

Mabel M. Fisher

# The Sandburr

VOLUME I, NO. 1

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FROM THE RADIO

## Dean of York College is Sued for Divorce

### MRS. ASHCRAFT CHARGES CRUELTY

York College was plunged into dark clouds of sorrow and mystery, last week when it was announced that Dean Ashcraft's prolonged absence from the class room had been explained and at least some of the sad, sad, truth uncovered.

All those who are acquainted with Dean know him as a man of extreme emotional nature and quite sensitive to anything that might cast doubt upon his character. This undoubtedly explains why he should not care to visit the college while such a regrettable situation maintained in his home, where it is quite authoritatively rumored that Mrs. Ashcraft has instituted divorce proceedings. An occurrence of this kind would be unbelievable had it not been for these well grounded rumors and certain other statements alleged to have come from the Ashcraft children, with reference to the peculiar actions of their father, whom they hesitatingly accuse of mistreatment both of them and of the mother.

That we may not be misunderstood we shall print the substance of these accusations as they come to us.

It is claimed that for more than a year Dean has been practicing "formal discipline" upon the children and has subjected Mrs. Ashcraft to a series of tests to substantiate his theory that self-assertiveness is instinctive with women instead of being an acquired tendency as some would claim.

It is further stated that Dean, under the pretense of studying social psychology, has been visiting regularly at all the dances, either good or bad. Mrs. Ashcraft asserts that all the data he ever brings home is a bad breath and a peculiar tendency to oversleep in the morning.

Now any intelligent person will immediately recognize the utter lack of reason in such acts as these and will agree that it is shameful to allow any such condition to maintain, at least in the home of the college faculty. Our only regret is that the rumors lead us to believe that neither parent will make any attempt to claim the children which will necessitate sending them to an orphanage. Both are promising youngsters with more than average intelligence which can be explained in terms of their association with many of the college students whom the father and mother have been in the habit of hiring to keep the little boy and girl while they are away at social functions.

Of course even rumors some times are ill founded and we hope that Dean is only stying away from school because of a severe attack of pneumonia or something.

### MISS CALLENDER GIVES UP TEACHING

At a recent faculty meeting Miss Edith Callender presented her resignation as Academy Principal. Miss Callender admits that she has become deeply interested in toe dancing and plans to open a studio over the Lets-Go-Inn in the near future. York College regrets the loss of such an efficient instructor but we realize that her new enterprise will be infinitely more beneficial to young people. Miss Bertha Bennet has been elected to fill the vacancy.

Ruth Garwood has been doing the "Daily Dozen" and says she has lost 63½ pounds this past week.

Lynn Dankle has been offered two positions for next year; one as Principal of the High School at Omaha, at a salary of \$10,000; the other as teacher of mathematics at McCool with a salary of \$1000. We understand he is considering McCool.

## The Faculty Votes to Abolish Examinations

Oh boy! Ain't it a grand and glorious feeling when you read them words! And to think our own dear faculty did it! Really, we can hardly believe it. But, oh joy, ain't it great! No more worry this year. No cramming during the last week of school. No burning of the midnight oil for either students or faculty. What a relief! We feel better already, for now there is some hope of making a grade. With exams staring us in the face we had lost all hope. Now can we cry with one accord, "Eureka! Eureka! we are saved!"

### PROF. WOODS ENTERTAINS FRESHMEN

One of the most enjoyable parties of the season was that given by Prof. Woods last Wednesday evening, in honor of the Freshmen class. The party was one that was unique in its arrangement and one that will long be remembered by all present. Upon their arrival, the guests were given toys of various kinds with which to amuse themselves during any lull in the evening's entertainment. The most novel and interesting games were enjoyed by all—Hide the Thimble, Simeon Says Thumbs Up, I Spy, etc. At the close of the evening Prof. and Mrs. Woods served delightful refreshments of milk and animal crackers.

### PROF FEEMSTER SELLS GOAT FARM

Just before going to press we learned that Prof. Feemster had sold his goat farm to Mrs. Snow K. Henderson, head of the expression department of York College. Prof. Feemster announces that, since the recent addition to his family, he finds it impossible to properly care for such a large number of animals, and for this reason finds it necessary to dispose of his goats. Mrs. Henderson expects to make use of them in connection with her courses in the Domestic Art department. We anticipate a large enrollment in this department next year. The goats will also be used by the college to furnish nourishment for the freshmen class.

