

FORUM



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STORIES

Patriotism—A Universal Passion

There has never been a time in the world's history when the meaning of the word patriotism has been so broadly discussed, so minutely analyzed and so hotly argued as at the present moment. Mighty England, valiant France, sturdy Germany, and powerful Russia have let loose their dogs of war, ravaging Europe and spreading death and devastation such as the world has never seen—all in the sacred name of patriotism.

Grieved and confounded that the inspiring passion of love of country could be the cause of such wholesale slaughter, the thinking world is examining this anomaly and studying the meaning of this perplexing word. The difficulty is that vital principles, living forces refuse to be strictly defined. They have a thousand forms and manifestations.

Yet back in the inner recesses of every man's consciousness there have always lodged hidden, abstract ideas of patriotism—the accomplishment of a confused jumble of deeds that should be the expression of patriotism.

All through the ages, down from the time of Alexander's conquests to this twentieth century, the world has taught us that the supreme manifestation of patriotism is the sacrifice of life for country. The sons of Greece united at Thermopylae and Marathon died in this conviction of patriotism when they rolled the tide of victory back upon the Hellespont. The renowned "Six Hundred," fighting through the "jaws of death" and out through the "mouth of

hell" died for love of their country and of their king. Unflinchingly did the Japanese soldiers join the sure-death squad at Port Arthur, to be torn to pieces by the barbed wire entrenchments that stood between their comrades and the magnificent victory to be won by their death.

Always the patriot was the man who gave his life for his country. Especially in the military ages, that is, in all the ages before our own, when war was the principal business of nations and the soldiers were ex-officio the chief class in the state, the patriot was necessarily and inevitably the man who was ready to fight and if need be die for his country on the battlefield. There is hardly any other conception of a patriot to be found in Greek, Latin or Medieval literature.

Under the stimulus of this inspiring sentiment the great deeds of the world have been accomplished. Men have moved heaven and earth in the name of this patriotism. Yet always in its wake have trailed devastation and famine. But with the dawning of the twentieth century we heard a faint whispering of a new sentiment, an ideal of peace. Men were given a new ideal for which to strive, a new stimulus to urge them on. This was an ideal that did not compel them to die for their country but to promote harmony and good will among men. Soon this whisper, grown in volume, echoed back from shore to shore of the great Atlantic; town and country reverberated to its echo.

And lo—to symbolize this new ideal that has gripped the imagination of two continents—a temple of peace rises majestically in Holland at the Hague. Ambassadors are meeting in this temple, courting friendly feeling between nations. Tribunals are appointed before whom the various countries may bring their grievances and arrive at a mediation that precludes dying for one's country.

The world's conception of the finest manifestation of one's love for country had slowly begun to change. No longer would it be necessary to butcher your neighbors or friends to show your devotion to your country.

Now in this year of nineteen hundred and fifteen, in a fair way to have been the most prosperous and happy era in the affairs of men, we find the world convulsed by the most titanic struggle in its history. As a bitter touch of irony we find the hills and valleys, only distant a few miles from the beautiful temple of Peace, now littered with wrecks of art and culture and reeking with the bleed of dead and dying patriots.

The world stands dumb, stricken and confounded at man, man who has suddenly thrown to the winds his veneer of civilization and his new belief in peace; man who has grasped the symbols of the caveman long since discarded and who is now raging with sword and fire.

So stunned and bewildered are we people of the other continent by this eruption of strife and bitter hate that it has lead us to a careful scrutiny of our individual attitudes, our conception of patriotism in this stage of history.

We realize our world is not the world of our fathers; it is a larger and greater world. Our problems are not the problems of our fathers; they are more complex and in a different sphere. Our wars are not the wars of our fathers; all warfare has become modernized and highly organized. No longer do physical strength, manliness and romance play a part in war. It is all a horrible massacre, a blood hued arena with two massive machines slashing into one and another. Must we defend such an arrest of civilization in the name of patriotism?

Do the pillaged homes of the Belgians, do men in their prime of life fed daily to the cannon, do poverty pinched widows and orphans give support to this conception of patriotism, a blind devotion to your state, this ideal of rending a land with civil feuds and drenching it with hostile blood? Never!

Frank Crane, one of the most brilliant and deep thinking newspaper men of our country,

summed up the expression of millions when he replied thus to an inquiry as to his support of a possible war: "Go to war? Never! Rather first as a patriot, I'd be blindfolded and shot at sunrise. At least I would not be held guilty of killing another man."

Here we find the twentieth century doctrine of thinking man in regard to humanity. Here we find a man who would rather lose his own life than to support the old ideal of death and death only to express patriotism. A long step from the ideals of a former century.

Tolstoi, the great Russian philosopher, says that patriotism is the curse of the lower classes, the lever by which the nobility push them into selfish war. Such, indeed, is one phase of patriotism, the kind that has dragged all Europe into war, the kind that signifies only death and destruction. But if this patriotic zeal of the lower classes were turned into broader, greater channels, channels that lead these burdened people away from their war gods to the ideal of striving in the name of peace, no longer could Tolstoi condemn patriotism.

What a soul stirring passion patriotism is; this great love of country born in every man, the noblest and most powerful passion of which the human heart is capable, starting every fiber of the human body atingle and aglow.

Although we must grant some of the wars carried on in the name of this patriotism were necessary to aid humanity to the civilization it has acquired, the age now no longer exists when war is just or necessary, the age no longer exists when bloodshed and destruction may be carried on in the holy name of patriotism.

Now in this age we must uproot our ancient ideals of patriotism and give its conception a significance commensurate with modern advancement. All the world had just now cherished an ideal of peace, but alas—the world had never sufficiently changed its ideals of patriotism. Patriotism still savored of the spirit of an age outgrown and had not yet embodied the spirit of the advancing ideals of this twentieth century. We realize now that a noble, worthy patriotism is the only seed of a lasting peace.

Nay, the patriot in our day can never stand for the patriotic ideals of his father; he must never be the fighting man. Just as the stars, the rocks and the whole universe evolve toward perfection, so must patriotism, a living force take upon itself new form. The age no longer exists when patriotism calls out its men to war.

The noble patriot of our age must be one who loves his country enough to support it loyally in the peaceful, constructive performance of its duty. He believes that the performance of its duty does not consist in butchering and starving his neighbors, but in standing for the best and noblest in humanity. The patriot in our day must be the just man, the calm, self-reliant man. He is the man who in private station lives honestly, injures no man and does the best work he can in his calling, who acts in all his affairs, not to his own selfish interests, but to the larger interest of the public, who so conducts himself in conversation and walk that always he is a living force for peace and concord and reflects honor on his country and his government. Always loyal to civilization, he forges ahead, fostering the larger hope for the time, soon to come, when "the war drum shall beat no longer and the battle flag be furled." Such must be the patriot of our age.

It is ours to settle in part how it shall be. We must so ennoble and glorify this ideal of peace typified in the new patriot that the world will never cry out for the old fashioned patriot; it will be weary of the old costly expression of patriotism, the giving of life for country. This new ideal of peace shall we hand down to the advancing generation, between which as a link in the great eternal order we stand.

May the time soon be when all the world will surrender to a twentieth century conception of what it is to love one's country. We all cry out against this great arresting of civilization on the continent of Europe. Yet there is a divinity that shapes our end. Perhaps out of this devastation and turmoil, out of this black pit of death, will arise the new, the perfect, the universal patriotism that will bring about the lasting peace for which the world has so long been aweary—a peace that will grow full and beautiful, ever nourished by a patriotism noble and inspiring, a peace great and sustaining, that spreads good will and harmony among all nations and men.

