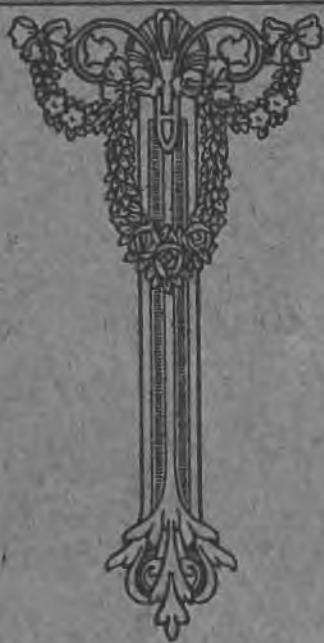


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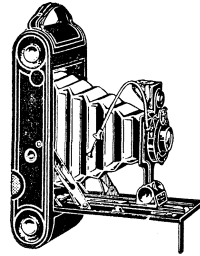
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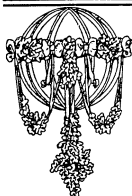
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# THE SANDBURR



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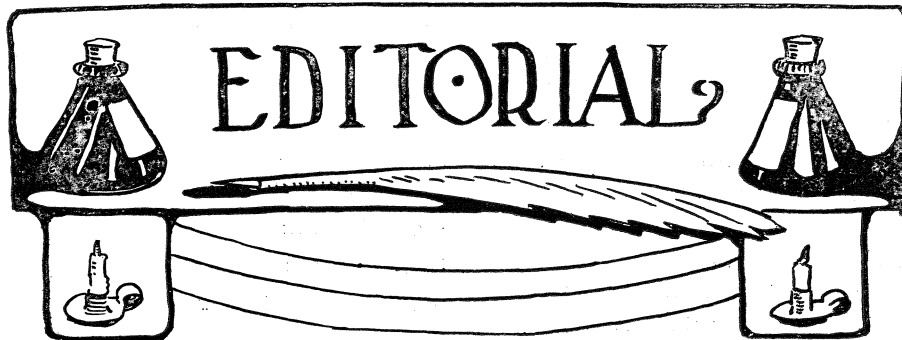
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### Contributions

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

### Staff

Editor-in-Chief	Lena Myers	Burrs	Alice Kaliff
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Business Manager.....	Lewis John	Music .....	Grace Ulsh
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Society	Viola Stoddard	Alumni.....	Lenore Milligan
Athletics .....	Lloyd Cottrell	Academy .....	Olive Ball
Locals .....	Eva Kerr	Business College	Hugh Arnold
	Art .....		Grace Getty



Now that another year has gone we look back to see what we have accomplished. We think of the many things we had outlined in the fall. Have we completed all our plans? Did we do as much as we had hoped to? Did we even do our best? At any rate it is one more year added to our experience. If we had it all to do over again we would do it differently. But at Commencement time let us not grieve over what we have left undone. Rather let us commence our plans for another

year. If we have profited by our experiences—of this year, we will do better next year. So here's to next year! Wherever we are our lives will be fuller for having had this year.

Friendships are something we cannot live without in these days. Some of us want many friendships while others want just a few. But we must have friends. And what can equal a college friendship? Only those who possess such treasures can fully appreciate their values. Long ago it

was said that "old friends are best." They may be in the long run, we are not old enough to know. But we would not believe it wholly when we are thinking of the many new friends we have made this year. But then maybe that saying meant that these new friendships would be better when they have grown old. At any rate, let us keep these friendships. And you friends who will not be back next year, please remember that we want to hear from you and we would be very glad to have greetings from you in our Sandburr.

The Staff feels that it should have some farewell greetings in this issue but we don't know just how to put them. We have had a very pleasant year and we would like to thank everyone who has helped us with this paper. Some things have not been just as we would like to have had them, we have made mistakes we would like to undo. We cannot do over what has been done, but we can and do apologize for what we have not done to please you and for what we have done that displeases you. Were we to do it over we would do it differently. Once more we ask you to accept the thanks of the Staff for your cooperation.

The Alumni banquet was the last of the happy commencement events. The banquet was splendid and the program was clever and the business meeting was interesting and shall we say somewhat exciting. One member had the audacity to tell us we were dead, but I guess he found out we are not. Well here is our program:

**Airplane**

- Pilot .....PaulPorter
- Motor ..... CharlesWray
- Wings ..... PaulineBradwell

- Joy-Stick..... L. R. Gregory
- Propeller ..... LawrenceCoffey
- Observer..... W. C. Noll

Now maybe you would be interested in our menu.

