

October

1914



F. McGrath '14

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



Picture Shop

NINTH AND FRANCIS STS.

SAINT JOSEPH, MISSOURI

M. Feltenstein

"Sub"
Lunch Counter

—THE PLACE WHERE YOU
—GET THE GOOD THINGS.
—COME AND SEE

Reasonable Prices

907 Edmond St.

Wm. Ellinger

HEADQUARTERS FOR

*sporting
goods....*

416 Edmond St.

St. Joseph, Mo.

Western Dairy
Company

Wholesale and Retail

**Ice Cream and
Dairy Products**

218-222 S. Fifth St.

Telephone 786

L. M. Keller

Expert Watchmaker

—and—

Stationery Engraver

307 Felix St.

St. Joseph, Mo.

—We solicit the trade of the young man in High School, for this is primarily a young man's store. We know what the young man wants, for we are young ourselves.

Geis-Amburgh Co.

513 FELIX ST.

We Feature a great \$1.00 Cap

HIRSH-WICKWIRE Suits and Overcoats
HAND TAILORED

*Snappy in Model
and Pattern*

Jerry Wing

HABERDASHER

613 FELIX ST.

HIGH SCHOOL FORUM

VOLUME XVI

ST. JOSEPH, MO., OCTOBER, 1914

NUMBER 1



My Trip Abroad

Written by Prof. C. E. Miller.

On the 25th of last July, when the *Ultonia* sailed from New York, the morning papers contained an account of the ultimatum which Austria had sent to Serbia, declaring that unless certain demands should be promptly complied with, war would result. The papers stated, furthermore, that in the event of such a contingency, Russia, Germany and France might be involved in the gigantic struggle. Hoping that the war clouds would be dissipated, as had often happened before, we proceeded on our way in blissful ignorance of the turmoil, and heart rending agony of such a war as the civilized world had never seen before.

One thing only caused us forebodings. Although our ship was equipped with the wireless apparatus, we could not elicit any information from the officers as to what was going on in the outer world. They were strangely reticent. On the eleventh day of our voyage we entered the Strait of Gibraltar, about fourteen miles in length, with Europe on the one side and Africa on the other, in plain view. Every passenger was on deck, enjoying the beautiful sight. Soon there appeared at the other end of the strait the rock of Gibraltar, the symbol of England's might and power, and of her rule of the sea, looking strangely familiar and just as we had imagined it, save for the absence of the advertisement of the life insurance company. In the dusk of the evening there was seen, as we drew near, the gleam of thousands of lights around the base of the stronghold, indicating the presence of a strong military force. Experienced travelers on board

told me that never before had they seen such a sight at Gibraltar.

The first night after passing the strait, the captain ordered our lights to be extinguished and that the ship should sail with darkened port-holes.

The *Ultonia* of the Cunard line was flying the British flag. Evidently there must be some hostile warships in the Mediterranean. We afterwards found out that two German cruisers had been making a successful raid in the Mediterranean about that time. Our ship with a cargo of nine thousand tons of wheat and a great quantity of copper would have been a rich prize.

We soon noticed that our ship instead of taking the straight course for Naples south of Sardinia, was sailing an unusual round-about course, skulking along the shores of Africa, which arose in the distance dark, frowning, desolate, mysterious.

Soon to our great comfort we descried low down on the horizon three French cruisers, which, although not always in sight, conveyed us on our way to Malta to which we had been ordered to proceed.

And now having left the Pillars of Hercules behind we were sailing the blue Mediterranean across the very waters where Carthaginian galley and Roman trireme made and unmade empires. "Caelum undique et undique pontus." Never before had the waves been so calm and smiling, calling to remembrance Aeschylus's beautiful allusion to "Kumaton

anarithmion gelasma," the many-twinkling smile of ocean.

The next evening the captain requested another passenger, an Englishman and myself to wait upon him in his cabin. He then told us the true state of affairs, how Germany had declared war against France and Russia; and England, against Germany; how Germany had violated the neutrality of Belgium and had lost twenty thousand men in the first attack upon Liege; and how at that very moment the embattled lines of France and England were arrayed against the mighty hosts of Germany. We were then requested to communicate this information to the rest of the fifty-four cabin passengers with the injunction that they be very discreet as to what they told the eight hundred steerage passengers, most of whom were Austrians, with a mixture of Italians, Greeks and Servians—a fertile field, you see, for mutiny. The captain told us that he could always summon to his aid a battleship, but if mutiny should arise he could not depend on his crew, composed entirely of foreigners; and his only recourse would be, if the battleship should not arrive in time, to place the passengers in the life-boats and to scuttle his ship.

When we had gathered the cabin passengers into the smokers' cabin, you may rest assured that for once in our lives we were telling a story that was listened to with the deepest attention.

The next day, as we were approaching the shores of Malta, a torpedo boat put out to meet us and we were instructed to anchor in St. Paul's Bay until the quarantine officials should board our ship. When we asked what was the statue of heroic proportions which we saw close by, we were told that it was the Statue of St. Paul and that this was the very place where St. Paul's ship was wrecked.

After a brief delay the ship proceeded to Valetta, the capitol of Malta. The island is only nine by twelve miles in its dimensions. The capitol city was founded by Jean de Valette, the last commander of the Knights of Malta. The site is a beautiful one and the houses and public buildings, constructed entirely of stone, look massive and picturesque. There are two harbors, the greater and the lesser, surrounded where the high hills come down to the water's edge, by walls, bastions, and battlements which are surmounted by broad picturesque drives and esplanades. The island situated midway between Africa and Sicily is the key to the commerce of the central Mediterranean,

and England holds in her grasp the two avenues of approach at either end, the Strait of Gibraltar and the Suez Canal. The island has been controlled in turn by the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Arabs, the Saracens, and the English. In Valetta there is a museum illustrating the history of the island from prehistoric times.

We were detained by the English authorities for three days in the smaller harbor. When we asked permission to land, we were refused, and when we inquired what would happen if we should make the attempt, the reply was, "You will be shot, as Malta is under military rule."

Soon after this we saw a boat approaching filled with men wearing the English uniform. The steps were hastily lowered and they came on board with a great air of authority, and three Germans who held positions on the boat were put through a rigid examination. Two were allowed to go, as they held papers showing that they were naturalized American citizens, but the third, an Austrian, in spite of many tears and protestations, was lead away to prison, the authorities fearing that he was an Austrian spy.

Here we were in the most beautiful harbor, eager to visit the city and its museum, and to inspect the place of St. Paul's shipwreck, but detained on board the ship, not knowing how long our stay would be. We felt almost like prisoners.

The Italians who were within so short a distance of home, bore their detention with a very bad grace. On the second day I heard loud talking on the lower deck in a crowd of Italians who were evidently laboring under great excitement. Suddenly they made a rush for the upper deck, but the English officers were too quick for them, intercepting and forcing them back.

Soon after this an inspiring sight was seen. A fleet of forty French ships of war, consisting of battleships, torpedo boats, and destroyers, came sailing into the harbor to be refitted and supplied with coal from the port of their English ally.

With this additional demand upon the food supply of the little island our release was easily obtained. The next morning as I was on the point of arising the jar of the engines was felt. I hurriedly dressed and rushed on deck and found to my great joy that we were already half way out of the harbor. Our course lay along the eastern coast of Sicily past Syracuse and Mt. Aetna, tracing backward the tur-

bulent journey of the "pious Aeneas." Vergil's description of Aetna came to my mind: "Sed horrificis iuxta tonat Aetna ruinis." The shades of evening had already descended upon us before we were half way through the Straits of Messina. Our ship boldly held her course right between Scylla on the one side and the whirlpool of Charybdis on the other. We fared much better than did Ulysses and his band of adventurers, who made the same voyage on a previous occasion. We saw nothing of Scylla, who was probably sleeping in her cavern, and as for Charybdis, it was evidently on its good behavior.

The mountains rose stern and rugged on either side but those on the Sicilian side were much more formidable.

Suddenly a meteor in the shape of a large ball of fire was seen to sweep through the skies, mirabile dictu, alighting on the mountains of Sicily, and leaving behind a train of sulphur that floated gracefully in the heavens for many minutes.

High up on the mountain slopes and often at the water's edge were seen on the Sicilian side numerous hamlets and villages and as we approached the western end of the passage, these became almost continuous on both sides. The long lines of electric lights reaching for miles on each side, brilliantly illuminated our passage, as we sailed along. In a few hours shooting its volcanic glare high into the skies, Stromboli appeared. An interesting fact about this volcano is that it is in some way strangely related to Vesuvius, one hundred miles north. When one volcano is in a state of eruption and sending out smoke, the other one is always quiet.

And now as we were approaching Italy, as did Aeneas of old, Vergil's beautiful lines were remembered, "And the dawn having put to flight the stars, was growing rosy, when at a distance we beheld the dim hills of low-lying Italy." A few hours afterwards we entered the bay of Naples which is considered by many the most beautiful bay in the world, and we saw the city of Naples spread out before us with brilliant Italian sunshine lighting up its beautiful gardens and many-colored stucco houses.

A visit to Pompeii proved of great interest. From there a part of us ascended on horseback to within a short distance of the edge of the crater of Vesuvius. When we descended, I decided that I would rather take my chances on foot. So I walked down through the shifting lava dust and sand, arriving at the foot of the

mountain in advance of the rest of the party. It is said that the lava soil is a rich fertilizer. The sites of former eruptions are filled with beautiful vineyards.

One may rest assured that he is getting pure milk in Naples. The dairyman drives his goats and cows to his customer's door and there milks them. Some of the goats are so obliging as to ascend to the third and fourth stories for this purpose.

The war news in the Italian papers assumed a hue of uncertainty, as almost all of the statements were made in the conditional mode. In one instance an editor, who had written a fiery editorial on the war, had the candor to warn his readers not to believe a word of what was written above.

