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Workaday World, November 1900

Students of the University of the Pacific

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Volume V.

November, 1900

Number II.

23

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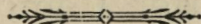
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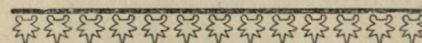
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

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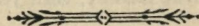
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EDITORIAL.

The proposed Constitutional Amendment with regard to one of our large institutions of learning is significant to the voting student. Schools of learning dedicated to free education are noble in their inception, and merit the encouragement that will perpetuate such philanthropy. According to a circular sent out by S. F. Lieb, Pres. of the Board of Trustees of the Stanford University, the main reasons for the amendment are these: 1st, To guard against any future attempts to litigate endowments;

2nd, to permit the University to receive property by will and deed both in and out of the state; 3rd, to permit the legislature to exempt personal property, and such real property as may be deemed proper. As to the first two reasons, the broad minded voter will unselfishly assent. The third, it is feared, weakens the hope of the amendment. We hope, however, if the amendment is carried, that it will be a step towards uniform laws exempting other schools from taxation.

Saturday evening Sept. 15th was a memorable one at the last Conference in Pacific Grove for the deep interest and concern that was evinced, on the part of that august assembly of Methodism, for the destiny of the University of the Pacific. Destiny seems to be the word, possibly fate would be better. The question of the debt, that for years has deadened the pulse of this institution, yea, has threatened its very existence, was presented in this forcible, almost alarming manner: "By January the first the weight of that sixty thousand dollar debt must be lifted, or the University of the Pacific closes its doors." It is to be hoped that the people of the Methodist Conference have been brought to their senses,—we must say it,—to their senses. If January first finds the debt liquidated, that will be the fulfilling of a duty owed by christian people to the cause of christian education. If the doors of this noble old institution close with the foreclosure of a mortgage, then shame! shame! to a people who could not see a value that exceeded immeasurably the few thousand dollars needed to have those doors swing freely, and wide open to the world.

The editor, ever since his connection with the University, has been associated with the athletic interests of the school; and has always derived much pleasure from active participation in the various sports in which students indulge.

Those who have charge of the foot ball, track team and other athletics may be assured of the warm friendship of the WORKADAY WORLD, and may expect hearty recognition in its columns for their efforts.

This issue of our paper contains an able and vigorous article by Mr. Shirley Ashby, the manager of the Academy foot ball team. Mr. Ashby has had considerable experience in the management of such organizations, having had charge of the Academy team of '99 that acquitted itself in such a credible manner. With his business tact and ability, the success of the Academy is a matter of no conjecture, and some interesting games are insured.

Attention this season will center entirely about the Academic team since, unfortunately there were not enough men available in the College to form an all around team to represent the University in gridiron glory. We see plenty of

men, walking about our campus, who have splendid physique and who are strong and active, but whose time is entirely taken up by a quest after knowledge, or who prefer mental gymnastics solely to exercise in the field.

The coming of the Academy stalwarts upon the practise ground imparts a hopeful aspect to what appeared, for a while, a somber foot ball outlook.

We have noticed, within the last year, two or three editorial discussions upon the commercial value of an educational institution to the community in which it is situated. What does the school contribute to the welfare of the community? A number of years ago, a prominent man, addressing the students of the State Normal in San Jose, touched upon the benefits accruing to that city from the yearly visitation of so many students. He expressed a truth when he said, "This institution butters many a piece of bread and fries many a juicy beefsteak." If there is any class of persons who patronize home industry, so called, it is the student class. The prominent business men of San Jose can well interest themselves in the welfare of schools that attract students from abroad, and retain others in the community permanently. The kindly and disinterested motives of the good merchants of San Jose are not depreciated, however. But the end is worth the trouble. There is business involved. This school has an average of two hundred students. Supposing each one of them expends \$200 in the stores of San Jose during the year—and that is a conservative estimate—\$40,000 is put into circulation. That amounts to something. The student comes at the beginning of the school year, and before the tan of his summer outing, or the harvest field hue has left his face, he has laid out a hundred or two hundred dollars for an outfit. Clothiers, milliners, confectioners, transfer companies, street railway companies, all reap a benefit. The help that the merchants offer to liquidate the debt combined with other aid to put the University on a sound footing will bring a student body worth \$100,000 to the shops of San Jose. It becomes, in a high degree, the merchants of San Jose to interest themselves in perpetuating this institution. Its commercial value merits it and yet,—what of the ethical influence.

UNIVERSITY SPIRIT.

PRESIDENT ELI MCCLISH, D. D.

It is gratifying to see the interest our student body takes in the general welfare of the University.

There is a wide difference between the Class-Spirit which for its own success would bring the whole institution under public criticism, and the University-Spirit which subordinates to the welfare of the institution all partisan feeling, and Class and Society rivalries. The training of College men in this latter spirit fits them for the larger field in which they hold national honor paramount to any partisan success.

I have been led to these reflections by the frequent inquiries made by our students concerning the progress made toward the liquidation of our debt, of their interest in the improvement and care of our Campus and of the general interest in the welfare of our University. There is public spirit. It makes states and

nations possible. Under its influence tribes and classes melt into the larger whole. It is essential to the ideal College. It is a spirit in the air that pervades the organic and social life of the institution and gives it unity.

It is the character of this spirit that makes the difference between a Camp and a College in relation to the life of its inmates. They both have numbers, organization, discipline and leisure for study, but in the one, public spirit winks at moral and physical dissipation, and in the other, it demands culture and power while it will not tolerate the vices that destroy manhood.

I am gratified for the University Spirit among our Students. It is an inspiration to the work of teachers and trustees. It helps us raise money. It stimulates character growth in those who come among us. It tends to make Alma Mater a mother cherished indeed.

DOCTOR BENTLEY.



Courtesy California
Christian Advocate.

In the death of Doctor Bentley the California Conference lost one of its strongest and best men. The Cal. Christian Advocate says of him:

Dr. Bentley was a man of singular force of character. He had a high order of convictions, and defended them with straightforward and powerful earnestness. No great question has come before the Church upon which he has not taken and consistently held well defined positions.

Dr. Bentley was an all-round man. He was strongly mentioned at one time for the presidency of the University of the Pacific. He was a preacher of persuasive power and scriptural insight, a Presiding Elder of the aggressive and safe, conservative type. As an executive officer he was deliberate, but a conclusion once reached his entire resources were called into immediate action. He possessed continuity and persistency of purpose. The Fred Finch Orphanage is a monument to his self-sacrificing labors. It will stand as such in years to come.

MRS. HELEN KINGSBURY

Mrs. Helen Kingsbury passed away from earth at the ripe age of seventy years. She was born in the State of New York, and later removed to Michigan, where she received her education, having graduated from Albion College, then under the Presidency of the late Rev. Dr. Sinex. She taught in the common schools in the State to pay her way through college and never failed to feel a deep interest in young persons struggling with financial difficulties at that critical time of life.

