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# HIGH SCHOOL FORUM

VOLUME XVI

ST. JOSEPH, MO., NOVEMBER, 1914

NUMBER 2



## STORIES

### High Stakes

A Story of the Far North.

(By the Author of "Alias—Jimmy Mark.")

In Three Parts—PART 1.

"Mush on, you brutes! Mush on!"

Jack Walters, Princeton athlete and graduate, once more swore to the full extent of his profane vocabulary, consisting of that one word, "damn," and trudged on after his sled. All day the steady grind and whirl of the sled-runners, and the crunch, crunch of snowshoes, had been the only noise to break the monotonous stillness of that broad expanse of snow and ice.

Two days before he had left Nome for Le Pere, and the preceding evening had lost the trail. Although he had provisions to last for another day or two, final starvation stared him in the face and gave him full privilege to make use of that somewhat limited vocabulary.

Walters was a big man, in both senses of the word, physically and mentally. Six-feet-two and proportionately broad, and his 210 pounds of weight consisted chiefly of good, solid muscle. Although unacquainted with genuine physical labor, he had for two seasons played fullback on the Princeton eleven and for one had rowed on the varsity crew. Strict training had made him as nearly physically perfect as man could be. Mentally—he had succeeded in finding, with the aid of father's ready capital, his way to Alaska, and had succeeded in losing his way on the Le Pere trail.

The man behind the sled glanced hastily at the steadily darkening and threatening sky. Although somewhat of a stranger as yet in Alaska, he knew what that heavy leaden color meant. It meant storm, and from all appearances, a severe one. Some moments before, he had seen to his right, a somewhat sheltered spot, and he now urged his team faster and faster toward this.

He drew into the hollow, hurriedly unhitched the dogs, and throwing a dried salmon among them, set to work on camp. He soon had his shelter tent up, and lashing the remainder of his supplies more firmly, he entered his tent to await the storm.

The following morning, he was awakened by a numb coldness, and glancing through the tent flap, viewed the effects of the storm. His sled and supplies were covered with snow, and the dogs were nowhere to be seen. He took a small oil lamp from his pack, and was soon cheered by hot coffee and dried fish. The dogs he found in the shelter of an ice pack, yelping and growling like the wolves that they are. He drove them back and hitched them, and was soon ready again to hunt the trail.

Walters was gazing absent mindedly into space when he heard a step behind him. He turned and covered the person with his rifle.

"Don't shoot, I'm perfectly harmless," said a merry voice; and Walters stared. The newcomer was a woman.

"Well, I'll be ——."

"Don't say it, stranger; it does no good." Then changing her tone and the subject, "I do not wonder you are surprised, for I was myself."

"Yes, I confess I was somewhat startled to see a woman in this God-forsaken country, eleven miles from nowhere."

"Oh, no; not that far. Two miles west of here is Le Pere. That is where I have come from."

"Two miles west of here?" repeated Jack. "Then how in thunder does it happen that I've tramped for twenty-four hours thinking I was lost."

"I do not know, I'm sure; but if Le Pere is your destination, follow me for I am going back."

"I'll do that, but just a moment. How does it happen that you were out wandering around the ice this far from your home?"

"Oh, every morning I go out to help father attend to his traps."

"So the old man's a trapper, is he?"

"Certainly, Jean Le Pere."

"Jean Le Pere? He's your father? Lead me to him, he's just the man I want to see."

"Then follow me."

Walters munched his team on after hers.

While following her in this manner, he had a good chance for observing his compaignon-de-voyage. She was tall and slender, though strongly built, and although clad in heavy furs the outline of her supple figure was not lost. Her face was pretty, as much of it as showed, and the twinkle in her eyes displayed her jolly disposition. From her talk Walters judged her to be an American, but how she could be American and still be the daughter of the Frenchman, Jean Le Pere, was beyond his comprehension.

Walters' sled team following that of his rescuer rounding an ice hill and drawing to the top of a slope drew in sight of Le Pere. Walters slowly counted the huts. His ten fingers very nicely stated the full number.

"Is that Le Pere?"

"Yes," was the answer.

"There, in those ten buildings?"

"Yes."

"Oh!" was the groaning reply.

"What is the trouble?"

"That town?"

"What is the matter with the town?"

"Nothing much, but where is the Le Pere Fur Company?"

"There," she said again, pointing to the town in the same manner.

"Where? Which building?"

"All ten."

"But which is their office?"

"Follow me."

They soon drew up before the smallest of the ten huts.

"There is the office of the Le Pere Fur Company, and in there is Jean Le Pere, the president. I am going to the back. You enter here. Good-bye."

Walters stood gazing after her till she disappeared around the shack, then turned to the door and entered.

He found himself before the ugliest human being it had ever been his fortune, or rather misfortune to see. A short, squat, broad-shouldered man built like an ox. A small bullet shaped head, crowned with fiery red hair, and a long red beard. Walters little wondered that this man was called the "Gorilla."

"Well?" the huge voice rumbled through the hut.

"Le Pere, I believe."

"Well?"

"My name's Walters—Jack—"

"Walters?" said the man quickly.

"Yes. I was lost out away and your daughter found me."

"And brought you here to sponge off me," grunted the man.

"No, to talk business with you."

"You talk business? You?" the old man laughed at the mere mention of this young chap doing business.

The big man took a pipe from his pocket and searched unsuccessfully for his tobacco.

"Here, help yourself." The young man held his toward the "Gorilla."

Having lit his pipe the old man glanced at Walters' snow-shoes.

"Take 'em off," he muttered.

Walters knowing this to be the welcome of the north, complied with his host's request.

"Now," said the Gorilla. "That title again?"

"That what?"

"Title! Name?"

"Walters, Jack Walters, son of J. P.—"

"I ain't caring about J. P. anybody. I'm talkin' to you. Now, where are you going and what do you want?"

"I'm there."

"You're what?"

"I'm there."



"Where?"

"Where I'm going. If your name's Le Pere, and this is the Le Pere Fur Company, then I'm where I want to be."

The old man stared.

"Careful with that jaw of yours," he warned.

"Now, what kind of business is this of yours?" the Gorilla asked.

"Financial."

"Fi—what?"

"Financial. Dollars and cents."

"Oh, say what you mean. Now, what do you want of Le Pere?"

"Well, I'll explain. Dad owns the largest fur store in New York City. I'm acting as his agent, and I wish to purchase all the furs you and your company get."

"You do—not! I'm not used to these new fangled fi—something firms. I sell my furs for good money at the coast and I'm well satisfied."

"But I can pay you more."

"Maybe so, but ain't taking chances. I'm busy now. Allez."

The young man now donned his mittens and snow-shoes, and thanked the girl, who had entered, for what she had done; then started down the one street the village possessed.

After attending to his dogs and supplies he hunted up a place to stay, and found it—above the hall and saloon. He went upstairs and lay down completely exhausted. Although indefatigable on an athletic field, Alaskan trails had proven too much for him.

The following morning Walters awoke stiff in every joint, and in none the better humor for his novel experience of the preceding evening. For some moments the strange room and surroundings puzzled him; then as he collected his somewhat scattered thoughts and went over the strange happenings, a faint smile played around his lips. His first journey had resulted in almost a blunder; he had been rescued by a woman, and of all things, the daughter of Jean Le Pere, the "Gorilla."

Slowly, and with the agony of stiffness in every move, Jack pulled on his heavy fur clothes, and prepared to don his snow-shoes.

As he untangled the twisted rawhide lacings, a commotion in the street below attracted his attention. Above the jeering voices of three men, Walters distinctly heard the frightened and expostulating voice of Vivienne Le Pere. He hurried to the hide covered window and glanced out. Every inch of Walters' body revolted. Vivienne was accosted by Rene, Roual,

and some other half-breed of equally vicious character.

