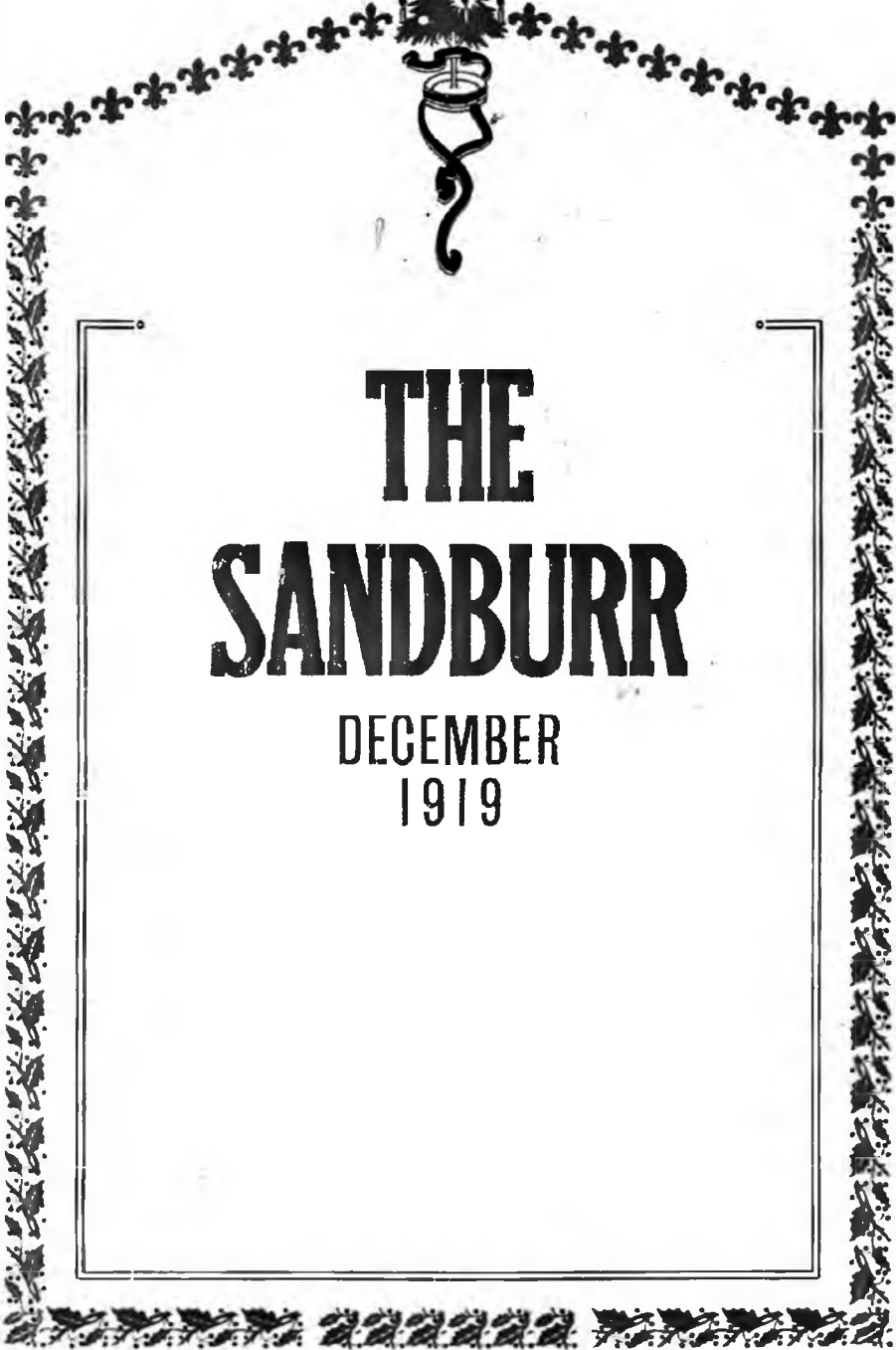


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THE SANDBURR



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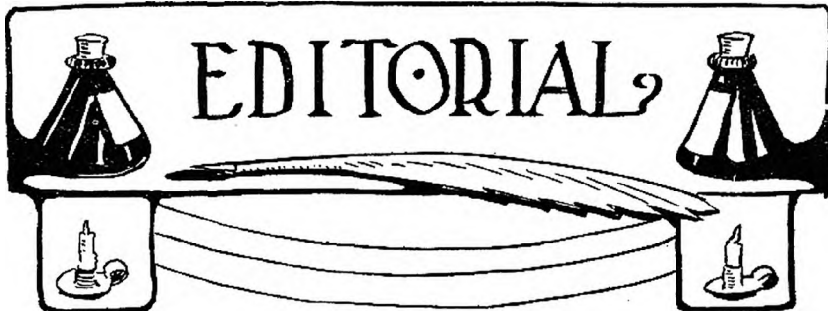
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Contributions

All friends of York College, graduates and ex-students are invited.

Staff

Editor-in-Chief.....	Lena Myers	Burrs	Alice Kaliff
Associate Editor.....	Lenore John	Exchanges	Walter Henry
Business Manager.....	Lewis John	Music	Grace Ulsh
Literary	Eva Williams	Faculty Critic.....	Prof. Verder
Society	Viola Stoddard	Alumni	Lenore Milligan
Athletics	Lloyd Cottrell	Academy	Olive Ball
Locals	Eva Kerr	Business College.....	Hugh Arnold



Autumn has gone, and with it the football season. It has been an exciting season, and a pleasant one; and although it has caused ill-feeling on the part of some of the opposing schools, we hope that all such matters will be adjusted soon.

The end of an agreeable experience always leaves one with a lost feeling, but no student will need to wonder what use to make of his football pep, if he looks around him. First of all, there are the school organizations. The literary societies need the stu-

dents and the students need them. The Y. M. C. A. and Y. W. C. A. are doing splendidly, but there is still work for those who have not been active. Then there are new student activities to begin soon. The work in debating and oratory furnishes excellent mental drill as well as training in expression. All students should interest themselves in this work and give it their hearty support. Basketball is of interest to both girls and boys, and we expect to see many good inter-class as well as inter-collegiate games.

"A FIT FOR EVERY FOOT AT ROGERS SHOE CO.

ATHLETICS



So there is no reason why the rest of the school year should not be as interesting as the football season has been. Put as much pep into debating and basketball as you did into football and York College will make as good a record in those contests as she has made on the football field.

Those students of York College who have read the sensational account of the Wesleyan-York football game in the Wesleyan of November 6, seem to be of the unanimous opinion that no more conspicuous example of what not to do in college journalism could be found. Though we deeply resent the insult to the men of our team, which we find in the columns of the Wesleyan, we respect too much our own college paper to have any desire to retaliate in kind. We might however, take the matter more seriously and be more worried about our reputation if we were not consoling ourselves with the thought that discriminating persons will be likely to judge the accuracy of the news to be no greater than that of the grammar used in telling it.

We have often noticed a tendency among reporters of athletics on college papers to imitate the sporting editor's picturesque style and to affect the same jargon of slang, but never have we seen it carried to such an extreme degree as in this instance. If that sort of reporting by deadening the sensibilities helps to ease the pain of defeat, perhaps we ought not to begrudge our rivals that consolation. But it seems to us to be not only

merely an exhibition of bad taste in journalism and of poor sportsmanship, but something more serious. Is it not even a bit dangerous to make such libelous statements as appeared in the Wesleyan, for which there is no basis of truth?

According to that paper a feeling of bitterness has existed between the two schools. If we have done anything to really give rise to such a feeling at Wesleyan we are sorry. We have heard nothing of such a feeling here. There has been a spirit of rivalry no doubt, for both schools have had strong teams, but on our part it has been friendly. We have met Wesleyan, as we meet all our opposing teams, with a determination to do our best to win, while observing the rules of the game. Any other spirit we should suppose, would not be very complimentary of our opponents.

As for the other unpleasant things the Wesleyan said about us, either directly or by implication, unless we wish to resort to its method of yellow journalism—we can only make an emphatic denial of them, and challenge the Wesleyan to furnish proof for its statements or retract them. If, as we hope is the case, the articles relating to York were written thoughtlessly, with a desire to furnish the readers with interesting news, rather than with the malicious intention of injuring a rival, then we think that the Wesleyan should wish to make some reparation. If we thought the articles in question to be

the true reflection of the general spirit at Wesleyan, then we would be only too glad ourselves to break all relations with a schol of that type.

* * * *

We, the personnel of the York College football team, having had false accusations concerning our eligibility made against us by Wesleyan University, and believing that the alleged accusations cast a shadow upon the high ideals for which York College stands, do hereby make a statement of each of the following:

1. That each and every member of said team has read the rules of eligibility and is eligible every way while playing the game of football.

2. That not a single member of said team was given a cent of compensation by said institution nor by any person or persons interested or disinterested in said institution.

Roy Larson (Captain)

Eb. Bowers

M. F. Mulvaney

Lloyd Cottrell

Robert Steven

Laurence Coffey

Lewis John

A. J. Panek

A. L. Hubka

Paul Zimmerman

L. F. Hewitt

A. B. Parks

R. Warren Baller

J. P. Hamilton

Emmet H. Ross

Preston H. Pursel

Dean W. Myers.

* * * *

It certainly has been a pleasure to work with the men of the gridiron this season. In spite of the mist into which we have been thrown, on account of rumors of the ineligibility of some of our men (which have no grounds whatsoever) our football season has been a grand success. Our success has been in a large part due to the wonderful football ability of our coach, Ernie Frank. He is of sterling worth both as a man and as a football coach. He commands the respect of every player. He not only tells the men how to play ball, but

first goes through the act himself. We place our coach second to none. The spirit of unity, the hearty and sincere co-operation, the most earnest efforts put forth by each man for the best interests of the team, perhaps have never before been equaled. The splendid spirit of the student body and those connected with the institution was never found lacking and deserves much credit towards winning the state championship this season.

