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THE SANDBURR

FEBRUARY, 1906



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THE SANDBURR

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W. E. SCHELL, President, York College

Are we making the best of opportunities? While in college we frequently forget that there are other duties besides the lessons assigned. The blessing of friends is sometimes overlooked as this commercial life and age is constantly crying go forward and get money. Today is the only assured opportunity we have for expressing our appreciation to our friends and our love to our dear ones. Yet few of us live in the full recognition of these facts. Days go by without the words "if you please" or "thank you" ever passing our lips, and we frequently let selfishness rule us. Sometimes it requires the illness of a loved one to awaken us and remind us we have not always expressed the love that so often is desired. To enter the home and find that the familiar voice of welcome is silent just now, to go to the class room and find the place of a student friend vacant, to enter society, and the one who always was desirous of our enjoyment silenced forever, these help one to ask himself whether there would be longings for the return of unused opportunities if their voices should never speak again. Today is filled with opportunities that are still ours. To use them to the limit of our living power, as though these opportunities were our last, is only to live as God would have us live. And if they are the last, what blessed memories they will make!

Erectness of bearing has a moral and a mental as well as a physical effect. When the mind is alert, the head goes up and the shoulders are squared. So also when the spirits are high and the heart is full of pure aspirations Physical well being absolutely demands that we should not stoop. If we lean forward, we con-

tract the chest, and the lungs have not wholesome full play. When we start out to do anything that is brave and noble, we do not slouch; we look danger, when we are brave, straight in the face, and go at it with head high and shoulders back. That is the way soldiers march; that is the way the bridegroom leaves the church when the solemn words have been said and he goes out into the world to meet the sweet responsibilities of life. Erectness of bearing is the sign of courage, the evidence of hope; slouchiness indicates decadence and is evidence of incapacity One modestly dressed man, with hair and beard well kept, shoes polished, is worth a half a dozen slovens. The man careful of his general appearance is more prompt, he is braver and more courageous, he is more self-respecting, he is in every manly quality finer and more worthy of respect of both men and women. The slovenly man who slouches through life is a severe trial to men who must be thrown with him

It is a mistake to postpone the pleasures and recreations of life until one has done his hard work; a mistake which a great many people make, There are hosts of men and women working with their might and main for the purpose of enjoying life when they have laid a solid foundation of fortune under their feet. They are acting as if it is possible to get the hard work done; to press it into a few years and then begin to live. This is a misleading belief. In the first place the work of Life is never done; and, in the second, he who postpones indefinitely the hour when he will begin to enjoy the life, postpones entirely the possibility of enjoying it. The power of enjoying must be educated by use just as truly as any other power; it withers and dies by disuse. If one is to enjoy life he must enjoy it from day to day. There is no better place to begin this education than in college. Athletic sports may appeal to many. These are so numerous that certainly something may be found to suit the taste of each and every one, Literary work affords opportunity of mental enjoyment and parliamentary drills satisfy those who would rule by brain power rather than by muscle. There come brief moments in life, swift crises when everything is put by for the doing of a piece of work, the performing of a special task, the facing of a great peril; but these are only moments. The lives are few in which there are not opportunities of enjoyment as one goes along which will minister to one's working power and not subtract from it He makes the best living who keeps himself fresh by keeping his interest varied; and he can only make a life who lives in every part of his nature. Enjoyment is as much a necessity as work; to find pleasure in life is as much a duty as to find profit. The only man who lives a wholesome, normal, successful life is he who combines pleasure and

work, toil and recreation from day to day from beginning to end. Pleasure is a duty which cannot be postponed.

“High thought and low living” is a good motto for any young person. It is sometimes urged that it does not matter what we think about, provided only we do not act wrongly; that it is the act that counts. But thoughts are only inborn acts. The face is a mirror of the heart, a line of discontent, a curve of the lip of scorn, an eye of deceit, soon tell the story of the inner man. What a man thinks today determines what he will do tomorrow. And it is not only true that we do only what we have thought; it is true also that what we think we will do. Purity of thought is greatly to be desired. It is the forerunner of “pure in heart.” We cannot think unworthy thoughts and continue worthy. Dr. Jekyll will become Mr. Hyde. The man who ponders the delights of wealth as a chief good, will seek wealth unworthily. He who entertains deceit, faithlessness and selfishness in thought, will on being weighed in a balance be found wanting in truth, sincerity and love for the good of others. The only way to avoid outward evil is to tolerate no evil in the breeding ground of acts inside the soul.

