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THE REVIEW

MARCH, 1912

McMinnville College

4 37

McMinnville, Oregon

Welcome!

You are welcome to our store and we wish you to make it headquarters for anything you want in our lines.

Hart, Schaffner & Marx Clothes for Men. La Vogue Suits for Women. Walkover Shoes.

D. M. Nayberger

Satisfaction guaranteed. If you are satisfied, tell your friends. If NOT, tell us.



A Little Stroll

in this direction will be well worth your while. For you'll see here sample portraits which will prove to you that at last you have found the place where they produce

Perfect Photographs

So make arrangements to have us take those long-wanted and long-promised pictures of yourself. We promise photos as perfect as any you see here.

Mrs. E. R Fischer

Successor to J. H. Williams

The Review

McMinnville College, McMinnville, Oregon

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The Song of Nestucca

From his forest-fastness,
Wooded hills among,
With babbling abandon
On his liquid tongue,
Lurking in the shadows,
Leaping in the light,
Singing morn and evening,
Strong in his delight,
See Nestucca come!

Twixt rocky walls imprisoned,
Restless to be free,
Dashing, leaping, splashing,
Tumbling toward the sea,
Swirling in the rapids,
Purling in the pools,
Singing loud a rhythmic lay
Taught in Nature's schools,
Hear Nestucca's song!

I am begot by the sun in his strength—
Hear me, ye hills, and be still—
Warm his rays lay on the lips of the sea;
I sprang into life at his will.
Far have I traversed the sky with the storm,
Rest I now take on the hills;
Answering back to the call of the sea
With tinkling music of rills.

Born of the blast of a burning hell ye, I of the sun's thrilling kiss;

Frozen and cold in your grim despair ye,
I thrill with a measureless bliss.
Trampled like you by the feet of the years,
I am born ever anew.
Scarred ye, and blackened and ruined by time;
I am fresh as the dew.

Summits aloft ye may rear in your pride, Steadfastness proudly may boast; I am contented to play in your shade, To fleetingly pass like a ghost. Steadfastness nothing but motionlessness; Vain with the tempest your strife; Changing alone but to waste and decay, Tribute I take of your life.

Your mantle of forest is tattered and torn,
Seared by the death-breathing fires;
Radiantly clothed with the light of the day
I am bright as an angel's desires.
Ye groan 'neath the burden and weight of the years;
I laugh midst the eons at play:
Today ye may sternly and vainly resist;
Tomorrow I bear you away.

Yours but the semblance of strength to withstand, Ocean gives me of her strength.

Grinding you down 'neath my finger's soft touch, I model your breadth and your length.

As your days grow few shall my strength increase To be like my mother the sea;

When you are bowed low in your watery grav.

I shall be finally free.

Singing in his gladness,
Laughing in his play,
Shaping hill and valley
On his sea-ward way;
Nourished by the tempest,
Child of sun and sea,
Ever changed yet changeless
As eternity,

See Nestucca come!

Past the mountain's summit,
Toward the midnight sky,
Upward through the darkness
Where the stars pass by,
Filling now the valley,
Now the dizzy dome,
As quietly the breezes
Waft his music home,
Soars Nestucca's song.

-M., '12.

-Anon.

Note:—The Nestucca River has its rise in the northeast corner of Yamhill County and flows westward, emptying into the Pacific Ocean.

Some say "tomorrow" never comes,
A saying oft thought right;
But if "toworrow" never came,
No end were of tonight.
The fact is this, time flies so fast,
That e'er we've time to say,
"Tomorrow's come," presto! behold!
"Tomorrow proves Today.

Dickens' People

In the mid-Victorian Age, a time when in England a new public conscience was being born in throes of desperate struggles for reform, there lived and wrote two novelists who expressed the spirit of the time in their works. One of these, William M. Thackeray, held up to ridicule the foibles and weaknesses of the upper strata of society while the other, Charles Dickens, portrayed the lives of the middle and lower classes and attacked some of the crying evils which affected them particularly, the delays of Chancery Court, the dreadful condition of the schools, imprisonment for debt, and child labor. He was the first great novelist to show conditions in the slums, and the first to introduce common, ordinary people into an important place in fiction.

Dickens' greatness lies chiefly in the portrayal of the everyday folks with whom he crowded his books. We frankly admit that he has his faults as an author, that he talls below the highest rank. Some of his plots, in spite of of their interest, are improbable and sensational; there are tiresome passages in the books that would better be eliminated; he was not very successful in portraying high society life, and failed in the serious task of giving heroic characters to his novels; he has shown no truly great hero, and his heroines are too perfect for naturalness.

But Dickens still has admirers in the thousands who read and reread his cumbersome volumes in spite of their deficiencies. It is because in one field he knew whereof he wrote, and with the skill of genius he portrayed what he had known, seen, and experienced. For his own early life was embittered by poverty and injustice; he lived among the poor. And besides his rare sympathy and insight he

had also the power to tell what he knew. He was a collector, also, of oddities in names, characters, and places, and explored out of the way places in the world's greatest city, for what he could use as material. Probably no person ever more cleverly or ably portrayed character than he, but back of this power was his intimate knowledge of people. He never analyzes his characters, but, in some magic way shows them to one so clearly that they are never forgotton. One remembers them, just as other acquaintances, for some characteristic ways, expressions and mannerisms. As some one has said, "Dickens can make a woman out of yellow civil papers and a shrill voice, and she is a real person whose figure is clear before one; the reader never imagines that she has not been fully described."

