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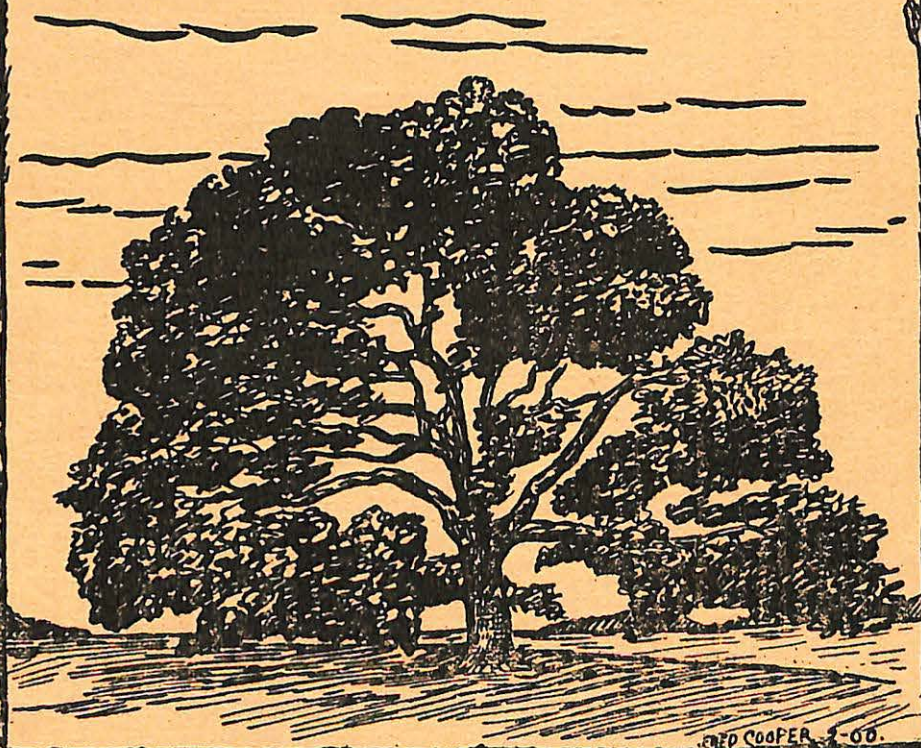
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THE REVIEW



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OCTOBER, 1905.

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THE REVIEW

Vol. XI.

OCTOBER, 1905.

No. 9.

"BIG ALEX"

A Story of Yamhill County

WILMER BARNHART

"Big Alex" Crisman sat before his camp-fire one spring evening and gazed thoughtfully at the blaze, thinking of his comrades whom he had not seen for many days. Two months before he had left Fort Astoria and ascended the Columbia and the Willamette to hunt and trap, and now, after wandering far up the Yamhill, he was well stocked with skins and was beginning to think of returning.

Faintly discernible through the dusk was his canoe lying at the water's edge; and across the river, casting a dark shadow over the stream, was a high, "steep" bank crowned with a few tall firs, between whose tops shone the bright, round face of the moon, and it threw a weird light over the scene below. Behind him rose the great forest whose depths, stirred by the gentle breeze, murmured the grand music of the wilderness.

"Big Alex"—he had been given the name on account of his gigantic size—sat for some time occupied with his own thoughts and listening to the songs of the trees. Then there was a faint rustle in the leaves behind him, and an Indian woman stepped into the light. He leaped to his feet and grasped his rifle, but, seeing that it

was only a woman, he paused and stood looking at her.

"What do you want?" he asked at length in the jargon then common between the Indians and the white traders.

"I have come to warn the white man," she answered, "that he is in danger. The great chief has summoned his warriors to council, and they have all said, 'Kill the white dog,' so they will come."

Do you know when they will come?" he asked coolly.

"I don't know. I could not hear; but they will come soon. The white man must go. Hurry!" With this she disappeared into the darkness.

"I'll stay here till morning anyway," he thought. "Then I'll gather up some of my traps, pack my canoe, and be off before they come. They are not likely to attack me much before daybreak, and then I'll be gone."

After this he rolled himself up in his blanket and went to sleep as though nothing had happened.

"Big Alex," paddling swiftly down the stream in his canoe, was just congratulating himself on having thus far escaped the Indians, when, splash! an arrow struck

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the water close beside him. Then another tore a hole in his canoe, which immediately began to take water. He looked up and saw two Indians on the bank above him, fitting arrows to their bows. He reached for his rifle, and, aiming at one of them, fired. The Indian fell forward on the bank, and the other immediately disappeared.

