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THE REVIEW



December 1907

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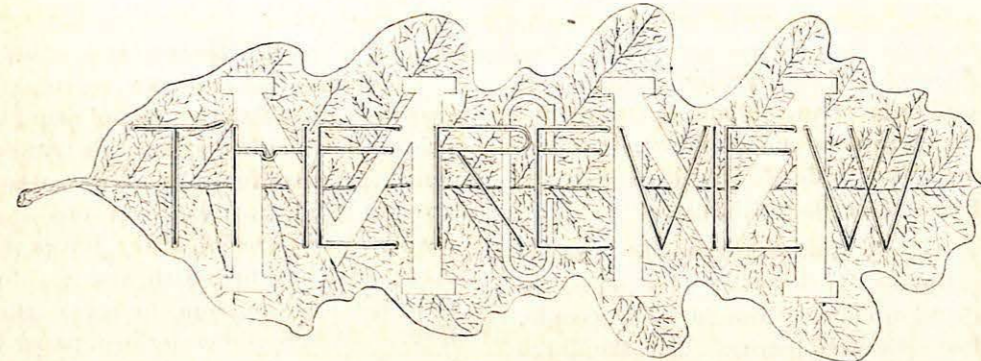
THE BAPTIST COLLEGE OF THE NORTHWEST

SEND FOR CATALOGUE

E. Northup,
DEAN.

F. G. Boughton,
REGISTRAR.

McMINNVILLE, OREGON



VOL. XIII.

DECEMBER 1907

No. 3.

WILLIAM LLOYD GARRISON

WINNER OF THE '94 CONTEST

Everywhere supreme power is working around us. We see it in all the beauty which is manifested in the mountains, the valleys, in the rise of the human race, in sorrow, and in joy. In all of these is unmistakable that truth and love which passeth all understanding—that truth and love which co-operates with us, puny creatures of clay, in the distinction between right and wrong.

And so when moral and political darkness is thickest, God in his infinite mercy has seen fit to regulate the affairs of man. In the earliest epochs of history the hand of the All Powerful is seen at the helm of progress. He has always planted within the breasts of a "select few" that strength of character, that firmness of purpose which enabled them to stand alone and to scorn consequence.

With this knowledge of the Almighty and with a firm conviction that he was in the right, William Lloyd Garrison espoused the cause of the Slaves. The cry they had

so long sent up was heard. A hero had at last appeared to aid the helpless masses in their struggle for freedom. Oh, the bravery, the true American spirit that urged this hero of heroes, leader of leaders in the face of almost sure destruction to defend his unfortunate black brothers: Oh, the intensity of love that burned within that breast. Whatever the circumstances, such a love could not be extinguished. Numberless as his enemies were, he would not retreat. In this moral agitation he was always at the front, the color bearer of the movement and the target for scorn and vituperation. Many and strong were the forces which he assailed—forces encouraged by a greed for gain. Fortifications which had been years in the process of construction confronted the warrior.

They were not the bravest men who fought at Lexington and Yorktown. It was rather such men as this one who, young and inexperienced, dared to fling himself against an empire in behalf of liberty and

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justice—such men as Governor Folk, who, regardless of Colonel Butler, promoter of vice and crime, had courage to enforce the laws; such men as our President, Theodore Roosevelt, the pride of American citizens, the ideal of American citizenship.

Garrison's powerful argument and his almost impossible demands startled politicians and angered church and people. Heedless of consequence and in the large slave markets, he denounced the trade as most contemptible and mean. His measures were right. The object of his regard was the whole country. As a loyal patriot he would be content with no part of it. He believed the system of slavery to be wrong. He had seen and interpreted the handwriting on the wall. "A house divided against itself cannot stand." He demanded an immediate and uncompromising release of all those in bondage.

Astonishing was this a mere boy's agitation. Encouraged by no one, standing alone hungry and penniless and with the one purpose of assisting others, Garrison confronts the nation. Does he tremble? Does he hesitate? His adversaries become alarmed. They raise their voices in protest against him. Their stained hands are thrust up to hinder the destruction of their infamous policy. Enemies hindered for a time, but they could not stop the progress of the great awakening. They contrived by diver's means to deceitfully undermine the beautiful structure called Liberty. Again and again Garrison is thrown into prison, but he is not dismayed. Crying with a loud voice as from the wilderness, he gains victory after victory. The reform is extending like contagion. Not only in America but all over the world, men are

coming to realize the injustice of slavery.

