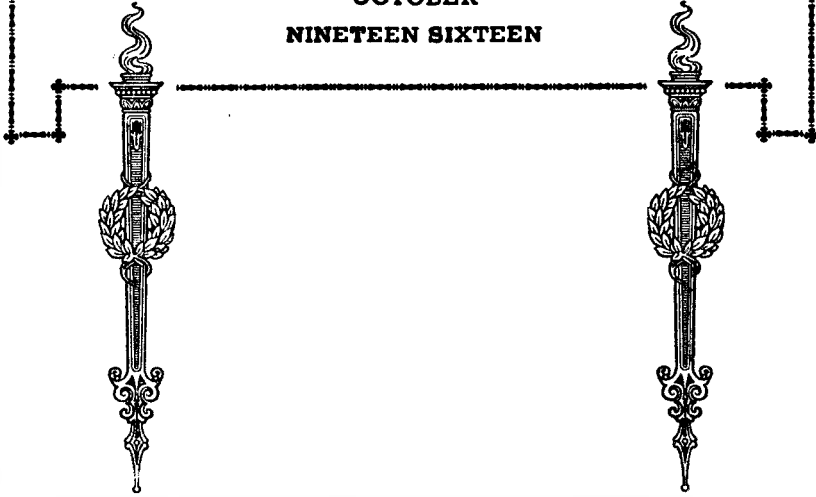


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OCTOBER
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LOWELL'S USE OF MYTHOLOGY

James Russell Lowell is the most versatile and all-round of our major poets. He is a humorist, moralist, reformer, and critic. The range of his Muse extended from contemporary politics to the dandelion. With an author so versatile it is not strange that mythology should play an important part both as subject-matter and as inspiration.

Lowell's use of mythology is as varied as his own genius. He may take a mythological character as subject for a poem as for example: "Prometheus," "The Sireus," and "The Shepherd of King Admetus." Sometimes he uses mythology as a background as in the "Fable For Critics." Scattered through his poetry are numerous classical allusions. His use of such allusions is not studied nor with conscious effort but as of one thoroughly familiar with them. He is full of fun in "The Origin of Didactic Poetry," and as serious as a Roman in the "Prometheus." He uses Bellerophon as a subject for a moral thesis.

In what way Lowell gained his knowledge of mythology can not be told in one sentence. He was not a

bard student, but a wide reader. And it is probable that as a reader rather than as a student he obtained his acquaintance with mythology. His father, grand-father and great-grand father were graduates of Harvard College. As a child he was read to sleep from Spenser's "Fairie Queen." His early education was obtained from a retired publisher who kept a small school near Elmwood and instilled what classical knowledge he could into the small boys of the neighborhood. In college he read Tasso, Dante, Montaigne, The old English Dramatists, Butler, Cowper, Burns, Landor, Byron, Coleridge, Keats, Carlyle, and Milton. Under the inspiration of the last named he read something of the classics. Following his graduation in 1838 he studied law for two years. During these two years he continued his reading, and now paid much more attention to the classics than he had done in college. Ovid, Theocritus, and the Greek dramatists seem to have been his favorites.

It is apparent, then, that Lowell was acquainted with the classical mythology not only through the reading of the English masters, but had himself drunk at the springs of Helicon. We are prepared therefore to expect frequent allusions to the ancient mythoi-

ogy and whole poems devoted to its treatment. What for instance can be more beautiful than the following: (Bellerophon.)

"Now fold thy wings a little while,
My tranced soul, and lie
At rest on this Calypso-isle
That floats in mellow sky."

or (Allegra)
"Thou wast some foundling whom
the Hours
Nursed, laughing, with the milk of
mirth."

No one without a fine sense for mythology could have written (Columbus),

"I stretched beneath the many-cen-
turied shade
Of some writhed oak, the wood's
Laocoon."

The versatility of Lowell in his treatment of mythology can best be shown by a consideration of two poems, "The Origin of Didactic Poetry," and "Prometheus"; the former exhibiting his humor and burlesque, the latter his serious-mindedness and tendency to moralize.

