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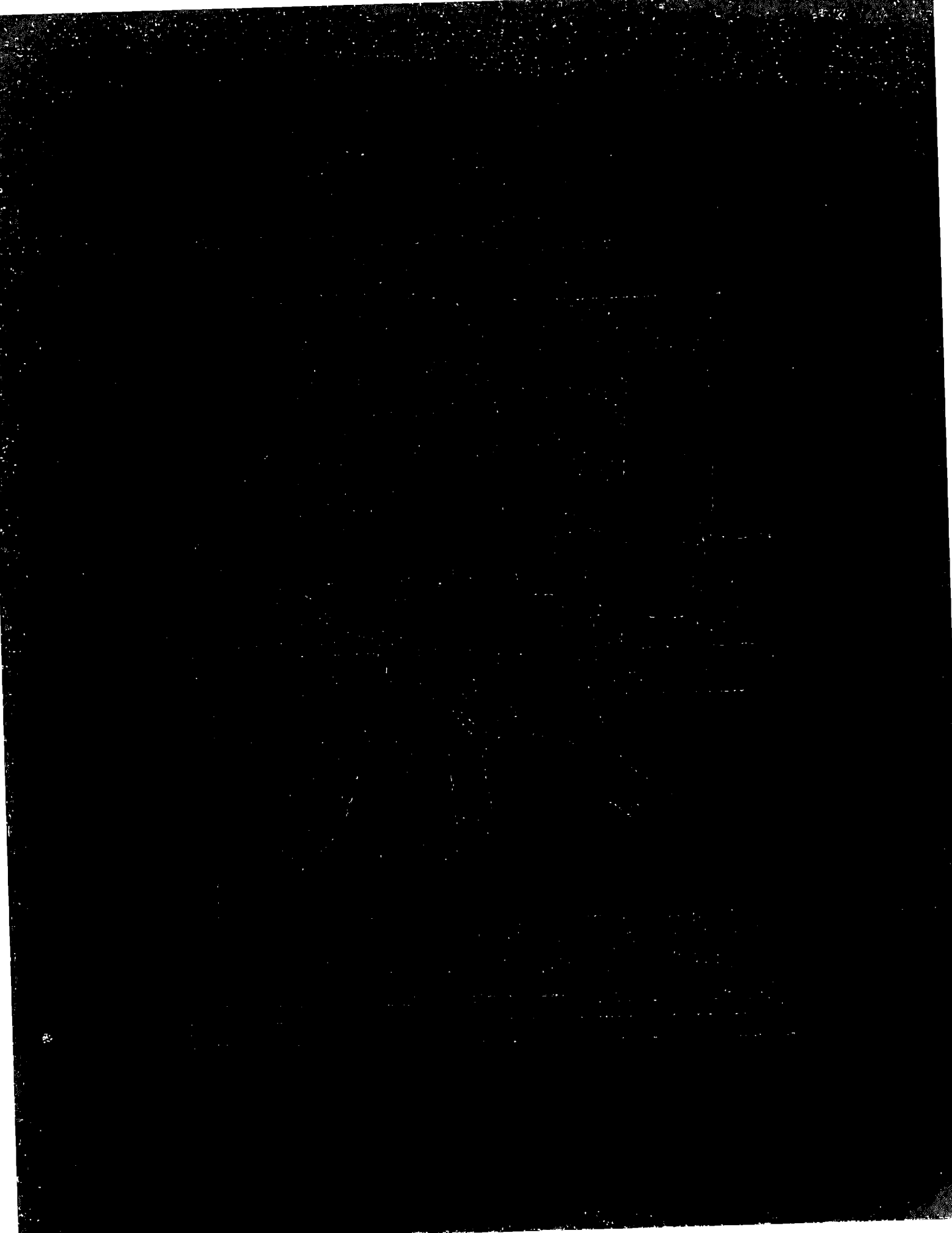
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THE REVIEW

Vol. XI.

MARCH, 1906.

No. 6.

The Abuse of Public Trust

EDWARD LINDEMAN

History is the record of transitions. The silent past is replete with the prostrate and crumbled forms of mighty nations. Phœnicia, swift messenger of the sea; Carthage, stern warrior of the burning south; Rome, mistress serene on her regal hills; where are they now? Never has a government been born that has lived through the ages. Each fondled to her heart a deadly sin that grew and festered till it poisoned away every political tissue. Even our own Republic, still in her infancy, is fostering a germ of decay that threatens her virgin freedom and national life. That germ is the abuse of public trust.

Rightly exercised, public trust employs the noblest, grandest, most unselfish instincts of man. It embodies the placing of interest, character, manhood, on the altar of national honor. It means country before avarice, self, or home. The soldier on the land or the sailor on the sea, who braves the leaden hail to protect his country, is gloriously fulfilling public trust. It is a sentiment exalted and sublime. It calls for men of sterling character, men with hearts that no siren voice can lure from the sacred path of duty. Men thus serving their country, blessed with noble ambitions, fired with lofty zeal, merit the honor of their nation—

an eternal home in the hearts of their countrymen.

What has the abuse of public trust done for governments? Roman history abounds in apt examples, but there is a striking illustration before our very eyes; a proud and haughty nation has been humbled to the lowest depths of degradation and disgrace. Two years ago Imperial Russia was the dread and fear of nations. Where is her greatness now? From a first to a fifth rate power, her proud legions broken and scattered, her grand navy rusting on the bottom of Oriental seas! What a story of ruin! History records no parallel of so rapid a decline. While the breach of public trust alone has not accomplished all of this destruction, it has been the most potent factor. Had the untold millions ground by taxes from the earnings of the poor, and appropriated by the government to erect fortifications, construct railroads, and equip the army and navy, been rightly applied instead of stolen by Russian officials, the late war would have had a very different ending. The victorious banner of Japan could never have been planted on the blood-stained hills of Port Arthur, or waved in glorious triumph over Portsmouth.

