

FORUM



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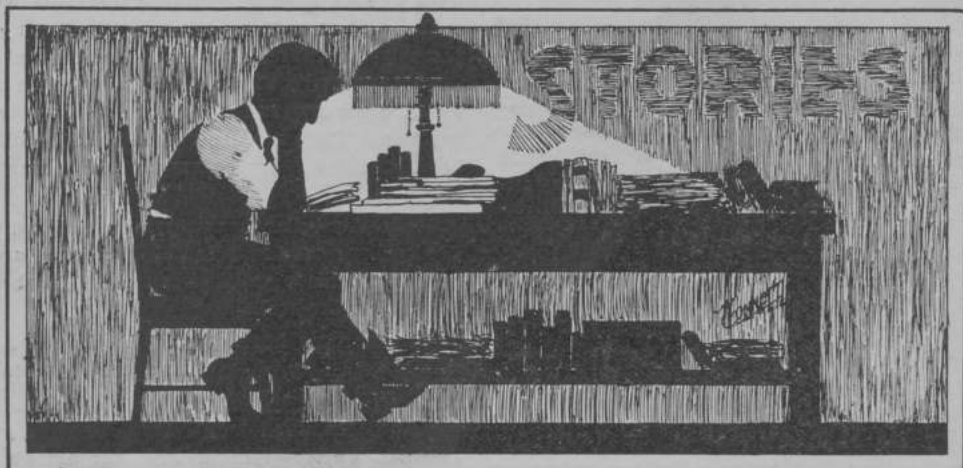
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HIGH SCHOOL FORUM

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NUMBER 3



A Christmas Inspiration

WELL, the Christmas holidays are here. Now that you have them, what are you doing to enjoy them? Buy many gifts, get some, eat a lot and go to several parties? I expect that is enjoyment, but if you get no more out of your Christmas holidays than this, then Christmas means nothing to you.

Christmas is always a gala occasion, full of good will, expectations, pleasures and many good things to enjoy. Everybody feels happy; the air is permeated by an electrical energy contributed to the whole by each individual full of good cheer of the Yuletide. Even Nature contributes her part to the general feeling of activity. She gives us a clear, cool, invigorating air that makes us hold our heads up high, our eyes sparkle and our cheeks glow with the joy of living.

And how busy everyone is! Buying presents and smiling in anticipation of the pleasant surprises they are preparing. The streets are crowded with good natured shoppers, Santa Clauses soliciting aid for the poor, and happy, wistful children gazing enraptured at gaily decorated windows. Everywhere, everyone is happy.

Do you feel all these things? Are you inspired by this spirit of good will? Does your heart beat more rapidly as you look about and see the joyous, eager faces? How wonderful is the night before Christmas!

Just go uptown and see—no feel—how good it is to be alive and enjoy this holiday. The snow is falling—it usually does, or should—everybody is clothed warmly, doing their eleventh hour shopping or just out to enjoy the night. How it thrills to see all these happy, contented people. How it inspires faith in God.

Yes, it is an inspiring sight—these hundreds of exuberant, delighted beings. It inspires one to faith in man, too, and this is a faith only too much in need of inspiration. When I go uptown and see these gladsome sights and see the bustling, jolly people, I recall a passage from the Genesis, "And God saw everything He had made, and, behold, it was very good," and great tears form in my eyes, and I lift my eyes up to heaven and thank God that there are so many people happy and carefree this night.

Then an uncontrollable something saddens me, and I lose my gayety, and my eyes dim, and my heart sinks, and, staring ahead of me I wonder "what is the other half doing?" The people I see on the streets are well fed and in

(Continued on Page 5)

The Theorist

"Pretty clean-hearted fellows in spite of their trade," which statement he ultimately qualified with, "if you can believe what they write."

The International Magazine, with its back broken at page 293 lay between Simpson's crossed ankles. Simpson has been meditating over the statement that authors generally write from actual experience—or at least from first hand knowledge.

"It was a short, black, nasty looking weapon. He threw open the chamber and made sure that no cartridges were there. He was a burglar—not a murderer. More than once the combination of stiff voice and empty gun had carried the day—night rather—for him. Never had it failed. Some day it might, but then, he would not be able to shoot no matter how great the temptation. It's better to be arraigned for breaking and entering a dwelling at night, than it is to be brought up on another shorter and uglier charge."

The story was a common one, but he had found this extract uncommon. He was a philosopher in secret and doted on theories that he never thought required actual practice for proof.

"I believe a few men distributed carefully would restrict this burglar business better than alarms and window latches." He didn't precisely think he was one of those men, yet he had his impractical theories.

He prepared for bed and unconscious of the illogicalness of the act in the face of his recently formed convictions, he LATCHED the windows. Maybe from habit, maybe it was the common sense that dominated him when he had no untried theories on hand. Later, in the silence of the night, he sheepishly unlatched them.

Sheets of water tormented the windshield. The purring rain fascinated Simpson. But where was he? He'd never driven a car before. He didn't know how. He'd jump. His head grazed something square and cool. The purring still continued, only Simpson dimly felt it wasn't raining. A ten-second retrospection assured him that the car was a dream car and the rain a dream rain—but with an ill concealed tremor he knew the purring to be REAL. The window curtain fidgeted in intermittent spasms. Across the inkiness of the opposite wall moved a vibratory thread of amber light.

Simpson's common sense was truly uneasy. At first for himself and on second thought for his wife. A strange calm soon succeeded this and he lay back where he could view the window and also feign sleep. Simpson the theorist was now occupying the room.

Out in the velvety blackness, swift, methodical work was being done. A very delicate pressure was applied to the base of the window frame. It yielded. Even a theorist's heart can't be blamed for forgetting a few beats when it watches a strange foot and lower limb intrude through an open window. There's an hypnotic fascination in watching that limb grow inch by inch, ultimately uncovering a dark splotch with a wicked shifty eye—a torso, an arm, and an electric torch.

The torch blinked spasmodically a moment, then hungrily recommenced its search of the roof. Simpson gasped oddly when he found himself staring into its depths. The grunt, followed instantly by a curt command from the intruder, was odder still—to Simpson.

"Why should I put my hands up? It's so tiresome, you know," Simpson purred with exaggeration. His theoretic nerve was reviving.

"HELL—you goin' to put up them HANDS? ARE YOU?" Simpson smiled wanly as he noticed "the short, black, nasty looking weapon."

"You wouldn't shoot, would you?" he teased.

"The devil I wouldn't. If you don't put those hands up damn quick, you'll find out." The tone was impatient. Simpson felt he should do something. He knew what he ought to do, but oddly felt it wasn't the proper thing.

"That gun's not loaded," he hazarded. This brought a peculiar chuckle from the splotch of darkness. The glare blinded him and the effect was slightly eerie.

Without warning, the door of his wife's room opened. Uttering a vexed imprecation, the burglar covered the door with his light. In the one full moment, Simpson saw his wife's terrified countenance, and then, as an uncoiled spring, catapulted upon the intruder. The pistol barked—his wife shrieked—while Simpson lay motionless upon the floor.

