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Are you going to Newberg tomorrow night? Help the boys win the pennant. It will cost you \$2.00

THE REVIEW

McMinnville College

"THE BEST COLLEGE PAPER ON THE COAST"

VOL. XVIII

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, FEBRUARY 20, 1913

No. 10

"Mac" Heads League

Pacific Meets Defeat

McM.—P.U.

For a fine exhibition of down-right rotten refereeing, the game between McMinnville and Pacific University, last Friday night had any thing beat that has been pulled off for many moons. Possibly, following Mr. Grilley's work of two weeks ago, was hardly fair, but still under any circumstances the official was poor.

And we have no special kick coming even at that for we won the game by the narrow margin of three points.

The second teams played a preliminary game. It was on the whole a good game, both teams showing head-work. But McMinnville had far the best of it in team work, passing the ball all around their heavier opponents. The little fellows had poor luck on baskets, but by superior work won the game by the decisive score of 20 to 9. Floyd Culver fell and hurt his knee during the second half and was replaced at center by Judy, Larsen taking Judy's place. Dieble was in the game all the time, making life miserable for his big guard. Capt. Bean was everywhere at the right time to help Hickok roll in the baskets.

The following was our line-up:

Hickok	Forward
Dieble	Forward
Culver	Center
Judy	Guard, Center
Bean	Guard
Larsen	Guard

The big game started out rather slow, neither team seeming able to connect up, but after about five minutes of play both teams found themselves and began the mix. The ball was in McMinnville territory the greater part of the time, but effective basket shooting was spoiled by the referee allowing the game to degenerate into a rough-house, and letting every form of holding go by.

The score was very close all the way thru, being tied most of the time. It was during the last two minutes that McMinnville secured their lead.

Tipton was the particular star of the game. He was a wonder at breaking up "Tub" Shaver's work at forward, which is usually brilliant. It was a battle between giants, and "Tip" won the laurels. Culver played a strong game at center, although he was some-

Continued on p. 5



Copyright 1913 by Panama-Pacific International Exposition Co.

Tower Gateway in the Court of Sun and Stars, Leading to the East or Festive Court, with Statuary Symbolic of the Orient.

Splendors of World at America's Panama Fair, San Francisco 1915

Drawings of Famous Architects' Designs Reveal Details of Palaces by the Golden Gate

By Hamilton Wright.

The splendors of the world will be shown at America's Panama celebration at San Francisco in 1915. Never will so many nations have participated in an international event. Of the nations that take part, and this includes all the great powers, it is probable that each one will be more elaborately represented than at any exposition ever held outside of its own boundaries. Twenty-eight foreign countries have already responded to President Taft's invitation. More than

eight hundred leading exhibitors of the world have applied for exhibit space and a number of the exhibits will range in value from \$200,000 to \$300,000; more than two thousand applications for concessions have been received. The responses show the spirit of appreciation with which America's sister nations regard the work at Panama.

The foreign powers will display all phases of their progress at home and in their colonies. Mr. Harcourt, colonial secretary of Great Britain, has addressed the governors of the self-governing dominions, crown colonies and protectorates requesting the British display should be worthy of the

Stewart Wins Tryout

Debate Prospects Good

Rhetorical

This year the possibilities of "Old Mac" again winning the State Oratorical Contest are most promising. Geo. Stewart will be our representative. His oration entitled "International Equilibrium" is exceedingly strong and will, undoubtedly, stand high in point of composition. Mr. Stewart's delivery will also rank high. His earnestness and enthusiasm are noteworthy characteristics. He answers the demands of the present-day speaker, where force is the strongest element of eloquence.

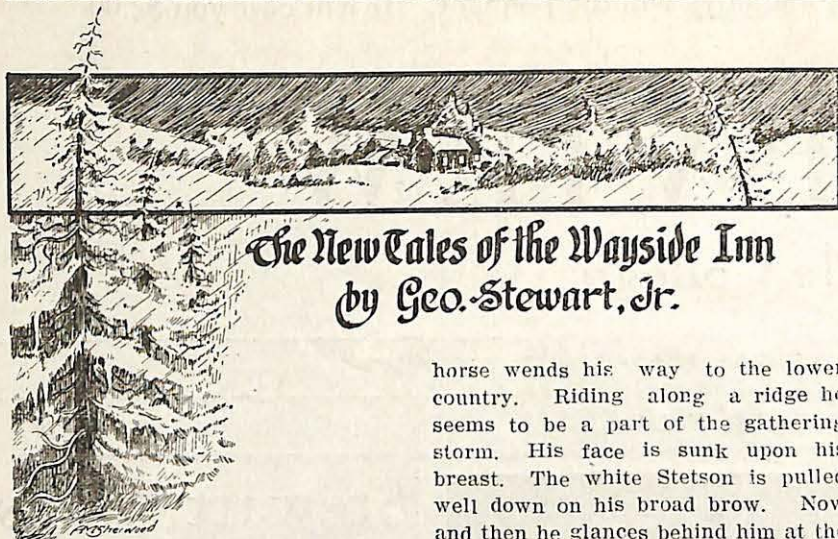
While our hopes for the success of our orator are running high we are equally as hopeful that our debaters shall carry off the league championship. At the debate try-out, thorough preparation on the part of each contestant was shown. That spirit of victory, which has been sadly lacking in debate interest the past two years, was again made manifest. The markings of the judges showed a unanimous decision for Mr. Tipton as leader and Mr. Luther Taylor as his colleague. These two men with Mr. Day as an alternate will give our opponents a good contest.

But the success of these contests rests not alone upon those whom we have chosen. Without our support their efforts may result in defeat. Our interest and encouragement will do much to inspire them with renewed zeal. These representatives are but the expression of the life in our college, and we must share the toil of their preparation even as eagerly as we share the glories of their triumph.

J. F. M.

New Law

A bill which has passed the first reading in the Salem legislature, and which will no doubt be adopted as a law is attracting interest among the non-standardized colleges of the state. At present no graduate of such a college may hold a teaching position in any high school in this state. This bill, if it becomes a law, will allow any of our graduates to teach in the high schools. This is very important, for it gives the smaller colleges an equal chance with the larger institutions of the state.



**The New Tales of the Wayside Inn
by Geo. Stewart, Jr.**

Interlude

“A WELL tol' story, dat,” said the French-Canadian. “Le Bon Dieu mak' some men be alone in dis lif,' so to mak' another men feel good by his companee.”

“Yes,” said the poet, “the sciolists make use of the thread-worn shibboleth of sociability, but what we have is too much society and not enough community.”

“Well said,” made answer he of the long, black coat. “Men must cease to abide in the 'smugosity' of clubs and churches, and feel the tie that binds man to man. There was a great atonement made once on a green hill far away. It is an at-one-ment, that binds mine host to his wife that has gone before; and each of us to the other in this lonely way house.”

“To further moralize, let us say the may who lives closest to his neighbor is the man who lives alone, who can feel the need of human companionship and stand off to view the field of action. From such a coign of vantage he may see where his service will be best requited; not for self, but for salvation of the race.” Thus spoke the man of studious mein.

“Perhaps I have a story, borrowed from a too real experience, illustrating that a strong man may sometimes take a lonely road, altho he has strength to fight for two.”

The host threw on another log. A legion of sparks charged upward like happy thoughts, to perish in the cold and damp of the world.

The musician rendered with marvelous skill and cadence, “When the Blue Bonnets Come Over the Border.” The company gave silent applause and the student began.

The Man of Many Mansions

The Student's Tale

A KEEN wind hisses down the coulees of Nebraska flats. The cattle drift before it to seek shelter behind cliffs and in dry river beds. The night is marshalling forth her sable legions; the dun-colored clouds betoken a snowy night.

A lone rider on a powerful black

horse wends his way to the lower country. Riding along a ridge he seems to be a part of the gathering storm. His face is sunk upon his breast. The white Stetson is pulled well down on his broad brow. Now and then he glances behind him at the gathering cloud bank and curses the cold, the country and himself. For many, long, hard-fought years he had ridden that range and much he had received from it, but much he had paid. He could see the cattle making for the sheltering retreats and knew well that the rigors of a bitter winter would soon be upon the whole western country.

Skifts of snow began to add to the misery of his lonely journey and as the darkness drew closer, the whole landscape was dimmed and blotted out by a blinding flurry of snow.

The big black carried his master gallantly forward, over ridges and thro the gullies till at last his neigh was answered. Soon horse and rider were in the sheds of a large ranch and the man staggered unsteadily toward the lighted windows of the house.

Within, all was warm and cherry. A dozen cattlemen lounged about the great general room.

A big fire roared in the stone fire place. A red faced woman busied herself to prepare a warm and tasty meal.

The man spoke not, and as he entered the talk quieted down and finally ceased. Nelse McGregor, for such was his name, looked around at his men and saw all was well.

“Never mind about the supper for me, Mrs. Henderson,” he said, chokingly, “I guess I won't need anything tonight.”