In the former, Minerva, who spends her leisure time in writing verses full of rhyme, regular metre and "pious plums," thinking what a treat it would be for the Gods to hear them, suggests that she read them at the next day's Ambrosia. She prepares a copy with every mood and tense correct, and tied with ribbons in the fashion of the modern school girl. The Gods, while not taking very strongly to moral verses, could not refuse so proper a goddess as Minerva. With her audience sitting in attitudes of "various dejection," Minerva, after clearing her throat, began her grave prelection", (lecture.)

At the first pause to catch her breath, Zeus says, "Well sung!" But suddenly remembering that Phoebus is authority on such matters, defers to

him. Admetus' flocks being just then threatened by a wolf, however, saved Phoebus from posing as a literary critic on a matter so delicate. At the next pause Mars said, "For me don't wait—naught could be finer, But I'm engaged at half-past three.—A fight in Asia Minor!" (He is still pretty much engaged although there has been no lack of didactics since Minerva's time).

Venus might have been expected to be sympathetic with her sister and it was a sore trial to have to leave, but a bride was needing her attention down in Cyprus, and off she hurries.

Joyful Bacchus was still an eager listener, but recollecting that he has a date at four with a man over a matter of a newly-broke pair of leopards, reluctantly (?) says good-by. Hermes wakes up at this juncture,—and this is the first suggestion we have that anyone was uninterested enough to go to sleep, or, perhaps he was lulled to sleep by the smoothness of the rhythm, —and with a wink at Hebe remarks, "I so love moral theses."

Zeus was so sound asleep by this time that he snored,—which so startled mortals that they wondered what evil was imminent, and so discouraged Minerva that she threw her verses out of the back window of Olympus, and hurried off to Athens to start a Sunday school.

In her maturer years, after she learned that all things "pretty" are not "Art," the goddess gave the following advice:

"Put all your beauty in your rhymes,
Your morals in your living."

Advice which all poets since her time have unhesitatingly (?) followed.

In the Prometheus Lowell attempts a noble theme. This Titanic subject had been treated by Aeschylus, the writer of the book of Job, and by

Shelley. It is the difficult problem of human freedom in conflict with tyrannical Deity. What is the solution? How Aeschylus solved it will perhaps never be known. Shelley would overthrow Deity.

The Prometheus of Lowell is in the form of a monologue in which Prometheus himself is speaking. He wonders:

"Why thou art made a god of, thou
"poor type

Of anger, and revenge, and cunning
force.

True power was never born of brutish
strength."

Zeus is not all-powerful, for

"There is a higher purity than thou,
And higher purity is greater strength."

* * * * *

Let man but will and thou art god no
more,

* * * Weaker than a simple human
thought."

Prometheus is more of a god in his "long-suffering and strength to meet the direst shafts of fate than thou (Zeus) in thy faint-hearted despotism. Girt with thy baby-toys of force and wrath."

Through his solicitude and suffering Prometheus has become seer, and he has his revenge in his vision of the "sure supermenness of the Beautiful," the freedom of men, peace, prosperity, and the love of humankind for himself because of his martyrdom. When Zeus shall fade and be forgotten, his (Prometheus) soul shall be still fresh-living in the hearts of men. Man's sorrow comes from his upward striving after the unattainable. But better so, for "Wisdom is stern sorrow's patient child, and empire over self, and all the deep strong charities that make men seem like gods; and love that makes them Gods." Prometheus, then, should bear up, for he is but a type

"Of what all lofty spirits endure, that
fain

Would win men back to strength and
peace through love:

Each has his lonely peak, and on each
heart

Envy, or scorn, or hatred, tears lifelong
With vulture break; yet the high soul
is left;

And faith, which is but hope grown
wise, and love

And patience which at last shall over-
come."

(While Lowell has humanized and christianized his theme very much and has softened the awfulness of the Prometheus of Aeschylus, yet in form and grandeur he is still classical.)

