

THE FALL

CHRISTMAS
& SPIRIT



DECEMBER, 1914

St. Joseph Business University

(GARD'S SCHOOL)

OLDEST

LARGEST

BEST

THE SCHOOL THAT SECURES POSITIONS
NEW TERM BEGINS JANUARY 4th, 1915
CLASSES IN BOTH PITMAN AND GREGG SHORTHAND

E. E. GARD, Principal

Over Gas Office, Eighth and Francis



Better than ever before

AN INDUSTRY OF
ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Artcrafts Engraving Company

Wm. Ellinger

HEADQUARTERS FOR

*sporting
goods....*

416 Edmond St.

St. Joseph, Mo.

**Western Dairy
and Ice Cream Co.**

Wholesale and Retail

**Ice Cream and
Dairy Products**

218-222 S. Fifth St.

Telephone 786

ENGRAVED CHRISTMAS
GREETING CARDS—



L. M. KELLER

STATIONERY ENGRAVER

307 Felix St.

St. Joseph, Mo.

TO THE STUDENTS OF CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL
WE WILL MAKE SPECIAL HOLIDAY RATES ON PHOTOS

MULVANE STUDIO

HIGH SCHOOL FORUM

VOLUME XVI

ST. JOSEPH, MO., DECEMBER, 1914

NUMBER 3



STORIES

Men! Your King and Country Need You!

(In two installments.)

You have often seen on a foggy fall morning a serpentine procession of tiny red ants plodding industriously across your path, seeking out and following the spaces between the bricks of the pavement. When you were a boy you called it an "ant funeral." Again, you have seen a morsel of cake dropped by a passing urchin, directly in the route of advancing antdom. Do you remember how the file broke, spread, and surrounded the alluring crumb? You lost it in the mad melee of jostling insects. It was as if all the ants in Christendom had at a command advanced and submerged the morsel of bread.

Benny Jordan emerged from a dingy shop on Downing Street, flipped his coat about his neck with a shrug of his shoulders, and turned his feet and his gaze homeward. Call the ants, human; the pavement, London; the narrow interstices between the bricks, Downing Street; and a faint conception of the sight Benny saw will be yours. I forgot the tempting morsel. Your curiosity is piqued? So was Bennie's. Skirting the ragged edges of the multitude, he sought an avenue for entrance to its core. Mild mannered Benny pushed old gentlemen aside unceremoniously. Something drew him forward oblivious of those in his path. Standing on tiptoe, his gaze piercing the musky, smoky air, glimpsed the MORSEL. He read:

"Great Britain declares war on Germany."

Overhead there floated slowly outward from the window of a recruiting office, a hastily

constructed banner inscribed with a phrase that drove straight to Bennie's heart and chilled it as though it were tipped with ice.

"Come to your Colors, Men! Your King and Country Need You."

My God! It had happened. The multitude gazed mutely, first at the bulletin, then timidly to the banner above. Oh, war is beautiful, inspiring, some say even sublime, yet the cost exceeds the grasp of man! A few of the stouter hearted shouted, "God save the King." But no wonted burst of sound echoed back—just a ripple like a lost breath, a sigh—rose from the soul of the crowd. Bennie's face was like a marble mask—no, it wasn't steady enough for that—his lips trembled. Chaos was in his brain, ice bound his heart, and fear ravaged his soul. He stumbled blindly out of the crowd and dumbly felt out the path homeward. He paused once. It was where revolvers were offered for sale or rent. But it takes nerve to hold one against a throbbing temple—and then, not everyone who goes to war, dies there. His face brightened as suddenly as a mirror traversed by a vagrant sun beam. What a confounded idiot he had been! He couldn't be compelled to fight! England was not like Germany! And there he breathed an unconscious prayer of thanksgiving—that he was English! One wonders if it was a selfish prayer.

He slept soundly that night.

The shrill six o'clock scream of work's call had always been Bennie's alarm clock, for he

had a position—not a mere “job.” His day began at eight. The sun was making gold embroidery of the simple curtains in Bennie’s room long before his untroubled sleep was interrupted because work had also overslept and forgotten to wail at six that morning. Work’s servants were going to fight for her existence. She granted them leave of absence—oh, so willingly!

The wedge of gold crept gradually over the edge of the coverlets, tipped the pillow, and gleamed full and blindingly on the sleeper’s eyes. Perhaps it was a mere coincidence, but it terminated the night’s sole unpleasantness—a dream of war, carnage, death and oblivion. He tenderly felt of his eyes. Strange! They were not mangled, not even bleeding. And those stark faces peering at the moon from beneath the tangled sedge! The designer of the green wall paper had incorporated with the pattern, white chrysanthemums flirting from behind emerald leaves. For a second time in twenty-four hours Bennie’s face diffused the brightness of a great relief. It was only a dream; it was barred from his mind as he quickly dressed.

It was the tenth day after the opening of hostilities. A restless bed and a torturing wakefulness had driven Bennie, slightly haggard and drawn, like an apple beginning to dry, out into the early morning. Some agency was devastating his vitality. Something was dissipating his strength. The smooth forehead was marred by a distinct pucker between the brows. He slouched along with the preoccupied air of the dreamer. He was thinking and he thought without interruption until from force of habit he nodded to Clary’s night-watchman.

“The old codger’s sight must be going back on him,” Bennie’s mind suggested, and let the incident drop.

The watchman had for some unfathomable reason been impervious to the greeting. I suppose he hadn’t noticed it. The old man had certain old fashioned ideas in regard to patriotism. Had Bennie been given an inkling of their substance he might have reconsidered the utterance he had made. In fact I believe he might have found an entirely different conclusion.

Subconsciously Bennie’s feet had been led along a path most strange to their tread. Did you ever stroll across the country, deep in thought, and suddenly be brought to the realization that you had wandered much farther than first planned. In fact you didn’t know how

on earth you had unwittingly traveled so far. Yet your path had not been traced for you supernaturally. While the most deeply shrouded in thought, your subconscious self had noticed things, had reasoned, and had indicated the road to be followed. In such a manner had Bennie traveled. His averted gaze had taken count of sundry little arrows painted on the pavement and labeled, “Follow me.” Though he might focus his faculties in the listening for distant cannonading (everyone did that during those days), his eyes sought the arrow, noted its direction, and darted forward, eager for its mate. It was a game that led him past the arsenal, down to the quay, through Cannon Street into the brief sweep of Cheapside. The pucker was fading from his brow, his color heightened, his blood bounded with the excitement of the quest. The arrow ceased to say, “Follow me.” Instead he read, “Your quest is ended.” Mind aroused and cleared by curiosity, he surveyed the scene about him. The monotonous barrenness of the massive buildings was his sole reward, but a surging whirl and a metallic snap lifted his gaze upward. There, clear and uncompromising as a warrant dropped from the hand of a judge was the pleading yet commanding sentence:

“Men! Come to Your Colors. Your King and Country Need You!” You have seen snow crumble and dissolve in water, but never have you seen a man wilt as he did. His limbs yielded as rubber. He grasped a railing and stared at the pavement, at the arrow—“Your quest is ended.”

Duty calls in strange guises. Never had a word of reproach fallen on Bennie’s ears. Not a soul questioned his right to life and happiness while others gambled with them. Yet he felt that he had no such right. He was a usurper. He breathed air that belonged to patriots, not to cowards.

The pavement was darkened by a familiar shadow. Two soft arms encircled his shoulders in a loving grasp. He knew it was she. He couldn’t look. His tongue was bound. He turned his face aside.

“Take this little shamrock, Bennie. Wear it—perhaps it will bring you back to me. Look at me, Bennie—I know it’s hard to go, but I’ve watched for you. You big generous hearted boy. You were going to spare me the sorrow of parting. Oh, Bennie!” She pressed a kiss on his averted cheek.

