

# THE SANDBURR

NOVEMBER, 1905



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**THE SANDBURR**

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As the Thanksgiving season approaches, we associate with it many memories of our forefathers. We think of it as being a day set apart when they gathered together in their accustomed places of worship with thankful hearts for blessings received, and invoking divine help for future cares. We think of this day as one of prayer and fasting. This custom is one that has survived for nearly three centuries and comes down to us to day as one of our national holidays, not political in its nature. Of all the Puritan holidays, we may say this is the only one now surviving. There has come now to be a diversity of festivities in connection with Thanksgiving, aside from the devotional phase of the day. The Thanksgiving Day of the Puritan age has been somewhat superseded by an occasion considerably more social in its nature. The American boy of to day looks forward with delight to a bountiful Thanksgiving dinner. So we see that feasting and social gatherings of various kinds are considered a part of the program for this day. If in the city or town, the final contest of the gridiron is a fitting climax of the season. Apparently all cares and restraint have been thrown off and everybody is ready and anxious for the spectacular. Or, if in the rural districts, a shooting match is held, or maybe the entire day is spent hunting. Such diversions are right and proper, for we believe God intends his creatures to be happy. But let us, while we are happy, not be forgetful of the blessings for the past year. Possibly someone may say he has no special blessing for which he should be thankful. If you think thus, stop to consider the innumerable minor blessings received during the past year, or in the past month, or even the week just gone by, and most assuredly you will have ample reasons for being thank-

ful. Count your blessings, and a happy Thanksgiving will certainly be yours.

The recent war between Russia and Japan has been one noted for the great degree of science employed in the work of destruction. The victories gained on either side were accompanied by terrible loss of life. The battle of Mukden alone is an example of carnage that is repulsive to modern thought. The different movements of the war were watched eagerly all oyer the civilized world. It was hoped that some turn might be made whereby the wholesale loss of life and property to both nations might be stopped. Fortunately there is another fact emphasized aside from the atrocities of war, and that is the manner in which peace was effected. As mankind advances in education and civilization it becomes more evident that arbitration is to be a mighty factor in the preservation of international peace, and the American people may justly be proud of President Roosevelt in bringing about peace between Russia and Japan. Neither of these nations, perhaps, received as much in her favor by the treaty as she had expected. But how much better that each make some sacrifice in order that amicable relations be secured! War is not only destructive to the nations engaged, but it tends to derange commerce and trade, and thus powers otherwise unconcerned are affected. Peace on the other hand promotes the general welfare of citizens at home and insures credit abroad. May the nations come to realize the inhumanity of war and learn to refer international differences to a system of arbitration.

If there is one trait above another by which one's character and home training are judged, such a trait is the everyday conduct. Our decorum, or conduct, as it may be termed, is a brand by which we are known, whether the character be good or bad. The real life is bound to manifest itself in action. It is utterly impossible to be one thing at heart and, for any length of time at least, appear to be something entirely different. "You may," says Lincoln, "be able to deceive a part of the people all the time, and all the people a part of the time, but you cannot deceive all the people all the time." How important then that we think such thoughts and cultivate such habits of decorum as will reflect creditably upon us on all occasions. It is true that sometimes people whose intentions are the best become careless and allow themselves to fall into wrong habits of behavior and thus appear in an improper light, but such do not appear thus long, for they usually see the folly of such demeanor. In order to merit the esteem of our friends, we ought ever and in all places, remember that someone is watching us. Whether you be on the street, in the office, or even in

a college library, where things frequently assume a decidedly chaotic state; I say, even here, why is it needful for your conduct to be in complete harmony with the surrounding confusion. In all these places let your conduct be above reproach. Be on your guard, and perhaps you may be able to discern wherein improvement might well be made.

