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THE SANDBURR



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NUMBER VIII



THE HEART OF THE COTTON- WOOD.

By Mina Hall Epley.

With what eagerness we are clearing our lands of the cottonwood ! How easily we forget that it was the noneer tree of our State, —the first to guard the settler's cabin against the blasts of winter, and the earliest to throw a greatful shade over his door-yard on the long summer days!

That, you may say, was long ago, and our aopreciatio . r of trees more graceful and ornamental, has quite crowded out any sentiment we may have entertained for the cottonwood. Yet but recently, we tarried for the full circle of a year in an old gray house shaded by a gigantic cottonwood, and, in that time we learned to love it, as I once loved the cottonwoods that sheltered my father's first little cottage on the prairie.

From my bedroom in this old house, a gable window looks out between great branches, and frames a simple picture,— the old well-house, graoe- arbor and garden, a grass-bordered road threading a rural country-side, a cottage or two in the distance, grain fields crowding together against the horizon, and that is all.

No, not quite all, for there is the old

cottonwood. In spring it shakes out long red tassels, some of which can be reached from the sloping, gray roof. Later, the infant leaves burst forth, shinning as though they were varnished; they sparkle in sunshine, twink'e in the moonlight, and make a noise in each passing breeze like the delicate applause of a thousand fairy hands.

When the summer days grow hot, what a delightful shade the old tree casts over the house ! And what a Measure on long afternoons to watch the shadow of full-grown leaves on the sunny wall of the old well-house opposite! For what is more beautiful and restful than the deep embrace of moving foliage on a background of yellow sunshine! Or what is more soothing and mystical than the darker shade of the same boughs, silhouetted against a wall that is silvered over with the radiance of the moon !

But never is the tree so majestic as on a night of storm. On such a night, it pleases us to throw our east window wide open, and gaze out at the panorama of the summer tern rest. We watch the clouds scowling black over the landscape, and the red serpents of the lightning darting in and out of their bosoms. In some of the keener flash®, the whole countryside appears in detail.

Then the wind strikes. The wheat and corn bow low before its irresistible sweep, and the rain comes down like a silvery veil over all the fields.

But the old cottonwood has caught the song of the tempest, first a sigh, then a rustle, then a great roar of heavy foliage that fills the little bed-chamber with a music as deep and beautiful as the diapason of a pipe organ. We listen to it and are calmed.

Somewhere among those gigantic branches, we know, is a little nest. All summer we have seen the baltimore oriole slide in and out of the green branches like flashes of orange-colored flame. Yet we have no fear for the tiny cradle of fibre and down since we know the old tree holds it. It is such a trustworthy friend, so strong and capable and true-hearted, we are certain that it will not fail the little nest.

And when morning comes, when the sunlight washes the earth with new gold, the old tree glistens forth in green radiance, and we hear the oriole's song, sweet, thankful, joyous, as though the very heart of the old tree itself was singing a psalm of praise.

Summer passes. Daily the leaves grow yellow. Some of them are falling. They drop on the sod and form a safe brown covering for the grass and flower seeds. Presently they are all down. It is November, and, up against the blue sky, we can see a wee brown nest, still safe, the "procreant cradle" of the orioles.

And now it is winter. The window is closed. Frost covers the ground, and at night the stars shine like points of

silver, intensely in the blue. Now during the long nights we can listen and hear the old tree whisper;

"I am leafless, but my buds are swelling. It is winter, but spring will dawn again, and I will open new leaves to the sunshine. Then the orioles will come back, and sing and sing, and sing!"

Dear old tree, beloved as a friend, beautiful, trustful, soothing and full of promise! May the "Woodman's ax" never touch you, and may you live another century to bless the world!

GIFT TO THE COLLEGE.

On April 22d. Mr. and Mrs. William Miche, of Aurora, Nebr., gave the college a handsome gift.

These estimable people are members of the church at Aurora, where they have been faithful and true for many years. When the new church was being built, Mr. Miche was its largest donor, and to all the interests of the church, he has been a strong supporter.



