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SPRING IS HERE AND BASEBALL! EVERYBODY PLAY BALL!

# THE REVIEW

## McMinnville College

"THE BEST COLLEGE PAPER ON THE COAST"

VOL. XVIII

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, APRIL 3, 1918

No. 13

### Join the "Pep" Squad!

#### Baseball Prospects Fine

Why do we win? We've got the pep! Pep is the difference between optimism and pessimism, between momentum and inertia, between victory and defeat.

Why did Pettit and his bunch of huskies win the Championship of the Willamette Valley? Not because they had better material than in previous years, not because the opposing teams were any weaker; it was because they had the "Pep."

#### How About Baseball?

We have the cream of our old material left and some new stuff hanging around that looks good to us. We have several good "wings" showing up as twirlers and stand a fine chance of sending out an undefeated team.

#### How About Our Captain.

Everyone knows "Art" Larsell, known to his legion of loyal friends as "Lena" Larsell is a true sportsman, knows the game and under his able leadership our team hopes to be led to victory. We want every man to cooperate as a true College man in helping him put out the best team we have ever had. Larsell is a fast infielder and a star catcher. He is as yet undecided as to his position, but will probably play in the infield.

#### Our Coach

Dr. Herbert L. Toney, graduate of both McMinnville College and the University of Michigan, will direct and coach this year's team as he did last year. Being a star athlete both while in College here and at the U. of M., it would be most difficult to find a man so eminently fitting for the position of coach of McMinnville's baseball team. Dr. Toney as well as Larsell has the "pep" that carries a team through the drill of preparation and the strain of a hard fought game.

#### Who are our Backers?

Every College man and woman in the institution! Let's be one and back our team as we have the basketball team. Turn out to practice, attend the games, advertise, sell tickets, do anything in fact to advance the team in harmony with the plans of the captain, manager and coach.

We need the support of every student, the combined energy of the whole school to wind up our triumphant list of athletic victories for the college year of 1917-18.



Captain Larsell

Let's have the enthusiasm! Without "pep" the strongest falter, with it the weakest will go on to victory! We will put out a fast and winning team. Why?—because we have the "Pep."

Our first game will be on Saturday, April 12.

#### Albany Defeats McMinnville

Albany College by a unanimous decision of the judges, defeated McMinnville College in debate on Friday night, March 28. The debate took place in the Albany College Chapel and was heard by a small crowd of students. The question debated was, "Resolved, that Capital Punishment should be abolished in the State of Oregon." McMinnville upheld the affirmative.

Both sides debated earnestly, but Albany seemed more familiar with the subject and more at ease upon the platform. Their rebuttal was also strong. All who heard the debate seemed satisfied with the decision. The judges were Professors Shafer and Ayers of the University of Oregon and Prof. Buxell of O. A. C. The Albany debaters were Irvine Acheson and W. O. Benthon. McMinnville was represented by Alvin Tipton and Luther Taylor. J. Allen Jeffery accompanied the McMinnville team.

The Albany people were very hospitable, caring for the McMinnville debaters in one of the best hotels and extending to them a pleasant reception after the debate.

McMinnville will shortly meet Pacific College at McMinnville, debating the same question.

#### Slightly Wrong

Miller (translating Greek):—"And the daughter was there, who had been married for nine days, and her husband was out hunting hare."

### Y. W. Cabinet Conference

#### Biggest of the Year

On March 28-30 at McMinnville College occurred the annual gathering of the Northern Willamette Valley Cabinet Conference of the Y. W. C. A. Seventy leaders and delegates, representing the Cabinets of the associations of Pacific University, Pacific College, Dallas College, Oregon State Normal School, McMinnville College, Dallas High School, and Newberg High School, attended this conference, the registration exceeding any of the several Cabinet Conferences held in the Northwest this year.

The true spirit of Christian fellowship, enthusiasm and helpfulness characterized the whole conference.

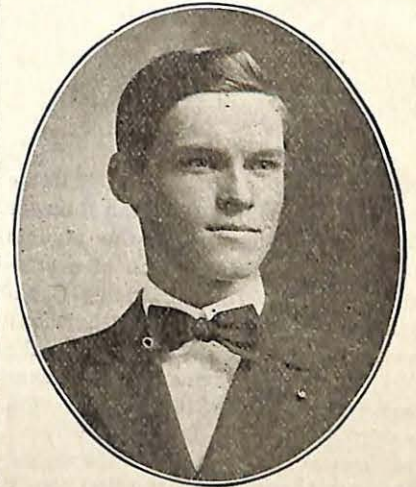
On Friday evening the informal reception was given at Music Hall in honor of the visiting Cabinet members. During the evening the Association Pageant was given by the visiting delegates, each delegation portraying a scene. Miss Davis of O. S. N. S. gave the prologue and epilogue. China was represented by O. S. N. S.; India by Dallas College and High School; Japan by Pacific College and Newberg High; and South America by Pacific University. In this way the great work that the Young Women's Christian Association is doing in other lands, was realistically presented.

