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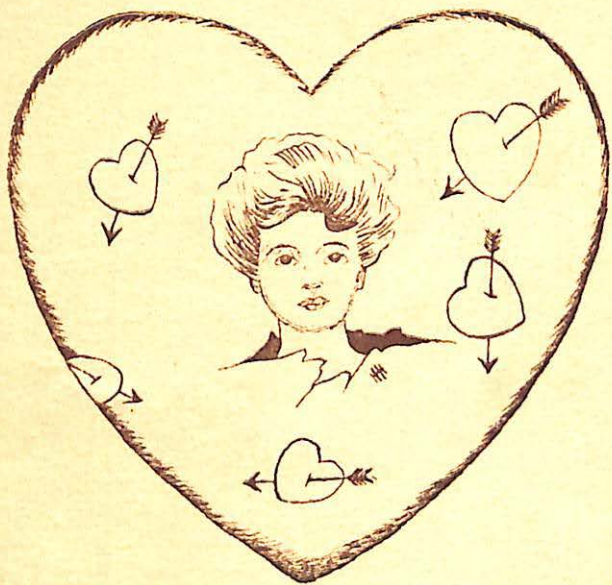
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THE REVIEW



FEBRUARY, 1910

The Review

Students' Publication of
McMINNVILLE COLLEGE

VOL. XV.

FEBRUARY, 1910

No. 5

SIX MONTHS IN GERMANY

Personally, I do not care for travel. "The luxuries of modern travel" is, to me at least, only a figure of speech; a comical bit of irony. But why need one torment himself with travel? Within a few miles of this town are opportunities for learning all life's great lessons and for understanding nearly every experience man may have. The change from Winter to Summer is equivalent to traveling hundreds or even thousands of miles North or South. Mount Hood and Mount Adams give us a taste of the delights of Switzerland. Rivers, cataracts, gardens, mansions, galleries, and parks are all to be found here in miniature.

There is, perhaps, no country, however little or forsaken or barren, but a thorough study of it will bring one face to face with nearly all the great problems of history. In fact, the exhaustive study of any such community would be a recapitulation of the famous contests, eras, and crises of the race. Why, then, need we travel?

But though the discerning mind may find at home, and the listening ear and the sympathetic heart find more music and more rapture in the most inharmonious church bell pealing its call to free worship, than the globe-trotter can hear in the finest chimes in Europe, much is gained by going to some foreign land to see the world from a foreign brother's point of view for a few months. The most progressive nations were and are the commercial nations, whose frequent visits to their neighbors exchanged not only spices and corn, but intelligence as well. So, tho because of our newspapers and our telegraphs and the fact that our nation being also commercial brings much information to our doors along with the

fruit and the spices, the individual may hope to add something to his usefulness and breadth by a voyage back to the country whence our forefathers came.

I need not delay to tell you of the long trip across the country. You know it all. The long interminable journey; the berth at night in which you awake suddenly with a jolt when you stop at some nameless telegraph pole in the desert, or are precipitated into the corresponding position in the next car in the rear as you jolt against a car you have just taken on to lengthen this wheeled caravan. At Toledo, I saw my people once more and received an anxious letter from ——, put my Father in my suitcase and bundled him off to New York.

Next morning we embark on The Cleveland for Hamburg. As we leave the wharf we see something long to be remembered. Thousands of handkerchiefs wave their gleaming salute in the sunlight. You know what that farewell means. Letters may delay to come from home; thousands of miles of watery pathway may separate us from the familiar faces of friends, but true hearts beat sadly for us in the distance and thousands of loving hearts join the "Land of the Free" and the "Old Country." Scores of cables join our land with the East, but far more numerous are the souls who toil for their daily bread in America, but who live in spirit with their loved ones in a distant land. All those friendly hearts mean to be true but will they forget?

How quickly the hurrying vessel carries you out of sight of land! Yet not before you note the towering form of the "Statue of Liberty" and Ellis Island gives its grim welcome to the immigrant seeking a home under our roof. A few vessels salute you with hoarse voices, and then—"Farewell America" for you are already "Out on the Deep" and the ocean voyage is begun. You look around on your fellow passengers to see with what kind of people you must spend this part of your existence. German is heard on all hands, yet here and there English is spoken. Many have been long in America and speak English as well as you do. Some are going back to visit father or mother, and they are for the most part quite agreeable people.

Once more you look around you to see if any sight of land

remains. Only a few gulls linger to see if there is any food to be thrown from the vessel. A few hours and then even these are gone and from now on the voyage is lonesome, endless, and more hopeless than the desert. But it is calm and not many are sick, yet as the ship rises and falls upon the rolling sea you feel as if you were in an elevator suddenly going up then down, and then even the ship is not just certain how far up or down to go.

We are glad when, after a week of sailing, we see England's coast and later Dover with its chalk cliffs. Occasionally, too, we catch a glimpse of some part of France. How carelessly some of us sail these seas so rich in historic memories! But we must wait a day or two before we reach Germany. At last the day arrives and, with bands playing, we stand on "terra firma" again. It is sad to see some landing with us who were refused admission to our American shores. Why should they be made to lose so much time and money for nothing? Why should not the company examine each passenger before he comes, or better, cannot some arrangement be made here by Uncle Sam himself to spare the loss to those unfortunate enough already?

