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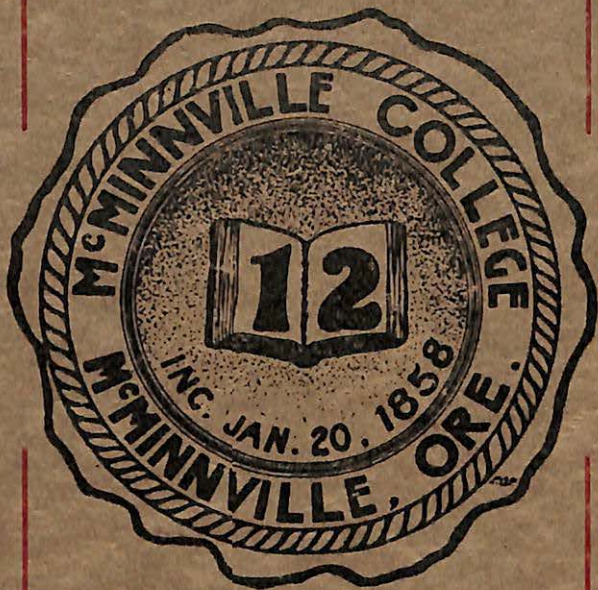
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THE REVIEW



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Mrs. E. R Fischer

Successor to
J. H. Williams

Edited
by the
Seniors

The Review

McMinnville College, McMinnville, Oregon

VOL. XVII

MAY, 1912

No. 8

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McMinnville College

Upon the western border of Willamette's vale,
Where to meet the ocean Yamhill pours his tide'
Though tempests often may her noble halls assail,
Through the years McMinnville College shall abide.

Chorus—

McMinnville! McMinnville! our hearts go out to thee,
In loyal affection thy faithful children we;
Where'er we may wander in near or distant lands
Our hearts abide where Alma Mater stands.

Engraven on her history's page we read a tale
That may well our ardent hearts with love enflame;
How for her life friends bravely fight nor dare to fail
Till enlightened nations learn to love her name.

Around her name shall gather memories sweet,
How the shadows deepen 'neath her oak in spring,
How rivals for the honor of her strength compete,
While triumph songs from field to forest ring.

The friendships here in future years will warm our hearts
With the sunshine of remembered happy days;
The light that shines in true affection ne'er departs
But can brighten all our lifetime with its rays.

Chorus—

McMinnville! McMinnville! Thy groves of oak and fir,
Thy shadowy pathways where spring-time breezes stir,
Thy classrooms, thy playgrounds, thy friendships held so
dear,
Our hearts hold **g**raved in faith and love and cheer.

Below Caste

" . . . But, Mademoiselle, your argument is not convincing. Just because you have read of but few castes in America is no reason that you can prove your point. I know! There are no castes in America."

"Oh! they may not be iron-bound and ugly as they are in India but they are there just the same, even though they are hidden and covered with silk. And—

"Your case itself refutes your own argument. Here you are, a French sheep-herder's daughter from those God-forsaken plains of California, walking with me"—he laughed—"with me, after the *Belle Sarre*. Would a low-caste maiden of India sit at a Brahman's table and eat a Brahman's food? Yet this night you have sat at a table with the elite of all this gold-crazed city and eaten of the food of the American Brahman."

"I may not have a case just now to prove my point, but there are cases, and some day I shall come upon one. People rise and fall from stage to stage, but the cases are few indeed where the truly elite have fallen to associate with the 'scum of the earth' or a sheep-herder's daughter to sit at the *Belle Sarre*—but still one may do that and yet—if you were to see me on the plains, if your friends knew I came from a French sheep-herder's camp—oh! sir, I may be your friend in this city, but when I go back to the plains—say, what then?"

"Then—oh, then you will be what you have been for the past four years, the best friend I have ever had. It is not station but mind that lifts a man up. You go back to the plains tomorrow; I go east for my 'grand finale,' as mother calls it, in the autumn. Then I will come back here and you will—oh, shucks! what's the use! May I wax sentimental or do you still forbid it? Anyway,

that will prove my side of the question, so let us talk of that and not spend our time over a question of so little importance. You will go in and bid mother adieu?"

They passed on down the avenue, up the steps, and into the columned entrance of the massive stone residence. The wide stone-banked avenue lay silent beneath the moonlight, and the linden trees, and the heavy odor of lilies and roses—for it was very late. The lights gleamed from the mansion's windows and their shadows seemed to shake with laughter as they fell across the lawns, for the plains were far away beyond the mountains and youth and night forget that morning comes soon and that reality comes with the light.

The French sheep-herder's daughter and the son of the American Brahman had been friends during all their college course. But the course was finished now, the exercises were over, and the herder's daughter was going back to the plains in the morning.

"I shall almost hate the plains for claiming me back to my caste," she had cried this evening. But now it was very late, the city was silent, she was in a mansion with light and love—and the darkness hid the plains beyond the mountains.

