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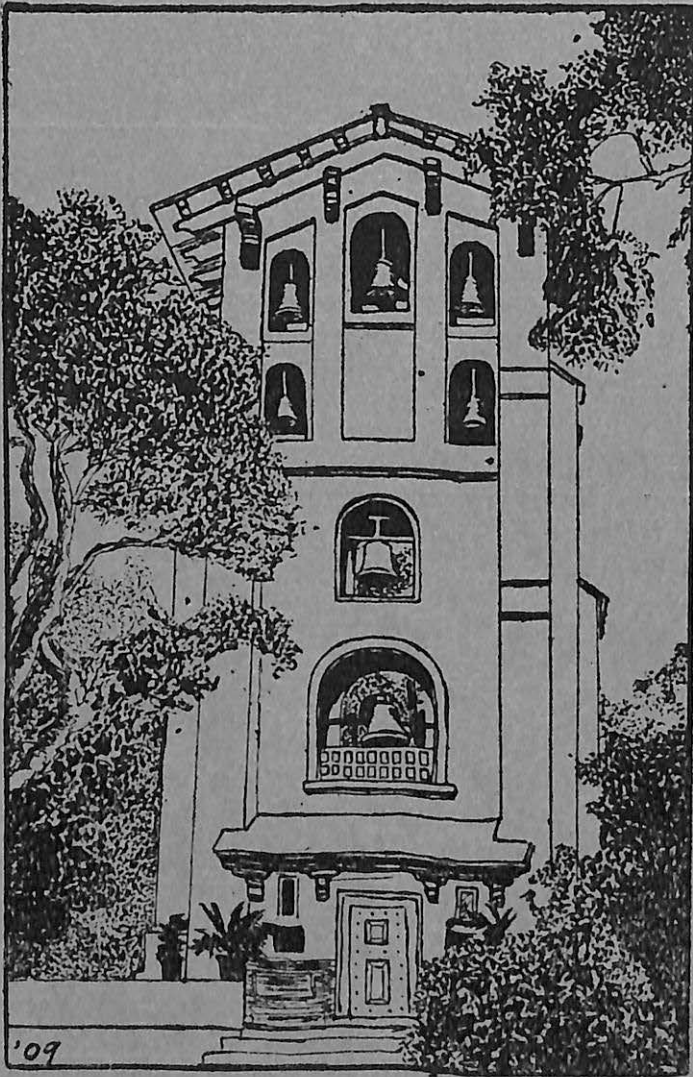
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# THE MAY



MAY, 1911

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you will want to give her some little token which she can retain for a long time and cherish with fond memories. It is not always easy to decide upon the gift, and every one knows it is not always the most expensive gift that is the most appreciated.

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you must know the person. You have this knowledge and we have the gifts in large variety. We are always glad to show our wares and offer suggestions.

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Gillis—"No wonder, everything he has on is charged."

—Judge.

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CREAM PUFFS, MACAROONS,  
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*Building*

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"That's a good idea. Consult Bradstreet."

*Houston Post.*

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Call at our Ladies' Tailor-Made Suit Department and get a

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WALK-OVER SHOES FOR ALL

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**BEST CANDIES**

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**WRIGHT'S CHOCOLATE SHOP**  
McMinnville, Oregon

Also ice cream, soft drinks, and fruit.

Slow.

Nille—"Is that fellow of yours ever going to get up courage to propose?"

Bille—"I guess not. He's like an hour glass."

Nille—"Like an hour glass?"

Bille—"Yes, the more time he gets the less sand he has."

—Philadelphia Times.

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McMinnville's Leading Department Store

**Clothing, Shoes, Ladies' Suits**

**Groceries, Queensware**

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To FIT THE FEET

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SHOES AND FOOTWEAR

FOR

LADIES and GENTLEMEN

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Complete Reform.

"My wife married me to reform me."

"Did she succeed?"

"Yes, thoroughly, I wouldn't marry again if I lived to be as old as  
Methusaleh!"

—Puck.

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Sittings Solicited.

Satisfaction Guaranteed or Your Money Refunded.

**The J. H WILLIAMS Studio**

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### A Sad Thought.

"I think," said the astronomer, "that I have discovered a new canal on Mars."

"Is that so?" replied the New Orleans man absent-mindedly, "I wonder what town's going to get the celebration."

—*Washington Star.*

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If you are a Baptist and live west of the Rocky Mountains

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Our Prices Will  
Appeal to You.

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## THE REVIEW

### A Hirc.

---

The heavens declare the glory of God,  
The firmament hour by hour  
Utters so all may understand  
His love, His wisdom and power.