(To be continued.)

High Stakes

A Story of the Far North.

PART II.

(Synopsis of Preceding Parts: Jack Walters, American, has found his way to Alaska in quest of furs. While sledging from Nome to Le Pere he loses the trail. He is found and rescued by Vivienne Le Pere, daughter of Jean Le Pere, the man he seeks. He obtains a place to stay. The following morning he repays his debt to Vivienne by protecting her from the assaults of three half-breeds. He makes a dangerous enemy in Rene. As he and Vivienne move away he is struck from behind and left unconscious.)

The blaze in the fireplace lit up the bearded face of the huge man before it, and further accentuated the danger in that set jaw and those gleaming eyes. The knarled fingers lifted and relifted the picture before the man's gaze, and each glance at that article seemed to harden still more each line of that rough visage.

It was Jean Le Pere who sat thus; and it was Jean Le Pere whose heart each moment further filled with malice and hatred toward the owner of the picture.

On the farther side of the room the man on the cot slept on in the broken sleep of a wounded and sick man.

The man before the fire had sat thus silent for some time contemplating the picture before him, when he was stirred from his reveries by a moan from the cot. He hurriedly thrust the picture into his pocket and was once more smoking as nonchalantly as ever.

With a terrible effort and an equally terrible torture the eyes of the sick man opened. In a moment his lips moved and in an inarticulate voice he managed to speak.

"For God's sake, some water. I'm burning up!"

The man before the fire arose, and slowly paced from the room in search of his daughter.

Vivienne entered the room, pitcher in hand, and hurried toward the cot. Kneeling, she lifted the man's head in her arms and placed a glass at his lips. With a bad choking he managed to drink a few mouthfuls of the water. Placing his head back on the pillow and seeing that he was as comfortable as possible, the girl left the room.

It was night. The fire in the fireplace had died low; the man on the cot groaned in agony;

the cold wind of an arctic winter howled dismally outside.

Jean Le Pere entered the room and, as was his custom, took his place before the fire. As he leaned over to light his pipe a bit of square cardboard fell from his jacket. He picked the picture up with an oath, and as he did so, a vicious plan of revenge crept into his mind and made him reach eagerly for the rifle above the fireplace.

Lifting it from its place on the wall he once more sank back in his chair. He examined the breach of the gun and finding it loaded, pulled back the hammer.

Vivienne, having found the extra cover she sought, returned to place it over the sick man. She came to the door and stopped, fearful lest the man should be asleep. Glancing through the door she stopped spellbound. Her father, the rifle at his shoulder was taking careful aim at the man on the cot.

With a scream she tried to reach the gun, and succeeded in grabbing it, but not until the smoke and report had died away.

Le Pere arose, put the gun down, and with a smile, left the room, as though highly elated and entirely satisfied with the result.

Dazed, Vivienne stood horrified for a moment, then hurried to the cot. After a cursory examination, she dropped to her knees and breathed a prayer. The bullet had buried itself deep in the wall, not an inch from the wounded man's head.

The following morning Vivienne entered the room and easily shook the man on the cot. He woke with a start and tried to rise, but the dull pain in his shoulder made him fall back. He opened his eyes and, seeing Vivienne, turned to face her the best he could.

"And now where the deuce am I?" he asked.

"In what might be termed the Le Pere hospital."

"What?"

"In what might be called the Le Pere hospital; where I am the nurse."

"You what?"

"I have, by unanimous vote elected myself your nurse."

"My nurse? What do I need with a nurse?"

"A sick man doomed to stay in bed for some time, a bandage covering one shoulder, and

unable to do anything for himself, usually requires the services of a nurse."

"But I am going to get up today."

"Try it," she hinted.

Walters tried to rise, but the pain in his shoulder returned, and he fell back once more trusting himself to fate—and his nurse.

"Vivienne, how did I get here? The last thing I remember is that some confounded half-breed did his best to scratch his initials on my heart with what looked like a bowie knife."

"And he almost succeeded."

"So I've found out. But how did I get here?"

"Well, after you fell I screamed and father, being in the saloon, heard me. He came out and, seeing the state of affairs, scattered the half-breeds in all directions. He then picked you up and carried you here."

After a moment Jack went on.

"Last night I was dozing and I was positive I heard a shot. Was I right?"

"No—that is—"

"What, Vivienne, tell me?"

"No! No!"

Seeing her hesitation, Walters pressed the question harder.

"Tell me, Vivienne. What was it?"

"Well—well, listen. Maybe you can help clear it up. Last night I entered the room and found father covering you with a gun. I did my best to interfere, but he managed to fire. I was frightened to death for awhile, but thank goodness he missed. There is where he shot," she finished, pointing at the lead in the wall.

Walters felt a cold chill creep down his spine as he glanced at the lead.

Vivienne continued: "Do you know why father would wish to take your life?"

"I certainly couldn't say."

"Well, I lay awake the bigger part of last night, but I couldn't figure it out. Oh, I smell something burning. Breakfast is ready soon."

After she had left the room, Walters pondered long over the strange circumstance of the preceding evening, but could arrive at no conclusion whatever. It was beyond his comprehension.

* * *

Days passed thus, and gradually these days grew into weeks. At the end of three weeks, Walters was up and around, experiencing only a slight stiffness in his shoulder and side. He had returned to his quarters above the hall and saloon, but continued every day to visit the Le Pere home, and to have the "nurse" perform her assigned duty.

Strange it is how two people of opposite sexes, thrown continually together, will after a short time become enamored of each other. "L'Amour a des facons etrangeres."

Vivienne and her patient were no exception. Together every day; alone in that great God's country; Walters soon found his heart claiming that of the girl that had nursed him through long days of misery. When the cold winds of the outdoors howled and left the interior of the hut, as he put it, "the gloomiest place outside of Pittsburg," it was Vivienne who cheered him up and helped him to pass those long lonesome hours.

He had learned to love her, but had feared to ask for her hand, for her father once had tried to take his life.

Jack had mused for the last two days on the question, and had determined, despite the consequences, to seek an answer. That day, that afternoon that he had ploughed through snow toward the Le Pere hut, he was hoping for the word that would change his life, and that would give him the greatest of his desires.

He asked.

"No," said Vivienne. "While I love you, Jack, as long as father hates you as he does, I couldn't think of marrying you."

Jack walked away from the hut with a determination to win Vivienne that would overcome all obstacles.

All that night it snowed and the following day, and for some days after, all trails were blotted out, and before long the little village of Le Pere found itself separated and cut off from the rest of the world. No person could get in; nor could anybody leave the village. A storm that held the village at its mercy was slowly starving the people of Le Pere.

At the end of two weeks the people of Le Pere received their ration of food and no more. Help was necessary or the people would soon starve, and no one realized it like their leader, Jean Le Pere.

As Jack walked past the door of the saloon he encountered Le Pere standing in the doorway. Approaching that individual he spoke.

"Le Pere?"

"Well?"

"I want to speak to you."

"Well." He led the way to a table in the rear of the room. Seated, Jack broached the subject immediately.

"Le Pere, you and your people here cannot last long at this rate."

"Well?"

"Well, Le Pere, listen. Last night I asked Vivienne to marry me."

"What!" roared the "gorilla."

"Yes. I asked Vivienne to marry me. She admitted her love for me. I want her, and I want your consent."

"You want my consent?"

"Yes."

"Then, no! Damn you. No!"

"Well, Le Pere, listen—you asked who was willing to try to get to Nome for help. Give me one companion and I'll try—on one condition."

"Well?"

"That I may have Vivienne."

"No! No!"

"Then call it off; but—listen, Le Pere, if I succeed and prove what's in me, does it go?"

The "gorilla" studied a moment, then with a nod said one word.

"Yes."

He beckoned to those in the saloon.