—"Prof." J. C. Morgan.

SOLILOQUY OF A COLLEGE GIRL.

How bright and cheerful the old wood fire on this cold November evening! What a feeling of comfort and protection it give one, while the cold wind whistles eerily about the house, and whirls the newly-fallen snow into ever-changing drifts. Old North Wind whistles fretfully down the chimney, but the blazing coals only glow more brightly as if to defy the chilly warning of their enemy, the North Wind.

How I love to sit in this big old arm-chair and dream! Of course, I delight in the companionship of the girls, but tonight I am really glad of the practical excuse of a headache, that I may remain here alone, with my chair drawn close upon the warm hearth, and dream.

The girls have just gone. I can see them, in imagination, entering the brightly-lighted theatre, to hear Madame B——— the famous contralto. But I do not envy them—why should I? In these leaping flames before me,

I can see all of my ambitions, rose-tinted and suffused with a halo of precious hopes.

I feel those fancies passing from me, steadily but gently into forgetfulness. I hardly know they have gone, when my mind greets another picture. It is most natural that my thoughts should turn to "home" tonight. Christmas time is drawing near, that beautiful season of cheer and love, and Christmas, to me, is always connected with love.

"Home"! How much that word means! I can hardly wait for the intervening weeks to pass, before the holidays. But they will soon pass I know, for I will be so busy. Just for tonight I will let my thoughts dwell on Christmas at home.

Isn't anticipation a most precious and wonderful thing? It always gives us the best of things, as does memory.

Looking into the fire I can see the whole picture. It is Christmas eve, and I have just reached the station of my home town. Father is come with the carriage and we soon begin our drive home.

And what a drive! Myriads of stars deck the sky, and the moon shines down with dazzling radiance over the sparkling snow. The air is crisp and invigorating. The roads are packed and smooth, from much travel since the last snow. How sweet is that indescribable music of the wheels passing over the snow, mingling with the ringing hoof-beats of the horses.

Now we are approaching the gate; father is recounting all the news of the farm. The dear old farm house set back in the midst of stately elms is aglow with the radiance of brightly-lighted windows. Father stops the horses and instantly an all-prevailing silence prevails. I run lightly up the walk, and the door is opened wide before me, revealing a promise of light

and warmth within. They all crowd to the doorway, and I see the dear laughing faces of home. Brothers and sisters have all come home for this happy event. Some have come from a distance,—and there is mother—.

The picture becomes too vivid. It is all too real for a fire-light fancy. I'm afraid I am very nearly homesick. I hear the girls coming, and they must not find me in tears. So goodbye, dear firelight fancies! I have had a most delightful hour with you, but it was all too short. After the holidays you may return, in the guise of beautiful Memory.

—Alice Kaliff.

OUR NEW DEAN OF WOMEN

A way back in the 80's there lived a family near Findley, Ohio by the name of Fetters. It was somewhere about this time that this family gladly welcomed a little girl to their home whom they called Miss Aerie. From mere childhood this little girl had one ambition that has been "The" controlling factor that has molded her character into the noble, self sacrificing, lady that we find her today. That ambition was to be a foreign missionary. After completing the High school at Findley she then attended Bonebrake Theological Seminary from which she graduated. After attending Otterbein for some time she, finding it impossible to go as a missionary, began work at Waterloo, Iowa as a Deaconess. After a service of three years in Waterloo she received a call to Deaconess work of our church in Omaha where she worked two years.

After Mrs. Rector found it impossible for her to return to York as matron of the conservatory for the third year, Miss Fetters was chosen to fill her place and she comes to us fully able to perform the duties to which she has been called.