Amid the iniquity and oppression of the slums, in the injustice and cruelty to little children in work and in schools not worthy of the name, and in the inequality of social conditions, sorrow and pathos are not lacking in the works of Dickens, yet his name is always associated with laughter. In fact, so truly has he earned his title, the great English Humorist, that to many he is known by it alone. He makes one laugh at and with his characters, at their foibles and oddities, their little conceits and self-satisfaction. With humor he shows the contemptibility of a mean man, the lovable qualities of a good one. The darkest slum is the less repulsive for the laughter he can bring from it, and a mansion made cold and bare by his scorn. His worst characters are bad enough, but for his "middle men" who are good and bad like the rest of us, he has the greatest love and understanding, and even while he makes fun of them, reveals qualities that make them hold a warm place in our hearts, as we know they had in the heart of their author. -'I5.

"Our Chinese cooks never produce such biscuits as these, Annette. These are the first good ones I've tasted since we went out."

Her cousin acknowledged the compliment with a graceful inclination of her sunny head. "But don't you ever make any of your own good biscuits? Don't you remember how Fred used to tease you, saying he married you so's to have all those biscuits he wanted? Why what's the matter, Ruthie? You look so - so - queer."

"I can explain best, Nannie, by giving you the whole story the words call up. Its not a thing I'm fond of telling but since it's you, and we two are alone, you shall hear it all if you like."

Annette was eager to hear it and Mrs. Rodney began in her clear low voice. Her eyes were moist but a shadow of a smile about her lips belied them.

"It was our second winter in Hokim and horribly wet, dark, and disagreeable. The work was progressing slowly. The people were unfriendly and saturated with superstition and prejudice. The most recent trouble was the disappearance of a child and a boy at that. According to a current superstition that foreigners used children's hearts for medicine, we were suspected of kidnaping the child. Fred was blue and out-of-sorts and myself likewise. Accordingly, to cheer us both up, I promised Fred a good home supper and the best biscuits he ever tasted. So I dismissed the inefficient Chinese boy for the day and went to work.

"But alas! I used what I afterwards found was cornstarch kept in a baking-powder can instead of real baking powder. You can imagine the fate of my biscuits. Now

you know, Nannie, how I hate to be teased, especially about my cooking, and you know, too, what an everlasting tease Fred is. Well I simply couldn't bear to confront Fred with those biscuits and stand the teasing that was sure to follow. He hadn't come yet so I determined to make some quick muffins and hide the biscuits. The next question was "where." I couldn't burn them for the smell, the cook would see them if I threw them out with the scraps and if I put them away it would only postpone getting rid of them. Then I thought of slipping out and hiding them in our garden at the foot of the hill.

"You know the hill we lived on was made up of rocks with just enough dirt to stick them together. So we had to have our garden outside the compound proper though very near to it. To think was to act with me so I unceremoniously dumped the ill-fated biscuits and a trowel into a basket, threw a scarf, a white scarf, around me and hurried off, chuckling to myself at my triumph over those miserable biscuits. It was dark and I had to pick my footing carefully. The situation began to take on an uncanny aspect. My troubled senses seemed to report stealthy footsteps and moving forms behind the dark bamboo clumps. I laughed waveringly to myself and hurried on. Several times I stumbled and seemed to take a rather zig-zag course. Fred's teasing began to seem more and more trivial and almost to be desired. I fervently wished the man were there!

"Finally I reached the stream and close by it where the ground was soft, I dug a hole for my unlucky batch of biscuits. As I finished I heard footsteps approaching and saw the glimmer of a torch. Not wishing to face the unexpected strangers, I crouched down by the banyan under which I had dug, and waited for them to pass by. To my

growing consternation they came toward me. Nearer and nearer, jabbering Chinese at a lightening rate with occasional cold, hard laughs that made my blood run cold. They were almost upon me now. A man leaped up from the darkness before me and cried, "Here is the foreign devil!" They turned, directly confronting me, the light of the torch revealing the faces. And such faces! I had always thought the people stolid and impassive, but then-! I hope never to see such hatred, cruelty and anger in human countenances again. All were changed, but close to the center, almost transfigured by intense, malignant hate, I recognized to my sudden horror the woman whose child was lost. In a flash the truth came to me. My white scarf had attracted notice, lynx-like eyes had watched me, and they thought I was burying the remains of the kidnaped baby! That minute was the longest I ever knew. I thought not so much of my personal safety—give me credit for that, Nannie dear—but, oh! of the work, of our influence ruined and people turned away; of the buildings and equipment we had striven so hard to get, burned; of Fred, if not killed, with his record and work absolutely gone—and all because of my silly pride! I don't know why the mob didn't come on. They stood there tense, muttering curses and cries of "foreign devil," holding me with an unblinking stare, as the great snakes do their unfortunate victims just before they strike. The seconds dragged out unendurably. I wanted to scream. Then, Nannie, I'll tell you what I did. It was so fuuny, but please don't laugh. If it had been you, you would have risen gracefully and mastered the situation, but I never was cut out for a heroine, anyway. Well, I shut my eyes, breathed a queer little prayer, scrambled to my feet, tearing my skirt as I did so, and said earnestly, in English, "My dear people,

you have made a mistake. It's not the biscuit, it's only bad babies I'm burying."