He was alone.

A few minutes later Mrs. Simpson, together with a physician from the next block, burst into the room. A joyous surprise—it was almost consternation—wiped the maternal and professional anxiety from the two faces.

Bending over the bed and smiling with the

(Continued on Page 22)

Hilda's Christmas

Standing apart from the childish throng,
Little Hilda was silent and sad.
She could not join in the happy song;
She could not echo the voices glad.

"What can I do on Christmas Day?
I am so little and we are so poor,"
She said to herself in a dreary way:
"I wish there never was a Christmas more.

"Mother is sick and father can't know
How children talk of their gifts and joy,
Or he'd surely try, he loves me so,
To get me just one single toy."

"But Christmas is not for what you get,"
She heard a small, sweet, tender voice.
"It's for what you give," said wee Janet,
And the words made Hilda's heart rejoice.

"It isn't our birthday," went on the mite,
"It is Christ's, you know; and I think He'd say
If He were to talk to us tonight,
That He'd wish us to keep it His own way."

A plan came into Hilda's head;
It seemed to her she could hardly wait.
"I can't give nice things," she bravely said,
"But I'll do what I can to celebrate.

I can give the baby a day of fun;
I can take my plant to the poor lame boy;
I can do mother's errands—everyone,
And my old kite I can mend for Roy.

I can read to father and save his eyes;
I can feed the birds in the locust grove;
I can give the squirrels a fine surprise,
And grandma shall have a letter of love."

—A. A., '16.

"If I were a bird," said a boy,
And exceedingly wise looked he,
"I'd always built my little nest
In the top of a Christmas tree."

The police arrested a man for stealing some
limburger cheese. Guess the poor fellow didn't
have a (s)cent.

The new doors sure have a nobby appear-
ance.

(Continued from Page 1)

good circumstances. Tonight is but another pleasant occasion to them, but there are many other people to whom happiness is a stranger, and circumstances are never favorable. Hungry and shivering little ones on the cold, uncovered floor look up into their mother's tear-stained and ask the unanswerable question: "Mama, is Santa Claus coming tonight?" O, that I had the means to satisfy the hungry longing of these children, to see the eager looks change, not into one of indescribable sadness, but to lighten up with the sight of Santa Claus. And, oh, so many children are asking this question all over the world, and oh so many are answered by tears, tears, tears.

If we could only see the inestimable sadness, if we could only imagine what it means to these poor heart-broken mothers to see their children cry and fall asleep, still faithfully whispering, "Santa Claus, Santa Claus," and then awaken to a cold, cheerless Christmas day. Would we not, O God, would we not divide our plenty among them and make them happy, too?

In the brightest lights are shadows
In the best times there is sadness.
Grant to us the inspiration
That may turn all into gladness.

D. R.

(Continued from Page 2)

Christmas, dem night riders give me sich a
skeere Ah done forgot what day it was."

It did not take long for the news to spread that night riders had attempted to murder Brother and Sister Johnson. Friends came in by the dozens to see the place and examine the wall. In fact, several people declared that they had heard a horse pounding down the road just about the time the shots were fired. Uncle Mose and Aunt Sarah were the heroes of the hour in the negro quarter.

* * *

Meanwhile an old negro, named Uncle Eph, sat "in durance vile" behind the bars of the city jail. He had been arrested by a vigilant policeman for violating the city laws, which prohibited the use of firearms in the city limits. But he was not sad. As he smoked his pipe he chuckled to himself:

"Ah sho done got even wif Mose Johnson."

—CLIO, '16.

Just Who Am I

I POSSESS the moral tendencies and a few of the mental characteristics of my father. Often have I queried: "Am I to be like him?" "No," I would answer for myself. "Well, then, just who am I?" "Will the sum of my existence total a very large amount?"

In the midst of a beautiful vision of great future accomplishment I would satisfy the latter question with an affirmative answer. Then in a very short while temporary ill-health or disappointment would overtake me, and the spirit within would cry out, "Great God above, will I be VERY much of a man?"

I could not say "yes," for I didn't know, and I wouldn't say "no," so the thought was left until a brighter mood.

Then I began to wonder (as all youth has wondered) about the destiny of this little life of mine. Has it all been cut and molded into a definite form? No matter what I may do, be the effort great or small, I shall come to the same end—the end pre-ordained before my birth? Takers of life, murderers of virtue and purity, thieves of honesty and righteousness, THEY have all lived lives of destiny. A star has risen at the birth of each and guided each on his journey, permitting not the slightest deviation, finally bringing him to the ultimate end pointed out by the Creator? Then, did the Great Spirit that rules over all place Adam and Eve in the world that they might sin and bring forth all this disease, pain, wretchedness, sorrow and anguish that we might the more appreciate the sublimity of human existence? Not so.

Then am I a free agent, cast upon a sea to buffet and to struggle against the waves and whirlpools and snags of a cold, hard, harsh, unthinking world? Am I a man, with Will supreme, to rise unaided, unassisted to heights of glorious attainment or to fall to depths of infamy and degradation; to conquer all who come or to be crushed by the onslaught of humanity? Can I ask no quarter as I must give none? Is there no power that will help me other than human agency and that cannot, for it must help itself against me? I alone must face all who may contest my right to a place? Not so.

Then just who am I? I am a soul, housed in the body of a man. True, the flesh has its

limitations. The laws of nature require a very dear price for its abuse. "The sins of the father shall be visited upon the children even unto the third and fourth generation." My body may be weak and infirm from the sins of those before me, it may have suffered from unwholesome environment or improper training over which I have had no control, but the just God has given me a soul that is pure and without blemish, one that knows no human limitation. Surely He planned a great and a good task for each to perform, but He did not DECREE it to be so. Nor has He left us to accomplish our end alone. He sits with hand extended down, but He will not help us unless we make an effort and reach up and clasp the hand of assistance that is waiting. He builds in the imagination of every youth the vision of his intended purpose. Lincoln and Washington were called of God just the same as were Luther and Moody. And so were all other men called for a purpose, but history has not record of their achievement, for they did not expend the necessary sacrifice and toil that must be given to fulfill their calling. Be you Jew or Gentile, Protestant or Catholic, there lies folded in your breast the knowledge of a Supreme Being, even though your individual conception of that Power be at great variance.

(Continued from Page 3)

ion. It seemed foolishly simple, but seemed so sure of success, that Gilbert's faith in it could not be shaken. Both men had armed themselves, and there remained but one step left undone. They must hide themselves within the Turkish building, and their aimless wandering was bringing them nearer and nearer to that destination. A half-hour later saw them secretly ensconced behind draperies that fortunes would not buy.

The two men, not daring to speak, not daring to move, and hardly daring to even breathe, remained thus hidden, until what seemed to them must be far nearer 5 than 3 o'clock. But Fate was not playing her usual tricks, for she well rewarded the patient waiters, and the sound of a light footstep aroused them, and took away the thoughts of plain from cramped positions. This sudden stimulus removed the sleep from tired eyes and moved the hand toward bulging pockets.

