involved bring it upon themselves. Life is too short to bother over such things. I intend to go through life with my eyes closed to everything but the beautiful. So long as I live as I ought to, why should I bother about anything else? Every man is gifted with a certain amount of common sense and a will power and it is his own fault if he brings trouble upon himself."

"Pretty narrow philosophy that, Tom. You will find it out some day. You can scarcely hope to be happy in living it. And that reminds me of something I wanted to ask you today."

"All right, fire away," and Hall picked up a stone at his feet and with a vigorous movement of the right arm threw it at a sign post marking one of the holes on the golf links on the lower slope of the hill.

"I want to know if you really intend carrying out that foolish notion you had a short time ago about going on the stage?"

"Foolish notion? No such thing. It's my ambition."

"I think with your naturally gifted mind you might aspire to something a little more worthy."

Hall laughed. "Really, Art, you are the only person that ever thought I had any natural gifts except a little turn for music and for acting the fool. Father wouldn't have me around the office. Says I would ruin the business in six months. I detest business any way. The professions are all over crowded. Doing stunts is the only thing I'm fitted for anyway. I know you Methodists think the theatre is the open door to destruction, but I disagree with you. I am fond of my art, more than any one suspects, and I don't believe it's going to pull me down. I don't see



why actors can't live just as clean lives as anyone else. I know many actors whose lives are beyond question."

"I'm sorry, Tom, for you have capabilities that could be put to far better use than simply amusing people. I know you'll never be the man you might be in some useful calling. And mark my word, Tom, you'll find out some day that I'm right when I say no person is more miserable than the man who mistakes his calling in life. My father did and his life has been a lesson to me. Besides the stage is a dangerous place for a young fellow with unsettled ideas. It's risky business, this handling of fire."

"Oh, don't worry, Art, I have no fears for myself. Besides if I find out after I get into it that I have made a mistake, then I can bolt into something else. That'll be easy enough to do. I'm young and there's a long life ahead of me I hope. But come on, it's getting late." And gathering up the poppies they had gathered they climbed up the slope, and, mounting their wheels, they were soon coasting down Alum Rock Avenue.

\* \* \* \* \*

On a spring afternoon some twenty years later an automobile stopped at the top of the hill before making its descent into Alum Rock canyon, and its single occupant leaving the machine at the side of the road climbed the fence, and, descending the slope a few paces, sat down in the long grass. He sat there for a long time in deep reverie. Something in the scene seemed strangely to move him. Suddenly his eyes caught the sight of the little church steeple rising above the trees at Berryessa, and a mist seemed to cover them as he spoke half aloud as if addressing some one present, 'You were right, Art, you always were. I used to laugh at your view of life. But years and experience in the profession I have followed have brought their bitter knowledge. A minister's life may seem self-sacrificing and prosaic to some, but you have certainly chosen the better part. After all, real happiness comes to the self-sacrificing life, and to the life who knows it is fulfilling its mission.'

A breeze was blowing up the slope of the hill and the tall grass bended wave-like disclosing the nodding poppies nestling here and there in the surrounding green. From the other slope of the hill where grazed a herd of cattle, came the silvery tinkle of bells and occasionally the sound of lowing echoed by the answering lowing of a herd on the opposite slope across the canyon. The



bees hummed in the long grass and the wind whistled mournfully through the old cypress back on the hill.

"Yes, I have played with the fire, and been burned, badly burned, I am afraid." And again he sat in reverie. The sun was getting quite low over the western hills when he aroused himself.

"Turn over a new leaf? Leave my profession? No, I can't do it. The fascination is too great. Its too late now. Too late to teach an old worn out dog like me new tricks." And with a bitter laugh he sprang up and with long strides soon reached the top of the hill. Jumping into his machine he quickly directed it down towards San Jose. A moment more, and he had vanished into the quickly growing darkness.

S. R. D. '05.

## THE FIRST RAIN-FALL.



All day the threatening clouds had hung,

All day the mournful wind had sung,

Till day had passed away;

When Autumn sun his rest had found

Behind the low hills' western mound,

Rain drops began to play.

All night the wind and pattering rain

Dashed and swirled at roof and pane,

And swept o'er hill and dale.

In the fresh gray light of 'wakening Dawn

The storm had passed; now reigned the calm

O'er misty field and vale.

