

The Sandhurr

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FEBRUARY 20, 1924

YORK, NEBRASKA

FOURTH ANNUAL TOURNAMENT THIS WEEK

GRIDIRON WARRIORS RECEIVE LETTERS

Y. C. Honors Boys Who Fought for White and Blue.

On Thursday, February seventh, the boys who tried so faithfully to put Y. C. on the map in football were given "Y's" as a token of appreciation for the loyal work in athletics. Doris Fitzpatrick announced the speakers of the program. The first talk was given by Irwin Caldwell, the captain of the football squad. His subject was "Our Past Football Season." He said he believed as Mueller did, that we should "let by-gones be by-gones." He said "we ought to be proud of our boys because they tied up one game this year and that is better than has been done any time since '21. They were loyal to the college because they stayed by in spite of the fact that we put out a losing team." Mr. Caldwell gave the Squad Motto which had been suggested by Bart Blanc: "Fight 'em hard but fight 'em fair."

The next speaker on the program was Don Tewell, the basketball captain, who said that we are now competing with two other teams for sixth place in basketball in the state of Nebraska. "We have lost three games," he said, "and won two. If we keep up the old pep and win the remainder of our five games then we are sure of sixth place." Dean Ashcraft, the last speaker on the program said, "It takes strength of character to play on a losing team. A man never really loses when he develops the spirit of give and take."

A very lively girl's chorus gave some original music selections before and after each speech. The chorus was composed of Pearl Shipman, Kathryn Lindenmeyer, Elaine Winfield, Winifred Wimmer, Leona Stafford, Esther Williams, Bertha Hofstad, Esther Hopfer, Florence Jenkins and Alice Ross. Florence Bennett was their accompanist.

Certificates of "Y's" in football were presented to the following men who had met the requirements of the Inter Collegiate Association of the State of Nebraska:—Caldwell, Osbourn, Tewell, D. Hale, L. Loreman, Ashmore, Hice, G. Hale, Fusby, Newton, Blanc and Mueller.

After the above program there was a pep rally sponsored by the yell leaders with the assistance of Milan Lambert. The students of the Business College who came up to witness "Y" Day were among the first on their toes and ready to yell.

TO THE DOWN TOWN CHAPTER OF YORK COLLEGE

Dear Business College:—
In reply to your letter of the 5th, which appeared in Volume 24, Number 9, section 3, page 2 of the Sandhurr, we will say that we are very glad to have you appear in gala form in our paper again. We missed your write-ups very much and were almost worried for fear you had forgotten us. Vacations are hard on all of us so we will excuse you for the delay this time, but we hope that the spring vacation will not have the same effect upon you, because we want to print news from your department in the first issue of the Sandhurr after said vacation.

Desiring to hear from you in each paper, and as often in-between-times as possible, we remain.

Your friends both in work and in play.

THE STUDENTS ON THE HILL
P. S.—Your suggestion for a "skip-day," is hailed with great glee and we will say that a College committee will meet a Business committee at your earliest convenience, in order to interview the office in regard to the matter.

Mr. Apollus started taking work in the Stenographic department last week.

Race Relationship and the Christian Ideal

One of the foremost problems discussed at the Indianapolis convention was that of the race problem. This problem certainly was brought home to us with a clearness and forcefulness which it is impossible to forget. Dr. King, a well educated negro from Atlanta, Georgia and President of the Gammion Theological Seminary, made this statement, "The dark world will submit to the present treatment just as long as it must and no longer." Does this statement startle us in the least when we realize that between 1885 and 1908, there were only 2,286 legal executions, while during the same period there had been 131,951 cases of murder? Since 1885 we have put to death by lynching or as a result of mob violence over 4,000 people, an average of two a week or more than one hundred every year for the last thirty seven years. No other nation in the world has such a disgraceful record. America is held up to scorn in the press of both Europe and Asia as the one country that condones this barbarous, inhuman and unchristian practice. How long is this blot to continue in our national life? The negro was brought over to this land of ours against his own will, torn away from his native land, homes, friends and all that was dear to him and brought here to be a slave—to be as an animal obeying a master, with treatment oft-times worse than an animal receives. Unjust and selfish motives brought him here. We have continued our treatment of him in that manner. Are we still to continue in our narrow, selfish way? (Continued on page 2)

GEORGE L. COLLINS SPEAKS ON THE WAR

Chapel Guest States Some Very Interesting Facts.

George L. Collins, a representative from the Federation of Reconciliation, and Lieutenant in the late war was a guest at York College Friday, Febr. 8. He made a very interesting and forceful address to the students and faculty at the chapel hour concerning the subject of "War."

The thought was suggested "Can a Christian wage War and be true to his moral, social and religious principles?" He said, "if George Washington were to step back into this generation and see the modern devices for carrying on war, he would undoubtedly say that war is suicidal and causes moral and social decay."

Does war accomplish anything? He said, "does it protect womanhood and children?" Mr. Collins stated that if any war is a success the late world war had a very good chance to afford a proof, for there were eight times as many men and more money involved than in all the wars in the preceding one hundred seventeen years. "As a result of the war," he said, "we are told that 9,000,000 are left as orphans, that 5,000,000 women are left widows and that 9,000,000 women will not marry because their lovers were killed in the war, that 15,000,000 young men gave their lives to build a better world. Is the world better since the war?"

