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WORKADAY WORLD.

"This is a workaday, practical world, and we must face things as they are."

VOLUME ONE,

NUMBER FOUR.

JANUARY-FEBRUARY

* * 1897. * *

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University of the Pacific

College Park, Cal.

University Print.

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Prof. A. C. BOTHE.

The managers of the WORKADAY WORLD, desirous of presenting to the students and friends of the University of the Pacific a comprehensive and interesting account of the work carried on by our University at College Park, are presenting with each issue a picture and sketch of some member of the Faculty. In accordance with that custom we are pleased to present with this number a picture and the accompanying sketch of Prof. A. C. Bothe, head of the Natural Science Department.

Professor Bothe has occupied the chair of natural sciences since 1894, and by his thorough and progressive methods has succeeded in bringing the science department to the front until we are able now to boast of an equipment equal to the best.

In 1884 the Professor entered school in the preparatory department of Central Wesleyan College of Missouri, and at the end of five years received the degree of A. B. Two months after graduation he was elected professor of advanced mathematics and science in St. Paul's College, Minn. He remained there three years and then resigned to do post graduate work at the University of Chicago. He remained in Chicago from 1892 to 1894 and then was unanimously elected to his present position in the University of the Pacific.

While at St. Paul's College the Professor spent the first summer studying methods in the National Normal University of Ohio. The next summer was spent with the Minnesoto Natural History Survey and the third at the Minnesoto University studying chemistry as a specialty.

After remaining for one year at Chicago he was again employed as the director of a field party by the Minnesoto Natural History Survey. The last year Professor Bothe was in Chicago he held the professorship of chemistry and toxicology at the Chicago Phiso-Medical School, and was also professor-elect of chemistry and physics in the McKillop Medical School of Chicago. Central Wesleyan College in 1894 conferred upon him the degree of A. M.

Professor Bothe is not only a specialist in chemistry, he is also an enthusiast in his chosen line of science. The student has his questions satisfied and feels the encouragement derived from instruction under the Professor. Each student has the Professor's personal guidance in the laboratory, a thing that is of great ad-

Prof. A. C. BOTHE, A. M.

Department of Natural Sciences.

vantage in experimental work. Since the chemical laboratory has reached its present efficiency Professor Bothe has been giving advanced work to special students, some of whom were preparing for medical courses and some for mining and other fields of study. Additions have been made from time to time in order to accommodate those desiring advanced work, and, in order to keep abreast of modern developments in science, a spectroscopic room has recently been added to the department.

The physical laboratory in connection with the science department also deserves mention. The efficiency of this department has been increased by the addition of eight new microscopes and a microtome, the latter being used in the construction of slides for microscopic work. Professor Krœck, the assistant instructor in biology and histology, is well qualified to teach in his department, and Professor Bothe is to be congratulated in securing such an able assistant.

The forenoon in the science department is given to class work, this leaving the remainder of the day open for laboratory work. All the experiments are carried on under the watchful eyes of the professors and no student is allowed to remain in the laboratory unless engaged in some work.

Since coming to the University Professor Bothe has demonstrated his ability as a thoroughly competent instructor and has developed the science department so that students are beginning to realize the importance of a thorough scientific training.

In private life Professor Bothe is a genial and accomplished man, ever ready to lend his assistance to any student who is in need. Among the members of the Faculty he is held in highest esteem, and the University should be commended for securing such an able and efficient instructor.

Those who seek happiness in ostentation and dissipation are like those who prefer the light of a candle to the splendor of the sun.—Napoleon I.

The past is no longer: the future may never be: the present is all of which man is the master. —[F. F. Rosseau.

Many a millionaire would give a fortune for an education.

OPENING OF THE SEMESTER.

Address by Bishop Newman.

On Wednesday evening, January 13th, Bishop John P. Newman delivered the opening address of of the Spring Semester on the subject, "The Mission of Science." Bishop Newman has for many years occupied a place in the front ranks of our national progress and showed by his address that he is thoroughly acquainted and in sympathy with the movements of modern science. The following is a brief synopsis of the address:

"Christianity is the religion of the intellect. Some master mind is yet to give us a monograph on the intellect of Jesus Christ. Great as is his moral splendor, that will be eclipsed by the splendor of his intellect. We think of him as a great moralist, as the founder of great ethical codes, as the divine teacher, but we do not think of him as the greatest intellect that ever touched our earth."

The Bishop then contrasted the intellect of Aristotle with that of Jesus Christ and declared that "when Aristotle is forgotten the sayings of our divine master will be remembered as the words of the greatest intellect this world has ever known."

The Bishop pointed out the fact that should we place in parallel columns the studies of our modern universities and the teachings of Christ we would find that "almost every science taught to-day was referred to by him. And up to the present day I have failed to find a single error in his references to any of the sciences."

"The miracles of Christ show the power of his intellect. He looked back of what the ordinary mind could see. In the calming of the sea the ordinary mind would have spoken to the waves; Christ spoke to the winds—'Peace, be still,' and there was a great calm. I think the miracles that he wrought were the expression of his intellect. There is no power in the universe segregated from the intellect. To have power we must know how things are to be done. The power that moves this world is thought. The power that moves society, the power that moves men in their moral relations is thought; and so then it is not strange that we are devotees of the one who gives us, more than any other can give, this intellectual power. There is nothing in all the sacred books that transcends the teachings of Christ.

When you and I rise to the true conception of reality and of the universe, we shall see indications of the same master mind. It is a pity that the church has not recognized this; a pity that there has been a strife between religion and science. To-day it is to be regretted that so many clergymen place themselves in antagonism to those scientists who are exploring the universe and revolutionizing thought. The discoveries of modern science uphold and do not destroy scripture, when rightly understood. Huxley

never said that the soul was protoplasm. He did say that protoplasm was the basis of life, and who of you can deny it or prove its falsity. The trouble with us is that we do not pay enough attention to the exact language these men use.

The Bishop showed that while there was an apparent antagonism between science and the Bible, it was only apparent, and that geology, chemistry and the other sciences furnished the modern preacher with his clearest illustrations and come to sustain the book that we call divine. The truth is we must admit this: There is no infallibility in the interpretation either of the Bible or of nature. While we may have our suppositions and our hypotheses, God has given us no foundation for the claim of infallibility. There is not an astronomer on the earth that would risk his reputation on the definition of light. No scientist would dare to give an infallible definition of heat or electricity. When you and I shall fully realize the limitations of our human abilities then we shall realize that God has not made us infallible either in the interpretation of his nature or of his Word.

"We estimate the value of science to-day by its utility. The drift of scientific knowledge to-day is to increase and then to satisfy our wants. If I had the choice of the university or the church, of the philosopher or the priest, I would choose the university rather than the church, the philosopher rather than the priest. But revelation demands that the church shall be the university, the priest the philosopher. It is impossible for the church to push to the front without science. Science furnishes to the clergyman his best and truest store of illustrations; science gives the books for his library; furnishes the engine by which he travels; furnishes the steamers for the transportation of your missionaries.

"In knowledge without love there is some malignity. There is no purifying power in mere intellectual knowledge. Some of our most brilliant intellects have been associated with the blackest hearts. The mission of religion is to place a conservative and purifying power on science and to sanctify science to the good of mankind. Christianity comes to us to purify the thought, to people the imagination with holy things, to control our wills, to hold our passions and desires in subordination. There is no power in science except that which comes from on high."

DOUBT.

Thou Christ, my soul is hurt and bruised:
With words the scholars wear me out:
Brain of me weary and confused,—
Thee, and myself, and all I doubt.

