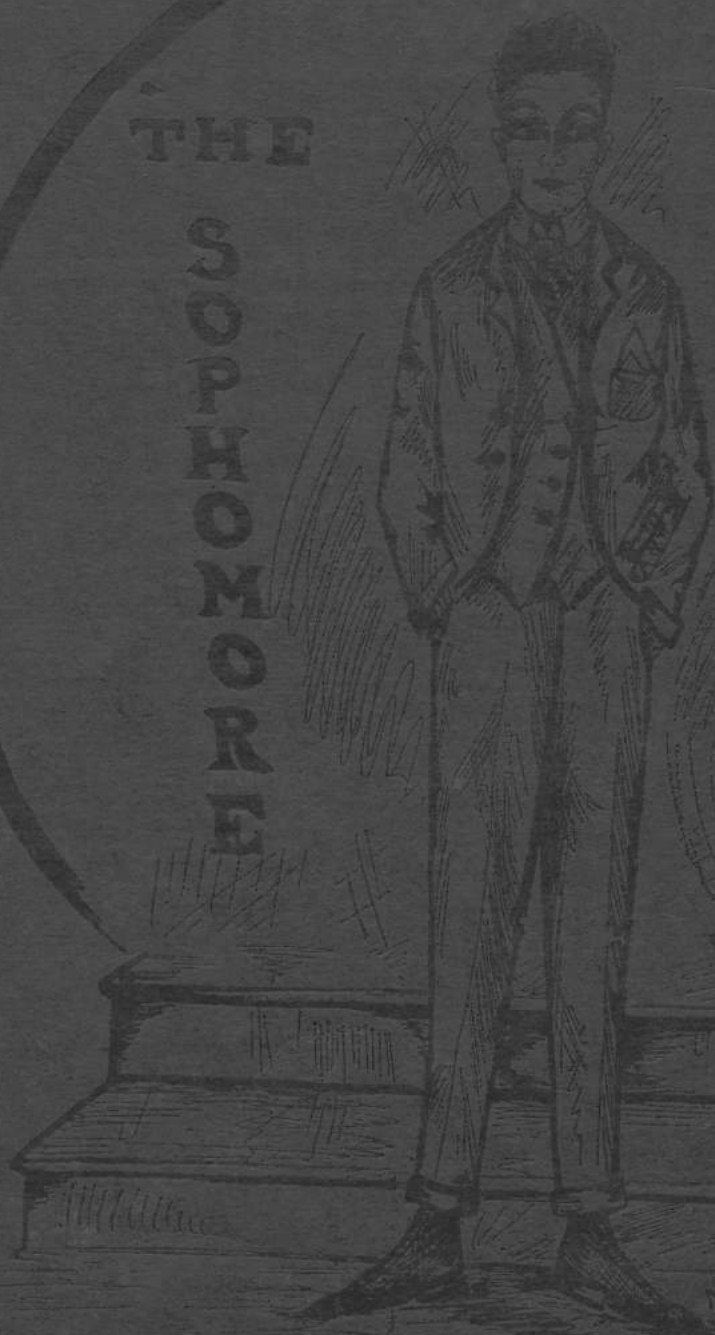


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# HIGH SCHOOL FORUM

VOLUME XVI

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NUMBER 5



## STORIES

### The Temple of Doom

(A Story of Superstition.)

We come to a temple richly made,  
Of silver and gold and jewels inlaid;  
The walls richly colored and brilliantly done,  
Ablaze in the glimmer of Eastern sun.  
But at night when the moon holds sway in the sky,

The blaze of the daylight in darkness must lie,  
And we look at the scene with abated breath,  
As tho' waiting the hand of the lurking death.  
For the man that has built and is buried there  
Continues to watch and hold his stare—  
And we gaze on the temple of Eastern state,  
O'er the tomb of some Eastern potentate.

We stand and we look in a silent way,  
On the splendrous rule of a yesterday,  
And we wonder in fear as we gaze on the walls,  
Almost hearing the voice of the god as it calls.  
For placed high above on an altar stone  
The mocking idol holds sway alone,  
And grins from its place on altar high,  
As tho' knowing the thoughts that within us lie,  
And we tremble to dream of man when we see  
That grinning god of Idolatry.

We turn but our eyes hold fast to the place,  
Of the squatting Idol with grinning face;  
We try to talk but our tongue holds still,  
Regardless the grip of the strongest will.  
For the grinning Idol in gruesome hall  
Has held us fast in a fang-like thrall,  
And the green light plays in the temple room,  
Suggesting the thought of impending doom,  
And shows to man what he used to be—  
A worshipping fool of Idolatry.

In ancient times, three hundred and fifty years before the rule of Menas, first of the Dynasty kings, Egypt saw religion. Not the

religion of today, but the religion of a Pagan people. They had no God; they had no Bible; they had no Christ; but they had the stars; they had the elements; they worshipped the phenomena of nature and usually presented it by a mere Idol. Their religion and worship was Idolatry.

In far off Egypt, about 4,000 years before Christ, King Zer of Egypt built a temple not far from the ancient city of Abydos. In that temple, in the main worship room, on an altar far above man's head, he placed an Idol, a mere thing of stone, perhaps a foot high, but representing the religion of the most civilized nation of that epoch.

Although King Zer is long dead, and that city he founded is gone, the remains of that temple are still there, and in the far corner of the main room, that grinning Idol still watches from its time worn altar, and still frowns at every intruder of that sacred edifice.

The party who now stood far off, and gazed across the burning sand, was far from being made up of King Zer's subjects. Modern civilization had entered Egypt, and had marked Abydos as a place of scenic beauty—but few and far between were the tourists who gained permission to go through the sacred Temple of Doom.

George Godfrey, his wife and daughter, were visiting Egypt for the mere purpose of appeasing a curiosity and longing to view the land of

pyramids and obelisks. At the delta of the Nile, Edward Hall had joined them, and the party of four were now gazing, in true tourist style, on the ancient city of Abydos. Luckier than most travellers, they had obtained from the government, the needed pass to go through and view the ancient Temple of Doom.

Gertrude, in turning to her father, had asked, "Is that the ancient Temple of Doom?"

"It is," was the reply, "and for the study of Egyptology it affords the best of examples. Watch the sun play on those walls and that roof."

The words of the man were true. The bright sun of mysterious Egypt glanced and played on the bright colors of the old ruin, and made it a dazzling myriad of strange effects. The walls had crumbled and fallen, and there remained but one room intact, the room of the little Idol.

"What art was then known that even man today cannot equal?" said Edward. "Man has hunted for years for the secret of mummifying as the Egyptians did, and cannot find it. Man has never yet manufactured gold into the things that the Egyptians did. What example of modern jewelry-craft have we that compares with the lately found bracelets of Queen Zer? None. And what work have we that equals those pyramids and that sphinx? They say man has advanced, but man today has not the art of the ancient Egyptians."

"You are right, Edward. Man today is a mere shadow of the man of then. But come, let us see the interior of this temple," said Godfrey.

"Wait," replied Edward. "Let us go through at night when the effects of mystery are more."

"What do you mean?" put in Mrs. Godfrey.

"I mean that in the moonlight the effects of mystery and awe are more impressive. The people here fear to enter the temple at night, so why can't we do it for the novelty of the thing?"

"Oh, by all means," said Gertrude. Then turning to her father she asked, "What do you say?"

"That's all right with me."

"Then let's go and return tonight."

The party of four people moved away from the temple little realizing the hatred that strange Idol held for all intruders, and little dreaming of the fears it created.