Some of the personals are of a very tender and sentimental nature. Here is one: "Why have you not written to me? Write to me immediately, my love. Take away from me this terrible devastating grief. Without you I shall die. I kiss your hands and your lips most passionately." Again: "My beloved, you have this day made me live again. I caress your dear face, and trembling, I grow pale, when I think of your divine love. Would that I could be near you, so that I might tell you many sweet things, my beloved!" I had always heard that the Italians were ardent lovers. Imagine my delight when I found several columns like the above, which I have translated literally from an Italian paper.

On Tuesday, the 18th of August, as the war excitement was still increasing, we decided to consult the efficient and energetic American consul, Mr. White, who was so faithfully devoting himself to the welfare of the Americans in Naples. We were advised to leave Italy at once and not to stand on the order of our going. Accordingly I went to the Cunard office and was fortunate enough to secure passage on the Carpathia, which was going to leave that very day.

Mr. Mitchell, the Englishman of whom I have previously spoken, decided to return to London by way of Paris, under the expert guidance of a Cook employe. When he reached Rome, he telegraphed to two young Canadians in Naples, saying that from inside information which he had obtained, but could not communicate over the wire, he was convinced that Italy was no place for an Englishman. At the same time he advised these friends to leave as soon as possible. When I returned to the Pension Baker, I found that there had been a general exodus of all Americans. Only one

remained, and he was confined to his bed by an accident with a broken arm.

The departure of the Carpathia was delayed for several hours on account of the difficulty of securing a crew. It seemed to be the policy of the government to secure as many men as possible for the army, and the Carpathia was not permitted to sail until the promise had been given that all the Italians in the crew should be returned. But there was a deficiency of sailors, waiters and stokers, so that in many cases men had to do double work. When twenty-five stowaways were found there was great rejoicing, and they were made to work in payment of their passage.

The entire ship was made over into one class passage, and everyone accepted cheerfully the place allotted to him. Personally I drew a great prize, having my berth in the steerage, where not only did I have a comfortable bed, but good company as well, in the shape of sundry cockroaches and rats. One night the largest rat, I think, I ever saw, was perched on a rafter over my head and wickedly watched me; but finding that I was determined not to fall asleep while he was there, he abandoned me for some more promising victim. This, however, was the only inconvenience that I had to undergo. I took my meals in the first cabin and had the run of the ship, as my ticket read first-class.

Many ladies were assigned to quarters in the steerage and were glad to get those. Everywhere the greatest good nature prevailed. People put up cheerfully with the greatest discomforts in order to be able to escape from countries filled with unhappiness and terror.

The third day out from Gibraltar the news was received by wireless that his Holiness Pope Pius X had passed away. This news was received with deep sadness by the many Catholic passengers on board.

On the Carpathia we had the pleasure of meeting tourists from all the European countries, from Egypt and the Holy Land. All of these had varied and interesting experiences to relate. Those coming from Genoa, Venice, Florence and Milan met with difficulty and hardship in many instances in reaching Naples, because the train service was demoralized by the demands made upon it by military requirements and because many passenger trains had been discontinued. Often the passengers were informed when they had reached some intermediate point, that the train would go no further.

A Presbyterian clergyman who had been touring Palestine was detained in Constantinople for twenty-four hours and the Turks showed a disposition to hold him indefinitely, until the American consul by intervening energetically, secured his departure. As he was passing the Dardanelles, he saw the two German cruisers, the Goeben and the Breslau, which had recently raided the Mediterranean, and so far from being dismantled, as required by international law, they were still flying the German flag and were taking on board supplies of coal.

All with whom I talked seemed delighted that they were on the Carpathia and the opinion was generally expressed that people whose business required that they should be back home at any fixed date, could not afford to take the risk of being indefinitely detained, which would be the probable result if Italy should be involved in the war. Furthermore, many were of the opinion that if this latter contingency should occur that all travelers' checks and letters of credit would either become valueless or would have to be heavily discounted.

The return voyage passed pleasantly without eventful happenings. I was much interested in having the experience so much talked about, of seeing from an outside view the wonderful harbor of New York. After my experience it seemed as if this were the only country that at present has a sane view of things and is undisturbed by the terrible clouds that hover over all of Europe.

C. E. M.

A BOY ON THE PRESIDENCY.

They say that every little boy
Has got the chance some day to be
The President of this great land,
And that job certainly looks good to me.

I never used to think I'd care
To be President, bekus,
From what I'd heard, is seemed to me,
The hardest job that ever was.

But I read sumpin' yesterday
That changed my mind about the thing.
I'm going to be the President
When I grow up or bust, by jing.

You see the papers say, bekus,
He is a man of such great fame,
He gets a silver annyul pass
To every big league baseball game.

Alias "Jimmy" Mark

On a small bench in a secluded portion of Central Park sat a young man evidently deep in thought. He was faultlessly attired in a perfect fitting English suit, straw hat, and light shoes, and his fine profile and high forehead were exposed to full view beneath a smooth pompadour of dark brown hair. His eyes were the only odd thing about him. They were a steel grey, steady, piercing, but at the same time seemingly to be alert to hidden danger.

How long this young man had been sitting there we couldn't say, but his meditation was abruptly ended by the sudden, piercing scream of a woman. He was on his feet and had gained the road in a second! A riderless horse galloped past him, having left its rider moaning in the road.

When our friend reached the girl she had succeeded in sitting up but could not arise. Lifting his hat, he knelt down and offered the assistance of his strong young arm and shoulder, and with this help the unfortunate equestrienne was able to stand up. She thanked her gallant rescuer and started to walk away, but the attempt was a dismal failure. The pain of a sprained ankle was too much and the young man, his arm about her waist, found himself assisting the injured girl to walk.

When starting to play hero he had little anticipated having such a burden(?) thrust upon him and he was now surprised to find himself the protector of a helpless girl. He had been in tighter places than this, but the dilemma now staring him in the face, taxed his brain to its last resource. A passing taxi settled the question for him, and he found himself carrying his burden(?) to the waiting machine.

Having given her address to the chauffeur the girl turned to her companion:

"Do you realize that you are a total stranger to me?"

"Fully," responded the young man; "but I might say the same about you."

"Yes, you might, but a fair exchange, you remember, is no robbery."

"Quite true, but the name of a worthless young man is not fair to exchange for the name of so fair a young lady," retorted our hero with a bow.

The girl gazed in frank bewilderment on the young man.

"In my social strata," she went on, "a formal introduction is usually customary."

"Then allow me, mademoiselle, Franklin Keane, Fifth Avenue," and taking a card from among a number he handed it to her.

The girl read the card doubting if this was his real name, but still partly convinced by the card and frank manner of the man.

"How strange," she muttered, not understanding the idiosyncrasies of this odd creature.

"And your name?" he asked.

"Marjorie Manning, Riverside Place."

After this the young man settled back in the cushioned seat and minutely scrutinized the girl. Tall, slender, and delicately formed, with strong but perfect features and soft brown twinkling eyes. Yes, she was perhaps the most striking girl he had ever seen, and the only one he had ever really been attracted to.

Upon arriving at the girl's home, our hero friend lifted her in his arms and carried her into the house. She introduced him, thanked him, and said goodbye, but not until he had gained her permission to call again.

"Jimmy" Mark, alias Furn, alias ———, gentleman thief, sat in a big armchair diligently studying the social columns of the Herald. His broad forehead was contracted in a deep frown, and his firm mouth was set in hard lines as he looked up.

The article he had been studying was the announcement of the reception three weeks off at the Burke home, and as he again perused the article his delicately polished fingernail traveled down the column and stopped at the name of John Story.

"There's the man I want," he mused, and as he congratulated himself on his clever scheme his lips parted in a cynical sneer.

Our gentleman thief changed his straw hat for one of soft felt, and departed for the office of John Story.

Upon his arrival there he was shown into the private office, and taking a card from his wallet presented it to Story. It read:

"Roderick Furn, Reporter, New York Sun."

The older man extended his hand. "What can I do for you?"

"I have come to talk over the reception if you could spare me a few moments."

"What reception is that?"

"The one three weeks from now at the Burke home."

"Oh, yes."

"I see your name is among those of the invited guests," went on Furn.

"Yes, I received an invitation."

"And I suppose you'll go?"

"That I couldn't say. It's too far off for a busy man like myself to say."

"I see, but—I wonder if I could see the invitation?"

"Certainly," returned Story taking the bid from an inside pocket and handing it to the reporter. That young man carefully copied it on a pad of paper and returned it to its owner.

"Do you know any more of the affair?" asked Furn.

"Nothing whatsoever."

"Well, I'll say goodbye, then," and shaking hands with Story, "I'm very much obliged to you for all this information," and he left, laughing at the ignorance of his victim.

He directed his footsteps to the nearest printing firm and there left the pad, ordering several invitations made for his own use.

Three weeks had intervened since Franklin Keane had played the part of rescuer, and frequently, in fact quite frequently, had that young man called upon Miss Manning. He had not taken this friendship seriously until the preceding evening, when on departing, she had allowed her hand to rest in his an extra moment. Then, and not until then did young Keane realize that he, of all people, was in love.

He knew the uselessness and folly of asking for her hand on such short acquaintance, and after having met her under such adverse circumstances; but urgent reasons necessitated his asking now or not at all, and he did want her, so who could wonder that we find him nervous as he timidly rings her door bell.

It was as Keane had anticipated, she did not know him well enough, their acquaintance was too short, etc., but, at the same time, Marjorie Manning had admitted her love for him, but had insisted that he wait for her answer. Franklin Keane had left the house highly elated over his success, but deeply worried over other things.

The Burke mansion presented an animated scene the night of the reception, and the society of New York could truthfully call this the main event of the social season. The house was a blaze of lights and lanterns strung throughout the yard added to the already beautiful scene. Anything that money could do toward success had been done, and everything was presented at its best.

