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THE REVIEW

McMinnville College

"THE BEST COLLEGE PAPER ON THE COAST"

VOL. XVIII

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, MARCH 6, 1913

No. 11

"OLD MAC" WINS PENNANT

Is Undisputed Champion of Willamette Valley League

Defeat Chemawa, 24 to 16

When Referee Grilley, of the Portland Y. M. C. A. announced that McMinnville College had won the game played at the Chemawa Indian School last Saturday, March 1, by a score of 24 to 16, he by that announcement proclaimed "Old Mac" the undisputed champion of the Willamette Valley Intercollegiate Basketball League. McMinnville stands at the head of the column with a percentage of 1000. The title was won by hard consistent training and effective team work,—the kind that works best on the upgrade fight.

Eleven men left town on the Saturday morning train, intent on scalping the Indians on their own hunting grounds. The boys were confident yet not excessively so. Had we not beaten Chemawa on our own floor, when our fast forward Irish was in the hospital? Surely we would have even chances with every regular on the job. And we did. The game was ours from the beginning.



Coach McKee

Ralph S. McKee is a member of the class of '12, and was captain of last year's basketball team. At present he is teaching history in the McMinnville High School.

Chemawa was sadly crippled by the sickness of Clemens and Wilcox, who did not appear until the second half. Those fellows showed real nerve, in trying to save a lost game, by playing when they possibly should have been in bed. Their popularity in the school was attested by the hearty and enthusiastic applause which they received upon appearing.

The game was hotly contested from the first whistle, but not rough, each team resorting to clever tactics for gains, and not football methods. Coach McKee's training shone out brilliantly in this game, the men working together like cogs in a fast and powerful machine. The Coach said while standing at ease on the side lines, not having his somewhat characteristic anxious pose, "The fellows are playing the game of their lives. They're doing the best that they've ever done."

The game started with a rush, and in the first minute, Referee Grilley called a foul on Chemawa for holding. Capt. Pettit made the first point on this free throw, and started the ball a rolling. During the first half Pettit made six points on free throws. Irish was in wonderful form, making five baskets the first, and six altogether. Coach McKee was counting on Irish to win the game for us, and he surely made good. Breuning made the other basket which brought the score for the first to 18. On Chemawa's side, Service made the most points, tossing in two free throws and one field basket. Their score was 7. Their team work was demoralized because of the absence of their captain, Clemens.

In the second half things became decidedly more interesting, especially to Chemawa. Mid screams of delight from little Indian maids, many of whom were as pretty as the little Indian maid of poetry, the C. I. S. team started a rally which for five or ten minutes looked a little dangerous. But those old warriors, Clemens and Wilcox showed the effects of their recent illness and soon lost much of

their initial "pep," Wilcox at times being forced to his knees for rest. Jim, Service and Wilcox each made a field basket, while Clemens hooked three free-throws making 9 points for this half, and a total of 16 points.

In this half Irish was shifted to guard, and Pettit forward, which accounts for Irish making only one field basket. Pettit and Breuning each made one, making the score 6 and the final 24. Breuning played his usual fast game, but, because of his lightness received some bad falls and almost ruined himself by charging into the stage. Culver played well but was weak in basket shooting. Tipton's work didn't show so brilliantly as against Pacific University, but he was especially strong in retrieving the ball as it bounced off the Indians' basket. Pettit was fast in bringing the ball down the field with his fierce dribble and got his lone field basket in this manner.

Mr. Grilley had the game in perfect control at all times, and when the little Indians "ragged" a trifle too much to suit him, he awarded us a free throw. The Indians were given two referee's points because of interference while shooting. In all 24 fouls were called.

The game was called early in a vain endeavor to catch the 8:15 train into Salem. The fellows decided, rather than wait till 11:20 for a train in, that they would "hoof it" to the race track terminal of the street railway system. This was a three-and-a-half-mile hike on the cinders, and believe any man on the team, three and a half miles, after a basket ball game, over the ties, on a dark night, is peculiarly and particularly poor walking. Pettit claims the distance was 10 miles if it was a foot.

Following are the statistics:

McMINNVILLE

Irish, forward and guard.
Breuning, forward.
Culver, center.
Tipton, guard.
Pettit, (Capt.) guard and forward.
Brace, Sub.

CHEMAWA

Jim, forward.
Service, forward.
Sellew, center.
Wilcox, center.
Dunbar, guard.
Steanger, guard.
Clemens, guard.
Score: McM., 24; Chemawa, 16.
Fouls called, 24. Field baskets, McM., 9; Chemawa, 5; free throws, McM., 6; Chemawa, 4.

Referee's awards: To Chemawa, 2. Referee, A. M. Grilley. Scorer, F. G. Pettit. Time-keeper, H. McKnight.
F. G. P.

Oratory

On March 14th the annual contest of the Inter-Collegiate Oratorical Association of Oregon will be held at Newberg. There is not another inter-collegiate meet of any kind among student activities which is quite equal to this contest. Unlike the athletic events there are eight colleges to participate. Each is represented by an orator and a happy, hilarious, howling band of enthusiasts. It is the amphitheatre of college life.

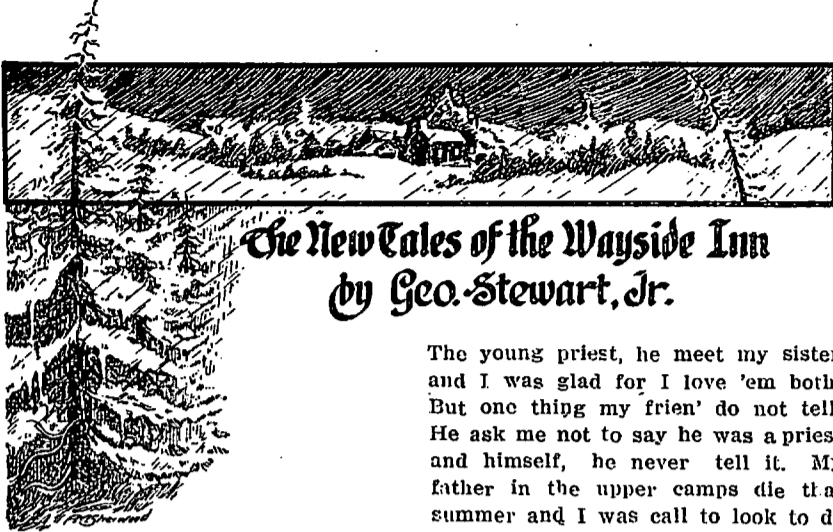
Our orator, Mr. Stewart, is well prepared for the contest. His oration is well written and his assiduous practice in delivering adds greatly to our hopes of victory. The success of his efforts depends upon the strength of our enthusiasm. With this in mind we shall not let him stand alone.

No farther than McMinnville is from Newberg, there is no reason why "Old Mac" cannot have the largest visiting delegation. In proportion to our size it is safe to say that we hold the record for "banner" delegations at assemblies and conventions made up of college students. This time we shall not fall short of our record, but we shall support our orator with a band of fifty.



Capt. Pettit

Maurice E. Pettit, of the Sophomore Class, is Captain and Manager of the Willamette Valley Champs. He has a fine record in all departments of athletics, and was the popular choice to lead the men to victory.



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

Interlude

THE miner-musician tuned once more the strings of his marvelous violin and played a quaint old carrol of southern France. The stage driver's eyes sparkled. Perhaps he had danced to those strains in fair Seville or far away Valencia. The player ceased and all turned their eyes to the dark faced lumber-jack. As tho consenting to the mute invitation, he threw his cigar into the fire and began in the broken English of the provincial Canadian.

"I can no tell a storee lak' my frien' here; but I tell you 'bout mysel'. I am not always a river man. Once I was the son of the Lieutenant Governor of Quebec. The wind called Fortune has drifted me to many ways, an' maybe you lak' hear?"

All assented, for who does not like to hear of the struggles of a clear-eyed man. Failures they have none, prosperity is only one phaze of success.

"The Scarlet and the Snow"

"Mon Pere, he send me to St. Benedict's school in Quebec. For five years I do well. They try to mak' of me a priest. But I no lak' such things.

"While I was in my first year at St. Benedict's, I meet a very fin' man,—a young priest. He had already taken orders an' was preparing for the active work."

The Canadian talked on, his voice was like the ripple of the waves on a beach of finest sand. He told of the friendship with the young priest—of his sterling qualities and of the good times they had together. His eyes glowed when he spoke of their brotherhood and the joys and sorrows that each shared in the other.

Other incidents he told too, of drunken srees, of wild excursions about the city and about open warfare with the Brothers who taught the school, its matins and catechism and other incidental texts and treatises.

"One summer I tak' my frien' an' we go home, home to the big woods.

The young priest, he meet my sister and I was glad for I love 'em both. But one thing my frien' do not tell. He ask me not to say he was a priest and himself, he never tell it. My father in the upper camps die that summer and I was call to look to de business. I leave my frien' and my sister at home and go up the St. Johns to my father's timber.

"All summer an' winter I stay and no word I hear from ma petit sister. Dat spring I go down with the drive an' feel so happy dat I'm goin' home.