From Euxhaven, we take the train to Hamburg. What little locomotives! The cars are divided into compartments. From Hamburg, we go to Berlin. We enter the Lehrter station. Passing by the "Column of Victory," a powerful column surmounted by a winged statue of Victory in honor of German feats of arms in 1870 and preceding years, we come to "Unter dem Linden." A few miles from this famous street is the pretty little suburb Gross Lichterfelde West. But I need not tell you of my studious stay here. Where there is peace, history is short, like the record of Numa Pompilius' reign. So I have not much to say for myself except that I studied German. English was not allowed. So let us go back to Berlin, as I often did, and along the Unter dem Linden see the Old Museum, built in Ionic style. Inside are many famous treasures of sculpture, so take out your Bædeker, open to the descriptions and proceed to "look wise" as you criticise these sculptures.

In the neighborhood you may see the Dome, a gorgeous and expensive square structure. Here you can worship if you choose. I did worship here in the company of a young man from Cambridge. We were fortunate in selecting our Sunday for as we came out, yes,

even before we entered the Dome, we saw great crowds gathering in the streets. We waited with them a few hours and saw Zeppelin sail victoriously over the city in his famous airship.

Not far from the Dome is the University, and near the University the statues of the Humbolts. Across the street is the Catholic church of St. Hedwig, an imitation of the Pantheon at Rome. At the other end of Unter dem Linden is the "Brandenburg Gate" a large gate with Doric columns, and in the neighborhood two other buildings resembling Grecian temples.

A short journey from Berlin is Potsdam. Here is Sana Souci where Frederick the Great had a palace. All is beautiful around this mansion. We ascend terrace after terrace, each view of the ascent being more beautiful than the preceding. It is a marvel of gardening skill. Here in Potsdam are the St. Nicholas church, the Orangerie, another palace of Frederick the Great, and the drilling place of his army of giants.

Of course, this is only an imperfect hint of what one can see in a German city or village when one has money and leisure to view it as a traveler. I was obliged to hurry. Such a stay is something like riding in an automobile past miles of pictures in the Vatican, at the rate of forty miles an hour. It was, however, far better than nothing.

Six months in Germany gives opportunity for many a pleasant trip to Berlin and its suburbs. It is a profitable little call on our German brothers. Then I must go to Marburg to take my examinations. That passed, I make for Hamburg. This little trip on a German railroad was very pleasant. Marburg is a little university town built partly on the side of a hill. I found Hamburg filled with the Christmas spirit. Each country celebrates the birthdays of its great heroes. There is only one universal birthday. For example, we celebrate the birthday of Washington because he saved our country at a time when only a genius could save it. We remember Lincoln's birthday because he saved our country at a time when only a loving heart could save it. Dear as the memory of these heroes is, only one country celebrates the days of their birth. The world celebrates the birthday of Jesus because He saved it at a time when the Son of God only could save it. So no feeling of lonesome-

ness came over me in this far away city, for they were filled with anticipations of the Redeemer's birthday.

And now some curious soul asks, "Where has your Father been all the time?" While I was studying, my Father was traveling through Southern Germany, Switzerland, and Italy. Then when the news came that my request for a few months' more vacation had been granted very kindly by the Trustees, he went to America alone. So I came back alone. A journey on the ocean in Winter is only a little more monotonous and colder than in Summer, so I need not describe it further than to say that on board the same ship with us was the largest crowd of immigrant ever crossing to New York up to the present date. We all felt the force of that westward movement which has been active since written history began. They followed the sun, hoping for a home where he would always shine upon them and the night of adversity never come.

NELSON E. THOMAS.



Should e'er a maid with a sad air
Sigh, I ne'er for you can care,
Then take new hope nor feel distress
And time shall witness your success;

But should she say all light and free
I will instead your sister be,
Then say not more, close up your heart
Take up your cady and depart.

A MAN'S HONOR

In the fashionable den of one of the wealthiest homes on Van Neust Avenue, a group of men were gathered. The rich hangings, the polished chairs, the soft velvet carpets, all suggested an atmosphere of indolence that harshly contrasted with the look of concern on the faces of those present.

"I tell you, we're sure of every man needful in the legislature but just one, and that one is Sinclaire Daniels," a faultlessly dressed man remarked, concernedly puffing his cigar.

"We need his vote, Zimmerman," Reed Anderson commented.

"The devil, you say, don't you suppose I know that," Zimmerman growled irritably, "Haven't we all considered the case in every possible light and come to one conclusion only every time?"

"But," said Anderson evenly, "bribes, threats, and persuasions have all failed alike. He will not grant us even a word in reply. We can't approach him in any way. According to my notion it will not pass."

"It's got to pass," Zimmerman thundered, with a curse. "Local option has almost completely ruined our business. This bill is the liquor dealer's last resource. We've got to get that man, and Anderson," Zimmerman's eyes narrowed, and his diamond stud sparkled suggestively, "it's up to you to find some way to do it."

All turned to Anderson, wondering what would be his reply. Anderson merely shrugged his shoulders, and arose at this final dismissal.

A low murmur passed from lip to lip. "I'd hate to be in Reed's shoes; up against the richest dealer in the state."

"He's down and out," someone carelessly answered.

"Two weeks today!" Zimmerman bawled after Anderson's retreating figure.

"The fool!" he sneered, turning to the other men, "that will settle him for a while. Now let us finish our business."

Anderson whistled softly to himself as he stepped from the radiance of the mansion into the dark street.