The rosy light of the sunrise cloud,  
The gleam of the dawn's first ray,  
Tell of His mercies, fresh again,  
Of strength renewed for the day.

In the blazing strength of the noonday sun  
While clouds are piled billowy white  
Is the image of God in radiance there,  
The source of the world's true light.

While surging masses of storm-cloud roll,  
In the shattered lightning's flight,  
In the darkening sky and thunder peal,  
Speaks the voice of God in his might.

In the golden glow of the evening sky,  
When the sun sinks low in the west,  
The voice of God at eventide  
Speaks to His loved ones His rest.

And night unto night showeth knowledge,  
The stars in their golden flood  
Declare in their matchless splendor  
The majesty of our God.

The heavens declare Thy glory  
In cloud and in starry strand;  
Grant we may hear the message, Lord,  
To heed and to understand.

—A. E. F., '13.

## *The Trail of the Battlement Butte.*

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Seth McIntyre stood leaning against the corral gate, gazing at the splendor of the radiant west. One by one the sun was gathering in her crimson pennons or leaving them to be taken by the sable army of shadows that crept up from the lower coulees. Slowly, slowly she sank behind the mountains, turning the jagged line of Battlement Butte into a wealth of golden glory.

McIntyre was a tall, well knit man, and in his physical appearance bore a rugged resemblance to the bold, stern land in which he lived. On his head, somewhat tilted, was the usual white Stetson, beneath which was a head of straight, sandy hair. His forehead was high and broad, which gave him the air of no inferior intelligence and beneath, his level gray eyes were frank and honest. Straight and long was his nose which with his craggy jaw showed a firmness of character and indomitable determination. He wore a tattered, blue flannel shirt, open at the throat, and on his Titan limbs were a pair of heavy, much-used "chaps", while his feet were shod in shabby cattleman's boots.

"I 'spose that's Dan comin' there," he said, turning and looking down the Valley road at an approaching vehicle, "An' it's glad I'll be tae see him. The Margaret'll be wi' 'im, tae," he added softly.

Dan was Seth's cousin, the two being raised together in the cattle country of the Little Big Horn. As boys they had gone to school together in the little, dirt-roofed cabin. They had shared each other's pleasures, fought each other's battles, and endured each other's hardships. Through all their boyhood days there had run their mutual devotion and loyalty to Margaret McGregor, a neighbor's daughter, of some ten miles away. Seth could well remember now how he had raised his hand to the master's query and took the cruel thrashing when Margaret had hit the dominee with a piece of chalk.

When thru the rough, back-country school, Dan and Margaret were sent east to attend the higher institutions of learn-

ing, while Seth was left behind to run his father's ranch. For six years they had not seen each other and now they were home again.

"Howdy, Seth," said Dan as he jumped out of the buckboard and grasped his hand.

"Howdy, Dan," replied Seth. It was against their highland blood to make any unnecessary demonstration, and when man meets man, none is needed. Margaret descended from the rig and Seth bent low to kiss the hand extended to him.

"Ah! My doughty western knight, you are just as big, and strong and good as ever."

"Weel, weel," said Seth, blushing, "It's nae mysel', it's ye fa'ks frae comin' tae see me, but come into the house, it's a chill wind that's blawin' up the canyon the noo."

He led the way to a rambling log house. Additions had been made to it at various times, which did not greatly enhance its beauty. The roof was covered with dirt, which in the spring grew wild flowers and weeds. These, tho now brown and withered, rattled a cheery welcome to the wayfarers.

Passing thru a low door they entered the large dining room and kitchen combined. A wholesome meal was spread for them by the old Scotch cook. There were oat cakes and black tea, and in the center of the table steamed the famous Scotch haggis.

"I say, Seth," said Dan, "You've done it well. You couldn't have pleased me more."

"Nor me," assented Margaret.

"Now tell me about college and your new frien's," said Seth, casting a side glance at Margaret. He had never spoken to Margaret about it but he loved her as a strong man loves and planned some day to have her for his wife.

"Well, I'll begin with the trip out here and work back," said Dan, laughing. So he and Margaret told Seth of all their many experiences in college, of their enjoyable periods of study and their delightful vacations, of their times of homesickness and longing for the deserts and buttes of old Wyoming. Long they talked and again they were the three comrades that went

to school in the cabin under the hill.

"The hour is growin' late whatever," said Seth at last, "an' ye'd best gae tae bed, Margaret."

He got out a smoky kerosene lamp and showed her to the best room in the humble ranch house. Dan turned in with him.

