



THE CRESCENT

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Choate Mitchell

SHERWOOD EDDY GIVES A SPLENDID ADDRESS

Great Y. M. C. A. Man Speaks to Crowd of Students

To an audience of high school, academy and college students and townspeople, Sherwood Eddy spoke in the chapel of Wood-Mar hall Friday morning, January 23. In his introductory remarks Mr. Eddy pointed out two possible views of life: the christian, or spiritual; and the communistic, or material.

Mr. Eddy centered his address around the five divisions of the gospel which he made, to correspond to relative changes in his own life. At the beginning he considered the gospel as only personal, but later during his college years the missionary significance of the gospel came to him; and in connection with this he related a singular incident which occurred in China: During the Boxer uprising a young Chinese soldier who had helped in the execution of many Christians was finally impressed by the persistence of the missionaries, and he asked himself this question: "Why do they die for us?" Very soon this young soldier heard the gospel for the first time and believed; today he is the great General Fung, leader of the most nearly christian army in the world.

In another year Mr. Eddy became imbued with the determination to "Live today" for Christ through the reading of the words of Jesus in John 4:14. "Whosoever drinketh of the waters that I shall give him shall never thirst; but the waters that I shall give him shall be in him a well of water springing up into everlasting life;" and he had found a satisfying gospel.

But this was not yet enough, for, while at the front in the late world war, the importance of a social gospel asserted itself. Mr. Eddy saw a great need for a change in social conditions, especially after he had returned home and had visited the pitiable slums of New York City, where Ray Penny from Linfield college is now laboring to better the lives of hundreds of families. It is Mr. Eddy's conviction that the christian of today must be willing to share with his less fortunate neighbors and not "become rich in a world of poverty." He cited, as one example, the life of John J. Egan, who, rather than become fabulously wealthy, shared the profits of his business with his employes, thus giving each the means of a comfortable living.

Mr. Eddy continued with his distribution of the gospel by describing the horrors experienced in the world war, and in this way drawing out the significance of a gospel of peace. War is a series of reprisals and counter-reprisals—being not merely "an eye for an eye, and tooth for a tooth," but becoming "two eyes for an eye." He declared that war, with its biased propaganda, is the world's chief collective sin; and that love is far more effective than war, for no nation

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HULLS PRESENT LAST TWO OF THREE MUSICAL RECITALS

On January 19 the Hulls presented the second of a series of recitals. The audience was well pleased with the music, both violin and piano, and with the singing. The evening opened by a piece played by the junior violin ensemble with piano and 'cello accompaniment. Violin solos were given by Clara Walthour, Florence Burgoyne, Sybil Dixon, and Joseph Silver. Helen Rankin, Beryl Hale, Della Hanville, and Louise Klenle. Some very fine vocal solos were given by Bernice Hinshaw, Lolita Hinshaw, Homer Hester, Esther Haworth, and Hubert Armstrong. The program closed with another selection by the junior ensemble.

The date for the third and last of these recitals was set for January 26.

The friends of the Hulls and their pupils met in the college chapel last Monday evening to enjoy the third and the last of the recitals which the Hulls have been giving. The audience realized that a great amount of work had been done by both those who entertained and by their instructors. The recital did credit to the faithful hours which had been spent in preparation. Those participating were: Piano duet, Lorene Gettmann and Mrs. Hull; solos, Rose Ellen Hale, Lorene Gettmann, Florence Elliott, Helen Holding, Ruth Whitlock; quartette, Helen Holding, Ruth Whitlock and Rose Ellen and Beryl Hale; violin solos, Theobald Freeman and Orville Stalcup; vocal solos, Hubert Armstrong, Ralph Hester, Rose Ellen Hale, Lolita Hinshaw and Esther Haworth. G. T.

TOOTHPULLERS WIN

Pacific's second conference game was played in Portland against the Toothpullers on Friday evening, January 16. From all previous records the dope was against our team, and all previous records proved to be correct.

