

The Sandhurr

VOLUME XXIII, NO. 9.

FEBRUARY 6, 1923

YORK, NEBRASKA

Panthers Meet Midland Aggregation

On Friday evening, January 26, there occurred a fast and scrappy game of basket ball on the local floor. The visiting team was from Midland College, and they proved to be really husky opponents.

As the interested spectators gathered to watch the contest, considerable enthusiasm was manifested in rousing cheers and yells, opening the way for the rapid action that was to follow. There was no lack of encouragement, and neither was there any reason to be sorry for the cheering after the game was over.

After referee Hiltner blew his whistle and the ball was put in motion, Kamel made a basket in less than a minute giving York the first score. After that there was no let-up to the rapid furious game, as both teams fought for the supremacy. The locals worked hard, and played in a spirited manner throughout the entire period.

Lundberg, Midland's husky center, played a remarkably good and sure game, making 10 of the 30 points that they gained. The opposing team showed considerable team work, and played consistently throughout.

Deason and Loreman interchanged in the right forward position and both men showed considerable speed on the floor, especially noticeable when Loreman demonstrated the appropriateness of the name Panthers, by lowering his head and making a mad rush through the opposing team after his prey, the ball. Kamel played the other forward position and showed ability in keeping close to the ball. Hale and Alden played the guard positions with skill, giving their opponents many surprises. Although hampered by a recently sprained ankle, Caldwell gave a splendid account of himself at the center position.

At the close of the game, the score stood 30 to 8 in favor of the visitors, which does not at all adequately show the fast and furious game that took place. The locals played well, and with a little more practice and the entrance of Snedeker into the line-up, indications are that the scores may be reversed for the remainder of the season.

Line up:

York	Points
Deason, Loreman, f
Kamel, f
Caldwell, c
Hale, g 3
Alden, g 2
<hr/>	
Midland	Points
Horn, f 9
Sudman, f 9
Lundberg, c 10
Nixon, Lenhoutz, g
Elliott, Curtis, g
Hogreff for Lundberg, c 2
<hr/>	
	30

Referee: A. H. Hiltner.

Y. C. BASKET BALL CAPTAIN

No mention has yet been made of Y. C.'s Basket Ball Captain, Walter Snedeker. "Walt" won letters last year both in football and basket ball and much is expected of him this season. He puts forth every ounce of energy and we feel sure that he will bring the boys on to victory.

The Hastings Daily Tribune in commenting upon the Hastings-York game stated that York's "small and poorly lighted gym floor made the game somewhat ragged in form. Doubtless it seemed that way to them since they are accustomed to galloping around in a huge barn which they have dedicated to the cause of Basket Ball.

Loreman Wins 1st Honors in Oratory

On Friday evening, January 26, in the college chapel, occurred the college oratorical contest. The event was the culmination of the classwork in formal oratory, under the direction of Professor Wood, who presided over the evening's program. The following speakers and their subjects were announced:

Donald Snell, '26—"Failure of Prohibition."
Ellen Hayden, '26—"World Friendship"
Walter Henry, '23—"The Ethics of Politics"
Bernice Wilson, '26—"The Hebrew American"
Levi Loreman, '26—"America, the Hope of the World"
Those acting as judges in the contest were J. G. Alden, Supt. W. G. Brooks, E. C. Sandall, Dr. Geo. Shidler and Rev. Doleman. The awards of the judges were as follows: Third place, Miss Bernice Wilson, '26; second place, Walter Henry, '23; first Levi Loreman, '26. Mr. Henry will represent York College at the state contest at University Place, March 16, and Mr. Loreman at the state contest at Omaha, March 2.

Calendar For The New Year

Monday, Jan. 29. The educational machinery was set in motion again at 7:30 A. M. Our most considerate faculty remembered that it was Monday. Prof. Wood was very pleasant.

Tuesday, Jan. 30. The south hall is being used by some for a study room as it is easier to see whom you wish in this locality.

Wednesday, Jan. 31. "If You Believe It, It's So." Seeing is believing and a number of students saw.

Thursday, Feb. 1. Crash! bang—such a noise in the hall! We thought that the radiator outside Prof. Morgan's room had broken loose and was turning somersets down the stairs, but it was just Virginia trying to get to History of Ed. class before the last bell.

Friday, Feb. 2. A couple of Mexican desperadoes have been seen around. At least we suppose they are from Mexico as they are wearing peon pants.

