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THE CRESCENT

VOLUME XXXVI

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NUMBER 14

SENIOR'S-SOPHOMORE'S TEAM WINS IN TRACK MEET

Ralph Hester Is High Point Man: Eldon Everest Second

Considering the small amount of practice and preparation, the inter-class track meet of March 20 was a decided success, not because any records were broken (for none were even cracked) but because much interest was shown and track material blossomed forth on every hand.

The entire school was divided into three teams—the Senior-Sophomores, the Junior-Freshmen, and the Academy. The final score was Senior-Sophomore 36, Academy 34 and Freshmen-Juniors 24. Ralph Hester made the highest number of points, scoring four firsts which netted 20 points. Eldon Everest was second with 16 points.

The winners in the various events were as follows:

100-Yard Dash—

R. Hester, first,
E. Everest, second,
H. Armstrong, third.
Time 11.2.

Shot Put—

R. Hester, first,
D. Galbreath, second,
W. Schaad, third.

220-Yard Dash—

R. Hester, first,
F. Rucker, second,
H. Nordyke, third.

High Jump—

E. Everest, first,
H. Armstrong, second,
W. Elliott, third.
Height 4 feet, 9 inches.

Mile—

R. Hester, first,
D. Galbreath, second,
G. Brown, third.
Time 6 min., 25 sec.

Broad Jump—

H. Armstrong, first,
E. Everest, second,
H. Nordyke, third.
Distance 15 ft., 9 1/4 in.

440-Yard Run—

W. Schaad, first,
E. Hibbs, second,
R. Whitlock, third.
Time 1 min., 7 sec.

Half-Mile—

W. Hutchens, first,
S. Kendall, second,
H. Smith, third.
Time 3 min., 28 sec.

Discus—

E. Everest, first,
P. Brown, second,
D. Galbreath, third.
Distance, 92 feet.

Pole Vault—

R. Hester, first,
H. Armstrong, second,
H. Smeltzer, third.
Height, 9 feet.

Half-Mile Relay—

Academy, first

MARCH

The doors will soon be unlocking,
My heart again will sing;
For I hear a woodpecker knocking
Today at the door of Spring.

THE CLOISTER

The sweet breath of Spring that's in the air
Has taken out the chill from these bleak walls;
And Phaeton's shafts have penetrated deep
E'en beneath these antiquated arches,
Where dark robed forms move silently along
Slowly whispering their Pater and their Aves.
Blending with the song of the wind, I hear
The swaying chant of vespers through the hall;
A door swings to—and now e'en that is stilled.
A melancholy silence lades the air,
And the last thin rays of the dying sun
Paint shadows weird along the cloister wall.

There is a bond that chains me here tonight,
That lures me from the tabernacle door;
And while I'm here 'neath the saffron sky,
The distant past takes concise, luring form.
On the fresh breeze is borne the call of earth,
Swept to me here from those outlying fields,
The call of world, of life, of love;
It fans dead embers, and behold—they light.
And burst into a near consuming flame.
The fight's begun of flesh against the soul;
World cries for man, though God has called to him.
The hungry senses beg for live and love,
Those sorrows dimmed by age and joys enhanced.
I live again the past; and to return—
Ah! no—for that means love loses these years of toil,
Yea, greater, sacrifice that end which soars
Above the earth into the infinite blue,
That quest, which ends only in Heaven itself.

Y. W. C. A. CONFERENCE IS HELD AT PACIFIC COLLEGE

Representatives of the Y. W. C. A.s of Albany college, Linfield college, Pacific university and Pacific college met in conference March 20 and 21 at Newberg. The conference purpose was to discuss mutual problems and to outline together possible solutions. The group of twenty or twenty-five women discussed quite freely and informally several big and stimulating questions.