"How many of you yellow streaked half-breeds will volunteer" (here he held out a roll of bills) "to try and break through to Nome with Walters here?"

Five hands were raised.

"I only want one of you. Wait."

He picked a dirty deck of cards and laid them on the table.

"Cut, and high card goes."

One of the men stepped forward and cut the cards—the nine of hearts. The second man cut—six of hearts. The third man cut—Jack of diamonds.

Jack turned to look at the remaining men. They were Henri and his hated enemy, Rere.

Henri walked to the table and cutting the cards showed the king of clubs.

Jack breathed easier, for the ace was the only card higher, and the chances that his enemy would cut an ace were few. But, if he should? It meant his life or Rene's.

As the half-breed reached for cards, all eyes were on him. Every man in that motley gathering knew the hatred existing between those two men—Walters and the half-breed.

The half-breed's slender fingers separated the pack and exposed to the view of all those present the bottom card.

It was the ACE OF SPADES!

(Continued in next issue.)

Lost—A pearl of wisdom from the lips of our beloved Latin instructor. Return to room 24, No questions asked.

E. BURKE—ATTORNEY AT LAW.

(With "Regrets" to George Fitch.)

Edmund Burke was a statesman who existed during the American Revolution and remained upon this earth for quite awhile after said revolt.

Burke was meddler in politics who not only meddled into the politics of his own day and country, and disturbed the peace of his contemporaries, but also meddled with the political conditions of America and thereby disturbed the peace of future generation.

The poor devil, even though he was an orator and statesman, ought to have known that his speech of "Conciliation With America" would be fruitless, for the war broke out even though he exerted himself so strenuously. But he must meddle, being the greatest meddler of all the meddlers. So now he is cursed temporarily and cursorily by many seniors of many high schools, and will be receiving the doubtful blessings for many years to come of future seniors, as it has been the custom, heretofore, of past seniors to bestow upon him.

I repeat, Burke should not have meddled with the American conditions, and he ought not to have given into posterity that great curse, "Conciliation With America," for by so doing he has made the last year of a very great many seniors a very doleful and an exceedingly sad year.

But, alas, he made the one great mistake of his life, and now he is dead.

B. S., D. N.

Come on ye, that's love-sick and cannot cured be,
And I'll give you a remedy that has cured me:

One grain of reason,

Two grains of common sense,

A pound of resolution,

And as much impudence.

THE IDEAL GIFT

Waterman's Ideal
Fountain Pen

"See the new Lever Self Filler"

at

Mannschreck's Book Store

113 North Seventh St. Phone, Main 2310

Miss Sheets' Thanksgiving

(As I think it's going to be.)

On the 24th of November, 1914, Miss Roberta Sheets, of Central High School, St. Joseph, Mo., gave tests to two of her English classes.

The next day she collected themes from three classes. All these papers, about one hundred and fifty, had to be corrected, and as Thanksgiving was the next day, she decided to correct them then.

At seven o'clock, Thanksgiving day, Miss Sheets arose and had her breakfast. It was about eight-thirty before she got started correcting the papers. She corrected the test papers first. First among these was Catherine Martney's. It was neat, well worded, well answered, and an "E" paper. She went from this to Charlie Chase's; this paper also was good, but Charlie made several mistakes and this made his grade "G."

Miss Sheets was beginning to get warmed up by this time; she was working like a Pierce-Arrow engine after it has run for about ten minutes.

She corrected paper after paper, many of which took her only three minutes, but at last she came to one. It was a sight to behold. After a minute and a half of hard labor, she deciphered the name on it and found it to be "Hugh Bell." She got her magnifying glass and, after half an hour's squinting through this, she was able to place a beautiful "F" in red ink on the paper.

After an hour more of steady work she had finished the two sets of test papers.

"Now for the themes," she said to herself.

She picked up three bundles of papers, any one of which was big enough to build half a dozen furnace fires with. These were the themes.

Her brain was still running smoothly, every cog doing its duty. At last she came to a theme in which the little boy of the story recited that touching little piece:

"My turkey, 'tis of thee,
Sweet bird of cranberry,
Of thee I sing.
I love thy neck and wings,
Legs, back and other things"—
etc., etc.

This acted upon her brain as water in the gasoline would on a carburetor. It began to miss fire now and then and finally to stop all together. Fortunately she had a good self-starter.

She began to correct Harold Toub's theme in which the villain was a Mexican named Pedro, and the heroine was a beautiful western cow-girl named Tess.

I quote here part of the climax of this story.

"Tess dug her spurs deep in the sides of her horse and clutched the turkey closer to her!" At this exciting place the words, "My turkey, 'tis of thee," floated through the teacher's brain like a cloud before the sun, causing her to have to stop for a moment. Harold's story goes on: "She knew the cranberries were safe in the saddle bags." O! that awful poem, "Sweet bird of cranberry, Of thee I sing." These words also made her thoughts wonder for a time.

She went on reading, "But Tess's horse was not as swift as Pedro's, and he was steadily gaining on her. This desperate race was too much for the paper around the turkey and it was fast falling off, bringing to her sight the neck." "I love thy neck and wings, legs, back and other things," came like a shot out of a gun through the reader's mind. This was too much for her, so she stopped.

While Miss Sheets was resting her troubled mind, it dawned upon her that there was to be a football game that afternoon and she wanted to go. She glanced at the clock. It was eleven-thirty then. If she hurried she knew that she could get fifteen or twenty papers done before dinner.

Things went along well and she was able to get twenty-one papers corrected before dinner.

Immediately after dinner she started in again, but with less success. Either she had eaten too much dinner or she had struck a bad bunch of papers. It was a quarter of four when she finished and devoutly thanked the Lord that he had let her finish them that soon. She put on her hat and coat and caught the next car for League Park. She arrived just in the last three minutes of the last quarter of the game, but she was in time to see St. Joseph win. Martin forward-passed to Kinnison, Kinnison caught it and made twenty yards and a touch down. Martin kicked goal, making the score seven to nothing, in favor of St. Joseph.

A. N. P., '17.

Hester Murray (coming home from Agathia party)—"Oh! look at that cow."

Bryan Varner—"Cow, nothing; that's a Ford."

"Dat Obercoat and 'Corjun'"

Sandy was the most envied nigger in Gunn's Hill and the cuntry round it. He possessed an overcoat and an accordion, two arributes that raised him far above his neighbors.

Gawge and Moses Smith were the most jealous of all. "Mo" was a dandy, and had his eye on the overcoat. As for Gawge, he possessed the soul of an artist, and his fingers itched for that accordion. So they laid their heads together and planned a scheme by which they might defraud "dat puffed-up yaller nigger" of his rightful property.

On the night of the fish-fry and dance at Gunn's Hill, Gawge accompanied Sandy, the overcoat, and the accordion on the lonely road through the wood. Just as they reached the darkest part, a rustle was heard, then a noise something like this, "Mmmmmmmmm!"

"What dat?" cried startled Sandy.

"Oh, Lawd, sounds like a wild-cat to me," answered Gawge, and took to his heels.

"Gawge, Gawge, don't leave me, Gawge!" cried the encumbered Sandy, who could not make very good time.

"Frow 'way dat ole obercoat, den," answered the wily Gawge.

The overcoat landed in a heap by the side of the road. Just then, "Mmmmmmmmm!!" sounded right behind them, and Gawge increased his speed.

"Gawge, Gawge, ole pard, don't leave me, Gawge," wailed Sandy.

"Frow 'way dat ole 'corjun' den," commanded Gawge, sternly.

Regretfully, Sandy hurled the accordion from him, and the two darkies ran on and didn't stop till they reached Gunn's Hill.

Next day, when Sandy went back to find his belongings, they were gone; and, happening to go into town, he met "Mo" wearing his overcoat and Gawge with his accordion. He was furious; but he bided his time to revenge himself and recover his property.