"Say, Dan," said Seth after vainly trying to go to sleep. "has Margie a mon back east?"

"No, old man, but you see it's this way—"

"It's all right, then," exclaimed the rancher, and for some reason the confession Dan was about to make stuck in his throat, and he drowsed off into a troubled sleep.

For Seth there was no sleep. For more than an hour he tossed on the hard bunk, when he heard the quick hoof beats of an approaching horse and arose to meet Black Angus, his foreman's son.

Angus' story was short. He had come from the "higher hills" to get the boss. Things were going badly. It had been an unusually dry summer, the grass was poor and water scarce; six men had been discharged for stealing, and between bad help, the drouth, and the coming roundup, the foreman, Douglas, was in a serious strait. All this the ranchman drank in, and when the tired boy had finished, McIntyre ordered him to saddle his horse. He wrote a few, hasty lines that would explain the case to his guests, reared as they were amid such surroundings, mounted his horse and rode north into the hills.

All the next day he rode, his anxiety growing with every mile. Everywhere he saw his cattle, half starved, eating close up to the sage brush where some grass still remained, or chewing at the willows in the lower coulees.

The bawling of well-fed cattle had always been music to the rancher's ears, but now the hoarse bellowing of his straggling bunches cut into his thoughts like a nightmare in one's troubled sleep.

Ah! it was a hard land, and Seth cursed it from the arid plains of the upper Platte to the topmost pinnacle of Battlement Mesa.

When the sun was again sinking behind the lofty pile of the Wind River Mountains, and evening was once more settling

like a benediction over the parched buttes and blasted mesas, Seth rode into his higher camp. For two full hours he and his foreman talked over plans for getting the cattle to a better range. Having finished business matters Seth joined in conversation with a stranger who had chanced upon the camp that afternoon.

"I understand your cattle are in a serious plight, Mr. McIntyre," the stranger remarked courteously.

"Aye, they are," replied Seth. "It's a cursed, cruel country this. A mon may work hard all his life, an' i' the end hae all his cattle die o' drouth an' leave him penniless. This desert seems to a'way take back wi' interest wha'e'er it gies. An' wha's yere business?" he demanded abruptly.

"Why, I'm a King's Messenger, or as you cattlemen say, I'm a sky pilot."

They talked on for several hours and when the stranger had broken down the rancher's reserve, he told him of the Man of Sorrows, acquainted with the hardships, rebuffs, and trials of this hard and busy world. He explained to him in a manly, interesting way, making no apologies, the life a man should live, that in times of trouble like this he might feel his anchor held within the Veil.

He told him of the reward, when there would be no drouth, no more roundups, no more periods of terrible labor. For they who were true would ride over the flowery plains and verdant hills of Paradise. The rancher's heart was full. Truly this was living water to his thirsty soul. In twenty long, work-filled, Christless years, no one had approached him on this subject, but out there under the vast canopy of the star-jeweled heavens it came to him as his fuller obligation and he yielded his heart to his Saviour and his King.

Having had a long talk they went into the rude cabin and turned in. From far out among the crested buttes came the long, shivering howl of a coyote, to be answered by a chorus of shorter barks and blood-curdling yowls.

"It sounds like rain at last," remarked the stranger. "A good night to you."

"A good night," replied Seth. For several weary, sleepless hours he tossed in his bunk. Ah! what was that? There came a patter as of tiny feet across the roof. Came and passed

again. Then deepened into a steady roar. Praise God, it was the rain!

All arose early in the morning. Outside the rain fell steadily. Within two weeks the thirsty land would be green with fresh grass and the cattle would go into the winter fat and sturdy.

The foreman rode off to another camp, the stranger down the trail to the McIntyre ranch, leaving Seth alone in the cabin.

Ah! to think of it! The rain had come and his cattle were saved to him. He would ride back to the ranch next week and tell Margie, they would be married before Dan would go. In October he would sell out and move to some kindlier country, and how nice it all would be! All morning he dreamed and was startled at last by a sharp knock on the door. It was Angus again, the foreman's son.

"Come in, mon, ye look as grave as a deacon. Wha's i' the wind?"

"Trouble. Dan's to marry Margaret this even, an' I thought as you might like to say a word whatever."

Within the rancher a terrible struggle for self-control took place, and when he spoke he appeared calm, but his words sounded like the dull mutterings of a volcano about to break forth.

"Saddle Bill," he ordered, hastily putting on a Mackinaw coat and a pair of chaps. In three minutes he was in the saddle and away. Fifty four miles of rough Wyoming country lay before him and his thoughts kept pace with the flying hoofs of his gallant horse. All the words of the stranger were gone from his mind and he was but the animal man, fighting for his heart's desire. The thin veil of civilization that had always rested lightly on him and his kind was thrown to the winds and there burned in his soul only the desire for vengeance against the one whom he thought his friend.