"I go in de house, sit at de ol' piano and sing carolles my mother sang o ol' Quebec and Aquetine. Long I sit an' play an' sing, an' when the shadows are fallin' ol' Baptiste come an' tell me my sister is no moie there. Sacre bleau! I feel my hair stan' on end.

"What is de trouble, Baptiste, tell me or I'll choke you," I yelled in his ear.

"De priest, de priest, he tak' young Mamselle an' go down river. No one know he was priest. When he get to Quebec he send her back an she die. We bury her there by de ol' pine, where she say to. Mamselle Allenne die of broken heart."

The French Canadian grew strangely hoarse. The "sharp heat lightnings of his face" betrayed the hidden passion. His hands gripped hard the oaken table,—but soon the storm was over and with an even softer tone he spoke on, his story of love and hate.

"Dat night, I pack my canoe, take my rifle an' knife an' push off for Quebec. Twenty days I am dere. At night I go about de city and watch for de priest, who was once my frien'. At last I give up and start back on an ol' paddle-wheel river boat. As I stan' with my ol' rifle at the back end an' watch the crew turn her nose to the stream, I see the man I was hunt for. He look just lak' 'im. All dress in black with low derby hat an' long, long coat. I wait till the gang plank crashes on deck, then shoot. The man in the black clothes, he fall and I see men rush up, but no one know who shoot."

For a long time the French Canadian spoke not, but gazed into the fire as if living over again the emotions of that night at the dock in old Quebec.

"Well, I go way up river. Leave ol' place an' timber lands to old Jacques De Bec. He is good man an' hones' an' will not cheat or steal.

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.

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'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.

"I drif' out west to the Klondike in 1898 and get into the upper Frazer River countree in late fall. I try to make my way on into the camps, but the snow, he overtak' me. At last I mak' the upper camps an' go from one to another till spring come on.

"One morning in early spring mysel' and a sober black bearded man mak' a partnership to grubstake each other and divide half an' half. We work on a little creek all summer an' as the snow came we started for Dawson with \$40,000 in gold in our belts.

"The snow he catch us and we tramp on and on and soon I feel sleepy and too much tired to go. My partner, he get me on his back and flounders on thru the snow one, two, three—I do not know how many hours. He stop often to rest. I say, 'Let me die here, bon homme, I no lak' to kill you too with my weakness.' But he say 'No,' and pack me some more.

"At las' we reach a half-way house. My buddie kick in the door and throw me on a bunk. At las' I come to, think an' see once more and then I see a strange sight.

"It was day time and all the men were in their bunks.

"What is matter, I ask my buddie. 'Fever,' he said. 'All men are sick and many die. Maybe we die too,' said he. A man howled in mad delirium and said he was burning up with the fever. One staggered up, threw on some wood in the fire place and cursed the sick man till he shut up.

"Ten days we stay and nurse 'em.

If your work

Is not done to your satisfaction we will do it over again without extra charge. The main thing with us is pleasing the customer.

Home Steam Laundry

D. HAND, Prop.

My partner he change his voice an' I think I have heard it before. Some time when a man is dying he go to him an' talk of Heaven and sometimes pray. He nurses all tim', night and day. Some men, dey get well, some, most of 'em, die. We lay them in the wood-shed in a line and they all freeze an' no need to bury. At last my partner he get sick an' as night come on he is ver' weak. The clouds broke in the west and the sun shone full on the big grande mountains. They looked lak' cttles of gold in the pure sunlight, and I guess that's de way it will look in Heaven.

"Anyway, my buddie, he called me near. He talked to me in French and said he would tell me who he was. I

Continued on p. 3

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

P. C. vs. Mac, Feb. 22, 1913

Saturday, Feb. 22, was a hard day for P. C., for on that day they ran up against two stone walls in the shape of Mac's first and second basket ball teams.

When the two squads entered Newberg they were greeted with various demonstrations which pointed to their almost certain defeat, which, as the P. C. fellows said, must be the outcome of the game. Among the sights seen on the street was a goat arrayed in Mac colors and bearing the inscription "Mac" on it, being led by the P. C. fans. They certainly had Mac's goat before the game, but after the game it was nowhere to be found.

The whistle for the game between the two second teams was sounded a little late, but both teams were in good shape and went in with a winning spirit. Capt. Bean had a little trouble in keeping his men working all the time, as they were a little loose in team work; but they were fast and kept the ball moving. Diebel played fast ball as usual and got three field baskets. The boys lost out a little in trying to throw fouls as they only got one of the eight chances. They came out of the big end of the horn by one point, the score being 15 to 14. The line-up was as follows:

Mac—Diebel and Hickok, forwards; Larson, center; Bean, (Capt.), Judy, guards.

P. C.—Colcord, Keeney, forwards; Benson, center; Mills, Davis, guards. Ralph McKee, referee.

The second team game was hardly finished when the first teams appeared. Their appearance might be described by an exclamation heard on the side-lines as coming from a Newberg fan, "Gee! Look at those fellows shoot. I know whose going to win this game already." To look at the two men at center, it seemed hardly fair for our side as P. C. has a man who lacks but a few inches of being seven feet tall and it seemed as though he might be able to "tip" the ball anywhere he pleased. But "Old Culley" got the ball on the toss up in spite of his height. Culver some times looked like "Jack" trying to climb the beanstalk. The boys made up in weight what they lacked in height, being dubbed the Beef trust by the P. C. rooters. In fact Maurice Pettit went forward a number of times, got the ball and started toward our basket on a dribble with an open field, no one having courage to block him. Many of his dribbles ended in a shot-put at the basket, each of which meant two points for Mac. "Old Tip" was the same old Gibraltar and held his position with that steady playing that is bound to bring victory. Breuning and Irish by their steady head work and fast playing kept their part of the field warm. Breuning made three field baskets and Irish two. Pettit played a running guard stunt and shot

six field baskets and one foul. Culver got two from the field. The first team had trouble in shooting fouls. However by the usual spurt in the second half they left their heretofore close pursuers in the background and piled up several points on them. Final score 27 to 19. Lineup:

Mac—Breuning, Irish, forwards; Culver, center; Pettit, Tipton, guards.

P. C.—Parker, Hinshaw, forwards; Gully, center; Butt, Replogle, guards. Referee, Lee of Portland Y. M. C. A.

There was a good representative bunch of Mac rooters there, some going by train, in autos and even on bicycles. They certainly showed P. C. how to yell and after being refused when they asked P. C. to yell for them, they took P. C.'s yell and yelled it better than they did themselves.

The evening ended with a cry for Mac's goat, which I presume by that time was peacefully sleeping in his little bed safe and sound and glad to be released from the unkind leaders of the P. C. fans. P. B.

"The Scarlet and the Snow"

Continued from p. 2

seemed to know him then and he said he was my ol' frien' who had stolen away my petit sister Alienne.

"What!" say I. I keel you once on the dock in Quebec."

"No," said he, "that was my brother. I never went back to Quebec. I came to the Saskatchewan to live away my sin."

"My heart is full, for I haf' keel an innocent man. The priest he too is ver' sad and knows that death is ver' close. He offered a prayer for us both. Then he talk to me a long time. I know not what he said, only this I remember. He say,

"Tho your sins be as scarlet, they shall be white, lak de snow; tho they be red lak crimson, they shall be as wool."

"He passed away. I lay him frozen and stiff in de line with de res' of de fever sick dead men an go my way.

"Next dear I drif' back to de ol' home. I go to Quebec. There I find a great lawyer and with him I give all my lands and ol' home to the wife and children of the priest's brother. I try to heal the ol' wrongs; I tell the lawyer never to say who give the money, and again I come west.

Now I am a lumber-jack, but wherever I go I find men eager to hear about de man of Gallilee,—He who mak' de scarlet lak de snow. Some times I tell a man workin' with me in de woods. Sometime I talk to my buddie on the river. Maybe I go dead tomorrow by a fallin' tree, maybe I live for years. No matter much, my Master said, He go to prepare a place for me. I travel dis way but once if I can do good dis day, I pray le Bon Dieu dat I may do it for I come not again. My frien' you have my storee. I have been a ver' bad

man,—but now I wait for the summons unafraid. For tho I was once stained like the crimson, I've been made as white as wool."

The landlord coughed and turned away. The student's face was transfigured in the Heavenly ardor of a believers' faith. The stage driver rubbed a hardened hand over his swarthy face with its long red scar, and seemed to see in the leaping flames the image of his own tumultuous, passionate soul. His lips parted to speak—but a cloud came over his face and no words were uttered.

Tears of compassion filled the poet's eyes, for in the life of the lumber-jack he read the rythm of God's salvation. Only the theologian spoke: "I am the way, the truth and the life; no man cometh unto the Father, but by me."

Mine host threw a log upon the fire, the musician played an old Gaelic love song and the snow drifted on past the French Canadian to the man with the long red scar.

Smiling

When the weather suits you not,
Try smiling.

When your coffee isn't hot,
Try smiling.

When your neighbors don't do right
Or your relatives all fight,
Sure it's hard, but then you might
Try smiling.

Doesn't change the things, of course,
Just smiling.
But it cannot make them worse,
Just smiling.