Saturday, Feb. 3. No place to go—Boys all have to work.

Sunday, Feb. 4. Caldwell almost had a date.

Monday, Feb. 5. Prof. Bisset received a severe shock when everyone in the 7:30 class answered to roll call except Joe who was 6 minutes late as usual.

ALUMNI NOTES

At the close of the first semester the Board of Regents of the University of Nebraska granted Miss Edith Callender, '15, a Master's Degree in English. Miss Callender is Principal of the Academy and her many friends are glad to learn of her success.

Mr. and Mrs. H. E. Goodrich of Cairo, Nebr., are the proud parents of a son. Mrs. Goodrich was formerly Miss Minnie Steven of the class of 1915.

FRESHIES WRITE STORIES

For the past few weeks the Freshman Rhetoric classes, under the direction of Prof. Wood, have been busily engaged in writing continued stories, many of which proved to be real thrillers. One of these stories has been chosen to be published in the Short Story column of the Sandhurr and the first installment appears in this issue. Don't fail to read it.

Histrionic Club Presents Play

Monday evening, Jan. 29, the Histrionic Club, under the direction of Mrs. Henderson, presented a three act drama, "The Threat of Destiny." The story, depicting the struggle between the North and South at the time of the Civil war, and presenting stormy courtships with happy endings, was most pleasingly enacted. Every member of the cast, well trained for his particular part, supported in a splendid way each fellow member, so that with the portrayal of true Virginian gentlemen and gallants, matrons and maids, soldiers and slaves, a decided southern atmosphere was created, spiced however, with a bit of northern spirit, in the portrayal of Union Soldiers, and northern girls. The costumes, bespeaking of the days of '61, added much to the beauty of the scenes, and enhanced the character portrayals.

A responsive audience, which crowded the chapel to overflowing, expressed their appreciation, and their desire for another play in the near future.

Following is the cast:

Fanny, a slave on the Montgomery plantation Alice Gilbert
George Washington, a slave.....
..... Lynn Dankle
Betty Montgomery, the little "Colonel Edith" Lois Wilcox
Edith Sherman, the northern cousin Sarah Hopfer
..... time Virginian.....
..... Lucy Davidson
Colonel Montgomery, a gentleman of the old school.....William Thompson
Virginia Montgomery, the toast of the country Dorothy Reid
Beverly Montgomery, a confederate scout Levi Loreman
Sally Ann, Laura Lee, the Fairfax twins.....Murna Martin and Guila Thompson.
Tom Randolph, the southern gallant George Bereuter
Martha, Susan, Jane, southern girls...
Avis Bellows, Violet Norton, Elizabeth Robson
John Merivale Morton, a lad of the north Leslie Smith
Marcella, Marian, southern girls.....
Mae Turner, Virginia Neville
Mammy Dianah, a faithful servant.....
..... Matilda Peterson
Peyton Bailey, of the United States army Donald Snell
Uncle Billy, the Colonel's servant.....
..... Paul Goudy
Louise Lawton, in federal employ.....
..... Bernice Wilson
Ralph Francis, the boy who did not go to warGlenn Campbell
Madge Young, a thoroughbred.....
..... Enid Bellows
A Union Scout, who is detained
..... Ivan Jenkins
Miss Melissy, of an inquisitive nature
..... Ethyle Thompson
Miss Laura Holm and Miss Laura Whitney gave piano numebrs between acts.

NOTICE!

I saw an ad in the paper this fall, That said if I wanted a Ford, see Prof. Noll.

Since the Ford is so good and the price is so cheap I don't think Prof. Noll, his dear Ford will keep.

Now I need a Ford that's in splendid shape, Wound up with wire and plenty of tape, So Mr. Noll yours I will buy, If you'll take a penny and a fly, The fly you need for zoo lab so that You can use it there in place of a cat

The Panthers Lose to Zebras

The York Panthers met the Zebras on the Grand Island floor January 20, and were defeated after a hard fought game. The score was one sided but nevertheless the York boys kept up their old pep throughout the game. Chard made the largest number of goals for G. I. while Campbell made the scores for the York team. The line up was as follows:

Grand Island	York
Chard	R. F. Deason
Rehder	L. F. Campbell
Ross	C. Hanzlick
Colwell	R. G. Hale
Cunningham	L. G. McDonald

Substitutes: G. I., Myberg for Chard, Wingert for Rehder, Auhl for Ross, Rice for Cunningham.
York: Alden for Deason, Conrad for Hanzlick.
Referee: T. Smith.

