

12-1-1909

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XXI No 3

**THE
CRESCENT**
PACIFIC COLLEGE
DECEMBER, 1909

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Fine Candies, Etc.

Kienle & Sons

Miller Mercantile Company

Newberg's Leading Dry Goods and
Clothing House, Grocery and Shoe
Store

M. McDONALD

Practical Blacksmith and Wood
Workman. Horses carefully
Shod.

THE CRESCENT.

Published Monthly during the college year by Student Body.

HARVEY A. WRIGHT, '10, Editor-in-Chief.

NATHAN COOK, '10, Associate Editor.

RILY KAUFMAN, '11

MAUDE GREGORY, '12

GLADYS HANNON, Acad.

} Locals.

CLAUDE CALKINS, '12, Exchanges

VICTOR REES, '12, Business Manager.

CLAUDE NEWLIN, '11, Asst. Business Manager.

Terms, 75c. a Year in Advance. Single Copy 10c.

Entered as second-class matter at the Postoffice at Newberg, Ore.

The Crescent is sent to subscribers until ordered stopped and all
arrearages are paid.

Direct all communications to The Crescent, Newberg, Oregon.

Read This.

An explanation of a few articles in this number will be of interest. The stories entitled "A Lynette" and "Dorothy Fenmore" were written by members of the academy English class for regular class work. The instructions were to write a story with a character in it which had the same characteristics as "Lynette" in Tennyson's "Idyl's of the King" The story "Dormitory Christmas" under a different title was rescued from the waste paper basket and "doctored" by the editor.

In the first number we commented upon the wholesome enthusiasm which was manifested in the Student Body. Students are usually enthusiastic at the beginning of a school year but their zeal sometimes wanes as the weeks pass. We are glad to note that such is not the case this term. The debate try-out was held on about as disagreeable an evening as could well be chosen, but in spite of this many of the students were out and a few outsiders, notwithstanding the fact no public announcement was made. This is encouraging. In athletics competition is keener than last year. There are more candidates for places on the basket ball team than for several years and all are working hard. While the spirit is "up" keep it up. Now is the time to work, if we would make this the best year P. C. has ever known. We have a good debating team. Boost it. We have a good basket ball team. Boost it. Boost yourself in the coming oratorical preliminaries and insure another P. C. oratorical victory. Our slogan, "CHAMPIONSHIPS FOR P. C. IN 1910."

Did you notice the student fellowship at the Sophomore-Town game? Preps, Freshmen, Juniors and Seniors yelling the "Soph's" yells with a senior leader.

Some recent editorials in our exchanges have commented upon the relation of the college and town, but it has been from the financial point of view and also from the student point of view only. They criticise the town and especially the business men for not patronizing student activities when their business depends to a large extent upon student patronage. These comments were the result of special and local conditions and no doubt were in place and would not be in place in

every college town. There are relationships, however, which should exist in every town and do exist, to a greater or less degree. To one of these we would like to call attention. The general intellectual tone of a college community is affected by that college. Unwittingly the public school students and youth in high school or out of school pattern their intellectual ideals after the practices of students in higher institutions. The college can bring to its town, if it will, high grade lyceum courses which afford instructive entertainments. Too often the thought is prevalent that entertainment is separate from every thing else. We want entertainment so we go to the cheap amusements where the baser part of our nature is gratified and think we have been profited. It is the privilege of a college to cultivate the nobler tendencies in a community so that the best in lectures, the best in musicals, the best in art will be the only entertainment wanted. Work for the best interests of the town and see if it will not stand by you.



Dorothy Fenmore.

Dorothy Fenmore was the daughter of wealthy parents. She was tall, with raven black hair and dark, penetrating eyes. All her life she had been humored in every whim by her father, and now at the age of twenty, just launched into society, she felt that a brilliant social career awaited her. Through the winter months she laughed and danced the hours away until all unexpectedly her father died.

