

Louis G. Blough '18 *A N T T*


THE FORUM



Christmas 1916

СН
ВО



 MAY the Spirit of
Christmas perme-
ate our very souls
—make us bigger
and better and more able
to perform the labors that
are assigned to us by the
great Master Workman.



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of
THE FORUM

SAINT JOSEPH, MISSOURI

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YE FORUM



DECEMBER



STORIES

Under the Christmas Stars

By Dorothy Culkin.—Prize Story.

THERE was no booming of cannon or whizzing of shot on that desolate battlefield, "Somewhere in France." Even the cries of the wounded German on the other side of the ridge, had ceased to offer the suffering Irish lad the meager comfort gained by companionship, despised though it might be in the light of day, yet strangely welcome amid the death-like silence. Twelve hours before, Dennis Col-

lins might have fought this self-same German with all the ardor and burning zeal of his twenty-two years; but, now the approach of death and the common bond of suffering rendered insignificant all the petty quarrels and strife. But the ambulance had borne his comrade away from the cold and darkness of the deserted battlefield to the light and warmth of the field hospital. Dennis had heard the gruff, but kind voices shouting their commands, he had seen the faint glimmer of their lantern, but as he lay in the bottom of a deserted trench and had not strength enough to call out, he was left alone—to die.

"Ah, well!" he reflected, "I've lasted three months in this wholesale slaughter. That's pretty good for an Irish volunteer. My Lord George always sees to it that we poor, deluded fools pay dearly for our past follies."

The drifting snow converted his blood-stained khakis into a Christmas shroud. But he forgot the biting cold, his shattered leg and the dull, heavy pain in his chest, as he lay gazing at the wonderful winter sky. The stars, high above earth's sorrows and hatreds, seemed to beckon him and well he knew that before the dawn of Christmas Day he would have answered their summons.

What a Christmas! Many gay and many sad Yule-Tides had been crowded into his happy, care-free life. They passed before him in gorgeous array, a long line of buried ghosts. There was the Christmas at the foot of the Great Pyramid, 'neath the scorching desert sun; there was the Christmas spent in the great North under the soft myriad-colored lights of the midnight sun, and there was the sad, lonely Christmas of the past year, when his mother, with a prayer on her lips for her "Ne'er-Do-Well," had gone to join the Heavenly band in singing, "Gloria in Excelsis Deo."

As he lay dreaming he fancied he heard chimes. He started up, then dropped back with a rueful smile. It was only another trick of his imag-



ination. "But," he whispered to himself, "they are ringing at home, and the folks are all setting out for midnight mass. There'll be no one to pray for me tonight, since mother's gone." As he was accustomed to do in a penitent mood, when a small boy, he impulsively turned over and buried his face in his arms lest someone should see his tears.

But a sharp, cold blast set his leg throbbing and blew away the ghosts' past days. Addressing the frozen earth, he ejaculated, bitterly:

"What do I care for their prayers, anyway," and as the child again returned to the man, "I don't want them to pray for me." The intense cold and pain reminded the man of the man's world of war.

"O! it's all a farce,—prayers, religion, even God Himself. They tell us to 'Love our enemies,—Ha! Ha!'" he laughed, derisively—"Standing in a gold pulpit, 'Love our enemies,'—they tell us to kill them. 'Thou shalt not kill'—'Everyone do his duty for England.' Ugh!—there are rivers and rivers of blood and never a soul will go to Heaven."

A wolf howled. With a laugh that was not of birth, he muttered, "And yet they say God is Good. In the trenches last night—God, it was cold—I heard a man swear that God appeared to him as he lay wounded. Another fellow said he had seen Him and that the White Friend had carried him to safety. Poor fools! Why, if there is a God, He wouldn't come to poor dogs like us. He'd come to the Psalm-singing hypocrites who think they're damned if they help some poor devil."

It was cold—bitterly cold. The shattered leg bothered him no longer, for it was frozen. If only he could roll beneath that ledge—perhaps—

Dennis Collins never reached the sheltering bank, for as he returned his face toward the stars his eyes became riveted to a lucent crown of thorns just above his feet. A man with soft, flowing robes of dazzling whiteness stood with bare feet in the snow. With a look of divine sweetness, He stretched forth His hands, hands pierced and bleeding, and said in a low, vibrant, yet tender tone, "I, too, am wounded."

* * * *

As the sun mounted slowly over the very tops of the hills, a white ambulance with its red cross of mercy, came slowly across the fields. In a deserted trench they found a young Irish lad, with a smile of utter peace on his fresh young face. His hands were outstretched toward a spot where the white snow bore the crimson imprint of two bare feet.

AH! THEY HAVE IT

It was in a little out-of-the-way village in France, and the Highland regiment was swinging along the road. Two old Frenchmen, obviously puzzled by their costume, were having a heated argument on the same.

Said one: "Zey cannot be men, for look at ze dress and ze skirts." Replied the other: "Zey cannot be women, for zey have e moustachios." "Ah!" replied the first speaker; "I have it. Zey are ze famous Middle-sex regiment of whom I have heard so mooch."

The Touchdown

By David Raffelock.

A story of romance, football and Ralph Merryton's sacrifice for clean playing.

I.

Football! the word meant happiness and sorrow to him. He would try to keep away from the football field, but he was irresistibly drawn there time and again. And so today, attracted, as a piece of steel to the magnet, he involuntarily went to the gridiron. As he stood on the side lines watching the pigskin spinning in the air, the eager players grab the ball, the quick, masterly tackles, he wished to jump into the scramble.

He loved football. His whole being cried to him to get into the game. Many times he had wandered to the field, and at each instance it was a struggle to keep out of the game. He had no antipathy for football, but he had heard rumors, nasty rumors. More than this he had seen with his own eyes what some of the fellows had spoken about, some even bragged about—and it was this latter attitude that hurt the worse.

As he stood watching the football practice and enduring once more the fight with himself, he heard a pleasant, musical voice calling "Ralph, Ralph," to him. Ralph Merryton waved joyously to the apparition in white who was calling.

"Hello, Margaret. Out to see the slaughter or," he laughed, "did you expect to find me here?"

"Yes; I did expect to find you here—and in football togs," she added, meaningly.

"I prefer the clothes of a gentleman."

"Of a—" She bit her lips; she wanted to say, "coward."

"Well, Margaret, say it. I know what you mean. You know I want your respect. I want to appear my best before you always. I want to accomplish and succeed because I know you would be glad. But, Margaret, I can't sacrifice my self-respect."

"I don't want you to sacrifice anything. Winmore needs you. Everyone knows you are an excellent full back. You demonstrated that last year. Can't you work a little for the school?"

"Margaret, existing conditions make it impossible for me to play with the team any more. I love football. I would do anything to play, especially as you want me to, but I can't lose my self-respect."

"I don't know what you mean by saying that you lose your self-respect by playing. I think you mean to cover up something else. Ralph"—she suddenly changed the subject; her voice was a bit hard, very determined, somewhat taunting—"our sorority is giving a dance for the football men Saturday night. Each member invites her escort. I am going with Mr. McMarr—unless you are on the team."

Ralph watched her longingly as she walked away. When she was out of sight, he walked slowly over to Coach Norton.

"May I have a suit, Coach? I am coming out again for the team."

The coach, arms akimbo, looked half sneeringly at Ralph. He looked the part of a professional trainer, and in fact was hardly more than that, as

he had no other than a professional interest in the school. This was his first year at the Winmore.

"You are, eh?" he said. "Got over your high ideas about dirty playin' and underhanded tactics, have you?"

"No," snapped Ralph. "I haven't. Where can I find a suit?"

"You'll find one in the gym. Get out here, quick!"

II.

The next day, Ralph was the first man on the field. Now that he had gone back to his love, he could not bear to keep away. After punting the ball for several minutes, he sat down to rest. Later hearing some of the fellows coming, he arose to meet them. His attention was arrested by a few words he overheard.

"That was a slick trick the coach showed us yesterday. The referee wouldn't see it once in a hundred times."

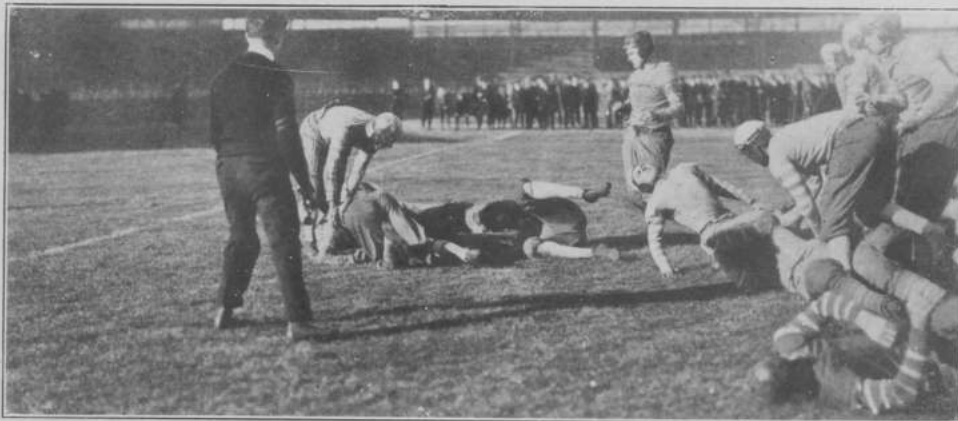
Ralph Merryton greeted his teammates good naturedly. "Well, men, I'm glad to get back in harness. We're going to clean up this year. What do y' say?"

A lusty yell broke forth. "We're going to win; we're going to win. Who? Winmore! Winmore what? Winmore games!"

Ralph called aside Billy McMarr, who began this season his third year on the team. "Seriously, what are the chances of winning our initial game with Stanford?"

"Not much chance with you on the team, if you start crabbing the plays as you did when you first came out this year."

McMarr did not like Ralph and Ralph knew it. There was a certain difference between them; a very tangible difference. Billy was quite as fond of Margaret as Ralph was.



Just before Ralph hit the ground, McMarr kicked him in the stomach with his knee.

The coach called the players to begin scrimmage. McMarr and Merryton played opposite each other. During the game Ralph received the ball on a kick off and started down the field. McMarr rushed at him to make a tackle, caught him fairly and threw him to the ground in a creditable tackle. However, just before Ralph hit the ground, McMarr kicked him in the stomach with his knee. Ralph was several minutes recovering from the blow. "Did I do that right, Coach?" asked Billy, walking over to Coach Norton.

"Nifty! I was watching you closely or I'd never seen it. You'll get by with it, all right. Now, come here, Merryton, and I'll show you what to do to a guy that fouls you. Watch your chance and in giving interference, fall in front of your man and grab his leg. When you get him on the ground, kick him in the face. The referee will never see you."

"Coach, the day I play dirty football will be when I'm in hades, but I don't intend to go there. There won't be room for more than you."

"You dirty, low-down scamp. That ends your football career. Hand in your suit!"

"For gosh sake, Merry, old man," pleaded little Bob Berger, quarter-back, "don't get sore. The team needs you. We have to play foul; the other teams do. Lord, we'd never win a game, if we didn't."

