1904 Chinook

Published by the Junior Class of
The Washington Agricultural College and
School of Science
Pullman, Washington
TO SOLON SHEDD

The Student's Friend

we dedicate this book
Board of Regents

His Excellency, HENRY McBRIDE
Governor of the State of Washington
Ex Officio

U. L. ETTINGER . . . Colfax
HERMAN D. CROW . . . Spokane
J. P. SHARP . . . Ellensburg
R. C. McCROSKEY . . . Garfield
F. J. BARNARD . . . Seattle
E. A. BRYAN . . . Pullman
Ex Officio
WASHINGTON AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE

and

SCHOOL OF SCIENCE

Founded 1892

GENERAL VIEW OF THE BUILDINGS

COLORS

Crimson and Gray.

YELL

Rah! Rah! Ree!
Rah! Rah! Ree!
Washington! Washington! W. A. C.!
Chinook Board

J. C. EARLY, Editor

R. B. SHAW  .  .  .  Business Manager
ETHEL CORNELIUS  .  .  .  Associate Editor
B. A. STIMMEL  .  .  .  .  Art
ELMA SPAULDING  .  .  Social Affairs
S. O. JAYNE  .  .  .  .  Athletics
SAYDE THOMPSON  .  .  Calendar
P. A. TILMONT  .  .  Subscription
ZELLA BISBEE  .  .  

9
The "Far West" is a land wherein the lamp of Aladdin exists in manifold form. Here cities are built in a day, and states developed in a week; but the most surprising result of the rubbing of the magic lamp is the creation of educational institutions rivaling, and, in some respects, surpassing the colleges of the East which trace their growth through decades. The Washington State College, barely twelve years old, offers educational advantages which cannot be surpassed in this land of wonders—the Pacific Northwest.

The people who could not see, laughed derisively at the little "crib" which crowned the bleak Palouse hill, in silent solitude, twelve years ago. These same people now speak with the highest respect of the College which has grown from that small, but vigorous seed; and the group of modern college halls, which surround and encompass the poor little "crib," are now the pride of Washington.
The act for establishing the State College was passed March 9th, 1890; but it was not until January, 1902, that the College was opened with Dr. Lilly at its head. President Heston was the incumbent of the presidency during the disastrous year of 1893; but when the board of regents was reorganized, Dr. Bryan was called to the presidency, and under his able guidance the College has grown and prospered through good times, and bad times, in a marvelous manner. The College has grown from one building, with a mere hand-

![College Hall](image)

ful of students, to an educational establishment with over 600 students, who pursue their chosen branch of study in the halls and laboratories of nine modern, well equipped buildings; and the struggling "Pen" College of the last decade is now the educational institution of the Northwest, with its corps of graduates scattered from the balmy South Sea islands to the wind beaten plains of Dakota.
The Faculty

ENOCH ALBERT BRYAN, A. M., LL. D.
President and Professor of Political Science.
A. B. University of Indiana, '78.
A. M. University of Indiana, '84.
A. M. Harvard University, '93.
LL. D. Monmouth College, '02.

Superintendent of Schools, Grayville, Ill., '78-'82. President of Vincennes University, '82-'93.
Author of "Mark in Europe and America" and "History of Indiana's First Settlement."
President and Professor of History and Political Science, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, 1893—

CHARLES VANCOUVER PIPER, M. S.
Professor of Botany and Zoology.
M. S. University of Washington, '85.
Engaged in botanical and zoological work, principally in relation to the flora and fauna of Washington, '85-'92.
Contributor to "Botanical Gazette," "Garden and Forest," etc.
Graduate student, Harvard University, '90-'91.
Professor of Botany and Zoology, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, 1892—

O. L. WALLER, Ph. M.
Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering.
Ph. B. Hillsdale College, '83; Ph. M. Hillsdale College, '87.
Graduate student, University of Michigan, '83.
Principal of Public Schools, Dexter, Mich., '84-'86.
Graduate student, University of Michigan, '86-'87.
Principal of Schools, Dexter, Michigan, '87-'90.
Superintendent of City Schools, Colfax, Washington, '90-'93.
Graduate student, University of Chicago, '96.
Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '93—
Expert in Irrigation for U. S. Dept. of Agriculture, '00—
Irrigation Engineer, Experiment Station, '02—
ELTON FULMER, A. M.
Professor of Chemistry.
B. A. University of Nebraska, '87.
A. M. University of Nebraska, '89.
Assayer, '87-'88.
Instructor in Chemistry and Assaying, '92-'93.
Chief Chemist, Grand Island beet sugar factory, '90.
Author of "A Study of the Artesian Waters of Lincoln, Nebraska" and
"On the Occurrence of Phosphates of Nebraska."
State Chemist, '99——
Professor of Chemistry, Washington Agricultural College and School of
Science, '94——

SOFUS B. NELSON, D. V. M.
Professor of Veterinary Science.
D. V. M. Iowa Agricultural College, '89.
House Surgeon, Veterinary Department, Iowa Agricultural College, '89-'90.
Student Royal Veterinary College, Copenhagen, Denmark, '95.
Practiced profession, Spokane, '90-'95.
State Veterinarian, '95.
President State Board of Health, '03.
Professor of Veterinary Science, Washington Agricultural College, '95——

CHARLES A. BARRY, A. M.
Professor of Modern Languages.
Classic Graduate, University of Michigan.
Interpreter for Libby Glass Works, Columbian Exposition, '93.
Interpreter in France and Italy for Warren Featherbone Company.
Professor of Greek and Latin, Vincennes University.
Professor of Modern Languages, Washington Agricultural College and
School of Science, '95——

W. J. ROBERTS, S. B.
Associate Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering.
A. B. University of Oregon, '86.
S. B. Massachusetts Institute of Technology, '91.
General engineering practice, '86-'95.
City Engineer and Superintendent of Water Works, Colfax, Washington,
'92-'95.
Sanitary Engineer for the State Board of Health, '99——
Associate Member American Society of Civil Engineers, '00.
Assistant Professor of Mathematics and Civil Engineering, Washington
Agricultural College and School of Science, '95-'99. Associate Professor, '99——
ALBERT E. EGGE, Ph. D.
Professor of English Literature.
A. B. Luther College, '79.
A. M. Luther College, '83.
Graduate scholar in English, Johns Hopkins University, '84-'85.
Fellow in English, Johns Hopkins University, '85-'86.
Fellow by courtesy, Johns Hopkins University, '86-'87.
Instructor in English, Johns Hopkins University, '84-'87.
Ph. D. Johns Hopkins University, '87.
Professor of English, German, History, St. Olaf College, '87-'92.
Instructor in English, State University of Iowa, '92-'96.
Professor of English Literature, Washington Agricultural College and
School of Science, '96—

SOLON SHEDD, A. B.
Professor of Geology and Mineralogy.
B. S. Oregon State Normal School, '89.
B. A. Stanford University, '96.
Professor of Natural Sciences, Oregon State Normal School, '89-'94.
Assistant Professor of Geology and Mineralogy, Washington Agricultural
College and School of Science, '96. Professor of Geology and Mineralogy, '91—
Geologist, Washington General Survey, '91—

GEORGE H. WATT, Ph. C.
Professor of Pharmacy.
B. S. National Normal University, '80.
Ph. C. Sciö College, '91.
Principal High School, Detroit City, Minnesota, '81-'84.
Principal High School, Jacksonville, Oregon, '84-'90.
Superintendent City Schools, North Yakima, Washington, '91-'92.
Principal Preparatory School, Washington Agricultural College and School
of Science, '93-'00. Professor of Pharmacy, '98—

W. G. BEACH, A. M.
Associate Professor Economic Science and History.
Graduate student, Harvard University, A. B., A. M., '90-'92.
Instructor in History, Oberlin College, '92-'93.
Professor in Philosophy and History, Women's College of Marietta Col-
lege, '93-'97.
Graduate student, Stanford University, '97-'98.
Assistant Professor of Economic Science and History, Washington Agricul-
tural College and School of Science, '98. Associate Professor of Economic Sci-
ence and History, '01—
EDWIN E. ELLIOTT, M. S.
Professor of Agriculture.
*A. B. Monmouth College.*
*M. S. Michigan Agricultural College, '99.*
Followed general farming and stock-raising several years. Assistant Professor of Agriculture, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '99. Associate Professor of Agriculture, '01. Professor of Agriculture, '02——

WILLIAM S. THYNG, E. M.
Professor of Mining.
*E. M. Columbia University School of Mines, '95.*
Instructor in Metallurgy, Pennsylvania State College, '98. Assistant in Mining, Columbia University School of Mines, '98-'99. Assistant Professor of Mining, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '99. Professor of Mining, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '02——

WILLIAM BOGARDUS STRONG, A. M. Mus. B.
Instructor in Band and Orchestral Instruments.
*Attended Syracuse University, '81.*
*A. M. University of Tennessee, '83.*
*Mus. B. Boston School of Orchestration, '85.*

CAPTAIN JOHN KINZIE, U. S. A.
Professor of Military Science and Tactics.

17
H. V. CARPENTER, M. S., A. A., I. E. E.
Professor of Mechanical Engineering.
B. S. in Electrical Engineering, University of Illinois, '97.
M. S. in Physics and Mathematics, University of Illinois, '99.
Instructor in Physics, University of Illinois, '97-'01.
Assistant Professor of Mechanical Engineering, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '01.
Professor of Mechanical Engineering, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '02—

CHARLOTTE N. MALOTTE, A. B.
Assistant Professor of Latin.
A. B. Indiana University, '94.
Professor of Latin, Vincennes University, '96-'99.
Instructor in Latin, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '99-'00. Assistant Professor of Latin, '00—

N. O. BOOTH, B. Agr.
Professor of Horticulture.
B. Agr. Missouri University, '96.
Assistant Horticulturist, Missouri Agricultural College, '96-'01.
Assistant Horticulturist, New York Experiment Station, '01-'02.
Horticulturist at Experiment Station, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '02—
Professor of Horticulture, Washington Agricultural School of Science. '02—

R. E. SNODGRASS, B. A.
Assistant Professor of Entomology.
B. A. Leland Stanford Junior University, '01.
Assistant in Entomology, Stanford University, '99-'01.
Assistant Professor of Entomology, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '01—

S. H. WEBSTER.
Principal of Commercial Department.
Graduate of Delaware, Ohio, Business College.
Graduate Waynesburg College, '93.
Instructor, Commercial Department Waynesburg College.
Teacher, Science and Mathematics, Jackson High School, Jackson, Michigan, '94-'95.
Principal Commercial Department, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '95—
NANCY L. VAN DOREN.
Preceptress.
Graduate Oswego Normal and Training School, '68.
Principal City Schools, Leavenworth, Kansas, '68-'71.
Teacher Methods, Genesee Normal, New York, '71-'74.
Principal High School, Ferguson, Missouri, '81-'84.
Preceptress, Librarian and Teacher of English, Agricultural College of South Dakota, '84-'90.

ROSCOE WILFRED THATCHER, M. A.
Chemist.
B. S. University of Nebraska, '98.
M. A. University of Nebraska, '01.
Instructor in Science, Beatrice, Nebraska, High School, '98-'99.
Assistant Chemist, Nebraska Agricultural Experiment Station, '99-'01.
Author of "An Improved Method for the Rapid Estimation of Sugar in Beets" and "The Indirect Weighing of Quantitative Precipitates."
Assistant Chemist, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '01.
Chemist, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '02—

WILLIE FRANCES WOODWARD.
Teacher of Art.
Studied at the Art Students' League of New York, and the New York School of Art.
Pupil of William Chase, Douglas John Connah and George Bridgman.
Instructor in Drawing and Painting, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '01.
Head of Department of Drawing and Painting, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '02—

HIRAM CALVIN SAMPSON, A. B.
A. B. University of Indiana, '97.
Superintendent City Schools, Kingfisher, Oklahoma, '93-'95.
Professor Mathematics, Vincennes University, '97-'99.
Professor Mathematics, State Normal School, Cheney, Washington, '99-'00.
Principal Preparatory Department, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '00—
R. KENT BEATTIE, A. M.
Instructor in Botany.
A. B. Cotter University, '95.
B. S. University of Nebraska, '96.
A. M. University of Nebraska, '98.
Instructor in Botany, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '99—

EDWIN A. SNOW, B. L.
Instructor in English.
B. L. University of Wisconsin, '00.
Postgraduate student University of Wisconsin, '00-'01.
Instructor in English, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '01—

H. S. DAVIS, Ph. B.
Instructor in Vertebrate Zoology.
Ph. B. Wesleyan University, '99.
Graduate student, Wesleyan University, '99-'00.
Graduate student, Harvard University, '00-'01.
Assistant in Zoology, Harvard University, '00-'01.
Instructor in Vertebrate Zoology, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '01—

W. K. W. HANSEN, M. E.
Instructor in Shop Work.
M. E. Western University of Pennsylvania, '01.
Instructor in Shop Work, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '01—

D. A. MAC CRACKEN.
Instructor in Stenography and Typewriting.
Instructor in School of Business, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '01—

21
H. J. McIntyre.
Instructor in Physical Education.
Attended Normal School of Physical Education, '93.
Attended Roanoke College, Salem, Virginia, '94-'96.
Graduated Normal School of Physical Education, Springfield, Massachusetts, '97.
Professor of Physical Education, Miami University, Oxford, Ohio, '97-'99.
Professor of Physical Education and Physiology, DePauw University, '99-'01.
Professor of Physical Education, Virginia Polytechnic Institute, '01-'02.
Instructor in Physical Education, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '02——

Lillie May Robertson, A. B.
Albany Collegiate Institute, Albany, Oregon, '86.
Monmouth College, Monmouth, Illinois, '92.
Instructor in English, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '02——

John W. Woods, D. V. S.
D. V. S. Washington State College, '02.
House Surgeon, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '02——

Gertrude Saxton.
Librarian.
Student Wheaton College, Illinois, '93-'95.
Los Angeles Library Training School, '96-'98.
Library Attendant, Los Angeles Public Library, '98-'99.
Librarian Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '99——

Fred Ford Flanders.
Instructor in Chemistry.
Laboratory Assistant in Chemistry, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '01——

E. N. Hutchinson, D. V. M.
Lecturer on Meat Inspection.
D. V. M. Chicago Veterinary College, '93.
Lecturer on Meat Inspection, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '01——

22
C. L. SMITH.
Farmers' Institute Lecturer.

JOHN STORRS COTTON, B. S.
Assistant Agriculturist.
B. S. Union College, '97.
Graduate State Normal School, Oneonta, New York.
Taught school, '99-'00.
Graduate student in Botany, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science, '00-'01-'02.
Assistant Agriculturist, Washington Agricultural College and School of Science. In charge of Grass Experiment Station, Sunnyside, Washington, '01—
Departments
Civil Engineering.

As the human family advances down the broad road of civilization, it shows the mastery of mind over matter in diverse ways; some enchant the ear with melody, others indelibly record bits of nature on canvas, while others compute problems which stagger the finite mind and juggle formulae as easily as a fakir juggles gilded balls. About nine years ago a man of wondrous physique who could work out formulae for solving anything from the riddle of the Sphinx to the problem of life, came to the State College. He was soon followed by a one haired man who could weigh Jupiter as easily as a grocer weighs a pound of butter, or run a line from Pasco to the Ultima Thule without a single deviation or correction.

The fame of these men spread abroad and youths from every state flocked to Pullman to drink in knowledge where the spring was pure; and now, every day, men may be seen with transit and chain working out every niche and cranny of the campus. This continues for four years with calculus or theoretical mechanics for diversion, until with bulging brow and lofty glance, they step forward on the terrestrial stage to become captains of industry and lead the laboring masses in their assault on the forces of nature.
The Department of Chemistry continues to endeavor to bring to its students the highest standards of scientific study. The most recent discoveries in this new science, together with the best methods of presenting these and the earlier-known facts and phenomena of nature, are earnestly sought after by the instructors of this department. Students are constantly urged to cultivate their powers of observation, and thus to become fitted to obtain a proper conception of the facts and laws of the material world in which the American people are now making such marvelous discoveries and developments. The constant aim of the work of this department is to afford such a working knowledge of the underlying principles of this branch of physical science, that the student who has completed its courses will be prepared to be of practical benefit to the commonwealth which has afforded him this opportunity for study.

We point with pride to the influence that this department has exerted in developing some of the newer industries of the state—notably that of the manufacture of beet sugar—to the active part taken by members of the department in securing and enforcing better state laws for the regulation of the sale of impure or adulterated food products, and to the active and enthusiastic citizenship of our students and graduates, as evidences that this department is doing its full share in the development of our state, both intellectually and economically.

When, two years ago, we invited the members of the committee from the legislature to "watch our smoke" as an evidence of the need of new and better quarters for our laboratories, we had high
hopes for a modern, well-equipped building, in which we might grow as we feel that it is in our power and province to do. These hopes are now nearing their realization. The completion of "Morrill Hall" will give us a home which the department, the college, and the state, as a whole, may well be proud of. With the new facilities for instruction and research, we shall have opportunities not equalled elsewhere in the Northwest. Students may find here everything that is needed to add inspiration and pleasure to their study. We feel that we have cause to believe that we are now at the open door of opportunity for a most remarkable growth and development.

It is a matter of common comment that the faculty of this department has been so chosen as to afford living examples of both length and breadth in development. The effect of this is plainly seen in the case of the senior students in the department this year, who have very evidently striven to emulate their instructors in this regard. This fact may be considered by some as an added evidence of the truth of the old adage concerning "the influence of mind over matter."

Rarely does it fall to the lot of the chronicler to have such a field for truthful boasting as is offered by the possibilities and attractions of the Department of Chemistry. But he is handicapped by the well-known policy of the department—modesty. Indeed, it is a matter of common remark among the students and faculty of the college, that the head of this department is especially averse to "putting on (h) airs." Hence it behooves us to say no more, but to invite all who are interested to "come and see."
There is no science so interesting as the science of life. The young enthusiasts who follow the development of the first forms down through their various stages of organic development are, surely, amply repaid for their labors by seeing the veil which obscures the process of evolution thrust aside, and having the mystery of creation—which the ancient sages knew not—laid bare to their eyes. In our laboratory mysteries are daily laid bare which, like the glory of the golden sunset, custom has stripped of the miraculous.
The "Department of Agriculture"—original in investigation and intensely practical—the foundation of the college. All things stand upon their foundations. Nothing ever succeeds with a flimsy basis. The success of the Washington Agricultural College is not questioned, therefore the department of agriculture must be strong.

The practical side of agriculture is here taught by the actual contact method, and this method has proved very successful. Original investigation is carried on with an ardor and precision which can not fail to give satisfactory results if the problem in hand is a possible one. The equipment is peculiarly complete, consisting of all apparatus of known merit, and most of the fads, or new ideas. While the farm is stocked with the best pure breed animals. Thrus making it possible for the student to study all of the various phases, and to learn agriculture.

The head of the department is Professor E. E. Elliott, who is assisted by Professor Severance.
Are you a “graftor?” If you want to become proficient in all the different methods, you should study Horticulture. Grafting is only one of the many accomplishments learned in this department. We will guarantee a graduate from this department any kind of a position from a professorship up to a garden-weeder. This course offers to the girls a thorough drill in “cuttings,” “slips,” etc. Squirrel shooting is one of the requirements for graduation. You cannot get your “sheep-skin” unless you can gain the endearing and abiding affection of Mike, the greenhouse cat. Moral: Learn to love cats.

Do you want to plant a fruit orchard? Do you want to know how many seats to place “beneath the hawthorne’s shade?”

“Haste makes waste,” so don’t be in a hurry. Just take a four years’ course in Horticulture; then you can plant an orchard so that the trees form nice little triangles, or squares, and you will know where to place the seats without using a surveyor’s transit. But this is not all. You can learn to raise cabbage heads and sunflowers. It was in this department that the wonderful discovery was made by which you can grow potatoes in the air and tomatoes in the ground—all on one plant. For further information inquire of any member of the department.

Girls, if you want to beat the boys at sharpening pocket-knives, take a course in Horticulture.

Do you know how to plow? Neither do we.

Some people claim there is no culture at the W. A. C. These poor people are sadly mistaken, for we have: Horticulture, Floriculture, Agriculture and (for those who are able to carry five subjects) a short course in Horticulture.
The English language is the most complicated of modern languages, and also a language full of delights—the poet's medium of expressing the finer thoughts and ideas; thoughts and ideas so fine that they must be concentrated by passing through an Egg or a Snow before the average mind can grasp them. The course offered in the W. A. C. is so comprehensive and wide that the student imbibes a love for masters of English, which doubles his enjoyment of life.
The Department of Economic Science and History is under the able guidance of President Bryan and Professor Beach. The students in this department are drawn from the big, bright, brainy men of our college, and are all recognized as leaders, even in their undergraduate days. The course is broadening and ripening, and gives those so gifted with foresight as to elect it the best possible training for useful citizenship in a country of equal suffrage.
Many years ago, when the world was new, Tubal Cain began working in brass and iron, and his descendants—big, brawny, broad-shouldered men—have continued in the vocation ever since. Some years ago a more wide discrimination of knowledge than the old caste system permitted, was desired by the residents of this last and best commonwealth in the sisterhood of states; and they, in their sovereign capacity, came to the fountainhead of knowledge and established a department of Mechanical Engineering in the Washington State College. For many years this department struggled on—now flaming into fitful life, now almost dying away—until the wise and sapient regents found a lineal descendant of the brawny Tubal Cain, and after trying him for a time as assistant professor, they made him head of the Department of Mechanical Engineering. This modern magi has set the wheels of Industry moving in the grimy little house on the hill, and men from mountain and valley, and the far western sea, come and learn from this great artificer how to design powerful machines, and to make wondrous and fantastic shapes of rough, unhewn boards, and hammer the stubborn iron until it becomes as pliable as a “Dorm” girl to the will of a young “Prof.”

They are also initiated into the mysteries of steam and electricity and duplicate the magic of Mage Merlin in this century of reason’s reign.
Fortunate, indeed, were the Regents of our College when they engaged Barry, the gifted, to fill the Chair of Modern Languages. He speaks and thinks as easily in French, German, Spanish or Italian as does the writer in bad English. Under his able tutelage the pliable mind of the western youth is bent to grasp languages as easily as did the Apostles on Pentecost.
The Department of Mining Engineering is one in which we all take a great pride. The students in this department can be “spotted” for miles (on a clear day) by their heavy look of deep preoccupation; in fact they have been so thoroughly preoccupied that they could find no time to write up this department, and the painful task was shoved onto the bending shoulders of a man who is not supposed to know a “wet upper” from a Tuyere.

The department is well equipped with all modern appliances for ore dressing and reduction. The laboratories are situated in the Mining Building, and in Science Hall, where Professors Shedd and Thyng instill the rudiments which underlie this great extractive industry into the heads of the men who aspire to be “Captains of Industry” and tear the hidden treasure from the bowels of the stingy old earth.

In the sultry summer time Professor Thyng gathers up the shrinking Juniors and leads them to where the things they read about are done, and shows them what a tunnel, drift, stope, shaft, winze or level looks like. He then conducts them underground where the Burleighs, Ingersolls, or Rand-Sargents are tearing out the rock, and the “muckers” are separating the gangue from the ore; and the wondering Juniors see and wonder, and come back to College and write a thesis upon the development of a mine for their Bachelor’s Degree.
List of Officers of W. A. C. Corps of Cadets.

STAFF.
Captain JORK KIXZIE, U. S. A. (Ret.), Commandant.
Major F. J. WHITTAKER
Captain and Quartermaster F. T. SCHMIDT
Captain and Adjutant A. D. BUTLER

LINE.
Captain W. A. MINNICK, Co. B
Captain C. H. SCHUELE, Co. A
Captain A. M. TORPEN, Co. C
First Lieut. M. R. KLEPPER, Co. B
First Lieut. S. E. ROBINSON, Co. C
First Lieut. C. H. BELL, Co. A
Second Lieut. F. W. THOMPSON, Co. B
Second Lieut. R. E. GAY, Co. A
Department of Fine Arts

Here is where the students learn that drawing is merely a matter of form, and that color, once on the palette, becomes merely a matter of taste.

The scene of their endeavors is a studieux on the eleventh floor of Science Hall. Portfolios stand about, accidentally placed in the right positions. There is a blockhand here, and a blockhead there; a bottle of fixatif on this side, and a pair of eyes on that side. An air of inspiration and turpentine pervades the room.

The seekers for art consist of:
Ye charcoal pupils, who knead rubber, that's all.
Ye pastellists.
Ye pyrographers.
Ye pen drawists, who dream of perfection.
Ye painters in oil, who sling paint with slapidity.
Ye colorists dainty, who wield water well.
Ye painters of china, who charm with their chin(a).

In More Serious Vein

The value of an art school depends upon the applicability of the principles which it inculcates. The purpose of an art school is specific, viz.: to prepare the student for the various kinds of artistic work which will later be required of him. Not only the making of pictures and statues, but the many commercial demands of art should receive attention. The Art Department is an associate department of the college, and aims to fill, in the highest degree, the ideal of what an art school should be. As yet the department is young, but the growing interest in art in the school and community bears promise that the attainment of this ideal is not far distant.
Classes
The Senior Class of a college is always looked up to with awe and respect. It is with mixed feelings that we think of them—feelings of sorrow that we are so soon to part with them, and feelings of gladness that they are soon to be free to take their chosen path and travel untrammelled down the way of life. Our present Senior Class has been a factor in student affairs since their Freshman days and everyone regrets parting with its members, although they will always be with us in spirit; yet we shall miss their bright faces and the cheering tones of their voices. Seniors, you leave carrying with you the best wishes of all.
LULA FAYE ALLEN
was born in Homer, Mich., July 24, 1882. Removed to the West in 1885. Entered Pullman Public School in 1890, and graduated as valedictorian of her class; entered Preparatory Department, Washington Agricultural College, in 1897, graduating two years later as valedictorian; represented Columbian Society as orator on Washington's birthday, 1900; also on Commencement Program in 1902 as Declaimer.

T. ANNA CLEMENS
was born in Marysville, Tenn., Oct. 23, 1879; removed with her parents to Eastern Washington in 1885; prepared for College in Colfax High School, and entered the Preparatory Department of the Washington State College, where her preparatory work was finished; entered College with the class '02, but was not in attendance during the year '00-'01; she is a member of the Columbian, representing that society twice in intersociety entertainments; she participated in the Declamation Contest, the "Lombard" and the Intercollegiate Preliminary Oratorical Contest.
She is making an exhaustive study of "Bird Lore" in Tennyson for her Bachelor's Degree in English.
AGNES REBECCA DOWNS began her journey through this vale of tears at Astoria some time in the last century; she entered the Preparatory Department of the Washington Agricultural College about fifteen years later and has "just kept a-goin'" until the present time; she has been identified with nearly every student dramatic company since entering College; she was also a member of the Washington Literary Society prior to its reorganization and represented it several times in intersociety entertainments; she won first prize in the declamation contest in 1899; was a member of the Evergreen staff and the Chinook Board and charter member of the "Eta Phi."

Course - Modern Language.

MARIE ESTBY was born at Battle Lake, Minn., May 27, 1876; student at the University of Washington for two years; entered the Washington Agricultural College in 1899 as a Freshman; secretary Students' Assembly, 1901-'02; class president 1902-'03; president Girls' Athletic Association, 1902-'03; tutor in Chemistry, 1902-'03.

Course—Chemistry. Thesis, "The Indirect Weighing of Quantitative Precipitates;" a rapid and accurate method for determining the weight of a precipitate without separating it from the liquid from which it was precipitated.
ARTHUR LORRAINE HOOVER was born in Polk County, Oregon, Nov. 4, 1875; removed with his parents to Whitman County, Washington, in 1879; received his early education in Johnson and entered the Preparatory Department of Washington Agricultural College in 1895; delivered oration when his class graduated in 1897; member of College Band '95, '96, '97-1900; member of Dramatic Club '96-'98; member of Glee Club, '96; lieutenant and signal officer Washington Agricultural College Cadet Corps 1898; played on the baseball team, '96-'97-'99-'01; captain, '97; manager, '02; member of track team, '99; left tackle on football team, '96, '98, '99, '00, '01, '02; captain in '01; president of Athletic Association, 1902-'03; when association was incorporated; president Washington Literary Society, 1897; class president, 1902; president Chewawa Literary Society, '96; secretary Students' Assembly, 1902; leader debating team which defeated Montana, 1902; department editor "Chinook," '03; assistant editor "Evergreen," '02; editor of "Tween Acts," 1902; editor-in-chief "Evergreen," 1902-'03; inspector in Ferry Hall two years; member S. C. L.

GEORGE FREDRICK HENRY was born in Ainsworth, Iowa, in 1871; attended the common schools of Pennsylvania and Ohio, graduating from the High School of Lodi, Ohio; attended Albion College, Michigan, 1894-'95; Detroit College of Law, 1895-'96; attended Summer School Washington Agricultural College, 1900; entered Washington Agricultural College as a Freshman, 1900; member Websterian Society, and represented that society in intersociety entertainments '02; member debating team against Whitman '02; and of the team which met the University of Idaho in '03; tutor in Preparatory Department, 1902-'03; assistant editor "'03 Chinook."
STENTON PETER JELLLUM was born in Lake Park, Minn.; attended University of Minnesota two years, and then took Horace Greeley’s advice; entered Washington Agricultural College in 1901; he has been a member of the band, orchestra and Glee Club since coming to the Washington Agricultural College.


JOHN HUGH JONES was born Sept. 26, 1876, at Blue Earth City, Minn.; removed to Washington in 1885; entered Preparatory Department in 1896; member football team, ’96, ’97, ’99, ’01, ’02; captain, 1900; president Columbia Literary Association; captain track team, 1897; president Athletic Association, 1897–’98; member Intercollegiate team which met Idaho, 1897; member team which met Whitman, 1901; sergeant Co. K, First Washington Volunteers, Spanish-American war; represented Columbia Literary Society as orator, 1901; editor-in-chief, 1903 “Chinook”; president Oratorical Association, 1902–’03; president Students’ Assembly, 1902–’03.

CHARLES F. PROFF was born near Stayton, Ore., Nov. 18, 1876; moved to the state of Washington, near Rosalia, while yet quite young; attended a country school for some time, then went to the High School at Rosalia; completed work equivalent to about an eight grade and then went to the State Normal at Cheney in the spring of '96; while there became ambitious to attend College, so came to Pullman in the fall of '97; attended College for five years, being one of the original members of the '03 class; was a member of the varsity football team for four years, baseball team four years, and track team three years; took active part in five athletic entertainments; the only man in the institution entitled to wear the three athletic emblems, winning them all the first season they were adopted; president of the Washington Agricultural College Athletic Association, 1901-'02; chief of fire department, 1902; rose to first lieutenant in Capt. Kinzie's army; member of the Columbian. Course—Mining Engineering. Thesis, "Development of and Installation of Machine Plant for a Copper-Gold Mine Located in the Kettle River District, near Danville, Wash.