Saturday's program was well filled and was inspirational and helpful. The morning session was opened by Miss Lena B. James, general secretary, Portland, the presiding officer of the conference with a most interesting review of Association work.

During the morning session the conference was divided into groups for consultation, with able leaders, on the work of the various committees of each association. In these groups the best methods were discussed, as well as the needs of the several associations. These technical councils and the reports made by each were intensely interesting and very practical.

At 12:30, in the basement of the Baptist church, a banquet was served by the ladies of the church. This was really a rally for the Gearhart conference, to be held June 17-27. To carry out the idea, an acrostic of the word Gearhart was formed, using the following subjects for toasts:

- Girls
- Enrollment
- Attendance



George Stewart, Jr., Manager

- Recreation
- Hotel
- Addresses
- Remembrances.
- The Conference

Mrs. C. C. Potter acted as toastmistress, in the absence of Miss Fox, in a most gracious and winning manner. A representative of each association gave an enthusiastic and suitable response to the Gearhart toasts. The conference spirit prevailed in the responses given by Mrs. Willard Lyon, Misses James and Grover and Prof. Coleman. Prof. Coleman, in his usual helpful way, conducted two Bible study hours, which were exceptionally fine and uplifting. The influence of his words will long be felt.

"The Messages" from Prof. Boughton, Miss Davis and Miss Cole were also very inspiring.

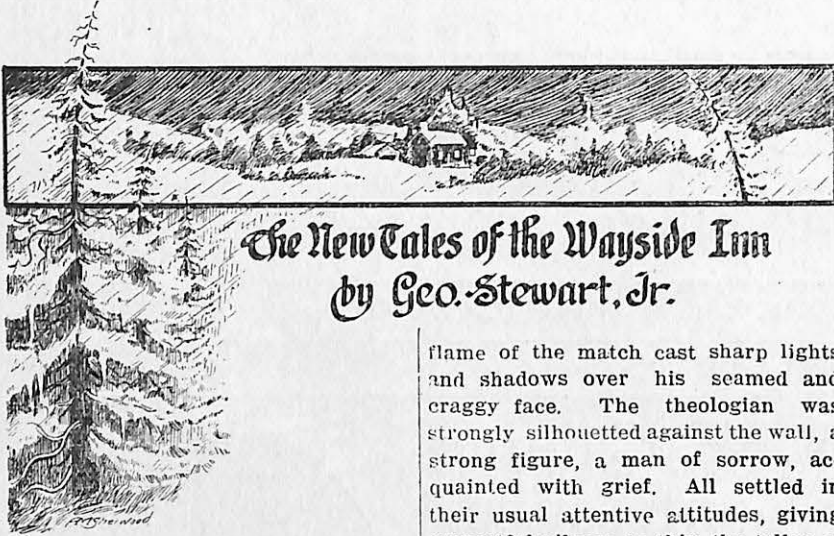
The address of the evening was given by Supt. Wm. Proctor of Forest Grove, on "The Influence of the Bible in the World." Mr. Proctor's message was as enjoyable as the rest.

Sunday morning the Conference worshipped at the First Baptist church, the service being especially prepared for the conference girls.

The closing service Sunday afternoon was conducted by Miss Grover. The many responses of the girls showed the benefits and blessings derived by each one from such a gathering. The Conference was closed by Miss James. The only thing that marred the Conference was the absence of Miss Fox, our student secretary.

The influence of such a gathering can scarcely be estimated. The earnest, prayerful atmosphere of the Conference, the consecrated and inspired addresses of the leaders, and the meeting with such a splendid company of true Christian girls was a blessing to each one in attendance. No one can really tell of the good derived.

Continued on p. 6



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

#### Interlude

Like following flitting fancies in the rill of Dreams, the musician followed evasive fantasies. To the student this was the impersonation of a master violinist. To the French Canadian, the ebb and flow of harmony came as a living message from the heart of Stradivarius. The tones changed to the swift cadence of a Spanish love song. The stage driver's face grew strangely pale; the long red scar stood out like bas-relief on a wall of porphyry. He was in a far-away land. The fitful light of the open fire, the fellowship of kindred men; the storm without, the wondrous music, all aided in taking the men back across the years, to see once more the rugged toil of life.

As the music died away, the rosate light grew even more gentle, and the man with the scarred face gazed into the leaping flames with the look of a heart-sick traveler.

"My friend," said the theologian, "you are not of this land; methinks you have breathed the flower-laden air of the Levant; the Alhambra may have been your play-ground. You may have been raised in barren Patagonia, or know what it is to swing a rope on the dust-blown pampas of the Rio de Plata. Tell me a story of yourself, of love, of war, of struggle and of the consolation that comes of the bearer of pain."

The dark-haired driver winced. The tragedy of the Canadian life seemed hanging heavily upon his spirit. He spoke in measured accents, as one speaks who is not sure of himself.

"I have but one story, my own. I perhaps have been mistaken, but my life has been one long quest, and I have not given time to see the trouble, the joy and sometimes the triumph of the lives around me. One story I have of me and my people. Would you care to listen, Senors. Never before have I burdened good comrades with the life of a disappointed man."