## Literary Department

### May Day Idyll

Ah, 'tis May Day, and the morning  
Breaks anew upon the hills!  
See the sunbeams brightly glancing  
On the smoothly-flowing rills!  
There's a beauty, there is music  
In the falling of the spray.  
See the pebbles lying lowly,  
Over which it goes its way.  
Oh, there's gladness in the brooklet!  
See how joyfully it sings,  
Softly through the dewy fragrance  
Comes the song it upward flings.  
How it gaily dances onward,  
Down its channel to the sea—  
See the dashing of its waters  
As it seeks itself to free.  
See, upon the crystal mirror  
Which its silv'ry surface spreads,  
How the lofty mountains rising  
In true homage, bow their heads.  
On the green crests of the giants  
Hangs the mist so dense and gray,  
But we know as day advances  
It must surely pass away.  
See the pine trees stand so stately  
On that densely-wooded slope,  
Pointing constantly to Heaven  
As a constant sign for Hope.  
For each life was a glorious morning,  
And we fully know the power  
Of the morn we saw the sunlight,  
And we called it Natal Hour.  
Then around our lives there lingered  
Shadows placed there by the Hand  
That will surely lead us upward,  
Till in Heaven we take our stand.  
List! The music in the tree top!  
'Tis the early-waking bird—  
How like it was then the chorus  
Of the angels which God heard.  
Oh, the wak'ning of life's morning,  
How like May day it appears—  
All fair promise, joy and gladness  
For the swift advancing years.  
But the day advances onward  
And the golden noon appears—  
Now all nature stands revealed there  
By the passing of our fears,  
For across the deep blue Heavens  
Many dark clouds made their way,  
Each one threatening, but clearing  
For the beauteous, happy May.  
Now the bee rests in its labors  
Which reminds us of the pilgrims  
Who to middle age have come.  
All the glory, all the beauty  
Of the day now stands revealed,  
And we see that all the trials  
Which we meet will always yield.  
Slowly sinks the sun to westward,  
And it gently sinks below,  
Gilding all the scene with glory—

With a beauteous afterglow.  
The little rill still chatters onward,  
And still brightly plays the spray  
While to it clings the same sweet joy  
It had at break of day.  
The dark hills mirrored in its depths  
Are darker far and more serene,  
But 'round their summits in a glow  
That like a golden halo seems.  
A perfect eve, all nature rests;  
The birds have ceased their song,  
And now we feel the day has gone  
And well all its duty done.  
A beauteous May Day there appeared  
And then passed away from the light,  
It bore us near eternity  
And then there came the night.  
A glorious night with silver moon,  
And sky set thick with stars,  
Filled to its measure of the day  
As even closes ours.  
For soon our own life's day will pass  
And glory pass away,  
Oh, may the Christ-child be the light  
That guides us on our way.

F. BLANCHE BAGG.

### Foreign Immigration to the United States Should be Stopped.

The immigration question, is fast becoming one of our greatest problems, and one that we, as American citizens, must solve. While we are aware that the pessimistic eye is somewhat accountable for magnifying the danger that threatens our national life, yet our situation might well bear investigation.

Immigration is the forerunner of great national life and development. This may be substantiated by examples in past history. The memorable march of the Israelites through the wilderness, preceded the growth of the great Jewish nation; the restless, uneasy spirit of all Europe, in the time of the crusade, ultimately resulted in developing and establishing the different European nations. Coming nearer home we can readily see what immigration has done in the formation of our own grand and glorious republic.

We are greatly indebted for what we now are, to the different American colonies. Turning, as it were, their backs upon the mother country, riding the unknown seas, and planting their standards of law and religion on our soil; building homes and establishing government in the face of greatest difficulties and adverse circumstances, the English at Jamestown, the Dutch in Delaware, the Pilgrims at Plymouth, and the French up the Mississippi Valley, have alike shared in our national development, and could now point with pride to the stars and stripes as they wave over the strongest nation on the globe.

At that time in our country immigration was much needed. Lands were yet unexplored, homes were to be planted in the forest, vast territories of land were only waiting for the foreigner with his hand of civilization to develop there-from, peace, happiness and prosperity. But conditions have changed. The immigrant now finds when reaching our shores, to his great surprise, a continent teeming with its millions. No more homes to be had for the asking. A competition to which he has not been accustomed, new en-

vironments and conditions which are no more advantageous to him than those in his own country.

Then to our national injury, we have no longer in general the classes of people coming here that characterized our early immigration. Instead of the firm and steady German, the conscientious and religious Pilgrim, the large hearted Irishman, the high spirited Englishman, which were all necessary in framing our national character, we find now flooding our ports, people of an entirely different disposition.