Our national life is not free from this

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plague. In ancient times, "Esau sold his birthright for a mess of pottage." Be it said to our everlasting shame, that in this twentieth century, under the broad folds of the stars and stripes, from the north to the south, from the snows of Maine to the towering forests of Oregon, men from high and low stations in public life sell their birthright, aye their manhood for the "Almighty Dollar." As proof take Oregon with her stupendous land frauds, New York with the gigantic scandal in her life insurance companies; Washington with a one hundred twenty five thousand dollar steal in the Assay Office at Seattle, and the recent embezzlements in our national government. In the light of these facts, need we go back to the Revolutionary War for examples of treason? Our land is full of Benedict Arnolds today. It can almost be said, "That every door is barred with gold and opens but with golden keys."

If this gangrene is allowed to continue polluting that great artery of government, public trust, what is to be the fate of free America? What will be the story that the Muse of nations will hand down to coming years? Alas, how sad but how true the answer! A change must come; the danger is great. The white muffled hand that sent the fatal lead into the body of our president, filled us with horror, but what of the cowardly lawgiver, who strikes with the missile of death, not a single man, but the heart of the Republic herself? A people, a nation lives or dies by strength or weakness of character. Unless our citizens rise in their manhood, cleanse their lives from covetous greed, and live true and steadfast to the principles which have made us a nation, we, too, must perish. God grant that such a fate may never strike our beloved land, in whose hands rest our hopes and our homes.

Oh Statesmen! Philosophers! Heroes! come forth from the mountains and the plain; defend our shrine of liberty before it is crushed to earth and trampled in the dust.

Yet all is not darkness. There is a hope streaming through these dark shadows. It is not education, for highly cultured men commit the most flagrant breaches of public trust; it is not Christianity, for Christian men too, play the modern Judas. It is neither one of these elements alone, but a blending of the influences of both, that is to change American character. The public schools and the church must work side by side. These two institutions are thriving now as never before in our history, and it is well. The one must teach us to understand the cause and effects of by-gone errors, teach us to consider the past grandeur of America. The other must teach us the sacredness of a public trust. It must impart to all the divine truth, "Every man is his brother's keeper." From the precepts taught in these two institutions should spring a healthy, incorruptible character, as public sentiment that money cannot buy.

There are signs of a better day. The light of patriotic honesty is beginning to spread over this Republic. Already there are three men who stand out in bold relief among our citizens, men who but a few short years ago were unknown outside of their own states, men whose fame has now spread far and wide, men whose lives may well inspire us with hope for a better, cleaner, truer citizenship.—Folk, Lafollette, and Roosevelt.—men who will stimulate and purify our political institutions, and stamp on our history a loyalty to truth, to conscience and to country that will be borne on as a guide to posterity. These men are living up to the true ideal of public trust. This land has room for many such men and needs their services. They live for truth

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and righteousness. Upborne by an unseen power, they move forward, serene and unafraid, for to them truth and righteousness is life.

God has set before us the task of purifying our civil, moral, and national life. It is worthy of our best efforts. This task is not alone for the proud and grand; its pleading voice calls into the humble huts of the poor and lowly: "Beggars and outcasts, if but some divine thought, noble ideal, or immortal hope upheld within, have survived the fall of empires, the ruins of civilizations, and the utter vanishment of the people from whom they sprung." So rich or poor, educated or ignorant, strong or weak, from East or West, on land or sea, wherever a position of public trust is

held, rise with strength sublime, live true to our traditional precepts of virtue and honor, and thereby shall you not only perpetuate your name, but save your country.

Men of America! We have seen the effects of this blight. We have seen what a hold it has on our national life. We have seen the task and the remedy. Our duty is plain! Our homes, our country, our God, implore us to use the purity of youth, the strength of manhood, the wisdom of age, to break these gilded shackles that lead men to sell their conscience and their immortal souls. When this is done, our splendor shall outshine all that has passed into history, and the star of this Republic, the hope of a better age, shall never look in sorrow on the ruins of the land she loved.

"BILL"

A STORY OF THE OREGON PLAINS

"There is that 'tough' storming away again," said I to my friend Blisdale one evening, as we sat on the front porch enjoying the fresh breeze from the Cascades, and watching the light fade out behind the mountains. The subject of my remark was a young fellow called "Bill" who spent most of his time riding about the country. Like many of the young men of Middle Oregon, he had a good horse and was a superb rider, but he was notorious throughout the region for his profanity. He had just returned from one of his rides, and he was now out in the stable swearing at his horse like a mad-man.

"He'll spoil that animal of his," I continued. "I wonder why he doesn't use a little common-sense. Besides, he's one of the roughest fellows I've ever seen. Why do you keep him around anyway?"

"Haven't you heard," asked Blisdale wrinkling his eyebrows in surprise, "hav-

en't you heard how it came that Bill's the toughest lad in this district?"

"No," I replied, "I haven't. Is there any special reason for it? You see I haven't known him long."

"Really," Blisdale admitted, settling himself for one of his stories and giving twist to his grizzled mustache, "I'm not surprised that you don't know; but when you do you won't blame Bill so much. Two years back he was one of the likeliest fellows in this country. He was green though, for he'd just come from college, and he didn't know beans about stock. He said that he wanted to take a year or two here for his health and to get some experience." The bronzed rancher paused to refill his pipe and collect his ideas.

"Well," he continued puffing away again and curling the white smoke slowly away into the thin air, "the lad worked around for three or four weeks, doing one

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thing and another. We all liked him, and perhaps out of respect for his education, but more for his winning ways, I reckon, we called him 'Will' instead of 'Bill' as one would have expected him to be nicknamed in these parts.

"At last it came time for me to drive my range horses across the mountains to make a sale. For this job I had to hire considerable help, and Will was bound to go. I told him I was afraid he would not do, as he was kind of a tenderfoot yet, and driving range horses was no easy job. But he declared he'd always be a tenderfoot if he didn't have a chance to learn something; so, as I liked the boy, I gave way and told him that he could go.

"We started with a band of five hundred horses, and Will got along well for the first four days, in fact so well that I was more than glad that I had taken him along. He was more willing to do things than the other hands, and so made himself a real help. Then he didn't grumble about having to take his turn watching at night, and even offered to ride my watch besides his own. The evening of the fourth day I was pretty tired and couldn't eat. Will would take my place in spite of everything. His hours were from twelve to two and mine were from two to four, so he said he could just as well take all four hours and let me rest. I was really glad to agree to this, so I told him I'd take his turn some other time.