In 1863 she came to California, teaching one year at Benicia, and in 1864 became associated with "The Female Institute" at Santa Clara. In 1867 she was married to Dr. Kingsbury, a successful practitioner at that place. Her husband's health not being vigorous, they sought its improvement in various places, she teaching in the meantime in Grass Valley and Carson City, Nev.

Her husband died in 1876, leaving her with a son and a daughter. In 1877 she was elected Preceptress of the University of the Pacific, and taught French, German, and English; and later was head of the art department, remaining there until 1888, educating her children at the same time.

After leaving the University she taught one year in the Snell Seminary, Oakland. In 1893 she moved to San Francisco, where the rest of her life was spent with her children, both of whom have been connected with the public school work of that city ever since.

One of the favorite interests of her later life was the Conservatory of Music, for the erection and payment of which she gave much of her time, thought, and means. When the Ladies' Conservatory Association was organized she was elected its President and has remained so until her death. When other hearts almost failed she never flinched. She safely guided the organization through the perils of the financial depression, and was the strong arm on which her associates could lean with confidence that their interests were safeguarded.

It was her hope that it might be her privilege to see the University of the Pacific out of debt before her departure, but this she was denied. She

entered heartily into the last efforts for its payment, and watched with unabated interest the progress of the movement.

Her last days were full of patient suffering, and she passed quietly away amid the loving ministrations of her children, Oct. 22, 1900.

RESOLUTIONS

Whereas, Death has called to the higher life Mrs. Helen Kingsbury, and

Whereas, Mrs. Kingsbury was for many years an efficient and honored member of the faculty of the University of the Pacific, and

Whereas, During these years and until the time of her death she devoted herself with untiring energy and unselfish zeal to the interests of the University. Therefore be it

Resolved, that we, the faculty and students of the University of the Pacific, do hereby pay tribute to her memory, and that we express our appreciation of her valuable services to the institution for which she so long and so faithfully labored; and be it

Resolved, That it is our sincere conviction that in the death of Mrs. Kingsbury the University has sustained the loss of one of its truest and most loyal supporters; and

Resolved, that while we mourn her death, we rejoice in the confident hope that she who dwells no more on earth has been translated to a more glorious home, a life richer in possession, in thought, in activity; and further be it

Resolved, That we express our sincere sympathy with the bereaved relatives in their hour of affliction, praying that the consolations of a great and loving Father may abide with them in the moments of their deep grief and that the ministry of sorrow may reveal to their stricken hearts its choicest blessings.

LITERARY.

THANKSGIVING

For what must we give thanks, O God?
 For sun and dew, for mist and rain?
 For fields we know will bloom again,
 The pleasant paths our feet have trod,
 And hours free from pain?
 The sunshine bringing us its cheer
 Is blinding now our neighbor's eyes;
 The rain soft falling from the skies
 Brings hope to us, to him but fear;
 Where we see bloom, he blight describes.
 Still, must we give thanks O God
 For all thy blessings manifold?
 The word of rich reward we hold
 Is to our friend the chastening rod—
 His sorest need, our gain of gold.
 Our joy bells sing a requiem low
 To one who standeth just beside;
 To him a shame our bond of pride,
 His woe our weal, his weal our woe,
 Virtues his, our sins to hide.
 Yet—we shall give thanks O God,
 For light; tho' eyes perchance be blind:
 For strength; tho' feet may lag behind;
 For hope; tho' hearts still hug the clod
 And clods the spirit bind.
 For gladness; in thy will to bless:
 For faith; that space can hold no spot
 Within its bounds where thou art not;
 For trust; that in no vague, far place
 Thy mercies need be sought.
 For life; to do and hear and be:
 For hunger, thirst, and discontent:
 For the "must and must not" strangely blent,
 Not of ourselves, but Thee
 And from thy wisdom sent.
 For love; to give as children do,
 And as the angels may:
 For love; that shall all strength renew
 To pierce the error, hold the true
 We give thee thanks this day.

F. MAY FORBES.

SCHOOL LIFE IN THE SOUTH

The request of the WORKADAY WORLD for an article on "School Life in the South" suggests to me, I fear, a subject which by reason of its general scope offers some difficulty, as I have never experienced the life of a teacher, neither can I boast of having attended all the educational institutions of the South. Nevertheless I will endeavor to write of some of my own experiences while a school girl in the Lone Star State.

Concerning the education received in our schools, we were not behind in any branches of work for which the Northern or Eastern schools pride themselves, and it must also be remembered that the most cultured people are from the South.

The same sweet troubles of girl life are also found in the South, although I might say they are doubly sweet to the Southern girl as she has not the liberty enjoyed by her Eastern or Western sisters; and a stolen glance or pressure of the hand when the chaperone is not looking goes a long way to make up the romance in a Southern girl's love affair while at school.

At the Seminary which I attended concerts were given once a month and twenty five cents admission charged. In the evening the young ladies were escorted to the chapel and prohibited by words as well as by looks, to allow their curious gaze to wander to the side of the room the young men occupied. When the concert was over the President would step upon the rostrum, and while a death like silence prevailed, would proceed to thank the audience for their kind attention etc etc, and close her speech by granting the young ladies ten minutes in which to greet their acquaintances, or she would merely bid the audience "good night", two words that uttered by her would give heavy hearts to the young listeners of both sexes. Should she, however, omit the latter and grant the former, O!!; what a scramble would ensue, the chaperones would bridle; (the whole Faculty turned out) those who were near or far sighted would at once proceed to find a place on their noses upon which to rest their glasses, so as to spy out the most ardent couples. But, sad to relate, before a

man could shake hands twice with his fair friend the "pesky" little bell would be rung, time would be up, the girls would be gathered in and bundled off to their respective rooms, before a second "good bye" could be given.

The young men used to say that it depended entirely on the contents of the cash box whether our pleasure would be considered or not.

There were also times when something in male attire, walking down the street would cause our dormitories to put on quite a gala appearance. Should the young ladies be found who owned these little flags of truce, one hundred pages of Dictionary to be memorized and an apology to the Faculty read before the whole school was the penalty. The poor culprits would also be threatened with expulsion should they be caught again in the act of "drying their handkerchiefs" at windows.

As we were prohibited the onion patch, a much coveted part of the garden connected with the school, our chief pleasure was to wait until some dark night and then make a raid. We would give one of the negro servants ten cents, a sum sufficient to hire him to steal biscuits from the kitchen and smuggle them to our rooms. Then after the "light bell" had been rung, and all the young ladies were supposed to be quietly sleeping, had any one been watching, he would have seen a crowd of dark figures slip out of the dormitory and cautiously, though rapidly, make their way down to the much respected onion patch. The return to the rooms with the contraband was hasty. After putting blankets over the doors to keep the light from the halls, these sweet girls would sit down to a "feed", the like of which the U. P. girls would never dream.