"Then Fred appeared, pale and anxious, with the child he had been seeking in his arms. The mob were on him in an instant, seized the little boy, and disappeared. And I, well, when I once had my face hidden on Fred's shoulder I felt as if I never wanted to show it again. I stammered out my story and Fred, he stroked my hair, and do you know, "You poor little goose!" is the only thing he's ever said about it from that day to this."

The Knowledge Required to Attain Gnanship

One must be as familiar with the Is as with the Apparent. One must know all about the nothingness of the Ethereal, the Isness of the Oneness, the Unity of the Isness, and the Whither of the Whenceness. You must understand the great She and the I of Myself. You must be able to appreciate things in their relation to the 49th dimension, and to adjust your actions accordingly.

One must know all about Optimism as well as Opulence is Mine and I-am-it. One must be acquainted with the 54 paths of the spiral in accordance with the Rules of Hindustan. One must know about mysticism as well as higher criticism. You must be able to know your affinity through the harmony of inspirations and astral vibrations. You must be able to sit for five months without changing your position, know how to do without soap, towels, and other civilized necessities. You must be able to tell the color of the bawl of a calf, and to drink through your nose. When you have attained to that state of perfection you will be well up in Yogum. You will soon know the ecstasies of passing through the Sutrassmarta and Mahabharata and of being swallowed up into the great Blankety Blankness—Nirvana.

The Press and Public School Pupils

The editor of THE REVIEW took occasion a few weeks ago, in speaking before the Yamhill County Teachers' Association, to deliver an opinion (rather uncomplimentary to the daily press) of the influence of newspapers upon the minds of school children.

The following item from The Tablet, a Catholic publication of Brooklyn, N. Y., emphatically confirms our opinion. When a parochial-school boy applied for admission to the public high schools of Brooklyn, he passed in an exercise on the Beattie murder case in Virginia.

"The nun [his teacher] was horror-stricken, and asked him why he had chosen such a topic, when the boy responded, 'Well, they asked for a composition like that, so I wrote it.' Then the nun looked over the carefully prepared list of questions on the subject of English, and to her horror, saw that the boy of thirteen years was right. Here is the question:

"'From accounts that have recently appeared in the newspapers or the popular magazines, select some instance of unusual bravery or of unusual wickedness. Tell about it Make a suitable title.'

"Think of it! A supposedly enlightened official of the public educational department of our city asking children of twelve or thirteen years of age to describe an instance of unusual wickedness! Such a question is an insult to the school-children of the day and directly antagonistic to

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the desires of the vast majority of parents. The filth of the world is daily dished up to the reading public, charily by the decent press, but lavishly by the sensational journals and with all the embellishments of incident and dialog thrown in."

Realism or Reality

To the much discussed question of the moral and ethical right of authors to introduce realism into their work there now comes an answer, or perhaps it is a technical evasion, that it is reality, not realism, that we want in literature. This new phase of an old question seems rather a juggling of terms than a step toward a satisfactory solution.

Perhaps the best answer will be found in the suggestion that when all is said and done the place of realism in literature must finally be determined by the motive or purpose of the writer. The realism which shields crime, makes vice attractive, or dulls the sensibilities to a perception of the difference between right and wrong, is certainly to be condemned. The use of detail which portrays evil in its true hideous light and repels the reader from vice rather than attracting him to it, is certainly legitimate.

We do not count a man's years until he has nothing else to count. —Emerson.

Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation, as presents to the posterity of those who are yet unborn.—Addison.

"That is a good book that is opened with expectation and closed with profit."

Seniors

The Seniors had another delightful evening together at the home of A. R. Blackstone on February 9. After partaking of an elaborate spread of fried chicken and all the "concomitant fixings" which had been prepared by the girls, the class went to the McMinnville-Chemawa basketball game.

A real surprise is being planned by the class which, when made known, will be a cause for much pleasure to everyone connected with the College. Be watchful!

The class pins have already been received and are being worn by the members. These pins are designed after the same fashion as those worn by the '10 class. Caps and gowns will be donned some time next term.

Sophomores

The chronicles of the class of '14 would show few class gatherings of late, aside from necessary business sessions. What with socials; concerts and the like, above all with oratorical contests, there has been no time for class feeds. Never mind! Were there more such contests perchance there would be more laurels for the class of few. Proud we are of Ray, the winner of the local tryout for the state contest, and George who won second place in the prohibition tryout.

