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THE CRESCENT.

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THE CRESCENT.

VOLUME VI.

FEBRUARY, 1895.

NUMBER 6

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF AN ATOM.

By O. J. Hobson.

PHYSICISTS suppose, philosophers conjecture, chemists presume, many doubt and many more do not know that matter is infinitely divisible. I am not infinitely small but I am the next thing to it. My family name is Carbon but chemists usually just call me "C." My entire individual appellation is too long to mention. I am so small and my voice is so faint you could not see or hear me, and, not being accustomed to public speaking I will speak to you thro my interpreter. He has a brief history of my existence on this earth and will now read it to you:

If my memory is correct I have been on this earth about 75,000,000 years, altho I have good reason for believing the time has been somewhat longer. By the way, there is a legend among us that seems to indicate that we, at one time, were a part of the sun. Long years ago, the first moment I can remember, (but I remember it well) things were strangely different from what they are now. All around, everything looked the same and everything was intensely hot; that is I and others like me were in a state of ceaseless agitation. We had plenty of room but we, each one, seemed trying his best to knock his neighbor out of the way. We kept up this constant motion for several million years (of course that would get to be monotonous now days, but we were accustomed to it and did not mind it). We kept settling more quiet all the time and settling down in closer proximity. Sometimes several hundred million billion of us would go off and leave the rest of the world for awhile — people now-a-days call those

excursions of ours fire-mist and vapor. After several more millions of years had passed away and we atoms got cold, i e, closer together, the creation of plants, trees, fishes and animals began. But I will not recount the events of this week or the part I played in the creation, only those events which began Friday, about one week ago — that is about 6,000 years ago.

God, the Creator, made man of the dust of the earth and called him the "Lord of Creation," and placed him in the most lovely spot on earth, now called the "Garden of Eden." Here was everything the capricious desires of man could possibly ask. Here was the beautiful roses, and daisies, and buttercups, and lilies, the bright tinted violets and pansies, dahlias and fragrant pinks, hyacinths and heliotrope without number, to please the eye; to sate hunger was the bread tree, the olive, quince and fig, date-palm, orange and apple. And all about might be seen the long, twining tendrils of the grapevine bearing the pendant clusters of the luscious fruit, and vegetal life was abundant.

Here the giant cedars, and fir, and spruce lifted their lofty heads toward Heaven; underneath the wide-spreading oak, and elm, and hemlock, and beech, and birch, and maple interlace their leafy arms above and form a beautiful, living canopy for the more delicate life below. On every side the

green, rank foliage of rarest beauty and every kind seemed striving for a place nearest to the grassy paths that led through the dell, and wild flowers of varied hue decorate the green sward. This scene, in its beauty, far surpassing all description, is animated by the twittering of countless birds flitting about among the branches of the trees; by the demonstrations of satisfaction and happiness from the many wild animals which here find pleasant shelter from the heat; by the monotonous droning of insects warmed into life and song by the subdued sun as his caloric rays are sifted through the leafy boughs, and by the gentle voice of the breeze in the tree tops wafting the sweet plaintive note of the song bird; by the merry song of the brook as it goes playfully leaping past the hindering rocks.

Beauty must be nothing, with no eye to behold,
Sweet sounds reach the ear, their sweetness to unfold.

Over there in a pleasant, shady nook 'mong the gently rustling leaves sit the Master and Mistress of creation enjoying the natural, careless beauty of their home.

I was there and saw this all. Many years before I had been washed from the bank of a stream, where I had been long ages, and carried down to the sea. I arose in the air with a mist and was tossed about in the air by the wind and finally fell to the earth with a tiny drop of water. I was soon taken

up by a tree and for a long time formed a part of its substance, resting in a pleasant place on the bark of a little twig. Every evening as the sun sank to rest, I saw the Master and Mistress walking in the cool shade of the garden. But there came a day in which all glad nature was turned into mourning, when the terrible and just mandate fell from the lips of the Creator and the penalty of sin was pronounced. Not long after this sad event a little bird, while hunting a worm, pecked a number of us off the tree and we fell to the ground. We soon fell apart, some entering the life of the vegetation again, some being blown away by the wind. I was fortunate enough to be able to continue my eventful journey by being taken by a rain drop down under the ground. After wandering about under the ground a little while, uniting with various bases and gases forming different compounds, then being released again, I finally came to the surface once more in a clear, sparkling spring. I was thrown into the air by a bursting bubble and soon found myself floating in the air upon a particle of dust.

