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The Crescent



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OF
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NEWBERG, OREGON.

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THE CRESCENT.

VOL. IV.

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THE CRESCENT.

Published Monthly during the College Year by
THE CRESCENT SOCIETY.

EDITOR A. C. STANBROUGH.
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WE wonder how many of the students ever think about the time required to run a college paper, and how many of those who do sometimes think of it ever do anything to lighten the duties of the editors of the different departments. Local notes, personal items and general topics would be gladly received and the paper would be made more interesting. Old students who are not now in college are continually seeing things that would be of interest to our readers and we should be

pleased to hear from them. Let us know where you are and what you are doing even if you have nothing else to say.

A COLLEGE paper in urging the students to choose some particular profession and then study for that profession, gives the following piece of advice. "Choose something; if you can not make a decision, train yourself for a teacher." The teacher who teaches because he can not decide upon anything to do will be far from successful. The training is necessary, but there must also be an interest in the work that one who teaches because he can do nothing else can not have. When we consider how much the future of the nation depends upon the training in the schools, we will recognize the importance of the teacher's position and will not be so ready to countenance those who are "teachers" simply because they are nothing else. We may have misconstrued the article referred to, but with this interpretation of it we would warn our prospective teachers against following such advice. If you

are to teach, do it because it is your chosen profession and not as a last resort.

Now that the weather has become favorable for outdoor practice, no one should lose any time in preparing for field day. We made some good records last year with but very little practice and there is yet time enough before field day to be able to raise most of them. Considering the fact that last year was our first attempt, our records compared quite favorably with those of other colleges. We have the material for good athletes and perhaps as good grounds as any college in the state, hence all we require is a little more systematic practice to make our field day a success. Let no one think there is still plenty of time and that there is yet plenty of time to begin practicing. Remember that June 16th will soon be here and then regrets for wasted time will not help to win the prizes. Judging from the numerous meetings the ladies have held, they evidently intend to make their part of the program interesting. If the boys wish to surpass them it will require honest effort and perseverance in practice. Field day is no longer an experiment, it has come to stay, and we should try as hard to make it a success as we would any other program for the year.

At a recent meeting of the Crescent Society one speaker expressed the

thought that "the literary society is supposed to be the best the college can afford." When it refers to what others, who may be unacquainted with the college, think of us, the statement is true, but the students know that it might be a great deal better. Strangers and visitors naturally base their estimate of a college largely upon the character of its literary societies. They see in the society an easily accessible means of judging of the quality of work done by the students and form their opinions of the school accordingly. When the students take a proper interest in literary work, a fair decision may be reached in this way. But when not enough interest is taken for the president to be able to know without reference to the records whether there are any who have complied with all the conditions of membership or not, there must be something wrong. We have been having very fair programs, but the machinery of the society seems to be rusty. The president can not be blamed for this, nor is it his fault that unreasonable excuses are accepted. The trouble lies entirely in a lack of personal interest. There is not an article in the constitution that can not be carried out, although some parts of it might be made more explicit and more stringent, yet if a revision of the constitution will make the society more successful, let it be done immediately. Nothing pays the student so well for the time required as does

the literary society, and the sooner we get back to where we were at the close of last year the better it will be for our reputation as a society.

Y. W. C. A.

At noon, on Friday, April 21, 1893, seven young ladies wearing badges of the Y. W. C. A. of Pacific College, were seen at the Narrow Gauge depot. They were accompanied by a number of others who had no badges, but who seemed blessed with an abundance of kerchiefs, judging from the cloud of white that waved about their heads as the train moved out.

"The "delegates" had started, and tho' the rain was gently falling, they were all in good spirits, for were they not going to attend the first convention of the Y. W. C. A. in Oregon?

At Whiteson they were joined by about thirty other delegates and before they had reached their destination their numbers had swelled to fifty. They reached Forest Grove at near four P. M., where they were met by a number of young ladies, radiant and expectant, who were members of a well organized committee, and who piloted the crowd to places of entertainment, which were all that could be desired.