\* \* \*

It was near nine o'clock when the party of four people, led by the guide, approached for a second time the Temple of Doom. The walk

in the cool evening air of a calm Egyptian night put every member in the best of spirits to enjoy their strange quest.

Beautiful as the temple was by day, it hardly compared with it by moonlight. Those myriads of dazzling lights were multiplied ten fold. Before the temple the tall obelisk, carved and worked in numberless mysterious fashions, reared its straight black form against the bright light of a moonlit sky, and together with the gray-black ruins presented a picture worthy of the brush of a Titian or a Raphael.

As the party approached nearer the ruin the traces of ancient civilization met their gaze on every side. Here the remains of a column, there a shattered idol, and further on the hieroglyphic inscription of some ancient feud, and then the walk leading to the temple itself.

Stopping now and then to try to decipher by the bright moonlight the inscriptions on the ruins, the party gradually worked their way to the portal of the main hall or worship room.

Standing before the door of the time-worn building, the four Americans gazed inside. Blackness met their gaze, not the inky blackness of a cloudy night, but the creepy, murky darkness of a half-lit cave. A strange greenish glow played at one end of the temple, doubling the already ghostly appearance of the building, and showing that a stray beam had found its way into the building.

Turning his small light toward the door, Godfrey spoke to the guide, "Go on in, we'll follow you."

His face lit up with a strange expression of what might be fear, what might be reverence, the guide slowly turned toward Godfrey. "I cannot enter that place."

"What?" returned the man.

"I cannot enter that place at night."

"And why not?"

"Because I fear the powers of that god in there."

"What?" laughed Mrs. Godfrey, "you fear to enter that Temple of—Gloom?"

"Perhaps you mockingly call it the Temple of Gloom, but every word you utter is heard and marked by that god that watches the Tomb of Zer. We Egyptians may appear to you as mere worshippers of Idolatry, but we believe in the powers of that Idol and we unhesitatingly fear to enter that temple at night." Passing a few steps from the door of the temple, the guide sat down. "I shall wait here."

The party talked for a minute among themselves, then Edward leading, passed through the door of the temple. They were intruding on



the ground of the ancient Egyptians and even now the eyes of some ancient king might be watching them, and one thing we were certain of—the little stone god had changed its mocking grin to a hateful frown.

For a few moments the change from light to darkness had blinded the party, then gradually it had passed off, allowing them to scrutinize the darkness and gain some view of the interior of the building.

What a strange contrast. Four people of modern days, modern ways, modern dress, standing there in the gloom of an ancient temple surrounded by unread inscriptions of a dead people, odd marks of a strange religion, and crude art of a once civilized nation, and little realizing the supremacy of that day and age over our own. Those people, we call them pagans, if put on earth today, would laugh at us and call us fools, and teach us things we do not know.

Passing from inscription to inscription, from hieroglyphic to hieroglyphic, the four people examined a part of the Temple of Doom, ignorant of the eyes that followed them.

Perhaps a half hour had passed, perhaps an hour, when Mrs. Godfrey, wiping her forehead with a handkerchief, called her husband to her, "I have got to get out of here, I am smothering." The two older folks turned toward the other two, and telling them of their intention, agreed to wait outside for them. Regardless of piercing eyes the young folks continued their search of the walls of the Temple.

Stopping before a crude drawing of some ancient Egyptian king, the two young people, so intensely interested in their search as to forget all about them, worked and figured to decipher the inscription on the wall. After a few moments of fruitless effort, Gertrude, turning from the writing and glancing at the high altar with a look of idle curiosity, followed with her eyes the twisting body of the carved stone snake, till her gaze reached the top. There it stopped. Guarded by the many inscriptions, the dull atmosphere, and the twisting snake, the little idol sat there mockingly watching the strange antics of the girl.

Turning to her companion, she pointed at the little stone image. The eyes of the young man followed hers, and observed the Idol, lit by the small beam of light that found its way through the temple roof. For the first time the two people felt a gripping fear creep over them. The superstition of a still Pagan people was showing itself.

Once more turning to their work, the two people finished the inscription, and again glanced at the Idol. The mocking laugh had turned to a hateful frown. Standing there in the half dark room, those two people watched that frown for a moment then saw it gradually fade back into the mocking laugh and cynical sneer.

Dazed by the strange apparition before them, they remained immovable for some moments, then wiping his brow and with a forced laugh, Edward broke the silence.

"I feel as tho' someone had placed an ice-pack on my spine."

"So do I," returned Gertrude.

"What?" was the response. "Did you see it, too?"

"I thought I saw that little thing change the expression on its face."

"Then maybe I'm not loony after all," he added; "but how the deuce could a little stone idol change the expression on its face?" He looked at Gertrude a moment then burst out laughing. "I think we're both clear gone."

"Maybe so—but—"

That little idol was angered and unknown to them was reeking vengeance for the intrusion of the sacred Tomb of Zer.

Their search for new inscriptions and new drawings led them to the foot of the altar, and incidentally to the twisting body of the snake.

What appeared at first glance to be decorative carvings on the body of the serpent, disclosed under closer scrutiny, a prayer of the ancient Egyptians. Curiosity will often lead weak mortals to a light scaffolding, watch them ascend, then pull the prop from under them. As any curious mind would do, they needs must decipher the prayer.

Steadily they worked till they had finished the first sentence, then stopped, then started to work again, then stopped again. A strange, half-muffled noise had penetrated the interior of the temple, and had made a cold fear creep over the two people. Standing there in an attitude of fear, they listened. Moaning through the time-wrecked building, that strange noise drew itself out in a long stifled cry. Slowly, ever so slowly, the girl moved closer to her companion. An agonizing moment passed, then that noise echoed again through the building, and made the two people impulsively draw toward each other.

The man turned his face from hers for a moment, and met the piercing eyes and mocking laugh of the Idol. Following his gaze, the eyes of the girl also fell on the little stone image.

## Venus or Mars

A STORY OF THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

It was in the latter part of September when the German hosts had been repulsed from before Paris and were now in retreat. Wilhelmina Schmidt's father had been sent into a small town in the southern part of Alsace on business for the German government. It was while they were living here that the first rumor of war reached them. Her father, as a German Reservist, was of course called upon to serve for his country.

Naturally Wilhelmina thought the German cause to be the right. She never once doubted any of the Kaiser's statements. Of course he was justified in marching through Belgium.

It was the twenty-eighth of September. All day long she had been sitting in her room listening to the distant firing. She knew the Germans were retreating, but she did not doubt that they were just falling back to a more advantageous position. All day the firing kept coming closer. Squads of Uhlans had been going back and forth all day long.

At nine-thirty she retired, but not to sleep. She was up at six. Squadron after squadron of Germans were retreating past.

About sundown she caught her first view of the Allies. The loud uniforms of the French predominated. Scattered in the lines were corps of English soldiers in their dark green campaign uniforms.

A squad of cavalry presently rode up to the door. The officer, a bright faced young Englishman, knocked at the door. The housekeeper opened the door. Wilhelmina hurried down the steps to where the young Tommy Atkins was expostulating with the housekeeper. When he saw Wilhelmina he took off his cap and surveyed her with admiring eyes.

"Madame, I regret that my company has been stationed here for patrol duty. We will try to give you as little trouble as possible."

"I don't see how I can prevent it," said Wilhelmina. "Am I a prisoner?"

"You are as free as you would be if your own people were in control. My name is John Roderick, commonly called Jack, a captain in his Majesty's service. May I inquire yours?" said the young officer.

