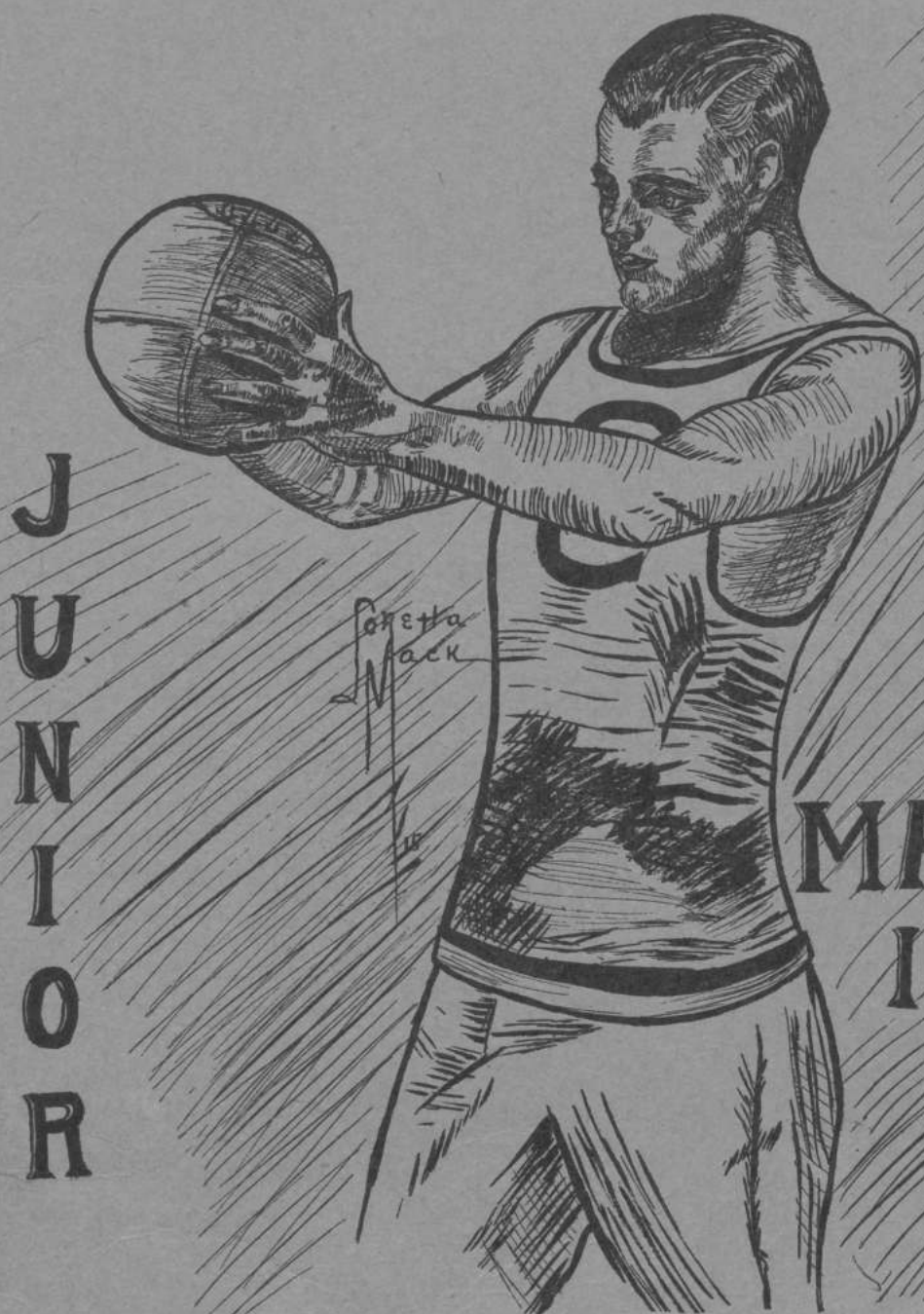


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HIGH SCHOOL FORUM

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Captain Kielson and the Giant Crinoids

(Place—San Francisco. Time—1995, A. D.)

It is curious, and at times humiliating, how little one can know of one's own native city. Yesterday for the first time in my twenty-five years of residence here I visited the Square Pond, officially known as Submarine dock No. 17. This building, with the exception of the City Hall, is the largest structure in San Francisco. In spite of the fact that it is rather insignificant when compared with such architectural giants as the Drome in Chicago or the New Crystal Palace in London, one cannot help feeling overwhelmed, at first, by its vastness and dizzying activity. Imagine an enormous swimming-pool, a mile long and half a mile wide—not square, as its name would imply—covered by an arched roof of transparent sill-coid, its highest point being about a thousand feet above the water. The walls and the floor and parapet of the broad spectators' gallery are of green porcelain. In places these walls are pierced by circular tunnel-openings, so high up that they appear like mere keyholes; and from these openings thread-like cables emerge, stretch across the pool, and vanish into pin-hole openings on the other side. Across these cables the monorails pass and repass at meteoric speed, occasionally giving a shrill warning warble, for the gulls fly in through the ventilators and perch on the cables and when they get run over it makes the cables slippery.

I noticed these details last of all, however; the thing which attracted my attention and

held it was the pool itself. The whole thing boiled and foamed, churned into hissing froth by the movements of what appeared to be a herd of hump-backed whales; wallowing hulks they were, sleek gray and slaty blue and slimy black, like the bodies of seals with from one to five humps on their backs, that is, contowers, for these seeming sea creatures are submarines. But what made them seem still more seal-like was the incessant barking and whooping to which they gave vent, for all up-to-date submarine craft are equipped with electric "shouters" which are used when running on the surface. This sound, combined with the seethe and swash of the waters, caused the great arched roof to resound with a vast, bellying, booming echo which rolled and thundered like the surge of breakers.

And then, over on the other side of the pool I noticed a new detail. I could see that under the gallery on that side there was a sort of portico, not of open archways, but archways in relief, and in the middle of the blank white space which filled each arch there was a number in huge red figures. And as I watched, one of those blank walls suddenly slid downward under the water, disclosing the interior of a brightly-lit chamber from which a submarine came forth. And as soon as it was clear of the arch another craft went in and the wall slid up again. I comprehended; these were the lock-chambers.

My attention was rather suddenly diverted from these things by a tremendous concussion overhead. Looking up, I saw that a big freight-plane had crashed into the roof and was now lying on it heeled over on one side, like some great, many-winged insect. I wondered what it would have been like if the roof had been made of brittle glass instead of tough silicoid; rather unpleasant for those below, to say the least. A squad of the roof police appeared, a line of barely perceptible little black figures running along a horizontal girder toward the wreck.

My interest in this incident was only transitory, for I was concerned with something nearer at hand. I had been leaning over the parapet of the gallery with my aviator's helmet in one hand, and when the smash came I dropped it into the water; and there it was now, bobbing around like a bowl. While I was consoling myself with the thought that a new helmet would not be particularly expensive, a submarine heaved up out of the water in a creamy slather of foam, and carried the helmet up with it, stranded on its contower platform. Then the lid of the contower slowly drew back and a man in the regular green uniform climbed out, stepped down on the platform, and almost immediately tripped on the helmet. He stooped, picked it up, and then looked toward the roof, which was only natural, considering the nature of the thing he had found. For a moment he seemed to connect it with the crippled plane which he saw there, and then I caught his eye. I made the motion of placing the helmet on my head and he nodded to show that he understood; and then, lifting to his lips the megaphone which hung from his shoulder-strap, he shouted something which, because of the prevailing tumult, was unintelligible, with the exception of the words "one hundred seventy-six!"