Yes, school life in the South is filled with pleasure and, although we were happy there, we never felt dismal of the thought of a few months vacation. Every year a jolly crowd of girls could be seen at the railroad station, waiting for trains to bear them on their separate ways. There, mingled with good byes, would ring sweet and clear, the Seminary yell.

Ra! Ra! Re!

N. T. F. C.

Iddy! Giddy! Fem! Sem!

Ra! Ra! Re!

N.

CIVILIZATION IN SOUTH AMERICA

Many of us, at least in our younger days, never thought of South America without associating it with a picture of exquisite loveliness, in which tall cocoa-palms, banana trees, and a profusion of tropical vegetation, formed a conspicuous part. Humming birds flitted from tree to tree, and parrots were to be seen on every hand. While in the foreground of this marvelous scene, some two-score of dusty and fierce looking savages, clothed only with the untanned skin of the jaguar, sat calmly enjoying a repast of boiled prisoners, entirely unmindful of the scenic wonders around them.

But, when we find that these Spanish American Republics have large and beautiful cities with palatial residences, when we learn that the steam engine and the telegraph are important factors in the commerce and business of the country, and that public schools are as a rule established in all towns of any size, we begin to think South America must be a very respectable and desirable country.

In many respects this conclusion is correct; in many others, it is not. Our purpose, however, is not to draw conclusions, but to tell about a few of the customs which prevail on that Continent, and which, perhaps, are not widely known.

One serious draw-back to the progress of civilization in South America, which generally escapes the notice of globe-trotters and travellers generally, is the practice of keeping and working slaves. Of course, this is not done as openly as in former times, but, just as surely as then such a system exists.

A shipload of Coolies will come over from China to Peru or Chili; they are offered work on some large estancia, at a wage above what they received in China, but so small that it will not pay for their necessities in the new country. This offer is almost invariably accepted and the result is that in a few months every Coolie is hopelessly in debt to the planter. As the months

OLIVE BICYCLES

J. A. DESIMONE,
79 E. San Fernando.

go by the debt increases, and when one planter wishes to buy a tract of land from another, the latter is quite content to receive his pay in Chinamen. In this way the poor Coolies may pass through a dozen hands, and are as practically slaves as they would have been two hundred years ago in the same locality.

In connection with this may be mentioned the keeping of slaves in private families. In this case, however, they are mostly children, orphans, or with parents too poor to support them. Every family of any pretensions whatever keeps at least one slave child of Indian blood. These children are treated in a most cruel manner; are constantly given work to do which is beyond their strength, and lead lives compared with which the life of Oliver Twist in the poor house was enviable. Numerous instances of Spanish cruelty to slave-children have come under the writer's observation.

Even foreigners who have lived in parts of South America for some time, often fall into the same practice, so easy is it to "do as the Romans do".

A man of any 'self respect' will do no manual labor of any kind in South America. Even those who beg for a living often keep a servant or slave. A gentleman's washer woman always has a sub-washer woman to do all the work, unless, indeed, the latter should have the washing done by servants still lower in the social scale.

In short, nobody works but the very poor, and they work cheaply. In Peru Indians mine for twenty cents a day and do other work on a corresponding scale. The Quichua Indians, who inhabit the high parts of the Andes, work all day uncomplainingly for from five to twelve and a half cents, (American money).

A typical South American election has much of novelty and attraction for one not used to such a sight. Bullets are counted rather than ballots. In Argentine, one of the most progressive nations in South America, there is never an election without bloodshed.

In the year 1889, an election was held in Rosario, where the writer was then living.

Elections are always held there on Sundays, in the Cathedral or principle church. The plaza 25 de Mayo, in front of the Cathedral, was full of ladies and gentlemen promenading—for the party opposed to the government had agreed to keep away, and for once no one thought of danger. But a company of soldiers was drawn up in front of the Cathedral to intimidate the opposition, should there happen to be any.

A little newsboy, ignorant and ragged, was induced to whistle a tune known as "Bicho feo" (ugly insect) which in Argentine is considered an insult. The soldiers, feeling *their honor was degraded*, fired into the innocent paraders in the plaza and shot down forty-five men, women, and children. The writer's brother, then a small boy, was nearing the plaza at the time, and saw the massacre. He came running home, hair on end, very badly frightened.

This is a typical Argentine election, and this state of affairs is to a large extent the cause of so many revolutions in South America.

The custom of killing or maltreating prisoners in warfare is not appreciated in America. In the war of Chili versus Peru and Bolivia combined, the Chilians killed all the prisoners, as a rule. In the final battle of "San Juan de Dios" the Peruvians threw down their arms, ran into a large cattle corral made of adobe walls twelve feet high, and closed the door. The Chilians smashed in the door and placed a strong guard at the only exit. Then they entered, and though the Peruvians, without the sign of an arm, got down on their knees and begged for mercy, the Chilians hewed them all down, thousands of them, with the small, hatchet-like axes which each soldier carried at his belt.

Not content with this wholesale slaughter, the Chilians next went to Chorillos, a fashionable watering place near by, where the bathing season was in full swing. Fires were built against the strong doors of the best houses, and entrance gained in this way. Every inhabitant, man, woman, and child, was brained or shot.

We can well understand how these people have

yet to advance, when we compare this with the naval battle fought off Santiago de Cuba two years ago last third of July. Our valiant soldiers went out in boats and gathered up the drowning Spaniards, went on the enemies vessels and took off the sick and wounded at the risk of their own lives, took all prisoners on board, gave them food, gave them clothing, gave their conquered enemies their own beds to lie on, and treated them as *brothers*, to the everlasting credit of the country for which they were fighting, and to their own immortal glory.

WILLIAM T. SPANGLER.



HER DESTINY

A beautiful maiden sat by a grate.
There were tears in her down-cast eyes,
She had not thought of her future fate
Till now, 'twixt her sobs and her sighs.
She'd been thinking of naught but her childhood days,
When she played neath the blue of the sky
And heard the birds sing their joyful lays
And her mother sat knitting close by.
These days have all fled like a bird on the wing,
And the clouds are beginning to darken;
No more does she hear those gay birdies sing,
For her playmates no more does she hearken.
At last a day came to this sweet, pretty lass,
Twas the ending of all earthly sorrow;
Something through which we all have to pass,
Perhaps, ere the dawn of the morrow.
That terrible demon whose name is death,
Will come to us all bye and bye;
We tremble now as we feel his breath,
And think of the future—and sigh.

