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THE REVIEW

MCMINNVILLE COLLEGE

VOL. XX

MCMINNVILLE COLLEGE, MCMINNVILLE, OREGON, NOV. 19, 1914

No. 4



Prof. E. B. Van Osdol

At the banquet and class election of the Conquest class last Saturday evening Prof. Van Osdol was again elected teacher of the class. He has been the instructor of the class for several years and the longer he serves the better his hearers like him. His talks each Sunday are most inspiring and helpful.

CONQUEST CLASS BANQUET

Large Class Holds Annual Big Event

The Conquest Class of the Baptist Sunday school of McMinnville held its annual banquet and election of officers last Saturday evening, Nov. 14th, 1914, in the basement of the First Baptist Church. This event is coming to be a big affair in the life of the students of McMinnville College for the members of the class are largely college students.

According to the report given by Secretary Schoenberger this year's enrollment is an even two hundred, as compared to one hundred seventy-three a year ago. Plates were laid for one hundred and fifty at the banquet and all places were filled. The basement of the church in which the banquet was held was beautifully and tastefully decorated for the occasion with pennants and long streamers of ivy.

Neatly attired waiters waited upon the large company and the service was most excellent. Everything passed off with the smoothness of clockwork as a result of the most efficient management of those in charge and the splendid organization of the various committees. The banquet itself was all that a banquet should be.

Following the feast a short program was rendered, the numbers being of such excellence that each who participated was called back for an encore.

Violin	John McKnight
Vocal	Melissa Vaile
	Harold Adams
Reading	Beth Godbold
Piano	W. Park Richardson

(Continued on Page Four)

Our Thanksgiving

By Prof. J. Sherman Wallace.

While brothers hate and strive and die,
While fields and homes and cities lie
In ashes, want, and wild despair,
We thank thee, God, for food and care;
For love and peace—our nation's part,
We thank thee, God—with all our heart.



Prof. J. Sherman Wallace

Prof. Wallace is the man who for the past year and a half has filled most capably the pulpit of the First Baptist Church in the absence of a regular pastor.

Prof. Wallace has done splendid work. He has preached to large audiences every Sunday and at the same time attended to his duties at the college. While all rejoice at the prospect of having a pastor again and such a man as is coming, all are sorry to see Prof. Wallace leave the pulpit here.



Rev. John B. Champion, M. A., B. D.

BAPTIST CHURCH SECURES ITS PASTOR FROM THE EAST

Rev. John B. Champion, A. M., B. D., of Philadelphia Has Accepted the Pastorate Here

All students and friends of McMinnville College are rejoicing because a new pastor is soon to be in charge of the work of the First Baptist Church of McMinnville. Our former pastor, Dr. H. Wyse Jones, now the pastor of the First Baptist church of Buffalo, N. Y., left us fifteen months ago. For fully a year and a half our church, thru its pulpit committee, has been diligently searching for just the right man to lead in its important work. In Mr. Champion, it is universally believed, the right man has been found. A few weeks ago the local church extended a call to Mr. Champion to become our pastor and he has just wired his acceptance. He will begin his service in McMinnville December 15. Dr. Champion is a graduate of the University of New Brunswick and of Colgate Theological Seminary. For the past four years he has been the pastor of the Roxborough Baptist Church of Phil-

adelphia and for five years previous to his going to Philadelphia he was pastor of the Calvary Baptist church of Brantford, Canada. In both these pastorates he has had marked success. Mr. Champion is the author of the book, "The Living Atonement," which is generally recognized by scholars and by the religious press of the country as one of the greatest books published upon this vital question of theology. Mr. Champion has a family of seven children, several of whom will be students in McMinnville College. Through his various letters and telegrams to our student body and to others we have come to know and to admire the spirit of our new leader. Because of the close relation that exists between our church and our college we feel that he is to be, in a peculiar sense, the pastor of every student. To Mr. Champion and to his family the Review extends a hearty welcome.

THE FIRST GUN IS FIRED

Dr. Haynes Opens Campaign With Success

Last Friday the students again rejoiced to see Dr. Haynes upon the chapel platform. All were anxious to know of the success of the opening of the endowment fund campaign. Dr. Haynes went straight to the point and told in well chosen words the great success of the launching of the great movement for the college. He first went to Roseburg with which city he was very favorably impressed. He reported a most splendid, enjoyable time there and great success for his work. In order to give their share of the apportioned amount to be raised Roseburg was to be called upon for \$2,000. The loyal people of that city not only responded with that amount but increased it by \$300 more, making \$2,300 in all from the first place visited in the campaign. Dr. Haynes had the highest words of praise for the way in which he was entertained while in the city, and for the city itself and the people there. Especially did he praise the hospitality of Hon. O. P. Coshaw and family at whose home he stayed. From Roseburg Dr. Haynes went to Brownsville. Here the results were even more encouraging. Tho not so large a place as Roseburg, Brownsville responded to

(Continued on page 8.)