He went out at twelve and watched until a little after three, when the horses began to act a little uneasy. Of course being such a tenderfoot he thought nothing of it; but there was a storm coming up in the west, so he kept riding around the horses to keep them bunched up and quiet. They kept getting more and more troublesome till the thunder began to roll over the can-

yon and the lightning to flash along from rock to rock. We don't often have bad thunderstorms here, but that one was terrible. The sharp thunder woke the rest of us; but before we could get our saddle horses, we heard the alarm, three pistol shots, and a moment later the thunder of horses' hoofs that shook the very ground. Then we knew what was up. The wild horses had become scared at the storm and had stampeded. Jumping into our saddles, we rolled the spurs into our horses' sides and began the race with the storm and the maddened band. It was an awful run. The sky was showing gray over the head of the canyon, so we could follow both by sound and by the dim dark line that kept rising gradually against the brightening clouds. It was only a few miles to the head of this canyon, then the band took off across the plain. Our horses stumbled and sometimes fell, but we mounted again and sped on in the wild chase. This lasted only a half hour or so. Then the sky cleared so that we could see our way better, and the band not more than a quarter ahead still mad with fear, but running in a wide circle. We could see the horses crowd together sometimes, and then the mass would weave and tremble as if fighting for life. Every few minutes we heard cries and groans as some poor brute fell and was trampled down by the others. The whole scene was sickening. To be in front of that living storm, meant almost certain death; to be behind, gave us the chilly feeling that the band was sweeping down upon us and would beat us into the ground.

Just then something went streaking off across the center of the circle. We strained our eyes for a moment and then saw that it was Will clinging close to the neck of his fast mustang. We couldn't make him hear for he was too set in his work; and there

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was no use trying to overtake him for his mustang was the fastest in the gang. We could only follow and watch him rush madly into the death trap. On and on he went till he ran right ahead of the stampede. For a second he tried to turn them, then a shiver seemed to run through the band, and it tore on across the plain. As for us there was only one thing that we could do—swing our tired horses out on the outer circle, and slowly round the animals in. In another hour we had them safe.

Then we looked for Will. He was nowhere in sight; so, leaving two men with the band, the rest of us started for camp along the track of the stampede. Every now and then we came across a horse that had stumbled and fallen, as our own had several times during that ride, but didn't get a chance to rise again, for the others ran over him and beat him into a shapeless mass. We found one poor beast that had got off with a broken leg and a badly bruised head. He was hobbling along and suffering terribly, so we put him out of his misery with a pistol shot.

"So we rode on keeping a sharp lookout all the time until finally we came across Will just where we had seen him cut in ahead of the horses. There under his dead saddle horse he lay with one arm broken and a big gash across his face. The only reason that he wasn't trampled into the very ground was that his horse had fallen on him. You see he did not know what to do in a stampede, and he thought he must do something to save the horses, so he faced that thundering avalanche and was run down as if he had been a fly. We carried him to a spring near the head of the canyon and gently laid him down. He didn't move and we thought it was all over with the poor fellow, but we bathed his face with

the cool water. After a little he looked up with a wild stare and didn't seem to know us. Then he shut his eyes again and lay still as death.

"It was twenty miles to the nearest doctor and almost as far to the nearest house; so we had to make a bed for Will on the open plain, and we hung up blankets for a shelter. Then one of my men went for a doctor and two extra men to take care of Will so we could go on. The doctor with the men came late in the afternoon. When he looked at Will he shook his head and said he didn't know,—was afraid the boy couldn't pull through. He set the arm though, sewed up the gash and dressed the bruises, and said he would stay for a day or two to see how the lad got on. The other two men promised to stay by, and if the worst came to bring him back here and give him a decent burial."

Blisdale paused and for some moments sat musing. Then I asked, "And you went on to the valley did you?"

"What else was to be done?" he queried. Of course we had to go on with the horses. They were badly bruised, but we couldn't stay long in that country where feed was so scarce, and so we left Will, thinking that we would never see him again. Besides, we could do nothing more for him. The two fellows and the doctor would do all that could be done. We went on into the Willamette valley, and after spending two months there trading and selling, I came back here and found Will just able to be around again. They had brought him back as soon as they could move him.

"Why hello Will," said I when I met him, "how are you? I'm glad to see you."

"He looked up in a dazed sort of way, passed his hand across his forehead as if to

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clear his memory, and then answered with an oath and in a rough voice not at all like his old pleasant one, 'Who are ye anyway? Where'd I ever see you?'

"I stood rather surprised for I had never heard Will talk that way before. The other boys always laughed at him because he wasn't so rough as they were,—some-what girl-like in his manner, you know. Then he and I had always been on especially good terms;—but I soon heard from others that he didn't know any of his old friends when he came back, nor the place nor anything that he had ever learned before. He had to learn everything all over again and to make new friends of his old

ones. He soon got to know me and seemed to like me, but neither I nor any of his other old friends had the heart to call him Will again. He's been Bill to us now this year and a half, and he'll never want a home so long as I have one to give him."

Blisdale stopped, and knocked the ashes out of his pipe. He sat so still that I glanced up quickly, and I saw the tears stealing down his kindly face. He drew one of his rough hands across his eyes and rose stiffly.

"I reckon it's about time to turn in," said he; then as we climbed the stairs to our room, he added moodily, "We need to know all the facts before we judge a man."

College Life at 'Mc'

F. B. P., '06

In a little Western town
Not of very great renown,
Near a quiet little creek,
Is a college made of brick.

Near this college large and tall
Is an old oak that's not small;
It has stood the storm of years
And has welcomed all our fears.

Going down the lovers' lane
You need not look in vain,
For there are girls not a few
Who will say, "I love but you."

On the gridiron in the fall
You can see the old foot-ball,
And the lads who made their grade
To the captain give their aid.

On the lawn a sign which reads:
"Keep the grass off, you hayseeds!"
For the grass it will not grow
If you trample on it so.

In the chapel of which we're proud
We hear speeches long and loud,
These occur just about at noon
And we seldom get out soon.