"The demon means business," he said with a dry, sarcastic laugh. "He could run me out of business with a word..... And, to set me up against Daniels! Why, that man's the soul of honor....."

Honor—bah—we'll get him yet. There must be some way we can touch him. Some way," he mused thoughtfully, "some way, but how? That's the stickler. Bribery? That's failed; he won't see us nor talk..... Threats don't pay..... Persuasion—out of the question. How, then?..... Demons and furies—that devil!"

The next morning Anderson, still seeing no plan of action, called down countless denunciations upon the head of Zimmerman, as he sought the solitude of his office and buried himself in the depths of his huge office chair.

"Oh for an inspiration!" he cried impatiently, carelessly toying with an envelope which lay on his desk. Again he cursed Zimmerman and wished Daniels in Hades. A large, yellow paper caught his eye. Idly picking it up he stared hard at the offensive sheet. It was a real estate circular. The words "Home, sweet Home" caught his eye. "Some more of that fellow's prosperity," he cursed disgustedly.

"'Home, sweet Home'—gad, why didn't I think of it before!" he exclaimed suddenly, a smile spreading over his face. He jumped to his feet delightedly.

"Daniels' home town! That's just the thing. If I learn anything of him it will be there."

"Hello Central, give me Exchange 17..... Hello, Zimmerman; what's Daniels' home address?..... 'Pine Bluff'?..... Yes, I've a thought. Is the corporation's check good?..... It is?..... Train leaves in an hour?..... Good! I'm off then. Ring my mother, will you?"

Anderson whistled as he turned from the 'phone. "Whew!" he smiled amusedly, "the old boy's in a better temper this morning. Foot all my bills, too. Well, I'm off for Pine Bluff."

The next day about noon, Anderson stepped off the train at a bustling little town. He walked along the streets aimlessly, collecting his thoughts leisurely, and admired, idly, the neat rows of cottages which lined the street. A sunny-haired child ran out from a neighboring yard right under his feet, abruptly ending his reverie. She looked up at him with a bright, friendly smile.

"Well, Little One," Anderson said awkwardly, "what is your name?"

"Thea Dan'els," she answered without a tremor of fear.

Anderson immediately became alert. "Is your papa at home, Thea?"

"He's to the cap'tol," she replied, shaking her curly head. "You know my papa?"

The child, watching the man's countenance, reflected his expression in her own. Gradually a nameless fear spread over her face. Startled and surprised, she ran with all her might up the walk, casting one agonizing, fearful glance behind her.

"Well, I'll be darned," Anderson drawled, walking slowly on. "Didn't know I was such a tough-looking character. The child—her father—bah! I'm getting sentimental."

"Women are the most talkative creatures ever," soliloquized Mr. Anderson, as he sat in his room an evening later, placidly smoking his cigar. "A few sentences, flattering words, mention of Daniels, and I have in return the whole history: a sick wife, a baby, a new home, and a mortgage. There you have it in four words,—wife, baby, home, mortgage. It's devilish good to be a bachelor."

He smoked in silence a few moments, looking absently into the rings of smoke as they curled upward. The face of a frightened little child haunted him. Her large, fearful eyes cast reproach and condemnation at him. The light went out of his face and he thought darkly.

"Well, this ought to bring him about," he said aloud, with sudden harshness, drawing a folded paper from his pocket. "It isn't every man who gets a \$3000 mortgage paid for nothing. This receipt ought to work wonders; \$3000 just for a vote. This paper can speak where we must be silent. It will speak with the double voice of wife and child. What a lucky stumble for a sinner like me!"

"Two weeks today," growled Zimmerman in a bad humor, "and the fool hasn't turned up oet. Drawn a check for three thousand and hasn't done a d— thing."

"Neither have we," someone ventured.

Zimmerman snarled and glanced disgustedly over the group of men, assembled in his den. Somehow they irritated, because they had failed in what he had not been able to do.

"The corporation's gone to the dogs by this time. The legislature met today and considered our bill."

A step sounded on the stair. Someone approached with slow,

measured tread. The door was opened slowly and Reed Anderson stepped into the room.

Zimmerman raised his head, a scowl spreading over his face. "Well," he drawled.

Anderson sank into his chair. "The legislature met, and our bill is passed."

Zimmerman sprang to his feet. "The devil you say!"

"Yes, the devil I say, I said it."

A sunny-faced child flitted before Anderson's vision, vanishing in the distance with a frightened sob. An impatient curse rose to his lips, but he repressed it. A twitch of pain flashed over his brow.

"A man's Honor—bah!" he exclaimed in scorn.

MARTHA MORONEY.



MODERN LULLABY

Bichlorides keep thee
And save thee from harm;
Tangents and theories
Will guard 'gainst alarm.
—Lippincotts.

THE ORATORICAL CONTEST

The Eighteenth Annual Oratorical Contest for the choosing of the representative of our College in the contest of the Intercollegiate Oratorical Association of Oregon was held in the auditorium of the Music Hall Friday evening, January 28. It was one of the best contests ever held at the College. There were four contestants as follows: Buford Jones, subject, "The War Against War;" Cloice R. Howd, subject, "The Heart of a Nation;" Edwin F. McKee, subject, "The Anglo-Saxon;" Olaf Larsell, subject, "The New Renaissance." As one of the judges on composition expressed it, "All of the orations were of an unusual high order and were so close together in merit that the man who had the best delivery had to win." Each of the speakers made a splendid delivery and the contest was a high tribute to the Public Speaking Department of the College. Larsell, who had a small lead on composition, surprised his most enthusiastic admirers by the excellency of his delivery and bade fair to be a winner, but because of too hurried preparation and overwork, his memory failed at the critical time and left McKee an easy winner.

