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**T**he **R**eview

Oratorical Number

April, 1912

McMinnville College

McMinnville, Oregon



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**Raymond B. Culver**

Our representative to the State Intercollegiate  
Oratorical Contest

# The Review

McMinnville College, McMinnville, Oregon

VOL. XVII

APRIL, 1912

No. 7

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John F. Mason

Representative to the Intercollegiate Contest of the  
Oregon Prohibition Association



## The Wind Storm

---

Why should I sleep tonight  
While o'er the world without  
All nature's forces fight,  
Fiercely contending?  
Hear 'midst the hurricane  
Loud the wind-driven rain  
Over the hill and plain  
Swiftly descending.

Now sweeps the wind along,  
Wondrous wild, swift and strong,  
Chanting his battle song,  
Boasting his power.  
While on the mountainside  
Trees, the great forest's pride,  
Before his mighty stride  
Fearfully cower.

O thou great wind so free,  
How can I sing of thee  
All that my heart can see  
In thy wild fury.  
Thou art the tempest's child,  
Born for the storms so wild;  
All to thy power must yield,  
And to thy glory.

—H. F. F.

## The New Statesman

---

THE American Republic is the world's greatest experiment in constitutional government. It was founded upon the faith that freedom is the inherent right of every man. Civil liberty is at once its lofty purpose and its motive power. It seeks to provide all the blessings of a pure democracy, while it safeguards those benefits from the dangers of hasty and ill-advised action. A representative government, it requires the intelligent patriotism of every citizen. It demands that an alert people, interested in the nation's welfare, shall choose as their leaders unselfish men who will strive for the highest good of all. In so far as our people have neglected to do this or our representatives have been unmindful of their trust, thus far has our theory of government failed.

Hardship strengthens; danger incites vigilance. During the first trying years our nation grew. The past half century has been a period of almost uninterrupted peace and seeming security; a period of marvelous commercial growth and prosperity. A mania for acquiring wealth has swept over our land. The people have forgotten the nation's needs and have become indifferent to their political responsibilities.

As a result of this attitude and neglect there has arisen a false statesman with all his vice and corruption; a man to whom is confided the people's trust, at the same time their most deadly enemy; a man who is linked with the "interests", willingly bound and driven to do their bidding. Whether in the city council or state legislature, in the national congress or on the federal bench, he has sold himself,



his honor, his trust, his very soul for the blood money his masters dole out to him.

Our greatest danger today threatens not the outposts of our government, it is entrenched within the citadel. It has come so steadily, so swiftly, yet so quietly we have raised no opposing hand. It is the rule of money, the tyranny of special privilege. In the great prosperity of past years men have grown immensely rich, and, led on by their greed, have reached out their hands and with their bribes have polluted and poisoned the political life of the nation until every department of government is influenced by those arch-enemies of democracy, the privileged classes. Politics are proverbially corrupt. Money controls elections, municipal, state, or national; and money will elect its man. The Lorimer bribery and the senate's whitewash are typical of this. Paid agents of wealth sit in the Capitol halls, dictate the nation's laws, and too often control its policies. An unjust tariff must be revised; money says, "not so; that will lessen our gains." Corporations must be controlled; privilege cries, "No; you will affect our profits." Money controls the press; not exclusively, but newspapers are so owned and governed by gigantic syndicates that damaging news is suppressed, or so altered that the people do not learn the truth.

Money affects our judicial department; not so much the lower courts, for there the little criminal sometimes gets his deserts. But in the higher court there is corruption. Says Ralph Waldo Trine, "It has been asserted that for a quarter of a century no man has been appointed to the federal bench unless he was either a corporation lawyer or was known to hold views which made him satisfactory to those interests." If there is any basis for such an assertion it is an appalling

fact. If we cannot find justice in the federal courts, institutions which ought to stand for the highest type of justice in the nation, where shall we seek?

Results of this rule of privilege are everywhere apparent. Wealth is taking the country's natural resources, and in return giving—what? Poor service, higher prices. Every year the condition of the workingman is more grave. In this country today there are four million paupers. One person of every twenty-two a dependent of charity! More pitiable still is the slavery of the child. Thousands upon thousands of children who have never known the joys of childhood, with their little pinched faces and weakened bodies, after a few years of toil fill early graves to satisfy a master's greed and swell the stream of gold that fills his coffers.

Before any nation has been overwhelmed by barbarians it had really perished from internal decay. It was exhausted, dead, and the spoilers entered. "He would have been a rash man," says Henry George, "who, when Augustus was changing the Rome of brick to the Rome of marble, when manners were becoming more refined, language more polished, and literature was rising to higher splendors, he would have been a rash man who then would have said that Rome was entering her decline. Yet such was the case." When Rome fell her wealth was controlled by fifteen hundred families. Today eighty per cent of the wealth of the United States is in the hands of less than fifty men. We may boast of our progress, our wealth, yet so sure as the declining sun brings night, so sure as disease brings death, so sure is it that a nation which in proportion to its population must yearly build more almshouses and prisons, though wealth increase and cities expand, though science



and invention march on, that nation is on the downward road to ruin and decay.

Such a message is not popular. We like to think our country clean and free. We cherish an unfaltering faith in the divine destiny of our nation. Whenever a public speaker or magazine writer sounds a note of warning, we cry, "Calamity", "Muckrake",—just what the "interests" would have us do.