Ralph did not answer the quarter-back, but turned to the coach. "You can have my suit, but I have a word to say to the fellows. Men," he said, addressing his teammates, "we want Winmore to succeed, but we want her to do it fairly. We want to win our championship games this year, and we have great disadvantages to overcome, but we can't do it by dirty, unfair means. I love football, and I love Winmore above all, but I wouldn't steal for her. I wouldn't brutally hit a man to win any championship. If you can't change your tactics, you'll have to do without me. We can't cotton. I don't want to say anything against Coach Norton for you will think I am sore. Let us lose, if we have to, but for Winmore's sake, let's lose with a clear conscience; let us lose as men, men with honor and ideals rather than win by brutality and cheating!"

III.

The day for the sorority dance arrived and Ralph met Margaret for the first time since the day at the gridiron. Ralph greeted her heartily, but received in response a cool, formal answer.

"We lost the last game," she said, "because of the weakness of McMarr, who is playing full back. If you had been in the game, the result would have been different. We play Trenholme Thanksgiving for the championship. The folks are going to move from town a few days after Thanksgiving, and I will have to attend another school. Our sorority is going to give a big social affair after the game Thanksgiving Day. The full back of that game may take me to the affair. If I do not see you there, I guess we won't see each other again, as I am leaving."

Ralph understood all that she said and implied. For a month now he had been fighting unclean football, but the school was so determined to win that few would listen to him. Ralph was laughed at; blamed; condemned. Many said he was finding excuses for not playing. A few intimated that he was resorting to these means to get "even" with the coach. The football squad, not the group of fine young men one hopes to find on a team, stood by the coach. Their thoughts were not for the school; they wanted to win, and cared not how. This attitude made an impregnable fort in Ralph's attack, because he could not really prove his accusations.

Ralph faced Margaret resolutely. "Margaret, do you believe that my motives are otherwise than ulterior in my fight against unclean football?"

"I can't see that you have accomplished anything. Nobody upholds you. I think you are making mountains out of molehills. You can't expect a fellow to say 'beg pardon' every time he bumps into you on the football field."

"So you, too, have joined my vast host of criticizers," he said bitterly. "Oh, I've been called everything from a mollicoddle to a coward. The

mountain and molehill idea seems to be McMarr's favorite. No doubt you've talked with my successor at full back."

"I cannot say that I regret that I have. He feels sorry for you."

"It's the sorrow of a criminal for an honest man. I hope you do not waste any pity on my poor, worthless self."

"Oh, no. But you're a poor loser, Ralph."

"Margaret—I—I guess I'd better be going, before I get angry. You'll pardon me." He started to walk away.

"Oh, I hope you change your mind, Ralph, and play on the team. Please, for my sake."

"Margaret, it is you as you are now that inspires me to succeed; that gives me faith in my ideals; I wish you would fight with me; I could win then. As it is, Margaret—I am sorry—but I will not play in the game against Trenholme Thanksgiving. Good-bye."

IV.

"Oh, Ralph! Merry! Come on out! This is THE day, you know, Thanksgiving day. Coming, o' man?"

"No; gotta bone. Pass me up, old scouts, thanks."

Ralph stared longingly after the merry youths from his window. The air was cool and crisp, full of the spirit of the day. All nature seemed to sing of football. The day was ideal for the sport. But football spelled sorrow for Ralph. It took the "thanks" out of the day and left the "giving." He had given up a great deal. He had given up football, and this was his last year; he had given up much of his popularity; he had given up Margaret. But then, he mused, he had kept more than these, he still had his ideals; his self-respect.

It had been a hard fight, this struggle of virtue against attainment. Many times he had wanted to give up the fight, but each time he resisted the temptation. He often wondered if he was not giving up too much. He had lost many friends, but most of all was the fact that Margaret had not stood by him.

Ralph wanted to keep away from everyone this Thanksgiving day. They all felt so happy and care-free, that he felt out of place with his sad countenance and gloomy aspect. The temptation grew too strong, however, and toward 2 o'clock he was walking eagerly with the crowd to the football field. Ralph felt somewhat cheered by his walk. He felt that at last justice would be done to him; that he would be vindicated. Trenholme had a strong team and Winmore, through her unfair tactics, would go down to inglorious defeat on this, her gala day. Then, the school would realize how shamefully they had lost. All their trickery, brutality and underhandedness had availed them nothing. Winmore would appreciate Ralph then.

When he reached the grounds and found a seat, Ralph was almost cheerful. He smiled grimly when he saw Coach Norton. This would be that gentleman's Waterloo.

The game started with a rush. After five minutes of play, Winmore had made two touchdowns. The first half ended 21 to 6 in favor of Winmore. The last half was resumed by a fierce, persistent struggle by Trenholme.

Red Dugan was sitting next to Ralph. "Well, Merry, old man," he said, "looks like we're going to win. McMarr at full back is a wonder."

"That fellow is a barbarian. He's laid out three men, already."

(Continued on Page Twenty)

Faculty

Do you wish to know a teacher who excels in humanism? Do you wish to know a teacher who remembers when she was a student; who makes allowances for our present short-comings and does not condemn us to everlasting disfavor because of them? Do you wish to know a teacher who, by her subtle powers of speech and unlimited reserve of unusual knowledge, succeeds in making even Burke interesting? Do you wish all these—then become acquainted with—Miss Beaumont.



This is a gentleman who is exceedingly learned; this is a gentleman who writes ponderous volumes; this is a gentleman who helps us learn of the Divine scheme of things entire. This is a teacher who helps us see the equal and relative beauty between a butterfly's life and the stability of mountains; this is a teacher who helps us appreciate the beauty of "down in the Ozarks" and to not be always foolishly yearning for "across on the Rhine"; this is a teacher who helps us see the beauty of all life and of living. This is—Mr. Utterbach.



Once upon a time a lovely lady was inspired with the wonderful ideal of gaining and transmuting to us, in time to come, the thoughts of other peoples, expressed in their tongues. So this lady traveled and studied in far-away countries, and at last returned to us, bringing with her many treasures. She has given freely of these treasures and ever advocating the desire to seek more for ourselves. And this teacher who teaches us the "joy" of "learning" and "knowing" is—Miss Neely.





FORUM

VOL. XIX

DECEMBER, 1916

NO. 3

Office of Publication, Room 54, Central High School, St. Joseph, Missouri.
Entered as Second Class Matter at the Postoffice of St. Joseph, Mo., Under the Act of March 3, 1879.

By Mail \$1.00

Regular Subscription 75c Per Year

Single Copies 10c

The High School Paper of St. Joseph

Published Monthly by

The Alpha Nu Pi Literary Society of Central High

Under the Management of

Erwin F. McEwen

Editor-in-Chief

Elliot Belden
Associate Editor

Paul McGill
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EDITORIALS

Christmas Spirit

We hear a great deal these days of school spirit, the right spirit, and the like; as Christmas approaches it is only fair to consider for a moment the spirit of Christmas.

Spirit in the abstract is, it seems to us, one of the finest things in life. It is that quality which raises one man above his fellows, which makes possible clean athletics and student activities. It is the foundation of Christianity, the framework on which rests our national government. Spirit has built up and has also destroyed a multitude of nations, ideas and men.

Christmas spirit is simply the spirit of St. Nicholas, of kindness, of Christ. It finds expression at this season in giving, to our friends and acquaintances, to the world at large, some little remembrance of the day. The nature of the gift matters not at all, for who cares whether it be a rich present or a kind word? The spirit in which it is given, that is the important thing. Do we give in the true spirit of Christ?

And now let us apply this principle to our school. Very few of us are self-supporting. An expensive present means to the giver one of two things: Either we go without things we really need, or father pays for the presents we buy. In either case we fail to catch the Christmas spirit. So let us give, this year, things that truly represent us; some little remembrance or just a Christmas card, may mean far more than an elaborate present. After all, the reason we send tokens is not to stand well in the graces of some girl or boy, but to show that, at a time of happiness, we are thinking of others.

A Rainy Day

This is my dream, to have you on a day
Of beating rain and sullen clouds of gloom
Here with me, in the old familiar room,
Watching the logs beneath the flames' swift play
Burst into strange conceits of bud and bloom.

The things we know about us here and there,
The books we love, half read, on floor and knee,
The stein the Dutchman brought from over sea
Standing invitingly beside your chair,
The while we quote and talk—and disagree.

Rebuild the castles that we reared in Spain,
Re-read the poets that our childhood knew,
With eyes that meet when some quaint thought rings true.
Oh, friend, for some such day of cheer and rain,
Books, and the dear companionship of you!

—Theodosha Garrison.

19 - 16.

ASSEMBLIES.

IN THE absence of Mr. Prunty, Professor Livers opened the auditorium meeting on Nov. 10. Although the football team had been defeated at Topeka, the students still stood by the boys, for when everyone who believed that Central had the best team in the world was asked to stand, they rose to a man. Then, after they had all given vent to their enthusiasm in some mighty yells, they were entertained by members of the Expression III class. Billy Barrows and Robert Jornayvaz were most amusing in a pantomime. Then came a monologue and Adolphus Berger was well received in "Mr. Cohen on the Telephone." Elizabeth Brown and Oliver Goerman, and Margaret Wing and Roland Stuebner were equally good in two dialogues. Those numbers completed the meeting.

The principal had returned from the state convention by the next Wednesday and, after the morning exercises, gave the students, as one of the best things he heard there, the following thought. "The most important thing in the world is the human being, and the greatest problem the human problem." Then Mr. W. G. Hawkins, from the Washington University of St. Louis, spoke to the students about "The Men and Women of Tomorrow." He said that today is the yesterday of tomorrow, and urged everyone to make the best of his opportunities today. Freeman Scott, as president of the boys' Y. M. C. A. Club, spoke briefly about its work. Before the meeting was dismissed, Roberta Chambers, in behalf of the school, presented Mr. Walters with a small token of the students' good wishes for his coming marriage. After some facts relative to the coming game, the students were adjourned.

On Nov. 22, the student body sang several songs after the Bible reading and then Mr. Prunty gave a short talk. He said that he was pleased to note that as far back as the time of Athens, the young people had honored and revered their government, for everyone, then, took an oath to obey their city laws, incite a like reverence in others and transmit their city greater, better and more beautiful than it had been given to them. He urged each of the pupils to try to do the same thing, that it was a disappointment to society if they did not. He said that the more privileges young people of today possessed, the more they were expected to accomplish. Following him several representatives from the Ciceronian Society spoke in behalf of their society play. Otto Modeer reviewed the cast, Freeman Scott told the

story of the play, and Cora Connett ended with an appeal to everyone to come. A successful performance was predicted and the students were convinced that if they did not wish to miss something good, they must come to the play. The meeting was dismissed after a few announcements.

The students were given a rare treat on the following Friday, for the Girls' Opera Class entertained them with several splendid numbers. These were well received, and then everyone practiced "Hail, All Hail" before the meeting adjourned.

November 29 was the day of the Thanksgiving program at Central. The Reverend Robert Porter, of the First Congregational Church, had charge of the exercises. The students sang a hymn, then, Mr. Porter read a chapter from the Bible and gave a short talk. He said that there were three things, of the greatest importance to us, for which we should be thankful; first, that free and compulsory education existed in America; second, that we live in a country in which no office was closed to the people, and, third, that the emphasis in religion is now placed on service. At the conclusion of his most interesting and helpful talk, everyone sang "America" with a spirit of thanksgiving. Announcement was made before dismissal concerning the offering the students had contributed that morning for the poor children. It amounted to about \$87.00.