The woman's face grew white and the men leaned forward. Some one let his pipe rattle to the floor; only the kettle hummed on in its monotony.

“Neumony,” said a tall sandy puncher, “let's get him tae bed.”

McGregor staggered to the cabinet over the fire place, took down a decanter of rough whiskey and poured himself a liberal portion. The men hastened to prepare a bed for him, where he could receive the medical attention of the red-faced cook.

The sick man sunk into a chair, asked a few questions about his only son, the stock, his lawyer and soon lapsed into delerium.

Nels McGregor had been a hard

PHONE 2310

Spring Goods Arriving

Call and let us show you our lines of Dress Goods, Shoes and Samples for made to measure Clothing

The Busy Store on the Corner.

C. C. MURTON & COMPANY

'TIS A FEAT TO FIT THE FEET

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

F. DIELSCHNEIDER

Repairing Neatly Done.

Elberton Hotel

THE HOUSE OF QUALITY

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

man and had fought many hard battles. He believed in the law of warriors dying by the sword who lived by the sword and this, his last fight, had come.

Twenty years before he had taken a timid bride in Kircudbright, Scotland, to be his helper, in prosperity, in sickness and in death. They had crossed the waters, for Nelse's blood was hot and his body strong and he felt the call of the Western lands. The rude life of the ranch country of early Wyoming had been too much for his wife's gentle nature. Two summers she bore up bravely, a third she languished, and as the winter came on she passed away. Nelse had his men carry her to the grave he had dug on a high butte and as they laid her to rest the snow flakes fell in silent benediction. The father, for they were blest by a strapping son, lived his life alone in the cattle country and built up a fortune and a strange reputation. Each year Nelse made a trip to the East; no one knew why. Each year a gray-haired legal looking person visited the ranch. Once when this gentleman had over indulged in the delights of Bacchanalian pursuits, he let slip a clue to his mission, and also about the trips McGregor made to the East.

He told the foreman that McGregor was very wealthy, that he had nine brothers, whom he had persuaded to come to America and that each brother was located in a different city. The legal looking man explained that McGregor really owned the business of each and that to each one he had

You need not

Bring your work or call for it unless you like. Our wagons call for and deliver work free of charge.

Home Steam Laundry

D. HAND, Prop.

given a beautiful mansion. The foreman laughed, next he smiled and afterward believed. Soon Nelse McGregor was known as the Man of Many Mansions, from Jackson's Hole to the Platte.

The element of mystery and strangely silent benevolence made a great impression on the cowboys and ranchmen of the whole range. Now as he was sick unto death, the men raised him very tenderly and laid him between the warmest blankets.

Each man in the room had shared some of the sick man's bounty. Jim Cameron there had been nursed when his wife and three children were dead of the mountain fever. Jack Decker

Continued on p. 12

Ginghams and Wash Goods

A large lot of newest patterns just arrived. Just the kind for your Spring Dresses

SMITH & WILSON

Candy Stationery

Parsons & Hendricks

THE REXALL STORE

Fountain Pens Perfumes

What's the Use?

The Sciences

By Prof. E. B. Van Osdel.

Classification of Educational Subjects:—Classical, Greek, Latin; Literary, History, English, Philosophy; Scientific, Sciences, Mathematics, Modern Language; Technical, Engineering, Domestic Science; Vocational, Manual Training, Trade Apprenticeship.

Discussion of educational methods is the order of the day. "Stand pat" Classicalism of the past is threatened with extermination by the ultim-practical modernists. Greek and Latin are to be replaced by manual training and trade apprenticeship. A rupture in our educational system seems impending and the pure sciences alone can maintain its integrity. They are indispensable to both factions and require no defense for their presence in any curriculum.

First, then, the Physical Sciences are the connecting link between the old and the new in education.

There can be no question that Mathematics furnishes the best mental discipline to be found in college and since Physics is Applied Mathematics it stands next in order as a developer of "graymatter". But it also, at well as Chemistry, is intimately connected with the things of every day life and furnishes the indispensable foundation for Engineering and Domestic Science.

So in the Second place the Physical Sciences, to a greater extent than other subjects, combine with themselves both the cultural and the practical.

Much of our educational material is 1st, 2nd, 3rd or 4th hand and is not subject to verification. Much of it deals with persons who are not alive today and too much of it is mere opinion and conjecture. Physics and Chemistry deal entirely with what is known as the "real" and is present with us today.

The opportunity to study the thing itself first hand is the Third advantage of this department of Science. A text-book is an excellent servant but a fearful master.

We boast of our age and Nation and revel amid the modern appliances which make life easier, but these products of invention and discovery would all be impossible without the Natural laws and resources which are the subjects of study in Physics and Chemistry. To be ignorant of these is to move in a strange land and among the "unknown".

The Physical Sciences are the basis of material progress.

Fourth. How many of our studies face us toward the past? Would it be much of an exaggeration to say that our

colleges launch their graduates like the ships, facing backward? How much is there in our "subjects" to cultivate the "forward look"? Physics and Chemistry are tugging at the curtain which conceals the future and we strain our eyes to look through the rents already made.

But to me the best reason remains. These subjects are thinking over again the thoughts of God. Man has left the prints of sin soiled fingers on most of the things which occupy our attention in school but with our subject matter he cannot tamper. The objects for our investigations are fresh from the mind of the Creator.

So, I am crazy enough to say that the Missionary should take the Scientific Course and the Scientist should study Greek. Mechanical Drawing is indispensable to the Minister and the Engineer must have more language. Be wary of specializing too much in the extremes. Physics and chemistry lie between.

Presidents' Conference

On last Friday and Saturday, Feb. 14 and 15, was held the Presidents' Conference of independent colleges. The meeting was convened in the State House, Salem, Oregon.

Friday afternoon the delegates visited the State Legislature.

Friday evening the session was held in Supt. Alderman's office. After invocation by D. M. Metzgar, and address of welcome by Pres. Homan, Governor West, Miss Marvin, Supt. Alderman and Pres. Foster of Reed, addressed the company.

At a luncheon Saturday noon various phases of college work were discussed in eight minute toasts. Pres. Riley spoke on "Standard Discipline for College and Academy." H. M. Cooks, president of Albany College, was made president and Dr. F. G. Franklin, dean of that institution, was re-elected secretary. M. R. Drury, president of Philomath College, was elected vice-president.

President Riley was, for the third time elected as the representative of this organization on the State Board of Standardization.

The Association decided to hold each alternate annual meeting in Salem during the biennial sessions of the Oregon Legislature and to hold the other sessions in the various cities in which the denominational colleges of the state are situated.

A constitution was adopted and organization perfected. Those colleges represented are, Albany, Dallas, McMinnville, Pacific, Pacific University, Willamette, Reed, and Philomath.

Easter Novelties and Post Cards at THE FAIR

C. TILBURY & SON

The Place of Class and Low Prices

Furniture and Undertaking

Indicts American Universities

Haeckel is reported on good authority to have said that the output of any scientific establishment is in inverse ratio to the completeness of the equipment. Paradoxical as this may seem to those who have followed the progressive development of great seats of science in our own land—thanks to the endowment of millionaires—there is enough truth in it to inspire misgivings in the mind of that renowned scientist, Dr. David Starr Jordan. Having spent the best portion of his brilliant career in the service of science, Dr. Jordan's doubts of the utility of the well-endowed scientific establishment are attracting wide attention in this country and abroad. Of all the men he has trained in biology, the five he regards as ablest, because their contributions to science have been greatest, were brought up out of doors or within bare walls in which books, specimens and equipment were furnished from scant salary. A struggling teacher, a very young teacher at that, at \$1,800 a year and ten per cent of this for a biological laboratory, is not in a condition to attract advanced students today, concedes Dr. Jordan; yet, so far as his experience has gone, he has never known better students than those coming to him to be trained under such pinching conditions.

The harm done to science generally by the well endowed centers of science reaches more to the foundation, however, than this. As our universities grow in wealth their force as creators of schools of thought is to some extent declining. Time was, for example, when a young naturalist went in search of training and inspiration to Agassiz. He did not go to Harvard. He scarcely thought of Harvard in this connection. Agassiz was the university, not Harvard. The botanist went to Gray. He did not go to Harvard. Later the Chemist went to Remsen, the physiologist to Martin, the anatomist to Mall, the morphologist to Brooks. That these four men happened to be together at Johns Hopkins was only an incident. The student went out to find the man and he would have followed this man around the world if he had changed from one institution to another.—Current Literature.

How Could She Tell?

A prominent society woman recently advertised for a cook and a waitress, "German or Scandinavian sisters preferred." Shortly after the time for ar-



W. T. MACY

Furniture and Undertaking



J. B. GODBEY L. M. GODBEY
Third St., Campbell Bldg.

Students

You will do well to see our lines of Dry Goods, Shoes, and Notions.

The prices compel you to buy at

The Silver Bell Store

Where a Dollar Does its Duty

rival of the applicants, a well-dressed young colored girl appeared.