But there is a universal demand for a changed method in government. The people are in open revolt against the domination of the false statesman. The poor are demanding justice, not charity. Is it any wonder an ominous, subterranean restlessness is revealed in a chain of dynamiting outrages extending from ocean to ocean? Free-born Americans will not be serfs nor slaves. The time is critical. A powerful leader with evil motives could set this country on fire. The people are honest but they must be led. It is a time of opportunity. Too long the thinking men of the colleges have turned their attention to other things. Too long have we permitted ourselves to be but a cog in the political machine. Too long have we surrendered our nation to the power of gold.

But a new day is breaking. The God of nations has chosen yet to be kind to us in spite of our neglect. He has in these days raised up a new statesman; a type of man whom wealth has been unable to move. A man with sober mind and far-seeing eye, who has read in the times the oft-repeated warning and has given himself a task far greater than that of the battlefield, the task of reclaiming the people's rights from the traitors who have so brazenly stolen them. I speak of such men as Folk of Missouri, LaFollette of Wisconsin, Wilson of New Jersey, William Jennings Bryan and

Theodore Roosevelt, men who have stood for civic righteousness and truth in their own states and in the nation; men who have beaten the "interests" and are showing what an aroused people can do.

I have called him the new statesman, He is the old statesman. as old as the nation itself. He is as old as Washington, as old as Lincoln whose matchless faith in the common people sustained him in his darkest hours. He is the man who has learned that social rather than selfish interests must be the real incentive of human progress; that the great practical end of life is not supremacy but service. The men who guide our nation's future must be educated to know that in becoming citizens they are living not only for their own sakes, but for the sake of their country, for the sake of their countrymen, and ultimately for the sake of all humanity.

College men of America, our country calls us. Our new statesmen are showing us the way. In a few years they will have passed on. The duty is ours. How shall we respond? What the nation needs now is men—men who will stand for the right, men who will pray on their knees in the snows of Valley Forge; men whose hearts will break with the nation's cares. The strength and the power are ours. Let us answer our country's call. Let us work and pray and strive and fight till the rule of money with all its attendant vice and corruption, till the tyranny of privilege with all its train of poverty, sighs, and tears shall be crushed forever; and in their place shall stand our republic of free-men, where the will of the people reigns supreme.

RAYMOND B. CULVER

NOTE: The above oration was delivered by our representative at the State Intercollegiate contest held in Forest Grove, March 8. Mr. Culver was awarded third place.



## Prohibition and Progress

EARLY in the seventeenth century two frail vessels sailed slowly across the tempestuous Atlantic; the one laden with the prospects of a future state; the other freighted with ballast of inebriety. The Pilgrim fathers planted the tree of righteousness, prosperity, and freedom; while Thomas Morton and his followers sowed the seed of debauchery, wretchedness, and oppression. At Plymouth the people gathered at the alter, worshipped according to their own conscience, and carried the gospel into the forest where lurked the hostile Indians. At Merrymount the dusky maidens were drawn into the dance, powder and muskets bartered for furs, and the fire-water of the white man given to the savage.

Thus in the beginning of our national life the forces of progress, liberty under law, temperance, were brought into open conflict with those of degeneracy, liberty without law, intemperance. The principles of the Pilgrims survived, but the seed sown at Merrymount grew rapidly until now deterioration hangs like the sword of Damocles above the life of the nation.

National perpetuity depends upon the character of the citizen. National prosperity rests upon the welfare of the individual. If America is to fulfil its destiny in the culmination of the world's civilization, our citizens must be virtuous, vigorous, energetic and loyal. They must be men of faith, ambitious for social righteousness.

The character of the individual is governed by the strength of his physical, intellectual, and moral powers. These facilities are weakened by even a temperate use of

alcohol. Excessive intemperance may completely destroy one, two, or all of these working forces.

Alcohol destroys the body. Each year thousands of newly-dug graves are filled with drinkers of this poison. It is not alone the old and unsteady that are taken; but the middle-aged, deciding as they do the destinies of the nation, and burdened with the cares of the state; the young, filled with patriotism and vowing with all the enthusiasm of youth that a stainless flag shall float on high.

Each year more men are killed by drink than were killed by three years of our Civil war. Add the multitude who have met death on railroads because of drunken brakemen, engineers, and dispatchers. Add the large number murdered by those whose minds have become affected by intoxicants. What an appalling army it would be were all these dead to rise from their graves and confront us with the horrors of this deadly traffic!

Alcohol breaks the powers of the mind. Under its influence mild men become furious and sane men are transformed into demons. Men who use intoxicants fail where accuracy and reliability are required. Corporations and railroad companies have learned the necessity of employing abstaining men. Alcohol robs our schools, fills our asylums, and lowers the intellectual standards of our nation.

Alcohol kills the morality of men. Our prisons are over crowded with its victims; our cities suffering from its demoralizing power; and the life-giving qualities of Christ's teachings tarnished by the speech of its worshipers.

Alcohol treacherously subverts economic values. The manufacture of intoxicants is looked upon as a source of wealth. Men boast of the fine breweries and distilleries and the revenues they bring. Instead this traffic drains the



country of more money than is spent upon all functions of government. Its stream of inebriety flows over the nation like a death plague; destroying homes; crowding poorhouses, and prisons; leaving the verdant valleys of happiness dotted with the graves of its dead.