About three months ago he gave a parsonage property consisting of a residence and two excellent lots, to the local church, which are estimated to be worth \$3,000.00.

The gift to the college is 80 acres of land, four miles from the city, in one of the best communities and farming sections in the State of Nebraska; valued at \$12,000.00. It is practically all in cultivation, and is known as one of the best eighties in that part of the county.

Mr. and Mrs. Miche have no direct heirs, and while this gift is on the annuity basis, it is recognized as being an excellent investment for them, as well as being a valuable gift to the institution.

How much better, that people should dispose of their property in that way which appeals to them, while they are alive, rather than leaving it to the exigencies of court divisions after their death.

This act of these good people should encourage others to do likewise. President McLaughlin will be glad to correspond with any who may decide to make a profitable investment, either in property or land, in Christian education, and he is to be congratulated on having obtained this valuable gift.

THE SANDBURR STAFF

The duties and responsibilities of the office being fully realized, it requires a rare sort of courage to accept a position on the staff of a college paper. No other group of students find themselves the target of so many eyes, the object of so much criticism. Not even the various athletic teams and their doings are so widely known and so closely ob-

served. Students, Alumni, Faculty and Patrons of the school, all stand in the position of critics, each from his own standpoint, passing judgment, without intimate knowledge of the resources of the staff, and the various demands on their time and strength.

The Editor-in-chief must meet the force of public criticism first and chiefly. He stands as the voice of the school, the spokesman for its many interests. Through his mill, is ground out the monthly grist of news, athletics, social, literary and religious, the cream of the month's events. Therefore it becomes him to be a man long-suffering and sincere, a Job for patience and a Solomon for wisdom. He needs the pen of a ready writer, and a waste basket of a bysmaal depths, whence forbidden matter, inane jokes, and personals too close of fit, may never arise as ghosts to mar his peace. In brief, he must be a man able to consume his own smoke, while he expends unlimited energy on the college and its interests.



Lester M. Mason, our present Editor-in-Chief, has faithfully performed this difficult task, during the present year. For the past six years he has walked to and fro among us, always

courteous, obliging, and reliable. Quiet and unobtrusive, his mind a well for thought and humor that finds rare expression, not many know the real strength and energy that underlies that calm exterior. Mr. Mason has found that editing the Sandburr is no child's play, and he has brought to the task the strength of a sincere nature, bent on the loyal performance of a sacred duty. We believe that he has served us to the best of his ability, honestly and fearlessly. He has the respect and confidence of his teachers and fellow students.



Mrs. Emma H. Weller, Associate Editor of the Sandburr, has been for four years a member of the faculty of York College, and during that time she has won the confidence and esteem of every student in college.

She brings to her work the most unselfish devotion, and her ready sympathy and tact make her a personal friend of every student under her instruction.

Her thorough knowledge of English and her happy faculty of expression have made her a most valuable member of the Sandburr staff, while her contributions have been much appreciated for their real literary merit and have added much brightness and interest to the pages of the Sandburr.



Jennie Muir, literary editor, a direct, sincere nature, as easy of demonstration as any one of the mathematical problems of which she is so fond, we are always sure just where we shall find her, and what the result will be, when any of the practical problems of life are placed before her.

Miss Muir has been with us the past three years, and in that time has proved her capacity for unremitting and effective work, in class, literary society, Y. W. C. A., and other activities of the school, in which she has cheerfully participated. She has given to the Sandburr the same direct and careful effort, that has signalized her in other departments of the school.



Mina Hall Epley, exchange editor, is so well known, from her literary work, that little need be said, except by way of remembrance. She has already given to the world the product of a gifted and cultured mind, in her "Winning the Crown," and other stories and poems and criticisms. As exchange editor of the Sandburr, she has shown her usual good taste and judgment, in her estimates of other periodicals that come to our exchange tables, and though limited to one side of a versatile intellect, she has shown herself an appreciative and just critic.