Among the later arriving guests was "Jimmy" Mark, alias Roderick Furn, and from his grace and easy manner even the most scrutinizing person could not have detected his purpose there.

Eignor Attili, virtuosoist, was to play that evening for the further entertainment of the guests, and as they gathered in the music room to hear this famous violinist, Roderick Furn, easily and slowly sauntered toward the library. As yet his small grey eyes had not detected any safe or strong box, but he well knew a wall safe reposed somewhere in that huge house.

From the library he passed to the parlor and from there to the den, and found what he sought. He switched off the light, leaving the room in semi-darkness, and knelt before the safe. Soon his nimble finger and practiced ear detected the familiar click, and the door swung open. The locks of the drawers were easily pried and a small fortune lay before him.

As those gathered in the music room were listening, almost spellbound, to the rich, clear tones of a Stradivarius, Marjorie Manning wandered from the room. Earlier in the evening she had been troubled with a throbbing headache and on entering the stuffy, crowded room the pain had returned, forcing her to leave the room in search of fresh air.

In heading toward the veranda it was necessary for her to pass the den, and all unconscious of the presence of anybody in there she was arrested by the metallic ring of money. Wondering, she threw back the curtains and prepared to enter, when, in the semi-darkness, the man's face was outlined to her. She uttered but one word, "Frank."

Furn, or rather Keane, reached for a hip pocket in which rested an automatic, and turning, covered the girl with it. He gazed, startled for a minute, then slowly sank his head in his hands.

"My God, Marjorie!" he exclaimed.

He had little anticipated seeing the girl he loved there, and in his anguish let the gun slip to the floor. The girl quietly recovered it, and demanded his attention.

"Frank."

A sob was the only answer.

"Frank, look up. Tell me, why have you done this?"

The lowered head was slowly raised. Those small grey eyes begged no mercy nor clemency.

"Answer me! Why, Frank, why did you do this?"

No answer came from the sobbing man.

"Do you realize what this means?" asked the girl.

"Fully," was the reply, "call somebody. I ask no mercy, for I had planned this out."

"You what?" she asked.

"I had planned this out the day after I met you in the Park."

"And still you asked ME to marry YOU, a common thief?"

The man winced under those cutting words.

"Yes, but if I could have had you I would not have done it. That's the reason I asked you so soon. I had planned this before asking you and knew that if I got you I would stop."

"I don't understand, explain to me what you mean."

"This. It is not necessary for me to rob, for even now I have a few hundred thousand dollars reposing safely in the First National Bank."

The girl turned to the door. "Follow me," she commanded.

She led the way to the veranda and from there to a secluded arbor.

"Sit down," she said, pointing to a bench.

After seating herself so she could observe the man she requested him to continue.

"Three years ago, while a member of the Club, I had a chance of matching my brains and cunning against that of society. It was on a wager and was so easy that for the mere fascination of the thing I tried again, and succeeded.

"Well, gradually this fascination grew, and became, well, a habit with me. I couldn't quit, God only knows how hard I've tried. I have never kept a penny of what I've taken, and I have never gone near only the richest homes. I have gained for myself the title of 'Jimmy Mark, gentleman thief,' and every paper in this town and others have had articles on the cleverness and boldness of this wolf preying on society."

"Tell me something, Frank," she interrupted, "you mentioned some money in that bank. Where did you get it?" she asked, suspiciously.

"My father when he died left me \$500,000, half of his estate, and that is the money. Every cent I take from people I return. Tonight I would have gone among the guests, apparently innocent, and I would have watched the surprise. The fascination and risk have been so great, that I couldn't quit."

The man stopped a moment, then went on.

"I have even prayed for someone to help me quit this. Last night I asked you to marry me. I love you, Marjorie, and I knew that with you I could stop, but now—your love for me is past. That is all. I knew some day I'd get caught and this is the day. I am ready, call somebody."

The man slowly sank his head in his hands, crushed, fallen, no longer could he prey on society, for now—

The girl sat watching him for some time, then walked to him and slowly lifted his head.

"Tell me something, Frank; do you claim to still love me?"

"My God, yes!"

"Then, listen. I believe you to be sincere in all you've said and I believe in your love. Now, for all of your past I love you Frank, and instead of making you wait for an answer I will tell you now. Yes, I will marry you. We will live in the present and future, not the past. Take me and we will fight this together."

The startled man, too dazed by these words to speak, looked at her for some moments, then drawing her close to him kissed her, happy in the realization that instead of "gentleman thief," he was now plain gentleman.

H. C. W., '16.

THE TRAP DRUMMER.

(Written after watching the drummer at the Orpheum for a solid hour.)

It is great to watch the trap drummer in an orchestra.

One who did not know would think he kept a junk store and had gone crazy.

He has a bass drum, and a snare drum, and a cymbal, and a triangle, and some sleighbells, and a sandpaper dingus, and heaven knows what all.

He plays these all at once or separately, as the case may be.

And he does it as well as if he were a centipede.

We always wonder as we watch him where he keeps his other hands.

"Forewarned is forearmed," but he must have been forewarned and spelled it wrong.

He will watch the orchestra leader like a hawk, and at a given signal he will drop the pot lid he is beating and take a few pokes at an eggbeater or a nutmeg grater.

A trap-drummer's sheet of music must read funny.

(Continued on page 9)



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 KNEER.....Exchange Editor

Literary Editors

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

Local Editors

Laura Owens.....Laura Henderson

Athletic Editor

Arlie Addleman

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.....\$1.00
Single Copy......10

Advertising Rates Given on Application to Business Manager.

The Central High School Forum once more, after a long vacation, appears before the public. It needs no introduction as this is the

beginning of the sixteenth volume. Owing to the marked abilities shown by last year's staff in their effort to make the Forum a paper pleasing to the students and graduates of the High School, as well as to the public at large, the Forum gained many friends. To these nothing remains to be said concerning the object and offers of this paper; but you know some people are never satisfied and we wish to add many names to our list of patrons. For their benefit we will state what the Forum offers them this year and what the Forum expects in return.

We endeavor to publish a paper both interesting and instructive, containing articles on educational subjects as well as original essays and bits of humor. We endeavor to publish all the High School news of interest, consisting of society notes, class news, athletic doings and personal items.

In return we expect a faithful support from the students of the High School. With over a thousand pupils in our High School the names of our subscription list should exceed five hundred. Next, we expect your assistance in collecting reading matter. It is impossible for the Forum staff to collect all the news of the whole month and we must depend upon the students to furnish us with all the items of interest. It is true that news is sometimes hard to find, but if every subscriber would appoint himself a committee of one to hand in one bit of news every month the work would be hard for no one and would be interesting to all. So let us each one do our best. If any one issue of the Forum does not fulfill your expectations, resolve that you will endeavor to make the next edition worthier to be put before the public.

The fact that nearly every person who advertised with us last year has again done so proves that their money was not wasted. Our circulation is not as large as the different magazines of the country, but an advertisement with us does just as much good, for the students of the High School take such an interest in their paper that they patronize those who patronize the Forum, and the trade of a thousand students is not to be despised by anyone. It will be for our benefit and the benefit of St. Joseph, for our paper goes to many distant cities and tells of us and our High School and nothing has done more to advertise St. Joseph than our High School.

The school wishes to thank the following citizens of our city who made possible for us to have a foot ball team by contributing generous sums toward our athletic treasury: R. R. Calkins, Col. J. H. McCord, Ralph Innis, Barney Reiley, H. E. Schneitter, C. F. Strop.

The staff would like to call the attention of those boys who wish to play basket-ball and take part in spring athletics that they have to pass in at least three full studies at the end of the first semester.

We are indebted to Mr. Francis McGrath, president of the Senior Class, for the beautiful and artistic cover design for this month.

Littleton had taught school, driven stage, punched cattle, and tramped into quietude the tumultuous cross tie as a section hand. None the less, now he has millions, he knows how to live. And so, to look after his 200 shirts, his 100 pairs of shoes, and his 50 suits of clothes, he carries about with him a valet—a wheathued little man from Yokohama. At Stratford-on-Avon, the hotel, while receiving Littleton, objected to the valet.

"How now, sirrah," cried Littleton, in tones of thunder before which the hotel management fell back—"How now! Also, Mary come up! Why thou poor juggler of quart pots, thou mean peddler of mutchkins of small beer, are I to be told here, in the very home of Shakespeare, that I may not take my Japanese in mine inn?"

The rest is soon told. The hotel management backpeddled, and the valet was given a room.

If you are hungry, get in the barrel and take a few rolls.



The Dianthians gave their annual hayride in honor of the new members on Friday night, Oct. 2nd, and a more ideal moonlight night could not possibly have been chosen.

We met at Krug Park and were conveyed in a large hay-rack to the Poor Farm Lake where a huge fire was soon started. The place was almost as ideal as the night for it was in the open, receiving full benefit of the moonlight and plenty of firewood and spits could be found near at hand.

Soon "the guests were met, the feast was set" and the "weinies" were on to roast, and after various attempts they were either burned or roasted sufficiently to be eaten. A crate of Tokay grapes added greatly to the spread.

The return ride was prolonged until everyone had been taken home.

It was an eventful night and will long be remembered as "the" hayride by both the members and the chaperons who were Prof. F. C. Touton and Mrs. Touton, Miss Rhoades, Miss Bently, Miss Bock, Miss Bess Parrish and Mr. Frank Buzard.

(Continued from page 7)

To me he is the prince of magicians.

I take off my hat to him—anything else he asked me to take off, I should at least consider a suggestion deserving a respectful hearing.

I firmly believe he could take a hand-saw, an ice-cream freezer, a jack-plane, a tree-hook, a wash-boiler, bottle of ink and a curtain rod and play "Star Spangled Banner" on them, carrying all four parts.

He will be tickling the ribs of the triangle when the expression on the leader's face changes, or he gives his batonic chair leg a wilder swing downward and "blam, blam!" he swats the eternal daylights out of a bass drum.

