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Feb 1914

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LITTLE BARE NEST.

By Mina Hall Epley,—'15.

I

Little bare nest in an old bare tree,
What are you dreaming about today?—
When the wind sweeps down from a
frozen sea,
And the leaves are all blown away!

II

Dreaming of noontides, balmy and
warm,
With sunbeams playing about your
brim?—
Or a moonlit night?—or a night of
storm?—
Or a cool dawn, rosy and dim?

III

Do there come back to you sweet bird
notes—
Ripplings of madrigals soft and low?—
When love welled up in their little
throats
Till its music would overflow!

IV

Or have you visions of eggs so blue—
Pretty as jewels, guarded and kept?—
And of soft, brown wings that shield-
ed from dew
While the little bird mother slept.

V

Tenderly dream, O little bare nest!
Thro driving gusts of a wintry day,
Till like the leaves that have gone to
their rest,
You, too, shall be blown away!

CORDELIA.

At the very first of the play of King Lear, we are brought to realize the superior character of Cordelia. Her sisters have just given voice to their regard for their father in phrases which are proportional to their greed for King Lear's power and wealth.

In Cordelia we have a striking contrast as everything in her nature abhors display and her deep affection is shown by the way in which she shrinks from such competition and from putting into cheap words the natural love for her father which lies deep in her heart. How could one with the delicate and refined disposition of Cordelia be other than silenced after the words of Lear: "What can you say to draw a third more opulent than your sisters?"

Cordelia is the object of her father's secret preference which increases his agony when she refuses to stand in the same light as her sisters, and draws from him the confession that he had loved her most and up till then had been "his best object, the argument of his praise, balm of his age, most best, most dearest!"

The faithful Kent is ready to brave death and exile in her defense and Francis' regard for her is shown by his words: "Fairest Cordelia! thou art more rich, being poor, more choice, forsaken, and most loved, despised!"

Thee and thy virtues, I here seize upon!" Another impression made by her lovable character is conveyed when we are told that: "Since the Lady Cordelia went to France, her father's poor fool had much pined away." Thus the first part of the play shows us how much Cordelia was loved, her high sense of honor, and her unassuming manner which hid behind it a character too deep for words to describe.

When she appears later in the play, after she has been disowned, we are shown to what depths her affections could reach. As she read the letter from Kent telling of the cruelty of her sisters and the wretched condition of Lear, we are told that an occasional tear stole down her cheek but that she was queen over her passion which sought to be king over her.

The intensity of her grief and also her modesty which kept her from showing her emotion before others are shown by the words: "Then away she started, to deal with grief alone." In the scene in which Lear recognizes

Cordelia we have the subdued pathos and simplicity of Cordelia's character portrayed, and the misery and humiliation of King Lear as in intervals of distraction he begs forgiveness of his wronged child.

We cannot estimate Cordelia's affection for her father by the coldness of her language and neither can we measure her indignation against her sisters by her mild expression while she and her father are being conveyed to prison: "Shall we not see these **daughters** and these **sisters**?" The irony is bitter and intense, and yet the expression is quiet and dignified.

Cordelia does not again appear in the play until she is carried in dead in the arms of Lear. The scene is very touching and we realize that in Cordelia we have a character governed by the purest impulses and motives, and we feel that whatever may be her outward expression there is that which is still deeper and grander hidden within.

Ruth Callendar '15.





THE SANDBURR



Published Monthly by the Students of York College

Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, York, Nebraska

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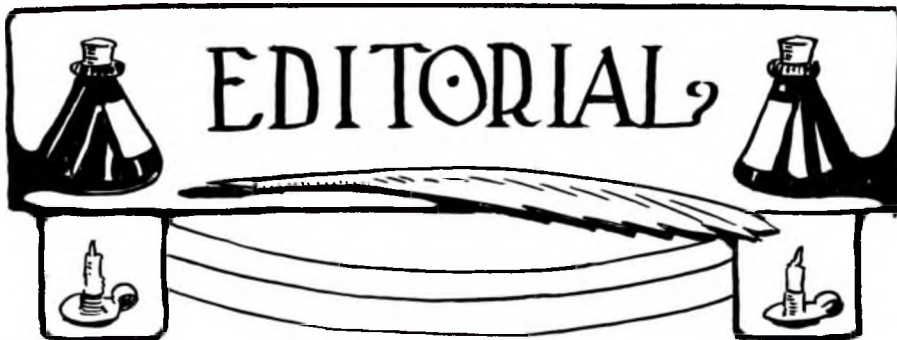
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All friends of York College, Graduates and Ex-students are invited.