"Lock-chamber one hundred seventy-six! Right this way!" said a voice behind me, and turning, I was confronted by a man, who, though he was clothed in the ordinary manner, displayed the purple button of the Midway police.

"Did you see what happened?" I asked.

"I did," he answered with a slight smile. "That's what I'm here for." And leading me by the arm, he stepped onto the moving footway at the back of the gallery. After traveling down the gallery for about half a mile, we stepped off on the platform before the entrance to an escalator. Boarding the escalator, we descended into a region of indescribable complexity of

interlacing subways, monorail tunnels, huge power-cables and water-mains, chutes, escalators, ventilating-shafts, and what else only the Subway Commission knows. I had never been below before, in the industrial section of the city.

Finally, after descending a nearly interminable spiral passage, we emerged into a long draughty tunnel, filled with a pulsating droning sound, and intersected at regular intervals by transverse monorail tunnels. As we advanced along this passage I noticed a strange musky smell which grew steadily in strength. Finally I was moved to ask my guide what it was.

"Squids, mostly," he replied. "There was a big cargo of them arrived just a short while ago, and they make something of a smell when they're being cut up."

After walking on a short distance farther he suddenly exclaimed, "Here we are!" and started to turn down one of the side-passages. Just at that moment a string of monorails shot by and plunged in ahead of us with an oily whirling and a clear bird-like trill. Turning in after it, we saw that it had come to a stop some distance ahead, and surrounding it was a cluster of men in coarse yellow clothing. There seemed to be some sort of a blockade. On coming closer I saw that the tunnel ended in a dead wall.

"Why, we can't get through this way, can we?" I asked the officer beside me.

"Oh, yes, we can," he answered, "They're waiting 'till the lock-chamber is empty. Don't you hear the water going out?"

I listened closely, and from the other side of the wall came a subdued bubbling and gurgling. This sound gradually ceased, and when it was no longer audible the end-fall of the tunnel slid smoothly down into a slot, revealing part of the interior of the chamber beyond. Everything seemed to be streaming with water, and a cool, briny breath of air flowed out towards us. The train of monorails glided in, and we followed them, accompanied by the men who had been waiting in the tunnel.

I found myself in a long, high room lit by white globes swinging at the end of slender cables. Up overhead loomed the body of a submarine like a slick black whale, stranded on crosswise supports. Then suddenly, with a metallic lisp, a big circular hole yawned open on its under side. By stepping forward I could see up into the inside; I had a glimpse of two men on a sort of scaffold, who, with a couple of things like tridents, were pitching what ap-

peared to be ragged, glistening, quivering masses of gelatine down to someone who was obscured from me by the edge of the port-hole; and at the same time I could hear a thick slubbing noise like someone ladling raw oysters out of a barrel. Then, descending from the port-hole, came a cluster of trembling tentacles of the pale yellow color of grass-roots and dripping a clear, heavy liquid which looked like the white of egg. Lower and lower these tentacles came until they were nearly three yards long and finally I saw the body to which they were attached, a bulbous mass of clouded jelly, gripped by a sort of six-armed tongs like one of those patent fish-hooks. When the tongs were nearly down to one of the cars of the monorail (which had stationed itself underneath in the meanwhile), they opened, dropped their load into the car, and swiftly returned upward. A couple of men who had been standing astride of the car packed the thing down into place with long hooked poles.

"Those things don't look like squids; are they?" I questioned my companion.

"No; those are jelly-fish," he replied; "If they were squids you'd notice a slightly rank odor."

The tongs now appeared again, but this time they opened rather prematurely, so that the jelly-fish fell most of the distance and landed half in and half out of the car, its tentacles spreading over the floor in an inextricable snarl like the hair of a murdered Gorgon. The men on the car greeted this accident with picturesque execrations and began to rake in the sprawling tentacles with their hooked poles, meanwhile making caustic remarks concerning, and evidently intended for the ears of a third party, who, among other uncomplimentary things, they referred to as a "flimminy switch-jammer." A voice from the submarine answered in a tone of intense exasperation, and it seemed to me that the tongs deposited their next load with almost vindictive emphasis.

On the fourth trip something besides the jelly-fish came down—a man in green uniform was standing on the bronze ball to which the jaws of the tongs were jointed and holding to the cable with one hand; under the other arm he had what looked like a two-handled aluminum bowl, but which I perceived to be my helmet. When he was about half way down a megaphone projected itself from the port-hole above, shouted, "Here comes a squelchy pudding; slam it into the junk-hole!" and then withdrew.

The man in green looked up and replied with great scorn:

"Maybe so; but I think if you look careful you'll find another one on board."

Just then the tongs opened, and stepping off onto the edge of the car he leapt nimbly to the floor and came walking toward us.

"Do you know that man?" asked my companion.

"I don't know his name," I replied, "but his face is familiar; I think I've seen him in the *Pathe Daily*."

"I rather think you have," he responded. "That man is Captain Kielson; he made a fortune off his Florida hippopotamus ranch and then sold out to the I. F. S., you know, and after that he put all his money into this deep-sea-farming business. Just get him started once and he'll talk about it for hours." And turning to the person in question (who had now drawn quite near), he said affably, "Hello, Cap."

"Hello, Griffith," returned the Captain; and then to me, "Here, sir, is your chapeau; why don't you fasten it on with a chain?"

"I reply on personal magnetism," I replied, and then we all laughed.

In the meantime I was getting my first close view of Captain Kielson; the first feature one noticed was his eyes, which were of such an intense blue as to be almost purple, the depth of color being partly due to the effect of contrast with the breadcrust-brown of his face, and the next was his mouth, which was unusually wide and pale-lipped with a slight downward turning at each corner. On each cheek there was a deep vertical wrinkle, so deep as to look almost like a gash. His hair I could not see, for his head was covered by a close-fitting cap of green leather. All his other garments were of the same color and material, with the exception of his tan-colored puttees and sandals and his belt and shoulder-strap, which latter were jointed bands of bluish aluminum.

"Well," said the man called Griffith, "I've got to get back to my post. Don't believe everything the Captain tells you. Bona tango, you-all."

And dexterously evading the Captain's foot he vanished into the monorail tunnel.

I remembered what Griffith had said regarding Captain Kielson's willingness to talk about his ranch, and so I decided to endeavor to "get him started." There was a little matter which had been puzzling me for several minutes which I thought would be a good subject with which to open the conversation.

"When you came down," I remarked. "someone said something about a pudding—a 'squelchy pudding.' Now, what did they mean by that?"

I fancied I detected a slight expression of contempt on the face of Captain Kielson. At any rate, the wrinkles in his cheeks seemed to deepen.

"Down on the ranch," he answered, "we call all jelly-fish 'puddings.' (They look like one when all their fringes and things have been trimmed off, the way you see them in the cafes.) Sometimes there'll be a sort of epidemic, and they turn brown all over and get so soft and cozy you can't hardly pick them up; they tear loose from the hooks. When they get in that condition they are said to be 'squelchy'. That incident a few minutes ago... He was referring to me.... It's just the same as calling a man a bad egg."

Here Captain Kielson produced a combination knife from one of his many pockets and began to manicure his nails in an irritated manner. I saw I had hit on an unfortunate subject, but there was one more point concerning which I was curious.

"What is the 'junk-hole'?" I asked at last.

"Oh, that! Why, it's just a circular pit in the floor, over on the other side of the track. You can't see it from here, the cars are in the way. It leads down to a chute that goes over to the iodine-works of the I. F. S. packing plant. Every lock-chamber has one."

Captain Kielson then lapsed into silence and the pause became rather embarrassing, so I started off in a new direction.