"My name is Wilhelmina Schmidt. My father is in the German ranks."

For the next week Jack Roderick watched his post like a hawk. The company encamped in a field; spent many happy nights while off

duty. Wilhelmina lay and listened to their jolly songs. "Tipperary" was their favorite, and they sang it again and again. Some nights Roderick would come over with some of his men. They talked on many topics, but never on the present war. Closely as Jack watched his post he also watched Wilhelmina. Within two weeks the citadel of his heart had hauled down its colors to the Great Commander, Love.

It was one rainy, dreary afternoon. Jack had come over to the house to get some very important papers that he had dropped. He found Wilhelmina alone in the parlor, looking out of the window. All the love that he had tried to keep down came to the surface with a jump. He told her again and again that he loved her. But she did not answer him; she only looked away out of the window again. Then he came over to her and put his arms about her. Still she did not resist. Then he suddenly felt her stiffen, she began to speak, but with difficulty, then she said distinctly:

"Are you not in arms against my father, my country? Are we not enemies? Go. Loving you would shame me. I am a German and you are my enemy. Go. I do not wish to ever see you again. Roderick went, forgetting the papers. A few hours later she found them. Her first impulse was to send them to him. But, no, here was a chance to do something for her country.

Suddenly she heard a melee of shots. She looked out of the window. It was the Germans returning. She saw Roderick at the head of his company fighting bravely. She saw that they were retreating, fighting for every inch of the way. Did she care whether he was killed or not? Yes, surely she did.

Again the Schmidt household was under German protection. The soldiers of the Kaiser made merry in the house. As she looked at the somewhat sluggish German officers, she could not help silently comparing them with the sprightly young English officer, who had been in this same house twenty-four hours ago.

The house was silent. Outside the campfires blazed brightly. Wilhelmina sat looking out of her window at the full silver moon just rising in the east.

Suddenly she heard a slight sound just below her window. She turned her gaze quickly there and saw a man entering one of the lower windows. She heard soft footsteps in

the lower room. Noiselessly she descended the stairs. A man with an electric pocket light was eagerly scanning the floor. Without warning he turned the light full on her.

"Wilhelmina!" he said.

"Capt. Roderick, what does this mean?"

"I came after some papers I dropped here."

"I found those papers. I have them now," she said.

"Then I beg of you give them to me. They will do you no good."

"Would they help the German cause?"

"You would not give them to them."

"Why not? Is not Germany my fatherland?"

"But, remember, I love you," said Jack.

Without warning, two men seized Roderick from behind. He fought gamely, but was soon overpowered.

"Now, we have the spy," cried one of the Germans.

Jack was dragged from the room. Everything turned black before Wilhelmina. She kept saying, "I do love him." Suddenly she fainted.

Daylight was dawning in the east when Wilhelmina regained consciousness. She hastened out to the camp. Evidently the trial was short for there stood Jack Roderick with his back to a tree. He was looking death smilingly in the face. Fifty feet in front of him stood five Germans with guns leveled. "One, two—" the officer counted.

"No! No! That man is no spy." The Germans at a word from their officer lowered their guns.

"What's that? Was he not caught within our lines? That alone is sufficient proof. Stand aside."

"Best let them shoot. Madame Schmidt," said Jack.

"Sergeant, remove the lady," said the German officer.

Crack! The German officer fell mortally wounded.

"The English! The English!" came from the Germans, as they began to fall back. They were Roderick's own men reinforced. When Roderick knew he was saved he turned to Wilhelmina, who was standing by:

"Say, that you love me, darling," he cried, clasping her and pressing her to him.

"I do love you, Jack, dear," she breathed.

"And you will marry me?"

And Wilhelmina said, "Where thou goest I shall go; thy people shall be my people; thy country my country; thy king, my king."

W. T. M., '16.

## The Temple of Doom

(Continued from Page 3)

My God! What a feeling! The mouth and the eyes of the little squatting idol were changing, and once more the thing frowned at them, more than frowned at them. In its eyes there was almost a curse.

Watching and listening they stood there in the dark, and gradually that noise arose and louder, and that Idol continued to frown; and their fear and their bodies and their souls were frozen; and their—there was a crash! With a piercing scream the two intruders turned and fled! And the little Idol once again laughed—and the noise ceased—but the fear held their hearts.

\* \* \*

The wind had ceased, and so the noise, the moon again came from under the cloud, and shown through the crumbling roof, and played on the little Idol and made it laugh again, and the fallen obelisk lay broken on the ground.

Each heart therein seems fain to beat,  
Fearing a voice from the Idol's seat  
To mock us and scorn us for empty fools,  
Merely playing the part of Idolatry's tools;  
For man has still the Pagan heart  
Of superstition and Pagan art.  
So we turn our face from this mocking god,  
And lift our eyes from the trodden sod,  
For this god and this king with the ancient  
name,

Are the ones who know of the empty strain  
That still holds man, and makes him fear,  
That grinning Idol's o'er ancient bier.

H. W., '16 (Ciceronian.)

Junior—"I never knew that food had diseases that humans do."

Senior—"How's that?"

Junior—"Well, in my economics it says something about the consumption of sugar."

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Johannes, Johannes, ibicini natus,  
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Sed porcus voratus, Johannes dilatus,  
Et provens per vias est fur blazellatus.

The world is old, yet likes to laugh;  
New jokes are hard to find.  
A whole new editorial staff  
Can't tickle every mind.  
So if you meet some ancient joke,  
Decked out in modern guise,  
Don't frown and call the thing a fake;  
Just laugh—don't be too wise.—Ex.

No wonder money flies. Hasn't the eagle on  
it got wings?

If money talks, as some folks tell,  
To most of us it says, "Farewell."—Ex.

**Introduction to Any Speech Made in the Auditorium.**

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"Now, before I go on, I want to emphasize what I am about to say by telling you a short story. (Ahem.) It seems there were two (Irishmen, Swedes): F—— and M——. And said F—— to M——: '—— ———, —— ———?' And said M—— to F——: '—— ———; —— ———, —— ———!'"

(Fill in with any current Hibernian or Scandinavian jest.)

"Ah, you may laugh, but there is a significance to this. Think. What does it suggest to you?"

(Pause, in which you may hear the audience thinking with a sound like somebody sharpening a pencil.)

"Does it not suggest to you —— ———, —— ———? (Et cetera ad infinitum ad nauseam.)"

—G. Ima Frieke, '15.

First Simp—"How many languages can you speak?"

Second Simp—"Three."

First Simp—"What are they?"

Second Simp—"English, Latin and Chaucer."

Mr. Denning says that some people look over their lessons, while others overlook them. There's a difference.

First Simp (who considers himself a regular daredevil on a bicycle)—"Say, I saw you coming down Twenty-fourth on your wheel yesterday, and you rode like an old maid with a glass eye. You had your coaster-brake clamped down as if you were afraid of getting somewhere. Why don't you put on a little velocity?"

Second Simp—"Well, you see, the Messanie car-line crosses Twenty-fourth and I don't prefer to take any chances. Tho' I would like to see my name in the paper, I wouldn't want to see it in the obituary column."

First Simp (seeing the Second Simp for the first time since school closed)—"Well, well! Where have you been?"

Second Simp—"Everywhere."

First Simp—"How you have changed! If it hadn't been for your collar I wouldn't have known you!"

(Tell Jim to come and wash up the blood.)

**Notice.**

The correct pronunciation of "Pryemsyl" has been determined by Prof. Whittinghill, to-wit, thus: "Pretz-mizzle."