STAFF

Editor-in-Chief	- - - - -	Lester M. Mason
Associate Editor	- - - - -	Prof. Emma H. Weller
Business Managers	- - - - -	John W. Rollings, Wayne Graham
Literary	- - - - -	Jennie Muir
Exchanges	- - - - -	Mina Hall Epley
Society	- - - - -	Ashbell Vannice
Burrs	- - - - -	L. R. Gregory
		Locals---
		Pauline Parks
		Hazel Johns
		Alumni - - -
		I. P. Beckett
		Clarence Rice
		Chas. Bowers



For some time past we have realized the need of more cuts, and better headings in our paper, and we hail with delight the advent of a cartoonist who is able and willing to furnish us with all and more than we can afford to have printed.

Cuts are quite expensive but we believe they are a paying proposition, especially if it adds to the attraction of our paper.

But even with all kinds of cuts, any paper would be a failure without the proper support of the Student Body.

Some time in the near future we ex-

pect to do something that we should have done a long time ago, and that is to place a contribution box in some conspicuous corner of the hall. Then whenever you hear a joke or item of interest, write it out and place it in the box. It will then be found by the proper parties and find its place in its respective department. We hope in this way to induce more to take an interest in the paper and have a greater variety of news. It is quite difficult for a few to run a paper and it is especially annoying to request some one to write or do something to help things along and

have them flatly refuse, and then criticise the paper when it comes out.

We solicit your criticism, both favorable and unfavorable. But we will appreciate it better if it comes only after you have done your best to make the paper better. If you cannot write, do something and let the other fellow write it up. If you don't like to do that, pay up your subscription. It will be very much appreciated at the present time.

We can hardly realize that one half of the school year is over. How the weeks fly! Only a few more and we shall be turned out for the summer vacation. Some of course will go home and find all they can do there. Others have jobs of various kinds to do, a few have nothing in view.

If this is true with you it will be to your advantage to find something as soon as possible, especially if you are depending on your own resources to return next fall. A few weeks or even days lost at the beginning of your vacation makes a great deal of difference on the financial side of education. One must keep digging both summer and winter to put one's self through school successfully.

Two things are evident at the Conservatory: Good cooking and hungry people. It is remarkable how good cooking sharpens one's appetite. Mr. Beckett is continuously deploring the fact that he cannot hold enough to last him from one meal to the next. His continual wailing mingled with the mournful howling of the Conservatory pup and added to all this the various murmuring of other hungry people, (can you imagine a more empty sound than the rumblings of an empty stomach?) keeps us supplied with a kind of music. It never lasts long however, for when the word is given each one makes a dash for his place. Grace is said, and all fall to the enjoyable task of satisfying his appetite. We are all well pleased with the well cooked and proper food and the capable manner in which the Conservatory is managed.

You probably wonder, "what is the matter with the editor?" that he can write so much and say so little. To be honest and tell the truth (which we always try to do) since the semester exams, ball games and many activities of the last two weeks, we feel like a sponge which has been set on or stepped on by an elephant and consequently we have very little to say. We hope the next issue will find us differently disposed, and not so much inclined to shift our duty on some one else.

The thing for the college department to do is to push for a larger department next year. With the many small high schools around us, there is no reason why we could not have one hundred or one hundred and fifty freshmen next year. We think there is not much for us students to do in this line, but if, when we go to our homes, we do a little advertising on our own account and push the college department, our efforts coupled with the effort the college will put forth will do a great deal to accomplish this end. Then remember the offer made by the President. We sincerely hope the college students will keep this in mind and put forth an honest effort this summer.

THE GOLDEN SON.

In the story of the Nieblung Hoarl as told in the German of Gluck Auf, the father of Otter slain by the gods, Wotan and Loki, demands as blood ransom, as much of gold as will fill and cover the body of his son. When his other sons ask for a share of the gold, he says, "I love my golden son better than those of my own flesh and blood," and refuses them a share.

Rather a strange thing for a father to say, was it not? Well, let us see. When we think of the thousands of children deprived of their birthright of time to grow into the full stature of physical and spiritual manhood, because of the heavy toil to which they bend their young shoulders, is it so strange after all?

