The College Rambler.

VOL. 1. PACIFIC BEACH, CAL., JUNE, 12 1889. NO. 5.

TO A MOSS ROSE.

Fresher thy cheek than breeze that blows,
Purer its touch than northern snows,
O rarest flower of all that grows,
Art thou, Mossrose, thou queen Mossrose.

Lillies are fair and lillies are true,
Poppies blush as poppies do,
Pansy hides a thoughtful brow,
Fairest of all, Mossrose art thou.

For thine alone is the crimsoned dower
That wiles from the sun its ardent power,
And hides with blushes deep, I trow,
A rarer grace than lillies know.

And thine alone is the velvet cheek
Where the blushes play at hide and seek,
As it bends to the kiss of the wanton breeze,
Or yields its sweet to the honey-bees.

And all thine own, the cloak of lace
That girds thee about with modest grace,
And thine, as well, the sharp rose thorn,
Stern guard from the vandal world of scorn.

O fresher thy breath than breeze that blows,
Chaster thy touch than northern snows,
O rarest flower of all that grows,
Art thou Mossrose, thou queen Moss rose.

C. L. W.

A WESTERN HEROINE.

THE sun had risen in all its glory, tinting the east with ever changing colors, and sending his light across many miles of prairie at one flash.

About four months before the time of which we are writing, John Hastings and his brother had invested in a farm of two hundred acres in western Illinois. John Hastings had been for many years a journalist, but hard work and too much confinment had at last broken down his health, so that the physicans said that nothing could save him except entire change and rest. He then decided to buy this farm, and, with his wife and child try farm life on the prairies.

The result of the journey from the East had been a long period of sickness, and though he was now gaining rapidly, he was not yet able to leave his bed.

It was very early in the morning when Margaret Hastings tripped down the steps of the farm-house and ran out to the wagon in which her mother and aunt were seated waiting to be driven to the nearest town twelve miles distant. It was now very near harvest time and as laborers had to be engaged in the town, the women of the family took advantage of the opportunity to visit some friends and do some shopping before the winter season set in.

Margaret was, at this time fifteen years old, and being a very sensible and trustworthy girl, was fully capable of attending to her father's wants and all necessary duties about the place. "Those red clouds look as though we might have rain before night," said her uncle as he came out of the house with his arms full of articles necessary in case of a shower. After receiving instructions as to what she must do during the day, and saying good-by, Margaret went into the house and commenced the house work, knowing that her father was yet asleep and would not want any breakfast until eight or nine o'clock.

During the morning she busied herself about the house doing the week's churning and other necessary things, and in the afternoon read and talked to her father. Toward the close of the afternoon her father, after turning restlessly on the pillow several times, said to her, "I think I would like a drink of cold water from the well; will you get it for me, dear?" As she hastened to comply with his request, she wondered if the folks had started for home yet, and involuntarily turned her eyes in the direction of the town. With surprise she noticed what seemed at first to be a large black cloud, but in a moment her face blanched as the terrible truth flashed upon her. "Oh, what shall I do," thought she, "the prarie is on fire." She indeed, had reason to be frightened, for the wind was blowing directly toward her from the fire, and she could even then see the flames as they fell upon some field of ripe, golden grain, and with greedy tongue devoured it. In another instant the thought of her mother's last injunction came into her mind. "Don't let father get nervous or excited about anything." What should she tell him? No time was to be lost however, so in a minute more she stood by her father's bedside, hearing these welcome words, "Now leave me for a little while, dear, and I will try and take a short nap." In a moment she was out of doors with some matches in her hand. She had heard that to burn a space around the property would turn the fire to each side, and had instinctively caught up some matches on her way out. The next thought was of some meal bags in the corn-crib. Thither she ran and brought out three, throwing them into the watering trough as she passed.