And must I back to darkness go
Because I cannot say their creed?
I know not what I think; I know
Only that thou art what I need.

—*Century.*

BIOLOGICAL PRIVILEGES.

BY PROF. L. S. KRŒCK.

The fame of Pacific Grove has spread over the entire land. To the pleasure-seeker it is a favorite resort. To the invalid it is a life-giving power. To the scientist it is a field of untold possible discoveries. Such a variety of life and at the same time such large numbers of the variety are to be found only in a very few places upon this earth. The opportunities for original work for the student of nature are almost unbounded.

For the convenience of investigators Timothy Hopkins of San Francisco has placed at Pacific Grove a building suitable for the purpose of biological work. Men of the Eastern States avail themselves of the opportunities here presented, and there are a number of men from this State who have made Pacific Grove their particular hunting-ground for wonders of life. But this State has not yet to any extent educated its people up to the point where they are able to take hold of the work of investigation.

The waters of Monterey Bay are full of life, but there are really very few men who are at all interested in this fact. Scientific investigation with any pretense of earnestness has been going on only within the last two or three years.

What may be said of Pacific Grove may be said with greater emphasis of the entire Pacific Coast. A Timothy-Hopkins Laboratory built as large as the State would not be too large. In fact, before many more years have passed this entire State will be one Laboratory. There is no place in the world that presents such a field of untold wealth for the biologist.

Students of this University having the love for the work may easily do mankind a good turn by bringing to light facts never before known. There are opportunities for making your name immortal.

These are oppurtunities presented to men of science, those who make the study of nature their life's work; but we must not forget that a Pacific-Coast college student has advantages not presented to Eastern college students. A Middle-State student, if he wishes to study the facts and phenomena of life, must confine himself to the limited varieties presented to him by his locality, or he must content himself, under great expense, to study some few dried or preserved

specimens; or he must take the word of the author of some text book and run the risk of gaining false information, which he will almost certainly get by misinterpretation, if in no other way. A description of a thing is good, a picture of a thing is better, but the thing itself is best.

We have all the more common forms of life presented to the Middle States, we have all the common forms of life presented to the Atlantic States, and we have hundreds of forms to be found nowhere else upon this earth.

It is to be feared that we as California students do not rightly appreciate our advantages. However this may be nature demands a hearing; if we refuse to listen, she will not present to us the joys and comforts she has in store for us.

SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED.

President McClish, during his lecturing trips, has been asked a large number of questions about the University of the Pacific and in order to answer some of them he published the following in the "California Christian Advocate."

"Is the University for ministers only?"

Certainly not. It is in no sense a theological school. It is open for all—both young men and young women—who seek a liberal education. Our college offers four courses of study: viz., classical, philosophic, scientific, English.

"Is there a preparatory school in connection with the college?"

There is an Academy which gives a three years' course of study. Last year a graduate of our Academy entered Stanford without examinations.

"Are there any classes in the Academy for students who have not yet completed the grammar course?"

There are. We find some students who have been prevented from finishing the grammar school, by sickness or otherwise, until their size and age render it unpleasant for them to attend the usual grammar school classes. They feel more at home with students of their own age. So to meet the wants of such we have sub-academic classes in United States history, geography, arithmetic and spelling.

"What does tuition cost?"

Fifty dollars a year, which is about one dollar and a quarter each week. Of course, music costs more; but less than the same teachers would give it for outside the school.

"What does it cost to secure board and furnished room, warmed and lighted?"

About five dollars per week in the college.

"Do any of the students board in clubs, and at what cost per week?"

We have had one club of girls and three of boys during the semester that has just ended. I requested them to keep an account of expenses and they did so. The girls' expense for room, fuel and food, was between $1.50 and $1.60 per week. One boys' club was about $1.25 per week, and another—the most expensive—about $8 per month. All these students say they were well fed. One club informed me that its members all increased in flesh. I state this to show to the public that the students in clubs do not suffer from the want of nourishing food. At the rates quoted above it will be seen that any young person of high aims and fixed purpose can pay his room rent, living expenses, and tuition in a regular college course at from $2.50 to $3.25 per week. And we all honor such nobility of character.

"Can one who takes music secure any advantages in the literary departments?"

We think it best for a music student to do some literary work. Therefore, each music student who pays $50 tuition each semester is admitted free to one class in the literary department. I speak from eminent and intelligent authority when I assure pupils seeking a musical education that we have the best equipped conservatory of music on the Pacific Coast.

"When can a student enter?"

At any time. But it is always better to begin with the semester.

WINTER BOTANY.

"Wilt thou be mine, O loveliest flower?"
Sighed Jack Frost to the rose one night
As she nestled warm in her cozy bower,
Half hidden from his sight.

The rose grew pale as a snowy lily;
Jack all but blushed in his guilt
As she murmured low: "I know it is silly,
But, Jacky dear, I wilt."

So betrothed they were, but the frost soon jilted
His love for another "flame;"
The rose, abandoned, drooped and wilted;
Jack still plays the old, old game.

—*Undergraduate.*

A STUDY.

When I was very young music had a great effect upon me; but this was not true of all music. At about two or three years of age a brass band would affect me so that I could hardly walk, and upon one occasion, then about three years old, I came as near crying as upon any occasion since. If circumstances would allow I would go a long distance to hear a brass band, but generally would keep a distance from the band of a block or two. If I approached nearer the pleasure went over into the painful and I could not control myself. I do not remember that as a child church music ever particularly pleased me; that I was fond of the music of the organ or the songs that were sung. I do remember that some songs never pleased me. In particular was there one Sunday School song that was actually painful to me, so that I often requested my mother not to sing that song. Now this song is designed for children and is sung in almost every German Sunday School in the United States up to the present day.

All persons are affected by music one way or another. I would like to have from our readers, and all other persons who care to take the trouble, a statement of how they were affected by music as children. What kind of music pleased you most? To what kind of music were you indifferent? Was there any music which you could not enjoy? State whether you always liked the words which went with any particular tune.

These few questions with the short illustrations above will make clear what is wanted. Many other questions may suggest themselves to you. If enough answers can be had we will publish the result of this study in some later issue of the WORKADAY WORLD.

This study is primarily for the purpose of, in a measure, settling some of the questions which have arisen in my mind in regard to our Sunday Schools, such as: To what extent can we use music as a power for drawing children into our Sunday Schools? What should be the character of the music? Should musical instruments be used? What instrument should be used? etc.

Any statement of the kind indicated will be very valuable to me. Address

L. S. KRŒCK,
College Park, Cal.

EDITORIALS.

We think we have done ourselves credit in printing this issue in our own office. We hope slight errors will be overlooked.

W W W

The park at San Jose is bounded on the north by the St. Claire Club, on the south by the Episcopalian Church, on the east by the Unitarian Church, and on the west by the Court House. But the mystery is why, under the light of wealth and religion, intellect and justice, so many men spend days of idleness, wondering what to do next.

W W W

On New Year's day we walked across the fields to admire the sunset as viewed from the San Joaquin. All the western clouds were tinged with deep color and the sky behind was lighted up with a brighter glow, always a simile to us of a better future. The effect upon the Sierras rested like a last kiss upon the pale brow of the past. And as darkness drew her veil over the scene the god of day stretched his golden fingers far up toward the zenith, as if in blessing on the coming year, and we bowed our head to receive his benediction.

