

Sandburr

Feb 1916

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THE SANDBURR



VOLUME XVI

FEBRUARY, 1916

NUMBER FIVE



THE SUMMER SESSION

It is conceded that the students of our American Colleges are losing too large a part of their time in long vacations. The long break of the summer months not only leaves them without advancement but also disqualifies them for the best work in the first weeks of the Fall term. In order to correct this flaw in our Educational system some of the larger institutions have established Summer terms in which the same quality of work is done and for which the same credit is given as in the winter term. York college, recognizing the reasonableness of this movement is placing a new emphasis on the Summer session and is making the summer term of equal standing with the other terms so that a student by taking four summer terms may complete the regular four-year course in three years or the High-school and College courses in six years.

This ought to appeal to those who have come to recognize the value of an education a little late in life. It ought to appeal to the one who is thinking of taking a three years course after the A. B. but considers that sev-

en years is a long time. It ought especially to appeal to those who spend a large part of their time in some vocation that will not let them attend the regular session, public school teachers who wish the better to prepare themselves for their work or for obtaining a State certificate or a higher degree.

PROF. CHARLES BISSET

The following articles, which we deem worthy of reprinting and whose authors remind us of former days, were published in the March issue of the Sandburr, 1912. Miss Johns graduated from the college last spring and Miss Stuckey was a member of the 1913 class.

LITERARY EDITOR

WHERE THE SILVERY COLORADO WENDS ITS WAY.

Far up on a mountain side is located a small cottage, brown with age, but still made cheerful and home-like by its beautiful surroundings. To the north a tall snow-capped mountain ascends heavenward until its lofty peak

seems to reach far above the clouds, and hovers over the little dwelling as if forming a protection from the cruel winter blasts.

Far down in the valley below, the grass grows green and the wild flowers dot the earth with their many colored blossoms. Along the mountain sides, the columbine lifts its blue and white cup to catch the last rays of the setting sun.

Before the cottage at a distance of a few yards, the silvery Colorado leaps and bounds over its rocky bed in its mad rush to meet the mighty ocean. Along the banks and up the mountains magnificent pines extend their gigantic arms far into the heavens, and in their branches, bright colored birds, that have only a short time since, left their southern homes, flit to and fro and fill the air with melodies beyond description.

In the door of the cottage sits an old man with gray hair and a far-away expression on his face. His form is slightly bent, while wrinkles on his face show signs of many years of care and worry. He is dreaming of by-gone days, while twilight is fast settling around him.

It is June time. The evening is clear and pleasant. The valley below is now overshadowed. While rays of sunlight still play across the snow on the distant mountain top and across the shining water. What a scene he looks upon! God in all his glory is revealed in every object.

His mind is wandering back to the days of his youth, when by his side, walked one to him so dear. It was June time then, when they were married, and their hearts were filled with

love and hope for the future. It was then that he had built this little home for Nell, far away among the Colorado mountains, and oh, how happy they two had been! Many a pleasant stroll had they taken together through the valley and among the hills. Many a wild flower had they gathered to adorn that humble home and many an evening, as twilight softly gathered around them, had they sat together in that same door and watched that same sun sink below those same old mountain peaks. Then their lives were carefree and happy. Years seemed but as days to them and only a few had passed, when suddenly she was taken from his side and laid to rest in the beautiful valley.

He toiled on year after year, not caring to associate with others, but little by little pining his life away.

Of all this has the man been dreaming, and in his mind he has lived it all over again. Where once was joy and blessedness, now is loneliness and discomfort, and where once was love and happiness now is grief and sorrow. No more, when he returns from work at the close of day, is he greeted, as of old, with a cheery word and loving embrace, which made him forget all thoughts of weariness.

As he sits there alone, her presence seems to be near him, and the pine trees carry the echo of her voice to him again. A melody plays through his mind as he listens to the voice. The very inmost chord of his soul is touched, and as thoughts of the past flood his mind they take form in the words:

The twilight softly gathers round my home among
the hills,

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THE PRAIRIE LIFE

And all nature soon will settle down to rest,
While I sit and sadly ponder and my
 heart with longing fills, As I often think of
one that I loved
 best.

We were wedded in the June time, and our hearts
 they knew no pain;
Fair nature seemed to smile on us that day.
Now she sleeps beneath the lilacs and she'll ne'er
 come back again,
Where the silvery Colorado wends its way.

The silvery snow is gleaming on yon
 distant mountain side. Where we often
used to wander,
 Nell and I. And the birds are gaily singing
in the
 valley, far below, Where I long some day
to lay me
 down and die.

Then our lives were gay and happy.
 in the shadow of the hills; My heart beat
fonder for her day by
 day.
And I feel her presence near me as I
 sit alone tonight, Where the silvery
Colorado wends
 its way.

There's a sob on every breeze, and a
 sigh comes from the trees, And the meadow
lark now croos a
 sadder lay. For the sunlight plays no more,
round
 my cheerless cabin door, Where the
silvery Colorado wends
 its way.

