



5-1-1899

## Workaday World, May 1899

University of the Pacific

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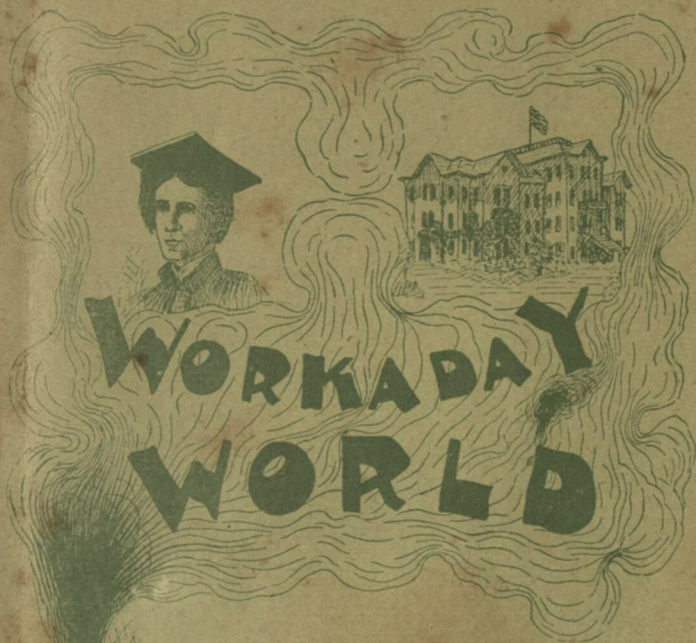
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*May, 1899.*

*Volume III*

*No. 9.*

**UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC,**  
*College Park, Calif.*

**Price 10 cents.**

*Commencement Edition.*





**Special**

**Induce-  
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.... TO ....

**University Students\*\***



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J. H. Williams, the agent of the Enterprise Steam Laundry, takes this opportunity to thank the students of the University for their patronage during the past three years, and would bespeak the same hearty support for his successor, L. R. Fulmer.



**\* The Enterprise Steam Laundry \***

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I have just received notice to  
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You can buy almost  
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BUYS A NEW  
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Call in and hear it.

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We keep every thing in the  
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Boys! Go To  
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*First showing of Spring Shoes.*  
*We are first in the field with our Spring*  
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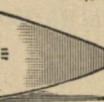
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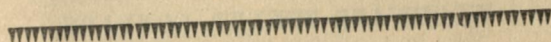
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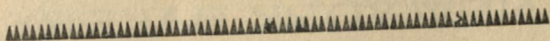
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Lenses ground to fit any eye.

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Prime meats sold at bottom cash prices.

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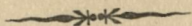
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Do your feet trouble you? If so, try S. J. Gray. Any kind of a shoe made to order for crippled or tender feet; fit guaranteed Men's shoes to order \$3 and upwards. San Jose Shoe Factory and Repairing Company; 115 South Second St.

\$25 \$30 \$40 \$50 \$60 \$75

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Largest Stock of Sundries in San Jose.

All Our Stock 1899 Goods. . . . .

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consists in that you give  
our Advertisers a trial.*

*We solicit their ads., pro-  
mising them results. Now*

*we do not ask every one  
to advertise with us; and*

*you can rest assured only*

*the most reliable and*

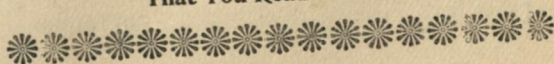
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YOU DONT KNOW WHAT YOU HAVE MISSED  
If you haven't been there. WHERE?

Why at Rudolphs Candy Factory  
And Ice Cream Parlors, ✱ 61 Porter  
Bld'g.



## ART NOTES

---

"Art, through the interpretation of Nature, leads science, industry, culture, and all true education."

The Art department which was started last year has increased in numbers, and the studio has been filled with enthusiastic, earnest workers.

A regular course of study covering a period of three years has been arranged, and a diploma is offered for the completion of this course.

The work is given especially with reference to its educational value, and art has this advantage over all intellectual pursuits, It does not educate the mind alone, but the eye and hand also. The students are taught to see and feel the beautiful in nature, and to understand and to represent what they see.

Many of the pupils in this department have been giving their attention to drawing alone during the year, including the study of light, shade, shadows, and perspective. Model and object drawing, still-life and cast drawing in charcoal and pen and ink, and out-door sketching from nature have formed a large part of the work.

The delightful weather most of the year has rendered it possible for the class to work often in the open air and to study the lights and shadows on the campus, so that numerous sketches have been made of the gates and trees, and walks and buildings. A number of pupils have been doing pen drawing with the idea of some day drawing for illustration, and some of them have taken up wash drawings in India Ink, Paynes gray, or charcoal gray.

The field is wide and opportunities are many for the artist in black and white. The salary of the average newspaper artist is far higher than that of the reporter. Men with ideas who can sketch their own designs, writers who can illustrate their own stories, and persons able to make attractive drawings for various purposes may all find use for their knowledge.

Drawing from the antique has been a prominent feature throughout the year, and also drawing from the living model. Charcoal sketches of the students in all moods,—sad, pensive, studious and gay,—hang on the studio walls. Many of them are good likenesses and are well drawn, but it requires much study and practice for this work, and it is possible in some of the earlier stages that all friendships are not capable of standing the test, even if it is a sitting.

A new feature of the work this year is the composition class. A subject is given each week and the members of the class make original drawings expressing their own ideas of the subject. These drawings are hung side by side on the wall and the compositions criticized. This class has recently been making illustrations for "Jean Ingelow's 'Song of Seven.'" The cover of the *WORKADAY WORLD* was designed by one of the art students, and occasional drawings have been made during the year to illustrate its pages.

In the color class considerable work has been done in oil and water colors, and some in China painting. Miniature painting on ivory has also been represented. There are quite a number of still-life studies of fruit and flowers for the exhibition, and an interesting composition of some old books and a violin. Mr. Hyde has made over forty sheets of drawings of Historic ornamentation for Prof. Cross, to be used in his lectures on



Art ; besides, doing the regular studio drawing of the course.

