

*Mrs E. Kempfer*

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# THE SANDBURR

MARCH, 1905

*Sand Burr*



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# THE SANDBURR

*Our Motto: "Don't Step on Me."*

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**THE SANDBURR**

York College, York, Nebraska.

In this day one does not hear so much as he once did against the prevalent type of conducting educational institutions, that is with respect to co education. The day is not very far past when only men were admitted to our better universities and colleges, but now the schools are few indeed which are not open to both sexes. Yet in spite of all the good that has been accomplished by the establishment of the co educational system, it has its evils and disagreeable features. It is doubtless very true that the mind of the boy is sharpened by contact with the studious girl, and she often shows herself able to surpass him in intellectual pursuits. But then there is a certain class of young men and young women in nearly every co-educational institution who waste a great deal of time in silly flirting and in silly nonsense. Do not understand that we are discouraging every form of social pleasure and enjoyment, but answer if you will what excuse is there for any student to waste seven or eight hours of daylight each week which yield him absolutely nothing? The proper use of time is an indispensable possession, and one who can use it well outstrips his fellow student. A lady should not expect a student friend to have time to talk to her an hour or so every afternoon and then make a call later in the day. Perhaps this is a stale subject, and one on which some would think discussion improper, but to the editor it is pertinent. Can an individual be so strong, so intellectual who uses his time this way? Then it disgusts others, and gives the professor cause to complain at half prepared lessons. Please let every one get away from being a real "sissy," should that person be gentleman or lady.

This is the farewell issue of the staff of 1905. For the remainder of this year, and to this time next year a new staff has been chosen who will take our places and make the Sandburr brighter, cleaner, better and stickier, than we have been able to make it. So in a few words we wish to pronounce our valedictory, and then relinquish the task we have been bearing. The present editor-in-chief has served two years in this position and he has a special word to leave with his successors, to the students and friends of York College, and to all who may chance to read these lines. Have respect for every one you meet. You do not know, can not know, at first meeting, the power or refinement that a fellow man may possess. Count every one your peer till he disproves it. Be honest to yourself and faithfully keep your promises. Don't look like a half a dollar when your real value is thirty cents. There will always be failures, but the number of successes will increase. Brains and brawn always achieve the victory where they have a fair chance. Glass is often considered fragile and can very easily be broken. But a reputation or a friendship are more easily shattered. Then handle carefully these things, which although trifles, have their effects which will endure till eternity. Then to touch upon that cardinal American sin, be courteous, and always show deference to your parents. They deserve more from you than they ever get. Do as they wish in the days when they are failing and are preparing to go to the long rest. And this thought brings me to my last point, love is the one thing which men strive for, and which blesses each life that is touched. Not that gushing effusion that goes by the name of love, but the ardent sincere passion, be it for God, for country or for fellow man. A complex of these virtues will approach unto realization of the ideal life and character.

On March 1st, Dr. Merritt Driver, pastor of the People's church, at Chicago, made one of the most remarkable lectures which we have ever heard. Dr. Driver took for his subject, "Ultimate America, or Whither are We Drifting." We believe that most of the audience was well pleased with the lecture and perhaps agreed with the speaker in his assumptions and deductions. He took the position that America would continue as long as the government stands, in a colonial policy and that the flag would not be hauled down from where it was set up. He said that the people of Asia expected that we Americans would come and free them from the bondage which now holds them. Dr. Driver is a firm ally of Japan. He says that Japan must win and that upon the United States will fall the task of straightening out the maze of complications and

perhaps even to assume sovereignty over some of Korea or Manchuria. This is a new thought and is not usually accepted. But still the question rises, what will be the final disposition of Asia, and what part will we have to take in it? The lecturer considers that the principal source of danger to the American republic is the vicious foreign element which is sent over to us by the European states. These exercising the elective franchise are a menace to law and order and governmental development. Thus we might go on for some time giving a synopsis of the theme as Dr. Driver handled it in the two hours and thirty-five minutes that he spoke. This is a grand and glorious age in which to live. It is possible that great political changes will come to pass in the Far East in the next twenty-five years. It is a rare privilege to witness these things, to be a young man or woman in college during these exciting days. Let us all do what we can to help our own country be ready for the exigencies of any age or any condition. The government will only prosper as its citizens keep up the onward march of progress.

## Literary Department

### Reverie

I sat one night in my room alone,  
While fierce storms raged out ide,  
The little fire I had kindled there  
Glowed feebly awhile, then died.

I thought how like to the soul of man,  
Rejecting God's loving care,  
For, struggling helplessly for awhile,  
It ends at last in despair.

Yet, thanks to God for His loving care,  
Who guards us day by day;  
We need not fear 'mid the storms of life,  
Nor lest we fall by the way.

For God has promised in His Word,  
That He will guide us ever,  
And in His name at last we'll win,  
For His grace faileth never.

—FANCHION.

### Review of "The Singular Life"

It is possible for man to reach and touch the hearts of men only through experiences the same or similar to those through which they have passed; and by coming in close touch and sympathy with their everyday life, showing them by precept and by example that he is interested in them. No man is able to sympathize with those who endure hardships until he has been tested and tried in all points like as they are. Christ established this law, and it is inevitable and unchangeable. The man reared amid wealth and luxury may be able to look upon the inhabitants of the dives, slums, and victims of the drink habit, with that degree of pity which emanates from a rational understanding of their condition, but he can never have that true, heart-felt sympathy for them until he has met with af-

fictions akin to theirs. Fallen humanity is elevated by the religion that manifests an interest in the actual experiences of mankind. These thoughts, as well as many and varied phases of character, are admirably set forth in "The Singular Life," by Elizabeth Stuart Phelps.

The scene of this inspiring account of a young man's experiences is laid in the eastern part of the historic state of Massachusetts. Renowned as the birth-place of civil and religious liberty; and revered and praised for its time honored institutions of learning, no better place could have been chosen for the carrying out of the plot. The author has enriched the story by weaving into it the topography of the country. She has taken us to the scene and related the story there.

In the introduction to the principal characters, one is brought face to face with real flesh and blood men and women who speak and act naturally. A group of students is assembled in a room of a theological seminary. They are talking over the events of their seminary work and their prospects for the future. In this group is a young man named Emanuel Bayard, the hero of the story. Prof Carruth, his daughter, and Mr. Worcester, Bayard's eccentric old uncle, are next introduced, and the story proper begins.

