



4-1-1901

## Workaday World, April 1901

Students of the University of the Pacific

Follow this and additional works at: <https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/pacifcan>

---

### Recommended Citation

Students of the University of the Pacific, "Workaday World, April 1901" (1901). *All Issues - Student Newspaper, The Pacifcan, Pacific Weekly*. 3170.

<https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/pacifcan/3170>

This Magazine is brought to you for free and open access by the Student Newspaper, The Pacifcan, Pacific Weekly at Scholarly Commons. It has been accepted for inclusion in All Issues - Student Newspaper, The Pacifcan, Pacific Weekly by an authorized administrator of Scholarly Commons. For more information, please contact [mgibney@pacific.edu](mailto:mgibney@pacific.edu).

Vol. VI. [v]

APILR 1901

NO. VIII

15  
16  
17

# WORKADAY WORLD





# College of Physicians and Surgeons of SAN FRANCISCO.

14th St. between Valencia and Mission Streets.

Medicine



Dentistry



Pharmacy

The Medical course comprises four annual terms of six months each, the Dental course three terms and the Pharmaceutical course two terms of seven months each. The regular Medical and Dental courses are preceded by three months' intermediate courses which are not obligatory. The next Regular Medical course begins January 2nd, 1901. The Regular Dental course opens Nov. 19th, and the course in Pharmacy opens Nov. 26th, 1900. The Medical and Dental courses may be pursued at the same time leading to the degrees of M. D. and D. D.S. The Medical and Pharmaceutical courses may be taken at the same time, leading to the degrees of M. D. and Ph. G. The fees for all departments are: Matriculation, \$5.00; Intermediate course \$25.00; Regular course \$75.00. Advanced standing is granted to graduates in the Arts or Sciences. For further information address

D. A. HODGHEAD, M. D., Dean of the Faculties,  
1025 Sutter Street, San Francisco, Cal.

## Get Your Next Suit

FROM THE

## Old Reliable

## ANGEVINE

Established - - - - 1886

39 South Second.

## ICE, CREAM, CAKE,

## CANDY,

## NEW YORK

## BAKERY

## CUT IN SHOE REPAIRING!

Men's shoes half soled 35c.

S. J. GRAY'S, 15 S. Second St.

Telephone, John 61.





## T. W. HOBSON COMPANY

We make a Specialty of Clothing for young men. Our Fall Goods are arriving daily. Latest Styles, Latest Cuts at the Lowest Prices.

**Suits to Order** from \$20.00 to \$60.00. Perfect Satisfaction, Perfect Fit or Money refunded.

Our Fall line of Underwear, Hosiery, Fancy Shirts, Fancy Vests, Latest Neckwear. An immense stock to pick from, and prices that cannot be duplicated.

Don't overlook our Hat Department. The best Hat on Earth for \$2.50. All the latest blocks.

Dress Suit Cases  
Club Bags  
Trunks  
and Valises



**T. W. Hobson Company**

ONE PRICE CLOTHIERS

40 to 54 West Santa Clara Street.

Telephone,  
JAMES, 811

**We Employ only White Labor.**

Incorporated

## KELLEY LAUDRY COMPANY

College Park Agent, J. M. Cross.

Office at University Book Store.

*McLoabe*  
**HATTER**  
82 S. FIRST ST.  
**SAN JOSE, CAL.**

"City of San Jose"

THE LEADING  
DRY GOODS STORE  
Good Goods

at

Low Prices

I. LOEB & BROTHER--Cor. 1st & Fountain St.



# JENKINES

16 South First Street, San Jose, Cal.

Sells the Nobbiest NECK-WEAR, SHIRTS, COLLARS, and High Grade UNDERWEAR.

Agent for the celebrated LONGLY HAT.

*Aloha*

We are coming to the fore

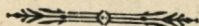
Our

Ice cream, Ice cream soda, Bon Bons

Stand First

We solicit a trial order

Our confidence in the quality of our confection-  
ary assures us of your further patronage.



Johnstone and Burnight

Phone, James 1391.

120 South First Street.  
San Jose, Cal.

## P. R. Wright

Sells almost everything.

Orders given on T. W. Hobson  
& Co., Dealers in Gent's Furnishing  
Goods, Hats, Caps, Clothing, etc.

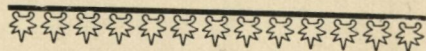
Also on Koenigs, Dealer in Fine  
Shoes.

Prices Guaranteed.



We have some Big Bargains in  
Suits. Over 1000 samples to choose  
from. You can buy a good school suit,  
made to order, for \$10.

"Pacific" pins and University station  
ery at the book store.



## ENTERPRISE STEAM LAUNDRY



NOTICE

If you want strictly first class work at lowest prices, send your  
work to the Enterprise Steam Laundry. Washing called for on  
Mondays, Tuesdays and Fridays, and delivered on Thursdays,  
Fridays and Saturdays,

GEORGE M. HENCH, Agent,





## Blickensderfer Typewriters



No. 5, \$40.

No. 7, \$50.

**LOW PRICED. CONVENIENT. DURABLE.**

The selling record of the Blickensderfer has never been equalled. Nearly 60,000 sold since placed on Market.

**Geo. C. Borneman & Co.**

*Pacific Coast General Agents*

117 Sutter St.,

San Francisco.

**Sight, Hearing, Taste, Touch, Smell,**

These five but the **GREATEST** of  
these is **SIGHT**

The moral is plain; give the utmost care to your eyes. If they are weak or give you any trouble come to us and have them tested free of charge. If you need glasses we will find it out; if they do not we will learn that, too; we will tell you the truth in either case.

**M. H. OSGOOD**

**Graduate Optician**

Tel. East 834.

156 South First.

**IF YOU WANT A BICYCLE  
You Want The BEST There Is**

It doesn't pay to buy a bicycle whose guarantee is unidentified with responsibility, simply because it is cheap. There is wise economy in every dollar that the Columbia costs.

**Columbia Bicycles**

Standard of the world. \$50.00 to all alike.

Vedettes \$25.00

Hartfords, Second only to Columbias \$35.00.