He stood watching for a moment, then in the fewest of few seconds, he stood in the open door of the saloon, not thirty feet away from the group.

He hesitated but a moment, then strode toward the leader of the three. He was unseen by Rene, until he laid a heavy hand on that individual's shoulder and threw him aside.

The half-breed recovered himself, glared for a moment at the American, then drew that ever handy knife. His two companions followed suit.

Walters stood in front of the girl and calmly scrutinized his three adversaries. Far more precarious was his present position than any he had as yet been in.

Rene and Roual slowly advanced toward their man, their knives gleaming in their hands. Walters allowed them to draw within a few feet, then met their advance with a steady leveled revolver. The two half-breeds stopped short. That gun and the man that held it warranted of no further attack on their part.

Still covering the two men, Walters and Vivienne backed away. The girl suddenly screamed—but too late! Unnoticed by either man or girl, a fourth man had come up behind them; and before Walters could turn, the up-held hand and long knife had descended. Walters sank to the ground unconscious, a gaping wound in his left shoulder.

(Continued in next issue.)

## Comrades

A white-haired, stoop-shouldered old man shuffled along the road closely followed by his dog, to whom he often turned and spoke words of encouragement.

As they approached the town it was evident to them that preparations for some event of importance were being made. Listening to the talk of the people around him, he found out that on the morrow the services would be held in honor of those who had sacrificed their lives for the freedom and unity of our country.

It brought sorrow to his heart to think of his former comrades lying there in that lonely trench, on one of the principal battlefields of the world, with no one to honor and appreciate their great sacrifice. It also made him happy to bring back into his memory the comradeship which he then enjoyed and which he was

(Continued on Page 7)

## He Laughs Best—

John Jenks, working later than usual that evening, left his office prepared to find his wife, Julia, and a hot supper awaiting him at home. When he arrived there, however, to his intense surprise and anger, a box of sardines and a hastily scribed note greeted his arrival. The note read thus: "Will be late. Wait up for me. Wifey." John, obedient always, took his pipe and paper and prepared to wait, but in a turbulent state of mind.

At nine-thirty his better half arrived home and found John dozing, but not asleep. He turned his head and gazed at her—and stared. His wife was adorned with a huge red ribbon reading, "Votes for Women."

"Well, I'll be d—d," muttered John.

"John, do be careful of your language," returned his wife, "and congratulate me for I've been elected head of the Women's Equal Suffrage Club."

"Damn the Suffrage Club. I see the finish of the Jenks home."

"Why, dear? It's a good cause."

"Pretty punk, I think."

"Listen here, I will not be home for meals, so you, John, may eat down town tomorrow."

A wide grin o'erspread his countenance.

"But not at the club, John," and with this she went to bed.

John sat up later than usual that evening and went to bed in anything but a pleasant state of mind.

At noon the following day, John ate downtown, and for several days after, till home seemed a thing of the past; but one day, John Jenks left Justice Jones' office grinning like an ape. That afternoon Mrs. Jenks was to talk to her followers from the City Hall steps.

At one-thirty his wife leading, the suffrage parade headed for the town hall. Jenks kept well out of sight till his wife began to talk, and then passed the wink to Justice Jones. A few minutes later three policemen approached Mrs. Jenks, and one, laying a heavy hand on her shoulder arrested her for disturbing the peace.

And Jenks laughed.

A half hour later the telephone in Jenks' office rang furiously.

"Hello!"

A whimpering feminine voice inquired, "Is that you, John?"

"Yes, dear."

"Well, I've b—been arrested. C—come down r—right away."

"Can't, I'm busy now with a client."

"But, John—"

"I'll be down after work. Goodbye," and John hung up.

After work Jenks entered the court-house and walked to his wife's cell.

"What does this mean?" he demanded.

"Can't you see! I've been arrested."

"I'm awfully sorry."

His wife stared. "What good does that do me?"

"None."

"But get me out."

"How can I, dear?"

"Pay my fine."

"I can't. See," and his emptied pockets exposed to view a quarter, two dimes and a nickel.

"Make out a check."

"I have no check book."

"Well, do something!"

John thought a moment. "Listen, dear, I can do nothing till the bank opens in the morning, and I make a three weeks' business trip starting early tomorrow, so my office boy will come down and pay your fine in the forenoon."

"And I stay here?"

"You do! Well, goodbye."

"But what money can you leave on?"

"I'll take the car, you won't need it. Goodbye," and John left.

Mrs. Jenks walked out the following day full of plans for revenge, and full of worry over her political campaign.

Three weeks later, a heavy red touring car was speeding toward town. John Jenks sitting at the wheel, was wondering what kind of reception awaited him. He thought he knew.

As the speeding car turned on the last bit of road, a blue uniformed policeman stood in the road frantically waving his arms. The machine stopped.

"Arrested for speeding," and so Jenks came to town.

As he was led to the court-room his shame necessitated a bowed head so Jenks saw nothing of what took place around him, until a familiar feminine voice said, "Ten days and ten dollars fine."

Jenks glanced up at the new justice—and met the triumphant look of his wife; but he didn't laugh.

H. C. W.

He who laughs last is an Englishman.

## The Knight's Tale

(A Book Report.)

This story begins by telling how Thesis, Jook of Athens, went down to Amazonia and killed all the Hippopotomites. Then he married their queen (I forget her name) and brought her and her daughter, Emily, back to Athens. Just as he was about to arrive he met a bunch of ladies in widows' weeds who said their husbands all went up the spout at the siege of Thebes and after that King Creolin of Thebes fed them to the bow-wows. So Thesis took a hitch in his sword-belt and remarked, "Right about face! On to Thebes or bust!" Mrs. Thesis and Emily went on to Athens.

Finally Thesis lined his army up before Thebes and dared King Creolin to come out by sending him a note tied to a twelve-inch shell. King Creolin came out with the Thebish police-force and the Peloponesian militia behind—I mean in front of him—and then there was an awful racket. Somehow or other Thesis and King Creolin both happened to get on the firing-line and Thesis trigger-finger was quickest. So they planted King Creolin and his army in an emergency bone-orchard and knocked the spots out of Thebes. While they were doing aforesaid planting, they happened to find a couple of fellows who weren't noncompimentis (that's Latin for "dead"), but were simply all used up. They had the royal coat-of-arms on their neckties, so Thesis, instead of annihilating them, called in the surgeon-general and sent them both back to Athens in a sling. There they were placed in the county jug to serve out a term of ninety-nine years and ninety-nine minutes on a charge of causing the government needless expense for bandages.

It so happened that the C. J. was so full of city councilmen—the reform party in Athens having come into power—that they put them both in one cell. (One fellow's name was Pilamon and the other one was Arclite; the first one got his name because he was rich, and the other because he was so bright.) And the window in this cell looked right down into the gardens in the back yard of Jook Thesis's palace. So one day when Pilamon was looking out the window he saw Emily picking caterpillars off the rose-bushes and he fell in love at once, like a flat-iron falling into a cistern. He let out such a squawk that Arclite rushed to the window and fell in also, like an anvil.

"Oh," said Pilamon, "if I could only get out! I'd change her last name sure as I'd put a ton of dynamite under Thesis."

"No you wouldn't," said Arclite, "not if I was around."

And then they had a most tremendous altercation that lasted all the rest of the time they were in jail.

