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*THE REVIEW*

*MARCH*  
*1 9 0 5*

*McMinnville* : *Oregon*

*Vol. X.*

*No. 6*



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# THE REVIEW

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UNDER THE GENERAL SUPERVISION OF PRES. BRUMBACK

Vol. X MARCH 1905 No 6

## *Tni-Co-Nen the Trailer*

*An Indian Romance of Primeval Oregon*  
by J. C. COOPER

The noonday sun came down on the bare, brown shoulders of Imenda as she sat near a great spreading oak braiding the hair of Tni-co-nen, her little brother sitting near her feet. She wove in a few tiny shells and some pretty feathers and made them stand upright around his head like the plumes of a chief. She painted crude figures on his face. The little incipient warrior had a vague idea that he was being equipped to play warpath, and from time to time looked up into his sister's face, that he might learn what she thought of her work and his.

Imenda placed a very large arrow in one of his hands and a tiny stone tomahawk in the other, then leaned back on her hands in order to criticise her work and see what effect it had on Tniconen. She was pleased as any girl could be over a piece of fancy work.

"Tenas tyee," (little chief) she said.

The martial spirit then entered the mind of the little savage for the first time, to be used in future for either defense or predatory purposes.

As Tniconen gazed into his sister's dreamy black eyes, he saw a startled look come into her face. She uttered an almost inaudible cluck, as a watchful hen does when warning her brood of impending danger.

She leaned forward quickly and gazed anxious-



ly into his wondering eyes for a moment, then placed one hand over his mouth and pressed the other on his shoulder. The child was deeply impressed and puzzled at her actions, but he seemed to realize that some uncommon danger threatened.

In an instant the maiden sprang to her feet and quickly and noiselessly disappeared down the sloping bluff and into the bushes along the bank of Cozine creek, then on up the stream she ran toward the Coast Mountains like a frightened fawn.

Two men came around the hut to where Tniconen was still sitting.

"Kah (where) Imenda?" asked the elder of his little son. But Tniconen remembered his sister's warning look and the pressure of her hand upon his mouth. He gave a hasty glance at the young man with his father then turned his eyes to the ground and sat with that stolid look so common to the Indian race. The young man raised his tomahawk over the child's head and commanded in a threatening voice:

"Wah wah!" (Speak)

Tniconen scrambled to his feet and with the battle axe and spear that Imenda had placed in his hands assumed a defiant attitude toward the young man and shouted:

"Wake!" (No)

Tniconen's father was so amused and pleased at his little son's brave conduct and the picture that he made in his miniature war paint and feathers, that he rolled on the ground in a fit of laughing. The young man saw the folly of trying to extort information from the little savage, made a hasty inspection of several huts without avail. Finally he made a circuit of the entire camp and struck the trail of the maiden more than an hour after her hasty flight.

A pair of keen eyes and a stolid young face had been watching the young man, and when Tniconen saw him start on his sisters trail, the

avenger entered the breast of the little brave. No patriot ever felt a more impressive call to duty and no soldier a more grim determination to perform it. The young man's death and his sister's rescue was sufficient for any sacrifice and completely possessed him.

As quickly as his little feet could carry him he struck the trail of his sister and her pursuer. He found their tracks plain enough for a time but as soon as Imenda was well away from the village, with the instinct of the hunted, she adopted an occasional hasty ruse to hide her trail.

But the young man following was possessed of uncommon skill as well as speed, and often unraveled a ruse as soon as he discovered it, and sometimes guessed that the fugitive would adopt a ruse at certain places well suited to hiding a trail, and he lost little time.

Little Tniconen could readily see the tracks of his sister's pursuer because he had made no effort to hide them. He followed instinctively as one bent on running down his game to kill it. He could see the tracks where the feet had pressed down the grass, broken a twig or displaced the soil. His hungry eyes soon noted every evidence of recent disturbance as he ran on, often at the top of his speed.