MATHEW SILLMAN was ushered into this vale of tears on a farm in Sangamon County, Illinois, in 1877; he took his parents by the hands and led them to the fertile fields of Lincoln county, Washington, in 1887; he received his preparatory education in the Davenport High School and the Preparatory Department of the Washington Agricultural College, entering upon his collegiate career with the class of '03; he was elected treasurer of the Athletic Association in 1903. Course—Electrical Engineering. Thesis, "Design of a Dynamo."
EUGENE PERSON was born at Endicott, Wash., Nov. 19, 1882; entered Washington Agricultural College Preparatory Department in 1896; joined the class of 1902 as a Freshman, but was absent from College one year; was a member of the Columbian Literary Society, and a charter member of the Websterian, representing his society in intersociety exhibitions four times; president of the Websterian, 1902; class president, 1901; won second place in declamation contest, 1901; intercollegiate debater against Idaho, 1903; won medal in the first Lombard oratorical contest; departmental editor "Evergreen," 1900-01; associate editor, 1902-03; athletic editor "Chinook," 1902; member of "tumbling team" since '99; manager athletic entertainment, 1902-03; full back on football team, 1902; member of track team, 1901-02-03; captain, 1903; captain class team, '02; holds College record in high jump, shot put; secretary Athletic Association; vice president Students' Assembly; president Intercollegiate Oratorical Association; inspector in Ferry Hall.


SUSIE MAUD PRICE gave utterance to her first infantile coo at Dayton, Wash., Aug. 20, 1880; she received her preparatory education in the Dayton High School, graduating with the class of 1898, and entered the Washington Agricultural College the same year.

Course—English. Thesis, "Diction in Tennyson."
WILLIS H. TRENNER
first saw the glorious sun
flood the hills of Goldendale
with his glorious light on
June 4, 1879; he completed
the preparatory and Fresh­
man work in Pacific Univer­
sity, and entered the Wash­
ington Agricultural College
in 1900; member of the In­
stitute of Mechanical En­
gineers; tutor in Mathemat­
ics.
Course—Electrical En­
gineering. Thesis, "Meas­
urement of Magnetic Hy­
teresis."

ARTHUR JOHN TUR­
NER began his journey to­
ward happiness in Walla Walla, Wash., Jan., 1879;
Removed to Whitman coun­
ty in 1881; he received his
ey early training in the St.
John public school and en­
tered the Preparatory De­
partment of the Washington
Agricultural College in
1897, and the College two
years later; he delivered an
oration when his class grad­
uated from the Preparatory
Department, '99; was a trus­
tee of the Columbian Liter­
ary Society; president of his
class; captain in Washi­
ton Agricultural
College Cadet Corps, '01;
local editor of the "Ever­
green," '01-02; business
manager '03 "Chinook";
business manager of the
"Evergreen," 1902-03; man­
ger track team, 1903.
Course—Mining Engin­
eering. Thesis, "The De­
velopment of a Gold Mine
in the Eastern Oregon Gold
Fields."
CARL F. UHDEN was born in Avoca, Iowa, June 13, 1873; graduated from Avoca High School in 1888; graduated from Spokane Business College 1891; entered Washington Agricultural College in 1899; treasurer Athletic Association, 1902-03.


Renton, Washington, was the place chosen by the powers which rule the mundane affairs to be the birthplace of ARTHUR EDWARD WILLIAMS; he entered upon the active duties of life on May 10, 1878, and received his preliminary education on the trout streams of King county and the Seattle High School, entering the Freshman Class of our College in 1898; but, owing to an accident, he was forced to remain out a year and will finish with the class '03.
THOMAS JAMES WOODS began his journey to meet the discipline committee at Willmar, Minn., July 22, 1878; removed to North Dakota in 1888, and to Olympia, Wash., one year later; after living a time in Aberdeen and Tacoma he fixed his abode in Colfax, where he began to prepare himself for entrance into the Washington Agricultural College, which College he entered, as a “Prep.” in 1897, and has been prominently identified with the various student enterprises ever since, being a member of the track team two years and on the “Evergreen” staff one year.
Course—Economic Science and History.
The Junior Class is always the working class in a college, and the class of '04 is no exception to this rule. We have representatives in every line of college activity—football, baseball, track, trustees of the athletic association, "Evergreen," Y. M. C. A., Y. W. C. A., oratory, debate; and last, to make it more emphatic, "The Chinook" is all our own.

We came into college as an aggregation of strays, and the instinct of self-preservation welded us into a homogeneous, if not harmonious, body; and we have come down the broad path of knowledge as a unit when opposed to the foe, and as 20 units when considering affairs of importance in the class. We have among our members the brightest, best, ornariest and meanest students in college, and the beauty of it is that these qualities are blended, more or less, in the make-up of every member of our class. We made our debut into College by elevating the ancestral chivalry of the fallen Arch-angel, and we have been industriously shoving in the chunks ever since. In short, we have made ourselves felt.

The class has always had officers who rank with the best class officers in college, and it is unique in that it is the only class in which
all the lady members hold office at the same time. The class thus solved the problem of "How to Keep Down the Green-Eyed Monster and permit its members to dwell in blessed harmony." Another distinction is that no Junior girl goes unescorted, and her escort is always the same man and always a Junior. We have many other virtues as a class, but to write them all would be to enumerate the virtues of mankind.
Words are not, as politicians say when there is nothing to tell, totally inadequate to describe the mental, physical and social gymnastics of this class. There are many features that distinguished it from all other classes. It has a smaller number of girls than any other collegiate class; and the two girls who are the shortest and the tallest girls in school, are members of it.

It has, also, the girl most skilled in military tactics, and the man who can boast of fewer hairs on his head than any Professor.

The majority of the class is composed of some eighteen or nineteen boys, whose remarkable talents embrace all departments, from football to society and art.

They have beaten the Freshmen in football, helped give a Freshman-Sophomore class entertainment that was a credit to the institution; taken a sleighride while all other classes were waiting for enough snow, and have given a banquet that sent them all home singing:

I'm right down glad, I ever came to college,
I'm right down glad, I am a Sophomore;
We're all enormous feeders,
And are born to be the leaders,
From the W. A. C., and the year is only half gone!
Remarkable as it may seem to the uninitiated, the brilliant assemblage known as the Class of 1906 had a humble origin. This class once meekly bore the opprobrious epithet "Junior Preps.," and for three long years struggled in Prepdom. At last, as a result of the process of evolution and survival of the fittest, there appeared in the collegiate world the most promising Freshman class ever known in the history of the institution. The class was further strengthened in the fall of 1902 by the addition of many intellectual and physical giants from other institutions of learning.

The Freshmen have been among the leaders in all lines of college activity and achievement. They have representatives upon the basketball, base ball, track and foot ball teams; they have won honors in debate and oratory and have become prominent in literary fields. In brief, the Freshmen have distinguished themselves in all competition open to muscle and brain.

The class of 1906 has, from the beginning, been characterized by its originality and class spirit. To its members is due the credit for the establishment of Color Day, while the many class entertainments and "feeds" have been among the most successful social events of the year.

The college career of the Freshmen has been crowded full of dazzling victories over their natural enemies, the Sophomores. In this brief epitome we can mention only a few. Everyone remembers the capture of the entire male contingent of the Sophomore class upon the main street of Pullman. Who can forget the thrilling
capture of the Sophs. who were making a daring attempt to break up the Freshman banquet?

If past history is any indication, the future of the class is bright indeed. Who can say to what heights of achievement and distinction its "fair women and brave men" may not attain. And when national fame is theirs they will look back to the Class of 1906 as the beginning of their greatness.

A FRIEND.
The course of study covers a period of two years of thirty-six weeks each. The entrance requirements are the same as entrance to the Senior Preparatory year of the college or equivalent to the completion of two years' high school work. All the subjects usually taught in the best schools of pharmacy are included in the Curriculum.

The elements of the natural sciences on which the application of pharmacy is based is pursued in the regular college classes, thus giving the students of pharmacy close association with students in other departments of the college.

The facilities for instruction are of the very best. The methods of instruction include lectures, recitations, reviews and laboratory practice. About three-fourths of the recitation hours are spent in the laboratories, where the student makes practical application of his knowledge, the aim being to gain a thorough practical knowledge of the materials handled, as well as to cover every phase of actual drug store practice.
Soon after the establishment of the Pharmacy Department the students of the department organized an association which was called the School of Science Pharmaceutical Association. This society still lives and is one of the most energetic and effective in the institution.

The society was organized in order to give the students of the Pharmacy Department an opportunity to do literary work, along the special lines belonging to their course of study. The programs consist of discussions, debates, essays, readings, society papers, and quizzes conducted by members of the association. The work is directly connected with practical pharmacy and many phases of pharmacy which cannot be taken up in the regular study are here handled in a way that is at the same time profitable and entertaining. In addition to these programs rendered by the society, members of the faculty, local druggists and physicians are occasionally invited to give lectures before the society on subjects that are of interest to the members.

In addition to these lines of training the society brings together all the members of the Pharmacy Department, who, but for this opportunity of meeting together on an equal footing, would know little of each other. It is the tie that binds together the students of the department, and enables them to assert their rights at the hands of the other departments and societies of the college. It helps to arouse and maintain a kind of patriotism, which gives inspiration and support to its members who participate in the literary and athletic contests of the college.
Senior Pharmacy Class History.

Early in the fall of 1901 a plucky band of pilgrims embarked their little craft upon the Pharmic Sea of Knowledge. They were leaving behind them many dear ones who had been their playmates since childhood, who had wrestled with them through childish joy and sorrow, but now they were going to face a new life full of danger and temptation.

As they looked across the briny space and saw, in the distance, many waves of great height and force which had to be surmounted, and saw brewing on the horizon the white squall which betokened a darkened sky and high wind, they were filled with a fear of uncertainty; but their hearts were staunch and their resolution strong.

Away they started, with a fair wind and a full sail. Never was brig more safely handled and never was crew so loyal and united. Calm and sun were alternated with storm and cloud, until they could see, far in the distance, the flowering shore which is so welcome to every eye. But ere they could step on that beautiful strip of inviting land, they must pass through a storm which combined with its force all the terrific elements which a high sea, fearful blasts, and a foamy brine contained within their power. One hearty word from their captain, a faithful and longing grasp of the helm, and a silent prayer to their Maker, and that gallant crew, united to a man, faced the fateful and unmerciful storm of Organic Chemistry.

Their little boat was tossed and toyed by the ever grasping winds. Sleet and salt blinded their sight, and it seemed, at times, that they would be cast into oblivion; but a steady hand at the helm and a watchful eye at the bow have steered many a shaky timber from out the clutches of doom.

Thus sailed toward the one smiling shore, the Pharmacy Class of 1903, having passed through the sea of hardship and labor, and landing one and all onto a land where their numbers are destined to a work which will alleviate the pains and sorrows of the human race; where their name will stand at the head of the roll of honor.
Junior Pharmacy.

We shall break the news to you gently. We have ever been firm sympathizers with the race and consider it a duty devolving on us to apprise the world that we are the Pharmacy Class of 1904.

If you wish to find us at any time, go to room 10, College Hall, at 10:10 o'clock; there we are limited on the right by shelves filled with drugs about which we know very little; in the rear by other shelves containing drugs, whose existence is another addition to our numerous troubles; on the left by a radiator long since frozen to death; in front by the terrors of Professor Watt, the Pharmacopoeia and the Day of Judgment.

It is conjectured that we shall become famous. Already we have, under Professor Beattie, subdued and secured such sturdy specimens as hydrastis, ipecac, angelica and pareira. On one occasion, too, we spent an entire afternoon on the smoking trail of a tuberculosis bacterium; but persistent and sanguinary though we were, the scent of success was lost when crossing the state line into Idaho and we were obliged to return wearing a look like a "C" student during examination week.

These, indeed, are only shadows of our real hardships. Imagine the feelings and the agony breaking our shoe-laces and swelling up in our necks as the Professor reclines leisurely in his chair, while with a frigid, sheet-iron look on his otherwise handsome face he asks in a "still, small voice" if the lesson is too long.

At times like the above, the beatitudes present themselves like this: Blessed are they who find favor in College Hall for theirs is a good grade in Pharmacy; blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after Chemistry for they shall not receive a "D" from Fulmer.

We long for action; we are dying for work; we beat the air for the coming of the time when we shall shout with a loud noise:

For we derived our nourishment all from the selfsame spot,
From Fulmer we had Chemistry and Pharmacy from Watt;
Lectures in Pharmacognosy from Beattie did we get,
From Nelson, Physiology, who makes us tremble yet.
But these things now are passed and gone and dead forevermore,
Three cheers for Junior Pharmacy, the Class of 1904!
The School of Veterinary Science is an institution whose fame has spread wide and far—even to Guy.

Its classes contain men of many ranks and stations. They have come from the far east and far west.

One is said to have developed his taste for veterinary surgery in a slaughter house and sausage factory in St. Paul. Another, it is said, acquired his taste for removing tumors by pursuing the apparently innocent sport of digging clams somewhere between Seattle and Snohomish.

We might go on indefinitely discussing the charms and peculiarities of the various members, but space and courtesy will not permit. Suffice it to say that all are gentlemen of aesthetic tastes and varied accomplishments.

The work and routine of the school is well disposed of by a Wood(en) man of remarkable executive ability, while the affairs of state are administered by Dr. Saccarogalactorrhea Biodynamics Nelson.

The lines of work taken up by the school are even more various and numerous than the characteristics of its members. To tell all would be beyond our power, and would unnecessarily tax our readers.

The usual modus operandi may be taken to be somewhat as follows: The patient (a horse preferred) is brought to a room (where he leaves all hope behind) in the south end of Science Hall by the hospital attendant, Benzine Ostbo. Here, by means of devices rare
and cunning, the horse is persuaded to enter. We will suppose that he has a toothache, which he guards very carefully. He is placed in the stocks (not watered) and left to the tender mercies of Opthalmotonometry Menig, Aconite Jute Damman, and the hospital attendant.

Now our attention is attracted by the arrival of the second patient — another horse. This forlorn animal is obliged to undergo a most difficult operation. The operation is performed, is successful, of course, and the case is pronounced ready for dismissal.

In the meantime, the first patient has had his toothache wholly removed and stands rolling a sweet morsel under his tongue, which, in common phrase, would probably be called a gum boil.

Thus it is that two cases are added to the great roll of "Cases."
The School of Business is one of the most useful schools in our College. Here young men and young women are fitted for careers of usefulness, and turned out into the larger world to shine among their less useful brethren like decaying starfish in a sea of mud.

Professor Webster pounds the rules of trade in the cerebrum of Young Palouse and Mr. McCracken makes nimble his fingers and sure his eye, thus fitting him for any position at the disposal of man.
Among the necessary evils with which we are burdened is the "Prep." The course offered to tickle the intellectual palate of this mental delicatessen is equivalent to the course offered in our first class High Schools, and in addition it is so arranged as to form a sort of mental capstone for those who do not care to pursue their work further. The "Prep." is ubiquitous, and always much in evidence. He debates, orates, or declaims in the "Chewawa" or "Alki;" plays baseball with the High School or Normal School teams of the State; he orates for a consideration once each year; he defends the honor of "Prepdom" against the fierce forensic onslaughts of the Normalite, and in short he prepares himself to become that acme of perfection—the College Student.
Student Affairs
Students' Assembly.

Organization is the tendency of the age, not only in the world of finance and industry, but in the social sphere as well. Following the current of popular inclination, the students of the Washington State College organized themselves into a society for the purpose of bettering themselves socially and of relieving the faculty of the burdensome task of disciplining the “green calves” among their number.

Harley F. French was the Moses who led the “bunchgrassers” out of the wilderness of disunion, and under his guidance the students made rapid strides along the road of intelligent self-government.

When the first leader was carried up into the number of the alumni, his magic mantle fell upon the waiting shoulders of John Jones, who has been our leader the past year. The marked improvement this year has been the making of the payment of the Assembly fee compulsory, thus adding much to the revenue which is available for aid to the various student enterprises.

That the organization of the students in a body such as the Students' Assembly is a step in the direction of the ultimate tendency toward student self-government is self-evident, and the fact that such a plan is practicable is encouraging to those to whom the prospect is dear. The plan of student self-government is better than the one now in vogue for two reasons:

First.—It is a benefit to the student, as nothing matures a man or a woman so much as responsibility; and if the responsibility of living together in a social group, and respecting individual and common rights is early inculcated, the student will the sooner be capable of exercising the rights of citizenship in an intelligent manner.

Secondly, On the Part of the Faculty.—Our faculty is composed of trained specialists, retained to direct the student along that particular branch of knowledge for which he has an aptitude. If the whole time of the instructor is taken up in investigating the conduct of Tommy Jones or endeavoring to find out who threw water upon the “Big Rook,” his time can not be spent in performing those duties for which his services are retained. That being the case, we all welcome the advent of the Students’ Assembly.
The following persons are entitled to wear the

ELTON  JONES  PROOF  DONLEY  WILLYAMS  LOWDEN  BROWNE  ALLEN  EVANS  THAMLE  ONSTAT  MCRADSY  THOMPSON  VAGANON  MALONEY  WILLIAMS  KREGEL
The Athletic Association

Though the organization of the Athletic Association of the Washington Agricultural College dates back less than nine years, the rapid strides it has made to advancement in every athletic line would do credit to an organization with a score or more years of which to boast.

Savage, R. T.  Chittenden, L. T.  Moore, Qr.  Kinel, R. G.
Thompson, L. H.  Clemens, L. G.  Waite, Coach.  McCroskey, L. E.  Hardwick, R. E.
Winston, F. B.  Long, R. H., Captain.  Lowden, C.

For seven successive years the track men dreamed that some day, in the “Sweet By and By,” they would have a “Gym.” When a man dreams the same dream for seven years, it always comes true. To-day we have a gymnasium which surpasses the ideals of the most reckless dreamer.
Sapp, R. G. Doty, L. H. McCroskey, L. E.
Fisher, R. T. Long, F. B. Lowden, C., Captain. Weldon, Qr. Moore, R. E.
Reed, F. B. Gammon, R. H. McCroskey, L. E., Captain. Richardson, Sub End. Harper, R. T.
Goodsell, Sub Half. Winston, G. Doty, L. H. Kimel, R. G.
Some of the base ball men can remember when we had only one good bat; also that the base ball to be used in a game to be played with a visiting team was bought by public subscription. But that is not the sad part of the story. The visitors won the game and took the ball, because they won it. They stole the bat, "Just for fun." Now we have a base ball coach to educate the boys in the art of winning, and a manager to watch the bats and take good care of the visitors.

The twelve or fifteen men who composed the foot ball squad of '97 did not know what it was to have a second team to line up against. The right side of the line would line up against the left; then the left would come over and line up against the right. Foot ball shoes, head gears, shin guards and nose guards were luxuries we did not enjoy. When Gaily, Princeton's big center rush, consented to coach us for two days, we began to think we were a factor. After all, things might have been worse; in fact, they were worse. Old Ferry Hall burned and with it fifteen canvas suits. The first annual game with Whitman College was only two days off.

The sons of Marcus telegraphed: "Come on boys; we will feed you and clothe you." The boys went, and brought home a new foot ball to begin business with. The present situation: A coach with his corps of assistants, fifty or sixty men in the squad every night, with complete uniforms for all; a training table and moleskin suits for the 'varsity, reminds us that we have surely progressed.

Two basket ball teams have been organized, and have already added quite a magnificent string of victories to the credit of the crimson and gray.

All those things have not come to pass without effort. Each year the duty of the officers of the Athletic Association have been more strenuous than they were the previous year. Better business methods have been required and more careful attention has been necessary. The financial end of the enterprise has become one of considerable magnitude, and it will be only by the most careful management that athletics will be made self-supporting.
The present officers of the association deserve considerable credit for their efforts in the right direction. The association has been incorporated, and the indebtedness has been paid by floating a small amount of bonds. With the assistance given by the Students' Assembly, the receipts have been kept above the expenditures, the interest has all been paid and a small sum has been paid on the bonded indebtedness. Everything points to a brilliant future.

Lawrence, Sub. Early, L. G. Jayne, F. B.
On the 27th day of last November ended the ninth chapter of the Washington Agricultural College's football history; a record telling of twenty-one victories, three ties, and only six defeats. Surely it is a record which should, and does thrill the heart of every true and loyal friend of the college, and a record which attests to the great interest and prowess of the Washington Agricultural College in the greatest of college sports.

We are proud of every chapter of that record, and not the least proud of that chapter which records the battles of the season of 1902.

"Wild Bill" Allen, the man who brought order out of chaos in 1900, developed the raw material, and first organized football along strictly scientific lines, was on the scene before the College opened, his campaign all outlined and the gridiron cleared for action. All he lacked was men.

As the trains came in on the opening days, the strong and sunburned sons of a summer's toil stepped from the platform to be met
by the long, slender form of "Wild Bill," who held them with his
eagle eye until his tale was told, then rushed them up the hill.
"Smiley" Williams, the manager, dressed them up in moleskins,
gave them each a pigskin, and showed them where to find the field.
"Sandy" Mashburn, and Earle Browne, two old stars, helped to
put them through their paces, and tried them falling on the ball. In
less than a week there was a squad of forty men working as though
they meant business, a crowd on the sidelines every night, and an
interest and amount of enthusiasm greater than had ever before
been manifested. Coach Allen gave most of his attention to the
'varsity squad, while Mashburn and Browne took care of the second
and third teams. A large number of the 1901 team did not come
back, so it became necessary to break in new men for their places.
Capt. Jones and a few other veterans were left, however, and around
this nucleus the new team was formed.

The first game, if such it could be called, was played at Lewiston
October 11th. The Washington Agricultural College team was de­
defeated, not by a better or stronger team, nor by clean football, but
by a band of savages wearing the colors of the Lewiston Normal
School, and by tactics such as never before disgraced the name of
any institution of the Northwest.

After this misfortune and the following one, there were, as there
always are, a few belonging to the class of street corner philoso­
phers who censured those in authority, and were ready to place blame
where none was due. Such, we are glad to say, was not the attitude
of the student body, as was plainly shown by the cheers and applause
with which our defeated heroes were received upon their return from
Lewiston, and where is the man who witnessed the struggle with
Idaho on the 24th of October, who saw the hundreds gathered
on the sidelines, and who heard their cheers, and the sound of bells
echoing among the hills,—where is the man who dare say there is
no college spirit at the Washington Agricultural College, and that
the heart of the student body was not with her football team?

Again the cheers went up, and again the bells rang, when on the
first of November the sturdy sons of Marcus once more met defeat
at the hands of the little Washington Agricultural College team.

On Thanksgiving day, on foreign territory, and under adverse cir­
cumstances, our team was unsuccessful in winning the champion­
ship, but we made no complaint; we offered no excuses. In defeat
we can display the same spirit of sportsmanship that has character­
ized our victories, of which we have had our share. We have shown
that which is often harder than ability to win, namely: Ability to
lose, and lose gracefully.
**W. A. C. Base Ball**

**1902**

---

**Team.**

Miller. Wells. Thorpe.
Thompson. Calhoun. Barnard
Stuhlt.

---

**Officers.**

Captain ..................... Leo Thompson
Manager ..................... A. L. Hooper
Coach ................. H. E. Lougheed

---

**Games.**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Date</th>
<th>Opponent</th>
<th>Location</th>
<th>Score</th>
<th>W. A. C.</th>
<th>Opt.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>April 5</td>
<td>W. A. C. vs. Lewiston</td>
<td>Pullman</td>
<td>5</td>
<td>4</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 12</td>
<td>W. A. C. vs. Lewiston</td>
<td>Lewiston</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 18</td>
<td>W. A. C. vs. Spokane</td>
<td>Pullman</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>15</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>April 19</td>
<td>W. A. C. vs. Whitman</td>
<td>Pullman</td>
<td>8</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 9</td>
<td>W. A. C. vs. Spokane H. S.</td>
<td>Pullman</td>
<td>7</td>
<td>9</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 10</td>
<td>W. A. C. vs. Spokane H. S.</td>
<td>Pullman</td>
<td>14</td>
<td>2</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 15</td>
<td>W. A. C. vs. Dayton</td>
<td>Pullman</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>1</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 24</td>
<td>W. A. C. vs. Dayton</td>
<td>Dayton</td>
<td>2</td>
<td>3</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 24</td>
<td>W. A. C. vs. Walla Walla</td>
<td>Walla Walla</td>
<td>1</td>
<td>7</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>May 26</td>
<td>W. A. C. vs. Whitman</td>
<td>Whitman</td>
<td>4</td>
<td>6</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 6</td>
<td>W. A. C. vs. Moscow</td>
<td>Moscow</td>
<td>10</td>
<td>0</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>June 16</td>
<td>W. A. C. vs. Berkeley</td>
<td>Pullman</td>
<td>3</td>
<td>12</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
Summary.

Games played ........................................ 13
Games won ...........................................  5
Games lost ...........................................  7

Senior-Faculty Game, June 13.

Seniors 28                                    Faculty 37
The track team of 1902 was the strongest the institution had put out, up to that time. Only two meets were held; one was with Whitman College, at Walla Walla, resulting in a score of 68 to 53 in our favor, and the other was with the University of Washington, on the local grounds. In the latter meet we were defeated by the score of 84 to 37, but this is little cause for chagrin when all the circumstances are considered. We were so unfortunate as to lose O'Brien, who was the best man on the team, just before the meet. But this fact is not the chief thing to be considered. If the University of Washington had been honorable enough to bring only bona fide students, she would have left behind the two men who won nearly half her points, and the result—even with O'Brien absent—would have been different.

The features of the year were: Godman's 440 and O'Brien's broad jump at Whitman, and Kruegal's mile and Maloney's half in the meet with the University of Washington. New men to win the "W" were Godman, Downs, Morrison and Maloney.
Field Meet Between U. of W. and W. A. C.


1. 100 Yard Dash—First, Downs, W. A. C.; second, Chestnut, U. of W.; third, Hunttoon, U. of W. Time, 10.3-5 sec.
2. ½ Mile Run—First, Evans, W. A. C.; second, Hunttoon, U. of W.; third, Maloney, W. A. C. Time, 2 min. 5 sec.
5. 120 Yard Hurdles—First, Grant, U. of W.; second, Gardner, U. of W. Time, 18.2-5 sec.
7. Pole Vault—First, Grant, U. of W.; second, McDonald, U. of W.; third, Person, W. A. C. Height, 9 ft.
9. High Jump—First, Grant, U. of W.; second, Person, W. A. C.; third, Cosgrove, U. of W. Height, 5 ft. 8 in.
12. Discus Throw—First, Gardner, U. of W.; second, Burke, W. A. C.; third, Burke, W. A. C.

Points.

Washington Agricultural College . . . . . . . . . . . . 37
University of Washington . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . 84

110
W. C. vs. W. A. C., at Walla Walla

1. 100 Yard Dash—First, Lasater, W. C.; second, Downs, W. A. C.; third, Dement, W. C. Time, 10 sec.

2. 880 Yard Run—First, Evans, W. A. C.; second, Maloney, W. A. C.; third, Galloway, W. C. Time, 2 min. 5 sec.


4. 16 Pound Shot Put—First, Person, W. A. C.; second, Dement, W. C.; third, Burke, W. A. C. Distance, 37 ft. 4 in.


6. 16 Pound Hammer Throw—First, Galloway, W. C.; second, Proff, W. A. C.; third, Chittendon, W. C. Distance, 104 ft. 11 in.


9. Throwing Discus—First, Dement, W. C.; second, Galloway, W. C.; third, Dutcher, W. C. Distance, 93 ft. 3 in.


13. High Jump—First, Morrison, W. A. C.; second, Person, W. A. C.; third, Dement, W. C. Height, 5 ft. 6 in.

Members of Track Team of 1902

Team:

Evans, Capt.
Proff.
Downs.
Cowgill.

Kruegal, Man.
Maloney.
Morrison.
Spencer.

Warren.

Person.
Godman.
Burke.
O'Brien.
Maloney.
Girls' Basket Ball.

Team.

Bess Vermilye  Lea Herren  Helen Thompson
Mable Price  Ada Whittaker  Alma Prather
Mae Onstot  Deborah Donley  Minnie Allen
Ollie Smith

Officers.

J. B. Evans  Coach  MAE ONSTAT (retired)  Captain
Bess Vermilye  Captain  J. B. Evans  Manager

Games.

Date  W. A. C.  Score
Dec. 5—W. A. C. vs. Waitsburg Academy, at Pullman  26  2
Dec. 19—W. A. C. vs. Colfax High School, at Colfax  6  9
Jan. 23—W. A. C. vs. Colfax High School, at Pullman  12  9
Feb. 5—W. A. C. vs. U. of W., at Pullman  4  2

114
Boys' Basket Ball.

Team.
Thiel.
Shoemaker.

Stone.
Blakeley.
Roberts.

Burke.
Maloney.

Officers.
J. B. EVANS . . . . Coach FRED THIEL . . . . Captain
S. O. JAYNE . . . . Manager

Games.
Date W. A. C. Opt.
Dec. 13—W. A. C. vs. Spokane Y. M. C. A., at Pullman . . . 18 13
Jan. 17—W. A. C. vs. Spokane High School, at Fullman . . 26 12
Feb. 6—W. A. C. vs. Spokane Y. M. C. A., at Spokane . . 15 10
Feb. 7—W. A. C. vs. Spokane High School, at Spokane . . 6 15

115
W. A. C. Athletic Entertainment.

1. Overture ........................................... Orchestra
2. W. A. C. Pyramid ................................. Jeune, Knight, Stair
3. Bar work ........................................... L. L. Goodwin
4. Club swinging .......................... L. L. Goodwin
5. Team tumbling .......................... L. L. Goodwin
6. Illuminated club swinging ......... Smith
7. Slack wire ........................................... Smith
8. Combination tumbling .............. Person and Annis
9. Selection ........................................... Orchestra
10. Bag Punching .............................. Forrest Grimes
11. Variegated orchestra .......... Person and Annis
12. Table work .............................. Forrest Grimes
13. Pyramids ........................................... Davis, Pullman, Bell, Aberdeen
14. Boxing ........................................... Davis, Pullman, Bell, Aberdeen
15. Wrestling match for College championship .......... Davis, Pullman, Bell, Aberdeen

Prof. Hansen, Referee.