W W W

Professor Curtis spent his Christmas vacation in placing the recently acquired books upon the shelves of the library. To accommodate them four new alcoves were added to the shelving. The re-catalogueing of the books, which is greatly needed, could not be accomplished as Professor Curtis had hoped. The books from the Napa library are to be found among the old books, arranged as far as possible according to subjects. The White collection, the bequest of Rev. James H. White, L. L. D., occupy two alcoves, where they remain separate as a memorial of the deceased minister. This collection consists of about five hundred volumes. The magazines have been arranged alphabetically and rendered still more available by placing the unbound copies upon the shelves.

Professor Curtis desires to make the library a place for study as far as possible. Another

large table has been placed in the room to accommodate students. Quiet is always maintained—the former boisterous spirit has subsided—and the library is a comfortable place for study.

W W W

The fact that work in the Jones Printing Office will afford financial return to several students suggests that if other industries were opened in which students might labor many more young people would be able to make their way through college. It is the financial question that deprives many of such an education, and, taken more broadly, it is an economical question as to how much wealth a State can afford to turn aside from the channels of business to support its institutions of learning and its younger generation while in pursuit of a higher education. Here is an opportunity for for endowment that will tend toward the preservation of the economical interests of society. A little money goes a long way with a frugal student, and if that little can be placed in his hands for the performance of some useful labor society would be the gainer by the amount of money that goes into its products. We merely offer the suggestion in general terms.

W W W

In this issue Prof. Krœck publishes an article requesting information about the effect of music upon children in Sunday Schools. He has been making a study of the various schools in San Jose and vicinity in a scientific manner and desires the information asked for in order to make his investigation of permanent value. Nothing can be done in any field of study without the facts before one. Prof. Krœck is in line, in pursuing this course, with the best approved modern methods, and says he ought to have at least 500 responses to his questions to make his study a success. We hope our readers, both in the University and outside, will respond fully and promptly. We are pleased to have this investigation carried on through the pages of the WORKADAY WORLD.

W W W

Some people's prayers are either the subjuntive of desire or the mere optative of wish. There is no Almighty to whom they are addressed; they merely hover about the head of the aspirant. If we are to judge prayer by our conceptions of it, then surely he who speaks to God prays sublimest.

Thursday, January 28th, was the day of prayer for colleges. During the afternoon the classes were suspended and a meeting for prayer and other devotional exercises was held in the Conservatory parlor. The room was filled with students and professors. President McClish led the meeting. Again in the evening a meeting was held in the church at which Dr. McClish presided and gave an address suitable to the occasion, in the course of which he made the remark: "If we did not pause a moment to pray we would not be in harmony with the best thought of the age." A number of the students took a definite stand in religious life, while all felt that the afternoon and evening had been profitably spent. The Association day of prayer occurred on Sunday, the 17th, on which occasion Dr. McClish preached in the morning and led a devotional meeting in the afternoon in South Hall study room. The meeting in the evening was presided over by Mr. Fulmer, President of the Y. M. C. A. These meetings have resulted in a quickened spiritual life.

W W W

As a general criticism upon class orations we wish to suggest that it looks awkward from the audience to see the speaker hold his hands for more than a moment behind his back. An armless man has lost part of his beauty.

W W W

"This is a workaday, practical world," and if the Faculty would place elocution on the basis of other subjects we are sure more students would see the practicability of attending the elocution classes.

W W W

The pages of the WORKADAY WORLD are open to contributions from Faculty and students. Indeed, that is what we want in order to make the paper a success. Your copy must be in early.

W W W

Exchanges: Will some of you please take notice that the Pacific Pharos has ceased to shine. Will others please notice that we are not a "working" day, but a WORKADAY WORLD.

W W W

The Third Year Class deserves credit for the interest it took in its rhetoricals. Interest always wins success.

Through the efforts of the WORKADAY WORLD the University is now in possession of a printing plant to be known as the "Jones Printing Office." In order to secure this material and the use of it in the printing of the WORKADAY WORLD, we have made ourselves responsible for the payment toward it of a certain sum of money. In doing so, however, we feel that responsibility devolves upon our patrons as well as upon us, on the ground that this step will prove not alone the advancement of a college paper but a valuable acquisition to the University. While the material is plentiful enough for all present demands it will be our effort to add from time to time such new fronts of type as will make it possible for the office to do the highest grade of book and job work.

We entertain no doubt that our friends will patronize us liberally enough to make it possible for us to pay the obligation we have assumed. More than that, we believe that our income will enable us to develop out of the WORKADAY WORLD a paper just as valuable to our readers outside of the University as to the students themselves. We are warranted in these expectations by the flattering words that have come to us about the appearance and contents of our publication. Quite a number of our friends from a distance have expressed such sentiments both in words and in the more substantial form of cash subscription. And, moreover, a strong guarantee of our success is to be found in the fact that the students are always anxious for the next appearance of the WORKADAY WORLD. Our friends and fellow students have our gratitude for these expressions of confidence.

We are indebted to Mr. Paul Needham for the typographical appearance of the three numbers we have already published, and the printing only goes out of his hands because of the present arrangements. We expect to maintain the same grade of work in the future, for there is sufficient typographical experience available at present to meet all demands.

W W W

Without the influence of science the imagination is liable to run riot, as is proven by many ancient ideas of the supernatural and the modern notions of religious cranks.

W W W

There is but one fault to be found with the twenty-eight volumes of the Century dictionary —they sometimes get badly "pied," in term of the printer.

THE LONELINESS OF GENIUS.

[The following oration was delivered by Mr. Ernest Grigg at the last anniversary of the Archanian Literary Society.]

Every living organism has its peculiar characteristics. Similarities and dissimilarities can be traced in the same species and in those widely separated. Neither does it require very acute powers of observation to discover some constitutional respects in which one class differs from another that is either on a lower or a higher plane in the evolutionary scale. The cattle of the hills congregate in herds and seem restless if deserted; the lion, king of the forest, roams apart in desolate dens and trackless waste; swallows flock together in their aerial flights; the eagle seeks isolation and on her mighty pinions rises aloft piercing heights no other bird dares hope to reach. Turn your thoughts to the human world. How distinct is man from man.

But notwithstanding the myriad minor dissimilarities by which we distinguish men, the general affinities of the vast majority are obvious. Their constitution being human the great mass of mankind possess their primary characteristics in common. Apart from these there is occasionally heard the voice of a noble soul —shall we call him man—who does not seem the inhabitant of this imperfect world, but the denizen of some higher sphere. His is not a mind moulded by environments, fashioned by the external appliances of education. He transcends the helps and hindrances with which tuition may surround him; great, because he cannot but be great; sincere, because the innate nobility of his soul spurns the baseness of insincerity. Like some tall sequoia, monarch of the mountains, whose majestic towering throws into insignificance the surrounding trees, the man of genius, the lonely demigod, rears his stately form into heights immeasurably above his contemporaries, and stands the admiration of a world, so distinct that you cannot fail to see him, and seeing him you cannot fail to honor him.

And where shall we expect to find this lonely man? Look you for him in classic halls, in royal palaces, on kingly thrones? Perchance you find him here, but rarely. He is not the darling of fortune, he is not made, but born. Go also to the chamber of blindness in London, to the felon jail of Bedford, to the neighboring fields of an

Ayrshire hut, to the storm-tossed sea of Lake Gennesaret. From these dreary, desolate environments have come forth the men who, wrapped in original splendor, have been the guiding stars of their generations, and holding the gates ajar conduct us to the ineffable.

