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Work-A-Day World, September 1897

University of the Pacific

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VOLUME TWO,
NUMBER ONE.

SEPTEMBER, 1897.

Price, 10 Cents.

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LOCALS.



Society watermelon feeds.

Senior Class meetings are always in order.

Many students are suffering from weak eyes.

A number of students visited Pacific Grove during Conference.

Miss Lehr went to San Francisco recently to have her eyes attended to.

The German and French room has been added to the scientific department.

The Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. this year published their first student's Hand Book.

Mr. Stewart, of Stanislaus county, recently visited his sister, Miss Mary Stewart.

Prof. Cross has been trying to make the logic class believe that "all ex's are wise."

The boys celebrated Admission Day by a moonlight parade, all dressed in white.

Mr. Jesse Kuns of Ingomar visited his sister, Miss Effa Kuns, the first of the month.

Mr. Fred L. Hall, '00 of Stanford, spent a few days at the University visiting friends.

Russ Bullock had his last year's volume of the WORKADAY WORLD bound. It makes a neat book.

The young ladies of South Hall took a moonlight ride on the evening of Admission Day to Los Gatos.

Miss L. M. Mayne read a paper before the lay conference at Pacific Grove on woman's work in the church.

Ernest Grigg was obliged to give up study and take a two week's vacation at Pacific Grove on account of weak eyes.

The Conservatory Freshmen are just emerging from the first "Slough of Despond," in which minor scales have thrown them.

Prof. L. S. Kroeck was recently granted the degree of Master of Arts by Stanford University for work done mostly in science.

Miss Cahoun and Miss Prewett have left the University on account of illness. Miss Prewett may return in about three weeks.

W. F. Hall, Ernest Grigg and Mr. Moyle spent part of the vacation in the Santa Cruz mountains and on the beach of Monterey Bay at Big Creek.

Miss Boyce is authority on all kinds of mixed drinks. She highly recommends a little vinegar in a glass of milk.

Miss Effa Kuns pays a visit occasionally to her cousin, Miss Lena Kuns. Miss Kuns is now instructor in elocution at the Irvington school for young ladies.

Prof. Curtis holds the Observatory open to the public every Friday evening and will be especially pleased to receive visitors on that evening from San Jose.

Miss Mae Stanford paid a visit to her former school associates at College Park the first of the month. Miss Stanford is writing for "Town Talk" in San Francisco.

Prof. and Mrs. A. C. Bothe spent their vacation in Minnesota and Illinois. Prof. Bothe gave a course of lectures on science at a summer Normal School of Illinois.

The student's reception at the opening of the semester was very largely attended. The best feature was the many new students to be welcomed. A good program was rendered, consisting of addresses and songs.

Mr. Richard Moyle is doing considerable concert solo work in San Jose and vicinity. He is chorister of the First Church choir and is interesting a large number of fine singers in that part of the public worship.

W. F. Hall has opened a shop on Laurel street, near the campus, where he will receive orders for carpenter and cabinet work, repairing of furniture and all kinds of wood work, including painting and polishing, etc.

Prof. Bernhard worked so hard last year on the WORKADAY WORLD that he went East during vacation and brought back an assistant. The WORKADAY WORLD extends congratulations to Mr. and Mrs. Bernhard.

Mr. D. S. Ullrick and Miss Frances Roe were united in marriage September 14th, at Chico. The ceremony was performed by President McClish. Mr. Ullrick has been doing regular work as a preacher of the California Conference.

R. J. Trevorrow supplied Rev. A. J. Case's pulpit at Haywards on Conference Sunday. H. Baker occupied the same place the Sunday before. Mr. Case was at Pacific Grove taking examinations for entrance to the Conference.

Musical enthusiasts will soon have the pleasure of listening to a lecture on the "Culture of the Voice," by Dr. H. J. Stewart, and during the program Miss Nella Rogers will illustrate some points in vocalization. Miss Laura Linville will also appear.

The following took place in our physics class last week: Prof. K.—"Now, ladies and gentlemen, with the assistance of this machine I will illustrate wave motion—" (turns the machine used for that purpose. Part of the apparatus being out of order snaps and one of the students asks: "Professor, is that a breaker?"

The following were elected officers of the Epworth League for the present year: President, Hugh Baker; First Vice-President, L. R. Fulmer; Second Vice-President, L. R. Walker; Third Vice-President, Prof. R. D. Hunt; Fourth Vice-President, Nathan MacChesney; Secretary, Miss Mary Stewart; Treasurer, Miss Belle Seamans; organist, Miss Lena Kuns.



Vacation Notes.

James Kinnear—I spent my vacation on an extended cruise on board a San Joaquin harvester.

Ike Karmel—I took a flying visit to Klondyke on the broad wings of fancy.

Rue D. Fish—I did nothin' but have a good time.

Bob Withrow—My vacation was spent in canvassing for stereoscope views.

W. B. McLean—I spent my vacation amidst the wilds of Shasta.

H. Loken—I canvassed for the Yucca Soap Company.

W. Eachus—My vacation was spent in canvassing for the Yucca Root Soap Co. "Cleanliness is next to Godliness".

W. R. Hamilton—I tended store in Westley.

M. McCloskey—During vacation my spare time was spent on my father's combine harvester.

E. E. Porter—I had a "cool" snap on a San Joaquin harvester.

R. J. Trevorrow—I didn't do any thing but have a good time.

C. L. Manon—Part of my vacation was spent in the wilds of northern California with a surveying party.

Introduction of Prof. Douillet.

On August 11th, in the auditorium of the First M. E. Church, Prof. Pierre Douillet, the instructor of piano, was introduced to the San Jose public. Before this, his kindly interest in our aspirations and the charming naivete of Mrs. Douillet, bespoke for him a flattering reception. But the complete ovation which was accorded him, from one of the most cultured and critical audiences, which San Jose can boast, exceeded all expectation. Prof. Marquardt was unable to be present to give the violin numbers, which are always such a treat, but Prof. H. J. Stewart consented to fill his place on the program with a classical selection from *Batiste*, on the pipe organ, and was enthusiastically recalled. Miss Millie Flinn, a pupil of Prof. Stewart, charmed the audience with several well selected vocal numbers. Dr. McClish made a few happy remarks and then Prof. Stewart, Dean of the Conservatory, introduced Prof. Pierre Douillet, whose opening number was the *Tocatta and Fugue* by Bach, well known for its difficulty in execution. The house fell in storm of applause at the conclusion of the "Invitation to the Dance" (*Weber-Tansig*) which was rendered with great versatility of expression—first delicate, then passionate and carried to a climax in a burst of wild chords. The *Nocturne in D flat* (*Chopin*) was beautifully done. *Chopin's B Minor Scherzo*, was perfect in its passages of rich tone, color and *leggiero* movements which were interpreted with true artistic spirit. Perhaps the triumph of the evening was won in *Liszt's Second Rhapsody*. This was the concluding number of the program and the audience literally refused to depart until the Professor returned and gave "*Campanella*" (*Liszt*.)