The Lament of the Would-Be Graduate.

A flake at a time the snow-drift forms,
And the rain falls drop by drop;
One per cent at a time my grades go down,
And I don't know where they'll stop!
Ah me!
I don't know where they'll stop.

It makes me weep to watch them as

They day by day diminish;
I see them drawing near to F,
And F it stands for Finish!

Boo-Hoo!

The F it stands for Finish!

—Philbert Knutt, '15.

A Wise Man.

Once there was a philosopher, and, like most philosophers, he had disciples. In the course of time, one of these disciples, as is usual with the average disciple, began to think he was pretty much of a disciple. So one day when these two got into an argument concerning the relative importance of mind and body, the disciple took the position that all depended on the body, and without it the mind could do nothing.

"Now, if I was up there in yonder balcony," said the disciple, "could you make me come down without using physical force?"

"I could," affirmed the philosopher.

"I know you can't, but just to prove I am right, I'll let you try," said the disciple, and ascended to the balcony.

"Now," he said, "I defy you to make me come down without moving from the spot where you now are or using physical force in any way."

For a while the sage pondered and then he had a lovely idea.

"I will admit," he began, "that I cannot make you come down. ('Ah: said the disciple.) But if you were down here, I am certain I could make you go back up again. It would amount to the same thing."

"That sounds perfectly fair," said the disciple, and came down.—Ex.

"Say, Jones, why do you call your dog 'Hardware'?"

"Well, every time I go to lick him he makes a bolt for the door."

A Junior A (Sonnet?)

Spring Morning.

The bright spring morning wakes and stirs
anew,

The dull gray world puts on a new attire;
Earth's old, old sun again bursts into fire
And lights again the gray dawn's morning dew.
The fields and meadows all take on a hue
So fair and green, nor youth nor age can tire
Of all these beauties so entrancing, too,
That nature's splendor calls.

Captain Kielson and the Giant Crinoids

(Continued from Last Issue)

"When I first came into this place I walked down one of the radiating paths toward the middle of the room, probing each cluster of hydroids with my harpoon." When I came out into the open space in the center, I noticed something that struck me as peculiar; right in the middle of it was a sort of mound, heavily overgrown with hydroids. Usually this space was left clear. It only held my attention for a moment, however, and I walked away down another path and went on with the hunt. And then, while I was searching along one of the cross-paths, I thought that out of the tail of my eye I saw a clump of hydroids lift up and swim off through the water. Now, a hydroid can't get loose and move around any more than a bean-plant. Naturally it gave me a start. I whirled around—and everything looked just as it had when I came in except—except that the hydroid-covered mound in the center had vanished!

"I decided to take a closer view; I thought my eyes might be deceived through some trick of refraction in the water; but when I got to the central clearing I found it absolutely vacant. I turned to go, and then, being suddenly taken by an odd qualm of apprehension, looked over my shoulder. The mound was back in the place where I had first seen it! Somehow I was afraid to go near it; I persuaded myself that it had been there all the time, but for some unaccountable reason I had failed to see it. Nevertheless I walked off with frequent backward glances.

"Well, before five minutes had passed, the thing disappeared again. 'Dodgast it! I'm not going to stay in here any longer!' I said inside my helmet, and started to leave. Just then it seemed as if the hydroids on either hand had grown across the path ahead of me and headed me off. And then I saw what it was. The mound—the mound with the hydroids, which had vanished just a few minutes previously—had come from somewhere and was blocking my retreat. In a gust of angry fear I raised my harpoon and let drive. It seemed as though I punctured something tough and resilient, like rubber. And—then it happened!

"The thing I had taken for a mound rose up on two long pink arms until it was taller than myself. A jet of whitish fluid, like milk, was pouring in clouds from the wound I had made. It struck out with one arm and sent me tum-

bling over backwards. It passed over me, a whirling tangle of pink and saffron swathed in wreaths and eddies of white lymph. I got up on one arm and looked after it; it was going down the chamber in great strides, half running and half swimming. Imagine a big bundle of glistening tattered pennants running on two long double-jointed pink legs like an exceptionally agile and buoyant ostrich and you'll have an idea of what it was like. And remember, too, that it left a white cloud hanging in the water behind it, like the trail of smoke after a rocket.

"Down at the far end of the room the vulcanite doors slid open and an armored head thrust itself in cautiously. I found out later that it was Osborn. He saw the thing coming, made an ineffectual jab with his harpoon, ducked back, and started to close the doors; but the thing was too quick for him. It got part way in, stuck for a moment, kicking savagely with its long arms, or legs—I hardly know which to call them—and then with a final wrench got through into the corridor. Then it seemed as if it and Osborn were having a tussle, for I heard a sort of dull pounding—you can hear some sounds quite distinctly under water—and then a heavy clank.

"By this time I was on my feet and running clumsily toward the door. The resistance of the water makes you feel as if your legs were tangled up in a sheet. When I got out into the corridor I found Osborn lying on his back and trying to roll over. His armor and the bulging eyes of his helmet made him look like some kind of metallic beetle which had been bowled over. He told us afterwards that the two-armed thing had taken his harpoon away from him, and after beating him over the head and shoulders dealt him a blow across his legs which knocked his feet from under him. The harpoon was lying on the floor about twenty yards away. I set off down the corridor in that direction as fast as I could go and just then I heard Osborn's voice in the radiophone receiver, inside my helmet asking me to help him up. But I was in considerable of a hurry, and besides someone else was sure to come in a few moments, so I kept on. I heard a muffled smash somewhere ahead of me and increased my speed. About halfway down the corridor I passed a couple of men who had evidently just been knocked down; one was on

his hands and knees and the other was sitting up. When I came to the end of the corridor I saw what had caused the smash I had heard—the thing had gone out through the glass wall, carrying away three panes and the part of a fourth. And all down the corridor and passing out through this breach in the wall was a streamer of milky white.

"That stab I gave it was a lucky thing for me. You see, everywhere it went it left that cloud behind it, and I figured that it would soon become weak and be compelled to slow up, so that if I only followed it long enough I could overtake and kill it. If I did not, there was the chance that as soon as its wound had healed it would come back, and I didn't fancy the idea of having the hydroids all torn up again. So I stepped out through the broken wall and began to follow that smoky trail which hung in the water. I still had my harpoon.

"For about a hundred yards my path was clearly illuminated by the light which shone through the glass walls of the building behind me but beyond that it was so increasingly dark that I had to turn on the light on the forehead of my helmet; it cast a brilliant beam for nearly sixty feet ahead of me. For several

minutes I climbed an easy incline of firm white coral-sand and then I crested the rise. The trail led down into a dark, but not very deep canyon. I turned and looked back along the path I had ascended. At the foot of the slope the roofs of the ranch spread in a glowing expanse, like a city seen by night. Beyond that loomed the 'Narwhal,' screwed down to her dock. One port-hole shone like a round eye; all the others were dark. Then abruptly all her ports flashed into light and some of them winked irregularly as someone passed by within. Her propellers began to flap lazily. Far down below, three little gleaming figures of polished metal emerged from the smashed wall that I had left a few minutes before. Evidently there were others preparing to follow the same trail as myself.