Then there are the fathers who own large possessions, yet in order to add to these still more, refuse their children the time and means of culture. The plea that they cannot be spared, that the work of the farm demands them, has very much the same sound. They love their golden sons the best.

We Americans do not take time to live, we are so busy covering the bodies of our children with gold. Perhaps if the children were consulted, they might reject the golden covering, and choose rather the richer garment of ideals realized in their own personality.

Sometimes it happens that the sons themselves are blinded by the lure of gold, and choose to enter the business life without full preparation. It is a sad sight when both father and sons are so dazzled by the yellow glitter, that they are inca- pable of estimating the true values of life.

The Nieblung Hoard was to be the cause of ruin to its owner, who became a fierce dragon in order to protect it. The spirit of modern commerce, the business methods of this age, which

take no account of human hearts or human needs, but demand every farthing when the moment of payment arrives, or take the whole of the poor man's living, very much resembles that of the horrible dragon, his mouth dripping with blood, gaping wide to receive his prey.

As the golden hoard became the curse of its owner, so must this nation be cursed and perish, unless our methods change and we let flesh and blood values be first, love best every son and daughter of our race, and give each one a chance to be his own best self.

The national conscience seems to be awakening, since we have discovered with what boldness corruption is lifting its head. It is time our college youth should study these questions thoroughly, so that they may be leaders of the next age. We should have classes in all reform topics, temperance, social evils, commercial and political reform. Such books are being provided and we ought to avail ourselves of them.

—Emma H. Weller.



LOCALS



The anniversary of the birth of two of our most accomplished ladies, who are staying at the Conservatory, Miss Mason, and Miss Nettlehorst, was fittingly observed during the supper hour on Jan. 5th, at the direction of Mrs. Caster. The honored ladies were seated at separate tables. In the center of each table was placed a large nut cake and upon each cake were twenty candles significant of the number of anniversaries of this kind they had celebrated. After the regular order of supper was over the candles were lit by the respective ladies; the lights were darkened and fitting toasts were given in behalf of the ladies of the hour by Mrs. Caster, Mrs. Weller, Mr. Foster, Mr. Mason, and Mr. Beckett. It is hoped that those of the Conservatory who have birthdays yet to come during this

school year will not be so particular about their age and inform the Conservatory crowd so that a like honor may be bestowed upon you.

If you want a strong appetite, a strong body, good things to eat, and plenty of them and to enjoy yourself while eating, board at the Conservatory. At present you can find nowhere a more jolly, witty, and intelligent crowd of young people than those at the Con. We might also add that the beauty of the ladies in the crowd is not all artificial, which as you know, adds much to the pleasantness of things. Then come ye of empty stomachs, thirsting souls, vacant minds and longing eyes and be filled.

Spence says he never knew how to appreciate the scenery in the vicinity of North York until in the last few weeks. It is strange the way some people suddenly wake up to the beauties of nature.

Since the semester exams. are passed everybody wears a smile. Mason says it means no more study for him until the last of May. What a fortunate boy!

Beckett—"Miss Mason are you laughing at me?" Miss M.—"I don't laugh at nothing." It's pleasant and at times not so pleasant to be told what you are.

Carl Weber—"Pa has the funniest mule." Hall—"What about it?" Weber—"He has a water-proof stomach." Hall—"How's that?" Weber—"He ate my brother's raincoat." Moral: "Ask questions if you wish to know the cause of things."

Plato, the Conservatory Mascot, is making rapid progress in his vocal culture. He renders a high toned solo at every meal time, and to say the least, each has proven a **howling** success. No doubt he will become a chautauqua platform star yet.

Miss Callander—"Lena conjugate the verb to love." Lena—"1st person, I loved, 2nd person, Ray loved, 3rd person, We both loved." Miss Callander—sharply, "that will do please."

Zoo—"Do you really think that Jonah spent three days and three nights in the whale's stomach?" Mary Rankin—"I don't know but I will ask him when I get to Heaven." Zoo—"But what if he isn't there?" Mary Rankin—"Then you can ask him."

Mr. Saunders has graduated from the Academy class and joined the Freshmen.

On account of smallpox, colds, etc., several of our students are out of school.

Several exciting games of "Simon says thumbs up," were in progress at the joint Amphictyon-Philomathean "Social Fest," when Donna Hall arose and started to leave the room.

LeRoy Spence—"What! You're not going are you, Donna?"

"Yes, I am! Do you think I enjoy sitting in the corner holding my hands?"

Roy—"Just wait a minute, I'll get Beckett."

