

The Sandburr

DEVOTED ESPECIALLY TO THE INTERESTS OF YORK COLLEGE.

OUR STUDENTS ARE URGED TO PATRONIZE OUR ADVERTISERS.

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DECEMBER 16, 1924.

YORK, NEBRASKA.

Football Banquet a Huge Success

Letter Men Honored in Annual Affair Last Tuesday

The York College football banquet was given last Tuesday evening at the conservatory. A large number of students, faculty members, and friends of the college were present at the affair given annually in honor of the football team. Places were set for over one hundred and every seat was filled.

The banquet room had been very appropriately decorated in the holiday colors of red and green. Each table was draped with red and green and shaded and lighted candles were streamers. The lights were dimmed burning on the tables. Crystal holders with red candles tied with green ribbon and set in the center of a holy wreath gave the desired finish to the table decorations. The lights shaded in red and the diffused light of the candles gave a very pretty lighting effect to the room. The place cards were little football shaped folders with printed menu and program. Wade Read, local business man and college booster, acted as toastmaster of the evening. The toast theme was "Panther" which is emblematic of our college "fighting spirit."

The toasts were as follows:
P-lunge..... Pres. Emery
A-ltogether..... Paul Kalmback
N-ever Downed..... Capt. Osborne
T-ear 'em up..... Florene Townsend
H-old 'em..... Capt-elect Burnham
E-verybody on your toes.....

.....Coach Russell
R-eady, Lets Go!.....
Leona Stafford, Mae Goodale
 Miss Stafford gave her part of the program to Gene Bemis. The toast "Ready, Lets Go!" is Mr. Bemis' own song and was adopted by the college as a school song.

Everybody joined in singing first the words then laughing, and last whistling the tune. It was a spirited gathering and all thoroughly enjoyed themselves.

The banquet was in charge of the college athletic board and all credit is due them for the excellent way in which the affair was handled.

A meeting of all football letter-men was called before the banquet for the purpose of electing next year's captain. This honor was given to "Ted" Burnham, the Panther quarterback. Ted was a new man at the school this year but his exceptional ability and likeable character has won him many friends in the school. He is sure to receive the hearty support of the football men and the students as the captain of the 1925 Panther eleven.

The following men were awarded letters for their work on the grid-iron this season: Capt Osborne, Capt-elect Burnham, Young, Green, Van-nice, Ashmore, Morgan, Graham, Peterson, Hale, Smith, Ferguson, Stefner, Best, Cassiano, Mueller and Thompson, Blanc, Umberger, Nichols and Gibbs. Letters were awarded Gard and Whittemore as football managers.

The football season is never complete until the football banquet is over. It is the last tie of remembrance between the football men and their followers of the season just passed. It is a tribute to the football man and a celebration of the season's football victories. We hope we shall have many more successful seasons such as the past. Here is our toast to football: "Football men may come, and football men may go, but football banquets go on forever."

The forum in Rome is said to have been the point of convergence of twenty-four roads during the time of the Roman Empire. These roads and their branches had a total length of 52,904 Roman miles. They learned the art of road building from the Carthaginians.

PAL PROGRAM

Extempus.....Carols by the Society Quartet.....Max Van Wagenen
 Reading.....Ellen Mann
 Pantomime.....Bernice Wilson
 Solo "Star of the East".....
Margaret Marks
 Story of the Wise Men from Ben Hur
Elinor Meyers
 Pal Journal.....Virginia Hackett
Arthur Beattie

ZETA PROGRAM

Extempus.....Christmas Topics
 Christmas In Russia.....Paul Kalmback
 Christmas in Porto Rico.....
Felix Casiano
 Violin Solo.....Ivan Caldwell
 Christmas Story.....Doris Smith
 Christmas Reading.....Lois Rasp
 Zetta Herald, Elaine Winfield, Elizabeth Ferguson
 Christmas Carols.....Myrtha Giaque,
 Mae Goodale, Ardith Calkins, Bell Witters, Marie Jeffers, Reka Blanc.

BASKET BALL SQUAD

A squad of thirty men is hard at work under Coach Russell preparing for the conference schedule. Several non-conference games will be played. Eight letter men have reported for practice. These men with a promising squad of new men will make a strong team.
 The conference schedule will contain games with all the leading conference teams. The college squad will play a heavier schedule than any York team has played during the past few years.

DR. MOORE ADDRESSES Y. W. C. A.