"I came in answer to the advertisement, ma'am," she said. I'd like to do chamberwork or waiting."

"I advertised for Germans or Scandinavians," replied the mistress.

"Yes, I know, ma'am," said the colored girl, "but you didn't say whether white or black, ma'am."

—Harpers Bazar.

If no one wasted, all would have enough.

SKATE SKATE

Skating is both beneficial and enjoyable at the

Portable Skating Rink

Spectators free.
Up on North B Street.

DR. LEROY LEWIS

DR. H. L. TONEY

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



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FEBRUARY 20, 1913

No. 10

"To get good is animal; to do good is human; to be good is divine."—Samuel Zane Batten.

Humor?

According to the Standard Dictionary, Humor is: A facetious turn of thought; playful fancy; jocularity; drollery; specifically in literature, the sportive exercise of the imagination that is apparent in the choice and treatment of an idea or a theme, and that delights in the incongruous, the ludicrous, and the droll.

There is a tendency among college students to see humor in everything, which is in a way alright. But humor is kind and does not hurt a persons feelings. Humor does not consist of turning everything into a joke. Nor does it consist of ridicule, Nor yet does it consist of sentimental and mushy gushings in a poor attempt to tease.

Humor? Yes, let's have lots of it! But let's be sure it is humor before we torture an unsuspecting world.

Correction

The poem appearing in our last issue under the title of "Blind," and attributed to Elbert Hubbard, was written by Nixon Waterman and should be entitled, "If I Knew You and You Knew Me."—Ed.

Rochester Seminary

The buildings at Rochester are ample, well equiped, and located in the best section of the city.

The Library is splendidly equipped with over 39,500 volumes and all the magazines of the day. The benefit derived from it alone has more than paid for coming.

The faculty are intellectual, spiritual and sympathetic men with a large outlook. The expressions "Exactly what did Jesus say?", "What is your evidence?", and "Let us pray," suggest the spirit of the work under these men.

The men hall from many states, East, South and West. Most of them are college graduates. Every man seems to be strong along at least one line. So that I find every fellow exerting an upward pull on my own life.

My work here has caused me to investigate more carefully, pray more, and strengthened my own desire to be a true and more efficient shepherd.

ARTHUR R. BLACKSTONE,
766 Main St. E.

Four centuries before Gutenberg set up his printing press in Mainz, and the diffusion of learning began, a Chinese smith, Pi Sheng, had invented movable types of clay, while a full generation before Gutenberg began his experiments the Coreans had become expert printers with moveable types of copper and lead.—Chicago Record-Herald.

America And World Peace

By John F. Mason.

A few years ago two of the vigorous and high-spirited republics of South America were on the verge of war over a certain piece of territory lying between them. Bitter were their animosities, until both parties agreed to submit to arbitration. Through judicial procedure justice was meted out to each party. The mutterings of the impending storm ceased, the clouds of conflict rolled away, and revealed the clear sky of peace. Their cannon were melted into a giant statue of the Christ placed high up among the Andes. At its base is this inscription: "Sooner shall these mountains crumble to dust than Chileans and Argentines break the peace, to which they have pledged themselves at the feet of Christ the Redeemer."

Peace is the normal relation between states. War can be considered only as a means of renewing these peaceful relations. The interests of humanity are struggling under the fetters of war and crying out for peace—peace the gift of enlightenment and moral advancement, the creator of happiness and patron of progress.

War is the foe of human improvement. Everywhere the principles of human conduct demand the settlement of international disputes by means other than armed hostilities. War absorbs the wealth and diverts the energy which might be devoted to the improvement of mankind. It is upon the laboring classes—the men who must literally moisten their last crust in the sweat of their toil—that the burdens of war fall most heavily. It is they who must suffer from lack of social legislation while their meagre earnings are taken from them to maintain a nation's honor.

War is the foe of human civilization. It is the relic of barbarism and a principle of savagery. Peace is the result of mental and moral evolution. Among civilized peoples there is growing up a spirit of brotherhood. Men are being bound together by community interests; they recognize the rights of others, and are willing to submit their differences for adjustment. History tells the mournful tale of conquering nations and conquerors. But their triumphs were only momentary flights of power. The magnificence and splendor of victory was paid for at the price of deterioration and death.

War is the foe of humane progress and advancement. Society is unhinged. Industry is irregular and distorted. Disease and Immorality are its attendants. They scatter poisonous seeds of degeneracy which germinate and diffuse their baneful influence long after the ravages of war have ceased, and the glory of its triumphs have passed away.

Commerce is yet another motive for world peace. Throughout the ages commerce has been the great factor in international relations. Civilization has been disseminated through its agency, culture has resulted from its diffusion and intermingling of different customs, continents have been changed by its magic power. War

New Arrivals

New Furnishing Goods

NEW HATS

NEW SHOES

"The Best of the Good Ones" in all lines

HAMBLIN-WHEELER CLOTHING CO.

Third and D Sts.

Moneys Worth or Money Back

Little Talks By the Business Manager

Reciprocity

However hard it may be to do unto others as we would like to have them do unto us, surely it ought to be easy enough for us to do unto others as they are constantly doing for us. This is reciprocity. Reciprocity means reciprocal advantages, obligations or rights—so says Webster.

Now, then, this thought has a very direct application to our relations with our advertisers. Do we realize that our business men are not only helping in very material ways to build up our college town, but are also helping in more than one way to support our college itself? Advertising is one of the ways.

The Review is doing much to make ours a better college next year. The Review is only possible thru the cooperation of the advertisers. You get the point. Is it fair, in the face of these facts, to send East, West, North or South for what we want when we can purchase it right here in town? You who are thinking about class-pins, banners, printing and novelties, give this a thot. Is it fair? Order thru our local advertising dealers and practice reciprocity.

ROBERT V. RUSSELL.

Continued on p. 7



Southern Pacific Watch Inspector

Our Friend

the Engineer, oils, cleans and looks after his ponderous locomotive every few hours. In the little delicate watch there are wheels which make more revolutions than those of the fastest train and do it day after day. Is it not reasonable that these little wheels should be attended to occasionally. Let us do it for you. We will treat you right.

Mark Hanna

SNAPSHOTS AT LOCAL NEWS

The Chapel Spieler

My dear young friends, I'm very glad
To be with you today,
And see your smiling faces
As they are turned this way.

Of all the many places
Where I have ever been,
You're the finest student body
That I have ever seen.

I wonder if you realize
What you came to college for.
T'was not to spend your father's cash
And then write home for more.

But use your opportunities.
Young man, if I were you,
Just on the threshold of my life,
What wonders I would do!

Be careful of your habits;
How quickly they grow strong.
Be sure to form the right ones,
They'll last your whole life long.

Do nothing you ought not to do;
Do everything you should.
In building up your character,
Use only what is good.

With these few words I take my seat;
I've nothing more to say.
I wish you all success in life,
So, dear young friends, good day.
A. F. '13.

The trouble with most jokes is that
some one has to point out the point.

Marsh: "I haven't time to sing any
now. I have to do janitor work."

Voice: "Why do you do janitor
work?"

Marsh: "In order to get money to
pay for vocal lessons."

Echoes of Contests—Culver: "Be-
hold, Archbold, the ermine, stripped
from his shoulders, unrobed to the
cold winds of public criticism."

Brace: "No wonder our politics
smell like an old washtub."

Dick Finley (whistling in Com-
room).

Prof. Coe—What will you take for
it?

Finley—Why, do you want to buy
it?

Prof. Coe—Yes, I would like to drop
it out of the window.

Skow had a dog and named him
"Blacksmith" because every time he
threw a boot at him he made a bolt
for the door.

Jack Says—"Those poultry shows
must be expensive things to run,
there are so many bills connected
with them."

"I see here that a man is being sued
a million dollars for a kiss."

"Well, they come dear, don't they?"

"Yes; they smack of something else
besides pleasure."

Personals

Raymond Culver will be with Rev.
Foskett during the next two or three
weeks, at Helix, Ore., in evangelistic
meetings.

Pres. Riley attended the meeting of
the Presidents' Conference at Salem
last week, and the Ministers' Institute
at Spokane the week previous.

Dr. Hinson was in chapel on
Wednesday, Feb. 12. One lecture was
on Lincoln.

Samuel Zane Batten, secretary of
the Social Service Board of the North-
ern Baptist Convention, spoke in
chapel Tuesday.

Edna Lewis of Portland is visiting
the girls of Palace Alto.

Edna, Effie, and Wilfred Lovegren
recently spent a week-end at home.

A. S. B.

Feb. 7

Report of Athletic Council, Prof.
Boughton, chairman, read and accept-
ed.

Minority report from same Council
read and accepted.

Assembly agreed that meaning of
"accept" in above motions should be
"received."

Motion to adopt majority report of
Athletic Council with third clause
stricken out, carried.