Literary Department

A Tale From a Western Traveler

True writers about habits of different peoples in varied countries must travel and live a few years in those countries and become, as it were, a part and parcel thereof, in order to know the exact state of things. The mere visitor in an ordinary home sees in the first few days of his visit the best manners the family can put on, but as days lengthen to weeks unnatural restraint grows tiresome and the true home condition looms up in all its vigor, and sometimes to the greatest surprise of the visitor, an absolutely changed opinion of the family life becomes necessary.

In the recently closed year perhaps thousands upon thousands of people have for the first time had their eyes opened in regard to the vast country making up the northwest corner of the United States. The superb coast region of Washington and Oregon, with its mild climate, latent industries and natural beauty, has charmed many a tourist this past summer and sent him homeward resolved to dispose of his eastern interests and return to this enchanting land to dwell eternally.

As I said before, to dwell in a land awhile develops the true characteristics of the place. Being myself a sojourner in this land of so recent popular attraction, and having been here long enough to learn something of the good and bad features of the region, I find myself urged on by compunction of conscience to expose certain things which time has revealed to me, about which few foreigners have but little, if ever, heard, and to which I now ask their attention, trusting that they will consider well the taking of any action on their part which will place them subject to these evils.

And I undertake the task now before, like other Evergreens and Webfooters, I have been bereft of a conscience, and what now appears to be so urgent a duty be allowed to go undone.

To begin with, let it be understood just what is meant by Evergreens and Webfooters. The significance of these names becomes evident to me in a most impromptu and impressive manner.

It was one day last summer, when, tired and weary of travel, and dusty, I hid myself to the banks of the beautiful and clear Willamette (accompanied by a friend for whose veracity I will vouch) to bathe in its limpid stream. We soon had removed all but our ancestral clothing and were picking at our toe-nails when a crackling of a brush on the opposite side attracted my attention. Looking, I saw what appeared to be a gigantic bullfrog. Tall as a man it stood, its glossy covering shining green in the sunshine. But it walked on its hind legs and seemed to have the head of a man. Up and down the river it looked, shading its eyes with its hands, as if seeing if the coast were free of enemies.

I shuddered. Does this country of vast forests and monstrous Burbank potatoes still have ranging over its surface survivals of the great carboniferous age of geologic fame? Horrors! I began to look among the trees about me, expecting at any moment to see some monster spring upon me. I could not conceal my emotion.

“Hush!” whispered my friend. “Be still. Let’s watch that fellow. It’s an old Oregonian. He’ll swim across to this island where you can get a good glimpse of him.”

I was bewildered—dumbfounded. I could not have made any noise had I wanted to. Of course I kept quiet and watched. Into the water the old fellow plunged head first, and with the swift, easy stroke of an amphibian, he glided over to the nearby island and crawled out on the bank. He was real close now. His green coat now seemed to be long hair and his feet seemed in some way out of shape toward the toes. I could not tell just what was wrong.

“He’s a fair specimen of what you’ll be like if you stay here twenty years,” muffled my friend. “D’you see that moss on his back? Pretty close to six inches long, ain’t it? And see his feet! He’s full-webbed between the toes. He lives just across the river there. His name’s Sim Bisbee. His old woman’s a Sewash. Squatted on that land about fifty years ago. He’s been plowing over there. You can see his horses there in that cleared spot. You see, moss has to have lots of moisture. On these hot days it’s simply awful. They say it gets to sucking into the old ‘web-footers’ backs until it almost sets them crazy. A doctor down here in Portland has figured that in two days of July weather, without an outside application of water the moss on an ordinary ‘mossback’ would wither the man up and draw every drop of water out of his body. That’s why that fellow has stopped his plow and come in swimming. ‘Course that’s only necessary in the dry season. When winter sets in there’s plenty of damp. His feet prove that Just grew those webs like land birds do sometimes when they’re forced to the water for a living.”

“But,” I ventured to ask, “Why don’t they cut the moss off and shave it close?”

“Can’t do it,” said he. “It grows too deep. Just like warts. Can’t cut ’em off to stay. Only way to

get rid of it, once it's started, is to burn it off. Few Oregonians will do that. Guess they think they'll get plenty of fire soon enough."