Then, while he is taking a rest from the bass drum, he rolls as vigorously as Fritz Scheff on the kettle drum and stops it hurriedly to rub two pieces of sandpaper together briskly.

Nobody but himself ever knows what he will do next.

We do not know how much he gets for his job, but it ought to be about two dollars an hour for each instrument.



A. N. P. NOTES.

The Alpha Nu Pi Society held its first meeting of the year on Friday, Sept. 19, 1914, in room Y. A roll call was first taken and it showed that we had twenty old members present. Miss Summy was again chosen as our directress. The officers for the coming year are the following: Lawrence Cravens, president; Philip Strop, vice-president; Murry Sprague, second vice-president; Leon Albus, secretary; Alex VanBrunt, assistant secretary; Clyde Roberts, treasurer.

The society deeply regrets the loss of two of its most efficient members, Harold Grey and Norman Haston. On account of the vacancy left by Norman Haston, it was necessary to elect a new man for the Forum staff. Rex Maupin was elected as assistant circulation manager of the Forum, and Marion Martin was chosen as our representative to the Senate. It is the desire of the boys to have a great many social stunts during the coming year and with the help of our new social committee which includes Marion Martin, Paul McGill and Rex Maupin, there is no doubt but what this can be accomplished. Plans are now under way for an Orpheum party, picnic, the annual fall hay-ride, and a banquet that is to be given during the Christmas holidays.

Sept. 25, 1914.—On this date we received into our midst eight new members, viz.: Hugh Bell, Elliot Belden, Franklin Campbell, Charles Chase, Everett Creek, Victor Mead, Erwin McEwin and Billy Page. We were entertained in the lunch-room by Newcombe and Roberts following the meeting.

Oct. 2, 1914.—The society enjoyed a humorous debate, "Resolved, That beans are more essential to the human race than hen fruit." The negative, upheld by Newcombe, was award-

ed the debate, best speech going to Roberts, the affirmative's representative. The proximity of the 3:30 study hall necessitated the removal of our meeting place to room X. Following the meeting refreshments were served by Brown and Gabbert. The night following our meeting the society hiked to Corby Chapel and there made the cider and weinies disappear in large quantities. The hike was voted a great success.

Oct. 16, 1914.—In this meeting the debate, "Resolved, That grade crossings should be abolished," was discussed by Schwien and McGill, on the affirmative, and Brown and Albus, on the negative. Debate was awarded to negative; best speech to Albus; honorable mention to Schwien. The meeting over, the society adjourned in a body to Philip Strop's, where we had a most delightful time and were royally entertained. We laid plans for an Orpheum party to be given in the near future.

Oct. 9, 1914.—The debate, "Resolved, That Congress should subsidize the merchant marine," was discussed by Pitts and Payne on the affirmative, and Schroeder and Wurtzler on the negative. The affirmative received the decision; best speech to Schroeder; honorable mention to Pitts. We then adjourned to the lunch-room where we enjoyed "eats" furnished by Albus and Sprague.



DOLAD NUN.

The Dolad Nun's held their first meeting in room 11, Sept. 18. At this meeting officers were elected for the term as follows: Phillip Droher, president; Harry Rosenthal, vice-president; Ben Sher, secretary; Charles Liberman, treasurer; Basil Kaufmann, Forum reporter. Executive committee, Burnett, Marx, Putter, Membership committee, Sheffel, Berger, Weiner. At this meeting the boys showed lots

of spirit and we are looking forward to a victorious year.

The second meeting was held on Sept. 28. At this meeting we received assurance that Mr. Livers would be with us still another year and we are proud of the fact. The following new members were voted in: Joseph Epstein, Nathan Fine, Nathan Goldman, Henry Kaufmann, Joseph Lapides, Theo. Lery, Freeman Scott, Harold Loeb and Isadore Weinshenk. They appear to have the right stuff. Good luck to the new members. A debate was given—"Resolved, That the power of pardon be revoked from the governor." The affirmative, Sher and Raffelock, won from the negative, upheld by Benj. Putter. Raffelock received best speech.

A debate at the meeting on Oct. 2, was of usual quality. Berger and Droher, the negative, won from Weiner and Burnett, the affirmative. Phil Droher received best speech.

On Friday, Oct. 9, Bernard Newburger was reinstated as a member. A debate that "Secret societies should be abolished from public high schools." The affirmative, Droher and Putter, won from the negative, Raffelock and Sheffel.

On Friday, Oct. 16, 1914, a debate was given, "Resolved, That the Philippine Islands should be indefinitely retained by the United States." The affirmative, B. Kaufman and Oppenheimer, lost to the negative, Loeb and Sher. Oppenheimer received best speech.



CICERONIAN NOTES.

The Ciceronian Literary Society opened activities for the new year with a banquet given on Sept. 11, at the Hotel Robidoux, by the Ciceronian Alumni Association for the members.

Sept. 18, 1914.—Meeting held in room 20. The first meeting of the school year was devoted entirely to business matters. The following officers were elected for the first term: Francis McGrath, president; Russell Cox, vice-president; Dupey Warrick, second vice-president; Bryan Varner, secretary; Herndon Shull, assistant secretary; Lawrence Toel, treasurer; Ralph Ozenberger, Forum reporter; Bub Spratt, sergeant-at-arms.

Sept. 25, 1914.—Meeting called to order in room 20. Business meeting held in which new members were voted in.

Oct. 1, 1914.—Meeting held in room 20. Dupey Warrick gave an interesting discussion on the present jury system. Herndon Shull gave a humorous selection. Current events were given by the members of the society.

Oct. 1, 1914.—Ciceronians enjoyed their annual hike this evening. "Weinies and cider" added to the general merrymaking.

Oct. 9, 1914.—Meeting opened in room 20. A debate on the Irish Home Rule was won by Harroun and Ozenberger from Toel and Varner. Current events were given by the society.

Oct. 16, 1914.—Meeting called to order in room 20. Current events were given by Holmes. A debate, "Resolved, That the power of the Federal Government should be paramount to that of the States in the conservations of natural resources, limited to water-power, forests and minerals," was won by Trapp and Connett, on the affirmative, from Spratt and Scott on the negative. Scott was given best speech, and Trapp honorable mention.

AZERIM NOTES.

Sept. 25.—Meeting held in room 5. Mr. Denning, our future director, and Harold Warren gave speeches for this year's society.

Oct. 2.—Met in room 5, and elected officers as follows: Harold Warren, president; Boyd McKillip, vice-president; Price Combs, secretary; Van Murchie, treasurer; Lonnie Warrington, Forum reporter; members of the Senate, Warren and Finnerty.

Oct. 9.—Met in Room 5, and gave a grab debate. Joe Caughlan received best speech, and Ray Finnerty honorable mention.

Oct. 16.—Meeting held in room 5, and a literary program was given. Ray Finnerty gave a talk on "The Making of a Chartered Society." Current events were discussed by Steubner, and Francis Self told jokes.

BOYS' BUSINESS CLUB.

The Boys' Business Club of Central High School has started a successful year. Have had three meetings. Most of the time has been spent in getting the constitution and by-laws in good shape.

The following officers were elected: John Tilden, president; Jacob Kurtz, secretary and Forum reporter; Vincil Deakin, business manager. The above named officers, John Boyer and Rudolph Grieshaber comprise the executive committee.



CLIO NOTES.

Sept. 18, 1914.—The meeting was called to order by the chairman and the election of officers held. Those elected to office were: Harriet Bell, president; Katherine Pike, vice-president; Janet Weakley, secretary; Lou Ann Preston, assistant secretary and Forum reporter, and Mildred Pitts, treasurer. Those elected to the executive committee were Cecelia Rhodes, Laura Owens, Marion Schmitz, Martha Rhodes and Minnie Landers. The names for new members were suggested and Miss Neely and Miss Kennedy were elected directresses.

Sept. 25, 1914.—The new members were elected and plans were made for the hayride to be given for them.

Oct. 2, 1914.—We were glad to welcome Cora Connet, Sara Campbell, Dorothy Whiteford, Elizabeth Brown, Mamie Strop, Helen Bernard, Margaret Wing, Katherine Smiley, Henrietta Stewart, Laura Maclean and Elaine Hurst to our society.

Oct. 9, 1914.—A program was given on the life and writings of Booth Tarkington. Ruth Buckland was leader. She told of the life of Booth Tarkington. Anna Rutt told of his works and Martha Rhodes gave one of his stories. Miss Neely told us about his most recent story. Helen Minturn reviewed current events.

Oct. 16, 1914.—The life and works of Hall Caine and Marie Corelli were studied. Ada Lillian Rainalter, as leader, told of his life and home, and Irma Grebel told of his works. Frances Connet told of the life and works of Marie Corelli. Katherine Pike reviewed current events.



DIANTHIAN NOTES.

The first two Dianthian meetings, on Sept. 18 and 25, were devoted strictly to the business of the society, starting it on its new career. A miscellaneous program for the year was adopted which bids fair to be a most interesting one.

On Oct. 2nd the society was glad to welcome as new members Dorothy Stephenson, Nancy Yancey, Grace Nelson, Mildred Kaucher, Nina Biggam, Ruth Spangberg, Mildred Crawford and Catherine Weber. At this meeting we had the pleasure of the company of two of our former members, Gertrude Fling, who is now a Senior in Westport High School of Kansas City, and Margaret Werner, a graduate of '14.

On Oct. 9th we were successfully launched upon the year's course of study, by a most interesting program on current events, led by Florence Buell, who was assisted by Gladys Chase, Margaret Mohler and Vestal Deffenbaugh.

At the meeting on Oct. 16th, we were most highly entertained by a parliamentary drill. Helen Nixon, Phoebe Buzard, Marjorie Castle, Laura Henderson and Pauline Estes, as a mock society, discussed the most absurd questions with such animation and seriousness that they kept the society in an uproar most of the time.

