

W. W. Graham

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Page 12

13/3



Page 13 - (a.e) Senior year

The Sandburr

December 1912

Christmas Number



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PHOTOS

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HANNIS' GIFT SHOP



The Sandburr



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NUMBER 3



Literary



Seated tonight in my hotel,
I am weary and ill at ease,
And my fingers wander idly
Among the numerous leaves.

Of the book that I am reading
And I fall to dreaming, so;
And there comes a train of reverie
That thrills me through and through.

For I meet in the deepening twilight
The faces of old-time friends,
And feel the joy and contentment
That the blessing of memory lends.

I am thinking of old York College,
And its teachers and students true;
And the scene spreads out before me
Just how we used to do.

Yet there is a feeling of sadness
For we have parted been;
And the question keeps coming to
me
Will we ever meet again?

Let me picture what each is doing,
What mission each fills in life,
And I'll feel rested and happy
After this day of strife.

Ah! 'tis a sweet retrospection,
This thinking of days gone by.
But the question again comes to me
Are we parted forever and aye?

We'll meet no more in this world,
So full of pleasure and pain;
'Twill be only in heaven
That we'll meet each other again.
Jennie Johns '13.

THE MASTER.

It was a cold, cruel night. The snow lying on the ground, smiled back at the haughty moon in mocking levity. The wind seemed to mimic the cry of anguished souls of mankind, in its complaining. It was almost as if nature, becoming desperate in the long struggle for warmth, had extinguished the last spark of her life, and now lay pale and dying under this, the last, moon of the old year, which shone down with almost especial derision upon a wide lonely street, where stood an old colonial house.

Inside, all was dark, with exception of a glimmering light shining from the fireplace in a room, which faced the street. By the window, there stood a woman with face upturned looking out upon the winter scene. Her eyes were hard and her lips were set in derisive lines as her thoughts went back over the occurrences of the evening. She had just returned from a ball where the Goddess, "Society" had been worshipped in all her heathenish splendor. From another room came the sound of a clock striking the midnight

hour. The woman moved impatiently at the sound.

"Oh God!" she murmured. "The mockery of it all! The empty thoughts! The frivolous heads! The sinful hearts! Society! Bah! What is she but a mythical fury, who dooms her victims the while she seems to smile on them. What is this life but an empty sham devoid of any happiness. Even nature scorns us, and, I, Oh God! I, especially, am a sham, my life is especially empty, my heart is especially hard. I sent her away, my only sister. I attempted to force her to renounce her work among the lowly and when she would not, I sent her away with bitter words and an unforgiving heart; and I cannot, I will not call her back. She left her place in society voluntarily. She cast it rudely aside. She gave up her home and me, her proud sister. She is poor and life is hard for her but she chose and society, proud demon, forbids her return and I dare not disobey."

She sank down to a seat on the floor and rested her head on the window sill, looking out into the lonely night.

Then there came to her, born upon the midnight air, the sound of bells ringing and again her lips moved.

"And this is the night Christ was born, the Savior, who is supposed to bring peace into all hearts. And yet what is he to me? A name that is all. What influence does his birth day have on my life? Only added bitterness."

Again she lapsed into silence and was so quiet that a little mouse ran from its hole in the corner and scampered about unafraid.

Suddenly the face of the moon lost

its mocking appearance and melted into a tender, hovering light, the howling of the wind softened into balmy murmuring music, the hard white snow changed into a green bed of grass and she found herself in an oriental country. No longer was the night hard and cruel but soft and balmy and soothing as a mother's hand, and her soul's bitter complaining seemed to be still. Far in the distance came the sound of singing and the music was the most beautiful she had ever heard. In the eastern sky a light began to dawn, like the rising sun, only far more brilliant, and it grew until the whole sky was a limelight of splendor. The Heavens opened as a curtain and a figure began to descend, and that figure was surrounded by Heaven's own glory. As it drew nearer, she could see the face and it was like none she had ever seen before, so loving was the expression.

Then she noticed that the Heavenly visitor was surrounded by myriads of shining ones who sang and the words were "Peace on earth, Good will toward men."

Finally the voices were silent and another voice, sweeter by far fell upon her listening ear. "I have called you," it said, "Follow me." A hand was extended and laid upon her brow and, at that touch, the hardness melted from her heart.

"The master," she cried, the "Savior," and again the Lord said "Follow me."

The vision vanished. The wind changed its soft murmuring to a complaining howl. The moon ceased to brood, with maternal gentleness upon the waiting earth and again smiled in derision. It became cold and the snow again mock-

ed at the sky.

The log in the fireplace burned through and fell with a crash, the little mouse, terrified, ran back to its hole, and the woman stirred. She rose to her feet and as she saw again the cold outdoors the same and yet so different, she raised her hands high above her head and cried.

"It was only a dream and yet, Oh God! I thank thee! It has opened my eyes to myself. It has given me a vision of a better, a purer, a holier life. It has put the Christmas peace in my heart."

The next morning, a lonely sister in her little home among the poor, to whom her name was love, received a note which read:

"Come home, I want you Sister."

A few hours later two sisters met again after many years estrangement and so great is the power of forgiveness in the heart, that it seemed as if the angels in Heaven looking down saw that reunion and burst out into a more melodious song at the joy of it. And God himself, seemed to hold out his hands in Benediction so infinite was the Christmas peace.

Irene Hamilton, '13.

CHRISTMAS TRANSLATED

Christmas Translated from "Gluck Auf" by Amelia Schaum '18.

"Oh fir tree, O fir tree,
How beautiful are thy leaves!
Thou greens't not only in the Summer time,
No also in the winter, when it snows.

O fir tree, O fir tree,
How faithful are thy leaves!"

So the German children sing at the greatest festival of the German's the Xmas festival,

The most beautiful part of the festival is the holy evening or Xmas evening. That is the evening of the twenty-fourth of December. Parents and children make great preparation for this evening. The mother bakes and cooks in the kitchen. She, herself bakes the many Christmas cakes. The father and the mother buy many beautiful gifts for the children. The children also have Christmas gifts for the parents. These gifts they have mostly made themselves.

In the afternoon of the twenty-fourth of December the children are in a room without a light. In the dark they sing Christmas songs and tell each other about the Christ Child about St. Nicholas and about Joseph and Mary.