It seemed a great pity to destroy this ocean of waving, golden grain just ready for the reaper, but it must be done, so after lighting it in several places, she quickly returned to the trough, snatched up a bag filled with water, and again sped to the wheat field, now burning radidly. As she beat down the flames that came too near the house, her uncle's words came to her and she looked up to the sky. Yes it would rain soon, and if before the fire reached her, she would be safe. A large black cloud was rising rapidly in the west, and as she looked, flashes of lightning could be seen, while the distant muttering and rolling of thunder could be indistinctly heard. Onward came the devouring fiend, chasing before it many frightened animals and even snakes that glided through the tall grass at her feet. Thick clouds of smoke hid from sight the nearest house, as with desperate energy she fought the flames that persistently sprang

up on all sides, filling her eyes with sparkes and smoke.

The thunder rolled and flashes of light burst over the sky. One side was cleared but there were two more and the fire was almost upon her. If the rain did not come now, all would be useless, and one minute more would decide her fate. With smoke and clouds the sky was as dark as many a night, but she must work as long as her strength would last. The smoke almost blinded her as she again sped to the water to fill the bag for one more battle. With blistered hands she carried for the ast time, that weapon which would have saved her, if time had been given, but as she reached the spot where the flames were fiercest, the rain came down with a tremendous rush and volume, quenching the fire better than anything that human hands could do. Almost fainting, she reached the house and sank down exhausted and lifeless at her father's bed-side. She had done her best and they were saved.

DIXY.

TO MY SLANG BOOK

Beautiful, beautiful, Slang-book,
With thy cover of yellowish hue,
People wonder and so do I,
How much of good you do.

When a word of slang I murmur,
I look at thee and sigh,
And then I ask my neighbor,
"Have you used more than I?"

IAN.

MOSES.

AS the days rolled on Moses became an established fixture, and but for an occasional display of ill breeding, an endurable one. But he would slip his halter at times, and then, as on the first memorable night of his arrival, my yard continued to suffer. Rose bushes were eaten, tulips and pansys crushed, and wells in mineature dug everywhere on lawn and croquet ground.

One morning in the "wee small hours," I was awakened from the sleep of innocence, by a great disturbance of pawing and kicking just beneath my window. Daylight dawned with Moses in the toils. On experiment intent, or else from more vulgar curiosity he had wondered into the great swing that hung from an elm outside and there hung and swung in direst agony. Poor fellow, he meant me no ill I know, but every time I approached his feet flew ou withsuch energy that I was seriously threatened with annihilation, and I was finally obliged to clamber into the tree from the roof and cut the rope to release him. And then,—"What a fall was there my countrymen!" But he survived, reserved for greater deeds.

The next Summer, I removed to the country to recruit from the effects of a Winter's close confinement in the town. Of course Stella went with me and with her went Moses. In fact he had become an indispensible adjunct to our household furniture, a sort of *sine qua non*, as it were, without which existence became an intolerable bore. I, indeed, often felt a jealous pang as I witnessed the care and affection lavished on his halting form by my niece, but his evident usefulness, and the many pleasant hours which he enabled her to while away, at last reconciled me to even this.

Moses became a ladies riding horse. And Stella, in her pretty riding suit, cantering up and down the country ways, drinking in the life and vigor of the open fields and sunshine, and making friends everywhere, almost made you forget the uncouth awkwardness of the steed, in the grace of the rider. And yet the steed had advantages peculiarly his own. That long hind leg of his, dragged over the ground as he ambled along with a mild rasping sound indicative of what was sometimes almost imperceptible—motion; and thanks to the compass-like qualities of of his tail, I have it to record that not once in all her horse-back excursions, was Stella lost or turned around.

As our Bucephalus, like some staid, good people, never learned anything new and never forgot anything old,it was easy to guard against his little faults and whimsies. For instance, he rarely failed, to stumble when he turned a corner, and if, perchance, he did forget, he did penance with a fall, suiting, by what I believe was an inherent sense of the fitness of things, the the force of his tumble to the extent of his forgetting.

Stella, with the wisdom born of experience never permitted him forget and so avoided all unpleasantness, but her acquaintences were not always so fortunate. One in particular, a "gentleman from Texas," who had taken advantage of his stay at a neighboring farm, to pay his respects to my niece fared very ill indeed.