"It's rather odd," I said casually, "that you should happen along just at the right time to rescue my helmet. Your boat must have a lucky hoodoo."

"Lucky hoodoo! I should say!" exclaimed Captain Kielson. "Nobody has anything on the 'Narwhal.' Why, she saved my life once—or rather, the search-light did."

I scented a story, and just to keep him going I asked another question.

"How," I inquired skeptically, "could the search-light save your life?"

"Well," said the Captain, leaning back against the wall with the manner of one who settles down for a long yarn, "I'll have to tell you first how I came into the danger of losing it. To begin with, it happened about thirty years ago; something like 1965 or '64 or thereabouts. That was about the time the International Food Syndicate was beginning to grow into any sort of importance, you know; they bought a

little here and a little there and I sold them my hippo-farm. (And I was glad to get rid of it, too; the meat trust wouldn't give me any peace. They tried everything from soft words to nitroglycerin to get me out of business, because I could undersell their pork.) And after that I put all my money into a jelly-fish ranch in the South Pacific; you know where it is, just south of Tabuai Island. (I started in with jelly-fish, but we've branched out some since then; edible kelp among other things.) And now before I go any farther, I'll have to ask you if you know what a jelly-fish ranch is like?"

"Only in a general way," I confessed; "I know you have rather extensive buildings on the order of greenhouses, down on the sea-bottom, and that's about all."

"Extensive! Rather. They cover forty-one square miles, and the kelp-meadows cover twenty-nine more. But at the time I'm speaking of, not more than ten or eleven acres. You're right in comparing them to greenhouses, they're more like that than anything else; and the reason we have to grow the jellies under a roof—which seems an unnecessary thing to have at the bottom of the ocean—is that they'd swim away as fast as they got ripe if we didn't."

"Get ripe? How do you mean?" I asked.

"How?" echoed the Captain in a tone of amazement. "Why, don't you—Well, I guess it is presuming some. I'm so familiar with this business myself that I feel as if it were common knowledge with everyone else. You see the parent of the jelly-fish is not another jelly-fish, but a branching, plant-like animal called a hydroid, from which the jelly-fish buds off. The eggs of the jelly-fish in turn hatch into hydroids, and so it goes, first one and then the other."

"Now—Um. Where was I? Oh, yes! When I was planning the first ranch I thought it would be economical to build it in comparatively shallow water and with a glass roof, and so do away with artificial lighting in the daytime. But it turned out quite otherwise. The floor of the ocean in the shallower waters swarms with all sorts of big blundering creatures—crabs and flounders, lobsters and skates and rayfish, and nearly every day one or the other of these things would ram into a pane of glass and knock it to splinters, and then the jellies would get out and undesirable things would get in and someone had to be chasing around all the time hunting for and repairing the new breaks. There wasn't any silicoid then.

"And then there were the whales.

"You know, the whales graze along the bottom in great herds, tails up and heads down, browsing on the cuttle-fish which they find there, and every now and then one of them would root up a few hundred square feet of our buildings.

"Another thing—In the course of his travels a whale gets a regular crust of barnacles underneath and on his sides, so whenever he comes to a coral reef or an outcropping of rough rock he rubs himself up against it and rasps off the barnacles. So one day a blithering old whale tried to scratch himself on our glass roof. Now, this roof wasn't built so as to support whales, so as soon as he bore down on it at all it fell in at once; and then he'd move on a little and try again. When someone noticed what was happening he had about an acre of roof demolished and was still going. You can wager a crowd gathered in about half a second (more or less) and then we all went for him with whatever was handy—spears and tong-poles and shark-knives, but we might as well have been a flock of pollywogs for all the impression we made on him. And in the meantime the lobsters and eels and things were swarming in and going for the hydroids like chickens in a garden-patch. Just then one of my lieutenants—Osborn was his name—managed to jab the whale under the flipper with a kris. That fixed him; a whale is rather thin-skinned in that particular spot. He gave a twist and a leap and then made a wipe with his tail that sent us all staggering and brought down another big section of roof and then he shot off towards the surface like a sky-rocket, nose first. He must have driven clean out of the water.

"It's easy to see from this why I decided to move the whole works down to the eight-hundred-fathom level; I thought that there'd be less excitement. Of course, it cost more for illumination as we had to be lit up night and day—only we didn't have any night and day down there; even at a hundred fathoms it's as black as the inside of a kodak.

"The moving couldn't be done all at once because we had to bring the jellies down by easy stages so as to give them time to become accustomed to the changes in pressure and temperature, for the deeper you go the colder it becomes. It took nearly four years, and it was during that time, by the way, that I made my first venture in kelp-farming. And it was soon after everything was established in its new

quarters that I had the little adventure which I set out to tell you about."

At this point Captain Kielson was interrupted by the warbling of whistles and the deep-throated humming of motors incident to the departure of the first train of monorails—its cars now piled high—and the arrival of a string of empties.

"It all started, really," he continued, "when one of the pruners reported that three panes of glass had been broken in. This gave me rather a jolt, as we had gotten through about half a year without any accidents of that sort and I was beginning to hope—"

"Pardon me," I interjected, "But what is a pruner?"

"Why, one who prunes the hydroids."

"I didn't know they had to be pruned."

"Oh, yes, they do; there's a sort of fungus that attacks them and makes them white and fuzzy, and if the fuzzy branches are not clipped off it spreads to all the others.

"Well, anyhow, I sent a fellow around to put in some new glass and then I guess everyone forgot all about it for a day or so. Then it became evident that not only had some sort of a creature made its way in through that break, but that it was still in. Men from all over the place came to me with stories of beds of hydroids torn up by the roots, so to speak—mangled and slashed and the pieces scattered all over. And the funny part of it was that nobody had ever caught even a glimpse of the thing, although there were several dozen men on the premises all the time. So after I'd listened to several such tales, I came down to take a slant at the situation myself.

"There were about twenty other fellows came with me, and we brought enough short-handled harpoons and things to supply ourselves and the regular force of men that—"

"Harpoons!" I exclaimed. "Why, I should think an actinite-rifle would—"

"Oh, of course an actinite-rifle would have been better," agreed Captain Kielson, with the emphasis on the "would," "only they were pretty much of a curiosity in those days, besides being dangerous things to handle. This little two-hundred-shooter of mine would have been called a marvel, then.

"But as I said when I left off, we were well supplied with weapons, such as they were, for we expected something big. And then we started to make a systematic search of the whole place. Now, you understand that this

ranch, although it was all under one roof, was divided up into many rooms, or blocks, and the plan was for two men to be given charge of each block and ransack it; to stir up every thicket of hydroids and rout out anything that might be hiding in them. I remember I had block J-17, and the man who was to accompany me was named Osborn; I think I've mentioned him before—the one that tickled the whale, you know. But just as we were ready to start, Osborn discovered that something had gone wrong with the left knee-joint of his diving-armor so that he couldn't bend it, and as I was eager to get away I told him I'd go on without him and he could come along after me as soon as he got it repaired. And after I'd been in block J-17 awhile I began to wish I had waited. I knew my armor was proof against anything in the deep sea and yet I couldn't help but feel uneasy. Under the same circumstances I think anyone would get rather fanciful.....