The Conservatory may well congratulate themselves in possessing an artist of Prof. Douillet's ability.

A good joke is appreciable at all times, even in the Tennyson class, as suggested by the lines—

In the spring a brighter iris glows upon the
burnished dove

In the spring a young man's fancy lightly turns to
thoughts of love

Miss M—"We see this illustrated on our own campus every spring."

Mr. W—"Spring lasts all the year round with some of our students, doesn't it?"

Miss M—"Perhaps you speak for yourself, Mr. W."

ALUMNI NOTES.

The newly appointed pastor of Bowman M. E. Church, Rev. A. J. Hanson, was a graduate of the U. P. in '73. Mrs. Hanson also spent her college days here, being a member of the class of '72.

Miss Elzaida Tyrrell, '87, has recently been elected Principal of the New York Deaconess Home and training School.

Word has recently come that Mr. A. Y. Toyama, '93, has been appointed Secretary of the Japanese Legation to Brazil.

The Preceptress of Portland Univercity, Miss Binnie DeForest, '80, who has been visiting her parent at Mountain View during the summer, spent a short time at her Alma Mater, previous to her return to Oregon.

Mr. Lotis L. Dennet, '86, and Mr. Wm. H. Beach, '86, also made a hasty visit at the University a few days ago.

We are always glad to hear of our alumni attracting complimentary attention in cultured circles. The "Town Talk," a San Francisco society journal, predicts that Miss Alice McComas, '97, will soon be a great favorite with San Francisco audiences. We quote the following from an article in a recent issue of the "Town Talk." "Those who heard Miss Alice Beach McComas play on last Tuesday afternoon, before the Women's Press Convention in Native Son's Hall, feel satisfied that hers is a soul indeed full of pure music, and that the much abused piano is still able, when given the proper treatment, to fire the listener and bear him along into poetic fields."

Death has made its first entrance into the class of '86. Miss Eva M. Woods, a Sophomore of that class, died at the home of her parents near Harrison, San Mateo county, last June. Miss Woods life was one of self-sacrifice and earnest Christian endeavor. In her college days she was always firm on the side of right, and governed herself in every way by high Christian principles.

Few of us realize that Hawaii is included in the California Conference appointments. Rev. C. E. Winning, '89, takes his work this year in Pearl City. His American colleague on the islands is Rev. G. L. Pearson. A. M. M.

Lecture by President McClish.

President McClish lectured on Friday evening, September 24th, in the First M. E. Church, San Jose, on the subject, "Great Authors and Lecturers Whom I Have Heard." The audience was treated to vivid impressions of the personalities, styles and manners of thought of many of the finest lecturers of the past generation. The lecture was given under the direction of the First Church League, the object being to give a scholarship to some prospective student of the University. We hope the members of First Church will show their interest in our welfare, as well as in that of some young person desirous of a college education, by attending the second lecture in larger numbers.

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THE ATHLETIC FIELD.

Campus Notes.

The Athletic Association is prospering and a number of new members have come in this semester. One encouraging feature is the willingness which the girls evince in paying their dues. If only the boys were half as ready in contributing we would be able to send a team East next summer or erect a gymnasium here for the exclusive use of young women athletically inclined. The officers of the association for the year are as follows:

R. J. Trevorow, President; C. L. Manon, Vice-President; George Hasman, Secretary; G. A. Phillips, Treasurer; Nathan M. MacChesney, Manager of Football Department.

Executive Committee consists of officers of the association and class representatives as follows: Senior class, Trevorow; Junior class, —; Sophomore class, —; Freshman, McLain; Third year, Manon; Second year, Bland; First year, Jefferies.

An assessment of twenty-five cents for every member of the university was levied, at the last meeting of the association, for the athletics this semester. A committee was appointed to collect and they report "hard times." Is it possible that twenty-five cents a semester is an overdraft on the loyalty, patriotism and honor of the University of the Pacific as represented by '97-98?

The young ladies are talking basket ball. but, as yet, have done nothing.

"What shall we say about Bailey?" "Oh, any old thing."

The tennis courts are the center of attraction every evening after dinner and the "lads" and "lassies" spend their time very pleasantly there from all indications.

"How about the snipe hunt, McClish?"

"There's sport in the air."

Punts From the Gridiron.

Football is the topic of the hour now. Interest seems to be aroused in the sport and from present indications we certainly should have a fine team in the field this year. One team has been recently strengthened by the return of some of the old players, Mr. Schneider, the well-known U. P. guard, among them. There are some promising new men on the field, notably, Messrs. Taylor, Hasman, Denninger and Crothers. Mr. McLean, as captain, is bringing the team to a

better standard th's year than was done last season, and, as is usually the case, with a popular man, rules the team without friction.

The men have been in the field practicing for nearly three weeks but have not got down to business as they might have done. There is too much "boyishness" in their practice, a desire to have it over seeming to be the uppermost feeling in the minds of some of the team. It is very unfortunate that we are unable to procure a training-table this year as it rather hampers the team work. Everything now depends on the honor of the men and we urge upon them the importance of observing teaming rules. If they are only conscientious in this matter, there is no reason why we should not win every game this year.

Mr. Beckett, the well-known Stanford player, has consented to coach the team this year. There is probable not a more competent man available for the position on the coast, and the men feel the inspiration of coming in contact with a man constantly associated with Brookes, the Stanford coach. Mr. Beckett urges upon every man, desirous of making the team, the necessity of conscientious, systematic training and daily field practice.

Last Thursday our team had its first regular practice game. We played Santa Clara College on their own ground and were beaten 4-0. Our men put up a very good game though, taking into consideration their training so far, and the management was quite encouraged. Mr. Manon, our full back, made several brilliant plays and promises well for the future. Below is a table showing the men, both first and second half, their positions and their approximate weights in the game Santa Clara vs. U. P.

