

THE SANDBURR

OCTOBER, 1904



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NO. 1

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THE SANDBURR
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It is indeed with pleasure that I take my pen as editor in chief to write this article for the first number of Vol. V of THE SANDBURR. The first thing I notice is the material growth of York College. The Hulitt Conservatory is in operation, and is giving satisfaction to all the students connected therewith. A number of ladies make this their home, and a respectable number of men resort thither at meal time. All say that they are receiving full value for their money. It is easy to see the marked improvement made in college life by this new equipment. Likewise I must mention the new gymnasium and heating plant, which are combined in one building. Of course we are not using them yet, but the excavation is nearly completed, and part of the material is on the ground. This new building will mean much to the college, and will make it more attractive to the new student. I might also mention the Model School, which now demands the attention of two trained normal teachers, and the little folks now have the use of two rooms. The attendance is very gratifying and easily exceeds the fall registration of last year. All the students are working hard, and the term is one of excellent promise. Prof. G. Emmet Miller comes from Penn Yan, N. Y., to take the position of professor of shorthand and commercial branches. This position was left vacant by the resignation of Prof. B. F. Spreyer in July last. Mr. Miller is making many friends, and a successful professorship is predicted for him. Altogether we feel very proud of the college and her work this fall. The work shows stability, and is the result of previous well-laid plans. Every friend of the college will be glad to note this

progress and continue the sympathy and support tendered in past days. Let everyone interested do a little earnest, energetic work in whatsoever line it may be, and as a result York College will grow, and its good name will widely spread.

THE SANDBURR, desiring to assist in the cause of right, is this month giving space for three papers prepared by students, setting forth their political choice, and the reasons therefor. THE SANDBURR believes that all men, and especially students, should take more than a passing interest in national politics, and to this end these papers are directed. Of course, as a paper representing a student body, to declare for some party is not by any means allowable, yet, when men can wield their pens in the interest of their parties, we are ready to offer encouragement.

We have noticed that many of our chapel speakers during this fall have urged each student to take a full college course. Many have told us to remember the parents and brothers and sisters at home who are making sacrifices that we might be here. And fellow students, this advice is wholesome. As students who are about to graduate, we must say that the years of a college course pass very pleasantly, and that it doesn't take long for four years to pass by. Perhaps a college course makes most of us egotistical, but that is largely worn off by real contact with the world's problems, and the true man is revealed underneath. One cannot have too much ready knowledge. In the pleasures of school society we do often forget our parents and do them injustice. So many things we think of as being our right to command. It is selfishness on our part, love on their part. So I might go on enumerating a considerable number of student faults and failures, but let me conclude with this statement: For your own sake, for your friends and relatives' sake, for the glory of God and the betterment of man, rise to the highest possible degree of attainment, live a pure life, think noble thoughts, and be willing to go out of your way to do a kind act.

The outlook for Vol. V of this publication is very bright. The business men have very liberally contributed to our advertising columns; the students are subscribing for the paper quite generally; we have promise of a number of strong pieces for our literary department; an ever increasing number of friends who are assisting us, makes a condition which is greatly appreciated by the staff. We shall try to publish a clean, wholesome, newsy paper. We shall aim at perfection, and trust any errors may be overlooked.

Literary Department

The Columbia River

FROM Portland to the mouth of the Columbia is about one hundred miles. One can ride that distance in a palatial steamer, or on a train that hugs the south bank of the river. To go one way and return the other makes a fine trip. It takes one through the coast range of mountains, which is much lower than the Cascade Range, but whose bold river bluffs and densely-wooded highlands gives one many a fine view. In one place the river is many miles wide, while at Astoria it opens out into a large bay, in which a vast number of salmon and other fish are caught. All along the Columbia one sees many signs of the immense fishing industry—canning factories on the banks and on piles in the shallow places, immense wheels turned by the current and constantly scooping up fish, seines, and countless fishing boats, etc. Sand Island is a long, sandy strip of land, covered with driftwood, partly submerged at high tide, around which an immense amount of fishing is done. Oregon and Washington both claim the island.

But altogether finer, as far as scenery is concerned, is the trip up the Columbia from Portland. This also can be taken by boat or on a railroad that closely hugs the northern shore for some two hundred miles. Sometimes it runs rather too close to the river. At one place the whole bank, or mountain side, is gradually sliding toward the river. The railroad has to change its grade or rebuild its track every year or two.

