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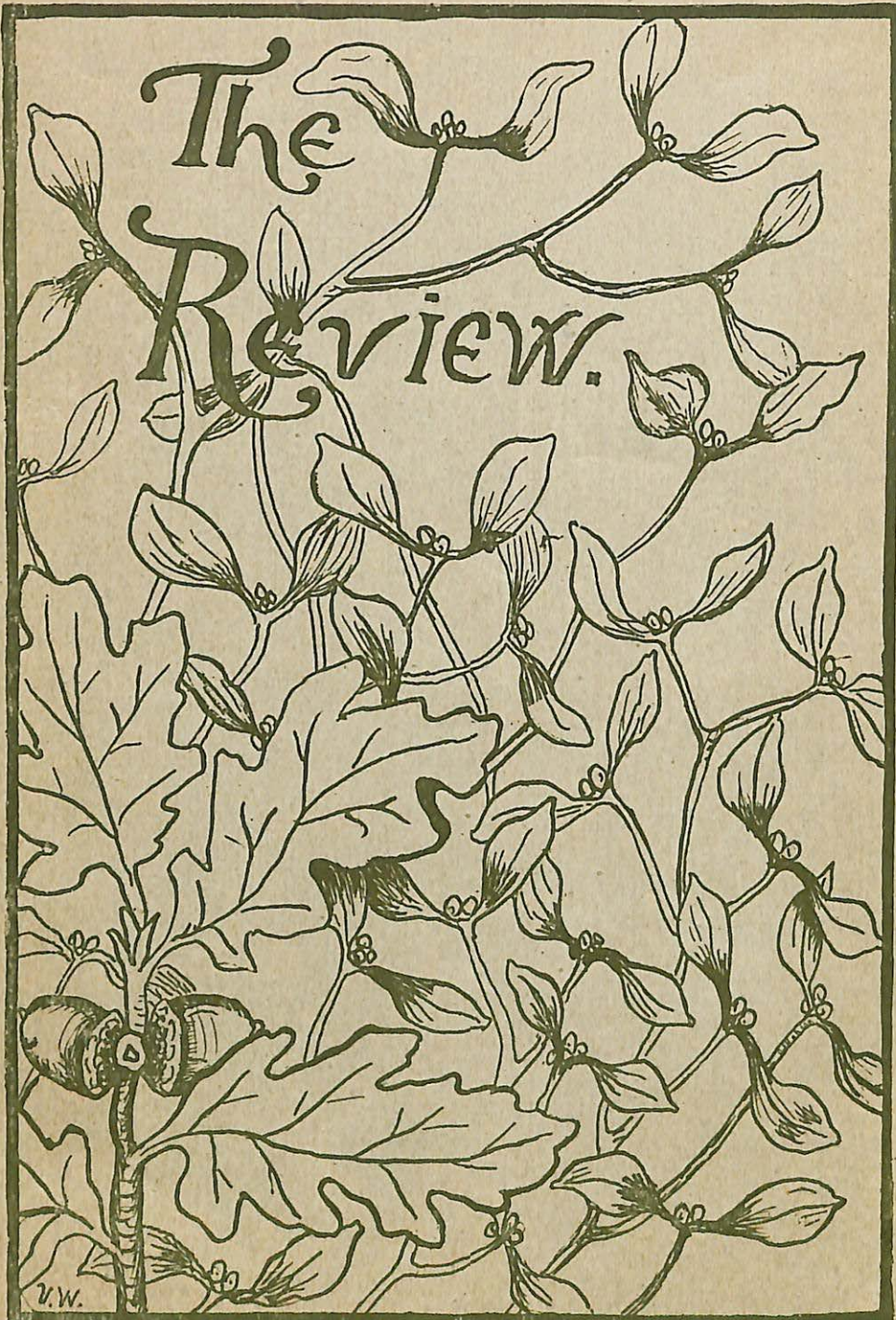
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Jan 18 1899

The Review.



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Pres. H. L. BOARDMAN,

McMinnville Oregon.

THE REVIEW

PUBLISHED MONTHLY DURING THE SCHOOL YEAR AT
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VOL. IV. JUNE 1, 1899. NO. 9

EDITORIAL NOTES.

We greet the readers of THE REVIEW with our Commence-
ment Number. It will be found to contain many things of a
most interesting character. All who are interested in the Col-
lege and its welfare will read this number with more than
usual interest.

Commencement is well named. Young people beginning
their course of study look forward to the "getting through."
But if the course be not a failure, they come to see, long before
they have gotten through, that to get through is but to begin.
The college has accomplished its purpose if it has made its

graduates ready to commence. That means much. It means trained mind, strong body, cultured heart. Without these or any of them the young man or woman is not ready to begin. With these the life is ready to commence its real service. We can wish for the Class of '99 nothing better than that this shall be to them, each and all, a real commencement.

