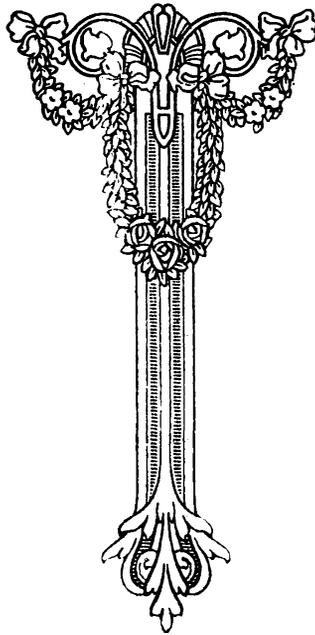


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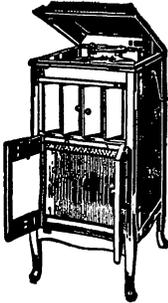
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# THE SANDBURR



Published monthly by the students of York College.  
Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office, York, Nebraska.

Terms: One year, \$1.00. Sent to any address, postage prepaid.

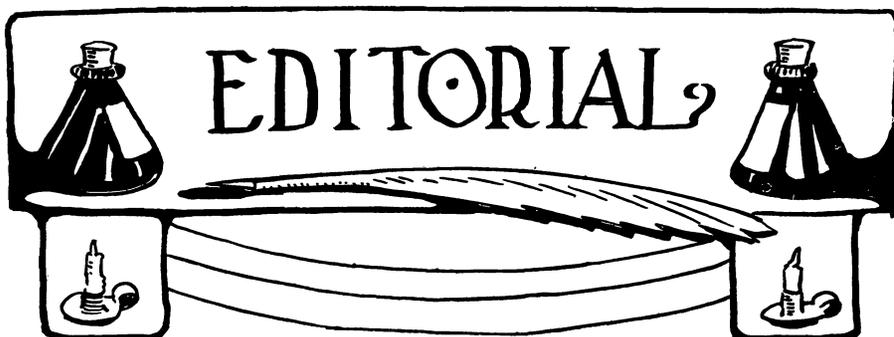
### Contributions

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

### Staff

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





When the warm sun that brings  
Seed time and harvest, has return-  
ed again,

'Tis sweet to visit the still wood,  
where springs

The first flower of the plain.

—An April Day.

\* \* \* \*

Spring is here and we are glad.  
New life, new hope, new tasks are  
here for us. New energies are awak-  
ening in us. 'Tis the time when we  
take a new start. Let us adopt the  
motto, "To do the work of the day in  
the day."

Now that this issue of the Sand-  
burr is out, there will be two more  
issues. Can we put in them all that  
should be there? Will we put in  
these two issues our very best? Is  
there anyone who is not willing to do  
his part for our College paper? Come,  
let us all do the work of the day 'ere  
the day is past.

\* \* \* \*

#### SANDBURR STAFF FEED

Perhaps you don't know that it  
takes some work to get a Sandburr  
ready for you to read. Perhaps you  
have forgotten that we have a staff  
of workers and perhaps you don't  
know that this staff meets every  
month and plans the Sandburr. Well,  
it does. This month, after the work  
was finished they took time for an-  
other line of work. They descended  
to the domestic science kitchen and  
proved themselves very efficient  
cooks, diners, dishwashers and floor  
sweepers. A good time was had by  
all. That is—all who were there.

We didn't know we had such gen-  
iuses in our school, but we find that

every issue of the Sandburr brings us  
new discoveries.

\* \* \* \*

#### PRESIDENT ROOP'S LETTER TO HIGH SCHOOL STUDENTS AND THEIR PARENTS

My Dear Unknown Friends: —The  
youth Napoleon came to a problem  
in mathematics which no student in  
school and no instructor had ever  
solved. He took it to his room. After  
sixty hours of uninterrupted applica-  
tion, he came forth master.

In winning this triumph he dis-  
played two characteristics that make  
for success—and that means leader-  
ship. He had tremendous vitality or  
he could not have endured such a  
physical and mental strain without  
food or sleep. He had marvelous  
power of concentration; and it is  
such intellectual concentration that  
solves life's problems. The more one  
has of it the more he is a master.

But Napoleon's seemingly peerless  
leadership was short-lived. Its re-  
sults were for decades, not for cen-  
turies.

Lincoln had vigorous health and  
matchless intellect. Luther had  
mighty muscles and marvelous mind.  
But they had something else. Their  
leadership endures, and will endure  
throughout civilization. What had  
they which Napoleon lacked?

The Master Teacher of Galilee de-  
veloped a leadership that has in-  
creased every year for nineteen cen-  
turies. He was an outdoor man,  
lithe of limb, capable of enduring  
hundred-mile walks and wilderness  
privations. In intellectual combat  
He overthrew the wiliest legal and  
logical opponents.

Was it body and mind that gave Him His transcendent place as Leader of leaders? Was it muscle and intellect that gave Lincoln and Luther their acknowledge pre-eminence as world-moving and age-enduring leaders?

Health and trained intellect help. But they are only two sides; and education is a triangle.

What our nation needs most is not educated leaders, but educated Christian leaders. The educated leader, who is without the foundation of Christian living, is a positive menace. He is a Napoleon—and that means a leader for selfish ends, not for public service. To give a man splendid physique and powers of endurance, and then to add a trained mind capable of intense and continued concentration on problems of a nation and to fail to give him the Light of Life, is little short of criminal.

Education is a triangle. It must train for Health. It must train for Mental Efficiency. It must train for Unselfish Service.

Noble parents covet for their children, first, lives of worthiness and service. To this they would add contentment, refinement, and culture. In their homes the aim has ever been to inspire in them the ideals that make for such ends. How foolish for them to spend seventeen years in implanting such ideals, and then when their children are ready for college training, to send them to an institution in which such ideals are entirely forgotten or are given only minor consideration.

Do not misunderstand me. I would not have a college emphasize religion unduly, and minimize health or mental efficiency. But I would have a college give equal attention to up-building health, to training the mind, and to conserving and developing the faculties of the spirit—of religion.

York College aims to do just these things.

Mothers and fathers, would you not prefer for your children a college doing such things? Boys and girls, is it not better to prepare for the leadership that endures here than to be satisfied with that which is passing?

A special instructor is at work at York in health-giving activities for the girls, and another for the boys. Outdoor sports, games, and contests in autumn and spring. Athletics for every student, not merely for teams. Everything possible is done to send forth vigorous graduates.

The development of efficiency is promoted not only in classroom and in laboratory, but also in literary society, in public speaking contests, in science and classical clubs, etc. This side of the triangle of education receives most careful attention.

The environment at York is Christian. Students attend chapel daily and are in church on Sunday. A Christian faculty co-operates with a dominant majority of actively Christian students to make religion popular. The aim is to make it an ever-present influence on the athletic field, in the gymnasium, in the classroom, in the social life—an every hour concern. Nor is it theology or doctrine, or denominationalism. No. It is religion. Is not that the environment you want?

My young friends, York is a college that should receive your careful attention before you decide where you will go next September. Mothers and fathers, I should be glad to give you any other information desired. May I not hear from you at an early date?

Yours for the development of Christian Leadership,

HERVIN U. ROOP,  
President.

## DEMOCRACY

The hours of our present day are replete with mystery and strange happening. A new leaven leavens the entire social and industrial lump, to change it eternally. The nation is torn by the primal riot of its adolescence. There sounds faint overtones of uncertain futures marching paradoxical with radiant hopefulness and sinister foreboding. We feel the war of tortuous living forces, the straining torment of overwrought nerves, and wonder.

America's whole life has changed before we grew inwardly aware of it. We have been hurried from a stage of local or town economy to an economy which is national, industrial and capitalistic. Former simple relationships have rushed in geometrical progression to an interminable tangle. Millions have meaning for our lives—not in our lives, for knowledge of these millions is difficult. We have scarcely overrisen the old tenacious narrowness. Our living has not kept pace with our life and we are somewhat misfit into this new, greater world.