Pacific showed some real basketball in the first half, and would have had a better chance to win, had a certain one of the North Pacific men been out pulling teeth. This one man, L. Rassier, got 12 points the first half, which was the entire score for the dentists during that period. The half ended with the score 12-9 in favor of N. P. D. C.

In the second half some more of the Portlanders began to show their ability at dropping the ball through the hoop, and they kept this up until they had gotten 30 additional points. In the meantime Pacific could connect with only 5 counters. Cookie played his usual brand of ball and gathered 10 points for his team, while "Bevo" outjumped Lawrence of North Pacific and got the tip-off the majority of times.

The lineup:
N. P. D. C. (42)
W. Rassier 5 F
L. Rassier 23 F
Lawrence 8 C
Erickson 3 G
Webster 3 G
Wolf S
Babcock S

LINFIELD TAKES LONG END OF SCORE IN BASKET TILT

Saturday night, January 24, one of the best double headers in the history of Newberg took place on the Legion floor. Newberg High School vs. Silverton High and Pacific College vs. Linfield. The first being the high school game, came out in favor of Newberg with a score of 22 to 17. The college students backed the high in their yells and songs. This spirit was appreciated by the students as well as by the audience.

The second game was a time of thrill and action. In return of pep the high school gave their generous and loyal support to the college rooters.

It was a live and hard fought game all through. Though the P. C. fellows found difficulty in hitting the basket they surely put up the best fight that was ever seen. The first half was a scene of good team work on the part of both teams. The Linfield gang seemed to have better luck at hitting the hoop than the Quakers and the half ended with a score of 10 to 0.

At the beginning of the second half the audience was surprised at the sight of a whole new team for Pacific. In fact coach ran in the whole second string. This bunch started something. They fought like tigers; let the first string rest up a bit and started the scoring by one of D. Knapp's good shots. Then the Linfield score started to elevate a little and the coach put the original five back into the game. Their good team work held up as before and the difficulty of hitting the bas-

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ALBANY IS VICTOR

Last Thursday evening the college quintet was defeated in a game of basketball by the Albany quintet. Though pep, enthusiasm, and good team work were prevalent throughout the whole game, things were slowed up by the supposed-to-be umpire who did most of the refereeing, seemingly. This practice of using an umpire is rather out of date, even if it is still in the rules. The reason that it has been slighted in the modern years to some extent, is because that games very seldom come out satisfactory as was shown by this one. If the referee had had a chance we are of the opinion that he would have given a good square and satisfactory deal.

In the first half the team work of the Quakers was their usual brand, excellent; but as the umpire called fouls so closely, they didn't have a fair chance to complete many of their exceedingly good plays. There were nine personal fouls called. Several unsuccessful attempts at goal were made from the Quakers mostly on account of the fact that they were actually so excited when they did get the ball to their end of the floor without being fouled that they could not shoot straight. Bevo did loosen up a little, though, for he got two baskets. P. Brown also found the hoop once, and Cookie shot two

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ALEXANDER HULL IN CRITICISM OF CONCERT

Fenwick Newell Program Cited As Best of Lyceum Numbers

The Fenwick Newell company has come and gone again, leaving a wide wake of pleasant memories. I think it is perhaps the best musical number I have seen booked in a lyceum circuit. There might possibly be one exception to that statement; but that was a long while ago, so long that I wouldn't take oath now that it was an exception.

At times neither Mr. Newell or Miss Dreiberg (if I have the name correct) quite realized all that was in their voices, and Mr. Newell in particular had a few mannerisms that weren't unreservedly good. But to do anything more than merely hint at that would be doing them an injustice because both of them were excellent singers, thoroughly trained, interesting and pleasing. Mr. Newell did his best singing in the intricate French numbers, but naturally "got across" to the most advantage in the lighter Italian folk song "Carmen," and "Lindy Lou." He has a most engaging personal manner, and everyone liked him—more and more.

Miss Dreiberg sang her coloratura number, Anditi's "Kiss Waltz" with clear and fine intonation. Her voice seemed particularly pleasing in its highest register. Her enunciation, as was Mr. Newell's, was almost perfectly distinct.