S. R. D., '05.



# The Pacific Pharos

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## *Somewhat Explanatory.*

WITH this edition the PHAROS closes its seventh volume. Some of the alumni have wondered why its volume is only seven, when it was in publication more than twice that number of years ago. The explanation is this: For a time the PHAROS ceased publication and when a paper was again published by the students of the university, for some unknown reason the old name was dropped and it was called WORKADAY WORLD. Two years ago the name of PHAROS was again resumed by vote of the student body. But in reckoning, the volumes have been numbered from the first edition of the WORKADAY WORLD.

During these seven years, each year has noted some improvement and development in the paper. The first edition was a narrow single columned periodical and was published by a firm in Santa Clara. The next year the paper acquired a press and some type and an office was fitted up in West Hall. For five years the paper was printed there, principally by student labor. The facilities were very limited and consequently the periodical was far from representative. Under the present management the printing has been done by a reliable publishing house and compares very



favorably in appearance and make-up with any of the college publications received on our exchange list.

But the PHAROS is not representative yet. The University is capable of producing a far better paper. To do this money is needed and it is to be hoped that the new management will be able to obviate the present difficult matter of financial support. With plenty of finances and a hearty cooperation of the student body the outlook for the PHAROS is very bright.

And now in laying aside the editorial pen, we wish to express our gratitude to the staff which has so faithfully assisted us during the year, and to those others who have so willingly contributed. Especially do we wish to thank Miss Forbes, whose poetry has been one of the main features of the year's publication.

It has been a pleasure to serve the PHAROS, first as assistant editor under Mr. Philippi, then as business manager and finally as editor, and it is with a feeling of sadness that we pen these words, the last in our official capacity, for we have grown to love the work. Our main interest for the past two years has been for the PHAROS and although we leave the familiar halls of the old college after commencement, not to return, it will always be a pleasure to serve the PHAROS, no matter what other interest may engage our attention.

## CAMPUS GLEANINGS

### *Arbor Day.*

Arbor Day will long remain as one of the most pleasant memories of the year. In spite of partisan feeling occasioned by the election, everybody seemed to be in the best of spirits and fun and good fellowship were important features of the day. At eight o'clock the different squads gathered under their respective leaders at the west entrance to East Hall and were there commissioned to their posts of duty. The grass-grown walks and driveways were attacked and when the bell rang as the signal for lunch at noon-time, much improvement had been made in the appearance of the campus. In the meantime the co-eds had not been idle. Maple Grove presented a scene of activity all morning and at noon time

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was a bower of beauty. The decorations for the various tables were artistic and attractive, and they fairly groaned under the load of good things placed upon them to quench the ravenous appetites of the hoe and rake wielders. During the lunch hour considerable fun and joshing was indulged in between the occupants of the various tables. The afternoon exercises were under the charge of the gymnasium finance committee. A number of speeches were made regarding the gymnasium movement and then Dr. Evans took hold of the subscription raising. When all the blanks were in a count was made and it was found that the new gym movement was fairly launched with \$1150.00. With this amount as a starter the gym now looks like a certainty.

### *The Pharos Entertainment.*

The entertainment on the evening of Arbor Day was a fitting close to an already delightful day. The program consisted of a short curtain raiser, humorous, "A Cozy Breakfast," and a farce "Wanted—A Butler," full of local hits and laughable situations. The parts were well sustained. The orchestra was an important feature of the evening and merited the hearty applause each of its selections received.

A neat sum was realized at the door, more than enough to pay expenses and clear the PHAROS debt. In behalf of the PHAROS we take this occasion to thank all those who in any way assisted to make the success of the evening complete.

### *The Election.*

The largest vote ever cast at a student body election was polled on April 30. The whole campaign was characterized by more interest, too, than in former years. But there were many objectionable features which it is to be hoped will be eliminated from future elections. Such features do only harm when introduced and if allowed to be repeated will do more towards destroying college spirit than anything we know of. The result of the balloting was: President, Harold S. Tuttle, '05; Vice-president, Miss Maud McClish, '04; Secretary, Owen C. Coy, '07; Treasurer, B. G. Lipsky, '06; Sergeant-at-arms, L. S. Whitmoyer; Trophy Keeper, G. Richardson; Football manager, R. C. Moody, '06; Editor PHAROS, Miss E. Green, '07; Business manager PHAROS, R. Hoffman, '07.

---

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## *Alumni Notes.*

Miss Mary E. Widney, '00, who has spent the last year in Europe and New York, is to make her future home in New York City.