Freshmen

Gone are the days of our early verdancy; past the time of puerile inadequacy for the monumental tasks and responsibilities which we have met. The conglomerate mass of humanity which entered in the fall as the freshmen has become a unified class, every member of which has learned and labored much during the last five months. As the largest class in the College and having among our number those deemed worthy of positions of high honor and responsibility, we have rightly held a place in school life not usually won by the entering class. There are to the sophomore, the junior, and the senior prerogatives and privileges which let no one take from them, for they enjoy them greatly. But we whose taste for the joys of freshmanhood is still fresh desire no sweeter draught. The delights we have known fully compensate for whatever indignity or undesirable experience we may have undergone.

Preparatory

The first interclass baseball game played on March 4 between the College and the preps resulted in a victory for the College, with a score of 9 to 1, Maxwell scoring our one run. The preps have not much in the baseball line this year except plenty of good class spirit. The preps preferred to remain one undivided class this year, represented in baseball, as in basketball, by one team, although it lessened their chances of winning the pennant, since it meant that the College, too, will put out only one team. Culver, in pitcher's box, is doing well despite the fact that that is not his regular position. In this first game Captain Bean has found the strong and weak points of the team and will make some changes that will strengthen our lineup.

Commercials

The Commercials are finding the work of the winter term quite strenuous and have done very little in social or other lines. The class was glad to welcome back Miss Mc-Clain who was called to Prineville on account of the death of her sister. Great interest is felt in the basecall season. The class has elected Ben Larson as captain and are looking forward to great victories.

Clergyman (examining a Sunday School clsss)—', Now can any of you tell me what are sins of omission?"

Small scholar—"Please sir, they're sins you ought to have committed and haven't."—Tit-Bits.

Every person is responsible for all the good within the scope of his abilities, and for no more, and none can tell whose sphere is the largest. —Gail Hamilton.

Fundamentally, there is no such thing as private action.
All actions are public—in themselves or in their consequences.—Bovee.

No action will be considered blameless unless the will was so, for by the will the action was indicated. —Seneca.

If those who are enemies of innocent amusements had had the direction of the world, they would take away spring and youth—the former from the year, the latter from life.

-French Proverb.

There are two good rules that ought to be written upon every heart. Never believe anything bad about anybody, unless you positively know that it is true. Never tell even then unless you feel that it is absolutely necessary, and that God is listening while you tell it.

—Van Dyke.

Societies

L. L.

The L. L. Sorority met Friday, January 26, with Lena Carlson and spent a very delightful evening. On Saturday, February 10, we were pleased to have the Tomaniwa Sorority meet with us. On account of so many other entertainments our next meeting was held in the afternoon at the home of Esther Hamblin and we were royally entertained.

C. Claude Hill and Miss Ruby I. Brennan of Astoria were married in Peudleton, January 10. Mr. and Mrs. Hill will make their home in Pendleton where the groom is employed by the American Express Company. Mr. Hill and Miss Brennan were formerly McMinnville College students. While here, Ruby was a loyal L. L. and Claude an enthusiastic D. D.

Tomaniwa

The Tomaniwas have feld but few regular meetings this month but have been royally entertained several times. January 30 we were entertained by Prof. and Mrs. Northup at their home. The rooms were decorated with our colors and hatchets. The evening was spent in guessing-games and puzzles. Delicious refreshments were served and just before we left we drank to the health of Prof. and Mrs. Northup.

On February 3 we held a powwow by the campfire of the tribe of the Adelphics. The program and dainty refreshments were both greatly enjoyed. Again the tribe of the Adelphics have proved themselves delightful enterThe L. L. Sorority gave us a delightful evening February 10. The evening was spent in playing St. Valentine's day games, and an auction sale afforded a great deal of fun. A delicious banquet was served at Feely's restaurant. The tables were decorated with dark red carnations and heart-shaped place-cards.

We wish to thank the High School for their treat to the game, Friday, February 23.

Kappa Alpha Phi

The Kappas have had some splendid meetings this month, especially the one at Tilbury's store. At this meeting we had our semi-annual election of officers. Carrie Mc-Kee was elected Caciqua; Elizabeth Mardis, Escritor; Enid Bell, Chaplain; Alice Black, Editor; and Emma Simonson, assistant editor.

We are very glad, indeed, to have Elsie Morgan as one of our members.

Adelphic

During the past month the Adelphics have had the great pleasure of entertaining our sisters of the Tomaniwa Sorority. The guests were ushered into a darkened room, in which a pleasant bonfire was burning with the aid of electricity. After Big Smoke Manly and Her Highness Annabelle Wood had exchanged greetings, the evening of fun continued. Light and dainty refreshments were served. We always enjoy the company of the ladies and this was no exception.

D. D.

During the mouth that triumph of fraternity life, the annual banquet, was enjoyed by the members of the D. D. [17]

Fraternity and their lady friends. Never in the history of the fraternity did a finer company partake of a more sumptuous repast than was enjoyed at the Elberton banquet hall on the evening of February 16. The program, varied and interesting, delighted all present and the entire evening's entertainment was adjudged the best ever given by the fraterternity.