F. M. C.

THE RISING BELL

Tired by the long day's toil,
I lay me down with aching eyes,
Wearied with all the school day's toil
I sleep; forgetting cares the while.
In dreamland let me always rove!
For there all things are ever bright;
I as a queen in a chariot ride,
With courtiers gay on every side.
Or as a mermaid can float on the tide,
Rising and falling on every swell,
Or in a marble palace could bide,
Enjoying my life so well!
Such are the dreams that alas must vanish,
At the coming of the morn.
Would that all, their cares could banish,
When the toilsome day is gone.
Even when the sun's first ray
Gleams on ceiling and on wall,
I dream on; of visions gay
And of perfect joy away.
Suddenly an awful sound,
Breaks the stillness of the night!
My poor head swims round and round
As I start up in afright
The clock's hands point to half past six.
My room-mate groans, then someone yawns,
My own dull brain is in a mix,
As I look out at the foggy morn.

All my dreams were perfect,
But I remember well
In all my dreams of Paradise,
There was no rising bell!

"AWAKE"



Read the WORKADAY WORLD and grow wise.

EDUCATION for JOURNALISM

The following, which will appear here in two sections, although not new, deserves to go the rounds of the College press both because of its high authority and because through the College press many a young man gets that taste of journalism which sometimes develops him into the country editor and sometimes into a McClure, tho' more frequently we fear into the sensational reporter: "The Chicago University has been sending out some questions relative to the kind of education a journalist should receive, to which the New York Evening Post, a journal of high standard, though somewhat given to acrid criticism, makes editorial reply. Among other things, it says: 'The proper education for a man proposing to enter an ideal journalism is the ordinary education of a cultivated man. All the knowledge he can assimilate on every known subject is what he needs. It is absurd to go over the different branches, like the articles in a tourist's baggage, and say, "Shall I need this? Will this be of any use to me?"' Everything knowable may some day be of use to him.

He will be, like any other man, the better of all acquirement.

The ideal journalism can hardly be said to exist, except as ideal. There is little journalism today which a conscientious adviser of youth can recommend a young man to prepare for. It is only in the cities that any salary is paid to journalists which is worth any young man's while to look forward to. The country journalist's career is, as a rule, one of penury and dependence on party advertising, subsidies, and local vanity. In the cities, the newspapers of late years, far from demanding more talent or cultivation, seem to be content with much less. Few or none of the city journals are conducted, as these questions seem to presume, with the view of instructing or elevating the public. They are avowedly conducted with the view of making money for the proprietor. There is, therefore, no hesitation in managing any department, or printing any sort of matter which will promote "sales" among the class which care least for languages, mathematics, or science of any kind.

(To be continued.)

OLIVE BICYCLES,

J. A. DESIMONE,
76 E. San Fernando

ABOUT THE UNIVERSITY

SOUTH HALL LADIES ENTERTAIN

On Saturday evening, Oct. 20, the foot-ball boys were royally received at South Hall.

The girls wish to show their appreciation for the brave efforts the boys have been making to organize a team that will surpass any they might meet in the future; so the doors of South Hall were thrown open and a good time was enjoyed by all.

The decorations were very artistic and suited to the occasion. The study-room walls were covered with foot-ball posters, and an occasional foot-ball

could be seen here and there. The banner which did so much toward winning that memorable field day of '98, floated proudly over the vast assembly, intermingled with choice ferns and majestic palms.

During the first part of the evening the following programme was rendered:

Piano Solo	- - - - -	Leonora Cummins
Foot-ball Prophecy	- - - - -	Della Decker
Vocal Solo	- - - - -	Grace Chilson
Recitation	- - - - -	Lola McKellips
Piano Duet	- - - - -	Misses Caughy and Hubbell

Lemonade was then served from an artistic booth

in the hall-way.

The rest of the evening was spent in playing games, and at a reasonable hour the joyous party gathered around the piano and sang College songs, after which our invincible team took its departure, each one feeling more determined than ever to do his part to win in future contests, and not disappoint the fair ones who are always ready to encourage and spur them on to victory.

We all hope our boys will prove the following to be true.

There was a gallant foot ball team,
Belonged to old U. P.
Sturdy were its members, a noble lot,
Well—better you never did see.
They struggled hard in their practice games,
For sinews firm and strong.
They longed to equal the herces of old
Far famed in story and song.
But the Fates, the Nights stern daughters,
Withheld the laurel crowns.
Our eager boys had striven for
And greeted them with frowns.
But our heroes of Saxon ancestry,
Refused that stern decree:
And resolved to keep on trying,
For the honor of old U. P.
So, one Monday in October,
In the nineteen hundredth year
They played a game with the Normal team,
And showed no signs of fear.
The girls, with their orange ribbons
Were there to cheer them on;
They carried their horns to applaud them,
Should favor and vict'ry dawn,
Led by their gallant captain,
With hearts that would not yield
Our heroes took their places,
Determined to win the field.
Long and hard was the struggle,
From the time the game begun,
Until came the signal, "Times up",
And the Orange and Black had won. (?)
The score was fifty to nothing, (?)
Against the Yellow and White.
Since then we've retained the opinion:
Our boys are just all right.

A PLEA FOR FRIDAY NIGHT

It is annoying and discouraging for the members of our young mens' literary societies to be so often invited and urged by the departments of our University and our church, to go elsewhere on the night of their societies' meetings.

We are interested in both the departments of the University and church, but the training of the literary society is invaluable aid to the student. Not alone to excite the aesthetic part of man is it, or to add data to his increasing knowledge, but to do for him far more than

that. It aims to be a scientific training school in itself, where originality is fostered and systematic thinking and reasoning are aimed at. It promotes self control in public speaking and inculcates scientific accuracy of language. In short it helps the student to make practical use of his learning.

The great danger, it is said, in the education of many students is that it consists (in the words of one of our able instructors) "in merely an aggregation of facts which are as bars about him." The literary society will break down these bars. His aggregation now becomes a system and to lose one fact is to injure all. His data of facts are now woven into one large fabric which is to clothe him for the storms of life. Paramount then is the mission of the literary society.

That they may fulfill this mission unhampered, is the object of my plea. Friday evening is the time allotted for the meetings of the young men's literary societies. The said societies are four in number, and are attended by a large percentage of the young men of the student body. Nevertheless, these men must invariably refuse kind invitations or go elsewhere at the time when their societies meet.

Now as a humble member of one of these societies, and a friend of all, am I not justified in here appealing to our worthy faculty and the directors of our church, in which we are all interested, to favor us so far as is possible by setting the time of other social meetings, at which our presence is desired at some other than Friday evening?

The privileges offered by the College Literary Societies are not ours for all time, and we cannot afford to neglect them now.

B. S. CRITTENDEN.



ORANGE PEALS

Class feeds over now.

Freshman Crushers.

Senior plugs.

Junior plugs(?)

ACADEMY VS. HIGH SCHOOL

Warm day.

