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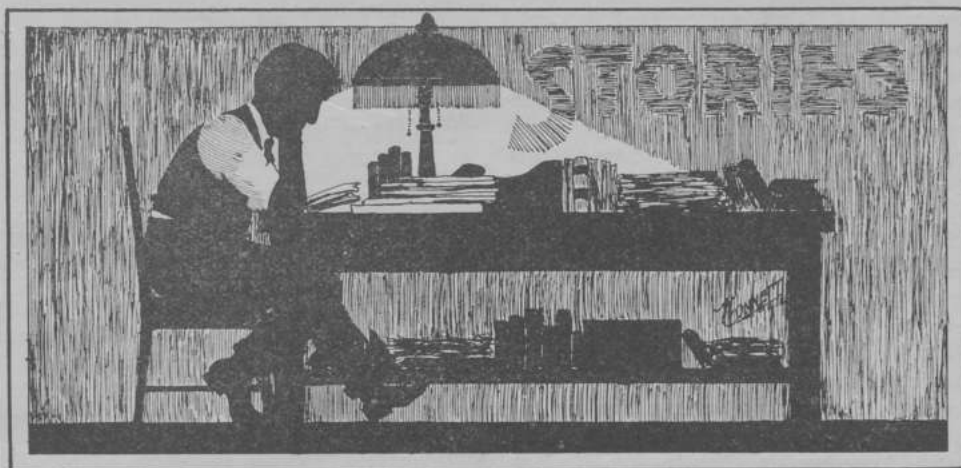
CLIO--A. N. P. PLAY

HIGH SCHOOL FORUM

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NUMBER 5



Do Something, Sophomore

I asked a prominent citizen once what qualities he thought were most necessary to make a man worthy in the community. Among several things, he said the desire of doing something worth while, accomplishing something and becoming prominent among other men in the city. I state this because he said he thought this was the most important quality for a man to possess who was to become a good citizen. The more one thinks about that, the more apparent it becomes that this desire is truly the best attribute for a man to have.

High school is a community in itself, and the requirements are practically the same governing the worth of a high school student. I say this especially to you, Sophomores, because now is the time you should be seriously contemplating what you wish to do. Perhaps you are already envious of someone, and there is not much doubt that you soon will be. There are always some students who are going to accomplish something—who are going to make you wish you were they.

It was just a few days ago I was talking to a Sophomore. "Well," I said, "you have three years of pretty hard work before you, but outside of this, what are you going to do here at Central?"

He looked serious and replied: "I don't know yet. I am hardly known here, but I'm going to make myself well known before I graduate. I have a little ability. If I felt that I could not speak or do something else that would make me worthy to have friends, I would put in all my time at my studies and rank high in them. But I am not going through high school without letting anyone know that I can and will do something worth while."

All Sophomores should feel that way. Talk with some of the fellows who are well known now—Seniors or Juniors—and see if they didn't enter with this same idea—this same resolve to DO SOMETHING. And it takes hard and consistent work to accomplish anything. If you want to do something, decide to concentrate and work hard to attain it.

There are so many things one can do to gain him friends and make himself better and more worthy. There are so many goals to strive for. If you are so inclined, try for athletics—and go into the game to win. If only that spirit, that resolve to do and succeed could be felt. Tell me, Soph, don't you ever feel that you could shut your teeth and desire with all your heart and soul, and feel as though nothing could stop you?

God has given man no greater or more stimulating desire than the one to rise to accom-

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The Fortune Teller

I AM going to that fortune teller if I die doing it. Mother doesn't approve of going to fortune tellers, thinks you are likely to believe what they tell you and all that stuff, but I want to go for pure fun's sake. I say, Ellen, lend me the fifty cents now and I'll pay you back tomorrow. I can't go home for the money because I will have to tell mother what it's all about. She will positively forbid my doing it and then, of course, I'll feel simply obliged to stay at home. This way I can tell her afterwards. You know she can't say anything then. After it's all over there is nothing to do."

"You say you all have been! Well, I haven't but I'm going now. It's too splendid an opportunity to be lost. Just think of it, fifty cents for two weeks only! The girls all say that he had droves of people when they were there, that he was terribly good looking, lived in the nicest, cleanest little cottage, and had the neatest looking housekeeper. That's why I feel so safe about going with you all today. Nothing could possibly happen to us. You all have been there before and know the way."

"I am not going to tell mother before I go, because she would worry. Anyway it would be silly for her to do all that for nothing. Why, I feel just as safe going with you girls this way, and in that respectable neighborhood, too."

"Is everybody ready?"

"Well, let's go down stairs then. It's simple to hang around putting on our wraps for ten hours after a luncheon."

"Oh, I just had the best kind of a time, Nell, and your luncheon was perfectly lovely. It was too sweet of you to think of me, and I do appreciate it so."

"Yes, we're all going to that fortune teller, the one that advertises with his picture in the paper for fifty cents, positively two weeks only! I have the clipping right here. Isn't he refined looking? There couldn't possibly be any harm in it, I know."

"Why can't you go with us?"

"You have some shopping to do?"

"Oh, ditch your shopping and come on."

"Well, if you can't, you can't, and that's all, but I am too sorry for words. I'll call you up tomorrow and tell you all about it. The girls say he is simply wonderful, but I don't believe anything they say comes true."

"Good-bye. I'll see you tomorrow."

"Are you perfectly sure this is the right car we take, girls? Where does he live, anyway?"

"Out on Cameron! Mercy, that's at the end of never! Why, it takes all day to get there. You pay my fare, will you, Madge?"

"Thanks."

"No, I don't think we need a chaperon. There's twenty of us at least, enough to scare any poor man to death. You've been before; did he tell you anything that was true?"

"He did?"

"Why, you know, Maida said he told her just packs of things that were true, and she's taking some letters of hers with her this time. He told her to, said he could tell her from the handwriting which man to take. I wouldn't take any one's word for that. You are too liable to take the wrong man just picking him for yourself (heaving a sigh). But it's alright if she wants to do it. That's her business."

"Come on, Madge, this must be the place. The girls are all getting off."

"Don't you feel queer going up there in such a crowd! Just look at the neighbors on their front porches. You'd think it was a circus parade. Still I don't blame them. I'd do the same thing. It would be such fun to see all your friends fall for such an inane thing as a fortune-teller. I'm doing it simply out of curiosity though. Don't think there is a thing in it."

"Why his house is awfully nice looking and so clean too. Look, Madge, he even has a Bible on his table. He must be good. I'm terribly glad I noticed that. It makes me feel so much easier about coming."

"You say, he won't let you have your fortune told with anyone else in the room?"

"Look at that! Girls, he even locks the door. You know I don't believe I want my fortune told after all. Oh yes, I will too. I won't be a quitter and I might as well have it done now that I'm here."

"Isn't that woman over there in lavender killing?"

"She certainly acts like that one she is talking to, with one leg shorter than the other, is her bosom friend and she hasn't known her ten minutes. I'll bet they have been to every fortune-teller in town, by their conversation."

"Girls, I don't like the looks of that man in

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Six-Sixty-Six

IT WAS in the fall of the year 1921, and all Europe was a desert. For the European war, later a world war, was over nearly a year. For six long years the struggle had gone on. During the fourth year the United States had been drawn into it, and later South America. Six bloody years of torture and death—and now it was over. Germany had proved she could conquer the earth. The Kaiser Wilhelm was lord of the world. Germany was the victor in a struggle that had pauperized the earth, at the cost of a world's civilization.