The adjacent room is the Christmas room. The children often look toward the door. Soon the door must open. The mother has said "At six o'clock the Christ Child is coming."

Toward six o'clock the children sing no more, they stand at the door, they wait for a sign. Now it is six o'clock, the children hear the voices of their father and mother as they sing the Xmas song:

"You children come, O pray come all,

To the manger come in Bethlehem's stall

And see, what in this most holy night
The father in Heaven has done for our joy."

Then the father opens the door and the children stand for a moment as if dazzled. They rush into the bright Xmas room.

In the middle of the room stands a large fir tree. It is hung with golden and silver apples and nuts. They glisten in the light of the many

candles. Among the branches also hang sweet things. But most beautiful is the angel high up on the tree, the Christmas Angel.

Under the tree stands the manger, that is a stall out of wood, with figures out of wood. There lies the little Christ Child on the knees of its mother. Joseph is also there and there are the shepherds. Oxen, cows, sheep and small mules also are in the stall. Over it fly the angels. They hold white streamers in their hands. On the streamers is written "Glory to God in the highest, peace on earth good will toward men."

Around the Xmas tree stand many little tables, a table for each person. The most beautiful gifts lie on a white linen table cloth. These are not wrapped in paper as in America

On each table also stands a large plate with apples, nuts, gingerbread and marchpane.

By the burning fir tree the boys play with their soldiers and the girls with their dolls. At ten o'clock the children must go to bed but they can not sleep long. Very early the next morning they are in the Christmas room again.

A whole week yet the Christmas tree stands in its beautiful dress. Then the evening before New Year, New Year's Eve, it beams for the last time. The children dance about the burning tree and sing once more, "O fir tree, O fir tree." Then they strip the tree and eat the beautiful confectionery. The next morning the cook puts the fir tree into the kitchen stove.



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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

FOREWORD.

With this issue of the Sandburr we bid you farewell until the beginning of another year shall have dawned. A joyful and happy Christmas and New Year we wish our readers, thanking you for the sympathy and support you have given us.

The January issue of the paper will be Staff number. The picture of each staff official will appear besides a good word for the efforts they have put forth.

SOME SILLY QUESTIONS.

Following are some questions that need definite answering to please the

faculty and make the guilty person feel cheap:

Who put molasses under Profs'. Feemster's, Adam's' and Epley's desks one lonesome night? Who stole the chapel pulpit and after a day or two returned it for fear of getting caught? Who hid the song books? Who smashed the glass on the clock a month or so ago? Who broke the window in the gym? Who stole the thermometer from Prof. Feemster's room? Who pulled the organ into the middle of Prof Epley's room so many times? Et cetera, und soweit.

Foolish questions its true, but nevertheless immediate and uncondition

al answer to them is demanded, else the institution will surely quiver on its foundation and topple into shapeless ruin. So says the faculty.

We suggest that as an only method of finding out about these profoundly serious matters and preventing such depredations in the future that the faculty start an information bureau, appoint a lookout committee and employ a squad of national guards.

REGULARITY.

When Saturday night comes did you ever, just before retiring, review the things that you have done and those that you have not done, which you wanted to do during the week and find to your surprise that the latter were by far the more numerous. And there were some things that you really wanted to get done, some that almost had to be done; yet the week has flurried past with a host of things to be done next week. But the same old story when Saturday night again reminds you. And so on it goes. As a result many things never do get done.

There is a reason for most of this inability to accomplish the tasks before us. We believe that it lies here; we are too haphazard and unsystematic about our work. We have no regular time to do anything; just a sort of do-it-any-old-time spirit. Let's reflect a moment. Does the sun shine any old time or the season's change likewise? Do plants bear fruit just any old time? No, surely not. The whole universe and all its composite parts are perfected to the last degree of regularity and systematization. Let's come down a notch. Do all the modern intricacies of the business and commercial world perform their diverse

functions just any old time? Hardly. It is system, it is regularity that leads to success in these fields. We can well profit by these illustrations. Map out a little system of your own every week or day. Have a definite time to study each lesson and don't let that time be spent at something less important. When that time is up turn to the next duty as arranged. No need in sitting idly for long intervals trying to decide what to do next. Soon the habit of system in everything will grow on you and you will do all your tasks with a regularity. It will surprise you how much more you will accomplish than in the former careless, irregular manner. Get the habit of system, and systematize your habits.

WHAT THE FACULTY NEEDS.

Even before we begin to write this little seemingly presumptions article, we can almost hear a number of students explaining as they leaf through the Sandburr: "That's just the editorial I'm going to read, if no other; I just delight in seeing the faculty rubbed a little. It won't hurt them a bit." Well, we do hope that you read this. But we assure you that the "rub" which you expect the faculty to get is about to proceed your way and not theirs. It is true that there are a number of minor deficiencies which we could mention as peculiarly pertaining to this faculty. As it happens, none of them are perfect; but "perfection is not found in man." Only a few of them are all wise. That matters little. We can learn a little yet ourselves and not monopolize knowledge. No, they do not need perfection, that is impossible; nor perfect wisdom, that is unnecessary; nor even handsome and beautiful faces, nor rich attire, these

are unessential. Their success as instructors and advisers depends much more on the spirit of those whom they teach than on their own imperfections. The most gifted pedagogue that ever breathed couldn't successfully teach a horde of cannibals. As appreciation for his attempts to do them a noble service they would eat his flesh and use his bones to kill the next civilized person that came in their way. Student admiration, respect and cooperation is what the faculty needs. They are surely worthy of these if they are well qualified enough and patient enough to coax us up the hill of knowledge almost gratuitously. They need also the simple honesty and truthfulness of the student body. Each faculty member needs the assurance that when a student tells him or her that a class was missed because of illness, that this student was really ill and not in some vacant room playing somerset. Or if some incorrigible student is rebuked by a teacher, it lends a whole lot of ease of mind if that teacher knows that the other students are in sympathy with the act.

Remember, fellow students, every faculty member trusts you to a great extent. They also want you to get your lessons well for the good it will do you. It makes little difference to them whether lessons are good or poor; they get the same pay in either case.