A new life, or rather the old primordial sleuth of the race came to him. He seemed to run by sight, scent and instinct. His feet took on a new cunning, his eyes vigilant, his jaws set at times when the trail was plain and the two were together. At other times his mouth would be partly open, and the saliva half froth and dripping. The whelp of the wolf-man of old in pursuit. Over sticks and logs, a little awkward at first, but the skill of the race came to him and he dived through thickets and tangled underbrush with noiseless stealth. Spear and battle axe clenched for instant action, home, friends and food were forgotten. He was on the trail.



Up the foot hills and into the great timber covered range, as the sun and twilight slowly faded and the big moon came up behind him, Tniconen toiled on until the trail was no longer visible. The persistent waif stopped at the foot of a large broad-leaf maple. There was moss there. He would rest a minute and gather more for his bed.

But Tniconen did not gather more moss. The moment the strain of the pursuit was relaxed and the little exhausted body felt the moss, sleep gathered it in and held it except an occasional weary turning and deep drawn sigh, until the short summer night was gone and the warm morning sun shining in brought the little hunter back to life.

With a sore body and a dazed mind the little trailer tried to rise several times before he was successful. Famishing hunger had pinched the features, and the hours of running had made the body of Tniconen delapidated and worn, and much of its plumpness was gone.

Instinctively he looked about for food, finding some insects and a few familiar herbs, but he stumbled on to a track that brought back the fire to his eyes. The trailing wolf was again on the track of his game, and the sore and unsteady waif was following the trail that had already taken him into the mountain's wilderness among savage beasts, miles away from his home and his kind.

Unsteady at first, his failing strength refused to give the speed of the previous day. A startled mother grouse in his path exposed a brood of chicks recently hatched. The animal that was in the hungry child sprang cat-like among them. His teeth went into the first one that the little hand caught, and the sweet warm blood made the glare in his eyes like that of an ordinary beast of prey. Three were caught and their flesh and bones quickly devoured, and Tniconen licking his chops, started again on the trail.

All day long, with few rests, the little nemesis followed the trail of Imenda and her hated pursuer, but slower and slower with failing strength. At one time a little scratched and grimy hand darted quickly into the abandoned nest of a fleeting quail, which yielded some food, but food alone could not keep that tender body up to the ordeal set by the infatuated trailer.

All the long, afternoon the little hands helped to drag the tired body through the vine maple thickets and over the fallen logs, but so long as the hated track was in sight, and though often crawling, it kept luring him on.

Imenda had heard Nolo negotiating with her father for her purchase. The terms were agreed upon, the last of which was that the young man should catch Imenda before she reached the coast and touched salt water, with one hour advantage in the start. They were inside the hut and she could not see them. She was swift and she hated the heartless Nolo. Hence the sudden flight and the instinctive and impressive warning to her little brother.

Straight as the course of the homing dove was the flight of Imenda toward the ocean, forty miles distant. The fear and dislike of the young and evil-visaged savage gave speed and strength to her nimble feet. She was vigorous and intended to travel all night, but during the long twilight she passed under a great spreading fir and saw a delightful grassy couch, so inviting that the maiden was soon stretched upon it. It proved to be a soothing opiate for Imenda traveled no more that night except into the futile realms of dream-land.

The short summer night had passed and daylight from the northeast was over all the mountains and into the densest forest when Imenda opened her eyes and saw a stalwart young Indian brave standing near, looking fondly at the waking fugitive.



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Startled at first, the look of surprise changed to one of pleasing anticipation as Imenda looked at the handsome young brave. It was not Nolo that she had heard talking to her father, but Marlenvo, the swiftest and to Imenda, the most handsome young hunter in all the tribe.

On the morning of the next day as the two lovers picked their way along the game trails in the great forest, homeward bound, they found the worn out and sleeping little trailer, with torn body and bedraggled plume. Slowly he awakened from his drowsy and painful sleep and with much exertion finally rose to his feet.