On the campus is the gym
Where the athletes get in trim
With the basket ball and rings
And other gymnastic things.

In class-rooms of various degrees
You will find students at ease;
They have studied hard at night
And convince the Profs they're right.

In the laboratories fine
Where the wise ones always shine
And the acids spilled by boys
Eat large holes in corduroys.

The observatory white
Is open just at night,
And the stars which shine serene,
Are kissed at by our May Queen.

On the bridge, 'tis sad to state,
Are the figures of '08,
And the class which put them there
Is the class that deals hot air.

Dean Northup, the demerit king,
Was from his window heard to sing:
"A wind that has long gone by
Has taken my hair to the sky."

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Campbell, Anderson, and Nott,
The debaters will tell you what
The railroad rates will be
In the year nineteen twenty-three.
Sawtelle, Fargo, Baker, and Grover
All will say when the year is over:
"Your work was all both good and true
So here's a health to all of you."
The Adelphic, an organization grand
Has members in the College Band,
The glee club and debating team,
And they're alright, that is no dream.
The Freshmen are a merry bunch
And once forgot to guard their lunch.
The Sophs were there with handy mit,
And disposed of it as they saw fit.
The preps and commercials a party gave
Which caused some citizens to rave,
For Hill and Derby were taken in flight

And did not return till late that night.
The L. L.'s are a group of girls
Who certainly know the social whirls
They number eleven, Oh me! Oh my!
They want two more, we wonder why.
Edelweiss so white and pure
Have lots of friends you may be sure,
To entertain, they're a very fine band,
And are about the best in all the land.
Seniors and Juniors, the classes high,
Are not very often heard to sigh;
Their troubles now are not for long,
And they soon will sing a commencement song.
The D. D. Fraternity number one
Organized first in a spirit of fun;
Now they are great, respected and brave
And each will be buried in an honored grave.

McMinnville vs. Newberg Debate

In accordance with the arrangement of the schedule of the C. D. L. O., the McMinnville and Pacific colleges met in debate at Crater's Hall, Newberg, March 16. A large delegation of students drove over from McMinnville, so both teams were well supported. The hall was well filled, principally with students from the two colleges. For half an hour preceding the debate, the delegations vied with each other in giving their yells. Hon. B. C. Miles introduced the speakers.

Theo. Anderson, Chester Campbell, and Earl A. Nott, of McMinnville, and Walter A. Miles, L. L. Saunders, and Clarence Brown of Pacific, composed the contending teams. The argument of each debater showed careful study and a clear understanding of the subject which, as stated, reads: "Resolved: That the Inter-State Commerce Commission should have the

power to regulate rail-road rates, subject to revision only by the higher courts.' The debate was lively and interesting from the beginning to the end. The Newberg debaters showed superior talent in delivery, but their argument was not so strong as that of the McMinnville team. When the result was announced, the McM. boys rushed to the stage and carried off the victorious contestants. After the commotion following the announcement of the decision, the faculty and students of McMinnville College were tendered a reception by the student body of Pacific College. Nearly a hundred McMinnville people attended the debate.

The McMinnville delegation is enthusiastic over the courteous treatment of the people of Newberg.



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EDITORIAL JOTS

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It is the custom of the men and women of McMinnville College to publish separate issues of this paper once each year, to be known respectively as the Men's and the Women's Review. The men determine when they will publish their number and then support the editor-in-chief, who is appointed by the standing editor. The women manage their copy in a like manner. Each is allowed the regulation size and may add as much extra material as they can afford. Consequently there is considerable strife to publish the better paper. The men now offer their number to the readers of the Review. The women of the College will have charge of the next issue.

One more state oratorical contest has been recorded in the collegiate history of Oregon. Once more have the eight colleges of Oregon met, each gathered about her champion with an ardent and expectant desire to win, and once more have seven of them gone home empty handed, while only one retired with the honors of victory. Mr. Jones of Albany won, and we congratulate

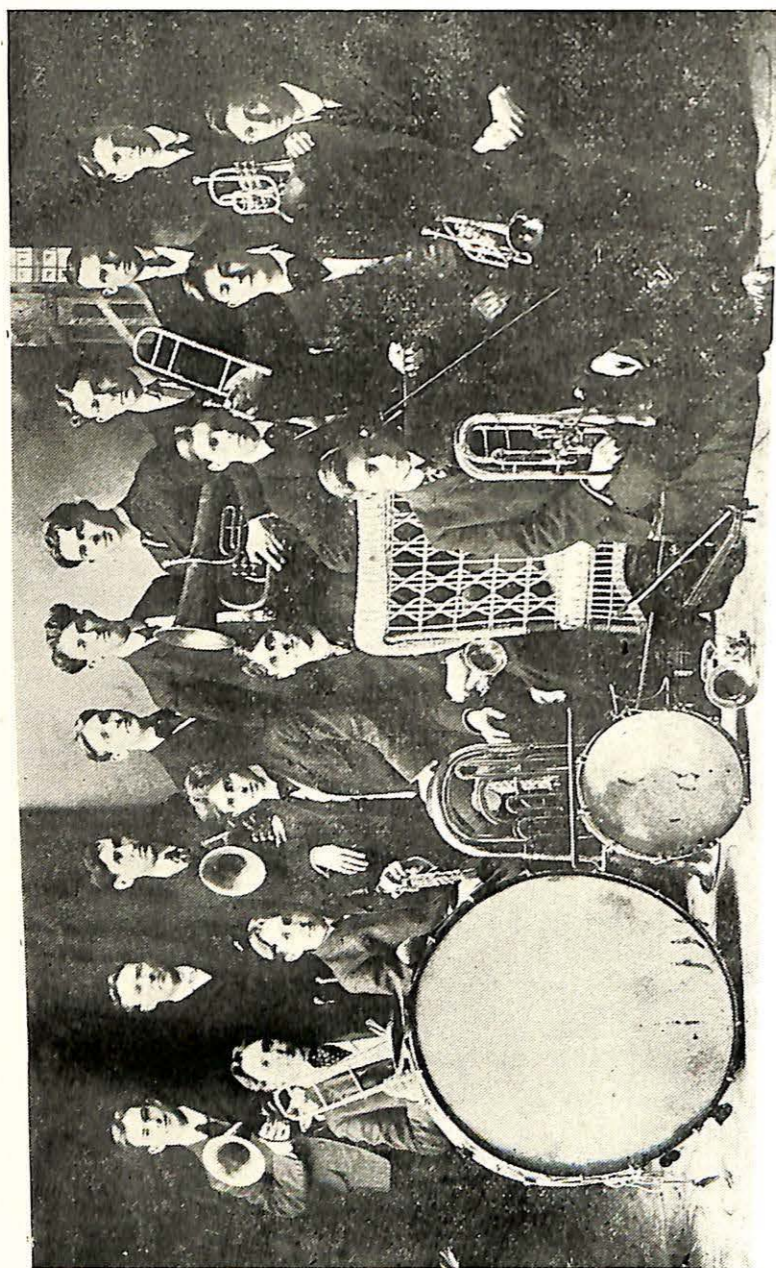
him on his victory. To win first place in the state oratorical contest is an honor both to the man who wins and to the college that he represents. We shall not attempt to comment upon the respective merits of the contestants, but will say that in our opinion the contest was one of the best that has been held in Oregon for many years, and there was not a representative who did not do credit to the institution that he represented. As for our man, although he was given a low place, we have no apologies to offer. He did well, and we are proud of him. May our defeat only intensify our determination to win in the future.

