



5-1-1901

## Workaday World, May 1901

Students of the University of the Pacific

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

---

### Recommended Citation

Students of the University of the Pacific, "Workaday World, May 1901" (1901). *All Issues - Student Newspaper, The Pacifican, Pacific Weekly*. 3171.

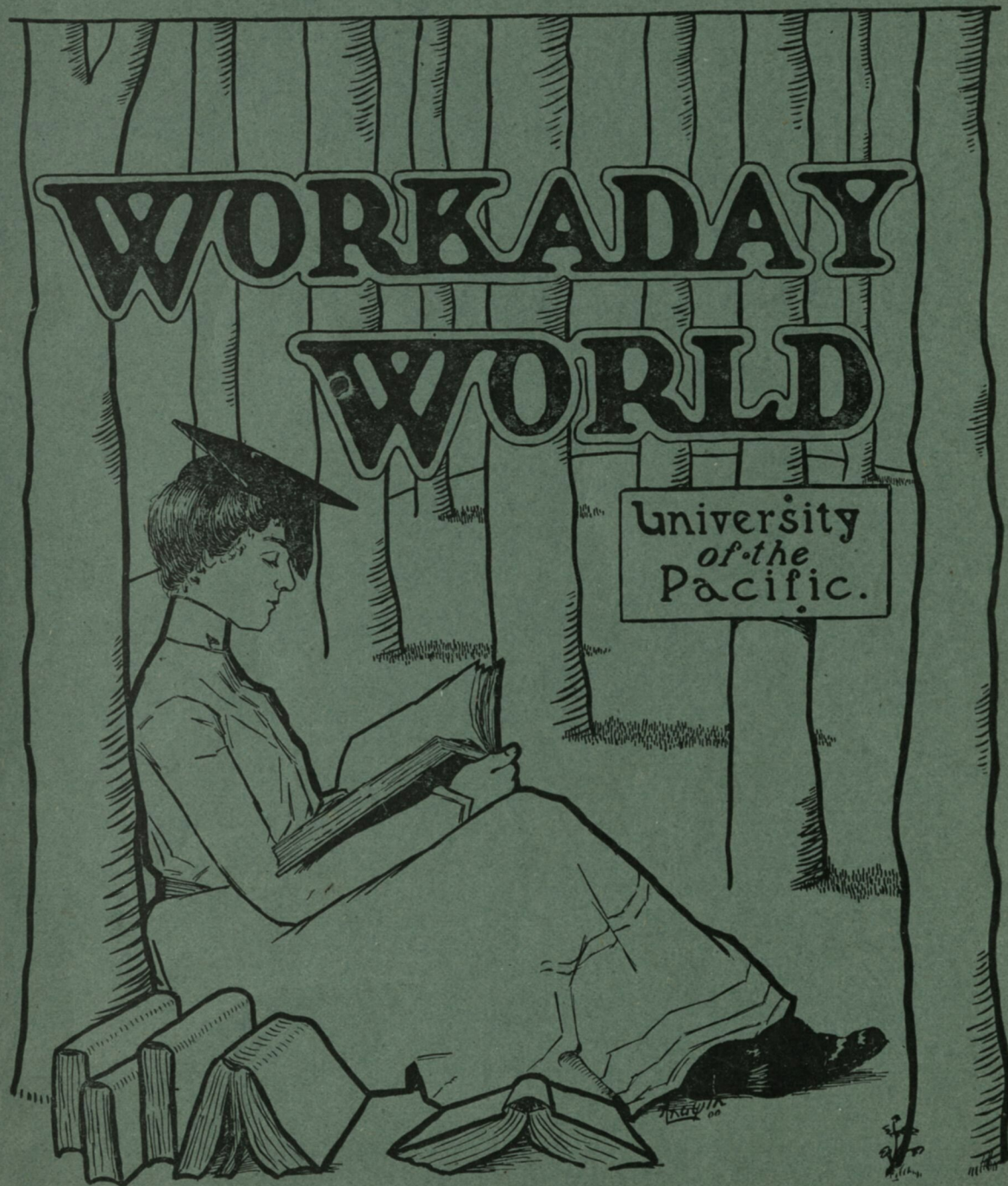
<https://scholarlycommons.pacific.edu/pacifican/3171>

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

Vol. V

MAY, 1901

No. IX





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

Dont 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.

*McLober*  
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

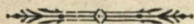
Our

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

hone, James 1391.