Dusty field.

Hard game.

Good team work.

Surprised High School.

Tie!

Well done! Academy.

"Someone looking for you, Bovard." "Oh, I Saw(y)'er."

Miss May Coats, Elocution '99, was recently visiting her sister, Jennie Coats.

Mr. Will Miller goes to Stanford with a "full dinner pail" and smiling face.

We have a senior who wonders if laws could be enacted against floods.

Bertha Vilas, class '00 in elocution, has gone to Chicago to study in the Columbia School of Elocution

Dr. McClish sends out this query: Can three girls practice to any advantage on the same piano at the same time?

GOING THE ROUNDS.—Passenger(to conductor) "How long does this train stop here?"

Conductor: "From two to two to two two."

Passenger: "I wonder if that man thinks he's the whistle."

It is doubtful if women will ever have their rights, but the world is full of their lefts, as is evidenced by the bachelors.—Ex.

At P. R. Wright's store may be seen a volume containing songs of various Colleges. The U. P. is unrepresented in the collection. Why not have a school Song?

Mr. Spencer has moved from East Hall to the new boarding house.

One of our new students is W. Spangler, whose father, Dr. Spangler, has been a missionary in South America for many years. Mr. Spangler has traveled extensively in South America and Europe.

Miss L.—Mr. A., isn't it about time to ring the bell?

Mr. A.—Oh, no. I have five minutes "grace" left.

Who said Deardoff was married? Not yet!

The telephone girl has been wondering who "Deed" is. We suggest asking the foot ball captain.

We can boast of being one of the few schools that have well equipped printing establishments for the publishing of journals.

It is said a New York wedding party approached the church in automobiles. That was almost ideal. The flying machine next. That would be ethereal.

The East Hall mosquito is the embodiment of untiring energy. He is an inspiration to any sub-prep.

Miss Olive and Mr. Ralph Kuykendall, sister and brother of the office manger of the WORKADAY WORLD have registered in the Academy.

The U. P. quartette sang to a large and appreciative audience recently at an open air concert given by the city of Santa Clara. The program was rendered by the Santa Clara College Band and the U. P. quartette, the latter organization furnished four numbers, with encores. Santa Clara papers spoke highly of the boys' rendition. The quartette is practicing on new music and is contemplating giving a concert during the fore part of next semester.

OLIVE BICYCLES,

J. A. DESIMONE,
76 E. San Fernando

Class picnics galore.

Where are the Junior plugs?

How about that "trophy cup?"

Tuttle is a vaquero of ability, but the hobby threw him.

Miss Johnston is slowly recovering her health at Red Bluff.

McKellips has gone a Maying rather early in the season.

Sidney Cuthbertson paid a visit to old friends a few days ago.

The usual number of promenading couples is seen about the campus.

White wash covers a multitude of sins.—Freshmen.

Just one little year ago we ourselves were Freshmen.—Sophomores.

No hats, no canes,—childish things all put aside.—Juniors.

Wisdom exalteth. The stature of a man is increased by the stove pipe.—Seniors.

We have a student who, singular enough, is Parsons.

A sentence should have a beginning and an ending.—Small Boy.

A patriot is a man who doesn't disgrace his community.—Small Boy.

Dean Douillet's chorus class is learning the multiplication table.

The vocal enthusiast in the Conservatory who wishes Tame trusts to chants.

Miss Alice Berger is at present gazing at the world through colored glasses.

Miss Lewis and Miss Filben are wearing the pink and green of Sopholectia.

Hank Hamilton is a Stanford Freshman. He does not fail to make his regular trips to U. P.

A University Republican Club has been organized. Much enthusiasm is manifested among the members.

The recent foot ball game on the campus between the S. C. H. S. Freshmen and the Hester School resulted in a tie, neither side scoring.

Did you go to the circus?

Weitz is growing like a Weed.

A thing of beauty—the Work-a-Day's new dress.

Prof. Douillet's chorus grows apace. The Oratorio will be fine.

Miss Edith Tiffin has returned to resume the study of vocal in the Conservatory.

Mid term has passed and we turn to the work for the last half. Every one seems "hard at it".

James Falconer, last years editor, is attending the Presbyterian Theological Seminary at San Anselmo.

Rhizomia, Cartesia, and Sopholectia have signified their good intentions to help along the payment of "that debt."

Mrs. Fackrell's boarding house supplies a "long felt want" (three times a day) and all the boarders are well satisfied.

Harvey Dorr is Secretary of the Santa Cruz Y. M. C. A. He keeps in touch with the U. P. through the WORKADAY WORLD.

Otis Hyde, having completed his art course last spring under Miss Booth, is taking advanced work at the Hopkins Art Institute.

Miss Lena Kuns, a former student, was married recently at her home in Ingomar. Rumor has it that she is to live in Kansas.

From his success along detective lines, Barry has concluded to devote all his spare time to perfecting himself in the work. Class feeds a specialty.

A certain bashful third year youth is in some doubt as to what a fellow is to say when a young lady tells him she loves him better every time she sees him.

The football team under Coach Terrill and Captain Tiffin are showing up well. Manager Ashby says, "Back the boys, and we'll show you some foot-ball."

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"

"To the practice room, kind sir," she said.

"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"

"I guess not, kind sir," she said.

The U. P. is noted for conservative girls.

Prof. Riedeman has a large and interested class in first German.

Any mistakes made at the College Park Store will be Wrighted.

There's no malaria in this district. But say, Angwin's got Chilson fever.

The WORKADAY WORLD office was honored by a call from Professors Weer and Douillet recently.

One of the sights that maketh the heart of young men glad: a bevy of pretty co-eds flitting along Hedding St.

Some one "kicked the bucket" on the third floor of East Hall recently. Investigators found the bucket, but the culprit had flown.

Joe Cross, the Academy spieler, has returned to school. Joe's face reflects the brownish hue of the harvest fields of the San Joaquin.

One critic has said that the books in the foreground of Angwin's design should be balanced by the form of a young man in the background.

Last term.—1st student: What is the string on your finger for?

2nd student: Thanks for reminding me of it. I tied it there to remind me of Dr. Cross' Bible Class.

TROPHY FOOTBALL

The following is an impartial account of the "trophy cup" games as witnessed by a special WORKADAY WORLD reporter.

GAMUS FIRSTUS

(Played by the Antediluvians.)

After both teams had practiced passing the ball with profuse fumbling the game was called by Umpire Terrill. The infants kicked the ball to the Antediluvians who endeavored by using superb tactics to advance it, but Cyclone Charges suddenly attacked, fell in his tracks. Buffalo Bill who was engaged by the manager of the College team, through extreme difficulty next took the ball and made a splendid gain. Kangaroo Pete, just from Boone's arena also did some very fine work, the Infants not being able to keep pace with his enormous bounds.