"I turned and descended a steep declivity that led down into the canyon, going at an unsteadily sliding trot. At the bottom I tripped on a boulder and nearly fell. It was a queer looking place, that canyon. Its walls were black lava, full of seams and wrinkles and as shiny as jet. The white sand had sifted down from above, heaping in drifts along the ledges and

(Continued on Page 9)

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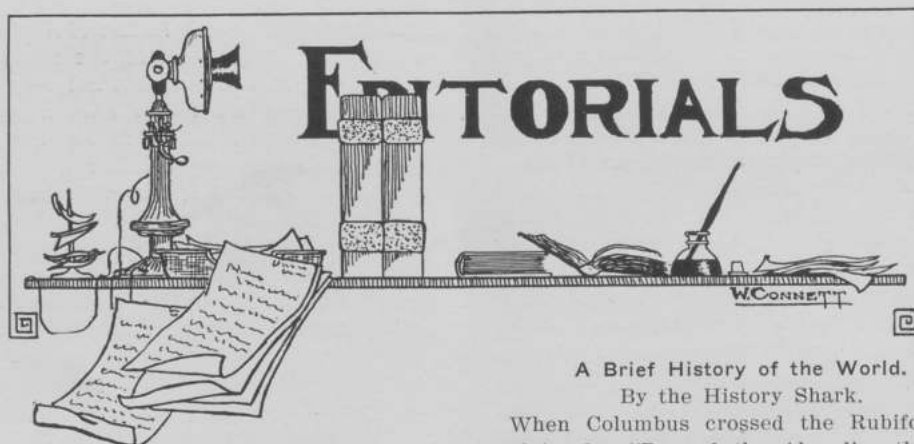
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Answer to a question in a sewing test:

"What is a selvage?"

"A selvage is the edge of cloth, when it isn't cut off."

A Brief History of the World.

By the History Shark.

When Columbus crossed the Rubifoam, he exclaimed: "Beyond the Alps lies the other side!" and at once proceeded to drive the snakes out of Ireland. Immediately after this the Guns and Handles—or rather, the Goths and Vandals—invaded Italy and destroyed a piece of Rome. The anniversary of this event was ever afterwards known as the Roman Peace.

During the next century, Cincinnatus founded Cincinnati and became involved in the Trojan war. He called on the Prince of Orange for aid, but the Prince handed him a lemon. In retaliation, Cincinnatus influenced Demos-themes to deliver the "Speech on Conciliation," and as a result it split the Whig Party into two factions, called the Guelphs and the Glubellines. The Trojan War had hardly been closed by the treaty of Ghent when the battle of Bunkerloo was fought, thus inaugurating the third round of the Punic War. If, at this juncture, John Brown had not captured Harper's Ferry, serious results might have ensued, but the war was ended most satisfactorily by the Thirty Years' Peace, sometimes called the Interregnum. This event was immortalized by Galileo in a descriptive poem published in the Atlantic Monthly; in the same number appeared Luther's Ninety-Five Theses, which stirred up something of a commotion and were directly responsible for the Boer War and Braddock's defeat at Gettysburg. This brings us down to the fall of the Ottoman Empire—so-called because it was often the seat of war—and the deposition of the reigning Pshaw of Persia, whose throne was immediately seized by the Vice-Pshaw or Pshux. And this brings us down to comparatively recent times. More will be added when some more history happens.

Ask Ozenberger to tell the story of "Fish-hook."

Brief Essays on Chemical Subjects.

Lyddite.

Lyddite is not the name of a compound for cleaning hats, but on the contrary it is an explosive of tremendous busting power. It is prepared by the destructive distillation of dynamite (if you don't believe it's destructive, try it once) in iron retorts furnished with lids whose inner surfaces are covered with coarse corrugations; on these the lyddite collects, and is so called because of this fact, i.e., because it condenses on the lid.

Carbon.

Carbon is a peculiar element; it occurs in many peculiar places in many peculiar forms. In the first place, it is often found in the cylinders of automobiles, its presence being indicated by a peculiar knocking sound, due possibly to the union of its atoms to form molecules. This form is called gas-carbon, both because it is formed by the combustion of gases and because when the owner of the car discovers it he is observed to fume. The next form of carbon is termed the culinary; it sometimes occurs on the bottom crusts of biscuits, bread, and pancakes, and needs no further description. Carbon is also well known in the form of the clinker, sometimes called "adhesive carbon," because of its power of clinging to the furnace grate. In fact, it often can only be dislodged by the use of a hammer, a shovel, a poker, a pair of ice tongs, and a quart of perspiration. The last and most important form is found on the inner surface of chimneys; further, it is found also on the outer surface and all over the adjacent territory generally. This form, known as soot, has a violent affinity for freshly-washed laundry, and if any of this latter is present within the radius of a quarter mile from the origin of the soot, apparently practically all of this will be at-

tracted to it and deposit itself thereon. Soot is called amorphous carbon because when the woman who owns the laundry discovers what has happened, she makes more fuss than you can imagine.

First Simp—"If your uncle's sister is not your aunt, what relation is she to you?"

Second Simp—"It's not possible."

First Simp—"Oh, yes it is!"

Second Simp—"Well, then, she must be my step-aunt."

First Simp—"No, she might be your mother." (Bell tolling—Dong! Dong! Dong.)

Miss Muller (asking for case of "tea" in the sentence, "I drunk a cup of tea.")—"Alex, what is the tea in?"

Alex—"Genitive case."

Strohkopp—"Tis not, it's in the cup."

Miss Muller—"All those who are absent, please write your names on a piece of paper and lay it on my desk as you pass out."

Supt. Whiteford says Missouri is a great state for chickens.

Frauline Muller (telling class about her trip to Europe)—"Why, in Germany they had a great big dwarf on exhibition."

Equations worked out in the College Algebra class:

Mathematics—Zoe \neq ology.

Mathematics—Zoe equal 0.

Harriet Bell (groping for the right form of Helvetii)—"Hel—Hel—Hel—vetii."

Mr. Miller—"Why, Miss Bell, and you a good Sunday school student, too."

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SCHOOL NOTES

NOTES FROM THE ANNUAL.

The business manager of the Annual feels it his duty to acknowledge the splendid work done for the annual by Miss Agnes Neudorff. Miss Neudorff, whose father is president of the Retail Merchants' Association, recently wrote a letter, signed by her father, to every member of the Association, asking them to advertise in the Annual. This makes the work of the Annual Business Staff much easier.

The Staff, consisting of Maupin, Whittinghill, Kurty, Droher, Dalton and Senor are working hard and expect to get more ads this year than ever before. Every Senior, bring your dollars for the Safety Fund as soon as possible, and never rest in boosting the 1915 Annual.

Clyde Roberts, Business Mgr.

SENIOR NOTES.

The handsomest and most beautiful are just about getting over the shock of such an honor and coming back to earth to give up their places in the clouds to Helen Nixon and oratorical Eric, who are to assimilate our intentions and desires in heavenly words of wisdom. But Bill Ritchie is as lazy as ever. Of course we were agreeably pleased to learn that three Seniors received the honors in the speaking contests. "'s just our superiority which we also intend to show in the inter-class meet. We must rely upon Captain Martin and his associates, Castle, Colt, Ozenberger, Bahr and Newcombe, to "bring home the bacon."

"Captain Jinks of the Horse Marines" is soon to start upon his rough and rugged journey of rehearsals, but will win in the end.