Letty—Searching for Hazel's olives. "I've looked every place but one for those olives."

A voice: "Where is that?"

L: "The place where they are."

The Morning After.

Mrs. Caster (to the shorthand class.) "I have a friend who made good as a court reporter who told me that he used to practice 'Washington's Gettysburg Address,' until his arm ached."

Loud roars from the class. Surely we do not have to draw a plan of this.

A most enjoyable theatre party was held at the Dean Saturday evening, January 10. The crowd consisted of the "Con." girls and various regular boarders. Those present were the Misses Lyle Brazee, Olson, Letty Mason, Hazel Johns, Mary Blazer, Lena Statz, Florence Nettlehorst and Messrs. Ray Wilson, LeRoy Spence, Irving Beckett, Odus Gee, Cecil Swiggart, Lester Mason and Roy Boartz.

With Apologies.

This question, once upon a time
I asked a friend of mine;
If curtsie were a little fish
Would Nellie Caster line?

All replies sent to the Matrimonial Bureau.



Y. M. C. A. NOTES.

Another successful year has just closed, and we look forward with happy anticipation, to a better year ahead. York College is progressing in every respect, and we expect to see every organization catch the spirit and move forward more rapidly.

The meeting on Jan. 12 was a joint meeting, at which time the delegates to the Kansas City Convention rendered their report.

The delegates were Dan Berger, Ashbel Vannice, Nina Francis, and Prof. Curts.

The main points emphasized in the reports were: first, the "World Vision" of the volunteer movement, showing its extent; second, the "Open Doors," of the fields now open for mission work, and not only open, but with the people eager to know of the gospel. This is true in China, Russia, Korea and many other countries. These countries are giving up their old religion and know not which way to turn, why not give them "Christ." The third point was "Unity and Possibilities," showing the unity of the different churches for the evangelization of the world, and the overlapping of the fields of the different denominations. Also that we must not only christianize but institutionalize the fields we enter, if we expect them to stand. Prof. Curts spoke of some of the impressions of the convention, such as the uniting of ten thousand voices in song, no church relationship being known amongst the multitude of people, the spirit of oneness for world evangelization, and others.

The meeting on Jan. 20 was led by Mr. Gee, his subject being "Forgiveness." The meeting was well attended and the fellows received some valuable ideas.

The meeting on Jan. 27 was led by Mr. Beckett, his subject being "How to Profit by Past Experience." This meeting was well attended and was profitable to all.

The meeting on Feb. 3 was led by Rev. Dixon, of the Baptist church. He gave us some very practical and vital points, concerning college life, and life in general. One point was that we must be exact, and that if we fail in the activities of college life, we shall fail after we get out.

Fellows, let us watch our corners and win.

Let us pray that God will lead us in selecting our corps of officers for the coming year.

A. L. S. NOTES.

The A. L. S. has had but two regular meetings the past month, owing to the banquet which it gave its members on Jan. 16, and the joint program on the 29th.

The meeting on Jan. 9 was poorly attended but a good program was rendered.

On Jan. 16 the society entertained its members with a banquet. The oyster soup and pickles seemed very acceptable. Following this feature of the evening a number of toasts were rendered, Mr. Gregory acting as toast-master. Toasts were given by Porter,

Beckett, Spence, Jacobson, Vannice, Mason, and Prof. Epley. The title of Prof. Epley's toast was "Mothers" which he closed with a little poem rendering tribute to our mothers. We then all rose and drank (cold water) in honor of our mothers.

Mr. Gregory suggested that each fellow write a letter to his mother telling her where he was that night and what he was doing.

The program on Jan. 22 was good.

The P. L. S. visited us that evening and, girls, your presence was appreciated immensely. We invite you to come again.

Next week is the regular time for election of officers, and we hope we may prove as successful this time as last in manning our literary ship.

Fellows, let us remember that our society is exactly what we make it. Then let us be loyal to our society and make it an honor to our school and to ourselves.

P. L. S. NOTES.

To no one does time seem to pass more rapidly than to the student. We can scarcely realize that the first semester is over, and that it is nearly time for our faithful Philo. officers to transfer the insignia of office to others. Certainly no one, who has taken an active part in the literary society, has failed to appreciate the good times of the hard work of the last few months. Surely no member undervalues the benefits she has received.