The man of genius is a solitary man. Standing amidst the great throng, possessed of the highest aspirations and the most elevated tastes, he feels that they do not understand him; he knows that they cannot appreciate him; his soul beats a loftier strain. With a great mission to perform he must go his way and wait until the world is ready to welcome him. With a nature the noblest he must have an atmosphere the purest, the most sublime. What are the noise and din of a crowded city to a soul so possessed, so exultant, or all the myriad phantasmagoria of wealth and fame, how do they affect him? The truly great man whon we call a genius, like the majestic eagle, seeks his own environment. He goes apart—ascends the height. Oceans, mountains, valleys, wildernesses, summon him forth to be their companion. Here he finds his true abode. Standing by the lonely seashore, he listens to the roaring of the rushing ocean; and pacing its water's edge catches the echoes of deep, doleful voices, voices pathetic, voices infinite. And when in some sylvan solitude, scaling mountain peaks, or traversing darkened ravines where the piercing beams of the sun seldom penetrate, alone with nature, with no covering save the ethereal blue, no voice save the harmony of the elements, he revels at will in deepest, truest ecstacies. The petals of the flowers, the wild, rough, flinty rock over which he scrambles, the musicians of the air that utter forth their warbling notes to thrill the soul of man and beast, —all these have a message for him. He knows the voice of nature. Valleys and mountains, shady groves and barren wastes, birds of the air and denizens of the forest, make melody for his sublimest soul. What the esthetic natures of the Greeks were pleased to call the music of the spheres is to him the harmony of the great terrestrial and celestial orchestras that keep time and march to an unerring and infinite director. His is a pure soul ; his is a beatified spirit that reaches up to the Divine, to the soul of the Universal King.

Here let the chronicles of history speak forth, and turning with me its living pages, let us watch with wonder and admiration the scenes as they pass before us. Behold ! yonder

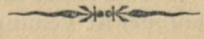
the prophet of Horeb! sincere Mahommed, traversing the deserts of desolate Arabia! royal Buddha, secluded in the caves of India! the divine Dante, wandering sorrowfully through the shades of hades, as the soul of a lost Greek on the banks of the Stygian Lake! Robert Burns, Scotland's noblest son, whose soul was like a star and dwelt apart! Byron, on the shores of the Ægean, gathering the sparkling jewels that glisten in the diadem of his fame! Gibbon, weaving his chaplet of immorteles by the lonely waters of Lake Leman! and last, but grandest, surpassing all in touching solitude, the lonely Nazarene, here standing dumb and speechless before Scribes and Pharisees, there in a lonely garden crushed with deepest grief. Lonely, noble geniuses.

The genius, because of his extraordinary capabilities and seemingly eccentric mode of life, is often unfairly criticised and made the object of ridicule by those less intellectually endowed. It is to be granted that instances arise in which prolonged loneliness leads to the point of morbidity and produces eccentricities of character that strike the common mind as peculiarly grotesque. I will call this the tax imposed on intellectuality. The tendency of the ages is to view with envy the man who rises peerless in their midst. But who will say that Socrates was not sane?—he who turned the philosophy of his time, which was a philosophy of creations, of mysteries and abstract speculations, into a philosophy of life, of morals and of unquestioned realities; and yet men, prejudiced men, men in authority over the state condemned him as insane, as traitorous, as idolatrous; and Socrates, the sage of seventy summers, banished from life by the vote of his own countrymen, was compelled to take the fatal hemlock in an Athenian prison.

All men have a right to an existence, but none a greater than the man of genius. Supernaturally endowed with prophetic vision, with penetrative insight, with power to command, he has in all ages been the polar star around whom other systems have revolved and from whom derived their inspiration. History is replete with the names of men, under the influence of whose voices multitudes have hung breathless and upon the golden thread of whose magic power have been suspended the destiny of nations and the progress of civilization. In what condition would the world be to-day had there not

lived such men as Alexander, Napoleon, Cromwell? What would America be to-day had not George Washington won for himself golden honors in the early history of this nation? And yet there are those to whom the world owes greater debts. Not the man that arraigns himself against public evils, not the Senator that walks the floor of Congress, not he who, sitting on a throne and bearing a royal septre is styled king or president, commands our profoundest admiration. If there is one that should hold the foremost place in the heart of this or any other nation, if there is one above another whose praises should be hymned by loyal citizens, he it is that unfolds for your thought the profoundest philosophies, that chisels for you your most exquisite sculptures, that portrays upon canvas the most delicate conceptions: he who, linked with Divinity, lays at your door the sublimest feelings in rhythmic thought, who, revelling in the inexpressible, portrays the soul of the universe to its counterpart in man. These are they that lay claim to your greatest honor. Spare them and you spare your civilization, disregard them and you destroy the vital organism that gives birth to the dearest and noblest in a country's progress.

Beyond the waters of the blue Atlantic, hemming the borders of sunny Italy, rises a lofty peak, in comparison with which the surrounding heights seem but hillocks. Lifting her snow-capped crown far into the frozen heavens, no other peak daring to rival her in majestic splendor, but all sitting as subjects at the pedestal of some queenly throne, Mount Blanc stands alone in mid-heaven, one of the wonders of Europe and the admiration of all times and climes. Like that queen of the Alps, the true genius, unapproachable in sublimity of mind, with wings of intellect soaring into regions to most men impenetrable, shall continue to stand the solitary king of men. He shall speak, the world shall listen. Cathedrals, palaces, monarchies, shall lose their form, and pass into oblivion, but he shall live on through the coming ages the preserver of the race, and the central force from whom shall emanate the life and energy of the nations.



"Do you believe every dog will have his day?"

"It may be not; but I am sure every cat has its night."—[Tiger.

THE YOUTH ✳ ✳ ✳ OF WASHINGTON.

BY PROF. R. D. HUNT.

Each February, as the years go the swift course of time, Americans turn aside in life's onflowing current to do honor to him who left us the legacy of freedom. One hundred sixty-four years ago there was born of young America her first citizen. George Washington is the first fruits of earth's greatest nation.

At the early age of ten Washington was left, by the death of his father, the precious charge of a solicitous mother. Mrs. Washington was a remarkable woman, worthy of an illustrious son: she possessed profound good sense, great tenderness and assiduity, and charming, unaffected manners. She not only reared her son at the hearthstone, but gave him a substantial private education. Her deep solicitude prevented his entering the British navy as midshipman, and saved him to serve his country and posterity. In truth the Father of his Country was himself the son of a noble mother, and in eulogizing his great name, let one always pause to pay tribute to that other name, the Mother of Washington.

In his employment as a country surveyor, while yet a mere boy, he distinguished himself by his diligence, neatness, and accuracy, and gained an acquaintance with the location and value of new lands that served him well both in private and public life.

Early in his boyhood Washington displayed candor, manliness. and an easy ascendency over his companions. He was not long in displaying his military propensities. The spark, so early enkindled, burst into flame while he was but fifteen, by the war between England and France. At nineteen, appointed Major in the Virginia militia, he executed his duties with such fidelity and honor that he was soon called to higher stations. Nothing in Washington's entire career is more remarkable than his appointment, a youth of twenty-one, by the government of Virginia as envoy in that most delicate and hazardous diplomatic mission to the Indian chiefs and the French commander at Venango. "Consummate knowledge of human nature as well as of wood-craft," says Fiske, "a courage that no threats could daunt and a clear intelligence that no treachery could hoodwink, were the qualities

absolutely demanded by such an undertaking; yet the young man acquitted himself of his perilous task not merely with credit, but with splendor."