The State Contest will be held at Salem March 11, and our students believe McMinnville College has an excellent chance of winning it. Mr. McKee is one of the strongest representatives we have ever had.

The judges for the local contest were, on composition, Prof. Kyle, Prof. Boughton, and Dr. Jas. A. Clarke; on delivery, Prof. Thomas, Prof. Coe, and Mr. Dodson.

—W.



"God bless the man who first invented sleep!"

So Sacho Panza said, and so say I;
And bless him, also, that he didn't keep
His great discovery to himself; nor try
To make it—as the lucky fellow might—
A close monopoly by patent right.

New York Times.

THE MODERN HADES

The Plutonic darkness was well ended and already the streets were crowded with the early shoppers when the lusty Charon rowed the editorial staff of the college paper across the Styx.

The party was heartily welcomed by the growling of the hound Cerberus.

Pluto himself had given them permission to take an auto drive to the points of interest.

The guide was standing in the front of the auto with a megaphone shouting out the names of the places as they were passed.

The editor, on seeing the man carrying a rock to the top of the hill, inquired who he was.

"That is Bill Jones, a college student who would not subscribe for the college paper, and he is compelled to carry to the top of the hill a rock, which immediately rolls down again."

"Who," said the business manager, "is that fellow tied to the revolving wheel?" "That," said the guide, "is Tom Smith, another college boy who read the college paper but would not patronize its advertisers, and he is compelled to remain tied to that constantly revolving wheel."

On passing through The Elysian Fields, some one of the party asked who the people were that were laughing and singing. The guide told them that these are souls of loyal college students who not only subscribe for the college paper, but also patronize its advertisers.

—A.



CONUNDRUM

What statement of Job's indicates that the department store is not a modern institution?

Job 14-4: All the days of my life will I wait till my change come.—Life.

STAFF	THE REVIEW	STAFF
EDWIN F. MCKEE '10 Editor-in-Chief	Entered in the Post-Office at McMinnville, Oregon, as Second-Class Matter	MYRTLE MAXWELL '12 Society Editor
RUTH LATOURETTE '11 Associate Editor	Per Year, 75c. Per Copy, 15c.	MAURICE PETTIT '12 Athletic Editor
ESTHER GRISSEN '12 Exchange Editor	Published Monthly	W. LESTER ADAMS '12 Business Manager
ELIZABETH MARDIS Local Editor	By Students of McMinnville College	

EDITORIALS

February is the Month of Great Men and Valentines. We celebrate in this month the birthdays of two of the greatest and most loved men in American history. Washington, so often spoken of as "The Father of his Country" and "First in the Hearts of his Countrymen." The latter appellation is surely disputed by our first martyred president, Lincoln. Of the two men, Lincoln perhaps is most to be admired because of his great struggle to attain an education in his early days and his wonderful love and esteem for all mankind. There is no other man whose name is spread on the pages of history whose heart was so torn and crushed because war was necessary to hold a Union of States as one great nation. Four years of continued anxiety and sorrow molded a beautiful character in a man whose great source of power was his loving Heavenly Father.

POSTAL RATES

Pres. Taft of late has brought much criticism on his head because of his recommendation for an increase in postal rates on second-class matter. He claims that it cost the post-office department nine cents per pound for magazines and proposes the change of rate for second-class matter in order to lessen the great deficit in that department. The cost estimated by Pres. Taft is considered by many as preposterous. A bill has recently been introduced in congress to raise the rate from one cent to five cents per pound. If there is such a loss to the government on magazines and periodicals

the matter should be thoroughly investigated before the bill be passed.

Some explanation should be made of the omission of two articles which should have appeared in the January issue, the Locals and Society notes. The printer took the responsibility of cutting out these two headings without consulting the Editor or any of the assistants. Those articles with some alterations appear in this issue.

THE GREATEST BUTT-IN OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY

Comet A 1910 certainly deserves this title. While astronomers and would-be stargazers were eagerly scanning the heavens for the long-lost wanderer, 'Halley's comet,' this new comet "butted" in on their observations and for the time Halley's was almost forgotten.

So far the new comet has not been named as the real discoverer is unknown, nor has it been ascertained whether it will ever come into the sight of earth beings again. The French astronomer Flammarion is trying to measure the orbit of the comet but so far has been unable to do so. One astronomer has ventured to say that it will probably not be seen in less than a thousand years, but why should we bother about this, when on the 18th of May we are scheduled to pass through the cyanogen tail of Halley's comet?

—A.

Yawn, and the world yawns with you; think and you think alone.—Life.

ATHLETIC NOTES

McMINNVILLE VS. MULTNOMAH

On Jan. 22 our home boys were up against the real thing. Multnomah Club is perhaps the strongest team in the state but Old Mc was in the game. While McMinnville outplayed the Multnomahs in team work they were unable to cage the elusive sphere. Multnomah never failed to make a basket when once there was a chance for a throw. Multnomah played a much rougher game than last year and to their weight and roughness is due their victory in this game. Only once did the foul seem intentional and that was on the part of Fisher, Multnomah's forward.