- Self Starter
- Cock Pit ..... Landing Chassis
- Gyroscope
- Quick Rises
- Airplane Oil ..... AirplaneDope
- Spirit Level
- Spring Landing ..... GuyPosts
- Cooling Stalling Speed Altimeter
- Joy-Stick

Some of the Alumni who were able to get back for the banquet and part of commencement were:

- Opal Harriett
- Charles Wray
- L. R. Gregory
- Bill Graham
- Mary Rankin
- Ruth Warner
- Nina Belle Caldwell
- Hazel Bowers
- Chas. Bowers
- Miss Steven



A happy after-commencement reunion was held at the home of Mrs. Earl Caldwell.

Nina Belle Caldwell came from Evanston, ILL., Mary Cave from her school at Beatrice, Merle Snider from Lincoln and Garda Parker from Central City. All took a few days vacation for old times sake and everyone was glad for the reunion.



**DEDICATED TO MISS MABLE  
MEEKER'S BIRTHDAY, MAY  
TWENTY-SECOND**

Oh birds of the earth! Sing new  
songs of joy,  
Rustle the green leaves, cool breezes  
of the day,  
While the invisible golden bells are  
gayly ringing,  
All making the day fair, happy and  
life renewing.

Flowers and roses of the land from  
far and near,  
Rush and crown Mable with thy  
sweetest perfumes;  
Sounds of May's music, melodious,  
sweet and clear,  
Vibrate in one accord for on this day  
she was born.

Mable, may thine acquaintances,  
friends and loved ones,  
"Who are near or far away, far to the  
distant land,  
On the twenty-second day of May  
send thee at once,  
Their sweetest thoughts of joy or  
their garland.

May thou on this day of thine mem-  
orable birthday,  
Start a new life, yes the highest type  
of life,

So that success and prosperity crown  
thee every day.  
And service, thou will enjoy, and live  
without strife.

Lastly, may the Lord, the loving God  
bless thee,  
Purify thy thoughts, strengthen thy  
will and love,  
Guard thee from dangers of thy soul  
and thy body,  
So that at last thou will live in His  
Kingdom above.

—R. N. Macagba.

**ROSES OF THE PRAIRIE**

Roses of the Prairie, go ye to my  
own country,  
And bring my message to them that  
are dear to me.  
Tell ye to my dear friends and my  
loved ones,  
My unceasing thoughts and love to  
everyone,  
Whisper in the soft gentle cool  
ocean breeze,  
That it may bring to their homes my  
message;  
"In the midst of the vast wheat and  
corn fields,  
Lives a lonely heart, no peace or  
happiness,  
Without friends, without love, with-  
out a soul,  
But lives alone a monotonous life

like a fool.”  
 When ye wert there, oh Roses of  
 the Prairie,  
 And ye hath lost the scent of thy  
 perfume;  
 Thy petals withered and fallen on the  
 ground,  
 And blown away from end to end of  
 the world:  
 Still thy sweet scent that mixed with  
 the air  
 Comes and seeks those whom ye  
 loved so dear.  
 And so is mine. Roses of the  
 Prairie, tell them,  
 That my presence is mixed with the  
 Philippine air  
 That fills the space of the meadows  
 and ricefields.  
 Tell them, oh, tell them, that early in  
 the morning,  
 Before the eastern skies burst into  
 ocean of gold,  
 That I'm the soft breeze that enters  
 their abodes,  
 To wake them up to hear the songs  
 of the birds.  
 Tell, oh, tell, that my whole life is  
 with them,  
 On the sandy shore on a happy  
 moonlight evening,  
 Or on the slippery mountain tops  
 among the pines.  
 Tell them too, that I'm in their open  
 air plays,  
 Whether in the sea, in their swims on  
 Saturdays,  
 Or in their shower-rain-baths in a  
 stormy day.  
 When the reminiscences of the  
 past come to me,  
 The many a picnic, and gossips and  
 companionships,  
 On the shore of the calm sea, by the  
 little brook,  
 And the many good times, they ex-  
 changed with me,  
 My heart aches bitterly and no song  
 for me.

Roses of the Prairie go ye to my  
 own country,  
 Where all my thoughts, my happi-  
 ness, my feeling,  
 My heart, my soul, and my all in all,  
 dwelling,  
 And bring my message to them that  
 are dear to me.

—R. N. Macagba.