The youth of Washington! There he stands, stalwart, tall, majestic, a fitting prophecy of the first of the Americans! His well formed limbs and agile frame indicate bodily strength; his courtly grace of manner, his fine sense of honor, his manly, dignified carriage—all these betoken extraordinary power in repose in the highest social circles; from a grave countenance his keen gray eyes look out, under a broad brow, crowned with rich brown hair, from a soul serene and great.

The youth of Washington! In him are already forming that solidity of jugdment, that luster of virtue, that integrity of character, that will make him, in perilous times, the anchor of the Constitution. Alive to social pleasure, living the life of a humble Christian, acquiring quickly the lessons of reflection and experience, a constant student of military and civil affairs with whole-souled devotion to public duty,—there he stands, the embodiment of incorruptible integrity, looking courageously into a future that shall make him "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

Washington is America's ideal citizen, God's gift to Freedom's posterity. He must be viewed as the best fruitage of a new born people. He stands unique in lofty grandeur. The youth of Washington is America's youth. Wedded to Columbia, his offspring is a mighty nation.

On the bank of the Potomic is the home of Washington's youth. I have looked upon the scenes that greeted his enlarging vision. But he is not there. His home has become his sepulchre. I have stood with reverent mien at the tomb of Washington, gazing with steadfastness upon the sarcophagus of the noble dead. But he is not there. Suspended far up in the great dome of our national Capitol is Brumidi's allegorical painting, The Apotheosis of Washington. I have there beheld the deified Washington, with Freedom at his right and Victory at his left. But this is beautiful allegory, Washington is not there. Washington to-day, in the splendor of perennial youth, is universally enshrined in the hearts of a grateful people. His spirit dwells in the realms of celestial light: the inspiration of his life quickens to patriotic devotion America's millions. On this anniversary let all our youth summon their patriotic devotion, and their Christian loyalty.

and strive henceforth to emulate our nation's hero who has proved the double truth announced by the Savior of men and inscribed on his own tomb: "I am the Resurrection and the Life. He that believeth on me, though he were dead, yet shall he live."

RELIGION AND MUSIC.

BY DEAN WM. PIUTTI.

From Lectures on the History of Music.

The sixteenth century is the great epoch in which mankind, so to speak, took a new lease of life. To determine in what this life consisted, it is necessary to study religion and the arts, the spiritual agencies which have always represented man's highest culture and civilization. It is conceded that religion and the arts of music, poetry and painting portray man's spiritual being more truly than do philosophy, science and politics; because the former produce spiritually, while the latter reproduce and formulate spirit materially. In so far as these do produce, they partake of the spirits of the arts, and their results spring from the self same spirit that actuates production in art.

Again, the fine arts find their origin in religion, and we must regard that art as the highest which appears as abstract spirit without the help of conceivable matter or external means. The Christian religion regenerates and produces spirit, and thus gives rise to the highest in the fine arts. Is it possible for man to receive and retain religion without external means? Can he constantly enjoy its fullest light, or must he not rather be content with momentary flashes which penetrate to the innermost sanctuary of the soul? Weak and finite as he is, man can yet retain the impress and vision of that light. Moreover it incites in him a keener desire of realizing that spirit more and more to himself, and of straining it into a renewed coming in, for man does desire to attain to a fuller possession and knowledge of it. But if it be impossible for man to receive the spirit of religion without the help of conceivable matter, will he otherwise receive no spirit at all, or will he recognize a spirit that appears mysteriously to be produced and manifested in nature and even in himself? Pagan art proves that he does recognize such a spirit, and we know that the Christian religion can

be received through activity alone. Now, activity in man is but another and broader name for art. Art is activity, and it has for its end to gain fuller possession of the spirit produced by religion, and to reproduce a faint semblance of it. Religion thus brings forth activity, and in the different means and forms in which activity manifests itself we find the various arts. Therefore art, which always depends upon means and outward forms is lower than religion, and for art to produce as abstract spirit is inconceivable. Only the Christian religion can produce abstractly; and art or activity, essential to man's existence, is highest when it resembles religion most in its product. It is also clear that not every artist is a good Christian, though he may be striving to be, but every good Christian is an artist and a good one.

It has been shown that religion is at the root of all spiritual activity which fills up life, and that that activity is highest which with the least external means produces a spirit comparable to the spirit of religion. Of the arts only two can be named that do not employ very palpable external means, namely, poetry and music. Although we cannot consider in the abstract religion and the changes wrought in it during the Reformation, we can notice the effects on the art which represents the highest activity.

No activity of poetry could be greater than that of the Bible, employing as it does the same external means as poetry; and when Martin Luther rendered the Bible and the hymn book accessible to every individual, he brought mankind into the highest activity by furnishing the means for the purest activity. As for the activity of poetry, it can never excel that of the Bible, which contains its highest source and inspiration, and a rising of this art above the standard prevailing in the age in which the Bible was written is improbable, if not impossible. The history of this art, in fact, shows a real decline, for all its influence in bringing man into a fuller possession of religious spirit has proven less than that of the Bible. It therefore does not so much produce as it reproduces and formulates existing spirit produced by the Bible and other activity. It also portrays man as the bearer of such activity. We have, then, man himself and his life as the theme of poetry; drama and other forms of poetry are but reproductions.

To the activity in music there are no bounds. Its means had never been employed by the individual before the Reformation, and the Refor-

mation removed every hindrance to his exercising his own activity in producing spirit by it. Music, therefore, became the rising art, and it is proven by historical evidence to be such.

The Story of the Pine.

By John E. Richards (Alumnus) in S. F. Call.

I am the patriarch of the pines,
The father of the wood;
Through winter storms and summer winds—
For centuries I have stood
Where meet the ocean and the bay
Which modern men call Monterey.

Long, long ago when youth was mine,
Amid the rocks and sand,
I grew a tall and lonely pine
Within a lonely land:
And watched, a single sentinel tree,
Beside an undiscovered sea.

Then came a rude and savage race
Of simple, stolid men,
To make their brief abiding place
Beneath my shade, and then
To wander without thought or care
Of wiser peoples otherwhere.

But lo! one eve beside the son
A wide sail glistened white;
A loud and unaccustomed gun
Resounded through the night:
At morn Cabrillo's vessels lay
Within the broad arms of the bay.

The fateful storm, the breakers' roar,
Forbade the Spaniard's stay,
And warned him from a friendly shore;
But ere he bore away
He swept its surf-encircled lines
And christened this "The Bay of Pines."

Anon across the western sky
From Orient lands of sun
And isles of spice, came creeping by
The freightened galleon,
And hovering fiercely on its wake
The pirate fleet of Francis Drake.

A new born century saw the ships
Which bold Vizcaino bore,
Rise where the dim horizon dips,
Seeking this wooded shore;
And heard amid my forest din,
The Carmelite chant his solemn hymn.

The Spaniards went and solitude
Resumed her ancient reign
Over the ocean, bay and wood.
The waning power of Spain
Bade no bold captains to the west
To scourge its seas or break its rest.

No shadow from the troubled world
Crossed my horizon lines;
No State its bloody flag unfurled
Among my peaceful pines;
The savage grandsire mumbled o'er
A dim tradition by the shore.

So crept the sleepy years along,
Until one bright May morn
Through the wide woodland went a song
On scented breezes borne:
It was the mission fathers, come
To seek a settlement and home.

They built their church beside the sand
And swung the mission bell,
Which answered back across the land,
From Carlos to Carmel;
To virgin vales they gave increase
To savage souls they whispered peace.

But all too soon the evil strife
Of men from many climes
Destroyed the peaceful mission life
And filled the land with crimes,
While stronger peoples watched the prize
Of these rich shores with lustful eyes.