First Half.		Second Half.
Tregoning, 230,	Center	Tregoning
Curtis, 160,	Right Guard	Crothers, 165
Richardson, 160,	Left Guard	Richardson
Hasman, 175,	Right Tackle	Hasman
Cuthbertson, 165,	Left Tackle	Cuthbertson
Withrow, 135,	Right End	Trevorrow, 150
Denninger, 145,	Left End	Taylor, 145
McLean, 140,	Quarter	McLean
Potter, 145,	Quarter	Hamilton, 145
Bland, 175,	Right Half	Bland, Style
Style, 160,	Left Half	Kinnear, 150
Manon, 160,	Full	Manon

One of the prettiest sights that we have seen for many a day was the bevy of young ladies at the Santa Clara game. It must have made ev-

ery heart beneath a jacket beat with joy to think they came from our University. The men appreciate a turn out like that and it greatly increases their interest in the game and encourages them to more earnest work.

There was a practice game last Saturday morning between two home elevens. No scoring was done but much benefit was derived as Mr. Beckett gave some very effective coaching.

We play Santa Clara College another practice game on next Thursday and every one is invited to attend. Among the prospective games are:

U. P. vs. Stanford Freshmen, October 16th.

U. P. vs. U. of C. Freshmen, undecided.

U. P. vs. Y. M. C. A. of San Francisco, undecided.

U. P. vs. Hoitt's School of Burlingame, undecided.

U. P. vs. Santa Clara College (match game), undecided.

Others are being arranged for but nothing is as yet known.

"Flashes From the Diamond."

There was some interest in baseball at the beginning of the semester but it soon died out as, of course, this is not baseball season. Two games were played, the first being a match game between the college and the academy and the second a "pick-up." The principal feature of both games was the unscientific playing of college and academy alike. The really brilliant playing of Mr. Fish certainly deserves special mention as it was through his star pitching in the first game that the academy got nine men to base on balls. As Mr. Fish says, he is "something unusual in the box."

Last year a chorus of about thirty young men was organized by Dr. Stewart at the suggestion of Dean Piutti. Though some good work was done the organization was handicapped by members and the inability of many to read the music. This year a Glee Club has been organized which will eliminate these difficulties. It will be for the present a double quartet under the personal attention of Dr. Stewart. The aim is to perfect many selections before the debut is made. They have the regular officers of such a club and as members the following: First tenor—S. Tregonning, A. Merrill; second tenor—A. L. Wilson; first bass—C. L. McClish, R. J. Trevor-row, second bass—Professor Hunt, R. R. Bullock.

The Boarding Club.

We were glad to know that there was to be a club, run by knowing and supervising hands this year for the accomodation of those who could not find it expedient to board at other places where board comes at the usual price. It is a source of convenience to many and in different lines, for there are some who do not like to "batch" on account of the time spent in cooking and the work connected with it; they would rather put the time in at something more profitable to them, some at their studies, some at work; besides, the exceedingly low rate at which board per month has been placed at the club is nearly as cheap as one could make it batching; again those who wish may take part or all of their board by assisting in the club work. Board has been placed at \$6 per month for regular boarders, or \$4 for those who assist, while a few make their entire board. The club is full to overflowing now with a membership of thirty-three and one or two more are expected to come in yet. There are three tables, with a full set of necessary articles, all of which were furnished by those managing the club. Altogether there is a jolly crowd at the club and one visiting will observe that they enjoy themselves as much as if they paid a more fancy price for their food. The table is set with good, wholesome and healthy food and there is always a plenty. Outside the usual "grumblers" that one will always find there are no complaints. We would report incompletely if we failed to mention that it is through the efforts of Miss Johnston that the club was started and is run successfully. Mr. Merrill does the financing part.

Our Smaller Colleges.

There are a few striking facts about the small American college. One striking fact is that sixty per cent of the brainiest Americans that have risen to prominence and success are graduates of colleges whose names are scarcely known outside of their own States. It is a fact, also, that during the past ten years the majority of the new and best methods of learning have emanated from the smaller colleges, and have been adopted later by the larger ones. Because a college happens to be unknown two hundred miles from the place of its location does not always mean that the college is not worthy of wider repute. The fact cannot be disputed that the most direct teaching, and, necessarily, teaching most productive of good results, is being done in the smaller American colleges. The

names of these colleges may not be familiar to the majority of the people, but that makes them none the less worthy places of learning. The larger colleges are unquestionably good; But there are smaller colleges just as good, and in some respects better. Some of the finest educators we have are attached to the faculties of the smaller institutions of learning. Young girls or young men who are being educated at one of the smaller colleges need never feel that the fact of the college being a small one places them at a disadvantage in comparison with the friend or companion who has been sent to a larger or better known college. It is not the college—it is the student.—Ladies' Home Journal.

Society seems to be decidedly dull here this year and something ought to be done to liven it up a little. As Dr. McClish says, the social side of college life is one that always should be remembered with pleasure and profit. A reception given by South Hall to the young men semi-monthly would be a very enjoyable event and not be a great deal of trouble to the young ladies either. The boys might occasionally give an entertainment for the young ladies also and so mingle in a social fellowship that would be advantageous to both young men and women. There is one objection to Friday night for receiving which cannot be overlooked. It makes it almost impossible for society members to call except for a few moments prior to eight o'clock and there is no other night when they can call is the worst of it. Saturday night should also be thrown open for receiving, receptions and entertainments so that the young men may have the opportunity of making things pleasant for the young ladies and incidentally for themselves.

On a Wednesday night some time ago, the Ancient Order of Ghost Dancers had a parade and serenaded a number of people, especially the young ladies of South Hall. As ghosts are generally averse to sticking quietly to Mother Earth so were these and started to ascend nearer to heaven by way of the South Hall fire escape but it got so hot near the top that they concluded that they were going in the wrong direction and came down again. Since then they have organized as the T. R. C.'s, known among the young ladies as Tin Roof Climbers, and held a very impressive initiation ceremony in the old chapel in West Hall one Friday night. After the Knights of the Skull had finished a flashlight was taken at about 2 A. M.

PROF. PIERRE DOUILLET.