We hope to make this year a most successful one for Dianthian and we surely will if everyone continues with the interest they have already displayed.



AGATHIAN NOTES.

Sept. 18.—The Agathian Society held their first meeting Sept. 19, in room 6. The following are the officers for the coming year: President, Beulah Barnes; vice-president, Goldie Custer; recording secretary, Zora Cook; corresponding secretary, Alice Campbell; treasurer, Laura Marie Maxwell; Forum reporter, Irene Hagle. Zora Cook and Beulah Barnes were elected as representatives to the Senate.

Sept. 25.—Mrs. Sherman and Miss Sutherland were appointed our directresses. A very delightful speech was given by Miss Sutherland. The following new members were voted into the society: Crystal Petree, Hester Murray, Margaret Carmen, Anna Fairfield, Lucile Redfern, Mary Boyer, Clara Belle Schenecker, and Clara Albrecht. The executive committee consists of Louise Fenner, Helen Shaffer, Evelyn Beckett, Goldie Custer, and Myrtle Petree.

Sept. 28.—A short meeting of the society was held in order that the new girls might get acquainted with the other members.

Oct. 2.—Following the business meeting, Zora Cook told the story of "The Passion of the Desert." Anna Liebst and Jettie Robertson were taken into the society.

Oct. 9.—The society decided to study American colleges for women, plays and current events this year. Catherine Cole, Miriam Carlisle, Mildred Marr, and Mildred Kennedy were voted into the society.

Oct. 16.—The program for this meeting was on Mount Holyoke College. Goldie Custer discussed "The College Education of Women." The story of the life of Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke College, was given by Edith Curtis. Irene Hagle told about the "Type of Girl Attending Mount Holyoke." Miss Sutherland told some traditions connected with the college. Plans were made for a tea to be given the following afternoon.

Oct. 17.—A tea was given at the home of Mrs. Scott Chipps from 3 to 5 p.m. in honor of the new members. Besides the new members, Miss Bess Sinclair, a former member; Miss Robinson, and Miss Sutherland were the guests of honor.

and

SENATE NOTES.

The first meeting of the student Senate for this year was held in room 8, Sept. 22, and the following officers elected: Lawrence Cravens, president; Laura Henderson, vice-president; Doris Kintner, secretary, and Philip Strop, treasurer. It was at this time that a football team seemed impossible, but the Senate decided that Central should have a team and everyone knows how we got it.

The second meeting was held Sept. 29, and we decided to boost the Forum all we could. Mr. Strop explained the needs and ideas of the school paper for this year.

In the meeting Oct. 13, it was decided that each organization represented in the Senate should pay fifty cents a term dues. This money will be used for entertaining our visiting teams, etc. The committee appointed to get up the bonfire the night after the Highland game was congratulated on its success.

We hope to work for the best interest of Central for the present year, and to promote enthusiasm in school work both among pupils and teachers.

ORCHESTRA NOTES.

The Central High Orchestra met Thursday, Sept. 24, for the first practice of the year and also to elect officers. The new officers are: Doris Kintner, president, Paul Holme, secre-

tary; Rex Maupin, treasurer, and Charles Wurtzler, librarian. Doris and Rex represent us in the Senate.

The way things look now, Central is going to have the liveliest and best balanced orchestra it has ever had. That means, too, that it is the most musical bunch ever collected together in Central High School. Several members have had quite a bit of outside experience and are so equipped musically that if a sudden call comes for a small orchestra, we can get together a small bunch which can play any grade of music without rehearsal. This speaks well for this year's orchestra, because this is the first year a C. H. S. orchestra has been able to do such a stunt.

If there are any students who play an instrument and who do not attend practice, we would appreciate it very much if you would come up to practice every Thursday afternoon, in the Assembly Hall, at one-forty (and don't forget the instrument). Don't feel timid, we're all human beings.

Rex—"Why do you eat so many times a day, Miss Summy?"

Big Sister—"To keep the 'inner man' alive."

ANNOUNCEMENT

St. Joseph has a new, up-to-date Book and Stationery Store, full of many new things that will please you.

COME AND SEE IT



SAM MANNSCHRECK

Formerly with Schroeder's Book Store

BOOKS, STATIONERY, CARDS, OFFICE SUPPLIES AND SCHOOL BOOKS

You'll always find the newest and best at

Mannschreck's Book Store

113 North Seventh St. Phone, Main 2310



SCHOOL NOTES

SENIOR NOTES.

Of all the classes ever graduated at our high school there has never been one that has been so blessed by the presence of such notables. Many classes have had sprinkled here and there through them a few stars, but to have so many stars of the first magnitude and to have all the rest of no less than second magnitude is a record unequaled in past years. Realizing all of this the powers that be allowed us to organize very early in the semester. Francis McGrath was chosen to pilot us during the year by being president, Helen Nixon was chosen vice-president, Marion Martin, secretary, and Clyde Roberts, secretary. Doris Kintner, Zorah Cook, Vida Taylor, Rex Maupin and Lawrence Cravens were chosen for the executive committee.

Our class is well represented on the foot-ball team in Marion Martin, Arley Addleman, Lawrence Cravens, Clive Newcombe, Eric Schroeder, Millard Bahr, Carrol Parry, Rex Maupin, William Colt and Bryan Varner. Let every Senior show his or her school spirit by supporting foot-ball and the Forum, also other school activities when duly presented.

Motto:—Pay your dues.

JUNIOR CLASS NOTES.

A meeting of the Junior Class was held Tuesday, Oct. 20th. Dupuy Warrick was elected president, Laura Henderson, vice-president; Herndon Shull, secretary, and Leon Albus, treasurer. Margaret Mohler, John Kneer and Barton Pitts are his assistants. Babe Rainalter and Vestal Deffenbaugh are the senators from the class, and the executive committee consists of Minnie Sanders, Leota Stout, Martha Rhodes, Taney Beaumont and Norman Schwien. The class also decided to get their pins from a St. Joseph firm which makes them here in the city.

The class has already shown its school spirit. Many boys went out for athletics and four junior boys made the football team. The girls are well represented in the Y. W. C. A. High School Club which was recently formed and promises well for the future. We also

seem to be the first to have the distinction of a year of music or gymnasium as an added accomplishment.

SOPHOMORE NOTES.

The present Sophomore class is very progressive as more students from this class have subscribed for the Forum than from any other class.

This class is the largest and best in the history of the school, three hundred and ten members having enrolled.

There are no Sophomores on the first team yet, but a number have gone out for practice. Among these are Lynn Carl and Robert Jonas, who are expected to make the team.

OUR HIGH SCHOOL LIBRARY.

Have you seen the new books in the library? We have some which every pupil in the school will need this year. You should form the habit of looking up your references in the High School Library. If you do not know how to find the books, nor how to use the card catalog, ask the librarian, she will be glad to help you.

The school now owns a new set of the 11th Edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica presented in part by the Dianthian Society.

We also have some of the best weekly and monthly magazines this year. For the History and English classes there are the Literary Digest, the Outlook, and World's Work; for the Science Department, Scientific American and Popular Mechanics; for the Domestic Art classes, Delineator and Vogue; and the National Geographic Magazine, which should be of interest to everyone.

When you have a character to look up and report, come to the Library in time to use the good material we have on the subject—don't wait until two minutes before the bell rings and then ask for a biography you can read in one minute. If you want material for a debate, let the librarian know in time and she will help you find something on the subject. Read the new books on "How to Debate" and then get some pointers on your debates.

Miss Jean Trowbridge, Librarian.

LOCALS

Extra—All about the death of Porter Min-turn's hair. Last Tuesday, Oct. 13, 1914, he was seen to enter a barber shop and while there the execution took place. He now presents a rather humorous spectacle, but let us hope it will take on a new growth before frost.

September 21st marked the first auditorium meeting of the new school year of '14 and '15. We had renewed up to this time our old experience with the exception of the enjoyable assemblies. On this second Monday of school we journeyed up the marble stairs to hear Mr. Lewis, of New York City, speak on "The Legal Aid Society" in that city. Those who didn't hear him missed the treat of their high school days.

One Week Later.

"Tell us the joke, Herman."

"Oh, well, I haven't gotten over the effects of this morning's auditorium meeting. I am well aware of the fact my face hasn't regained its former state. Have you forgotten so soon the clever stunts pulled off by Miss Sheets? I think it made us all feel like youngsters again."

The student body showed its talent along musical lines under the direction of Miss Sanford.

Seven Days Later.

At our second happy gathering, Philip Strop gave us an idea of what the Forum would contain. Also Clive Newcombe related the financial difficulties to be overcome regarding its publication.

One-half Fortnight Later.

Mr. Harrison from the Y. M. C. A. gave a most interesting address on "The Value of a Physical Education."

Seven Days Later.

On Oct. 19, 1914, the welcomed bells were heard calling us to the assembly. When we became settled, three of our able-bodied speakers were seen seated on the platform. Dupuy Warrick gave us a very interesting talk on "The Faults of the Present Jury System." David Raffelock gave the school a good idea of the Commerce Club of our city and its work. Philip Strop related the numerous ways in which modern warfare is carried on.

If the United States is called into the present war St. Joseph can be well represented. A troop of fifty strong march to the fort on Central Hill and take it by storm every morning. Their banner, "On to Central," may be seen floating in the breeze for several blocks. A well trained band has accompanied it on some attacks.

Many long faces were seen about school last Tuesday. This was due, no doubt, to the report cards.

Special Meetings.

"What's all the commotion?" "Why didn't you come up and find out?" "I had to bake bread." Oh! Well, Marion Martin gave us a talk on foot-ball from a boys' standpoint; he also reviewed some great game that was ancient history to me, but didn't seem to be to him, the way he told it. The rescue of the foot-ball situation and the support that could be given by the girls was told by Julia Goetze. Francis McGrath's speech on school spirit was very enthusiastic, but he basely insulted our dearly beloved pigskin by calling it cow's hide. As this meeting was instigated by the Senate, Lawrence Cravens, the president of that body, conducted the meeting.