---

“DIRTY WORMS!”

---

The clock had just struck the mid-  
 night hour as Marion entered her  
 room. It seemed that never in all  
 her life had she been so happy as  
 now. Clyde Scott had just left the  
 house, but before he had gone Mar-  
 ion had made a promise, a promise  
 that meant everything to her and  
 as much to him. Marion crossed  
 over to the window thru which the  
 moon shed a most glorious light. The  
 stars, the breeze and everything  
 seemed to blend into that picture of  
 supreme joy. The girl sat there  
 looking out across the city towards  
 a certain section of the residence  
 district. She knew that Clyde would  
 soon be there. She longed for the  
 night to pass that she might spend  
 the day with him. In her mind she  
 pictured the day, after which they  
 might always be together in their  
 own home. Over an hour passed be-  
 fore the happy girl fell asleep to  
 dream of the one who had made her  
 so happy.

A week had passed into the back-  
 ground, a week of such love and hap-  
 piness as could never, it seemed be  
 reproduced. On the day which real-  
 ly marks the beginning of this story,  
 Marion had been reading for a while  
 and her little brother, Benny, had  
 watched the people pass up and  
 down the busy avenue.



"Oh, Mayon, dere's at nicee man wat gives me pennies," cried Benny, full of glee, as he turned from the window. He had seen a certain gentleman approaching the house.

Marion jumped to her feet, dropping the book she had been reading, upon the table, and hurried up the stairs, calling back as she went, "Benny, please let him in and tell him I'll be down right away. And, O Benny, please talk to him real nice."

"All yite, Mayon," replied the little fellow. "Wat sh'll I say bout?"

"Tell him all about your little white bunnies, in the back yard, that Uncle Rob sent you."

Almost at once the door bell rang and Benny ran to receive Marion's guest. He tried for "a nowful big time," as he told Marion's beau to get the door "open. As soon as it swung back, the smiles chased away all the frowns from his chubby little face and he said ever so politely, "Howdo nicee man."

Clyde Scott picked the little fellow up, tossed him to his shoulder and carried him, kicking and squirming to the parlor.

"At ain't nicee way. You don't treat Mayon at way wen she lets you in."

"Well Benny, I'm sorry if you don't like to ride any more. But where's Marion?"

"See's up stairs. See runned nawful quick wen see saw you corn-in'. See'll be back pitty quick though."

Mr. Scott sat down in the big rocking chair by the window and picked up Marion's book. He leafed thru it, pausing here and there to read a few lines. It did not interest him a great deal just then so he laid it aside. -- Meanwhile, Bennie stood

off and critically looked him over head to foot. The little fellow seemed to be worried about something.

"Say, you isn't no dirty worm, is you?" he finally offered.

Clyde, brought back to earth rather suddenly by such an exclamation, said, "Well, who ever put that notion into your head, Benny," and began to laugh heartily.

"Ise so glad you ain't, cause I knowed you wa'nt."

"Who said I was?" Clyde insisted but Benny only shook his curly head emphatically.

"Come on, old chap, tell me. I won't tell anybody," but still he did not reveal the name of the person.

"Benny, I'll give you these five shiny pennies if you'll tell me."

This was too much for him, so he explained, "Mayon said you was but I didn't believe it tall, I didn't."

"Did she say that?" and Benny's curls bobbed again.

"I jis knowed you wan't tho."

Clyde looked at his watch, "Two-thirty and the train to Weston goes in fifteen minutes," he said half aloud. He hastily picked up a pencil Benny had left on the floor and wrote rapidly on the flyleaf of Marion's book.

With a sad expression on his face he picked up his hat and gloves, explaining to Benny, "I'll have to go. The train leaves in just a few mimutes."

Is you doin' to stay gonod on too-too long time?" questioned Benny not knowing that he had caused this hasty departure.

"Maybe, and maybe not, Benny. Goodbye," he half impatiently answered as he opened the door and soon was far down the street.

Only a few minutes had passed, before Marian came down the stairs dressed in a beautiful pink gown. She

stopped midway with an exclamation of surprise, "Why, Benny! where's Clyde?"

"E's goned on too-too, mebbe big time, mebbe not."

"What can it mean? I didn't know he was thinking of going away." Marion spoke in a dazed manner.

Benny looked up at his sister's worried face and began to cry. "E said it, like 'e was tross at sometin," lie sobbed. Marion gathered him into her arms and comforted him, but she was still troubled indeed. Clyde had never acted like that before.