Friday evening Jenelle Vandevort of Willamette university and chairman of the Seabek division council, led the discussion which centered about three questions: 1. What do the four associations do on their respective campuses? 2. Which of these activities could be handled just as effectively by some other organization? 3. What should these associations do? It was discovered that the associations are justified because they offer an opportunity for college women to meet upon an absolute equality, because they have a tangible spiritual and moral influence on individual lives and on the general campus, and because they stimulate a broader view of life and broader interests which should lead to constructive thinking.

The problem of actually living "Jesus way all the way" was the discussion theme Saturday morning. The group attempted to characterize that college woman who might actually and courageously apply that rule in every relationship of modern campus life. It was indicated that she would unite in one personality all the various virtues of which we see only a few exemplified by any one person. The ideal has been before the world for three thousand years and still the majority of so-called Christians are but playing

(Continued on page three)

MERRY SOCIAL IS HELD BY ACADEMY BASKETBALL TEAMS

Saturday night the Academy boys and girls basketball teams met together at the college building for a real taffy pull. The first part of the evening was spent, with much merriment, in playing games.

To redeem a forfeit Homer Hester gave a very flattering speech concerning his powers of locomotion in which he told how he earned money when a small boy. According to his narrative he had forty traps, each a mile apart, set for bears, and each morning before school he would go out and look at each trap. Homer declined to say, however, how much he earned in this way. Wilbur Elliott and Stanley Kendall were sent out of the room and the rest formed the "Mimic Club." Then Stanley and Wilbur were called back and were told that they were to guess the name of the club. William Sweet and Mabel Kendall started in mocking the boys but Tillie found it rather hard work to mimic Wilbur when he described an arc over a table with his foot and then sat down on the lounge. Wilbur and Stanley finally gave up. Then "Poor Pussy" was played for a while. During this game Philip Holding won the distinctive title of "Old Faithful," because he never failed to laugh when one of the girls meowed at him.

Ruth Campbell soon came up with the welcome news that the taffy was ready to be pulled and everyone hurried down stairs. Just outside of the domestic science room aprons of various colors and sizes were pinned on the boys. Harold Smith, with a bright pink apron on, looked very convincing and although Wilbur Elliott's apron was quite wide enough it nearly failed in length. Each boy

(Continued on page three)

ANNUAL BANQUET OF GOLD "P" CLUB IS HELD

Eleven Letter Men and Their Guests Enjoy Pleasant Evening

Friday evening, March 27 was indeed a festive occasion when eleven of the Gold letter men and their guests sat down to their annual banquet. Room 14 was the scene of the feast, and it had been transformed by the Women's Auxiliary, from a plain, uninteresting study room, to a most attractive banqueting hall. One long table was placed down the center of the room, and this was beautifully decorated with great bowls of hyacinths and daffodils, with old-gold candles shedding a soft glow in the room. The old gold was effectively carried out in all the decorations as well as in the courses of the banquet.

When everyone had gathered in the hall, the toastmaster led the way to the table, where each guest found his name on one of the clever Gold P toast programs. Before being seated, Professor Michener returned thanks.

The four course banquet was a triumph of the culinary art, and the service rendered was exceptional. The menu was:

Fruit Cocktail
Meat Loaf
Potatoes Au Gratin Corn Souffle
Mustard Pickles
Rolls Orange Marmalade Butter
Salad Saltines
Ice Cream Angel Cake
Coffee Mints

Those who served were: Mabel Kendall, Harold Smith, Margaret McClean, Stanley Kendall, Bernice Carlisle and Robert Holding.

The toasts were of unusual interest, each speaker cleverly weaving in some solid thought with the accompanying laugh provokers. Ivor Jones very ably acted as toastmaster and those responding to toasts were: Cecil F. Hinshaw, "Aerials;" Homer Hester, "Squawks and Squeals;" R. W. Lewis, "Static."

At the conclusion of the toast program, Floyd Lienard bought to the club the best wishes of many of the absent members. He closed with the message from Paul Elliott, "May the Gold Letter club of Pacific College live long and happily." Everyone then joined in singing the Alma Mater.