The afternoon of the same day, Nov. 29, witnessed an "original pep meeting." The band occupied the center of the stage and played some stirring pieces. Then, many short, spicy speeches were given. Mr. Livers first spoke about "Our Last Chance." According to him, poor Omaha was in for a good beating. Mr. Thatcher told the students of the spirit at Columbia. Francis McGrath urged the downfall of the Omaha team, while Dorothy Challis reviewed a letter from Omaha prophesying what they were going to do to St. Joseph. The purpose of this meeting was to give the football boys a good send-off and show them that Central, with all her glorious enthusiasm, was behind them. The students yelled and sang until they almost raised the roof, so if the team didn't feel encouraged it was their own fault. This meeting closed the school day before the Thanksgiving holiday.

Stop! Look! Listen!

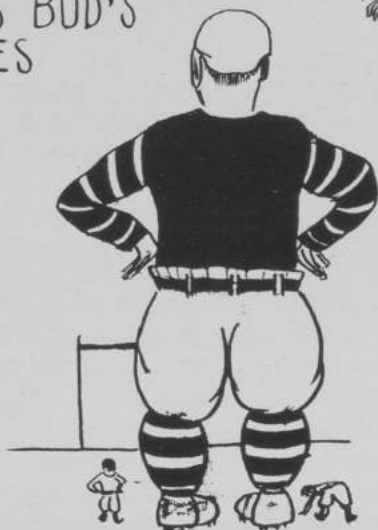
Boys! Have you joined the High School Club? If not, you are missing the greatest opportunity of your High School days. Make it a rule to eat your Tuesday evening meal at the Y. M. C. A., and see how much you enjoy it. This is proving to be one of the most popular "stunts" connected with Central High School, and all the boys that are members of this club will tell you about those famous "bean suppers." Every male student, except Freshmen, are welcome, so let's see about a hundred fellows next Tuesday night in the lobby of the Y. M. C. A. at 6:00 o'clock.



MR. PRUNTY LIKES BUD'S
FLYING-TACKLES



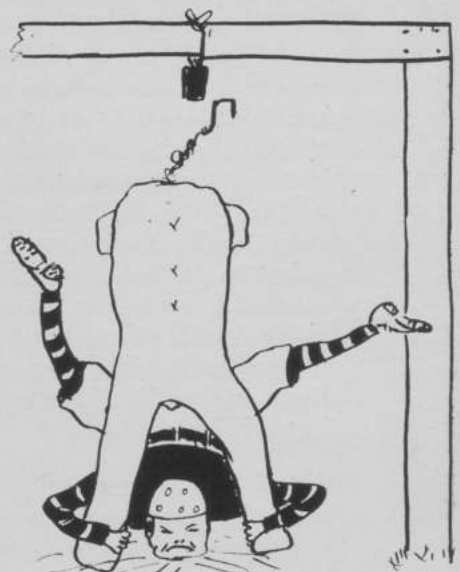
BEN IS USUALLY A QUARTER UP
INSTEAD OF A QUARTER-BACK—O



WELL, HE LOOKS THAT
BIG TO THE OTHER TEAM
ANYWAY.

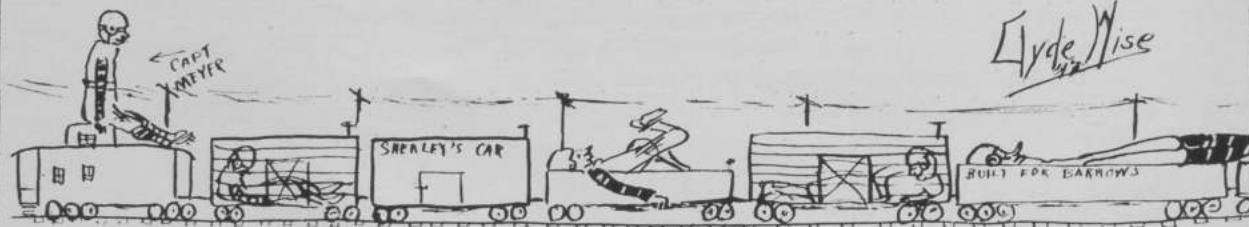


SORRY "SQUIRE" BUT OUR
PEN DOES NOT WORK THAT FAST.



THE WAY THE NEW MEN HIT
THAT DUMMY.

Lyde Wise



OUR SPECIAL TRAIN TO KANSAS



The Junior College Page

A JUNIOR College student who is possessed of mediocre abilities along athletic lines, would put before the student body of Central the idea of a more extensive system of intro-High School athletic activities. By the term intro-high-school is meant between the different societies and classes of the school.

Spirit or "pep" in any institution is what makes it a success, and this is what Central is, and is going to continue to be in the future. Spirit in old C. H. is certainly in its ascendancy, but has not yet quite reached its zenith; or do we really want it to attain that place?

Different members of our faculty have observed that in many other very first-class high schools and colleges, there is a natural tendency to give intra-high school games the preference over "foreign" contests, and where this is the case, spirit is almost unbounded and its results are far-reaching in their aid to the school life. It is quite true that a great deal of interest is taken in contests with other schools and, of course, this is expected, but where we play among ourselves, representing "the best" society or class in school, every one, or at any rate the great majority of boys, and—oh, yes! girls, too—know the athletes, not only of our own society, but of the one which is to be beaten, and so the interest and excitement is strengthened all around. By these intra-school games, the respective classes are enabled to come into contact with each other much more often than would otherwise be possible. This instills a feeling of common concern and activity in the heart of the "booster," and promotes a "win for my country or die" spirit in the participants. All this increased enthusiasm produces renewed vigor and determination on the part of the pupil to "get that Trig. problem, or 'bust'."

Students fail to attend contests with other schools themselves and fail to "drag someone," for many reasons, but the most confining one is financial. All of us are made more or less serious by the mentioning of that short but potent word "money." However, this ever-present worry is banished where intra-school games are on the program, because they absolutely do not cost a cent for admission, nor do you have to pay the extra D-I-M-E for a side-line ticket. For this last, as well as for the other reasons which the writer has given, he hopes that intra-school athletics at C. H. and J. C will be promoted in the future.

THE GREAT American game has had its reign at Central and now we are all waiting to see if Coach Moyer's basketball aggregation is going on as in past years. There are only two serious losses in the line-up, those of Spratt and Voss. But there is much material to draw from and it looks as if the basketball team will be the best that we have had in years.

The football season ended Thanksgiving Day at Omaha, and with that game went the hopes of Central's claim to the Missouri Valley championship. Central, from its very first game to the last one, played a remarkable game for a high school and it was marked by the consistent playing of every man on the team.

The stars that stand out most brilliantly are the seven line men and the four back field men. To every man, to every student and to every back of Central's team belongs the honor of making the team of this year.

It may be of interest to note that one of Central's best quarterbacks led the M. S. U. aggregation to victory at Lawrence Turkey Day. "Stan" played the most brilliantly consistent game of football ever seen in these parts. And yet the reporter did not claim that he was the real star. And that typifies the great spirit of Central, "Service without the lime-light."

The fifteen men that went to Omaha and who will get the C. H. S. football insignia, are: Myers (captain), Sellers, Cash, Symon, Burkhart, Packwood, Light, McCord, Slater, Ennis, McGill, Grauer, Bealls, Lange, Journavvez, Barrows.

The basketball squad will probably be composed of the following men: Myers, Light (captain), Cash, Bealls, Sellars, Slater and other fellows who, of course, are not at this time known. Basketball practice began on Monday, Dec. 4, and by the time this month's Forum is out, the squad will be in nice shape.

Goals and Ghouls.

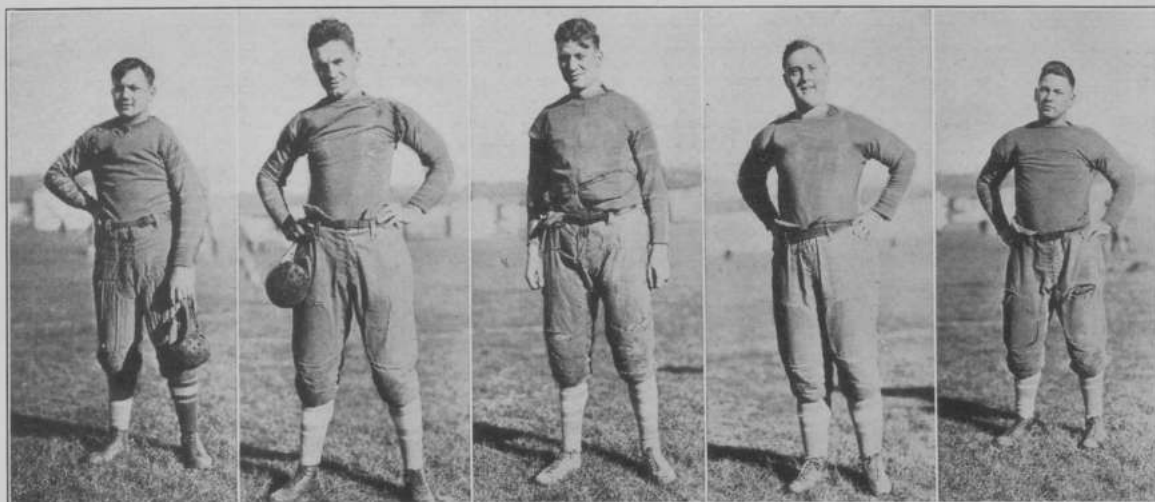
The national anthem is going to be changed to "I Won't Be Home Until Morning," if the present tendency at C. H. S. is kept up.

The fellows returning from Omaha looked as if they had attended a successful Irish shindig.

Stankowski, M. S. U.'s and C. H. S.'s little speed demon, is playing the same gritty game that he played for us three years ago.

Central's line out-weighs Missouri's line by a few pounds, and could surely show Kansas U. a stiff fight, if they had a chance.

At this time, Slater appears to be the likely contender for the football captaincy next year.



JORNAYVAZ
Guard

BEALLS
Tackle

BARROW
Guard

GRAUER
Guard

KOCH
Guard and Center



BURKART
Quarterback

ENNIS
Guard

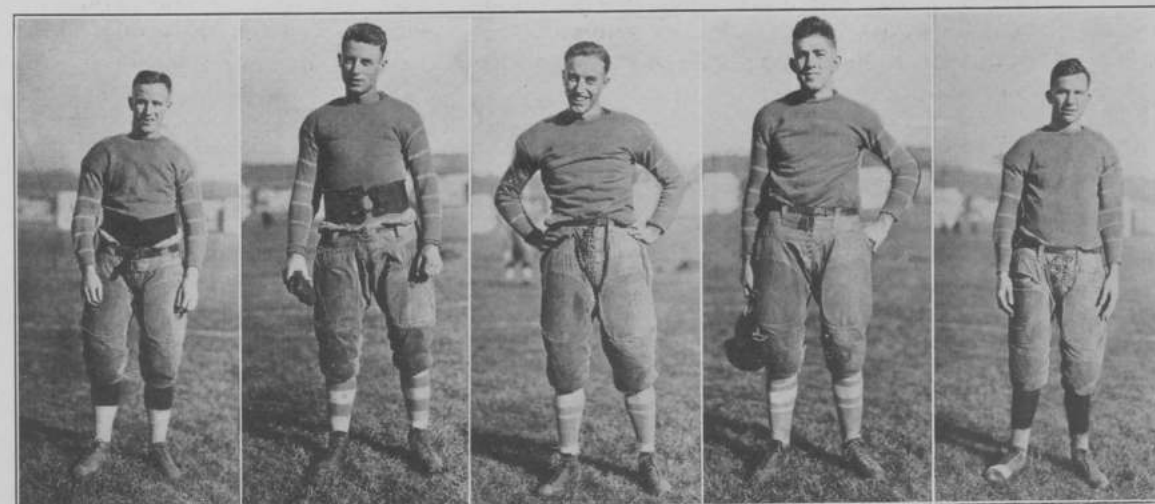
LANG
End

SYMON
Quarterback

PACKWOOD
Halfback

SLATER
Tackle

MCGILL
Center



SELLARS
Halfback

LIGHT
End

MCCORD
End

CASH
Fullback

MYERS (Capt.)
Halfback

Those desiring any of the above pictures, see Allison Cash.—Adv.