And all this—the headlong haste into situations new and difficult, with specialization paramount and isolation in nearness the logical outcome; the complexity of environment, the multiplicity of relationships along with the retention of the old exclusive social outlook; the powerful and efficient perversion of facts and misconstrual of meanings by enemy forces—all this transition makes imminent the danger of losing some of ideals and forgetting our most precious traditions. We stand near to compromising the best for the good and believing temporary relief to be permanent. So we engage in a time of singular stress, testing the very foundation stones of the temple of Democracy, stretching her garments to try whether the warp of long-held, noble principles can force the woof of new circumstance into smooth unbroken firmness—weighing the heart of her in the balance against greed and injustice and strife and confusion—seeing whether constructive truth

and social and economic righteousness must make way before licentious ignorance, bitterness and exploitation.

There has never been another day which so needed men to stand with their backs bracing the pillars of the house. The blind Samson of the Red flag, the blind Samson of the tired body and sweaty brow and bitter heart, the blind Samson of the Midas touch and cold complacency and yellow greed feel stealthily about to pull down our tower and crush our ideals under their stifling debris. Capital and labor come to ponderous grips and gasp and thresh across the continent and all the people suffer. The leprosy of selfishness has spoiled the firm flesh of justice, showing forth ominous prophecy of menacing disruption and tragedy. Democracy's first American annunciation has not found large fulfillment in our living, nor eager obedience. The very presence of greed and strife and blood betray its lack.

Today in their anxiety men search in strange quarters for a sure salvation. They hear the Constitution as the voice of God calling men to justice and equality. But Democracy is not made by merely writing its theme across the face of a government and leaving that government's heart to its own devices. It is something vastly deeper than a constitution. We have elective franchise and some call it Democracy, and forget that not this but the inner forces of manhood, mind and morals, are true equality and constitute the parts and purposes of Democracy.

We strive for justice in civil code, and call that Democracy. It cannot be. If we are content with a burden of legal suppression and coercion, and the sullen sort of Democracy it binds upon men, we are content with second rate living and no margin. Eternal control may exist as the basis of a static despotism, never of a dynamic living Democracy. As laws become unnecessary we assume Democracy's proportions.

Some seek Democracy through industrial conferences. The movement of the late conference at Washington

indicates that such neither constitute nor create but rather publish the living need of real Democracy.

And so with arbitration which proposes to ameliorate public and capital and labor. Its method is alien to Democracy and stands along with laws and conferences and constitutional rules. They seek Democracy's externalities and leave the hearts of men unchanged. They attack symptoms, not causes. They seek to impose direct specific course of action and leave alone the basic eternal qualities of Democracy.

Democracy compasses much more than these and while men cry 'lo here—lo there' the utter Democracy, its purity, its essence, its absolute self, lies in the hearts of men or it is not.

Democracy is as broad as life and as deep, hence it must be social and industrial as well as political. It means intelligent, purposeful living on the part of all normal men, being a condition in which the sum total of human relationships possess vital sympathetic meanings. Democracy cannot abide coercion nor external suppression of individuals, but compels from within. It is the spirit of "noblesse oblige," the engrossing task of unselfishness which "establishes justice and promotes the general welfare." It is law's utmost liberty tempered of responsibility, the embodiment of Switzerland's motto "Each for all and all for each." Wherever Democracy is found, it is that spirit intrinsic in individual life and no conference, no arbitrary rule, no constitution or law can of themselves alone or jointly, however good, however necessary, ever induce Democracy.

We possess these as statements of Democracy's prime requisites, which possession we mistake for Democracy itself. We see the low hill where a great Galilean peasant died rather than frown upon the oppressor of weak and outcast, and we would believe we do valiant battle with him for our common brothers—yet—their eternal cry for justice! A great man stood yonder on Gettysburg field, and we hear immortal words and think they are the echo of our

national life. They are rather its sternest challenge. That government of the people, by the people, for the people might not perish from the earth we must take these ideals off our lips and put them into our lives. Great principles can never march through a land to rule it. "They must be incarnate in men"; must be graven on the tablets of their hearts, to rule their outward lives.

The most imperative need of all this embittered bewildered day is not a need of more power, more money to get poor men better homes, brighter lives and happier hearts, but a spirit running through all our life that shall make for permanency in these things. We need no momentary superficial cure, but a lasting strength of life. That is Democracy. The first cause of all this massive social evil today is the individual attitude. The imperfection of Democracy, the selfish injustice, is as personal as Democracy itself. For at most public life is but the amassing of individual lives and attitudes. And if we find democracy, we shall look for its soul in persons. If we create it we shall fashion the individual.

Today, when laws and powers on which men so rely for a speedy restoration from our ills, are failing, the heart of Democracy, endangered as it is, is the one sufficient power to lead up in victorious conquest against those forces which war upon the nation's life. Without inward strength we shall have no worth while national life. That strength is wrought of unity, unity of peace, peace of good will. Good will is the heart of Democracy. Good will with its progression of virtues is Democracy—our one sufficient hope. "Lay the axe (then) to the root of the evil." America "cannot longer afford to squander her life—in the destruction of her own" being. She dare not insanely trust the efficacy of distant, nearly unpursued ideals. This shaken life is too tremendous to be left for ultimate diagnosis to conferences, boards and laws. These are well and expeditious in the immediate need of a mould to cast the molten moving mass and fashion it;—but, the cast must be

tempered before it can become a true blade to hue down the evils that beset men. The great "need of the nation is nearness—spiritual oneness. Without it we shall have grasping, gauging greed" and find ourselves whirling in the surge of its eternal maelstrom with death at the center.

And that purest Democracy is more possible today than in any day since the civil war. Not because men are so unselfish and warm and loving today, but because of the great brooding restlessness, the yearning after new things, the massy, moving life, plastic, molten—eager to try its youthful strength. There is a vast, vague spiritual force within the nation which if precipitated and focused will transform our whole life. And the tide of it hangs at flood, its lurking ebb only an hour away. Will America let it all go at that?

It will be a difficult task to establish Democracy secure and impregnable in our highly ordered society, for the native "home of Democracy is the frontier." The task calls for an aggressive intelligent expenditure of life. To destroy injustice, that cruel-booted nemesis of nations crashing wantonly through the world of men; to throw down gross "idols of false mistaken values howling for human blood upon their altars; to remove that paristic cancer which eats and eats at America's heart is no easy task—but the possibility challenges the enterprise.

Give America a firm enforcement of just, general, fundamental legislation and it will at length tend to moral custom and immediately aid the subtler process of change.

Give America a clean press, to shed on us a white light of truth and goodness and our hearts change unawares.

Fill America with an aggressive propaganda of social and civic righteousness through school and home and church; let the children and youth of the land learn Democracy, and feed upon justice; establish in them broad, unselfish living and that

peculiar sympathy—the spirit of understanding and equality—and Democracy will become regnant upon the golden throne of manhood's conscience and character.

Today Democracy seeks her place among men too little knowing, busied about many things. There in the dark and grime of city street, here upon the fresh open country; through fell places of want, in sumptuous palace and self satisfied temple—smothered by the indifference of men, she walks with the thorns of denial on her brow, bearing the ignoble cross of our carelessness and convenient greed. We have allowed the mad to rave—"crucify! crucify!" and will have our enemy the Barabbes of injustice to thief among us and spoil us of our richest life. We tread a wild dance and scarce know that our new affection will not abide with the old. We have not questioned how it shall profit a nation to gain all the gold and glitter and pomp and power and throw out her own soul on the counter in barter.