Those who were present at the banquet were: Wendell Woodward, Esther Haworth, Alfred Everest, Mary Elliott, Ralph Hester, Rosa Aebischer, Ivor Jones, Helen Holding, Eldon Everest, Florence Heater, Floyd Lienard, Florence Lee, Cecil Hinshaw, Harriet Hodgkin, Homer Hester, Olive Kendall, Mr. and Mrs. Minchener, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis.

The editor used
This in a pinch—
He needed exactly
Another inch.

THE CRESCENT

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CRESCENT STAFF

Editor in ChiefIvor T. Jones
Associate Editor. Mildred E. Choate
Faculty Advisor. Prof. R. W. Lewis

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SportsRobert Shattuck
ChapelGlen Brown
PersonalsMildred E. Choate
SpecialsHilma Hendrickson
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WALTER CAMP

Walter Camp is dead. And in his death has passed the foremost exponent of clean athletics. Mr. Camp became world-wide famous through his "daily dozen," which came to light in his splendid work in the army training camps during the world war. For years he has been America's greatest authority on matters athletic, and each season has picked his All-American football team. No man has done more to exalt college athletics. Walter Camp's life stands out as one faithfully devoted to the preservation of public health and the teaching to the nation the importance of "keeping fighting fit." May his mighty work be an inspiration to others who cherish a desire to give their lives to the service of mankind.

Here is a short paragraph written by Mr. Camp on sports, but it applies not alone to sports, for there is a maxim in almost every sentence that fits life in general:

"Why sigh for 'the good old days' of sport? They offer nothing to compare with modern achievements. Consider Rogers Hornsby, for the fifth successive year the leader of the National league hitters. Glance for a moment at Bill Tilden, the greatest tennis player the courts have ever known. Fill your eyes with the bulky shoulders of Babe Ruth, the mightiest hitter of them all. Pick a champion, if you can, who had more ammunition than Dempsey carries to the ring wars. Show me football stars who were more brilliant than George Pfann or Harold Grange, or track men who could leave Paddock, Murchison, Hussey, Nurmi, or Ray behind. Today is the great age of sport. Today has always been better than yesterday. The chief trouble with those who peer backward at 'the good old days' is that they suffer with stiff necks and are unable to bring today's brilliant achievements within their line of vision."

CHRIST'S WAY

A little more than ten years ago the youth of Europe was wading the slime of mud and blood of battlefields with the patriotic desire of killing one another; and yet five months after the beginning of the war, Christmas Day called a truce that was so sudden as to be amazing. Hating had not yet become a habit, the teachings of childhood Sunday school could not be denied,

and on the dawning of Christ's birthday men of embattled nations laid down their weapons and talked and sang and even exchanged simple gifts in keeping with the Christmas spirit.

It only lasted a short twenty-four hours, for the vicious slaughter began anew the next morning; but the truce of this day was not without its influence and for days the fighting was lacking in fury and ruthlessness,—it took weeks for these men to steel their hearts and minds to animal ferocity.

By the end of the following year hate had gained such momentum that supreme commands forbade any truce, however slight, and fraternization was smothered under threats of severe punishment. Such measures had to be taken by the commanding officers if the war was to be carried on, for they realized that hate is not a natural human instinct but purely manufactured emotion which has to be nurtured, protected and fanned to keep it glowing. If hate were to be exposed to the influence of common meetings, and friendly discussions it would receive a fatal blow, for its entire upkeep is derived from falsehood, misunderstanding, misrepresentation, distortion, and nursed resentments, all of which fraternal contact would destroy.

On the other hand the spirit of brotherhood is a natural human instinct, and if given half a chance human nature's impulse of love will sweep hate from the heat, making room for those gentler nobilities that are the one firm foundation on which the soul may build its ideal of love, justice, peace and universal brotherhood.