Before long the particles of air all began to move gently over the surface of the earth and I was carried by the breeze and deposited on the surface of a river near by. In a few days I found myself a part of a fish making rapidly for the sea, witnessing many battles

between huge sea monsters there, and saw many wonderful places. One day we, the fish, rubbed one of our fins against a rock and I with several others was left in the bottom of the deep sea. We were soon separated by chemical actions and I roamed, for a long time, through the deep sea all alone. At length I was hurled violently by the surf, high up on a cliff on the sea shore. The cliff was of limestone and I soon became a part of the rocky shore. I had been here a few hundred years when an enormous bird flying along the coast alighted to rest directly over me; on starting to fly away his sharp talons scratched the surface and I was soon soaring high in the air.

After flying through the air for several hours the big bird shook us loose and I dropped down in a dark and lonely jungle. A hungry tree soon found use for me and I was used in the construction of a real nice berry. About the time we got ripe, here came a monstrous animal with a long nose and two long glistening teeth, plunging through the thick underbrush. He saw us and the berry was no more. My value was very much enhanced, however, for I was soon a piece of beautiful ivory. In a few years the elephant was killed and we were taken to a workshop and carved into very beautiful ornaments and decorated with gold. I came very near being chiseled off of one piece and thrown away for there were only

about one million of my neighbors left between me and the surface. I was retained and while the workman was completing the work I heard him say, accidentally, that we were for a great and rich Queen. And in a few days we were presented to the Queen by the workman and she praised him for the wonderful and beautiful work he had performed, and gave him great stacks of our friends called silver. She took us and showed us to her intimate friends and said to one of them, "Won't that make his eyes shine?" We began to wonder what was going to be our fate. Some of us, who had forgotten that we were ivory, thought she was going to give us to one of her pet animals to be devoured by it. We laughed at them and asked where they had been, and they said they had forgotten they were not the fig they were a few weeks before.

In a few days the Queen set out on a long journey and took us along. On the way we gathered from different things she said that she was taking us to a great and wise king whose name was Solomon. We saw many nice things at this man's house, but we were not thought to be so nice. He laid us in a study room on a table and we laid there for a long time unnoticed until one day he took us to see how well we conducted or resisted the electric current; he was so surprised at the result that he dropped an instrument

which hit us and sent me flying thro the air. I alighted on the floor and had just started contemplating the many marvelous escapes I had had from a life of imprisonment when a gust of wind carried me out of doors.

The detailed account of all my succeeding escapes, and my life in general, would be too long and so I will mention a few of the most important positions I have held in this world:

In Egypt, I was at different times a part of a papyrus reed; dust on the floor of the king's palace, and a part of the pyramids. I was carried to Assyria in battle, in a king's right hand. I was left there and played an important part in the affairs of Babylon. I went to Carthage with the aristocratic followers of Dido. In Greece I witnessed the stirring events in Athens and Sparta, and heard the grand eloquence of Demosthenes and Pericles; I was present at the siege of Troy, and witnessed the horrible massacre which followed, I was taken from this place by the famous Aneas, and my lot was cast with the rising Roman nation. Among these people I held a place, first, in the handle of the dart which Aneas brought; next as an atom floating about all alone, now forming a part of a beautiful rare plant, now a piece of dust only in the way. At one time a Roman soldier went to battle with me in his eye, and he did not object for I was "crystalline lens" and he saw the

enemy throu my transparency. The Romans carried me to Britain o'er the sea and here I continued my eventful career and in a few years saw the most rapid advance of civilization I had ever seen. But when I came to America in the seventeenth century I thought surely my time had come to settle down to a life of inactivity. Well, I was lost in the woods of the wild west and for a time lived the life of a hermit. But before I knew what was coming, here I was speeding along assisting in a civilization the like of which I had never seen. I was kept busy for everything seemed to be in a hurry—now I was flying along over the steel rails, next on a car wheel, now adorning a millinery display in a show window, then revolving with lightning like rapidity on an electric machine, now growing in a rose bush, then in an incandescent lamp jumping about like I did several million years before, now resting as dust on the granite palace.

I think I can say my life has been one of interesting changes. One day admired for beauty, the next despised and shunned, then lost to the world for centuries. At one time I occupied a place in a brain cell of my interpreter and inspired this bit of history. By the time this reaches you, I may be burning in the furnace or lamp, or sailing thro the waves of the Pacific, or looking out on the busy world from

the show window or, perhaps, passing thro an ordeal in the chemical laboratory.