Pierre Douillet is a native of Russia, his father being a French military officer who settled in that country after being wounded in the Crimean war. His mother, the accomplished Stampkoffska, was a pupil of Adolf Henselt and won considerable fame as a concert pianist. To her Douillet owes the inheritance of his genuine artistic nature and strong musical temperament, and it was his mother who guided his first steps in music. After several years under her training he was placed with Nicolas Rubinstein, who took a warm interest in him. His next master was Louis Marck, his uncle, a professor of the piano in Lemberg, Austria, under whose care he studied mainly the works of Bach, Beethoven, Chopin, Liszt, etc. His master in harmony and counterpoint was Prof. F. St. Wiethe. Douillet made his first appearance as concert pianist at the age of seventeen. He then made different concert tours through Austria, Poland and Roumania. In 1881 he made a brilliant debut in the Boesendorfer Hall, Vienna, and won the warmest commendation of the critics. In 1882 he came to New York, where he assumed the position of teacher in the College of Music under directorship of the great musical conductor Theodore Thomas. After five years Douillet retired from this institution and devoted himself to private teaching, making at the same time frequent appearances as concert pianist, always with brilliant success. During his nine years residence in New York, Douillet taught a large number of pupils, who are at present occupying esteemed positions in musical circles and among professionals. In 1893 Douillet played at the great festival of the New York State music teachers in Rochester and created a sensation among the most critical musicians of New York. In the summer of 1895 he visited for the first time the Pacific Coast and also won admiration for his playing in Portland, Oregon, and Tacoma, Washington. It was then that the beauties of nature and the delightful climate of the Pacific Coast made such an impression upon him that he decided sooner or later to make his home here. After closing all of his engagements in the East he arrived in San Francisco last June and shortly after he received the position as principal of the piano department at the University of the Pacific.

THE UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC AT CONFERENCE.

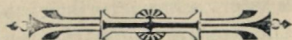
The University of the Pacific was more prominently before the late Conference than any other cause connected with the church under whose patronage we exist as an institution of learning. This did not consist altogether in speeches. The Conference decided to take collections in all the churches of twenty cents a member for the University. Referring to this apportionment Bishop Newman said: "If I had the authority I would subordinate all other collections to this great cause." Dr. McClish made a stirring appeal to the minister at the last session of the Conference, urging all the pastors to put this collection before even the missionary collection. That amount of money put into the University, he said, would accomplish a much greater amount of good than could be done through the missionary societies. We are building for the future and what we now give is the foundation on which we shall erect a lasting school of Christian education. The report on education had been read by Rev. John Stevens and President McClish was given the platform to address the Conference on the subject of the University, which was the one prominent feature of the report. After this address Rev. Dr. Dille moved to adopt the report by a rising vote, thus pledging the ministers to raise the twenty cents apportionment. The whole conference immediately arose, making the vote not only unanimous but emphatic.

It was after this vote that Bishop Newman made the remark above quoted, and added with great emphasis, "I would say to Palo Alto and Berkeley that the great Methodist Episcopal Church is capable of taking care of her own educational interests." There is no uncertainty to Bishop Newman's interest in the University of the Pacific. He thoroughly believes in a school on the Pacific Coast that need not come behind any other institution of learning. He is a man of influence among men and with his energy and devotion behind our University there is every hope that during his residence in California we shall be placed upon a thoroughly sound footing.

Besides addressing the Conference on several other occasions when the University was under discussion, President McClish occupied the whole of Saturday evening in an address on

higher education. He showed that sectarian schools did not have for their object the building up of any special denomination. They have a higher mission than any secular institution—that of educating “a whole man.” The professors of the various departments might tell all about the sparrow, but only the great teacher, whom we recognize, could say not one of them falleth to the ground without your Father’s knowledge. The address was one of Dr. McClish’s finest and brought out enthusiastic applause again and again from the large audience.

President McClish proposed an educational convention of the laymen of the Conference which will be held in the near future. A committee from the Trustees is to take the matter in hand, and we may look for some very decided results from the Convention. The University of the Pacific is fast being put on a solid basis and the near future will see the school firmly established for all time.



THE UNIVERSAL POET.

An incident described in the Independent by Prof. E. A. Grosvenor gives a striking illustration of the fact that Longfellow's poems have sung themselves into the hearts of men and women of many nationalities. The incident occurred in 1879 on board the French steamer *Donai*, bound from Constantinople to Marseilles:

One evening as we were quitting the Strait of Bonifacio, some one remarked at dinner that though Victor Hugo was born in Paris, the earliest impressions of his life were received in Corsica, close to which we were passing. One of the party spoke of him as the exponent of what is best in humanity.

The Russian lady exclaimed in English to the gentleman who had last spoken:

"How can you, an American, give to Hugo the place that is occupied by your own Longfellow? Longfellow is the universal poet. He is better known, too, among foreigners than anyone, except their own poets."

Then she began repeating:

"I stood on the bridge at midnight,
As the clock was striking the hour,
And the moon rose o'er the city
Behind the old church tower."

She added: "I long to visit Boston that I may stand on that bridge."

In the company was an English captain returning from the Zulu War, a typical British soldier, with every characteristic of his class. As soon as the Russian lady had concluded he said: "I can give you something better than that," and he began in a voice like a trumpet—

"Tell me not in mournful numbers
Life is but an empty dream,"

His recitation of the entire poem was marked by the common English upheaval and down-letting of the voice in each line; but it was evident that he loved what he was repeating.

Then a tall, lank, gray-haired Scotchman, who seemed always communing with himself, suddenly commenced—

"There is no flock, however watched and tended,
But one dead lamb is there."

He repeated only a few stanzas, but apparently he could have given the whole poem had he wished.

For myself, I know that my contribution was "My lost youth," beginning—

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of the dear old town;
And my youth comes back to me."

A handsome, olive-cheeked young man, a Greek, educated and living in England, said: "How do you like this?" Then he began to sing:

"Stars of the summer night!
Far in yon azure deeps,
Hide, hide your golden light!
She sleeps!
My lady sleeps!
Sleeps!"

The captain of the Donai was not her regular commander, but an officer of the national French navy, who was in charge only for a few voyages. To our astonishment, in accents so Gallic that one discerned with difficulty that he was attempting English, he intoned:

"Zee seds of neet fair valeeng fast,
Ven trough an Alpeen veelage past
A yous, who bore meed snow and eece
A bannair veed dees strange deveece:
'Excelsior-r-r!'"