Hate propagandists have walked abroad in the world from its very beginning, busy constructing mighty barriers of suspicion and distrust between the peoples of the earth, forever casting their damning advocations of force on the Four Winds, and instilling pollution into every source of understanding. And ever the result has been war, with its suffering, devastation and demoralization.

They have incessantly thrust Christ away as an impractical solution to world problems, restricting Him to the church whose doors are to be locked except on Sundays.

Can this state of human ignorance endure forever? Surely Christianity, if given a fair chance, can prove no more impractical than the tenets of hate.

CHAPEL NOTES

On Friday 13 Miss Dilla Tucker delighted the chapel audience by a very humorous reading entitled "When Ruby Played." Miss Tucker kept her audience convulsed with laughter as she portrayed an old farmer attending a concert for the first time. He had gone to the city to take in the sights and had decided to go and hear the famed pianist, Rubenstein, play. His reactions to, and opinion of the recital were such as might be expected of an old farmer and were phrased in the "Uncle Josh" style which is always laugh provoking.

Miss Tucker prefaced the reading by saying that two people often travel through life side by side, one getting great enjoyment and profit out of it where the other finds nothing of profit or interest.

On Monday 16 a typewriter demonstration by representatives under the direction of President Walker of the Behnke-Walker Business School of Portland was given in chapel. The representatives, Miss Rhodes and Miss English demonstrated how speed and accuracy may be obtained under the proper training. They used a stroke known as the "tiger stroke;" holding their hands close

to, and with the same slant as the keyboard they did away with all lost motion, and consequently obtained greater accuracy and speed. They began at forty words a minute and went as high as one hundred and thirty-eight without error, to show the practicability of the method.

GOLD "P" CLUB INITIATES

The Gold "P" club initiation held in the evening of Friday, March 20, was a howling success, judging from the howls sent up by the initiates as some form of soul racking torture was inflicted upon them.

A little friendly "hot hand," is very pleasant in its place, but when a dozen Babe Ruths go on a rampant and light upon three poor innocents who are forced to assume a most undignified pose, the swats are mighty and telling!

Sufficient padding applied locally might alleviate the situation somewhat, but Nature can only protect herself with calouses—but oh! how hard earned these calouses are! "All is not bliss that blisters!"

Human noses were made for men to follow and not for such degrading tasks as some laughter-bent, barbarians subject them to. Who ever heard, for instance, of a self-respecting nose that wouldn't resent having to propel an electric light fuse plug the length of a gym floor without the knees being able to touch the floor and assist in the mean drudgery to which their fellow member had been subjected?

On one act the curtain must be drawn for fear of a general hunger strike—but who can swallow a warm rag egg and enjoy it anyhow? One of the eggs proved cowardly, by the way—it hit one of the barbarians and ran.

Weenies and buns were greatly appreciated after the ordeals of the evening, although the three initiates preferred to take theirs standing.

As a finishing touch, songs were called for from the now thoroughly educated ones, and Ivor Jones responded with that world famous and melodious ditty entitled, "Oh By Jingo!" and Wendell Hutchens rendered that heart-rending composition, "In the Little Red School House." Marion Winslow escaped before his turn came, and as a consequence more punishment is said to be in store for him.

—By One Who Knows.

C. E. R.

The C. E. R. members were favored by a very greatly appreciated program presented by the program committee of the club. Of course the business of the club was taken up first but the interest of the members soon brought this to a close. First on the program Harold Smith favored the club by a talk on gas and how it is used for curing colds and various other similar ailments. Professor Roberts gave an especially interesting talk on "The International Question." He brought out the thought that peace was not an altogether new question but that it is nearly two centuries old. He told how that a small group of people started this question of international peace and the talk of how ridiculous people thought it would be to try such a thing. But now all nations are considering it.

Wesley Schaad gave a report on Washington's life. It might be said here that though this talk was planned for a meeting that was omitted in February, it was one that was worth anyone's time to listen to. He got some actual facts about the life of Washington and presented them in the way that only Wesley Schaad could present them. Though a full attendance was not present, this was one of the best meetings the club has ever had. May we have more like it.
S. K.

