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T H E
REVIEW

COMMENCEMENT



JUNE
1904

NUMBER

McMinnville, Oregon
Ninth Volume Eleventh Number

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McMinnville, Oregon

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VOL. IX

JUNE 1904

No. 9

Transformation of Howard Armstrong

CHARLES RUTHERFORD.

It was opening day at one of our small western colleges. For a half hour or more students had been coming up to register. The old students were shaking hands and talking of happy reminiscences of college days or discussing the prospects for the coming year.

"That broad-shouldered fellow standing by the pump would make a good tackle," said the captain of the foot-ball team to a group of husky men of last year's eleven. "And there comes the makings of a full-back," said the wiry little quarter-back with an ironical grin, as he pushed his way to the captain's side.

All eyes were turned to a strange figure coming up the walk through the grove. It was that of a tall, raw-boned, ungainly young man with every appearance of having come from between the plow-handles. His clothes gave evidence that they had been bought sometime before their wearer had reached his growth and the meager sleeves and legs seemed to exaggerate his bony hands and feet. He was striding leisurely along, gazing with open mouth now at the gymnasium to the left, now across the campus to the right, apparently thinking that the one would make a fine barn and the other a very good meadow. He almost stood still while he admired the great oak that grew near the front of the college, and seemed to estimate its volume in cords of firewood. This done, he turned to gaze upon the college building at short range. With mouth wider open than ever, he surveyed it

from cupola to basement, counting its four stories as he slowly ran his eyes downward over the walls.

And now for the first time he noticed his proximity to the merry group of well dressed young men and women. A deep blush overspread his tanned face as he became aware that some were watching him. But having partially recovered from his confusion he walked pigeon-toed and with body partly twisted sidewise toward the group of foot-ball men and asked, "Say, where is the teacher of this here school?"

Just then Robert Lyons, a sophomore, who vividly recalled the days when he first entered college, noticed his embarrassment and offered to show him around. As the two walked off, one of the boys remarked. "He certainly is a gawky freshman." This was the term used by the students for several months afterwards whenever they referred to Howard Armstrong, the new arrival.

* * * *

Four years have passed. It is the last night of commencement. Howard by constant, patient plodding from preparatory work up, is now a junior. Robert, delayed one year on account of sickness, is now an alumnus. Though proud and happy to see his friend acquit himself so well as valedictorian, Howard is saddened by the thought of separation, for it is the last night that Robert will be with him. It was late when the two friends reached the room that had been their home for three happy, busy years.

"You've stuck to it nobly, old fellow," said Robert. "Only one more year and you will be where I stand to-night, ready to begin your life work."

"Thanks to you, Robert, for had it not been for you I suppose I should have been quite content with the short commercial course that father sent me here to take. This college has truly been to me a mount of visions. It has revealed me to myself and given me higher ideals of life."

"I think it has been a mount of transfiguration, too," said Robert. "I remember well your first appearance on the campus. To look at you now I would never suspect that this class orator and crack gymnast was once the 'gawky freshman' of four years ago."

"Doubtless then, I am a living example of what a college course may do for an awkward, bashful boy. I certainly

thought and acted like a gawky when I first met you. I came to college with no higher incentive than my father's command and would have turned back at the first volley of ridicule had I not found in you a sympathetic friend. You can scarcely imagine how your friendship helped at that crisis. Whatever led you to take such an interest in me?"

"Oh, there was a thoughtfulness about you that impressed me. You looked a diamond in the rough."

"Well, I do not regret the four years spent in polishing, though it has been a long hard grind. Twice during my freshman year, while trying to make up back Latin, I sat up all night to study. Then cutting wood for tuition and living on my own biscuits is not the most fascinating life. Prexy says 'it takes an iron constitution to stand it.'"

"No doubt then," teased Robert, "you felt hungry and disappointed when the Freshies' supper was stolen. You will forgive me now when I tell you that I helped to make molasses of your cocoa and lowered the nuts, cookies and sandwiches from the fourth story window and afterward carried them to a safe hiding place."