In my long and checkered career I have found that my utility depends upon the company I keep, altogether. Whether the world admire or loath me, love or hate me, scorn or pity me, use or reject me, depends entirely upon my surroundings.

THE PRELIMINARY CONTEST.

The long expected, much-talked-of, and to some, the ill-fated February 1st, has come and gone. The Oracles have been duly consulted and the victor has been crowned. For several weeks the oratorical contest has excited considerable interest in the college community, which grew into a white heat as the time of decision approached. Class meetings were held in the interest of the contestants, and groups of students might be seen discussing in low tones the merits and demerits of the orators. Yards and yards of ribbon were purchased, and each class having a representative in the contest made full arrangements how they would dispose of the honors to be placed upon their fellow classmate.

The evening for decision arrived. The chapel was tastefully decorated with a background of old gold and navy blue, nicely set off with the cardinal and steel gray of '95, the Nile green and shell pink of '98, and in the ab-

sence of class colors of '96 their representative was honored with an upholstered chair. Alas, for the cream and old rose of '97, for it was conspicuous for its absence from the stage that night. The members of various classes sat together except in a few cases where stronger ties drew them elsewhere.

Ore L. Price, president of the Oratorical Association, presided over the meeting. As the contestants entered the room it was with difficulty that their admirers could refrain from an outburst of enthusiasm. The exercises were opened with a well executed piano solo by Miss Myrtle Gardner, after which

S. T. STANLEY, '98,

he of the Nile green and shell pink, was introduced and held the closest attention of the audience while he discussed his subject, "Our Aims." Mr. Stanley's voice was clear and his enunciation was distinct; his delivery was equally good the entire time. His oration contained good thoughts placed in well worded sentences, but it lacked that close connection and sequence of thought characteristic of the finished oration, hence his oratory had much of a sameness throughout. This oration pleased the audience and was a credit to '98, and to the college. When the cheering had died away the president introduced

LIDA J. HANSON, '96,

she of the upholstered chair, who

stepped forward and delivered her oration, "Wanted — A Thinker." Miss Hanson is a careful and deep thinker, and this oration showed her at her best in its composition. The thought did not lie on the surface, but as the oration will be published in the CRESCENT no further comment will be made upon its composition. The speaker was not entirely at ease before the audience; her gestures were somewhat artificial and forced, and her tone was inclined toward monotony, but she went through the oration without a break and it was really the work of a scholar. The audience was pleased and when Miss Hanson took her seat the '95's were pale and nervous for they felt that the honors were not to be won easily. The president then introduced

H. F. ALLEN, '95,

he of the cardinal and steel gray, who came to the front with his oration, "Whither?" Mr. Allen was more at ease on the stage than either of the others and he had a well prepared oration on a popular subject. His voice was not clear and it was pitched too high. The composition was well fitted for oratory with now and then a climax and many force sentences. His manner was easy and his gestures were graceful. He satisfied his hearers that we as a nation are not deteriorating. The thought was easy to follow. This oration will be published in the CRESCENT.

The judges, E. H. Woodward, J. H. Rees and Miss Margaret Inglis, then withdrew to make up their report, while the audience was entertained with a vocal solo by Miss Mable Edwards, and a vocal duet by Misses Satchwell and Sargeant. The audience was aware of the fact that the judges were placed in a close position, and the vote of the house would not have been unanimous by any means. But there was no disposition to dispute the decision of those who had more carefully tabulated the results, so when the judges appeared and announced that they had awarded the first place to H. F. Allen the applause was universal and the college yell filled the chapel as it never had done before, and the victorious orator was carried from the room on the shoulders of his admirers.

Riff! Ruff! Ruff!!
Pacific's the stuff!!

"Who's all right?"

"Allen's all right!"

THE RECEPTION.

A large company assembled in the chapel of the college building, Saturday evening, February 16th, to bid Mrs. David Martin good bye before she started on her trip east in the interest of the college. By 7:30 the room was well filled with students and the many friends of the school. A little later the pupils of the room which Mrs. Martin has been teacher so long, marched over from the public school under the care of Prof J. C. Hodson.

The early part of the evening was

spent in playing games and having a good time in general; everyone seemed happy and the hour passed before we realized it. All enjoyed the evening and the good time. The good things that were said, and the enthusiasm with which they were said, will long be remembered by those who were present.

We all feel sorry to have Mrs. Martin leave us, as Rev. Scott said later, "We shall miss her in the church, the Sunday school, the school, as a neighbor, as a friend and her own family will miss her, yet we are glad she is going, and we believe it will be made up to us in some other way. May God see fit to bring her back safely to us again." We earnestly hope she may have a pleasant journey and that it may indeed prove a blessing to Pacific College. We are sure she will well represent us, for she is one of us and knows our needs so well.