Emanuel Bayard, whose mother and father died when he was very young, has been brought up in the home of his rich uncle. He has received a good education, and in the spring of the year that the story begins, graduates at the seminary. He is not orthodox on some points, especially regarding future punishment, and is scarcely able to obtain license to preach. Just before his graduation he receives a call to a church in Windover, where, in the absence of the pastor, he has preached many times during his seminary course.

One Sunday morning, about 10 o'clock, a tall, young man, handsomely dressed, and carrying a heavy suit case, is seen walking from the wharf, up Angel Alley, the foulest locality in all Windover. Suddenly his attention is attracted to the opposite side of the alley, where two men are engaged in a drunken fight. The young man stops for a moment. Soon, a little boy goes up to one of the men and says, "Papa, mama wants you to come home." By this time the stranger has passed through the crowd, and stands before the men. The father strikes the boy a brutal blow, and in turn, the stranger knocks him down. The young man is Emanuel Bayard, on his way to the First Church of Windover to be ordained. The congregation, and committee appointed to examine him for ordination, are patiently waiting. He soon arrives at the church, delivers his sermon, and the examination begins. The committee refuses to ordain him, because he does not believe as they do concerning future punishment. His uncle, who has spent so much on his education, practically disowns him.

At the invitation of a poor woman of the congregation he goes to her home, and during the week organizes a church in an old hall in Angel Alley. Now he begins a life of hardships, a life altogether different from his old life. His work is chiefly among fishermen and sailors. He has to learn what appeals to them before he can win their confidence. By risking his own

life in a raging sea to save the life of Job Slip, whom he chastised so severely that Sunday morning in Angel Alley, the young minister becomes a hero in the eyes of the hardy seamen. After a severe illness, due to cold contracted in saving the life of the miserable drunkard, his work grows and prospers. He begins a campaign against the rum traffic whereby he incurs the displeasure of the saloon men. He visits the fishermen in their homes, bringing cheer and comfort to many a weary soul. He lays his hands gently and firmly on the shoulders of drunken men, persuading them to go home to their families. He toils and prays by day and by night for the reformation of Angel Alley. His labors are not in vain, for one after another the saloons begin to close. Prof. Carruth spends a summer vacation in Windover, and his daughter helps Bayard with his work. Another winter passes during which Bayard's uncle becomes somewhat reconciled. He visits Bayard, and on his return to Boston, Bayard receives \$2,500 for the erection of a new chapel, the old one having been burned by the saloon element. No name is given, but Bayard knows the gift must be from his uncle. Prof. Carruth and his family spend another summer vacation in Windover, and again Miss Helen helps Bayard with his work among the poor. He goes to see her as often as his work will permit, and finally, before her departure declares his love for her. After her return to her home Bayard goes to see her, secures her consent to become his wife, and her father's approval of the betrothal. The following winter she accompanies her father and mother on their trip to France. Bayard's uncle dies and leaves him the old family residence in Boston. Miss Carruth returns from France in the spring. Shortly after her return, Bayard's new chapel, bearing the old name of "The Church of Christ Love," is completed. All this time the saloon element has been working against him, threatening his life and his church. Bayard marries Miss Carruth, and after two weeks' honeymoon comes back to Windover. On the day of the dedication of his church, as Bayard and his wife stepped out upon the sidewalk, a sharp, jagged stone, thrown with terrible force by Ben Trawl, a liquor dealer, strikes Bayard in the side, just over the lung, knocking him down and fatally wounding him. In a few days he dies, and amid the tears and lamentations of the people he has so faithfully loved and so humbly served, he is gently laid to rest.

Such in brief, is the story of the life struggles of a gallant soldier of the cross. Passing from the mere story part, one finds many typical characters laid bare, chief among whom is Emanuel Bayard, whose life and actions are the work and woof of the whole plot. Sometimes a character is presented to us in the person of a "goody, goody" man; one above temptation; one who does good because his natural inclinations lead him that way. About a man of this kind, if one such exists, little thought is taken. His experiences do not reach the soul and inspire it to greater achievements. The author has not given us a character of this sort. She has brought to us a warm-hearted, whole-souled, conscientious, young preacher, who is intensely human, having temptations to overcome and battles against

self to fight, just as other people have. His chief asset is gaining the victory over self in his never failing trust in the God of Battles.

Putting aside his own selfish desires and ambitions and living for others, he moves calmly and steadily on from alley to alley, from slum to slum, from wharf to grogshop, loving drunkards and outcasts into the kingdom of God. While the character of this man in some respects is overdrawn, yet he appeals to us as a real man whose deeds of kindness are worthy of imitation.

Another interesting character is Miss Helen Carruth who exerts a great influence over Bayard's life. She has always had the comforts of life, and before coming to Windover did not realize how little she had done in helping the poor and afflicted to a higher life. While taking part in Bayard's work among the poor, it dawns upon her that she has failed to share her blessings with those in need. She responds to the conviction that she is not doing her share in the Master's work, and joins with Bayard in the suppression of evil. By a careful study of these characters, one is enabled to catch a glimpse of the motives which actuate men and women to the performance of beneficent acts.

In the person of Bayard's uncle, a typical character is delineated. He is an ambitious man who thinks a great deal of the opinion of others, especially of wealthy, influential people. It did not require much thought on the part of the author to give us this type. Characters of this kind are found everywhere.

Prof. Carruth is scholarly, but has not had much to do with the practical things of life. He can write a thesis on future punishment, but he is not able to come in touch with men in the lower walks of life, and influence them for good. He has confined himself to his books and neglected to study men. The author has shown that his life has become narrow and circumscribed.

Job Slip is the victim of the drink habit. After Bayard has saved his life, he tries to quit drinking but fails. Finally, after several trials he gets the mastery over his appetite for drink. The portrayal of the struggles of this poor drunkard, in conquering his desire for drink and restoring a dethroned will power, is beyond doubt a matchless stroke of art.

While some of the ideas presented in this book are utopian and theoretical, still the underlying principles are good. It shows that pure and undefiled religion does not consist in theological discussions and dogmas, but in loving service to one's neighbor. The book is well worth reading. No one can read it without having a deeper interest in humanity, and a greater desire to lend a helping hand to a fallen brother.

C. W. GWINN

### A Call for Action

Winning oration at the Local Prohibition Oratorical Contest  
February 28, 1905.

This being a Government of the people, by the people and for the people, its elements of success rests upon the physical, intellectual and moral character of its masses; and it is the duty of the Government to foster and support every institution which develops these three essentials. It is likewise the duty of the Government to suppress every institution which wrecks the

physical body, destroys the intellect and ruins morality.