In the evening as the guests met in the Assembly room, they were given cards containing their names and addresses that others might see and

learn who each was without a formal introduction.

The convention opened with a short devotional meeting, followed by an address of welcome by Miss Brooks of Pacific University, which was responded to by Miss Hansce of Willamette University. The convention in a body responded to the next subject on the program, which was "banquet." College colors, flowers, and happy faces made the dining-room a "thing of beauty," and each one did "eat, drink and be merry." Toast, in all shapes, sizes and styles, except dry, was served and the party, each with a hand-decorated menu booklet as a souvenir, adjourned to the rooms thrown open for an informal reception.

Saturday morning at nine o'clock found Mrs. Middlebrook of Portland, conducting the devotional meeting and Bible reading. This was followed by reports, some written, some verbal, of the various associations, which were very encouraging. Papers of value, because practical, were read by Miss Bates on the "Prayer-meeting Committee," by Miss Million on the "Membership Committee," by Miss Alderson on the "Missionary Committee," and Miss Johnson on "Social Elements of our Work." Miss Ames spoke on "Physical Culture." The claims of the "Evangel," the official organ of the Y. W. C. A. work, were presented by Mrs. Dummett, and the forenoon session closed. The afternoon meeting

was opened by a Bible reading by Mrs. Middlebrook. The subject was "The Breath of Life." Much good was derived from these lessons. The program of this session consisted of papers by Miss Brooks on "The Importance of Bible Study," by Miss Hinchman on "Personal Work—How Accomplished" by Miss Alderson on "The Model Association Girl," and "The Development of the Pacific Northwest" by Mrs. Dummett. After this was "The Model Training Class" where was illustrated methods of Bible study and personal work. An interesting question box closed the afternoon work.

Saturday evening the first public session was held in the Christian church, which was well filled. The song service and devotional exercises were followed by the "Missionary Symposium." Miss Lansing introduced this exercise with a few terse remarks upon missions when each girl, dressed in the costume of the country that she represented, entered in turn and gave her plea and Macedonian call, "come over and help us." Miss Eva Foster, who leaves for Singapore in a few months, addressed the audience on Foreign Missions. Since her life is devoted to the work in foreign lands the interest in the address was deepened.

The exercises of Sunday opened with a consecration meeting before church time. The convention assembled in the Congregational church to hear the

sermon by Rev. C. F. Clapp, of Portland, who spoke from the text, "Who Knoweth but Thou Art Come Into the Kingdom for Such a Time as This?", dwelling on the opportunities offered to young women of today and of the need of woman's service in all mission fields. At 3 o'clock the young ladies met in prayer meeting led by Mrs. McClelland. The closing services were held in the Methodist church and were conducted by Mrs. Dummett. Short speeches were heard from Rev. Rogers, of the Congregational church, Rev. Waters of the Methodist church by Pres. McClelland and Mr. J. A. Dummett. Resolutions were read and adopted thanking all who had helped to make the convention a success and the visit of the delegates so pleasant. As is customary on such occasions the members of the various associations joined hands around the church and sang "Blest be the tie that binds."

So the convention ended. Ended in one way, but it is to be hoped that the inspiration to better work, nobler and purer lives will continue—will increase and that eternity only can tell the great good all obtained. There were more than seventy delegates present at this first convention which was a decided success. It is expected that at least one convention a year will be held and the work in the Y. W. C. A. ought to move forward with rapid strides with such help as they give.

HOPE AND MEMORY.

HOPE and memory are two artists, working together, one painting the future to us, while the other paints scenes of the past.

The pictures painted by hope are in gaudy colors, many of which blacken and fade before the wheels of time bring us to them.

Memory has painted scenes of real life, and has made more use of grays and other neutral tints, instead of laying on so recklessly the showy colors so much employed by hope.