The treacherous and not to be trusted Italian comes breeding anarchy and disrespect for government. The coarse and brute like Russian makes his way to our country, increasing our illiteracy and degeneracy. The narrow-minded, mimifying Chinaman seeks entrance that he may only fill his coffers with gold and then return to his native country to enjoy his fortune. The people from these nations, however, would not be so objectionable if it were not that we get their very refuse. America is simply a nursery for their diseased, a refuge for their would be criminals, and an asylum for their illiterates.

Our greatest danger, no doubt, lies along our industrial line. The great inflow of people has not affected politics to any great extent. They have pretty evenly divided among the several parties. Religion has not become biased by any of their beliefs, but instead, the missionary spirit of each church has succeeded in winning and assimilating to its own cause, a portion of this coming people. But what of the industrial field: We find a great majority of these people to be common day laborers; men who have no trade on which to depend. Men who before have lived a peasant life in their own country, existing on the most meager compensations. People who in their desperate struggle for existence have neglected the culture of intellect and soul.

When we think of all our laboring class being composed of one-fifth of just such people, of one-half of the laborers in our mines and also one third of those employed in manufacturing being foreign born, is it not easy to account for the strikes which are becoming more numerous and effective? And is it not enough to stir the thoughtful mind with fear for our future prosperity and inspire it to contrive a plan to remedy conditions.

But the question comes to us: Shall we take down our motto of "Welcome" and use restrictive and regulative methods to effect a change, or shall we allow the deluded foreign character to continue to enter without sifting, in the vain hope of purifying and strengthening it without our own life becoming tarnished and lowered.

We admit that it is no small problem to be able to ascertain just how this restriction should be applied. The first action taken by our government was that of forbidding American employers to contract with the foreign laborers while they were yet in their own country. This barred many of the lower class. The "Chinese Exclusion Act" was next passed by congress, which has done much to decrease the number of Chinese in our land.

Various other methods have been proposed. One has been to establish a regulating system by our for-

eign counselors through whom each person who desires to emigrate may be examined before leaving his own country, thus barring all who are not eligible. Another plan was to place a tax of fifty dollars on every emigrant. This would without doubt lessen the number, but not effect the quality.

Then let us stand by nature's first law, "Preservation," and let not the widely accepted doctrine, "The Common Brotherhood of Man," hinder us from taking action on this question. May we so consider it our duty to agitate this important theme until our representatives may see fit to establish regulative law.

M. L. GOLLAHER.

### The Art of Browning.

Among those who have risen and shone in the province of literature, there is one who is Shakespeare's equal. In the development of character consequences and the portrayal of character effects, Robert Browning is the peer of the king of poets. In Shakespeare's time the general public would not have been able to comprehend the meaning or interpret the spiritual thought of his matchless works, if they had not explained through incident on the stage. Now, the majority of the people are able to read and appreciate Shakespeare without attending the theatre. There has not been such a revolution in literature as in the ability of the reader to appreciate literature. Shakespeare used the dialogue while Browning almost exclusively employed the monologue. When Shakespeare's plays were acted out on the stage, the people, high and low, were able to understand and experience the effects. At the time Browning's works appeared the mass of the reading public did not appreciate them. To many, some of his best poems seemed dry and meaningless. Some of his best productions are still hard to understand. It is only through persistent effort and concentrated thought that one gets anything akin to the adequate idea of the spiritual heights and depths of which Browning was capable. Shakespeare wrote for all classes and all times. Browning wrote for the appreciative class of his own age and all lovers of literature of future ages. Shakespeare through incident and dialogue gives the reader the key to the interpretation of effects. Browning gives the reader to discern the spiritual truth. Browning was evidently ahead of his time. The generations to come will get a clearer understanding of his poetry than the people received who lived in his own time. His poems were as prophecies, foretelling the dawning of a brighter day for literature, when men would be able to read beyond the mere garnish of words into the hidden depths and mysteries of spiritual truth. He thought faster than he wrote, which accounts for so many broken sentences. By the frequent use of the dash he often left the sentence unfinished, making it necessary for the reader to complete the thought. After all, his style is not adapted to the average reader of the present time. Students of literature have only just begun to interpret his poems. Not until people have been educated to search out and receive spiritual truth, will they be able to obtain an adequate compre-

hension of Browning's best works. The art of Browning is found at the top of literary excellence, and he who wishes to reap benefits from it must come out from the common herd, direct his mind toward nobler thoughts, and plant his feet on higher ground.