One summer morn a stately ship
Sailed up the sunlit bay
Flaunting a flag which did not dip
To other flag that day,
But, high uplifted on the shore,
Proclaimed the old dominion o'er.

Beneath that banner's ample fold
Gathered with swift increase
A restless race athirst for gold
Yet skilled in arts of peace,
And strong to found, in laws secure,
An ordered State which should endure.

For gold they delve in mountain mines,
For gold they sift the sand—
They make the valleys laugh in vines,
And till the fertile land
To frieght their ships for every shore,
Whose trade may swell their golden store.

But when, their weary spirits spent
In that mad race for wealth,
They sigh for peace and sweet content,
And seek for rest and health,
To my wide woods beside the bay
They come and dream their cares away.

And wandering in my forest dim
Or lingering by the shore,
They seem to hear the solemn hymn
The fathers sung of yore,
While echoes of a mission bell
Creep through the pines from old Carmel.

VACATION MEMORIES.

Never in the annals of Old U. P. has a more jolly crowd taken possession of the S. P. Co.'s coaches than those who responded to the familiar strains of the Red Bluff High School yell. Shut off from the many pleasures of life by the demands of our school work for five long months, no wonder that the dawning of December 23d thrilled our hearts with the reality that we were to spend a whole day in happiness and freedom, and that its close would place us with the dear ones we had left so long ago.

Seldom did sleep steal over our eyelids on that night, for every ten minutes the bang of the alarm-clock would find us in the middle of the room only to realize that we had been dreaming. The crow of the rooster told of coming day, and the stars took a last peep into one of South Hall's windows to get a last look at our Matron with her steaming coffee pot, and the little crowd of smiling faces, and then silently disappeared as if the occasion demanded a happier mission than their bright twinkle.

Soon the good-byes were showered to those we were to leave behind, and we were off. After changing cars at Oakland and the usual fun of lugging guitars, banjos, bandboxes, valises, etc., from one car to another was over and we were comfortably settled, for our journey to Davisville, then it was that we proved our authority; the train men and passengers in general humbly acknowledged "that we were the people and

must be respected." Then we yelled, Hi, Ho, He; That's Dutch Flat, etc., until we ran out of yells, then we resorted to guitars and banjos and sang everything from the tradition of Mary's little lamb to

Adieu, adieu, kind friends, adieu, adieu, adieu,
We can no longer live on stew, live on stew,
We'll hang our harps on the top of old East Hall,
And may the world go well with all.

At Davisville our party was to be divided. With a farewell yell we bade adieu to the familiar face within its back ground of orange, and clambered aboard our own train homeward bound in earnest. At Orland it was necessary to part with another of our party; bitterly we said good-by, but happy to see her eyes leap with joy as they met those with whom she had parted so long ago. Long before the wheels ceased to rotate at old Red Bluff we could see the crowd of dear ones who so anxiously awaited us. After the melodious strains of hello Hart, Mike, Jay and Rome had died away, we proceeded upon an Xmas and a vacation which we will ever remember. The very air we breathed seemed teeming with hilarity and every evening found us mingling in some gay circle, waking those Alpine regions with our noisy mirth. Now you can find us at a dinner party; next our faces are mingled with our old schoolmates; and then we were off to an afternoon tea; and hardly before the sun's last straggling beam was chased away by Luna's chariot, we were assembled at the home of our old school teacher, to spend an evening of all kinds of fun, from eating all the bananas to the merry warblings of some wingless "Chee Chee." All this sprinkled with bicycle rides and buggy rides galore are sketches of the routine.

And now after the bitterness of parting with our friends and parents is over, the engineer again pulls the throttle to hurry us on to our destination of knowledge and success.

At Sacramento our numbers were reinforced by the delegation from Dutch Flat, and different stations along the road were continuously adding to our party. And as we rolled into Stockton a chorus of "They are such sweet young things," told us that more familiar faces were soon to join us. After this our jollity was almost brought to a serious termination by an accident to one of the young gentlemen in a tunnel, but thanks to his liberal supply of war whoops which he has constantly on hand, an old gentleman came to his assistance and he escaped calamity. Each and every one was forced to acknowledge that the 11th of January closed the happiest vacation of our lives. X. Y. Z.

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BUSINESS MANAGER'S CORNER.

The first number of the WORKADAY WORLD appeared last October, with Messrs. Hugh Baker and James Falconer as editors, C. A. Bernhard, business manager, and Paul Needham as printer. Many have wondered why we called our paper the WORKADAY WORLD. In Dr. McClish's address on one occasion he said that it was his aim and wish to make this University a great educational workshop. We sought for a name that would be in accordance with this idea and WORKADAY WORLD is the result. We have tried to make each issue of the paper better than the preceding and to make them all such as would indicate that this University is truly a workshop for the broadening and developing, molding and polishing of all that is good, noble and pure in human nature.

Financial and technical questions are of vital importance to every paper, and when we became aware of the possibility of the University owning its own printing plant we immediately set about accomplishing that end.

We knew that Rev. Seneca Jones, formerly

of College Park, had a printing office stored in this vicinity and we persuaded Dr. McClish to open correspondence with him in reference to securing the material. The result was that upon the payment of a small sum of money to Mr. A. D. Porter of Woodland, the office became the property of the University, with the business manager directly responsible for its care.

The office has been moved and set up in West Hall. There is plenty of type and other material with which to do all University printing. The entire outfit is said to have cost more than a thousand dollars when new. The press is just as good as it ever was and a good deal of the type has never been used, while it is all in good condition. There is also a binder which enables us to bind all our own work. Mr. Baker is a firstclass printer having worked in an office ever since a boy. He will superintend all work in the office. We think Mr. Jones and Mr. Porter should have the thanks of all friends of the University for their liberality in letting us have the office in this way.

This issue of the WORKADAY WORLD is printed in our own office.

The Commercial Department is building up in a very gratifying manner. The new students in the commercial course this semester are Miss Ellen K. Humphries, Miss E. Dannenberg, Mr. G. W. Bellinger, Willie Jeffery, Frank Mills, Joseph Russell and Renig Schneider. Those in shorthand are Mark Hopkins, Wm. Stile. Mr. Hasman, Percy Lovejoy and Miss L. Roe. There has also been a class organized in pen, pencil and crayon drawing, which meets in the commercial room every afternoon at 3.45 o'clock. Students are Miss Ora Hill, Miss Pearl Brenniman, Miss Crothers and Mr. I. R. Lipsett.

Students who have not yet subscribed for WORKADAY WORLD should notice our offer of 35 cents for balance of the year and hand in their names at once. You cannot afford to be without the college paper.

More than six thousand students are matriculated annually at the University of Calcutta, India, which is said to be the largest school in the world. This great educational institution, with the ninety-nine Indian colleges affiliated with it, is a great factor in destroying superstition in India and is shaping anew the thought of at least fifteen thousand young men of that country who are in attendance.—[University of Chicago Weekly.

RULES FOR PRONUNCIATION OF PROPER NAMES.

BY PROF. H. D. CURTIS.

There is nothing which gives so much annoyance to the student, or which in after life will so soon brand one's scholarship as weak and lacking in thoroughness, as the blunders which arise from ignorance of the laws which govern the pronunciation of proper names. The following arrangement and abridgment of these laws has been found useful, and the cases are very few which are not covered by them.

I.—TRANSLITERATION. (For Greek names only.)

Gamma = g
Kappa = c
Xi = x
Rho = rh
Theta = th
Phi = ph (like f)
Chi = ch (always hard.)