By this time his canoe was rapidly filling with water, and "Big Alex" made haste to reach the shore. When he did so, he saw four canoes full of Indians coming down the stream. On seeing him they increased their speed and reached the shore just as he gained the top of the bank. Pausing for a moment behind a tree, he fired at them, and another savage dropped.

After this he ran swiftly away from the stream and soon came to a hill. At the foot of it, he looked around and saw three Indians pursuing him at a considerable distance, while the others were coming in a body a little way in the rear. Running up the hill and hastily collecting a few rocks, with which the ground was covered, he built a sort of breast-work behind which he could lie down.

The three redskins, seeing this, paused near the bottom of the hill and waited for the others. When these came up they stopped and talked until an Indian, who, from his decorations, appeared to be a chief, made them a short address. As soon as he was through, they surrounded the hill and one Indian ran off in a northerly direction.

"Big Alex" then began to look about him. The side of the hill which he had ascended was barren, but the other side was covered with trees, and he knew that an attack was most to be feared from that side, so he sat about collecting rocks and building a wall all around him with loop-holes in the sides so that he could fire without exposing himself. Having done this he had nothing to do but to wait. He had no food

and not much ammunition, but he was determined that, if he was never to get out alive, he would at least defend himself to the last.

That day passed without special incident, but during the night which followed "Big Alex" was very watchful; and he had to be, for at any minute he might have found himself surrounded by hostile Indians. Only once in the night did he have any trouble. Seeing an Indian creeping up the hill, he shot him, and if there were any more they must have retreated on finding that he was watching.

The second day passed uneventfully, but in the early morning of the third, the Indians began to prepare for an attack.

"Big Alex" had had no sleep since the fight began, and was almost worn out, but on seeing the savages collecting in a body, he braced himself for the contest.

About fifty redskins had now collected, and most of them had just arrived. They divided into two parties, who took up their positions on opposite sides of the hill. The chief uttered a loud war whoop and the Indians advanced at a run.

Then "Big Alex's" rifle began to speak, and Indian after Indian fell,—but on they came. Slowly and deliberately "Big Alex" took aim. It was his last shot, and he meant to make it count. He fired and the chief fell to the ground, shot through the heart. Enraged at the fall of their leader, the Indians rushed fiercely up the hill; and their arrows which they had reserved until then, began to fall thickly about the fort. Now they reached the walls, and "Big Alex" rose to meet them, using his gun as a club, but it was useless. The gun was knocked from his grasp and as he reached for his knife he was pierced by several arrows, and he fell.

Several months later his bones were

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found and buried by a party in search of him, and guided by the same Indian woman who had warned him of his danger. The early settlers in Yamhill County still mark

the spot where he fell, and the remains of his old fort; and, to this day, the hill on which he died bears the name of Alex's Peak.

THE SEASIDE CONFERENCE

MISS ANNIE E. ANDREWS

For several years past, the Young Women's Christian Association has held annual conferences, or conventions, at Capitola, California. The purpose of these conferences was to train young women to work in the Association and to strengthen their spiritual life. Delegates were sent from all the societies, both college and city, in the Pacific Coast states. The territory was so large and the meetings so helpful, that last year the American Committee, which has the supervision of the work in the United States, decided to hold a conference at Seaside, as well as at Capitola, for the benefit of the north-western states. It was my privilege to represent McMinnville College at this meeting.

Seaside, on the coast eighteen miles from Astoria, is a favorite resort for the people of Oregon, but, at the time of our conference, (September seventh to twelfth) it was almost deserted. The town is made up chiefly of hotels, summer resorts, and places of amusement. The headquarters of the Conference was at Hotel Moore, which stands on a slight rise of ground, a short distance from the Ocean. Most of the rooms in the building look out upon the sea, and the roar of the waters can be heard distinctly. The girls who came first secured the best apartments, while those who arrived later had to take what was left. The hotel was nearly full when I reached Seaside, so I was sent to a large room in the third story, known as "The Pullman."