He said that militarism is not dead in Europe. In fact it is stronger now than it was in 1913. Mr. Collins emphasized the fact that Jesus had regard for human personality and that society on earth must be as a great brotherhood in order to overcome evil with good. War tramples on human personality. The lives of men do not count in time of war and brotherhood must be allowed to raise its head.

Is it moral and for the betterment of humanity. The only way to solve problems of human life is by putting the principles of Jesus into practice.

FULL-FLEDGED SENIORS DAY AT YORK COLLEGE

Don Caps and Gowns for Senior Recognition Day.

On February the sixth, the Seniors were duly given their place in the College on the condition that their present schedule will be satisfactorily completed. The platform was decorated with the class colors, old rose and gold, in the form of roses and streamers arranged on a lattice-work background, carrying out the idea of a summer porch. In the processio the Juniors led the way. The girls were dressed in white, while the boys wore conventional dark suits. Then came the Seniors who had put on their caps and gowns for the first time. The speakers and vocalists came next and the following program was well rendered:

Invocation, Dean Ashcraft
Processio, Franc Whitney
Recognition, Professor Noll
Veni, Harvey Wimmer
Insta, Don Hale
Na, Virginia Neville
Cantus, Leona Stafford,
Purl Gibbs.

Excelsior, Dr. Young
Benedictum, Dr. Jones
Dr. Shell, who happened to be in town gave a short talk after having been introduced by Dr. Jones.

The sponsor for the Senior class is Dean Ashcraft. The motto for the class is "Fit Via Vi," and the class flower is the Opus Rose. The class roll is as follows:

Nellie Bearse, Irwin Caldwell, Lois Cushman, Lucy Davidson, Ralph Frazier, Evelyn Hunt, Floyd Laws, Mabel Meeker, Dean Moomey, Harold Prentice, Enrique Rivera, Paul Riser, Ralph Sawyer, Viola Stoddard, Harvey Wimmer.

Levi Loreman Chosen to Represent Y. C. at Oratorical Contest

Thursday morning in chapel Ellen Mann, Bertha Hofstead and Levi Loreman gave their orations for a try out for the State Oratorical Contest. The judges gave Levi Loreman first place. His oration is herewith given:—

MAN'S SETTING SUN

A sun rises, obscured by clouds, in the eastern sky. It fights its way bravely, unheeding, alone, upward, to the goal, its western home. Clouds hide its face and dim its luster, blight its splendor and o'ercome its glory. It seems to sink, to succumb exhaustedly to the churning, tossing terrors of a grim, wintry sky. But e'er long its fearless rays are seen again, significant of the fact that the fight is still on. It reaches its zenith, seemingly meets failure; it disappears and the closing hours of the day are spent in darkness. The hearts bowed down, day's luster gone, no guiding power to control the destiny of man. Evening comes and with the evening a brave sun breaks forth again to shed its last rays over a weary storm-tossed world. Just as it hovers upon the horizon, faintly clinging to the edge of the day's life, it broadcasts hope of what is to come. Weary seem those rays, penetrating in wonderful colors the chill air of a winter's eve. Beautiful and full and magnificent and tenderly touching do they seem to the watcher filled with cold despair, knowing only hope against hope. How terrible, how empty it seems—that glory may break forth now only to fade in a moment, how regretful that appreciation can be only felt at the moments close. Sorrowfully, wearily, must the sun sink to rest. Its rays of triumph break forth momentarily as quickly die. How short the glory of attainment! Is it vain? Those last rays casting their benediction o'er a (Continued on Page Four.)

Our Notion of a Great Man

When the sidewalks were the slipperiest with sleet and we were having desperate work to keep our footing over the grass alongside, we had the pleasure of watching Charlie Amadon walking ahead of us. He was clipping it off at a brisk pace down the middle of the sidewalk, head erect, cane swinging, whistling as cheerily as a bobwhite in the springtime, and as independent as you please. A great man is Charlie Amadon—so great his greatness won't be realized until after he is dead. Having dabbled in music very slightly, we are in a position to know that when he steps cheerfully forward to furnish a full program for one organization, and to sing at half a dozen banquets and functions in a month without pay though he is giving away the only thing he has to sell—freely and gladly,— he is making a great sacrifice. Never think it doesn't cost him no end of time and trouble. And we know whereof we speak when we say he is a great musician—great as a performer and as an instructor. Take it without a grain of salt—the novice who would travel away from Charlie Amadon for musical instruction is making a foolish mistake, for he is leaving one who is second to no instructor in this country. In fact the pupil at Hulitt Conservatory has many advantages that larger, more celebrated, and more expensive institutions cannot possibly offer. Amadon can give you every thing your big-city celebrity can expect the exorbitant overcharge the celebrity charges for being a celebrity. In our tempestuous past we have heard a famous New York teacher referred to as never taking a pupil who didn't show every promise of becoming an artist. At that time this New York gentleman charged \$25 a period. And we heard one of his graduates perform who had a voice that would positively scare a flivver into a ditch, and another who would stampe a boiler-factory into the next county.

Charlie Amadon's pupil will receive earnest, personal, intelligent, interested help and instruction—not perfunctory permission to pay several times too much tuition. And (we don't care whether you call it gushing or not) Charlie Amadon is a four square man. He is a living demonstration that a great artist can be a great man—without this much-touted artistic temperament stuff. We have never known him to be other than cheerful, we have never seen him dispondent, we have never known him to speak a cross word nor an ill-natured one. He has a clearer vision of life than any man we know. He is loved for his goodness, but unappreciated for his greatness as great men usually are. York owes him much—much more we fear than York will ever pay.—
The New Teller.