None of the other passengers contributed, but already six nationalities had spoken—Scotch, Russian, Greek, French, English and American. As we rose from the table and went up on deck to watch the lights glimmering in Napoleon's birthplace, Ajaccio, the Russian lady said: "Do you suppose there is any other poet of any country, living or dead, from whom so many of us could have quoted? Not one. Not even Shakespeare or Victor Hugo or Homer."

Rudolph's Candy Factory

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FINEST CANDIES, CREAMS AND SODAS.

EDITORIALS.

The Penalties of Overwork.

It is difficult to tell the exact point at which a physical fact ends, for states of consciousness are to a large extent based on physical conditions. The laws uniting these two realms of human life so overlap each other that the sphere of reaction is very large, and a cause in one realm does not stop with its boundaries but may be carried on to an indefinite extent in the other. Upon this fact is based the assertion that a man may be led to a new view of life by simply taking a cup of coffee. If mental overwork were confined merely to brain and nerve the evils would often be not half so great. But the over exertion does not stop there, for if the organ of the mind is affected it necessarily follows that the mind itself must suffer. Under such conditions one loses his vigor of thought, and then the things that he would not those he does. His intellectual and moral susceptibilities lose the keenness of their edge ; the subject lays himself liable to causes starting as impulses contrary to his normal intuitions.

In one alive to moral responsibilities such a state of affairs may induce much greater psychological suffering than physical. In that event there are two possibilities open to the subject—either he will give way in character before the shock, or else he will overcome it by force of will. Results might be traced much further, and as a study the subject would prove an interesting and profitable one ; but we leave the matter here with the warning, Beware of mental over-work.



Toothpicks.

If toothpicks were always available in the dining-hall perhaps that is all there would be to the matter. But what teaches lessons here as well as in broader fields of social and economic life. Since the supply is less than the demand inconvenience arises in two ways. First, most of the days of the week supply entirely fails. Second, under these conditions the supply is still further abnormally diminished by the amount every student takes in excess of his daily needs. Now there are certain principles at work in the case of toothpicks just as there are among the larger commodities of life. If some few individuals would not take a larger proportion than by nature they are entitled to the supply would more nearly

satisfy the demands of all. Again, since that state of things has been induced by unfair means, in the name of democracy we have a right to protest. Gentlemen, be gentlemen about toothpicks and you will become more altruistic members of the social organism.



Athletics

In the past few years the University has done quite as well as might have been expected in the field of athletics. Our attendance now is larger than for a number of years and the Athletic Association has had a year of history on which to build for the present and future. Athletics require both money and the encouragement of every student, and these reasons ought to induce all, both gentlemen and ladies, to join the Athletic Association. If the Association is so encouraged there is every reason to believe that athletics will be placed upon a permanent footing. Above all, let no one in any way discourage the spirit of progress now manifest in this direction.



The managers of the WORKADAY WORLD have decided to introduce a new feature during the present year. We shall offer to each of the Literary Societies about a page of space to be filled with society matters. Each society must appoint a reporter to write up such information as will be of general value—and sometimes of amusement. We hope matters of value will never be passed over for the sake of personals. The editor reserves the right to use his blue pencil to any extent.



We were reading Tennyson's "Vision of Sin" at the San Jose depot. A newsboy cried, "Morning papers! Full account of the train robbery and suicide!" That was the inducement offered for purchasing the paper. Is anything more needed to make the vision of sin realistic?



The WORKADAY WORLD has met a number of disappointments in the attempt to get out the first issue of the new year, and we hope our friends will overlook the delay.



Vol. III of Lalor's Cyclopædia of Political Science should be returned to the Library.

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BUSINESS MANAGER'S CORNER.

The WORKADAY WORLD is out at last. We have had a hard time, but are coming out with flying colors from this on. The business manager wishes to express his gratitude for the interest the students have taken in the paper. Further than this there is nothing to say, unless it be that we remind our readers that the WORKADAY WORLD is not a money making scheme. The editors and business manager work entirely without salary; and besides this they assume all responsibilities and pay all indebtedness, even if it comes from their own pockets. The printing office which we purchased last year will be all paid for within a few months and will then become the property of the University. This money has all been raised through the efforts of the WORKADAY WORLD, and also about \$75 for new job type purchased last year. We mention this simply to assure the students and other patrons of the paper that by patronizing the WORKADAY WORLD they are not dropping nickels in the pockets of the managers, but are directly benefiting the University by keeping a good college paper before the public as an assurance that we are a live educational institution.

HOW TO TAKE NOTES.

BY PROF. R. D. HUNT.

The oft-quoted saying of wise old Thomas Fuller has double force when applied to the lecture room of the modern university: "Adventure not all thy learning in one bottom, but divide it between thy memory and thy note books." Facility in note-taking has become an indispensable qualification for highest success to the college and university student. While the practise is a very venerable one in German and some other European Universities, its sweeping introduction into American colleges is comparatively recent. But now the ordinary set recitations day after day is fast becoming a college anachronism. Mere repetition of textbook matter is not a test of mind, but of memory.

As a specimen of work done from University lecture-notes may be mentioned Hausser's masterly works on the Period of the Reformation and the French Revolution, which in reality have been edited by Oncken who took down in shorthand Hausser's lectures. I have seen Bluntschli's notes on Niebuhr's lectures on Roman history, now in the possession of Professor Adams of Johns-Hopkins.

Too much emphasis can hardly be laid upon the necessity of systematic note-taking, both on lectures and private reading and investigation. A good set of notes "cements the parts of the course together," and will generally be found useful as a guide to future study. The following suggestions, which apply especially to notes on lectures, are offered by Prof. A. B. Hart of Harvard. It is thought this repetition may prove helpful to some.

1. Have a regular system.
2. If you have worked out a system of your own, which satisfies you, do not change it.
3. Shorthand is not a great convenience, unless the notes are afterwards put into a form which may be read by any one.
4. A system of recognizable abbreviations is desirable.
5. Take notes all the time during the lecture.
6. A word-for-word reproduction of what you hear is much less valuable to you than your own condensed form, embodying the lecturer's ideas.