Why it was called by that name I do not know, for it certainly was not built either for beauty or for comfort. As I opened the door I was struck by the number of beds and the lack of light in the room. Two dormer windows, one at each side of the room near the farther end, furnished light. The eight beds, arranged in two rows along the entire length of the room, left very little space for ten girls and their baggage. When the lack of space was mentioned to the matron, she said, "Why the delegates were not expected to bring many clothes;" but who ever heard of a girl leaving home for more than a day without taking all she could carry? In spite of crowded quarters, the girls enjoyed themselves and gained much help from their intercourse with one another. The meetings of the conference were held in the Auditorium, a temporary wooden structure evidently built for entertainments during the summer season. Its position was unfortunate, as a bowling alley was on one side. The noise of the balls, which one speaker called "artificial thunder," sometimes disturbed the meetings. The hall was decorated with pennants, banners, striking posters, and photographs, for the various Associations had vied with each other in sending the best possible exhibits to represent their work. Above the platform was the suggestive motto, "The Lord on high is mightier than the noise of many waters, yea than the mighty waves of the sea."

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Most of the meetings were held during the morning hours, beginning at half past eight, with a short prayer service led by Mrs. Parks of Salem. The subjects taken up came to the girls as a spiritual blessing, and prepared them for the exercises following. Two Bible Study classes, one in "Old Testament Characters," led by Rev. Dean of Seattle, the other in the "Harmony of the Gospels" by Mr. Reno Hutchinson of Portland, were taken up. Their purpose was to teach the girls how to study the Bible. The last part of the program in the morning was the conference on the work of the Young Women's Christian Association. Each day a different phase of the work was studied, at one time the devotional-meeting department, at another the social, and so on through the list of committees. Difficulties were talked over and plans for the coming year were discussed.

One meeting, which I shall never forget, was a vesper service at Gearhart, where the Young Men's Christian Associations hold their conferences. It was by Mrs. Yoshioka, a little Japanese lady, who told her personal experience with missions in Japan. She remembered the missionaries first coming to her home, when she was a little girl, and with what curiosity the people followed them about the streets of the town to listen to their teachings. Soon, however, distrust sprang up and the foreigners were called "traitors"; no one dared listen to them or treat them kindly for fear of persecution. At this time, under the influence of her brother, she ran away from home and entered a mission school where she learned the English language and finally became a Christian. Opinions have changed gradually until now the missionaries are no longer thought to be traitors or spies in Japan, but are gladly welcomed there. She closed her little talk with a striking illustration; she

likened missions in Japan to a wagon pushed three-quarters of the way up a hill. Unless the pressure is kept up, all will be lost, for the wagon will run back to the bottom. Just a little more work is needed to bring it to the top on safe ground. Her plea was, "Let us not give up Japan; let us push the wagon to the top of the hill."

In the evenings, addresses were delivered by the greatest speakers who could be obtained. The central thought of these speeches was "Entire consecration to God." Miss Kyle, a national secretary of the Association, spoke one night on the subject, "Are we holding anything back?" Mr. Dean in his address illustrated what should be our attitude toward God, by the loyalty of Elisha to Elijah at his translation. It is hard to describe these meetings, for only those who were present can realize what an uplift they were. They broadened the conception of what the Y. W. means, and deepened the insight into some of the truths of God's word.

The afternoons were given up to recreation. Bathing, games of tennis and walks were encouraged. Trips were arranged to the salt cairns where Lewis and Clark boiled down ocean water to obtain salt, nearly a hundred years ago; to Thompson's Falls, where a beautiful little stream of pure mountain water comes tumbling down between the hills; and to other places of interest.

The results of this convention will be felt in all places where the delegates go. The girls who attended took away with them an added enthusiasm for the work of their Master, and wherever they go their influence will be felt in His cause.



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EDITORIAL JOTS

Once more the school year is upon us. What it means for each one depends largely upon ourselves. It lies in our power to make it mean much or little. Never before in the history of McMinnville College has the opportunity for doing good work been better. Though many changes have been made since the close of the last school year, there is not one department but is stronger than ever before. The instructors who have guided us over the rough places in days gone by take up the work aided by added experience. The professors who are with us for the first time have already proven that they are of unquestionable ability. But however good our faculty may be they cannot do our work for us. They can help us only in proportion as we help ourselves. We will get out of this year's work just what we put into it. Those of us who have been in college before know why we succeed in some undertakings,—why we fail in others. Let us who are old students play the part of a wise man and profit by our past experiences; and those of us to whom college life is new, play the part of a still wiser man and profit by the experience of others.