Friday Before the Big Game.

What do you know about it—we're going to have a bonfire after the game Saturday evening. Dupuy Warrick told us all about it. The girls were supposed to bring double the amount they could eat, but why, I to this day do not see. The speakers at this gathering were B. Raleigh Martin, Barney Reilly, Dupuy Warrick and Francis McGrath. The committee that helped plan the big doings was composed of Doris Kintner, Willard Nash, Harriet Bell, Rex Maupin and Dupuy Warrick, chairman.

If, in merest babyhood, the eldest son of the English son is the Prince of Wales, what will he be when he's full Groan?

Mr. Denning, in Latin VI—"What construction is that?"

P. B.—"Hysterical Infinitive."

ATHLETICS

Through the efforts of the Senate and school at large, Central again has the most honored of all sports, foot-ball.

When Coach Moyer made a call for men about 35 fellows answered. Among the most likely candidates were Bahr, Sitton, Cravens, Parry, Barrow, Newcombe, Martin, Addleman, Sellars, Colt, Meyers, Varner and Voss. After about one week's practice, Coach Moyer lined his men up against the fast Alumni team—the score being a tie. Voss played full, Addleman and Meyer half, Martin and Sellars alternating at quarter, Bahr at center, Parry, Newcombe and Barrow guards, Cravens, Sitton and Niedorp tackles, while Schroeder, Spratt and Kinnison relayed ends. All the fellows showed up fine, considering the opposing team and our short practice.

After another week's practice against a light but fast second team, the Central team lined up against Highland High School team—Voss having been elected captain. The team entered this game under odds, having lost a very fast half-back in Meyers.

A fine crowd turned out to see the first real game; nearly 400 were present. The team played good foot-ball, considering having only had two weeks' practice. The same lineup was used as in the Alumni game, except Sellars filled Meyers' place at left half. Varner played a while in Addleman's half-back position. All the fellows made great showings, especially Captain Voss, who is one of the most clever broken field runners the school has ever had. He is also able to hit the line like a ram. Sellars and Martin both made good showings in open field running. The line held well and was very good on the defensive. Spratt, Schroeder and Kinnison played good guards at ends. The score ended 21 to 6. The game was not nearly so bad as it may look.

The Senate planned a big "blow-out" for Saturday night of the 10th, to celebrate the first game. A big bonfire was built on High School Hill.

The team went to Chillicothe Saturday, Oct. 17th, to play the Normal School there. Elliot Spratt is out of the game on account of an injured leg. He will be out for a couple of weeks, but will be able to play in the next home game with Lawrence.

Everybody must turn out to see this game and root for your fellows with all your hearts. This will be one of the biggest games of the season and the team will need your best support.

Some of the Peculiar Things in This Old World of Ours.

1. A table has legs, but it can't walk.
2. A tea-kettle sings, but it can't talk.
3. A chair has a back, but it can't wear a coat.
4. A bed has a head, but it can't think.
5. A bottle has a neck, but no throat.
6. A potato has eyes, but can't see.
7. A piano has a key, but it opens no door.
8. A cap has a bill that it never pays.
9. A green-house has pains, but never calls a doctor.
10. A sheet of music has many bars, but no drinks are served.
11. A book has leaves, but no branches.
12. A shoe has a tongue, but can't talk.
13. A yard stick has feet, but no toes.
14. A shirt has a tail, but it is no relation to a cat.
15. An eye has pupils, but they can't recite.
16. A hammer has a head, but it never needs a hair-cut.
17. A building has stories, but they can't be told.
18. The intersection of two lines forms a point, but it can't be seen.
19. Buildings have wings, but can't fly.
20. Leaks have springs, but they are always dry.

Sub—"How do you remove parenthesis?"
Soph—"Erase 'em."

DEPARTMENTS

SCIENTIFIC DEPARTMENT.

The work completed this month by the chemistry classes consisted of the preparation of oxygen and hydrogen, the study of their properties, the distillation of water, and the determining of its composition. The last two follow naturally from the first, since water is made of hydrogen and oxygen.

In preparing the oxygen, two methods were used—one was by reheating the red powder (oxide of mercury) formed by heating mercury in air; the other, by heating a mixture of potassium chlorate and manganese dioxide. In studying the properties of oxygen's various substances were burnt in bottles filled with it. None of the accidents were fatal. In connection with this was the subject of combustion, or burning, a particularly interesting point being the case of spontaneous combustion.

Spontaneous combustion simply means a self-starting fire. It may occur whenever a substance which readily unites with the oxygen of the air is so situated that the heat developed by this union cannot be carried off, and so accumulates until the temperature is high enough to start the fire. This is liable to happen when greasy rags or cotton waste, both poor heat conductors, are left in unventilated places.

Hydrogen was produced both by passing an electric current through water, and by making a mixture of sulphuric acid and zinc. When the hydrogen was ignited it produced water. This part of the experiment was rather noisy; you could shut your eyes and imagine you were on the French frontier, for there was the smoke, the explosions and the commanding voice of the general.

During the study of hydrogen the oxy-hydrogen blowpipe was discussed. This consists of a sort of double nozzle, one within the other. The outer one carries hydrogen, while the inner one, enclosed within it, carries oxygen, so that the hydrogen flame is fed oxygen from within as well as obtaining oxygen from the air. The resulting flame is small, blue and intensely hot; a steel plate can be cut in two by it in a few minutes.

In the distillation of water it was proven that water, in evaporating, does not take along the substances dissolved in it if they are not easily vaporized themselves. This is why the sea is salty; different things contained in the

soil are being continually carried into it by the rivers, and since they are not carried off with the evaporation of the water, their quantity is always increasing.

The method by which the relative weights of the hydrogen and oxygen in water was determined is somewhat too long to be given here, but it was shown that the weight of the oxygen to that of the hydrogen was as 8 to 1. Their relative volumes, as had been shown when they were separated by passing a current through water, was approximately 1 to 2.

—N. L. K., '15.

The classes in physics are very well filled; the enrollment is one hundred thirty-nine. They have been doing good work this month, covering three chapters in the book and finishing six or seven experiments in the laboratory. The work has been almost entirely on the subject of pressure.

Things have been going fine in room thirty-four this month. Mr. Utterback says that he has better classes as a whole than ever before. The classes in Biology are studying the lowest forms of animal life; the Botany classes are learning about different kinds of seeds; and the Physiography students are studying about the earth's atmosphere. The physiography classes, Mr. Utterback's of Central, and Mr. Alt's of the Annex, will probably take a trip into the country this week.

DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

With this number of the Forum is created the department of Foreign Languages, its purpose being to present matters of interest to the students of French, German, Latin and Greek. Anecdotes, short stories and even themes written in any of these languages will be greatly appreciated by the column.

Bagages? Bagages? Bagages?

Le dewanier passait par le wagon—lit en demandant "Bagages? Madame, bagages? a une dame americaine qui ne comprenait pas le francais.

Apresavoir repete, "Bagages, bagages plusieurs fois il se facha et quitta le wagon—lit en fermant violemment la porte."

La dame remarqua aver sang-froid, "Well, by-gosh, if you don't care, I don't either."

DOMESTIC SCIENCE REPORT.

The season for canning, preserving and jelly making is almost over. But we still have apples to use for preserves and jellies. Therefore, I'll give you a good method for making apple jelly. Pectin, a vegetable starch, is the substance necessary in the making of jelly. When testing, if the juice becomes clear, gelatinized substance it contains pectin. Use one tablespoonful of grain alcohol to one tablespoonful of juice. If tested raw there is no pectin, but after ten minutes of boiling a little pectin is found after another ten minutes boiling more pectin is found. Hence with no sugar in the juice it becomes tough; when using one-half as much sugar as juice it is slightly tough; but when using three-fourths as much sugar as juice it becomes tender, transparent, clear and excellent in flavor. The more pectin there is the more sugar the juice will take. Currant and apple juice hold more sugar than grape and cherry juice.

COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

The enrollment of the Commercial Department promises to be the largest yet in the history of Central. And, also, besides those taking the regular course, there are many "far seeing" members of other departments taking as extras typewriting, penmanship, commercial law, etc.

We welcome a new instructor in the Commercial Department at the Annex, Mr. Olinger, of Oskaloosa, Ia., who takes Mr. Redmond's place. We regret the loss of Mr. Redmond, who has taken a position nearer his home in the State Normal at Mt. Pleasant, Mich.

A new class, Advanced Arithmetic, has been organized in the department this year. The enrollment of Commercial Law has increased so this year that two classes had to be organized instead of one. They are now taking up the subject, "Cases."

Those of us who take typewriting have more than likely noticed the five new Underwood typewriters that have been installed in room 45. They certainly have "swell touch."

Have any of you ever noticed those sudden breaks in the profound silence swelling from the typewriting room during the day? Probably, if you have never taken typewriting, you are at a loss to know what it all means. Each month the Underwood and Remington people give certificates to those typists using their machines that can write forty words a minute, net, for ten minutes. Every error counts off

five words, so that accuracy is as necessary as speed. The machines are all started at once making quite a din until the ten minutes are over.

The large Penmanship classes have been doing good work this year. They are preparing specimens to be sent as exhibits to other cities. Special mention must be given Stella Basso and Blanch Frieda for good work.

Some of you who have never been to the third floor, come up and see the exhibits on the bulletin board and stroll in and "take a try" at the typewriters. My advice to those students who are going to college, is to take a year or so extra of typewriting and stenography. A knowledge of these two subjects can be used to good advantage in the class room and by those that intend to work their way through college.