MALONEY-REDMOND SHOE COMPANY

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PRINTING

STOP! LOOK! LISTEN FOR THE
Y. M. C. A. MEETINGS
COLLEGE CHAPEL, 11:15 WEDNESDAY

SMITH & WILSON

DRY GOODS, SHOES AND GROCERIES

Specials this month: Sweaters, Mackinaws, Raincoats, Rubbers, Umbrellas

Y. W. C. A. Notes

On November 4th the Association girls had the privilege of hearing Miss Bruce, who has been a government teacher in Alaska for many years. She has worked in connection with the missions at the same time. It was very interesting to hear her tell of her experiences and hardships in the far North among the Indians. The meeting of the following week was led by Miss Alta Black, who had chosen as her subject "Service." A few personal examples brought the lesson of the enjoyment obtained from service home with a little more force than we had thought of it before.

The girls who did not attend our prayer meeting groups each day of last week, in observance of the week of Prayer of the Worlds' Christian Association missed an opportunity for service. The vision gained in these meetings of the Y. W. C. A. work and its marvelous influence the world around is marvelous. We feel that we really are a link in a great chain of girls who are eager to help each other, and whose interests are common in the One for whom we work, whether it be in China, Japan, India, Africa, Australia, or our own United States.

Y. M. C. A.

Charles Scott brought us to our senses with a sudden jar in announcing that he was to speak on the subject of "Gambling." What? Was he not dreaming? Gambling? Why who ever heard of such a thing in our college life? But no. Charles was not dreaming and neither were we when he had finished.

Sampson, the the Roosevelt-hunter of his day was the bridegroom at a great wedding feast. On this occasion he propounded to his guests a certain riddle, betting them thirty suits of clothes that they could not give the answer within three days. Sampson was weak, as most men are, and when his charming bride asked him the answer with that stone-age promise, "I'll not tell a single soul Sammy, dear," why Sammy could not resist those beautiful inquisitive eyes

and whispered the answer, Well, the deck was "stacked", his hand "tipped off" and Sammy lost. To pay his debt he went out and murdered thirty men and took their "New York shoddy." First Sampson bet, then murdered. But what does this have to do with us? Maybe nothing. But to bet a milk shake, a cream pie, of match pennies is just as bad as to gamble at the card table or elsewhere. It may not take as much money but it opens the way to large faults. It is the seed and when once planted when will it blossom? One step on the wrong road leads to another. Then too, the influence on a weaker brother. Would we be proud to have our parents know these things? Last but not least it is wrong! The meeting was helpful and many decided then and there that their last bets had been bet.

Cy. Richards led our last meeting with the subject of, "Did you ever stop and think?" He referred to how we had been made to think by three previous meetings, on things maybe we didn't wish to think about. If we had stopt to think maybe we wouldn't have told that suggestive story, or hurt that person's feelings or said something that caused us to feel ashamed. He brought out how Christ went off alone into the desert and thot, prayed and meditated. Some people dare not be alone with their thots, others have no thots to be alone with.

Many of us never stop to pray, meditate or think so long as things are coming our way and this is just the time when every one should take time to pray, think and meditate. Mr. Pollard brought this thot out very forcefully in giving us the example of John R. Mott at the great student volunteer meeting in Kansas City. How, when the pledges were being made that totalled into the thousands of dollars Mr. Mott would say, "Hold on, just let us stop and pray about this matter, we are going to fast."

Our Y. M. C. A. quartette, composed of Luther and Dale Taylor, Goss and Bueerman has been a great addition to our meetings. We all appreciate the efforts being made by these men to give us good music. Many attend our meetings and great interest is being shown.

Much credit is due Mr. Pollard in trying to make these meetings well worth while and let us all get in and boost.

M. C. Smithson

Packard Pleases Perfectly

Packard is always Packard as far as fine entertainment is concerned but he is always different as far as programs are concerned. Alton Packard gave a splendid lecture again last Tuesday evening. Although he gave a number upon the College Lyceum Course last year he was included upon the course again this year. No entertainer comes a second time unless he is of merit and usually he must be of great merit. Such is Packard, the cartoonist. The audience enjoyed every minute of the long program.

Peakard is certainly a master at handling the chalk. Scenery grows before your eyes; portraits flash out where before was nothing but balnk paper; and all the while your ears are kept wide open by the flow of wit and newness of expression that comes from the artist's mouth.

McMinnville always tries to have the best. If you heard the third number of the Lyceum Course your opinion will be that in one respect she surely has succeeded.

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get acquainted.

Number Ten

A Racy Auto Story

"Now, if 'Old Man Hanley' would only come through with that forty nine thousand dollars and take those forty nine shares, I could do something, but some people seem to want the whole world. I'll let the factory go to the dogs before I'll sell him fifty one shares. I'm not going to lose control of my factory, whatever I do." And with that Bob Weston turned to his desk and, picking up a newspaper, started to glance over the headlines.