And it seems to help your case,
Brighten up a gloomy place,
Then it sort of rests of your face,
Just smiling.

—Ex.

The Lyceum Course

At a recent meeting of the Associated Student Body, it was voted to take up the Lyceum Course for next year. A committee, consisting of J. Allan Jeffry, Geo. Stewart, Jr., and F. Gordon Pettit, met with a representative of the town committee which has handled the course during the past six years, and after carefully considering the matter, decided to recommend that the college assume the responsibility. On the recommendation of this body, a committee consisting of J. Allan Jeffry, from the Student Body, who will be general manager, Prof Payne of the Faculty and Mr. Hopfield of the Alumni, were elected

Easter Novelties and Post Cards
at THE FAIR

C. TILBURY & SON

The Place of Class and Low Prices

Furniture and Undertaking

by the Executive Committee to have charge of the course. They will endeavor to secure the very best talent and are assured of support for next year.

Overheard—"Shute! That's a killing word. I'm going to cut it out."

The Reason—"I wonder who put the sun in Smithson?"

"I don't tknow, but I suppose that is why he is so bright."

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



W. T. MACY

Furniture and Undertaking



Big Masquerade Skate

March 12th—7:30-10:30 p. m.

\$5.00—Best ladies' costume.
\$5.00—Best gent's costume.
\$2.50 (in tickets)—2d best ladies' costume.
\$2.50 (in tickets) 2d best gent's costume.

Admission, 10c; skates 25c.

Portable Skating Rink

North B Street

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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

DR. H. L. TONEY



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VOL. XVIII

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No. 11

That Laugh

Did you ever hear a college student make an assertion, and follow it up with an apologetic and sickening little laugh? That habit is somewhat universal among people who are not sure of their own minds. The college senior should be arriving at that place where he has a definite idea, and should he needs assert that idea, have enough conviction about the matter to back it up with a look approaching dignity, and not a back-fire in the form of a little apologetic cackle.

When the geologists of ages in the future, come to examine the strata of this particular locality and time, beyond doubt they will find a surprising lack of calcium carbonate in the vertebral columns of the fossil skeletons which may be preserved.

You know back-bones may be made of three different materials: absolute and pure cartilage; a material which hardens on occasion; and bone. The first is hopeless, but the second may be strengthened up considerably.

If some of the members of our Associated Student Body, after lengthy discussion, and presentation of facts, should absorb an idea, arrive at a conclusion, and then develop enough back-tone to assert this conviction, the business of our Association could be much more expeditiously handled and to the satisfaction of all.

But back-bone and assinine stubbornness are not synonymous. And much of the talk we hear is CO₂.

Sponges

Because you belong to the Ministerial Association, or are expecting to enter some form of Christian service, does not excuse you from your duty to your college. Many a fellow who does not intend to be a preacher is doing far more for his college than the fellow who may never make a preacher. Possibly it is bad advice, but don't become so serious, and self-centered as to lose sight of the fact that you owe something to society as represented by the Student Body, as well as to the society of the world at large. Don't be a sponge.

Excuse Us

Because of a mistake, the copy for the second installment of Mr. Culver's story, "And You Will Bring Him With You," was not delivered to the printer. We are very sorry for this blunder, but hope that anticipation will heighten the appreciation when it appears in our next issue.

Be such a man, live such a life, that if every man were such a man as you, and every life a life like yours, this earth would be God's Paradise.—Phillips Brooks.

"The Poet of the Sierras"

(Incidents of the Life of Joaquin Miller, humorous and otherwise)

By C. Willie Hickok.

When first I met Joaquin Miller he repeated my name questioningly, saying, "Haycock? There's my haycock down there," pointing towards a shock of hay in a nearby meadow.

Joaquin Miller's home, situated in the Berkeley Hills, was as peculiar as it was picturesque. He had several houses about the place for different members of the household, one for his grandson, one for his sculptress, one for the Japanese cook and one for himself. His own house was the most peculiar, being very low and small, containing no windows except for a couple of panes in the door, and having but one room. The walls of this house are covered with clippings from newspapers and the like. On the floor of this room lies a horse-hide rug, said to have come from a charger of John C. Fremont's. A rough desk, chair, and bed complete the furnishings of the house. It is said that while living in Oregon Joaquin became so fond of hearing the rain patter on the roof, that on removing to California he had installed a system of pipes and sprinklers which upon manipulation of a string attached to his bed post started the patter, patter, with which we are so familiar.

Joaquin Miller, unfortunately, was addicted to the drink habit. At one time he lectured at O. A. C. and after the lecture he and an O. A. C. professor, equally eccentric, went on a "toot." Joaquin, coming home stumbled into the ladies' dormitory instead of the boys', where he was supposed to stay. Coming to a room which he supposed was his, he opened the door, and walked in. Gathered in the room was a group of young ladies enjoying an evening "confab." Upon realizing his mistake Joaquin covered his face with his hands and in the voice of a small child said, "I'm so ashamed," and wheeling about, left the building. Joaquin is commonly and correctly said to be "mushy," or sentimental. Upon being introduced to young ladies he invariably kissed at least their hands, and it was only their absolute forbiddance that prevented him indulging in a more affectionate "bliss certificate."

On one occasion Prof. J. Sherman Wallace was conversing with Mr. Miller and remarked something about himself being mistaken for another persons. Joaquin, knowing both Wallace and the person for whom he was mistaken, promptly began to argue that the reason was because all great men looked alike. "Yes," said our professor, "I have always fancied that you and I look alike." "Well," drawled Joaquin, "we both have chins."

Joaquin Miller owned a place of considerable size in the beautiful Berkeley Hills, or more properly Oakland Heights. This place is fixed up according to the poet's own peculiar ideas. A short description of the buildings has been set down in a previous paragraph.

On a prominent hill and covering the entire side of the hill is a cross of
Continued on page 12

How about that

Tailor Made Suit?

New spring samples are now in. An excellent assortment, all kinds and all colors.

\$20 to \$45

HAMBLIN-WHEELER CLOTHING CO.

Third and D Sts.

Money's Worth or Money Back

Little Talks By the Business Manager

It's Business

There seems to be a notion prevalent among some business men of our town that advertising in a college paper is merely charity toward the institution. We want right here to go on record as saying that we believe it is a matter of business—just as much as it is a matter of business to give a railroad certain concessions or privileges in order to induce them to touch the town with their lines.

We have not forgotten—and we hope the business men have not—that our college brings approximately \$50,000.00 into the town every year. "Who gets this money?"—we ask. The merchants, eventually. Is this charity?

But, aside from this, the value of the advertising is considerable. The Review goes to prospective students (and therefore prospective residents) all over this state and Washington, Idaho and California. We have testimony to the effect that some students in other states have been influenced by The Review to come to McMinnville next year and are now making their plans. These people will spend money—the advertisers will get it.

We appreciate the spirit of helpfulness, but we want to impress upon the advertisers of McMinnville that advertising in The Review is business—and good business at that.

ROBERT V. RUSSBIE.

Our Friend

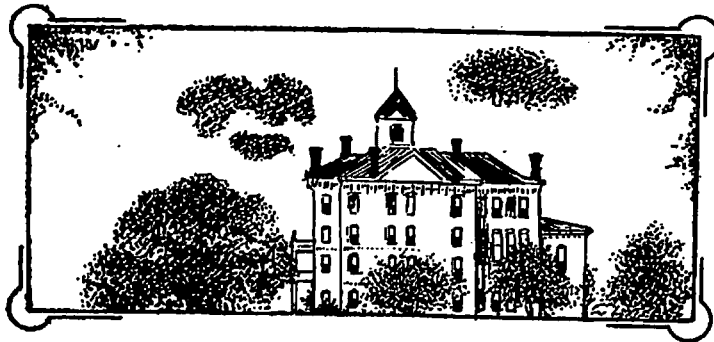
the Engineer, oils, cleans and looks after his ponderous locomotive every few hours. In the little delicate watch there are wheels which make more revolutions than those of the fastest train and do it day after day. Is it not reasonable that these little wheels should be attended to occasionally. Let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

Mark Hanna



A N D

Thrusts



Rebounds

CHARLES SCOTT, Editor

A Chant of Victory

(By the Rhymist)

They say that old Irish
He ain't got no style—
Got style all the while,
All the while.

They say that old Breuning,
He cant' put 'em thru'—
He put 'em all thru,
Two by two.

They say that old Pettit,
He cant' shoot the fouls—
Shot twelve mid the howls,
P. U. Howls.

They say that old Guy Brace
Is no good at all—
He's there on the ball,
That is all.

They say that old Salter,
He ain't any guard—
He works 'em all hard,
Awful hard.

They say that old Culver,
He can't play the ball—
Takes it down the old hall,
Like a squall.

They say that old Tipton,
He can't hold 'em down—
Holds 'em down to the groun',
To the groun'.

Things That Never Are

John Mason with a girl.
Skow with a new joke.
Prep. Williams without a grin.
Prof. Wallace without a joke.
Burdick thinking.
Chapel talks not about opportunity.
Paul Blackstone here on holidays.
Prof. Northup with a haircut.
Girls' voices in A. S. B.
Silence in the laboratories.
Study in the girls' study room.
A student with extra money.
A prep with wisdom.
Trig without flunks.
Fletcherism at the club.
Anybody in a hurry to get to chapel.
The Book Store open when you
want it to be.