Here the old man was seen to dive into the water again, and soon he scrambled up the opposite side, and in a few minutes his horses were seen to be busily plowing.

My friend and I took our swim, and rollicked in the water as we used to do when boys. But I could not wash out the impression made by the sight of the old man. And, though I said nothing to my friend, I noticed a greenish tinge all up and down his back, fuzzy, like a boy's first beard. Also, slapping myself on the back, I pulled off half a dozen clinging spores.

The foregoing incident will at once serve to clear up western terms and show up some of the hidden features of the country. I say hidden because everyone tries to hide this fact from the eyes of visitors. Discussing the matter with a business man recently, he told me that the great influx of visitors the past summer had very materially increased his business. New clothes have replaced those time-worn and full of holes, for no other reason than to conceal perfectly the awful curse fastened to their backs.

Washington has more fog than Oregon, continuing almost all the year. The summers not being so dry as further south, the moss does not at any time become a brownish hue; hence he who is born north of the Columbia river is termed "Evergreen."

Since first this fact was so suddenly made known to me I have seriously investigated the matter, and learned that scientists are searching diligently the pages of a scientific truth, trying to deduct means, physical or chemical, by which this plague, for such it is, may be annihilated after once getting root in the human back. It, with its contemporary brother pest of the vegetable kingdom, the San Jose scale, furnishes food for much scientific thought, and he who devises some method of mastering the scourge will be lauded as a Caesar and crowned with laurel.

Taken in time, a daily shave of the entire back will prevent the spores becoming rooted, but lucky indeed is the foreigner who discovers the presence of the pest among his fellows before he has become infested, for it is only by chance that this happens, owing to the secretive nature of the natives.

The web between the toes is not so discouraging, for it can be kept down, if desired, by proper massage of the toes. But, inasmuch as swimming is quite a diversion among the society folk, and the web-foot only makes a better and more graceful swimmer, it is fast falling into style to cultivate this duck-like foot. Yet the popularity of the matter is carefully confined to the coast folk, for were it to be published to eastern people it would subject the web-footers to much derision.

These peculiarities, unobserved by the brief-stopping tourist, come to the surface either by accident or after months of residence among the people, when they are inoculated thoroughly. And it is very probable that many who have seen the west the past summer will deride the idea as a creature of the imagination. Yet, urged on by a sense of duty, though weird and

fantastical the revelation may be, I do not hesitate to place it in publication. Should anyone doubt my word, I challenge that person to come and live without any precaution and unprotected in this land for the brief period of five years, for I am confident that at the end of that time he will be satisfied to his everlasting regret that no stream of words ever flowed more clearly from the fountain of truth than have mine. And with this ink I wash my hands of further responsibility.

JOHN HOGG,

A Plea for the Working Child

It is hard for us to realize that we have any form of slavery in this free country of ours, and yet such is the case. If we will but face the facts concerning the child labor employed in our factories, mills and mines, we will be appalled at the condition of affairs. When we think of the many, many children, in this fair land, who ought to be cherished, I say, it is hard to realize that we, as a nation are permitting some of them to slave their little lives away at such drudgery as they now are. Picture in your mind, a half million children, who are at the age when they need the most careful attention, at work from morning until night. They don't have the incentive to work that makes work a pleasure. They are not fathers, who have a family to provide for, not ambitious because of their love for another. They cannot feel the primal stimulus which actuate adults in their struggle for a livelihood. They are not seeking to maintain a home, and yet at a tender age, when half formed, half grown and just awakening to some of the possibilities within themselves, they are sent into this great work a day world to earn a small pittance to add to the family store. They are drafted into slavery, and the light of their souls is cast into darkness.