During the early part of the semester the entire class visited the O'Connor Art Gallery by special invitation. Mrs. O'Connor, herself, received them and made their visit very interesting. They greatly enjoyed her beautiful copies of the old masters, and admired anew the Sistine Madonna with those wonderful eyes looking straight out of the picture, not at anything belonging to this world, but through and through the universe. They all left the gallery, feeling that "Art is truly an appeal to our deepest emotions, telling us not what the artist's eye saw, but what his senses felt."

The love of Art has always been connected with all that is sincere, noble and great, and it has been truly said "If one learns nothing from Art, one becomes something by studying it."

E. BOOTH.



### ARBOR DAY

The writer has been privileged to attend all our so-called Arbor Days that have been held in recent years. The present series began in the spring of 1897. That winter we had plenty of rain and the grass was thick, long, high, rank, etc., and we worked from 8 to 5, with two hours for dinner, after some toasts were given. Last year Dr. McClish gave us a speech. The war was just breaking and the students had bought the present East Hall flag and had it raised that day.

But counting the time we had, the enthusiasm shown and the results we hope from it, this



year's Arbor Day was the best of all. We worked hard enough to enjoy thoroughly the excellent dinner so graciously and daintily prepared by our charming girls. Then came the program, and although it was long, nobody ever felt like leaving. All that was said cannot be repeated, but the symposium might receive special notice.

There is an old saying, "Practice what you preach." However it might be better in our case to say, Let us put in practice our theory. The first year class really did well. We can truthfully say that no first year class during the last six years has shown more enthusiasm and effort. Their theory regarding the gym is fine, but they should not stop. See that the money, advertising, and results are forthcoming and we will praise your practice for more than your theory. A noticeable fact is that many of our graduating classes contain a large percentage of students who did not start at U. P. in their beginning year. Also how comparatively few that start with the beginning class graduate. But we have sentiments from the first year class. Class of 1902—"We are witnesses of your solemn obligations."

During the day the writer happened to be with a crowd of six students, and none had been at the Arbor Day last year. If we all would stay and endeavor to bring others the score of our numbers could not be counted on our thumbs and fingers.

We all say Amen to the remarks about these paintless halls, these bawling cows, and horses, these greenless lawns, and these verdant paths. But we must remember that longer and older heads than ours are doing their best to better matters. Money is scarce, and without much of it we must do the best we can.

Dr. McClish showed his genuine interest in leaving his sick-room to be with us. We appreciated the earnest words of Mr. Leiter, and the poetry of Miss Mayne. We all say of Brother Bailey "Bless his soul." The classic students cheer Dr. Heacock, and we would all get the quartette to sing again.

But suppose we all get in and by dint of hard labor work out the practical part of the theory mentioned that Friday. What vision do I see even before 1899 is under the sod? All the students come back, with their \$250 for athletics. A student body is organized with a whole chapel full of enthusiasm and a fine corps of officers. A hundred dollars or so is spent on the gym and Titus gets the football team out. They practice and train hard and faithfully for six weeks, and a fine team is the result. A hundred rooters under a good leader are on the benches every night to cheer them. A little Band is organized and properly drilled, and with the Glee club gives us genuine music,—a distinctly U. P. song, words and music: the product of our own college and conservatory. Everybody sings and yells and works together. A game is arranged for with the U. C. Freshmen. Two S. P. cars are hired, and decorated with orange. They carry 180 lusty girls and boys, each with a U. P. pin and a big orange bow. The band plays, the crowd sings, the team plays, and then we all yell and paint the town, the S. F. newspapers, and the whole state — orange!!!

N. ENO RICHARDSON.

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The Star Shoe Store, 27 south Second street, has recently been greatly enlarged and entirely refurnished, and is now one of the leading shoe houses in San Jose. See "ad" in this book.



## PICNIC

Miss Glyde and Miss Terwilliger with their characteristic success as entertainers delightfully entertained a few of their numerous friends at Long Bridge Saturday, May 13. It was an ideal outing. A genial crowd was out on a typical summer day, making the green hills and rocky ways echo with their light-hearted summer calls.

The party was to leave the "Romona," the home of Miss Glyde, at 8:30 o'clock. When the hostess gave the word the two large carry-alls started, loaded with expectant humanity and numerous kodaks.

The outward trip was uneventful save for the industrious work of the cherry pickers. Several young men of fruitful resources gathered the tempting fruit on the run, and gracefully yielded their harvests to their fair lassies who generously gave away all the green ones.

The trip out ended at 12 o'clock, when the dusty pleasure seekers gathered about on numerous rocks and trees to await luncheon.

Mr. Titus sat by the brookside watching the fish run races. Several valuable notes were added for next field day. But perhaps the saddest of all to be noticed was the mental distress of our friend "Don." Though still maintaining his passive exterior, to his friends he confided that he had forgotten to appoint someone to shut up his chickens. Owing to the numerous words of sympathy expressed he partly overcame his trouble and managed to force a bite at luncheon.

Soon there came a time when all gathered about the festal ground over-loaded with all the delicacies that a first class caterer could conceive of. The snapping of kodaks; the exchanging of numerous witticisms, and the cheerful voice of



Mr. Fulmer, who stood by the brook babbling, were pleasant diversions of the hour.

Everyone was looking forward to a tramp up the creeek, so soon the crowd was clambering and slipping along its banks encountering nettles, beetles, and water-dogs with true picnic bravery. Some were soon exhausted and stopped by the wayside, to be picked up by the considerable crowd on its return.

All began to gather in at six o'clock to partake of light refreshments before returning. It was not long after this before everyone was seated and prepared for the homeward trip. The canyon road was soon passed over, and the crowd was driven briskly into the Santa Clara valley, having passed one more jolly day in the much appreciated foothills.