"Have you ever seen the inside of one of those rooms, or a cinema of it? Well, imagine something like this—A chamber one hundred feet square and twenty feet high, with a glass roof; covering the floor of pounded coral a dense shoulder-high growth of what look like slim-stemmed crystalline plants tinted in places with saffron; flickering over and through these, flocks of little tinfoil fishes (food for the hydroids); and dividing them into plats, like a garden, a number of paths radiating from an open space in the center of the room and connected by cross-paths, the whole thing being on the plan of a spider-web. Also imagine the place lit by two big white globes, the water slightly tinged them with emerald; floating near the roof, shoals of jellies of all sizes, living soap-bubbles, their dangling tentacles, where they catch the light, looking like some sort of shimmering greenish curtain. Looking up through the glass, when the jellies drift out of the way, is a blackness like liquid soot, and now and then some phosphorescent thing passes like a pale meteor across a starless sky.

(Continued in next issue.)

Smart Kid.

Kid—"How old is that lamp, ma?"

Ma—"Oh, about three years."

Kid—Turn it down. It's too young to smoke."

—Ex.

A BRAVE RESCUE.

Our farm skirted the banks of the Allegheny River where the fishing is very good. My brother and I guided many a fishing party to good catches.

On one occasion, I alone, my brother being away, was guiding a party of five, composed of a little girl and two couples. It was late in the afternoon and we were going to shore for the night. Just as we had gotten out of the boat, a snake attracted everybody's attention but the little girl's, who, in the boat drifted out in the still damp air into the rapids of the river.

Nobody noticed her until a cry came over the waters. Something must be done and at once! It was almost certain death to venture to swim to her, but as there was no other way, I leaped into the water and swam. It was ice cold; the exertion was terrific. When I was two-thirds of the way to her I nearly gave out, but I turned on my back and floated until I had regained sufficient strength to go on. At last I reached her, half a mile out in that racing whirl-pool stream. I caught her, put her on my back and began to swim shoreward. I was met half way by one of the men and relieved of my burden. After that it was easier swimming.

A year elapsed. One evening after a hard day's work, I received a telephone call that I was to come to the town hall the next day. No more could I ascertain. I had no idea as to the reason for my going, but I went nevertheless to the town hall the next day. I found crowds of people around the platform near the hall and when they saw me they shouted, "Put him on the platform!"

To my great amazement and perfect joy I was awarded a Carnegie medal for my bravery the year before. This was the happiest moment of my life.

Clio.

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GREETINGS

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MISTAKEN.

The new city hall was gradually assuming a settled air. It was rather late in the afternoon and a number of people were waiting around in the halls and in the reception rooms. Some wives and children of different officials of the city were waiting for their husbands and fathers; others, complaining citizens, were waiting to see the mayor; and still others were loungers. All had a rather fatigued and yet restless, eager-for-home air about them.

The brisk walk of a man was heard ascending the steps. He was an old man with white hair and a kind, yet strong, red face. He entered the door of a room in which a supposedly young girl sat in a chair with her back to the door. The gentleman went up to the girl, touched her on the shoulder, and said:

"Whose little girl are you? Waiting for your papa?"

The little girl sprang to her feet and very indignantly replied:

"I'll let you know I'm nobody's little girl! I'm a married woman and I am waiting for my husband!"

"O, excuse me," answered the old gentleman, backing out of the room, "I beg your pardon; I have made a mistake."

Clio, '15.

"Why, Bobbie, what do you mean by making baby eat that yeast cake?"

"He swallowed my nickel and I'm trying to raise the dough."—Ex.

"Now, children," said the teacher in the 4th grade, "I want you to all make a sentence with the word 'gruesome' in it."

"I know one," said a small voice.

"You may give it."

"The man quit shaving and gruesome whiskers."

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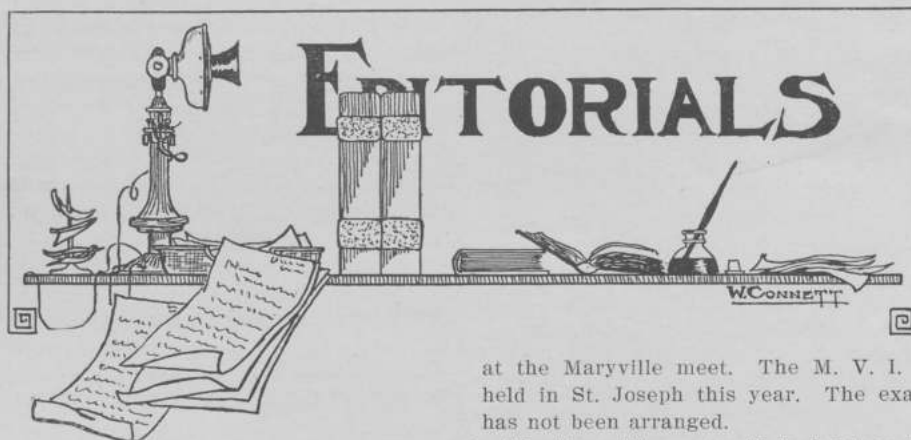
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It is time to commence in earnest on our spring athletics, that we may make a credible showing at both the Missouri Valley meet and

at the Maryville meet. The M. V. I. will be held in St. Joseph this year. The exact date has not been arranged.

The Maryville meet will be held on the 24th of April, at Maryville.

The Seniors are now fast approaching the end of the great high school career, and it is with the thought that the staff has agreed to dedicate the next issue of the Forum to the class of '15.

We hope to make this the best issue of the year, and we feel justified in saying that it will be the best that has gone before in school.

The subject for the inter-society debate for this year is, "Resolved, That through appropriate legislation the minimum wage law ought to be adopted in the State of Missouri."

The debate will be held on April 26th. The student winning best speech will receive the James medal.

From present indications the debate this year ought to surpass those of former years.

The Forum wishes to thank the local editors, the athletic, the exchange editor, and Mr. Warren for contributing their part to the Forum and always having their material on time.

"THE TWIG OF THORN."

Members of the Agathia Literary Society are practicing for their play, "The Twig of Thorn," to be presented the night of Friday, March 26. The piece is from the pen of Marie Josephine Warren.

"The Twig of Thorn" is a pretty Irish fairy play, although the characters are not found in the old Irish fairy tales; the spirit and setting are thoroughly in accord with the traditions and quaint customs of "fairy Ireland." It deals chiefly with Oonah, a pretty Colleen, who has come to make her home with her grand-

mother. Mildred Marr is rehearsing this part and it is certain that she will prove most delightful in that role. The part of Oonah's grandmother, Nessa, will be taken by Goldie Custer. The remainder of the cast is as follows:

Maurya, Nessa's neighbor, Beulah Barnes; Aemgus Arann, a young peasant, Thelma Robertson; Aeliel, a wandering poet, Olive Campbell; Father Brian, the priest, Hester Murray; a fairy child, Miriam Carlisle; her attendants, Ruby Hurd, Evelyn Beckett, and Helen Shaffer. Neighbors of Nessa are Finula, Zorah Cook; Kathleen, Clara Albrecht; Sheila, Myrtle Petree; Sheamus, Crystal Petree; Martin, Anna Fairfield, and Turnas, Laura Marie Maxwell.

SENATE NOTES.

In the meeting held March 2nd, Dupuy War-
rick was made vice-president, the objection of
last meeting being overruled.

On March 16th, Jeanne White was elected
to fill a vacant place on the interest commit-
tee. Mr. Brous asked the Senate to advertise
the Omaha game by talking, and also asked co-
operation in suppressing the singing of an ob-
jectionable song at the games. The decision
was made to have the fellows of the school
who have machines to meet the Omaha boys
and take them to the hotel when they arrive.
A party will be given for the basket-ball boys
and their girl friends in the gym after the game.

Tickets to the Agathia play were given to
the members to sell.

Brick Harroun (at the Orpheum)—"That ac-
tress isn't pretty; she has too prominent nose
pores."