Tumbling Team.
Lasher, Anders, McCabe, Porak, Person, Alexander.

Pyramids.
Lasher, Anders, Porak, Person, McCabe, Alexander, Hutchinson, Stevens, Stair; Jeune, Knight, Smith.

Clowns.
Hamblin, Ockerman, Dawson, Pare.
Inland Empire Oratorical Association.

Members.
Whitman College. University of Idaho.
Washington Agricultural College.

Organization.

EUGENE PERRON, W. A. C. . . . . . . . . . . . . President
E. P. SHEPARD, U. of I. . . . . . . . . . . . . Vice President
WM. KENNEL, W. C. . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretary-Treasurer

120
A Plea for Aesthetic Culture.

The conditions which have combined to perfect the advancement which characterizes our age are so varied in kind and so rapid in succession that it is difficult to determine which has influenced most largely the civilization of today. There is, however, in these conditions and their resulting influences one tendency which seems to be taking a stronger hold upon the world. There is one prevailing spirit to which humanity bows lower each day. Modern ideas, modern thought and modern inclinations tend toward materialism. "The practical!" "The practical!" is the cry today. The great soul passions of human life, which have stirred the world and revealed to men their better natures are today branded as sentiment, and cast aside as having no essential part in our scheme of life. It is this predominant idea in men's minds which calls forth the world's question: "Will it pay?"
The world is too much ruled by this commercial spirit, which weighs everything in the balance of dollars and cents. It is no longer confined to trade and business, but permeates almost every class of society. It is in our entire educational system, and lowers its real value. It enters religion and the church, and mars their sacredness. Life, to the majority, is coming to mean only the exchange of one's powers for compensation. To millions it is a daily struggle for food, raiment, and shelter; to other millions it means days of office toil with sleepless nights of worry. On the one side grim necessity, on the other the gratification of ambition. This mad race for the dollar is the all-consuming, all-absorbing passion.

Young people preparing for usefulness are influenced by this idea. Students in colleges and universities are seeking after facts which in their application to their future will bring results that the eye can see, the hand can feel. As a part of education this is desirable, but taken as its end it is weakening to character. The most remarkable development in education in recent years is the application of technical training. Today the effort is to make education more practical. The modern graduate would step from the commencement platform, full armed for the struggle before him. And yet, let me appeal to you. In all this educational tendency is there not this danger: that we shall make not men but mere machines? The true purpose of the school is not merely to furnish a technical training which may serve to keep the body alive, nor even the mere acquisition of knowledge, but a widening and deepening of the capacity to feel human sentiments and divine passions. Life, life in its broadest and fullest sense, no longer limited by the material or even by the intellectual, but unrestrained in its right to draw strength and power from the souls of men, that is the need of the world today. Has not every soul felt the same longing, and listened with England's laureate to that inspiring voice?

"Tis life whereof our nerves are scant,
O, life, not death for which we pant,
More life and fuller, that I want."

Better for us could we learn that one deep and noble emotion coming not only from a mind that thinks but from a heart that feels has
more life giving power than all the materialism of the age. Could we grasp that mighty truth we would the better understand and appreciate the value of a culture which develops the soul and fits man for his true mission. The aspirations of humanity, the nobler impulses, the ideals we call beautiful have been aided in their expression by the fine arts. The achievements of man which minister not to his material necessities but to his love of beauty. A neglect of these in our educational system means a neglect of what constitutes the primary distinction between him and the animal seeking only for food and shelter. The culture derived from an understanding, an appreciation, a love for these means a broadening of sympathy that can never come from an education that has only crude coin as its inspiration.

So, one element essential to this culture is the study of art. Since the beginning of human history, almost, man has sought to embody his highest ideals in material handwork. The massive architecture of Egypt and Babylon, the sculpture of a Phidias in Greece, as well as the paintings of a Raphael or a Michael Angelo, all represent the beautiful conceptions of the man who made them. Art is an interpretation, and he is the greatest artist who interprets best. The man who sees in the unhewn block of marble a beautiful statue, and he who spreads upon the canvas a significant picture, are alike enriching the world because they are putting in definite form and color, new ideas, new thoughts, new beauty.

Another element which is a necessary part of culture is the study of literature. Would you have a keener perception of human conditions? Study the lives of great men, the passions of great souls. Would you understand nature? Go and become acquainted with those who have seen the beautiful and divine. Much more can we know of life when we see its throbbings pictured in prose and poetry. The historian brings us face to face with past events; the biographer brings us into touch with great lives; the poet will show us that nature is "something for the gladness of heaven to shine through." These have studied humanity with all its passions, sentiment, emotions, and interpreted it in terms which make men understand each other, and best of all themselves.

Moreover, in studying literature we study that which if it has real
merit, will stand the test of time. New things may come and go; great business enterprises may be undertaken and abandoned; kingdoms may rise and fall, but the masterpieces of a great soul expressing in the language of a people sentiments which appeal to their lives, will live for centuries, quickening their impulses and influencing their character.

Homer spoke only to the Greeks; Goethe in his search for and attempted expression of the true meaning of life appealed to German hearts; Shakespeare, the great interpreter, spoke only in the tongue of the Anglo Saxon. But art is for all times and all tongues. Come and stand with me before some of the modeled dreams inherited from the golden age of Grecian sculpture. Gaze upon that wondrous marble—the Victory of Samothrace—the wings outspread, in one hand a garland, in the other a trumpet. Never will the beautiful picture leave us. Never can we forget the impression made upon us. Or, pause within the vaults of old St. Paul's, upon whose walls in the long ago the gifted artists expressed his deepest religious conceptions of the divine truths as embodied in the idealized features of the Madonna and her child. As we gaze upon these materialized visions of a fading age, does not thought rush to meet thought, and are we not happier for the heritage thus left to us? Well, indeed, has it been written of those who have done so much for our own and coming generations:

"Dead he is not, but departed,
For the artist never dies."

There is another art of expression which needs no translation because it overcomes the barriers of language and time. Finding the language of words inadequate, man has found in music the most perfect expression of feeling. Among all people and all lands, music has been an expression of the highest emotions and loftiest ideals, and it has reached its highest perfection in the divine worship of Christianity. The seclusion of the middle ages shut in and preserved the life of the church from the turmoil of unsettled Europe. Yet, this seclusion also cherished the art of music which otherwise might have been checked in its growth. The intensity and earnestness which were beginning to characterize all lines of progress had its
effect in this art, men found in it a new expression of feeling, and one after another great composers have risen and have given to the world their best interpretations.

Acquaintance with the works of great masters affords a wide field and abundant opportunity to study feeling and expression. Who can work upon the grand choruses of the "Messiah" and the "Creation" without feeling the thrill of divine emotion which inspired their authors? Who can enter the realms of song with Schubert without realizing as he did the true worth and mission of the human voice? Such interpretations, coming in the work of all great composers, make of music more than a succession of harmonious sounds. There is in it such a depth of meaning that it becomes a real and living language. As such music speaks to the soul and finds in it a quick response.

We are all in the search for happiness. The difference between civilization and savagery is the quality of the happiness we achieve. Can education afford to neglect that which will give this higher happiness to us? This can only be obtained through the widest sympathy with all that is beautiful in life and thought. This, material means alone can never buy. It is obtainable only by the coin of culture, which is the reward of all who search for the beautiful.

It is a beautiful custom—that of strewing flowers in the pathway of those we would make happy. The flowers do not remove the roughness from the path, do not soften the hard pavement, but they make the way brighter, the path shorter, they add perfume to the air about us. My lady's garden of roses may not be so substantial as the bed of cabbage, nor of as great material value, but its worth is far greater, far more to be appreciated. Art, literature and music are the flowers that bloom within the garden wall. It is culture that distinguishes them from the vagrant blossoms of the wayside and field. Oh, the perfume of the rose, the purity of the lily, the fragrance of the violet—how they lighten our toil. We gain an added happiness from these flowers on either hand, though we tread them oftentimes beneath our feet. Far greater happiness awaits us in that bounteous hand which at our bidding will scatter instead of the daisy, the rose and lily, the soul, the soul of culture.
The Oratorical Association is one of the solid students' organizations of the Washington Agricultural College. It has general supervision of local oratorical contests and debates. The regular contests of each year are the Sophomore-Freshman contest—won this year by Mr. S. E. Robinson, '05. The Collegiate contest—won by Mr. S. E. Robinson; and the Lombard contest—won by Mr. Eugene Person.
The Scholar's Duty.

BY EUGENE PERSON.

(The winning oration in the first annual Lombard medal contest.)

This is the Commencement season all over our country. Forth from the Colleges and Universities of America out into the broad avenues of life are filing young men and women who have completed their College course. Having availed themselves of the advantages and opportunities which the generous sacrifice of others has placed before them, with talents developed, minds enlarged, hopes raised and purposes strengthened by the careful training and ennobling influence of their Alma Mater, they are now leaving her walls and halls to take those stations in the world about them for which they have been preparing. A strong, efficient, educated body, they go forth to reinforce the ranks of our nation's workers. They should be ready for the highest duties of high citizenship. A broad sympathy with all mankind should glow within them. They should have learned
that it is truly more blessed to give than to receive, and that human happiness, after all, is measured not by what one takes from the world, but by what one gives to the world. They should be stirred not by a selfish ambition, but by a true desire and high resolve to serve their fellow men, their country, and their God.

These young men and women are eager to do their part in leading the great problems of today—social, religious, political and industrial problems—to their right solution. With their greater advantages and their broader opportunities, these scholars ought to be especially well fitted to take part in those great struggles now raging about us, the outcome of which must so materially affect not only their welfare and ours, but that of our whole nation.

But, if they have taken every advantage and seized every opportunity of their College course, they are none too well fitted for the work at hand. What are the conditions which they face? As they step from the College out into active life, to what duties are these scholars called?

About them is a broad land, full of mighty problems; momentous issues waiting to be solved. A conflict between labor and capital to be decided; a serious race problem to be settled; mob law to be suppressed; monopolies to be controlled; the curses of intemperance and political corruption to be fought, and a general crusade against ignorance, vice and crime to be led. These are the questions which claim the services and the attention of all Americans indeed, but especially of the American scholar whose experience, knowledge and ability make him a leader in these great struggles. By the very nature of things the American scholar must lead these great movements of reform.

The scholar comes then to a position of great responsibility; namely, the responsibility of leadership in contests of grave importance. Much has ever depended, much will always depend upon leadership. War must have its generals and states their rulers; Christianity must have its ministers; industry its captains and reform its agitators. Not only this, but our social, moral and intellectual progress must be along paths blazed by leaders. Great movements are led by great men. The earnest Luther’s declaration before the Diet of Worms...
started the Reformation; Darwin's adventurous mind conceived the theory of evolution, which is the fountain of modern science, and Jefferson wrote the Declaration of Independence. Thus leadership has always been important, but now, when great contests are coming on apace, when vast projects and new questions arise with every hour, when opportunities expand and responsibilities multiply, when social, religious and political life have slipped to the background to trail in the seething wake of a great industrial revolution—now from the midst of all this stress and strife society sends more clearly than ever a clarion call for efficient leaders.

Scholars, we must answer this call. A glorious field lies before us. Duty calls and opportunity beckons us forth into the fields of action, out into the turmoil of the world's strife. Go, take up the struggle for progress. Strike at the growing power of evil. Strike at the increasing strength of unregulated monopolies, which rearing their giant forms above our land and wringing from us a heavy tribute, threaten our whole social system. We must control them or they will control us. We must make them our servants or become their slaves. True, in consolidation and combination there may lie great possible benefits to society, because of cheapened production; but we must control and regulate the trusts or these benefits will accrue, not to society in general, but will go to further enrich the wealthy, and further impoverish the poor. Carefully and cautiously then, but firmly, let us approach monopolies; hedge them in; check them and confine them to their proper limits by wise legislative restrictions, until they become public blessings instead of public menaces. Strike then at monopolies, but stop not there.

Another evil must be attacked. I refer to the corruption which defiles our political system. Not that I mean that the corruption is general, but that in spite of the efforts of our best politicians, low methods and ideals exist in our political practice. Men are using public power for private purposes. Gold is buying votes and bribing legislatures. Faithless to society's trust, ungrateful for their privileges, false to themselves, to duty and to truth, men are buying and selling votes for gold. Yes, selling for money the right which has only been won after centuries of war and bloodshed. Behold these
traitors to democracy, and blush for human depravity and for America. Then arise and proclaim abroad the crime; arouse public opinion until it drives with a whip of stinging scorpions these money changers from our temple of democracy. True, this political corruption may at present be only a surface sore on our body politic, but corruption is the first stage of decay, and if we do not stop the workings of its forces it will eat to the very heart of our society. Take Tammany Hall, for example. Where would its corruption have ended had not Seth Low led a moral revolt against it. Corruption is poison. We must rid ourselves of it or die. But monopoly and political corruption are not the only questions which claim your attention.

Another righteous cause implores your aid. Oh! Scholars! If you love fair play; if you detest selfishness and greed; if you are moved to pity by human suffering, take up the cause of the laboring man, who, standing on the bottom round of the ladder of industrial opportunity, bending under the load which capital has placed on his back, hears in the politician's cry of "liberty, equality and justice" only the taunting tones of hollow mockery. Take up the cause of the wretched man. He is engaged in an almost hopeless struggle against two heartless oppressors. Compelled to work long hours in order to provide food and clothes for himself and his family, deprived of the higher things of life, he is obliged to watch the wealth which he has created pass into the hands of men already rich. He is striving for the right to own what he creates—a right as real, as vital to the happiness of millions as any political right. Help him to secure that industrial liberty and equality without which political liberty is but a mockery. Seek and destroy the causes which raise one man at the expense of a thousand. Then put into labor's hands the weapons of moderation, education, arbitration, organization, and a wise use of the electoral franchise. Teach her to oppose money with votes and labor's emancipation from the bondage to capital will be in sight.

But we can not stop with this. There is at work among us a curse as old as history; more deadly than war and plagues and famine, all combined, which, like a huge vampire, sucks the life blood of our nation—a curse which is sapping our national vitality, squandering
our wealth, filling our legislative halls with corruption, our cities with vice, our prisons with criminals, our graveyards with dead, and our homes with poverty, misery and disease; a curse too deadly, too awful to be described. Intemperance—a huge and hungry serpent, crushing in its coils or poisoning with its venom the millions of human victims which its glittering eyes have charmed. We must face this evil. And it is growing hourly in spite of prohibition, high license, temperance lecture and State dispensary. How shall we deal with it? Legislation at present seems futile. Past attempts have done little except to educate the people and rouse public sentiment. The blunders of fanatics have postponed solution. No woman’s axe can crush the head of the serpent intemperance. No single statute can sweep the evil from our land. The problem is difficult to approach. But though it is hard it is not insurmountable, and success will crown the right policy. If we will not make our laws stronger than the real sentiment underlying them, and if through example and individual influence we will strive to create the right sentiment, we may look for gradual success and hope for final victory over mankind’s most deadly enemy.

Scholars! these are some of the duties which will confront us when we leave our college. True, they are before every good American, but especially do they face us. It is because of society’s wise and generous sacrifice that we are under heavy obligations for our privileges. Now, let us reward the noble sacrifice which has placed us here by preparing ourselves for efficient work in society’s struggle for progress, by preparing ourselves for leadership in the great crusades against the ignorance, vice and crime which are the stumbling blocks upon our upward course. Let us carry to these noble movements the courage, the unselfishness, and the devotion which they deserve. Let us carry the torch of progress along the upward path.
The Intercollegiate debates have been three in number:

**Affirmative**
Washington Agricultural College—
H. C. Todd  
Eugene Person  
G. F. Henry.

QUESTION—"The Election of Senators by Direct Vote of the People."
Won by Idaho.

**Affirmative**
Washington Agricultural College—
E. N. Hinchcliffe  
J. H. Jones  
E. A. Cornelius.

QUESTION—"Railroad Pooling."
Won by Whitman.

**Affirmative**
Washington Agricultural Co.llege—
E. N. Hinchcliffe  
P. O. Kreager  
A. L. Hooper.

QUESTION—"Monroe Doctrine."

**Negative**
University of Idaho—
R. W. Overman  
J. L. Adkinson  
W. E. Lee.

**Negative**
Whitman College—
H. E. Browne  
E. D. Baldwin  
R. L. Ringer.

**Negative**
University of Montana—
The Glee Club.

W. B. Strong, Leader.

First Tenors.
G. L. Miller,
A. D. Butler,
C. Finley,

Second Tenors.
C. B. Stuart,
G. A. Stone,
R. G. Adams.

First Basses.
D. B. Garrison,
W. Kerns,
Meb West,

Second Basses.
B. A. Stimmel,
E. W. Thorpe,
E. N. Tippin.

The Glee Club is an organization as old as the College, and, as the "crib" is to the present group of modern buildings, so is the first Glee Club to the present organization, which swept through the length and breadth of our State in a triumphal tour during the past season, and was everywhere received with an enthusiasm which would have turned the heads of students not accustomed to complete success in every undertaking. Professor Strong, as leader; Mrs. Strong, as prima donna; Professor Snow as reader, and Professor Kimbrough as piano soloist, contributed markedly to this success.
College Band.

Our College Band is one thing of which we are proud. When Professor Strong came to Pullman he found a motley array of battered brass horns, which were played upon with more enthusiasm than harmony by a band of zealous youths who were filled with the spirit of the early Christian who preached his doctrine upon the streets of Rome, although he knew that it was equivalent to announcing his candidacy for the chandlery. The great hater of discord worked upon the turbulent mass until he now leads the best college band on the Pacific Slope, and an organization which is seldom equaled and never surpassed within the confines of Washington.

The band concert this year was one of the features of the cycle of entertainments provided for the students and their Pullman friends.
The Orchestra is an organization which reflects great credit upon the members and particular credit upon their able leader, Professor Strong. It is second to no amateur organization of its kind in the State, and need yield the palm to but few organizations whose business it is to appeal to man's sixth sense. The season just closed was the second under Professor Strong's able leadership, and it was a continuation of the success of last year.
The most distinctive characteristic of present day college life is the college paper. Our fathers knew no college paper, and the only way that they knew of their fellows in other colleges was by word of mouth, and that word was usually steeped in the deepest venom before it reached its destination. We should feel glad, therefore, that the white light of truth and fairness shines down upon our educational world through the medium of the printed page.

The first attempt to found a college paper in the Washington Agricultural College was in the “Crib” days of our college, when the
“Record,” a paper which would do credit to an old established college, was launched by Mr. Hull. This journalistic light shone brightly for a time, but as the oil of “simoleons” became low it flared fitfully, flickered and went out leaving our college without a medium of communication with the outside world. Our big brothers were not men who hid their light under a bushel and in 1894 the frail bark yclept “Evergreen” was launched upon the sea of trouble with W. D. Todd at the helm. Although the angry sea has often threatened to crack the ribs of the frail craft, it has sailed steadily onward, never missing a number in the nine years of its existence, and it now occupies a distinct place, not only in our community, but in the college journalism of the West.
Societies
The Columbian Literary Society lives in the hearts of its members as a real personality. Nine years of existence as a potent instrument in forming among the members kindred sentiments, and extending to all the same helps to success in literary work, have endeared the Society to its members. Therefore, with the true Columbian, society spirit is but the bubbling up of a spring whose headwaters lie in the strata of its past history. The past holds a record of triumph, debates won, creditable representation at all open programs, and our hall beautifully furnished and free from debt.

Like great minds the Society feels the need of perfect rest occasionally, and always works harder after such a period. This semester marks a new era in the Society's history, unusual harmony and good fellowship prevail.

The Columbian has for its prime object literary culture and parliamentary discipline. While the Society lays no claim to brilliant achievement, it believes the work which it is doing to be deserving of the highest commendation, and takes honest pride in the progressive character of its work.

Our thanks are due to our older members for the substantial aid which they gave while furnishing our hall.

As we glance back over the past we cannot but pause for a moment and linger with pride upon the record which the Columbian has made. And yet, with these excusable feelings of satisfaction over the work which has been done, there comes a touch of regret that there have been lapses in the Society work.

From this time forth the Columbian will be one of the leading Societies of our College, and every member will feel that the ties which bind him to the College have been greatly strengthened by his connection with the Columbian Literary Society.
In the small village of Salisbury, New Hampshire, January 8, 1782, was born a babe, who, after having attained the years of maturity and worldly knowledge, proved to be an ideal to many youthful ambitions—an example to America's youth.

The year 1852 laid in the grave the remains of this grand and wonderful man, but his teachings and personality, strength and force of power lives to this day, its true value being shown by the aspiring young orators and by the work of debating clubs which are in active force over our great land.

It is Daniel Webster's name and fame which enthused the young men of the Washington Agricultural College in the year 1898 to start a debating and oratorical society bearing the name of Websterian in honor of the name of America's greatest orator. This society is the one which is such a strong element in shaping the literary work of the Washington Agricultural College.

Webster was a plodder—so are the Websterians plodders; Webster was persevering, overcoming many obstacles—likewise are these Websterian followers filled with the same persevering element, making each obstacle a stepping stone for higher and for better work, until now they stand, as a club, the foremost and best of the College's literary classes.

They are supported by a constitution carefully constructed, and one which is carried out loyally and faithfully by every member of the society.

This line of work is the one that shapes the course, and decides the fate of nations, of worlds. Keener foresight, nobler statesmanship and truer living are the essential requisites of political force for a prosperous and happy nation.

These are the ends sought for in the Websterian Society. Give them room and they will move the world.

D. H. L.
Washington
Among the organizations of the Washington Agricultural College is one of representative membership and unique purpose. It admits girls only, but enrolls them from every class in the institution. The tallest girl in College is a member—so is the shortest. The only girl violinist, and the only girl mathematics specialist are enlisted. The winner of Declamation Contest is a loyal ally. There are candidates galore for oratorical honors from this society—preachers' daughters, doctors' daughters, farmers' daughters, and wives in embryo for preachers, doctors, lawyers, farmers, as well as reliable leaders for all legitimate frolics.

The purpose of the Young Women's Christian Association is the development of Christian character among the young women of the institution. To attain this end, attention is given to the various interests which touch these same young women. The "Quiet Hour" is on Wednesday at 4:15. This weekly meeting is held in Columbian Hall, and affords the young women of the College a half hour of united thought, song and prayer.

The last year has been one of marked advance. Miss Stafford, Field Secretary, visited the Association in February, 1903, and proved so helpful to the young women that two delegates were sent
to the Pacific Coast Conference at Capitola, California. These delegates were Misses McCann and Libby.

They returned with stores of suggestions, which have enabled the Association to strengthen its work materially. It is hoped that two more delegates may be sent this year.

In last February the following members attended the Eastern Washington Conference at Walla Walla: Misses Bisbee, Libby, Baker, Hays, Blankenship, McCann, Allen, Spaulding, McKay and Martin. These young women were accompanied by Miss Robertson, of the Faculty, and proved the star delegation in point of numbers.

At the opening of the present year's work, the Young Women's Christian Association united with the Young Men's Christian Association in getting out a handbook of information for the student body, meeting the incoming trains, and helping the new students to find rooms, to register, etc. A reception to the new students was also given by both Associations the first week of the semester.

The first entertainment of the year was under the direction of the Young Women's Christian Association, and the girls conferred a favor upon the college when it brought Katherine Ridgeway here. One of the best—if not the best—student gatherings of the year was the "At Home" given by the Young Women's Christian Association between semesters. Six hundred invitations were sent out, and the skillful entertainment of the large number who attended reflected credit upon the young women.

Miss Shields, Field Secretary, visited the Association in January. She addressed the students in Chapel, conducted a large meeting in Columbian Hall in the afternoon, and met with the young ladies of Stevens Hall in the evening. Her visit was one of great help and encouragement.

The Young Women's Christian Association has not always had cause for the same degree of hopefulness that it has at the present time. Its membership—thirty-five—compares favorably with that of other institutions and this brief resume of the year attests the spirit of enterprise that the young women possess. May the Association receive from Faculty and Students the encouragement that it merits.
The Young Men's Christian Association of this College was organized in November of 1894, when the Chapel was still in College Hall. Its organizer was James A. Dummett, then a traveling secretary for the association, and since made an international secretary. The first president of the Association here was W. H. Philips, '98, who occupied the position for three years. Prominent among the charter members were L. L. Totten, W. M. Duncan, L. V. Corner, Ed. Kimel and others.

We cannot give the whole history of the Association, but the pages of the old record are covered with items of interest revealing many of the same perplexities and some of the encouragements common to all college associations. Interest in the Association has waned and flourished by turns. One very severe blow sustained by the Young Men's Christian Association was the loss of old Ferry Hall, which so scattered the members that it was with extreme difficulty that regular meetings could be continued. However, some of the loyal spirits were not made of the stuff that gives up easily. They kept the purpose of the Association ever in mind and managed to maintain an organization, giving a helping hand here and there; and, wherever possible, helping to strengthen the moral character and intensify Christian purpose.
In view of the fact that our College provides so liberally for the wants of the student body in matters of physical training and library privileges, our work is of necessity somewhat different from that of many other associations, but we have a few lines of effort which have been gradually developed.

The annual receptions have been so successful in making new students feel at home, that the members of the Young Women's Christian Association and the Young Men's Christian Association have been encouraged to try to make these events better each succeeding year. Another feature which has been productive of some good in the past is the establishment of an Information Bureau and the conducting of a personal canvass at the opening of the year. The Information Bureau is designed to help new students in securing rooms and board, to guide them to the College and help them with the mysteries of enrolling. The canvass is for the purpose of finding out the religious preferences and connections of the new students.

The Association also publishes a handbook for students which contains bits of information not contained in the College Catalogue. The books are distributed gratis among the students and faculty.

The weekly meetings of the Association are almost wholly devotional, their object being to promote Christian fellowship. In these meetings the heart to heart talks and free expression of feeling have had a very noticeable effect on many members.

The Bible Study Department has instituted a four years' course, which for two years has been under the able and efficient leadership of the Rev. Dr. Flesher of the Methodist Episcopal Church. The Freshman work was finished this year and the Sophomore class will be added next year. Thus, by 1905, four classes in Bible Study will be at work.

Delegates have been sent to the Pacific Coast Students' Conference for the last three years. This Conference is essentially a training school for Young Men's Christian Association workers. It is customary to choose delegates from the most active workers in the lower classes, thus giving the Association the advantage of having trained men with it for the longest time possible.

We consider the foundation of the Young Men's Christian Association only just begun and we hope many things for it that shall make the Northwest better.
Societas Biologica.

The Societas Biologica, or, more commonly called, the Biological Club, includes students and instructors in the Department of Botany and Zoology and also those doing work in that department, or any others who are especially interested along biological lines.

Meetings are held every alternate Tuesday evening, from 7:30 to 9:30, during the school year, at the home of some member of the club.

The objects of the Society are: To promote interest in biological work, to become familiar with current literature along these scientific lines (and each other), and to discuss various additions and changes which occur in the biological world of today; also to discuss other topics of general (?) interest.

The programs are usually made up of papers read by different members of the club, after which follows a general discussion participated in by all members. Occasionally one of the instructors in the department lectures on some subject of interest to all. The business meetings of the club are held after the program has been rendered, but "peanut nights" and "pie feeds," so famous in the club in former years, have not been generally observed this year.
Society of Mining Engineers.

F. T. BARNARD . . . . . . . . . . . . President
C. F. Proff . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Secretar}:

Program.

April 7—S. P. Jellum, "The Elmore Oil Concentration Process."
April 14—A. J. Turner, "Gold Mining in Eastern Oregon."
April 21—F. T. Barnard, "The Financial End of Mine Develop-
ent."
April 28—Prof. W. S. Thyng, "Requirements for a Good Mining
Engineer."
May 12—B. A. Stimmel, "Stevens County Marble."
May 19—R. B. Shaw, "United States Geological Survey."
Institute of Mechanical Engineers.

We are not going to trouble our many readers with a long, pitiable tale of woe about our society, "The Institute of Mechanical Engineers." No doubt you have all heard of it before, or, if not, it is not our fault. Have we not held meetings one day out of each and every week? Have not our programs been published in the "Evergreen," when they would accept them, after every meeting? Have not the grave and reverend Seniors given us lectures on subjects far beyond the comprehension of the Juniors? Have not lectures been given by the Juniors that would give the Seniors a look resembling the appearance of a mud-fence after a rain-storm? Have we not elected our officers every semester just as other societies do?

All these things, and many more too numerous to mention, have occurred during our somewhat brief period of existence. We have been alive only a few years, but could the speeches delivered by the various members of the society be collected, it would make the fortune of the future antiquarian that brought them to light. Please do not think that we make this broad statement to prove our existence, or to offer an apology. We are too well known to require that. There can be no doubt in the minds of any that the growth of the society is proportionate to that of the department.

The object of the society is the discussion of subjects pertaining to the advanced work of the department at large. We differ from the literary societies, inasmuch as our members give talks on the installation of large electric plants and the various phases of mechanical and electrical work. All the mechanical and electrical publications, such as "American Electrician," "Power," "Electricity," "Electrical World and Engineers," and many others, are easily accessible to the members. The professors in the various courses of the department are eligible to membership, and frequently they are called upon to deliver a lecture to the society on some particular phase of the work. Beside the professors, all collegiate Juniors and Seniors of the Mechanical Engineering Department are eligible.
It is a well known fact that the use of steam, as a power, has developed wonderfully in the last decade, and work that was done a few years ago by hand or with horses is now performed by it. Electricity is fast taking its place as a motive power, even now, in all our large factories, mills, etc. True, it requires for its generation steam or water power, but it can be generated in a central station and transmitted to the place of using, and even then it costs no more, if as much, as any other motive power. What the next decade will reveal in the way of development of this powerful, unseen force, yet remains to be discovered. Therefore, it behooves us as members of the Institute of Mechanical Engineers to lay before the industrial world a more advanced use of this unseen power, electricity.
Social Affairs
“Our Girls.”

He threw his Chemistry as hard as he could, clear over into the farthest corner. He picked up his great big old Pharmacognosy, and as he looked at it he could have wept to think of the awful hours he had spent rummaging through its old, ugly leaves. Ugh! how ugly they were; and with all his might he sent it scampering away up under the bed. These two foes out of sight, up went his feet on the table, without regard for the old maidish feelings of his roommate, his weary head fell back on the chair, his eyes closed, and for a time the old rocker—which had often graced the top of the pyramid when the room had been stacked—rocked away furiously. It did him good to ruffle up the tablecloth and get a whole stack of mud on it; any way his shoes needed cleaning, for he had been out on the athletic grounds in the afternoon and that clay was a fright to stick.