But this was not the worst. At a dummy convention, composed of German military heretics, all religion was declared void, the Bible was discarded, together with all creeds, and a new "seven" point religion was constructed, with the Kaiser supreme. Not satisfied with ruling the earth, he was trying to monopolize heaven. He had divided the earth into seven religious parts, or zones, with his representative at the head of each. Six of these zones were tractable enough, but the seventh zone, the United States, refused to bow to idolatry, and had started a small revolution against the fiend who had proclaimed himself on a par with the Creator.

* * *

The religious revolution in what had been the United States had failed, but in failing had nearly destroyed the seventh zone of the Kaiser's religion.

In an old church a group of Christians were still holding service, in worship of the only God. The worshipers did this at the risk of their lives, for to be caught disobeying the laws of the Emperor meant death.

The services had been going on nearly an hour, conducted in whispers. Suddenly old John Gorman rose from his seat and strode to the front of the little room.

"Turn to the thirteenth chapter of Revelations," he said hoarsely. Then he turned to the blackboard behind him and drew the following figure:

K	116
A	16
I	96
S	196
E	56
R	186
	<hr/>
	666

Having done this he turned to the little group and said: "You see this figure. Read it downward and you find the name 'Kaiser,' the name we are compelled to worship. Now look at the last column. You see a line of sixes, signifying the six-year struggle against civilization. After the letter K you see the number 11. K is the eleventh letter of the alphabet. Then A is the first, so the figure 1 follows it—all the letters shown by figures in the order in which they occur in the alphabet. Adding these numbers you, have six hundred sixty-six. Keep this in mind, and read from the thirteenth chapter of Revelation, and find it explained." This is what they read:

"And I stood upon the sand of the sea and saw a beast rise up out of the sea, having seven heads and ten horns, and upon his horns ten crowns, and upon his heads the name of blasphemy.

"And I saw one of his heads as it were wounded to death; and his deadly wound were healed, and all the world wondered after the beast.....and they worshipped the beast, saying, 'Who is like unto the beast; who is able to make war with him?'.....And it was given unto him to make war with the saints and to overcome them, and power was given him over all kindred and tongues and natives.....and cause that as many as did not worship the image of the beast should be killed."

Old John Gorman paused and said, "Remember the sum of the numbers in this figure—six hundred sixty-six. Now listen," and in the deep silence that followed he read the last verse of the chapter:

"Here is wisdom. Let him that bath understanding count the number of the beast, FOR IT IS THE NUMBER OF A MAN, and his number is SIX HUNDRED, THREE SCORE AND SIX."
A. N. P., '16.

"Will you walk into my parlor?" said the spider to the fly;

"Well, hardly," said the insect, as he winked his other eye.

"Your parlor has an entrance, but of exits it is shy,

So I'll stay outside in safety and remain a little fly."

Miss Summy—Did the Indians allow the women to vote?

Juda—Yes, but they didn't count their vote.

He Rides Behind

[Being the third of a series of stories of romance, action and adventure in and about the San Francisco Exposition.]

Richard Gilbert and his friend were amused. In fact, greatly amused. It is seldom that one has a chance to laugh heartily at the discomfort of his enemy, and Gilbert seemed to realize this, for he took complete advantage of said enemy's discomfort.

As a rule, a "barker" at any sideshow is a failure as a wit, but acknowledged is it that a man who has lost his temper may be made a fool of by even the least witty of these barkers. So it was. Miss Marston's friend and Gilbert's enemy—the man—was the fool, the wit, the barker before the Hawaiian village on the Zone.

Gilbert and his friend moved closer.

"Ladies and gentlemen." The barker was again addressing the crowd. "We admit that part of this show is foolish, and we admit that there is a good show on the outside, but nevertheless, for your dime you will see twenty times the foolishness that you have out here, and all of our people are tamed and not vicious."

The man moved uneasily, muttered under his breath, and looked appealingly at the women, who in turn seemed to look with pity on his anger-marked face.

A passing wheel chair attracted the man's attention. He spoke to the ladies, and after a moment the three moved to the chair and were soon heading down the Zone.

For the convenience of the public there had been installed on the grounds a place where it was possible to rent wheel chairs of all sorts: Those double-seated kind run by electric motor and directed by the occupant, those pushed by uniformed attendants, and the last and most popular style, those where the attendant rides a bicycle behind the wicker seats and so propels the carriage. The man and the two ladies had occupied the latter style.

As Richard Gilbert watched the departing chair, a smile spread over his countenance. He turned to the man at his side.

"I have an idea," he said. "I'm going to claim victory number one this afternoon. Will you help?"

His friend nodded. "Anything," he answered. "Well," listen. We're first going to get an

electric carriage and follow our friends at a distance."

"And what's to happen then?"

"Then the fun will begin."

Gilbert led the way to the stand, and after the customary exchange of formality and money, secured the chair and together with his friend proceeded to find the other party.

A half hour's search and they were found. As the older man put it, "The plot thickens and the laughing mystery grows deeper."

The two men were careful to remain a safe distance behind the women in order to avoid recognition. Whenever the wheel chair stopped the men stopped; when they moved on the men moved on.

So it continued for an hour or two, until the wheel chair drew up before an Exposition Inn. Then Gilbert spoke.

"Now," he said, "we work. I am going to exchange places with the boy," he added, pointing to the uniformed lad on the bicycle. "I want you to keep the boy company and follow us." His friend, too thunderstruck to answer, merely nodded his assent.

They watched the party enter the inn, then hurried to the wheel chair. Drawing up next to it, Gilbert spoke to the boy.

"Want to make a couple of dollars?" he called.

"Any work?" answered the boy.

"Not a bit. Listen. Have you ever played jokes on people?"

The boy's eyes twinkled. He had.

"Well, I'm playing a joke on those people in there," he said. "I want you to exchange places with me. You ride in the electric chair and follow me. My friend will keep you company. How about it?"

"Nope; can't do it."

"Who's to know?"

"Well—nobody, but——"

Gilbert placed a two-dollar bill in the boy's hand.

"And I'll add a dollar to it afterward. Is it a go?"

The boy thought a minute. "Yep, I guess so, but no dirty work."

"Not a bit," answered Gilbert. "Come on." They dodged behind the building, and ten minutes later reappeared. The lad took his place in the electric, and Gilbert solemnly climbed

to the riders seat on the chair. The electric moved off.

The two women came out of the building first, followed by the man. Miss Marston glanced at the boy, started, and immediately regained her composure. She was willing. The thoughts of matching wits appealed to her. The change remained unnoticed by the other two.

After the three had settled themselves, Gilbert spoke.

"Where to?" he asked.

"The Tower of Jewels," answered Miss Marston.

Gilbert started in this direction, but by a round-about route.

"Why all this extra travel?" demanded the man.

"Can't take the straight roads. They forbid it," he answered.

"Who forbids it? I——"

"Stop!" The girl interrupted him. "We are seeing the exposition and passing away time. Let him go."

The man sighed reluctantly and sank back in the seat. Gilbert smiled. She was playing his game, but she held a good, strong hand.

They finally reached the Tower of Jewels, and stopped before it. Gilbert noticed the woman look up as though to question him. He met her steady look with an equally steady one.

"How many jewels are there on there?" she questioned.

"About 50,000," he answered. She smiled, for she knew his guess was wrong by some thousands.

"Thanks," she answered. He remained silent.

So the afternoon wore away. Always the same questioning, always the same short answers, and always the electric chair following behind.

They were in the Court of the Universe, viewing the grouped sculptures, when Gilbert lost his idle, careless attitude, and became interested in the conversation.