Orders placed with R. J. Coyne, our College Park Agent will receive prompt attention.

**F. M. KEESLING CYCLERY,  
82 and 84 South Second St.**

**ARTHUR C. BANTA, Manager.**



**BINNS**

SUCCESSOR TO

**John O. Tucker  
PHOTOGRAPHER**

58 South Second Street,

San Jose Cal.

AMATEUR FINISHING.

WE MAKE A SPECIALTY OF SMALL VIEWS

**The H. Jeans Dying and Cleaning Works**

136 East Santa Clara st.

San Jose.

PHONE, EAST 923.

*GENTS SUITS PRESSED 50 cts**CLEANED and PRESSED \$1.**Ladies and children's Garments  
of every description cleaned,  
dyed and Pressed.***We excell in Work-  
manship and prompt  
service**

Go to the

**Band Box**  
**For your hats**  
**and bonnets**  
27 & 29 East Santa Clara Street.**TRY IT**

Curiosity led you to turn this paper over in order  
to read this. If it is strong enough to cause you  
to inquire of one of the Kuykendall Brothers you  
will obtain an answer to the above question.

**What is it?****The RAMBLER**

46

SOUTH

FIRST

STREET

**The LEON**

**A New Millinery Store**  
**With New Business Methods**  
**A New Stock**  
**With New Prices**  
**Everything New at**

**The LEON**



# WORKADAY WORLD

VOL. V.

UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC,

APRIL 1901.

NO. VIII.

## TODAY.

I prophesy no more,  
As in those early untried days,  
Ere we had peered into the maze  
Of this great world with all its ways  
Of strife, and toil, and strange uproar;  
Friend, I prophesy no more.

What was to be has been:  
The moments pass, the hours appear,—  
Appear, to vanish; days are here;  
The days creep onward to the year;  
That year of days has grown to ten,  
And we must turn the glass again.

Aye, turn the glass of sand!  
And turning, know its grains will run  
Past all detaining, sun by sun;  
And swiftly, surely, one by one,  
As we will, through our hand  
Shall pass the golden sand.

So blind are we!  
Could our hearts one moment feel  
The bliss which now we call ideal—  
That perfect joy which seems so real,  
Today would higher be.

Yes, as we will!  
Life's circumstance our souls must measure,  
Make of it a curse or treasure,  
Wildest woe or purest pleasure.  
Our destiny we must fulfill,  
Today, tomorrow, as we will.

We call the Christ our Lord,  
Then ever gaze in admiration  
On those possessed of worldly station,  
And richest garb and daintiest ration,  
Quite, quite regardless of the word  
Of Him we call our Lord.

We call ourselves immortal;  
Strange the riches that we hold  
Supreme,—titles, power, beauty, gold,  
Baubles that are bought and sold—  
All vanish at the portal,  
At the gate we call immortal,

F. M. FORBES.



## AN UNSOPHISTICATED JOKE.

If the old trees around West hall and its battered walls could only speak, what tales of class wars, of thrilling adventures, and of love they might reveal! Now and then a tradition comes down to us of this later generation, one of which I am about to relate.

In those early days a young Israelite, who rejoiced in the name of Isaacs, appeared on the campus and immediately fell in love with all the pretty girls in college and in the vicinity. He effusively confided the stories of his numerous cases and conquests to all the boys on the campus, one by one, and most confidentially they rehearsed them to each other with much glee.

One evening, the thirty-first of March, Isaacs was almost overwhelmed with joy to receive the following letter:—

"Dear Mr. Isaacs,—

I have seen you a great many times on the car and it is my most ardent desire to meet you. If you will bring a friend and go to the old camp ground tomorrow (Wednesday) evening at nine o'clock, I will meet you there, also with a friend.

"I hope you will not think I am silly to do this but I am quite sure that you are not indifferent to me from your actions on the cars. Hoping to see you tomorrow night I am

Your very ardent admirer

D. W."

Isaac's countenance had been becoming more brilliant with joy each moment as he read and when he reached the initials at the end it fairly shone. "It must be that petite blonde, Miss Dorris Wells, at whom he had openly smiled on the cars so often," he thought. It was almost past belief, but with his customary self complacency, he assured himself that after all it would have been a greater wonder if even a charming belle such as she had failed to appreciate his attractions.

The letter had circulated pretty freely among the boys, individually of course, and they determined to have some fun out of it by carrying the

evident joke a little farther. So when Dan Thornberry was chosen as Isaac's companion for the adventure he readily agreed to go. Thornberry was a big, brawny, muscular fellow whom Isaacs admired exceedingly and as a rule confided in first of all.

There was a drizzling rain the night of April first, but they set out hopefully, Isaacs outwardly joyous, and Thornberry inwardly so. The old camp ground was on the loneliest part of the Alameda, half way between the University and Santa Clara. The bells in the Catholic college tower chimed out nine just as they were nearing the appointed spot.

Just at that moment, from out of the grove of trees there seemed to be issuing a gigantic ghostly figure moving slowly toward them, waving its long arms and moaning in anguish. Isaacs, shaking with terror, cowered close to his companion, just having strength enough to point at the awful apparition. There was a sudden shot and the next moment Thornberry had fallen to the ground, groaning as he fell,

"Run, Isaacs, run for the doctor. I'm killed."

And, in the words of the College poet,

"He did run, you bet your boots!

He didn't stop for mud,

He went right through it lickety-split,

You ought to have seen him scud!"

On the way he passed a night watchman to whom he gave the breathless information that there was a dead man down the road and he'd better go and see about it. He routed out the doctor, who, poor soul, had a scarcely suppressed feeling of nervousness as he hurried down the lonely road. But the doctor and the night-watchman could find no dead man nor even a wounded one, though they searched diligently and finally went grumbling back to their beds.

When Isaacs roused the professor in charge of the boys' dormitory and told him that Thornberry had been shot and was even at that moment lying stiff and cold down on the Alameda, the professor said, a trifle impatiently,



"Well now, Isaacs, I think you must be mistaken for I passed Thornberry's room not five minutes ago and I heard the unmistakable sounds of slumber issuing therefrom. You may go and see for yourself."