He would change horses at his different camps and make the ranch by eight o'clock, at which time he reckoned the ceremony would take place.

Over rocky buttes and terraced mesas the road ran back beneath the flying horse till at last they were in sight of the Pinon hay ranch. The men were just riding off for some cattle

when the boss rode in on a reeking, reeling, sobbing horse. Without a word of explanation he demanded the best horse in camp, a long, shad bodied roan, and rode out on the Nebraska Flat trail to the utter astonishment of his bewildered crew.

Twenty miles of hard road had been done, twenty-four yet remained before he could get a fresh horse at the next camp.

Indeed, good roan, many times has your rider guided you across these arid wastes, but never in such desperate haste. Your good lungs and limbs have served you well, but now in truth comes the supreme test of your endurance.

Every coulee was flooded with water; every creek was a roaring torrent. The trail was slippery, soft, and yielding, but there was no pause in the desperate race until they reached the Cottonwood River. It was usually a shallow stream, but now a swollen, angry flood.

"Into 'er Barney, mon, ye canna gae back on me noo."

So, taking the reins in his hand, Seth swam ahead of the horse, and with all but exhausted bodies they felt the gravel of the other shore beneath them.

Giving the good roan scarce time to breathe, Seth jumped into the saddle and with relentless spur and stinging reins drove the stumbling roan at a broken run into the corrals of his nearest camp.

He yelled for a man, but as none came, he jerked the saddle from the back of the exhausted Barney, then caught and saddled a supple chestnut mare. She was the pride of Seth's string, a thoroughbred from the bluegrass. He slapped the saddle on her back and away like a meteor over the last ten miles of the road.

"Hazel, my bonnie lassie, it's sorry I am tae use you sae, but we've got tae make it. An' it isn't Margie's fault," he muttered, "I didn't tell her about it, but Dan, he knew." His speech died in a bitter Gaelic malediction.

The road was hard and level now, and the matchless Kentucky mare, catching some of the urgency of her rider's spirit, leaned forward to the race with her peerless swinging gait. It was again growing dark. The sun-engoldened pinnacles of Battlement Butte were turning one by one into a dull



lead.

With the speed of one pursued he thundered past the McTavish ranch. Little Bella waved her hand, wondering why he was in such haste and had not given her his usual smile.

On and on they raced until it seemed as if the mighty heart of the noble mare would break with the effort.

Three miles ahead at the ranch house the stranger sat on the steps. He knew something of the case and feared Seth's coming. Inside all was ready. The stately minister mumbled off a few opening sentences.

"Daniel John, do you take Margaret Anne to be your lawful wedded wife—"

Ah! What is that! It was the rapid beat of horse's hoofs on the Butte road. At once the King's Messenger recognized it to be the rhythm of the bossess' chestnut mare. Oh! Hurry, hurry! Would they never finish it.

Inside the minister read on in studied, dignified measures, "If any man hath objection let him speak or hereafter hold his peace—"

The horse reared at the gate, the rider jumped off and ran to the door to be met by the stranger. McIntyre growled a warning as he came and his hand went to his hip.

"Remember Jesus Christ," said the stranger, "He was afflicted, wounded, and oppressed for us. Do you forget the One who died for you?"

The new teachings he had learned flashed back into his mind, the surging passion of his untamed Border blood sank down, and he dropped his hand as meek and lowly as a broken-hearted child.

"Then I do pronounce you man and wife," came the solemn tones from within the room.

The next day a band of friends waved cheery goodbyes to a departing buckboard. A man behind the stable buried his face in the silken mane of his broken-winded chestnut mare, and the King's Messenger standing in a corner of the corral, raised his eyes to heaven and softly said,

"Mild Mary's son, acknowledge me,  
Behold thro him, I give to thee."

—Geo. Stewart, Jr., '13.



# EDITORIAL

THE McMINNVILLE COLLEGE "REVIEW"

## STAFF

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Anna E. Foster, '13	- - - - -	Exchanges
Margaret McCoskey	- - - - -	Society

THE REVIEW is published monthly from October to June, by the students of McMinnville College. Subscription price per year, 75 c.; per copy, 15 c. Contributions invited from any student or alumnus of McMinnville and will be published on approval of the editor.

Entered as second-class matter at McMinnville, Oregon.

VOL. XVI.

MAY, 1911

NO. 8.