After we had so well enjoyed ourselves in a social way the house was called to order by the chairman of the Board Edmund Robinson, who acted in the absence of the president. Mr. Robinson made a few opening remarks and the male quartette favored us with a very pretty selection, then followed Orm C. Emery, the mayor of the city, on behalf of the city; Rev. Elwood Scott on behalf of the church; Pres. Thomas Newlin on behalf of the Faculty; Miss Dasie Stanley on behalf of the students; Prof. J. C. Hodson on behalf of the public school, to which Mrs. Martin in a few appropriate words responded. The male quartette sang "Nearer My God to Thee," and Rev. Jas. Price dismissed the audience with a few words of prayer.

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In the past we have found it much easier to work under the direction of a higher power than to take the lead, but the time comes to every one when he is to take the lead for awhile or prove his inefficiency to perform the duties. The time has come when it is thought best on the part of the Editor-in-Chief of this paper that she should yield her place to other hands. While we did relieve her of the Editorship, it was with much regret that her resignation was accepted. It was in her hand that the paper was enlarged from a sixteen to a twenty page monthly, its present size.

In assuming the position of Editor-in-Chief we feel a great responsibility and we hope the patrons and friends will sustain us as they have the past

Editors. While we have had some experience in connection with the work it has been of a different character, and that in which the mistakes and nature of the work was not so plain to the public. There will be some other changes in the editorial staff. Miss Ella Macy will act as Assistant Editor — she was a member of the staff last year as one of the local editors. Miss Stanley will act in conjunction with Elma Brown as local editor. Fred Scott and Nate D. Elliott will also be included in the staff. Others will also contribute notes of different kinds. If at any time there are articles that you do not approve, do not go to the one you may think is the author of the article, but come to the Editor to state your objections, as he will be responsible for all things that may occur in the paper.

This is the the time to decide what could be done to beautify the college campus. There should be trees planted and the lawn beautified. Why can't each class do something along this line? They should endeavor to leave the college in a better condition when they go out from its walls than when they come, and this is one of the ways in which this can be done.

Since our last issue there has been a change in the financial basis of Pacific College. The college now rests on such

a strong financial foundation as to insure its future success. A stock company has been formed with a capital stock of \$40,000, controlled by twelve managers and the president of the college, with the following officers: Jesse Edwards, president; B. C. Miles, secretary, and J. T. Smith, treasurer.

Nobly has the community stood by the college in every possible way. It has recognized in it a power for the up-building of the best interests of the community. Not only has the church aided it, but also those of the citizens who are working for the good of those around them.

We do not believe college students should dabble in politics, but they should uphold the right and oppose the wrong wherever they find it. When a body of law makers or legislators act as the present assembly is doing in reference to electing a United States Senator, it becomes the duty of every honest citizen to disapprove of such action. It is the duty of the college to educate the young people so that they can distinguish between right and wrong, and then the student renounce the wrong. This seems to be one great trouble with politicians, and until such conditions cease to exist the different states will have their legislative bodies which will be a perfect bore. If such conditions continue the time will come when we can only get the political scoundrel to consent to go to the legislature.

It is the little things in life that make the larger things. Little Things. "Take care of the pennies and the dollars will take care of themselves." In college life this is equally as applicable as any other place and the student that is careful of the small things is the one that is going to be successful. Using the penknife on college property is not becoming one that has advanced far enough to be called a college student. This belongs to public school children, and even there it is indulged in by those that are thoughtless and have contracted the terrible habit of being careless. Persons entering after the opening song are contracting a habit which will follow them through life. It may seem but a small thing to be so little late, but the men and women that are sought to fill the best positions are those that are on time.

The Literary Society which for a month had been meeting at 6:30 on account of the revival meetings at the Friends church, met at the same hour Feb. 9th on account of the missionary meeting. — The society this term seems to be making progress in proportion to its president. Both in the number of members and in the quality and promptness of the productions there is a decided improvement. — The essay together with the object lesson on gunpowder by D. P. Price at literary Feb. 15, was very interesting and laughable.

Exchanges.

Squibs now has an exchange page.

The sneeze —

A pause,

A smile,

A scowl erstwhile.