Our mind is the studio of these noted artists, and the walls are hung with many bright and beautiful paintings. These pictures are not for sale—no, money could not buy them! The world will never know how beautiful they are.

A mother stands beside a little grave, weeping because a sweet treasure has been taken away. She has watched life slowly ebb, and now she strews flowers upon a coffined form instead of kisses on a warm brow. She has buried her sweetest joy, an unfolded bud of innocence nipped by the frosts of time before the canker worm of corruption had nestled among its petals. Would that mother willingly give up memory's picture of her child? This is all she has left of her jewel. It lifts from her heart life's dark shadows and points to hope's picture where she sees her child not

dead, but living among the angels up at Heaven's gate.

The youth enters this studio and looks upon the lofty air castles, the magnificent buildings, the great ships sailing on a peaceful ocean, the young men who have reached the height of fame, and as he gazes upon these scenes, hope irradiates the future and he lays out brilliant plans and forms ambitious resolutions. It seems so easy to gain wealth and fame.

The old man with bent form and whitened locks looks upon the scenes of memory. He has few hopes in this life. He views the castle in ruins, that crushed many dreams as it fell; the stately ship wrecked on a stormy ocean, and wealth and fame have little pleasure for him. He loves to gaze on the old fashioned pictures; these being happy memories and "carry him far away." Here is the face of an old friend, here a cottage among the trees, his old home, and here a happy, barefooted boy fishing in the brook; there a picture of one whom he thought to be his true friend, but who proves to be false and a tear falls on his white cheek as he remembers the disappointments of life and that there must be some shadows in this bright, beautiful, joy-giving world of ours, but he brushes the tear away and thinks of happier things.

Those who have lived long have stood

over the grave of many an early dream. Success when it came was not what they had thought it to be. You have watched by the couch of many a hope and seen it fail and die. You have buried many a bright expectation and laid the memorial wreath over many a joy. Withered garlands are there and broken vases fragrant with flowers, and the white faces of those who sleep. Still there is a mournful pleasure in remembering the sad scenes of life. The aged love to set recollections to beat the roll-call and summon up from the grave the old times—"The good old times." In memory again he visits the scenes of his child hood; the old school house with its little square windows, broad fire-place and long line of oaken benches! How well he remembers the stern look of the gray-haired, spectacled school-master and how he trembled as the word was pronounced from the old speller; again he travels the old road to school and lingers at the bend where the brook crosses the road and runs down through the deep ravine, cool and sparkling, rippling along over rocks and through ferns. It was here he gathered snow-white pebbles and quenched his thirst from the cool waters. How plainly the old times come back! He recalls to his memory many of his old school mates who started out on life's highway with him, some of whom early grew tired of the journey and now rest peacefully in the church yard. Memory paints a variegated

scene, full of joys and trials but hope can not paint one blessing more than memory can retrace.

The middle-aged man has reached the top of the mountain and looks around at the present; he has learned that this is a hard world and he hopes little and works more. The young man looks forward, life is all before him; he does not know that this is a hard world and he works little and hope leads him on. Many a duty is performed that would never be accomplished if hope, that guiding star, were not there to cheer him on his way.

Hope is the gift of God, the sunshine of our hearts. One of our poets tells the beautiful story of how hope was sent to drive away despair.

The mournful sounds and smoke of sin clouded the light of heaven; God called the two angels Love and Pity and bade them fly to the earth and give comfort to suffering humanity. When they reached the world of sin Pity shuddered and wept but Love smiled a smile of cheer, and lo! that tear of Pity quenched the flame of sin and with the sunshine of that smile Hope entered into the world. Then the angel flew up to the throne and the Voice spake:—

"Welcome: my angels! Ye have brought a holier joy to heaven; Henceforth its sweetest song shall be the song of sin forgiven."