After Mr. Fenmore's death it was found that the greater part of the money which the Fenmore's had been using was not rightfully theirs. Mr. Fenmore's estate was declared bankrupt and the greater part of his property went to pay his debts. Mrs. Fenmore sold their beautiful home and with Dorothy moved into a little cottage in a quiet part of the city.

Dorothy was very much dissatisfied. She sat at home and thought of what she might have been doing if only fortune had been a little more kind.

Soon it became necessary that they have an income, so Dorothy decided to enter the business world. The business world meant to her what it seems to to so many, simply to be well dressed, to board a car in the morning and go down to the busy city; then during the day to be an ornament to some office and in the evening to return home with the air of one who has actually done things, but who in reality has done nothing. Dorothy's society life had surely not fitted her for the grind of office work. She, who had always been petted and admired, could not understand how anyone dared to object to her wishes. When she applied for a position she objected to the long hours, the small pay she would receive at first, and even to the work she would

be expected to do. Everywhere she went she was quietly told that they could give her nothing at present and in the evening it was a disappointed Dorothy who returned home thinking that the world held no opportunities for anyone.

Necessity forced Dorothy to try again and soon she secured a position as a clerk at the ribbon counter of a large department store. It seems almost impossible that the wheel of fortune should turn so quickly and that the society "bud" of the season before should now be simply clerk number 150.

Dorothy reported for work a little bit late the first morning but nothing was said about it. She was shown where to put her wraps and given a cloth and told to dust and arrange her counter before the usual Monday morning rush. Dorothy looked at the cloth and then at her dainty hands covered with rings and said that she thought she was hired to sell ribbons and not to do the work of a scrub woman. The department manager looked at her for a few minutes but said nothing. When he had gone a friendly little cash girl informed her that she would always have to do that and also that it was a little bit dangerous to make the boss mad. But Dorothy's pride had been wounded and she did not mean to pass over it lightly and to this little bit of advice she replied that she "intended to make that man pay for his impudence" and she immediately set about it.

Soon the morning trade began to come in and Dorothy's woes began in earnest. First came a woman with a little child. She wanted a sash for the little girl and after looking over many of the more expensive ribbons she decided upon a faded piece of lavender ribbon from the remnant box standing upon the counter

and then desired Dorothy to tie the sash upon the child. Dorothy tried but the child wiggled and twisted and insisted on turning around to see the rings upon Dorothy's hands while from the counter came the warning call "busy, 150? busy? soon be through?" Dorothy angrily turned to the counter. She wondered if they did not have sense enough to see that she was busy.

Her next customers were two High School girls. They had come to buy their class colors and when Dorothy could not find the exact shade for them they were sure that they had seen it the day before and wouldn't she please ask some one and see if they did not have it yet in stock. Dorothy asked and was told that she would find it in the basement and also that she could get it and that it need not take her long. This she refused to do and the two girls angrily left the store. And the little red book which the department manager always carried in his pocket bore another item.

So the hours wore on. The people surged by and no one thought of or noticed Dorothy. Some of her former friends passed through the store and she stepped back into the shadow so that they might not see her. It seemed to Dorothy that the day would never end. The large clock hung above the door opposite her and anxiously she watched it as it slowly ticked out the minutes. The hum of the baskets flying back and forth and the constant call of "cash girl" played an unpleasant accompaniment to her thoughts.

At last the hour of closing came and before the clock had ceased striking Dorothy was homeward bound.

Almost the same as the first, the remaining days of the week passed and on Saturday night as she was leaving the store an envelope was placed in her hands and upon opening it she found her week's wages and a

little note which said "We are sorry but we find that our business does not warrant the keeping of so many clerks so you need not return Monday morning."

A few days later as she passed by the store Dorothy decided that the business of the firm must have increased for she observed that a new girl had been given her place. Little did she think that she had lost it through her own carelessness.

LUCILE DAVIS.