Executive Committee

Feb. 6

Review report for January accepted.
Basketball report concerning game
with Chemawa accepted. Names of

Don't Neglect Your Eyes

The prudent person does not wait until his or her
vision becomes perceptibly weakened before at-
tending to it. Yet some people will persist in be-
lieving their eyes are an exception to the rule and
never will be obliged to wear glasses. Don't take
chances with YOUR eyes. Satisfaction or your
money back is my guarantee.

Dr. Henry E. Morris EYE SPECIALIST

Mamie Holmes and Edna Lovegren
attended Madame Nordica's concert in
Portland.

Edna Scott spent Sunday at home.
Mabel F. Lewis went to Salem on
the eighth for the I. P. A. executive
committee meeting.

Miss Vera Stannard visited friends
in Albany, on Sunday the 9th.

The O. A. C. wrestling team will
close its season this year at Seattle
Mar. 29 with a mat contest with
Washington University.

Dean Northup and wife attended the
Presidents' Conference at Salem last
week. Prof. Northup was the faculty
representative at the Conference.

Miss Agnes C. Johnson, an alumna
of the Conservatory, was here for the
Tomaniwa entertainment of last Fri-
day night.

"I've heard of Chinese, Burmese and
Japanese, but this is the first Bunion-
(e)a)se I've seen."

M. E. Pettit as athletic editor and
Helen Foster, editor of Girl's Depart-
ment of Review, approved.

Bill of \$7.00 allowed to State Ora-
torical Association.

Feb. 15

Bill of \$1.85 to College Book Store,
allowed.

Tennis manager given permission
to repair tennis courts.

Moved that a committee of three be
appointed to investigate matter of
taking up City Lyceum Course. Com-
mittee appointed, J. Allan Jeffery, F.
G. Pettit, Geo. Stewart, Jr.

Basketball manager given permis-
sion to purchase basketball.

State Tryout

On Friday evening, Feb. 7, the an-
nual state oratorical tryout was held
in the college chapel. There were
four entries; Mr. O. J. Marsh, Mr.
George Stewart, Mr. John Mason, and

Mr. J. Allan Jeffery. Mr. Stewart won
first place with his oration, "Interna-
tional Equilibrium." Mason received
second honors. Mr. Blackstone sang
a solo after the orations were deliv-
ered.

"Old Mac" Heads League

Continued from p. 1

times inaccurate in passing. Pettit
showed the effect of being shifted to
every position. Last year's play at
center, and some work at forward, has
made it hard for him to effectively
cover his forward. Other than his
forward losing him at times Capt. Pet-
tit was there in getting the ball down
the field and in keeping it there. Pet-
tit was replaced by Brace during the
last half. Under the circumstances
Brace's somewhat fierce style of play
was effective. Breuning played his
usual fast game but was usually
smothered by three or four opponents.
Irish showed the effect of his recent
sickness, not being so accurate in
shooting as usual. Bruening and
Irish make a right fast team of for-
wards.

The final score was 14 to 11.

Coach McKee's work didn't show so
much as in other games, team work
being broken up at times by rough-
ness.

The following is the lineup:

Pettit	Guard
Tipton	Guard
Brace	Guard
Culver	Center
Irish	Forward
Breuning	Forward

P. U. played a fine game, and were
satisfied with the result but not with
the official.

This gives us a good chance at the
pennant. We have not lost a game.
Chemawa has lost one. We play P. C.
tomorrow night. Even if we lose this
game we still have even chances with
Chemawa. It is not the right time to
boast but things look pretty good.

F. G. P.

Prohibition Contest

For several years an Intercollegiate
Prohibition League has fostered the
spirit of oratory and Prohibition
among the colleges of Oregon. Nine
colleges are in the league this year.

In preparation for the state contest,
which will be held in Eugene about
the middle of April, our local contest
will take place on the evening of
March fifth. Everyone is urged to
attend.

At the executive committee meeting
held recently at Willamette University
plans were laid for a very interesting
time at Eugene, where the young men
of the Theological school will be hosts.
There will be some strong representa-
tives of the various colleges this year.

M. F. L., '14.

K. A. P. Sorority

Mid-year elections were held at a
meeting with Mrs. Potter on January
31st. The following officers were in-
stalled at the next meeting: Caciqua,
Anna Foster; Escritor, Beth Northup;
chaplain, Evelyn Burlingame; editor,
Helen Foster; assistant editor, Mamie
Holmes.

Lola Finley has become a pledged
member of the sorority.

And You will Bring Him With You

By Raymond B. Culver

"I tell you we've got 'em in a walk! That Pulford bunch won't be in it to-night. You're in the best of form every one of you, and now my only word is this, —Keep Cool."

"We'll do it!"

"Surest thing you know!"

"You're on!"

Wicks the coach paused a moment, "What's up, Worth?" he asked. The gloom on Ronald Worth's face slowly changed to one of determination.

"Nothing, I'll run," was all he said.

"Of course you will, and now fellows for a little warming up."

The roar that greeted the home team as they came from the dressing rooms into the big gymnasium showed how intense was the interest in this important meet, the next to the last of the indoor track series. But the cheering only added to the confusion in Worth's head. He was trying to think,—had been trying all evening. "If—" Crack! The fifty was off. Yes, Millsdale had won with the Pulford man a close second. Crack again! The half mile was started. Ronald was still trying to think.—What, was the meet so nearly over? He roused himself as the megaphone was heard above the cheering. Oh, to be out away from the crowd! But he had told the coach that he would run. Now! They were off on that hardest of all sprints, the four-forty. The care was gone, he was himself. As he crossed the tape he could hear the roar of the yell ending with his name; then the cry of triumph as the meet was over. Through the big gym roared the college yell ending in "Hillsdale! Hillsdale! Wow!"

When he emerged from the dressing room a little while later, Alpha was in the group of students waiting for him. They went out across the starlit campus on toward the house where she was living. Ronald was silent. Alpha was happy in his victory, but he had little to say. As he bade her good-night he did not fail to note the tone of anxiety in her voice. He hastened to his room, unlocked the drawer in his study table and again took out the eastern newspaper he had been reading before the meet.

"CONVICT ESCAPES!" the headlines ran. "This morning Wm. Worth, a life prisoner, in a most daring feat escaped from the State penitentiary. Worth, who was working in the power plant, conceived the idea of riding the big belt which, running from the prison engine rooms, turns the wheels of the Jackson Furniture Company's plant, just outside the prison wall. The jump was well timed, and he was whirled over the prison wall, a second jump carried him to the fire escape on the factory building, and in a

twinkling he was gone. Although the act was seen by one of the guards, it was all done so quickly that there was no time for action. The prison officials and police are making a thorough search, and it is believed that the prisoner will be recaptured within a few hours. Worth, who was at one time a prominent attorney of Coldwater, was sent up seven years ago for the murder of Charles West, a gambler who had beaten him in a card game. It will be remembered that West was found on the following morning, strangled in his bed. After the murder, Worth took from the dead man his winnings of the previous night. It was only after a hard-fought case that Worth was finally convicted and brought to justice."

Ronald replaced the paper in the drawer and turned the key. For a long time he sat very still. At last he arose, turned out the light, and went to bed.

"And some day Ronnie, you will win him back, and bring him with you home to me." Again he was a lad of fourteen, kneeling with his little brother at his mother's bedside. He could see it all,—the bare room so different from the happy home of earlier days. Father was gone, nobody knew where,—he had not been home for days. But perhaps it was better, for his presence would only add to Mother's grief. Mother was dying of neglect and a broken heart, his golden haired mother who had patiently borne so much. As he knelt with one arm around his little brother he felt her gentle hand on his forehead. "You'll be kind to little brother and keep him from the evil. Guard him from the awful curse that has ruined Father. Do not blame him, laddie, it's the demon of appetite that has changed him so. And if temptation comes to you, remember I am with you, praying for you, giving you strength. For this shall be your work for me,—be kind to Father and love him. We cannot lose him, dear. And some day Ronnie, you will win him back, and bring him with you home to me." "Yes, Mother, I will." The blue eyes closed, the gentle hand slipped softly to the cover; the tired lines on the sweet face relaxed to peace and calm, and Mother was asleep. For a long time the brothers knelt there sobbing. There was a step, the door swung open, and in reeled the drunken father. The children, terrified, started to their feet. He stopped; the stupor that had clouded his brain was gone. With a cry of anguish, he fell on his knees beside the bed.

People said after the funeral that it had cost his wife's life to reform William Worth. But changed he certain-

ly was. With his reason restored and his splendid mind cleared, the law practice which he had enjoyed in earlier days was rapidly rebuilt. Ronald was again in High School, and the little brother, happy in his first days of the chart class, was ever singing the praises of his beloved teacher. But in the year that had passed since Mother had gone, Little Brother had been a constant source of anxiety to Ronald. The inherited weakness was showing itself, and when after less than a week of suffering the dread pneumonia had done its work, the little spirit slipped out and went home to the waiting mother. Ronald, dry-eyed, sat long by the bedside. When at last he roused himself it was past midnight. The undertaker found him alone. The nurse had gone to get some rest. Ronald remembered the doctor had gone. But where was Father? When he had left he could not tell.

