

6-1-1914

## Volume 19, Number 02, October 23 1913.pdf

Linfield Archives

Follow this and additional works at: <https://digitalcommons.linfield.edu/newspapers>

---

### Recommended Citation

Linfield Archives, "Volume 19, Number 02, October 23 1913.pdf" (1914). *Linfield Newspaper Collection*. 122.

<https://digitalcommons.linfield.edu/newspapers/122>

This Newspaper is protected by copyright and/or related rights. It is brought to you for free via open access, courtesy of DigitalCommons@Linfield, with permission from the rights-holder(s). Your use of this Newspaper must comply with the [Terms of Use](#) for material posted in DigitalCommons@Linfield, or with other stated terms (such as a Creative Commons license) indicated in the record and/or on the work itself. For more information, or if you have questions about permitted uses, please contact [digitalcommons@linfield.edu](mailto:digitalcommons@linfield.edu).

# THE REVIEW

"NOT FOR MUMMIES"

THE McMinnville College Newspaper

VOL. XIX

McMINNVILLE, OREGON, OCTOBER 23, 1913

No. 2

## His Letter Home "The Details"

Dear Folks at home, Mother, Dad and Vera,

I received a card from Dad, a letter from Mother and one from Vera in answer to my last letter, all urging me to write "at length" and in detail, so I am taking a night off to tell you about all the "doins" down here.

I suppose Vera received the "Review" which I sent. It was published since I last wrote. What do you think of it? You get your U. of Washington Daily out and compare it with that paper, old girl, then tell me what you think of it. Also when the Reed College Quest that that gink you met this summer is going to send you comes you tell dad to take a squint into it and see a real "demonstrashun" of his much advized reformed spelling. What did you think of the "Thing of the Hour?" That's what we are all right.

I feel just as I did when I was a "freshie" in high school. If you read that "dope" in the Review on "Freshman Pictures" don't you believe a word of it for take it from me, I don't believe that any normal freshman ever felt the way that gazaboo did. He must have been a great big mut.

I told you before I guess, that I took Bible from Prof. Wallace. Say, he is a teacher from a way back. He knows more about the Bible in a week than dad does in a year and that's going some. He told of a sermon he had heard once which struck me as very interesting, the context being, "What would have happened to Christianity if the rope tied to the basket in which Paul was lowered out of the walls of the city of Jerusalem had broken?" What do you think, dad? He went on to explain how Christianity had hung on that rope—from a human view point of course—and that if it had broken we would never have heard of it in our time. He's the best natured fellow I ever saw. I sometimes wonder if he ever gets mad. He had a kid named Ridgeway reciting the other day. The kid knew all the dope he asked him but he had to ask him a question to get each answer out of him. He told him he was like an old pump he had; when he quit working the handle the water stopped coming.

I take the paper from home—I suppose dad has received the bill 'ere now—and I read about the football games at home. Oh Grob! how I'd like to be there. The postmaster here lost my Sunday's paper which I knew would have a full account of the game in it. I felt like raising thunder but he's such a good duffer I sent home and had Baker send me one.

What a game! "Louie" is some player eh? There is a kid in the freshman class who whenever he has to prepare an oral comp or write out dope talks or writes about football as if he had helped revise the rules. If he could see a good game of football or see a fellow like "Louie" punt or pass a ball he'd go away back and sit down.

I read in the paper too the Church announcement for Sunday and it said the male quartette would sing. I suppose old "Bones" McCabe got up there and bellowed out in his tenor voice as usual. Believe me, he can't beat one of the freshman here. His name is Black. He stands under the gallery in chapel and sings and the kids all declare that he nearly raises it every day. He also sings in the church choir. I can't ever hear myself when he's singing so I shut up like a clam and look at the new wall paper.

I even read the society column of the paper now and I read about Vera giving a party for a bunch of kids. How did you get along without your dear brother Harrison? Say, who took Dot Garden home from that party?

I'd like to meet some of the skirts down here but I haven't seen many of them since that first joint reception. I told you about the peachy time I had, also the girl. I heard that the girls all had taffy pulls all around town last week but I guess they were strictly suffragette meetings.

The fellows also pulled off a feed and they didn't have any girls around. I like the fellows fine, so would dad if he could meet them.

A gink named Herbsman who is on the Lyceum course that is coming here spoke in chapel here one day. He was certainly fine. He layed it onto the freshies a while and then he got back at the rest of the mutts. I decided then that I'd go to all the Lyceum numbers. You needn't send any more tin though, because I've got a job. All the fellows here work and I felt like a dub so I got a job too.

I heard a junior who is named Taylor I think, saying that all the fellows got up about three o'clock to go down to get in line to reserve Lyceum tickets. I didn't believe him but another gink, Scott, said they did too so just for fun I set my alarm and got up too. And dad, what do you think, when I got down there Taylor, Scott and five or six other ginks were hanging around there and it wasn't yet half past three. They all got tickets for someone else too and so when it counted up it made quite a few seats. By six o'clock there were about thirty-

Continued on p. 8

## Basketball Booms

### Brace Manager

When Guy Brace was elected basketball manager two weeks ago it was expected that things would soon begin to hum. To use that overworked word—Brace has the pep. Also he has the student body behind him and a bright season ahead. Something is about to be doin'.



Guy W. Grace, '15  
Basketball Manager, 1913-14.

Arrangement of the intercollegiate schedule is now being made. The complete schedule will appear in the next issue.

The basketball floor in the remodeled gymnasium is being kept hot from three o'clock till six every day. The new stuff is showing up fine and the old men are on the job. Attend these class games. Paste this schedule in your Virgil:

- Oct. 27, Freshmen-Soph.
- Oct. 29, Junior-Compreps.
- Oct. 31, Junior-Freshmen.
- Nov. 3, Soph-Compreps.
- Nov. 5, Freshman-Compreps.
- Nov. 7, Soph-Junior.
- Nov. 10, Freshman-Soph.
- Nov. 12, Junior-Compreps.
- Nov. 14, Freshman-Junior.
- Nov. 17, Compreps-Soph.
- Nov. 19, Freshman-Compreps.
- Nov. 21, Junior-Soph.