The Liquor Traffic is an organized institution destroying these three elements of human existence. It is a strongly organized army of thousands of demons commanded by the god of demons, of which every one bears an armour, a coat of sin, and all are nerved by alcohol, the spirit of their god. This army is in our fair land of America laying desolate thousands of homes every year; and nothing is left in its line of march but blood-shed, murder, riots, poverty, misery and woe. Behold, the seventy thousand of our citizens that are falling every year beneath the foeman's stroke. See the many, many husbands and fathers as they are led to the gallows while their wives and children are driven out in the cold to suffer and die. If the drink traffic is consuming public wealth and destroying life; if it is robbing our industries and filling our poor-houses, asylums and penitentiaries; if it is a foe to Christian civilization and a degenerator to the race; if it is the power behind the throne in our politics and exists now as our revenue partner; if alcohol is shocking the very nerve system of our nation's being and dulling its mental powers, I say if these things be true, and they are true, for they admit of no argument; then is it not the duty of the Government to suppress the great evil? To slay the mighty monster and his host? Are we not responsible for all this wrong, we who constitute the Government and in whom rests all authority and power?

We have, however, at this time a vast array opposing this giant enemy. We have many different methods, by which the advocates and supporters of each are expecting to free our Nation. The most prevalent method to remedy the wrong has been to license the business; and indeed the originators of High License were confident they could soon conquer the evil by regulation. And they have made a noble effort to tame the beast; but instead have furnished it protection and exposed our citizens to its encroachments. In fact High License has robbed the law of the very essence of moral power by granting privileges to some, to do for their own selfish interests that which because of its being wrong, is forbidden to others. Local Option has sincerely taken a bold stand for the right, but the enforcement of its principles are left to officers who are either indifferent or opposed to the cause. State Option, one form of Local Option, is handicapped as long as national government permits inter-state traffic. Those advocating direct legislation should be credited for agitating the temperance movement. But because so large a majority is required to amend the constitution they have begun to realize the utter impossibility of such an undertaking. The W. C. T. U. is doing a noble work healing the Nation's wounds received from the destroying sword; but what more can it do without a voice in government? After much experiment and investigation, the scientific world in calm and candid judgment declares that the indulgence in alcohol has most degenerating effects. And educational institutions all over the land are theorizing and suggesting plans for the extermination of the evil; but what is knowledge without action? What is theory without practice? The Religious

World moved to action by an estimate of the true worth of souls, is with one hand knocking at the royal portal, and loudly imploring the ruler of the universe to intervene in our behalf, while with the other hand it strives to bar the exit through which thousands of our citizens pass never more to return. The Prohibition Party, what has it accomplished? Leaving it for you to conjure what has been its failure and what its success, one thing I do wish to impress upon your mind. They have the key to the entire situation. Listen, you voters, that only by the ballot box can great moral and political questions be harmonized.

Thus we see here and there, on our right hand and on our left, bands of temperance workers, each working with a determined and courageous spirit; each acting from deep convictions and patriotic heart. Yet while this is all true; while there is so much good being accomplished, we are forced to admit that one temperance organization operates against the other. For example: The influence of High license is a detriment to the Prohibition movement; direct legislation and Local Option cross swords. We are in the very position our enemy would have us be. We are divided on method. Our foe is as well pleased with our maneuvering as a political boss when he has affected a division in the force of his opponent's party. Then in view of the efforts of these various organizations, shall we say they have failed because the achievements of one has counteracted the effects of the other? Shall we say that they have failed because the Giant Wrong in spite of every effort has continued to increase in strength? No, never! An honest effort in a good cause can never fail. Did the martyrs of early Christianity fail? Did the three hundred Spartans at the Pass of Thermopylae, who dared to meet the innumerable Persian host, whose arrows darkened the sun, fail? Overcome by number, crushed to earth, yet living as an example far greater than any victory.

But how shall we capture this fearful beast who stalks up and down through our fair land seeking whom he may devour? Have we not endeavored to regulate the Liquor Traffic? Have we not exerted Moral Suasion? Has not the Supreme court of the United States declared it wrong and detrimental? Does our National Constitution prevent us from prohibiting its manufacture and use if we so desire? Have we not educated our masses until they know the harms of alcoholic beverages? Does not every corporation which is not directly connected with the Liquor Traffic declare it a menace to order, law and government? Does not society in general consider it the strongest existing agency for undermining the best society and for corrupting the very fountain head of virtue? Has not all intelligence, judgment and honest conviction united as one in branding it the most successful corporation of destruction that has ever imposed itself upon citizens, state or nation? Have we not thundered denunciations from pulpit, bar and press? Then how shall we account for our failure to eradicate this evil? What more can we do? Have we left anything undone that is necessary to do? What shall be our next step? In answer, may I ask what was the rudder that en-

(Continued on ninth page.)

### A Chinese Wedding.

[Mrs C. E. Spore graduated from York College in the class 1894. She then pursued a course at 'Union Biblical Seminary,' Dayton, Ohio. She and her husband are now laboring under the United Brethren Mission Board at Canton, China.]

One of my boarding school girls, Leung Hing Wang, was married yesterday to Wong San Shan. As Hing Wang lives in the country and did not expect her mother to come in for the wedding, I played the part of mother to the bride. Monday afternoon at four o'clock there was a feast in the school dining room for the bride's school friends. Then Tuesday at three o'clock was the wedding in our parlor here. We foreigners decorated the parlor as prettily as we could. Over the double doors was draped a lot of white netting over which was scattered ferns and roses. In the center was draped some bright red and yellow cloth, for red is the Chinese color for weddings, and white for funerals. On the outside of all was a large banyan wreath studded with red and yellow posies. Above the door was a large gilt frame, with the bridegroom's name, and two long red streamers. Just in front of the door was a beautiful rug on which stood the officiating clergyman. As Mrs. Doty played Mendelssohn's wedding march the wedding party formed and marched to their places. Mr. Ward led the groom and his brother through the south door, and we met in front of the rug.

After the ceremony, was a song and prayer and song and benediction. Then everybody congratulated and I led the bride to every invited guest and she made her bow, and my serving woman poured tea and the bride gave every one a cup of tea. In turn each one put a little fold of red paper containing some money on the tray. By this time all the men had gone to my dining room, and only the women were left in the parlor.

At five o'clock the feast was ready. The men (24 of them) ate in my dining room, and the women (32 of them) in Mrs. Doty's. The feast was so good. I do like the Chinese food. First there were tiny cups, no larger than thimbles, which held the wine. Then we had duck, chicken, fish, mutton and pork, peanuts and all kinds of vegetables, pickled ginger and different kinds of dressings, and sponge cake and rice. All to be eaten with chopsticks, and everyone help himself out of the same dish. You will think me quite proficient with chopsticks when I tell you that I not only fed myself, but also Katherine, and used only the sticks. But poor Clarence! He does hate the chopsticks and Chinese food in general.

