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# The Review

Nov. 20, '08



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whom one may appear or disappear while seeking preparation for his life work.

It cannot be denied that bigness has been the goal with many of the ambitious friends of our colleges. Bigness belongs to the age in which we live. It would be but natural for our educational people to be moved to undertake to build big colleges, and for our young people to seek the big institutions as the best place to secure their education; but a little reflection will convince us that there must be a limit to the number of persons under one teacher's care, among whom a student can get the best for himself. The best is what he pays for, and the best is what he should honestly seek. Is it best for a student to know his teacher intimately, to have full opportunity to recite and ask questions, to be in close touch with all the members of his class, to be privileged with frequent promptings to take advantage of the best things offered? To ask these questions is to answer them, as there is but one answer. In a class of 500 the opportunity to stand first is one in five hundred. In a class of 100, it is certainly five times greater.

The demands of the present age are calling for the multiplication of departments and courses, and prompting many students to specialize. These things call for increased equipment and a larger number of teachers, making it possible for a college to be larger today than two decades ago without danger of embarrassment; but the young persons of today, as well as those of the past, who have enjoyed the privileges of the small college, may be devoutly thankful. Their preparation has been without question of the highest order. The person who does not stay in the small college to finish his course is unquestionably acting against his best interests.

The work of fostering and encouraging our smaller Christian colleges is, no doubt, "big business," and will tell more in the effectiveness of the men and women of the future than the big schools.

### Whispers from the Old Oak

Prof. J. M. Grover

It is the evening hour, when "the glory is called from the gray."  
It is the resting time of the year, too, and as I yield my willful

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leaves I wonder at the memories left to me. There has been much of sorrow and sadness and change, and yet so much of joy and love and victory.

When I was young the rolling valley lands were clothed only in the verdure of nature and guarded only by the forest trees. Luxurious grasses and wild flowers grew everywhere, and everywhere the deer played with their fawns. Only now and then my earliest friends, the Yamhills, came hunting here or built sometimes their council fires in my valley. The dark-skinned children played about the lodges, while within the women cooked and the maidens shyly beaded moccasins for their braves. As the shadows deepened the warriors sat about the fire and in the dusky light planned hunting parties, poisoned their arrows for war or smoked the pipe of peace.

Then I remember the sultry autumn day when the north wind woke me to tell me of the white men who had built a fort and were come to gather furs. Later I listened and wondered when the winds met in my branches and talked together of the strangers who had come from across the mountains. The east wind told of how they had suffered, how strong the men had been and how brave the women. They told of the beautiful homes that had been left back in the Mississippi basin and what long months they had traveled; how they had climbed the mountains and brought the first wagons down to the cascades; they told, too, how kindly the great Dr. McLoughlin had received them and how courageously they bore privation and suffering, and all the story made my young spirit proud to know men cared so much for my beautiful West.

Then came my day of romance, when a cabin of logs was built close by my side and a young husband brought his girl bride to dwell with me. All their possessions they had brought up the Yamhill in a canoe. Home and friends and comforts had been left, but they counted life a joy and work a pleasure. Under my shade he put up a smithy. Often she left her work and on some innocent errand ran to the shop only that she might be near him who was more to her than father or mother or home or friends. His home, his wife, his work and his faith in God satisfied for him life's hunger. I spread my branches broad and lifted my head high, because she said I gave her pleasure, and he said because she loved me my life should

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always be spared, and so in the years that passed their love and loyalty made my world bright.

Finally a town grew up and schools were started. Then came the day when they two came and stood by my side and talked of a college that was to be built. They spoke of it with such pride and such reverence, as though it were to be a holy thing, and talked of what their part should be. They thought over the days when they were young and how the land I called mine had been their lover's home. They had set apart the spot to courage and duty and truth and kindness, to faith in God and man and faith in the strange, beautiful West. They could not always stay to keep the land from sacrilegious owners; perhaps it would be well to dedicate it to the college soon to be built, for the glory of God and the hope of the future. When they left my side she only said: "It is our best, and we will lend unto the Lord."