### Hickok Registers

Guy N. Hickok surprised everyone but his closest friends by coming up and registering for college work again, after an absence of two years. This means more good stuff for The Review. Hickok was Review Editor in 1911-12 and is a literary artist of no mean ability. He not only slings phrases but he also springs an occasional idea, an uncommon trait in the average college writer.

## Lyceum Course a Big Success

### Every Seat Sold

A full house will greet the Dixie Quintette tomorrow night, the first number of the Lyceum course. Every seat has been sold for the whole course except a few of the third class. The gallery still remains for those who wish to attend single numbers.

J. Allan Jeffery has certainly proven an efficient manager. The A. S. B. is to be commended for his election to this position. The financial success of the Lyceum Course means much to the student body.

### "Rise Up So Early in the Morn"

There is a city ordinance in McMinnville that forbids its citizens to remain upon the streets after midnight. This law does not forbid being on the street early in the morning, however, or the night policeman would have been compelled to dump one of our citizens behind the bars a week ago last Wednesday.

About 2:30 a. m. of the aforementioned day, C. C. Jacobs strolled down town and stationed himself in front of Parsons & Hendricks' drug store. Shortly after 3 o'clock thirteen men were sitting around the doorway on folding chairs appropriated from Mark Hanna's wood pile across the street. The rain was poetically pouring down thru the darkness of the city streets.

"Ed," the night policeman, ambled past and casually hoped that our mental condition had not been affected.

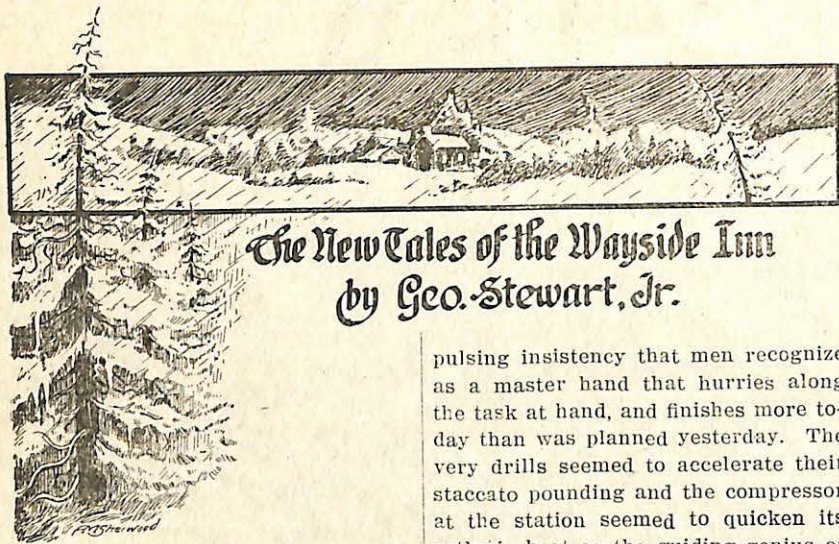
When the reservation of Class A seats for the Lyceum Course of six numbers opened at 7 o'clock fully 40 people were in line. It pays to get there early for these reservations but you will have to go some to get ahead of C. C. Jacobs of Murton & Co.

On Saturday, when class B and C seats were to be reserved, the line began to form before 2 o'clock.

### "Pep" in Chapel

J. C. Herbsman, former Professor of Public Speaking at the U. of Washington, and who will give a number of the local lyceum course this fall, spoke in chapel a week ago Tuesday. Mr. Herbsman will be welcomed again any old time, a thing by no means true of every visitor. His physical earnestness and fiery enthusiasm awakened even the fossils of the "loft" who have been asleep for lo! these many weeks.

Mr. Herbsman gave several readings in the course of his talk. The one most appreciated was probably the parody on Kipling's "If" with which he closed.



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

Interlude

"Good friend, you have entertained us with many a serenade and sonata, yours has been pleasant company."

The Theologian was addressing the musician with courteous tones and phases.

"Can you not tell us a story of the mines, not so much of love or war, but perhaps of mistakes and love of loyalty among men?"

The musician laid aside his precious Cremona and settled himself to tell a strange story, a story that showed a living bond of love even beneath the rough coat.

THE MUSICIAN'S TALE

"The Tie That Binds"

**T**HE cage dropped down the shaft to stop with a sickening suddenness at Station 11. A man of medium height, dressed in gum clothes, steps out into the station workings. The cage rises again to the surface and the man below looks about him in the noisy darkness.

The low roof overhead trickles water; underfoot is a maize of rails and steam lines, while the extent of the station might be seen by the flickering torches and the steadier gleam of the incandescent lamps.

Drury McCain, for such is the solitary passenger's name, glanced about him with the eagle eye of the master mechanic. A burly pumpman asked his advice about packing some old column pipe that was to be used. The information was given in a clear, keen way and the work started with such a directness and urgency that even the slothful pump hand felt a new spirit of work and feel to his task with redoubled vigor.

Down the long drifts the superintendent passed. He gave a word here and a touch there and where it was needed he took the tool himself and with a few quick turns would and in the efficiency of the operation. Powder monkeys, timber men, muckers, machine men—everybody felt the presence of McCain. His was the restless,

pulsing insistency that men recognize as a master hand that hurries along the task at hand, and finishes more today than was planned yesterday. The very drills seemed to accelerate their staccato pounding and the compressor at the station seemed to quicken its rhythmic beat as the guiding genius of the mine went by.

The rumble of the cars, the hiss of air and steam, the curses, shouts and voices of the men all worked into one high pitched hum, which came as music to the superintendent's ears. He could smell the grease, the hot station machinery and the stale powder smoke, he could feel the drip of the ground water and sensing that the tension of the mine was well, he rang for a cage.

As he waited for the descending cage a black figure emerged from the semi-darkness and confronted him. It was Oswald Gumet, the Welsh shift boss. Gumet and McCain hated each other with the hearty, genuine hate of two strong men. Gumet had been superceded by McCain in command of the mine, but Gumet had won the heart of Maud DeVries, and scored a triumph over the more fortunate McCain.

Gumet glared at McCain from beneath his dripping oilskin hat with its sputtering torch. "Th' boys are havin' a hot time in the bottom. Them new pumps you put in can't beat the water and every time we put on another joint the water near drowns us out."