Until, man by man we learn justice, until we live by good will, until we seek nearness and deep brotherliness, until we see God potential in men and demand for them life, we shall stumble upon the stones in stygian blackness, and hunt in vain for the morning, and suffer unrest and turmoil and confusion. There must come this new spirit to the fore through our lives—a spirit manlier than any other—manlier and godlier. And the clammy things of bitterness and malice and misunderstanding and social detriment which wrestle and writhe and crawl and grapple in the hearts of men must die. Only upon high places may we build this new America of ours which shall be the fulfillment of her natal dreams, her own perfect security, a light against the darkness of the world, "a nation before God one and inseparable now and forever."

MERL W. HARNER,  
York College. York, Neb.



“We ought to form a habit of looking at a beautiful picture every day.”  
—Goethe.

\* \* \* \*

The members of the Art Department are very busy these days as they wish to finish as much work as possible before the annual spring art exhibit. It is hoped that the exhibit may be held some earlier than usual this year.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Mabel Robson, who has been working with oil colors, is also taking lessons in china painting. Birdie Robson has just finished painting a dainty tea set and china dresser set.

\* \* \* \*

Margaret Roop and Eleanor Allen, both of York, are new members of the Art Department.

\* \* \* \*

Two attractive pictures in water colors were completed this past week by Stella Carroll and Grace Getty. The first is a winter scene in the woods entitled “Winter Twilight,” and the other is a scene in the mountains showing a mountain stream between the rocks.

\* \* \* \*

Viola Collicott finished her oil picture entitled “Sweet Memories.”

\* \* \* \*

#### Individualism vs Universality in Art

Those works of art which are loved by the greatest number of people are the most universal works of art. According to this definition we count among the most universal works of art, Homer’s “Illiad,” in epic poetry; the Parthenon, in architecture; Guido Reni’s “Aurora” in ceiling decorations; Raphael’s “Sistine Madonna” among altar pieces; Leonardo’s “Last Supper” in religious frescoes; Mich-

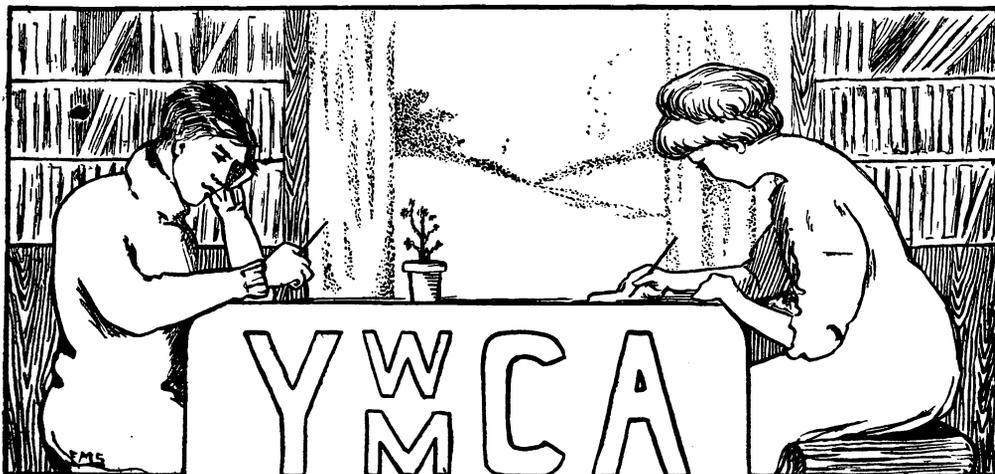
ael Angelo’s “Moses” among portrait statues; Rembrandt’s “Syndics of the Weaver’s Guild” among group portraits; Shakespeare’s “Hamlet” among dramas; Keat’s “Ode to a Grecian Urn” among short poems; and Beethoven’s “Ninth Symphony” in music. These works are universally loved because they have a superlative harmony of beauty which makes an irresistible universal appeal.

The spirit of universality—of creating things in all the arts that should make a universal appeal through their universally admired and loved forms of beauty — dominated the world of art from the past until about 1855. Then this spirit was openly attacked in France by a set of over-bored artists and newspaper critics who called themselves “Individualists.”

As a rule individuality means nothing but a certain surface difference between the technique or execution of one artist’s work compared with that of another. About 1855 the doctrine was preached that the expression of the painter’s individuality of technique should be the main thing in art!

The purpose of the movement was to put a certain stamp on a work of art, but not for beauty. Instead, it was intended that each work was to have a peculiar individual touch. The new idea did not take well at first and in fact the public is only now beginning to understand the meaning of the “individualistic” fad in art.

In the world of art the clear command should be “Seek ye first the Kingdom of the beautiful, and all other things—individuality of flavor included, will surely be added unto your work; petty and puerile though that be, its addition will surely not be forgotten.”



March 12: Esther Thomas led a very interesting and instructive meeting on the topic of "Interesting Women of Modern Times." A number of girls took the lives of different women up for discussion. Special music was given in the way of a duet by the Yaw twins.

\* \* \* \*

March 19: The subject "What will you do after you leave college?" was very efficiently led by Ruth Yust. It was a Senior meeting and the Seniors certainly planned a very effective meeting. The Kaliff twins sang "Now the Day Is Over," by Rubenstein.

\* \* \* \*

Although it was very disagreeable Monday night, March 22nd, we had a splendid Y. W. C. A. meeting. Kathryn Stowe was leader and gave us many valuable thoughts about "Easter Eggs." Marjorie Anderson favored us with a piano solo and Miss Collicott told us how they spent Easter in Riverside, California. Girls, we are having interesting and helpful meetings. You cannot afford to miss them!

\* \* \* \*

#### Y. W. SLUMBER PARTY

The girls of the old and new cabinets met at the Y. W. rest room one evening soon after the election of officers for the ensuing year to talk

things over and plan for the year's work ahead of them. A circle was so arranged that the old officers sat facing the new. Devotions were led by the acting president, Miss Mabel Robson, after which each old officer explained her work to the new officer and turned over all books and papers connected with her department. Many helpful suggestions were offered. The meeting was closed with a circle of prayer.

After business comes pleasure and after work, play, so the girls felt free to enjoy themselves. Laughter and singing rang out in the little room. Several tricks were played on different members of the party, which caused a great deal of merriment.

A slumber party is not complete without making candy, so with the aid of an alcohol stove, some delicious candy was made. After eating candy, chasing mice and making their beds the girls finally get settled for the night, or rather the remaining few hours.

Along about three o'clock in the morning a foreign sound aroused the lighter sleepers and we discovered that someone was raiding our dressing apartments. We immediately took steps to defend our property, but the invaders did not wait to be told to go. Doors and windows were left wide open, which gave evidence of a hasty flight.

Too sleepy to see what damage had been done, the girls awoke a few hours later to find that part of them were without shoes, some without a dress, and some without coats or hats. They took it all good naturedly and said it was half the party.

\* \* \* \*

Y. W. BANQUET

One of the prettiest events of the Y. W. C. A. year is the annual banquet. The beauty of a great love for our common Savior and the sweetness of girlhood love are the dominating features. This year the banquet was held in the basement of the U. B. church and not one who was there will forget how beautiful the room looked. The round tables, each with a beautiful basket of roses and beautiful candle shades, united a circle of girls for a very pleasant evening.

After the splendid banquet, Eva Kerr, a very capable toastmistress, introduced the four toasts:

- “Aur lives are songs; God writes the words  
And we set them to music at pleasure. —Grace Getty.
- And the song grows glad, or sweet, or sad,  
As we choose to fashion the measure. —Lena Myers.
- We must write the music, whatever the song,  
Whatever its rhyme or metre. —Blanche Harritt.
- And if it is sad we can make it glad,  
Or if sweet we can make it sweeter. —Mrs. Morgan.

We are still thinking of the beautiful thoughts that were given us. And we love Mrs. Morgan still more dearly, and are so glad she is one of the girls.

We'll never miss a Y. W. membership if we can help it, will we girls?