"Your father has long been dead?" asked the man.

"A year or so," returned the girl.

"His estate? It goes to all of the heirs?"

"Yes, to two cousins and myself."

"You have not found the other cousin?"

"No. We last heard that he was in Wyoming some place."

"What was his name, Maurice?"

Gilbert had to grit his teeth to sit calmly and listen to the man address her in that way.

"Harvey Marston," she answered.

Gilbert stored that name in his memory for future use.

"You will receive his share," went on the girl, "if he is not found within two weeks."

A hardly perceptible smile flickered on the man's face as he told Gilbert to take them back to the Zone. A short time later they stopped before "Japan Beautiful."

"Let's go in," said the older woman.

"I'd rather wait here," returned Miss Marston. "You two go in. I'll ride around outside here and wait for you."

"Very well." And so the party separated.

As soon as the man and woman were out of sight, Maurice spoke to our friend.

"Mr. Gilbert, I see you still persist in playing your tricks."

"What's the use to give up so easily?"

"Give up what?"

"You."

She laughed. "What a fool you are." Gilbert winced.

She changed her tone. "Tell me, why are you doing this?"

"To show you I am in earnest."

"About what?"

"You."

She laughed again.

"Listen," Miss Marston. I want to know something. Is that man your cousin?"

Her manner changed. "You are impertinent, Mr. Gilbert. What is that to you?"

"I beg your pardon, Miss Marston, but I have my doubts."

A long silence ensued, finally broken by the woman.

"I admire your pertinacity, Mr. Gilbert."

"Thank goodness, you admire something about me."

"We all admire foolish people."

"Thanks again. I'm willing now to acknowledge my foolishness. But I'm in earnest, Miss Marston; I want your friendship and I'm going to get it." He rode toward a sandwich place, got down and bought two sandwiches.

"Have one," he said, holding one toward her.

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A Called Session of the Felt Kows

Shaenberg was just about ready to "throw up the sponge" in regard to getting "Pete" Butsey into the Felt Kows. O'Brien had blackballed him so much that it was useless to put Butsey's name up when O'Brien was at a meeting, and he never missed; but Shaenberg bit his lip and bided his time.

On the last day of the semester Shaenberg's time came. O'Brien was away in a nearby city at his brother's marriage. Seeing that O'Brien was out of the way, he went to the High Muck DeKay and got him to call a meeting, because the business transactions must all be finished by the beginning of the new term.

I may not have mentioned it before, but the treasurer was a man named Byron, who held the long distance championship as a speaker. On this faling Shaenberg was going to play.

Fifteen brothers convened, all being very sleepy and tired because of the midyears. DeKay called for Byron's report, reminding him to be very brief and to the point. But a simple act sometimes has great influence on our lives, so it was that Shaenberg groaned and facetiously remarked that he must get to the enrollment at 10:30 the next morning. Whoee! It was a sight to behold—Byron literally flailed that said brother alive, and when his ire had cooled thirty minutes had elapsed. It took one whole hour for Byron to delve into the financial transaction of the fraternity for the past fiscal year.

When he was through six fellows had departed into the blissful realms of beautiful tuneful slumber, and a quintet more were about to indulge in so-called sheet music. Byron having departed for the purpose of getting undisturbed repose, only three fellows were left—Shaenberg, DeKay and Phillips, the keeper of the royal archives.

Now, if ever, was Shaenberg's chance, so he jumped up lightly so as not to disturb the sleepers. He moved to set aside the constitution. This was seconded by Phillips and was easily passed, for now all the aforementioned brothers were imitating buzz-saws and many other lesser noises.

Then Shaenberg started his little spiel by putting up Butsey's name, not as a pledge but as a regular member. He extolled the virtues of "Pete," remarking on his maternal and paternal ancestry. In fact, Shaenberg gave the

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Sophomores

Young men, you have at last realized those dreams which once so filled your minds—you are Sophomores. And as you strut about in your superior air you feel as though Sophomore is something real, something tangible. Your spirit is alive with the thought that you are no longer a Freshman—that you are an upper classman.

What sweet sorrow it is to leave your Freshman class and those days when you once so pined away. You are now entered upon a new, a broader field with new things to learn, with new opportunities open to you. What are YOU going to do in YOUR Sophomore year?

In your Freshman year you found many reasons for not taking an active part in the school activities, for not attending athletic events, for not subscribing for *The Forum*, for not taking a part in literary work. But you were Freshmen then. Probably the upper classmen did not expect much of you then; they did not know you and you did not know them. But now you are one of them and a part of the school. You are ready to enter the great field of competition.

Sophomores! Do not think you are unobserved. You are the most watched, the most important people in Central High School. Your Sophomore record will, to a large extent, make your high school record. Now is the time; don't lay off till tomorrow; stretch out your arms and grasp those great opportunities which are awaiting you.

Subscribe for *The Forum* today! It's your school organ and deserves your support. Buy a basketball ticket and go to the games. Take a front seat and root loud. It's your team. Write something for *The Forum*; go out for track or baseball. Show the upper classmen that YOU are on the active list. Join a literary society, try out for the all-school plays, be in the limelight of affairs.

It's not too early to start; it is not too late to start. You are at the right stage for the right development—play your part.

V. R. NEXT, '18.

Guest—Why do they call this the Palms Hotel? I don't see anything to justify the name.

Resident—The waiters will show you the palms when you go to leave.

To that Impostor, G. Ima Frieke II

[Written in answer to his "memoriam," mourning the loss of the original G. Ima Frieke.]

I knowed him, too,
 Yea, long years ago,
 When he were small
 And yet to grow.
 He grew both out
 And tall and long,
 And wrote an
 Illustrated song.
 A poet he of noble birth,
 A genius scribe, ye say.
 We wilt, but not for Ima Frieke,
 The heart around me plays.
 I knew him well,
 Aye, knew his son—
 Impostor! finish
 What thou hast begun.
 Thou writest as he did of yore,
 Thy pen it liest sure,
 Thy works are fakes, thou imbecile,
 Thy lies I won't endure.

(Signed) A. POORSIMP,

Right-hand friend to the lately deceased G.
 Ima Frieke I. (O. Piphel got the left hand.)

A CHOPPER

George Washington was a chopper
 As told in history,
 With his hatchet made of copper
 He chopped the cherry tree.

He chopped his way through brush and vine
 While making his surveys,
 And as a chopper he was fine
 In many different ways.

He chopped the ice on the Delaware
 One cold and wintry night,
 And did a thing which some declare
 Saved his men outright.

He chopped the red coats through and through,
 Behind their glittering shields,
 And cleared the way for me and you
 On Liberty's golden fields.

But best of all he chopped his name
 Into our hearts of love,
 And thus did gain the lasting fame,
 None other stands above.

A. A. '16.

(Continued from Page 5)

"Thanks." So for some time they ate sandwiches. The light (or heavy) refreshments put them in better humor.

"Am I as bad as you think?" he asked.

"How do you know what I think?" she retorted.

He had no time to answer, for the couple had come toward them again.

Toward dusk Maurice and her companions prepared to leave the chair. As they left, the man turned to pay Gilbert.

"How much?"

"Ten cents," he answered.

"What!"

"Exactly."

The man began to laugh, but Maurice stepped forward.

"Here," she said, and handed Gilbert a quarter. "Keep the fifteen cents."

Gilbert touched his hat and watched the party disappear.

After he had changed clothes and paid off the boy, he told his friend to follow him. He first went to a jewelry store, where he left the quarter to be made into a charm, and then went to a telegraph office where he dispatched a long telegram to Wyoming, concerning one Harvey Marston. He was dubious.