The sun was shining with a dazzling
brightness upon the stretches of billowing prairie.
The only tree to be seen was a small cottonwood
standing near a low sod cottage. A few early
prairie flowers bloomed in the patches of grass
here and there, and the little green cactus shoots
were making their way up to the sunlight. To the
lover of the prairie there was much of beauty in
this scene, but to the young girl, alone in the sod
house, it was a barren, lonesome place. The
house within, too, was homelike enough from the
small, shining cook stove, and the single ger-
anium, cheery with red blossoms, which stood on
the broad, low window sill, to the improvised shelf
in the corner, holding books, the latest fiction of
the day, as well as the old favorites, which have
stood the test of time.

The scene was such as might be seen in many
a humble frontier home. But not of the
cheerfulness of it was Margaret Wilton thinking
on this beautiful spring morning, as, seated at
the little table in the center of the room, which
served as kitchen and living room in one,
regarding her unhappy countenance in the
mirror before her, she talked to herself.

"There's no use to try any longer. Here Brother
Lloyd and I have lived in this forsaken place for
nearly a year and there's no hope of us getting
away from it for over a year more, or ever, for that
matter. How I do hate this prairie ! If only I could
see our dear old Vermont mountains again! I
know if I live to be a hundred years old, I shall
never be able to close my eyes without seeing this
deserted prairie stretching out endlessly in every
direction. "

It was not often that Margaret gave way to herself in this manner; not often that she could indulge in self-pity, for if her brother was with her she must be brave. Lloyd was only eighteen, three years younger than she, and it was hard enough for him to provide for them, with no resources except his own willing mind and hands and this almost valueless land, a speculation of their father's, and the only worldly possession left them after their parents' death. With youthful enthusiasm in their hearts they had come to this place. They had left their friends, their college, Margaret in her senior year and Lloyd in his freshman year, cheerfully enough, but the disappointments had been many and bitter. How different seemed this lonely place from the glorious west, the land of opportunity of which they had heard so much. Instead of going back at the end of a year, with a store of interesting memories, and enough money to enable them to return to their school duties, they must, as Margaret believed, remain here forever.

Thus she thought of the dear old Vermont home, of her friends, of the college which she loved, and of the kindly Professor Dean, who was always urging the students to unselfish service for others.

"If there were only one congenial person within twenty miles," she thought. "Lloyd seemed to find people to interest him. If I could find one pretty place to go to, out of doors, or one pleasant person to talk with."

Suddenly Margaret was aroused from her selfish broodings by a rap at the door and met a pale, bent man whom she recognized as a neighboring ranchman.

"Good morning, Mr. Lane," she said,

none too kindly, for she resented the interruption to her selfish reverie.

"Good morning, Miss Wilton," he said, almost apologetically, noting her manner. "I was wondering if you would come over to our ranch with me. My little daughter has met with an accident and we thought perhaps you could help."

With a little hesitancy, Margaret thought of the long, tiresome ride over the monotonous prairie, but having no reasonable excuse, she hastily wrote a note of explanation for Lloyd, when he should return from his work at a neighboring ranch, and departed with Mr. Lane. On arriving at the Lane homestead, she was surprised to find a bare room to which her pleasant little home was a decided contrast.

In caring for the injured child and helping the mother with her many tasks Margaret found much to do, and enjoyed doing it. She found, too, that Mrs. Lane was an interesting and agreeable woman, and during the several days which elapsed before her return home, they had many pleasant conversations on topics which Margaret often had discussed with her college friends. When one day Mrs. Lane spoke of the beautiful sunset, Margaret exclaimed, "But, Mrs. Lane, I can't see anything beautiful in this country."

"It may not be the kind of beauty you are accustomed to." Mrs. Lane answered, "but the prairies have their beauties after all."

When Margaret returned home and related to her brother the limited and yet pathetically beautiful life of the **people** she had visited, she found her-self thinking of the other families about them, and wondering if what

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they said of the beauty of the prairie might possibly be true.

Her second year in the western country was as different from the first as it was possible for it to be. Margaret cultivated the acquaintance of all in the neighborhood, which in that region meant within a radius of many miles, and found a delight in bringing into these lives, from her broader college experience, something they never before had had. She found in the lives of these true frontier people a peculiar charm and was welcomed wherever she went. Indeed she found so much to do she could not regret that she was here. If here college friends, in their rush of duties, forgot to write to her as often as they had promised, it was no cause for tears or reproaches. And so it came that if she, who had lived among beautiful mountains, splendid trees and silver mountain brooks and waterfalls, until they seemed almost as much a part of her existence as her daily food, could not find about her the beauty she wished, yet she could love this country for its

brave, sturdy humanity and its atmosphere of helpfulness.

As, at the end of two years of western life, Margaret stood with her brother, on the morning of their departure for their beloved eastern home, there was, in all the gladness of both hearts, a regret for what they were leaving.

The sun was just rising and shining with a mellow light on every thing around. The sky was clear, and as they beheld by that wonderful phenomenon of an open country, the mirage, the little village of fifteen miles distant, seeming to be on the nearest slope of prairie, looking so vividly real, and yet, after all, so like a dream, because of the hazy mist, which seemed to enshroud it, Lloyd said, "It is a fine country, Margaret, " and she answered, "Yes, I have found here something I never saw before. Then, my life was like that mirage yonder, not real. The prairies have their beauties after all. "

—EVA STUCKEY '13.





