

# FORUM

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*May, 1915*

*The Girl Graduate.*

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# HIGH SCHOOL FORUM

VOLUME XVI

ST. JOSEPH, MO., MAY, 1915

NUMBER 8



## STORIES

### Seniors

It is only when one has graduated, left forever the joys, relations and acquaintances of high school that he realizes the pleasures and the delightful atmosphere of that place.

Grammar school was a big place to me while I was going there. I knew all the fellows and the teachers; there was a home-like feeling. After my eighth year it became my time to leave for a higher institution of learning. High school seemed a cold, distant, dreary place, knowing but few students, the building being strange, the teachers new. How good it felt when I went back to my school for a visit. It was like coming back home from a foreign land, it was so warm and cheerful. I felt as one feels after being out for a long time in a cold, bleak, stormy night, when the wind blows fearfully, sending the snow under your collar and then arriving home, the lights burning cheerfully, a glowing warmth from the fire which envelopes you warmly and soothingly. How good it is! That is the feeling I had upon coming back to my school.

Now we Seniors are leaving Central High School—some to go to a higher body of learning, some to the highest school—the world. But wherever we go, no matter how happy or dreary our high school days have been, we will miss them. We bemoan the few days left of school, eager to get out and then we long again for the days we so grudged away.

We ought to live in the present and appreciate our conditions. I don't believe you Seniors

honestly know how important you are. You don't know how much you are envied and really you don't appreciate how much pleasure you are getting.

The bell rings and you are told to go to the study-hall—a meeting for the Seniors. Lazily you pick up your books and walk out. Maybe you don't remember, but I do, how when being an underclassman, I would hear the announcement and see the mighty Seniors leave for a confab. "How good it must be to be a Senior," thought I. My heart would beat faster with anticipation and I would add a more solid foundation to my ambitious dream castle—some day, after working hard, I would be a Senior. I, too, would be called to the auditorium for Seniors only; I would learn then what that mysterious announcement on the bulletin-board meant, "Seniors, hand in your statistics." I, too, would be told "to pay those dollars."

These things are all magic to the underclassmen. They are intended only for the Gods; it is a celestial light towards which they must work hard to arrive, when they, too, will be rewarded with the solution of these riddles and be able to walk proudly on clouds distinguished from the admiring to-be-Seniors.

There is nothing more wonderful in our life at the present than these closing weeks. Do you realize how delightfully busy we are with examinations, Senior play, annual, commence-

(Continued on Page 8)



## Captain Kielson and the Giant Crinoids

(Continued from Last Issue)

"Well," continued Captain Kielson, "it was while I was scrambling up this stony hillside that there came the first incident in a series of incidents that ended with an accident—an accident which very nearly cost me my life. I noticed several times a sort of reddish flash in the water ahead of me, but I imagined that it was my own light reflected from colored crystals in the rocks. And yet it lasted too long to be a mere momentary reflection; it waxed and then waned, like a glow-worm. In order to satisfy myself, I put out my light. The darkness was so deep by comparison that I felt as if I had been blinded; it seemed to press in like something soft and fluffy, as it would be if one were buried in swansdown. Then I saw the light again, an expanding blood-red glow that spread slowly, paused, and then as slowly contracted and vanished. For a few moments there was nothing. And then it came once more....and vanished. It kept this up regularly, like something breathing. I must have stood and watched it for some time.

"Then there came a sudden outburst of light; the glow appeared and grew as before, and then instead of dwindling and disappearing it kept on growing. I saw that it was farther away than I had supposed, for the uneven edge of the ridge came out against it in inky relief. It was like a red moonrise. Then I saw something that made me look more closely; the glow developed a streaming, rolling movement within itself, a movement like rolling smoke, like rolling smoke lit by a fire.

"I began to run stumblingly up the slope so that I might get a nearer view of this. And then came a thing so astounding that I stopped like one electrocuted. A tongue of flame leaped above the ridge among the rolling clouds, flickered for a moment, and then died down. Then it came again, then another, then many more, curling and fluttering like long hair blown by the wind. Then with startling abruptness this line of fire dropped down behind the skyline and the redlit clouds boiled up in greater volumes. And mingling with these clouds were swirling swarms of sparks.

"I suddenly came out of my rigor and began running toward the light again, my mind in a whirl. I knew that you could not have fire and smoke at the bottom of the sea, and yet—there it was! I felt stunned.

"I panted at last over the top of the ridge and I saw—I saw—

"It wasn't fire.

"Do you know what a crinoid is?"

"I think I do," I answered cautiously; "it's a kind of sea-animal shaped like a lily."

"That's it" responded the Captain; "like a lily, a long-stemmed lily. Only, where the lily has a cup of petals the crinoid has a flaring crown on tentacles, with a mouth in the center.

"Now, you see I was standing at the top of a sort of divide and looking down into the valley below, and covering the hillside which fell away from my feet and climbing up the slope on the other side, and extending up and down the valley for as far as I could see, was a forest of gigantic crinoids, each shining with brilliant crimson phosphorescence. It wasn't a steady light. A sort of band of darkness would appear at the base of a stalk, travel slowly up it, and run out to the tips of the tentacles; then it would begin all over again. They swayed gently on their seventy-foot stems and their tentacles kept up a deliberate furling and unfurling movement, like languidly grasping hands. Several were closed up like buds, and once I saw one stretch up on its stalk and grab at something which circled wildly above it as a moth does about a lamp."

"Yes! Yes!" I said impatiently, "but the fire, the sparks!"

"I'm coming to that," said Captain Kielson. "You see this forest didn't extend all the way up to the crest of the ridge, only about two-thirds of the distance; but standing apart from it, and therefore nearer the top of the rise, was a cluster of five or six crinoids. I had seen their lashing tentacles while coming up the other side and taken them for flames, as I've told you. For this particular group, in contrast with the sluggish motions of all the other crinoids in sight, was in a state of violent commotion owing to the struggle which was going on in their midst. I saw that here was the end of the trail. One of the crinoids had bent over and was gripping something on the ground; something big and ferocious that poured forth boiling clouds of stuff like smoke, lit red by the crinoids; something that struck and clawed desperately with two long, limber arms, shredding its captor's shining flesh into flakes and rags that eddied up with the smoke;

something that tore at the ground, kicking up a litter of stuff that I at the time took to be sticks; something that bore a remarkable resemblance to the thing I had been chasing, and, in fact, it was.

"Then I did a foolish thing. I decided to go down among the crinoids and see what they looked like close to. I started down the slope. Something crushed and crunched beneath my feet. I looked down. Bones! Fish-bones mostly, but in one place I saw a human skull and several ribs. They were all around me, pecks of them, bushels of them—yes, tons of them, for the more I looked the more I saw. Wherever there were crinoids was the same sinister pavement. But nowhere did I see an entire skeleton; every bone, down to the smallest, was separate; the digestive juices of the crinoids did their work thoroughly.

"Something among the bones glared like an angry red eye. I stooped and picked it up. It was a brilliant cut jewel. On account of the red light I was unable to tell whether it was a diamond or a ruby, but at any rate it was a jewel. Naturally I became interested. I walked forward, turning over the bones with my feet, and in a few minutes I had uncovered another one. Then I came across something not quite so pleasant. It was some more human remains—a cluster of skulls and several pelvic bones, mingled with a great number of ribs and phalanges. Some distance away, down a vista of ruby stems, I saw the hull of a ship; an old-fashioned oil-burner, judging from the build. That accounted for the presence of human bones. Suddenly I saw, with a horrible thrill, that one of the skulls was regarding me steadily with a glaring bloodshot eye. It was only a momentary scare, however, for I recognized it for what it was—another jewel, resting in the eye-socket.