Eagerly I watched when the foundations were laid, and as the work went on, until men and women from far and near came to set the large, red brick structure apart for Christian education. Then I bent my topmost boughs and vowed in my heart that I would do my part. I would be brave and strong; I would guard well all who came under my shelter; I would teach beauty and nobility; I would give strength and courage, and as long as my master and the master of men willed to grant me life, I would silently declare the glory of God and make known His protecting love.

Students soon came and then life was new every day and every day filled with new confidences and higher hopes.

My heart glows as I think of the noble men and women who have given their best, in time and brains and in strength and devotion, to make "my college" worthy of Him whose name it honors. Discouragements have come to the college I love so well, and sometimes I have almost despaired of her future, but faith has always triumphed and I am now content to believe that only death's call to me shall ever part us.

I have kept the covenant I made half a century ago. I have taken pride in the young lives as they have come and gone. I alone know how noble have been the impulses of their hearts. No one else understands so well the battles they have fought and how hard

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they have struggled to be true. I glory in the triumphs of their lives and rustle my leaves in sympathy with all of joy or sorrow life may bring to them.

The years are swift in their flight. My leaves are hardly green until the mother earth calls to them and they heed her voice and leave me brown and bare. October's last bright days hardly bid me sleep and rest until the south winds of May call me back to another brief summer of life.

This November sun warns me that, like himself, I am late; so I'll sleep, to dream over again the visions of my youth and to dream most of all of how the hopes of "my people," young and old, will be fulfilled exceedingly abundantly, above all that they have ever hoped or asked. And so I say to them all:

"Grow old along with me!

The best is yet to be,

The last of life, for which the first was made;

Our times are in His hand

Who saith, "A whole I planned;

Youth shows but half; trust God; see all, nor be afraid!"

### Cupid's Darts.

Eva R. Little

*A toast by Eva R. Little given at the Kappa Alpha Phi Banquet for Miss Edna Hodson in honor of her subsequent marriage.*

I'm sure I don't know why I was given this subject, for I, being a Kappa girl, am not supposed to know anything of Cupid and his darts.

One of our fairest maidens, however, whose Stan(d)ard has been higher than ours, has come within the range of these fatal missiles and received a mortal wound.

Cupid (Eros), the god of love, was the son of Venus. He was her constant companion and shot the darts of desire into the hearts of gods and men. Even he himself was not immune to the charm of his darts, for, having pricked his flesh with one of the magic tips, he contracted a burning love for Psyche, the maiden with the but-

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terfly wings. If even the god of the gods, invincible Jupiter, was vulnerable, can you wonder that this child of the enchanted darts has made such inroads into the ranks of our shy and modest sisters?

One bright June morning Eros dropped down from his abode on Mount Olympus. As it was commencement time, he sought some educational institution and finally lighted on our own campus. He had his trusty bow and in his quiver he carried twelve arrows of Standard make, while in his hand he took the Standard pattern dart, tipped with a sparkling jewel, ready for instant use.

Crossing the college bridge, he comes to the entrance of Lovers' Lane, a shrine devoted to his worship. Here he encounters our fairest sister, accompanied by her Stan(d)ard man. His swift dart is sure, and her heart is wounded, love flows out abundantly, and Cupid has triumphed. Advancing further into this sacred lane, recalling other conquests made here, for they are numerous, he espies another of our fair sisters, the beautiful rose, Marie (Henrietta). He thinks, "I cannot pass so beautiful a blossom," and taking another Standard dart,

"This dart of Cupid fell

Upon the little Western flower,

Before milk-white, now purple with Love's wound,

And the Seniors call it Love in idleness."

Attracted by sweet tones of soft music, he finds another lily, the beautiful Lenore. He listens; the strain is in the high key of C. His nevre and aim are certain, and the arrow finds the destination meant by the skillful archer. He knows his purpose was accomplished, for she continues singing in the beautiful strain, in the high McKee of C.

Cupid looks about and sees ahead two strange figures. One resembles a berry blossom; the dainty, modest strawberry is just beginning to bloom, the stellated petals hiding the heart of the tiny growing berry. But here Pomona, goddess of fruit, opposes the advances of Cupid, and the darts glance away from the stellated petals. The god of love not wishing to waste his precious ammunition and desiring not to wound the feelings of this goddess, passes, but he will come again with some specially prepared shafts.