Worn out, he had slept late the following morning. More from habit than from any feeling of hunger, he went down to breakfast. He glanced at the eight o'clock "Extra" of the morning "Tribune!"

"GAMBLER MURDERED IN BED! PROMINENT ATTORNEY HELD AS SUSPECT!" Early this morning, Charles West, a gambler, was found strangled in his bed. Detectives were immediately put on the case, and an hour later arrested William Worth a prominent attorney. Worth was found drunk in a rear room of the 'Quelle' Saloon. West's watch and wallet containing a few dollars in greenbacks were found in Worth's pockets. It seems that several men, including Worth and West were engaged in a game last night. Worth was a heavy loser, and West was high man. It is believed by the police that Worth who was drinking heavily, followed West to his rooms, and after he had retired, strangled him as he slept. Although only a few dollars were found in the wallet, it is believed that West secreted the bulk of his winnings before retiring, and this Worth was unable to find."

Seizing his hat the lad had rushed to police headquarters, and after making himself known, had found his father sitting on the bunk in the cell,

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his head in his hands, a bleary-eyed besotted picture of despair. He did not move when Ronald spoke to him. With difficulty Ronald at last persuaded him to speak. "I cannot explain it, lad. When I realized last night that my misdeeds had caused the death of two who were dearest in all the world to me, I was crazed. I rushed from the baby's bedside, a thousand demons raging in my brain. I went to the 'Quelle,' I drank, I gambled, I lost. I cannot remember any more. They found me in the 'Quelle' this morning. They tell me I murdered West. God knows I didn't do it. Yet they say I did. I cannot remember, I—I." Great sobs ended his words.

Ronald tossed on his pillow; he could not sleep. How like yesterday it all seemed! How his boy's heart had gone out in speechless grief to his poor broken father!

The case had been fought long and hard. But circumstances were against him. And at last William Worth had been sent to Jackson for life. Through it all Ronald had been very brave. Little Brother's funeral had been hard, but nothing in comparison to the days and months that had followed. But he had borne it all with a fortitude which would have been ad-

Continued on p. 10

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Musical

Recitals

At the bi-weekly Conservatory Club Recital of Monday, Feb. 3, the following program was given:

Piano SoloEdith Stiff
Piano SoloOlga Norgren
PaperHoward McNight
ChopinMrs. Potter

Monday, Feb. 17

Last Monday evening an especially fine program was given. Piano Solos, Beth Northrup, Naomi Davis, Mariou Hanscom. Solo, Conley Davis. Paper, on Handel, Florence Lewis. Songs from Messiah, Elonore Stockton, Evelyn Burlingame, Paul Blackstone. Trio, violins and piano, John and Howard McNight and Buerman. Piano solo, Carrie McKee.

The Basis of Art Singing: An Appeal for Agreement.

(The following is taken from an address delivered by Mr. Shakespeare before a body of singers and teachers in London.)

I have often felt what a vast improvement has taken place in the standard of English singing during the last fifty years. Where is the throaty singing? What vulgar sounds we used to hear in the music hall and pantomimes! All these are disappearing. I grant that really great singers—living examples of truly artistic school of singing—are becoming rarer. We will note that fifty years ago the terms paid to singers were different from what they are now. Mario and Grisi received 20 pounds a night, or 60 pounds a week, I forget which.

Some good Italian singers as they grew old used to teach "a select few" of their admirers, and found this a most lucrative business.

They even wrote books on singing—Lablache wrote a Tutor.

Of course these books did not say much, nor did the worthy teachers really teach! They were mostly content to tickle the ears of the amateurs, and make them fancy they could quickly imitate that art which had taken the masters a lifetime to accomplish.

Amateurs, however, became really interested in singing, and paid large terms to those who gave instruction. These conditions tempted second-rate artists, and those who had little success in opera. They found teaching so lucrative that gradually many other Italians came to London, and settled down as teachers of the bel canto. If they did not really understand singing, or were merely coaches to the opera singers mattered little, for every Italian has by instinct an operatic habit of expression, and can in a way use his voice with intensity if not with art!

Now fifty years ago there were still living in Italy excellent professors who understood how to build up the voice slowly on natural principles, or traditions, which had been handed down; these formed the basis of the old Italian expressive and sustained

style—in contradistinction to the modern more strenuous, but less expressive, style of singing. They possessed a school passed from generation to generation on certain principles, not merely empirical attempts of each man to teach as he fancied without the accepted foundations. Porpora was followed by his pupils Caffarelli and Pachiarotti, and these by a long line of successors. It became the practice of many English students to go to Italy to the great masters, and some remained long enough to imbibe their art.

What Did The Old Masters Know?

The old masters knew little of the structure of the body—of the diaphragm and intercostals, of the larynx and different cartilages and nasal cavities! But they understood the importance of a certain freedom from rigidity of the points of the shoulders in breathing, and of the expressive condition of the face, and eyes, which accompanies good singing as opposed to the rigid appearance with fixed jaw and tongue of the bad singer. They understood that he who while singing could pronounce and control the breath, could also start the note unerringly in tune, could join notes in the legato style, and could crescendo and diminuendo—the so-called "messa di voce."

The Modern Spirit

Less than forty years ago commenced that curious and interesting enquiry into the action and anatomy of the breathing and the vocal organs which has produced hundreds of books, some written by physiologists who were not singers, some by singers who were not physiologists, some by people who were only half one and half the other, or neither, or absolute imposters!

Consider in the present day with what earnestness our young singers are studying for years and years to try to solve the difficulties of singing and the puzzles that they find in these books.

Ready to learn, they are confused to find one very earnest man stating that another equally earnest professor is all wrong, and vice versa! This teacher's expressions and explanations do not seem to coincide with that teacher's yet both these professors may mean much the same although they describe their technic in different language.

What The Art of "Singing" Is

The art of singing is how to produce the voice with its appropriate muscles. What is technic but a series of exercises which should result in removing the obstacles between conception and execution? This technic, then, has to do with breathing—the freedom from rigidity of the vocal organs, the absolute purity of the vowel sounds, and the clear enunciation of the consonants with naturalness of expression as opposed to a fixed expression of the jaw, face and eye.

The technic of the breath has to do with the length of the breath—the manner of balancing it without fixing the shoulder points.

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The technic and development of the voice consist in how to increase its power, and to extend its compass and its capability of crescendo and diminuendo.

It is obvious, then, that the young singer who is mastering the command of the breath and the free emission of the voice, would be hurrying his studies, although in reality protracting them, if he sang bigger, higher, or longer phrases than he could control with ease and apparent unconsciousness of effort.

I will conclude by asking: Can we not by intimate discussion come to some general ground of agreement and gradually harmonize the underlying principles connected with our divine art?—THE MUSICIAN.

America and World Peace

Continued from p. 4

is a barrier to commerce, and it is only by breaking down these barriers that states will be united more closely into an intercourse mutually beneficial.

What is the mission of America in this great movement for universal peace? To-day America stands in a peculiar position in the world's prosperity. She must—if she still continues to uphold those principles which clothed her in freedom—take the leadership in the struggle against war.

The history of America has assigned her position. Peace is preeminently our policy. The basic principle of our government is that all men are equal, and upon this foundation is built the superstructure of our nation.

In the United States forty-eight countries or states are gathered together, bound by common interests and living in peace with each other. Their religion, high ideals, sympathy with humanity, happiness, and progress have been an inspiration to all nations. Was it always thus? No? Before the Revolution, there were many wars and much strife and jealousy between the separate divisions. Then, after a period of peace, strife again broke out which terminated in the Civil War. Peace once again welded together the striving factions, and progress and enlightenment have come with union. The states, now united, are inseparable, they love, uphold, and are proud of each other. America is an example for world relations, she has prospered, become powerful, and grown in honor because of peace.

The United States has perhaps been the foremost among nations to popu-

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larize the principles of federation. She has manifested a spirit of neutrality in order to avoid unnecessary conflict. By treaty she has recognized her interdependence with other nations in commercial and economic relations. And, greatest of all, she has repeatedly submitted her disputes with other states for adjustment by arbitration, instead of at once preparing her forces for engagement.


The United States has advocated the freedom of commerce and navigation, she has striven for the freedom of trade routes, and she has maintained the policy of the "open door". To her spirit of liberty and justice must be attributed many of the most advanced customs of war upon the seas, and the mitigation of the evils and suffering of battles upon land.

All these things have had to do with the development of law and order between nations. An intercourse like this is the dawning of that new day whose splendors have been pictured by philosophers, whose glories have been sung by poets, and whose brightness has been the holy vision of prophecy—when men shall learn war no more.

What is the method for the establishment of world peace? Universal peace will come only through arbitration. A nation is but the result of peaceful relations between its various provinces, these provinces likewise are composed of smaller divisions, which in turn are made up of individuals. Thus, the nation is an outgrowth of harmonious association among men. With the individual moral progress begins, and his method of settling disputes has already served as a suggestion in the adjustment of controversies between states.