Robert J. Weston was a clean cut, pleasant appearing, and an enterprising young man, a college graduate. He owned a small automobile factory but lacked the necessary cash to run it to an advantage. His product, he felt, was a superior grade, and if he could once get his cars distributed throughout the country, they would create a demand for themselves. But times were slow and money was hard to find.

"Old Man Hanley," noted for his grasping business ability, would buy fifty one shares of his stock, but Weston would not think of giving up control of his factory. It was his, and, with an owners pride, he felt that no one could run it as well as he. Such was the state of affairs when he made the foregoing remark.

While he was glancing over the automobile section of the paper a headline caught his eye. "INTERNATIONAL SPEEDWAY RACE," it said. "Those desiring to participate may now secure entrance for the big fall event." His pulse quickened. Why not do it? Hanley had said that if he could show that his cars had something to them, he might possibly consider the purchase of the forty nine shares. Even a third or forth place in that race would advertise his cars all over the world, and he felt that he surely could make one of those two places. He turned to his desk and wrote at once for a place. After what seemed an age of waiting, the contract and assignment came for him to sign, and he was listed for the big race.

Ah! Now for his car! It was to be the pride of his heart. Next to "Old Man Hanley's" daughter, it would occupy the most of his thoughts. It was now only May, but all spring and summer long he planned and studied, worked and builded. Every little part had to be perfect. He watched the construction of that engine, the heart of the car, closer than

any cat would watch a mouse.

A month before the time set for the big race she was done. But what a month it was to be! Such testings and trials as he gave her! How he looked for every little defect! How he tried her speed! How his heart thrilled, when the new engine, of his own cherished design, purred along so easily at seventy, eighty, or even ninety miles an hour, with the throttle only half open!

But even ninety miles an hour would be only playing when some of those big two hundred horsepower machines got to moving. His own hundred and twenty horsepower must do better than. No road in the vicinity would let him try her to the limit, so he shipped east to a place with a ten mile track in time to really test her for the big event. Out on the track with his machinist beside him, he was ready to see her "get up and climb," as he expressed it. He opened the throttle and she began to "climb." The earth slipped beneath them. The hand of his special one hundred and twenty mile speedometer quivered and rose. It passed eighty, ninety, ninety five, and the one hundred mark. He dared go no faster even on that track, but even at that speed his throttle had not reached the limit. He said to himself in a fierce sort of joy that she was a car indeed! She was the car of his desires. She would not fail him.

The sun is just throwing its first faint gleam over the hills when the gates at the big speedway are opened to let in the crowd which has been gathering for hours. By nine o'clock, long after the stands have been packed to overflowing, the five mile track is almost lined with eager people. The race is to be five hundred miles long. One hundred laps on a five mile course. It is to be a gruelling test indeed—a test not only of speed but of endurance as well.

Now it is time for the big race to begin. Twenty huge monsters are in line, seemingly eager to rush forward into the battle. All is quiet as the starter raises his hand and No. 1 rolls up to the starting line. Then a wild cheer goes up for Gorgas, "World's Champion Driver," winner of a hundred events. The starter drops his hand. A roar, and No. 1 flashes down the track out of sight. No. 2 rolls up to the line. The starter counts the seconds. "Twenty-eight, twenty-nine. Go!" No. 2 is off.

Cars follow at regular intervals. Now No. 5 comes to the line. Another cheer. DeMot, its driver, is Gorgas' rival. Both have sworn to win the race, fair or foul. Finally, No. 10

(Continued on page 6)

HERE'S THE PLACE TO GET



Boiling Beef, 12c per lb.

Pot Roast, 15c per lb.

Pure kettle rendered Lard, 65c 5-lb pail

Pure kettle rendered Lard, \$1.25 10-lb pail

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McMinnville, Oregon

THE REVIEW

Vol. XX Nov. 19, 1914 No. 4

STAFF

Lloyd B. Emery.....Editor
Ernest G. Day.....Manager

DEPARTMENTAL

Irving Armstrong.....Local
Guy Brace.....Athletic
J. Allan Jeffery.....Alumni

EDITORIAL

A change has been necessary in the Editorial Staff. Miss Ida Himes who has been Local Editor has been forced to resign on account of an excess of other work. Running the Local Page is a hard job and takes a great deal of time. If you don't believe it try it for an issue or two. Mr. Irving Armstrong has accepted the position left vacant by Miss Himes and will tend to the humorous side of the paper hereafter.

Mr. Armstrong has not had time to prepare for this issue but will try to get you jokes in readable form in the future.

Our Thankfulness

Soon to come again is that eventful day which our forefathers set apart as a day to express their gratitude to their Heavenly Father for his kindness toward them. The season of our observance of that day again draws near. One week from today, next Thursday, is Thanksgiving Day.