He had a strong Spanish accent, with the peculiar roundness of speech that comes with an intimate knowledge of many tongues.

The landlord lit a fresh cigar. The

flame of the match cast sharp lights and shadows over his seamed and craggy face. The theologian was strongly silhouetted against the wall, a strong figure, a man of sorrow, acquainted with grief. All settled in their usual attentive attitudes, giving respectful silence to this, the teller of a strange story.

#### THE STAGE DRIVER'S STORY

##### "The Vengeance of the Lord"

"I am of the Argentine. My fathers came from the hill country back of Valencia and settled in the New Spain of the golden West. Born to love the cattle and horses of the vast pampas region, I naturally longed to be a hyciendado in the stock country.

"While still young, I started out for the more westerly province and there made a good start. I toiled with the stock day and night, for the honor of the family and my own ambitious desires.

"Don Manuel Aryata was my nearest neighbor in that land of open spaces. He lived 30 leagues to the west of me and had a rich hycienda and cattle as the sand of the desert. He had a most beautiful daughter, Anita, and as I would ride into his country I occasionally called upon her.

"The young senorita was not as the beauties of the north. She was like the very queen of all the sun beams, but in her long hair there lurked the shadows of the night. Her great, dark eyes and delicate chin and mouth were suited to the Mother Immaculate I saw in the church at Janeiro. Slender, willowy, with a voice like distant music, her's was a personality that won all hearts and soon I fell a victim.

"One day I put on my black velvet clothes with the red silk sashings, my best sombrero and rode in on the second morning to the hycienda of Don Manuel. I told him my mission. I had come to ask for his daughter. Being a proud Castilian, he laughed me to scorn.

"When you have 50,000 head of cattle and a hycienda fit for my daughter, come back. No man can have my daughter who is not worthy of her!"

"I swallowed my anger, for he was her father, and went home to work harder than before. Good fortune smiled. An uncle in Bueynos Ayres left me 30,000 head of catile and a ranch in the upper La Plata. I struggled on till I had fulfilled all the con-

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ditions and then returned to the hycienda of Don Manuel Aryata.

"At first Manuel laughed, then he stormed, and at last told me to ask his daughter.

"Dusty, I was, and very tired from riding. Hard work had taken the life out of me. I told Anita, to be my wife and I would build her a place in the upper Plata that would rival the mansions on the border lands of Paradise.

"She, the beautiful one, scorned me; made jests about my guacho clothing, told me to go out with the peons and wash my hands.

"Senors, what is a man to say when he has worked body and soul threadbare and all is laughed at, and his love is mocked!"

"Ventu Dieu! I would keel—" cried the French Canadian, but his passion died in a wave of shame.

The scar-faced driver continued:

Special



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Bros.**

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"I went back across the pampas and tried with all the power of my soul to forget and to wear away the dull ache. At evening when the sun bent to kiss the Andes, I always thot of Anita. I could see her always, her black hair, her delicate features and the white teeth. Her eyes were like the evening stars that shine in benediction on a sleepy world. I wondered in my soul's Lent bitterness why she looked scornful on me alone.

"One night I was riding alone, a day's journey beyond my farthest camps. I saw two campfires in the darkness and made for the nearest to seek a cattleman's hospitality. I asked no questions and none were asked of me. Having eaten I rolled a cigarette and lay down to dream of work and Anita.

"Along in the third watch a night herder rode in on a winded and lathering horse.

"'What's up!' yelled a voice I well knew was Don Manuel Aryata's.

"'A stampede,' gasped the peon. No need was there to tell us for we heard the dull thundering rush of the cattle on the stilly night.

"'They'll reach the other camp and trampel them to death. Ten thousand pesos of silver to him who shall save my boy Pedro!' said Don Manuel.

"'Speak quick, you dogs,' he threatened. Not a man stirred. Then suddenly a maiden rushed into the light of the fire.

"'Pancho,' she said, 'you say you love me. My brother lies in the way of the stampede. You have the best horses on the Rio de Plata. Save him and I'll marry you tomorrow. We are on our way to Buenos Ayres now, that I may marry Don Edwarda Raquez, but save, oh save my brother, and I will be thine forever.'

"I made one leap for Rodrigo, my king of horses. The other camp was half a league away. The thunder of cattle came closer and closer. I went like the desert wind down in front of the maddened herd and across a rough, dry arroyo. Rodrigo recognized the need of haste and swept over the rocky ground with the sure leap of a horse born to the hills. We reached the camp as the cattle poured into the arroyo, a maddened, bellowing cataract of terrified animals. 'Pedro,' I yelled, as I kicked the men lying about the fire, 'Pedro, come here. I've come to save you.' The men instantly recognized their danger, but the horses had long since fled.