Several days had passed and Marion had not seen or even heard from Clyde. No-one seemed to know where he had gone or why. On this particular day she had restlessly played the piano for a few moments, then crossed over to the window and searched the avenue as far as she could see. She tried to stop worrying and make herself think that Clyde would soon be back and explain it all. She sat down and picked up the book, she had not yet finished. As luck would or would not have it, it opened to Clyde's note, and this is what she read.

Marion: I am sick at heart, for I truly loved you, but now I know I am not wanted. It is better for me to leave you. Keep the ring. I don't want it.

CLYDE, alias "Dirty Worm."

Marion read thru the message once, and then again. She could hardly believe her eyes, much less understand the meaning of the note.

"Had Clyde done something for which he is ashamed? Has he violated some law? He could not? There is some mistake! He is falsely accused." Marion was nearly beside herself.

After she had quieted down just a little she stepped over to the desk in the corner of the room and wrote a brief note asking that he explain everything.

For several days she watched the mail box for a reply but none came. Twice a day the postman came and left, but no word from Clyde did he bring. She carefully, but vainly searched the newspapers for some clue to his strange behavior. It seemed to Marion that she could not and cared not to live without him.

A week passed and still no answer to her message. All her friends and relatives had grown anxious about the girl. She had not been herself since Clyde had gone. She had become pale and seemed listless when they tried to divert her thoughts.

One day she had walked out into the yard in that dazed way and stood, seeming to look about her at the vast lawn carpeted with velvet, but she did not see the beautiful things then. She stopped suddenly hearing a Buick far down the avenue. She was sure that she recognized the throb of the engine. Her heart leapt for joy. She knew Clyde was coming back and that he could explain his strange actions. She could see him now quite plainly. What joy was hers. Alas! He did not see her! He drove straight on and never even glanced her way. When Marion realized that he was not going to stop, she started forward, Clyde, O Clyde, she sobbed and then fell fainting upon the grass.

Clyde had seen her altho he had tried not to. At first he drove on but his better self made him turn around and come back. Forgetting for the moment the cutting words that had caused so much heartache he ran to her and tenderly carried her into the house and called her mother.

It was only a few minutes before she regained consciousness, but those minutes seemed hours to Clyde. It seemed that never again could he force himself away but of course he must. She would not want him here.

As soon as she opened her eyes they rested upon Clyde and her first words were, "Clyde, I'm so happy, because you've come back," and she reached out her hands to him.

Clyde did not care now about the things that had happened before. They did not matter now.

That evening when the two were sitting in the parlor as they had often done before, Clyde's strange departure was explained by Benny himself, when he told Marion, "The

nice man ain't do dirty worm atall!"

"Why Benny, whatever made you think he was?" Marion was astonished.

"Cause you said 'e was some kind a worm and worms is all dirty, 'nd I forgot wa't kind of a worm it was."

At once it dawned upon Marion that she had said that Clyde enjoyed books that he was a regular "book worm."

Benny at once asked, "Isn't a book-worm dirty like any nother worm?"

Clyde called the little fellow to his side and gave him a quarter on condition that he go out doors, at least that he stay out of the room. Benny was indeed pleased beyond measure.

—LUCILE DeWOLF—23.



## LOCALS

### TEN THINGS FOR WHICH NO ONE HAS EVER YET BEEN SORRY

- For doing good to all.
- For being patient toward everybody.
- For hearing before judging.
- For thinking before speaking.
- For holding an angry tongue.
- For being kind to the distressed.
- For asking pardon for all wrongs.
- For speaking evil of none.
- For stopping the ears of a tale-bearer.
- For disbelieving most of the ill-reports.

### SENIOR THOTS

A Senior! Only one who has been in that position in high school or

college can appreciate the full meaning of the word. As the year nears its close for the class of 1920 we are glad to feel that we have completed our college course, but underneath the glad smile is a feeling of sadness and sincere regret. We have grown to love our fellow students, our instructors and our alma mater and are sorry to say farewell to any of them. We also regret leaving the ranks of the Christian organizations and the literary societies. Surely, we as Seniors, owe a great deal to both.

But our task is to look forward, not backward. Commencement means a beginning not an ending. Thru our smiles and our tears we must look ahead and face life as a reality. We will never know real joy

and satisfaction until we have experienced real service.

We are thankful to those who are making our commencement activities such a splendid success and we shall take with us many pleasant memories of our last days in York College.

—G. G.