THE SANDBURR



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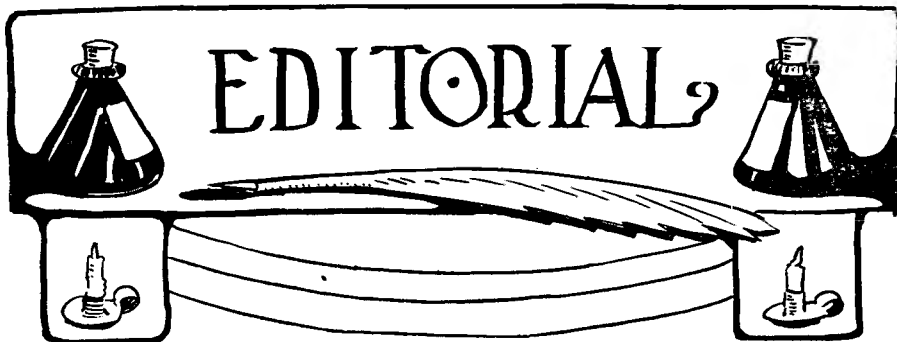
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EDITORIAL

You are reading the first issue of the Sandburr for this new school year. It is the purpose of the new staff to fill the pages of each paper with the very best of material. The members of the editorial staff with the exception of two are new in the department which they have in hand, yet we believe that a growing school must needs have a growing college paper. So with contributions from the students and friends for its pages, the staff is determined to make it such.

We are introducing in this issue a

new department, for which we have not as yet found a satisfactory name, which we feel will be of value to every student. The editor of it has written an introductory article and from it you may get an idea of what will appear in the following issues.

The editor of it will not be made known at present. A larger box will be secured if possible and placed in the hall, into which students may put questions for the new department and any Burrs or locals that you may have.

E. L. K.

SUPPOSE WE TRY

If someone were to ask you, "What is the most important issue at College now?" What would you say? FOOTBALL, of course. But, we can't all play foot ball; we can't all be basket ball stars; some of us can't even carry off the prize in a track meet or win the box of candy in the tennis tournament, so what CAN we do? What most of us DO is to sit down and stick our noses into our books, only looking out now and then to say with a satisfied grin, "Our foot ball team is surely putting York on the map." Say did it ever dawn upon you that there may be more than ONE map in this school world?

Suppose someone came up to you this evening and asked you if Y. C. had a good foot ball team, then seemed inclined to doubt your emphatic affirmative assertion. What would you do about it? There is no doubt but that every student in college could think of ten arguments in an equal number of seconds to prove that we have the best coach, the best captain and the best team in the state. There are a number of other questions, too, upon which we can find arguments equally good and we only need the co-operation of every student here to prove beyond the shadow of a doubt, to the entire satisfaction of every student in Nebraska, that York has also the best debating team in the state. Of course, that remains to be proven but when the possibility is so great it at least is worth attempting—so lets try it anyway. If you can't debate on the real subject yourself the least you can do is to argue that fellow student of yours into believing that it is his duty to his school; his privilege for personal improvement, and his golden opportu-

nity to help in the making of a star debating team for Y. C. Let us be able to say by next spring, that Y-o-r-k on the map of school activities spells "Debate" in as large letters as it already spells "Foot ball" and "Basket ball."

V. G. S.

OUR NEW DEPARTMENT

The fact is very generally accepted that good manners are a valuable asset to any person, whether in the business or social world. So valuable an equipment are they in every relationship of life that no person, particularly a young man or young woman, just beginning life, can afford to be without a knowledge of the social requirements which are commonly recognized as a part of good manners. Instruction on points of etiquette is quite as necessary as instruction in any branch of learning which tends to broaden the mind, and it seems unfortunate that the ordinary school curriculum can make no provision for it. It is to supply this need to some extent, and make the Sandburr of as much practical benefit as possible to the students of York College, that the editor is introducing this new department in the columns of this issue. How long it will continue depends upon the interest shown in it by the student body.

We all know, of course, that the foundation of good manners is kindness and a sacred regard for the golden rule. Politeness has been called the oil which makes the wheels of society run smoothly, because it lessens the friction of daily contact with each other. We can all realize, I think, how much the jostle and jar of life needs to be lessened to make daily life pleas-

ant. It is upon this fact that the social regulations have been founded, and any rudeness or selfishness which jostles and jars against others is considered "bad manners."