After the feast we had our usual Chinese evening prayers, and then the bride made her bow again, and in a covered sedan chair went to the groom's house.

To-morrow, the third day, I'm to invite the groom back to eat with me. So, at 4 o'clock to-morrow, the groom and six of his friends will have another feast in my dining room. Then a few days later the groom invites the mother-in-law to eat with them, and that closes the ceremony. Don't you wish you could have a Chinese wedding, and as much red tape and feasting?

The bride's suit was so pretty. Her sham or jack-

et was lovely opal blue silk, trimmed in black satin. Her trousers were seal brown wool, trimmed in fancy colored ribbons. Her skirt was a beautiful, dark brown, trimmed in kilts and fancy ribbons. The groom wore a long coat reaching to his ankles, of rich, red silk, and over it a black satin vest. Here the men wear their vests on the outside. The bride's going away gown was dark blue silk. She is a lovely christian girl, and her husband is to my mind the best christian in our mission. He is a teacher in our boys' school.

MRS. CLARENCE E. SPORE.

Canton, China

### Our Graduates.

Robert Clinton, the only son of Daniel and Rebecca Shupe, was born March 12, 1883, near Yutan, Neb., on the farm where the family still resides. As a child he displayed no remarkable traits, but was ever ready to eat a large quantity of food. As the county school was not very near his parents' residence, this lad was not sent to the public schools until after his ninth birthday. At this time, however, he could read fairly well, and was nearly equal to others of the same age. Young Shupe went to two country schools during the four years that followed, and there is nothing to indicate that he was different from the ordinary American boy. At the age of thirteen he was put in the high school at Yutan, Neb., where he pursued studies for two years. Then during the year '98 and '99 he did not attend school anywhere, but was engaged in the routine of farm work. In September, 1899, Mr. Shupe entered York College, where he has since continuously pursued his studies, with the exception of one term. Mr. Shupe is a member of the Evangelical Lutheran church. During Mr. Shupe's residence in York he has been actively associated with the Young Men's Christian Association and the Amphictyon Literary Society, each of which has honored him by his election as president. Mr. Shupe has always been interested in athletics, especially in track work and basket ball. For the last two years he has been editor-in-chief of THE SANDBURR. Mr. Shupe will graduate in June from the Philosophical Course with the degree, A. B. He intends to teach a few years and then fit himself for the christian ministry.

Lauretta May Herman was born December 8, 1882, on a farm, near the little village of Blue Hill, in Webster county. In 1884 she with her parents moved to Harlan, Kansas. When she was six years old she started to school, but was only permitted to go in the fall and spring. The next fall they moved to York, Nebraska, so her older brothers and sisters could attend York College. When Lauretta started to school here the teacher put her in the second grade. She stayed in the second grade only a month when the teacher told her she might enter the third. This pleased her very much, and she was always proud when she could bring her report card home to her parents with better grades than her sisters. She attended the public school until she finished the sophomore class of the high school. The next winter she attended York College. She was always known among the

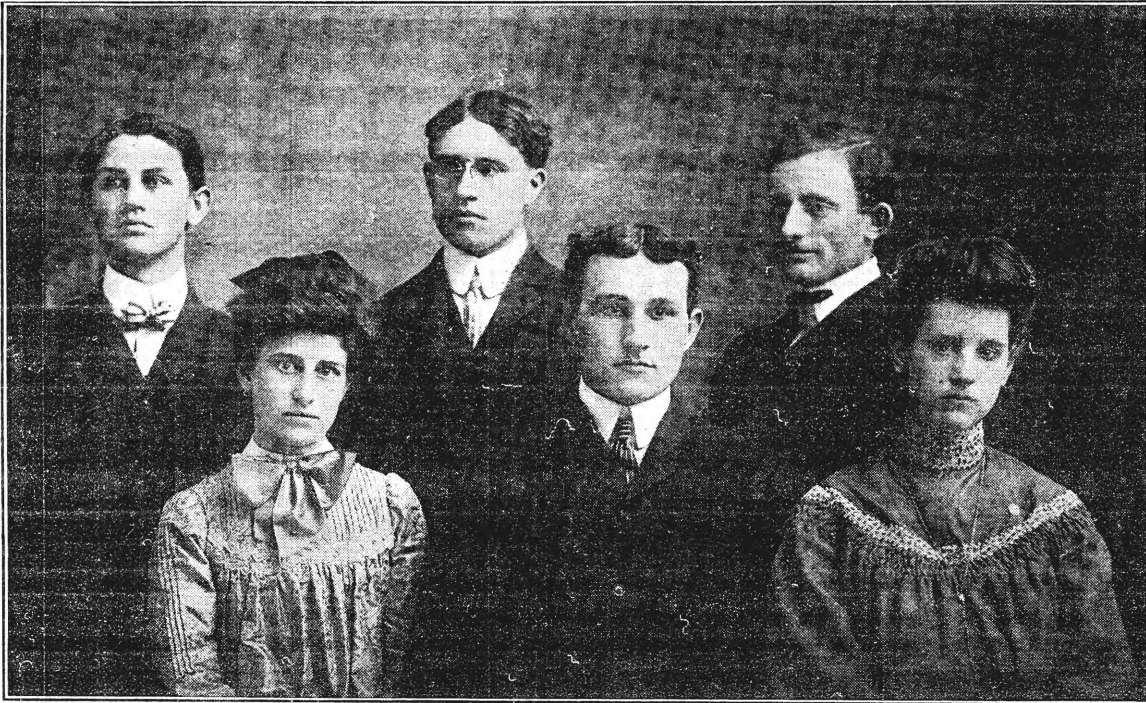


students as Lettie. She was elected delegate to the Lake Geneva Summer Conference in 1902. Last year she taught in district No. 73, in York county. She also intends to teach next year. She will complete the Advanced Normal course, June 7, 1905, receiving the degree of B. D.