#### WHAT NEXT?



The great enthusiasm manifested at our glorious field-day victory, and the spirit of loyalty manifested on Arbor day have already been productive of lasting result. Realizing what united effort has done and will do for the school our students have nobly responded to the call for a thoroughly organized student body in old U. P.

The aim of our organization is not to crowd out or to weaken other associations in the school, but rather to encourage them on to better work, and be to them a mutual friend and helper. The prime purpose of our student body is to promote the interest of the university a-

long every line. We feel that our success means the success of the university. Next year will mark an epoch in this time-honored institution which has played such a magnificent part in the highest development of our Pacific coast. Definite plans have been laid for increased activity in every department, and we are striving to foster this work already begun. During the past two months a spirit of enthusiasm has been manifested among our students which for years past has never been equaled.

Fellow students, as the president of this organization, I beseech you to do all in your power as individuals to crown our efforts with success. Do not stand aloof to complain and grumble because everything is not done in perfect accordance with your own particular idea. Be willing to do the bidding of the great majority. Now that our student body organization is a realization it behoves us, each and every one, to maintain the fire and zeal so recently exhibited. Carry it through the summer vacation by inviting new students to join our ranks. Tell them of the honor in store for them.

If you would enjoy the highest privilege of a student, stand loyal to our student body and lift high the banner of old U. P.

W. J. MILLER,  
Pres. Student Body.

The L. M. M. gave their first annual commencement anniversary Tuesday, May 16, before an enthusiastic and appreciative audience. Every balcony was crowded with spectators, and several boquets in the shape of ink wells were thrown on the stage. The flowing robes of the actors harmonized beautifully with the soft light which was thrown on the stage. May we all live to again enjoy such a treat.





## FOOTBALL : ITS EFFECTS AND INFLUENCES.



While addressing an audience at Stanford University not long ago Walter Camp, the father of American football, said that when anyone called him a football "crank" he had the satisfaction of feeling that he was an admirer of the world's greatest and most scientific game,—a game which combined in one sport the running, the jumping, the throwing, the wrestling, and the boxing of the classic Greek Pentathlon. But this is strictly the standpoint of an enthusiast—one who pays his dollar or more for the privilege of occupying a bleacher on Thanksgiving Day and shouting "'s our ball." What, then, is the effect of the game on the player? Is it a grand game for him? Is it beneficial morally and physically?

To the casual observer football doubtless presents merely the spectacle of vigorous physical exercise. Closer examination, however, reveals the steady development of those qualities which make the complete man: courage, implicit and instant obedience, and grit. The benefits that the player derives mentally and morally are greatly superior to the physical benefits; but many admirers of the game claim that, aside from the moral advantages, the physical advantages alone are sufficient to warrant its practice, and as proof they offer the testimony of the physical directors of the leading universities of the country: that the football player finishes the season and the college course with a greatly improved physique. The latest available statistics of Dr. Seaver of Yale show that from a class of one

hundred and forty-four men the non-athletes gained in symmetry during the year  $4\frac{3}{4}$  per cent., while the football players made an average gain of 24 per cent.

As a convincing argument in favor of the game it might be stated that, in Sept. 1895, James W. Alexander, President of the University Club of New York, sent letters of inquiry to every athlete who had played on the Yale, Harvard or Princeton teams since the introduction of the Rugby game in 1876, with the following results:

No. that considered themselves benefitted,	328
“ “ “ “ injured,	3
“ “ “ the game had no effect,	4
Failed to reply,	2

While considering the physical disadvantages of the game let it be remembered that but one football player has been permanently injured during the last twelve years of play at any of the leading colleges of the country. The one exception points out a strong moral, for the young man was injured through playing a hard game with little preparation.

Great as are the physical benefits of the game to the player there are advantages of a mental or ethical nature which outweighs them, for football is essentially a game of severe moral and mental standards. By reason of its tactical possibilities football finds a parallel in war, where we have the maxim of the great Napoleon that "The moral factor is to the physical as 3 is to 1." In football the brilliant player is one possessing great moral and mental development,—intelligence, moral courage, self-control, and obedience. Referring to the analogy of war, we find that one of the lessons of the Rebellion was that the men of best morals were the best fighters.



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The football player is obliged by reason of his isolation and great responsibility to think rapidly and decisively. He trains himself to meet emergencies and thus acquires self-reliance. In addition he is schooled in self-control, for no game tries the temper as much as football. The single ability to take hard blows and not retaliate is a lesson not too dearly bought at the cost of a few incidental sprains and bruises.

While there are many minor influences there still remains unmentioned two great advantages that football shares with all college athletics, namely: the lessons learned in discipline, and the hygienic care of the body.

The value of a military or naval training has never been overestimated; in football there is the same obedience and the same fine sense of readiness to accept discipline. An army poorly officered would become a mob; a football team would speedily fall into a worse predicament. Team work and signal practice are rapidly enforced by every football captain. While comparing military and football training, it will be interesting to note the sentiment of the faculty of the U. S. Military Academy on this point. Col. O. H. Crust, Supt. of the Military Academy at West Point, wrote, in a recent report to the War Department, "My conclusions are that football has been beneficial to scholarship and an aid to discipline, and should receive a proper degree of encouragement."

With regard to the knowledge of hygiene derived from athletics, the well known discussions of athletes on diet, condition, care of muscles, etc., are too patent to need explanation.

As opposed to the many advantages of football, we have two distinct charges laid at its door,—first, the charge that the game is brutal,

and engenders brutality in its participants; second, the claim that the excitement of the game draws the minds of the players from their studies.

That football is a rough game everyone admits; but tell an enthusiast that it is brutal and you will be in hot water. The solution lies solely in a distinction between roughness and brutality. A safe test is to notice the character of those that play the game, and if one does so, we will observe that they are the most genial, whole-souled fellows in college.