Every year it seems as tho the number of things we have to be thankful for is increased many fold. But this year if ever, we people here in this prosperous, free, enlightened land of Amrica have our cup running over. The beautiful little poem by Prof. Wallace on the front page of this issue expresses in simple, touching words what our feelings are and should be at this Thanksgiving season.

Europe lies torn and mangled by the terrible demon of war. Homes are desolate. Home ties are broken. Hearts are aching and broken. Misery and sorrow are the lot of multitudes, multitudes who are innocent, who do not understand, who do not know, that a nation's honor must be upheld tho at the sacrifice of prosperity, peace and happiness, at the sacrifice of God given precious life, mothers' love must pay for glory, tender ties must be torn to keep the nation's honor intact. Many do not know this. Is the glory and honor of a great and mighty nation whose only meaning to them is that of gaily uniformed officers, or haughty nobility, adequate reprisal for their suffering, their sorrow, their terrible grief? Do we go too far in surmising that there is bitterness there in their hearts also? Is it too much to imagine that they, many poor, uneducated, who do not know why, who cannot understand it all, but only know that terrible suf-

fering is their lot have enmity toward God and man in their hearts?

Oh, America, blessed with freedom, peace and happiness, forget the tiny thorns of your own discontent, forget your puny inconveniences, your imaginary ills. They pale as the moon in th light of the sun before the terrible anguish of your sister continent.

Are we thankful? Have we anything to be thankful for? We know we can never give utterance to the thankfulness that is in our hearts but our own hearts are torn with pity, sympathy, and sorrow for the suffering ones we cannot help. In our prayers of thanksgiving to our Maker on our own Thanksgiving Day let us not forget to earnestly beseech him who has power over all that in some way he may comfort those who know not, who cannot understand, yet bow their heads in sorrow and pain.

Those New Books

Last Thursday at Chapel hour all were greeted with the welcome sight of new song books. They are a much needed adjunct to the institution and to an inspiring chapel service. The books were secured thru the efforts of Professor Wallace and Mrs. Potter.

The lyceum fund was called upon for the financial support necessary..

Last Friday part of the chapel hour was spent in learning new hymns, the college orchestra accompanying. Mrs. Potter has announced her intention of having such a service ever week until a goodly number of new songs are learned.

Perhaps a word regarding the proper care of these new books will not be amiss. It seems to be the recognized privilege of college students wherever they may find themselves, that they may utterly disregard the property of others, or cause any inconvenience to anybody, so long as they enjoy the occasion. But the prevalence of this idea in no way renders it a good one. It is one of those things that custom has made habit and habit has made law.—but adherence to such a law really indicates a weak mind.

We have painful recollections regarding the appearance of those old books—those poor, old, faithful, old books—the martyrs to the cause, that stood the test for years, while generation after generation of students came and went, each one leaving his "mark" upon those much abused servants of the college populace.

We plead for the new books. They are good books. They are neatly bound. They will need to serve for many years. As yet there is no indication in them of the presence in our student body of purile-brained vacuumites, and we sincerely hope these song books will not suffer the fate of their predecessors.

Oh, why will we follow the lead of a man who is not responsible? Why will we try to better the infantile efforts of some one who has already disfigured good property? Why will we not think? Respect those new books, and again we say respect! Keep them clean. Keep the covers on them. Treat them as if they didn't

belong to you. They don't. Treat them as tho you had borrowed them. You have. In short, be men, and what is more, be respectable well bred college men. Arvear.

Conquest Class Banquet

(Continued from page 1)

Secretary Schoenberger then gave the secretary's report for the year and also the treasurer's, the treasurer being unable to be present.

After the program Miss Ida Himes acted most capably as toastmistress and introduced the following toasts:

- ConquestCharles Scott
- HonorNaomi Tallman
- AbilityCyril Richards
- MelodyEvelyn Ballard
- PowerClara Zerba
- ImpressionsMargaret White
- OnwardMerwin Irish
- NobilityCarey Bishop

The initial letters of the toasts give the name of the new pastor who is soon to come to the church and the toasts were so arranged in honor of him. Each toast was a gem in itself and splendidly voiced the principles and aspirations of the Conquest Class. At the conclusion of the toasting as a token of the high regard in which they held their instructor and teacher and their gratitude toward him, Prof. Edgar B. Van Osdol was presented a gold locket by the class.

In his acknowledgment of the gift Prof. Van Osdol expressed the great joy it gave to be the teacher of the class and to have the friendship of the members of the class.

A rather unique but efficient system is used by the class to elect its officers. It is a use of the direct primary and carries off the usually time-taking trouble of nominations with speed and efficiency. On the meeting of the class on the Sunday before election a straw ballot is given to each member with the names of the offices to be filled. The members write in the names of those they desire for nominees and those having the greater number of names are placed on the ballot.