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### EIGHT WEEK CLUB TRAINING CLASS

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This training class, organized in York College this spring under the leadership of the Social Service Committee of the Y. W. C. A.

Many girls have taken an active interest in the 8 week club work and the regular meetings have been very interesting and helpful to those present. A new phase of club work is taken up each time and presented by a different leader. It is hoped that many of the class will have a club in their home community this summer.

Girls who have taken the course this spring are Avilla Labert, Joyce Cushman, Grace King, Mable Robson, Ruth Yust, Ellen Hayden, Grace Getty, Maude LeFever, Alice Ohlson, Eva Kerr, Bertha Hofsted, Reka Blanc, lone Philson.

---

### COME INTO THE GARDEN MAUDE

Set to Music by Wagner

Looking at a picture of a couple fondly embracing each other:

J. P.: "Maude that's you."

Maude: "Oh, no, I'm too quick for that."

---

### MAY DAY

---

May is one of the happiest months of the year and May Day is surely one of the happiest days of the month. May Day this year for us was on May 15th. In spite of all the wishes and longing for sunshine we

had a cold and cloudy day. In fact some of the clouds, by evening had become so heavy that they could not hold their own weight. In the afternoon we sat shivering when a gentle blast from a small trumpet announced the approach of the May Queen. We turned and saw a long procession coming. First was a group of girls stretching the daisy chain, then another white clad group. These girls formed the isle to the throne. Then the little trumpeter, Bennie Jordan, led the way to the beautiful throne. Four little flower girls, Dorothy Jones, Maxine Merkle, Meriam John and Jane Caldwell scattered flowers in the pathway, little Hazel Emma Morgan, carrying the beautiful floral crown, preceded the Queen, Miss Lena Myers, to the foot of the throne where the crown was placed on the Queen's head. Then Hazed, Emma led her up the steps to the throne. Then the six attendants: (Grace Getty, Lucy Davidson, Esther Thomas, Dorothy Yaw, Mabel Robson and Maude LeFever), clad in the six dainty colors seated themselves on the steps of the throne and when all were seated it made a very pretty picture.

Then the Fairies of Springtime, dressed in gauzy green and glittering tinsel, came from the woods and danced before the throne. The Maypole dance reassured us that it was May Day and when they had departed like great white butterflies the curtain was drawn and when it was withdrawn we beheld a hayfield where the hay-makers and the farmers daughters are at work. Almost before we knew it we were seeing the beautiful and charming Operetta, "Sylvia." Those of us who were there will not soon forget it or the snatches of the songs that keep "going through our heads" and we

could hardly describe it sufficiently for those who have not seen it. The characters were very well chosen for their parts and each did his part exceptionally well. It was one of the finest May Days we have ever had and anyone who had a part in it might well rejoice.

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### MUSICAL PROGRAM

---

The Music Department may well be proud of their success this year. Their program of May 27th was one of the finest ever given. Each individual seemed to do even better than his best. Miss Rankin and Dean Amadon must surely feel well repaid for every effort they have put forth. Such a program is a credit to any music department.

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### CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATIONS

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On Sunday morning, May 30, at 11:00 A. M. occurred the anniversary of the Christian Associations of the College. Mr. Warren Baller, vice president of the Y. M. C. A. was in charge of the session. Miss Eva Kerr, president of the Y. W. C. A. read the scripture and lead in prayer. A very splendid address was given by W. A. Weber, D. D., from Ohio.

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### BACCALAUREATE SERVICE

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Baccalaureate services were held in the Congregational church Sunday evening, May 30. President H. IT. Roop delivered a most interesting and most helpful sermon.

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### SENIOR CLASS DAY

---

"You can always tell a Senior"—by the way he acts at a class party. Class day this year was a typical Senior class party. Our few and

steady couples arrived together as per usual. Roy Larson didn't say a word till he had been there about twenty-nine minutes. The minute Fletcher arrived he wanted to play and sing. It was with difficulty that the class kept him away from the piano until the really gifted members had contributed their part to the program. Merl Harner sang two or three beautiful numbers, Roy Larson gave some readings, Blanche Harritt played beautifully. After this came the class prophesy by Frank Stone and a prophesy of some not in the class, and Lawrence Coffey read the class Will. The Seniors were very generous in their gifts, as well as witty, and we are glad that the "Open Door" policy, originated by Dean Amadon, at least became a real vital issue with the Seniors and that they were generous enough to pass it down to the coming generations. By the way, when we mentioned Mr. Coffey's name we remembered that the Kaliff twins sang a duet and it was very good too.