A "Lynette"

"If that awkward, ill-dressed fellow goes out on our sleigh ride tomorrow night and pretends to skate with the crowd I shall not go," said Dorothy D. as she perched herself on a desk in the High School assembly room. "Why Dorothy, he isn't at all bad when you know him, his manners are really quite good," said Dorothy's friend Rose. The first speaker was a bright, lively girl, the leader of her set in the Junior class in the High School. She was the only child of wealthy parents and had been thoroughly spoiled. The boy they spoke of was Jack Atherton who had recently entered school. He came from the country and was working for Dr. Graham to pay his way through school. He had done much studying at home so was able to enter the Junior class.

This class had planned a sleigh ride to Crater's pond about five miles from town and the Doctor had told Jack he could be spared so he was planning to go. He had made the acquaintance of most of the boys, except a few of Dorothy's friends who refused to have anything to do with the "low-down fellow," also of a few of the girls among whom was Dorothy's chum,

Rose. He knew of Dorothy's dislike and had heard her name for him, "Stable Boy" more than once but he went bravely on in spite of all taunts.

When the time came for the sleigh ride Dorothy came because she said she could not afford to miss all the fun even if the "Stable Boy" did go along. They had hired a large sleigh and a driver for the team. On the trip to the pond all went well and most of them had a merry time, Jack did not enjoy it very well for Dorothy kept up a continual laugh at his expense. Part of the time he gave them good natured replies and joined in their laughter.

After they had skated an hour or two Dorothy tripped on a loose branch on the ice and sprained her ankle. Of course this put an end to their skating and they prepared to start home. Jack offered to assist Dorothy to the sleigh but she had said sharply "No, don't you touch me. I could not bear it" so he had gone on ahead and carefully arranged a warm place for her to sit.

They had gone about two-thirds of the way home when suddenly they heard sleigh bells crashing ahead of them as if a team might be running away. They were just rounding a curve on the side of a hill where the road was so narrow two teams could not pass. The girls screamed and the boys sat as still as if frozen, all except Jack who had presence of mind enough to jump out and dash frantically ahead of their sleigh which the driver quickly stopped. The crowd could hear the team coming nearer and nearer and were sure now they were running away. Jack saw instantly that it was some farmer's team with a heavy sled probably returning from town and if they were not stopped it would mean destruction to his companions, so getting as close

to the upper side of the road as possible he prepared to stop them.

On they came and just as they were even he made a desperate leap and caught the nearest horse's bridle. They had been badly frightened but had run until they were somewhat winded so the horse Jack clung to soon stopped, pulling the other back with him. They came to a standstill just in front of the sleigh. All the boys and a part of the girls crowded around Jack thanking and praising him for what he had done for them while Dorothy lay with her head in Rose's lap and cried for joy, her foot almost forgotten.

A farmer soon came up to take his team which had thrown him into a snow bank when they started to run. The crowd climbed into the sleigh and started on all talking and exclaiming at what Jack had done. Dorothy hadn't very much to say but as they stopped before her home and they helped her stand on her one sound foot she held out her hand to Jack and said simply "I am sorry I have misjudged you so and have said so many mean things. I shall consider it an honor if you will forgive me and help me to the house where I know my parents will be glad to know and thank you." And Dorothy never again judged anyone by their external appearances.

BERNICE BENSON

A Dormitory Christmas

Jack Clark walked across the campus with disappointment written on his countenance and in his actions. For two months he had been planning to spend his Christmas at home but at the last moment he was disappointed. He was now on his way to the room of

his friend, Don Barber, who had to spend his vacation at the "Dorm." He found Don as blue as himself, but a half hour's talk ended in a decision to "stir things up."

"Jack," said Don, "let's have a spread and invite the rest of the bunch."

"Sure thing," said Jack, and they forgot their disappointment in planning the spread.

"Say Jack, it will be awfully dull without girls, why not have half of the boys dress as girls?"

