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CLASS OF 1916.

Class Colors—Red and White.

Flower—Rose.

Class Slogan — "Where quality counts we lead!"

Yes, this is very true of the present Senior Class of York College. That they lack quantity is quite evident, — quantity with reference both to avoirdupois and to the number of members in the class. Surely the whole class together cannot weigh much more than one rather large individual would weigh! In pounds, so small, and in number, only four, the Seniors cannot begin to fill even one of the benches in the middle row of the chapel! But alack! Their light weight and their small size make up merely the physical side of their existence. Their intellectual qualities are immeasurable. Their achievements, their dignified bearing and their high standard of efficiency prove this. Wisdom is deeprooted in the minds of the Seniors, and it manifests itself every once-in-a-while in the class-room and in outside

interests. That our Seniors are leaders in college activities, there is no doubt. They are all of sterling worth and are very well qualified to command responsible positions.

To mention them individually, we will begin with Mr. Wayne Graham, President of the class and popularly known as "Bill." "Bill" has been associated with York Academy and College for several years and has from first to last been friend and leader among the student body. He is a young man full of wit and good humor. He holds a prominent position this year as the only man of the Senior Class. He has been very active and successful in athletics—was a "star" basket-ball man and won a "Y" sweater. But his interests have been along other lines, too—he has been a good student; has been active in literary work, having just served his term out as President of the Zetaganthean Literary Society; and has also worked in the college Y. M. C. A. Mr. Graham has been elected to the position of Superintendent of Swanton High school for the ensuing year.



Miss Jessie Stewart has also been associated with the college off and on for some time. Several years of teaching intervened between her Sophomore and Junior years. She enrolled as a Junior in 1914 and has been a conscientious student and an active worker in Y. W. C. A. and in the Philo-mathean Literary Society since that time. Jessie has served efficiently and devotedly as Y. W. C. A. President, and she was also President of the Philomathean Literary Society. She is a girl abounding in originality and good will and loved by all who know her. She is to have the honor of being crowned our May Queen, having been elected by the student body. Miss Stewart will teach in the High school at Tobias, Neb., next year.

Miss Mary Rankin is another virtuous young lady who has taken an active interest in all college activities during her three years in college. She was graduated from York High school in the spring of 1913 and enrolled as a Sophomore in college the next fall. She has been an excellent student and has indeed done well, to complete her course in three years and to keep up all her outside interests as well. She has been an interested Y. W. C. A. worker, having served on the cabinet for most of her three years. She was Y. W. C. A. President for the year 1914-1915. Mary was a charter member of the Zetaethlean Literary So-ciety' and has held the offices of Chaplain, Critic, and President, successively, in that organization. Miss Rankin will teach in the High School at Arcadia during the coming year.

Miss Venice Hitchcock was welcomed to the ranks of the Seniors only this

year, and she has become a valuable and indispensable addition to the class. Venice was a Sophomore last year but has taken enough additional work to be able to graduate with the 1916 class. She has also been a good student and has proven herself capable of accomplishing many good and worth-while things. She has been very active in the Y. W. C. A. and in the Zetaethlean Literary Society. She has held various offices in both organizations and has served on the Y. W. C. A. cabinet. Venice is always cheerful, always jolly and for this reason aside from other reasons, has many friends in York College. Miss Hitchcock will teach in Lushton next year.

One way in which the Seniors have shown their wisdom this year is that they have chosen Dean Ashcraft as their sponsor. Dean stands for what is right and his advice is well worth heeding, but he also stands for the things which will furnish pure, clean fun and amusement. He is always ready for a good time and knows how to help others to have a good time.

We surely regret very much that Dean Ashcraft and the Seniors will not be here next year, but we wish them success and happiness.

SENIOR ACADEMY CLASS.

Class Motto—"Rowing not Drift-ing. "

Colors—Purple and white.

Flower—Violet.

We entered college in fall of 1915 with an enrollment of nineteen. It is true some have left our ranks for various duties of life. Others have joined

us, until the enrollment of the present Senior Academy Graduating Class is fifteen.

We have been especially fortunate in having for our sponsor, Mr. Bus-well, who by his pleasant manners and kindly consideration, has won for himself high esteem and loving memories of the entire class.

We appreciate very highly the friendship and help of Prof. Bisset as class advisor.

He has kept us under his protecting wing the entire year, except on one occasion.

We then ventured too far, and found ourselves prisoners in the "Con" On being released we proceeded to enjoy one of our rare jollifications, at the farm home of one of our members.

Another frolic was enjoyed in the woods last autumn at a "weenie' roast.

Although our social functions have not been numerous they have been red letter days in our career.

We are also fortunate in possessing a capable and energetic president, who is willing to sacrifice personal feeling for class welfare.

He also became prominent in athletics.

Some of our girls have distinguished themselves as basket-ball players.

We also have other prominent-members in our class, in the Music and the Expression departments.

Our junior contestant won first place in the Declamatory contest.

One of the members of our class has also been with the York College Lyceum Course, pleasing audiences with her charming gracious manner, and excellent choice of selections.

We also have among us, those who are fitting themselves, for the teaching profession, and will go out over the state next year teaching America's young.

We are sorry to lose these noble and inspiring characters from our ranks, but the communities receiving them are indeed fortunate.

As we enter the regular college course, we hope to take with us a large membership.

In looking back over the year, we find it one of the most pleasant of our lives.

We appreciate to the fairiesi extent the efforts of those who contributed to our happiness and success.

COMMERCIAL.

During the past year the Commercial Department has had a total enrollment of ninety. Quite a number however, enrolled for only a part of the year. The senior class for this year consists of the following:

Joseph A. Collett, Hampton, Neb.
 Andy C. Eberle, Bradshaw, Neb.
 Edgar A. Griffis, Cozad, Neb.
 J. J. Klippel, St. Paul, Neb.
 W. G. Morgan, New Castle, Wyo.
 Vancil Stalnaker, Marquette, Neb.

The Shorthand department has had an enrollment of thirty-four during the past year. The following are the graduates for this year:

Blanche Buswell, York, Neb. Irene
 Grosshans, York, Neb. Julia Johnson, York,
 Neb. Aurora Markward, Funk, Neb. Marian
 Tooley, Central City, Neb.