There was the pen and paper, but it was no use. Hadn't he tried night after night? O, for an inspiration! He opened his eyes. There was the grinning countenance of Ralph's friend staring him in the face. Look at those teeth and that pug nose and—ah, me! she surely must have freckles, too. That other girl was Ralph's latest "flame." Everyone said she was a beauty. Beautiful! What wouldn't he give to see a beautiful girl. Girl? Oh dear, he had never had a girl in his life. At home he had once thought a little girl was sweet, and she had such pretty curly red hair tied behind, he had always thought of it as a mass of golden, curly clouds.

Ralph's friend was going to come tomorrow. Fred hadn't heard of anything else for a week. The Chemistry peeped out from its corner a little and unconsciously he stepped over and pushed it under the washstand. Heavens! why had they ever put him down for a toast on "Our Girls?" Only two more days and the banquet would be here. Worked? He had worked like a trooper for a fortnight, but he had not written a single thing that would do. He went to the English "Prof." who told him it was always best in a toast to give some personal experience, and magnify it somewhat. He
merely said, "Yes, sir," and retired. There was not a girl in school whom he knew well enough to tip his hat to, when he met her. Poor Fred; the Fates indeed were hard to him. It was growing late and he was getting sleepy. He would let it go just one more day to see whether he would have any experiences or not; some way he felt that something was going to happen, and as dusky Morpheus carried him away into dreamland, he thought he was floating all around in beautiful golden curls, so light and airy.

It was 12:45; the boys had hastily eaten dinner and Fred had rushed back to give his tie a finishing tug.

"Come on, old primper! That train is in at 1 o'clock. I never saw you so particular before," shouted Ralph, restlessly stamping at the foot of the stairs; and when Fred made his appearance he could hardly repress a giggle at the sight of the high collar which must have been borrowed from one of the boys for the occasion. And on the way to the station it seemed that every "rook" in the "Dorm." noticed something peculiar, and kept smiling at the other. But when a little lady jumped from the cars and rushed to Ralph, wildly calling his name and gave him a big, smacking kiss, he almost collapsed. And auburn hair too! Would she want to treat him in the same way? O, merciful powers! he couldn't stand it—he wouldn't stand it. Imagine his surprise when, after being introduced, she hardly noticed him, but talked as hard and fast to Ralph as her little tongue could move. About half way up the hill, Fortune, for once in his life, favored him and sent along Ralph's "latest," who joined the party and went on ahead with Ralph. Fred and the new comer—who told him her name was Mabel, Mabel Fairchild—fell behind. She had the most interesting things to say and told of her funny experiences on the train. When Fred had a good chance he looked to see what was the color of her eyes. He had just read "The Honorable Peter Sterling," and had made so much fun of old Peter for raving so much about the slate-colored eyes of his dearest beloved. But, after all, perhaps his honor did know what he was talking about—at least Fred vowed in his heart never to speak of slate-colored eyes again without the deepest reverence and respect.
After leaving his new friend at Stevens Hall, Fred rushed to his room and wrote and wrote on his toast—he had so many, many things to say. The next day he cut every class and by evening had his piece so he could rattle it off. It had been rumored that the Pharmacy members would never get to their banquet alive, but it was a lively set of ghosts who sat down at the table. Every place where a plate had been laid was occupied.

Toasts.
D. B. GARRISON, Jr., Toastmaster.
Toast, “To Our Class” R. F. Maxwell.
“Should Lady Pharmacists Marry?” Thomas Stone.
“Expectations” Myrtle Wright.
“Trials and Tribulations of a Pharmacy Student” Ira Clark.
“Professor Elton Fulmer” G. E. Brown.
“The Empty Bottle” Frank Benefiel.
“Professor G. H. Watt” P. B. Cooper

Menu.
Soups.
Troches in Castor Oil.
(Mix well before taking, shake well after taking.)

Salads.
Triturate Aconite. Powdered Strychnine.
(Sure cure for broken hearts.)

Relishes.

Meats.
Oxus Motherinlaw Sainibus.
Sus Scrofa Hindum Segumn.
(Served with Hood’s Sarsaparilla, Paine’s Celery Compound, Swift’s Specific and Chamberlain’s Colic Cure.)

Entrees.
Orthoethylammoniumbenzoanindoquineline.
Trenbyhysulphonyethylemethane with Simoni’s Unguentum.

Desserts.
Frigid and Torrid Zones, Saccharated.
Calabar Beans, Nut Galls. Quaker Buttons.

Beverages.
Fred had followed the "Profs." advice and gave a minute description of his previous day's experience, and everyone laughed and laughed to think that Fred had finally found a girl who could please him. When he sat down, his fellows cheered him with "Pretty work! Pretty work!" and "Let the good work go on!"

We must not think that Fred let many chances of getting better acquainted with his Mabel go by during the beautiful sunshiny spring days. But he was so bashful and two times he let a bold, daring Freshman get ahead of him and take her to baseball games; however, he soon put a stop to that, and asked her if she would mind going with him to everything of importance, the rest of the year. Her answer cut him to the heart, "Yes, you dear child, I shall be glad to; you remind me so much of my brother at home." Brother! O, heavens! why didn't she say grandpa at once and be done with it?

It was the most beautiful weather and every morning a dear little bird lighted on a tree not far from Fred's window, and woke him up. The flowers were in bloom and the grass all over the campus looked like a verdant carpet. The trees on the south side of the "Ad. building" offered such inviting shade to the boys and girls
after dinner. Life would be sweet, if a fellow only did not have to study, and here was Commencement and "exams" right upon them now. Fred knew why he hated to have school close. Six months ago he had thought his happiest day would be when he had finished his "exams," would immediately start for home and enter the drug store and commence to make money for himself. But now he thought how his old friends at home were growing inferior to his College chums. They were so slow and poky. Not one of them had ever had the exquisite pleasure of being rolled at the dead of night; had never gone bug hunting or botanizing. Their lives had become narrow and his had been growing wider all the time. When he had gone home, each vacation, things seemed so changed and he longed to run across some one who had been away to school, even if he had been nothing more than a "Prep." And when he had just begun to know Mabel, it seemed such a shame to be separated. Perhaps they would never see each other again, and people so naturally become indifferent when away from each other. It pained Fred to think that this would ever be the case with him and Mabel, for he felt sure he would have to hunt many a weary day before he could find another girl with such brightly sparkling eyes, such pleasing, coquettish ways, and oh, so many admirable qualities.

"DAVID GARRICK."

Mr. Simon Ingot, an East Indian Director ... D. P. Woods
David Garrick, the English Actor ... J. W. Hungate
Esquire Chivy, Fond of Sport ... W. L. Morrison
Mr. Smith ... W. C. Kruegel
Mr. Brown 
Mr. Jones ... W. H. Lawrence
Ada, Daughter of Ingot ... Ollie Downs
Mrs. Smith, Wife of Mr. Smith ... Cleo Holt
Miss Araminta Brown, Easily Shocked ... Josephine Hoeppner
Thomas, Servant of Ingot ... J. B. Evans
George, Garrick's Valet ... H. E. Burke

About a year ago, if we had been coming home from the Senior class play with Fred and Mabel, we might have heard a conversation something like this:

"Wasn't she beautiful?"
"Who, Miss Araminta, the old maid? Well, Mabel, I can't say that I did think she was very handsome. I supposed she was made up to be the opposite. I guess old maids are always considered to be ugly. Didn't she wave that feather fiercely in her hair and how funny it was when David went over and sat down close beside her and snapped his handkerchief at the feather? She felt awfully flattered to think a man would pay her that much attention, but, my! how shocked she pretended to be."

"Oh, no, I meant Ada."

"Of course, she always is pretty."

"I think her acting is so natural. Wasn't that a pretty scene where she first met David and he thought she was going to be like all the other ladies he had met, so when they were first introduced he didn't look at her even, then when he found her beautiful, and different from all the rest, he fell in love himself? And how sad it was when David thought he must keep her from loving him and pretended to be drunk. I thought that was a horrible scene, but they all did their parts so well. Poor little Ada felt so badly, I could just have cried. She couldn't see how her noble, gentlemanly David
Garrick could ever do such an unmanly thing. And I was surprised
that such a good father as Mr. Ingot seemed to be, would ever want
Ada to marry that horrible old Squire Chivy. Wasn't it funny
where he would have the hiccoughs that way?"
"Yes, and that cute little Mr. Jones who could hardly talk, he had
to stutter so."
"I think every one of them just did their parts dandy. I hated to
have it end. Weren't you glad the way it turned out?"
"Yes, but I felt from the very first that David would finally marry
Ada."
"It must take an age to get up anything so well. Professor Snow
has been drilling them for a long time. I should like to be in a play
some time, it would be so much fun."

They were at the Junior Prom. Fred thought he had never
seen his "lady" Mabel so lovely, and as he looked at her simple little
lawn dress, he thought of a few lines from one of Charles Reed's
books—
"What a sweet dress, so becoming, it merely sets off your beauty
instead of vainly trying to vie with it"—but he would never dare
say that, for one time after church he had had the impertinence to
say "May I have the exquisite beatitude of escorting thee over the in-
tervening space between thy domicile and the edifice erected for
worship of the Divine Being while the nocturnal moon is shedding
his bounteous rays from the starry ether?"

In an astonished voice she had said, "Sir?"

Of course he had to repeat it, then with her little nose haughtily
elevated in the air, she left him sheepishly standing there. But when
they were having a little promenade around in the gallery, he said he
had a tradelast for her from one of the fellows, and after he had
told her all the things he was thinking himself and saw how very
pleased she was, he felt sorry he had said it was one of the fellows.
Then she told him of a terrible time she had had with a funny little
Professor who wore glasses and hopped awfully bad and she had
objected when he wanted a third dance. Fred thanked his lucky
stars that he had been taught to dance properly at home. Down deep
in his heart he believed Mabel was not so indifferent to him as she
pretended to be. If he only had some way of finding out! This was the last night he could be with her, for he started home the next day on the 2:15 train. He wanted to say so many, many things, but just what they were, he did not know. He wished she wouldn't talk, oh,—so fly-away, and tell him about all the other boy friends. Good gracious, didn't he know all the boys would be crazy over her? How could they help it? But then he wished she wouldn't talk about them quite so much and wouldn't he be glad if she would say something about him, whether she liked his tie, or which way she liked his hair the best. He had half a notion to ask her, but she just wouldn't give him a chance, but rattled on and on and on. She told him all about her mother and father and dear little brother—Fred didn't like him that was sure. The boys and girls looked so nice down below, whirling around in the waltz or gliding in the two-step. But my, how some of them hopped and raced all out of breath. There was such a crowd there was not much pleasure in dancing, so when he and Mabel got tired of looking on, they started home. Someway neither of them said much. Perhaps they were both thinking of the same things. He wanted to tell her he was going to write to her at least twice a week during vacation, and that he had only dared to hope she would answer his letter. They were standing at the large glass door of Stevens Hall. Not a word had been spoken for one minute—two minutes, then he did, what? Leaned over and kissed her velvety cheek. You should have heard the laugh on the other side of the door. Wasn't that horrid of those other people to be hiding there and never say a word? Fred hastily made a retreat and Mabel went up to her room.

Three days after Mabel got home, her little brother came running in with a letter and he couldn't imagine why her cheeks got so pink and she went off alone to her little cozy nook in the garden. But I know. That was a letter from Fred. And you should have read it. Oh, the tragical way he begged her pardon for his treatment on that last night. (Dear child, if he had only known that hadn't hurt her feelings at all.) And now he was awfully blue because he didn't suppose she would ever answer his letter. But if she would only let him know she had forgiven him, he would be everlastingly happy.
And what do you suppose she did? Sat right down and wrote fifteen pages in a great hurry, so it would go off on the six o'clock train. It would take pages and pages and pages to tell what these little people wrote about during vacation, only Mabel’s father once said she was going to break him up buying stamps.

You may be sure Fred and Mabel both arranged to be back in time for the Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. reception. That is always one of the best receptions of the year. Everyone with a broad smile shakes hands so heartily with old friends, and tries to make the new members of the large family feel welcome. Two old friends especially enjoyed this night very much. And when they were out in the glass promenade. Fred told Mabel lots of nice things. He had grown considerably bolder you may be sure, and when he thought of the year before, he wondered that he could have been so childish.
This year he told her she was five times, no ten times more charming than when he had left her in the spring—and if she dared go with another boy, he would feel mortally offended.

About the first event of importance was the ball game with the Lewiston Normal. Mabel had always encouraged Fred in this athletic sport by telling him repeatedly that she admired a football player more than anything else, but when he came back from Lewiston she felt like a criminal, for he was so battered and crippled that she hardly knew him. It seems that instead of a game, they had had a small battle, and ever since that game, Fred has gone around with one shoulder about two inches higher than the other. A foot ball hero, to be sure, but "does it pay?"

Mabel wouldn’t let Fred go to a dance while he was in football training because Coach Allen said he should be home in bed every night at half past ten at least, that to win the hard games before them, the boys must sacrifice some pleasures, for if they did not, indeed the victory would not be at all glorious to them. But they made up for all the time missed after the last game was played, and went to everything that came along for a month. There were "The Chinook Play" and the "Cowels Concert Co.," which were the first two numbers of the lecture series. Fred thanked his lucky stars that he didn’t have to go clear down town for his "lady" because on both of these nights it just happened to be snowing awfully hard. Then there was the Y. W. C. A. reception given after the stiff exams, to cheer up the hard worked students and make them little bright spirits instead of gloomy ones. But just about this time, the small pox came stealing along and stopped everything for a while. The little farce, "Mr. Bob," kind of aroused the people, after their long confinement, and the Glee Club entertainment closely followed it. You should have seen Mabel the night when the boys sang. Her face was just covered with smiles. Fred was a tenor singer and she did feel so proud of him. The last I saw of them they were going over towards Stevens Hall, looking at each other just as devotedly, and gentle reader shall we continue their history in the '05 Annual?
Three Men and a Maid, to Say Nothing of the Dog.

"I hate to tell you, my boy—I know you will be disappointed, but it will be impossible for me to send you to college this year."

"Impossible!" exclaimed Jack Benton. "Why, I must go. I graduate this year, and—"

"Yes, I know, but I can't spare the money."

"With such a wheat yield as there is this year?"

"I am not complaining of the crops; they couldn't be better, but at the present time prices are low, and the outlook for higher prices this fall is not bright. I must pay the interest on the mortgage, and I want to put by two thousand dollars this year towards clearing the debt on the ranch."

Jack arose from the dinner table and passed out of the house. At the foot of the steps his dog, Dan, a thoroughbred brown-spotted pointer, picked up his trail and followed him down to the creek.

Jack had been raised in an atmosphere of comfort bordering on the confines of luxury. His father was a large land owner, who, besides farming his own land, cropped several hundred acres each season on shares. During his summer vacations the boy had accompanied his father on his rounds of inspection. He had seen the engines of his father's threshing outfits humming through the hot days; the great loads of wheat on the stalk swallowed up in the rapacious maws of the threshers; the sweating men toiling from dawn until dark, but he, himself, had never toiled.

At the brook he stopped and sat under the shade of a willow. His dog sat beside him and, wagging his tail, looked up into his master's face, enquiringly. The boy pulled a letter from his pocket and read:

"Dear Jack:—Are you coming to visit us this summer? You know you said you would come up for a few weeks. We go to Lake Coeur d'Alene July first for the summer, and I want you to come
as soon as possible, and stay as long as possible. The boating and bathing will be fine; then there will be the latest books to read under the pines, and the walks and the drives through the woods. Please do not say no, and let me know when you will come.

Affectionately,

Bessie.

As Jack was folding the letter the dog licked the leaves. The creek ripples danced in the sunshine and threw themselves at the boy's feet gurgling, "Go, go."

The blow was a hard one for him to bear. His heart was set on graduating with his class. He wondered what Bessie would think when she heard the news. He and Bessie had grown up together—childhood—it was but a year since her people moved to Spokane—and it seemed to be a settled fact, and to them matter of fact, that they should one day marry.

Long Jack sat under the willow, and the sun was low over the hills when he returned to the house. The evening meal was on the table and the father and mother were already seated.

"Father," said Jack. "I have a proposition to lay before you."

"Tell, my boy."

"If you can spare me for another year I would like to go to work in the harvest field this summer, if you can pay me wages. I shall write to the steward at Ferry Hall and ask if he can give me a job waiting on table. If I can secure that with the money I shall earn in the harvest field I can make my own way through college for the year."

"How—have you thought what it means to work in a harvest field? You have seen enough of that work done, but that is different than actually doing it. You have never before seemed very anxious to work."

"No, I have not, but perhaps you think I can't do it," said Jack, firing up.

"Well, perhaps you can."

"Will you give me a trial and pay me the same wages the other men are getting?"

"I might find a place for you. Nothing vacant at present, bu
John Barlow, one of the forkers, wants to go to town in a week. I had thought of not letting him off as he is sure to get on a spree and not show up for a week. I will, however, let him go, and I think it is safe to say that you can have his place. Pretty hard work, though, forking."

"No matter, I'll do it."

"Well, go ahead, but in the interim you had better go up to the lake to see Bessie. You will have a week to spend."

Two days later Jack stepped off the train at Coeur d'Alene City. Bessie was at the depot to meet him.

"I am so glad you have come," she said. "You will stay all summer, won't you? Mother will be so glad to see you."

"I wish I could stay all summer, Bess, but a week is all I have to spare."

"A week?"

As the two drove in the little army buckboard, with its two diminutive mules attached, through the pine trees to the cottage Jack told Bessie of his hard luck. She was sympathetic.

"I am sure," she said, "I admire your pluck. Stick to your resolve, Jack. It will be hard work, but the experience may do you good. I am sorry your father is in difficulties."

That evening Jack and Bessie leaned over the rail of the old wooden bridge that spans the Spokane river at its source. Ahead of them spread the dark waters of the lake, the broad sheet narrowing gradually until at the bridge the channel could be spanned by a rock hurled from an athlete's hand, and a perceptible current ran. Here the banks were fringed with willows, and from their black shadows the frogs were croaking. A languorous breeze carrying the odors from reeds and grasses came to them and played delicately with the girl's golden tresses. Her face was turned to the rising moon so that its profile was silhouetted against Jack's admiring eyes. "Only a week," he muttered. "It will be hard to leave."

Suddenly she turned. "Do you know, Jack, I have been thinking—they say a woman doesn't think, but I have been thinking that we two have been too much like those croaking frogs yonder. They take things as they come. In the winter they are dormant; in the
summer they sing joyously. They follow the lines of least resistance. Their moods cling to nature's moods. I have been thinking that like the frogs we have taken life too easy. Nature has provided for them; our parents have provided for us, and we have taken no thought for the reckoning of the future. Your changed condition will give you self reliance. It is for the best, yet I hate to have you go."

"It will be hard to leave, Bessie, but I must."

Jack's arm was stealing around the girl's form, and his face was perilously close to hers when the aroma of a cigar reached his nostrils and arrested his intentions, whatever they may have been.

At the sound of footsteps and the lilting of a love song Jack and Bessie turned. A young man strode up and recognizing Bessie, stopped.

"Good evening, Miss Conrad," he said. "I hope I don't intrude."

"Not in the least. We were—er—enjoying the scenery."

"Ah! It is beautiful, though, tonight. The smile of yonder nascent moon is chasing the shadows from the lake; little mother earth is smiling in return, and from the compact scintillates a divine radiance. The frogs are extraordinarily musical tonight."

"Mr. Jackson, this is my friend, Mr. Benton."

"Ah! Delighted, I am sure. Have often heard of you from Miss Conrad and her mother."

The three walked back to the cottage together. When they reached the gate and Mr. Jackson had departed Jack turned rather abruptly on Bessie and asked, "Who is he?"

"Well, you know his name. He is getting to be quite a friend of mother's. His mother and mamma were schoolmates. The family have but lately moved to Spokane from Seattle. He is stopping with friends at one of the officer's quarters."

"Will he be here long?"

"All summer, I believe."

Mr. Jackson was a pleasant and good looking young man, and by most young people was considered good company, but he had a faculty of always being around that irritated Jack. In the evenings he had a habit of following his lighted cigar to the Conrad veranda,
and that, too, so early after dinner that Jack had no chance to spirit Bessie away. The days, however, slipped by quickly, and the morning of Jack's departure arrived.

When he and Bessie reached the depot they found Mr. Jackson seated on an empty crate, his head tilted, blowing blue rings of smoke at a spider's nest strung along the under side of a dentil projecting from a cornice of the depot building.

"Ah, Mr. Benton, you are leaving this morning?" said Mr. Jackson, lifting his hat to Bessie. "Too bad you can't stay longer. My perceptive faculties foretell a stretch of warm weather. Rather pleasant here under the redolent pines; then the pellucid lake invites one to a morning dip. Hot in the Palouse country, isn't it? Mrs. Conrad tells me you will work in the harvest field this summer. Not very exciting, but a powerful soporific. Yes, too bad you can't stay. However, I shall take good care of Miss Bessie."

With what grace he could Jack mustered a smile and answered the voluble Mr. Jackson.

The homing journey was not conducive to the titillation of Jack's spirits. The train swung wearily across the heat-laden plain and the gray dust sifted in through doors and windows. Leaning his head against the back of his seat, and with his eyes closed, Jack tried to coerce his mind into a state of oblivion, but the image of Mr. Jackson and a panorama of his father's wheat fields would steal across his mental vision.

When he reached home his pointer was the first to greet him, but his father met him in the hall, and in reply to a question concerning John Barlow said, "Yes, John went to town, but he hasn't returned yet. You are ready to go to work, I suppose."

"Tomorrow," answered Jack.

The days of toil that followed nearly unnerved the pampered boy. For two weeks not a cloud was in the sky and the sun radiated heat over the fields. Through it all the engine throbbed steadily; the thresher threw out a cloud of dust and belched out huge stacks of straw, and the men toiled from dawn till dusk.

A stack of straw was Jack's sleeping place, and night after night with his pointer for a companion he wearily dragged himself into it.
The days rolled by into weeks and the weeks into months, and as the time went Jack became inured to his task. By the middle of September he quit the threshing crew, a trifle thin, but with muscles like iron. As he, and the dog, left for college his father remarked, "The work has done you good, boy. You will have a few days to rest up in, and I look for you to do well this year."

Then came the breaking in as a waiter—he who had always had plenty of spending money, now working his way through college. He wondered how his cronies would take it. But the cronies did not waver in their loyalty; they were sorry, of course.

As time passed Jack found a certain pleasure in his work. His brain was kept busy, and to such a one contentment is only complete when the hands find something to do; and the contentment was augmented by encouraging letters from Bessie.

The Christmas holidays arrived, and Jack wrote his father and Bessie that he would be neither home nor at Spokane on a visit. He had secured a situation in one of the stores of the town and would work out the vacation. It was Jack's first Christmas away from home, but a Christmas box and a letter from Bessie helped him to the enjoyment of a passable Christmas.

A few weeks after the second semester opened Jack's name in a long list of others was read in chapel as having won distinction in the first semester's work. With renewed vigor he took to his studies determined to graduate with honors.

It lacked but three weeks till commencement. A letter came to Jack from Bessie. In it she stated that while with a party on a fishing trip Mr. Jackson had rescued her from the stream into which she had fallen; she having slipped from a rock. She was a bit bruised, and Mr. Jackson had been kind to her. He had given up his own pleasures and had driven her home. She also stated that Mr. Jackson's folks having left for a trip to the Sound, he was staying with them for a time.

Jack was worried—always Mr. Jackson. He wrote Bessie sympathizing with her in her misfortune, but the letter on the whole was rather virulent.

The sun had set behind the rolling hills beyond Pullman town.
Above the rim of the hills the sky was a mass of gold-red flame, and still higher up in the zenith a great bank of cumuli coruscated with rich coloring. Then the colors faded and the shadows crept over the college buildings. In the crepuscular light Jack, with the pointer at his heels, walked up the pavement to Ferry Hall. In the way he met a crowd of students singing, “Hail to the College that Stands on the Hill.” They were new-fledged Seniors, happy and proud in the possession of their nascent dignity. As they passed they greeted Jack, and for their pains were given a surly answer.

“What is troubling Jack,” asked one.

“Give it up,” replied another. “He has been sour balled for three weeks. He was never much of a queener here, but that is no reason there is not a woman in the case.”

Jack entered his room and in the darkness threw himself on the bed. His spirits were low. Commencement week was over. He had graduated with honors, and would leave college the next morning. He had half expected his father to come up to see him graduate, but he had not even received congratulations from him, and worst of all he had not heard from Bessie since he had written the virulent letter. “Yet I can’t blame her,” he thought, “after writing such a letter as I did.”

As he lay on the bed the pointer came up to him, raised his fore paws to the coverlet and dropped on Jack’s chest a letter. With a mixed feeling of joy and fear Jack sprang from the bed and turned on the light. The letter was from his father and the main portion read: “I had intended coming up to your graduation, but business prevented. You have done better than I expected. Wheat prices, contrary to my expectations, were good last fall. The mortgage has been squared. I have had the papers made out giving you a half interest in the ranch.”

“Dear old dad,” shouted Jack, and he executed a highland fling.

A short bark from the pointer attracted his attention. The dog picked up a second letter from the floor. Jack grabbed it. A faint odor emanated from it and it was addressed in a woman’s hand. The boy gazed at it tenderly. Some time elapsed before he opened it. There is a fascination about an unopened letter.
What he read affected the boy strangely. He bowed his head in his arms, and a few tears welled in his eyes. Then he jumped up and grabbed the dog. Never before or since that night was dog so cossetted.

The girl had been sick from the effect of her accident. She wrote of Mr. Jackson's coming marriage with a Seattle young lady. Not a word of reproach. She simply said, "I am proud of you. As soon as possible, boy, come to me."

† † †

The Knights of the Meerschaum.

In olden days the knights were bold
In all the deeds they did;
But now I know a class of knights
Whose deeds by dark are hid—
Are such as will not bear the light,
Or, at least, the sight of men.
They steal away to corners dark,
And hold their meetings then;
In clandestine or hidden way,
In smokey circles dim,
Behind old buildings hidden safe
They meerschaums smoke with vim.
They meet for that, and nothing more,
That any one can know;
For who can tell the deeds they plan?
The smoke does hide them so.
Then Ho! for the knights of ye olden time
And Hey for the knights of new.
They carried bold and valiant hearts
'Neath stern, unbending view,
While these, alas; I know not what
They've done to gain them praise.
One cannot tell their daring deeds
Until the smoke clouds raise.
Genesis Modernized.

I.

In the beginning was Bryan and Bryan was with the Faculty.
And Bryan was the Faculty.
All things were made by him; and without him was made nothing which is made.
The College was without organization and students.
And Bryan said unto the legislature: Let there be appropriations; and appropriations were made.
And the land about the College was gathered under one fence.
And this land was called campus.
And many animals of the Bovine species wandered about the campus.
But Bryan said unto the genus homo, keep off the grass.
And Bryan caused buildings to appear upon the face of the campus.
And he called these buildings Administration Hall, and College Hall, and Stevens Hall, and Science Hall, and Ferry Hall, and Mechanical Hall, and Morrill Hall, and Gymnasium.
And all was cold and darkness.
And Bryan said let there be light.
And the juice was turned on.
And Bryan gathered students in the image of himself; male and female.
And Bryan harangued them and said be studious and imbued with “college spirit,” and bring with you other students to fill these halls.
And he said, “I have given you every course in the category from Veterinary Science even unto Art; and so it was.
And Bryan saw everything he had made; and behold, it was good.
And in the tenth year he rested.
II.

The sons of Bryan waxed strong and prospered in the land of the Palouse.
And every fall there came from out of the hills a tribe of men called Rookies.
And these men were rude and untaught; and had a fearsome dread of water.
And they strove with the children of Bryan; and overran their halls; and sat in the seats of the Ancients.
And the sons of Bryan arose in their wrath and smote them sorely; and rolled their beds; and threw water upon them from the upper windows.
And every year the children of Bryan sent out a chosen band of warriors to make war upon the heathen who dwelt without their borders.
And they overthrew the Idahoans, who inhabit the eastern hills.
And they overthrew the sons of Marcus who inhabit the land of many waters.
And they strove valiantly with the Washingtonians, who live over against the great salt sea.
And all was peace within the land of Bryan.

III.

This peace caused the children of Bryan to murmur.
And they came unto the Faculty and said: “Behold, we are not like other colleges which are about us; we have no “Frat” to worship.
And the Faculty being weak and sore afraid, said unto them:
Bring thou all thy disused rules and cast off rituals.
And from these they moulded a “Frat” and set it up among the sons of Bryan.
And they called this “Frat” the S. C. L.
And when Bryan came out of Olympia he was exceedingly wroth.
And he gathered his children into one place; even into the chapel.
And he said unto them, speaking in a voice of thunder:
1. I am thy President; thou hast had no such President before me.
2. Thou shalt procure thy President's permission to leave town, or cut classes, or even to breathe.
3. Thou shalt remember thy college and shall leave it to register in no other college which is upon the earth.
4. Thou shalt not haze.
5. Thou shalt not throng the lobby during lecture hours.
6. Thou shalt not Pony.
7. Thou shalt not refuse to testify before the Discipline Committee.
8. Thou shalt not break quarantine.
9. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's "Queen."
10. Thou shalt not covet thy neighbor's ices, nor his sherbet, nor his cake, nor anything which is his.

And all his children saw the lightning of his eye and heard the thunder of his voice.
And they were sore afraid.
And they said unto Waller: "Speak thou unto us, and we will hear; but let not Bryan speak unto us lest we be sent home."
And Waller went and spoke with Bryan; even familiarly; and Bryan blotted from his memory the transgression of his children.
And all was peace.
Dear Arthur:

As I owe you a letter, I will take this time to pay my debts. You have been out of school for so long that I thought perhaps it would interest you to hear how things are going in society here. Since you left, things have changed greatly. The trials of a society man at the Washington Agricultural College are many and various. The first thing is to get into society. This means that one has the entree at Stevens Hall and is one of those favored by invitations to the select dances in the girls’ gymnasium. The approval of the Autocrat of Stevens Hall must be secured to insure success.

After these difficulties are overcome, one can generally climb the social ladder successfully if he does not make too big a fool of himself at the start. Then he has to run the gauntlet of all the eyes in Stevens Hall, and if he passes as “cute” then his way is easy for a while. A strange desire soon comes over him to change his boarding place from Ferry to Stevens Hall. His knowledge of the best couches and corners in the reception room soon becomes expert.