I don't know exactly why Mr. Marks wants to play Saraste's "Zig-eunerweise"—well, perhaps that's not accurate. I do know. It's undoubtedly because he wants to show what exceedingly difficult music he can play. There couldn't be any other reason. And he quite proved his case. He is by all odds the best violinist we have had here. His rendition of the negro spiritual arranged by White was beautiful. The "Snake Dance" by Burleigh was good. He plays with a lovely tone. Of course, he has an exquisite instrument, one of the best toned violins I ever heard, especially luscious in tone on the G string. Nevertheless, it isn't that altogether, because anyone who is reading this would be able to provoke agonizing sounds from that same instrument.

Miss Crawford, in my personal opinion, was the star of the show. She is a musician through and through, a first class pianist, and one of the very best of accompanists. She bore the brunt of the engagement, appearing in every number, playing the most atrociously hard music, and playing it quite above criticism. She has a powerful, clear touch, temperament, and nearly all the manual dexterity that anyone needs.

A fine concert. That so many of the last year's numbers were repeated is in part my fault. Mr. Newell asked me what he used last year. I told him, but I told him they had

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THE CRESCENT

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EDITORIAL

How about dramatics? A half year has slipped by and the student body has done—nothing in the way of dramatics. What's the matter, are we "too busy" to put on a play the same as we are too busy to do several other things that are being neglected in our school life? Two years ago the door of dramatics was opened and we've never taken more than a peep within. It seems we ought to make use of the opportunity we have and also of the fine scenery the senior class of last year made for us—not a long time ago we were clamoring for a chance to indulge in dramatics, that chance is here now, what are we going to do about it? There is a world of material for actors here in school if it were only allowed to be uncovered. And there's no doubt that Pacific college could use the extra money a play or two would raise. Let's have a little action on the matter.

"GETTING BY"

Exams are over! Isn't it a relief? Those long days of cramming were an awful bore! It's lovely to be lazy all semester and let things slide—just so we "get by"—until exams come along, and then we are called to account for all our loitering. But what is this "getting by" stunt? Somebody is kidding himself into thinking he's a success because he's "getting by;" and what is he getting by? Why, he's getting by a perfectly good education and getting by so fast that he hasn't a chance to absorb any facts. Perhaps he's even bright enough to imagine he is putting one over on the professor. Ten years hence he'll realize, maybe, that that wasn't just exactly the case. Things worth while usually cost a deal of work. Have you been "getting by?"

Y. M.

"Religion and Business" was the subject of an interesting talk given to the Y. M. January 21 by Asa Sutton.

Mr. Sutton said that business ethics have changed in almost every line of business and that there is less chicancery and dishonesty over the counter, and less dishonesty in advertising than in former years. The fundamental principles governing every great business have been changed since the teachings of Christ have become known. There

are some shady dealings but these are not countenanced by the larger business associations. Some Hebrews follow Christ's teaching in business just because it proves to be good business principle.

The speaker said that the change in business has been brought about by a vision of a few great business men. Others noting their success have followed their example. Most of the great leaders in industry are Christian men.

"The greatest ideal for business," said Mr. Sutton, "was given by Christ when he said, 'He that is greatest among you shall be your servant.'"

CHAPEL NOTES

Rev. Lindley Wells, pastor of the Rainier Heights Friends church of Seattle and formerly pastor at Greenleaf, Idaho, was with us in chapel on Thursday, January 22. Rev. Wells, in a short talk which he gave to the students, left some really worthwhile thoughts: "Some of the burdens of the heart can not be remedied by culture or training; a christian foundation is the essential element in any successful life. It takes more than nose glasses and a gold-headed cane to make a scientist, and more than a mere passing through college and rubbing against its walls to make a philosopher. A true confession of the heart's needs is the first important step toward a correction of life."