In the great mines of Pennsylvania, there are a great many boys working in the breakers, picking slate from the coal as it rolls down a chute. The dust is constantly rising from the coal and these boys are obliged to sit bent over this, inhaling coal dust at every breath, from morning until night, day in and day out. It has been stated, that five minutes in such a place will coat the lung and throat with a black dust, which two-by-four hours of pure air cannot clear from the mucous lining. We naturally look to the legislature to better such conditions, but they have done their part, so far as enacting laws is concerned. We have plenty of laws prohibiting this slavery. In nearly every instance where such circumstances exist, there are state laws providing for the punishment of any one allowing children under the age of fourteen to enter these work shops, yet when one gains admission to a factory, mill or mine, he is astonished at the number of childish faces and forms that meet his gaze. But should he chance to ask any of them their age, the almost universal response is "fourteen going on fifteen." It certainly does seem strange that ail should be the same age. The parents of these children have to sign a certificate stating the age of the child and swear to the veracity of the statement, but when it comes to such a test, they seem to feel justified in swearing to a falsehood. In the mining districts one reporter was en-

abled to secure some facts concerning the ages of the boys employed, by joining the union. The children are taught from infancy that it is a grave offense to tell an untruth to a union man. He found out that many of these boys were only nine years of age and had possibly been working for a year or two. There are so many of these little toilers that are illiterate. They are not vagrants, but steady industrious workers, who can neither read nor write. It is not to be wondered at, since their parents are ignorant and think that it is sufficient for their children to know how to work.

The home environment of these children is not in any way uplifting. They are born into homes of discontent. It would indeed, be hard to find a contented person in the mining regions. Would it not then be strange if these children did not grow up to think that this is a very unfeeling world?

When we stop to think of the effect upon our youth in these regions, it is startling. How can they develop physically whether in mill, mine or factory? They never have time to get the full benefit of the pure air, for they are shut in, all during the sunny hours. We cannot expect healthy bodies, unless these great remedies for ills are used. These toilers become prematurely old and in place of the buoyancy we maturely expect, they are weary, stooped, and without energy. So long as they are starved for God's free gifts there will never be any surplus energy, they never will become manly men and healthy women. While their bodies are being dwarfed, their minds are in no better condition. Instead of school comes the workshop. Their minds are not being developed, because it does not require much of a mind to sit or stand and watch a machine or the coal gliding down a coal chute. Their knowledge outside of that is very limited and yet they do not care because no one else around them is solicitous concerning it. But saddest of all is the fact that they are so undeveloped morally. If there has been any inborn desire for the beautiful, one of God's methods of uplifting the soul, it has been crushed in childhood. Too, many times there is so much discontent in the homes and so much harshness, that they become hard-hearted before they meet the world's rebuffs. When they enter the shops, in place of the kindness that they are so much in need of, they are many times met with harsh words and cruel masters. They find rough company and soon become addicted to evil habits.

Can we expect such condition of affairs to exist, and yet not effect our nation? No, indeed, these very boys will soon be men and help to rule the nation. It is impossible that slavery exist in any form and yet not effect the nation. Of course many reasons can be found for the continuance of child labor, but there were also reasons, yes, hundreds of them, why the servitude of the negro should exist, and yet it was wrong in the first principle. No one, young or old, should be held in bondage or should be required to injure himself for the personal advantage of another person or a company. No nation can allow this to continue, especially when it is to those whom we should give the most protection, and not feel the effects of it

in time. The result of child labor makes it a crime of the first magnitude, Yet we are unwilling to believe that the primary cause of this is cruelty. Business is business, and where the cheapest labor can be found, that they secure, never questioning the right or wrong of it. One writer has aptly said, "Like the prince in the fable, you seem to have released from his prison the genie of composition only to find that you are unable to control him. Your legislation for the years is a perpetual and fruitless effort to regulate the disorders of your economic system. You have dissolved all human and personal ties, and you endeavor in vain to replace them by the impersonal activity of the state. The salient characteristic of your civilization is its irresponsibility. You have liberated forces you cannot control, you are caught yourselves in your own levers and cogs."

It is not only that this generation will be affected. If these children are dwarfed physically, mentally, and morally, what can we expect of their offspring? Can stunted, unhealthy parents possess children with sound organs and a healthy physique? Can we expect parents who have only known work, and work that requires a mechanical performance and not much brain power, to develop a thirst for noble things in their children? Will they not be very apt to expect as much assistance from their children as they gave their parents? And as the generations come and go they will gradually but surely become weaker in every way.