### PAL ORCHESTRA TO TOUR WORLD

The following notice taken from the New York Sun will be read with great interest by the students of York College.

"Manager Max Whistler of the New York Grand Opera Company announces that he has just made a contract with the Pals Orchestra of York College, York, Nebraska, whereby that orchestra agrees to appear in concerts under his management for a period of one year. Miss Elizabeth Robinson, who leads the orchestra, is a young violinist of exceptional talent, and is being hailed as a second Maude Powell. She is supported by a group of very capable artists. The orchestra will appear in New York for its initial concert and will then go to London, Paris, and other of the large cities."

Lynn Dankle is advertising his school books for sale. He reports that they are in excellent condition, they have been seldom looked at.

Max Van Wagenen, Harvey Wimmer and Harold Prentice are holding daily meetings to study Robert's "Rules of Order." Members of the Pals will be glad to hear this.

Dean Ashcraft has ordered all classrooms, especially Prof. Bisset's, to be locked except during school hours. The window in the South Hall has been ordered boarded up.

## Seniors Fail to Meet Requirements

### NO COMMENCEMENT AT YORK COLLEGE

For the first time in the history of York College there will be no graduation class, no last week of fun and frolic and jolly reunions all because 17 Seniors were too much interested in other things to heed the admonitions of Dean and other members of the faculty including Miss Fye. At first it was considered advisable to keep the matter secret but at a recent meeting of the faculty it was voted that a statement of this lamentable fact with its causes should be read in chapel and printed in the Sandburr as an example to underclassmen. The following is the statement given to us.

Resolved: Whereas the seventeen members of the class of '23 have failed to meet the conditions imposed upon them by tradition in classroom, chapel, and on the campus we, the faculty, do hereby solemnly vow and pledge that no diplomas shall be granted without at least one more year's work under strict supervision. The reasons listed below are the ones which have led us to such drastic and seemingly harsh measures.

First, Miss Dorothy Feaster, in spite of her knowledge of the disapproval of the college authorities of smoking among the students has persisted in having with her almost constantly this year a "Camel."

Miss Mildred Young while not so well acquainted with York College traditions at least should have known that to absolutely neglect all other studies except that of "Law" would make her ineligible to receive a degree, at least in Liberal Arts.

Mr. Warren Baller, formerly a very strong student, has spent this entire year on a course in esnetic dancing. He pleads that his sole purpose was to attain "Grace."

Miss Fae Culbertson from simple lack of ability has been required to start again as a Freshman. We hope that in another four years we may feel justified in granting her diploma.

Mr. Lynn Dankle has been requested to remain next year for some research work along the line of "Sleeping Sickness." His discoveries in that field may be a great aid in American Government classes.

Rowena Steven in spite of several warnings has persisted in unladylike conduct in the lower hall such as powdering her nose in front of the mirror and several other misdemeanors which we shall not mention here.

Walter Henry and Bessie Riggs have been proven guilty of instigating several underclassmen to ditch classes, influencing them by persuasion and example. The faculty consider this a very serious offense.

John Davidson really has met the minimum requirements and could graduate but in a secret conference with Dean yesterday requested that he might have the privilege of being enrolled in the class of '26. He has shown a marked interest in that class all year.

Raymond Newton writes that he is so interested in "hospital research work" that he really doesn't care if he receives his diploma or not. His laboratory is in the Methodist hospital at Omaha.

Earl Thom has met with a bad accident for which we are very sorry but rules are rules and must be obeyed. Earl, it is reported, became so dizzy when circulating decimals for his thesis that he fell and has not as yet sufficiently recovered to finish his work. The doctor's prescribe hard labor for a year at the only chance for his recovery.

Vesta Ludwick's correspondance has been so heavy this year that her studies have been sadly neglected. If

(Continued on page 2)

## A Faculty Member Dismissed Charged with Lack of Intelligence

Upon the recommendation of the Senior class, the Board of Trustees of York College, at a called meeting last Friday evening, officially dismissed Professor Bisset from the ranks of the college faculty. Lack of intelligence was the charge preferred against him.