SOPHOMORES

We Sophomores are still here and working as hard as ever. We have lost several of our number who are Juniors now, but the Junior class cannot claim the credit for that. It only goes to show what Sophomores can do. Just think how many of the debaters we claim. A large percentage of the dramatic students, too, belong to our number as you saw at the play last Friday evening.

Of course we realize that Virginia Neville and Florence Jenkins are letting down their standards somewhat. However, these Sophomores have the missionary spirit and we all realize that they are helping Hice and Osborn to prepare to become good Sophomores.

Miss Voss was married the first of the week. Monday in speed test she only wrote three words per minute so we realized that her mind was elsewhere. The Business College extends to her a hearty congratulation and hope that her future may be a joyous one.

TOURNEY TO BE HELD FEB. 22-23

Many Prizes Are Offered By the Local Merchants.

Plans are rapidly nearing completion for the biggest Training Tournament ever. There has been even more interest shown this year than in previous years. Nothing but praise has been heard for the last year's tournament and this fact increases the enthusiasm of the schools.

Large cups are put up for the winners in each class. Enough teams are already entered to assure two large classes and possibly a third. E. B. Woods and Company Clothing merchants have put up a large cup for the winners in Class A. F. A. Hannis, local jeweler, is furnishing a cup for the winner of Class B.

Already twenty-nine teams have entered. An idea of the growing interest may be gathered from the fact that a large number of reserve teams have been entered.

A banquet will be served to the athletes each evening during the tournament at the college dining hall.

The following is a list of teams entered up to date:

Hampton, Seward, Waco, Bradshaw, Shelby, Stromsburg, Lushton, Beaver Crossing, Henderson, Thayer, Gresham, David City, Goehner, Utica, Ullyses, McCool, York Reserves, York College Academy, York Business College, Central City reserves, Benedict, Tamora, Seward reserves, David City reserves, Waco reserves, Stromsburg reserves, Geneva reserves and Grafton.

PANTHERS AGAIN WIN FROM THE ZEBRAS

York College Quintet Plays Con- sistent Game.

Thursday evening, Febr. 7th, the York and Grand Island quintet met in their second game of the season. York emerged the victor with the long end of 23 to 18 score. The contest was close and so hard fought that all the rooters were kept on their toes all the time. This was the last game of an unsuccessful trip for the Islanders, who had met Doane, Cotner and Peru during a four-day tour.

York was hardly up to form in the first half while the Zebras were going strong. The score at the end of the half was 17 to 10 in favor of Grand Island. In the second half York came back strong tallying 13 points to the opponents 1. Myrberg was high-point man for the Zebras with three field goals and one free throw to his credit. Rehder came next with four free throws. Ashmore was high point man for York, sinking in six field goals from all parts of the floor. He was greatly aided by Ostbloom who proved to be the shiftest man on the floor. Caldwell handicapped by an injured foot, played a consistent game and counted with two field goals. Loreman and Osbourn spoiled many good shots for the Zebras.

Garnd Island	York
Auhl	l. g. Ashmore
Ross	r. g. Osbourn
Manderville	c. Caldwell
Rehder	r. f. Tewell
Myrberg	l. f. Ostbloom
Substitutes:—First half: Loreman for Caldwell; Chords for Rehder; Caldwell for Tewell.	
Second half: Holms for Manderville; Chords for Myeberg, who went out for personal fowls.	
Referee—Jones—Grinnell.	

A SERMON OF THRIFT
IN SIX WORDS
Truthfulness, Tenacity, Honesty, Reliability, Industry, Faithfulness.

THE SANDBURR

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THE ARISTOCRACY OF BRAINS AND CHARACTER

YES WE HAVE A SANDBURR
And it's Mighty Prickly Too!

Some folks told us when we began to work on the College paper that we would have easy sailing because everyone was so interested in College functions that they would be more than eager to write them up and that everyone just "loved" to hand in "Burrs" and "locals." Our experience, however, has been decidedly otherwise. The more news suitable for publication the less we have in the paper all because you do not take interest in the staff reporters and their work.

We poor fellows who have our names posted in the upper left hand corner of page two in the Sandburr are just "swamped" with work. We're just as busy as can be, in fact we have more to do than some of the rest of you because we have a "burry" bed upon which to lie. The term for Sandburr is and so you see with such a prickly-sounding name it is no wonder that we have a difficult time in getting material.

However the "Burrs" would not be so prickly if there were more people who would contribute to the paper. It is very difficult for eighteen people to have the responsibility of putting across a paper for some three hundred students. We need absolute co-operation! If each one of you would assume the responsibility of electing yourself to the reporter's staff we are certain that we would have a better paper. In the last issue of the Sandburr an article entitled "The Sandburr Box" held a conspicuous place on the front page in the lower right hand corner. Did you read it? We hope that you did and that you will profit by the ideas suggested in that article.

Get busy folks!—Make the rest of the Sandburrs the best in the History of Y. C.

RACE RELATIONSHIPS AND
THE CHRISTIAN IDEAL
(Continued from page one.)

To be sure we gave the negro his freedom, but what good does this do without the right to exercise it—exercise it to the fullest extent? We say we gave them freedom and yet we do not wish them to be our equal we claim to be superior to them.