* * * * *

On the plains the sun rose early. The mountains glow all purple, and blue, and rose, and the plains reflect their beauty. There the herders rise with the sun and feed their flocks in the cool of the morning over the stubble fields and the salt-grass. There in the boiling heat at noonday the herds lie in the shade of clumps of poor heat-stunted cottonwoods and sycamores that grow along rough, red banks of the arroyos—and there under the self-same trees are the camps of the herders: filthy dirty, foul-smelling camps, sickening with the odor of frying mutton at meal times. Near them lounge the herders, talking in French or broken English, or reading cheap, flashy-colored novels. And here, with a pitiful show of

decency, lived the head herder's daughter, claimed back to the plains but not to the low vulgarity of the sheep camps. With a loathing and repugnance that her life in the city had given her, she lived in her father's camp and tried to make his life higher and better. Here, when the sheep were being driven out in the morning the French herder's daughter would saddle her wiry little cow-pony and ride away in the slow, swinging, cattleman's gallop toward the rose-colored hills to the box car station at Carlos. Generally all she got was the rolls of sentimental papers for the herders, but sometimes letters came for her from the city, from the Brahman's son who lived there.

Sometimes at noon she would go swinging off across the shimmering, molten lake of the desert. The lizards and horned toads would go scurrying out of her path from one tumble weed to another. Now and then a rabbit would start from his hot sand burrow or a coyote would go loping away with an even, dizzy motion until at last he was drowned in the ever-advancing and receding heat mirage of the desert that endlessly rose and fell with a dull, restless monotony like a hammer on the box for a coffin.

Sometimes at evening, when her horse cast long, lonesome shadows on the bare, red earth, and great golden and stone mansions were builded in the west, when the owls hooted and the echo came back saddened and changed like the dream of youth, when the coyotes howled at the pale moon like the poor starved soul of the girl cried out for something better,—she would ride aimlessly away toward the mountains, on and on until the beat of the horse's hoofs and the rhythm of his movements calmed her and she rode back quietly—not less longingly—but less rebellious.

One morning in the autumn—"Indian Summer," the herders called it—the son of the American Brahman came to the French sheep-herder's camp and wandered over the plains with the herder's daughter. He went on in the evening, on to a city of wealth

and beauty, but he would be back the next autumn when he got his "grand finale"—be back to refute her argument.

* * * * *

The winter passed; a dry, warm winter when the sun shone always with pale, cool rays. Letters came from the Brahman's son, but as the time passed they came less frequently. He spoke less of coming back and more of the wealth and culture of the eastern city; more of the wealth and station of the people with whom he came in contact.

Thus the winter passed and the long hot summer, and now it was Indian Summer again. It had been long since she heard from him. Then a card:

"'La Grande Finale' is mine and I'm leaving for home. Sorry I haven't written oftener, but so many things to do."

* * * * *

The sun beat hotter than ever. The mirage lake danced more sickeningly dizzy than before. The steel rails at Carlos reflected heat rays like a mirror; they lay like silver threads across the desert as far as eye could reach, and then converged at the horizon. The noon overland came across the burning expanse of the desert. In the dark shade inside the passengers dozed or read, yawned or fumed, according to their temperaments, and mopped the perspiration from their brows. One of the windows was raised and a fair-haired bride leaned toward it and looked out.

"Oh! what an awful land! What a terrible life to lead! Oh, see! There's a girl out in this awful heat! What a lonesome figure! Now we're past." She turned to her husband, "Did you notice her? A striking face! The people who live on these plains must lead an awful life,—so desolate. But perhaps they know nothing better; they are so below caste, don't you think?"

The train sped on over the glinting rails toward the city that lay beyond the mountains, but by the track near Carlos a cow-pony

stood with head hanging low, beneath the awful heat, and before the eyes of the French herder's daughter the plains danced and wavered; the heat rays zig-zagged before her; then all was blurred and hidden. She gazed still across the mirage; but she did not see it, for tears blinded her eyes. But then, she had only proven her point!

To The Junior Class (The Class of 1913.)

Here's to the class—Thirteen—
For strength notorious;
The class o'er all supreme
In deeds meritorious;
The class that dares to dream
A vision glorious;
Nor fears tho' greatness seem
Hard and laborious.
For may thy fair fame stream,
Bright may thy glory gleam,
Clear be thine honor's beam,
Thirteen Victorious.

The faculty has granted a holiday for May 25.

Prof. Wallace—"Say, Lathrop, I am looking for a little succor."

Lathrop—"Well, do you think I look like one?"

Shrimp Miller claims that the reason mountains rise to such great elevations is because their altitude is so high.

With Some Alumni

Black, A. Lawrence, A. B., '01. Orator, Preacher.

Black wrote a commencement oration beginning, "The wheel of time has made another resolution." Before delivering his oration he told the audience that he would have to stop when half way through and let the carpenters put the roof on again. He stopped in the middle all right. After trying for several minutes to collect the broken threads of thought, he sat down. At the close of the program he got up and finished his oration.

From McMinnville he went to Rochester Theological Seminary, where he finished in 1904. While there he tried to give this oration again. He began very nicely, "The wheel of time has made another revolution." Then he stopped. Again he began, "The wheel of time has made another revolution." Again he stopped. A third time he began, louder than before, "The wheel of time has made another revolution." A third time he stopped, and then took his seat.

Black has been very successful as a pastor and is now at Vancouver, B. C.

Hopfield, Leonard S., B. L., '01. Athlete.

When the history of athletics in McMinnville College shall be written, the name of L. S. Hopfield will stand near the top. He was a great athlete and proud of it. Hopfield held the college record for the shot put for years, until in 1908, Pettit threw the shot away and beat anything in the Northwest that year.