A dark figure drew near them; it paused; it took another step, then paused again. A cold sweat stood out on the two watching men,

their nerves were at a tension, their breathing hardly audible.

The figure approached the mosque and carefully started to lift from its place the priceless rug. There was a sudden light; the two men moved; the lights went out; a scuffle; the dealy report of a revolver; the running footsteps of a retreating person! Then all was still again.

A few minutes and another light flared up, and its ghostly rays showed Richard Gilbert and his friend securely bound and guarded by a squad of San Francisco's police. The rug and its taker were gone.

It is doubtful if Richard Gilbert ever forgot that early morning ride in San Francisco's police patrol; and it is still more doubtful to say that he has never forgotten the fatal words of the desk sergeant that night: "Attempted burglary at the Exposition."

* * *

The following morning, after a somewhat sleepless night, the two men were early awakened and told to prepare for the courtroom. During the midst of their preparations, consisting of a feeble wash, and a retieing of a necktie, their meagre breakfast was brought them, and they were led before the magistrate.

As they walked through the opened door and got their first glimpse of that solemn room, the whispering voices seemed as a death-knell. Gilbert began to feel his failure as a hero. His Honor, the white-haired, black-robed Judge, sat behind his desk solemnly contemplating the prisoners; the clerk, the witnesses in uniform, the interested spectators all watched with unhidden contempt every move of the two unfortunates.

The clerk of the court slowly arose and in a solemn, dignified tone read the charge preferred against the two men. "Caught in the act of robbing the mosque at the Turkish building of the Exposition, a charge punishable by not less than two years' imprisonment, nor more than ten."

The trial was almost over and the chances of the prisoners grew less and less, when two women entered the courtroom, one of perhaps twenty-four years of age, the other four years her junior. The two stood for a moment in the doorway, then the older of the two women walked hurriedly to Gilbert's friend and shook hands with him, to the intense horror of the crowded courtroom.

"And now what?" she asked.

The older man presented the case.

The girl then turned toward His Honor, the Judge. "Dad," she said, "I know this man."

"What!" exploded the Judge.

"Yes; and he is not guilty. Hear his story."

The courtroom was in a hubbub.

Rapping for order, the Judge ordered him to speak. He began and told the complete story from beginning to end, from the talk at the table to the arrest.

After he had finished, the Judge asked Gilbert if this was true. The latter answered in the affirmative, and after the usual questions were asked and answered the two men were declared not guilty.

After the courtroom had emptied itself of all but the Judge, his daughter and her chum, and the two prisoners, the older man spoke up.

"Miss Mandell will you introduce Miss Marston to Gilbert?"

The older girl came toward him, followed by her chum.

"Mr. Gilbert, this is a friend of mine, Miss Marston."

"I am certainly pleased," answered the young man, and Richard Gilbert was not given to telling untruths.

"Thank you," was her response in a cold, haughty, "that's enough" way.

Gilbert broke the silence again. "This is what a man gets for trying to be a hero, isn't it?"

Her answer was the same haughty manner.

Gilbert stood it for a moment, then in sheer desperation blurted out: "I beg your pardon, Miss Marston, what's wrong?"

"I am not used to talking to men accused of burglary and theft, and more especially to fools." She turned on her foot and walked away.

Gilbert stood watching her for a moment, then went over to his friend.

"Jack, old boy, Miss Marston seems little pleased at meeting me."

"That's funny, she expressed a desire to meet you."

"She did?"

"Honest."

"Then she'll have more chance, and perhaps next time she'll stop fooling with fools until she's sure she has a fool to fool with."

Adopted

THE Reverend M. E. Mersey was a very good man; so good, in fact, that the only trait that the little village of Northboro had to complain of was the one that "Pa'son was intirely too ginrous, intirely too ginrous," as old Miss Dorcas, his housekeeper, put it. The village accepted this without demur, for, "Who were they to doubt when the dear old lady herself was the one who was forced to put up with all of the 'pa'son's' idiosyncracies?"

Notwithstanding Miss Dorcas' independent opinion of the reverend gentleman's principles, they had managed to weather it along together since her arrival, as a dependent relation of his, at the old fashioned house that served as the village parsonage. She had fed the worst looking tramps, had stood for his numerous charities and had let him donate everything he could lay his hands on to them, but now she had firmly drawn the line and taken her stand. She absolutely refused to countenance his scheme to take six orphans into the house to distribute in the village for adoption. There was no other refuge for her but his house, so she showed her disapproval the only way she could, by firmly closing her lips whenever the subject was mentioned.

The objects of this charitable scheme were to be taken from the orphanage of a neighboring city. The Rev. M. E. Mersey set out early one morning to take the necessary trip to obtain them. Arriving at his destination just before noon, he made his most startling and unusual request for six of the homeliest children they had, ranging from one year to fourteen. The astonished superintendent, feeling that this was a chance not to be wasted, hastily selected the worst in the lot, packed their "home" costumes, scrubbed their hands and faces, called a cab and packed the "pa'son" and his charges off within an hour's time, feeling, in all probability, that it was too good to be true.

The religious man, not being accustomed to children and their ways, had a hard trip home. The children, greatly excited over a trip on the train, talked at the top of their voices, and nothing the gentle old man could do would restrain them. He was horrified at the language they used and at the way they fought for the seat next to the window. At the end of the journey, crushed and dejected, he confided

them to the tender care of Sarah Dorcas. She proceeded to feed them on the simplest fare possible and, with the aid of the one servant, succeeded in getting them to bed.

The next morning, Eva, the eldest, set the worst example possible by rising with the lark and investigating every inch of surrounding territory. She was followed at intervals of one-half hour by the rest of the group, and "pa'son" got little of his usual morning rest. Being a saintly man, he tried to tell the little group how selfish they were to destroy his peace.

However, this was the beginning of a succession of peaceless days for the poor man and Miss Dorcas. People came to adopt one of the children and went back without one. In this way a month dragged out like a year to the preacher. The parsonage, its occupants and possessions were rapidly being demolished.

One of the most valuable of the latter disappeared when the first two orphans adopted left. An old couple in a neighboring village adopted them. The "pa'son" took them over in his rig one afternoon when Miss Dorcas was at the Ladies' Aid Society. This left the other orphans to themselves and they immediately took advantage of their liberty.

Having been told (in answer to why Miss Dorcas put eggs under the "pa'son's" sitting hens) in the most interesting way that Miss Dorcas could summon, that if they stopped chasing the hens off the nest, the little chickens which were in the eggs would soon hatch, the remaining four, having tired of waiting for the chickens, and in pursuit of proof, frightened the startled old hens, removed the eggs and carefully broke each one.

They were hanging on the front gate when Miss Dorcas carefully picked her way up the street from the Ladies' Aid, and greeted her with howls of accusation. It is sufficient to say that not even the "pa'son," upon his return, could protect her. From henceforth they believed nothing she said. Everything required investigation for proof. John ate green apples purposely to try out her word, when she said they would make him sick. The other three children aided this young gentleman in all such investigations.