The other of these two fanciful objects is one of the "bon ton,"

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the elite. It is just Leigh-ton, but she is susceptible, and the smell of the pines always reminds her of Cupid's art.

No other victims appear, and he turns to leave the lane, but sees there two Graves, covered with the verdure of the woods. He places an arrow at the head of each, a symbol that they are yet loved and their memory cherished by the sisters who remain.

This location is familiar to Eros. He goes to the pump and though gods drink only nectar, very thirsty, he took a tiny sip, and finding it refreshing, he blessed the well and the oak which shades it, and the water since is an elixir to those who partake of it, and it gives them knowledge and the power to learn.

He comes to a statue on the campus, representing a Potter moulding the clay into the form of a lyre. This one has known Cupid for years and is glad of his visit and blesses him.

Cupid is interested in the new lane already appropriated to his worship. Here a charming brunette is answering the call of a Bob-o-link. At once he lets fly a Standard shaft and it speeds accurately to the heart of the beauty and pierces it and flies on; striking a branch, it darts at the poor bird and pierces the plumage and heart of poor "Bobo Bremner."

Cupid is very successful today, for it is spring and Maying time. He encounters farther down the new lane another brunette. Her eyes compel his admiration. He approaches and softly sighs:

"O love, sweet Sylvia, let me gain the prize,

And make my darts victorious as are thine eyes."

Next our sister, the Laurette, falls victim to Cupid's darts. He shoots hard and finds that the missile has Eaton clear through.

Cupid moves on to the Edelweiss oak, where the sedate Pope sits unmoved and contemplative. The face is pure and beautiful as a May flower. He adjusts a shaft and really, by Joe! it stuck awhile.

The shadows of evening are falling, so Cupid, with just one arrow remaining, and tired from his strenuous labors of the day, starts back toward the bridge where he entered the campus early in the morning. In the short grass he almost crushes another berry with his foot. Knowing that Pomona has gone, he tries his one shaft on the bud. The Pickins of this dart still remain and the bud

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will ripen into a luscious red berry filled with love.

He encounters another of our sisters, very Little, but as his quiver is empty he passes. At the end of the bridge he sees the first mature fruit of his day's sport. Here is our fair one, the first of his day's many victims. The jewel now flashes on her finger and Stan(d)ard still feels the dart.

The evening breeze brings to the ears of the successful bowman the cry, "Love, peace and happiness go with this Kappa Stan(d)ard."



### The Coast Range at Sunset.

The sun has set. A rainy day has closed,  
 And o'er the mountains burned a glorious red.  
 The skies are rich with varied color, such  
 As painters try in vain to imitate;  
 So mellow, lustrous, beautiful. But still  
 The scene is changing as the night comes on;  
 The veil of the twilight quite transforms the mountains;  
 They seem now like live coals faintly burning  
 In open fireplace. Overhead the sky  
 Is flecked with clouds, but the clear blue expanse  
 Where no clouds are, seems freshened by the rains  
 Which fell from dull gray sky the day before.

—Exchange.

STAFF 1908-9	<b>The Review</b>	STAFF 1908-9
L. A. Arthur, Editor-in-Chief	Entered in the Post-office at McMinnville, Ore., as second-class matter.	Orel A. Welsh, Business Manager
Ruth Latourette, Associate Editor	TERMS: Per Year, 50c. Per Copy, 10c.	Eva Little, Local Editor
Zilpha Galloway, Exchange Editor	Published Monthly by the Students of McMinnville College.	

Within the next few months the results of the spring oratorical contests will be largely determined by the preliminary efforts of the students of the different schools. The man who works for six months or a year obviously stands a better chance in the contest than one who quickly and imperfectly prepares his oration. We must win the state contest this year, students, and the '94 contest held December 4, affords a good opportunity to juniors and seniors to begin their preparation. Let us thus early in the year determine to win the state contest and success will surely fall to our representative.