Juniors Give Farewell Luncheon

Thursday noon, January 18, the members of the Junior class entertained in honor of Hazel Malmquist who was leaving for Boise, Idaho where she intends to take a nurse's training course. A few of the girls cleverly managed to take her to the "Con" where, much to her surprise, she found the other members of the class with their sponsor, Miss Callender. They seated themselves at a table decorated with the class colors, periwinkle and gold, and enjoyed the meal that was served by three of the Junior girls. Following this, Miss Callender presented the guest of honor with a large York College penant as a remembrance of the Junior class of '23.

ZETA

The Zetas met in their hall for their regular meeting January 30. The extemporaneous program was given as follows:

Prelude—Mabel Meeker.
My First Beau—May Rogers.
My First Date—Albert Mueller.
Solo—Gladys Lentz.
The meaning of Valentine—Lucy Davidson.
Why I Like the Second Semester Best—Zelma Reicker.
Stunt—Dorothy Feaster and Company.

The stunt consisted of the acting out of three important dates in a girls' life. Reka Blanc was a little girl playing her first piece on the piano, which was entitled "My Dolly's Waltz" by Caldwell. Mae Turner gave her first recitation and Gladys Lentz related her troubles as a school teacher to the tune of "Blowing Bubbles."

All taking part in the program did remarkably well, especially those who had only a few minutes to think about their talks.

PALS

The Pals met Tuesday evening for the first time this semester. The program was given as follows:

Extempo, My Reaction to Exams—Charles Prochaska.
Duet, Instrumental—Edith Wright Helen Meloy.
Paper, "Exams"—Levi Loreman
Reading—Murna Martin.
Solo—Zelma Holm, accompanied by Della Marks.
Pal Journal—George Jenkins, Eleanor Allen.
George Jenkins was elected treasurer to fill the vacancy caused by the resignation of Paul Riggs.

The Y. C. to Have New Club

At a recent meeting of the Athletic Board, plans were made to organize a permanent "Pep Club" whose duty it would be to generate a little enthusiasm in College activities, especially athletics. At the close of the school year each member of the club is to choose his successor for the next fall. The following persons were chosen to start the ball rolling and be the charter members of the club: Billie Thompson, Alice Gilbert, Nell Bearss, George Bereuter, Fae Culbertson and Dorothy Feaster.

CHAPEL NOTES

On Friday, the 26th, a basket ball rally was held under supervision of the recently organized Pep Club. The college is badly in need of some pep and interest in athletic affairs, and it is hoped that this club may be able to work up some enthusiasm among the students.

An orchestra which had been quickly gotten together played a popular selection. We should like to have them come back and favor us farther.

Dean Amadon gave us a talk at the expense of several present. Dean's talks are always enjoyed by everyone.

Joe Alden and Jack Morrison sang a humorous duet for which they received much hearty applause.

Coach Miller talked to us, showing the existing relations between college and high school. There is not sufficient cooperation and this condition must be remedied. Coach gave us some things to think about and if these are applied, no doubt the existing conditions will be helped.

Tuesday morning, we learned a new song which was sung to an old tune. If the Pep Club will continue with its good work, we will have some enthusiasm yet.

Wednesday we were greatly favored by a splendid vocal solo by Joe Alden, Miss Pauline Hensley accompanying him. Come again, Joe.

We were given our seats in chapel for the second semester Wednesday morning.

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. held their regular meeting Monday evening, January 15, in the Zeta Hall. Grace Evans was the leader, and her topic was "The Eight Week Club." The meeting was in form of dramatization and the following program was given:

Prelude—Fae Culbertson.
"The Social Service of the Club"—Effie Hansen.

The Social Life—Zelma Reicker.
The Moral Side—Bernice Wilson.
The Physical Side—Evelyn Hunt.
Friendship—Dorothy Reid.
Musical Side—Ruth Harrison.
Violin Solo—Ethel Spore.
Vocal Solo—Miss Adams.

The girls developed the topic in such a way that it showed what the club meant to them and the members acted as visitors at this club. The object of the program was to be a fore-runner in the introduction of the Eight Week Club here in the College.

The girls all thoroughly enjoyed the program and feel that they had received much good from the meeting.