Trouble and obstacles served only to inspire this patriot. Altho' thrown in prison for making known his true convictions and abandoned by those whom he thought loyal, Garrison continued to strike deadly blows in behalf of the Slaves. Upon his release, burning with new zeal to perform his life's mission, he began the publication of "The Liberator"—a paper feared by the slave-holder, scoffed at by his fellow-citizens, and scornfully rejected by the American pulpit. Did these abuses and insults cause a halt in his purpose? Did he lose courage and cease to do his Master's will? Inspired from above with the spirit of freedom and within hearing of an auctioneer's block, William Lloyd Garrison proclaimed the doctrine of Liberty. Never turning back but keeping step with his Lord and Master, nearer he approached the Goal of victory.

His intense earnestness and wonderful intellect commanded attention. Men's lives with whom he came in contact were made better. Gigantic as the resistance was, he was always in the thickest of the fight. The vastness of the difficulties which he encountered and overcame shows his superb character. The South caught the spirit of his doctrine and answered with shouts of exultation. Everywhere his PRECEPTS were received with enthusiastic applause. He had succeeded in melting the mountains of ice which surrounded him.

Christopher Wren asked that these words be placed on his tombstone, "If you would see my monument look about you." Did William Lloyd Garrison perform his life's mission? Look about you. See what he who was chosen for this work has ac-

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complished. "With an arm of strength he lifted the yoke and freed the slaves."

His mission is performed. The great masses of the people have at last awakened and have recognized him as their leader. He has changed indifference and hatred to admiration and love.

Tho a few clouds rest today upon his work, William Lloyd Garrison will always

be remembered as a true American patriot. (It will even be said of him, he was a man who possessed the highest courage and firmness of character, the loftiest sense of duty.) Throughout the world he is known as one who is endowed with the sterling qualities of manhood, who knew what was right, and did it.

JOE RICHARDSON.

MY ENEMY

I have often heard many interesting stories concerning incidents of the Indian war of '56, both ludicrous and pathetic. The following incident was told me by an old veteran of that war.

My company at the time of my story, was in the southern part of Idaho near Silver City, seeking a chance to fight the Blackfeet. The night of the incident was extremely dark and the moon would not rise until nearly four o'clock in the morning. Our fires were ordered extinguished as soon as supper was over, since the scouts that day had reported signs of Indians. On this night I was sent out on guard duty. This being my first experience as picket added to the fact that Indians were so close by made me extremely nervous. I was posted about two hundred yards from camp on the bank of a little stream near a bunch of alder bushes. Below me the horses of the company were feeding in a little meadow. The officer of the guard left me with strict orders not to fire unless I saw an Indian.

I was soon alone with my thots, and the realization that I could not see an arm's length in that darkness enhanced my trepidation. For a time the feeding of the

horses along the stream seemed to hold back the terrors of the darkness, but as they became satisfied, I was ere long without a sense of comfort.

It must have been nearly two o'clock when I was suddenly aroused from the reverie into which I had fallen, by the sound of a stealthy foot tread near the alder bush. My first impulse was to fire my rifle and rush for camp when I recalled the last order of the sergeant. I could hear my heart thumping like a twenty stamp mill. My breath came in short gasps and my knees were endeavoring each to knock the other from under me.

My enemy by this time had approached to where I could almost touch him with the end of my rifle, but I was unable to see him. I had resolved to fire my rifle and flee precipitately when the discordant he-haw of one of the pack mules broke the stillness of the night. E. F.M., '10.

* * *

Lily: Why is i the luckiest of the vowels?

Gil: Because it is in Gil, the other vowels are in Patterson except (u) which is left out.

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TABLE OF CONTENTS

Associate Editor: "What have you got there?"

Editor (taking a paper out of his pocket:) "An article for this month's Review!"

A. Ed. "Ah! 'The Juvenile Court,' an oration!"

Ed.: "Yes, Zilpha gave me that. It's pretty good."