To captain-elect Hubka, I predict a grand and successful season. Hubka is a man of the first grade material and fully capable of the position. The best of everything to you, "Hub."

—Larson.

* * * *

On Thursday morning, October 30th, at the rally, the Freshmen class put on a stunt. This stunt was in the form of a funeral for Wesleyan. As the strains of the mournful dirge began to rend our hearts the procession approached. They carried the remains of a departed Wesleyan in a casket draped with the school colors. When the mourners were seated the quartet rendered two very appropriate selections and then the Rev. Conner, in his most solemn voice, read these lines:

* * * *

Mr. O. Coyote Wesleyan was born in the year of our Lord, 1887, on the mount of High Hopes in the Sea of Uncertainty.

His early life he spent in uneventful career, not coming into prominence until the early part of the year 1912. At this time he came into the notice of the public, at a reception given by Dame Football. Here it was that he met his beloved, Miss State Championship, to whom he was married in October, 1912.

In the autumn of 1916 the attention of his acquaintances was tackled, when Mrs. Wesleyan brought suit for divorce, on the grounds of non-support, the plaintiff alleging that her husband had failed all along the line

to make the goal of full support. At one time, even, she alleged, he forced her to pay a quarterback which she had been obliged to borrow from him. The defendant counter-charged, alleging that it was the interference of Mr. Y. C. which was alienating his wife's affections. The divorce was granted in spite of the counter charge, the plaintiff being allowed to assume her maiden name, Miss State Championship.

Grief over this catastrophe weakened O. Coyote's vitality so much, that upon the immediate announcement of the marriage of his former wife, Miss State Championship, to Mr. York College, an attack of yellow streak was brought on. O. Coyote rallied from this attack, gradually growing stronger until 1919, the physicians, Dr. Schreckengast and Doc Beck, who attended him during this illness, pronounced him mentally and physically able to again take up the duties of normal life. And in October, 1919, he journeyed to York to seek revenge for his former reverses. Upon this visit he suffered a second attack of yellow streak, his brain being more seriously affected this time than before. He was taken to the York College Gridiron Hospital, where he was attended by Doc Ernie Frank and his force of doctors and nurses. They found upon investigation that the cerebellum, the back field of the brain, had swollen on account of excess of conceitedness and yellow streak. They administered a large dose of "Y. C. Pep" to take down the swelling. The dose proved too strong for his weakened condition and after an hour's struggle he breathed his last.

The deceased is survived by Pres. Schreckengast, Coach Beck and a few other members of the Wesleyan family. Pres. Crone of Hastings is counted "chief mourner."

It is customary and duly proper that I should speak a few words of consolation to the bereaved friends, but knowing as I do the condition of the deceased, I believe that it is wise that we should make the interment as soon as possible.

Friends, do you ever think as the
hearse goes by,
That some day maybe, both you
and I

Will take a ride in that big black hack
And from that ride will never come
back?

And the worms crawl out
And the worms crawl in,
And they crawl all over
Your mouth and chin;
And they bring their friends
And their friend's friends too,
And you'll look like the dickens
When they are through.

* * * *

YORK COLLEGE WINS CHAMPIONSHIP

Wesleyan Sweeps Into the Arena
with Colors Flying and a Thirty-
piece Band and Steps Out
With a Goose Egg

Before the largest crowd of the season York College defeated Wesleyan college by a score of 20 to 0. The teams were evenly matched and it was not until the fourth quarter that the home people felt sure of victory.

Wesleyan came down in a special coach and had a thirty-piece band and in fact they expected to win. But Coach Ernie Frank's warriors were too much for them. Hudson, the much touted halfback of the visitors, while exceptionally fast and a great player, could not negotiate the York ends. He looked just fair to us. Dewitz, the fullback, was their chief ground gainer.

The officials of this game were the best ever seen in this city. Ernest Quigley, the referee, can see more than any referee we ever saw. Quigley is a great football official as well as an umpire in the national league, in which he has umpired for eight years. He was one of the four officials in this year's world series. During the game York was penalized 115 yards and Wesleyan 22.

Mr. Lee, the football editor of the Omaha Bee, was an interested spectator, and incidentally, was sizing up some of the players in view of his state selections. He was very favor-

ably impressed with three of the York men and said that at least two of them would make the honor team.

Neither team could get anywhere in the first quarter although York twice worked the ball inside the visitor's twenty-ard line only to be penalized fifteen yards for holding. Panek was easily the local star in this quarter.

In the second quarter end runs by the two halves with an occasional line buck by Zimmerman took the ball to the two-yard line from where Zimmerman crashed through center for the first touchdown of the game. Bowers missed goal. The quarter ended with Wesleyan in possession of the ball on their forty-yard line.

The ball was in Wesleyan territory almost all the time during the third quarter. Hamilton missed a place kick in this quarter from the twenty-eight yard line. The ball was in Wesleyan's possession in the middle of the field at the end of the quarter.

York showed the spectators some real football in the last quarter. A forward pass from Panek to Zimmerman netted twenty yards and a few minutes later a pass from Panek to Myers netted twenty-eight yards, and it took the ball to the eight-yard line. Coffey was unable to gain, but a Wesleyan man was offside and the penalty took the ball to the one-yard line from where Zimmerman plunged through center for his second touchdown. Hamilton kicked goal. Shortly after the next kickoff Hamilton intercepted a forward pass and sprinted thirty-five yards for a touchdown. He also kicked goal, bringing the total score for York up to twenty. The game ended with York in possession of the ball on the visitors' ten-yard line. It is hard to pick out any individual star for the York team. The whole team played great ball. The two ends, Myers and Hamilton, were a stonewall for the speedy visitors' backs, while the local backfield did some wonderful work. Panek was especially strong. Zimmerman played a great defensive game.

The lineup:

Wesleyan— —York
Kuhn, Capt.....re..... Myers

Laytonrt..... Larson, Capt.
Parkinsonrg..... Ross
Carrc..... Hewitt
Crowelllg..... Mulvaney
Mahnlt..... Hubka
Feshle..... Hamilton
Poleyq..... Bowers
Haverh..... Panek
Hudsonlh..... Coffey
Dewitzfb..... Zimmerman

Referee—Quigley, St. Mary's.
Umpire—Riddell
Headlinesman—Führer, Lincoln.
Touchdowns—Zimmerman (2),
Hamilton (1).
Goals—Hamilton (2).
Time of quarters—15 minutes.



**CROWD WITNESSES
COTNER'S DEFEAT**

York Daily News-Times, Nov. 15, '19.

Before a good sized crowd on the College campus yesterday afternoon, York College defeated Cotner university by the one-sided score of 48 to 0. It was some battle for about five minutes, after which the home boys showed the visitors some real football. The officiating in this game was far below the standard set in the Wesleyan game.

The referee deprived Coffey of two of the sensational plays of the game by blowing his whistle too quick, once, after Coffey had run 60 yards for a touchdown, and not allowing a perfectly good forward pass of thirty yards and a touchdown. Both plays were fine, but neither one was allowed. The much touted Dixon of the visitors, who has been picked as all-state fullback, could not get anywhere. He surely could not crowd any one of the present backfield out of their places. Zimmerman outplayed him and Myers outpunted him by a wide margin. Dixon punted nine times for 298 yards, an average of 32 yards. Myers punted four times for 176 yards, or an average of 44 yards.

It was a fine game for a few minutes in the first quarter, neither team could gain much ground and a punting duel started with York having all the best of it. A forward pass to Myers was good for twenty-five yards

and started the home boys going, Panek finally crashing around left end one foot for a touchdown. Bowers kicked goal. It was York's ball on their own 35 yard line at the end of the first quarter. A forward pass to Hamilton was good for forty yards shortly after the second quarter opened and soon Panek crashed through the line two yards for the second touchdown. Bowers kicked goal. Hewitt was removed in this quarter for being too rough. Parks was moved to the pivot position and Johns took Parks' place at guard.

Several costly fumbles in this quarter gave the visitors the ball in York territory, but they could not gain. Dixon missed a place kick from the twenty-eight yard line and after that the visitors never threatened again. The half ended with Cotner in possession of the ball on their own 18 yard line. The third quarter was fast and furious. Bubbles Ross has replaced Johns at guard and, boy, oh boy, how he did tear them up. Panek went around left end seventy yards for a touchdown. It was the longest run of the season and, say, it was a peach. This boy Panek can play rings around anything in this state and we don't bar the Uni. team. Shortly after this, on runs by Panek and Coffey, the ball was on the Cotner 2 yard line and old reliable Zimmerman smashed through the line for another 6 points. Bowers kicked goal. York had the ball on their own 22 yard line at the end of the quarter.

The fourth quarter was a slaughter. Dixon the mighty, was hobbling on one leg and the fight was all out of him. York completed four forward passes for an average of twenty-five yards. Two to Hamilton and two to Myers. End runs by Coffey and Panek, line plunges by Zimmerman and an occasional twist and wriggle by Bowers were good for touchdowns by Panek and Zimmerman.

A twenty yard pass and a ten yard run by Myers netted the last touchdown. Bowers kicked goal each time.