The orphans soon acquired a great name in the village as "young limbs" and it was some three or four months before the last and the worst departed from the Reverend's residence. When he departed, bag and baggage, Miss Dorcas replied in righteous indignation the old and much used phrase, "I told you they would be more trouble than you could stand, I told you so," to the "pa'son's" utterance of relief, which consisted of the word, "adopted."

CLIO '16.

ATHLETICS



Thanksgiving brought the football season of 1915 to a successful close. The week before this date our team played the hardest team on the schedule—Lathrop. The team arrived at Lathrop about 9 o'clock, and was met at the depot in cars. We were rushed to the hotel, where we left our baggage, and were then entertained by an automobile party. Let it here be said that we were royally entertained. Lathrop, previous to this time, had an undefeated team, and was claiming the championship of Northwest Missouri. That this was an important game may be proved by several facts. Every train coming into the town brought from thirty to forty spectators, who all rooted for Central, so that by afternoon we had nearly as many supporters as the home team. Also to show the importance of this game, motion pictures were taken, which are to be shown in St. Joseph at a later date.

At 3 o'clock the struggle began, and let it here be stated that it was a struggle. The teams were very evenly matched. The game began with a rush, Lathrop kicking off to St. Joseph. We worked the ball back to mid-field, where Central fumbled. Lathrop recovered the ball. They worked the ball up to about the 25-yard line, where they were held for three down. They then attempted a place kick, which was successful. St. Joseph again received the ball, which was worked to the 45-yard line, where we lost it on downs, Lathrop receiving the ball. On an attempted forward pass the ball was intercepted by Myers, and carried to the 35-yard line, where he was downed. By a series of end runs and line bucks we worked the ball up to the 1-yard line, where Symon crossed through center. Lathrop was the next to score, but Central came back strong and Meyers made eight yards through tackle for a touchdown with but one minute left to play in the first half. Score—Central, 14; Lathrop, 10.

The second half was all St. Joseph's, the ball being in Lathrop's territory two-thirds of the time. When the game ended the ball was on Lathrop's 10-yard line, and it was Central's first down to go for another touchdown.

Every man on the Central team played a star game.

Turkey day we ended our present season by defeating Atchison with a crippled team. It was a bad day, raining during the biggest part of the game, making the field "sloppy," but we defeated them, even with all our difficulties of weather and injuries.

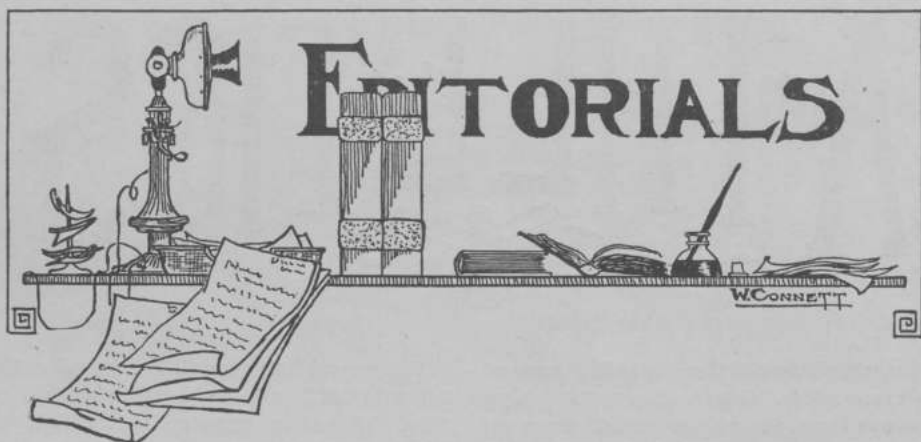
The past season has been probably the greatest season, from a standpoint of victory, in Central's history. The team deserves special mention, as is the due of Mr. Moyer, our coach.

With the passing of football and the coming of the cold months enters another sport in which Central is always efficient—basketball. It looks as though Central may duplicate in basketball what she was able to accomplish in football. With one exception, we will have back all the 1914-15 team. Buzzer (Eric) Schroeder is at M. U., and his place on the team will be hard to fill. Eric was one of the stars of the Missouri Valley for two years, and deserves much credit for Central's past victories. We wish him the same success at Missouri University.

There will be a lively scrap to get Eric's place, and the regulars of last year may get a surprise, for there are some new men showing up in great shape. Of last year's team we can never forget the work of Sellars and Voss at the guard positions. This pair makes a combination hard to get through, and we will be more than glad to see them in action again. Spratt, at center, will be a tower of strength after last year's experience, and ought to hold his own with all comers. Last year was Lloyd

(Continued on Page 19)

Ever try a cold drink in cold weather at Bell's



High School Forum

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The policy of this paper is to discuss the different activities of the students and faculty.

We will certainly have to take our hats off to the football team, and especially to Captain Voss and Coach Moyer, who made it possible for Central to have one of the best, if not THE best, teams ever known in the history of the school. With only one defeat marked up against us, which occurred during the last minute of play, and, as it has been whispered, they had already been playing five minutes over time when this occurred, we have indeed a record of which to be proud. However, the next thing on the athletic program is a sport for which Central has always been noted. From present indications it looks as though we were to have a better team than ever this year. With this prospectus in view, it is high time you were saving up your pennies.

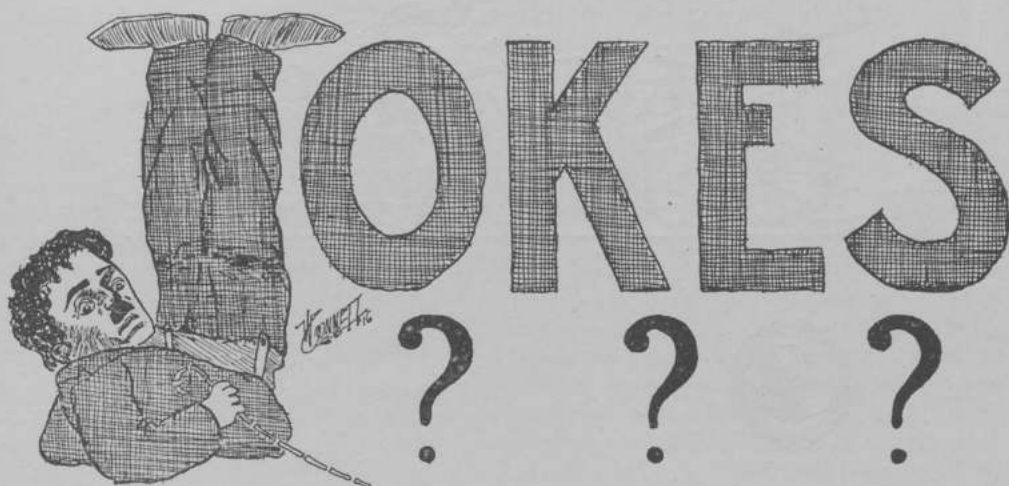
If you liked this issue of The Forum, don't hesitate to tell your friends about it, and maybe they will be so moved as to purchase one of those extra copies which can always be obtained in the office.