"A slender young man ran to me and we mounted Rodrigo together and made for safety. The cattle were running in a wide half moon and we made for the end of the crescent with scarce one hundred yards to spare. I put the gallant Rodrigo to his best, but the double weight and the rough ground soon got him and in the dark he stumbled and fell. The boy rolled clear, but I fell beneath the horse. The tide of rushing, foaming, bellowing animals came surging on. Rod-

rigo struggled to get up and struck me with his iron-shod hoof. Dazed and bleeding badly, I made for a big boulder and dragged the man with me. I wrapped him around the under side of the rock and crouched down around him. The rock protected us to some degree. The stampede was upon us, the rushing, pushing, reeling mass of cattle roared around and above us. Now and then a sharp hoof tore my hide"—the driver laid bare an arm, lacerated and lacerated and streaked by the scars; "but we staid there till all were past.

"The man had fainted. My head was badly cut up and I was very sick and giddy, but I managed to stagger back to the camp of Don Manuel. I laid the young fellow, wrapped in a mantle, beside the fire and went out into the darkness. Riding a horse, I went to a nearby water course, dressed my head as best I could and smoked till morning came. Slowly I made my way back to Don Manuel and his daughter, soon to be my bride. My brain was reeling and I walked as in a dream. Happy was I, more happy than any knight who ever splintered lance for the favor of his heart's queen. To be sure, it was glorious. I had saved her brother's life. Don Manuel and the haughty senora, too, would be reconciled. Had I not a big rancho on the Rio de Plata, and cattle by the thousand. I sung drunkenly as I staggered on toward the camp.

"Meeting a poen, he gave me a drink of water and this steadied me a little. I walked into the midst of Manuel's camp, and with my battered head I looked more like an outcast pleador than a bridegroom on his wedding day. "Where is Anita?" I asked a peon standing near. For answer Manuel and Anita herself stepped out of a tent erected for the shelter of the women.

"'Carissima,' I cried and stepped toward her, but Manuel met me half way and sent me spinning into the cold ashes of the night before.

"'Your brother?' I said to Anita, unable to rise. She laughed long and cruelly and my heart froze mid way in its leap.

"They put me on Rodrigo, whom a range rider had brought in. They headed me northeast for the Rio de Plata and cursed me, for a cowardly dog. My gun and knife were gone and I was too weak to fight. While reason was yet with me, I tied myself with my riata to the saddle. Three days later crazed and nearly dead the faithful horse carried me into my own hacienda and loving hands nursed me to health."

The student leaned forward in tense and expectant attitude.

"Good Sir," he addressed the scar-faced Spaniard, "did not Donna Anita promise to marry you if you rescued her brother?"

Continued on p. 7



## Spring and Summer Styles

Nineteen Hundred and Thirteen

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Good Clothes Should be Made to Order

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McMinnville, Oregon

Complete Stock

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VOL. XVIII

APRIL 3

No. 13

**Ancient Hints to Modern Men on an Eternal Subject**  
(The Book of Proverbs.)

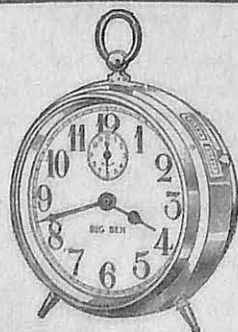
A man that hath friends must show himself friendly. 18:24.  
 Make on friendship with an angry man. 22:24.  
 Confidence in an unfaithful man in time of trouble is like a broken tooth, and a foot out of joint. 25:19.  
 Iron sharpeneth iron; so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend. 27:17.  
 As in water face answereth to face, so the heart of man to man; 27:19.  
 Thine own friend, and thy father's friend, forsake not. 27:10.  
 Ointment and perfume rejoice the heart; so doth the sweetness of a man's friend by hearty counsel. 27:9.  
 Faithful are the wounds of a friend; but the kisses of an enemy are deceitful. 27:6.  
 Withdraw thy foot from thy neighbor's house lest he be weary of thee and so hate thee. 25:17.  
 Better is a neighbor that is near than a brother far off. 27:10.  
 A friend loveth at all times and a brother is born for adversity. 17:17.  
 He that covereth a transgression seeketh love; but he that repeateth a matter separateth very friends. 17:9.  
 There is a friend that sticketh closer than a brother. 18:24. W.

**Courtesy**

One of the finest marks of good breeding is the display of little courtesies, little acts of thoughtfulness, perhaps unnecessary, yet so indicative of a real appreciation of others rights and feelings.

But we are apt to loose the sense of proportion in this as in many other matters. For instance: It is proper for a gentleman, upon meeting a lady, to remove his hat as a respect-

ful sign of recognition and a humble admission of her superiority. But it is not necessary to perform this act of ancient chivalry. Yet some people we have known, who are very strict in the observance of the act above mentioned, laugh when a little embarrassing slip of the tongue, or an unconscious mistake is made, or a word mispronounced. How embarrassed one feels and at times, how hurt are one's feelings by being, as we say, "bawled out"!



"If you'd rise early, just say when and leave your call with me."—Big Ben.

**BIG BEN**

BIG BEN will call you on time, and guarantee to do the "trick" day after day, no matter how hard you are to awaken. He will cost you but \$2.50 Try him.

**Mark Hanna**

Southern Pacific Watch Inspector.

It is said of the Japanese than when a foreigner makes some mistake in handling their difficult language, to save his feelings they repeat the blunders. How courteous is such a sense of respect for other's feeling! These little things are what mark the true lady and gentleman.