One cold, dark night, Gawge and "Mo" were walking through the wood on their way to visit their sweethearts, Sallie and Lallie Hopkins. "Mo," of course, wore the overcoat, and Gawge carried the accordion. The conversation happened to turn on "ha'nts."

"Gawge?"

"What, Mo?"

"Dey do say ole Misteh Johnson's ghost walks in dis wood."

"So I heahs, brudder, so I heahs. Dey say he sits on de ole stile wid a gun in 'is hand."

They were very near the old stile now. Suddenly the moon came from behind the clouds, throwing the scene into sharp relief.

"Gawge?"

"What, Mo?"

"Who dat sittin' on de stile?"

"Come on, brudder, dat are Misteh Johnson's ghost!"

As they started to run, the figure on the stile rose and suddenly pointed a gun at them. They needed no bidding this time. Overcoat and accordion both hurled through the air and fell kerplunk into the bushes. As for Gawge and Mo, they didn't stop running till they got to Gunn's Hill.

As Sandy picked up the rumpled overcoat and battered "'corjun" from the side of the road, he chuckled triumphantly:

"Dem no 'count black niggers ain't so turrible smaht, afteh all," he murmured.

An Ideal Freshman Yell.

I want to go home; boo-hoo, bo-ha;

I want to go home to Ma and Pa;

Freshman! Freshman! Rah! Rah! Rah!

"Speak to me," she pleaded, and looked into his deep brown eyes. "Speak to me," she repeated, and she stroked his soft, curly hair. This he could not resist. So he said, "Bow-wow."—Ex.

Oh! You Soph!

Miss Kennedy—"Oscar, what is the shape of a circle."

Oscar Trapp—"Round."

Miss Kennedy—"How do you know it's round?"

Oscar—"All right, it's square, then; I don't want to start any argument."

Stock Reducing Sale

Men's, Women's and Children's House Slippers and Shoes at 20, 30 and 50 per cent Discount

BURKE SHOE CO.

Phone Main 207

614 Felix St.



HIGH SCHOOL FORUM

Published Monthly by the Alpha Nu Pi Literary Society of the St. Joseph High School.

Entered as Second Class Matter, October 9, 1906, at the postoffice in St. Joseph, Missouri, according to Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

STAFF

PHILIP STROP.....Editor-in-Chief
LAWRENCE CRAVENS.....Associate Editor
CLIVE NEWCOMBE.....Business Manager
CLYDE ROBERTS.....Ass't Business Manager
ALEX VAN BRUNT.....Circulation Manager
REX MAUPIN.....Ass't Circulation Manager
CLARENCE KERR.....Exchange Editor

Literary Editors

Hazel Vaughn.....Julia Goetze
Helen Nixon.....Harold Warren
Ralph Ozenberger

Local Editors

Laura Owens.....Laura Henderson

Athletic Editor

Herndon Shull

Joke Editors

Russel Cox.....Reed Payne

Art Editors

Francis McGrath.....David Raffelock
George Black

Departments

Harriet Bell.....Foreign Language
Minnie Sanders.....Domestic Science
Dexter Whittinghill.....Mathematics
John Tilden.....Commercial
Dorothy Farthing.....History

Class Reporters

Bryan Varner.....Senior
Agnes Miller.....Junior
Cora Connett.....Sophomore

TERMS

One Year's Subscription.....\$0.75
Single Copy......10

Advertising Rates Given on Application to Business Manager.

But a day or so remain and then we will be free for a short time from worrying over our studies. We, of course, are glad to hear

that the School Board has decided to give us such a long vacation which will give us plenty of time to forget the pleasant hours spent in our class-room. But students remember the Latin phrase, "Tempus fugit," and you will realize it will not be long before we have to return to our books, but with a determination to make the year 1915 the most successful that Central has ever witnessed. The Forum wishes all its readers a merry, merry Xmas and a happy and successful New Year.

The next issue of the Forum will be Freshman number, and the Forum will greatly appreciate any stories or jokes that deal with the underclassmen.

The Forum urges that every student at Central help support our basket-ball team. The schedule has not been arranged yet, but it is likely that we will have games with Omaha, Lawrence, Topeka, Lincoln, Atchison, Leavenworth and Lathrop, and a few other neighboring towns. The teams are the best in this section of the country and as we have prospects for a winning team, every student should give all the encouragement and support that is possible.

On the evening of December the 17th, "Midsummer's Night Dream" will be presented by the students of Central High School. From all indications the play is to be one of the best that the students have ever given. As the seats are only twenty-five cents it ought to be possible for every student to be present, and those who are not, we are sure will miss a great treat. The following students will represent us:

Dramatis Personae:

Thesus, Duke of Athens.....Herndon Shull
Ageus, father of Hermia.....Ben Putter
Lysander, betrothed to Hermia.....
.....Lawrence Cravens

Demetrius, once suitor to Helena, now in
 love with Hermia.....Clyde Roberts
 Philostrate, master of revels.....Willard Nash
 Quince, a carpenter.....Elroy Fleming
 Bottom, a weaver.....Clive Newcombe
 Flute, a bellows mender.....Adolphus Berger
 Snout, a tinker.....Francis Self
 Snug, a joiner.....Erwin McEwen
 Starveling, a tailor.....Freeman Scott
 Soldiers.....Chas. Chase, Roland Stuebner
 Hippolyta, betrothed to Theseus.....Irene Hagle
 Hermia, betrothed to Lysander..Hazel Vaughn
 Helena, in love with Demetrius..Cora Connatt
 Oberon, king of the fairies.....Janet Weakley
 Titania, queen of fairies.....Wyeth McAllister
 PuckPauline Estes
 PeaseblossomMartha Rhodes
 CobwebBernice Sell
 MothLouise Lacy
 MustardseedRoberta Chambers
 Other Fairies—Dorothy Whiteford, James,
 Nash, Sell.
 Ladies in waiting to Hippolyta—Gertrude
 Meierhoffer, Hester Murray.

"Willie, you're a naughty boy. You can just
 go to bed without any supper."

"Well, mother, what about that medicine
 I've got to take after meals."

"Oh, dear me," said Miss Mueller to her sixth
 hour class. "While I'm trying to have a con-
 versation in German you all are always having
 a good time in English."

Miss Henderson, presiding in Senate, hav-
 ing asked the nominees to stand when their
 names are called:

"Of course you know, Senators," she says,
 looking pleasantly at the Annex representatives,
 "you can't always judge a person by his looks."
 Just at this moment Rex Maupin stood.

But ask Lawrence Cravens what that has to
 do with the price of putty?

A subbie had a piece of gum
 Which was as white as snow;
 Everywhere the subbie went
 The gum was sure to go.

He took the gum to school one day,
 Which was against the rule;
 The teacher took the gum away—
 And chewed it after school.

The Modern Version.

Mother, may I go out to spin?
 Yes, my darling daughter;
 Spend your time in the limousine,
 But don't go near the chauffeur.

I noticed she was pretty,
 I thought she smiled at me;
 And after I had passed her,
 I turned my head to see.

A piece of banana peeling
 My careless heel beguiled,
 I cracked the curbstone with my head,
 And then I know she smiled.

Harriet Bell (in Clio, announcing "The Pi-
 rates of Penzance")—"Your escorts will bring
 you and you can sit in the same seat."

Miss Neely—"I protest! as a chaperone—I
 protest!"

Laura Henderson (presiding over Senate, and
 introducing Rex Maupin to the Annexers):—
 "You can't always judge by appearances."

Teacher (before holidays)—"I hope you will
 all have a pleasant vacation and come back
 knowing more than you do now."

Freshie (attempting politeness)—"The same
 to you."—Ex.

SCHROEDER'S

112-114 SOUTH EIGHTH ST.