While some who are unacquainted with the situation may feel inclined to express regret, the Seniors feel that they are justified in their recommendation to the Board. For some months past they have noticed a general decline in mental powers on the part of Professor Bisset, but hesitated to take any action. Finally his deficiency became so apparent and noticeable that it was deemed necessary to take immediate and forceful action. A special session of the Senior class was called and Professor Bisset was given a series of examinations, in which he failed miserably. Thereupon, for the good of all present and future students of York College, the members of the Senior class felt it their duty to instigate proceedings leading to his dismissal. It is indeed unfortunate that a man of such a low plane of intelligence should have been admitted to the faculty, but it is gratifying to know that he was discovered before he had wrought too much injury. Professor Bisset has not disclosed his plans for the future.

## SENIOR CLASS TO HOLD COLLEGE DANCE

To those students of York College whose feet do not belong to the United Brethren church, or to those who besetting sin is a passionate desire to shake a wicked leg, it will be gratifying, to know that no longer need they suppress their almost overpowering tendencies in this direction. The Seniors, having studied psychology and sociology for four years, realize that the dance instinct is a fundamental instinct and one that ought not to be held in check. Years of experiment and experience have proved it to be one of the most cultured and original methods of self-expression for college students. In view of these facts the Senior class, under the sponsorship of Professor Bisset, will give a college dance on the second and fourth Sunday night (the Seniors believe that attendance at Sunday evening church services is demoralizing) of each month. According to present arrangements, these dances are to be given at Stein's Beach, as this place offers the greatest amount of refined environment of any place in the city. A large attendance at these functions is anticipated.

### ALUMNI NOTES

Dara Mohler, '21, is planning to go to Chicago next year to take a Kindergarten course. Mr. Mohler has always had a winning way with the younger set and we feel sure he will succeed in the work he has outlined.

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Word has been received that Bob Stevens, a former member of the class of '23 is making rapid progress in the medical line. Mr. Steven is at present busily engaged in experiments that may lead to a cure for bald headedness. If the cure is perfected, as we feel sure it will be, Bob will not only have made himself famous but also have won the everlasting gratitude of Dean Ashcraft and Prof. Morgan. Bob admits that he started his research along this line hoping by this means to regain favor with Dean who has not yet forgiven him for being habitually late to 7:30 classes.

## Brute Force vs. Culture

### DESCENDANT OF PREHISTORIC APE MEETS GHOST OF CAESER

The sport loving public was handed a real treat the other evening when the "Y" club put on its annual spring indoor carnival. These programs have been gradually falling into more or less disrepute and in the last three years interest has practically faded out.

It should not be hard to understand then why so much concern was manifested among the members of the program committee as they faced the problem of this year's sport spree.

After two or three week's of catch-as-catch-can argument the dear schedule jugglers emerged with the classiest little evening program ever advertised, consisting of a marathoning smoking contest, two wrestling matches, weight lifting, and various hair raising numbers; the whole being brought to a climax with the scheduled 15 round glove go between Prof. Morgan and Prof. Noll.

For the sake of those who failed to gain admittance to these thrilling spectacles we have been asked to give a short review of the different clashes that were billed for the evening, and for the sake of space we have decided to give only the results of the preliminaries, with a more extensive exposition on the final melee. The marathoning smoking contest went to Harve Wimmer by the length of a single cigarette. After fifty minutes of strenuous exertion Paul Goudy succeeded in clinching his claim to the Irish-American wrestling honors of York College, when he won over Max Van Wagenen.

Joe Alden scalped all the other Indians in the Indian Wrestle and today reigns supreme as the big chief. The dope remained right side up when and old alumnus, A. R. Caldwell, emerged with the blue ribbon in the strong man stuff; the referee later declared that Mr. Caldwell had raised the biggest dumb-bell ever seen on the York College campus.

Now then to the big noise.

When the arena was cleared for this event the excitement had reached unbounded proportions.

Scores of admiring eyes followed the bulky form of Noll as he stepped into the ring to face the battery of camera men and await the arrival of Morgan whose appearance was also proclaimed by a volley of cheers from all parts of the building.