Yes, they had a real lunch too, and than no force could restrain Fletcher. He took possession of the piano and he and his able assistant, Miss Getty, rendered several familiar numbers. Some had variations. Well when they quit every one had gone home except Harner and Ruth Yust. Harner was waiting for Grace—so was Ruth.

---

### JUNIORS

---

The Juniors have had a very busy year as most Juniors do. The hard work makes the good times all the more enjoyed. And the Juniors this year have found time for several social functions. Our president, Miss Lena Myers, entertained us at a May morning breakfast and Miss

Cone our grand sponsor gave us one of those splendid dinners on May 26, that Miss Cone knows how to give. And then May 28th, we were out to Louise Hammond's for a "so-called" strawberry short cake feed. Yum! Yum!! We found out that out at Hammond's at least there are a whole lot of things that go with a short cake feed.

#### JUNIOR-SENIOR BANQUET

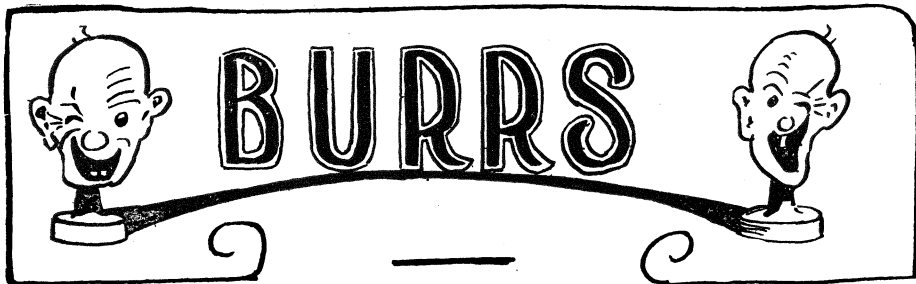
One of the prettiest events of the commencement time was the Junior-Senior banquet. The tables were decorated in purple and white, the Senior colors. In the center of each table was a basket of purple and

white sweet, peas. There were also favors of these at each place. The menu cards were in the form of memory books and a very clever toast list was carried out along this line.

#### TOASTS

##### Memory Book of Four Years at College.

Toast mistress Lena Myers  
 Four Years of Greatness.....  
 .....MyrtleHunt  
 Classroom Bone Heads.....  
 ..... J. P. Wagner  
 Professors I Have Met.....  
 ..... RoyLarson  
 Snap Shots ..... FrankStowe  
 Miscellaneous. Miss Ethel Clarke



Skinny (answering the telephone):  
 "Hello, who do you want?"  
 Central: "Noone."  
 Skinny: "This ishim."

Franklin Hunt: "Have you lost anything?"  
 Miss DeWolf: "Nothing that I know of, only I lost some sleep last night."  
 Mr. Bisset: "That sounds bad on Monday morning."

Mr. Hansen (to Mr. Riggs in Trig, class): "Say, sweetheart, do you have all of the problems?"  
 Miss Merchant: "Mr. Hansen, were you talking to me?"

Mr. Conner: "We never have any swearing on our farm, only when

there is a hired man around."  
 Grace Getty: "Who does the swearing then, you or the hired man?"

Rube: "I have never caught any lightning yet, but I have caught thunder more than once."

Miss Callender (in third English):  
 "There was a prospective student here today."

Mildred Stenson (eagerly): Oh! was it a boy, and will he be here next year?"

Mr. Hansen: "Say, Rube, give an account of yourself. You didn't come home last night."

Rube: "Oh, I slept in a rosebush last night."

Riggs (when most of the History class was at Glee Club practice):  
 "Where are we all?"

Mr. Bisset: "Webb's only half here."

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"What's all this about Maude Le-fever and Wind'll blow?"

—A Senior.

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**HIDE AND GO SEEK**

An aviator and a comrade were sent on a rather long trip in a dirigible as a part of their training during the war. While they were in the air they became confused and lost their way. Accordingly, they descended until they could see a laborer at work just below them. When they were within hailing distance they shut off the engine and called out, "I say, where are we?" "You can't fool me. You're up in that there balloon," was the unexpected reply.

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We have two quite serious cases at college. They are as follows: Maude LeFever and Wendelboe who always sit together in Browning class, and Grace Getty and J. P. Wagner who always eat supper together. Before leaving for Aurora last Friday evening, J. P. was heard to exclaim: "Oh Grace! How can I Leave You?" and we all wonder why Mr. Wendelboe's favorite poem is: "Come Into the Garden, Maude."