When Isaacs saw and was convinced that it was actually Thornberry who lay there calmly sleeping, he was speechless from amazement. A few days later he packed up his belongings and left for parts unknown.

The story gradually leaked out, the faculty became righteously indignant and the president made a speech from the chapel platform. The real authors were not known, however, until years after when an old girl and an old boy, now married and growing gray, chanced to

meet and were talking over old times.

"By the way do you remember Isaacs and his untimely end?" suddenly asked the gray-haired boy.

The gray-haired girl laughed long and heartily and at last replied,

"You boys did think you were pretty bright to keep your part in that affair so carefully hidden but you never even guessed that we girls were at the bottom of the whole affair."

And then she told how she and two other girls had, for an April fool joke, written the letter to the unsophisticated Isaacs. After they perceived the storm which it created they kept quiet and the story had to that day been unrevealed.

HELEN HANSON '02

---

### A BIT OF SEA SHORE.

A stretch of sand with rolling waves,

Some rocks all gray, some fisher boats;

A wide expanse of restless sea,

Some sea birds shrieking their wild notes—

The foaming breakers' ceaseless moan,

A lighthouse risidg, tall, forlorn;

Some old ship's wave washed, bleaching bones,

Driven on the rocks from distant bourne—

Some hills of ever shifting sands,

Blown in from Ocean by the winds;

A beach bestrewn with slippery kelp

And moss and shells of many kinds—

'Tis thus the meeting place is formed

Twixt thee, O Earth, and boundless sea;

'Tis here old Neptune's powers cease;

Here ends the power of man's decree.

S. R. DOWNING.

---

OLIVE

BICYCLE

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



## DIARY OF PHYLLIS CLOYD.

Mar. 1, 1898

This the first page of my diary and I think it is fitting that I should tell something about myself. I am Phyllis Cloyd, the only child of Mr. and Mrs. James Cloyd. I was born, raised, and am now living in the mountains. As for appearance, I can't describe myself farther than to say I am small and have brown eyes and light hair. My parents are well-to-do and I have everything in the world I want except just one thing. I want to go to college. I have studied awfully hard for the last three years and am now ready to enter but my parents are unwilling. I guess they think my only ambition ought to be to marry some old rustic out here. It isn't because I don't want to live up here because I just love every inch of these old mountains but I do want to amount to a little something in this world.

Mar. 2.

I go over to Priscilla Swan's to a party tonight. I am just tired to death of these parties. The girls here never think of a thing but just boys, boys! I have had my share of these same boys and am about as bad as the rest of the girls, I suppose, but anyway I haven't neglected my studies.

Mar. 5

I got up early this morning, studied my Latin, and practiced. Yesterday afternoon I went over to get my teacher to help me with my Latin and afterwards I walked way up the creek. I was standing looking at the Falls when who should appear but Mr. Gray! I only met him the other night at the party but I am pretty much interested in him. He is good-looking and has money, but what is more to the point with me, he is just from college.

Of course I managed to get around to talking college and I just told him everything how I hate the people up here, how I want to go to college, and that the folks won't let me. We had a good laugh over the party but in all seriousness, he

promised to help me out of my trouble about college. He didn't say how though. Goodness, I should think the folks could see what an improvement college makes in one.

Mar. 9

I went up to Gray's to a tennis party this afternoon. Pretty sudden, mother thought, and I know she came pretty nearly remarking on it but she didn't. I always get so riled up at the suggestion of anything sentimental. Mr. Gray walked home with me. It was just sunset and the hills were so beautiful we hardly said a word all the way.

Mar. 12

I was sitting out on the lawn this afternoon and Mr. Gray saw me and came down. The impudent young man made a sketch of me that day at the Falls and he showed me the cutest water color from it. I know very well, though, how I look when I am hot and dusty and tired.

Mar. 15

Imagine, the aristocratic Mr. and Mrs. Gray called today! I just know what their young son is up to. Nothing would do for mother but that I should play some of my very nicest music and I heard Mrs. Gray say to mother in an aside, "This is no place for such a girl."

Mar. 30

I have been having the best time lately, have been riding, tennis playing, to three evening parties and had lots of calls. There is lots more fun here when one has pleasant company.

May 10

There hasn't been much going on lately. I have been studying and practicing hard and the folks have been exchanging visits quite frequently. For some reason best known to himself, the young man has been keeping in the back-ground.

May 13

I am just too happy for anything on earth, I am going to college! Just yesterday father called me to him and said, "Little girl, how would you like



to go away to school." Why I just cried for joy!

Aug. 31

I have been so busy with registration and examinations that I have had no time to write. Poor old diary, it will only get used occasionally now. I only took it out this time to say that Mr. Gray is here. I thought all the time he had graduated and come to find out he is a Junior. He has been just like a brother to me.

May 1, 1899

Almost commencement time! I can never be too thankful for the opportunities of this year. My teacher in the mountains says I have improved wonderfully. I have had a pretty good

time as Mr. Gray can testify. He tells me, just like a brother, what boys he is willing for me to go with. I don't think he cares much for the boys here, he talks about them so.

May 15, 1900

This is the last time I am ever going to write in this diary, and even here I feel kind of delicate about saying what I have to say. Poor boy, wasn't he jealous. He didn't know until I told him that I had just tried to make him jealous. It is all fixed now, though, and I graduate in two years.

EMMA GALE '04.

### AS IT SOMETIMES HAPPENS.

The day was almost perfect. Not a cloud was in the sky, which rivaled that of southern countries in its intense blueness, while a light breeze blowing from the sea freshened the air and rustled the leaves on the tall oaks. Surely on such a day as this when all nature was bright there could be no place for unhappiness and discontent.

So thought Polly Perkins as she stood on the broad veranda idly pulling the petals from a rose and puckering her pretty forehead in a perplexed frown.

"There is no reason for my being so blue. I'll go for a walk in the woods and try to make my spirit 'more in harmony with that of nature', as Prof. Gray used to admonish us girls to do. I wonder if Jack wouldn't like to go, too?" Of course Jack did and in a few minutes they started out.