With tiny battle-ax raised he uttered a defiant, "Cultus tillacum," (Bad man,) as he faced the amused Marlenvo. But a deep shade of darkest disgust came into the face of Tniconen when he saw the look of pleased contentment on the face of his sister.

This feeling never entirely passed away until the trailer reached the years of young manhood and saw the ease with which a woman, though a savage, could change her mind, and learn necessity's law therefor.

Circumstances

A wilful monster rules my life;  
He ruins every wish and aim,  
And mocking, makes ridiculous  
My grasp at Fame

He cools the hearts of those I love,  
And delays me with those who hate;  
And fallen, I curse my confused life,  
And call it Fate.

To curse by all the Gods—what for?  
It would only make my cowardice weak;  
Laugh at life's ridicule—and turn  
The other cheek.

THE REVIEW

EDITORIAL STAFF.

F. H. THOMPSON.....EDITOR-IN-CHIEF  
MYRTLE CALAVAN.....ASSISTANT EDITOR  
MURIEL GRISSEN.....LOCAL EDITOR

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The Referendum

The tax payers of Yamhill county were the first to inaugurate the movement to petition for referendum on the \$1,000,000 appropriation bill passed by the last legislature.

Other counties have requested petition blanks to circulate among the voters and indications are, that the required number of signers will be secured and a popular expression given to the merits of the bill.

The outcome of the movement will be watched with interest by many of the students. Not because the request originated in McMinnville, but because they are interested in our state machinery and its products.

May Day

It has been decided to repeat the May Day festivity that was so successfully given here, last year. The festivity will be under the auspices of the Associated Student Body and the Y. W. C. A. organizations. The

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May Day event promises to be the event of the year. Although May is not yet here committees are at work arranging for athletic contests, music, and other features for the occasion. Miss Gertrude Preston has been appointed to superintend the affair. This honor was given her because the success of last May day was due to her untiring effort in its behalf. With Miss Preston to oversee and urge the work of the various committees, we may rest assured that the coming event will be crowned with success.

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One of the most difficult lessons humanity has to learn is the art of patiently waiting. The activity which works for a certain end will prove the industry and skill of the worker, but the strain upon his endurance will not be felt then as when, his labor over, he waits the result.

The sluggard who, with folded hands, waits for the favorable turning of his fortune's wheel, is but a drone in the human hive; but the patient man is he who, having toiled and struggled, endured the summer's heat and winter's chill, exhausted brain and body, skill and study, can stand quietly and firmly to wait the result of his life's work—wait for victory or defeat, success or disappointment. He is a hero who can stand firm and erect at such a crisis, preserving the even mental balance, the unshaken fortitude, the courage and endurance, that have led to the hour of trial, and bear, unmoved, the suspense that precedes great events in life, ready for well earned rest if successful, or for renewed effort if failure is the result of years of weary mental or bodily labors.

Wait cheerfully, then, at life's stations, where patience is called upon for her perfect work, folding the hands perhaps prayerfully, but fretting not that they must for the time be idle. Wait



then as humble servants until He opens a way for renewed usefulness or give the gentle spirit rest in the repose of death.

The workings of the human mind have, from the earliest ages, been one of the deepest mysteries of creation. No man can tell even for an instant, the thought of another man's mind. The learned of all ages have made the mental powers a subject of profound study and research, yet are baffled at every turn, by some new revelation of the workings of the human intellect and the eccentricities of human talent.

The most reliable and accurate conclusion to be reached regarding mental power is a rigid and frequent self examination, weighing our motives for action, our powers of mental endurance, our control over conscience, and our capacity to choose good and resist evil.

Great and good men of all ages have given much time to self examination, and we have divine authority for such habits. By the comparison of good, virtuous men, it awakens within us the desire to emulate their virtues.