Notice—Forum material for the January issue, the Freshman Number, is due January 10, 1916.

The Forum staff wishes its contributors and readers a Merry Christmas and a very Happy New Year.

The St. Joseph detectives are looking for a young man who stole a kiss from a stenographer on the fourth floor of the Corby building, grabbed the door jam as he went out, took the elevator, but not being desirous of overloading himself, left the building.

Where the best candy comes from is Bell's



Traveler: "What seems to be the matter with this train?"

Conductor: "Trouble with the couplings, sir. You see we are coming into Reno."

Pat (as the alarm clock goes off): "I fooled you that time. I wasn't even asleep."

A student yelled so loud at a football game that he sprained his ankle. The doctors say that he has too deep a voice.

She: "I saw Mary O'Flanagan penciling her eyebrows the other night."

He: "She'd better look out or she will be arrested."

She: "What for—assisting nature?"

He: "No; changing the map of Ireland."

The new boarder sniffed at the contents of his coffee cup and set it down.

"Well," queried the landlady, "have you anything to say against the coffee?"

"Not a word. I never speak ill of the absent."

Wake: "Do fish sleep?"

Sleep: "Sure. If they don't, why do they have river beds?"

"Waiter—hic—bring me a dish of prunes."

"Stewed, sir?"

"None of your dambizness."

"Did your watch stop when you dropped it on the floor?"

"Or course. Did you think it would go through?"

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ALPHA NU PI

Nov. 12.—Debate, resolved, "That party allegiance is for the best interests of municipal government." The negative, McEwen and Page, won from affirmative, Albus and Paschal. McEwen best speech, and Albus honorable mention. Dallas and Biles spoke on extemporaneous subjects. Fred Nelson was voted into the society, and McGill and Schwein were hosts to a generous spread.

Nov. 19.—Brown and Van Brunt, negatives, won from Sprague and Gabbert on the question, resolved, "That municipalities should own and operate public utilities." Van Brunt received best speech, and Gabbert honorable mention. Cobaugh gave an interesting extemporaneous speech, and Richard Denham an old alumnus, gave us interesting paternal advice.

Dec. 3.—Affirmative, Chase and McGill, won over negative, Payne and Garlich, on the debate, resolved, "That immigration should be further restricted by law." Best speech went to Payne, while Chase received honorable mention. R. Brown gave a short talk on redium. Arrangements for A. N. P.-Clio joint play are being made. Albus volunteered to represent the society in auditorium meeting. Hosts were Pitts and Davison.

Dec. 10.—Debate, resolved, "That co-education in colleges is desirable," was won by negative. Logan best speech, and McCord honorable mention. Extemporaneous speeches by Van Brunt, Biles, Murphy and Nelson. A fund was laid aside to furnish some poor family Christmas cheer for the holidays. An Orpheum party was recently given by the society. Messrs. Belden and Bailey were hosts for an elaborate spread.



CICERONIAN NOTES

Nov. 12.—As this was Ciceronian day, the society celebrated with its annual banquet in the lunch-room. Speeches were made by Warrick, Beaumont, Shull, Mr. Touton and Miss Beaumont. We then heard from all of the members on what they expected to do for the society in the future.

Nov. 19.—Extemporaneous speeches were given by Bealls, Doroughty, Pitts and Dallahan.

Nov. 26.—No school, no meeting.

Dec. 3.—Very interesting meeting held on this date. Warren discussed the color scheme of the present war. Hillyard gave current events. Spratt spoke on the Platte Purchase, and Shull discussed the value of good reading. Warrick was chosen to represent the society in the auditorium meeting to be held Monday, Dec. 6.

ARISTOTELIAN NOTES



Nov. 22.—Debate, resolved, "That immigration should be further restricted by an illiteracy test." Goethle and Lountz, on the negative, won from the affirmative, upheld by Bird and McAhan. Jokes were given by Kenny.

Nov. 19.—On account of business, the debate was postponed; however, the following program was given: Current events, by Gavney; jokes by Walton; essay on "Humor," by Ennis.

When words fail try Bell's chocolates

Nov. 26.—No meeting was held because of holiday.

Dec. 3.—The program of this meeting was comprised on extemporaneous speeches, at the close of which Mr. Denning, our director, gave a talk upon "Criticism" and "How to Judge a Debate," which was much enjoyed. Earl Clay was selected to represent the society in assembly Monday, Dec. 6.



CLIO NOTES

On Nov. 19 Agnes Neudorff was leader of the program, which was on Geraldine Farrar. Her assistants were Janet Weakley, Henrietta Stewart and Mamie Strop. Jean White gave current events.

On Nov. 26 there was no meeting because of the Thanksgiving holidays.

Harriet Johnson was leader of the program on Dec. 3. She gave an account of the life of Melba. Marion Schmitz told of the opera, "Traviata." Cora Connett gave an account of the life of Verdi. Catherine McDonald reviewed current events.



DIANTHIAN NOTES

Nov. 12.—The program dealt with the drama.

Pauline Estes, leader, told a short history of the drama and gave a short outline of the dramatists to be studied. Dorothy Driver discussed the influence of modern drama. Alice Creek told the life of Ibsen, and Mildred Crawford discussed a magazine article on modern drama. Agness Miller spoke extemporaneously on "Why I Take Spanish."

Nov. 19.—Laura Henderson led the program on Ibsen's drama, "Peer Gynt." Gladys Hoover told the first three acts of the play, and Marian Hunt gave the fourth and fifth acts. Mildred Green read some of the speeches. The leader gave a discussion of the play in general and of the characters.

Dec. 4.—Dorothy Kimbal gave the life of Maeterlinck. Mildred Long told the life of Booker T. Washington, and Mildred Russell discussed the "Children Museums." The leader, Eleanor Long, closed the program with a most interesting discussion of "Has America No Time for Music?" Final arrangements were made for the party to be given Dec. 11 at Nan Yancey's home.



AGATHA NOTES

Nov. 12.—Our meeting this week dealt chiefly with the various school systems now in use. Crystal Petree reviewed the life of Mary Antin as told by herself in her book, "The Promised Land," and Opal Sample explained the Gary school system.

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LOCALS

Wednesday before the great Thanksgiving game we had a chance to hear some very rare oratory in a special auditorium meeting. Light, Sellars, Warren, Symon, Hillyard and Andre are to be especially commended for their inspiring talks. The extemporaneous bits from Spratt, Shull, Dankers, Myers, Dollahan, Hughes, McGill, Schwein and Voss were wonderful in context and delivery. If you don't recognize the above orators you would probably know them when they are dressed in their football suits, ready for a big game, for they are none others than the members of our illustrious football team, who gave us one of the best teams we have ever had.

Those who attended the Missouri-Kansas game sought shelter under the beautiful shade trees.

Frank Voss (in Spanish class)—“Have we had breakfast in the vocabulary yet?”

Brother (after burning up a comb)—“This comb is sterilized, isn't it?”