The walk was a silent one for the two were such good friends that speech seemed scarcely necessary. They had grown up together and from childhood had been almost inseparable companions. Polly thought of this as they walked through the cool shadows of the woods. Was Jack, who understood her so well, more than a friend to her?

Suddenly Jack stopped. Polly looked at him and saw that he was looking at something very eagerly in the distance. "What is it, Jack?" she

asked. He made no answer but started on a quick walk in the direction opposite to that in which they had been going.

Polly followed wonderingly. Jack's walk became a run and Polly hurried on. At length he stopped beside a man lying under a tree and waited for Polly.

"The old story of a broken arm and a broken gun," the stranger said as he pointed to a rifle beside him. His face was drawn with pain but his voice tried to be merry.

"Oh Jack" said Polly, "do hurry to the house for help. I'll wait here."

It seemed hours but it was probably but a few minutes before Jack returned with help. They carefully carried the stranger to the cottage where under the directions of the doctor, Polly was established as chief nurse.

Many weeks elapsed before Polly and Jack walked in the woods again, and when they did someone else was with them, for the stranger had invaded Jack's paradise. When they came to the tree under which Jack had found the stranger Polly found that the stranger's broken arm had become so strong that it held her close to him. Then she knew that the stranger could never be a stranger to her again.

And Jack? Poor fellow! His eyes were full of his love for Polly and yet he barked joyfully. Jack? Why yes! He was only a dog! K. L.



## SOME RECOLLECTIONS OF AN ART STUDENT IN PARIS.

"A journey to make and Paris at the end of it!" Inasmuch as this was my first attempt to travel alone in a foreign land, and being equipped with only boarding school French, I went through the three custom houses on the route from Berlin to Paris, and the process of money changing in passing from one country to another, with fear and trembling.

Our train arrived in this City of all cities after dark, and with my French, which the porter evidently recognized as very American by the size of the fee that he demanded, I managed to secure my trunk from the custom house officer, and engage a cab for the artists' Latin Quarter, where I was to take up my abode among the Art Students from nearly all parts of the globe.

We were two hours in reaching the American Club House across the Seine at Quatre Rue de Chevreuse, and I believe the driver never would have found the place, had it not occurred to me that an extra tip might lead him to discover the "lost trail". So with the *Pourboir* which I had been instructed never to forget, and the regular tariff, and not being familiar with French money I have never known to this day what that cabman did receive for his very valuable services. I began to feel myself quite alone in a foreign land, when the *Conciergerie* closed behind me the great iron door leading into the Court, and Mme. Des Cressonnières, the head of the house, presented herself.

This club house is a very old building which is said long ago to have been filled with silent, black robed women, but is now full of gay and happy students from America, all working and studying together, with the highest aims and ambitions for the future.

The Rue de Chevreuse is a short street off from the Boulevard Montparnasse, and the house stands near several of the studios which the girls attend, and has for a neighbor the residence of the great Bouguereau, which is just around the corner. This house is never passed by the girls without a whisper of the great things done by the artist who lives there.

The American Club House is three sided, with its windows all opening upon a large court in the center. Beyond, through an old stone gateway, is a garden, shaded with trees that have stood for centuries, and under them, in the summer months, the students take tea in the after-

noon. During the day all are busy in the different studios, but at five o'clock every afternoon, summer and winter, tea is served, to which all Americans in Paris, whether residents or visitors, are always welcome. The tea room is usually crowded, and many are the pleasant recollections which one carries away of this daily afternoon tea. In the morning the breakfast is truly French. It consists of coffee or chocolate with hot milk, rolls and a pot of butter, served to each individual on a tray, Luncheon, or *dejeuner*, proper, is taken about noon, and from seven to nine in the evening an elaborate dinner is served, and everything that is in the market is to be had. All the meals are served *a la carte*, and the little Irish woman cashier sits behind her desk and receives the money for each meal, and is only upset by a twenty franc piece, when offered for a dinner that has cost but a few sous.

The little French waitress, Marie, never forgets to repeat behind your chair, "*Poulet blanc ou Poulet noir?*" White chicken or black chicken? The white meat costing twenty five centimes more than the dark.

The problem of the art student is to stay as long as possible, so every franc is regarded in its capacity to keep one in Paris. There are always many temptations tugging at the purse; so many interesting things to see, to hear, and to enjoy, in the way of pictures, music, places to visit, studio properties to buy in fascinating junk shops, rides and excursions to take, and above all, summer excursions into Holland, Italy and England. Accordingly the restaurant which is attached to the American Club has been enthusiastically received, for it reduces the price of living, and one finds everything dear in Paris except gloves.

A pleasant feature of the American Club life is the Saturday afternoon reception, formerly Sunday evening according to the French customs, but changed to please the Americans. There is always music of a high order, the vocalists, pianists, and violinists of great reputation coming over from the other side of the river. Refreshments are always served and a social time follows. Mme. Des Cressonniers arranges for these receptions and is at her best on these evenings. She loves to tell the girls how she once danced with Napoleon III, and about the



old days in Paris, "but now" she says, "since France has become a Republic, the young people have no longer any manners".

When one becomes tired of the club restaurant there is "Josephine's around the corner," and who can forget Josephine! She lives in a little "dry goods box", as the students say, and cooks everything over one coal oil blaze, and it takes the patience of Job to wait for your déjeuner; but she gives out real oat meal and cream, five centimes for one portion. Josephine always knew me, however, for I took three portions of cream regularly, increasing my bill to fifteen centimes. She had a little sign in her window, "English spoken here", but on entering one always finds her jabbering away in her very best French, and when the new Americans inquire about the English she replies, with a twinkle in her eye, "Ce sont les Américains qui parlent Anglais ici."

The Studios in the Latin Quarter are very interesting to the stranger. There artists and art-students from all quarters of the globe are gathered. I remember there were seven nationalities represented at one time in the Deldense school, and next me sat an interesting little Polish Countess who was exiled from her country for having written something against the Russian government.