THE SANDBURR

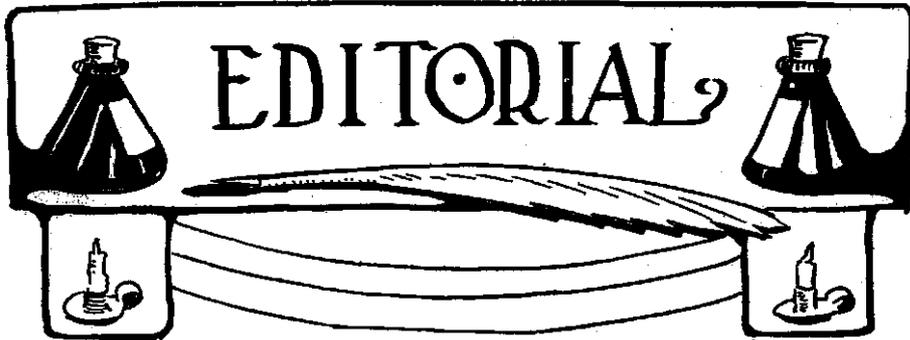


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COLLEGE AND COURTESY

A few months ago there appeared in a church paper an article concerning the manners of college students and graduates. It was admitted. that the. standard of courtesy among college people in general does nor. come up to that set for them by many people; and that, to take a specific example, a courteous regard for their elders, which should be one of the most marked signs of good breeding, is woefully lacking among them. The writer was kind enough to suggest however, that

possibly too much is expected of college students; that they are human; and the fact that they are given special opportunities is not a reason why they should be expected to have better manners than others. Perhaps that is true. I do not think however that the writer of the article thinks so, although he raised the question; and I'm sure that any thoughtful college student who read it, must have felt ashamed that there should be any occasion for such an apology.

Whether it SHOULD be true or not people do look to the college grad-

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uate and expect much of him. and he should think of it not as an injustice, but as an opportunity for him to "make good. " If the world is not to look to those who have had the advantages of college training for its standard in culture and refinement where is it to find it. And to what institution more than to the Christian college is it to look? Certainly the ideal of service which is constantly upheld to the students here is fundamentally the same as the basis of all true courtesy, which is forgetfulness of self and thought for others.

The person who unselfishly thinks first of others, though he may be ignorant of the conventions of society is not nearly so likely to be really discourteous as his better taught but more selfish fellow-student. Yet the conventions of society are not to be neglected. They are to be observed not merely because they are conventions, but because they are the recognized expression of one's thought for others. Often, because of ignorance concerning the little courtesies of life, people who are not really discourteous at heart are made to seem so. The world, however, is compelled to judge by what it sees. Acts of courtesy, therefore, play such an important part in making a life successful, that no one, least of all the student who receives so much special training, can afford to be ignorant of them.

College life brings with it so much of contact with others that it affords abundant opportunity for acquiring good manners. We hear a great deal about being courteous in the home, but not nearly enough, perhaps, about the courtesies of school life. Teachers and sympathetic people in the college community are possibly too much in-

clined to set up for students a different standard of conduct and excuse any irregularities on their part by saying "That is just a student prank. They must have their fun. " While that is well meant, it may be a mistaken kindness. Is it not possible for students to enjoy life and still be courteous?

If each one could think of his instructors as individuals in society instead of mere cogs in the college machinery, would it not make some difference in the atmosphere of the class rooms? For example, do you think that taking this attitude students would continue to consult their watches at frequent intervals during the recitation •no matter how much they may be bored?

It really is not very good social training for one might do it from habit sometime when paying a call, which would not be considered by the hostess as a compliment.

I wonder, too, to be specific again, if people were as thoughtful of others as they should be if they would not be more attentive to a speaker or any person trying to entertain them in a public gathering, and to the minister at church. This lack of courteous attention is possibly one of the most common discourtesies among American young people, and college students should by their influence and example discourage this deplorable tendency. The daily chapel service furnishes plenty of training along this line does it not?

York College is certainly not worse than others in this respect, but these lines are written with the hope that it may become better and that no one in the future will ever find it necessary to apologize for our bad manners.

—ETHEL CLARKE

A writer in a recent issue of one of our western dailies discussed the question of the student staying in college. It was not so much a question, the writer thought, of a student having the privilege of entering college, but of his "staying qualities" after he began his school career.

It is, true that only a small percentage of those who enter the Freshman class of college ever complete the prescribed course of four years.

There are doubtless many reasons why this is so, and perhaps many of them are good. However it seems that many who drop out during their course have no real reason for so doing. There are those who have come to school with false ideas of what a college course really means;

the true meaning of school life has escaped them. Then there are those who have felt the grind to be too heavy and exacting positions opened where money could be earned and a living made without completing that which they had begun. Some there are who have not had "backbone to success-fully conquer some of the difficulties which they were forced to meet. Some have not had a real vision of life and its need open before them; wrapped up in their own selfish interests, they have failed to realize that the true ideal of the loyal college man is service for humanity".

But whatever of life may be ours, let those who are coming, "come to stay; " and those who are here "stick. "



Y. W. C. A.

January 10th., 1916 our meeting was led by Miss Jessie Stewart. Her subject was "character. " She brought out the idea that we should live every day as if our thoughts would be published.