Our national wealth cannot be reckoned in dollars and cents. It must be estimated in the lives and characters of men,—a standard higher than the finest gold, wherein lies the greatness of our strength. Alcohol is attacking our moral evolution and blighting our citizenship.

A nation of degenerates can never prosper. Jerusalem, Babylon, Nineveh, corrupted by their vices fell captive to the invader. Persia, degenerated, could not resist the forces of Greece. Alexander brought into subjection all the armies of the East, but conquered by a foe hidden in cups of Syrian wine, he died a slave of Dionysus. His death was followed by the fall of the Macedonian empire. Greece, her power undermined by licentious intemperance, fell captive to Rome. Rome, powerful as she was, bowed before her goddess of wine, and was smitten with the Barbarian sword. The succession of nations has always shown the triumph of the undegenerate and the fall of the degenerate.

Consider what it would mean if America should fall as have the great empires of the East. Our principles have given encouragement to all nations. To us look the oppressed peoples of the earth, seeking to share our privileges and prosperity.

“Ah, what a mighty trust is ours, the noblest ever sung,  
To keep this banner spotless, its kindred stars among.”

We can never fulfill this trust and keep these colors pure while the tyrant Alcohol sits upon the throne of justice, robs men of their greatest heritage—a free vote, and holds

in bondage the citizenship of our nation. We must rid our land of this national curse.

Three methods of procedure are suggested; education, high license and prohibition. Education is checking the use of alcohol, but the ignorant foreigners landing on our shores and the millions of people in our slums are not affected by education. High license has been tried long and miserably failed. Prohibition is the only sure and speedy solution of this problem. The right of the state to abolish that which is destroying its citizens, undermining society, and threatening the progress of government cannot be questioned.

We must make and enforce laws that will prohibit the manufacture and sale of fermented liquors. Such laws will never be enacted while men stand in speechless awe, failing to enlist against the army marching unchecked across our country, quartering its soldiers by law in our homes, applying the torch to the hearts of women and children and leaving a blackened field of degeneracy.

Good government requires voters who will stand for the right and use their votes as weapons to conquer the forces of destruction. The free ballot is the foundation of democracy. With it the citizen guards the nation's prosperity and makes the nation's laws. Sacred as this power is, there are those who will draw their threads from the folds of Old Glory and barter them for drink. The nation is injured for the citizen has failed to minister to the highest civic duty—the over-throw of depravity. Let us banish the tyranny of such a degrading traffic and restore the untrammelled citizen to the throne of our republic! Prohibition and progress go hand in hand. To refuse to act is to surrender our liberty to the Tartar hordes of Alcohol:—



“The oppressive, sturdy, man-destroying villians,  
Who ravag’d kingdoms, and laid empires waste,  
And, in cruel wantonness of power  
Thinned states of half their people, and gave up  
To want the rest.”

Shall we hesitate to perform the duty devolving upon us, and leave unguarded the nations welfare? Can we stand idly by while our asylums and reformatories are filled with victims of the Bourbonic plague? Are we to remain inactive while national character is trampled down and left to die upon a bed of malt? No! We must triumph over this destroyer of life and character. We must save our people from the blights of manhood.

The forces of right and wrong are gathering upon the battle-field. Facing us are arrayed the liquor forces, entrenched in lawlessness behind a rampart of gold. They fight for corruption, vice, voluptuousness, everything that destroys humanity and threatens national life. On our side is the rugged band of Freedom’s heroes, marching under open fire to defend a new patriotism. We struggle for life and liberty. We strive to throw off the ignoble yoke of a nation’s bondage. The noise of battle increases as our opposing armies marshal their troops for engagement. The clouds of war cast their pall over the whole nation. But wait! We shall see the mighty fortress of Wrong crumble, we shall see her banners of destruction fall amid smouldering ruins, and in their place we shall raise the emblems of Liberty—prohibition and progress, and to a redeemed people shall come a new era of prosperity and world-wide service.

JOHN F. MASON

NOTE: This oration was delivered by McMinnville’s representative at the annual contest of the Inter-Collegiate Prohibition Association of Oregon, winning second place.

## Oratory and Debate

The local contests in oratory have been fairly good and very profitable to the contestants this year. In the finals we have done well, though no first places were won. At Forest Grove, on March 8, Ray Culver delivered his oration, “The New Statesman,” winning third place in the State Intercollegiate Contest. A week later, at the opera house in our own town, John Mason took second place in the contest of the Prohibition League, speaking on the subject, “Prohibition and Progress.” Both orations appear in this number of THE REVIEW. The Adelpic Fraternity contest, held March 13, was won by Frank Manley. Mr. Manley’s oration on “Justice and Law” was in point of composition and content one of the best we have ever heard.

In debate, we have thus far been less fortunate. On March 30 our team met the Pacific College representatives at Newberg, and were defeated by a unanimous decision. Our debaters are Geo. Stewart, Jr, B. A. Hylton, and C. R. Howd.