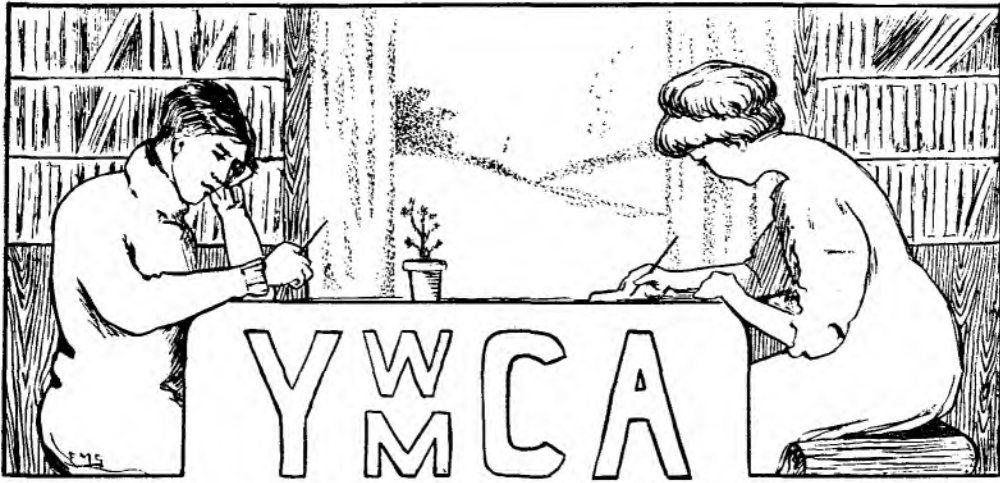
Some persons may think that nobility of character and generosity of spirit are sufficient to insure good manners, but these are only the moral structure upon which the social structure rests. Kind thought in the heart is certainly the root of all etiquette, but as some one has so well put it, "it flowers out into its perfect beauty through careful training along lines of a graceful observance of the right things to do and to say." Real good form seems to require both heart courtesy and a graceful outward manner of expressing the kindly thought. There are people who, although they are neither rude nor selfish at heart, may seem so because they are ignorant of small social requirements, and unknown to them, what they do and say offends the sensibilities of some others with whom they come in contact.

When one is conscious of his ignorance he is likely to become self-conscious, which causes him to make still more blunders. Etiquette has the kindly aim of doing away with this awkwardness resulting from ignorance, in those who take the trouble to become informed in regard to its rules. College life certainly offers abundant opportunity to practice politeness so that it may

become a part of our personality, and not be something superficial to be put on and off upon certain occasions like our party clothes.

The editor of this department does not profess to be in anyway a model in matters of etiquette, but will earnestly try, by consulting the recognized authorities, to answer the questions which come to you if you will make them known. For example, if you feel doubtful about just what one should do and say when introduced, about the proper form for acceptance of invitations, how to manage your fork at the table, or any other point of social usage, write out your question and drop it into the Sandburr box, addressed to the editor of the Etiquette Department. No one needs to feel ashamed to do this, for no matter how kind a nature one has, nor how well one has been brought up, there are often perplexing moments when one is in doubt about the decrees of good society.

If the students care to have this department continued it is hoped they will show their interest by sending in such questions, for in that way only can these columns be most helpful and practical. Let us here at York by showing a wholesome—not an exaggerated—attention to this matter, help by our lives to refute the statement so often made that Americans have "bad manners."



Y. W. C. A. NOTES

The annual reception to new girls given by the Y. W. C. A. took place Monday night, September 18th. This was the first time that all the girls had been together, and if jolity is any indication, this opportunity was very much appreciated, for everyone seemed to have a thoroughly good time.

The Y. W. C. A. meeting, September 18, was in charge of Miss Ethel Wildman, President of the association, whose subject was, "Love, the greatest thing in the world." Many practical and helpful thoughts were gathered, which were an inspiration to the girls.