The Philosopher Says

Some "hone;" others "beef."
Most of the "big guns" of the coun-
try are air guns.
In mineralogy someone is always
cracking something new.
The faculty will not "can" a bad boy
for fear of breaking the pure food
laws.
The trouble with one o'clock classes
is that as soon as you cease to gorge
you have to begin to bluff.
Our need of a new gymnasium is
like a pennant—felt.

The reason basket ball is in the hole
is that Irish and Bruening put it in
so many times.

No matter what "Baldy" does he al-
ways comes out at the top.

The latest—a Cyril story.

Some of our Senators are square till
they get to Washington. There they
always get the rough edges knocked
off.

A New Sport—Prof Larsell: "Cer-
tain gases are said to be brought into
the atmosphere by shooting stars."

Burdick: "What kind of hunters
are shooting stars?"

In the Library—"Is Mason in here?"
"No. He doesn't sleep here this pe-
riod."

Quite Brilliant—"There was quite a
loss connected with moving the book
store."

"How's that?"

"All the paper ceased to be station-
ery."

Paregorically Speaking — Editor:
"He handed me a poem entitled 'The
Key.'"

Friend: "What then?"

Editor: "It wasn't fit to use and I
filed it."

(The fourth column of this page
will hereafter be managed by H. W.
C. Hear 'em crack. C. S. S.)

Ode to the Club

No matter where I eat,
I'm here to say—
Be it in Portland hotel,
Or Parisian cafe,
No matter what kind
Of eats they dish up,
My heart will turn back
To the last day I supped
At the Aristron Metron,
The Club at the College,
Where they serve the good eats
Along with the knowledge.

Misunderstood—H.: "Joaquin Miller
says Moses is buried on his place.
You know he died last week."

E. B. B.: "Who died last week—
Moses?"

Power — (Large size sneeze by
Skow).

Chet: "I wonder if we couldn't buy
that."

Judy: "Yes, we could use it to
blast out stumps."

A Sudden Fall—Harry Bean (ora-
torically discussing basket ball situa-
tion): "On one hand she has 1000 per
cent, and only one more game to play,
and on the other hand—she has a
wart."

Commercial Wit—E. B.: "What's the
matter?"

H. W.: "I got some of that Higgin's
Infernal Ink on my fingers."

H. W. C. Says—The man with low
ideals rises most rapidly in the world
because he goes up the stairs two
steps at a time.

If that bull-pup gets a hold of one
of us, we will not have any doubt
about what the I. O. M.'s grip is.

Someone Asks—"Did you hear high
ideals tumbling downstairs yester-
day?"

Literally—Schoenberger claims that
when it comes to cleaning fellows, he
is a veritable Dutch Cleanser.

Awful—Prof. Northup says he has
to wear his hat when he washes his
face in order to know where his face
ends and his scalp begins.

Something New Under the Sun—A
student in McMinnville College turned
in an excuse for absence "on account
of getting married."

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-
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JUST JEST

Stough

There was a young lady named
Brough
Who never was known to blough,
But she studied her books,
With intense earnest looks,
And never wrote things on her cough.

Conversation—"Day didnt have his
lesson—"

"He never does."

"But Russell asked questions till
the bell rang—"

"As he often does—"

"And thus he saved the Day."

"Ah-h-h-h-h-h!"

A Frost Followed—Young lady (to
Cecil Goss): "Do you have reindeer
in Alaska?"

Goss: "No, darling; at this season
it always snows."

The Eternal Feminine—Paul: "What
did you vote for—baseball or track?"
M. B.: "O. I voted for the diamond
of course."

"Ducky" Again—Mason: "Ducky,
you are a regular scrub."

Dacudao: "Yes, and you are a spe-
cial scrub."

At the Club—Sometimes "the gen-
tlemen cry 'peas, peas,' but there are
no peas."

Both Ways—"When the locals are
rotten, it shows that the local editor
had a hard time to get them up—"

"And that we have a hard time to
get them down."

He's a Prep—Notice on Bulletin
Board: "Lost, Pancoast's English
Poems. All knowledge will be grate-
fully received by Harry Bean."

Success Yet Failure

It was a beautiful Sunday morning in the fall of the year—one of those mornings when it is good to be out of doors. There had been a light frost the night before, and during the early morning a protecting mantle of fog had covered the country; but later on the sun rose and by the compelling force of his warm rays scattered the mist, until now only traces of it remained in the hollows and around the hill-tops. Autumn colors abounded everywhere. The oak trees wore their dresses of sober brown; in every little draw and along the creeks you could detect the maples by their gorgeous golden gowns. In fact, Nature seemed to have been very lavish in her gifts to all but the stately evergreens. They stood unchangeable, secure, perhaps, in the knowledge that ere long the time would come when all this display would be gone, and while their friends would be left naked and exposed to the chilling blasts of winter, they alone would be protected. The autumn spirit was in the air. You could tell it in the plaintive note of the quail as he called to his mate, in the cry of the Yellowhammer as he swooped from tree to tree in search of food, in the way the squirrels scurried to and fro, their cheeks extended with nuts for their winter store. It is hard to imagine how anyone could have been abroad a morning like this and not have caught the spirit.

But upon John, as he sat alone upon a hill-side and looked out over the farms which were tributary to the city, all this beauty was lost. Something had caught his eye, and because of what he saw he was troubled.

He was not far from the road which led to a little white school house over in the grove of firs. People had been passing on their way to hear the good minister deliver his weekly discourse, but they had not been regarded by John as anything but incidental to the panorama that spread before his eyes until a young man and his sweetheart stopped on their way almost opposite to where he sat. Something had gone wrong with the gentleman's attire, evidently his necktie was out of place—something was the matter—and she was fixing it. She did it quite unaffectedly, and John fancied he could see how rapidly her deft fingers worked and how supremely happy was the expression on her sweet face as she was thus able to be of real service to her gallant.

Tears dimmed his eyes and he swallowed hard. A flood of thoughts rushed through his brain. Before his eyes seemed to pass a review of all the girls he had ever known as friends. Here and there there seemed to stand out quite apart from the rest

one that had been rather more than an ordinary friend.

The first he noticed was one he had known when just a mere youth. Yes: that was Rose. She looked just the same as when he had last seen her. Quite girlish she looked. They had had rather an "affair." They had gone thru all the stages—quarrels, make-ups, and all. For a while he was sure she was the one for him; but the faintly moved away and he had gradually forgotten—no, not forgotten exactly, but came to realize that he was mistaken.

Then he saw another. Even now as his mind pictured her, he drew a sign of regret. At the time he had known her, he was older, and the matter had not been so trivial. He never should forget those eyes! How blue they were, and how they sparkled when she smiled! And her hair!—golden seemed an awkward and incomplete name to give it. He never even yet saw a girl with hair in any way approaching that hue but what he thought of her. And she had really cared for him. There was no doubt about that. It had taken them some time to get acquainted, but finally the inevitable happened. For a while he was supremely happy. Then the question of principle had come up. He never should forget how he suffered when he realized that moral standards were not a vital issue in her life. It was a long and bitter struggle, but in the end principle had won.

He thought at that time he never would have anything to do with girls again. He bent himself to study; reconstructed his ideals; and in a year or two began to be looked upon as one who would succeed. Then he left home and started out for himself. It was after this that he came to know Julia. Just why he paid any attention to her he could never fully understand. She was not very attractive. Perhaps it was because he was lonesome. He did not know. At any rate, before long the question of principle came up. He tried to make his position understood, but again failed. This time he did not care. He had rather expected disappointment.

Then another came into his vision. She stood alone and unexcelled, more vivid, perhaps, because it had not been long since she had been a reality. How like his mother's face was hers! It was not so much the hair nor the eyes, but he knew that there was something he had never seen in a face before. It was Jane. He had only known her for a few short months, but the first time he saw her it seemed as if he had known her always. He knew at once that another battle would have to be fought, another crisis passed. How he hated it!

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True, he could avoid it; but was that the proper thing to do? No: these things must be met and solved. But one thing he assured himself: he was going to be himself, be natural. He would settle the matter of principle first before there could be a misunderstanding.

And so it happened. They became acquainted. She did not prove to be as other girls; she could understand—at least he was led to believe so. As time wore on, however, he began to realize that something was wrong. It was not a question of principle this time. That was at once impossible; for as far as sweetness of disposition and purity of character were concerned, Jane almost surpassed his dreams. But there was an elusive something. The gulf had widened, and now all he could claim for his own was the remembrance of her.

How lonesome he felt! When he was tired and things seemed to be against him, how he longed for sympathy! How he strained his ears to catch a silvery ripple of laughter or a minor tone of loving concern! How his cheek almost itched for a soothing caress!