"You must have been in a hurry judging from the way sandwiches appeared strewn over the lawn the next morning," said Howard. "What a greeny I was to advise my class to keep still about it, supposing that the culprits wouldn't dare mention it. I believe I turned green when on the next day I saw the Juniors feeding the faculty with our refreshments."

At this the boys had a hearty laugh, after which other college pranks were recounted. At last Robert remarked that it would soon be morning and suggested that they go to sleep. The boys were silent for a time.

"O Robert," said Howard, "it pains me to think of our parting. We have been together three years, even during vacation. I envy you your change of surroundings for the novelty will relieve the homesickness, and your work in the government's schools will soon absorb your entire attention. But how lonely I shall be, the only boy left to help father on the farm. O, that I could find another friend as helpful as you have been!"

"Cheer up, Howard, old chap. You made friends here; you will do so there. I'll write occasionally to let you know

that the Pacific is not wide enough to separate true friends."

To this Howard made no further reply than a hearty "Thank you."

A few minutes bustling around the old room the next morning and they were ready to leave. Robert waved his Alma Mater a fond good-bye as they started for the early train. They were soon in Portland where their paths diverged. A few brief words and a warm handshake, and they parted—Robert on his way to the Philippines and Howard to his old home on the coast near Astoria.

Howard reached home that evening and was warmly welcomed by his father. The quietness of the old farm house was restful, but loneliness soon began to depress him. It was not until the next morning, however, that he fully realized the loss of his college chum. That he might be alone with his grief he took a stroll toward the beach.

The scene that met his eyes as he reached the summit of the barren dunes that overlooked the restless ocean served only to deepen his loneliness. How cheerless was the sight that chilly gray morning! The wooded headlands were shrouded with dense mist; the sun that had so often lighted the horizon with rosy tints now shed only a dim light from behind heavy banks of gray clouds. As he cast his eyes along the dismal gray sand dunes that rose and fell in abrupt undulations along the weathering beach, and now to the tall, beetling crags colored by the salt spray, he repeated slowly and with greater appreciation than ever before:

"Break, break, break,

On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

"O well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
O well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!"

The noisy screams of the seabirds as they breasted the billows or flew to their sea cliff homes awakened only echoes of unrest within him, and dissatisfaction with life. The sighing of the winds as they bowed the lofty firs of the forest or lashed the breakers into foam against the rock-bound coast, led him to hope that there might be somewhere a place, washed



K. S. Latourrette,
J. B. Dodson,
W. P. Dyke.

CHAMPION DEBATING TEAM OF C. D. L. O.

by these waters and fanned by these same winds, where mortals would not be called upon to suffer separation of tenderest ties.

While musing thus, he was startled at hearing his name spoken, and on turning he beheld the form of a tall, handsome young woman.

"I have the advantage of you," she said. "Do you not remember Annie—Annie Hawthorne?"

"I remember her well," he smiled, trying to appear cheerful, "but I can hardly believe that the young woman who stands before me now was once the little girl that spelled me down when I attended this school."

"I should not have known you either," said Annie, "had I not just now learned from your father that you were home. How you have changed! How long will you remain at home?" she added.

"Throughout vacation."

"Then you will come to visit my first school. Perhaps you can help me, for although I have had two years at the State Normal, I feel incapable of teaching this little summer school. I must now away, for it is nearly nine."

"Thank you; I'll come some day," he called after her. "But as to helping you, I doubt not but that the assistance will be all in the other direction."

* * * *

It is early in September. Vacation is nearly over. Under the benign influence of Miss Hawthorne, Howard has recovered from the grief with which he found himself borne down at its beginning, for he has experienced, "the expulsive power of a new affection." Occasional letters from the Philippines have kept the old ties strong, while frequent visits to Miss Hawthorne's school and home have formed still stronger ones. He has discovered that the life whose monotony he had at first dreaded is indeed full of interest. He has even begun to wish that vacation could be prolonged.