120 South First Street.  
San Jose, Cal.

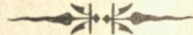
## P. R. Wright

Sells almost everything.

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

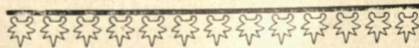
Also on Koenigs, Dealer in Fine  
Shoes.

*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 Elickensderfer 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**



**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,  
died 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.

**Geo. T. Erhart**

HARNESS MAKER AND CARRIAGE TRIMMER

*Custom Work a Specialty*

490 South First Street.

Telephone John 511.

46

SOUTH

FIRST

STREET

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

**The LEON**

**The LEON**



# WORKADAY WORLD

VOL. V.

UNIVERSITY OF THE PACIFIC,

MARCH 1901,

NO. IX

## THE TRAMP.

There's a tramp at the door of the kitchen,  
His face is all hardened and scarred;  
He once, I am told, was in prison,  
Secure behind doors locked and barred.  
I saw him last week in the chain gang  
That came from the jail to the street;  
This very same tramp, with his keeper,  
The ball and the chain at his feet.  
And now he is asking for breakfast,  
Think you I should feed him to-day,  
That tramp who was once with the chain gang,  
Or send him along on his way?  
The baby has crept to the doorway,  
So full of his innocent grace;  
And looks with eyes shining with wonder,  
Straight up in that hardened face.  
I start as I think of the contrast,  
While baby has wondered and smiled;  
I find myself asking the questions,  
"Was he once an innocent child?"  
"And had he a mother who loved him?"  
Was he ever somebody's joy?  
That hardened old face in the doorway,  
As fair as that beautiful boy?

And all may be pure and spotless,  
And cleansed from the sins that beguile;  
For we read that the Kingdom of Heaven  
Is like to an innocent child. E. E. BOOTH.

## THE CHANGE THAT TIME BRINGS.

In one of our small California towns there once stood a little white house, plain but neat and cosy, with a shady vine-covered porch in front. The green lawn was devoid of flowers except for a few rose bushes which showed that they had tender care from loving hands.

In passing by this cottage one might see a gray-haired woman of some sixty odd years, with a kind, motherly face, and a young, hand-

"Was his hair as soft as that baby's?  
Those bleary eyes as clear and as bright?  
And was he as pure and as guileless?  
O pitiful, pitiful sight!  
What cruel, hard fate could have changed him?  
And how could it bring him so low?  
Perhaps he deserves only pity.  
No, I will not ask him to go.  
I know not how great the temptation  
Or trial that led him to sin;  
No, I will not judge him too harshly,  
But feed him and bid him come in.  
We look at the face all so hardened,  
We shrink from its roughness and start;  
We read in the good Book at evening,  
Our Judge looketh down at the heart.  
And many a soul, too, has wandered  
Away from its innocent youth;  
And many a heart has been tempted  
And turned from its freshness and truth.  
We read still again in the evening,  
When the fire in the grate has burned low,  
Though your sins shall be deeper than crimson,  
He'll wash them as white as the snow.

some man seated on the front porch or enjoying their evening meal in the cosy dining room. Upon inquiry from the villagers this passer-by would learn that these two were no other than the widow Bonne and her son George. They had lived in that cottage for more than ten years and were held in high esteem by all their neighbors—Mrs Bonne acted as mother, and George as a good friend to all the young people. Be-



sides, everyone especially admired the affection these two had for each other, the kindness and gallantry with which George treated his mother. He attended church with her regularly on Sundays and on other days when his work was done (by-the-way, he clerked in a dry-goods store) they would have their nice little supper together then go for a stroll down the pleasant street, or sit on the porch and talk over their little affairs planning as only mother and son can plan, how they would make their little farm, which was a few miles out of town, yield more produce and the small income George earned by his work—for George and his mother were in slender circumstances financially. Every night when the blue eyes of her boy were closed in slumber, Mrs. Bonne would steal softly to his bedside, gently tuck the coverlets around him—all the while uttering a breathless prayer—and go noiselessly out. She had practiced this custom since he was a baby and if anything ever happened to prevent her making this little visit, her rest for the night would be disturbed.

