

The Evergreen.

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Some Homesick Reflections.

I'm gazing out of my window,
About three stories up from the ground;
And a cheerless aspect greets my vision
In the landscape below and around.
I see a town, ragged and dirty,
Scattered like ancient Rome
Over seven bleak hills and low valleys—
What a dismal place for a home!
A few of the houses are pretty,
But I don't know the people one bit;
And beyond the houses, the hilltops
Roll away, by the pale sun lit.
A long, straggling range of low ridges
Flecked still by the last of the snows,
A few trees, dotting the hillsides,
Bent by the wind as it blows.
A few fields of green on the hillsides
Break the monotonous view
Of the dull gray-brown of the bunch-grass,
And up above all is the blue;
Back again, from the sky to the village,
And slowly back up on the hill,
Where I sit looking out of my window,
I let my gaze wander at will.
And a picture comes up, of the prairies,
Where I was free as the wind that blows—
To the prairies so boundless and level,
My heart-hungry memory goes.
They stretch away in the distance,
And fade at last into the blue;
I don't like the view from this window—
I'm longing, dear prairies, for you.

—HOPE.

LITERARY SOCIETIES.

[Much to our regret, literary society notes have been crowded out of our columns for the last two issues. We publish below accounts of the meetings of March 2nd.—Ed.]

THE WASHINGTON.

On February 23rd, at a business meeting the following officers were elected for the ensuing term: President, W. D. Outman; vice-President, Paul Cooper; Recording Secretary, Miss Watt; Treasurer, Miss Agnes Downs; Corresponding Secretary, Miss Wheeler; Critic, A. D. Dunn; Attorney, Stanley Cooper. It was decided to render on March 16th a program dealing entirely with the history of the West, especially that of Washington.

On March 2nd the society held a very interesting meeting. President Dunn called the house to order and then turned the chair over to his successor, W. D. Outman. The new president, in his inaugural address, told of the organization of the Washington Society in the Crib, touched its growth to the present, and spoke in an encouraging manner of its outlook. Mr. Carl Cozier read the best society paper of the season, treating college news and facts in a humorous and entertaining style. An interesting debate was held on the following question: Resolved, That the present agitation in China is a progressive movement. Messrs. Van Williams and Minnick defended the question, and the negative was taken by Messrs. Blanchard and McCoy. After an animated discussion the decision was rendered in favor of the affirmative.

THE COLUMBIAN.

The Columbians rendered a "Longfellow" program at their last regular meeting. The members responded to the roll-call with selections from the works of Longfellow. After the roll-call an appropriate song, prepared for the occasion, was sung by the society. Miss Bessie MacKay, in a neat speech, presented the society with a bust of the poet. President Jones, in the name of the society, thanked the donor for the generous gift with a few well chosen remarks. The remainder of the program was as follows:

Society Paper.....Ira Clark
Vocal Solo, The Bridge.....Mrs. Evenden
Biography of Longfellow.....Miss Faye Allen
Select Reading.....Miss Elma Spaulding

THE WEBSTERIAN.

The society was called to order by President Carlisle. J. B. Evans as the new president then made his inaugural address. He reviewed the history of the society from its organization three years ago to the present. He pointed out the advancement it had made, in the improvement of its members and removal into better quarters. He mentioned several things which might be done to further the interest in the society work. Particular stress was laid on the necessity of more extemporaneous speaking, an art which everyone should learn. The following short program was then rendered:

Fraternities.....H. E. Burke
Declamation.....A. A. Young
Debate—Resolved, That it is right to obey a wrong law.

Affirmative—Clark Cartlich, J. B. Cor-diner.
Negative—C. Carlisle, W. Lee Morris-son.

At the business meeting the resignation of the secretary was accepted. After nominating a new secretary the society adjourned.

Miss Forrester's Recital.

The recital given in the Chapel last Saturday evening by Miss Nelle Matilda Forrester, under the auspices of the Websterian debating society, was a most delightful entertainment, and a grand success in every particular except the audience, which was not nearly as large as it should have been. This may be partially accounted for by the bad weather and the fact that there were other social attractions in the town that evening.

Although she came before her audience an entire stranger, Miss Forrester completely won the admiration of her hearers by her first number. She was heartily encored in all but one of her following numbers on the program. She has a clear, well modulated voice, and a very graceful figure. Her ability to portray the movement of skaters on the ice held the rapt attention of all present. She is particularly gifted in acting the part of the inevitable small boy. "Bill," as she delineated his characteristics, would be a poser to the most searching

Faculty committee that ever roasted a subject. She is by no means lacking in depicting the pathetic as well. Altogether the impression she made was so very favorable that we are quite safe in saying that if the college is ever so fortunate as to be favored by another visit from Miss Forrester, she will be greeted by a full house.

The program was admirably arranged in every detail. The orchestra was to have made its first appearance of the year, but failed to put in an appearance.

Some very beautiful instrumental numbers were rendered by Mrs. Evenden and Miss Hazel Browne, while Miss Graham and Mr. Sargent favored us with vocal solos.

Miss Forrester remained in town till Monday afternoon, and visited the college. She was present at chapel, and gave a recitation which brought down the house in a perfect hailstorm of applause. She responded to the encore with a bit from plantation life which perhaps displayed her talent as well as any recitation with which she favored us.

Climax of the Series.

"There's that bell!" I said crossly to the mirror, before which I had been standing some time trying to arrange my "flaxen locks," but without success. The pins would lose; the comb slipped away unseen and refused to come back. Every-

thing went wrong. And then, I was hungry, too.

Giving my hair a last rueful glance, I was just turning to put on my collar, when Stella knocked at my door.

"Don't wait," I called, "I'm not ready," and she went on to supper.

"Jiminy," was my next exclamation, as I put the end of my thumb in my mouth. The pin was now in the collar. One more glance in the mirror, and I opened the door into the hall. Then I stopped. I had forgotten my handkerchief. I grabbed it up, glancing in the glass, but laid it down in pure vexation. "My belt," I said. All then went well until I reached the last three steps of the stairway. I went down these very quickly and picked myself up. Next, I pushed at the door. It would not budge. I pushed harder, then harder until it fell open, taking me with it. A chilly, "I beg your pardon," to the young man who had been trying to get out as I had been endeavoring to get in, were my only words this time.

I was late, very; and I crossed rapidly to my accustomed place at the other side of the room, and pulled back my chair. The lights just then grew dim. I do not just remember what happened next. The giggling of the girls of our table and the slight downward motion of my chair were simultaneous. But I realized the crash and the bump, as I found myself on the floor under the table amid broken portions of the chair. Well, it was funny! I forgot my ill-humor and laughed. In fact, everyone laughed, even Mrs. Van Doren, and just then the lights went out. By the time they came on again I had recovered sufficiently to remember, after all, that I was hungry.

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