The year of 1898-99 at "Old McMinnville" has been a thoroughly good and successful one. The college has had more students than before. The prevalent disposition among students has been that of industrious application to the work in hand. The work of instruction has been faithful and painstaking. Little serious illness is to be recorded either among students or faculty. On the whole, the year just passed gives cause for encouragement.

It is earnestly hoped that the students going away for the vacation will all come trooping back in the fall. Prospects for the coming year are bright. The watchword of the college is "advancement." No effort will be spared to make the coming year the best in the college's history. A happy vacation to you who go away, and a safe return when vacation days are gone. And may you each bring a new student back with you.

The new catalogue will be published late this month or early in July. All students will be supplied with copies. It will be sent free on application to all who are interested in education, or are planning to go to school next fall. The new catalogue will be the best ever published of the college, with full information, and profusely illustrated. It will be printed on the college press.

Appreciation of one's own limitations, and humility and becoming modesty in aspiring to place and station, are essential to happiness and success. Presumption is a common sin. It results in much of annoyance and chagrin, both to the pre-

sumptuous individual, and to all those with whom he has to do. Better far it is to aspire to do only what one can do with credit and efficiency, than to presume to undertake what one is unqualified for. It is more gracious far to hear the words, "Friend, go up higher," than to have it said to one, "Give this man place."

THE FIGHT BEFORE MALOLOS.

The following letter gives an account by an eye-witness, a fellow-student, who was wounded in a charge against the enemy:

MANILA, P. I., April 10, 1899.

Mrs. R. H. Grover.

DEAR FRIEND, I received your letter of February and it did me a great deal of good. As you know long before this, the Oregon regiment has been in a real lively fight. I am now in the First Reserve Hospital and have been since the 25th of March. I will tell you all I saw of the fight.

We were marched out the 24th and relieved the 20th Kansas from their trenches. We relieved them after dark so the insurgents would not see the change, and early on the morning of the 25th firing was opened on the right of the line. We received the order to fire three volleys and then charge. After we fired the volleys, over the trenches and across the rice fields toward the insurgent's trenches we went—and talk about bullets flying; I have heard it raining hard in Oregon but the bullets were coming as thick as it ever rained. Men were falling on every side. I got as far as behind their trenches. The insurgents were just leaving. We were in thirty yards of them. I had my gun to my shoulder when I was wounded. The bullet went through my nose and came out under my right eye. The doctors say I will lose my right eye, and for consolation they tell me it was a wonder it didn't kill me. So when I get back I will be a battle-scarred veteran. The bullet tore my right eyelid a good deal, but what can't be helped has to be endured. After I was wounded I had to walk

nearly a mile before I got to a doctor, and then we were sent in by train to the hospital.

It was a terrible place they sent us against. After we left our trenches we had to go across the open while they were behind trenches shooting through portholes. The insurgents are no cowards. They stay in their trenches till our troops are right on them before they will leave. The charge cost our regiment 47 wounded and 9 killed. Out of twelve regiments engaged, we suffered one-fourth of the loss during the engagement. Bert Clark was the only one killed of our company, and he was wounded and they had carried him back a ways and were dressing his wound when he was killed. George Snyder was shot through the fleshy part of the shoulder. Billy Ungerman was shot through the leg, and two or three others of our company received slight flesh wounds.

The regiment gained quite a reputation over the charge. One of the papers here, "Freedom," gave us a four-column write-up. Sergeant Shelley of Company D did not get to go out with the regiment the 24th and came out early the next morning. He asked a lieutenant of the 22d Infantry where the Oregon Regiment were and he said, "Lord only knows. The last I seen of them they were going across that field."

There are now in the hospital about 60 Oregon boys, and all are getting along fine. The regiment is up by Malolos (used to be the insurgent capital) and they expect more hard fighting, as further on the insurgents are strongly intrenched.

There is a rumor that troops will soon start for the States, and our officers seem to think we will soon start home. Didn't Mr. Grover receive a box of cigars? I sent him one. If not they were stopped at San Francisco.

Ralph Chaplin was over to see me Sunday. He sends regards to all. * * I have just heard that our troops had a fight along the line some place and a few wounded have come in. There are here in the hospital between 500 and 600 wounded. It is a large hospital. There are twenty-two wards, and they are all full. The treatment here is of the best. I am getting along fine, and quick as my wound heals up they are going to perform some kind of an operation on my eye and eyelid to make it look better. Well, as this is all I can think of, I will close.

Your friend,

F. H. THOMPSON.

'99 CLASS POEM.