But where Hopfield shone as a first magnitude star was in football. Always in place, in perfect trim, he was a terror to all rivals. "Hop" was never known to sleep a wink on the night before a game. Early in the evening he would dress up in his football suit,

put on his heavy shoes, and march with royal tread up and down, up and down the room till morning, spending his time alternately admiring himself and telling how "we" would whip 'em tomorrow.

But the real genius of the man has been clearly demonstrated since he graduated, for in spite of the fact that most of his time has been spent in boosting athletics at his Alma Mater he has made a success at that most honorable and lucrative business, real estate.

Rowton, Vivian Everton, B. S., '99. Orator, Y. M. C. A. Man.

The one thing Rowton possessed by which old students remember him, was the thing he did not have—memory. It was almost proverbial, "As forgetful as Rowton."

While rooming at Northup's he would occasionally return home after the family had retired. As the door was locked he would ring the bell. Prof. Northup, uncertain whether it was a friend with money for the college or a student desiring help about the next day's algebra lesson, would answer the bell, thinking, "For everything there is a season, and a time for every purpose under heaven." When the Dean found that it was only Rowton, who forgot that he had a key in his pocket, he would return to bed more exasperated than ever, and Rowton—well, the less said the better.

One day Rowton harnessed up a horse and left it in the stall where some boys found it. They removed the harness and put it on a cow in the adjoining stall. When he returned he could not find the harness, and so hunted the boys up and asked them about it. They told him to turn the cow out. He obeyed and then looked in the manger for the harness.

Rowton was a great orator and aspired to state honors. In the first contest he forgot his oration when about half through and sat down without even saying "prunes." In the second contest he tried the same oration, but did not get so far along as before. The

third time he tried with this oration but did not get through the introduction. In his Senior year he tried again, with a new oration. He had the measles on the night of the tryout, and J. S. Wallace read his oration for him. In spite of this he won second, being defeated by H. B. Blood, who won second in the State contest. Rowton and Blood were the only ones in the tryout. Rowton, however, was not always forgetting. He was noted for giving his time to the Y. M. C. A., of which he was several times president. He is now a teacher of manual training in Colorado Springs, Colo.

Thompson, Reuben Cyril, A. B., '99. Athlete and Student.

He was prominent in all branches of athletics, football, baseball, and track. He was one of our best football men, and a crack distance man. He won the '94 contest once, and was valedictorian of the class of '99. He was known as an exponent of free speech, Latin, and athletics.

One day as Prof. Fargo was explaining evolution to a Biology class, Reuben spoke up:

"Prof., do you mean to say that we are all descended from monkeys?"

"You may put it that way if you prefer."

"Maybe you did, Prof., but I didn't."

You could never find Reuben without a Latin classic. He spent all his time in reading them. One day he surprised the Latin professor by getting stuck on the word "vacca."

"That word should not be hard for you, Mr. Thompson, you have been vaccinated, have you not?"

"Yes, but it didn't take."

Poor Reuben, in spite of all his brilliant prospects he has degenerated into a professor of Latin at the University of Nevada.

*Thompson, W. Laird, A. B., '02. Orator, Politician, Athlete,
Brother of Reuben Cyril.*

Everybody knows Lair Thompson, or they ought to. He is remembered by the old students, chiefly for that great oration on the Philippines with which he won the state contest in 1900. It was the first oration he ever wrote. He played on the football team two years.

The part of his work which most pleased him, and to which he devoted most of his time, was school politics. He secured control of every organization in school, with trifling exceptions. That was not a sufficient field for him, so he went into state affairs, and controlled the State Oratorical League. After he had everything under his thumb, like Alexander, he sighed for more worlds to conquer. Here, however, he showed his superiority to the famous Macedonian, for the Greek sat down and wept, but Thompson organized another literary society.

Since leaving school he has taken up law and is now an attorney in Lake County. He represented that county in the last Legislature and very nearly landed the speaker's job.

C. R. HOWD, '12.

Prof. Thomas (in Scientific German)—“The square of the hypotenuse of a triangle is equal to the sum of the squares of the other two limbs of the triangle.”

My! but you are e z.

The following expression was heard in the philosophy classroom: “A man of intense nature will try to throttle the stabs of his conscience.”

Educated?

Each new day sees the leafing trees unfold their wintry wraps a little. Each new day beholds the fresh verdure and bloom of spring clothe hill and valley. Each new day reminds us in a thousand ways that June, when we must bid farewell to the loved halls and campus of our Alma Mater, is no longer far away.

Four years in the college world—what is their meaning to the years and the work that we hope lie before us in the larger world of life? Must we admit the truth of the charge that college life with its constant receiving engenders and fosters selfishness, or have these been years of present-giving of ourselves as well as years of future plans for sympathetic service? Can we honestly say that not only do we believe as truly in the dignity of labor of the hand as of the head, but that we more willingly than when we were freshmen undertake such work whether it be in the field, the shop, or the home? Has our college education made us more sympathetic with others' opinions, or has our knowledge so increased that the narrow views of other people are quite beyond our comprehension? Are we able to find a common meeting ground in the life and the conversation of the common uneducated people about us? Shall we go away with a stronger belief in man, and a surer faith in God?

We believe these are the tests of true education: unselfishness, enjoyment of a good day's work, deepened sympathy and widened interest, faith in God and man. If we can meet these tests, or if we have made them the measure of our attainment, we believe that these four years in college with their pleasant memories, wholesome interests and intimate friendships have indeed been well spent.

