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THE REVIEW

"ILLIP KLOSH O'KOKE COPA KONOWAY"

THE McMINNVILLE COLLEGE NEWSPAPER

VOL. XIX

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, OCT. 9, 1913

No. 1

Record - Smashing Registration

229 Register

McMinnville College opened on September 17th with a total registration, on the first day, of 201, a number that exceeds all previous records by 45. Last year the number registered the first day was 150. As The Review goes to press the total registration reaches 229 or just 63 more than had registered on this day of 1912. The above are facts that need no accompaniment of whoop-wah.

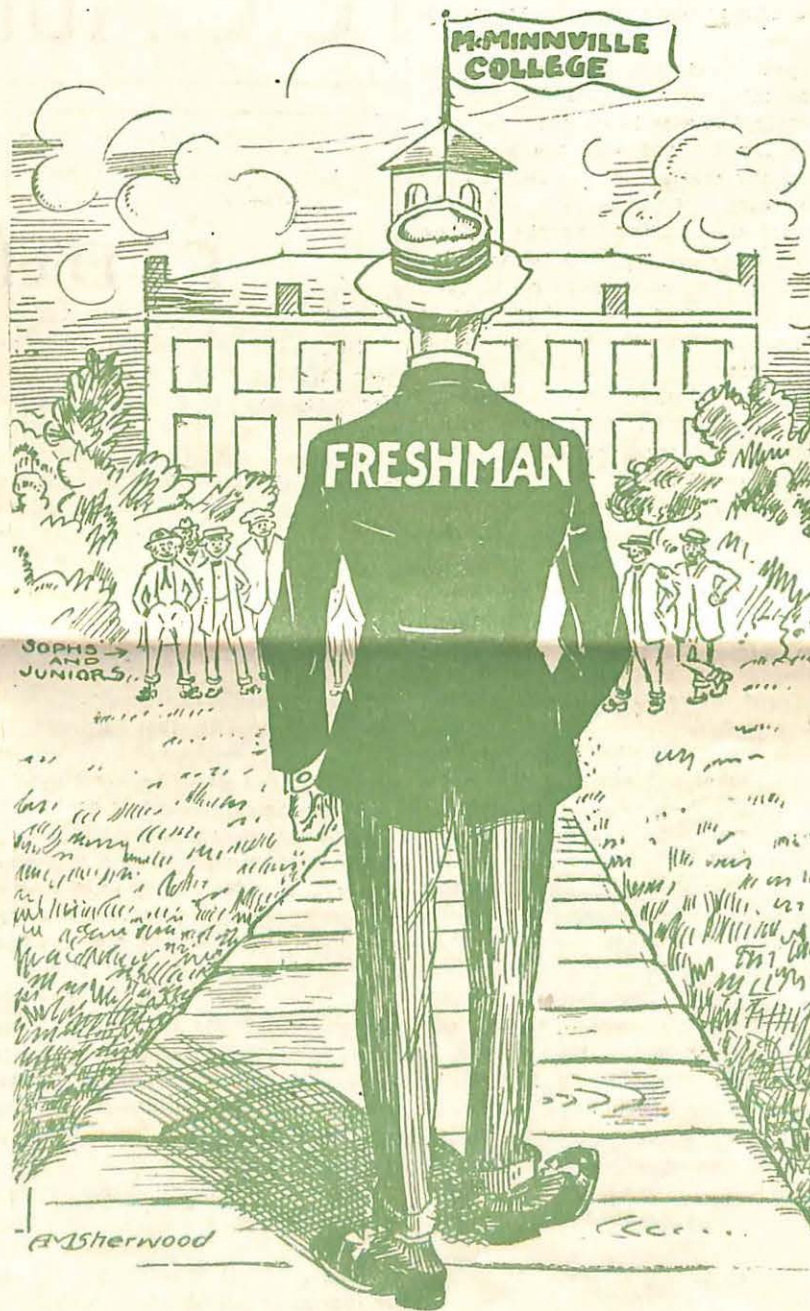
McMinnville boasts having a larger percentage of students from outside states than has any other institution in Oregon. Here are the figures: Sixty-four are registered from McMinnville for educational purposes; sixty-nine from Oregon outside of McMinnville, making a total of 133 from Oregon. Washington furnishes forty; Idaho, ten; California, ten; Montana, four; Philippine Islands, two; British Columbia, two; and one each from Ohio, Wyoming, Minnesota, Wisconsin, Utah, Iowa, Colorado, Missouri and Alaska. Two register from McMinnville whose parents are home on furloughs from China.

Many in College Department

Eighty-one have registered for work in the College department; sixty-one in the Preparatory; forty-one in the Conservatory and twenty-seven in the Commercial Department. Thirty-four of the College, Preparatory and Commercial students have also registered for work in the Conservatory, making a total of seventy-four who are registered for music. A comparison with the totals of last year indicates that the great increase has been made in the regular college classes, which is as it should be considering the rapid multiplication of High Schools in all parts of the Northwest.

Large Classes

The small classes in McMinnville College have long been praised as a means of efficient work. Now we are getting nearer the line between the small and the large class. In the more popular courses the classes range in size from 25 to 35. Many classrooms have been fitted up with temporary seating arrangements to meet the increased demand. Several days of swift work in fitting up the chemistry laboratory were necessary before the first-year class could start work.



The Thing of the Hour

Class Is Organized

During the second week of the term, the Junior class, according to custom, called a meeting of the new Freshman class. About fifty Freshmen met and elected the following officers: President, R. V. Russell; vice-president, Gwen Stannard; secretary-treasurer, Emma Larson; executive committee representative, Herbert Foskett.

This is by far the largest Freshman class that ever registered in McMinnville College.

Handy Handbook Issued

The men responsible for the well-gotten-up handbook that was issued this fall are E. S. Burkett, '13, Lester Owens, '16, and Prof. Payne. We are sorry that the two first mentioned are not here for us to thank personally. Burkett's fine work as editor was equalled by successful management on the part of Owens.

The handbook is the most complete and helpful one issued here thus far, and is very attractive in appearance.

Athletic Outlook Dazzling

Join the "Pep Squad"

Regular athletics have been introduced at last! In all up-to-date institutions of collegiate rank a thorough system of athletics has been introduced. We are glad that "Old Mac" has followed suit.

Prof. Van Orsdel and Maurice Pettit will act as coaches in gymnastic and out-door sports. Soccer is taking well. Why, could we not have a tournament? Material turned out last week for four good teams. With soccer, tennis and baseball there will be ample sport for all till the basketball season starts.

Did I say basketball? Say boy, will we have a team? Do a bee like honey? Well, we will have the fastest basketball team the Willamette Valley ever saw. We sure have a gathering of the "champs." "Dug" is back and brings with him several high school and Y. M. C. A. "all stars." Our quintet will be a stellar attraction and will go through with a straight 1000 per cent, just as it did last year.

Ralph McKee, our coach last year, has consented to aid in coaching this year, which will be a strong point. His coaching develops speed and resourcefulness.

The girls expect a big year in basketball and gymnastic work of all kinds. Prof. Van Orsdel will have general supervision with such assistants as he may select.

What makes the world go round? Pep. What makes it keep on going round? Pep. Pep is the initial, fundamental and ultimate source of victory. It spells speed, endurance accuracy and all that is essential to fast athletic teams and efficient class work.

Join the "Pep Squad." Boost college activities. Star somewhere, and root for all good enterprises.

The biggest year in our history is ahead of us. Let 'er buck. With good will toward all and a bunch of pep we can win everything in sight. Shake on it. SKOW.

Preps Organize

The Preparatory Department organized Sept. 22. After planning ways and means of out-witting the "Coms" the class elected the following officers: President, Winifred H. Bueermann; vice president, John McKnight; secretary, Garnet Nicholson; treasurer, Jose Dacudao; executive committee, George Pollard.

Doherty, the Freshman

And How He Remained One

BY



The Freshman's Sacrifice

THE whistle shrilled at center. Tibbs, the big Princeton center, spatted the ball to Warren, who with a matchless dribble, progressed it to shooting distance, and tried for a basket. The ball fell short. Doherty, the Freshman Harvard guard, was at it with an attempt to dribble down the floor. Again and again the doughty Warren and his partner tried to shoot the much-needed basket—but to no avail. Ever was Doherty on the ball and ever he broke up the all but perfect throw.