The idea was readily assented to by Don and they went to inform five boys and five "girls" of their plan. The only difficulty was in deciding who would be girls as they all wanted that distinction.

Mrs. Howard, the dormitory matron, had given her consent to the plan and at six o'clock Christmas morning the boys went to the kitchen to make ready the feast for the evening. They insisted on doing the work themselves and Mrs. Howard let them alone. The principal dish was to be turkey, of course, and in spite of their efforts it did not look right. "Why it's the dressing," Don exclaimed, so Jack stuffed a mixture of bread crumbs, salt and dry sage into the fowl, and they felt satisfied that all would be well.

The dining room was prepared while the oven did its part. Arthur's bed room was soon converted into a banquet hall. The furniture was stacked in the hall and a long table placed in the middle of the room with chairs of all descriptions placed around it. Chester came in with some mistletoe saying as he put it above the door, "Ladies always expect it." The dishes were few and three boys were allowed to eat off one platter, but nevertheless the whole bunch felt proud of their work.

"Isn't it about time to look at the turkey?" one suggested, and the innocent bird was subjected to pokes, prods and tastings. Fred said the dressing needed more soda, Jack said vinegar and Don voted sugar. They could not agree so a little of each was put in.

Twenty minutes before six they were waiting for the company. Dinner wasn't ready yet and the problem which suddenly confronted them was where they would seat their guests until dinner, for all the chairs were around the table. "They'll simply have to stand up and wait awhile," snapped Davis whose temper was not of the best because the cranberries would not jell.

The bell rang. Jack descended with great dignity to open the door, where five blushing maidens and five gallant escorts were waiting to be admitted. Jack suppressed his amusement and welcomed his guests very gracefully. Fred and Davis received at the head of the stairs and helped the ladies remove their wraps. It was certainly a dress affair. Willis, who came with Rogers, wore a sweet white dress and his front locks were tied up with brilliant pink ribbon and his waist line was designated by a ribbon of the same variety. His hat was large, of course, and he carried a bunch of red paper carnations. Dick Jamieson was still more striking in a pale green ball gown trimmed in yellow lace. Around his slender neck gleamed priceless diamonds. Frederick evidently believed in simplicity of dress for he wore a simple clinging gown of black cotton, with a train. His hair, however, was a mass of puffs and curls. Hammond was shy and had to be coaxed by the whole company before he would speak, but he really looked sweet in his short, red, accordion-plaited dress and curled hair. He came with Ford

whom he called uncle. Everyone voted McKelvey the star, His hair was dressed in Colonial style and his dress was a creamy silk with a pointed waist. He had a pink complexion and was rather easily excited.

The turkey was at last placed upon the table. It looked fat and had a peculiar odor, but nevertheless the cook announced dinner. The ladies with their escorts walked gaily into the dining room. The escorts stopped under the mistletoe and a little giggle expressed the sentiments of the ladies. Hammond's dress though not long was rather hard to sit on as he had wired it out, but after a few crashing sounds he was comfortably seated and the banqueting began.

They were either vegetarians or not very hungry for they ate sparingly of the turkey. They did eat heartily, however, of the pudding and cake although the latter had been cut early in the morning. After the dinner came the toasts. The first response was by one of the ladies and in the midst of her speech she was interrupted by a servant entering the room and leaving a box. After some confusion Jack opened the box, for it was directed to him, and read a note which he found on top.

DEAR JACK: I am sorry that you could not be home for Christmas, but I am sending you some turkey, pie and cake. You may invite some of your friends and have a good time. I am as ever,

MOTHER.

"Fire!"

All is quiet on the prairie,
Night enshrouds the sleeping earth,
All is still within the cabins,
Coals are black upon the hearth.

Through the dark the wind is raising
Clocks have struck the midnight hour;
And across the western prairie
Coming is an unseen power.