But one day a fellow named Pyrenotheus called on Jook Thesis and he heard that Arclite was in the pen, and as he was an old friend of Arclite, he asked Thesis to let him out on bail. Thesis said, "Seeing as its you, I will," but he told Arclite that if he ever came back to Athens he'd have him elexecuted. So Arclite hit the macadam for Thebes, making a loud wail like a wild-cat whistle because he couldn't see Emily any more. Pilamon spent his time tearing his hair (which was foolish, since it was most uncomfortable when it got under his collar) because he thought Arclite had him bested. One was going nutty because he was in, and the other because he was out.

Now, after Arclite had been in Thebes for a couple of years his continual worrying had changed him so that he felt bashful when he looked at himself in a mirror. So he went back to Athens and secured a job in the palace of Thesis, polishing the silver in the butler's pantry. From that he was promoted to assistant butler; then chauffeur to the Royal Limousine; next, the personal valet of Thesis; and finally private secretary. One morning about a year after this last promotion he went out riding on his motorcycle, way out beyond the city limits. The night before Pilamon had broken out of jail with a skeleton key made from a piece of wire out the bed-spring of the cot in his cell, and had hidden himself in the woods alongside the road which Arclite came by on. Just as Arclite got opposite to the bushes which concealed Pilamon his back tire exploded and threw him off his machine, which kept on going and plunged off a culvert into the creek. Arclite sat down by the side of the road and relieved his feelings about motorcycles in general and this one in particular, and then, being in the right mood, began to soliloquize about Emily, whom, of course, he saw every day, but could not tell her who he was. At this juncture Pilamon flew out of the bushes like a cataract and began to throw it into Arclite. Then Arclite began to cast a few into the teeth of Pilamon, and then they both mixed it.

About this time Thesis came along with a .22 in his hands, hunting quail, and saw a big

cloud of dust with Pilamon and Arclite in the middle. So he came upon them unawares and shot his rifle into the air, so that they both fell flat. When they got up he asked them what they meant by it, and they told him. At first he went right up in the air and turned flip-flaps—figuratively speaking—and threatened to boil them in gasoline, but finally remembering that he had been young once also, he told them each to go off and get a bunch of one hundred men and come back inside of a year with them and fight it out. So they went.

When the year had passed they both came back, but in the meantime Thesis had been getting ready for the circus by building a new Auditorium, so everything was ready for them.

Well, they all got together in Thesis's specially constructed, earthquake-proof auditorium (it had to be that way to stand the strain), and had a most uproarious fight. Twenty men finally got Pilamon on his back and then Thesis said, "Three cheers for Arclite! Show's over!" And so Arclite took off his harveyized chapeau, (so the audience could see him) and paraded up and down before the Royal Box, where Emily could admire him. Just then his horse began to buck and threw him off on his coco and the jar broke his wish-bone. Otherwise he was uninjured. Shortly after he kicked the bucket and croaked. And a year or so after that Jook Thesis decided that as long as Arclite was gone, Pilamon and Emily might as well get hitched up. It was done even so. This is the effect; ther nis namore to seye.

—G. Ima Fricke, '15.

They stood beneath the mistletoe  
He knew not what to do;  
For he was only five feet tall,  
And she was six feet two.—Ex.

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## WHO IS WHO IN HIGH SCHOOL.

### The Pupils' and Teachers' Point of View.

As the nature of all people cause them to have a preference among those with whom they come in contact in every day life, so the student has those whom he admires among his fellow classmates.

A prominent member of established literary societies is considered one of the "who" by the average student. Also the pupil who can bluff or make his teacher believe that he has mastered thoroughly the day's work but in reality knows little if anything of the subject, is one that some admire.

Bluffing is considered an art by those who think it requires cleverness and tact to accomplish it successfully. Perhaps of more importance in the pupil's estimation is the good-looking girl or the handsome boy, which ever the case may be. If they are not more important they certainly attract more attention.

When a question is asked a boy, by one of his classmates, concerning a certain girl in his class with whom he is but slightly acquainted, he usually identifies her by saying, "Which girl do you mean, the good-looking one in the third seat of the first row?" The same statement may be applied to girls' answers when questioned about certain handsome boys. But a greater favorite is the class disturber, one who can draw the teacher's attention from the subject, or as the saying goes, "Get all off the track."

The disturber sometimes makes witty statements which (as our teachers say) are all too often the cause of much unnecessary laughter. There is another favorite who is not only praised by the pupils, but who is valuable and essential to the school at large—the athlete.

The athlete is admired because he has what is called "pluck," (especially in a football game) and he is also one of the student body that build up the reputation of the school.

Not only to the student is there a preference among the pupils with whom he associates, but much greater in value is the teacher's choice, for they prefer the student with the higher qualities.

The honest student is the one that appeals to the teacher, because he is trustworthy and does not require continual watching. If the student is honest he is usually intellectual because he must have knowledge of his subjects, before he can do, independently, any work in their respective lines.



We know that intelligence speaks much for the pupil by judging from those recently nominated for election on the Forum Staff. The students were of the teachers' choice, and I believe that there were few on that list who did not excel in most of their high school work. We cannot feel justified in calling one intellectual if he cannot apply some of his knowledge to that necessary function, "school spirit." Those who lack school spirit will not and cannot expect to hold any standard throughout their high school course.

Teachers find that the school spirited are not only those who make their school, but also their classes. There also is place in the teachers' judgment for the athlete. B. L., '16.

#### COMRADES.

(Continued from Page 3)

now sharing with a vagabond dog who, like himself, was homeless.

He was aroused from his reverie by the approaching darkness and as he looked around he saw a group of men sitting round a camp-fire in the park. As he drew near the old war veterans were telling stories of the brave deeds accomplished on the battle-fields.

"It was on the third day of the battle of Gettysburg, during Pickett's memorable charge. A company of men having broken through our lines were cut off from their forces and shot down by our men. The few that were left turned and fled, one, however, running forward through a proverbial hail of lead, snatched up his company's battle flag and made his retreat back to his own forces. His only wound was caused by a bursting shell which cut off the upper part of his left ear.

"We cheered that man for his bravery in going through that rain of lead and rescuing that flag and let him go back to his own comrades unharmed. That was the bravest thing that I have ever seen."

Just as the speaker finished, a shot rang out, a bullet whizzed through their midst, and the old man pitched forward. Ready hands picked him up and upon examination of his wound it was found that the upper part of his left ear had been torn away at some previous time. He confessed to being the man of the story and finally accepted their invitations to make his home with them.

Only those that know of the weariness of the road can imagine the unspeakable joy of the old man and his dog at such a happy termination of their journey. A. N. P., '17.

Remember that pamphlet on "Corn" that the record period teachers handed out to us about a month ago? Well, this is one of the after effects of studying that pamphlet.

Note.—If any of the faculty read this they surely will stop handing that literature out to us poor mortals to read.

#### "CORN."

America has contributed many things to the world, among others being tobacco, baseball, ragtime and millionaires. Some of these are doubtful blessings, but there is no doubt as to another of her contributions—corn.

The older nations have something they call corn, but compared to this young giant of ours it is a pygmy and a has-been.

Corn is capturing the world. Even if our flag does not float on every sea, as bewailed by the friends of the merchant marine, our corn-tassels wave in every land.

The feasts of the gods on Mount Olympus may have been some eats—to put it in classic phrase—but they lacked corn bread.

There are at least fifty-seven different varieties of food that can be made from corn, and they are all said to be good. This has no reference to the liquid form, and some people like even that.

Corn is good for man and beast. It is the corn-fed steer that made the beef trust prosperous, while the corn-fed horse hauls the loads of the world—at least all of them not hauled by the locomotive and auto-truck. Yet greatest of all is the corn-fed pig.