### It Could Have Been Better.

As this is the last regular issue of The Review for the year, this seems the right time to make a short summary of the year's work.

In the first place the number of copies printed each month increased fifty over last year, and with this extra number being

printed each month the year will be closed without a deficit, and last year's deficit met. This is good.

As to the quality of the paper, our readers are better able to judge than are we. Be that as it may, it could have been better. As we look back over the months and examine just how many have contributed articles, the number is indeed small. First, there has been a great falling off in good, live locals. The local editor can not gather all the material for this department unassisted. Yet he has been compelled to do this nearly every month. This month there were four locals in the local box, and these were all written by the same person. Is this right?

Then regarding short stories, poems, and articles on live topics. The number of these has been very small indeed. What is the reason for this? Our students are just as able as any others to do this work, and we have at least two societies doing some literary work. There should be enough articles each month so that the editors could choose the best, and not have to publish anything just to fill up space.

Now for next year, we who are going to be here, should resolve now, to do better work for *The Review* and never let a month pass without handing in some article or local. Let's be boosters!

### Commencement Number

The *Review* management confidently expects that the June issue, commonly called the Commencement Number, will be the best number ever published.

There will be more pictures, more articles showing the nature of our work, and more material of real interest to everyone than has ever been printed in one issue of the *Review*.

Everyone will want a few extra copies. These may be obtained from the business manager by paying 20cts. per copy, and notifying him in advance how many copies are desired. You'll want them, sure!

## *Our Old Students.*

---

E. F. McKee, '10, was home the last of April and first of May, visiting, and attending the Adelpic Banquet and the eighth annual May-day celebration.

\* \* \*

Miss Mayme Howard, of Portland, a former student in the Conservatory department, spent Tuesday and Wednesday with college friends, also being present at the first of May festivities.

\* \* \*

W. Ross Eaton, '10, was another visitor on May 2nd. Ross has been teaching school near Oregon City but is now taking his vacation.

\* \* \*

Walter P. Dyke, '05, and wife, nee May Greenman, also an old student, were in McMinnville to witness the crowning of Queen Eva the First, and to visit college friends.

\* \* \*

Mr. Ed. Dodson, '05, has recently begun the practice of law, in McMinnville, having selected for his office a beautiful suite of rooms in the new DeHaven Building.

\* \* \*

Rev. F. C. Stannard, of Newberg, a former student of the college, and for several years pastor of the Newberg Church, has recently resigned his pastorate and has been elected by the Board of Trustees to be Student Secretary for McMinnville College. Mr. Stannard's field will be the entire Northwest, and we are expecting a larger McMinnville thru his efforts along this line.

Mr. Stannard has moved to McMinnville and two of his daughters will enter college next September.

Mr. Verne Dennis, '08, was in McMinnville on April 28, attending the fifth annual Adelpic banquet.

\* \* \*

Mr. L. E. Tilbury, '09, and his fiancée, Miss Helen Ostrom, of Portland, spent May day in McMinnville.

\* \* \*

Herbert L. McCabe is now working in San Francisco. We are expecting soon to hear an announcement of his marriage to Miss Myrtle Jennet, also one of our former students.

\* \* \*

Wallace Maxwell is the latest of the old students to become a benedict, having recently married Miss Ethel Cartmill, of Haines, Oregon.

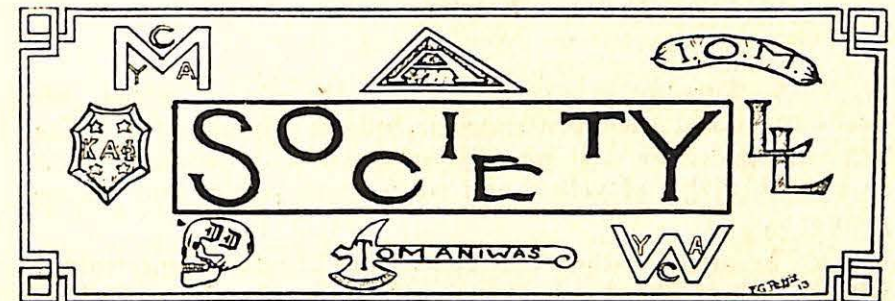


"Oh!"

"Your girls are all so modest,  
With their eyes all downward cast,"  
Said a stranger in the college,  
As a group of girls he passed.  
"Don't let that disconcert you,"  
Said his guide, with broadening smile,  
"This is Loud Sox Day, you understand,  
"And they want to see your style."

#### Ask Galvin

Prof. Northup (after student has worked problem in algebra)—"Mr. H—, what kind of a room would it be which would lack six feet of having any width?"