Just two minutes left! The crowds seethed and grew tense and a strange quiet fell on the whole court. No noises were now heard but the running of the players and the impact of flesh on flesh.

"Break it up Doherty!" boomed a voice through a megaphone. He was breaking it up. With the lithe strength of a mountain lion, he cleared the players and with a swift semi-circular dribble he sped down the floor. All was clear ahead and he smiled grimly as he thought of the basket he would make.

"Pass it—you dub," yelled the Harvard captain, St. John, as he sped to the right of Doherty. Doherty passed and St. John with two men on him made a phenomenal shot from an all but impossible angle. The whistle sounded time.

Pandemonium reigned. Crowds swept the floor to raise the champion team aloft. St. John was lauded to the skies, but Doherty, like a whipped dog, sought the seclusion of the dressing room.

The months have flown by on swift wings. Jim Doherty, erstwhile freshman, sits in front of his father's desk in the old homestead on the hill. His course was plain before him. The drill in college athletics had taught him a lesson in subordination. All his ideas of starrng in this life were thrust aside and his mind was fixed as to his work before him.

His father left a tangled skein behind him. Several younger brothers to be educated and a mother of extravagant tastes and whims. She was passionately fond of her children, but also deeply in love with herself.

When the game was over that night months ago, Jim had caught the gleam of St. John's fraternity pin on Anice Johnson's coat. No words were need-

ed to tell him the old story. Well—he would swallow the bitter dose, and tread the press alone. His mind went back to the reception that night. St. John was the chief and brilliant attraction. He was the exalted captain and the skillful All-Eastern Team Man. Doherty was a good guard, but "no action" was whispered around the tables.

Just one person had been good to Jim that night. Alice McCutcheon, homely, but with heart of fairest gold, told him he had won the game for them and that he was the best man on the team. Methinks God especially honors the homely people. They, when more favored ones falter, bring comfort and compensation in their honest words of praise, that come as a benediction to the tired and work-weary man.

Jim now remembered the homely, yet beautiful Alice McCutcheon with a feeling of deepest obligation. Some day he would repay.

A letter from a college friend lay before him. He opened it and read that Anice Johnson had thrown down St. John, and was coming to her aunt's country place to spend the summer. The country place was at a convenient distance and the friend hinted that Jim and Anice might become better acquainted.

Doherty threw the letter into the waste basket and again turned to his accounts. Debt was written everywhere, mortgage covered every item of real and personal property of the whole Doherty estate. The man grew very grave as he thought of the ones to be schooled and the mother to be cared for.

A tap came at the door. A note from Anice Johnson's aunt. Would Mr. Doherty not take tea with them that afternoon? He sent an affirmative answer to her by the same messenger and finished up the rehearsal of a dead man's mismanagement.

The home he was about to visit was full of all that was lacking in his own. As he rode up the driveway, everything gave an impression of well-keptness.

Soon he was seated in a pleasant drawing room and a gentle, elderly lady was pouring him a cup of tea. Presently she left the room on some slight pretense, leaving Jim alone with the winsome Anice Johnson.

She played and sang a few old English ballads and lent to the charm of the music the beauty of her rich contralto voice.

Students of Former Years

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"Jim," she said after a little, "I have been thinking a lot about you lately." Her voice was low-pitched and of velvety huskiness. "You must be having a hard time of it. Can't some of your friends help you? Jim, I have lots of ways to help you, if you will let me. My attorneys in New York could give you a good position, or—or, I could loan you money, Jim." She stopped speaking. It was a tender subject, but they had always been frank with each other.

Young Doherty explained to her in courteous accents that it was his fight, and he would bear the burden alone. He had never been cut out for any meteoric career and he could well wait for the prosperous times to come.

The minutes slipped past and soon it was time to depart. The girl looked proudly at the man without a country, who could fight his way alone. She stood in the doorway, with arms upraised to the sills. "Promise me, Jim, that you will come back soon to see me," she pleaded, "you know you are welcome here. And now you know there is no one else to—to—" She blushed a deep crimson, but Jim understood.

Never, he thought, had any woman ever looked so beautiful. She was glorified in the roseate light of the sun, as it sifted through the leaded panel window. Tall, athletic, yet tender, womanly and altogether lovely.

New Meat

One of the best parts of college life, in memory, at least, is the getting started. My first experience was to mistake the head janitor, "Brownie" Miller, for the registrar.

My next ordeal came after the first chapel service. The students were pouring out upon the campus when suddenly there was a cry of "New Meat! New Meat!" and several unlucky Freshmen were mobbed and carried away. Skow Stewart, a few others and myself, were the victims.

To use a slang expression and to make an anecdote short—we got ours, and we got it in the presence of the whole student body, Ed and Co-ed. Anyway it has to be done only once.

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THE FAIR



Ida May Pope, A. B.

One strong point always made concerning the McMinnville Faculty has been the continuity of service on the part of the members. This year only two changes have been made. These are not truly changes; since both new instructors have held their same positions in McMinnville College before.

Miss Eleanor M. Hassenger resigned leaving a vacancy in the Commercial Department. Miss Hassenger's place is filled by Miss Ida May Pope, who was also Miss Hassenger's predecessor as teacher of stenography. We are glad to welcome Miss Pope home again, and wish her a long term with us at "Old Mac." Miss Pope's record is as follows: A. B., 1906 Stephens College; Graduated from Commercial Department McMinnville College, 1907; teacher of Stenography, McMinnville College, 1907-1909; student Oberlin College, 1910-11; teacher in Chinese Kindergarten, San Francisco, 1911-13.

Doherty the Freshman
Continued from p. 2

Her face had all the charm of an open summer morning, her arms were even and tapering. The lace of her dress fell in white cascades from her throat. Her lips slightly parted, bade him stay—but the urging something within him bade him go. Surely, thought Jim, here was wealth, beauty and loving womanly graciousness; but his work was before him and his manhood said to go. He slipped past the door and was soon galloping home.

Long years drag by, coming from the obscurity of time's inexhaustible fountain to be lost in the chaos of the past. The freshman Doherty always lived in the thrill and throb of the now which holds man's opportunity. One by one the brothers were sent to school to finish and go on to fame. The freshman toiled alone in the West as a structural engineer. Many times he longed to finish college but always he was denied. Some learn in the universities, which embrace precepts and preceptors, but most must learn in the broader university of active life that the wealth of the kingdom is the sacrifice of the heart.

Swift Typist

The manager of the Underwood Typewriter Company at Portland has informed us that Miss Libbie Marley, a graduate from our Amanuensis Course 1912-1913, is the only person in Oregon eligible to enter the gold medal contest of that company, which is given every six months.

The Underwood Company every month sends out material on which all students may be tested. The test for a speed of forty words per minute is given and graded by local instructors. The test for sixty words a minute is given by instructors but graded by the New York office, and the test for eighty words, the gold medal test, is given only by the district manager, and graded by the New York office.

For the successful completion of the forty word test a diploma is awarded. Every graduate last year from our amanuensis course received such a diploma. For the successful completion of the sixty word test a neat certificate in a morocco case, and for the completion of the eighty word test a gold medal is offered.



George J. Kyle, A. M.

Prof. George J. Kyle comes to us this year from Redlands University. He fills the chair of Biology and Geology, vacated by Prof. Olaf Larsell, who secured leave of absence to take graduate work at Chicago and Northwestern Universities.

Prof. Kyle is well fitted for the position and has the benefit of former service in McMinnville College. His record is as follows: A. B. Denison University, 1896; graduate student, U. of Chicago, 1896 and 1901; U. of Iowa, 1904; and U. of California, 1912 and 1913. Prof. of Natural Sciences, Central Univ. of Iowa, 1904-06; Prof. Biology and Geology, McMinnville College, 1906-09; Prof. English, McMinnville College, 1909-10; Prof. English, New Mexico Agricultural College, 1910-1912; Prof. English, U. of Redlands, 1912-13.

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Report of the "Bean Feed"

The first big Y. M. C. A. feed of the year was given in the gym on Wednesday evening, October 1. Practically every fellow in college was there and partook of the bounteous supply of buns, weenies, beans, cake and coffee, and more beans. The men lined up and were served in cafeteria style. "The best Y. M. C. A. feed we ever had," everybody said. Thanks and long life to the eats committee.

