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March

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The Sandburr



VOL. XII

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Literary



WHERE THE SILVERY COLORADO WENDS ITS WAY.

Far up on a mountain side is located a small cottage, brown with age, but still made cheerful and home-like by its beautiful surroundings. To the north a tall snow-capped mountain ascends heavenward until its lofty peak seems to reach far above the clouds, and hovers over the little dwelling as if forming a protection from the cruel winter blasts.

Far down in the valley below, the grass grows green and the wild flowers dot the earth with their many colored blossoms. Along the mountain sides, the columbine lifts its blue and white cup to catch the last rays of the setting sun.

Before the cottage, at a distance of a few yards, the silvery Colorado leaps and bounds over its rocky bed in its mad rush to meet the mighty ocean. Along the banks and up the mountains magnificent pines extend their gigantic arms far into the heavens, and in their branches, bright colored birds, that have only a short time since, left their southern homes, flit to and fro and fill the air with melodies beyond description.

In the door of the cottage sits an old man with gray hair and a far-away expression on his face. His form is slightly bent, while wrinkles on his face show signs of many years of care and worry. He is dreaming of by-gone days, while twilight is fast settling around him.

It is June time. The evening is clear and pleasant. The valley below is now overshadowed. While rays of sunlight still play across the snow on the distant mountain top and across the shin-

ing water. What a scene he looks upon! God in all his glory is revealed in every object.

His mind is wandering back to the days of his youth, when, by his side, walked one to him so dear. It was June time then, when they were married, and their hearts were filled with love and hope for the future. It was then that he had built this little home for Nell, far away among the Colorado mountains, and, oh, how happy they two had been! Many a pleasant stroll had they taken together through the valley and among the hills. Many a wild flower had they gathered to adorn that humble home, and many an evening, as twilight softly gathered around them, had they sat together in that same door and watched that same sun sink below those same old mountain peaks. Then their lives were care-free and happy. Years seemed but as days to them and only a few had passed, when suddenly she was taken from his side and laid to rest in the beautiful valley.

He toiled on year after year, not caring to associate with others, but little by little pining his life away.

Of all this has the man been dreaming, and in his mind he has lived it all over again. Where once was joy and blessedness, now is loneliness and discomfort, and where once was love and happiness now is grief and sorrow. No more, when he returns from work at the close of day, is he greeted, as of old, with a cheery word and loving embrace, which made him forget all thoughts of weariness.

As he sits there alone, her presence

seems to be near him, and the pine trees carry the echo of her voice to him again. A melody plays through his mind as he listens to the voice. The very inmost chord of his soul is touched, and as thoughts of the past flood his mind they take form in the words:

The twilight softly gathers round my
home among the hills,
And all nature soon will settle down
to rest,
While I sit and sadly ponder and my
heart with longing fills,
As I often think of one that I loved
best.

We were wedded in the June time, and
our hearts they knew no pain;
Fair nature seemed to smile on us
that day.
Now she sleeps beneath the lilacs and
she'll ne'er come back again,
Where the silvery Colorado wends
its way.

The silvery snow is gleaming on yon
distant mountain side.

Where we often used to wander,
Nell and I.
And the birds are gaily singing in the
valley, far below,
Where I long some day to lay me
down and die.

Then our lives were gay and happy,
in the shadow of the hills;
My heart beat fonder for her day by
day.
And I feel her presence near me as I
sit alone tonight,
Where the silvery Colorado wends
its way.

There's a sob on every breeze, and a
sighcomes from the trees,
And the meadow lark now croos a
sadder lay.
For the sunlight plays no more, round
my cheerless cabin door,
Where the silvery Colorado wends
its way.

—Zula Johns, '14.

THE PRAIRIE LIFE.

The sun was shining with a dazzling brightness upon the stretches of billowing prairie. The only tree to be seen was a small cottonwood standing near a low sod cottage. A few early prairie flowers bloomed in the patches of grass here and there, and the little green cactus shoots were making their way up to the sunlight. To the lover of the prairie there was much of beauty in this scene, but to the young girl, alone in the sod house, it was a barren, lonesome place. The house within, too, was homelike enough from the small, shining cook stove, and the single geranium, cheery with red blossoms, which stood on the broad, low window sill, to the improvised shelf in the corner, holding books, the latest fiction of the day, as well as the old favorites, which have stood the test of time.

The scene was such as might be seen in many a humble frontier home. But not of the cheerfulness of it was Margaret Wilton thinking on this beautiful

spring morning, as, seated at the little table in the center of the room, which served as kitchen and living room in one, regarding her unhappy countenance in the mirror before her, she talked to herself.

"There's no use to try any longer. Here Brother Lloyd and I have lived in this forsaken place for nearly a year and there's no hope of us getting away from it for over a year more, or ever, for that matter. How I do hate this prairie! If only I could see our dear old Vermont mountains again! I know if I live to be a hundred years old, I shall never be able to close my eyes without seeing this deserted prairie stretching out endlessly in every direction."

It was not often that Margaret gave way to herself in this manner; not often that she could indulge in self-pity, for if her brother was with her she must be brave. Lloyd was only eighteen, three years younger than

she, and it was hard enough for him to provide for them, with no resources except his own willing mind and hands, and this almost valueless land, a speculation of their father's, and the only worldly possession left them after their parents' death. With youthful enthusiasm in their hearts they had come to this place. They had left their friends, their college, Margaret in her senior year and Lloyd in his freshman year, cheerfully enough, but the disappointments had been many and bitter. How different seemed this lonely place from the glorious west, the land of opportunity of which they had heard so much. Instead of going back at the end of a year, with a store of interesting memories, and enough money to enable them to return to their school duties, they must, as Margaret believed, remain here forever.