A LETTER

The following letter was received by Mr. Asa Sutton from Professor Perisho while the latter was in the hospital in Portland during the Christmas holidays. Most of us will recognize "that assistant chap" as one of the prominent men of our senior class. Here's the letter:

"Dear Friend:—It seems they've got me all mused up and sunk without a trace. With all the mischief out of reach, this room's a sterile place. I've tried to get some comfort out of thinking with my head, and I've worn out fourteen dozen odd positions on the bed; I've heard a bunch of women in the room across the hall gab on for hours unending, and not say a thing at all; I've sent the nurse on errands for want of something else to do; and I've counted all the little cracks on walls and ceiling too; I've listened to the autos and the streetcars on the track; but it didn't do a bit of good—I'm still here on my back. I hear them getting supper. I can smell the soup and tea. There may be something else beside, but I know it's not for me. I hear the buzzers sounding and the jingle of the phouge; but just two facts come persistently: 'I'm here,' and 'I'm alone.'"

"They tell me since I hopped off here that assistant chap of mine has put on his new hat and tie and slipped off up the line to help to name a mountain or to take a Christmas gift. The thing I heard is 'while he's gone, you have my load to lift.' Now if he's there when you get his, you can tell him plain for me that he never got permission to go on such a spree. But since he's gone and done it and the thing can't well be hid, I suppose I'll pass it over since he got the man he did to carry on while I'm away, and keep the mill in gear, and try some tricks that I don't know to finish up the year."

"Tell the school I often think of them and will soon be back to stay; and see they've turned that red line up, not down the other way."

"I just wanted to say 'thanky,' and also to express my utmost appreciation for your help, but I'll confess it just won't go down on paper, so I guess I'll let it stay and try to tell you later the the thing the pen can't say. Now if you'll tell the

school hello, and recall me to my friends, and forgive this awful mess of junk, I'll try to make amends.

"Sincerely your friend,
"F. W. Perisho."

A WORD 'BOUT GLEE CLUB

The Pacific College mixed glee club has been working diligently now for about four months and some very noticeable progress has been made, notwithstanding the fact that attendance has been greatly marred at times by colds and other sicknesses. Professor Hull has the chorus working on six splendid selections, some of which have very interesting solo parts, and harmony is gaining fast over discord. We believe that all the club members have a seriousness of purpose and, while they are enjoying themselves in song, they are working to prepare something worth while for their future recital. No date has been set yet for a public appearance of the glee club, but present indications are that it will be made sometime early in the spring.

SHERWOOD EDDY SPEAKS

(Continued from page one)

can stand condemnation at the bar of the world's public opinion. As a means to end all war Sherwood Eddy urges the adoption of the watchword: "Jesus' way all the way."

CRITICISM OF CONCERT

(Continued from page one)

been sure-fire, and one of the best things he could do would be to repeat them. I hope they come again. If they do, he has agreed to give a program new throughout.

Alexander Hull.

P. S As applauders I still don't consider the students any great shakes. I worked hard enough last night starting things to have earned a couple of season tickets. When I attend a concert that is good and don't have to do that, then I'll issue a certificate to the student body. What is the matter? Do students have too much dignity to clap? Are they afraid of the "ladies" who sit beside them? Or what? That was fine applause last night, but look who had to start it.

DR. CURTIN LECTURES

Dr. Thomas Curtin, who lectured in the college auditorium on January 20 as the third number of the lyceum course, gave evidence of a thorough knowledge and keen analysis of the present economic and political situation in Europe. He put this situation before us first from the standpoint of the English, then the French, and then the Germans. Especially illuminating was his logical presentation of the effect of the depreciating mark on various classes of German people. We were better able to understand how a part of Germany could be suffering for the necessities of life while other parts had plenty.

Though Dr. Curtin hopes the best for the future of Europe, his hopes are not begotten of his fears, or of his knowledge of the prevailing temperament in some of the European countries. On the whole it was rather refreshing to get a fairly unbiased opinion of European conditions.

P. D. M.

Tough Luck

"Just my luck," said the prisoner, as he threw the magazine across the cell in disgust. "Nothing but continued stories, and my execution's fixed for next Friday."—Key of the House.

