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THE REVIEW



FRED COOPER, 2-60.

October 1907

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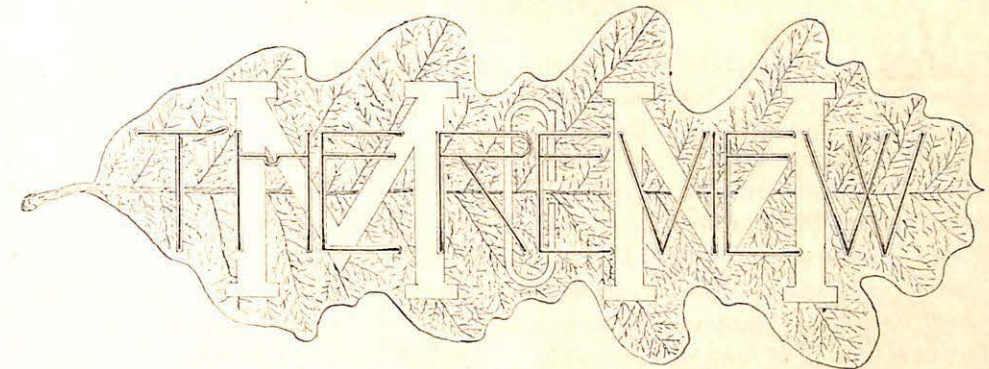
THE BAPTIST COLLEGE OF THE NORTHWEST

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

E. Northup,
DEAN.

F. G. Boughton,
REGISTRAR.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON



VOL. XIII.

OCTOBER 1907

No. 1.

WEALTH AND POVERTY

On a beautiful knoll in a small city of Ohio stands a magnificent palace. The massive walls are of finest granite and the marble pillars are of classic design. Within are polished floors, walls engraved with the handiwork of art and furnishings that bewilder the eye. Here there is no need of prayers for daily bread nor of any dread of an unprovided future. Dreams are coined into realities. Life is one round of gaiety. The day is too brief for its events. Sons and daughters in their wild search for pleasure have no time to observe how humanity surges and throbs below; they heed not the hum-drum that rises from the busy world nor do they realize it is a prayer from their toiling brother for a right to live.

In an eastern city a little hovel faces a dark, dirty alley. Between the weather beaten boards of the walls are wide openings. Inside the room is bare, almost devoid of house-hold utensils. It is just the skeleton of a home. A strike is on and as the husband returns from his labor he meets his family at the door. What life is

to this little group is seen at a glance. The bent form of the husband speaks of the toil he has endured. In his face we see the past and future unite. Lines of care and knitted brows for his yesterdays; lips compressed with determination and a troubled glance from his eye for his tomorrows. The meek discouraged and submissive face of his help-mate rests on his shoulder. An anxious daughter leans on her mother. Even the face of the baby boy seems to reflect the trouble that broods on the countenance of his sire. Instinctively he forebodes the cares that all too soon shall make his young heart bleed.

Millionaire and pauper! Wealth and poverty! Labor and capital! Representatives of two great forces that are engaged in a bitter conflict. The one impelled by greed, the other by the necessities of life. The one armed with combination and the mighty dollar; the other with unions and the ballot. Each striving for victory but both defeating the purpose of our government.

Abnormal congestion of wealth is a

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disease of our national organism. It is the course of much political corruption and social unrest. It impoverishes rather than enriches the country. With wealth comes a power which is destructive if unattended by a strengthening of the moral fiber that controls it. But character and gold do not come hand in hand. Wealth creates a craving for itself that becomes the ruling principle of a life. The man who is honest in poverty is often dishonest in prosperity. He whose life is a search for golden eagles breaks the barriers of law and bribes men of public trust to betray their fellow citizens. The phenomenal industrial progress of the last few decades has made this a day of millionaires and graft. Captains of industry know that men have their prices. Public servants have their posts of duty to serve them for the coins that fall from their hands as hungry fowl run after one who scatters grains of corn. Money buys the birthright of American citizenship—the ballot. It deadens the conscience of judges and paralyzes the hands of legislators. Threats of discharge from magnates secure the election of politicians who make their offices means of private gain instead of public service. Whole parties obligate themselves to moneyed interests so they cannot administer the government impartially for the people. What a tale of treason and of traitors a review of our public life for the last quarter of a century unfolds and yet the half is not told. A page of disgrace has been forced into our history by the corrupting influence of wealth.

Multi-millionaires are often hailed as the heroes of peace, benefactors of the common-wealth, but they are not the ones who make our nation strong and great. Of all

our citizens they are the least valuable. They defy law, bargain for special legislation and as their possessions are enormous they receive the greatest benefit of the security derived from good government, yet what do they give for immunity and favoritism? Receiving the most protection, by evading taxation, they refuse to bear the burdens of government and when the nation's honor is at stake they are not the men who volunteer to serve and die on the field of war. How devoid of patriotism! Troublesome in the day of peace and cowardly in the hour of battle!