McCain swallowed this hint at his inefficiency to run the mine and asked Gumet to step on the cage and go down with him to investigate. They landed where the men were sinking the shaft with enormous labor in the solid rock. The water streamed down the shaft and nearly put out their lights. The men were adding another twelve foot joint of column pipe to the long block pillar, and with difficulty were screwing in the bolts. The water was raising fast and Gumet pointed with a leer to the men working waist deep in the icy slush. A lag stuck and the men in their desperate haste were working with it in fumbling confusion.

It was then that McCain proved why he was superintendent. Gumet cursed and urged the men on to faster efforts, while the smaller man jumped into the muddy water and adjusting a heavy wrench to a nut he ordered the shift boss to strike it with a sledge hammer. Gumet struck again and again as the

STUDENTS OF FORMER YEARS

unite in saying that our reputation for fair dealing is unsurpassed, and that goods purchased of us always make good or we do.

Our lines are: Groceries, Dry Goods, Shoes, Furnishings, Crockery, etc. Phone 2310.

"The Busy Store on the Corner." Cor. 3rd and F Sts.

C. C. Murton & Company

'TIS A FEAT TO FIT THE FEET

But we are adepts at fitting shoes and footwear for ladies and gentlemen. Repairing neatly done.

F. Dielschneider

PICTURES  
and  
PASSEPARTOUTS

For your den.  
Heads, Mottoes and Landscapes  
The Famous  
Gibson Studies only 15c  
each  
No More.

THE FAIR

Of Course.

News-  
Reporter  
Printing

Has the dash that Students like

lag tightened. At each stroke the mud and water splattered the superintendent's face. The heavy hammer missed and with a dull mashing sound crushed into the shoulder of the man crouching over the big wrench. McCain gritted his teeth and looked up. His gaze was answered by a mute unspoken apology and McCain grasped the wrench with both hands and leaned against the wall. The heavy hammer swung back and forth; a redder, darker stain now blazoned the face of the superintendent and a thin crimson stream ran down his arm. At last the task was finished. The shift boss rang for the pumps to start and soon the throb, throb, throb of the mighty pumps caused the yellow flood to cease rising and then to slowly recede. McCain stepped on the waiting cage with Gumet.

"Oswald," he said, "I know you want my job and you stole my girl but I

Continued on p. 3



Ralstons

Are Worth Looking For

If you would feast your eyes, comfort your feet and give your purse a rest.

We've an eye-opening array of Fall and Winter Ralstons and if there's a foot we can't fit, we should like to see it.

Ralston Shoes are made in so many desirable styles and leathers, we can surely please you.

\$4.00 to \$6.00

M. E. HENDRICK & CO.

W. J. & J. S. Trent

Staple and Fancy Groceries  
Dealers in Hogs, Veal, Poultry,  
Eggs, Hides and Produce  
McMINNVILLE, OREGON

Ad

For first-class scrubbing apply to Miss Holmes.

Distance may lend enchantment, but the successful enchantress is the one who always snuggles up close to you.—Life.

A very complete stock of Sweaters, all kinds, colors and prices at

Smith & Wilson's

DR. LEROY LEWIS

DR. H. L. TONEY

Lewis & Toney, Graduate Dentists

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

McMinnville National Bank Building

**The Musician's Tale**

Continued from p. 2

hold that not agin' you. You got to quit rubbin' it in about that pump tho. When the shaft is down that pump will drain the mine alright. You kick all the time an' it keeps the crew unsettled. Now you cut it out or I'll—"

His speech was suddenly cut short by the "fire signal" as they were passing "Station Eleven." The cage was again lowered, the shift boss ran out into the station to clear the mine. A mob surged on the cage and McCain rang for the hoister to start. Like a meteor the cage shot up the timbered square hole. Up, up, up it raced until all in a flash they were in the daylight. The men rushed off and again the cage dropped a thousand feet below to the entombed men.

No need was there to ask the cause. The great ore bins were shooting flames a hundred feet high and a strong wind carried them to the hoisting plant and shaft house. McCain saw that the mill was doomed and using all his fire-fighting apparatus made a desperate effort to save his men, by guarding the hoisters and shaft house till he could get his employees out of the mine.

As the men were jerked out of the mine thro the gathering smoke in loads of ten and twenty, McCain was everywhere looking after the fire fighting.

Swiftly the flames swept on toward the gigantic hoister. Wet blankets and streams of water were used to protect the hoister-man. Little knots of hysterical women clustered about the shaft. McCain, his shoulder giving him terrible pain, spoke words of encouragement to Maud De Vries and assured her that Gumet was sure to be saved.

The fire came on and on; the hoister-man, with his hands over his face, staggered out of the burning mill. All the men were out of the mine but Gumet. McCain could hear the men curse himself, because he had not managed mell. It was the bitter fruits, whose seed the entombed Gumet had been sowing.

The bell rang sharply three times. It was Gamut! But who could run the hoister? No man could face the fire for the few seconds necessary and still live. But McCain was loyal. He was the "super" and his was the duty. With a last kind word to Maud De Vries he wrapped some wet burlapping over his head and dashed into the hoister room. The smoke choked him and he stumbled. With reeling body and lungs almost bursting with the smoke and heat he sent the cage dropping down the shaft.

"Clang! Clang!" came the signal.

McCain reversed and the giant cylinder spun round like lightning as the cage whirled up the shaft. Peering thro the smoke he saw the flash of the red cloth on the cable; the mark to stop the cage. With what little

The onli  
FOR  
Millinery

strength he had, he stopped the hoister, balanced the cage and fainted mercifully as the roof fell in.

The next day they picked up his body, crisp and blackened. Gumet was made superintendent and the next fall a new mill was built.

"What caused McCain to give his life for his rival?" queried the student.

"Oh," said the miner-musician, "that's the tie that binds. In the mines or anywhere men face death and take life in their hands you find this true. The captain never leaves his ship and men never desert the mine till the last man is out, tho he were a Polack or a Dago."

"But where is Gumet now?" asked the theologian.

"I am Gumet" said the musician. "I married the fair Maud De Vries, but soon she loved another and I was left alone. I am Gumet but I am not the same man who sowed seed of discord and death."

Again the miner placed the violin beneath his chin and played a lament that his Welsh ancestor might have played after a bloody fight or a patriarch's funeral. His heart was sad and lonely, no human heart could feel a common chord of love to match and carry away the burden. He played as tho alone in a wide and desolate land.