A. Ed.: "What else have you got?"

Ed.: "Well, my story (if it's good enough.) Harty's lyric (if he gets it written.) Zilphia's oration that article of Kenneth Latourette's (if it gets here), and the winning oration; in the '94 contest (provided, the winner doesn't want to use it in the State Contest)."

A. Ed.: "What! two orations! Isn't that pretty heavy?"

Ed.: "O,—I don't know—Is it worse than having two stories?"

A. Ed. "Students usually like stories better than weighty articles."

Ed. "Students! I don't care about them! They don't subscribe for the Review; we get our money from advertisers. I care more about what outsiders think of the paper anyway."

A. Ed. "That's so—; but the articles are all so long."

Ed. "It does make it rather dull; we ought to put something frivolous in. But our contributors are such thinkers."

A. Ed. "Yes, McMinnville is given to hard work. Hardly any of the students write stories."

Ed. "Yes, stories are hard to get."

A. Ed. "That's the reason I didn't want this position. I can't write stories."

Ed. "O, I haven't worried much about that yet. Wait till the hour comes when we will have to sit down and produce a masterpiece at one sitting."

A. Ed. "We must have some more material, though. I wonder if Prof. Kyle would write an article."

Ed. "His would be kind of heavy, though, wouldn't it?"

A. Ed. "O, I don't know, I guess he can write nearly anything. You know he is so witty in class."

Ed. "Say, do you s'pose he could write a poem?"

A. Ed. "Why, yes, I shouldn't wonder."

Ed. "Say, I believe I have a subject for him, too; about old-time students and the students of today. You know he gave such a funny little talk in class about how students used to burn the midnight oil and come out of school pale-faced, sickly, and thin as a dish rag, while today they have too much muscle and too little brains."

A. Ed. "Well, you ask him. I wonder if we could get some one to write a little dialogue. Perhaps we could get two students to write one together."

Ed. "Gilbert and Fred would be fine."

A. Ed. "Yes. They could take off some peculiarity of the college this year, like the little folks we have; those in short dresses and knee trousers."

Ed. "Good! I'll see Fred and Gillie."

A. Ed. "That'll be enough for this Review. Have you anything for the next issue?"

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Ed: "Why, I think I'll get Diebel to write an article for that. Let me see, how many more months have we got?"

A. Ed: "Why there's January, February, March, yes, and April, too."

Ed: "Four months. Won't we be glad when that time's up!"

A. Ed: "Yes, won't we!"

Both together: "Well such is the life of a journalist!"

ECHOES FROM A PIONEER FARM

Thorpe was the son of a pioneer farmer of South Dakota. While he was a lad the surrounding country was wild and unsettled. It was a great ocean of undulating prairie. The Indians had scarcely retreated from it, and here and there the skeletons of buffaloes could still be found. As the boy looked out over the wide extended plains to the far-off horizon, he could see only a few small shanties of the early settlers scattered far apart. The scene might have made others feel lonesome but not Thorpe; it was one of his native elements. At times the monotony of the surroundings was broken by the passing of a long caravan of Indians who were going to the Missouri river to spend the summer. Thorpe watched them eagerly. He counted each canvas covered wagon with its long tent poles projecting behind as it passed. Great was his delight when the Indians happened to camp for noon or night in the vicinity. He rejoiced to see the green prairie dotted with tents that appeared so white in the noonday sun, or to watch the gleaming of so many camp fires in the evening.

Of course Thorpe had a more immediate environment that helped to keep him busy and happy when other things failed—his parents, brothers and sisters, a shanty made of sod and boards, a cat, a dog, some chickens and other domestic animals.

With these he found occupation and amusement.

The roosters especially attracted him, for they could crow and fight. Even though his father kept as many as twenty or more roosters at a time, Thorpe knew exactly how each ranked in bravery and fighting ability. He christened them with the names of American generals according to their rank. The champion of the barnyard was Washington while the most cowardly of all bore the name of Arnold. The lad never lost interest in the fights. When nine years old and following a team of oxen in the field he always kept an eye on the barnyard as much as possible and sometimes lo, and behold! two roosters were seen bounding into mid air scratching and tugging at each other's combs. He then dropped the reins, left the gentle oxen and ran home quickly to the scene of action where he observed the tactics of each contestant closely and tabulated the maneuvers and outcome of the conflict as though he were a newspaper reporter and the antagonists Russia and Japan.

