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## Workaday World, February 1899

University of the Pacific

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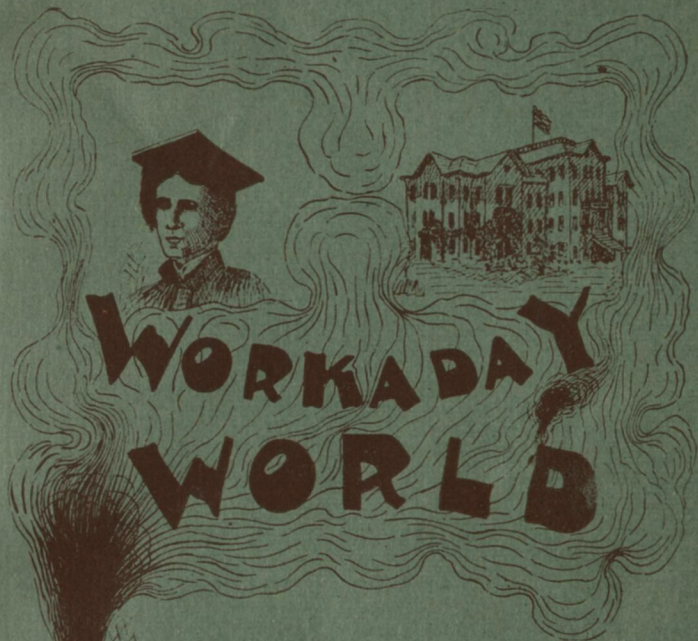
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**WORKADAY  
WORLD**

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*February, 1899.*

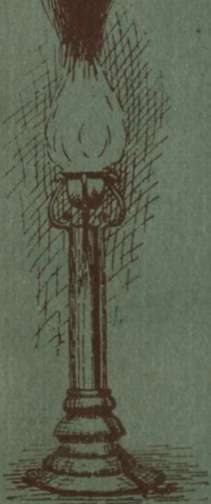
*Volume III*

*No. 6.*

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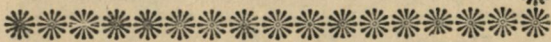
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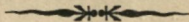
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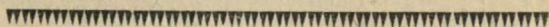
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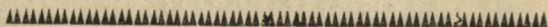
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LINES.

Our lives serve well, a place to build  
The tombs of unforgotten things.  
Here many graves that we have filled,  
Nourish the flowers that memory brings,  
And we must wander daily through  
This place of sad, uncertain rest,  
And hope what we have done will do,—  
And bear our loneliness.

The greatest hopes of life, when dead,  
Are buried in the soul, and show  
The records of our joys that fled  
The shrines where we alone may go.  
The places decorated wild,  
Where fancy sang the funeral psalm,  
While faith looked up, resigned, and smiled  
Through tears, and felt divinely calm.

And by this sacred spot we see  
Familiar shadows flit about,—  
Grim revelers of memory,  
That haunt our inner souls with doubt.  
But haunted inwardly we know  
The visions of the past are dead;  
And what we see is but the glow  
Of troubled consciousness instead.

While in the shade of some great tomb,  
We feel the touch of some past joy;  
'Tis then we strike the chords of gloom,  
The depths of woe without alloy.  
Yet the bleakness of a great despair  
Must nourish something small or great,  
Though nothing now may show us where.  
We only live, and hope, and wait.

H. L. BOSWELL.

ABOUT THE UGLY DUCKLING THAT DID  
NOT TURN OUT A SWAN.

*Nosce Teipsum.*

---

CHAP. II.

Although the duck-pond rippled with relief when the Ugly Duckling and his sister swam away, troubles had just begun and speedily multiplied for the unfortunate sister of the coming swan. He had been over-bearing while on the duck-pond, but the presence of his father and mother had restrained him somewhat; but when that restraint was removed he became almost intolerable in his treatment of his poor sister. He taunted her with the fact that she could never be a swan, and he derided her manner of swimming and heaped insults on her *ad libitum*. But this was not the worst.

One day when the Ugly Duckling had been more than usually exasperating and his sister had meekly endured all of his choice expressions,—for she had been too well drilled by her mother to dare cross him in any way,—something happened which should have taught the Ugly Duckling a wholesome lesson had he been in a condition to learn anything. They came in sight of a fair-sized duck-pond. Here were quite a number of ducks and ducklings paddling about and enjoying life. At the familiar sight of all this domestic happiness the countenance of the Ugly Duckling's sister beamed, for she longed to talk with her fellow-ducklings and hear something besides the eternal boasting of her gifted brother.

She was for paddling at once into their midst for a friendly conversation, but the Ugly Duckling would not hear to it and insisted on



DID  
swimming haughtily by. To his sister's great delight, however, a half dozen of the young ducks swam out to meet them. For once totally disregarding her brother's commands to come on she awaited the arrival of the ducks.