He claimed to be a vaquero and boasted much of his deeds with lasso and mustang, on the bloody plains. All unconscious of the presence of our noble charger, he sighed one day for a steed with which to display his wondrous feats of horsemanship. It was the folly of ignorance, for Stella at once proposed Moses, and would accept no refusal. Having saddled his horse with an awkwardness never learned in Texas, our would be cow puncher came careering around the lot at a rate of speed never attained before or since by Moses, who in the novelty of the dash, forget his habit and his tumble, till nothing but a crash and a fall could make amends. And then, I must say, he did come down handsomely. For a moment horse and man rolled in one confused wreck together. When the consequent cloud of dust and kicks and vigorous language, (Spanish without a doubt) had cleared away, Stella could have been seen with flashing eyes, leading Moses limping to his stall, while the vanquished vaquero, dust bespattered and crestfallen, slowly vanished from the scene.

And he never came again.

But Moses has gone at last, and with him, I might add, Stella,—gone to the chime of wedding bells. And yet I am not disconsolate for I too go next week, to join them.

FROM THE DIARY OF A PAINTER.

PACIFIC BEACH.

'Tis holy night, God's beacons bright
From vaulted overhead
As far stars glow on earth below,
That quiet sleeps as dead.
The calm bay lies and the city's eyes
Do mock with the stars above.
On golden beach, with rippling reach
The waters sing of love.
The lighthouse winks and leers and blinks,
At the winds in mad career,
As o'er hill and bay with silent ray,
The moon doth banish fear.

EULALIE.

THE COLLEGE RAMBLER.

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THE SAN DIEGO COLLEGE OF LETTERS.

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EDITORIALS.

WITH this issue the RAMBLE closes its first volume. Five months have passed away since, as an untried venture, it was first launched on the Sea of Journalism, with a plea for charity and support. To you its patrons and friends, who have so generously responded to that plea, it tenders its hearty thanks and earnest goodwill. May your shadow never grow less.

To you fellow students whose years work is so nearly ended, it extends its congratulations if your record has been good, its sympathy, if ill. You, like it, have been making history. You as pioneer students have helped to found a College; to rear an institution of higher learning here in this bright Sunland. Had the College failed you would have been a part of its failure as you are to-day a part of its assured success. And the RAMBLER, the product of your labors and sympathies, is proud to claim with you a portion in this College rearing.

May your faith in your *Alma Mater* never flag and your interest in its interest never weary, and may we all meet again within its halls.

As nothing succeeds like success, having weathered the storms incident to a first voyage, we can safely predict for the College of Letters smooth sailing in the future.

The outlook for next year is promising and the prospects of a greatly increased attendence, flattering in the extreme.

The RAMBLER feels constrained to apologize to its readers and friends for the many errors of its May issue. Some of these were perhaps the unpardonable result of carlessness or inexperience. More were due to the necessary haste with which the number was prepared for the press, and from the disordered condition of our type, then temporarily located in a much used recitation room within the College building. Our furniture and type were recieved at so late a day, that only the utmost push and hurry enabled us to publish at all. Owing to a misunderstanding with our pressmen as to the nature of our contract with them, the paper went to press with some of the proof still uncorrected, and was sent through the mails, unstitched and untrimmed. These mistakes, unavoidable then, we have been able to guard against in this issue and will strive to avoid in the future. Ye Editors are wiser if sadder than they were.

There are college papers and college papers. Some are witty, some are wise, and some few are otherwise. Some abound in patent medicine gags, and almanac jokes, and some in spring poems and other dire calamities. Some are slangy and some are refined. Some run in editoral ruts, or else are stuck in "Literary quagmires," while still others soar so high, that nothing short of a vacuus gasbag can follow. But we hold that one to be best which most truthfully pictures the highest life of the school it represents. This has been and shall continue to be the RAMBLER's gospel.

Nor do its editors believe that its columns willbe improved by making them a rehash of the petty gossip of the "dress circle." Nor do they wish to make them a vehicle for personal feeling or back-biting jest.

He is not the best editor who has the most "fights on his bands," a certain good friend, to the contrary, notwithstanding.