The men who control enormous fortunes divert wealth from the channels of greatest opportunities and usefulness. The economic law of increasing and diminishing returns holds that at a certain medium investment the greatest profits possible can be realized. Spend one dollar or a thousand in the cultivation of a single acre of soil and either expenditure would be extremely unremunerative. This principle applies to men. The limitations of the productiveness of men's source of all wealth, the earth, and the limitation of his moral and intellectual attainments are such that when possession of moderate means he is the greatest producer of wealth and the most useful to society and his country. Abject poverty destroys ambition, chills patriotism and compels men to labor at a disadvantage. Vast possessions enslave men, impel them to use dishonorable methods, and as such wealth is out of proportion with their ability, it is misused. These extremes are dangerous but they exist. Some of our citizens are flooded with wealth while the thousands from whom it is extorted are handicapped by want of means. There are multitudes working on

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the farms, in the factories and mines of this country who are barely eking out an existence not because they lack ability or thrift but because they have not the means essential to make their enterprises successful. Were the means of the wealth that are now lavished on fantastic luxuries and thus destroyed, put in the hands of the deserving laborer, from it life and more wealth would be evolved. We should enjoy a greater degree of national contentment and prosperity.

Accumulations of massive fortunes restrict ownership. As a large share of the resources of a country are seized by a few the number of possessors is decreased. The incentive of possession is taken from many and with that gone the producing capacity of men is greatly diminished. Lease property of the choicest kind to a man and soon it will degenerate into ruins. Make him an owner and he will turn a cabin into a castle and the barren sands into gold. Congestion of wealth spreads poverty and destroys this genius of ownership. It makes this a country of hirelings; breathes discontent and anarchy thus imperiling our government. The organized millions are the foes of the nation's best friends, the common man. He produces wealth while others merely acquire it. He holds the plow of agriculture and gives the world its bread. His axe falls the forests that make the homes of men. He digs from the earth's bosom the minerals that give our national organism form, vitality and power. He supplies the nation's revenues. "He works in time of peace and fights in time of war," and yet organized capital seems to plot against his life by depriving him of the means whereby he lives. By virtue of

fraud and fortune a few men have secured control of nature's storehouses. What was meant for mankind they have appropriated to themselves. Laborers pour millions into the overflowing coffers of magnates annually while for themselves they scarcely secure the necessities of life. How can such men be patriots? They will become the enemies of law and order. When all of life consists of a struggle for life how can happiness be pursued, liberty be enjoyed, or what is the value of life itself? When a government fails to secure to man the blessings for which it was instituted it is not strange he becomes restive under its burdens since it is the instrument and protector of his defrauders.

In this conflict it is the man against luxury. How can this struggle be ended and labor and capital be reconciled? May an adjustment be effected before we drift to the extreme where the wealth of the country, and therefore its life is all in the possession of a few, for history has taught us that such a condition presages revolution. In this advanced age a star of hope is rising that may guide us to a peaceful solution of both our political and social difficulties. As the twentieth century beholds the scarlet stream that flows through all history and the slain that lie by it, it says they are brothers. Today nations begin to feel it below their dignity to assert their rights on the battle field. At the hearth stone of the race they are talking of peace and are about to sheath forever the sword, "that relic of barbarism." The brotherhood of man is becoming the "peace-pipe" of the nations, around which the rich and the poor may yet meet.

WHEN KNOWLEDGE SERVED

While seated in the comfortable sitting room of uncle Jacob Hill one cold winter evening with a cheerful fire burning in the grate and a fierce wind blowing outside which made us thank providence for our present comfortable quarters, we noticed that the book which uncle Jake was reading had been laid aside and that he sat with his eyes fixed on the fire with that far away look which characterizes one's eyes when in a reverie. Leroy Beezely, an old college chum of mine and a great favorite with uncle Jake, was the first to break the silence, when he broke forth with, "A penny for your thoughts uncle Jake."

"Well, since you've broke the spell which has held me for these few minutes while I've sat here looking into the fire, I'll tell you of the circumstances of which I was thinking."

As you both doubtless know, I used to be a telegraph operator in my younger days. I was operator at the town of C for several years and the amount of business to attend to and over application to duty impaired my health to such an extent that my physician insisted that I must have a rest and a change of climate.

Accordingly, twenty five years ago tonight found me in the little town of B out in Montana, whither I had gone in search of a more congenial climate.

As the town of B is in a mining country, when I first went there I staked a claim and it turned out to be valuable, altho I frankly admit that 'twas not my fault that 'twas valuable, for I knew nothing at all about prospecting.

Twenty-five years ago this morning I

had intended to go to the town of X some sixty miles distant from B to negotiate the sale of my claim. But as luck would have it, I missed my train, which come at ten a. m., and as a result of this, I had to wait for the evening train, which was due at nine p. m.

Determined not to be left again, eight thirty found me at the station only to find that my train was two hours late. So I settled myself into a seat in the waiting room where I contented myself for about an hour, but as the waiting room was very crowded, the cramped position in which I was forced to sit made it impossible for me to remain longer.