So students let's cooperate a little more. Let's be more admiring and respectful of our faculty. It will be more pleasant in the classroom for both teacher and student. Be honest with the teacher as he is with you. Admire him because he is able to teach you what you don't know. Respect him for the faith he has in your welfare.

CHRISTMAS LOYALTY.

The spirit of this modern age of industry daily pressing upon our shoulders with a ponderous weight constantly reminds us that no other period of the world's history is so fraught with mighty changes and huge accomplishments. The last two centuries have seen as much accomplished in life's broad activities as the ten centuries preceding. We would be blind, indeed, if behind this immense progress we could not see a powerful all-prevailing force that inevitably is causing it. That irresistible force is none other than Christianity—practical everyday Christianity. This can be denied, and often is. But the denial cannot be proven. It amounts to nothing more than mere verbal assertion. The proof is all on the other side. The proof of all the ages is that where the principles of the Nazarene have deeply pervaded the lives of people, no matter how savage they may be, their progress has been marvelously rapid; civilization has come by leaps and bounds. True civilization and christianity walk hand in hand, christianity always leading.

As we retrospect not only the opportunities and advantages to ourselves because of the prevalence of Christian ideals about us but also the unequalled pace at which our country has advanced, we ought to approach this Christmas with truer devotion and nobler service than have before graced our lives. Then of all times should we be the most happy, the most generous, the most kind. It is quite true that in our happiness and generosity we must not lose sight of the true meaning of Christmas. It celebrates the advent into the world of the Perfect

Man, human, yet divine and thus becomes the greatest universal holiday that the world keeps. The United States may celebrate the 4th of July, Germany the anniversary of her birth, France that of her independence from Monarchy to a Republic. But each of these festal days is for one people only. When the 25th of December comes the whole Christian world, nation upon nation, ceases from the diversity of toil and robes itself in holiday attire. The thought itself is sublime. The effect of the celebration is stupendous. As you awake from a gentle sleep on Christmas morn let your mind travel from pole to pole and around the earth until it meets you again and let it catch a glimpse of the millions who are as joyous as you are and why it all is. The meditation will make you a larger, happier being.

WILSON'S FAVORITE

When a great man suddenly appears in the arena of public service everybody begins to inquire what church he belongs to, what his descent, what his pet hobby, what his favorite book or author until the said great man even learns things about himself which he never knew before. Woodrow Wilson is not immune from this public dissection. Already his favorite poem is being read by thousands of patriotic citizens and recited by scores of aspiring school boys. And well we could profit by a careful reflection into its obvious truths. It is short that is true; but wrapped up in its carefully prepared lines lies the lesson that too many of us have never learned, or if learned, never practiced. The poem was written by Edward Rowland Sill. It is signi-

cant merely as it opens a window into the soul of our next executive through which we may catch the workings of a noble heart. We quote it below.

OPPORTUNITY.

"This I beheld or dreamed it in a dream.
There spread a cloud of dust a...
a plain,
And underneath the cloud, or in it
raged
A furious battle, and men yelled,
and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields
A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward.
hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's
edge
And thought, "Had I a sword of
keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son
bears—but this
Blunt thing!"—he snapped and
flung it from his hand,
And lowering crept away and left
the field.

"Then came the king's son—wound-
ed, sore beset
And weaponless—and saw the brok-
en sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden
sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with
battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed the enemy
down,
And saved a great cause that heroic
day."

How about a little excitement in chapel once in a while? The Last Day would't come if such should happen, would it?



Societies



Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The work of the association is going on with good success.

Our first meeting this month was led by Irene Hamilton. The subject was "Prayer" and an interesting and profitable meeting was held.

On November 18, Bina Sidwell led the meeting, the subject being "The Mountains of Daily Life."

Mrs. Weller gave the second of her series of talks. The girls are receiving much good from these and all are anxious for the rest of the series.

The following week Agnes Merchant had charge of the meeting on "Thanksgiving and Praise." After the meeting the members of the Y. W. C. A. enjoyed their annual Thanksgiving spread, and all present had a good time.

The girls are planning for an entertainment to be given on Tuesday evening December 10.

PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

We have been having fine programs of various variety. We had a Longfellow program, using his different poems. Miss Schaum gave a fine biography of Longfellow. May Brownell and Cora Bishop gave the courtship of Miles Standish, which they acted out well.

The next week we had a fine political program. The representation of the G. O. P. was given by three girls and an elephant. They made their speeches concerning the G. O. P. Miss Shrader gave a part of Wilson's acceptance speech.

The following program was a

Thanksgiving program. We had various views about Thanksgiving. Miss Hamilton gave an excellent talk about Observing Thanksgiving. Miss Weller gave the History of Thanksgiving. Miss Lawring rendered a Thanksgiving Reading.

The program of the week was a program representing all the countries. Miss Porter gave a German reading and translation. Miss Stuckey gave a French reading and translation. Miss Lydia and Emilie Schaum sang a German duet. Three girls represented a Japanese pantomime.

Miss Hall gave a talk on Africa and Mrs. Epley gave a paper on China.

The literary programs have reached a high standard and let us do our best to keep them there.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND.

During the past week the Volunteer Band has regularly conducted its meetings, different members taking charge each time.

The chapters for study have been intensely interesting and at the same time instructive. If the truths gathered here are well stored by the Volunteers they will have the solution for many a problem when they reach the foreign fields.

The lessons have been on "First Impressions and Language Study," "The Missionary at Work," and "The Missionary's Financial Support."

Any student interested in this great cause is welcomed to meet with us at 9:25 every Wednesday in the Mission Room.

ATHLETICS.

For the past month basket ball has ben the popular game in ath- has been the popular game in ath- have been played while the teams, both the girls and the boys, were trying out. The teams are doing splendid work. 'The girls' team is more promising than it has been for years. 'Their team work is good.

On the evening of December 5, the present boy's team played the first team of last year and completely cleaned them up, the score being 44 to 4. This is surely encouraging and we expect similar results in the intercollegiate games this season. Keep your grit, fellows and we'll see similar results for you can do it. Your team work is fine.

The first of the intercollegiate games will be a double game, between the girl's and boy's teams of St. Paul Business college and our teams on December 13, at 8 o'clock p. m. in the college gymnasium. We expect games with Kearney State Normal, Grand Island and Hastings colleges during the season.