The Lineup

Cotner	—	—	York
Kennedy	re	Myers	
Hopliff	rt	Larson, c.	
Shull	rg	Parks-Johns	
Higman	c	Hewitt	
Kay	lg	Mulvaney	
Salleden	lt	Hubka	
Ettizweller	le	Hamilton	
McPherson	q	Bowers	
Caldwell	rh	Panek-Purcell	
Brakaw	lh	Coffey	
Dixon, c.	fb	Zimmerman	

Referee, Fuhrer.
 Umpire, Jones.
 Head linesman, Hyde.

Time of quarters, 15 minutes.
 Touchdowns, Panek (4), Zimmerman (2), Myers (1).
 Goals, Bowers (6).



KEARNEY-YORK—67-0

Kearney Normal team arrived here on the morning of the 21st and thought she was prepared to battle Y. C. for football honors. No one knew exactly about this until the first quarter was up, and then there was not much doubt. Coach Frank used all the second string men through various stages of the game. Bubbles Ross featured the last quarter at fullback. He is about as shifty a fullback as Cotner has, so all due praise is his. Other features of the game were touchdowns by Hubka and Larson, each making first one of the season.

Referee, Jones.
 Umpire, Osborn.
 Head linesman, Dr. Morgan.



U. OF N. FRESHMEN-Y. C.—0-0

When so many of the college dates, especially trips, have been cancelled, the team thought it no more than fair that another game should be scheduled to take their places. A game was arranged with the U. of N. Freshmen in Lincoln, to fill an open date on the Nebraska schedule. The game was played on a muddy field, which slowed down to a great extent both teams. The Freshmen had a great defensive team and an offensive team of no mean ability. A num-

ber of passes were used by the Y. C. team, but the defense let only a few through. The game was hard fought and well played. Zimmerman, York's fullback, had very hard luck. A bone in his ankle was fractured

and forced him to the sidelines. This is the first time any one ever called time out for Zim. Myers and Hamilton played exceptionally good ball, and no one went around either end.



BUSINESS COLLEGE NOTES

One of the most enjoyable of Hallowe'en affairs was the party given at the Business College for the students, on Saturday evening.

The fun started when the guests began to gather, for everyone was masked and dressed in appropriate costumes, and represented ghosts, witches, spirits of Hallowe'en and many other characters.

Fortune telling was an interesting event of the evening, for one could have it told by a magic wheel, gypsies, witches or even the devil. Many interesting things were learned concerning the past, present and the future.

The "Chamber of Horrors" brought forth many shrieks from the girls and laughs from the boys, as they listened to a weird tale of a murdered man, and received proof of the statements by touching his hand, eye, ear, etc., and seeing his ghost, who rattled his bones.

Races and contests of various kinds furnished their share of amusement, and then light refreshments were served.

The Y. B. C. is wishing Hallowe'en came more than once a year.—York Daily News-Times.

Three of last year's students at Y. B. C. have recently accepted positions as stenographers.

Miss Pearl Phister goes to her home town, Western, Neb., to work in the Saline County Bank.

Miss Camille Ocenacek goes to Chappell, Neb., for the Mid-West Investment Co.

Miss Emma Jelinek will be in Tekamah, Neb., with the Anderson Abstract Company. All of these girls were very industrious while in school and we feel sure will "make good" in the business world.

Good stenographers are always in demand. As proof of this statement we received a call from Fairbury, Neb., this week, for a stenographer at a salary of one hundred dollars per month to start. As none of the students have completed their work we could send no one to this excellent position.

Miss Mae Hielt was home two weeks, but is now back in school again.

Miss Laura Gibbon from Columbus, spent the week end at York with her sister Audrey.

Miss Alta Sutton of Ashton, was the guest of her sister Hazel, over

Sunday. She wanted to go home with her but couldn't miss school—no, not because she hated to miss shorthand class, but because she hated to leave Bill.

Mabel Eberle is seriously considering home comforts and a "Great-house."

Mr. Cutts visited at his home in Giltner, Sunday, November 16th

Miss Myrtle Taylor visited over Saturday and Sunday with Miss Guilford at Aurora.

The Roosevelt Memorial fund was boosted \$16.73 by the Business College. Three cheers!

Miss West went to work Monday morning, November 17th, at the American State bank. She was previously employed at the post office and assisted Mr. Moore and Miss Geiger in the afternoon, during the bookkeeping period. We are sure that Miss West will "make good" and extend to her our best wishes in her new employment.

Miss Libby Mimmie spent Saturday and Sunday at the home of Miss Sundberg at Aurora.

Mr. West has been absent the past two weeks from school and we certainly miss his sunny smile. He is husking corn at Bellwood on his father's farm. In a letter he declares he has been absent a month but Miss Geiger says "no."

Mrs. Porter: "What are some of the methods of writing the salutation of a letter, Miss Lockwood?"

Miss Lockwood: "Why it all depends on who you are writing to."

(What did she mean?)

Panek, what was her name?

Mary Harsen (In arithmetic): "Shall we hand in the oral problems?"

Ask Albert Hubka if he ever sleeps during bookkeeping period.

We wonder if it is school alone that Cloyd West is so lonesome for. "Well no," he says.

"Al, don't you wish she had boarded the train at Waco instead of so near Lincoln?"

It must have been late spirits of Hallowe'en that were responsible for the sudden disappearance of the box of chocolates from Mr. Moore's office, although Miss Geiger and Miss West look guilty.

Prof. Moore: "Who are you?"

Student: "I'm a census taker."

Prof. Moore: "I suppose when you leave here I won't have any sense."

Miss Pederson: "What is truth?"

Student: "It is something you tell and get into trouble for telling it."

Wanted: Assistant bookkeeper.—Roy Stoner.

Your business is none of my business, my business is none of your business, but Mrs. Porter says it is going to be "business" for us from now until Christmas.

Student to Miss Pederson: "Have you ever thought seriously of marriage?"

Miss Pederson: "Oh yes, indeed, that's why I'm single."

Remarks made by Dean Myers: "Yes, I'm pretty well educated. I went through the Y. B. C. one day."

"Next week I'm going to do a wire act—wire home for more money"

"Say, I'd like to be in a show where I would get killed in the first act, then I would have the rest of the evening to myself."

A large per cent of the students took advantage of the Thanksgiving vacation and visited with home folks and ate the "big meal."

Hugh Arnold was chosen to represent the Business College at the Eighth International Convention of the Student Volunteer Movement to be held at Des Moines, Iowa, December 31 to January 4.

Delegates from all parts of the world will be present. Dr. Mott is chairman of the convention.

The students decided to pay half of the delegate's expenses. We are look-

ing forward to a fine report from this great convention, which assembles only once every four years.

"Say Panek, did she come home on the same train with you?"

We have several new students in our shorthand department—

R. Anderson, Millboro, S. Dak.
Wilma Brozousky, Verdigrée.
Calf Siefken, Columbus.
Alice Olson, Sweetwater.
Stanley Lisher, Clyde, Kansas.
Fred Plock, Fairmont.
Mary Matejka, Milligan.

A telegram was received for a young man stenographer at one hundred dollars to start. Unfortunately we had no one to send.

Miss Mary Hansen spent Thanksgiving vacation at her home in Battle Creek, Iowa.

Miss Hazel Sutton spent Thanksgiving at her home in Ashton, Neb.

* * * *

THE REWARD

The ancient Arabians were noted for their wonderful efficiency in the science of Astrology. This is the old term for the modern Astronomy, and was the art of judging of the influence of the stars, and of foretelling future events by their position and aspects.

A certain Wise Man, as the scholars of Astronomy were then called, became interested in the position of certain stars, believing that they would soon foretell the coming of the Christ according to the prophecy that had been handed down to them. He continued to watch and study these stars until two of his colleagues became equally interested. They decided that when the first Wise Man, or their leader, was convinced that the prophecy was about to be fulfilled, they would journey together whenever the stars might lead them, and bestow their gifts of fine pearls upon the Savior of Men, and make a sacrifice to him.

Eventually the First Wise Man notified his two companions, the Second

and Third Wise Men, that the prophecy was about to be fulfilled. They were overjoyed, and began at once to make preparations for the long journey. The choicest pearls were selected and purchased at a great price, hence they termed this act a great sacrifice because it made them poor.

One morning in the late spring the three men began the eventful journey on foot, and they traveled for several weeks, ever determined to carry out their plan and satisfy their desire to bestow some offering upon the Christ Child, or make some sacrifice for him. One evening they entered a dark wood which was almost impenetrable, and noted for thieves who made their abode there. Each man tucked his jewels a little deeper into his haversack and they began to pick their way Indian-fashion through the dense timber.

In the early hours of the following morning, the Third Wise Man was intercepted by two thieves, after the First and Second Wise Men had passed beyond hearing distance—the darkness being so intense that it was almost impossible for them to keep together. The prisoner was struck an ugly blow on the head and fell unconscious on the trail.

The thieves proceeded to relieve their victim of the valuable pearls, but missed one which the Wise Man had placed in reserve for an emergency, that he might sell it if necessary to obtain food for the journey. The robbers disappeared, and just as dawn was waking the thousand and one birds of the Orient to their play for the new day, the Third Wise Man came to his senses, seemingly in a paradise where the silver-throated natives of the woods were trying their best to cheer him to new hope and determination. We shall leave him here in this place, puzzled as to directions and what to do, while we follow the First and Second Wise Men in their journey.

It was dawn when they discovered that the third man of their party was missing. After studying the question whether they should return and search for their lost comrade, or whether, avoiding the risk of being

captured themselves, they should keep on and complete their pilgrimage, they chose to press on to the eastward. They believed that their comrade would follow and find them in a short time.