The Agora

During the month steady improvement has characterized the meetings of The Agora. The meeting on Dickens, when finally held after many postponements, was considered one of the best of the year.

It is hoped that more of our students will avail themselves of the opportunity for self-improvement that is offered by this splendid society. Such an organization as The Agora should receive more attention from students of an institution like McMinnville College. While there have been many counter attractions, such as basketball games and the lyceum course, still the indifference shown this society of literary endeavor should not be allowed. The aim of this society is to enjoy meetings of a a literary character which, at the same time, will tend to develop one's ability in this direction.

Our society is steadily increasing in interest and effectiveness, and a larger attendance would lead to even greater results.

The social committee is planning a social for the near future which it is hoped will be well attended by students and faculty alike.

Don't neglect The Agora—organized for all the students of all the college—boost! BOOST!!!

Y. W. C. A.

Are you a Y. W. girl? If not, why not? The meeting each Wednesday at 11:15 a. m. is always too good to miss. At our first meeting this month, Miss Silbah, a W. C. T. U worker, addressed us upon the care of the body. The other meetings, led by the girls, have given us new ideas and inspirations.

True bravery is shown by performing without witness what one might be capable of doing before all the world.—
Rochefaucauld.

Whenever you wish to ruin a person or a government, you must begin by spreading columnies to defame them.—
Busenbaum.

No great genius was ever without some madness, nor can anything grand or superior to the voice of common mortals be spoken except by the agitated soul. —Aristotle.

I would rather plant a single acorn that will make an oak of a century and a forest of a thousand years, than sow a thousand morning-glories that give joy for a day and are gone tomorrow. For the same reason I would rather plant one living truth in the heart of a child that will multiply through the ages, than scatter a thousand brilliant conceits before a great audience that will flash like sparks for an instant, and like sparks disappear forever. —Edward Leigh Pell.

Athletics

Pacific University vs. McMinnville College

On the 19th of Feb. two of the fastest games of this season were played on the home floor. Our first and second teams played the teams of Pacific University.

The second team game was played first. It commenced with a rush and our home team made the first basket. Even though our regular center was laid out before the game was over Hickok efficiently took his place while Diebel took Hickok's place at forward.

This is twice that our second team has won over P. U. this season. Salter and Hylton guarded their men in a most satisfactory manner and show up as good prospectives for places on first team of the future. The whistle sounded with the close score of 16 to 17 in favor of Mc-Minnville.

The first team went on the floor with the determination to better the record of the second team. From the start the first team had the best of it. Basket after basket was scored by McKee for the home team and time after time the McMinnville guards blocked the P. U. forwards. It was without doubt the best game McMinnville College has put up this season. The P. U. Boys were unable to break up our team work although they presented some excellent formation in return.

Our boys gave proof in this game of the excellent coaching of Prof. Van Osdel. Enthusiasm ran high and good cheering was a conspicuous feature due to the efforts of our efficient yell leader, Robert Russell.

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Pacific College vs. McMinnville College

In this game McMinnville was beaten. We had the lead within two minutes of the end of the first half. Miller was laid out and some way or other the change caused disorder in the team work of our boys and only three more points were added to the eleven obtained in the first half. The final score was 28 to 14 in favor of Pacific College. After the game we were entertained by the Y. W. and Y. M. C. A.'s of Pacific.

Philomath vs. McMinnville

Philomath was defeated on our home floor by a score of 26 to 21. The score was considerably different than when we met Philomath on their home floor. This shows that practice makes perfect.

Girls' Basketball

On February 14 the Blacks played the Whites at the pavilion. At this game the teams seemed evenly matched, the score being 6 to 6. The proceeds of the game were given to the Y. W. C. A-

After this game the girls were divided into the first and second teams with Alice Black as captain of the first and second team.

On February 22 the first team played the McMinnville High School girls. There was some splendid playing on both sides. At the end of the first half the score was 6 to 2 and the final score was 12 to 2 in favor of the college.

The girls expect to play several more games in the near future.

Communication from the Captain of the Basketball Team

The basketball season of 1911-12 is finished. As we glance over the record of the past season there are several

things that stand out prominently. Probably the fact that our team this year did not win a majority of the games played is the one that most of our students remember. While this is to be regretted, yet it must not be forgotten that it takes truer sportsmanship to lose. Our players have played clean ball whether they won or lost. The basketball squad has worked harder and stood by us more loyally than in former years. They have done their best and no more can be asked. The season has been a success financially. Basketball has earned more money this year than ever before and the basketball fund shows a good balance. The game of basketball will have stronger support in Mc-Minnville another season because of the fact that our players have put up a first class exhibition of the sport, Our home supporters are well satisfied with the showing made in our local games. As captain of the team for the past season I wish to thank the fellows for and congratulate them upon, the way they have worked to make the team succeed. Even though we did not always win, the fellows have not complained and have striven more earnestly to develop the team. The team for 1912-13 will realize that much has been gained during the past season.

R. S. McKEE, Captian.

Baseball.

What promises to be the best baseball season the college has ever had started full blast February 27. Dr. Toney had out 37 men which shows that positions on the first team will be fought for hard.