The line-up for the boy's team is as follows: Center, Victor Rogers; Forwards, Kaminska and Burke; Guards, Porter and Wayne Graham.

Lineup for the girls: Center, Lena Johnson; Forwards, May Brownell and Mollie Voltz; Guards Georgietta Stevens and Mary Bucy.

Let us as students stand by these teams and boost for them in any way that we can. There is nothing quite so stimulating and enforcing to a team when the contest is on as the strong support of the student body. Let every student be present at every game; bring your megaphone and root hard for your

team and it cannot help but win.

The athletic board met on December 5th for the purpose of arranging for the game.

It was decided also that we purchase a new basket ball.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

John Rollins was the leader November 11. His topic was "The Blessings of Hard Work," Mr. Rollins pointed out how hard work was a blessing rather than a burden. It was further shown that the hard working classes of people were the people that accomplished something in the religious lines. A general discussion was held after the leader gave some very important points. The discussion was truly a blessing because our leading college men gave us what they had and the members of the faculty were so kind to inspire us with their talks.

On November 18, Lester Mason lead. His topic was, "Inspirational Ideals." It was shown how God had given Jesus to exemplify Him. How Jesus set an example for us. The leader also mentioned that we did not reach our highest plane just because we did not have the "Christ Example" in us. Others gave brief talks on the topics and Prof. Feenster said that God sometimes showed us what we should be, and on the other side, what we are. What a contrast. Let us more strive to folow Him who sets the example for us.

Ford Davidson was the leader November 25. His topic was "What the World Needs Today." The great needs for our best was pointed out very clearly. "Our work at home as well as in college is needed," said the leader. We must be doing our elevated best for the world. The world needs our help

and needs it more than we think it does.

Mrs. Weller addressed our joint Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. on December 2. The room was filled and we were glad to have a leader that was experienced. Mrs. Weller always gives us inspirational thoughts but this address was especially inspiring. Her gentle ways prove to us that she can underscore every word she says. The Y. W. C. A. was well represented and the meeting was a successful one.

Prof. Epley led the meeting December 9. His topic, "Choosing of a Life Work," was one that appealed to all of us. The leader showed how necessary it was to have a preparation that would enable us to do our work as it should be done. Success before man is not always success before God. And Success can not be judged by dollars and cents. Our preparation for life is often slighted because we cannot yet fully realize its need. Let us prepare now for work will be found after preparation is completed.

I would appeal to all men in school to attend Y. M. C. A. every Monday at 4:30. We need you and you need us. Let us work together and in this way we can accomplish what should be accomplished.

Special music will be arranged for as often as possible, and our leaders are men that have seen a good portion of life.

Our Y. M. C. A. should be larger and stronger than it is. Let us try to do better in the future and bring all men to the meetings. We need them.

A. L. S. NOTES.

"Mend your speech lest you mar your fortune," says Shakespeare in King Lear. In this short aptohegm there lies a sermon, an oration, or even a book. It means to us that the man with a gifted, correct and forceful manner of speech has ten times more chance to succeed than the ungrammatical, slangy, careless speaker. Probably the most efficacious means of mending the speech is the literary society. That is one of the aims of the Amphicton Society. The most important part of the program each Friday night is perhaps the critics report. If he be a fearless, close-observing critic, those who have appeared on the program, as well as the others, are immensely helped by his criticisms. Many young fellows upon first entering college by identifying themselves with the Literary society have overcome their awkwardness. They have acquired a pleasing appearance before an audience and have substituted a correct, forcible method in place of one that before was incoherent, incorrect and even trashy. This surely is an incentive to all those who do not belong to join now.

The attendance at the last two meetings has been good. The programs have been well arranged and well performed.

You young men of today will be the leaders of state and national activities of tomorrow. Will you be a Bryan, a Beveridge, a Taylor, a Choate or some awkward, inconsistent speaker of no repute. The best way to start is to get into the literary society.

thanksgiving with home folks, returning Monday.

+ Clifton Graham has again enrolled with us and his dignified presence will add much to the senior class.

Mr. Bodwell, a member of state board of Education was with us November 22 and gave a short talk in Chapel.

Ray Wullbrandt, a former student of the college has moved to McCool where he will be interested in a hardware store.

The Y. P. C. E. of the College church gave a social Tuesday evening at the home of Miss Effie Cline. A very good time was enjoyed by all present.

Ford Davidson is spending a few weeks at home helping his father husk corn.

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Two young men in College one day,
Intended from Chapel to stay away.
Pray think not, they were on mischief bent,
To gain time for study was their intent.

So into a crevice so dark and cold,
Silently crept these heroes bold,
But Alas, for the plans of mice and men

They tho't they were safe but Oh,
just then,

A teacher chanced (?) to be passing
by

Who was keen of mind and bright of eye,

She spied the Culprits all trembling
with fear

And said "you are needed in Chapel my dear."

Then out they crept all bruised and maimed,

With dignity lost, but much dust gained.

They followed their teacher like lambs so meek,

With downcast eyes, ashamed to speak.

But all during chapel, it is sad to say,
They vowed vengeance on her who gave them away.

Vera Gilbert, Com.

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On Thanksgiving evening about twenty of the college people were delightfully entertained by Miss Georgiaetta Steven at her home just east of town. A jolly, old fashioned taffy-pull was a part of the evening's enjoyment. It was a leap-year affair but it is reported that some of the girls, at least, did not take any boys home.

On the evening of November 8 the bachelor girls gave an oyster supper to the Con boys, at the Croft bachelor headquarters. The boys seemed to be very appreciative and the good time ended with a midnight serenade at the home of each of the professors. Mrs. Castle chaperoned the crowd.

Miss Esther Rhodes was obliged to be absent from school several days last week on account of sickness.

Nina Francis has a sprained wrist as a result of basket ball playing.

What is more fun than an oyster

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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

FOREWORD.

With this issue of the Sandburr we bid you farewell until the beginning of another year shall have dawned. A joyful and happy Christmas and New Year we wish our readers, thanking you for the sympathy and support you have given us.

The January issue of the paper will be Staff number. The picture of each staff official will appear besides a good word for the efforts they have put forth.