The Y. W. met in the Zeta Hall for the meeting January 22. The leader was Alice Olson and she developed the topic, "The Opportunities of a Teacher." The talk was divided into four parts as follows:

- (1) Teacher leading a Christian life.
- (2) Teaching pupils, not subjects.
- (3) Duty to the community as a whole.
- (4) Services.

The prelude was played by Viola Stoddard, and a duet was sung by Zelma Reicker and Lucy Davidson.

THE SANDBURR

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A new department called "In The Student's Eye" is being added to the Sandburr this issue and if sufficient material is handed in, it will be continued thruout the year. There is scarcely a student who does not at some time have some criticism or comments to make upon college activities, which he would like to have published. The Sandburr staff will be glad to accept any such contributions, not only from students but from Y. C. Alumni. No names need be published with the articles if the authors prefer that they be omitted. The success of this department must necessarily lie entirely with the student body as a whole and not with the staff, thus giving everyone an equal opportunity to express his views.

TOO MUCH FOR THE WHISTLE

Most of us remember in our childhood days of reading the story of Benjamin Franklin and his whistle. We remember how poor Benny, in his eagerness to own the toy, paid far more than it was worth and how badly he felt when he realized the foolhardiness of his transaction. How many college students find that they too paid too much for the whistle.

During the semester which has recently closed, some people devoted so much time to pleasure that school work was neglected and many victims fell or at least tottered at the cruel blow of semester exams. Like Benjamin Franklin we realize that some of us are paying too much for pleasure.

It is too late to grieve over that which is gone but in the new semester that is just starting why not resolve "never to put off until tomorrow that which can be done today" and thus avoid those heart-breaking attempts to merely "get by" at the end of the school year.

Now that the time for teachers to make applications for positions is approaching, the question of salaries again arises. After the reduction of 20% (in most cases) of last year we had expected to have salaries remain about the same this year; but there seem to be some inexperienced teachers who are offering their services at another reduction of 20%. The situation does not call for such a lowering of salaries. Salaries and prices as a whole have never, except in rare cases, dropped more than 20 or 25% unless the demand dropped, too. Already the prices of many necessary articles are being advanced. This means that the teacher's salary will have to remain quite close to where it is at present if it is to be stretched over twelve months, provide additional professional training, and the travel which a teacher should have.

The inexperienced teacher usually accepts a low salary with the expectations of being able to get a much better one after a year's experience, failing to consider that when the beginner's salary is deducted the older teacher's salary is, as a rule, reduced in proportion. If the salaries of teachers are to remain as they should it means that everyone applying for a position should well consider its worth, not only from his own viewpoint but also from that of his fellow teachers.

BOOST FOR MARATHON!

Aren't you getting anxious to see this year's Marathon? Some are wondering if it will contain any notice of Virginia giving Ronald a real lemon. Others are asking what snaps are going in. Will they be the local buildings, scenery or other ornamentation? Don't you remember the snap you caught of the bunch the other day? Why not hand it to the "snap" editor? You might as well hand in one on them; they probably have one on you. The Staff desires to be impartial and put in one for each of you.

Only in the Marathon will you find a complete survey and summary of all of this year's activities. Athletics, oratory, debate, histrionic, class functions, Christian Associations and even a few references to prosaic class work may be found in this annual.

Are you fond of jokes? The Marathon is the place for them. Be sure that others will enjoy them as much as you do. Don't be selfish. Hand them to the joke editors.



"I wish I was as religious as Abbie."
"And vy?"
"He clasps his hands so tight in prayer he can't get them open vnder collection box comes aroundt."

Teacher: "Define trickle."
Boy: "To run slowly."
Teacher: "Define anecdote."
Boy: "A short funny tale."
Teacher: "Use both words in a sentence."

Boy: "The dog trickled down the street with a tin can tied to his anecdote."—Reliance News.

Relativity: "Waiter," said the customer after waiting fifteen minutes for his soup, "have you ever been to the zoo?"

"No, sir."
"Well you ought to go. You'd enjoy seeing the twitler whiz past you."

Bygones—Bibbie: "How did ye hurt yer hand? Been fightin'?"
Eddie: "Yep. Those were awful sharp teeth Sammp Jones used to have."

Raise Wanted—Mother: "Johnny, why in the world are you feeding the baby yeast?"
Johnny: "Boo-hoo! Shi's swallowed my quarter and I'm trying to raise the dough."

Glum Prospect: "Don't cry, little boy. You'll get your reward in the end."