In the early decades of last century, Shaftesbury was almost alone in his efforts to have the children in these districts freed. Even Cobden said he "talked sentiment" over factory children, and are we not apt to think so, when we read the following paragraph from H. G. Wells, and yet if we but consider the facts, how true it all is. He says: "Poor little souls are born amidst tears and suffering; they gain such love as they may; they learn to feel and suffer; they struggle and cry for food; for air; for the right to develop; and our civilization at present has neither the courage to kill them outright, and quickly, keenly and painlessly; nor the heart and courage and ability to give them what they need. They are overlooked and misused; they go short of food and air; they fight their pitiful little battle for life against the cruellest odds; and they are beaten. Battered, emaciated, and pitiful, they are thrust out of life; borne out of our regardless world; stiff little life-soiled sacrifices to the spirit of disorder against which it is man's pre-eminent duty to battle. There has been all the pain in their lives; there has been all the radiated pain of their misery; there has been the waste of their grudges, insufficient food; and all the pain and labor of their mothers; and all the world is the sadder for them because they have lived in vain."

The greatest injury does not come from the burden nor the toil, not from entering the mills and factories, not from the physical injury, not from the weary little bodies, but the loss of the soul. The ir retrievable, irrevocable dwarfing is more contemptible than any slavery. Carlyle's words are very applicable, "that the lamp of his soul should go out; that no ray of heavenly or even earthly knowledge should visit him; but only in the haggard darkness, like two spectres,

Fear and Indignation bear him company. Alas—must the Soul lie blanded, dwarfed, stupefied, almost annihilated. Alas, was this too a breath of God, bestowed in heaven, but on earth never to be unfolded?

MARY E COATMAN

Local Department

Miss Grace Wolvin was renewing acquaintances at the college last week.

A series of revival meetings has been held in the U. B. church the past week. The attendance has been good considering the inclement weather and considerable interest was manifested.

J. I. McVay, a student of last year who is now teaching school near Aurora, spent last Saturday and Sunday with friends in this city.

Rev. S C Coblentz, field manager of the Union Biblical Seminary at Dayton, O, visited chapel last Monday morning and made a short address in the interests of that institution. He preached from the U B. pulpit on Sunday and Monday evening.

J. B. Wylie has left school for a few weeks.

The York College basket ball team, viz, M. E. Bollen, Oliver Eager, Claude Flack, L I Schell and A. G. Taylor, with H. M. Link as substitute, and Prof. H M. Rees as referee, started on a three day tour on February 1, during which they played three games and won two. The first game was played on Thursday, Feb 1, with St. Paul Business College which resulted in a score of 25 to 38 in favor of York. The following day they met Central City College on a waxed floor to which they were not accustomed and consequently were defeated by a score of 26 to 41. On Saturday, Feb. 3, they played a game with Aurora Business College and won a victory by a score of 8 to 19. This is the most extended trip ever made by a team in our college and we are proud of the success attained.

Messrs. G. B. Strickler and D. Heinlen filled the U. B. pulpit recently.

D. W. Davis gave an elocutionary recital at Loup City a few days ago. Mr. Davis expects to graduate from the school of expression in the spring.

M. L. Gollaher enjoyed a short visit from his father one day last week.

The conservatory of music gave a pupil's' recital on Thursday evening, February 1.

A return game of basket ball was played with Aurora Business College last Saturday which resulted in a score of 17 to 49 in favor of York College.

The state oratorical contest, in which B. C. Bailey is to be our representative, will be held next Friday, Feb. 16. A good sized delegation is expecting to accompany our orator and will no doubt encourage him by their earnest enthusiasm.

E. J. Simonds, assistant state secretary of the Y. M. C. A., was a visitor at the college a few days ago, and during his stay assisted in raising about \$50 to send delegates to the Students' Volunteer Convention to be held at Nashville the latter part of this month. This

convention only occurs once in four years and it is the largest meeting of students in the world. Those who will attend the conference will be from educational institutions all over the United States and Canada besides representatives from foreign missions and other religious workers. Mr C. I Mohler and Miss Lettie Herman were chosen as delegates to represent our institution. They are both leaders in college life and will no doubt bring home a message of great value to the Christian associations of our institution.

Hon C. E Sandall delivered an interesting address before the city Y. M. C. A. last Sunday. Mr. Sandall was a student in college some years ago and is now one of the promising young lawyers of this city.

Glen Dunlap a former student of York College, spent last week visiting his sisters.

Helen Strang, one of the graduates of the short hand class of last year, spent several days in the city recently making a short visit at the college.

Miss Ida Lindquist is enjoying a short visit from her sister Anna.