And say, here is a hint to you "commercialists." Every one of the Commercial Department that graduated last year has succeeded in landing a good position. So, if you are weak in shorthand or back in Commercial Law, burn a little more of that "midnight oil" and "take note" for the "best is yet to come."

THE HISTORY DEPARTMENT.

At the Annex in the class in Civics, the evolution of the community has been studied. Special emphasis has been placed upon St. Joseph as the community in which we are most interested.

The class is enthusiastic in its work and is doing some special investigation outside of class.

At Central also special stress has been placed on the civic conditions of St. Joseph.

Every class in history has given much attention to current events. Also many periodicals have been added to the library, such as "The Outlook," "The World's Work" and the "Literary Digest." All these movements show that the history teachers intend to have the next generation well informed voters; nor are the girls excused; evidently the department thinks woman suffrage is fore-ordained.

But all is not serious in the department. Often a good laugh occurs, as when one young lady defined subinfeudation as a man who holds his land from the king and is the original "Sub."

The department is glad to welcome Miss Willa Spier as one of the new teachers in history. Miss Spier, a graduate of Nebraska, takes Mrs. Putman's place at the Annex.



First Sub—"What's your name?"
 Second same—"Hank Hiram."
 First Ditto—"What a crazy name."
 Second Sub—"What's yours?"
 Sub 1—"Hezekiel Crazypillow."

"Do you believe in mental telepathy?"
 "Yes."

"What would you do to a fellow that thought enough about you to get him hanged?"

"I'd knock him down."
 "I'd better quit thinkin', then!"

Sub—"What's an example of bad to worse?"
 Junior—"Going from an English written lesson to our Algebra test."

"Hey, Bill, is your brother back at Central this year?"

"No, he's only half-back."

Sub—"What's a vacuum?"
 Soph—"A vacuum is a something with nothing in it."
 Sub—"Oh!"
 Soph—"Well, now, what's a vacuum?"
 Sub—"Your head."

A Lunatic's Joke.

Some time ago a man went to visit a friend who was an inmate of a lunatic asylum. After a prolonged chat in a humorous, if not very intelligent vein, the visitor thought it time to go. "Is that clock right, John?" he asked of the inmate. John gazed at his friend for a time in apparently speechless amazement, then with a chuckle, he said: "My dear friend, do you think the clock would be here if it was all right?"

"Indigestion?"
 "Don't know, but something is in wrong."

First Boob—"I have a friend working in a candy store as a blacksmith."

Second Boob—"A blacksmith?"

First Boob—"Yes! He's shoo'in' flies."

Miss Summy in Modern History:

Pupil—"Caesar needed Gaul worse now than any other time."

Miss Summy—"Which gaul?"

First Goat—"You look like you're all in."

Second Goat—"Yes, I just ate a leap-year calendar and I feel daysed."

Uncle Hiram—"How did your automobile accident happen, Uncle?"

Uncle Eb—"Well, you see, it's this way: there's one thing you keep your eye on and another one you keep your foot on, and another one you keep your hand on, and I guess I got my anatomy in the wrong places."

"Walter," asked the impatient customer, "do you call this an oyster stew?"

"Yessuh," replied Erastus.

"Why, the oyster in this stew isn't big enough to flavor it."

"He wasn't put in to flavor it, suh. He is jes' supposed to name it."—Ex.

The teacher was hearing a class in mental arithmetic. It was the first lesson on fractions. "Now," said the teacher, "Mary had eight eggs. After using four for her cake, what part was left?"

Lulu waved her hand frantically—"What is it, Lulu?" asked the teacher. "Eggshells," she answered promptly.—Ex.

Large Game—"For the making of billiard balls five hundred elephants are needed every year," said the famous big-game hunter in his lecture on India.

"How strange!" whispered Mrs. Winsome to the lady who sat next, "that people can teach such great beasts to do such delicate work!"

A negro workman on the railroad each week presented a check and drew his wages; and one day, as he put his money in a greasy wallet, the banker said: "Look here, Mose, why don't you let some of that money stay in the bank and keep an account with us?"

The negro leaned toward him, and with a quizzical look at the derby the banker wore, answered confidentially:

"Boss! I's afeared. You look like you was always ready to start some where's."

"Tommy," said the fond mother, "isn't it rather an extravagance to eat both butter and jam on your bread at the same time?"

"No, ma'am, its economy," the boy answered. "The same piece of bread does for both."

Sure Enough.

Mr. Jencks was visiting in the country, and nearby lived a centenarian. One morning Mr. Jencks strolled over for a chat with the old man.

"To what do you attribute your longevity?" inquired the young man.

"To the fact," replied the old man, conclusively, "that I never died."—Harper's Magazine.

The Britons were driven into Walls by the Anglo-Saxons.—Student History 3.

Miss Summy giving order to class: Close your books and do the same to your mouths.

Martin in chemistry:

Miss Knowles—"What kind of change is caused by the growing of a seed?"

Martin—"Physical."

Miss K.—"It couldn't be, as when the cause, earth and water, are removed, the plant does not return to a seed."

Martin (breathless)—"Oh! well, it might not grow into a plant, it might grow into a big seed."

Mr. Brous to Nathan Sheffel—"Nathan, what is a vacuum?"

Nate arises, stares at the floor, looks worried, and finally stutters, "I have it in my head, but I can't express it."

"Isn't it a fortunate thing?"

"What?"

"That people can't read the kisses that have been printed on a girl's lips."

Johnny (much vexed at his elder brother)—"You're nothing but a mean old doggerel."

LAUGH.

Laugh merrily while life is here,
For death cuts short our laughter.
Laugh all thy life, and let the tear
Come, if it will, hereafter.

More laughter in the world would bring
The "touch of nature" nearer,
And t'would put sorrow on the wing,
And man to man be dearer.

No time like now—the future lies
A darkened road before us,
So let thy laugh outweigh thy sighs
And merry be thy chorus.

Ye know that man is prone to tears
And born an heir to sorrow,
But what's the use of doubts and fears
Of what may be the morrow?

The evil of the day we read
Sufficient is for keeping,
So laugh away, let naught impede
And give a truce to weeping.

Harry (sorrowfully)—I love you better than all the world. Won't you make me the happiest man in the world?"

Mary (eagerly)—"Yes, Harry. When shall we set the day?"

Harry (nervously)—"Oh, I was just joking, Mary! I really wasn't in earnest—I—er—"

Mary (very business-like)—"Oh, that's all right. It's all settled. My dictagraph's behind the curtain and my little brother's under the sofa. You may either marry me, or be subjected to a \$100,000 suit for breach of promise."

Money, money everywhere, and not a cent to spend.

—HIRSCH'S STORE IS ONE OF
—THE DOWN TOWN SIGHTS.
—VISIT IT WHENEVER YOU
—HAVE A NEED IN OUR LINE

|||||

Hirsch Bros.
Dry Goods Co.

EXCHANGES



RAFTETTER

The number of exchanges received to date has been exceedingly small, owing to the fact that this has been the first month of school. However, by the time the next issue appears we hope to have the exchange machinery running smoothly, and to have something really and truly worth while for its readers.

Further, we invite your praise, your ideas, or your criticisms in this great effort to make the exchanges interesting, and to help shape the destiny of the paper.

The "Q," which looms up on the Quincy horizon, appears to be one of the bright stars of the literary constellation this season.

Watch the exchanges next month.

Sum Faculty Notze.

Marvel R.—"Oh, Mizz Ferguson, have you read 'Freckles'?"

"Fergie."—"No, dear; I have brown ones."

Somebuddy—"Mister Livers, your hair is thin on top."

"Billy."—"Yes, I hate fat hair."

A certain small boys' mother was away on a visit. The youngster attempted to write her a letter:

"Papa," he presently inquired, "how do you spell Ike?"

"Ike," answered the papa, wisely, "is a proper name, so must be spelled with a capital letter. Otherwise there is but one way to spell it—I-k-e."

By and by sonny brought father his letter: "Dear mother—Ikespect it's almost time for you to come home."

That Cox boy is some rustler on the stage when it comes to leading the school in cheering. The poor boy suffered a whole week from hoarseness, so Porter Minturn has undertaken to fill the difficult position which he performs with much exertion and coloring. He gets the results, though, and that new yell is some class, and maybe after several lessons under such an efficient instructor we will know it.

DON'T GET SORE.

No doubt the row you're hoein' is a mighty weedy one,

An' you think you're sizzlin' awful in misfortune's noonday sun.

Don't loaf along an' chew the rag, nor beef, nor whine;

Spit on yer hands an' hump yourself an'

Don't

Get

Sore.

There's times when things don't go just right an' mighty frequent, too;

It may be you're not paid enough, your work may be worth more.

When things are needed, money scarce, 'an rent a comin' due.

But thank the Lord for what you've got an'

Don't

Get

Sore.

No use in kickin' 'cause a man who's not as good as you

Has things acomin' easy an' don't do the work you do.

The richest man that ever lived once did the humblest chore.

Your chance will come; jest do yer best, an'

Don't

Get

Sore.

The world has no kind of use for him that's always glum;

The man who's got a grievance is the man all people shun.

For folks have troubles of their own; your woes just merely bore.

Brace up, keep mum, an' grin, old sport, an'

Don't

Get

Sore.

It is better to have loved a miss, than never to have loved at all, but it's usually a miss we love anyhow.

You Can't Afford to be Without a Fountain Pen

WHEN \$1.00 WILL BUY A FIRST-CLASS
ONE AT

SCHROEDER'S

112-114 SOUTH EIGHTH ST.

Overheard in an English History Class.

Teacher—"If a new burg sprung up in England, who would represent them in parliament?"

Ignatz—"A. Newburger (a new burger.)"

"I'm the guy that put St. Joseph on the map."

"How's that?"

"I'm a map maker."

"They don't call 'em one horse towns any more."

"No?"

"No, one automobile towns."

"What lessons do you get at home?"

"English and Penmanship."