But because they propose to keep the RAMBLER free from items that approach to vulgarity, or that could be misunderstand or misconstrued by friends outside, is no reason that it should lack in freshness or in interest. If it does, the responsibility rests in a great measure with you.

Some of you complain that the locals have been uninteresting. Pardon the question, but have you put pen to paper to paper to mak them brighter? Have you earned the critic's privilage? We ask, not because we object to criticism for criticism stimulates a greater intrest in our work, but because the queston seems a pertinent one.

Since the Big Four, now celebrated in poetry and song, have become such a prominent feature of our college life, why should not a Little Four be equally taking. With Carl, Ralph, Frank, and Willis for a slate, one can be organized that need fear no rivalry. Hurrah for the Little Four! Hurrah for a contest with the Big Four! Some common ground of competition can certainly be found and the Presidents of the Philomathean and Philadelphan Societies, as representative members of the two Fours, could easily make all necessary arrangements. The Rambler believes this is a happy suggestion and one that should be acted upon.

Sometime sincethe Rambler recieved the following conundrum "Why are the Literary Societies like bee hives," with the answer "because there is always humming going on." A better solution though the one given, was good enough in its time, would be because each member having a work to do, does it and does it well. The Societies have shown marked improvement in their recent sessions. The plan of emi monthly sessions as opposed to weekly ones, has proved a complete success, and will probably live longer than the term.

The lecture given on Friday afternoon, May 31th, by Rawlins Cadwallader, a Fellow of the Lyceum of Natural History of Williams College, Mass., before the Faculty and students of the Pacific Beach College of Letters, having for its subject "Color among Insects and Anmals," was full of scientific facts and embodied the recent discoveries in Natural History. Taking for the starting point the ground that the higher the specialization of animals the plainer the fact becomes that their organs naturally class themselves into groupes—those pertaining to the safety of the individual and those existing for the safety of the species—the lecturer proceeded to show by familiar illustrations that the various tints, spots and marks of color going to make up the outside appearance of insects and animals tended with no less certainity to secure the same great ends. Leaf insects. butterflies, beetles, lizards, horned-frogs, chameleons, fishes, rabbits, deer, antelopes cats, tigers, turtle, doves, etc, came in for notice and shown subject to this general law, so little understood. Color as a means of offense and defence, sex marks, and the law of "natural selection "and the "survival of the fittest," were also given exhaustive treatment.

BOY'S COMPOSITION ON A COW

A Contribution to Original Literature.

The kow is an animal. It is a domestic animal. Sometimes it is a wild animal and then it is a buffalow.

She gives milk and beef. She dont like to give beef, but then she hasn't got anything to say about it.

She dont give milk herself. A man gets under her with a pail and a stool and tries to squeeze it out of her and generly gets kiked in the busum.

When a kow has kaf she gets real sassy. If you are in the middle of an aker lot with a sassy kow after you, you are like the man that would give "millions fur defence". You'd give several of them.

If I had a kow Id rather have a horse cause then I koud go out west and be a skowt.

CAL.

IN ALGEBRA.

I'm tired of study now really,
And wish it were in the North Sea.
The white bear would kill themselves nearly
In learning this X, Y and Z.

Here's a cheer for the time of the roses
And freodom from thraldom at last;
When the weary young student reposes
And the trying ordeal's past.

O. E. S.

A MYSTERY.

Why young ladies want young gentlemen's pictures, when their Mammas will not permit them to give theirs in return, is a question that makes Young America feel lonosome and look careworn, as he tries so earnestly to get the reflection and cannot, and then sees another fellow walk off with th original, without half trying.

FAIR PLAY.

By The Way.

The RAMBLER is solid.

But we are ont oi L's, just the same.

We are glad ot see the differences in the college baseball nine smoothed over, and the boys now playing as a unit. They have won two thirds of all the games played thus far, and propose to win the next one. Buckle down to it boys, and show the San Diego club how to play ball.

Programme for Commencement Week.