Our Band and Glee Club

Among the organizations in McMinnville College most loyally supported and enthusiastically supported, are the Glee Club and the Band. The idea of having a band at the College originated among some four of the fellows as one evening they were travelling into the country, advocating local option. The idea rapidly formulated, and in less than one month was sufficiently proclaimed by the unearthly din which escaped from the chapel. However, owing to the zeal of those concerned in the enterprise, the din soon assumed the form of a melody, and today their music is of a grade excelled by



Y. M. C. A. CABINET, 1905-6



GLEE CLUB AND BAND

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very few amateur associations. A very large part of the improvement and present excellence of the Band, is due to the leader, Mr. Fred Corpron. His earnest efforts and genuine enthusiasm, combined with the coherent good will and eagerness for self improvement existing among the boys of the entire Band, bid fair to place them among the best amateur bands in the state. They have shown their true spirit by playing on several important occasions, and have created a more unanimous college spirit by the strains from their martial airs.

The Glee Club is an institution whose importance to the College in general cannot be overestimated. The Glee Club intends to make a rather extended tour, in the near future, which will benefit not only the participants themselves, but the College in general. The group of fourteen voices is composed entirely of college students, most of whom are taking work in the conservatory. The excellence of the club lies in hard work, self-sacrifice, and devoted attention, rather than in any exceptional talent. The wide experience and exceedingly great patience of the director, Mrs. C. C. Potter, Dean of the Conservatory of Music, promises to bring the club up to the highest standard attained by the best organization of its kind that has ever gone forth from this school.

Our New President

On Tuesday, March 1, 1906, Rev. L. W. Riley assumed the presidency of our college. On few occasions in the history of the institution have the students shown more general enthusiasm. As the students assembled on the campus and front steps before chapel exercises, cheer after cheer for the new president was given, and the College Band welcomed him with appropriate

music. At the chapel exercises, Acting President Northup, in his original and witty way, introduced Rev. L. W. Riley as the new president of McMinnville College. In his address to the students, President Riley stated his plans in brief for his future work. The finances of the institution must first be attended to, and President Riley hopes to raise the necessary funds to place it on a running basis before the opening of next school year. He wishes the immediate constituency of the school to do their share and thus manifest their confidence in the school before outside aid is solicited. Mr. Riley will spend a large part of the time on the field arranging the financial affairs of the school. We all have the utmost confidence in our new president, and believe that McMinnville College is about to enter the most prosperous period in her history.

State Oratorical Contest

In the State Oratorical Contest held at Albany March 9th, Mr. E. L. Jones of Albany College, received highest honors. The contest was an interesting one, as the orations were considerably above the average. Large delegations from the contesting colleges were on hand to support their representatives with cheers and songs. If yelling would have won, O. A. C. would have had first place, with Willamette a close second. Miss Cullen, of Monmouth, the only lady in the contest, received highest average in delivery, while Gallaway of U. of O. and Lindeman of McMinnville, tied for first place in composition. At the business meeting of the State Oratorical Association, G. L. Tilbury of McMinnville was elected president, H. W. Sparks of P. U., secretary, and Jas. Forsythe, O. A. C., treasurer. The next contest will be held at McMinnville.