A list of things that have a tendency to tear down character are selfishness, deceitfulness, vanity, dissipation, rough language and associations.

Things that build up character are meekness, purity, harmony and peace.

Ruth Warner talked on "Women of Lofty Character. " "The Relation of Literature to Character" was given by Mrs. Morgan. Their topics were well covered and many helpful points were brought out. Solos were rendered by Miss Hazel Bowers and Miss Irene Hamilton.

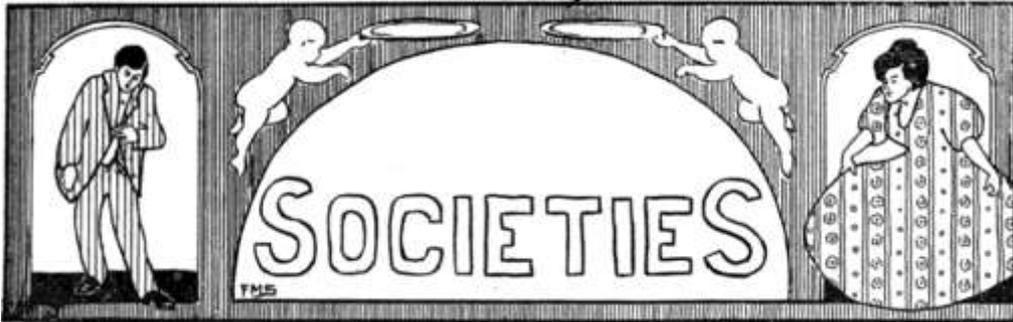
Miss Alta Funkhouser led our meeting Jan. 17th. Her subject was "Student Honor" or "Am I Square" After a short talk by the leader Miss Ethel Wildman gave a splendid talk on "Is Fluffing Square?" It was a very appropriate subject as examination week was almost here.

Miss Cone gave a talk on "Are Students under the same Law as other Cit-izens?" Mary Rankin talked on "What the Ideal of Student Honor is. " Ruth Warner "Student's Habits in Business" and Freda Simons "Student's Habits in

Business. "

Many good points were brought out and I think each one of us asked her-self the question "Am I Square?"

Jan. 24th. our leader was Miss Flor-ence Plumb and her subject was "Travelers All. " She gave a very interesting talk about the Path of Life; the dif-ierent associations we meet and friend-ships we make, together with our dif-ficulties. We should strive to say or do something for each new acquaintance to make him a better person for having met us.



ZETALETHEAN

In spite of the fact that there were no lights on the night of Jan. 13th. the Zetas met and had a splendid literary program and election of officers. The following officers were elected for the second semester:

- President Ruth Warner
- Vice-Pres.....Helen Sailing
- Sec..... Pearl Wildmau
- Treas..... Anna Dalgren
- Critic.....Nina Belle Caldwell
- Press Reporter..... Louise Ankeny
- Chaplain Mary Cave
- Usher Marion Tooley
- Musical Director. . . . Lena Westovei
- Pianist Helen Pfeffer
- Trustees Ethel Wildman
- Hazel Bowers Venice
- Hitchcock

PHILOMATHEAN

Begin right—Join the Philos, all you new girls, you are welcome.

Miss Alta Funkhouser is now our president, Miss Hamilton having left to teach school at North Bend. We regret to have her leave us.

The last meeting of our society was called early as well as dismissed early to enable the girls to attend the second number of the lecture course, which proved to be very enjoyable.

Our society is very fortunate in having Mrs. Morgan as Faculty Critic.

- Officers installed at the last meeting were:
- Sec Florence Plumb
- Treas..... Mabel Walters

Sergeant-at-arms ----- Vera Bittinger
 Censor Myrna Hall
 Cor. Sec Aurora Markward

AMPHICTYON

The Amphictyon Literary Society met January 20, 1916 and elected the following officers:

Pres..... Byron Tatlow
 Vice-Pres..... Ira Scarborough
 Sec Mr. Nettleton
 Cor; Sec..... Raymond Wolfe
 Treas..... Edward Misner
 Chaplain Walter Beatty
 Chorister..... Dean Wolfe
 Pianist Mr. Scherz
 Censor Mr. Harner
 Critic James Frazer

As the election of officers took up a large part of the regular session the program for the evening was postponed.

We are fully confident that with our newly appointed officers at the front and the general feeling of co-operation that exists throughout our society we will enjoy a successful literary season. We extend a cordial invitation to those interested in literary work. Join us and become a helping factor in carrying out the plan of "Efficiency" for which our society stands.

I. P. A.

Owing to the multiplicity of other interests this department has been allowed to take second place for some time past. However the time for action is fast approaching and our college does not want to be behind in the matter of doing our duty. Ohio students played a big part in the prohibition fight there and the leaders in Ne-

braska's fight expect big things from us. To this end we expect to organize a Prohibition team composed of three or four speakers and, possibly a quartette and orchestra. A team of this kind can give invaluable service to the state during the few months between now and election time.

Members of this association sent a night letter to our representatives in both houses of Congress petitioning them to vote for the new prohibition measures now before them.

This year, more so than ordinarily, we are making history in Nebraska. How that history is to read will depend a great deal upon the students in the state. If the verdict is to depend on you how will it read? Be ready to help when the call is made.