The patrons of the Review will notice the change in the Editor-in-chief of the paper. We are very sorry to lose Mr. Collier, who is now at Rochester, New York, called home because of his father's ill health. His

faithful work and untiring efforts to make the College paper a success, won for him untold admiration and respect among both the College students and the town people. For the advancement of this one phase of the Student Body Association it seemed that no sacrifice was too great for him to make. We certainly appreciate what he has done for the College, and his many friends unite in wishing him the highest success in his new field of work.

The spirit of improvement that has long characterized the college town of McMinnville, has been unusually evident the past spring and summer,—nor has it yet ceased. The past year, McMinnville has, no doubt, been the best town in the valley, considering its size. The buildings constructed are sufficient to warrant the statement. There have been two bank buildings—either of which would be a credit to any town, the home of the Oregon Fire Relief Association, a \$15,000 hotel and two brick structures, either erected or remodeled, so as to make them practically new. This does not include the many fine dwelling houses that have been added to our town. There has also been considerable work done in the line of street improvement;—the crushed rock is doing its work well. The new water system soon to be established will furnish the town with pure mountain water that will be second to none in the state.

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These marks of progress and thrift are a credit to McMinnville, and have doubtless attracted the attention of many persons from other states who have passed through our county, during this Fair year. The result can not be otherwise than good and we can look forward to a handsome quota of those persons who may have decided to come to our state and share the good climate and products of the rich soil of Oregon.

F. T.

Exchanges

The Weekly Index, of Forest Grove, is one of the neatest and most enterprising of our exchanges.

U. of O. is soon to have a covered track, where the track men can train during the winter weather. The building will be 20 feet wide and 120 yards long. Trainer Wm. Hayward will soon go to Eugene.

The Weekly Willamette Collegian is an excellent College paper, and one which is as full of bright, snappy news as it is good looking. It is full of cuts and editorials, and is an admirable student paper.

Our exchange list is necessarily small, this month, but we hope to see all of our old friends back, and many new ones. Exchanges will please address, "Exchange Editor, College Review."

"We don't want to buy your drygoods—

We don't like you any more;
You'll be sorry when you see us
Going to some other store.

"You can't sell us any sweaters,
Four-in-hand or other fad;
We don't want to trade at your store
If you won't give us your ad."

—Ex.

Y. M. C. A.

"To live for one's self is to live selfishly."

A new year is here, and we are amidst its realities. This we know. Then how can we best adapt ourselves to these material things,—realities? I shall not attempt to answer this question. Everyone has, to a greater or less degree, this ability. An old maxim, "Be sure you are right, then go ahead," is a good guide, but does not tell us all.

The leaders for the past five weeks were: Rev. Adams, Fred Thompson, John McAllister, Edwin Mercer, and Paul Orr. Each meeting was well attended, which goes a long way toward a good meeting.

The failure of President Hale to return to school necessitated an election for president. Paul J. Orr was elected to fill this position. We feel confident that in the selection of Mr. Orr we have a strong man. He is a senior of the classical course, and has had considerable experience as a Christian worker.

A great many students have paid their fee and are enjoying the privileges of the Y. M. room. The Daily Oregonian is again on the table.

The classes in Bible Study have been organized. Prof. Angst has one class, Paul Orr one, and Rev. Swander has one. Every man in school should join one of these classes. See Chairman McAllister.

Oct. 21st, the boys dug Rev. Adams' potatoes. The spirit of help is a good one to cultivate.

The Y. M. room has a much better appearance since the removal of the wood-shed of last year. It is now one of the pleasantest rooms in the building.

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Y. W. C. A.

Miss Donna Griffith is our new vice president.

There has been quite an increase in our association. Among those added to the roll during the past month are: Misses Ethel Wood, Blanche Rice, Verona Espey, Grace Henderson, Emma Harlow, Ona Renner, and Mabel Bowler.

At the missionary rally, Oct. 20, we had an especially interesting meeting. Miss Ida Skinner, formerly a missionary to India, gave an inspiring talk on her work in foreign fields.

The Bible Study committee have been busy arranging classes in Bible Study. They now have two classes well organized, under the leadership of Prof. Sawtelle and Rev. Swander.

Miss Rapp, a missionary worker among the immigrants of Ellis Island, New York, was with us several days last week. She gave us some very interesting accounts of the various phases of the work which is being done there.