Every part of the corn crop may now be utilized, even to the pulpy inside of the stalks. The blades and the tassels are good fodder, and the cobs make most solacing Missouri meerschauums.

Even to think of corn flapjacks with molasses would make anyone a better man, while "cohn pone," like they make down on the old plantation, is guaranteed to cure the worst form of grouch.

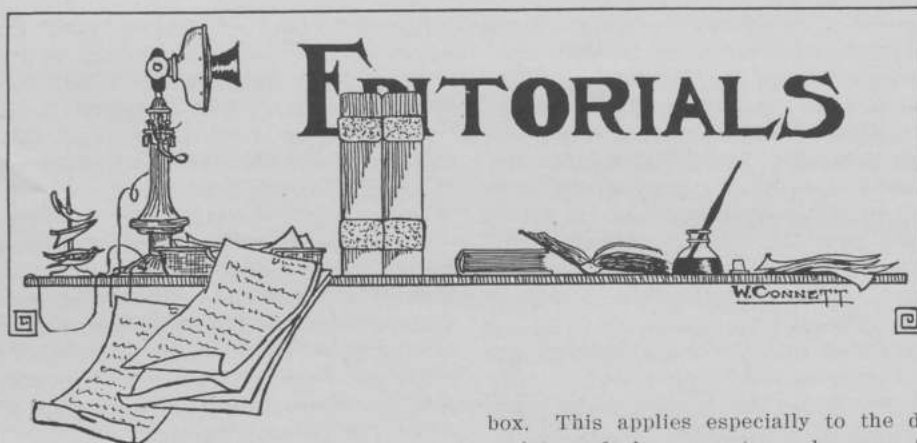
Think as long as you like, there is not a mean thing you can say about corn. It stumps even the professional pessimist.

If somebody should write a poem about corn as good as the subject he would take his place among the immortals.

A man who makes two blades of grass grow where only one grew before may be a benefactor, but a man who makes two ears of corn grow where only one grew before is a philanthropist.

'TIS ENUF.

A. N. P.



## HIGH SCHOOL FORUM

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All Forum material must be handed in by the twelfth of each month. If you cannot find the editor put your material in the Forum

box. This applies especially to the different society and class reporters who seem to think it is the proper thing for them to hand in the material a day or two late. So I will say right now that if your material is not in on time it is in danger of being omitted entirely from the issue of the corresponding month. Many say they didn't know the material was due. Don't you ever read the bulletin-board? If you do, you will have a gentle reminder of the date the material is due.

The next issue of the Forum will be the Christmas number. It is the desire of the staff to make this issue one of the best of the school year. To do this it is necessary for each student to begin planning to hand in some article for the paper.

Now that the football season is over, our attentions will be turned toward basket-ball.

The team that will represent us in basket-ball at the present time has not been chosen. But with three of our star men back into the game, including the captain, Eric Schroeder, the prospects for a winning team are much better than those at the beginning of the football season.

If the basket-ball team has the support of the students that the football team had, there is no doubt but what we can turn out one of the best teams in this section of the country. Because when a team feels that it has the support of the whole student body behind it, whether it wins or loses, when the boys know that we are all watching and hoping in them, they will surely play their hardest, although victory is not theirs, they may know that their defeat is not one of chagrin, but one of which they can be proud.

There is one organization in our school which deserves the praise and support of every student. This is our Senate. Although hardly a year old, the Senate is the organization which restored football to our school. It is the organization which has restored school spirit. If the Senate keeps up the same standard of work in the future, there will be no doubt but what it will grow to be the most important body in school.

The beautiful cover design for this month was drawn by Mr. Wesley Connett.

"Paul, you ought to be a real estate agent."  
"Why?"

"Because you will be the father of a number of little Homes."

#### Definitions.

Veranda—An open air enclosure used as a spoonholder.

Rhetoric—Language in a dress suit.

Mouse—A frequent cause of a rise in cotton.

Kiss—Nothing divided by two.

Jam—A pantry composition in A minor.

Hug—A round about way of expressing affection.

Hotel—A place to give up good dollars for poor quarters.

Cinder—One of the first things to catch your eye in traveling.

Champagne—The stuff that makes the world go around.

Alcohol—A liquid used in preserving everything but secrets.

Fly—A summer boarder who mingles with the cream of society, gets stuck on the butter and leaves his specks behind.

Away with the filthy bean—

Cast it in the gutter;

Bring on the hard boiled egg

Together with bread and butter.

The beany days will soon be o'er,

And peace once more will reign;

We'll see the dirty bean no more,

Much joy for us, that's plain.

And when the bean has passed away

And henfruit has taken its place,

You'll all remember then the day

That Newcombe saved the race.

A. N. P., '15.

Mr. Miller—"What is the difference between g-o-a-l and g-a-o-l?"

Miss Mack—"They're both the same for some people."

An Irishman stepped into a jewelry store to purchase a ring, and the jeweler asked him:

"Eighteen carats?"

"No, I haven't been atin carrots; I've been atin onions, if it's any of your business."—Ex.

"I kept my head when I fell into the water;" observed the young man.

"How fortunate," replied the caustic maid, "it must have helped you nicely to float."—Ex.

Tell me not in mournful numbers,

Flunking is an awful crime;

For my mind does surely slumber,

During recitation time.—Ex.

Heard in the lunch-room—"A frankfurter still had a piece of string attached to it."

A Sophomore—"I prefer my dog without a chain."—Ex.

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#### A. N. P. LITERARY SOCIETY NOTES.

Oct. 23, 1914.—On this date the events of interest at the present time were discussed by Martin, Whittinghill, Sprague and Colt. Martin reviewed the present European war. Whittinghill discussed the "Physical Value of American Railroads," Sprague outlined the methods of modern warfare, Colt gave "What America Should Learn From the War." Lester Davison was taken into the society. At the kind solicitation of Mr. Cravens and Mr. Page, we retired to the lunch-room and partook of pleasing edibles arranged before us.

Oct. 30, 1914.—Not having a regular literary program a comic debate was arranged—Pitts and Castle on the affirmative, and Roberts and Brown on the negative. The subject chosen was, "Resolved, That the lighting system in this city is adequate." Best speech went to Castle, honorable mention to Brown.

Nov. 6, 1914.—The debate, "Resolved, That the study of Spanish should be compulsory in the High Schools of St. Joseph. Kerr and Gabbert upheld the affirmative, and Roberts and Colt the negative. Best speech was awarded to Kerr, honorable mention to Colt. The society went on a hike this night, going to Ashton Place, a few miles south of town. Thoroughly enjoyed the "weenies," buttermilk and egg sandwiches, which were selected by Miss Summy and Miss Ferguson for our menu. We did not have a meeting the next week on account of the teachers' convention.

#### Greetings From Annex to Central.

To the third, second and fourth year classes,  
To the lads as well as the lasses,  
We esteem you our friends,  
May our love never end,  
Is the wish of this class of all classes.



#### REPORT OF DOLAD NUN SOCIETY.

Oct. 23, '14.—"Resolved, That the employees are justified in demanding open shop." Liberman and Sher, upholding the affirmative; Fishman and H. Kaufman, negative. Liberman was awarded best speech.

Oct. 30, '14.—"Resolved, That the immigration laws should be further restricted." Burnette and Levy won from the negative, Newburger and Weinsheink. Newburger was awarded best speech.

Nov. 6, '14.—"Resolved, That the recall should be adopted for all elections, municipal, county and state, except judges."

During the past month, in connection with the debates, we have had orations given by the various members of society in their respective order. This plan has proven a great success.

We are down to it!