One night sometime later in the year as they were discussing their travel and becoming almost disheartened, an extremely large and bright star appeared in the East, and they believed that they were right and the prophecy was being fulfilled. They journeyed on until early morning, when they entered the small town of Bethlehem, and were led by Joseph to the manger-side where they deposited their offering in great praise to the new-born Savior. Invigorated by a few days' rest and the success of their pilgrimage and sacrifice, the two Wise Men began their homeward journey and search for their companion.

Let us now return to the Third Wise Man and watch him as he seems to step from one disappointment to another. He was still hopeful of finding his companions and of bestowing at least the remaining pearl at the feet of the Christ. After freeing himself from the woods he wandered for years through all Judea, ever determined on finding the Savior whom he realized now must be a man of twenty odd years. Finally, broken in health, the poor man could not beg longer, and was forced to sell the precious pearl, his cherished gift for the Master, to obtain food and raiment.

For more than ten years more he continued his search determined to give the King of Kings his services if nothing more. He did not care now, it seemed, to return to his native land without accomplishing something. He was afraid of the criticisms his former companions might make of his conduct.

Weary with privation and age the feeble man made his way one day into Jerusalem, penniless, heart-sick, with a burden of sorrow upon his soul. As he neared one of the great buildings near the cherished temple, the event which paid the price for our sins took place. The old man was not very frightened. The skies darkened and suddenly the earth rocked with a terrible earthquake.

Large stones fell from the old structure. A child frightened by this fierce disturbance cuddled near one of the buildings. The Wise Man, glancing above the child, saw a huge rock descending over it. Gathering his remaining strength, he leaped to the child and hurled it to safety—himself to be crushed by the falling rock. As the last breath was taken by this aged pilgrim, adventurer and benefactor, a light appeared in the heavens above him and he heard these sweet words, which meant more to him than an offering of pearls, more than life itself, "In as much as we did it unto one of the least of these, my brethren, ye did it unto me."

—Hugh Arnold—



Academy Department



WANT ADS

Wanted: A pair of rosy cheeks.—
Myrtle Philson.

+ + + +

Wanted: Instructions in asking for
dates.—Marston Greathouse.

Wanted: To know where Mr. Col-
son went. —Ellen Hayden.

+ + + +

Wanted: A date with Bertha Hof-
stad.—Ivan Hansen.

Wanted: A better acquaintance
with Dara Mohler.—Dorothy Yaw.

ELECTRIC SHOE REPAIRING WHILE YOU WAIT—ROGERS SHOE CO.

Wanted: Instruction in target practice when Hunting.—Joyce Cushman.

+ + + +

Lost: Miss Eberly's telephone number.—Marston Greathouse.

+ + + +

Found: Miss Blanc a pretty nice girl.—Antonio Rivera.

+ + + +

PERSONALS

Miss Fitzpatrick: "Was the sun hotter several hundred years ago, than it is now?"

Prof. Noll: "Yes, that is the theory."

Miss F.: "I'm glad I did not live here at that time."

+ + + +

Mr. Gotchell to Oscar Reynolds: "I don't believe your sister thinks very much of me."

O. R.: "Why so?"

L. G.: "Every time she looks at me she looks as if she were saying, 'Oh, where can I get hold of a club?'"

+ + + +

We wonder why Mr. Greathouse upset his tray at breakfast as he passed Miss Fye.

+ + + +

We were all wondering what made John Davidson so grouchy when he returned from the Con one night this last week, but after he was around Lloyd Gotchell ten minutes he forgot her and his sorrow.

+ + + +

Mr. Henry asked at the "Con" for Miss Ball (meaning Olive Ball).

Miss Cron rushed to Freda Ball: "O, Freda, Freda, you have a caller."

Freda: "You are mistaken."

Miss C.: "No, I'm not."

Freda, rushing to see, exclaimed with disappointment: "Oh, I knew you were mistaken."

We hope after this Mr. Henry will not mix the Balls.

+ + + +

Joyce Cushman is teaching Franklin Hunt to wait for his meals.

Skinny likes date breakers???

+ + + +

Mulvaney thinks when he takes a girl it is all right to walk, but when he goes alone he better ride.

+ + + +

Eb. Bowers thought Prof. Verder was choking to death one day, but discovered he was only teaching Maud some deep tones.

+ + + +

A FACTORY FIRE

It was a few days before Christmas. A large crowd of girls were holding a secret meeting in the old town hall. There was a great buzz in the room, like a swarm of angry bees.

One girl with red hair and flashing blue eyes, who seemed to be a leader among them, came to the front and started to speak. As she spoke, the noise lessened, and finally one could hear above the din.

"And there certainly is no use of it. That stuff we are manufacturing isn't so precious but what Jim Conrad might have the doors unlocked while we work. No one is going to steal it, or see how we manufacture it if he keeps a watch on it, and keeps a few of those windows unbarred. It seems to me as if I could work twice as well if I could get a whiff of fresh air once in a while. It does get so warm and musty in there, too. And what if a fire should break out while we were all locked up in that factory? It isn't fire-proof, by any means. Jim Conrad could well afford to build one that was fire-proof from the money he makes from us girls. Who is it, I'd like to know, who makes all his wealth for him? We girls, of course. And he in return doesn't give us enough wages to keep a flea alive. He makes us work a good fourteen hours a day at that. And the smell! —ugh—and no fresh air either. Then to cap the climax, comes this Christmas vacation affair. Why shouldn't we have Christmas day off? Goodness knows we've earned it. And yet when I asked him about it, he said,

"No, you certainly shan't have Christmas off. Why, such foolishness would only lose me a good sum of money. Christmas is no better than any other day, anyway." We slave for him the whole year 'round, then he grudges us a day off at Christmas. I say, it's "

She had spoken quickly and vehemently but before she could say more, the din began again.

She held up her hand commandingly, and silence was once more secured. She resumed swiftly:

"Now I move that before we strike, we once more go to Jim Conrad and talk to him, and see if we can't persuade him to treat us square."

At this a great roar broke out as if all bedlam had been turned loose. Cries came from all over the room of, "Never again!"

"Haven't we tried to talk to him before?"

"What's the use of trying to talk to him?"

"Not once more!"

After this burst of fury was partly abated, Janet began again. She talked pleadingly, and finally, because they all loved her, she won.

Janet and two of the other girls went to Jim Conrad, and tried to talk to him of the state of affairs at the factory, but to no avail. He was stubborn, and nothing could be done.

That night another secret meeting was held in the old town hall, and many angry and furious girls gave their opinion of Jim Conrad and the factory, when they learned the result of Janet's talk with Conrad.

The next day was the day before Christmas. It was arranged that then they would walk out at lunch time, and not come back until Conrad could agree to their terms.

When the day before Christmas arrived, it was a sullen, angry crowd of girls who went slowly to work. It was not the happy, light-hearted crowd one would expect to see at the most important holiday of the year.

They took up their old work as before, only casting a meaning glance at each other every once in a while. A careful observer could easily have told that trouble was brewing.

About ten that morning, in a tumble-down tenement home, a small boy of eleven years screamed when he came upon his mother as he started out of the door. She had fallen—stumbled over some trash in the back yard as she was coming in from hanging out the clothes.

He ran for help, and neighbors came and carried his unconscious mother into the house. Then the doctor came, made a swift examination of her, and pronounced it, "Broken ankle. Care must be taken that she does not use it before it is strong again. Jimmy, you had better get your sister to come and take care of her. Here! I'll write a note to the foreman, so he will let her come right away."

Jimmy ran frantically out of the door and up the street toward the factory. Then he remembered. The foreman had the keys, and he was often gone from the building in which Janet worked. And even if he were there, he probably was in the back part of the building and could not be heard. The surest and quickest way would be to go to Mr. Conrad's office, and get Mr. Conrad to go unlock the factory for him.

So he ran toward Conrad's office. When he reached it, an office boy stopped him and said, "Say, kid, what are you doing here? No, you can't bother the boss now. He gave strict orders—" But he spoke the last half to empty air, for Jimmy dodged under his outstretched arm, and ran panting into Conrad's office.

Jim Conrad was enjoying himself in a great easy chair, with an expensive cigar held firmly between two rows of yellowed teeth, and a newspaper in his hand, when Jimmy ran in. He explained between gasps that he wanted Janet. At the same time he produced the note which the doctor had written to the foreman.

Jim Conrad rose slowly and pushed the button on the telephone that was connected with the foreman's office. There was no answer.

"He must have gone to the other building," muttered Conrad, as he knocked the ashes from his cigar and prepared to go with Jimmy. He

grumbled as they walked down the street toward the factory, at "the impertinence of such people" who came to disturb him while he read his morning paper. When they turned the last corner, they saw flames shooting from the windows of the factory.

Jimmy stopped, stared, and started to scream. Then the manhood in him arose. He must save Janet. He must save her at any cost.

He resolutely pulled at Jim Conrad's sleeve. "Come, Mr. Conrad, can't you see the flames? Oh, don't stand and stare! Give me the keys, then!"

But as Jim Conrad still stood and gaped dumbly at the flames, Jimmy jerked at the keys which Conrad had fastened to his belt. The strap, by which they were fastened, broke, and Jimmy darted through the crowd toward the burning building.

Meanwhile, the girls had kept to their work. But they were a bit restless this morning.

Suddenly one of the girls whispered, "Can't you smell something queer? Like something was burning?"

In a few minutes the odor became stronger. The girls were first startled, then panic-stricken as the room filled with dense smoke. They rushed to the windows and broke as many as they could.

Janet kept her head, and did what she could to calm the frightened girls. Soon she had them quieted.

There was a tense silence. The girls huddled back in the farthest corner of the room and prayed for rescue. Soon a small blaze broke out. It became larger and larger. It flashed out of the window.