and ever since, Hope has been to man a ministering angel. Under trouble it soothes our minds, amidst temptations

it supports our virtue and in dying moments enables us to say "O, death! where is thy sting? O, grave! where is thy victory?" When the last spark of life departs, hope flies heavenward and is rekindled upon the altar of eternity. Hope is often delusive and is never so wild and imaginative as in youth. The young look forward with anxious expectation to manhood; disappointed manhood speeds on to old age for the prize, and age looks back upon the course of life and sees that though he would have looked into the future, it was the hand of mercy that wove the veil which covered from his sight the events of succeeding years. Well, it is for us, that the future is veiled from our eyes, else we would weary of the trials and allurements that we are sure to encounter, but though the way be hard, yet the road is plain which leads to heaven and our highest hope may be realized.

Memory holds to view many scenes upon which we would fain drop the curtain of oblivion and let the dust of forgetfulness cover them from our sight. What a relief, could we but forget that angry word whose effect on others can never be effaced! "Boys flying kites may haul in their white-winged birds, you can't do that way when you are flying words." They can never be recalled! How these memories come one by one, showing us how useless our lives have been, how vain! How much is spoken that deserves no remem-

brance, and which does not serve as one link in one's experience not calling forth one result for the good of others, or thrilling one chord with noble impulses. Memory has been compared to a vast store-house. We should not use it for a lumber-room, storing in it useless knowledge, but we should keep it clear of all rubbish and store it with good thoughts. An aged person who has stored his mind with beneficial knowledge and can revert to a life of self-denial and exertion in virtue's ways has a source of happiness, pure and unalloyed, which is denied him whose guiding rule of life has been selfishness.

The memories of youth possess an interest which the world can not dislodge from our breasts. To youth, blighted hopes come like the cold dew of the evening on the flowers. The sun next morning evaporates the dew and the flower is brighter and purer from its momentary affliction. Sorrow purifies the heart of youth as the rain purifies the growing plant.

But to the man of mature years, the blighting of cherished hopes is apt to fall with chilling effect. Memory seldom fails when her office is to show us the tomb of our buried hopes. Many bright anticipations are blasted, and the future that seemed so bright darkens, yet from the ruins of despair purer hopes arise and the things that weigh our spirits down, vanish like a bubble and 'Tis Hope that brings to view the silver lining in every cloud. Today we

stand at the open gate of active life "on a narrow isthmus between the boundless seas—the past the future, two eternities." "Hope links us to the future, but the link that binds us to the past is memory."

The paths of life open brightly before us. It is ours to choose the broad or the narrow, whether we will "quit ourselves like men and women" or fail as many others have done. Hope paints a brilliant future and:—"Like the glimmering taper's light, adorns and cheers the way." While we are looking anxiously into the future, memory draws the curtain and we look back on the happy days of the past, and say with the poet:—

"Sweet are the memories it holdeth
Rich are the gifts of its love
Which softly alighteth and foldeth,
Its wings like a dove.
But fair angel Hope comes to woo us,
Flying from heaven with treasures,
While fresh as the dawn she brings to us
Time's latest born pleasures."

After years have flown and we are busy in the whirl of life, we will look back to the time spent in school as an oasis in the desert of time.

Memory will paint vivid pictures of dear friends, teachers and schoolmates and they will return to us as plainly as when we talked with them face to face.

These are memories of the heart, not of the brain, not cold impressions soon to be effaced, but we've a page on which to write our friendships in warm golden letters. There is no dimming

and these memories will never lose their luster till the heart stands still.

Memory brings joys as sweet as the perfume of flowers in June, while in hope's garden grow "Wreaths for each toil, a charm for every woe."