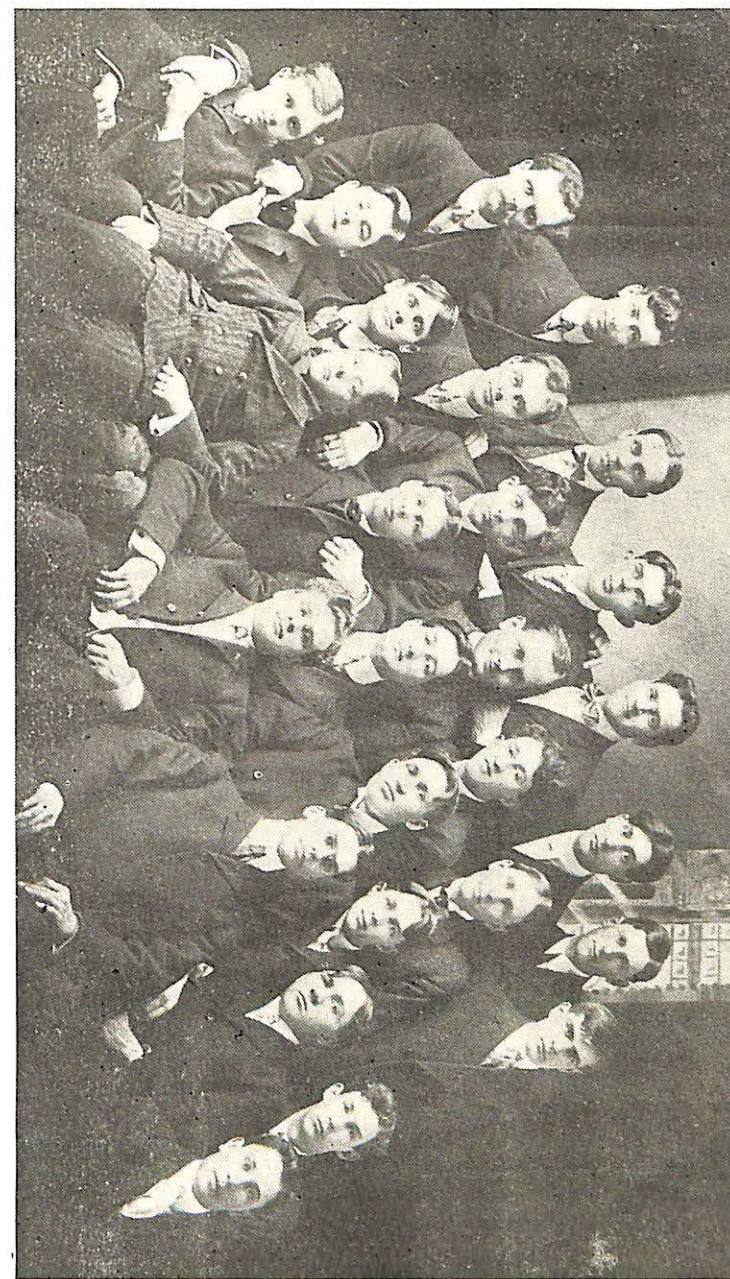


OUR DEBATING TEAM

We are proud of our debating team, and we have good reasons for being so. At the beginning of the school year our prospects for a winning team were not very encouraging. All of our experienced debaters were gone;—some were out of school; some were in other colleges; but none were in McMinnville. It was very evident that if we were to do anything in debate this year, a team would have to be developed from new material. When the question for the C. D. L. O. debates was decided upon, a few men went to work with commendable earnestness. As a result of this hard, well-directed work, our team, consisting of Messrs. Anderson, Nott, and Campbell, bids fair to win the C. D. L. O. penant for us this year. Of course there are many things that have

aided our team in reaching its present state of efficiency. First, the faithful work of the men themselves—no sacrifice of time or pleasure has been so great that they would not make it if it would in any way aid in the development of their argument. Then the earnest and efficient coaching by Prof. L. O. Sawtelle has been of inestimable value to the team. The aid given by the second team should not be forgotten. They have worked zealously to overthrow the arguments of the first team in local debates. Our team has defeated Newberg, and will meet Albany at McMinnville about April 27th, to decide the championship of the league. The same question will be used, McMinnville supporting the affirmative and Albany the negative.

ADELPHIC FRATERNITY





D. D. FRATERNITY

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The Prohibition Contest

The local prohibition contest was held in the college chapel on March 3d. The contest was under the auspices of the McMinnville College Prohibition League, and was held for the purpose of choosing a representative to the state contest which is to be held at Corvalis, April 13th. The contest was one of the best ever held in our college. The contestants were F. H. Thompson, Annie E. Andrews, Buford Jones, J. Hunter Howard, Austin C. Arthur, and Helen Trew. The judges on composition were Mrs. W. F. Fargo, H. L. McCann, and Prof. Alderman, and on delivery, Hon. Chas. Gallaway, Attorney B. A. Klicks, and Prof. Wilson. The gold medal for first place was awarded to Mr. Thompson, whose oration was entitled, "Sobriety, our National Hope." The silver medal was awarded to Miss Andrews. The College Band played several selections, and Miss Harlow as usual captured her hearers with her vocal solo. Roy Hill delighted the audience with his vocal solo. Miss Gertrude Preston presented the medals, with a few well chosen remarks.

Exchanges

He kissed her on the cheek,
It seemed a harmless frolic—
He's been laid up for a week
With the painter's colic.

Wouldn't it be nice if we, poor worms of the earth, would try not to criticise quite so harshly, and would learn just a little more by observation?

Father:—"What is your favorite hymn, Clara, my darling?"

Clara:—"The one you chased over the fence last night, papa dear.

6:30 A. M.:—Where drowsiness is bliss

'tis folly to arise.

We are always glad to welcome the Weekly Index.

The Columbiad is a dandy.

Didn't the last issue of the Spinster have a unique exchange column? Good work, Spinster, you're a hummer.

Of course it's a hard thing to admit, but don't you think that a few of our high school exchanges are better than those from some of our colleges?

I. O. M. Notes

Messrs. Pink, Bowler, McAllister, and Chattin represented the I. O. M.'s at the state oratorical contest in Albany. On the night of the contest, the members who remained in McMinnville were, along with the members of the other fraternities and sororities, royally entertained by the Adelpheids while waiting for the returns from Albany.

The honors of the evening went to the I. O. M.'s, for having the most twisted costumes at the party given by the girls of the Conquest Sunday School Class, the High-cockalorum being awarded the prize.

Two-thirds of our members attended the debate between the McMinnville and Newberg teams.

Compendiously contemplating the assiduous and indefatigable contexture of the erudite fraternities of McMinnville College, a denizen of the institution can syllogistically altercate that these identical associations are by comparison inferior to those of no other conterminous collegiate orders. Flexing from the stereotyped mien of emulative factions, these organizations bear towards one another an amicable, ameliorative re-

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lation which an inamorato of acceleration cannot but concede is an invaluable reality. We, concomitantly with the same, sedulously endeavor to stimulate the cause.

Conservatory Notes

A very interesting recital was given in the chapel Wednesday afternoon, March 14, at four o'clock.

On Saturday evening, March 17, Mrs. Lancefield gave a piano recital for graduation. Her hearers were delighted with her skilful playing. She was assisted by Edwin McKee.

The Quarterly Concert was given in the Baptist Church on the 13th inst. The Conservatory was assisted by Mrs. D. M. Warren.

The Conservatory Orchestra made its first appearance on Saturday evening at the reception given to Pres. Riley. Judging from the hearty encores it was voted a success.

The Glee Club appeared in concert on Monday evening, the 19th, at the Imperial Theatre. They were assisted by Mrs. H. Wyse Jones. It was well attended and all seemed pleased with the program.