Mr. Cornett made a business trip to St Paul last week.

President Schell has just returned from Dayton, O, where he attended the meeting of the General Church Council. He reports a pleasant and profitable trip.

Alvina Heuenfeldt and Mr. Bobst spent Sunday at their homes at Aurora

At the rooms of S. A. Myers a number of students spent an enjoyable Valentine evening

Claude Flack and Oliver Eager visited home recently.

Miss Gertrude Warner enjoyed a visit from one of her home friends Sunday.

The girls' basket ball team played a game with the High school of this city last Wednesday night. During the game Miss Hazel Holt sustained an injury which at first did not seem serious but later rendered her unconscious. After being hurt she continued to play and did not show any serious effects from the blow, but on reaching the Conservatory she became unconscious and remained in that condition most of the night. It is hoped that she will soon recover. Mabel Keyes also received a blow during the game which broke her nose. The game resulted in a victory for the High school.

On Saturday evening, February 10, the members of the Junior class and their friends held the first class party of the season. They spent the first part of the evening in skating. At the close of this part of the entertainment, the various persons were blindfolded and led through many devious paths by Mr. Schell, who acted as master of ceremonies, to a ravine south of town, and here circled around the large brush fire. The crowd was initiated in the mysteries of the Junior class. After the rites and ceremonies were performed the party spent the evening in relating ghost stories of the most thrilling sort, practicing class yells and feasting themselves with the following menu—baked potatoes, sandwiches, apples, oranges, doughnuts and coffee—which were consumed in the regulation camp fire fashion under the protection of the outlying picket

guard which was prepared to give due notice of the approach of any guerilla bands in the near vicinity. The happy event is one that will not soon be forgotten by the participants.

On Thursday afternoon, February 15th, our basket ball team lined up in the high school gymnasium to play a match game with the high school team. The high school team last week defeated South Omaha and Lincoln high school teams, and were prepared for a final sweep on their own floor. Our team lined up with Link on forward, instead of Schell, and Trout on guard, instead of Bollen. Schell had a boil on his leg and Bollen stayed home to play with his children (next year we hope to be able to get a team without using married men). As the first half progressed, the high school led off. Schell's boil healed very rapidly as the twenty minutes dragged slowly along. Bollen came in in time to see the first half, and as it passed into history his enthusiasm and basket ball desire went to such a pitch that he was in serious danger of spontaneous combustion. Link and Trout certainly put up a good game, playing their positions in professional style; but they were weak on team work. The first half finished with the score 11 to 11. When the whistle blew for time the captain ordered Bollen to dress. Before the intermission was half over, Schell came to the dressing room with a "Please, fellows, I want to play." Link kindly stepped out, and Schell borrowed basket ball clothes from the "subs" until he had enough of a suit to play in. When the referee blew his whistle for the last half the old team lined up to finish the last game of the season. The half started with both teams silent and determined, while neither team lacked for support from the bleachers. Finally the ball was held by Bell and Schell. When the ball was tossed up Schell skillfully batted it in the basket. Some were unkind enough to yell "accident," but we who know Schell's tricks, traits and ability, knew it was skill. Nevertheless the goal gave the fellows the lead that was not lost. Flack and Taylor played like their old selves, while Eager put up the best game he has played this season. The final score was 17 to 24, and our boys feel that they have done credit to themselves and the college this season, losing but two games out of seven, both of which went to Central City. Yes, our boys will always respect Crites, the star forward of Central City, for he is personally responsible for the two missing games. The game with the high school was free, and was for the benefit of those who could not afford to attend the fifteen cent game last week.

C. B. Spohr, a student of the college several years ago, is now attending the school of osteopathy at Kirksville, Missouri. His sister, Mabel, also a former student, who was married to Mr. Arthur Billings, of the State University, is at Boston preparing to enter foreign missionary work.

Rev. James Dean preached in the U. B. Church last Thursday. The pulpit was filled on Friday and Saturday evenings by Rev. Dr. Whittiker, who was a minister in this conference about ten years ago.

Messrs. Shambaugh and Hitchcock visited the college one day last week.

While Prof. Hargett was attempting to draw a triangle on the black board one day not long since, one

of the students curtly remarked, "Professor, your legs are too short to reach the ground." We hope that he will abandon the construction of that triangle, for unless he does, it necessitates an aerial telephone system for the use of the students.