THE END.

H. C. W., '16.

(Continued from Page 6)

first biography ever given of one "Pete" Butsey, orally or otherwise.

Wiping his now fevered and perspiring brow and competing with the sonorous bellows of his brothers, eleven in all, he proposed that only those capable of voting should be allowed that privilege. Which motion went the route of the first one.

When the balls were counted, no black ones were found and only three white ones, so Butsey became a full-fledged member.

The unexpected arrival of O'Brien broke up the meeting and awoke the sleepers. They were informed how they had been bilked, and laughingly they departed for bed. But to this day Shaenberg and O'Brien are not staunch friends.

C. S., '17.

Can you fool that lord of Room 3."

(Continued from Page 1)

plish honestly, to feel that one is on an equal footing with all. Oh, the glory, the pleasure, the wonder of succeeding! How well I remember my first success, trivial though it was. It stimulated one to be worthy of my praise, to build a better reputation, to live honestly and cleanly and nobly that none could pick flaws in my success. It opens your eyes, Sophomore: it shows you the shallow things in life; it illuminates the dangerous paths; it ennobles and glorifies life. But be sure you take your success this way. Don't get a "swelled head." After all, your success means nothing to anyone but yourself. Don't hold it up for others to worship—it's yours—don't give it away—don't lower the spirit of success for a few idle praises. Cherish your success for its worth to you, and let praise and encouragement but spur you on to something higher, to something more lasting.

Battle against discouragement when you set out to do; successive attempts will make the way easier and you will win out. After I had played checkers for a long time—and very poorly—suddenly one day it seemed as if a

light burst upon the board illuminating all the treacherous little squares with signs of danger. I saw now where not to move that before I had blindly moved into. The other fellow's playing was not so mysterious now, and I played a better game—my eyes were opened.

There is nothing strong determination cannot conquer. I was comparatively old before I learned to play baseball. But when I started to learn I went around in the back yard and threw a ball against a stone wall until my arms became muscle sore, my hands blistered and my body became so tired that I could hardly stand. But I learned.

Enter into the fight. Feel the stimulating rush of blood, the pleasure of bucking up against others in battle, the glory of conflict. Doesn't it ever stir you, doesn't it ever make you want to get in the game and fight and show what you can do? Can you stand by passively and watch a football game and feel no desire at all? Can you hear a fellow make a wonderful speech and feel no desire to stand before an audience and charm them yourself? Can you look through *The Forum* and feel no desire to write or draw something? If you do not, then man were beast and God has not made Himself felt in you.

Get in the game—and win. If you feel you can't—try. Want something, Sophomore, and want it badly; then go after it. Nature decreed some things, but man has overcome many of them. Genius, or at least ability, lies dormant in so many of us. Try for something and make yourself a worthy student of Central. Do something. And when you win success, remember there is always a step higher to go, so don't think you have reached the summit. The real pinnacle—the highest limit is God. Man is approaching that limit. Perhaps he may never reach a plane near God, but it is a worthy and stimulating thought. Do something and make yourself worthy to approach that limit. D. R.

Miss S.—The household stage is the second stage of manufacturing. What is the first?

Scott—The bachelor stage.

"Every room in my house has a name—Marie Antoinette, Louis XIV, Pompeian, etc."

"What do you call the nursery?"

"The Roosevelt."

Miss Summy picks up eraser. "Well, that's where the rub comes in."

FOOD BEVERAGES

Our Hot Chocolate and Boullons relieve fatigue in a Beneficial Way, and add a relish to the day. Many have acquired the habit of dropping in daily to enjoy these

HOT DRINKS

TRY THEM YOURSELF

Bell's

QUALITY SHOP
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719 Felix Street

ATHLETICS

Since the last issue of this paper this department has been making history. After our first game with Manual at Kansas City, we journeyed to Atchison and played them one afternoon. After spending considerable time practicing, we started to play. When the final whistle blew the score was 34 to 23, with our team on the credit side.

We then proceeded to play Westport of Kansas City. This game was surely a thriller. After having walked away from us in the first half, the score being 20 to 6, we recuperated and came back with the "pep" for which Central is noted. When the final whistle blew the score was 33 to 30 in favor of Westport. It certainly was fortunate for Westport the whistle blew when it did, for in another minute of play the game would have been ours. There surely is no room for "knocking" on that kind of a game. But, "lo and behold," the best is yet to come.

The following week Lincoln traveled to our fair city, full of confidence, for the remembrance of the trimming they had administered to us was fresh in their minds. It was also fresh in ours. From the first to the last it was all ours. Many comments were heard upon the speed and fierceness of the Central attack. The final result was 32 to 21.

And still they marched on, for the same week we played Atchison a return game at St. Joseph—if a game it could be termed. The second team could have furnished more "practice." The final result of this encounter was: Central 60, Atchison 9.

However, we were stopped at last. But we here stand witness that it was a close call, for the old fight spirit almost undid our conquerors, Northeast of Kansas City, at Kansas City. The score was 37 to 36, with Northeast on the long end. We have another battle with the aforementioned team, and it is here predicted disastrous to a team in Kansas City.

The next game was with Manual of Kansas City, and was played at St. Joseph. This was one of the best games played so far, and the one-sided victory 38 to 23. This victory is doubly acceptable when we remember that in the first game of the season Manual, taking advantage of this fact, defeated us by an overwhelming score. Let it be remembered that he who laughs last, etc.

There are only a few games left, so let's get together and pull with all our might for a clean home slate.

A policeman must be very "catchy" if he expects to hold his job.

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"Good morning, Patrick; slippery this morning."

"Slippery! Bejabbers, it's nothing else, yer honor; upon my word, I slipped down three times without getting up once."

Quick Luncher—See here; where's my honey?

Waiter—Sorry, sir, but she don't work here any more.

"They say a dog talks with his tail."

"If that's the case, your bull dog must be a stump speaker."

A San Francisco editor says that whenever he thinks of the plight of Ireland his heart goes pity Pat.

A man's coat always hangs well—when he is executed on the gallows.

It was mother's voice calling: "Jane, it is 12 o'clock; please tell the young man to shut the door from the outside."

"I'm finkin', muvver."

"What about, little man?"

"Has gooseberries any legs?"

"No, dear."

"Then I guess I have swallowed a caterpillar."

"That's it," exclaimed the old lady at the concert, as the singers came out again in response to an encore. "Make 'em do it over again till they get the thing right."

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DOLAD NUN

Feb. 4.—A very interesting program was given by the Dolad Nun. Extemporaneous speeches by Harold Toub, L. Fine, S. Wienshienk and R. Rosenfield were given. Pros and cons on the Philippine question were discussed by N. Goldman and J. Raffelock.

Jan. 21.—An unusual lengthy business meeting was held. Those on the program were: Meshevsky, Fine, Wienienk, Kaufman, Liberman, Raffalock and Weiner. Election of officers for the future term was also held. The following officers were elected: President, Weiner; vice-president, Sheffel; secretary, Liebling; treasurer, Kaufman; Forum reporter, Toub; Berger and Sheffel, senators; executive committee, Meshevsky, Bergman and Goldman; membership committee, Fine, Raffelock and Wienshienk; absent committee, Saferstein.

Jan. 14.—Debate, resolved, that military training should be adopted in public high schools of United States. The affirmative, upheld by Toub and L. Fine, defeated the negative, Raffelock and Levy. Best speech was given to Fine and honorable mention to Raffelock. Impromptu talks were given by Leibling, Raffelock, Liberman, N. Fine and Weiner.

