

# Yamhill County Reporter

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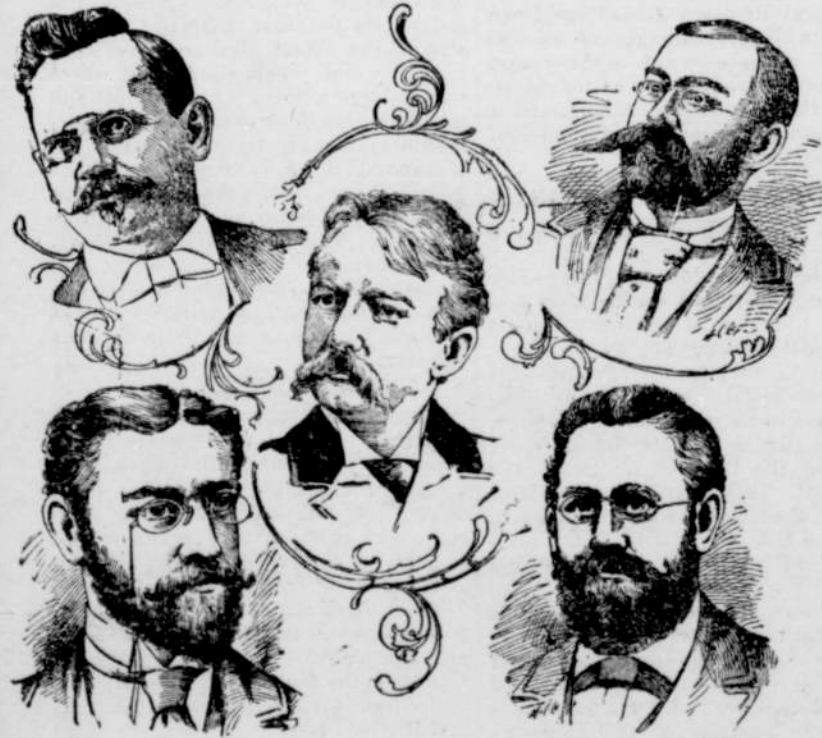
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## THE HEROIC DEAD.

Address of President H. L. Boardman, of McMinnville College, at the Memorial Service for the Dead Volunteers of Company A, held at the Court House, McMinnville, Sunday, August 20, 1899.

We have met to-day to do honor to the memory of our soldier dead. In the strong, full, major chorus of the welcome we extended to the returning volunteers, there was a minor strain. It was the thought of the brave boys who went but came not. We did well to welcome the returning with happy hearts. We could not too strongly express our joy that those who went out from our homes came safely back again. To-day we turn aside to think awhile of those who went away in the sweet spring and summer days a year ago, with the buoyant step of youth and strength, and the smile of hopeful courage, and who to-day are sleeping beyond the sea. To these, our heroic dead, is this service dedicated to-day.

Words seem feeble when spoken of these brave dead. Indeed, they need no words. Their living and doing speak more eloquently than any words can speak, of their true worth and greatness. They need no eulogy of mine. General Summers is reported to have said at the volunteers' reception in Portland, that the real heroes of the regiment were lying under the bamboo trees in the Phil-

ipper and show no sign. The primeval red man was a good type of it. He could endure all extremes of climatic conditions, could face the blasts and brave the storms, strong in his physical manhood. The soldier is a physical hero. He must be. And if it be called the lowest type of courage, as compared with courage intellectual and moral, it is yet a noble type, and most closely related to the others in their best exemplifications. The nation may well conserve the physical well-being of her youth. The disposition to emphasize physical training in our present day systems of education, is to be altogether commended. A sound mind, indeed, but in a sound body, is the ideal; and when physical retrogression shall mark the life of a nation, the days of her best mind and soul shall have fled. These men were physical heroes.

Intellectual courage is a higher type. It is strength of mind. It manifests itself in independent thinking. The intellectual hero refuses to do his thinking at the behest of another no better qualified to think than he. He scorns to be-

heroic, whether it be in the deeds of great men like these, or in the commonplace lives we live. The doing of a heroic thing depends upon the thrill of some truth, the inspiration of some conviction, the possession of some belief. The hero must believe something. These men illustrate this attribute of the heroic. Our dead heroes were in the grip of a mighty truth. It moved them. It inspired them. It nerved them to do and to die. That idea was the belief in the rights of men, and the desire to help them to be freed from the grip and curse of tyranny. Or, it may have been, presumably, the idea of loyalty to the government which called for men to carry her standard in the struggle for humanity. Whatever it was, the idea made heroes of these common boys from the farms and villages of this western land. Had they been unable to think, to see the end to be attained, to believe in the ultimate triumph of justice and right, they had never fought and died.