Thorpe had other playmates and companions. There were the horses of which he was so proud, the gentle cows and the little fat pigs that he petted. One pig in particular was very tame. Sometimes when it lay down on its side he took it by

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the legs and rocked it to sleep on its well filled stomach by moving the feet up and down. Once in a while Thorpe turned the pig clear over so that it rested on the other side. This the animal did not like and if the lad persisted in doing it repeatedly it would give a cross grunt, get up and run off.

But the animal he had the most experience with, both in play and work was the calf, either in its early day or later when it is called an ox. During the long cold winter Thorpe was imprisoned in the shanty and the calves in a sod stable. When Spring arrived and the ground turned green, all longed for a frolic in the meadow. On an early April day Thorpe came to his mother and said, "can I run barefooted today?" She replied, "O, no! I am afraid the ground is too cold." But answered he, "I have felt of the ground with my bare hand and it is O, so warm." Then Thorpe, his brothers, sisters and mother went out to feel of the ground and after much pleading she yielded saying, "you may run barefooted for a short time." O, what joy among the youngsters! No wonder the poet said "Let the million-dollared ride!" Barefoot trudging at his side, Thou hast more than he can buy." In the mean time Thorpe's father had noticed the warmth of the day and the restlessness of the calves penned up in the stable. Thinks he, I'll turn them out today. Then the calves came bounding out from the stable for their first sport in the sunshine, and the barefooted children turned loose by the mother met them on a common play-ground. What a running about on the green meadow! Occasionally Thorpe seizes the tail of a passing calf and is thus pulled along at

much greater speed than he could acquire thru his own efforts. What fun they all do have!

But Thorpe had reached the point where he was useful on a farm. Some of the calves had grown up into oxen; they had also reached a point of usefulness and now they were to be broken in to work. The boy was on hand and deeply interested in every move. How could he be otherwise? He had fed the oxen when they were calves; he had petted them and played with them; later he had herded them on the prairie; now he was teaching them how to work, and soon he would hold the reins that should guide them and wield the whip that must impel them. The young steer was bridled and harnessed for the first time and coupled to two trusty old oxen. The team was then hitched to a plow. The behavior of the candidate was remarkable. Thorpe laughed and occasionally the conduct of the young ox became so awkward and strange that Thorpe's father also burst into unrestrained laughter. The young steer rushed forward and then balked; he stepped out of his traces, twisted about so that he faced his companions, and at times tried to stand on his head.

On one occasion of this kind the ox team bolted. Thorpe's father put the plow in the ground and hung to the reins and the boy followed like a good sprinter. Soon the runaway ox turned a complete summersault. He then lay right on his back, unable to move, for he had plunged his long horns into the sod, thus fastening himself to the earth. But the young oxen soon learned how to work. In a few days they walked along nicely and Thorpe was sent into the field to plow or harrow with them.

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On a beautiful April morning he started out with a well trained team of three oxen to harrow a newly plowed field. At first all went well. The barefooted boy walked behind the harrow on the soft mellow soil, humming an old tune. After he had made two rounds thru the field a buckle happened to come off from one of the harnesses. Thorpe stopped, and having made repairs, proceeded. When the team had gone a few steps he noticed that one of the steers was moving along ungracefully with one of the hind legs on the outside of the tug. He shouted whoa; went and held the tug down with one foot and kicked the leg of the ox with the other to make him take it over the tug. After some struggling he made the ox obey and went back to the reins to start up. Now another ox had stepped over his tug, so Thorpe repeated the process; but before he could get through one tug was off and two more legs were over tugs. The oxen had discovered how to take up time, and while the boy was trying to restore order, the oxen became entirely unmanageable. In spite of his efforts they backed up and twisted around so that some of them faced the harrow and stood on it with their front feet. They were examining the instrument of their slavery. Thorpe pled and struggled with the "strikers" for two hours, but accomplished nothing.