The girls of the Y. W. C. A. met in regular meeting on Monday Dec 8, at 4:15. The meeting was held in the Zeta hall. Dr. Moore, one of the more prominent of the local physicians addressed the association. Dr. Moore's talk was in harmony with the "Charm School" project which is being carried out. The girls who were present greatly enjoyed Dr. Moore's talk and hope he many find time to address the group again in the future.

The meeting was opened by a prelude played by Pearl Shipman. Florence Ashmore led the devotionals. The regular meeting was followed by a business meeting. In this meeting the president stated that the sum of twenty-five dollars had been added to the association's funds. This sum was earned at the booth which the association conducted at the variety fair.

MARRIAGE PENALIZED AT BAYLOR FACILITATED AT WELLESLEY AND SANCTIONED AT UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

If students marry at Baylor College, the couple are forced by a faculty decree to spend a year's honeymoon outside of the college.
 At Wellesley they manage these things differently. The college gives a course in love and marriage. The lovelorn and heart-broken student at Wellesley receives first-aid right on the campus.

The Dean of the school of Arts and Sciences at the University of Texas is of the opinion that the decree forbidding marriage between students while they are still undergraduates is "illegal."—The New Student.

The Marathon Board makes no claim to any skill as plastic surgeons. Nevertheless many a countenance has been pressed and flattened out in an attempt to make it stick to the mounting board. The work of sorting and mounting pictures is well underway. Miss Lillian Bearss photo-editor is in charge. Most of the work was finished and in the hands of the engravers by Dec. 15 thus securing the discount in price of the cuts.

The holier-than-thou attitude may be caused by virtue, but usually it is caused by a poor memory.—Austin American.

Panthers Placed On Mythical Eleven

Several Yorkmen Given All-State Berths

Several York men were given places by the sports scribes, who chose the all-state teams. These teams are picked by the writers on the Omaha and Lincoln dailies. The teams so picked always come in for much criticism at the hands of the fans over the state. Although it may sometimes be questioned whether the mythical elevens are the strongest combinations or not, it is generally admitted that any man must be an outstanding player to receive such recognition.

Gregg McBride of the Lincoln Daily Star placed "Tub" Thompson and "Jug" Young on his "Roll of Honor." He gave honorable mention to Morgan and Osborne. He further states that Thompson was largely responsible for the defensive showing made by the Russell eleven and that Osborne featured the attack of the Panthers through-out the season.

The sports writer of the Omaha Bee gave Thompson and Burnham honorable mention.
 The writer for the World Herald placed Thompson as center on his second team. Peru got the lion's share of awards.

THE JAPANESE SCHOOL BOY'S ENGLISH

The following gem is a Japanese student's paraphrase on Tennyson's poem, "Break, Break, Break."

"Rupture, rupture, rupture, on your stones of low temperatures, colored like ashes, I say sea! I wish to vomit out all thoughts which come up to me. How happy it is for the boy supported by the man who lives by fishing—the piscatory child shrieking with his sister at play! Ah well, the navigator's youth sings in his boat on the inlet. The dignified vessels advance to their paradisaical destination beneath the eminence less than a mountain! How I long for the touch of a dead man's hand—the hand that vanished when I touched it—and the narrow passage of water of a voice that is quiet. Spray, spray, become discontinuous at the lowest point of your cliffs, O Ocean! But the tender grass which grows at the seashore is withered, so the grass never grows at the seashore."

Here are the replies in English of various pupils to questions asked in English:—

- Q. What do you light a cigarette with?
 A. (1) Yes, I like it very much. (2) With hand.
 Q. What is the last letter of the English alphabet?
 A. (1) Yours truly. (2) Your faithfully. (3) Zoological Gardens.
 Q. Why do we use mosquito nets?
 A. (1) To catch a bird. (2) It is used to protect the mosquito.
 Q. What is an alarm-clock?
 A. (1) Arm clock is tied by the arm (2) If you put it at 6:50 to burst, it will be burst.
 Q. Is lead very hard, or is it comparatively soft?
 A. The legs are comparatively soft.
 Q. What metre is Tennyson's "Ulysses" written in?
 A. (1) In diameter. (2) Thermometer. (3) It is written in metaphor.

DUTY IS SKIN-DEEP

A professor at West Virginia Wesleyan College has discovered a new method of cribbing employed by the co-eds. Girls wearing thin flesh-colored stockings had written notes on their ankles. The notes were legible when the fabric was drawn taut.

Latest Automatic Churn.—Farmers are said to be considering the delivery of milk by Fords. Butter ought to be cheap soon.—The Passing Show (London)

BURNHAM, ELECTED CAPTAIN FOR '25

Ted Burnham of Ansley, Nebr. was elected to pilot the squad of '25 at a meeting of the letter men just before the football banquet on last Tuesday evening. The vote was made unanimous after the first count. Every man promised to stand squarely behind their choice in the season of '25.