\* \* \* \*

SENIOR RECOGNITION DAY

The Senior Recognition Day of York College was observed on Thursday, March 18th at 11 o'clock. The chapel was beautifully decorated in the Senior class colors, purple and white. Much credit is due the Juniors, who planned the program, which was as follows:

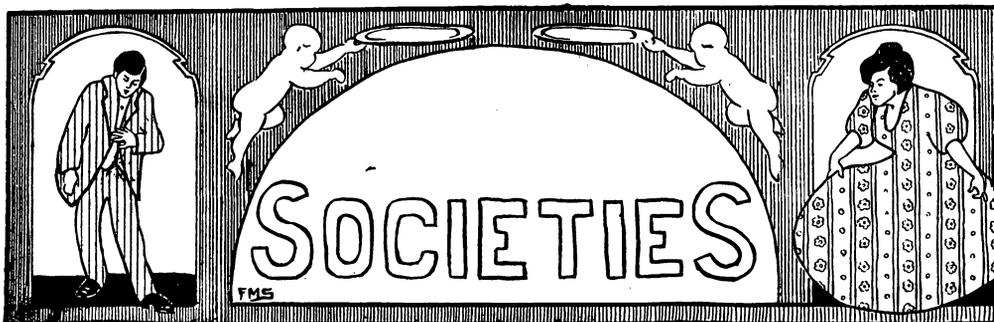
- Processional .....Grace Ullsh
- Invocation Dean C. E. Ashcraft
- To You ..... Speaks
- Since We Parted..... Allitsen
- Margaret Roop
- Recognition.....Lena Myers
- Ballade in A Fla Major. .... Chopin
- Henry Kolling
- Rewards..... Pres. H. U. Roop
- Yesterday and Today. ....Spross
- Lettie Johnson
- Response .....Frank Stowe
- The Monotone..... Cornelius
- The Heart of Her. .... Cadman
- Dean Amadon

All numbers were well rendered and enjoyed by those present.

There were twelve Seniors to be recognized this year. They were Lawrence Coffey, Joyce Cushman, Lee Fletcher, Grace Getty, Merl Hanner, Blanche Harritt, Myrtle Hunt, Alice Kaliff, Ellen Kaliff, Roy Larson, Frank Stowe and Ruth Yust.

Miss Ethel Clark is sponsor of the class.





The Zetalathean Literary Society have been having some very interesting meetings. Their new president, Miss Grace Ulsh, takes great interest in her work. They hope to have all present to the future meetings this year. They have initiated several new members recently, namely, Elva Yaw, Ethel Windfield, Eva Yaw, and Ratchel Gustafson. Their programs have been very interesting. The patriotic program given March 2nd was:

- "Meaning of Americanism" .....
- ..... Ruth Yust
- Reading .....
- ..... Eva Williams
- Possible Presidential Candidates.....
- ..... Mabel Meeker
- Patriotic Pantomime.....
- Ethel Garner, Stella Carroll and Libby Nemic
- Vocal Duet Elva Yaw, Eva Yaw
- Five minutes in the chair.....
- ..... Lucy Davidson

The Irish program for March 16th was:

- Irish Jokes..... Lenore John
- Irish Reading. .... Alice Myers
- Quartette—Florence Cave, Stella Carroll, Ellen Kaliff, Lettie Johnson
- Five minutes in the chair. ....
- ..... Mabel Meeker

\* \* \* \*  
**PALS**

On the evening of February 19th the following program was rendered in the Pal hall:

- Reading .....
- ..... Maude LeFever
- Extempore (Philippine Education)
- ..... Rufino Macagba
- "Wanted: A President" Paul Riggs

- Music..... Lois Yaw, Blanche Harritt
- Pal Journal .....
- ..... Lynn Dankle, Grace King
- Five minutes in the chair. ....
- ..... Grace Getty

March 2nd, 1920—

- Extempore..... Paul Riggs
- Story .....
- ..... Freda Ball
- Pal Journal.....
- Blanche Harritt, John Davidson
- Magic—Rufino Macagba, with wand
- Reading..... Eva Kerr
- Five minutes in the chair.....
- ..... Elwin Conner

The spring program was given on March 16th. The numbers were especially suitable for the season and much unexpected originality was discovered.

- Five minutes of spring torture.....
- ..... Ottis Webb
- Spring Bonnets Marjorie Anderson
- Spring, River and Sea.....
- ..... Henry Kolling
- Life's Springtime Joyce Cushman
- Wee Bits of Spring—
- Spring Spirit Bernice Anderson
- Spring Fever. .... Grace Getty
- Spring Seals..... Ralph LeFever
- The Spring of the Pal Journal.....
- Kathryn Stowe, John Davidson,
- Grace King



**SENIOR-SOPHOMORE PARTY**

A very enjoyable party was held at the beautiful country home of Eva Williams on Saturday night, March 20th. Miss Williams is a member of the Sophomore class and very kindly invited the Senior class and members of her own class to spend the evening at her home.

Automobiles were provided by the Soph boys and it was a merry crowd that left town about 8:30. Mr. Bisset acted as chaperone.

The evening was spent playing games and pulling taffy after which sandwiches, salad, pickles and cocoa were served.

# ATHLETICS



Spring is here once more. If you don't believe this, we advise your doing one of two things. Either you get up early enough in the morning to hear those robins sing or hang around the college building a few minutes after four o'clock every afternoon and just note the new spring styles that have blown into Y. C. in the nature of record-holding track and field athletes.

For instance you would probably see that flock of mile and two-mile runners—every man a record-holder or a promising "comer." Some of the names used by these men in their athletic career are: Walt de Hank, "Buzz-Saw" LeFever, "Lanky" Jawn, "Flash-light" Fletcher, "Raymond the Runner," "Phipps the Swift," "The Running Walkup," and "Con" Conner.

On our half-mile and quarter-mile we will be represented by "Rushing Rube," "Cannon-ball" Clarence and others. Then we must take a look at those dashy dash men who will tear the cinders off the 100-yard and 200-yard sprints, and who will also clear the hurdles. Such prominent names as "Sunbeam Skinney," "Merle the Meek," "Mighty Mac,"

"Bullet" Barbee and "Warren the Simple" will decorate this list.

The field team looks strong with such world famed artists as "Leaping Lou," "Catapult Al," "Cliff the Calm," "Cupid Cot," "Lucky" Lawrence, and "Daring" Dara on the roster.

We are assured by reliable authority that the school is quite certain of securing the services of "Puffing" Paul, "Fussy" Frank and "Limping Lynn," and without a doubt a dozen or more other notables.

Though the weather has been typically March, a promising gang of twelve or fifteen men have been out to practice every night, already having resolved to take the scalp of Doane and others.

Beside the prospect of dual meets with other schools, there will in all probability be a state meet and certainly one of those hair-raising inter-class affairs.

So we have a right to be enthusiastic, and surely with some school spirit behind them and a willingness to cease tempting these men with candy, pie, cake and other forbidden fruit, this team will bring home the bacon.



Don't wonder if your going to have a siege of the flu or something of that sort if you should get to feeling drowsy and lack a lot of pep—it's just a mild attack of the old ailment—spring fever.

\* \* \* \*

Gladys Wythers was called Monday, March 15th, to a position as bookkeeper at Gresham, Nebraska.

\* \* \* \*

Charles Kadleck was called home about the 15th of March on account of the illness of his mother. His home is at Hay Springs, Nebraska. He says he will be back with the same old pep next fall.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Lockwood, who has been absent from school for the last six weeks, is back in school again. Seems good to see her smile once more.

\* \* \* \*

Teacher: "What is the diameter of the earth?"

Pupil: "Ask me no questions and I will tell you no lies."

\* \* \* \*

Miss Hazel Sutton has accepted a position in a bank at Morrill, Nebraska, and left school to take up her work about March 15th.

\* \* \* \*

Ashley and Anna Russell have terminated their school duties for this spring. We hope that they will be among us next fall.