The Touchdown

(Continued from Page Ten)

"Yeah, that bo is great. He knows the game and lays them cold. He put out their two best players and in the first quarter, too."

Ralph was disgusted. "A lot of honor to us in winning from a team we intentionally crippled."

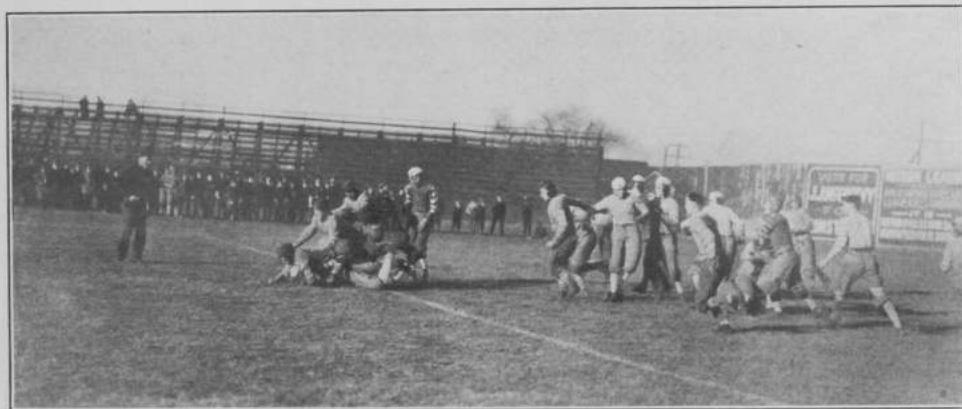
Red knew Ralph's ability to preach on that topic, so he was anxious to change the subject. "Why do you suppose Coach took Wally Downs out for?" he asked.

"Why? because when the captain gave him a signal to 'get' the man opposite him at right end, Wally disobeyed and played fair. The right end got by Wally and tackled McMarr, who would have made a touchdown if the right end had been injured. That's how we score—when the fellows obey."

"Gee. I'll bet Wally's sad. He's a good sort. His parents are here today and he wanted to make a good showing."

It was at the close of the third quarter that Ralph located Margaret. He had lost interest in the game, as it was easily Winmore's, the score being 42 to 13. Eager to see how Margaret was taking the game, he moved as close to her as he could. Love and disgust took turns about in his regard for her as he watched her emotions. As McMarr made the final touchdown of the game after an openly illegal play, Margaret applauded him enthusiastically, although she must have realized that the play was unfair. As Ralph watched her, disgust conquered and love fell mortally wounded in the struggle.

After the final whistle the crowd cheered madly. Winmore had won! They knew the game had been unfairly won, but like one in an angry moment, regret would not come until later.



McMarr made the final touchdown of the game after an openly illegal play.

Ralph leaped from the stand into the field. McMarr with mock good fellowship slapped Merry on the back as he passed.

"Great game, eh?" he said. "Sorry you weren't in it. You could have showed us how to play, you know."

The last words were wasted, for Ralph was out of hearing. He ran quickly after a retreating football player, who walked slow and disappointed by himself.

(Continued on Page Thirty-Nine)

Departments

English.

The English Department is making steady advances in the field of culture. In the midst of the fray, Senior, Junior, Sophomore and Freshman are each struggling for his victory. "Macbeth" is diligently pursued by the Seniors. The Juniors have just finished "Macaulay's Essays." They are soon to take up the interesting study of the "Sir Roger De Coverly Papers." Tennyson's Poems have been a source of great delight to the Sophomore. Many a Sophomore's memory, "the warder of his brain," has been sorely taxed in the attempt to commit the innumerable inspiring passages written by this great poet. With the coming of the festive season of Christmas, Irving's Sketch Book is doubly appreciated by the Freshmen.

History.

That the students of this department are taking increased interest in their work is shown by the vigorous class discussions. Miss Clark's Civics class has completed an extensive study of the immigration problem.

The English History students have benefited greatly by the interesting reports from various students on such topics as "John Hawkins and the Slave Trade," and "England's Agricultural Condition in the Eighteenth Century." Miss Moulton gave her classes a lecture on the "Debasement of Coinage."

The Current Events classes have turned their attention to the problem of the high cost of living. They have discussed the waste of the millions of pounds of paper daily poured from the great American printing press. They have discovered many ways in which waste paper and tin cans may be utilized. The Senior Civics Class has taken up a definite study of the American Congress, its duties and methods of their performance.

Music

The Boys' Glee Club and Opera Class of mixed voices gave a concert, Friday night, December 8th, in Central High School Auditorium. Half of the program was given by the Glee Club, while the other half was given by the Opera Class. There was also a special chorus of eight girls: Ruth Bell, Cora Connett, Isabel Nelson, Elaine Jeffries, Dorothy Driver, Laveta Fishman, Helen Werner and Mildred Owen. This concert was pronounced by everyone as one of the most successful ever given by Central.

The girls of the Opera Class gave a very entertaining program at an assembly meeting, a few weeks ago.

Mathematics.

The Trigonometry classes are beginning to learn the forty-four important formulas that comprise the art of Trigonometry. They have already

learned twenty-one. There is no doubt, however, that they will learn the rest of them.

Two attempts have been made by the Trigonometry students to find the width of the bridge with the transient; both times they failed. Nevertheless, they are still in hopes and are going to try again.

Much has been said concerning the everyday value of mathematics. Allow me to show you the part that a cigarette plays in mathematics: "I'm not much of a mathematician," said the cigarette, "but I can add to a man's nervous troubles, I can subtract from his physical energy, I can multiply his aches and pains, I can divide his mental powers, I can take interest from his work and can discount his chances for success."

Commercial

Mr. L. C. Rusmiser, former head of the Commercial Department of this school, and which position he successfully held down for about ten years, visited this department Monday, December 4, during which time he spoke to several of the classes on efficiency in business. After leaving this school in the year 1912, he went to Omaha, Nebraska, where he gained many honors through his clear teaching at the Omaha School of Commerce. Mr. Rusmiser is very well informed in every line of commercial work and he delights in extending a helping hand to young men and women stenographers and bookkeepers seeking employment. He emphasized the fact that during all his travels throughout the United States, while representing the Howe Publishing Company, he found no school where the work in the commercial line was superior to that in old C. H. S. in its thoroughness and clearness of teaching. His motto is: "Don't take things too seriously."

Mr. M. B. Wallace, of this department, while visiting several schools in St. Louis, during the Teachers' State Convention, recently held, reported that excellent work is being done in the commercial departments there, but that they have "nothing on us."

Mr. Frank Walters is glad to be afforded the opportunity of teaching beginning students in touch typewriting, under the new system, i. e., by blindfolding them. Experience has shown that students taught with the eyes free have a strong propensity toward looking at the keyboard, hence frequently make errors.

Mr. Walters is an expert in the shorthand world, having won the Gold Medal for shorthand, at the Gregg jubilee convention, held at Chicago in 1913. It may be of interest to know that the "fast" class spoken of in last month's editorial, in advanced shorthand, was under the supervision of Mr. Walters' last term.

We are enabled, through our association with the study of commercial law, to settle our disputes, with the aid of Judge Wallace, in class. These disputes always involve legal points and ethics and are invaluable for the "amateur law bug." As yet the "judge" has suffered no physical disabilities, but who knows his mental injuries during these trials?

Science.

It is on account of the fact that Chemistry is different from any other subject in the curriculum, in that it deals not only with what has been

accomplished, but with what might be done in perfecting the broad and unexplored branches of this subject, that causes a certain interest to dwell in those who are fortunate enough to be taking the subject at this time and which permits us to look beyond what already is and to see what is in store for us to work out in the future. It was the preparation of sodium to which a part of this interest is due. Although we could not prepare it ourselves, we studied the preparation on account of it being a typical industrial process. It was of interest, for this process is new and just coming into use, and we have learned that probably in some such similar manner aluminum might be obtained from clay. Thus, through some such way as the study of this subject, someone will become interested in the inventions which await their consideration, and it is for them that fortune, which is the reward of such consideration, is waiting. This is one of the many benefits which the students of Chemistry are gaining.

"Mollusks" and "Animals of Uncertain Relationships" were the topics of discussion in the Zoology classes this month. The Rotifers and Branchiopods are types of the latter and "soft-bodied" is the common characteristic applied to the former. Some of the Mollusks are bivalved, some univalved and others have no shell at all. Hybroids and worms were studied in the laboratory. The earth worm was taken as a type study and was found to be made up of many segments. The economic importance of the earth worm was emphasized.

In Botany the text-book work included the study of Algae. There are several kinds of Algae, but only two kinds have been studied this month—cyanophyceae (blue green Algae) and chlorophyceae (green Algae). In laboratory, the time was mostly spent in studying stems. Aside from the typical form several different kinds of stems were studied, namely, root-stalks, bulbs, tendrils, tubers, etc.

Language

A number of the pupils in Miss Neely's French III class this year correspond with pupils in French schools and the letters from France give interesting pictures of the conditions there during the present war. The pupils of this class have just subscribed for a French magazine which will come once a month and will give all the important current events as well as stories and jokes. Morie Weyman, one of the Junior College students who began French in September of this year, wrote a very pretty little poem.

Miss Sheets' Spanish III class are devoting most of their time to the study and translation of Valera's "The Green Bird." It is very instructive and pleasing, because of its style and language, and also because of the clear and concise way in which it is expressed. It is written in the purest Spanish and is especially suitable for reading on account of the simplicity of its language. These pupils are also studying very difficult constructions in the Spanish grammar. The beginning classes are taking up conversations and the most fundamental principles of Spanish. Mr. Foster's students frequently have matches; they have to spell, pronounce and give

(Continued on Page Forty)

EDITOR IS ELECTED

TANEY BEAUMONT CHOSEN BY SENIORS TO PUBLISH CLASS BOOK

Oliver Goerman Swamps His Opponent for Business Manager By Large Vote — Both Officers Ciceronians

Taney Beaumont, a member of the Ciceronian Society, was elected editor-in-chief of the annual senior class book, last Tuesday, by a comfortable majority, defeating Elliott Belden of the Alpha Nu Pi Society. Oliver Goerman swamped his opponent for business manager. He is also a Ciceronian.

Vote was cast for the election by the ballot system used in the other elections this term, and a heavy vote was polled. Mr. Beaumont received 74 votes and his opponent 52; Mr. Goerman won from Charles Chase, 90 to 38.

The new editor announces the following probable departments and arrangements of the book. The size will be smaller, 9 by 7 inches, being upright in form; there will be a pasteboard cover and a border drawn by Frank Street of New York City. The pictures of the seniors will be printed in sections according to the course the student is graduating from. The editor and business manager will confer with a board comprising J. W. Beaumont, editor 1906 Annual; Paul Burns, editor 1912 Annual; Web Siemens, editor 1911 Annual, and Mr. Prunty.