Thus they were living their simple lives, each doing so much to help the other, when one day there came a visitor to their little home—it was Mrs. Bonne's brother, a Mr. Gale from Chicago—a portly, jovial gentleman with mischievous blue eyes and iron gray hair. He at once took a liking to George and expressed his regrets that the young man was not in college. "Well, Raymond" Mrs. Bonne insisted, "I should like nothing better than to have him highly educated, but there are no colleges near and I'm too poor to send him away and pay his board. I'm afraid the high school is as far as he can go," she ended with a sigh. "Now, look here, Mary, just you listen to me," Mr. Gale said briskly, "I have lots of money and nothing to do with it but to spend it on myself. Now, San Jose isn't so far off but he can come up to see you occasionally, so, if you'll agree to sending him to the University of the Pacific, I will furnish the money to pay for his board as well as a liberal amount for spending money for himself." Mrs. Bonne readily agreed to this for, although she felt reluctant to part with her only child, yet, as she reasoned to herself, she would not deny him an education for anything and they would be separated only for four years and then she would have him with her for all the rest of her life—broadened and made nobler by his college experience.

So it was settled and in August—that month when the leaves begin to flutter from the trees and

gather in restless heaps on the streets—the train one day puffed away from the little station leaving a lonely little gray-haired woman standing on the platform, waving her handkerchief and trying in vain to keep back the tears, for this train was carrying away a fair-haired young man, the pride of her heart. They had never been separated before, and she wondered how she could bear it for four years.

"But then," she soliloquized, "it won't be so very long and then we can always be together afterwards." But, alas! how easily things go wrong!

George readily made a host of friends among his college mates and it was not long before he was cured from that homesickness he experienced for the first few days after his arrival in San Jose. After he became better acquainted with his fellow students, his visits to his mother became frequent and her letters more hastily read than before—"he didn't have time to answer her letter just then because Wesly wanted him to go and practice foot-ball, and he just couldn't go to see her on Friday evening because he must take Florida to the reception, and her mother had invited him to dinner on Saturday. No, he couldn't possibly go till next week."

How anxiously the fond little mother would await his coming on Fridays, but imagine her disappointment on receiving a letter which contained the hastily written words: "Can't come tonight, mother,—the boys want me to be in the foot-ball game to-morrow"; or sometimes it would be, "Have an invitation to an informal reception tonight; can't possibly refuse, you know; awfully sorry." Then poor Mrs. Bonne's eyes would fill with tears, and she would think some bitter thoughts, but suddenly her face would brighten and she would say,

"Oh, I'm a foolish, selfish old woman; of course he must enjoy himself with the young people, and it would only be depriving him of that pleasure if I insisted on his coming to see me."

Meanwhile the object of her thoughts would be strolling on the campus with Miss Florida Maynard, or enjoying a quiet evening with her in her mother's cosy parlor as the case might be; for this young lady was the chief object of interest to him of late—even in his dreams she played a prominent part. Miss Florida also was interested in him but she often wondered why he never mentioned his parents, thinking they were probably dead and he couldn't bear to talk of



them. This was not so, however—to speak frankly, George was ashamed of his mother.

"No, I won't say anything about her to Florida," he often thought, "for I wouldn't have her know how old-fashioned my mother is. She will probably think I have no parents, and it will be better so. What a strang contrast between mother and Mrs. Maynard!

Thus four years passed—four years in which Mrs. Bonne's health kept failing faster and faster, though George did not notice it in spite of the fact that he spent the vacation months at home during which time he frequently mentioned Florida to her. This latter fact pleased her very much, for she was glad to know that he still condescended to confide in her.

"I know she is a dear girl," she would say to herself, "for if she were otherwise, George never could care for her."

Then that mother would build fond hopes that if Florida regarded George as he regarded her, some day he would bring her to the little village and they would all there be so happy together—she felt that instead of losing a son she would be gaining a daughter—someone who would show her those many little attentions so dear to the hearts of aged mothers. "No," she thought, "George would never leave his mother." Little did she realize that he was gradually drifting away from her.

At the end of six years George and Florida were married and took up their residence in San Francisco, where George had his law office, leaving Mrs. Bonne in the little village, lonely and unhappy.

"Could it be possible that George had ceased to love her? No, that could never be. He would surely take her to live with him when they were fairly settled in their new home." Such was the substance of her innocent thoughts as she sat alone on her little porch one evening.

All this time Florida innocently suspected that George's mother was dead, for whenever the subject came up, he seemed uneasy and anxious to talk of something else.

"I shall try not to speak of his mother to him again," the unsuspecting girl would soliloquize, "it worries him, and it is better to let him forget his sorrow, if possible."