At the banquet each member found a ballot at his plate and marked it during the course of the evening. At the conclusion of Prof. Van Osdol's remarks President Alta Davis announced the result of the election as follows:

- PresidentIda Himes
- Vice PresidentCarrie McKee
- SecretaryArthur Schoenberger
- Assistant Secretary....Evelyn Ballard
- TreasurerHarry Stewart
- Assistant TreasurerCurtis Coe
- TeacherProf. E. B. Van Osdol
- Assistant Teacher...Prof. I. M. Grover

The banquet closed with the singing of a conquest song.

Mr. Napoleon Ghendini organized an Italian club on Tuesday, Nov. 10.

Prof. Howard Hanscom was elected president and opera instructor, Mrs. Carrie C. Potter, vice-president; Edith Stiff, secretary; Margaret White treasurer.

The club meets on Monday of each week and will study Italian conversation and opera singing.



The Man Who Works at Night
Cannot afford to be careless of his eyesight—it often means the difference between advancement and loss.

If you experience headaches or eyestrain when doing close work you should call upon our optometrist at once and ascertain positively that your eyes are all right or get glasses that will correct the defect.

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NORCOTT STUDIO

OF LOCAL INTEREST

Prep Feed

In the course of College events it was that proper and fitting not only by the Preparatory Department but thru sanction of the faculty for the "Preps" to hold their usual fall term feed on Tuesday evening, November the tenth. As is the ordinary custom silence concerning this event was the most desirable thing but in some unaccountable and disastrous manner the Collegiate department obtained knowledge of the event and deemed it necessary to ruin said "feed."

As the long hoped for and eventful hour approached, so did the husky members of the Collegiate department and soon in a small hallway were seen the active bodies of the two factions, scuffling for the mixture of gelatine—sandwiches, coffee and sugar, the remains of the carefully prepared feast. The Collegiate fellows proved too numerous and powerful for the plucky "Preps" and soon left off with the food not yet demolished.

The "Preps" were then left to clean up affairs and when the remaining students of the Preparatory department arrived the hallway was glistening with cleanliness and the tables arrayed with a feed much superior to the original, the remainder of which the marauders were at that time gorging themselves with.

Peace and contentment now reigned supreme and everyone entered into the events of the evening with enthusiasm and declared it to be one of the most enjoyable events ever participated in.

BY A "PREP."

By way of explanation it might be well to say that the so-called breaking up of feeds heretofore have been held in ignorance of the fact that they have been in violation of a city ordinance. The city recorder has called attention to the fact and it goes without saying that there will be no more such events as conflict with the city ordinances. It is always the desire of all members of the institution to be strictly law-abiding in every respect.

German Club Has Good Meeting

A week ago last Tuesday evening the newly organized German Club met for an enjoyable hour. The program opened with a German quotation from Schiller. After the final adoption of its constitution the club carried out the program arranged by the program committee. Prof. Frerichs gave a most interesting as well as instructive talk upon the German language, the differences in pronunciation in different parts of the country and the recent attempts at standardization. The rest of the hour was spent in playing a game entirely in German; Ich lege etwas in den Koffer. The fun waxed great before the game was over and the evening was well spent.

Faculty Conference Meets

The Faculty Conference of the Independent Colleges of Oregon holds its annual meeting this year at Pacific University at Forest Grove. The date of the meeting is Nov. 27 and 28. At this meeting Dr. Riley expects to present a uniform calendar for the colleges in the Conference. The conference voted at its last meeting to adopt a uniform calendar and thus to open and close the school year at the same time.

Alpha Gamma Nu

An informal reception was held by the Alpha Gamma Nu fraternity Friday, Nov. 6, 1914. Those present were: guests—Mrs. Van Osdol, Mrs. Gaspard, the Misses; Cross, Curl, Davids, DeLong, Elyea, Fitzgerald, Gerber, Hallgren, Hunter, Keizur, Shotwell, Showalter, Sims, Wilkins, Williams, Zimmer and Messrs; Johnston, Cheney and Prof. Boughton.

Fraternity men: Messrs. Adams, L. Bishop, C. Bishop, Doud, Evans, Jennings, Mardis, Richardson, Stewart, Wakeman, Wilson, Van Atta and Prof. Van Osdol.—Scribe.

Tells About Africa

Monday, November 6th. Rev. Thomas Moody occupied the chapel platform. He gave a splendid discourse upon Africa, describing accurately the geographical conditions of that great country. He also gave an intensely interesting narration of some of the striking events of the opening up of the dark continent, and its development, especially along missionary lines. He described graphically the needs and conditions of modern Africa and presented the whole situation in a forceful way.

FORMER MAC TEACHER WRITES POEM

The following poem was written by a former teacher of music of McMinnville College, Mrs. Frank J. Martin. She is the daughter of Dr. Johnson, formerly of this city, and the sister of Mrs. Judge Ramsey.

She was teaching music in the College at the time Professor Northup came to McMinnville and taught here for a number of years. She is the wife of Mr. Frank J. Martin, of Seattle, one of the trustees of the college and one of the shrewdest insurance men on the coast and also organizer of the Oregon Fire Relief Association. Mr. and Mrs. Martin made a trip to London last July and when the war came on they were glad to hurry home, arriving at Seattle early in September. On their return Mrs. Martin recorded her impressions in the poem below.