After the more important part of the evening was over, the leaders of the various Y. M. C. A. Bible Study classes briefly outlined the work to be done in the classes this year. The following are the leaders and their classes: John F. Mason, Life of Christ; Prof. E. S. Gardiner, The Early Prophets; R. B. Culver, Social Service; George Stewart, Personal Worker's Class; and Prof. E. B. Van Osdel, Vocational Analysis. The importance of regular systematic Bible study was urged upon every man. This is a more important part of education than many studies in the curriculum. Most of the men signed up for one course or another and lined up for the year's work.

A few old songs were sung and the students departed to take up the more arduous task of digging out Greek roots and mixing up mathematics solutions.

Chem Lab Changes

To meet the demands of the large classes in chemistry this year, the laboratory had to be somewhat remodeled. Plumbers, carpenters, and Assistant Professor Luther R. Taylor, were busy up there for a week.

One new desk was put in clear across the laboratory and two half-desks were built in against the walls. Even now the place is crowded to the limit, every place being in use. At an interview granted to us a few days ago, Asst. Prof. Taylor remarked "Yes, we have made some improvements here. Those new desks are some class. They are far better than the old ones. Then you will notice we have some new hoods for H 2 S with gas connections. If the ginks do not use them, someone is going to die. We have the old water distiller from the physics lab, rigged up too. This year all the test-tube racks and ring stands are numbered, which will do away with the 'borrowing' of former years."

We are sorry Carrie McKee is not in college, but hope to welcome her back soon.

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J. Allan Jeffery, "Jack"	- - - - -	Special
J. Frederick Mason	- - - - -	Alumni
Robert V. Russell, "Bob"	- - - - -	And-So-Forth

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The Staff

Just hook your glim on that lineup above known as the staff. We think we have done ourselves proud in the selection of this group of department editors.

Lloyd Emery, who will have charge of the locals this year, is a "find." Emery worked on a high school paper before coming here, but kept it low to date. He has true literary instinct and can polish a rough slam to produce a clever publishable joke.

Jeffery and Culver, always loyal supporters of The Review, will keep their last year's positions as special editors, furnishing articles of interest and bits of fiction from time to time.

Mabel Lewis is personal editor. For Mabel we can say that she certainly delivers the goods. We hope to publish more personals than usual this year.

Ruth Mead is planning to make the exchange column of more than usual interest. Clippings and comments on the doings of our neighbor colleges will be added to the usual criticism of the other fellow's paper.

"Skow" is athletic editor and will come through with the real dope, in true athletic style—the breezy kind. Stewart will also furnish a series of short stories. He is a tireless writer.

Mamie Holmes writes easily, and as music editor, will furnish items of particular interest to music students and their friends. Miss Holmes will

graduate from the Conservatory this year.

Prof. John F. Mason, '13, of McMinnville high school, is alumni editor. Trust John for something good.

Queen Alta last year made herself indispensable as society editor. Watch the society writeups.

"Bob" will hold the novel position of "And So-Forth" editor. What is it? Ask him.

With this lineup and the loyal support of all the other writers in college we cannot help but have a better Review than ever. Several literary geni have been discovered and we absolutely refuse to let them hide their light—even under a Greek book. Blessed are those who flunk to write for The Review.

"1917"

Here's to the largest Freshman class McMinnville College ever had! Surely this is to be a record-breaking year at "Old Mac."

Our Freshmen are not only great in number but they bring to us all kinds of new talent. They come from all corners of the coast, the best of the high school graduates. Among them are ministerial students, volunteers, Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. people, hard workers, good leaders, good writers, all round, good folks.

The class of '17 is bringing the best bunch of athletes that ever entered McMinnville College in a single year.

That means better times for basketball, baseball, tennis, and track. The old team men will have to hustle to keep their places.

The Review welcomes especially the freshmen who write. Were you on the high school paper at home? Do you want to improve your ability in literary work? Do you like to write? Then we give you the glad hand. You are the kind we like.

One of the best ways to help yourself and the college is in writing for The Review. In this way you can make eyour college paper of permanent value to you. Many of the old Review men have left college. We need '17 men in their places. Poetry, verse, jokes, stories, writeups, special articles, are needed in every issue.

Silver Threads Among the Gold

This is Vol. XIX, No. 1, of The Review. That is surprising, isn't it, when you stop to consider the length of nineteen years. It took many weary pen-pushings, many tired shoes, and a great deal of fire and whoop-wah, to make nineteen volumes of the paper. Take a look at the exchanges in the library. Observe the Volume number. The numbers range from I to XXV and the papers average about four years of age. New things are all right. But it is rather pleasant to think that we are about the oldest as well as "the best" college paper on the Coast.

Balcony in Use

The balcony in the chapel had to be put to use to accomodate the overflow of students. The balcony has been used several times before for regular chapel services, but never because there was not room on the main floor. This year both gallery and lower floor are full. Sophomores, Juniors, and Seniors were excelsiored to the new seats above, where for a day or two they waxed uproarious.

An Apology

The management regrets the fact that the foreign subscribers did not receive their Commencement Numbers of The Review until this fall. They were wrapped in the mailers and being laid aside were not found till a few days ago, when they were finally mailed.

Fresh-Soph Scrap

The annual Freshman-Sophomore contest failed to materialize. The Junior class got out bills announcing the program which was to consist of a cane rush, a tie-up and a tug-of-war across Lake-de-Cozine. This interesting scrap was to have been pulled off the 26th, but on account of the existing circumstances there was nothing doing.

The fact of the matter was that the Juniors tried to spring it on the other classes without the consent of said other classes. This spoiled the fun.

Neat posters were printed and tacked up late the night of the 24th and great was the talk and the excitement the following morning.

Say Fellows

Do you want to buy the best Chocolates on earth? If so, then buy a box of candy that is made especially for College trade. You get this in Frat Chocolates at 80c lb. Varsity Chocolates at 65c lb. "You'll like them if you'll try them"

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Order that suit today. 500 all wool samples on display

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Fall in line this Fall and do your jewelry buying of

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Yamhill Block

Local and Personal

That Helps Some—

In spite of the fact that school did not start any earlier than usual this year we are several Days ahead.

How Easy—

Frank H. Dunlop says, "You can't make a nickname out of my name." Why, just lop off the end and it's done.

He Knew All Right—

They were talking about glaciers. "Oh, I know," said Bob; "that's what a fellow feels like when a girl turns him down."

He Is an Expert —

Mr. Dale Taylor wishes to announce that if any one desires to learn how to rewind the ribbon on a typewriter when it has run down, they should see him. He rewound one of them recently and so is well experienced in that useful art.

Who Could It Be?

Prof. Wallace—"Who is that old widower who advertises on the bulletin board?"

Allan—"I don't know. Why?"

Prof. Wallace—"Some one has a sign up, out there, that says, 'Second-hand Human Mechanism for sale.'"

A Fine Suggestion—

Someone suggests that it might be a good idea to provide the balcony with electric fans. Hot air always ascends you know, and in view of the fact that the balcony is so near the ceiling it may become quite uncomfortable for the upperclassmen up there during chapel hour.

Wouldn't Let Him Use It—

Freshman—"There it is; just my luck."

Sophomore—"What's the matter now?"

Freshman—"Why, I've got a brand new 'pony' and now they have decided to make outdoor athletics compulsory, so I have to take my exercise outdoors."

The Official Docket of the McMinnville College A. S. B.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College, plaintiff, vs. Earl Evans, defendant. Complaint, found guilty of constructing concrete work on the campus, otherwise known as the Kappa flower bed, without the consent of President Riley.

Sentence—Mr. Evans this is a very grievous charge brought against you. The dirt on that part of the ground, which was spaded over from year to year by various Freshmen, was considered sacred, but on account of your ignorance the sentence will be reduced to two years at hard labor.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College, plaintiff vs. Caroline E. Smith,

defendent.

Complaint—Charged with deserting an eastern institution for a scrub college in the west.

Sentenced to dig Greek roots for two years.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College plaintiff, vs. Harry Stewart, defendant.

Complaint—Found guilty of taking the honors from his brother at McMinnville High School.

Sentenced to walk five miles and back each day for the next four years.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College plaintiff, vs. Frank H. Dunlop, defendant.

Complaint—Found guilty of failing to inform the young ladies of the college that he is married.

Sentenced to wash dishes in two rooms at Clark's.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College plaintiff, vs. Vera Asbury, defendant.