We hoard away our memories
In a strange, enchanted hall,
Where no other foot may enter,
No discordant voice may fall.
All its walls are covered over
With the scenes of brightest days,
Those that quickly flitted by us,
But whose glory ever stays.

Here are found the sweetest flowers,
Here the faces most beloved,
They the pure and beautiful,
Whose friendship we have proved.
None of sorrow's sable mourning
Within this place we meet:
We have kept of bitter trials
Only those whose tears are sweet.

First among its cherished treasures,
With the brightest memories filled,
'Old McMinnville' stands unrivaled,
And its halls are never stilled.
There, without attendant lecture,
Is many a college prank,
And jokes for the grave professors,
That never brought a "Thanks."

There are visions of old classmates,
And the chums of those fair days,
As they laughed and studied with us,
E'er we went our separate ways.
Here professors' smiling faces
Bend o'er books of sagest lore:
Fain would we still tarry with them,
Sad that college days are o'er.

Here we oft will turn us,
 From our toil and strife,
 Finding strength and courage
 For the rougher days of life.
 They will give us inspiration
 For nobler lives and true,
 And will help us work with patience
 In whatever we may do.

"Old McMinnville!" we who leave you
 Turn away reluctantly,
 But our happy days within you
 Forgotten shall not be.

—EDITH A. MITCHELL.

VALEDICTORY.

REUBEN C. THOMPSON.

Times of retrospection come to every life. At such times memories flow through the mind in an unrestrained flood. Such a time is the present. We are about to bring to a close our school days. Opening before us is the great, unknown future. Toils and conquests in a new field invite us. Like the athlete, we have undergone an arduous course of training, and are now about to enter the race of life in earnest. And, as we stand upon the dividing line between preparation and a test of that preparation, and see the forge of life with all its glare and heat, joy and sorrow, encouragements and discouragements, victories and defeats, in which our fortunes must be wrought, it is fitting that we give place to pleasant memories of the past; flowers, bright and gladsome, which will be treasured up and grow in sweetness with the passing of time.

"Long, long be my heart with such memories filled,
 Like the vase in which roses have once been distilled;
 You may break, you may shatter the vase if you will,
 But the scent of the roses will cling round it still."

This time has been eagerly expected by us. To us it is the reward of years of toil. Yet, while the time brings joy to our hearts, that joy is alloyed with a feeling of sadness which makes it sweeter and causes us to linger over it more lovingly. Ties formed while here are now to be broken. Old associations and familiar scenes are to give place to new. Ineffable spirits

are abroad. Sadness permeates the air, and is drunk in equally with joy at each breath.

People of McMinnville, we are loath to part with you. We came here strangers; you have made us friends. You have opened the doors of your homes to us, and in so doing have opened the doors of our hearts. Although, in the future, we will perhaps find new fields of labor, and cross other thresholds of hospitality, McMinnville and her people will ever be remembered with a kind remembrance.

Fellow students, we are united by the golden tie of brotherhood. Together we have experienced pleasures and labors. We have shared with each other the joys of victory, and sympathized with each other in the bitterness of defeat in the athletic and intellectual arena. Together we have endured the enathemas thundered upon the heads of those who have broken the silent stillness of the midnight hour by the tolling of the old bell, and the Morpheus-disturbing din of beating cans, and human voices raised in symphonious unison. Friendships have been formed, and the links that bind our hearts together will never rust, but burnished with a happy remembrance will ever grow brighter. We grieve at parting with you, but not as those who have no hope; for we look forward to a reunion where parting will be no more.

Esteemed faculty, it is with sorrow we bid you farewell. Friends, tried and true, you are. We have ever found you gracious and affable; ever ready to encourage us when we faltered, and advise us when perplexed. You have directed our steps in scaling the steep of knowledge that tower aloft to "a purer air, and broader view." With you the toilsome ascent has proved pleasant, and threatening obstacles have crumbled away, disclosing to view gems of truth which sparkled and glowed like dew-drops kissed by the ardent rays of the rising sun, when

"Morn
 Waked by the circling hours, with rosy hands
 Unbarr'd the gates of light."

You have ever pointed us to the fount of truth, and the grander, purer, nobler life beyond. Stored in the chambers of our memory are your faces, your qualities of mind and heart; and your virtues, loved and respected.

Classmates, our glance at the past should be to gain strength and inspiration for the future. The years spent here have been pleasant; they have been years of accomplishment; but they will not suffice for the future. Duty beckons us forward to new achievements. Life stands with open lists bidding us enter the race for success. From the dark recesses of the

past a small voice murmurs our motto: "'Orthon 'alethei 'aei," and from the mazy, unfathomed future an angel voice echoes "The truth is always right." Following the guidance of this voice let us winnow the seeds of truth from the husks of error, and sow them in the rich soil of the human heart to flower and breathe fragrance throughout the ages. Let us adopt Bryant's lines, so beautiful in their sweetness and solemnity, as our rule of life:

"So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan which moves
To that mysterious realm where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of Death,
Thou go not, like a galley slave at night,
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams."