THE RIDE OF PATRICK.

It was spring. Soft, balmy clays with the air brimming with romance and love. So thought Patrick Hooligan, as he strutted down the crowded street. The air made one tingle and want to dance and caper. It put daring deeds into the hearts of men. Patrick looked with brotherly good-will on the boys shooting marbles and the girls playing hop-sotch and nimbly dodged the army of roller skaters. So Patrick twirled his cane and twisted his moustache and patted the geranium blossom in the button-hole of his salt and pepper suit. He dreamed day dreams blissfully undisturbed.

But what was that? Patrick looked and his heart contracted with horror. Could such an awful, monstrous deed be committed in the main thorough-fare of an American town. Patrick rubbed his head in bewilderment. Could this be April, 1916.

What was it, you ask? Why, in the small parking in the middle of the pavement, a beautiful young woman was struggling desperately in the clutches of a long-bearded villain. Her hair was loosened and the yellow tresses fell in a cloud to her waist. Her eyes seemed to implore someone to save her. Three or four men were standing around without making any attempt to rescue the girl.

The heart of Patrick Hooligan was made up. He would be the hero to rescue the girl. Near by was a touring car with no one apparently watching it. Patrick had once been a chaf-four before he drove his express wagon. He hesitated not a minute longer. He jumped into the car, pushed the self-starter and in a second was opposite the group. Jumping out, he cried:

"I'll save ye, lady, " and the long-bearded man and the rest were so astonished at the sight they stood open-mouthed, while Patrick seized the beautiful girl and bundled her into the waiting car. He released the brake and they were off. Put instead of falling with grateful tears on the neck of her rescuer, she attempted to jump out of the rushing car. But Pat. held her down firmly with one arm. But he thought what ungrateful creatures women were anyway.

"You blundering Irishman. What are you doing? Stop and let me out instantly, " cried his lady love.

"Faith, set still and oi'll save ye, and 'tis a christian country, where they treat young girls so, " said Patrick soothingly.

Rut meanwhile things had commenced to happen. Hearing a Saxon shriek behind him, Patrick turned his head to find out the cause. He saw an automobile coming full chase after him. The car was full of men who were shaking their arms and shaking their fists. Patrick thought this boded no good will for him if he was caught, and released another burst of speed.

"Man, " cried his fair companion, "Do you really believe they were going to kidnap me?"

"Sure, and it looked that way, but we'll beat them yet, " yelled Patrick above the roaring of the engine.

The girl looked at him, and then with the ingratitude and inconsistency of women, began to laugh. She laughed and laughed, till the tears rolled down her cheeks. Patrick gave her one disgusted look and then put his whole energy in out-distancing his pur-suers. The car bumped and swayed. They whizzed by farm-houses and fields, recklessly turned corners and

still the automobile behind kept its own.

A little bit of terror began to creep into the brave heart of Patrick Hooligan. Suppose they caught him! He thought of his old mother away in the land of shamrock and he put on more speed. Passing through a village, a long-bearded personage chewing a straw, and with a tin star as big as a sauce pan, stepped into the street and held up his hand, But Patrick was past the stage of being frightened by a tin pan and paid no attention. The policemen skipped out of the way just in time to save his life. Patrick looked at the girl. She was still chuckling to herself and whenever she happened to glance at him, she went into another spasm.

Put they were nearing a railroad. They could hear the rumbling of the fast express. Patrick dared not stop for the pursuers were behind, and before, they could hear the whistling train. Would they get across the track in time? Patrick put on the last notch of speed. The girl stopped laughing and tried to say something to Patrick, but could not make him hear. Nearer and nearer came the express. If they failed to make it, it meant heaven for Patrick Hooligan. But his green gods were watching him and they crossed in safety. The girl leaned forward, put her foot on the brake and said to Patrick:

"Now, listen to me, Mr. Irishman. What you so unceremoniously interrupted was not a modern kidnapping, but a motion picture scene we were taking. I am an actress working in the movies. The director is in the car behind and is pretty angry, I'm thinking. Also, this is not your car, so I think

you d better skip, while the going's good."

Patrick looked, gasped, looked at her and gasped again, thought of his mother in Ireland, then proceeded to follow her advice and make himself scarce. In one second he had apparently vanished into thin air.

When the other car came up the director said: "Well, this is a nice business, where is that—why, where is he?" "I imagine he left on the express that just went through," replied the girl sweetly. —Myrtle Broehl.

DID IT PAY?

It was a beautiful evening. Not a single cloud in all the sky. The western horizon was splashed with ruby red which was slowly fading and melting away as the great gray shadows of twilight rolled in.

Ruth Brownly leaned against the old, old willow and watched the glory of the sunset give way to the sea of shadows and was glad. She was just a slender slip of a girl with deep blue eyes and a wealth of brown hair. She was dreaming. A little smile now and then played around her lips and found reflection in her eyes, as, shrilly through the dusk came the call of the meadow lark, a challenge to his rival across the meadow: and the soft, tender cooing of the dove reached her ears. She laughed aloud once when she thought how the splash of the sunset, the bird-songs, the old, old willow and the gathering twilight were merely stones in her dream castle.

Then came the call of her father, not a harsh, severe call, but one of tender tones tinged with a little sadness at having to disturb her.

"Ruth, Ruth. "

Ruth came down from her dream castle with a little start.

"Yes daddy, right away. "

She started toward the house and was talking to herself as she went. — "O dear, daddy had to call me and I've been wasting time, just building castles. Dear daddy, how I love him, but O, how tired and wear I really seem to be. " Then she began to reprove herself, "Ruth Brownly, you ungrate-ful girl. Don't you let your daddy know it. "

Ruth lived alone on a farm with her father and two younger brothers. Her mother, whom she had loved so much, had died about three years before and her father had been striving desperately hard to keep his family together. Ruth was doing her part. She was a dear, brave girl and never winced or complained even if the load did get a little too heavy.

Mr. Brownly worried much to see the young shoulders having to assume so much responsibility. He hated to see her wear that tired, worried look and prayed and worked that it might be better.

As Ruth neared the house she walk-ed a little more briskly and began to sing a little tune that "Daddy" might not know that she was tired. She met him at the gate.