### Our Paper.

College journalism is marked by varied degrees of success and failure. The most necessary elements of success in college journalism are two: Suitable material and financial backing sufficient for its publication.

One trial of the editor of a college paper is in securing regularly the material necessary for a good issue. Often we have received material, excellent in itself, but unsuited to the needs of our paper. It is very unpleasant to the editor to be obliged to refuse publication to some article which has been contributed upon solicitation, but occasionally it is necessary for the good of the paper. Generally, however, the material is good and worthy of printing.

In this school it is difficult to secure contributions from the upper classmen, because all required work in English is finished in the sophomore year, and in meeting other obligations they seldom can give thought to a subject from which no credit accrues. We hope to be able in the near future to offer some material induce-



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ment for contributions. However, each student should remember that he has an obligation to the college paper, both to subscribe and to contribute. Not all can write long articles, but every student in school can hear at least one humorous remark during a month and can drop it into the local box and thus enliven that department.

Our financial support is derived, first of all, from our advertisers, without whose assistance we could not publish a monthly paper. The receipts from this source are about five times larger than all other receipts. We wish that the students would remember this and show the merchants that they get value received for their advertising. Two hundred students bring into this town each year at least \$40,000. This amount is expended annually among our business men. When you purchase your necessary articles hereafter, occasionally mention The Review.

Now, since we owe so much to advertisement, we should strive to extend its influence just as far as possible, in order that it may increase the trade of our advertisers.

The other source of revenue is from subscriptions, and we are pleased that the majority of the students have the paper. Financially, the prospects for a successful year are very favorable, but if the students do not co-operate with the staff, the enterprise must inevitably fail. Let the students contribute cheerfully to any department in which we need their help, and we will have a college paper worthy of the name.



## Society Notes

### Kappa Alpha Phi.

Friday, October 9, a most enthusiastic evening was spent with our sister Edna. Owing to the sickness of our new Cacqua, installation was postponed until October 16, when we met with Maud and Genevieve. Both meetings gave us an assurance of the profitable and enjoyable year before us.

We are glad to have our sister, Blanche Rice, with us again.

A delightful evening was spent at the home of Miss Marie Jones October 24, in honor of the coming marriage of Miss Edna Hodson.

The first part of the evening was spent in helping Miss Hodson draw plans for her future home, and a forecast of her life. It is needless to say that the prediction was a beautiful and happy one.

At 10 o'clock the girls escorted Miss Hodson to the dining-room, where a sumptuous banquet was served. With Mrs. C. C. Potter as toastmistress, the following toasts were responded to: "Cupid's Darts," Miss Little; "The Proposal," Miss Hodson; "Love Letters," Miss Leighton; "Newly Weds," Miss Jennie Tilbury.

The home was beautifully decorated throughout, the parlors being adorned with the Sorority colors, white and gold, while the dining-room was festooned with wreaths of smilax and white campanula. At the close of the evening the Caciqua presented Miss Hodson with two handsome pictures.

D. D.

Since the previous issue of this paper, we have added materially to our number, as well as to our comfort. As to numbers, we have initiated Messrs. Roy Richardson, Basil Yeatman and Claude Hill, all of whom possess the real grit and gumption necessary to a good D. D. Regarding our material comfort, we have been so for-

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fortunate as to secure Burns' Hall as a meeting place, and from henceforth it will be our Imperial Palace.

At our first meeting in our new Palace we initiated the candidates, after which the L. L. Sorority paid us a call, and speeches were delivered by the new candidates of both the sorority, which had five, and the fraternity. After this we escorted our sisters to Wright's Confectionery, where we were served a light lunch.

Saturday evening, November 7, we entertained the L. Ls. at our Imperial Palace. First we listened to a short program, then played a few games and concluded the evening's enjoyment by a delightful repast at the parlors of Mr. P. P. Wright.

The D. D. Fraternity earnestly desires to extend its loving sympathy to our brother, W. Chester Campbell, in the hour of his bereavement.

## Adelphic.

"Are the Adelphics of too pure a make-up to exist in an earthly atmosphere?"