I went to the platform in front and paced from one end to the other of it for some time. As I came to the end of the platform farthest from the light, as there was but one and that was directly in front of the waiting room door, I could hear the voices of men in conversation beyond. I listened for a moment out of purely human curiosity, and one of them said, "We can't do it tonight, its too late to let Jim know."

"Yes we can," replied another, "I'll telegraph to Jim and he can do the rest and us three fellows will pull out on this train that's comin' and be there at the right time."

I thought nothing more of the incident until I boarded the train, when three men with their hats well drawn down over their faces entered the car in which I had taken a seat and took the two remaining seats which were directly in front of mine.

From the conversation in the car I learned that Col. Brown, one of the largest mine owners in that section, was on the train go-

ing to X. and, as they termed it, had "quite a swag" with him. I also learned of plans whereby they were going to side-track the train at a little way station a few miles beyond M junction. As one of the 'thugs' explained it, the train would be going at such speed that it could not be slowed down on the short spur in time to miss hitting the mound at the end of it, and in the confusion, which would necessarily follow, they would help themselves to Col. Brown's "swag."

I began to figure on how I could frustrate their plans, not only as a matter of justice but from the fact that Brown was the man with whom I was negotiating the sale of my claim, and, therefore, I had an unusual interest in the case. As luck would have it, I had a telegraph instrument in my grip and my first thot was of this. I knew that if in some way I could get off the train and attach the instrument, that I could call M. junction and the situation would be mine, for I probably knew as much about the business of that line as any regular operator on it.

As there were no stops till we got to M. junction, I was at a loss to know what to do, when I happened to think of a shallow stream which we had to cross, I picked up

my grip and went back as if I were going to a rear car but, instead, I took my position on the platform and waited until we came to the stream. When we reached the edge of the stream, I jumped with a backward throw of my body and was hurled into space. When I came to myself I found I was right side up in water up to my arms.

I waded out, climbed the nearest telegraph pole, attached my instrument and sent a message to M. junction that there were three robbers on train No. 6 and that plans had been laid to wreck the train at the spur three miles south of that place.

When No. 6 pulled into M. junction, the sheriff and four deputies boarded it. The train side-tracked at the spur, but, as the trainmen knew the circumstances, they brought it to full stop before the end of the spur was reached. But the 'thugs' had seen that their plans were frustrated when the sheriff boarded the train and had jumped off as it pulled out of M. junction.

Altho I did not succeed in having the 'thugs' captured, I was satisfied in having averted the wreck which undoubtedly would have followed.

There are my thots, Roy, where's your penny?"

(BY M. E. H., '08)

VILLAGE SOCIETY

There is something fascinating about the social life of a village, much more so than about that of a city, for in a village you meet with the same people day after day, and learn their peculiar whims. There, the individual is prominent and in fact, forms a vital part of the village itself; while in the city, the individual is lost in the mass of citizens and to learn his character-

s you must learn the characteristics of the whole mass. I am reminded of a little village which I found up in Washington state that was extremely interesting because of the originality of its individual citizens. It was only a little factory town containing about five hundred citizens, but, never-the-less, it had a mind all its own; if a stranger should appear upon its tiny

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horizon and try to arrange a new state of officers, he would immediately be informed of his folly, and, finding the attempt useless, would wisely take his departure.

The land on which the town was built was very uneven, so that about half of it stood on a little hill and the other half on the flat of its base. At one time this town was as peaceful as any little "burg" of its size, but this peace was finally broken. There was to be a new school house erected which the down-town people thought should be in their section, and likewise the hill people declared should be in theirs. The down-town people insisted and so did the people on the hill, which finally resulted in the hill people getting the school, and the town since that time has maintained a very distinct division, namely, the hill class, which considers itself the "upper four-hundred" of the city, and the down-town class, which considers itself a little bit better than 'those folks on the hill,' and so they go, like two overgrown fretful children who both deserve a good "spanking."

But more amusing than this, were some of the individual characters. I remember one girl, especially, that I met nearly every morning, driving about in her one-horse buck-board with her broad-brimmed cowboy hat pulled down over her eyes, and always whistling the same old tune. She never seemed to take notice of any-one, and her main purpose appeared to be to whistle that tune through so she could start the next stanza. When I asked a by-stander one day who she was, he looked at me in surprise and said "Oh, don't you know? That's crazy Morton's daughter." I soon learned to pity her for every one seemed to be afraid of the girl because of her father's

infirmity. But she had become hardened to it, and was living out her lonely existence in service for her father.

Another girl who used to afford pastime for the town gossips was "Mollie." Without her the town would have been dead, indeed. She kept the rest of the girls "at their wits end" for means of keeping their Sunday-beaux interested so "Mollie" could not "cut them out." Some of the girls would succeed, but others would fail and, of course, would vow vengeance upon Mollie's willful head. But Mollie didn't care. It was fun for her.