We have the best assortment of Christmas
 Cards, Tags, Seals, Ribbons, etc. Come in
 and look around. We will guarantee to
 please you in the book line also.



A. N. P. NOTES.

Dec. 4, 1914—The debate, "Resolved, That the minimum wage law be enacted in state of Missouri for women employees," was discussed by Page and McEwen on the affirmative, and Campbell and Belden on the negative. The debate was awarded to negative; Belden best speech, and McEwen honorable mention. Chase reviewed current events. We have taken George Heaton into the society since the last edition of the Forum went to press. We enjoyed an unusual treat this date for we experienced the pleasure of listening to a discourse upon the advantages of being an employee in the Shredded Wheat Biscuit Co. of Niagara Falls, N. Y., and incidentally we followed Mr. Page in his travels through that magnificent building which we were told has over 1,000 windows. The society is indebted to Mr. Page for this delightful lecture.

We have planned to have a banquet during Christmas holidays. Messrs. Belden and Bell, being hosts, we indulged in the culinary offerings which the above mentioned selected with great taste.



REPORT OF THE D. N.

Nov. 31, 1914—"Resolved, That the Monroe Doctrine should be adopted as a permanent foreign policy by the United States." In this debate Droher and Putter won from the affirmative, Raffelock and Sheffel. Sheffel received honorable mention, and Droher best speech.

Nov. 28, 1914—"Resolved, That the president's term should be six years and not subject to reelection," was won by the negative, Raffelock and Newburger, over Weiner and Sher. Raffelock was awarded honorable mention, and Newburger best speech.

Dec. 4, 1914—"Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished." The negative, Fine and Sher, lost to Toub and Weinsheink. Everyone on the debate, with the exception of Sher, spoke for the first time before the society. Sher's speech was impromptu. Fine was the receiver of best speech, and Weinsheink of honorable mention. The debate was indeed capital.



CICERONIAN NOTES.

Nov. 20, 1914—A debate on the advisability of regulating by law the hours of labor for each trade was discussed by Shull on the affirmative, and Pitts and Journavaz on the negative. The negative won the debate. Journavaz received best speech.

Nov. 27, 1914—On this date the society enjoyed talks from two of our Alumni, Rowland Clark and Harry Mohler, both of whom attend the University of Kansas. A new method of debate is to be tried along political party lines, and we hope to have some spirited campaign speeches in the future.

Dec. 4, 1914—Current Events were given by Deffenbaugh and Gore. Rousing political speeches were given by Toel, Varner, Spratt and Steffens. A party, and, if the weather permits it, a skating party will be given at the home of Elmer Miller, on the St. Joseph and Savannah interurban, New Year's eve. All who were there last year will not soon forget the good time we had that brisk, clear night on the pond.

ARISTOTELION LITERARY NOTES.

On the 23rd day of October the Aristotelion Literary Society was organized, the members of which have the requirements the same as the other standard societies. The officers are: Price Combs, president; Allison Cash, vice-president; Joe Caughlan, secretary; Roland Stuebner, assistant secretary; Van Murchie, treasurer; Leo Shaw, reporter; Ray Finnerty, Price Combs, Senators.

The society began with twenty charter members and several additional members have been added since then.

The following are the programs since October 23rd to December 4th:

The meetings of Oct. 23rd and 30th were devoted entirely to business.

Nov. 6—Debate, "Resolved, That the present jury system should be abolished." The negative side won, best speech going to Roscoe Peterson. This was followed by a comic speech by Caughlan, and Current Events by Combs.

Nov. 20—Debate, "Resolved, That the government should own and control the telegraph companies within the United States." The negative won, Richard Nelson getting best speech. This was followed by an interesting talk by Murchie, Current Events by Cash, and Jokes by Stuebner.

Nov. 27—A short business session was held. No program.

Dec. 4—A debate was in line, the subject of which was "Resolved, That moving pictures are detrimental to the public in general." The affirmative won, Cash getting best speech. This was followed by Jokes by Dan McMullen.

This new society has a membership composed of hustlers and great things are expected of them. So far the society has come up to their expectations and bids fair to become one of the leaders of the High School's literary societies.

WEBSTERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Nov. 20, 1914—A debate, "Resolved, That the Chinese and Japanese emigrants should be prohibited from the United States," was won by the negative. Watkins received best speech.

Nov. 27, 1914—Meeting in room 12. At a business meeting the Websterian challenged the Excelsior to a debate on "Resolved, That Reciprocity between United States and South America would benefit United States." An open discussion on South American trade was held.

Dec. 4, 1914—At this meeting the debate was "Resolved, That only five amendments should

be voted on at any general election," was won by the affirmative. Dallas was awarded best speech. Raffelock related the proceedings of the Senate.

DELPHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Thirty Freshmen B girls have formed the Delphian Literary Society, with Miss Stueckemann as our directress.

At our first meeting the following officers were elected: Jean White, president; Eleanor Whittinghill, vice-president; Mary Hunsaker, secretary; Genevieve Hensley, assistant secretary; Helen Marechal, treasurer; Catherine McDonald and Martha Griffin represent this society in the Senate.

We have had many interesting programs dealing with various subjects. The program committee is now busy planning our holiday programs.

OLYMPIAN SOCIETY.

The Olympian Society has been entertained during the last meetings by interesting programs. At one meeting we had a drill in parliamentary practice, during which many clever motions were brought before the society and discussed. At another meeting the origin and purpose of campfire girls was related. At the next meeting we will have a debate on "Resolved, That the Santa Claus story should be abolished."

AGLAIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Oct. 30, 1914—The Aglaian Society took part in a Hallowe'en party given by the Freshman B Literary Societies.

Nov. 6—At this meeting our program was about "The Bluebird," "Life of Mactierlinck," "A Reading," and "A story of Bluebird" were also given.

(Continued to page 15)

Rohwedder-Freyman Jewelry Co.

Makers of the Pins for the
Aurelian Literary Society
and C. H. S. Junior Class
Pins for this year.

707 FELIX STREET



CLIO NOTES.

Nov. 13—No meeting was held because of a holiday.

Nov. 20—The program given at this meeting was on Robindranath Tagru. Harriett Bell told of his life, and Louise Lacy discussed his works.

Nov. 27—After a short business meeting, Marion Schmitz gave the life of Robert Bridges, Helen Bernard the life of John Galsworthy, and Agnes Neudorff gave Current Events.

Dec. 4—A short business meeting was held.



DIANTHIANS.

The Dianthian meetings on Nov. 20 and 27 were devoted to the study of "The Promised Land," by Mary Antin. Of all the meetings of this year these seemed to be the most popular, for everyone realized that the author is a truly wonderful woman, and was greatly interested in the book which is the story of her life.

On Dec. 4th, the program, led by Doris Kintner was on Current Events, and dealt with certain phases of the present war. Pauline Estes gave a very interesting account of the "Christmas Ship"; Catherine Weber told of "American Hospital Work in the War Zone." "The Life and Death of Lord Roberts" was given by Ruth Spanberg, and the leader discussed the "Poetry of the War," telling of its value and merits. At this meeting we had the pleasure of the company of Norma Prey, a former Dianthian, and a graduate of '13.



AGATHIAN NOTES.

Nov. 20—"English Poetry and Poets" was the subject discussed at this Agathian meeting. Anna Liebst gave an interesting account of the life and poems of John Masefield. The

story of his poem, "The Daffodil's Field," was told by Laura Marie Maxwell. "The Dauber" was read and discussed by Clara Albrecht.

Nov. 27—At this meeting the society enjoyed a Thanksgiving program. Thelma Robertson read President Wilson's Thanksgiving Proclamation. An editorial on Thanksgiving was given by Anna Fairfield. Mary Boyer told a Thanksgiving story.