The Columbia cuts a mighty gorge through the Cascade Mountains. In some places the railroad has to tunnel the steep cliffs that overhang the water. From the boat one gets a better view of both sides, but from the cars one gets better near-by views and finer details of scenery. Occasional glimpses are caught of one or another of the few snow-covered extinct volcanoes that are such a feature of Oregon scenery. Mount Hood is one of the nearest and finest.

On the south side of the river are several fine waterfalls that come tumbling down from lofty heights close to the railroad. The finest one, and one of the finest and highest in all this northwest country, is Multnomah Falls, about thirty miles from Portland. The train generally stops there four minutes to allow the passengers to get a good view of the fall, or falls, for there are two. The upper one has a sheer fall of about six hundred feet. The lower one, a few rods below, has a fall of about fifty or seventy-five feet, and somewhat resembles Minnehaha Falls. The two together with their surroundings of lichen-covered rocks, mossy crags, and of foliage, flowers and forests, make a charming scene where one can linger for hours, as I did, and drink it all in—the beauty, I mean, not the water.

My friend and myself walked two miles up the track from the falls to visit Oneonta Gorge. It is what in Colorado is called a box canon. It is about half a mile long, very deep and very narrow, a great fissure in the rocks. Except when the water is low one cannot explore it without wading. The creek was low and we did not wade, that is my friend did not. In one place,

where the wall of rock projected out over the water I had, with great difficulty, got almost around it when I found that I could go no further, so I plunged into the cold water as the shortest and easiest way through. In one place the path is on a very narrow, outward-sloping shelf of rock high up above a very deep pool of water. From the end of that shelf one has to descend on a ladder. At the upper end of the gorge is a fine waterfall.

As we go on up the Columbia the steep cliffs and mountain walls rise thousands of feet above the water. The rocks are of volcanic origin, and many of the cliffs with their basaltic columns are very picturesque and grand.

There is an immense amount of sand on the shores of the upper Columbia. For long distances the south bank is lined with great beds and fields and drifts of fine white sand. It is constantly shifting under the wind and the trains are sometimes detained by drifts, not of snow, but of sand. For long distances the railroad has to build lines of low board fences on the drifts to protect the track.

The Dalles, eighty-six miles from Portland, are a very interesting feature of the Columbia River. They are often spoken of as the river turned on edge. The great river from half a mile to a mile in width narrows to a few rods as it rushes with great force and with many eddies and whirlpools through a narrow box-canon, whose top it sometimes overflows. Of course no boat can go either up or down the river at that point, and hence the Government is planning to build a canal around that dangerous place. It has already built locks around the swift rapids of the cascades further down. Then eastern Oregon and Washington will have a direct outlet by water as well as by rail for their immense wheat crop. It is the only place in our country where a great navigable river cuts through the mountains to the Pacific.

West of the Cascade Mountains valleys, hills and mountains are covered with dense foliage and with mighty forests, but east of the Mountains it is a dry, desert, treeless region. The contrast in a short railroad trip is very striking. But as one goes on further east and north he comes to a region which, though largely treeless, is very fertile, and which is one of the finest wheat regions in the world. R. T. CROSS.
—Portland, Oregon.

Beauty and Worth

"Father, why not let him go?"

"Oh, what's the use? Arthur's a good farmer, and in time will be a good financier, and as far as I am concerned, I do not believe in educating the boys when you don't expect them to do anything but farm; and he won't; that's sure," was Mr. Hunt's vehement reply to his wife's question.

"Yes, but think! You were given the advantages of a broad, liberal education and all the privileges of a student. So was I. And now, shall we send Ruth to school, make her life one of pleasure, joy and usefulness, and condemn our only son to a life of drudgery behind the plow, when the latent powers might be developed and he become something more in accord with your ideas."

"Might be developed, eh? I tell you, Helen, once for all, Arthur is too dull and slow to ever do anything in college. Ruth, now, will make her mark, mind you! She has a mind like all the Hunts—ahem! I mean her mother."

"Never mind correcting it, Henry" said Mrs. Hunt, with a slow, quiet smile. "I know you consider my people dull and 'backwoodsy,' but nevertheless, I was given an opportunity. I took it, and, as you know, though my mind was not as quick to grasp a subject as yours, yet I stood your equal in college. Now, Henry, I'm not boasting, but I do want Arthur to have a chance, too."