Yonder sky is streaked with redness;
Growing redder, creeping higher
"Till a young voice breaks the stillness
Of the morning with the one word "Fire!"

"Fire!" breaks the toilers' slumbers
"Fire!" rings from mouth to mouth.
Look, the fire is fast approaching
From the West and from the South.

Nearer now and ever nearer
Sweeps the roaring, plunging flame;
Sweeps the angry, red-eyed monster
That no human hand can tame.

Farmers now with frantic horses
Wider plow the wide fire-guard,
And the cattle struck with terror
Bellow, stamp and paw the yard.

Men and youths with fire fighters
Rush to meet the flames so wild
Leaving in the Fathers keeping
Sweetheart, sister, wife and child.

Onward sweeps the deadly monster
Breathing forth its fiery breath;
Leaving in its path but ruin,
Stretching forth its arms of death.

Men with fire brands bravely battle
With the side fires, till at last
Glancing upward see the head fire
Turned, and bearing down upon them fast.

Springs each man into his saddle
To his horse gives rein and spur,
Urging on the frightened creature;
And praying in his heart for her.

The children watch the flaming billows,
With faces white against the pane,
Mothers pray that God will save them,
Working on with might and main.

Death seems nearing, life departing
To the farmers weary grown,
As the fire still bears upon them
And envelops love and home.

Still they labor, self forgotten,
For those dearer far than life,
And with faces scorched and blistered
Fight with death for child and wife.

Barns and granaries fall in ashes
Every moment seems the last,
For the angry flames leap higher
Flashing forth their homes to grasp.

What! Oh God, the men are failing!
See, their strength is almost spent!
But look again! the wind is changing,
And the flames are backward sent.

Backward o'er the blackened prairie
God himself sent wind and flame;
O'er that pathway stripped of beauty,
Which so lately bore his name.

There was earnest, true thanksgiving
To a God who lives and keeps,
In the cabins of these farmers,
For an eye that never sleeps.

—MARY COOK, '11.

Basket Ball.

The basket ball season is on and the gymnasium is the scene of much activity every evening. The girls have gymnasium work with Indian clubs and dumb bells on Mondays and Wednesdays. They are not planning to organize a basketball team but when they are not at work the boys are wearing out the basket balls and gymnasium shoes. The first team is getting into shape for the league games. The first trip is to Philomath December 10, and Albany the following night. The next week, December 17, P. C. and Dallas play at Dallas. No league games are scheduled on our floor until January. The league this year is composed of colleges only. Pacific University, McMinnville, Dallas, Albany, Philomath, Willamette, Chemawa and Pacific College.

The Sophomores have the strongest class team having won over every thing in college. They next challenged a town team, the game being played December 3. It was a very close and hotly contested game. The first half was a little slow and ended 9-5 in the Sophomore's favor, who were continually in the lead except twice when their opponents tied the score. The second half was snappy throughout and ended with the Sophomores still in the lead by one point, the score being 16-15. The line-up was as follows:

SOPHOMORES		TOWN
Hammer	f g	R. Mills
Smith	f g	Hollingsworth, Miller
Lewis	c	Larkin
Rees	g f	Haworth
Armstrong	g f	F. Mills

Debate

At the meeting of the executive committee of the state debating league a triangular league was formed and the following schedule arranged:

P. C. vs McMinnville at McMinnville February 18.

Albany vs McMinnville at Albany March 18.

Albany vs P. C. at P. C. April 15.

In each debate the home team supports the affirmative and the visitors the negative of the question "Resolved that the DesMoines plan of city government should be adopted by every city of over 25,000 inhabitants in the United States."

P. C.'s debating team this year is composed of Roy Fitch, Kathryn Bryan and Claude Newlin.

Christian Associations.

The week of prayer was observed by both organizations.

The Y. W. C. A. has a class in mission study. China is being studied now with Mrs. Kelsey as leader. The text book is "Princely Men in the Heavenly Kingdom," by Harlan P. Beach.