A month had passed since George's wedding took place and Mrs. Bonne's rapidly failing health made the desire to see her son grow all the stronger.

"If I could only see him just once more," she sighed, "and tuck him in his little bed as I used to do, then I would die happy. But I can't expect him to come here—he's too busy; the poor boy works so hard. I know what I shall do—I'll just take that money Raymond sent to me for a new bonnet, and go to see George. He will be glad to see his old mother again, I know."

So the next day the train puffed away from the station much the same as it did on that September day nearly seven years before, but this time it did not leave a little gray-haired woman standing on that depot platform—this time it carried her away to the city. When it reached its destination, the rain was pouring down steadily. The gray-haired lady walked up timidly to a cab-man and asked if he could direct her to "Mr. George Bonne's house."

"You must tell me the number of the street first, madam," he replied shortly.

She fumbled in her purse and drew out a card which had the number written on its crumpled surface—she had copied it from a newspaper in which was given an account of George's wedding and where his "future home" would be.

Fifteen minutes later the cab stopped in front of a large magnificent dwelling, and the driver jumped down from his seat, hastily opened the cab-door and announced, "Mr. Bonne's place, madam." The poor old lady stood and stared in amazement, regardless of the rain. "My!" she gasped, "to think my boy should have such a fine house as this!" She timidly ascended the steps and rang the bell. The trim little maid who answered the summons could not help noticing the old-fashioned gown and bonnet, but to the question, "Is Mr. Bonne in?" she answered as if she were speaking to a millionaire, "No, but Mrs. Bonne is. Would you like to see her?" The visitor was gently led into the elegantly furnished parlor, where she sat looking about the room in wonder and amazement. After a few minutes, a beautiful young woman, simply but tastefully dressed, entered.

"So you wish to see Mr. Bonne?" she said kindly. "He is still at his office, and will not be home until six o'clock—it's four now. You are welcome to wait here until he comes, if you care to, and it will save you from going out again in this drenching rain. You look tired and cold. Here, let me take off your wet shawl and draw your chair nearer the fire."

(Continued on page 14.)



## RECOLLECTIONS OF CHARLOTTEVILLE.

I often wonder what our boys and girls would do if they had to attend schools like those of years ago. In 1867 I was graduated from a Seminary in New York state and my school life there was certainly very different from student life to-day.

Charlottesville Seminary was a Methodist Conference School and at one time had been very flourishing but from lack of funds it had gradually failed until the attendance was only about a hundred. Not very favorable was my first impression of the school; hot, dusty, and tired, after a ride of ten miles in a lumbering old stage, I was deposited before a great bare building; not a particle of shade, the lawn, dry and straggling, and not a soul in sight. If it had, not been for my room mate I do not believe I could have stood the homesickness of the first few days. The building consisted of two large wings, serving as the ladies and gentlemen's dormitories, and the rooms in the center for the use of the professors and for class rooms.

Should the students of the University of the Pacific see washing spread about on the lawn to dry, they would be extremely mortified; but at Charlottesville this was no uncommon sight and if after an extra long delay we got in a hurry for our laundry, we were welcome to hurt up our garments on the lawn and to iron them as well if we cared to. No beautiful campus, no lovely roads offered us a chance to exercise. In couples back and forth the long porch we girls used to walk, nineteen times across and back again was just one mile.

Charlottesville Seminary was far famed as a matrimonial school. Why it is hard to say, for the conditions were not very favorable to romance. At any rate her reputation was not without grounds; the young ladies and gentlemen enjoyed themselves in spite of rules. They might meet in the literary societies once a week and if there was a lecture in the little village of Charlottesville, great was the rejoicing of the youths. At such a time Principal Campbell was bothered continually; for each young man had to ask permission to invite his lady to the

lecture. This same form had to be gone through with on Friday evenings when the parlours were open to the young people. By previous plan on the part of the young men, the parlours were never too crowded. The resources of Charlottesville were very limited. Why the only confectionary to be procured was maple sugar!

I remember a very amusing incident in connection with the literary societies. The Wesleyans and the Theti Phi were rival societies; I belonged to the latter. The third floor where the society rooms were was in a ruinous condition so we girls generally went in a crowd, taking several lamps, for at any time the wind through the broken windows was apt to put out one. One night Lou Curtis and her chum were doing some extra fixing up and we were obliged to go up with out them. Society had been in session some time and we were getting worried about them, when we heard faint calls for "Help! Help!"

