

THE
SANDBURR



THE SANDBURR

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A DIARY

Ed. Note:—Miss Bucy attended the Y. W. C. A. Conference at Estes Park, Colorado, last summer and has permitted us to enjoy part of it with her, by means of a glimpse into her diary.
Monday, August 24th.

We left St. Paul at 9:00 this A. M. for Hastings and after a few hours delay were on our way to Denver.
Tuesday, August 25th.

This morning when we first peeped from the window, just plain prairie lay on all sides, dotted now and then with a shanty or perhaps a fence. At last we found that we were slowly wending our way into the city, which seemed from afar to be peacefully lying there and protected by those immense mountains. But when we five girls were informed that we were there, our impression of the quiet city was changed, for all was hustle and hurry.

After hunting for three-quarters of an hour we found a place where we could get something to eat without the presence of a bar in the dining room. After a hurried lunch we were off in an auto., to see Denver.

At 3:00 P. M. we found ourselves Bound for Loveland, along with a host of other girls. About 5:15 found us Loveland, all scrambling for a place in a steam auto for Estes Park, and we were soon snugly tucked in with eleven other girls. Oh that glorious ride of thirty-two miles, following the Big Thompson river! Words cannot de-scribe the beauty of this road. As we were winding around higher and higher, watching the clouds, first at a distance, then right in their midst, we each felt that only God in all His greatness, could create such beauty. At the half-way inn, we found those beautiful clouds were damp. Just at twilight the pine trees and mountains were enclosed in the most beautiful color—just purplish blue of which dreamers have dreamed. Then to make all this complete, in each quiet nook and corner a little log cabin cuddled close to the side of a protecting peak and sent; up a great curl of smoke or beamed forth a tiny light. Now and then a fisherman stood, anxiously waiting to provide his portion of the supper. Then darkness settled upon us and just the tiny lights



COTNER 13—YORK O.

On Saturday, Oct. 17th, York College went down to defeat before the attacks of the Cotner Bulldogs by the score of 13 to 0. The teams were evenly matched as to weight, but the home boys lacked their usual peppery style of play, which characterized the playing of the bulldogs. The first being a zero for each team. The game at the beginning looked like an easy victory for the home team, but just when they would be **in** striking distance of their opponent's goal, the ball would be lost, usually on a fumble. The second quarter was a heart-breaker. Play started with Cotner in possession of the ball. By means of a beautifully executed forward pass, the Bulldogs made her first touchdown. Before the quarter ended another touchdown was made by Cotner, the ball being carried over by Strain. The half ended with the score: Cotner 13, York O. The last half was hotly contested, neither side could be given a decision. The ball was in the middle of the field most of the time with both teams trying in vain to break down the stone wall defense of their

opponents. Neither side was able to score this half and the game ended with Cotner holding the large end of a 13 to 0 score.

LINEUP

YORK :—Graham, R. E.; Bland R. T.; Isch, Davidson, R. G.; Mulvaney. C.; Ankeny, I. G.; Partlow, L. T.; Porter. Gregory, L. E.; Van DeCar, Q. B.; Froid, R. H.; May. F. B.; Schmelzel. L. H.

COTNER :—Strain, R. E.; Brumbaugh, R. T.; Hageman, R. C. ; Par-minter, C. ; Britt, L. G.; Brokow. L. T. ; Davenport, Thomas, L, F. Strain, (c), Q. B.; Knappyle. R. I I .: Moss, F. I I.; Johnson, L. H.

KEARNEY 74—YORK O.

On October 24, the York College team invaded the West, Kearney Normal being their destination. The football game was played as one of the past-times of this invasion. The result was awful, but we were not beaten, if the score was against us. In view of the fact that we had to work out a new hack field, and several shifts being made in the line just one week previous to this game. We should not feel dis-

clean contest, in view of the fact that neither the umpire nor the head-linesman blew their whistles. It takes more than one official for a football game.

The following men accompanied by Coach Swan made the trip : Gregory. Bland, Ankeny, Davidson, Isch, Cobe. Porter, Rollings, Benson, Saunders. Partlow, Graham, Berger and Van De-Car.

YORK 21—OMAHA UNL 13.