SOME SILLY QUESTIONS.

Following are some questions that need definite answering to please the

faculty and make the guilty person feel cheap:

Who put molasses under Prof's Feemster's, Adam's' and Epley's desks one lonesome night? Who stole the chapel pulpit and after a day or two returned it for fear of getting caught? Who hid the song books? Who smashed the glass on the clock a month or so ago? Who broke the window in the gym? Who stole the thermometer from Prof. Feemster's room? Who pulled the organ into the middle of Prof Epley's room so many times? Et cetera, und soweit.

Foolish questions its true, but nevertheless immediate and uncondition

are unessential. Their success as instructors and advisers depends much more on the spirit of those whom they teach than on their own imperfections. The most gifted pedagogue that ever breathed couldn't successfully teach a horde of cannibals. As appreciation for his attempts to do them a noble service they would eat his flesh and use his bones to kill the next civilized person that came in their way. Student admiration, respect and cooperation is what the faculty needs. They are surely worthy of these if they are well qualified enough and patient enough to coax us up the hill of knowledge almost gratuitously. They need also the simple honesty and truthfulness of the student body. Each faculty member needs the assurance that when a student tells him or her that a class was missed because of illness, that this student was really ill and not in some vacant room playing somerset. Or if some incorrigible student is rebuked by a teacher, it lends a whole lot of ease of mind if that teacher knows that the other students are in sympathy with the act.

Remember, fellow students, every faculty member trusts you to a great extent. They also want you to get your lessons well for the good it will do you. It makes little difference to them whether lessons are good or poor; they get the same pay in either case.

So students let's cooperate a little more. Let's be more admiring and respectful of our faculty. It will be more pleasant in the classroom for both teacher and student. Be honest with the teacher as he is with you. Admire him because he is able to teach you what you don't know. Respect him for the faith he has in your welfare.

CHRISTMAS LOYALTY.

The spirit of this modern age of industry daily pressing upon our shoulders with a ponderous weight constantly reminds us that no other period of the world's history is so fraught with mighty changes and huge accomplishments. The last two centuries have seen as much accomplished in life's broad activities as the ten centuries preceding. We would be blind, indeed, if behind this immense progress we could not see a powerful all-prevailing force that inevitably is causing it. That irresistible force is none other than Christianity—practical everyday Christianity. This can be denied, and often is. But the denial cannot be proven. It amounts to nothing more than mere verbal assertion. The proof is all on the other side. The proof of all the ages is that where the principles of the Nazarene have deeply pervaded the lives of people, no matter how savage they may be, their progress has been marvelously rapid; civilization has come by leaps and bounds. True civilization and christianity walk hand in hand, christianity always leading.

As we retrospect not only the opportunities and advantages to ourselves because of the prevalence of Christian ideals about us but also the unequalled pace at which our country has advanced, we ought to approach this Christmas with truer devotion and nobler service than have before graced our lives. Then of all times should we be the most happy, the most generous, the most kind. It is quite true that in our happiness and generosity we must not lose sight of the true meaning of Christmas. It celebrates the advent into the world of the Perfect

Man, human, yet divine and thus becomes the greatest universal holiday that the world keeps. The United States may celebrate the 4th of July, Germany the anniversary of her birth, France that of her independence from Monarchy to a Republic. But each of these festal days is for one people only. When the 25th of December comes the whole Christian world, nation upon nation, ceases from the diversity of toil and robes itself in holiday attire. The thought itself is sublime. The effect of the celebration is stupendous. As you awake from a gentle sleep on Christmas morn let your mind travel from pole to pole and around the earth until it meets you again and let it catch a glimpse of the millions who are as joyous as you are and why it all is. The meditation will make you a larger, happier being.

WILSON'S FAVORITE

When a great man suddenly appears in the arena of public service everybody begins to inquire what church he belongs to, what his descent, what his pet hobby, what his favorite book or author until the said great man even learns things about himself which he never knew before. Woodrow Wilson is not immune from this public dissection. Already his favorite poem is being read by thousands of patriotic citizens and recited by scores of aspiring school boys. And well we could profit by a careful reflection into its obvious truths. It is short that is true; but wrapped up in its carefully prepared lines lies the lesson that too many of us have never learned, or if learned, never practiced. The poem was written by Edward Rowland Sill. It is signi-

cant merely as it opens a window into the soul of our next executive through which we may catch the workings of a noble heart. We quote it below.

OPPORTUNITY.

"This I beheld or dreamed it in a dream.
There spread a cloud of dust all
a plain,
And underneath the cloud, or in it
raged
A furious battle, and men yelled,
and swords
Shocked upon swords and shields
A prince's banner
Wavered, then staggered backward,
hemmed by foes.
A craven hung along the battle's
edge
And thought, "Had I a sword of
keener steel—
That blue blade that the king's son
bears—but this
Blunt thing!"—he snapped and
flung it from his hand.
And lowering crept away and left
the field.

"Then came the king's son—wound-
ed, sore beset
And weaponless—and saw the brok-
en sword,
Hilt buried in the dry and trodden
sand,
And ran and snatched it, and with
battle shout
Lifted afresh, he hewed the enemy
down,
And saved a great cause that heroic
day."

How about a little excitement in chapel once in a while? The Last Day would't come if such should happen, would it?



Societies



Y. W. C. A. NOTES.

The work of the association is going on with good success.

Our first meeting this month was led by Irene Hamilton. The subject was "Prayer" and an interesting and profitable meeting was held.

On November 18, Bina Sidwell led the meeting, the subject being "The Mountains of Daily Life."

Mrs. Weller gave the second of her series of talks. The girls are receiving much good from these and all are anxious for the rest of the series.

The following week Agnes Merchant had charge of the meeting on "Thanksgiving and Praise." After the meeting the members of the Y. W. C. A. enjoyed their annual Thanksgiving spread, and all present had a good time.

The girls are planning for an entertainment to be given on Tuesday evening December 10.

PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

We have been having fine programs of various variety. We had a Longfellow program, using his different poems. Miss Schaum gave a fine biography of Longfellow. May Brownell and Cora Bishop gave the courtship of Miles Standish, which they acted out well.