Annual Address W. B. Noble, D. D
First Presbyterian Church,
June 16, at 7 p. m.
Public Examinations,
June 17 and 18.
Contest between the Philomathean and Palladian Literary Societies,
Louis' Opera House,
June 18, 8 p. m.
Address to Students Judge J. F. Kinney.
June 19, 9-30 a. m.
College Assemby Hall.
Lecture Rev. B. F. McDaniels D. D.
Assembly Hall,
June 19, 8 a. m.
Elocutionary Contest,
Assembly Hall,
June 19, 11 a. m.
Class Day Exercises,
College Campus,
June 20, 9-30 a. m.
President's Levee,
June, 20, 2 p. m.

Programme of Contest between Literary Societies.

Music.
Sulutatory Della Hale.
Essay Bessie B Brown.
The benefits and pleasures of work.
Essay Libba Hale.
Oklahoma.
Music.
Oration Arthur Stretch.
Our Military Defences.
Oration Harry Smith.
The Nicaragua Canal.
Music.
Debate—Resolved: that war is never justifiable.
Aff. Bert Somers. Neg. Edgar Miller.
Music.
Valedictory J. Belle Jacoby.
Conferring of Honorary Degrees.
Music.

Programme of Elocutionary Contest. Conducted by Mrs. L. Riddell.

King Canute	Walter Buck.
Parrahsius and the Captive	Mattie Keyes.
The midnight ride of Paul Revere,	Mary Cogswell.
I'll Stay with the Lad,	George Luce.
Crossing the Ferry,	Tillie Foiser.
High Tide,	Eula Woods.
Socrates Snooks,	Sarah Foiser.
A Felon's Cell,	Louis Kirby.
Little Jim,	Jacqueline Oliver.
Liberty Bell,	Pearl Wagner.

Programme of Class Day Exercises.

Music.
History of the School year, Lulo Thorpe.
Poem, Eula Woods.
Music.
Prophecy Alice Heath.
Mixed Pickles Fannie Dodd.
Music.
Athletic Sports
President's Levee.

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LOCALS.

Oh ! dear!

Those exam's !

"Uncle" Ted.

"Prof." Stretch.

Does it scratch?

Frank Colwell's cat.

Something to love.

Congratulations, Cy.

Take it up tenderly,
Pull not its hair;
Fashioned so slenderly,
The Big Four's care.

Baseball Thursday,

Colwell,s for candies.

M. German is our jewler.

Anderson has become a wood-cutter.

Hard times now—"Dude" is baching.

And everybody will have a good time.

Ralph Williams will be out next week.

Rivals—"Marguerite," and "Dearest May."

Murder will out. Ditto—Cy Tibbett's mustache.

Bert Somers is the RAMBLER's new Business Manager.

Chestnuts, two bits each—Current coin in Philomathean.

The Big Four revised—The Terrific Trio and a "tame cat."

And now everybody is on the anxious seat waiting for the prophesy.

Judge and Mrs Kinney of Nebraska are guests at the College this week.

Arthur Stretch, as acting Manager, rustled for the RAMBLER last month.

TheCollege was well represented at the "Big Hotel," Saturday night.

Judge Kinney will deliver an address to the Faculty and students next Wednesday, on the subject of Education.

Some one suggests that the Lawn Tennis Club, be presented with a tennis ball. Good idea ; keep the ball rolling.

Allie Avery is enjoying himself in Tacoma, where he is fast learning to be a lumber expert. He is one to succeed anywhere.

An unfortunate accident detained Miss Gearn at home last week. Her presence was very much missed both in College and in Editorial Sanctum.

Mr. Rawlins Cadwallader, whose lecture is noticed in another column, has been exercising himself this week, teaching the college classes in mathematics.

A member of the Political Economy class has developed a great fondness for that study because it teaches the attractions of Poverty. Verily. P. E. is a Daisy.

Several ofSan Diego's most distinguished citizens are to act as judges of the Elocutionary Contest, but their names will be withheld till the event. A prize will be given.

Frank Colwell's tame cat has been elected to fill the vacancy in the Big Four, caused by the departure of Ralph Williams. At last Mr. Cy Tibbetts has something to love.