Complaint—Found guilty of enjoying the best room in the town.

this charge calls for a very heavy sentence but in view of the great age of the case the sentence will be limited to two years in the German language.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College plaintiff vs. Mary Terry, defendant.

Complaint—Found guilty of eloping with a modern night(?) from her home two weeks before school opened.

Sentence—The defendant should receive a long term sentence for this charge, but since the destination of the elopment was to McMinnville the defendant will be required to spend not less than two hours a day at the old Boughton residence.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College plaintiff, vs. Owen Day, defendant.

Complaint—Found guilty of deserting McMinnville College five years ago.

Sentence—Since the defendant has returned to the place of desertion and has given himself up to the proper authorities, the sentence will be limited to making not less than six trips to the West side of B Street between the hos-

Because His Eyes Gave Out

Every now and then we hear of some brilliant young fellow whose career has been blighted "because his eyes gave out." You should see to it that before taking up any prolonged course of study that the eyes are in condition to stand the strain, and the surest way to determine this is to have them examined by one who understands, so that if glasses are needed, they may be worn before it is too late. I refer you to any of the faculty or any one of the student body of last year as to my ability and fair dealing with the public.

Dr. Henry E. Morris

Eye Specialist, McMinnville, Oregon

Sentenced to eat Mrs. Smith's cooking for two years.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College, plaintiff vs. Cora Salter, defendant.

Complaint—Found guilty of alienating the affections of one Paul Breuning.

Sentence—Defendant is no doubt in ignorance of the young and tender sensibilities of the victim, and has unwittingly taken advantage of this inexperienced party, but in view of the nature of the charge the sentence will be four years severe study of five periods each term.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College, plaintiff, vs. Robert S. Kyle.

Complaint—Found guilty of maiming a helpless dog while launching an umbrella handle from the fourth story of the college building.

Sentence—Mr. Kyle, the nature of

pital and Lincoln Street, daily.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College, plaintiff, vs. W. Park Richardson, defendant.

Complaint—Found guilty of disturbing the cobwebs on the first floor ceilings without suitable instruments.

Sentenced to serve four years in McMinnville College.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College, plaintiff, vs. Ben Favell, defendant.

Complaint—Found guilty six years ago of disturbing the seriousness of a Latin classroom.

Sentenced to sleep four years on the back porch.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College, plaintiff, vs. Leonard Cox, Chaney Martin and Waldo Homan, defendants.

Complaint—Found guilty of boost-

ing McMinnville College as enthusiastically as Earnest Day.

Sentenced to bring back as many students next year as LaGrande did this year.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College, plaintiff, vs. Cecil R. Black, defendant.

Complaint—Found guilty of mistaking the Columbus School for the Baptist Church.

Sentenced to spend one year among the fumes of the chemical laboratory.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College, plaintiff, vs. Celas Holbrook and Sidney C. Hoppersett, defendants.

Complaint—Found guilty of removing debris from the college printing office.

Sentence—Gentlemen, you are ignorant of the seriousness of this charge. The dust was sacred to the memory of a Guy, much loved and longed for, but on account of the Holy and Happy name of the new firm this sentence will be limited to one year.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College plaintiff, vs. Margaret White defendant.

Complaint—Found guilty of stealing Edith Stiff's room-mate.

Sentenced to three hours piano practice daily for three years.

Case of A. S. B. of McMinnville College plaintiffs, vs. Lester Bishop, defendant.

Complaint—Charged with taking away the tennis honors from Art. Larzell.

Sentenced to work at hard labor for a place on the basketball team for four years.

Edith Argo has gone to Gordon school, Boston. We are well represented in that vicinity. Everett Burket has joined Frank Manley at Newton Theological Seminary. Burchard A. Hylton is also there, and Mrs. Hylton. (Letha Hanna) is at Gordon.

The Business Man

A business man of McMinnville says "If no one ever told me that college had opened, I could tell it by the increase in my business the first day."

This statement was intended to surprise. And it does surprise, for the simple reason that it puts the whole matter in a nutshell. That one sentence tells of 225 students in McMinnville who might be at Eugene, or Corvallis or some other college town. It tells of fifteen families who have moved to McMinnville for the college year. It tells of that oft quoted \$75,000 that will be spent by McMinnville college students this year.

Does the college opening make any difference in your business? The manager does not need to tell you that, you know. A way to make the college make a difference in your business is to advertise in The Review. The Review offers a better advertising medium this year than ever before. A better, larger paper with one-third more subscribers, an able staff, loyal support of college and town—this is surely a tale of prosperity.

Athletics

Come Alive!!!

Big doin's. We are going to fix up the gym and girls athletic rooms. This long needed work is to be done at last. A new heater with showers is to be installed beneath the present gym. There will be a large room built there in which bars and other gymnastic equipment will be placed. This will give us a much larger court for basket ball and an unexcelled floor for gym classes.

The girls expect a big year in athletics and the new arrangement will greatly stimulate all branches of this work. Their athletic manager will soon be chosen and regular schedule of games will be posted.

Loosen up and boost this thing. Knocking means a fizzle. God helps those who help themselves. "Pep" up and we'll do 'er.

Basketball Outlook Bright

With a number of new huskies enrolled this year we can easily get the little goats of the colleges in the old league. An alumnus suggests that we take on some of the larger institutions of the state. And why not? "McMinnville to the front," you know.

Simpson is back with blood in his eye and a tough look. All that's necessary is to show him something to run up against.

Bishop comes from last year's Tacoma High quintet. He's a little quiet just now, but wait. He has the goods.

Douglas is back and is in fine shape, having been in condition all summer. We are certainly glad to see old "Dug" again. Altho we are talking about basketball, it may not be out of order to say that we are going to have some rip-snorter of a basketball team this coming season.

Besides the three fellows mentioned we have Black, Johnson, Richardson, Worthin, Owen, Day, Crofton, and a dozen other fellows that we have not discovered yet. All will try out, tho, and Mac will win as surely as day follows morning.

Tug, Diebel, Amburn, Coops and others will try out for the midget team. Some real sport could be had out of a fast team of smaller men.

The class games this year will be hotly contested. The fifty Freshmen can pick a winning team from their bunch, while the sophs have eight good basketball men. The Juniors have five squad men left and will fight for another year of victory. Preps and Commercials have lots of new material. We do not know what will become of the poor Seniors. Their outlook is certainly not very bright.

Here's to the best year in basketball we have ever had.

The Lyceum Course

Every healthy student of McMinnville College is interested in the success of its student body activities. The success of the Lyceum Course this school year will depend in great part upon the desire of the student body to make it a success. Here are some ways you can make your desire practical.

1. Boost the Lyceum Course.

You can do this without any twinges of conscience. Good authorities on Lyceum entertainment in McMinnville have already declared that this season's last of entertainments is better than any ever listed here before. A personal investigation of the course will convince you of its merits.

2. Invest in a season ticket.

Do you realize that seven and a half cents a week during the time you are in school will pay for a first class seat at all the Lyceum entertainments? Let that seven and a half cents satisfy your cravings for outside entertainment this winter. Invest it in the six amusing, yet educational and uplifting entertainments of the Lyceum Course.

The first number on Oct. 24 is by the Dixie Quintet, composed of darkies, giving amusing and high class numbers on their program.

The second number is on Nov. 17. This is an extraordinary number and should not be missed by any college student. Prof. Montaville M. Wood will make experiments with the ultra-violet ray, (see Prof. Van Osdel), with electricity, and many other extraordinary experiments in physics. He will be assisted by his daughter, Miss Allene Wood, whose marvelous work with the ultra violet ray has given her the name of "Tamer of Electricity."

On Dec. 4, J. C. Herbsman, for three years head of the Department of Public Speaking at the University of Washington, will be here to give an entertainment consisting of drama, miscellaneous readings and short stories.

The big college number comes Jan. 30. Little need be said of this to the older students. To the new students—half of your college career is lost if you miss this number of the course. The Four Artists will be here Feb.

18. This troupe is made up of a violinist, pianist, soprano and baritone soloists. All four members of the company are artists in their line.

March 25, Alton B. Packard, the celebrated cartoonist, will give an evening's entertainment in McMinnville. Some of the student body have already seen Mr. Packard and pronounce him fine. Newell Dwight Hillis says of him: "Alton B. Packard is one of the most versatile men on the platform today. He well deserves the success he has won."

Tickets for the Lyceum Course will be on sale the first Monday in October the prices being the same as last year, \$3.00, \$2.50 and \$2.00.