---

On Saturday evening, May the twenty-ninth, the two literary societies gave their anniversary program in the college chapel.

The program was as follows:  
 Vocal duet, Eva Schwartzwelder,  
 Esther Thomas.....Pals  
 "New Era for Teachers," Lenore  
 John.....Zeta  
 Vocal Solo, Merl Hamer..... Pal

Reading, "The Old Settler's Story"  
 Roy Larson..... Zeta  
 "Theodore Roosevelt," Paul Riggs  
 .....Pal  
 Vocal Solo, Letty Johnson..... Zeta  
 "Better Americanism", Grace Getty  
 .....Pal  
 Vocal Solo, Marion MuIvaney. Zeta

This program was heartily enjoyed by all present. The orations which were on widely divergent topics were splendidly given and showed much diligent preparation. The hearty applause which followed Mr. Larson's reading spoke for itself.

Any program is incomplete without music, especially when it is of the high order of that which was distributed throughout their program. When we gave the names of those who furnished the music nothing more is necessary.

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**SENIOR ACADEMY SKIP DAY**

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In May the twentieth day,  
 The birds were singing gay;  
 The earth with verdant trees,  
 All seemed to be at peace;  
 Azure and crimson skies  
 With clouds all motionless;  
 All waiting Zeus to come  
 To give all nature life.  
 This day, the Senior class  
 Academy of old Y. C.  
 To Seward they all went,  
 Unknown because twas a secret,  
 As they were on the way,  
 May wind began to blow,  
 And leaves of verdent trees,  
 And every blade of grass,  
 All sing melodiously.  
 Oh happy day of May,  
 New song I sing for thee;  
 Come birds and blades of grass,  
 Oh come ye leaves of trees,  
 We sing with harmony  
 The song of happy day.

— R. N. Macagba.

During, a make believe astronomy, class the instructor said: "Mars will colide with the earth next month."

Raymond Newton: "If that is the case I'm a-going to have a rubber coffin made immediately."

It had just been decided that the glee club would have to stay at Marquette over night, when Dara Mohler was seen out in the muddy street cranking his Ford.

Cott: "Where are you going Dara?"

Dara: "I'm going home to get my night-shirt."

Miss Callendar (In 3rd year English class): "We find Elane to be at the sentimental age."

Ellen Hayden: "What age is that?"

Miss Callendar: "I think the MOST of you are safely past that age."

Freda Ball: "What is our Caesar lesson today?"

Eve Swartzwelder: "How two young lovers came to a tragic end."

Freda Ball: "I think that will be easy for me to translate."

Miss Callendar: "When we are alone in a house with a storm outside and a board creaks we become nervous."

Olive Ball: "One needs not be alone."

Are Coffey and Ellen the same as ever?

It seems as tho they'll never sever  
Words of love passed on the sly  
Cupid will never lose interest or  
never die.

#### SENIOR THEME TITLES (SUGGESTED)

Roy., Larson—Hair Tonic—Pro and con.

Lee Fletcher—Ba (r) ber-isms of College Life.

Alice Kaliff—Two Stowaways.

Ellen Kaliff—Coffee—Sweetened.

Mèrl Harner—Little sisters.

Joyce Cushman—Hunting—Fall and Winter.

Ruth Yust—Duties of a Chaperon.

Myrtle Hunt—Chemists of all ages.

Lawrence Coffey—Advantages of Living in a free Country.

Frank Stowe—Brick and Stucco Dwellings, 7th St. Locations.

Blanche Harriett—Man—a nuisance.

Grace Getty—Man—a Luxury.

Example not precept, actions not words, are the controlling forces in moral education.

The secret of patience is doing something else in the meantime.

If we work on marble, it will perish; if we work on brass, Time will efface it, if we rear temples, they will crumble into dust; but if we work upon immortal souls, if we imbrace them with principles, with the just fear of God and love of fellowmen, we engrave on these tablets something which will brighten all Eternity—Webster.

If any speak evil of you, let your life be so that none will believe him.

Be such a friend to humanity that you may see good in every man.

Keep your face toward the sunshine and the shadows will always fall behind you.

Do not be discouraged because your work is not appreciated. God never tires of making flowers and sunsets altho everybody does not stop to admire them.