Last Friday night witnessed the initiation of Messrs. Adams and Edwards into our ranks.

Morris Pettit has resigned his position at the City Telephone Company and will devote his spare times to architecture—wood work. Hanscom and Burchett are the latest.

W. Lester Adams, one of our latest acquisitions, made a business trip to Portland last week.

Chas. C. Lilly, one of our most honored members, left last Monday for Cathlamet, Wash., where he will be engaged in teaching school the coming months. We all wish Charley success.

Never in the history of the Adelphic Fraternity has she possessed such a worthy membership as she now has—orators, athletes, debaters, singers, writers and musicians compose her ranks. With such talented men as these, we can expect nothing but a lion's share of the glory in the coming contests.

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Last Monday night as a college student was pushing his way through the darkness and rain on his way from college to town, he met two persons earnestly engaged in conversation, standing under a drenched umbrella, in front of Prof. Northup's home. They were talking confidentially, no doubt, as the tones of their conversation came in whispers, but the evening wind carried to the reporter these words: "Well, Earl, if you consider it a brotherly act, I'll do it, I'll do it." "Yes, Gilbert, I do," came the heavy voice. While talking they were looking up at the harmless incandescent light that shines so strongly in front of the new Hanscom dwelling.

Mr. Light Commissioner, you must watch this lamp and remember that, though it is very helpful to most passers-by, it is very displeasing to him who wishes to enjoy the pleasure of a dark porch and an opportunity.

All Adelphics voted for Bryan.

## U. U.

Since the last issue of The Review we have had some very delightful experiences. Esther Gressen, Meta Matthies, Nina Paddock, Myrtle Maxwell and Hattie Short survived the harrowing ordeal of our initiation. They expect soon to co-operate with their newly admitted D. D. brothers in the final forty-ninth degree.

Don't think our sister, Clara Houck, is ill; not all of a doctor's calls are professional.

We wish to congratulate the D. Ds. on having such a comfortable new palace and also upon their new members.

We enjoyed a most pleasant evening with our brothers on the evening of November 7.

## Local Department

Eva R. Little, Editor.

"May the Seniors always be what they think they are.  
May they never be what others think they are."

Miss Madris in English class, "After the Riley lecture Friday evening it being about ten o'clock, everyone went to their homes."

Varney. "Is this rectorically correct, class?"

Miss Hibbs—No! "I din't go directly home."

Vernon Tilbury (at table): "Mamma can God thee?"

Mrs. T: "Yes honey God can see."

Vernon: "Can God hear?"

Mrs. T: "Yes He can hear."

Vernon: "Well can He hear Gilbert when he eats thoup?"

If Woody is woody, each part of Woody is woody,  
If each part of Woody is woody, then his head is woody.  
If Woody's head is woody, then Woody is a blockhead.

Student—"Who is that couple sitting there?" "That is Tудie and her Heart."

### Why it Iss?

Who are doze whose anxshus faces  
Seem dependent on a bell  
Und down der sidewalk me see races  
Ad der summons of dat knell  
In a melancholy line,  
Asking each in anxious whispers  
Are you sure about the time?  
Then der bell begins to tinkle  
Und dey vanish in a twinkle  
Und now der question haunts me;  
Why it iss?

So by myself I in do wander

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To see whats being done  
Und I smells theres something eating  
On der 'toder side der door.  
Den in der door I pokes mine nose  
Und I rather like der taste  
So den myselfs I gets in more  
Den again der anxshus questions  
Gins to haunt my puzzled brain;  
Why it iss?

Und da I looks arount me  
Und what you dinks I see?  
A room chuck full mit people  
Eaton, Hart und Rice und tea  
Und die chairs die all was Woody  
Und die tables Lowe und Short,  
And der lingos what die sprechen  
Vas most like French or Welsh,  
Und Max seemed well und poor Larsell  
Vas lost midout his Leo  
But they seemed so very busy  
I dinks I stay no more,  
So by myself I soon out goes  
Und den die locks der door.  
Und now no more I wonder why it is?  
For doss is was.