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Stag Party

The annual "stag" party was pulled off with great gusto. For many years the College Y. M. C. A. has given what has been called a "reception" for the new men, on the first Saturday evening after registration day. The custom was followed out this year and things were done as formerly and strictly according to tradition. It might be mentioned, in passing, that the said traditions are not easy to forget. Ask a freshman. (Richardson can tell you.)

The old fellows gathered at the gym a little after seven o'clock and the new students were introduced one at a time. We may have mixed up the names a little but no mistakes were made in the warmth of the greetings. The Y. M. always had the name of being cordial. The few new fellows who missed the "stag" missed a college experience that would have always been remembered.

After the fifty specimens of "new meat" had safely vaulted the bar, the real fun of the evening was not over. A few real games of real "hot hand" were started and old acquaintances were renewed. Prof. Mason and McKee were efficient instructors in the "handy art."

Last year's mock trial proved so successful as an entertainer that another was held this year. Two victims were produced, tried, found guilty, and thoroughly cleansed beneath the shower bath. The jury had been previously instructed and the perjured pleadings of the defense were unavailing. The pie feed was what took the cake. Sitting on the floor in a large circle clear around the gym, the largest bunch ever attending the annual stag cemented bonds of friendship over the pie plates.

The members of the Y. M. C. A. cabinet told briefly of their various departments of the work. R. B. Culver, vice president, presided in the absence of our president, George Stewart. Everybody went home happy and felt comfortable again a few days later.

The Y. W. C. A. Reception

The Y. W. C. A. reception is always anticipated with a great deal of pleasure by all old students. This year it was no disappointment to

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either old or new students. All the girls gathered in the music hall at an early hour and were given places in the groups, one of which occupied each of the four corners of the room. The girls in the groups played games, and then each group entertained with charades, which usually could not be guessed, so elaborate and mystifying were they.

During the serving of refreshments the girls were entertained by a highly original stunt, which had to be given by a group of the girls who were elected to wear dunce caps during the evening. The evening closed in great hilarity, and everyone went home with the feeling "glad I went."

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Musical

Musical Course Begins

On Thursday morning after College opened, the new students coming up the bridge must have heard "the faint sweet echoes" and wondered what they were and from whence they came. As they came, closer, their thoughts must have turned from "sweet echoes" to a mixture of piano music and a number of voices. Truly there isn't much harmony in the music, as we hear it altogether, but it sounds good to the "old" students, for they know by the sounds that work has begun again for nine months.

Seventy-four have already registered in both piano and voice. This is more than there have ever been before and it certainly shows that people are thinking more and more that an education is not complete without some knowledge of music. With so many vocal and instrumental students we can be sure of fine, enjoyable and helpful recitals this year.

The two classes in harmony, one in theory and sight reading have met and the work has been planned. A great many are attending these and expect to graduate from the musical course.

The history class also met and planned to give a recital each month. At these, biographies of chosen authors will be given and compositions by these will be played. These recitals will be public, so that all may be profited by knowing more about the authors of well known compositions and the times in which they were written. The recitals will be given at the end of the terms as before.

The large chorus began work Tuesday evening with about thirty present. The members expect to give an oratorio and an opera this year. This means much work but with each one cooperating with the splendid leader, Prof. Culver, these will be a credit to the College.

A Musical Education

(The following article clipped from The Musician, is of interest even to those who have not registered for piano pounding or vocal torture.—Ed.)

Otto W. G. Pfefferkorn

The expression "a musical education," has become so elastic in scope

as to justify as pertinent the inquiry, "What kind of study and discipline are primarily and solely essential to acquire a musical education?"

The adjective, "musical," seems to have become a misnomer in all specific and general cases wherein the truth of the following fundamental proposition is questioned, namely, that the art of music is ever tonal and never verbal. Whether we designate music as "applied" or "theoretical," it never can be anything but tonal—all verbal distinctions to the contrary.

To talk about or study about music is not to study music. This talking about or studying about music may be pleasurable, or even profitable intellectually, but is of no value musically. This is not saying that mental discipline is superfluous or unnecessary in a musical education.

The lamentable and embarrassing ignorance of some of the world's greatest executive musicians—not musical ignorance—is known. Yet in their own art, they were wizards and, musically educated to the highest degree. In the verbal expression of an idea, they may have been "hobbling infants." Yet had they been all-wise and all-knowing in other vocations, this wisdom and knowledge could, in no sense, have been musical.

The paramount question then is, what is "musical" and what is not? We have the composer who creates music; the artist who reveals it; and the theorist who talks about it. Creation may be better than revelation; revelation better than theory; and theory better than nothing at all. But the essential fact seems to be that music per se, is tonal and not a verbal art.

And yet so great are modern demands, that the ability verbally to express a musical idea, particularly in all educational work, is not only a distinct advantage but an imperative necessity. A conservatory graduate with a college education is less handicapped, although he may be but a novice musically, than the musician of highest musical ability but of little or no so-called intellectual discipline. The one may express in words what he does not feel in music. The other may feel in music what he cannot express in words.



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Our constant aim is a better store service with bigger values, at lower prices than you pay elsewhere. Just take a look at the splendid assortment of new styles in men's wear we are showing. Then you will know why we are so anxious to have you buy your new suit and furnishings here. You are always welcome here..

M. JOHNSON

Men's Furnishings, Tailoring
Hats, Shoes

This dual power in one and the same person ought to afford the ideal blend in an education that is verbally musical and musically verbal; thus doing away on the one hand, with the vexing pretenses of the mere musicologist and, on the other hand, with the flighty theories of arrogant artistry.

So far reaching and extensive is the art of music that its verbal ramifications alone would almost promise to be inexhaustible. It would therefore seem that a good and thorough musical education in modern times demands primarily specific tonal knowledge and ability and secondarily, general verbal acquirements and expression.

This, whenever possible, should be allied with the "inestimable blessings" of a general education, which, perhaps, in practically all cases, should go before a general study of the theory of any specific fine art.

A verbal picture may be the finest kind of a stimulus, and even inspiration, to a tonal interpretation. Hence, "words and music," as in song and story, may well go hand in hand in a modern musical education.

It certainly is true that if we cannot put ourselves into our music it is worth nothing. It is the feeling of the player or singer expressed which makes music what it is. If a song is sung by one who cannot mean what he sings, it would be better if it were not sung at all.

College Boys Win

Many of the college fellows earned good wages at the local school fair last week, winning most of the prize contests there. "Sam" estimates that he was getting \$24 per hour for what he did in the steeple-chase. Tipton, Pettit, Culver Hanford, Werthin and others pocketed their share of the gate

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Keepin' On From Musician

In a bit of verse that the present writer recently read occurred the line "An' keep on keepin' on." It seems almost unnecessary to do more than just write this line, and let it point its own moral. Most of us can get started doing something; a smaller number can "keep on" after they get started. But far too small is the number of those who can "keep on keepin' on." Try the line for a motto during the season just at hand.

Natives

We are native Oregonians and are proud of it. We think Oregon the best state in the Union. Since 1882 we have been in the drug business in McMinnville, and have built up a reputation on which we look with pride. Absolute honesty in all instances and transactions has been our motto all these years. A constantly increasing trade tells us it pays to be honest. We would be pleased to meet you and give you such information at your command.

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W. S. Link, Cashier

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A Big Boost

The following editorial by J. G. Eekman, clipped from the Telephone Register of August 29th, is typical of the college spirit of McMinnville business men and citizens.

President L. W. Riley of McMinnville college left this city on Tuesday for Southern California to make preliminary arrangements for the coming campaign to secure a greater endowment for the institution. McMinnville college has the brightest prospect for a larger financial support than she has ever enjoyed and the promise of a greater attendance than any year in her more than half-century's history. The fall term does not begin until September 17, yet there are numerous inquiries from prospective students and visitors to the city making preparations to enroll their children.

Prof. F. G. Boughton, now on the road in the capacity of student secretary, writes most encouragingly of the outlook for a large attendance. This is his second season in the work, and the prospects are much brighter than last year, when many students were headed this way through his influence.

The college now has a permanent endowment of \$50,000. Last October Mr. James J. Hill, the great ex-railroad president, gave the initial impulse to the movement to increase the endowment by offering President Riley \$50,000 when that sum would complete a \$300,000 endowment fund. The movement received another splendid impulse when the board of the Northern Baptist Convention met in Detroit, Mich., in May last and promised to duplicate Mr. Hill's offer, and in addition to raise \$5,000 annually toward the current expense of the coming campaign.