A. Z., '12.

A College Training

In the great school of nature in which the human mind has arisen, the physical and mental were closely united. There were no colleges, no public schools, no institutions for mental training. Strength and freedom were required rather than foresight and concentration.

Today this foresight and power of concentration are rated as the greatest factors of success in the business and social world. This is the day of specialization. Children are taught in their youth that their whole future depends upon their powers of concentration and their specializing in some chosen field. Men who have possessed these requisites in the most marked degree have obtained them while they were young.

The question that confronts us now is, can this concentration be gained by continuous application without weakening some of the other powers which are even more fundamental to the future of the race?

Napoleon Bonaparte spent his youth in intense application and formed the most perfect concentration that the world has ever known, but historians say that he was completely lacking in a high moral appreciation. Many such examples lead us to believe that as we specialize in one line of life the more general forms of concentration disappear, and our lives lose that symmetry that we find in the characters of many who live close to nature.

Colleges have recently been emphasizing this idea of extreme concentration also. In many ways this seems wrong. Would it not be better if we would study the relations and laws in nature? Could we not learn concentration and specialization from the proper application of these laws? Each day, each hour, new

questions arise, new opportunities are offered, new trials are met. Each reply of the will causes the mind to become specialized for the form of action which follows. One course is chosen at the expense of the other.

However, the greatest demands for concentration are not found in connection with college work, but rather in business life. While in college training emphasis is to some extent laid upon concentration, much more is accomplished through the learning of relations and laws of nature. The mind is unshackled, the spirit freed. Concentration, keenness, precision are subordinated. Adjustment to nature, the harmonizing of the mind with the laws of life are emphasized.

“No one will claim that the men representing Oregon today give it any national distinction. There is no jurist with legal ability sufficient to distinguish him outside his own state and scarcely outside his own district; the one editor worthy of more than local mention has passed away and the work he established has fallen into incompetent hands. Leaders, greater than political or military, are needed. The empire builders of tomorrow must outrank those of today. From our high schools and small colleges must come the artisans of our future greatness. The signs of the times are hopeful.”—The Tolsa (Grants Pass, Ore.).

“If our college life is to open the way to enter the world of business we must learn to be businesslike in our school work. Not haphazard. We must be orderly and systematic in our study, and learn to be accurate in our thought.”—Willamette Collegian.

“A life without books is a meager existence.”—The Messenger, Bellingham, Wash.

Editorial

College Traditions

Princeton, Harvard, Yale and every university and college have traditions, which are sacredly kept; and which are fundamental factors in developing "college spirit."

McMinnville, too, has its traditions. The glad, warm hand usually welcomes Freshie. The type of students will remain so long as Mac. stands. Memories of the College Oak abide ever. The design of graduating pins has been established. We have yells, good and many.

But where are our college songs? This evening at Princeton the seniors will gather under the trees in front of Nassau Hall and sing "The Orange and the Black," "The Jungle Song," and many others, closing with "Old Nassau" while they stand with bared heads. When and where does Mac. gather to sing her college songs? Next year, under the Old Oak!

A Princeton grad. would recognize his college team in uniform a half mile away. What Mac. grad. of 1911 would recognize our baseball team unless close at hand? Next time let the A. S. B. adopt a uniform including trimmings of cardinal and purple which shall be the model for all time. Put this under your cap, Sophie, it will be up to you in your senior year.

The Seniors

What college does not honor its Seniors? What underclassman will stand by and hear them belittled? Yet in Mac what prep has not given the seniors a depreciative smile? Yea, even a prof. may take the occasion to hold up their work to freshies' ridicule. If it is merited, it were best not done.

The rank of senior should have a first place in the thoughts

of all under-graduates. Else why should they yearn to be seniors? Let us give all honor to the incoming 1913 seniors!

Senior Theses

In McMinnville College few seniors think seriously of their graduation theses until it has been decided that they will not be chosen to give commencement orations instead. This choice is not made final, sometimes, for two or three weeks after the beginning of the spring term, leaving little more than a month for the completion of the theses. It is the exceptional student who, among the multitude of distractions that beset his last days as a senior, does much research work or derives any great amount of good from his thesis. Some find an incentive in the fact that their work is to become the permanent property of the library; but this loses its force somewhat from the knowledge that, when senior theses of former years are accidentally brought to light, they are looked upon as envious relics rather than as literary productions. It seems that the present system of writing senior theses should either be reformed or entirely done away with and something more useful substituted for it. A plan modeled after the Harvard system, which is being adopted by other institutions, would meet the need; this, the Graduation Honors System, requires no theses but allows the student to do special work for honors if he desires.

Assembly

While our chapel exercises compare favorably with like assemblies of other colleges, yet there could be improvements made which would make the services still more helpful. The chapel is not a place for us to meet to converse with one another, especially while going in the door, or while some speaker is talking. It is not a place to make announcements, though some students would have the faculty think so. The bulletin board is for this purpose,

and should be so used. When the bell rings at 11:15 that means we should assemble quickly and not stop on the way, thus delaying the service five or ten minutes.

The chapel period is for worship by song, by speech and by prayer. This does not mean that we should refrain from any laughter at the right time, neither does it mean long faces, but a little more reverence, with more haste in assembling and fewer announcements, would make the few minutes of greater worth to all, and there would be more time afterwards for visiting. We all have been careless at times. Let's be more careful in the future.