Some of the girls began to get hysterical, and soon it grew to be all

Janet could do to keep them from entirely losing their heads.

The blaze crept closer and closer. They were lost. They knew it now. But no-what was that noise they heard? Above the crackling of the flames came a gasping little voice.

"Janet, I come to get you. Janet, where are you? Oh, sister, are you all right?"

Janet ran forward and caught Jimmy by the hand. He pulled her toward the door, and called to the rest to follow. Thus he brought them all to safety.

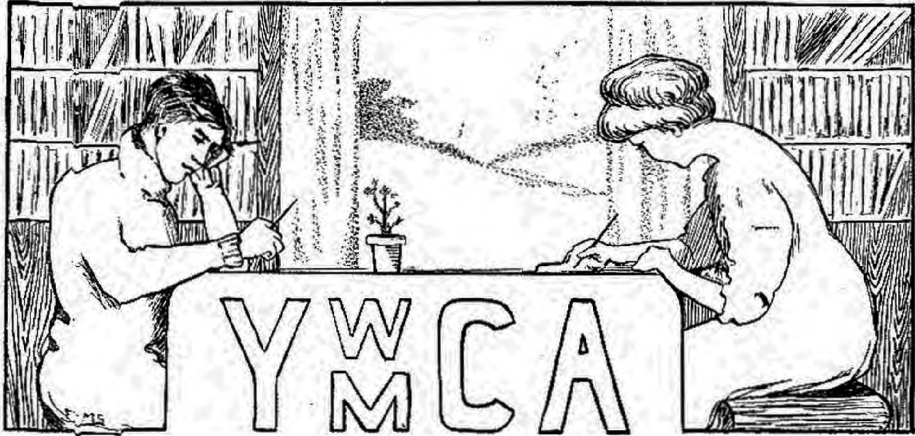
Once outside, a cheer that shook the town arose for Jimmy when they found what he had done. A collection was taken up for him by the people who had seen him do what none else had dared.

Janet caught her little brother to her in a great bear-hug. "Oh, Jimmy," she whispered, with that money we can have a really, truly, Christmas tomorrow, such as we have not had since father died. And we can give mother the best of care, and I can soon get another job"—and so Janet and Jimmy dreamed great dreams of the Christmas they would give to their poor crippled mother.

But the greatest marvel of that wonderful Christmas was the change in Jim Conrad. When he thought of the many precious human lives which would have been lost through his thoughtlessness and selfishness, he grew suddenly very full of remorse. He did what he could to make it a comfortable Christmas for his employees. With part of his great wealth he built a new factory which was bright, clean and airy. And the girls who now work for him respect him for what he is, and try to forget him as he was.

—Ruth Fitzpatrick, 9th Grade.





Y. W. C. A. NOTES

Ellen Kliff was the leader of a very interesting and much appreciated musical meeting on November 3, 1919. Each number was very well rendered. The program was as follows:

Piano solo.....	Gladys Perkins
Vocal solo.....	Celestia Johnson
Piano solo.....	Grace Ullsh
Reading.....	Maude LeFever
Violin solo.....	Pearl Wildman

The Y. W. meeting of November 10, 1919, was held at the Business College. The Y. W. girls there had charge of the meeting.

Miss Coe told of the Y. W. work in foreign countries and Ruth Yust told what Y. W. means to each girl and what the girls owe to Y. W. C. A.

A contest between the girls down town and the other girls is creating a great deal of interest. This contest lasts for six weeks and we want every girl in school to help her side.

The Freshmen girls lead the meeting for November 17, 1919. The topic being "Through Freshman Spectacles." Lucy Davidson and Alice Myers were the leaders and Florence gave sang a solo. The girls told of their experiences as Freshmen from their point of view.

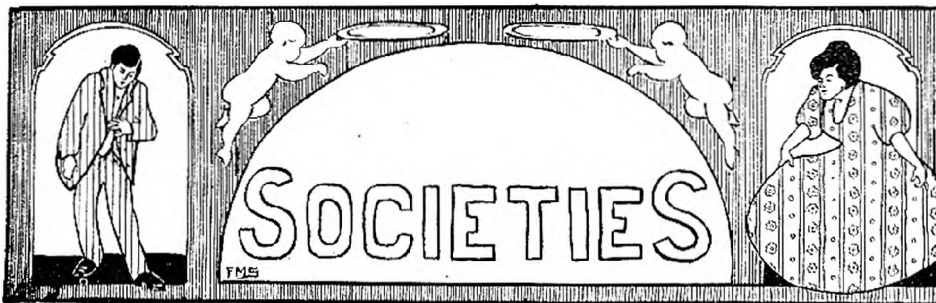
This caused the older girls to sympathize with them and recall their experiences when Freshmen.

The Thanksgiving meeting was held November 24, 1919, with about one hundred members present. The affiliated members were our guests. Miss Edith Callender was the leader. The first part of the meeting consisted of short talks on Thanksgiving by those present, then the leader gave a very helpful talk on the subject of "Returning Thanks in a national way and a personal way by the use of our talents. Each one present realized what we owe to our government and in a personal way to those who have faith in us.

Miss Dorothy Tenell, our field secretary, was our guest of honor. She gave a short talk in her pleasing way. After the meeting, those present went to the rest room where the social committee served a supper consisting of chicken, potatoes, rolls, pickles, fruit salad and cake.

When supper was over the girls gave their missionary money. Each girl told how she had earned it. This caused much merriment. Every girl felt as though she had done her bit when the missionary money was counted and found to be over eighty dollars.

ROGERS SHOE CO. CARRIES A FULL LINE OF PHOENIX HOSIERY



PALS

The Pals met in the West Literary hall for a joint program and social hour, November 6th. The following program was rendered:

- Music Maud Barker
- "Pal Journal"
- Ernest Philson, Edward Jordan
- History and Meaning of Hallowe'en
- Francel Barr
- A Hallowe'en Story..... Ellen Hayden
- Extempore (How to Settle the Coal Strike) Frank Stowe
- Extempore (Joys of Being a Senior) Grace Getty
- Extempore (College Friendships).....
- Maude LeFever

After the program about thirty-five Pals enjoyed the games of the evening in the real "Pal" spirit. Our faculty critic, Miss Clarke, was unable to meet with us, but we were glad that Prof. Morgan could take her place.

November 20th the Philomatheon girls gave the following program in their hall:

- "Something I am Interested In".....
- Florence Ashmore
- "Discussion of Some Important Question of the Day"..... Freda Ball
- Optional Bertha Hofstad
- Optional Bernice Anderson

Miss Ashmore chose as her topic, "Education," and discussed in particular the education of the Japanese in America. Miss Ball gave an interesting and instructive talk on "The Shantung Problem." Readings were given by Miss Hofstad and Miss Anderson.

Although only a few came through the rain to attend this meeting, they

felt repaid in hearing some of our new members on the program.



ZETALETHEAN

The Zetalethean Literary society enjoyed a program by the Freshmen members, Thursday evening, November 6th. The program was as follows:

- The First Hallowe'en..... Ruth Havener
- "Seen' Things"..... Madeline Reynolds
- Reading Alice Myers
- Stella Carroll was initiated into the society.

The chief feature of the meeting held November 20th were the extemporaneous speeches, which were as follows:

- "My Appreciation of the Freshmen Program" Mabel Meeker
- "Duties of the Officers of the Zetalethean Literary Society".....
- Lenore John
- The Most Exciting Happening at the Freshmen Party".....
- Florence Cave

"An Academy Girl's Bit in Keeping Freshmen Away from Their Party" Madeline Reynolds

A joint musical program is to be held December 4th to formally initiate the new piano.



CLUB CERVANTINO

The members of "Club Cervantino" gathered together on the evening of November 19th for their first meeting. This is a new organization in York College. During the last few years much interest has been given

Students Are Invited to Call and See Our Shoes—Rogers Shoe Co.

to the study of Spanish. This interest was increased when Antonio Rivera came from Porto Rico to attend college. We are very fortunate in having him for our president. The other officers are, vice-president, Maud LeVeuer; secretary-treasurer, Marian Boughner. We very much enjoyed having present, Rev. C. D. Mohler, who is here on furlough from Porto Rico. Mr. Mohler is a graduate of York College. He gave us an interesting talk on his first learning Spanish, after arriving on the island, about twelve years ago.

By means of this "Club Cervantino" we purpose to become fluent in the language as it is used in the every day conversation of the Latin-American people.

* * * *

YORK COLLEGE WILL SEND FULL QUOTA

At the Eighth International convention of the Student Volunteers, which will be held in Des Moines, December 31st to January 4th, York College will be represented by a full quota of delegates.

Everyone in school is anxiously awaiting the outcome of this tremendously important convention which comes so opportune at this period of reconstruction, when everyone is thinking in terms of our relations with other countries. Several thousand foreign delegates will be there.

One morning in chapel York College easily raised the money with which to send the delegates. All classes but two going 100 per cent in their giving.

Those going from York are Miss Edith Cone, faculty, and Grace Getty, Walter Henry, Warren Ballar, Hugh Arnold, students. Lee Fletcher, also a student, who was a member of the

College Summer Service Group which met in New York City under the leadership of Mr. E. R. Edwards, the past summer, will also go to Des Moines, as the group has been called there by Mr. Edwards.

Merle Harner and Mr. Fletcher, both of York College, represented the schools of Nebraska at this New York convention. Possibly another delegate from York will go as Mr. Antonio Rivera of Porto Rica has the privilege.

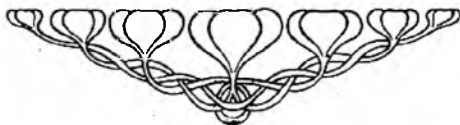
York College feels that she will be ably represented by the above people.