υ = y; $\alpha\iota$ = æ; $\epsilon\iota$ = i (long), sometimes e (long); $o\upsilon$ = u; $o\iota$ = œ, except when final in the nom. plu. of the 2d decl., where it equals -i (long); final *-os* and *-ov* of the 2d decl. are changed to -us and -um, Theta, Phi and Chi are regarded as single consonants in syllabification.

Remember that Omicron and Epsilon are always short; Omega and Eta always long.

Pay *no* attention to the accent of the word in its Greek form, except as it may show the length of the penult.

II.—SOUNDS OF THE LETTERS.

Consonants have in general their ordinary English sounds. But -es final = -ez.

C and G are soft before E (ae, oe), I or Y.

Otherwise hard, as in *cut*. Ex: Iccius, as though Ik'-si-us.

Ti, si, ci, before a vowel equals *sh*.

X initial equals Z.

Vowels have their long English sounds at the end of a word (except -a = ah) or at the end of a syllable. But at the end of an *unaccented* syllable A = ah and I is generally short. In all other situations the vowels have their short sounds.

æ and œ = e; y = i.

Examples: Di-a'-na (Di-ay'-nah); Dione (Di-o'-nee); Ægean (E-je'-an); Ad-u-at'-u-ci (Add-u-att'-u-sy).

III.—ACCENT.

Accent the penult if it is long, otherwise the antepenult.

The penult is long:

(a.) If it contains a long vowel.

(b.) If it contains a diphthong.

(c.) If its vowel is followed by X, Z, or any two consonants (save a mute and a liquid, when it is sometimes long, sometimes short).

Note—The last two conditions may be seen at a glance; the first must often be ascertained from a lexicon or dictionary.

IV. Syllables.

The proper pronunciation of the vowels depends to a great extent upon the proper division into syllables.

A. Divide into as many syllables as there are vowels and dipthongs.

B. Place a consonant with the following syllable. If more than one, divide between the syllables, placing as many as can easily be pronounced together with the following syllable. Divide double consonants between the syllables.

Examples: Ta-ren′-tum, Cas′-si-us, Æs′-chylus.

C. Exception to B.—An *accented* antepenult adds to itself a following consonant, except when that consonant is followed by two vowels, the first of which is e, i, or y.*

Examples: Cic′-e-ro (Sis′-e-ro), Her-mog′-e-nes (Her-moj′-e-nez); but, Vic-to′-ri-a, As-ca′-ni-us (As-cay′-ni-us).

D. A very long word may have a secondary weaker accent on the second syllable before the the main accent, if that syllable is long or the first in the word; otherwise the secondary accent falls on the third syllable before the main accent. Rules B and C hold good for this syllable also.

cf. Ar′-is-toph′-a-nes, Lac′-e-dae′-mon (Las′-e-dee′-mon), Lac′-e-dae-mo′-ni-an.

Always be sure that you have the word in the nominative form.

Latin and Greek tribal names generally end in -i, -es, or -ae, according as they are of the 2d, 3d or 1st declensions.

In poetry the scansion will always give the length of the penult if it is not at first sight apparent.

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* The only exception to the latter part of this rule is when the antepenultimate vowel is an i or y, when the first part of the rule holds. The examples of this are few, i. e., Va-nid′-i-us, Ra-bir′-i-us: *not* Va-ni′-di-us (Va-nai′-), as it would be by the second part of rule C.

Local Department.

Valentines.

The Third year class is all right.

Frank Whipple visited school last week.

The graduation solo will soon be abroad.

The "grand march"—a "howling" success.

The Y. M. C. A, meets Tuesday morning at 11 A. M.

Prof. Cross lectured last Sunday at Stanford.

Der Teufel der WORKADAY WORLD ist Rue D. Fish.

Mr. Withrow likes pansies above all other flowers.

Monday, February 22nd, will be given as a holiday.

The commercial department is booming this semester.

Many of the students are boarding out this semester.

"Beau Ideal March"—a San Jose paper got it "bean."

Paul Potter of Stanford visited friends here on Saturday.

Hypatia has come to the front with a new bulletin board.

Miss Mabel Bishop has entertd the Conservatory of Music.

Mr. R. Bullock received a visit from his father this week.

Pay up your Lab fees and get a good ticket from Prof. Bothe.

Miss Mary Stewart was visited by her brother last week.

The class in physiology is taking up histology this semester.

All the young men should belong to the Athletic Association.

Social life from now on until the end of the term promises to be lively.

Mr. William Sherwood was away from school on a week's vacation.

The air is filled with "concord of sweet sounds," especially after supper.

Mitchell and Williams took first prize in the cake walk last Saturday night.

A number of new faces are noticed among the vocal and instrumental students.

The names of the contestants for the Hatch declamation prize are coming in slowly.

Mrs. Johnson of Alameda made a recent visit to her brother, Mr. Wm. Sherwood.

Adelphia had a pleasant surprise when the young ladies visited their society on the 22d.

Mr. Remick Schneider, U. P.'s big guard, is taking commercial work under Prof. Bernhard.

The Academic literary societies have resumed work with a will, and good earnest society work is anticipated.

The Athletic Association is deserving of support, as it is operated under able and efficient management.

Everybody admired Mr. Enwall's bouquet, given him Saturday night after the rhetoricals, by his blushing lady friend.

Who were the two young ladies that were locked in the carpenter shop? Wonder if they will hide from the Prof. again.

New students are asked to subscribe for the WORKADAY WORLD. You can hand your name to the editor or business manager.

A party of University ladies and gentlemen visited Chinatown one evening and enjoyed a pleasant sojourn in the Celestial City

Mr. P. R. Milnes has been elected President of the Athletic Association. Vice Pres., W. B. McLean; Treasurer, Miss Belle Conyers.

By a strange coincidence, nearly all the questions for debate two weeks ago were comparisons between science and art or music and literature.

It is earnestly desired that the literary societies have Friday evening for their literary work. Last semester their nights were infringed upon in many ways.

Prof. Lehman, Harper Bland, and P. R. Wright spent the vacation surveying a large tract of land in the San Joaquin valley. Game was found in abundance.

The officers of the Glee Club for this semester are: Prof. R. D. Hunt, Pres.; Russ R. Bullock, Vice Pres.; T. Mitchell, Sec. About twenty-five members compose the Club.

Misses Mary Stewart, Laura Shearer and Effa Kuns have been selected as delegates to attend the college Y. W. C. A. convention to be held in Sacramento February 12th.

The following officers will officiate for Cartesia: Pres., Dudley Moulton; Vice-Pres., H. Cuthbertson; Rec. Sec., A. Angwin; Cor. Sec., S. Tregoning; Treasurer, J. Traeger.

Mr. Thos. Campbell, an ex-U. P. Commercial Prof., has forsaken the realms of bachelorhood and is residing in College Park. The WORKADAY WORLD extends congratulations.

Miss Rogers, the new vocal instructor, has now completed arrangements for work in her department, and has already won the hearts of the students by her charming personality.

Some enterprising young gentlemen are doing their utmost to organize a party to visit New Almaden and present a concert to the miners. The proceeds will go towards improving the baseball field.

Through the efforts of Mannon, Bland and McLean, several improvements have been effected in the gymnasium. A horizontal bar has been placed in position besides several other minor improvements.

A large number of exchanges are being received each month from other colleges. Anyone wishing to look over the different papers is at liberty to do so. They are to be found on a table in the WORKADAY WORLD office.

The WORKADAY WORLD, issued by the University of the Pacific, College Park, Cal., of which Penman C. A. Bernhard is business manager. is a very newsy, well handled publication. —Pennman's Art Journal, N. Y.