Happily his father had noticed that he was stopping continually, and surmising that something was wrong, he was on his way into the field. When he reached the boy he asked no questions, but being an expert in all matters pertaining to steers, diagnosed the case immediately and hastened to apply the remedy. He snatched the whip which Thorpe had not thought it

wise to use in this emergency, and wielded it with such force that the lash whistled angrily thru the air and cracked with a loud noise as it wrapped around the limbs of the rebellious oxen. Soon the whiplash flew high into the air and then Thorpe's father came nearer to the steers and just used the whip handle on them. They trotted along, legs inside and outside, disorderly, appearing more like a small herd of cattle than a team of oxen. Thorpe came running after with a broad smile on his face. After they had proceeded in this fashion for a distance of nearly forty rods, they stopped to get the team into order. Now they stepped into their tugs so quickly and handsomely that anyone limited to judge from those actions alone would have thought they were animals that had escaped from Barnum or the Ringling Bros. Thorpe now took the reins and continued to harrow without further difficulty. Each time he passed the place where he had had the trouble, the oxen began to trot.

Once Thorpe was to make a drive of ten miles in a wagon drawn by a span of oxen. It was in July and the day was very hot and sultry. He had just eaten a big dinner and as the wagon rolled lazily along he could scarcely keep awake. Some of the time he was nodding. After he had driven eight miles, he was about to pass a pond of water, but the thirsty, heated oxen happened to spy it and then began to make for it with quickened step. Thorpe now anticipating their intention, made frantic efforts to turn them back into the road. He pulled at the reins with all his might, but uselessly, for while they turned their heads to one side, their bodies continued to move toward the same destination—the pond.

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Their course seemed as fixed as that of the planets. In a few more moments they were out in water up to their knees. There they stopped and both lay down with an expression of comfort on their faces.

Thorpe watched them a short time. Then, being barefooted, he turned up his pantaloons and stepped down into the water to see if he could in any way interest the oxen in reaching land. He applied the whip to them with boyish vigor, but this was a place where the strength of manhood had to exert itself to make an impression. Presently a "good Samaritan" happened along that way and seeing the perplexity of

the boy, drove over into the pond with his buggy, and while seated in it, delivered some powerful strokes to the oxen with a rawhide whip. This had the desired effect. They got up and waded for land and the lad completed his journey safely.

And thus, you see, Thorpe was the son of a pioneer and lived accordingly. His amusement came from simple sources. He watched the roosters fight, he herded cattle, petted the pigs, romped with the calves and when he went out for a drive it was with a span of oxen, and you ask, could he be happy? Yes, as happy as the boy of today in the automobile. T. E. A. '08



<p>STAFF</p> <p>Theo. E. Anderson, Editor-in-Chief</p> <p>Annie Andrews, Associate Editor</p> <p>C. J. McKee, Business Manager</p>	<p>THE REVIEW</p> <p>ENTERED IN THE POST-OFFICE AT McMINNVILLE, ORE., AS SECOND-CLASS MATTER</p> <hr/> <p>TERMS</p> <p>Per Year, 50 Cts. Per Copy, 10 Cts.</p> <hr/> <p>Published Monthly by the Students of McMinnville College</p>	<p>STAFF</p> <p>J. G. Richardson, Exchange Editor</p> <p>L. A. Arthur, Local Editor</p>
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We laugh at the student of a hundred years ago because he applied himself so rigidly to his books, neglecting to take time for developing his physical or social nature. How many of us stop to think that perhaps students a century hence may criticize us because we have swung to the opposite extremity of the arc? We must admit, however, when we think the matter over fairly, that there is a serious tendency to scatter our energies over too many branches. This fault is more noticeable, perhaps, in the smaller colleges, which are straining all their powers to keep up in the race with the larger institutions. Think what it means in a school of only two hundred students, to have six societies, a college band, an orchestra, two glee clubs, a temperance league, two Christian associations, and an organized student body in charge of athletic sports, debating teams, and oratorical contests. If undue application was bad for the old time student, certainly such a division of interests is just as injurious to the student of today. No ordinary person can take part in so many phases of college life and do his best work.