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I married a widow with a daughter. My father visited our house frequently; fell in love with and married my stepdaughter. Thus my father became my son-in-law, and my stepdaughter my mother for she was my father’s wife. My stepdaughter had also a son. He was, of course, my brother and at the same time my grandson, for he was the son of my daughter. My wife was my grandmother, because she was my mother’s mother. I was my wife’s husband and grandchild at the same time, and as the husband of a person’s grandmother is his grandfather, I was my own grandfather.

—Skow.



## Classes

### Seniors

The Senior class will institute another custom this year, namely the editing of the May number of *The Review*. The class will furnish all literary matter for this issue, and it is hoped that it will be one of the best numbers of the year.

In this public way we wish to thank the management of *The Review* for their kindness.

On Tuesday, April 9, at chapel a surprise was awaiting all except the class. A beautiful quarter-sawed oak pulpit was unveiled and presented to the college by A. R. Blackstone, president of the class. The Seniors in this lasting way wish to express their devotion to the college, leaving this pulpit as a memorial of their work and interest.

### Freshmen

Fair, fair to us is our college dear,  
Rich in all that's of highest worth;  
Each prof upon the faculty  
Stands with us in our work and mirth.  
High ranks each class on honor's roll,  
Many the virtues each well may claim;  
Yet holds this true, that none has higher climbed,  
Than Fifteen, in the race for fame.

### Preparatory

The statement made in these columns last month that the preps had little in the baseball line except class spirit

was certainly an error. Previous to the time of that statement Chester Jordan had not made his appearance on the baseball field. When Jordan appeared Captain Bean at once recognized that he was far superior to any pitcher that the preps had produced. On the following afternoon the game between the college and the preps was played. Jordan fanned several of the best college batters, and the score stood in favor of the preps until the last inning when the college got in two runs, making a score of 5 to 6 in their favor.

We regret very much that a dislocated vertebra in his neck puts Jordan out of the game for several weeks. We are also very sorry that Captain Harry Bean found it necessary to return to his home in Idaho for this term, and we shall expect him back next fall.

---

The English professor, traveling through the hills, noted various quaint expressions, but the one that pleased him most, according to the *Boston Herald*, was the word "but." For instance, after a long ride, the professor sought provisions at a mountain hut. "What d' yo'-all want?" called out a woman. "Madam," said the professor, "Can we get any corn bread here? We'd like to buy some if you have any." "Corn bread? Corn bread, did yo' say?" Then she chuckled to herself, and her manner grew amiable. "Why, if corn bread's all yo' want, come right in, for that's just what I hain't got nothing else on hand but."

---

Many a man has fallen down the ladder of success because he tried to skip the middle rungs. —Ex.



## Societies

### Kappa Alpha Phi

The last month has been an unusually busy but enjoyable one for the Kappas.

At our meeting with Carrie McKee on the evening of February 24 a great surprise was in store for us. After the initiation of our new sister, Elsie Morgan, and the installation of officers, the Adelpic boys who board at McKee's treated us to an oyster supper. This unexpected treat was greatly enjoyed by all of us.

At the meeting with Marie Jones we were much interested in examining a specimen of our emblem flower, the edelweiss, and also the Alpine Rose.

On February 16 the Kappas entertained some of their friends with a jollification at the Tilbury home. A mock opera was presented and met with hearty applause.

### L. L.

The L. L. Sorority met with Hortense Van Fridah on February 21 and were royally entertained. The next week we met with Elva Hibbs and enjoyed having the I. O. M. Fraternity spend a social hour with us. The last meeting of the term was at the home of our sister Lola Davis. The regular election of officers for the spring term was held. The officers are: Lena Carlson, Royal Majesty; Jennie Waugaman, Royal Scribe; Hortense Van Fridah, Royal Booster; Elda Grames, Keeper of the Royal Eagle.

The L. L. Sorority will hereafter be known as the Lambda Lambda Sigma, the Greek for L. L. S.

### Tomaniwa

The Tomaniwas entertained the High School basketball team and coach with a waffle feed at the sorority house on March 9. At the meeting on March 16, which was held at the home of Una and Alice Webster, the following officers were elected: Klashmatyee, Annabelle Wood; Keequilatyee, Emma Larson; Tzumtilacum, Una Webster; Wake Marsh Wampum, Evelyn Ballard; Nannish, Alice Wood; Klashnannish, Eleanor Stockton; Manakum, Alice Webster. The girls were dressed as little children, which caused a great deal of fun.

We held a meeting March 29 at Ruth Mead's home. We were pleased to have our sister Mrs. Corpron, formerly Eva Buchanan, with us again.

### Adlephic

The following officers have been elected for the spring term: F. Gordon Pettit, Vorsitzender; B. A. Hylton, Statthalter; C. A. Jordan, Schrieber; Ralph S. McKee, Unterschreiber; Wilfred Pentney, Schatzmeister, Raymond B. Culver, Praefender; W. Lester Adams and F. P. Manley, Stabtragers.

We are glad to name John McKnight, of Pe Ell, Washington as an active member of the fraternity. He was initiated on Friday evening, March 29.

The fraternity expects this term to be the best in its history. Plans are already made for the annual banquet which is to be held this term.

A. M. Sherwood, G. L. Tilbury, '09, and C. F. Corpron, '08, honorary members of the fraternity, were present at our meeting on March 29.