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PERSONALS

Profesor F. W. Perisho has lately been elected to the American Chemical Society.

Word has been received from Lee-la Pearson that she is feeling fine and will be back with us before long.

Gene (at the dorm)—"We are here to cultivate our faculties. We hope our faculty appreciates our feeble efforts."

The students of Pacific college extend their profoundest sympathies to the respective families of Rev. Lee and Mr. McClean in their recent bereavements.

We are glad to welcome old and new students with us again. Edna Doree, Johanna Gerrits, May Pearson and her friend, Rachel Lunquist, are expected to register for next semester.

A number of girls are turning out for basketball which was just recently started. Olive Terrell, who has played basketball for a number of years, is coaching. Although no intercollegiate games will probably be played, some interesting interclass and College and Academy games will occur as soon as possible.

A very dainty luncheon was served to Sherwood Eddy and his company at the dormitory, Friday noon. Those present besides Mr. and Mrs. Eddy were President and Mrs. Pennington, Mr. and Mrs. Perisho, Mr. and Mrs. Weesner, Mr. and Mrs. Shoemaker from McMinnville, Mr. Seaman, Miss Lewis, Olive Armstrong, and Harland Rinard.

The girls of Kanyon hall met in the dormitory parlors Saturday evening, January 31, to welcome and initiate into their circle May Pearson and Rachel Lundquist of Washington. They were pleased to have Mrs. Pearson with them in their fun. On arriving in the reception room each would just stand and look, for truly, when such characters as "Captain Kidd" are in your ranks, one needs an introduction. They enjoyed themselves in the usual dormitory style and not until after the munching of fudge and taking of pictures was there a break in their merry-making.

TRASH

Tourist—"I would like to buy a dozen eggs."

Farmer—"I haven't a dozen; I have only ten."

Tourist—"Are they fresh?"

Farmer—"They're so fresh that the hen didn't have time to finish the dozen."

"Rastus says Pahson Brown done kotch him in Farmer Smith's chicken coop."

"M-m, boy! Don't Rastus feel 'shamed?"

"Nossuh. De Pahson am de one feel 'shamed. He kaint 'splain how come he done kotch Rastus dar."—Arkansaw Thomas Cat.

Got a Bargain

"How much are yer fish, Mr. Goldstein?"

"Eight cents a pound, Mrs. O'Brien."

"I'll take two of them. How much will they be?"

"Let's see. Eight pounds—eight times eight are 88. Take 'em for 75 cents, Mrs. O'Brien."

"Thank ye, Mr. Goldstein, I'll do that. Ye're always good to me."—Nuggets.

Guilty

A certain church clerk, Alexander Gunn by name, had been given an ecclesiastical trial and found guilty of libel. Evidently reluctant to air the details of his report, the scribe of the council entered the following terse minute on the record: "A. Gunn; discharged for giving a false report."—Everybody's Magazine.

An Old, Old Friend

Two churchgoers were talking in the smoking car. Finally one of them remarked that he was from Wichita.

"Do you know Charlie Smith out there?" the other asked.

"Know him! I should say I do. We have slept in adjoining pews for the last 20 years."—W. E.

Now, Let's Get This Straight

Wife—"You told me you were at the office late."

Hubby—"Yes, my dear."

Wife—"Then how is it the Joneses saw you at the dance?"

Hubby—"Oh, that was not me, my dear. I saw that fellow there myself, and he did not look very much like me."—Toronto Telegram.

Engaged in a Noble Work

A minister who lived in the suburbs, during his discourse said: "In each blade of grass there is a sermon."

Late the following afternoon a broker, a member of his flock, discovered the good man pushing a lawn mower about his garden and paused to remark:

"Well, parson, I am glad to observe you engaged in cutting your sermons short."—Harper's Magazine.

Chicken Had Flown

A popular Oklahoma city salesman recently married and was accompanied by his wife as he entered the dining room of a Texas hotel famed for its excellent cuisine. His order was promptly served, but the fried chicken he had been telling his wife so much about was not in evidence.