First Simp—"This Latin is a funny thing—
it says Caesar closed the gates of the town
'sub vesperum,' under the evening, which
means 'about evening.' Now, why did they
put it that way?"

Second Simp—"Well, Caesar was in the town,
and then evening fell on it, and so then Caesar
must have been under the evening."

(A heavy body rolls down stairs.)

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A. N. P. NOTES.

Feb. 19—The program for this week consisted of several short talks. Sprague talked on Patriotism, and Whittinghill on Washington. At this meeting the subject for the inter-society debate was announced. The society also decided to attend the Lyman H. Hove's moving pictures in a body. We welcomed Miss Sheets into the society as one of our directresses. After the meeting, the society adjourned in a body to Strop's home, where we were royally entertained by the Clios.

Feb. 25—At the meeting we received word that we could have a Clio-A. N. P. play, which will be given April 16th.

Feb. 26—The program for this week was, "Resolved, That unpaid convict labor should be abolished in the United States." Affirmative, Chase and Bell, lost to VanBrunt and Brown, on the negative. Chase received best speech, and Brown honorable mention.

The society enjoyed an interesting talk on moving pictures by Whittinghill, March 5th. We enjoyed several short talks at this meeting. McEwen gave a fine talk on "Order." On account of the absence of Miss Summy, Miss Ferguson was chosen as one of our directresses. At this meeting, Vinton Neudorff was welcomed into the society. The hosts for this week were Newcombe and Sprague.

March 12—The Alpha Nu Pi boys will never forget the date of March 12th, as this was the day when the Clios and the A. N. P.'s held their first joint meeting, although the two societies have been running for over sixteen years. The Alpha Nu Pi boys certainly enjoyed the Clio program which was under the leadership of Miss Weakley. Plans for the play were also discussed. After the meeting the two societies adjourned to the lunch-room where a spread was prepared.



DOLAD NUN NOTES.

Bernard Newburger, president of the Dolad Nun, returned to school March 15th, after an illness of over three weeks, having had the small pox. His absence was felt in the society and we are glad to see him back.

"Resolved, That the United States is not maintaining a strict neutrality in the present situation" was debated on the affirmative by B. Kaufman and Oppenheimer, who convinced the judges their side of the question against the strenuous efforts of Sher and Putter on the negative. Oppenheimer received best speech, Kaufman getting honorable mention. Raffelock and Droher argued on the merits of "city life vs. country life," as far as pleasures are concerned, and with visions of swimming holes and five-foot fish the judges awarded the decision to Droher.

The following meetings were partially devoted to the discussion of political questions, especially those concerning Missouri. On these discussions Droher, Oppenheimer, Fishman, Berger, Kaufman, Liebling and Sheffel have presented the affirmative, Raffelock, Sher, Putter, Droher, Berenberg and Weiner, the negative. These programs were interesting and instructive, coupled with talks on various subjects of interest or humor.

We have many new members who have already felt and are showing the true Dolad Nun spirit, that of industrious, intelligent, honest work, combined with the feeling of true, liberal friendship and brotherhood.

Heard in Ancient History.

Miss Wells—"What happened when a certain Roman youth disobeyed his father's command in the army?"

Simp—"He was shot."



CICERONIAN NOTES.

On Feb. 26th, John Hall and George Trapp were welcomed into the society. Scott introduced the "Literary Test Act for Immigrants," and there were some excellent speeches made by different members of the society.

March 5—The question, "Child Labor and Illiteracy" was discussed by Shull and Harroun, and Stewart and Nash.

On March 12th, Voss read an extensive and learned debate on the "Minimum Wage Law," in fact it was so extensive that the society decided that it would be inhuman to allow Ozenberger to read the remainder of the debate for the negative. The society was also entertained by some selections on a rubber band under the masterly direction of Oliver Goerman during the intermissions.



THE ARISTOTELIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Aristotelian Literary Society met in room 5. The meetings were held with a great deal of spirit. The society has settled down to hard work and the future is very hopeful. The programs and business that were transacted are as follows:

Feb. 26, 1915—The meeting was called to order by President Haber, and as there was no business to be transacted, the society went on with the program. The program was, "Resolved, That through appropriate legislation a system of minimum wage should be put in operation in the United States." The affirmative, upheld by Finnerty and Bird, defeated Haber and Innis, on the negative. Finnerty received best speech and Haber honorable mention. Mr. Denning gave a short talk on the debate. There were two other features on the program, but as the debaters took up too much time, the society adjourned.

March 5, 1915—The meeting was called to order by President Haber. There was a short discussion and final arrangement made for the party to be held at Miss Robinson's home that evening. The society then adjourned.

March 12, 1915—The meeting was called to order by President Haber. The society elected the debating team to represent them in the debate. The following were elected: Ray Finnerty, Joe Caughlan, Price Combs. The program was then given. Debate, "Resolved, That there are greater men living than dead." The affirmative was upheld by Van Murchie and Warrington, and were defeated by the negative, upheld by Young and Walton. Young received best speech and Walton honorable mention. Current events were reviewed by Bird; jokes were given by Dan McMillan. The society then adjourned.

The society has prospects of a great future.

Aristotelian-Philomathian Party.

The Aristotelian and Philomathian Literary Societies held a joint party at the home of Miss E. M. Robinson, Friday night, Feb. 6, '15. "Pit," "Peter Coddle" and several other games were played, followed by refreshments. Those present were Mr. and Mrs. F. O. Touton, Mr. and Mrs. R. L. Denning, Misses Ethel Walters, Hallie Tomlinson, Bertie Tomlinson, Jeanette Baily, Irene Stripe, Helen DoBendo, Rhea Nelson, Anise Wall, Lucille Smith, Marie McMacken, Ethel Umbanhowe, Inez Limbaugh, Lenora Gumbert, Marguerite Repple, Ada Hagmeier. Messrs. Dan McMullen, Lon Warrington, William Haber, Norman Goethly, Everett Innis, Ralph Bird, Ray Finnerty, Harry Johnston, Robert Rosenfield, Dean Braucher, Ronnie Schuder, Roy Kenney, Van Murchie, Price Combs, Joe Caughlan.

WEBSTERIAN SOCIETY.

Feb. 19, 1915—The Websterians met and had a very interesting debate, "Resolved, That the moving picture shows have a demoralizing effect upon society." The affirmative, Cobaugh and Daly, won from Dallas and Polk, of the negative. Daly was given best speech. Reynolds then gave some very interesting jokes, and Murphy gave sporting events.

Feb. 26, 1915—The Websterians met and had a very interesting debate, "Resolved, That soldiers in the navy undergo more hardships than soldiers in the army." Smith and Sandusky,

(Continued on page 15)



CLIO NOTES.

Feb. 19—We welcomed to Clio at this meeting Melba Hawkins, Elna Chambers, Caroline Hartwig and Marjorie Hansen. We had no literary program this week and after a short business meeting we adjourned to Mamie Strop's home, where we enjoyed a "spread." We had as our guests our new members and the A. N. P.'s.

Feb. 26—This week our program was devoted to extemporaneous speeches. Harriet Bell discussed "Why Girls Should Take 'Gym'"; Cecile Rhodes, "Uniform Dress in Public Schools"; Marion Schmitz, "Advantages of Co-education"; Ruth Buckland, "Advantages of the Movies"; Mamie Strop told of the advantages of a small school over a large one; Miss Neely read "The Turmoil" to us.

March 5—Louise Lacy was the leader and had as her subject the life of Leonardo de Vinci. Elaine Hurst and Margaret Wing were her assistants and described the paintings of this artist. Current events were discussed.