At length, the last night is come. It finds Howard and Annie strolling along the beach, chatting merrily about past college days and the coming school year, the final one for both of them. Before reaching her home they sit down on a sand dune from which they could watch the silvery moonbeams play upon the lazy swells of the incoming tide, and the lighthouse lamp slowly revolve in the lonely tower off the cape.

They have been quiet for some time when Howard breaks the silence:

"When I look at these billows I am reminded of the sea of life, and especially my sea. Mine has been a series of ups and downs—crests and troughs. I was sailing buoyantly along until mother died. That first great sorrow carried me into a trough in which I was still listlessly drifting when father sent me to college. Through the encouragement and advice of Robert Lyons I was persuaded to try anew. Did you notice anything peculiar about my looks that morning last spring when you met me on this dune?"

"You seemed very sad, as I remember, but I attributed it to the weather and the loneliness that always follows commencement."

"You were partially right," continued Howard. "I was again in the trough, for Robert had started that morning for the opposite shore of this ocean and I felt deeply the loss of his companionship. Life seemed scarcely worth living. But I have slowly and surely reached the crest again, and from its summit I can see that the world is beautiful and life a pleasure. Your gentle, helpful influence has given me a new incentive, and with you to cheer, I believe I could face any storm. If you would but accompany my craft, come what may, I'd never feel like dropping the oars."

* * * *

That night as Howard Armstrong went home he felt new life in every limb. And as he retired he remarked to himself: "Truly, nothing costs more or pays higher dividends than friendship."

June 14, 1904.

Broken Shells of Puget Sound

Written for the COLLEGE REVIEW by Edna Scofield Daily,
class of '97.

Broken shells of Puget Sound!
How you lie here drifted deep,
Harvests that the waves did not reap;
Like a snow-drift, white and still,
You have formed a tiny hill.
What of life by you was bound,
Broken shells of Puget Sound?

Broken shells of Puget Sound!
How you lie here scattered 'round
Everywhere upon the ground.
You are bleached by sun and dew,
And at last has come to you
More of beauty than you knew
When that life by you was bound,
Broken shells of Puget Sound.

Broken shells of Puget Sound,
Lying in this lonely mound,
You are graves whose owners now,
We may know not when or how,
Have escaped, and may be still
Obedient to one great will.
They are held by larger bound
Than you, shells of Puget Sound.

Broken shells of Puget Sound!
When that life you once did bound
Left, it gave to make earth glad,
All the beauty that it had.
Smooth of touch, of surface round.
What life once in you was found,
Broken shells of Puget Sound?

Broken shells of Puget Sound,
Like that life you once did bound,
May my life in this be found,
When upon some glorious day,
I throw my empty shell away,
May my going bring no tear,
Only leave more beauty here.
Oh, what life by you was bound,
Broken shells of Puget Sound!

THE REVIEW

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Vacation. Vacation is here, and it is up to every student to make the best possible use of his or her time, and return prepared for another nine months of hard grinding. It has been fittingly said, "Recreation is good; hard work better; but idleness is not permissible in any good vacation." Think upon this and be convinced of its truth.

1903-4 The school year just closed has been unprecedented in interest taken in the various student movements and in the grade of work done. The enrollment was far ahead fo

K. S. Latourrette, Valedictorian.



Chas. Rutherford, Pres. Senior Class.



that of any previous year, and the students as a whole have been zealous in school work, many doing extra work, that was often voluntary and at no small sacrifice. This is significant. It points unerringly to a body of alumni who shall be world successes and thus honor, not themselves alone, but also their alma mater. The student body has been strengthened in many ways and is now on a firmer basis than ever before. The work in the various departments of the student body, such as debate, oratory, glee club and athletics, has been maintained at the usual high standard. The support from outside friends, both local and throughout the state, has been excellent. May the good work go on, and every student who returns in the fall, endeavor to bring at least one new student. Let us strive to make the opening day next September the most propitious in the history of "Old McMinnville."