On Oct. 30, the Omaha Uni. grid-iron warriors took defeat from the York College athletes to the tune of 21 to 13. York secured the choice of goals and chose to defend the west chalk line. Omaha kicked off to York. Van-DeCar returned the ball to the middle of the field. At this time the music began and the rooters began to make some noise. By a series of line mashes, the York athletes marched down the field for the first touchdown, Partlow carrying the ball across. He kicked goal, making the score 7 at the very beginning. York now kicked to Omaha. They returned the ball fifteen yards but soon lost it on downs. With the ball again in our possession, another attack was made on the Omaha line, but holes were not in evidence now, and on the fourth down it was necessary to make five yards. An attempt was made for a drop kick. The ball went about a foot below the cross bar, although not a counter it was a good attempt as the kick was made from the forty-five yard line. The quarter ended with the ball in the middle of the field. The second quarter was Omaha's quarter as luck seemed to be breaking her way. About the middle of this session Omaha was held for downs and was forced to punt. The punt was a long one, the ball

striking the ground a short distance in front of the goal line. The oval, treacherous in its bouncing, finally came in contact with the knee of a York player and then glided over the line where an Omaha player falling on it, registered their first touchdown. They failed to kick goal. The remainder of the quarter was spent in the middle of the field. Score first half; York 7—Omaha Uni, 6.

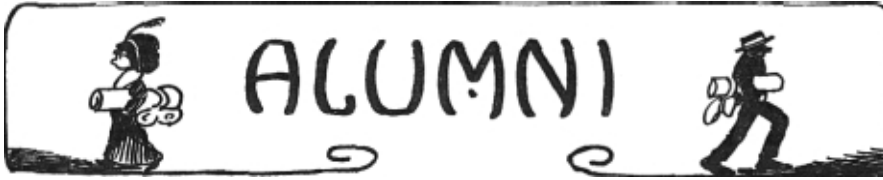
The second half started out in much the same way as the first. York kicked to Omaha, but they lost the ball on a fumble. By another series of line smashes and end runs the ball was carried across by Graham for another touchdown. Partlow kicked goal. This raised the count to fourteen. Omaha came back strong in the same quarter. When it looked like another touchdown was in store for us, an Omaha man intercepted a forward pass and ran seventy yards for their second touchdown. The quarter ended York 14—Omaha 13,

The final quarter was York's round Partlow carried the ball to Omaha's two yard line, when Van DeCar carried it across for the final counter. Partlow kicked goal. The quarter ended with the ball in York's possession on Omaha's twenty yard line. York was penalized 80 yards to Omaha's 30.

LINEUP.

YORK :—Gregory. R. E. ; Bland, R. T. ; Colic, Mulvaney. R. G. ; Davidson. C.: Ankeny, L. G.; Porter, L. T.; Valentine, L. E.; Van DeCar, Q. B.; Hen-son, Saunders, R. H.; Partlow, F. B.: Graham. L. H.

OMAHA:—Stinioson, R. E.; Siebert. R. T. ; Debolt, R. G. ; Mathewson. C.: Hanisch, L. G. ; Jorgenson. L. T.; Durkee, L. E.: Selby. Q. B.: Jenks, P. H.; Bruce, F. B.: Adams, I.. 11.



AND SAMSON SLEPT ON.

Tradition has it among those quaint, yellow-skinned people of the land of China that in the days before America ever thought of being discovered if one those pig-tailed human creatures fell ill from eating some particular thing, his first medical provision was a red-hot coal. This he quickly swallowed. His second medical provision was a gram or two of gunpowder. This he likewise swallowed. The coal exploded the powder; the explosion expelled through his mouth the offensive food; the expulsion made him well; his being well caused him to do two days labor in one. Tradition, of course. Fellow Alumni, it appears, from casual observation at least, that we have been ill in the past as to our progressive actions and have found it out and have swallowed the red-hot coal. At least there was manifest at our last annual meeting a burning desire to accomplish something definite. But the trouble is n e haven't the nerve to swallow the gun-powder and get an explosion of definite action. We may burn and burn with a desire to do something until we hum out ; the thing to do is to formulate a definite plan, then act. But neither can we meet the afternoon previous us the annual meeting and perfect out plan in twenty minutes then expect it to succeed.