"I have a camera that will make your picture prettier than you really are.

"How do I do it? By simply making the lense flatter."



CICERONIAN

Jan. 14.—New officers: Wes. Connett, president; Herndon Shull, first vice-president; Dan Harroun, second vice-president; Earl Gore, secretary; Freeman Scott, assistant secretary; Oliver Goerman, treasurer; Richard Nelson, Forum reporter; John Kneer, sergeant-at-arms.

Jan. 21.—The affirmative, Beaumont and Journayvez, won the debate, resolved, That national woman suffrage is desired, from Welty and Stewart, Beaumont having best speech.

Jan. 28.—No meeting on account of examinations.

Feb. 4.—Some interesting social stunts are to be pulled off in the near future. Various committees were announced.



ARISTOTLIAN NOTES

Jan. 14.—The subject for debate on this date was resolved, That free text-bookes should be provided by the school board. The negative,

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SODA WATER--CANDIES--TOILET ARTICLES.

Rocheambeau and Norris, were defeated by Gillette and Carey on the affirmative. Norris received best speech and Carey honorable mention. Current events were reviewed by Tull.

Jan. 21.—Election of officers for the ensuing term took place at this meeting. Clay was elected president; Kountz, vice-president; Mc-Ahan, treasurer; Bird, secretary; Gavney, Forum reporter; and Bramel, senator. Refreshments were served in the lunchroom in honor of the occasion.

Feb. 4.—The program for this week consisted of extemporaneous speeches by the retiring president and the newly elected officers. We are looking forward to some very interesting meetings in the near future.



CLIO NOTES

Jan. 14.—Sarah Campbell was the leader of the program, which was on Percy Mackaye and his play, "A Thousand Years Ago." Virginia Connett and Vernia Hankins were her assistants. Gladys Webster reviewed current events.

Jan. 21.—The program on "World Leaders Among Women" was in charge of Margaret Wing. She told of the life of Helen Keller, and her assistant, Elizabeth Browne, told of Jane Addams. Current events were discussed by Mildred Owens.

Jan. 28.—No meeting was held because of the examinations.

Feb. 4.—The meeting was devoted entirely to business. The officers for the new term were elected: President, Frances Connett; vice-

president, Harriet Johnson; secretary, Babe Rainalter; treasurer, Minnie Sanders; Forum reporter, Ruth Buckland; executive committee, Harriet Johnson, Janet Weakley, Jeanne White, Louise Lacy and Dorothy Whiteford. Marian Schmitz was elected as our new representative in the senate.



DIANTHIAN NOTES

Jan. 14.—The program on Galsworthy's "The Pigeon" was led by Leota Stout, who gave a short sketch of the life of the dramatist. Phoebe Buzard discussed the first act of the play, Elizabeth Nelson the second act, and Agness Miller gave the last act. Jo Wells, Dorothy Driver, Eva Byron and Gladys Hoover

(Continued on Page 18)

Events in the Motion Picture World

Announcements of interest to high school students is the coming of a number of excellent photoplay features in the near future. On February 24, Mary Pickford is to be seen in a return of her most pleasing impersonation, "The Foundling," which showed here a few weeks ago to turn-away crowds. The demand for a re-showing of this production was so strong that a re-booking was finally secured. Following this, an elaborate Lasky picturization of "The Trail of the Lonesome Pine" is announced. The dates are February 25 and 26. Charlotte Walker who had the leading role in the original stage production, is the featured star.

Particular attention is called to "He Fell in Love With His Wife," with Florence Rockwell, on February 27, 28 and 29. Blanche Sweet in "The Blacklist," Marguerite Clark in "Out of the Drifts," Mary Pickford in "Little Peppina," and Marie Doro in "Diplomacy" will be presented early in March. All of these pictures will be shown at the Orpheum, and the musical accompaniment will be given special attention. Everyone should take advantage of the opportunities afforded to witness these photoplays, as they are undoubtedly the highest class pictures obtainable. Plan your box parties without delay.—Adv.

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LOCALS

The pupils of the expression class entertained us in assembly meeting, Jan. 17. Elizabeth Brown gave us "A Ray of Sunshine," Frances Self gave "Mr. Dooley on the Grip," while Elliot Spratt was the aggressive book agent trying to sell a set of Tolstoi to the business man, Adolphus Berger, who knew nothing about that great Russian writer. Frances Self's piece was greatly enjoyed by many who were abounding in microbes or had just passed them on to someone else. If we ever get Francis' microbes, and we all do have them, we certainly don't want Elizabeth's ray of sunshine.

Wednesday we were given a special treat by one of the '15 graduates. Russel Cox sang "Perfect Day," "Mother Machree," and two or three others. We always enjoy Russel's singing, and now that he has gone to New York to study, we wish him the most of success.

Friday, the singing classes showed off very creditably. I mean that they showed off with their voices—not by their arrangement on the stage.

Monday, Jan. 24, Mr. C. N. Hunt, assisted by slides and motion pictures, took us through Yellowstone Park. We had a wonderful time and were greatly awed at the many beautiful and phenomenal sights. Our trip ended all too soon, but we were greatly refreshed by the sight of so many geysers and the big falls.

Three cheers for the Sophomores.

Doesn't Norman Schwein look cute with his hair parted in the middle?!?!

We had two assemblies during examinations. Weren't you miserable, trying to sit with a calm mind and all the time thinking about that next exam? But now exams are all over and we don't have to worry about them until spring. Isn't that glorious?

On Friday, Feb. 11, we had a fine auditorium meeting, during which fifteen football fellows received their sweaters and blankets. The sweaters were given to those who have been on the team for two seasons and who received blankets last year. The following received sweaters: Frank Voss, Elliott Spratt, Delmar Sitton, Owen Sellars and Max Kinnison. Blankets were given for one season's work to the following: Harold Warren, Harley Andre, George Koch, Lloyd Light, Lesley Dollahan, Ferdinand Meiers, Benjamin Symon, Billy Tootle, Roy Hughes and Paul McGill. The sweaters were blue and white with two service bars on the sleeve, while the blankets were blue with a large "C" in the center. After this we listened to a very interesting and instructive talk by Mr. Low, Jr., of the Christian Endeavor Union. He chose as his subject, "Achievement," and brought out very plainly the importance of one's first mastering himself before he attempts to conquer in the battle of life.

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A RARE TREAT IN STORE FOR STUDENTS

For the first time in the memory of the students of Central, two societies, Clio and Alpha Nu Pi, have joined together in giving an amateur theatrical.

The play chosen was the stirring comedy drama, "Esmeralda," by Mrs. Frances Burnett and William Gillette.

The title role is well portrayed by Miss Martha Rhodes; Dave Hardy, her country lover, is ably interpreted by Erwin McEwen, while Murray Sprague as old Mr. Rogers, and Janet Weakley as Mrs. Rogers, the parents of Esmeralda, are two of the strongest characters in the play. Also Benton Gabbert, as Mr. Estabrook, millionaire artist and gentleman of leisure, and Paul McGill, as Mr. Jack Desmond, an American artist in France, have an important bearing upon the development of the plot. The part of Miss Nora and Miss Kate Desmond, sisters of Jack, are well taken by Miss Babe Rainalter, and the latter rests between Miss Elaine Hurst and Miss Cora Connett. Mr. George Drew, an American speculator, is interpreted by Leon Albus. The French adventurer, Marquis de Montessin, is cleverly portrayed by Billy Page.