#### CICERONIAN NOTES.

Oct. 23, 1914.—Meeting held in room 20. The advisability of the United States intervening in Mexico was debated. The negative, Deffenbaugh and Goerman, won from the affirmative, Gore and Steffens. Goerman received best speech. Current events were given by the society.

Oct. 30, 1914.—Meeting called to order in room 20. Scott, Trapp and Harroun discussed local, foreign and scientific current events, respectively. The debate, "Resolved, That football promotes the best interests of students and schools," was won by Cox and Nash, on the affirmative, from Stewart and Kneer. Nash



received best speech; Stewart honorable mention. Cox spoke extemporaneously in place of Minturn, who was absent.

Nov. 6, 1914.—The meeting was held in the lunch-room. Everyone present wore their maroon and white arm bands, it being Ciceronian day. Several of our alumni, Rice, Culver and Gore, were with us and each gave a short talk. McGrath spoke about the play to be given by the society after Christmas. Warrick spoke on the benefits derived from the society. Miss Beaumont spoke on the progress of the society. A side-splitting physical and verbal combat was given in the form of a debate by Cox and Shull. After the "eats" we enjoyed several selections from our old quartette, Rice, Cox, Minturn and Culver.

On Thursday, Nov. 12, the society gave an all-day picnic at Connett's farm, about fifteen miles from St. Joseph, on the Kansas City interurban line. Mrs. Culver, Mrs. Connett and Miss Meierhoffer were asked as chaperons. The picnic was a great success, and the "eats"—my, how full we stuffed ourselves. On the way back, believe me, there were no sleepers on the interurban and the old car fairly rang with merriment and good cheer.

#### THE WEBSTERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Oct. 30.—Meeting called in room 12. Debate, "Resolved, That there should be an amendment to constitution prohibiting the sale of liquors throughout the United States." The affirmative, Reynolds and Raffelock, won from the negative, Fine and Schwartz. Raffelock was awarded best speech, and Fine honorable mention. Raffelock and Sandusky were elected to the High School Senate.

Nov. 6.—Meeting called in room 12. Debate, "Resolved, That the average young man of today has a greater chance to make his life a success, financially, than our forefathers." The affirmative, Paschal and Tiffany, won from the negative, Tomson and Daly. Paschal was awarded best speech, and Tiffany honorable mention.

The Websterian Literary Society gave a hike Friday evening, Oct. 30. Fifteen members went out to Corby chapel, where a very pleasant evening was spent around a huge fire.

Mr. Livers—"Now, you and I as young people—"

Mr. Livers—"Now, understand, I'm not critical, but—"

#### BOYS' BUSINESS CLUB.

The Boys' Business Club has had five meetings this year. We now have thirty members. On October 29th we were given a splendid talk by Mr. Livers and we hope that we may have the good fortune to hear him again. In our programs the general topics have been business as seen from the standpoint of the Club. Have completed our constitution after much discussion. This is the first society of its kind in Central, and all the details had to be slowly worked out. In the future we hope to have business men give us talks on business.

#### ORCHESTRA NOTES.

The orchestra played for the teachers' convention on Thursday, Nov. 12. Everything came off nicely, except we missed our drummer very much. He was absent on account of sickness.

Our last few rehearsals have had exceptionally large attendance. This is something unusual at this time of year.

We are glad to see that our call for new members has had some response, but we still need a good many more. If you can play some instrument other than the violin, you are especially invited. We have a lot of new music which will make the work very interesting.

In the past years the school at large has not taken the interest they should in the orchestra. There is no reason why they should not. The orchestra in as much a part of the school as football and basketball and deserves as much support. We will expect it this year. Don't disappoint us.

Mike—"Why do them false eyes be made of glass, now?"

Pat—"Shure, and how else could they see throu' 'em, ye thickhead!"

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## CLIO NOTES.

Oct. 23.—The programme given at this meeting was on Henry James. Janet Weakley, as leader, gave his life; Katherine Pike told one of his stories, and Margaret Wing gave current events.

Oct. 30.—A short business meeting was held, after which we adjourned to the home of Marion Schmitz, where we had our Hallowe'en spread.

Nov. 6.—After a short business meeting, a programme on the opera, "Blue Beard," was given. Marion Schmitz told of the life of the original Blue Beard, and the writing of the opera, and Laura Maclean gave current events.



## DIANTHIAN NOTES.

The first two Dianthian meetings of this month were devoted to the study of Russia, not as a country, but rather a study of famous Russians and peculiar Russian customs and conditions.

On Oct. 23rd, a program on Madame Breshkovsky, a famous Russian woman, was taken up with Ethlyn Green as leader, assisted by Agnes Miller, Dorothy Driver and Isabel Nelson. Madame Breshkovsky's life, her last trial and her condition in Siberia at the present time, were discussed. At this meeting the Dianthians were glad to welcome Dorothy Kimball as a new member.

The program on Oct. 30th was a continuation of the one of the previous week and was in the hands of Elizabeth Mercer, leader, Marion Hunt and Mildred Green. In addition to the discussion of conditions and customs in Russia, the story of the life of George Kennan, the American who has written so much about Russia, was told.

On Nov. 6th, a most interesting program on current events was given by Helen Nixon, as leader, assisted by Leota Stout, Anita Mann and Josephine Wells.



## AGATHIAN NOTES.

Oct. 23.—The Agathian Society met in room 6. A program on current events was given, Marie Aylor read a paper on "The Panama Exposition." Opal Sample told about the career of Prof. Montravelle Wood.

Oct. 30.—A program on current events was given at the Agathian meeting. "The Tendencies of Current Literature" were discussed by Evelyn Beckett. Helen Shaffer gave a review of "The Literary Digest." Nina Moore told about Caruso and Mme. Schumann-Heink, after which the society enjoyed some selections on the Victrola.

Nov. 6.—At this meeting a very interesting program was given on Vassar College. Myrtle Petree told two stories of college life. Alice Campbell discussed the "Festivities at Vassar." "The Buildings and Campus" were described by Elenor Hollenback. Louise Fenner told us about the life of the founder of Vassar College.

## PHILOMATHIAN SOCIETY.

On October 26th, the Philomathian Society was organized among the Junior and Senior girls. The following officers were elected: President, Bessie McKendry; vice-president, Ethel Walters; secretary, Inez Linebaugh; treasurer, Panama Riddle; Forum reporter, Alice Edson. The representatives elected to the Senate are Bessie McKendry and Panama Riddle. Miss Robinson and Miss Kearney were appointed directresses.

On Friday afternoon, Oct. 20th, a miscellaneous program was given in room 10, which consisted of a recitation by Pearl Pryor, a short story by Alice Edson, current events, Lenora Gumbert, and a piano duet by Irene Stripe and Rhea Nelson.

## OLYMPIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

About 30 Freshman B girls have organized a literary society under the direction of Miss Moulton. The society is known by the name of Olympian Literary Society.

At the first meeting, Frances Weller was chosen president, Grace Fuson, secretary, and LaVita Awalt, treasurer. We are represented in the High School Senate by Gladys Holland and Mary Houk.

(Continued on Page 16)

# LOCALS

The first auditorium meeting was held on Friday, October 30. Mr. Whiteford gave a very interesting and instructive talk. Miss Sanford directed the school in some of our "new" songs. At the end of school on the same day the three bells were again heard summoning us to another assembly. Francis McGrath told us some of the interesting things he saw and heard in connection with the big football game he witnessed at Columbia; thus trying to arouse some of the so-called school spirit at old Central so we could do our part in helping our team win from Lawrence, Kansas, the next day. Sad, but his speech did not seem to make the "blue and whites" win.

\*\*\*\*\*

## One Week Later.

Dr. Gaines, president of Agnes Scott College, where one of our former members, Helen Connet, is now attending, gave us the message of "The Advantages of College Life." He was "encored" and related the history of that school and the advantages it affords.

