

The Evergreen.

Published every Wednesday during the College year by the students of the Agricultural College and School of Science.

Volume VII.

Pullman, Washington, Wednesday, January 16, 1901.

Number 15.

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TERMS: \$1 per Year in Advance; Single Copy, Five Cents.

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Entered at the Pullman postoffice as second-class mail matter.

AFTER the work of the flood last Saturday evening, the EVERGREEN suggests "Lost Lake" as an appropriate title for the lakelet-that-was. If someone will translate that into Indian, no doubt a musical and fitting name can be developed.

† † †

THE "Old Maids' Convention," to be given in the college auditorium next Friday evening, deserves the hearty support of the entire student body. The young ladies who are getting it up have a worthy and unselfish object in view, and should be given all the encouraging assistance necessary to enable them to attain it. That it will be an enjoyable entertainment we are confident. That it will be a success—well, whenever the W. A. C. girls make up their minds that an entertainment is to be a success, why, it is one. See?

† † †

Now that the matter of a memorial tablet, bearing the names of former students who served in the late war with Spain has again been brought up, the EVERGREEN heartily hopes it will be carried to a successful issue. Thus far, we have no college memorial of any kind, to commemorate the deeds of the brave fellows who risked, and in some instances gave their lives in the struggle. The cost to each student will be merely nominal, and in the consciousness of having had a part in such work will do much to foster in our midst that better spirit which should pervade our entire life, whether at college or elsewhere. That "It is more blessed to give than to receive" is best realized when the gift is made to a noble purpose and

from a worthy motive." Then, too, it should be attended to immediately. If put off until later in the year it will be harder to meet than ever. The latter part of the year is always marked by an overwhelming flood of demands for various enterprises. Let us push this matter to a successful issue at once, and before this year is over, the memorial tablet can be in place, for the admiration of all.

† † †

IN THE hurry and stress of college life, impelled by the worthy motive of a high ambition, the student is often too apt to lose sight of one of the main purposes of a college career. Education, in the fullest sense of the word, is what the word in its original meaning indicates—"a drawing out" or better, a "leading forth" of those better qualities of heart and mind that exist in every individual. The period one spends in college is the best time—it is not the only one—for laying up a store of knowledge, for furnishing the mind with a good healthy collection of facts. It is only half used, however, and therefore sadly out of proportion if it is not also used for the "drawing out," the educating of character. It is important in these days of the "strenuous life," that men and women be well provided with a good stock of knowledge and a strong brain, capable of grasping and retaining important facts, and holding them up in their true relation. It is none the less, rather more important, that the character be strong and firm. In the environments of active life, for every influence whose tendency is to fortify and to build up, there are ten influences, the effects of which are to tear down. It is in the midst of such conditions that strong characters will be needed, firm moral stamina to withstand the strain and stress bound to come to all. The question that all should ask themselves is not alone "How can I get the highest grades?" but also "How can I take into my moral being the supreme truths which are my inheritance, and properly assimilate them in order that they may be reflected as true manhood and true womanhood?" About us are thrown grand opportunities. They should mean more to us than a possible sheep-skin and a lucrative position. They should stand for the fulfillment of the most important purpose of life—the development of true character.

Freshman-Sophomore.

Last week was certainly an excellent opportunity for the verification of the truth of the old saying, "the best laid plans of mice and men gang aft aglay," for the most careful and elaborate plans were made by numerous parties for Friday evening sleigh-rides, and prospects were oh! so bright—until Friday. Then came the chinook wind with its disastrous results, and no one mentioned sleighing any more.

Among those who had made plans were the Sophomore and Freshmen classes, and though it was of course a disappointment to both parties to be cheated out of their sleigh-ride, they, with their usual pluck, determined to have a good time any how. They therefore joined forces, and, securing the I. O. O. F. hall, proceeded to enjoy the evening by dancing and playing games, and no one who might have happened in during the evening would have been able to say that any of them looked the least bit disappointed or blue. The young gentlemen had very thoughtfully planned for an oyster supper at True's after the sleigh-ride, and

this was certainly as well enjoyed after some hours dancing and playing. This was the first time the two classes had met together in such a social way, and it is to be hoped that it will lead to many like events in the future.

Overheard about the time the Chinook was beginning to melt at one fell gust the snow and the hopes of the Sophs for a sleighride:

The Chinook doth blow,
And there'll be no more snow,
And what will we Sophies do now,
poor things?
We'll crawl in the Dorm,
To keep ourselves warm.
And tuck our heads under the
blankets—poor things.

Father dear, I write to you,
Tomorrow noon my board bill's due.
My money's gone, I'm broke, I'm busted,
No longer is my credit trusted.
I long once more a coin to see.
Oh! wont you you send a few to me?
In sleep, I dream of unpaid bills,
The thought with shame my being fills
With fluttering bills the air seems thick,
I cannot breathe, grow deathly sick.
In awful dreams I pass the night,
Does solace come with morning light?
Nay! rather is my pain increased,
From poverty I'm not released,
And day but makes the troubles real
Which in the night I seem to feel.
I grieve to see my purse grow flat,
Send me enough to make it fat.

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