The purpose of this article is to evoke some thought along this line between now and the coming annual alumni meeting in June of 1915. An Alumni association should be the back bone of a college; but if it lies dormant

most of the time, it surely wont per-form the functions of even a short rib. Good old Samson was a mighty man: he possessed super-human physical strength. But he went to sleep and cunning Delilah stripped him of his power by shaving his head of its elegant hair. He was awakened, only to fall into the hands of the Philistines. Our alumni association will awake only to find that it has been slumbering in the lap of time and she has shorn it of its possible strength.

Never was York College more progressive than at the present time. But nevertheless, she was never more in need of full-souled support from her graduated students. The faster a ma-chine moves, the more power it takes to maintain that speed. If present indications are a criterion of the future, the college is entering upon a momentous change in its career—a change which is destined to augment her influence and enlarge her capacity for service. To meet the res^ponsibilities of this enlargement every possible source of support must be relied upon. The past hut voices our own experience it attributes success in any institution to the combined efforts of all factors concerned. Success comes not from the president and him only. A high standard of scholasticism may be the product of an excellent faculty. Lively and progressive college organizations may be the product of an enthusiastic student body. But neither one of these alone can make a college. That time worn adage, "in unity there is strength" is not so out of date as some may lead us to believe.

Fellow alumni, spare the time to consider our duties to our Alma Mater. Sit down and actually think on the subject and if you arrive at a definite plan let us hear from you. Agitation is a sure way of getting something started even though it is not exactly what we want. The man who does things makes many mistakes, you know, but he never makes the biggest mistake of all—doing nothing. Also, remember that the man who sat on the log with ax in hand waiting to get warm, froze to death. Opportunities are profuse, but if we cannot find the right opportunity let us make one.

Let's swallow the gun-power. Let' wake up before we get what Samson got. The college educated you; she gently caressed you into more whole-some living; she has prospered you; she has deepened your basic principles of life. A little service in return would not be unappreciated.

WAYNE SOPER.

President of Alumni Association.

Chas. A. Bowers, '13, has taken the place of A. C. Graham, '13, in the St. Edwards school. Mr. Graham has been forced to give up the work on account of serious illness. Bowers writes enthusiastically of his experiences.

Miss Effie Cline, '11, is attending school again in the University at Seattle. Wash.

Ross Ware, '12, is still enjoying life in McCool, where he is engaged in the hardware business. Mr. and Mrs. Ware are frequent York visitors.

Mrs. C. E. Spore, 94, is spending the remaining year of their furlough from China at the old home of Mr. Spore in Oakland City, Ind.

Robert Getty, '11 continues to be a faithful servant of Uncle Sam. We wonder if he still wears his old time smile.

Rob't. Weller, '13, is continuing his work in the High School at Bartley, Neb. Bob did some exceptionally fine work last year in more lines than one and we are watching for the square, white envelope which will announce the culmination of his efforts in one of those lines.

We are wondering how many "Doodle-Bugs" have been roped and killed so far in the Alumni hunt. We sincerely hope that all "aforementioned Doodle-Bugs" may be chased off the hunting grounds this winter so that next year we can load for bear. But people, be careful with the guns this year for if any of those bullets went astray or missed the "bug" they might do a world of damage (to some other variety of in-sect.)

The fact that a college football team has appeared on the girdiron together with the formation of two new literary societies, is pleasing news to the Alumni. These two lines of activity should be developed together. And while athletic victories are fine, and contribute much to the spirit and name of the school, they call for an equal endeavor in that other field of work, the intellectual. A good football and basket-ball team requires a winning orator and debating team to make a balance. A suggestion, gained from experience, would be this : Start your debate work now, before Thanksgiving and arrange a schedule. The Alumni will expect their school to hold up a name of honor in each of the Inter-Collegiate activities.



Exchanges

We are glad to welcome the Gold and Blue to our tables once more. Your paper is neat and well arranged. The cuts are good and help out. Your idea of having class reports is good. Your articles on "Gold and Blue Activities," and "Come Backs" are very good. No one learns the value of contributing to a college paper until he has done so. Also, we should be charitable with respect to the mistakes of others, since it is common for human beings to err and be as instrumental as possible in helping them to a more consistent life. The stories entitled "The Story Of a Lake," and "Maids" are good.