Another especially interesting element was the three pastors in this town, and my "chum" and I took turns in visiting their churches. The first in our order was in the "down-town" section and was presided over by a plump little minister who wore a rusty brown coat that was much too small and who had a luxuriant beard, which always looked as if it had just been brushed, and radiated out in a nut-brown semi-circle about the lower portion of his face. He always stood primly behind his pulpit, except for an occasional elaborate gesture as he orated fluently on "the beautiful spring daisy that bedecks the verdant meadow," or "the playful ocean waves that dash their beautiful silver spray upon the rocks of the sea-shore." In the second church we found a short bow-legged man who, being unable to see over his pulpit, had to use a small stand instead. His sermon hour was equally divided between casting loving glances at his bride who had just come across from "Auld Ireland," and telling what a wicked man he had been in his past life; but after glancing once at his meek and timid face, I doubted in my heart if he ever had nerve

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enough to steal a water-melon. The last church was located in the hill section, and was presided over by a tall, lank man who wore his glasses near the extremity of his nose and gazed over them at his flock with a solemn and sanctimonious expression. He wore a long-tailed black-luster coat which clung to his form with about as much grace as a large sack on a slender pole, and when he was walking, the tails fluttered about in a way that was most amusing. His sermons always made one feel as if one would like to run, although one couldn't tell just why.

There is one other I must not neglect to mention and that is "the man that liked carrots." My "chum" and I were out walking one evening, when suddenly we realized it was growing dusk and we were about three miles from town. But presently we heard a rattle of wheels, and looking around, we saw an old raw-boned, roan horse hitched to a rickety old buggy. In the buggy sat a wizen-faced little man with one cheek slightly extended by a generous "quid" of tobacco concealed therein. He invited us to ride, and we gladly accepted. No sooner had we got seated in the buggy than he began a detailed description of his family history. Soon he discovered that he used to know an aunt of mine, and turning to me,

he said with his quaint old-fashioned drawl, "Dew yew know every time I see any of yew'ens I allers think of yer good ole aunt Serena. She wuz an orful good cook—Serena wuz." Here he paused to aim a mouth-ful of tobacco juice at a passing telephone pole and then to prod the old horse out of a seeming reverie. "Well, sir, when I wuz a boy, I jest couldn't stand to eat carrots, but Serena she settled me on that score. I wuz a workin' for her man at the time an' one day she sez to me; 'John,' she sez, 'fetch me a snack of them carrots from the garden.' I kinder hesitated cause I didn't want nary one fur my dinner an I sez to her, 'what yew goin' to do of 'em?' an she sez, I'm a makin' some more of that soup yew liked yisterday.' Well, sir, next time I went home, I went right in an told mother "I like carrots." His voice ended in a high-pitched tone and finally dwindled off into a happy little chuckle. From then on we knew him as "the man that liked carrots."

We met many others who were just as unique and interesting as these and no doubt they regarded us with just as much amusement; but that is just, for the old adage says, "Turn about is fair play," and I felt that my association with them had been a profitable experience.—By G. H. '09.

AN AUTUMN SUNSET

An autumn sunset is, to a lover of natural beauty, an enchanted reflection of heavenly art; generally, that which is most perfect is most beautiful, but a perfect sunset is like a beautiful flower that has lost its fragrance. What the clouds are to one, the odor is to the other. During the autumn season the western sky is almost contin-

ually overcast with light shadowy clouds, and the smoke from numerous forest fires adds a gentle golden tinge, and makes the west "glow" with the last steps of day.

Standing one evening on the beach, I looked toward the long lines of white caps growing out of the confused mass of restless waves, advancing, as a batallion, to-

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ward the sandy shore. Some, striking a rocky promontory, dashed their spray far up the rocky ledge, and catching the rays of the lowering sun, held for a moment, a beautiful miniature rainbow. Others escaping the reefs, rolled up near the shore, their crests rocking further and further forward with each successive swell, until they broke, losing their violence and lapping the stones and pebbles with a sound like that of a murmuring stream. The sun, still an hour high became completely hidden by a dark bank of heavy clouds. A single light fleecy cloud was borne by the wind across the horizon, directly in front of the dark curtain. As the sun sank below the veil, its full light, it seemed, fell upon the fleeting mist; the black background intensified its most delicate flush, and appeared to assume, for one brief moment, all the splen-

"OLD PAT KELLY"

When I lived in South Dakota, a queer old Irishman by the name of Pat Kelly owned a farm adjoining my father's. He was one of the first settlers in that part of the state, had taken up two quarter sections of land, and built a little sod house in which he still lived, though it was the only one left standing in the country round about. He had had several children, but they had all grown up and gone from home leaving him and his old wife alone on the farm. "Old Pat" must have been over seventy years of age though he was still erect and muscular, giving the impression of strength and hardiness. His hair and short straggling beard, except where it was brown with tobacco, were white, but the color of his face suggested that they had once been red. He spoke slowly with a

dor of the evening sun. It passed out of the sunlight, faded, and was gone.

The southern wind had arranged the clouds as a setting for the picture, now it tore them asunder, scattering and sweeping them on out of sight. The sun lowered and lowered until it hung half submerged on the waves. Each swelling billow caught the hue and broke in a flood of golden sunshine. A breeze caught the light spray and swept in seaward, a sheen of golden mist. For a moment it summoned all its power and shed it forth over the waves, the whole western sky was resplendent with its glory. The tone softened as the sun sank below the horizon.