The following written out correctly, will afford a good test for students of spelling: A rite suite little buoy, the sun of a grate kernel, with a rough around his neck, flue up the rode as quick as a dear. After a thyme he stopped at a gnu house and wrung the belle. His tow hurt hymn and he kneaded wrest. He was two tired too raze his fare, pail face. A feint mown of pane rose from his lips. The made who herd the belle was about to pair a pare, but she through it down and ran with awl her mite, for fear her guessed would knot weight. But when she saw the little won, tiers stood in her ayes at the site. 'Ewe poor deer! Why dew you lye hear? Are yew dyeing?' 'Know,' he said, 'I am feint.' She bore him inn her arms, as she aught, to a rheum where he mite be quiet, gave him bred and meet, held a cent-bottle under his knows, untied his choler, rapped him up warmly, gave him a suite drachm from a viol, till at last he went fourth as hail as a young horse.—*Academy Record.*

"Inexperience is the mother of self-conceit."

Exchange.

The commencement oration has become a thing of the past in many of the larger colleges.

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The great telescope which is now being made for Chicago University is to have a forty-five inch lens.

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The *Index*, Forest Grove, Ore., has increased its reading matter to fourteen pages instead of ten as it has had.

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The *Antiochian* contains an amusing article entitled "Some Memories." It shows the amusing side of parsonage weddings.

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The *Buchte'ite* gives an account of the national convention of the Delta Gamma Fraternity which was held at Akron Ohio.

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From one paper we have this statement; "Only forty five per cent of Vassar's graduates ever marry," and from another; "The pride of the Vassar girls is that none of their graduates, have ever been divorced." This is good argument in favor of women's colleges.

The *Student*, Portland, Ore., comes out this month in a new form. It presents a great deal more attractive appearance, although smaller in size than formerly.

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The Chicago University has made propositions to the different medical schools of that city to unite them in one medical college. Should they succeed in doing this, it will equal any medical college in the world.

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The *University Star*, Omaha Nebr., mentions the following great men as being a few of those who have canvassed for books, Washington, Gould, Emerson, Longfellow, Webster, Grant, Hayes, Bonaparte, Bismarck, Blaine and Garfield. What an encouragement this must be to the book agent.

* *
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The *Roanoke Collegian* has been publishing articles during the year on "College Types." The last one, which is on "The College Politician," closes with this sentence; "Suffice it to say, * * next to a magnificent talent, what the world most rewards is magnificent pretension." There is a great deal of truth in the statement, and it seems at times that the world even places pretension above true talent.

Local and Personal.

—Glorious? Well I should think so.

—Miss Berta Kirk is back in school again.

—Who can represent with letters the Pacific College Yell?

—Boys, wake up, field day is right here and you are not ready.

—The three tennis courts nearest the college are now completed.

—Everybody to Salem to the State Intercollegiate Oratorical Contest June 2nd.

—Rackets have come to be a desirable thing now and they frequently lead to battles too.

—One of the classes has been having some dumb-bells manufactured at the factory in town.

—The Senior who has so completely run out of anything to do, but to roll a tin wheel around on the sidewalk, for exercise, should study up on physical culture.

—Everybody come to Field Day! We mean come to the college grounds June 16th, and see the exercises of that day. We venture to say there will be some really wonderful things done that will be worth seeing. Last year you saw some things which many Colleges in the East and West would be proud of and can't do. This year it will be much better.

—Beginning Tuesday 16th and ending Thursday 18th the State Sabbath School Convention was held in Newberg. Many of the students attended the different sessions and listened to some good addresses and discussions.

—We have been told that Miss Myrtle Price and Miss Mattie Stratton have obtained teachers certificates from the county. We have not learned what they intend to do with them, but we presume they will be framed or filed away for future reference.

—Arthur Jessup has been compelled to quit school, on account of weak eyes, the last part of this term. Arthur is missed in many ways; in the classes, the base ball diamond, the tennis courts, and in the editorial department of the CRESCENT. We hope he will speedily recover.

—The mock trial which occurred Friday, May 19th, and which took the place of the regular Crescent literary program, was about as near a success as has been attained in that line yet. The one thing lacking is a superior court to try the case which was appealed.