Upon America rests the destiny of the world. Shall she esteem herself above her principles of human conduct? Shall she hesitate to arbitrate

Continued on p. 12



IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

Tomaniwas Entertain

Friday, Feb. 14, 1913, will long be remembered by the Adelpic Fraternity. On that date the Adelpics spent a most enjoyable evening as guests of the Tomaniwa Sorority. Though the hour was late when the guests assembled at the hall, because of the basketball game, yet the time passed so pleasantly and quickly that everyone regretted that the time for leaving should have come so soon. The decorations of the hall, tastefully and attractively arranged, were in keeping with the spirit of St. Valentine's Day. Small red hearts and miniature Cupids were everywhere in evidence, while small branches of green cedar were festooned around the lights and thus a soft, tasteful tone in keeping with the scheme of decorations, was produced. On the wall to the left of the entrance one noticed the word "Tomaniwa" in large letters made of little hearts and Cupids and on the opposite wall the Adelpic triangle was artistically arranged with the same materials. The Adelpics were each given a paper heart and pencil and asked to write an appropriate Valentine. After several minutes of arduous labor the hearts were collected, the girls each selected one, and the verses were read aloud. Each Adelpic then secured for his partner for the first part of the evening the Tomaniwa who had read his verse. After a pleasant social time a fine program was enjoyed by everyone and then a dainty two-course luncheon was served. A novel method had been devised for securing partners for the refreshments. White silhouettes of all the girls had been placed on a black background and each boy took a bow and arrow and tried his marksmanship with the silhouettes as targets. When he was successful he took down the silhouette he had pierced and found the original. After the luncheon had been heartily enjoyed the Tomaniwas sang their Sorority song and the Adelpics responded with nine rabs for the girls. The Adelpics certainly can vouch for the Tomaniwas as royal entertainers.

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Conquest Class Social

The Conquest Class on Saturday night, Feb. 15, celebrated its regular mid-term social event. Miss Mayme Holmes, chairman of social committee with her able assistants, gave us one of the most delightful evenings of the college year.

All were dressed or bore something characteristic of a well known book. Ralph Conner, Daniel Webster, Victor Hugo, Amelia E. Barr, and Harold Bell Wright with many other authors were there in the lines of their creations. Several novel and interesting games were played and at the close a good luncheon was served.

The music was a feature of the evening. Violin duets, piano duets and vocal solos were enjoyed by all. We thank Miss Holmes and the social committee for the evening's entertainment.

Under The Spreading Chestnut Tree.

By Edward A. Ryan.

Under the spreading chestnut tree a stubborn auto stands,

And Smith, an angry man is he, with trouble on his hands.

He curses softly to himself and crawls beneath the car,

And wonders why it didn't bust before he got so far.

The carbureter seems to be the cause of all his woe;

He tightens half a dozen bolts but still it doesn't go.

And then he tries the steering gear, but finds no trouble there—

Till, wet with perspiration, then, he quits in sheer despair.

He squats beside the road to give his brain a chance to cool,

And ponders on his training at the correspondence school;

And then he starts the job once more, until by chance 'tis seen

The cause of all his trouble is—he's out of gasoline.

—Judge.

Chips

Prayer is the parent of perseverance. Nothing is conquered until self is overcome.

The heart that loves must be prepared to suffer.

No man finds himself until he is willing to be lost.

Be on earth what good people hope to be in heaven.

If you would succeed learn to know what you can't do.

We are all willing to admit the depravity of our neighbors.

Unmerited applause has been responsible for many a failure.

Men who lie easily get into many places where they lie hard.

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Where it Happened

During the Christmas dinner a young Frenchman was seated next to a fine-looking young woman who was wearing a gown which displayed her beautiful arms.

"I came near not being here to-night," said she. "I was vaccinated a few days ago and it gives me considerable annoyance."

The young foreigner gazed at the white arms of the speaker. "Is that

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so?" he replied. "Where were you vaccinated?"

The girl smiled demurely and said: "In Boston."—Ladies' Home Journal.

“IF I HAD KNOWN
what lovely homes are open
to students of
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L. W. RILEY, President
McMINNVILLE, OREGON

Panama Fair

Continued from p. 1

British empire. Japan will expend one million dollars upon its pavilion which, upon the conclusion of the exposition, will remain as the gift of Japan to America. The pavilion and grounds, occupying five acres, will be located upon the United States Presidio military reservation immediately adjoining the exposition site. The Marquis de la Vega Inclan of Spain, who visited San Francisco will arrange for a wonderful art exhibit to include the original paintings of the great Spanish masters and many historical trophies, tapestries, and rare pieces of sculpture. Holland will be represented upon a scale never equalled outside the Netherlands. France cabled San Francisco requesting twelve acres as the location of a superb exhibit palace to be built by France. China, newest of the world republics, is planning to show both the China of the past and that of the future. China and Japan, and indeed all far eastern lands within the sweep of the Pacific, are planning to take part in a wonderful series of Oriental parades and pageants, during a ten day's fiesta in the fall of 1915. There will be assembled in these parades perhaps the greatest gathering of strange tribes and peoples of Oriental lands even gathered in the Occident.

When the exposition opens, February 20, 1915, the nations of the world will, in actuality, officially come to San Francisco, for the battleships of the world will be assembled off Harbor View, the exposition site, at that

time. That a battleship is virtually the territory of the country it represents is a fact widely recognized in the procedure of international law, and so the nations of the world will, as it were, gather at the western gate of America. More than two hundred foreign battleships will, it is known from unofficial advices, participate in a series of spectacular maneuvers in San Francisco harbor in 1915.

Construction upon the exposition was long since begun. The service building, which will be the exposition headquarters, is completed. Machinery Hall, the largest of the exhibit palaces will be the first of the great buildings to be completed. This structure will be 967 feet long and 370 feet in width; three great naves 122 feet high will run throughout its length from north to south. Contracts upon all the main exhibit palaces, of which there are fourteen, are being let at regular intervals and the highest point of construction will be reached next fall. All the main exhibit palaces will be completed by June 25th, 1914, more than nine months before the exposition opens. All contracts are being let upon that basis. The early completion of the buildings will permit the setting out and planting in the grounds and courts several hundred thousands of rare trees, plants and shrubs now being grown in nurseries.

Early next fall the sightseer in San Francisco will be enabled to look from the rim of the encircling hills at Harbor View down upon the exposition city and see the buildings in progress of construction. To the west

he may look out to the Golden Gate and to the islands in the Pacific beyond. To the north he will see the stream of traffic that passes before the exposition site.

One may easily reach the exposition in twenty minutes from the Ferry building. The site of the exposition, at Harbor View, lies within the city limits as a crescent upon the shores of San Francisco bay, just inside the Golden Gate. No more picturesque location, nor one more appropriate to the celebration of a great maritime event, could be imagined. On the south, east and west it is encircled by towering hills with varying contours rising successively from 250 feet to 900 feet above sea level, like the enfolding walls of a vast amphitheatre. Upon the north the site opens out upon the harbor of San Francisco. The panorama at Harbor View recalls the famous Riviera upon the shores of the Mediterranean. In the harbor before the site lies Alcatraz island, the location of a military prison, whose white walls are reflected in the waters of the bay. Beyond are the hills of Marin county, rising up into the hundreds and in some instances into the thousands of feet, with Mount Tamalpais, loftiest of all, its summit often shrouded with a turban of fog upon which the sun shines as upon a vast bank of snow, as a background for the setting.

The central portion of the site lies slightly above the sea and is encircled on three sides by gently sloping ground; within a short distance from the boundaries of the site these slopes change to steep hillsides and thus the

center becomes the floor of a huge amphitheatre from whose sides the exposition will be seen stretched out below. To the east and south the residence section encircles the exposition grounds, and to the west and southwest the site is embraced by the wooded slopes of the Presidio military reservation, dark with cypress and eucalyptus and interspersed with occasional vistas of green valleys.

All told the site comprises 625 acres; it is two and one-third miles in length with a maximum width of one-half mile. Its frontage upon the harbor will be approximately two miles and further from the bay it will extend another one-third mile, Fort Mason, a military post, occupying a corner upon the extreme east and along the bay.

The exposition buildings built upon an east and west axis will face the bay upon the north; they will parallel the stream of the great incoming traffic of the world through the western gate of the United States. The harbor itself will be a part of the great theatre upon which will be staged the world's jubilee and the Golden Gate will be the entrance to the theatre.

(Ed. Note—In our next issue this article will be concluded. Further descriptions of the beauties of the grounds and buildings will appear.)

Governor Wilson will shortly resign as governor of New Jersey, the resignation to become effective March first. James Fielder, president of the senate succeeds Wilson to the governorship.