Manager Brace has arranged games with Pacific College, Chemawa, Philomath, Columbia University. Jefferson High, McMinnville High and we expect a practice game with O. A. C.

Exchanges

The Willamette Collegian comes to this department for the first time this month. It is a weekly newspaper containing as much news of local interest as any similar publication we have ever received.

The Oregon Teachers' Monthly has printed in the last two issues articles on the study of pictures by Prof. W. R. Rutherford of McMinnville. One is on Sir Edwin Landseer and the other on Rosa Bonheur.

It is impossible to read all the stories in all the exchanges, but "Will Vance, the Honor Man," in the February Clarion, is good.

It was reported in the University of Nevada Sagebrush for January 16 that the president and board of regents had put a stop to all dancing in the gymnasium. The editor says: "They stopped the rag dances all right, and at the same time gave the newspapers several columns of sensational matter to spread out all over the country. . . . The guilty parties were not, for the most part, college people, but people from town and in no way connected with the school." In the same issue there is an announcement of a dance to be given by the Century Club. It includes this sentence: "It is to be stated that at this dance there will be absolutely no rough dancing and that those who cannot refrain from this sort of dancing need not attend. The dancing will begin at nine o'clock and will continue until a late hour." An unsuccessful attempt was made in a student body meeting of the University of Nevada to pass a resolution prohibiting the use of the gymnasium for dancing by all but college

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people.

The University Argonaut has a solid column of interesting items.

Chancellor Alvry of the University of Nebraska has threatened with expulsion any student guilty of singing in public that devil-may-care song, "Hail, hail, the Gang's All Here."

It has been decided by the governing officials of the Amateur Athletic Union and National Committee that the National Track and Field championship meet shall be held in San Francisco during the Panama Exposition. The Amateur Athletic Union officials have also decided upon the three tryout tracks for the Olympic games—the Harvard stadium, the Marshall Field in Chicago, and Golden Gate Field in San Francisco.

The freshmen co-eds of the University of Washington wear a green ribbon bow with a pearl button in the center. They are required to say "hello" regardless of introductions.

The question of judicial recall has been chosen for the triangular debate between the Universities of Colorado, Kansas, and Utah.

The Argonaut quotes from the Oberlin Review: "In order to provide greater stimulus for better scholarship, the Dartmouth faculty has voted to establish a new cut system. The new rule allows all men of a general average of at least 85 per cent in any semester full cutting privileges in the bllowing semester with only the restriction that the total number of absences does not exceed five cuts per semester hour. For the remainder of the college the system now in force will remain the same whereby, in a three hour course, the two lower classes are allowed three cuts per semester, juniors four cuts per semester, and seniors six cuts."

Heard in Bible Study

O. W.: "One of the great miracles was the healing of the man at the pool of Bethsdad."

C. D.: "A leopard was healed there."

Mr. S: "Let's see, I thought Luke had his home in Philippi last term."

Prof. Wallace: "How did they print in Bible times?"

E. E. J.: "It was a mouth to mouth proposition."

Prof. Wallace: "You mean 'imprinting', don't you, Johnson?"

A Geometrical Proposition

E. S.: "How did I get that black eye? Why, my face coincided with Edna's teeth.

A. R. B.: (in ethics) "As Tudie says—"

First student: "Did you have meat for dinner?"
Second student: "No, we had met," and then he ran

to his 1:45 recitation.

W. L. A.: (when E. K. L. nearly sat down in Pettit's lap) "Here your not a Swede, you're a Laplander."

Altpeter: "I only did backward what you did."

Prof. Northup: "All crawfish go backward."

Time-10 a. m., day of girls' basketball game.

Place-Music Hall.

Girl-Ethel Morgan.

Music student: "What time is it please?"
Ethel: (thinking of the game) "4:30."

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Regarding the air in the College chapel Marsh says:

"Some like it hot,
Some like it cold,
Some like it in the chapel
Seven days old."

Succinct Reply

Prof. Wallace: "What is tone-color and why is it important?"

Student: "Tone-color is that part of a speech which gives it success and it is very important for if it is not present the speech will not be successful."

A Polar Excursion

One of the seniors started recently on a trip to the North Pole. Pausing first at Lake Katrina he went from there to the Black Sea. Then, drawing nearer the goal, he passed through Finland and then Greenland. Immediately after he was in a heavy fog. His outlook was almost hopeless but he was guided to safety by the sound of a Bell.

I remember well my German And my Greek and History, But of all the things I've taken Ceasar's the worst I e'er did see.

Mystery

At the girls' basketball game on February 14 two elerantly gowned young ladies entered the pavilion. Passing wn the full length of the building, their graceful dignity id irresistible beauty made them the cynosure of all eyes. Excited whispers and conjectures as to their coming were on every tongue, They graciously acknowledged the involuntary acclamation of the crowd of admiring girls but conversed only with our esteemed dean of the conservatory. Almost immediately thereafter, just as the game began, they made an impressive departure. They have never been seen since but it is rumored that they were spies employed by the Japanese government.