Now these things bring about the inevitable result, that his friends consider him married. He cannot put on a collar and brush his hair without being asked whether “his mother is coming to town,” or is he only going over to Stevens Hall to “bill and coo” for a while? Perhaps there will be a dance in the Gymnasium just when the last cent has been spent and the parental check is overdue. This is the time his roommate suffers and wonders how they will pay the laundry bill with the remaining twenty-five cents. But his troubles do not always end here. Some young lady may find, after she has engaged a dance with him, that she wants that particular dance with someone else. She calls her particular friend over and gets her help.

The next time the young man appears in that neighborhood he is cornered by both girls. They swear up and down that he engaged that one with both of them and for that reason neither one will dance.
it with him. This makes him feel as though he has lost his last friend for a while, but this feeling soon wears off.

To be really successful and popular in Washington Agricultural College society one must implicitly follow the instructions of the delegation from Stevens Hall in Athletic Association meetings, Students’ Assembly, and all such places. When they pull the wire he must jump up and make the motions and vote just as instructed. Even officers of the Associations have been known to be affected this way.

To neglect these things which I have mentioned would be fatal to anyone’s hopes of social prominence in the Washington Agricultural College. So you can see the difference between the old days and the new at Pullman.

Yours truly,

Colleges Life.

What will your college life bring to you,
Oh child of her loving care!
Though years be many or years be few
What will your college life bring to you?
What jewel rich and rare?

What will your college life bring to you?
How oft’ is the question hard!
In the after life, with its toil and strife,
What is the fruit of your college life
That will make life a sweeter word?

This is the answer that comes to me,
From the future’s misty greys
If all else it brings with years shall flee,
One precious jewel shall it bring to thee:
The memory of happy days.

184
A Pipe Dream.

After leaving the Washington Agricultural College, I lived many years on the mundane sphere amid the jolts and jostles of unkind fortune, and the heart-breaking, soul-killing pain which physical torture can never produce. At last my journey toward the Mountain of Fame abruptly ended in the dark Chasm of Oblivion, while I could yet hear the breakers of the Sea of Mediocrity beating upon the Parnasian shore. I wandered many centuries in the Stygian Vale and one by one our old class of 1904 gathered together. Being very exemplary in Pluto's Kingdom, as we had been when ruled by Bryan, the Prince of Darkness invited us to attend the Centennial Celebration of the the accession to his ranks of the Washington Agricultural College Faculty. We all gathered on the left bank of the Styx and huddled together in shadelike horror of the ominous oppressiveness of the Plutonian night, while we waited for Charon's skiff. At last the grim boatman ferried us over, and we were conducted to Proserpina's garden to witness the afternoon exercises.

The first event was a fencing bout between Professor McIntyre and Laertes which was judged by Henry V. and Marshal Murat. Our doughty professor held his own until Laertes got his cue to
change swords, when it was all off with McIntyre. The next was a billion mile run between Marc Antony and Colonel Sapp. It was nip and tuck for the first 388,000,000 miles, but the Colonel finally winded Marc and won by a lead of 3000 miles. The event of the afternoon followed—a game of football between the Washington Agricultural College team and an All-Shade team. Excitement ran high and the hopes of the supporters of the rival teams were alternately raised up to the seventh heaven and dashed down to hell. Rumors of dissension floated from the rival camp; first that boils had again broken out upon Job, the allies' center rush; then Pharaoh was sore at Julius Caesar because the bald-headed shade had joshed him for not bridging the Red Sea as Caesar had the Rhine; and again Launcelot and King Arthur, who were playing the tackles, had another violent quarrel over Guinevere. These rumors caused the stock of the “All-Shades” to go down a trifle, but they quickly went up when the allies, led by the chubby shade of Napoleon, trotted out on the field attired in flame-colored asbestos jerseys. Moses was chosen referee and Confucius umpire, and the game was started by Shade Barnard, who kicked off to Alexander the Great, who carried the ball back to the center of the field. The teams quickly lined up and then began the fiercest exhibition of football ever seen in Hades. Quarter-back Napoleon ran the game in a masterly manner. Caesar was hurled against tackle, Pharaoh against guard, while Hannibal hit the center for immense gains. Benedict Arnold, aided by the splendid interference of Joshua, circled the end time after time, while in the line Samson played Early off his feet and Goliath made a monkey of Thomle. King Arthur and Hooper broke even, while Sapp, tired after his long race with Marc Anthony, was outplaved by Sir Launcelot, but the latter, with his usual courtesy, refused to take any undue advantage. At center was played a game which will live in the annals of Hades. Jones and Job mixed up until it was impossible to tell which of the boys had the boils. The “All-Shades” worked the ball down within striking distance when Cromwell dropped back, received the ball and sent it squarely between the bars. Pandemonium broke loose among the allies, while on the side of the Washington Agricultural College the silence was
only broken by the long, shivering shade of Wild Bill Allen, who stood on the sidelines and screamed out imprecations upon his enemies in impotent rage. After the game the Shades were gathered into the Palace of Proserpine, where they were sumptuously entertained.

I wandered through the throng, admiring the noble bearing of the Shades and charmed by their scintillating wit and easy elegance of conversation. Here was David Douglas and Professor Beattie discussing the cone of the Oregon sugar pine. I heard Douglas tell Beattie that he saw a cone in that Hawaiian cattle trap and while getting it he lost his terrestrial life. Shakespere and Tennyson were soundly berating Dr. Egge for killing the love of literature incited in the students. While out on the balcony Professor Snow was teaching Hamlet how to recite his soliloquy, and down in the garden beneath Iago was giving Jones and Williams points in intrigue.
Romeo and Juliet were seated in a window, green with envy, while watching Fred Butler and Zella Bisbee, while near a crystal fountain Gene Person was seated with Cupid on his knee, telling him the vulnerable parts of a west side girl's heart. Suddenly the Palace was in an uproar. Henry VIII. had fallen in love with Faye Allen and he and Tilmont were hurling fire and brimstone at each other in mortal combat. Pluto hurried his guests out of the Palace and the '04's found themselves once more on the shore of Styx, and after a short wait Charon sullenly rowed them over.
Now, this one here," said the florist," is a fine plant, hardy and strong—you can almost see it grow."

"And the color?" asked the visitor.

"A deep, rich red—one of the handsomest roses in the greenhouse."

"This one beside it does not seem to be doing so well."

"No, it is a little slow, but will come out all right in time. It's a creamy white thing, the most fragrant rose we have," and the florist and his visitor passed on.

A month later this room of the greenhouse was filled with an indescribably sweet and spicy fragrance, which proclaimed the unfolding of the white rose; but most people who came to the greenhouse saw first and last, the big red rose and thought only of its blushing beauty.

"Roses, sir? Yes, we have plenty. What color did you say?" inquired the florist suavely.

"Didn't say," laughed Jack Reynolds, "and I think I'll just look around first. This is the place," and he entered the room where the red rose nodded in triumph.

"What a rose! That's exactly what I want."

This was uttered with a long low whistle as he stopped before the red rose.

"But, let's see—she isn't the type of girl one buys red roses for—nor white ones, either, to my mind. Pity there aren't some blue
roses, they'd suit exactly. No, they wouldn't either—I like contrasts, and these dark roses will bring out her beauty,” and straightway Jack ordered a cluster like the ones before him.

“Now which shall I wear?” cried a perplexed girl of the bewitching maid in the mirror, as she held against her dainty white dress a cluster, first of white and then of red roses. The fair-haired girl in the mirror was quite impartial as to the roses, and indeed, she could well disdain such accessories to her own girlish loveliness—so she discreetly said nothing, whereupon her puzzled questioner turned once more to the table. Jack had sent the red roses, Arthur Graham the white. If she wore the red ones Arthur would, to say the least, think it very strange; if she left them in her room Jack would certainly be offended. She put them in a bunch together and turned again to the mirror. That wouldn't do at all—the red roses made the white ones look insignificant and out of place. Then suddenly she cried: “I have it!” while the girl in the mirror nodded approval.

“Edith Morley played beautifully tonight, but did you notice the flowers she wore? White roses in her hair, and red ones on her dress!” exclaimed Edith's next-door neighbor, with a note of shocked conventionality in her voice, as she paused with her hand on the doorknob.

“It did look odd. I wonder why she did it, she always uses good taste in such matters; she surely had a reason,” replied her friend significantly.

“Well, I can't imagine, and I wouldn't advise you to ask Edith about it, though you might intimate that it is not quite the proper thing,” said the first speaker as she turned to her room.

“Think I know why Edith Morley wore white roses in her hair and the red ones I sent her on her dress,” mused Jack as he sat alone in his room.

“Graham sent her white roses for the same affair and she wanted to put us on equal footing. All right, Edith, they say history repeats itself. I'll fight honestly, but it's the 'War of the Roses' to the end,” and Jack laughed grimly.

Was ever maiden so besieged with flowers? It was roses, roses,
roses—until Edith's friends called her the "flower girl." They were fairly showered upon her—sent by mail, or brought in person, and always it was Arthur who sent the white roses and Jack the red ones.

Did their choice of roses tell anything of the men? Edith thought it did. Red roses and Jack were alike big, strong and manly—yes, for who would give the feminine gender to a big red rose? Jack was a football hero, a bright student, a popular all-round college man, and his chief characteristic was strength, not merely physical strength, but mental and moral as well. No, Arthur Graham wasn't feminine, but he wasn't at all like Jack. He had a serious, refined face that told of a deeply spiritual nature. He wasn't a football hero, nor the most popular of students, but those who really knew him were his staunch friends. He was the kind of man who calls out the best in others, and Edith felt that she could deal only honestly with this lover of white roses.

And was it only white roses he loved? Well, what was a girl to do, she couldn't decide at once, and they both understood her position. When Edith walked with Jack she was sure red roses were best, but when she talked with Arthur she decided to wear always the white rose. When she sat alone in her room she couldn't decide which rose was fairest—but why was it then that there nestled in her treasure box, her "holy of holies," a single crumpled rose?

Neither man guessed of the rose in Edith's box. Each felt equally unworthy of Edith, but each was equally determined to know before another year what she, herself, thought about it. Arthur saw clearly his disadvantage. He knew that a woman unconsciously admires the strength and energy of a man like Jack Reynolds; while Jack admitted to himself that Arthur Graham, with his sensitive and finely-poised nature, was the man for Edith.

That year, Jack Reynolds's last year at college, hurried on, with what seemed to him breathless haste, until before he was aware, the time of Commencement gayeties had come all too soon. For Edith Morley it was especially a time of sadness, and she sighed as she said to herself, "It is all over now, all the hard work and the fun,
all save," here she smiled a wise little smile at her red and white cluster on her table, "save the 'War of the Roses.'"

Why Jack, the outspoken, chose the indirect way of finding out the secret of Edith's heart cannot be explained. Perhaps it was an unacknowledged pride which made it impossible for him to speak, or possibly it was a suggestion caught from the roses themselves; at least, he decided that the round-about way was the better. He wrote Edith telling her of his love for her, and asking her to decide finally between the red and white roses. If she elected to wear always red roses, would she not begin by wearing them, alone, to the coming Senior banquet? Then he sent Edith a great bunch of the flowers, and since there was yet another day before the banquet, he carefully avoided her. Edith, missing him, wondered at his absence—for the box of roses and the letter did not come. Instead, came Arthur Graham, who said it was time the "War of the Roses" were ended. Edith did not answer at once, she hesitated, and Arthur said suddenly: "Do not decide at once, Edith. I am anxious, but I can wait. If you wear white roses in your hair at the banquet tomorrow evening, I shall understand you 'yes.'"

"Why did I not tell him 'no.' I am sure now—it is—is not the white rose," cried Edith with cheeks the color of the crumpled rose in her treasure box.

"And it is he, who does not care—else why—why?" and the hot tears fell on the box as Edith pushed it from her.

The night of the banquet, June the twentieth, came. As Jack went into the hall with one of the girls of his class, his eyes made a hasty circuit of the room. Edith had not yet come, and so Jack led his classmate to a place from which he could see the door plainly. His companion, finding him very abstracted, addressed her conversation to a young man at her left, leaving Jack to his own surging thoughts. He watched the door as though fascinated, and every time the curtains moved to admit a dainty figure he grasped the chair before him more firmly. He heard as in a dream the voices and laughter around him, and saw—not the faces of the girls there, but the flowers they wore. Once more the curtains were pushed aside, and Jack had a glimpse of shimmering whiteness—and O joy!—glorious red
roses! The quick blood rushed on with a bound, when—the girl moved into the full light of the room—and just behind her, serene and fair, on Graham's arm, came Edith wearing white roses.

That was her answer, then. She might look at least a little sorry for him, he thought bitterly. But then how could she; was she not with Arthur, did she not have a right to look happy? Arthur was the man for her, any one ought to have seen that long ago—and just here Jack Reynolds surprised his companion by plunging into the midst of her conversation with all the energy he had before employed in watching the door.

"You wear the white roses, but not in your hair, Edith," said Arthur as he stood alone with her for the first time that evening.

She looked straight into his eyes as she answered: "These," she touched the roses as she spoke, "are for the friendship I shall always bear you."

Edith put a white rose by the red one that night and there were tears on both.

"Here's a box of roses and a letter for you."

Edith looked up from her packing in perplexity as her obliging friend disappeared down the hallway calling: "O, I know its roses 'cause I smelled 'em. No other reason."

Five minutes later Edith was laughing, but the laughter was strangely near the borderland of tears. She put three wilted red roses in her hair, six in her belt, and started toward the door. Suddenly she stopped, took them all out, and came back to think—for hadn't some one told her that Jack had gone home the day before?

She decided definitely that she couldn't—and moreover she wouldn't—but she did, and this is what Jack got the next day; a letter with a crumpled red rose in it and these words:

Dear Jack:

Your letter and the roses came today, June the twenty-second, and since I couldn't wear them, I'll send one.   

    EDITII.

ELMA L. McCANN.
The Grizzly at Home.

Last vacation, in company with several other students, I spent a few weeks fishing and hunting among the mountains near Lake Chelan, Washington. We were brain weary from months of hard study, and the change from crowded classrooms to the open air freedom of the mountains was life-giving to us. No dreams of difficult lessons, or coming "exams" disturbed our slumbers; only the echoing boom of some cracking glacier, the distant rumble of an avalanche, or the cry of a wild animal. We revelled in the luxury of idleness.

Though we were out upon a hunting trip, we did little hunting. Stumbling over fallen trees, scrambling up steep mountain sides, or forcing one's way through almost impenetrable underbrush is arduous labor for one fresh from college. Hence, we chose to loiter about camp enjoying the grandeur of our surroundings by perception rather than inspection, feasting upon the luxuries of coffee pot and frying pan, or sleeping that healthful sleep which only the balsam-scented, glacier-tempered air of mountains can give. Until our camp was actually invaded by a denizen of the forest we paid little heed to the abundance of big game about us.

One night I was awakened by a clattering sound outside our tent. Rising and peering through the tent flaps, I saw a large grizzly bear investigating the contents of our "grub-box." The moonlight rendered the animal quite discernible. While I watched, he ceased nosing pots and pans about and bestowed his attention upon a ham. I thought it time to interfere.

With much rib pounding and hair pulling I roused my sleeping comrades. Together we crowded to the doorway and watched the proceedings. Meanwhile the bear had found some butter and evidently considered it preferable to the ham. This angered Charley Bowman. The butter was a gift from his fiance's mother, and love-lorn Charley objected to his future mother-in-law's favor being thus used.
“Give me a gun. I’ll fix ’im,” he growled.
Charley aimed. We waited in breathless suspense.
“Well, shoot sometime,” said Joe Busbee, shivering in his scant nightclothes.
“Wait till he turns around. I want to hit his heart,” replied Charley in a preoccupied manner.
Again we waited, the night air chilling us till our teeth chattered.
Presently the grizzly turned facing us.
“Now’s your chance,” chattered Frank Venner.
“The deuce it is! His head is no bigger than—”
“Rats!” I exclaimed. “Do you think his heart is larger than—brain? Give me that rifle.” Reluctantly Charley yielded the weapon to me.
I aimed, oh! ever so carefully, right between my intended victim’s eyes.
Bang! As the smoke faded away Bruin was woofing through the underbrush.
Needless to say, the boys railed me heartily. Nor did their criticisms cease when a bullet hole was found in our coffee pot.
Investigation revealed a badly wrecked larder. Our visitor had eaten the greater part of a ham, a piece of breakfast bacon, and some butter. With destructive curiosity he had ripped open a sack of flour, and broken packages of tea, coffee, rice, sugar and beans. Our provisions were scattered broadcast about camp. The remarks of the boys upon my marksmanship became rather pointed.
After breakfast, stimulated by this raid, and slightly vexed by the constant raillery to which I was subjected, I decided to venture out upon a bear hunt. As my companions preferred the tamer pastime of fishing, I was obliged to go alone. Midday found me strolling along, shooting indiscriminately at grouse, squirrels, or ground hogs, noting various peculiarities of the landscape, but really thinking little of bears. I was a student rather than a hunter, and in this I came to grief.
Presently I noticed an oddly situated tree. It grew from a fissure upon the edge of a precipice. Apparently the roots of the tree were in solid rock. I was looking, and wondering, when, chanc-
ing to glance around, I was astounded by seeing an immense grizzly bear a few yards away. He was contemplating me in evident curiosity.

Whether or not this was the bear that had raided our camp I did not know; nevertheless, I decided to carry his pelt back to camp. I aimed and pulled the trigger. It clicked harmlessly. The grizzly remained passive and I hastened to load. Thunder and blitzen! My belt was empty. All my cartridges had been wasted during the morning.

My only resource was a small calibre pistol. With this I took careful aim at the bear’s broad chest and fired. At the shot he snorted and rolled over, biting at the wound, growling hideously. I was about to fire again, thinking to finish him, when suddenly he uttered a frightful roar and rushed at me, bristling with rage.

I have a confused recollection of climbing something frantically. When my wits returned, I was seated, panting with fright, upon a limb of the tree just observed. The bear was roaring and tearing at the base of the tree, making bark fly in vain endeavors to come after me. My pistol lay on the ground.

Presently Bruin’s rage abated somewhat, and taking a position directly beneath my perch, he glowered at me with sullen malevolence. Wishing to drive the beast away I wrenched loose a small limb and threw it at him. With savage growls he chewed the stick to bits.

I perceived that my shot had struck a foreleg of the grizzly, not inflicting a serious wound, but making him furiously angry. I also realized that I had yet some things to learn about grizzly bears, and that I was in an awkward, if not a ludicrous, position.

An hour passed by; two, four, six—the afternoon wore away and the grizzly was watchful as ever. I was surprised at such persistence, but thought he would leave by sundown.

The shadows lengthened. The sun went down in a wilderness of crimson and gold. The air grew chilly, the western glow faded, and the stars began to twinkle. Darkness settled over the mountains and the bear still watched.
Fearing that I might become drowsy and fall, I took a position in the crotch of two limbs and secured myself to the tree with my cartridge belt. Then I shouted for a while, hoping to be heard by some of my friends. The sound of my voice threw the grizzly into such a rage that he commenced gnawing my tree again. From the manner in which he made splinters fly and the smallness of the tree trunk I deemed it wiser to remain silent.

Presently the moon arose. Faint at first, its pale light increased till the wild landscape was flooded with shadowy radiance. Light lessened the terrors of my situation and I grew drowsy.

A deep growl roused me. I saw that the bear was greatly excited. His hair bristled, he sniffed the air uneasily, and frequently stood erect. Listening intently, I heard a faint, far-away cry. It sounded like a human voice and I suspected it was a shout from one of my friends. Again I heard the cry, this time more distinctly. It was weirdly plaintive, half-human, almost uncanny. I now perceived it to be the cry of a wild animal. At intervals the cry was repeated, always nearer and more aggressive. Then it ceased, and for some time all was silent.

I was dozing sleepily when I was roused by a scream so piercing, so awful that it seemed scarcely of earth. No less terrible was the grizzly's answering roar. He reared, brandishing his mighty paws, his eyes living coals, bristling with fury. There was no further sound, and the grizzly's angry roars subsided to deep menacing growls. Then I became aware of the presence of a dam and two cubs. No doubt they had come while I was asleep.

Again the scream rang out, seeming from beside me. As its echo grew faint, a mountain lion glided from a clump of bushes near by. Inch by inch he advanced, silent, but dreadful. The sight was at once beautiful and terrible—the mountain lion and the grizzly bear—two monarchs of the mountains, facing one another, neither quailing, each powerful in his own strength and ferocity. I gazed, fascinated. Whimpering with fear, the cubs drew near their mother.

The tactics of the lion were peculiar. He did not creep directly toward the bear, but zig-zagged from side to side as if wishing to get past his antagonist without encountering him. The bear followed the
lion's movements, ever keeping in front of him, his growl like the rumble of distant thunder. The scene was puzzling.

Suddenly the mountain lion gave a yell and leaped high in the air. Startled, bristling with rage and impatience, both bears rushed to the attack. The mountain lion evaded their rush easily, bounded past them, and, stopping abruptly, seized an object which was lying on the ground. The bears turned and charged back, but their enemy was gone.

The grizzlies were very angry. Their antics were quite comical. They sniffed the spot where the object had lain, looked in the direction whence their enemy went, and growled uproariously. Even the cubs lent their shrill voices to the clamor. I surmised that when the dam came she brought with her some meat, possibly venison. The prey may have been slain by the mountain lion. Whether his claim was legitimate or not, he secured the prize and I rejoiced that he did. My persecutors might leave, were they obliged to go supperless. However, I was disappointed. As if believing me to be the author of their misfortune, the bears became more watchful than ever.

The moon mounted higher in the heavens, its rosy lustre turning to pale yellow. Scudding clouds frequently obscured it from view, darkening the landscape, giving the mountains the appearance of great shadows. Then the eyes of the bears gleamed like fiery orbs, their glitter wavering in changing hues of green and yellow, seeming more of fiend than of beast, a potent reminder of my danger.

Slowly the hours passed by. Sometimes I slept, only to awaken in the horrors of nightmare, shivering with cold, cramped painfully by my position. Once an unusually fierce growl roused me. Listening, I heard the cry of a mountain lion. The wailing note sounded several times, coming nearer at first, and then receding, till it ceased. The bears were much irritated by the sounds and became more vigilant than ever. I lost hope of their leaving and resolved to make the best of my situation.

The night dragged wearily by. The moon crept upward till it reached the zenith; then, pale and lifeless, it began to sink downward. About midnight the wind rose. It rushed and roared through the
thickets, swayed mighty pines to and fro, filling the air with a multitude of strange sounds. The clouds were swept from the vault above and it became a barren, cheerless waste, endless as seemed my vigil in the tree.

Morning! Eagerly I watched the gray light of dawn steal over the eastern sky, turning its leaden black to intense blue, filling vast canyons with ghostly light, revealing in bolder contour the grandeur of surrounding mountains. The deep blue became orange and red. The stars faded in the advancing flood of light, floating clouds were rimmed with fire. Soon the firmament flushed and gleamed in many-hued, and ever-changing tints of dawn; the eastern horizon brightened until it became blinding white. Then a refulgent orb crept above the gagged line of peaks, rosily radiant, dazzling, the glorious herald of day.

Never before was I as glad to see the sun. Its rays warmed my shivering body, clothed the bushes with myriads of sparkling jewels, and lit great fires on the glacier-capped mountains. The air rang with the songs of birds, the rising hum of bees sounded from the bushes, and the wild howling of coyotes echoed through canyons and chasms.

However, the beauty of morn was soon lost in the steady glare of day. I was hungry and thirsty, sore in every joint, my enemies were watchful as ever, and I felt there was small chance of rescue by my comrades. The grizzly's wound pained him, evidently. He licked it continually, and eyed me in a manner most expressive. The dam was less vindictive. She lolled about, blinked at the sun, slept occasionally, or played with her cubs. I was amused by their awkward gambols. The little fellows would box like pugilists, wrestle and tumble about, biting and scratching in babyish fury, or, jointly attack their mother. Exasperated by their roughness, the dam frequently gave one of them a box that sent it tumbling through the air like a furry ball. The cub would recover dizzily, and renew its antics, cautious at first, but soon rough as ever.

About nine o'clock the dam, annoyed by one cub biting her ears, and the other chewing her stubby tail, gave each a resounding slap, then rose and ambled away, her progeny biting at her heels mean-
while. She paused within the shade of a large bush and aimed a mulish kick at one of her persecutors; then, to my astonishment, vanished.

As I glanced curiously at the spot whence she had disappeared, I made a discovery that both surprised and alarmed me. The bush concealed the entrance to a cave. Now I understood why my enemies were so persistent. They were at home. I, the intruder, in supreme ignorance of all that hunters should know, had stalked within the very center of Ephriam’s domestic circle, completely at his mercy.

As the full import of my discovery dawned upon me, I became very uneasy. Hitherto, I had felt no fear but that my persecutors would leave finally. Now that hope was gone. One bear might leave, but it was improbable that both would go. Plainly my situation was desperate.

As I glanced about, I noticed that the precipice on the edge of which my tree stood extended without a break for considerable distance up and down the canyon. If I could descend to the ground below I would be safe. But how? I had no rope, the distance was at least fifty feet, and to leap that distance was suicidal.

Suddenly an idea occurred to me. At the base of the precipice, almost directly beneath me, stood a tree. Should I leap into its top there was a bare chance that the springy limbs would check my fall sufficiently to save me from serious injury. After some reflection, in which I speculated upon the chances of my being stabbed through by a limb, or broken in two across one, I decided to wait till noon, and if relief came from no other source, to leap. The pain was desperate, but my situation was desperate also.

The heat increased until the bare, dead limbs of my tree became fairly hot. Bruin withdrew to the shade of some bushes, while the dam and cubs remained in the cave. I burned with thirst, my head ached, I was faint from hunger. By noon my misery was unbearable. I resolved to end it one way or another.

With quickening breath, I unloosened myself from the tree, and stood erect. Bruin growled fiercely at my movement, and shambled toward me. The dam came from the den, growling also. The fork
offered an excellent foothold from which to spring; but, when the thing was to be done, courage failed me. Life seemed very sweet just now. Nature, lately so cruel, seemed sublimely beautiful. An eagle, a speck in the blue abyss, floated along lazily. On a dozen peaks the silvery sheen of glaciers glittered in the sunlight. The air was laden with the perfume of flowers, the bees hummed contentedly among the roses, a brook purled melodiously near by, while I—I was preparing to leap, probably into eternity.

In imagination I saw myself lying at the base of the precipice, crushed, powerless with broken limbs, being torn by wild beasts, dying by inches. Perhaps, in the future, a lone prospector would find my bleached skull, and wonder how it came thus. In dire fear, I scarcely considered my chances of escape.

Here something happened that came near ending my career in reality. A sudden gust of wind swept by, causing me to lose my balance. With sickening horror I felt myself falling. By mere chance only did I clutch a limb and save myself from the ready vengeance of my foes. Steadied somewhat, I regained my balance and as I did so, noticed an immense whirlwind some distance away. I watched it, strangely attracted.

The whirl drew nearer, twisting this way and that, sometimes stopping, then darting forward with new impetus. Saplings bent to earth before it. Grass, leaves and sticks whirled spirally upward, and floated high in the air. The inflowing air rattled the limbs of my tree and bore away my hat. Bruin shuffled about uneasily, and the cubs scurried away to their den.

As the writhing cloud of leaves approached, its hum became a roar. The bears flattened to the ground. My poor, dead tree creaked and shivered like a thing alive.

I thought the whirl would pass to my left. Unexpectedly it turned. With a blinding storm of leaves and a rush of air that nearly swept me from my perch, it bore down upon me. My tree swayed for a moment then crashed and toppled—over the precipice. In one awful second I realized the danger and my sole chance of escape. With a prayer flashing through my mind, I leaped. Down,
down—would I never stop—a terrific jar, a blaze of lights that faded into darkness—oblivion.

I opened my eyes. The sun shone full in my face and I tried to turn my head, but my neck was wooden. I had a vague idea that something dreadful had happened. Further than that my mind was blank. Noticing the precipice I remembered the leap over it. Gradually my experience knitted together in my mind till all was clear.

Now I wondered if I was maimed, dying or dead. I found that I could open and shut my eyes, and felt no particular pain. Presently I mustered sufficient courage to attempt to rise. Astonished beyond measure, I found I could stand without difficulty. Gradually I became convinced that I was alive, and excepting for an ugly gash on my forehead, and numerous scratches, unhurt. No doubt these injuries were received as I crashed through the tree top, which, luckily, I had struck squarely. My intense thirst helped to convince me that my existence was indeed mortal. I prostrated myself beside the icy brooklet that rippled near by and drank, oh! how I drank! till I durst drink no more, and then wallowed in the stream.

When my thirst was quenched and my feverish body cooled, I crawled out and commenced eating some huckleberries.

While thus engaged I heard a crashing in the bushes. I listened fearfully. The sounds were becoming louder. Without further ado I climbed and awaited the approach of my supposed enemy.

Soon, to my great relief, the boys scrambled out into the open. They were talking in subdued tones.

"I'm afraid it's no use," Frank Venner was saying. "We may as well look for a needle in a haystack."

"If he's alive, looks like he'd know enough to shoot and reveal his whereabouts," said Joe Busbee.

"He's not alive," returned Frank decidedly.

They paused beneath my tree, hopelessly staring at the wall that confronted them.

"Maybe he fell over a precipice," speculated Charley Bowman.

"Poor old chap. I owed him five dollars, too."

"He owed me ten, but I would give ten thousand to hear his voice," declared Frank.
“Good day, gentlemen,” quoth I from my perch above. The boys started, amazed. Joe was the first to locate me.

“Come out o’ that, you beggar,” he shouted. “Been tricking have you. We’ll fix you plenty.”

“Let up,” put in Charley. “Look at that cut on his head. Don’t you see he’s half dead? Something has tricked you, old man,” he concluded as I reached the ground. I acquiesced and told my story. The boys were greatly moved. Emotional Joe examined my scratches and bruises with tears in his eyes. Suddenly a stentorian growl interrupted our conversation. From above, Bruin was eying us with disfavor. Three guns were leveled in an instant.

“Shoot together,” panted Joe.

“One, two, three”—boom! The bear’s head disappeared.

“Bet we blew his head to splinters,” sputtered Joe, hopping about excitedly.

“Looks like it,” drawled Charley as the head reappeared, its two eyes flashing with fury.

The laugh that followed was enjoyed principally by myself. I was thinking of a shot I had made recently.

Ephriam was wary this time and withdrew his physiognomy before another volley was fired.