As the principals and their seconds took to the corners, the third man for the ring stepped out and turned toward the crowd a face recognized immediately as that of the renowned "Dusty" Miller.

After a few hurried announcements the mug-pushers were called to the center of the ring and made to shake hands. There was apparently no attempt on the part of either gladiator to cover up an unsportsmanlike grudge toward the other. But this only added spice to the already intense situation.

As Morgan took his corner he looked a little pale around the gills but the rosy cheeked Noll gave every indication of being in the pink of condition.

Throwing off their robes both heavies stood waiting for the gong which immediately sent them to the middle of the arena where wicked blows came crashing in like canon shots, only to be harmlessly blocked.

For two rounds the battle was waged on even terms with neither contestant getting through with anything like a telling blow. But the third round saw some change of tactics. With Amoeba-like slyness, Noll circled about the baffled language-vender and suddenly darted in with a wicked right to the head.

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THE SANDBURR

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Life at times becomes rather monotonous and humdrum. Things happen in the same old usual way and with such slight variations that one knows just exactly in what manner they will eventually take place. The editors of this paper realize that life in York College is becoming rather monotonous and they have sought in this paper to counteract the tendency in that direction, and to create such an atmosphere that the reader cannot possibly anticipate coming events.

We believe it was Whittier who said—  
"For of all sad words of tongues or pen,  
The saddest are these: It might have been."  
If one mode of application this statement is undoubtedly true, but in its application to the content material of this paper, it perhaps falls a little short. We would, indeed, hesitate to believe that all the news contained herein was a source of joy, for were it true it would necessarily be otherwise.

However, the thrilling accounts of student and faculty activities which you are so interestedly reading this morning are merely some of the "might have beens." They are mere products of the imagination, and as such should not be considered either authentic or in any manner approaching the truth. For the sake of those whose names appear herein we would say that all the things disclosed in this paper are done so in a spirit of fun and friendliness and are designed to carry with it no intentional "dig." We trust it will be received in the same spirit with which it was given.

BURRS

The Junior class had been entertained at the Ashcraft home and "Collie" had contributed to the amusement. The next Sunday Elaine's Sunday school teacher asked who could tell something about Noah. Elaine's hand went up and she rose bursting with knowledge.

"Way back there in the ages dark, old Man Noah built a sea-going ark. And when they passed Coney Island shore, the lion let out an awful roar.

"What's the matter," said Noah, said the lion 'I'm sore,"

"Why Elaine," gasped the teacher as she looked about helplessly and then announced that Elaine might pass the papers.

Stranger: "I presume you carry a memento of some sort in that locket of yours?"

Mrs. Ashcraft: "Precisely, its a lock of my husband's hair."

Stranger: "But your husband is still alive."

Mrs. Ashcraft: "Yes, but his hair is all gone."

Bertha E.: "Where can I buy powder?"

Floor Walker: "Face, gun or bug, madam?"

A man never knows his real value until he is sued for breach of promise.

The Psychology class was discuss-

At the last faculty meeting, the Library committee brought in a resolution that the following books from the library be burned:

History of Western Europe—Robinson.

Principles of Sociology—Park and Burgess.

Educational Psychology—Judd.

High School Age—King.

Learning Process—Calvin.

Principles of Teaching—Thorndike

And that books similar to the following be substituted for these:

Main Street—Sinclair Lewis.

Tarzan of the Apes—Burroughs.

The Beautiful and Damned—E. Scott Fitzgerald.

Salt—Wm. Norris.

The Sheik—E. M. Hull.

Adventure of Jimmie Dale—Packard.

Ruth Harrison has taken the agency for a new insurance company, which make a specialty of insuring against Hale.

Strange actions on the part of many of the college students have led us to wonder concerning the cause. Those attending the Y. W. Training conference at Lincoln report that Helen Meloy insisted upon going to church in a garage and seemed quite startled when her companions objected. Such actions have been cleared up now, for

sing Dreams and Dean was explaining them.

May Rogers: I have perfectly wild dreams every night. Can you explain it?

Dean: That is due to the company you keep during the rest of the day.

George Jenkins: I come from a good family.

Fae C.: What a long way you've traveled.