7. Distinguish in your own mind the heads of the lecture as it proceeds, and paragraph your notes accordingly.

8. Aim to set down the substance of the general statements in your words, rather than to note a part of each sentence.

9. Practice getting the exact words of significant phrases or quotations.

10. If you miss anything important ask to have it repeated.

11. If you lose a lecture, fill up the blank immediately from the note book of a fellow-student.

12. After each lecture, go over your notes, and clearly indicate the heads; (a) by catch words in the margin; or (b) by underlining words.

13. Once a week review the notes taken since the previous review.

14. Make out a brief table of contents as you go along, referring to pages of your note book.

The use of separate uniform sheets of paper for lecture courses has many advantages over note books with fixed leaves or miscellaneous scraps. Among the advantages of this system may be mentioned: (1) it admits of one topic on a piece of paper; (2) it admits of indefinite additions from private notes, reviews, quotations, etc.; (3) it is capable of self-indexing; (4) always available; (5) always detachable and portable. No system is above criticism, but the use of separate sheets of paper, used perhaps with the University reversible note covers, claims the most substantial merits.

Professor Hart explains three methods which have been successfully employed by well-known investigators in American history. These are specially adapted to note-taking from private reading, research, or thesis work, and most briefly stated are as follows:

I. Use sheets ruled in three vertical columns; a narrow one at outer edge, one-half the width in a middle column, and about one-third in the inner, with horizontal line an inch from top. Enter notes in middle column; dates, etc., in outer column; and abstracts or quotations in inner column, opposite to passages digested or illustrated. Across the top write running headlines, summarizing the subject-matter of the pages. Begin each new subject on a new leaf, thus rendering each complete in itself, detachable at any time, and allowing interleaving without disturbing logical connection.

II. Use loose sheets of small size, say $3\frac{1}{2}$ by $4\frac{1}{2}$ inches, writing on one side of each sheet.

Attach abstracts or quotations from later reading to first paper on that topic with fastener or pin. Thus each leaf, or collection of leaves, being complete in itself, and having running headline, may at any time be detached for use in another connection. All may be arranged in a box or drawer or held together by rubber bands; this possesses the merit of economy of space, time, and arrangement.

III. Take notes on any piece of paper that comes to hand, after having planned a definite mode of arrangement with brief intelligible key. Arrange your notes weekly, or at stated intervals, in large envelopes or portfolios. This is a cheap method, and convenient, but its efficiency depends on the skill of classification and persistency in adhering to it.

I have found the Card System useful and generally satisfactory for brief notes and references from private reading and investigation. Also stiff cards, 5 by 2 inches, or size of postal card if preferred, ruling off the left one-fourth for indexing or headline purposes, running to two or more sub-topics. Arrange cards by topics and sub-topics in a drawer or by rubber bands. This system is very concise, the cards are most easily carried in the pocket, and the stiffness of each card gives it a distinct advantage over a flimsy sheet.

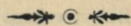
Lecture notes and notes from private reading should be esteemed of sufficient value to be put into permanent form. Any thoughtfully devised system faithfully adhered to renders the notes far more accessible for future use and hence far more valuable. Ink is much preferred to pencil, especially for the final arrangement. The student should not be found without materials for note-taking. Whether in the classroom, the library or the public lecture hall let him be on the alert to catch the choice expression or the valued reference in its momentary flight. Too much care cannot be taken to secure references both to recognized authorities and to original sources correctly and accurately. The scholar's note books, no less than his brain, are a veritable arsenal, ready for instant use.



TWELVE GOOD RULES ❀
❀ FOR REVIEWERS.

1. Form an honest opinion.
2. Express it honestly.
3. Don't review a book which you cannot take seriously.
4. Don't review a book with which you are out of sympathy. That is to say, put yourself in the author's place and try to see his work from his point of view, which is sure to be a coign of vantage.
5. Stick to the text. Review the book before you, and not the book some author might have written; *obiter dicta* are as valueless from the critic as from the judge. Don't go off on a tangent. And also don't go round in a circle. Say what you have to say, and stop. Don't go on writing about and about the subject, and merely weaving garlands of flowers of rhetoric.
6. Beware of the Sham Sample, as Chas. Reade called it. Make sure that the specimen bricks you select for quotation do not give a false impression of the facade, and not only of the elevation merely, but of the perspective and ground plan.
7. In reviewing a biography or a history, criticize the book before you, and don't write a parallel essay, for which the volume you have in hand serves only as a peg.
8. In reviewing a work of fiction, don't give away the plot. In the eyes of a novelist this is the unpardonable sin. And, as it discounts the pleasure of the reader also, it is almost equally unkind to him.
9. Don't try to prove every successful author a plagiarist. It may be that many a successful author has been a plagiarist, but no author ever succeeded because of his plagiary.
10. Don't break a butterfly on a wheel. If a book is not worth much, it is not worth reviewing.
11. Don't review a book as an east wind would review an apple tree—as it was said that Douglas Jerrold would do. Of what profit to anyone is mere bitterness and vexation of spirit?
12. Remember that the critic's duty is to the reader mainly, and that it is to guide him not only to what is good, but to what is best. Three parts of what is contemporary must be temporary only.—[Brander Matthews.]

CAMPING IN THE SIERRA.



During the two months' vacation it was my pleasure, along with two other young men who had been attending U. P., to make a two weeks' trip into the wild and picturesque Sierra.

At the end of the third day after leaving Red Bluff we were at Manzanita lake, the end of our journey. We felt that the scenery, whose picturesqueness we got but a glimpse of the first evening, repaid us for the long and tiresome road, which extended over a continuous barren lava-flow of forty miles, about half of our way, the rest being not very much unlike it but with the beauty and solemnity of the pine timber to relieve the tediousness of the journey.

We pitched camp and called our abode for the next two days "Camp University." The next morning we found an old boat and rowed out on the lake. Here the scene is one that can hardly be surpassed. To the southwest Mt. Lassen rises magnificently, and from the lake we got an open view of her snow covered sides. This peak is over 10,400 feet high and we were within two miles of the main peak, which rises about 2,000 feet almost abruptly from the surrounding mountains that slope down in a rather steep decline to the lake. Lassen is one of the many inactive snow-capped volcanic cones scattered along the Sierra and from the valley is next to Shasta in size, beauty and grandeur. Her silent sides seem almost to evince the Titanic action that once took place in her crater, and we are further aware of the eruptions that once stirred the bowels of the mountain by the cinders and lava covering the neighboring mountains. On the further side are still some boiling springs and geysers which act the year round. On both sides cragged peaks break away, and further down, where the belt of timber begins at the edge of the snow, blend into the rest of the mountains. On our right and to the rear the mountains gradually roll away to the valley far off. The surface here is covered with a dense growth of manzanita which extends for miles and miles in one green expanse and stretches to a line of timber further down.