The couple had passed and were perhaps being inspired by the thrilling words of the country preacher, or perhaps she was making a detailed examination of Susie Jones' new hat and he was wondering how soon dad was going to let him run the farm for himself, when John awoke from his reverie. He looked across at the city, teeming with life and bustle. Tomorrow he would be there and be a part of it. He loved his work. IT was not a mystery, and his chances for success were splendid. His mouth hardened, and a gleam of almost terrible resolve shone in his eyes. He pictured his future. He saw himself standing before people and swaying them by his eloquence. He did not know it, but he had stood up and both his hands were clenched in front of him. Somewhere in his body a thrill started and spread, accelerating in volume. It surged into his brain and almost intoxicated him. Girls could go; others could take care of them. He would subdue this sentimentalism: he would succeed.

It was again fall. Once more autumn colors were everywhere. Once more autumn spirit predominated. It was almost sunset—sunset both for the day and for the life of John. Since that morning sixty years ago, environment had changed greatly. Even while he sat thinking an object

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came between him and the sun, and he knew without looking that an airship of some sort was passing. They were now more popular than bicycles. A compressed air whistle sounded and soon a monorail car sped by, carrying its load of human freight with perfect ease and absolute safety. Six o'clock was no longer announced by a din of factory whistles. Men had learned to co-operate, and by each man receiving what he produced they were able to work shorter hours and have time for recreation or self-development. He had followed his determination and success had crowned his efforts. Shortly after his resolve he took up the study of law. It fascinated him. He dreamed of it. Everything was law. His hand gripped the arms of the chair and the old fire shone in his eyes as he recalled how during the labor and capital war of 1925-27 he had stood and made pleas for the cause of the oppressed. Afterward his name was mentioned for the judiciary. He became a judge. Still he studied; still he climbed. In his private library were many volumes that were the product of his labors. Upon questions of law he was quoted. His success had surpassed his youthful dreams. But had he succeeded? Judging by achievement, it would seem so; and yet he felt that he had failed. He had journeyed thru life alone. No wife had been a helpmeet; no children had delighted his heart. He had not overcome the "sentimentalism" without a struggle. He had felt it when the battle of life seemed very doubtful. He had felt it when, again and anon, he

Continued on p. 11

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Musical

The Conservatory Club

The bi-weekly rehearsals, an innovation in the Conservatory, are proving of great practical benefit to all, but especially to those who perform. Each one in the club, which has in its membership, most of the students of the Conservatory, are required to give a number from time to time. The program of two weeks ago was especially fine, and last Tuesday's rehearsal was very interesting.

Every member must tell the style, author, time and other facts about each number, and also any criticism which in their judgment is fair. This development of a critical appreciation of music in its various forms will be appreciated when opportunity is had to witness the great artists.

The most practical benefit is, of course, to the player, or singer. To thus appear before so critical an audience will develop poise and confidence when it is most needed in the public recitals.

Mrs. C. C. Potter, dean of the Conservatory, is very confident that the already high standard of the recitals will be noticeably raised by these bi-weekly recitals. Only conservatory members are expected to attend. The following is the program given last Tuesday evening:

Piano solos: Evelyn Burlingame, Laura Flock, Violet Robbins, Mamie Holmes.

Vocal solos: Ruth Thompson, Lola Finley, Emily Green.

Appreciation and Criticism. Peer Gynt, Edith Stiff, Song Cycle, Marjorie Hermiston.

George Frederick Handel

By Florence C. Lewis

George Frederick Handel was born in Halle in Lower Saxony, on the 23rd of February, 1685. His father was a barber-surgeon, who disapproved of music, and wished George Frederick to become a lawyer. A friend smuggled a clairchord into the attic, and on this instrument which is inaudible behind a closed door, the boy practiced secretly. He ran after the chaise in which his father was making a trip to visit the Duke of Saxe-Weissenfels, and when some distance from home was picked up by his protesting parent and taken the rest of the journey. At the court he won the interest of the Duke, who persuaded the father to let the son take up the career of a musician. Handel then became the pupil of Zachan, who was his only regular teacher although he benefited much by association with other musicians of note. Six very good trios for oboes and bass, which Handel wrote at the age of ten, are still extant.

In 1696 Handel was in Berlin where he met Ariosti and Buononcini, whom he met again in later years in London. In 1702 he received the appointment of organist at the cathedral in Halle, at the same time entering the famous university. The next year he went to

the German Opera House at Hamburg. In 1705 his first opera, *Almira*, was performed at Hamburg with great success. In 1706 Handel left Hamburg for Italy where he remained for three years, rapidly acquiring the smooth Italian vocal style which hereafter always characterized his works. While here he produced several of his works including two operas and two oratorios. Here his success was established.

In 1710 he went to Hanover. In 1712 he returned to London, where he produced the famous *Water Music* for an aquatic fete. In 1715 Handel wrote his only German oratorio, which was a passion, and which bore very slight resemblance in style to his later works. In 1720 he undertook the direction of the Italian Opera House in London.

When Handel entered into partnership with Heidegger in 1729, the operas at the King's Theatre came under his direction. His productivity was astonishing, and even though he occasionally repeated himself, it was only because his operas followed in such rapid succession that he could not well do otherwise. In 1734 Handel withdrew from the King's Theatre and permitted his rivals to occupy the house. In 1741 he determined to devote his declining years to the composition of sacred music.

Commencing with *Saul and Israel*, in 1738, he wrote a long series of oratorios which have done the most to preserve his name for future generations. In 1742, while on a visit to the Duke of Devonshire, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, he produced his famous oratorio, the *Messiah*. At the first performance in London, the entire audience including the King, was so impressed with the *Hallelujah Chorus*, that it rose in a body, thus starting the custom which remains to this day in some cities. In 1752 the disease which resulted in a cataract commenced, and Handel's last days were spent in darkness. He died April 14, 1759, and was buried in Westminster Abbey.

Toward the end of his life his music became much in vogue and his fortunes were bettered. He was an extremely rapid worker, and his later works are dated almost day by day as they proceed. From this we learn that the *Messiah* was sketched and scored within twenty-one days, and that even *Jephtha*, with an interruption of nearly four months besides several other delays caused by Handel's failing sight, was begun and finished within seven months, representing hardly five weeks actual work.

Handel's extant works may be roughly summarized as: 41 Italian operas; 2 Italian oratorios; 2 German Passions; 18 English oratorios; 4 English secular oratorios; 4 English secular cantatas, and a few other small works, English and Italian, of the type of oratorio or incidental dramatic music; 3 Latin settings of the *Te Deum*; the (English) *Dettingen Te Deum* and *Utrecht Te Deum* and *Jubi-*

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Get Them Early

Several of the classes have procured photographs for themselves this term. We urgently recommend that all classes and societies, if possible, follow this plan. There are usually many of our students who cannot return in the Spring term. For the benefit of these and also in order to have a cut made early for the Commencement Review we urge you to get the photographs made **this term**.

BUS. MGR.

Happy Thought—"Art" says: "Eat, drink and die, for tomorrow you may marry."

The Beauties of the Panama Fair

Continue from last issue

A marvelous panorama will be afforded visitors on ships coming through the Golden Gate. As one looks from the harbor he will see three main groups of exposition buildings. There will be the great central group comprising the fourteen exposition palaces to be devoted to general exhibits; there will be the group upon the left hand or east end devoted to amusement concessions and covering sixty-five acres; this will be the "midway." The right hand group upon the Presidio military reservation and nearest the Golden Gate will be devoted to the pavilions of the states and foreign governments.

The exposition site at Harbor View, with its towering amphitheatre of hills and vast distances called for huge effects. The grouping of the fourteen great exhibit palaces will present this result. From afar the central group, facing for almost a mile upon San Francisco harbor will seem as one colossal structure, a great Oriental city, with walls as high as the average six-story city block and with golden domes, towers and tower gateways rising to heights of 150, 270 and 400 feet. Nearer at hand it will be found that great inner courts lie between the buildings. Eight of the fourteen buildings in the main group will be joined in a rectangle to form almost a huge Oriental bazaar—a veritable walled city with its domes, towers, minarets and great interior courts.

In general the buildings of the cen-

tral group are to be brought into contact with those next adjoining by arcades, courts and archways. Through this method of treatment four of the general exhibit places of the main group, fronting north upon San Francisco bay, but set back a distance from the water's edge, will present a single architectural design. Their walls and the adjoining arches will form the main northern facade of the exposition along the shores of the harbor, a marvelous frontage that will be first seen by visitors who reach the exposition by water and enter San Francisco bay through the Golden Gate. By day the glittering pillars and minarets of this mile long facade will be seen as a dream city, while by night they will reflect the sheen of a million lights into the waters of the bay.

Before the facade and along the harbor's edge for more than a mile there will be built a great esplanade, a vast stretch of ground and terraces in which fountains will play and groups of statuary be set at intervals. Brilliant flowers and hardy flowering trees and shrubs will lend warmth and color to the esplanade.