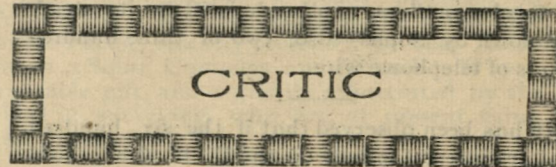
At this point one of the Antediluvians found he had a crook in his back. After a few applications of some balm of Giliad (gridiron black

plus H₂O) applied by Eno, the Medicine Man, the poor old invalid was able to resume the game. A beautiful gain was now made by one of the college men, Flying Gladiator by name, who had just arrived from Rome. Owing to the "fecbility" of the Antediluvians a fumble was made and the ball given to the Infants. The college center, who formerly was a companion of Achilles, soon regained the ball and Buffalo Bill by a fine spurt put the pigskin in a position for a short run home when time was called.

GAMUS SECUNDUS.

(Played by the Infants.)

The weather was excellent and everybody and everything was trimmed for a great event. Umpire Allen called the game at the correct time. The ball was kicked to the infants who were immediately downed. The Antediluvians were lined up with much fear and trembling, as they were compelled to face two Wolves. Whiskers, an infant, made a fine buck of ten yards. In the second down the small boys came off minus some Hyde. Again the Antediluvians were attacked in front. The "pile off" this time was most opportune as one of the Wolves was about to devour the antediluviated Lamb. Many other times in the game was this same Wolf caught fawning on this choice mutton. Splendid playing was done by Tiffin, Berry, Sparks, Chase and others, especially men on the side lines. The Antediluvians gained the ball once and almost made the goal, but a sad mix-up took place, a fumble, and the Bearded Infant ran straight for a goal. The ball was again put in play, but the Infants again outclassed the Ancients. During one fierce onslaught could be seen Wolves' feet, Lambs' feet, a Crow-foot, and a few cold feet, protruding from the mass of players. One especial feature of the game was the fine play made by Van Sickle, the Infants' time keeper.



CRITIC

Feeds and other exciting class celebrations have passed, and affairs have settled into the more stable condition that usually succeeds periods of agitation and turmoil. We doubt whether

times following the Presidential election will be more quiet than this "post rivalry" instance here in the shadows of these austere halls of learning. For awhile, a benighted traveler, passing through this dark wilderness of eucalyptus and pines, and labyrinthine windings, was apt to accost most any kind of "bogey men" or spectres, bearing ladders, ropes, paint pots, brushes, and many other articles of questionable character.

Now since rivalry has begun to fade, since the wily Freshie views no longer, from the corner of his eye with suspicion, the intrepid Soph, since each class has had a chance to score, it would be well to sum up points. Let those who feel inclined, say to whom belongs the honor.

As to this class spirit, it would be pertinent to ask here, "What is it?" In the large institutions it is a class pride that asserts itself in some active demonstration, rushes, tie ups, etc. In the smaller institution it is, we fear, too often a begetter of personal feeling and enmity, since the students there are fewer. It becomes too often an occasion for single handed warfare.

This year the contest was not so bitter as last. We have failed to notice any scarred faces or banded fingers. No scenes were enacted to call to mind that memorable evening last term, in front of the Conservatory, where the Freshmen rendered a war dance in the glare of the light cast by the burning Soph dummies, and the Soph braves swooped down to avenge the deed.

Here is the summing up. It balances well. Sophomore feed at Evergreen. Sophomore proclamation. Freshman trip to Mt. Hamilton. Counter proclamation. Freshman signs on campus, white washed over by approval of class. Sophomore flag strung between East Hall and Emory Street. Torn down by confederates of Freshman Class, another hoisted in its stead, cut down by Sophs—also, two or three hundred yards of telephone wire.

It has been observed that if the six hundred dollars interest money on the U. P. debt could be expended on our campus we would have a veritable Eden. That is true beyond doubt. If but "one sixth" of that amount could be turned loose on the campus a noticeable change would take place.

Let us be careful about the colors we wear and flaunt. Yellow is not the color of the University, neither is gold. Orange, and as near orange as orange can be is the color authorized by the student body. It seems that each game or contest in which our school participates brings forth a new interpretation of the word "orange". The gallant young athlete who goes forth to win honor for the school is often obliged to look twice in order to recognize the banners and ribbons of sympathizers.

CONSERVATORY

Notes and sounds from the Conservatory are numerous and varied. Unfortunately they are not of the kind translatable into print so the usual reader of this journal cannot appreciate the amount of good work that is being accomplished. However, much progress is being made, but, as one progression is made it seems only to add that much more to the never ending study of the art and science of music.

The number of students in the conservatory is increasing all the time. At present there are seventy-seven registered, an increase over last semester.

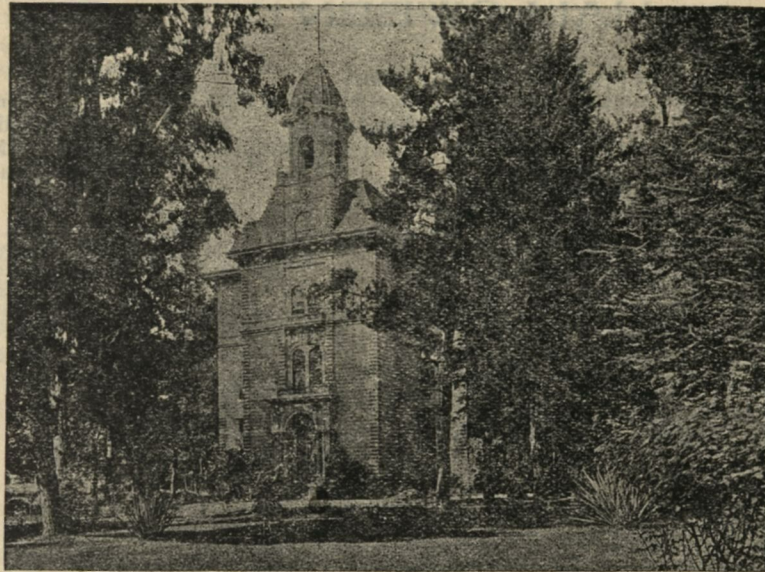
Misses Marian Taylor, Elsie Savage, and Norine Cuthbertson, and Fred Onstott are late additions to the piano class; and Miss Fanny Moore is a new student in the vocal department.

Miss Francis Graeter has resumed her study of the piano.

Miss Vita Priddy, of Haywards, has again begun her vocal lessons.

Miss Grace Langley has returned and is once more in Professor Douillet's piano class.

The University Chorus class, under the direction of Dean Douillet, is working industriously on the oratorio "The Deluge" by St. Saens. This is a grand composition and all who can should hear it, thereby receiving a musical treat. It will probably be presented to the public some time before the holidays, with the addition of grand concert numbers. One of these will be a concerto by Professor Douillet. Those who had the pleasure of hearing his concerto played last commencement will look forward to this feature of the program with happy anticipation.