* * * *

THE ORATORY AND DEBATING CLUB

The Oratory and Debating Club of York College was formally organized on Wednesday preceeding Thanksgiving day. Not only the members of the class in Public Speaking and Debating were present, but also several underclassmen. A great deal of enthusiasm was manifested by all present, and plans are being formed to join with several of the colleges in Nebraska in intercollegiate debates. Marion Mulvaney was elected president of the organization, and A. Conner as secretary and treasurer. Among those present were Fletcher, Harner, Stowe, Mulvaney, Larson, Wagner, Dougherty, Larson, Conner and the Misses Ball, Getty, and Boughner. The subjects and dates for the debates will be announced later.

Prof. Verder is planning for an evening's entertainment to be given in the near future by members of the Expression class. The exact date will be announced later. The friends of the students and College are cordially invited to be present.



"IF YOUR FEET HURT" GO TO ROGERS AND LET THEM FIT YOU



MY DESTINY

I prayed for Beauty, and it came
 Into my horoscope;
 But Beauty's rose-lips scorned my
 love,
 And gave no hope.
 I did not pray, but Wisdom came
 Full in my sight and ken;
 "I am thy friend, and thou shalt be
 A help to men."

* * * *

HER FATHER'S GIFT

"Oh, I'd rather work anywhere else in this town than here at the ribbon counter!" Winifred said to herself as she glanced at the opposite counter of silks and laces. "Why, hello, Marie!" Winifred leaned across the counter to greet a very stylishly dressed young lady of about her own age. "I want a yard of this Dresden pattern to make a bag for Christmas. Isn't it lovely though? I just love to make pretty things for presents. Thank you; charge it. Are you going to the Christmas opera next Monday evening?"

Winifred's face flushed as she looked at Marie, her schoolmate, the daughter of the proprietor of the store.

Marie Ferrell had always reminded Winifred of a piece of Dresden china, as dainty, almost as fragile in her slender loveliness and her clothes! These were as beautiful as money could buy—a filmy embroidered blouse, a dark blue cloth suit, cut in Paris lines, brown furs, and a hat of the richest velvet, covered with gold lace.

"Perhaps I shall be invited. I'd love to go because I like music. What are the girls going to wear? The question came haltingly from Winifred's lips, as thoughts of this nature passed through her mind, "Oh, I want some pretty clothes. I am at just the age when I need them. Oh, I hate being poor!"

"Silk waists, or something as dressy," Elsie said casually. Then she laughed merrily, as she gathered up her bag and parcel and turned to go. "You don't need to worry about not going to the opera, Winifred," she said, "a girl with as many friends and as popular as you. In fact, I happen to know of somebody who particularly wants your company that evening and is planning to ask you to go. Good-bye."

Marie drifted out of the store, leaving a faint trail of orris behind her.

Winifred turned to the next customer, who wanted six yards of holly ribbon to tie Christmas packages with. It had always been like that, Winifred thought ever since she had left school a year ago, to go to work in the Ferrell department store. At Christmas time she must always sell, but never buy anything for beautiful presents, not even something pretty to wear.

"Suppose I should have an opportunity to go to the concert?"

"But I haven't anything nice enough to wear." At this moment her eye glanced to the show case, where was a beautiful waist for fifteen dollars, just the amount of money she was going to give her mother for a Christmas present. She had helped her mother to keep the family in food

"IF YOUR FEET HURT" GO TO ROGERS AND LET THEM FIT YOU

and clothing since her father had died, and why wouldn't an aluminum roaster be all right for her mother's present. Her mother wanted one so very much.

"Hello, there, Winifred. Can't you wait a minute?" The cherry voice of Marie's brother, Jack, who was his father's assistant cashier, stopped Winifred a half block from the store. She turned, a smile of pleasure tingling her cheeks.

"Hello, Jack; walking home to-night?"

"If you will," he replied, as the two swung into step and started off together, just as they had so many times in their high-school days, their merry reminiscences speeding their way through the December dusk.

Soon they reached the corner where they must part company, Jack going up to the new residential section on the hill, and Helen down to the homely brown frame house back of the doctor's closed office.

"Good-bye, Jack; thanks for walking home with me. It was awfully kind of you."

"It was my pleasure; and oh, I wanted to ask you something. Won't you go to the Christmas opera with me, Winifred? I'd love to have you."

"Oh, I should be so glad to go. Thank you, Jack."

Her happiness took Winifred home on wings the rest of the way and to the ribbon counter the next morning. By this time she had fully made up her mind to take the waist in the window and have the clerk lay it aside for her that evening. But that day seemed the hardest time that Winifred had ever spent behind the counter. She could see the waist awaiting her, and then her mind would turn to her mother working at home.

"It isn't fair that I should have to give up so much of my wages," Winifred thought. "I may lose Jack's friendship if I go to the opera looking shabby."

Winifred's work delayed her that evening so that all the clerks were gone and she had to ask Mr. Ferrell to have the waist laid away for her. As Winifred seated herself in his office, Mr. Ferrell took up a photograph in a

heavy silver frame that stood on his desk. Marie's sweet face looked out from it.

"If your father, the city's best physician, had lived he might have helped her, as he did everyone else, not only by healing them, but by lightening their burdens."

"What? I don't know what you mean, Mr. Ferrell."

"We always knew that Marie was frail, and now we have found out that one lung is affected and she must go to the mountains before Christmas."

The tears came in Winifred's eyes and Mr. Terrell said, "Don't cry, we will hope for the best. How is your mother? I will never forget how happy your father was every Christmas, when he took home a gift for your mother."

Winifred looked up and he continued, "Make this Christmas as happy for her as you can."

Winifred, sobbing said, "I wanted to have you save that blue waist in the window for me, but I don't want it now. You see Jack asked me to go to the opera with him, and I thought—but," Winifred felt tongue-tied.

Mr. Ferrell's eyes twinkled. "And you wanted some fine feathers. Perhaps you have found out that Jack is a good deal like his father—a plain sort of chap, with an appreciation of white shirt-waists."

"Oh, does he like white shirt waists? My father always did, too. I am going to make mother feel as though he were here."

+ + + +

ARMISTICE DAY PROGRAM

York College observed Armistice day with an appropriate program at eleven o'clock. Dr. John, the College pastor, led the devotions. Musical numbers were furnished by the Glee club and by Dean Amadon, who sang "Ring Out, Sweet Bells of Peace." Roy Larson, class of '20, who was in naval service during the war, read "America for Me," by Van Dyke. Prof. Verder read several short lyrics pertaining to the war. Members of the local American Legion were present

promise of a better day where he may look out into the clear of things—no thought but that the morrow holds the same dull, mirthless round of hopelessness—no straining on to greener fields—no hope, this is, what sends men out joyless and brings them in weary of their lives, too grieved to die. Without hope men sit in the black murky night and never a morning of clear sunshine ahead of them. Without hope men see the ugly phantom of strange dread above them, by their side, behind, wherever they look, and feel its cold hand stealing about their hearts and breathe its breath of sinking melancholy.

Let me be hopeless and I am joyless. Life may go, for the life of my life is no more and the blood of my life's life has been drawn away.

Hope! What a thrill in the sound and how it steels men to labor and love and live. How ardently we ply our lives, how we joy as we journey when somewhere, away, beyond, always just without our reach is that good goal we seek. We would fain believe that we will somehow soon outstrip ourselves and attain. We are so imperfect that as we wander we are always looking here and there, by and far, hoping to find a way to richer life and fuller. We are glad, too, as we are afield where flowers grow for we hope to find

them. Morning is a happy time because it brings rich gifts of hope. Here are new opportunities to reach what is good—in our sight. Here we may fasten our firmer hold upon the good we now have.

Today I have done so well and tomorrow I shall do so much better. Then I can rejoice in the hope of tomorrow. Today I have conquered; this conquest is ended. I must repeat it tomorrow and again each day through the years? How shall I desire life then. To live, to strive and arrive at no place is an insufferable manner of life. Men are old at forty because of this. Men never grow old when they feel their strength conquering what opposes it. No, they hope for a finer tomorrow and are happy.

Happy the world has lived because of hope. Can Nero burn his Christians' joy as he burns their bodies? Can he feed it to the starving lions? Such a time and such a spirit to meet it is impossible save as men bury their losses and sorrows in the sea of their great hope. Men singing upon their Crosses! How terrible—what insanity—nay rather, how wondrous fair what radiant hope, passing beautiful. Glorious as the starry morning! Magic as alchemy to change ashes for beauty and sorrow and sighing for joy!—W. H.



"So vast is art, so narrow human wit." Pope.

It is impossible to appreciate the vastness of art until one has actually entered into the study of it. Many students who had no idea of what art really means and of the many different lines of work it includes enrolled in the Art department this last fall. They are now showing much interest and producing satisfactory work as

shown by the exhibits in the studio.

Special interest has been taken in china and water color painting. Some girls who have been working with the water colors so far are Stella Carroll, Reka Blanc, Selma Voss, Grace Getty and Eva Berger. All of these girls have finished several paintings. Mable Robson and Viola Colcott are doing splendid work with

the oil colors. Among those working with china are Grace Ulsh, Mary Harding, Gladys Harding, Ruth Yust, Selma Voss, Miss Fye and Miss Henrman.

Miss Leah Price from Thayer, was in the studio last week working with china. Mr. Croe, who has been working in Gale's studio recently, was also a visitor this month. He brought with him some beautiful china to be fired in the College kiln. His designs were original and consisted of vari-

ous colored butterflies.