"Well, well, it seems to me, you're making an awful fuss over the matter. It'll only make him dissatisfied to go to school, and you know it. I'd be lots better satisfied if I didn't know so much, and there's no use in making Arthur discontented with farming, for he likes it now. Now, with Ruth it's a different matter. She's handsome, clever, graceful, quick—well, just what's needed to make a girl a leader, and I'll venture that in a month she'll be one of the leading girls in the school; but Arthur, homely, red faced, freckled, awkward, dull, bah! No, I'm ashamed to send him to school, so there!" and getting up abruptly, Mr. Hunt left the pleasant room where he had been sitting, went out and closed the door with a bang.

This conversation had taken place in a little cottage in southwestern Iowa one bright summer day, just following Mr. Hunt's decision that the daughter, Ruth, should go to school that fall, attend the college at N—.

The Hunt family was a peculiar one. Both Mr. and Mrs. Hunt had been well educated in an eastern college, when, as Mrs. Hunt had said, his mind, though quicker and brighter, was met and equalled by hers, slower and less keen, but aided by a determined will and tireless energy. Their college life had been very pleasant, and Mrs. Hunt loved to sit and dream of those old college days, when Henry was so kind and considerate of her every wish. But she was usually awakened from her reverie by the voice of her husband asking—almost commanding her aid in some way as it was raised in chiding their only son, or as he waxed eloquent in praise of self or daughter Ruth. For Henry Hunt had not improved with marriage. Always strongly imbued with a love of self and "my folks" he had grown gradually to consider himself and his family much superior to his wife and her relatives, till now, at middle age, he showed by look, word and action that he considered her a being inferior to himself, and Mrs. Hunt, always a modest little woman with clinging nature and loving heart, had gradually been forced into the dim background, faintly illumined by the brighter lustre of her husband's "self glory."

He had been an ardent lover of beauty, and when Helen Worder, small, neat, graceful, with soft blue eyes, and fluffy waves of golden hair so beautifully coiled upon the small, Grecian head, had first crossed his vision, he admired her greatly, and not even the fact that her parents were poor renters, while his were wealthy land owners, could shake his purpose to win

her after he discovered that back of that beauty of face and figure was a most beautiful character.

She was won, and gradually the power of self-love overcame him so much that, while yet in the prime of life, we find Mrs. Hunt meek, quiet, reserved, denying herself the privilege of holding any opinions of her own, completely dominated by her husband's stronger will, no, not completely, for once in a great while her individuality would assert itself and she would contend with her husband, as on the day our story begins.

There were two children in this home, a boy of twenty and a girl of seventeen. There was as marked a difference between brother and sister as between husband and wife. The son, Arthur, was, as has been intimated, a homely boy, with red face, awkward ways and a slowly working brain, but a large, tender heart and a noble character, which appealed strongly to those with whom he was best acquainted. His homeliness had always been a grief to his father, and as the years went by his aversion had grown into a positive dislike for the boy, who, trying in vain to please his father, appeared to be considered an object for scorn and ridicule. Such was Arthur's life.

On the other hand, Ruth's life had always been happy. She had her mother's face and figure, but her father's will and vigor of mind. For this reason she had always been a favorite with her father and had been given every advantage till, at the age of seventeen, she was gifted, accomplished, clever, in every way fitted for a college course; but with a wild independent nature, proud, and with an indomitable will, softened in a slight degree by her mother's quiet manners and Christ-like actions.

Yes, Ruth was to go to school, and when the mother, timidly at first, suggested that Arthur too, should go, she had been met with sarcasm, scorn and even harsh and angry words. But the mother loved this ungainly boy. She saw in his fine character and slow, retentive mind great possibilities, and she was not willing his life should be dwarfed and his usefulness impaired if, in any way, she could prevent it, so she continued to agitate the question of college training till Mr. Hunt, astonished at her unusual persistence, gave way, and said Arthur should go to school.

At last the long-looked for day came, and as they bade goodby to their parents there was a marked difference in their bearing. Ruth, wide awake, alert, bright as usual, apparently all ready to go to school and spend her time pleasantly, if not profitably. She was glad to go, and the kiss which she gave her parents was somewhat perfunctory, and she was delighted when the train began to move. Arthur, on the contrary, felt that a separation from his mother, of whom he was passionately fond, was very hard indeed, and a tear glistened in his eye as he kissed her affectionately and shook hands with his father. As he took his seat in the car he mentally resolved to so live that his parents need never be ashamed of him.