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PERSONALS

Those who spent their vacation at the dormitories were delightfully entertained by Miss Dungan at an afternoon tea on Sunday the twenty-second.

Professor Roberts—"If the filament of an electric bulb should contract faster and more than the glass, it would let the air in or the vacuum out."

Miss Helen Morrill of Forest Grove is spending the week with friends at Canyon Hall. Miss Morrill is a sophomore at Pacific university and is a member of the Theta Nu sorority.

The different "Mumps Inns" around the country have been closed for the season and we are glad to see Sanford Brown, Professor Macy, May Pearson and Nina Johnson back with us again.

Miss Sutton was rather absent-minded the other day. She went home after the third period for lunch, and then realizing her mistake, she had to dash back again for American History class.

Ruth Campbell was also late for American History class, for she actually went to sleep in the study hall and slept right through the intermission between classes and about fifteen minutes of the next period.

Among those from the dormitories who spent their vacation out of town were May Pearson and Lolita Hinshaw at Oregon City; Albert Windell and Walter Cook at Harrisburg; Hilma Hendrickson, Olive and Seth Oliver Terrell at Portland, Ruth Campbell at Victoria, B. C.; and Miss Dilla Tucker at Greenleaf, Idaho.

Some decided improvements were enacted on the baseball diamond during spring vacation. A road grader was employed to neutralize the hills and valleys that held fort out in right field, and also to smooth out the ridges back of the base lines; and Coach Michener constructed a new and substantial batting cage. These improvements are only a starter for those to follow, and altogether they ought to be an incentive for a large turnout of prospective baseball men.

Miss Dungan and Miss Johanna Gerrits were the hostesses at an informal party at their apartment last Thursday evening. The time was pleasantly spent with cross word puzzles, rook and pit. Delicious refreshments concluded the evening's pleasure. The guests were Hulda Winslow, Helen Nordyke, Rachel Lundquist, Marion Winslow, Harlan Rinard, Eugene Hibbs, Wesley Hollingsworth, and the hostesses, Miss Dungan and Johanna Gerrits.

SENIORS TO HAVE DR. BOWMAN

The Seniors are very fortunate this year in securing for their commencement speaker Dr. Bowman, pastor of the First Presbyterian church of Portland. Dr. Bowman is a lecturer of nation-wide repute and is very much in demand; he is also quite active in Y. M. C. A. work, especially in such conferences as those held at Seabeck each year.

Speeding Up

"Are those eggs fresh?"
"Yes, Mrs. Newbride. They would not have been laid until tomorrow if I hadn't made a mistake this morning and torn an extra leaf off the calendar."

WHITTIER GLEE CLUB COMING

The Men's glee club of Whittier college is making a tour of the coast during the first week of April, and plans have been arranged to present their concert to the people of Newberg on next Saturday night in Wood-Mar hall. The club is composed of twenty voices and a splendid concert is assured. Professor Howard L. Hockett, director of music at Whittier, is in charge. Mr. Hockett is a tenor of very high quality; he has toured the United States on several occasions as a member of the quartette of the glee clubs both of Chicago university and of Penn college, besides having numerous other recommendations.

The club will be assisted by Professor Eugene Knox, professional reader and impersonator, who is well known to people of Oregon and especially those of Newberg of former years.

Entertainment for the club on Saturday is being planned by the student body of Pacific college, and it is hoped that these men from a sister college may be made to feel perfectly at home during their short visit with us.

"SIMULATION"

A raccoon was sitting in the moonlight on a ledge of rock near his lair listening to the baying of hounds echoing through the surrounding hills. Below him stood a persimmon tree in which he saw an opossum clambering and picking off now and then the ripe fruit.

"Halloo!" exclaimed the raccoon. "did you hear those 'possum dogs? They are hunting for you."

"No, they're 'coon dogs," said the opossum. "If they find me I will escape by feigning death, the protection that has always saved me in time of danger."