"I'm coming daddy and she tossed him a little kiss. "

"Ruth will you please take a few stitches in my coat before bed-time?" I snagged it good and proper on a barb today. "

"Certainly I will Daddy. Where are the boys?"

"Finishing their chores. They will be in presently. "

Ruth went in and set to work. It took her almost an hour. She only smiled, when daddy thanked her, and she challenged him and the boys to a game of authors.

Ralph and Roger won. Having proved themselves champion players, they strolled of to bed happily.

Ruth partly arranged things for breakfast, kissed her father good-night and ran off to bed awfully tired and weary, but it did seem like a happy, tired feeling. That night she prayed that she might be a greater blessing to daddy and the boys.

But as she lay there before the open window and watched the silvery moon, she finished her dream castle. "I will go away to school and then teach, " she had just laid that stone when the Sandman came.

Very little came to Ruth for weeks at a time to break the monotony. She seldom went anywhere but to town. There were but few young people in the neighborhood and someway, they did not seem to be Ruth's kind. Grandma Dorley was her nearest neighbor and she often went to her for help and advice.

"Ruth is eighteen years old tomorrow, " said Mr. Brownly to the boys one morning about six months later, "and I have asked Grandma Dorley to make her a birthday cake. We'll bring it here and, then send her over to Grandma's and we'll get dinner. Just to show her that we love her too. " Ralph and Roger could keep secrets and Ruth's dinner with the great big cake was truly a surprise.

But that wasn't the only surprise. The afternoon mail had one for them all. A letter addressed in an old-fash-ioned hand to Mr. Edward Brownly,

and it was post marked Haden, N. Y. "Why Daddy, who can it be from? Who do we know in New York?"

Mr. Brownly, as anxious as any one, tore open the letter and found it to be from an Aunt of his whom he had nearly forgotten.

"From Aunt Jane. Why I haven't heard of her for years and I didn't sup-pose that she knew where I was. Let's see. " He began to read:

Haden, N. Y.

Nov. 10, 1900

Dear Nephew Edward:

I presume that it will surprise you to hear from me and it may be that you have almost forgotten me.

But I must tell you. I had a letter a few weeks ago from a Mrs. Dorely, a long-lost Aunt of my husband's. She mentioned among other things a Ruth Brownly *who* is such a blessing and help to her in her old age. The name aroused my curiosity and on inquiry I found that Ruth Brownly's father was my nephew.

Mrs. Dorely has told me of your wife's death and of your efforts as well as your daughter's in making a home for the children.

Now I think that Ruth should be in school and I have a little proposition to make.

Upon your uncle's death I found my-self in possession of considerable wealth and I have been using it where I thought it might do the greatest good. I would like to come west and if you will consider it I suggest that you allow me to keep house for you and the boys and give Ruth an oppor-tunity to attend school.

I will expect an immediate reply.

Your Aunt,

JANE BRUCE.

"O, daddy, what does she mean? Can I go to school? O, I'd love to. But daddy, you wouldn't be happy with me off to school and you at home working so hard. "

"My dear girl, it has been the desire of my heart that you might go to school. We would miss you Ruth, but you wouldn't be gone all the time. We'll write to Aunt Jane tonight and see if we can learn more of her plans. '

Six months later found Aunt Jane out on the farm mothering the boys and bringing cheer into the life of Mr. Brownly. While in between times she was helping Ruth get ready for school.

September found Ruth enrolled as a Junior in the Wayworth High school, a girl thoroughly determined to gladden daddy's heart and to prove to Aunt Jane that she appreciated her love.

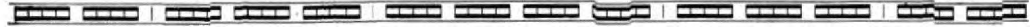
She finished high school with first honors. Then with but little financial help from Aunt Jane and her father, she made her way through Plattsmouth University.

She taught and saved and urged her brothers on to a college education. But she never forgot to be thoughtful of daddy, clear, old daddy, whom she had unconsciously spared many a sleepless night and to whom she had always been the spark of life itself.

Daddy and Aunt Jane were both gone now, but Ruth sat at her window and thought of her few years alone with daddy and the boys out on the farm, and she thought of the sunset, the birdsongs and the old, old willow and a great, soft tear dropped into her lap. How glad she was that she had been kind and patient. —Mary Cave.



THE SANDBURR



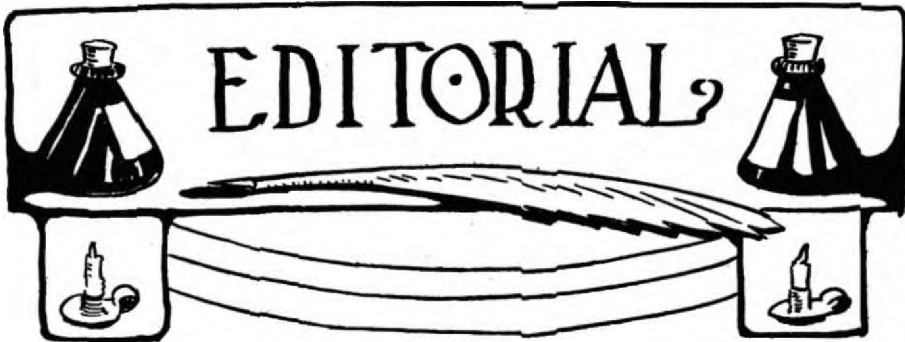
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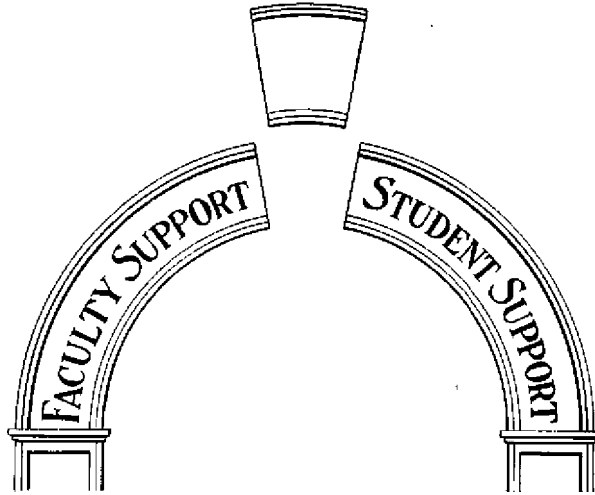
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THE YORK COLLEGE ARCH



Will The Keystone Be Placed Before The Arch Falls?