We rushed excitedly out, pretty Lou's two lovers in the lead. Mistaking the direction of the sound we went down a floor but finally found them in one the rooms dangling from the ceiling. Their lamps had gone out, they had made a wrong turn and had gone through the rotten floor. Afraid to jump for fear they might go clear through to the basement, there they hung, their strength almost gone. Carefully the boys picked their way across the broken floor underneath and making ladders of themselves, lifted the girls down. The Wesleyans did not lose their opportunity for a joke but in derision of our motto, "In luce ambulemus", put up advertisements for lamps and candles, saying, "Theti Phi wants more light."

Most vivid are my memories of the young professor who plagued me so persistently. The professors were privileged and twice during the week and once on Sunday he came to see me. Why he came is more than I can tell for during the week I kept right on studying and on Sunday evenings I put him through an excellent course on the Bible. This was not my only experience in that line however.



## OBSIDIAN CLIFF AND ITS SURROUNDINGS.

During a visit to the Yellowstone National Park it was our good fortune to see many of the most famous natural scenes. We had heard somewhat of the beauty of the obsidian cliff and its canyon and eagerly looked forward to the day when we should look upon it for ourselves. Having camped in its vicinity for the night we resolved to pay it a visit early on the morrow. With the breaking of the day we set out to find a favorable position from which to make our observations, and finally selected as the most commanding point a large flat rock that projects from the sides of an almost perpendicular mountain.

The sun is not yet risen and there is only a soft grey dawn stealing over the opposite cliff and the quiet lake below. Raising our eyes heavenward we cannot discover a solitary star; the clouds seem to come down almost to our very feet. These drag heavily over the cliff beyond wrapping it in a pall of impenetrable black. Looking below we find the lake veiled in misty whiteness broken here and there by dark lines or reflections.

Every moment brings the sunrise nearer and nearer and we have to wait but a short time before it casts its radiant streamers at our feet. As if to assist in the transformation, the clouds lift themselves majestically upward leaving the great cliff baldly uncovered before us. At its nearest point it rises in irregular vertical columns to a height of about two hundred feet, then stretches back and finally joins the main range, leaving yawning chasms and gorges between. The whole formation is composed of rude pentagonal blocks heaped tier upon tier to the very summit. On either side of these massive columns the cliff rises less abruptly and finally gives place to a gentle rolling slope. Here the formation changes from obsidian to earth; here the fir and cedar wave triumphantly, and the mosses blend their soft greens with the the brown spines that carpet the mountain side. Along the base a wagon road winds back and forth threading its way among the individual blocks of obsidian that

stand out as advance sentinals of the thoroughfare.

Below the roadway and extending the entire length of the cliff the lake lies calm and serene in the morning light. More than a dozen beaver dams stretch across it, forming a series of artificial obstructions, each having a fall of from two to four feet. One solitary beaver house still inhabited stands at the end of one of the largest dams. Through the kindness of some unknown person, pond lilies have been planted and they now cover the greater portion of the lake. From this point the lake has the appearance of a snow field broken only by the dark lines made by the various beaver dams.

As we again direct our eyes upward we find that the clouds have begun their lazy flight westward leaving a clear sun shining beneath them. They have changed their dark grey dress for one of dappled crimson.

Turning once more to the cliff beyond we observe that the direct sunlight has changed the dull blackness into an intense undulating blue. Every point seems to have become a little sun in itself and lends its power to send an interfusion of light through the surrounding atmosphere. The cedars around the base and the brow of the cliff shed forth their brightest green and seek to vie with the mirrors of the cliff in adding their hues to the splendor of the picture. But the sun has not forgotten the lilies below and as evidence of his affection he has covered their snowy faces with pearly dewdrops and lends a brilliance to their feeble efforts to shine.

Is nature an artist? Who could look upon the scene before us and entertain the glimmer of a doubt? With her golden streamers and pencils of sunshine she has transformed a whole scene from Stygian blackness to one of dazzling beauty and splendor, bringing from all the objects before her their most resplendent hues. She has secured such a blending of shades and tints from the sky, the cliff, and the lilies that the observer is transfixed in admiration and cannot but exclaim, "O Nature, thou hast proven thyself to be the Queen of Artists." J. W. BATDORF.