The women pay twice as much tuition as the men. The studios are over-heated on account of the model and over-crowded for pecuniary reasons, so on the whole they are not very comfortable. On Monday morning it is interesting to see the Italian models fill the studio yards, dancing with each other to while away the time until recess, when they are allowed to enter and ascend the platform for trial.

When one by one the poor disappointed creatures walk down without a single vote, probably after having given some very wonderful poses, your sympathies are too much aroused to even enjoy their ludicrous appearance; but after a while the successful ones come, who are unanimously elected for the next models.

The art students are fond of entertaining, and there are always many delightful little Studio teas and evening receptions, which help to enliven the art student's life in the Latin Quarter. Marcella, the favorite model—whose picture

hangs in our Conservatory studio,—is frequently allowed the honor of pouring tea at these little receptions. She always appears dressed in her best silk gown and is very happy on these occasions. She is anxious to learn English, and one of our naughty students taught her to say to the Master when he entered the studio for criticism, "Good morning, Mr. Callot, have you used Pear's Soap?", telling her this was always the morning greeting of English and American people.

Julien's Studio across the river, not far from the Arc de Triomphe, the school of Marie Bashkirtseff fame, is an interesting one in which to study. The French girls are unusually courteous in this studio. They are often accompanied by their maids, who sit and crochet or embroider, in a special place arranged for them, until the morning lesson is over, when they take the young ladies home. Here the great Bouguereau criticizes, and the school is so still one could hear a pin drop when he enters the room. The students follow him from easel to easel and listen to every word that falls from his lips. He was married at about seventy five years of age to an American woman to whom he had been engaged for twenty years, an earlier marriage having been prevented, according to the French law, by his failure to secure his mother's consent. So it did not occur until after her death.

It is hard to confine oneself to the studios when there are so many tempting things to see. There is the Louvre with its innumerable paintings, and the dear little Luxembourg with its modern art, and all the exhibitions, and beautiful Paris itself, with streets clean enough to eat your dinner from, as someone has said, but woe to the foot passenger who attempts to cross these streets at a moderate pace, for the cabs have the right of way here, and seem to be trying to run over you. If they break your bones you are fined a certain sum, and if you are killed your fine is doubled, quite the opposite custom from that of our own country, where the fines are all turned around the other way.

There really seems to be no end to the recollections of an art student in Paris but there comes a time when it is best to say "Au revoir".

E. E. BOOTH.

OLIVE

BICYCLE

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



## THE APPROACH OF A TORNADO.

An intensely hot day was drawing to a close on the prairies of southern Minnesota. The sun had sunk behind a bank of heavy, dark clouds that threatened a storm. The lake, extending two miles toward the westward, lay calm and still, reflecting an image of every object on its banks. The fringe of trees upon the further side, inverted, fringed the surface of the lake.

A few projecting rocks, half way, perhaps, around the northern shore, appeared as twice their number, half below, and half above the water. As the swallow skimmed along the surface its image floated below, uninterrupted by a single ripple in the waters. Even the drifting cloud of dust that slowly lifted in the wheelman's path, and rose and floated out of sight, as slowly sank beneath the water's edge, until there, too, it disappeared.

Slowly the bank of storm clouds reached out toward the north, and toward the south, and rose and blackened in the west. Stealthily the awful bank of clouds crept on, and drew a dark line through the water's surface. A low, faint rumble came through the stillness. The space of sky reflected from the water diminished gradually, as the shadow moved closer.

A thunder-head that rose above the bank of clouds revealed an edge of angry, flaming red, as though the cheering, pleasant sun itself had grown hateful. A duller and more sullen red glared upward from the water. As if in a rage the inky cloud flashed forth an angry tongue of flame, distant, yet vivid. The cheerless waters quivered.

As the last reflected bit of sky gave place to cloud, it stirred uneasily. A breath of wind sent ten thousand little waves scurrying across the lake. Quick, vivid, the lightning flashed again, this time nearer; ten thousand waves sent back an angry gleam. Again the thunder rolled, more ominous; and every wave seemed to reverberate the rumble.

A stronger gust deepened the swells: the sky grew darker. The storm was now almost overhead, and swiftly approaching. The lightnings came quicker and more blinding. The thunder crashed more ominously and more frequently. Great drops of rain began to fall. The wind blew more furiously, and lashed the water into foam.

Beside the dashing waves and crashing thunder, another sound was heard,—a deep, dull, awful roar, as though the cruel storm were breathing hoarsely, desperately, in its rage.

Across the lake a strip of shore disappeared. A flash of lightning showed the cause. From the black, seething clouds, that tore themselves, and whirled and surged blindly and lashed each other in their fury, down to the blacker, angrier sea below, that swirled and surged and seethed more furiously, there reached an inky arm, that writhed as though in mortal agony: an instant taut, drawn by a mighty force, as though the cloud would tear it from the water: then larger, more compact, as though the storm had thrown its weight upon the giant arm that seemed to force it up and hold it in mid-air.

The zig-zag lightnings flashed past the whirling column as if striving to be foremost in the work of destruction.

More incessantly blazed the lightnings; more deafening crashed the thunder. Louder and more terrible came the roar of the fast-approaching tornado. The great black tunnel grew broader and blacker,—a furious monster rushing through the water, through the air, and through the cloud. Lifeless, yet snatching every object in its reach and tearing it, in cruel delight: devouring, crushing, or hurling aside, everything in its path: unteeling, insatiable, irresistible. Grand and awful beyond portrayal!

No life was there and yet there was displayed every power attributed to life,—the strength of a



thousand giants; the rage and fury of unrestrained passion; the madness of unrelenting cruelty, of avarice, of greed, of merciless destruction. And yet a path a score of rods in width was all that felt the devastation of the raging elements.

In another instant the tornado struck the shore a little to the left. Moved by a power that sways the storms at will, the tunnel lifted as it left the water. It rose above the housetops for an instant, again swooped down and tore a path three hundred yards or more, then rose once more. And now in bold relief against the eastern sky, where still a margin remained beyond the

storm's edge, a massive, dark, swiftly revolving rope dangled from an inverted convex cloud, and hung down nearly to the ground. Below it rose a cloud of light debris, which was whirled up into the column and carried on. As the sullen roar receded the rain began a steady pour, and gave assurance that the tornado was past.