TO THE NEW GIRLS:—

In this, the first issue of the Review, we wish to extend a hearty and sincere welcome to you. We are truly interested in you and all your plans and ambitions. You have already found a large place in our hearts and lives, and we love you dearly. We can not help but be strengthened by your presence in College, and it is our greatest desire that you be helped by our Association. We want to help you make the most of this College year, and we cordially invite you to all our social functions, where such sweet, lasting friendships are formed; to our weekly devotional meeting, which is better termed "Spiritual Stimulus"; to our missionary circles, wherein our views of life are

so greatly broadened; and we want to give you a special welcome to the Bible Study classes. You can not know how incomplete your education is until you have taken a systematic study of the Bible. In fact we welcome you to all departments of our Association work and College life.

Sincerely,

THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASS'N

Conservatory Notes

The teaching force of the Conservatory has been much strengthened by the election of Mrs. Lynn Lancefield as assistant in piano and Teacher of Harmony, and of Miss Pengra as assistant in piano and organ and teacher of History and Theory of Music.

At present forty-four have registered in Piano and Voice. Nine are studying Harmony, five are taking Theory, and the History class has twelve members.

A fine, new piano has been purchased by the Board to meet the demands of the increase of work.

The first recital of this term will be given on Wednesday evening, Oct. 25. The following is the program:

1. Consolation Mendellsohn
CLARA HOUCK
2. Gypsy Dance Haydn
MABEL MILLER
3. Simple Confession Thome
BERTHA CHENAULT
4. Christmas Eve Heins
ESTHER GRISSIN
5. The Bugle Call
MABEL BAKER
6. El Trovatore Dorn
CLARA NEILSON
7. Scarf Dance Chaminade
LENORA SEITTERS

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- | | |
|-----------------|---------|
| 8. Etude | Helle |
| CARRIE MCKEE | |
| 9. a. Trianon | Dove |
| b. Largo | Chopin |
| EMMA HARLOW | |
| 10. Serenade | |
| MABEL BOWLER | |
| 11. Etude | Ravina |
| GRACE HOUCK | |
| 12. Ind Mazurka | Goddard |
| ETHEL WOOD | |

On Friday, Nov. 17, an Old Folks Concert will be given by the Conservatory pupils for the benefit of the Conservatory.

The Quarterly Concert will be given down town, December 15th.

A Choral Union of McMinnville was organized last Wednesday evening. Mr. Wm. Macy was chosen President; Miss Cook, Vice President, and Mr. Hoskins, Secretary and Treasurer. Mrs. C. C. Potter was chosen as Director of the Union. The organization was made permanent, officers to be elected annually. There are about forty members. The Union held its first regular rehearsal on Friday evening, Oct. 20. Belshazzar, by Butterfield, will be used for study.

An orchestra consisting of two first violins, two second violins, a clarinet, cornet, slide trombone, and piano, is being arranged for, to be under the direction of the Conservatory.

Points of View

What we think of a thing depends to a great extent upon the point of view from which we look at it. In the morning, after a night of silent snowing, Johnny, when he looks out at the window, exclaims, "O Mamma, where's my mittens,—kid get the sled,—wont we have fun?" His grandmother, who has to walk a quarter of a mile

to see a sick woman, says,—“My toes will be nearly frozen when I get there.” His father, drumming on the window sill, says, with a wrinkled brow,—“About a half a ton more hay, to-day.” His mother says, “Bless my boys, how they do enjoy it! I hope they will not take cold.” His brother James, thinking of what he had learned in Physics, remarks,—“Six pointed, stellate crystals made of frozen clouds” To which Sister Nell, proud of her knowledge in chemistry, replies,—“H₂O in the solid state.” Do we wonder how so many ideas and opinions of things get into the world?

David Waddell, Coach

David Waddell, our foot-ball coach for the present season, has had a wide, successful career as player and coach. Mr. Waddell first played foot-ball with the Pendleton High, after which he played with the successful Weiser, Idaho, team. From Weiser he went to Montana, where he made good at half on a club eleven. The next year he was a student at McMinnville College, and an aggressive player on the foot-ball team. In 1900 Mr. Waddell played in the line in the memorable Berkley vs. U. of O. game, in which the U. of O. was winner by 2 to 0. Later he coached Pocatello and Mt. Angel, putting out strong aggregations at each place.

We are indeed fortunate in securing a man so conversant with the game, and believe his work with the 1905 squad will be highly satisfactory.