L. L.

On April 7, at the home of our sister Lola Davis we had our first five o'clock dinner this year. We expect to have them oftener in the future.

April 21 we met with our Royal Majesty, Martha Moroney.

April 29 we met at the home of our sister Elva Hibbs. We were very glad to have Hattie Short of Eastern Oregon at our meeting. We enjoyed a very pleasant evening.

#### Adelpics.

Behold! New luster has been added to the glory of the Adelpic Fraternity! On Friday, April 28, the fifth annual banquet was given.

After a five course dinner the following responded to toasts, with Ralph Spencer McKee as toastmaster: William Foster, Miss McCoskey, Miss Simonson, and Howard Hanscom.

The room was tastefully decorated in Adelpic colors, the tables being lighted entirely by candles, with shades of blue and gold. The fraternity emblem was suspended over the opening between the tables, which were arranged in a triangle.

The entertainment consisted of a farce, "In a Pickle," written by J. Sherman Wallace; and a minstrel performance in two parts.

We were delighted at having so many of our honorary members present. Fred Hart of Tacoma, Vern Dennis and Edwin McKee of Portland, Aris Sherwood, Gilbert Tilbury and Gil Ogden of McMinnville. We are especially indebted to Edwin and Gilbert for assisting in the entertainment.

## Kappas.

On Tuesday evening, April 24, the Kappa Alpha Phi girls entertained their gentlemen friends at Flynn's Hall. The hall was tastefully and prettily arranged and decorated with fir boughs, strips of yellow and white crepe paper, and Kappa pennants.

The guests gathered at eight o'clock and were entertained with a well rendered selection on the piano by Miss McKee, a number of fine solos, several choruses which were very fine, and an entertaining and very amusing reading by Miss Waggoner.

After this program the guests indulged in a hunt for candy Easter eggs which were hidden about the room. Unique paper baskets were furnished by the girls for collecting the eggs. Lovell Keene received a beautiful picture for securing the most eggs; Allan Jeffery received a little candy chick for finding the least number.

Dainty refreshments were next on the program and while partaking, all were delightfully entertained with music from a five piece orchestra.

A football game in which a hollow egg was used for the football made all weary with laughter and completed the evening's entertainment.

The Kappas surely proved themselves royal entertainers.

## Agora.

The following are the officers of the Agora for the spring term:

Guy N. Hickok, president.  
Lucile Williams, vice president.  
Veda Rhodes, secretary.  
Robert Russell, treasurer.

At a recent meeting the Agora debated the subject, "Resolved, That a celebration similar to that of Loud Sox Day should take the place of the regular Fourth of July celebration." The decision was in favor of the affirmative.

Our meetings are always interesting and we are always glad to have visitors with us.

## Tomaniwa.

The sorority held a very enjoyable meeting at the home of Arcola Pettit and after the program and a business meeting we indulged in one of the old time "waffle feeds."

Ethel Gunning entertained the sorority on April 29, at which meeting Mary Stockton distinguished herself as a poet and others displayed talent along the line of stump speaking.

Annabel Wood entertained us May 6. After a hilarious time and an excellent lunch we departed with hopes of seeing our picture come out in The Review in the near future.

## Volunteers.

The average attendance at meetings has been ten. Interest is increasing. Saturday, April 28, we spent a very delightful evening at the home of Prof. Northup. Games, guessing contests, and puzzles proved most entertaining. Very appropriate little boats bore salad for refreshments. The table, with its place cards, individual bouquets, and miniature "lake", was indicative of Spring with its many pleasures and opportunities.

E. S. Burket was recently elected President, and Margaret Campbell, Secretary. Enid Bell is the latest addition to our ranks. We have gained much from the visit of Mr. Swarts, who was with us recently.



## Allan in Dining Club.

Said J. Allan Jeffery to the waiter bold,  
"See here, Larsell, my cocoa's cold!"  
He scornfully answered, "I can't help that;  
If the blame thing's chilly, put on your hat!"

—With apologies to James S. Boyd.

## *Athletics.*

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The first intercollegiate game of the season was played between Pacific University and our boys on the home field. It was a live game, but the P. U. boys were no match for our nine. The game ended with the score 8—2, McMinnville's favor.

Our line up was as follows:

C.—A. Larsell.  
 P.—P. Blackstone.  
 S. S.—P. Eckman.  
 1st. B.—J. Foster.  
 2d. B.—A. Blackstone.  
 3rd. B.—G. Stewart.  
 R. F.—W. Foster.  
 C. F.—F. Mabee.  
 L. F.—W. Culver.