The habit of truly and unflinchingly examining the heart is not easily acquired. It is not easy to take the outward act the world applauds, into the secret chamber of our hearts and lay bare the selfish or worldly motives that prompted it. It is not easy to tear the mantle from the life of outward morality, and probe the hidden sin the world suspects not.

He who finds delight in true self examination, who courts the voice of conscience, who brings to bear upon every action of his life the solemn thoughts preceding it, is a good man. He may make grave mistakes in worldly wisdom, but where motive not action is judged he will receive his reward.





Discontent is one of the most destructive elements that can enter into a man's character. The origin of many a ruined life can be traced to discontentment, probably of circumstances over which the person had absolutely no control. A writer in the first century considered himself to have reached a happy stage in life when he said, "I have learned in whatsoever state I am, therewith to be content."

One of the great causes of discontent is a lack of grace to meet and bear the vicissitudes of life. Every man who has reached mature age ought to bear patiently and impartially the ups and downs of life. Probably one of the hardest lessons a man has to learn is to take an unprejudiced view of the various conditions in which he is placed and to exercise self-control in their effects upon his character and life. Another cause is forgetfulness of our blessings. Human nature is wont to remember visitation and misfortune and to forget blessing and success. If men would cherish a keener remembrance of their own blessings and could forget their misfortunes and distresses they would find less occasion for discontent.

Discontent is unreasonable and brings only misery. It does nothing to remove or alleviate our troubles but on the other hand does much to aggravate them. No amount of it can "make one hair black or white" nor can it change in the slightest degree the course of Providence. Not only does it bring misery to the one who is afflicted with the malady but also to every one who comes into contact with him. More than that, there is great selfishness in discontent. It is rebellion against God. It is murmuring at circumstances of which human means have not been the cause nor can alter. It is a selfish boasting as if God did not govern well and human agents could govern better.

The cure for discontent is not easy to pre-

scribe. It cannot be wrought by changes in our circumstances nor by additions to our possessions. Neither can it be obtained by any external accomplishment, but only by cleansing the heart of inordinate desires and by discovery and acknowledgement of the interdependencies of divine providence.

### *A Child's Interpretation*

The morning dawned in virginal splendor,  
The hills were free from the white hanging mist,  
The flowers had waited long in silence,  
For the dawn and the sun's life touching kiss.

All Nature appeared in welcome attire,  
Fairy gems glistened on her motherly breast,  
The night elfin's sun burst was yet undimmed,  
And the grass with weight of jewels was pressed.

The joyful birds made festoons of their song,  
As from bush to tree-top they flitted by;  
Their burdens of sorrow and care seemed light  
To me, when they sang sweet songs from the sky.

"Tell me are those tear-drops on each leaf?"  
Asked the bright eyed little boy at my side.  
"Is it because, God had seemed so lonely  
At night, and in his loneliness he cried?"

It seemed to me I could not answer him,  
As he stood with asking eyes upturned.  
This boyishness had perplexed me,  
Till my nature loving soul only burned.

And I was really glad when he left me,  
To pick a flower that grew by the way.  
I could not answer his meaning question;  
Since, I've thought, but cannot up to this day.

Perhaps, while we lie in peaceful slumber,  
And from the cares of the long day we rest,  
Mother nature's loving spirit may cry,  
Because of sorrows we placed on her breast.



### Prohibition League

The League has about twenty active members. The state contest of the Prohibition League of Oregon will be held in McMinnville April 14, and every effort will be made to make this a grand success.

Indications are favorable for a good contest April 14.

The local contest of our league was held in the college chapel March 21. Edward Dodson, F. H. Thompson, and Myrtle Calavan were the contestants. These are among the best students in college. The chapel was filled with an appreciative and enthusiastic audience and the speakers did not disappoint their hearers. When the orators had finished, it was doubtful in the minds of the listeners who had won first honors—so close was the contest. Miss Calavan, however, in her winsome way overcame the eloquence of Thompson and the logic and pleasing appearance of Dodson, by a small margin. Miss Calavan is not only a good student but she is one of the most popular young ladies in school. The League is fortunate in having such a representative for the State Contest.