The Octet, which contains four Seniors, has been performing at various places and has been the most active advertising scheme that the school has ever had.

I suppose, however, that the orchestra will get to fill their accustomed date at Maryville.

JUNIOR NOTES.

The Junior class is justly proud of Pauline Estes, who will represent the school in declamation at Maryville soon. The class is also well represented on the track team.

The Juniors are contemplating a Junior-Senior party, but why not a Senior-Junior party?

ANNEX NOTES.

CLAYTONIAN DEBATING SOCIETY.

Friday, March 12—The Claytonian Society was entertained today by an interesting program. A debate, "Resolved, That the U. S. Navy should be immediately strengthened." Nesser and Wheaton, on the affirmative, lost to Winters and Ross, of the negative. Winters was given best speech, and Wheaton honorable mention.

Friday, March 19—A debate was the feature of the Claytonian Society's program today. The subject, "Resolved, That Woman's Suffrage should be adopted as an amendment to the Constitution of the United States." McCarthy was given best speech, and Ramsey honorable mention. A humorous reading was given by Wheaton.

Friday, March 26—The Claytonian Debating Society met today. A debate, "Resolved, That the labor unions as they now exist are beneficial to society." The affirmative defeated the negative. Farmer was given best speech, and Bell honorable mention. Jokes were told by Wheaton. Current Events were treated by McCarthy. Ramsey talked on Popular Mechanics.

Friday, April 2—The Claytonians had a short business meeting and then adjourned to the auditorium with the other societies who were entertained by the Olympian Society.

Friday, April 9—The Claytonians met today in room 8. The debate, "Resolved, That the government should own and control the railroads." Mund and Mund and Monnett, of the affirmative, defeated Buell and Bartlett, of the negative. Monnett was given best speech, and Bartlett honorable mention. Red and white was selected as the society's colors.

O'Brien was digging a ditch. A friend came along and said:

"Do you think you will be able to get all the dirt back in the hole, O'Brien?"

"No," said O'Brien, "I don't think I'm digging it dape enough."—Ex.

Captain Kielson, etc.

(Continued from Page 5)

filling in the crevices so that the cliffs were laced over with a kind of white veining. The space between them was like a smooth white road, with here and there ebony knobs and shoulders of lava swelling up above its surface. About seven feet above the center of this road ran the streak of cloudy white.

"As I jogged along, the light on my head bobbed up and down and made the shadows at the edge of the darkness ahead of me shift and slide in a manner that made one think of lurking things that were forever trying to sneak out of sight. And then, suddenly turning a bend in the canyon, I came on a most frightful creature. It was shaped like an immense tarantula, but the most ghastly thing about it was that its warty, deformed body and all its many legs radiated a venomous green light. On its head was a triangle of lambent eyes. As soon as it saw me it gave a startled hop and scuttled up the face of the cliff like a monkey. For a short time I was rather unnerved by this encounter and the stealthy retreating shadows before me took on a more forbidding appearance.

"Finally the trail turned up a ravine which branched off from the canyon, its entrance being so narrow as to seem like a mere crack. I followed it, and the ravine became narrower and narrower until finally I nearly got jammed. From there on it widened out and the sides became lower until I found myself out on level ground once more. I judged that I was at the bottom of another valley, for a little distance ahead I could see a steep slope ascending into darkness. All at once my attention was drawn from the trail by a strange appearance in the water round me. It was as if the deep blackness outside of my beam was thinning out be-

fore a purplish twilight. The glow gradually became stronger and I saw that I was indeed in the hollow of a deep valley. Just then, happening to glance to one side, I saw the source of this light. A mile or so away on my left, a luminous bank of bluish-violet fog was rolling down upon me. Or at any rate a cloud of something that looked like fog. It advanced with great swiftness. Seemingly there were only a few moments between the time I first saw it and when the first waves of shining mist began to flow around my feet. For there was a sort of sheet of the stuff ran along the ground before the main cloud and gradually rose higher. Then I saw what it was. It was a swarm of little things like shrimps—billions of them. And each one of them was shining with that hard, eye-straining violet light, like a mercury-vapor lamp. I could hear their little hard-shelled bodies pelting against my armor like sleet. Not until the last stragglers of this horde had passed did I again think of the trail I was following. It wasn't there. The passage of the little shrimp-things had wiped it out.

"I figured that the only way to pick it up again was to keep on going straight ahead until I got beyond the zone which had been swept over by the shell-fish. And that is what I did. After climbing the slope for some distance I found the broken end of the trail, but rather farther to my right than I expected; the place where it began was frayed, like the end of some filmy sort of rope, and for several yards beyond this point the water was still disturbed so that it squirmed like a ghostly floating serpent. This part of the trail was the most difficult underfoot of any I had yet gone over, for the slope was of white sand and pretty steep so that my feet slipped at nearly every step. Finally I labored over the ridge and began the

(Continued on Page 18)

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ATHLETICS.

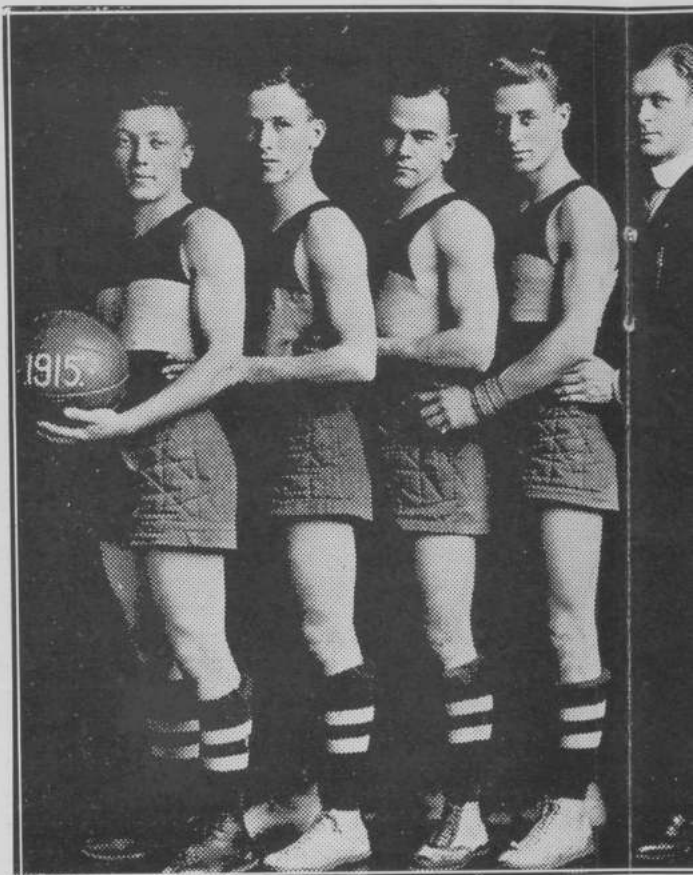
Central closed a very successful basket-ball season by defeating Omaha High School in the last game of the schedule. It was by far the best game of the season. Omaha came fresh from the Nebraska State Tournament where they finished second to Lincoln. As Lincoln had defeated Central by a small score earlier in the season, we were anxious to get revenge by trouncing Omaha.