The indications are that a department for the development of the art of whistling would be a valuable addition to the conservatory of music. If the establishment of such a department would do nothing more than to remove the girls who engage in the diversion from the college building to the other building, it would indeed be a great benefaction. To hear such noises in the college halls causes us to believe that there must be something empty from which the sound issues, and we are unable to tell whence it cometh or whither it goeth.

Six of the delegation to the oratorical contest went on the early morning train, which leaves York at 2:27. S. V. Iverson was included in the number, and in order that he might not suffer for want of sleep, he retired at a very early hour the previous evening. Some "Sons of Belial," who room with him, grasped the situation and turned all the watches and alarm clocks one hour ahead of time. The nefarious plot resulted in arousing the gentleman from his peaceful slumbers at midnight. Arrangements had been made for him to call at the dormitory for some girls who wished to go on the same train, and the innocent victim, fearing that he might cause them to miss the train, hurried off to perform the duty devolving upon him. The confidence of the girls in the young man was so great, and so innocent looking was he, that on comparing the time which their watches indicated with that of his, concluded that theirs were just an hour slow, and accordingly proceeded to get ready to depart. The last we heard of them was that they were at the Burlington depot at 1:20, a. m., patiently awaiting the arrival of the train. Judging from their former credulity we suppose they firmly believed that the train was one hour late in spite of the fact that it was reported on time.

Notice is hereby given that owing to the fact that C. W. Mottinger has sustained a broken nose, also that S. V. Iverson has had his lip lacerated in a horrible manner, from brutality exercised by some of the inmates of the bachelor den on ninth street, it is dangerous for anyone to go nearer than one block of said den, without a body guard of at least six full armed men, and no claim for damage will be allowed for injuries sustained unless the above precautions are taken.

Signed O. Stout, Guardian of G. M. Danley

Prof. Hewitt has moved from the house adjoining the college campus to a residence more remote. It is hoped that the change will result in a fuller development of the professor's lower extremities.

Central City Basket Ball Game.

THE LINE-UP.

Central.	York.
Rennik.....r. f.....	Schell
Crites.....l. f.....	Taylor
Rennik.....c.....	Flack

Myers.....r. g.....Eager
Greise.....c. g.....Bollen

After a thrilling piece by the band, the teams lined up on Central City's skating rink, which had been freshly waxed for a dance the night before. The referee, Prof. Rees, of York, blew the whistle and the slide was on. After several graceful flourishes by various members of York team, one of the forwards managed to drop anchor long enough to throw first goal. But the boys, though they started to navigate with such recklessness at first, after trying the waxed floor at the various points of contact with amazing rapidity, began to contemplate which one of their numerous crazy bones felt the most peculiar. It certainly was altogether pathetic to see the wild contortions of Bollen and Eager in their mad attempts to get on a little closer terms with their forwards. And while Crites, who made most of Central's points, was warming the goal at the rate of about one every two minutes, it was somewhat difficult to see whether Eager, in his wild efforts to stop, was beating the air to clutch some unseen foe, or was striving to execute the double grapevine on his eyebrows. And worse still, Flack, the sure goal thrower, who usually puts up such a star center, spent most of his spare moments seeing stars and re-arranging the vertebrae in his backbone. The baskets made were as follows: Central City, free throws, Crites 7; field goals, Crites 14; Remick 3. York, free throws, Taylor 3; Schell 5; field goals, Flack 3; Taylor 2; Schell 4.

Y. M. C. A. Notes

The college association met with the city the first Sunday of this month, where Dr. J. L. Greene, a noted specialist, of Lincoln, addressed the meeting on the subject: "A Thing that Every Man Ought to Know."

Mr. McArthur, Bible worker, was here and addressed the students one morning in chapel, on Bible study. He also gave a splendid talk to the officers and committeemen on the manner of conducting Bible classes successfully.

The finances of our association are being managed successfully this year and the budget of one hundred dollars will be raised by the end of this term if the Committee is given as loyal support during the next few weeks as it has been in the past. This is a worthy cause and should be patronized by all students and their friends.

Y. W. C. A. Notes

Several new members have been added to the roll during the past few weeks.

The weekly devotional meetings of the Y. W. have been very interesting lately, and have been well attended.