THE OTHER HALF

Of Interest to Girls

When it was announced one afternoon two weeks ago that girls' practice would be held in the pavilion, the outlook for basketball at once seemed brighter. A good representation was out, but in one way the practice was discouraging, for the girls were unaccustomed to the long floor and soon tired. By frequent practise there, however, it is likely that a very creditable team might be produced. The first team has been appointed as follows: Forwards, Edna and Effie Lovegren, Elenore Stockton and Anna Foster, Lena Carlson and Lulu Coe are substitutes. The manager is trying to arrange three or four outside games to be played during the last part of the season.

The Y. W. C. A. meeting two weeks ago led by Vera Stannard was as interesting as any the girls ever attended, and probably no other has been the subject of more comment. The topic "How can I improve my personal appearance?" was well discussed and the entire program well planned. Though somewhat novel, the girls agreed that no other session had been of more real benefit.

The Wellesley girls welcome an innovation this year in that the faculty have allowed men to be present at the senior dance. This is the first ball at which the masculine element has been allowed. The faculty has made various rulings as to the kind of dances permitted, going to and from the affair, etc.

The women of Oregon have the ballot and probably every girl in school will some day perform her duty as citizen by voting, at elections. So it is perfectly safe for us now to discuss the question. Not as to whether we want it, that is a mooted question which has been the subject of numberless controversies; nor whether we should have it, which has been ably debated in Prof. Wallace's classes, and doubtless argued by every girl in school. Probably none of us really know very much about either side. Since ours is this right, duty, privilege or burden, let us look at those who are without it. Suffrage clubs and societies keep up their activities in the East, occasionally the papers report some unusually spectacular parade, or some new victory, but on the whole the cause seems to be gaining ground. If we are to take the word of some of our greatest men of affairs, women all over America will in the not far distant future receive the franchise.

The great suffrage campaign in our country is mild compared with the one which English women have been carrying on during the past few years. Their methods of propagation and of attack, the imprisonment many suffered, the deep feeling and bitter antagonism which their cause has aroused among both men and women, reads like a piece of romantic history. Some have compared their struggle with the riots over the Reform Bill of 1832 when men resorted to more dras-

tic measures than the suffragists have employed. To some it has seemed that its worst days are over and victory is near. During the past year or two vast numbers of women have joined the ranks, many of them wealthy and bearers of titles. The cause has become fashionable; there are clubs and societies for its advancement, it is discussed at teas, receptions and garden parties, papers on suffrage are read at fashionable gatherings. But herein, some of its prophets declare, lies the downfall of equal franchise in England. The majority of women who have lately espoused the cause have taken it up as the latest fad, a novelty which brings new excitement. They have no sympathy with the underpaid and oppressed women whom it was inaugurated to help, and are not concerned about social wrongs and injustice. The wage-earning girls and women realize this and are ceasing entirely to care about it. Thus some of those who are watching the suffrage movement in England see its greatest menace in its very success. We can only watch the outcome and see whether or not they are correct.

And You Will Bring Him With You

Continued from p. 6

mirable for one older than he. All had been kind to him,—everyone excepting Jim Cleveland, whom he had thrashed some time before for mistreating a little boy. On the morning after the trial, Jim had taunted him in passing, "Aha!" You son of a jail-bird, what are you going to do now?" He had smothered a burning desire to choke the fellow, and had passed on, his throat dry, his brain afire. All day those words had rung in his ears. That night he had gone out through the park. He looked at the life about him; he heard the noise of the city; he looked up at the stars. Surely the God who had made all this, who had permitted him to suffer so much was not a kind God. He hated the city; he hated the noise; he hated it all; he hated God! He could not stay here longer; he would go west! Two weeks later he had packed his few possessions in his grip, taken the little money available, and with heavy heart but strong determination the sixteen-year-old boy had bidden good-bye to his Michigan home.

Three years of ranch work on the Dakota plains has given him greater strength and self-reliance, but he was restless. So he had come to Oregon. Portland with its noise and life had reminded him of the eastern city. He had never lived in the mountains, but he longed for their quiet and solitude. In the early spring he had found employment at a mountain sawmill in the Coast Range mountains west of the busy little Valley city of Hillsdale. Here was a new life to him. The mountain forests stretching for many miles over the ridges toward the Pacific,—forests where the panther still

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preys on the roaming deer, where in early spring, the bear seeks the skunk cabbage in the shady places; the rugged cliffs and the deep echoing canyons; the clear streams dashing along their rocky beds with innumerable waterfalls; the call of wild birds; the scent of the fir and cedar; all were so different from the quiet meadows and woods of his eastern home.

Often in the summer evenings when the day's work was done, he would climb the wooded cliff across the canyon west of the mill, or walk through the timber to the "slashing," a pretty cleared strip of mountain meadow a half mile north of the cookhouse. Sundays gave him time for long tramps through the mountain solitudes,—and long thoughts. He was striving to forget the sorrows of earlier days. Gradually had come the determination to go to college. Early in the summer two boys from Hillsdale College had come to the mill to work, and their tales of college life had convinced him that Hillsdale was the place for him.

So in September he had entered the fourth year of the preparatory department. He had worked hard. Tall and well built the light-haired lad of nineteen had been popular from the day he entered. His kindly blue eyes had won for him many a friend. Hard work and clean living had given him the strength and agility that won many a race and added to Hillsdale's glory. But he had not allowed popularity to turn his head. With the tender disposition of his mother, he had inherited his father's splendid brain power. And he had worked. Now he was a sophomore. It was only this year that Alpha Weathered, the pretty dark-eyed freshman had come into his life. In her he had found a companion, a friend. Without realizing the meaning of it all, he had been drawn toward her, till he found his thoughts, his plans, his whole life centered about her.

But tonight that quarter-column in

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the eastern newspaper had thrown all into confusion. His father was a murderer, now an escaped convict, hunted like a beast. He had been trying to think what it all meant to him. What right had he to the friendship of a girl,—he a murderer's son? "And some day, Ronnie, you will win him back." How could he,—he who had no faith of his own? At last he fell into a troubled sleep.

A week was gone. The last and greatest indoor meet of the season was on—the meet that was to decide between Moscow and Hillsdale the winner of the Northwest Championship. All week Ronald had fought the depression brought by the renewed

Continued on p. 11

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EXCHANGES

The latest addition to the Exchange list is The Reed College Quest. The paper is published fortnightly by the students of Reed College, Portland.

Reed College is self governed, all affairs being in the hands of a Student Council. The members of the council must have had at least three years in Reed College or its equivalent. The council has authority to act as a means of communication between the Student Body, the student organizations, and the Faculty; to adjust differences between college organizations; to take action in case of the violation of the "honor spirit", and in general to act as a deliberative body for carrying out the wishes of the students in self-government.

Eric P. Bolt is Willamette's orator for the state oratorical contest at Newberg this year. His subject is "National Vitality".

Dr. W. N. Ferrin, president of Pacific University, has resigned that position, the resignation to take effect at the end of the school year. School affairs are controlled by a special committee of the faculty.

The Crescent, of Newberg has a good article called "A Joke and its Point". This is what The Crescent has to say of The Review. "Your Christmas issue is some paper."

The Eight hour Law for Students is the title of a short article in The Puget Sound Trail. It reads in part: "That this class of laborers should be compelled to grasp avariciously at the twenty-four hours of each day in their wild rampage of brainmaking, is as dangerous as it is foolish. Students labor but eight hours of every twenty-four. On the entrance of every institution of learning should be written in glowing letters 'Students allowed to study from eight a. m. to five p. m. only.' Such a measure would be wise and judicious, and we feel that with the gradual assumption of legislative duties by schoolmen relief it is at hand."

There is much to be said on both sides of the question. One might argue that such a procedure would be ruinous to the character of the students with so great an amount of idle time. On the other hand it has been rightly said that with proper concentration the study hour will be limited to eight hours.

"The difference between a large university and a small college is that

in the large university the student goes through more college, but in the small college, more college goes through the student."—Chief Justice State of Maine.

And You Will Bring Him With You

Continued from p. 10

memories of the past. On rising, the morning after the meet with Pulford, he had thrown a half finished Prohibition oration into a drawer of his study table, and had not touched it since. This had been the week of the term examinations. Usually "exams" were the easiest of his college work. But somehow this time his mind had been confused, and the week had been a hard one. During the time he had seen Alpha but once, and then only for a moment. Now as he went with the others down the great room to get ready for the start of the forty, he saw her anxious face among the throng of cheering students. Excitement was intense. The score was tied. Ronald knew that the victory depended on him. "On your marks! Get set!" "Say Worth," hissed a voice at his side, "the son of a murderous jailbird can't run!" The lights grew dim. Then Ronald's brain cleared. Was that the gun he had heard? Yes, and the Moscow man was down the track twenty-five yards in the lead. With a bound he was off, running like mad. The murderous hatred of the primitive man was in his heart. He made the turns without the slightest slack of speed. He was gaining rapidly; could he pass him? It was too late. Only a foot behind his opponent he crossed the tape but Hillsdale had lost!