The student watched the face with its lines of sadness and resignation; here was an innocent slayer of a brave man, but it was the Tie That Binds that linked him as one to the strange group. As he played on each man thot of injuries he had done and for which he was not responsible; and each could feel the binding tie and feel he too was a pilgrim to the undiscovered country.

The box of cigars was again passed around. Mine host threw on another log, while each saw in the leaping flames the faces of the unforgotten whose woes had been neglected but whose faces haunted still.

**Takes X'es**

Skow took the Rhodes scholarship exams last week. We are not worrying about the results.

**Rumor Says**

That a new frat and a new sorority are about to be started.

Please pass the  
**BUTTER**

That is what the students say often at the College Club, where they used \$110 worth of our butter in four weeks.

The Golden Crown Creamery  
Albert Ruettin, Prop.  
(Near Depot.)

**Selling Out at  
Cost**

Everything must go by Nov. 1.  
Furniture, Hardware, Wall Paper  
and Carpets

**McMinnville  
Furniture Co.**

Corner 2nd and B Sts.

**No More D. D.'s**

No more disturbed hen roosts! No more D. D. "Wow-wows"! No more rumors of the Dirty Dozen! For nine years the D. D. Fraternity has been well known in McMinnville College. It will be known no more.

The D. D. Fraternity passed out of existence last night when a glaring new sign made its appearance on the college bridge. The society will henceforth be known as the Delta Psi Delta Fraternity.

The only change made is in the name of the organization.

**Executive Elections**

In a meeting of the executive committee held Tuesday the following managers were elected:

- General athletic, Frank Foster.
- Girl's athletic, Edna Lovegren.
- Tennis, Guy N. Hickok.

**Some One Said**—This test is no snap, you have to get right down and buckle on to it.

**Elberton Hotel**

The House of Quality

McMinnville's Leading Hotel

T. A. WHITE, Prop.

**Maloney - Redmond  
Shoe Company**

"All Kinds of Footwear"

Agents for Ed. V. Price made-to-measure Clothes

McMinnville, Oregon

**Inexpensive  
Jewelry**

Amongst our immense stock you will find a great many articles of jewelry that are quite inexpensive. We have Brooches, Pendants, Jewel Pins, Sleeve Links, Fobs, etc., that range in price from \$1 up and that will wear perfectly satisfactory.

**Dielschneider Bros.**

Jewelers and Opticians

For an up to date Hair Cut go to

**REEVES  
Barber Shop**

**W. T. Macy**

Furniture and Undertaking

- Suits Pressed, 50c to 75c
- Suits Sponged, 75c to \$1.00
- Suits Dry Cleaned, \$1.50

Special attention given to made to measure suits made by the Royal Tailors. Get that College press and that College Suit at the

**McMinnville Cleaning  
and Pressing Co.**

**Nott & Son**

Exclusive Agents for  
Armor Plate Hosiery, Red Cross Shoes and Kabo Corsets  
Three of the best lines on earth. Try them



STAFF

Charles Scott - - - - - Editor  
 Alvin Tipton - - - - - Manager

DEPARTMENTAL

Lloyd B. Emery - - - - - Local  
 George Stewart, "Skow" - - - - - Athletics  
 F. Alta Davis - - - - - Society  
 Raymond B. Culver - - - - - Special  
 Ruth Mead - - - - - Exchange  
 Mabel Lewis - - - - - Personal  
 J. Allan Jeffery, "Jack" - - - - - Special  
 J. Frederick Mason - - - - - Alumni  
 Robert V. Russell, "Bob" - - - - - And-So-Forth

THE REVIEW is published semi-monthly from October to June, by the students of McMinnville College. Subscription price, per year, \$1.00; per copy, 10c.

Entered as second-class matter at McMinnville, Ore.

VOL. XIX - OCTOBER 23, 1913 No. 2

McMinnville Spirit

McMinnville College may be small but she has a big place in the heart of every one of her sons and daughters.

Last year the students made themselves responsible for the repairing and papering of the college chapel. This year the "Old Mac" spirit showed itself again when almost every student in the institution handed a dollar to his class president to pay for the remodeling of the gymnasium.

And the cash was not all. About two hundred dollar's worth of work has been done by the students, twenty to thirty turning out three nights a week to work there.

This spirit is not new in McMinnville College. In Volume I, Number 1 of the Review, is an account of how the student body (much smaller then) had just raised a hundred and fifty dollars for gymnasium equipment. It is the old, old spirit of loyalty and love for the good old college.

Home Again, Gone Again

President Riley returned home last week from his visit to the North states. While away he attended three Baptist Conventions; the Idaho State Convention, the East Washington and North Idaho Conventions, and the West Washington Convention.

In chapel the President reported a very enjoyable trip and commented on the fact that thruout all the West there is a growing feeling of loyalty to McMinnville College.

Ditch It!

Is is an innocent thing in itself and was perfectly all right before you registered as a student of McMinnville College. But now you are no longer a high school pupil. You are no longer being worshipped from afar by admiring eighth graders. Please unclasp its nickel-plated fingers from the fibres of your clothing and cast it into the bottom of your trunk,—that high school pin.

When we come to college we are all on the same basis. You do not know what we have done; we do not know your past record. We know you only by what you are going to do. What you were there does not matter much in the light of what you are here.

We care not what initial precedes the "H. S. '13" on your coat. Neither are we surprised to know that you have finished high school. A few others here have done the same thing.

Come out of it! Let's get rid of this grammar school tommy-rot and begin to be college students.

Hang that diploma, with its ribbons of blue and gold, over your study table. It may inspire you to deeds of violence in butchering a Greek lesson. But leave that high school pin carefully at home with your pajamas, least some upper-classman, seeing it, wax furious and cause thee to be dipped in Lake-de-Cozine. This is the law and tradition of the campus.

Some people seem to think that truth like rubber, will go farther if stretched

The Fraternity Question

Rush day is coming. Since Sept. 17,—yes, since registration day in 1912, or possibly longer—the raw material in the student body has been under the surveillance of the scouts of the college societies. Now the time draws near when the recruits will be mustered in to fill the breaches in the ranks of the various organizations. The circumstances are conducive to cogitation upon the subject.