The title to this article may at first sight appear rather vague, but it is hoped that the explanation which follows will make it clear to every reader.

In masonry the last stone that is placed in an arch is known as the keystone, which serves to bind the arch together and make it secure. No arch is complete or safe without the keystone, which sustains all the weight from both sides of the arch. If we may liken a Liberal Arts College to an arch of masonry in order to be safe and complete, it must have at least three things:

First: —A competent faculty; second, a worthy, able and loyal student body and third a financial backing that will provide ample equipment and facilities for carrying on the work. A faculty of master teachers may be held for a limited time by their loyalty and

their desire to do good, but they must have a living out of their work, and in time will yield to the calls from strongly endowed institutions and leave the weaker colleges that are falling behind in the race. Students may have ever so much school spirit and love their college admirably, but if the financial standing of the college is so weak that it is unable to provide the necessary physical equipment and its credits therefore discounted at the larger colleges and universities, these same loyal students claim the right and privilege to forsake the smaller college and attend an institution whose equipment is adequate and whose credits are unquestioned the world over.

Thus, it is clearly seen that our college arch is incomplete without an endowment keystone adequate in size and strength to bear the entire weight of the school's support. The president and trustees of York College are justly proud of the faculty and the present student body. The year 1915-16 has

been one of the most successful years in the history of York College. Every department has done splendid work. The State Normal Board has spoken in the highest terms and praise of the teaching force, and the equipment, and the entire work of the institution. The calls from school boards and superintendents for our normal graduates and the demands from business men of institutions for our commercial graduates are larger and more insistent this year than ever before. This reveals to us the fact that the splendid work of York College is becoming known throughout the state and it is evident that the standing of the school will be better each succeeding year, providing we are able to meet the financial demands the present and future call for.

The following quotation from the report of the General Board of Education serves notice on the most optimistic friends of the denominational colleges, that unless adequate endowment is obtained very soon, these institutions must close their doors.

"The time is fast approaching, if indeed it is not already here, when it will be conceded to be impossible for an academic institution to do justice to its students on a total income from all sources of less than \$100, 000 a year; considerably less than one fourth of our colleges and universities (one hundred and forty or thereabouts) now enjoy an income of that size. A very large number of institutions, some of them doing well, though clearly showing the strain, operate with an annual budget between \$50, 000 and \$100, 000. One

hundred and seventy-six have to live on \$25, 000 a year or less—an absolutely impossible undertaking, if efficiency is to be secured. On this showing the necessity of strengthening colleges and universities on the financial side and of concentrating aid on those upon which the main burden falls is obvious."

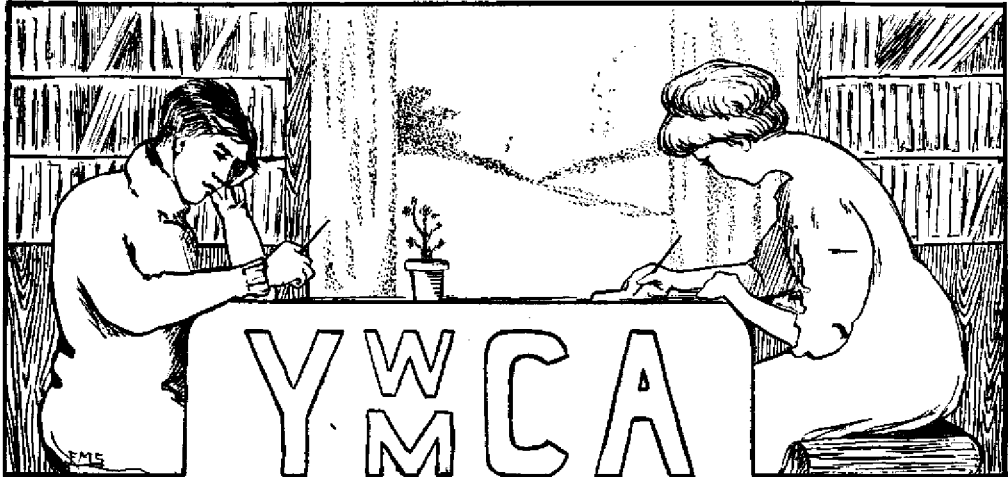
We believe that the loyal friends of York College will come to our rescue within the next few years and help us raise the million dollars endowment necessary to make the future of York College absolutely assured. The efficient and heroic work of the college faculty, the loyal support of the splendid student body, and the unanimous moral support of the good citizens of York, all lead us to take courage. The indications are that next year's attendance will be the largest in the history of the school. In fact every side and aspect of the work of York College is most hopeful and inspiring, except the financial side; and in as much as the finances represent the keystone to the college arch, it is imperative that the endowment keystone be placed in position at the very earliest possible moment. It is a presumption to assume that an arch will stand for a very great length of time without the keystone in position. It is hoped that every student, alumnus and friend of York College will lay hold now and exert every possible effort to help the board of trustees place the keystone in the college arch.

—M. O. McLaughlin, President.

Much has been said and written concerning the relative value of a weekly or monthly paper to a school. From a literary standpoint, we think the monthly is certainly to be preferred; while from a news standpoint, the weekly is undoubtedly the better paper. Perhaps the weekly is also more in touch with student life and activities, much that happens of interest to the student body during the school month, of necessity being eliminated from the pages of the monthly magazine. With York College's increasing growth and influence, it might be worth while to consider the advisability of the next year's school publication in the light of a weekly news sheet.

The school year of '15-'16 will soon

have passed into history. What we have achieved or failed to accomplish should be brought home to us in these closing days of the school year. It is a good thing sometimes to, "sit alone with your thoughts,!" to go over in retrospect the things that have gone before. Have we been loyal to our college and its several organizations? Have we, in some way, contributed any thing toward making our year's stay of benefit to our fellow-students? Are our associates better for having known us? These and other reminiscent thoughts should help reveal us to ourselves and make our lives better in the future; whether they be spent in college or out in the activities of the busy world of industry.



highest and best while we have such ample opportunity. This was a very helpful meeting to all.