Scarcely knowing what he was doing, he dressed and hurried from the building. Out across the campus, across the long bridge, down through the lighted streets of the town he hastened, his head throbbing. He was passing a brilliantly lighted saloon, and the smell of whiskey filled his nostrils. In an instant the slumbering heritage of appetite was upon him. He turned and rushed in. "Whiskey!" he said. "And if temptation comes to you, remember that I am with you, praying for you, giving you strength." Was that her hand on his forehead? "For this shall be your work for me—be kind to him—and some day you will win him back, and bring him with you home to me." He set the glass down untouched, paid for the drink, and turned to leave. The doors swung in, "Yes, I sure fixed him. Used to

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know him back in the east. His father"—Jim Cleveland's sneer, the same sneer that had driven Ronald from his eastern home changed to a look of terror. But it was too late to dodge Ronald's crushing blow. He fell, but quickly regained his feet. Ronald's left caught him just behind the ear. A second time he went down, but again rose to his feet. Then Ronald's right fist swung with terrific force and caught him full on the jaw. This time he lay very still. His two companions who had no time to interfere, now knelt beside him. Ronald turned and left the saloon. On the way to his room he stopped at a restaurant, bought a dozen sandwiches and some fruit. In his room he changed his clothes, put on his heavy hiking shoes, and rolled his blankets with provisions he had bought into a pack. He left the house, walked down the street, and turned west toward the mountains. Many times he had walked the twenty miles between Hillsdale and the sawmill, but probably never had he made the distance so quickly as he did that Friday night. He knew he would find the place deserted, for the mill had been moved the year before. But the bunk house was still standing. He entered, unpacked his blankets, and threw himself on one of the rude bunks. In a few moments he was asleep.

(Ed. Note.—This story will be completed in the next issue.)

Our Government

Our Government is founded on one big sacred piece of writing, called a Constitution, and forty-eight little Constitutions which are not so sacred. Upon these as substructures are piled hundreds of thousands of pieces of writing, called laws or statutes. Less than one per cent of these statutes are of any force or effect, and none of them is invulnerable if one can afford



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a good corporation or criminal lawyer. These statutes are made, formulated and devised by one big legislature, called a congress, and forty-eight little congresses, called Legislatures, to say nothing of hundreds of local or municipal associations of saloon keepers, called Councilmen or Aldermen.

The chief officers of our Government are one big governor, called a President, and forty-eight little presidents, called Governors, together with a few thousand local supernumeraries, called Mayors. These Mayors, however are often considerable pumpkins in their own bailiwicks.

In addition to the above, there are large numbers of lesser lights too numerous to mention. For full particulars see payrolls and graft lists.

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The Man of Many Mansions

Continued from p. 2

had been taken care of when his cabin and sheds had burned, when all men said he was a cattle thief and when every hand was against him. Some had been loaned or given money, some had received work when work was scarce. All felt their obligation to this rough, yet kind hearted man who had been a friend in time of need and a source of strength in trouble.

The days wore on; the sick man raged away his life in wild delirium.

The sun was just setting one evening, flooding the valley with a tide of color, when the patient asked to see his friends.

"Boys," he said, "My boy is coming from the East. I'll be gone before he reaches here but tell him I died game. What we have I've made with my hands. I've fought hard, but I've never wronged a weaker man. The men I have beaten have been men with an equal chance. Take care o' the ranch, boys. My boy will pay you all when he comes. My papers are all at the bank in Green River."

He reached under the pillow, pulled out a worn and thin wedding ring and gave it to the foreman.

"Give this to Seth; it was his mother's. An' give him this thegither wi' it," he muttered with a strong touch of the Gaelic. "It's me auld gun. I've got a mony a notch anent the barrel and it's tae mony I've been a fearin'!"

He bade the boys be gone and was left alone with the red-faced cook. She lifted his head and gave him a stimulent.

As the sun sank lower and the color faded from the hills and peaks, the spirit fluttered and struggled to go. Nelse rolled over with his face to the wall, his reason tottered on its throne and black delirium transformed all into a sea of enemies. He cursed the parading demons and challenged one or all to deadly conflict. They merely mocked and jeered the prostrate and unfortunate man.

Again his reason conquered. He asked that the verses about reaping the harvest of what a man sowed, be read, and a few more about the scarlet and the wool. He had fought the battle the best he knew, he gazed once more at the beloved hills and as the sun left the topmost pinnacles, his soul leaped forth; the Man of Many Mansions had gone to talk with God.

That night a tired and weather-beaten traveler arrived at the ranch house. He had ridden 125 miles of storm gripped country in thirty-six hours. It was Seth, old Nelse McGregor's son.

On the morrow they buried Nelse beside his wife on the barren butte. A distant grey wolf howled a farewell lament as they laid the stricken cattleman to rest.

The spring and summer passed in endless litigation with McGregor's pseudo-friends in the East. His brothers turned against his only son and at last of all the McGregor holdings there was scarcely enough left to stock a small ranch well up in the Big Horn country. The young man inherited his father's name of the Man of Many Mansions. But the many mansions had returned to the dust and nought was left but the bitter taste of departed power. Houses, lands, and riches had faded away, but the name remained.

The young man worked alone on the ranch on the Big Horn. All who knew him loved him. Many faults he had. He was hasty, quick to anger, but he had the strong endurance and true qualities of friendship that endeared man to man and made the bond of love strong tho seas divide and the years be long.

To the sick and needy he was "as rivers of water in a dry place, the shadow of a great rock in a weary land." He had all his father's splendid qualities of industry and the added graciousness of sympathy for the weak.

Sometimes young Seth would ride to the cabin of some lonely homesteader or out on the range with a single cowboy. On these times he never failed to tell the man at his side that he was not the owner of the Mansions, but he knew the Man who was. He told the old, old story in many a cabin and on the vast open range country. He built up a circle of friends who blest him, as did they bless his tough, generous hearted father. But the work of the ranch was too hard, and Seth worked too long in the cold and wet of the autumn gatherings.

Again the sun is setting in majestic splendor over the snow-covered mountain. The cabin is well filled with men and a few sobbing women. The disinherited son of Nelse McGregor lies on a snowy bed and waits for the angel and the hoof beats of the white horse.

He asks that his father's gun be brought to him. His father's old foreman brings the blackened Colts. Along the handle old Nelse had cut the notches of the men he had killed. Along the barrel young Seth had cut the notches of the men he had saved. The foreman counted each. They were equal in number.

"I tried to square things up. What was dad's was mine and what was mine was his. We have balanced the account." He gasped a few more words and among them his friends caught these: "Let not your heart be troubled. Ye believe in God, believe also in me. In my Father's house are Many Mansions; if it were not so I would have told you. I am the way; the truth, and the life"—his voice faded off and he, too, went away to talk with God.

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They buried him high up amid the cliffs and put a big limestone boulder at the head of the grave. The foreman cut these words upon the rock: "The Man of Many Mansions;" the preacher murmured, "Greater love hath no man than this, that he lay down his life for his friends."

The storms and winds of years have worn away the cutting on the stone, but the older grey-haired cattlemen point to the gleaming Campanile of the cliffs and tell you that old Nelse's son sleeps there and that the family once were rich but for our sakes they became poor.

The student finished and cleared his throat.

The theologian spoke in measured accents. "Build not up for yourselves treasures on earth, but lay up treasures in heaven.

"Voila, me no lak dat storee," burst out the French Canadian; "Why did no' the good Seth live an' fight a way to much wealth?"

No answer was made; a horse stamped in the stable, and the snow drifted noiselessly in a thin white streak across the floor.

America and World Peace

Continued from p. 7

questions that may effect her materially or impose a tax upon her honor? England and France have signified their willingness to enter into treaties with the United States concerning the settlement by arbitration of all disputes that may arise between them. Treaties embodying these sentiments have already been drawn up through the earnest endeavors of our President, and are now waiting the ratification by the Senate. All the armies of the earth hang in the balance. Justice holds her dented sword ready to be cast into the abyss of the savage past. If the high purpose of these treaties shall be accomplished, other nations will one after another follow the fair example. Peace will be enthroned, and a state of general prosperity will gradually unite and bless the nations of the world.

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justice for the sake of freedom and morality, then shall we show forth the true honor of our nation and fulfill the high destiny to which God has dedicated us. Like the "Christ of the Andes" America must stand as a monument of peace to which the peoples of the earth shall look with reverence as the great redeemer of mankind.

Are we not as Americans bound by our love for righteousness to do all in our power to stay the terrible sword of destruction? Let us then as a nation cast aside the implements of war and trust for protection to the power of peace. America bound together by ties of brotherhood thirteen striving colonies and created a new nation, now she must bind together the warring tribes of nations and form the federation of the world.

"Do you dare with club brandished, young Thor of the West, Drink the blood of young children who weave and who spin, While work weakened mothers nurse your sons at the breast— Do you dare to stand armed the world's plaudits to win? Can the stars and the stripes hide the stain of your sin?"

(Ed. Note:—Mr. Mason won second place in the State Oratorical tryout with this oration, and Adelpic medal.)

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