We do not mean that these things are not important, for they are. They all are useful in their places and fill various needs. This is what makes the temptation to scatter his energy so great to the student. But

each one must decide for himself, if he is to act wisely, how much he can do along these lines without slighting his college work. Upon the basis of this decision, he must then choose from the opportunities offered, those that will benefit him, and through him, his fellow men most. It is only by meeting these questions fairly that we shall be able to overcome this danger in our present day education.--Associate.

* * *

In a recent meeting of the A. S. B. it was decided that we shall put out a track team in the Spring. There was some division of opinion, several of the boys preferring to play baseball. So small a student body as ours can hardly expect to make a success in both sports, hence we ought to put all our efforts on one thing and make a tremendous success of it.

* * *

On the evening of the 17th of December a barrel of gasoline caught fire in the rear of the college and caused a small stir. The barrel lying on the roof of a small shanty was being tapped of oil to supply the gas plant in the college. As the janitor opened the door of the shanty his lantern ignited some gas that had collected. The flame lighted the gasoline that was now pouring out on the roof from the barrel which made a big flame. The barrel was close to one of the corner pillars of the

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windmill tower. This was barely saved from the flames by the vigorous work of a bucket brigade that carried water from the

college pump. Soon the fire department arrived and the flames were extinguished.

Pacific College Defeats McMinnville

On December 13, our basket-ball team went to play their first game and met defeat. The game was closely contested from start to finish. During the first minute P. C. made our delegation tremble by making two baskets, but soon there was a change. Apparently the P. C. boys were not accustomed to observe the rules of the game, hence referee Tingley had to call fouls in rapid succession. Each foul was a point for Mac as Edwin McKee scarcely ever missed a basket in throwing fouls. Several baskets were also made and in twelve minutes the score stood 13 to 4 in favor of Mac. Then a reaction set in and the first half ended with a score of 16 to 15 in our favor.

The first part of the second half was favorable to Mac. In a few minutes our boys had made five points and P. C. none. At this juncture the game was delayed some by the Newberg rooters. Knowing little or nothing about the rules of the game they could not see the meaning of the referee's decisions and consequently imagined that he was trying to win the game for Mac by calling fouls. A crowd rushed out on the floor protesting against a decision. After a little debate the game went on. On two occasions supporters of the home team came on the floor during the progress of the game. This is of significance for it gave the referee the right to declare the game forfeited to the visiting team. At the middle of the second half P.

C. began to gain gradually. Within ten minutes of the end of the game Mac was still in the lead by a few points, but soon the points were a tie and then, fearful to relate, P. C. got the lead. Soon she was nine points ahead. Then the Mac boys mustered a little more energy and made two or three baskets. Now it was their turn to take the lead but the time was up and the score stood 28 to 33 in favor of Pacific College. Thus a hard battle was fought and lost.

All our boys did splendid work. They played a clean, fast game, they made but a very few fouls, while in all sixteen were were called on their opponents and others were passed over through the indulgence of the referee. Edwin and Joe were the stars of our team. Out of the sixteen fouls Edwin made fourteen points for Mac. Joe playing guard held his man down to three baskets and threw three baskets over him. The work of Ralph, McCabe and Foster is also worthy of comment. The entire student body ought to be proud of, and enthusiastic over their basket ball team. They play a clean, strong game. Everybody must boost and root for basket ball.

* * *

Gillie: "Any man can have ten lady friends."

Prof. Northup: "You mean by the conditions of the problems of course."

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Conservatory and Society Notes.

Conservatory Notes

A interesting program was given on Friday afternoon, December 6. Those taking part were Hugh Whirry, Evelyn Macy, Lucile Murton, Dorothy Fleming, Lois Jones, Juanita Cartens, Misses Middleton, Jones and Bremner.

* * *

Miss Seitters spent the past two weeks in Seattle visiting relatives and had a most delightful trip.

* * *

The Sophomore and Junior Quarterly took place on Monday evening, December 9th and was well attended. The pupils have all entered into their studies for the year with enthusiasm and showed improvement in their work.

* * *

Mr. and Mrs. James Edmunds entertained the faculty at their home November 22 and a most enjoyable evening was spent.

* * *

Mesdames Potter, Dielschneider, Lancefield and Miss Lawrence gave several musical selections and Mrs. H. Wyse Jones was heard in some very pleasing readings

* * *

Both the boys' and girls' glee clubs have been organized and promise to do good work.