The dramatic monologue had been employed by poets for many generations, but it was Browning who discovered and mastered its possibilities. A good example of the monologue is "The Italian in England." The object of this poem is to bring the people of England into sympathy with the Italians, who are struggling for freedom from the yoke of Austrian oppression. Instead of recounting bloody deeds of cruelty and relating the whole history of the conflict, the author chooses a nobleman who has espoused the cause of the common people, to set forth in a few telling words, the condition of the country and people. In the first two lines of this poem, a brief but comprehensive view of the situation is given:

"That second time they hunted me  
From hill to plain, from shore to sea."

Here is shown Browning's power of saying a great deal in a few words. He also gains the sympathy of the reader by describing in the first few lines the precarious condition of the nobleman, which is typical of the condition of all Italy. The nobleman's feelings toward his friend Charles with whom he played in his boyhood, and who has deserted him and the cause of liberty, are very vividly and accurately portrayed. Though Charles does not speak, his treachery is made plain. The maiden who saves the nobleman's life does not speak, yet the reader feels that he is in the presence of one whose face "wears its calm simplicity of grace," and whose heart impels her "to crush the the snake and spare the worm." Browning possessed in a marked degree the rare art of bringing to light the different phases of character of an individual without having the individual to speak. In this poem he gives a clear insight into the national life of Italy at the time of her fight for independence. It would be difficult to read and study this poem without feeling a deep interest in the downtrodden and oppressed.

"Andrea Del Sarto" is one of Browning's best productions. Like "The Italian in England," it is a monologue, and through the spokesman, Del Sarto, the author paints a picture of human character. Del Sarto is an artist who, in coloring, shading and form excels his contemporaries, Da Vinci, Angelo and Raphael, but he cannot put thought and soul into his pictures. He is married to Lucrezia, who is neither responsive to his needs nor in sympathy with his work. She wants him to paint in order to make money so that she may live in luxury and support her gambling, profligate cousin. The poem deals with Del Sarto's complaint against his wife, and his soliloquy regarding the limitation of his own powers. Upon first reading it seems that if Del Sarto had had the sympathy and love of his wife he would have become a great painter, but upon closer study it appears that it would have taken more than the influence of a sympathizing companion to give him power to put soul into his pictures:

"All is as God over-rules,  
Besides incentives come from the soul's self;  
The rest avail not."

This shows he realizes that the inner deficiency cannot be overcome by environments. While Del Sar-

to had ample reason to complain about his wife's actions, still he impresses one as a chronic, peevish complainer. He is dissatisfied with himself because he has been denied the ability of rising to great spiritual heights. Lucrezia is a woman of the world, whose interests are not in common with his. She enjoys the pomp and splendor of the world. She is not able to give the aid her husband craves. It is the picture of an ill-matched pair. The author has sounded the depths of human character and analyzed the possibilities of a human soul. He makes one see in Andrea Del Sarto hopes and aspirations unattainable, and in Lucrezia characters undesirable. He presents an unhappy marriage and the blighting effects of such a union. All this he does in a style not altogether pleasing, but forceful.

Browning wrote one poem in which he himself failed to find any meaning, and yet it is one of the most effective of all his poems. "Childe Roland" contains no sentence which might be singled out to express some significant fact. There are no definite declarations. The poem is an expression of the mood of the writer. A man starts out to find the dark tower. He travels in beaten paths till he meets a cripple, who tells him to turn from the well defined paths into the desert. He obeys, and, after many trials and discouragements, finds the tower. He raises his horn and blows a triumphant blast of victory. There is a spiritual meaning in this poem which in some way fastens itself upon the reader. The cripple, whom Childe Roland considers his enemy is in reality his best friend. This poem is, perhaps, the story of Browning's life. The story of Roland's search for the hidden tower is vividly told. Just when Roland's way seems darkest and his path roughest the clouds disappear and the light breaks upon the tower before him. The poem has a world of spiritual meaning which the ordinary reader cannot fathom.