At the Class Dinner tendered to the Literatures by Prof. Harr Wagner, Mr Bert Somers was made custodian of the "Owl," the class emblem. It was a deserved honor well bestowed.

Last Friday witnessed the last joint session of the Literary Societies. The program, though impromptu, was excellent and was followed by interesting remarks by Mr.Cadwallader and members of the Faculty.

We suggest that Mr Kirby and the Messers Tibbetts join teams and organize a College Quartette. They could take turn about with the extra part, and with "Ting Ting," "Dearest May" and other new and popular songs for a repertiore, they would really be quite invincible.

The "San Diego College Boys," Sam Sprecher, Captain, will play a nine from San Diego, Thursday, June 20, on the College Ball-ground. The names of the boys and their positons in the game. Jim Sprecher, catcher ; Turner Barton, pitcher; Sam Sprecher, first base; Jim Pauly, second base; Willie Adams, third base; Geo Luce, short-stop; Harry Johntson, left field; Ted Neale, center field; Frank Anderson, right field.

The following have subscribed for the San Diego College bonds :

A. R. Schulenburg, Levi Chase, John H. Ferry, J. E. Fishburn, H. W. Gould, W. F. High, J. S. Buck, S. S. Dann, F. T. Botsford, E. V. Van Norman, A. W. Jewel J. H. Ballagh, W. W. Witney, J. F. Sinks, John H, Marshall, W. L. Llewelyn, A. E. Nutt, John Kastle, Joseph Coyne, John Sherman, O. S. Witherby, R. M. Powers, J. W. Winchester, W. J. Hunsaker, Mrs M. J. Birdsall, J. W. Collins, H. F. Norcross, C. C. Seaman, A. J. Marston, S. Levi, H. Christian, Heber Ingel, Geo. Neale, J. D. Schuyler, James McCoy, W. B. Prentice, S. Sill, J. R. Doig. A. J. Nason, J. W. Higgins, O. J. Slough.

THE BIG FOUR.

We whistle and sing
Though chestnut bells ring,
And rattle and hoax
The boys with our jokes,
Tra la la;
For we're the Big Four, the Jolly Big Four,
The biggest swells of Swelldom galore,
Blooming and bloody and grit to the core,
For we're the Big Four, the Jolly Big Four.
Our Shasta can fight,
He "gits up and gits."
Our Cipher rewrite
Tom Hood for "two bits."
Our Reckless can sing
Of "Papa's great joy,"
A wonderful thing
If tune you'ld destroy.
And Lightning's a beau,
So brilliant his Art,
He'll capture you know,
A Pearl for his heart.

So whistle and sing
Through chestnut bells ring
We'll rattle the folks
With wonderful (?) jokes,
La da da
For we're the Big Four, the Jolly Big Four,
The biggest swells of Swelldom galore.
Deny it? Our Shasta shall maul you and pound you,
Reckless shall sing and singing confound you.
Lightning shall flash and flashing astound you,
And Cy, from a forty foot breaker shall ground you.
So, better not,
For to a dot
We're the Big Four, the Jolly Big Four.

WHAT THEY WILL DO.

Sam Sprecher goes on a ranch.

Arthur Tibbetts will rusticate.

Mrs Woods will teach private pupils.

Geo. Alkire will be one of these.

Miss Daisy Wile will travel in Europe.

The Editor in Chief will sell bacon and eggs.

Jim Sprecher will catch ball for the Chicagoes.

Miller will canvass for Northrup's "From Pole to Pole."

Lulo Thorpe will raise the prettiest roses in the State.

Ted, "Uncle" Ted, our Ted, will grow poetical on a ranch.

Jacqueline Oliver will bathe in the Pacific at Punta Banda.

Harr Wagner will edit the best Magazine on the Pacific Coast.

Frank Anderson and Willie Adams will brush up in Commercial College.

Hattie Ringen will go to St Louis via Yosemite. With Europe in the distance.

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The faculty will have charge over the moral conduct and correct training of all the students in their charge. The matron will accompany the students from the foot of D street to the college street, in the morning, and back in the evening.

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For further information address,
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