When the morning broke, the warm sun looked upon a path strewn with the ruins of what had once been homes. But the lake again was calm and motionless, and deep in the still water lay quietly the unbroken image of a snowy cloud.

HAROLD S. TUTTLE, '04.

## LILACS.

Brightest sunshine, gently drifting  
Through the leaves, and o'er me sifting  
Golden beams, the while I'm lifting  
Idle eyes in dreamy gaze—  
Sweet the air where lilacs squander  
Lavish fragrance, that doth wander  
O'er my senses, lambent, fonder,  
As across my heart it strays.

Like a gentle hand caressing  
Tired, aching nerves and blessing  
By its magic touch, unguessing  
All the comfort that it brings;  
So into my heart's deep centre  
Creeps the lilacs' scent, and enter  
Stealing after, as a mentor,  
Thoughts that play on hidden strings.

Lilacs waving odorous plumes  
Fair and free, a wealth of blooms,  
Scattering fragrance through the rooms  
Where memories' treasures lie;  
Clumps of white, in beauty bending  
Over purple bunches, blending  
Flying flecks of color, sending  
Blossom-haloes floating by.

Wraiths of half-forgotten pleasures,  
Phantoms, fancies, broken measures  
Of life's sweetest song. The treasures  
Buried deepest in my heart;  
Stir and thrill, while perfumes stealing  
Scents the scattered petals, dealing  
Fragrant lilac palls and sealing  
Dear, dead days with tenderest art.

L. R. Miller.

OLIVE

BICYCLE

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



# WORKADAY WORLD

Published monthly by the Students of the University  
of the Pacific.

<b>Helen Hanson</b>	-	-	-	-	<b>Editor</b>
<b>S. R. Downing,</b>	-	-	-	-	<b>Assistant Editor.</b>
<b>T. Van Sickle,</b>	-	-	-	-	<b>Business Manager.</b>

Subscription, 50c. per Year. Second Semester,  
35c. Single Copy, 15c.

CORRESPONDENCE and Contributions upon topics of interest solicited from Faculty, Alumni and Students. No anonymous articles will be published.

ENTERED at the Post Office at San Jose as second class matter.  
Address all correspondence to

**Workaday World,**  
San Jose, Calif.

UNIVERSITY PRINTING OFFICE

IT IS with just a little bit of alarm that the new Editor takes her pen and proceeds to write her first editorials. She is very anxious to fill creditably the place left by the former Editor and to keep up the very excellent standard which the WORKADAY WORLD has sustained during all this year. She feels the responsibility and the importance of the work and very earnestly solicits the support of the students.

TWO OVERLAND TRAINS go by our campus daily now and the passengers have a chance to observe the beauty of our back yard. The repairs which are going on at East Hall and the pruning of the trees along that side of the campus are hopeful signs, but we mourn for the sweet peas which are being crowded out by the weeds and grass. One of the first things to be done, now that the debt is all subscribed and is being rapidly paid, is the improvement of the campus. The old dilapidated sheds and neglected lawns disfigure grounds that have unending possibilities of beauty.

WE ARE PLEASED to hear that the Commercial Department has started a paper of its own. Our University has so many departments of activity in so many lines that it is almost impossible to represent them all in one college paper. The new paper has its own staff, and it will be devoted entirely to Commercial interests. The paper has the best wishes of the WORKADAY WORLD.

A SUBSCRIPTION PAPER is going about the campus this week to raise money for the University float. This is a matter in which we should all take an active interest, since all of the schools in this region are to be represented and we should certainly have a showing with the best. Two very excellent plans have been presented by members of the committee, either of which would work out beautifully and would be a great credit to our college. Let us all rally to this effort and do honor to McKinley, to the Santa Clara valley, and to the University of the Pacific.

OUR GOLDEN JUBILEE will be celebrated at Commencement this year. Early in the fifties the Methodist fathers laid their plans for a Christian college with its site in Santa Clara and by 1851 the school was fairly started. Many times during the half century of its existence it has looked very dark indeed, but the way has always opened and now at our Golden Jubilee the prospect is very bright. The faculty, trustees, and alumni are busily making plans for the occasion. The Oratorio concert will be given as part of the exercises and Wednesday afternoon of Commencement week is to be devoted to the Jubilee, as well as Thursday evening. Prof. Hunt is preparing an historical address for Wednesday and some one of our prominent alumni will give the address Thursday evening. We hope to be able to give a fuller notice of the celebration in the next number.



## Orange Peals

April Fool!  
Pleasant day!  
Easter Bonnets!  
Six weeks more school.

Hand a story or a poem to the editor.  
Tuesday— Maysie hears from Hank.  
Wednesday— Hank hears from Maysie.

Better bring another gag into the astronomy class, Lamb, that old one is worn out.

New rule for the library: "Young ladies and young gentlemen should avoid sitting opposite each other."

Sophocletia is taking a course in club swinging. The young ladies are evidently preparing for future emergencies.

Teacher, (at lunch) to Miss Gr—er—"How are you today, Georgie."

Dr. Hunt recently gave Cartesia an interesting description of the Federal City.

Now that a regular gardener has been placed on the campus we can expect it to resume once more its former beauty.

The Commercial students have formed a stock company for the publication of a quarterly paper. It is to be in the nature of most business college periodicals.

Prof. T. (after a rather floundering recitation in Astronomy)—"Well, Mr. Peterson, your density is good."

The band is making good progress and expects to be able to make its first appearance Arbor day.

Report says that Dr. McClish is preaching to crowded houses in Oakland on Sundays.

Fred Onstott writes that he expects to return next semester.

Will someone please explain why Mr. Park. and Miss Lat. invariably take the 10th street cars in going to San Jose?

Miss Coats treated the II French class to a sleeping solo the other day. It was appreciated.

Prof. (in Civics class)—Miss Decker, will you please explain what is meant by impressment?

Miss Decker—That's an imposition!