They were a friendly party and disposed to be very agreeable, but the Ugly Duckling acted in the most offensive manner. He altogether ignored their friendly advances, standing aloof with a look of disdain in his face that visibly irritated the ducks. To their remarks he made impudent replies and sneered openly at the fact that they were only ducks. He boasted that he was not only on his way to college but to fame, and boasted inordinately on his glittering prospects, ending by ordering his sister to come on. His sister, however, although thoroughly ashamed of her brother's behavior, was loathe to leave her new companions and tarried to talk a little longer.

This so incensed her brother that he forgot all laws of propriety,—all his early training and fraternal feeling. Turning sharply around he shouted in a rage: "Come here, you goose, and stop gabbling with those idiots!"

The ducks were utterly taken back by this unbecoming behavior, and all the honor and self-respect in them resented such conduct. With one accord they set upon the Ugly Duckling:—

"We'll teach you to talk to your sister like that," they cried and forthwith they dragged him to the dirtiest and most riled part of the pond where the water was green and stagnant, and here they ducked him—literally ducked him, sticking his head under the filthy water and holding it there until he all but gasped his last. When at length they allowed him to come up, sputtering and gasping to the surface, there was



never a more bedraggled or dejected looking claimant to swanship ever seen.

Had he not been so supremely self-satisfied this little occurrence might have had a salutary effect upon him, but as it was, it only served to make him more disagreeable than ever to his sister after they left the pond.

At length, to his sister's infinite relief, they arrived at their destination. Now it was that the Ugly Duckling believed that he would be fully appreciated; so, great was his chagrin when he found that he was received by the teachers and professors with a composure that bordered on indifference. They seemed not at all impressed by his pompous bearing and glittering prospects. In fact he even thought he detected an amused smile on the face of the dignified president while his sister was delivering the messages and instructions of her mother in regard to the Ugly Duckling's likes and dislikes, and her desire that he should be given every opportunity to acquire the culture befitting a swan.

"So," said the president, "you intend to be a swan, do you? What led you to think you were destined for that future?"

The Ugly Duckling raised his head aloft and looked with indignant pity at the president, while his sister hastened to draw attention to his long neck.

"Ah, yes," the president said, "I see"; but again that quietly amused smile overspread his countenance. He had had several of this variety to deal with before, and he felt he knew exactly how to proceed.

"Well, time will tell," he said; "meanwhile you had better be making arrangements with your instructors, and also register.

To the great chagrin of the Ugly Duckling he was assigned to the preparatory department

and no amount of argument could convince his instructors that he was entitled to higher classification.

His first day's experience in college was to be a memorable one, and calculated to make him think of something besides himself for a little time at least.

(TO BE CONTINUED.)



#### TWILIGHT MUSINGS.

Evening closes in about me,  
Distant hills grow soft and dim;  
Vision shortens to the firelight,  
Flick 'ring, fanciful, and grim.  
Shadows dance about in columns,  
Coming softly, gone again,  
Lighting faces of the pictures,  
Of the friends of memory's ken;  
And they step from out the framing,  
As the embers, dying, low,  
Cast the figures in the back-ground  
In a fainter, wav'ring row.  
Years are gone;—these friends are with me  
In the land of waking dreams.  
Sweet communion holds them present,  
And our spirits talk, it seems.  
Though the grave has lain between us,  
Years and years, no time can blot  
From the mind the hallowed friendships  
Of the years almost forgot.

VITA BAKER.



## A LETTER FROM MR. GOETZ AT MANILA.

---

The following is a letter from Mr. Goetz to the WORKADAY WORLD, which we are glad to publish. It represents army life as seen and experienced by our noble Christian young man who considered the call of his country the call of God. We present it entire.—

“Who was not stirred to the depths of his heart at the call to arms, to defend our countries’ flag and battle for the freedom of our fellow human beings? God may judge me, who, having heard a call to the ministry, swerved for a brief time from my calling to obey the call of Him whose righteousness meets out judgment to those who continually rebel against him.

It is only a step,—but once enlisted for a certain time there is no way out but to desert or give one’s life to the dangers of the battlefield. The former, no honorable man would do; the latter, though preferred is not always obtained.

After having been duly enlisted I entered upon a soldier’s camp-life: a new life not alone to myself, but to many of my fellow comrades. I was very much surprised that, despite new conditions, such as tents in place of well-furnished rooms, sand to sleep on instead of a soft bed, clothing that did not fit in place of tailor-made, a half burned or half cooked meal instead of a well-prepared one, unfriendly tent-mates instead of congenial companions, every one in a remarkable short time felt himself at home and at ease. I can only ascribe it to the educated mind of an average American citizen, who has learned that true happiness comes only from trying to make everyone else happy and contented.