The game was the fastest and most brilliant that McMinnville has seen and the home boys deserve much credit for their splendid work. Barton and Morris were the big point winners for Multnomah securing three field goals each. Fisher caged one field basket and five free throws. For the home team W. Foster secured two field goals and J. Foster one field goal and two free throws. McKee secured the other points on fouls. The line-up of the two teams was as follows:

MULTNOMAH		M' MINNVILLE
Fisher.....	Forward.....	W. Foster
Barton.....	Forward.....	J. Foster
Morris.....	Center.....	McKee
Percy.....	Guard.....	McCabe
Allen.....	Guard.....	Miller

The score of first half was 11-8 and final score 21-17. Campbell of the Club acted as referee and Van Osdel of McMinnville as umpire.

PACIFIC COLLEGE VS. McMINNVILLE

The following was taken from Telephone-Register:

In a fast and exciting contest on Saturday night McMinnville College took Pacific into camp by the overwhelming score of 38 to 11. P. C. did not show the speed and team work that was expected.

In fact her team work was very poor compared with that of "Mac," and after the first few minutes their swift playing showed only for a few seconds at a time. The ball was in Mac territory most of the time, and but for the holding, tripping, and shoving the score would have been higher probably on both sides, for roughness don't help the score. However, Mac was equal to the occasion, for when they get started they can play about as rough as is allowable. McKee at center and Miller at guard played stellar ball. Jinx got 9 field goals, while his opponent made only one. Miller held Hammer, their fast forward, to one lonely basket, while he managed to serve 2. Lewis, the P. C. center, put up the strongest game for that aggregation. Every man on the Mac team scored 2 or more points. The score at the end of the first half was 26 to 6. The line-up was as follows: P. C.—Armstrong, Rasmussen, Lewis, Hammer, Smith. McMinnville—McCabe, Miller, McKee, Wm. Foster, J. K. Foster. Referee—Leabo, of Chemawa.



RAH! RAH!

The hen stood on the river's brink
And gaver college cry,
Until a frog, in pained surprise,
Politely asked her why.

She said, "Kind Sir, you see that duck
Out there upon the water?
Well, that's a winning college crew,
And I'm his Alma Mater."

—The Cornell Widow.



SOCIETY NOTES

Friday, Jan. 14th, the L. L.'s gave a reunion supper at the home of our sisters Winnette and Bernice Sears. A large number attended and a very pleasant evening was spent by both new and old members. After supper the following officers were elected: Royal Majesty, Myrtle Maxwell; Royal Booster, Elva Hibbs; Royal Scribe, Esther Grissen; Royal Keeper of the Eagle, Lola Davis.

The L. L.'s have received the announcement of the marriage of their sister, Miss Lena Maxwell, to Mr. Calvin Fisher. They extend to them our heartiest congratulations and wish them much happiness and success together.

The L. L.'s extend New Year Greetings to the other Sororities and Fraternities and hope that 1910 will be a happy and profitable year for all.

The D. D. I. O. M. Dining Palace is very successful. Mother Peek is certainly a fine cook.

The Kappa girls initiated Myrtle Wills into their sorority recently.

The L. L.'s are glad to have their sister Mattie Moroney with them again.

R. P. Richardson is back again with the D. D. brothers.

On a recent date the L. L. girls enjoyed a visit from one of the former members Mrs. Bela Gowan.

On Jan. 11th the D. D. Fraternity elected the following

officers: McCabe, H. M.; Calloway, L. M.; Fendall, K. R. F.; Cammack, R. S.; Miller, C. R. G.; Carlin, R. I. S.; Galvin, S. P.; Wiltse, R. B.; Richardson, K. R. P.

On Jan. 12th the I. O. M.'s elected the following officers for this quarter: Hicockolorum, Eaton; Viceroy, Selby; Grand Vizier, Watt; Exchequer, Bowler; Transcriber, Hand; Sleuth, Dulin; Muckelhead, Yoder.

The I. O. M.'s have changed their regular meetings from Friday to Wednesday evening.

The Commercials held a business meeting and elected the following officers: President, N. P. Selby; Vice President, Omer Fendall; Secretary, Justa Pennington; Treasurer, LuVerne Jones; Editor, R. Babcock; Sergeant-at-Arms, Ray Cammack.

The D. D.'s are rapidly becoming proficient in the art of entertaining. When invitations are received from the Royal Palace everyone knows he is going to have a good time, and that expectation is always fulfilled. To say that the L. L.'s enjoyed the evening of Saturday, Dec. 12th, would be entirely inadequate. It will long be remembered on account of the kindness and the jolly time given us by the D. D.'s.

On Jan. 12 the Y. W. C. A. met for the first time in their new room in Music Hall. The meeting, led by Mrs. Dr. Clark, was largely attended. The subject was, "A Cup of Cold Water."

The Y. M. C. A. is not dead nor even sleeping as is shown by the fact that there were twelve men at the Oregon-Idaho State Convention at Corvallis Jan. 21-24. The convention cannot be described in this small space, but it may be said of nine other such conventions this was the greatest. Dr. L. W. Riley opened the convention on Friday afternoon, Jan. 21st. The following is the list of speakers: Fred B. Smith, New York; Henry J. McCoy, San Francisco; D. L. Rader, D. D., H. W. Stone, R. R. Perkins, Portland; Gale Seaman, Los Angeles; H. L. Bates, Forest Grove; E. M. Brown, Eugene; T. S. Lippy, Seattle; A. B. Richardson, Pocatello. The association men at O. A. C. deserve much credit for the way in which they entertained the 168 delegates. The people of Corvallis were very hospitable in opening their homes to us. Especial men-

tion should be made of Fred B. Smith's Sunday afternoon address at the Armory where forty men accepted Christ. The subject of the address was "The Strong Man."