Browning, the king of the dramatic monologue, has ushered in a new era in literary art. His is the highest art because it demands the highest intelligence on the part of the reader to appreciate it. Long after many of his contemporaries' works have been forgotten, his works will still live, for he has developed an art in literature which in centuries yet to come will receive its just deserts.

CLYDE W. GWINN.

### The Match-maker of Snake Hollow

George Mac prided himself upon being the Match-maker of our neighborhood, and being the only man of leisure among us we were content that he should have the honor. Perhaps I should explain that he was not a man of leisure on account of his wealth, but because he believed that contentment, even without Godliness, is great gain.

The fact that Ella Mac, his faithful and energetic wife, did not always agree with him on this point, was the one thorn in the flesh for him. Indeed, there would have been many thorns and they would have been very literal, if this same graceful, high-spirited, and rather sharp-tongued woman could have had her way. In fact, if her husband's stories were to be cred-

ited, she did succeed in making him quite uncomfortable at times.

In spite of these trials and persecutions he always wore a broad smile, and his keen, bold, blue eyes were always a-twinkle, while his tongue was glib with jest and questionable story.

It troubled him not a bit that his corn was yellow for want of plowing nor that his sod house was an exact counterpart of the weary "lean-to" of his native Emerald Isle, "where the pig was kept in the parlor." I speak only of the external appearance. Within, Ella Mac reigned, and Ella Mac was not Irish.

George Mac felt that the troubles of his neighbors were as much as he could bear, he certainly would not be burdened with his own.

There was one family in particular that called forth all of his sympathy. It consisted of three maiden sisters and their father.

The younger of these sisters was not more than twenty-three, and was fair to look upon. A sweet wild rose of the prairie, but so shy and self-conscious that he was sure she would never marry unless he could bring his wits to work in her behalf.

If Sadie were only happily married, he reasoned, then her invalid sister would have a home, for Sadie would never leave her, and even George Mac admitted that there was no hope of marriage for Mattie. It was sad enough to be old and homely, but to be bedridden too, that was too bad. He must surely look after the matter.

Having this in mind he thought himself very fortunate when soon afterwards a gay but lonely bachelor passed his way. That he was fine looking and not too old was a great comfort to Mac, but his greatest satisfaction came from the fact that he was a man of some means.

He was also counted honorable, from the world's standpoint of honor, and modest little Sadie Preston could not afford to be too particular as to past records, so reasoned her would-be benefactor.

Being a tactful go-between, Mac soon had the pleasure of introducing the bachelor to his fair neighbor. Sadie had some notions of her own, but being sorely pressed she put them aside and calmly accepted her fate and a home for herself and invalid sister.

Mac was loud in his congratulations and was never so happy as when surrounded by a company of choice spirits he related very minutely every particular of the romance.

For some time he enjoyed the peace of a good conscience, but one day it came to his remembrance that there was still one lone maiden in the old dugout across the way, and the fact that she had reached an uncertain age and was, to say the least, not pretty, made the burden on his mind a little disturbing.

That evening at supper he was silent and pre-occupied, much to his wife's surprise, for he was not given to serious reflection. Finally her curiosity got the better of her judgment. "What are you thinking of, George Mac," she asked as she placed a generous piece of apple pie beside his plate. For a few moments he gave his undivided attention to the pie, then, having swallowed his coffee at a gulp and having carefully wiped his bushy mustache with the back of his hand,

he said abruptly, "Jane Preston ought to get married." This was too much for Ella Mac. She sat down in a convenient chair and applied her apron to her eyes freely, while her breath came and went in gasps. Mac's remarks at his wife's unseemly merriment need not be recorded here. When she could speak she cried, with the tears still running down her cheeks, "I suppose you will be getting a divorce next, so that you can find a wife for old man Preston." "I should wish him joy of you," he snapped, as he tramped angrily out of the house.