Rev. Reuter and Rev. Requa recently addressed the Y. M. C. A.

Mrs. Smith, recently from Alaska, talked to the girls, showing many interesting pictures of that country.

As the Crescent goes to press a series of meetings is being planned by the Y. M. C. A. to be conducted by Rev. Requa of Springbrook, December 5-18.

Personals.

Mr. Greer was a visitor in the philosophy class November 18 and gave a short lecture which was much appreciated.

Cluade Lewis was in Portland November 13-15. He went to attend the Quarterly Meeting? ?

President Kelsey, Professors Marcy, Weesner, Reagan and Mrs. Reagan attended the Friends Quarterly Meeting in Portland.

DORMITORY NOTES—Ray Smith and Roy Fitch spent Thanksgiving vacation at their homes; the former in Portland, the latter in Sherwood.... Jesse Hammer visited his sister, Laura, in Portland Thanksgiving.... Mamie Coulsen and Eva Frazier were the guests of Dwight Coulsen during vacation..... Dorothy Newell is one of the dormitory girls now, having entered Novem-

ber 30..... Miss Julian is cooking for the club since Mrs. Royce's resignation..... The piano which was in the college chapel is now in the dormitory parlor..... Francis Brickley, a deaf mute, is a boarder at the dormitory.... Uriah Cook visited his grandson, Leo Keyes, November 16-17.... Professor and Mrs. Reagan went to Salem December 11. The former to referee a basket ball game between Dallas and Chemawa Professor Marcy goes to Portland so often it has ceased to be a news item. He says Portland has the prettiest women in the West.

Prof. R. to class—"Everyone has two personalities. Now you know you would not talk to your father and mother as you would to your sweetheart."

Miss W.—"N-o"

Mr. E. E. Taylor, coast secretary of the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition League was a visitor September 15. He conducted chapel and met with the local league at noon and evening.

J. C. Hodson, member of the board of managers, was a visitor November 18.

D. N-h-e—"I am not used to being hugged but I had just as soon be."

Maude Gregory has a wounded hand, the result of an experiment in chemistry. It was not to her discredit, however.

Recent visitors were Mr. Greer, Beulah Newlin, Foster Mills, Ivy Fitch, Earl Paulsen, Esther Green.

A new piano of Everett make adorns the college chapel. Mrs. Hull inaugurated it by playing several selections at chapel December 9.

CHAPEL TALKS—Rev. Reuter on Martin Luther (it being the anniversary of this great reformer's birthday) This date, November 10, is also the anniversary of the

birth of Frederick Schiller, the German poet, 276 years later than Luther....Rev. Stannard, subject, "Reverence and Its Neglect in This Age."....Rev. Lyons on "Making a Life"....Rev. Rieker, "Value of an Education."....Rev. Ritchey gave a brief account of the great convention of the Christian Church, recently held in Pittsburg, Pa....Rev. Requa, "The Birch Tree University.... Benjamin Hinshaw, "Wisdom".....Supt. W. W. Wiley of High School on "Water Our Most Valuable Mineral"....A number of addresses have had reference to the conservation of our natural resources, particularly of forests and water and the protection of birds and animals....Mrs. Douglas has interested us in a series of talks on food....Prof. Hull on "Music, Art and Literature." He emphasized the degrading influence of ragtime.

Exchanges.

There are a number of new exchanges on our table this month, it will pay the students to notice them.

Oak Leaves, your paper is attractive and well published. The article "Petering" in the October number is well worth reading.

Some of the exchanges fail to get their location on their paper. Be careful about that.

The Tahoma and The Crucible are among our exchanges again. We enjoy them very much.

FRESHMAN YELL—

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Ma! Ma! Ma!

Pa! Pa! Pa!

Help!

—Ex.

The Soph's should read the article "Father Hears from His Sophomore Son" in November number of the Tahoma.

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