"What do you get at the Study Hall?"

"The deuce."

"Why don't you go out for football? Afraid?"

"No, I'm going out."

"What for?"

"About a half an hour."

Student—"Teacher, if I say 'My feet are muddy,' is that a metonymy?"

Boob in the rear—"No, it's the truth."

Teacher—"Johnny, everything I say goes in one ear and out the other."

Kid—"Can't; I got a finger in one ear."

"They were neck and neck all the way, and the race ended in a tie."

"Necktie, wasn't it?"

(Boy reading)—"Giants and dwarfs stand shoulder to shoulder before God."

"Huh." (Trying to figure it out.)

To the Freshmen.

How we love the Freshies,
With his pile of books;
Perhaps the most he's ever seen,
Judging from his looks.

Now, he's mother's darling,
The cutest little thing,
But if his head you'll tap,
I think you'll hear it ring.

Just wait 'till he becomes
A mighty Sophomore,
By then the bumps and knocks
Will have made his head most sore.

Down through the hall he hastens,
On time, to enter class,
And on his way there to
The mighty Senior doth he pass.

Who lingers 'round the fountain,
A drink or two to get,
And enters in his Senior class,
His brow all in a sweat.

But never mind the Senior boys,
Who think they're all the cheese,
But trot straight to your classes
And you'll come out with E's.

At some day, little Freshies,
You'll have the pleasure, too,
To tell the underclassmen
What and how to do.

Just do your best to study
And burn the midnight oil,
Then you'll receive diplomas
For all your work and toil.

—Loretta Mack, '15.

She—"I hear you are an artist."

He (pointing to dentist's shop across the street)—"Yes, there is my drawing room."

"Ha! Ha! And then he opened the door."

"Well, where does the joke come in?"

"And then you walked in."

German Teacher—"Haben Sie Vier?"

Sub (just waking up)—Naw, I'm not afraid of anything."

They were reading in the "Idylls of the King," at the part where Gareth came before the king dressed as a kitchen servant.

Teacher—"What did Gareth have on besides his kitchen clothes?"

Student—"His knight clothes."

Colt (translating Vergil in Mr. Miller's room with much importance):

Miss Wells—"Mr. Colt, you used an extra verb in that passage."

Colt—"Well, 'er, I just brought that in."

No Flies on Them.

The teacher was intent on the lesson and continued impressively:

"And vast swarms of flies descended on the land and came into the houses of the Egyptians and covered their clothing and their tables and all their food, but (emphatically) there were no flies on the children of Israel."

A small boy from the rear of the room interrupted: "Please, ma'am, there ain't now, either."

Lost—By Winnie Wilson, in Miss Ferguson's room, a day. Reward.

Little Willie (who has on new trousers)—"Maw, these pants is too tight."

Mother—"Oh, no; I guess not."

Willie—"Yes they is. They's tighter than my skin."

Mother—"Why, Willie! That couldn't be!"

Willie—"Yes, it could, too, maw, 'cause I kin set down in my skin and I can't in these pants."

Miss Knowles—"Mr. Rosenthal, define combustion."

Rosenthal—"Well, aw—it's a aw—"

Miss Knowles—"Say it simple."

Rosenthal—"Sort of a—a busts?"

Jokes seem about as plentiful about now as ice wagons in the Sahara.

NOT EXPECTED.

It was long after eight,
And young Spooner was late;
And she nervously tapped with her feet;
Her nerves were a-thrill,
And she couldn't sit still
But kept rising to look down the street.

She would rush to her room
For a touch of perfume
Or to straighten a lock gone awry;
Or she'd pick up a book,
Give a cursory look;
Then back to the porch she would fly.

It was after half-past,
When at last and at last
He finally came into sight,
And she carelessly said:
"Oh, it's you, is it, Ned?
I forgot you were coming tonight."

—Puck.

Epigrams (?)

The knees of a quitter knock together.
Advice to gossips—If at first you don't succeed, pry, pry again.

Oh, the art that lies in a woman eyes, and lies and lies and lies.

Here's one for the girls: How can Marryin Martin be a bachelor?

Sitton—"A sub said you looked like me."

Finnerty—"Where is he; I want to beat him up."

Sitton—"I killed 'im already."

Heard on the Way to School.

"Are you coming out for football, Schuder?"
Schuder—"Naw, that's my lunch."

Payne to Cox—"Say Rus, how are we going to work out this dual editorship?"

Cox—"That's easy; I'll be the editor, you be the joke."

Hix—"Jones' wife gave it to him hot and heavy last night."

Dix—"How's that?"

Hix—"Nothing, only she gave him some lunch-room dumplings."

Chem. Teacher—"You can do anything you want, if you wait long enough, even carry water in a seive."

Pupil—"I don't see how."

Chem. Teacher—"Wait till it freezes."—Ex.

Wanted—A jokeless Forum. Apply to Ima Grouch.

Mrs. Jones (punching John in the ribs)—
"Wake up, John, there's a burglar in the house."

John (sleepily)—"Well, what of it?"

Mrs. Jones—"He might get those pies Mary baked at high school yesterday."

John—"Oh, that's all right, so long as he don't die in the house."

A New Game.

Have you heard of it? Someone has invented a new game called "Conversion." It is a very nice game. Conversion is played by two players, a girl on one side and a boy on the other. The girl is called Christianity and the boy a heathen. Then after a few signals and preliminary passes the heathen embraces Christianity.

Is She After You, Too?

Tommy was a little rogue, whom his mother had hard work to manage. Their house in the country was raised a few feet from the ground, and Tommy, to escape a well-deserved whipping, ran from his mother and crept under the house. Presently the father came home and, hearing where the boy had taken refuge, crept under to bring him out. As he approached on his hands and knees, Tommy asked: "What's the matter, pap; is she after you, too?"—Ex.

A Freshman knows not that he knows not.

Shun him.

A Sophomore knows not and knows he knows not.

Pity him.

A Junior knows and knows not that he knows.

Respect him.

A Senior knows and knows he knows.

Worship him.

As he held her head

He softly said,

"Shall I the question pop?"

She slightly sneezed,

Then softly breathed:

"You'd better question Pop."

Clara—"Isn't Charley cute?"

Mae—"No. He's too bow-legged."

Clara—"Oh! well, you know that gives him such an arch look."

Barber—"Will you have anything on your face, sir?"

Victim—"Oh, yes; I'll have one eye left if you quit right now."—Ex.

Professor—"What made the tower of Pisa lean?"

Pupil—"It was built in the time of famine."—Ex.

"I missed one of my pullets last night, Rufus," said the Colonel, sternly.

"Yo' oughtn't to shoot at pullets in de dahk, Colonel," replied Rufus.—Ex.

"Everything is long this winter. Why did Billy have his coat made so short?"

"He said that it would be very long before he got another."—Ex.

"That's all." ("Thank goodness," somebody remarks.)

The Penalty.

I.

"This poem, sir," the poet said,
How much ought I to get for it?

"On 'Autumn's Glorious Sheen,'
How much ought I to get for it?
You are a judge, I ween."

II.

Up spoke the weary editor,
The man of pen and shears,
"As near as I can judge," quoth he,
"You ought to get ten years."—Ex.

"It's up with me," said the umbrella.
"How so," asked the needle.

A drummer, having entered a village saloon and ordered a glass of beer, was suddenly called out on business. In order that no one might drink the beer during his absence he wrote this notice on a piece of paper and placed it beneath the glass: "In this beer I have spit." Imagine his horror on returning to find these words appended to his warning: "So have I."—Ex.

"Have you Moore's poems?" inquired the sweet young thing. "I think so, Miss. I'll look in a minute," replied the clerk in the book store. "By the way, here's a fine new story, just out. It's called 'Just One Kiss,' and—"

"I want Moore," she interrupted, haughtily.—Ex.

BELL'S—THE HOME OF DELICIOUS CONFECTIONS

BELL'S CATERING CO.

HEADQUARTERS FOR
ICE CREAMS, ICES, CANDIES, CAKES, LUNCHES, NOVELTIES, FAVORS
PLACE CARDS, FOR ALL OCCASIONS.

Special Ice Cream, Ices, Cakes and Novelties for Hallowe'en Parties.

719 FELIX STREET

PHONES 853, 854

STABILITY, SERVICE, SATISFACTION
AND LOWER PRICES

Standard Furniture and Carpet Co.

S. J. CRAIGHILL

822 Frederick Ave.

St. Joseph, Mo.

Just Outside High Rent District.

UP-TO-DATE—

furnishings

Showing a full line of Mushroom
Pleated Shirts and Dressy Flannel
Shirts at Popular Prices.....

FELTENSTEIN'S

Arch Feltenstein

608 Edmond St.

"Quality Goods at Honest Prices."



420 Felix Street, St. Joseph, Mo.

Cor. So. and Walnut Sts., Springfield, Mo.

810½

810½

Mulvane Studio

BEFORE HAVING A PHOTO
TAKEN, CALL AND SEE US.

—WE MAKE THE RIGHT PRICES—

Special Designs

In Jewelry, Class
Pins, Fraternity and
Sorority Emblems

MADE TO YOUR ORDER

Hiles Jewelry Company

110½ North Eighth St.

Conser Laundry

Dyeing and Dry
Cleaning Co.

ALWAYS RED-E (READY)

Phone 388

910 Francis St.

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

Platt's Commercial College

NINTH AND FREDERICK AVE.

WE TEACH STENOGRAPHY, 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.



Better than ever before

AN INDUSTRY OF
ST. JOSEPH, MO.

Artcrafts Engraving Company

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.

B. STAHLIN

*Groceries
and Meats*

Phone 939

625 South 15th St.

Marshall & Dunn

BLENDERS OF

**Heatherbell
Coffee**

FRESH ROASTED

Phone 74

9th and Francis

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.

Nelson-Hanne Ptg. Co.,  St. Joseph, Mo.