From a scholastic standpoint, the most serious draw-back to the game is the attention it diverts from studies. Occasionally we find a team, (almost always a Prep. school team), that is deficient in scholastic standing, but statistics that are available to everyone show, that, almost without exception, in institutions from Yale and Harvard down the athlete stands higher in his studies than the non-athlete. But the question does not rest here, it involves a discussion of the object of a young man in attending college, a topic that is quite frequently a bone of contention. The consensus of opinion, however, is that the student can never become a great scholar in four years of undergraduate life at college; but he is supposed to imbibe a spirit and learn methods which may fit him for the world at large. Therefore, the admirers of football hold that a few points more or less in scholarship-marks is not too great a sacrifice to make for the self-restraint, presence of mind, courage and obedience taught on the football field. One of the leading college presidents has recently said: "The functions of the undergraduate college must not be confounded with the post-graduate and university training. The un-



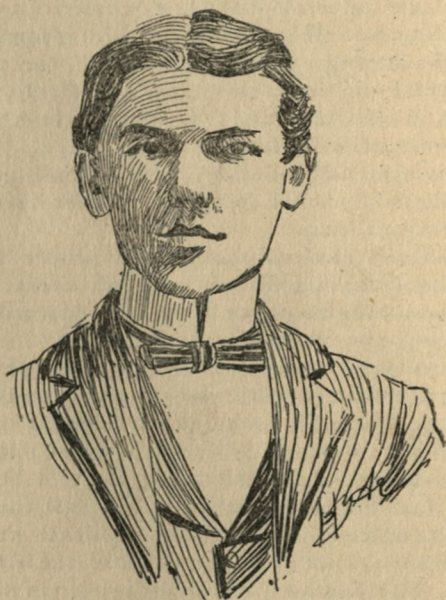
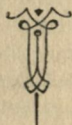
dergraduate is really a boy,—a large boy to be sure, but still a boy,—and he needs physical as well as mental training. When the growth of the body has come to a stand-still, and not until then, can the great need of outdoor exercise safely remain unsatisfied."

The influence on the college as a whole can hardly be overestimated, for, as the President of Lafayette College has pointed out, college athletics, and especially football, have done more to purify, dignify and elevate college life than any other single influence in the last quarter of a century. No one will question this who is familiar with the hazing, "stacking rooms," the midnight raids on town property, the stealing of signs and shutters, and the more vicious and dangerous evils of former college days. With this new systematic outlet for the animal spirits in young men, the old forms of disorder have almost disappeared.

College athletics, to exert their proper influence, should be heartily encouraged; every student should do his or her little mite toward encouraging the various athletic teams. Aside from the very beneficial effects on the athletic teams, this college spirit will react and make itself felt in a surprising manner in the two other great departments of college life,—the scholastic and the social. Internally, new life will be infused into all connected with the institution, while its external effect will be to draw attention to the school and thus increase the enrollment. This has been repeatedly proven in many colleges; but if anyone doubts the truth of the assumption, let him examine the history of the University of California during the last two years: a period that has brought to every Berkeleyite a broader and truer conception of

college life, and a realization of the truth of the maxim, "Success and college spirit are inseparable."

NORMAN F. TITUS.



Mr. N. F. Titus,  
*The '99 Football Manager.*



## FIELD DAY SONG

AS SUNG BY U. P. MALE QUARTETTE.

Tune of "Hot Time."

Have you heard about the Field-day  
That we had two weeks ago,  
When our boys in orange jerseys showed  
Us that they were not slow ?  
They rubbed it into Santa Clara then  
In first class shape, you bet.  
If we hadn't stopped Hank Hamilton,  
Why he'd been running yet.

Hank's all right in any kind of race ;  
When the pistol cracked he got right in first  
place,  
Why he came down that stretch at a locomotive  
pace.

There was a hot time at Rudolph's that night.

All the girls were there on that great day  
To help the boys along,  
With our college colors flying, and  
They joined in every song.  
Oh you should have seen that high  
Old Hyde, the man who puts the shot,  
And the boy whose name is Parsons :  
Come in last ? "well I guess not."

Titus got there and so did Philippi.  
When our days work was done Santa Clara  
couldn't see.  
Why in the mile relay they were as dead as  
they could be.  
So old U. P. took everything in sight.  
Oh dear me,  
The boys all yelled and threw their hats in glee.  
And from the grand stand came  
The shout of 'Hi ! Ho ! He !' You bet !  
Our track team work is good enough for me.  
There was a hot time at Rudolph's that night.



University of the Pacific.

FRIDAY EVENING  
MAY 26<sup>th</sup>

COMMENCEMENT

EXERCISES

SENIOR CLASS IN  
ELOCUTION.

...CONSERVATORY CHAPEL...

One soft summer day in the year '99  
A bevy of ladies, determined to shine,  
Strolled out on the green by the CHURCH;  
And there they heard say  
That a Fox, blithe and gay,  
Had left all her friends in the lurch.

'Twas because she had heard  
From a wandering bird,  
That the stylish and coveted COATS  
Would one day be the prize of a seaman  
Who now in Manila  
Was sowing his oats  
With a valor worthy a FREEMAN.

So they sat near a tree  
Where travelers might see  
As they passed the beautiful lawn and a YARD  
Who offered uncommon attractions:  
For with this quaint name  
She aspired to win fame,



And besides being young she is brainy,  
And her lips wear a smile  
That a monk would beguile  
When even the weather is RA(1)NEY.

But soon the old bell  
On the air 'gan to swell,  
And summoned them all from their dreaming.  
And then a strange sight  
Filled all hearts with delight,—  
For the FOX and the YARD  
With the COATS and a pard,  
Round the CHURCH with the RANEY,  
FREEMAN came streaming.

---

WE note with sadness the death of Mrs. Laura Hopkins-Hadley, the beloved daughter of our pastor, which occurred on Sunday, May 14th.

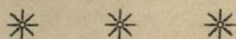
The news of her death was a great shock to us all, especially her father and brother who had no warning of her illness.