Many Alumni Present. We were peculiarly fortunate this June in having with us an unusually large number of alumni. We are indeed glad to have as many as possible of the alumni with us for a few days, for such a manifestation of interest on their part, bespeaks an equally increased interest in the college and its work. The support of the college graduates is of the highest value. The criterion by which any college is judged is the grade of men and women who go from its halls of training into the world of business and activity. Truly in a large measure the alumni govern the destiny of the college

Commencement Commencement has come and gone. This year it brought with it the usual amount of work—examinations, preparations for the annual exercises and home going. However there was left a corresponding amount of pleasant memories. It has been a jolly season in honor of the departing seniors, those who have spent several years in diligent college work, those who will now go forth into the various walks of life and put to a practical application that which they have learned. Their work has often been trying and the result of their lives will tell whether or not the end has justified the means. The season has been made doubly pleasant by the renewal of old friendships. Those who have gone from the college in years gone by have returned to see the institution again honored by a class of bright, young graduates, and to meet acquaintances of their college days. The board o

trustees with their smiling faces and deep interest in the students have enhanced the pleasantness of commencement week and made it possible for us to say that commencement is truly the most enjoyable season of the year.

Gearhart Conference Our Y. M. C. A. had the fourth largest delegation at the Gearhart conference. Considering that all the colleges and universities of Oregon, Washington and Idaho are included in this field we have ample reason to feel proud of our association. None except those directly implicated in working up the delegation know what it has meant to persuade eleven men to go. On two different occasions that we know of our Y. M. C. A. was represented by one man at Pacific Grove conference. Last year four men went to Gearhart and this year eleven. This increase is in keeping with the increase made in all lines of the association work. The individual benefit to each of the men is incalculable. The very atmosphere of such a gathering cannot fail to make a deep impression on a young man. Beside the excellent trained leaders there were 120 students, clean, bright, earnest men, the cream of the students of the northwest. The natural beauty, the quietude offered excellent opportunity for thought and meditation. The presentation of life work and life problems and the advantages of personal interviews with men of experience were aids in showing the young man his present usefulness and future possibility. But the present benefit derived is not the only good. The real worth of the conference is seen in the effect upon the life and work of the home association. If the work of the association is not bettered the purpose of attending the conference has, in some degree at least, failed. Our boys are full of ideas and suggestions and only as they work out these ideas and put to actual practice the suggestions, will they and the work they represent be repaid for the sacrifice expended. We are hoping to see some practical results next year. D.

Capitola Echoes The Young Womens' Christian Association has already begun to be enriched by the girls that have just returned from Capitola. The association girls have already got a glimpse of the good things that are in store for them next year. They know that they are to be fully repaid for the efforts they put forth to send their delegates to Capi-

tola. The enthusiasm that these delegates have brought to the association is in itself worth a great effort. So much more interest is now taken in the association. The girls talk and plan among themselves for the work. They seem to be inspired to do their best. Too, these Capitola girls have brought back new ideas and plans—ideas and plans for the cabinet and committee work that will cause the work of the association to be carried on, not by the officers alone, but by the whole association. New plans have been developed which will reach the girls. Every conceivable idea for socials has been suggested. Another important thing they have brought back with them is organization. The cabinet is better organized, the committees are little cabinets among themselves. Everything is carried on in a more business-like, organized way. This makes the association so much stronger. However, the most noticeable change in the members of the association since the return of the girls, is the deeper interest in spiritual things. These girls have brought back with them new spiritual depths. They have a clearer vision of God. They have seen the great need of man for God. If this alone were all they had brought back the girls of the association would have every reason to believe themselves doubly repaid for having worked so hard to send their delegates. L.

Y. M. C. A. Notes

"Character is always greater than its deeds." "Only he who fills his place is great."—C. R. Baker.

Let us remember Rev. L. W. Terry's words: "It is one thing to get intellectuality and another to get strength. Be true to God—that's the test of strength." And let us not forget, to use Rev. C. R. Baker's words, that "It is difficult to add something to nothing; begin with a foundation of faith."

We were pleased to see so large a delegation attend the summer conference at Gearhart this year. Eleven of our boys went—nearly three times as many as last year. They are Diebel, Latourette, J. Baker, Ed. and Brad. Dodson, Corwin and Edwin McKee, Lunburg, Campbell, Hoskins and A. Arthur. They all report a most helpful conference, and came back resolved to do something for the Y. M. C. A. from this time on.