COMMERCIAL NOTES

The boys of the Commercial Department took a half day off and cleaned up the new addition in our room. The new desks were installed and they are now in use.

A new class in shorthand was started soon after the holiday vacation.

On Jan. 17th. a class in Commercial law was begun, thus giving ten weeks instead of nine in which to complete the work.

The Commercials played their first game in basket ball against the Fresh-men. The score at the end of the game was twenty-seven and three in favor of the Freshies. Beside making three points, Mr. Watt got a black eye.

The second game was played with the academy. The final score being thirty-eight to nineteen. Mr. Croft was the star player for the Commercials.

This doesn't sound very well for the Commercial team but they still have plenty of "pep" and they are going in-

to the rest of the games to win.

The new students who have enrolled since holidays are: E. Shapland, Bernard Alinder, Vernon Pope, J. Neville, Harold Moline, Geo. Jenkins, John Springer, Lyle Watt. Guy Watt, Le-Roy Tillotson, E. S. Franklin, Carl Stewart, Arthur Olcott, F. C. Thompson, Elmer Bolton, Bert Doran, Miss Marie Weyerts, and Miss Ruth Flick-inger.

ALLEGRO CLUB

On January 24, the Allegro Club had the most interesting session that has yet taken place. The following program was rendered:

- Piano Solo Mary Barnes
"What the Forest Brook Babbles" —Caldine
- Piano Solo Louise Hammond
"Persian Song"—Burmeister.
- Violin Solo Byron Tatlow
"Minuet"—Bacherine
- Piano Solo Myrtle Broehl
"Whims"—Schumann
- Piano Solo..... Blanche Harriti
"Loneley"—Seeling
- Vocal Solo Cecylle White
- Piano Solo Gladys Pearson
First movement, "Waldstein Sonata" Beethoven

After the program, the effect of the war upon the musical world was discussed informally.

In the business session, the club voted to retain its old officers for the second semester. As our secretary, Irene Hamilton has left school, Velma Stuck-ey was elected secretary in her place.

Again we urge the students of music, for their own good, not to miss the opportunities which the Allegro Club affords.

EXPRESSION

The Expression Club held another meeting January 10th., which was greatly enjoyed by all. There is not room to give the complete program here. These meetings are very profitable.

Our next meeting was a treat to all and was held in the college chapel Jan. 24th. The following item clipped from the York Daily News-Times describes this delightful evening better than we could:

Miss Fern Pollard, a senior in the Expression department of York college, read "The Taming of the Shrew" to a large and appreciative audience in the college chapel last night.

Miss Pollard who is the first of the class to appear in a play, is to be congratulated upon her successful presentation of this Shakespearean comedy, for it gave evidence not only of hard work and skillful training, but also of no slight degree of talent. Her arrangement of the play was especially adapted to reading, being in three acts, and presenting eight characters. The principal ones, Kath-erine, Petruchio and old Baptista were particularly well done, but she was good also in her impersonation of the servants, each one being given a distinct personality and even to the tailor who appears for only a very few minutes.

The young reader pleased her audience not only by her artistic reading, but also with her charming stage appearance. She responded to their call at the end of the play with Paul Lawrence Dunbar's "Little Brown Baby. "

In honor of their classmate, the members of the department, who attended the recital in a body, had pret-

tily decorated the stage in their colors, purple and gold. These decorations, the pretty gowns of Miss Pollard and her friends who acted as ushers, the flowers presented to her, and the music furnished by members of the orchestra were features which helped to make the evening a very delightful one. It is to be hoped the people of York may have the opportunity of attending more of these mid-year recitals. The members of the York Woman's Department club were especially invited guests on last evening.

The department is beginning the new semester with an enrollment of one hundred.

There are sixty private lessons a week now besides the four classes. Formerly there were Junior C and

Junior B but owing to the exceptionally good work that the Junior C's have been doing the past quarter and also the lack of time for recitation the two classes were united and will now be known as the Junior B class.

The seniors are taking up their various plays for commencement and preparing for some hard work the rest of the year.

Mr. Misner went to Harvard, Nebraska Jan. 28th. and while there secured Arthur Kachel for Feb. 11. Mr. Kachel is a splendid reader of plays and will be much enjoyed and appreciated by the student body.

Miss Winifred Wonderly has been on the sick list but is now back in school.



LOCALS

Miss Myrna Hall entertained informally at her home on January 8th. The earlier part of the evening was spent with music; the Pals orchestra playing a number of selections. After an hour spent with music the hostess and her guests went to the basement where the most enjoyable part of the evening was spent in popping corn, making candy and enjoying a general good time. The guests were: Misses Dahlgren, Pauley, Hitchcock and Messrs. Tatlow, Wolfe, Misner and Pederson.

Pederson entered the office of the York Clinic the other day, deposited a package upon the desk and the following conversation ensued:

P: —"When can I get these "

Office Girl: "Get what?"

P: "This suit of clothes that I want cleaned.

Office Girl: "But — but we don't clean clothes.

P: (Pointing to sign on the door,) "Why this is the York Cleanic isn't it?"

FEBRUARY, 1916

NEW BASKET BALL RULES.