For Sale: A Guernsey cow. Gives good quality milk, also rope-pulleys, stoves and refrigerators. See Harvey Wimmer.

Harold Prentice (going at the usual clip): You know, three months ago I was the same as a total idiot; what do you suppose produced this change in me?

May Turner: What change?.

Glen Kamel: I don't think it would be any fun to be alive after all the fools are dead.

Dot Feaster: Don't worry; you won't be.

Dean Ashcraft: I believe I'll exercise my option on that lot across the street.

Mrs. Ashcraft: Charles, I'm not going to have you make a fool of yourself in your old age with some foolish exercise on any lot.

At U. B. church after the anthem (Dean Amadon, choir director).

Speaker from China: My, if we had that choir in China this church would be full.

last week while out for track, Paul Goudy stumbled over a small upheaval in the ground, and forthwith the mystery was solved. A large still was unearthed and a great quantity of liquor discovered. It was later learned that this still was the property of Mr. Maxwell Van Wagenen, a promising young minister, who had been distributing it to various students.

Various rumors have been prevalent around the campus recently to the effect that Coach Miller would not be with us next year. Naturally everyone has been greatly concerned and to substantiate the rumors the Sandburr staff sent a reporter to interview Mr. Miller. Mr. Miller admitted that for some time he had felt that he was engaged in the wrong occupation, but had never been able to muster up enough courage to make the change. After such a successful year of athletics as he experienced last year, however, he feels strong enough to make that decisive move, and he confirms the rumor that he will not be here next year. As has been said, he has long felt that the coaching of athletics was not his perfect calling, and he is now determined to enter the profession which will satisfy his aspirations and give him a field worthy of his capacities. Mr. Miller hasn't decided just what field of activity most answers his needs as yet, but will announce it soon.

SENIORS FAIL TO MEET REQUIREMENTS

(Continued from page 1)  
the law now before the legislature passes, each person will be limited in regard to the number of letters written in one week to one person. We hope, for Vesta's sake, that this law will pass.

Clarence Coffee and Myrivan Canon have set such a good example in regard to the keeping of "Con" rules that Miss Fye pleaded that they be allowed to graduate but they, with several underclassmen, were found guilty of shooting craps during chapel, hence the decision stands.

Veda Ludwick and Paul Riggs have been accused of whispering and generally setting a bad example in chapel. The faculty are resolved that Senior dignity must by all means be preserved in chapel.

Marion Mulvaney has made a wonderful record in one course, that of "Spoonology," but the faculty are agreed that his work in other things has been sadly neglected.

For these very serious reasons we, after many weeks of deliberation and careful thought have reached the conclusion mentioned in the first paragraph.

Signed,  
THE FACULTY.

DODO'S BEAUTY HINTS

Levi Loreman: There is no cure. I am sorry to say. Try to swallow as seldom as possible. It is only while holding the breath that the Adam's apple will not show.

Walter Snedeker: You should have had them straightened when young. Why not give up sea bathing altogether if you are so sensitive?

Mryvan Canon: We agree that is embarrassing to have one's feet appear so far in advance of one's body. We hardly know what to suggest. Amputation would be effective. Binding the feet, as the Chinese do, might help some.

W. F. Eckles, M. D.

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DAVY EXPERIMENTING WITH

GARNETT IN THE ROYAL SOCIETY

The First Electrochemist

NITROUS oxide, according to the science of a century ago, was "the principle of contagion when respired by animals in the minutest quantities." Mere say-so.

Imaginative yet skeptical Humphrey Davy, who believed in experiment rather than in opinion, "respired" it and lived.

It was this restless desire to test beliefs that made him one of the founders of modern science. Electricity was a new force a century ago. Davy used it to decompose potash, soda, and lime into potassium, sodium, and calcium, thus laying the foundations of electrochemistry. With a battery of two thousand plates he produced the first electric arc—harbinger of modern electric illumination and of the electric furnace.

Czar Alexander I and Napoleon met on a raft to sign the Treaty of Tilsit while Davy was revealing

the effects of electricity on matter. "What is Europe?" said Alexander. "We are Europe."