Burnham, has held down the quarterback position during the season just passed. He has shown himself to be a heady fighting player. His consistent work has won him mention on several all-state teams. He will make a good leader for the team of '25.

Burnham is a graduate of Ansley High school. He played his prep school football in that school and was a teammate of Rhodes, of Cornhusker fame.

AN OPEN LETTER

The Sports Editor found this little gem in his mail of a few days ago. We give it to you in the spirit of the writer—one of pure fun. As you will notice, no name is attached. The post mark could not be read, yet we of the editorial staff are certain that we know the writer well. "Doc" Bell our demon chaperon, is certain the writer was of the vintage of '23. He was a member of the Panther squad for four years. He played a great game at half under Coach Ernie Frank. He was a great battler and a great fighter. We have heard that he is to be married on Christmas Day. Our toast to him is "A great Panther, may he battle forever."

Somewhere,
 December 5, 1924.
 To the Sports Editor of the Sandburr York College, Nebr.

Dear Editor: Now that the season for headgears and cleats has blown over we feel inclined to "take one more look" in the hope that perhaps some new material for our "All of Frame" may be discovered. But nothing seems to have been developed and we submit with this bunk a list of the names of those who seem in our estimation to merit a place on the "All York" team picked from the moleskin chargers for the period which extends over the age from Adam to Dean Ashcraft's latest musical number.

Our team of "Fall Stars" would read thus, as we have indicated below, and we submit our best reasons for the different choices.

- LEFT END—M. F. Mulvaney or "Dot" Teaster—Needed to make up a strong line.
 LEFT TACKLE—Dean Ashcraft—Makes it pretty mean for those who try to "get by."
 LEFT GUARD—The Janitor—He keeps up the steam.
 CENTER—Lloyd Cottrell or Lloyd Nichols—Their ability to pass the buck suggests that they would be able to pass the pigskin accurately.
 RIGHT GUARD—Prof. Morgan—His dead language features his offensive qualities.
 RIGHT TACKLE—Miss Fye—She breaks up many close formations.
 RIGHT END—Prof Noll—His ability to get down under his Ford seems to indicate rare qualities as a fleet man in going down under punts.
 QUARTERBACK—Prof. Feemster—He can solve almost any problem.
 LEFT HALF—"Rube" Gotchall—He was always the last one down.
 RIGHT HALF—Irwin Caldwell or Bart Blanc—They ran pretty low in class.
 FULLBACK—Prof. Bissett—His experience in handling student accounts makes him valuable in charging the line.

We also suggest that Coach Russell get his next year's team from any one of the York lumber yards for they have better material to build with.

Respectively Yours,
 "DOW" NUTS.

They call 'em "bumper crops" when their price bumps the farmer.—Greenville Piedmont.

Sophomore Reception Held Last Week

Second Year Classmen Entertain Faculty and College Classes

On last Thursday evening Dec. 11 the Sophomore class entertained the college classes and faculty in the annual Sophomore reception. The affair was held in the church parlors at the Presbyterian church.

It has been the custom at York for the Sophomore class to entertain in a formal affair. This has been observed for many years. Much credit is due this year's Sophomore class for the manner in which they have observed the custom.

The church parlors were decorated with the class colors, purple and gold. The color scheme was carried out in a canopy of streamers and in the shades. The second year classmen displayed no small amount of ingenuity in the use of their class colors.

During the evening a program of pleasing numbers was given. A committee chosen from the class acted as hosts and received their guests at the doors. Over a hundred were entertained during the evening.

A dainty luncheon of ice cream, cake, punch and mints was served.

The following program was given:
 Overture.....
U. B. Sunday School Orchestra
 Violin Solo.....Ruth Sandall
 Reading.....Miss Lovell
 Poet and Peasant Overture.....Orchestra
 Piano Solo.....Laura Holm

Y. M. C. A. MEETINGS

Paul Kalmback (a Junior in the college department, addressed the Y. M. C. A. in the regular meeting of Dec. 2. His subject was, "Can Any Good Come Out of Russia?"

Mr. Kalmback spoke of Russia and the Russian revolution. He advanced the theory that while education has been driven out of Russia; yet the native intelligence of the people will not be impaired and in the future Russia will take her place as one of the powerful nations.

Mr. Kalmback was born in Russia. Naturally his talk was of real interest to every man.