Andrew E. Carter was born in Fillmore county, Nebraska, October 14, 1886. His father, R. G. Carter, being a minister, the family has been more or less unsettled. Andrew attended the rural schools until about ten years of age. He then entered the city public school at DuBois, Neb., and until the fall of 1902, he attended the public schools wherever the family chanced to be located. In the autumn of 1902, he en-

gained. Her early schooldays were spent in the rural school five miles southeast of York, beginning in the spring of 1891. July 21, 1898 she passed the county eighth grade examination and received a certificate of proficiency, Miss Mary Holdeman being county superintendent. In September, 1899, she entered high school at Waco, graduating from the tenth grade May 31, 1901, with highest honors of her class. Then for three months in the fall 1901, she served as teacher in district No. 22. On January 4, 1902, Miss Bagg entered York College, completing the teacher's course June 11th of the same year. The school year of 1902-03 found her once more engaged in teaching in her home school, District 96. She entered York College for six weeks in the spring of 1903, pursuing the Commercial

#### OUR GRADUATES.



Hadley R. Profit.

Andrew E. Carter.

Clyde W. Gwinn.

Lauretta May Herman.

Robert Clinton Shupe.

Fannie Blanche Bagg.

tered the Plattsmouth high school and remained there until November, 1903, being a member of the Senior class. He then entered York College, and in June, 1904, completed the Teacher's Course. In the fall of 1904, he decided to take up work in the commercial world, and is now preparing himself for the degree, B. Accts., which he will receive in June, 1905. He will also graduate from the Shorthand and Typewriting Course in June, 1905.

Fannie Blanche Bagg was born in Ford county, Illinois, September 2, 1884. When little more than a babe, 1886, she came with her parents to York county, where she has since lived. Blanche is virtually a York county girl, since here all her education has been

gained. Her early schooldays were spent in the rural school five miles southeast of York, beginning in the spring of 1891. July 21, 1898 she passed the county eighth grade examination and received a certificate of proficiency, Miss Mary Holdeman being county superintendent. In September, 1899, she entered high school at Waco, graduating from the tenth grade May 31, 1901, with highest honors of her class. Then for three months in the fall 1901, she served as teacher in district No. 22. On January 4, 1902, Miss Bagg entered York College, completing the teacher's course June 11th of the same year. The school year of 1902-03 found her once more engaged in teaching in her home school, District 96. She entered York College for six weeks in the spring of 1903, pursuing the Commercial

Hadley R. Profit was born on Thanksgiving Day, 1887, in Unadilla, a hamlet of some two hundred inhabitants, Otoe county, Nebraska. Two years later his father, who was a school teacher, moved his family to the country, where he could follow his profession. After three years here he was forced to give up teaching, on account of ill health, and moved his family to



Cook, Nebraska where Hadley spent most of his school days. But in the year 1901, his father died and in the spring of 1903, Hadley was forced to leave school and work in a store, with the prospect of going to York college in the autumn. So in September of that year, his mother moved with her family, to York. He finished the commercial course of that institution in the following spring and is now to receive his B. Accts. from the same school.

Clyde W Gwinn was born November 30, 1879, in Monroe county, W. Va. He lived an uneventful life

### State Recognition for York College

York College was officially recognized by the State Superintendent of Public Instruction on February 8, 1905, in accord with the provisions of sections 6-9, inclusive, subdivision 9, of the revised and amended school laws of Nebraska for 1903

The said official recognition carries with it the following stipulations:

1 A Second Grade State Certificate, valid in any county of the state for a period of two years, will be granted to graduates from the Teachers' Course, provided they have been in attendance not less than

### EDITORIAL STAFF.



Clara Morton. R. Earl Caldwell. W. Q. Dietrick. F. Blanche Bagg.  
A. E. Carter. Ida M. Smith. Wm. E. Schell. John A. Hogg.  
Wm H Morton. George M. Danley. R. C. Shupa. Florence Sturgeon. Frank C. Jean

on the farm until sixteen years of age, when he entered Emory and Henry college, where he spent three years. After this he worked on the farm and at carpentering in the summer and taught in the winter, until September, 1902, when he entered Marshall college, Huntington, W. Va., where he graduated in June, 1903. He taught 1903 04 and entered York college the following September.

The York College Lecture Course for next season will consist of the following numbers: The Royal Hungarian Orchestra, George R. Wendling, George L. McNutt, Alton Packard. The Katharine Ridgeway Concert Company, Fred Emerson Brooks. A. H. Cole, The Chicago Lady Entertainers

thirty-six weeks during their course after the date of said official recognition and have taken all the professional work prescribed in said course.

2. A First Grade State Certificate, valid in any county of the state for a period of three years will be granted to graduates from the Normal Course, provided they have attended the institution not less than thirty-six weeks during their course after the date of its official recognition and have taken all the professional work prescribed in said course.

3. Any graduate from the Normal Course who shall, after graduation, teach two annual terms of school of not less than six months each, and shall produce a certificate of good moral conduct and satisfac-

tory discharge of professional duties, signed by the county superintendent and the officers of the district or districts in which said graduate has taught, shall be entitled to receive a Life Certificate. Three years of successful teaching before graduation, or two years of successful teaching before graduation and one after, will entitle any graduate from the Normal Course to receive a Life Certificate.

### Philomathean Notes

Professors Dowell and Westcott favored us with a violin duet last Friday evening

A Lincoln and Washington program was given February 17th. It was very much appreciated by all

We will soon need some new chairs to accommodate our visitors. We are glad to welcome so many.

A play was given Friday night which showed much preparation.

A comedy, under the direction of Prof. Porter, was given in the College chapel, March 9th. The Philo's had it in charge.

The Philomathean Quartet sang at the open meeting of the G. A. R., February 23rd.

### Y. M. C. A.

A large number of men from our association attended the State Y. M. C. A. convention held in Grand Island. The increasing number of men that attend these conventions from year to year manifests a growing interest in association work.

The annual election was held recently, with officers as follows: president, F. C. Jean; vice president, L. I. Schell; recording secretary, G. M. Danley; treasurer, R. E. Caldwell.

A number of new song books have been purchased for use in the Sunday afternoon prayer meetings. We find them especially appropriate for association work.

### Amphictyon Rumors.

Mr. A. F. Test, our president of last term, moved to Mitchell, S. D., last week. We miss him very much.

A very interesting program has been arranged for March 31st

Mr. W. O. Hall favored us with a cornet solo a few nights ago. It was highly appreciated by all

Owing to the fact that some of our members will not be in next term, we will doubtless all meet together again.

The matter of lighting our hall with electricity has been postponed for a time.

Our programs have been very good this term, but the attendance might have been better. With the opening of a new term let every Amphictyon strive to make the society better than ever before.

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

Next Monday is the farewell meeting of the term. Miss Cora Stewart is leader.

The Y. W. girls will give a library social in the early part of the spring term. All come and have a good time.

The meetings this month have been very interest

ing. The meeting in which the subject, "Denying Christ by Silence," was discussed, left the greatest impression on the girls.