Miss Parker was our leader on April 17, and her subject was "Drifting and Its Dangers." She showed that our lives are practically worthless if we have no aim or pilot; and the great value and pleasure of the highest ideals and Jesus Christ as our pilot. Miss Strickler favored us with a splendid solo.

The meeting of April 24 on "Eight Week Clubs" was led by Miss Ethel Clarke. Miss Funkhauser discussed the relation of an Eight Week Club to the country school. Miss Harritt, its relation to the country church and Miss Thompson explained how the country social life was influenced by and Eight Week Club.

Miss Copsey led the meeting on May 1. Her subject was "The College Girl and Her Parents." We all should realize how much our parents are sacrificing in order that we may be in college and we ought to repay them by putting our best efforts into our work and doing only those things which will be an honor to them and to ourselves.

In this last report of the Y. W. C. A. a great many good things may be said of the work during the past year.

We have succeeded in getting a majority of the college girls on our roll and most of them have been very faithful in attendance and in discharging their duties. Yet we feel the Y. W. C. A. has not reached its highest ideal and we sincerely hope every girl in school next year will become a member of Y. W. C. A. and work with all her power to increase its influence thruout the school and to live out the

motto of making Christ real to every girl.

Y. M. C. A.

The four meetings that have been held during the past month were well attended and splendid interest shown.

The first meeting after Spring vacation marked the beginning of the Lew officers and most of the hour was spent in the discussion of plans for next year.

The second meeting was lead by Mr. Weber. A large number were present and everyone went away feeling that they were helped and inspired by the splendid talk. Mr. Weber gave us.

On account of the entertainment given at the Opera House, the attendance of the next meeting was very small, the Senior boys lead this meeting and that fact is enough to tell us it was a good one.

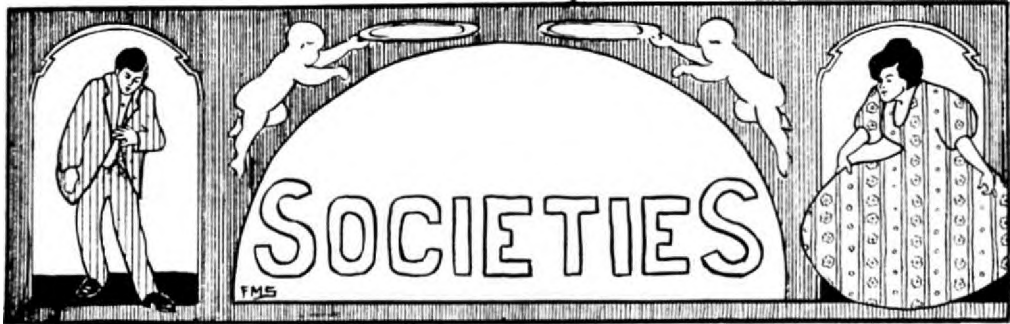
The real event of the month was the meeting held Tuesday, May 2nd in the college chapel. Nearly every man in school was present.

Mr. Harnier rendered one of his beautiful solo's which was indeed very good and well liked.

Following this President McLaughlin spoke to us. He gave us one of those practical "heart to heart" talks, that touched the heart of every man present.

After the address we all went into the Domestic Science kitchen where a lunch was served and after a half-hour's feasting and enjoyment we returned to our homes.

Now fellows we have a good start, let's keep things going and make the coming year the best in the history of our College Y. M. C. A.



ZETA LETHEAN.

The Zealetheans have increased in numbers this year having now over thirty members enrolled. We feel that we have passed a very successful and helpful year under the leadership of very efficient presidents. Our programs have been of high literary stand-ard and have been well carried out showing a great deal of preparation. The attendance at the meetings has shown an abundance of enthusiasm and i interest in the society. Along with our work we have had several social times which proved very entertaining. W e hope that next year we may begin with as much enthusiasm and interest as we have closed this year.

PHILOMATEAN.

We have had several very interesting meetings since last report. On March 23rd. after our business meeting at our request, we were favored with a reading by Miss Sass of the Expression Department. She read us a selection from "Every Woman, " which was enjoyed very much by those present. We feel indebted to Miss Sass for her kindness. We have also had very good musical numbers and readings by

different members. At our last meet-ing a little diversion was created by a motion made by **one** of the girls that a committee be appointed to ask permission to visit **our** brother society. We have **not** heard **the** report of this committee as yet but hope that it will be favorable.

Now **that** the school year is **nearing its** close, girls, let's all **get together and** make this month the very best of **the** whole year. It is sure to be a ben-efit to us if we **will** just take **the** time.

The following is taken from the York Daily News-Times of April 26:

YORK CROWD PLEASD WITH TWELFTH NIGHT BY COLLEGE PEOPLE.

Professor Scott of University of Nebraska Spoke on Shakespeare.

The Ter-Centenary Shakespearian celebration **was** given last night to a large and appreciative audience at York Opera House when the Woman's club of York presented the Shakespearian lecturer. Prof. R. D. Scott, of the University of Nebraska, **and** the Expression department of York college gave Shakespeare's exquisite comedy of "Twelfth Night. "

Professor Scott, a well known lecturer of ability and eloquence, spoke on Shakespeare as a man emphasizing that he was not an angel, or a specially endowed creature, but a mere mortal, who however, made the most of his talents. He spoke also of the comprehensiveness of the great poet's achievements.

The leading part was taken by Dora \Y. Sass, who played a dual

role, that of a young lady of Messa-line, and later that of a page to the reigning Duke of a country on whose shores she was cast after a ship-wreck. Miss Sass carried her roles with an ease and grace characteristic of professionals, and her every word and gesture were full of expression and charm.

Edward Misner, as Sir Toby Belch, Ira Scarborough as Sir Andrew Ague-



check, Gilbert Carver, as Feste, the clown, and Ferne Pollard, as Maria, a waiting maid, were the merry fun makers of the play and throughout the evening kept the audience laughing by their mirth and antics.

The character of Countess Olivia, was ably handled by Nina Belle Caldwell, while the part of her steward, Malvolio, was very creditably given by Paul Grassle.