On March 14, Dr. C. A. E. Hertel, one of our early alumni, passed away at his home on Magnolia Avenue, San Jose, after several days of intense suffering. He was a little past seventy-nine years of age. Dr. Hertel was one of the first to receive the degree of M. D. from our medical department, now Cooper Medical College. He was loyal and liberal to his Alma Mater and was always glad to say, "I am an alumnus of the University of the Pacific."

Rev. A. C. Bane, '81, and Rev. E. P. Dennett, '82, have been appointed by the San Francisco Methodist Preachers' Association to confer with a committee from a similar association from Los Angeles on business relative to the entertainment of the General Conference of the M. E. Church, which is to be held in Los Angeles in May, 1904.

Mr. Richard Moyle, '99, is residing in Calumet, Michigan, where he has classes in vocal music.

In Sacramento, March 18, Prof. Herbert E. Cox, '82, Principal of the Pacific Coast Business College of San Jose, was united in marriage to Miss Ruth Merrill, a graduate from the University of California and an instructor in the Santa Cruz High School. The ceremony was performed by Rev. M. H. Alexander, '81, of Santa Rosa, a college friend of the groom. Prof. and Mrs. Cox will live in San Jose.

Mr. Edwin Smith, '01, of Sebastopol, on account of ill health, has not been able for several months to attend to his pastoral work.

On March 20, Rev. and Mrs. Theophilus Woodward, members of the class of '77, celebrated at Orange the twenty-fifth anniversary of their marriage.

Rev. E. P. Dennett, '82, of Alameda, and Mr. L. L. Dennett, '86, of Modesto, were in San Jose March 23 attending the funeral services of their cousin, Mr. George Morrison of San Jose.

Dr. Eno Richardson, '01, has been compelled on account of illness to return to California, and is at present in College Park. He has been practicing medicine in New Mexico.

Hon. H. L. Benson, '73, judge of the first district of Oregon, was in San Jose in April, the guest of his brother, Mr. S. G. Benson. Judge Benson was at one time the partner of Judge Lorigan, recently appointed to the Supreme Court.

## *Commencement Exercises.*

### **Tuesday, May 12,**

Commencement concert of the Conservatory of Music. Program consisted of selections rendered by the Choral society, and individual solo work both vocal and instrumental. Dean Douillet was in charge.



**Thursday, May 14,**

Graduating exercises of the Department of Elocution under direction of Mrs. Eastabrook-Yard.

**Friday, May 15,**

Anniversary of the Emendian Literary Society. Address was delivered by Miss Lulu Mayne, A. M. Music was furnished by Miss Nella Rogers and talent from the graduating class.

**Saturday, May 16,**

'03 stunt. Take off on campus life and doings of the faculty.

**Sunday, May 17,**

11 P. M. Annual University Love Feast led by President McClish.

3 P. M. Baccalaureate sermon by F. B. Short, D. D. Music by the Choral Society and Miss Nell Willison, violinist.

**Monday, May 18,**

Anniversary of Sopholechia. President's address, Miss Agnes Caughy; readings by Miss Macomber; society oration, Miss Phella Archer; music by Ladies Quartette, Miss Beatrice Maybury, soprano, and Mrs. Roy Mayne Hunkins, pianist.

**Tuesday, May 19,**

2:30 P. M. Graduating exercises of the Commercial College. Address by J. O. Hayes.

8 P. M. Anniversary of Archania. Address by W. A. Beasley; music by H. H. Barnhart, barytone; and Brohaska's orchestra. Presentation of diplomas, Prof. R. D. Hunt.

**Wednesday, May 20,**

2:30 P. M. Graduating exercises of the Academy. Address by H. F. Briggs, D. D.

8 P. M. Anniversary of Rhizomia. Address by President Eli McClish; music by Chas. W. Knox, basso; Roy Hoffman, violinist; W. T. Spangler, pianist. Presentation of diplomas, H. E. Milnes, '95.

**Thursday, May 21, COMMENCEMENT DAY.**

10:30 A. M. Graduating exercises of the College of Liberal Arts and the Conservatory of Music. Address by W. C. Evans, D. D.; music by Dean Douillet, Professors McColl, Bettman and Nella Rogers. Presentation of Diplomas and awarding Degrees, President Eli McClish.

2:30 P. M. Business meeting of Alumni.

8 P. M. Alumni Reunion.

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

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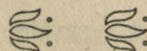
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