Have we given them the fair chance to get an education? We expect them to be the doormat of American civilization. We are perfectly willing that they should pick cotton, pull fodder, scrub floors, wash windows, fire engines, etc, but we do not want them in the public schools. We say they are not capable of holding higher offices. Are we not responsible for failing to give them a chance? They are social outcasts all because we do not take the trouble to properly teach them those things that we should. People argue that they cannot learn that it would be a waste of time to try to teach them. This is not true. All races are fundamentally equal and no race should claim superiority over another. A colored man was the leader in the class of one college for nine years. Certainly an example of the possibilities of the race was shown by the negro speakers of the convention. One of the negro speakers, received an honor which was bestowed on no other speaker as I recall, was called back a second time in recognition of his deep thinking and the stand he took in regard to the problem. The negro is here to stay and it is our duty to make of him or rather help him make of himself the kind of an individual we want in our presence. He is studying our text books and our civilization. He is studying us and our attitude toward him as a Christian nation.

Many are jealous of the rise of the negro and some fear inter-marriage. This need not be feared for psychology points out that a type or race tends to maintain its own individuality.

The negro does not ask that the relation of white man for he much more prefer his own race; however he does ask:

- (1) That civilized men be regarded as such in spite of their race or color.
- (2) That he be given the right of local self government as soon as his experience and knowledge merits self government.
- (3) For a complete education including a knowledge of scientific truths and industrial technique.
- (4) For freedom in his own religion and customs.
- (5) For cooperation with the rest of the world in government, industry and art on the bases of justice freedom and peace.

All that has been said concerning the negro applies to the Oriental living on our western coast as well as to any other foreigner in our country. The truth is that California does not desire, as many think, to get the Japanese out of the country. She wants them to remain, but as laborers only, and she does not want them to progress. California is suffering economically because of her Japanese and labor problem. Personality is sacred and should be regarded so by all. Although all men do not have equal social inheritances yet they all have an equal claim for justice.

We in this country make Christ's principals our ideals but we do not make them practical in our relations with mankind. Thus we not only hurt the interests of those immediately concerned but, by our poor example, we hinder the work of missionaries who go to represent us as a Christian nation. What a wonderful thought is expressed in the motto of the World's Student Christian Federation which met in Peking in 1922: "Under Heaven one Family." When we stop to think we recall that many of the celebrities of history were dark-skinned people—for instance, Columbus. Even Christ who walked on this earth, living the most perfect example of a truly

wonderous life, and whose teachings and life we study belonged to a darker race than our own. Because of this would we shun him if we were to meet him today? Would we be ashamed to be classed as one of his followers?

"Whosoever does the will of God, that is my brother, and my sister and my mother." Did Jesus mean to include in this close relationship gentiles and negroes and persons of every race?

"Inso much as ye did it to the least of one of my bretheren, ye have done unto me."

WINIFRED WIMMER.

Items of Interest

Rev. De Wolf spoke in the chapel Monday morning, Febr. 4. The sad news of the death of ex-president Wilson was received in York Sunday morning and Rev. De Wolf brought a brief message in honor of the great American statesman.

Among the former York college students in town over the week-end were Lloyd Gotchall, Myron Holm, Laura Reed, Myron Cannon, Kathryn Spore, Elizabeth Robson, Della Marks and Myrtle Hunt.

Many of the students and members of the faculty took advantage of the revival meetings which were held at the college church last week.

Those who were given parts in "The Bohemian Girl," have been working very hard. The characters are as follows:

Arline—Pauline Hensley.
The Gypsy Queen—Mildred Boren.
Thaddeus—Purl Gibbs.
Count Arnheim—Joe Alden.

Florenstein—Lloyd Richards.
Devilshoof—Carl Lewis.

The chorus has been spending much time on the "Bohemian Girl" and hope to stage it the 3rd of April.

Lloyd Gotchall, Professor Noll, Gladys Reynolds, Mae Turner, Harold Prentice, Floyd Laws, Raymond Bryant, Reka Blanc and Gladys Hitchcock represented the college at the Student Volunteer convention from Febr. 15 to 17.

Mrs. Reamer has been here for the past week caring for her daughter, Gervachia, who has been seriously ill with the "Flu."

Mrs. R. F. Harritt and daughter, Pansy are here this week visiting Pearl, also friends and relatives in York.

The "Con" mother has been kept busy doctoring "Flu" patients, Dorothy Taylor and Doris Smith have been under her hand for quite a while and it is due to her care that they have been recovering so successfully.

Miss Estella Harrison, who is teaching in Crete, spent the week-end with Miss Bessie Riggs, with whom she roomed while attending Leander Clark college in Toledo, Iowa. Miss Harrison is a Kansas girl and was well acquainted with Prof. Morgan.

The art students who are painting in water colors seem to be especially interested in fruit pictures at present. Ellan Mann finished a picture of artistically arranged apples. Nellie Bearss, Ruth Garwood and Esther Hopfer are also working on fruit pictures. Mae Hiscox has completed a painting of a "Moon Lit Ocean."

Florence Moore and Florence West are doing beautiful painting in China.

The Normal Art class has begun its work. The art supplies were distributed at the last meeting and each member of the class made a poster of Lincoln. Oh, yes, we mean work. We come to class with note book and pen and Mrs. Graunke is now teaching us the correct terminology for work in art.