"Where are you going now," demanded Ella sharply, the next morning, as her worthy helpmate mounted the black mare and started off. As he deigned no reply she said wrathfully, "I suppose you will gad all day, why don't you get to work in the corn? The sunflowers are almost taking it." This last to herself as the delinquent was already beyond hearing. With a smile of derision on his full, red lips, and his hat tipped well back from his broad white forehead, around which c'ung a waving mass of jet black hair, his two hundred pounds weight thrown easily forward in the rickety old saddle, he looked the picture of self-complacence.

An hour's ride in the fresh morning air brought him to the post-office and grocery combined, in the village of Prairie Ville.

Dismounting, he threw the bridle rein over the post at the end of the hitching rail, and entered the office. The floor was wet and cool and freshly swept, and the odor of dried apples and codfish and salt bacon made him wonder how long it would be till dinner time. There was no one in the store except its silent and taciturn proprietor, which suited Mac's purpose very well, as he wished some information that he was sure Hugh Ross could give if anyone could—he knew every man and woman of marriageable age for twenty miles around. He had kept a trading post near this place when Nebraska was the camping ground for the wild tribes of the plains. Here he had lived and toiled while hundreds drifted by, always going west, and now, that the country was being settled permanently, he sometimes felt a little lonely; sometimes longed for the good old days when life was young and full of hardships and venture.

Mac discharged a mouthful of tobacco juice at the spittoon near the rusty stone, and then asked abruptly, "Hugh, do you know of anyone who wants a wife?" Hugh continued his work of filling a grimy mail bag without looking up. Mac waited in silence. At last, his task finished, the postmaster took his cigar from his lips and looked up indifferently.

"Who are you trying to dispose of now?" he asked, with the suspicion of a smile.

"Old man Preston's girl, a sister of the one Wilkies Harvey married."

"They say Harvey's wife is pretty," remarked Hugh.

"She don't take after her sisters in that respect," grinned Mac.

Hugh smoked for some time in silence, then he remarked: "Old man Trassel says he must have a cook



before harvest time begins," and this time the smile grew broader beneath the black mustache.

"Where does he live?" asked Mac, eagerly.

Hugh thrust his hat back over one ear, revealing more fully a face of keen intelligence, and turned to wait upon a customer whom he heard entering.

"Hello, Trassel!" he exclaimed. "Here's a fellow that wants to see you. Has a cook for you, ready-made."

Trassel grinned foolishly and squinted his near-sighted eyes at Mac, whom Hugh had indicated by a sidewise jerk of the head. As the would-be bridegroom turned to make his purchases, Mac eyed him curiously. He was a small man, dark, stooped in the shoulders, bowed, as to limbs, eyes and teeth prominent, a peculiar drawn or twisted expression about the full mouth. His coffee colored mustache was scant and straggling; his black hair thin, and when he spoke, his language was very broken. Having purchased some fat bacon and a can of kerosene, he left the store. Mac followed him out. Just what transpired, he never told, but it was not many days until old man Preston was seen plodding slowly over the hills in the direction of the Trassel homestead, and scarce three weeks had passed before the wedding was announced.

Ella Mac took it upon herself to see that all things were done decently and in order. Very proud was the bride of the green stuff dress, made by Ella's deft fingers and fitted skillfully to the lean and shapeless form by the aid of sundry articles supposed to be familiar to the fair sex.

"Sadie was married in calico," remarked the bride complacently, as we robed her for the great occasion. There was a mild look of excitement in the faded blue eyes and a tinge of red on the sallow cheeks when we led her forth from behind the calico curtain that divided the sleeping apartment from the kitchen in this little, one room dugout, and presented her to the waiting bridegroom. The justice bade them stand, while he spoke the words that united their lives "until death do part."

After congratulations, they sat together upon the best pine bench, her hand clasped lovingly in his, while the wedding feast was being spread upon the little pine table. Then we ate and jested and laughed like children, and blessed the match-maker of Snake Hollow.

I am glad to record that these two, so strangely united, lived happily ever after and prospered, and today the little woman who might now be an inmate of a home of charity is instead an honored widow, able to help those who care for her in her declining years.