The scene opens at the Rogers home in North Carolina. Drew a mineralogist, finds valuable iron ore on the Rogers homestead, and tries to buy the land cheaply without telling the people of his discovery. His plan is frustrated by Dave, the sweetheart of Esmeralda.

As soon as Mrs. Rogers learns that they are rich, she refuses to permit Esmeralda to marry Dave, and moves the family to Paris.

While in Paris, Mrs. Rogers seeks to marry Esmeralda to the Marquis. Here Desmond and his sisters enter the plot.

Jack Desmond is painting a picture of Esmeralda. Mr. Estabrook comes to visit Desmond, falls in love with Kate and she consents to become his bride. In the meantime Dave gathers up his effects and goes to France to see Esmeralda. Mr. Estabrook receives a letter from Drew, saying that the ore on the Rogers land was only a small deposit and that a large vein had been traced on Dave's land. He asks Estabrook to find Dave for him if possible.

Desmond previously met Dave in a park and asked him to come to the studio to pose as a model. Here Estabrook finds him.

Esmeralda rebels at the proposed marriage with the Marquis and says she is going back to North Carolina to the man of her choice, Dave. The Marquis learns that the Rogers fortune has proven a myth and disappears. The Rogers family learns through Desmond the circumstances and that for several weeks it has been Dave's money instead of that from the mine that has been paying their expenses.

Mrs. Rogers is very much set back at Dave's generosity and readily consents to their marriage, much to the delight of old Mr. Rogers. The play comes to an end with the entire party ready to go back to the old home in North Carolina.

SENIOR NOTES

The Seniors have planned a roller skating party, to be given Feb. 18 in the gymnasium.

Seniors, have you picked out the prettiest girl in the class, yet? Also the handsomest boy?

Girl—Don't you like geometry, though?
'Nother Girl—You bet, especially the picture part.

"The Japanese Girl"

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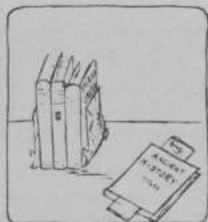
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DEPARTMENTS

Science

Chemistry

The chemistry laboratory has been cleaned up and the tables have been re-oiled since last term. The gas has also been changed from the natural gas to the artificial. The first three experiments had to be performed by Miss Knowles before the class, because the oil on the tables was not dry.

In the text book we have been studying nitrogen and its compounds. Some of us were rather alarmed when we learned that unless some new way of preparing nitrates was discovered soon, life of all kind upon the earth would be destroyed, but we were reassured when we learned that four-fifths of the air was nitrogen. Nitrogen is the most inert element known. It combines with other elements with great reluctance and decomposes so easily and with such violence that it is used as the principal constituent of explosives. One of the most common occurrences of nitrogen is in ammonia. Ammonia is formed when matter of any kind decays. This gives the disagreeable odor usually found around decayed matter. The most extensive use of ammonia is in the manufacture of ice. There are five different oxides of nitrogen, one of which, nitrous oxide, is merely the laughing gas used by dentists and surgeons. Nitric acid is one of the strongest acids known. It eats a hole in silk almost upon touch and weakens the fiber of all cloths and also bleaches them. It acts upon metals as an oxidizing agent.

We are now taking up the study of phosphorus.

Physics

Not much has been done in physics so far this term. The class in college physics is getting started well.

Zoology

The students of zoology have been studying the starfish in the laboratory, while in the text they have studied the vertebrates along with the intermediate forms of it and the invertebrates.

Botany

The classes in botany have taken a systematic study of life from the lowest forms to the highest. They have inspected the algae in the laboratory, while in the text they have taken up fungi.

Physiology

In the laboratory these classes have been studying the globe and map work, and in the text they have taken a general study of the earth, the atmosphere and astronomy.

FOREIGN LANGUAGE DEPARTMENT

Nearly all the classes in languages are pretty well filled up with knowledge-seeking souls, but Spanish seems to be especially popular.

Our friends from the Annex are struggling hard, some with German and a great number with our friend Caesar.

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Webster's

The Seniors are really learning to translate Virgil quite fluently and now after nearly four years' hard work are beginning to see the use of Latin. It helps us so very much with our English vocabulary.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

Russian Cookies

1 cup brown sugar, 1 cup shortening, 2 eggs, 1 cup raisins, 5 tbs. sour milk, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. cinnamon, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. soda, 2 cups rolled oats, 2 cups white flour.

Method—Cream shortening, add sugar and cream. Add eggs. Alternate the liquid and dry ingredients. Bake in a slow oven about 15 minutes.

Sand Tarts

1 cup sugar, $\frac{3}{4}$ cup butter, 2 eggs, 2 cups flour, 1 pinch salt, 1 tsp. B. P., 1 tsp. vanilla.

Method—Whites of eggs saved out for tops of cookies. Use ordinary cake method. Brush the cookies with whites of egg and sprinkle with sugar and cinnamon and use raisins or nuts on top.

Miss Knowles, taking a lump of phosphorus and putting it on a bottle—Now, you see, that doesn't burn.

M. Sprague—What would you do if it should start burning?

Miss K., after looking at him for some time—Well, I think I would put it in some water.

Mr. Touton, in algebra III—Algebra is something like agriculture, you are always looking for roots.

"Wasn't that your eye doctor?"

"I thought it was until the other day, when he sent me my bill. He's a skin specialist."

A belongs to the subs, namely Alt;
 B stands for Brous, Bently, Beaumont;
 C stands for Chase, Carter and Clark;
 D is for Denning, who likes a grand lark;
 E is for Elliot, who likes to eat buns;
 F is for Foster and dear Ferguson;
 G might mean Miss Goddard;
 H—Hanks, Heible, Hudler;
 I is made without any crook;
 J is for Jensen, the best of all cooks;
 K—Kennedy and Knowles belong in this row;
 L is for Livers, who lets his mind grow;
 M brings forth Miller, Mueller and Moyer;
 N is for Neely, mademoiselle;
 O is for Olinger at the Annex;
 P stands for Putnam and Porter, of the same sex;
 Q—Poor little Q hides under a bushel;
 R—But R stands for the musical Russell;
 S—Sanford, Spier, Sheets, Summy, Sutherland;
 T—Town-send Touton a Trow-bridge;
 U is for a man who likes to Utter-back;
 V—Tie Varner and VanDeuzen in a great big sack;
 X, Y, Z come all together,
 But Y of the three stands for Yeater.

A fellah went home in a hansom—
 He had been out all night to dansom;
 And he sighed, "Well, that's queer,
 There is no keyhole here!"
 So he threw his hat over the transom.

The boy stood on the burning deck
 Because he was afraid.
 He couldn't swim to save his neck,
 And that is why he stayed.

The farmers in Illinois have formed an egg trust. It does seem that the yolk becomes harder and harder to bear every day.

All the new books of fiction---Waterman's fountain pens---A new shipment of the latest stationery.

SCHROEDER'S Book Store

(Continued from Page 13)

gave extemporaneous speeches. Mary Hunsaker was welcomed into the society.

Jan. 21.—Nan Yancey gave a current event topic. Eleanor Long spoke extemporaneously on "The Value of Examinations," Agnes Miller on "Our Society Programs," and Margaret Mohler on "The Value of Magazines in English and History."

Feb. 4 and 11.—Business of this term was discussed.



AGATHIA NOTES

Jan. 14.—One of the masterpieces of the movie world, "The Birth of a Nation," was the subject this very interesting meeting. Tina Mehrtens told of the book "The Clansmen," from which the play was taken. Ruth Ott told about the life of the producer, David Griffith. The value of motion pictures was discussed by Anna Liebst, while Mildred Kennedy explained what she liked best about "The Birth of a Nation."