And then, THE HERO MUST BE ABLE TO FORGET HIMSELF. Self-consciousness is the arch enemy of courage. The man who cannot lose sight of selfish, personal interest in his pursuit of his ideal, will never be heroic. How truly these dead boys of ours shine as heroes, when viewed in the light of this truth. Think first of self? Not they. Fair homes were theirs. Young life offered prospects of large success. Loved ones held them long in embraces which were hard to break. They turned their backs on these. They thought not of self and self's desire. The idea mastered and overcame even these strongest bonds in human nature. Did they think of self as they gave themselves freely to the

days, men and women whose journey from eastern homes required the stuff of which heroes are made. There they had made their homes in the western wilds. That valley had given of her sons and daughters to fill places of honor and trust in public and in private life. She had already reached a place of honorable distinction among the communities of the west. But the day dawned when a call came ringing over the eastern mountains. It was the nation's call for men. The quiet homes and villages of this western valley had never heard such call before. But the halltops echoed it, and the vales resounded with it. Young hearts and strong were thrilled by it as they had not been thrilled before. And that sweet valley, so long wrapped in the mantle of peace, gave of her bravest sons to answer the nation's call. These men were her volunteers. And they have given a name and fame to the valley of their birth which it never had known before. Yamhill meant much before; it stands far more now. It had known wealth and honor before; now it knows the divine rapture of having given of its best blood for the nation of which it is a part. Our volunteers have written the name of our cherished valley in the west high in the lists of the loyal communities of the commonwealth and the nation. We will raise a marble shaft upon this green. By it we shall be reminded of the debt we owe to our heroes. By it we shall say to every pilgrim who may pass this way in the coming years: "This shaft stands for our boys, our true men, our heroes, who thought it not too great a sacrifice to die in hospital or on battlefield for their country and their flag. They were our VOLUNTEERS."



RALPH A. ODELL—Died in Manila June 3, 1899.  
ASA McCUNE—Died at San Francisco, Sept. 6, 1898.



FRANK W. HIBBS—Died Dec. 8, 1898.



BERT J. CLARK—Killed in Battle of Malabon, March 25, '99.  
LEWIS A. MILLER, Died in Manila, Nov. 8, 1898.

ippine islands. It were idle to attempt to discriminate between the bravery of those who went with fullest offering of themselves in their country's service and arms which awaited them and those who went and fought by their sides, and who may return nevermore. Certain it is that those who have fallen have given the supreme proof of trust heroism. What more can a man do than die? What sweeter proof can one give of his devotion to duty than to lay down his life in doing it? This supreme offering, this final and complete sacrifice, is the eloquent testimonial to their worth and courage before which words, mere words, are idle and helpless. Their sufficient eulogium is spoken when it is said: "They died in their country's service."

But though we can add nothing to the glory of these dead heroes, the thought of their lives and service and sacrifice may be of the greatest good to us who live. We have need to meditate upon characters like these; for the world needs heroism still. The demand for it is not restricted to battlefields and martial life. These who fought in the Philippine battles and have come back to their homes and to civil life, have not escaped the need of the heroic. Heroism is an essentially. In the lives of soldiers who fight and die the world sees a splendid type of the heroic. But the very same principles which make men heroes on battlefields make them heroes in civil life. The heroic age is not in the past. We live in a time demanding truest heroism in common life. Hence these dead heroes of ours, the victims of a foreign war, have a lesson in heroism for us all. May we not think of these lives as embodying the essentials of the heroic, and find, in this meditation, our own lives inspired to heroic living and doing? This is my hope to-day.

There are various types of courage. There is physical courage, which, they say, is the lowest type. It is courage, strength of muscle and nerve. It is the courage which enables a man to face physical danger and never falter; to suf-

lieve this or that solely because another has believed it. He knows that mind means power, and conscious of the divine gift within him, he proceeds to use it for himself. These dead boys of ours were intellectually heroic. Had it not been so they had never enlisted in the service of their country. They thought burning thoughts during the days before they offered themselves to their country. The call came. They heard it. They thought intently of all that going meant to them. They arrived at independent conclusions. They acted upon them. They were intellectual heroes.