**Harmony**

We are glad to note the evident spirit of harmony among the students. This is the time when such a spirit is necessary. Spring is here, and, as a good reception for its arrival, we annually hold a great May Festival. The time of its observance is less than a month away. So let us all work together to make this year's May Day the greatest in our history.

Remember, McMinnville's celebration is far famed, many travelling great distances to see it. When a general manager is elected let us all do exactly as he directs and do it with dispatch.

**Our Next Issue.**

The Senior class will be represented in the next issue by original contributions from each member. There will be several interesting articles and stories and John Mason will have charge of the local page.

**A. S. B.**

March 3—A. S. B. minutes for the month of February, read and accepted. Executive committee minutes for the month of February, read and adopted. Adjournment.

**EXECUTIVE COM. MINUTES**

March 6.—Review report for month of February, read and accepted.

Motion made and carried that \$10 be allowed from the Review Fund to pay deficit on February issues of the Review.

—JACK

**Executive Committee**

March 18—At request of girl's athletic manager, \$8.00 was transferred from girl's fund to basketball fund.

Basketball report of game with Chemawa March 1, read and accepted.

Gym. light bill, amounting to \$1.00, Jan. 21 to Feb. 21, allowed from general fund.

Geo. Stewart, Prof. Larsell and Alvin Tipton appointed to talk with Dodson of Dayton relative to high school track meet.

March 27—John Mason authorized to appoint a substitute for his position as rhetorical manager, accompanying debate team to Albany March 28.

Bill of \$6.33 allowed from Rhetorical Fund to pay some expenses at State Rhetorical Contest at Newberg.

JACK.

**A Legend**

Once upon a time Burdick was talking.

He said:—"The man took a shovel and tried to knock the other man's brains out—but I rushed right in between them."

Little Boy (admirably): — "He couldn't knock any brains out of you, could he?"

And for once Burdick was silent.

**Loud Sox Day!**

We have imported a special line of

**Loud Sox**

For this occasion.

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We are prepared to break pairs for you, too—will sell odd ones.

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**Little Talks By the Business Manager**

**Commencement**

In continuance of our policy of making this the "Best College Paper on the Coast," our commencement number will be the largest and best Review ever put out by McMinnville College. At least, that is our aim.

Last year's Commencement Review would be a credit to any magazine staff. It was a beautiful souvenir containing useful information. This year it will necessarily be the same form as the regular numbers, but we are planning to make it the largest edition of a college paper ever printed in McMinnville. We will put on it an extra cover of good design, fill it with good pictures that smack of college spirit, print good reading matter and plenty of it—and make a paper that will be useful as well as ornamental, and that any reader will be ashamed to destroy.

Now just a word to our advertisers. Pres. Riley has informed us that he will use just as many of these as we can possibly print. He will send them to all parts of this and many other western states. It means prospective students—it means prospective families—it means prospective business for you.

ROBERT V. RUSSELL.



# BRAIN LEAKS

## The Philosopher Says

To say that music "hath charms to soothe the savage beast" proves only that we are not all savage beasts.

Good resolutions are like good dishes—the better they are, the more easily broken.

Miller is to be congratulated on becoming a Tomaniwa.

The Senior orations were worth their wait in sawdust.

A course in campuistry will be started soon. Private tutors. Tuition free.

The latest (at night)—semi-public speaking.

Some people are so coldblooded that when they cut a finger it bleeds ice water.

Many things are done well that are not worth doing at all.

The paths of glory lead but to graft. "Ability is a poor man's wealth"—and wealth is a rich man's ability.

The dollars that men earn live after them. The "bones" are not interred with the man.

## WANTED

An assistant in the Y. M. C. A. store to sharpen pencils.—Manager.

A permanent office for W. L. Miller with a padlock so we can find him when we want him.—Ever Y. Body

A rubber stamp for rapidly printing "0" on exam papers.—E. A. Culty.

A little bit of love.—"Patches"

A new smile. This one is almost worn out.—Schoenberger.

A chance to meet a small delegate with brown eyes.—J. Mason (Single).

The duty of welcoming the Y. W. C. A. delegates "with open arms."—T. H. E. Bois.

The pleasure of meeting again at "Dearheart" by the Sea. U. S. All.

## Really Wanted.

Names or headline for the Local Page, catchy and original, and expressed in quick via the local box. A new one will be used each issue for the rest of the year. The Editor and Local Editor will act as judges.

## Some Class!

1st Prep: "I got acquainted with the captain of the baseball team yesterday."

2nd Prep: "That's nothing. I got acquainted with general history last term."

## That Nickname.

There is a book in the History classroom about the boyhood of Arthur Larsell, they say. It is entitled "The Growth of Industrial Art."

## "Bob" Says

An optimist is one who sits at our table and laughs just the same.

## Mason Remarks

Woman's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn.

## At Last

Notice on Bulletin Board: "True Wealth" has arrived at the store."

## The Reason

1st. Coed: "Do you know why Miss Campbell's hair is so fine?"