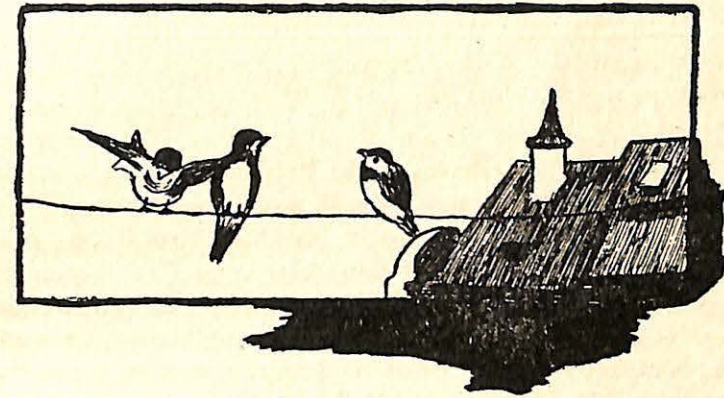
On the 20th of Jan. the "Preacheretts" were quite royally entertained at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Morgan, the occasion being the celebration of the 21st birthday of their son Emery, who is one of the shining lights in the Ministerial Association.

It was rather unfortunate that, on account of the press of work, some of the boys were not able to attend, but those who did attend spent a very pleasant evening and especially enjoyed the refreshments, which were served quite sumptuously.

Mr. Morgan, having prepared a blank record for the phonograph, the boys with their lady-friends gathered around the piano to record their melodious voices in song; then, reversing the machine, they listened to their own record, which was amusing indeed.

The Ministerials appreciate the fact that they have been remembered in this way and that the work of the Association is being appreciated.

The Executive Committee of McMinnville College tendered a banquet in honor of Dr. Brougher at the Elberton Hotel last Tuesday evening. During his pastorate of the White Temple in Portland he has been loyal to our College and has assisted in every movement for its advancement. The after-dinner speakers were as follows: "Earliest Recollections of McMinnville College," A. C. Chandler, a son of its first president; "McMinnville College Thirty Years Ago," Judge B. F. Rhodes; "Twenty Years Ago," Dean E. Northup; "Ten Years Ago," Prof. J. S. Wallace; "As I View It Today," Dr. J. R. Comer, Salem; "As Seen from the Field," Rev. J. L. Whirry; "The New Dormitory," Mrs. W. H. Latourette. The closing address was by Dr. Brougher in which he expressed his appreciation of all that had been done for him, and his unswerving loyalty to the small denominational college. He said today was the best day in the history of McMinnville College.—Telephone-Register.



EXCHANGES

The Exponent is a fine little paper with brains, work, tact, and grit behind it. It has order and neatness, but one thing is lacking and that is cuts!

The Adjunct is a truly military paper. The camera and the artist prove their worth and show that even school periodicals can be made things of beauty and interest. Your paper, Adjunct, can well serve as a criterion for other schools and the only trouble is, where are your poets?

The Whirlwind is a most commendable paper, but has the fault for which she criticised others—ads in the reading section.

The Cardinal for December had a very simple and pleasing cover. That the editor does things is shown by his well-written editorials. The only thing we wonder about is, how he can talk so calmly concerning the value of exams, as that tender subject is mostly discussed by complacent and learned bald-headed professors. The article on "Public Carelessness" is also good. That fruit peelings are dangerous and deadly weapons we all agree. The best way to alleviate the danger is either to compel the students to eat all banana skins or to require their use in Fraternity initiations.

How many of you noticed the Eugene Oregon News? If you

did you will know by now that it is strictly up-to-date and on-the-move. One interesting feature was the pennant offered as prize for the best Xmas story. It would be a good plan if other schools would follow this example and wake the slumbering writers from their dreams and cause them to arise to work and business.

The Columbiad has a very good paper, but no exchange department. The following clipping taken from the editorials is well worth reading and observing: "A coward is a coward because he does not resolve, and a strong man is strong because he resolves and keeps his resolutions. Good resolutions are not a pleasant crop to sow unless they germinate into flower and then bear fruit, and they bring fruit when made firmly and unconditionally. We are strong enough to make a resolve and that same strength will bring the resolve to its perfection. When we have thus reviewed our successes and failures, we stand eagerly awaiting the arrival of the New Year, ready to go on manfully, performing our part in life's broad battlefield."



She was so loyal, so they said,
Her eyes were blue, her hair was red,
And on her face was powder, too;
Three cheers for the red, white, and blue.
—Blue and Gold.

ECHOES FROM THE COMMERCIAL ROOM

Is LuVerne Jones married? Well, I guess not.

Miss Stowe: What is the spelling lesson, Mr. Fendall?

Fendall: What? Did you say you liked me? Yes. No. What?

It took only a nickel (Nicoll) for Miss Wills to see the basketball game.

What is the difference between Paul Whirry and a sand-hill crane?



GLEANINGS FROM THE FRAT CLUB

We love our homes, but oh you Fraternity Dining Club!

"Shikpoke" Galvin, noted for his great range, still retains the position of vocal instructor.