The game was fast and spectacular from start to finish, but at all times it was apparent that Central was due to win. The boys were playing in the best of form and their passing and goal shooting was something wonderful. Voss and Sellars, at guard, were everywhere breaking up plays and caging several baskets themselves. Spratt at center did his part exceedingly well at starting all the plays. Captain Schroeder played his usual fast aggressive game, but was not to be outdone by our other speedy light-haired forward, Lloyd Light. Lloyd played the best game he has played all season and was responsible for a large number of Central's points. When the final whistle blew the score stood, Central 38, Omaha 32.

After the game a reception was held in the gym. for the Omaha players and friends and members of our first and second teams. Refreshments were served and Omaha went away feeling that after all St. Joseph and Central High were not bad places to be in.

The basket-ball season, as a whole, was very successful. We were represented by one of the fastest teams ever put out at Central, winning nine games. Three games were lost during the season—all away from home, on strange and often small courts, with low ceilings. The team was handicapped somewhat in weight and height, but made up for this in speed and accuracy. Our guards were about as fast a pair as were to be found in the valley. It would be hard to find better guards than Voss and Sellars. Spratt, at center, was a little inconsistent and did not play up to standard at times, but as it is his first year at center, he can be excused, and no doubt will improve with practice and experience. He ought to be a sensation next year. Schroeder suffered from the duties and responsibilities of being captain, and together with sickness did not play the sensational game of last year, but his spirit, fight and basket shooting will long be remembered at Central. Light was a

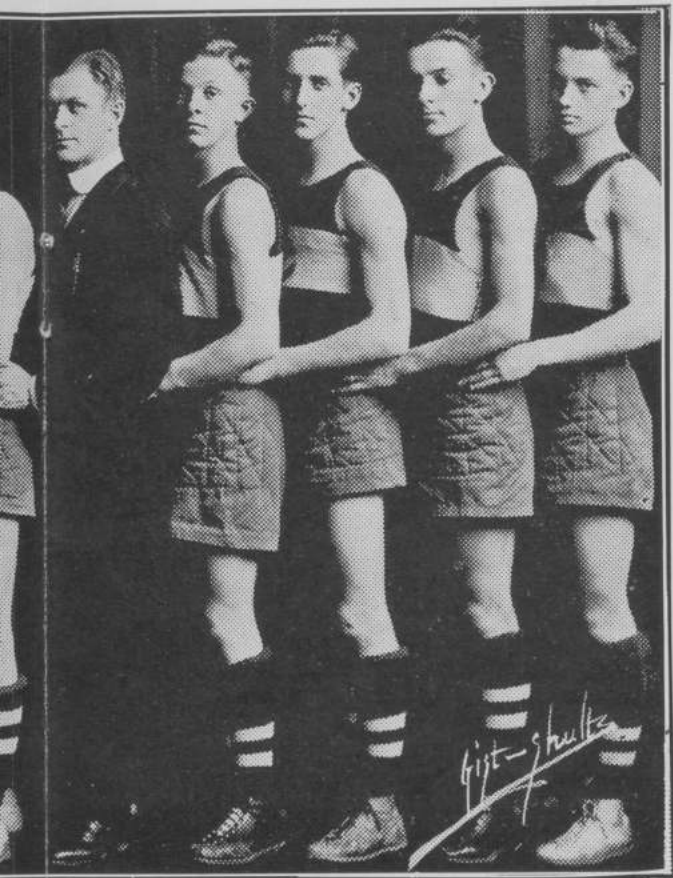
(Continued on Page 16)



CENTRAL HIGH SCHOOL BASKETBALL TEAM



"THE TWIG OF THORN," AGATE



SCHOOL BASKET BALL TEAM



RN," AGATHIA SOCIETY PLAY.

"The Twig of Thorn."

The Agathia Society very successfully presented the play, "The Twig of Thorn," on the evening of March 26th. It was portrayed with all the beauty, interest and emotion of an Irish fairy tale, dealing with the superstitions and traditions of old Ireland. One could easily imagine himself in old mystic Ireland when Oonah picks the twig of thorn and brings a curse upon her grandmother's house. Fairyland was a thing of reality when the fairies gracefully danced and the fairy child so sweetly sang.

The Agathians may be proud of their first venture upon the stage. The play was indeed a credit, not only to the society, but also to the entire school.

The part of Nessa, Oonah's grandmother, was taken by Goldie Custer; Maurya, Nessa's neighbor, Beulah Barnes; Aengus Arann, a young peasant, Thelma Robertson; Aiel, a wandering poet, Alice Campbell; Father Brian, the priest, Hester Murray; a fairy child, Miriam Carlisle; her attendants, Evelyn Beckett and Margaret McColgin; neighbors of Nessa were Finula, Zorah Cook; Kathleen, Clara Albrecht; Sheila, Myrtle Petree; Sheamus, Crystal Petree; Martin, Anna Fairfield, and Turnas, Laura Marie Maxwell.

Expression Class.

First—"We should own our own school books to avoid contagious diseases."

Second—"Well, books are fumigated every so often to avoid that."

Lorretta Mack—"Anyway, we all use the same dictionary and it has more contagious diseases in it than any other book."

"How do they get electricity on a horse-car?"

Answer—"Well, when the man buys the horse, he refuses to pay for it, so he has it charged."

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A. N. P. NOTES.

March 19—The literary program for this week consisted of a debate on the minimum wage question. Roberts received best speech.

March 26—On this date, Strop, Roberts and Kerr were chosen for the debating team to represent the society in the inter-society debate on the minimum wage question to be debated April 26.

April 2—At this time we celebrated the nineteenth anniversary of the Alpha Nu Pi. Martin was chosen to represent the society in the extemporaneous speaking contest. In the evening the society enjoyed a hike to 102 River. The hosts for this week were Chase and Wyeth.

April 9—At this meeting, Whittinghill was chosen the most handsome, Schroeder the wittiest, and Martin the best speaker. In the evening the society enjoyed a hike to the waterworks.



DOLAD NUN NOTES.

Kaufman, Oppenheimer, Weiner and Droher compose the team picked by the judges to represent the Dolad Nun in the preliminaries for the inter-society debate. Although the contestants will be chosen before this issue of the Forum, we feel sure that the Dolad Nun team will be a representative, judging by the fine work done by them in the society.

Our work for the past month has been debates, as usual. April 2nd, our preliminaries for the debate were held.

April 9th, the judges chose Newburger to represent the society in the extemporaneous speeches for the Morris medal. Although he did not win, he acquitted himself well. At the try-outs, Droher, chairman, made a humorous mistake in announcing Mr. Burnette's subject. He announced to the judges that Burnette would speak on "What a Boy Can do to His Country." His subject was, "A Boy's Duty to His Country."



CICERONIAN NOTES.

On St. Patrick's day the Ciceronians were adorned with green collars, and after the day's tiresome ordeal was completed they assembled around the festive board in the lunch-room. "Pat and Mike" stories went the rounds and excellent talks were given by Shull and Warrick.

March 19—After the business meeting Warrick favored us with an oration, and extemporaneous talks were delivered by Nash on "School Spirit," and Shull on "High School Manners."

On March 23, the society coagulated at a certain studio to have their pictures taken. Everything went well until Parry came in just in time for the last exposure, and we found that our Annual picture will not be illuminated by Warrick.

March 26—An extemporaneous speaking contest was held in which Nash was chosen to represent the society in the contest for the Morris medal.

April 2—After a very interesting contest, Warrick, Nash and Shull were chosen to represent the society in the inter-society debate.

April 9—The best looking member, wittiest, etc., were elected as prescribed by the Annual staff, after various complications. Also, the debating team reviewed some of their points.