Jan. 21.—The subject chosen for the meeting on this date was "Every Woman." The life of the author, Walter Brown, was given by Pearl Mosier, and Frances Swank told of this drama. Two extemporaneous talks were given by Crystal Petree and Opal Sample on the subjects, "What I like Best in Moving Pictures," and "The Moving Picture I Liked Best."

Jan. 25.—A special meeting was called for the purpose of electing officers. Clara Albrecht was re-elected president; Anna Liebst, vice-president; Mildred Marr, secretary; Anna Fairfield was made Forum reporter, and Florence Bulmer, senator, while Gladys Christiansen, Crystal Petree, Florence Boden, Tina Mehrtens and Margaret Carmen were chosen for executive committee.

Feb. 4.—This meeting was to be devoted to the discussion and voting in of new members and no program was arranged. Since the business of looking up names had not been completed at the office, this plan was discarded, and the meeting adjourned after the constitution and a paper regarding the extemporaneous speeches to be made next spring were read.

ALEPH LAMAD NOTES

Jan. 14.—Immediately after a short business meeting the society adjourned to the auditorium, where the following musical program was given: Instrumental solo by Ruth Levin, vocal solo by Esther Abramson, recitation by Elsie Fine, and a piano solo by Hannah Abramson.

Jan. 21.—After an address by our directress, Miss Goddard, a program on the clever, modern author, Eda Ferber, was given. Rebecca Drcher, as leader, gave a sketch of Eda Ferber's life and her works, and one of Eda Ferber's stories was read by Mollie Geller.

Feb. 4.—At this meeting officers for the second term were elected. Belle Lehrman was chosen president; Lillian Saffern, vice-president; Celia Cohn, recording secretary; Esther Abramson, corresponding secretary; Blanch Kaufman, treasurer, and Bertha Borofsky, Forum reporter. Ruth Levin and Hannah Abramson were chosen to represent the society in the senate.

Henry—The funniest thing happened to me the other day. I went into the store to get a dozen eggs, and on one of the eggs was a lady's address, and under it it said, "Please write."

Tom—Well, did you write?

Henry—No; after I broke open the egg I knew she must be dead by now.

What makes your horse stop so often?

He is afraid that I will say "whoa" and he will not hear me, so he stops every now and then to listen.

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LIFE'S SHOP WINDOW

I walked into the shop and said to Life,
Who stood behind the counter, very bland:
"Now give me, please, one of those pretty
hearts."

He wrapped it up and placed it in my hand,
But as I went he called me back and said:
"These goods you understand, aren't war-
ranted."

When older, I returned and ventured in,
"So beautiful your window, Life, I'm bound
It will bring joy to me to purchase here."
"Oh, well, my dear," said he, "pray look
around.

My glittering display attracts the eye.
The things inside are what folks need must
buy."

How different, darker was his dingy store
From that bright window I had oft looked
through!

Amid the dim recesses of his stock
In vain I searched, for all was one drab hue.
At length I stole away into the night,
For Life was busy and forgot me quite.

Years afterward I came again; I knew
That what I wanted Life would not display;
Eyeing his close packed shelves I whispered
low;

Life shook his head and motioned me away.
"This world asks me for that without surcease!
'Tis Death, across the way, who deals in peace."

"You say his wife is a brunette? I thought
he married a blonde."

"He did, but she dyed."

Miss Summy: "What is a German Diet?"
McMillan: "Beer and pretzels."

EVEN THE WOLF

Sir Alfred Austin could take a joke. The
poet laureate and a Scottish judge met at
luncheon at a famous London house. "Are you
writing much poetry now, Austin?" asked the
judge.

"Oh, not much," the poet returned; "only
enough to keep the wolf from the door."

"Why, do you read it over to him?" ques-
tioned the judge.

As the story runs, Sir Alfred led the laugh-
ter that followed.

HIS DESCRIPTION

The Chinese are not a race given to flattery.

A gentleman called at a Chinese laundry for
his clothes. On receiving the package he no-
ticed some Chinese characters marked upon it.
Being curious, he asked, pointing to the
lettering, "That is my name, I suppose?"

"No. 'Scription," was the Chinaman's bland
reply. "Li'l ol' man, closs-eyed, no teet'!"

Mr. Creek was sitting between two fair la-
dies in chemistry.

Miss Knowles—Give Mr. Creek more room,
please!

Would Thomas Norticus Faucett make a
swell banquet for a family of squirrels?

Husband, tossing restlessly on sick bed—
My dear, it's the doctor I'm thinking of. What
a bill this will be.

Wife—Never mind, you know there's the in-
surance money.

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HOUSE BY THE SIDE OF THE ROAD

There are hermit souls that live withdrawn
 In the peace of their self-content;
 There are souls, like stars that dwell apart,
 In a fellowless firmament;
 There are pioneer souls that blaze their paths
 Where highways never ran;
 But let me live by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

Let me live in a house by the side of the road,
 Where the race of men go by—
 The men who are good, and the men who are
 bad,

As god and as bad as I,
 I would not sit in the scorners' seat,
 Nor hurl the cynic's ban;
 Let me live in a house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

I see from my house by the side of the road
 By the side of the highway of life,
 The men who press with the ardor of hope,
 The men who are faint with strife.
 But I turn not away from their smiles nor their
 tears,

Both parts of an infinite plan;
 Let me live in my house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

I know there are brook-gladdened meadows
 ahead,
 And mountains of wearisome height;
 That the road passes on through the long after-
 noon
 And stretches away to the night.
 But still I rejoice when the travelers rejoice,
 And weep with the strangers that mourn,
 Nor live in my house by the side of the road
 Like a man who lives alone.

Let me live in my house by the side of the road
 Where the race of men go by—
 They are good, they are bad, they are weak,
 they are strong,
 Wise, foolish—so am I.
 Then why should I sit in the scorners' seat
 Or hurl the cynic's ban?
 Let me live in my house by the side of the road
 And be a friend to man.

—Sam Walter Foss.

Latest reason for so much rain last season:
 A preacher says that heaven sheds a tear for
 every sin committed.

(Continued from Page 2)

the back of the room. He's been drinking; I
 can smell his breath clear over here. Let's
 get closer to the door, then we can get out
 quick if anything should happen. My, I almost
 wish I hadn't come."

"Your turn next."

"No, I'll wait and be last. I want to see
 what he tells you, anyway. Pretty soon I'll be
 all by myself. Madge, when you go in, make
 him hurry—you don't want a very long fortune.
 Besides, you've had yours told once before. He
 surely couldn't have anything new to tell you."

"Oh, I say, here come the other girls. They
 will be with me now, so you go on in."

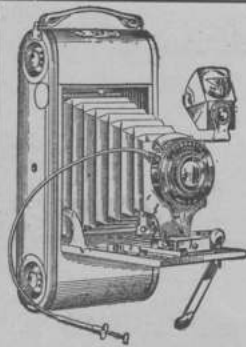
"What all did he tell you?"

"He did?"

"Why, how perfectly queer! Every word of
 it was true, wasn't it? You say he said that
 you were going to meet with a dark haired,
 dark complexioned man with blue eyes within
 the next three months, who would fall violently
 in love with you?"

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"That must be the man visiting the Barnes'. You know I think there must be something to this fortune teller after all. He told you just stacks of things that were true."

"It's my time now. I'll tell you every single, solitary thing he tells me."