March 12—This week the Clios and A. N. P.'s had their programs together. Our part of the program was in charge of Janet Weakley, as leader, who talked of great musicians, taking as her subject Mac Dowell. Harriet Johnson and Agnes Neudorff, as her assistants, spoke of John McCormack and Fritz Kriesler. The leader had brought records of the music of the three composers which were played on the Victrola. After we had discussed the play which the societies are to give in April, we adjourned to the lunch-room where we enjoyed a splendid "spread," given by the A. N. P.'s.



DIANTHIAN NOTES.

On Feb. 19th, the Dianthians welcomed as new members Carol Whiteford, Eleanor Long, and Marie Lawson. Pauline Estes and Mildred Kaucher spoke extemporaneously on "Basketball in the afternoon," and "The advantages of Literary Societies."

The program of Feb. 26th, on Baroness Van Suttner, was led by Helen Nixon, who was assisted by Josephine Wells, Gladys Chase and Phoebe Buzard. Florence Buell gave an extemporaneous talk on "The High School Forum," and Leota Stout spoke on "The Lunch Room."

A Current Events program was given on March 5th. Marion Hunt discussed the "Mexican Revolution," and Anita Mann told about the "Opening of the Panama Exposition." Miss Sarah Wyeth, a graduate of Smith College, gave us a most interesting talk on school life there.

The program on March 12th was devoted entirely to extemporaneous speeches. Doris Kintner talked on "What Central High School needs most"; Agnes Miller discussed "The value of contests"; Julia Goetze gave an excellent talk on "Why more high school girls do not take 'gym'"; "The advantages of the record room" was given by Isabel Nelson, and Phoebe Buzard gave her ideas on "The value of book reports." Vestal Deffenbaugh concluded the program by discussing the advantages of the Domestic Science course. At this meeting the society had the pleasure of the company of two of its former members, Lucy Russell, '13, and Mary Burnett, '14.

Dianthian Orpheum Party.

On Feb. 19, the Dianthians gave a delightful Orpheum Theatre party for their new members and refreshments were later served at Bell's. The tables were decorated in George Washington colors and the places were marked with little hatchets. The party was chaperoned by Miss Elizabeth Bentley and Miss Edith Moss Rhoades. Everyone had a delightful time and this Orpheum party is to be classed with all the other Dianthian affairs of this year that will not soon be forgotten.



AGATHIAN NOTES.

During the past month the society has held very short sessions for the reason that the rehearsals for the play, "The Twig of Thorn," to be presented, have required much time.

Feb. 19—After a short business meeting, extemporary talks were given by the following:

(Continued on page 14)

LOCALS

Senior Class Statistics.

1. Marion Martin—Lawyer of the age.
2. Mildred Westover—Professional nose-powderer.
3. Philip Strop—Future St. Joseph editor(?).
4. Helen Nixon—Skinniest.
5. Rex Maupin—Class kid.
6. Julia Goetze—Will be a "suffragette."
7. Clyde Roberts—Future "Teddy."
8. Janette Burton—Class kidder.
9. Francis McGrath—Busiest man.
10. Norman Knight—Walking encyclopedia.
11. Vida Taylor—Champion long distance walker.
12. Preston Moss—Looks intelligent, but—
13. Doris Kintner—Man eater.
14. Eric Schroeder—Fancy dresser.
15. Mildred Pitts—Only level headed Senior.
16. Lou Ann Preston—Chief cook.
17. Bennie Putter—Noted chemist of 1925.
18. Russell Cox—Nightingale.
19. Clive Newcombe—Tragic actor of tomorrow.

So far this month only one auditorium meeting has been called, that was when the Japanese spoke. It was unusually interesting for many reasons, and he showed great skill in having mastered our difficult language. He gave us a vivid idea of the Japanese people, their customs, education and government.

Miss Spencer has returned to our midst after an absence of several months. She takes the place of Miss Summy, who was compelled to leave on account of illness.

The basket-ball season ended with the Omaha game Saturday night, the 20th of March, and now track is next. When track time comes it seems as if the end of school is almost here.

Cheer up, there is something coming worth while. Watch for April 16th, and everybody save your quarters.

First Simp—"What is it that looks like a dog, barks like a dog, but isn't a dog?"

Second Simp—"A pup."—Exit.

An Irishman once had a can of beer under his coat when he met a preacher. The preacher inquired of his friend what he had under his coat.

The Irishman thought a minute and anxiously replied: "A can-ser."

Friday, the 12th, the Clio and A. N. P. societies had a joint meeting. After the programs all journeyed to the lunch-room, so you can imagine the rest. The colors, green and white, were carried out in the serving—you see St. Patrick's day was not far off. The spread was surely fine and everyone had a scrumptious time.

Pat and Mike had been coming to work late for several mornings, so the boss threatened to fire them if it continued. They bought an alarm clock and it served its purpose for several mornings; then the clock failed to go off, consequently Pat and Mike were fired. They decided to find out the cause for the clock's negligence, so opened it up and discovered a dead cock-roach inside; then Pat exclaimed, "Sure, no wonder the blamed thing didn't shoot, begolly the engineer's deat."

First Nut—"If you were in a cyclone and were blown on the top of a church steeple and a goose were blown into your arms, how would you get down without descending?"

Second Nut—"Why, pick it off the goose."

Freshman—"Billy had a date last night, but he let the gas met-er."

Senior—"That's nothing. I had a date last night, but I let the electric light met-er—isn't that shocking?"

Miss Sanford (addressing the boys)—"Now, begin at 'How I love you,' and sing straight through."

(General uproar.)

Miss Sanford—"Well, that is the only way I can tell you."

Senior—"It's all over the school!"

Freshie (excitedly)—"What is?"

Senior (calmly)—"The roof, little one."—Ex.

ATHLETICS

Tarkio Game—21-23.

According to schedule, Coach Moyer took the team down to Tarkio, following their defeat here, and battle was given on the Tarkio grounds. Our team had left home at 4:00 and had been delayed by a wreck at Nodaway. Finally arriving at Tarkio at about 8:00 it was a marathon to get a bite to eat and get to the gym. Playing in a cramped gym with a greatly "improved" team it is small wonder that we did not lose by a greater score. As it was we played an even game. When the whistle blew we agreed to play for the next two points. We lost them and with them the game—23 to 21. Considering a tired team, a low ceiling skating rink in which the game was played, and a new center for Tarkio, who could out jump Spratt 9 out of 10 times, it seems no disgrace to have lost the game.

Kansas City, Kas.—52-26.

Our team revived after the Tarkio game and took in Kansas City, Kan. The score of the Kansans was evenly doubled by our athletes. The Kansans went to pieces early in the game, and after that they never had a chance. Their best player made nine fowls during the game. The team had been very confident owing to recent victories, but were somewhat taken down. One Kansan was heard to remark before the game that if St. Joe won he would walk home. He was seen later with the other disgruntled Jayhawkers buying a return trip ticket.

Leavenworth—24-32.

Another game was lost away from home to Leavenworth. It was played in a cramped gym, besides which other things combined to lose the game. Nevertheless Voss and Light put up incomparable games; Voss, especially, whom Moyer compared to a whirlwind.

Olive Street—41-29.

This was a purely practice game and we could have had a larger score against the S. S. L. top-notchers, but the fellows tried a great

many new passes and never tried to shoot baskets.

A few nights ago the second team might have been seen getting off the interurban at about 12 o'clock at night. From their exuberant talk I gathered that they had just trounced DeKalb and had now come home to paint the town red, green, etc.

W. H. S., '16.

At the next auditorium meeting, request Miss Sanford to sing her new version of "Dixie."

