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The Evergreen.

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The Evergreen.

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THE athletic entertainment this year bids fair to excel former efforts. The tumblers are acquiring great proficiency, and practice has begun in Roman ladder work, table work, pyramids, horizontal and parallel bar work, boxing, fencing, contortions, and side issues. Everything is being pushed with zeal and an interesting entertainment will certainly result. The generally increased interest in athletics is gratifying.

* * *

WE hasten to make reparation for the possible harm that may have been done, or false impressions that may have been conveyed by our suggestion last week regarding the name of our lakelet. We were misinformed by a student, according to whose story the lakelet had been emptied by the overflow of water washing the dam away entirely. As a matter of fact the embankment was washed away to the depth of some twelve feet or more in one place, and the surface of the pond lowered just that much. A personal investigation later revealed the fact that there is still a very pretty little body of water there awaiting a name. We hope that the suggestion will be acted upon, and that a suitable name will soon be found.

* * *

Now that the matter of applying names to the various unnamed parts of the institution is being discussed, we should like to see a name applied to the college auditorium which would be a little more definite than the ones by which it is now known. The name "College Chapel" is a very poor one, since the hall is not used for chapel purposes exclusively. Besides. the name is too common. This latter objection can also be made to the name "Auditorium" which places the hall on a par with the average opera house or other public building belonging to the class known as auditoriums which are found in small towns in Eastern Washington. It seems to us that no more appropriate name could be applied to it than "Morrill Hall." It already contains a bust of the illustrious Senator Justin S. Morrill, to whose name the agricultural colleges of the nation stand as a beautiful and imperishable monument. It was to his efforts that the establishment of these colleges were due in the first place. In achieving this splendid work, he did something for which his name should be always held in most grateful remembrance by all the numerous beneficiaries of the result of his labors. Some means should be adopted whereby the students of this college will be frequently reminded of him, and we feel that no more fitting one could be devised than that of bestowing his name upon the hall where we daily assemble for one of the most pleasant phases of college life,—the daily chapel exercises. We should very much like to see this matter agitated among the student body and, if it should meet the general approval, brought to a successful and speedy issue.

Some Descriptive Bits.

(Selected from class work.)

THE LOG CABIN HOME.

The little, low, moss-covered log cabin stands on a knoll just back of the meadow. Tall and awkward looking, the old gray chimney reaches upward to the sky. The roof of the porch is warped and sunken in places, but is almost hidden from view by honey-suckle and wild-grape vines. The windows are patched and broken. Rose bushes are climbing over the garden wall. Now and then a beautiful blushing rose is seen, peeping forth to get a look at the large red sun.

Back of the house are fields of grain, waving to and fro in the cool spring breezes. On the north is an orchard and, nestled between the trees, are long, straight rows of garden vegetables. In front of the house runs a cool, glistening little stream, dancing merrily as it rushes on to the fish pond. The wide, grassy lane leads down to an ill-shaped wooden gate which swings open and shut on rusty old hinges.

A STREET SCENE IN AUTUMN.

In autumn great loads of grain, drawn by teams of two, four or six horses, come lumbering to town. A traction engine comes by, deafening the ears with the roar of its machinery. It has finished its work for the year, and is being taken to the machine sheds. Behind the engine comes the separator, followed by a long string of wagons burdened with a small crowd of dusty, grimy men, the crew of the outfit, who are coming to town for their wages.

A dray makes a semi-circle in the street, backs up to the sidewalk, and several boxes and bales of dry goods are unloaded. A puff of wind catches up a cloud of dust and whirls it down the sultry street, causing the passers-by to shut their eyes, clutch their hats, and hold their breath. Great masses of clouds are rolling up in the southwest, and farmers begin to hurry back and forth to get their business transacted and started home before the storm breaks. Now an empty wagon goes by bound for home. The driver cracks his whip, and the horses break into a trot, causing the wagon wheels to whirl up a cloud of dust. The billowy masses of clouds which were heaped into the appearance of mountains tipped with snow, have suddenly changed their appearance and are now overspreading the sky. A few great drops, forerunners of the storm, fall spat! spat! on the pavement and loungers on the street corners begin to seek shelter. Merchants are beginning to take down the awnings in front of their stores and a Chinaman is making frantic effoits to get the clothes from a line into shelter before the rain dampens them. Now a vivid flash of lightning cuts the gathering gloom and almost instantly the downpour begins, causing people to crowd into doorways for shelter. But the rain suddenly ceases, the sun comes from behind the clouds, brighter than ever, and once more the people begin to throng the streets. Now and then belated teamsters with loads of grain come by, the horses straining and steaming, and the drivers looking very uncomfortable. Pleasure seekers who have been out for a drive come into town with carriages and horses bespattered with mud. The merchants replace the awnings, the Chinaman hangs the clothes on the line again and little knots of men begin once more to congregate on the street corners.

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