The Wesleyan is an up-to-date college paper and we are always glad to welcome it to our library tables. Your idea of putting the "ads" with the locals is a good thing for the "ads" but hats rather a demoralizing effect on the local department. Why not keep them separate. A few more locals would help out. The "Poet's Corner," is all right. Enlarge it. Your editorial department is quite complete. A real literary article occasionally would add greatly to your paper. An athletic cartoon or cut would also be helpful.

We are glad to see the Advocate and to welcome it. Your paper is neat.

The Nubbin is a most welcome visitor. Your paper is neat and orderly.

The Otterbein Argis is always welcome. Your paper is excellent. Its pages contain much solid and wholesome material. The sketch you have taken from

the Ohio State Lantern we wish to pass on to all readers of the Sandburr. The article has just treated of the advantages of the student and the sacrifice made back home, and then follows with what the student owes in return. "Also he owes it to his parents, his sisters and brothers to give them an intelligent account of his life at the University. Not a note saying, All well, hope you are the same, send another check ;' but a lengthy letter full of details and appreciative touches. Someday, and a very few years from now, probably, you will be wearing a white carnation in honor of your mother. (You may be wearing one now.) Then you will be glad that you wrote her often, and that you told her frankly that you appreciated her. If you do not write her often, you will be sorry with a sorrow that cannot be atoned for by a carnation on Mother's Day. A few post cards to your friends will serve to keep alive friendships, that have become strained a little since you have come to college. After all the home folks are a pretty good sort."

We are glad to look upon the pages of the Volante again. A real literary article would add greatly to your paper.

The Cotner Collegian is with us again and we are glad to see it. Your paper is quite complete.

The Antelope is another welcome guest and we look with pleasure upon its pages. We are glad to see some literary material which is lacking in some of the weekly college papers.

from the cabins welcomed us until we arrived at the conference ground. We topped at the Administration building, but some kind boy came out and called the glad greeting, "To the Dining Hall."

We have just registered and been as-signed to our cabins. I find myself nicely located in a cool cabin with eight other girls, three from Wesleyan, two from Hastings, and three from Lincoln High.

Wednesday, August 26th.

About 5:00 this morning I awoke and found myself being shaken and called to look. The sun was sending forth radiant beams on the other side of the mountains which were invisible to us except as they mingled with the clouds at the tops of those great peaks. "God plowed one day with an earthquake and drove his furrows deep! The budding plains upstarted. The hills were all aleap!"

Who could behold this wonderful beauty, breathe the pure air, look upon the grandeur of the mountains and not feel a deeper spirit of reverence and worship toward the God who created all of this?

As we stepped outside our cabin and looked at the other cabins in the circle, we realized that we were just part of a large family, for these cabins were filled with the three hundred and fifty girls from Texas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Mississippi, Nebraska, south Dakota, Colorado and Kansas, which boasted of the largest delegation. We realized it even more as we went to the dining hall and there really met the girls. After breakfast I enrolled in two classes—Bible with Dr. Loustuter, of Denver, and Mission with Miss Corbett.

Our first hike in the mountains was this afternoon. Just back of our cabin the river is always murmuring and muttering and we started out to find the cause. After training along we suddenly found that there in the stream were standing great stately boulders. We climbed over these and really- felt the cooling stream.

Thursday, August 27th.

This P. M. found us on the High Drive. Fourteen carriages, all filled with girls started about 2:00 P. M. We really had the experience of being with the clouds full of rain. We stopped at the Horseshoe Inn, which peacefully resides in a quiet, little valley that is refreshed by a little stream. This stream glides along so calmly, but there is no wonder. I'd think it would be happy after hurrying through one of those deco gorges. On our way back we stopped at a fishery. There we saw the baby fish which are too small to be in the open, and also their home in the open reservoirs before they are sent to the streams.

Friday, August 28th.