Can we not, however, derive much more good from our literary work this semester, than we have received in the past? Let each one realize that this may really form a vital part of our education, and not a mere pastime. We can accomplish nothing until we try, and we do not know what talents we have until we begin to develop them.

Our greatest fault as a society is that our programs are too hastily prepared. Everyone is busy; many do not learn soon enough, that their names appear on the program, and many do not begin preparation until a few hours before the program is to be rendered. As a result we neither do ourselves justice, nor do we reap the benefits that al-

ways follow earnest effort. Aside from this we are not furnishing the entertainment with which the attention of our auditors deserves to be rewarded. Everyone recognizes hastily prepared numbers and feels, without realizing why, that we are not taking our literary society as seriously as we should.

Let us have our programs placed on the bulletin board earlier, and then, as soon as possible, let us ascertain whether or not our own names appear. Having learned what is expected of us, we should begin to prepare at the earliest moment, in order that we may have time to revise and polish our productions, until they really do us credit. Let us, at the same time, be sure that such commendation, as our literary productions may receive, really belongs to us, and not to the more inventive brain of some classmate, or to the columns of a magazine or encyclopedia. Nothing but our own honest and earnest efforts will be of much benefit to us, whether it be in the literary society or in some other field of activity.

Let us redouble our efforts and, with the increased interest and enlarged membership that the second semester promises to bring, let us raise a banner bearing the motto, "Excelsior."

JOINT LITERARY.

The first joint literary program of the year was given in the College chapel on Thursday evening, Jan. 29th. Mr. Mason, the president, presiding. Excellent musical numbers were given by Hazel Bowers, Pauline Parks, Josephine Epley, and the Amphictyon Quartette. Miss Donna Hall pleased all with her readings. Clarence Rice and Dan Berger debated the question; Resolved, that the government should own the railroads, the judges deciding two to one in favor of the affirmative. The Philo-Amphictyon chimes were read by Mr. Spence and Mr. Davidson.

A very clever dialogue written by Mrs. Epley was given. Its title was "Educating Elizabeth's Relations." The various parts were well taken by Mr. Jacobson, Mrs. Epley, John Rollings, Helen Epley, Ford Davidson and Mr. Kempton.



York College Vs. Central City.

On January 23d York met in the first great clash of the season on their own floor with Central College. Central has not won from York for several years; and it was evident when the game was called that York would carry the big end of the score.

The score at the end of the first half stood 25 to 19 in favor of York.

Our boys came back much stronger for the second half; their floor work being much faster and their goal shooting more sure.

The game ended with the following results:

York 54		Central 22
Burke	L. F.	Holtz
Gregory	R. F.	Mesner
Graham	C.	Bennett
Porter	L. G.	Barnes
Saunders	R. G.	Hanson,
		Myers

Summary: Field Goals—Burke 7, Gregory 12, Graham 3, Porter 3, Saunders 1, Holtz 3, Mesner 2, Bennett 1, Hanson 2. Foul Goals—Burke 2, Holtz 6. Referee—Debord.

York College Vs. Kearney Normal.

On January 30th Kearney came down in her war togs with the expectations of going back with a suit case full of the heavy end of the score. But alas! Kearney had a different fate awaiting her.

The first few minutes of the game was hotly contested, with neither team scoring a point. But the superior quality of our team began to show itself over that of Kearney and the goals were shot quick and fast. At the end of the first half the score stood 21 to 6 in favor of York.