\*\*\*\*\*

## Heard in a Frigid Room.

African Simp—"Miss Varner, it's cold in here."

Miss V.—"I'll make it warm for you."

(We got a test.)

\*\*\*\*\*

## Seven Days Later.

"Why look so happy, Hiram?"

"Oh, we had **some** music today in our happy gathering and it makes me feel happy."

"What was it, I forgot to come to school till the 5th period?"

"Well, you see, the octet sang. It is composed of Agnes Neudorff, Gladys Welty, Harriette Johnson, Loretta Mack, Eric Schroeder, Freeman Scott, Russell Cox, and Porter Minturn. The last mentioned was not with us for various reasons.

\*\*\*\*\*

Dr. Loeb, of Missouri University spoke to us on the advantages derived from two years' college work in the high school course. Some high schools could easily do this, but where we would put the extra number of learned people would be quite a problem for any mathematician.

Miss R.—"You might spend a whole quarter working quadratic equations."

Why for so puzzled, Miss R., at the uproar?

\*\*\*\*\*

Gertrude Meierhoffer spent two most enjoyable weeks "away down south." She visited New Orleans, Hot Springs and Mammoth Cave.

\*\*\*\*\*

Taney Beaumont is still absent from our midst and has the sincere hope of the school that he can soon return.

\*\*\*\*\*

After a tug-of-war the Centralites had more than one victory at the game with Lathrop Friday. Monday at school pieces of a white banner, or something of the sort, decorated the lapels of several gents' coats. We wonder what was the occasion for the celebration?

"The wearing of the white rag out upon the morning air

Was Central's favorite stunt,  
So Lathrop said, 'I'll find it there'."

\*\*\*\*\*

"I wonder who this applies to?"

## My Auto—'Tis of Thee.

My auto, 'tis of thee, short cut to poverty, of thee I chant. I blew a pile of dough on you two years ago, and now you quite refuse to go, or won't, or can't. Through town and countryside, you were my joy and pride, a happy day. I loved thy gaudy hue, thy nice white tires so new, but now you are down and out for true, in every way. To thee, old rattlebox, came many bumps and knocks—for thee I grieve. Badly thy top is torn, frayed are thy seats and worn; the whooping cough affects thy horn, I do believe. Thy perfume swells the breeze, while good folks choke and wheeze, as we pass by. I paid for thee a price, 'twould buy a mansion twice, now everybody's yelling "ice"—I wonder why? The motor has the grip, thy spark-plug has the pip, and woe is thine. I, too, have suffered chills, ague and kindred ills, endeavoring to pay my bills since thou wert mine. Gone is my bank roll, no more 'twould choke a cow, as once before. Yet if I had the mon, so help me John, I'd buy myself a car again and speed some more.

# ATHLETICS



On the 17th of October the Central football team made an excursion to Chillicothe to line up against the eleven husky corn-feds supported by that town. The game commenced with the following lineup: Barr, c.; Barrows, l. g.; Sitton, l. t.; Kinnison, l. e.; Parry, r. g.; Cravens, r. t.; Schroeder, r. e.; Colt, q. b.; Sellars, l. h.; Voss, f. b.; Martin, r. h. During the game, however, Voss received a sprained ankle and was supplanted by Addleman, while Varner finished the game in Martin's position at right half. Voss, Martin and Kinnison were the stars of the game, Kinnison intercepting more than one touch down by his fast tackling. During the first half the Chillicothe bunch ran away, but in the last half our fellows buckeled up and held them to one touch down; due, however, to the fact that the Chillicothe team was a college team and outweighed our fellows 15 pounds per man, and that they had had three practice games against our one, the game ended with a score of 28 to 0, Chillicothe coping the heavy end of the score. But if our fellows had had a more substantial meal than the thin soup that they had for dinner they would have done better. Even with defeat, that night the town rang from end to end with St. Joseph cheers. Kinnison wore his new hat on this trip.

The next game was also played away from home, being called to order in Trenton. Varner, Voss and his bum ankle, and Kinnison's new hat remained at home on this trip. The lack of the first two assets mentioned took the pep out of the rest of the team and they lined up in a crippled condition on a wet, slippery field. Addleman played well at full, but lost ground in attempts to kick, due to the slippery ball.

In the first half the Trentonites ran away with 15 points, but the last half saw Central hold them down to 9 points. While outclassed in speed and plays, Central played on an equal in tackling and running back punts. Martin and Sellars were the stars of the game. The

sting of defeat was somewhat alleviated by the thought that Trenton had lost but one game this season and that to the fast Lathrop bunch. The team returned with a fine opinion of Trenton, its eats and looks.

On the 31st of October, Lawrence came here for our second game at home. Our fellows never expected to win, but did expect to hold Lawrence to a low score. However, each Lawrence fellow happened to weigh about 185 pounds apiece and were fast, even with the great avoirdupois.

Our men had hard luck right away in the first quarter—a punt was blocked and rolled over the goal for a touch down. This seemed to rattle Central and the game finally wound up 45 to 0. Notwithstanding the big score, the Central men put up a fine game. Schroeder was a wizard at defense and gains on his end were few. Kinnison is no less deserving of praise for the game that he played. The line men seldom get mention, but Barr, Parry, Cravens, Barrows and Sitton also played a fine game—Sitton, Parry and Cravens breaking through the line, dragging their men down every shot. Considering that Lawrence practices with the University and that they were as large per man as they were, it was no great disgrace to drop a game to them. Thanks is due to the side lines and Warrick for raising the good old yells that make the team fight, even if it is defeated. Central learned a lot of football in this game and how it was utilized the next games will show.

By the way, if anyone asks you who that fellow was that dragged down so many men and ran back so many punts, say that it was Bill Colt.

The next game was played at Cameron. Cameron had a fast team and evenly matched as to pounds, but they were too scattered to attain the results.

In the first quarter Sellars nabbed a forward pass and ran 30 yards for a touch down. Martin kicked goal. In the third quarter, Cam-



eron secured a touch down on a forward pass, but failed to kick goal. In the fourth quarter the Central team was strong and rushed Cameron off their feet, but were over anxious and lost chance to score by fumbling. At the close of the game the score stood 7 to 6, with Central on the big end. Immediately after the toot of the whistle the boys made a rush to the depot, having barely time to secure a ticket and a sandwich.

Coach Moyer had been satisfied with the progress of the team up to this point, but here they never came up to his expectations. In his opinion the score should have been 20 to 0 at least. The boys got a good lecture and were told if they wanted to finish Lathrop they would have to do some hard, consistent work.

Well, Lathrop came here Nov. 13th, intending to beat us badly. On account of practice for the program for the teachers convention, Central was able to get but one work-out before the game.

Lathrop sent up 100 rooters in a special car and were over-confident of success. Central was not over-confident but was determined to hold the score as low as possible. The teams lined up before an immense crowd. St. Joseph kicked to Lathrop who lost the ball on downs. Central then pulled off a long pass—Varner to Spratt—who ran 40 yards for a touch down. Martin kicked goal. This took the heart out of Lathrop and put the pep in the local boys. In the second quarter the ball went "pro et con" in Lathrop's territory. In the third quarter Lathrop had the ball on our 10-yard line once, but were penalized for off side and lost the ball on downs. Central then kicked out of danger and the goal line of the blue and white was never again in peril. In the last quarter our fellows got better the longer they played and were making 5 and 8 yard jumps toward Lathrop's goal line and were on the 20-yard line at the last toot of the whistle. This game upset the dope and Central pulled off the unexpected victory of 7 to 0. Central played the game of the season and showed that they could play consistently.