Today we were in the regions of snow. It was so cold that it seemed it would be impossible for it to thaw out. We left Estes Park about 1:15 for Long's Peak Inn. The drive was greater and grander than the others. The road was built through a great pine forest, steadily upward for two thousand feet. Then nestling in the midst of these peaks was Long's Peak Inn, the home of Enos, Mills, the great American Naturalist. The fire-place sighing with its load of wood sent out welcome heat. Behind the Inn a happy

mountain brook came chattering down, stopping in its quiet way to play under a veranda, and then went on its way again. We arrived home too late for supper. Sad indeed ! Saturday, August 29th.

We walked to the village and in the evening lunches were given us. Just back of the grounds on a small foot-hill was the scene of a merry bunch of girls readily partaking of a mountain lunch. Then all joined hands and danced and sang around the huge bon-fire. As the flames became smaller all sat around and eagerly listened to Enos Mills as he related his experiences and told of the animals of that section, their habits, etc., Sunday, August 30th.

After breakfast we had about two and a half hours until time for the meeting. Six of us girls climbed to the top of Nat Alt. We looked small and insignificant but yet when we reached the top, we realized that we were above the clouds.

Denominational meetings were held in the afternoon and there we met with the leader who was representing the denomination to which each belonged Monday, August 31st.

The trip today was the most interest-ing of all. We took a hike to Moraine Park and then to the Beaver's dam. We waited patiently to see one of the busy creatures but finally decided that we were too "chattery." But their work of building houses and dams, and the carrying of food was intensely interesting. Tuesday, September 1st.

This P. M. we went on a hike to 'he Wigwam. There we met the lady of the house who, although a well educated, intelligent woman, has become disgusted with the world and has built a

small log cabin that she may live in seclusion. Yet we noticed that a visitor from the outside world was gladly received.

Wednesday, September 2.

This morning we felt that our time was fast slipping by and not a minute was to be lost. So at an early hour one might have seen the members of our cabin, each bearing a burden, and steadily climbing to the top of a mountain. But hunger was a very close companion and induced us to stop by the way-side, build our fire, and attempt to cook our breakfast. Such a feast and such enjoyment!

After satisfying our appetites we climbed to the top of the mountain. As we sat on one of those rocks talking of the help and inspiration those leaders, the girls and the mountains had given us, we knew why Christ had used the mountains as an amphitheater in which to teach his followers.

Thursday, September 3rd.

The last day of the conference is tinged with sadness when the farewells are said. Friendships formed in a week seem like friendships of a life time. These girls are all ready to go back to their work, many never to meet here again, yet we know and are happy that each will go home with a new vision of life and a new purpose, each one more ready to do the Master's will.

"Look upon the mountain and be rested,
On Him and be radiant,
On the field and he ready."

MARY R. BUCY, '15.

SHOSHONE FALLS.

Through the rough, rocky plateau west of the Rocky Mountains, flows the Snake River. Beginning in the sagebrush plains of Wyoming, it winds about among the mountains of Idaho, until it finds its way into the valley of Oregon.

Near the city of Twin Falls, Idaho, it is about a quarter of a mile wide, and flows through a deep canyon, which varies from six hundred to eight hundred feet in depth. Although the river has cut this deep gorge through the level plateau, it is not a swift stream, one would suppose, but looks very much like a series of small lakes, and drops from one level to a lower by rapids or falls.

Here in this deep gorge are the Shoshone Falls. When I first saw them from the edge of the chasm, a feeling came over me that I cannot describe. Six hundred feet below me was the great fall. It was about fifteen hundred feet wide and two hundred and twelve feet high. It was semi-circular in shape, and where it fell from the rock was snowy white, while above it a cloud of spray rose to a great height. Across this spray, the slanting rays of the afternoon sun threw a beautiful rainbow.

Some distance above the fall the water is as calm and tranquil as a lake, and a ferryboat plies slowly back and forth carrying passengers from one side of the river to the other. But when about three hundred yards from the fall, the water descends about fifty feet in a series of rapids and small cataracts. Just above the fall in the center of the stream is a large rock called "Eagle's Rock," from an eagle which had built there to the right of this,

are two small falls, side by side, separated only by a small rock, which are called "Lover's Leap." On the left bank of the stream near the edge of the fall is a large hotel, where during the summer many tourists stop to view this, one of Nature's most beautiful places.