Last Monday, March 6, the following officers for the ensuing year were elected: president, Addie Strickler; vice-president, Opal Ross; recording secretary, Viola Swanson; corresponding secretary, Ruth Sweney; treasurer, Cora Stewart; chorister, Beth Zimmerman; pianist, Grace Wolvin.

## Exchange Department

He cannot be a saint who will not be a servant

—†—

We are pleased to see so many exchanges on our reading table this month.

—†—

There is nothing that succeeds in life like fortitude and perseverance.—Walter Scott.

—†—

"Generally speaking, women are—are"—

"Well, they are what?"

"Generally speaking "

—†—

Tell your sorrows to the Almighty, who understands them, and your joy to the world, which needs sunshine.

—†—

Said the shoe to the stocking, "I'll wear a hole in you." Said the stocking to the shoe, "I'll be darned if you do."

—†—

You will discover that there are a number of things you can do without when you have no money to buy them.

—†—

It is not the greatness of the drops that wears the hollow in the stone, but the frequency with which each drop follows the other.

—†—

Look for goodness, look for gladness,

You will meet them all the while;

If you bring a smiling visage

To the glass, you meet a smile.

—†—

If you wish to appear well-bred, do not try to attract attention by your loud talking or boisterous laughter, and do not absorb the entire conversation yourself.

—†—

Before—There are meters of account and meters of tone, but the best of all meters is to "meet 'er" alone.

After—There are letters of accent and letters of tone, but the best of all letters is to "let 'er" alone.

—†—

The circumstances of life are like the ocean. They drown some men, who submit in blind passivity, while the same circumstances to another man may be the stepping stones to the highest achievement.

## A Call for Action

(Continued from fourth page.)

abled the bark of early Christianity to steer through the tempest of the dark age? May I ask what has been the secret of our own Nation's success? I answer, Organization and Union! Then let Union be her motto! The principle for which our fathers poured out their last crimson drop to retain. The principle for which the blood drenched soil of our native land stands as an everlasting monument.

Only by the ballot box can this union be obtained. Draw back the curtains of time and sight me if you can to one single incident on the page of history, where a republic has settled a great moral and political question, other than by the ballot box or the sword. American Government is a device for securing more perfect union; and its ballot box must be the central point around which all sentiment against the saloon must crystalize. We have now consolidated on all but method. The iron shaft of public opinion is already in an incandescent heat. Heated by the fire of intense conviction, judgment, sentiment and agitation; heated by the warm blood of those being destroyed; heated by the scalding tears of broken hearted women and children. Then place the shaft on the anvil of union! Strike it with the sledge hammer, your ballot! Then the sparks will fly! Then we will mould public opinion into a party that will support moral law, that will break the shackles that bind our Nation! That will purify our Government.

Unite upon the principle that moral and political forces can be harmonized only by the ballot box. Unite our powers and organize a party. If the present Prohibition Platform is too narrow, broaden it. If it is weak, lend it your sinew. If it is unpopular, make it more popular. If it lacks support, give it support. Christians of every denomination, we ask you to vote as you pray. Men who are already scarred by the curse, will you make an effort to save your life? Republicans, Democrats, men of every party, lay aside party prejudices and give us your support. Citizens, patriots and lovers of liberty, we ask you for your ballot. Let not the stars and stripes float over a land bound by fetters that destroy body, mind and soul.

M. L. GOLLAHER.

### Was It Worth the Sacrifice?

The last rays of the summer sun fell through the open window of a farm house in western Kansas. It caressingly touched the bowed head of a lady, who sat gazing out upon the lovely prospect before her. The golden wheat heads waved merrily, while on one side was a green cornfield, and on the other, a field covered with hay-cocks "curing" in the sun.

As far as the eye could reach, there was the same variegated picture of rolling prairies. But the lady heeded it not. Her eyes had in them a far-away look, and her face was care-worn. She was not a beautiful woman, yet there was a strength of character portrayed there that gave her a certain indefinable charm. She showed as she sat there a tall, slight figure, delicately but firmly built. She had an abundance of light brown hair massed high upon her head. Her eyes

were brown and her mouth small, but firm. She was Eleanor Dryer, a girl of twenty-two, who had returned from school a few weeks since.

She had been the petted daughter of a well-to-do farmer. A short time before, a telegram had reached her at the college at N—. It ran: "Accident: Father very low. Come. Charley." Without a moment's hesitation, she had hastened home. Reaching there, a shock awaited her; her father was dead. He had in some manner fallen from the haymow in such a way as to injure his head. He lived only a few hours.

As terrible as this shock had been, she had borne up bravely and ministered tenderly to her mother, who was terribly stricken with grief. Two weeks passed, and the banks in which all her father's money had been, failed. This was too much for her mother, and she fell into a spell of sickness. There was nothing to do but for Eleanor to arrange things as best she could. She endeavored to get a percent of her father's money from the bank. Being unsuccessful, she saw the family had only one means of support—the farm.

She was the only daughter, and had one brother, eighteen years of age. This boy, Charley, had set his heart upon being a physician. To this end it had been arranged that he should begin college in the fall. The time had come when he should begin his preparations. A mighty struggle was going on in Eleanor's mind. Could she give up her own education for him?

In the midst of her reverie a voice from the adjoining room startled her. She arose, wiped away the tears, which sprang to her eyes, and entered the room. There upon the bed, lay a small, delicate woman with blue eyes and golden hair. Her face was pale and wasted. A small, thin hand lay upon the coverlet.

With a smile, Eleanor bent over her and kissed the pitiful face.

"How is 'Motherdy,' now?" she asked tenderly.

For answer, the mother put her arm over the girl's neck and said, "I've had a dream, Ella."

"You have? "Well, tell me about it," returned Miss Dryer, seating herself by the bed and laying her face down by her mother's, upon the pillow.

"Well," began the invalid, "I saw your father. He came to see me and stood beside the bed. He shook his head when I went to speak, and said, "Don't say anything. I came to tell you something. You will never get well. Your feet will never hold your weight again. You will never walk."

Here she paused, and a great sob shook the bed. Eleanor was very pale, but she forced herself to smile, and said, "Don't tell me any more. Let me read to you. You are nervous."

"No, I must tell you the rest," obstinately persisted the mother. He said, "Ella don't know whether to let Charley go to school or not. Tell her her duty points the opposite way from her desire. Tell her—' Just then I said, 'O, father!' and he disappeared. I woke up all scared and trembling. Oh, dear! oh, dear!" and the nervous woman burst into tears. Ella knelt beside her bed and sang to her as to a child. Presently she fell asleep.