* * *

A large and appreciative audience attended the Senior Quarterly on Monday evening December 16th. The members of the Senior class are Dora Johns, Miss Lawrence, Clara Houck, Ethel Ford, Grace

Houck and Laura Seitters.

The following program was well rendered:

1. Overture to William Tell—Rossini
Misses Pengra, Sears, Lawrence
and Mrs. Lancefield
2. Polonaise Op. 53—Chopin
Miss Lawrence
3. Sonata Pathetique—Beethoven
Dora Johns
4. Because—D'Hardlot
Miss Reese
5. Loreley—(Andante) Seeling
Clara Houck
6. Cachoucha—Raff
Ethel Ford
7. When the Heart is Young—
Dudley Buck
Lenore Seitters
8. Festal March Op. 91, No. 4—Raff
Grace Houck
9. (a) Sea Drift—Carmen
(b) Without Thee—D'Hardlot
Lottie Pengra

* * *

L. L. Notes

Friday evening, November 29th the L. L.'s spent the night with Infant Kuns at her home near town. Everyone had the best of times and are always more than glad to spend an evening at the home of genial Mr. and Mrs. Kuns.

* * *

Royal Scribe Fleming visited in Portland during the Thanksgiving holidays.

* * *

On December 6th we initiated into our society, Ruby Bremner and our number now is eleven. This important meeting was held in our "Houck Home."

* * *

May Greenman is again at home in Portland, and Ona Renner expects to leave

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soon for California, where she will spend the winter.

* * *

D. D. Notes

We compliment the L. Ls. on their choice of a new member, and feel it an honor to recognize Miss Bremner as a sister.

* * *

We have been doubly honored during the past month by two of our members, Joe Richardson, who won first, and Melvin E. Harty who won second place in the '94 contest.

* * *

We wish to compliment the boys on the college basket ball team on their clean playing, and to urge them to continue their practice faithfully in the future for they have shown themselves worthy the metal of the best teams in the state.

* * *

Farewell to the year '07

This parting we do hate,
But the good there is in us eleven
Will be shown to the world in '08.

* * *

The D. D's. wishes everyone a Merry Xmas and a Happy New Year.

* * *

Friday evening, December 13th, we elected the officers for the coming term. Mr. William Stout was elected High Mogul; Roy Arthur, Low Mogul; Lloyd Tilbury, Royal Scribe; Joe Richardson, Keeper of the Royal Funds; Austin C. Arthur, Captain of the Royal Guards; Chester Campbell, Royal Bloodhound; Melvin Harty, Sky Pilot and Prof. Harvey B. Stout Jr., was made Sweeper of the Royal Palace.

We have been favored during the past term by visits from three of our former members, Sherman Stilwell, "Dusty" Roberts and Fred E. Black.

* * *

We have also enjoyed to the utmost the social functions in which we have participated, and eagerly anticipate what the coming term may have in store for us.

* * *

Edelweiss Notes

On Friday evening, Nov. 23rd, the Edelweiss sorority spent a most enjoyable evening with Estella and Jennie Tilbury. Oh, the fun! Lenore is certainly good at hunting peanuts. Veron spent the evening with us and seemed to enjoy our company very much.

* * *

Owing to the absence of a number of our members during Thanksgiving week, and the roll call at the Baptist church the following week, Edelweiss missed two meetings.

The last meeting of the term was held at May Pope's home. May proved to us by the appetizing luncheon served during the evening that a college graduate knows more than just book-larnin, and Mrs. Clarke's cake was delicious.

The initiation of our new member Sylvia Wills afforded much amusement to the sorority during the early part of the evening. The spirit with which Miss Wills entered into the initiation proved her to be a true Edelweiss.

Later in the evening a very interesting business meeting was held during which the sorority came to final decision in regard to changing its name to a Greek letter. It was with reluctance that the name Edelweiss which has meant so much to the members for the past three years, was given up, yet the new name Kappa Alpha Phi was heartily re-

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ceived by all and in the future we hope it will mean as much or more to us than Edelweiss has in the past.