The following are departments and the probable editors: Literary, Mamie Strop, Cora Connett, Freeman Scott, Otto Modeer; art, Nathan Goldman; photography, Allison Cash; societies, Adolphus Berger; athletics, Lloyd Light. There will be a novel faculty page and a news page.

A short "write up" of each senior will be given beneath his picture as well as a short humorous saying. "Under the Lemon Tree" will be a page of knocks and giggles by the editor, Misses Ama Beaumont, Hazel Karney and Eva Blanche Sutherland will be critics of the book.

LOUD WHISTLING CONDEMNED

Some Students Hiss or Are Unnecessarily Loud at Assembly Meetings

Many of the students of Central High School deplore the spirit that prompts some of the members to loud whistling and hissing at auditorium meetings. At one session W. H. Livers, who was conducting the meeting, had to request students not to hiss. On some occasion older students have reprimanded some of the under-classesmen for loud whistling. They feel that school spirit can be shown in more gentlemanly ways of applauding. Another act which some of the teachers condemn is clapping books together, especially as some use the new song books for this purpose.

1891 C.H.S. GRADUATE SPEAKS

Samuel Motter of School Board Tells of His Experiences at High School

Samuel I. Motter, chairman of the school board committee, addressed the assembly at Central Friday. He spoke of the great changes made in education since he graduated in 1891. Mr. Motter spoke of contemplated improvements at the school, comprising of new laboratories for the science work and new tables for the biology department.

MANY POEMS SENT

CONTRIBUTIONS RECEIVED FOR THE POET-LAUREATE CONTEST

Students Contend for the Honor of Being Central's First Poet-Laureate—Contest Definitely Closes Jan. 10.

Several poems have been received by The News on the subject of the Central High School building or its situation and spirit. These poems are contributions to The News poet-laureate contest started last month. Any student in Central High School or Robidoux High School may compete. Poems are not restricted in length or metre, but are to be about the Central High School building or the spirit at the school. Poems must be sent to The News or left in The Forum box not later than Jan. 10, 1917. A set of judges, not connected with the schools, will be chosen by The News, who will pick the three best poems. These three poems will then be displayed and the school at large will vote upon them by numbers. The author of the poem receiving the largest number of votes will be the poet-laureate of Central High School.

No poems have been written about the High School building, and since the spirit and loyalty to Central are so very high, besides the attraction of being the first poet-laureate of the school, the best efforts of every poet at Central should be called forth.

The News will print the winning poem as well as a picture of the author. Contributions should be made as soon as possible and not later than Jan. 10.

CENTRAL'S TREASURES

School Has Interesting Collections Which Societies May Inspect.

There are many splendid statues, pictures and collections at Central High School that few of the students appreciate. Some of the statues are The Wrestlers in Study Hall 7, and Minerva in the lower hall. Both of these are gifts from graduating classes and are worthy of study.

There are over 100 pictures located about the school which, the teachers say, receive little attention. Some are original pen and ink sketches and Miss Olga Mueller, German instructor, has an original wash drawing. There are some very interesting compositions in the penmanship room. Many of the prints are works of art and are fairly expensive.

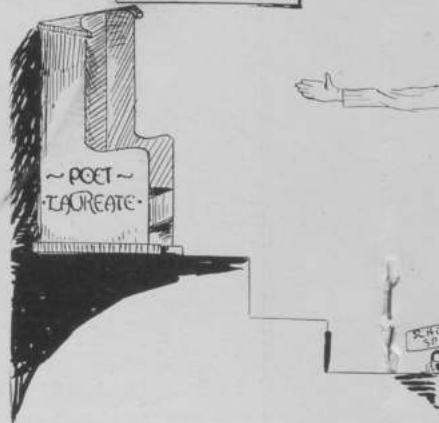
It is thought that the art course which was inaugurated this fall will stimulate a greater interest in art and perhaps then Central's many art collections will be appreciated.

There is a veritable treasure of curios, relics and minerals, which are located in the principal's office, W. H. Livers' room and the biology department. These collections comprise shells, curios, relics, fossils, minerals, petrified wood and old coins and stamps among many other interesting things.

None of these collections are displayed to advantage and M. C. Prunty, principal, is anxious to have the sponsors use them at meetings of the literary societies.

The collection gathered by M. B. Wallace, head of the commercial department, is also worthy of inspection. It contains specimens of the various steps in the manufacture of pencils, shoes, flour and many other articles.

YOU CAN'T REFUSE



Merry Christmas

Next week begins the Christmas holidays, or studies to trouble the mind. For two weeks you have been thinking of the season should encourage you.

Let this Christmas and New Year mean something more than a mere vacation from school; a pleasant holiday full of the most desirable, happy things, that we to become bigger, better, nobler men. Christmas is a time when we should forget ourselves and think only of others and forget the great world, a world that is based on the relationship of God. Don't shut that great world out of your mind by a mean pen in which only you dominate. Mirror and through the transparent glass, see the narrow bonds and be a man, too.

The cry of individualism is great. You are becoming a part of it and not be you. You are becoming a part of it and not be you. You are becoming a part of it and not be you.

God is the crowd, God is the multitude, God is the world. Thousands of people need your help this Christmas. Perhaps monetary aid. Learn now what it means to be a brother.

I like the spirit of the Yuletide. I am happy because it isn't, but because so many people are happy. I know that people are happy. I know that people are happy. I know that people are happy.

Are you angry that I am happy on this day? I am happy because I am happy. I am happy because I am happy. I am happy because I am happy.

Will wait. Happy nevertheless, for happiness is not a thing, but a feeling. We can agree in universal. Brotherhood is not man made, for man to forsake it. Like the wine of life, brotherhood is a thing, unfathomable, because it is divine.

High School News

MONDAY, DECEMBER 18, 1916

Don't Forget the News Poet-Laureate Contest

NUMBER 3

REFUSE HIM



Christmas

Holidays. For two weeks there will be no books. Two weeks your minds will be free to think noble, could encourage you to dwell upon, mean something to you; something more than just holiday only. The world is so full, so very full, that we should try to seek them out and try to find them. Christmas can do as much harm as good. It is based on the brotherhood of man and the great world off by a wall of mirrors and make you dominate. Rub off the mercury from your eyes, see the great world of men, then break your

You are afraid to mingle with crowds for you are afraid to help others too much or afraid of the crowd. You can make the crowd. God is gregarious life. Are you afraid of God? It is now Christmas. They want kindness, sympathy now what service means, but first learn

I am happy, not because it is my holiday, because I am happy; just carefreely happy. It means I know that man is God's image when I see what matters it to me that he does not believe in his faith good, because does it not teach a man happiness because I cannot agree with literature, philosophy, tells us that. It is all when that time comes I am not going to feel as the thing in life. Religion should teach us to understand God.

holy seasons, not because of the event it comes goodness to my fellow men. It makes them whom I love happy. When everybody is happy

on this day, because it is not my day. Then I happiness lies in the soul. We may never be in agree in the religion of brotherhood, as it is made, for man is destroyed when he would seek brotherhood, the love of mankind, is a never it is divine, of eternal spiritual love and hap-

DAVID RAFFELUCK,
Editor The News.

LATIN IS PRACTICAL

OPINIONS GATHERED BY THE NEWS
SHOW SUBJECT IS VOLUBLE

Most Persons Favor Two Years Study of
the Language—Is Basis For Other
Tongues, As Well As English,
Teachers Say.

With the coming of a new term soon, students will begin to ask again whether they should study Latin. Many students feel this subject is obsolete and impractical. The News has gathered from various sources some information regarding the study of Latin.

Miss Edith Moss Rhoades, head of Central High School English department; Miss Mary E. Neely, French instructor; M. B. Wallace, head of the commercial department; W. I. Utterback of the biology department, and B. C. Brous, formerly head of Central's science department, have said on various occasions that Latin is very desirable and conducive to high scholarship and wish that all students could take the subject.

Latin is Practical

That Latin is regarded as practical is shown by the statement of Dean Cooly of the University of Michigan in saying that Latin is a requisite to the good student of engineering. Ralph Newcomer, Kenneth Ammerman and Milnor Gleaves, graduates of Central High School, and at present students at the law school at the University of Missouri, say that Latin was the most practical subject which they studied at Central. A reporter for a neighboring city newspaper says that Latin has yielded him large returns. Teachers of the subject say that the language helps also in English, history, literature, philosophy and theology, as well as in the Romance languages. It is interesting to note that of the 400,000 words in the last edition of Webster's dictionary, 360,000 words are of classical origin.

C. E. Miller, Central's well known Latin instructor, says: "The splendid training derived from the study of Latin would justify any one in taking up the subject. The pupil who has time and energy should take four years of the language as Virgil, studied in the senior year, opens to the pupil the stream that has enriched all modern literature."

What Others Say

The head of the history department, W. H. Livers, says: "I favor Latin for its disciplinary value. Then, too, it is valuable for its aid in forming correct habits. It demands accuracy and exactness and those are fundamental traits in any student's character. Here he can develop the spirit that will lead him to 'hang on' to the knotty problems later on. Latin also has a cultural value. The amount to be studied depends on the student's plans for the future. For the student taking Latin, the minimum should be two years."

Here is what a student thinks. Francis McGrath, president of the second year junior college class says: "I believe that two years of Latin is sufficient and indispensable for all ordinary cultural purposes. Unless one is to take up a profession that demands proficiency in Latin, any greater length of time will not give value received. It is not a question of whether Latin itself benefits one. We all admit it does, but it is a question of whether or not four years spent on certain other branches would not return more practical value."

XMAS PLAY TUESDAY

THE MERCHANT GENTLEMAN, COMEDY, GIVEN BY ALL-SCHOOL CAST

The Mound Builders and Strongheart
Were Very Creditably Given—Play
Tomorrow Concludes Term's
Dramatic Season

"The Merchant Gentleman," the third annual all-school play, will be presented Tuesday at 8 o'clock at the school auditorium. The production is one entirely different from any ever given at Central and is a French comedy of the time of Louis XIV. There are four acts and one scene. The settings and costumes are very effective, and the play promises to be one of the best seen this season.

Billy Barrow essays the role of Monsieur Jourdain and has a very heavy part. Ruth Ott takes the part of his wife. Mary Stauber is the charming daughter of the couple. Eleante (George Trapp) seeks the hand of the daughter and herein the whole plot lies. Others who will appear in important parts are: Roberta Chambers, Roland Steubner, Margaret Wing and Louis Coughlin.

Features of the play Tuesday are several solo dances and ballet dances. An elaborate Turkish ceremony takes place in the fourth act.

"The Mound Builders" was very successfully given last Friday by Central's mixed chorus. The boys' glee club numbers were also splendid. This musical program is a credit to Central.

The Ciceronian play, "Strongheart," was well presented Nov. 24. Freeman Scott as the grind was the star of the evening. John Hall did creditably as Strongheart. Mildred Owens was particularly good.

Miss Roberta Sheets directed "The Merchant Gentleman." Miss Clara Sanford, "The Mound Builders," and Miss Anna Beaumont and Miss Anna Jensen, "Strongheart."

AT THE THEATRES

GOOD BILL AT CRYSTAL

The vaudeville at Crystal Theater this week is up to the high standard of past performances and for good, wholesome amusement is well worth seeing.