On the ninth of December Dr. Emerson of Iowa addressed the association. Dr. Emerson is the U. B. superintendent of Iowa.

TAKE NOTICE

To the chronically discouraged.

Directions: Take the following internally and shaking yourself thoroughly after taking.

A little cork fell in the path of a whale,

Who lashed it down with his angry tail;

But in spite of his blows,
 It quickly arose,
 And floated serenely before his nose.

Said the little cork,
 "You may flap, flutter and frown,
 But you never, never can keep me down;

For I am made of the stuff,
 That is buoyant enough,
 To float rather than drown."

Keep this always in mind—and become a corking good college student.

All Through.—A working-man got a job at a coal-mine siding, running wagons down an incline. There was only a sleeper at the bottom to stop the wagons, so the boss told him to be careful and keep the brakes on. On the third day four wagons went down at a terrific speed and jumped over the sleeper into the canal below.

The boss saw all that happened from his office window, and came rushing out with a wrathful face. The man forestalled the remarks of the enraged employer:

"You needn't come grumbling at me," he announced. "I ain't working for you."—Chicago Continent.

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Shortly after the holidays the annual debate try-outs will be held. To date only a dozen have signified their intention of trying for a place on the team. Several times this number should be working on the question. The fact of the matter is: debating is not occupying the important place it should in our college life. Other schools in the state have a far greater number than this in their try-outs.

There are several things that might be an aid. The Literary societies of the college should take more interest in this part of their work. There should be either a debating club or a chapter of the national debating fraternity on the campus. And the committee in charge might aid by scheduling the strong teams of the state and some out-of-state teams.

If it is immoral to needlessly impair the body's vitality then lack of sleep is Colby's most prevalent immorality. Students who ought to be firm-nerved, straight-thinking, and clear-eyed, go through their college course with a perpetual tired feeling, irritable, sluggish-eyed, and languid-brained. They sit torpidly through classes and wonder why the professors are so boresome. They slump dismally into a chair and feed their minds on whatever takes the least mental effort. They wish that something would happen and wonder why they do not have enough "pep" to start anything. Fatigue poison has lost far more athletic contests for Colby than nicotine or alcohol.

A few men seem to be able to operate indefinitely on very little sleep. . . . But the chances are a hundred to one that you are not. You can get along on five or six hours a night for a long time, but the accumulated fatigue will eventually take its toll. Nature always collects her bills.

Colby would be a better place to live in if the nerves of all the men were kept toned and sweet by a generous measure of sleep. Let us pray with "Robert Louis, the Beloved:"

"Give us to go blithely about our business all this day and bring us to our resting bed, weary content and undishonored, and grant us in the end the gift of sleep."—Colby Echo.

THE COLLEGE WOMAN IN BUSINESS

We have noticed within the last year a reaction against the college woman in business. Whatever the cause, the fact is forced upon us from day to day as we talk with business men, that they are unwilling to take the college woman on her record of past experience, but will bring her into their organizations on their estimate of her present worth to them as a "green hand." This means that she will receive a salary equal to that paid a high-school graduate in a similar position, until she demonstrates that she is able to earn more. In some instances we have found a decided aversion to employing the college woman at all. It was within a week that a young woman reported to us an interview she had had with the head of one of the largest advertising concerns in the country, in which he had said that he was "through" with the college woman in business. While his attitude is not general, we feel that it is not without justification, and it is an attitude which must be realized and met by college women. She must recognize that the competition between herself and the high school graduate is much keener than it was during the war and if she is going to pass her younger sister in the race she must show herself willing to run side by side with her over the rough and unlovely part of the road which spells hard work. We are not pessimistic concerning the future of the college woman in business. Ability to work plus a trained mind is bound to come into its own in the business world as in other fields, but we do say that a trained mind minus the willingness to work and work harder than she has ever worked before is not going to carry the college-trained business woman very far along the road marked "Success."—EDITH O. ROBERTSON, in The Smith Alumnae Quarterly.

MAKING CHRISTMAS REAL CELEBRATION

MR. AND MRS. BROWN agreed not to have any Christmas celebration. They would just be sensible, and have a restful holiday without any of the worry of trying to outdo each other and their friends in the exchange of gifts.

Their friends had consented not to give them any presents, and as they had no children, it would be easy to carry out their intention of having just an ordinary holiday.

Christmas morning arrived and Mr. Brown looked at Mrs. Brown through blinking eyes.

"Merry Christmas," he said; "Merry Christmas," echoed his wife.

They were both startled. That was not the way to begin an ordinary holiday. They had begun it just as they had begun every other Christmas.