Joe was for going up and ending Bruin’s existence immediately. However, I had a pronounced aversion to such a course. I insisted upon returning to camp and my counsel prevailed.

Several days later we raided the den, killing both bears, and capturing the cubs. The pelts of the two grizzlies are now stuffed and in the museum of a prominent western college. Frank took the cubs to his home in Seattle, where they are at this time thriving finely. He wrote to me recently that he had accepted a handsome offer for them from a World’s Fair commissioner, and that the two young grizzlies would be in the Washington exhibit at the coming Exposition. Should my readers see them there, perchance he will know something of their history.

A breathless hush prevailed o'er all the world,
When Jove, the mighty, called the chosen gods,
His awful thund'rous voice shook all the deep,
And called the gods from busy work or sleep.

They came too slow, at his dread, stern command;
His eyes shot fire and trembling was his hand.
"I am astonished!" then he slowly said,
While they before him stood in fear and dread;
"Some gods do think it gain to come in late
When we do meet in councils of great weight.
Today each god should with great promptness come,
For we must plan with care, what's to be done
With mortals weak, who have defied Jove's laws,
And failed in all, without excuse or cause!
My plan is that from earth they be thrust out
And made to roam in dreary space about.
Unknown, unwept, 'twould only just fate be,
For those who have causelessly defied me."

Then the god, Florus, to calm Jove did tell
Of fresh young grass, that grew in Palouse dell.
He spoke in eager undulating flow,
Of just how it was germinating, slow;
And how, when 'twas to full and fair strength grown,
It should in Jove's own garden fair, be sown!
Then while he for his breath a moment paused,
A strange thing happened which much laughter caused;
For a tall god who had most silent heard,
Fell at Jove's feet without a single word,
And plucked a struggling frog from out the grass,
Which as it squirmed shone like a speckled bass.
Without a smile he turned to Jove and said:
"This is a species rare of which I read,
'Twas only by its strange and piping sound,
That I knew it was crawling somewhere round."
And while it turned, and piped, and squirmed away,
There gathered others on that strangest day.

Minerva, stately, now hailed they with lauds,
In ancient wisdom skilled beyond all gods!
With queenly mein and look of proud command,
She trains with skill her youthful Latin band.
Achilles, mighty god of brain and brawn,
Comes straight into their midst with brooding frown,
And speaks, at length, of what to wear and eat;
Of how one ought to take enough of sleep;
And mix with careful plan both work and play,
And walk alone at least ten miles a day!
Upon the gods a hush a moment fell,
As mused they on these things they knew so well.
Then to Jove's lips there fluttered soft a smile,
That lighted up his rugged face, the while
His eyes sought out his fav'rite slender god,
Whom called he forth by gentle beck and nod.
He came, with quiet footsteps faltering slow,
While in his pallid cheeks a blush did glow.
But soon that august company gathered there,
Forgot the form and listened with great care;
As his great mind, to them, did then unfold
The minute histories of lands untold.
But when he ceased a silence came o'er all,
For quite exhausted he did turn and fall.
Then wise indeed and quicker far than thought,
Stepped forth the well-beloved mild god Bott!
He took from his deep pocket forth a pill,
Gave to the sick god, said "He'll soon be well."
And while the gods did shout aloud for joy,
Up rose the sick god, fresh as any boy!
Then shone Bott's face e'en like his own head,
As he in Jove's eyes commendation read.
Then stepped there forth with easy, ready, grace,
A god, whose soul smiled forth in his round face.
And he without a fault did to them all
Speak forth of spirits weird—grim and tall!

206
And so distinct and plain, before all gods,
He called them forth that heart's felt wildest throbs,
And Jove's eyes round and large as full moons grew,
As each to other said, "Can this be true?"
But with strange signs known only to his art,
The Chemist god brought calm to every heart—
For as he grimly murmured, "Ha. S. O₄",
All gods saw things as they had been before.
"Tis now the hour of swiftly fading day,"
Spoke Jove, "And time all gods were hence straightway."
Then turned he his mighty brow to the west,
Where the great, golden sun sank to his rest,
While with imperious hand he sent them forth,
All went with footsteps slow, and feeling loth;
Jove, to his bright home in the starry blue,
Where he thought what, with mortals weak, to do.
Florus, to his green grass in Palouse dell,
Each god to the work he talked of so well,
And thus in peace and calm did end the day,
While the clear stars came out on the milky way.
Evolution of a Freshman.

Should you ask me whence this rookie,
Whence this youth with hair so rusty,
With the odors of the barnyard and
With coat and trousers homespun;
With his legs so bowed from riding

The cayuses of the prairies—
With his trousers frayed and wrinkled
As they ride upon his shoe tops,
I should answer; I should tell you
From the hills and from the valleys,
From the ranges of the West land
Where the boys are strong and lusty;
Where they thresh and delve in autumn
Till the frost is on the pumpkin;
Till the grain is in the warehouse.
Many moons did rookie travel
Toward the purple eastern ridges.
Came he to a sheltered village;
Came he to the Hall called Ferry,
Where he rested from the night wind—
Rested he in calm contentment
Till the morn strode from the East land.
Round the halls next morning early
Rookie to explore did sally.
Many things perplexed him sorely,
Many voices called him "rookie;"

208
Many pairs of eyes peered at him
As he ambled down the hallway.
Then he started down to breakfast
Clad in a suspender mostly;
Looks amazed were bent upon him
From those seated at the tables.
The preceptress spoke him gently—
Showed him how to wear a collar;
Showed him how to put a coat on
Lest of cold he die and leave them—
Leave them to repine in sorrow—
Leave room for, perhaps, a worse one,
Who would e'en discard suspenders.
Once, while looking from his window,
Gazing idly; on the landscape
Gazing, thinking, wondering, dreaming
On the delights of bounteous nature,
Suddenly there came a rainbow—
Came a rainbow from above him;
From a room direct above him,
Formed from all the old wash water
Taken from the rooms adjacent.
Ruined was his brand new collar;
Ruined was his coat of homespun,
While the hoarse laugh of the others
Filled his soul with blackest anguish.
Once, while thinking of the great men—
Of men who played football and tennis;
Of men whom ladies loved to talk to,
The men who smoked like salamanders,
He thought he'd get some real tobacco;
Tobacco with a pipe to match it.
He tried it in his room one evening,
Soon he thought he heard the echo—
The echo of approaching footsteps.
He tried to rise and close his transom,
He tried to keep the smoke from 'scaping;
But the floor rose up and hit him,
And the bed sidestepped and hit him;
The table then spun round and hit him—
Hit him in the solar plexus.
Everything around seemed dancing;
The pictures all made faces at him,
As in there walked a grim Inspector,
Stern of look; with visage hardened
Told him that a rule he'd broken;
Told him that he'd have to travel—
Travel homeward to the farm-stead;
Even home, where papa waited.
Next year, when the yellow sunlight
Bronzed the burned and withered stubble,
And the wheat was duly garnered,
Georgie came again to Pullman—
Came again to enter college;
Came to learn, observe and study.
Once while sitting in the chapel
He heard a talk on Athletics—
Heard Prof. Waller tell the students
How he gained his mighty muscle;
Tell them that ten thousand dollars
Would not buy his toughened sinews.
Georgie's soul was filled with longing
For a grand physique like Waller's.
He thought he'd like to train for football,
And make a record for his college—
Make a record in Athletics
Which would redound upon his college.
He took himself out on the gridiron—
Out with fellows built like Waller;
First he took a course of cussing
From the Coach, from old Bill Allen.
Then they put him in the lineup—
Put him there when in the scrimmage;
Told him he must stop the first team.
When they rushed down with the pigskin—
On they rushed, eleven demons;
Rushing at him like the North-wind—
Like the wind that in the winter
Whistles through the college buildings.
On they came upon our Georgie!
The line men hit him hard and often,
The backs came through and piled upon him—
Pushed his nose into the gridiron,
Stuck their spikes and knees into him;
Smashed him hard, and left him shapeless
While they went adown the gridiron.
Slowly from the ground he struggled,
With his head all bruised and battered;
With wrists and knees all sore and wrenched.
Up the hill he started homeward,
Thinking grimly of Prof. Waller—
Thinking of the brilliant lecture
On Athletics, and on football.
When the youth was convalescent—
All his cuts and bruises healing—
The desire to make a record
Came again into his bosom.
In the "Gym" I'll make my muscle—
Thus he made his resolution.
Long he practiced for the track team;
Basket-ball he played, and hand-ball.
He became enthusiastic,
Cut his classes for the practice.
"Now," said he, "I'll make a record;
Gain a set of thews and sinews—
Gain a frame like Osmer Waller's."
The next morning on the hall wall
Georgie saw his name was posted.
On the board out in the hallway
There he saw an invitation,
Asking him to make a visit
To the "Prexie" in his office.
"Prexie" looked at him in anger—
Looked straight at him; looked right through him.
Georgie stammered, coughed and reddened,
Looking sideways, downward, upward,
And the silence became heavy
Like the heated air of summer.
Finally these words were uttered:
"Why these D's? Why these demerits? Why this constant cutting classes? Do you want to see your parents? Do you want to take a journey, Even back to Adams county? Take the train tomorrow morning, And return when you are wiser.
Sore of heart and filled with sorrow,
Georgie went adown the pathway;
Went down to the Northern station, And begun his homeward journey.
No one at the station met him—
No one pressed around to greet him, And in the sultry, silent summer,
Went he down the road where papa
Milked the cows and curried horses—
Delved and sowed and reaped the harvest, Raising wheat that sold for money;
Money which our Georgie squandered—
Squandered in the town of Pullman.
Georgie came and stood before him—
Stood abashed and still, before him. Opening then his mouth, the father
Said unto his child so erring:
"Dad gumet, George! What inell do you mean! You're the orneriest, gol derned critter Thet ever came over the pike! Git right in a hustle naow En pay fur your raisin'."
Georgie then, with mien so humble, Did the chores and plowed the fallow— Plowed and dragged the summer fallow, Oftentimes himself berating And resolving to do better. Came he to his sire at evening, When the days and nights are equal, Saying: I am firm resolved, sir, To employ my time much better. I will unbind, and will unfetter From the bonds which now enthrall me If you will to me be lenient And let me back to Pullman journey— Back to sit at Bryan's lectures, Back to where the mighty Edwin Transforms louts into enchanteres By his magic course of training.
Back he came, desiring, burning,
To raise himself above the rabble;
Came he to the wondrous Edwin—

To the famous, white-haired Edwin,
Saying: "I purpose to enter
The debate preliminary
That I may be an enchanter
Like our mighty "Prexie" Bryan,
Or like to you, our white-haired wonder.
He studied hard in oratory,
Only pausing short to polish
His bright sword which he was wearing
In the Cadet Corps so mighty,
Where he had reached the rank Lieutenant.
Many weeks he wrote and rewrote
His oration subtle, mystic,
On the this-ness of the thus-ness
Or the why-ness of the where.
Then he stepped upon the rostrum,
All his muscles quivering, shaking.
All his thoughts went spaceward flying,
While his dry mouth refused to utter
The grand trope so roundly fashioned.
Back he came to the Hall of Ferry
Torn by anguish; soaked in sorrow
Came and cussed and still berated
His poor body for refusing
To obey his will's command.
Soon the Christmas time grew nearer—
Nearer came the time of Yuletide,
Came the time when all good people
Turn their steps and travel onward
To the place they call their home.
Our brave Junior gaily dressed him—
Dressed in suit so military;
Clapped his sword into the hanger,
Strapped it on and started homeward.
Many people turned and rubbered,
Many maidens laughed and giggled
As our fond and fervent Junior
Wore his suit so military—
Wore his sword and hanger home.
Next year came our faithful Georgie
Back to College, back to town;
Back he came with presents laden
To entrap a winsome maiden—
Trap a maiden coy and bashful,
Who taught school in Pullman town.
Many hours of leisure had he—
Many time his classes cut he
That he might come and sit beside her
In her easy little home.
Often time to church he brought her,
As the old old tale he taught—
Telling her in accents loving
That he never more would roam.
Hard he worked to dance the two-step,
The mazey waltz so light and fancy.
The German, too, he tried and mastered—
The minuet he walked so stately,
And danced the measured Home, Sweet Home.
In social converse oft engaging,
He shone and sparkled like a diamond;
His nature, pliant and artistic,
Was moulded in J. F. F. sence.
When at the regular weekly meeting
They talked of Art and love and music,
And all else that in times so social
Marks the man of college breeding.
Many jokes in storage had he,
Many tricks in College played he;
Many things he thought were funny
Tricks upon the staid Professors,
His instructors in the College.
Once he wrote the Ten Commandments—
Wrote them down on huge stone tablets;
Placed them on the College campus—
With great labor wrote and placed them.
"Prexy" Bryan in the morning
Saw the tablets on the campus;
On the first he read the legend
"You are now in Enoch's kingdom."
With a frown he saw and read it,
Read the second and the third one—
Read them all until the last one.
It was placed beside the entrance
By the door through which he entered;
On the tablet was this saying,
Taken from the door of Hades:
"Ye who enter at this portal
Leave all hope of life behind you."
Then the King called up his vassal—
Faithful Grimes his trusted servant;
Called him quickly, told him shortly,
Told him to remove the tablets.
Now we have not Ten Commandments—
Now we have six hundred fifty;  
"Prexy" gives his own commandments,  
The students shrink, obey and tremble.  
When the time of graduation,  
In the pleasant balmy June time;  
When the time when on the rostrum—  
"Prexy" leads in all the Seniors—  
Leads them in where all the people  
Peer and look and gaze and wonder—  
Wonder how so much of knowledge  
Can in this much bulk be compassed,  
"Prexy" hands them all a parchment  
Writ upon in wondrous letters;  
Writ in letters round and florid,  
Telling all who may hap read it  
The bearer from his Alma Mater  
Has received the rank of Bachelor.  
When Georgie had received his parchment  
He straightway flew to where his sweetheart  
 Awaited him so sad and lonely—  
Waiting, watching for his coming,  
His coming with his new Diploma.  
In he rushed and drew her toward him,  
Sat her on his knees before him—  
Sat and gazed upon her beaming;  
Asked her then if she would wed him.  

Asked her if with him she'd travel  
Down life's broad and rapid river  
In his little frail canoe.
Sat the maiden trembling, blushing;
Her soul, her face with radiance flushing.
She said, her voice, his heartbeats hushing:
"Yes, my George; I'll go with you."
The Annual Faculty Declamation Contest.

Recited by R. E. Snodgrass.

See the many, many bugs—
Buggy bugs;
How they flutter through the twilight
Causing us excited shrugs,
How they rustle, rustle, rustle
In the dreamy air of night,
Flipping, flapping on the highway;
Booming, buzzing on the byway,
Under each electric light.
How they dip, dip, dip;
How they zip, zip, zip,
Till they whisk about our whiskers and go mugging at our mugs.
Oh, the bugs, bugs, bugs, bugs, bugs, bugs!
Oh, the night is two shades darker from the bugs.

There are June and lady bugs—
Whiskered bugs;
There are bats and fleas and locusts; there are moths in search
of rugs;
Bugs that hurtle like a missile,
Bugs that roar and bugs that whistle;
Bugs in many colors tinted;
Bed—(let that one be but hinted)—
Bugs with faces like a pug!
And they hold a big convention under each electric light.
Oh, the bugs, bugs, bugs;
The bugs, bugs, bugs, bugs, bugs, bugs;
What a buzzy, buggy, bumping bunch of bugs.
C. A. Barry’s Effort.

DIE HUNGRERSNOT.

O! der long y triste Winter!
Ach! la kalt et cruel hiems!
Tonjours tiefer und muy denso
Frор die glace sur lac y flumen,
Immer altior et plus hondo
Fiel der Schnee sur omnes terra,
Fiel el deckend Schnee et drifted
Durch la silva, um le village.
Apenas deims borgen wigwam
Potuit montero forzar un passage;
Cum mitones y sem raquettes
Frustra ging er durch la silva,
Sucht pour ave o'bete et faud keen,
Vidit no Bahn cervae on lapin,
Dans la nive sah keine traces,
In la palido scheinend silva.
Fiel et non could rise pour Schwache
Starb pour frialdad et Hunger.

Ach! die Hungersnot y Fieber!
O! le ravage von la hambre!
O! verderbend de fiebre!
O! wechselnd von pueris!
O! la ansia von mulleris!
Dentro Hiawatha's choza
Kamen zieve other hotes wie schweige
Wie les esprits were, et triste,
Y, der vorderst said: “Vide, mich!”
Je suis Hungersnot, Bukadawin!”
Et der ander said “Vide me,
Yo soy Fieber Akkosewin!”
Et la schone Minnehaha
Zitterte von words qu'ils saglen,
Zitterte als ils spectaverunt,
Lag down auf la couche dans Schweigen,
Barg ihr face sed made keine Antwort
Lag da zitternd, freezing, bremmend.
Adelante dans la silva
Properavit Hiawatha,
Dans son coeur erat mortal dolor,
In sein cara, une dure fermete.
Dans la gross y vocio silvam
Sur sein raquettes schritt er vorwarts.
“Gieb deinen Kinder cibum, padre!”
Da uns food, or nous must sterben!
Da Nahrung pour Minnehaha!
Pour mea sterbend Minnehaha!
All der Tag conrut Hiawatha
Dans la melancholy selva
Durch die sombra cirrs bosquets
En the muntern days aestatis
Illius ne'er vergessen Summer,
Portaverat sa jung Frau heimwarts,
Quand aves sang daus les bosquets,
Et die Bach ridehant et glistened
Y l'aïre erat full de perfum,
Und die schone Ridens-Wasser
Dixit cum voice que non zitterte
"Je te snivrai, marito meum!"
Y, er sturzte in den wigwam
Vut sa schone Ridens-Wasser,
Liedent morte y kalt devant ihn,
Und son brechend coeur en dedans
Uttered solch ein cri der angoisse
Ut les forets moaned et shuddered.
Ut die stellae ipsne im Himmel
Shook y tremblaient cum angoisse eins,
"Adieu," dixit, "Minnehaha"
"Lebewohl, ach mein Ridens-Wasser,
Tout mon coeur est buried mit dir
Toutes mes Gedanke gehen mit dir!
Mox tes traces ego shall folgen,
Ad insulas des bienheureux
Nacht the regnum de Ponemah
A terram des kunftige Leben."
Little Charley Piper's Piece.

Pullman town's in Whitman,
By famous Colfax City.
The Palouse river, shaly and shallow,
Washes down from hill and hollow,
A pleasanter spot you never spied.
But when begins my ditty?
Almost four long years ago
To see the professors suffer so
From spelling was a pity,
They stumbled and fell when spelling "the,"
Instead of a "b" they used a "d,"
They spelled plea with an (x, y, z,)
Until the "Profs," were wild and skitty.
At last the "Profs," in a trembling mob,
To "Prexie's" office came flocking.
'Tis clear they cried, "We're ruled by a 'slob,'
An I as for the heads of departments—shocking,
To think we pay the highest wages
To dolts who can't or won't assuage us.
While we show our spoiled and damaged pages.
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or sure as fate we'll send you packing.
At this the "Prexie" and leading "Profs,"
Gave way to sobs and sighs and coughs.
The "Prexie" broke the silence tense:
"I wish I were back in old Vincennes,
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so and all in vain.
Oh! for a plan! A plan! A plan!"
He mopped his brow and waved a fan,
And turned around, the door to scan
As in there stepped a wondrous man.
He was attired in suit of black,
Bagged knee'd trousers and coat cut sack:
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin;
And pompadour hair and swarthy skin,
And lips where smiles went out and in.
He advanced to the office floor,
Saying, "Pardon me—a dreadful bore,
But I can do as I did of yore
When in a college on our western shore;
And as for what your brains appeal,
If I can improve your students' spelling,
Will you give me a room in Science Hall?
"One—twenty rooms right here at once,"
Was the ready, prompt and quick response.

* * * * *

Onto the rostrum the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his closed bazoo the while.
Ere three shrill words the Piper uttered,
You heard as if a "Prep" class muttered.
And the muttering grew to a rumbling,
The rumbling grew to a mighty grumbling,
As out of his mouth the words came trembling;
Great words, small words, long words, short words,
Words of the street, and polished court words;
Anglo-Saxon, Latin, Greek,
And all kinds else that men do speak;
The Piper hurled at the student shrinking
And they sat staring, wondering, blinking.
Flunks there were by gross and score,
And each "ex" harder than the one before,
Until they all were tried and true,
When to the "Head" the Piper flew,
To lay the proof of duty done,
And claim the prize so richly won.
He was received with frigid stare
And sent way back to take a chair,
And told to reduce his demands a few,
From twenty rooms e'en down to two.
Into the hall the Piper came,
Laughing a sardonic laugh,
As he a hasty plan did frame
To reduce the corps student by half.
He enrolled the "Fraish" in entomology,
Pointing the road to easy grades;
The "Sophs" crept into embryology
Hoping to recoup the strength that fades.
Ere three short weeks could be heard a muttering
And the muttering grew to a rumbling,
And the rumbling grew to a mighty grumbling,
As back from the "Preps" the "Ds" came tumbling—
"Ds" in lectures, everywhere—
Causing ermine streaks in golden hair
And liquid eyes to blink and stare;
And dark'ning brows once smooth and fair,
Until they came to the final "exam"
Wherein all plunged and perished.
The Winner.

BY O. L. WALLER.

Ye call me chief, and ye do well to call him chief who for three long years has met every shape of “rooky” or “slob” which the wide expanse of Washington could furnish, and who never yet lowered his eye. If there be one in Ferry Hall who dares dispute my authority, let him stand forth and do it. If there be one who dares meet me in the committee room of the dauntless three, let him come in.

And yet I was not always thus. A hired Procter; a savage herder of uncouth, savage men. My ancestors came from old Connecticut and settled among the pine-clad rocks and sycamore groves of Michigan. My early life ran quiet as the Kalamazoo by which I sported, and when at eve I gathered my father’s hens beneath the shed and played upon them with a half inch hose I had a friend, the son of a Hoosier, to join me in the pastime. We always sacked the same barnyard and partook together the stolen roast. Today I met a man on the campus. He knew me, grinned sardonically, laughed and fled. The same hoarse laugh I noted when in adventurous boyhood we scaled a ten rail fence to pluck the first ripe apples and he escaped the farmer’s clutches while I received the flogging.

One night the President, a wise and fluent man, was telling of Bloomington and Vincennes, and how in time to come Indiana would be the seat of all knowledge. My jaw fell. I knew not why and a myriad of tremors played “run sheep run” across my ten thousand dollar frame. I longed to be an Indianan and join the ethical crusade, until my wife bathed my fevered face and told me to raise chickens and think no more of Indiana and higher culture.

That very night the rookies landed in the “dorm.” I saw the bread that should have nourished me disappear down the ravenous throats of the one suspended denizens of the Palouse hills. I saw the bleeding body of a rookie dragged from ‘neath a rolled bed; I saw the perpetrators disappear in a cloud of smoke from a hundred cigarettes. Oh! Pullman! Pullman! Thou hast been a tender nurse to me. Aye! thou hast given to that poor, gentle, timid farmer’s lad, cheek of brass and a heart of flint. Taught him to gaze upon
a rough house even as Professor Fulmer upon a laughing girl. And he shall pay thee back until the stream of credits runs nothing but "Ds" and in its deepest recess thy grade be found.

Hark! hear yon Prep. roaring in quarantine? 'Tis three weeks since he had a breath of fresh air, but tomorrow he can breath all there is outside the campus. If ye are old women sit here like timorous ladies and permit the students to run over you. But if ye are men follow me. Place restrictions upon the students. Ring the curfew every night and then they will spend their time in noble, honorable study.
Fables of the Day.

Ancient language is not a food for the enamored breast of an ancient maiden, even though she repeat daily in tragic tones the tender words amo, amas, amat.

Esthetic taste, though exercised in the reproduction of the beauties of nature upon canvas, does not remove the passionate longing of an erstwhile fair damsel for the voluptuous adulations of a deluded swain. But brooding over the mystery of the fates and abjectly wielding the painting brush, by their very eagerness they have ever foiled their fell design. The youths could not be caught. Let ladies remember the story of the turtle dove.

Once there was a dear little Turtle Dove who was violently enamored of a Hawk. She cooed to him in her most dulcet tones and trimmed her feathers with exacting nicety and placed herself continuously in his sight, but all to no avail; The Hawk would give her none but a general notice.

At last, in despair, the Turtle Dove sought the advice of a Pigeon who was looking for a handsome bird to do the "temporary" stunt. The Dove and Pigeon "hit upon" an experiment to bring themselves into the notice of the male birds. They gave a party in the tree in which they lived, and invited a select number of fowl, saying to themselves: "We will be able to shine in this company and the Hawk and Eagle will think we are 'it'." A few weeks after this party, they prevailed upon the old Sage Hen (who holds dominion over the "Preps") to give a party, saying to themselves: "Now the Hawk and Eagle will escort us to this party and we will clinch their affections.

But, alas! the Hawk and Eagle flew off to the soiree together and the poor little Turtle Dove remained in her nest and cooed to herself broken-heartedly.

Moral: To win another's affections make yourself hard to catch.
Once there was a colony of beavers who built a bridge across a wide stream. This bridge formed the means of exit and entrance between their own little world and the larger world without, and was their only means of crossing the broad stream of provincialism which washed around their home.

When the bridge was finished a number of spiders spun webs from their holes and attached them to the bridge and thus entered into communication with the wider world. A number of years passed in calm contentment, but at last the spiders, being puffed up with egoism, said: "Unless you give us the bridge we will pull down our webs and the bridge will fall." They pulled down their webs, and not only did the bridge not fall but the poor spiders, who had cut off their communication, died of starvation.

Moral: Don't imagine you are a whole livery stable because Nature has made you an Ass.

Once there was a bashful Jay who was "filled" regularly by bolder birds in regard to the "osculation" habit. Many days, during his moulting period, he sat on the lower limbs and listened to the brave stories which the experienced Jays told, of how the coy females responded to their tender caresses with grateful chirrups. After a time he finished his period of development and appeared in fine black raiment, with a neat black crest on his head.

The Jay was "swelled" on himself. He thought Solomon in all his glory was in the "also ran" list when entered with his beautiful apparels. He swelled out his breast and strutted up and down before the females, displaying his many charms. Finally one poor little, forlorn Jay flew to his side and chirruped with him in tender accents. Now, thought the Jay, will I find how nice is a tender embrace. He flew to a dark corner and called to his mate, but she, angered by his slowness, flew away.

Moral: A girl in the arms is worth two on the stairs.
When the "Baby" Goes to College.

Yes, it's always sad to have fall come
And see the leaves turn brown,
And hear the wind go whistling round,
And see it drift 'em down.
But I never seemed to mind it much,
Nor the comin' of the cold,
Till the "Baby" went to college.
Ah! that's what makes ye old!
The "Baby"? She was the youngest,
The merriest little miss
That ever climbed on a father's knee,
And wheedled by a kiss.
I never seemed to think, somehow,
That she would ever go,
But now she's gone to college,
And, oh! we miss her so!
Of course, we loved the rest and all,
But it wasn't quite the same,
We let them go without a word
To their quest of fun and fame.
But when it came to "Babe" it seemed
She took the light away,
And left us in the dark, old, home,
A feelin' old and gray.
We're lookin' forward countin' out,
The days till Christmas time,
My wife and I till "Babe" comes home,
They'll be glad bells that chime
To herald out her comin' home.
There's much that parents give,
But when the "Baby" goes away
It's pretty hard to live.
The youngest one, the pet, and all,
It's hard to have her roam;
And I—how can I wait the day
That brings my "Baby" home?

—Hope.
De Bello Footballlico.

Description of the Inland Empire.

I. Imperium Inlandum est omne divisum in partes tres, quorum
numquam incolunt Idaho enses, aliam Whitmanites, tertiam qui altorum
lingua "Agricolae," nostra Washingtonienses appellantur.

* * * * *

The Idaho War.

Ambitious designs of the Idahos under Griffith.

J. Apua Idahoenses longe nobilissimius fuit Griffithus qui, McLeano
presidente, gloriae cupiditate indutus collegio persuasit ut de
finibus enirent et in Washingtonienses impetum facerent. Id hoc fa-
cilius eis persuasit, quod se virtute omnibus praestare putarent et
nos pro injuriis receptis ulisci voluerunt.

The Scheme is Discovered.

II. Cum esset B. Alleno enuntiatum Idahoenses in "Agrum Milit-
tum" impetum facturos Spokane Pullmanam properavit et eos sust-
tinere comparavit.

* * * * *

The Battle.

The Washingtons Under Jones Easily Defeat the Enemy and Pursue
Them With Great Slaughter.

III. Die proeli Washingtonienses de hostium adventu per explor-
atores admoniti sunt. Allenus igitur J. Jonesem aiciem instru-
ere insit. Idahoenses magnis cum tumultu et clamore, P. McLeodo
juene duce, procurrent. G. Hortonus pilam per agrum calce pro-
pulit. Jones proeli incipiens signum dedit. In hostium cernu den-
trum, quod minime acre visum est, factus est impetus. A. Hop-
erus hoc cornum perrupit atque hostes perturbatis ordinibus in fuga
sibi praesidium posuerunt. Nostri eos securi sunt, et sine ullo per-
culo tantum cornum multitudinem interfecerunt, quantum fuit dici
spatium, sub ocasumque solis destiterunt. * * * * C. Bar-
nardus, adullescens fuit in consectatione manime conspicuus. Magna
fuit victoria et. * * * *

*Prominent Idaho athlete. ¹Coach. ²Captain.
Minnick's Soliloquy.

I flunked today in Algebra—  
Who cares?  
I riled the "Prof" of Mining—a—!  
Who cares?  
I found a dun; I lost some, mun—  
Who cares?  
She smiled on me today.

My fountain pen has leaked a stream—  
Who cares?  
Distinction hopes are all a dream—  
Who cares?  
The athletes are hot and call me sot—  
Who cares?  
She smiled on me today.

'Tis night, my lamp is burning dim—  
Who cares?  
Before my eyes my lessons swim—  
Who cares?  
For love is life and life is love  
She smiled on me today.
A Five-Dollar Bill and What Became of It.