Fendall loves "Amity," but oh that Newberg girl!

Ray Richardson and Fendall have been nicknamed "Coony" and "Nobby."

Heard at Salem: "I love my lobster, but oh, you shrimp!"

Who is Yoder's brickyard blonde?

Ask Miller and Fendall who Arletha and Shirley are.

McCabe has bought half interest in the Atlas Bakery, also a few shares of the telephone company in Salem.



INTER-COLLEGIATE NEWS

The registrar of Chicago University conducts a department of student deposit accounts. 839 students had deposited \$66,854.65 at the end of last year.

The Aero Club of the U. of Pennsylvania expects to have its first aeroplane, "Pennsylvania I.," finished within a month. The machine is being built by several graduates under the direction of an expert aeronaut. The machine is a bi-plane and will be the only two-propeller chainless craft in existence.

In the eighteenth annual inter-collegiate four board chess tournament between Yale, Harvard, Princeton, and Columbia, Yale and Harvard tied for first place.

Syracuse University has established a class in life saving.

The young ladies of U. of W. will play basketball and hockey, but games will not be open to the public.

Fifty men were recently chosen by competitive examination in Pekin who will be distributed among the universities and colleges of the United States. The Chinese government is to pay all expenses.

U. of California has received a bequest of \$1,400,000.

Governor Charles E. Hughes of New York is delivering a series of lectures at Yale on "The Responsibilities of Citizenship."

U. of Oregon won from U. of Utah in their recent debate.

Oxford University is now to become a co-ed institution.

U. of Washington may send their varsity crew to Wisconsin to row in a regatta to be held either on Lake Mendota or the Mississippi river. The estimated cost for the trip is \$2000.

U. of Oregon may establish a course in Aeronautics.

Michigan has won 25 out of 34 debates in which she has engaged.

Examination of 100 students in a Louisiana college revealed more than 30 hookworm cases.

Sweets will hereafter be included in the menu of men in athletic training at Michigan. The gymnasium director declared that they made good muscle and good men.

Students of Syracuse University failed in a petition of exemption of all students having a grade of eighty per cent from June examinations.

Prof. H. E. Slaughter, of Chicago University, is preparing a text on Geometry which is expected to make its study by young men more popular by giving the science practical application to daily lessons. There is a theorem which deals with the vital question of how far to bring a football out to get the best angle from which to kick. There is also one by which, in the author's words, "a tree can be measured without climbing," and these are simply old, abstract theorems practically applied.

At Michigan the fraternity men have pledged themselves never to treat or be treated while they are there.

The average age of students at University of Iowa is 23.9 years. The oldest student is 64 and the youngest 16.

The California-Stanford rugby football game netted each of the colleges represented over \$14,000 from gate receipts.

The American University, of Washington, D. C., is beginning the erection of buildings which will cost \$2,000,000.

A professor in the history department of the University of Minnesota has been awarded the Herbert Adams prize of \$100 which is bestowed every two years by the American Historical Association for the best American work on European history.

U. of Michigan is the oldest of the larger state U.'s, being founded in 1837.

The U. of Chicago, for the second time since its founding, was self-supporting in 1909. Endowments during the past year increased \$862,125.

The Harper Memorial Library of the above institution will

be completed in six months. The building will cost \$600,000. The furniture and fixings will cost \$100,000 and an additional \$200,000 will be put away as an endowment fund for the maintenance of the building. The library will be the highest building on the Chicago campus and will have room for 3,000,000 books.



LINES ON THE HOOKWORM

The hookworm's now upon the stage,
Just left by Dr. Cook.
Its "turn" is not a pleasant one;
I hope it "gets the hook."

The hookworm, far as I can learn,
Is not the bookworm's brother.
Jawn D., I see, would fight the first,
While Andy feeds the other.

Good Bishop Candler seems to scorn
Aid from our Northern chests,
And much as Jawn D. is one
O' them "phelanthro pests."

The hookworm makes one lazy—yes,
If some wives had their way
Their husbands could find none with which
To idly fish all day.

I guess that's all I know about
This pesky germ that tires,
'Cept this—it's not the sort of worm
The early bird acquires.

—Boston Transcript

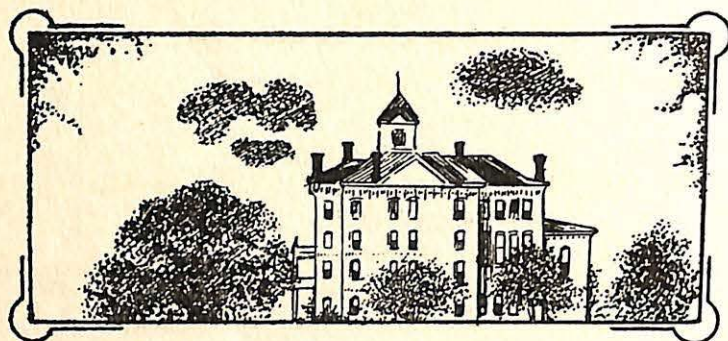
McMINNVILLE ALPHABET

A is for Adams, who looks like a saint;
B is is for Bell, who certainly ain't;
C's for Commercials, who think they're "the" class;
D.D.'s are the children, as green as the grass;
E stands for Edwards, Beau Brummel of "Mac;"
F stands for Fat Allen, of brains—what a lack;
G, you know, stands for fair Esther Grissen;
H is for Hanscom, no bird sings like this one;
I for the poet, not yet known to fame;
J is for Jones, who will soon change her name;
K is for Konzelman, never known to be bad;
L stands for Larsell, the poor Leo-less lad;
M is for Manley, who looks wise as an owl;
N's for our dear Dean. Bless his old "sowl!"
O stands for Omar; girls is his fad;
P is for Pettit, a fine, husky lad;
Q stands for questions which take up the time;
R stands for Ross, who stars in this line;
S is for "Shrimp," not much has he grown;
T is for Prof. "Tommy," who came back—not alone;
U is for U, if you like this at all;
V for Van Osdel, beloved by all;
W means Woody, way up in the air;
X for the "exams," driving all to despair;
Y is for Yoder, our very good friend;
Z is for zero, of bright hopes the end.