Ashbell Vannice, society editor, has been with us the past five years. Always a Christian gentleman, a kind and

sympathetic friend he has endeared himself to all his associates. "Van" is always at the post of duty, ready for any service in which he may be useful. All the college organizations reach for their share of his sympathy and assistance, and his ready smile and cheery words have lightened many a heavy load for his fellow workers. As Society Editor he has kept us supplied with facts concerning the workings of the college organizations, and with justice to all.



L. R. Gregory, Burrs — Mr. Gregory was a student at York College some years ago, but for the past four years, has been engaged in public school work, and as the Supt. of Schools at Cowles, Nebr., has shown himself a master in his profession, building up the school, and endearing himself to pupils and patrons.

Now he is spending another year in York College, that he may prepare for greater efficiency in the future. He is a young man of integrity and energy, an athlete, a thorough student and an all-round man. He has brought us the burrs from time to time picking them up, sometimes with difficulty, always with judgment and good taste.



Irving P. Beckett, local editor, came to us from Colorado at the beginning of the year. Mr. Beckett has also been a public school teacher, and is here to pursue still farther an education, the foundation of which is already well laid. He has proved himself so thoroughly willing and efficient, that there is scarcely any department of the school, that has not made demands on his time and talent. His kind and sympathetic nature leads him to enter heartily and unselfishly into all that is for the good of the school. His wide sympathies and faithful work well fit him to gather up items of interest to all, and to put them into well chosen and attractive words.



Pauline Parks, another local editor, is a resident of the city of York, having lived here all her life, and is in

touch, not only with the college, where she has been a student this year, but with the town as well. Miss Parks came to us from the York High School, a graduate of last year. She has been pursuing a business course in York College, and has shown herself a bright and thorough student. The keenness of her intellect, the sweetness of her nature, her glowing enthusiasm, and her general ability and willingness to do things, make her a general favorite, and give her access to all. Miss Parks is an honor to the High School and the College.



Hazel Johns, also local editor, has been a student in York College for three years, coming to us from the eighth grade of the York schools. This year she is completing a course in stenography in York College. Quick and keen, always alert, Miss Johns has an eye on all that is passing. Thus she is able to gather up many items of news, that might escape the attention of others.

In her work in the Academy, as well as in the Commercial Department, Miss Johns has impressed her personality on all with whom she associates, as positive, direct, fun-loving and cheery. Many of the brightest sayings in the Sandburr have been from her pen.



Clarence Rice, local editor, came here in September as Freshman. Although a stranger to all, Mr. Rice has made many friends. His quiet ways and faithful work have proved him to be a young man of sterling worth. Always prompt and reliable in his classes, ambitious to excell, and gentle in his manners, he has made himself a place in the hearts of his teachers, and in the school. He has been useful to the Sandburr in many ways, and helped to make it a success.



Charles Bowers, '13, has represented the Alumni this year. His home is here in York, and he has been a student in the York schools. His interest in the college is deep and sincere, as his acquaintance with it is extended and varied. Mr. Bowers has been an enthusiast for athletics, all through his

college course, being a star basket-ball player, also interested in other sports. This year he has been coach for the basket-ball team, and led them to victory on many occasions. He is also one of President McLaughlin's assistants and knows much of the inside work of the school. He has visited many of the surrounding High Schools in the interest of the college, and has made himself generally useful.



John W. Rollings, business manager, together with his colleague, has found the business management of the Sandburr to be no easy task. Notwithstanding the difficulty of planning and carrying out plans, for the financial success of the college paper, when times are depressed, these two young men have made a notable success. Mr. Rollings is the successful pastor of a church, while carrying on his school work, and assisting in the college interests in other ways. He has been a student in York College for three years. His merry laugh and quick footsteps, always herald his coming, and his genuine enthusiasm is always contagious. When a rally is at hand, it only needs "Johnnie" at the head to make it a rousing success. The Sandburr safety trusts its interests to him.

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