Moral courage is the highest type. It is the courage of duty. It is the courage which acts at the dictate of the divine "ought." One of these men said before leaving his home, "It is somebody's duty," and he went. He was a moral hero. The same principle operated in every case to control the final decision. Conscience was called into play. The feeling of moral obligation is mighty. Moved by it men do right because it is right, when it is easier to do wrong. This high sense of duty largely controls thinking, and nerves muscle and sinew for their task. Without it there is no heroism at its best. These men were moral heroes.

After all, what is this thing we call heroism? Can we analyze it? Perhaps, imperfectly; but it will help us to make the attempt. First of all, THE HERO MUST HAVE AN IDEA. The ability to grasp an idea is an essential element of heroism. Alexander was a hero. It was because he grasped an idea great enough to control his life. That idea was world conquest. Actuated by this idea he led his conquering armies to universal dominion. Cromwell was a hero. The idea of the commonwealth so possessed him as to fire him with holy zeal for liberty and right. Cyrus W. Field was a hero in civil life. He believed that he could talk across the sea. Pursuing the realization of the idea he scorned failure and seeming defeat, and ultimately triumphed. The getting of an idea into the soul is essential to the

hard life of camp and transport and field? Did they think of self in the mad, heroic charges through swamp and jungle on Philippine battlefields? Did they think of self as they exposed themselves to disease and death? No; these men were heroes. The hero grasps the idea and forgets himself. Thus they lived. Thus nobly they died.

These things make the hero; but one thing more attaches to the hero at his best. There is a positive element in the highest type of courage which deserves our earnest thought. I mean that truest courage is ever born of hope, not of despair. The most heroic deed is never done because it cannot but be. Heroism at its best acts because it WILL, not because it MUST. Herein is the true glory of the volunteer. His very name describes his real character. He is the subject of no draft. He goes to fight and to die because he WILLS to do it. He chooses to enlist, though a thousand things dear to him are drawing him back. These dead boys of ours were heroes, indeed, but they were VOLUNTEERS. This is their highest glory. It is a glory which does not attach to mere professional military life. It belongs not to the soldier career of him who gives his military service because the form of government under which he lives requires it. It belongs in its true beauty and glory to the volunteer armies of America. These men heard their country's call, and, moved by no constraint, but acting in the full possession of their liberty, they volunteered to serve her cause. Palsied by the tongue which dares to speak a word in disrespect of the volunteer armies. They are the highest glory of martial life.

There is a sweet, fair valley in the west. Her rich harvests wave in the soft breezes from the sea. Meadows intermingled with groves and woodlands in rural beauty and delight. The lowlands reach their arms to the hills; the hills lean hard on the rugged mountains, and beyond is the ceaseless music of the sounding sea. That valley fair had already been the scene of heroic lives and deeds. Hither had come in long gone

The memorial was given by the ladies of the Red Cross society, and was particularly for those dead heroes for whom no memorial had been held, viz: Richard E. Perry, Asa McCune, Ralph Odell and Edward C. Young. Rev. Geo. W. Fender officiated in reading the scripture and in prayer, and music was furnished by Mr. Snyder and his daughters, Dr. Nelson and Miss Maud Hobbs. The volunteers present were Lambert, Harris, Warren, Hayes, Baker, Prentiss, Hoberg, Morris, Welch, Williams, Ungerman, Cooper, Thurber and Hoskins.

### THE BOY WHO WILL NEVER COME.

I hear a chorus of ringing bells  
In echoing tower and dome,  
And words is passed by a thousand tongues  
That our boys are marching home.  
But one mother watches the marching line  
And covers her eyes and sheds hot tears  
For a boy who will never come.

A father stands in an open field  
And leans on his resting plow,  
With toll worn hand and wrinkled face,  
And gray hairs on his brow,  
In silence he sees the column pass,  
His quivering lips are dumb—  
But his heart responds with a broken sigh  
For a boy who will never come.

Two little children, hand in hand,  
Walk down the crowded street,  
And scan each face in the line that steps  
To the snare-drum's measured beat.  
But they look in vain for a brother's face,  
Whom they long to welcome home,  
And two children's hearts are filled with grief  
For a boy who will never come.

A maiden sits in a moorland's garb  
In the shade of a darkened room,  
And hears the music of martial bands  
And the wailing music of the drum.  
In truth she wishes her country well  
As it welcomes its warriors home,  
But her sad young heart beats a funeral dirge  
For a boy who will never come.

O, I blame you not, ye who join the throng  
That surges the crowded streets,  
With welcoming hand and shout and song  
The returning brave to greet.  
But I am thinking of hearts that bleed  
In many a sorrowing home,  
And so weave my wraith of simple rhyme  
For the boy who will never come.

—Rev. P. S. Knight, Salem, Or.