I had no fear after that of seeing any difficulties arise amongst us that could not be overcome,



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be it on land or sea. So when a call came to us to embark for the shores of foreign enemies I was glad to have so many of us together on board a transport, where there was so little escape from each other's company. Here, again, I was surprised—though well knowing that a sea-sick body would have considerable influence over the mind—to see such a large company of men together, nearly all sick for two or three days, who could make light of their sickness, laugh and think it a huge joke.

It was beyond my comprehension how men who had never drank hot or warm water could, with a smile on their face, drink down such and think it was no self-sacrifice: after living a life of this kind for six weeks to be only to anxious to go ashore,—to better times? No! to even face worse hardships and a barbarous enemy.

I had all along thought we were in active service; but they did not think they were in active service unless they were throwing up trenches, doing outpost duty, and having an exchange of compliments of lead with the enemy.

When battle was really on it seemed as if all orders that were given were issued weeks before, and learned by heart by all of the men: for all seemed to know just what was coming next, and what was to be done; which I, of course, could not accredit to anything else than to an all-around educated mind, which comes close to discerning the thoughts of a man's mind, and which is constantly on the alert—observing even the invisible: all of which our American soldier is the happy possessor.

I observed very little the religious influence one had on another till after the victory had been won and garrison duty had commenced. I expected all of us to be too proud to even look on our conquered enemy; but behold! if my eyes

have not deceived me, I have actually seen the commandment fulfilled "Love your enemies; if they hunger, feed them, give them drink, clothe them; and if in prison, visit them." All this I have seen, and more too, and whatever may be said in after years about the religion of our soldiers it will never shake my faith in their loving, self-sacrificing hearts.

Once a fellow student in the army said to me "Do you know the army is either the making or breaking of a man?" I found it so. A man can make it just what he wishes. He can do one thing or the other. By faithful service, strictly doing his duty, he will learn to obey, to observe order, keep himself clean both body and spirit. He will find time for useful reading and study both from books and nature. He would be esteemed and looked up to by his comrades, and receive praise and promotion. On the other hand by only half service and shirking his duty he will soon learn to disobey, become slovenly, dirty both in body and spirit. He will find time to gamble, to drink, and contaminate his comrades by foul talk. He can go further: he can put himself into prison, become disgraced, lose his health, and get a dishonorable discharge.

The temptations in the army to do evil are not without their safeguards or counteracting influences. Only the restraining influences of home-life and that of opposite sex are missing. I have often found therefore that many men who were really bad at heart, but seemed good at home, came out in their true colors in the army, and so I think after all army life often only shows what a man is, and not what he has been made, after he enlists.

C. H. GOETZ,  
Co. K., Battery H.,  
1st California Reg.





### LOCALS.



Jack Williams is growing — a beard.

Mr. Lipsky has registered as a student of U. P.

Miss Bowman is now attending the University.

Mr. Coyne has almost recovered from his accident.

Dr. Cross attended the funeral of the late Dr. Jewell at Pacific Grove.

Mr. Alvin Johnson has been obliged to leave school on account of ill health.

The dining room has recieved a large addition lately—Mr. Tregoning.

We are sorry to learn that Prof. Hunt's little son is again quite ill.

Miss Mayme Jefferson has been duite ill, but we are glad to say she is now much better.

“In the spring time, a young man's fancy lightly turns to thoughts of love.”

—And what is worse, the girl's turns that way too.

Then it is, that o'er the campus, on the Sunday afternoons,

The couples are as thick as drops of dew.

Unlucky is the laddie that no lass can find for mate.

Unlucky is the maid that has no lad ;

But do not be disturbed and think that it is Fate :

It's only the weather that has made them have it bad.

Weary, tired, with footsteps flagging,  
Tennis players go to rest.  
Up again at morn's first beaming ;  
Play all day with dogged zest.  
Never mind if lessons lag,  
And the dinners grow stone-cold ;  
Love and tennis still must wag,—  
They are things that don't grow old.

It is rumored that Mr. Duncan contemplates erecting a tent on the tennis court in order to be near at hand in case anyone should wish to play.

The recent warm spell has been made the scape goat of all the moral short-comings of everybody. It accounts for unprepared lessons, tardinesses, absences, late risings, and delinquencies of all descriptions.

Conundrum:—How can you always tell a Sopholechtian nowadays?

See if they have a bunch of red tickets in their hand.

The Misses Anna and Mayme Jefferson and Miss Martha Gaddis attended the Carnot debate at Stanford.

There's a sad story told  
Of a young lady bold,  
Who rode on a bicycle wheel ;  
She rode and she rode,  
'Till her dinner was cold ;  
For, sad to relate,  
There was not sent by fate,  
A tree that she might run against ;  
And I truly can say  
She 'd been riding to-day  
If she hadn't run into a fence.