It will be definitely known soon into whose hands the principal work of raising the balance of the proposed endowment will be placed, and President Riley's mission south has to do with the furtherance of this campaign.

We sometimes wonder whether McMinnville and surrounding territory really places a just and adequate estimate of the value of McMinnville college to the community. It has been figured in dollars and cents as far as it were possible to do so, and it has run into the thousands of dollars. That is, viewed from the commercial standpoint. Its worth from the moral and educational point of view cannot be fully estimated. The fact that McMinnville College has lived to be fifty-seven years old with no greater endowment than \$50,000, and that only in recent years, is prima facie proof of her worth. Like most institutions

of the kind, her history has been one of struggle with debt, with lack of facilities she should have, and with lack of funds to meet current expenses; in other words, she has been "hard up." But many an institution has gone through the same experience and later been placed on a firm financial basis. It is the history of many of the most important colleges in America.

No former effort on the part of the college to raise funds has equalled in magnitude the present undertaking, and no former effort embraced a plan large enough to place it upon a firm financial basis. If the \$300,000 is raised, and the management of the college and its many friends are determined it shall be, the future of the institution is insured for all time, because it is the large endowment that gives perpetuity. What has been done at Albany and Salem can be done at McMinnville. The institutions at these two places had the same offer from Mr. Hill. They have fastened the bargain. The Presbyterians at Albany, and citizens regardless of church affiliation, have rallied with generous response to the call of the campaign and have made certain the continuance of their school. The Methodists and their friends east and west have accomplished the same thing for Willamette University. The Baptists and their friends must do the same for McMinnville.

It is a question of community loyalty and not wholly sectarian support. Christian education and culture is the first object, and men are scarce who doubt its value. Besides the educational and commercial value of a college in any town is that of its advertising value. McMinnville college has had an unusually large percentage of students from beyond the state of Oregon. Forty-eight per cent of the attendance last year came from outside of the state, a greater percentage than that shown by the records of any other institution on this coast. It cannot be doubted that the one institution in the city of McMinnville which contributes more than any other to her commercial prosperity and her high educational and musical standing is that of the college. We cannot afford to lose her. We CAN afford to spend liberally to place her on the aforesaid substantial financial basis. Let every citizen carefully weigh the value of McMinnville college to this community. The campaign will soon be on.

President Praised

These notes desire to say a good word for our McMinnville College president, Leonard W. Riley. He came to Oregon as pastor of the McMinnville Church; then we called him to be superintendent of missions in Oregon, but it was not long until a vacancy occurred in the college, and the trustees as one man chose Dr. Riley. Now he is known in the whole nation. At the Detroit Northern Baptist Convention, when the new education board met,

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there were several college representatives who wanted things, but President Riley was the only man with a definite program and a good starter in hand. He had \$59,000 of endowment to show. He had a pledge of \$50,000 from the great railroad man, James J. Hill, provided the whole amount was raised to \$300,000. What could that new board do but "get busy?" Such pluck and planning could not be thrown down and the board offered to undertake to raise \$50,000 for the new endowment and to pay \$5,000 a year for two years for current expenses. President Riley has put McMinnville at the front. It is for all of us to show our appreciation by helping him to success. Mr. James J. Hill does not give \$50,000 to institutions either not needed or unwisely led.—A. B. in Pacific Baptist.

Senior Notes

On Friday evening, Sept. 26, Mrs. Lovgren entertained the seven members of the Senior class at dinner. The class assembled at the Lovgren

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home at six o'clock and at six thirty sat down to a bounteous three-course dinner. Many plans were discussed for the year. The class was very glad to welcome to their number Mr. Owen Day. Adjournment was only made in time for members of the class to attend church. The Seniors are very grateful to Mrs. Lovgren for her hospitality.

CUT IT OUT

Dixie Quintet, Oct 24

Montraville M. Wood, Nov. 17

J. C. Herbsman Dec 4

McMinnville College, Jan 30

The Four Artists, Feb. 18

Alton B. Packard March 25
cartoonist

McMinnville Lyceum Course 1913-14

J. Allan Jeffery, Mgr.

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They Call Her a "Small College"

And McMinnville College May Be Small:

In the number of buildings,
In the number of students,
In the number of men on the faculty,
In the number of dollars of endowment,

But McMinnville College Is Large:

In the dynamic power of her student body,
In the widespread influence of her graduates,
In the strength of an efficient faculty,
In the loyal support of her friends,
In Christian atmosphere,
In great results.

A Large College may become small, and a
small college, large

McMinnville College

LEONARD W. RILEY, President

McMINNVILLE, OREGON

Freshman Pictures

(Seen for the First Time)

IT IS with a great deal of chagrin that I open this chamber of Memory's gallery to the inspection of visitors. These precious paintings of Freshman days I have hung with great care, guarded them from curious eyes, and treasured them not so much for their artistic beauty as the fact that in each rugged outline I see some homely tracing of a lesson learned.

In this wonderful collection there are pictures of all the different tests and experiences which make life real. There are pictures of the emotions of joy and sorrow, pictures of the feelings which come with conceit and humiliation. Upon some I look with lingering eyes and long that I might once again live through those lovely and pleasant scenes. Others send a chill through every nerve center of my anatomy, as I remember the ringing rebuke of an upper-classman, or feel again the shock which I received when my little world of conceit bumped against some larger and brighter planet. These pictures will, no doubt, be of general interest to Freshmen, and all others who exist in a state of superverdancy.

My first inhalation of the peculiar air which animates all Freshmen was taken one bright morning in September some four years ago. It was with an elevated degree of self-confidence that I mounted the steps which led into the "ad" building. Anyone who has seen the ebb and flow of student life, and has noticed their psychological tendencies as these little ripples upon the sea of humanity grow into large billows and dash against the stern shores of higher learning, could have at once recognized that I was a graduate of some high school—likely an honor student, in a class of two, with a scholarship as a mark of merit and an excuse for the distingue appearance. My head was held high, my chest expanded till the buttons of my vest almost gave way, my step was heavy and firm. Even now I can hear those first footfalls in the "halls of knowledge"—thud, thud, thud, ghostly and resounding like the tread of a peg-legged tramp in an empty pantry. (Some old student would meet me in the "ad" building on the campus and with a gracious smile ask my name, my class rank, and my former place of residence. I would sing out my name with an exalted air, feeling confident that that sound would awaken echoes down the corridors of time; I stated the fact that I was a Freshman (something which I now think of as redundant) with a grace and dignity that might characterize the most verdant cabbage in the patch; then into those unoffending ears I would pour my life's history. O, what a hero I had

been. My life had been one of hardship and toil, yet my nature was one that could not be overcome by even the most adverse circumstances, and now I was a beautiful specimen of the Anthropinae bipeds. Thus I, in my Freshman simplicity, bored those with whom I came in contact for loquaciousness seemed to me to be the only true symbol of intelligence.

One of my ambitions was to get before the public eye. I wanted to do something worthy of a general on the field of battle. I wanted to show the world that valor and intellect could be combined in one organism. In order to do this I decided to win over one half of the university population at a time, so started to follow the well-beaten, but bee-infested, path of the gallant. This seemed to be the easiest method for one in my circumstances, as I in my high school days had been favored to some small extent by the girls—at least one girl had taken a great liking to me. People had said she was a little lacking in mental makeup, but I always doubted the judgment of others, and felt sure that some of the university girls, even, were already casting favorable glances in my direction. In fact, several times I had been disturbed by a consciousness of their eyes focused upon me with a fixed stare. This supposed discovery only added to my conceit. I was positive that there were to my discredit no mannerisms which could be called uncouth, and imagined that they were gazing in awe at my massive mind silhouetted against the dull sky of ignorance. Unhappily the pictures which resulted from my attempts to be popular were never finished and remain but little more than mere sketches. I once filled them out with the brush of imagination, but the finished product was so supremely blissful that my conscience convicted me of sacrilege and sentenced me to the cell of single-misery for life.

Like many another I wanted to take in everything, take part in everything, do everything and be everything. One of my ambitions was to do something strenuous along literary lines. I had learned that there were in the institution several literary societies ready to gorge my mental appetite with the highest class of literary and social attainments. Amid this happy community of circumstances I laid the foundation for a big future—the reader will understand the significance of the word big in the following paragraph.