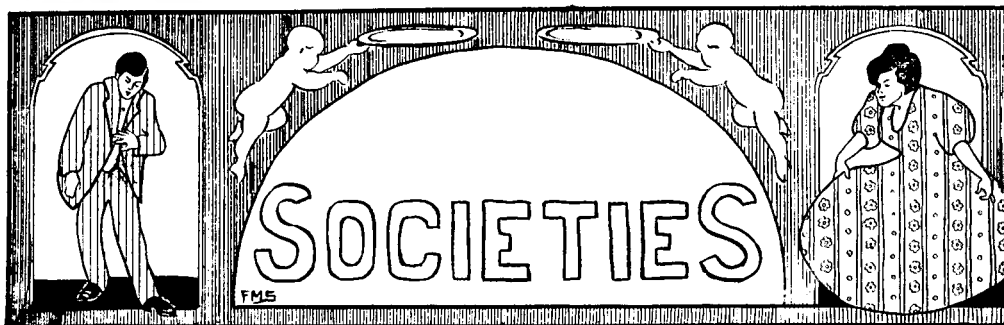
The Estes Park Delegates, Misses Ethel Wildman and Velma Stuckey, gave their reports at the meeting on September 25th. Miss Ruby Loomer favored us with a solo. The meeting was very interesting and many splendid suggestions were offered.

—Helen O. Sailing

Y. M. C. A.

Y. M. C. A. has started off exceedingly well. The first meeting was held the nineteenth of September in the college chapel. Nearly every boy in school was present. President McLaughlin was the speaker of the evening, and gave one of those uplifting sermons for which he is famous. He presented the problems and duties of college man in such a way, that every one who heard him, felt benefited for having been there. Harner sang a very beautiful solo. And after the meeting, everyone went over to the gym where the chief chef, Mr. Bland and helpers had a lunch prepared. All went home feeling better, both physically and spiritually.

The second meeting was held September twenty-sixth. It was led by our Y. M. C. A. President, Mr. W. G. Saunders. He gave his plans and ideas for the coming year's work. And arrangements have been made to carry out these plans. We are sure this year's work in Y. M. C. A. circles will be the best York College has ever experienced.



PHILOMATHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

As school has but just started and the girls have been arranging their studies we have had only one meeting this year. The program was well rendered and was appreciated by those present. The outlook is good for a profitable and prosperous year. The society desires to extend a cordial invitation to all girls who are interested in literary work, and, especially to all new girls. The benefits of a literary society are helpful to every one so come out to our next meeting and become one of us.

ZETALETHEAN LITERARY SOCIETY

With the great amount of enthusiasm and interest which is always characteristic of the Zetas, the Zetaletheans began their new year's work on last Thursday evening. The hour of meeting was seven-thirty o'clock, and the assembly was called to order by our capable and amiable president, Miss Garda Parker. A large congregation of girls was present to hear the following program which was read and well rendered:

Extempore—Mary Cave.
 Optional—Nina Belle Caldwell.
 "Visions"—Helen Sailing.
 Vocal Solo—Lena Westover.
 "Zeta Girls' Companion"—
 Louise Ankeny . . . Editor-in-Chief
 Garda Parker
 Ethel Wildman
 Paper—Ruth Warner.

The various numbers on the program showed careful and painstaking preparation on the part of the girls who gave them and expressed the feeling that each girl was optimistic and animated about the future prospects of the Zetas.

A large number of new names were proposed for membership, and we expect to have a great many more to propose at our next meeting. We, the old members, were very glad to have so many new girls present, and we cordially invite them to come again. We (will) welcome every girl of the student body who wishes at any time to visit our society.

The ceremonies of this our first evening did not close with the exhibition of literary ability, merely. After adjournment from the regular session, all formalities were thrown aside, and the girls were having a general good time, when suddenly the door opened and our Zetaglethean brothers filed in. Great was the cheering then, for, our