The meetings of the past month were fully up to the high

standard maintained throughout the year. Union meetings were the fashion. The hour seemed all too short to hear the echoes from Gearhart and Capitola. All the church services one Sunday evening were turned over to the associations and were ably conducted by the presidents, S. K. Diebel and Gertrude Preston, the former emphasizing daily bible study and the latter, missions.

Before the conferences convened there was only one student volunteer in our college. Now there are four who have signed the declaration, "It is my purpose, if God permits, to become a foreign missionary." These are Grace McCoskey, Florence Laufman, Chas. Rutherford and K. S. Latourette. It is hoped that others may be led to consider the Master's "Go" as binding until He shows them that it is for them to stay.

A beginning for a Y. M. C. A. "Trophy Room" has been begun. Pictures of our volunteers, local option band, debating team, Y. M. C. A. cabinet and track team have already been secured. Alumni and students, please help this collection in any way that your tasteful ingenuity may devise.

A restful and prosperous vacation to you all. May "the body, that portion of dust set apart by the Creator for the enclosure of a soul" be made and ever kept in a fitter temple for the Spirit.

Y. W. C. A. Notes.

All the meetings for this month have been held in conjunction with the Y. M. C. A. At two of these meetings interesting reports were given by the delegates who attended the summer conferences at Gearhart and Capitola.

The Sunday afternoon following the return of the Capitola girls was spent in the grove listening to reports from the conference.

The Y. W. C. A. and Y. M. C. A. were very pleasantly entertained at Prof. Grover's home on the evening of June 15th. Rugs and sofa pillows were scattered over the lawn for comfort and from the trees were swung Japanese lanterns for light. Delightful refreshments were served and an enjoyable evening was spent.

The last cabinet meeting was held Friday afternoon. The

policies of the various committees were read and many interesting plans were made for the work of next fall. Immediately after the cabinet meeting the association girls went to the grove and toasted marshmallows. This was the last gathering of the girls for this year.

Locals

Prof. Fargo was ill several days recently.

Jesse Porter, '02, was a chapel visitor lately.

Miss Bessie Johnson left for her home in Drain June 1st.

Each one of the commercials is wearing a neat class pin.

Kenneth Farr returned to his home in Boise several weeks ago.

Miss L (On seeing a rail fence): "O look at that corduroy fence!"

A large number of new books have been received for the library.

Since the adventure at Lafayette, the Prep, class is said to be "nutty."

Miss Alta Gibson, '03, will visit the St. Louis Exposition this summer.

They do say that our O. A. Stalker has an opinion on telephone No. 73.

It is reported that Miss Jones "bloodied her toe" while experimenting in biology.

President Brumback was quite ill for several days the first part of the month.

The freshmen sent a larger delegation to Gearhart than any other class in college.

Edwin McKee, on the 13th, started for Snake river, where he will spend the summer.

Roy Heater, who so successfully trained the track team, has returned to his home in Newberg.

Prof. Hill took advantage of the memorial day vacation and visited her home in The Dalles.

The Hill House Lament: Of all sad words of tongue or pen, the saddest are these, "Be in by ten."

Hon. H. M. Glass, of California, gave the students a rousing lecture on "Scientific Temperance" June 1.

President Brumback and Prof. Northup both attended the Baptist conference at Independence June 2d and 3d.

Hon. B. L. Eddy and County School Superintendent Littlefield addressed the students in the chapel May 17th.

It is reported that "Rip Van Winkle" has departed for Grass Valley. We wish you peaceful slumbers, "Rip."

Prof. Fargo—"Miss Kuns, just step into the other laboratory and examine Kruger's skull, it is opened for inspection."

Eber Brown and Arthur Harlow, on account of illness, were both compelled to leave school before the expiration of the year.

Harty—"The measles are going the round, and they say Pres. Brumback has got 'em." Hoskins—"Gee, that's good. No Latin to-day."