THE GENESIS OF MAN'S CAREER.

In the life of every man there are times of especial moment. In that of an educated man, perhaps the most important is the hour in which he receives his graduating diploma, half feverishly shakes hands with his friends, and formally steps out on the stage of active life, to shed forth an influence for good or evil to the whole world.

The Fortieth Annual Commencement of McMinnville College was held June 7th in the new Baptist Church, a building eminently suited to the occasion, both in seating capacity and in the pleasing beauty of its architecture, suggestive of neatness, strength and purity.

The main auditorium of the church was appropriately decorated with a happy mixture of college colors and national bunting, indicative of loyalty to our college and patriotism to our land. The college banner hung in the middle, high above the rostrum, on the wall. From each side, like rays of light, shot out the salmon pink and Nile green bunting to merge into the bright and glorious folds of our national emblem, draped on one hand over the choir recess, on the other over the corner of the wide doorway uniting the main auditorium and the lecture room; there the colors for which so many of our brave boys have died clung in protective and beautiful folds about the sides and rear of the room, adding a touch of color to the somber gray walls. Beneath the banner in front, and lower, were placed the figures '99, and lower still, upheld on either side by a pillar of evergreen, rested an arch bearing the class motto in letters of Greek, "'Orthon 'Alethei 'Aei," while

beneath and at the sides potted plants and palms lent their harmonious tints to give an air of kinship and comfort to all about.

At half past seven people were waiting before the locked doors that they might be first to choose a seat. A little later the doors were thrown open, a stream of our citizens poured in, and soon filled half the main auditorium. By eight o'clock the church was filled till few vacant seats were noticeable, although nearly 100 chairs had been added to the usual seating capacity.

Promptly on time, the exercises began with a piano duet by Misses Maud Hobbs and Satie Snyder. It was rendered in a most pleasing style and earned credit for the young ladies.

Rev. Alexander Blackburn, D. D., of the First Baptist Church of Portland, offered an eloquent prayer in behalf of the college, the church, the graduates, faculty, and students.

Before proceeding further with the exercises of the evening, President Boardman, who presided, very kindly requested the ladies to remove their hats, which most of them did at once, others after a time compelled by force of example did likewise, but some did not comply at all. It was with pleasure that woman appeared in new beauty, the beauty of modest manner, not ostentatious display, and the glorious covering provided by an All-Wise God. Was it the removal of the hats, or the sweet spirit of deference to others that gave such a touch of homelikeness to the scene? And the impression that all are one people, not a striving, struggling mass of individuals seeking their own pleasure above all else.

Misses Jennie Snyder and Katherine A. Glen sang a duet, thereby captivating the hearts of their auditors. Miss Glen has done exceptionally fine work in the two years she has been connected with the Music Department of our college, and it is with regret that we lose her this year, yet we are glad and rejoice with her that she will again take up her study of music, in the East; we rejoice, I say, knowing the joy of the student which is to be her joy.

"Anglo-Saxon Supremacy" is the title of Mr. H. W. Hayden's graduating oration. He spoke of our race holding first place; the molding influence of the idea of law made Rome, of purity Israel, of beauty Greece; and our nation is governed by two principles—Civil liberty and Christianity: the Anglo-Saxon race is shown as a race of colonizers by the onward movement of England, going from continent to continent and island to island, assimilating each people whom she met and we, her daughter, welcoming the sons of all nations, embracing the Cuban, the Filipino, the Eskimo. He said the

leading race of olden time was the Latin, next to them the German, then the Russian, and last the Anglo-Saxon; but now the latter race leads all the others both in population and area of territory governed, having nearly one-third of the population of the whole world; that we have a great influence over South America and that influence is destined to Americanize the Latin races of that continent by the touch of commerce both by ship and railroad; that Russia controls one-sixth of the population of the world and has a foothold in Manchuria, ready to extend her possessions at every opportunity; that we, a nation prepared for a work, appeared in the Philippine Islands, and that England stood by us; that a heavy pressure of population is coming and that we as representatives of liberty, Christianity, and Civilization will spread over the face of the earth.