Edward Pedersen and Ernest Newman took the parts of sea captains, Gilford Saunders, the part of Sebastian, and Clyde Reynolds the part of Orsino, all doing very well.

The garden scene, where Viola tells Orsino that she loves him but does not betray that she is a woman, was especially well acted by Miss Sass and Mr. Reynolds. The soliloquy of Orsino by Mr. Reynolds, on "Music" was also very fine.

The play was given under the direction of Professor Misner, of York college. Much credit, therefore, must be given to the Professor for the success of the play, as it was the pretty settings, skillful arrangements, and humorous details, which added materially to the enjoyment of the comedy.

An Illinois poet of some note, Mr. Frank E. Herrick, has compiled a volume of prohibition verses and is distributing copies of it, gratis, among I. P. A. presidents. We thank you, Mr. Herrick, and appreciate your gift. May your efforts in behalf of a dry Nebraska not be amiss.

A great deal of space in this issue of the Sandburr is devoted to prohibition

sentiment. This is done to impress the individual student with the all-important fact that prohibition is a real live issue this year. The "Booze" interests are working to create an over-confidence among the "Drys" and if they are successful in this they will be successful next November. Do not fail to agitate the question at every opportunity and perchance 'twould be best to discourage a few people who seem over-confident. This would tend to combat the plan of those who foster over-confidence.

A good bartender will make as good a clerk or salesman anywhere else.

That which is open to question is not open to indulgence.

We may always be what we might have been.

Prof. Guglielmo Ferrero, Italian historian, has declared in the Philadelphia North American that the revolt against alcohol is "the most important upheaval of the European war."

Old Bill Booze needs no periscope to see his finish.

"In some of the belligerent countries it has been found that loyalty to Bacchus, Gambrinus and Barleycorn is greater than loyalty to King, Kaiser or Czar."—William J. Bryan.

"The Lord hates a quitter,
But he doesn't hate him, son,
When the quitter's
quitting something that

He shouldn't have begun."

'In Nebraska, the dry towns have an average high school enrollment of 262. 6, and an average daily attendance of 228. 8 for every 1, 000 people of school age, while in the wet towns, the average enrollment is only 112. 3, and the average attendance only 102. 6. Last June, there was one high school graduate for every 21 of the school population in the dry towns, and in the wet towns one graduate for every 39 of the school population. "—Compiled from the Nebraska Educational Directory.

"Since the U. S. was founded, only one man in seven hundred-fifty has gone thru college, yet from this group have come 17 of the 26 presidents, 19 of the 27 vice-presidents, and 17 of the 34 persons in the Hall of Fame. Only 1% of our present population are college people, yet this small percentage furnishes 29 of the 51 governors of states and territories, 61 of the 93 U. S. Senators, 272 out of 395 Congressman, and 9 of the 9 Supreme Court Judges. "—Exchange.

"Whether they wish it or not, men are today divided into camps. The one fights, by word and by example, against the useless custom of drinking a poison and the others, by word and example, are equally the defenders of this poison. "—Tolstoi.

"An illicit saloon is called a blind pig because it is made possible- by an office-holding hog who agrees not to see. "

"Drink a Highball, " an old drinking song at the U. of Pennsylvania, has been

officially banned under the order of Provost Smith and other university officials, who declare that the song lays Pennsylvania men open to misunderstanding and is not truly representative of the university.

Industrial Prohibition, which we re-gard as one of the hopeful indications of the war against alcohol, is viewed as a menace by the liquor trade, whose standard organ, Mida's Criterion, says: "One of the most pregnant signs of the times is the steady and increasing tendency of big corporations to encroach on the personal liberties of workers. " The Brewer's Journal is horrified by the greed of the manufacturers: "There are even companies and individual employers who threaten to discharge employees for drinking alcohol at any time. They do not care if that is social and economic slavery. Their main object is to PROTECT THEIR POCKETBOOKS. " As if it were worse to earn dividends by keeping men sober than by making them drunken!

"The last to be hired, the first to be fired—the Boozer. "

Harry Fitt writes from London that under the new booze regulations many a working man who used to spend his spare hours and earnings in the grog shops is at home with the wife and children who are now much better provided for than under the old regime. Sobriety is a mighty good investment.

"When you down Booze, that is per-sonal liberty; when Booze downs you, that is Slavery. "

STUDENTS IN "OHIO DRY" CAMPAIGN FALL OF 1915.

At least six-hundred-fifty students from eighteen Ohio colleges, fifty of them college young women, took part in the tremendous "drive" of anti-liquor sentiment in that state, which culminated, November 2, in the capture of nearly one-half of the enemy's line of entrenchments—in the reduction of the 84, 000 majority vote a year ago against constitutional prohibition to 55, 000.

At Otterbein twenty different students took part; speakers were furnished for 14 meetings and music for five.

At this vigorous prohibition college several times as many students were ready to do work as could be used in a community so largely against the saloon as is this.

Sixteen colleges sent out an average of 33 students each into this laboratory of civic leadership. Their services counted greatly in the campaign. These colleges were: Adelbert (Western Reserve University), Ohio State, Oberlin, Ohio Wesleyan, Wooster, Denison, Otterbein, Ohio Northern, Defiance, Baldwin Wallace, Heidelberg, Ashland, Hiram, Miami, Mount Union, and Lane Theological.



A ST. PATRICK'S PARTY.

On the evening of March seventeenth, the Juniors were royally entertained at the home of their sponsor, Miss Ethel Clarke. The first activities of the evening took place at the dining room table where St. Patrick was in evidence. The table looked very pretty with its St. Patrick's Day color, green, with white background to carry out the Junior class colors, green and white. A delicious four-course dinner was served, and between courses we were busied with "A St. Patrick's Day Romance." This furnish-ed a great deal of amusement. After

dinner, we removed to the parlor where each of us wrote "blarney" about each other and we thoroughly enjoyed this, too. The rest of the evening was spent in telling stories. The Juniors departed at a late hour, all having had a very pleasant evening. We decided that we have a sponsor whom we will not "trade off."

Mr. Hoist was a welcome visitor on Monday, May 1. Mr. Hoist left school some time ago and returned last week making a short visit in York.

Mr. Eberle returned after the spring recess and is now taking "Farm Accounting."