The next week we had a fine political program. The representation of the G. O. P. was given by three girls and an elephant. They made their speeches concerning the G. O. P. Miss Shrader gave a part of Wilson's acceptance speech.

The following program was a

Thanksgiving program. We had various views about Thanksgiving. Miss Hamilton gave an excellent talk about Observing Thanksgiving. Miss Weller gave the History of Thanksgiving. Miss Lawring rendered a Thanksgiving Reading.

The program of the week was a program representing all the countries. Miss Porter gave a German reading and translation. Miss Stuckey gave a French reading and translation. Miss Lydia and Emilie Schaum sang a German duet. Three girls represented a Japanese pantomime.

Miss Hall gave a talk on Africa and Mrs. Epley gave a paper on China.

The literary programs have reached a high standard and let us do our best to keep them there.

STUDENT VOLUNTEER BAND.

During the past week the Volunteer Band has regularly conducted its meetings, different members taking charge each time.

The chapters for study have been intensely interesting and at the same time instructive. If the truths gathered here are well stored by the Volunteers they will have the solution for many a problem when they reach the foreign fields.

The lessons have been on "First Impressions and Language Study," "The Missionary at Work," and "The Missionary's Financial Support."

Any student interested in this great cause is welcomed to meet with us at 9:25 every Wednesday in the Mission Room.

ATHLETICS.

For the past month basket ball has been the popular game in ath- have been played while the teams, both the girls and the boys, were trying out. The teams are doing splendid work. The girls' team is more promising than it has been for years. Their team work is good.

On the evening of December 5, the present boy's team played the first team of last year and completely cleaned them up, the score being 44 to 4. This is surely encouraging and we expect similar results in the intercollegiate games this season. Keep your grit, fellows and we'll see similar results for you can do it. Your team work is fine.

The first of the intercollegiate games will be a double game, between the girl's and boy's teams of St. Paul Business college and our teams on December 13, at 8 o'clock p. m. in the college gymnasium. We expect games with Kearney State Normal, Grand Island and Hastings colleges during the season.

The line-up for the boy's team is as follows: Center, Victor Rogers; Forwards, Kaminska and Burke; Guards, Porter and Wayne Graham.

Lineup for the girls: Center, Lena Johnson; Forwards, May Brownell and Mollie Voltz; Guards, Georgietta Stevens and Mary Bucy.

Let us as students stand by these teams and boost for them in any way that we can. There is nothing quite so stimulating and enforcing to a team when the contest is on as the strong support of the student body. Let every student be present at every game; bring your megaphone and root hard for your

team and it cannot help but win.

The athletic board met on December 5th for the purpose of arranging for the game.

It was decided also that we purchase a new basket ball.

Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

John Rollins was the leader November 11. His topic was "The Blessings of Hard Work," Mr. Rollins pointed out how hard work was a blessing rather than a burden. It was further shown that the hard working classes of people were the people that accomplished something in the religious lines. A general discussion was held after the leader gave some very important points. The discussion was truly a blessing because our leading college men gave us what they had and the members of the faculty were so kind to inspire us with their talks.

On November 18, Lester Mason lead. His topic was, "Inspirational Ideals." It was shown how God had given Jesus to exemplify Him. How Jesus set an example for us. The leader also mentioned that we did not reach our highest plane just because we did not have the "Christ Example" in us. Others gave brief talks on the topics and Prof. Feenster said that God sometimes showed us what we should be, and on the other side, what we are. What a contrast. Let us more strive to follow Him who sets the example for us.

Ford Davidson was the leader November 25. His topic was "What the World Needs Today." The great needs for our best was pointed out very clearly. "Our work at home as well as in college is needed," said the leader. We must be doing our elevated best for the world. The world needs our help

and needs it more than we think it does.

Mrs. Weller addressed our joint Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. on December 2. The room was filled and we were glad to have a leader that was experienced. Mrs. Weller always gives us inspirational thoughts but this address was especially inspiring. Her gentle ways prove to us that she can underscore every word she says. The Y. W. C. A. was well represented and the meeting was a successful one.

Prof. Epley led the meeting December 9. His topic, "Choosing of a Life Work," was one that appealed to all of us. The leader showed how necessary it was to have a preparation that would enable us to do our work as it should be done. Success before man is not always success before God. And Success can not be judged by dollars and cents. Our preparation for life is often slighted because we cannot yet fully realize its need. Let us prepare now for work will be found after preparation is completed.

I would appeal to all men in school to attend Y. M. C. A. every Monday at 4:30. We need you and you need us. Let us work together and in this way we can accomplish what should be accomplished.

Special music will be arranged for as often as possible, and our leaders are men that have seen a good portion of life.

Our Y. M. C. A. should be larger and stronger than it is. Let us try to do better in the future and bring all men to the meetings. We need them.

A. L. S. NOTES.

"Mend your speech lest you mar your fortune," says Shakespeare in King Lear. In this short aptohegm there lies a sermon, an oration, or even a book. It means to us that the man with a gifted, correct and forceful manner of speech has ten times more chance to succeed than the ungrammatical, slangy, careless speaker. Probably the most efficacious means of mending the speech is the literary society. That is one of the aims of the Amphicton Society. The most important part of the program each Friday night is perhaps the critics report. If he be a fearless, close-observing critic, those who have appeared on the program, as well as the others, are immensely helped by his criticisms. Many young fellows upon first entering college by identifying themselves with the Literary society have overcome their awkwardness. They have acquired a pleasing appearance before an audience and have substituted a correct, forcible method in place of one that before was incoherent, incorrect and even trashy. This surely is an incentive to all those who do not belong to join now.

The attendance at the last two meetings has been good. The programs have been well arranged and well performed.

You young men of today will be the leaders of state and national activities of tomorrow. Will you be a Bryan, a Beveridge, a Taylor, a Choate or some awkward, inconsistent speaker of no repute. The best way to start is to get into the literary society.



Locals



NEED A STUDENT TELL?

If a student see a student
 Pulling off a joke,
 If that students asked "who did it?"
 Need that student "croak?"

If a student catch a student
 Foolin' with the bell,
 And some prof demands the culprit.
 Need that student tell?

If a student knows another
 Will get in a mess,
 If he tell the profs. about him,
 Need that student "fess?"