The lake is a most beautiful body of water, nearly a mile long and a quarter as broad. It is as clear as a mirror and has an inlet of icy cold water from the melting snow on Lassen, the outlet flowing down through the manzanita toward the valley. Trees are standing in its

middle with but a few feet of their broken tops above the water; thus we know that the lake is a comparatively recent formation, probably the result of an eruption within the last hundred years or so. Large aquatic plants hide the bottom, and thousands of trout are seen jumping in the dusk of evening.

After two days we moved up nearer Lassen and found an ideally wild camp which we named "Camp Contentment." The third day here we started for a climb to the highest snow covered peak that defiantly frowned down upon us. We ate lunch at the beginning of the abrupt incline of the peak, and then started from "Camp Lehman" to climb in earnest. We struggled for over two hours against bowlders, sliding cinders and rocks, snow, light atmosphere and a steep ascent until two of our party of three reached top, the excelsior of our ambition. We did not look about while toiling up, but on the summit we drank in all the panorama of nature. The view from the top is grand. To the far north Mt. Shasta, king of snow crowned peaks in the northern part of the state, rears his fourteen-thousand feet of snow; between is a mass of mountains; to the north and right innumerable valleys, green with the verdure of summer in this region, dot the area. To the east the mountains stretch undulatingly over columns and columns, far, far away and drop from the level of vision. Many small lakes are nestled here and there, and one little silvery lakelies sleeping in the shadows, tucked in a niche half way down a mountain side.

A half mile to the south two smaller peaks intercept a further view in that direction, and the three form the old crater which sinks a few hundred feet in the middle. Looking far away toward the valley, we can just see two small peaks which are within seven miles of Red Bluff, but this is all we can discern of home. Still looking in the same direction but near the mountain, our pretty little lake is seen nestled away down among the pines; the manzanita on the further side appears like a carpet of grass. All around on the peak we see nothing but rocks and lava, except where the snow is heaped up. Standing on the east side of the top we look down an almost perpendicular mass of tumbled lava that has broken from the rock-ribbed crest and fallen away for over a thousand feet into a bed of death-like silence, there to slumber on and on until awakened by the hand of nature,—perchance that of eternity. Huge, grim bowlders

are lying on the highest crag like they had been left there by some giant with the command to keep their secret forever locked in their crystallized hearts. A barren circle of cinders surrounds the peak for two or three miles, with stunted shrubs and pines here and there. Three long drifts of whitest snow wind down the slope.

Yet over all these attestments of nature no sound, no voice, tells of its grandness; silence alone reigns, not even a bird call is heard, and our voices ring adown the rocky eminence and buffet around the ledges as if striving to awake them from a deathless silence. The echo dies around the point,—all is silent.

After leaving the names of some of the U. P. students under a pile of rocks we started to descend. But the difference from the ascent! Looking danger in the face and fearing nothing we jumped into the middle drift, which extends for nearly two miles down the mountain side, and, with only our staffs as breaks we descended at the rate of a railroad train. We shot over precipices that seemed to almost drop away from under us. The scudded snow made it all the merrier. We reached bottom in a very short five minutes where we had toiled a few hours since with the greatest difficulty to ascend.

This was the most joyous experience of many during the trip. The next morning we left it all and started homeward.

RUE D. FISH.



Y. M. C. A. CONFERENCE.

In the latter part of May, this year, a company of about fifty Y. M. C. A. men gathered at Pacific Grove. This gathering, known as the Y. M. C. A. Conference or Summer School, was the second of its kind in the history of the Young Men's Christian Association of the Pacific Coast. It was composed of representative men from nine colleges of California, Oregon and Nevada and the various city Associations of the State.

The Conference was under the direction of C. C. Michner, of New York. The Missionary Institute and Bible Study Class were led by R. E. Lewis, University of Vermont '91, traveling secretary of the Student Volunteer Movement. Mr. Lewis and wife expect to go to China this month to organize and carry on Christian work among the students of the universities and colleges of that great empire.

Platform meetings were addressed by Bishop Nicholls, Dr. McLean, Dr. Steele, Dr. Dille and other men of prominence in Christian work. Many of these addresses were very profound but all of them intensely practical and well suited to the needs of college men.

The mornings were given up to the various Conference meetings but the afternoons were devoted entirely to recreation and athletic sports, and who knows better than do Association men how to take advantage of the rare opportunities afforded by Pacific Grove and its surrounding country? One afternoon was given to yachting, another to driving and cycling around the famous seventeen-mile drive, special permission being given to the cyclers of the Conference to go around the drive on their wheels. Other afternoons were spent at baseball, field sports, swimming, tennis, croquet, etc.

At the close of each day, from 7 to 8 o'clock, the fellows gathered for life-work meetings, at which times the claims of the various professions and trades were presented. The query which seemed to prevail in all these meetings was, "In what department of activity can I do the greatest good to the greatest number?" Four men became "Student Volunteers" through the influence of these meetings. "Student Volunteer" here means one who gives the service of his life to the work of the foreign field and the aiding of humanity to a higher life.

These days were fraught with meaning to

the colleges of this coast because many of the delegates were the chosen leaders of Christian work in their respective schools, and will return filled with lasting zeal and better fitted for work owing to their own increased spirituality and their practical knowledge of working methods. Mr. Michner is reported to have said that this was the most spiritual Conference he had ever attended. Certain it is these were days of great pleasure, power and intellectual stimulus, just such as are necessary for the development of a well-rounded man.

Through the generosity of one of the wealthy citizens of Monterey the Conference next year will again be held at Pacific Grove and it is hoped that the University of the Pacific may have a large representation. We had two delegates this year. May we not have at least five, next year? The University of California sent ten representatives and great results are already visible in the Association of that institution. May we not begin early to plan for the '98 Pacific Coast Conference of the Y. M. C. A.

L. R. FULMER.

A TRADITION OF YOSEMITE AND ITS LESSONS.