The young woman arose, stole from the room and to her own chamber. Once there she fell upon her



knees in prayer. A thousand questions crowded upon her mind. Was this merely a hallucination or was it a warning? Must she give up her education for Charley? Could she?

"O, Charley," she murmured. "Will you be the one to take my happiness from me? Oh, Father," she petitioned once more in prayer.

Presently she arose, went to the dressing table and took up a picture that stood there. It was a young man. A firm, clear cut face, wide open eyes, prominent chin and compressed lips. Oh, the reserve force of the face! She pressed it passionately to her breast.

"Oh, Horace," she whispered under her breath. "Can I do it? Can I break the bands between us? Oh, Horace, will you fail me if I do not return?"

Quickly her mind ran back over the four years of her college life. She had met Horace Ayers the first year at college. He admired her, then his ready mind saw in hers a companion mind and an intimacy had sprung up between them. For four years, they had been much together till the passionate love for him had become a part of her being. They were engaged.

How often they had planned the future! They would graduate together, then he should practice law and she should be the cultured, refined, wife at home, to cheer him. She should be his equal in all things. "For," he had once said, "I could never love a woman who is not my equal." She stood musing upon all this, when suddenly she heard a sound of whistling. Hastily setting the picture down, she bathed her face in cold water, stood a moment with her hands clasped in prayer and went down to meet her brother.

Mrs. Dryer was still sleeping, and Eleanor said nothing to him of his mother's vision. While at supper Charlie said, "Hal Eberly would like to rent the farm next year if I go away."

His sister's face paled and she was silent a moment. Then she said, "Tell him to come over to-morrow and we will see about it." She paused, then continued, "Mother is no better. I do not think she ever will be. I will remain with her. It is my duty, but you must go to school. Get your work arranged as soon as you can so you will be ready when college opens." She arose quickly and went to her mother's room. When she returned there was no trace of the anguish it had cost her to say it.

The next morning's mail bore to Horace Ayers a heart-rending letter. In it, Eleanor told him of the state of affairs, of her resolve and of her mother's vision. In closing, she said, "Well, Horace. I cannot graduate with you. Do you desire your release? You once said you could never love one who was not your equal. I cannot be, but I must do my duty."

When the physician came that day he gravely shook his head. "Your mother's condition is very serious," he said to Eleanor. "The affection has become a weakness of the spine and she will never walk."

To his dismay, Eleanor showed no surprise and she went to her room with a fast beating heart. The burden seemed heavier than she could bear.

Six weeks passed, and Mrs. Dryer could be wheeled about in an invalid chair. Then Charlie set out for college, leaving his sister alone to face the difficulties

of caring for her mother, running the farm and sending him to school. She had voiced to no one her feeling with regard to Horace and bore her trials bravely. Letters came regularly from him and she began to hope she might still be happy as his wife when he finished his course.

A year passed quickly and Charley returned for vacation. To the brother and sisters dismay, they found the farm was running down for lack of proper management and the income would hardly support them. The farm was accordingly sold and a home bought in the small town of B—. The remaining money was put at interest. Charles returned to school and, for a few months life was uneventful, then Eleanor, who was a competent seamstress, decided to fill the long-felt want of the village, a dressmaker. She was very successful, and life did not hang so heavily upon her hands.

But, alas, one day she received a letter from Horace telling her that so long as their interests were so dissimilar, they would doubtless be happier to sever all relations. Then, for a time, Eleanor felt completely crushed with grief, but, conquering her feeling, she resolutely closed this chapter of her life and cared for her mother with renewed tenderness and devotion. Her face wore a sad, but sweet expression and she was beloved by all who knew her. She was very kind to her mother and had far grander and nobler nature than when she had been a college girl.

At length Charles finished his course, graduated, married, and began practicing in a town thirty miles from his home town. Mrs. Dryer thought she could not live in the fashionable home of her son, so Eleanor continued her work as seamstress and nurse.

\* \* \* \* \*

Fifteen years had passed since Charles had entered college, and Mrs. Dryer died. Eleanor had loved her mother dearly and the shock came as a cruel blow to her.

For a few months she lived with her brother. Then finding her presence annoying to his "grand" wife, by whom she was considered, "odd and old maidish," she turned her attention to teaching.

Often at the close of the day, when cares were heavy and heart was turdened, she sank down, at her desk and the question arose. "Was it worth the sacrifice?" Then she would reproach herself for the thought, take up her duties resolutely and face the work with a smile.

At regular intervals, she received brief notes from her brother. They were ever short and unsatisfactory and her heart was heavier than before. But one day she received a telegram that her sister-in-law was very ill, and summoning her to her bedside. She quickly made arrangements and left for her brother's home. A few weeks later, Mrs. Charles Dryer was buried from the most fashionable church in the city, and the family returned to their mansion, sorrowful and bereaved. Once more duty made clear Eleanor's path, and she took up her abode with her brother.

The three small children received a mother's care, and her brother the aid he needed so much and which his wife had never rendered him. Eleanor's life was full now, and when at the close of day, Charles re-

turned weary and worn, and seated himself near her with the children, the question still presented itself, "Was it worth the sacrifice?" Then with little Eleanor upon her lap and the other little ones reaching up their tiny arms to say "good-night," and her brother looking lovingly at her, her heart would answer fervently, "Oh, yes, my cup of happiness is full."

F. BLANCHE BAGG.

## Local Department

Owing to the beginning of the spring work, several boys in the commercial department have found it necessary to quit school before the end of the term.

Earl Currah no longer boards at Le Grand. He has taken up bachelor life with Danley and Hogg.

G. C. Metcalf is batching with C. W. Black now.

Omar Reed has been forced to quit college on account of sickness.

If the interest in track work continues to grow, York College should make some showing in the field this spring.

F. W. Castleman, James Holstrum, Ernest Kruitfeld, E. V. Hecht, Albert Johnson, Sylvester Iverson, Chester Broehl, and Robert Sandall will receive diplomas from the commercial course at the joint literary program, Tuesday evening, March 14th.

The local oratorical contest of the Prohibition League was held in the U. B. Church on the evening of February 28th. M. L. Gollaher received the first place and Miss Blanche Bagg second. Mr. Gollaher will represent the league in the state contest to be held April 6th at Wesleyan University.

An organization known as the York College Choral Union, was affected on the evening of February 21st, with about thirty charter members. The following officers were elected: F. C. Jean, president; Lettie Herman, secretary-treasurer; Prof. G. R. Westcott, director; J. I. McVay, librarian; A. E. Carter, sergeant.