As we turned to go, the eastern sky still preserved the pink tinge. We watched it, as one listens to the echo of a sweet strain; it too faded, and the sun had set.

R. A. '00

rough, Irish brogue.

Often on bitter cold days in the midst of winter he came to our house muffled in several worn out coats and mounted on a clumsy old farm horse. His first question usually was, "Misther Brown have you seen any sthray cattle around your place? Five of me calves have sthrayed away an' I haven't seen 'em for the last tree days." He kept so many cattle that he had to turn them out on the roads to hunt for their food. So, when storms came and food was scarce, they wandered away to better places. Sometimes he rode away for miles over the country hunting for his stock, when it was really wonderful that he did not freeze to death in the drifting snow and the bitter cold.

During the summer months, he often

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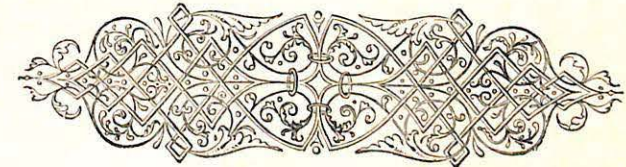
made us long visits and we always suspected that he had some definite point in view. He was diplomatic and began his conversations somewhat like this; "Misther Brown, you are a very good neighbor. I always liked you. I think a good deal of you, Misther Brown. You always help a naibor out and I think that's right." After talking in this strain for a short time he would gradually come to the point and tell us he needed some farm implement to use for a few days. If father would only lend it to him, he would take good care of it and bring it back as soon as he was through with it. But that time never came and father always had to go for the machine when he needed it. Then father found it was out of repair and had to have it mended. Mister Kelly was sorry that such a thing had happened and promised to have the work done if only "Misther Brown" would leave it for a few days longer. Father learned, however, that the only way to get the implement mended was to do it himself.

There was another reason for some of Mr. Kelly's visits and this we always appreciated. Whenever he heard that one of our family was ill, he came to show his sympathy and give whatever help he could. His

wife was an old herb doctor, so he knew many remedies and had one ever at hand to suggest in case of emergency. Though these were useless and mixed with superstition, we felt that he had a real interest in us.

But this poor old man had one great failing, a love for strong drink. Whenever he could get enough money together, he spent it in the saloon. His wife, however, was a woman of high temper, strong will power, and common sense. She finally kept the purse, going to town to sell all the produce, taking in the money, and giving her husband only a little for the bare necessities of life. He had to give an account of every penny he spent, nor did he dare to use any of it for drink because his wife was likely to treat him roughly.

"Old Pat" is still living on the farm, though he now dwells in a small wooden structure which has taken the place of the tiny sod hut. With all his failings, he is a man whom people must like for he is kind hearted and his faults seem to be due rather to unfavorable circumstances in his life than any meanness in his disposition. The name of "Old Pat Kelly" is always mentioned with pity.



STAFF	<p style="text-align: center;">W H I V E R T H</p> <h1 style="text-align: center;">THE REVELW</h1> <p style="text-align: center;">ENTERED WITH THE POST OFFICE AT McMINNVILLE, ORE., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER</p>	STAFF
Theo. E. Anderson, Editor-in-Chief	TERMS	J. G. Richardson, Exchange Editor
Annie Andrews, Associate Editor	Per Year, 50 Cts. Per Copy, 10 Cts.	L. A. Arthur, Local Editor
C. J. McKee, Business Manager	Published Monthly by the Students of McMinnville College	

Several new faces appear on the chapel platform this year. Among the Assistant Professors are Miss Mae Pope in the Commercial Department and Miss Jane Lawrence of Pocatello, Idaho, in the Conservatory. Prof. Harvey B. Stout takes charge of English and Public Speaking. Mr. Stout was a student of Wabash College, Indiana, and later of the Indianapolis Law School. He has taken special work both in Ann Arbor, Michigan, and in Cornell. He has been admitted to the bar in Indiana. He has had a great deal of experience in debate and oratory and is deeply interested in that part of college work. Prof. Owens, who has been secured to teach several of the preparatory classes, is a graduate of the University of Missouri, and has had nine years' teaching experience.

* * *

The prospects before McMinnville College appear brighter this year than ever before. Already over a hundred and ninety students have registered, the largest attendance during the fall term in the history of the college. We hope to reach the two hundred mark before Christmas. Classrooms are becoming filled to their utmost capacity; some of the professors have been compelled to change the order of the seats in their rooms to make room for the new comers. It is said of the chemical Lab. that

the students are like a swarm of bees, while the professor who keeps the chapel roll said the other day that he could hardly see, over so many heads, who were absent in the back of the room. But with all the increase, we welcome each newcomer. "Old Mac" is never too full to receive a new student. We say to all, "Come and we will make you one of us."