It is a fair premise that the majority of the students aspire to membership in some one of the fraternities or sororities of the school. This is a laudable ambition. Perusal of the society section of the handbook brings conviction that the ideals of these organizations are high. Observation of the character, scholarly attainments, and general activities of their members affords that these ideals are in large measure attained. The desire to become allied with groups of young men and women who are doing things in our college is natural and commendable.

While the subject is in the air, we would like to drop a few hints for the consideration of the later arrivals amongst our number. From time to time while dwelling on the heights and making observations from editorial vantage points we have noted facts and formed conclusions concerning the new student and his aspirations. Here are a few things well for the new man to remember:

A college fraternity is not a nursery (or perhaps for the Freshman we should say a "nursury"). Let not your hearts be troubled because you are not "rushed" before you become a third year Prep.—or a college Junior, for that matter.

A college fraternity is not a short-order house. Let not your peace of mind be disturbed if you are not "tapped" on the first rush day after you come to college. Take time to get acquainted—and to let the societies become acquainted with you.

A college fraternity is an aggregation of congenial spirits, clean characters, and capable minds. Are you eligible? If not, can't you slip the clutch of your mind into higher speed, or perhaps put the brakes on some of your habits?

A college fraternity is not a political organization. You can't buy your way in or manipulate the wires to blind the doorkeeper. You must pass the entrance examination.

If you really want to become a member of any society, just resolve that you will, not by altering the regulations of the organization or changing its standards—you can hardly hope to do that—but by grasping the ideals which the society holds up for its members, and endeavoring to attain the degree of perfection of mind and body and character which those ideals demand. The way to success is through yourself.

And don't talk about your ambition. —G. N. H.

One of the things a man has to be thankful for is the failure of some of the most ambitious plans of his youth. —Pucks.

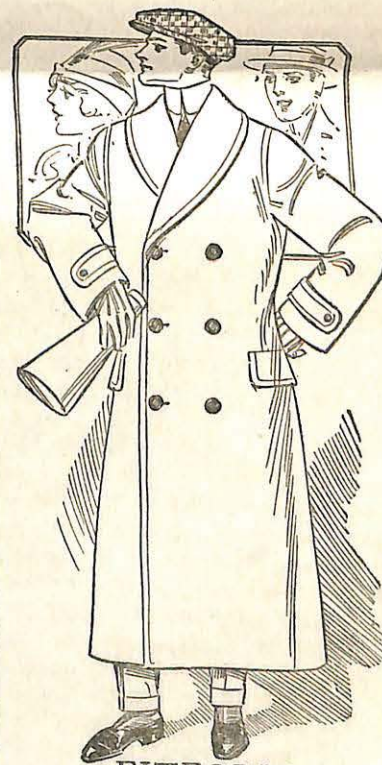
Our Desire

Is to please our customers. We select our stock that we may accomplish this end. This week we are featuring toilet articles, perfumes, toilet waters, talcum powders, etc. See our line of Velvetine, Toilet preparations. Better goods are not made. When in need of anything in this line, remember we buy to please you.

Parsons & Hendricks

Progressive Druggists

We Have Them



FITFORM  
 OVERCOATS  
 and  
 RAINCOATS  
 \$6.50 to \$25.00

SUITS  
 Ready-to-Wear  
 \$10 to \$30

Made to Order  
 \$20 to \$40

Hamblin-Wheeler Co.

Money's worth or money back.



Fall in line this Fall and do your jewelry buying of

MARK

the man who treats you right.

MARK HANNA

Southern Pacific Watch Inspector

Yamhill Block



# Sharp Things, Fresh From Emery



## Alas, Alas, 'Twas Ever Thus

Once upon a midnight dreary, as I sat there with my deary,

In an old and crazy rocking chair that I'd sat in before, Suddenly I heard a rapping as of some one gently tapping,

Tapping on the chamber floor. "Tis your father, dear," I muttered, these were all the words I uttered,

But the sweat stood on my forehead as of yore,

And I stammered and I stuttered, and my heart, oh how it fluttered, Only this and nothing more.

Ah, quite clearly I remember, it was in the bleak December,

And each faintly glowing ember cast its shadow on the floor.

Suddenly I heard a spatter, of some soft and gentle patter,

Patter on the chamber floor. And my heart almost stopped beating, and my thoughts at once went fleeting,

To the things of old and ancient, yes of very ancient lore,

How I once had had a meeting, not to speak about a beating,

In the days gone on before.

All at once I heard a bumping, as of great big feet a plumping,

Down the stair steps jumping, with a sudden rush and roar,

Then I shouted, "An revoir," as he kicked me out the door,

Only this and nothing more.

What is life without a kicking? But then what's the use of sticking,

To a maiden with a father, who gets peeved and sore?

So I made a calm decision that will never know revision,

To return there never more.

Even now while I am writing, thoughts within my brain are fighting,

For within my brain are scattered thoughts galore.

But I guess that, I should worry, if my brain is in a flurry.

And a raging, tearing, roar.

What I'm saying is no taffy, and I tell you I'm not daffy.

Now young man when you are calling and feel secure,

Kind of watch for Pater,

Only this and nothing more.

**One on Shotwell**—A young lady at the club was just about to take the last piece of bread on the plate, but suddenly she thought of something; "Oh, I won't take that," she said. I don't want to be an old maid."

Shotwell, who was seated next to her, just waking up: "I beg your pardon, were you speaking to me?"

**A Case for the Scientists**—Simpson (describing Karakul sheep of Arabia)—"They have an enormous tail. It weighs thirty-five pounds and grows to the ground."

**Shameful Neglect**—By the way we forgot to state in the last issue that it rained.

**There's a Reason**—Prof. Kyle—"I have noticed the absence of the expenditure of money here in this college." Strange, isn't it?

**In one of the Physics Examination Papers**—Surface tension is cause by working top soil so as to whole moisture.

**Good Advice**—Prof. Boughton, looking at new class in Psychology, composed mostly of girls. "Keep thy heart with diligence."

**Brace, Going Into Black's Room**—"Hello, Freely, what are you doing?"

Black—"I am exposed to study."

Brace—"Never mind, you must have been vaccinated for you haven't caught it yet."

**Wanted**—Some one who will deprive Day of his corkscrew. He pulls too many punk jokes.

**In the Book Store**—Enid Bell: "I want a real pretty pencil."

Bob—"Oh, the homely ones are just as good. It's the same with pencils as with girls, you know."