Their journey of a hundred miles was soon over, and Ruth's spirits rose higher as they entered the "college town." They were met by representatives of the student body, but not until they reached their rooms did Arthur feel at ease. There were two dormitories

at N—, a ladies' Home and a boys' Hall, and they were to room in the respective buildings.

The first week passed as a delightful dream to Ruth, who, as her father predicted, became a favorite and leader in a very short time. She was noticed on account of her beauty, and when the students found that the group in which she chanced to be was always a joyful one, she became the center of attraction, and her lively sallies, wit, and general pleasant manner held the attention of all. In short, she soon became the "belle" of the school. The girls pronounced her "sweet" and the boys showed their admiration in many ways.

It was several weeks before anyone suspected that the bright, happy girl, who was ever ready to join in any frolic, even at the expense of her lessons, who never seemed troubled with homesickness, who had been heard to laugh about not having written to her parents in three weeks, and who was by far the most thoughtless and careless girl in school, learning with such apparent ease and forgetting as easily, was the sister of the young, timid Mr. Hunt. The boy, the aversion of his father, had become known as the most steady student in school, the one who always had his lessons and had time to render assistance to those whose minds, though quicker than his, were not so steady, and little by little the students had come to admire his manly, quiet bearing, and they wondered what kind of a home he had since a letter went to his mother at regular intervals, brimful of boyish love and confidence.

It all came about in a most unexpected way one day when Arthur returned from the postoffice with a troubled look upon his face and an open letter in his hand. Going to the class room where Ruth chanced to be at the time, he called her out, interrupting in a summary manner the hasty sketch she was making on the fly-leaf of her Algebra of the lady professor, whose coiffure on this particular day impressed her as being worthy of a trial for herself.

Students were passing to and fro and could not fail to catch enough of their low conversation to draw their inferences as to the relationship of the two. Hitherto Ruth had arranged so that no one should hear their conversation, for Ruth shared in her father's dislike and aversion to the boy. But to-day it was inevitable, so she talked to him with no very good grace, while he told her the contents of his letter. Their mother was ill, very ill, so ill that the doctor hinted at a grave doubt of her recovery. The father, roused at last from his indifference as to her welfare, had written that they had better come home for a few days. Would he go? Yes, of course. Would she go? That was the question. "Why, how can I go, Arthur?" she asked peevishly, when he suggested that she should go home with him that evening. "Just think, I am to go to that social tomorrow night and act on the social committee, and then Wednesday is the five o'clock tea at Mrs. Harmon's, and Wednesday night is the entertainment where I am to sing, so I just can't go. They need me here too bad. No, I can't go.

"But, Ruth, just think how sick mother is. Suppose

she shouldn't get well. Oh, Ruth, you must go," entreated Arthur earnestly.

"Well, I am not going, so there! Oh, I suppose they're just scared. Anyway, I can't, nor won't go. You can go if you want to, but you see how it is with me. Tell them I'd like to see them, but I can't get away as easy as you can," she said in a conciliating tone.

"I won't tell them anything of the kind, Ruth," he retorted, his eyes blazing and his figure drawn to its full height. "I shall tell them you're just too 'puffed up,' and think more of yourself than anyone else," and turning on his heel he went abruptly out of the building and did not see her again before going home.

Ruth felt guilty, but consoled herself by saying Arthur was cruel and didn't understand her. So she plunged into the merry-making of the week and spent but little thought upon her mother, who, in her country home, grieved over the neglect of her daughter, and there upon her sick-bed she prayed that the spirit of God might descend upon her child which should make her more conscientious and loving.

For two weeks Arthur remained at his mother's bedside, and at the end of that time returned to school and took up the work with greater vigor, and, having spent some time each day at his books, he found very little review necessary.

The end of the first semester most of the students went home for a vacation. Arthur had looked forward with joy to the time when he and Ruth would gladden the hearts of their parents by spending the time at home. How disappointed he was when, on their way home, Ruth told him she was only intending to spend three days at home, and then go to the home of her room-mate to visit.

The parents' joy at meeting their children again was very great, but Arthur was pained to see how frail and weak his mother appeared and treated her with the utmost deference and respect. Ruth, however, seemed to feel that since she had been to college she was the only one of the family entitled to any respect or consideration, so she was usually fretful and cross, except when in a very gracious mood she condescended (?) to relate to her parents some of her experiences away from home.