"Where is my chicken?" he asked, somewhat irritably.

The dusky waiter, leaning over and bringing his mouth in close proximity to the salesman's ear, replied:

"Ef youse mean de li'l gal with blue eyes an' fluffy hair, she doan' work heah no mo'."

Speaking of Shoes

A doctor on his round of golf the other day was crossing the field with his small negro caddy, when the latter opened the conversation with:

"Say, doctah, ain't yo' got some shoes up yonder in yo' locker you don't want? Ah need some bad."

"Maybe so," said the doctor, "what size do you wear?"

"I dunno suh," replied the caddy, "cause I ain't never bought none that way. I either kin git in 'em or I can't."—Exchange.

Base Ingrate

Zeke—"Wall, how ye feel'n', Jed?"

Jed—"Oh, purty good."

Zeke—"What? Purty good, after me walkin' four mile to see ye?"—Brown Bull.

Some Trip!

Motorist—"Say, buddie, how far is it to Bingville?"

Schoolboy—"Well, mister, the way you are headed now it is just 24,996 miles; but if you turn around it is only four miles."—Exchange.

TALKS ON SOUTH AMERICA

A wonderful story of a man who has lived on black monkeys and roasted grubs—such was the man, A. H. Kingsbury, who lectured to a fair-sized audience in Wood-Mar hall on Friday, Jan 23.

Two missionaries wished to cross South America and they chose Mr. Kingsbury, a noted explorer, living at Colon, Panama. Six expeditions had attempted and failed; this, the seventh, succeeded. They traveled by boat to the west coast of South America, by railroad to the Andes and then by donkey across the first range. The pass was 14,000 feet high, and was very cold compared with the lowlands of tropical temperatures. Here they left civilization and were dependent on the shift, treacherous Indians. He told one story of the night the Indians ran away with the blankets, and the impossibility of trailing them. Their diet was the same as the Indians', (since they could not carry food with them on foot) consisting of monkey, black preferred, white grubs, roasted, liver and intestines chopped, and some really good game, although animals peculiar to that continent.

After a thousand miles of tramping they went downstream in dugouts until they reached the ranching country, where they rode downstream with a bunch of cattle on boats similar to the old rafts on the Mississippi. The travel was smooth from then on, the last stages being on a steamer.

The people were very low specimens of humanity indeed. Reference has been made to their diet in part, but in addition to this whenever feasible, a raid was made by the tribe on one of the neighboring community houses, the men and children were used for food, the women used as beasts of burden. In one place a white man was discovered, evidently a fugitive from justice. Conditions were such that it was impossible for a man to leave his house for even a few minutes or the Indians would ransack it. The Indians wore very little if any clothing. The papposes were strapped to the squaw while she was carrying a burden of two or three hundred pounds.

A number of slides accompanied the lecture; some were good, others would have been appreciated if they had been clearer. The curios were unique. Mr. Kingsbury gave an exhibition of the Indian blowgun in action, and surprised the audience with its accuracy. The dancing beads and costume of pigskin and feathers, the almost hula-hula costumes, venomous reptiles, as a flying snake, and miniature snakes, also tarantula.

In addition to the above lecture Misses Mae Wiley and Florence Reid played a piano duet. Miss Prindle, teacher in Central school, sang a solo and Mr. Woodworth gave the introductory address.

H. W. B. and W. W.

The Way of a Woman

Jones, a gloomy individual, decided to turn over a new leaf so he went home whistling, kissed his wife and the kids, then proceeded to shave and clean up for dinner. When the meal was over, he insisted on washing the dishes and sang lustily as his wife looked on with amazement. The job finished, he took off his kitchen apron and found his better half in tears.

"Why, what's the matter, my dear?" he asked.

"Oh! everything's gone wrong today," she said. "The clothes line broke and let the washing down in the dirt. The twins got into a fight at school, came home with black eyes. Mary fell down and tore her dress and to cap the climax here you come home drunk."—Exchange.