The school has sustained a loss in the departure of Prof. Bothe. He has a six-month's leave of absence for special study.



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### CARTESIA'S OPEN MEETING.

Friday evening, February 10th, was the occasion of an open meeting given by Cartesia to her friends. A representation from each society was present, and besides this there were several whom the members were privileged to invite.

Upon entering the Conservatory parlors the guests were impressed with the unique and beautiful decorations. Potted palms, Chinese lanterns and green bunting were tastefully arranged by Mr. Downing who received many compliments during the evening on his ability as decorator. Mr. Downing received valuable aid from some of the young ladies.

Owing to the Y. M. C. A. convention being held at the same time there was not the usual large crowd, but the parlor was comfortably filled.

The program began rather late but was interesting throughout. The regular order was carried out with the exception of a musical number played by the D. R. G. trio. This trio is composed of society members and made an excellent showing for its first appearance. The campus notes were refreshing and contained several sparkling gems of humor, as well as heavier literary matter. Mr. Loken created much merriment in the impromptu and stamped himself as a ready and witty speaker. The debate was spirited throughout, and was won by E. Lamb and R. L. Withrow after a hard struggle.

When the president, True Van Sickle, dismissed the meeting, dainty refreshments awaited the guests. They consisted of ice-cream and orange ices in the society colors, frappe' of an emerald tint, candy and cake.

Mrs Tregoning kindly consented to make



the cake for the boys, and the result was delicious whipped cream and angel cakes, which were enjoyed by all.

During the refreshments Mr. Walton, an ex-member, entertained the company with several comic readings.

At a late hour the young men and their guests departed, each in a happy frame of mind.

The program was as follows :

D. R. G. trio, "In Paradise"; declamation, "Lost," B. E. Cronkite; campus notes, S. R. Downing; oration, "The influence of a Man of Worth," T. Van Sickle; impromptus, Tibbets, Loken and Tregoning; D. R. G. trio, "Better than Gold"; debate, "Resolved, that the law of opposites rather than the law of affinities is the true basis for friendship."

The affirmative side of the question was successfully maintained by E. Lamb and R. L. Withrow against O. V. Brattstrom and D. J. Wolfe negatively.



#### Nightfall In The Sierra.

The ling'ring twilight; suffused with the flush  
Of ruddy hued horizon in the west—  
The trysting place where for a moment blest  
Sweet day greets silent night, and in the hush  
They list to warblings of the love lorn thrush—  
Lulls with its music into peaceful rest  
The nodding golden rod, but o'er yon crest  
Descending shades conceal her maiden blush;  
And through the gloomy canon's dark confines  
Nomadic spirits of the whip'ring night  
Unceasing wander—while the minstrel pines  
Attune their silvry harps in weird refrain:  
And from on high upon his dreary flight  
The night bird calls in melancholy strain.

*Pauchito del Serra.*





## PERSONALS.



Misses Baker and Johnston took a flying trip to S. F. a week or two ago. It was probably for the purpose of celebrating chinese New Year.

It is rumored that our friend Mr. Eachus will shortly embark upon the sea of matrimony. We wish Billy much happiness.

Mr. Loken takes the opportunity to state that he does not walk with girls as a regular business. We do not doubt this, as it would be a serious thing for Loken to be getting down to business this early in life.

A pleasant diversion at Cartesia's open meeting was the fact that her menagerie was not mentioned in the campus notes. Thanks to the one who gave the thin lamb and the lank wolf a rest.

In the second year algebra class some names like these were attached to examples written upon the board: N. E. Buddy, I. Dunno, N. E. Won, etc. We would like to become better acquainted with these persons.

It is rumored that the directors of the Agnews insane asylum are thinking of erecting a lawn tennis ward for the benefit of Messrs Craig, Duncan, and others who are in a bad way.

The baseball nine has been entirely swallowed up by the tennis whirlpool. Even the Freeman has been enslaved in its mazy web.

We regret to note the absence of Mr. Ellicker from our midst. His health will not admit of his further study at present.

Several cases of nervous prostration have been caused by the athletic election some time since.

We hear that the second year english students are going to produce "Julius Cæsar." The play, or his ghost, we know not what.

Loken has taken "Woman" as the theme for his third year oration. He says that he always takes a subject of which his mind and soul are full.

Profs. Curtis and Krœck were each presented with a box of choice candy by the occupants of their table just before the general change. Prof. Krœck is several degrees sweeter already.

Several of the girls have made themselves sick from too much bicycle riding. Some wretch suggests that it might be from too much contact with the ground.

Don has sheared his majestic whiskers as a token of grief at the departure of his friends, Bullock and Bland. Never mind, girls, with proper attention it is possible that they will bloom again.