Another thing that Mr. Denning says is that some people need a parachute to sit down with. Then they wouldn't startle the occupants of the room below.

Heard in Miss Rhoades' room during a recitation in Burke:

Kaufman—"Well, in the notes there was I. Timothy IV, 19; what does that mean?"

Miss Rhoades—"That is a reference in the Bible, haven't you ever read it?"

BUY YOUR  
Candies and Ice Cream  
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## JOKES (?)

We wonder if fellows working in banks  
grow as weary of money as fellows working  
in candy stores say they do of candy.

It is a source of wonder to me whether our  
basket ball team could beat Elwood.

We Seniors hope Aeneas will soon arrive at  
his destination.

On battlefields of valor,  
History is made,  
Names are scribed immortal,  
In an ink that doesn't fade.  
And with mighty pen; still mightier hand,  
On tablets bronze, of Fame,  
Is written in a bold, bright hand,  
Each would-be hero's name.

On Father Neptune's heaving chest  
Ships of all men ply,  
Some to turn and battle give,  
Others quick to fly.  
For every war since Troy's fall  
Has brought a list of names,  
And every name upon the list,  
A hero's honor claims.

But heroes greater still are made,  
And battles greater fought;  
Battles individual,  
Of which the world knows naught;  
And these battles bring a list of names  
Never seen by us,  
But known by Him that places them  
Within His watch and trust.

He names the heroes of this fight  
That reaps such fearful toll,  
For this greatest battle won by man  
Is the battle with his soul. —H., '16.

Selection From Chaucer.  
(For Memorizing.)

When that Octobre with his breuningee leeves  
And driftinge smoke the fusse haus-wyf greeves  
By blowinge o'er the londry swich vapour  
Fro which is 'gendered sut, of blak colour;  
Whan our vacacioun is nat but memore,  
And munthle tests do make us tremore;  
Whan doun the strit the yonge sonne  
Hath to the scole-haus his halfe coursy-ronne,  
But wandreth fro his way to hunt walnattes,  
Accompanignyed by a pak of mongrel muttes;  
(Note—"Mutt"—O. E. word for "dog.")  
Than longen folk to goon to fut-ball games,  
And taken with hem sondry faire dames.

—G. Ima Frieke, '15.

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car he said to her:—"Dear, do you think we  
can squeeze in here?"

"Don't you think we had better wait till we  
get home?" she blushinglly replied.

Brickbats—I wish I was just half as hand-  
some as Mr. Foster.

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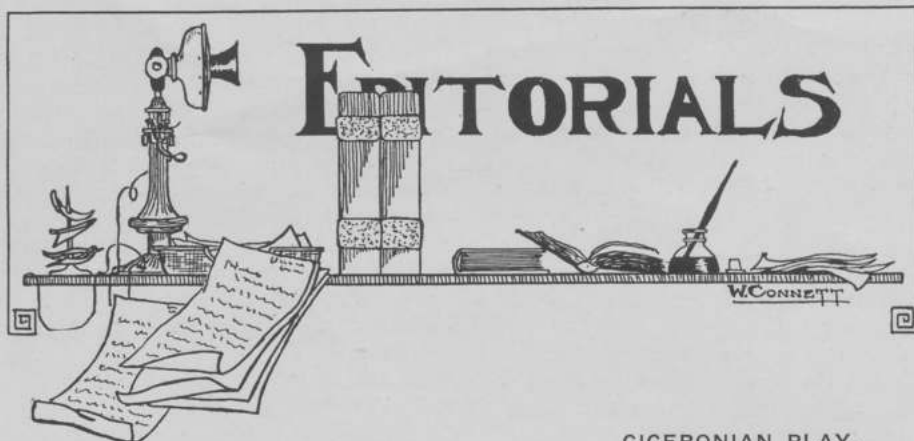
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A suggested sign for Porter Minturn's head: "No trespassing allowed; the young grass is tender."

### CICERONIAN PLAY.

On Saturday night, February 13th, the Ciceronian Literary Society, under the direction of Miss Jensen and Miss Beaumont, presented Francis McGrath's play, "His Calling." Frank Voss, as Jim Brady, was the star of the play; Wesley Connett, his son, Pete, played unusually well his part; Herndon Shull, as Hans, the German hotel keeper, was exceedingly entertaining and caused much laughter; Harold Stewart, as Red Harrison, showed great exhaustion from the strike; Ralph Ozenberger, as "Punk" Roderick, exhibited all the fire of an enraged miner; Freeman Scott as Ham Saferstein, portrayed well a sincere workman who felt much downtrodden by the powerful ones; John Kneer, the stuttering butcher boy, was great fun for the audience, but sorrow to Hans; Francis McGrath was Frazer Abbott; Bryan Varner, as John Smeya, acted well his part; Elliott Spratt was well appreciated by the audience, who applauded well his work in act II; Dupuy Warrick, as John D. Graham, was an elegant old gentleman; Oscar Trapp, as Judge Southcutt, was natural and dignified; Carroll Parry, as mine foreman, was a very true characterization; Robert Journayvaz showed unusual ability as strike leader in the second act. The boys were very natural and on the whole the play was a great success.

The old Ciceronian quartet, Russell Cox, Porter Minturn, Charles Culver, Bob Rice, rendered a very entertaining program between acts. Russell Cox's solos were especially appreciated by the audience. The quartet was accompanied by Mrs. Bocock. The High School Orchestra played several pieces during the evening. The society is indebted to many friends for the loan of properties, among these are the St. Joseph Transfer Company and Geitz Drug Company.

**College Verse.**

Life is real, life is earnest,  
And it might be more sublime,  
If we were not kept so busy  
Studying Latin all the time.—Ex.

"Where are you going, my pretty maid?"  
"Collecting souvenirs, sir," she said.  
"May I go with you, my pretty maid?"  
"My fad's not spoons, kind sir," she said.—Ex.

There was a man in our town  
Who wasn't otherwise;  
He started up in business,  
But didn't advertise.  
Of course there is a moral  
Connected with this tale;  
He runs an advertisement now—  
It's headed "Sheriff's Sale."—Ex.

He asked a miss, what is a kiss  
Grammatically defined?  
"It's a conjunction, sir," said she,  
"And hence can't be declined."—Ex.

**Problem.**

Given—A laboratory full of boys.  
Introduce three (or even two) pretty girls.  
To Prove—That the boys will turn to rubber.

Freshman—"Oh, my! He said I was a jewel!"

Senior—"He probably meant an emerald."

Innocent Old Lady—"I hear a great deal about this tango tea nowadays. How much is it a pound?"

The United States is negotiating with England to trade Alaska for Ireland so that we can raise our own policemen.

"Who first introduced salt provisions into the navy?"

"Noah, when he took Ham into the ark."—Ex.

"Your teeth are like the stars," he said;  
The maiden's face grew bright.  
"Your teeth are like the stars," he said,  
"They all come out at night."

**The Carpenter's Serenade.**

A lath! I quite a door you, dear;  
I've hallways loved your laughter.  
Oh, window you intend to grant  
The wish my hopes are rafter?

When I first sawyer smile 'twas plane  
I wood re-joice to marry;  
Oh, let us to the joiner's hie  
Nor longer shingle tarry!

And now that I have axed you, dear,  
Plumb, square and on the level  
(I've always wanted 2-by-4),  
Don't spoil hope's happy revel.

The cornice waving, Peggy, dear;  
The gables all are ringing;  
Why let me pine?—for, oh, you know  
I'm sawdust when I'm singing!