## D. D.

The D. D. Fraternity enters upon the last and best term of the year 1911-12 in a more prosperous condition than it has known for many years. Throughout the year our meetings have been profitable and enjoyable and much has been done in improving the organization of the order. Some of the most important steps in the history of the fraternity have been taken at the last few meetings.

### The Agora

During the month the meetings of the Agora have shown a steady increase, both in numbers and vitality, and it seems certain that this increase will continue through the spring term. Many of our old members are coming back, while numerous others are securing the benefits of literary endeavor by joining the organization.

On the evening of March 16 the society was treated to a feast of fun and good things to eat, by Prof. and Mrs. Van Osdel.

Several new features are to be introduced this term which will make the meetings even more attractive and profitable to all who attend.

### Student Volunteers

We have completed our study of "The Decisive Hour of Christian Missions" by John R. Mott, and have found the subject of vital interest throughout.

In the election of officers for next year, E. S. Burket was reelected president and Enid Bell was elected secretary.

Instead of following hereafter the usual policy of mission study and discussion, we plan to make our weekly

meetings more interesting and profitable by considering, one at a time, specific problems of missionary preparation and work. Any student who may be interested is cordially invited to meet with us.

We received great inspiration and much useful information from the recent visit of Rev. J. C. Robbins. His messages were all virile and full of missionary enthusiasm.

We also want to express our appreciation of the visit of Rev. A. F. Groesbeck, who is on furlough from South China. At Prof. Boughton's home on March 19 (where the Student Volunteers and Mission Study Class were delightfully entertained) Mr. Groesbeck gave us a vivid picture of the daily labors of the missionary evangelist. He impressed us with the fact that it was work, real hard work, but we could read between the lines something of the big-ness and nobility of the service that missionaries are doing in the name of Christ to lift the heathen toward God and toward better conditions of life. It is the greatest work in the world, but the laborers are all too few. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest that He will send forth laborers into His harvest."

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When Mr Roosevelt was a little boy in short trousers, he confessed to his mother that he was afraid to go into church because the zeal might jump out at him from somewhere. His mother was puzzled, and asked, "What is the zeal?" "Why," exclaimed Theodore, "some big animal, I suppose, like a dragon or an alligator. The minister read from the Bible about it." Down came the concordance, and texts containing the word "zeal" were read aloud, until the child's voice grew excited as he exclaimed, "That's it—the last one you read." It was Psalm 69:9—"For the zeal of thine house hath eaten me up."



## Athletics

### THE BASEBALL STAR

The game is over, the home team has won, and the fans are celebrating the victory as only true baseball enthusiasts can. Those who are not busy slapping their neighbors on the back or throwing their hats in the air are paying homage to the hero of the day.

With the home team three runs behind, the bases filled, and two down, the home team's star stepped to the plate to lose or gain the last half of the ninth inning for his anxiously waiting teammates. The pitcher delivered the ball; the crowd rose in expectancy—but, no, their star has missed! Again he gripped the bat and faced the pitcher, who was exerting himself fully as much. Once more the ball sped through the air from the pitcher's hand and once more the batter swung vainly at it. Almost perfect calm prevailed.

Now came the trying time for the star of the home team. Feeling the weight of responsibility, he grasped the bat once more and again faced the pitcher. Counting on the ability of their pitcher to hold the batter at least to nothing more than a short hit, the fielders of the opposing team closed in, yelling and waving their arms, and making every effort to distract the batter. With every ounce of strength he could command, the batter swung at the speeding ball and sprinted toward first. Rounding the bag he saw the ball fall twenty feet beyond the right fielder. A moment later he had touched the inside corner of the third bag and was making the last spurt for home. He slid across the plate, and rose from a cloud of dust to see the umpire extend his

hands, palms downward, and call, "Safe!" In another moment he was on the shoulders of the fellows, his eyes filled with dust and sweat, and his ears ringing with shouts of applause.

But after all, is the position of a star baseball player so enviable? Is it a position filled with roses and sunshine? When the star faced the pitcher and lifted the ball far out into the right field, the crowd did not think of the hours he had spent facing the pitcher's box when the grandstand was empty. When he sprinted round the diamond in record-breaking time, they forgot the tedious track drill that gave him speed. And as he coasted over the home plate, the cheering spectators had no thought of the bruised knees and scraped elbows that practice of that very play had given him.

And then, a baseball star is expected to be a star and to shine always with undimmed brightness. Should he make an error the fans decide immediately that he is losing out. Even the world's greatest players have been termed down and out because of an "off" day.

On Saturday, March 30, the most successful rally for the support of athletics that has taken place this year in McMinnville College was held for the improvement of the baseball field. Thirty-five fellows with hoes, rakes and shovels completely surfaced the infield and put the outfield into good condition. Work began at 7:30 and ended at noon.

A score of girls prepared and served a cafeteria dinner in the Y. M. C. A. room. The fellows all agree that both our baseball park and our crowd of girls are not only the "best ever," but the best possible.



## Locals

### "Oh Memories"

Professor—"Give a clause showing duration of time."

Miss F. (dreamily)—"He stayed as long as he could."

### Where Would He End?

F. G. P. (translating essay on bread-making)—"One begins by washing the flower."

E. G. D.—"Chamberlain founded Quebec in 1608."

Miss Grover—"What did Champagne discover?"