ARISTOTELIAN NOTES.

March 19 was funny day for the Aristotelian. Every member had to tell three jokes.

March 26—A debate was heard—"Resolved, That there should be a minimum wage in the state of Missouri." Negative was upheld by Combs and Andree, while the affirmative was supported by Caughlan and Finnerty. Affirmative side won, Caughlan receiving best speech, and Finnerty honorable mention.

April 2—The minimum wage was to be discussed by Combs, Caughlan, Combs and Andree, but on account of that day being society day, we adjourned to the lunch-room for a spread.

April 9—The minimum wage was discussed by Combs and Caughlan on the affirmative, and Haber and Murchie on the negative. Affirmative side won; Caughlan received best speech, and Combs honorable mention.

PLATONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

March 19—The Plantonian Literary Society met and enjoyed a program of "cats," followed by jokes.

March 26—After the regular business of the society was transacted the following program was heard: The debate, "Resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished," was won by the affirmative, Rupard receiving best speech. George Redmond gave a most excellent recitation.

April 2—A meeting was held for the transaction of some very important business.

April 9—At this meeting Walter Bertrand was welcomed into the society. Charles Sterling gave a short but lively recitation. Each member gave an extemporaneous speech.

A doctor was once called by one of his patients, but had been delayed. He told the patient, "I had to attend a man who fell down the well."

"Did he kick the bucket, doctor?" groaned the incorrigible patient.

Ask Schroeder for a new joke.



CLIO NOTES.

March 19—Dorothy Whiteford, leader, had as her subject, "Pomander Walk." Her assistants, Elizabeth Brown and Henrietta Stewart, reviewed "The Road to Yesterday" and "The Will." Extemporaneous speeches were given by Agnes Neudorff, "My Walk to School"; Harriet Johnson, "The Art of Conversation"; Cora Connett, "Good Manners"; Emily Wyatt, a former Clio and graduate of Missouri State University, was a visitor and spoke of former "Clio times."

March 26—Virginia Connett, leader. She had as her subject, Raphael; Irma Grebel told of his place in art; Melba Hawkins and Vernia Hankins described some of his pictures. Extemporaneous speeches were given by Elizabeth Brown, "Advantages of Labor-saving Machines"; Frances Connett, "Ideal High School Building"; Caroline Hartwig, "Literary Societies." Mrs. Whiteford was our guest at this meeting.

April 2—As this was Good Friday, no meeting was held.

April 9—Cora Connett, as leader, had as her subject, Ethelbert Nevin. Her assistants, Helen Bernard and Marjorie Hansen, told of the lives and works of Arthur Whiting and Alma Gluck.

The Clio statistics were made out at this meeting. Katherine Pike was voted the prettiest girl; Janet Weakley, the best speaker; Dorothy Whiteford, wittiest. We elected Janet Weakley and Mildred Pitts to represent us in the contest for best extemporaneous speaker, which was held in the Auditorium, April 12th. Janet Weakley was awarded honorable mention.



DIANTHIAN NOTES.

The program on March 19th concluded the study of the life of Baroness Von Suttner. Ethelyn Green had charge of it and was assisted by Ruth Spangberg, Pauline Estes and Mildred Crawford.

On March 26th, the program was devoted to extemporaneous speeches. Elizabeth Mercer talked on "The Educational Value of Motion Pictures"; "The Needed Improvements and Extensions of St. Joseph's Car Lines" was given by Catherine Weber. Carol Whiteford discussed "St. Joseph's Arbor Day"; Marjorie Castle talked on "The Advantages of Vacant Lot Gardening to a City," and Margaret Mohler discussed "What is Needed to Make St. Joseph a Cleaner City"; Anita Mann told "Why We Need City Food Inspectors," and Dorothy Driver closed the program with "The Value of High School Plays."

On April 2nd, a similar program was given. Agnes Miller spoke on "True Society Spirit"; Margaret Mohler discussed the "Educational Value of Travel"; "Conversation, a Fine Art," was given by Hazel Vaughn; Julia Goetze talked on "The City Play-grounds," and Helen Nixon on "Parent-Teachers' Association"; Laura Henderson gave her opinion of "True Society Spirit," and Phoebe Buzard concluded the program with a discussion of "Needed Qualities of a Girl Going Into the Business World." Miss Bock, Miss Wells and Mr. Miller, as judges, gave Hazel Vaughn first place and she will represent the Dianthians in the final contest.

On April 9th we enjoyed a most interesting and unusual talk on Wellesley by Miss Katherine Davis, who graduated from there last year. She told us of the good times she had there, dwelling especially on an event called the "Burning of the Forensics." Hazel Vaughn spoke extemporaneously on "Made in U. S. A."



AGATHIA NOTES.

On March 26th we had no program, only a short business meeting was held, as the girls were busy preparing for the play given on the evening of the above date.

A meeting was called March 29th. We decided to give the proceeds of the play toward the payment of the Victrola which the school is purchasing. At this meeting we also moved to give a copy of the play to each of the directresses, one to the school library and one to the public library.

We held a called meeting March 31st. Irene Hagle, Thelma Robertson, Miriam Carlisle,

Alice Campbell, and Clara Albrecht were chosen to try out for the extemporary speeches to be given in the school auditorium.

April 2nd we held only a short business meeting.

At a called meeting on April 5th, the girls who had previously been chosen gave extemporaneous speeches. Mrs. Putman, Miss Varner and Mr. Livers, as judges, decided upon Irene Hagle as the best extemporaneous speaker. She represented the society in the extemporaneous speaking in the school auditorium, April 12th. Her work was a credit to herself and to our society.

After a business meeting, held on April 9th, Miss Carter gave a very interesting talk concerning the purchase of the Chase painting.

ATHENIAN NOTES.

March 19, 1915—The members of the Athenian Literary Society enjoyed a very interesting program which consisted of a recitation by Marybelle Soldner, sketch of the author, Verdi, by Mildred Russel, reading by Viola Baylan, story of opera, "Il Travatore," by Elenore Whittinghill.

A most interesting program was rendered on March 26th. Margaret Wilson gave a vocal solo, Ruth King "Myth of Pandora Box," Priscilla Wilson a piano solo, Ruby Wright gave a sketch of the life of Paul Lawrence Dunbar, Gertrude Maeder a recitation from Dunbar, Alice Creek a piano solo, and Dorothy Cameron a sketch of the life of Ben King, the poet, closing with a short poem from his works.

The meeting on April 2nd consisted of a parliamentary drill.

April 9, 1915—The program was devoted to the study of Madonnas. Legends of the Virgin Mary was given by Daisy Boose, Life of Botti Celli by Margaret Connett, Madonna of Magnificat and the Madonna of Seven Angels by Mamie Cline, Life of Rapheal by Marjorie Quentin, Madonna of the Chair by Nelrose Dunn, and Sistene Madonna by Ogretta Jones.

PHILOMATHIAN NOTES.

March 26—At this meeting we studied William Butler Yeats, "Land of Hearts' Desire" was told by Bertie Tomlinson; Katherine White read Catheline ne Haulihan; his life was told by Mary Fansher, and Ethel Umbanhowar told the story of the "Irish Movement."

April 2—At this meeting we studied the life and some of the works of John William

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LOCALS

Things That Will Never Be.