YORK LOSES TO
HASTINGS COLLEGE

Fast Game on Hastings Floor;
Close Guard a Feature.

York lost a hard fought game with Hastings on the Hastings floor, February, 9.

The game was marked by extremely close guarding on both sides. The York men showed a marked inability to hit the ring on foul tosses.

Hale of York substituted in the last three minutes of play, ran wild scoring five points for the blue and annexing high-point honors for himself.

The fans were kept on their toes by the dribbling of Ostbloom of York and the snappy "short-pass" game of the Hastings five.

The line up:

York	Points.
Tewell, R. F.	0
Ostbloom, L. F.	3
Caldwell, C.	0
Ashmore, R. G.	2
Loreman, L. G.	2
Osborn, L. G.	0
Hale, R. F.	5
	10

Hastings	Points.
Poore, R. F.	4
Consbuck, L. F.	3
Anderson, L. F.	2
Husksker, R. G.	2
Conklin, L. G.	1
Latta,	2
Schneider	2
Erelbalbus	4
	20

Jones-Grinnel—Referee.

ALUMNI

Paul Porter, '15, was in York the first week in February to attend the funeral of his father, who had died suddenly.

Miss Estella Hughes, '18, is tak-

ing advanced Latin under Prof. Morgan in preparation for teaching the subject.

R. E. Caldwell, '06, has been deprived of the privilege of entering his own home because of a large red card which said, "Diphtheria." His daughter, Nita, was the only victim and she has thoroughly recovered.

Mr. Wells—(attempting to read "Speed")—"If your"—
Mrs. Wray—"No. If you"—
Mr. Wells—"If you possibly"—
Mrs. Wray—"No. If you possess"—
Mr. Wells—"If you possess"—
Mrs. Wray—"In her thoughts"—
"If you possess any knowledge of Shorthand, don't be afraid we'll find it out."

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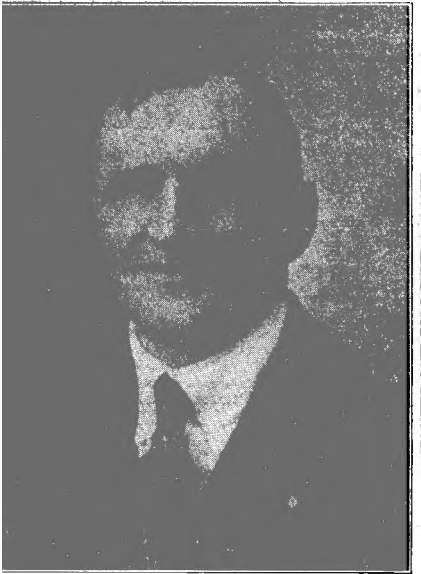
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Dean Amadon on Hastings Radio Program

Dean Amadon went to Hastings to sing from broadcasting station KFKX, January 24. He sang three numbers and was accompanied on the piano by Pauline Hensley. Practically every radio fan in York heard the program and some



acknowledged same by sending telegrams. There were also many letters and telegrams received by the Dean from all over the U. S.

It was a fine night to sit in a warm house and listen to a radio but ask the Dean if it was a fine night to be frolicing over frozen roads in the wee small hours of the morning. However, we all hope when it gets a little warmer that Dean Amadon will broadcast again.

Academy Notes

Miss Esther Hopter of the College Sophomore class is taking charge of the second year English class. By the many smiling faces which greet me in the hall as the students come from that class, it is quite evident that they enjoy Miss Hopter as teacher as much as she enjoys teaching them.

Don Tewell also has charge of one of the Academy classes. Being quite a math shark he proposed to take charge of the Geometry class. With plenty of patience we are sure he will live through the ordeal.

The Botany class is under Harry Hart's instruction.

The Seniors are a busy class of students. They always were and ever will be. With graduation not so very far off, they have many things to think about and accomplish. So far they have decided upon their class colors and a motto. They have also decided upon giving a play instead of a regular class day program. This play is going to be one of the best ever given by the Seniors of Y. C. A. The Seniors have already chosen their commencement cards and orders have already been sent in.

With Senior themes on their minds are the Senior class not to be pitied? Not a bit of it eh? Seniors?

The class in Normal Reviews has been having some very interesting reports on countries of South America, Mexico, Central America and possessions prepared from the Geographical magazines. The class is now studying Europe.

What They Know

The Freshman knows not, but knows not that he knows not....

The Sophomore knows not but knows that he knows not;

The Junior knows, but knows not that he knows.

The Senior knows and knows that he knows.

Jokes

"I hear your dog is dead Pat," said a man to an Irishman.

"He is sur. The pur beast swallowed a tape measure," answered Pat.

"Ah," said the man, "then he died by inches, eh?"

"No sir," answered Pat with a wink at a friend, standing near by, "not exactly. He went back of the house sur and died by the yard."

There is one thing about 1924. We haven't, as the weather man would say, had so many days since 1920.

The Gray Figure

By Irwin Caldwell.

"This surely is mysterious," said John, to his room mate looking up from the letter he was reading, "My friend who lives up the river wants us to come up and help him explore an old house near his father's place where uncanny noises have been heard and strange things have been happening the past few weeks. Shall we go?"

"Sure!" answered Henry, "we have been wishing for some excitement," he continued in his slow and easy way. "Let's go."