On the night of Jan. 25, the members of the Freshman class met at the home of Miss Myrna Hall. After a careful survey to see that no other class was abroad they proceeded to the College building. After a pleasant hour with games they went to the Domestic Science room where the main feature of the evening, the oyster stew, was much enjoyed by all. At a late hour they adjourned to their homes hoping to have many more such good times together.

Owing to sickness, Miss Elda Brewer, who has been teaching in the Ex-expression Department, has been forced to give up her work as an instructor. Miss Brewer is not only an excellent reader, but has also been very efficient as a teacher, and it is with sincere regret that the Department announces her resignation as assistant instructor.

College life is not always one grand sweet song. Sometimes it is a refrain. You are supposed to refrain from whis-pering in the library, refrain from be-ing late to classes, and refrain from refraining to study.

Pete (in geometry) "I don't know anything. "
Prof. Feemster: "That is an axiom. " Pete
"Why?"
Prof. Feemster: "It is a self-evident truth. "

The Seniors say they are models but Shakespeare says models are a slight imitation of the real thing.

The forwards must wear handcuffs to prevent a chance of fighting.

The guards must be muzzled, to restrain them from biting.

The center must be chloroformed before each play exciting.

Each player must be guarded by a trainer, two physicians.

Two umpires, a policeman and five politicians; A Chaplain, too, must. Soothe him during frequent intermissions.

Don't use rough language; tempers must be smooth as satin;

The gym's not a place to combat in—

If you must use profanity, please swear in Greek or Latin.

If someone takes the ball from you, don't try by force to stop him—

Stand still and thunder "Halt!" three times, and if this doesn't stop him

Call a constable at once and have the copper cop him.

A player who catches the ball, before he tries to throw it

Must take it to the referee and get a credit ticket.

Each coupon's good for two points (you must not bend or nick it).

In dribbling, each player (a precau-tional provision).

Must wave a colored lantern as a guard against collision.

Disputes must be referred to the Supreme Court for decision.

For any member of the Faculty to begin to pick lint off a young man's coat collar, is said to be the first symptoms that the young man will pass.

"I tell you. " said the business manager of the Sandburr, to one of our business men, "You have no idea of the hard work in this business. It is either talking or walking all the time. " "Beg pardon, " replied the victim, "I have a pretty distinct idea of the talking part of your program. Now give me an exhibition of the walking part. "

Weber: "If I always had a cue I could answer all these questions. "

Saunders: "You ought to be a Chinaman. "

We always laugh at Misner's jokes, No matter
what they be,
It's not because they're funny, But
because 'tis policy.

Mr. Irving, of Chicago, who is assisting the Commercial Club of York in its Boosting Campaign, addressed the students at Chapel on Jan. 19. He gave a very inspiring talk and told the students anything could be done if you willed it.

COLLEGE, AS SEEN BY SHAKESPEARE.

"Comedy of Errors, "—Freshman. "Much Ado About Nothing, "—Sopho-mores.
"As You Like It, "—Juniors. "All's Well That Ends Well, "— Seniors.

SEMESTER EXAMINATION QUESTIONS.

Miss Stewart—"St. Paul wrote the Book of Romans in 1858. "

Gorby—"An usher is one who takes a leading part in a theatre. "

Peck—"A sculptor is a poor unfortunate who makes faces and busts. "

Scarborough—"The people who live in the uninhabited portions of the earth are mostly cannibals. "

Miss Westover—"Geometry is that branch of mathematics that deals with angels. "

Reynolds—"Longfellow was a full-blooded American poet. He wrote "The Salmon of Life. "

Lenore Grosshans—"The pilgrims came to America so that they might persecute their religion in peace. "

Pauline Green—"An axiom is something that is always so, even if it isn't so. "

Miss Burnard—"Domestic Science includes cooking, working, and physical culture. "

Ritchey—"A buttress is a female goat. "

Saunders, who has been prolonging his calls on Miss Simons, was surprised a few nights ago, when, as he was leaving, a window opened in the upper story and a voice called out: "leave an extra quart this morning, please. "

Gregory—"Do you serve- lobsters here?"

Waiter—"Sure; sit down; we serve anybody. "

SUCH IS LIFE FOR THE STUDENT.

Review of Reviews—The week before Exams.

Smart Set—Sophies, and Freshies.

FEBRUARY, 1916

Success—Anything above 70. Century—Last week before vacation. Life—Post graduate. Judge—Faculty.

Past Master of Inactivity—Pederson. Keeper of Lazy Bone—Dan Chilcote. Sergeant of Hook Worm—Gail Bush.

RECIPE FOR FLUNKS.

Take one pound of bluffs, stir in excuses, add a party or two, and flavor well with moonlight strolls. Serve hot at end of the semester.

YE SONS OF REST.

Supreme Exalted Rester—Stub Stoner. Grand Chief Loafer—Joe Taylor. Most Worthy Sitter—Shelmadine.

Yell!

Raw Buck! Saw Buck!
Malum labor est! Liver ever, work never,
Sons of Rest! Flower: Century Plant.
Password: To-morrow.

Chapter Roll.

Clifford Gorby	Jay Clippel	
Sam	Beaver	Wagner
Buren Wells	Willard Ferris	



One word of well-directed wit, A pebble jest—has often hit A boastful evil and prevailed When many a nobler weapon failed.