First Girl—"I would be delighted if I had as much hair as you have."

Second Girl—"You may borrow mine any time you want to."—Ex.

Teacher—"Johnny, repeat after me, Moses was an austere man, who made atonement for the sins of his people."

Johnny—"Moses was an oyster man and made ointment for the shins of his people."

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#### A. N. P. NOTES.

##### The Alpha Nu Pin.

A wreath of gold,  
A shield of old,  
And letters three.

A part of white,  
A part of black,  
And A. N. P.

This little pin,  
If you may win,  
Will honor thee.

The gold is truth,  
The wreath a sign  
Of unity.

The leaves are friends,  
The shield a badge  
Of bravery.

The white your life,  
An emblem true,  
Of purity.

The black is death,  
Which may you meet  
With sanctity.

The whole a tie  
With which to bind  
These thirty-three.

Now, boys, be true,  
And honor you  
The pins of A. N. P.

The Alpha Nu Pi Society is feeling quite hilarious over the way the recent debates have been taken hold of by the members. Every debater is trying his best to outdo the other one. The winning of the inter-society debate is being

constantly impressed on our minds. But this is only one side of our good times. The other side, namely, the social side, has been upheld.

On February 6 the society gave a delightful sleighride (one of those close kind, dawn't you know.) After the ride was over we had a fine feed at Bell's. The whole affair was a great success. The next affair will be a jitney ride. This is said to be most thrilling. The debates have been contended with much spirit, and have been heard with great enthusiasm.

On February 12 a change in the program was declared. Topics were given four of the members to enlarge upon with only ten minutes to prepare them in. Bill Page gave a broad speech on the "Value of traveling." Everybody agreed that he must have been traveling and no doubt he is traveling yet. However, he finally came to earth. Lester Davidson then spoke on "Slang." It was a good subject, because there was nothing else in his speech. Newcombe then gave a learned discussion on "The value of literary societies in High School." Someone suggested that there wouldn't be much society after that, whereupon the speaker gazed on his audience for the first time (his eyes had been glued to his feet), and seeing the dark looks of rage abandoned his speech and resumed his seat. Mr. Castle was given a chance to speak on "The value of periodicals," but declined the honor on the ground of having no knowledge of the subject.



#### DOLAD NUN NOTES.

Evidently the judges considered the debate, "Resolved, That cabinet members should be allowed to speak before congress," so closely contested that neither side won. So no decision was given. The tie ended with Raffelock and Berenberg, affirmative, and Oppenheimer



and Sher, negative, even. Mr. Goldman, an alumnus, was a visitor.

The Dolad Nun elected officers for the new term on February 6th. Newburger was elected president. Other officers are Putter, vice-president; Sheffel, secretary; Raffelock, Forum reporter; Berger, treasurer; Droher, Weiner, Oppenheimer, executive committee, and Sher, Berenberg and Burnett, membership committee.

Burnett and Newburger failed to prove to the judges that "There is a place in American politics for the third party," so Putter and H. Kaufman won the decision. Putter was given best speech; Newburger was rewarded with honorable mention. Goldman gave an illustrated lecture on caricature. Mr. W. I. Utterback directed the meeting in the absence of Mr. Livers.

The fellows have shown a decided interest in the coming literary events, and hard work is being combined with hope. The end is extremely hopeful.



#### CICERONIAN NOTES.

Jan. 22—The semi-annual election of officers was held in which Russell Cox was elected president; Bryan Varner, first vice-president; Earl Gere, second vice-president; Ralph Ozenberger, secretary; Dan Harroun, assistant secretary; Herndon Shull, treasurer; Harold Stewart, reporter, and Frank Voss, sergeant at arms.

Feb. 5—The following committees were appointed by President Cox: Dupuy Warrick, program committee; absence committee, Freeman Scott; membership committee, Wesley Connett; pin committee, Harold Warren.

Feb. 13—After the presentation of our play, we went in a body, accompanied by our lady friends, to Bells, where a room had been reserved for the use of the society. Together with our directresses, Miss Beaumont and Miss Jensen, who chaperoned the party, about forty were present. McGrath almost lost his grip at this party.

The Editor (picking up a magazine in the office)—"Who gets 'Dumb Animals'?"

A certain History Teacher—"The Freshman teachers generally do."—Ex.



#### ARISTOTELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Aristotelian Literary Society met in room 5 for the last four meetings. The following programs were given and business transacted was as follows:

Jan. 15, 1915.—The meeting was called to order by the president and as there was no business at this meeting, the following program was given: Debate, "Resolved, That free trade is a just measure and should be adopted by the United States." Albrecht and Goethly, of the affirmative, won over the negative, Combs and McMullen, Albrecht receiving best speech, and Goethly honorable mention. There were three more numbers on the program, but as the participants were absent the society adjourned.

Jan. 22, 1915.—The Aristotelian Literary Society met in room 5 on this date and was called to order by the president. The business of the week was disposed of and the following program was given: "Resolved, That a single tax should be introduced." The affirmative was to be upheld by Nelson and Murchie, while the negative was supported by Braucher and Albrecht, but as Albrecht and Murchie were both absent, the debate was upheld by Nelson and Braucher. The affirmative won, Braucher receiving best speech. An interesting talk was heard from Finnerty, and the society then adjourned.

Feb. 5, 1915.—The meeting was called to order and the term's business was closed. This was followed by election of officers. The officers were as follows: President, Wm. Haber; vice-president, Han McMullen; secretary, Roland Stuebner; assistant secretary, Ralph Bird; treasurer, Van Murchie; Forum reporter, Joe Caughlan.

Feb. 12, 1915.—The following program was heard: Debate, "Resolved, That the city should support the 'jitney bus'." The negative, Combs and Finnerty, was defeated by the affirmative, Caughlan and Stuebner, Caughlan receiving best speech and Finnerty honorable mention. This was followed with current events by Goethly, and jokes by Van Murchie. The society then adjourned.



## CLIO NOTES.

February 5—Our first meeting of the new term was devoted to the election of officers. Mildred Pitts was elected president, Lou Ann Preston was chosen for vice-president, Frances Connett was elected secretary, Vernia Hankins, Forum reporter, and Grace Philley, treasurer.

February 12—After a short business meeting, we discussed various subjects for the programs of the coming term. At this meeting we voted three new members into our society—Melba Hawkins, Elna Chambers and Caroline Hartwig. We also decided to give a spread Feb. 19 for our new members and for the Alpha Nu Pi, at Miss Strop's home.



## DIANTHIAN.

On January 22 we had a rather unusual program in the form of a debate, "Resolved, That a small college offers more advantages than a large one." Miss Bock and Mr. Miller, as judges, awarded the debate to the negative, Julia Goetze, Vida Taylor and Mildred Green. The affirmative was upheld by Ethyl Green, Elizabeth Mercer and Doris Kintner. At this meeting Phoebe Buzard was elected as the new Dianthian representative to the Senate.

The meetings on Feb. 5th and Feb. 12th were devoted entirely to the business of the new term and no programs were given.



## AGATHIAN NOTES.

The Agathian Society held their election of officers in room 9, January 29. The following officers were elected: President, Beulah Barnes; vice-president, Goldie Custer; secretary, Miriam Carlisle; treasurer, Hester Murray; corresponding secretary, Thelma Robert-

son; Forum reporter, Louise Fenner; executive committee, Zorah Cook, Anna Liebst, Helen Shaffer, Evelyn Beckett and Crystal Petree.