MINEROLOGY MUSINGS.

Tudie makes the test-tube test,
While John the blow-pipe blows;
Tudie cools the acid best,
While John the lustre knows;
Tudie in the mortar grinds,
And hammers loud and long;
By scratching rocks John hardness finds
Or stirs up blue fumes strong.

Knocking, scratching, blowing,
Thro' all the course they go.
Each morning sees some rock attacked,
Each eve', what more they know.
So 'twill be hereafter,
They'll make a winsome pair;
Tudie 'll pull the whistle rope
And John will make hot air.

Athletics

Pacific College vs. McMinnville College.

On April 6th, the McMinnville College nine overwhelmed the Quaker College nine by a score of 9-2. The game was too one-sided to be very interesting. The game began with Pacific at the bat, with Blackstone and McKnight as battery for McMinnville. One after another of the Quaker nine went down before the arm of Blackstone, and what they did hit was quickly fielded in a manner which showed strong backing.

McMinnville's turn at the bat plainly showed which way the game would go. Double plays were made in the field for McMinnville by Larsell and Larson and by Miller and Larson. As the game proceeded Mac's pitcher was instructed at times to let them hit, which he did, but the strong infield and outfield was impregnable. However, Pacific has the making of a good team.

Willamette vs. McMinnville College.

This game was played fast and furious from the start. Miller and Larsell scored the first two runs for McMinnville in the first inning. In the second inning Larson, of McMinnville, made a score.

The McMinnville nine have so far showed their best playing in this game. By the ninth inning the score stood 3 to 3, with a slight advantage in favor of McMinnville. In the first half of the ninth Willamette was at the bat with two down and two strikes on the batter. Willamette had a man on both first and second, but even then our Mac boys did not seem alarmed, for Blackstone was handling himself in fine style and really had the "batter going." Determining that the next ball to be pitched should be a strike, Blackstone accordingly exerted himself. The

ball sped true, but the umpire had turned his head for a quick glance at the Willamette man on second and failed to believe it was a strike. Larsell, who was catching for McMinnville, misunderstood the decision and started for the sidelines, thinking it was Mac's turn at the bat. While so doing Willamette's two men made a double steal. The next pitched ball was hit and a small fly landed just out of reach of Mac's second baseman, which placed another Willamette man on first. This made all bases full with two down and a new batter up. Blackstone made a quick throw to second to catch the Willamette man there but shortstop and the centerfielder missed, which consequently allowed Willamette to score three runs. This made the final score 6 to 3 in favor of Willamette. However, Willamette was very much surprised at the stubborn fight which McMinnville made, their coach himself saying that the two teams were on a level of equality. It is to be hoped that McMinnville may meet Willamette on "Mac's" home ground. "Mac" feels that she may win back lost laurels.

Jefferson High vs. McMinnville College.

This game was played the day after the game with Willamette. Jefferson's nine were a surprise to McMinnville College. And due credit should be given them for their playing. Even though fatigued from the preceding day's game with Willamette, McMinnville expected to pull together enough energy to defeat the Portland lads. The test was too much for Blackstone and Douglas, who had worked hard to defeat Willamette. The final score was 12 to 1 in favor of the Jefferson lads.

Baseball interest so far has not been very keen by those in college outside the team. Knowing the financial condition of the baseball fund at present, let us exert ourselves to an extra extent so that all the succeeding games may be well attended. The per-

sonal advertising of each student means not only a loyal boosting for the baseball nine, but also a means whereby financial aid may be obtained for the baseball fund. When the manager asks for help in advertising, give it. Genuine advertising is the main secret in having a large attendance at our games.

A DEBATER'S COMPLAINT.

I could write of green fields and blossoming flowers; of hills and woods and running streams; of Mt. Hood with his eternal snow, blue-veined against the far-off haze of a spring-time sky; but to be compelled to sit indoors with all the forces of awakening life calling to me in the fragrant breeze that cools my burning eyes and write and think and thrust myself down into the sordidness of picking flaws in city government and seeking indications of corruption and decay in the dusty, musty atmosphere of city politics and graft—Bah! and again I say *Bah!*

NOTICE!

If anyone desires to know the reason for John Frederick Mason's grave demeanor the past two weeks, we will give you permission to ask him. In case he does not give a satisfactory answer you can attribute it to the fact that he has just invested in a wisdom tooth.

Miss Black declares that she can see the point to a joke a week after she hears it. We would advise her to visit an ophthalmologist at once.

Brace is trying severe remedies these days. He says Bromo-Smelzer is the only thing that helped his headache.

Exchanges

Waiving for the moment all merely moral considerations, the flippant or careless use of the name of God is *unanimously* branded as bad form. Those who use it most make no attempt to justify their practice and are most careful to avoid anything bordering on profanity when in *decent* society.

The author of a story in one of the April exchanges gives two pages and a half to reproducing the sort of conversation used by men who have grown up in ignorance in the most vicious environment. The most distressing characteristic of such a dialect is not its butchering of the English language, but its use of the name of God as the most cold-blooded and insipid of expletives. Only in the cheapest literature is such language reproduced, and even there blanks are inserted frequently, for neither common opinion nor the law tolerates its complete transcription. The author of the story referred to has transgressed all standards of decency and cheapened cheapness by repeating in the presence of ladies and gentlemen and children, language which not even the character described would have dared use in the hearing of a respectable woman. We make immediate and vigorous protest against such prostitution of literary or journalistic ability.