Dec. 4—At this meeting no program was given, as it was necessary to hold a business meeting in regard to the party to be given that evening.

On the evening of Dec. 4th, the Agathians entertained their friends at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Redfern, Grand View Place. The society colors, gold and black, were prominent in the decorations. The evening was pleasantly spent in games and music, after which dainty refreshments were served. The party was chaperoned by the Misses Sutherland, Carter, Spencer, and Reynold.

ATHENIAN NOTES.

Oct. 30, 1914—A girls' literary society, known as the "Athenian Society," has been organized, consisting of Freshmen A and Sophomore girls. Mrs. Putnam was chosen directress. The following officers were elected: President, Mayme Crum; vice-president, Tina Mehrtens; secretary, Nellie Rogers; treasurer, Marjorie Austry, and Frances Rachambeau and Lillian Cavey were chosen Senators.

Nov. 6—The regular meeting of the society was held in room 6. Much time was given to the business of the hour—adopting constitutions and by-laws. New members were received into the society.

Nov. 20—The society held a musical program in room 41, Friday afternoon, Nov. 20, and was enjoyed very much by those present.

Nov. 27—A short program was rendered. Victorine Gillette and Masie Jacobson were chosen on committee for pins.

Dec. 4—The Athenian Literary Society met in room 41. An interesting program, consisting of Current Events and a reading from James Whitcombe Riley. Purple and gold were the colors chosen for the society.

Things That Never Are:

Sunshine in room eleven.

Fresh air in room eight.

A chemistry student who can answer a question in chemistry class with absolute accuracy.

LOCALS

The Juniors are quite a progressive class. They are planning for a party to be given Dec. 19th, in the gymnasium parlors.

At our first assembly of the new month, the school enjoyed some of the first-class records on our Victrola. Songs were rendered during the intermissions, but were not so enjoyable.

Notice—The Central High School cafeteria will close at 12:45, Friday, the 18th, for a period of two weeks.

Classes in the vicinity of the auditorium are rejoicing over the fact that new music has been bought for the vocal students.

A rumor has been heard floating about the halls that the Seniors are thinking of giving some kind of a stunt. A favor—Don't do anything to discourage it.

The second auditorium meeting was devoted to arousing some school spirit. Laura Henderson read "Wilson's Thanksgiving Proclamation," and then the football boys were called to the platform. Several fluent(?) talks were given by these, but perhaps next time they will be more accustomed to the foot-lights and will not experience such stage fright.

Professor Touton was absent from school for about a week, due to illness.

Those participating in the Christmas play are practicing faithfully every night. Surely no real student will miss this treat. Who can tell, an undiscovered Sarah Bernhardt may be revealed.

The athletes of our institution are working to put out a record-breaking basket-ball team. We should show our colors by turning out to the games when the time comes. So don't let Christmas affect your bank account too "magnitudinously."

It will take more than a pony to do this:
If the B m t
Put some:
If the B.

No meeting was held Monday, but the following Thursday, December 3, James A. Whitmore, of New York, the international secretary of the Y. M. C. A., spoke to us. Mr. Whitmore's talk was by far the most interesting given in assembly this year and was greatly enjoyed by all the pupils, and the teachers as well. Our cheer leader was on duty, and we showed Mr. Whitmore our school spirit by giving several lusty yells.

Absent-minded Teacher—"I can't hear you with your mouth over your hand."

Heard in expression:

Miss S.—"Roxanna, what is pause?"

(Silence reigns supreme.)

Miss S.—"You illustrate beautifully."

If Katherine pikes, is she a piker?

If Leon is "Albus," (reserved for Latin sharks) is George Black?

Is Leota Stout?

Is Harriet (a) Bell(e)?

Is Vida (a) Taylor?

Is Harriet (a) Lock?

Is Marjorie (a) Castle?

Does Philip Strop (razors)?

Who does Lawrence Crave(ns)?

Is Elliot a friend of our friend Jack Spratt?

If you sing major, is Mildred Minor?

In a clothing store—"What smells so around here?"

"Business is rotten!"

Advertisers should be judged by the papers they advertise in.

Why not judge us by this one?

Prompt Delivery Anywhere.

Spengler Pharmacy

Phone Main 829

15th and Charles Sts.

ATHLETICS



Football is over and basket-ball is here at last! The football season ended with the Tarkio game, which was witnessed by a big crowd at League Park. Central had hopes of winning this game, or at least holding down the score. This she did almost throughout the entire game, and had it not been for a couple of flukes by a couple of our men the game would have ended with seven each. But owing to these slips the game was forfeited.

As the Central team lined up against the Tarkio team it seemed that the reports were true about their line averaging 153 pounds and their backs 173. For opposed to our 145-pound team they looked like a college team. But the game proceeded with few comments. Voss won the toss (poetry, eh?) and received while Tarkio defended the west goal. The Central team lined up as follows: Bahr, c.; Newcombe, l.g.; Parry, r.g.; Cravens, r.t.; Sitton, l.t.; Schroeder, r.e.; Spratt, l.e.; Colt, q.b.; Varner, r.h.; Martin, l.h.; Voss, f.b.

After the kick, Varner tried a pass, but it was intercepted by White, who ran 40 yards for a touch down. Tarkio put one more across in the first quarter, after which the fellows braced up and held them for downs 4 to 5 times on 5, 7 and 8 yard lines. Martin kicked out of danger. No more scores were made till the third quarter, when Colt fumbled a punt and Tarkio made another touchdown. Outside of this the game was even with the ball in the center of the field. In the fourth quarter the fellows showed a lot of come-back by getting up a purely offensive game while Tarkio was on the defensive. After three passes the ball was on Tarkio's one yard line and Bill Colt here retrieved himself by not only carrying the ball over for a touch-down, but also by kicking goal. Then the game ended 21 to 7.

This game ended the season during which we won four victories from Cameron, Lathrop, Savannah and Wathena, and lost five games to Highland, Chillicothe Business College, Trenton, Lawrence and Tarkio. This is a fine record

when we consider the rawness of the team. Had we had a team last year we would have made a better showing this season, but as it is, the record is not bad. But we won't make another mistake by dropping the best of all college sports next year, and if the student body stands with the team next year as they did this year we will have a winning team. As Parry, Schroeder, Cravens, Colt, Martin, Varner, Bahr, and Newcombe graduate this year, the next year's team will be built around Voss, Spratt, Sitton, Sellars, Barrows, Kinnison and McGill.

There has been considerable talk for blankets for the players. This should be supported, for all of the little hayseed towns have good blankets and we should certainly think as much of our players, especially when the athletic treasury is by no means empty.

Coach Moyer issued a call for basket-ball men and met a ready response. If one-tenth of the aspirants can play as well as they hope to we will have a fine team.

The Seniors played the Juniors and beat them 19 to 11, while the Sophs put it over the Subs by a score of 25 to 10. The Seniors were represented by Schroeder, Walker, Varner, Rosenthal and Bahr. The Juniors by Clay, Hillyard, Johns, Spratt, Voss, Haber and Myers. The Soph team was composed of Light, Sellars, McEwen, Barrows, Hicks and Polsky. On the Freshman team played Whitby, Welty, Redmond, Borden, Bertram, Bedford, Shooter, Tull, Hotchkiss and Means. We also have Parry, Maupin and Walkers out for jobs. Voss, Sellars, Spratt and Schroeder are left from the old first team, and with additions from the second team of Light, Bahr, Hicks, Varner, Myers, Rosenthal or Clay, we will have a winning team.

Now, come on, boys and girls, boost basket-ball. Every boy should attend every game, and, as some boys prefer to stag it to games, and there are not enough to go around any-

way, you girls should come anyway. It is no disgrace and there will be room for you. The teams will not be picked until after the holidays and until then no outside games will be played. But let's come back from the holidays prepared to boost basket-ball to the sky!