OLIVER TWIST AT ORPHEUM

An elaborate photoplay edition of Charles Dickens' "Oliver Twist" is being shown at the Orpheum and the management believes it is a picture every student should see. Produced by the Lasky directors and led by Marie Doro as Oliver Twist as well as other stars, the picture is one that from many points of view is worth seeing. Mary Pickford will next appear in "The Pride of the Clan." Cleo Ridgely and Lou Tellegen will soon be seen in "The Victoria Cross," and Marguerite Clark in "Snow White."

Squad Gets Together at Luncheon

Central High School's football squad was treated to an elaborate lunch Friday evening by Central's Athletic Association at the school. Informal speeches were made. About thirty guests attended.



Exchanges.



THE EXCHANGE department has been progressing with gratifying rapidity this month. We have received many good monthlies in addition to our old faithfuls, the weeklies. We welcome you all, and ask that you so favor us again.

The Post, Franklin High School, Portland, Oregon.

You have an especially good literary department. We were pleased with your poetry. You need more cuts, and your paper seems shy of department editors. We also believe that your paper would look better and could be handled more easily if the cover were the same size as the pages. Come again.

The Habit, Salina, Kansas.

Your paper is very neat. Your editorials are interesting and convincing. You are badly in need of cuts. Your athletic writings are complete. Come again.

The Quill, Henderson, Kentucky.

Your class write-ups are especially complete. Your staff shows great magnanimity in dedicating the product of their work to your two football men who have been injured this year. Your stories are very good, but very short. Come again.

The Boomerang, Longmont, Colorado.

Your paper seems to us to be a very plain, clear-cut news imparter. You have a very attractive cover design. If you would add a few cuts and stories, you could make the inside as attractive as the cover. Come again.

The Totem, Lincoln High School, Seattle, Wash.

Your name is original. The size and shape of the paper fits it. The cover design also fits it. "Originality" seems to be your watchword. We notice that you have an enrollment of 1,500 in the school. Out of that membership you ought to get enough subscribers to put out a fine paper. We like your originality, but why not more of it? Come again.

The Tattler, Holton, Kansas.

Your cover design is unique. We looked all the way through the book before we found your contents page. Why not put that first? Your write-ups are very neat. Your leading editorial is very well thought out. Where are your exchange notes? Come again.

The Kernel, Louisville, Ky.

Your athletic cuts are fine. We like to see them given a large space. We like your quality of paper and your neat arrangement. Your manner of writing up exchanges is very unique and interesting. We notice that this is only your second edition. You are doing splendidly. Come again.

The Review, Central High School, Washington, D. C.

We honor you for the way you printed "In Memoriam" for one of your

past teachers. Students who can appreciate their teachers have grown past the stage of childish prejudices. We congratulate you upon such growth. Yours is one of the most literary papers we have seen, and a few more cuts would make it one of the most attractive. Come again.

The World, St. Paul, Minnesota.

Back again this year. Well, we are mighty glad to see you. Your cover design is positively beautiful. We do not understand how you raise your artists—and more than one, too. You are the only magazine we get to whom we cannot say, “more cuts needed,” and feel justified. Your personal write-ups are unusual and very interesting. Your cartoons are good. “Poor Dick’s Almanac” is excellent. Come again.

We also wish to acknowledge the receipt of the following: The High School World, Topeka, Kansas; The Drury Mirror, Springfield, Missouri; The Kemper News, Boonville, Missouri; The Westport Crier, Kansas City, Mo.; Southwest Standard, Normal School, Springfield, Mo.; William Jewell Student, Liberty, Mo.; The Midland, Atchison, Kansas; High School Shelbinan, Shelbina, Mo.; The Green and White Courier, Maryville, Mo., The Yale Alumni Weekly; The Budget, Lawrence, Kansas; The High School Buzz; The Manualite, Kansas City, Mo.; Guard and Tackle, Stockton, California; Index, Normal School, Kirksville, Mo.; Maroon and Gray, Dallas, Texas; Little Tiger, Wiwoka, Oklahoma; The Central Collegian, Fayette, Mo.; The Trumpeter, Lexington, Mo.; The Sphinx, Centralia, Ill.

PAEAN OF VICTORY

Hail to the team who in triumph advances!
 Honored and blessed be the victorious blue!
 Long may the white on our banner that flashes
 Flourish, the pride of the loyal and true.
 Heaven send it victory;
 Earth lend it security
 Gayly to conquer and broadly to win.
 While every football field
 Echoes of our cheers shall yield—
 Central High of old St. Joe.

Proudly our banner has thrilled in St. Joseph,
 And Cameron’s groans to our slogan replied;
 Horton and Rockhurst, they are pitifully broken,
 And the best of Hiawatha lie dead on the field.
 Mother and pretty maid
 Long shall lament our raid,
 Think of St. Joseph with fear and with woe;
 Savannah and Atchison,
 Shake when they hear again—
 Central High of old St. Joe.



Societies.



CLIO

Forum Reporter Helen Bernard

Owing to the numerous holidays, there has been but one meeting of Clio this month. At that time, our program was furnished by Miss Sheets, who entertained us with a group of readings. They were greatly appreciated and enjoyed, especially the selection from Every Woman.

Friday night, Dec. 1, the Clio girls entertained at the home of their member, Miss Leah Spratt. This was a great success, and was enjoyed by everyone. Much of this success was due to our hostess, Mrs. Spratt and the chaperons, Miss Neely, Miss Garlichs, Miss Kaucher, Miss Sheets, Miss Carter, Miss Beaumont and Miss Jensen.



ALPHA NU PI

Forum Reporter Roland Stuebner

The time spent after 3:00 o'clock on Friday afternoons in the A. N. P. Society, bore witness this month to the most striking and thrilling speeches of the season. The arguments of George Polk, Roland Stuebner and Lawrence Bode certainly evinced a high spirit of intense interest and showed what can be accomplished if the two weeks' notice of being on the programs is made use of. But Elliot Belden, is he classed among these? One will not doubt it, who heard him on the last debate when, after every few words, a tense and brisk applause arose to his honor on account of his well outlined and arranged argument. The interest in which the extemporaneous talks were given is also worthy of comment and it seemed that everything went together to form the most entertaining meeting of the year, and much is being accomplished for our members. The society has recently suffered the loss of its directress, Miss Summy, to whose kind consideration and attention much of the society's success had been due. If this were all of the situation, it would certainly be sad, but the best part of it is, we have succeeded in gaining Miss Mary Garlich as our directress and guide, on whom we are building our hope of the future.



ARISTOTELIAN

Forum Reporter Walter Bertrand

Another successful month of work and pleasure has been enjoyed by the members of the Aristotelian Society. We are on the eve of the beginning of another new year, and may it disclose better work and better times for everybody in every place and in everything, than any year that has preceded it. Is the New Year to be begun right or wrong?

The literary work of our society has been followed out to the letter. At no meeting is anything more important than the program of debates and speeches. A long search has been made for a play suitable for the society to give, but it has proved to be a "merry chase," and as yet has not ended.



ALEPH LAMAD

Forum Reporter Hannah Abramson

The Aleph Lamad Society held only one meeting during the month of November, on account of the holidays in the first and third weeks.

On the 24th, a meeting was held and a discussion concerning special work for the year took place. It was decided to concentrate on the drama, especially modern drama, and to vary the work with programs on classical authors, such as Thackeray and Scott.

An impromptu Thanksgiving program was given. Esther Segall told the story of "George Washington Fish's Turkey," and Ruth Levin gave "The Turkey Dinner that Flew Away." Both were enjoyed exceedingly by the society.



CICERONIAN

Forum Reporter Robert Bell

The Ciceronians observed "Ciceronian Day" on Nov. 15. A "feed" was given in the lunch room followed by a number of spicy speeches.

A very creditable presentation of "Strongheart," a comedy drama, by de Mille was given Nov. 24, by the society. The snap and enthusiasm with which the play was given elicited much applause.

John Hall handled the part of "Strongheart" with a great deal of force and dignity. Freeman Scott, in the role of the college grind, was the source of much humor, and attracted much applause. Taney Beaumont, as "Dick Livingston," is worthy of much praise.

A gripping plot runs through the entire play, for trouble starts when Thorne, taken by Dudley Jessup, sends the football signals to the other team. Billy Saunders is accused by Thorne and is cleared by Strongheart.

Much of the success of the play is due Miss Beaumont and Miss Jensen, the directresses.



DIANTHIAN

Forum Reporter Helen Marechal

A very funny and humorous debate was given in Dianthian on Nov. 10. The subject, "Resolved, That Studies Should Not Interfere With Our Education," was upheld by Mary Hauck and Blanche McCauley; the negative by Emma Nelson and Mildred Kaucher. Mary Hauck was given best speech.

Nov. 24 was "Letter Day." Dorothy Taylor read a letter from Nutley, N. J.; Mary Stauber one from Chicago; Mildred Long, one from Ward Belmont, and Elizabeth Nelson read one from Winfield, Kansas.

The Dianthians have decided to dress dolls for the children at the Home for Little Wanderers. It was also decided to have a spread, the day the dolls are brought to school, which will be on Dec. 15. The work in Dianthian this year has been very successful, and we have had very interesting and novel programs.



DOLAD NUN

Forum Reporter Nathan Fine

The Dolad Nun Literary Society, after several years of experiments, has determined that social activities are of a value to members as well as literary work. This thought embodied itself so deep in the society, that a party was given Nov. 29, at the home of Mr. Livers. The guests of honor were the members of the Aleph Lamad Literary Society, who declared that

(Continued on Page Thirty-Five)

ROBIDOUX HIGH SCHOOL NOTES



IT IS THE established policy at the Robidoux School to have a varied program at the weekly assembly meetings. These meetings are held on Tuesdays, but occasionally to get a special speaker, a meeting is held on Monday, or on Wednesday.

During this month we have had a program given by the Robidoux High School orchestra, under the direction of Miss Russell. The program was given very creditably and was greatly enjoyed by the school.

On Nov. 22, it was our good fortune to have with us Mr. J. Kelly Wright, state institute lecturer for the Board of Agriculture of Columbia, Mo. Mr. Wright gave us one of the strongest and most helpful talks that we have ever had. He emphasized the fact that five things were very important to observe and practice in order to be successful. These five are Discrimination, Will Power, Energy, Vitality and Honesty. The pupils will long remember his splendid illustrations of these subjects.

Mr. Wright has promised to give his well-known illustrated lecture on "Missouri" at some future date.

At the assembly meeting, Dec. 4, Mr. Fred Barkhurst, of the St. Joseph Gazette, gave a good talk on the subject, "The Man Who Stood Still." Mr. Barkhurst stressed the importance of taking an active, constructive part in all the things of the community.

Y. W. C. A. CLUB

The Y. W. C. A. Club received four new members last week, making a total of thirty-five active members. At the last meeting "stunts" were given by several girls, after which refreshments were served. This week the president, Margaret Harroun, will lead the discussion, "A One Hundred Per Cent Girl." The basketball teams will play a game New Year's day at the joint reception given by the Y. M. and Y. W. C. A. Nora Nelson is captain of the Blues and Cecil Gann of the Reds.

EXCELSIOR LITERARY SOCIETY

The program of the Excelsior Literary Society for the past month consisted of a very instructive and highly interesting debate, a Thanksgiving program, a musical entertainment and a business meeting. The subject of the debate was, "Resolved, That President Wilson performed a great service to the United States by inducing Congress to pass the eight-hour law." Edward Henderson and Francis Murray were on the affirmative

side, and Harvey Peacock and Garnet Jones were on the negative. The affirmative side won.