Russell Cox—in a hurry.
 Ona Robinson—with a long face.
 Josephine Wells—leaving school empty handed.
 Philip Strop—without something to do.
 Vida Taylor—riding when walking's good.
 Ralph Ozenberger—Sells-Floto's big man.
 Laura Owen—leaving school at end of the seventh.
 Marion Martin—without something to say.
 Cecelia Rhodes—a pensive housewife.
 Clive Newcombe—in a bad humor.
 Marjorie Castle—stump speaker of 1920.
 Clyde Roberts—one year behind the times.
 Helen Nixon—with "crimped" hair.
 Janette Burton—getting to school before 8:29½.

The Important Date.

Strawberry shortcake graced the menu of the lunch-room, Monday the 12th of April.
 Strawberry shortcake,
 Green apple pie,
 High school lunch-room—
 Rah! Rah! Rhi.

Superintendent Whiteford came to our rescue Friday, April 9th, and after long expectations the three summoning bells were heard. Everyone made a rush for the Auditorium. After the usual announcements Mr. Whiteford gave a very instructive talk on "Old Missouri." Due to the limited amount of time he was not able to finish the address so has promised to return and complete it when we are in need.

The Clio and A. N. P. societies decided to give up the idea of a play as many of them will be needed for the Senior play. The time was too short to do justice to the organizations, as the old standards must not be broken down.

The girls in the Domestic Science department have begun to serve their annual lunches. The cost of each is limited, but they surely serve some good things and those who have the patience to wait till about 2:30 are welcome to the "leavins."

The Seniors have held some important meetings lately. They have decided on the comedy, "Captain Jinks," for their class play. Also it was decided to share our hospitality with the Juniors at a party in the near future (if nothing happens).

On Monday, the 12th, there was much excitement in the assembly meeting. This was the day for the much talked of extemporaneous speeches. The girls appeared first on the program and the boys came after. You know the boys are always after the girls. Hazel Vaughn spoke on "The Power of an Ideal"; Lenore Gumbert, "The student activities of Central High School aside from those of the class room"; Irene Hagle, "St. Joseph—the City Worth While"; Janet Weakley, "St. Joseph twenty years hence"; Loretta Mack, "The Power of an Ideal." The boys' group was headed by Van Murchie, who discussed "The Advantages and Disadvantages of City Life to the Boy"; Willard Nash, "The Work of the 63rd Congress"; Francis McGrath, "Work is essential to the development of a strong character"; Marion Martin, "The College of My Choice"; Bernhard Newburger, "The College of My Choice." The speeches were especially well prepared and delivered. All those on the program deserve a great deal of commendation for their good work. While the judges, Mr. C. E. Rush, Mr. J. P. Strong, and Rev. Petrie, were making their decision, Mr. C. D. Morris spoke to us. Hazel Vaughn was awarded first place and received a handsome gold medal; Janet Weakley was given honorable mention. Francis McGrath was the lucky boy and he, too, received a gold medal; Marion Martin received honorable mention. Mr. Morris intends to award medals again next year, so everyone get busy.

Kirk Garth has taken up tatting.

Many pale, thin, haggard, droopy-eyed humans are addicted to sleeping away their seconds in the study hall. Warning—Don't do it. Many have just reached the land of dream only to be awakened by a gruff voice and a vigorous shaking.

Signed—By one who knows.

Athletics

(Continued from Page 10)

recruit the first of the season, but soon developed into a regular and, as shown in our last game, has the making of a great player. We predict for him a great future in basket-ball. Here's to the 1914-15 basket-ball team.

Let's begin to prepare now for another winning team next year. Captain Schroeder will be gone and his place will be hard to fill, but there is a wealth of good material in school and there ought to be someone to fill the gap. We usually have a good schedule with many nice trips and the fellows who make the team have a good time. Will you be one next year? It's up to you.

All eyes are now turned to track—that is, all who are not playing baseball. There are not as many fellows out as ought to be and Coach Moyer is going to have a hard time to put out a winning team. Of last year's point-winners there are Captain Martin, Castle, Sellars and Harroun. We are sure to be strong in the dashes, but weak in the weights. Martin and Castle will take care of the 100-yard dash. Castle the 220-yard hurdles, Martin the 220-yard dash. Castle is also getting his old time form in the running broad jump. Martin ought to do the 120-yard hurdles in record time this year. Hayden Campbell is the new find in the quarter and half and will devote his time to these two events. Harroun will also run the half as well as the mile. Sellars has been suffering from a sprained ankle and may not be able to do much in the 220 and quarter for some time. Varner will be our main stay in the weights. If Spratt can be induced to practice we would have a good man in the high jump. As usual we have very few pole vaulters.

Our first meet will be at Maryville, April 24th. Barring some awful calamity we ought to win this meet by a good margin. A special train will be run as was done last year. This gives the students a chance to have one big holiday at very little expense. Let's go in a body this year, every last one of us, and bring back victory and all the cups and medals we can find.

May the 8th our attention will be on the M. V. L., which will be held in St. Joseph this year. This is sure to be one of the classiest meets in this part of the country, as Omaha, Lincoln, Topeka, Manual, Kansas City, Central, and probably West Des Moines will be entered. We as students and hosts that day, ought to turn out in full strength. It is the plan to

make that day one big picnic for all the students, but of course the main thing is to win the meet. Won't you help in some way, either by trying to make a place on the team or by your presence that day? Let's have some of the old time Central spirit shown. Get back of the team and do some pushing. Remember you are a part of this school and owe it some loyalty and support. Boys, are you planning to make the trip to Columbia and Lawrence? If not, get busy now; get on the team and go.

Philomathian Notes

(Continued from Page 14)

Sygne. His life was related to us by Anise Wall; Lillian Vermilbia read "Riders to the Sea"; "The Play Bag of the Western World" was read by Ada Hagameir; Edna Dawson read "Well of Saints."

On the date of April 9th, the society devoted their time to story telling. Clara Klawuhn told the story of "The Twelve Dancing Princesses"; Lenora told "Patient Griselda"; Lucile Smith told "The Necklace"; and Inez Linebaugh told "Wee Willie Winkie."

A Psalm of the Modern David.

The ——— is my auto; I shall not want (another); It maketh me to lie down beneath it; it soreth my soul. It leadeth me in the paths of ridicule for its namesake. Yea, though I ride through the valleys, I am towed up the hills. I fear much evil; my rods and my engines discomfort me. I anoint my tires with patches; my radiator runneth over; I prepare the blow-out in the presence of mine enemies. Surely if this thing follow me all the days of my life, I shall dwell in the bug-house forever.

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DEPARTMENTS

CHEMISTRY.

A great deal of ground has been covered this month by the students of Chemistry, many of the experiments being unusually long. The first thing taken up was the study of the two similar elements, boron and silicon. The first of little importance itself, but forms the rather important compounds, borax and boric acid. Both are familiar substances, the former coming from extensive deposits in California and from the boric acid contained in vapors from certain volcanoes in Tuscany, Italy. Boric acid is also made in this country through the action of borax with an acid. In fact, this preparation was the first laboratory experiment for this month. Both borax and boric acid are used as antiseptics and preservatives, borax being in addition used, in the molten condition, for cleaning metallic surfaces about to be welded or soldered, from which it dissolves any oxides which may have formed, and the characteristic color which certain substances impart to molten beads of borax is used as a test for these substances. Such tests are known as "borax-bead tests" and constituted the second experiment.