Many years before the advent of us pale faces, a band of Indians roving from the north had taken up their abode in the Valley of the San Joaquin. In the early summer an old man sat from day to day before his hut gazing intently into the mysterious depths of the distant Sierra. The ever changing cloud-forms above their summits and the divine colorings of the rising and setting sun—the dazzling red and gold of the one, and the soft tints of the other—held him in enraptured thought. He beheld with wonder those gigantic clouds rearing their marble-white forms against the bluest of skies, and as they disappeared with the light of day their impress remained with him through the dreams of night.

The old man was not like his comrades in manner of thought, and, in his untutored state, all that he saw took on an imaginative hue, often leading him far from reality. Because of this he was not generally taken into the counsels of the tribe, who for the most part were romantic only in feats of war and daring strength. Now, in his old age, his pastime lay in conversation with the youth, among whom, because of his strange stories, he was a great favorite.

One boy had become the especial object of the old man's indulgence, and alone he listened to the store of tales the aged one held in reserve for his devotees. One evening the two sat gazing silently at the giant clouds piled above the snow-capped peaks of the eastern mountain range, and when the scene faded into darkness the boy in reverent tones inquired :

"Father, what land of wonder lies hidden there, whence rise those mighty forms?"

"My son, I cannot tell, I cannot venture you an answer. It is enough that it holds our minds enchanted. Think you it strange should it lead up to some happier world than ours?"

The two agreed to set out on the morrow in search of the fulfillment of high hopes as undefined in the old man as in the boy.

Days of weary traveling were theirs; but the cool breezes of night blowing over that parched summer land gently kissed their brows into refreshing sleep—the boy encouraged by visions of the night to renew the journey with vigor each morning, for the other was determined to lead whither the youth might be persuaded to follow.

The boy might have been excused for confiding his hand with little questioning to that of his companion, but should not the experience of the aged one have made the world more real? Could it have been that his mind was disordered? Yes, if it were so with the aged Ulysses who urged his comrades:

“Come, my friends,
’Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.”

But youth eventually grows weary. So it was with the boy; and the old man perceiving it, chided. “My son, have we not felt our stature small beside many a towering tree, and caught our breath at sight of canyons leading off into mighty distances? These are but forecasts of what we seek.” Thus, with all his fancy, life had taught him wisdom, and he valued persistency, believing that every promise of good has a fulfillment, hence every effort its recompense. Seeing, however, that fear followed hope with the days, at length the old man promised that the height above would reveal the world they sought. Upward and upward they climbed, but the day gave nothing more than the usual trees, forests of trees, endless stretches of trees, on mountain peaks and in the depths of canyons below. A pall like the gloom of night fell upon the face of the lad, but the guiding hand of instinct, ever ready with relief, led round the rugged height, whence, now and again, came glimpses, through the fringe of trees, of the sublimest reality earth holds in store for the eyes of man.

“At last,” thought the old man, “here are the spirit forms I sought for the boy!”

But each larger view gave more definite outline to the towering objects, and coming into full sight of the grand Yosemite they stood a moment, amazed that it was not those vapor forms that had lured them on, but the very mountain cut into spire and dome and bold precipice of gray and snow-white granite, with waters leaping out from the very rock and falling mighty distances, gently falling and breaking into foam of spirit-forms

“Ahwahne!” cried the old man.

“Ahwahne!” cried the boy.

The Canyon!

The Chasm!

Perchance my readers have all visited Yo-

semité. Do they agree with me that the tale is an allegory of ambition?

The old man of history is ever telling dreams of better lands lying in the distant, lofty regions of fame and success. The glow and dazzle of other days and the giant forms of distant characters tempt the soul over many a weary mile and rugged mountain peak of emulation. We may rest a while beneath some giant sequoia and behold mountain and canyon thickly veiled in beautiful pine and spruce and fir, through whose foliage the sunlight gently glancing invites the mind to repose; we may stop to sing with Joaquin Miller,

“A thousand miles of mighty wood,
Where thunder storms stride fire-shod;
A thousand plants to every rod;
A stately tree to every rood;
Ten thousand leaves to every tree,
And each a miracle to me!”

—but these grow common—they are not what we sought. Happy those who still persisting pass beyond the fringe separating the common from the grand and rest in sight of some Yosemite lying below, around, above, absorbing their intensest interest. Neither may this be the object of the search. Who ever has reached that? The mistake is that we chase phantoms of the mind, dim in the distance and ill-defined.

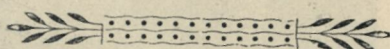
But what is it that fills the soul with rapture in the sight of Yosemite? It is the thought that there is a deeper meaning in nature than we have ever before known—a sublimity wrought out in reality appealing strongest to whatever of our faculties are most susceptible. So there is some sense of the soul around which our lives may circle in the sublime reality of acting for the present. Finding this is the end of true ambition. What we have seen beyond and above it is the mist of selfish dreams. Contentment with our daily labor for the production of something good is the point of inspiration from which the outlook upon life is real and noble.

Well may we learn from Ruskin: “Whatever bit of a good man’s work is honestly and benevolently done, that bit is his book or his piece of art.” When in the work of the present we shall find our art, then shall we have attained the highest possible of the genuine in our ambition; or when in the struggle of life we shall feel compelled to cease our strivings, soon will it dawn upon the true soul that all around is grand reality.

T. W. Hobson Company,

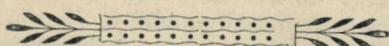
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Too Late.

A woman knew that love was in her life.

One came, reverently to touch her hand and look into her eyes, if haply he might find there rest for what was throbbing in his heart.

The woman wavered and drew back. "How foolish I am!" she thought. "Where is the fame—and the wealth—and the beauty?"

She wrapped her love in a shimmering tissue of friendship, and tied it firmly with a cord of indifference—to wait for a day that would come. The taut cord pressed painfully.

"Childishness!" exclaimed the woman with impatience, and deftly wound many cords together and intertwined them.

Then love sat inert. "Now I am safe—until that day."

She waited—and at length one came with wealth and fame, and stooped to kiss her hand. "This must be he," whispered the woman, beginning to unloose the cords.

One by one they fell.

"Dear Love, waken. It's morning!" she said softly, and pulled aside the covering.

But there was nothing inside.—[Jean Marie Lawrence in Munsey's Magazine.

"We must be on our dignity now," said Trevorrow to another '98. "Or rather, we must dig."

"Dig-nit," interrupted a '99.

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