* * *

Advice

Shakespeare once gave some advice to a student that may be of value to every McMinnville student. Hence we will repeat it. It is as follows: "And these few precepts in thy memory see thou character. Give thy thoughts no tongue, nor any unproportioned thought his act. Be thou familiar but by no means vulgar. Those friends thou hast, and their adoption tried, grapple them to thy soul with hoops of steel; but not dull thy palm with entertainment of each new hatched, unfledged comrade. Beware of entrance to a quarrel, but being in, bear't that the opposed may beware of thee. Give every man thy ear, but few thy voice; take each man's censure but reserve thy judgment. Costly thy habit as thy purse can buy, but not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy for the apparel oft proclaims the man, and they in "McMinnville" of the best rank and

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station are of a most select and generous choice in that. Neither a borrower nor a lender be; for loan oft loses both itself and friend, and borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry. This above all: to thine own self be true and it must follow, as the night the day, thou canst not then be false to any man: This is sound advice and worthy of acceptance."

* * *

Why have we been so un-successful in basket-ball? Some venture to say that we had no material; others say our former teams lacked the support of the student body, and there are various other reasons called to attention. But whatever the rea-

sons may be for our past defeats, let us not entertain the thought that Mac. cannot play this game. Already a large number have turned out and the number steadily increases. From all appearances we have material to make strong teams. Some are experienced players and others show ability that may be greatly developed. Not only among the men has the spirit of the basket-ball player taken firm hold, but it has invaded the ranks of the girls, who have already met and organized teams. For the next few months if you are to be in the swim you must either play ball or boost those who are playing.

Boost--Boost--Basket Ball.

Prohibition

An executive committee meeting of the Inter-collegiate Prohibition League of Oregon was called by the State President here on October 7th. Those in attendance were Miss Kelley and Mr. Barahart of Dallas College, Mr. Miller of Philmath College, Mr. Legget of Albany College, the traveling secretary, Mr. Brown, and E. A. Nott and Grace Henderson of McMinnville College. Mr. Kaufman of Pacific College arrived too late to attend the meeting.

The committee decided to hold the Inter-collegiate Oratorical contest on April 25th 1908, in McMinnville. It was also decided to award to the one winning first place in this contest a prize of \$40, and to the one winning second, a prize of \$20. It is hoped that there will be about eight representatives in this contest.

Students, get busy! Here is a chance to win something for "old Mac."

A Chinese Mixup

A Chinaman came into a store and asked, "You got suiks?"

The young lady smiled, "Silks? Yes, we have silks. What kind would you like?"

"Blek, I think."

She showed him black silk but he said, "No, suiks, suiks."

The lady looked surprised, "Why this is silk," she exclaimed, but he still insisted, "No, Suiks!"

Another lady explained, "He means socks" so they called a gentleman clerk to whom he repeated his request.

"Salt!" said the man. "Yes we have salt!"

The poor Chinaman, excited by this time, cried, "No! No! Suiks! Suiks!"

The other clerks come to his rescue, called out, "He wants socks."

Such are the trials of one who can not speak our language well.

* * *

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CONSERVATORY AND SOCIETY NOTES

Conservatory Notes

The total registration in the conservatory up to date is fifty-five, several are planning to come in the middle of the term.

* * *

Miss Lawrence of Pocatello, Idaho, has been secured as an assistant in the conservatory; she is a former student of the San Jose Conservatory of music and a teacher of considerable experience.

* * *

The music for the College evening of the Baptist Convention at Salem was under the direction of Mrs. C. C. Potter. The program consisted of ladies' and mixed quartettes and solos. Misses Seitters, Pengra and Tilbury and Messrs. R. B. Culver, C. J. McKee and E. F. McKee were our conservatory representatives.

* * *

The History class held its first meeting at Mr. Briedwell's piano room, on Wednesday p. m., Oct 9. Kullak and Weber were the composers studied. The following program was rendered and a large number were in attendance.

PROGRAM

1. Paper on the life of Weber.—Lena Maxwell.
2. Duet, "Invitation to the Dance." Weber—Misses Johns and Thompson.
3. Rouds Brilliante—Weber—Miss Pengra.
4. Song, C. J. McKee.
5. Paper on Kullak's Life. Dora Johns.
6. Two Octave Studies—Kullak—Ethel Ford.
7. Description of "Lutzows Wilde Jagd" Clara Houck.
8. Lutzows Wilde Jagd—Weber Kullak—R. S. McKee.

It is desired that everyone interested in these recitals will attend.

Edelweiss Notes

Our first meeting was held at its most appropriate place—under the Edelweiss Oak. This meeting was, perhaps, more a re-union of our members. Of the resident members, the Misses Hodson and Jones were not present. We sadly missed from our ranks the Misses Webster, Bowler, and Nielson. After an enthusiastic business meeting, our social hour was made more social by a call from some of the members of the I. O. M's and D. D's. Refreshments consisted of toasted marshmallows, roasted "weenies," crackers, and blistered faces.