If a student hear a student
 Trumping up a "speel,"
 To tell the teacher to excuse him,
 Need that student "squeal?"

If a student see a student
 Hide the old pulpit,
 If kind Prexy asks who did it,
 Need he tell him? Nit.

Every student has his hobby
 About pulling off a "stunt."
 But don't tell on him, if they ask you
 Even if you'll "flunk."

A SONG OF DEGREES.

I sing of a man who was called John
 Smith—

A name many people are satisfied
 with—

But he wanted, you see,
 A quite modest degree,
 So he sat in the shade of a college
 tree,
 And he came back John Smith
 A. B.

John Smith, A. B.—A pretty good
 name—

But, being a preacher, he wasn't to
 blame
 For wanting to see
 An appended D. D.
 So he wrote to a college, enclosing
 a "V,"
 And it came back the next day,
 Hee! Hee!

The Rev. John Smith, A. B. D. D.,
 A high-sounding name, we must all
 agree,
 But he put up the plea
 That he couldn't feel free
 Until he had gotten his third de
 gree—
 - He would stop with a Ph. D.

By this time his name'd grown a
 long tail—
 A. B., D. D., Ph. D., would avail
 My neighbor or me;
 But Smith went to a tree
 And shook it about most violently,
 When down came an LL. D.!

"Alas!" sighed poor Smith, "I can
 see nothing more
 In the line of degrees my ambition
 is o'er."

But the public in glee,
 Made a quick repartee,
 And tied to the end of his latest de-
 gree
 A very suggestive "N. G."
 —Selected.

This is the way Ross Ware quotes
 scripture: "The way of the pants
 presser is hard."

If Isaac was Abraham's son who
 was Jacobson?

Many of the students spent

thanksgiving with home folks, re-
turning Monday.

Clifton Graham has again enroll-
ed with us and his dignified presence
will add much to the senior class.

Mr. Bodwell, a member of state
board of Education was with us No-
vember 22 and gave a short talk in
Chapel.

Ray Wullbrandt, a former student
of the college has moved to McCool
where he will be interested in a hard-
ware store.

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ing at the home of Miss Effie Cline.
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Pray think not, they were on mis-
chief bent,
To gain time for study was their in-
tent.

So into a crevice so dark and cold,
Silently crept these heroes bold,
But Alas, for the plans of mice and
men
They tho't they were safe but Oh,
just then,
A teacher chanced (?) to be passing
by
Who was keen of mind and bright of
eye,
She spied the Culprits all trembling
with fear
And said "you are needed in Chap-
el my dear."
Then out they crept all bruised and
maimed,
With dignity lost, but much dust
gained.

They followed their teacher like
lambs so meek,
With downcast eyes, ashamed to
speak.
But all during chapel, it is sad to say,
They vowed vengeance on her who
gave them away.

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Miss Lena Statz spent her vacation at home in Nelson and was accompanied on her return by her sister, Miss Nellie, who has entered college.

The second number of the College Lecture Course was a lecture by Piatt on Nov. 21st. His subject was "American Morals" and the audience was well pleased with it. His thoughts were decidedly practical and were delivered in a forceful and pleasing manner.

On Thanksgiving evening about twenty of the college people were delightfully entertained by Miss Georgiatta Steven at her home just east of town. A jolly, old fashioned taffy-pull was a part of the evening's enjoyment. It was a leap-year affair but it is reported that some of the girls, at least, did not take any boys home.

On the evening of November 8 the bachelor girls gave an oyster supper to the Con boys, at the Croft bachelor headquarters. The boys seemed to be very appreciative and the good time ended with a midnight serenade at the home of each of the professors. Mrs. Castle chaproned the crowd.

Miss Esther Rhodes was obliged to be absent from school several days last week on account of sickness.

Nina Francis has a sprained wrist as a result of basket ball playing.

What is more fun than an oyster

stew? The dozen girls who recently had one in—we will not tell where—think that perhaps they could do nothing they would enjoy more than that. Of course there was fudge too, and pickles and really these girls decided that a very sour pickle and chocolate fudge are fine together when one gets used to the combination.

The members of the choir of the U. B. church one Saturday evening recently were entertained at the home of Rev. Graham. A very enjoyable evening was spent.

On Friday evening, November 15 the Sophomore class met at the home of Mrs. Tilden to have one more good time before the departure of Minnie Stevens, a member of that class. Everyone went for a good time and no one was disappointed. The time was spent in

popping corn, making fudge and toasting marshmallows, every one getting in the way of every one else, and each seeking to outdo the others in making the evening jolly and one long to be remembered.

On Saturday evening, November 30, Miss Sadie Beaver gave a dinner party to a number of her girl friends. When the guests took their places at the table, a little Cupid, dressed up as a bride, smiled up at them from the place cards. Needless to say many exclamations of surprise and pleasure followed while the bride-to-be blushed and in general, acted as a bride ought to act.

The table was beautifully decorated with a bowl of yellow chrysanthemums. The invitations were found hidden under the napkins.

After dinner a pleasant evening was spent with music and conversation.



The Second and Third Year Academy students held a party at the home of Miss Hazel Winfield in North York. Mrs. Weller was present as chaperone. The preps say they had a good time.

We would say that it is a pretty serious state of affairs when Kelly has to put out the gas street lights

The people in the library were very considerate during the 1:10 period one day not long ago. They seemed to know the German class had reached the point in the play where terrific peals of thunder were heard, for they produced enough noise overhead to make the stage setting very realistic.

"Do nuts grow on trees, Father?" asked Charles as he was eating the Christmas dessert.

"They do, my son."

"Well, then, on what tree does the doughnut grow?"

Someone should be appointed to look after Miss Johnson and Mr. Soper in Geology class, on cold days

As He Understood It.

A young Canadian came to the States last winter and was making a Christmas call upon a very pretty young woman whom he met for the first time.

"Do you have reindeer in Canada?" asked the young lady.

"No, darling," he answered, "at this season it always snows."

Jennie Johns says she likes to have her hand held.

Just because you have failed to make good at one job doesn't blacklist you from trying something else.

Opportunity knocks often at the students door, but is seldom allowed to enter because the student is often too deeply engrossed in a pony ride through the wilderness of Cicalpine, Gaul with Caesar or too much fascinated in the revision of a theme bought from a former literary prodigy.