H. S., '16.

"Here's where I loose ground," said a tramp as he stepped into the bathtub.—Ex.

Aglaian Literary Society.

(Continued from page 11)

Nov. 20—The meeting was called in the auditorium where the following program was held: A vocal solo, "Origin of Thanksgiving," piano duet, a Thanksgiving story, quartet, a humorous Thanksgiving story.

Nov. 27—At this meeting we held a miscellaneous program—A humorous story, the story of "Carmen," and Current Events. We also had parliamentary drill.

Foot Ball Team, 1914



Grogg Printing Co.

OFFICE STATIONERY
AND CORRECT
SOCIETY PRINTING

Cards, Programs, Announcements,
Wedding Stationery a Specialty.

39 Ballinger Building
Phone, Main 1800 St. Joseph, Mo.

Christmas Time

See Jerry Wing

613 FELIX

For His or Her Present



SCHOOL NOTES

SENIOR NOTES.

The past month has been a dead one with respect to Senior activities. The usual jokers are attempting to spring moss-backed jokes for the teachers amusement and succeed in not having their reports raised for their wit.

The English classes are through with their esteemed friend, "Burke," and "The Tale of Two Cities" has been a relief. The change was needed and many pupils who heretofore had been pale and seasick are now hale and hearty.

Several of our Senior boys attended the Y. M. C. A. convention held at Cameron and brought back glowing accounts of their trip.

Basket-ball has started and a good number of Seniors are out for the team. We are well represented by Captain Eric Schroeder. The Seniors conquered over the mighty Juniors in the first class game and when the victories over the Sophomores and the Freshmen are tucked away we will be the inter-class champions.

We are in hopes of having a party soon, so pay your dues or you can't come. See the point?
Varner, '15.

JUNIOR NOTES.

A Junior class meeting was held the early part of this month for the purpose of formulating plans for the class party. After a long and varied discussion, it was decided to hold it in the gymnasium the night of December 19th. Only those members of the class who paid their dues before the list went up may come to the party. From the treasurer's report the girls have had more money of late than the boys. The committees for decoration and entertainment are at work to make the party a success.

At the meeting, the class representatives in the Senate were urged to be present at every meeting of that body.

SENATE NOTES.

In the meeting held November 24th, the Senate decided to present the football fellows with blankets instead of the time-worn sweaters. On the committee to attend to this are

Julia Goetze, Beulah Barnes, Janet Weakley, Rex Maupin, Bryan Varner and Bennie Putter. Mr. Strop made the report of the athletic committee and we decided to have a bonfire on the hill after the Tarkio game. There was a discussion on enthusiasm and yells and Miss Ferguson was asked to investigate conditions in assembly meetings.

On November 8th the revised constitution was adopted with some alterations. The committee to suggest things that should be brought up in the Senate was elected at this meeting to serve the rest of this term and next.

FRESHMEN NOTES.

The Freshmen have shown a great deal of school spirit. At the football games the Freshmen showed their spirit not only by the attendance, but by their cheering. This Freshmen class does not show a spirit of competition toward the upper class men, but a spirit of unity. Many Freshmen are out for basket-ball.

At the Annex auditorium meeting we have had many good speakers who have given us some very interesting addresses.

Teacher—"Willie, if you were on a crowded street car when a big fat woman got on, what would you do?"

Willie—"Pretend I was asleep."

Miss Summy—"Describe Henry VIII."

Pupil—"He was what you would call a professional widower."

B. STAHLIN

*Groceries
and Meats*

Phone 939

625 South 15th St.

DEPARTMENTS

CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT.

The work in Chemistry up to the 9th of this month consisted of the study of bases, the preparation of a salt by neutralization, the preparation of an acid salt, preparation of sodium carbonate, flame tests, and the determination of electrolytes.

A base may be either a metal alone, the oxide of a metal—that is, a metal combined with oxygen—or the hydroxide of a metal, a compound formed by the union of one atom of the metal with one atom of hydrogen and oxygen, the two latter together being called the hydroxyl group, respectively, or with two or more such groups. In the last case the base may be soluble. A solution of a base has the property of turning red litmus blue—just the reverse of the action of an acid—and when added to an acid it deprives the latter of the properties which distinguish it as such by a process known as neutralization, in which the hydrogen of the acid—an element whose presence is essential for a substance to be an acid—combine with the hydroxyl group of the base, forming water. The remainders of what were the acid and the base then go together and form a compound called a salt. It was this process which was studied in the next experiment after the one with bases—The preparation of a salt by neutralization.

In the experiment after this, the preparation of an acid salt, the solution of a base, namely, sodium hydroxide, or caustic soda, was taken, and neutralized with sulphuric acid. The salt which crystallized from this on evaporation (sodium sulphate) was what is known as a normal salt, composed of a metal, a non-metal other than oxygen, and in some instances, oxygen; the first two are essential. Then a similarly neutralized solution was taken and as much again acid was added. On evaporating this, an entirely different kind of crystal was formed; it was the crystal of an acid salt, which differs from a normal salt in that it contains replacable hydrogen, like an acid.

In the preparation of sodium carbonate, the process was begun by generating carbon-dioxide through the action between hydrochloric (muriatic) acid and marble chips. This gas was led through a tube into a solution of water, ammonia and sodium chloride, or ordinary salt. After some time a white precipitate formed, which was sodium bicarbonate, or baking soda.

On heating this it gave off carbon-dioxide and became sodium carbonate, which is another name for washing soda.

The flame-tests consisted of noting the various colors imparted to a gas-flame when platinum wires, previously dipped in different solutions, were held in it. By observing these colors, both with the unaided eye and through pieces of very dark blue glass—cobalt glass—it was possible to detect the presence of the various substances in a mixture and to determine the identity of an unknown solution.

The determination of electrolytes was an investigation which had for its purpose the determining of those substances which, in solution, will conduct an electric current. These substances were found to be acids, bases and salts. All the others were not.

N. L. K., '15.

MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT.

The Mathematics Department is so busy sawing wood that it has not had time to write things for publication.

HISTORY DEPARTMENT.

One of the classes in English History is having a very interesting discussion on the subject of Cromwell and his influence of English History.

A Greek History class has been conducting an Athenian assembly with the members of the class as the presiding officers.

The members of the normal class in United States History are gaining experience in teaching. Each of the students in the class takes a turn at teaching with the other members acting as critics.

*Don't forget to see us
before buying Plants or
Cut Flowers for your
Christmas Decorations*

TRY US ONCE

Butchart the Florist

Phone Main 2156

604 Felix St.

The students in the Civic classes are each taking a problem of interest and preparing to investigate it.

Miss Frances Rutt has conducted Miss Summy's classes during her absence.

DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

This is about the time when the Freshmen Latin students are getting to the point of a little fluency(?) in that language. But, beware, Subs, do not follow the example of a certain girl (W. McA.) of the illustrious class of '15, who at the aforementioned stage called up her friend, yet in grammar school, and said to him "Puella amat puerum." Of course he asked his whole household what "puella amat puerum" meant, and I think he hasn't heard the last of that yet.

The French classes are progressing wonderfully. (Ask Miss Neely if they aren't). The second year class is enjoying Victor Hugo's "La Tulipe Noir," (The Black Tulip), and the first year classes are reading a charming playlet, "La pauvre aux yeux."

Senior Latin is getting really interesting to some, at any rate. The rules and pearly drops of wisdom that we are getting are helping us very much in our English. The diminutives and the close relations of the Latin and English suffixes and prefixes are a great help especially.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

Mr. E. D. Lobaugh, of Chicago, and Mr. G. W. Hootman, of Baltimore, were recent visitors of this department. They have visited the various high schools throughout the country and both say this is one of the best departments of business training to be found in their travels. No wonder our students "make good"—the standard is so high.