"Spose so. That's where I allers do git it."

Minister: "My good man, do you keep the ten commandments?"
Drug Clerk: "No, but we keep something just as good."

Coffey: "My father has George Washington's watch."
Warren B.: "That's nothing. My dad has Adams' apple."

Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. meeting of last Monday evening was one of the most inspirational of the year, and was an appropriate beginning for the new semester.

Florence Moore played the prelude, and Eleanor Allen sang "Mighty Lak a Rose."

Mario Shryock, the leader, chose for her subject "The Kingdom of God." The scripture lesson was from the sixth chapter of Matthew and contained the central thought, "Seek ye first the kingdom of God and His righteousness."

Miss Shryock defined the term "Kingdom of God" and told of the characteristics of its members. She discussed the forces opposed to the kingdom and the duty of the church. A good watchword was suggested, which it might be well for all of us to remember, "The kingdom of God depends on me."

Harold Prentiss and Gerald Miller, both former students have returned this semester to continue their college course.

A SERBIAN HERDSMAN'S CONTRIBUTION TO TELEPHONY

Conspicuous among hundreds of inventions which have brought America's telephone systems to their high development are those of Dr. Michael Idvorsky Pupin. They are highly scientific in character and based upon the wave transmission of sound and electricity.

Although for many years an American citizen by adoption, Michael Pupin was born in a village near Belgrade, Serbia. At the age of twelve

he began summer vacation service with other boys as assistant to the guardians of the villagers' herd of oxen, and at the same time his studying in Nature's own laboratory of the wave transmission of sound.

Now, among the arts of the herdsmen in which the boys were trained, was the art of listening through the ground. A knife with a long wooden handle was stuck in the ground. One boy who was being trained would put his ear to the handle and listen, while another boy, thirty or forty yards away, would strike his knife similarly stuck in the ground. The first boy would have to tell the direction and guess the distance. This first lesson in wave transmission set young Pupin thinking. He soon observed, as herdsmen before him had, that sounds from the knife carry much farther through hard solid ground than through plowed ground.

The long nights of watching afforded much time for observing sounds and thinking about them. Thoughts started in the lad's mind on those Serbian plains continued to evolve as he went from the village school to the academy at Prague; when he ran away from the unbearable confinement of the academy, after the freedom of the plain, and came to America, and as he made his way through many difficulties to a higher education in the sciences in the universities and laboratories of America and Europe.

Finally those germs of thought bore fruit in many scientific discoveries and inventions having to do with wave transmission, especially of sound and electricity. Among these inventions was the Pupin "loading coil," which greatly advanced the possibilities of successful long-distance telephony. In the whole world today there are more than three-quarter of a million Pupin coils in use in telephone lines, of which 600,000 are in the United States.

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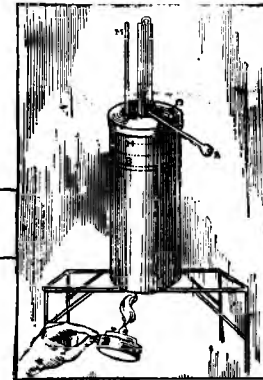
Doctor: "You'll have to diet."
Clyn: "I never thought of that. What color would suit me best, do you think?"

Edwin Ender has resumed his work in the Commercial Department this semester.

Frank Boettner thought he needed a rest this week so we understand that he is entertaining Mr. Grippe for a few days.

DENIS PAPIN'S

STEAM CYLINDER



They Weighed Air—
and Charles II Laughed

SAMUEL PEPYS says in his diary that Charles II, for all his interest in the Royal Society, laughed uproariously at its members "for spending their time only in weighing of air and doing nothing else since they sat."

This helps to explain why Charles has come down to us as the "merry monarch."

The Royal Society was engaged in important research. It was trying to substitute facts for the meaningless phrase "nature abhors a vacuum," which had long served to explain why water rushes into a syringe—the commonest form of pump—when the piston is pulled out.

Denis Papin had as much to do as anyone with these laughable activities of the Royal Society. Papin turned up in London one day with a cylinder in which a piston could slide. He boiled water in the cylinder. The steam generated pushed the piston out. When the flame was removed, the steam

condensed. A vacuum was formed and the weight of the outer air forced the unresisting piston in.

Out of these researches eventually came the steam engine.

London talked of the scandalous life that King Charles led, and paid scant attention to such physicists as Papin, whose work did so much to change the whole character of industry.