So the next day the boys left town headed up the river. They arrived at their friend's place about 4 o'clock in the afternoon and were greeted by Fred himself, who said that this was the night of the week when there were always mysterious lights and sounds in the house and that at about 12 o'clock one of these nights a grey clad figure had been seen wandering about and those who saw it said that it seemed to vanish into the air as soon as a noise was made.

About 11 o'clock the boys, equipped with flash-lights, a revolver and some keys that Fred had made to fit the doors, started for the spooky house. They approached very quietly carefully unlocked several doors and were soon in the room where most of the mysterious lights had been seen. In this room there was a large fire place which had been built of many different kinds of bricks. It was in this room that the last occupant of the house an old rich man, had died. Whether he had died a natural death or had been killed, was still a mystery that had not been solved.

The boys had been here but a short time when John felt something touch his arm and he let out a wild shriek. Immediately the other boys turned their flash lights on him. They could not see anything unusual except that his watch and chain had disappeared. They turned their lights off and were very quiet for a minute when they saw a grey clad figure rising in the air. Fred fired and they turned their lights on the place where the figure was located but all they could see were two bullet holes in the wall where Fred had fired.

The boys were very much excited by this time and as they were getting to the point where they could hardly stand the suspense longer, they heard a loud noise on the stairs. Hastening down the stairs they found a young man, somewhat older than themselves, lying unconscious at the bottom of the stairs. The boys moved him to the porch of the house where in a few minutes he regained consciousness. The boys were very much astonished and the stranger seeing the bewildered look on their faces said, "Well boys you seem startled and interested. As you have helped me out of the house I will explain to you what seems to you a mystery if you will not repeat all that I tell you. This the boys promised and the stranger continued:

"When the old man died many years ago, it was from fright caused by a letter threatening to reveal a very grave crime he had committed, in case he did not tell where he kept his fortune hidden. Thus he had died and no one had found out about his fortune. One day a stranger for whom I had just done a kindness told me about this house and about the old man who had lived here. He said there was a large fireplace in the house and that one of the bricks of this fireplace contained a hollow brick with a trap lid. This trip tonight was my last," he said, "because I had found the brick and returned for it. As I have no use for this I shall give it back to you," and he handed John his watch.

The stranger was about to leave when he stopped and said, "I heard you boys talking about a grey figure. Here is the solution of that mystery." He flashed his light and a grey-clad figure could be seen in the distance. The picture of the figure was painted on the lens.

The stranger disappeared in the darkness leaving the boys sitting and thinking of the events of the night and the story of the stranger.

Y. M. C. A. Activities

The Y. M. C. A. closed its doors to the rest of the world, Tuesday morning, February the 12th for its weekly meeting. These meetings are very interesting and it is hoped that more of the young men take advantage of the opportunity offered by the organization.

Mr. Morgan one of our best boosters of the college Y. M. C. A., delivered the main address of the morning, his topic, "In Tune With our college," was developed in a masterly way.

Professor Bisset, our Y. M. C. A. advisor discussed some of the problems that are confronting our present generation. More interest has recently been shown in the Y. M. C. A. Watch the organization grow!

SHORT-HAND PECULIARITIES

Hanselick Athletics
Sweet Dimples (Sweetness)
Jacobsen High Grades
Nine Kidding
Funk Study
Voss Bobbed Hair
Alfield Frivolity
Towle He Be sure
Towle She Complexion
Niemoth Silence
Hopter Glasses
Wells Good Nature
Ruggles Bashfulness

Mr. Foster has discontinued his work at the Business College and is now attending the College on the hill. We wonder what Miss Brazer will do?

Wells:—"I don't see why I make so many mistakes."
Typewriter:—"You don't strike me right."

Rose of Plymouth

On Friday evening February 8th the Histrionic club presented before a full house Sutherland and Dix's "Rose O' Plymouth Town." This is a four act play. The scene is laid in Old Plymouth in New England in 1622-1623.

Garrett Foster of a neighboring outlawed colony has stolen some green corn because he is hungry and Rose de la Noye, a friend of the Standishes with whom she is living hides him. The Standish family are at breakfast but when Miles is ready to leave he finds the green corn. An explanation is due and Rose assumes the blame of plucking it. Garrett comes from his hiding place and defends her. Miles' anger is cooled and the only punishment given is that Garrett must eat all the corn even though he has enough of Rose's bread already to more than satisfy him.

In the second act Rose finds herself in love with Garrett, but when he is teaching her brother Phillippe to make love, he says he has proposed to scores of women and Rose upon hearing this turns her attention to another colonist who proves to be unworthy of her, John Margeson is his name. In the course of the day a duel is fought with swords. Phillippe rushes between and is wounded, Garrett is banished from the colony.

The third act finds Rose betrothed to John Garrett, Foster tramps his way through the snow to the Standish home in order to warn the captain against the Indians in spite of his banishment, John Margeson tries to divert the attention of the captain from the attack but Standish and Rose do not heed him.

The Indians arrive in the fourth act. Garrett is ill from his long

journey but he slips from the house and guards a break in the stockade. He is wounded and after the struggle goes back to bed. He has worn John's coat and the praise goes to John for holding the pass, but Rose discovers that John is unjustly claiming honors.

Before the duel Rose had promised to kiss the better man. She does so now. Though John had won the duel, Garrett won the greater honor at last.