\* \* \* \*

As spring work opens up there is certain to be a decrease in the attendance at school. This fact is already revealing itself to the student body as

many of the students are leaving every week for work here and there.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Gladys Corner was on the sick list for a number of days the middle of March.

\* \* \* \*

We wonder sometimes if the spirit that we manifest from day to day is of the best that there is in us. Have we given a thought of the other fellow, or spoken a kindly word to those who may be passing through a crucial period in their life? Are we living entirely for selfish purposes? Those aims will bring only ultimate shame and dishonor. In this period of world unrest we fully believe that much could be accomplished—indeed we know that it would be so—if each and every one would adopt as a motto the slogan, "Others."

#### Others

Could we know the joy of lifting  
Others' burdens, others' cares,  
And be sure we are not shifting  
Loads on others unawares;  
But in all our strength and power  
Could be working with a vim  
To assure the testing hour  
That our lives will count for Him.  
So the Present waits our action,  
Will we rally to the test?  
Dare we tell to foe and faction  
That we'll do our very best?  
Yes, seems I hear along the way  
These words, "We'll live as brothers,  
For all the Night and all the Day  
Till our lives tell of OTHERS."

—H. A. A.

Mrs. Porter (in English class):  
"Mr. Rathjen, did you name the ad-  
verb 'too'?"

Mr. Rathjen: "No, I named three."

\* \* \* \*

How nice it will seem when one will be able to look out upon the Springtime with the world again at peace, and the hearts of men united once more in the advancement of a civilized, cultured world, after being made richer by the experiences of the past five years.

\* \* \* \*

The Business College program given the 19th of March was pronounced a great success by all who had the privilege of attending it. The program was of a varied nature so that interest was no marred.

Great credit is due Miss Geiger for her faithful work in preparing the program and assisting in the practice. The students took hold of the work splendidly and seemed to enjoy the effort as much as anyone.

We should feel that the report is not complete if we did not mention that Prof. Moore did his work splendidly—in securing some of the needed apparatus of the stage.

The vocal solo by Miss Virginia Schlick was exceptionally well rendered, and the flute solo by Mr. West brought an encore that proved the audience loved real music.

"A wonderful doctor" by an all star cast, furnished the chief mirth of the program (starring Walter Barbee as the "wonderful doctor," and all agreed that the result of his treatment was "wonderful."

After the program all enjoyed a social hour around a punch-bowl.

A copy of the program is furnished herewith.

School Days

- The Old Home Town \_Girls' Chorus
- Piano solo.....Irma Lemons
- Reading .....Hugh Arnold
- Violin solo.....Harley Jensen
- Piano solo.....Gladys Corner
- Reading.....Amy Philips
- Piano solo .....Lou Leymaster
- Violin solo.....Claude Walkup
- Vocal solo.....Virginia Schlick
- Flue selections.....J. Cloyd West

A Remarkable Case Three Girls  
A Wonderful Doctor. All Star Cast

\* \* \* \*

Cecil Romsdal, who has been in the Commercial Department during the winter months, has quit school to take up work on the farm for the summer. He lives seven miles north-west of York.

\* \* \* \*

Friend to Inmate of Asylum: "How did you get in here?"

Asylum Inmate: "You see it's this way; I thought everyone else was crazy, and everyone else thought I was crazy,—but majority ruled."

\* \* \* \*

During March, Edwin Kemper and Arthur Lent quit school to work on the farm. Mr. Kemper lives at St. Edwards, Nebraska, and Mr. Lent at Shelton, Nebraska.

\* \* \* \*

Miss Gladys Corner left Tuesday, March 23rd, for Iowa, to stay with her grandmother. "Jack" Barbee is heard singing, "I'm lonesome, so lonesome for you." Cheer up Jack, Iowa isn't far away.

\* \* \* \*

Dr. Merton O. Arnold and wife of Chicago, visited with Merton's brother, Hugh, and friends over Sunday, March 21st. Dr. Arnold is a graduate of York College, and during the last few years has been completing his medical and surgical work at Chicago University and Northwestern University. He expects to locate here in Nebraska.

\* \* \* \*

We think that Miss Geiger and Miss Pederson might explain about some of the mysterious callers at the Business College on Saturday mornings.

\* \* \* \*

Hubby: "Gee, I feel like I need some exercise."

Wifey: "Well shovel the snow off the walks."

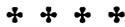
Hubby: "That ain't exercise, that's work."

\* \* \* \*

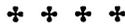
Suggestions on "How to Grow Thin." "

Don't pay the grocery bill next month.

Eat ten times a day.  
 Use your head.  
 Think who will be our next president.  
 Try to dodge the income tax (applied to students only).  
 Ramble 100 miles every day in your Ford.  
 Keep "early" hours.  
 Vote at the primaries in April.  
 Tell when the Peace Treaty will be ratified by Congress.  
 Try to please everybody.  
 Correct your mistakes each day.  
 Define March weather. —H. A. A.



Joy Tucker, who lives near York, is among those who have recently quit school for this year.



Jensen: "I have only kept company with one nice girl in my life?"  
 Who is she?????



Miss Bessie Latzke from Broken Bow, Nebraska, visited her sister Mae Saturday and Sunday.



It has become a well established fact that during the latter days of March that if the students didn't have "nerve" they certainly will have "grit" enough to last them-for the remainder of the year.



The Gold of Life is acquired only after a long period of toil marked with sorrow, joy, service, sacrifice in the rich mines of experience.



Mr. West and Mr. Dolling got into an argument over a certain question and Mr. Dolling was finally heard to remark: "Well, I'm from Missouri, show me!"

Mr. West: "Well, I'm from Elgin—watch me."



Jensen's favorite song: "Give me L. E. and 'Let the Rest of the World Go By'."



The wind blows fearful in Nebraska sometimes, but they say that in Cheyenne, Wyo., it is sometimes

still worse. One day a man in Cheyenne was walking down the street and his hat blew off and lodged against the side of a building and he waited for two hours for it to come down, but the wind held it there so he went and bought another hat. That evening he left town and remained away for over a year when he again returned to this city of Cheyenne. He passed this building again and happened to remember his previous experience. Looking up he saw the hat still in the same place where he had left it. Of course we just heard this story so don't blame us for it. It may be true (? ).

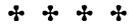
Time may come and time my go;  
 But the DUST blows on FOREVER!



It is up to the Commercial students at least to see that their hands are not soiled in the morning for many times during each Rapids' period Miss Geiger will remark, "Let's see your hands!" Some day when she is thinking in "distant" terms we may hear her say the same sentence only substituting "hold" for "see"—this being Leap Year.



The title of the Pals Literary Society play was appropriate in more ways than one at this particular season of the year, only we might divert from the real meaning a bit and give it a more specific title, "The Dust of Nebraska."



"Life is Joy and Love is Power,  
 Death all fetters doth unbind;  
 Strength and Wisdom only flower  
 When we toil for ALL our kind."

—Janies Russell Lowell.



There's a Reason

"If you travel much in March,  
 And like the windy season,  
 Wear a hat as stiff as starch  
 And watch out—There's a reason.

if you feel like sluffing, sluf,  
 On yourself falls the treason  
 Of it all; it's just a bluff.  
 Don't do it—There's a reason!"

—H. A. A.



## Academy Department



The Senior class are seen wearing new rings and pins with "Y. C. A. 1920" engraved on them. We hate to see this class go out of our department, but are glad that most of them intend to enter the Freshmen class next year.

The Junior class are busy these days preparing for their senior year. We are always anxious for the senior year, yet when it is reached there is a hint of sadness in the parting of congenial classmates. There has been a prediction that this class will make its mark in the world.

The Sophomore class is also busy and looks eagerly forward to their junior year. One of their number, Ralph Sawyer, has been promoted to the junior class this semester.