Miss Addie Strickler will lead the Y. W. meeting next Monday. The subject is "Pride." All the girls are urged to be present.

Miss Lettie Herman has been chosen as delegate from the Y. W. C. A. to the International Convention of the Student Volunteer Band. This convention is

to be held at Nashville, Tennessee, beginning February 27th, and lasting ten days.

Philomathean Notes

How many know the meaning of the name of the society? It is love of learning, scholarly.

It is not right to let other things push our meetings aside. The society is ours to do what we please with, and if we let the meetings slip once, it will be easier to let them go the next time. Postponing a meeting virtually kills the society. Once in a while it is necessary to postpone the meeting, but if it is postponed every time two or three of the members want to go some place, interest is lost, the programs are not well prepared, and the society becomes a mere mocking of its name.

Parliamentary drill is spicy and instructive this term.

Well prepared programs have been rendered so far this term,

Amphictyon Notes

The attendance has been exceptionally good so far this term. The hall has been crowded on several evenings.

We are very glad to have so many of the students join with us in literary work, several of whom give promise of being strong men along that line.

Mr. Bailey is giving excellent satisfaction as censor. The questions for debate are on some of the most important topics of the day. The various members on the program are selected with equally painstaking care.

Miss Strickler rendered a beautiful selection of music on the evening of February 2nd, which added very materially to the program.

We cordially invite all to be present at the regular sessions, every Friday, at 7:30 p. m.

The society was favored recently with a short address by Prof. Rees, in which the importance of literary work, and more especially extemporaneous speaking was very ably discussed.

Exchange Department

Conductor—"How old is that boy, madame?"

Lady—"You have no right to ask such an impertinent question, sir."

Conductor—"Excuse me, madame, but it's a fare question."

—†—

Attention is the stuff that memory is made of, and memory is accumulated genius. —Lowell.

—†—

Ancient History

Alexander had finished his job of conquering the world and he sat down and wept. 'Curse the luck,' he moaned. "Not one magazine to which I can con-

tribute, and the fools around me haven't had sense enough to establish a lecture platform."

—‡—

Force of Habit

Customer—"Is the boss in?"

Clerk—(absently)—"No, but we have something just as good."

—‡—

Latin

All the people dead who wrote it;
All the people dead who spoke it;
All the people die who learn it;
Blessed death, they surely earn it. —Ex

—‡—

The Freshman class at Chicago University this year numbers one thousand.

--‡--

Teacher, to boy—"Fools often ask questions wise men cannot answer."

Boy, reflectively—"I guess that's why I flunk so many exams."—Ex.

—‡—

A good way to find a girl out is to call when she isn't in. —Ex.

—‡—

This wireless telegraph reminds me of a groundless quarrel. It's practically having words over nothing.

—‡—

Freshie Don't!

Don't expect to be appreciated. Don't fall in love. These rights are reserved by Seniors.

Don't tell, if you know more than the profs. They don't appreciate it.

Don't go in on time. It's excruciatingly green



You
Can't
Afford

To let your eyes go without proper Glasses, if you have any eye strain. Do your eyes ache, pain, smart, itch or burn? Do you have headache, or pain in the back of head and neck? If so you have nervous eye strain, and should have your eyes examined at once. I fitted 1-053 pairs last year, and can fit you. Examination free.

DR. W. A. MYERS,

York, Neb.

Center North Side Square

Don't chew gum, smoke on the campus, or make goo goo eyes in chapel.

Everything else is allowed. —Ex.

—‡—

Mr. Butt-in Student—"Professor, how long can an animal live without brains?"

Prof. —"Well, I really don't know. How old are you, Mr B.?"—Ex.

—‡—

Get Busy

There's a saying oft you've heard,
Get busy.

Tis a good and timely word,
Get busy.

Don't sit 'round and knock and pine,
'Cause you fear you're not in line,
You can get there jes' by trying,
Get busy.

Fate, you say, has been unkind;
Get busy.

This old dame leaves far behind.
Get busy.

Life, my friend, is up to you,
Not what others say or do;
Just keep smiling, don't look blue;
Get busy.

If in business, ply your trade;
Get busy.

Fortunes are not won, but made,
Get busy.

Let the trade know you're in town,
Always up, and never down,
Why get sore and whine around?
Get busy.

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