The difference in the two children was very noticeable, and it was with a feeling of relief that her parents bade her goodby to go on her visit. Arthur was a great comfort to the parents, however, and his father grew to love and respect him very much during the short time he was with them.

When both had gone back to the college, the parents had many an anxious hour as they thought of the marvelous change in both, and many an earnest prayer went up that God would draw Ruth to Himself, and help the boy, Arthur, to continue as he had begun, and live a true, noble life—an inspiration to those around him.

Two years passed, and Ruth, who had devoted most of her time to the study of music and art, decided she would rather take up the social duties as the wife of a wealthy young man with a well-known aversion to study, than to continue in college. After

some persuasion, her parents consented and the two were married.

A simple wedding at Ruth's home was followed by a grand reception at the home of the groom and then the two settled down to housekeeping on a large scale.

Many were the mistakes and disappointments of the young wife in those first days of married life, but the butterfly life of a society queen suited her and she plunged deeper and deeper into the giddy whirl of fashion and gayety, till an event happened which changed the whole course of her life.

Arthur was not easily moved from his purpose of thorough education for the work of life and, although he was called to face many difficulties and discouragements, he at last completed his course at N—, and finished his education at Ann Arbor, and then returned to old home and entered the profession of physician.

Almost his first call was to his sister's fashionable home at L—, where her little girl of seven years was very ill with diphtheria. The father and mother were almost heart-broken, when, a few days later, death claimed the child and she entered her Heavenly home, leaving her earthly home so desolate and lonely.

Then did the parents' hearts yearn for something more than earthly show and pleasure, and then was Arthur able to speak words of comfort and consolation, and, at last, to see them turn from their worldly ways and give themselves to God.

This was a transformation that required time for consummation, and during that time Mrs. Hunt, growing gradually more frail and feeble, passed away, feeling that in time both her children would meet her in that home where parting and pain have no place, and yet realizing that the husband she was leaving would find more comfort with the son he had once ridiculed and whose life was so noble, strong and true, than with the daughter who had once been so promising, but whose early life had made her unfit for the full realization and enjoyment of a life of quiet and repose.

F. BLANCHE BAGG.

A Party of Deeds

Since its foundation, the Republican party has characterized itself as a party of deeds. From the time the Republican party received its name, down to the present, its record has been a history of action and of progress.

But it is needless to enter into discussion as to what the Republican party did years ago. Its deeds are on record. The important questions before the people to-day are: What has the Republican party done in the past seven or eight years which merits our approbation and approval? And what is it doing now? Shall it be allowed to wield the scepter of power four years longer, or shall the administration be turned over to the Democrats, in order that they may be able to put into practice some of their untried theories? Shall strong, fearless statesmen be deposed, and their places filled by men, though strong, yet whose platform is as shifting as the sands of the sea?

This is an age of progress. The Republican party is a party of progress. Never was there a time in the

history of our country, when men who have convictions and are willing to stand by them, were more sorely needed than now. The Republican party can supply this need. During the last two administrations many puzzling questions have been brought before the chief executives of this nation. They have been disposed of justly and fearlessly. The present executive has been harshly criticised by his opponents. What great statesman has not been criticised, and what great man has not had his enemies?

We read in the good Book that "By their fruits ye shall know them." Since the Chicago convention which in 1896 nominated Mr. Bryan for president, the chief fruits of the Democratic party have been dissension and strife. Mr. Bryan, in the great speech which he made on that occasion, sowed the seeds of free silver and discord. The former failed to germinate, but from the latter the party has been reaping an abundant harvest. The reason for all this confusion and strife in the Democratic ranks is that the party has no well defined policy. All the leaders are not able to agree on a single issue. No wonder then that so many of the Democrats enter into the campaign in such a half-hearted manner. When the contending forces of the party unite, and when they adopt a strong platform, suited to the needs of practical government, then and not until then, may the Democratic party hope for success.