Miss Sanford (in harmony class)—“Norman, have you handed in your home sweet home?”

Thursday of the ninth week we had our yearly singing in auditorium. If we could only have some new songs it would be a rare delight to us.

Mr. Touton—“If you girls go any slower you will back up.”

Monday, December 6, four boys representing the Senior boys' literary societies of the school, gave talks in assembly. Leon Albus, representing the Alpha Nu Pi's, told us of his trip to Columbia, where he witnessed the Missouri-Kansas football game. The Dolad Nun's were represented by Joseph Weiner, who spoke on “Electrical Prosperity.” Dupuy Warrick told us of the work of the Boys' High School Club and the benefits derived from it. Dupuy represented the Ciceronians. Earl Clay was chosen by the Aristotelians, and he very appropriately gave us the life of Aristotle.

Paul Burns and Charles Culver, two of Central's '14 graduates, paid us a short visit.

Miss Beaumont: “You are infering that I like bad men better than good men.”

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"What's the matter with your finger, that you've got it in splints?"

"My oldest boys ingenuity."

"How so?"

"Het set a steel trap in his stocking to catch Santa Claus."

Do your Christmas shopping early.

The cast for the Christmas play is working hard. Show your appreciation for their efforts by attending the play.

Christmas is coming. Are you making better grades?

I am thinking of you today, because it is Christmas, and I wish you happiness. And tomorrow, because it will be the day after Christmas, I shall still wish you happiness, and so on, clear through the year. Whatever joy or success comes to you will make me glad. Without pretense, and in plain words, good will to you is what I mean, in the spirit of Christmas. —Henry VanDyke.

Our new bulletin board is certainly good looking, but the best part about it is that it is so easy to read. It isn't quite so handy as our old way of scribbling notices on the blackboard, but it certainly makes a neater appearance.

Knocker: "Say, I wonder how old this hash is?"

Waiter: "I don't know, sir; I've only been here a week."

TWELFTH NIGHT

Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" has been chosen as the annual all-school play, and will be presented in Central High School auditorium Thursday evening, Dec. 23. Tryouts were held Nov. 22, and a committee consisting of Miss Roberta Sheets, Miss Beaumont, Miss Bentley and Miss Spier, after careful consideration, selected the cast as follows:

Duke Orsino.....	Roland Stuebner
Malvolio.....	Erwin McEwen
Sebastian.....	George Trapp
Sir Toby Belch.....	Taney Beaumont
Sir Andrew Aguecheek.....	Freeman Scott
Antonio.....	Robert Journavez
Roberto.....	Everett Creek
Valentine.....	Nathan Sheffel
Curio.....	Alex Van Brunt
Fool.....	William Jage, Jr.
Fabian.....	Benton Gabbert
Olivia.....	Marguerite Robinson
Viola.....	Margaret Wing
Maria.....	Pauline Estes

Rehearsals have been conducted daily from 3:40 until 6 p. m., and the directress, Miss Sheets, reports excellent progress. The cast is an unusually strong one, and everything bids fair to make this one of the most successful plays ever presented. Get the true holiday spirit—attend "Twelfth Night."

IN A SHORTHAND CLASS

Student (dubious about the position of the first syllable of the word "Wash-ing-ton"): "Does the 'Wash' go on the line?"

Mr. Walters: "Most assuredly, the 'Wash' always goes on the line."

Heard in lower hall: "I can't see how you can devote so much of your time to music."

"Oh, my hair curls naturally."



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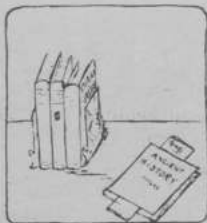
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DEPARTMENTS

COMMERCIAL NOTES

It is but a short time now until Christmas, which means a great deal to most of us. Best of all, however, there is one event to which we all look forward with joy, and that is the arrival of our cards for the third time. There is but little time left to catch up on back work and prove our efficiency before examination week. Some who are coming in on the home stretch are finishing for good. They will go out to fill many different positions and stations in life. Some will become stenographers, some bookkeepers; some will go further with their schooling; others will—?

The attendance so far this year has been regular, and each year finds an increase in enrollment in this particular department, this being partly due to the increasing demand for our graduates, and partly to the increased efficiency in the studies offered.

The shorthand classes are becoming more capable every day of taking rapid dictation. One hundred words a minute for several minutes, on new matter, is a pretty fair speed, while there are some who go beyond this mark. The real test, however, is shown in transcribing, and the amount of common sense used in connection with it. The third term shorthand class is working earnestly to meet the requirements for entering the Senior A class next semester.

Typewriting classes are very large this term. And furthermore, everyone seems to have entered them with the necessary spirit to do good work. Perfect speed tests are becoming common, thereby enabling the owner to show superiority by having his name on the Roll of Honor. Several of the advanced students have been fortunate enough to pass the "forty words a minute" mark. In doing this the following have been awarded Underwood certificates:

Theodore Ridge, Gladys Goegle, Minnie Sanders, Phoebe Hines, Charles Liberman and Bertie Tomlinson.

Several young men now studying commercial law are planning to become lawyers. The inspiration gained in High School is the keynote to the future aspirations of our students.

Penmanship classes are never behind. Everyone is working diligently to improve the quality of his handwriting.

A final word or hint to all "commercialists": All former graduates have good positions; so, if we are weak in any subject, let's try burning a little more of that "midnight oil," and that saying, "the worst is yet to come," will never hold true.

The Central High School Orchestra met Nov. 18 and elected new officers. Miss West was elected president; Harold Toub, vice-president; C. Thomas, secretary; Theodore Ridge, treasurer, and Ray Norris, Forum reporter.

The orchestra is doing good work and is planning to give some concerts in the near future.

(Continued on Page 19)

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SCHOOL NOTES

SENIOR NOTES

The Senior class met Nov. 17. They decided to give a party on Saturday, Dec. 18. A committee of arrangements was appointed and a request that we be allowed to dance at school parties was submitted to the principal to be presented to the school board at their next meeting.

To Seniors only—Request of the treasurer: Please pay your dues.

JUNIOR NOTES

At the Junior meeting, held Tuesday, Dec. 7, we decided to give our party some time after the Christmas holidays. A committee to look after class pins was appointed, on which are Erwin McEwen, Dorothy Stevenson and Walter Hillyard.

The Junior class is well represented in basketball this year, and many of the parts in the Christmas play are filled by Juniors.

A report was given by our treasurer, and we were requested to get our dues here as soon as possible.

AT THE SENIOR MEETING

Mack: "Well, Mick, what are you going to do when you leave Central?"

Mick: "Oh, I'm going to work in my dad's coffee mill."

Mack: "Oh, I see; you're going to work from the ground up."

SENATE NOTES

The first meeting of the Student Senate was held in Room 8, Sept. 28. The officers for the term are: Dupuy Warrick, president; Erwin McEwen, vice-president; Janet Weakley, secretary, and Phoebe Buzard, treasurer.