M. H. W.

These few lines are dedicated by the author to Lewis Williams:

There was a young man from Chinook,  
Who wanted a very nice cook,  
To fry him some fish  
And serve up a dish,  
That was fit for the king of Chinook.

So he baited his hook  
And sat by a brook,  
Till he landed a fish

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That soon made him wish  
He had stayed in his lovely Chinook.

Some one speaking to Ruby about the Presidential election asked her who she was for. Ruby immediately replied she was for "Bill."

Student: "What's the matter with the Faculty?"

Senior: "The refrigerators are making them nervous."

### Interpreted Initials of Seniors

L. E. T. Lena Every Time.  
H. R. B. He's Rather Blue.  
A. C. A. All Cash Accepted.  
J. G. R. Just Gi'me Room.  
C. J. M. Cheerful, Jolly Mixer.  
L. A. A. Leave'em All Alone.  
M. E. J. Many Endless Joys.  
Z. V. G. Zeal Very Great.  
O. A. W. Only A Wanderer.  
G. L. T. Griffith Loves Truly.

Chas. Calloway is a very optimistic sort of fellow; he is seldom without Hope.

Mr. Lowe is specializing in French.

After a dog had entered the English room,

Student: "Prof. what is he registered for?"

Varney: "I don't know, but he looks wiser than some Freshmen."

Mrs. Potter is very jubilant since at the Kappa Alpha Phi banquet for Miss Hodson she was voted next bride; the fact was made more certain at the subsequent wedding where she caught the bride's bouquet.

Jinks: "Why did you set your cup of tea on the chair?"

Lena: "It is so very weak I thought I would let it rest."

Ray: "Wait I want to see Orel."

Myrtle: "Oh! come on I see enough of him every evening."

## THE REVIEW

There was a young man named Hayes  
Who lost himself in a maze,  
When he looked up above  
To the girl of his love  
And she gave him that far away gaze.

It is wondered why Miss Gunning has gone to Ogden while still carrying that Love-grin.

Lines of Cæsar all remind us,  
We have wasted lots of time,  
And departing leave behind us,  
Zeros stretched out in a line.

Wallace: "You are the breath of my life."  
Elva: "Why dont you hold your breath awhile."

Grandpa had an easy chair.  
Jonny had a pin  
Grandpa had a trunk strap  
And Jonny's pants were thin.

Bally's next text in chapel will be: "The hairs of our head are all numbered."

Kyle: "Name a strong motion."  
Reg: "Love."

Payne: "What English word comes from the latin word facile; meaning easy?"  
Student: "The Faculty."

Chas. Calloway fell last week and was rendered unconscious for nearly a whole period. Charley frequently falls asleep in Chemistry.

Why do Reg. and Joe cut classes? "There is an Esther in the cut."

Latin always gives me a Pa(y)ne.

## THE REVIEW

### Exchange Column.

We are glad to add The Argonaut, University of Idaho, to our exchange list. It is full of good material and is well edited. Idaho has selected her team to debate with Washington State College, December 4. The question is: "Resolved, that a federal law should be enacted compelling all national banks to establish a guaranteed fund for the prompt payment of the depositors of any insolvent national bank."

The Philomath Chimes boasts of a fine shower bath system recently added to the college conveniences through the kindness of Mother Nature and a leaky roof. Amusing testimonials from different students are published, setting forth the great benefits they have received from the use of it.

Grim trouble lasteth but a day,


Cheer up, cheer up, ye blue ones!



Our troubles soon will pass away,

And then we will have some new ones.

—Exchange.

One of the peculiarities of human nature is the fact that we are not half so anxious that our friends share our friendships, as our resentments.—Exchange.

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<p><b>Matthies &amp; Co.</b></p> <p>DEALERS IN</p> <p><b>Fresh and Cured Meats</b></p> <p>THIRD STREET</p>	<p><u>ACCORDING TO THE RULE</u> there are but few <u>LAUNDRIES</u> which can <u>WASH WELL</u></p> <p>but by our modern process every garment comes out when washed <u>CLEAN, SWEET AND WHOLE</u></p> <p><b>Home Steam Laundry</b> FORD HAND. - Agent for the College</p>
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