Mr. Reuben C. Thompson spoke on "The Bondage of Thought." "The dead are the tyrants of the living," he said, and then spoke of our imitation of ancestors, of being governed by precedent, of the present thought being a slave to the minds of the dead; traditions are held sacred, independent thought is persecuted but yet it is necessary to progress, instancing Galileo's bond breaking and Newton's shattering of these same fetters in harmony with science and reason. This is vitally related to government for a nation must be abreast of the times, and hence free thought is necessary. China with its weakness of unchangeableness was compared with America. That it was not to be supposed that a body of men should be able to frame a constitution for a democracy that should be perfect, having had no model, but that after a test of democracy for many years experience would teach wisdom, hence change the constitution when it opposes progress. Territorial expansion is not unconstitutional. By being so bound the people are stabbing democracy. The people must think, thus killing machine government in politics, bribery, legislative infamy, and judicial corruption. America is calling for men to fight for truth and progress; follow freedom from the bondage of thought and learn of truth, justice, and God.

Miss Mattie J. Gray spoke of "New America," saying that man is the divinely appointed ruler of the earth; that his career began in Asia, continued through Europe, and before the Twentieth century America is one of the greatest powers; that she is favored by her position between the two great oceans and in the temperate zone, by her extent and resources, great length of seacoast, and rich mines. America has been faithful to her trust, colonial, national, and the later expansion in the Northwest; but increased power means increased re-

sponsibility. The downtrodden look to America. Spain was faithless to her trust and now we are responsible for the well-being of such of her former colonies as we now hold. America should give the Philippine Islands free common schools, religious liberty, and a free Bible. Then would the people be built up in enlightenment and civilization, and the prophecy of the Oregon's race would give new hope to the oppressed and downtrodden of the earth.

"The Might of Right" is the suggestive title of Mr. H. B. Blood's oration. Therein was set forth that the law of opposites is universal; heat opposes cold, right wrong, science says the warmth of the earth must yield to the cold of interstellar space; evil is opposed to right as the multitude of martyrs testify; the champions of evil are anarchy, skepticism, and atheism; these are mighty forces but there is a mightier overruling force, and that force is Christ, who gave to the world pure and perfect right. On account of skepticism people must investigate the grounds of their belief and thus they are led into an immovable faith by an invincible power; that power is the might of right, standing in this strength Lincoln dared to free his millions of slaves, and revealed the secret of his success in life—fidelity to the right. A bullet though small kills a tyrant, an idea tyranny, and incites us to higher and better things. God is its author and enforces it in the consciences of men. What is right must triumph not what is expedient, for God is in the shadow guiding and keeping watch above his own.

Mr. Fred Boardman, in his excellent and happy way, sang the "Clang of the Forge" and was heartily applauded. Mr. Boardman has an exceptionally fine bass voice.

Miss Edith A. Mitchell had for the inspiration of her oration the title, "The Evolution of Society." "Change," said she, "is the great law of the universe." Human history began simple and has grown complex. Tomorrow will not be as today, yet there is good hope for tomorrow. The movement in society seems at times to have ceased but soon it bursts forth again with volcanic energy. The former ideals were conquest, wealth, and power, but the ideals of today are different. True civilization is measured by morality, by the reign of truth and purity. When men struggle for higher things society advances. Literature, by recording the advanced ideas of men and scattering them abroad, has a definite place in advancing society. The moral standard of men rose as religion advanced, and in this is shown that the gain outweighs the loss, and that truth is forcing a way for itself. The object to be attained is to raise the ideals of the people. This may

come about silently or it may appear in revolution. The slum children are not made into good citizens, good men and women by gifts of food and raiment, nor yet by earning them; but by infusing a good character into their inmost hearts. External force cannot purify men. The night is past, the mountain tops are gilded with the light of promise though the valleys are in gloom. It is our privilege to take up the burden and then will be fulfilled the dreams of poets and seers.

Miss Gertrude Palmer's oration dealt with the subject, "Two Views of Culture," in an excellent manner. "Life," said she, "is a generous goddess." Culture is very widely sought. It is like the polishing of a diamond. Many failures are the result of idolizing culture and making it a thing of self-pleasure rather than something to give pleasure to others also. Our lives are not our own but a trust put into our keeping. Great cowards and criminals may have culture, but the humble who have faith have something better than culture. Peter the Great is an instance of one who sought culture as a trust and bequeathed it to his people. Let us have culture for service, let us have a purpose in education—to elevate our race, then shall the whole earth be girt with the full, strong light of truth.