We have had many other visitors from the students and faculty and Mrs. Koon appreciates this fact very much as it shows a general and growing interest in the Art department. Mrs. Koon recently finished a handsome dresser set which showed skill and careful work.

Boost for Art! Don't forget that a real, live Art department is a great asset to our school.



A splendid program was given by Miss Eda Rankin at the home of Mrs. C. H. Kolling. The occasion was a meeting of the Music department of the Woman's Department club. Miss Rankin was warmly welcomed and her performance was heard with genuine pleasure by the large gathering of friends present. The program represented modern composers, Norwegian, American and English, and included several numbers by Percy Grainger, the eminent English pianist and composer with whom Miss Rankin studied last summer. Her largest number, Grieg's Ballade, brought out with superb effect her remarkable technique and interpretive power, and thrilled the audience with its beautiful theme, strange rhythms, and moods. This great work of Grieg's aroused special interest as it was new to most of the audience. The American group was played in an artistic manner, charming the listeners by the delicacy, beautiful tone color, and vivid interpretation with which they were presented. The program closed with a splendid group of pieces by living English composers. Miss Rankin has appeared before York audiences often in the past and always excels in the beauty of her selections and the perfection and abandon of her playing.

The program was as follows:
 Prelude from Suite, "In Holberg's Time,"Grieg

Ballade	Grieg
Country Dance	McFadyen
Polonaise Americaine
.....	John Alden Carpenter
Irish Tune from County Derry.....
.....	Percy Grainger
Juba Dance	Nathaniel Ditt
Sphinx	Cyril Scott
March-Jig	Stanford-Grainger

Miss Rankin repeated the program for the York High school.

Mr. Amadon has a copy of Mr. Parks' latest song, "The White and the Blue." We are very anxious to hear this late production.

The Girls' chorus is doing good work and we are promised some very interesting work later.

The Mixed chorus meets regularly each Monday evening. Much interest is being manifested by the members of the chorus in the work. The chorus sang both at chapel in the morning and down town in the afternoon for the Armistice celebration.

On November 24th some special music was given in chapel. Mr. Schell sang a selection from "Aida" and as an encore, "One Little Hour" by Dichtmont. Miss Gladys Perkins played "Venitienne Barcarole" by Benjamin Godard. More special music is expected soon.

Miss Faith Baber and Mr. Lee Fletcher went to Omaha, November 7th, to hear "The Vatican Chorus" from Rome.

"IF YOUR FEET HURT" GO TO ROGERS AND LET THEM FIT YOU



LOCALS

The prize, which was awarded for the best ghost story for last month's Sandburr, was presented in chapel on November 2d, the honored person being Miss Ellen Hayden.

Lena Myers is again back in school after an absence caused by illness.

Grace King left for her home in Ord, Nebraska. Grace has been ill for some time, and we hope, after a rest, she will again be able to return to us after Thanksgiving. Mrs. King, who has been here taking care of Grace, accompanied her home.

Several (?) from York College attended the concert given by the Vatican Choir, in Omaha on November 7.

Bertha Mitchell has had to leave school because of ill health. We miss her bright smile around our halls, but we hope she will be able to be with us again next year.

Clara King of Lushton, has been spending some time in York with her sister Grace.

Rica Blank has moved to the Con and is now in the process of getting adjusted to, fitted into, and shaken into, Con life.

Everybody's doing it. What? Earning mission money. If you should see tin cans being laboriously transported by one, two, three, or a dozen girls, from the back yard of the Con to the back yard of the gym, you may know those girls are earning mission money. Again, if you should see those College girls beating carpets to the tune of "Micky," or "wiping the white stuff off of windows," or carrying boilers down town to be mended, or out husking corn, or taking care of youngsters, you will probably guess rightly if you guess they are earning mission money. For that's just what they were doing.

Mr. Bisset would like to know, through the columns of the Sandburr, why it is that BOTH Kaliffs and Coffey are absent from Sociology the same morning.

Esther Thomas and Eva Williams attended a wedding since last the Sandburr appeared. The bride and groom, both York College students, were, Miss Elizabeth Pierce and Clair Pursl.

Garda Parker of Central City, spent the week end, following the Wesleyan game, with friends in York.

Lena Myers wishes to announce that she got received—obtained—well anyway, on her Shakespeare paper there was a grade of 94.

Earl Boner spent November 9 to 13 in York.

Prof. Verder wishes to hold, only for a few moments, those who are interested in oratory.

Don't forget to look for the write-up of the Freshmen-Sophomore party.

There was a Senior party November 25th, so they say. But what we can't understand is, why Grace Getty was so anxious to leave the impression that Merl Harner did not stop at the Con. Maybe she doesn't want her name in anyway associated with his for we know she stopped.

Thanksgiving vacation always makes York College look lonesome. Everyone deserts her and hurries home or to friends for turkey dinner.

Olive Ball spent Thanksgiving vacation at the McConaughy home.

Ruth Yust and Lettie Johnson spent Thanksgiving day with Gladys Perkins.

SHOES AT ALL PRICES AND GRADES—ROGERS SHOE CO.

Miss Dorothy Tunell, the student secretary of North Central Field, who has charge of the denominational colleges, paid the York College Y. W. C. A. a visit last Monday. At the chapel hour she spoke to the student body of the convention at Des Moines. She also met with the Y. W. girls, and with the cabinet, and held individual counsels. This is the first time many of us have met Miss Tunell, but we heartily hope it will not be the last.

Eva Kerr, undergraduate field representative for Hastings, Grand Island, Central City and York, visited the Central City association last week. She reports having had a lovely time and was royally received by the Central City association. Central City sent, by her, best wishes to the York association.

Paul Riggs was seriously hurt when playing Ball one night. His injuries are in the region of the heart. It is thought he will improve with time.

Maud and Ralph LeFever spent the Thanksgiving vacation at their home near Strang.

The Hawkeye club, Riggs, Connor, Dankel and Henry enjoyed a turkey feast at the home of Prof. and Mrs. Noll, Thanksgiving.

Olive Ball is all Riggged out for the winter.

Florence and "Cott" went to the show, And they didn't know when to get up and go,

To please them the manager played it through twice,

Now why shouldn't they pay double price?

But no heed at all did they take to the screen,

Two more talkative people never were seen.

And upon each other they were so intent

That the Sun became empty before they home went.

On the evening of November 10th the Misses Myrle and Ione Philson gave a pleasant surprise in honor of

their brother and cousin Ernest. There were fourteen present and music and games were enjoyed by all. At a late hour refreshments were served by the hostess. All wished him many more happy birthdays, and returned to their respective rooming places.

* * * *

REVIEW OF RECENT PLAYS

We are very sorry that this play did not have a larger audience, but those who were present say that it was very interesting, and well acted. It was given in three scenes which were thrown on the windows between Miss Adams' room and the library.

The play was entitled, "The Trials of Cupid." The scenes were as follows:

Scenes and Characters

Scene I—"Cupid in Action."—Ellen Kaliff and Laurence Coffey.

Scene II—"Cupid Disturbed"—Ellen Kaliff, Laurence Coffey and Alice Kaliff.

Scene III—"Cupid's Flight"—Ellen Kaliff and Laurence Coffey.

* * * *

SANDBURR BANQUET

Now Sandburrs may be queer articles of diet, but just after the last issue of the Sandburr had gone to press the force that cultivates this type of Sandburrs assembled to celebrate the glad event. There was one long table about which the staff assembled for the bountiful feast. The two-faced giant pumpkin jack-o'-lantern and individual candles furnished de-light-ful table decorations. This was a very enjoyable event and one interesting part of the program was the ghost story which started at one end of the table and grew "aweful" as it progressed around the table. Every one hated to leave and everyone still remembers the event, especially the "Verderisms." Now Professor Verder thinks these ought not to be printed, in fact, he thinks they are NOT printed, for during his "hour of criticism" he withdrew the copy of them and crumpled it all up

saying, "I don't believe we'll have these." But we, the editors, feel that it is "Verderisms" that make Y. C. go round so we are taking the liberty of passing them over his veto. Now if we are expelled from school for this please come to the rescue, for we know you all will have enjoyed the "Verderisms."

"Oh! these candles are so soothing!"

"Oh! this is meat! I thought it was some kind of gingerbread."

"Oh, Wonderful! wonderful! It's just melting and sizzling!"

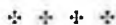
"It tastes like the dickens!"

"I have had some peaches that are white with pink checks."

"The smaller ones are sweeter."

"I speak in metaphores."

"All is well on the Potomac."



KIDNAPER'S HOUR

Between the dusk and the daylight
When the night was beginning to
lower,

Came a pause in the homeward jour-
ney

Which was known as the kidnaper's
hour.

I hear in the rumors about me
How it had been planned before,
The sound of the car that was wait-
ing,

The opening of the door.

As I bring back the scenes of that
evening

I think of these three, so far:

Grace Getty, and Jolly Miss Adams,
And Jordan, who owned the car.

Miss Adams and Grace started home,
Grace knew they would not go direct.
They, with Jordan and Philson, went
riding,

But Miss Adams did not suspect.

As long as they were riding,
They'd just as well take more;
So they stopped at Doctor John's
house

And took on Ruth and Lenore.

It was a pleasant evening,
Not a bit of wind did blow,
There was plenty of room in the car
So they took along Catherine Stowe.

A sudden rush for the country,
A sudden sound from below,
A tire had blown out loudly,
They must fix it ere they go.

Miss Adams attempted to leave them
Through the top, o'er the back of
the car;

When she tried to escape they would
hold her,
She could not get anywhere.

But she kept just three huskies busy
To hold her there in the car.