—It almost tempts a person to wish that he were studying Botany, to see the class on a fine day, go strolling off across the fields over fences and through the cool inviting woods, in quest of botanical specimens; but perhaps one would rather remain in the study room if he were required to take these walks.

—Who will play tennis field day and who will play base ball? Some of the boys who intended to learn how to play tennis before field day, have fair prospects of not being in it this year. The damp weather lately has prohibited out door sports so far, but we are full of hope for better times.

—Pacific College and Lafayette Seminary base ball teams played a game of ball on the home grounds with a victory for our boys. The score was 19 to 20. There was no serious trouble during the game, but there was some complaint of the visiting umpire. For a fact he makes some queer decisions.

—Since our last issue we have made three new tennis courts near the college building, and some lively tennis games are expected soon. By the way, some wild games have already appeared. Everybody that can play tennis, should go into training for field day and make it a grand success. Only a few more short days now.

—Mr. A. C. Stanbrough, '93, was elected by the college classes to represent Pacific college at the State Oratorical Contest to be held at Salem June 2nd. There was to have been a home contest, but every one thought every one else was preparing orations, and as a result we had no home contest, but the result is about the same, only those who failed to write missed the benefits derived from thinking orations—which are great.

—When Oregon, in the vicinity of Newberg, at least, does bloom out, the scenery is exceedingly beautiful; it bothers the student in his studies with its beauty. One of the Professors, while contemplating a beautiful landscape near town and feasting his mind on the beauties of nature &c, gave expression to an expansion of his soul with this exclamation: "Oh, isn't this Glorious?"

—There are some of these locals that will sound old and out of place; but for a monthly paper it is almost impossible to write everything so it will sound fresh when published. As an example: The local regarding a picnic was written and set up just a short time before the proper authorities selected a committee from among the students, to arrange for said holiday, so you need not read that local.

—What became of our May Day? and why don't we have something to make up for it? There is no well regulated college without a holiday some time during the year. It now rests with the students to arrange a suitable program, for the faculty have already signified their willingness to allow a proper and beneficial holiday. Let's stir up a program and submit it for acceptance right away before school is out. We will venture that there is a fourth part of the students who have never spoken to the rest. Students should have some opportunity or excuse to form a speaking acquaintance in three months.

—Joycie Hoskins was a visitor at college on the 22nd.

—The Botany class have recently been collecting and preserving flowers.

—Miss Irene Cook and Miss Stella Lyon were visitors at the college recently.

—Pres. Newlin to the seniors: "Here is a primer that might prove interesting to you."

—We, the students, do ordain as follows: We will do our best to have a good time on field day.

—A recent meeting of the boys athletic association gave us a new formula for addressing the chairman. It is, "Say, Professor."

—Miss Ethel Townsend, a student at Pacific this year, was up from Portland to attend the Quarterly meeting of Friends, three weeks ago.

—Arthur Jessup fell from a road grader on which he was working recently, and had one foot badly cut and bruised before the team could be stopped.

—Several of the boys got their clothes muddy in the game with LaFayette, especially Cary, of LaFayette, who slid through a "fish pond" at second base.

—All students that can wield a racket should "train up" for field day with all their might. It is not always the old players who are the best, and the learners should not be backward because they have not had years of experience.

—Mrs. William Stratton and her cousin Mr. Winslow, who recently arrived in this city, attended chapel exercises May 24th and spent a little time in looking around over the college building.

—The class in German this term have completed Prof. Helmholtz's lectures—"Uber Goethe's Naturwissenschaftliche Arbiten," and are now reading Dr. Cohn's lectures—"Uber Bakterien."

—Miss Larson lost her watch one day recently and it was found in Ed Hampton's pocket. The question now is, how did it get there. Here is material for another case of larceny for our lawyers to work up.

—The Crescent society is doing a rushing business this term. It has been wonderfully mixed up and in trouble, on account of not paying strict attention to our rules and constitution, but now it is in a fair condition to recover. Before it has never been in so much trouble, quite, and never got out of what it was in.