1st student: "Have you got your trig?"
2nd student: "No I haven't a Hylton to help me."

E. G.: (in commercial arithmetic) "Professor, what is that 227 at the bottom of the page?"

Prof. Coe: "The number of the page."

E. G.: "Oh, I that it was part of the 36th problem."

Vote for
We men
Wee men
and
Wo men

A. B.: (in Ethics) "The Dunkards are good people. The fact that they believe in foot washing doesn't make them less spiritnal."

A Modern Fairy Tale

Mac's Knight, the brave Dunkin, wandered along pleasant Rhodes, over Green Meads and Woods and Vailes. It was the close of Day and the mellow tones of the evening Bell sounded across the Marsh. Suddenly he heard the roar of a Lyon, and glancing around saw the White princess endangered by the Black Fate of being slain by the Brist'ling beast. Bracing himself he Downs the creature with a Stout and Manley stroke. Once saved the princess wanders alone no Moore.

College Slang

That noble subject, "college slang", has been assigned to me, To discuss with erudition, and in language error-free.

Of a great long list of subjects there surely could not be Any topic quite so fitting as this one is for me,

For I never use such rotton dope as this here college slang, And I'll express my thoughts to you in lines like Homer sang.

I detest the slang we're using and I wish the time would come

When the pure and classic English would be used at least by some.

Since we've studied Latin, Greek, and modern literature, We ought, I think, to speak our lingo good and pure.

All your common bughouse phrases you consider much admired,

But, by grab, they only make the shrinking highbrow tired.

There is nothing more delightful than a pure and classic speech,

And the man who weighs his phrases always stacks up as a peach,

While the guy who shoots his larynx in a careless, slipshod way

Looms up like a selling-plater—people brand him for a jay, In my youth my father soaked me if I entered his shebang, Handing out a line of language that he recognized as slang. He would take me to the cellar, down among the mice and rats.

And with nice, long sticks of stovewood he'd play solos on my slats. Thus there came a deep devotion for our language undefiled, And it drives me nearly batty when I hear most every child In our dear McMinnville College using language that's so wild.

Yet we hear it on the campus, dope that's far from being fine.

And the roughnecks, they who use it, should be dipped in old Cozine.

Using slang is just a habit, just a cheap and dopey trick;
If you hump yourself a trifle you can shake it mighty quick.
Watch my curves and imitate them, weigh your words before they're sprung,

And you'll always bless the habit that you formed when you were young.

"It was about a couple of 'moonlighters,' " began the humorist. "The 'moonlighters', you know, are an Irish institution something like the Fenians-or, at least, that was the way Joe used to explain it. These 'moonlighters' were out after a certain landlord. They'd been wanting to kill him for a long time. One night the two of them lay in ambush at a point which the landlord, being a man of regular habits, was accustomed to pass precisely at five o'clock every night. One of the 'moonlighters' hid on one side of the road. His comrade took the other. Five o'clock came, but no sign of the landlord. At 5:30 one of them gave a low whistle. The other answered and they joined in the middle of the road. ''Tis long after foive,' said one. ''Tis thot,' responded the other. 'He's not in soight,' said the first. He shook his head. 'Sure, Oi hope nothin's happened to the good man." -Chicago Tribune.

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Who's Who in McMinnville

Editor of Who's Who in McMinnville:-

There are two points in which I perceive that the "Who's Who in America" and the "Who's Who in Mc-Minnville" are essentially similar—the subjects may contribute their own biographies, and contributions from great men only are solicited. It is with intense satisfaction and justifiable self-complacence that I observe that I am the first and greatest man to be asked to submit for publication on account of my notable career.

Yours truly, GUY N. HICKOK.

P. S.—Please do not publish this letter (unless, of course, you want to) as it might make me seem rather vain.

Guy N. Hickok

Guy N. Hickok (who, by the way, when he was only a professor instructing in the subjects of Bible study and Public Speaking invariably parted his name in the middle and signed himself G. Nelson Hickok) was born in the state* of Hawkeyes and Hogs. In various parts of that same state he passed a normally happy and comparatively uneventful childhood, living on the farm and attending a district school. He was a precocious boy and a voracious reader. In spite of these handicaps and by virtue of moral suasion of rawhide and birch he passed the grammar grades before he was twenty years of age. Sometime between the ages eight and 18 he removed with his parents to California, where he likewise made brilliant scholarship records, where he first heard the siren song of literature, and where

* Iowa.

he learned—as did Benj. Franklin, Mark Twain, and many others scarcely less great than he—the printer's trade. He became a stenographer, apprenticed himself to a mason, undertook library work, engaged in hotel operation, and finally took up journalism. He spent some time in traveling about the West, gathering material for an epic poem, the "great American novel," a history of the Pacific Slope and the Rockies, or some other monumental writing which he never undertook.

At present Mr. Hickok is a resident of Oregon, "the land of the tell-tale whispering pines," and is editor of The Review, the greatest monthly publication of North America, a position which he obtained in spite of his former literary efforts and his connection with such papers as the Richmond Leader, The Salt Lake Tribune, etc.