Fulmer has discovered a new way of assisting a young lady to alight from the car. It is quite unique and has the distinction of being all his own.

#### EXCHANGES.

---

The editor with a gladsome cry  
Exclaims: "My work is done!"  
The manager with a weary sigh  
Exclaims: "My work is dun."—Ex.

During 1896 the gift of America's rich men for colleges and benevolent purposes amounted to \$29,000,000.—Ex.

The discovery of what is true and the practice of what is good are the two most important objects of philosophy. (Voltaire.)—Ex.



Strategy.

He.—“I am in love. Will you be my confidante?”

She.—“Certainly. I am at your service.”

He.—“Well, would you advise me to propose to you?”—Ex.

The March issue of the *University Courant* will be edited entirely by the young ladies, of the Portland University. This college paper is unusually interesting.

Out of a class of 165 at the University of Pennsylvania, forty-three wear glasses. Will the future generation have eyes?—North American.

“I want to be an angel,”

The brave young Junior sighed.

He played a game of football,

And his wish was gratified.—The Lantern.

In the January issue of *The Cresset* there appears a good article on “Economic Phase of Monopolies and Trusts.” This paper may be found in our library and those interested in the subject should read this article.

Labor with what zeal we will,  
Something still remains undone ;  
Something incompleated still  
Waits the rising of the sun.—Ex.

Prof.—“And what is space?”

Freshie, (trembling).—“I can't tell at present, but I have it in my head.”—Ex.

Roby.—“How did the Sphinx get the credit of being so wise, papa?”

Mr. Morris.—“By keeping its mouth shut for 3,000 years.—Ex.

# WORKADAY WORLD

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

C. L. McCLISH, - Editor and General Manager.  
H. L. BOSWELL, - - - - Assistant Editor.  
R. D. FISH, - - - - Office Manager.  
W. A. ANGWIN }  
O. E. HYDE } - - - - Staff Artists.

## ASSOCIATE EDITORS.

MARTHA GADDIS, - - - - Local.  
EDYTHE VAN ANDA, - - - - Exchange.  
JAS. FALCONER, - - - - Campus.

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(University Print)



## EDITORIALS.



Dr. Jewell's death was a great shock to us. He had long been one of the chief supporters of our university, and was at his death a member of the board of trustees. Several years ago he raised a subscription fund of \$50,000 in this conference for the university. His efforts in her behalf have enthroned him in the hearts of all our students, and endeared him to all friends of Christian education.



RLD

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Artists.

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When you hear anything of importance or of interest to the readers of the WORKADAY WORLD write it down at once before you forget it, and hand it to one of the editors.

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Our subscription is increasing every month. Send in more names, and make us enlarge the edition.

---

If any one fails to receive his paper we would consider it a favor if he would notify us.

---

Beginning classes at 1 and closing at 4 p.m. on Fridays is a great advantage to the literary societies. it gives them a full hour and a half in the afternoons to hold their meetings.

---

#### Exchange.

Prof. (In botany class.)—"Well, name some of the most common trees."

Student—"The locust, maple, elm, poplar, horse—" (stopping for breath.)—

Prof. (Prompting.)—"Chestnut."

Student—"All right, Prof., if you've heard them before, I'll stop."

#### Revivals.

The week of prayer for colleges was observed at the College Park church by holding evangelistic services. The meetings were well attended by the students, and although no conversions were reported, it is believed that much good was accomplished.

### ALUMNI NOTES.

Miss Jennie Alexander, Ph. B., '87, is book-keeper and stenographer for the Land department of S. P. R. R. Co., San Francisco.

Joseph R. Patton, Ph. B., '79, delivered the address of welcome to company B and company M on their return to San Jose.

Miss Annie Earle, B. M., '93, has accepted a position in Ventura County.

Mrs. John A. Williams, (nee Bailey), B. S., '77, has returned to California since the death of her husband, and is now living in Alameda.

Miss Emma J. Addicott, B. M., '95, has a large music class in San Jose.

Rev. J. S. Meracle, A. B., '91, is teacher of Latin and Greek in Carleton College, a Methodist seminary in Farmington, Mo.

Miss Eva M. Pease, B. M., '85, who at one time was a member of our Conservatoy Faculty, and for many years a teacher in San Jose, has moved to San Francisco.

Miss Estella Guppy, A. B., '86, is teaching at Irving Institute, San Francisco.

Attorney J. R. Welch, Ph. B., '87, has been chosen to represent the depositors of the Union Savings Bank in their court proceedings. The committee in nominating him said: "Mr. Welch is a man of sterling ability, and one whose reputation for integrity is above reproach."

A. M. MAYNE, '88.

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REV. F. F. JEWELL, D. D.