A gasp,

A roar,

And all is o'er.—*Ex.*

There are 12,000 students in the scientific schools of this country.—*Ex.*

The fixed annual income of the University of California is now \$325,000.—*Ex.*

"When may I sleep again?" he cried,
As the baby began to squall;
And a saucy echo answered back
"After the bawl."—*Ex.*

The Spectator contains an article, entitled "Hobbies," which is well worth reading.

If you would be pungent, be brief; for it is with words as with sunbeams—the more they are condensed the deeper the burn.—*Ex.*

"Practical Education" is the title of an excellent article in the February number of the College Palladium. "The boy is to be more than a carpenter, the girl more than a seamstress. Both are to be citizens; both are to be members of society; both are to wield

an influence; both are to live constant companions of their own thoughts, and unless these be above the routine of their daily labor, life is degraded."

We have received the following new exchanges this month: The Dial, La Crosse, Wis.; the Phi-Rhonian, Bath, Me.; Mercersburg Monthly, Mercersburg College, Pa., and the Tiltonian, Tilton, N. H. We give these a hearty welcome.

The February 1st publication of the Earhamite contains the second and third place orations in their preliminary contest. These are orations of much literary merit and are worthy of careful reading.

For its neatness, fine clear print, and excellent work, we deem the Central Collegian, of Fayette, Mo., one of our foremost exchanges. It is the oldest college paper in that state.

The Calorwa Student contains several short article on some of the important questions of the day, which are right to the point.

The Tiltonian, from Tilton, N. H., is another creditable journal which has been added to our list of exchanges.

The spoken word, so soon forgot
By thee, but it has perished not;
In other hearts it is living still,
And doing work for good or ill.—*Ex.*

Y. M. and Y. W. C. A.

Y. M. C. A.

Prof. Jessup led the Sunday afternoon prayer meeting of the 24th.

Some of the members are looking forward to the state convention, to be held at Forest Grove.

It will soon be time for reorganization, and it is hoped it will take place before the State Convention.

J. A. Dummett, traveling secretary of the Y. M. C. A. work, is expecting to visit this place in a few weeks.

We have some new members since the revival meetings at this place, and in the surrounding neighborhoods.

We are sorry to know that the leader for one of our Tuesday evening prayer meetings forgot his duties and was not even present at the services.

O. J. Hobson led the Tuesday evening prayer meeting on the 26th. The attendance was larger than common, and a lively meeting was the result.

Eugene Hoskins led the Sunday evening prayer meeting the 17th. His subject was "Causes of Backsliding."

His talk was practical and suggestive.

An effort is being made to organize in a better manner. The association has not had a constitution, but has been governed by the state constitution.

The committee have selected subjects for the remainder of the school year. We hope they will be announced ahead of time, so all can prepare on them.

Y. W. C. A.

The day of prayer for the international convention was observed by a prayer meeting in the afternoon, at the church. Those who attended expressed much interest in the convention and sympathy with its managers.

The secretary, Miss Jennie Scott, having resigned, not being in school this term, Miss Mary Round was elected to fill the vacancy. The association regrets being obliged to lose one of its officers.

A cantata, entitled "Ruth," will be given in the near future by the association and its friends.

The young ladies athletic exercises are strikingly —

Local and Personal.

Did you get a "home made" valentine?

Six large boys in a two-seated hack and not crowded (?).

Roy Gardner took a horseback ride to Marion Feb. 16th and remained over Sunday.

Ask O. K. Edwards how he came by such a title as the one he wears after his name.

Did you see those good looking pictures Mr. Hobson took of the faculty and students?

Whoa!! Whats broken? Oh, nothing but a trace, breast strap, back band and a singletree.

Clara Vaughan has returned to her school work after spending a week at her home in Portland.

If anyone failed to enjoy Mr. Irwin's lecture, they don't know how to appreciate a good thing when they have it.

Gertrude Lamb is pursuing her language studies at home, and Prof. Lewis says she is making equal progress with the classes in college.

Frank Deach, who has been teaching a school about ten miles beyond West Chehalem, felt constrained to pay a short visit to his former schoolmates at Pacific on the 18th. He will probably begin teaching again soon.

Clara Vaughan went home to rest up for a few days.

Mabel Edwards has been unable to be in college for several days.

The Chinese war was discussed by the Sophomores at their last regular meeting.

Nate D. Elliott thinks legislature too dull for him unless there was some money in it.

Dasie Stanley went to Portland the 14th and purchased the material for our college banner.

Died, for want of breath, sometime between dark and daylight, that \$3.00 horse of Roy Gardner's.

Jennie Scott has been missed by the German class for some time on account of her mother being sick.