The treaty was at that time an important political event, framed by two selfish monarchs for the sole purpose of furthering their personal interests. Contrast with it the unselfish efforts of Sir Humphrey Davy. His brilliant work has resulted in scores of practical applications of electrolysis in industry and a wealth of chemical knowledge that benefit not himself but the entire world.

In the Research Laboratories of the General Electric Company, for instance, much has been done to improve the electric furnace (a development of Davy's arc) and new compounds have been electrochemically produced, which make it easier to cast high-conductivity copper, to manufacture special tool steels, and to produce carbides for better arc lamps.

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## BRUTE FORCE VS. CULTURE

(Continued from page 1)

He then backed off like a paramecium and prepared for another attack. Morgan slowly recovered his poise and finished the round a loser but nevertheless a dangerous opponent still. The fourth and fifth rounds were even with Noll gradually slowing up but still keeping up a baffling biological attack.

With the opening of the first round "Cicera" worked a pair of wicked lefts right into the vicinity of his opponent's bay window and would undoubtedly have paved the way to a glorious finish had his conceit not ventured up under the unprotected skylight where it was unexpectedly crushed by a thunderous blow from the hammer-like paw of the Noru York giant. When Noll made this delivery he was just on his way to the floor and arrived there simultaneously with the enemy, both having to be carried to their corners.

Round seven began rather slowly but took on a touch of color when the amoeba trainer fired a volley of rights and lefts into the territory which neighbors on his antagonists ungrown mustache. Again the battle seemed almost terminated and "Cicera's admirers groaned as he missed an uppercut intended for Noll's molars and by doing so opened the front gate for a flock of hay-makers which drove him to the carpet for the count of nine, which would have been ten if the bell had not intercepted it. But just then the unexpected happened once more. A man from the crowd pushed his way up to the corner of the wavering one and handed up a book out of which the seconds began to read "Caesar's Methods of Attack." A new light came into the blood-shot eyes of the faltering hero, and determination bolstered up his knees. When he peddled out upon the boards once more he reminded the spectators of Julius Caesar, himself—at least he reminded those who remembered seeing Julius Caesar.

Over in the other corner a different scene took place; while the seconds paint their white hopes face with a coat of "Nuxated Iron," the latter sits eating a slab of mince pie. This being finished he saunters out to end the fray, but the fray exhibits unexpected staying qualities when the smaller fist swinger presented a front which resembled the Grecian phalanx and emitted so much dead language that "Hydra" tho't it was a Roman Legion after an all-night "rough-house." Gallantly they faced each other and bravely did they meet each other's onslaughts. But even the "Methods of Caesar" could not penetrate the coat of "Nuxated Iron." However, what Morgan couldn't do on the outside, the mince pie accomplished inside and finally the mighty Noll capitulated, carrying Morgan to the floor in the wreckage, where in a bear-like embrace, both took the count of ten.

Thus ended the greatest program of entertainment ever witnessed in York and one long to be remembered.

## IF MODERN MAGAZINES WERE MADE FOR MEN

(Social Notes)

One of the prettiest weddings of the season took place yesterday in St. Switchin's church, when handsome Harold Knotthere, only son of Mr. and Mrs. Henry K. Knotthere, became the husband of Mary G. Flunkus. Mr. Knotthere, who is one of the best toddlers among New York's really old families, looked radiant in a dark cutaway, the tails of which were edged with rare old braid that had been in the family for years. A pretty touch of sentiment was the trousers, of some rich striped material, which were said to have been worn by Mr. Knotthere's father and grandfather on their wedding day. The effect was indeed quaint.

The best man, Mr. Arthur Mink, wore a white semistiff pleated bosom shirt and smart light gray striped cashmere trousers cut wide at the knee and cuff, and held in place by deep mauve suspenders. The pretty groomsmen, who included the Messrs Gitt, Muffit, Slempt, and Blissit, wore shirts in the rainbow shades, with spats and ties to match. Their trousers were held up by belts. The groom and his attendants carried bunches of large red hands.

The bride wore the conventional veil.

duster and silver (plated) tray. See Bart Blanc and Gervachia Reamer.

\*\*\*  
Ghost. Will go out by the night waiting on Medium, Experienced rapper, groaner, and chain clanker. Will provide own costume, luminous or misty, as preferred. References from Sir Conan Lodge and Sir Oliver Loyle.—(Call) Albert Mueller.