Three great courts will divide the main group of exposition buildings from north to south. Their theme will suggest the meeting of the East and West at Panama. One of the huge courts, that on the east, will suggest the Orient, rich in Oriental splendors; another, on the west, will suggest the Occident, its theme exemplifying the wealth which nature has conferred to the West. Between these two courts will be set the greatest of all the courts, the superb Court of the Sun and Stars, its theme upon a magnified scale symbolizing the union of the East and West at Panama. This court will stand out among the most brilliant architectural expressions of America and Europe. It will be distinguished by the majestic scale of its

Continued on p. 9



IN SOCIAL CIRCLES

L. L. S.—Adelphic

Feb. 21st, as well as the 22d, was a great day with the Adelphics, for on the evening of that day they were royally entertained by the L. L. Sorority. Shortly after eight o'clock the Adelphics, in a body, went to Burns' Hall, which was beautifully decorated with pennants and artificial cherry trees. Very soon after the guests arrived an excellent and much appreciated program was rendered, consisting of a playlet and both vocal and instrumental music. After the program, the guests were given a chance to exhibit their conversational ability. The girls were seated in a circle, each having an interesting subject for conversation. The guests went the rounds talking three minutes to each girl. A vote was taken and Paul Breuning was declared the most eloquent "spieler" and was awarded the prize.

The tradition of the cherry tree was an interesting feature of the evening. Each Adelphic was blindfolded, and allowed to make three efforts to cut a cherry from the branches with a pair of shears.

Then all repaired to the banquet room and more than 45 sat down to a most excellent banquet. Then came the toasts. The one by Miss Hassenberger on "Our Sorority" was very pleasantly presented. The toast to "George Washington" given by Miss Grames, was practical as well as humorous. The last toast, given by Miss Weeks, on "Friendships," was especially good. Miss Carolin acted as toastmistress. After the banquet the L. L. S. girls sang their sorority song and the Adelphics gave them nine Rahs. The Adelphics are a unit in declaring the L. L. S. the very best of entertainers.

College

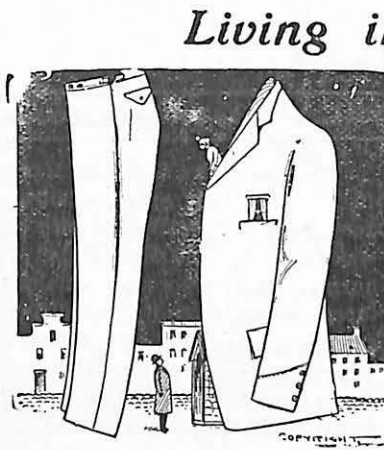
By George Fitch

A college is a factory for turning raw material into case-hardened athletes, kid-finished society leaders, and future members of "Who's Who." Its work is marvelous. It can take an 18-year-old youth with premature trousers, hay stack hair and an Adam's apple like a plum, and in four years can work him over into a calm-eyed football champion who looks as if he had just stepped out of a ready-made clothing advertisement. It can transform a bashful boy, who turns his toes in so that they will not be to prominent, into a loud noise in a flat hat and a sore throat necktie, who is only happy when he is stealing the wheels from under a trolley car. It makes statesmen out of cow herders, society leaders out of plow-boys, halfbacks out of mothers darlings, and wise men out of high school seniors. And it accomplishes all of this without taking the material apart or using an axe on it.

Colleges were invented a great many centuries ago, but have only become virulent during the last fifty years. Formerly, a college was only a place in which to learn things in books, and was as dull as a monastery. Now it is a place in which to learn all about science, politics, lawn-tennis, history of art, blocking off with the elbow, evidence of Christianity, how to keep a dance program straight, histrionics, frat house construction, trigonometry, sign stealing, French, advanced United States, physiology, eating in all its branches, baseball, gymnastics, how to live on credit, matrimony, the science of making the hair stand up straight, political economy, noises—mechanical and vocal—Greek, human nature, girls, and policemen. The college student of today learns all there is to learn about all these things in four years, whereas 100 years ago a graduate was lucky if he could read Latin and Greek at sight, and could dodge hearses on the streets. Inventors boast of the great strides made by science in the last century. But science is a canal boat compared with education.

Colleges are useful because they produce teachers, preachers, writers and statesmen. They are a nuisance because they produce 'Rah 'Rah boys in explosive clothes, who have confined their studies to a thorough education in the conquest of thirst. Happily these are greatly in the minority.

Statistics show that of all the men in America, less than one-fiftieth are college graduates. On the other hand, one-fourth of all the famous men in



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the country are college men. One half of the members of congress are college men. Seventeen out of 26 presidents have been college men. Nine-tenths of the writers of the country and one-half of the millionaires, are college men—and only one out of a thousand inmates of prisons are college men.

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President L. W. RILEY,
McMINNVILLE, OREGON

The Beauties of the Panama Fair Continued from p. 7

architecture; by the splendor of its conception, and by its life, color, and spirit of joyousness. The color plan of the great courts is designed by Jules Guerin, undoubtedly the foremost decorative artist in America.

In the courts marvelous blendings of color will be attained. Pompeian red, strong Italian blues, vermillion and orange will predominate. The roofs of the exhibit palaces will be covered with Spanish tile, a reddish pink. But from afar the sightseer will gain the effect of the blending of the various tones. Mr. Guerin gives the following word picture of his color plan for the exposition.

"Imagine a gigantic Perisian rug of soft, melting tones, with brilliant splashes here and there, spread down for a mile or more, and you may get some idea of what the Panama-Pacific Exposition will look like if viewed from a distance, say from the Sausalito Heights, across the Golden Gate. For San Francisco's is to be unique among the expositions of the world in that it will be a 'City of Color.' Not that color is the chiefest value of the exposition, for its architectural features are equally remarkable. This color plan, that of making the group of buildings a veritable blaze of glory and at the same time avoiding the garish or barbaric, is the great new salient feature of the exposition."

The Court of the Sun and Stars will be 750 feet in width from east to west and 900 feet along its main axis. At the south end of the court will

arise the huge tower of the Administration building, 400 feet in height, and dominating the architecture of the exposition. The upper part of the tower will take the form of terraces leading up to a group of figures surrounding a globe typifying the world; the tower will be lined with jewels which will glitter like diamonds when searchlights are turned upon them. At the base of the tower, which will occupy an acre in extent, will be a huge arcade 125 feet high, beneath which the visitor may enter into the Court of the Sun and Stars from the main exposition entrance.

In the vaulted archways of the tower will be grouped a series of mural paintings designed by Jules Guerin and expressing the keynote of the exposition color scheme. But perhaps the most impressive feature of the Court of the Sun and Stars will be found in a classic colonnade extending entirely around the court and screening the walls of the environing exposition palaces. The columns will be sixty feet in height; surmounting the colonnade will be a series of 110 figures symbolizing the stars. Each figure will support a huge artificial jewel four feet in diameter. At night these jewels will glitter with dazzling lights; by day their radiance will be obscured.

In the center of the court will be a great sunken garden with benches to seat about 7,000 people, surrounding the garden. In the garden will be groupings of classic statuary, dancing figures, fauns, satyrs and nymphs, flowers, trees and vines will con-

trast with the statuary and with the superb colonnades and the towering golden domes.

To the east as one passes from the Court of the Sun and Stars to the great east of Festive Court will be a huge triumphal arch 90 feet in height and surmounted by a colossal grouping of statuary, camels, elephants, and Oriental warriors will crown the summit of the great arch. To the west on the approach of the Court of Four Seasons will be a triumphal arch of similar size surmounted by a group representing western civilization. A huge prairie schooner will comprise the central motif of the group.

As the visitor in 1915 passes beneath either of the huge triumphal arches to the east or Festive Court, or to the west court, the Court of Four Seasons, he will traverse great avenues between the exhibit palaces whose sides will be adorned with mural decorations and screened by classic colonades. Huge pools of water will reflect the outlines of the lofty buildings. The walkways will be in pavements of gold. Great banks of flowers and potted palms will lend color and imagery to the vista.

If the visitor passes to the east or Festive Court he will behold a vision surpassing the richest dreams of the Orient. The Festive Court is dedicated to music, dancing and acting; it is designed for pageantry surpassing the luxurious Durbar and will constitute the proper setting for Oriental or modern drama upon a colossal scale. Here will assemble many of the fas-

inating pageants that will come from the concessions center to draw visitors to the amusement features of the exposition. The architecture of this great court will partake of the Oriental phase of the Spanish-Moorish architecture and yet it will have that refinement which is characteristic of the architecture of the Spanish Renaissance. The main tower of the court will contain a huge pipe organ with echo organs in the smaller towers. Electric scintillators will play upon fountains at night; reflected colored lights will cast a spell throughout the court. The walls of the cloister will be decorated with mural paintings; exotic flowers, trees and vines, orange trees in fruit and in blossom, will contrast with the statuary and the huge colonnades and staircases.

From the Court of the Sun and Stars the visitor in passing to the west will come to the superb Court of Four Seasons, of which Mr. Henry Bacon, creator of the Lincoln Memorial, is the architect. In its theme this court will typify the conquest of nature by mankind. In the center of the court will be a great grouping of statuary in which Ceres, Goddess of Agriculture, will be shown dispensing the bounties of nature. In each of the four corners of this court will be cut great niches into the encircling exhibit palaces. In each of the four niches will be four great mural paintings suggesting the seasons, spring, summer, autumn and winter; lofty colonnades will screen the niches.