She — "Good-night, mother."
Freshmen Delegate, (in adjoining room) — "Good-night, darling."

Marion Cook has been kept at home for quite a while on account of sickness but was improving at the last report.

The Literature class have been studying "Locksley Hall," and claim to know now what that quotation means which begins, "In the spring —"

Lewis, our jolly janitor has acquired — or some way gotten hold of — a taste for free hand drawing. The blackboards of late very frequently show forth his skill in decorative art.

Miss Sargeant attended the legislature on the 18th.

Miss Ethel Beharrell, a former student, recently graduated from the Failing Grammar School, Portland.

The balmy breezes blow, the frog tunes up, the lads betake themselves to the campus and the lassies practice archery.

One of the Senior lads says he intends to be married by this time next year. We know not what he bases his expectations upon.

Myrtle and Roy Gardner were happily surprised by the arrival of their mother, brother and sister from Omaha on the 18th of this month.

A tramp once inquired at a house if he could get some old clothing, but on being informed that they played football at that place he went away in disappointment.

There is a mistake in the statement that Dasie Stanley will take a place as local editor. She has helped in this department this issue, but cannot accept the position permanently.—[Ed.]

"Not very long since a phrenologist while feeling around a Freshman's "bumps" remarked, "A strong five in mathematics" Insulted Freshie—"Ah, pshaw! I got eighty-three in Geometry last term."

Mrs. Heler B. Harford conducted chapel exercises on Friday morning, the 15th.

Several of the young people from Springbrook came down to hear Mr. Irwin's lecture.

An article, "Shall We Build a Gymnasium?" read by D. P. Price at a recent meeting of the Crescent Society made many good points.

The Seniors all look pale since taking up Christian Ethics. Some almost despair of living through the introduction.

Peddler — "That little book on 'How to Preserve the Hair' is the key to the entire situation." Baldy — "I am very sorry, but I have not a single lock that it would fit."

Miss Mary Williams and her niece, Miss Avery of Washington, were college visitors not many mornings ago. Miss Avery has enrolled for work in the Preparatory department.

The library is no longer open to students at all hours. After the first two periods in the morning until the noon recess and from 1:50 in the afternoon until 3:50 the library is closed. This may seem a little inconvenient for a while, but will doubtless prove to be the best plan after we become accustomed to the change.

Lewis' latest fad is spring poetry. We can but wonder what next.

B. R. Lindley of Washington, a cousin of Miss Sargeant, was in town over Sunday.

That Greek Testament class recites before chapel — that's the most definite thing known about it.

Let no man presume to give advice to others that has not at first given good counsel to himself.— *Seneca*.

Miss Margaret Williams has proven herself to be such a successful teacher that she has been engaged for a second term.

The base ball season has begun, and we wish to announce to the College nine, or nines, that no reference will be made to them in these columns till they win a game.

Our Eastern exchanges speak of sleighriding and skating as principal amusements, which are known to the Oregon student only in name or the dim memory of days gone by.

Speckled Dominiker — "I learned something awful about Mrs. Plymouth Rock today." Mrs. Leghorn White — "For gracious sake what was it?" S. D. — "She prides herself on her family connections you know, and she hasn't any — she was hatched in an incubator."

The mosquito haunts the study room. His points are all well taken, and he never fails to make an impression.

Opinion is not truth, but truth filtered through the standpoint, the disposition or the mood of the spectator.— *Wendell Phillips*.

Lola Hunt has been staying at Edmond Robinson's for a few weeks enjoying the fresh air and pure water that the elevation of the place affords.

The farewell reception given Mrs. Vannie Martin at the college chapel, Friday evening, the 16th, was well attended by the students and patrons of Pacific College.

Arrangements are being made by the Board's committee on Buildings and Grounds for the planting of trees and shrubbery, and the beautifying of the campus in general. The students are pleased with the prospect and are planning for a share in the good work.

The Freshmen recital on the evening of the 23d showed careful work on the part of those who participated. A cornet solo by Mr. Inglis and other instrumental and vocal music helped in making an interesting program. The decorations, which consisted of three arches of ivy and Oregon grape, over which hung the class motto, "Still Achieving, Still Pursuing," with the addition of the new college banner at one end of the stage produced a very pleasing effect.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

By M. W. M.

In a quaint New England farmhouse
More than eighty years ago,
A little boy was born one day
Mid winter's falling snow.
Of sturdy Quaker parentage,
With sweet-voiced "thou" and "thee"—
Our gracious Quaker poet
Came to bless humanity.