One day while on the street car an invitation was extended to me by one of the august seniors to join a certain society of which he was president. I immediately began to tell him that I very much enjoyed the work offered by such societies, that I had already

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McMinnville, Ore. **The Jensen Studio**

decided to join his society, and that, no doubt, I should also ally myself with another one or two. My idea was that I would be at perfect liberty to join any society I should choose, and as many as I should choose, as long as their dates of meeting did not conflict. Then, too, I realized that one society would perhaps be stronger in some certain line of work than another, and as I had determined to spare no pains in order to have a complete and well-rounded "college" education, I resolved to seize upon the advantages which all might offer. This is one of the bright pictures of my collection.

Quite in contrast to the above picture is the one which followed from a complete knowledge of what a college fraternity or sorority really was. It is a drawing of a somber scene, sketched within the chasm of a riven soul, and tinted with chagrin, humiliation, and wounded pride.

But few of the pictures in this chamber of memory's gallery have been pointed out to the reader, yet each has its lesson, even though I have failed to express that lesson in adequate words. My wish is that all those who are beginning their collection of life's pictures in these new realms will make careful selections, and hang them in the full light of forethought.

JOHN MASON.

The Joint Reception

The annual Y. W.-Y. M. C. A. joint reception was given in Music Hall on Saturday evening, September 27th, the most enjoyable occasion of the kind ever known in McMinnville College. About one hundred and fifty were there and those who know the place will remember that 150 at a reception is some crowd. Speeches of welcome were delivered by Prof. C. P. Coe and George Stewart. Mr. Adams responded for the new students. Music for the evening was furnished by Miss Larson (piano), by the college orchestra, and by Raymond B. Culver. Prof. John Mason, of McMinnville high school gave several readings.

These receptions in time past have been characterized by stiffness, the grand march, punch and wafers. In fact for years the annual joint reception might have been mistaken for an assembly of mummies. Not so this year, however. There were so many present, that no one had room to sequester himself in some corner for the purpose of getting cold and stiff in death.

No receiving line waited to congeal the blood of the freshman. Each stu-

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"VELVET"
ICE CREAM

Made in Independence Creamery.

—CANDY—

All kinds of soft drinks at

BECK'S
Royal Confectionary

dent was taken into a select circle and made to have a good time, before the prospect of a hundred introductions had phased him. There were five of these circles and each group had its own games and means of getting acquainted.

It was a jolly and well-acquainted crowd that later in the evening listened to the short program that had been prepared. Culver's singing and Mason's readings made the hit of the evening, both of them receiving many encores.

After refreshments had been served, ways were wended homeward through the rain and night. Some felt the need of lights on the campus. Others did not.

S.

Of Course It Would—

A correspondent asks us, "If I wish to write to a young lady friend would the type-write-er?"

Ans.—Yes, and the letter should be fee-mailed over the mascu-line.

A Great Discovery—

Douglas says he has discovered a chemical that will turn a fellow's beard into little nails. He can then drive them back in with a hammer, thus saving the expense and worry of soap and razors. Some discovery that. Wonder if he ever tests it on himself?

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

The Pacific Baptist

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

\$2.00 per year.

McMinnville, Oregon

COMING

to McMinnville? Let us find you a home. Farm lands and city property for sale. Write for booklet and information.

THE McMINNVILLE LAND CO.

W. J. Stater, Mgr.

"The Reliable Firm"

EXCHANGES

In beginning the work of the exchange department, we find so many exchanges received late in the last "Review" year, that very little attempt to criticize or commend will be made in this issue.

We note the announcement in the "Reed College Quest," (Portland, Oregon), that hereafter simplified spelling will be used in its columns.

The following commendation is from the May number of the "Crescent," (Pacific College): "The article on the origin of Senior gowns in 'The Review' is interesting to many."

We reviewed the "Hesperian," (Hoquiam high school), with much pleasure. This annual is well arranged, and the stories are snappy and written in good style. We were especially gratified to discover that Miss Ida Himes, who is now enrolled as a freshman in McMinnville College, edited this number.

We are pleased to acknowledge the following exchanges, some of which were received too late for acknowledgement in the last issue:

The Volante, Grand Island College, Grand Island, Neb.

Willamette Collegian, Willamette University, Salem, Oregon.

The Reed College Quest, Reed College, Portland, Oregon.

Ottawa Campus, Ottawa University, Ottawa, Kansas.

Weekly Index, Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon.

Oregon Teachers' Monthly, Salem, Oregon.

The Corral, Simmons College, Abilene, Texas.

Kodak, Everett High School, Everett, Washington.

Our Tattler, Walton High School, Walton, New York.

The Crescent, Pacific College, Newberg, Oregon.

Chemawa American, Chemawa Indian School, Chemawa, Oregon.

Student Engineer, Oregon Agricultural College, Corvallis, Oregon.

Black and Gold, McKinley High School, Honolulu, H. I.

The Columbiad, Columbia University, Portland, Oregon.

Messenger, Bellingham State Normal, Bellingham, Washington.

Wayland Greetings, Beaver Dam College, Beaver Dam, Wisconsin.

Mississippi College Magazine, Clinton, Mississippi.

Hesperian, Hoquiam High School, Hoquiam, Washington.

B. Y. P. U. Gives First Reception of the Year

The very first social affair of the year occurred on the evening of registration day, the occasion being the annual reception given by the B. Y. P. U. to new students. The reception followed the College opening exercises.

After a very informal "mixing" and getting acquainted during which time flowers were given to every one, it was announced that the Court of the A. S. B. was in session. Prof. VanOsdel honored the bench with his well assumed dignity, and Prof. Boughton as combined clerk, bailiff, prosecuting attorney, jury and janitor thundered forth his vituperative accusations, after each of which Prof. Van in turn pronounced with becoming dignity the dread doom of the culprit.

Raymond B. Culver the president told several yarns, all of which he said had originated with preachers he had known. In the course of his speech he made it known that he was supposed to be giving an address of welcome. Plano selections were given by Miss Wright and Miss Stiff. "Professor" John Mason gave several of his inimitable readings much to the delight of all present.

The unusually large number of new students caught the refreshments committee by surprise, and the quantity of ice cream reminded one of the proverbial oyster soup at the church supper.

Just before "Goodnight" all joined in singing Manley's college song, copies of which were given to all new students.

College Opening.

The fall term was formally commenced at the Baptist church, Wednesday evening, September 17th. After an opening song and prayer, President Riley made an announcement of the results of the days registration. Mayor W. F. Vinton spoke a few words and then introduced Mr. W. F. Macy, another prominent citizen of the town, who welcomed the students to McMinnville.

Miss Ida May Pope and Prof. George J. Kyle, the new-old instructor who returned to us this fall, were introduced.

The address of the evening was delivered by Rev. W. T. Milliken, pastor of the First Baptist Church of Oregon City.

Music for the evening was furnished by Howard McKnight (piano), John McKnight (violin), and R. B. Culver (voice). The meeting was closed with prayer by Rev. A. J. Hunsaker.

Culver-Hibbs

On Sept. 20, at Brockwood, Miss Elva Hibbs became the bride of Mr. Floyd E. Culver, Rev. A. J. Hunsaker performing the ceremony. These young people are also former McMinnville College students.

The Review wishes them great happiness in their new homes.

Guy N. Hickok was in McMinnville a few days last week visiting old friends. Guy has been working in Glacier National Park this summer.

O. D. Scott

Furniture and Hardware

Stoves, Iron Beds, Springs, Mattresses and Art Squares.
Cor. Third and B Sts., McMinnville.

Tilbury-Little

At 8:30 p. m., Wednesday evening, Oct. 1, at their new home in McMinnville, occurred the wedding of Gilbert S. Tilbury and Miss Eva R. Little. Professor E. Northup officiated. Mr. Fred Little was best man and Miss F. Alta Davis was bridesmaid.

Both Mr. Tilbury and Miss Little are graduates of McMinnville College. Miss Little was May Queen in 1911, the year of her graduation.

Club Grows

There are over seventy boarders at the college club this year. The dining room is running at full capacity. Low prices and good cooking are magnets that draw many of the students club-ward.

Elected Vice-President

When Miss Carrie McKee failed to register this fall, the Student Body office of vice-president was left vacant. At a meeting of the A. S. B. Monday Miss Edna Scott was elected to this position. Miss Scott is a Junior and deserving of the honor.