"But then," Mrs. Brown explained, "it wouldn't be right not to say it, would it, dear?"

Mr. Brown quite agreed with her, and they went down to breakfast.

At Mr. Brown's place were some packages.

"What are these?" he asked, with pretended harshness.

"Oh, dearie," said his wife, "you won't be angry, will you? I just couldn't help giving you something. It wouldn't be Christmas without some surprises. And as we weren't giving any presents, I thought it was a good opportunity to get you some things you have needed a long time."

Mr. Brown tore open the packages, which to his great delight contained a velvet lounging robe, some Russian leather slippers and a box of his favorite cigars.

"You dear!" he cried, and kissed his wife ardently.

Then he drew from his pocket a small box which he handed her. Her eyes sparkled.

"For me?" she exclaimed.

"For you," he said, and added, as she lifted from the box a beautiful necklace of pearls, "I thought since we weren't giving any presents this year, it was a good opportunity to buy you these pearls you have wanted so long."

"You dear," said his wife, and kissed him joyously.

Just then the doorbell rang. A messenger with flowers and candy was at the door. "I thought it wouldn't be Christmas without these," said Mr. Brown.

"And you were right," agreed his wife. "You can't have Christmas without candy and flowers, and presents and surprises, which show how people really love you."—H. Lucius Cook.

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PLAYING SAFE IN CHRISTMAS GIVING

BANKER CHISHOLM refused accommodation to persons who seemed the most successful merchants in town, and to some of the wealthiest citizens. An account over-checked by even a dollar received quick notice. It was as if Banker Chisholm had a finger on the pulse of the town, and whenever a pulse faltered he withdrew. He was not running a hospital.

So he became known as "Stony Face," "Frost," "Bloodless," and the like. Even the many solicitors of charity went to him without expectation.

Each Christmas mysterious turkeys were left at doors whose owners were not expecting to have any. Loads of wood and tons of coal appeared in the same way. Banker Chisholm could have told something about them.

Only one person in town really understood, and that was Andy Searles, an old seatmate at school. Andy was a failure, and indifferent about it, but he was a close-mouthed participant in his friend's secrets.

One day the banker called him into his back room.

"Here is a thousand dollars, Andy," he began, nodding at a roll on the table. "I want you to slip it into your pocket and distribute it where you feel it will make the most Christmas."

"In your name this time, Bill. I don't like what they call you." Banker Chisholm reached for the money.

"Then I won't give anything," he said. "You remember how my predecessor, Mr. Wade, almost ruined himself and the bank by his reckless generosity and accommodation to unsafe borrowers. If I became known as an easy giver, I would be attacked by a horde of friends, and—I'm afraid I'm too soft-hearted to play safe. The only way is to keep up my reputation of 'Stony Face.' It is my salvation. I'm sorry you—"

"Oh, all right," interrupted Andy gruffly. "Give me the money. I'll distribute it where I see need, and want of a Merry Christmas."—Frank Herbert Sweet.

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The cross-word puzzle in most families is, who started it?

RADIO SERVICE SHOP

A Radio, useful gift for the family, we have now in stock six different makes, the best known sets on the market. We sell radios with the service without extra cost. High grade tubes and batteries in stock at all times. Mr. E. A. Busk is our radio service man, at

JOHNSON BROS.

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A young man possessing real Xmas spirit will remember the young lady friend by delivering a Box of Whitman's or Liggett's Delicious Chocolates.

Christmas Gifts for Everyone at FELTON'S DRUG STORE

THE REXALL STORE

Always the Way



This jangling world is out of chime. You see it now, you bet; The things you'd like at Christmas time Are those you never get.

Their Christmas Gift a Wonderful Blessing

"I HAVE been planning for months to give a great Christmas surprise to my sister Grace, way out in Idaho," remarked Aunt Molly to her neighbor, Mrs. Wiggins, as they both sat knitting in the former's comfortable sitting room. "Here is her boy Ralph, whom I brought here three months ago for a visit—the poor lad has been blind for five years, since he was three years old, and I took him to a specialist for an examination. The doctor said that an operation for cataracts could be successful. I am waiting for the morrow almost, breathlessly, for they are to remove the bandages from his eyes to test his sight. And oh, Mrs. Wiggins, let us pray that all will be well!"

God was good to the blind boy and the operation was very successful. When the mother went east to visit her sister there was a great blessing—the happiest Christmas of her life—for her boy could see! There is something more than toys, fineries and other material things to help make a joyful Christmas!—Alec Tupper.