"I stepped forward to pick it up. Suddenly something gave way under me and one foot plunged into a hole. I partially lost my balance, and staggering backward, I collided with something soft and rubbery. I dodged instinctively, tripped, and fell on my side. Looking up, I saw the outspread tentacles of a crinoid sweeping down upon me like an enormous hungry hand. I had blundered against its stem.

"I made a frantic effort to get up and run. I succeeded in rising to my feet. Then it had me! It didn't get a very good hold on me though; one tentacle gripped me by the legs and the others bunched up into a sort of fist. The hand had me in the crook of one finger, so to speak. I was appalled at the power of the

thing; it felt as if a steel hawser was tightening around my legs. The tentacle was fully as thick as a man's thigh. You remember that I had my harpoon with me, and I stabbed and gouged furiously with it. The crinoid did not seem to feel my blows at first, and hung on as if it had grown fast to me. It was jab—wrench—slice—jerk—heave—thud—a struggle that I felt would continue forever, and then all at once it let go! I had been straining with all my might to get loose, so that when the resistance gave way I went down like a shot. The back of my helmet struck something hard with great violence and I heard a smash, but I didn't pay much attention to it. For a second time I rose to my feet. Then it seemed as if the crimson forest around me was suddenly blotted out; instead, I was looking out on a jet-black sky powdered over with innumerable scarlet stars. I had a queer rigid feeling all over, as if my joints were frozen. I felt as if I were floating upward.....

"Then I realized what had happened. The crinoid had nabbed me again and now I was swathed, embedded, buried in its voluminous tentacles. Its flesh was pressed close against my window, so I could distinctly see the little, close-set, phosphorescent, light-cells scattered through its skin. These were what I had taken for stars. I could not move except for a slight freedom of motion within my armor; otherwise I might as well have been buried in concrete. I knew, through a sort of indefinable sixth sense, that the crinoid had lifted me off the ground and was slowly rocking on its stem.

"I don't think it occurred to me to be very much frightened just then. The first thing I tried to do was to get in communication with the 'Narwhal' through my radiophone. It wouldn't work. Then I remembered the smash I had heard when I fell; evidently the radiator had been crushed. This discovery rather upset me for a few moments until I saw that there was nothing to prevent others from following the same trail I had followed. They were sure to come pretty soon, for you remember I saw three fellows come out through the broken wall just before I went down into that canyon. Then another idea struck me—What if they did come? Would they realize what had happened to me? And if they did, how could they tell which crinoid it was that had me? There were hundreds of other crinoids that, having recently captured something, were closed up into the same bud-like form. And then, like a blow in the face, came the realization that there **was** something to prevent anyone from

following the same trail I had followed. In following the trail myself I would have riled the water so that it would be all diffused. Besides, I had passed over no ground that was soft enough to receive foot-prints; it had all been either firm-packed sand or shingle and gravel. I guess you can understand why I now became more than uneasy; I felt pale all over and clear through. For all this time there had been a thought in the back of my mind, trying to attract my attention, so to speak, and I had persistently ignored it. Now I was compelled to face it. That thought was the possibility—yes, the probability—of suffocation. You see, in those days artificial gills had not yet been thought of, and a diver had to carry a supply of liquid oxygen, sufficient for ten or twelve hours, in a 'doughnut-tank' around his waist. My own tank had not been charged since the day before and I was certain that there was not enough in it to last over half an hour. Of course, being clad in armor and therefore indigestible to the crinoid, it would have released me within a day or so, but by that time I would not have been very greatly concerned whether it did or not. And then began the most terrible part of my experience.

"The worst thing about it was my inability to move. I felt that I was clamped down on all sides by an overpowering, inexorable, inhumanly passionless force. I was possessed of an insane desire to free myself. Only once before in my life have I felt such fear, and that was when I was about thirteen; I was playing hide-and-seek, crawled under the barn, and got stuck. I think it must have been nearly a quarter of an hour before anyone heard me, and in the meanwhile I died seven times over. I felt just the same sort of frenzied terror when the crinoid had me. It's a wonder I wasn't a glibbering idiot before it let me go."

"Oh, it did let you go, then," I said in a relieved tone, and immediately realized what a ridiculous thing I had said.

"Oh, yes, it let me go all right," replied Captain Kielson, "but not voluntarily. It happened rather suddenly. One moment I was shouting frantically inside my helmet and desperately endeavoring to break the remorseless grip that held me, and the next I found myself free and falling through the water. There was a dazzling glare of white light coming from somewhere. This impression lasted only a moment, for just then I struck the ground, head-first. For a minute or so I was stunned; then I rolled over and sat up—but not without some difficulty on account of the loose pavement of

bones on which I had fallen. I found myself looking up the slope down which I had come a short time before. In one place the crest of the ridge was silhouetted against a pale white glow, and heaving up blackly against this light was the bulging hull of the 'Narwhal,' her ports gleaming like jewels. From her forward con-tower shot the diamond-white beam of her search-light, swinging slowly from side to side and up and down as it searched the sea-bottom like a great eye. It seemed to be directed especially at some point down the hillside behind me, so I turned and looked.

"Now, you understand that these crinoids had for ages grown down there on the ocean-floor in a darkness broken only by their own crimson phosphorescence, so that when the intense light of the 'Narwhal's' beam swept over them—they were levelled as a field of grain would be before a powerful jet of water. For an instant the light would reveal them as gesticulating, pallid shapes, the color of things preserved in spirits, and then they would fall, writhing and squirming like gigantic earth-worms, all their brilliance stricken from them save for a sullen red glow. Where a few minutes before there had been a forest of crimson luminosity there was now an expanse of prostrate crinoids, heaving and twisting like a stormy lake of metal at dull heat.

"I heard the sound of feet crunching rapidly over the bones behind me. I turned and looked up the slope again. Three armored figures were coming quickly down towards me; some distance behind and above them the 'Narwhal' was laying to with reversed propellers; the glow at the crest of the ridge had resolved itself into the beam of another submarine which was just lifting into view. And then suddenly it seemed as if I was looking at all this through a sort of window in an intensely black curtain; a window that grew smaller and smaller and dimmer and dimmer until finally it went out like a light that is turned off; I seemed to drop into a bottomless pit.

"When I regained consciousness I found myself in the divers' room of the 'Narwhal' with the helmet and upperworks of my armor removed and someone leaning over me, pressing the applicator of the Iota-Ray apparatus to my forehead. I was not very badly used up, only suffering from shock, and soon I was all right except for a slight shakiness and could listen while they told me what had happened. You remember that I saw three fellows come out through the smashed wall shortly after I set out; they saw me just as I was descending into

the canyon, and were never more than a quarter of a mile behind me at any time. Besides, when I had waited for that swarm of shrimp-things to pass me it gave them a chance to catch up a little.

"And as to those jewels that I found—"

Here Captain Kielson was again interrupted—a brazen gong from somewhere above shot forth a volley of clangs with startling suddenness; a magnaphone in the interior of the submarine overhead gave an inarticulate bellow; the loaded train of monorails gave a quavering treble wail and droned out. A voice from the 'Narwhal' shouted the Captain's name and from the complex tangle of girders and hanging bridges up under the ceiling of the lock-chamber a jointed metal ladder dropped clanking down behind him.