Mr. V. E. Rowton ably spoke on the topic, "The Call of the West to her Sons and Daughters." "The West is destined to mold the nation's future," said he. When the center of population comes west, the West will elect the chief executive, it will lead in agriculture and in manufactures. In mineral wealth it is the superior of nations, a great storehouse still almost untouched. The West is yet in its infancy, its character and destiny are now being determined. The wheels of industry have been clogged by lockouts and riots. Intemperance preys upon the hope of her endurance—her noble sons and daughters. The stream of immigration brings socialism, infidelity, anarchy, and crime, the product of generations of Europe's oppressive fostering care, in an almost overwhelming flood, with the mad cry, "War to the palace, peace to the cottage, death to luxurious idleness!" The increase of wealth is rapid in the West, but history says wealth, luxury, pleasure, then decay. Asia's mounds and ruins tell the story of perverted wealth. A city rises, flourishes, and decays. Development in the East has taken two hundred years, but the West at a single bound in fifty years has reached the pedestal by her side. Our Western population lacks unselfishness. It is made up mostly of day laborers, who are bitter against wealth; under adversity revolution will herald the supreme trial of Western institutions. When Lincoln called for 70,000 men 300,000 came, when McKinley recently called, our brave boys went out gladly to

die for humanity, for the principle of liberty, and the glory of America. The new century finds us with glorious possibilities but also with great burdens. We shall see the curtain drawn and the equilibrium of the balances deflected. The imperative demand of the West is for men; men of honor, of opinion, of integrity. Such men are the best and highest preparation for the development of the West. The eyes of the world are turned upon us. When anarchy has been crushed, when woman's gentleness has raised up homes, then the West will be exalted and then will be found justice, truth, and liberty.

"Character as a National Defender" was the heading of Mr. H. L. Toney's oration. "Character is the greatest of motive powers," said Mr. Toney. We look upon the past and single out such men; we imitate them, and they are worthy of imitation, for their lives shed a glory over the attainments of the past. No country can be lost which is brooded over by such glorious characters. Not an individual instance here and there, but the character of the mass of the people must be taken as the national character, whether viewed as religious, literary, or moral. A nation without character is worthless. Gold and pleasure as gods are worse than China's gods of wood and stone, but when a nation is enlightened it is the evidence of purity of individual character. Popular suffrage tends to exhibit public character, and this character is upheld by the sense of having great ancestors. False patriotism is found on every hand, with its loud shoutings and wild waving of flags; but noble patriotism is found obedient to duty, sober, honest, and upright in life. Let us cherish the memory of great men. Stability of our institutions rests on stability of character. The decline and fall of Rome was due to pleasure, idleness, and moral decadence. Rome fell because she did not deserve to live. When a nation is corrupt the only hope for it lies in building again the edifice of high individual character. Therein rests its real strength and power.

Miss Katherine A. Glen then favored the audience with a *contralto solo*: "When the heart is Young." Her rendering of this was fine and elicited prolonged applause.

After this song Mr. Reuben C. Thompson arose and delivered the valedictory address, which appears in full elsewhere in this issue.

President H. L. Boardman then arose with an armful of diplomas, which he gave to the graduates, conferring the following degrees: Mr. H. W. Hayden, B. P.; Mr. R. C. Thompson, B. A.; Miss M. J. Gray, B. L.; Mr. H. B. Blood, B. A.; Miss E. A. Mitchell, B. S.; Miss Gertrude Palmer, B. P.; Mr. V. E. Rowton, B. S.; Mr. H. L. Toney, B. S. Mr. Boardman then said he had a moment for a last word, for

one more chapel talk; that it gave him joy to have this one moment, but regret that it was the last of such talks; that they were not of the number who discouraged him, therefore he had no small regret. In this last word I want to mention bigotry and liberalism, and speak briefly of each, and then to speak of a word better than either. The world execrates bigotry. No man loves it. I am persuaded you will not be such. Bigotry is that which treads down good opponents. You may have little fear of bigotry, the time has passed away when bigotry so greatly afflicted the human race. The other extreme is a liberalistic spirit. I don't commend a liberalistic spirit for your devoted following. Avoid bigotry, but don't swing over to liberalism, to a denial of politics, statecraft, society as dangerous as bigotry, and fatal to equilibrium of mind and judgment. Now, I would suggest a better thing—simple faithfulness. If simple faithfulness may characterize you, you will be fashioned after a divine plan. Be full of conviction, in faithfulness taking hold of the truth in your motto, and grasp it with a hand of steel. Suppose that instead of faithfulness in the apostles there had been the spirit of liberalistic thought as at present set forth. Do not let down the bars and throw open the flood-gates for uncontrolled thought. We want faithfulness in all things. I commend to you sweet and unobtrusive faithfulness. God help you that as you have each committed your lives into his keeping, to make your lives in every place shine, remembering that "He that is faithful unto death shall receive a crown of life."

The benediction was then pronounced by President Boardman and the audience separated, part melting away and part surging forward to congratulate the new graduates of "Old McMinnville." Many flowers, considering the season, were presented, and several books of surpassing beauty and usefulness.