It is hardly necessary to give a long list of the achievements of the present administration. President Roosevelt has acted boldly, wisely, and we believe, conscientiously. Congress and the cabinet have stood by him. We do not claim that the Republican party is altogether responsible for the large crops that have been harvested during the past eight years, but we do maintain that during these administrations confidence has been restored, and prosperity has reigned throughout the country. That this prosperity has been largely the result of Republican rule, no one can successfully deny. The Republican party has kept faith with the people on every issue of the last two campaigns, besides meeting and disposing of new issues and new problems. The Democrats have told us what is "robbery" and what is "unconstitutional," but they have failed to offer practical substitutes for the principles they denounce.

Every citizen would do well to think soberly before he casts his vote against the party whose principles have been a potent factor in the perpetuation of free institutions, and the industrial development of a great commonwealth. The present administration has demonstrated its ability not only to set forth principles, but to carry them out. Let the good work go on.

C. W. GWINN.

A Prohibition Vote

How will I vote? As the presidential election draws nearer, and the excitement of the campaign increases, every young man who has not yet affiliated himself with some party, or formulated a platform for himself out of the chaos of partyism, begins to ask himself the above question. He is reminded, from all sides, that he is a citizen; that with his citizenship he is given cer-

tain rights and privileges; and that with these rights certain duties, definite or implied, are imposed upon him. In fact everything possible, bearing upon the relationship between himself and the government is recalled to his mind by the newspapers and politicians.

But perhaps those things which are most emphatically placed before him are his right to vote; the implied duty to exercise that prerogative; and how he should do it. That for which politicians are laboring is the vote. Every discussion, argument, or entreaty, thrown out to the young man by the candidate is to win his vote. But, thanks to our free institutions—it is up to the young man alone as to how he should cast his ballot, and will cast it. He must decide.

Since the very beginning of the republic, the opinion of the people has been principally divided between two parties. Associated with these there have been, and are, various small parties. The two principal parties, as they stand today—the Republican and Democratic—represent respectively a spirit of progressiveness and conservativeness. Internal improvements, the national banking system, the protection of home manufactures, the abolition of slavery, and the present state of expansion and commercialism—in fact nearly all things that seem to have helped the nation to its present prosperous condition—have been promulgated by the Republican and opposed by the Democratic parties.

Thus they stand today; the one with the energetic, strauous, progressive Roosevelt at its head; the other led by the more conservative Parker. Although they still represent what they have been in the past, the fact exists that there is no paramount issue between them in the present campaign; their platforms are almost identical. The struggle is one for men; on the one hand for the tested and proved; on the other hand, for a man barely known outside his judicial functions.

The issue which is the most vital of all in the campaign is raised by a third party, small, but rapidly growing. The problem of the prohibition of the liquor traffic finds large numbers of new supporters rallying to the standard of the Prohibition party each successive election. Each year sees an increase in the interest for the restriction of the sale of intoxicants. It is the issue with which the nation should now be the most deeply concerned.

The Prohibition party is, like the Republican, one of progress. It believes in excluding everything possible from the country that can hinder its proper development. It, being free of men addicted to intemperate habits, dares to stand forth and tell the public what are the greatest hindrances to national progress. It hesitates not to appeal to the morality in man to arouse itself and assist in purging the nation of the rot of intemperance. It unqualifyingly shows the sorrow and penury of many homes, the semi-idiotic children, the inmates of the insane asylum, the criminals behind the bars, in fact nearly everything pitiable or shameful, to be the direct or indirect outcome of the liquor trade. It has carefully studied the conditions of men, compiled accurate statistics of all investigations; and can and is proving the awful truth of its assertions.

The Prohibition party has, by its earnestness, brought the situation so clearly before the people that there are

few who will not admit the traffic to be an evil. When the business man is shown that \$1,500,000,000 are spent annually in the United States for liquor, and that about \$300,000,000 are lost through the inefficiency of the citizens, he is shocked at the great waste. When the railroad employer is shown the great loss of life and property caused by drinking employes, he at once becomes deeply concerned. When the Christian is shown the awful resulting crimes, his conscience shrinks before his God. What a wonder that all do not rally to the cause of absolute prohibition! But no, they cannot strike off the shackles of the old party, they cannot afford to lose their votes! The thought is too radical for them.

But the cause is succeeding, and will continue to flourish. The churches, fraternities, colleges, public schools, all are uniting for the eradication of the evil. Each year sees a fresh output of voters from these institutions. A large number of those who are being educated on the evil influences of alcohol, will come forth and frankly acknowledge themselves its enemy. Really it behooves every person, young and old, to give the party his support, and each election will see crowds throwing off the environments of their surroundings, and daring to vote for principle.