The study of air and air pumps has been continued in spite of Charles's laughter. In the General Electric Company's Research Laboratories, for instance, pumps have been developed which will exhaust all but the last ten-billionth of an atmosphere in a vessel.

This achievement marks the beginning of a new kind of chemistry—a chemistry that concerns itself with the effect of forces on matter in the absence of air, a chemistry that has already enriched the world with invaluable improvements in illumination, radio communication, and roentgenology.

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Essay and Short Story Column

THE NIGHT RAIDER

Part I. The Advent of the Raider
Little Mrs. Brown gave a high-pitched screech and sat up in bed with a jerk. What could that terrible rumbling be? Was the house falling or was her imagination too vivid? "Jerry," she screamed, but before her call had ceased re-echoing through the long corridors, Jerry stood beside her.

"Did you hear it?" he questioned his curly black hair standing straight on ends.

"Did I hear it?" cried the high voice. "Did I hear it? What a question! Oh, there it is again," and Mrs. Brown fell back on her bed in a swoon.

"Good heavens," groaned Jerry, "that awful rumbling is bad enough but to have a woman faint—" He shook the little woman unmercifully, begging her to straighten up and be brave. Soon she opened her big brown eyes.

"Is it gone?" she whimpered.
"No, but for mercy sake don't faint again. You'll have me scared beyond reason. What can it be?" he trembled as the crunching sound began again.

"Oh, why did we ever come here, Jerry? This is the worst place in all the world. I'll die before morning Listen—" but the noise had stopped and soon Mr. and Mrs. Brown were fast asleep, forgetting the terrible night sounds.

They were just a newly-wedded couple that had leased Squire Simkin's untenanted house on Maple Street. Jerry, a young lawyer, wished to begin his practise in a small place and sometime, he hoped for New York. His wife, to him, was the sweetest little woman in the world and he felt that nothing was quite good enough for her.

After breakfast the next morning Mr. Brown was putting on his coat preparatory to leaving when a rather white-faced little woman smiled up at him.

"May I go with you today, Jerry? If I hear that noise I know I'll die."

"Really, darling, I couldn't take you to the office. Maybe there are some neighbor women with whom you could spend the day?"

"No, I don't know them and besides what could they think of me if I, a new person in the neighborhood, would call first?"

"You could explain, dear—"
"Explain nothing—you go to your old office and if I'm dead when you come home maybe you'll feel sorry."

Jerry jammed his hat on and banged the front door behind him. He knew better than to argue with a woman, especially about social rights and wrongs. Nevertheless he worried the entire forenoon about her and went home a whole hour early.

"Mary," he called. No answer. Again and again his cry rang through the house but she did not respond to his call. He was frightened now. What could have happened to her? He sat in a lounging-chair before the fire, his head pressed between his hands. Over and over he murmured, "Oh, Mary, why didn't I take you with me?"

"Silly," laughed a shrill voice. "I've been standing here in the doorway for five minutes listening to you rave."

"Mary, where have you been?"
"Down town, getting something for my poor over-wrought husband to eat, and I come home and find him carrying on like a mad man."

"How does it happen I didn't see you going down?"

"My dear, I was on the other side of the street and you were so preoccupied you wouldn't even respond to my cheery 'Hello Jerry.'"

"The deuce you say—"

"No, I said—"

"Never mind. Did you hear that unearthly noise again?"

"No I didn't—Oh, Jerry, our piano came. Come and see," and she led him into the parlor.

"Such a gorgeously cozy room," he sighed luxuriously. "Did you do all this while I was away?"

"Of course, and see—a new divan,

isn't it great?" and she pommelled the pillows on the couch with girlish glee.

"Great. Why, Mary, it—"

"Superb."

"That's it."

"Well now I must get your lunch while you peg away at some turn, then after dinner, if you won't have to leave right away, I'll play and you can get your violin."

"Let's" agreed Jerry. In their sudden joy they had forgotten the disagreement of the morning. The remainder of the day, to each of them was solid comfort. Jerry sadly neglected the new office, but who wouldn't when a charming little lady had planned such fine surprises?

That night, however, did not bring such bliss and comfort. Exactly at twelve the terrible rumbling began. It is needless to say the young couple were again frightened. In the morning Mrs. Brown said in a shaky wee voice.

"Jerry, I refuse to stay here another night. It will surely give me nervous prostration."