When you are down in the mouth, think of Jonah. He came out all right.





Exchanges



The Literary Department of the "Beaver" contains some cunning stories.

Bluefields, West Virginia, seems a long way from here, but we have one bond of interest in common at least; for some of the talent that appears on our Lyceum Course appears there also.

We are in sympathy and agree with the editor of the "Leander Clark Record," concerning the opinion of some of the present-day evangelists and the class of meetings that they hold. His criticism is not biased but just.

The special football number of the "Cotner Collegian" will be a fine memento of this year's work for the Cotner students to keep. As mentioned once before, it makes us regret very much that our school is debarred from this wholesome sport and exercise.

It is pleasing to note the interest of the Wesleyan students in their debate. We feel a little nearer to you, Wesleyan, than to some of the other schools in that one of your professors was formerly a York College student.

The Improvement Department and its plans of the "Purple and Gold" is a good idea. If the students would always stand by each other and the faculty, the condition of many schools could and would be improved.

The idea of your Political Department is unique.

"A Psalm of the Evening" in the "Educational Messenger" is good for one to read when he is tired or discouraged.

Your students seem to take a lively interest in mission study.

The sketch of Eugene Field and his writings in the Western Union Journal is very interesting and instructive. Many people are just beginning to appreciate the works of this noble writer.

"Over the Styx to Hades" in the Searchlight is a very entertaining story. Poor Pat had many troubles but he overcame them bravely.

We would like to see a more lengthy Exchange Department in your paper.

The "Orange and Green" has an interesting Literary Department.

The "Hastings Collegian" is a very neat little paper this month. Its material is well arranged.

The "Idaho Country Life" is one of the best on our list of exchanges. It affords us something new to think about. Being an agricultural school, its paper is naturally much different from those of other schools.

The "Gold and Blue" has a fine Thanksgiving number. Every student ought to read this paper to see what our western friends are doing.



Alumni



George Danley of Omaha visited friends in this city recently and paid his respects to his Alma Mater.

Robert Getty has resumed his studies in the University of Nebraska.

Eugene Bishop of University Place greeted York College friends a few days ago.

Chas. F. Feemster of Hooper, Neb., spent Thanksgiving at his home in this city.

Mrs. Ruth Carpenter, '12, writes from Florence, Colorado. Mr. Carpenter is pastor of a church there.

Word from the Alumni will be appreciated by the editor.

Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Noll of McCool, spent December 1 with Mrs. Noll's father, J. Bagg.

The Alumni do not have sufficient opportunities for becoming acquainted. One lady says: "I do not know those who have come among us lately." We meet for a brief time during commencement week, rush through the necessary business routine, and depart not to assemble for another twelve-month. Thus, we scarcely feel as though we are a part of an organization which ought to stand for the rebuilding of the institution. One meeting annually will never better these conditions. Can we not arrange a meeting during the holiday season? Perhaps some object selected, some plan formulated, would prove beneficial. At least the effort is worth while.

Gym Suits



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NOTICE

Hand-painted Novelties both in Water Colors and China, suitable for Christmas Gifts in Miss Westgate's Art Display at The York Wall Paper Store (the new store on 6th St. across from the Elks building). Prices reasonable—will take orders until December 23rd.

Special rates on a term of 20 lessons until Jan. 1, 1913. Now is your opportunity. Lessons to begin Jan. 10th, continuing for the following ten weeks. Every lesson three hours long. Studio days Fridays and Saturdays.

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Burrs



Prof. Epley, in chapel.—“Come out to the game tonight, students, and make lots of noise.”

Prof. Epley to Prof. Weller, later.—“You go to the game tonight and see that everyone is quiet. I can't be there:”

When Nora Clark is mad is Lida Cool?

Wonder who will get Santa Claus' job since the democrats won the election?

Six-year-old Harry wanted to buy his sister a little Christmas present. His heart throbbed with joy at the thought, though he had in his pocket only 10 cents. Nevertheless, he went around the shops and came back with a very satisfied look. His mother asked him what he had bought. “I got her a cream puff,” he said. “Well, you know, Harry,” said his mother, “that won't last until Christmas.” “That's what I thought after I bought it, Mother,” replied Harry calmly, “and so I ate it.”

When Hazel Winfield gets lost does Lillian Hunt?

Honest, we don't like to be told we're crazy, even when we know it anyway.

The idea! Mr. Boehr told Prof. Weller to shut up!

She was the dearest and most affectionate little woman in the world and so thoughtful of her husband's comfort and his needs. One evening

when company was expected, she inquired solicitously: “Are'nt you going to wear that necktie I gave you on Christmas, dearie?”

“Of course, I am, Henrietta,” responded dearie. “I was saving it up. I am going to wear that red necktie, and my Nile green smoking jacket, and my purple and yellow socks and open that box of cigars you gave me all at once—tonight.”

Mary said a quart of oysters would be too much, but perhaps we should get two pints.

A Song at Christmas Time.

My Turkey, 'tis of thee,
Sweet bird of cranberry,
Of thee I sing.
I love thy breast and wings,
Back, legs and other things,
I love thy good stuffings,
O luscious bird.

Wayne Graham is progressing rapidly in German. He even thinks in Deutsch!

After the Christmas Shopping.

The wood fire crackled and sparkled merrily in the big open grate in the cozy library.

“After all, home is the dearest spot on earth,” remarked the young wife, with quiet satisfaction beaming in her eyes.

“That's right, dear,” emphatically replied her husband, who was engaged in auditing the Christmas bills.

Georgiaetta says lots of little boys like her but she can't find a big one who does.

HOW ABOUT YOUR FEET?

Are they well protected? We stand for protection and profit sharing. The student used to keep his head cool and feet warm. Our shoe does the business. A pair of slippers for your room will come in handy these long winter evenings. We have some Christmas Specials in house slippers 75c to \$1.95. Overshoes, Rubbers, Overgaiters, leggings in leather and canvas. Remember our shoe repairing department, only first class hand work put out. Shoe polish and laoes of all kinds. Shining outfits. Men's hose in black and colors. In the music department you will find violins priced from \$5.00 to \$50.00. Harmonicas at all prices and anything in musical instruments.

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