# 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, Cal.

UNIVERSITY PRINTING OFFICE

**A**RBOR DAY, this year, was encouraging in its enthusiasm and real University spirit. The occasion has for several years been a popular feature of our college life and it seems to be growing in interest. The work is not so much. That is good of course. It gets rid of the weeds in great shape and limbers up the muscles of the boys and trains the girls in the domestic art. But the time will come, not so very far away we hope, when we shall not have to hoe weeds, when our buildings will all be painted and our campus will blossom like the rose. But when that glorious time does come let us not allow our enthusiasm to go with it. Let us keep on celebrating the day with its wholesome tendencies toward unanimity of spirit. Let it be such an occasion as Charter Day in the State University.

**T**HE COUNTENANCES of the students are beginning to wear looks of anxiety as they think of the approaching examinations. They have decided that they can't afford to cut any more classes and hence the unusually active appearance of the halls and the paths between at bell-time.

**T**HE YEARLY STUDENT BODY ELECTION will occur on Thursday, May 2nd. The elections for the last two years have been well conducted. The nominees have been carefully chosen and the successful candidates have served their terms satisfactorily. The nominations have not yet been made at this writing but the nominees will undoubtedly be representative members of the Student Body. Let us do our voting carefully, selecting the very best ones for the offices they are to fill and we may expect to have a good corps of officers for the work next year.

**M**R. O. A. HALE says that he would give Aguinaldo five hundred dollars a month to stand at the door of his store and direct his customers. It would certainly draw a crowd.

**T**HE LITERARY SOCIETIES from all reports are doing excellent work this year. The bitter spirit of rivalry which once existed has been replaced by most amicable relations. This is exemplified by the readiness with which the college societies consented to give up their individual Anniversary programs and unite, Sophoclectia with Rhizomia and Emendia with Archania, in order to leave open two nights for the Jubilee exercises. Truly this is an Era of Good Feeling.

**W**E ARE HOPING to give our last number a special Commencement and Jubilee character. To accomplish this we need the hearty support of the students, faculty, alumni and all interested in the welfare of the Workaday World and the University. The Jubilee exercises promise to be especially interesting. We shall have the opportunity of listening to several of California's most prominent speakers besides those from a greater distance.

**T**HERE IS ONE THING that we can do to make the Student Body more successful, and that is to pay our dues. Fifty cents a semester is not much and the treasurer hates to keep continually at you for so small an amount.



# ORANGE PEALS.

Recitals!

Mugwumps!

Arbor Day!

Spring Weather!

April 16th, Coy's birthday.

Fire! Fire! Where? Up in the art room!

"Din, you are sleeping and can't get your eyes open."

Prof. ( in History class )— Mr. B — d how will you take this question?

Mr. B—d.—In homeopathic doses, please, sir.

Mr. Van Sickle ran off with the Coats at the Third year reception.

Miss Cummins had a "ring on" her finger the other day.

A co-ed (after field day)—Didn't Mr. Tiffin run that hundred mile dash splendidly!

Mr. and Mrs. Eno Richardson attended Emendia's reception.

The second P. A. L. Field day takes place Saturday May 4. The Academy will enter a team, hopeful of victory.

Miss Nettie Merrill, a former student, is a candidate for the position of Maid to the Queen of Sacramento Street Fair to represent the city of Stockton.

The College-Academy Field day resulted in an overwhelming victory for the Academy. No limbs or records were broken but everyone had a good time.

Mr. Thomas (greatly embarrassed)—"Miss — can you sing profano?"

The members of the Brass Band are very promising commercial students. They are proficient in issueing promissory notes.

Mr. Beard was recently seen C(o)urting on the campus.

Mr Hyde. (Necessary advice to his son Elmer) Study carefully, reason thoughtfully, for if you do these things you will soon possess an imitable Will,—son.

Prof. Hunt enquires, April 30, if this is the reign (rain) of McKinley.

At Sopholechia's reception the young ladies were quite taken aback by hearing Miller exclaim, "It does my heart good to see these OLD FACES!"

Shirley Ashby and Wesley Crothers attended Emendia's reception.

Prof. T. (at end of Mr. B.'s recitation on the nearest star)—What is the distance of that star, Mr. Bartley?

Mr. B.—Well, Professor, if I'd known, I'd a' told you quite a while ago.

We thought a holiday would be nice on May day but on further consideration have decided to wait till the sun shines.

There are several coincidences in connection with the following list of names of the literary societies. Find them if you can.

C artesia

A delphia

E mendia

S opholechia

A rchania

R lizomia

OLIVE

BICYCLE

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



Art student—What is your favorite flower?