F—ierce lessons.
L—ate hours.
U—nexpected company.
N—ot prepared.
K—nocked-out student.

—Ex.



LOCALS

Euclid was boasting of his mathematical ability.

"My dear," ventured his wife, "if the high cost of living is caused by high wages, and wages must be increased on account of the high cost of living, how do you square the circle?"

With a wild cry he fled into the night.—Ex.

W. L. Miller, in French: "It will be your own fault if you do not become my grand-son."

Absent-mindedly the young woman yawned.

"Pardon me," she said, "I didn't mean to do that."

"I see," responded Mr. Lingerlong. Opened by mistake."

—Tribune.

A.—"Did you ever stop to think how much an automobile is like a wife?"

B.—"Expensive to keep, do you mean?"

A.—"Yes; but a fellow never can tell whether he's going to be able to manage one until he owns one."—Ex.

"With all the poets writing street-car verse, Pegasus is out of a job."

"Who is Pegasus?"

"The winged horse."

"He might get work towing disabled airships in."—Ex.

Prof. B., in Ethics: "Mr. Carlin, what can you tell us about love?"

Harold: "I'm not prepared today, Prof."

Prof. B.: "Very well, Mr. Carlin, we will give you until in the morning."

Prof. Wallace, in Public Speaking: "Howd, what image does the word 'professor' produce in your mind?"

Howd: "A red necktie."

The Freshmen yell:

Rah! Rah! Rah!

Ma! Ma! Ma!

Pa! Pa! Pa!

HELP!—Ex.

Jessie Groth is surely heroic. We know she endures a lot of Payne.

We would like to know why Arcola is going to school. She already has her 'B. A.'"

We would advise Hunter Howard to change his name to "Founder" Howard since he has been Chattin so much lately.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,

Put up a bluff at raking hay.

But on the high road kept an eye

In case a Judge came riding by.

And, sure enough, a judge did pass;

At forty miles an hour, alas!

It gives to romance quite a jar,

The modern honk-honk touring car.

—Bulletin.

Someone asked Prof. Payne what flower was his favorite. He said, "Oh, I think that Jessamine is the best."

We are very sorry that Miss Chattin has been absent for nearly a week on account of sickness. We hope she will be better soon.

In a recent letter from Professor Varney, he said that he had regained his former strength and never felt better in his life. He is preaching in Raton, a place of about eight thousand inhabitants. All who know Professor Varney will be glad to hear that he is so much better than when he left here.

Prof. Northup, in Trig.: "Sure! fools can ask questions which even the wise can not answer."

Dulin: "I guess that must be the reason so many of us flunk."

Ask Sidney what he understands by "What's that?"

Calloway showed up the other Saturday morning with all his books, and his lunch. He thought it was Friday.

Ethel Dyer has been sick for several days. We all miss her very much.

The fellow who was weighed in the ballance and found wanting must have neglected to drop a cent in the slot.

Oh, isn't it great to be "up-to-date"
And live in this year of grace,
With a system and place for everything,
Tho' nobody knows the place?

We've an index card for each thing we do,
And everything under the sun.
It takes so long to fill out the cards
We get nothing done.

We've loose-leaf ledgers for saving time—
The Lord knows what the cost—
When half our time is spent each day
Hunting for leaves that are lost.

—Speed.

Prof. Boughton and Ray Richardson, knocking at Prof. Van Osdel's door: "We came up to—"

Prof. V. O.: "Come right in here, we can lay him out."

Wiltse, to captain near Seattle: "I am particularly liable to sea-sickness. Will you tell me what to do in case of an attack?"

Captain: "Tain't necessary, chap, you'll do it."

There is a Payneful story about Miss Groth.

Anna: "Don't you love that haze on the mountains?"

Margaret Mc.: "Not so well as the Hayes in Rickreal."

J. A. Jeffery says Beowulf was written in the year 3000.

Varney: "I heard that you had a lot of money left you."

Edwards: "Well, I should say so. It left me long ago."

1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7,

Bally's head is just like heaven;

For, since he hasn't any hair,

There isn't any parting there.

—'13.

Little Carroll's on the bum;

He will use his hand no more—

For what he thot was H₂O

Was H₂SO₄.

—'13.

College Physics, Carlin: "Yes, I used to read my Bible every night, but now I read the new rules. I had a conflict."

Galvin to McCabe, who just returned from a buggy ride: "Mac, which hand do you drive with?"

McCabe: "I always drive with my left hand. Don't you?"

Selby: "Yes, I'll bet it always depends on the circumstances your in."

No reply from McCabe.

Heard at Chemawa: "I love my lobster, but oh, you shrimp."



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