She was an ex-student of our university and was beloved by all who knew her. The favor which she had among the students was attested by the floral tributes presented and the resolutions of sympathy drawn up by the student body. Her loss is mourned by all.

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Wm. J. Miller,  
*The President of  
the Student Body.*





## THE Y. M. C. A. SUMMER SCHOOL.



Boom ah! Lack ah! Boom ah! Lack ah!

Nick oh hah, jay!

Pacific Coast Conference

Of Y. M. C. A.

How familiar that yell sounds to us who have returned from Pacific Grove after such a delightful, profitable ten days. There were seventy of us. Thirty-three from Berkeley, one each from Idaho and Washington state universities, four from Oregon schools, nine from Nevada and ten from Southern California colleges.

Seventy enthusiastic fellows. One remarked that they were the cream of the young men of the Pacific Coast—naturally with a few flies.

But let us notice a few adjectives that might describe them. First, they were men with all the grandeur that that small but great word contains. Men, strong physically, mentally, spiritually. They were young men with all that youthful vigor and enthusiasm, with that matchless energy, with great ambitions that can only be said of young men. They were college men with all that broad vision, all those capabilities and possibilities for doing good that especially characterizes college men.

But lastly, yet greatest, they were *Christain* men armed with the Bible and a firm belief in Almighty God, who, with their college training, their strong, young blood and their youthful zeal have gone out to their respective colleges to work for Him and to lift their fellows into the Light thro the medium of the Y. M. C. A.

But what did we do there? Every morning from 8 to 12:15 we were in conference. During that time four speakers generally addressed us.

Dr. Williamson of Edinburg, Scotland, a medico-missionary, who sails for India next fall conducted the missionary institute, showing us the need of missionary work and how it could be successfully accomplished in the college Y. M. C. A.

Mr. Sharmon, the author of "Studies in Life of Christ" conducted a very interesting bible class.

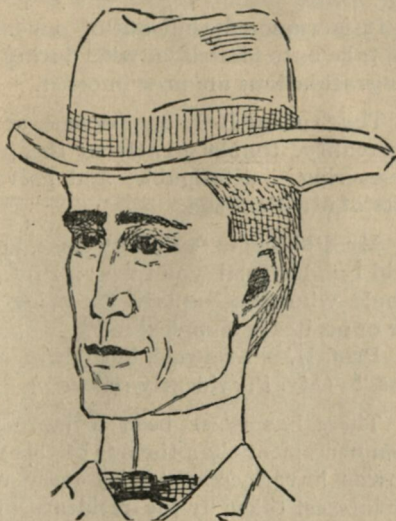
W. H. Rose, a very active man in his Alma Mater, Ann Harbor, led the Association Conference in which methods for association work were discussed.

Every morning we had a platform address by prominent ministers from the State. They represented five denominations and spoke on subjects of interest to christian young men. In the evening very profitable life work meetings were held, conducted generally by some of the Asso'n secretaries. The afternoons were spent in recreation. Baseball, a field day, swimming in the baths and surf, tramps, a ride about the seventeen-mile drive were indulged in.

But what were the results of this conference? First, great spiritual benefit to us all. We grew greatly in our religious life during those ten days. Secondly, we shall accomplish great things for Him among our fellows in college. And we few delegates from U. P. are not going to be left behind in this great work of Y. M. C. A. In state and sectarian institutions we think of the many disadvantages the Y. M. C. A.'s have to contend with and then we compare their results with ours, and the few disadvantages we have, and we are ashamed. But it shan't be so next year. We want all earnest fellows, all men who call themselves Christians to unite with us to accomplish great things in our Y. M. C. A.



next year. Fellows, come back determined to join the Bible class and the class for the study of missions, to do your full part as an officer, as a committee-man or as a member; to your best ability with the instructions we delegates have for you to do personal work with any unchristian fellow you meet and get him to join the Association as an active christian, to sacrifice time and money for the work so that next year we can, with a good big delegation, report great progress for the Association in the old U. P. Pray. Study. Give. Work. N. E. R.



James Falconer,  
*The Next Editor of  
The Workaday World.*

❁  
LOCALS



Farewell to the Seniors.

Be sure and read the "ads."

Ardor Day has come and gone, leaving behind it many pleasant memories.

Mr. Don Williams is suffering from a severe stiffness contracted from over-exertion Arbor day.

It is rumored that one of our fair Seniors will take unto himself a wife during vacation. Congratulations are now in order.

The Student Body has become at last a living reality, thanks greatly to the persistently persevering, indefatigable, and galvanizing efforts of Mr. Peterson.

Mr. Philippi in Sociology class, anxiously:—"Did I understand you to say, Prof., that two people who contemplate marrying should be the opposites in complexion?"

Prof. H.—"As a rule, but there are exceptions." (Mr. P. evidently relieved.)

There has never been a more auspicious Commencement than the one of this year. The crowds have increased with every recital, and the interest taken by the residents of San Jose has been most gratifying.

There has been in the university in the past semester a force that very few have recognized. That is the Science Club. It has quietly gone about its work and only the faithful attendants have realized what a source of good it was.



JOSHES OF THE SWEET TIMES GONE BYE.

Who is the Comin' Man?

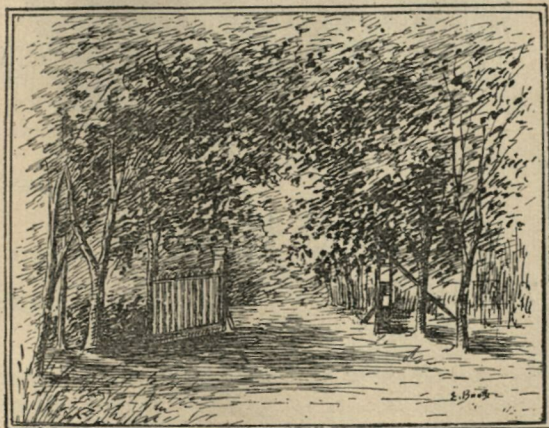
Prove that one Rhizomian is equal to three Archanians.