The Excelsiors expect to give a mock trial soon after Christmas, which will likely be a big success, as there seems to be a large number of good actors in the society.

PYTHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

The Pythian Literary Society has had varied work during the past month. On Nov. 17, a number of the members walked to Prospect Hill, where they enjoyed a wienie roast and outdoor games. The following program was given over to the movies; among the favorite actors and actresses were Mary Pickford, Marguerite Clark, Fannie Ward, Charley Chaplin and Marshal Neilan. On Nov. 29 the society had a musical program.

The Pythians are looking forward to their play, "Mr. Bob," to be given some time in January.

AGLAIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

On Nov. 10 the Aglaian Society gave a musical program in the auditorium. A Japanese program, some of the numbers of which were a talk on Japanese customs by Ellen Graham; Japanese stories, by Lois Maupin and Irene Silverstein, and a description of a Japanese city, by Carol Beauquard, was given on Nov. 17. The chief feature of the Thanksgiving program, on Nov. 24, was a little costume play called "In Colonial Days," given by Gertrude Street, Ada Neudorff, Marian Rogers, Dorothy Berg and Nellie Bornstein. At an impromptu meeting on Wednesday, Nov. 29, charades and games were played.

ALLEGRA LITERARY SOCIETY

The Allegra's chief interest during the past month has been along the line of care for the poor and unfortunate. The members made candy, which we sold, using the proceeds for provisions for a poor family, located for us by the Welfare Board. The members who worked at this project gained an insight into conditions among the poor which we hope will make us better citizens of the community.

HAMILTONIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

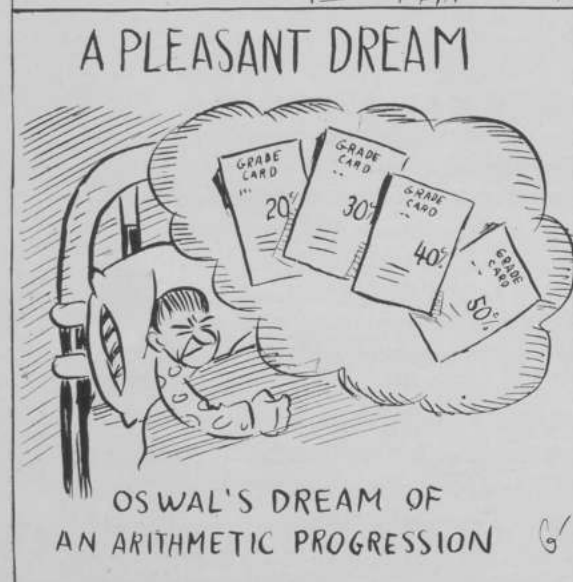
The Hamiltonian Literary Society has been progressing along the same lines as usual, our programs consisting mostly of speeches, jokes, current events and the debating of present day topics. The new members have gotten into the spirit of our society and their discussions are interesting and beneficial to every one.

The Hamilton basketball team has won the pennant, coming out with a clean slate and the prospects now are to form a bowling league between the societies.

JEFFERSONIAN SOCIETY

The programs the past month have been varied and enjoyable. Nov. 24 extemporaneous speeches were made by six members, the subjects

(Continued on Page Forty-Five)



Societies

(Continued from Page Thirty-One)

our attempt to entertain them proved successful, and that the event was a very enjoyable one.

The literary work is not slighted and some very interesting and well prepared debates were held in the past month. The program of Nov. 10 was very interesting. Raffelock gave an oration, L. Fine and H. Fine made political stump speeches, Liebling gave a declamation, Berger a recitation, and Goldman a chalk talk.



AGATHIA

Forum Reporter Jean Barnett

The time which has been spent this month has been both profitable and enjoyable in work and social affairs. There have been only two meetings because of our vacations, which were enjoyed by all. Two very interesting topics were discussed in the first meeting. These discussions were extremely interesting as well as profitable. "The Drama of the Eighteenth Century" was discussed by Mildred Harding. "The Future of the Drama" was fully discussed by Irene Johnson. The slight criticism given by the critics revealed these two girls were capable of doing very good work. The next meeting, all adjourned to the lunch room, where everyone enjoyed a bounteous "spread." This term's work has been one of the most interesting in the society's history.

PHILOMATHIAN

Forum Reporter Elizabeth Sell

The St. Nicholas Magazine was discussed by the Philomathian Literary Society, on Nov. 3. Bessie Alverson, as leader, gave a discussion of the history, purpose and departments of the magazine; Helen Debendo told "The Whittier of Cremona"; "Hans, the Wise," was given by Frances Burk; "In the Cities of Salt" was discussed by Lenora Gumbert; some poems were read by Ruth Mullen; Ethel Conway told about the Little Folks Department. The magazine for discussion on Nov. 10 was The Youth's Companion. Mamie Crum was leader. Current events were discussed by Ogretta Jones; anecdotes by Helen Schmidt; the children's page, by Masie Jacobson, and a comparison of the St. Nicholas and Youth's Companion was given by Mamie Crum. Ruth Mullen was critic. The study for Nov. 24 was the Harper's Bazar. Lillian Busselle was leader and discussed the history, departments and pictures of the magazine. The early contributors and editors were given by Berenice Sell. The first copy of the magazine was discussed by Ruth Retzer; "Le Hidden Despotism" was read by Lenora Gumbert. "Burbanking" was given by Nellie Letts.

Some False Pride I've Seen

By Francis McGrath

I'M A JUNIOR College student. I'm just as ambitious and as proud and as "stuck" on myself as any of you who read this. I love riotous life and the dust of excited throngs as you do. I'm hungry for all the thrills of life—and I'm always looking out for Number One—just as much as any of you. All of which means that I'm a normal human being—just as you are. And yet right in the face of it all in spite of all these things. I'M GOING TO THE JUNIOR COLLEGE! You see an inconsistency in that. I know the expression your thought would group itself into if uttered. I know you High School people really look DOWN on us rather than UP to us. I know you pity our "mean" spirit that is contented with Junior College life. I cannot blame you entirely. Tradition backs you up. College life at a University—NOT a Junior College—in your minds consists of seven or more heavens, and many of you think that by comparison, the Junior College is a sort of seven or more places at the other extreme. That's how you feel, isn't it? Sure. Now we're on common ground. We understand each other, and neither of us is mad.

In my Annual I look reminiscently at the pictures of old classmates. There's John and Harry and Ed and Charley. They went away to school. Jim flunked out at Christmas. His dad said he could have passed splendid examinations in the subjects of Mixed Drinks, Master Course in Poker, and "Social" Ethics—but they didn't examine in those things! Jim's been working at Swift's since. Dad put \$300 on the debit side of the ledger. Harry stood the pace for two years—and had to drop out, financially exhausted. Ed, after a year and a half, said it was too blase an existence for him. The novelty was wearing off. Anyway, he just went, to say that he'd been there—everybody "worth while" went away to school, and people kind of looked down on you and thought you must be pretty poor if you couldn't even go to M. U.—but now he'd shown them that he could—and he'd seen all there was to be seen and done all there was to be done—so he guessed he'd come back home and go to work at the wholesale house. Yes, of course, he does know that there are men at the wholesale house today who've been there 20 years, and earn only \$30 more today than they did in 1896. They were "good men in their places," you know—and no firm can be blamed for LEAVING a "good man" in his place. Once in a while a man does get to the top—but it's just seldom enough to be the exception proving the general rule that the majority don't get to the top. "Oh, yes, old top—you had me feeling kind of glum," he says "but you know Helen is HERE—and when the boss raises me to \$60, it's the License Bureau for ours—so, as Eva says, 'I don't care.' Dad has lots of money—and his heart is soft."

Charley is still there, in his Junior year, the only one of the four with even a chance of possessing a diploma. The rest are out of it. I've only taken a few examples from those I know. But my ratios are true. I look about me in the Junior College. In the second year class, I see every face that was in the first one—except a few that have gone to higher schools. I see not one who has lagged for lack of interest or funds. I see a second year class with MORE boys than it had the first year; I see it with students

who have spent one year "away"—just long enough to satisfy their curiosity—and now they're coming here to be EDUCATED.

Listen, you people, to a little analogy I'm going to make. In the early days a certain old settler had notice that Indians were going to attack his cabin in four days. He took a chew of tobacco, grabbed his bullet mold, and made bullets day and night for those four days. HE HAD TO. He knew when the battle started, there was no time for bullet making, so he worked unceasingly. Writers, preachers and business men tell us that life is a battle—so it must be one, because whatever a writer, a preacher and a business man happily agree on, MUST be true. So life's a battle. It starts on graduation night and lasts till the Enemy lay us low. We are given a small portion of our life for the storing of ammunition and supplies for that conflict. The wives and children that are to be ours in the future implore that our work of preparation be unceasing. What we will be—conquerors or conquered, depends on the ammunition we store away NOW. It's what we are 20 years from now that counts. Our social position today means NOTHING. If we be in the gutter a decade hence, the very height of our school-day position will gauge our shame and our fall. The lowliest of us today will be, if successful, remembered for the success that was ours in LIFE'S battle—and honored for the RISE we made, and for NOTHING else. What a suicidal thought it is to cringe to the Pride of today—to say, "What will people say?" Rather, think, "What will my biographer say?"

All the foregoing is written on the presumption that your pride has a just right to be wounded by coming to the Junior College—which is a false presumption. To reinforce this crude appeal, I'll prove to you that every Junior College student will in the future consider it a tribute to his sagacity and foresight, and a thing to be PROUD OF that the substantial appeal made to his intellect by what the Junior College offered, overrode the beckonings that tradition and lurid cross-sections of college life-away-from-home made to his imagination.

To begin with, he was right where he could see Annie every night, if he wished—a lot better than writing to her—and he had more to spend on her since his college expenses were about one-eighth of what they would be at M. U., and at the same time he could earn a little on the side. And most heavenly thing of all, he could live at Home. Catch your college student when the spirit of candor moves him—and ask what that phrase means to him. Then as he grew older he realized that schooling depends on the sympathy and earnestness of teachers rather than the portion of the alphabet hitched to the tail of their names. Charley tells him that at M. U. he was simply a NUMBER to his professors. He was known as "16," and what human being can develop interest in a mere number. At home, his classes were small, his teachers knew him, his parents, his weaknesses, his talents. He knew how to approach him, how to develop him. Hadn't he been under the teacher's eyes for four long years? He had almost assumed the place of a foster child in his eyes. Such things, such INTEREST dwells far from University halls. College students will bear me out.

The High School students of today are the citizens of tomorrow, a statement so oft repeated as to qualify as a truism. Each class represents about 200 future citizens. Every solid acquaintance formed with these future citizens is worth money. It is stored-up capital. Should I go in busi-

(Continued on Page Forty-Four)



MANY of the former graduates of Central High School attended the Missouri-Kansas football game at Lawrence on Thanksgiving Day. Among them were: Marvin Hillyard, Harold Hutchison, Paul Burns, Harry and Margaret Mohler, Charles Culver, Milton Hansen, Geraldine MacKee, Helen Strop.

It may interest some to know that Ralph Boyer, who was mentioned in last month's Forum, played in the Omaha football game six years ago.

William Symon, a graduate of Central in '11, finished first in the trial cross-country run, not long ago. William was one of Central's best track men and also a good football player.