Interesting Items Copied from This Month's Exchanges.

The government will shortly let a contract for 300 tons of butter for use in the navy. At existing prices why not build a new navy?

A curious example of plant variation is demonstrated by some potato plants now being grown by Prof. Childers (U. of Idaho) for experimental purposes. In addition to a large yield of tubers in the usual place, there are quite a number of potatoes clinging

to the vines well above the ground.

No graduate of Vassar College, according to the declaration of Cres. Taylor, has ever been involved in divorce proceedings.

The oldest class of Harvard University that has any living graduates is that of 1838, and this class has three members living. All of these are past 93 years of age.

Numbered among the celebrities at Harvard University this year are: William J. Sidis, the mathematical marvel, and the youngest junior ever in college (Sidis is 13 years old); Gaisint Gaekivar, son of the ruler of Baroda, India; Kermit Roosevelt and Robert Taft, sons of the ex-President and President respectively; Vincent Astor, reputed to be the richest college man in the world; George S. von Meyer, son of the Secretary of the Navy; G. Coogan, whose family owns the Giant ball field, and Lionel De Jelisey Harvard, a descendant of the founder of the University.

We have enjoyed the editorials in our exchanges this month especially. To show how wide a range of topics are touched in this way a few quotations are here inserted which might be appropriate in the columns of many papers:

"Our campus is already bald-headed in many places. Immediate steps should be taken to keep children and our own men from trespassing upon it."—College News, Annville, Pa.

"We hope to see another championship baseball team turned out this year."

"You use argumentation every day of your life, so that a thorough knowledge of debating is going to benefit you every day. The person who can see through the little quibbles of an argument into the real question at stake and then present his thoughts in a clear, logical and convincing manner has an advantage over his fellows."—The Cardinal, Portland, Ore.

"Louis Gazzig, of Harvard, said: 'I have no time to make money! Man can obtain many things that money cannot moil for—and it is these things in life that really makes life worth while living.'"

"As we go about our daily work we often forget our duty of courtesy to our fellow men. Courtesy is one of the quickest and surest ways of scattering sunshine. Courtesy shows good breeding and refinement."—Mississippi College Magazine, Clinton, Miss.

"An exchange says that one-third of the fools in the country think they can beat a lawyer expounding law. One-half think they can beat the doctor—the sick. Two-thirds of them think they can preach the gospel better than the minister, and all of them think they can beat the editor running the school paper."

"Instead of counting the days until June and thinking the time long, why not contrast the few remaining months with the time to come and realize their smallness? Thus every day should be filled with work to make the preparation in some measure adequate to the result hoped for."—The Columbiad

"Portland is classed among the most thrifty cities that have access to the Pacific Ocean; but, because the city is practically destitute of modern docks there is an enormous handicap impending. Like many other Coast cities, Portland is impeded in growth solely because she has not the cheaper means of exportation."—The Columbiad.

"Good cheering spurs the fellows on and good teamwork is the result."

"If some of the kickers would only stop kicking and try to start something, instead of complaining about others who don't, they could get fame for themselves and at the same time bring glory to their Alma Mater."—The Clarion (Rochtster, N. Y.)

Locals

The editor does not vouch for the authenticity of the matter published in these columns. Any locals which you, dear reader, think should be omitted, will be found lacking in our next issue, if you so request.

A LIMERICK.

Folks talk of life's deliquescence
As of truth the final quintescence,
But I heard one day
A philosopher say,
"Life's an evanescent effervescence."

Bristol, the telephone operator, is putting on airs these days. He claims he is connected with some of the best people in town.

A?

How many glasses does it take to make a pitcher full?

ALAS!

While attempting to stretch a single into a two-bagger on last Tuesday, George Stewart, Jr., was struck by a baseball just west of second base. He is improving slowly.

From appearances we should judge that love games are not confined entirely to the tennis courts. "Miss" Lena Larsell was seen with a gentleman friend in Lovers' Lane about 1 a. m. in the morning the day after yesterday.

"Turning this page upside down."

"What?"

"Everybody's doin' it, doin' it!"

Guy Hickok says his conscience is void of a fence. No wonder it wanders over hill and mead.

Brace—"Professor, is this sentence correct? 'He is holding his own!' I heard Gordon Pettit use it the other day."

Prof. Gardiner—"I could tell you if I knew of whom he was speaking; yet, grammatically, the expression is duly justified."

Prep. Williams—"I'm mighty glad I don't live in China. It would be awful to have it dark all day and the sun shining all night."

The professor of biology gave the following advice to the students in chapel a few days ago: "The only way to avoid eating anything injurious is to refuse any nourishment at all times."

If a little learning is a dangerous thing, a large amount of it must be very destructive.

Professor—"Mr. Speed, you seem rather dull and slow today. Why, when Alexander the Great was your age he had conquered the whole world."

Mr. Speed—"Well, professor, he had Aristotle for a teacher."

A PARADOX.

If here one can M. L. C.

There, methinks, would E. S. B.

Prof. Northrup (after a long proof)—"Now, students, we find that $X = O$."

Miss Lovegren—"Gracious! all that work for nothing!"

We are sorry to announce that W. L. Adams is suffering from a severe attack of polysyllabicismic pronunciamiento puntiglioso. Dr. Webster is in attendance.