A Shakespeare Wedding.

Answers to last month's questions:

1. Romeo and Juliet.
2. Twelfth Night.
3. Two Gentlemen from Verona.
4. A Lover's Complaint.
5. King Lear.
6. The Tempest.
7. Timon of Athens.
8. The Merry Wives of Windsor.
9. As You Like It.
10. A Winter's Tale.
11. Measure for Measure.
12. Love's Labour Lost.
13. A Midsummer's Night Dream.
14. Hamlet.
15. The Merchant of Venice.
16. The Taming of the Shrew.
17. Much Ado About Nothing.
18. Comedy of Errors.

AGATHIAN NOTES.

(Continued from page 12)

Hester Murray gave "Once I Saw, or Thought I Saw, a Ghost"; Edith Curtis, "Even Great Men Seem to Have Some Faults"; Margaret Carmen, "Novel Readers Seem to be Increasing."

March 5—At this meeting Clara Bell Schencker discussed "The Lunch Room"; Alice Campbell talked on "Passing Through the Hall."

March 12—On this date we convened only for a business session.

ATHENIAN SOCIETY.

Feb. 19—A delightful program was given which consisted of a piano solo by Nellie Rogers, a dialogue by Mamie Crum and Masie Jacobson, a duet by Florence and Edith Roeder, and a piano solo by Erma Salter.

The program on Feb. 26th was devoted to story telling and jokes. Elizabeth Nelson told a Grecian myth, Hazel Hawkins an Arabian myth, Le Veta Awalt a French story, Mildred Russel an old Norse tale, Ruth King a modern story, and Gertrude Allen gave jokes.

A miscellaneous program was given March 5th, which consisted of a recitation by Lillian Cavey, a reading by Margret Wilson, current events by Priscilla Wilson, vocal solo by Caroline Reents, and a recitation by Mildred Long.

March 12—The society gave a luncheon Friday afternoon in the lunch-room.

WEBSTERIAN SOCIETY.

(Continued from page 11)

of the negative, won from Koch and Myser, of the affirmative. Jokes by Bullock and sporting events by Welty.

March 5, 1915—Websterians met and had a very interesting debate, "Resolved, That newspaper editors influence the people more than any other agencies." Eichelberger and Fine, of the affirmative, won from Karpf and Houck, of the negative. Current events by Curtiss and jokes by Biles.

March 12, 1915—The Websterians met and had a very interesting program, consisting of a debate, "Resolved, That presidents should have one term of six years." Reynolds and Paschal, of the negative, won from Murphy and Murtchie, of the affirmative. We then had a description of a great battle by Logan.

PHILOMATHIAN NOTES.

The following program was given at the Philomathian society Feb. 19th: "The Life of Washington," Rhea Nelson, "Service to United States," Katherine White; "Anecdote," Pearl Pryor; and Jeanette Daly related current events.

Feb. 26—The study of French Dramatists was continued at this meeting. Inez Linebaugh told of "The Life of Rostand." Sketch of "The Eaglet" was read by Louise Trapp. Helen Do Bendo gave current events. An extemporaneous talk was given by Hallie Tomlinson.

On March 5th the following program was given: "Life of Robindranath Tagore," Alice Edson; Miss Kearney read "Crescent Moon";

Mary McMachen read "The Gardener"; Marguerite Repple gave current events.

The Philomathian and Aristotelian societies held a joint party at the home of Miss Ella Robinson the evening of March 5th. The society is contemplating many more good times.

March 12—At this meeting we studied about Maurice Maeterlinck. Lida Miller told of his life; Ethel Umbanhowar told the story of Blue Bird; impromptu speech, Irene Stripe; Hallie Tomlinson told current events.

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SCHOOL NOTES

SENIOR NOTES.

The last month has been the busiest yet, but the worst is yet to come. Editor Toel has given out the plums and the annual is fast advancing to completeness. Eric Schroeder and Russell Cox are now the jokes of the class.

The invitations chosen are very handsome, but they will cost some of these popular people quite a few sheckels at $7\frac{1}{2}$ cents per.

The cap and gown may be all right, but they do not appeal to the class.

The committee appointed by President McGrath to investigate plays for class night is hard at work and several light operas are under consideration. There is plenty of material in the class to put on a fine musical play.

At the last meeting plans were discussed for having a joint Senior-Junior party. This will be very acceptable for we have not had a good party since the Junior-Senior party a year ago.

Nearly the entire class have ventured down on Ninth and Francis and watched in vain for the little bird that comes from the camera and all have succeeded in getting shot at or half shot about five times. Some of these important people have had their picture taken four or five times, for instance, one of the school jokes.

It is certain that the impending A. N. P.-Clio play will contain many Seniors who will put on a creditable appearance.

I wonder how many Seniors have paid their dues? Roberts says, not many!

JUNIOR NOTES.

In accordance with the idea that silence is golden, the Junior class has not raised its voice in protest or otherwise for some time; thinking, no doubt, that this is the Senior's time to howl.

LOVE IS NIGHT.

Now, let us make our goal so far, beyond,
above,
What er'e is ruled by hate and guided not by
gain,
That we by wealth and power nor all material
fain,
Cannot be led to do what seems almost insane.

For what is really gain, no matter of its size,
Is by a greater power won, who never sleeps
or dies.

Nor doth the lusts of man er'e good to man-
kind bring,

But rather all that falls and ends in death's
own sting.

'Tis he who does the good to mankind, great
and small,

Whose name with love we praise and ne'er will
let it fall,

Who thinks less of himself, his power and his
fame,

The man who does the good, yes he has won
the name.

'Tis easy for a man with guns and swords to
fight,

But great and honored is the man who strug-
gles to do what's right!

'Tis easy to let our thoughts become enraged
and mad,

But, lo, when all is done, how pitiful and sad,
To look on works of vengeance and agitated
wrath,

Which found its way to hell by the wide, not
narrow, path.

Oh, how the name of a king in all our hearts
would beat,

Who would end all strife, at any rate, to shoe
the Peasants' feet;

For in the name of truth and under God's great
eye,

What can the strength of man secure or even
try to buy?

—Loretta Mack.

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DEPARTMENTS

CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT.

The work in chemistry for the last month dealt chiefly with carbon, and the first experiment concerning this substance was the destructive distillation of wood and of coal. This simply means that the wood and coal were heated away from air so that instead of burning they decomposed into carbon and certain volatile substances which passed off and were then condensed, the result of this distillation being that the wood—as wood—was destroyed and likewise was the coal. In both cases an inflammable gas, a weak acid and creosote were formed, and the coal gave tar in addition to these. Illuminating gas is produced in this way from coal, and formerly in England it was produced from wood. An almost infinite number of other substances are also produced from coal; among them are asphalt, carbolic acid, many brilliant dyes, countless varieties of drugs and such things as creolin and kresol dip. Coke, or the carbon remaining after the destructive distillation of coal, is used as a fuel and in the extraction of metals from their ores, as illustrated in the next experiment.

In this experiment a small quantity of copper oxide was heated with some charcoal, the result being that the charcoal combined with the oxygen from the copper, forming a gas known as carbon-dioxide, and leaving behind the pure copper. Since the ores of most metals consist largely of the oxides of the metal, the fundamental operation in the process of extraction is to heat the ore with coke. Charcoal, the result of the destructive distillation of wood, may be also used for a fuel and filtering water. A much more effective substance for use as a filter is boneblack, a fine, granular, exceedingly porous form of carbon produced by the destructive distillation of bones. Boneblack will decolorize vinegar and solutions of crude sugar—which latter is its chief practical use—and will also often remove offensive odors from a solution.