"Well," said Captain Kielson, preparing to ascend, "I'll have to leave you. Bona tango."

"Hold on a minute!" I exclaimed, "what about those jewels?"

Captain Kielson paused, his hand on the ladder, looked over his shoulder, and spoke from the corner of his mouth.

"Glass pendants from an electrolier!"

—N. L. K., '15.

#### Special to the Biology Department.

An amazing discovery has recently been made by the renowned Prof. Wierzkrodski of the University of Littlebitoff, which raised milkweed to a position of equal importance with wheat. He has discovered that when these two plants are cross-pollinated, a crop of cream-of-wheat is produced, and when milkweed and ordinary beans are grafted, butter-beans are the result. Also, that army beans may be changed to navy beans by growing them in salt water.

Furthermore, conducting research along slightly different lines, he has discovered that sapolio may be made from scouring-rushes, and that the cacti, instead of being plants, are animals, and should be classed with the vertebrates, since they all have spines.

He also records an interesting experiment in which he planted a dogwood tree and a pussy willow within three feet of each other, leading to disastrous results. (He saw the dogwood bark.)

—G. Ima Frieke, '15.

A marvel to be performed night of class night play—Loretta Mack to take part of a deaf and dumb lady.

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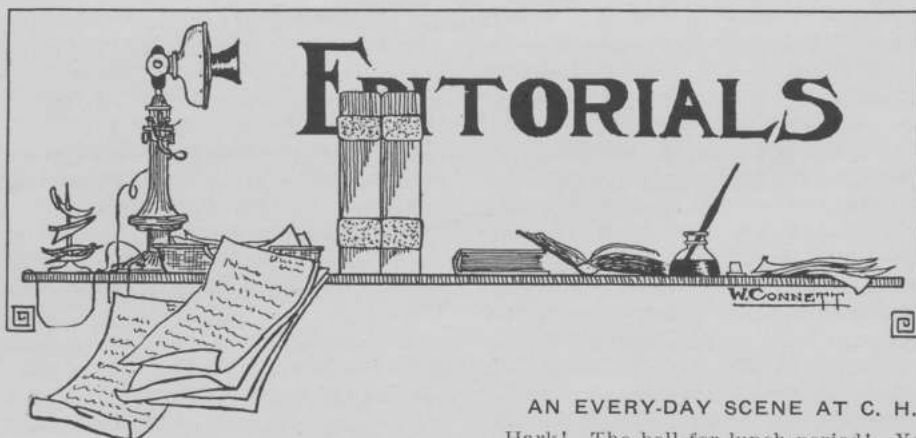
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## HIGH SCHOOL FORUM

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First Kid (on the penny-in-the-slot weighing-machine)—"Yah! I weigh more than you do!"

Second Kid (enviously)—"Aw, you wouldn't if you washed your face."—Ex.

### AN EVERY-DAY SCENE AT C. H. S.

Hark! The bell for lunch period! You grab your books and rush forth from your fifth hour class-room. Down the stairs they all go, the strong pushing aside the weak. Clearly it is not a case of "Ladies First."

Finally you find yourself descending the steps which lead to the window where we buy those precious little slips of paper called lunch-checks. You anxiously scan the line to find one on whom you wish to bestow the privilege of obtaining your jitney slips for you.

At last—there is a boy in your French class. You don't know him very well, but he's awfully nice looking, so you timidly thrust your three nickels in his hand, at the same time saying, "Three, please." Down the line can be heard other unfortunate buyers, "Two did you say?" "And you want fifteen cents back?" or "Let me see, twelve and three are fifteen."

After getting your checks you make a grand rush for the shelves (what term is more adequate?). Here they jostle and jam you while treading upon your pet corns. However, you come cut smilingly balancing a dish of chilli and a sandwich on one hand, with a plate of pie firmly clutched in the other.

You wend your way among the tables to the one which you deign to call "your table." On the way a girl (careless creature) comes crashing into you as she talks over her shoulder to one behind her. However, the chilli seems to be watched over by a guardian angel and you reach your seat without its demolishment.

You yell to the adjoining table that a little mustard would be the "hot stuff," whereupon it is passed to you. You cram a huge bite of sandwich into your mouth, at the same time passing the salt to an untiring mortal at the other end of the table, who never seems to have what she wants.



Crash! You look over in time to see Miss Ferguson scurrying to the scene of action. Oh, it's nothing; just one of those silly boys dropped and broke his soup-plate which drenched a fresh-looking sub on its downfall. You resume eating and calm reigns supreme.

Oh, my! What's that? The bell and you haven't eaten half your pie! You cram a great piece in your mouth while collecting your books and are away to your sixth hour period as happy and self-satisfied, feeling as though you had just dined at the Waldorf.

—R. M. S., '15.

#### 1915 Track Squad in Poetry(?)

Campbell's on the desert,  
Castle's on the Rhine;  
Martin is a song-bird,  
And Faucett runs divine.

"Brick" is in the sidewalk,  
And Varner's on the hop;  
Cash is in the register,  
And Schwein (swine) eats the slop.

Colt is in the pasture,  
Page is in the book;  
Bahr (bear) is in the mountains,  
And Newcombe kissed the cook.

"Booze" is in the bottle,  
Sellers salts the grub;  
Spratt he eats no fat;  
And Murphy is a "Sub."

With apologies to those whose names we have left out, and far deeper apologies to those whose names we have used. —The Author.

If Colon, Panama, was half destroyed by fire, wouldn't it then be called Semicolon?

#### BRIEF ESSAYS ON CHEMICAL SUBJECTS.

##### Boron.

The world's supply of Boron comes chiefly from Borneo, where many rich deposits of this substance have been found and numerous deep borings have been made. Boron also occurs in borax, the Aurora Borealis, and beards. In fact, a board is bored with ease or difficulty accordingly as it contains a greater or lesser amount of Boron. There is an interesting connection between borax, the Aurora Borealis, and the spots on the sun, which we will now proceed to explain.

Boron has the peculiar property of becoming luminous in the presence of, and being forcefully repelled by, the south pole of a magnet, while the north pole has no effect on it. Now, it is a well-known fact that the sun is a strongly magnetic body, and the earth revolving in space through the magnetic field of the sun acts like the armature of a dynamo, producing induced currents which flow around it along the equator from west to east, thus making the world into a huge electromagnet with north and south magnetic poles. When the spots on the sun undergo their periodic changes, it, together with the Precession of the Equinoxes, causes a temporary reversal of the earth's magnetic poles, so that the north pole becomes south, and at once all the Boron in the adjacent atmosphere—for Boron occurs in the atmosphere in an allotropic form known as "aerated Boron"—at once becomes luminous and is violently repelled in all directions, causing the appearance designated as the Aurora Borealis. While in the luminous state, Boron unites with the oxygen of the air to form boric oxide, commonly called borax. This latter falls to the ground as an invisible powder, producing the deposits found in nature.

## Graduates

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## SCHOOL NOTES

### SENIOR NOTES.

At last we are going to have a party—rain or shine. Miss Lou Ann Preston has kindly proffered the use of her home and grounds for a lawn party for the Juniors. The Junior-Senior party was held there last year and it was a big success. It is hoped that this one will be even more of a success. The only trouble is that there are so many boys who haven't nerve enough to ask a girl to go. The cost is small, the good times great, so what do you want for nothing?

At a recent auditorium meeting we were requested to turn in our grades to the principal. This struck fear in a good many hearts.