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LINFIELD TAKES GAME
(Continued from page one)

ket was still prevalent. Old P. Brown found the hoop once in the third quarter after numerous trials. Woodward too followed with a pretty shot.

The game was halted all of a sudden by the awakening of one of the scorekeepers; the first team had forgotten to report to the score keeper when they went back in. This little intermission seemed to have a real bad effect on the P. C. gang, for they didn't get to score another point, in spite of the fact that they had several chances by shooting fouls and also by shooting at field goals due to the connection of the sure passes of Swak.

The lineups:
Pacific (6) (21) Linfield
Cook F Moorehouse
D. Knapp Pugh
P. Brown F Mullen
E. Knapp C Wilson
Lienard C
Woodward
Armstrong G Lenman
E. Everest Manning
S. Brown G Konzleman
I. Jones Gowan
Referee—Craw.

Everyone felt the grand support of the high school in the enthusiasm that was put into the college yelling.

ALBANY IS VICTOR
(Continued from page one)

fouls. On the other side, 18 points were made, Laws being their star.

The second half found P. C. checking up on them a little. About the middle of this half, the second string went in to relieve the first string for a little spell. Then the original members returned with more of a determination than ever.

During the latter half, fifteen personal fouls were called. Pacific's brave men fought harder than ever. S. Brown found the opening of the hoop twice, Cookie shot one foul, P. Brown shot two, Lienard one and Swak one. All the time Captain Armstrong and his gang played with good team work.

The lineups were:
Pacific 17 Albany 32
Cook F Christie
D. Knapp sub F Messenger, sub
P. Brown F Smith
E. Knapp, sub C Johnston, sub
Lienard C Wilfert
Woodward, sub G Mahaffey, sub
Armstrong G Laws
E. Everest, sub G Van Winkle
S. Brown G
I. Jones, sub
Referee—Bennett.
Umpire—(It is probably the best thing for him that we didn't get his name.)

THE COLLEGE GIRL
(Apologies to John Greenleaf Whittier.)

Blessings on thee, little girl,
College queen, with auburn curl,
With thy grown-up baby talk
And thy dainty, graceful walk;
With thy red lips, redder still
Kissed by lip-stick, without thrill;
With the sunshine on thy face,
Through thy wavy fair hair's grace,
From my heart I give thee joy—
I am but a foolish boy.
Let the million dollared ride,
But me walking by thy side,
I have more than he can buy
In the reach of arm and eye.
Outward sunshine, little pearl,
Oh, I love you, college girl.
Oh, for girlhood's artful ways,
Sleep that wakes in holidays,
Cheeks that mock all natural rules;
Knowledge never learned at schools,
Of the styles that are quite late,
How to put your lips on straight,
What to wear with evening clothes,

CAMPBELL'S

CANDIES

ALWAYS THE BEST

When to powder your fair nose,
How to end a day of bliss
Without giving e'en a kiss.
For eschewing books and tasks
Art will answer all she asks.
Hand in hand with art she walks,
Face to face to art she talks;
Art has helped you, lady fair,
To climb "Society's Golden Stair."
Cheerily, then, my little queen,
Live to love as girlhood's dream.
Though thy college days are few,
They will ever cling to you.
After you have finished school
You go forth a polished jewel,
Giving way to every want;
Hark, a blushing debutante.
Thus the years of youth go by
Like the winking of an eye.
Oh, that thou couldst know the bliss,
Ere it passes, little miss.

Quite a Jump

A man came running down the pier just as the steamer was starting. The boat having moved off seven or eight feet, he took a flying leap and landed on the steamer head first. He lay stunned for two or three minutes, and when he came to the boat had gone nearly a quarter of a mile. Raising his head and looking back he exclaimed: "What a jump!"—Pittsburgh Chronicle-Telegraph.

Home, James!

Unlucky Motorist (having killed the lady's puppy):—"Madame, I will replace the animal."
Lady—"Sir, you flatter yourself."
—Bison.

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