## MISS CALLENDAR ENTERTAINS

The Junior and Senior Academy classes were delightfully entertained May 10th at a party, given by Miss Edith Callendar. The evening was spent in games and stunts which enabled every one present a chance to test their wit, knowledge and self-control. Miss Ethel Gamer wait awarded a huge stick of candy for having the most points in a game of Progressive Alphabets. After light refreshments were served a short time was spent in the singing of old familiar songs and all departed into the night air with joy and mirth. This party adds another sweet memory to those which we have spent with her in the past.

Question: "What are the mental processes particularly involved in studying history?"

Miss Williams: "It affords fine training for the memory, especially with respect to remembering dates."

Miss Margaret Mary arrived at St. Paul, Minn., April 14, 1920. She likes it so well she has decided to make her home with Prof. and Mrs. Guy Buswell

Conner in rhetoric class when he absorb knowledge though your on the floor and then his foot upon the book.

As Miss Clarke left the room he was heard to remark: "Is it fair to absorb knowledge through your foot?"

Lewis Made-a-line for Pick, who, Caving around, Shoveled his way out.

If a burglar got into your cellar, would the coal chute?

No, but the kindling wood!

AN "L" OF A CLASS  
(Economics Class)

Lewis John.  
Lawrence Coffey.  
Lloyd Cottrell.  
Lee Fletcher.  
Lena Myers.  
Lloyd Gotchell.

John D.: "Why don't we use the letters for the lines? It's so much simpler."

Prof. Feemster: "For the same reason that a child does not crawl till he is 10 years old. He wants to advance."

## HEARD IN TRIG CLASS

Hanson: (To Riggs) "Hello, sweetheart, I need a handkerchief!"

Mildred M.: "Were you speaking to me?"

Hanson: (a moment later) "She nearly had me fussed!"

Madalene: "Well, Bob and Lewis can go, and that's all, isn't it?"

Conner: "We neverswear, unless we have a hired man!"

Mildred: "I'm hitched up in more ways than one!"

## WHO HAD THE MOST FUN?

On Tuesday morning at chapel occurred the second recognition of the class of 1920. To begin with the beginning, there was a senior class meeting Monday right after chapel in Prof. Morgan's room. There it was decided that the seniors should wear caps and gowns all forenoon the next day. But some of them must have forgotten, for they left their caps in the lower hall while they went to

class. Of course, that was too big a temptation, so some of the underclassmen who always like to be noticed, took the caps and donning their most gorgeous bath robes, marched into chapel and there occupied the front seats. Some, not wishing to be outdone in splendor by the seniors, covered their own hair with bright red wigs. These people showed their keen observation by giving all the announcements peculiar to the seniors. But the seniors did not want the front seats. They aspired to the faculty seats and responded to the masqueraders by singing, "There are no flies on us." Anyway the class of '20 had the wish of Bobby Burns filled for they saw themselves "as others see us."

#### SENIORS ENTERTAINED

The Seniors of the College were royally entertained at a 7 o'clock dinner on Tuesday evening, May 4, by their sponsor, Miss Clark. A four course dinner was served and witty stories were told by members of the class between courses. The table was beautifully decorated with the class colors, purple and white, and with purple and white sweet peas.

The latter part of the evening was spent in playing games and music. All members of the class were present and the affair will long be remembered as one of the happiest in their college days.

#### THE SENIORS AGAIN

The sun, on May Morning, shone  
lovingly down  
On a bunch of gay Seniors, just leaving town,  
Tho' the creamery man still sleeping  
was he,

He found that brave Seniors, so fearless are they.

For he was aroused, by a Senior so bold,  
And "Forth to your cream-shop, at once!" he was told.  
So meekly he went, and no longer delayed  
The bold, haughty Seniors, whose steps he had stayed.

And then, with their bacon and big frying pan,  
And other good eats, which weighed down every man,  
Forth strode they so joyfully, out of the town,  
To the banks of a fair stream—this class of renown.

The events of that wondrous May morning so bright,  
I here do relate, in plain black and white.  
In true domesticity, Fletcher has learned,  
To fry bacon without poking himself, not it, burned.

At his efforts, so frantic, so wild, did Merl jeer,  
Just wait! Lee will labor most faithfully, don't fear!  
So thanks to the Seniors, whose training has given  
To one's future, a hope to make life on earth, heaven.

Then secrets they told, in that grassy green dell—  
"We'll hang a May basket for Miss Clarke; now don't tell!"  
Then homeward they strolled, to dream a day dream,  
Of a happy May morning, strawberries and cream!



1920



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