* * *

Oct. 4th was an occasion of great enjoyment and interest, as the officers for the year were duly installed, Miss Lenore Seitters having been unanimously elected as Caciqua, and Miss Jennie Tilbury as Escritor. At this meeting Misses Ruth Latourette and Alta Davis were initiated into the mysteries of our Sisterhood.

* * *

L. L. Notes

After a happy vacation the L. L's. are again ready for another year of hard work. The first meeting was held at our Houck home. We talked lively about our summer frolics, and when Royal Majesty Houck succeeded in restoring order, the election of officers was held. Royal Majesty Houck retained her throne, Royal Scribe, Leo Fleming and Royal Boster, Winnette Sears.

Our brothers, the D. D's. made us a pleasant call, but we regretted not seeing several genial faces of the last year's members.

A number of the L. L. girls are greatly missed this year by all the old students. May Greenman, our first Royal Scribe, is en-

joying a visit with her sister in Bandon, Washington. Donna Griffith, so often seen in the Library last year, is reigning "supremely" in a school room near Montesano, Wash. Mary Phillips and Ona Renner are absent too, each having home duties to attend. Myrtle Miller is not in college but is able to attend regular meetings, while Lola Kuns, who graduated last June, is bravely striving to be the dignified school ma'am at North Yambill.

Last Friday evening at the home of Royal Majesty Houck, we initiated into our Sorority, Misses Jenny Lawrence and Grace Houck, thus making our membership ten.

We wish our new D. D. brother "good luck."

* * *

I. O. M. Notes

We are here for another year's hard work. We enter upon our duties expecting to accomplish more than ever before. The prospects are good for us and with five old members at the wheel and three new ones to help boost things along we will accomplish what we have planned to do.

We have secured the rooms which we had last year over Nott & Son's store for holding our meetings in this year.

During the county fair held here we were glad to see the face of one of our former members, Joe McAllister. He expected to go to Corvallis this year.

We are glad that we have found three new I. O. M's. Sept. 27th, Carson Hora came into our number and Oct. 18th, we initiated Don McFarlane and Harry Merrill.

Our officers for this term are as follows: Ross Eiton High cockalorem; Roy Rice, Vice-roy; Reginald Bowler, Grand Vizier; Orel Welsh, Ex chequer; Wallace Maxwell, Transcriber, and Carson Horn, Sleuth.

After our first meeting on Sept. 20th, a few of us happened to be passing through Lovers-lane where the Edelweiss were holding their meeting. They invited us to partake of roasted marshmallows and "weenies." They were fine and the latter called up some reminiscences of former years.

* * *

Adelphic Notes

Greeting to all! The Adelphic Fraternity wishes both new and old students a prosperous and happy year.

We are glad to report that most of our old members are back again and prepared for another year of hard work. Those of our number who are not in school this year are occupied in their various vocations and are upholding the Adelphic spirit wherever they go. We wish them a successful year and hope that they may be with us in the near future.

The Adelphics are again in the lead, having initiated on Oct. 4, '07, four new members, Fred J. Hart, O. Larcell, A. M. Sherwood, and G. Ogden. We were fortunate in securing these new members as they are all industrious and progressive college students.

We have arranged some interesting programs for this term consisting of debates, lectures and general literary work. We are holding our meetings, as usual, in Flynn's hall. Under our new Vorsitzender we are looking forward to a successful year of work.

On Nov. 30, we will hold our second annual oratorical contest for the gold medal presented by Prof. Sawtelle. Several of our men are preparing to enter this contest.

Theodore Anderson, our former Voristender and one of our star debators, has returned to finish his college course. We expect great things from him this year.

THE REVIEW

D. D. Notes

Well! Well! have you heard of us yet
Now we are all right here you bet
And just think of the fun!
Why it has hardly begun!
Just wait until we get a chicken somehow
Then you'll hear of a ponderous, wow,
wow.

We are sorry that all our members can't be with us again, but each year must take away a few. This year as always before, we have a very congenial little crowd and our meetings are as uplifting as ever. We all look forward to our meeting on Friday nights as a change and a rest from our week's work. We have been rather handicapped by having no hall but at last we have secured the coziest little place in town. The little log cabin down on the Fair grounds will serve as our Royal Palace.

We were all glad to see Floyd Patty again and to congratulate him on his success in business.

Our absent brother Earl Roberts is still enjoying the mountain air, scenery and water, but will begin at U. of O. in Feb. where he expects to specialize in Civil Engineering.

Another absent brother, Bennie Lindermann, has just announced to us the birth of his little daughter, whom he says will make a good L. L. Of course we wish to send her some kind of present. Chet proposes a roast chicken and a string of winnes.

All of our members who saw the "Squaw Mau," in Portland report a good time.

We adjourned early at our first meeting and made a call on our Sisters and as usual were royally entertained.

What would happen if Chet lost his appetite, if Harty took a short step, if Joe forgot to grin, if Ray got mad, if Lloyd and Bill stayed away from Carsten's for a week?

We certainly congratulate our sister L. L's. on their choice of a new member, we gladly call Miss Lawrence, sister.