### A Biological Yell

Ricciaceae,

Filicineae,

Oh Thallophyta,

McMinnvillyta,

Bacteria-a-a-a!

Prof. Gardiner—"What are some of the plays of Shakespeare's second period?"

J. M.—" 'A Midnight Summer's Dream.' "

Professor—"Turn that around, Mr. Maxwell."

J. M.—" 'A Summer Midnight's Dream.' "

Prof. Larsell—"What is the relation between the gametes and the neck canal cells?"

Student (surprised and puzzled)—"Why, I didn't know they were any relation, professor!"

### Very True

"Mr. Starkey, what is, after all, the fundamental difference between a man and a horse?"

"The difference—er—ah—well, the difference is more easily seen than described."

### Clever Drake

L. H. (in History 8)—"Drake sailed from England, thru the Panama Canal and up to California."

### Who Said It?

Some say good roads,

Some say bad roads,

Some say dusty roads,

Some say rocky roads,

I say Veda Rhodes.

### An Ethical Distinction

R. S. M.—"Now, if a baldheaded man gets a wig in order to deceive some girl into marrying him, that's a lie; but if he gets one for warmth in winter and to keep the flies from tickling his bald pate in summer, that's perfectly right."

Professor (in sociology)—"In view of these considerations to which class would you say the charge of conceit was due?"

Student—"Freshmen."

### Hobbies of McMinnville College People

Prof. Van Osdel: Agora-culture.

Guy Brace: Ponies.

Bert Miller: Pompadour hair.

Prof. Wallace: Cracking jokes.

Prof. Coe: Co-education.

W. L. A.: Dieting on nuts.

Little Williams: Asking questions.

C. H. M.: Ray sing song (raising song).

Miss Simonson: Tennis.

Miss Stockton: Kicking.

M. L. C.: Locals.

T. E. M.: Starting something.



## Who's Who in McMinnville

Editor of Who's Who in McMinnville—

Although for some time I have hesitated and refused to permit the publication of my biography in your columns, it is now with pleasure and admirable condescension that I submit this modest account of my career.

Being of an unassuming and very retiring nature, I have tried as far as possible to refrain from any reference that would reveal my marked ability and greatness.

Very truly,

RAYMOND B. CULVER

### Raymond B. Culver

Raymond B. Culver (his first teacher entered his name Raymond Beelzebub Culver—a name which has tenaciously clung to him ever since) was born quite early in life in the famous old state of Michigan. Like a few others of the greatest men of our country, he honored as his birthplace a simple, humble, rural home. While a mere boy he gave evidence of a marked spirit of patriotism and willingness to sacrifice self for the love of country. On the night following Dewey's victory at Manila Bay, he proved his loyalty by attempting to blow himself up with gunpowder. Although his face and hands were badly burned his effort was not quite successful, and as soon as he was able to be about he repeated the attempt by exploding a heavily wadded toy cannon. After he was shot in the eye by his small brother, his parents, fearing that his love for fire and explosives would lead to a premature satisfying of his desires in that direction, took him in hand.

While he was yet a young man, he removed with his

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parents to Oregon. The following fall he entered the Oregon Agricultural College where he attended four terms. This school not being large enough for him, he entered McMinnville College where for some time in his quiet way he was the cause of many extra sessions of the faculty. He left college for a time, thus giving the Profs. a much-needed rest. He sang in concert, engaged in the undertaking business, peddled life insurance, and for a time held a very enviable position as straw-boss in a mountain sawmill.

Having greatly increased his lung power while yelling at the lumber-jacks in the mountains, he reentered McMinnville College Conservatory, and in 1910 was graduated with heretofore unheard-of honors. At present he is president of the Associated Student Body; in which position he has to the present time escaped the unpleasant notoriety of impeachment, rotten-egging, or similar public expression of disapproval.

On Wednesday, January 31, he won the local oratorical tryout, and was chosen to represent McMinnville in the State Oratorical Contest—not because of any ability of his own, but because almost everyone else on the job forgot his spiel.

### John Frederick Mason

Editor "Who's Who in McMinnville":

Out of courtesy, and not fondness for fame, do I reply to your request and write a short sketch of my life. I might inadvertently mention that the sketch of my death will come later. Besides I feel too modest to write my own obituary as that usually embodies the thoughts of a fond wife who looks back over her married life and sees nothing but good in her dead husband.

I was born in Aspin, Colorado. Some difficulty was

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met in naming me, since the day of birth declared Ben. Harrison president elect of the United States. It was almost decided that I should be named Ben or Harrison but that was contrary to the democratic spirit of the family's ancestral traditions. After reviewing a list of the names of a score of relatives, and also considering that of the family physician, I was christened with the distinguished appellation of John Frederick.

It will not be necessary to enter into a complete history of my boyhood, in-as-much as the greatest events of the average man's career are his birth, his appearance on the stage of public life, and his death, suffice it to say that I was never stifled or stunted with school advantages (which may answer for my capacious copiousness of comprehension) and do not believe in gorging the intellect.

I was first pushed before the public gaze to declaim on the "Minute Man of the Revolution." My name was next gossiped into the ears of history by the loquacity of femininity, when I took my stand for equal suffrage.