**Balky, Is It**—Francis Wade, in Physics paper—"Inertia has to do with the unwillingness of an object to get into motion."

**Quite a Change**—Burdick—"Well, I have been working in the concrete tonight."

Jeffery—"That's good, because in the classroom you work in the abstract."

**He Got It**—

Burdick, at the Club: "Please pass the mystery," and they passed him the hash.

**Answer This**—How much energy would it take to keep Day going all night?

**Keep on Smiling**—There is a girl in school who has a wonderful smile. It goes by stages. The first stage is beautiful, the second surpasses the first, and the second is completely overshadowed by the third.

**Grafting**—Burdick, when he happened to get two pieces of cake at the club, for his Sunday evening lunch, one piece being one that the others had overlooked, "I got an extra piece of cake,—by grab!"

**Did She Go?**—Idylla Brownhill said she wouldn't go into the Zoology laboratory at all unless they tied up the frog.

**All the Same to Him**—Scott at the telephone, "Hello Central! Give me Heaven—er-er, I beg your pardon, I mean eleven ten South B Street."

**In Your Mind's Eye**—Prof. Boughton, "Why is it easier to concentrate on eating than on studying?"

Nicholson, "Because it is easier to die a mental death than a physical one."

**The Latest Conundrum**—Why haven't the Juniors a republican form of government? Answer: Because they have Queen Alta at their head.

**Could'nt Help It**—Student (in chemistry): "Say Prof., have you seen those new matches that are just out?"

Prof. Van: "No, but I see some out on the campus now."

## Review Day

Review day was a big success. The first issue came out on Oct. 9th and this day was set apart for big doings.

An A. S. B. meeting was called after chapel and the meeting turned over to the representatives of the college paper. Scott played the martyr part first, speaking on the literary part of the work. Tipton then gave an address on the same subject that Russell used last year, "One Bone."

An appeal was made to every student to subscribe this year. While the subscription cards were being signed, the organist played music that expressed the real sentiment of the occasion. The tune was, "Everybody's Doin' It."

There are now one hundred and forty subscriptions in the student body. Every student and friend of the college is a reader. Eight hundred and fifty copies of each issue are now being printed.

## A Sure Sign of Weak Eyes

When the letters begin to dance, it is a sure sign that your eyes need looking after.

Possibly they have an inherited defect that is just beginning to show itself. Possibly they have been strained by too much reading or studying. At any rate it is a warning nature gives that your eyes need help. And that kind is found only in the right kind of glasses.

Better let me examine your eyes before serious harm is done. My charges for glasses when needed are very fair.

**Dr. Henry E. Morris**

Eye Specialist, McMinnville, Oregon

**I Should Say Not**—Ben Favell, in German class, "Prof., would you say, 'Mine Frau' when speaking to another man's wife?"

**He Wonders Why They Laughed**—Prof. Boughton—"Mr. Johnson, will you tell us why a sailor sometimes forgets to be seasick?"

Johnson—"Well, many things come up—in the life of a sailor, you know."

**Is This a Compliment**—A chapel speaker, "I am glad also to see the smiling faces up there in the—ah—in the loft!"

**Sure It Is**—Russell says: "The reason that farmers put salt on their hay is to avoid the necessity of putting salt on the butter."

**I Wonder if He Will**—Prof. Boughton, talking to French class, "What do you expect to get out of this course?" Student—"A good grade."

**They Say**—That Guy Hickok used to be able to say, "I love you" in seven different languages. But now?

**Sufficient Evidence**—Prof. Northup, Geometry—"Miss White, did Mr. Culver state his proposition correctly?"

Miss White—"I don't think so."

Prof. Northup—"Why?"

Miss White—"Because if he had you wouldn't have asked me."

**Some Times the Biggest Part**—Miss Huffman was describing the new color photography. "It takes everything in its exact color. It shows the skin just the color it is with all the trimmings."

**The Only Way to Do It**—Simpson: "Say Prof., you left out one important use of the dash, that is when you have a sudden break in your thought and don't dare to express it."

Prof. Wallace: "In that case you would have to send it by freight."

# Athletics

## Athletic Atoms

The splendid work of rejuvenating and remodeling the old gym is nearly completed.

A concrete floor with two showers has been installed in the large 18X30 room beneath the basketball court.

Talk about your pep—we'll say we've got it. The new men to the last one have cooperated most enthusiastically in this work and have helped in all possible ways to see the thing thro. The old men have stood together on it and our efforts will be rewarded by a really first-class court and a good athletic equipment for the girls.

Wrestling will become a feature in our new quarter beneath the basketball floor. Mats will be provided and a chance for anyone to become a second Gotch is open to all.

Twenty-eight men have signed up for lockers and they will be installed of a uniform pattern.

Basket-ball material looks up.

We have a bunch of stellar stuff from which to select a winning team. Capt. Tipton and Mgr. Brace will make a good team in leading the Mac quintette to victory.

How about that soccer tournament? Are we going to have it? Maybe there won't be some classy inter-class games. Friends of Art Larsell lament his fate because his class will be sure to loose the pennant. Poor Art, he's a good guy, too bad he acts that way.

Anyway, lets stay by the team and our manager and we'll be sure to win.

Pres. Stewart wishes to thank all who have assisted in the gym work. The committee hopes to wind up the gym work this week.

## Mission Study Begins

Why are you not there?

The mission study course conducted each year by the Christian Associations is proving very enjoyable. The class is taught by Prof. F. G. Boughton and meets on Monday evenings at seven o'clock in the Y. M. C. A. room.

A course in the study of "South American Problems" is being pursued this fall. About twenty-five men and women are now meeting in this weekly class. Under Professor Boughton's inimitable leadership the course is very much worth while.

Every man is more or less a hypocrite except when alone with himself.

## WESTERFIELD & STONE

PROGRAMS, CARDS and COMMENCEMENTS

315-17 C St, McMinnville, Ore.

## The Blushing Cheek

By Apple Jack

One day in the Short-Story class, Prof. Gardiner asked for some romantic short-stories, and told the class to use plenty of imagination. The "Blushing Cheek" is a result. Read it.