At any rate we are going to have our Baccalaureate Sermon at the First Baptist Church.

It is announced that the Juniors will give us a picnic on the 22nd of May. We all hope that the picnic will be as successful as the M. V. I. as to weather.

Every day down town you see boys and girls going along with bundles and boxes under their arms. These are supposed to be signs of a blossoming at the graduation exercises. It is hoped that all Seniors will exercise their judgment as to clothes and come in simple, sensible, sweet costumes.

The jokers, Cox and Schroeder, can be seen stopping in the halls and writing on pads. I suppose they are collecting the scholarly statements of our worthy understudies.

Bill Ritchie doesn't believe in having his picture taken, so 'about fifteen boys had better corral him and persuade him to visit Gist-Schultz by force, if not in gentle tones.

PAY THOSE DOLLARS.

### JUNIOR NOTES.

At the recent meetings of the Junior class an invitation was received and accepted for a lawn party to be given May 15th by the Seniors. Plans were also discussed for a Junior picnic, May 22nd, for the Seniors. It was decided to have this at Connett's farm.

Minnie Sanders and Leon Albus were elected as Senators from the class for next year.

We Juniors have enjoyed this first year of organization immensely. We are proud of the

record made by our fellow members, both in Athletics and in the Literary activities of the school, and are looking forward to a better senior year, if possible.

### SENATE NOTES.

In the meeting held April 17th, the Senate decided to have the trophy cups belonging to the school cleaned and lacquered and put in a down-town window to advertise the M. V. I. They also decided to see that the trackmen coming down here for the meet will be escorted from the station with machines.

Tuesday, May 4th, a special meeting was held, and tickets to the M. V. I. were distributed among the members to be disposed of before the meet.

May 11th, officers for the coming term were elected as follows: President, Dupuy Warrick; vice-president, Irwin McEwen; secretary, Janet Weakley; treasurer, Phoebe Buzard. This was the last meeting, having the Seniors present, but there will be one more meeting before school is out.

## Senoirs

(Continued from Page 1)

ment and many other things? These things sometimes joyful, sometimes sorrowful, are filling our cups so full with excitement, joy and youth that it is running over. Only after we are graduated will we mourn these wasted drops.

In a few days commencement will be over, then with the excitement, books, parties and so forth, over with, gone forever, as far as our high school days are concerned, we will realize our present pleasures and appreciate them.

Again we will see the familiar scenes that we know so well and—love so well. There is the bulletin board, blank forever for us now; the rooms, the teachers, the assembly hall, the lunch-room, the statues, all tenderly recalled by our memories. They will appear in a new light, a light more noble and tender, such as one feels towards the memory of a dear departed friend.

May we Seniors drink in these joys, get our fill of appreciation that we may have plenty happy scenes to revive in our memories as we shall want to do.

Let us then our souls well till

Full of pleasures, full of joy,

Thoughts of Central keep us still.

—1915.

#### Heard at Maryville:

"Score cards."

"Down in front."

"Speak up people, I can't read your minds."

"Hey, there, Constable."

"I can't see a thing."

"Everybody up."

"What was the time?"

"Chewing gum, peanuts, popcorn—"

"Everybody down."

"Goodness, I'm freezing."

"Are they doing anything?"

"I had fifteen hundred printed and only thirty sold."

"Off the roof, there."

This advertisement recently appeared in a western paper:

"Wanted—Someone to undertake the agency for a new patent medicine. We guarantee that it will be profitable to the undertaker."—Ex.

Traveling Salesman (to hotel-porter)—"Good morning, George. How are you feeling?"

George—"G'mornin', suh! I'se feelin' quite salubrious."

T. S.—"You don't look it."

G.—"Wh—wh—what?"

T. S.—"You look funny. You've got something, and I know what it is."

G. (tearfully)—"N—n—n—no suh! I ain't got nothin'. I feel pufficky all right."

T. S.—"Yes you have; you've got ancestors."

G.—"I—I—I—I—I ain't g—g—got 'em! I know I aint! I done been vaccinated yesterday!"

(Exit George.)

History Professor—"Why are the Middle Ages known as the Dark Ages?"

Wise Freshman—"Because there were so many knights."—Wisconsin Sphinx.

Mother—"What makes the baby cry so, Nettis?"

Small Nettis—"O, he got fussy because I tried to open his mouth with your glove stretcher."—Ex.

#### Brain Leaks.

If Britannica fell down in the trenches and got herself all dirty, would "Old Dutch Cleanser"?

If a man met a doctor, would there necessarily be a "Met-a-physician?"

If in the lumber yard ball game the tar pitched, would the brick-bat?

If a fellow were on the auditorium platform for the first time and his knees knocked, would his ear-ring.

If at the banquet after the track meet the molasses got a start on the run, would the tomato catsup?

If the soldiers in Europe began to dress up and comb their hair, would the gun-powder?

If Mr. Belden became angry and was in a hurry, would he use a "hurri-cane"?

If two physicians met each other on the street, would that be a "Par-a-dox"?

If the new broom sweeps the floor, will the old saw-dust the chairs?

If Billy is really crazy, will he be called a Billy(nut) Sunday? —Brainleaker.

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

The past month has been an extremely busy one as A. N. P. is drawing to the close of one of the most successful years in its history. Although we lost the inter-society debate by a very narrow margin, Strop of the A. N. P. team, won the W. K. James forensic medal, which honor is considered on par with that of winning the debate.

In the recent track activities, the members of A. N. P. have accredited themselves especially well, both at Columbia and in the M. V. I.

Plans have been laid for the annual A. N. P. picnic, which will be held in the near future, and will wind up the activities of the society for this year.

There will be a large number of Seniors leaving us at the end of this term, the loss of whom we will feel very keenly. However, far-reaching plans are under consideration for next year and we hope to make it even more successful than the past year has been.



#### DOLAD NUN NOTES.

The Dolad Nuns were the first society in Central to entertain their parents at one of their meetings. The affair was highly successful and the parents present expressed their delight and pleasure, satisfied with the work their sons were doing. The program was started by the Dolad Nun's victorious debating team—Kaufman, Weiner and Oppenheimer; I.

Goldman gave a chalk talk; B. Putter, oration; A. Berger, humorous declamation; W. H. Livers, address. D. Raffelock then announced that the society would adjourn to the cafeteria, where an extensive repast was served. The tables were decorated with red and white carnations. Sheffel, Droher, Binswanger and Raffelock prepared the feast.

The meetings this month have been devoted mostly to programs given by the new members, consisting of extemporaneous talks, debates and addresses. Sheffel and Weiner have been elected Senators for the next term.

The closing days of school are drawing near, when over one-half the faithful members will leave forever the active ranks of old D. N. It is with sorrow that they leave, but as with all things, time calls and many are the dear things we must leave. The Seniors have been very active in the Dolad Nun this year, also in all the school activities, and it is with well wishes and sorrow that they are bid good-bye.

The society plans to hold a farewell meeting in which all the Seniors will take part in a "star" program—the last time in the D. U.

The annual banquet at one of the leading hotels for members and alumni is being planned. This has been an annual affair for six years, where eats, talks and memories are participated in and enjoyed.

The Seniors bid farewell to Central High School and the Dolad Nun and hope that both may prosper and be successful. It is indeed with sorrow that we leave Mr. Livers, our director, who has done so much to develop and build us up as speakers and men.

#### PLATONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Platonian Literary Society met on April 16. No decision was given on the debate that the Panama Canal should be closed to all belligerent nations.