McMinnville 6; Salem 0

On Saturday, Oct. 14, the McMinnville College foot-ball eleven defeated the Salem High School eleven by a score of 6 to 0. The game was interesting from start to fin-

ish, both teams playing fast and snappy. Although the Salem team outweighed the local players about twelve pounds to the man, they were seldom able to penetrate the collegians' line for the required yardage. It was the first game of the season for the home team, and several of our players had never before played in a game of foot-ball. The team work was good considering the short time that the men have been together, but it was not what it should have been.

Salem kicked to McMinnville's goal line, and Williams ran the ball in fifteen yards. Yardage was made several times by line bucks and end runs, when, just as the men were settling to straight foot-ball, they were twice penalized for off-side playing, and the ball went to the Salem men. They made yardage but twice and were forced to punt, Williams again receiving the leather and advancing it twenty yards. Captain Patty made five yards by a nifty end run, and Thompson shot through the line for four more, when time was called;—score 0 to 0.

At the beginning of the second half the visitors were forced to boust the pig-skin. By fierce line bucks, tackle plays, and end runs, McMinnville carried the ball to Salem's ten yard line, where it was lost by a fumble. Salem lost the ball on downs, and the locals, by a series of line bucks, sent Thompson through for a touch-down. Patty kicked goal;—score 6 to 0.

During the next three minutes the ball was handled by the local tackles, end men and backs in good style, and was played on Salem's ten yard line when time was called.

Ward at center and Virgil Welsh at quarter, played well and made clean passes. The line men did their work in good style and opened holes which the back field were not slow to enter. The end men spoiled many formations of the Salem men. Hill deserves especial mention—he kept the vis-

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itors guessing. The Salem boys used good team work and were a pleasant lot of fellows. Coach Waddell is deserving of commendation for the work of the College team. The men lined up as follows:

| MCMINNVILLE | | SALEM |
|--------------------|-------|-----------------|
| Hill | L. E. | Holman |
| Woodard | L. T. | Jones |
| McAllister-Roberts | L. G. | Miller |
| Ward | C. | Niles |
| Harty | R. G. | Slater |
| Sievers | R. T. | Mouser |
| R. Thompson | R. E. | Williams |
| Hendricks | | |
| Welsh | Q. | Rhoades (Capt.) |
| Patty (Capt.) | L. H. | Cross |
| Williams | R. H. | Caterline |
| F. Thompson | F. | Matthews |

Referee: G. A. Forbes. Umpire: Wm. Elmore. Lineman: E. F. McKee. Halves twenty and fifteen minutes

The College has been fortunate in securing Prof L. W. Sawtelle as head of the English department. Prof. Sawtelle is an alumnus of McMinnville College, being a member of the class of '98. For two years following his graduation he was an instructor in the Grass Valley Academy. From there he went to the University of Chicago, where he spent two years. He then accepted a position as instructor in English in the Michigan Agricultural College, where he remained for three years. Prof. Sawtelle is certainly an able instructor, and under his supervision the English department will doubtless be even stronger than ever before.

The Commercial Department is now under the supervision of Prof. C. P. Angst. Prof. Angst is an expert accountant of much ability and experience, and is well qualified for the position which he now holds. He was formerly head book-keeper in Coffman, Dobson, & Co.'s big bank at Chehalis, Wn.

ECHOES FROM THE OAKS

We are all glad that we are here!
Meet me at the oak!

Sophies' notice to Freshmen: "If you wish to save your scalps, elect Roy Arthur president." A—ha—a!

Shin says, "What I study dead languages for? I not go to be an undertaker."

Walter Lamar has turned the stewardship of the boarding club over to Fred Thompson, and has returned home.

Many new students this year!

Claud Calavan, one of our last year's foot-ball eleven, is teaching school near Scio.

Loyd and Gilbert Tilbury were visitors at the Fair about the first of October.

L. K. Miller, the star right guard of last year's foot-ball team, was in town on Sept. 30th.

A Sophie who has a good opinion of ———, says, "Things are all one-sided in school this year.—Now look at that Sophomore class."

The annual Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. reception for new students, was held on Friday evening, Oct. 6th. The affair was well attended, and a good time was reported by everyone who attended.

"Jimmie," after being out all night, said that he did not believe in love.

Mrs. Pearl Toney, '03, was a visitor last month.

While practicing on the "gridiron" Gilbert Tilbury had the misfortune to sprain his ankle, which prevented his taking part in the McMinnville-Salem High School game.