Brace Elected

Brace is the Guy who was elected basketball manager for this year, at a meeting of the executive committee held Tuesday. At the same meeting J. Allan Jeffery was elected rhetorical manager.

Poets With Power

"Twinkle! twinkle! little star," the poet said, and lo!
'Way above the earth so far the stars a-winkling go.

—San Francisco Call.

"Roll on, thou deep blue ocean roll!" another voice was heard.
And ocean rolls obedient to his mandatory word.

—Louisville Herald.

"Blow, blow, thou winter wind," the third one gave command
And every winter now we hear it blow to beat the band.

—Boston Transcript.

After all, the best thing one can do when it is raining is to let it rain.—Longfellow.

Are You Sticky?

The Cynic snarls—Some people are only close friends, some are such close friends that they actually run together, and some run together so much that they finally get to be thick and actually stick.

He Remembers All Right—

If you want to find out whether they do things here just like they used to or not just ask Ben Favell about the Y. M. C. A. stag party in the gym the other Saturday night.

Sure, He Did—

Soph.—Well, Freshie, don't you think this is a beautiful place.

Freshie—Yes, this is a beautiful place, with the trees and everything around me so green, you know.

You Can't Blame Him—

Samuel Simpson says—I don't care if you do call me Sam, but if you go to curtailing my second name you are no friend of mine.

Wright's Chocolate Shop

The home of PURE Confections.
Hot and Cold Drinks

The Time Has Come

when something should be did—
about that class "feed." Call up

Logan's Grocery

"And the Students like us."

Powell The Tailor

Ladies' and Gents' Tailoring and
Repairing. Cleaning and Pressing
a Specialty.

Delashmutt Produce Store

Veal, Poultry and Eggs. Buy and
sell any and all live stock



For that's one way to spell it.
When you have a Hungry spell
here's the place to quell it.

The Atlas Bakery

"With the clean kitchen"

Up-To-Date

SHOE REPAIRING

The Combination Shoe and Harness Shop

We are equipped to produce Portraits that are right and our long experience is back of every picture we make. The child, the parent, the grandparent, all are assured of a good likeness and artistic finish when we do the work. Come in at any time or if more desirable make an appointment.

NORCOTT STUDIO

STAR PHOTO SHOW

Friday and Saturday, Bronson Howard's Famous War Drama

SHENANDOAH, in three parts

Coming of Gretchen. See the bombardment of Fort Sumpter, the escape from Richmond prison, the spectacular midnight combat, Sheridan's historic ride and the terrific, awe-inspiring Battle of Winchester.

Fisherman's Luck

In company with my parents I spent a very pleasant summer on the shore of Lake Ontario. Our cottage was situated near two large piers which extended out some distance into the lake, and which served more as a rendezvous for fishermen than as a landing place for boats.

Our rowboat was tied at the side of a creek running past the cottage out between the two piers and into the lake. The creek for miles toward its source was a delightful place to row and spend sunny afternoons. Its shady spots and deep recesses in the banks had witnessed many romances started and some well on their way. Indeed the shady nooks of this creek were well patronized by rowing parties, if these rowing parties should happen to consist of no more than two.

But the lake always beckoned young men to adventure. Now adventure, you understand, is sometimes more enticing than luxurious scenery and delightful quietude coupled with a charming presence.

Responding to the lake's call, one morning my brother and I started out to the lake in search of adventure. Loading our rowboat with a small luncheon, fishing tackle and bait, we eagerly set forth. The weather was calm and delightful. The deep water beckoned us on. When about two miles from shore we baited our fishing tackle, comfortably seated ourselves in the boat and waited. Now and then a shiner would risk its little life nibbling at the bait. A few perch and bass sacrificed their lives in order that the rest of their finny tribe might know the danger of tasting our fish-bait.

At one o'clock we ate our luncheon and rowed further out into the lake. Toward evening we grew discouraged and with the prospect of a three-mile row ahead of us, we grew desperate for excitement. Presently my brother was nearly pulled out of the boat by a

sudden jerk upon his fishline. He braced his knees against the side of the boat and held on to the line. I rushed to his assistance but he waved me aside. Our boat now began to move swiftly forward going faster at each second. I looked at my watch. It was exactly fifteen minutes after five. The monster of the deep, whatever its specie, was heading for deep water at a marvelous speed. Suddenly its course changed, heading directly east and it changed again, turning toward shore. It seemed to be headed for one of the piers. I seized an oar in an attempt to steer the boat in case we might go too close to the piers. We were now going at a terrific speed. My brother and I had both lost our hats and were clinging tightly to our seats. Had it not been that the boat was well built, we should have tipped over in short time. It looked now as if we were to be crushed against one of the piers, and I called to my brother to let the line go. Either he did not hear me or was determined not to let this adventure go by, for he still clung tightly to the line. We missed hitting the south pier by about three feet and swept into the creek at a speed that would make an express train leave the track. The fishline suddenly snapped, my brother fell back into the boat breaking one of the seats. By the dextrous use of an oar I steered the boat to the bank of the creek. Looking at my watch I observed that the minute hand pointed exactly to nineteen minutes after five. We have covered the three miles in exactly four minutes. We had waited all day for these four minutes. My friend, you have waited three weeks for just four minutes of excitement reading this tale. Take my advice, spend three weeks writing a story and enjoy the excitement of it all the time.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Abe Martin on Advertising

By Kin Hubbard

How long would a woman be a social leader if she fergot t' call up some newspaper ever' day?

A feller kin git a purty big can o' baked beans fer a dime, no matter how much it costs t' advertise 'em.

Even th' purtiest girl in town would die an ole maid if she didn't git out an' do a little advertisin'.

Five or six good writeups, judiciously placed, will put a feller on th' Chautauqua platform, an' once he gits a little easy Chautauqua money you can't keep him out o' th' magazines.—American.

THE MARK OF QUALITY

Every HARNESS in our store is calculated to show the superiority of our goods.

Our word is our bond. Our prices are right. Call and get them before buying.

C. B. COLLINS, McMinnville, Oregon

Dry Goods Clothing

Our stock of young men's and young women's wearing apparel is now complete. Norfolk Suits for young men. New line of one-piece Dresses and Suits just arrived. Good are fitted and altered free.

College trade solicited

D. M. Nayberger

McMinnville Meat Co.

The best of fresh and cured meats the market affords. Poultry dressed dressed to order. Phone 1910.

W. F. PAUL, Proprietor

Personals

Mabel Boydston is at home this winter.

Phina Anderson is teaching at Ballston.

Margaret Campbell is teaching near Mac this winter.

Veda Rhodes has entered upon her work at Dayton.

Eleanor Stockton is enjoying her school at Waterman.

Florence Lewis is enthusiastic over her kindergarten class.

Libbie Marley is in the office of the Gibson Abstract Company.

Annabel and Alice Wood are with relatives at Everett, Washington.

"Skow" has left his old quarters at Fender's and gone to live at the I. O. M. house.

Mr. Tapscott surprised his sister Alice by a short visit on his way home from Portland.

Vera Stannard spent several days with Gwendolen before going on to teach in Buell.

Mrs. D. D. Smith returned to her home in Minnesota, after spending several days with her daughter, Carolyn.

Fred Coops spent the first week-end at his home in Tacoma. He wasn't homesick, but his trunk failed to arrive in McMinnville.

W. Lester Adams is secretary of the Y. M. C. A. Hoquiam, Wash. Wendell L. Miller has gone to be assistant. "Brownie" spent several days at Mac before going to his new duties.

Horrible—Horrible—

Freshman, in general history class, in horrified tones—"Why, Miss Grover, the Gladiators didn't actually kill each other, did they?"

Vera Vaile made a week-end trip to Spokane to take her little-cousin back to her own home.

O. O. Hodson

HOUSE FURNISHER

The RAINBOW

is running four reels every change of program. Don't fail to see them.

Have Pretty Hands

We have a superb assortment of manicure goods. It includes everything needed for the proper care of the hands. Files, Scissors, Clippers, Rouge, Enamel, Polishes, etc. You will save time and money by coming directly here when anything in manicure goods is required.

Perry Drug Co.

SEE

Christenson Bros.



for Fancy Groceries, Choice Fruits, Vegetables, Confectionery, and all good things to eat.