A number of the students who are interested in athletics attended the meet between P. U. and U. of O., which was held at Forest Grove, May 14.

Ward, Linderman and Lillie have shown the freshmen that they are capable of doing quick work after dark, especially juggling nuts of wagon wheels.

On June 8th the entire commercial class left for Willamina Falls, where several days were spent pleasantly fishing and enjoying camp life in general.

It is whispered about that the commercials' camp at Willamina would have been burned one night had it not been for the timely work of V. L. Derby.

Miss Susan Chattin has been very ill for several weeks. Her mother arrived from Idaho the 13th. Miss Chattin will return home as soon as she can stand the journey.

Paul Pattison left for his home in Colfax, a couple of weeks ago. He will remain there but a short time, however, as he is going to spend the summer on his father's farm on the Snake river.

J. R. McKillop and wife, both of the class of '02, were chapel visitors the latter part of May. Mr. McKillop has until recently been principal of the public schools of Meridian, Idaho.

Miss M (playing tennis)—"O, George, I'm afraid this will be a love game."

George—"Why I've always told you I'd like to play a love game with you."

Prof. Parkes, a government teacher from the Philippines, and General Joubert, who took a prominent part in the recent Boer war, each gave the students a very interesting chapel talk May 18.

During Wm. Lillie's recent illness his classmates called upon him in a body. Loving hands scattered flowers profusely over the room and large bouquets of roses were arranged on the tables. William seemed very glad to see his friends and urged them to call again.

O Lola, our Lola, so jolly and sound,
So good-hearted, true-hearted, happy and round,
With a chin so roly,
O you, O our Lola,

We are proud of the girl that doth hold '06 class down.

The Local Option League of the college did some very active and effective work. Meetings were held at North Yamhill, Chase, Whiteson and Lafayette. Although all the students were interested and several took an active part, those who deserve special mention are Chas. Rutherford and W. P. Dyke.

Peanuts says he has seen football games where blood was wanted worse than yardage, he has been in the heart of the Rocky mountains and heard the yell of the scalp-hunting savage hot on his track, he has been in Mexico and seen greasers fight bulls to the bitter death, but the most blood curdling, exciting scene he ever witnessed was Washino in midnight hurdles.

Since the track season is over the tennis court has become the center of attraction. This is one game on which the boys do not have a corner, or in which they find their skill well matched. Some of the fairer co-eds show speed and skill in this game that would make the fleetest track man turn green with envy or make the most prodigious feat of the doughty quarter-back sink into the remotest recesses of insignificance.

On Decoration day a number of students drove to the Lafayette locks, where they spent the afternoon and evening

in having a general good time. The picnickers were strongly impressed, however, by the fact that the most festive occasion may be marred by a frightful accident. Miss Greenman got so near the water's edge that she got both feet "soppin" wet. Barring this accident everything went off smoothly and the party did not start homeward until a late hour.

Exchanges

The Weekly Chemawa American contains its usual good story.

The May issue of the Hakawinn, one of our best exchanges, contains an article on "Radio-activity and Radium," that is well worth reading.

The Cardinal (Portland High School) is to be congratulated on its neat binding and good reading material within. Come again Cardinal.

Husband—"It seems that in all railroad accidents the first and last cars are always the ones that are injured." O'Kourke—"Sure, an' I wonder why they don't lave thim two cars off the train entoirely."

The College Independent contains several good cuts and also some good stories, but would be greatly improved by an exchange column.

We welcome the Spinster from St. Helens' Hall. It is a compendium of college news and wit. The arrangement is also good.

The Normal Messenger has arrived with its usual supply of good news.

The last number of the Albany College Student, with its half-tones and well written articles, is a high tribute to the girls who publish it.

The Weekly Index is one of the best papers we receive. We enjoy your visits, Index.

We wish all of our exchanges could reach the high standard of the U. of O. Monthly. It is neat and instructive and its original stories are excellent.

Student, reading Virgil—"Three times I strove to cast my arms about her neck, and—that's as far as I got, Professor."