A large well shaped apple swung heavily in the afternoon breeze. A blush was painted on its cheeks, a golden yellow underneath. It was ripe and juicy, and in its heart felt that its days were numbered. Turning slightly about on its stem, it murmured to its neighbor, a dwarfed and half ripe Baldwin, "I'm afraid my days are about over." But the Baldwin laughed and told his friends, who also laughed, and then the whole tree shook with their laughter.

That night the tree wrestled with the North Wind. The moans and groans issuing out of the struggle filled the apple with fear and misgiving. When a hoot owl suddenly lit upon the chanch to which it was clinging, it shook with fear. "yooooo, yoo,ooo, yoooooor doooooomed," shrieked the owl.

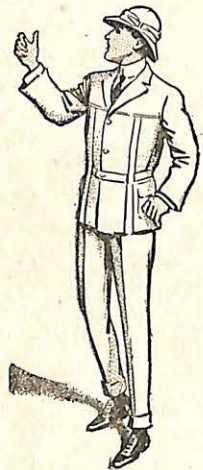
Toward morning it recovered from fright enough to say, "Well, if I am doomed, I pray that my seeds may live and grow."

As a small boy passed on his way to school next morning he espied the apple with its blushing cheek. Shouting, he ran to the tree and seized its branches. The apple was beyond his reach. Bringing a small box to the tree, he stood upon it and tried to reach the apple again. His small arm could not extend itself further. The apple was just beyond his hand. He turned away with disappointment and some disgust.

The apple which had become resigned to its fate at the approach of the boy took new hope. With a thankful heart, it watched the boy open the gate to the pasture beyond which he crossed on his way to school.

Chagrined at not having obtained his prize on the apple tree, the boy forgot to close the gate to the pasture. An inquisitive young heifer noted the fact and ambled leisurely over to investigate. A half decayed apple under the tree attracted her attention. She ate it and looked for more. The half ripe Baldwin next disappeared in the yawning cavern beneath. The young heifer then essayed to press her lips against the blushing cheek of the red apple. She strained every muscle to reach it. The apple tree trembled as each apple shuddered at the awful prospect. Now the red apple could feel the animal's warm breath. Then the heifer suddenly drew back and the apples sighed with relief. But it was only for an instant. The heifer then lunged forward and upward at the apple, seized it between her jaws, and crushed it.

The leaves shivered and turned their faces upward as tho to hide from the awful sight.



## As Old as History

As trust as steel. Honesty's the best policy. Square dealing is the winner of the commercial race. Our stock is designed to suit the most exacting. Don't put up with inferior Men's Furnishings and Tailoring, when the best is at your disposal in our establishment.

M. JOHNSON

Men's Furnishings, Tailoring  
Hats, Shoes

## THE MODERN

Cleaners and Dyers  
W. B. RUGGLES  
SUITS MADE TO MEASURE  
Ladies' Gloves cleaned free  
Phone 9220, 430 E. Third St.

## W. L. Hembree

Bookseller and Stationer  
Fountain Pens, Kodaks  
Established 1896

## Tilbury & Son

The place of class and low prices

## Furniture and Undertaking

But the apple's prayer was answered. As the heifer relished the apple, she endeavored at the same time to recover her breath, lost in the sudden lunge forward. The core of the apple slipped into the windpipe. The animal coughed violently, scattering the crushed apple in all directions. The seeds sank down deep into the grass and were lost to sight, while the heifer recovering from her fit of coughing picked up the remaining bits of apple and sauntered away.

Today in the little village of McMinnville, behind the old, historic college is an apple orchard, the answered prayer of the apple with the blushing cheek.

Awful Is'nt It—Pollard says he is going to have, to have a front tooth pulled out before he can pronounce those German words.



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"

## The McMinnville National Bank

E. C. Apperson, President F. E. Rogers, Vice President  
W. S. Link, Cashier  
Capital, Surplus and Profits, \$135,000. Offers its services to students and friends of McMinnville College.

## Guns and Ammunition

—Fall Sporting Goods—

## Jameson==Evans Company

WE LEAD

## When You Buy Property

Why not deal with a reliable firm? Fifteen years of honest dealing in this country. Refer to any National Bank in the city.  
McMINNVILLE LAND CO.,  
W. J. Stater, Manager.

## EXCHANGES

The following items from the Reed College Quest are of interest:

Men students have voted unanimously to put an end to hazing at Reed.

The John Adams Debating Society and the Cothurian Dramatic Club have begun active work.

The Weekly Index, (Pacific University, Forest Grove, Oregon) chronicles the organization of the student band.

The Review wishes to acknowledge The Orderly, (Hill Military Academy, Portland, Oregon) and the Ewing College Bulletin, (Ewing, Illinois).

We wish that Review readers might enjoy the cover design of the September number of the Tahoma, (Stadium High School, Tacoma, Washington).

The October number of the Review and Expositor, edited by the faculty of the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, has been received, and is well worth careful study.

"Ground has been broken on the Reed College campus for the building to be erected by the Oregon State Fish and Game Commission for an experimental fish hatchery."

Oregon climate characteristics inspire the following in The Index: "The rains have fallen unto me in pleasant places' is the way the old Oregonians feel about the weather now."

The class winning the inter-class basketball championship in Pacific University will hold a loving cup presented to the student body last June by Homer T. Shaver, a senior of the Class of '13.

### Catchy Clippings

"A misused opportunity kicks like an overloaded gun."

The average woman "is the animated dustcloth of her establishment."

"I have always said that a woman's sense of clothes is founded upon her sense of morality."

"She did not have a mind, only an added egg intelligence incapable of hatching an honest thought."

Epigrammatical and terse are some of these sentences from "In Search of a Husband." A story that was recently concluded in the Saturday Evening Post. We print them for what they may be worth in human interest:

After rearranging every piece of furniture in the house, she is "oppressed with the thought that this might be the only kind of excitement she should ever have, this periodical upheaval of inanimate things."

"We sometimes serve a life sentence for our crime or our folly without appearing in a court of justice. A good many of us die in this involuntary penitentiary of the soul, making a bluff of it on the outside, but rattling our ball and chain on the inside just the same."

