

## The Evergreen.

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"THE Dignity of Service" was discussed by Mrs. Van Doren on Monday evening at Stevens Hall. In part she said, "Emerson says of wisdom that Raphael has painted it, Phidias carved it, Shakespeare dramatized it, Wren builded it, Luther preached it, Washington armed it, Watt mechanized it; and may we not domesticate it? What is it to domesticate wisdom? To adapt the knowledge which we gain here in the best way. What is wisdom? It is knowledge of the best means and the best ends. Service should be dignified in all departments, no matter how humble they may be. If a laborer digs a ditch smooth, clean and well, he is dignifying his service because he has done the work in the best way. Good service will always be recognized, although it may be only the careful dusting of a table. The recognition may not be just now, but sometime it will come. Homely details of life will be dignified when they are idealized. How can they be idealized? By doing them well."

### WHAT MAKES A GENTLEMAN?

"Describe a gentleman, you say?  
Yes, I think I can;  
He's as gentle as a woman,  
And as manly as a man."

Good clothes do not make the true gentleman, for he is found in every grade of life. You may see him on the platform, in the office, at the bench, or following the plow. Rich or poor, educated in the best colleges of the land or tutored only by mother nature, attired in the most fashionable apparel or covered with rags, the inherent principles that combine to make the gentleman will be recognized even by the

dumb animals along the road side.

Poverty has not been an obstacle in the rearing of gentlemen. From the stable yards, the backwoods farm, and the log cabin of the frontier have come men who rose from the foot of the ladder to the highest positions of respect and honor offered by the nation. To sum up the qualifications of a true gentleman, we would say be faithful in the performance of small duties as well as large, be polite, honest, virtuous, and energetic. Charles Reede said: "Work is victory and the price of success. The secret of real manhood is to live within your means, carry a conscience, and be true to yourself." —X. Y. Z.

### THE ADVANTAGES OF BEING SMALL.

Ever since I stopped wearing dresses, four years ago, and encased my nether extremities in breeches and my upper parts in a fried shirt, I have been subjected to the grossest insults from friends and enemies alike. They have actually dared to say that I was small. Imagine if you can the shock that has been to a sensitive nature like my own! In vain have I informed them in the choicest of language that such was not the case, and that they had probably been drinking. Some even had the audacity to laugh, and even now the thought of such occurrence makes my blood boil within me. Inspired by the precedents of world-renowned foot-ball players, I decided, about a month ago, to attend this college and win a great name for myself in foot-ball circles. I saw no reason why a man of my height—three feet, seven and eight-ninths inches—should not make a foot-ball player of some note; but my heart sank within me when I beheld the tall and muscular forms of such giants of the gridiron as Goodsell and Offner, and saw Tom Woods cased in canvas armor trotting around the campus. My fond hopes were crushed to the ground, and I realized that it was not destined that I should win fame chasing the pig skin. But, alas! The cup of my sorrow was not yet full. My pride must have another serious fall. I had always been somewhat of a favorite with the ladies, and expected to win many favors in the social line. But that, too, proved to be a chimera. While walking up the hill on the night of the reception I pictured to myself the conquests I should make. How they turned

out you shall now know. When Theo. saw me at the entrance he said: "Anything you want, sonny? Did your nurse allow you to come?" Slipping past him, I gained the cloak room, and shed my overcoat and hat, and started for the committee whose duty it was to pass you down the line.

Mrs. Van Doren put on her glasses and looked at me, saying kindly: "Ah! And whose little boy is this?" The other members of the committee seemed to share her opinion, but I finally escaped, and was soon lost in the crowd. The people composing that crowd were most uncivil, and walked on my feet and fractured the same. Also Mr. Duncan's knee struck me above the eye, and disfigured me considerably.

Then I endeavored to talk to some of the young ladies, but they all said something like this: "You're a little too small, young man."

You are young yet you know,  
And of course you will grow,  
But at present you're a little too small.

That night while sleeping the sleep of the just, I dreamed of the future, and thought that I saw what

was left of the foot-ball team after the Thanksgiving game. Brown was worse done up than in his encounter with the stove, and Goodsell had his other eye put out. The rest, "Oh, where were they?"

I went to church the next day, and returned thanks for being created too small for a foot-ball player. And since then I have discovered many reasons wherefor I may rejoice at being small.

By taking a back seat in the class rooms I am entirely unobserved, and sleep away the periods quite comfortably.

The shoes and other dangerous weapons which my room mate throws at me, never fail to miss the mark.

I also am not required to drill, because I cannot endure the fatigue occasioned by carrying around a sword and pair of shoulder straps.

And last but not least of these reasons is the readiness with which people excuse my mistakes, saying: "Never mind; he is but a child, you know." —M. S. L.

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