LOCALS

Students! the success of this column depends upon your efforts. The local editor is not a Mark Twain whose humor is continually bubbling over and cannot be suppressed. The locals to be refreshing must include a variety of styles and should be the best selected from a large list of others. Each student is earnestly requested to hand in at least one local during the month. Count it an honor to find your contributions among the best, selected for this column.

Ruby Bremmer gets her male at the P. O. every evening.

Bob: "I've gone thru so many stunts already that I'm stunted."

Why is Eva like some of the Preps? She is little.

Why is Ruby like an athlete? She is getting Stout.

Elva Hibbs sings gleefully "Maxweltons braes are bonny."

Hope, in the first Latin recitation, "I only know 'amo' in the present tense"

The students and particularly those on the staff are glad to see Teddy Anderson in school again.

Prof. Northup: "What was the forbidden fruit of the garden of Eden." Stone: "Adams Apple."

Mayme: "Doesn't Prof. Stout's hair look killing." Lena: "I wonder how it looks when he gets scared."

THE REVIEW

Zilpha, seeing a baby-buggy under the oaks, "A new commercial student must have registered."

Jinks and Gilbert are seen together much of the time, "Misery loves company." So do they, and that is the secret of their misery.

George McIntyre was seriously injured Thursday in a collision with a cob web. We hope the service of his cane will soon become unnecessary.

The College band has not yet organized but a meeting of those interested in the band was called Friday, Oct. 18, and a good start was made. The prospects for a good band are more favorable this year than ever before.

Alla: "There was a certain orator who could bring his audience to tears by speaking the word Mesopotamia." Prof Stout, "All who believe that stand on your head." Singularly no one in the class agreed with Miss Leighton.

The library exclusion act is very gratifying to the upper classmen but very unpleasant for preps, freshies, and sophs. This is a change which has long been needed, not only as an improvement to the library but also as a mark of distinction between the upper classmen and their inferiors.

A freshman, and this applies to preps, exists merely thru the indulgence of the upper classmen. When a man in his first year at college realizes that he is allowed to live only because his betters are too lazy to exterminate him, then, and not till then, does he come to a realization of his proper sphere in college activities. Some things are infinitesimal, but nothing is so insignifi-

cant, so small, so petty, so little, so diminutive, so slight, so trivial, so utterly worthless, as is a freshman in the opinion of the grave and dignified, worthy and learned, upright and noble upper classman. By the very name "Freshman" it can be easily ascertained that the person so designated is the very end of nothing at all. The most insignificant of infinitesimal objects, the remainder after subtracting something from nothing.

For his own peace and comfort, tranquility and joy the freshman must not be presumptuous, forward, arrogant or bold, but he must be quiet, calm, diffident, unassuming and above all things else, submissive. His consolation during this period of humiliation and subjection can be that it lasts but a year.

Illustrating the Difference.

"What's the difference between vision and sight?"

See those two girls across the street?"

"Yes."

"Well, the pretty one I would call a vision of loveliness, but the other one—she's a sight."

Remember to develop all around spirit, mind and body, for it is the only way to a full-fledged man.

Remember you will find no better place for getting rid of a cold than the gym. and baths.

Remember to have your "gym" suit washed frequently.

Remember to walk about with your head up, chin in, shoulders back!!!

Remember that when you do not feel like exercising you need it the most.

The Commercial dept., under the supervision of Prof. Carstens, has been greatly improved since last spring. The large room which formerly accommodated the short-hand,

THE REVIEW

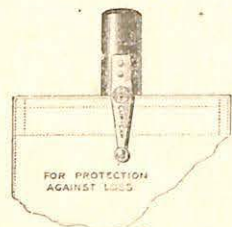
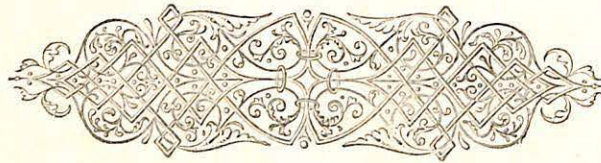
the penmanship, and the bookkeeping classes, has been remodeled. Each class now has its separate room. The partial glass divisions afford three well lighted study rooms. Another improvement is the office room. Here several of the book-keeping students have their offices and transact their dealings with the other students, exactly as in actual business. To Prof. Carstens belongs much credit, for installing these changes so long needed.

Exchange Department

Last year we were very fortunate in having on our exchange list the following papers: U. of O. Monthly and Weekly, Barometer,

Weekly Index, The Crescent, Albany College Student, Willamette Collegian, Chemawa American, High School Nugget, High School Cardinal, High School News, Oregon Teacher's Monthly, The Nargret, Orange and Black, Search Light, The Hakawia, The Cardinal, Normal Messenger, The Evergreen, Orange and Purple, Huston Crimson, Columbead, Industrial Collegian, Clarion, The Exponent, Courier, Philomoth College Chimes, Spinster, High School Echo, Lexington Ladies College, The Collegian, The Pennant, and the Hesperian.

In times past we have been greatly benefited by the reading contained in these well edited papers and if possible we desire to retain each on our list for the ensuing year.



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