An Underwood credential speed test has been held this month and the following students were awarded certificates for good work: Freada Boettger, Lelia Christopher, Jeanette Daly, Jacob Kurtz, Lena Jacobs, Doretha Haight, Nina Moore.

And, by the way, did you notice that the highest records of speed made in the recent typewriting test were made by the boys? Girls, what does this mean?

The beginning shorthand classes have been having matches for reviewing the work on word signs. In the last match there were eight invincible ones standing at the end of the pe-

riod. The other shorthand classes have been busy on speed work and their weekly transcripts. The "speed mania" seems to be just as contagious as ever.

The Bookkeeping students have been advancing rapidly under Miss Goddard. Special mention must be given the third termers for good work done in the July set.

In Advanced Arithmetic a "cubed root" is the engrossing question. The "log" will be the next to saw out.

The Annex teachers also report excellent work in all Freshmen classes.

Mr. Olinger, of the Annex, has been absent from school lately on account of sickness.

The Commercial Department wishes all a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year.

DIANTHIAN PARTY.

On Saturday evening, Nov. 21, the Dianthians entertained their friends at the charming new home of Hazel Vaughn.

Progressive games were played at nine tables and before the evening was over some of the teachers had really become quite proficient in the art of watching six persons at once.

It is needless to say that everyone had a good time for of the seventy-five who were there not one will forget that evening very soon.

Of the faculty who enjoyed with us the "merry din" were Prof. F. C. Touton and Mrs. Touton, Miss Rhoades, Miss Bentley, Miss Beaumont, Miss Jensen, Miss Robinson, Miss Ferguson, Miss Sheets and Miss Mueller.

Judge—"What is your trade?"

Prisoner—"I am a locksmith, your Honor."

Judge—"What were you doing when the police raided the place?"

Prisoner—"I was making a bolt for the door."

Diamonds, Watches, Jewelry, Cut-Glass and Silverware

CASH PRICES TIME PAYMENTS

A visit at our store will convince you that our prices are right.

LEIBOWITZ

EXCLUSIVE JEWELER

Established 1889

513 Edmond St.



'Tis no bliss to miss a kiss,
But, oh! 'tis bliss to kiss a miss.
But sometimes after you have kissed her
You wish to thunder you had missed her.

Buxom boy,
Cigarettes;
Little grave,
Violets.

A Law in Physics.

The deportment of a pupil varies inversely
as the square of the distance from the teacher.
—Ex.

"Non paratus," dixit Freshie, cum a sad and
mournful look. "Omnia Recte," Prof. respond-
it, et "nihil," inscripsit in his book.—Ex.

Freshie—"I smell cabbage burning."
Sophie—"Your head's too near the stove."

He—"Marie told me your hair was dyed."
She—" 'Tis false."
He—"I told her so."—Ex.

"Caesar said the Romans used horses,
Then why we can't, I don't see,
For the Romans knew the tough old language
fully twice as well as we."—Ex.

"Willie, with a thirst for gore,
Nailed the baby to the door,
Mother said, in accents faint,
'Willie, don't; you'll muss the paint'."

"Say, mamma, are policemen like little chil-
dren?"

"Why, dear?"

"Because, I see so many being taken out for
a walk in the park by the nursery maids."

She—"How kind of you to bring me these
flowers. They are nice and fresh. I think
there is some dew on them yet."

He—"Yes, there is a little, but I'll pay that
tomorrow."

At the Theater.

Enter the villain, maid recoils,
Shrieks and seeks to flee his toils.
Laughing, the villain steps toward her;
Gallery hisses, "Back, you cur!"
Maiden gasps in trembling tones—
Enter the hero, Julian Jones;
Smites the villain, saves the child.
Curtain drops, the house goes wild.

"Why, papa, this is roast beef," exclaimed
little Archie, at dinner, when Mr. Chumpleigh
was present as a guest of honor.

"Of course," said the father. "What of that?"

"Why, you said this morning that you were
going to bring a mutton head home for dinner,
this evening."—Ex.

Why does a dog hang his tongue out of his
mouth?

Answer—To balance his tail.—Ex.

Seen in a shoemaker's window:

"Any respectable man, woman or child can
have a fit in this shoe."

There are two animals in the world which
upset the laws of nature. The hen is a hen
in the day time, but becomes a rooster at night,
and a horse can eat the most when he hasn't
a bit in his mouth.—Ex.

Teacher (shaking pupil)—"I think Satan has
taken hold of you."

Pupil (gasping)—"I think so, too."—Ex.

Miss Varner (in History)—"Who was Gen.
Monck?"

H. Schull—"He must have been the missing
link."

A tonic for those who are behind in their
studies—Ketchup.—Ex.

CHRISTMAS GIFTS for ALL

Whether you have gifts to buy for Father, Mother, Sister, Brother, Baby, Boys, Girls, "Him" or "Her," this store is the place to come. We have never before made such a splendid display. Let us show you.

HIRSCH BROS. DRY GOODS COMPANY
THE PROGRESSIVE STORE

BUY YOUR.....

Christmas Candies at Wachter's

*Then you know that they are good. Beautiful
boxes and baskets filled with choice candy*

Special Ice Cream and Ices
In bricks, rolls or moulds

Telephones, Main
72 and 932

Patt Brothers

Leading Tailors

Makers of Young Men's Clothes

515 Francis Street

St. Joseph, Mo.

Special Designs In Jewelry, Class
Pins, Fraternity and
Sorority Emblems

MADE TO YOUR ORDER

Hiles Jewelry Company

110½ North Eighth St.

St. Joseph Drug Company

Fifth and
Edmond

Sixth and
Edmond

Seventh and Felix

Marshall & Dunn

BLENDERS OF

Heatherbell Coffee

FRESH ROASTED

Phone 74

9th and Francis

719
FELIX STREET

BELL'S

PHONE, MAIN
853

Stands for the Best and Purest of Candies
Ice Creams, Ices, Cakes and Lunches

Xmas Special of Chocolates and Bon Bons
3 lbs. for \$1.00 2 lbs. for 75c.

Fancy Candies in boxes
from 50c to \$8.00 per box

"Quality Goods at Honest Prices."



420 Felix Street, St. Joseph, Mo.
Cor So. and Walnut Sts., Springfield, Mo.

UP-TO-DATE—

furnishings

For young men who care, for shirts, hats
and neckwear, we are sure headquarters.

OUR AIM IS TO PLEASE THE YOUNG MAN

ARCH will wait on you

FELTENSTEIN'S

Arch Feltenstein

608 Edmond St.

IF THERE'S BEAUTY WE TAKE IT
IF THERE'S NONE WE MAKE IT



Picture Shop

NINTH AND FRANCIS STS.

SAINT JOSEPH, MISSOURI

Take a Commercial Course At this College If You're Wise

Platt's Commercial College

NINTH AND FREDERICK AVE.

WE TEACH STENOTYPY, STENOGRAPHY,
TYPEWRITING, BOOKKEEPING, RAPID
CALCULATION, AUDITING, BANK-
ING AND ENGLISH.

Which enable students to "make good" at a
handsome salary when finished. Join our
classes today.

NELSON-HANNE PRINTING CO.

COMMERCIAL AND CATALOGUE PRINTERS.
BLANK BOOK MANUFACTURERS, STATIONERS.

Loose Leaf Ledgers
and Filing Systems
107-109 S. THIRD ST.



Bank and
Office Supplies
ST. JOSEPH, MO.

CONSER THE CLEANER



Service
AND
Thorough
Work

Phone 388 — St. Joseph, Mo. — 910 Francis St.
We Pay Parcel Post One Way on Packages of \$1.00
Agents Wanted in all Towns
"QUALITY LAUNDERERS, DYERS, CLEANERS"