Coach Moyer was well pleased over the showing of the team and received many compliments afterwards for the game that his boys played. He is deserving of a lot of praise for taking a raw bunch of fellows and turning them into a seasoned bunch of football players in five weeks. Lathrop suffered her first defeat in three years and we wonder how the coach has been able to accomplish the results that he has.

No game comes off without its fun and spirit ran high in the side-lines. Lathrop's banner was stripped down by some enthusiasts and a couple of fights started.

A practice game was played at Savannah, Monday, the 16th. Savannah had a strong team and put up a good fight, but went down before the "iron hand of fate." The crowd had a difference of opinion with the umpire and surged over the field. As the authorities could not or would not put them off the game was abandoned, and Central left with a poor opinion of Savannah as a sporting town and a hard loser.

All eyes are now turned toward the Tarkio and the best is hoped for. Central now has a winning team of blood-thirsty heroes and Tarkio had better look out!

H. S., '16.

#### SENATE NOTES.

The Senate was called to order Tuesday, Oct. 27. Motion was made that the secretary notify each society about attendance of Senate members. Carried. M. Strop, treasurer, made report about financial conditions of the Senate. There is fifty cents in the treasury and the collections are to be made any time by the treasurer. Senate pins and stationery were discussed and it was moved and seconded to investigate prices and kinds of stationery carried. The Senate constitution was found indefinite and incomplete, so a committee was appointed to revise it. On this committee are Harriet Bell, Julia Goetze, Roberts, Raffelock and McGrath. Six members were appointed on the enthusiasm committee with Strop as chairman.

The Senate was again called to order on Nov. 10th. Fifteen new members were welcomed in at this meeting. Owing to a misunderstanding, the committee on the revision of the constitution were unable to accomplish anything since last meeting. The report was made about prices of stationery, and it was made and seconded to have one hundred sheets and envelopes ordered, the paper to have Central High School Senate stamped at the top of each sheet in blue. Rex Maupin and Bryan Varner were appointed by president to advertise the football game with Lathrop, among the teachers to be present at the convention. Meeting adjourned.

#### Heard in Physics Laboratory.

Abe Dolginoff (after spilling a large quantity of ether)—"Now, we'll all go to sleep."



## SCHOOL NOTES

### SENIOR NOTES.

There have been no social activities in the Senior Class this month. The members of the class have vanquished the dreaded "Burke" and are now turning their attention to "The Tale of Two Cities." All are beginning to assume that air of dignity and gradiloquence peculiar to Seniors. Let us hope for the best. The treasurer, Clyde Roberts, appointed the following people as a committee to extort dues from the class: Hazel Vaughn, Helen Nixon, Rex Maupin, Zorah Cook and Harriett Bell. All loyal Seniors are requested to lighten their pocketbooks to the extent of seventy-five cents. The class owes several bills and there is not enough money to meet these. Pay up and lighten both pocketbook and conscience.

A. N. P., '15.

### JUNIOR FORUM NOTES.

At a Junior meeting this month the class pin and class colors were chosen. The colors are old gold and black and the pins will be out soon. The class is well represented in the different school activities. The captain of the football team is a Junior and so are some of the principal characters in the play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," which is to be given at Christmas time.

All members of the class are urged to pay their dues as soon as possible, either to the treasurer or one of his assistants, so that we may not be outdone by the Seniors.

### OLYMPIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

(Continued from Page 12)

Our programs have been published on very artistic posters that are the work of various girls in the society. Our first program was a magazine. Various members contributed the parts, as the cover, a short story, a story of adventure, foreign news, home department, poem, jokes, advertisements, etc. Our one musical program has revealed to us that the Olympians are musical as well as literary.

One of the happiest afternoons that our society has had was when we joined with the other Freshmen B girls in a Hallowe'en party.

Collector—"Why haven't you paid your gas bill?"

Consumer—"The light was so poor that I couldn't read it."—Ex.

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## DEPARTMENTS

### CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT.

For the preceding month the work of the Chemistry classes is illustrated by the experiments on saturated solutions, water of crystallization, preparation and properties of chlorine, effect of sunlight on chlorine water, bleaching with bleaching powder, preparation and properties of hydrochloric acid, and the test for a chloride.

A saturated solution is obtained when as much of any substance is dissolved in a liquid as the liquid will take up at that temperature. It was shown in this experiment that when a solution was saturated at a certain temperature and then cooled below it, the excess of the dissolved substance would crystallize on the liquids being disturbed. A common illustration of this is seen in the "candying" of preserves, where the excess sugar crystallizes in a gritty, granular form.

The experiment on water of crystallization showed that some crystals contain water, while others do not; if present, it may be driven off by heating. This is well shown by heating a little borax, which will swell up like popcorn on account of the expansion and vaporization of the water which it contains.

The next two experiments, i. e., preparation and properties of chlorine, and effect of sunlight on chlorine-water, led up to the experiment on bleaching with bleaching powder. When manganese dioxide and hydrochloric acid are heated together a greenish gas, chlorine, is given off, which has a most sickening odor. Several times, owing to the inexperience of the experimenters, the laboratory became almost unfit for human habitation. It is no wonder that such a gas will take the color out of nearly anything. The bleaching effect of bleaching-powder, or chloride of lime is due to its presence; this effect, however, is produced only on vegetable dyes and on wet fabrics, the reason for the latter being that the chlorine breaks up the water into hydrogen and oxygen and the liberated oxygen attacks and decolorizes the dye. This effect of chlorine on water was shown in the sunlight experiment.

The experiments on the preparation and properties of hydrochloric acid and the test for a chloride are not sufficiently important to anyone outside the Chemistry classes to be discussed here.

N. L. K., '15.

### THE MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT.

As we all know, the report of the mathematics department is another one of the Forum's new additions. The mathematics department, which consists of all classes, both at Central and at the Annex, in which Algebra, plane and solid Geometry and Trigonometry are taught, has been running along smoothly for the last two months. The classes are blessed, as usual, with some sharks. There are seven teachers in this department and the classes are up to the average in numbers.

And now comes the climax:

Miss Carter (In Algebra III)—"What is the great advantage of the system of Briggs' Logarithms over that of Napier?"

Reed Payne—"Up to the time of Briggs, they were simply 'logs' and Briggs added the 'rythm.'"

McNinch (during trig. test)—"Is  $.8 \times .8$  equal .64?"

### HISTORY DEPARTMENT.

The Civics classes have paid particular attention to some of the important problems before the country; also each student has been working out a problem and furnishing a solution for it.

Mr. Crossland, secretary of the Welfare Board, lectured to the Senior Civics class on the subject of "The Welfare Board and Charity."

The different classes have been studying the methods and the different kinds of ballot used in connection with the last election in St. Joseph.

One of the Greek classes this month had a contest, using review questions.

Mr. Hall visited several of the classes in the History Department last week.

### DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN LANGUAGE.

#### "Pourquoi je Vis."

Un jeune poète ambitieux envoya son poème "Pourquoi je vis" à un rédacteur pour la publication.

N'ayant rien entendu de son manuscrit, il écrivit au rédacteur pour lui en demander des nouvelles.

Le rédacteur a répondu, "Mon cher jeune homme vous vivez parie que vous ne m'avez pas l'apporté votre poème en personne."

**"Medecine Efficace."**

"Docteur," dit-il, "Je suis victime d l'insomnie. Je ne puis pas dormir s'il y a le moindre bruit, til qu 'un chat daus la cour pas exemple."

"Cette medecine sera efficace," repondit le docteur, en lui remettant une pondre.

Plient—"Quandest ce que je prends ceci docteur?"