After a rough, tiresome climb down the rocky wall of the canyon. I reached the hotel, and near it found an old stairway down the steep precipice to the foot of the falls. The lower part of this stairway was broken by the rough, sloping wall into several small, rudely-constructed flights.

Descending this stairway, I found myself at the water's edge. All about me were sticks and stones, all of which were smooth and rounded by the action of the water, and by striking the rocks along the edge of the river as they came down the current.

On the other side of the river opposite where I stood was the power-house of the Twin Falls Electric Co., a large, three-story structure, showing very dimly through the cloud of spray which hung over the river.

Wishing to get closer to the falls, I clambered over the wet rocks along the river's edge, and worked my way along the wall until within one-hundred yards of the foot, where, sheltered by a large rock from the spray which fell like rain, I felt more than ever its beauty and power. The water, white and foamy from being dashed about among the rocks above, plunged with a deafening roar into the stream below, while beside me the river was lashing its rocky shore, as if angry at being thus disturbed in its peaceful flow through the plateau.

BYRON TATLOW,
First Academy

A TRIP TO THE ISLE OF
MARKEN.

Holland is a most delightful country for the tourist because it lives up so faithfully to all the advance advertising. The windmills, canals, dikes and other characteristically Dutch things are all there and are even more numerous than I, at least, had expected. I was not like W. Y. Morgan, the Kansas editor, who said after his return from Holland that he had been much disappointed because the cows in the pastures were not blue as he had always seen them on the Delft China. For my part, I was very well satisfied with the sleek black and white ones.

Of course if one expects to see the streets of the Dutch cities swarming with people in wooden shoes, he is doomed to disappointment, for the fashions in Amsterdam are very much the same as in New York or Chicago. I did see a few delightfully-picturesque peasant costumes in the quaint, old town of Delft. but to see them in all their glory, one should take a trip from Amsterdam to the Isle of Marken and the so called "dead cities" of the Zuider Zee. I made the trip on the Fourth of July and heartily recommend it to anyone who wants a unique way of celebrating.

Personally conducted parties are not usually much of a joy to the traveler who wishes to get out of the beaten paths, but sometimes it is necessary to save one's time and for that reason the little group of friends with whom I was travelling joined one of Cook's parties for that day. We left the ferry

station at ten o'clock, feeling somewhat disappointed and unpatriotic because we had been unable that morning to see the sights about us. While crossing the Y. as they call the arm of the Zuider Zee which furnishes Amsterdam with a harbor, our attention was first called to the old "Weeping Tower." This is a stone structure on the shore from which the women of Amsterdam used to wave farewell to the husbands and sons as they started out on their uncertain fishing expeditions.

From the other side of the Y we took the steam train to Broek, a little inland village. As we stepped from the car there we were instantly surrounded by a number of men and boys with small baskets of fruit which they were eager to sell to the tourists. One of my friends and myself stopped long enough to make a purchase; and then, eating the delicious, big, red cherries, strolled on up the shady little street, not caring a bit that the rest of the party had left us behind. We didn't want to be personally conducted anyway. We had not gone very far with our exploration when a toothless, old Dutchman stepped out of his gate and very cordially invited us, by means of signs to go in to see his house. What luck! for had we not been longing to see a real Dutch interior? We went in, of course, and marveled at the spotlessness of the little play house,—for so it almost seemed. We admired the old pewter and shining brass utensils and even took a peep into a funny, little bed, which was made in a hole in the wall.

It is no wonder the Dutch do not grow tall, for their beds are so short. The obliging old gentleman kindly offered to pose for some snapshots too; but when we went out at the gate he was there before us holding out his hand for a fee. This, naturally, rather dampened our enthusiasm over Dutch hospitality but we were ready, nevertheless, a few moments later to accept an invitation to inspect a cheese farm. The cheese making for that day was over but we saw the nice fresh cheese in the press, and had the process very carefully explained to us—but it was in Dutch, so I'm not prepared to give the recipe. To me the most striking feature of the dairy which was really a part of the house was the fact that the stalls for the cows each had a lace-curtained window. Ever since as a little girl I read "Rollo's Tour in Holland," I had wanted to see such a dairy as he described, but didn't suppose I ever should. I was just a little bit skeptical about the lace curtain. Having seen them, then, I could not possibly be disappointed in Holland.