"Women are not by nature domestic. They do not belong in their homes any more than birds belong in the cages where they have been imprisoned. They are there for the same reason—caught and put in and trained to service some thousands of years ago by men who chose them singly for this purpose. The proof that they have never really settled down willingly is that they have to this day no initiative about living in a house. They have never invented a single thing necessary to lighten the labor of the home. Every device known in the modern establishment for comfort or convenience was invented by man."

### Commercial Notes

On the evening of October 9, the Commercial class gathered at the home of Prof. Coe, for the first class feed of the year. This year's class is the largest of the past three years. It numbers thirty-seven of which nearly all were present.

We were glad to have Miss Pope, our former Stenography teacher with us again. Here's hoping she doesn't leave soon.

The first half hour was spent in the "get acquainted" style in which everyone took an active part. Then the usual class games were enjoyed which were followed by a musical programme. The Commercials have some splendid musicians in their number who demonstrated their ability as masters of the art. Last but not least the eats were served. This was the most prominent feature of the evening and proved our host and hostess Prof. and Mrs. Coe to be royal entertainers. We greatly enjoyed the presence of Miss Marley and Miss Weeks, two of our last year's class members.

"So Say We All"

B. E. L.

Men congratulate themselves on their position, no matter what it is; the world is wrong, not they.

## 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.

### Rogers Bros.

Reliable Druggists

## "HOMESICK?"

"Oh, no, not very, but I am beginning to miss those good things that came out of mother's oven at home."

### Don't Do It, Fellows

When you can get crisp, flaky pies, swell cakes, and all the other good things right here at

## Home Bakery

THE ELBERTON HOTEL

### Barber Shop

is all right.

BRADLEY & SON

## Wright's Chocolate Shop

Hot Tomallies, Oyster Cocktails,  
Light Lunches.

The home of pure confections

Hot and cold drinks

## "VELVET" ICE CREAM

Made in Independence Creamery.

—CANDY—

All kinds of soft drinks at

### BECK'S Royal Confectionary

GO TO THE

### Antlers Restaurant

Open at all hours

D. W. FEELY, Prop.

### City Transfer Co.

Phone Main 8

THE OLD STAND FOR  
STUDENTS

### Leslie Laughlin GROCER

### D. A. Wardle JEWELER

Third Street McMinnville, Ore.

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

## PHOTOS

You are invited to have your best work done here

McMinnville, Ore.

### The Jensen Studio

## Maloney's Barber Shop

COLLEGE FELLOWS WELCOMED

Four Chairs . Four Expert Barbers

South Side of Third St.

## United States National Bank

McMinnville, Oregon.

Capital and Surplus, \$60,000.00

Welcomes the Students and friends of McMinnville College.



## Norcott Studio

When she wants a portrait of him, or he one of her, we make it the kind that pleases.

All work Guaranteed

## STAR

"The Line-Up," a two-part Special Feature Vitagraph drama that will be exhibited next Wednesday and Thursday at the Star, is a photo-play possessing unusual interest for all lovers of sport particularly of football. It tells the story of the temptation of a famous college quarterback to throw away the honor of his college for financial gain. A scheme is hatched against him by the captain of a rival team, a man who is also his rival in an affair of the heart. The scheme is foiled and both the girl and the game are won. All who admire a square deal and clean sport should see this play.

Friday and Saturday, a proposal from the duke, being the first chapter in the "New Mary series."

### Prof. Wallace Labors

Professor J. Sherman Wallace has a new home a-building in a fine location on the corner of B Street and Rose Walk. The Rose Walk is not very rosy at this time of the year, but B Street is always one of the most popular places of residence in the city. Several college professors now have homes there.

College students passing home from classes these days are wont to stop and stare when they pass the Prof's new dwelling. For our Professor of Public Speaking is himself there and, attired in wondrous garb, is engaged in digging ditches or shoveling concrete. The house is going up rapidly and when completed will probably be the scene of a reception for the whole student body.

### Some Cartoonist

A very neat cartoon appeared on the bulletin board last week. No one seems to know who perpetrated the deed but all are agreed that he certainly hit the big spike on the head that time. The cartoon was the occasion for a good chapel speech a few days after it appeared.

In the back ground of the picture is the main building. In the foreground is a winged dollar fleeing from an army of bills, dues and subscription lists, all properly legged.

These expenses do hit the pocket-book pretty hard but they are all necessary, and they must be counted in with the tuition, not with the luxuries.

Every one learns from his own experience; the wise learn also from the experience of others.

## 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.

## Peery Drug Co.

### His Letter Home

Continued from p. 1

five there. Those fellows said that next year they were going to eat supper down there and hang around all night so they would be first in line next day. I bought two tickets and have a swell seat. I don't know who in the dickens I'll get to go with me. There is a girl staying at the club that I'd like to know but she never sits at my table. I'm trying to get up nerve enough to ask the steward to stick me at her elbow sometime. He's a pretty good geek. If I don't meet her before that time I'll have to give my other ticket to some kid, I suppose.

Say, Vera you'd ought to hear these college freshman recite. Everyone of them—almost begin their recitations with an apologetic little "a-hem"—"Why" or "W-ell" I'd like to biff a few of them. If old Prof. Perrin had a few of them he'd take the whys and wherefores and wells out of them.

My latest addition to my vocabulary is "Oh grab, by Grab," which is used by every cat, kid and bum in the community. I'll bet Vera will be saying it when I get home.

Say, "Bow-wow," to Snago for me. I miss my old dog almost as much as the rest of the family.

Don't you worry mother. I was glad to crawl into the flannels. How's this for detail? Lots of love from Harrison.

### Tomaniwas Entertain

The Tomaniwa Sorority will entertain the Delta Psi Delta Fraternity on Saturday evening. This will be the opening society event of the season.

### "His Letter Home"

Whoever wrote the anonymous contribution in this issue entitled "His Letter Home," is certainly a friend of ours. Please come thru with some

## 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

Watch for the two  
reel entertain-  
ments at  
the

## The RAINBOW

SEE

## Christenson Bros.



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

## O. O. Hodson

HOUSE FURNISHER

## O. D. Scott

Furniture and Hardware

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

## 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 Gent's Tailoring and Pressing, Cleaning and Pressing a Specialty. Get our prices and compare with others.

## Delashmutt & James Barnes

Poultry, live and dressed Live-stock.

FINE BLOODED CHICKENS

Up-To-Date

## SHOE REPAIRING

The Combination Shoe and Harness Shop

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