Rev. F. F. Jewell, D. D., who for more than a quarter of a century has been one of the most prominent men of the church on the Pacific coast, died at his home in Pacific Grove, Friday night, Feb. 10, 1899, after an illness of about two weeks.

Dr. Jewell was in his sixty-eighth year, having been born Nov. 9, 1830, at Floyd, Oneida county, New York. In 1848 he was united in marriage to Miss Charlotte Brooks who was his companion from that time until his death. In 1898 a large company of friends met to celebrate his golden wedding at Pacific Grove. For a time Dr. Jewell was engaged in teaching, and several years were devoted to farming. Endowed by nature with oratorical gifts of a high order, he began the study of law, but later he abandoned all thoughts of the legal profession, and the conviction grew upon him that God had called him to the Christian ministry.

Entering the pastorate in his native state in 1859, he was admitted to the Black River conference the following year. In 1872 he was called to the Howard St. M. E. Church, San Francisco, and from that time he was identified with the history of California Methodism. His first pastorate at Howard Street continued for three years, 1872-75. 1875-78 he served at Central M. E. Church, San Francisco; 1878-81 First Church, San Jose; 1881-84, Howard St. Church; 1884-87, at Simpson Memorial Church, San Francisco, during which time the present beautiful church edifice of that society was erected; 1887-92 at First Church, San Jose; 1892-94 he was Presiding Elder of the Oakland District; 1894-96 Chancellor of the University of the

Pacific, 1896-97 he was pastor of Trinity Church, San Francisco; and from the fall of 1897 until his death he was pastor of the Pacific Grove Church.

President McClish being in Southern California when the announcement of Dr. Jewell's death reached College Park, the Faculty and Mrs. McClish united in requesting Prof. Cross to attend the funeral in behalf of the University.

A meeting of the student-body was held, at which the following resolutions were passed by a unanimous vote:—

Whereas: we the students of the University of the Pacific have learned with great sorrow of the death of Dr. F. F. Jewell, a former Chancellor of our University, and for many years a trustee of the same; and,

Whereas: during his connection with our Institution, which has ended only with his death, he has evidenced a profound and untiring interest in its management, both educational and financial; and,

Whereas: we have always recognized him as being a christian minister and gentleman of unquestioned integrity and worth, whose influence and presence among us have been most wholesome and beneficial; and,

Whereas: it has pleased an All-wise Creator, the Author of all life, to remove from our midst our beloved brother;

We therefore deplore our great loss, and extend our tenderest sympathy to his most keenly bereaved wife and family, and to those who were most intimately associated with him.

L. R. FULMER,  
Committee: E. Grigg,  
J. H. Williams.



The funeral services were held in the church at Pacific Grove, Feb. 13, at 2:30 P. M. The very large company assembled indicated the high esteem in which the deceased was held. Many ministers and laymen came from San Jose, San Francisco, and other places to do honor to the memory of this eloquent minister of the gospel. Among numerous floral tributes one of the most beautiful had been sent by the Faculty of the University, consisting of a large scroll inscribed with the words "Eternal Rest."

The services were in charge of Dr. Case, who gave an appreciative account of the life and ministerial labors of the deceased, and briefly recalled his remarkable eloquence as a pulpit orator, and his great power as a revivalist and pastor. Dr. Heacock spoke of the strong ties of sympathy and affection between Dr. Jewell and himself, and called attention to the manly character of the former, and his many-sided usefulness in the various departments of ministerial life, and his devotion to the interests of Christian education. Dr. Dille reviewed Dr. Jewell's remarkable ministry in San Francisco from the standpoint of personal observation, and expressed it as his conviction that no other minister on the Pacific Coast had been called upon to consummate more marriages, to attend more funerals, or to dedicate more churches. Rev. T. B. Hopkins characterized Dr. Jewell as a warm-hearted, sympathetic, helpful friend, and said that he regarded intimate acquaintance with such a man as among the most precious privileges of human beings. Prof. Cross spoke of Dr. Jewell's eminent services in behalf of the cause of Christian education, especially in the capacity of trustee of our university for more than a quarter of a century and as its chancellor for two years. Dr. Filben referred to

his own conversion under Dr. Jewell's pastorate, and said that he was led by him to devote himself to the ministry, and that from an intimate friendship of many years he could bear testimony to the exalted christian character, the genuine, tender heart, and the pure and beautiful home life of Dr. Jewell.

Rev. N. R. Peck gave expression to his appreciation of Dr. Jewell's kindness to him in his extreme old age, and the deep sorrow of the Pacific Grove church over the loss of their beloved friend and pastor. A large part of the congregation attended the remains of the deceased to the Pacific Grove cemetery, and while the lifeless form was being deposited in the earth a great chorus of voices and hearts went up to God in that sublime hymn, "Nearer, my God, to thee; Nearer to thee."