Prof. G. R. Westcott spent Sunday, March 5th, in Lincoln visiting Ray Lloyd.

Odus Gee went home Wednesday, March 8th, to spend a few weeks with his parents. He will return for the spring term.

Sumner McVay visited his brothers, Ambrose and J. I. McVay, a few days last month.

Professors Mr. and Mrs. L. E. Porter gave an entertainment at Giltner, March 3rd, under the auspices of the high school at that place. They were greeted with a well filled house.

President W. E. Schell went up to Ainsworth March 4th, to spend a few days in the interest of the college.

Frank Lord expects to start for Encampment, Wyo., at the end of this term. He has signed up with the eminent Kratzer view company and will stop off at various towns on his way out to sell stereoscopic pic-

tures. He expects to more than defray his expenses, in fact, to make good wages. It is a novel idea, but Frank is a rustler.

Tracy, the iron hearted, big souled, money making, sucker working, stereoscopic view man, was at York College last week roping in the uninitiated tenderfeet. He has made Mr. Danley his general manager here, and his choice is very judicious, for George is the exact prototype of the famous Tracy.

David Frazier visited friends at home a few days last week.

Owing to the snow blockade, Mr. McCutcheon was unable to reach York to give his lecture on February 11th, as he was scheduled on the lecture course. All possible efforts are being put forth to secure Mr. McCutcheon for a later date.

The Sectional bookcase ordered by the Volunteer Band has been received and is surely one to be proud of.

Since our last issue, we have been compelled to say good-bye to one of our most enthusiastic college boys, A. F. Test, who has moved with his parents to South Dakota. Mr. Test will certainly be missed when it comes to track work, as well as in his classes and everyday companionship.

Otto Heunefeldt, one of our last year's students, made his sister Alvena a visit on his way home from the School of Agriculture at Lincoln, where he has been increasing his knowledge this winter.

A large number of the students attended the literary society of The York Business College on the evening of February 3rd.

Misses Julia and Pheobe Bryan Sundayed at their home west of York March 5th.

O. H. Daniels, having returned home for spring work, R. B. Ganuon is taking his place at the Blodgett Hotel.

The seventh number on the York College lecture course was given March 1st, by Dr. John Merritte Driver, pastor of the People's church, in Chicago. Those who were unable to attend this lecture certainly missed one of the best numbers on the course.

About 25 of our boys attended the Y. M. C. A. convention at Grand Island February 16th to 19th. All report an excellent time.

The inter collegiate debate between Grand Island and York colleges has been, by request of the Grand Island debaters, postponed until next term, probably some time in May.

A comedy, "Mr. Bob," was given in the college chapel on the evening of March 9th, under the auspices of the Philomathean Literary Society. All connected with the play did honor to themselves and Professor L. E. Porter, their director.

At the regular annual election on Tuesday, March 7th, the following SANDBURR staff was elected: G. M. Danley, editor-in-chief; Prof. J. E. Maxwell, associate editor; Marie Coatman, literary; M. L. Gollaher, exchange editor; R. E. Caldwell, E. E. Gorham, and A. E. Carter, local editors; J. P. Gollaher, subscription agent; E. E. Currah, assistant subscription

agent; L R Trout, mailing agent; J. J. McVay, assistant mailing agent.

The Joint Literary Society will give a program in the college chapel Tuesday evening, March 14th

The last musical recital for this term will be given in the college chapel Thursday evening, March 16th.

The next number on our lecture course is to be given by the Slayton Jubilee Singers, March 15th.

The Commercial department of the college had been planning to conduct a mock trial to take place March 6th, but for various reasons it has been postponed indefinitely.

Some are looking forth to "exams" hopefully, others regretting the time they have spent away from their books. Yet we all see the bright vacation just ahead.

Mr. McBrien, state superintendent of public instruction, made us a visit Wednesday, February 8th. He conducted the devotional exercises at chapel and gave us a very interesting and instructive address. The theme of his address was "The Essentials of the Teacher."

The basket ball team played its first practice game with the high school team February 8th. Although our boys had had no practice since Thanksgiving time they carried off the laurels. They played with the high school once a week. Their names are as follows: Wm. Morton, Milo Gollaber, forwards; R. C. Shupe, center; L. S. Hiatt and L. Schell, guards.

Rev. Perry led the chapel exercises February 9th. President Schell gave us a sketch of the life of William Cullen Bryant, after which Miss Dowell read to us "The Waterfowl."

While superintendent McBrien was with us he gave the teacher's class some very good advice, by way of a short address, while they were at their practice work in the Model School room.

On February 14th, Miss Miller gave us a very interesting talk on art at chapel. She told us of the ad-

vancement that had been made in our own state with regard to art, and the relation that history holds to the art of different ages. She had with her a statuette of Hebe, the ancient goddess of beauty, and she called our attention to the graceful poise and beautiful outline of the figure.

Professor Maxwell returned to his work at the college on February 20th, after an absence of three weeks.

The college has purchased a new piano for the chapel.

Miss Sadie Blevins went home Wednesday, February 15th, to be present at the wedding of her brother. And on account of la grippe did not return for a week or so.

Miss Ruth Sweeney has been home for some time because of the illness of her grandmother, who has now gone to the spirit world. Miss Ruth returned to college Monday. We extend to her our sympathy.

Mrs. McVay, mother of John and Ambrose McVay, was a visitor at chapel a few days ago.

Rev. Perry conducted our chapel exercises on the morning of February 20th.

Mr. Test visited at Mynard, Neb., from Friday, February 17th till Monday, the 20th.

Mr. Sed Johnson has left us. He went home to help his father with the farm work.

C. M. WHITE

C. E. SANDALL

**WHITE & SANDALL**

**Attorneys at Law.**

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Have just returned from St. Jo., where I purchased a complete line of Beautiful New Goods for spring wear. Will also have in a new line of Tailor Made Skirts. My stock will be ready for inspection in a few days. Call and examine my goods before purchasing. MRS. N. E. BOSLAW

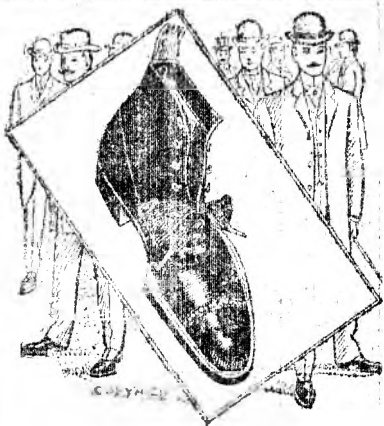
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