"But why don't you take warning and retreat as I do when the dogs are after me, into a fortress among the rocks where you can't be reached by dogs or man?"

"I prefer the ways of the 'possum to the ways of the 'coon," replied the opossum.

At that very moment the dogs began barking under the persimmon tree, spied the opossum, and following them came a brawny negro, who with a long pole knocked Mr. 'Possum from the tree, and he fell among the eager dogs.

Simulation being his only weapon, the raccoon saw him borne away by his glack captor and he said to himself, "Simulation is the strategy of fools and the weapon of cowards."

MERRY SOCIAL IS HELD BY ACADEMY BASKETBALL TEAMS

(Continued from page one)

then chose the girl he wished to pull taffy with and they all went into the domestic science room where Miss Tucker, Dorothea Nordyke and Ruth Campbell had been cooking the candy. Each couple received a plate of taffy and then went somewhere to let it cool and pull it. Several couples found their candy was rather warm and could be pulled to greater advantage out of doors. Various means of pulling the taffy were used. Phillip and Della attempted to pull theirs after rinsing their hands in cold water and then they wondered why it was so very sticky. Red coloring was provided and those who wished to colored their taffy pink. After the taffy had been pulled each couple was required to place a sample on a plate and there were many sizes and shapes of the taffy. Everyone enjoyed himself immensely and all were very sorry when the time came to go home.

Patronize Crescent advertisers.

Y. W. C. A. CONFERENCE IS HELD AT PACIFIC COLLEGE

(Continued from page one)

with it. However, it is not an easy thing to think out and apply. Even the keenest and most determined minds find the problem baffling, progress slow but the challenge great.

Miss Elmira Holes, a secretary from the national headquarters, joined the group Saturday and during the afternoon session led in outlining a constructive program fitted to small associations. She proposed more democracy and greater flexibility for the organization. Such may be accomplished by reducing the size of the permanent cabinet, increasing the duties of the general membership and developing the year's program on the project plan. The organization as outlined would increase leadership responsibility and require most active executive work but it would certainly make the Y. W. C. A. of vital importance to a much greater number and would develop a more progressive and effective organ for accomplishing its purposes.

Contacts between women of the various campuses which the conference made possible were most valuable. The need of personal inter-collegiate contacts is felt on every campus. All guests were given breakfast in the Y. W. room Saturday morning and the local association served a delightful conference luncheon Saturday noon.

M. K. E.

His Definition

Elder Watkins, of Mudy Hollow, just back from the city, was telling his wife of the church he had attended.

"Did you know any of their songs?" asked she.

"No," replied the elder; "they didn't sing anything but anthems."

"Anthems!" exclaimed his wife.

"What on earth is an anthem?"

"Well," answered the elder, "I can't tell you just exactly, but if I'd say to you, 'Betsy, the cows are in the corn,' that wouldn't be an anthem. But if I'd say, 'Betsy—Betsy—Betsy, the cows—the cows—the Holstein cow, the muley cow, the Jersey cow, the spotted cow—all the cows are in—are in—the corn-corn-corn. Ah—men! why, that'd be an anthem!"

A Poor Excuse

"Here!" bawled the hotel watchman to a nightshirt-clad man who was pacing the corridor at 2 a. m. "What are you doing out of your room?"

The man opened his eyes and seemed to come out of a trance. "I beg your pardon," he said. "I am a somnambulist."

"Well," roared the watchman. "you can't walk around these halls in the middle of the night in your nightshirt, no matter what your religion is."

No Wonder

Jimmy giggled when the teacher told of a man who swam a river three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt that a trained swimmer could do that, do you?"

"No, sir," replied Jimmy, "but I wonder why he did not make it four, and get back to the side where his clothes were."—Kablegram.

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His Order

The roughly dressed man in the fashionable restaurant studied the menu in vain, then pointed to a line on it and said to the waiter, "I'll have some of that, please."
"I am sorry, sir," the waiter answered, "but the band is playing it."