\*\*\*  
Short story Heroine. Ingenue exterior, with sophisticated works. Face of indefinable charm, queer little three cornered smile, curls, dimples as desired. Bread-and-Butter, white muslin and blue ribbons or vampy Sport Togs, as preferred.—Dorothy Reid.

\*\*\*  
Caveman. Desires situation with wealthy and beautiful young lady. Can coal-heave or pile-drive. Experienced in knocking women down and dragging them round by the hair. Ungroomed, unkempt, and uncommon. Guff-voiced, grimy-faced, with Beaver effects. Object, matrimony—Apply Raymond Bryant.

### Apartments to Let

Den. Furnished by a young woman decorator. Draperies of fish nets and tennis nets, here and there; Morris chairs and a foot rest. Divan, hard high and narrow with burnt leather pillows showing heads of Indian. Penants, now and then; tennis raquets, to and fro; pictures, hither and yon. Suitable for a blind man.—Apply Myron Holm.

\*\*\*  
A Heart. Left vacant by the last tenant, this heart has been thoroughly cleaned and repaired and is now in perfect order. Bright, sunny and warm, it is an ideal dwelling place for a lonely man. Though large and roomy, but one tenant will be taken and he will have exclusive privileges. The right is reserved, however, to sublet during the summer months.—Bertha Hofstead.

### For Exchange

Half dozen fancy silk stockings, for pair of long earrings.—Apply A. Flapper.

Ouija Board for Doctor Coue's Book.—Apply Psyche Ann Alisis.  
Fine collection Hotel Teaspoons, no two alike. What have you?—Apply Traveler.

Last year's Telephone Book for Authoritative Spirit Photograph.—Apply Careful Appraiser.

Friends of Mr. Harold Prentice will be interested in knowing that he has recently purchased the New Empress Theater, which he plans to convert into a vaudeville house. Mr. Prentice announces that the classiest shows on the market have been contracted for. He solicits the patronage of the student body.

Enid Bellows expects to spend the summer in California. "He" lives there.

## Graduation Apparel

Commencement Week is the supreme event in the life of the college man or girl. Culminating, as it does, long years of work and pleasure, of brain and body development and marking the break of ties that are hard to sever, it demands suitable observance by graduates and under classmen. Of course, suitable apparel comes high in the list of requisites. The maximum value in both style and quality will be found here.

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MAN  
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Spring is here. You will be having picnics soon. This is the best place to buy your meats. We handle a full line of luncheon meats, also the very best cheese and pickles money can buy. Phone 440-441—we will see that you are satisfied.

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is unbalanced without business training.

## YOUR BUSINESS TRAINING

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Graduation, Birthday and Anniversary gifts at The Gift Shop are bright, snappy and up-to-date—the new things your friends enjoy. Quality, beauty and attractiveness are always essential when we are buying on the market. The Spring Jewelry and Novelty designs are very appealing; New goods are arriving daily for your inspection.

**F. A. HANNIS, The Gift Shop Jeweler, York, Neb.**

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Potted plants and cut flowers for all occasions

Leave your order for Mother's Day  
**GOULD & NORTHUP**

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Purchase some little gift for Mother this week. She will appreciate an appropriate card or booklet or if you wish to send her something nicer get one of our beautiful framed pictures.

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Make the memory of the last few weeks happier by after-theatre parties at the

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Don't forget to take HER a box of our home-made bon bons tonight.

A special invitation is extended to the students of York College to do business with the

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It costs you no more to identify yourself with a good strong bank than it does with any other.

We are the oldest, largest and strongest bank in this section of Nebraska. We would be pleased to have you become one of our well satisfied customers.



**Essay and Short Story Column**

**A Russian Love Story**

Vladimir Petroff Tunavich had been a widower for over a year. True, his married life had been miserable. But the funeral had cost him his last bundle of rubles. So for thirteen months he had been starving. Often he sat, lost in thought, upon the headstone in the Petrograd cemetery.

If he were to marry Maria Pavlovna Wolodja, now, she would pay for his violin lessons. He gazed somberly up at the ash gray moon and whistled the opening discords of his unwritten masterpiece—the Sour Milk Sonata, from Moscow.