Mr. Stalnaker has completed his course in bookkeeping and expects to return to his home next week.

A crowd of merry-makers had planned a picnic to the woods March 15th but due to the inclement weather it was held in the gymnasium instead. A jolly and lively time was enjoyed by all present. The party included the Misses Gladys and Venice Hitchcock, Pauley, Dahlgren, Hall, Funkhauser, Stewart, Shiley, Failing, Thompson and Simans and Messrs. Reynolds, Pederson, Misner, Tatlow, Askine, Bland, Scarborough, Young, Shellma-dine, and Saunders.

"We had some time tonight, We had some time, We had some time tonight We had some time."

Such was the refrain that disturbed the peaceful slumbers of the Sophomores, on the night of April 17. The Freshmen were returning from a "feed" and the song expressed their feelings in just the right way. The said Freshmen very cautiously met at the home of Miss Eva Reynolds on West 5th St., where a hay rack was waiting to carry them away to a secret nook on Beaver creek. The evening was ideal and the spot could not have been surpassed, as a location for a Freshman feed. The campfire was the biggest and brightest that ever burned and the "eats" rivaled those of the Juniors and Seniors. Without a doubt it was the grandest and most successful class "feed" of the year.

A new club has been organized in York College to secure greater happiness and more pleasure. Six charter members make up the club known as the X. B. B. O. O. More members welcome.

—MyrnaHall, (President)

Miss Hughes, in Astronomy class— "There was a total eclipse of the sun in Illinois forty-six years ago."

Saunders—"I was away from here then."

Coach Hawkins and Ritchey stayed over in Hastings after the track meet. We wonder if there was an attraction.

Misses Tooley and Parker spent Sunday, April 30, with the home folks in Central City.

Miss Merle Snider spent Sunday, April 30, in Aurora.

Jake Glur and Clyde Reynolds stopped off in Aurora, on the return from Hastings, for a visit with friends. We understand Jake was taken for a minister while there.

Dean Ashcraft in Bible Class— "What becomes of the righteous?"

Schlarb—"Eternal bliss."

Dean A.. —"What becomes of the un-righteous?"

Schlarb—"Eternal blister."

DON'TS FOR MEN.

Upon meeting a lady, don't bother to raise your hat it takes too much energy to take your hand out of your pocket.

Don't open a door for a lady unless you want to go inside yourself—then always pass in first.

Don't exert yourself or spoil your hands by putting on or taking off a ladies' rubbers.

Don't burden yourself down by carrying any girl's books.

Don't ask for a date until the last minute—you may change your mind and then a girl always enjoys the suspense of uncertainty.

Don't bother to wear a collar and tie to breakfast; a sweater looks just as well and gives you more time to sleep.

Don't shave too often; it's such a waste of time, for whiskers only grow out again, besides they serve as a protection to the face.

Shelly—"What did I make in my Chemistry exam?"

Prof. Buswell—"Mistakes. "

Dean Ashcraft—"Mr. Bland, what does our author say about the path of the planets in their orbit and do you agree with him?"

Bland—"I don't believe I know what the author says, but I agree with him. "

Wagner, phoning from a farm house to the garage—"I guess you will have to come and get me, I've turned turtle. "

The Reply—"This is a garage. You want the aquarium. "

TABLE DON'TS

Don't surprise the table by being on time.

Don't overload your fork. You can hold a great deal more food on your knife and it requires much more dexterity to manage it.

Don't let your spoon stand in your cup. Be polite, and ask it to be seated.

Don't become embarrassed if you should happen to get a spot on the table cloth. Absent-mindedly place a piece of bread over it—butter-side down—this keeps the spot from the public eye beautifully.

Don't cause a scene if you spill your coffee in your neighbor's lap. Smooth the matter over by telling him that you really didn't care for the coffee anyway.

Don't take your soup from the side of the spoon, but sip it from the end, making a cute noise like a leaky faucet. The sound of a good soup is as music to the ear.

Don't hesitate to drink much water at a meal. When doing so, remember that it is considered quite a feat to make a noise like a soda fountain.

Voice over the telephone—"Hello, is Lester there?"

Kettering—"Yes, this is Lester. "

Voice—"Well, J can't decide which bat I want and I wish you would come down and help me. "

Prof. Misner—"How many tickets do you want?"

Glur—"Only two. You don't think I've got a family, do you?"

Prof. Misner—"During your stay abroad did you meet any old ruins?"

Miss Clark—"I was proposed to by three. "

The Rev. Geo. Strickler, a member of the class of 1906, and now located at Alice, Texas, as pastor of the Presbyterian church, visited at Chapel, May 2nd.



Bisset: in History—"Where is the best place to hold the world's fair?"

Wagner—"Why, around- the waist, I should think. "

Mrs. Rector—"Well how did you find the beef, Gilford?"

Mr. Butch Saunders—"Oh, I just happened to shift a potato and there it was. "

Of all sad words of tongue or pen The saddest are these. "Get in by ten. "

"Helen, you are the breath of my life. "

"Would you mind holding your breath awhile?"

Joke Editor, wearily—"Tell me some jokes, can't you?"

Weber, drowsily—"Oh just put in the student roll. "

Prof. Feemster—Edward, why are you always behind in your studies?" Pete—"Why, so I can pursue them. "

Mary—"How lovely of you to bring me these beautiful roses. How sweet and how fresh. I really believe there is a little dew on them yet. "

Ritchey, his face growing red— "Well—yes, there is but I'll pay it next week. "

Fern—"He said he would kiss me or die in the attempt. "

Lena, excitedly—"Oh, what did you do"

Fern—"Well he has no life insurance and I pitied his mother. "

"Why is Ed. Misner's head like a dollar?"

"One bone. "

Scarborough, in drug store—"I want some assafetida. Will you please charge it?"

Clerk—"What's your name?"

Ira—"Mr. I. M. Scarborough. "

Clerk—"Take it, I'll give it to you rather than write all that down. "



The athletics at York College this spring has taken an intermural aspect. Class teams in base ball and track work-have been organized and have received the entire support of each individual class. The faculty has an organized base ball team and is furnishing excellent competition to all comers. Tennis has increased in popularity, especially with the co-eds, to such an extent that York's hard clay courts have not as yet succeeded in accomodating all. This spirit and increased interest in athletics is that which has placed York College among the "top notchers" during the last year and is expected to make her a peer in the seasons to come.