On account of lack of space only a portion of the poem could be printed. There was an man in our town
And Martin was his name!
He said he'd go to England
And his wife should do the same.
'Twas on Saturday they started
On the Good Milwaukee train,
And by the time they reached Chicago.
They were feeling very vain!

There they took the Grand Trunk Railway
Just because they knew they must,

In all the beautiful earth
Would not be found, if sought.
London! Busy, restless, quiet London.
Fascinating, quaint and queer,
With its building outlines softened by its hazy atmosphere.

Cleopatra's left her needle
By the river; lovely spot!
Is she dreaming in these gardens,
Of her sewing ne'er a thought?
Just beyond, Westminster Abbey,
With its riches and its lore.
Breathe a prayer as we are passing
That suffragettes may pass it o'er.

Dickens haunts must claim attention
And Ye Olde Curiosity Shoppe,
Without little Nell is lacking,—
Punch and Judy are ne'er forgot!
What is this? O rare Ben Jonson!
Toasted cheese in Cheshire Inn?
If they'd change this queer old tavern
It would really be a sin.

Lincoln's Inn Playfield, full of kiddies,
Underneath the plane trees tall.
Many spots like this in London.
Let's be glad they're free for all!
Here's the church of the Crusaders,
And we meekly make protest—
We're not ladies—just plain women.
How we hate the suffragettes.
Our guide is very tactful
And we get a look inside.
Well! the slit in that round dungeon
Doesn't look so very wide!

Just outside lies poor old Goldsmith,
And beyond—the Temple Hall.
Here we meet "Sorry Madam, you cannot go in at all."
So I linger by the fountain
Which has never ceased its flow
Since Dickens wrote of Jane Pinch.
'Twas here she met her beau.

But above our happy wanderings
War clouds gather thick and fast.
And we think our own homeland
Taking Mexico to task.
We are sure that it would please us—
Scrap enough to suit our taste.
Watchful waiting, and some grape juice—
Furrin trips are such a waste!

So we haunt the steamboat office,
Get a room and then we learn—
The Aquetania's been taken off,
To do the government a turn.
Then we watch the soldiers passing,
Going off to fight.
And our hearts cry out with anguish,
We mothers know it isn't right.

Right and left we hear the question,
Have you passage home?
We go steerage, but we are happy, and
Nevermore we'll roam!
We are sure the thirteenth's lucky,
For that day we sail
On the good old steamer Baltic,
She will never say fail.

Oh, mother earth, how lovely,
How lovely you have grown!
Miss Liberty's proclaiming
America! America alone!
New York is strangely charming
Some old places here we find,
And a summer suit reduced is just
to suit our mind!

Oh, The mountains and the forests!
Oh! The forests and the mountains!
We are nearly home again!
Where's my family? Where's my grandson?
Did you say you're needing rain?

Ours the motto of Seattle!
For we know it's safe and sane.
Heavenly Father, we'er not suffering!
And we'll nevermore complain.
For we know thy sunshine
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"THE MORRIS DRINKING FOUNTAIN MARKS THE PLACE."

Tudie Mardis attended Institute and stayed over Sunday.

Mildred Pope has been in town from Amity during Institute.

Frank Manley and Edith Argo, formerly "Mac" students have received their appointments to foreign mission fields.

Dr. Charles Manley, who was one of the serving faculty members of last year has received his appointment to the foreign field.

Charles Scott and Monte Smithson are still holding services at Happy Valley. Meetings are well attended and the Sunday school has twenty members.

In writing up the Hallowe'en party for last issue, a slight mistake was made. Miss Mary Odell instead of Miss White secured the prize for the best lady's costume.

Grace Boardman, Mae Derickson, and Mable Lewis all former students who are teaching in nearby towns were here during the week for Teachers' Institute.

And soon their hifalutin' feelings,
All were trailing in the dust!
In it poured through doors and windows—

Black and gummy, through the screen!

None, in all that crowd of people,
Save the porter, could look clean.

Montreal meant soap and water.
How we scrubbed, and scrubbed again,

While adown our backs and noses
Still the perspiration ran!
Slumber visited us lightly.

We were up and off once more
To where the ship Calgarian
Was just along the shore.

Seven days we heard that fog horn.
Only once it ceased its boom—
And then we saw an iceberg
And were glad of lots of room!
But our captain, brave and careful,
Took us through, and three days more

Brought the welcome sight of land,
And the green of Ireland's shore.

Then old England. Where God smiled
when he was making,
And we think a fairer spot

Number Ten

(Continued from Page Three)
comes up. Only two people in the whole grand stand seem to know Weston. A little girl in white, who has been sitting next to a keen eyed elderly gentleman whom she calls father, waves her handkerchief to him, but his eyes are on the starter. His long, lean low car seems built to eat up the ground and at the count she gives a leap and is away before you can hardly think.