He stopped, to pluck the tangled icicles from his beard. "Ha, ha, ha, that's a hot one," he muttered. Then he groaned. His feet were frozen.

Silently the white wolves gathered behind his shivering form. He did not see them, for he had broken his glasses the day before. Absent-mindedly he fingered a frost-bitten ear—it had broken off this morning, being no longer supported by the spectacles. But he had kept it as a souvenir. If this ear, now were a silver dish, and his thumb a pewter spoon, he could be mixing a vodka cocktail. Mentally he drank.

Clad in his long-desired full-dress suit, he was bowing to an enraptured audience at the Kremlin opera house. To be explicit, he was bowing the trembling strings of his priceless Stradivarinisky. For this moment he had lived, and now—He winked confidently toward the stage box where sat Marie Pavlovna Wolodja in shining satin and diamonds. Then with the sure touch of the master he began his prelude.

A chromatic shower of violets—the motif of the hunters' bugle—the approaching thunderstorm. Quicker and quicker flashed his bow across the tortured strings. Now the ride of the White Hussars across the versts, though the rending barbed wire. The G string even snapped.

The wail of the vanquished—Vladimir woke with a start. But the death scream continued. Suddenly he realized the truth. It was he, Petroff, who was shrieking in mortal agony. He, Tunavich, was being devoured by the implacable white wolves! Already they had eaten all but his head.

One last cry, echoed by the demonic laughter of the frenzied animals. The wolves had choked on Vladimir's gold teeth. Soon they, too, were dead.

And the ash-gray moon shone down on the headstone of Andrea Medvlnora, avenged at last.  
—Stolen.

**AN ESSAY ON BONES**

There are all sorts of bones. There are long bones, short bones, soup bones, collar bones, round bones, crazy bones and jaw bones. Their use is legion. Jaw bones are what we get lock jaw in. We make soup out of soup bones. We partake of the nourishment and then give the bone to the dog if we have one. If we are so unfortunate as not to possess any of the canine species we give the bone with an added blessing to our neighbor's hound, provided that the said hound will accept said bone. Collar bones are what collars are fastened to. Only men possess collar bones. Crazy bones are the type that give us unholy pain when we happen to hit them just right.

The body contains over two hundred of the kind of bones that I have just mentioned. Any Sophomore is capable of telling you that. Professor Noll has a lot of bones—in a glass case, among them is a skull. It is rumored that Prof. Noll was once a head-hunter on one of the South Sea Islands—before Mrs. Noll captured and trained him. This element in his character creeps out quite often, in regard to the cats which have met their death at his hands, and whose carcasses adorn the laboratory occasionally. Think of the agony he will have to endure as the memory of all those murdered cats confronts him during the rest of his life.

There are also "bones of contention" between France and Germany.

Gervachie is a "bone of contention" between Bart and Dara. There are usually a few bones of this type in the form of the men who attend summer school at York College, because of their scarcity. This is all I know about bones.

—A Freshman.

**PLAY PROGRAM INSTITUTED**

"All work and no play makes Jack a dull boy." This is a generally recognized principle but one that is seldom put into actual practice by institutions such as York College. The Athletic Board, although they recognize that brevity is the spice of life, still feel it incumbent upon themselves to prolong the life of the student body by instituting a play program. Accordingly various playground equipment has been installed on the college campus. For those who wish to experience the feeling of an aviator or sailor, slides, giant killers, and ocean waves have been obtained. Swings, both single and double, are there in great numbers, also merry-go-rounds and teeter-totters. Such equipment answers a two-fold purpose. It increases the length of life by providing an adequate play program, and it offers a splendid opportunity for the advancement of cupid's business by offering a means to an end. For those not so athletic, rustic benches have been placed in secluded parts of the campus, where the second phase of this program may be carried on without disturbance.

Professor Noll is raising fancy game chickens and expects to train them for cock fighting.

Considerable interest is being manifested in the next session of the District court since it has been learned that Alice Jenkins is suing Lyle Valentine for \$10,000 heart balm.

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George J: What a fine chiseled mouth you have. It ought to be on the face of a girl.

Ronald: Quite so; I miss few opportunities.

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