The Freshmen class is getting quite seasoned by this time and with the addition of new members next year will make a strong sophomore class.

\* \* \* \*

### BURRS

In Psychology class. Freda B.: "I don't understand the definition for affection."

Prof. Noll: "Where, in the introduction?"

F. B.: "No! in the book"

Elva Yaw, writing an examination. Prof. Feemster entered the room and Elva looked up saying, "Good morn-inf." Prof. F. looked at her a bit and then said, "It is good to see you busy."

\* \* \* \*

### A STORY OF THE PLAINS

Over the gray plains of sagebrush and sand, dusk was falling. Work was over for the day. We were all sitting on the veranda of the old ranch house. It was just after the fall roundup and we were sort of relaxing after the strenuous work.

"Uncle Jim" was with us, the circle was never complete without "Uncle Jim" as the boys called him.

"Of what are you thinking Uncle?" spoke up one of the boys, the youngest of the Bar K outfit. "Uncle Jim" puffed softly at his old briar pipe. His eyes began to twinkle.

"I was thinking of the time when there was no law enforced in this wild land, where every man was for himself. But that was years ago when the west was young."

The old man resumed his smoking and seemed to be in deep meditation as he looked far into the deepening twilight. Just a faint outline of the vast plains could be seen, over which the herds of the Bar K roamed at will. Around the western horizon was still a few lingering rays of the sunset. A crescent hung far to the south, shedding its soft beams over the gray plains. The evening star shone brilliantly, the guide and hope of the weary traveler. The stars came out one by one in the velvet carpet of the dusky heavens. All around us was the silence of the western night, unbroken save by the call of the prairie chicken to its mate among the tall grass, or the wierd, sharp bark of the wild coyote in a neighboring canyon. Occasionally a soft breeze would rustle through the grass like the spirits of the departed.

"Tell us a story, Uncle Jim, of adventure and of action," demanded Joe, breaking into the stillness.

"Eh—well—if you promise to keep quiet while I'm talking. Would you like to hear about the time I captured the cattle thieves that had been pestering the Santa Anna herds for some time? Well—well—it was this way. It was the summer of '68. I had just been out here a year. Came with a band of settlers from Indiana. I was working on the Santa Anna ranch over in the San Diego valley."

The old pioneer relighted his pipe before going on with the narrative.

"We had been missing cattle, especially the calves, over on the north range. It was not time for the fall

roundup, so we hadn't branded any of the yearlings yet. The outlaws were reported to have been living in an old cabin at the foot of San Juan Hill.

Don Miguel was the leader of the bandits. He was a Mexican, possessing all the graces of his Spanish ancestry. I had met him once when he was going towards Coronado; he stopped and asked the time of day, and if he were on the trail that led to the city of Coronado. I scarcely knew how to understand him; his face wore a curious expression, half smiling, half defiant; it fascinated me. His eyes were beady black with strange baneful lights in their depths. His jaws seemed ready to snap shut; while at time the black brows were lowered so that they nearly covered his eyes with their curious fires."

"One day in late summer I was riding over in the Sierra Leone canyon; over in a nearby canyon was a herd of cattle. I rode over to the herd to see if any of the missing cattle were among them. It was the Santa Anna herd, but the yearlings carried the outlaws brand, "Trianzle Z" on their flanks."

"They certainly belonged to the Santa Anna, and after having been branded by the cattle thieves, they had wandered back to the herd. They had the outlaw's brand on their flanks; therefore by the law of the range they belonged to Don Miguel and his gang."

"Being a close observer I noticed an opening in the side of the canyon. Also being very curious by nature, I could not help wanting to find out where the opening led to. Having tied the pony to an old pine tree that stood by an old well where once a settler's cabin had stood close by, I ascended the canyon and came to the opening.

"It was overgrown with sagebrush and cactus, and was scarcely large enough for a man to crawl through. It appeared to be an underground cave. Fortunately I had a small flashlight in my pocket, or I would have been greatly handicapped. I entered the cave after having examined my gun sufficiently. I followed what seemed to be some sort of a passage; I had not the least idea of where it would lead to. Suddenly I saw a faint yellow light which I followed as well as I could. At times I could see it; then it would disappear as I wound my way through the narrow passage. Once I thought I heard voices. It proved to be. The light became brighter; I crept onward. The voices became more distinct. I recognized the soft purring accent of Don Miguel and two of his followers.

"I crept up to the door of the cave room and gave the command 'Hands up!' It took them by surprise. They threw their guns on the floor. I quickly tied their hands together with a lariat which I had brought with me."

Uncle Jim chuckled softly to himself in the darkness.

"And then—?" the impulsive Bob spoke up quickly. "Well, I received a reward of course, and was elected sheriff the following year."

"Well, well," said Uncle Jim as he

put his pipe away, "if we are going to fix fence tomorrow it's time we were asleep."

The silver crescent was going down

behind the ocean of waving grass. A soft breeze stirred through the clinging ivy that grew over the gray walls of the old house. Uncle Jim stretched himself, looked over the sleeping plains once more, and went into the house.

ELLEN HAYDEN,

Academy '21.



# LOCALS

Springtime with its warm days is fast approaching. March winds are giving away to April showers. Eastertime in all its glory and freshness and beauty is with us again. Springtime, Eastertime make us think of Charles Hanson Towne's little poem:

## An Easter Canticle

In every trembling bud and bloom  
That cleaves the earth, a flowery  
sword  
I see Thee come from out the tomb,  
Thou risen Lord.

In every April wind that sings  
Down lanes that make the heart  
rejoice,  
Yea, in the word the wood thrush  
brings,  
I hear Thy voice.

Lo! every tulip is a cup  
To hold thy morning's brimming  
wine;  
Drink, O my soul, the wonder up—  
Is it not thine?

The great Lord God, invisible,  
Hath roused to rapture the green  
grass;  
Through sunlit mead and dew-  
drenched dell,  
I see Him pass.

His old immortal glory wakes  
The rushing streams and emerald  
hills;  
His ancient trumpet softly shakes  
The daffodils.

Thou are not dead! Thou art the  
whole  
Of life that quickens in the sod;  
Green April is Thy very soul,  
Thou great Lord God.

Elsie Hawkins was made happy last week end by a visit from her mother and little sister, Beulah.

Grace McConnell of Lincoln visited with Grace King last Sunday.

Lucy (singing at her work in the kitchen): "My love hath golden-hair"

Faith: "Ha—I wouldn't call that golden."

Lucy: "Aw, I don't know whom you're talkin' about, but if it's who I think it is, I wouldn't either."

Mrs. Francis, whom the old girls at the Con love so dearly, is leaving soon for her home at Merna. Mrs. Francis' kind and motherly care during last year's flu seige, will never be forgotten by the Con girls.

Last week saw the juniors rushing frantically about—they always rush, but especially so this week—but on March 18th, York College saw the explanation for at 11 o'clock they led the seniors into chapel and formerly recognized them.

Anna Johnson has been out of school several days on account of illness.

Miss Fye spent a few days at her home in Aurora.

Dr. Roop led chapel one day this week and gave to us a very good suggestion—Do the day's work in the day.

Lee Fletcher has been out of school with a seige of tonsillitis.

The membership banquet was well attended. Look for further mention of it in this issue.

Merl Harner has just returned from Rochester, where he took his sister Grace for a consultation with the Drs. Mayo.

Prof. Bisset has not been meeting his classes since he has been called to Kansas by the death of a friend.

Several from school attended the Sunday school convention at McCool. All report a fine time with fine people. Some of the delegates were Ruth Yust, Ellen Hayden, Madeline Reynolds and Grace King.