Miss Bren — n—Sweet William, of course.

Have you heard about the new popular party game? "Making love" it is entitled.

Prof. (in Civics class)—Miss D., you look knowing. You may answer that question.

Miss D.—Looks are often deceiving, Prof.

Among the former students who attended Sophie's reception were; Miss Jean Charters, Miss Maude Simons, Miss Olive Turner, Miss Ora Griswold, Mark Hopkins, and Henry Hamilton.

1st student—Whew! My neck's warm!

2nd student—I thought I smelt rubber burning!

Dr. Smyth's visit to the University was much enjoyed by all. The Dr. was kept pretty busy speech making.

Now that Aguinaldo has been reconstructed it is in order for Pres. Jordan and the Antis to Wheeler round and admit that "whether you like it or not" the Philippines have to stay.

By the way, Miss Anderson, where is your home?

### Twenty Years From Now.

I've wandered back to the Varsity, Tom,

And over by old West Hall

In fancy I see the fellows once more

In line for a game of foot-ball,

But none are here to greet me, Tom,

And few are left, I know,

Who came here in the good old days,

Some twenty years ago.

The grass is just as green, Tom,

The little boys at play

"Keep off" of it (?) as we did then,

While in the same old way,

The big boys flirt and josh the girls

And sweetly play the beau,

As Ira, John, and Spencer did

Just twenty years ago.

Old East Hall is altered now,

How:—I haven't time to tell,

But down from William Miller's "lab"

There floats the same old smell.

And Professor T. whose scanty locks

Are now as white as snow,

Asks, "Where's your home?" the same old way

As twenty years ago.

I found an old time desk, Tom

And through the saw dust still

For-get-me-nots and cupid darts,

Carved in with wondrous skill

Around the two names "Manda and Bert"

That little pair, you know,

Who basked in one another's smiles,

Just twenty years ago.

I gazed into Prof. Hunt's room,

But silence reigned supreme,

For True and "Kodak" Alice

That terror-striking team

Are now in Honolulu,

The place they longed to go.

Sorry they didn't go there sooner,

Say—twenty years ago.

My lids have long been dry, Tom,

But tears come to my eyes

When I think of my old class-mates,

Who've severed earthly ties,

Grace the sweet-voiced singer

And Maysie, who wrote short hand,

Wait no more for Hank and "Chet",

As twenty years ago.

Some have passed away, Tom,

And some are now "at sea"

But few are left of our old class,

Excepting you and me.

It does my old heart good, Tom

'T would do yours good, I know,

To be in this dear spot we loved

Just twenty years ago.

C. M. L.



## HAPPENINGS OF THE MONTH.

### Sopholectia's Reception.

One of the most delightful receptions ever given by Sopholectia was held at the home of Mrs. Noble in San Jose on April fifth. The spacious rooms were beautifully decorated with smilax and pink roses and were crowded with guests, ex-members from a distance, students, faculty, trustees, and friends.

Among the ex-members were Misses Turner, Chartres, and Simons, while a number of the boys were also down from the city.

Sweet music was discoursed by D'Ablaing's orchestra during the evening and refreshments in pink and white were served in the dainty dining room.

It was a time for making new friendships and renewing the intercourse of by gone days, Sopholectia may justly feel well satisfied with the success of her first New Century reception.

### Arbor Day.

Arbor day again, and a great day it was, with its work and its feasting, its speeches and its songs.

Early in the morning of Wednesday, April seventeenth, the boys were out with their hoes, attacking the stubborn weeds which bordered our walks. Not quite all the time was spent in posing for snap shots and by the time the welcome dinner bell rang at half past twelve all professed themselves hungry and tired (?) after their exertions.

The lunch was of a character to exactly suit a crowd of hungry students and profs. The appetites of the girls were also good, and they greatly appreciated the efforts of their waiters.

Everyone was satisfied at last and a very excellent program was given, consisting of representative speeches and music by our new University band. The Freshman class then planted a young palm amid appropriate ceremonies and a sturdy Irish Yew tree was placed in the center of the sweet pea bed by the Mugwumps. Then there were some typical class songs after which the students drifted away to their homes to prepare for the regular work of the days to come.