A postal card from Mr. Henry Otaki, from Japan, announced the death of Mr. K. Kawakubo on January 15th. Mr. Kawakubo died of brain disease. He was formerly a student of the University and a member of Rhizomia.

The schedule of the college rhetoricals is as follows. Freshmen, March 20th; Sophomores, April 3rd; Juniors, April 17th. The schedule has been arranged so as not to interfere with the work of the literary societies. The dates given above fall on Saturday evenings, as this seems to be the only night available.

The Adelphia Literary Society has elected the following officers for this semester: Bradford Crittenden, Pres.; K. Koda, Vice-Pres.; Wm. Sherwood, Rec'd Sec.; Ross Carpenter, Cor. Sec.; Courtney Barham, Critic; W. B. McLean, Treas.; Charles George. Sergt-at-Arms; F. Montgomery, Chaplain; Taylor McLean, Janitor.

From the University of the Pacific volume one, number one, of WORKADAY WORLD has come. It is the most novel and yet the most substantial number one we have yet seen.—[Phreno-Cosmian.

The following resolution, passed by the Faculty, was read in chapel recently: "No one shall represent the University of the Pacific in any athletic team or take part in any athletic event or contest given in the name or under the auspices of the University, who shall not, at the time of such game or contest, be a duly registered and bona fide student of the University, and shall not, moreover, be under the censure or disapproval of the Faculty."

Dr. McClish, accompanied by Mr. Tregoning, visited the famous New Almaden quicksilver mines on Saturday and Sunday, January 30th and 31st. He lectured Saturday night on the "Seer and the Vision," preached twice on Sunday and delivered an address to the Sunday School. His evening sermon on the Transfiguration was one of rare eloquence and power. The services were very much appreciated, and by a unanimous vote he was invited to preach their Sunday School Anniversary sermon. His visit to this mining town will doubtless result in material good to our University.

Conservatory Prize Contest.

The Senior class of the Conservatory of Music have been greatly interested during the past week in arranging with Dean Piutti the details for the Conservatory prize contest. The prize offered is a year's post graduate course in music, and the Dean desired to arrange the requirements so as to be satisfactory to the class.

There are fourteen members in the Senior class and each one is required to give a public recital in Conservatory hall. The judges are to be chosen by the Trustees. After the first exhibition the whole class will be given a final test in the First M. E. Church The exact dates for the contest have not been arranged as yet, but the recitals will be given at different periods during this semester.

A Problem.

The growing interest in the natural sciences is continualy increasing the need of thoroughness in mathematical training. No one can pretend to be able to read modern works on physics and astronomy without being familiar with, not only logarithms and trigonometry, but also

analytical geometry, determinants, theory of equations, differential equations, calculus, and mechanics. Which of our readers desires to whet his mathematical skill by solving the folowing simple problem lately encountered in the department of Physics:

A projectile is thrown upwards, and after traveling 9 seconds, falls on a tower 176 feet high; what is its initial velocity?

D. A. LEHMAN.

Thrid Year Rhetoricals.

The rhetoricals of the third year class of the Academy given on the evening of January 30th drew a large audience.

The following is the program: Prayer, Prof. Hunt; oration, Martin Luther, C. L. Barham; oration, Freedom, W. A. Angwin; trio, Beau Ideal March, piano, Miss B. Crumley, mandolins, W. B. McLean and N. E. Richardson; oration, A Malignant Policy, S. Yoshioka; oration, Our Pilgrim Fathers, Leona L. Ray; vocal solo, O Promise Me, Mae Stanford; oration, Pyramids, W. B. McLean; oration, A Plea for Benedict Arnold, W. E. Sherwood, mandolin solo, N. E. Richardson; oration, Two Ends to a Telescope, Queenie Weir; oration, Two Battles. Hasse Enwall.

A promenade concert followed the literary program, in which the music was furnished by the University orchestra. Refreshments were served during the evening and a social time was enjoyed by all.

The third year class is to be commended for their enterprising spirit, and well deserved the words of praise they received from all sides.

From South Hall.

The beginning of the new semester finds us again at our work, and we are happy to note that several new students have joined us. The Misses Coats of Contra Costa county; Miss Pansy Robertson, Valley Ford; Miss Gussie Hamlin, Yuba City; Miss Humphry, Pacific Grove; and Miss Clare McComas, Los Angeles, are among the number.

We are pleased to have Miss Rogers of Omaha, the newly-elected assistant of vocal music, as a resident in our Hall.

In answer to an invitation to enjoy an evening of China New Year at San Jose, we deserted our Hall and reveled for an hour or so in Chinese music, firecrackers and candy.

We have enjoyed some pleasant visits of late; one from Mrs. Hopkins (nee Della Willis), an ex-U. P. student.

Miss Mae Stanford spent some days with us last week.

Dr. and Mrs. Briggs are occasionally seen in South Hall. Dr. Briggs was at one time in charge of this institution of learning and Mrs. Briggs is remembered with gratitude by us, as being the one who organized the ladies' department of the University of the Pacific.

Misses Charlotte Moyes and Stella Jewell spent a few days in the city the past week with their grandparents, Dr. and Mrs. Jewell.

Students' Reception.

One of the most enjoyable occasions at the beginning of each semester is the reception to new students given by the Young Men's and Young Woman's Christian Associations combined. Through the effort of these organizations new students coming to the University are made welcome and soon feel that they are among friends.

The reception at the opening of this semester was especially enjoyable, as a larger number of students entered than is usual at the spring term.

The exercises were held in the Conservatory parlor, and were much enjoyed by those present. In the absence of the Y. M. C. A. president, Mr. Hugh Baker was called to the front and made a short address. Miss Pitkin followed with a piano solo. The clipper quartet then appeared and sang very acceptably. A cornet solo by Mr. H. Williams came next. Mr. Arthur Free was happy in a reading entitled, "Stealing a Kiss." A recitation by Miss Effa Kuns was well rendered and called forth applause. The program closed with another selection by the quartet.

At the close of the program the young ladies' society halls were thrown open and refreshments were served. The reception was an entire success, and the new students were highly pleased with the hearty way in which they were received.

Meeting of Trustees.

The Board of Trustees of the University met in the Mills building, San Francisco, on Friday, February 5th. There was a large attendance and excellent feeling prevailed.

Trustee S. E. Holden reported that the committee appointed to dispose of the Napa property had sold all the pianos but one and had a

purchaser for that, and had also sold a portion of the college campus and Seminary Hall to the city of Napa. The trustees are to receive $7000 for this property on condition that they extend Polk street through the campus to the west side by removing Main Hall and the gymnasium. The land sold includes all the campus south of Polk street extended, except a strip sixty feet wide on the entire east side. This strip includes the Museum and the Observatory. The President's house and the Ladies Hall and the land north of Polk street still belongs to the University.

The Board also decided to make a charge of five dollars per term for registeration fee. This amount must be paid by every student before entering a class. This action will take effect next year, and it will be peremptory. No exceptions will be allow.

The increase of students and the spirit of harmony and enthusiasm on the part of the Faculty were sources of much gratification to the Trustees, but they did not dwell on these things. They were compelled to plan and even put their hands into their own pockets to meet the everlasting question of money. The students and patrons of our University will never know the debt of gratitude they owe to the noble men who have served from time to time on our Board of Trustees until the light of eternity shall shine on the deeds of time.

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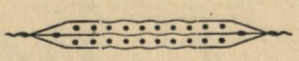

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