From Broek we continued by train as far as Edam. There was not time to stop long there, but we walked through the town to the canal, passing a number of places where the Edam cheese was being made.

In going from Edam to Volendam, a distance of about two miles, we experienced something new in the way of transportation. In a house boat we were taken up the canal by two sturdy men, one of them pulling from the bank by means of a rope attached to the front of the boat, and the other pushing with a pole from the rear. I can't say that I particularly enjoy that

method of locomotion, for I found myself pitying the man with the pole when I should have been enjoying the Dutch landscape. I was told that the Dutch women sometimes work as drudges, towing boats on the canals, but I myself did not see any.

Upon reaching Volendam, we made our way through some extremely narrow streets, where there was scarcely room at times for pedestrians to pass to the rambling old hotel. There our fish dinner was served in a pleasant glass-enclosed dining room looking out upon the Zuider Zee. The scene was a superlatively peaceful one, with nothing in view but the calm, gray-blue water of the vast inland sea and the sails of a few lazy fishing boats against the gray sky. We did not tarry after our meal however, for we had seen some other interesting sights outside which attracted us. Upon reaching the street we saw a crowd of children thumping along in their wooden shoes on the way to school. It seemed as if all the Dutch children in all the Dutch pictures we had ever seen were turned loose in that one street. However much they looked to us like pictures, they were very much alive, and worldly wise little creatures, too. So eager were they to earn money that they spoiled all our fun by posing when we tried to get snapshots of them. It was impossible to get a single child in a picture for the instant one opened his camera, a whole group would be before him, all clamoring for coins. Not wishing to become altogether impoverished we turned in the direction of the shore, which was well lined with battered sail boats.

But we soon discovered that it was not only the children who had been spoiled by tourists, for all around the wharf were wrinkled, old Dutchmen in the characteristic brown knickerbockers and brick-red woolen shirts, awaiting the opportunity to pose for some generous photographer.

After this experience, I can hardly guess from what source the inhabitants of Volendam derive the most of their living; from their fishing or from the tourists. Nevertheless, in spite of the feeling that Volendam was picturesque, because it was its business to be so, I thought it one of the most delightfully quaint old places I had ever seen, and I was sorry to leave it when the time came to get into one of the fishing boats to go over to the Isle of Marken.

This island which lies out in the Zuider Zec out of sight of the main-land, was picturesque too, but I did not like it so well because it has still more of the atmosphere of professionalism than Volendam, and altogether too much of the appearance of being a show place. In fact, it was almost impossible to escape from some of the young girls who were trying to sell souvenirs,—post cards and Dutch caps mostly. The people of the island fish sometimes, no doubt, for all along the shore was a double line of boats ; which looked as though they had seen much service: but in the tourist season the tourists were the fishes for which they cast their bait.

The women of Marken wear the regular Dutch peasant costumes consisting of full, short skirts, tight bodices, wooden shoes and caps. But instead of the pretty white starched caps we had seen at Volendam and elsewhere, we found the women here wearing heavy, bunglesome affairs which really consisted of five caps in one. The one placed on the outside, from beneath which the other pieces could be seen peeping out, was always of bright calico. They were distinctive at least, if not pretty. The girls wear them with a long curl escaping at each side of the face, but after marriage the curls are cut off.

The last place we visited on the trip was Monikendam, on the mainland, to which we returned by motor boat. This city used to have a population of 20,-000, but now has only 3,000, the trade having been drawn away by Amsterdam; hence the term "dead city" which is applied to it. The most noticeable feature here was the scrubbing and window-cleaning. Surely the Dutch are persistent in the matter of scrubbing, but in spite of that the proverbial Dutch cleanliness isn't always realized. Although the cleaning is very conspicuous, obtrusively so, in fact,—there is nearly always a thin coat of mud over the walks and streets. This is true even of Kalver Street in Amsterdam, where the most aristocratic shops are located. But, at least, we must give them credit for the effort.

E. ETHEL CLARKE.

You will make a touch down if you get your furniture and rugs of

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