Continued on p. 10

THE OTHER HALF

Of Interest to Girls

Occasionally one sees an article on the dormitory system in universities, or rather on the lack of such a system, which discusses the question and deplores the crowded and unhealthy conditions which are often a result of many girls living in tiny flats or rooms in big university towns. This is remedied in some colleges and universities, but is a big evil in many others. We want the dormitory system in McMinnville and there will be great rejoicing when it is finally established, yet the students who in future days, live in dormitories will miss some things which we now enjoy. It will shut the college off from the town far more than at present, and while affording closer contact with the young people in school, will prevent in a large degree the delightful friendships which so many students now form with the older town people whom they so frequently meet.

So, though we have no dormitories now, we have some privileges which we should greatly regret to lose and which will be denied our otherwise more fortunate successors.

It is interesting to trace the development of the women's labor problem during the past few years. The magazines published long articles on child labor, then the appalling conditions in factories, and the horror and danger of sweat-shop labor, then the shirt-waist girls' strike attracted attention, and we were persistently faced by numberless statistics and stories about the participants. Since then hundreds of articles have been published about the girl workers in big cities, chiefly clerks and other girls who hold positions of good appearance with almost starvation wages. But investigations on the entire mass of girls' and women's labor has brought new facts to light and today the problem of the domestic worker is being presented with facts and statements which make it the more disgraceful because this is a state of affairs which women at home might easily remedy and for which they are largely responsible. Contrary to general belief, domestic service has proved the loneliest of all occupations with no opportunity for social recreation except public places of amusement. Plans are on foot to provide lodging houses for domestic workers where they may have social advantages and have them work only a certain number of hours each day, like other working girls.

The Beauties of the Panama Fair

Continued from p. 9

The ornamentation upon the water front will be upon a colossal scale. The Court of Four Seasons, opening upon the harbor, will be entered through a stupendous gateway, the Gate of Columbus. The visitor will pass through the gateway beneath a great tower to the esplanade upon San Francisco bay. Directly before the tower will be seen a colossal figure of Columbus, facing the water. Orna-

menting the tower in recesses will be figures representing the great voyagers of the world.

Before the entrance to the grand Court of Sun and Stars upon the bay will be a colossal column whose spiral will depict man's climb toward success and at the summit of the column will be a figure representing achievement. On the left and before the Court of Four Seasons will be the gates of Balboa which will be a colossal statue of the discoverer of the Pacific ocean.

Each of the three main north and south courts will open out upon the esplanade on the shores of San Francisco bay upon the north and upon the great tropical garden upon the south. Vast beds of flowers in bloom will be set in the south garden; the plants will be replaced by others when their flowering season is passed.

The fourteen great buildings to be constructed by the exposition company, and to be devoted to general exhibits exemplifying the advances of the world in the arts, sciences and industries will be the loftiest exposition structures ever erected. In addition there will be the huge series of palaces and pavilions to be erected by the states and foreign nations.

To the east of the center group will be Machinery Hall, the largest single structure of the exposition. Just south of Machinery Hall is Automobile Hall. In the south garden at the east end and near the concessions center will be located Festival Hall, and near the west end the Palace of Horticulture, a huge structure of wood and glass. Flanking the great rectangle on the west will be the Palace of Fine Arts, a classic and beautiful structure embodying the spirit of Italian Renaissance and facing upon a great pool from which its outlines be reflected.

The following are the approximate dimensions of the buildings: Machinery Hall, 367.8x967.8, and annexes: Mines and Metallurgy, 574x450; Varied Industries, 414x346, and annexes; Manufactures, 552x470; Transportation, 614.6 x 574.6; Liberal Arts, 585 x 470; Agriculture, large wing, 620.6 x 574.6, smaller wing, 423.9 x 579.6; Education, 394.3 x 526; Automobile Hall, 272 x 752; Festival Hall, 380 x 200 (greatest 280); Horticulture, 1,100 feet.

Throughout the entire exposition the illumination will be such as to bring out the colors of the courts in their proper tones, to sharpen and intensify the color effects. The illumination of the colonnades will be accomplished through purple lights; the windows of the exposition palaces will diffuse a golden ray. Giant batteries of colored searchlights will be anchored in the harbor before the site and will play against huge jets of steam and smoke that will be liberated high in the heavens. Searchlights 500 or 600 yards out in the water and before the main axis of the exposition will direct batteries of light over the exposition palaces, going through more

Chemawa Indians

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than three hundred evolutions in colors.

Of the three main groups the one on the east will be comprised in the concessions or amusement center, which will occupy sixty-five acres, and will be the first of all parts of the exposition to be reached by those who come from the downtown portion of San Francisco. Its entrance will be by way of a great plaza at which the concessions district will open out upon Van Ness avenue. Through the concessions area will run a broad avenue which will mark an irregular course east and west, but will describe many right angles. At each turn as you pass along the street of concessions you will find some imposing concessions structure. Every corner will be marked by a great building. The street of concessions will be more than a mile in length. The domes of the buildings will be illuminated at night and startling electrical effects will contribute to the night life of the exposition at the amusement center.

The western group will include the area occupied by the pavilions of the foreign nations, by the buildings to be erected by the United States Government and by the States buildings. The pavilions of the foreign nations, furthest from the bay, will rise tier upon tier in terraces as they advance up the gradual slope of the Presidio military reservation. Nearer at hand and closer to the water will be the buildings of the various States. Each structure in this part of the exposition grounds will be surrounded by ample lawns adorned with shrubs and flowers. In its entirety the western wing will present upon a magnified scale the effect of a superb residence district.

Still further to the west of the States and foreign district will be a great drill grounds, capable of accommodating at one time ten thousand troops in drill. Foreign nations

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will send their crack cavalry and infantry to participate in the maneuvers and trials of skill.

Encircling the drill grounds will be a race track where international speed and harness races will be held. One racing association alone has guaranteed a purse of \$25,000 for a two year old trotting race.

Marking the extreme western limit of the exposition structures will be the stock pavilions and the buildings devoted to livestock, poultry, domestic pets, and other displays. The Government Life Saving Service display will also be located here.

Applications for exhibit space have been received from all parts of the world. More than eight hundred leading exhibitors have applied for extensive space in the great exhibit halls and many of the exhibits range in value from \$200,000 to \$300,000. The number of applications for concessions is unprecedented at so advanced a pre-exposition period. Director of Concessions Burt has received more than two thousand applications for concessions, many of which will be exceedingly original

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EXCHANGES

It has been practically decided to merge the medical schools of Willamette University and University of Oregon, the school to be located at Portland. The decision was made because of financial stress in Willamette and the belief that there should be a concentration of effort in medical education in the Northwest.

A new college has been established in the Northwest. It is supported by the Methodist church, with an endowment of \$300,000. It is to be called Gooding College and is located at Gooding, Idaho.

The University of Wisconsin is completing a \$150,000 women's dormitory which will be one of the finest buildings on the campus.

Harvard is to receive a new million dollar library from Mrs. George Wideman as a memorial to her son who was a victim of the Titanic disaster.

One of the new exchanges is the Adelpia View, Adelpia College, Seattle, Washington. The paper is unique in that it has a Swedish department. Another new exchange is the Collegium Foreuse, of Des Moines College, Iowa.

The cuts published in the Black and Gold, McKinley High School, Honolulu, Hawaii, are beautiful scenes of the surrounding country.

Some of the most worth-while exchanges this month are the Chemawa American, the Spectrum, University of Redlands, Calif., and the Messenger, Bellingham Normal, Wash.

A number of catalogues of various Eastern Baptist Colleges have been received this week. They contain points of information which are interesting to compare with our own college. They may be found with the exchanges in the library.

Answers In Geography As Given In Public Schools.

America is divided into the Pacific slope and the Mississippi Valley.

North America is separated by Spain. America consists from north to south about five hundred miles.

The United States is quite a small country as compared with some other countries but is about as industrious.

The capitol of the United States is Long Island. The five seaports of the United States are New Foundland and San Francisco. The principal products of the United States are earthquakes and volcanoes.

The Alaginnies are Mts. in Philadel-

phia. The Rocky Mts. are on the western side of Philadelphia.

Cape Hataras is a vast body of water surrounded by land, and flowing into the Gulf of Mexico.—Ex.

I want to be a Senior
And with a Senior's stand,
A fountain pen behind my ear,
A note book in my hand.

I wouldn't be the President,
'Tis hard to be a king;
I wouldn't be an emperor
For all the wealth 'twould bring.

I wouldn't be an angel,
For angels have to sing.
I'd rather be a Senior
And never do a thing.

—Ex.

A. S. B.

Feb. 25—Report of Lyceum Investigation committee adopted by a small majority.

Feb. 27—Moved and carried to reconsider action of Feb. 25, concerning report of Lyceum Committee.

Moved and carried that report of Lyceum Investigation Committee be adopted.

Executive Committee

Feb. 20—M. E. Pettit, basketball manager, allowed \$7.80 from the basketball fund to pay expenses of first and second teams to Newberg, Feb. 21.

Report of basketball game with P. U. on Feb. 14, read and accepted. Warrant for the deficit of \$11.75 on the game allowed from the basketball fund.

Feb. 24—Report of Lyceum Investigation Committee, read and accepted. Moved and carried to recommend adoption of the same to the A. S. B.