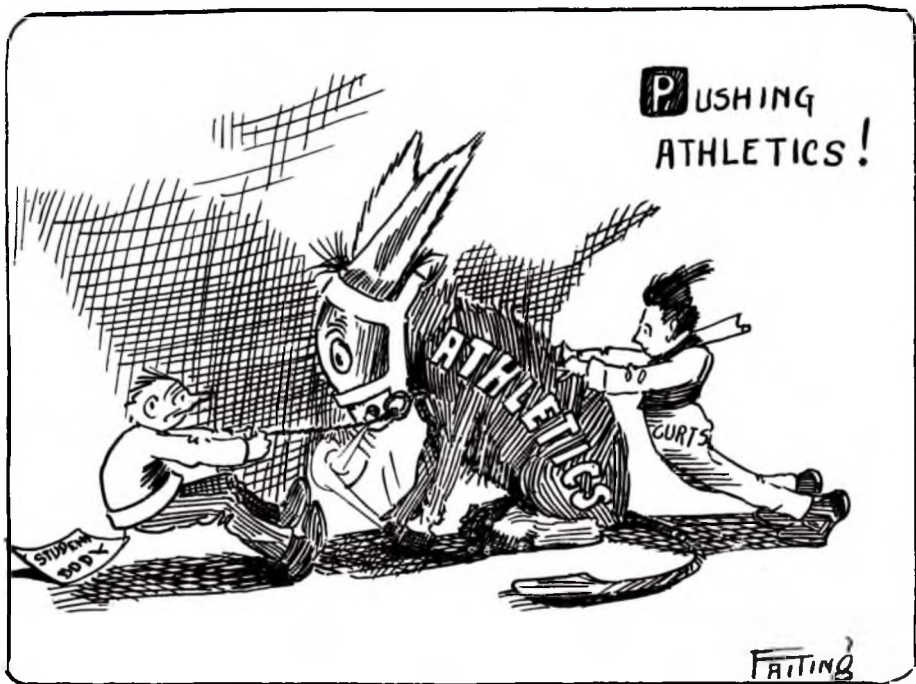
Kearney came back some stronger in the last half, while our boys continued about the same, with the exception that their team work was considerably faster. It was evident that Kearney played a defensive game all the way through.

York 39.		Kearney 20.
Gregory	R. F.	Keil
Burke	L. F.	Essert,
		Warehan
Graham	C.	Moor
Saunders	R. G.	Davies
Leymaster, Porter,		
Hall	L. G.	Randolph

Summary: Field Goals—Gregory 8, Burke 3, Graham 5, Saunders 1, Porter 1, Keil 4, Moor 1, Davies 1, Warehan 2. Foul Goals—Burke 3, Keil 3, Warehan 1. Referee—Debord.

We are proud of our team. Let us support it in a manner that will show the boys how much we appreciate their efforts to win for our College.

The Gym. Class, with Mr. Young as director is doing nicely. Mr. Young is just the man we need for such work, as he has had considerable experience.





Burrs are usually found when least expected and never found when looked for. You are looking for some burrs in this department. There is where you are stung.

In this you will find only random shots at random people. At least the people appear to be at random for they have not a set purpose, other than to continue in a straight and narrow way, doing nothing that will attract the attention of the Burr promoter. Dry? Yes dry and here we give you a sample.

In reverie:—Resolved that a girl in the gallery is a hoodoo to ball playing. —Paul Porter. Ed. Note:—Perhaps it was the thought of the other girl and what he had done.

Love may be blind but you should remember that glasses are cheap. —Burke.

Say but I'm the kidoo in the game of (Harts), Don't believe me huh? Then just look at the queen I drew and be convinced.—Kempton.

Turn boys, turn! We're going back! —to the dear old Dorm., while quarantine lasts on 9th st. —Graham.

"The question is; how?" says Sedge-wick Howe. How? Yes how? Perhaps her father knows, Sedge., we don't.

I am still fond of Roses, but they soon fade away.—Spence.

Bad pennies will return. That's what Jennie Muir says, any way, and she ought to know.

A Chancellor who recently appeared at the opera house as a member of our lecture course grew reminiscent of his youthful days and told us of his departure for College. He departed, he told us, carrying all his belongings in two empty sacks. Can you blame the freshy who says, "I have a button on my trousers that is off?"

If you are afraid of acquiring the habit of whispering you would do well to absent yourself from the library. There the practice, indulged in continuously by a few, gives promise of becoming a full grown epidemic. Beware!

LOST—A cow, by an old woman with black spots on her sides and brass knobs on her horns.

Teacher: "Johnnie what is velocity."
Johnnie: "Velocity is what you put a hot poker down with."

EXCHANGES



The Kearney Antelope says concerning their basket ball trip, "The first game with York College was a hard luck game for Kearney." The Antelope doesn't say just how hard the luck was; but we are determined to "let the cat out of the bag,"—"40 to 21."

Hastings College doesn't seem to have a very large "Outlook," just at present.

The York Nubbin has developed a new system of exchanges. Instead of telling us what it thinks of other papers, it tells us what other papers think of it. It might not be always safe to follow its example.

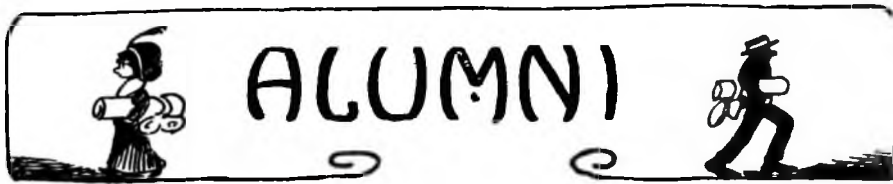
No exchange that comes to us is more truly appreciated than the Philomath Chimes. We don't care if it did use our little old verse. It's all right, anyhow, and a mighty courteous, little sheet.