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Shiny Holly

In arranging holly for the table it will repay you to wipe off the leaves of the holly with a cloth dipped in a very little olive oil, says the Ladies' Home Journal. This will give them an especially bright and glossy appearance.

A "Special Delivery" for the Old Postman

OLD BILL, the postman, was nearing home after his day's trudging, trudging in the snow delivering Christmas mail. So many letters for so many people—would there be one for him? He brushed the snow from his mail box and held his breath while he looked. No—there was none; and a great lump came in his throat. Thirty, forty envelopes bearing Christmas cheer he had delivered at a single house, but not one letter greeted him at his own door on Christmas Eve.

He entered the tiny house disconsolate. It was so lonely there since "she" had died—and their only son was far away and had not even written—no, not a single letter.

Bill shuffled into the kitchen and sank into a rocker near the stove. "Not one letter," was his only thought, "and yet I deal in letters."

Just then the doorbell rang, and a "special delivery" was thrust into his hands. With tears of joy he tore it open and read. His son, his only son would be home on the "midnight" train.—H. Lucius Cook.

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Giving of Toys

The origin of the custom of giving toys to children at Christmas has never been authentically traced. It is known that children of the early Egyptians received toys as gifts at stated periods, during which their elders indulged in festivals of good will more than 2,000 years before the coming of Christ.—George Newell Moran.



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"THE MINE WITH THE IRON DOOR"

By Harold Bell Wright

Children 10c
Adults 25c

The Young Lady Across the Way



The young lady across the way says she understands we don't have to make the first payment on the British cabinet until June or July.

(© by McClure Newspaper Syndicate.)

CHRISTMAS TIDE once more prevails! Eager hearts and laughing eyes, bustling crowds and merry voices make glad the universe! Gifts, the fitting bearers of loving thoughts and tender wishes, proclaim the message of Good Cheer! **Does She Wear Pearls?** They make a charming gift. The ladies prefer the beautiful luster so attractive in the Navarre pearls found at Hannis'.

Don't wait until the last Stocking is hung.
F. A. HANNIS, The Gift Shop

COME TO TOYLAND

So generous is the selection and so unusual are the values that a visit to Toyland is necessary to appreciate them. Dainty, artistic designs make up our china and pottery ware. There is nothing lacking in our novelty department.

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**Nothing Else Can Say
 as Much as a Letter**

"NOBODY will buy you," laughed a red poinsettia at a dull-looking pad of paper. "You have been on the counter so long you look positively dog-eared. Besides, you're not Christmasy at all. Why they don't shove you out of sight I can't understand—you don't belong on a Christmas counter."

The red poinsettia flaunted her brilliant petals under the electric lights and felt that everyone was admiring her.

The pad of paper said nothing. There was nothing to say.

Finally there came along a poorly dressed young man. He touched the velvety petals of the poinsettia. "Ma would like that," he murmured; "it would dress up her room real pretty." "Mercy!" breathed the poinsettia in disgust, "I hope I shan't have to be disgraced by being sent to some shabby little place. That would be unbearable."

The young man looked longingly at the red flower. "I could not send it to her very well," he at last decided, "but I can write her a good long letter. She would like that, I guess. Here, I'd like this paper pad, please, miss. It ain't handsome, but my mother will like some of the words I'm going to put on it. Only five cents? Well, well, I can buy her something else. The poinsettia is mighty pretty, but it can't say what my letter will."—Martha Banning Thomas.

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**Old Pa Sauer and the
 Red Christmas Candle**

OLD PA SAUER emerged from his little house, which was more like a hermit's cave, and looked out. There was a crisp odor of frost and frozen things in the air. People hurrying along the snowy sidewalks made a loud crunching noise. Automobiles decorated with little red wreaths and holly flew past, whisking up snow and dirt. Almost every window had its holly wreath. Gay, tinsel Christmas trees and lighted candles shone out from many. Down the narrow street the tall church spire stood out in gray prominence. The chimes were playing "Adeste Fideles."

"Christmas, Christmas—yes, this is Christmas." The feeble old man shut the door again. Inside there was nothing to suggest the Yuletide. There was only the usual dismalness. A large old chest stood in one corner of the room; on the chest were piled a few pans, some dirty clothes and an old gun. Pa Sauer removed all these things carefully, opened the chest and took out a thick, red candle burned down almost to the end. This he lit and placed in the window. Its warm glow shone brightly in his wrinkled old face. "Christmas! And may praise be to God!"—Marion R. Reagan.

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CHRISTMAS WISHES

THE most important question in the world is only important if asked by the right person.

The most important answer in the world is the right answer only if answered by the right person.