The meeting of February 5 was held in room 9. No program was given. The meeting was devoted to the discussion of plays.

On February 12 the society voted on names for future members. At this meeting we also decided upon the play to be given by the society this spring. We will present "Twig of a Thorn." The exact date has not been decided upon.

## ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Athenian Literary Society, directed by Mrs. Putnam and Miss Varner, held their regular meeting January 22. The program was devoted to the life of Helen Keller.

February 5—The regular business meeting was held and the officers elected for this term.

February 12—A business meeting was held and twenty-two new members were admitted to the society. Following this a very interesting program was rendered.

He (having just finished listening to her playing a piece on the piano)—"Did you say there were many accidentals in that?"

She—"Oh, yes; a great many."

He (preparing to depart)—"Well, I'm glad to know you weren't doing it all on purpose."

Little words of wisdom,  
Little words of bluff,  
Make the teacher tell us:  
"Sit down—that's enough."—Ex.

Editor—"Say, we can't accept this. It isn't verse at all; merely an escape of gas."

Aspiring Poet—"Oh, I see; something wrong with the meter."—Ex.

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# LOCALS

It's a Long, Long Way to Central High School.

Up to Central High School came an Annex  
bunch one day,  
As their cards had honor marks, sure everyone  
was gay,  
Planning pranks in Central High School, fun  
and frolic there,  
'Till everyone excited sang this dear, old, fa-  
vorite air.

Chorus:

It's a long way to Central High School,  
It's a long way to go;  
It's a long way to Central High School,  
To the future joys I'll know;  
Goodbye—Little Annex—  
Farewell days once fair—  
It's a long, long way to Central High School,  
But my heart's right there.

—B. R. G. Club.

Our auditorium meetings have been rather scarce of late, but the best one was held last Thursday. The program was a varied one. D. Warrick started us off by leading in a few cheers so we could show the Tarkio team who played basket-ball the following night. We had some lungs. Then Miss Beaumont, Dupey Warrick, Herndon Shull and Francis McGrath told the school of the Ciceronian play which was to take place in the course of events the next Saturday night. Mr. Whiteford gave a short talk and concluded by introducing to us Mr. French, the impersonator and ventriloquist. The latter gave us a few selections and the sample was fine.

The different societies have taken in their new members and are now planning something in their honor. The Clios' have invited the boys of the A. N. P. society for a spread, Friday, which will be held at the home of Mamie Strop.

Not long ago one of our students told at the dinner table what he had learned of astronomy in one of his classes that day.

"Nobody can learn in a lifetime all that should be known," he said. "A man ought never to assume that his education is complete.

I intend to keep abreast of the times, therefore I propose to begin the study of astronomy at once, and continue it through the winter."

"Jerome," said his mother, "you'll have to think of a better excuse than that for staying out until all hours of the night.

One of the best plays of the year was held in our auditorium on the night of Feb. 13th. "His Calling" was the title and was presented by the Ciceronian Society. What made it more interesting was the fact it was written by one of its members, Francis McGrath.

One of our rather bashful gentleman teachers thought it a good idea for each student to answer with a familiar quotation when the roll was called each day. Two of our well-known girls didn't like the idea, so decided to try their luck toward abandoning it. The next morning at the calling of their names, Miss H. arose, and looking straight into the teacher's eyes, repeated, "With all thy faults, I love thee still," while Miss M.'s answer was, "The hours I spend with thee, dear heart, are as a string of pearls to me."

This had its desired effects and some of us are thankful to them; it means less work.

A most enjoyable sleigh-ride was given by the A. N. P. society not long ago and each member took a girl friend. Two big four-horsed sleighs were used and everyone seemingly had a glorious time. Later a good "feed" was made away with at Bell's.

One of the best basket-ball games of the season was played on our home court last Friday night. We met the Tarkio "five" and, although they were bigger than our boys, they could not come up to them in real team work and basket shooting.

Among the several wonders of our school is a wonderful heat enduring German. He was seen to hold his hand on a red-hot stove for several seconds without flinching.

It seems to be very popular among Seniors (especially with one certain lad and lassie) to walk to Savannah on Monday mornings.

# ATHLETICS



Leavenworth—52 to 29.

Our undefeated team lined up another victory Friday, January 22, in a snappy game against Leavenworth. This game was poorly refereed and this awoke a great deal of enmity against the visitors. Finally Claason, the umpire, called the referee to order. After this the game was a walk-over for Central.

Voss was the star of the game, starting most of the plays that resulted in goals. The rest of the fellows were in fine form and needed to be, for the Kansans were not as slow as the score might lead one to believe.

The new school song was broken in at this game and made a hit. The authoress knows how to inspire the boys with vim, and that might have been one reason why the game closed so favorably—52 to 29.

Lincoln—20 to 32.

Coach Moyer took our well-drilled athletes of Central to Lincoln on Jan. 30, and ran them up against an aggregation of giants. Voss affirms that not one of the Lincoln team was less than eight feet tall. The court was also very small and these things conspired to give us ruin. But at that the Lincolnites had no fly-time winning and at one point of the game we were seven points ahead.

Eric Schroeder made the large percentage of our goals. Our team showed good losers and the defeat was not accompanied by disgrace though the game was lost—20 to 32.

Atchison Game—63 to 20.

When a team comes back it comes back strong and beats the opponent—63 to 20.

Varner started at center, but was soon replaced by Spratt. With "Bub" the score increased with leaps and bounds. Rosenthal played in the last half; Schroeder, Spratt and Voss was the stars of the game.

Tarkio Game—50 to 18.

The heretofore undefeated Tarkio team was defeated by Central, 50 to 18. Ample revenge was scored for the foot-ball game of last fall.

Coach Goudy sent word ahead that he would win, but he lost the bet.

The game was a great deal like a foot-ball game—roughness its predominating feature. The big Tarkions can sustain such a game well, but the smaller Centralites seemed to stand it better.

Schroeder was not feeling well at the game, but was made up for by Spratt and Voss, who shot goal after goal. Rosenthal played in the last few minutes of time.

If this kind of work is pursued the team will have the lasting remembrance of the school as a star basket-ball team, and Moyer the name of star coach.

W. H. S., '16.

## Chemistry Notes.

The following remarkable new substances have been recently isolated by our noted analytical experts, Mr. Benjamin Putter and Mr. Joseph Fishman. Read and be amazed.

T. Cu. P.—Cuprous tellurium Phosphide—The principal substance in the clay from which china cups are made.

I. B.4 U.—Uranium boro-iodide—An invisible gas having a peculiar paralyzing effect on the brain, commonly called "hot air." It is the chief constituent of campaign speeches.

(Ra H.)3—Hydrated radium—A substance found in enormous quantities in the atmosphere around a foot-ball game; it produces an effect of semi-intoxication, causing hoarseness, a feeling of intense excitement, and violent muscular spasms.

P V—An allotropic form of hydrogen sulphide.

Poni—Phosphoric oxide of nickel—This substance, when combined with La TiN (Lanthamotitanium nitrate) produces brilliant recitations, the result of the process being F.

—G. Ima Frieke, '15.

Teacher—"What tense is it when I say 'I am beautiful'?"

Freshie—"Remote past."—Ex.



## Don'ts.

For the benefit of those in the incoming class who do not wish to be distinguished for their "freshness," we print the following customs prevailing in the school:

Don't carry your books in a school bag.

Don't spin tops or play marbles in the front yard. Seniors alone are allowed this privilege.