### Emendia's Reception.

One of the most successful social events of the season was Emendia's annual reception given on Friday evening, April 19, at the home of Mrs. Crothers, Reed St., San Jose. The rooms were tastefully decorated with cut flowers and smilax, the frappe room deserving special mention. Sweet strains of orchestral music issuing from an alcove in the reception hall added greatly to the enjoyment of the evening. Dainty refreshments, consisting of ice-cream, wafers, and frappe were served in pleasing style by colored waiters. The charming young hostesses in their handsome gowns did all in their power to entertain their guests in a royal manner and every one at parting felt that it was an evening long to be remembered.

OLIVE

BICYCLE

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



### The Change that Time Brings.

[Continued from page 7.]

This kindness had a surprising effect—Mrs. Bonne Sr. threw her arms around Mrs. Bonne, Jr.'s neck and sobbed out the whole story on her shoulder: how George was her only son; how she had longed to be with him all the years during his absence; and how she had ventured to come to him without first sending him a message. She wanted to surprise him she said.

Then it was that the whole truth flashed upon Florida Bonne—"George was ashamed of his mother! That was the reason he would mention her!" These thoughts crowded themselves into her bewildered brain. She was indignant.

"You poor little wornout mother," she said with a trembling voice, "you won't have to go back to your lonely life—you shall stay with us always, and you will let me call you 'mother', I know, and we shall all three be happy together" meanwhile thinking to herself, "I can't understand how George could be so cruel to such a

sweet, loving little creature."

That evening when George Bonne entered his parlor a strange sight met his eyes—a little gray-haired woman was lying on his richly upholstered sofa, and his wife was kneeling by her side, tenderly bathing her head and talking in low tones to the frightened servants who were standing near; a physician was about to take his leave and George heard him say to Florida, "I can do no more; that rain was too much for her failing strength." George quickly approached the sofa and when he saw who was lying there his face grew very white. In that short moment when it was too late he realized that he was losing a treasure that could never be replaced, "Mother!" he said huskily. The little woman opened her eyes: "Oh, George, I came to see you—just—once—more—before—" The sentence was never finished. That grim messenger, Death, had made his appearance and the woman who had lived so unselfishly for George Bonne had spoken her last words. DELLA DECKER

## FROM THE EXCHANGES.

Out of 472 colleges in the United States, 370 have an enrollment of less than 150 students.

I took some notes in a lecture course

But that is no virtuous act, I fear,

For the good instructor's word

I am sure I never heard—

For the notes I took were from a co-ed dear.

The latest novelty out is a cigarette box. Every time the smoker removes a cigarette it moves a spring and the box plays. "Nearer My God to Thee."

The trolley wire fell down to the ground

And laughed with ghoulish glee,

And said, "I guess you fellows have found

You can't play horse with me."

Said the Jam as he gave the roll a spread

"Have you heard the news distressing?

Last night the Lobster turned quite red

When he saw the Salad dressing!"

Teacher—Fred, what figure of speech is "I love my teacher?"

Fred—Sarcasm.

In California there is one student for every 419 of population, a larger proportion than in any other state in the union.

An enterprising University of Illinois undergraduate has embarked in the business of insuring students of that institution against "flunks." The idea is this: Just before examinations begin, the students pay the insurance man 25 cents each for the course in which they are to be examined. For every one in which the protected student fails the insurance agent pays him \$2. In this way everyone wins. The man who passes his examination is so gratified over the fact that he does not begrudge the quarters that he paid, while the man that fails has at least the satisfaction of making a dollar and seventy-five cents clear profit on each flunk.

OLIVE

BICYCLE

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



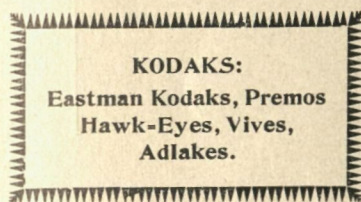
DEVELOPING AND PRINTING

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 tore

**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 45 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 prime 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 STATE MEAT MARKET**

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

**Funeral Directors  
and Embalmers**

318 Mason St. Bet. O'Farrell & Geary

TELEPHONE MAIN 5213

SAN FRANCISCO

**Embaling 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. McClish, President,**

UNIVERSITY of the PACIFIC,

SAN JOSE, CALIF.



*Grace Fisk*

Have you ever  
experience the  
convenience of a  
ground floor gallery?

*Bushnell*

FOTOGRAFER

41 NORTH FIRST STREET, SAN JOSE.

Branch Studios,  
San Francisco  
and Oakland.

Special  
Reduction  
to Students.