April 23—The regular meeting was canceled on account of the opening of the base-ball season.



April 30—Arrangements were made for a picnic to be held at the lake on May 15. The debate, "Resolved, That the young man of today has a better chance to succeed than the young man of yesterday," was won by Wallace and McAhan, on the negative, from Roeder and Owen.

May 6—Wheeler and Redmond successfully upheld the affirmative of the question of government ownership of the railroads against the opposition of Seaman and Meshevsky. Wheeler received best speech and Seaman honorable mention.



#### CLIO NOTES.

April 16—Harriet Bell, as leader, gave a very interesting talk on Sarah Bernhardt. Cecile Rhodes and Grace Philley, as her assistants, told of her plays and of her acting. Miss Neely also gave a very interesting and charming talk on the four plays she has seen Sarah Bernhardt in.

April 23—No meeting was held this week on account of the half holiday.

April 30—Titian, ancient painter, was the subject this week. Laura Owens, as leader, told of his life and pictures; Katherine Pike, "His Art," and Sarah Campbell described some of his most famous pictures. Extemporaneous speeches were given by Margaret Wing, "The World is Growing More Humane"; Edna Chambers, "Queer Expressions"; Melba Hawkins, "Injurious Use of Narcotics." At this meeting it was decided that we would give our annual picnic at McDonald's farm, on May 15th.

May 7—Maud Powell, violinist, was the subject of Mamie Strop, leader of this week's program. Roberta Chambers and Louise Lacy were her assistants. Extemporaneous speeches were given by Virginia Connett, Marjorie Hansen and Anna Rutt.

Janet Weakley and Frances Connett were elected to represent us in Senate next year. On the evening of May 21st, we will give a party for our Senior girls at Lou Ann Preston's home.

Patient music teacher, working with slow pupil—"Why don't you pause there? Don't you see that it's marked 'Rest'?"

"Yessum, but I ain't tired."—Selected.



#### DIANTHIAN NOTES.

The program on April 17th, led by Marjorie Castle, was on Current Events in St. Joseph. Dorothy Kimball talked on "St. Joseph and Art." Nan Yancey told about "St. Joseph's Trees," and Mildred Green discussed the condition of the Missouri river near St. Joseph and the leader closed the program with a discussion of the "School Election and Bond Issue."

On April 30th, Carol Whiteford had charge of the program, which was on the Russian author, Tolstoi, dealing with his life and works, Mildred Kaucher gave a brief account of his life, and Isabel Nelson told the story, "Where Love is, There God is." Catherine Weber told "How the Little Devil Earned His Crust of Bread," and the leader gave the story of "Ivan the Fool." We enjoyed immensely the five pounds of chocolates given us for selling the most tickets in benefit of the Chase picture fund.

The program on May 7th was devoted to "Poems on Spring." Anita Mann told of "Lowell's Life and his Poem on Spring," and "Bryant's Life and his Poem on Spring" was given by Nina Bigham. Vestal Deffenbaugh discussed "Tennyson and his Nature Poems," and Vida Taylor, leader, talked on "Some Early English Poems on Spring." We decided at this meeting to give a breakfast on Saturday, May 15th. Margaret Mohler was elected to represent the Dianthians in the Senate next year.



#### AGATHIA NOTES.

On March 19th we convened only for a business session.

March 26—We had no regular meeting as it was the day of the presentation of our play.

April 2—At this time we held only a business session. We decided to give the proceeds of the play in payment of the school Victrola. The society voted to give a copy of "The Twig of Thorn" to each, the Central High School Library, the Public Library, Miss Sutherland, and Miss Carter.

Clara Albrecht, Alice Campbell, Irene Hagle, Miriam Carlisle, Hester Murray and Thelma Robertson were elected for the try-outs for the extemporaneous speaking contest.

On April 5th, a called meeting was held for the try-out for the representative in the Inter-Society Contest. Mrs. Putnam, Miss Varner and Mr. Livers very kindly served as judges. Irene Hagle was chosen as best speaker and Miriam Carlisle as second best.

April 9th, a regular meeting was held. We voted upon the annual statistics. Irene Hagle was voted as best speaker, Alice Campbell as prettiest, and Crystal Petree the wittiest in the society.

Miss Ellen Carter, representing the art societies, gave a very interesting and instructive talk concerning the Chase painting.

On April 16, a very interesting program was given, "Present Day People" being the general theme. Anna Fairfield spoke on "Springtime as seen from Burrough's Eyes"; "Schuman-Heink" was discussed by Louise Fenner; Anna Liebst talked on "Our St. Joseph Library." The program was concluded with "Francis Hopkinson Smith," discussed by Miriam Carlisle.

On April 23rd, no meeting was held, as school was dismissed early on account of the Boosters' parade.

April 30th, a very interesting program was given. Helen Gilson discussed "Shakespeare's Sonnets"; "Shakespeare as a Boy," Mildred Kennedy; "Shakespearian Country," Margaret McColgin; "Places of Interest in Strat-on-Avon," by Clarabell Schenecker.

May 7th—After a business session, a very interesting program was given. Nena Moore and Crystal Petree discussed "The Whistler"; Laura Marie Maxwell talked on the "Life and Works of Wm. B. Chase"; Mildred Marr gave a very interesting and instructive talk on "The Panama Exposition"; Hester Murray discussed "The Greatest Terror of Warfare."

#### AGATHIA BREAKFAST.

The Agathia Society gave a breakfast, April 17, at Hyde Park. Arrangements were made for the "jitnies" to take us down and back. Alice and Goldie Custer went down before the crowd to build a fire. The fire was built under a large thorn tree, in memory of our play, "The Twig of Thorn." Miriam Carlisle made the most delicious coffee. After eating our breakfast, consisting of buns, bacon, wienies, potatoes, coffee and marshmallows, we went out to explore the wood and take pictures.

Miss Carter, Miss Sutherland and Miss Bock were with us to enjoy the early morning air, good times and delicious coffee.

#### THE GIRLS' HIGH SCHOOL CLUB.

The Girls' High School Club of the Y. W. C. A. are planning to have a study club this summer. They expect to have their meetings on every other Thursday morning in the woods, beside some rippling brook, in communion with nature. An early start will be made and breakfast will be eaten about half past seven, then after that will be the study hour and discussion of the book, "Christian Citizenship for Girls," under the direction of Miss Eva Lane. About twelve girls have already signed up for the club and it is hoped that many more will before the club starts, which will be the second week in June.

#### ANNOUNCEMENT.

A venerable and famous organization, formed in the spring of 1912, is about to be disbanded. Ever since this date up to the present time it has benefited, or at least attempted to benefit, humanity and Central High School to the greatest extent of its capabilities. We refer to the Neverbust Products Co., of which the notorious G. Ima Fricke is the president, business manager, and inventor-in-chief. At a recent meeting of the board of directors, consisting of Crazy Jane, Mr. Skyjack, Little Nemo, Doc Yak, and the Wizard of Oz, it was decided that in view of the approaching retirement of the head of the firm and the great good which has been accomplished through the products of the company, this course of action would be justified. Among the above-mentioned products are the Neverbust Perpetual Motor, the Neverbust Algebra Pianola, the Old Reliable Wart-Removing Apparatus, the Selenographic Translator, the Neverbust Memory Accelerator, the Teachers' Friend—a contrivance for suppressing unruly pupils—the renowned Encyclopaedic Pills, and that marvel of complexity, the Neverbust Electrical Cafe, together with other minor inventions too numerous to mention, such as the Mustache Cultivator, the Automatic Pancake Machine, and the Harmonic Sneeze-Muffler. Closing-out sale now going on. Catalogs on request till supply runs out.