Why is Marvin Parsons the luckiest man on the campus?

Why is Don Williams' favorite song "My Honulu Lady"?

Why the U. P. boys are not more sociable is a question which the girls are unable to solve.

Miss Mayne has kindly opened South Hall to visitors on Wednesday evenings and this should be taken advantage of.



*Drawing From Scene of a Campus Gate.*



Henry Hamilton,  
*The Winner of Four First Med-  
als and a Relay Medal in  
the Field Day.*





### EXCHANGES

"Who is it that sits and tears his hair  
While all the rest are nappin' ?  
'Tis the local editor who groans  
'Why doesn't something happen.' "

Law in Physics :—The deportment of a student varies inversely as the distance of the student from the teacher's desk.—Ex.

Prof. in Physiology:—"Where are the rubber cells?"

Student:—"In the neck."—Ex.

Judge:—"Why did you steal this man's purse?"

Prisoner:—"I thought the change would do me good."—Ex.

Student:—"Give me the life of Cæsar."

Librarian:—"Brutus is ahead of you, sir."  
—Tocsin.

Teacher:—"Express in a few words this sentence: Mr. and Mrs. Flood drove up to the door of the house and stopped. Mr. Flood threw down the reins and helped his wife to alight. Then they entered the house."

Smart Boy:—"The rains decended and the Flood came."—Ex.

"Oh! Parson, I wish I could carry my gold with me," said the dying man to his pastor.

"It might melt," was the consoling answer.  
—Ex.

The darkest hour in the history of any young man is when he sits down to study how to get money without working for it.—Horace Greely.

All the latest Spring and Summer styles at S. E. Smiths, 10 South 1st street.

# WORKADAY WORLD

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Published monthly by the Students of the  
UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC.

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## EDITORIALS



### FAREWELL TO THE WORKADAY WORLD.

It has been work a day, a good many of them, and sometimes work a night, for frequently the long hours of winter darkness have been passed in the office and the morning sun has found us still pouring over copy and correcting proof.



When we assumed the editorship of the WORKADAY WORLD at the appointment of the trustees, we entered upon the duties of our office with considerable misgiving as to our ability, but with a determination to make the paper a success both from a financial and literary standpoint. As to the former, our success is unquestioned. We have made the paper pay expenses monthly, have put considerable into the office by way of repairs, paid a large portion of the indebtedness on the press, and still realized a suitable remuneration for our time and energy spent in this work. We speak of this because the financial handling of a paper is often the most difficult part to conduct successfully. Yet we have been able to do this with the support of a very small portion of the students as subscribers. We depend wholly on our advertisers to meet all expenses, whom we now wish to thank for their liberal support. To those who did subscribe we herewith extend our thanks, and also to those who have assisted us in office work, especially deserving of mention being Mr. Fish, our office manager, whose untiring efforts in the interest of the paper are known to all.

As to the literary style of the paper, we are less inclined to pass judgment upon it. Tastes differ. Criticism has been severe and praise abundant. We only know that we have tried to do our best with the material and time at our disposal. We are deeply indebted to the many kind contributors to its columns. Miss Gaddis and Miss Van Anda among the ladies, and Mr. Boswell, Mr. Falconer and Mr. Tregoning have our deepest gratitude for the interest they have manifested in trying to make the paper interesting. Nor would we fail to mention our staff artists, Mr. Angwin and Mr. Hyde, whose draw-

ings have added much to the attractiveness of our pages.

We have tried to make the paper thoroughly representative of the entire university. We have never allowed our editorials to deal with matter other than that of general interest. We have endeavored to throw aside all partisan opinions, that we might be supposed to have, for the broader interests of the general good. We have always been susceptible, as far as possible, to suggestions from students as to the policy of the paper and its general character. In short, it has been our constant effort to make the paper as thoroughly representative as an appointed editor could possibly make it.

The recent organization of a student body renders possible what before was impossible, namely: the election of the editor by the students. We believe and always have believed that this is the right course of action to pursue. The more thorough control the students have over the paper the greater will be their interest in its success. A year of experience has convinced us that with the enthusiastic support of the students this paper could be easily managed with considerable profit. As to whether the students should assume full control at present is a question that we would not pretend to answer. This is a question of great importance and should not be decided without careful thought on the subject. The ideal college paper is one conducted by the students, one in which everyone feels that he has a personal interest; but whether we are ready for such an undertaking is another question. Heretofore the paper has been run entirely as a private enterprise and as such has succeeded. Whether it could be made to pay under student management is yet to be seen.



We have not yet, as a body of students, demonstrated that we are capable of handling large financial interests. On the contrary our athletic association in the past has shown itself decidedly incapable along this line. The pile of rusty unpaid-for pipe lying by the engine house is a constant reminder of our past executive ability. This should stand as a warning to guide us in our future financial policy along any line: that we should not incur debts. In the pending amendments to the constitution the board of control would necessarily have to be men of good financial insight and who would work for the interests of the paper. Farther, if such a course is to be adopted, bonds or a cash deposit should be given the trustees as a guarantee of good faith on the part of the students to cover all indebtedness that might be incurred.

The practical difficulties of such an undertaking may be too great to overcome and the five to fifteen dollars per month that might be turned into the student fund may not be worth the risk and trouble in operating the paper.

These are questions that must be settled in the near future, and they deserve the most careful and critical attention.

The future of the paper never looked brighter than at present. With the support of the students to push it forward its success seems assured. We gladly step out of our office and extend our best wishes to the new editor whom we know will receive the loyal support of the students in the honored duties he is about to assume.



One of our prominent ministers of San Jose has chosen to dub our institution with the title "So called University of the Pacific." If such is

his private estimate of one of the oldest and most honored institution of learning on the coast he is most certainly welcome to cherish this fond illusion so long as he does not flaunt it on the public ear. But when a minister stands in his pulpit and publicly belittles a school of his own denomination, which needs and should have his support, it becomes our duty to resent these uncalled-for insinuations through the columns of our paper.