---



#### A Dark Secret.

The game of tennis that was played not long ago at the bewitching hour of midnight was undoubtedly the 'star event' of the season.

The glassy (?) stare of the central hall windows near by did not seem to embarrass the players in the least. Such persevering efforts will surely meet with good results, and though the result is yet in the dark, everyone hopes to hear more of it.



Now is the time when the most enterprising of the students should take up the matter of the student body and put it through. It is bound to go through sooner or later. Why not sooner?



## ELECTION OF OFFICERS.

### Athletic Association.

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One would have to look back many semesters in U. P. history to witness a quieter election than was held by the athletic Association on February 14th. Any who might have heard the customary three day's notice of an election would not have known that one was to take place. No sacks of apples were purchased by the unsuccessful candidate this time, and "P. R.'s" soda-water account ran no higher than in other months. The election was conducted strictly on the merits of the candidates, and personal animosity played no part in determining the choice of the men.

The result of the election was as follows:

President, W. C. Duncan; vice president, Stuart Tregoning; secretary, W. M. Shearer; treasurer, Jas. Falconer; track team manager, Norman F. Titus.

The election of '99 foot-ball manager and base-ball manager was postponed to a later date.

### Local.

In the good old time-honored past we have seen our athletic candidates fan the flames of conviviality around the stove in "P. R.'s Book Store," and generously deal out oranges, apples and peanuts to their admiring spectators; but it remained for the recent election to produce a man who would openly and above board deal out hard coin for the privilege of becoming a candidate.

\*  
EMENDIA'S "AT HOME."  
\*

The fair Emendians will dwell long in the hearts of those fortunate young men who attended her "At home" at the residence of Miss Rainey on Friday evening, Feb. 17.

It was an expectant crowd that filled the three large carry-alls which left the conservatory at 7:30 P. M. The expectations of none failed to be fulfilled. The ride in the moonlight over three miles of country aroused all of the pent-up feelings resultant of the last six weeks of study.

All moon-baying, country dogs that had hitherto held the record as breakers of the peace gave meekly up in disgust and, tail-fallen walked away as the three loads of enthusiastic youths went whirling by with shout and song.

The jolly ride soon ended, Miss Rainey, the gracious host, and an ideal Emendian, soon had the guests installed in her handsomely decorated parlors. Chief among the decorations were many hearts suggestively strung on the same string; and from vague rumors now flying about the campus, several young men found strings upon their hearts on that eventful eve.

The most popular game of the evening was "Conversations." Here were the first seeds of the "Emendian" cough planted, now prevalent among the boys on the campus.

After this interesting game each young man was compelled to write a description of the young lady with whom he last spoke. Some of the descriptions were very novel. It is to be regretted that they cannot be reproduced, for the originality of some were to be greatly wondered at. Many brilliant young men among us have yet to



learn whether the young lady entertaining them is attired in silks or Manila ruffles.

The prize for this descriptive contest was won by Mr. Titus, who, in some unusual way happened to know that box pleats ran diagonally if necessary. The prize was won on true merit, and Mr. Titus is to be congratulated.

At a late hour dainty refreshments were served by several fair Emendians, after which syngs were sung until the time for departure.

The prospect of the ride home somewhat alleviated the regrets over the close of the evening. On the return all opportunities were embraced to have as good a time as possible, and the ride will live long in the memory of those who partook in it.

However, the best of friends must part, and the pleasant evening terminated at the campus. But long will it remain fresh among the pleasant memories of those who were so royally entertained.

Those present were :

Miss Crothers, May Morton, Glorene Schultz, Erma Boyce, Helen Hanson, Edna Menasco, Abbie Richardson, Alice Osgood, Miss Price, Helen Beck, Helen Irving, Ethel Rainey, Minnie Newman, Carrii Pitkin, Ora Hill, Miss Kilburn, Miss Rogers, Miss Booth, Miss B. Mayne, Bessie Yard, Evvie Anderson, Mary Anderson, Laura Shearer, Ina Gothard, Marion Gothard, Grace Stevenson; Messrs Merrill, Boswell, McClish, Duncan, Furtilot, Spencer, Fish, Miller, Fulmer, Richardson, Falconer, Brattstrom, Kottinger, Titus, Kocher, Shearer, Porter, Hopkins, Williams, Wilson, Parsons, Downing, and Grigg.



## SOPHOLECHTIAN ENTERTAINMENT.



Friday evening, Feb. 24th Sopholechia gave a novel and pleasing entertainment in the form of a tableau concert. The tableaux pictured scenes from classic mythology, the "Seasons," Tennyson's "Dream of Fair Women"; and in addition to these, "After the Battle," and "Return from the Battle" were presented. In all the tableaux the persons were peculiarly fitted for the character they represented, thereby making the representation as nearly perfect as possible.