Miss Summy—"What led to rapid migration to Wisconsin in 1847?"

Some Boob—"Schlitz."

(A little bubble went through the class.)

# LOCALS

The auditorium meetings have been rather numerous of late. The Thursday before the annual Maryville trip we enjoyed the declamation given by Pauline Estes, and the oration delivered by Francis McGrath. Both displayed talent and if some of us could have had a word in the decisions the honors would have been distributed differently.

Friday, the following day, Mr. Strong, a member of our school board, aroused some enthusiasm concerning the school bond. Only a short talk was given, but it had its weight.

Extra! Extra!

The Seniors are planning for a very enjoyable lawn fete at the home of Lou Ann Preston on the night of May 16th. From the preparations now under way a jolly time is assured.

Monday, April 26th, a very enthusiastic assembly was held. After the usual announcements, our victorious track team was called to the footlights. Coach Moyer and Marian Martin, captain, gave us a good idea of the Maryville meet. The latter presented two good looking cups to the school, one for winning the meet, and the other for the relay. Lawyer Martin is proving his ability in extemporaneous speeches.

The Clio society will give a lawn party for their gentlemen friends at the Preston home, Saturday evening, May 23rd. It is through the "charity" of the Preston family that these enjoyable affairs are held annually.

Tuesday, April 27th, at the end of the fourth period, a surprise resulted when the three bells were heard. When we arrived the stage was filled with chairs and the stars of Central were called to occupy them. Forty-eight insignias were awarded to those who succeeded in getting some way a grade of 90 or above on the several different branches of study carried on in our institute of knowledge.

The annual picnics of the Clio and Dianthian societies will "come off" Saturday. The Clois will journey to the McDonald farm, while the Dianthians will enjoy a "breakfast."

## The Event.

It was Wednesday, April 28th, when over a thousand excited students and six shaky de-

baters were summoned to the auditorium. One of the best discussions ever held at old Central was offered by the A. N. P. and Dolad Nun societies. The affirmative was upheld by Clyde Roberts, Clarence Kerr, and Philip Strop of the A. N. P., while Basil Kaufman, Lawrence Oppenheimer and Joe Weiner of the Dolad Nun, supported the negative side. The question under discussion was, "Resolved, That through appropriate legislature the Minimum Wage Law should be adopted in Missouri." All the speakers should be congratulated for their good work, and after a period of anxious waiting the judges decided two to one in favor of the negative. Philip Strop was awarded the medal for best speech, which was presented by Judge W. K. James. The octet also rendered several splendid numbers.

Last Monday the girls of the Domestic Science department were taken through Swift's packing plant. It proved a most interesting trip, although some of the tender hearted ones were slightly stricken in the killing department.

Hooray for the picnic! Come, Seniors and Juniors for a good time. For the first time, at least in recent years, the Juniors are going to entertain the Seniors with a picnic. We hope this party will be a success and are sure it will be because there will be an abundance of good eats.

Hustle up, people, and work hard, because there are only a few more weeks and then—Hooray!

Three of our teachers, Miss Summy, Mr. Bushnell and Miss Sheets, went to Tarkio, Friday, to judge a debate. They had most enjoyable time and many thrilling experiences.

Everyone come out Friday evening and patronize the musical genius of our school. A very interesting program has been arranged, consisting of numbers by the orchestra, octet, a girls' chorus.

In Detroit there really is a lady named Phoebe B. Beebe. Now, if Phoebe B. Beebe had a bee, and the bee were lost, we might say: "Where can Phoebe B. Beebe's bee be?"—American Boy.

## Local Poets.

Replies written by Junior A's to Marlowe's  
"A Passionate Shepherd to His Love."

To gather from the beds of roses,  
And live among the fragrant posies;  
To climb the steepy mountain high,  
And o'er the hills on love wings fly;  
All this to me is life, My Love.

Your words are pleasing to the ear  
That life suits not my tastes, I fear,  
For I am city born and bred,  
And country life I'm sure I'd dread.

A modern house I needs must have,  
A motor-car I also crave;  
I want a host of pretty clothes—  
Could a poor shepherd give all those?

A Suffragette I'd rather be,  
And so I cannot live with thee,  
For I am sure I'd drive mad  
A narrow-minded shepherd lad.

Sweet nymph, I love your beauteous face,  
Admire your form, adore your grace;  
I love the lustre of your eyes,  
Your breath, the fragrance of the skies.

Mr. Miller (after a very "bookish" and poor translation)—"They were many who took the exam. last week in Latin, a number made fine grades. However, one girl in translating a passage from Caesar said, 'He dismounted from the ship.' Now, that was the first time I ever heard of anyone dismounting from a ship; she must of been thinking of a pony or horse?"

Class—"I wonder who he's speaking of?"

"Ma, did you hear the stepladder when it tumbled over?"

"No, darling; I hope your papa didn't fall."

"Not yet; he's hanging onto the picture molding."—Ex.

## Nickel.

Nickel, technically known as jitnium, occurs in fragments of ore covered with nicks of a characteristic formation; hence the name. An allotropic form called "monetary nickel" also occurs in extensive deposits in some banks, and at other times is found in pockets. It is used in certain kinds of steels known as "nickel-steels," of which there are two varieties—Armor-plate, and riding on the street-car without paying.

\* \* \*

N. B.—In last month's article on Carbon we inadvertently stated that clinkers were composed of this substance. We wish to correct this by saying that clinkers consist, instead, of a substance called "flux." It is formed by the oxidation of the interior surface of the chimney, or flue, the name being a contraction of "fluic oxide."

—G. Ima Frieke, '15.

## ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Athenian Literary Society met April 16. Mamie Cline was chosen the prettiest, La Veta Awalt the wittiest, and Catherine McDonald, the best speaker. The following program was then given. A vocal solo by Tina Mehrrens; recitation, "The Three Trees," by Sylvia Janicke; piano solo by Catherine McDonald; recitation, "Planting of the Apple Tree," by Anna Gaines; piano solo by Alice Creek; recitation, "The Psalm of the Friendly Trees," by Gladys Holland; and Martha Griffin read a paper on the "Maple Tree."

The Athenian Literary Society went to the South Park woods, April 30th, after flowers.

The society enjoyed the following program May 7th: Piano solo by Elenore Whittinghill; history of music by Elizabeth Hughes; spring song on the Victrola; musical story by Hazel Gilmer; humoresque and two other selected records on the Victrola.

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# DEPARTMENTS

## COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.

It is but a short time now until our school will be over for this year. There is but little more time to catch up on the back work and prepare for examination week. Some that are coming in on the home stretch this year are finishing for good. They will go out to fill different positions. Some will be bookkeepers, some stenographers, and some will prepare for further schooling.

This has been another year of splendid work. The attendance has been regular. Each year finds an increase in enrollment. This is partly due to the demand for our graduates and partly to the increased efficiency in the studies offered. The new subjects of advanced arithmetic for Seniors, and the Business English and Office Training course have filled a much needed want. These subjects are of vital importance and this year's class may congratulate itself in having the honor of being the first class in this new line of work.

