The Evergreen.

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Together.

DEDICATED WITH WARMEST SYMPATHY TO THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

By Alfred Austin, Poet Laureate of England.

Who say we cherish far-off feud,
Still nurse the ancient grudges?
Show me the title of this brood
Of self-appointed judges;
Their name, their race their nation, clan,
And we will teach them whether
We do not, as none others can,
Feel, think, and work together!

Both speak the tongue that Milton spoke,
Shakespeare and Chatham wielded,
And Washington and all his folk
When their just claim was yielded.
In it both lisp, both learn, both pray,
Dirge death, and thus the tether,
Grows tighter, tenderer, every day,
That binds the two together.

Our ways are one, and one our aim,
And one will be our story,
Who fight for Freedom, not for fame,
From Duty, not for glory;
Both stock of the old Home, where blow
Shamrock, and rose, and heather,
And every year link arms and go
Through its loved haunts together.

Should envious aliens plan and plot
'Gainst one, and now the other,
They swift would learn how strong the knot
Binds brother unto brother.
How quickly they would change their tack
And show the recreant feather,
Should Star-and-Stripe, and Union Jack,
But float mast-high together.

Now let us give one hearty grip,
As by true men is given,
And vow fraternal fellowship
That never shall be riven;
And with our peaceful flags unfurled,
Be fair or foul the weather,
Should need arise, face all the world,
And stand or fall together.

Kent, England.

—*From the New York Independent.*

The Preliminary Debate.

On Friday evening the preliminary debate was held in the College chapel. Its purpose was to help in the selection of debating teams to represent the College against Whitman, and possibly against the University of Oregon. The question discussed was, should the following industries be owned and controlled by the government: The telegraph, land, city lighting (municipal), the liquor business (state), railroads and street railways? The judges were Prof. Piper, Prof. Dumas, of the city schools, and Mr. Mathews. Those standing highest on the judges' list were Mr. Wester, Mr. Henry, Mr. French, Mr. Hooper, Mr. J. B. Cordiner and Mr. Hinchliff. From these the teams willbe arranged.

The Columbian Banquet.

Biff, boom, bah!
Biff, boom, bah!
Columbians, Columbians!
Rah, rah, rah!

What was the cause of all the whispered conversations in the halls last week, among small crowds of boys and girls? Why did the librarian, out of the kindness of her heart, have to stand more than the usual amount of noise and laughing? Why did the young man say to his dearest lady friend: "We are to go over after the prep. oratorical contest, my love. They said we were not to expect a 'swell affair,' but a fine time. I am *so* tired of the same thing to eat every day, and this will break the monotony a little bit"?

And she whispered back, "Oh, you *ought* to hear all the good things those girls have promised to bring. They are going to have all the chairs pushed back against the wall, so we can dance first, and I am *so* glad, for Oh, if there is anything I *do* like to do, it is the two-step? Then, the boys are going to bring up the tables, and, Oh, just think of the good things we shall spread them with,—salad, cheese, jelly, pies, olives, pickles, little bits of biscuits, sandwiches, cakes, chicken—m—m—"

"Oh, don't, my dear, I can't wait."

Last Saturday night explained it all. The Columbians had a "feed" in their hall. I was there, and found everything about as this young man and his friend prophesied. The long white tables loaded down with every imaginable kind of good things to eat, was tempting, to say the least. If the flash-light picture Mr. Hudson took after everyone was seated, brings out the expression on each of their faces, I am going to buy half a dozen. Mr. Hardwick acted as toast master, and Mr. French, Mr. Jones, Miss Malotte and Mr. Turner responded. Assisted by Mrs. Evenden and Miss Malotte, we sang the jolly old College songs that have been sung at such places many and many a time before. As the old clock rolled around towards twelve, the merry party disbanded, each wishing in his heart that such times would come oftener.

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