My occupations have been many and widely varied. In fact my whole life has been one of vicissitudes, not because of incompetency, but because competition is the life of good trade. Perhaps the most pleasant and restful avocation is the one which I now hold—professorship of Greek.

I believe in a great many things and there are a great many things in which I don't believe. I believe in Leap Year because it doesn't interfere unduly with my studies. I believe in orations as nerve-wreckers. I don't believe in flattery, because it encourages untruthfulness. I don't believe a man's face is a warrant of his character.

I shall desist from writing more. There are a great many things I could say that would be news to my readers, but I remember that I am writing an autobiography and not a newspaper.

## Exchanges

Many magazines come to this table whose contents are good but whose outward appearance is very sober. Others have beautiful covers arousing pleasant anticipations of the contents only to disappoint them. When beauty of appearance and value of contents both occur in a magazine its production is a real accomplishment. Six of this month's exchanges are conspicuously successful in this line: Whims, Tahoma, The Daedalian Monthly, Oahuan, The Black and Gold and the News of Eugene, Oregon. The last of these has, as a cover cut, an impressive Lincoln-Washington medallion. The contents are good but the arrangement is uncomfortable, large blocks of solid print with occasional very empty blanks. The article on the Panama Canal is valuable. Its author traces the history of the canal before describing the present work. A Spanish engineer in Balboa's party was the first to study the conditions and make plans. At his death Charles V. ordered another survey which resulted in an unfavorable report. Phillip II. again took the matter up but his engineers were opposed to the building of a canal and the Dominican monks finally induced him to give up the project by quoting the scripture passage, "What God hath joined together let no man put assunder" as directly applying to this case. England made some surveys and plans in the last of the eighteenth century but did no work. In 1838 a French company obtained a concession from the government of Columbia to build either a road, railroad or canal but did nothing at this time. The Universal Interoceanic Canal Co. was organized by Ferdinand



de Lesseps in 1878. He planned a sea level canal and began work on the Panama route but the company failed financially. A new company attempted to build a lock canal, but in 1904 sold out to the United States for \$40,000. The detailed description of the canal as now under construction is the most concise and intensely interesting which the editor has seen anywhere.

The Black and Gold of Honolulu has an unusually satisfying cover—"pretty enough to frame." To the exchange department there are given four large pages whose contents justify the space given. This department ranks with the very best of the kind that we have seen this year.

The Tahoma, for February, of Tacoma High, is a well-filled magazine. The poets' corner is truly delightful. It is a wholly unique experience to read so much poetry and enjoy it all.

The literary department of The Trinitonian is, as usual, excellent. The reason is explained in an editorial: "The stories in this issue are selected by the literary adviser from the original stories that are yearly written by the freshman English class. The stories are worthy of any class and are worthy of publication in any college magazine."

The Toka, of Grant's Pass High School, has been criticised for lack of illustrations. This need not trouble the editor, for we doubt whether his better illustrated critics can equal the substantial and satisfying character of the material with which he displaces pictures. Exchanges sometimes come to this table whose department headings occupy more space than the subjoined articles. Sometimes these headings are of artistic value. Often they are so crude as to discount the entire magazine using them. In any case the use of pictures to fill space is on a par with the use of words for that purpose and should be discouraged.

|  |   |
|--|---|
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"What is your favorite recitation?"

"'Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight.'"

"But no one recites that now"

"That's why I like it." —New York Telegram.

He—"I think her mind is made up."

She—"I know the rest of her is."—Boston Transcript.

|   |                 |
|---|-----------------|
| DRUGS   | SUNDRIES        |
| <p>Williamson's Guaranteed Fountain Pens</p> <h2 style="text-align: center;">Parsons &amp; Hendricks</h2> <p style="text-align: center;">"The Rexall Store"</p> |                 |
| STATIONERY  | TOILET ARTICLES |



## Rogers Bros. Pharmacy

Established 1883

Prescription Experts

Mary baked a little cake  
To tickle papa's palate;  
He put it on a hickory stick,  
And used it for a mallet. —Ex.  
“Get off the grass.”  
“What for?”  
“You dull the blades.” —Ex.

## Elberton Hotel

The House of Quality

McMinnville's Leading Hotel. T. A. White, Prop.

C. A. Olson

W. T. Scholfield

## City Market

Scholfield & Olson, Proprietors

Fresh and Cured Meats.

Fish on Friday.

Telephone 1710

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Phone 4010

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“The Grocery Specialist”

McMinnville, Oregon

*Dr. E. E. Cummins*

*Dentist*

Mardis Building

Visitor—After reading so much about Boston culture I was surprised to hear one of your waiters repeatedly end a sentence with a preposition.

Hubbitt—Indeed! What was the sentence?

Visitor—“Plate of beans with.”—Boston Transcript.

Let us make your class pies and cakes.

## Eat Atlas Bread

McMINNVILLE SANITARY BAKESHOP

W. H. LOGAN

Groceries and Provisions

We can supply your table with the best the market affords at

Reasonable Prices

*Choice Fruits and Confectionery*

Third St.

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|--|---|

“You have tried to fashion a government on the lines of the American republic?”

“Yes, replied the Chinese philosopher, “but up to the present time we haven’t been able to get much beyond the Fourth of July accidents.”

**W. A. MESSNER**

McMinnville’s Leading Department Store

Clothing, Shoes, Ladies’ Suits,  
Groceries, Queensware

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|---|---|

“And what is the diplomatic corps?”