Ask Miss Chilson about that "poster girl" she met near Evergreen.

Among the recent arrivals at Hotel El Calamity we note the following: H. Hamilton, Palo Alto; John Batdcrf, College Park; C H Martin, Chicago; Higley, Chicago; the Jefferson party from Carnar City, including Miss Ann Jefferson, Miss Mayme Jefferson, Mrs. Miller, and Miss Louise Gibshn.

Will Shearer is the proud possessor of a grip, as a result of his recent victory in the mile run at the Santa Clara College Jubilee field day. Marvin Parsons sports a clock, the prize for the second place in the 440.

P. A. Berry left college during the month to accept a position at his home in Gazelle, Siskiyou County.

Student (to Mr. G - r - a - ch, at recent social event)—Say, Ger—, there are some charming girls here. Don't you want to meet them?

Ger— (yawning)—Oh, I've enough girls already.

At the advice of Prof. Tillman Miss Lewis has undertaken to observe the changes in the creek bed at the "bridge". But judging from appearances she does not intend to do it alone.

Voice (from Elocution room)—Come up, can't you?

Voice (below)—Any one there but you?

Voice (above)—No, only me.

Exit both voices.

Coin—I have no use for Lent. A fellow borrowed five dollars of me once and never paid it back.

Bartley (innocently)—What's that got to do with Lent?



Miss F. is now sporting a Spangler.

The Academy Seniors are the proud possessors of class pins.

The Senior quartette entertained the inmates of Agnews Wednesday, April 3.

Contrary to the poet's declaration in last issue, as proven by recent developments,

H stands for Hindson, who keeps himself lean,  
With ringing the bell and walking with Queen.

Shearer says he's not at the Cottage all the time. Its the other fellow, the big one.

"May I see you home, Miss B."

Sosweetly asked our J.

"If you will only say 'Miss C.',

I think perhaps you may."

Little Willie with black curly hair  
Played on a horn in the band.  
With noises tremendous he filled the air  
And called it all music, good land.

Why is Cartesia like the war in South Africa?  
Because it has a Kopp-je.

I love to be noisy and shout and yell,

I'm a very bad boy they say

'Cause I never go in at the 6:30 bell

And cut classes every day.

—I. S. T.

I wish I were smart and witty

And didn't have lessons to get.

I'd spend all my time being "pretty"

And flirt with the girls, you bet.

—H. Mc.

Oh, would I were a Senior

And with the Seniors stand

A "mortar" on my forehead

A sheep-skin in my hand.

—M. P.

Roy Fulmer, '00, visited the college recently.

Enquiring Student—What grain of romance can you detect in Miss M.?

Wise Freshie—Why she is fond of Sparks!

No flourishing! nothing grand! just plain, neat card writing. That's our style. Prices very reasonable.

HAROLD S. TUTTLE.

1st Sop.—What's the matter with Miss Curtz?

2nd Sop.—Nothing. She's a Daisy!

Prof. (to student in Roman History spelling-match)—How many words have you misspelled?

Student—All that I didn't omit.

It is reported on the campus that Miss Gibson recently spent two hours and a half in the preparation of her English lesson!

The front entrance to East Hall is much improved in appearance by the new steps and the artistic railing on the sides. What a vast difference there will be in that part of the campus when the trees have been trimmed and the new opening on Emory Street been completed! The arch which will surmount the entrance is very attractive. When these improvements are completed Father Bailey's long cherished plan will be accomplished. Three cheers for Father Bailey!

The Senior class of the Academy have about completed their program for graduation. J. H. N. Williams of Napa will deliver the address. The Commercial graduates are preparing interesting exercises. They have secured J. E. Richards as their speaker. Mrs. Yard's class in Elocution is busy preparing for the recital of the Elocution department. This is usually one of the most interesting of the Commencement exercises.

OLIVE

BICYCLE

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



## HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH.

## Mission San Jose Picnic

One of the most delightful outings of our college life occurred on Saturday, March 16th. A gay crowd of students and professors started from the campus in various equipages on the eventful morning, well provided with candy, kodaks, and light hearts. The drive was charming in every respect. Our driver proved amiable although the witty remarks of the crowd had to be sent to him through his ear-trumpet. The picnic party had all arrived at the little town of Mission San Jose by twelve o'clock and through the kind permission of the owners spread their lunch in the beautiful grounds of an old Spanish family. After lunch, during which reigned a profound silence on account of the extreme hunger of the picnickers, an excellent program was rendered by Prof. Hunt and the members of the Pacific Slope History class.

The numerous cameras and kodaks accompanying the party next appeared and we were all taken, in the hope that the beautiful backgrounds would add materially to the excellence of the pictures.

The stroll through the grounds, the sight of the old mission, standing as a monument of the heroism of the Catholic fathers, the white clad Dominican nuns, scattered through the olive orchard, and the chanting of the choir in the church are among the beautiful sights that came to us that day.

At three o'clock the cavalcade was ready to start toward home again, and although everyone was tired when we reached College Park at six each had the consciousness of having spent a delightful day.

## Emendia Receives

Emendia entertained Sopholechia Friday afternoon, March 29. The following was the program rendered. Piano Solo, Miss Marie Metz; historical paper, Miss Addie Johnston; recitation, Miss Lola McKellips; vocal duet, Misses Belle Bowman and Tessa Crothers; book review, Miss Edith Lantz; story, Miss Emma Gale; vocal solo, Miss Glorine Schultz.

## El Calamity Entertains

A dinner given at El Calamity to its "Cottage" friends was one of the most delightful of recent social events. It was a decided success and its careful preparation and faultless service was a tribute to the skill of the chef, whose culinary ability made possible such a happy result. The guests will long remember this jolly dinner and their genial hosts, Messrs Parsons, Shearer, Hindson, and Downing. —ONE OF THE GUESTS

## Academy Reception


The elegant home of Mrs. Parkinson on South Third street was the scene of a very pretty reception, Friday evening March 29, tendered by the Junior class of the Academy to the Seniors. After the address of welcome by I. S. Tiffin, president of the Junior class, which was responded to by S. Osgood, president of the Senior class, Miss Pieper favored the company with a vocal solo, followed by a class paper, in the nature of a prophecy, by Miss Elton. Other numbers on the program were: a duet, guitar and banjo, Messrs Kellogg and Rogers; recitation, a medley, Misses Beck and Elton, Messrs Kellogg and Parkinson. After the program an enjoyable time was spent in games and conversation. Dainty refreshments were served in the prettily decorated dining room, during which a concealed music box rendered sweet music.