Thus she thought of the dear old Vermont home, of her friends, of the college which she loved, and of the kindly Professor Dean, who was always urging the students to unselfish service for others.

"If there were only one congenial person within twenty miles," she thought. "Lloyd seemed to find people to interest him. If I could find one pretty place to go to, out of doors, or one pleasant person to talk with."

Suddenly Margaret was aroused from her selfish broodings by a rattle at the door and met a pale, bent man whom she recognized as a neighboring ranchman.

"Good morning, Mr. Lane," she said, none too kindly, for she resented the interruption to her selfish reverie.

"Good morning, Miss Wilton," he said, almost apologetically, noting her manner. "I was wondering if you would come over to our ranch with me. My little daughter has met with an accident and we thought perhaps you could help."

With a little hesitancy, Margaret thought of the long, tiresome ride over the monotonous prairie, but having no reasonable excuse, she hastily wrote a note of explanation for Lloyd, when he should return from his work at a neighboring ranch, and departed with

Mr. Lane. On arriving at the Lane homestead, she was surprised to find a bare room to which her pleasant little home was a decided contrast.

In caring for the injured child and helping the mother with her many tasks Margaret found much to do, and enjoyed doing it. She found, too, that Mrs. Lane was an interesting and agreeable woman, and during the several days which elapsed before her return home, they had many pleasant conversations on topics which Margaret often had discussed with her college friends. When one day Mrs. Lane spoke of the beautiful sunset, Margaret exclaimed, "But, Mrs. Lane, I can't see anything beautiful in this country."

"It may not be the kind of beauty you are accustomed to," Mrs. Lane answered, "but the prairies have their beauties after all."

When Margaret returned home and related to her brother the limited and yet pathetically beautiful life of the people she had visited, she found herself thinking of the other families about them, and wondering if what they said of the beauty of the prairie might possibly be true.

Her second year in the western country was as different from the first as it was possible for it to be. Margaret cultivated the acquaintance of all in the neighborhood, which in that region meant within a radius of many miles, and found a delight in bringing into these lives, from her broader college experience, something they never before had had. She found in the lives of these true frontier people a peculiar charm and was welcomed wherever she went. Indeed she found so much to do she could not regret that she was here. If her college friends, in their rush of duties, forgot to write to her as often as they had promised, it was no cause for tears or reproaches. And so it came that if she, who had lived among beautiful mountains, splendid trees and silver mountain brooks and waterfalls, until they seemed almost as much a part of her existence as her daily food, could not find about her the beauty she wished, yet she could love this country for its

brave, sturdy humanity and its atmosphere of helpfulness.

As, at the end of two years of western life, Margaret stood with her brother, on the morning of their departure for their beloved eastern home, there was, in all the gladness of both hearts, a regret for what they were leaving.

The sun was just rising and shining with a mellow light on every thing around. The sky was clear, and as they beheld by that wonderful phe-

nomenon of an open country; the mirage, the little village of fifteen miles distant, seeming to be on the nearest slope of prairie, looking so vividly real, and yet, after all, so like a dream, because of the hazy mist, which seemed to enshroud it, Lloyd said, "It is a fine country, Margaret," and she answered, "Yes, I have found here something I never saw before. Then, my life was like that mirage yonder, not real. The prairies have their beauties after all."

—EVA STUCKEY, '13.

"OTHERS"

The World's Sunday School Motto

By C. D. Meigs.

Lord help me live from day to day,
 In such a self-forgetful way,
 That even when I kneel to pray,
 My prayer shall be for—OTHERS.
 Help me in all the work I do,
 To ever be sincere and true,
 And know that all I'd do for you,
 Must needs be done for—OTHERS.
 Let "Self" be crucified and slain,
 And buried deep; and all in vain,
 May efforts be to rise again,
 Unless to live for—OTHERS.
 And when my work on earth is done,
 And my new work in heaven's begun
 May I forget the crown I've won,
 While thinking still of—OTHERS
 Others, Lord, yes, others.
 Let this my motto be,
 Help me to live for others,
 That I may live like Thee.

The Sandburr

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Contributions.

All friends of York College, graduates and ex-students are invited to contribute to The Sandburr. All material should be sent to the Editor-in-chief.

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Editorial

THE PARTING OF THE WAYS.

Untrammelled Giant of the West,
With all of Nature's gifts endowed,
With all of Heaven's mercies blest,
Nor of thy power unduly proud—
Peerless in courage, force and skill,
And godlike in thy strength of will.
Before thy feet the ways divide:
One path leads up to heights sublime;
Downward the other slopes, where
bide

The refuse and the wrecksof Time.
Choose them, nor falter at the start,
O, choose the nobler path and part!
Be thou the guardian of the weak,
Of the unfriended, thou the friend;
No guerdon for thy valor seek,
No end beyond the avowed end.
Wouldst thou thy godlike power preserve,
Be Godlike in the will to serve!
—JOSEPH B. GILDER.

Vacation next week! Queer how welcome those times always are, isn't it?

The disappearance of the snow makes one fact stand out plainly before us. This is the condition of the campus around the Gymnasium. A collection of the various materials scattered through the grass? would stock up a first class junk shop. However, as we are not in the junk business, a bonfire appeals a little stronger. Why not get together and clean up the campus

some afternoon and then have a college bon fire in the evening. We have one of the prettiest groves in the city if it were cleaned up and leveled off a little. Now is the time to do it if it is to be done this year. Perhaps it would not be considered too radical to even suggest a new side walk to the gymnasium.

The regular one-o'clock prayer meetings which are conducted by the Christian Associations are not attended by many of the students. It is the belief



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