Miss Fye (poking her head in the door of a room where a bunch of girls were rather hilariously assembled): "Girls, don't you know that Dean Ashcraft is downstairs leading

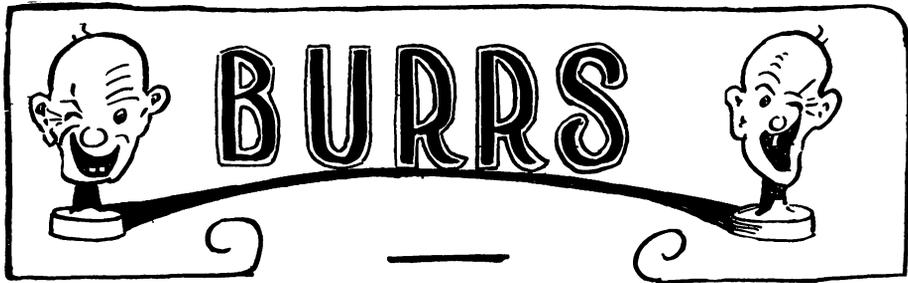
Y. M. tonight? He will probably say something."

A Girl (after Miss Fye's retreat): "Well I should hope he did."

Clara King of Lushton visited her sister last week end.

Warren Bailer received a visit from his brother a few days ago.

The student body this morning listened to Merl Harner's oration on Democracy, and enjoyed it very much. We are very glad to send Merl with his fine oration to Grand Island to the contest.



Tis better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all. — "Ruthless" Robert Steven.

Bob: "Nid, what do you teach at the High school?"

Cox: "Chemistry."

Bob: "Don't believe it—what is HCl?"

Cox: "High cost of living."

Margaret Roop: "I think I shall have my hair "Bobbed."

Madeline: "Dr. Barker expressed my sentiments exactly."

Florence: "Why, I didn't know you and Lewis were engaged."

Lenore: "Do you ever read love stories?"

Margaret: "Oh, yes, —I like to find out how it is done when it is done right."

Prof. Noll (in Psych- class): "How many of you like the smell of carnations?"

Madeline: "I think we'd like carnations better if they weren't always associated with funerals."

Freda (breaking a silence of several moments): "Is it because roses are always associated with weddings that we like them so well?"



THIS SPACE RESERVED

Oh, cold and fierce blows the wind tonight,

From my fireside I think I'll not stir,  
But settle down in a sweet content  
To read the March Sandburr.

The society activities interest me most,  
I think page five is the place,  
I eargerly look—but only to find  
For society notes, "reserved is this space."

Doesn't matter much who entertained whom,  
A sense of humor my interest now stirs,  
In this mood—page eleven will please me the most,

Well "variety," they say, "is the spice  
of life,"  
Perhaps the blank page plays a part,  
Not much wiser am I since I read  
fourteen,  
For "this space is reserved for Art."

Oh, music that thrills and music that  
soothes,  
I feel it is you I must thank  
For making this Sandburr a howling  
success,  
Oh, dear! even this page is a blank.

I'm glad anyway most the pages are  
filled,  
And Sandburr praises I gladly will  
sing,  
My Irish Sandburr lay away with a  
sigh.  
While I hail the next number called  
"Spring."

\* \* \* \* "V" of '23.

**SPRING**

Nature 'wakens with a yawn,  
Birds begin to sing,  
Dandelions on the lawn,  
That's spring.

Father plantin' garden seed  
Whistles—tries to sing,  
Mother cleanin' house with speed,  
That's spring.

Pupils out the window look,  
Want to shout and sing,  
Haven't much use for a book,  
That's spring. "V" of '23.

Soph.: "Did you take chloroform?"  
Fresh.: "No, who teaches it?"

**Three R's**

At 25, Romance.  
At 45, Rent.  
At 65, Rheumatism.

**Spring Fever?**

"Some un sick at yo' house, Miss  
Carter?" inquired Lila. "Ah seed de  
doctah's kyar eroun dar yestiday"  
"It was for my brother, Lola."  
"Sho'! What's he done got de mat-  
ter of 'm?"  
"Nobody seems to know what the

disease is. He can eat an' sleep as  
well as eber, he stays out all day long  
on the veranda in the sun and seems  
as well as anyone, but he can't do any  
work at all."

"He cain't—yo' says he cain't  
work?"

"Not a stroke."

"Law, Miss Carter, dat ain't no dis-  
ease what yo' broth' got. Dat's a  
gif!"

Skinney: "They say a woman  
never forgets a man who has kissed  
her."

Grace King: "Yes, I believe that's  
true."

Skinney: "I wish I could be sure  
that you would always remember  
me."

Mr. Hunt: "What is the difference  
between an old maid, a soldier, and  
a dish rag?"

Letty J.: "Tell us, Mr. Hunt."

Mr. Hunt: "An old maid powders  
her face, and a soldier faces powder."

Miss Fye: "What about the dish-  
rag?"

Mr. Hunt: "Oh, that's for you to  
bite on."

Miss Fye: "Say, folks, have you  
heard the latest yet about the Con?"

Hanson: "Spill it Miss Fye, we will  
catch it."

Miss Fye: "It is not out yet"

Mr. Jensen: "Honest folks, that's  
the truth and I mean it—are you  
folks trying to make a fool out of  
me?"

Grace G.: "We wouldn't be obliged  
to go very far."

**HOW TO KILL OUR SCHOOL  
PAPER**

1. Do not contribute—depend on  
the others doing it.
2. Look up the advertisements  
and trade with the other fellow—be  
a chump.
3. Never hand in articles and be  
sure to criticise every issue—be a  
knocker.
4. If you can't hustle and make  
the paper a success—be a corpse.

Time work wonders. In four years the Freshies may be Seniors.

Prof.: "But why do you want to take all the dead languages?"

Ambitious Fresh.: "Well you see, Prof., I want to be an undertaker."

#### Warning

Freshies, be careful how you use the dictionary; there's smallpox in it.

Visitor: "Do you support your school paper?"

Freshie: "No, it has a staff."

Miss Adams: "Did you filter this?"

Cottrell: "No, I was afraid it couldn't stand the strain."

Sophomore: "I do wish this terrible wind would go down."

Freshie: "It is going down—south."

Grace Getty: "Remember Olive, 'that time and tide wait on no man'."

Olive: "Well, I am neither time nor tied."

Grace G.: "That is just what I have been wanting to know for I have been wondering if you were tied to any one."

Prof. Noll (in physiology class discussing the heart): "I don't see how those old Greek runners could run one hundred and twenty miles and then drop dead. I never could do that."

Lena Myers in Economics: "It would take the word of more than one man to convince me."

Prof. Bisset: "Then I see your finish right now."

#### FOLLIES OF A Y. M. C. A. CONVENTION

On last Friday morning, March 19, Elwin Conner came to school as usual. And as everybody knew expected to go to Fremont on the noon train, which as far as we can find out he did.

But on Sunday when he came back he had a rather funny looking nose

for a preacher. His nose seemed to be rather red and swollen as if he had taken too freely of the forbidden juice, which as we all supposed could be had only by those who wish to break the law.

It is reported that the delegates were served to Punch while there but none of the other delegates had the kind of nose that Conner did, so we must conclude that he tasted of a different kind of punch.

Elwin, we wish that you would explain yourself.

Dean: "There is enough phosphorus in a man's body to make eleven million matches and yet some men can't make one. Is that clear Mr. Hunt?"

Hunt: "Yes, I think it is."

Dean (In Bible class): "What does a watch consist of?"

Conner: "A body and a main spring."

Dean: "We will take up dreams next."

Eva W.: "O good! I'd like to know if some of mine are true."

Marjorie: "Day or night dreams, Eva?"

Eva: "Mine are all the same."

\* \* \* \*

On Tuesday evening, March 23rd, the Pals Literary Society presented in the College chapel before an appreciative audience, a four-act drama entitled "The Dust of the Earth." The play was staged under the able direction of Miss Clarke and Miss Adams, who deserve much credit for its success. Edward Jorden, in the capacity of business manager, proved to be very efficient.