2nd Coed: "I suppose it is camel's hair."

## The Unexpected

"Brownie" (at the club): "Let me hold your hand, Emery. I need a little practice."

## Necessary Perhaps

"Lets sing."

"Alright: Open the window till we get the air."

## Naturally

Prep: "Is your typewriter visible?"

Com: "No, it is invisible."

## Another Flunk

Prof: "What part of a plant is the flower?"

"Bill": "It's the smell"

## Co—

"Art": "I'd like to see the show tonight."

Brace: "Which one? I'm afraid she isn't coming today."

## Just Bluffing

English Prof.: "Who wrote Gray's Elegy?"

L. K. N.: "Sir John Moore."

## Bygones

She: "This is E Street, isn't it?"

He: "Yes, but I always think of it as 'Has Been' St."

Irish made a blunder in Math. This is perhaps not unusual but this particular blunder was a little larger than common. "That may be alright in Irish," said Prof. N., "but it won't do in English."

Art says: "If we hung Harry we'll have 'string Beans' "

No Doubt: "A local paper commenting on the peculiarities of women's headdress says: "Some women would wear a pie-pan trimmed with a pancake turner and think they looked alright."

The Telephone Register tritely remarks that: "Gentle spring, judged by her recent performances, is disposed to behave like a British suffragette."

Dulin Says: "There were four Y. M. C. A. girls at the Elberton. We should like to ask Mr. Dulin what kind of a girl a Y. M. C. A. girl is.

Missed Half Her Life: "A young lady returning from an extended tour of California regrettably remarks that she is quite disappointed at "having toured that state and not having seen nor felt a flea nor an earthquake."

The Brute.—"Would you as soon take your change in silver?"

"I suppose so. Only in that case I'll have to scatter it through all my pockets."

"Why so?"

"If I don't my wife'll hear it rattle."

Non Perishable—Mrs. Youngwedd (proudly)—"This is my first pie."

Youngwedd—"Er—don't you think, love, it would be nicer to keep it than to eat it?"

## As It Should Be

Prof: "The principal domestic animals in Lapland are deers."

F. G. P.: "Nothing remarkable about that."

Insinuated What?—Mrs. McKee (to F. G. P.: "Well, you look sober this morning."

(Pettit was in Salem the day before.)

Practical Basketball: During the recent brilliant career of our valliant "five" a certain one of our students asked his grandmother for the pleasure of her company to one of the games. She declined saying that if the fellows would take their baskets and go out and pick up chips their operations might hold some interest for her.

"Best for Oregonians": Burbank recently attempted to cross the clover plant and the rubber plant to make rain proof hay.

At the Club: "Burdick tried to swipe John's desert. John feeling that Burdick needed a little training in manners, said: "Sir, you forget yourself." "Just the opposite," retorted Burdick. "I always remember No. 1."

Going Some: "In a recent contest for a coaster at the Rexal Store Diebel ran a close second to Sammy Bloom. Sammy got 12,000 tickets, thereby winning first prize. Diebel followed with 35 tickets.

The House Maid Says: That sweeping a brussels carpet is like sweeping plowed ground.

# Buying Is Serious Business

When you buy glasses it is a serious business, nothing is worth more to you than your eyes. It is always best to buy glasses with a guarantee of absolute satisfaction. "Satisfaction or your money back" is my motto.

## Dr. Henry E. Morris

Eye Specialist

McMINNVILLE, OREGON

## It Helped.

W. L. Miller says: "The Bible is the solution of all great problems."

Now he is translating New Testament Greek. We wonder if he ever finds any great problems there.

Sensational.—"He has written a new play."

"Original?"

"Yes. The heroine is a married woman."

"Oh, I know. And falls in love with another man."

"No. That's the original part of it. The play shows marriage to be a sacred relation that some people take seriously, and get a good deal of happiness out of."

## In Heaven

Scott: "It is hard to come back to earth again after seeing a play like that."

Miller: "Aha! You must have been up in 'igger heaven'."

Saw Robert Once.—"Ever see Mantell?"

"Yes, once."

"In what part?"

"Sherlock in "The Merchant of Venus."

A Changed Man.—"Are you the same man who ate my mince pie last week?"

"No, mum. I'll never be th' same man again!"

## An Awful Slain

Emma Larson casually remarks that whenever she or Enid Bell cracks a joke, they call it a "local" being too modest "to call it a joke."

## Mistaken

Nicholson: "I made a good catch out on the field last night."

Day: "On the bridge, you mean."

## In Literary Criticism

A Coed says: "Taste is the ability to appreciate 'Art'."

Cornering Her.—Little James, while at a neighbor's, was given a piece of bread and butter, and politely said. "Thank you."

"That's right, James," said the lady. "I like to hear little boys say 'thank you.'"

"Well," rejoined James, "if you want to hear me say it again, you might put some jam on it."

Convincing Proof—Prof. Northup (in Geometry class): "Mr. Smithson's work shows one thing—that he is a great lover of hash."

**Y. W. Cabinet Conference**

Continued from p. 1

One thing that added greatly to the sessions, of the Conference, was the special music, of which Mrs. Potter had charge.