The party favors other issues as well. Among these are woman's suffrage, direct legislation, municipal ownership of public utilities, and many other theories tending to the welfare of the nation; but all are minor to the liquor question.

The presidential candidate of the party is known as an independent politician. He dares to speak his mind. He may not equal a Roosevelt or a Parker, but his courage is not to be doubted. He has won for himself a national reputation as a foe to all kinds of corruption, and is a worthy representative of a pure party. He favors no Potteristic alliance with Bacchus or Mammon.

If the cause is just, and the party earnest, and the leaders pure and true, why should not the Prohibition party receive a proper consideration at the hands of the voters? If these few facts and hopes that go to make up, and are cherished for the movement, are praiseworthy, why not vote for Swallow and the whole Prohibition ticket?

JOHN A. HOGG.

Why Alton B. Parker Should Be Our Next President.

Because he believes that our Constitution is one of the most precious heritages of the past, and one of the greatest safeguards ever established for the protection of human liberty; because he does not believe in the present reckless and criminal extravagance in the use of the public funds; because he believes the president should devote all his time to questions of public welfare, rather than so much of his time to the questions that relate merely to his own renomination, and to this end he will, if elected, decline to be renominated; because, like McKinley, he does not believe in declaring war, except for such reasons as he could give before God.

What did President Roosevelt mean when he told the cadets at West Point that a soldier should not only be willing, but anxious to fight? What do his proposed large additions to the army and navy mean, in

the face of that West Point speech, but an interference in every international squabble with a final view to "World Conquest?"

Judge Parker thinks that a colonial policy of government can be excused only by such arguments as will be best appreciated by those who believe in a monarchical, rather than a republican form of government. He believes in a tariff high enough to furnish the government with sufficient revenue at the same time it prevents ruinous foreign competition, but he does not believe in a tariff so high that the trusts may extort fabulous sums for their goods at home, while abroad they are selling the same goods so low as almost to challenge belief. Yet, with this unquestioned fact staring them in the face, the administration calmly tells us that tariff should be revised only by its friends. With confidence we await the decision of the people on November 8th.

G. EMMETT MILLER.

Local Department

A very peculiar fact is the fewness of girls in some advanced academical classes. Three or four of these classes are known to have but one lady each. It is a pleasure to think, however, that some one of the fair ones is brave enough to hold her own with the rougher sex, and it gives confidence to imagine that perhaps the refining influence of just one girl may be the means of keeping a whole class of boys from deteriorating so low as to fail in their grades. Boys, let's doff our hats to these girls.

Rev. Mr. Fulcomer talked to the students after the chapel services some time ago.

On account of the extra work being done by the students for the Gymnasium, athletics seem to have been forgotten.

Miss Coatman has charge of the library before the chapel period!

O. R. Brown has written that he expects to be with us again this year.

Jas. Dean is conducting a series of revival services at his charge near Dorchester, Nebr., and will not be in school for awhile.

G. M. Danley and John Hogg are still holding fort at Dad Blodgett's, and Earl Currah is conducting affairs in the dining room of Le Grand.

Sam Banta spent the vacation in Montana, and reports a pleasant and profitable time.

A. F. Test went all the way to Plattsmouth last Fourth of July, to celebrate. He thought that as he had not celebrated for a number of years, it was his duty to put in more than one day this year, and he did. Ask Maude about it.

On October fifth Prof. Delzell gave us an interesting talk in chapel. Rev. Mr. Walsh, of McCool, was a visitor.

Miss Propst said that everyone who comes from

West Virginia is related to her. What relation does she hold to Mr. Gwinn?

There are now two Model School rooms. The two Misses James have charge of the school.

Miss Jessie Fowler, former instructor in the Model School, is now teaching in the North Ward School. She is still a loyal Philo.

Edward Hecht, Marie Romsdal, and Lucile Hennings were visitors at the college.

Bishop Castle gave a splendid address at chapel the second Tuesday of the term.

Grace Shaw and Fred Schreiner took upon themselves the bonds of matrimony. The wedding services were held at the home of the bride's parents. Since they were with us last year let us hope they will have a happy future.

Chas. P. Gaylord, a former student of York College, was married to Miss Lorimer, of Orleans, Nebr. The wedding took place in Denver in the summer just past.

Clara Morton and Lettie Herman, who pose as loyal Philos., aided by Mr. Test, stuffed the ballot box at the Amphictyon election.