Breathes there a man with soul so dead,

Who never to himself hath said,

When to the chapel a spieler is led,—

H E L P ! ! !

If You Want The Best for Your Money Trade with NOTT & SON	M. E. HENDRICK & CO. GENERAL MERCHANDISE Dry Goods, Furnishing Goods, Hats, Shoes, Groceries, Crockery.
--	---

Why is a Prep?

Nobody on earth knows.

Prof. Northrup will not meet his classes on the morning of June 1, if the weather is rainy.

Explanation is the thief of time.

DRUGS	SUNDRIES
Williamson's Guaranteed Fountain Pens	
Parsons & Hendricks	
"The Rexall Store"	
STATIONERY	TOILET ARTICLES

<p>DR. WISECARVER</p> <p>Dentist</p> <p>Rooms 9 and 10 Union Block</p>	<p>No. 332 Third Street</p> <p>H. Hinshaw & Co.</p> <p>Furniture & Supply House</p> <p>Paints and Window Glass</p>
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A GEOLOGIZED JOKE.

In minerology, they say that Allan cracked a joke,
 The class, it is reported, was sorry that it broke.
 It had a massive structure, of cleavage there was none;
 Its fracture was uneven, in hardness it was one;
 In color it was yellow, the streak it was the same.

(Continued on next page)

W. A. MESSNER

McMinnville's Leading Department Store

Clothing, Shoes, Ladies' Suits,
 Groceries, Queensware

The Store That Saves You Money

Rogers Bros. Pharmacy

Established 1883

Prescription Experts

(Continued from preceding page)

Its lustre was metallic, its tenacity was tough;
 It had a meager feeling, tho' on the nerves 'twas rough.
 In diaphaneity it was opaque as mud;
 Its Sp. G. was ten or more; it landed with a thud;
 It wasn't analytical, the professor cast it out.

(The subject of the above accounts for the lame meter of the production. The feet have been irreparably damaged.—Editor.)

Elberton Hotel

The House of Quality

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

C. A. Olson	W. T. Scholfield
<p>City Market</p> <p>Scholfield & Olson, Proprietors</p> <p>Fresh and Cured Meats. Fish on Friday.</p> <p>Telephone 1710 McMinnville, Ore.</p>	

5 Per Cent off for Cash
at

Van Orsdol & Newman's
Grocery

New Odd Fellows' Temple

CUT FLOWERS

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

Herbert & Fleishauer

or

Wright's Chocolate Shop

With Apologies to Mrs. E. W. W.

O, it's easy enough to look pleasant
When one hasn't a cause for regret,
But the man worth while
Is the man who can smile
When his wife is a suffragette.
—Life.

Rochester Theological Seminary

ROCHESTER, N. Y.

Augustus Hopkins Strong, D. D., LL. D., President

NINE PROFESSORS

EIGHT DEPARTMENTS

Old Testament, New Testament, English Bible, Church History,
Theology, Christian Ethics (including Sociology), and Pastoral
Theology, Homiletics, Elocution, a Special Course in Christian
Missions.

Courses Partly Elective. Library Enlarged and Improved. New
and Attractive Reading Rooms. New Dormitory. In the Ger-
man Department a Faculty of Five. *Slavic Students admitted.*

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varieties of religious and philanthropic work. Abundant oppor-
tunities for observation and practical experience. Privileges of
the University of Rochester. Address correspondence to

J. W. A. STEWART, Dean.

The News-Reporter

McMINNVILLE'S LEADING NEWSPAPER

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

Mother: "You're near the post-office, Frank. Let Aunt
Fanny know that uncle is down with cirrhosis of the liver.
You can 'phone' or 'wire'."

Son: "I'll 'phone.' Uncle's complaint is easier to speak
of than to spell!"—London Opinion.

Sign on the rear of a doctor's automobile: "12784 ILL."
—Chicago Tribune-

Hotel Eaton

Corner West Park and
Morrison Sts., Portland

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

Can be reached By bus or W Car direct. Rates \$1.00 and up
Recently Remodeled and Refurnished Throughout

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LEWIS & TONEY, Graduate Dentists

We especially invite Students and Faculty to visit our office
for Dental examinations, and prices. We solicit your inspection
of our facilities to perform every class of Dental Operation.

McMinnville National Bank Building

<p><i>Dr. G. S. Wright</i></p> <p><i>Dentist</i></p> <p>Wright Building</p>	<p>Pioneer Green Houses</p> <p>S. H. Maris, Prop.</p> <p>Choice Cut Flowers a specialty</p> <p>Phone 6720 McMinnville, Ore.</p>
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"A friend should be valued because of the fact that he is such, aside from any questions of personality, ability or power."
—University Argonaut (U. of Idaho).

The favorite quotation of some speakers at chapel seems to be this one from King Lear: "Men must endure our going hence, even as our coming hither."

<p>The Antlers Restaurant</p> <p>D. W. FEELY, PROP.</p> <p>Third Street, bet. D. & E. McMinnville</p>	
--	--

4210	PHONE	4210
<p>NEW MEAT MARKET</p> <p>J. A. Richardson</p> <p>Fresh and Smoked Meats, Bacon, Ham, Lard, Sausage, and Fish. <i>Ground Bone for Chickens. Dressed Chickens.</i></p>		

<p>SUITS PRESSED TO SUIT</p> <hr/> <p>McMINNVILLE CLEANING & PRESSING WORKS</p> <p>435 Third St. Phone 7310</p>	
---	--

Allan Jeffery met with a severe accident one day last week. He fell down stairs and broke an appointment. We extend our sympathy.