—The Professors and students of Pacific college who reside at the boarding hall, took an excursion to the summit of Bald hill one day the first of the month. The party, consisting of Prof. Vance, Miss Howard, Miss Hinchman, Ethel Beharrell, Leota Reece, Cora Judd, Ben Wilson and Ed Ballard, took a large basket of dinner and came back, nearly dead, as one of them expressed it. But they had a picnic.

—Wilbur Round was a caller on the afternoon of May 26.

—A race track is soon to be made for use in training and on field day.

—Pres. Newlin preached at the new Friends church in Portland on May 21.

—Just look at our new uniform when you have an opportunity.—Heusamen Hutten.

—Some of the boys who play tennis are never around when there is any work to be done on the courts.

—We sometimes think that a person spends more time chasing locals that he don't get than in those that he does get.

—O where is the local editor that gathers in items from the fields of vacancy? We want some instruction in that line.

—We have about concluded that there are one hundred and forty-four seasons in a year—this year, anyway—four every month.

—We suggest that the location of the dictionary be changed for awhile. Some in the school who need it most have to go about fifty yards on a round trip to use it.

—Yell Blue! or grey or grey. Pacific College United States of America, O Ray! O Ray! hoooo.—Is a free but a tolerably good translation of our college yell. We are very much pleased to hear that the original is about to be remodelled.

—After a long dry spell (?) the people in this vicinity were favored with a light thunder shower, May 25.

—The baseball game between LaFayette boys and Pacific college boys the other day could surely not be complained of, as a dry one, by anybody.

—Pacific University and Pacific College baseball teams played a game on the grounds in Newberg, May 27. An easy victory for the Forest Grove boys was the result.

—Effic Macy's kind heart is touched as she sees the cows gazing over the wire fence at the grass on the campus and thinking of the days when it was their favorite resort.

—Those who missed hearing Lola Hunt's parody, "The School That Friends Built," missed one of the best things that the literary society has produced in that line this year.

—Some of the boys who were out of doors during the electrical storm (?) the other day noticed some peculiar phenomena for Oregon at least. Elmer Jessup was on the tennis grounds with his hat off and Walter Macy was there also, and when a flash of lightning a little stronger than usual came along, they noticed a peculiar sensation on the top of their heads. Elmer said his hair raised up on end, and Walter said his forehead felt just as if it were covered with spider webs. The question is, were they really "struck by lightning" or were they scared?

—Such thunder showers as the one we had recently are not often witnessed by the people of Oregon. Some of the students were out walking when it came up, and they came home with their minds thoroughly disabused of the belief that Oregon rain will not wet.

—The boys say Prof. Vance is a first class umpire. What work of his we have seen, he has come fully up to that standard. Some base ball umpires are so honest that when even three bases are occupied by baserunners of his own team and a man at the bat strikes three times at a ball in vain and the umpire fails to notice the last strike, which was a very wild one but plain to all the spectators, and accidentally call it a ball, we say there are umpires so honest as not to change their decision even under these trying circumstances.

—Recently there has been organized in Pacific college a musical association composed of all the students of the college who take an interest in musical culture and have the proper knowledge of music. At the first meeting they elected for Pres., J. J. Jessup; for Secy., Lulu Trueblood; for Leader, Miss Ada E. Howard; for Organist, Miss Jennie Larson; for Treasurer, A. H. Jessup; for Board of Examiners, the Pres., Prof. Jessup, Miss Daisy M. Stanley and O. J. Hobson. The object of the association is to furnish more ample means of exercising the voice and keeping in

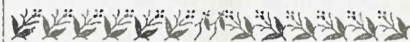
practice, those who are not called upon to sing very often, and to have songs stored away for an emergency when the college is expected to furnish music, such as commencement day

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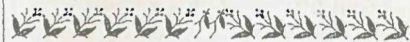


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