“The diplomatic core,” replied the man who takes a pun seriously, “is what the weaker nation is permitted to receive after the stronger one gets through eating the apple.”  
—Washington Star.

**The Antlers Restaurant**

D. W. FEELY, PROP.

Third Street, bet. D. & E.      McMinnville

4210                      PHONE                      4210

**NEW MEAT MARKET**

J. A. Richardson

Fresh and Smoked Meats, Bacon, Ham, Lard, Sausage, and Fish.  
*Ground Bone for Chickens.      Dressed Chickens.*



"Say, where did you get that new Suit and Hat?  
"Why, they're my old ones; I just went up and had those fellows at 435 Third St. press my suit and block my old hat over."

**McMINNVILLE CLEANING & PRESSING WORKS**

435 Third St.

Phone 7310

Clerk—"What's the matter with this book?"

Purchaser—"It has its appendix cut out." --Ex.

First Student—"The dentist said I had a large cavity that needed filling."

Second Student—"Did he recommend any special course of study?" --Ex.

**O. D. Scott**

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Stoves, Iron Beds, Springs, Mattresses and Art Squares

Corner Third & "B" Sts.,

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and cannot find  
call on  
*Smith-DeHaven Hdw. Co.*

"Do you think that the duties of election time will be too strenuous for us women?"

"Not for me," said the handsome new voter. "I was candidate for queen of a fiesta once and I managed my own campaign." —Los Angeles Tribune.

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If it's right, we have it at the Right Price. College Students will find it to their advantage to make our store headquarters for anything they may need. Trade with us and we both make money.

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The finest shop on the West Side.

Porcelain baths. Three doors from hotels.

Needlecraft Work  
D. M. C. Embroidery Cotton

*Theonli Millinery*

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Hair Dressing and Manicuring  
Hair Work a Specialty

"What's the matter with your wife? She's all broken up lately."

"She got a terrible jar."

"What has happened?"

"Why, she was assisting at a rummage sale, took off her new hat, and someone sold it for thirty-five cents."

—Washington Herald.

Cultivate a Taste for the  
**Best Candies**

You can get them at  
**Wright's Chocolate Shop**

McMinnville, Oregon

Also ice cream, soft drinks, and fruit. Light Lunches.

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Send YOUR LAUNDRY to  
**Home Steam Laundry**

I will treat you  all the year

**D. Hand, Prop.**

The office boy, says a writer in the Sketch, looked at the persistent lady artist, who calls six times a week, and said firmly, "The editor's still engaged."

"Tell him that doesn't matter. I don't want to marry him."

"I haven't the heart to tell him, miss. He's had several disappointments today." —Youth's Companion.

## **McMinnville Studio**

Portraits and Commercial Photography  
We solicit your Better Grade of Work

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## **'Tis a Feat to Fit the Feet**

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# The News-Reporter

McMINNVILLE'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

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

Mrs. Struckit Rich—"Our waiter is a student. He is working his way through college."

Mr. Struckit Rich—"You don't tell me! Well, if the colleges would only turn out a few more good waiters I'd have more respect for them seats of learning."—Puck.

## Hotel Eaton

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All outside rooms. European plan. Located in the heart of the shopping and business district, opposite Olds, Wortman and King's new store.

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McMinnville National Bank Building

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\$2.00

McMinnville, Oregon

"Well, Aunt Emma, when are you coming for a trip in my aeroplane?"

"My dear boy, I'd no more think of doing that than I'd think of flying."—Punch.

First Hobo—"Eternal vigilance is the price of peace."

Second Hobo—"Yes, but who wants peace at that price?"—Punch.

## The McMinnville National Bank

E. C. Apperson ..... President  
F. E. Rogers ..... Vice-President  
W. S. Link ..... Cashier

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Anything from a yard of gravel to a fine buffet at the

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"What you see in that creature to admire I can't see," declared Mrs. Dubbleigh. "Why, she's all made up. Her hair, her figure, her complexion—every bit of her is artificial."

"Well, what of it?" retorted Dubbleigh. "If the world admires self-made men, why shouldn't it admire a self-made woman?" —Harper's Weekly.

"WATCH THE FERN GROW"

## FERN RESTAURANT

Everything new and up-to-date

### Ice Cream Garden in rear

Fresh Fruits, Nuts, and Candies. Full line of Lunch Goods

FIRST DOOR WEST OF RAINBOW THEATER

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And plants are always in good taste. You can get them of

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And that is not the worst,  
For if you'd make it very fast,  
It's hard to make it first.

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The other day a serious looking man walked into the store, and after having drunk a glass of soda water asked if I didn't want to know how to sell more soda water.

"Well, yes," I said, "I am always willing to learn."

"Use larger glasses," he said. —The Liquid Dispenser.

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Books—Stationery—Artists' Materials—Sheet Music—etc.

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Take a ten-days' trip through America's new Playground. Visit Glacier National Park next summer, and learn something about the wonderful scenery in Uncle Sam's new playground—a region of sixty massive, moving glaciers, majestic mountains and deep blue glacial lakes.

Write for our free booklet describing Glacier National Park. Address M. J. Costello, assistant traffic manager, Seattle, Wn.

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