Anyone finding a joke in this edition and making the editor cognizant of the same, will, upon the payment of seventy-five cents, receive, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a year's subscription to The Review.

<p>O. D. Scott</p> <p>Furniture and Hardware</p> <p>Stoves, Iron Beds, Springs, Mattresses and Art Squares</p> <p>Corner Third & "B" Sts., McMinnville, Oregon</p>	
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<p>Christensen Bros.</p> <hr/> <p>FANCY GROCERIES</p> <hr/> <p>Cor. Third and "B" Sts. Phone 2110</p>	
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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

McMinnville, Oregon

Hair Dressing and Manicuring
Hair Work a Specialty

"That young man and woman appear to be boring each other fearfully," said the hostess.

"Yes," replied Miss Cayenne, "She is trying to look like a magazine picture she admired, and he is trying to talk like a book he recently read."

"I have nothing but praise for our new minister."

"So I noticed when the plate came round."

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 Luuches.

W. T. Macy

Furniture and Undertaking

Send YOUR LAUNDRY to
Home Steam Laundry

I will treat you all the year

D. Hand, Prop.

Clerk (to woman who has fingered over everything in the store without buying anything): "Excuse me, madame, but are you shopping here?"

"Certainly. What would I be doing?"

Clerk: "I thought perhaps you might be taking an inventory."

—Woman's Home Companion.

McMinnville Studio

Portraits and Commercial Photography
We solicit your Better Grade of Work

A. JENSEN, Proprietor

'Tis a Feat to Fit the Feet

But we are adepts at Shoes and Footwear
for Ladies and Gentlemen

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"The Grocery Specialist"

McMinnville, Oregon

Dr. E. E. Cummins

Dentist

Mardis Building

"The lack of success which attends our student body meetings does not lie with the chairman. The trouble lies in a great measure with the members of the student body. If we wish success, we must work together for it, and look always for the good of the school."—Clarion (Salem, Ore.).

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

The Pacific Baptist

Is necessary to your highest usefulness as a Christian worker. Begin taking this weekly now. Get acquainted with religious and denominational movements while in college.

\$2.00

McMinnville, Oregon

"What's that you call your mule?"

"I call him 'Corporation,'" answered the old colored man.

"How did you come to give him such a name?"

"F'm studyin' de animal an' readin' de papahs. Dat mule gets mo' blame an' abuse dan anything else in de township, an' goes ahead havin' his way jes' de same."

The McMinnville National Bank

E. C. Apperson President

F. E. Rogers Vice-President

W. S. Link Cashier

Capital, surplus and profits, \$125,000

Offers its services to students and friends of McMinnville College.

C. Tilbury & Sons

The Up-to-Date

Furniture House

Come in and see our special line of COLLEGE POSTERS

Picture framing a specialty.

Third St.

For anything you want
and cannot find
call on
Smith-DeHaven Hdw. Co.

The Washington Star seems to have a remarkable grasp of the political situation. According to some reports, it tells us, the popular demand for Colonel Roosevelt is steadily increasing; but however great the demand may become, it can never be as great as the supply!

—Life.

St. Joe Orchard Homes

"THE McMINNVILLE PLAN"

What is it?

Communicate with

THE WESTLYN TRUST CO.

YAMHILL HOTEL BUILDING, McMINNVILLE, ORE.

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TAILORS & GENTS' FURNISHERS

Dress and Soft Shirts—Underwear—Neckwear—Collars—Hats
and Shoes

When General Lincoln went to make peace with the Creek Indians, one of the chiefs asked him to sit down on a log. He was then desired to move, farther. The request was repeated till the general got to the end of the log. The Indian said, "Move farther;" to which the general replied, "I can move no farther."

"Just so it is with us," said the chief; "you have moved us back to the water and then ask us to move farther!" —Life.

ASBURY'S BOOK STORE

Pennants, Books, Stationery, Artists' Materials, Musical Instruments, Popular and Classical Music.

Pianos

Hardman, Hobart M. Cable, Milton, Packard and other standard makes.

Third Street near the Hotels

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Lucky 13c. Sale

Coming Soon---Watch for it.

Are You Going to Build?

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

McMINNVILLE PLANING MILL

It is rumored that William L. Adams has five wisdom teeth. This statement has not yet been officially confirmed at headquarters.

"There may be society rivalry and class rivalry, but we must all stand back of our student association."—(Associated Student Body), Puget Sound Trail.

"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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Take a ten-
Visit Glacier Na
thing about the
ground—a regio
mountains and
Write for our
Address M. J.



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coaches nor touris
all passengers. D
continental trains

Sav
of your light bi

O.

D

3rd. St.

? ? ? ? ? ?
? DO YOU ?

? Frown, squint, blink your eyes, ?
? have headache, have your eyes ?
? burn, blur, or itch; or have any ?
? other trouble with them ?
? ? ? ? ? ?

These are all symptoms of eye
strain and should be looked
after promptly

? ? ? ? ? ?
? Why suffer with the headache ?
? this summer when it is not ?
? necessary ?
? ? ? ? ? ?

Dr. Henry E. Morris
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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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