"Aw, brace up little one. Tonight I'm going to investigate. We'll find the fellow who is keeping us from sleep!"

"No, I won't let you."

"Wait and see."

That night Mr. Brown armed with a broom and hatchet started for the attic. He was going to be there when the rumbling marauder arrived. But when the deep-toned rattling began in the basement and neared the top story, the brave Jerry was too scared to stay a second longer. Down the rickety attic steps he fled, brandishing the broom and hatchet in mid air. By the time he reached the room in which Mrs. Brown was told to wait, he was fairly gasping for breath.

"What did you see, Jerry?"

"I—agree—with you—," he panted, "We leave—tomorrow," and Mrs. Brown never did find out what he saw.

Part II. The Conquered Conquerers
"Mr. Brown," interpolated the good old Squire, "I am sure you are mistaken. I wouldn't rent a haunted house to anyone."

"If you are so sure, Squire Simkins, I believe that you ought to stay in the house a night or two, and if nothing happens my wife and I will move back, otherwise I demand that my lease be terminated."

"Well, well," exclaimed the Squire, "we shall see, young man, and if nothing happens, remember your part of the bargain, otherwise I shall take back the lease."

After Mr. Brown had left the Squire thought long and hard.

"Ha, ha," he finally chuckled. "I'd enjoy spending a night in a haunted house in this peaceful little village." The Squire, however, took great precautions. He stationed a man on each side of the house, one in the basement and another in the attic. He brought from his home several old pillows and a blanket and lay down in the parlor for a snooze. For some time he was rather uneasy but, feeling certain that nothing could even enter his house, the Squire fell asleep.

Near midnight the Squire jumped up. He rubbed his heavy eyes and listened with open mouth. His house haunted? Never! There was a rush of feet and the courageous men the Squire had asked to help watch stood before him. Their faces were ashen.

The Squire howled, "What is this—can't you find him?" But the men were too frightened to answer, and the Squire easily saw that the best policy would be to let the matter rest.

Several evenings later the town marshal was stationed at the house, as a result of the Squire's request. He was, indeed, a valiant man and he knew he could solve the mystery. With his pocket flash light he made an inspection tour from attic to basement. He tried all the windows, casings and doors. Nothing was amiss. He sat down on the stoop.

A thick fog had settled down on the village and he could not even see his hand before him. Soon a chill breeze began to blow and occasional flashes of lightning brightened the surroundings, making dark objects loom up in unexpected places. Even the heroic marshal felt a twang of fear. He flashed his light upon his watch—midnight—all well. For several minutes he sat there, then decided to go inside. He again made a

tour. Everything was just as it had been before. The marshal felt that he had been fooled.

A cold driving rain dashed against the window panes and a moaning wind played about the house. A breath of gusty air caused the marshal to feel rather creepy, but surely a burglar or whoever was exciting the neighborhood would be afraid to penetrate the premises when the illustrious marshal was on guard. He glanced at his watch—a quarter to one—and the Squire said the noise always began at twelve.

"It is time to go," he thought. "The cold drizzle will be better than this." He was at the door, still all was quiet within. He stepped outside and just then the most unearthly noise started. What could it be? He stood, arrested by the wierd sound, too frightened to move. It came nearer and nearer. The marshal took immediate flight. Such sprinting as the marshal did has never been recorded in the annals of athletics.

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The next day the Squire stopped at the town marshal's office. His first question was about the house.

"I am surely thankful to you, marshal," he began, "I know the mystery is now solved. I—" The marshal waved him to silence.
"I did not find the mystery, Mr. Simkins, and I refuse to discuss the subject. Good-day."
"But—"
"Good-day, sir."
(To be continued)

Miss Sybil Phillips of Kearney, Nebr., who was graduated from the expression department last year is with us again this semester. She is enrolled for regular college work.

Law class is no lounging department, yet we may find it necessary to introduce a sofa or two, well provided with pillows for some of our promising young lawyers.

The world powers accent embroll on the "oil."—Asheville Times.

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In the Students Eye

Who is My Friend?

Have you very many true friends, those who really know you? I doubt it for as Ruskin says, "There is a crust about the impressible part of men's minds which must be pierced before they can be touched to the quick." We cannot claim to be a true friend to any person until we have pushed away that curtain of reserve and have seen the person as he really is.