M. B. Wallace, head of the department, has received many inquiries this year from other schools regarding the splendid course of study, equipment, etc. The equipment for commercial geography is among the finest in the country. All of the splendid publications in Gregg Shorthand are on the shelves for reference purposes and next term will find a commercial law reference library. We propose to maintain efficiency all along the line and if four years of earnest work is done, the student will be efficient. This department always has given our business men efficient young men and women and proposes to so continue with even a greater degree of efficiency.

Nearly one hundred of the advanced students recently visited the packing plants and the tannery. Other trips will be made to places of industrial interest during the rest of the term. This is the way to get our young people acquainted with our big institutions and at the same time make commercial geography a live subject by seeing how things are done.

Some of the members of the advanced shorthand are rather speedy as well as accurate. One hundred words per minute for five minutes on new matter is pretty good, but there are some who can beat that, and transcribe accurately which is the real test.

The third term shorthand students will, at the end of the term, be able to take an ordi-

nary business letter at a good rate of diction and to transcribe it in good form.

Probably the best bookkeeping ever done in this department has been done this year. We have had a little less in quantity but more in quality. By the re-arrangement of the courses in bookkeeping and by the introduction of the business forms into Bookkeeping II, not only the completion of the work assigned has been the easier of accomplishment, but the work itself has been made more interesting and more easily understood.

Bookkeeping II classes will have, by the end of this term, a thorough understanding of simple business forms and practices. The Bookkeeping IV classes will have a couple of weeks for a good practical review during which the four terms of Bookkeeping can be gone over and thoroughly clinched.

The first term bookkeeping class is now able to show the financial standing and results of a business from the bare trial balance together with the inventory list.

The classes in penmanship, as a whole, have worked diligently during the semester, to improve the quality of their hand writing. For the first six weeks preliminary practice drills were given, after which each student has been allowed to pursue each succeeding drill according to his ability and effort. By this plan, some members of the class will have satisfactorily completed 20 drills during the semester.

The typewriting classes have had a large enrollment this year. They all have seemed to enter into the spirit of the work and some mighty good work has been shown. In the advanced class, between the Stenography transcripts and the Office Training Transcripts, there has not been much time for speed work. In between the intervals, however, the Speed Tests have been given. Just recently Nelson Thomas succeeded in writing 63 words per minute, and Lillian Vermilyea 60 words per minute, net. They both received the sixty word certificates. This makes the third this year, John Tilden having won one several months ago.

When we speak of our work we must not forget to say that this includes a large number of our students in the first year at the Annex, where they are receiving excellent instruction. Welcome to Central next term!

And now when school closes, good luck to you. The classes graduating from this department have never had much trouble in securing good positions. May this class be as fortunate.

#### CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT.

The work of the preceding month has been in some ways the most interesting we have yet had, since it dealt mainly with occurrence, metallurgy and uses of the commoner metals.

The first metal to be studied was copper. Copper occurs in a great many different ores, each one of which demands a different treatment to separate the metal. Chalcopyrite, a mixture of cuprous and ferric sulphides, was taken as a typical ore, and the process by which the copper is obtained was carefully followed out. First, the ore is heated in air—"roasted"—to remove the sulphur, the resulting sulphur dioxide—the strangling gas generated when sulphur is burned—being led away and used for the making of sulphuric acid. Then this roasted ore is placed along with some unroasted or "green" ore and coke in a blast-furnace, which is so called because a blast of air is forced through the heated mass, the result of the process being a mixture of copper and iron sulphides—"Matte"—containing a much higher percentage of copper than the original ore, and a mixture of earthy impurities, or "slag," which rises to the top when the molten mass is allowed to run out of the bottom of the blast-furnace and can be skimmed off. The "matte" is then placed in a huge bottle-shaped contrivance—the converter—and while in the molten condition a blast of air coming through holes in the bottom of the converter bubbles up through the liquid metal, burns out the impurities, and is blown out through the opening at the top, or what corresponds to the neck of the bottle. The copper which comes from the converter is called "blister-copper," because of the bubbles of air left in it when it solidified. The blister-copper is then melted in a "poling-furnace" and "poled" by thrusting down into it a log of green wood, the gases from which that the heat causes to pass off, acting as reducing agents on any copper oxide which may be present. After poling, the copper is cast into anode plates and refined by electrolysis, the gold and silver which are present being separated in this process.

Copper is used in electric wiring and cables, in water-heaters, kettles, stills, etc., and in

the making of the alloys brass (copper and zinc), bronze (copper, zinc and tin), and aluminum bronze (copper and aluminum). Cuprous oxide, or red oxide of copper, is used for coloring pottery; copper sulphate—blue vitrol—mixed with slacked lime, is called the Bordeaux mixture, and is used for killing a fungus which attacks grapes. Seeds of cereals dipped in a solution of copper sulphate before planting are immune to the attacks of the fungi called "smuts," and may be used to kill the algae in ponds and reservoirs. It is also used in batteries, electroplating, and in dyeing.

Then came the three similar metals, silver, gold and platinum. The first may be separated from its ores by getting it in the form of a nitrate and then putting it with zinc and sulphuric acid, when free silver will be deposited. Pure silver is used in backing mirrors and for plating tableware, and a 90 per cent alloy of silver and copper is used in money. Silver nitrate, or lunar caustic, is used for removing warts and as a general cauterizing agent; while the chloride, bromide and iodide, being especially sensitive to light, are much used in photography.

The metallurgy of gold and platinum is too long to give here. Pure gold, in the form of gold-leaf, is used for decorative purposes; gold (and silver) amalgams are used for filling teeth, and other alloys are used as money and as jewelry. Platinum is used in chemical apparatus (dishes, wire, foil and stills) which is used in handling substance which generally have a corrosive action. Platinum wire is used in incandescent bulbs, and small pieces of platinum are the essential part of self-lighting gas mantles. It is also used in making the points of pyrographic outfits, spark-coil contacts and its alloy with iridium is used in tipping the points of fountain pens and in the making of government standards of length.

The metal aluminum is found in great quantities in ordinary clay in the form of the silicate, and if you want to make a fortune, go and invent a way of extracting it. The commonest ore of aluminum is bauxite—an oxide—from which it is obtained by an electrolytic process. Many domestic articles, such as cooking utensils, are made of aluminum, and plated with platinum it is used for many purposes in the laboratory. Powdered aluminum, in the form of a paint, is used to protect other metals, and mixed with an oxide of manganese, chromium, or iron, it forms a compound called Thermit, which, when ignited, gives an exceedingly high temperature and is used in welding.

Aluminum bronze and magnalium, an alloy with magnesium, are much used for many purposes. Alum is an aluminum compound and is used as a styptic, for clarifying water, and in dyeing. Bricks, earthenware (tiling, jugs, and drainpipes), stoneware, graniteware, crockery, china, and porcelain are various grades of clay, or aluminum silicate. Cement is a mixture of calcium silicate and aluminate.

The commoner ores of iron are the carbonate (siderite), and the three oxides: hematite, limonite, and magnetite. Pyrite, or fools' gold, is iron sulphide, the glittering yellow powder you see in soft coal. The ores are smelted in a blast-furnace in much the same way as copper, the product being cast-iron, which contains from 4.5 to 3 per cent of carbon, and has two varieties, gray and white. It is very brittle, and can be used only in places where it will not be subjected to shock, as in stoves, sewing machine frames, radiators and water-pipes. Wrought iron is cast-iron from which all but three-tenths per cent or less of carbon has been removed, and is very soft and easily magnetized, besides being exceedingly tough. It can stand great strain, being used in anchors, chains and wire; because of its softness,

it is the wire used in blacksmithing and in the cores of electromagnets which are required to be only temporarily magnetized. Steel stands between wrought and cast-iron in its percentage of carbon, and is used in structural work, in machinery, for cutting instruments, watch-springs, and all wood-working tools.