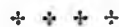
They admit that of all the strong
women,

She is the strongest, by far—

Do you think, oh brown-eyed banditti
Because you had scaled the back seat
Such an old athlete as Grace is
Could not catch hold of your feet?

They held them fast in the fortress,
And would not let them depart,
Till the party was almost over,
But to spoil all, they didn't have
heart.

The fun they'll remember, forever,
Yes, forever and a day;
Till the "gym" walls crumble to ruin
And moulder in dust away.



SENIOR PARTY

On the evening of November 25th
the Seniors very quietly stole their
way to the cozy home of their spon-
sor, Miss Ethel Clarke. All had ex-
pected to be kidnapped on the way,
but evidently no one outside the class
even suspected such an affair, so
every one arrived safely. Grace Getty
had a terrible scare however, when
she saw she was going to meet a gen-
tleman on the way, but to her "joy"
discovered it was only Franklin Hunt
plodding his way homeward.

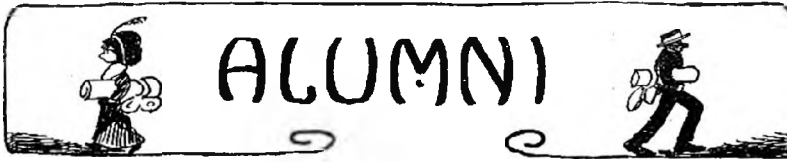
The early part of the evening was
spent in college gossip in which every
member took an active part. Even
Miss Clarke contributed her share in
an interesting but incomplete man-
ner. She aroused our curiosity at
least.

Merle Harner sang several good se-
lections and Roy Larson then gave
some excellent readings, after which

delicious refreshments were served by the hostess. Lee Fletcher insisted on the class remaining a few minutes longer, while he rendered some orig-

inal pieces on the piano. The appreciation (?) of the class to him cannot be expressed in words.

Listen for our new class song!



Clara King ('18) admits, with reservations, that the teaching profession isn't all pleasure for with an epidemic of smallpox and loss of a janitor added to the usual vicissitudes of a teacher's life, school work at Lush-ton can not quite reach the high standard she sets for it.

Myrtle Francis Broehl ('19) is too busy to send the Sandburr a long account of herself, but is quite sure that no other town in Nebraska has as many advantages and real pleasures as Shelton. With four English classes and one class in bookkeeping, Miss Broehl has time for some outside diversions; automobile accidents for instance. May we hear more from you, Myrtle?

Wayne Graham ('16) pursues the elusive goddess of the medical profession with a sharp carving knife. It was rumored that "Bill" rather abhorred his first lessons in vivi-section but if he will liken this work to line-breaking in a Y. C. football game, there is no doubt that he will go right through. Then, too, with Reynolds at hand to practice on and Byron and Mr. Tatlow living close at hand to cheer and comfort the zealous students, no doubt Y. C. will have at least two celebrated physicians on their honor roll of celebrities.

Did you get the subscription to the Sandburr from my Senior High School girl? I think I can promise

you will have her for a student next year. Also did you get my subscription to the Zeta fund? I am doing nothing worth writing about, so will only send greetings to all my Y. C. friends. —Lenore Milligan ('18).

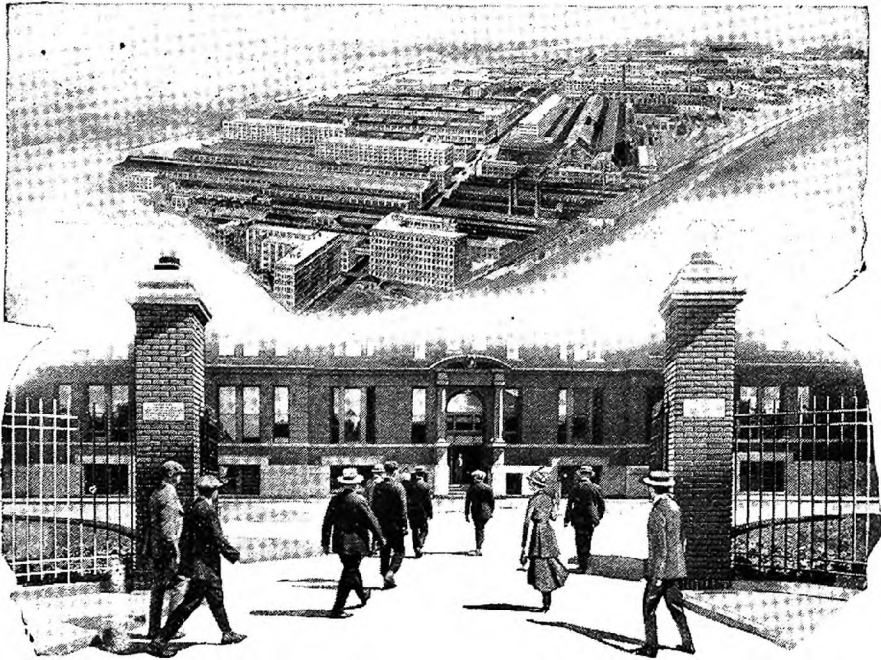
The High School students of Aurora are doing splendid work in mathematics under Hattie Mapps' ('19) enthusiastic instruction. It is told that a recent practical problem given to an arithmetic class read something like this: "How many pounds of Coffee will Y. C. put on the market this year?" Ans.: None, because the complete supply was cornered by private agreement.

Louise Ankeny ('18) on her way to her school work in China, writes from Nagasaki, Japan. "Wish you could have been with us here in Japan. It is wonderful and so picturesque. It is such fun to ride in rickshaws and to shop, for you want so many things."

Mr. and Mrs. Percy Burke ('18) write very enthusiastically from Klamath Falls, Oregon. Both of them love the West and have a beautiful lake view by merely going to their living-room window, for they overlook Lake Ewanna and are within picnicking distance of Upper Klamath Lake and beautiful Lake o' the Woods.

Percy is realizing his ambition as a financier and Velma as a model housekeeper, and both are enjoying life to the utmost.

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Mulvaney: "Hunt is just waiting for dad to give his consent."

Hunt: "No, it's on the other side of the house."

* * * *

Dean: "Mr. Mohler, what is your reaction to the word 'love'?"

Mohler: "Well, I—I don't know." Poor Mohler!!

* * * *

Skinny: "Cotner has several relations with York in more ways than one."

* * * *

Red says that a park bench is popular with her even in a snow storm.

* * * *

November 17—Fletcher and Faith go to Y. W. Freshmen meeting at 3:30.

* * * *

Eva W. as everyone knows, Likes a man by the name of Jose, Supposedly husking corn for her pa, He spent most of his time in the house ha! ha!

And housekeeping to him she shows.

* * * *

Skinny: "I can get along with anyone as long as they get along with me."

* * * *

Hunt: "Say, J. Peter, how much do you charge to marry people?"

J. Peter: "Free to ministers."

* * * *

Skinny (in Freshmen class meeting): "Where is Eh?"

John D.: "He jazzed down town. He's a busy man this A. M."

Gladys H.: "Will you come up to see if our lights are out at 10:30?"

Miss Adams: "I'll be right straight up."

* * * *

Marian B., interrupting John and Ethel: "Am I losing out on something? What are you talking about?"

John D.: "M—m—m—Oh, I dunno."

Hamilton: "Dean, do you live on Iowa avenue?"

Dean: "My I don't know; do I Parks?"

Stella: "John, where do you live?"

John D.: "Oh, I don't know, I eat at the Con."

* * * *

Can You Imagine—

The "Con" doors being locked on Olive Ball? They were.

Ivan Hanson quiet?

Marian Boughner not giving orders?

* * * *

Olive Ball: "I think Loyd Dankle is the nicest boy."

Myrle Philson: "Oh, I do too."

* * * *

Grace Getty made out a membership application to the Y. M. C. A. in this way:

Date—Wanted.

Class—Some.

Phone—Any time.

Special interest—Sun theatre.

This isn't an ad exactly, but Grace wanted us to put it in the Sandburr.

Characteristic of Dean: "I'm inclined to think."

* * * *

Mulvaney: "We stars almost got tramped on at Lincoln. They worked on my teeth and my sore knee."

* * * *

THANKSGIVING

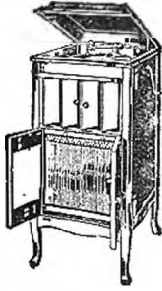
Dere Mama:

I expose you no that tomorro's thanksgiving day an don't you no that Id be awful thankful if I could just fly to home in one of em flyen macheens und lite rite out in frunt of ower hous n'en Id run in und sea uan pape und siser Kattey und bruther Jeremier und all uf thuther fokes. wal mam I just kaint sea how I kin get thare cuz the snoos fallin' sew thick that the chiffoneer kant sea tu drive his plain against the snoo. Ise

thankfull that I kin eet turkie out here anywayze un Im glad as I kin be that I aint enythink els but a Fresh man uz they cals us cuz the kolleg faccelty made a rulen this mornin' that fer every rong spelled wurd that they cud fined on the papurs that wie turnd inn thay wouldt took auf wun pur scent un ef thay got holt of thiss I think thay wuld get there muneys worth fur wun sent thiss tim. I chink thayll be leenient with mee thiss tim cuz Ise a Freshmann und dont nose eny bettr. Yu jist ott tu see Deen Ashcraft cuz Hees so gudd. He sie fer us to kum bak to skool after thanksgiving sow gess Ill not cum bak Ill jist stay hear cuz I kant git away. Wall uz my lettat is gittun perty long Ill fetch it to a clothes fer this tim sow rite sune or suner if u kin as evar I remane yours fer a hap-pie thansgivin turkie.

FRESHIE—BOY.





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