College days are full of opportunities for making true friends if we will to do so. It is during the first part

of this time that we learn a great many fundamental laws of psychology which should aid us in breaking that crust of reserve which envelopes so many who are really beautiful, sincere characters but who, upon the surface appear frivolous and empty-headed. To be a true friend, one must know and appreciate the moods, the likes and dislikes and the desires and aspirations of the other person.

It is through their conversation that we generally judge people, especially prospective friends. With a true friend we will often talk lightly, in riddles, but more often our conversation assumes a more serious aspect; we say things really worth while, instead of wasting precious moments with idle words and many times we are content to work together in silence feeling that in thought and ideals we are very much alike.

Again I ask how many true friends do you have? Do you try in your conversation to find the real person behind that conventional barrier we all assume toward strangers? It is a most interesting study, I assure you, and if you have not been pursuing it, do not let the golden opportunities of this college year slip by without you having thrown aside a great many masks and discovered that you are walking, talking and visiting each day with people of lofty ideals, noble ambitions and sympathetic, tender hearts.

—By a Student

"Help Wanted"

Yes, help is not only wanted but needed for York College. However it is not financial help I am talking about but a type of help which can be given only by students or alumni of our Alma Mater. Every loyal Y. C. boy or girl is ready, I am sure, to give his or her share and more, but so many times through oversight, carelessness or something else not only does old Y. C. fail to receive that share but sometimes something is taken away that was already there.

The share of which I have been talking is a composite of loyalty, and love plus honest boosting, both by our words and by our deeds. Every college in the land that is working for the physical, mental, moral and spiritual welfare of those enrolled deserves that share. Those of us who

know Y. C. and its ideals and aspirations have no doubt but that it belongs in the class just mentioned if we stop to consider the matter. First, we have a president and faculty who teach students, not subjects. We feel that they are interested in us as individuals and not as mere machines which cause them a great deal of work and work in the earning of their "daily bread." Their ideals and the inspiration of their lives make possible the spirit of old Y. C. The athletic contests arouse in us all a feeling of intense loyalty but they also develop a demand for true sportsmanship. Literaries, Christian associations and similar organizations are maintained for our development and enjoyment.

We might go on indefinitely naming those things we find here which are for the purpose of making us better citizens of the whole world but instead let us view matters from another angle. We realize the Y. C. deserves that share which we alone can give. The problem is, are we giving it or are we not? Every day we hear of cases where help has not been given either by word or deed and in each of those instances Y. C. has actually lost in prestige and honor as far as the world is concerned. Happily, we also hear of many cases where Y. C. is being boosted in the highest possible way by the attainments of those who boast of once having spent many happy and profitable days in her halls. From now on let's all be boosters for Y. C. in everything we say and think and do!

—By A Student.

ACADEMY NOTES

The Academy students are very glad that examinations are over and that they are now able to start their new semester's work with more or less zeal, according to the outcome of their tests. A few of the new students expressed surprise when during some of their exams, the teacher left the room for a short time, without placing anyone in charge. This may not be customary in some schools, but in York Academy we feel that every member of each class is honorable enough to make watching during that time, or any other time unnecessary.

Alene Wright, one of our illustrious Seniors, has been taking charge of a small country school near York, for the past week, during the illness of the regular teacher.

We are glad to welcome into our midst the following new students: Piercy Lambert, Cecil Lambert, and Guy Overmieller, all of Smith Center, Kansas, and Ruth Ender of Cotesfield, Nebraska.

Earl Watson, who left school last fall on account of his brother's illness, is enrolled again this semester.

B. C. NOTES

Why Take Commercial Work?

The Commercial department of Y. C. is divided into three parts, Bookkeeping, Shorthand and Typewriting. The Bookkeeping department has for the past year been under the excellent supervision of Miss Vogel. The enrollment for last semester was seventy-five and that number has greatly increased this term.

Bookkeeping develops the mind and enables one to overcome the obstacles which are sure to be encountered in the great business world. Shorthand is more complicated but is perhaps the most beneficial of the three subjects. The class this year is not as large as usual but they make up in quality what they lack in quantity. Typewriting is usually considered the easiest of all, but to make a good typist, accuracy and sensitiveness of the finger tips is necessary.

There seems to be a general impression that pupils who fail in other subjects can take up Commercial work and "get by," because it is so simple. This is surely a misconception because there is just as much brain work required for this type of education as for any other.

Because we are not witty
Because we have no jokes
Because we print no stories
That please you fussy folks,
You sigh and groan and grumble
And fling us on the shelf.
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