Once there was a class of unsalted Freshmen in a little college which nestled among the sun-kissed hills of the Evergreen state. This class was full of enthusiasm, and untried and unmeasured class spirit. In their jolly exuberance they joined with the Sophomores in giving a "Glee," raising the "grease" which oiled the wheels of the entertainment by levying an assessment upon their number, but in their impetuosity they raised five dollars too much and when the entertainment was over the chairman of the committee on arrangements (whom we will call Mr. A.) delivered, or thought he delivered, to the treasurer (whom we will call Miss B.) the five dollars. (Right here is where the plot thickens). When the financial report was called for Miss B. proclaimed to the assembled class that Mr. A. had never turned over the money. Mr. A. sprang to his feet and vehemently asserted that he had turned over the money, and, further, that Miss B. was a person who had too much respect for the truth to use it. At this juncture one of their blue-capped brethren moved that both belligerents be declared "square" in their financial accounts with the class. This motion carried and all went well for a time.

Some days later Mr. C. was walking up the way toward the College, when, as he glanced down, he saw a crumpled five dollar bill. He picked it up and advertised his find, but no claimant was forthcoming when a brilliant idea sidetracked a problem in "Trig" which filled the mind of a Freshman. He immediately scattered his idea among his kind and the result was that the Freshman held a meeting and formally demanded the five dollars found by Mr. C., saying it was the same five dollars lost in the shuffle between Mr. A. and Miss B. The money was turned over and now the milk white dove folds her wings and coos in calm contentment when the Freshmen assemble to consider matters of weight.
Our Co-Ed.

Ah, Co-ed fair with flowing hair,
Thy virtues can with none compare.
Thou art our joy, our pride thou art,
And dear to every loyal heart.

She loves her college first, and then—
A very little—loves its men.
Yes, all its men, straight from her heart,
And makes of them no sect or part.

Then cheer three times for W. A. C.,
And for our mascot three times three.
For tho’ we win or vanished be,
None is so staunch and true as she.

Classes.

Sing a song to Freshmen,
Bid him never fear;
He will be a Sophomore
In another year.

Sing a song to Sophomores
For their “Chinook” fight,
It’s but the rivalry of those
Who would thy praises write.

Sing a song to Juniors,
Sing for purest joy;
May this token of our love
For thee thy cares alloy.

Sing a song to Seniors,
Sing for their own sake;
Lest thy heart at parting
From long known friends should break.
The Derelict.

There came a song to my heart one day,
A merry, lifting, laughing lay
That laughed through my thoughts like a joyous lay;
    And the world seemed brighter and better to me.
But Alas! came a call from Duty then,
And the song that but wanted the touch of a pen,
Must wait that touch 'till I knew not when
    For Duty called, "Come, I am waiting for thee."

When I returned the song had fled;
No vestige remained in my aching head,
And I mourned as one for a child that's dead,
    So dear was that child of my thoughts to me.
It never came back to me again,
The song had fled from my waiting pen,
Lost, as are often the treasures of men,
    Lost, in a deep blue sea.

And now, as I sit in the twilight gray,
And think o'er the words and the deeds of the day,
    Watching the daylight fade away;
    Often a vision still comes to me
Of a wandering ship on the sea's dark blue;
And many the waves she plunges through:
With none to guide her or keep her true—
    My derelict song lost in the sea.

Of all my songs that song seems best,
Dearer to me than all the rest,
    Though it stayed not long in the mind it blessed;
    And I hope that some bright day,
It may float back again to me,
Borne like a ship from a dream-bright sea;
And I'll build anew the melody
    From the shadowy wreck of my stormtossed lay.
The Land o' the Palouse.

In the land o' the Palouse,
Where the golden harvests grow,
And the Deuce takes the producer,
When the price o' wheat is low—
Here is where I love to linger,
Spite o' all that fellers say
'Bout the hayseed in yer whiskers,
And yer lookin' like a jay—
Fer a sort o' fasinashun
Takes perseshun of the soul,
Spite o' toil and tribulation,
Spite o' gittin' in the hole.
Yes, in face o' all afflikshuns,
Seems the heart will still contend
That the blows are benedikshuns
That the kentry's still yer friend.
Not the clime o' California,
Not the sunny south for me,
Not the shores o' old New England,
With their murmur o' the sea,
Not the fields of Injanny,
By the Wabash fur away,
Not Noo Jersey, with its skeeters,
Nor that place called Buzzard's Bay.
Not in Kansas, where the cyclones
Come in sich all-fired twisters,
As yer leave yer plum stark naked,
And divest yer o' yer whiskers.
No, in none o' them there places
Do I ever keer to be,
Fer the land o' the Palouse
Is just good enuff fer me.
Tain't no place fer lazy fellers,
Hev ter husel, I'll erlow,
Hev ter sow and hev ter harvest,
Hev ter "drive or hold the plow."
Thrashin' times, now let me tell yer.
Yes, I'1l own they're purty tough—
When yer work from morn till midnight—
Wal, begosh, yer'v'e got enuff.
Fact, I do almost believe it,
Fer I've often heard it said,
As yer'll meet yerself comin' ter breakfust,
When yer tryin' ter go ter bed.
Yes, I guess them Wall street fellers,
Got a cinch on us some way.
Fer they're allus livin' easy,
While we're workin' night and day.
But, fer all o' thot, I'm thankful—
Spite o' all o' such abuse.
There's a deal o' downright goodness
In this land o' the Palouse.
I hev owned there's sometimes darkness,
But there's many a sunny day,
When a feller feels thet heaven
Really isn't far away,
Talk erbout yer folks thet's honest,
And has hearts thet's warm and true,
There are some in this yere kentry,
And begosh, I've met them, too.
Then on top o' thet's the wimmin—
Wal, I've sed it now, gee whiz!
Havin' teched on this yere subjek,
Guess I'm reely in yer biz.
Most o' them poetick fellers,
What is writin' nowadays,
When it kums ter their own deestrikt,
Gives the gals a lot o' praise,
And I guess they're right erbout it,
Won't dispute with what they say.
Fer I allus thot thet wimmin
Air half angel, anyway.
But somehow I'm tarnal awkward,
When I try to tell them so.
Hadn't been fer this yere failin',
Might been different now, yer know,
Might been welted with a brumstick,
'Till my tarnal pate was bald,
Or melby with blin' water
I'd a got an awful scald.
Passin' over all them matters—
This is jest 'twixt you and me—
The wimmin in this Palouse kentry
Are as sweet as sweet can be.
Why, I know o' one in this deestrikt,
Thet is jist an angel, I swear,
No words ken express her sweetness,
But, oh, she is sweet and fair!
I'll tell yer m errlasses ain't in it
As compared to thet air gal—
Gosh, how I'd like ter hug her,
But I'm scared I never shall,
Fer altho I am powerful willin'
I somehow can't make a move,
It's jist like havin' a nightmare—
This thing o' bein' in love.
Wal, derned if it ain't worser—
When ye've got a nightmare, begosh.
Yer kin kinder shake off the kritter,
And feel thet the hull thing is bosh,
But bein' in love right in earnest,
I'll tell yer it's all-fired tryin'—
When yer feared the gal don't love yer
Yer feel almos' like dyin'.
(And it's kinder that way with me
And thet air gal o' mine.)
Wal, durn it, where 'm I gittin',
If I ain't a gal darned goose—
Begosh, it's time I was quittin',
But here's to the land of Palouse.

—C. E. Eddy.
A Freshie's Episode.

(With apologies to Palmer Cox.)

A silver crescent in the sky,
October's moon was sailing high,
When "Freshers" met to carry through
An enterprise they had in view.
Said one: "Then I'm afraid
Unless we give some mystic aid
In pushing work that's moving slow
We'll not be ready for the show;
So now I see no better way
Can we our loyalty display
Than here to lend a helping hand
To beautify these buildings grand
That ornament this spacious ground
And to the college good reound."
Another said: "The brush is suited well
For 'Freshie' hands the truth to tell,
As for myself no more I ask
Than elbow room at such a task.
And I'll not be the last to mount
A ladder, and to some account
For I'll not take a seat behind
At spreading paint, keep that in mind.
The paint shall be our own 'Yale blue,'
A beautiful color of pleasing hue.
It matters not, I'll make it show
As fast as any one I know."
Another said: "Our skill we'll try
Upon this cloud capped chimney high."
Now work began without delay,
Though many there had much to say
And could have talked and argued still
About their gifts or special skill.
But Freshies, when there's work to do
Go at it hard and see it through.
They're not the kind to lose a nick
Of time, that slips away so quick.
Each took the tool that suited best
His turn of mind for all were blessed
With skill that made them handle well
Whatever to their portion fell.
Then climbing here and mounting there
Soon every Freshie did his share,
All clearly proving from the start
They had the college good at heart.
Said one: "Though not apprenticed out
To master hard and knocked about
To learn a trade twixt kick and blow,
That oft with instruction go.
We're 'way ahead of Sophia kind
At putting things in shape, they'll find,
For we can saw and paint and bore,
And better, still, do something more
In nuptic warp, by Freshies rule
That's not included in their school.
And we from them no lesson take,
Nor ask advice, but simply make
Our time and task on hand agree
And keep from complications free.
The highest point or peak about,
This chimney grand they hunted out.
'Twas there their wish their skill to show,
'Twas there they struck a telling blow.
They climbed each other's shoulders there
Regardless of the height in air.
No brains of weak, unhealthy tone
That dizzy grow 'mong Freshies own.
While hands have strength and toes are sure
The head has faith and feels secure.
So up they go without a reel,
Although the clouds around them wheel;
No wonder, then, the work that night
Was shoved along with magic sleight;
No wonder, then, the Sophies cried
When they two blue '60's spied,
And safe it is for me to say
'Twould draw the eye ten miles away
And let it know beyond a doubt
What class has hung its emblem out.
The Morrill hall now drew their eyes
And they beheld the same with sighs,
For there among the brinks inlaid
Good cause for some good Freshie's aid
The sign of zinc, no paint at all
Was giving them a speechless call.
So up they go and paint it o'er
Until they think it needs no more
To make it stand among the rest
A building by the college blest.
Then to their rooms they softly steal,
With tasks well done they surely feel
That rest by them is surely due
When to their school they've proved so true.
Favorite Quotations of Our Seniors.

FAVE ALLEN.

Men call you fair and you do credit it
For yourself ye daily such do see
But the true fair, that is the gentle wit
And virtuous mind is much more praised of me.
—Spenser.

ANNA CLEMENS.

There, little girl, don't cry,
They have broken your slate, I know,
And the glad wild ways
Of your school girl days
Are things of long ago.
But life and love will soon come by—
There! little girl, don't cry.
—Riley.
AGNES R. DOWNS.

Woman! when I behold thee flippant, vain,
Inconstant, childish, proud and full of fancies;
Without that modest softening that enhances
The downcast eye, repentant of the pain
That its mild light creates to heal again;
E'en then, elate, my spirit leaps and prances
E'en then my soul with exultation dances
Or that to love, so long, I've dormant lain.
—Keats.

MARIE ESTBY.

Unrisen splendor of the brightest sun
To rise upon our darkness, if the star
Now beckoning thee out of thy misty throne
Could thaw the clouds which wage an obscure war
With thy young brightness.
—Shelley.

A. L. HOOPER.

Alas, good friend, what profit can you see
In hating such a hateless thing as me?
There is no sport in hate when all the rage
Is on one side; in vain would you assuage
Your frowns upon an unresisting smile
In which not even contempt lurks to beguile
Your heart, by some faint sympathy of hate.
Oh! conquer what you cannot satiate.
—Shelley.

EUGENE PEHSEN.

'Twas a wondrous little fellow
With a dainty, double chin,
And chubby cheeks and dimples
For the smiles to pleasure in.
And he looked as ripe and rosy
On his bed of straw and reeds
As a mellow little pippin
That had tumbled in the weeds.
—Riley.

T. J. WOODS.

He wanders like a day-appearing dream
Thro the dim wilderness of the mind,
Thro desert woods and tracts which seem
Like ocean, homeless, boundless, unconfined.
—Shelley.

TRENNER.

Art thou pale for weariness
Of climbing heaven and gazing on the earth
Wandering companionless
Among the stars that have a different birth
And ever changing, like a joyless eye
That finds no object worth its constancy?
—Shelley.
CFLIS. EdF. PROF.

What whining bit of tongue and mouth thus dares
Disturb my slumber of a thousand years?
Even so long my sleep has been secure,
And to be so awaked I'll not endure. —Keats.

S. P. JELLUM.
The purest treasure mortal times afford
Is spotless reputation; that away
Men are but gilded loam or painted clay.
A jewel in a ten times barred up chest
Is a bold spirit in a loyal breast. —Shakespeare.

SUSIE PRICE.
Your smiles are like a blossom of a garden
With perfumed sunlight sitting in between;
Yet even then my selfish heart will harden
And cry the world has seen. —Cooke.

UHDEN.
Thou patient, plodding piece of bone and flesh;
Thou sentient something, tangled in a mesh
Of fatal being! I could weep for thee,
But thou, thou couldst as surely weep for me. —Cooke.

J. H. JONES.
A knight there was, and that a worthy man,
That from the tyne that he first began
To ride out he loved chivalry. —Chaucer.

ARTHUR J. TURNER.
I would not be a king—enough
Of woe it is to love.
The path to power is steep and rough;
And tempests reign above. —Shelley.

MATHW SILLMAN.
We were as twin'ld lambs, that did frisk 'r the sun
And bleat the one at the other; what we chang'd
Was innocence for innocence; we knew not
The doctrine of ill-doing, nor dream'd
That any did; had we pursued that life.
And our weak spirits ne'er been higher rear'd
With stronger blood, we should have answer'd heaven

ARTHUR A. WILLIAMS.
Give me women, wine and snuff
Until I cry out, "Hold, enough!"
You may do so sans objection
Till the day of resurrection
For, bless my heart, they aye shall be
My beloved Trinity. —Keats.
A Tragedy.

We met in the "lab,"
Biological "lab,"
By the tanks where the salmon eggs swim;
Where Prof. Piper rules
And swears none but fools
Would ask such questions of him.

We were hopelessly green,
As could plainly be seen
From the imbecile sketches we drew.
But she sat over there
In the opposite chair
And reproofs quickly faded from view.

We searched through the 'scopes
Hour by hour without hopes,
For the May fly's fragile form.
Weary eyes then would meet
In long glances and sweet,
Though Piper's frown threatened a storm.

By and by came the week
Of "exams" cold and bleak,
When our faces grew haggard and wan.
Cramming early and late
To escape a dread fate
I pulled through, but she got a "con."

Still I work in the "lab,"
Biological "lab,"
And I squint through the 'scope as of yore.
But sometimes I stare
At a vacant chair
And I don't feel like work any more.
The Faculty.

When "Prexy's" at home
Into chapel do roam
Each day with prompt regularity,
Webster and Shedd
And others we dread
Filing after Prof. Waller mathematically,
Egge, spick and span—
In fact every man
Of our pure, pious, politic Faculty.

When "Prexy" is away
From chapel does stray
Each "Prof." with prompt regularity.
Snodgrass and Snow
In accents so low
Arouse the Stevens Hall girls' hilarity.
Barry and Malotte
In chapel are not—
Oh! our pure, pious, politic Faculty.
"You have read that story of the 'Forty Thieves,' of course?
"No; I've lost all interest in the Athletic Association."

HOW IT HAPPENED.

A ball,
A bat,
A base,
A man,
And on the hill an anxious fan.
A curve,
A lurch,
A lunge
A miss—
Like maddened geese the rooters hiss.
A crash,
A streak,
A dot,
A speck,
Ten thousand voices going to wreck.
At first,
At second,
At third,
A run,
Ecstatic shrieks—the game is won!

Fairy—Don't you love winter?
Thorpe—I adore it.
Fairy—For the crisp and bracing air, for the beautiful sunsets—
Thorpe—No, for the chafing dish feeds.

Jessie J. (during quarantine)—Mrs. Van Doren, I want to fumigate my rooms; have you any herpicide?

Ashlock—Brace up old fellow. What's the matter?
Lundstrom—I've been exposed to trigonometry and I'm afraid I'll take it. I've just had measles, you know.

Jones—Do you think I'll flunk in chemistry?
Brislawn—You'll pass up a good chance if you don't.
Jones — If I were not so tall
Miller—If I were not so short
Jones — If I were not so thin
Miller—If I were not so fat
Both — We would never at all
Furnish you with sport
By being placed herein—
But let it go at that.
Prof. Shedd—How do you account for the phenomenon of dew?
Waller (desperately)—Well—you see—the earth revolves on its axis—
every twenty-four hours—and in consequence of this tremendous velocity—it
perspires freely.

Prep. (at reception to new students)—How long have you been here?
Miss Spaulding—Ever since I can remember, it seems,
Prep.—My! you must have come a long time ago.

Person (putting on Miss Downs' rubbers)—Oh! would that thou were a
centipede.

Helen—I want you to understand that I don't stand on trifles.
Bess (glancing at her feet)—No, dearie, I see you don't.

Scheule is becoming very much interested in baseball. He may be seen any
evening wandering around the back streets with a Spaulding mitt in his hand.

Miss — (to "Shorty" Thompsen, who has come out in a new uniform)—
Oh! Mr. Thompsen! You look so nice in your union suit.

Prof. Barry (in lecturing on Venezuela)—Now, I don't want you to under-
estimate the cities of Venezuela. They are immense cities, some of them almost
as large as Spokane.

Prof. Watt—How can thine be obtained from tea.
Lewis—By drinking it.

Cack Barnard (soliloquizing)—How sad it is to part with a friend who
has stood by us through direst adversity; with one with whom we will never
more meet. How painful it is. Goo—good-bye, Dollar.

Prof. Waller—How did you come to get the smallpox?
Hedger—Didn't come to get the smallpox. Came to study.

Prof. W. to Jones (1902)—Don't put anything in the Annual about me and
Ollie. It may not be serious to you fellows, but it is to me.

Mr. Sargent—Excuse me, Professor, but you have overdrawn your account.
Prof. Barry—Have I? Well! Well! Wait, I will write you a check for the
amount.
A little wider, boy,
Till I drive this knowledge down;
To me it is a joy
To hear the hammer's dulcet sound.

A little wider, please,
Else I fear me it may stick,
When the candy which you see
Will not be for you to lick.
Hooper (at A. C. meeting)—Now, all you fellows who have Ws or girls—

Prof. Egge (in lecture on Milton)—He was well acquainted with his first wife.

Hooper (in Assembly meeting)—Ourselves and the rest of the Faculty are in accord in this.

Susie Price—Come on, folks; let's go up to Egge's course in quiet slumber.

Barry—My wonderful gift, Sophie,
Of teaching the language divine,
Came about in this way,
As you see me this day,
By teaching the goatlets and kine.

"I'm going to be more careful in the future," said Burns. "That pretty Senior came in to have her picture taken, and after posing her I told her to look pleasant."

"Did she?"
"Did she? She looked so pleasant that Tilmont, who happened in just then, thought she was flirting with me, and he broke two showcases before Walt came down stairs."

Knight (trying to make an impression)—Haven't I met you somewhere before?
Visitor—Very likely; I am a nurse in the Medical Lake asylum.

Charlie—Your father seems to have gotten over his dislike for me.
She—Yes; when we first met he was afraid it might lead to something.
"Will Tommy ever break away?"
"No, Tommy is happy in his captivity."

Prof. Snow—How do you spell quarantine, Mr. Hooker?
Hooker—Q-u-a-r-r-e-l—q-u-a-r-r-e-l—S-m-a-l-l-p-o-x.

Last night I held a little hand,
So dainty and so neat—
Methought my heart would burst with joy
So wildly did it beat.
No other hand unto my soul
Could greater solace bring,
Than that I held last night,
Four aces and a king.

Schuele is becoming more bold. He squeezed a girl behind the waiting room door while waiting for breakfast to be served.

Pharmacy Student (watching an experiment in effervescence)—Oh! look! See it convalesce!
Agnes—Professor, are you going to ask us everything we don't know in the
"exam"?
Prof. Barry—Impossible, Miss Downs; you have only two hours in which to
write.

We'll yell for dear old Pullman, and the crimson and the gray;
We'll yell for dear old Pullman when in our graves we're laid away,
And when we get to heaven we will give the good old yell,
But if we're not so fortunate, we will give it then in——

Prof. Barry—I have noticed a good many students who are cutting class.
Will all those who are absent please leave their names on a slip of paper as they
pass out?

Prof. Nelson—Yes, gentlemen; iron is an excellent tonic for horses; but how
should it be administered?
Robinson—I would put it in form of a staychain.

The following question and answer were found on a "Prep." English ex-
amination paper:
Give the titles of two of Kipling's books.
A. "Hard Mental Ditties" and "Bar-room Ballads."

Here lies a young man
Who in childhood began
To swear and to smoke and to drink;
In his twentieth year
He quit smoking and beer,
But still he is smoking, I think.

Prof. Malotte—Give the Latin word for sleep.
Miss Spurgeon—Sornum.

Schmicle, unt der vorldt schmiles mit you;
Laugh unt der vorldt vill roar;
Howl, und der vorldt vill leafe you,
Undt never come pack any more.
Not all of us haf goot clothes;
But a schmicle is not expensive
And covers a wold of woes.
Long dreary months have I spent
On the plains herding sheep;
But swift the dull hours went,
While I imbibed learning deep.

From the sheep did I learn the game
Of football, and from my burro's bray
The inspiration surely came
That makes me great in debate today.
Maud S.—Yes, Mr. Godfrey, I have heard of you often.
Mr. Godfrey (wishing to make an impression)—Yes, and I have often heard of Miss Spurgeon, too.

Shaw—Why, men have no curiosity. Now, my roommate and I never ask each other where we are going when we go calling.

Hugh Todd—They always put the best man in the class in as president. I was awfully afraid they would put me in.

Her Ideal (Miss Allard, after a visit to Burgan's store)—He's a good listener; he's all right.

President Bryan (to "Preps," in Chapel)—Gentlemen, please hasten to take these seats in front. You would never be taken for Juniors in the world.

When Kreager brought his lady friends to visit Ferry Hall he entertained them by climbing over transoms.

First Junior—Shall we have a walking match in our field day exercises?
Second Junior—By all means.
Third Junior—If Fred and Zeb will enter we will be sure of one booby prize at least.

Dave Lewis managed to run the blockade during the quarantine, and moved his trunk down town.

Garfield Miller—Inspector, can't you keep those fellows quiet? I want to sing.

In Eng. II, Prof. Snow (tragically)—I must away to heaven.

Olga Todd (at ping pong)—Well, Mr. Ockerman didn't play a love game with me. (Ockerman led her out to the conservatory.)

President Bryan (bragging about Washington)—Why, even in the state prison all the prisoners have watches and some of them have chains.

Prof. Nelson—Mr. Smith, where do you find the elastic tissues?
Smith—in the neck.

Prof. Kimbraugh—In the Missouri coal mines, they take mules down to the lower levels, and they never see daylight until they are dead.
Robinson—It has now got to be a question with me whether I am washing my face or taking a shampoo.

Mrs. T.—Ah, those sad, sad words: “It might have been.”
Prof. T.—But, my dear, they are not in it with those sad, sad words, “It was.”

Order No. 45.
February 16, 1902.

For disrespect to his superior officer, Capt. Kinzie is reduced to the ranks and assigned to Co. “C.”

By order of

A. D. BUTLER, Captain and Adjutant.

MAJOR WHITTAKER.

Prof. Thyng—How do you calculate the h. p. of a hand windlass?

Prof. Fulmer—What would you fill a barrel with to make it lighter?
Freshman—Holes.

Prof. Thyng—Jellum, explain the Mexican Malacattae.
Jellum—The Mexican Malla—what?

256
G. F. Henry—I am going to buy the annual, this year, for the pictures that are in it.

Prof. Roberts (in Mechanics)—Coffman, can't you get the solution, this "d" cancels this "d?" and gives you a "d." And it was so.

Waller—I played with chickens, I did,
When I was but a kid;
To a poultry show
I'd always go
To see the Bid—
Dies you know.

—Fulmer.

A kiss is a peculiar proposition—of no use to one, yet absolute bliss to two. The small boy gets it for nothing, the young man has to steal it, and the old man has to buy it. The baby's right, the lover's privilege, the hypocrite's mask. To a young girl, faith; to a married woman hope, and to an old maid charity.

Olof Svensen strode down the sandy lane to where Finya Anearjus was waiting for him. As his gaze fell upon her he exclaimed: "Ah! I see my Finnish and Finya thought it Swedt of him.
Definitions.

"Crib"—Something in which to rock our ideas before class.
Steam Heat—A Palouse myth.
Howling Swell—A dark complexioned “Lady Killer,” who thinks he can sing.
Chapel—A time set apart to spoon in Science Hall.
Dough—that which the student (k) needs.
Co-Ed—Source of encouragement.
Walking Tickets—“Prexie’s” passes to the Great Beyond.
Fireman—“Prexy.”
Locker—Special depository for the key.
Hard Up—Contagious disease prevalent among students.
Fountain Pen—A lost or dried up article.
Flunk—0.
Touchdown—What Washington got and we didn’t.
Dun—An invitation eliciting an expression beginning with the same letter.
Picking—Something administered by Mrs. Van Doren; it must be received to be appreciated.
New Books Received.


"FIVE YEARS' SERVICE"—A thrilling account of personal adventure and hair-breadth escapes of a soldier in Kinzie's Brigade. The author, Major Whittaker, indelibly stamps his personality upon each page. College Press.

"THE ANVIL CHORUS"—A complete history of this famous organization by the worthy Past Master, A. E. Williams; in addition to its value historically, this book will be found invaluable for those who wish to master that pleasing art. For sale by all druggists.

"LITTLE TRICKS AND HOW TO PLAY THEM"—By C. S. Sapp. This is a compendium of small tricks compiled and arranged by the author, with many rich illustrations from his own personal experience; suitable for use in kindergartens. Published by Western & Co.

"HOOPER'S CONCILIATION SPEECH"—Edited and annotated by Eugene Person. This is the best edition of Hooper's great speech (delivered before the Girls' Athletic Association) extant, and should be used as a classic in every college. Evergreen Pub. Co.

"LEAVES FROM CUPID'S DIARY"—Edited by Matt Sillman. The editor has added much to this marvelous work by his sympathetic treatment; it should be read by every gallant who wishes to perfect himself in the art of tender persuasion. College Press.
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>NAME</th>
<th>AGE</th>
<th>WEIGHT</th>
<th>SIZE</th>
<th>VALENCE</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>LULA FAYE ALLEN</td>
<td>7,300 Days</td>
<td>119 lbs.</td>
<td>12 in. waist</td>
<td>3</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>T. ANNA CLEMENS</td>
<td>Elizabethan</td>
<td>Ask Jones</td>
<td>Too large to be tractable</td>
<td>1 (at a time)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AGNES R. DOWNS</td>
<td>Many Summers</td>
<td>5 ft. (3 a. m.)</td>
<td>Capsized</td>
<td>Number undiscovered</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MARIE ESTBY</td>
<td>1/4 century</td>
<td>151 lbs., 12 oz.</td>
<td>Under size</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>G. FRED HENRY</td>
<td>Old enough to know better</td>
<td>3 tons</td>
<td>Big (Henry Scales)</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ARTHUR L. HOOPER</td>
<td>&quot;2' next 5' May&quot;</td>
<td>1000 lbs. on the line</td>
<td>No. 11 shoe</td>
<td>1</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>J. H. JONES</td>
<td>Man-ge</td>
<td>Beyond compute after 12a. game. No. 8 hat</td>
<td>Any number</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>STENTON P. JELLAM</td>
<td>Dot-ge</td>
<td>170 lbs.—light</td>
<td>2 X 4</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>WILLIS H. TRENNER</td>
<td>Scrimpage</td>
<td>Not very much</td>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>0</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>SUSIE M. PRICE</td>
<td>Victorian</td>
<td>Fairies are incorporeal</td>
<td>No. 12 glasses</td>
<td>0-10 (3 fingers missing)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>EUGENE PERSON</td>
<td>Too young</td>
<td>Too much to handle</td>
<td>8 X 12</td>
<td>Variable</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CHARLES F. PROFF</td>
<td>Pillage</td>
<td>Enough to hold up the price</td>
<td>Any size</td>
<td>6</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>MATTHEW SILLMAN</td>
<td>Just out of skirts</td>
<td>200 lbs. more than Pecile</td>
<td>Large size</td>
<td>Nifty</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ARTHUR J. TURNER</td>
<td>Marriage(able)</td>
<td>Enough to hold down Spalding hammock</td>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>1 is enough</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>CARL UHDEN</td>
<td>Stale</td>
<td>Enough to disturb the equilibrium of the earth</td>
<td>Small size</td>
<td>Family</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>ARTHUR E. WILLIAMS</td>
<td>Dark-age</td>
<td>Not as much as he thinks</td>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>2</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>THOMAS J. WOODS</td>
<td>Could be younger</td>
<td>2 lbs. (Faculty Measure)</td>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>6 in mind</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>AFFINITY</td>
<td>CHARACTERISTIC TEST</td>
<td>PHYSICAL PROPERTY</td>
<td>APPEARANCE</td>
<td>WHERE FOUND</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>-----------</td>
<td>---------------------</td>
<td>-------------------</td>
<td>------------</td>
<td>-------------</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Active</td>
<td>Omnipresence of Tilmont</td>
<td>Perfection</td>
<td>Angelic</td>
<td>Postoffice</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Passive</td>
<td>Alertness in class</td>
<td>Volatile</td>
<td>Entrancing</td>
<td>Hay Station</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Very Active</td>
<td>Two-step</td>
<td>Pearly white surface</td>
<td>Charming</td>
<td>With Person</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inactive</td>
<td>Always found in a solid state</td>
<td>Resistance of pressure</td>
<td>Pleasing</td>
<td>Chemical Laboratory</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Dormant</td>
<td>Omniscience</td>
<td>Conglomerate</td>
<td>Against him</td>
<td>Public School</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Active</td>
<td>Haunting Stevens Hall</td>
<td>Indefix except in one direction</td>
<td>Stone wall</td>
<td>Stevens Hall</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Very active</td>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Ditto</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Inactive</td>
<td>Crystalizes in music</td>
<td>Shiny surface</td>
<td>Ape-ite</td>
<td>Wherever music is heard</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Holds mathematics in solution easily</td>
<td>Dark Brown color</td>
<td>Crane-ate</td>
<td>Mechanical building</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Active</td>
<td>Mile run walk</td>
<td>Willowy form</td>
<td>Joyous</td>
<td>Studying art</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Active</td>
<td>Forgetfulness</td>
<td>Strength</td>
<td>Bear-ite</td>
<td>With Agnes</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Active</td>
<td>Devotion to a lost cause</td>
<td>Non-descript</td>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>With Brooks</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Combined</td>
<td>Ward healer</td>
<td>Indefinite expansion</td>
<td>Monkey-ite</td>
<td>Hickey</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Combined</td>
<td>Insoluble in sense</td>
<td>Adiabatic</td>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>At Spalding's</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Combined</td>
<td>Side-stepping difficulties</td>
<td>Transformer of energy</td>
<td>Hen-pecked</td>
<td>Everywhere</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Active</td>
<td>Dark when fused with Jones</td>
<td>Very oily</td>
<td>Lobster</td>
<td>Hard to find</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Combines with any old thing</td>
<td>Very gaseous</td>
<td>Disagreeable to handle</td>
<td>Ditto</td>
<td>Miss-ing—</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
### Alumni Officers.