The tone of the orations of the evening unmistakably marks McMinnville College as being in the van of educational institutions accessible to residents of Oregon and Washington. In her past she has been helpful to needy students, assisting them to receive her instruction; and always gives a glad welcome to a new son or daughter, and says "Come and we will do thee good."

ATHLETIC NOTES.

BY "IT."

Our Association Ball team has made a record that will not soon be forgotten. We do not claim to have played a strict

college team this year, but to have had two outside men, Mr. Redmond and Mr. Scott. The State Normal School at Monmouth was the only college that would give us a game this year. We would like to know what became of all those baseball teams we read so much about in the different college papers early last spring.

Our team consisted of the following players: M. Redmond, capt., 3d b.; Bert Pilkington, c.; James D. Brown, p.; Roscoe Fields, 1st b.; Wm. Scott, 2d b.; Dell Warren, ss.; R. C. Thompson, 1. f.; Lair Thompson, c. f.; Geo. McCutcheon, r. f.; H. B. Blood and L. C. Vanetta, subs.; H. L. Toney, mgr. Out of the five games we played during the season we lost only one. Our first game was May 6th at McMinnville with the State Normal School. The Monmouth team consisted of a nice lot of fellows, good suits, and played a first-class game of ball. There was no disputing over decisions. The day being better for football than baseball, at the end of the sixth inning, it began raining so hard that the umpires called the game off with a score of 7 to 9 in favor of McMinnville. Thursday, May 11th, St. Paul came over in full force, but their ball playing showed a lack of practice. The result of the game was 3 to 16 for McMinnville. Saturday, May 13th, was the first of a series of three games between McMinnville and Chemawa. It was a fine day and the game was witnessed by a large crowd. There were plenty of rooters for both sides. Both teams were in the best of condition, Chemawa wishing to hold its old record over McMinnville and McMinnville determined to win over Chemawa for the first time. The game was interesting and closely contested. Chemawa held the lead to the third inning, then McMinnville up to the sixth. Chemawa coming in again held the lead to the end of the eighth inning. McMinnville in the first half of the ninth making three runs was ahead by one score and shut out the Indians in the last half, and the game was won. The score being 9 to 10 for McMinnville. May 27th was the second game played at Chemawa. The conditions were about the same, both teams being the same to a man. The game was so closely contested, and the teams so evenly matched, which team would have won is unknown. Unfortunately in the sixth inning Sanders and Young, catcher and first base for Chemawa, both attempting to catch a foul ball, ran into each other, disabling Mr. Sanders for further playing. Chemawa having no substitute, the game was called a draw. Score, 7 to 7. June 3d at the band picnic the second game was played again; this time at McMinnville. It is estimated that 1000 people witnessed the game, and McMinnville was defeated for the first time this year. The game

started with McMinnville in the lead, which we held to the third inning. During the third our pitcher failed, Chemawa making seven runs. The game was lost. Graham, of Chemawa pitched a star game. Chemawa having such a lead never stopped play, and at the end of nine innings when the score was counted the result read 16 for Chemawa to 6 for McMinnville.

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Association, Lair Thompson was re-elected president.

The last of the series of games between McMinnville and Chemawa will be played at McMinnville during the G. A. R. encampment, Wednesday, June 21st.

The Athletic Association extends thanks to the Oratorical Society for the loan of \$45. It was a kind offer, and the Athletic Association greatly appreciates it.

MEETING OF THE BOARD OF TRUSTEES.

The board of trustees met on Tuesday, June 6th, at 10 a. m. Rev. A. J. Hunsaker was elected president, A. C. Chandler secretary, and D. C. Latourette treasurer.

The report of President Boardman made to the board showed that the attendance this year has a little more than maintained the record of last. The work of the year was shown to have been satisfactory.

Among the matters of interest attended to by the board may be mentioned the following: The faculty of Arts and Sciences remains the same as last year, except that Prof. Louis Barzee leaves the college to accept the vice-presidency and professorship of Sciences in the State Normal School at Drain, Oregon. His successor has not been elected, the matter having been referred to the Executive Committee of the board. Miss Glen resigned from the Department of Music to further prosecute her studies, and Mrs. John Evenden, of McMinnville, was elected to succeed her. The Department of Art was discontinued as an independent department. The president was authorized to prosecute a vigorous financial policy in the coming year, with a view to the securing of a much-needed addition to the funds of the college. The Board conferred the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon Rev. C. M. Hill, of Oakland, Cal.; and the degree of Doctor of Laws upon the Hon. W. Lair Hill, of San Francisco. It also conferred the degree of Bachelor of Letters upon Katherine A. Glen; and the honorary degrees of Bachelor of Letters and Bachelor of Science upon Virginia Watson and Louis Barzee respectively.