The announcement of the appointments of commissioned officers in the University of Missouri Cadet Corps shows that two St. Joseph boys received commissions. Samuel H. Ladensohn was appointed captain of Company C, and Roger Morton first lieutenant of that same company. Both of these boys graduated from Central.

Irma Grebel, a graduate of Central last year, is now studying at Sacred Heart Convent in St. Louis.

Irene Hagle, of the class of '15, has won distinction at Northwestern University in her high scholarship honors.

John Van Brunt, of the class of '12, had gone to Harvard to take a course in railroad administration. In September, 1916, he went to Chicago, and is now there.

Many of our alumni spent their Thanksgiving vacation at their homes here. Some of these are: Barton and Beverly Pitts, Lester Davison, Helen Connett, Irma Grebel, Ralph Ozenberger, Dupuy Warrick, Herndon and Wyeth Shull, Harold Warren, Roger and Paul Morton, Phil Strop, and Ruehl Farber.

W. E. Robinson

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REASONABLE TERMS

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The Touchdown

(Continued from Page Twenty)

"Oh, Wally," called Ralph.

"Yes, Merry;" tears were in his eyes, but he gulped and tried hard to smile.

"You played a fine game today, old man."

"Thanks, Merry. I—I wanted to finish the game—oh, so much. You see, mother was there. She had never seen me play before."

"Are you angry at Coach Norton?"

"No; I was given an order and I was supposed to obey, but Trenholme was playing so square, I—I couldn't cheat—even with the chance of failing, before my parents."

"Never mind, old man. When your folks know, they will feel more proud of you than if you won the game yourself. Don't get discouraged."

"I'm not, Ralph—now."

"Good! I graduate this year, but I'm coming back and you and I will set up a new standard of ideals for the school. Coach Norton will not be back next year, and I hope the new coach will be better. We lost out in football this year, but we made a touchdown in something higher and better. Well, I turn here. So long, old man. We'll show 'em next year!"

Last week one of our students who has been writing on the STENO-TYPE only two and a half months, took new dictation with students in Shorthand who had been studying six to nine months. The STENO-TYPE is a wonderful machine. We invite you to come in and see it operated.

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Departments

(Continued from Page Twenty-Three)

the meaning of the words. This affords them an opportunity of increasing their vocabularies and of improving their pronunciation.

Miss Neely is the instructor of the Senior German class. They are reading Baumbach's "Schwiegersohn" and are studying German literature. Just now they are taking up the life and works of Goethe. The other German classes are continuing their study of translations, conversations and constructions.

Although Latin is supposed to be a very dead language, nevertheless it is thoroughly alive. Many English words are formed from the Latin; this increases one's vocabulary and enables him to use a suitable or artistic word when necessary. The study of Virgil proves this for an English word, and oftentimes several, can be derived from almost every Latin one. Virgil is not only of instructive, but also of poetic value. The words and phrases used are stately and refined. Industrious students are still endeavoring to wade through the depths of Caesar and Cicero, while the "subs" are grappling with ponderous constructions.



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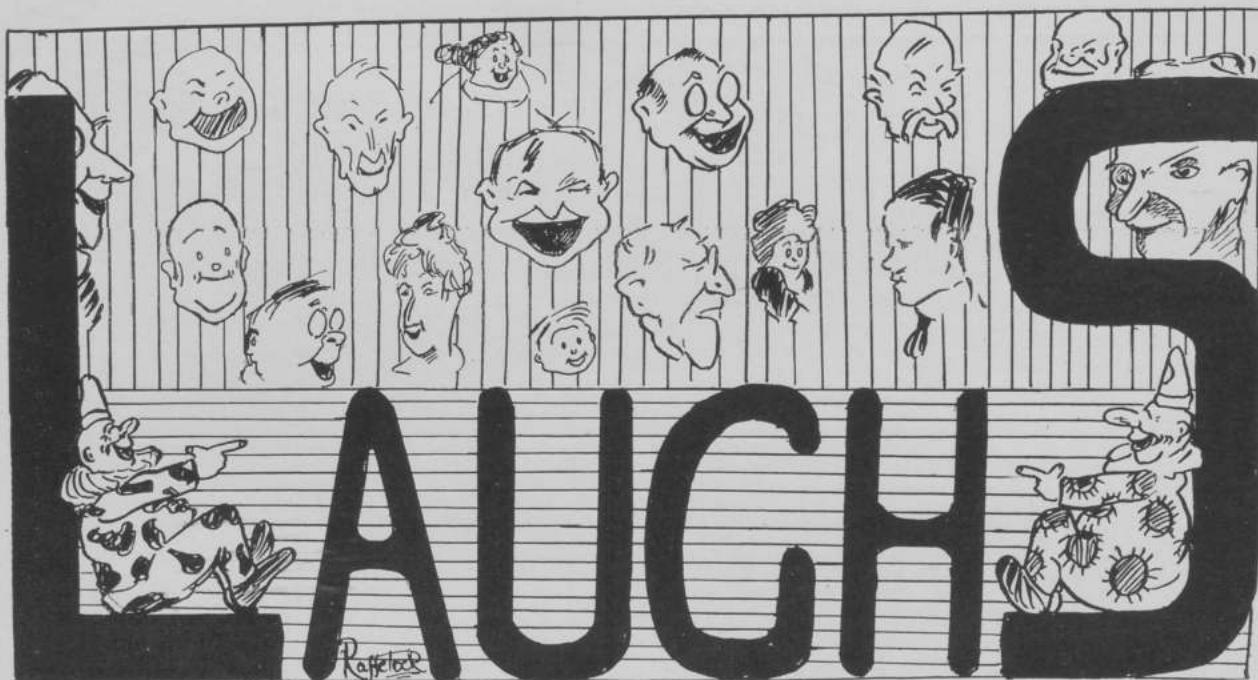
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She (passing confectioner's window)—Doesn't that candy look good?

He (a tightwad)—Uh-huh. Let's stand here and look at it awhile.

Did you ever see a smile on the mouth of a river, or a corn on the foot of a hill? And how about a frown on the face of the earth, or a wink in the eye of a needle, to say nothing of the muscles in an arm of the sea?

Sympathy.

So sorry to hear of your motor accident.

Oh, it's nothing, thanks; I expect to live through many more.

Oh, but I hope not.

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

Sure; you didn't think it would go on through, did you?

Mr. Smith—How does it happen that you have such low grades in January, compared to those in November?

Chas.—Well, dad, everything is marked down, you know, after the holidays.

One night George's mother asked the question, as he was leaving the house: "Whither?"

"With 'er," was the reply.

Swell Ties

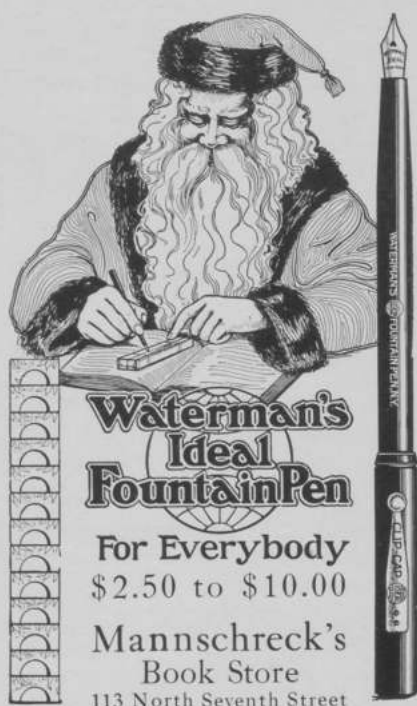
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SODA WATER—CANDIES—TOILET ARTICLES

Some False Pride I've Seen

(Continued from Page Thirty-Seven)

ness in St. Joseph six years from now, I'd depend on my High School acquaintances for the bulk of my patronage. Am I not wise and far-seeing then, if I spend six years in High School, instead of four, the last two in the Junior College, thereby adding a possible 400 future patrons of my life business? To be sure, I may never meet them all personally at school, but it is a peculiarity of school life that every class knows everybody in the class above them and few in the classes below—so they'll know you and your integrity, even if YOU don't even know their names. Further, we lose touch with our city when we go away to school. People forget us; we come home strangers. We've lost out in our own community, the very place, above all others, that we must win out in to LIVE. It's a sad feeling to come home forgotten, so let's stay home, where people know us, watch our advance, and then, when we are ripe, pick us for the chosen positions they feel we are fitted to occupy. Business men distrust college graduates. And, as Postum says, "There's a reason."

"How long have you been learning to skate, Ruth?"

"Oh, about a dozen sittings."

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Robidoux High School Notes

(Continued from Page Thirty-Three)

being assigned at the opening of the meeting. Nov. 29 a party was held in the boys' playroom, at which boy-scout games were played and refreshments served. On Dec. 8, the program was a debate on "Municipal Ownership of City Utilities." Affirmative, Emery Watkins and Irene Fellows; negative, Vernon Schopp and Tom Campbell. A program of Christmas stories will be given just before the holidays.

Much enthusiasm has been shown over the Pythian-Jeffersonian play to be presented in January. It is entitled, "Mr. Bob."

CRESCENT SOCIETY

On Nov. 10 a study of the life of a number of moving picture stars was made an interesting program by the following members: Clair Spratt, Maymie Schmitt, Una Walker, Corinne Heim, Thelma Williams, Daisy Keplinger, Sallie Lacy and Mildred Spotch.

A musical was given in the auditorium on Nov. 17. The following numbers were given: "Origin of Instrumental Music," Beulah Robinson; piano solo, Hazel Torrance; piano duet, Alice Gray and Christina Patt; vocal duet, Clair Spratt and Marjorie Weiss; piano solo, Nora Nelson; vocal duet, Ruth Davis and Margaret Falkenbach; piano solo, Thelma Williams; vocal solo, Daisy Keplinger.

Misses Marguerite Stahl, Rose Lodholz, Evelyn Conant and Linnie Bowers were guests of the society.

Nov. 24 a debate on the subject of woman's suffrage was discussed on affirmative by Mary Compton, Beryl Dodd and Ruth Billingsly, the negative by Alice Buzard, Virginia Schroeder and Una Walker.

A Thanksgiving donation was made by the society to a worthy poor family and on Nov. 29 Thanksgiving stories were told by Dorothy Moore, Marjorie Weiss, Ruth Billingsly and Sallie Lacy, after which a two-course luncheon was served. Miss Butler was guest of the society.

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Youth means a temperamental predominance of courage over timidity, of the appetite for adventure over the love of ease. This often exists in a man of fifty more than in a boy of twenty.

Nobody grows old by merely living a number of years. People grow old only by deserting their ideals.

Years wrinkle the skin; but to give up enthusiasm wrinkles the soul.

Worry, doubt, self-distrust, fear and despair—these are the long, long years that bow the heart and turn the greening spirit back to dust.

Whether sixty or sixteen, there is in every human being's heart the lure of wonder, the sweet amazement at the stars and at starlike things and thoughts, the undaunted challenge of events, the unfailing, childlike appetite for what next, and the joy of the game of living.

In the central place of your heart is an evergreen tree; its name is love. So long as it flourishes you are young. When it dies, you are old.

In the central place of your heart there is a wireless station. So long as it receives messages of beauty, hope, cheer, grandeur, courage and power from the earth, from men and from the Infinite, so long you are young.

When the wires are down, and all the central place of your heart is covered with the snows of cynicism and the ice of pessimism, then you are growing old, even at twenty, and may God have mercy upon your soul.

—By Dr. Frank Crane.

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