Don't grin when the instructor addresses you as "Miss" or "Mister."

Don't bother the Sophomores; they have troubles enough.

Don't bring dolls to school. (This is mainly for the girls.)

Don't carry your grammar school certificate to the High School. (This is especially objectionable when the aforesaid is in a 2x2½ foot frame.)

Don't eat too much pie at the lunch counter; it makes children dream.

Don't tell the Juniors your lessons are hard; they've got "troubles of their own."

Don't wear the school colors before the middle of October.

Don't make faces at the teacher when his back is turned.

Don't recite "Twinkle, twinkle, little star" in Elocution.

Don't cry when you are sent to the office.

Don't slide down the banisters.

Don't say, "I'll have to ask mamma," when you are asked to buy a ticket to an entertainment.

Don't be too ambitious to learn the meaning of "flunk." Some people wish they had never heard that word.

Careful attention to the above advice will be of great advantage to all sub-Freshmen. It lets them know some of the customs of the school and then if they do something wrong they will have the advantage of knowing what other people are laughing at.

Act I.—Mr. Shull and Mr. Stewart are sitting together.

Act II.—Miss Kearney assigning seats: "Miss Dickson, will you change places with Mr. Shull?"

Mammy—"Rastus, whars dat lard I tole you all to get?"

Rastus—"Mammy, dat lard was so greasy it done slip my mind."

Father—"How is it that I find you kissing my daughter? Answer me, sir; how is it?"

Young Man—"Fine, sir; fine."—Ex.

The following may be answered by Shakespeare's plays, with the exception of the fourth, which is one of his sonnets. The answers will be printed in next month's Forum.

## A Shakespeare Wedding.

1. Who was the bride and groom?
2. When did the wedding take place?
3. Who were the groomsmen?
4. What ailed the groom?
5. Who grinned when he gave the bride away?
6. What was the weather?
7. What Greek gentleman attended the wedding?
8. Who prepared the wedding supper?
9. How was the supper?
10. What story entertained the guests?
11. How did they dance?
12. What did her rejected suitor say when he paid his florist's bill?
13. What was the journey like?
14. In what place did they live?
15. Who sold them their furniture?
16. What occupied the husband's time after the wedding?
17. What was the first quarrel?
18. What was their married life?

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## SCHOOL NOTES

### JUNIOR NOTES.

The Juniors have not had a meeting for some time, as there has not been any business of particular interest to the class as a whole.

We are well represented on that "crack" basket-ball team of this season and on the track team which we hope will prove as successful. Also the class should be especially proud of its members who took their parts so splendidly in the Ciceronian play, "His Calling," as should the school be proud of the author and the entire cast.

The Rohwedder-Freyman Jewelry Co. has made up some more Junior pins. Price, one bone, eleven jitneys.

### SENATE NOTES.

There was no meeting of the student Senate on February 2nd on account of short session of school.

The first meeting of the new term was held February 16th, in room 8. Votes were made for a new vice-president, since Laura Henderson's term expired, but a discussion arose about the eligibility of the Junior chosen and this will be settled at the next meeting.

Investigations are being made to see if it is possible to have the public auditorium for the coming Omaha basket-ball game. The main objection is the exorbitant sum of \$150, which must be paid to obtain the auditorium for one night.

### BOYS' BUSINESS CLUB.

January 14, 1915.—A meeting was held in room 44 for the election of officers for the coming term.

January 28, 1915.—The meeting was postponed to the following Thursday on account of the Atchison game.

February 11, 1915.—A special meeting was called and new officers were installed, each giving a short speech. After the meeting we enjoyed "eats."

First Simp.—"How could the colonists starve to death when the fish were so plentiful?"

Second Simp.—"They probably choked on the fish-bones."

Father—"Every time you are bad I get another gray hair."

Son—"Gee! You must have been a corker; look at grandpa."—Ex.

### How's Business?

"Business is poor," said the beggar.

Said the undertaker, "It's dead."

"Falling off," said the riding school teacher.

The druggist, "Oh! vail," he said.

"It's all write with me," said the author;

"Picking up," said the man at the dump.

"My business is sound," quoth the bandman.

Said the athlete, "I'm kept on the jump."

The bottle declared it was "corking;"

The parson, "It's good," answered he.

"Make both ends meat," said the butcher.

The tailor replied, "It suits me."

### A Geometry Proposition.

Given a triangle A B C, with a college graduate standing upon A and a high school graduate standing on B and a sub standing on C, with the sides A, B and C proportional to the knowledge of the opposite vertices, to find the length of C.

Mr. Brous—"Gold foil is so thin that it seems to stick to the fingers. Gold tends to stick to the fingers anyway."

The day was dark and dreary,

It seemed he would never appear,

And the snow was fastly falling—

It was the coldest time of the year.

If only I would see his figure

Approaching up the road,

It would make me feel so happy,

And lift from my heart a load.

The path will soon be covered,

And he will lose his way;

Then he will not be with me

To spend his Christmas Day.

The snow kept flying faster,

I wept in my room alone—

Thinking each hour would surely bring

My longed-for husband home.

# DEPARTMENTS

## DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

Senior A.

### Lobster a la Newberg.

Cut the lobster in half inch cubes, removing small dark thread found in it. Season with salt and pepper and lemon juice. Make a rich cream sauce highly seasoned and add the diced lobster to this. Serve hot in pastry shells, on toast, or toasted wafers, or serve in a little bread basket.

## MATHEMATICS DEPARTMENT.

There seems to be an awakening in the interest of students of the mathematics department.

The classes are large and there is a growing sentiment that the subject is not just a dry, dead thing to be acquired, to gain the necessary points, but that it is alive and useful. These early lessons lead out in several directions—toward the purely scientific, the practical, and the artistic, and should appeal to all students.

Contrary to the opinion held by many, those who shine in athletics also do good work in mathematics.

It is to be hoped that this interest may grow and that all branches of the subject may become pleasant and profitable to the majority of our students.

## HISTORY DEPARTMENT.

The new term has brought many more people into the history classes. Thirty more students are taking economics than ever before. The economic pupils are very busy at present working out the problems of every day life.

The classes in civics are preparing to nominate and elect the officers of the city, and learn their duties accordingly. In connection with this subject they are doing much outside reading.

Last week the normal students visited the weather bureau, where Mr. Bell showed and explained how the instruments worked. They also expect many more such occasions.

All of the classes are doing special current event work.

Two more teachers have been added to the History Department this term. Mrs. Putman, from the English, and Mr. Denning, from the Latin depart, each have a class in Roman History.

## The Value of Mathematics.

If one who has passed only the first few milestones of that delightful stretch of learning may give her opinion of the study, I shall undertake to give my views. I think my criticism will be almost entirely favorable, for, while in my daily observation, I see no disadvantages, I see many advantages acquired from the study of mathematics.

I think Algebra is profitable to both boys and girls, as it helps them in accuracy and gives "short cuts" to many problems which would be long and difficult if worked by arithmetic.

Geometry I consider especially necessary to boys, as it is used in many of the lucrative occupations; as, for instance, in civil engineering, surveying, architecture, and designing. This is usually more a favorite with boys than with girls, but it is very helpful to all in strengthening the reasoning powers.

This is the limit of my knowledge, (but not of my praise) for the subject, and I trust that when I reach the higher branches of mathematics I shall find them equally delightful.

A Junior.