The Senate has discussed many things to be done for the benefit of the school, among them being that of creating the proper influence toward smoking. It, as the representative school body, has promoted the football season to the best of its ability by selling tickets and advertising the games. Plans are now being discussed for the promotion of the basketball season.

The Senate greatly regrets the loss of its members from the High School Annex, but wishes the Freshman Senate, which they have organized, the greatest kind of success.

Seniors, pay your dues.

Juniors, pay your dues.

Sophomores, pay your dues next year.

Freshmen, save your pennies for your dues in the dim, distant future.

A Topeka man was arrested for stealing a load of hogs. Guess one of the pigs must have squealed on him.

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Our new holiday stock is rich in suggestions. We'll gladly help you make an appropriate selection.

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Everybody is eating Bell's candy

(Continued from Page 13)

Nov. 24.—There was a called meeting on this date, as there was to be no meeting on Friday, on account of the Thanksgiving holidays, to make arrangements for our party, to be given in the High School gymnasium Dec. 10.

Dec. 3.—The program this week consisted of a very interesting report on the life and poems of James Whitcomb Riley, by Florence Boden, and a review of Booth Tarkington's book, "The Turmoil." The remainder of the time was devoted to extemporaneous talks.

PHILOMATHIAN NOTES

Here's to the School Days;

Here's to the rule days;

Here's to the Philomathian days;

May we declare to them our praise.

The Philomathians' most important program of the month was given Dec. 10, Philomathian Day, which we all celebrated by wearing our colors—the purple and gold. In the afternoon we were entertained by a beautiful program. It consisted of the following:

Reading, "The Boarding House Keeper"...

.....Lillian Busselle
Selections, Philomathian Trio.....Bertie

Tomlinson, Lenore Gumbert, Pearl Pryor
Piano Solo, Selected.....Frances Burke
Reading, "In the Mornin'".....Lenore Gumbert

After the program we adjourned to the lunch-room, where a delicious repast was spread. During the repast congratulatory and impromptu speeches were made.

ALEPH LOMAD NOTES

Nov. 19.—A program consisting of two impromptu speeches was given at this meeting. "The City Offers More Advantages To a Boy or Girl Than Does the Country" was discussed by Blanche Kauffman, and "English Should Be Compulsory" by Hannah Abramson.

Dec. 3.—A very enjoyable program was given at this time. Belle Lerhman reviewed Jane Addams' "The Spirit of Youth and the City Streets." A clever recitation was given by Esther Segull, and Celia Cohn, Ruth Levin, Edythe Lepsky, Lillian Saffern and Bertha Borafsky gave impromptu talks on various subjects.

AESTHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

A group of Sophomore and Junior girls who have been meeting with Miss Ferguson in Room 8 for the past two months, have decided

to call their society the Aesthenian Literary Society. The following officers were elected: President, Hetty Woodbury; vice-president, Edna Breuninger; secretary, Blanche Friede; treasurer, Irma Hedges. A Forum reporter and two senate representatives were elected. The social committee was also elected. A program committee was appointed by the chair. A constitution was formed by the executive committee. During the meetings that have been held the girls have enjoyed some very interesting programs.

REPORT OF THE HAMILTONIAN SOCIETY

At the second weekly meeting of the Hamiltonian Debating Society, Oct. 15, the following officers were elected: Joseph Lodensohn, president; Neal McCarthy, vice-president; B. A. Nidy, secretary; Marvin Rapp, treasurer; Ursses Gabbert and Templeton Brown, senators.

At the third meeting a debate was held on the subject, resolved, "That St. Joseph Should Adopt the Commission Form of Government." This debate was won by the affirmative side. Francis Monnett, of the affirmative, was given best speech.

The second debate was held at the fourth meeting of the society, and was won by the negative. The subject was resolved, "That Missouri Should Adopt Prohibition." Templeton Brown made the best speech.

The debate on the subject, resolved, "That the United States Should Increase Her Army and Navy," was won by the negative. Marvin Rapp was given best speech.

A debate on resolved, "That the United States Should Not Export War Munitions," was won by the negative. Dudley Jessop had the best speech.

The society had a wienie roast Saturday. The fellows left Smith Park at 4 p. m.

An exchange says the river is going down. Who ever heard of it going any other way? Get the flow?

He stood on the bridge at midnight,
Disturbing my sweet repose;
For he was a tall mosquito,
And the bridge was the bridge of my nose.

My father is not exactly a policeman, but he goes with them quite a bit.

You are always certain to get fresh, wholesome candy at Bell's

(Continued from Page 9)

Light's first year as a regular forward, but he accredited himself so admirably that we are looking for him to develop into a star of the first magnitude. For the other forward, it will be a race between Clay, Hillyard, Dollahan, Whitehead and McEwen. Others who are out to make last year's regulars "hy to it" are Bealls, Meyer, Albus, Gore, Tull, Maag, Addleman, Chickering, Albrecht and Tice.

Our prospects were never better, both for a good team and also for one of the strongest schedules ever attempted by Central. Lincoln and Omaha are cinched. Westport Manual and Polytechnic of Kansas City will be played, as will Kansas City, Kansas, Leavenworth, Atchison and Lawrence. If this don't bring out every ounce of support, Central ought never to put a team in the field.

The season tickets will soon be out, with perhaps five games at home. Begin now to save out enough to buy one or two.

With the changes in the rules, followers of basketball are going to see this year a much faster, cleaner, more spectacular game. Don't miss a game. Be there early and stay late. Don't miss a thing. The team will do its part. Will you?

(Continued from Page 16)

The orchestra members are:

First Violins—Harold Toub, C. Van Dusen, C. Wurtzler, H. Doughty, J. Sapides, Harold Warren, C. Brammel and Miss West.

Second Violins—C. Chase, J. Meshensky and Miss Reece.

Cornets—Ray Norris, Theodore Ridge and R. Bird.

Clarinet—Marion Owen.

Drums—C. Thomas.

French Horn—Roy Maupin.

Viola—Miss Thomas.

Piano—A. Berger.

Director—W. C. Maupin.

The orchestra meets every Thursday afternoon at 2:30.

At the last orchestra meeting, Dec. 2, the following pieces were rehearsed: "Ypsilanti," "Let's Trot," Intermezzo from "Cavalleria Rusticana," "Apple Blossoms" reverie.

The cook in the lunchroom screamed. Jim came to the rescue. "There's a rat in the cook-stove!" Jim got his gun and was going to shoot it when it jumped out and ran away.

"Why didn't you shoot it?" asked the cook.

Jim: "It was out of my range."

CHRISTMAS CANDIES

Butterscotch

1 cup molasses, 1 cup sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup butter, 1 teaspoonful vinegar. Boil until brittle when dropped into water. A teaspoonful of flavoring may be added. Pour in tin and mark into squares.

Vassar Fudge

2 cups sugar, 1 cup milk, butter size of an egg, $\frac{1}{4}$ cake of chocolate. Put all in a chafing dish and boil, stirring constantly until the spoon parts the boiling candy so that the bottom of the dish can be seen. Add 1 table-spoonful of vanilla; remove from the flame and stir nearly stiff. Pour into buttered platter, and when nearly cold cut into squares.