OLIVE

BICYCLE

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





## EXCHANGE

The Occident has added a new department to its already very interesting pages,—The Axe. The name is highly suggestive.

That's alright, Acorn, we didn't suppose you were going to remain in mourning. Glad to see you in your new dress. It is very neat and artistic.

The Wind Mill from St. Johns School, Manlius New York, is a very unique little periodical. It rejoices in a funny man—who draws pictures. The foot-ball edition reflects credit on its energetic staff.

Sorry, dear Pennant, that poem worried you so much. We had no intention of claiming it as a student production. We copied it just as we found it, initials included.

The article on "College Spirit" in the Parker Collegian is very forcible and contains much truth.

Student Life from our plucky little sister college in the south never fails to make its weekly appearance. It fairly bubbles over with interesting notes about Pomona.

The first number in print of the High School Advance from Arcata has reached our table. It contains some very good though brief articles. "Our School Day Attachments" is worthy of particular mention.

From Asbury Park, N. Y. comes the "Seaside Torch." "Notes on a Visit to the Land of the Rising Sun" is particularly interesting from the stand-point of description. Not too much can be written about the "little brown man" and his peculiar native habits and customs.

We would like to ask the Student Record what became of the Cartesian Literary Society. We fail to find its name mentioned in the Directory.

We are pleased to say "Howdy" to the Academy Graduate. Hope it will come often.

The College Star presents some cuts of Eiscumayer Hall, a building recently erected on the campus of the Central Wesleyan College.

"The Too Strenuous Life", a poem in the Bell, is certainly a commendable production. Others besides San Jose High School students enjoy Miss Bennett's poetry.

The Normal Record from Chico presents a cut of its staff as a frontispiece. The article entitled "The Artist Teacher" is about the best of its nature we have seen.

The Criterion is a new exchange from Hutchinson, Minn., containing eight pages of matter almost exclusively local in character. Some stories or poems would improve it. Come again.

OLIVE

BICYCLE

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



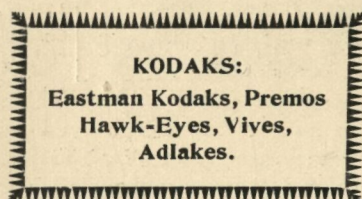
DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

AT REDUCED PRICES.



**A. A. SCHOENHEIT,**

Photographic Supplies.



72 South First St,

**SAN JOSE.**

Try a

**Welsbach Gasolene Student Lamp.**

*Burns 15 hours at a cost of 5 cents*

*The purest white light known. To be had at*

**The John Stock Sons**

71 and 77 South First Street.

Timothy Hopkins, Pres.

H. W. Stephens, Manager.

C. S. Kenyon, Supt.

**Santa Clara Valley Mill and Lumber Company.**

Dealers in REDWOOD and OREGON PINE LUMBER. Manufacturers of every description  
of MILL WORK, Branch yards at Alviso, Campbell and Los Gatos

Office, 125 East San Fernando St. Bet. Third and Fourth. **San Jose, Cal.**

TELEPHONE, SUNSET, MAIN 17

**J. H. Quincey,**

Dealer in Groceries and General Provisions.

**College Park Store**

**For Fine Watches,**

*Gold jewelry and  
Sterling Silverware*

GO TO

**H. MORTON,**

**First and San Fernando**



## PROFESSIONAL CARDS.

**G.** F. NEVIUS, D. I. S. Dental Parlors:  
Rooms 9 & 12, Safe Deposit Block, Cor. 1st  
and Santa Clara Sts, San Jose.

**F.** L. ARGALL, SURGICAL & MECHANICAL  
Dentist. Santa Clara St., Cor. Light-  
stone. Rooms 1 & 2 Stone Block. San Jose.

Graduate Dental Dept., U. C.

**DR. A. G. BENNETT,**

DENTIST.

*Reduction to Students.*

Hours, 9 a. m. to 5 p. m.

57 South First St.

**DR. C. S. MAYNARD, GRADUATE DEN-**  
tal Dept. U. C. Dougherty Bldg., South Sec-  
ond St. Hours 9 a. m. to 5 p. m. Tel., Red 392

## THORNTON'S CANDY FACTORY

Successor to RUDOLPH'S

Porter Bldg., 2nd and Santa Clara.

## Hart & Roberts

STAPLE AND FANCY

DRY GOODS

50 to 54 South First St. San Jose.



A  
Juicy  
Morsel  
For  
Break-  
fast  
or dinner

you can enjoy from one of our tender and delicious sirloin or . . . . . beef steaks, lamb or mutton chops, veal cutlets. Our meats are all cut from the fattest and primeest cattle, our poultry is selected from the best that is raised, and we can supply your table with fresh, nutritious and wholesome meats at bed-rock prices.

**GOLDEN TATE MEAT MARKET**

**CHAS. H. JACOB & CO,**

**Funeral Directors  
and Embalmers**

318 Mason St. Bet. O'Farrell & Geary

TELEPHONE MAIN 5213

SAN FRANCISCO

**Embalming a Specialty**

Mr. Jacob is a member of Grace

M. E. Church.



# UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC \* \* \*

*Includes*

*A College of Liberal Arts, \* A Conservatory of Music, \* A Commercial College, \* An Art School, \* An Academy which prepares for first class Colleges.*

Sixteen experienced Instructors and Professors.

Five large and beautiful Buildings. Best of situations, and all the accommodations of a neighboring city

**Write For Further Information and Catalogues to**

**E. McGlish, President,**

**UNIVERSITY of the PACIFIC,**

**SAN JOSE, CALIF,**



Gravel Fish