A true university is a school in which are taught all branches of learning. It is evident that such a school could exist only in theory. The practical university as it exists in the world to-day is simply an approximation to this ideal. The schools of Europe come nearer attaining this ideal than those of the old world, and those of the Eastern States comprehend a broader scope of learning than ours on this Coast; so, indeed, the University of California by embracing medicine and law among their colleges, comes a step nearer the true realization of this term than we have as yet.

Were it not for the fact that words change from their etymological significance we would all have to exercise care and be exceedingly discreet and put the words "so called" before university, when speaking of any institution of learning; but common usage has changed the original meaning of this word until it has now come to mean simply an assemblage of colleges in one place with professors for instructing students in the sciences and other branches of learning that may be there taught, and where degrees are conferred. Under this usage of the term we have as much claim on the word university as other institutions have.

We may as students be over-proud and super-sensitive but we do not enjoy hearing



unnecessary apologies for an existence. We believe that we have a right to the name that graces our institution and that all explanatory adjuncts are uncalled for. Our charter from the State of California does not read "so called." The faculties of Berkeley, Stanford, Northwestern, Princeton, Johns Hopkins, Yale and Harvard do not hesitate to accept diplomas from the University of the Pacific without criticizing the propriety of the name. Forty Berkeley students from the Pacific Grove summer school when passing through San Jose last week gave three cheers for the University of the Pacific. We listened carefully but no one said the "so called University of the Pacific."

Most men and institutions are willing to accept us for what we claim to be, but Dr. Kummer feels it necessary to apologize for our unrestrained pretensions. We take exceptions to his views. We write this not in a spirit of malice; but as editor of the college paper we feel it our duty to resent an insinuation so evidently in antagonism to the best interests of our university.



When our boys carried off the honors of the inter-scholastic field day they did not know that they had planted the germs of college spirit that would so soon bloom into a fully organized student body. If present indications mean anything the past month has been a history-making epoch in the annals of college life at U. P.

A student body has long been agitated by us, as anyone can testify who has read our editorials in preceding issues. And now that it has actually been realized we give it our hearty

endorsement, believing that the step taken will be a determining factor in the future prosperity of the University.

†††

We wish to congratulate the girls on the fine appearance of their edition. It was certainly a high proof of their ability to edit a successful paper.



### THE RECITALS



The recital season has passed most successfully. Every evening was a rare treat to lovers of music. The three last recitals were fully as successful as any. Miss Terwilliger and Mrs. Hecker, Miss Van Anda and Mr. McClish, and Mrs. Bernhard and Mr. Leibe occupied the evenings of May third, tenth, and seventeenth, respectively. The musicians did themselves and the university great credit. Miss Terwilliger and Mrs. Hecker were assisted by the vocalist, Miss Marguerite Zuck. Miss Van Anda and Mr. McClish added greatly to the attractiveness of their program by the presence of the U. P. string quartette, while Miss Cora May Fackrell most ably assisted Mrs. Bernhard and Mr. Leibe. The flowers were rarely beautiful and prodigally profuse, while the audiences were as large and appreciative as one could possibly desire.

It is possible that there has never been a more successful recital season than the one just past. The numbers of strangers present was marked, and outside comment was most favorable.

We are proud of our conservatory graduates. They are a credit to themselves, to their teachers and to us.





## A FRESHMAN'S DIARY



I arrived at College Park on the afternoon before the Fall term opened, (Aug. 30, 1898.) When I got off the car at the College Park depot there was a crowd of young men and women standing around and when they saw me they all "rubbered" and said "A new student for U. P." They all looked as if they thought they knew a good deal, and one of them especially thought he was just the right thing. He was rather tall and lanky, with a little brown checked cap stuck right on the back of his head which didn't give much room for wonder why his face resembled a turkey's egg. When I went to go by him he looked at me as much as to say "Well, who are you, and what part of the woods did you come from?" The fellows called him Duncan. Standing near him in the crowd was a tall, stalwart young man with a good honest face lighted up with mild blue eyes and a mouth which when he smiled I am certain would measure a foot from one corner to the other. His name was Louis and he looked awful sympathetic when I told him I was a freshman. I took no notice of the rest of the crowd as I was in a big hurry to find out where I was to be put.

On my way up from the depot I met a very pleasant faced little kid with black curly hair, and I stopped him and asked where I could find one of the Professors, or any one who could show me to my room, as I was dead tired, not being use to riding on a train. Just as he was answering me some one came up behind us and spoke to him calling him by the name of "Willie," one of my favorite names. Turning around I

was a little bit startled as my eyes fell upon a feller who looked like he was big enough to walk off with the earth. I nestled up close to "little Willie" who told me he was as harmless as a dead hog. I soon found out that he was a pretty good sort of a feller and was left in his care and he toted me over to the President's office where he told me I would have to register before I did anything else. I asked him what he meant by "register." He told me that meant to put my own name and age, and the name and ages of all my parents, sisters and brothers. On entering the President's office I found a pretty good looking feller sitting at a desk. He opened a book that was big enough to hold the names of all the families in the U. S. and told me to sign my name. Then he said "Your age here,—The age of your parents here,—Your sister's name here,—Her age here." I got pretty tired by that time and I asked him if it made much difference to him how old my sister was. He said "Yes, indeed, you are supposed to do all this before you could be a student of old U. P."