Adv. Mgr. Harold Prentice

COLLEGE SENIORS DINE AT THE McCLOUD HOTEL

It has been the custom of the Senior Class of York College to be entertained at a dinner, immediately after the Recognition exercises. This year a three-course dinner was served at the McCloud Hotel at which twelve members of the class attended. The tables were beautifully decorated with valentine favors. The dinner consisted of: Cream of tomato soup followed by a second course of Roast loin of pork with cranberry sauce, whipped potatoes, creamed peas, scalloped corn, pickles, white graham and rye bread, coffee and milk. The last course, consisted of apple or mince pie and coffee, nuts and candy hearts.

After a brief social time the class found their way back to the college, each one recognizing he was a full-fledged Senior.

Found on the college campus:—

Febr. 7, 1924
York, Nebr.

Dearest:—
How are you? I am fine and hope the same of you. I am playing with my doll. Today it is stormy, so I cannot go to school. Papa said it was too cold.

I sure would like to see you. Do you still play with your doll? I put a clean dress on my doll this morning and now it is almost dirty again.

Well Mamma says I must come and eat dinner so I will close. Hoping to hear from you soon, I am as ever

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Y. W. C. A.

The Y. W. C. A. girls met again Tuesday morning, February 5th for their regular meeting. Della Kolling favored us with a solo. The leader, Kathryn Lindenmeyer, presented the topic:—"An Ideal College Girl." She emphasized three parts of a girl's life, mental, moral and physical. Several sub-topics were presented by other girls. Dorris Fitzpatrick spoke on the simplicity of dress. Pearle Shipman discussed the college girl in the church and May Turner, the college girl in later life.

The girls held their regular Y. W. C. A. meeting at 9:30 on February 12. Ruth Garwood played the prelude and Florence Bennett favored us with a vocal solo. Gladys Reynolds gave an interesting talk on the subject, "He Who Serves All is Master of All." Using Lincoln as an example she brought out the four main qualifications a person must have if he would serve others. They are Understanding, Sympathy, Humility and Love.

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BURRS



In the last edition of the Sandburr there were some jokes from Prof. Noll's Physiology class. We herewith add a few of our latest.

(1)—David Watson thinks it necessary to take a bath before every meal.

(2)—Miss McGrew: "Say Prof. Really what does cause red hair and freckles?"

(3)—Prof. "Now Miss Barker, can you tell us a good way to get fat?"

Miss B. "Well I suppose you can go to the butcher shop and by it by the pound."

(4)—Ira Carlson asks: "Can you explain what causes a boy to be bald in the presence of a young lady?"

(5)—Miss Sandall on what toe does a corn seldom grow?"

Miss S. "Well I don't think they ever have 'em on mistle toe."

(6)—Allen Beattie: "What is the correct position for driving a car?"

Lindall: "Both hands on the wheel."

(7)—Prof.: "Lindall can you tell us what one's eye is like?"

L.: "Well I think an eye would resemble a man being flogged."

Prof.: "Can you explain why?"

L.: "Why it is under the lash."

Now don't you wish you were one of us?"

In Academy Geography class Grace F.—There are boa constructors in Panama but I don't know whether they are harmful."

Julia B. "Oh yes! They squeeze you!"

Have you noticed that since Harry is a Junior he "Splits" his hair in the middle?"

She:—"How's you cold?"

He:—"Fine I've had it six weeks and it's good as new."

Mrs. Wray:—"Have you your short-hand lesson today?"

Mr. Towle:—"Yes—But I can't read it."

Dumb:—"Have you taken chloroform?"

Dumber:—"No—who teaches it?"

She:—"How do you make your living?"

Bill:—"Writing."

She:—"Writing what?"

Bill:—"Home."

Our Weekly Sermonette

"Time, tide and seven-thirty wait for no man."

Senior:—"One of our Profs. is a German."

Freshman:—"How do you know?"

Senior:—"Because his marks are so low."

"Do you think a co-ed should use paint?"

"Sure. If you save the surface you save all."

What makes Marguarite blush so when the name Thyone is mentioned?

Levi Loreman Chosen to Represent Y. C. at Oratorical Contest

(Continued from Page One)

weary world will live in the hearts of man. The weary, heart-breaking fight of the day is soon forgotten, but not so the glorious close of the wonderful work. Reflection of a sun that was there behind the clouds is borne away, by many hopeful souls, reviving the thoughts of the true and the noble and good, life's passionate crown.

How often is it so with the human life! How often does the stormy life end in just splendor, its glory to live on, its influence to be eternally felt in the shifting hearts of men!

Against a world's stern stress, tried by all human things beset with all human selfishness, and empty and greed, ~~she~~ ~~intermittently~~ and ~~battled~~ ~~bravely~~—the troubled ~~of~~ Woodrow Wilson. Onward, unselfishly, cleanly, ever true, against the opposition of countless forces, pressed this dogged man of clean-cut ideals. Bright and cheering were the rays of his life as they broke through the turmoils surrounding him, but oh! so little appreciated. Those deeds of true sincerity, those marks of clear leadership, those hopes and ideals so bravely upheld how weak and insignificant they seemed against the countless besetting things. And when clouds completely o'er shadowed a commanding life, when ideals were trampled when selfishness and passion and greed prevailed, still behind those clouds shone the unbroken spirit the hope and faith of a worthy man. And when even comes—how brightly breaks forth the spirit of the man. How gladly does the broken world turn to that sad, hopeful ebbing light of a useful life.