The prospects for a winning foot ball team are unusually bright. Only one of last season's team will be lost by graduation and with the splendid material on hand and coming in in the fall we find joy in anticipation. The consolidation of the York Business College with the College has further increased the available material for all branches of athletics. The foot ball

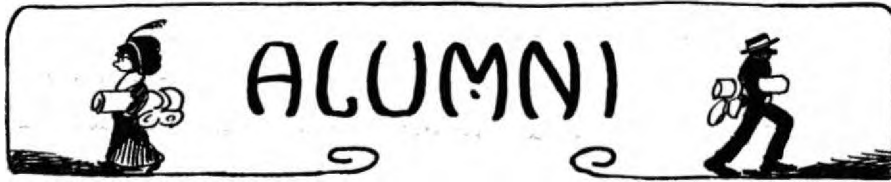
schedule has been completed and contains games with Kearney and Peru Normals, Doane, Grand Island, Hastings, Omaha, Cotner, and either Creighion or Wesieyan. The basket ball schedule has not as yet been made out. but the prospects for basket ball are as good as are the foot ball prospects. It was this year's basket ball team that showed the real worth of York College athletics.

The abundance of material is not the only assurance of a bright athletic season next year. Material without an incentive could be likened to a cart with-out a horse.

York College has the incentive for its material. We are fast building up traditions, and the spirit of the students is the same spirit that predominated Tom Brown's days at Rugby. A York College man will always feel that he can "buck a stone wall," and that York College spirit will win where everything else shall fail.

—E. G. HAWKINS,

Coach.



President.....	R. E. Caldwell, '05
1st V. Pres.,	Jennie Johns-Vannice, '13
2nd V. Pres.....	A. R. Caldwell, '08
Secretary	Nina G. Francis, '15
Treasurer	Paul B. Porter, '15
Historian	Ruby Loomer, '15
Editor.....	Edith M. Callender, '15
Trustee	Wayne W. Soper, '13

PERSONAL MENTION. A. W. Vannice, '15, Superintendent of the Crab Orchard, Neb., schools, has been re-elected for another year. Reports say that he is enjoying his work very much.

Miss Irene Hamilton, '13, of North Bend, Neb., visited friends in York for a couple of days the first of the month.

Rev. George B. Strickler, '06, spent a few weeks recently at the home of his mother, Mrs. N. A. Strickler, of York. Rev. Strickler is pastor of the Presbyterian church at Alice, Texas. While in York he visited chapel and gave an interesting talk to the students.

On Friday evening, April the fourteenth, occurred the marriage of Miss Ruth Alda Loonier to Air. Roy X. Gilbert. The ceremony, which was performed by President M. O. McLaughlin, took place at the home of the bride's parents, Mr. and Mrs. L. S. Loonier. White tulips and ferns made the home beautiful for the occasion. Misses Ethel Thompson and Mary Rankin assisted in serving the wedding

repast. Both Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert are well known in York College and Alumni circles. Mrs. Gilbert was a member of the class of 1913 and since her graduation has been engaged in teaching. Mr. Gilbert also was a student at York College for several years and since leaving school has held a position in the City National Bank at Lincoln. Following a brief visit with the groom's parents at Helvey, Neb., Mr. and Mrs. Gilbert left for their new home in Weiser, Idaho, where Mr. Gilbert is interested in the banking business. The good wishes of their friends accompany them to their distant home.

A recent letter from Mrs. I. E. Caldwell, of Juana Diaz, Porto Rico, will be of especial interest to her old college friends. She will be remembered as Miss Lena Schell, daughter of Dr. W. E. Schell, of Dayton, Ohio, and sister of Mrs. W. B. Johns, of York. Mr. and Mrs. Caldwell, both of the class of 1902, have been engaged in mission work for a number of years. The letter follows:

"After a year in Ponce, where we had the privilege of electric lights, and ice at a rate sufficiently cheap to use in the refrigerator, here we are again in Juana Diaz, our home for seven years.

"Mr. Caldwell has the direction of all the work of the district of Juana Diaz and so is constantly making trips to the country towns and barrios. He also goes monthly for several days' work as Professor in the Union Theo-

logical Seminary in Mayaguez.

"One of the most important things in connection with our work is the conference that was held in San Juana as a result of the Panama conference. The resolutions made in regard to union are wonderful and will result in a more hasty evangelization of Porto Rico and other islands if carried out.

This is Good Friday—the anniversary of the planting of the York College grove. This is, however, irrelevant to my subject. Today there will be a procession of Catholics. An image of Christ in a glass coffin will be carried through the streets, representing his burial. Children, young ladies and women very well dressed, some even elegantly arrayed, some men and cer-

tain life-size images will follow the coffin.

"This week we are having special services, as it is a time when people are not supposed to work much, but fast and pray. Our attendance has been small due to the rains. We cannot complain, however, as there was such a great need for rain.

"As every Easter draws near we hope and pray that the time may soon come when it will mean a new hope for so many that today are ignorantly mourning a dead Christ; that do not know what that death means for all those who believe; that do not know he ever liveth on high to make intercession for us; that he dwelleth in the hearts of those who accept and love him. "



Gold and Blue: —One of our exchanges which always shows a lot of pep and enthusiasm. Your Literary Department is splendid. Your class reports are very interesting, and indicate a good class spirit. Your paper is one of the few which keep up a good exchange department in all the numbers.

The Register: One of the best high-school papers that has come to us this year. We find the department "Our Collection Box," one of special interest. It offers splendid opportunities for articles of variety and interest. The editorial on "Purpose" in your April number is very good.

The Franklin Academy Mirror: The splendid cuts in your March number add much to your paper.

The Bumble Bee: A new exchange. Only a couple numbers of "The Bumble Bee" have come to us this year. It is a good high school paper, though a very small one. More departments would add to its interest.

The Bellevue paper "Purple and Gold" shows much interest on the part of the students in athletics and in debating. The Freshman Number is very good displaying a great deal of class spirit and enthusiasm. The cuts are splendid.

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