

# The Evergreen.

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## The Evergreen.

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### Our Motto.

"Hew to the line, let the chips fall where they may."

### Coming Events.

Feb. 28—Farce, "Mr. Bob," college chapel.

March 6—Athletic Entertainment

March 20—Athletic As'n ball.

A DISGRACEFUL incident marred the exercises held by the literary societies in commemoration of the birth of Washington last Monday evening. Some one whose mental or moral equipment was either deficient or lacking, hacked off the wires which furnish the chapel with electricity for lights, and plunged the room into darkness before the programme was completed. It is impossible to conjecture who among us could be brought to such an act at such a time, but one thing is certain, his act was a crime, and the student body denounce it as such. It was an act marked by low minded disrespect for the people in the chapel, and toward the occasion in honor of which they were assembled. It was an insult to the audience, and to the name which they revered.

PERHAPS there are in our institution some who hesitate to join an athletic team, because, as they say, they are here for education, not for athletics. To such, if there are any among us, we would say, first, that true education does not consist in training the mind alone; next, that if it did there are few methods of training the mind better than that of setting at the trying task of calling forth every ounce of bodily power, and of controlling it absolutely. Let no one fear that a judicious effort to make one of the football, track or base-ball teams will result in loss. "The glory of a man is his strength." Perfect physical condition adds zest to work, study, pleasure, whatever one may do. The healthy body is the best foundation for a vigorous mind. There is another side to the question: Is it not an act of inexcusable selfishness for one who has talent which might further the name and glory of the college to which he is indebted for more than he can repay, to refuse to use that talent for

his Alma Mater? Are we under no obligation for the privileges we enjoy? Have we no inspirations to loyalty and college spirit? Which is wiser, to shut up in your shell and become an intellectual clam, or to be a grateful, loyal, patriotic student, ready and eager to dedicate hard work, patient effort, and whatever ability you may have, to the service of your college whenever and wherever you can?

### A Letter from Washington, D. C.

Dear EVERGREEN:

It occurs to me that your readers might be interested in a little description of one of the card receptions at the White House. During each social season the President and Mrs. Roosevelt, in addition to their state dinners, private musicales, and other functions, hold four large receptions to which a limited number of invitations are extended. These entertainments are in the following order: That at which the diplomatic corps are the guests of honor, the one to the justices of the supreme court of the United States, the reception to the members of congress, and that in honor of the army and navy.

It was our privilege to attend, on the evening of the fifth of February, the reception to the members of congress, which was, contrary to precedent, the largest of the season, and at which two thousand guests shook hands with our Chief Executive.

As you know, the historic old White House has lately undergone a thorough remodeling and much-needed renovation, the offices having been removed to a separate building in the White House grounds, which gives the President's family no more room than is required. One decided improvement all who are familiar with the old arrangement will recognize in the enclosed walk, leading from the entrance to the grounds at the new east gate to the east entrance of the mansion. Upon entering this corridor we found ourselves amongst a surging mass of humanity divesting themselves of their wraps. The walls of the corridor consist of a series of recesses in which the wraps are stowed away in pigeonholes, the owners receiving checks from the polite attendants. After disposing of our wraps, we stood for some time wondering what would happen next, as the immense crowd in front of us was making no progress toward the entrance to the White House. Guests continued to arrive so rapidly that we were soon wedged in so tightly as to be far from comfortable. Finally the throng began to move forward an inch at a time, and in about half an hour we reached the foot of the grand staircase, where, much to our relief, we heard an officer give the command, "By twos!" It was a real delight to have all this room after the crush we had come out of, and our sympathy went out to those yet far in the rear, while we looked with envy at those who had been so fortunate as to arrive earlier, and were "working their way out" instead of just going in.

At the head of the grand staircase we were in the main hall, where the famous marine band was stationed in a bower of palms and other lovely plants from the White House conservatories. The band played throughout the evening, and you will have some idea of the concourse of people present when I tell you that the



Celebrated by a joint entertainment of the literary societies, in the college chapel, Monday evening, February 23d.

### PROGRAMME.

PRESIDING OFFICER, S. E. Robinson, (Websterian)

- |  |                            |
|--|----------------------------|
| Overture—"O, Fair Dove! O, Fond Dove"..... | Schlepegrell               |
| W. A. C. Orchestra                         |                            |
| 1. Oration.....                            | J. C. Early (Columbian)    |
| 2. Declamation.....                        | "The Rising of 1776"       |
| H. W. McCabe (Websterian)                  |                            |
| 3. Essay.....                              | "The Real Washington"      |
| Edmund R. Doughty (Websterian)             |                            |
| 4. Piano Solo—"Tarantella".....            | Pieczonka                  |
| Mrs. Outman                                |                            |
| 5. Declamation.....                        | "Farmer Whipple, Bachelor" |
| Anna Clemens (Columbian)                   |                            |
| 6. Oration.....                            | "The Present Opportunity"  |
| C. E. Morgan (Washington)                  |                            |
| 7. Declamation.....                        | "A Tribute from England"   |
| Ira Church (Washington)                    |                            |
| 8. Piano Solo—"Dancing Spirits".....       | Bohm                       |
| Jessie Morrison                            |                            |

hum of voices in the East Room, only a few feet away, completely drowned every note of that exquisite music. Indeed, when we finally reached the East Room I thought I was in New Jersey among the big mosquitoes.

From the main hall, the line passed through the private dining room, the state dining room, the Red Room, to the door of the Blue Room, where an officer requested the guests to go "single file." We were now in the presence of the highest officer in this great land, and I am sure we both felt it was well worth the inconvenience we had suffered in the corridor below. An army officer in dress uniform stood at the head of the receiving line to hear the name, and in turn to present each guest to the President. Mr. Roosevelt pronounced the name distinctly, accompanied this by a hearty "Good evening" and a firm grasp of the hand, just as if we had been the first, instead of perhaps the fifteen hundredth, whom he had saluted on that occasion.

Mrs. Roosevelt, on account of fatigue, had been compelled to retire to her private apartments earlier in the evening, so we did not have the pleasure of seeing her. She very wisely refrains from handshaking, except with her intimate friends, and the ladies who remained in the receiving line followed her example. Next to Mr. Roosevelt stood Mrs. Shaw, wife of the Secretary of the Treasury; then Mrs. Payne, wife of the Postmaster-General; and last, Miss Wilson, daughter of the Secretary of Agriculture, who is pronounced by many to be the most charm-

ing woman in the present cabinet circle. This was the shortest receiving line in the history of White House receptions during the past twenty-five years, being rendered so by the absence of two of the cabinet ladies from the city, and the fact that two others are in mourning.

We passed directly from the Blue Room to the East Room, without pausing at the door, as did many of the guests, to take a glance at the notable gathering of distinguished people who were asked to "linger behind the line."

Finding the throng in the East Room oppressive, we lingered only a few minutes. Proceeding down the broad stairs to the corridor, where belated guests were still arriving, and many others departing, we were soon whirling away homeward with a very pleasant memory of our first visit to the White House.

Now what do you suppose was the first thing my husband said when we were safely "out of hearing?" I will whisper it:

"My dear, the receptions of the Fort-nightly Club at Stevens Hall are elegant in comparison to this."

Of course, I, as an ex-member of that delightful organization, eagerly assented.

Wishing the EVERGREEN continued success, and with best wishes to our many friends in the dear old West,

Sincerely Yours,  
MATTIE RAMSAY SPILLMAN,  
Washington, D. C., Feb. 12, 1903.

The Idaho-Whitman debate is to be held at Moscow the first week in April. Whitman will debate the W. A. C. in Pullman the second week in March.