He played upon the hillside
In the meadow, by the creek,
And birds and bees and blossoms
Told him their secrets sweet.
Then he translates their language
To our eager waiting ears,
As he teaches us life's lessons—
Its hopes and joys and fears.

By my glowing winter fireside
I read from the treasured store
And the pages to me seem talking
As I turn them o'er and o'er.
I see the laughing Barefoot Boy—
The Schoolhouse by the Road—
Maud Muller mid unraked clover—
And hear what the Bees are Told.

For me the Tent on the Beach was pitched
By the waves of the eastern sea.
For me the Snow Bound cottage fire
Is burning cheerily.
I hear the plues of Ramoth hill
For My Playmate making moan—
And see Cobbler Keezar's Vision
In the rolling of his stone.

Then backward I turn the pages
To the tale of our country's strife,
And The Slave Ships awful darkness,
And the black man's fettered life.
I can feel the poet's anguish
As with man and God he pleads
To crush this monster, slavery—
And relieve the black man's needs.

Then—brave, old Barbara Frietchie
With Freedom's flag held fast,
Defies the nut-brown soldiers,
And the flag flies free at last!
And now—the war is over
And cheerful Labor Songs
With Thanksgiving's golden Pumpkin
Help us forget our wrongs!

Across our western prairies
The Kansas Emigrants go—
While the good Three Bells, on the ocean,
Saves the ship that's sinking slow.
And the Pennsylvania Pilgrim,
The Quaker of Olden Time,
With the "Light of Life" around him
Makes earth almost sublime.

And now, I reach My Birthday,
And My Soul and I commune,
While the poet's gentle, kindly words
Put my heart in glad attune.
You wonder I love this volume
With its tales so sweetly told?
It breathes of love and heaven—
And I love its writer old!

Old did I say? No, never!
 For his heart is young alway
 With the soul youth sweeter growing
 As the years grow, day by day.
 But you say my Quaker poet
 Sleeps beneath the winter's snow —
 Ah, yes, but his words live ever —
 Though the long years come and go

They are like the incense offered
 By the priests of long ago —
 At morn and eve ascending
 To our God, for men below —
 And the perfume rare and fragrant
 On this altar shall ne'er cease,
 Though the author's pen is idle
 And he rests in Christ, in peace.
 —The Bethany Collegian

Musical Recital.

A musical and literary recital was given in the boarding hall parlor Monday evening, Feb. 25th. A number of friends had been invited in and enjoyed the following program:

Recitation	Ola White.	Enticement
Recitation	The Pauper's Death Bed	
	Julia Prentiss.	
Instrumental Solo	Starlight Waltz	
	Carrie Clemensou.	
Vocal Solo	The Mighty Deep	
	Will Macy.	
Instrumental Solo	May Dance	
	Bernice Woodward.	
Recitation	Rock of Ages	
	Hattie George.	
Instrumental Solo	Martha	
	Mable Cutts.	
Vocal solo	Minnlonette	
	Miss Satchwell.	
Instrumental Solo	Frolic of the Frogs	
	Julia Prentiss	
Recitation	The Word that was Not too Late	
	Bertha Cox.	
Instrumental Solo	Tyrolienne	
	Sibyl Woodward.	

State Contest.

After the excitement of home contest had passed away, the pupils, faculty and friends of the college began to realize that the greatest event was yet to

come, and all were anxious to attend the state contest. Preparations were begun immediately. Oratorical meetings were held, delegates were appointed from the several college classes, and arrangements were made to have a banner to carry to the contest. The principal subject for discussion of the community was about the contest, and almost everywhere the question, "Are you going to the contest?" could be heard. About a week before the great event news was received that Forest Grove was quarantined on account of diphtheria. Papers were searched to prove the report, but nothing could be proven except there was two cases in town. Several decided they would not run any risks, and concluded not to go. News came the day before the contest that there was no danger, so arrangements were completed, time set, and all things made ready for an early start the next day. H. F. Allen and R. S. Inglis went to La Fayette that evening on the 6 o'clock train, and were going

over to St. Joseph the next morning to take the early train. O. K. Edwards and J. R. Johnson started the next morning at 5 o'clock, hoping to get there in time to see to some other things before the business meeting in the afternoon. After a muddy ride they arrived in town just in time to hear the bell ring to announce the business meeting at the Congregational church. They were received by H. F. Allen and R. S. Inglis at the livery stable and taken directly to the church, where they met the delegates from other colleges.