Her benefactor, if living, is a homeless old man, disowned by all who should love and care for him; a wanderer upon the face of the earth, but doubtless the same happy, irresponsible match-maker as of old.

MRS. W. E. SCHELL.

## Local Department

A number of college students witnessed the basket ball game between the high schools of York and Crete. The college team played a practice game with

Crete high school during their visit here. A practice game has also been played with the York high school.

A number of students have been shucking corn and picking up potatoes on Saturdays for the last few weeks.

A series of protracted meetings is being held in the U. B. church.

The joint literary of the college expects to arrange for a series of debates with Doane College in the near future.

A temporary roof is being built on the foundation of the gymnasium in order that the basket ball team can practice during inclement weather this winter.

Miss Edyth Ellinger was renewing old acquaintances at the college last week.

C. W. Mottinger was at home last week on account of the sickness of his father.

The academy of the college is arranging for a debate with the York high school in a few weeks.

Miss Wolvin has been on the sick list the past week.

Ella Taylor enjoyed a visit at her home over Sunday last week.

Rev W. F. Perry has moved from York to a town in Minnesota.

William Russell, a student of the college several years ago, was a recent chapel visitor.

Considerable enthusiasm was exhibited just after the return of the delegates from the Y. W. C. A. convention at Fremont.

E. R. Burkey has moved into the little white house just northeast of the campus.

Frank Castleman and Earl Currah stopped off here recently on their way from Broken Bow, where they spent the summer.

Mr. Davis, who lives east of the college, is very sick.

Quite a number of former high school students are making up credits in the college.

Some Imps of Pluto's realm carried off one of the basket ball goals Hallowe'en night.

Misses Elder and Rebok have given several recitals in the neighborhoods around York.

Miss Albertina Righter visited friends at the college last week.

C. O. Bobst has left school for a short time, to assist in the work at his home.

The commercial class has organized, with Clarence Carter as president.

Several new students have enrolled during the last few weeks.

Lee Gaskill is again in school, after a few weeks' absence.

F. C. Jean took a week's vacation visiting home folks and attending the presidents' conference of the Y. M. C. A., which was held at Omaha.

Basket ball is the sport of the season, both for the boys and girls of the college. Some of the Conserva-

tory girls became so interested in the game that they forgot to go to their meals.

L. C. Hiatt intends to enter school again this winter. He will be ready to enter track work next spring

York college was well represented at the recent Y. W. C. A. convention which was held at Fremont. All report a great benefit derived from being in attendance.

A merry crowd of about fifteen couples spent Hallowe'en at the home of Miss Lettie Herman.

If you know an item of interest to the general public, tell it to a local editor, and in that way help to increase the value of the college.

Misses Eloise and May Talbot are again enrolled in the college.

Frances Woodruff enjoyed a short visit from her brother a few weeks ago.

There is now a door bell at the Conservatory. Hereafter there will be no excuse for gentlemen being on the third floor.

Ida Lindquist is enrolled again for the remainder of the year. She will make her home at the Conservatory.

The third number of the York College lecture course was given November 15, by Estelle M. Clark and the Chicago Lady Entertainers. The program was of a high class and the performers rendered their parts in a very creditable manner.

J. A. Hogg, a former student of York College, is now attending the Willamette University at Salem, Oregon. He is well pleased with the country and enjoying his school work very much.

B. C. Bailey went to Elk City Kans., last week to visit with his father and mother, who were returning from an extended trip to the coast.

James Dean is again in school, after having held a series of revival meetings on his appointment at Pleasant Hill.

### Y. W. C. A. Notes

Our state secretary, Miss Weldy, will be here November 21 to 23. We expect to receive great encouragement and help from her visit.

Profs. Miller and Dowell, Misses Gorham, Stewart, Dennison, Holt, Keyes, Woodruff, Austin, Wolvin, and Herman went to the state convention at Fremont November 3 to 5. All enjoyed the convention very much. It was the largest Y. W. convention ever held in the state.

Come to Y. W. next Monday and hear the report of the state convention.

We are glad to see so many new girls at Y. W., and hope to see many more coming before the term closes. Come, for we hope to do you good.