Docteur—"Vous ne le prenez pas. Vous le donnez au chat daus un peu de lait.

**COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.**

Well, if you have been taking typewriting you can now "heave a sigh of relief." The Missouri State Teachers' Convention is over—no more of its typewriting to do. All the classes in typewriting have been busy, during the past two weeks, filling out accommodation blanks, etc., for the convention, and much credit is due them, not only for the excellent quality of their work, but also for their readiness to co-operate with the local committees in making the convention a success.

While the teachers were here, several of our advanced typewriting students, stationed at the Robidoux School and Auditorium, were prepared to take letters from all visiting teachers who desired such service. They not only found plenty to do but did it in such a way that they received much praise from our visitors.

The Commercial Department of Central was given a boost this year when our local commercial teachers succeeded in forming, among the many departments already in the association, a new one, for commercial teachers. Heretofore this department was not represented in the association.

We certainly are glad to hear the report that this was the largest convention of teachers ever held in Missouri. We hope in the future St. Joseph may have the privilege of again holding the convention here.

St. Joseph seems to be getting quite popular among the "school marms" of Missouri. We hear that Mr. Wallace, the head of the Commercial Department, is leader of a debate, "What can we do to have our students measure up to the requirements of a business man," in a convention of the Missouri Valley Commercial Teachers' Association.

Say, did you hear that speech, some time ago, of Mr. Orestes Mitchell on "Contracts"? Well, if you didn't, you sure missed something. We hope that the many other speakers that the Commercial Law classes are planning to have

come to Central and speak, will give us as great a treat.

This talk was of particular interest to the shorthand students, who took it down and presented a typewritten copy of it to Mr. Mitchell. This is especially good for them as it is right along the line of their regular speed work. As a result of their taste of actual "reporters' trials," the "speed craze" is taking fast hold of many of them.

The advanced arithmetic classes are now struggling with the complications of Life Insurance. No one in either class, however, has yet indicated a desire to become a life insurance agent!

Oh! and now before I forget, those grade cards were out quite recently. Half of the term is over. Take heed, work hard, and you have plenty of time to raise that "F" to an "M," and that "G" to an "E."

**Intended Jokes.**

Lies have no legs, that's why we have to stand up for them.

It is a wise son that can get two birds (chickens) with one bone (dollar).

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#### Obedient Willie.

Willie was struggling through the story in his reading lesson.

"'No,' said the captain," he read, "'it was not a sloop. It was a larger vessel. By the rig I judged her to be a-a-a-a—'"

The word was new to him.

"Barque!" supplied the teacher.

Still Willie hesitated.

"Barque!!" repeated the teacher, this time sharply.

Willie looked as though he had not heard aright. Then with an apprehensive glance around the class, he shouted:

"Bow-wow!"—Ex.

#### RESULTS OF AN OVERDOSE OF "VERGIL."

Aeneas, old scout, you sure had a time,  
But, compared to the present, it was a lime!  
Just walk on the street and let a cop see,  
And he'll take you to jail, receive it from me!

But, come on, now, Aeneas, and be on the level,  
Did Vergil really know you went to the Devil?  
I wish I'd been there when you first hit Rome,  
But you know, they say, there is no place like home.

That scrap in Troy must have been some bout;  
With Jack Johnson there it would be a rout.  
So long, Aeneas, and here often just mark,  
When I open my lips let no dog bark.

Why don't you get hungry in your History class?

Answer—Teacher is always stuffing us with dates and current events.

First Student—"Did Robinson Crusoe practice exchange?"

Second—"Yes, he exchanged oats to the goat for milk."—Ex.

There was a fair maid to cooking-class went,  
On dishes delicious her mind was intent;  
Her apron was dainty, her cap was so neat,  
But the things she concocted a goat couldn't eat.

Vive a la cookery maid.

She made some doughnuts that didn't cook through,

She toyed with the soup 'till they used it for glue;

Her plum-pudding, they used to poison the rats,  
And with her biscuits, her brother disabled three cats,

Vive a la cookery maid.

At last she made something, a pie, so she said,  
And put it away and retired to bed;

A burglar broke in and upon it fed,  
And in the morning the burglar was dead.

Vive a la cookery maid.

Johnnie and Jimmie met after school one day, and Johnnie had a bandage around his head.

"S'matter with yer head, Johnnie?" asked Jimmie.

"Bumped it on a ceiling," replied Johnnie.

"On a step-ladder?"

"No, me and papa was playin' on the floor, and I was sitting on papa's tummy."

"Anen what?"

"Papa sneezed."

#### He Was Right.

Little Freddy was preparing to go out calling with his mother. Suddenly he called to her in a rather startled voice:

"Mamma! is that bayrum in the brown bottle?"

"Gracious! no, dear! That's mucilage."

"Oh!" said Freddy, then after a pause, "Maybe that's why I can't get my hat off."

He must have been a poor grammarian who invented the word, "A-men."

Last night, sixty minutes past seven, I (ate) eight o'clock.

# EXCHANGES



"Orange and Black," from Falls City, Neb.—Your editorial on "School Spirit" is very interesting and practical.

"The Trumpeter," Lexington, Mo.—More humor and less "ads" would brighten and cheer the very apparent dullness of your paper.

The cover design of "The World," from St. Paul, Minn., is very artistic and appropriate. Also your literary department contains real, live and interesting stories.

"The Midland," which comes from Atchison, Kan., is a nice, interesting, breezy little newspaper.

## Bouquets.

"The Early Trainer," Lawrence, Mass., says: "We found the essay entitled, 'My Trip Abroad,' very interesting. The column entitled, 'Locals,' was interesting.

## Exchange Jokes.

You can lead a horse to water,  
But you cannot make him drink,  
You can ride a Latin Pony,  
But you cannot make him think.—Ex.

Knight Watchman (in any European town)—  
"Eight o'clock—and all's hell.—Ex.

Suggested pledge to be signed by every pupil's parents:

Date.....  
I, ....., do hereby certify that I will not hold the school authorities responsible for injuries to my son or daughter, received while going to or while in the High School lunch room; or sickness acquired from said lunch-room.

.....  
Parents' Signature.

## Where She Was.

Lawyer—"Where did he kiss you?"  
Pretty Plaintiff—"On the mouth, sir."  
Lawyer—"No! no! You don't understand. I mean where were you?"  
Pretty Plaintiff (blushing)—"In his arms, sir."—Ex.

There was a young chemistry tough,  
Who, while mixing some new fangled stuff,  
Began to smile,  
And after a while  
They picked up a collar and cuff.—Ex.

Life is one fool thing after another, and love  
is two fool things after each other.—Ex.

Guest—"Waiter, are you sure this is ox tail soup?"

Waiter—"Yessuh."

Guest—"But I've found a tooth in it. How do you account for that?"

Waiter—"Well, I don't know, suh; but I reckon dat ox must have been biting his tail."—Ex.

When you've studied all the night,  
And you know your lessons right,  
Who calls on you next morning to recite?  
Nobody! —Ex.

## The Greater Evil.

"What can be worse," he asked, "than taking a kiss without asking for it?"

"I don't know," said the girl, "unless it is asking for a kiss without taking it."—Ex.

## THE VICTORY.

Our team has been defeated,  
And we have long been sad,  
But closer comes mirth,  
And we shall raise our flag from the earth.

Closer comes our fame,  
Then no one will be to blame  
For the defeats of the past,  
Which never last.

See the crowd at the game,  
Every true blue came;  
There is not one sigh,  
How expectant every eye!  
The Blues flash by,  
The voices of the rooters never die  
When the game is done,  
And Central has won. A. A., '16.

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