Before the last car has started Gorgas flies by to start his second round, having gone five miles in almost four minutes. DeMot is hot after him and soon crawls to second place. This is Weston's first race. He follows No. 9 for one lap and then cuts loose. Around and around that great circle he roars. He passes car after car with a fierce sense of joy. What speed! How old Gorgas and DeMot are going too! Yet Weston keeps pushing his throttle out a little each succeeding round.

On the twenty-first round DeMot has to change his tires. Weston sails by him and now only Gorgas leads him. On his twenty-fourth lap, Gorgas' tires begin to go to pieces also, and he has to change. Now is where Weston's care and planning begin to show. His light, yet powerful machine is easy on its tires and they last him for thirty rounds before beginning to weaken. Weston is now leading the race. Already he has flown higher than his highest hopes but the race is only well begun. If he can only hold the pace! If only his steed of steel can endure the strain! Its mighty six cylinders are still sending forth their mighty purr of power, power.

After a few more rounds his tires still hold, but he is going to take no chances. When he gets within the right distance he swerves up to the repair pits and stops. "Change 'em all," he shouts as he leaps out. Then he grabs a glass of water and swallows it, while the men work like mad around his machine. In two minutes he is off again. Gorgas and DeMot are right behind him. Away he goes and they are still at this wild game of "catch me if you can" again. Round after round, round after round! Always that awful speed! Always Gorgas there at his heels! His arms ache with the strain. His muscles get stiff, but he dares not ease up for a second.

More tires changes and DeMot slips into Gorgas' place and hangs there like a bulldog. Still they roar around. Many are out of the race. Cracked cylinders, smashed wheels, and the like have killed many hopes and all chances for several, but the race goes on. The grand stand is silent now, watching only the leaders.

On the ninetieth round Weston's car throws a rear tire. It rolls along the course like a huge hoop at terrific speed, strikes a low wall and leaps high into the air. Weston keeps his car under control and stops. They put on a new tire. Before this accident Weston had been making history. The pride of his heart had been showing her mettle. Her speedometer had been showing awful speed. When she seemed to be doing her best his machinist had leaned over and shouted in his ear these three words, "Hundred and ten." That meant that they were really going! A hundred and ten miles an hour! Just before he threw that tire he was two laps ahead of his nearest rival,—ten whole miles ahead!

But now he loses half his lead. Both Gorgas and DeMot have made a round while he was replacing the tire.

Weston slips in behind them one lap ahead and hugs their rear, but there is no chance now to get by. Both drivers are going at a mad speed in order to make first place again. Weston holds his place, however, until his ninety-ninth round, and the grand stand rests secure in the hope that an American will get the cup, when something happens.

The three cars come sweeping around the curve toward the grand stand, DeMot leading, Gorgas just behind him and Weston in the rear. Just in front of the grand stand No. 12 is limping along still trying to keep in the race. DeMot starts to swerve to the right to pass No. 12, when Gorgas sees a chance to do something spectacular that just sits him. He opens wide and starts to dash by No. 12 on the left, and thus to slip one over on his sworn enemy, DeMot, and take the lead. He slides by No. 12 safely, but DeMot's machinist happening to glance around, sees him. He yells to DeMot who speeds up also, but just a second too late. As No. 5 comes up Gorgas misjudges the distance, and anxious to crowd the other car out, tries to get the center of the track. Both drivers are now boiling with anger at each other, both are reckless to a finish, both are ready to take the wildest chances, neither will give an inch for the other, and so something has to happen.

The hub of the hind wheel of No. 1 catches the front wheel of No. 5. It rips the front wheel off with a crash, but No. 1 goes on uninjured. Down drops the axle of No. 5 and she makes a horrible circle as though upon a pivot and she and No. 12 come together with a sickening smash. The mass of wreckage completely blocks the track. The crowd in the grand stand, already on its feet, gasps and shudders. What will Weston do? A little figure in white suddenly covers her eyes with her hands and sinks to her seat with a sob.

With the rear wheels locked tight with the brakes, No. 10 skids toward the wreck. No power on earth can stop him in that distance, at that speed. No room to turn to the right nor to the left! With his speed checked slightly by the dragging wheels he slides into the mangled cars, while many in the grand stand close their eyes or turn their faces from the scene. The shock throws his machinist out onto the track, but Weston himself is held in by the wheel and only receives a severe jolt. He jumps from his battered car and tries to pull her from the wreckage. The crowd is kept back, and officials yank the remains of No. 12 and No. 5 from the track.

Weston looks at his machine for a moment, then shouting, "Take off that front wheel and put new tires on the hind ones," he grabs a motorcycle from one of the officials, and starts toward the repair pits. After what seems a terribly long interval, back he comes like a streak, with a new wheel strapped on his back. The crowd sees his pluck and determination, and begins to cheer encouragement. The new wheel goes on, and a new tire on the opposite side.