West Hall. Home of the Workaday World.

EXCHANGE

Ethics teacher to student—What is the difference between actual surveillance and placing a student "upon his honor"?

Student—All the difference between turning the campus over to the young men of the school on Halloween and having the campus turned over by them.

We feel that our readers will be pleased with the new dress which the WORKADAY WORLD has assumed.

This journal is larger this month than ever before. Special attention is called to the poems,

and to the longer prose articles from real authentic sources.

The Exchange Editor has imparted to his columns his usual crisp and vigorous style.

Rev. Alfred Higbie, a former professor of Astronomy and Mathematics in the University of the Pacific, recently presented to that institution a Solar Compass and Tripod. It is a valuable gift, and is greatly appreciated by the class in surveying, who are at present using the instrument.



HALLOWEEN ! ! ! !

It was all right! Who says the U. P. boys can't plan a social event and sustain the plan thoroughly?

In accordance with permission granted by the Faculty, the young men of the school entertained the ladies in Central Hall, Halloween. A general good time characterized it all.

From the start games went the round and never flagged. Crokinole boards were kept busy and the new game, Kastlequet, of which Mr. Batdorf is the inventor, received much attention.

The refreshments and the mode of serving them were unique indeed.

The attendance was large, the evening informal, and every one entered into the spirit heartily.

This was the Program:

Songs - - - - -	By all
Instrumental Solo - - - - -	Wm. Spangler
Recitation - - - - -	Brad Crittenden
Duet—Harmonica and Bones - - - - -	Messrs. Kellog and Rogers.



OLIVE BICYCLES,

J. A. DESIMONE,
76 E. San Fernando

EXCHANGE

Quite a number of exchanges have reached our table this month.

The College Star from Central Wesleyan. (Mo.) is a very readable journal—for Germans. It reports one hundred fifty-three students matriculating this fall. A letter from an alumna, a missionary in China during the recent troubles is of special interest.

Vol. viii, No. 4, of the Knox Student, Galesburg, Ill. contains an interesting account of the Illinois Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Contest. A parody on "The Old Oaken Bucket" sets forth the battered and leaky condition of "the rusty old tin cup that hangs on the pump" and suggests that it come in for a share of the \$1500 that Knox is expending on her campus this year. The Student is published weekly, and a report from the regular "Faculty meeting", of

all decisions or other matters of Faculty action that concern students, forms an important column.

Answers to Correspondents in Dictum Est conducted by Miss Pauline Prybody is a good column of personal jokes. Equal energy in all departments would make a better paper if the financial support be not lacking.

Olla Podrida maintains its reputation as one of the best of High School Exchanges. The management offers a prize of five dollars for the best short story for the Christmas number.

Student Life publishes a list of about two hundred students entering Pomona this semester.

The Skirmisher is out on duty again and presents an excellent "first number" for the year. We note that Col. Wm. R. Powell, U. S. A., has

been detailed by the government to be professor of Military Science and Tactics at St. Mathews.

The Chico Normal Record presents a picture of its staff as a frontispiece.

The October issue of the Normal Pennant is one of its best issues. The Exchange Column is especially good, and most of the joshes are new, which is indeed noteworthy.

The Tocsin began its third volume with October and promises*to improve with its years.



Louis—Well, well, all the world's a stage!

Paul—Yes; and all the passengers either want to drive or blow the horn.—Ex.

"Pat, what is it the doctors are saying about the fever being all on account of those germs?" Pat answered with his usual ready wit, "They are just bugs, wiggle-tails like. They've got lots of different kinds of names. In Germany they call thim Germs; the French call thim Paris-ites; and in Ireland they call thim Mike-robos: but they're jist wigglin' bugs."—Dictum Est.

Prof. Buck is trying a new experiment with his honey bees. He is crossing them with lightning bugs in order to give them more light on the subject.—University Unit.

RULES AND REGULATIONS.

The editor has returned from his vacation, and is now feeling extremely up-to-date, in fact during his summer resort sojourn he was not only rested up, but done up, took and held up generally. But why expatiate?—here's the "rules and regulations" of the hotel at which he stopped—and they tell the story.

Board, \$50 per week. Meals extra.

Breakfast at 4; dinner at 5; supper at 6.

Guests are requested not to speak to the dumb waiter.

Guests wishing to get up in the morning without being called can have self-raising flour for supper.

Guests wishing to do a little driving will find a hammer and nails in the closet.

If you are fond of athletics, and like good jumping lift up the mattress and see the bed-spring.

If your room gets warm open the window and see the fire escape.

If your light goes out, take a feather from the pillow; that's light enough for any room.

Anyone troubled with a nightmare will find a halter on the bed post.

Don't worry about paying your bill; the house is supported by its foundations.—Ex.

There was once a Boy who came to College. The first few weeks He Worked hard and kept his grade high. After a while He came to the conclusion that he liked one Girl better than girls in general. So He devoted himself to Her instead of His studies. He resigned from all the Societies because He would rather go walking with Her than work for them. All the week He was thinking about Saturday night and so He flunked every day. This went on until the Girl came to the conclusion that She did not care for a Boy who did not amount to anything.

This Teaches that flirtation of the heart often proves fatal.—Fables for Freshmen, in Student Life.

Many a man who believes that the earth revolves on its axis also believes that he is the axis.—Ex.

Boss—I don't know whether to discharge that new boy or raise his salary.

Manager—What has he been doing?

Boss—He rushed into my private office this morning and told me there was a man downstairs who wished to see me.

Manager—Who was it?

Boss—A blind man.

If some people had been around when the world was created they simply could not have sat still and let so many mistakes be made.

Intelligent Student (picking up a Caesar.)—O, say, Latin's easy. I wish I had taken it. Look here, (pointing to several passages) forty ducks in a row, (forte dux in aro) Pass us some jam, (passussum jam.) The bony legs of Caesar, (boni leges Caesar.)—Ex.

1st Senior girl (In crowded hall)—I'm not going through that jam.

2nd Senior girl—I wouldn't, you are stuck up enough now.—Olla Podrida.

Student, in physics—If the loss of weight is apparent, which is it, the father or mother.—Ibid.

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ALUMNI

The University has graduated a considerable number of men who have entered the Christian ministry, particularly in the Methodist Episcopal Church. The assignments received by these at the late conference sessions will be of interest to many readers:

The Rev. R. E. Wenk, '71, after a four years very successful pastorate at Yreka, where a fine new church was erected under his direction, takes charge at Redding. This brings him nearer the center of things and is an agreeable change.