The "Nine Muses" and the "Council of Olympus" were both very pretty groups, but the "Decision of Paris" has probably called forth more praise than any other tableau.

The Sopholechtian Quartette, composed of Misses Kellogg, Wright, Jefferson, and Thomas, in a very creditable manner rendered a selection entitled "The Dragon Flies."

The entertainment was concluded by "Jarley Wax Works." Miss Minnie Tuck made an ideal Madam Jarley and all of her figures appeared at their best. Miss M. Jefferson as vocalist convulsed the audience. The "Babes in the woods," and the "Siamese twins" brought forth shouts of laughter, as did also the "Little Dwarf."

The entertainment was pronounced to be the best given here for years, and once again has Sopholechia crowned herself with glory.







### EDITORIAL NOTE.

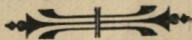


The comment upon Sopholechia's recent entertainment has been very favorable. We notice that the usual amount of criticism applied to open meetings has been entirely lacking. This is unusual and stamps the entertainment as something unusual.

The young ladies deserve the praise that they have received. A favorable impression was made on all who saw the program, comparative strangers having expressed a desire for its repetition.

Such a result is advantageous to the university as well as to the society itself. Strangers and friends are convinced that it requires earnest efforts to present such an entertainment, and the satisfaction thus given will some day return to us in material form.

The young ladies deserve great credit for the business like way in which the whole affair was managed. Too much praise cannot be given to Miss Gaddis, to whose enterprise and enthusiasm a large part of the success is due. The concert, as a whole, was first class and is worthy of emulation by other organizations.



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



### Side Talks With Anybody.



Duncan—(With his tennis racket)—“Let us have a game of tennis”

Boswell—“It’s raining.”

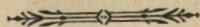
Duncan—“That’s nothing, I have a rubber coat, and you can easily get an umberella from South Hall.”

Why did the boys have the curtains drawn on the Emendian ride?

Some one has said that it was because it was a “Rainey” night.

At the bride and groom’s reception Monday evening, the ancient custom of kissing the bride and groom was attempted. As a result of a dark laid plot the lights were extinguished, and the young ladies overpowered Mr. Philippi instead of the groom. It is rumored that several young men were in the scrimmage, but Mr. Philippi shows no ill effects.

The only place you can see Jack Williams’ mustache is in the locals.



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### Then And Now.

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Students of four or six hundred years ago bear many similarities to the modern student, yet there are distinct differences between them. They were largely schoolmen whose reasoning with any regularly formed syllogism carried conviction with it regardless of premises on which they rested. Upon such groundless argument they tried to prove how many angels could dance on the point of a needle, which way an ass would move if he were placed exactly midway between two stacks of hay, and many other such senseless ideas.

At one time when the discovery of spots on the sun first began to be noticed a student called the attention of his old professor to the rumor and received the following reply: "There can be no spots on the sun for I have read Aristotle twice, from beginning to end, and he says the sun is incorruptible. Clean your lenses, and if the spots are not in the telescope they must be in your eyes."

Students of ye olden time had the same difficulty, as we moderns, regarding the size of their hat band—especially a little before graduation. Big words and learned phrases were indulged in often at the poor father's expense.

"One student just returned from Paris (University) tells his father that he can prove six equal to twelve, according to the twisted argument of the old scholastics. He illustrates the proof by the six eggs on the table. When he finishes the father takes all six eggs and says the son can have the other six for his breakfast."

That time the elder got the better of the younger; but how is this little incident that occurred in Central hall not more than three-score

years ago between a teacher and a student, both of whom are not now connected with U. P. The boy was playing with his napkin ring, whereupon the lady teacher asked: "Mr. L. have you a book on etiquette in your room?" "Yes, Miss —," replied the youth, "I have two; would you like to borrow one?"

The Sophomore of the class of 1402, for instance, liked to spend money as well as the lad of the class 1902; as a consequence, he "got broke" just as often, and wrote home to his pater familias for more spondulax.

Most of the letter writing was done by notaries who had a special form to fill out to suit any student and any father. He also included statements as to the diligence in school. One poor fellow in the aforesaid condition tells how he rises before the morning bell, if first to enter, and last to leave school; ponders his lectures at meal time and even reviews and argues them in his sleep. How similar to many a U. P. student letter!

Mediæval students had peculiar privileges over men and boys who were not students. They did not have to go to war; they could not be arrested unless the priest ordered it; they had free wine at times; and everyone particularly favored them. As a result they often had fights, and when banded together "painted the town red" in true modern style.

Of course they did not have co-education, therefore they did not have the fun that we have.

One poor fellow whose father has got him a wife is asked to come home and marry her. The student says; "I can always get a wife, but science once lost may never be recovered."

"Wod B."



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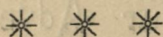




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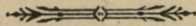
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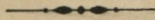
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
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