Mr. and Mrs. Hopfield, both '03's, were chapel visitors, Oct. 6th. Mr. Hopfield gave a very interesting chapel talk, which was highly appreciated by the student body. We are always glad to welcome the alumni.

How could the boys play football without the janitor?

W. P. Dyke, '05, gave a short but interesting chapel talk on Oct. 10th. Mr. Dyke has a position with the Oregon Fire Relief Association.

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Mr. J. A. Baker, '05, also was a visitor. Old students like to come back occasionally.

The Associated Student Body met on Oct. 12th to fill the vacant offices. The following were elected:
Editor-in-chief of the Review, J. N. Sievers
Local editor, Chas. C. Lilly.
Oratorical manager, Gilbert L. Tilbury
General athletic manager, Jas. D. Ward
Committeeman-at-large, Corwin J. McKee

Culver's new suit will last a long time if he uses it as he did the night of the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. reception.

Palmer: "Nauta is a masculine noun of the female declension."

The neighboring fowls around the bachelors' shack have learned to respect Bennie's early morning crows.

Wonder how Cal's finger is?

Why should Stout join the Japanese Army?

Because he is so fond of "Rice".

Prof. Davis no longer "hits the trail"—the trail to Carlton.

Miss Myrtle Calavan, '04, who has been teaching at Carlton, has accepted a position in the North Yakima, (Wash.) High School.

Mr. Vernon Dennis has been elected president of the Senior class. 'Dolph Olds holds the position of secretary and treasurer of the class.

The Temperance League has elected Mr. J. H. Howard, '08, as president, to take W. G. Collyer's place. A good, strong league is now in operation.

The registration book shows that 146 students have registered.

Ask Ward about the party at Kuns'.

The following are the officers of the Sophomore class: President, Jas. Ward; vice president, John Sievers; secretary, Donna Griffith; treasurer, Annie Andrews; sergeant-at-arms, Edward Lindeman.

The Freshman class met in Prof. Sawtelle's room, the second week of the term, and elected the following officers: President, Miss Wood; vice president, Earl Nott; secretary, Clara Neilson; treasurer, Chas. Lilly; sergeant-at-arms, Earl Sears.

The Preparatory-Commercial class is a new feature in the way of class organizations, and is a wise one too, according to Mr. Derby.

The officers of the Prepo-Commercial class are: President, Raymond Derby; vice president, Roy Hill; secretary, Meta Matthies; treasurer, Blanche Rice; sergeant-at-arms, F. Rasmussen.

THE REVIEW

The Seniors were invited to a party. Two of the girls went, but, it is said, unescorted by their fellow-classmen. What's the matter, boys?

It has been said that Woodard likes the first part of his name best.

The Sophomore class had a party. Where are our Juniors this year?

Bennie Lindeman has been called home on account of the illness of his brother.

On Oct. 13, Mr. Kibbe was called home on account of the death of his brother. He left on the following morning, and returned to McMinnville Oct. 20. The student body extends its sympathy to him.

The announcement of the marriage of Miss Sue Annette Gordon to Mr. George Ray Lovejoy, August 14th, 1905, has been received recently. Miss Gordon was principal of the Conservatory of Music, 1902-3, and made a host of friends while here. Her work here is spoken of in highest terms of praise, and her many friends among Conservatory students and in College circles, extend to her congratulations and hopes for a long and happy life.

On Friday evening, Oct. 27, representatives of the class of '04, Miss Letta Fellows and Messrs. Floyd Fellows and Philip Laufman, entertained the Seniors at the home of the former. Meeting with former college friends and having Mr. Fellows relate incidents from a year's stay in Alaska,

was most enjoyable. Games were played and dainty refreshments were served. The other members of the class of '04 are in the East,—Chas. Rutherford at Rochester and Kenneth Latourette at Yale. Success to the class of '04.

The men of the College have recently organized two new literary societies. This will probably be the means of promoting more rivalry among the societies than has heretofore existed. It is to be hoped that these new organization will receive hearty support. All who give the subject any consideration, agree that the benefit derived from good literary society work is worth as much as one study in the regular college work.

Just before the Review goes to press, the announcement was received that the Board of Trustees had elected Dr. H. L. Boardman as President of our College. The demonstration made by the students when Dean Northup made the announcement in Chapel, shows the esteem in which Dr. Boardman is held by the entire student body. If he accepts the position (and it is generally believed that he will) Dr. Boardman will probably devote his attention to outside work for some time, and will endeavor to place the college on a firm financial footing.

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