The next experiment consisted of the preparation and the study of the properties of carbon dioxide; the gas which forms a part of the exhaled air and results from the combustion of carbon. It was prepared by the action of hydrochloric acid on marble chips, and it was found that it was a colorless gas, heavier than air, having no odor and was a

non-supporter of combustion. In fact, carbon dioxide is the substance that gives the characteristic effervescence to soda, or carbonated water, which is simply water in which carbon-dioxide has been dissolved under pressure. On removing the pressure the gas appears in small bubbles, that is, the liquid effervesces. The action of fire-extinguishers also generally depends on the sudden generation of carbon-dioxide, the chemicals for its formation being kept separate until the extinguisher is inverted, the expanding gas then forcing out the liquid contents and itself aiding in extinguishing the fire. Certain forms of chemical fire-engines produce simply carbon-dioxide, which since it is heavier than air, may be used in the same manner as water to put out a fire where water would do damage.

In the last experiment the subject of hard waters was studied, and it was found that there were two kinds, temporary and permanent, both due to the presence of a calcium or magnesium compound. The former could be softened by boiling or adding lime-water, while the latter could not, and their effect consisted in the formation of an insoluble compound with the soap, so that suds could not be formed until the soap had taken up all the compound which caused the hardness. N. L. K., '15

MATHEMATICS.

The Mathematics Department is trying to adjust itself to the big bunch of Freshmen up from the Annex. They are lively, wide-awake youngsters. The teachers must be on the move to keep up with the fire of questions from these future mathematical geniuses. For of course there are some future great thinkers in the crowd.

Throughout the school mathematics is growing more popular. The pupils no longer feel it a bugbear; instead, a great many are electing it in their Senior year, when it is no longer required. When one realizes that in this day of science and invention mathematics is the foundation of all higher scientific or mechanical work, it is a hopeful sign that so many in St. Joseph are getting the right foundation. Perhaps some of them may go on and do the great work of the next generation.

At any rate—Vive la mathematique.

Historical Note.

It is remarkable that the discovery of Logarithms occurred so timely, for this great machine of computation was invented by Napier at the beginning of the seventeenth century, just in time to aid the new work in astronomy and navigation; Galileo had devised the telescope and Kepler was ready to calculate the orbits of the planets. It is also remarkable that Napier worked out the principle of Logarithms without the use of exponents, and this peculiar method, which is too complex to be explained here, produced tables quite different from those now in use. As soon as Napier's great work on Logarithms was published, Henry Briggs, a teacher in Gresham College, London, hastened to visit Napier, and suggested the advantages of the base 10, and thus laid the foundation of our tables of common Logarithms.

John Napier, also known as the Baron of Merchiston, was a Scotchman, born in 1550, and published his work on Logarithms in 1614, only three years before his death. The modesty and simplicity of the great Scottish philosopher is shown by his attitude toward Briggs, for when informed that the latter had been obliged to postpone his promised visit, Napier regretfully replied, "Ah, Mr. Briggs will not come."

Napier's discovery, whose importance is not exaggerated by the claim that "it doubled the life of the astronomer by shortening his labor," followed immediately upon the general acceptance of the Hindoo notation and the introduction by Stevin of decimal fractions. Thus, the seventeenth century saw the perfection of the three greatest instruments of modern calculation, the Hindoo notation, decimal fractions, and Logarithms.—From Young & Jackson's Algebra.

HISTORY DEPARTMENT.

The classes studying United States History are taking up a systematic work in newspaper clippings. Anything mentioned in the newspapers pertaining to their work they cut out and save for future use.

The Senior Civics class is making a study of the different offices and boards of the city. Each student serves on a board and also has an office.

Miss Spencer has taken Miss Summy's work in History.

All classes are making an extended study of current events.

COMMERCIAL NOTES.

This department has been doing good work during the last two months.

Elvera Larson has left school to take up a position at Bradstreet's. Calls are coming in quite frequently for young men and women willing to fill positions.

The four Commercial Geography classes have been studying products. With the aid of a large number of specimens the work has been made not only instructive, but very interesting. Soon these classes will begin their trips through the various industries in St. Joseph and the experience of last year has shown what interest is centered around these trips.

The new classes in Office Training and Business English have been kept busy, and it's remarkable how much these Seniors can learn in Grammar and Spelling.

Mr. Hanks reports unusual interest in Penmanship work this term. There are now 111 students enrolled in Penmanship. There is one pretty large class of 57. Some of the advanced students are working diligently for the "Palmer Certificate of Efficiency."

Miss Goddard was absent several days on account of sickness.

"THE REASON" OF PROF. TOUTON'S FORD.

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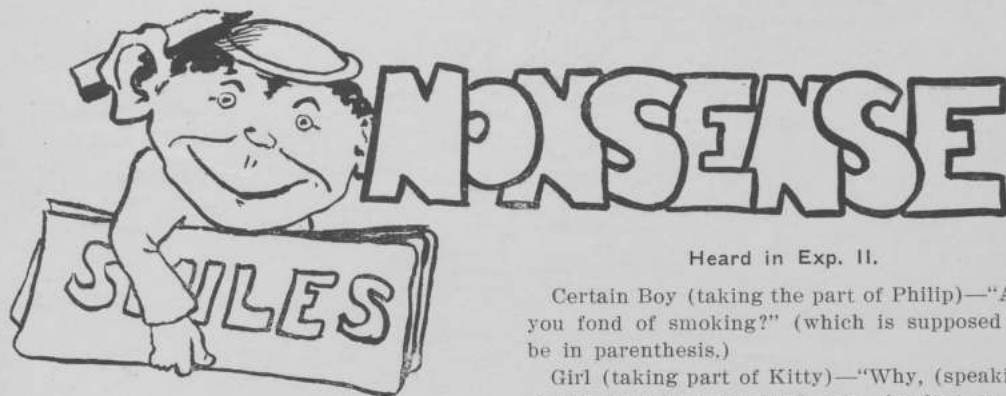
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Heard in Exp. II.

Certain Boy (taking the part of Philip)—"Are you fond of smoking?" (which is supposed to be in parenthesis.)

Girl (taking part of Kitty)—"Why, (speaking of the last line she had) yes, the last one I had was just fine."

Senior—"Did you hear how a man turned into wood?"

Junior—"No, how was it?"

Senior—"Well, the man ascended the gang-plank of the ship and then he was a board."

Junior—"That's true, but do you know how a dumb girl learned to talk in a minute?"

Senior—"No, how did she?"

Junior—"Well, she went into a cycle shop and picked up a wheel and spoke."—Ex.

Father—"House rent makes the money fly."

Son—"Also the house. I've seen many a house fly."

Father—"Is that so? I thought nothing about the house, but the chimney flue."

First Sub—"My dog took first prize at the cat show."

Second Sub—"How's that?"

First Sub—"He took the cat."

Little German—"Say, ma, are all the French angels?"

Ma—"No, son, what makes you ask?"

L. G.—"It was because the newspaper said that our troops had beaten the French's left wing."

Miss Jensen (speaking to one of her pupils)—"Selfs have diphtheria on the corner."

(Inferring that Selfs were block-heads, I guess.)

Teacher—"Joe, what are the prime factors of 6?"

Joe (after trying 3x3 and 2 squared)—"Search me, if I know."

"Pshaw!" she exclaimed, impatiently. "I'm sure we'll miss the first act. We've waited a good many minutes for that mother of mine."

"Hours, I should say," he retorted, rather crossly.

"Ours? Oh, George!" she cried, and laid her blushing cheek upon his shirt front.—Ex.

M. Feltenstein

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