T. E. E. C. K. Mardis

Tudie Etta Elizabeth Collins Kelley Mardis was born somewhat less than fifty years ago in Tulare County, California. As a child she showed no wonderful characteristics. During the early part of her life men spoke of her as the "adorable mignonne," but in later years this epithet was lost.

She was always of a studious disposition and managed, with much help from the teacher, to gain passing grades in the public schools a few years before she attained the age to which attendance at public schools is limited. She was then sent to the Visalia High School where she was known more for her penchant for rubbing "cockle burrs" in the hair of the girl who sat in front of her than for her love of study.

The principal of the school having once had a sweet-

heart named Tudie, granted Miss Mardis passing credits for her freshman year,

She then moved to Oregon, with relatives, in the fall of 1908. Soon after her location in McMinnville she registered in the College and has been identified with the educational movement ever since. Although of a modest, retiring, and sensitive nature she has taken part in several debates in which she became known for her abilily in bombast and harangue. In 1909 she was elected Local Editor of The Review. In that office she strained her mind in manufacturing jokes, and has since been a confirmed pessimist and at times a promising candidate for admittance to Salem's famous institution for the mentally decrepit.

Last year she was railroaded into the office of vice president of the A. S. B., which office she fills admirably as long as the president has charge of the meetings.

Mrs. Pankhurst was in New York during the strike of the shirtwaist girls, and to one of the girls she said that, if women could vote, the necessity for such strikes would be done away with. "Perhaps," replied the girl doubtfully. "But don't you think the ignorant vote would be greatly increased?" Mrs. Pankhurst was surprised to hear of "the ignorant vote" from such a source. Hitherto she had heard that objection raised largely in drawing-rooms, and she questioned the girl as to what "ignorant vote" she referred to. "Oh," the girl replied, "I mean that Fifth Avenue crowd."

-Ex.

Everywhere in life, the true question is, not what we gain, but what we do.—Carlyle.

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A Yankee clinched his argument with an Englishman as to the relative size of the Thames and the Mississippi by saying, "Why, look here, mister, there ain't enough water in the whole of the Thames to make a gargle for the mouth of the Mississippi."

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"Waiter!" called the guest at the cafe, who had just changed his mind. "Waiter!"

"Yes, sir?" replied the waiter, rushing back to the table.

"Make that chop a steak, will you?"

"Sir," answered the waiter, "I am a waiter, not a magician."

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"I say, my dear," said a "golden youth" to a pretty nursemaid in Hyde Park, I wish I was a youngster in your charge."

"So do I," responded the girl. "I should then have a chance to teach you better manners."—Tit-Bits.

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_Louisville Post.

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Two lawyers before a probate judge recently got into a wrangle. At last one of the disputants, losing control over his emotions, exclaimed to his opponent, "Sir, you are, I think, the biggest ass that I ever had the misfortune to set eyes upon."

"Order, order!" said the judge gravely, "You seem to forget that I am in the room."—Western Christian Advocate

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The News-Reporter

McMINNVILLE'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

Student class party invitations, posters, etc. given careful attention

"Now, if I were only an ostrich," began the man at the breakfast table, as he picked up one of his wife's biscuits, "then-"

"Yes," interrupted his wife, "then I might get a few feathers for that old hat I've worn for three winters."

-Chicago News.

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"Sunrise!" said the second man, "why, I'm always in bed before sunrise." -New York Ledger.

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A teacher in a public school, after laboriously and exhaustively explaining to her pupils the meaning of "income," told little Johnny to go to the board, write a sentence containing the new word, and read it aloud to the school. Johnny, his freckled face fairly radiant with the pride of his newly-acquired knowledge, marched to the board, and after considerable tongue chewing evolved the following: "In come a cat."—National Monthly.

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"I understand they have a curfew law out there now,"

"No," his informant answered, "they did have one, but they've abandoned it,"

"What was the matter?"

"Well, the bell rang every night at nine o'clock, and most everybody complained that it woke them up."

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"How did that story pan out about the mau up in the Bronx who found the big hailstone on his back stoop this morning?" asked the city editor.

"Nothing in it," replied the reporter. "He discovered it wasn't a hailstone after all. The iceman left it there."

-Woman's Home Companion.

McMinnville Studio

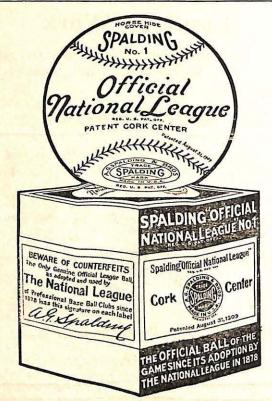
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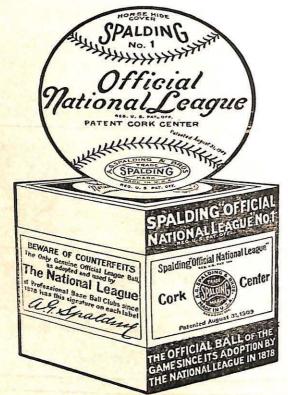
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