### Y. M. C. A. Notes

There is nearly thirty members enrolled at present.

The attendance and interest is very creditable, as shown by the Sunday afternoon meetings.

The joint missionary meeting held October 29, was led by Miss Mc Clure. Addresses were given by Miss

Sturgeon, C. I. Mohler and Rev. Mr. Long, on the mission work for this fall term.

Mr. Simmonds, the student state secretary of the Y. M. C. A., paid us a visit a short time ago. While here Mr. Simmonds gave a short address to the men of the school, besides giving us many valuable suggestions.

We recently heard the reports of Messrs. Strickler and Dietrick, our delegates to the summer conference at Lake Geneva. They brought us many good things from the conference.

### Philomathean Notes

A program is being planned, with the pantomime,

"The Courtship of Miles Standish" as a special feature. It will be given in honor of the faculty.

Several new members have been taken into the society lately.

The society is doing fine work this term. Well prepared programs are being given, and the business

meetings are short and to the point.

The Philo girls were very much disappointed that the corn husking with the Amphictyons was called off

### Amphictyon Notes

After some unavoidable delays at beginning of the term, the work of the society is moving forward in a manner that is decidedly encouraging.

A large number of the new students have become active members of the society and are performing their duties in a creditable manner.

We are particularly pleased with the audiences that have been present the last few evenings, for a well tiled hall is a source of encouragement and inspiration to each man on the program.

Final arrangements have been made for the lighting of the hall by electricity. This supplies a long felt and much needed want and will largely add to the appearance and convenience of the hall. The money to pay for these lights is to be raised by subscriptions from all who feel disposed to help.

### Exchange Department

It is a fact to be lamented that too many of our college papers are found greatly deficient in editorial and literary productions. The paper is the thermometer, indicating the temperature of the school. The character of one college is often never known to another only by the paper that finds its way into the exchange. Would it not be well to guard against the besetting error of filling the paper with jokes and local items pertaining only to the students of the individual institution, and to publish a paper of such literary value that anyone might be benefited by having read it? And in so doing, give the neighboring institutions a correct idea of the college's real character.

"Why does a woman always add a postscript to her letter?" "Well," answered the ungallant wretch, "she probably figures out in her mind what her letter made

you think, and then tries to have the last word.

"Say pa?"

"Well what?" "When ministers exchange pulpits do they send them by freight or by express?"

A little boy in the juvenile grammar class, being told to compare the adjective "little," answered: "Little, small, nothing at all"

President Wilson says: "They are splendid fellows, the 'Sophs' The sap of manhood is flowing in them, but it hasn't yet reached their heads."

Home is the father's kingdom, the child's paradise, the mother's world.

The Exponent, of Bozeman, Mont., and the Aegis, of Otterbein University, are papers in which the vari-

ous departments are generally well represented.

Some of the schools who are allowing their papers to be published on cheap paper might get a point from the Purple and Gold, of Bellevue College.

Mr. Moody tells of having asked a soldier for the process of his conversion. His graphic answer was: "Halt! Attention! Right about face! March!"

Qui, Quas, Quod!  
Qui, Qui, Qui!  
Normals, Normals,  
Don't you see.  
Hie, haec, hoc!  
Hi, hse, base!  
Normal students!  
They're all right!

### SHAKESPEARE

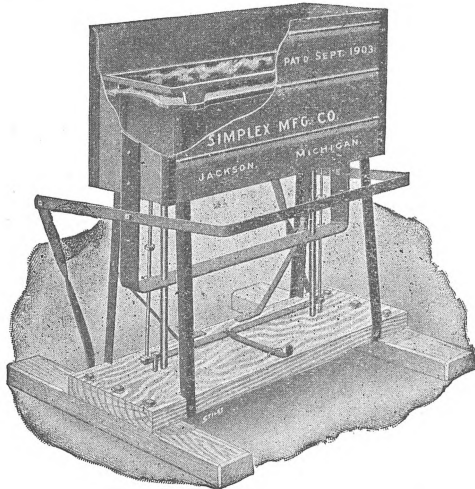
Says "The apparel oft proclaims the man," so don't be "behind the times," but go to

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