* * *

L. D. Notes

Through accident the L. D.s have not been heard very much this fall, but we wish to assure the readers that we are very much alive and prospering. Since the fall opening our title has been bestowed upon eight new and worthy members. There are Zoe Ogden, Eva Miller, Hazel Kuykendall, Flo Patterson, Grace Henry, Pauline Senn, Agnes Johnson, and Eva Buchanan.

* * *

We have spent many enjoyable and profitable Fridays this term. Among them stand out the delicious little "spreads" in the studio, the wood-box meeting, the romp with the L. L.'s at Alphilds, the marsh mallow toast at Gracie's fireside, and the china shower for "Mur."

* * *

On Dec. 6, "Reg" Bowler had a slight collision with the L. D. goat, but owing to his remarkable presence of mind, he escaped with only a few serious injuries.

* * *

Our former sister, Mina Morgan, has been quite ill and is now in an open air sanitarium in Portland.

* * *

On Dec. 13, we spent a very enjoyable evening at Lola's; the occasion being an enjoyable party in honor of Miss Miriam Hull. The rooms were beautifully decorated in yellow chrysanthemums, mistletoe, and ivy. The evening was spent in unique amusements, the feature being a contest in which each L. D. tried to outdo her loyal sister in skill with her needle by hemming and monogramming dish towels for the future housekeeper. A

dainty luncheon was served at a late hour, after which the surprised bride-to-be was showered with many beautiful pieces of china. We regret losing Miss Hull from our midst, but we hope that we may receive frequent visits from Mrs. Wm. Robinson of Kelso.

* * *

Adelphic Notes

On the evening of the 11th of Dec., the L. L's entertained the Adelphics at the home of Clara Houck. It was a postal card party. First everyone received a novel present. Then postal cards, each one bearing the name of someone present, were distributed, one to each person. The holder of a card was asked to draw on it some characterizing feature or attitude of the person whose name happened to be on the card. The cards were then collected, pinned on the wall and all tried to guess what persons the drawings represented. Gibert L. Tilbury (our newly elected second Stabtragger) got the greatest number correct. He was awarded a beautiful framed painting. Soon we were permitted to encircle a large table decorated with similar carnations, candies, angel cake, punch and ice cream. The ice cream was in harmony with the occasion. It was served in oblong pieces that resembled postal cards in shape and on the upper right hand corner of each cake was a small pink spot resembling a postage stamp very much. We ate many cards and drank punch freely. Here Nott distinguished himself by his capacity for this beverage and thus earned the name of "Bolz" with the German students. After refreshments many new, funny games were played heartily. No one could help enjoying them. At a late hour we scattered for our homes saying to each other "That's the most fun I've had for a long time."

* * *

Our brother, Fred Thompson, spent an evening with us recently. This year he is a

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junior in the medical college of Willamette University. He is enjoying his work very much.

* * *

LOCALS

Grant favored the Preps with a solo, Dec. 4, which was greatly appreciated, especially by Prof. Carstens.

* * *

Hart, looking about the room: "Where did I leave my glasses?"

Larsell. "They're on your face."

Hart. "Oh, I didn't see them."

* * *

Cox has evidently got the cold shoulder from some of the larger young ladies of the school for he says: "If there is anything I like it is a LITTLE honey."

* * *

Bessie Cashow, a former student here, is now exchange editor of the Seminary paper of Virginia Institute, Bristol, Va. We should like very much to include that paper on our exchange column.

President Riley is at present spending some time in California.

* * *

Prof. R. E. Storey a former student and subsequently professor of English of McMinnville College, has accepted the pastorate of the First Baptist church at Pendleton, Oregon.

* * *

Professor Tingley was in great demand at Newberg just after the basket-ball game. The cry went up, "where is the man in the red sweater?" He refereed a splendid game. Hardly a foul could escape his keen eye. It is argued by those who know the game that Tingley is an expert with the whistle.

* * *

When Chester learned that some of the National Banks had suspended payment he rushed down to the First National and demanded his cash. As the cashier handed it out, three dollars, a quarter or two and a few pennies, Campbell remarked surprisedly, "Oh! you can pay can you?"

Cashier: "Yes, certainly."

Campbell: "Then I don't want it" Take it back."



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