About the latest thing to come our way is The Tooter from South Omaha. The separate toots that make up the Tooter, are short and remarkably numerous. It first toots to us of the habits of cats. The cat, declares the Tooter, will sit on the window sill at night, and toot out the feline opinion of "grand opera." Thus, from subject to subject, the Tooter toots cheerfully on.

We are pleased with the Log Book from Kansas City University. The January issue contains a warm welcome to their new president, Rev. Hervin U. Roop, L. L. D. Dr. Roop is a graduate of Lebanon Valley College, and Bonebrake Seminary and has since pursued post-graduate work at University of Wooster, Clark University and at Yale.

On the front page of the Lincoln "High" Advocate, you will see a half-tone of their basket ball team. They are certainly husky looking fellows.

The Lever from Colorado Springs, is an interesting magazine, and the school certainly possesses some inspiring young poets.



THE IDEA OF AN ALUMNI ASSOCIATION

The ensuing article purposes to merely set forth the why and the wherefore of alumni associations and as such will not attempt to enter suggestions as to how they are run or how they may be bettered.

The fact, that for nearly every educational institution there exists an organized alumni is not sufficient proof that they ought to exist or that they are beneficial organizations. It may be proof enough for some people, but not for all. Human slavery flourishes in the best of civilized nations; yet the mere fact of its flourishing condition could never prove its title to any merit or benefit. The opponent to the alumni movement ask these questions, Why does it exist? What good is it doing? Doesn't it cost more time and money than it can ever repay?

Its purposes, briefly, are these: to aid the institution, of which it is a part, in growth and stability; to keep in one body the graduates of that institution for mutual co-operation; and to increase the interest of outsiders by manifestations of lively interest within, in respect to the institution itself.

The under-graduate, more than the graduate, often interrogates thus: "Why do you graduates make such a stew about the betterment of our school after you leave it, since you have given it your money and co-operation while in school; you owe it nothing after you leave its stately halls." Let us face the matter squarely and reasonably. Do the alumni of a school owe

it nothing at all? Our reply is, yes." Truly while we were in school our tuition was paid; it helped run the school. We boosted for every college organization, perhaps; and did so gratuitously. Does that pay the debt due our alma mater, is the question?

Let us retrace briefly our college course. Recall the first day and week of it—how well we were received, how warm the handshake of students we never saw before; how much good the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. did our starved souls; then came the literary societies—most graduates will date their first attempt and their final success in oratory, debating, parliamentary practice to one of these societies. What about the position that some after graduation received, due to personal effort of the college officials or the college trade mark? Finally, that broadening, elevating, enriching, and recasting of our whole life and nature by college association must be considered. And what have we paid for all these things? Our tuition was merely for actual instructions; all these priceless things were free. The pecuniary valuation of them is out of the question and unworthy to be considered.

Education is not bought; enhanced ideals of life are not purchaseable; culture, friendship, development of ones talents are not sold at auction. Further words need not be used to make clear the statement that if ever a person owed a school anything it is he who has enjoyed her fountain of knowledge, and feasted upon her luxuries of bettered environment. A little of his time and a few of his dollars could find no surer welcome, no better usage than in her service.

Twenty-five cents per year from the college's beginning until now for each alumni, not considering the large number of commercial and teacher's college graduates, would fill the college coffers to the \$400 mark. One dollar a year would place it near a thousand and a half. What a boost such an amount would make in some department. Old Harvard at the same rate would now have, after 278 years of existence, nearly two million dollars in her alumni treasury. But alongside the financial end comes the good words spoken and the influences that might be brought to bear on prospective students.

The alumni, then, is not a worthless association if well managed, it has a purpose; it is needful. Its idea is service rendered; its hope is to realize partly, at least, through its own efforts, that the institution of which it is a part may never cease to prosper.

No more should students after graduation loose all ties connecting them to their alma mater and cease to loyally support her than should soldiers after heroically fighting for their country lay down their arms, repair to their homes and cease all acts of partiotism, forgetting that heroes are as needed in peace as in war.

—Wayne Soper, '13.



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