The members of the local association are most happy that they had the privilege of being the hostesses of such a conference and wish all their sister associations greater success in their efforts next year and hope that each one may be well represented at the Northwest Conference at Gearhart "By the Sea." C. H. McK.

**Junior Feed.**

On Tuesday night, March 18, 1913, occurred undoubtedly the largest social event of the college year. The Misses Mabel Lewis and Edna Lovegren entertained the Junior Class of the College Conservatory, at Palace Alto. The guests arrived at seven o'clock and were met by a reception committee of pretty girls. The reception room was decorated in blue and white, the class colors, among which were strewn college pennants.

After Mr. Raymond B. Culver had rendered some fine solos and Miss Edith Stiff and Howard McKnight, some piano selections, the merry party adjourned to the dining room. The chandelier in the center of the room was festooned with blue and white ribbons from the center of which hung the beautiful new Junior Pennant. With three cheers for the new pennant the crowd sat down to a bountiful repast of oyster cocktails, cocoa and wafers, ice cream and cake, and many other things to numerous to mention.

Miss Lewis presented each of the members of the class with a piece of delicious candy, coming all the way from Texas, and made by Booker T. Washington's only daughter who is a graduate of the Tuskegee Institute, Domestic Science Department, and who is now teaching in Texas. In the wee hours of the morning the party adjourned with many thanks to their two hostesses for the evening's entertainment.

**What's the Answer?**

Did you ever sit and wonder,  
Sit and wonder what in thunder  
Is the use of all the hurry,  
All the skurry and the worry,  
All the work and all the hustle,  
All the rustle and the bustle

That we folks go through?

Every day of life we're slaving,  
Eking, sacrificing, saving,  
Planning, figuring and scheming,  
And of fame and fortune dreaming.  
Just as though we thought we'd never  
Quit this earth, but live forever.

Just as now we do.

On the square now, ain't it funny?  
Coveting each other's money,  
Pushing, crowding, fighting, striving,  
Beating down and bargain driving,  
Always looking out for trouble,  
Getting it, and sometimes double  
What is ought to be.

Really, what are we folks doing  
With our fretting and our stewing?  
Life is one strange institution  
That's away beyond solution,  
Just one thing after another,  
Can you tell the answer, brother?  
It's too deep for me.

—Selected.

**Exchanges**

The faculty of the University of Oregon is considering the question of changing the school year. The new plan is to divide the school year into four semesters. Students may attend any three of them, and any one of the faculty may take a vacation during one of them. They are also considering the matter of having the school year begin the middle of August and close in May. If the matter is carried out, it will be a new departure for Oregon schools.

The Oregon Agricultural College has obtained from the legislature the biennial appropriation for the support of the school. The amount this year is \$407,000.

The Dallas and Philomath Colleges have been united, the new school to be located at Philomath. The inducement to go there was the offer of \$35,000 and the present college grounds and buildings.

There are several more exchanges this week. One of them is the Institute Messenger from the Baptist Institute for Christian Workers, Philadelphia. The paper is very interesting. A new building has just been dedicated with appropriate ceremonies. There are also some interesting accounts of the mission work in the city.

The Trinitonian, published by the Students of Trinity University, Waxahachie, Texas, is a new exchange. It is a neat paper, with a good literary department.

We have also received the Snelman Messenger, from the Snelman Seminary, Atlanta, Ga.

The Mississippi College Magazine, published in Clinton, Mississippi, is a splendid example of a college paper. The February number is especially good, with many fine illustrations. They are now engaged in a campaign for increasing the endowment. Mississippi College is a Baptist school for young men, and its standard is the same as our own—a Christian education in a Christian college.

The December number of the Boone Review, Wuchang, Chang, tells of the celebration of the first anniversary of the New Republic October 10, 1912. The students of the university played football, a concert was held in the afternoon, followed by a reception. Then in the evening, there was a lantern procession, given by the students.

The editorial pages of the Wigwam, North Yakima High School, March number, contains some thoughts which are worth considering in connection with school life.

Women in the University of Kansas, who excel in athletics, will receive "K's" to wear just as prominently as the men who star in sports. Tennis, hockey, and basketball are the games in which the girls may win their letters.

Another use has been found for the diotagraph. Last fall the Sophomores of Ottawa University, Kansas, made use of it for learning the plans of the Freshmen, in their hostilities on the campus.

**Hardware, Sporting Goods**

**Smith-DeHaven Hardware Co.**

The Place for Students

**DRY GOODS  
SHOES**

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General Merchandise.

**SPRING HOUSE CLEANING**  
Is at hand!

See our new designs  
WALL PAPER

Just arrived.

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COLLEGE FELLOWS WELCOMED

Four Chairs.

South Side of Third Street

Four Expert Barbers

**C. TILBURY & SON**

The Place of Class and Low Prices

**Furniture and Undertaking**

**You Can Always Do Better**

at **THE FAIR**

The Willamette Collegian, was issued this week by the Freshman. Green ink was used to distinguish it from ordinary issues.