After having taken advantage of their leap year opportunities, some of the girls were troubled about purchasing rings. They decided that, since they would not always be financially independent, it would be best to let the gentlemen do the purchasing.

Mr. Kratzer is a very brilliant young man, but he sometimes finds no better employment than entertaining Miss Propst by drawing pictures of houses.

The work of York College was closed on the afternoon of September 30th in order that the students might attend the funeral of Ola S. Medlar, a former student and professor.

Boys, if you need exercise, and wish to help a good cause, get your spade, and Shupe or Morton will tell you what you may do.

College begins this fall with a much larger enrollment than any other fall term.

Hulitt Conservatory is nearly completed. There are only about a dozen girls in the dormitory now. There are about thirty in the boarding club.

Miss Casebeer, Mr. Bailey, Mr. Sager and Miss Coatman are the new Freshman students.

We have a new Senior, Mr. C. W. Gwinn, of West Virginia.

Our Commercial professor, Mr. Miller, of New York, is a very large man; a great contrast, especially in physique, to Mr. Spreyer, the former principal.

The prospects for the Gymnasium are bright. A number of the students are donating work.

Rev. L. L. Epley, a graduate of York College, is now president of a business college in Broken Bow, Nebraska.

C. I. Mohler, whom we all know well as a fellow-student, was intending to be with us this year, but has accepted the principalship of the Broken Bow Business College.

Irwin E. Caldwell and Lena E. Schell were wedded July 28th. Mr. Caldwell is president of the U. B. college, Philomath, Oregon, and Mrs. Caldwell is a member of the faculty of the same institution.

Some of the students who were out last year and have returned are Clara Morton, Frank C. Jean, A. G. McVay, Rosco Thompson and W. E. Maxwell.

Lost, strayed, or stolen: Anyone desiring a late newspaper will find ONE in the college library.

Miss Casebeer has taken a fancy to the curly haired gentlemen of the college, so we have heard. Blanche seems to be interested.

A young gentleman from the eastern limits of the city dined with some of our bachelor girls a few days ago, and a short time afterwards one of the girls asked him to spell batch. He spelled it s-t-a-r-v-e. The girls say that he cannot come again.

We do not know how well Milo Gollaher likes moss and rushes. It is very clearly seen, however, that he is fond of the Reed.

G. R. Westcott lost his pocket-book, and this accounts for the announcement he made in chapel with reference to the ladies' purchasing tickets for the lecture course.

The number in the Freshman class has doubled since last year.

R. C. Shupe, who will graduate from the philosophical course at the close of this present college year, has joined the academical students in their class in beginning Greek. The ease with which Mr. Shupe masters the technicalities of this intricate and much accented language certainly reflects credit upon the

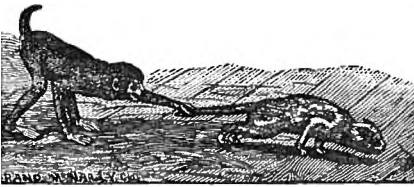
course of study he has heretofore pursued. We are reminded of the opinion held by the great, philosophical Benjamin Franklin regarding the method of learning languages. Franklin tells us that in his early youth he had only one year's study of Latin, after which he neglected the study entirely. In later years he learned French, and from that language he advanced to a knowledge of Italian and Spanish. After having attained an acquaintance with these various languages, he chanced to pick up a Latin testament, and was surprised to find that he understood much more than he imagined. Encouraged thus to the study of languages again, he found the way had been greatly smoothed by his knowledge of the preceding languages. If the modern languages are so much easier learned than the dead languages, and make the study of Greek and Latin a less difficult task, does it not seem advisable to make a shift in their places in the curriculum of our up-to-date colleges? Mr. Shupe's ability bears evidence of the advisability of such a change.

C. M. White

C. E. Sandall

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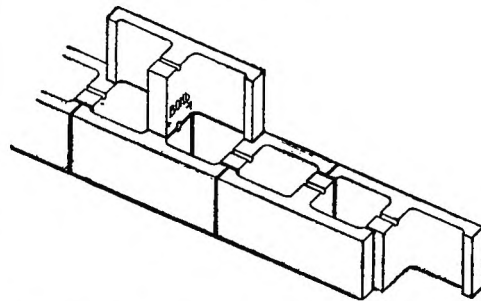
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