May Day was duly celebrated by a very snappy game between the Columbia U. nine of Portland and McMinnville College. The game looked very doubtful until the ninth inning when our boys bunched two runs and won the game with a score of 6—5.

The line up was the same as the first game with P. U. except that Breuning played right field.

May 6 we met our first defeat, by P. U. on the Forest Grove diamond. Our captain being absent, Eckman having been injured in the third inning, and several men playing in unfamiliar positions, we can safely say we were not in good trim. We expect to play P. U. in a few weeks the third time and win the deciding game. Lineup same as the other games with following changes: Mabee, 3rd. base; Breuning, 2d. base; Stewart, C. F.; Adams, R. F.; R. McKee took Eckman's place at short stop in first inning.

Good crowds have so far attended all the base ball games, and it seems assured that base ball will be a great success.



On Friday evening, May 5, at McMinnville the McMinnville College debating team, consisting of Carroll Woody, Frank Manley, and George Stewart, met and defeated by a unanimous decision, the Albany College team. The question was on Federal Incorporation, and McMinnville upheld the affirmative. The judges were Prof. Reagan, P. C.; Prof. Bates, P. U.; Prof. Jenkins, L. H. S., Portland.

Tuesday, May 2, was the eighth annual May Day celebration of McMinnville College. At ten o'clock thirteen beautifully decorated automobiles paraded thru the city, and in them were the queen and immediate party, fraternity and sorority representatives, maids, attendants, bishops and others of the royal court.

After the parade a large crowd assembled on the campus to witness the crowning of Queen Eva I., and the Maypole dance.

In the afternoon a base ball game with Columbia University of Portland was played and in the evening a recital was given at the Music Hall, an account of which is given in another place in this issue.

In addition to the usual decorations the front steps of the Main Building were decorated with fir boughs and lilac blossoms, and over the walk at the college end of the bridge was a magnificent triumphal arch decorated with ferns and bearing the inscription, "Queen Eva I." At night the arch was lighted with different colored lights.

### Conservatory Notes.

On May 2, the Music Hall was packed to hear the recital given by Miss Kathleen Hinson, assisted by Mr. Paul Blackstone, tenor, and Mr. Arthur Neville, violinist.

Miss Hinson's playing was marked by clearness and fine coloring. The Beethoven number showed Miss Hinson at her best, while the MacDowell numbers proved to be beautiful tone pictures. The Rhapsody is a good example of the modern school of musical writing and was played with feeling and great ease.

While Mr. Blackstone is always enjoyed his singing at this recital showed unusual force.

Mr. Neville's playing was greatly enjoyed and appreciated. The Sonata showed Mr. Neville's ability as a color artist. His tones are true and masterful. The Fantasie proved a pleasing number.

On May 10 the Misses Madge Eckman, Evelyn Macy Audrey Dielschneider, and Lois Jones gave a very pleasing piano recital in Music Hall.

For the term recital the ensemble class is preparing the Overture to The Midsummer's Night Dream, by Mendelssohn, which is descriptive of the Shakesperian drama. All of the advanced pupils will participate in this recital.

The Intermediate pupils will also appear in recitals.

A postgraduate recital will be given by Miss Carrie McKee and Mr. Ray Culver near Commencement.

The graduating recital of Miss Lulu Hanscom and Mr. Howard Hanscom will occur Monday, June 19, in Music Hall.

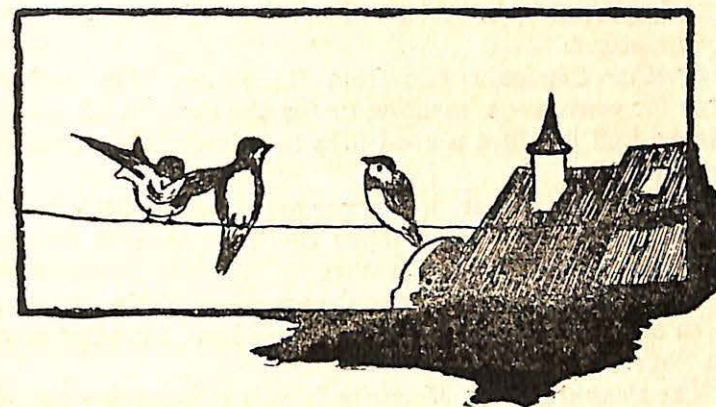
All are cordially invited to attend these recitals.



### Watch Jay Blush.

In German class, Jay was translating, when he was called from the room.

Prof. Thomas said, "His fate will come next;" then he called on Margaret to translate.