The leading roles were well taken by Dorothy Yaw and Peter Dell. The former played the part of Nell, the motherless girl regarded by her Aunt Susan and her cousin Elizabeth as the "Dust of the Earth," and the latter represented John Ryder, the wealthy young owner of "The Maples" estate, to whose hand Elizabeth aspired. John Davidson appeared in the prominent role, of David Moore,

Nell's sympathetic uncle, and Maud LeFever played well the part of Susan Moore, the unkind aunt. Francel Barr played an important part in the character of Elizabeth Moore, the arrogant and jealous cousin who plotted to win Nell's lover. Lynn Dankle aroused the interest of the audience by his portrayal of the young Rev. Dr. Templeton, who confessed that Elizabeth, rather than his interest in the spiritual welfare of the Moore family, was responsible for his frequent calls. The humorous touches of the play were admirably supplied by Ernest Philson in the part of Jerry, a typical fourteen-year-old boy, and by Myrle Philson, "the village newspaper" whose chief business was to keep all the neighbors informed on the latest topics of interest. Elwin Conner, also brought forth considerable laughter by his portrayal of Old Mose, the negro servant and companion of Wandering Tom. The difficult part of Wandering Tom, the mysterious man who had lost his memory, was taken by Paul Riggs. The most pathetic part of the play is the point where Wandering Tom regains his memory and discovers that he is Nell's father and the real owner of "The Maples." The discovery that Nell was an heiress led to her reconciliation with her aunt and cousin and the happy conclusion of the play.

The members of the cast deserve much credit for their earnest work and for the success with which they handled the various roles.

**PRESIDENT ROOP'S LETTER TO  
THE ALUMNI AND STUDENTS  
IN BEHALF OF THE EN-  
DOWMENT FUND**

York College belongs to you as to no one else. Trustees, presidents and faculty come and go. The alumni are the one and only constant partner of the firm. You hold unusual proprietary rights in the institution. It is natural, therefore, that you should be both the most interested and the most responsible group in determining what the College is to become.

I am writing now to ask you to

join in a big co-operative movement, not only to save the College, but to put it in a position where it can meet adequately the increasingly large demands made upon it also. Perhaps few can give in a way commensurate with their sense of obligation for what the College has done for them. (For the College has put into the alumni \$200, 000 more than it received in tuition and fees and at least another \$200, 000 into those who took a partial course and did not graduate. But may we not hope that every man and woman who has been a York student will want some part in this one supreme effort? It would have a tremendous moral effect if we could go to those who owe nothing directly to the College and who may have little personal interest in it and tell them that the alumni and former students are back of their school to the last individual. This fact in itself would bring thousands of dollars into the fund.

The members of the executive board are doing their share valiantly. They are shouldering personally a large share of the financial burden. Through their own gifts and much hard work they have helped to carry the institution these war years. They are taking off their coats in our new campaign for \$300, 000. Finer devotion in spirit and deed to an institution has never been seen.

It is my faith that this great service of the board will be matched by York's own sons and daughters as they look back with gratitude to what this fostering mother has wrought in their lives, and as they look forward with hope and desire to what their college may do for the countless generations of men and women who will knock at its door through all the years to come.

The psychological value of your help now, at this juncture in our campaign, will be immeasurable. Will you not make your pledge and send it to this office at once? It will be an expression of your interest in our undertaking and a mark of faith in the future of your Alma Mater.

Yours for the Success of York College,  
HERVIN U. ROOP, President.



## THE CHAPERON

Dear Chaperon:

Will you please print some of the most important rules of table etiquette, such as the use of the knife, or spoon.

“Brown Eyes.”

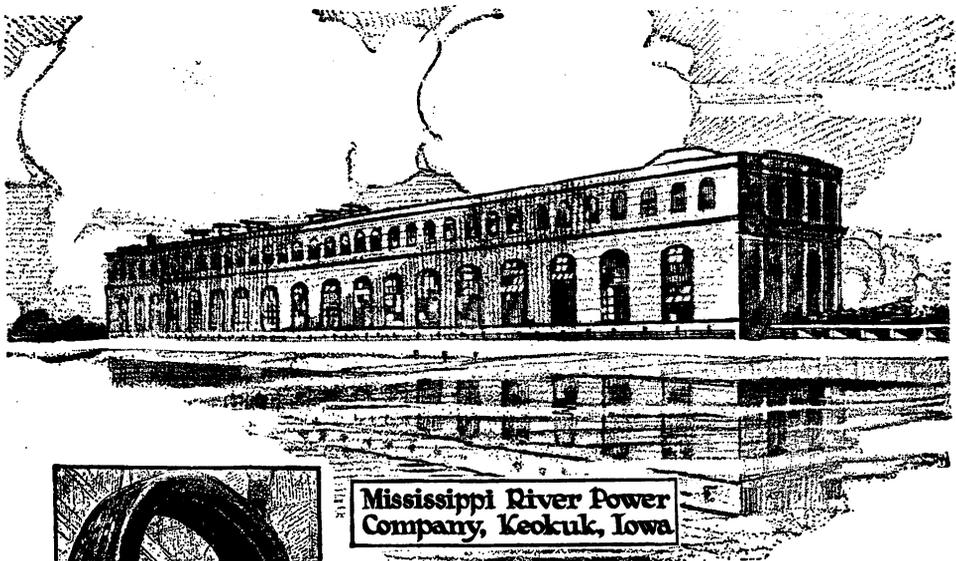
A general rule for the use of knife, fork and spoon, is that all these utensils are to be held gracefully by the handle and not gripped in the fist too far down toward the blade or prongs. All unnecessary clatter with the china is also to be avoided. The knife, of course, is used only for cutting and pushing food on the fork, and not for lifting anything to the mouth. When it is not in use, its proper place is in and on the plate—not half on the cloth. The blade is to rest in the center of the plate and the handle on the edge, and it is to be in this position, with the fork beside it, when a plate is passed for a second helping, and at the conclusion of a meal.

The fork is used to convey all foods to the mouth except those which must be classed as spoon-forks. When it is not actually being used in lifting food to the mouth, it should rest in and on the plate. Of course

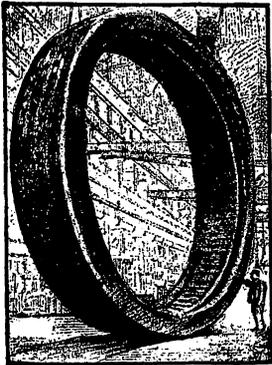
it goes without saying that a dainty eater doesn't overload his fork, nor mash the food in between the prongs for conveyance to the mouth.

The spoon, like the fork, must not be filled too full. When used for soup it must be dipped into the liquid with a motion away from the diner, who is not to scrape the bowl on the edge of the dish to free it from drops. All liquid foods are to be eaten from the side of the spoon, not from the end. With tea, coffee, cocoa and boullion, the spoon is used only for stirring and tasting. After two or three sips have been taken from the side of the spoon, it is to be laid by in the plate or saucer, and the remainder of the liquid drunk from cup or glass. Vegetables are not included among the foods to be eaten with a spoon. They should all be taken with the fork.

It is impossible to give a complete manual of table etiquette in the space allowed for this department in the Sandburr, but if “Brown Eyes” does not find that her questions have all been answered here, the editor would like to refer her to the sixth chapter of Helen Robert's “Cyclopaedia of Social Usage,” which is in the city library.



Mississippi River Power Company, Keokuk, Iowa



A casting for one of the huge water-wheel driven generators installed in the Mississippi River Power Company's plant at Keokuk. This installation will ultimately consist of thirty of these machines, giving a total capacity of 216,000 kilowatts (300,000 horse-power). It is the largest hydro-electric development in the world. The General Electric Company builds generators for water-wheel drive in sizes ranging from 37½ to 32,500 kilowatts and the aggregate capacity of G-E units now in successful operation is in excess of four million horse-power.

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***STUDENTS--***

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