Now is revealed the sun behind the clouds, now is the truth and the honesty seen, but now is the close, the setting of life's great sun. Yet is it vain? Mayhap after all that life so late revealed will leave its rays in the hearts of men as did the sun of a great universe. That life must live on, that personality can never die. Those ideals are now felt to be true, and warm and unselfish. But as night closes in who shall rise to

become the sun of the morrow? The work must be carried on!

Woodrow Wilson was a great man a leader, a personality, the superior of which America has never produced, and but seldom has equaled. He was a president of the United States in one of the greatest periods of her illustrious career. But he was more than just that. He was a super-president who led and guided this great nation of ours through a period of stress and turmoil, the like of which we have never known, to a glorious and honorable triumph of arms and ideals. During that period, more greed and corruption, more false leaders and dishonorable means, more hate and passion, more trials and temptations and pitfalls, more widespread evil was produced and broadcasted, than that with which any president has ever been forced to contend, than any the world has ever known. Great nations battled madly for selfish ends, vast ~~aces~~ ~~became~~ ~~inured~~ ~~with~~ ~~terrible~~ ~~consuming~~ ~~hate~~, and ~~brutes~~ ~~blind~~ passion. And into that chaos of competing millions was at last drawn America—our nation. Into that seething maelstrom we plunged in defense of American ideals not for selfish greed or passion, not for gain nor glory, but defense of what we had always held to be right. Ah! yes, there was greed, there was passion, there was gain. Would that we could blot out any such memory but it was so. But the cause was not that and the hand that guided the ship was clear of any such thought. In his mind was only the goal. His deeds were unselfish, his purpose clear cut, his face ever set. Through a grim and gruelling war, against the besetting opposition of enemies open and declared, at home as well as o'er the sea he kept his banner bright, and held for America the dominating purpose of ideals in spite of all selfish aims which other men might set forth.

And victory came. Victory to the arms of America, yes. But not so to the purpose of Wilson. His task was but begun. A production of the war and the course which he had so steadfastly followed, was more hate and opposition than ever before. Passions were put forth, demands were made, that had they succeeded in their ends, would have forever blotted the fair name of America. Some of them did succeed, and have left the impression in many parts of the world that America is unworthy of her trust. But the challenge of a leader rang out straight and clear. His work had only commenced. The war had been fought for an ideal, for a cause, for a gain. But the gain was not selfish. The gain was to be the possession of the world. The aim was a world ideal.

Fifteen million men laid down their lives in the terrible hell of war that the world might be saved. Countless millions suffered and fabulous billions were spent in a mad, useless, wreckless, damnable war as war always is. The flower of manhood of every land and clime was swept from existence. Mothers wives children sweethearts and dear ones were left alone, suffering, and heartbroken. Posterity for generation after generation must suffer for the consequences of that brute-inspired catastrophe. Never has the world known such destruction, so world wide hate and passion, so deep loss, heart-break and suffering so appalling a burden for its children to bear. And that terror, that

sacrifice, that destruction the agony and tears and denial, the yielding of all things human and loved and dear, was borne in the one great and glorious hope that that war was to be the last, that intense sacrifice then would bring at last a long, eternal successful peace, founded on equality democracy, world-brotherhood, and Christian ideals.

And the man back of those ideals the embodiment of that spirit the commander of those hosts brought forward at the close of that ordeal, the plan for the prevention of future wars, the establishment of world-brotherhood, the securing of proper international relations and the unification of purpose and race. And that plan and that leader was rejected by the land which gave him birth, which had preached and variously lived the ideals which he forth. And then when his life was broken and ebbd, when he had sacrificed his all for the cause which he had led, when the task so far as one mortal man can do was done, in the closing hours of a great man's life his spirit broke forth again and moved that weary nation and a more weary world to regret the past, to honor and revere a great and wonderful personality, and to hope and believe in future success. The sun of life has set but the picture of that setting sun shall remain for aye. Was ever a leader so despised, so repulsed, so broken, and at last so mourned with reverential regret, since the day of the one greater man Christ!

And who is to answer the call? Who is to lift the banner and carry on? Is America still to sleep, still to hang back, still to condemn, and at last again to weep, Shall ideals die and standards fall, humanity call and cry in need, be not answered and wreck revenge? God forbid that we—America—Americans—should again forget, should need be again awakened, or refuse to do and give our all for a needy world! Rise up ye countrymen; Stand ye forth; Wars' grim terror stalks abroad!

In the name of all that's true, that's human, shall we go again to the great extreme, to the curse of civilization, to the death and destruction of material things,—into that, infernal, mad devil possessing dance of the god of hate, brutes' hot passion, war in all its terrors. The next world war means destruction so multiplied that it will bring the downfall of the civilization founded upon countless ages of slow toil. Will America send her sons young men, your dear ones back again to that cruel, suffering hate-inspired sacrifice for empty ends? Shall we sacrifice our country, our nation—all we possess to the demon in the hearts of men. Is human life so cheap that we would return again to that war, the sacrifice of which we have still but too soon forgotten, the suffering we can ne'r live down. God grant that the setting sun of the great man so late departed, shall cast its rays to gild the halls of the past, and light the duty of the future in the path of a great nation! Forward the banner of ideals. Let the stars and stripes stream out again, the torch of liberty blaze forth anew, calling cheer and hope to the needy, the warring, the heartbroken of a stormtossed world. In Wilson's own words: With God with us we shall prevail.

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