Glaze Nuts

2 cups sugar, 1 cup boiling water, $\frac{1}{3}$ cup cream of tartar. Put ingredients into a smooth saucepan; stir; place on stove and heat to boiling point. Boil without stirring until syrup begins to discolor. Wash off sugar which adheres to sides of causepan as in making fondant. Remove from fire and place in larger pan of cold water to instantly stop boiling. Remove from cold water and place in a saucepan of hot water during dipping. Take nuts separately on a long pin; dip in syrup to cover; remove from syrup and place on oiled paper.

Note—How to wash sugar off sides of pan: Take a muslin cloth and wind it around a fork or stick, and dip in hot water and melt the sugar from the side of the pan.

Life is a Christmas stock. It is long and deep. Take your blessings from the top, one at a time, gratefully, but not too fast or eagerly. Enjoy them and be generous with them, and reach down again! When you have pulled out all the gifts you thought were there, search yet another time. For some of the dearest gifts of the love of God are hidden so deep that we find them only when we have come to believe that life is empty and sad, just when most we need to find the choicest and best of all the secrets of His children. And when you have reached the bottom, hang up the stocking of your hope again; for God has other Christmas gifts for you in the world from which Christmas comes.

Don't over-heat yourself; remember, if you catch this car you will miss the next one.

EXCHANGES



RAFFAEL

There are now over fifty schools from all over the United States sending publications into our office for us to comment on and criticize, and at the same time to give us new ideas and plans in setting forth a first-class magazine that will truly represent our school. We are constantly striving for better things. Without a doubt these papers and books exert a great influence in building and welding their respective schools into a closer feeling of literary work, and we hope that all concerned will derive many benefits from it. Since our last issue we have received the following:

"The Bulletin," Springfield, Illinois. You have the new all right, but why not put out a monthly instead of four pages each week. Put a cover on your issue and introduce a few cuts, and you will have a genuine magazine. However, we enjoy your visits. Come often.

"The Sphinx," Centralia, Missouri. No doubt you have your reason for publishing several pages per week, but we believe a magazine represents a school better. It would be more attractive and would be kept after the reading. You have been very faithful to us thus far. Keep the good work up.

"The Shelbinam," Shelbina, Missouri. You get out a very interesting paper, and we also notice a few cuts. Where is your exchange column? Invariably we find schools that pub-

lish a weekly paper leaving out such an important department as this. We have received four of them since October. Come often.

"The Trumpeter" (Wentworth Military Academy), Lexington, Missouri. We enjoy your paper very much. The majority of your news seems to be football so far. We can only find about two or three jokes in each number. Have received five since October 6th. Please do not forget us.

"The Southwest Standard," Springfield, Missouri. Yours is about the best paper we receive. The quality of paper is good and your articles are set up artistically. If you had a good cover and several cuts, this would be a remarkable semi-monthly paper. We have all your copies for October and November. Let us hear from you soon.

"The Pasco School News," Dade City, Florida. Your paper lacks cuts and is not overburdened with jokes. We notice you have two exchange editors and are able to take of that department very well. We see by one of your issues you have received our magazine. Please let us have some criticisms from you. Come again.

"The High School Buz," Hutchinson, Kansas. This is a "peppy" news importer, but in some issues we fail to see the exchanges. Again,

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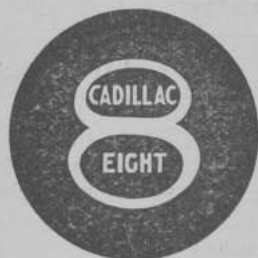
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under class notes, we often see jokes. Your paper should inspire every student. We are glad to welcome you.

"The Student Life" (Washington University), St. Louis, Missouri. A paper full of spirit. You have quality, if not quantity. We hate to say it, but we don't think much of your exchange department. Out of three issues we have only found two small notices. You might have a few pictures. Some of your would-be numerous jokes are exceptionally good.

"The Westport Crier," Kansas City, Missouri. We are more than delighted to receive a paper that is snappy, brief and full of tact. We certainly praise you for getting in all your articles in such a small paper, when we know your large enrollment. It must keep your staff extremely busy to publish such a "live wire" paper each week. Let us know more of your work.

Latest miracle: Everyone who left school yesterday saw the concrete walk.



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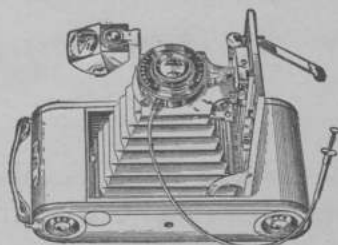
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(Continued from Page 4)

utmost urbanity, Simpson confronted them. He held a short, black weapon, with cylinder exposed, in his palm. He lifted it slowly and permitted their gaze to take in six slim cartridges as they glided from their chambers. Nestling in his palm, they seemed precisely similar in every way, excepting one whose percussion cap bore a hammer print. On reversal, the puzzle was solved. Each was nose-ness. The little death "messengers" had been removed, and paper caps substituted. Of course one was empty. It had been the shock dealer. In plain words, our burglar had obtained the "effect" without the incidental pains of the usual "cause."

A few hours later a physician removed the puzzled look from his patient's face with the following, "Yes, the sudden shock of having a strong conviction seemingly shattered, together with the entirely unexpected report of the pistol, threw you into a cataleptic state that could easily be mistaken for death in a moment of excitement."

How about Simpson's theory? What was he smiling so complacently about? Simply, dense mortal, because it was Simpson's first non-fizzling theory. It was sublime in its development. What? You don't agree with me? You say the gun was theoretically supposed to be empty, yet it was loaded, and that fact invalidates the theory. Ah, have a heart and let the poor man enjoy his victory. Besides, I believe his theory remains untarnished. Where did he say that the gun was to be empty? Let's call it a "Blank" theory and let the matter rest.

Scott: "I broke off about half of my tooth last night."

Kneer: "I guess you must have bit on some of that stone age stuff."

AND THEY ALL DO IT

You sing a little song or two,
Fuss with a ukulale;
You eat some stuff that she calls fudge—
Meanwhile she chatters gaily.
Ten twenty-five you say goodnight
As sweetly as you can.
Say, isn't that some evening
For a great big, husky man?

It is said that 5,000 goats will be raised on the plains of Wyoming this year. Well, that's a bumper crop, sure enough.

I know a girl that laughs like a chicken.
But—that's nothing to crow about.

Sub.: "This is the portrait of one of my teachers. How much do you think I should get for it?"

"Oh, about six months."

"Take back your heart thou gavest," said the Irishman in a poker game, who was drawing to a spade flush.

"Can you make love in B flat?"

"No; but I could try pretty hard in A flat."

Percy: "The new cook is very tall, isn't she?"

Harold: "Yes, but it isn't likely she will stay long."

"Why did you kiss that strange lady on the train, when we passed through the tunnel, and then look out of the window?"

"I was looking for another tunnel."

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