"I perceive," said Highbrow, after witnessing the first baseball game, "that success in this sport can be attained only by perfect cooperation among the players, each subordinating his own individuality to that of the organization of which he is a part."

"You may be right at that," replied Lowbrow, "but the main thing is team work."—New York Sun.

His Supposition

"Say, looky yur!" truculently demanded a citizen of the Fiddle Creek neighborhood. "Did you tell Tug Hornbuckle that I was an infernal liar?"

"Nope!" was the reply. "I 'lowed he knowed it already."

His Present Address

On opening the the morning paper Jenkins was amazed to see the announcement of his death. Obviously a mistake had been made and some other Jenkins was meant, so, to reassure his friend Smith, he called the latter by phone.

"Yes," replied Smith, "I saw you were dead. Where are you speaking from?"

A Prior Claim

"Aw, Gap!" wailed Mrs. Johnson. "I feel so bad! My head aches. I've got a miz'ry in my back, and—"

"Now, looky yer, Louvindy!" sternly chided Gap Johnson, of Rumpus Ridge. "Didn't I say this morning that I reckoned I was going to have a spell of sickness? Well, then what are you trying to do—cheat me out of a good rest?"

A Decoy

The minister who had exchanged with the Reverend Mr. Banlom was much scandalized to see Deacon Erastus Coomer in the vestry, after service, deliberately taking a fifty-cent piece out of the contribution box and substituting a dime.

"Bre'r Coomer!" he exclaimed in horror and amazement, "That's plain dishonest doings!"

"What's the matter, parson?" the deacon asked genially, conscious of his own rectitude. "Ise led off with that fo'-bit piece fo' de las' fo' years. That ain't no contribution—dat's a tem'rary loan, as a noble example."

Hard to Realize

He looked as though he had been in an airplane smash and was clearly dazed. As there was no damning odor about him, however, the officer spoke to him kindly.

"What's the matter?" he asked. "No; it doesn't seem possible!" the citizen muttered.

"What doesn't?" "Incredible, in fact, yet the truth!" the bemused one rambled on, feeling gently the large lump adorning his head.

"What is?" the officer demanded, showing symptoms of impatience.

The other sighed. "Why," he explained, "I do not seem to be able to bring my mind to a realization of the fact that my wife is really and truly the same woman I used to hold on my lap and call my itty-bitsy tootsy-wootsy lovey-dovey, but by gosh, it's actually a fact!"

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No Speeding

Rastus, a young negro hand, was showing one of his employer's guests around the farm. Presently they came to a tree with a hornet's nest hanging from it.

"Well, Rastus," said the guest, pointing to the nest, "I'll bet you're afraid to poke this stick in there."

"No sah, boss. I won't do dat. Ise not afeard of de hornets, but I don't want to git arrested fer speedin'."

The Pessimism of Festus Pester

Once there was a man who said some thing of consequence through a megaphone.

The hookworm is merely a case of old-fashioned spring fever that has managed to grow a tail.

The man who utters flapdoodle continually as if it were a fundamental principle of life seldom does anything else.

It seems to me that a martyr works more steadily at it than almost any other variety of bore.

How angry an unimportant man becomes when his name is misspelled in the newspaper.

If you are an uplifter go ahead and take up a collection, but do not insist upon our listening to your message.

In many small towns there is an ancient man whose only claim to distinction is that once upon a time he shot a pelican.

There should be public shooting galleries where people who habitually shoot off their mouths could gather and practice on each other.

Cause for Action

"Looky here, Mr. Poppendick!" severely said Constable Slackputter, of Petunia, "the mayor has ordered me to tell you to cut the weeds on that vacant lot you own over to Wiler street. You know, Mizzus Gay who lives next to it is not only a

grass widdler but also plump and cursed with considerable many good looks, and the weeds are so high that the neighbor ladies complain that they can't see what, if anything, is going on at her house."

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