Silicon is a much more important element than boron, since its oxide, silica, is very widely distributed. All kinds of glass are compounds, or mixtures of compounds, of silicon and some other things. Quartz is silicon dioxide, and takes many dissimilar appearing forms, among them rock-crystal, onyx, agate, chalcedony, flint, opal, jasper, and amethyst, in fact most of the semi-precious stones. Sand is mostly made up of small water-worn particles of quartz; sandstone is sand embedded in a cement-like matrix and is used for building and for grindstones and millstones. Pure white sand is used in making porcelain, and the sand blast is an effective cleaning agent. Silica is also found in the hard coating of bamboo and straw, and in the nails, feathers, and claws of animals. Carborundum is a very hard compound formed by fusing sand with coke in the electric furnace. Pure silicon finds its chief use in wireless telegraph detectors. The classification of some of the varieties of quartz was the laboratory work connected with this subject.

The fourth experiment was on double decomposition by precipitation. Its object was simply to find a way of preparing salts insoluble

in water, and the method consisted in adding to a solution of a salt containing the metallic ion of the salt to be formed an acid or solution of another salt containing the necessary non-metallic ion. The desired salt might be soluble if the other product would form a precipitate.

The next experiment was "Four Ways of Preparing Salts," and it was some experiment. There were sixteen or seventeen salts, each to be prepared four different ways, if possible—by direct combination of the elements, by neutralization, by double decomposition, due to insolubility, and by the same due to volatility.

Next came a short exercise in observation, which dealt with the hardening of plaster Paris, and then an experiment concerned with the action of metals on salt-solution. In this it was found that if strips of zinc were placed in each of four solutions containing salts of lead, silver, copper and mercury, the latter metals would be deposited on the zinc while it itself replaced them in the solution. This action of a solution of a salt of mercury is utilized in so-called "instantaneous silver-plating" compounds.

After this came a short experiment on the composition of old mortar, and then cobalt nitrate tests. In these the substance to be tested was placed in a small hollow in a block of charcoal and fused in the flame of a blow-pipe. Then it was moistened with cobalt nitrate and fused again, and when allowed to cool a characteristic color resulted for each class of compounds.

The last experiment consisted in the separation of salts of lead, silver and mercury, all dissolved in the same solution. On adding hot water to the precipitate formed by adding hydrochloric acid to the solution, the lead compound was washed out, and after that the silver compound was dissolved out with ammonia, leaving the mercury salt behind. In this way the three were separated.

HISTORY DEPARTMENT.

The normal class in Civics made a visit this month to the police station, where they attended a session of the court, learning the method of recording and identifying the prisoners. Another morning they made a visit to the matron's department. Captain Gray explained the handling of the police.

The Greek history class is trying a new method of class government. They have drawn up a set of rules modeled after the work of Draco, the Athenian. Some one member presides over the class on Monday morning when current events are being given.

The Economics classes are making a study of national banks, especially the Federal Reserve Bank.

All classes are making an extended study of current events.

COMMERCIAL NOTES.

The department has been favored this month by visits from several men. Mr. Tylor, of Atchison County High School, and Mr. C. P. Hoff, city engineer, were up early in the month. Mr. Bunn also visited several classes and demonstrated the uses of the Wales Adding Machine.

The examinations for the Commercial Insignia were given Thursday, April 8th. Twenty-five tried out for the Insignia.

The third term short hand class has been speeding up lately. A few can now take original dictation at 85 words per minute. One in the class has even taken at 100 per minute.

The second term shorthand class has also been doing good work. They got a taste of actual speed work in the Auditorium where several succeeded in taking down parts of the extemporaneous speeches.

The Commercial Geography Classes have been busy studying transportation and waterways throughout the Mississippi Valley. They soon will lay aside their text books and study the principal cities of United States from literature put out by the Commerce Clubs of various cities that Mr. Wallace has obtained. The industrial trips through factories and shops will be held in the near future.

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Captain Kielson, etc.

(Continued from Page 9)

descent on the other side. Here the white sand was overlaid with a loose reddish-brown gravel interspersed with angular blocks of the same color. Whatever the stuff was, it was full of something that glittered and twinkled like mica wherever my light fell on it. It was while going down this declivity that I sighted my quarry for the second time. The white streamer which I was following led down to what looked like a tangled heap of smoldering brown kelp, but I recognized it at once as the thing, its legs folded up under it, and the streamers and tatters which covered its mushroom-shaped body no longer translucent and saffron-tinted like a clump of hydroids but ruddy brown and opaque like the volcanic grit on which it lay. No sooner had my beam fallen on it than it leaped up and made off down hill in a fatigued, loose-jointed fashion and at diminished speed, clouding the water as it went.

"The sight of the thing's obviously reduced strength led me to quicken my own gait so that I arrived at the bottom of the incline in a small avalanche of gravel. After crossing a level stretch I almost walked into a profound crevasse which I came on so suddenly that it seemed to yawn open before me. I was compelled to walk along it for some ways before I found a place narrow enough to step across, and then I had to come back on the other side and find the trail. I followed it on the level for a short distance and then found myself starting up another, but very gradual, acclivity, covered with loose rolling stones that clanked and gritted under my feet. Now, if anyone should make a cinemaplay out of this, here is where the quivery, mysterious music would begin."

Here we were interrupted again by the departure of the second train of monorails and the entrance of a third. Then there was something of a commotion, occasioned by the fact that the two end-cars of the outgoing train became uncoupled and were rammed from the rear—but not with very great force, as it was in the act of slowing down—by the locomotive of the train which had just arrived. Not until this disturbance was settled was Captain Kielson able to go on.

(Continued in next issue)

Many of those among us took the insignia exams, so we now have several local celebrities.



NOXSENSE

Brain Leaks.

If a confectioner needed money, would the pepper-mint?

If our school clock stopped, would the Arithme-tic?

If a donkey passed by school, would the alge-brae?

If the tailors went on a strike, would the News-press?

If the News didn't, would we feel like doing it Forum?

If a six-cylinder car came down the street, would the Fords Dodge?

If Eric fell down and hurt his knee, would the basket lawl?

If Prof. Teuton bought a red Saxon, would our superintendent get a White-Ford?

—Brain Leaker.

Love's Pleadings.

O come, my love, the jitney waits,

The nickel's in my purse;

My sparker snaps at all the fates,

For better or for worse.

Let's jit in joy while life is new,

Five coppers pays the bill;

So come and jitney 'neath the moon

Along the low grade hill.

While all the world is smooth as glass,

While all our tires are spry,

There's bliss in every quart of gas;

Let's hit life on the high.

So come and be my jitney queen,

A nick is all my heard;

Who cares for grief or gasoline?

Come mount my trusty Ford.

Heard in Mr. Miller's Room.

Fred Nelson—"And they bore the women to the sky and swept the waters."

Voice—"They must have been pretty diligent women."

History.

Miss Summy—"What was Louis XVI charged with?"

Reply—"Electricity."

After hearing Miss Rhodes read a love poem, Earl Senor commenting on it, said he thought it was silly.

Miss Rhodes, settling down for a lecture, after hearing the other comments—"Well, of course, I don't suppose it would please a boy who has never taken any interest in any girl....She was restrained from proceeding for a minute.

In Latin VI Class.

Willard Nash (conjugating "embargo.") "I can't give it."

Mr. Miller—"Die trying it, Nash."

Nash—"Embargo—emergere (pause in which Nash thinks out loud)—I'm dead."

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