## EIN BAUERNTANZ.

Der Bauerntanz ist sehr lustig. Die Knaben stampfen und klatschen mit den Händen und jodeln. Des Mädchen erfasst den hoch gehobenen Finger des Knaben und bewegt sich tanzend um ihn herum. In der Zwischenzeit der Tanze sitzen die Burschen auf dem Schoss der Mädchen. Ihre Arme sind um den Hals der Mädchen geschlungen.

Helen Grawe.

## DER SCHURZENTANZ.

Der Schurzentanz ist sehr beliebt. Die Burschen und Mädchen sitzen an den Wänden auf Banken. In der Mitte der Stube liegt eine Schurze. Die Musik beginnt, Die Mädchen haschen die Knaben. Ein Knabe bleibt übrig. Dieser fasst die Schurze an den Bandern und muss mit der selben tanzen. Plotzlich wirft der Knabe die Schurze einem Mädchen vor die Fusse, kniet auf der Schurze, halt das Mädchen fest, bis er von ihm einen Kuss erhält.

Gladys Boegle.

Scherndon Hull, famous actor in "His Calling," has been absent two days on account of sickness.

## CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT.

Nitrogen, both free and in combination with other substances, was the element studied during the last month. First of all it may be said that nitrogen composes the greater part of the atmosphere—about four-fifths. (The other one-fifth is composed mainly of oxygen, there being but traces of the rare gases argon, helium, neon, xenon and krypton.) The nitrogen is mixed with the other gases of the air, but is not combined with them; in fact, it does not combine very readily with anything, and this is why there is so much of it in the free state. About the only known ways in which free nitrogen from the atmosphere is brought into chemical combination with other substances is under the influence of the electric spark and by the action of certain bacteria which live in small tuber-like structures on the roots of beans, clover, alfalfa and such like plants.

The first-mentioned fact has a commercial application. An electric arc is made in an atmosphere of nitrogen and oxygen, the two going together form an oxide of nitrogen which is dissolved in water at once—forming nitric acid—and carried away from the arc, lest the heat decompose them again. By other processes, compounds are produced which are known as nitrates, and which are of great importance as fertilizers. The same action takes place during a thunderstorm. The nitrogen and oxygen of the atmosphere unite under the influence of a flash of lightning, and the resulting oxide of nitrogen dissolves in the suspended water in the air, and eventually comes down with the rain as nitric acid, which reacts with certain constituents of the soil, forming nitrates. As remarked before, nitrogen, in the form of a compound, is also gotten into the soil through the action of bacteria living on the roots of certain plants. The nitrogen in fertilizers is what gives them their value, it being given off in combination with hydrogen, the two together being the well-known substance, ammonia-gas. In fact, ammonia is given off from all decaying animal and vegetable matter. The reason for stressing so greatly these different processes of nitrification of the soil is that without nitrogen life would be as impossible as without oxygen, it entering into the composition of all living structures and being the chief component of the important class of food-substances known as proteins.

The previously mentioned nitrogen compound, ammonia, is also important as a cleansing

agent and because of its use in the manufacture of ice. Its cleansing qualities are due to its power to "cut" or dissolve grease. More specifically, it combines with the insoluble grease to form a soluble soap. The use of ammonia-gas in the manufacture of gas depends on the ease with which it is liquefied and that a gas is expanding or vaporizing absorbs here. (Right here it might be well to say that liquefied ammonia-gas is not the same as the household ammonia which comes in bottles. The latter is a solution of ammonia-gas in water, the two uniting to form a compound called ammonium hydroxide, while the liquid ammonia used in ice manufacture is ammonia-gas alone, liquefied under pressure in pipes cooled by running water. There is as much difference between the two as between water and liquid hydrogen.) Returning to the making of ice, the first step in the process is to allow the gas to expand in a coil of pipes which run through a brine-tank. The expanding gas draws heat from the brine, which in turn draws heat from the tanks of fresh water immersed in it, and since fresh water has a higher freezing point than salt water, the former freezes first. The ammonia gas is then liquefied by compression, cooled and sent around again.

There are a few other nitrogen compounds of some importance: Nitric acid; most of the explosives, like gunpowder, gun-cotton, dynamite, and nitro-glycerine; and nitrous oxide, or laughing gas, which is used as an anaesthetic in minor operations.

—N. L. K., '15.

## DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN LANGUAGES.

## Eine Auktion im Gasthaus zur Schwarzen Katze.

Wir gaben Alex Van Brunt in die Auktion.

"Ich will ihn nicht; seine Fusse sind zu gross," rief Opal Sample.

"Er ist zu dumm," sagte Agnes Dailey.

Die Fledermaus offnete ein Auge und sagte leise, "Ich habe nichts, deshalb kann ich nichts geben."

"Ich will einen Pfennig geben," rief Ernest Andrews.

"Zum ersten, zum zweiten, zum dritten und letzten Mal," rief der Auktionator.

"Das ist zu teuer," murrte Ernest, als er Alex wegtrug.

—Strohkopf.

City Chap—"Tell me, how is the milk maid?"

Country Chap—"It ain't made, you mutt! The cows give it."—Ex.





It happened at an Eastern military academy. One of the students was on sentry-duty at the main entrance to the grounds, and about 11 p.m. he thought he discerned a shadowy figure stealing toward the gate.

"Halt! Who goes there?" he called crisply. "Moses," answered the belated one in a low voice.

The sentry replied at once—"Advance, Moses, and give the Ten Commandments!"

Mrs. Grouch—"I don't want you to ever let your old dog come into my house again! It's full of fleas!"

Mrs. Snip—"Oh, I'm so glad you told me! I don't want Towser to get fleas."

Fawcett should go out for track; judging from his name he ought to be great at running.

Miss Kaucher (in room 11, which is being used as a temporary S. H.)—"No, you boys can't sit two in a seat; you create too much disturbance. But I want you girls to double up."

Miss Kaucher was evidently going on the principle that when anything is doubled up it only occupies half the space.

Miss Bently (using gestures)—"What avails a sea of ink, to he who hath no thoughts to think?" Just then she pointed directly at Tom Faucett.

Teacher—"What made the god Vulcan lame?" Bright Freshman—"He had a fall."

Teacher—"What caused the fall?"

Freshman—"He was walking along the top of Mt. Olympus and he slipped on a thunder peal."—Ex.

When Rastus Johnsing's son arrived,  
He looked just like his poppy;  
In fact the doctah done declared  
He was a carbon copy.  
—Cornell Widow.

Senior (to Freshie)—"Say! what right have you in this school, you green tomato?"

Freshie—"Go on, you ripe tomato. You ought to be canned."—Ex.

#### In Second Period Physics.

Creek—"Mr. Brous, why does water taste flat after being boiled?"

Brown—"The germs are all gone."

Harroun—"No, the germs are not gone; they're just dead."

#### In Geometry Two.

L. Carl—"Angle A and B are corresponding."

Miss Kennedy—"Is that so? How long have they been corresponding?"

Miss Mueller (asking in German)—"What has a hen that I have not?"

Wesley Connet (promptly)—"Ein Herz."

Miss Kennedy—"Hodge, you prove the proposition we have today."

Hodge Wallace slightly aroused, crossed the room and opened the window.

#### An Honest Confession.

Herndon Shull (translating difficult passage in Cicero)—"I am—ignorant—!"

Soph.—"If the devil lost his tail where would he go to get another?"

Fresh.—"I don't know."

Soph.—"Why, to a liquor store, where they re-tail bad spirits."—Ex.

Axiom I—Nothing is better than a pretty girl.

Axiom II—A homely girl is better than nothing.

Therefore—A homely girl is better than a pretty girl.—Ex.

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