The Glee Club gave very successful concerts at Carlton and Sheridan this week. A more extended trip is planned for the early spring.

Y. M. C. A.

The Y. M. C. A. Convention meets in Portland March 30 and April 1. Delegates from Oregon, Idaho, and Washington will be present. Able lecturers have been secured, thus insuring an interesting and profitable trip to those who

go. We hope to have at least six delegates and more if they can go.

The leaders for the past month were J. N. Sievers, Austin Arthur, and E. E. Mercer. The attendance has been good, and many helpful meetings have been held.

The following officers for the ensuing year were recently elected: President, L. E. Tilbury; Vice President, C. J. McKee; Treasurer, J. N. Sievers; Secretary, Truman Northup. These officers are earnest and efficient workers and should have the earnest co-operation of every member of the association, in the work they are undertaking.

Rev. Adams gave a short talk to the students on "How to invest your life in the service of Christ." He made an earnest plea for the cause of foreign missions. We need more complete and loyal submission to the Master's will.

Adelphic Notes

Rah! Rah! Rah! Thompson!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Anderson!
Rah! Rah! Rah! Nott!

The second term of our school year is at an end. As we look back over our work we experience great satisfaction with what we have accomplished, but at the same time sorrow that we have missed so many golden opportunities.

The Adelphics carried off the honors in the prohibition contest, Mr. Fred H. Thompson being awarded first place. We are confident that he will win more honors for the Adelphics as well as for the College, at the state contest to be held in Corvallis.

Those of our fraternity who attended the contest at Albany were: Messrs. Til-



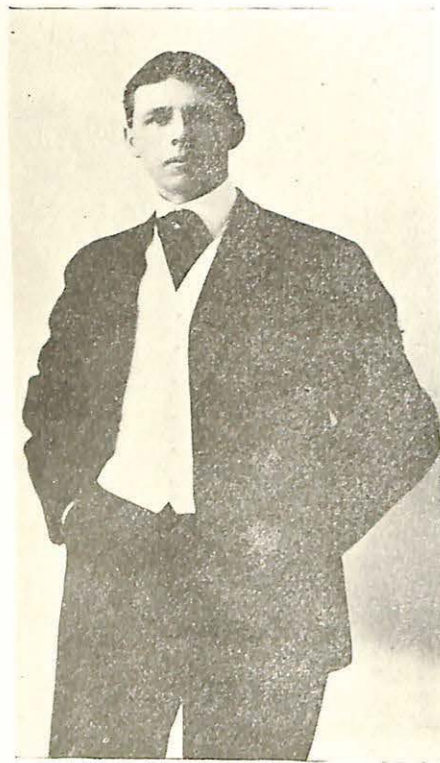
COLLEGE GLEE CLUB



J. N. SIEVERS
EDITOR-IN-CHIEF OF THE REVIEW



C. C. LILLY
LOCAL EDITOR OF THE REVIEW



G. L. TILBURY
PRESIDENT OF STATE ORATORICAL ASS'N



F. H. THOMPSON
BUSINESS MANAGER OF THE REVIEW
PRESIDENT OF A. S. B.

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bury, Thompson, Williams, Dennis, Petersen, and Sawtelle.

At the business meeting of the State Oratorical Association, Mr. Gilbeert Tilbury, our past schotzmeister, was elected president for the ensuing year.

The following officers for the next term were elected March 10th: Vorsitzender, Dolph Olds; Stadtholter, Leroy T. Petersen; Schreiber, Wm. Robinson; Unterschreiber, Theo. Anderson; Schotzmeister, Fred Corpron.

Messrs. Andersen and Nott, members of the college debating team, we are proud to claim as among our most worthy brothers. They, along with Mr. Campbell of the D. D. Fraternity, are deserving of much praise for winning the debate with Pacific. May they have like success in deciding the championship with Albany.

Watch the Adelpheids grow!

D. D. Fraternity

Fred Black who numbers one
Was always in for lots of fun;
He was married first as you all know,
And his dear wife says, I told you so.
Number two is Melvin Harty,
And is sure to be at every party.
It's just as natural as an old shoe
For him to walk home with Miss Trew.
Brigham Smith is number three
And is certainly there when it comes
to tea.
He is the lad from the Utah state,
And the janitor says he stays out late.
Bennie Lindeman, number four
Won the local contest by a large score.
He was once a sailor on the sea,
But is now seeking his A. B. degree.
James D. Ward number five

Is our high mogul and is alive.
He leads the yells with lots of vim
And everyone knows he's in the swim.
Number six is the boy called Chet;
To win the debate he will surely sweat.
His reasoning powers are very great
He is always in bed by half-past eight.
Lloyd Tilbury is number seven;
He likes the bunch that number 'leven.
In the band he plays the slide,
And cuts in general a circle wide.
Bill Elmore is number eight;
On the foot-ball field he met a sad fate,
But now he is well and ready to play
And said "Really, Pa, I didn't expect
you to-day."
Roy Hill is number nine,
And with the girls he cuts a shine.
If an old one leaves, he gets a new
And then to her he is true blue.
Number ten is Davis, not very tall,
Who taught the D. D.'s one and all
To be manly, brave, and bold
And not our secrets to unfold.
Number eleven is Riley C.,
A master of Jiu Jitsu is to be;
He has a voice so clear and sweet
With which he accompanies every beat.
Number twelve is Patty small,
Who many times has carried the ball.
On purple day of last year
He cut his fingers very severe.
Number thirteen is a hummer;
'Tis Jack Sievers our mile runner.
He is editor-in-chief of a paper great,
Which leads all others in the state.
Number fourteen is Austin A.,
Whose stomach has troubled for many
a day.
He has the sympathy of the D. D.'s,
And this we hope will put him at ease.

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Number fifteen the boneless wonder
Carried the chain all one summer.
'Tis Earle Roberts, the baby D. D.
And a very nice baby as you can see.

Shin How is our latest acquisition,
And is a lad from the Celestial nation.
Sixteen is his number high,
And he can roast a chicken or bake a pie.

The D. D. palace, once anywhere,
Caused people to think we did not care;
But now we have a palace fine,
Where we can invite our friends to dine.