Prof. Davis: (in Botany) "This plant belongs to the Petunia family."

Freshie: "Oh, and you are taking care of it while they are away."

Bland: "I think I will take Astronomy. I need lots of star-work."

Percy: "Somebody hit him on the head. Maybe that will help some."

Dan (preaching at Aurora): "We will now take up the collection."

Silence—and then a voice from the congregation: "We don't take up a collection."

Physiology Test: "What is the spine?"

Esther Oldwine: "A man's backbone runs up and down, while the backbone of a cat runs sidewise."

Miss Berger: "The spine is a long bone reaching from the head to the heels. It has a hinge in the middle so that you can sit down, or you would have to sit standing."

PAGE EIGHTEEN

One does not wish to be personal, but if the young man who sat in the chair in the "Con, " dining room, where Mable Walters had left a dish of maple syrup to cool will please return the saucer, he will save himself further trouble.

Hawkins: (in History Exam.) "Give a short account of the achievements of Alexander, the Great. "

Dan Chilcote: "Played with the Phillies two years. Won almost every game he pitched. "

"My notion of a wife at forty, " said Bland, "is that a man should be able to change her like a bank note into two twenties. "

If fussing interferes with your studies, give up your work. You can't afford to do two things at once.

Question No. 10 in Physics Test: "What is the necessary equipment for a steam plant?"

Cassie Baugh: "Fire, coal, a high smokestack, lots of light, a solid foundation, and good workmen. "

Ritchey (in arithmetic class): "This is a trapezoid. "

Beaver: "What's that, some kind of an animal?"

Benson: "It's something like Klip-pel. "

Ritchey: "What, lop-sided?"

Lost: "My pet coyote, "—Myrna Hall.

Found: "A stray wolf, "—Miss Leopold.

Wanted: "Two Sundays a week. " Anna Dahlgren.

If these jokes seem to be old

And sadly out of date, Just get busy
with your pen

And give us something late.



"OUR GYM"



There's nothing the matter with basket ball in York. A good team, a great student body of boosters, and plenty of games makes the season an interesting one. In fact we have not noticed a hitch anywhere. The careful and skilled management of Coach Hawkins together with his ability in imparting the fine points of the game to his students has had its effect and a skilled machine is the result.

The season is not yet far enough advanced to merit a comparison of the teams of the state with our own. The mere fact that our team is materially stronger than last season affords grounds for the conclusion that at the end of the season the York team will hold a place near the top of the ladder.

In the city tournament composed of teams from the city Y. M. C. A., the High School, Business College, Post Office, and York College, the college teams are leading in the race with a string of victories. Due to the fact that the college schedule of intercollegiate games for February is heavy, the sec-

ond team from the college will probably take care of the majority of the tournament games.

YORK 48—ST. PAUL NORMAL 23.

St. Paul has had some fast aggrega-tions of basket ball flippers and with a team which she regarded as the best in her history, she invaded York ter-ritory on Jan 14th.

The game was one sided but interesting.

The home boys easily excelled in team work and guarding.

Line-up: —

R. F., Gregory, Cox—Gueber.

L. F., Burke—Jacobsen.

C, Graham—Nelson.

R. G., Saunders, Stoner—Wesback.

L. G., Glur—Pasick.

Referee, Dean.

YORK 38—DOANE 19.

Jan. 20th the much heralded Doane Coach brought his flippers to York with the aforesaid intention of securing some bacon. The visitors were a

promising bunch but failed to display the class necessary to take in tow the York artists.

The work of the York team was be-low normal in some respects, while in other respects, they played a brand of ball seldom excelled. York's guards were both stars while Burke at forward played a steady game.

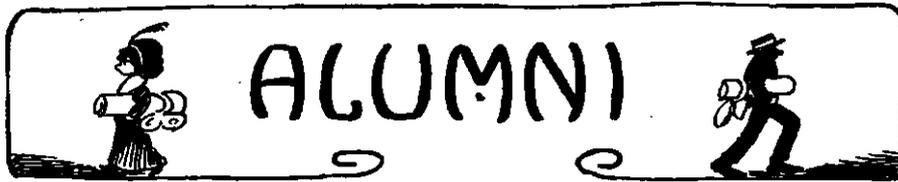
The goal shooting of the Doane team was noticeably weak while there York featured.

Neither of the Doane forwards succeeded in caging a basket.

Line-up: —

- L. F., Burke—Whitehouse.
- R. F., Cox—Spencer.
- C, Graham—Barr.
- L. G., Glur—Mickle.
- R. G., Saunders—Conrad.

Goals: Burke (4); Cox (7); Graham, Glur (2); Barr (5), Conrad (1).



President.....	R. E. Caldwell,	'06
1st V. -President	Jennie Johns Vannice,	'13
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Editor	Edith Callender,	'15
Trustee	Wayne Soper,	'13

President McLaughlin spent Sunday and Monday, January 30th and 31st, in Omaha, Nebr. While there he was a guest of Dr. R. E. Marble, a graduate of the Class of '15. Dr. Marble has a splendid practice, and is rapidly forging to the front as one of Omaha's leading physicians.

WINTER BEAUTIFUL.