* * *

"What do I think of him?"

"Hub! He's a perfect fake! Told me I was not going to get married until I was thirty-five! Why that's perfectly absurd! Everybody I know of has gotten married before they were even thirty and I simply won't be an exception to the rule—for any old fortune teller."

"Oh, you needn't say anything to me. He might have told you things that were true, but he certainly didn't tell me any. He is a perfect fake, A PERFECT FAKE, girls! You're foolish to believe anything he told you, and I almost have a notion to ask for my money back!"

CLIO, '16.

If hot air was lava, some people would be volcanoes.

A SMILE

"A smile is a passport few can resist, so when you've the wish to fly from the land of gloom to the sun-kissed land, just smile and they will let you by."

"Translate 'Ella es cocinera'."

Marion—"Ella is the cook."

Mr. Brown (in physics class, explaining density): "Now, Barrett, if you were just twice as dense as you are—"

We were in the office a few days ago, and heard someone say: "Stick by me." We looked around and found that it was envelope addressing a stamp.

The reason they have electricity in the lunch room is that if they ever run out of food they can stick the wires in the soup bowls and eat the currents.

We can't understand how a married man can have a single thought.

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EXCHANGES



The exchange department this month has taken somewhat of a "slump" in the number of publications received. We have been sending The Forum to some of the best and largest schools in the United States, and their impressions of Central has been favorably expressed. But this last month there were only about twenty-five of our usual number that returned. Nevertheless by this time we are convinced that we have been brought into closer relationship with the schools about us and that our institution and its activities rank along with the best of them. The following have been received:

The Carnation, St. Louis, Mo.—This semi-annual book certainly reflects credit upon your school. The cover is very unique and cleverly drawn. All your pictures are good and we especially like the idea you have of printing the picture of the person who is at the head of each department, at the beginning of their respective departments.

The Q, Quincy, Ill.—You are good, as usual. However, the only cuts we found in your last issue were at the head of the different departments. Your jokes are fine and you always have plenty, which makes your paper what it is—a live wire. Come again.

The Nor'easter, Kansas City, Mo.—Your last issue was certainly a beauty and is one of the best we received this month. We might sug-

gest a few more cuts. We are especially interested in a school so near us. Come often.

The Key, Battle Creek, Mich.—You have a very neat and attractive paper. The jokes are not too numerous. It seems that you have every department of a high school listed in your book. Let us see you again soon.

The Ah-La-Ha-Sa, Albert Lea, Minn.—Your last issue was splendid. The cover is original, yet conservative. The quality of the paper is good and the material is arranged well. Keep up the good work.

1. The Orange and Black, Falls City, Neb.
2. The Bulletin, Springfield, Ill.
3. The Manualite, Kansas City, Mo.
4. The Green and White, Maryville, Mo.
5. The Habit, Salina, Kans.
6. The Watch Tower, Rock Island, Ill.
7. The Optimist, Atchison, Kans.
8. The Chronicle, Hartford, Conn.
9. The Oracle, Bangor, Me.
10. The Southwest Standard, Springfield, Mo.
11. The Daleville Leader, Daleville, Va.
12. The Yale Alumni Weekly, New Haven, Conn.

Miss Summy—Why was it that Germany couldn't have a centralized government?

Scott—Because there were so many little Dutchies.

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SEE YOURSELF AS OTHERS SEE YOU

1. The High School Forum is from St. Joseph, Mo. Two good stories, "Jerry," and "Sam," are found in the Literary Department. Your Exchange Department is large, but we would like to see the Ah-La-Ha-Sa mentioned sometime. Some very good jokes are found and also the "Societies" Department is large and has some very interesting material.—Ah-La-Ha-Sa, Albert Lea, Minn.

2. The Forum, St. Joseph, Mo.—Your athletic department is incomplete. Why not write the line-up of each game and also give the details of each one? Your paper would present a better appearance if you did not use advertisements to fill up the pages. Put your ads either in the front or in the back of the paper.—The Oracle, Bangor, Me.

Mr. Denning—What does "vedeo" mean—what's your name; I can't remember?

Freshman (scratching head)—I can't remember.

Big sister before the mirror. She is fixing her hair. She has a large amount of black, wavy hair which now hangs around her face. She puffs it and pats it, and then tries it over again. She sticks in a large number of hair-pins, till I think there are as many as there are hairs. Next she powders her nose, which insists on being shiny. She then looks at the whole effect and smiles at herself. Then she tries how she will smile or look at Jim today, or how she will try to bluff the teacher, and finally stops her primping on account of her mother's call to breakfast. M. G., '17.

A few girls may love a candidate, but all girls love a candy date.

A boat and a beach and a summer resort,
A man and a maid and a moon;
Soft and sweet nothings, and then at the real
Psychological moment a spoon.
A whisper, a promise, and summer is o'er,
And the part in hysteric despair.
(But neither returns in the following June
For fear that the other is there.)

I dreamed a dream next Tuesday week,
Beneath the apple trees;
I thought my eyes were big pork pies,
And my nose was Stilton cheese.
The clock struck twenty minutes to six,
When a frog sat on my knee;
I asked him to lend me eighteen pence,
But he borrowed a shilling of me.

Reader, you must take this verse
As you take to wife a maiden;
With her faults and virtues laden—
Both for better and for worse.

—T. B. Aldrich.

Oh, mamma, you got cheated. This isn't a rubber plant at all, for I've been watching it for an hour and it hasn't stretched yet.

"So you are an old sailor? Did you ever have any accident while at sea?"

"Once, mum, I spilt a bowl of soup in an old woman's lap."

Lloyd B. Light,
Lloyd be quick,
Lloyd jump over the candlestick.

Sub.—What kind of wood are mop handles made of?

Jun.—Scrub oak, of course, you poor nut.

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E. M. PLATT, President.

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March 24

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Block Bros. N. W. Cor. 6th and Felix	W. F. Kirkpatrick & Co. 721 Felix Street	St. Joseph Bill Posting & Ad- vertising Company Lyceum Theatre Building
J. B. Brady Carpet Company 507-509-511 Felix St.	The Leader 605-607-609-611 Felix Street	St. Joseph Railway, Light, Heat & Power Co. Corner Sixth and Francis Sts.
The China Store 110-112 North Fifth Street	Lehman Bros. 515-517 Felix Street	St. Joseph Gas Company Eighth and Francis Streets
Combe Printing Company Corner Fourth and Charles	W. F. Maxwell 418 Felix Street	The St. Joseph News-Press Ninth and Edmond Streets
Cobb Shoe Company 413 Felix Street	Neudorff Hardware Company 114 South Fourth Street	Stock Yards Daily Journal South St. Joseph, Mo.
Dutton Bros., Dentists 414 Felix Street	O'Brien-Kiley Shoe Company 516 Felix Street	The Trust Book and Credit Co. Room 15 Carbry Building
Enterprise Furniture & Carpet Company 214-216 South Sixth Street	Olney Music Company Cor. Sixth and Felix Streets	Townsend-Ueberrhein Clothing Company 601 Felix Street
Griffith's 509-511 Felix Street	Platt's Commercial College 3rd Floor Bartlett Building	Townsend, Wyatt & Wall Dry Goods Co. S. E. Cor. Fifth and Felix
Hirsch Bros. Dry Goods Co. Felix, 8th and Frederick Ave.	Plymouth Clothing Company 501-503-505 Felix Street	F. Wenz Shoe Company 423 Edmond Street
	Potlitzer, "The Woman Out- fitter" 703 Felix Street	

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