**1897**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Occupation/Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Estby, Carl</td>
<td>Deputy County Surveyor</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(HARDWICK) Pogue, Emma,</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Knapp, E.</td>
<td>Nez Perce, Idaho</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>(HUNTING) Sampson, Jessie</td>
<td>Harvard University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Johnson (Buckley), Mary,</td>
<td>Pullman, Washington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Kimel, Edward</td>
<td>Captain in Artillery Corps, U. S. Navy</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Nixon, George</td>
<td>Spokane, Washington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stratton, Orin H.</td>
<td>Draughtsman with the Wabash Bridge Company</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**1898**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Occupation/Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Barkhuff, W. D.</td>
<td>City Engineer</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Boozer, F. A.</td>
<td>Hardware Merchant</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brodie, D. A.</td>
<td>Superintendent Puyallup Experiment Station</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Busby (Corner), Cleo</td>
<td>Pullman, Washington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Corner, L. V.</td>
<td>Registrar W. A. C.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Doolittle, H. J.</td>
<td>St. Paul, Minnesota</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>McCroskey, M. P.</td>
<td>Colfax, Washington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Phillips, W. H.</td>
<td>Pullman, Washington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Snyder (Kimel), Florence</td>
<td>Fort McHenry, Maryland</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Talmage, E. T.</td>
<td>Honolulu, Hawaii</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Thompson, Harry</td>
<td>Employed with Southern Pacific R. R.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**1899**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Name</th>
<th>Occupation/Location</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Elmer, A. D. E.</td>
<td>Student and Assistant Stanford University</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Ellis (Bell), Anna</td>
<td>Seattle, Washington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Byron, Hunter</td>
<td>Lewiston, Idaho</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Huntting, S. E.</td>
<td>San Francisco, California</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lobaugh (Hudson), Dora,</td>
<td>Pullman, Washington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Malone, Lora Dell</td>
<td>Pullman, Washington</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td></td>
<td>Teacher in Public Schools</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

264
<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Last Name</th>
<th>First Name</th>
<th>Profession, Location</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>McCroskey</td>
<td>Virgil T.</td>
<td>Clerk Sawyer &amp; Filly's Pharmacy, Olympia, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Taylor</td>
<td>Mabel</td>
<td>Green Lake, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Van Doren</td>
<td>W. S.</td>
<td>Council Bluffs, Iowa.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**1900**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Last Name</th>
<th>First Name</th>
<th>Profession, Location</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Allen</td>
<td>Della C.</td>
<td>Postoffice Assistant, Pullman, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Brown</td>
<td>Peter</td>
<td>Seattle, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Busby</td>
<td>Daisy, Outman</td>
<td>Mining.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Duncan</td>
<td>W. V.</td>
<td>Pullman, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grimes</td>
<td>Anna M.</td>
<td>Clerk in a grocery store, Endicott, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hamilton</td>
<td>Boyd</td>
<td>Spokane, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Harrison</td>
<td>Frank</td>
<td>Colfax, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hays</td>
<td>Anna F.</td>
<td>Fairhaven, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hungate</td>
<td>James W.</td>
<td>Snoqualmie, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Stratton</td>
<td>Amanda M.</td>
<td>Pullman, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Totten</td>
<td>Leo L.</td>
<td>Lebanon, Tenn.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Webb</td>
<td>Jesse Lee</td>
<td>Washington, D. C.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Wells</td>
<td>Alonzo T.</td>
<td>Russell, Idaho.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

**1901**

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Last Name</th>
<th>First Name</th>
<th>Profession, Location</th>
<th>Notes</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Beattie</td>
<td>Mabelle B.</td>
<td>Post Graduate Work, Hyrum, Neb.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Burch</td>
<td>Henry K.</td>
<td>Park City, Utah.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Carlisle</td>
<td>Charles C.</td>
<td>Cheyenne, Wyo.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Colburn</td>
<td>Grace L.</td>
<td>Waitsburg, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Goodsell</td>
<td>Charles H.</td>
<td>Colfax, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lynch</td>
<td>P. J.</td>
<td>Butte, Mont.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mashburn</td>
<td>W. E.</td>
<td>Covington, Ky.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Miller</td>
<td>Henry A.</td>
<td>Washington, D. C.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Mumm</td>
<td>Hans, Jr.</td>
<td>Everett, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Naldner</td>
<td>F. Fielding</td>
<td>New York City.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Outman</td>
<td>W. D.</td>
<td>Pullman, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Williams</td>
<td>W. V.</td>
<td>Tacoma, Wash.</td>
<td></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
1902

ADAMS, Orville L., Rush Medical College.
Abernethy, Elmer R., Mining Engineer.
Burke, H. E., Division of Entomology, U. S. Department of Agriculture.
Blanchard, H. F., Postoffice Assistant.
Cordiner, Roberts S., Studying Law.
Cordiner, J. Beattie, Studying Law.
Dunn, Adam Duncan, Farmer.
Evans, J. B., Assistant Department of Agriculture.
French, Harley E., Teacher in High School.
Flanders, Fred F., Assistant Professor Chemistry.
Hall, W. A., Electrical Engineer.
Cleo, Holt, Clerk Pullman State Bank.
Hoeppner, Josephine M., Clerk Hoeppner Pharmacy.
Hogaboom, Lucyle B., At Home.
Hatch, Lewis M., Engineer N. P. R. R.
Hugate, Joseph W., Clerk Auditor's Office.
Johnson, Henry B., Electrical Engineer, U. S. Naval Yard.
Lawrence, W. H., Assistant Superintendent Puyallup Experiment Station.
Mackay, Bess, Teacher in High School.
Morrison, Claude E., Drug Clerk.
Spencer, Robert B., Farmer.
Sherrod, George W., Electrical Engineer.
Woods, D. P., County Surveyor.
Young, E. H., Chemist, Beet Sugar Factory.

1898

Ph. G. 1898

Fessler, Theodore, Student Medical Department, Oregon State University.
Jackson, Harry, Student Medical Department, Oregon State University.
VIRGIL, F. McCroskey, Clerk Sawyer & Filly Pharmacy. Olympia, Wash.
Palmerton, John W., Proprietor City Drug Store. Pullman, Wash.
Clark, Greenville, Mining. Wardner, Ida.
Hoepner, Josephine M., Clerk Hoepner's Pharmacy. Colfax, Wash.
Mac Kay, Gertrude, Assistant Librarian W. A. C. Pullman, Wash.
Sells, Delsler F., Proprietor Sells' Pharmacy. Spokane, Wash.

1900
Adams, Albert F., Student Cooper Medical College. San Francisco, Cal.
Anderson, John Frank, Drug Clerk. Rosalia, Wash.

1901
Bandy, George, . Wilbur, Wash.
Boatright, Charles T., Clerk Butler’s Pharmacy. Waitsburg, Wash.
Buckley, James, Clerk Mecklem's Drug Store. Palouse, Wash.
Carpenter, Forrest, Clerk Williams' Drug Store. Sprague, Wash.
Dill, Joseph W., Drug Clerk. Palouse, Wash.
Wilkins, Clement L., Proprietor. Cœur d'Alene, Idaho.

1902
Benefield, Frank, Drug Clerk. Wardner, Idaho.
Cooper, Paul, Drug Clerk. Olympia, Wash.
Clizer, W. A., Proprietor. Tekoa, Wash.
Young, Harvey, Clerk. Seattle, Wash.
Stoves, Tom, Proprietor. Roslyn, Wash.
Jefferies, Proprietor. Colville, Wash.
Calendar.

April.

18. Whitman tastes defeat.
19. Excursionists visit Almota.
20. They tell each other how it happened.
21. They tell "Prexy" how it happened.
22. "Prexy" announces the return of the prodigals.
23. Class Field Meet, Juniors win the Cup and are not yet through cussing the Seniors.
24. George Strangland's funeral.
25. Student hop to the music of Jellum's Orchestra in I. O. O. F. Hall.
26. Freshman-Sophomore ball game.
27. Our ball team sneaks back from Spokane.
28. H. M. S. Pinafore came into Port.
29. Tennis players yield the shovel.
30. The Girls Challenge Company A to a competitive drill.

May.

1. Cheney Normal defeats Preps in debate; Professor Beattie talks of David Douglas.
2. Preps defeat Davenport High School in debate; orchestra entertain their friends in Independent Order of Odd Fellows' Hall.
3. Farewell party to Mrs. Evenden at the Gym; cakes stolen from the Gym; several private spreads in evidence.
May—Continued.

4. Professor Snow issues challenge to Max Wells for finish fight.

5. Wells accepts challenge.

6. Professor and Mrs. Beach entertain Political Science Club.

7. Joe Brislawn challenges winner of Snow-Wells fight.

8. Mrs. Evenden made farewell appearance; Inter-collegiate President nominated.

9. Junior Pharmacists appear in new black hats; Professor Beard-
sley talks about an hour; Inter-collegiate convention; Eu-
gene Person elected president; Oratorical contest, Bess Mac-
Kay, W. A. C., won.

10. Washington Agricultural College defeats Spokane in baseball;
nigger show in chapel; we defeat Whitman on the track.

11. Track men return from Whitman; Stevens Hall girls visit Ferry.

12. First Battalion inspection.
May—Continued.

13. Barry talks about West Indies; Competitive Drill Company A and the Girls.

14. Waller roasts Company A.

15. Waller takes it back.

16. Seniors feed—on wind; Washington Agricultural College vs. Dayton; Carpenter pitches.


18. Mr. Schuele spent the afternoon and evening with his adored one.

19. Waller makes annual showing of his "weariness chart."

20. Waller regales students with dramatic readings from "Success."

21. Encampment postponed; Cadets have cold feet.

270
May—Continued.

23. “Prexy” says: “Better stay in school in the spring and miss the work in the fall, and let nothing make you late in entering in the fall.”
24. Stevens Hall Fairies serenade the Ferrys; Columbians cease hurling rock of oratory for 1902.
25. Bathing season opens on Silver Lake.

Bathing opens on Lake d’Puddle.

26. Hon. S. G. Cosgrove tells us how to work the primaries; Professor Nelson takes his first lesson in slang.
27. “Chinook” Vol. III. appears; search for editors begins.
28. Jayne builds air bridge to C’s.
29. Rally in support of Field Meet; Henry given first deluge; Pharmacists have a feast of love and ham-sandwiches.
30. Field Meet—University of Washington vs. Washington Agricultural College; Washington Agricultural College vs. University of Montana debate; the Ferrys and fairies trip the light fantastic.
31. Lawn party at Windus Mansion; Art vs. Literature—heated contest on third floor.
June.

1. French tells how he did it.
2. Movement started by Seniors to erect monument to soldier dead.

3. Federation ladies begin to gather.
4. Annual election of officers of Athletic Association; reception in Stevens Hall to States Federation of Women's Clubs.
5. "In a Persian Garden" chapel; "Square Meal" at Stevens Hall.
6. Annual inspection of Cadets; hens hop in Masonic Hall.
7. Websterian banquet, Independent Order of Odd Fellows' Hall; Anarchists explode bomb on campus.
8. Sunday night raid on armory; "Federation Ladies" visit Ferry Hall.
June—Continued.

10. Bryan's annual duty address; Ferrys serenade the denizens of Stevens Hall.
11. "Exams" begin; President's reception to Senior Class.
12. Lombard Contest—decision by popular vote.
13. Senior-Faculty base ball game; annual entertainment of Literary Society.
15. Baccalaureate address; annual address to Young Men's and Young Women's Christian Association.
16. We yield to U. of C.; Senior Class play, Opera House.
17. Graduating exercises of the schools.

18. Class Day at the "Gym;" Seniors present to the Juniors the shovel and the Tennis Court; President's reception, Stevens Hall; Junior Hop at the Gym.
19. Seniors have three o'clock breakfast and then play; graduating exercises; conferring of degrees; announcement of winner of Lombard Medal, Eugene Person; Alumni banquet.
20. Good byes are said; students depart and another school year closes.
September.

24. College opens for new students; “exams” in progress; Freshman banner floats over the smokestack.
25. College opens for old students; first chapel exercises; classification committee meet.
26. First classes meet.
27. Young Men’s and Young Women’s Christian Association reception to new students at Stevens Hall.
29. Football practice begins.

October.

1. “Evergreen” appears.
2. Katherine Ridgeway, College Chapel.
3. Freshmen announce color day; Rev. Mason at Chapel.
4. Reception to new students at Congregational church.
6. President speaks to the old collegiate students.
7. President falls down.
8. Waller on “Dorm Life.”
9. It rained; orchard raided.
10. Football men leave for Lewiston; Freshmen and Sophomores engage in a finish fight on the streets; the marshal interferes; “Soph” banner floats in the breeze with ’06 inscribed just below it.
11. Football fight at Lewiston; Columbians hold first meeting.
12. Our team comes back home; address to Young Men’s Christian Association and Young Women’s Christian Association by Mr. and Mrs. Hibbard.
13. Football at Moscow; University of Idaho vs. Pacific University; five Stevens Hall girls occupy one room.
14. “Prexy” tells us how to study; Carlisle’s dog visits chapel.
15. First meeting of Students’ Assembly and football rally.
18. Birthday parties at Stevens Hall.
20. Freshmen challenge Sophomores to game of football.
22. A new “Prep” visits the Junior Class meeting; Freshmen meet behind barred doors.
October—Continued.

23. "Freshies" and "Sophs" hold joint class meeting; Pharmacy Class challenges any class to game of foot ball; Sterns medal for debate is announced.

24. And Moscow comes down at 9 a. m.; foot ball game, 2:15 p. m.; Moscow goes back home 8:30 p. m.; Queen plays in the minstrel show.

25. Mrs. Bryan "At Home" to all the college girls.

27. President talks foot ball.

28. Waller offers to provide Tilmont with an Allen.

30. Hallowe'en parties of various kinds.
November.

1. Whitman suffers defeat, 5 to 6, on Rodgers’ field; reception to the four football teams of the Pacific Northwest at the “Gym.”

2. Moscow (0) vs. University of Washington (10) at Moscow.

4. Election day; first snow; girls begin to drill.

6. Kreager did a night shirt polka in the hall to the accompaniment of wet umbrellas.

7. Student dance at Independent Order of Odd Fellows’ Hall; reception to college students at Presbyterian church.

8. It rains.

9. Still it rains.

10. It clears up; Professor Silver plays violin solo in chapel.

11. President Bryan leaves for the Sound.

12. Professor Roberts has his front bangs trimmed; Professor Fulmer talks about air.

13. Girls’ Athletic Association meets; Professor Patty lectures on liquid air.
November—Continued.

14. It rains; foot ball meeting at chapel.
15. We all go over to Moscow, play foot ball, and then come home.
17. Class in Dramatic Reading have an interesting time with an ink bottle.
18. It snows.
19. Freshmen receive a new consignment from Missouri.
20. Mid-Semester “exams” in progress; “Preps” congregate at the “Gym” and hold a Kindergarten Social.
24. Governor McBride tells us why he came over to see us; foot ball boys leave for Seattle; girls try bed rolling.

26. Dance at the “Gym;” Freshmen and Juniors engage in a free for all scrap in the hall; President appears on the scene.
27. Thanksgiving Day, and turkey; foot ball at Seattle, and we lose the championship.
29. The return of foot ball boys.
December.

1. Turner and Spaulding trains fail to make connections; Seniors at Stevens Hall.
2. Clara Louise Thompson at College Chapel.
3. And it "Chinooked."
5. Declamation contest; Miss Spaulding first, Hugh Todd second.

7. The editor in chief leaves Stevens Hall at exactly 9:15.

279
December—Continued.

8. Freshmen appear with their caps.
9. We have Senators for chapel.
10. Soc. Biol. holds first meeting.
12. “Sophies” and “Freshies” chase pigskin; Sophomore-Freshman Glee at the “Gym.”
15. It is reported Miss Robinson likes sugar.
17. Orchestra makes music in chapel.
19. West side boys want to go home but “Prexy” objects.
20. But they go any way; Professor and Mrs. Waller entertain football boys.
22. Professors Watt and Booth have a mixup in basket ball.
23. Students hop at the “Gym.”
31. Masquerade watch party at Stevens Hall.
January, 1903.

2. First ball of the year at Ferry.
6. Exchange editor added to the “Evergreen” staff.
7. Regents meet.
9. “Prep” preliminary debate; Sophomore Class Party at Stevens Hall.
10. We debate with University of Idaho.
12. Disturbance in the hen roost.
15. President and Dr. Egge have their hair cut.
17. Basket ball; Washington Agricultural College 26, Spokane High School 12.
20. Professor Kimbrough’s piano recital.

24. Wonald returns.
27. It is reported that Kreager wants to combine the “Tribune” and “Evergreen.”
January—Continued.

28. Sophomore and Freshmen classes present the banner to the Juniors.
30. Professor Piper lectures in chapel; the last day of the Semester and cramming for “exams.”
29. It snows and Seniors enjoy a sleigh ride.
31. Everybody “cram.”

February.

2. “Exams” begin; everybody busy.

3. Small pox breaks out again; students run for home and mamma.
4. Red Cross brigade organized.
5. University of Washington Basket Ball Team meets defeat at the hands of the Washington Agricultural College girls.
8. First day of semester; enrollment, classification and vaccination begins; President leaves for Olympia.
February—Continued.

10. More small pox; more sore arms; old “Gym” turned into a hospital.
10. Professor Waller chases microbes.

12. Joe McCann studies bugology; “Dorms” quarantined.
13. Ferry Hall fumigated; Miss Shields addresses the Young Women’s Christian Association.
14. Columbians wake up and hold business meeting.
15. Ferry Hall inmates denounce the quarantine.
February—Continued.

16. President tells us of the legislature and appropriations.
17. A pest house for sale.
19. President Bryan lectures—"A Pretty Little Piece of Diplomacy."
20. Young Women's Christian Association convention at Walla Walla.
21. Quarantine raised from college.
23. Joint literary program in honor of Washington; Mr. Morgan speaks and the lights go out.
24. A search for the lost trunk; "Evergreen" staff photographed for the Annual.

25. Pharmacists indignant; "Prexy" quiets them.

26. Professor Beach lectures on "The Great Coal Strike."
27. County health officer pays us a visit.
28. Mr. Bob, College Chapel; all students quarantined in town for fifteen days.
March.

2. Microbes; all gone but three.
3. Mr. Bob has his picture taken; steam turned on in Science Hall.
5. Professor Hulme lectures "About a Thousand Years Ago."
6. Freshmen have banquet; interruption by Sophomores, who get the worst of it.
7. Hop at Stevens Hall.
8. Mr. Wester plows a track around the reservoir.
9. Miss McCann wants to be a boy, so she can catch a Sophomore.
10. Glee Club leaves on their tour of the state.
11. "Chautauqua Desk" is here again.
12. Professor Snodgrass tells us of the "Grand Coulees of Washington;" athletic entertainment at the Opera house; lights forget to appear.
15. Scarlet fever takes the place of small pox.
16. President tells us of Rhodes Scholarship and Oxford.
March—Continued.

18. Glee Club returns; the zephyrs sigh.
19. Kreager was rolled; Professor Barry tells us of Faust.
20. Sun shines, students smitten with spring fever.
21. Freshman-Sophomore Oratorical Contest; Robinson carries off the honors for the Sophs.
23. Glee Club makes pleasing appearance; Distinction List read.
24. Professor Snow talks of Rudyard Kipling; Glee Club left again; Athletic Association ball at the “Gym.”
25. Spring vacation begins; wedding bells ring.
We wish to thank those who have made this book attractive.

We are indebted to R. E. Snodgrass, F. O. Kreager, F. J. Whittaker, Elva Libby, Lena Hamilton, Josephine McCann, Palestine Clark, Helen Thompson, Lenore Herrin and Frances Woodward for drawings, and to H. E. Lougheed, J. L. Ashlock, Eva M. Kelsey, Faye Allen, Elma L. McCann, and Charlotte Mallotte for literary contributions.
THAT'S ALL.
Washington Agricultural College
and School of Science

DEPARTMENTS OF INSTRUCTION

I. Department of Mathematics and Civil Engineering
II. Department of Chemistry
III. Department of Botany and Zoology
IV. Department of Agriculture
V. Department of Horticulture
VI. Department of English Language and Literature
VII. Department of Economic Science and History
VIII. Department of Mechanical Engineering
IX. Department of Modern Languages
X. Department of Mining Engineering
XI. Department of Military, Science and Tactics.

Courses in Physics, Geology, Mineralogy, Latin and Education

SCHOOLS FOR SPECIAL INSTRUCTION AS FOLLOWS:

1. Agriculture  2. Dairying  3. Pharmacy
   7. Preparatory

Tuition Free to Residents of Washington

Catalogue Furnished on Application

E. A. BRYAN, President.
The
College Book Store
is
The Student's Home

Headquarters for
Text Books
School Supplies
Athletic Goods
Fine Stationery
Sheet Music
Artists Materials
Etc.

Ice Cream, Soda Water and Fresh Candies always on hand

SOLE AGENTS FOR
PARKER'S LUCKY CURVE FOUNTAIN PEN

Make your wants known, and if we have not the book you want in stock we will get it for you. Mail orders promptly filled.

BERT O. DRIVER, Manager
PULLMAN, WASH.
Kind Friends:

Since the issue of the last Annual GREAT improvements have been added to our already well equipped store. The great growth of the college has called on us for a greater and better store. We are now in a position to meet with merit the demands upon us. Each department shows greater variety and values than ever. The merits of the departments must care for your trade. We want your trade and intend to have it if good goods and low prices will do it.

Your Friends,

E. S. Burgan & Son

Stationery

DOES QUALITY COUNT WITH YOU?
WOULD YOU TAKE THE BEST
if it was offered to you at the same price you would pay for the inferior?

I WANT YOUR TRADE
and will get it if Quality, Assortment and Courteous Treatment count for anything.
Come in and I will show you the nicest, newest and complete stock of stationery in town.

Morton's Stationery Store

General Draying

Wood and Coal
Special Rates to Students
Leave orders with undersigned or with driver of team

Wm. M. Porter
POST OFFICE STORE

ROBERT A. HOPKINS, Proprietor

STATIONERY, CONFECTIONERY,
FRUITS, ICE CREAM, ICE CREAM
SODAS, PENCILS AND TABLETS

The only
HOME-MADE CANDIES
In the City
W. L. DOUGLAS Shoes
$3.00, $3.50 and $4.00. UNION MADE.

W. L. Douglas makes and sells more men's Goodyear Welt (Hand Sewed Process) shoes than any other manufacturer in the world.

$25,000 REWARD will be paid to anyone who can disprove this statement. Because W. L. Douglas is the largest manufacturer he can buy cheaper and produce his shoes at a lower cost than other concerns, which enables him to sell shoes for $3.50 and $4.00 equal in every way to those sold elsewhere for $2 and $2.50.

The Douglas secret process of tanning bottom soles produces absolutely pure leather; more flexible, and will wear longer than any other tannage in the world. The sales have more than doubled in the past four years, which proves its superiority. Why not give W. L. Douglas shoes a trial and save money?

Notice Increase in Business:
1901 Sales: $2,203,883.21
1902 Sales: $2,820,406.79
A gain of $616,523.58 in Two Years.

W. L. DOUGLAS $4.00 GILT EDGE LINE, WORTH $8.00 COMPARED WITH OTHER MAKES.

CAUTION: The genuine have W. L. DOUGLAS name and price stamped on bottom. Shoes by mail, 5¢ extra. Illustrated Catalogue Free.

W. L. DOUGLAS, BROCKTON, MASS.
Agent, BLACKMAN BROS. & CO., Pullman, Wash.

Artesian Hotel
M. C. TRUE, Proprietor

He has the best meals and the best rooms in the city. A Student's Paradise

GIVE HIM A TRIAL and BE CONVINCED
STAR STABLES
PALMER BROS., Proprietors

First Class Livery Service
Rubber Tired Rigs a Specialty
Special Attention to the Traveling Public
Careful Drivers Furnished
Student Trade Solicited
Rates Reasonable

Corner Drug Store
H. W. HALL & CO., Props.

Fine Perfumes and Toilet Articles
High Grade Cigars
Prescriptions Carefully Compounded
Student Trade Solicited

J. J. MURRAY
Job Printer

First National Bank Block
Up Stairs
PULLMAN, WASHINGTON

Student Patronage Solicited
I Take Orders for Engraving
THE FIRST NATIONAL BANK
OF PULLMAN, WASHINGTON

Transacts a General Banking Business
Interest Paid on Time Deposits

Collections Made on all Points on Favorable Terms. Letters of Credit Issued.
Exchange and Telegraphic Transfers sold on all Principal Points
SAFE DEPOSIT BOXES FOR RENT

SPECIAL ATTENTION TO STUDENTS' ACCOUNTS
J. T. LOBAUGH & CO.

Are the oldest Implement and Vehicle House in Pullman, and carry the largest stock in Standard Lines of any house in the Palouse Country.

Are general agents for the American Hog and Sheep Tight Wire Fencing, which is the best wire on the American market.

We have the finest line of Buggies and Gentlemen's Road Wagons in Whitman County.

J. T. LOBAUGH & CO.

Phone us for prices, at our expense, or write us for information.

If you are not a Vegetarian you DO EAT MEAT

We have the very Best

PFIEL & SMITH

Once a patron, always a patron

Stewart-Outman Hardware Comp'y

Yes

If you do not SEE what you want CALL FOR IT
J. W. PALMERTON, Ph. G.

DRUGGIST AND CHEMIST

PULLMAN, WASHINGTON

Palace Livery Stable

ON MAIN STREET

JOHN BACH, Proprietor.

Fine Single and Double Rigs, Saddle Horses, Etc. at

REASONABLE RATES
The City Grocery
GEO. N. HENRY & SON, Props.
We Carry a Full Line of
Staple and Fancy
Groceries,
Cigars, Tobacco,
Confectionery and
Queensware

W. F. M. Ricketts
& Son
Watchmakers
and Jewelers

Mracek & Zalesky
Merchant Tailors
Students, Attention
Suits to Order
Fit and First Class Work
Guaranteed
Repairing and Cleaning
Call and Look at Our Samples

OPTICAL GOODS
PULLMAN, WASHINGTON
R.B. Bragg & Co.

Finest Line of
GROCERIES
in the City
FRUIT AND VEGETABLES
IN SEASON
Chase & Sanborn's Well Known
TEAS and COFFEES

Come and take a look at our stock
Let your wants be known
We can supply you

❄️

Our Motto:
Your Money's Worth

❄️

DEVENISH
HARDWARE
COMPANY
Pullman, Wash.

I. W. Shearer

Manufacturer of
and dealer in
HARNESS
SADDLES
COLLARS
BRIDLES
Etc.

PULLMAN, WASHINGTON
The Pullman Creamery
FOR STRICTLY
FANCY BUTTER, CREAM
AND ICE CREAM
Give Us a Trial Order and We Will Not Disappoint You
OUR MOTTO:
GOOD GOODS, NEATNESS AND PROMPT DELIVERY
J. FARNSWORTH,
Telephone No. 28
PULLMAN, WASH.

Did You Freeze Last Winter?
You Bet Not, If you Bought:
YOUR
COAL AND WOOD
FROM
J. PRICE & SON
Pullman, Wash.
Headquarters For Rock Springs
and Roslyn Coal
Also Do a General Express Business
Is Your Wagon in Repair?
Has Your Horse Gone Lame?
How is Your Plow or Harrow?

MARTIN ZENDER
THE BLACKSMITH
Will Help You Out of Any of These Difficulties

C. H. Russell, M. D.
Rooms 1-2 Webb Block
Pullman, - Washington

G. B. Wilson, M. D.
Room 4, I. O. O. F. Bldg.
Pullman, - Washington

We're Just As Thankful
For a small package as a large one. Each will receive the same thorough and careful attention. If we get the former, it may in time grow to the latter, by the satisfaction you will derive in wearing our laundered work.

Pullman Steam Laundry
J. W. Scott, Prop.
TELEPHONE 191
SCHOOL AND COLLEGE TEXT BOOKS
of Superior Merit, Bear the Imprint of the

AMERICAN BOOK COMPANY
NEW YORK  CINCINNATI  CHICAGO

Represented by
FRANK J. BARNARD, - SEATTLE, WASH.

THE
Grasselli Chemical
Company
Manufacturers of Strictly Chemically Pure Acids and
Aqua Ammonia

Prices quoted upon request. Special prices on large quantities. Do not contract for your requirements until you obtain our prices:

General Office and Principal Works
CLEVELAND, OHIO, U. S. A.
BE SURE you have Inland Crackers on the TABLE

We manufacture only

High-Grade Crackers and Fancy Biscuits

None Better.

Spokane Inland Cracker Co. Washington

---

Engraved Stationery

It costs but little more than printing, and is far superior to it. Invitations, Announcements, Visiting Cards, Programs, and all classes of Engraved or Embossed Society or Business STATIONERY.

All orders promptly filled and Satisfaction Guaranteed. Jend for Samples.

John W. Graham & Co
Spokane, Washington

---

For Nobby and Up-to-Date APPAREL

We are Leaders.

We carry the
STEIN BLOCH & CO.
Makes.

Before buying, visit the
Chicago Clothing Co.
Hyde Bldg., cor. Mill and Riverside Ave.
JONES & DILLINGHAM
Manufacturers
Spokane Liquid Paint
Jobbers
Plate and Window Glass, Sash, Doors,
Building Paper and Painters' Supplies.
Manufacturers of
ART GLASS and MIRRORS
215-215 First Avenue, Spokane, Washington
Shaw & Borden Co

Established 1890
SPOKANE, WASH.

Oldest and largest combined Stationery, Printing, Bookbinding & Engraving Establishment in Eastern Washington, Idaho, Montana and British Columbia

This book is a specimen of the work done by our house

Experts in the Printing Art have seen fit to pass on work produced by us in exceptionally complimentary words. We reasonably claim to be the Roycrofters of the Northwest
AT A BOUND!

J. MANZ ENGRAVING CO.
ENGRAVERS, ELECTROTYPERS
COMMERCIAL PHOTOGRAPHERS
Chicago, Illinois • • • • New York, N. Y.