Rev. J. H. Wythe, Jr., '73, returns to Eureka for a third year. "Joe" has made a fine record in those parts, and very naturally he was wanted back.

Rev. A. J. Hanson, '73, for three years past in charge of the little mission church in East San Jose, has been transferred to that charming paradise of Santa Clara county known as Campbell, six miles southwest of San Jose. Both himself and Mrs. Hanson (nee Starr, '73) seem pleased with the new situation.

Rev. W. M. Woodward, '77, remains at Epworth Church, San Francisco for a fourth year. He is rated as a close, careful thinker, and as a public speaker is always heard with interest and profit.

Rev. T. H. Woodward, '77, after a two years' popular pastorate at Trinity Church, San Francisco, takes charge of a church at Santa Monica, one of the most important in Southern California. He has served as one of the University Trustees for several years, and will be missed in these parts.

Rev. Dow W. Chilson, '77, removes from Healdsburg, in the Coast region, to North San Juan, among the Sierras. Wherever he goes he leaves an impress for good, and the new field will be advantaged by his coming.

Messrs M. H. Alexander and A. C. Bane, both of '81, and Rev. E. P. Dennett, '82, have returned respectively to Chester Street, Oakland; California Street, San Francisco; and First Church, Alameda. They are severally rated as fine preachers and successful pastors. Their influ-

ence in the Bay region is very pronounced.

Rev. John J. Martin, '84, continues for a third year at Redwood City. He is very popular with the business men and county officials, and a great favorite with the young folks and "John J." likes Redwood.

Rev. Thos. Filben, D. D., '85, continues in the employ of the Pacific Improvement Company as the efficient Superintendent of Pacific Grove. Appreciating the educational advantages afforded by the U. P. he has secured residence for his family at College Park. He is pushing "San Francisco, 1901" for the great Epworth League Convention and looks for nothing but success.

Rev. Geo. M. Meese, '87, remains at Guerneville, amid the green hills of our north coast country, for a second year. George is one of the steady-going kind, who always leaves a church better than he found it.

Rev. Will A. Kennedy, '89, a conference supernumerary on account of poor health is out in Denver, working on the "general delivery" of a large furniture house. He is greatly improving in health.

Rev. Chas E. Winning, '89, and Rev. H. E. Milnes, '95, continue in charge of churches at Los Gatos and Santa Clara respectively. If there has been any diminution in the popularity of either of these in his particular community or elsewhere, the editor of this department has not heard of it.

Rev. Fay Donaldson, after two years of heroic and eventful service at Oak Park, Sacramento, has taken possession of things at Golden Gate, Oakland, where the Bay breezes blow softly. It is safe to predict good times for the church at Golden Gate.

Rev. Hugh Baker, '93, remains at Benicia. If honest, steady work on the part of a pastor counts for anything, then the M. E. Church at that point is all right this time.

Revs. A. J. Case, '97, and Robt. J. Trevarrow, '98, are attending theological schools in the east. Their old friends extend congratulations.

Messrs. E. Grigg and John H. Williams, both of '69, are also pursuing theological studies in the east. Each may be depended upon for a good record.

Rev. L. R. Fulmer, '00, entered the Conference at the late session and was assigned to Linden, one of the thrifty towns of the San Joaquin country not far from Stockton. This is a good charge and it gets a good man for pastor.

ATHLETICS

Football has for the past week held the attention of the student body more closely than at any time since the opening of school.

The two games played by the college and academy were interesting struggles with the odds in favor of neither and while no particular team work was developed by either side yet the spirit of stubbornness and persistency was shown by both sides and on this spirit the hopes of a winning team have to be based.

Although realizing the weakness of our defense and being unable to get players on the field a practise game with the Normal second team was arranged the outcome of which we all know. This struggle though one sided was interesting and showed us plainly that in order to develop a winning team we must have more defensive practice.

The team showed to advantage in offensive work, and as that has been all they have been taught, nothing more could be expected of them. But the boys certainly did carry the ball well and at the very last, after having received a severe drubbing, by men of superior weight and experience, they showed their proverbial "U. P. grit" and were plunging through the Normal line five yards at a time, and when time was called, the ball was within two yards of a touchdown.

This game opened the eyes of the student body and at a rousing meeting many signified their willingness to come out and help the boys at their practice, and since that time a renewed interest has been taken in the game.

The ladies of South Hall showed their appreciation of the boys' endeavors by giving them an informal reception at which all had a most enjoyable time. The rooms were very prettily decorated with foot-ball posters and pictures. Nothing has encouraged the team as much as this interest shown in them by these ladies.

The players at present are not in the best of form, Beard and George not being in very good condition, while Crowfoot, Sparks, and Berry have been unable to practise on account of injuries.

An agitation is now on foot to secure new

suits and jerseys for the boys; these they certainly need and we hope to secure them before our first league game which is to take place Nov. 3rd and which we are going to win.

All the students are asked to come out on the field in the afternoons and encourage the team in its practice.

CALAMITY BASE BALL.

The base-ball fiends believe in beginning early. Before foot-ball interest has begun to wane they are out in their glory.

Under the above name, which—who knows—may be all too prophetic, a team has been organized under the leadership of Heindson as captain. Heindson has the proper spirit. The boys say verily he would rather play ball than eat(?)

Practice goes on each evening in the spacious stubble fields about the 'hotel' on Hedding street. The positions as they are assigned so far are: Parsons, C.; Spencer, P.; Kellogg, 1st B.; Onstott, 2nd B.; G. Richardson, 3d B.; Heindson, S. S.; Shearer, L. F.; Goldsworthy, C. F.; Denny, R. F. The latest report says that the Calamities are to meet a team from Campbells soon.

TRACK PROSPECTS.

The man of field day inclinations is beginning to dream already of spring, the cinder track, "spikes" and the airy, free costume. He looks at the heroic game of football, he sees the mighty surge, he hears the clash of heads, the crack of bones; he marks the tangled mass of arms and legs, but his heart will not be comforted.

One should not speak of prospects here at the U. P. Our "prospects" have always been good. At all events it is not too early for a prospect:

The Stanford Freshmen this year are nearly as strong as the Varsity itself; if we cannot look to them there are other teams to tackle, say the Normal and Fresno League.

Most of the old boys are back stronger through previous training and experience. Of the new boys Cator and Onstott have athletic records.

BASKET BALL.

Alas! the weeds grow thick on the grounds in front of South Hall, the basket poles serve as sticks to which the campus stock tethered is that it may graze upon the herbage thereabout. Girls, it is not too late yet to efface from memory thoughts of certain student body appropriations.

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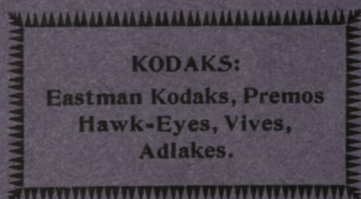
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