COMMENCEMENT SUNDAY.

The day was ideal. The sunshine, after the clouds and rain of the long, cold spring, was most appreciated. The several churches of McMinnville kindly dismissed their services and united in the observance of the day. The services, morning and evening, were held in the new building of the First Baptist Church. This building will, no doubt, henceforth be closely associated with the exercises of commencement week, for the accommodation of which it is so well suited.

The college was exceedingly fortunate this year in the preacher of the annual educational sermon, which came at 11 o'clock. Rev. Herbert S. Johnson, of Pittsfield, Mass., had been secured. He is the oldest son of the late President J. W. Johnson, the second president of McMinnville College, and afterward for many years president of the University of Oregon. It was with much pleasure, both to Rev. Mr. Johnson, and to the college and the people of McMinnville, that he could come back to the place of his birth, and preach the annual sermon for the school of which his father was once the head. The preacher took his text from Acts 8:35, "Then Philip * * preached to him Jesus." The sermon was a masterly presentation of the great theme of all true preaching—Jesus. In language, thought, and illustration it left nothing to be desired.

The evening service at 8 o'clock, was given up to the preaching of the Baccalaureate sermon. President Boardman preached the sermon from Matthew 21:19, the theme being "Christ's Law of Relationship, Judgment, Penalty."

The music for these services, which deserves special mention for its excellence, was under the direction of Miss Glen. The contribution of those taking part in the music was very great to the success of the day. The congregations were large, completely filling the house.

Besides the services at the church, there was a joint meeting of the Christian Associations of the college in the chapel at 3 p. m. It was in the nature of a farewell devotional service. It was led by Prof. Northup, and was largely attended.

Miss B. M. Million, class of '94, is now county superintendent of Missoula County, Montana.

The Annual Recital, this year under the direction of Miss Glen and Mrs. Watson, of the Departments of Music and Elocution, was exceptionally successful. The Elocution part of the programme was a contest, in which Mr. Fred Thompson took first prize and Miss Amba Daniels second. It is hardly necessary that we commend the work done in these departments this year as the results shown are a sufficient commendation.

SECOND YEAR PREPARATORY JOTS.

F. H. THOMPSON.

"What did Dewey do?" Ask Ethel.

Mr. Grover says he will train for a stage actor.

Our class in Civics progressed nicely under the efficient tutorship of Prof. Northup.

"I wanted to say something but was afraid I would stutter."

Mr. Brown evidently meant it.

"Pilk" is practising most every evening. He thinks he will soon be able to "salivate" the "beast" that devastates the lawn.

The successful playing of the baseball team, which has been the best in the history of the college, is largely due to Warren and Pilkington, the sure short-stop and catcher—both Second Year "Preps."

PHILERGIAN NOTES.

The entertainment given Monday evening, June 5th, was a decided success. A large and thoroughly appreciative audience listened to a well-rendered programme. Miss Hobbs' playing, Mr. Boardman's reading; and the rest, were especially good.

This commencement closes one of the prosperous years in the history of Philergian Society. Many have received their first oratorical and debating training under its auspices this year, and much instruction has been given in addresses by members of the faculty and by the different ministers of the town. Such a society is of almost inestimable value to every young person who desires to fully develop himself.

Mr. Ralph L. Knapp supplied the pulpit of the First Baptist Church of Astoria during the absence of Rev. L. J. Trumbull, who attended the Anniversaries at San Francisco.

Miss Laura Myers, who graduated from the Academic Department of McMinnville College in the class of 1890, has been re-elected to the position she has filled for the past year in the Drain Normal School.

STUDENTS ARE DEPENDENT

On good digestion for effective work. This important function is dependent on a perfect condition of the Teeth. You are invited to call at my office frequently for examination of the condition of the oral organs. All of the departments of Dentistry are practiced and by the most modern and conscientious methods.

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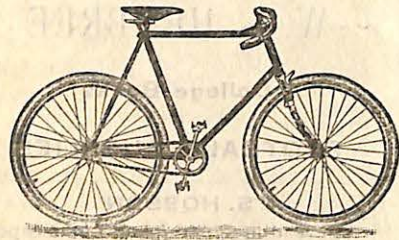
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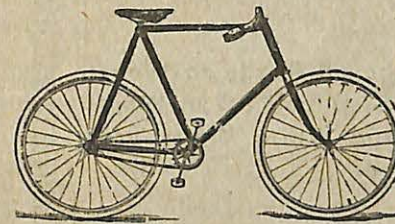
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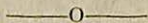
The Chicago Store



Boys

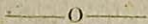
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