Feb. 28—Prof. Payne, L. S. Hopfield and J. Allan Jeffery elected as the Lyceum Course Committee, J. Allan Jeffery to be general manager.

Basket ball manager M. E. Pettit allowed \$20 to pay expenses of basketball team to Chemawa March 1, 1913.

Report of basketball game with P. C. accepted.

Bill of \$2.90 for light rent in Gym. allowed from the general fund.

Please Explain—The day the Lambda Sigmas entertained the Adelpics, it was noticed that in the seating, Arthur Larsell and Dale Coshow were seated next to Mr. and Mrs. Larsell. Miss Coshow, seeing this, exclaimed: "O, they put all the Larsells together, didn't they?"

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Success Yet Failure

Continued from p. 6

noticed a smile or a look, which he felt, if followed, might have possibilities. He had felt it when as a lawyer, and later as a judge some man came relating his life's story and asking for mercy, when some sorrowing mother came with tearful entreaties for her son, when a man and wife stood before him with a plea for separation. But he had won. Law was his criterion: law must rule. If he had felt tired, or depressed, or lonesome, it must be because of some violation. He had not overlooked the motive that culminated in God giving Adam his wife, nor the fact that if his life were used as a standard, humanity would cease to exist. That "It was not good for a man to be alone" was true for the race as a whole, but for him, and for his duty with regard to mankind—that was different. And now it would not be long until all was over. What about the hereafter? Was death a transition of everything but the physical man? If so, if individuality was maintained and love ruled, would he be capable of taking part? True, he recognized a God—his God; but he had not been to him a God of love, or comfort, or fellowship. He was a God of justice.

A voice in the doorway aroused him. The bell had rung, but John not coming, the servant of the house came to see what was the matter. The girl was surprised, for she had never known it to be necessary to call him twice unless something was wrong. As he stood up to go into the house, a piece of paper fell to the floor. With a pretence of straightening out a vine that had become tangled she waited until he had entered, then she picked up the paper. She wondered again, for all she found was: "And what shall it profit a man if he gain the whole world and lose his own soul?"

The Panama Slides—The conclusion of an article on "Slides in the Culebra Cut," by Donald F. MacDonald, geologist to the Canal Commission, published in The Engineering Record (New York), is that the much feared earth-slides are only a temporary drawback. He says:

"When the slopes shall have been reduced to the proper angle, which will, of course, vary with the strength of the rock from, say, almost perpendicular in the case of the strong lavas to one in five in the case of the much sheared clay rocks, the slide problem will be practically solved. With slope pressures thus finally adjusted and a protective mantle of vegetation minimizing erosion on the banks, there is no reason why this new and mighty man-made valley shall not be as stable and as enduring as other great valleys wrought in the long ages by nature's sculpturing hand."



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 Dr. Cozens, his physician
 Orville J. Marsh
 Effie, servant Enid Bell
 Miss Goodwille, the Professor's sister Ruth Mead
 Lady Gilding, the Dowager
 Edith Stiff
 Sir George Gilding, M. P.
 J. Allan Jeffrey
 Lady Gilding, his wife
 Marjorie Hermiston
 Henders, farm hand... Paul Blackstone
 Pete, same Monte Smithson
 Dr. Yellowleaves Chester Taylor
 Servants
 Winfred Beurman, "Bill" Williams

Work on the play is becoming more interesting for work has been taken up in earnest. The cast is entirely chosen and Prof. Wallace expects to have frequent rehearsals from now on.

Educational Conference

The Pacific Coast Baptist Conference will meet some time in April at Sacramento, to consider the educational situation on the Pacific Coast. The meeting is called by Dr. Claude Kelly of San Jose.

Dr. Kelly, when he came to the coast, expressed an intention of getting under as many phases of the Baptist cause as possible, and the present call is one result of this purpose. He has visited all the Baptist institutions on the Coast and knows the conditions.

It will be the purpose of this conference to consider means of interesting the pastors and laymen and of relieving the officers of the colleges in some measure, of the financial responsibilities.

Instead of having the Northern Baptist Convention dictate the policy on this Coast, Dr. Kelly proposes to get the people themselves behind their own cause.

Personals

Nickelson, McKnight and Pettit accompanied the team to Chemawa last Saturday.

Gale Seaman, Student Y. M. C. A. Secretary for the Pacific Coast was here Saturday and Sunday, Feb. 22 and 23.

Mr. J. E. Rhodes, an alumnus, of the class of 1902, and at present editor of the Santa Maria Vidette has been visiting friends here during the past week.

Rev. D. Willard Lyon, the Y. M. C. A. secretary to China, now on a vacation recovering his broken health, spoke in chapel Friday of last week.

Dr. Hinson paid his usual visit last week.

Prof. Colman of Reed College gave a very interesting talk in Chapel last Thursday.

Smithson (reading news-paper):—"Say! There have been so many revolutions in Mexico that it makes me dizzy to look at them.

"The Poet of the Sierras"

Continued from p. 4

evergreens. This cross is plain to view for miles around and can be clearly seen from many portions of the city of Oakland. He has constructed four monuments on different points on his place. One of these is a square tower similar to the corner tower of the wall of a medieval city. Another tower, a round one, is built to Keats. Broken bits of "dead soldiers" protrude from its coat of cement. Samuel Simpson and I scaled the sides of this (it is only about 9 or 10 feet high) and one of Sam's hands connected up with one of these bits of glass, but Joaquin never had the satisfaction of knowing that the armament had served the purpose for which he undoubtedly intended it.

A third monument, a pyramid, is built to the memory of Moses. The story goes that this was originally built to Adam, but a preacher convinced Mr. Miller that Adam was not a good man, so he transferred the honors to Moses. The poet, however, never tells this part of the story. He calmly avers that this pyramid was built to Moses because Moses might just as well be buried on that hill as any other and since they don't know that he is buried on any other he must be buried on that one.

The fourth monument is constructed in the form of an ancient sacrifice altar. It was the poet's express command that he be cremated on this altar and one half of the ashes be buried beside the grave of his mother, and the remaining half be scattered to the winds from the hill on which the pier is built.

The garb of Joaquin Miller receives frequent comment. I never saw him without the high-heeled shiny, riding boots. His coat was a long creation which flared at the hips and his trousers "pegged" at the top almost as much as Paul Bruening's.

Frequently Mr. Miller would be found in bed by visiting parties and no matter who his callers happened to be he never deigned to rise. The party might enter his house and converse with him, but he showed no inclination to get up.

Mr. Miller frequently gave lectures and as to his ability in this line we will trust to our professor of public speaking, who says, "Were Joaquin Miller living I would go farther to hear him speak than any other man I ever heard." His lectures are full of descriptions of simple things, word pictures resplendent with the beautiful and the poetic.

In spite of all the eccentricities of this queer genius, one who came in personal contact with him could not help liking him and he died leaving many friends, both personal and those who knew him only through his poetry.

Miller says that every great poem is but the expression of a single great thought and gives many interesting reasons why he wrote this or that poem, one of which is given herewith.

He happened to be in a town where a big celebration over a martial victory was taking place and was asked to write a poem for the occasion. Although, or perhaps, because he had

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been a soldier, Miller detested war. He had never written a single line glorifying war and he never would. The committee in charge of the celebration, however, insisted, and he finally consented and wrote and submitted the following: "The Mothers of Men," and to the everlasting discredit of those in charge the poem was rejected.

THE MOTHERS OF MEN

The bravest battle that ever was fought!

Shall I tell you where and when?

On the map of the world you will find it not—

'Twas fought by the mothers of men.

Nay, not with cannon or battle shot,

With sword or nobler pen!

Nay, not with eloquent words or thought,

From mouths of wonderful men!

But deep in the walled-up woman's heart—

Of woman that would not yield,

But bravely, silently, bore her part—

Lo, there is that battle field!

No marshaling troop, no bivouac song,

No banner to gleam or wave;

But oh! these battles, they last so long—

From babyhood to the grave.

Yet faithful still as a bridge of stars,

She fights in her walled-up town—

Fights on and on in the endless wars,

Then silent, unseen, goes down.

O spotless women in a world of shame;

With splendid and silent scorn,

Go back to God as white as you came—

The kingliest warrior born!

One Sadly, Solem Fact— McClure:

"Taxes are like the tide, you know.

They wait for no man."

C. Hickok: "They are most like the Rising tide."

Garden Seeds

That Grow!

You can't keep them in the ground!

Tools to put them in with.

O. O. Hodson

Don't Forget

We are carrying the most complete line of CONFECTIONS and Package Goods. Fancy Boxes are our specialty. Hot and cold drinks.

Wright's

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Chester Martin

"Chetter" Martin went and did it, the first of the class of '12 to fall a victim to the wiles of Dan Cupid. On Thursday afternoon, Feb. 6, the fatal step was taken and Chester took to himself a wife.

Martin was a member of the brilliant clas of '12 which in many respects was ————. He was graduated with extra credits in public speaking. But his constant thirst for knowledge forced him to continue his work, taking a post-graduate course here this year. And even marriage does not daunt him for he is again back among us, pursuing elusive ideas. For the first time an excuse of getting married was handed to the disciplinary committee. Well, congratulations, Chet, and may the best ever be yours.