From the Philomath College Chimes: "The McMinnville Review of Feb. 20, is an excellent semi-monthly. It is quite a credit to the school. The story 'And You Will Bring Him With You' is interesting."

**Smithson Says**

The clock in the dining hall is not like Mexico because there is no revolution in it.

**A. S. B. Business**

March 18—Moved and carried that executive committee appoint a committee of three to communicate with Mr. Dodson of Dayton, Ore., relative to a high school track meet to be held on the College grounds.

**Philosophy**

Try to be better than yourself instead of better than others.

Strawberries come and strawberries go, but prunes go on forever.

**We are prepared to make photographs for the Commencement Review.**



**The Fischer Studio**

**"The Vengeance of the Lord"**

Continued from p. 2

"She did, but the man I brought back was Don Edwardo Raquez. I found out later, he heard me call for Pedro: he stabbed him and mounted my horse and rode with me to safety. He married Anita."

"The irony of fate," exclaimed the theologian, horasely. "But your lands, your cattle, what did you do with them?"

"Sold part, part I gave to my brother. Fifteen years I have hunted Estuardo Raquez. When I was healed, my head bore this long red scar," he laid his hand on the flaming circular disfigurement. "I took what money I had and went to Buenos Ayres to get him. He heard I was coming and fled across the seas to Spain. I followed him, thro France and Germany. It seemed as tho the very fever of unrest was upon him. I tracked him across the ice and snows of Siberia, and at Vladivostok I cursed the universe, creator and creature as I saw him departing on the last boat to America. Seven times I have been back to the Argentina, but Edwardo never returns. Anita weeps alone in her father's great hyciendo, the husbandless bride of a hunted man. I have had a long arm, Senors. It has reached around the world. Somewhere out in the silent places or in the great throngs and thoroughfares, Edwardo is fleeing fast. He knows that a Nemesis is upon his trail.

The Spaniard's hands gripped the chair hard. The tides of passion swept his soul as breakers after a stormy night.

"Senors, my quest is over. Our friend, the Canadian, has shown us that God will repay. No more I will seek Don Edwardo. When I finish this trip I shall go home to the pampas; I shall comfort Anita and do a little good before I cross the ranges for the land of better things."

The thin white streak of snow sifted on beyond the scar-faced man and melted in the warmth of the open fire. The tiny crystal stream ran across the snowy stones of the fire place. It was the River of Sorrow, flowing clear and bearing its testimony to the ministry of pain. From out the mountains of temptation, the desolations of the unforgotten dead, from the stagnant fens of self-worship, it flows to bear our wounded spirits to the eternal plains of peace.

The student watched the tiny stream curl on across the whited stones. He knew the crisis of a life had been

passed as they sat together in the lonely road-house. Tears, yes, there will always be tears, but the vision will be clearer when the mists have rolled away.

The theologian was far away in a distant and sunny country. He stands listening to a clear baritone voice that floats off across the valley. The speaker is a tall, bronzed man, with tawny hair and beard and has the presence of commander of men.

"Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."

The musician rendered a strange plaint, fraught with passion, remorse and love. Slowly, as the tiny stream was lost in the white sandstone, the passion passed from the face of the stage driver. Without, the storm swirled on with the smother of snow. Within all felt the comfort of some work well done, and the reverence of men to a heart-sick brother, who has conquered the storm and won a way into the City.

**Rescuing Literature.**—Albert B. Kelley, an advertising expert of Philadelphia, sat in the Markham Club turning the seventy or eighty pages—mostly advertising matter—of a weekly.

"Advertising is such an art," he said, "that many people actually buy periodicals as much for the advertisements as for the reading matter."

Mr. Kelley smiled. "I sat in an editor's office the other day," he continued, "when a poet entered."

"Glad to see you've accepted that sonnet of mine," the poet said, feverishly pushing back his long hair. "I do hope it will be widely read."

"It's sure to be," said the editor. "It's sure to be. I've placed it next to one of our most striking ads."—New York Tribune.

**At The Club**

He:—"Have another biscuit. You know there is no limit here."

She:—"That makes it nice doesn't it? But there is a limit here."

**Not Very Well**

"How did you come out in that Botany test?"

"I came out as soon as I saw what the questions were."

**His Excuse**

Prof.:—"You do not seem to be very familiar with this lesson."

Student:—"Familiarity breeds contempt, you know."

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Finest varieties of Easter Goods in the valley.

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**"THE FERN"**

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A bunch of them are skating at the

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Our line of Easter perfumes includes the most exquisite odors that the world's best perfumers have been able to devise.

**A GIFT OF PERFUME**

These goods can be supplied in bulk and in a large variety of fancy packages suitable for Easter tokens. There is an advantage in selecting from a complete stock like ours.

**Peery Drug Co.**

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Where do you get yours?

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**Corn Troubles**

If you have enough other troubles to worry you, let us take care of your corns. It won't cost much and if the results are not entirely satisfactory to you, will not cost you anything.

**R. B. Corn Cure**

Cures corns. Takes two or three days, sometimes longer, to do it, but when it is done, it is well done. No pain, no soreness, big relief, small price.

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