But the most important wish in the world is the wish that those you meet, or to whom you send gifts or Christmas cards or Christmas letters, may have a merry Christmas.

And this wish can be wished by anyone to anyone else without losing any of its importance and any of its glowing thrill.—Mary Graham Bonner.

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SPORT SALAD

Thoughts on the Football Banquet Toastmasters come And toastmasters go But Bob Russell,— Goes on forever.

And "Dutch" Smith showed up all the boys.

The announcement that the local business men were planning on presenting the team with sweaters came as a surprise to the men. But after all it is only a continuation of the fine spirit of co-operation which has been shown to the squad throughout the year.

The cleated battler has given way to the basket-tosser. The basket-tosser, who as the poet said "Gets his breath in short pants." A heavy schedule has been arranged and a good team is forecasted.

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We Are Prepared to Supply Your Needs at All Times and Will Appreciate Your Patronage.

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A Good Place to Be Trimmed
College Trade Appreciated
North Side Sq. A. O. Dahlstedt

Explorer says that Eskimos rarely weep. Still, they do have their daily blubber.—New York American.

The dictionary industry isn't the only beneficiary of the cross-word craze. There is the eraser maker.—Detroit News.

One of the issues of Uncle Sam's 20-cent airmail stamps got up into circulation with an error, the airplane pictured flying upside down. Only 100 slipped by the inspectors, and while the real value is absolutely nothing collectors are paying as high as \$700 for them.

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THE SQUARE DEAL GROCERY

Invites the students and faculty of York College to patronize them when in need of Staple and Fancy Groceries, Fruits and Vegetables for class or other social functions.

F. W. SCHROEDER, Prop.
Phones 16 and 17

Graham: "How do you teach a girl to swim?"

Ashmore: "Put your arm around her waist take her hand in yours and—"

Graham: "Hold on, she's my sister."

Ashmore: "In that case—heave her off the dock."

Bart Blanc: (To candy clerk) "Give me one of those asylum bars."

Clerk: "What do you mean by asylum bars?"

B. Blanc: "Those full o' nuts."

Beggar: "Will you give me a dime for a cup of coffee?"

Greene: "Let me see the coffee first."

George Jenkins: "The trouble with you guys is that you don't know how to get along with the Dean. You want to humor him like I do."

The Gang: "Yeh! You don't humor him, you just amuse him."

A small town orator was enlarging on the deeds of the local hero: "He bravely led the attack upon Lorraine. He took Nancy by surprise!"

"The brute," ejaculated an old lady in the rear, and left the hall.

Coach Russell suggests that the conservatory be re-christened "The Beanery." We understand he took his dinner there one day last week.

But one of our fair co-eds insists it should be called "Tea Pot Dome" because it is full of scandal. And she ought to know.

We still insist that if the fairer sex would spend as much time making up their minds as they do in making up their faces that this world would be better off.

Socrates remarked that every man has his price. And this causes Joe Hanna to remark that every woman has her figure.

A married man is a bachelor who weakened.

The Eternal Triangle Again.
The woman runs from the mouse.
The mouse runs from the man.
And the man stutters when the woman comes near.

In Police Court:
Judge: "Ten dollars or thirty days."

Tub T.: "I'll take the ten dollars, yer honor."

Bill Harte: "I'm a student of Otoman literature."

Frosh: "What text?"

B. Harte: "True Confessions' and Snappy Stories."

An Arkansas editor is responsible for this gem, "Miss Marie Homer, a belle of eighteen summers is visiting her twin brother, age thirty-two."

One of our co-eds remarks that Paul Revere wasn't the only one that ever took a midnight ride.

Marg's sore at William,
He's going to get the gate.
For when she stood 'neath the mistletoe,
He walked away—and let her wait.

Dumb: "Would you kiss a girl under the mistletoe?"

Dumber: "No, under the nose."

We know a Freshman who is so dumb that he sincerely believes that "Carmen" is a play featuring garage men.

Vannice: "May I walk home with you?"

Hard Boiled Co-ed: "Sure, if you're afraid."

TOLERANCE URGED IN AMERICAN COLLEGES

By E. Fay Campbell, United States Member on General Committee of World Student Christian Federation.

It is a part of a university's work to enable students to get a fresh and detached point of view on every question under the sun. This is fundamental, and in order to achieve this end there are those who would have students lead a life quite separate from the industrial and business community around them. A leader in British student circles maintain that the student should take no part in the life of the country during his college course. He should discuss and debate on every issue political and economic, but he should reserve his action until he goes down from the university.