Would You?

If a pair of red lips were upturned to your own,
And no one to gossip about it,
Would you pray for endurance to leave them alone?
Maybe you would, but I doubt it.

If a shy little hand you're permitted to squeeze,
With a velvety softness about it,
Do you think you would drop it with never a squeeze?
Well, maybe you would but I doubt it.

If a trim little waist is within reach of your arm,
With a wonderful plumpness about it,
Would you argue the point 'twixt the good and the harm?
Well, maybe you would, but I doubt it. X

Twinkle, Twinkle

Twinkle, twinkle little star
On a copper's coat;
Jingle, jingle little bell
On a billy goat.

The copper biffed the billy,
Tried to chase him off the street.
The billy hopped the copper
And knocked him off his feet.

The billy's bell still jingles,
To everyone's surprise;
The copper's star still twinkles—
But it twinkles in the skies.

On the Bridge

On the College bridge at midnight,
Slinging and daubing paint,
With a tallow candle for a light
They make the bridge look quaint.

'Twas not the Freshmen, green as grass,
And not the Senior class, they say,
But it was the wise old Sophie class,
As stiff and dried as hay.

And when it all was over
And all was said and done,
They thought just those '08's would stay
As emblems of their fun.

Yet their energy was all wasted,
As everybody sees,
For Freshies, Juniors, and Seniors
Are lost in Fraternities.

As I neared the college one evening
When the rain fell fast and thick,
I heard a plaintive moaning
And thought that someone was sick.

I stopped and listened intently,
Trying to spot the one who was ill,
Then with a blast of wind came suddenly
A shriek from the old wind-mill.

"I fear," said the postage stamp on
the student's letter to his father, "that I
am not sticking to facts."—Ex

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A Social Event

On Tuesday evening, March 20th, as Morpheus was drawing the tapestries about the pallets of honest men, Chas. Lilly and William Robinson were flitting noiselessly to and fro in the spacious halls and resounding corridors of the brown-stone mansion of the non-benedicts. An hour later, with faces wreathed in smiles of boyish glee, and hearts palpitating with childish anticipation, with outstretched hands and unbounded cordiality, they welcomed their guests, the blushing maidens and stalwart young men, who were to partake of their generous hospitality. With martial tread, Mr. Lilly triumphantly bore away the ladies' wraps to a sequestered corner, while Mr. Robinson, dressed in a manner that would have caused the richest apparel of Louis XIV to sink into the remotest recesses of insignificance, in his coy but supercilious manner, ushered the guests into the spacious parlors, where they were charmed yet bewildered by the gorgeousness of the indescribable frescoes and fantastic decorations. So carefully had the minutest details of the entertainment been arranged, and so unique and fascinating were the accessories to pleasure that before the guests were aware midnight was at hand and all were most decorously summoned to gather around the festive board. Mr. Robinson, arrayed in a lace-trimmed apron and a North Carolina smile, filled the delicate china bowls with concentrated fluid flavored with oysters. In the meantime Mr. Lilly presented each guest with a huge lettuce leaf heavily laden with three split pickles, while from the sideboard was wafted the tempting and exhilarating fragrance of freshly garnered onions. Every course was greeted with wild bursts of unrestrained

applause from the appreciative and delighted guests, and when the sumptuous viands were placed upon the board they were fallen upon with ravenous greed and voraciously devoured. So passed the night in revelry. It was not until the clarion voice of a neighboring rooster had heralded the approach of dawn, that the guests, after the usual and necessary formalities, entered their carriages. In behalf of the hosts it can only be said that they have added another bright star to their already brilliant constellation that proclaims them as royal entertainers.

In the shade of the old apple tree
Sat a lad with a lass on his knee.
For hours they would spoon
By the light of the moon.
The reason I never could see.
You could hear the sharp tread of her dad
You could tell by the sound he was mad.
So up the lad got
And home he did trot,
And the lassie went home with her dad.

Chet Campbell remained in Newberg for a few days after the McMinnville-Newberg debate, visiting friends.

Arthur Harlow recently visited his sister and other friends in McMinnville.

Preparation is being made to work the track and get it in shape so the team may begin training at once.

While exercising in the gymnasium recently, Earle Roberts fell from a horizontal bar and hurt his back quite severely. He was able to be around again in a few days.

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ECHOES FROM THE OAK

Did Williams fall in love at Albany?

We wonder if the L. L.'s still number eleven.

Miss Greenman says that the air contains atmosphere.

Marie Tunzai, Com. '05 visited friends here over Sunday.

Ward gave the Albany people some pointers on how to get out of a car.

Hunter Howard went to Portland on March 12th.

Respectful Senior:—"Prof. Northup is a good man—there's nothing between him and heaven."

"Why doesn't Prof. Baker believe in yells."

"Because they are the cause of his walking to school alone."

It has been reported that Chester Campbell expects to read law at Roseburg after he has finished his college course.

Prof. Angst said that he didn't believe that Pink could change to white in so short a time, until he caught Pink ringing the bell the other day.

Miss May Hay entertained a few of her friends on Saturday evening, March 24th. Among those present were Jack, Mac, and "Edelweiss".

Jones says that Palmer got him to going with the girls, even if he didn't do anything else for him.

Williams's only excuse is that he thought she was Mercer.

Miss G., in pedagogy class:—"If the process is taught correctly, the child will see that $\frac{1}{2}$, .25, and 25 per cent all mean the same thing.

Wm. Robinson and Brig Smith are spending their vacation working on a farm near St. Joseph. They come to town twice a week to crease their trousers.

John Woodard left on March 26th for California, where he expects to spend the summer.

Miss Mabel Bowler spent a few days visiting Miss Blanche Rice at Hillsboro.

Roy Hill spent a few days visiting friends in Albany and Brownsville.

Mr. Clifford Hotchkiss has returned to his home in Colville, Wash. He expects to attend school next year.

Shin How is spending his vacation in Portland, visiting his old friend, Dr. C. Gee Wo.

Misses Donna Griffith, May Greenman and Bessie Coshaw are in Portland during vacation.

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of the statement that the trouble of the eye
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