### Exchanges

The *Mills College Magazine* is a new exchange we are glad to receive. "Idyls of the Sagebrush" is an interesting, well written sketch, and the other articles in the literary department stories and poems are excellent. The paper presents a neat, attractive appearance, and is a credit to the school.

The *Tech Prep* is a well gotten up paper. We like the editor's point of view in his editorial "The Object of the *Tech Prep*" and "Truesdale's Redemption" is the beginning of a fine baseball story.

The *Clarion* is a splendid paper. Its stories are especially noteworthy; there are very few exchanges which show so many and such original ones. The exchange department is good, too. Salem High School may be proud of her school paper.

"Charlie Norris' Romance" in the *March Columbiad* is an amusing story, and as usual the poems in this paper are excellent. "Back in Ireland" and "Early Spring" are especially so.

The class notes in the *Aegis* are good, but the stories might be improved in quality. The cover design is weak and silly, and shouldn't be seen on any school paper.

"The Influence of Athletics in the Development of Character," in the *April Narrator* is a good, well thot out article, showing, we think, a true appreciation of values. The *Narrator*

would be improved by a better management of its departments and a few stories.

Another *Clarion* comes from Rochester. The paper is too large for convenient handling or for the amount of material it contains, and it is not a good idea to mix up advertisements with school notes.

The *Toka* is a neat, well arranged paper, a little lacking in solid material, however. "When the Telephone Wires Were Crossed" is an amusing story.

The literary and exchange departments of the *Acorn* are good; so are the editorials, but don't you have athletics of any sort in your school?

The *Central College Magazine* is an exchange we are glad to receive. Its literary department is good, containing as it does so much less than the usual amount of froth. It would, however, be greatly improved by a few cuts and department headings.

We acknowledge with thanks the following:

*Oracle*, Woodward H. S., *News*, Eugene, *Black and Gold*, Decatur, *Chimes*, Philomath Crescent, Pacific College, *Weekly American*, Chemawa, *Crimson*, Logan, *University Argonaut*, Moscow, *Black and Gold*, Hawaii, *Student Engineer*, O. A. C., *Oregon Teachers' Monthly*, *Crimson and Gray*, Dalles, *School Mirror*, Wilbur, *Weekly Index*, Pacific University, *Kodak*, Everett, *College News*, Annville, Pa., *Maroon-White*, Wardner, *Corral*, Abilene, Texas, *The Georgetownian*, Georgetown.



**We Wonder Why.**

Simpson was heard to remark: "I think that the name of Lovers' Lane should be changed to Lemons' Lane."

**A Good Start.**

Arcola Pettit, reading Virgil—"On his knees, he said—but I can't read any further."

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**Great Expectations.**

"Where are you going with that goat, little boy?"  
 "Down to the lake. Come along if you want to see some fun. This here goat has just got a crate of sponges, an' I'm goin' down an' let him drink."  
 —*Toledo Blade*,

<p><b>THE</b></p> <p><b>McMINNVILLE NATIONAL BANK</b></p> <p>E. C. APPERSON . . . President F. E. ROGERS . . . Vice-President W. S. LINK . . . . . Cashier</p> <p><b>Capital, Surplus and Profits \$120,000</b></p> <p>Offers its services to Students and Friends of McMinnville College</p>	<p><b>C. TILBURY &amp; SONS</b></p> <p>THE UP-TO-DATE</p> <p><b>FURNITURE HOUSE</b></p> <p>Come and see our Special Line of <b>COLLEGE POSTERS</b> Picture Framing a Specialty</p> <p><b>EAST THIRD ST.</b></p>
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The Great Divides.

Reno.  
 The harem skirt.  
 The tariff wall.  
 The party wall.  
 The fool and his money.  
 Buda-Pest.  
 Mason and Dixon's line.  
 Jim Crow laws, and  
 The Rio Grande River.

—Ft. Worth Record.

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Pretty Quick.

He—"But couldn't you learn to love me, Anna?"  
 She—"I don't think I could, Harry."  
 He (reaching for his hat)—"It is as I feared—you are too old to learn."

Harper's Bazar.

<b>SIR!!</b> A dozen of our beautiful Carnations will please her mightily. <b>HERBERT &amp; FLEISHAUER</b> Phone 1214 or 264      McMinnville, Ore.	
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He (soulfully)—“There are a thousand stars tonight looking down upon you.”

She—“Is my hat on straight?”

—Harper's Weekly.

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By an Alumnus.

Ball—"What is silence?"

Hall—"The college yell of the school of experience."

—Harper's Bazar.

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