The chief strength of this position is that it encourages tolerance, a virtue not as prevalent as one could hope for in our American universities. The average American university student is not being trained to study Bolshevism with a genuine interest, for example. Even in student circles it is enough to call a man a socialist, red, or radical to ruin him. Our British friend would say that a student should eagerly listen to any expounder of new doctrine, hopeful of getting an idea that would help the world. For tolerance is more than keeping hands off the preacher of new doctrines—it implies a willingness to learn from the preacher.

The question to settle here in America is whether we cannot have tolerance and active participation in the life around us at the same time. It is harder, but America has undertaken a more difficult job than any

other country has ever dared to attempt. The United States has popularized higher education. The standards in some of our institutions called colleges are frightfully low. Some colleges have grown by the thousand in a few years and have had to take teachers where they could be found, regardless of training. But after all, men and women can go to college or university in America and work their way through after getting a free high school education in their own towns. Hundreds of young men are working on regular jobs in the larger cities eight hours a day, attending the university in the evenings and getting degrees exactly the same as the man who does nothing but study for four hours. With us it would be nonsense to advocate this extreme detached point of view; it would be better for every country if the idea were to be modified.

Students are citizens. They are as much a part of the country as the young men of the same age who work in the factories. They should accept their responsibility as citizens. Bad tenements in New Haven are of as much concern to students as to other right-minded men of the city. The twenty-one-year-old student should be able to vote as intelligently as the twenty-one-year-old clerk in a store. But the student has the greater responsibility. He must study carefully, with an open mind, so as to be of greater service to his generation. And above all he must be tolerant of every form of doctrine.

DISCOVERED THAT

Annuals are expensive things Always coming in the spring. "A dollar down and two more later" Almost makes me an annual-hater. Have to go have my picture took Just 'cause they want it in that book! Fifty cents must go to Gale, Already my pocketbook's looking frail.

For every print is ten cents splurge, Then money for cuts must go to George.

Costs ten cents mor 'cause I'm in the chorus

I actually believe my pocketbook's porous.

I'm on the Cabinet and Sandburr Staff!

It's getting serious so please don't laugh.

There's W. A. A. and Art and Lit. Believe me, brother, I'm hard hit.

Pay my board? Good night nurse!! All I've got's an empty purse.

But take my annual ten years hence, I'll have forgotten-all the expense.

Then that annual would not be sold, Not for twice it's weight in gold.

God made the country, but man put a mortgage on it.—Buffalo News.

Have You This Habit?

By Margaret Morison

GREGORY'S RELATIVES

WHEN Gregory was growing up, he had two grandmothers to visit. One lived in a great big house in town. Gregory remembered that house stuffed full of the spoils of yearly trips "to the other side." There were cabinets and shelves and tables cluttered with dust-covered objects of art. Some had been shipped by careless housemaids, some broken and glued hastily so that the edges showed black and sticky. No one knew anything about any of them; some were presents of the white elephant variety, and some priceless antiques.

His other grandmother lived in the country. In his school days when things went wrong, he would imagine himself back in the green-shuttered white cottage, where, in the low-ceilinged parlor, a fire on the hearth threw its light over the orderly room, and touched the Chinese chess men and the Eighteenth century cup and saucer and all the other distinct things he remembered, each with its fascinating story. He knew why a certain plate had been riveted, and he liked the pattern of the carefully darned blankets on his bed upstairs, and he knew that the lemon drops would always be in the blue glass jar.

Then Gregory grew up. It was a question in his own mind, as in every one else's, which of two nice girls he was going to marry. Even after his wedding he would ask himself why it had been Mary. Not that there was the least doubt in his mind that it was Mary he wanted. But why? Gradually he satisfied himself with the happiness of his life, and left the question blissfully unanswered.

Then he and Mary went to visit his old flame and her husband. He returned home again with a breath of relief. His host and hostess were happy together—no doubt of that, Gregory was glad to know—but they lived in a turmoil, a hurly-burly of undertakings half begun and never finished, that left Gregory speechless. There were magazines a month old uncut on the table, and piles of unanswered letters on the desk; one dropped one's coat and hat anywhere; everyone was late to everything; Gregory was warned against two weak-legged chairs that had never been mended; the children came to the table, and their manners were atrocious. "Bolshevism" was the way Gregory summed it all up to himself on his first evening home.

Then he looked across at Mary reading on the other side of the table. There was a dignity about her that took him back to his grandmother in her little white house. Suddenly he recognized a quality that went a long way toward answering that unsolved question of his early married years—he recognized the habit of personal and material upkeep.

HAVE YOU THIS HABIT?
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