Suddenly there is a shout, "Car coming," and before the sound dies away Gorgas flashes by, going the rate of a hundred miles an hour. A wild cry comes to Weston from the crowd. "Go on. Go on. Go on." Weston jumps to the front of old No. 10 but her starting crank has been torn off in the smash. How is he going to start her? He is in despair for a moment, then he leaps into his seat and yells to his machinist to get in. Next

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he turns to the officials and shouts, "Here, all you fellows, come and push a little! Hurry! Hurry! A dozen men leap to the car. They move her slowly, Weston lets in the clutch, the engine turns over, catches a spark, and then old No. 10 goes down the course like a rocket.

The crowd in the grand stand hardly breathed. Every eye was strained down the track. Would he—would he make it? Gorgas has twenty-eight seconds the start of him. Officials say that he was going a hundred miles an hour when he went by. A little rapid figuring now. It will take exactly three minutes to make the circle. At a hundred and twenty miles an hour it takes just two minutes and a half to make it. If Weston can average this speed from his standing start he can come in two seconds in the lead. The grand stand is almost hopeless now. No car can maintain that awful speed. Watches in hand, the men count off the first two minutes, then ten seconds more, then ten seconds more, and then five. There is not a sound now in that whole crowd, except here and there a stifled gasp. Three seconds and then—two terrible demons dance and waver down the curve of the track, just for an instant. For just another instant one seems to blot the other out and then No. 10 shoots by the howling stand a length ahead with two tense figures huddled in hr lap.

Robert J. Weston turned from the huge pile of mail on his desk to greet an elderly gentleman. He rose and extended his hand, "How do you do, Mr. Hanley? I am very glad to see you." "Old Man Hanley" was one of that kind of men who can talk nothing but business. He went straight to the point. "Well, Sir, I just came over to settle up a little deal you were talking about a while ago. Let's see, you said you wanted fifty-one thousand dollars for fifty-one shares of your stock, didn't you?" he asked.

Weston smiled as he answered. "Mr. Hanley, I did offer to sell you forty-nine shares at one thousand dollars a share, but now I have decided that the price shall be five thousand dollars a share, so I now offer you forty-nine shares of my stock for two hundred and forty-five thousand dollars."

Hanley gasped. "What on earth is the matter with you?" he managed to say. "What do you think you got anyway, young man, a gold mine?" Why, man alive, you're crazy! You don't know what you're talking about. Two hundred and forty thousand dollars! That's simply outrageous!"

Wston turned to his desk. "Do you see that pile of mail?" he asked. "Well, Sir, that is nearly all orders for immediate delivery of my new car, modeled after old No. 10. Here are more orders already than we can fill in a month, with our present equipment. Then that is not all. I have received several very insistent demands for stock, so I don't think I will have any trouble in disposing of it at five thousand dollars a share. Now you are to have first chance, for various reasons, Mr. Hanley, but if you want the stock you must act quickly for I have to have the money to start the new factory. That is business, you know, Sir."

Hanley knew all right. And he knew that Weston had meant just what he said. But he also knew a good thing when he saw it. He knew that the shares were worth even more than Weston asked for them. He wanted that stock and he wanted it badly, but two hundred and forty-five thousand dollars.—Whew! Yet he was no piker.

It was a good proposition, so in his characteristic way he said, "Very well, then, lets get the deal closed up right away, for I have orders to tell you that you are to dine with us tonight."

Not long after that there were two articles in each of the daily papers in which the names of Weston and Hanley figured most prominently. One was the announcement of the formation of the Weston-Hanley Motor Car Company. The other was a description of a very pretty event and was found on the society page.

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First Gun Is Fired

(Continued from page 1)

the call with \$2,500 for old Mac. Dr. Haynes stated that if the Baptists of Oregon would all give in proportion to the way those did at Brownsville a million dollars would be raised for the endowment fund. The amount raised there averaged \$25 per church member. Dr. Haynes left Saturday for Medford where next the work will be carried on. From there he will go to Albany. The splendid success of the first attempt is certainly most encouraging. Dr. Haynes said that there was every evidence of splendid loyalty on the part of the Baptists of Oregon and the great Northwest. There was not the slightest doubt in his heart that the thing would be carried to a triumphant success.

The following words from Franklin College, taken from the Standard show how Dr. Haynes is thot of in the East. The enlarging outlook, both in finances and educational efficiency is due to the notable work of Dr. Myron W. Haynes, who for more than three years has been the financial secretary of the institution. He has wrought faithfully and well. Confidence has been restored, our forces have been united and greater funds have been raised than at any other similar period in our history. Dr. Haynes has made friends for the college wherever he has gone and as he leaves to take up a similar work for McMinnville College he carries with him the good will and confidence of the Baptists of Indiana.

E. A. Hanly

The Classical Association of the Pacific Northwest meets at Reed College in Portland during the Thanksgiving vacation.

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