"To him who in the love of nature holds
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks

A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild And healing
sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness ere he is aware. "

—Bryant.

When musing on the beauties of nature, one usually thinks of Summer in her verdant dress trimmed with beautiful flowers, and shining silver streams curling about her bosom. A second thought may call up Autumn in her gay dresses of many shades and hues.

Seldom do we think of Winter as beautiful; her winds are cold, her skies are dull and gray; no emeralds, sapphires, or rubies bedeck her evening or morning gowns. Yet Winter is blest with such gems as are not possessed by any other season of the year.

FEBRUARY, 1916

In order to enjoy and realize the grandeur of winter, one should travel to the more northern states, where the snow covers the ground continuously during the whole season. It was in the great state of Minnesota, during the holiday vacation, that the thoughts came to me, which furnish the subject matter for this brief sketch.

Winter is indeed beautiful, when the white blanket has been laid over the dark earth, and carefully tucked in at the corners by the firm hands of Mr. Wind. The snow came tossed and battered about; but it came to stay until with the breath of the Spring it shall quietly vanish away. In every direction, as "far as eye can see, is a broad expanse of snow as endless as the sands of the Sahara.

Again just at the close of day the elements drop down large, beautiful flakes, this time falling lazily, not caring when or where they shall light. Down, down they come until the night is past. Every roof, tree, and little hillock is over-laid with the feathery whiteness, thickly studded with priceless gems. When morning dawns the familiar scenes have entirely changed and "we look upon a world unknown, on nothing we can call our own."

Looking closely at the flakes, we find brilliant crystals of every conceivable design. In each little particle may be read the truth that the Master Pattern Maker has been fashioning the fairy covering, and sending out these magic pictures for the edification of man. These fantastic shapes and geometrical characters, which are numbered at about one million, furnish many new ideas for the architect.

After such a snowfall the country looks as our poet, Lowell describes it in his poem, "The First Snowfall: "

"The stiff rails are softened to
swan's down, And still flutters down the snow,
Every pine, and fir and hemlock ■ Was ridged
inch-deep with pearl, And the poorest twig on the
elm
tree,
Wore ermine too dear for an earl. "

No lady in the land can be arrayed with gems
such as these, for the beauties from heaven
cannot be purchased with earth's pelf.

Tonight the sun goes down with a dreamy,
frosty look. The wind blows gentle and the white
down is shaken from the trees. Another morning
dawns, a gray, still morning. For our early walk
we shall go to a near-by grove. It is not so very
cold today. We enter the woodland temple. Such
wonderful decorations, it has never before been
our privilege to see! The Brownies, fairies, and
elves must have worked busily all the night.
Yesterday our trees were, 'ridged inch-deep with
pearl, ' this morning the frosty festoons are
draped from limb to limb. The formations are as
miraculously constructed as are the
awe-inspiring rock formations found in the Wind
Cave.

Let us linger in the woods for an hour,
examining the wonderful spikes, and beautiful
spirals, created all in the night. The clouds begin
to clear away. Mr. Sol shows his face once more.
We know that the fairy world will soon be
changed. But look! listen! yes the Sun is really
calling to the trees to give back the jewels, they
have only been loaned for a brief season. How
they glisten and sparkle in the sunlight ! No
diamond ever gave to the world any more tints
and shades of colors than we find here on the
trees,

or even along the pathway as we return to the house.

The thoughts crowd thick and fast. Snow, snow everywhere, beautiful, pure white snow! Nothing can be more pure and clean than the snow as it first falls upon the earth. Yes, there can; listen, to God speaking again through Isaiah the prophet. "Tho' your

sins be as scarlet, they shall be as snow." The psalmist, too, is led to exclaim, "Purge me with hyssop and I shall be clean; wash me and I shall be whiter than snow." Let this be our prayer as well and may our lives be like the snow flakes—leave their marks but not a stain.

—ELIZABETH A. HALL, '13.



A great many interesting exchanges have been received during the past two months. These papers are of particular interest since most of them are special numbers devoted to football or to the holiday season. The two numbers of the "Gold and Blue," featuring "Founder's Day," and the Christmas number are exceptionally fine, while the Football Numbers of the "Otter-bein Aegis" and "The Lever" would surely attract the attention of any reader. Two new exchanges, which we welcome most heartily, have come to us this month, the "Franklin Academy Mirror" and "The Beaver." Both are fine papers and we are very glad to have them with us.

In looking over these papers we are reminded, when we come to the exchange departments, that here we have a splendid opportunity to "see ourselves

"AS OTHERS SEE US." The Sandburr:
—You have some very

well chosen departments in your paper and it makes very good reading. — Franklin Academy Mirror.

The Athletic number of the York College Sandburr shows that they have developed a winning football team out of new material, and their future prospects look bright. We like the November issue of the Sandburr, especially the Burr department. —The Gleam.

The Sandburr: —In your editorial you express a desire to make your paper alive and up-to-date. In this you are surely succeeding. However, your Exchange Department is lacking in this number, and although the Junior and Senior classes have not organized as yet, why not let them give account of themselves anyway? Your "Burrs" are great, and warranted to make anyone smile. —The Gold and Blue.

The Sandburr: —You are an exceptional paper in that all your departments are so complete and interesting —The Lever.

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