Prof.—"Well, sir, I think that was quite far enough."



FIRST BAPTIST CHURCH

The Crescent from our sister college is ever welcome, but we think it would be improved by a few more editorials.

One of our best exchanges is the Houston Crimson. Its editorials are good, as are also its stories and joshes.

The Barometer (O. A. C.) has come forth, replete with college cuts. It is a neat issue, but lacks reading matter.

The Oregon Teachers' Monthly, in its last number, devoted considerable space to songs. It also contained the usual amount of good stories and poems.

We must again mention the Orange and Black. It is a college monthly of high rank. Come again.

With this issue, THE REVIEW bids her exchanges farewell until fall, when she will be glad to renew acquaintances.

Commencement

The college has closed another very successful year. Commencement, the crowning time of the whole season, was in every way enjoyable. Twenty-six students this year, from the various departments, have completed their prescribed courses of study and are now ready for higher fields of learning or for the active affairs of life.

Rev. L. W. Terry, of Tacoma, Washington, preached the educational sermon Sunday morning in the Baptist church. His theme was "Incentives to a Higher Education." In a masterly way he showed that a higher education pays pre-eminently in three ways. The person equipped with a college education is demanded increasingly by the business world; the doors of scholarly pleasure and mental discipline are constantly opening up to him; and his opportunities to benefit and bless mankind are greatly enhanced.

Rev. C. R. Baker, of Boise, Idaho, preached the baccalaureate sermon in the evening. The seating capacity of the church was taxed to its limit, but Mr. Baker held the attention and interest of his large audience throughout by his eloquent appeal for an education that gives an all round development. He said that the physical giant was not necessarily and educated person; that a thoroughly trained intellect was not the only requisite for an education; and that a person might have both physical and mental development and yet

not be educated; but with all true education there must come a spiritual development, 2 Peter 1:5-6.

The above mentioned sermons, however, were not all the good things during this week. From Monday morning till Wednesday night students were kept busy with decorations and preparations for the various exercises.

The twenty-six students referred to before graduated at different times and in several classes. Tuesday morning at ten o'clock the students of the commercial department graduated in the college chapel. There were seventeen young men and women in this class, and, while their special training in the college halls consisted largely of bookkeeping, typewriting and shorthand, they furnished an excellent program. This was composed of orations given by representatives of the class and music to suit the occasion.

In the evening of the same day a large crowd of students and friends gathered in the chapel to witness the graduation of the class from the literary and teachers' course. There were three young women and one young man in this class and they demonstrated to their appreciative audience that the time spent in "Old Mc" had been a period of development and culture to them.

Wednesday morning the graduating exercise of those completing the scientific and classical courses was held in the First Baptist church. This was the most important event of the week. The four young men and one young woman of this class handled subjects of vital importance in their orations, and in a way that was both instructive and entertaining. A very interesting thing concerning the class is that Mr. Rutherford and Mr. Latourette, whose pictures appear at another place in this paper, are student volunteers. Another interesting thing, too, is that Mr. Fellows is the first person in the history of the college to take two degrees, A. B. and B. S.

Music was one of the special features of the week. Miss Freda Latourette, who has recently graduated from the University of Pacific, delighted her many friends with several solos. Besides the special music with every program, the annual recital given by the conservatory of music in the chapel Monday evening was a delight to all lovers of music. This entertainment was furnished by Miss L. Floy Kesson and Mr. W. T. Spangler, principal and assistant of the department. But sermons, orations and music are not enough for com-

mencement week. Wednesday evening the alumni association gave its annual banquet. This entertainment consisted of two parts—a literary program in the chapel and the banquet proper in the Y. M. C. A. room below. J. W. Loder, '94, gave the address before the association. His subject, "The Price of Success," was treated in a very practicable way. Soon after the first part of this program was finished, the members and friends of the association were ushered into the banquet hall, which was most exquisitely decorated, and which contained many long tables laden with good things. After all were most too "full for utterance," several of the old alumni, with Dean Northup as toastmaster, entertained the audience with wit and reminiscences until the wee hours of morning.

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