After I finally got my entrance card I left the office. As I stepped out of the building I met a very good looking sort of a feller,—a light complexioned, rather tall and handsome and wore a white hat which was very becoming to his style of beauty. I took quite a fancy to the hat and thought how I would like to have one. He looked more like a student than any one I had run across. He looked like he would do all he could for me so I asked him what a feller was supposed to do after he had given his families' history to the President. He asked me if I was going to be a student. I told him yes. He said he thought the best thing I could do would be to find out which room I was supposed to take. He then directed me to a small white



building out near what he called the engine house. This he said was East Hall. I thanked him and took myself over to this building. I went up to the door and knocked, but no one came. After knocking for nearly a half hour I made up my mind that I would just take a peep in at the window and see what the boys were doing in there. Looking in I saw nothing but a large, empty room, so I thought this good feller hadn't been here long himself and had made a mistake in the building. Looking across the grounds I saw a fat, jolly-looking man, and hurrying over to him I enquired if he could tell me where he thought I would be put to room. I soon found out he was a professor of the institution. So he took me over to East Hall (which turned out to be a large brick building. One of the finest buildings I ever saw), and showing me a room that he said I could occupy he left me with the warning that the dinner hour was at 5:30 and I could just come over to Central Hall at that time. He introduced me to a fine boy named Don Williams. I think he has done more wonderful things than any body I ever met. He knows everything. Looking at my watch I found that I only had fifteen minutes to fix myself for dinner, and I certainly did need fixing, for that long ride on the cars had mussed me up considerable. I fixed myself up so I looked pretty well, for I am a very good-looking feller anyway, and then I proceeded to Central Hall. I found it without any trouble, and on knocking at the door a very handsome, little girl greeted me, taking me to the nearest table and seated me between two very handsome young ladies. The one on my right seemed to be of a very happy nature as she laughed at everything that was said during the meal. She had a peachy complexion, lovely blue eyes half covered by their long lashes and an

abundance of golden hair which curled prettily about her forehead. She seemed to take quite a fancy to me and informed me she and her little sister had lately arrived from Honolulu.

The one on my left was of a more quiet disposition. She hardly said a word during the whole meal. Whether it was because she didn't get a chance or was too bashful was left for me to judge. She was rather small and slight, with dark hair, blue eyes and a very precise, little mouth. She was addressed as "Della," but aside from that I was unable to find out any more about her except that she was from the northern part of the state.

Before we had finished our dinner one of the young ladies I had not noticed before, asked to be excused, and as she went from the room I could not help but notice the "stuck-up" way in which she carried herself out. She was even smaller than the young lady on my left, but the glasses she wore made her look very distinguished. I was told she was in the Senior year in music.

After dinner I strolled around the grounds, and on every bench and even on the steps of the different halls I found girls and boys engaged in earnest conversation. I thought it must be nice to have some nice-looking girl to talk to. While I was walking around all by myself, I met the fellow with the white hat on. He stopped and commenced talking to me. He wanted to know why I didn't get one of the South Hall girls and go for a walk. He said that would be awful nice, and I felt I ought to because all the other boys were out walking. So I started out to get a girl. I felt that I was best acquainted with the young lady from Honolulu, so I thought I would get her to take a walk with me. I started for South Hall to get my girl, but just as I stepped around



the corner who should I meet but that fellow I saw at the depot with a little cap on, taking her around just as if he owned her. That made me feel pretty bad, but I thought "there were others," so I just went on as if nothing had happened. Then I thought I would go and ask the dignified, stuck-up girl, although I was a little bit afraid of her, yet I thought if I did catch her it would be something worth catching. So I started. Well, here she came along with a fellow and she wouldn't so much as speak to me. She acted as if she had never seen me before. She seemed to be listening to every word he said to her. I saw there was no chance for me, as the fellow was fine looking, even if he did have a good-sized mouth. Just as I passed them he laughed, and I had to step aside to keep from falling in. Well, I gave it up. I was too tired to walk anyway, so I went to my room and went to bed.

I liked College Park better every day, and I tell you I see some pretty funny things. I grew to know the boys and girls better every day.

One night, about a week after my arrival, I was taken into a society. The name of the society is Rhizomia. The night I was initiated I had to ride a goat. Well, I did that pretty well, for I was used to riding wild calves, goats, etc. I didn't mind it very much, but, O, what a difference in the morning! I was not able to get around for a week to see what was going on on the campus. But when I was able to get out again I saw something real funny. One evening I was out walking (by myself), and it wasn't before seven o'clock either, and I saw two somebodies going at a very rapid gait across the campus. I couldn't imagine what had happened to them. I called to the good-hearted fellow I saw at the train. I said to him: "Lou, I wish you would come and tell me who those two are run-

ning like that." He said: "Oh, I don't think anything of that, they have been going together ever since I can remember, and they are a couple that will never grow old. Mark that."

The boys and girls of U. P. are very fond of Astronomy, so one of the boys told me. He said that the Preceptress didn't like to have the girls go out often or they would study it more than they do.

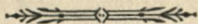
The girls all seem to take quite a fancy to me even if they did go with the other boys. I would rather have all the girls care for me than to have "just one girl," like they sing about. I saw a pretty good-looking girl walking around by herself one evening, and she looked like she would like to walk with me. She wasn't bad-looking at all. She was neither dark nor light, and was very graceful, but would not go with me. That big feller they called "Trig," he was a lucky boy. He didn't go with one girl but a short time. He could drop one and catch another in no time. The last catch he made, I am afraid was a useless one, for I think someone is in ahead of him. There is another lucky fellow I know of. He is tall and wears glasses and has a very cute little spring to his walk. Some one told me he thought lots of the president of U. P. I think they said the president. Now, to tell you the truth, I don't believe in these college flirtations. There were only three couples that went together that I think were really sincere. Those three couples were two other couples and my girl and myself. Now, I did get a good girl. She is small, has dark brown hair and brown eyes, and I tell you she is a bright, little thing. Even if she is some older than myself she has taught me a few things. There is one couple I haven't mentioned. In fact, I don't know much about them only that they came to U. P. about



the same time, and if I remember correctly, they left about the same time, too. They were both music scholars.

I like U. P., and if I am not very much mistaken I will be back next year, then I will be a Sophomore.

[Ed.—Anybody not made sufficiently prominent in this story will be referred to the writer upon presenting themselves at the office and proving the same.]



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