The meeting was called to order by the president and immediately proceeded to the order of business. The chairmen of the different delegations were made members of the committee on credentials, and the president appointed a committee on resolutions of which Elnor Washburn was chairman. Mr. Callison of Williamette University made a motion to the effect that: The president appoint five delegates on a committee to make a final decision of what constitutes a college. After a much heated discussion the motion was carried and Mr. Callison of Williamette University, Mr. Williams of Albany College, Mr. Nelson of Pacific University, Mr. Edwards of Pacific College, and Mr. Matthews of University of Oregon were appointed on the committee. A motion was presented and adopted that this committee make

a report at the close of the meeting if ready and if not, at a call meeting at 3 o'clock in the afternoon. Then passed to the election of officers. When the announcement that nominations were in order for president was given, stirring speeches were made by those presenting candidates for this position. The remainder of the Newberg delegates arrived just in time to vote for the president. Mr. Dotson of Portland University was elected. After repeated balloting Mr. Shadduck of Eugene was elected secretary. As it was past noon the meeting adjourned to meet at the college chapel at 3 p. m. Those delegates not having places of entertainment were found places, but the visitors had to give the hotels a call. Dinner being over the visitors proceeded to acquaint themselves with the town. It was no uncommon thing to see several students collected together and engaging in warm discussions. All was excitement over the thought of finding out what a college is. Monmouth, Corvallis and McMinnville were those most bitterly opposed to the measure.

The meeting was called to order again at 3:30 p. m. and Mr. Nelson of McMinnville was elected as treasurer for the coming year, after which Mr. Foshay, the ex-secretary, proposed an amendment to the constitution which was accepted. Several other amendments were proposed but they were not

made a part of the constitution. In the committee meeting of the above named committee a motion was made and carried to make the Classic course of Pacific University the standard, and the other colleges to be graded by it. A motion was then made and carried, that any school not having an equal amount of work, to the first five years, or as far advanced as to the Junior year of the standard, was to be dropped out as not being a college. Upon examining the catalogues of the different institutions it was found that only six could be considered as colleges. They were: Pacific University, Portland University, Willamette University, Oregon University, Pacific College and Albany College. The committee then formulated a report which was submitted and a motion was made to accept the report. After a heated discussion the motion was accepted, but undoubtedly the acceptance of the report failed to accomplish what its perpetrators intended it should, namely: to expel from membership those schools which are not colleges. The meeting then adjourned to meet at 7:30 in the Congregational church.

At the appointed time the house was well filled and the different delegations seated in various parts of the room displaying their banners. The president did not arrive until 8 o'clock, then the exercises immediately begun. The program of the evening was as follows:

March—Schubert Misses Stevens and Tongue
Pacific University W. Sidney Shiach
"The Criteria of Success."
O. S. N. S. of Monmouth Irving E. Vining
"The Western Acropolis."
Willamette University J. W. Reynolds
"The Proving of a Nation."
Vocal solo Miss Emma Stewart
"See the Bright Seraphim."—Handel.
University of Oregon Miss Julia Veazie
"Alexander Hamilton."
O. A. C. of Corvallis Austin T. Buxton
"Prospects of a Brighter Future."
Pacific College H. F. Allen
Song "Whither."
Song "My Flo." Male Quartette
Portland University D. Hasler Glass
"Labor Reform."
McMinnville College Chas. V. Galloway
"The Native Races of the Pacific Slope."
Albany College Miss Abbie J. Fry
"Sirens' Song."
Song "Three Maidens Went Sailing."—Leavitt.
Ladies Quartette
Piano Solo Miss Hattie Stevens
"Spring Dawn."—Mason.
Song "Angeline." Male Quartette
Vocal solo Miss Gladys Jones
"The Wanderers."—F. Scott.

The judges were Robert T. Platt of Portland, Rev. Cowan of Oregon City and Dr. T. W. Harris of Eugene. After several minutes absence the judges returned and reported Miss Veazie of Eugene to be the one to wear the medal. They also reported that there were three so close together they would not state which took second place. The meeting then adjourned to meet at Portland, February 22, 1896.

Those present from Newberg were: Prof. J. J. Jessup, Prof. A. C. Stanbrough, H. F. Allen, R. S. Inglis, E. H. Woodward, O. L. Price, W. Allen, O. J. Hobson, D. P. Price, O. K. Edwards, J. R. Johnson, Oscar Cox, W. C. Woodward, Fred Scott, S. T. Stanley, Harley Britt, Ed Hampton, S. S. Terrell, J. S. Holt and I. E. Holt.

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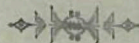
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