—N. L. K., '15.

#### DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN LANGUAGE.

O, Oui, Il a pris le Serment.

Quand les Allemands sont enfin entres dans la Belgique un natif de Liege s'est rendu odieux a un troupe a force de parler constamment de la brave defense. Enfin le commandant l'a somme.

"Vous avez assez parle" dit-il, "Nous ne pouvons plus le supporter. Maintenant il faut que nous juriez l'allegeance a l'Empereur allemand ou qu'on vous fusille."

Un peu penaud l'offenseur repondit:

"Eh bien, je ne veux pas mourir, aussi je presume que je jurera l'allegeance."

Et il a pris le serment.

"Eh bien, "a dit le commandant," maintenant nous etes des votres. Vous pouvez aller et venir comme vous le voulez."

L'homme se dirigea vers la porte et disparut; puis tout a coup il est rentre en disant.

"Ces Belges, ne nous ont-ils donc pas offert une resistance infernale?"

Un habitant d'une ville, qui faisait un sejour daus un village de campagne, est monte daus une dilijence, conduite de duex chevaux de crepits. Pour payer sa note, il n'avait qu'un billet de banque de cinq dollars. Celui-ci, il a offert au cocher. Le cocher l'a pris, l'a regarde un moment, et puis il a demande: "Lequel des chevaux voulez-vous acheter?"

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## A Chemical Novelette.

By G. Ima Frieke.

It was a calm and moonlit night. So thought our heroine as she stood by the shore of the C and gazed over the rolling H<sub>2</sub>O.

"O," she breathed, "Y does He not come? Will He come at Al?"

"Na," said a voice behind her, "He will not."

"Sr!" she exclaimed, turning, "who do U B?"

"My name is Si; do U know me?" he queried.

"What! U? Why do U still hound me?" she hissed.

"To warn U; he has deceived U; he will not come. Fly with me!"

"Ba! Tis a Li! Talk no mo silly con to me; U are Boron me! I will not fly, neither will I flee!"

"Hist!" he cautioned, "someone draws ni! I will conceal myself behind this boulder. Remember, U are overheard!"

Indeed, the rapid "Pt-pt-pt-pt" of a motorcycle could be heard coming up the beach, and in a few moments our hero appeared and dismounted.

"Good evening, Ag," he said, "I thought once I would not get here, for I had a close Rb to getting arrested for speeding and paying a heavy Fe."

"Do not address me by my middle name," she corrected him; "I prefer to be known as Molly Kewl."

"Ge, U must be miffed about something," he remarked. "What is it?"

"Si said U were not coming," was her answer.

"Cus it!" said the villain, jumping from his hiding place. "Why did U betray my presence?"

"Kr!" ejaculated our hero, and hit him in the I, thereby precipitating him upon the beach. Simultaneously with this, the villain said, "Au!"

"Now," continued our hero, "you P-nut-brained boob, I'll Ti U up and throw U into the Se for getting Ga!"

"Have mercy!" implored the villain, rising on one Ne.

"U are an As," said our hero, proceeding to carry out his threat. "Now is your Cu to begin to pray." And then he threw him in.

"Br!" gibbered the villain, "The water's cold!"

"O La! I should worry. Ta, ta!" returned our hero as he assisted Ag into the side-car of his motorcycle.

"Mercy! Mercy! Do not let me sulphur! I am sinking!" shrieked the villain.

And our hero heartlessly answered him: "Oh, go on and zinc!"

(The End)

## Foolish Stuff.

(Contributed by Philbert Knutt—P. Knutt.)

In one of the Brooklyn courts a recent case required the testimony of a young German immigrant.

"Now, Britzmann," said the lawyer for the plaintiff, "what do you do?"

"I vos bretty vell," replied the witness.

"I am not inquiring as to your health. I want to know what you do."

"Vork!"

"Where do you work?" continued the counsel.

"In a vactory."

"What kind of a factory?"

"It vos bretty big vactory."

"Your honor," said the lawyer, turning to the judge, "if this goes on, we'll need an interpreter." Then he turned to the witness again.

"Now, Britzmann, what do you make in the factory?" he asked.

"You vant to know vot I make in der vactory?"

"Exactly! Tell us what you make."

"Eight dollars a week."

Then the interpreter got a chance to earn his daily bread.—Ex.

Hoax—"I thought you told me Smithers was a musician?"

Joax—"Nonsense! I never said anything of the kind!"

Hoax—"Why, I'm certain you said he wrote melodies."

Joax—"Never! I said he composed heirs; he sells Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup."—Ex.

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# NOXSENSE

Wise—"Did you know Jess Willard was the greatest candy-maker?"

Simp—"No, I didn't even know he made candy."

Wise—"O, yes; he made the biggest chocolate drop."

Professor of Chemistry—"If anything should go wrong in this experiment, we and the laboratory with us might be blown sky-high. Come closer, gentlemen, so that you may be better able to follow me."—Brooklyn Eagle.

The following bit of conversation between two negroes was recently overheard by a gentleman in Georgia: "Ain't you got no eggs?" "I ain't said I ain't." "I ain't axed you is you ain't; I axed you is you is. Is you?"—Selected.

"You're rather a young man to be left in charge of a drug store," said a fussy old gentleman. "Have you a diploma?"

"Why—er—no, sir," replied the drug clerk, "but we have a preparation of our own that's just as good."—Ex.

"Pa," said the little boy five years old, "I saw a lion and a lamb lying side by side in the meadow this morning."

"Tut! tut! James, don't tell me such stories," said the father.

"I tell you I did," persisted the child, "but it was a dandelion."—Selected.

Two motorists, having almost ruined their tempers and their tires in a vain attempt to find a hotel with a vacant bed, were at last forced to make the best of a small inn. Even then they had to share a bed which was—and

on this the landlord laid great stress—a feather bed. They turned in, and one of the pair was soon fast asleep. The other was not. He could not manage to dodge the lumps and heard hour after hour strike on the church clock until three. Then he violently shook his snoring friend:

"What's the matter?" growled the sleeper. "It can't be time to get up yet."

"No, it isn't," retorted his friend, continuing to shake him; "but it's my turn to sleep on the feather."—Ex.

## Chemistry Quiz.

Q. Why are the ends of fence-posts charred before putting them in the ground?

A. To prevent their being ignited by the internal heat of the earth.

Q. What is a substance called which aids a chemical action but is itself unchanged at the end of it?

A. A cataleptic agent.

Q. By what is the action of electrolytes in solution explained?

A. The Byronic theory.

Q. Why does blood look so ghastly?

A. Because it contains hemoglobin.

Q. Give a concrete example of Chemistry in daily life.

A. Mixing cement.

Q. What by-product of a blast-furnace does a girl's society resemble?

A. Slag; because it contains numerous Silly Kates.

Q. What is siderite?

A. It is a substance formed through the oxidation of apple-juice, the action taking place only when the same has reached a certain degree of fermentation. The cider is then in the right condition for ingurgitation; therefore the substance is known as siderite.

—G. Ima Fricke, '15.

## Reflections After Reading "Comus."

Mister Milton, Mister Milton, you were greater than you thought.

Some folks knock you, Mr. Milton, but I think they shouldn't ought.—Ex.



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