One pleasing feature of the contest was the music furnished by the College Band. This band was organized early in the school year and its delightful music shows that the boys have been hard at work.

### Retrospection

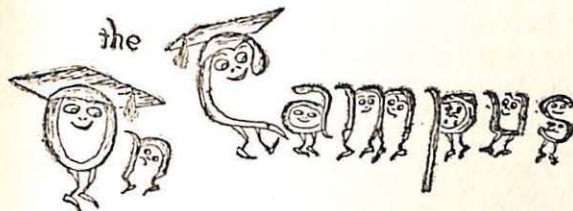
There's more joy in loving  
When the loving has gone by;  
We forget the moment's laughter  
With a reminiscent sigh.

A fairer maid may dwell at hand,  
Across the way or nearer;  
But the little girl we used to know  
Seems just a trifle dearer.



W. MYRTLE CALAVAN  
(Winner of Local Prohibition Contest)





We have an "old" Professor in Mac, according to Rev. J. K. Howard.

There is waiting at Belleview. Merrit is gone and all that Mary has is de-merits.

Ask Crater and Clevenger how they like shower baths as administered from the story above.

Miss Adams—"Do you understand French?"

Mr. Dennis—"Yes if it's spoken in Irish."

Mercer—"Is Diebel French or German?"

Baker—"Neither; I think he is broken English."

Patty—"Am I descended from a monkey?"

Prof. Fargo—"I dare say, but I never saw any of your parents' relatives."

Campbell—"What makes such a bad smell around the postoffice, Cal?"

Calavan—"Dunno—maybe it's the dead letters."

Stannard—"Why does Diebel eat less than Davis?"

Day—"Cause he makes a little, go a long way."

Overheard in the hallway.

Pres. Brumback—"What do you think of the D.D.'s? I think it is quite a nerve-center."

Prof. Northup—"I think it is a nervy-center!"

Greenman—"I saw Miss Hodson promenading on Sunday and she wore a most expensive new gown and hat."

Kuns—"Yes, you wouldn't catch her out walking with anything cheap looking."

Greenman—"Oh, but she was. She had Mr. Stannard with her."



Dr. Cook—"Your ailment lies in the larynx, thorax and epiglottis."

McAllister—"Indade, and me after thinking it was in me throat."

Nealson hesitates on the word-connoisseur.

Diebel-What would you call a man that pretends to know everything?"

Nealson-"A Professor!"

"When rain falls, does it ever rise again?" asked the professor of Chemistry.

Ralston-Yes sir."

Prof. Davis-"When?"

Ralston-"Why in dew time."

Miss Thompson-"Oh my, I do believe there is a burglar in the pantry where those pies are that I made this afternoon."

Mr. Van Atta-"Well sit still, and maybe we can catch his dying words."

Visitor-"You know Ed Dodson of course. I think he belongs to the Alpha Delta."

Dyke-"Well Dodson doesn't think that."

Visitor-"No? How do you mean?"

Dyke-"He thinks the Alpha Delta belongs to him."

"This ring," said the jeweler, "will cost you \$2.98, with our extra services, Mr. Calavan."

"Extra services for what?" asked Cal, who was looking at engagement rings. "When Miss Estes calls to make inquiries we'll tell her it's worth \$25. He bought the ring."

A canvassing lady named Green  
Said to Cal, "buy a talking machine,"  
"I've a sister," he said,  
As he nursed his poor head,  
"She's the strongest that ever was seen."

### *Friends*

Oh where are the friends of my youth,

In a moment reflective I cried.

Through the door popped a head

And the office boy said,

There's a gent wants to see you outside.

Oh there was a friend of my youth,

With emotion he grasped my hand tight.

You'll pardon these tears

I've not seen you for years,

Could you lend me a V 'til tonight.

---

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