

FRESHMAN



FORUM



Always the Best Photos Made by

GIST-SHULTZ

Picture Shop

9th and Francis Sts.

St. Joseph, Mo.

No tickets, no schemes. Only good work our trade winner.

IF THERE'S BEAUTY WE TAKE IT
IF THERE'S NONE WE MAKE IT

Grogg Printing Co.

Society and
Commercial Printing

*Letter Heads, Envelopes, Cards and
Programs*

39 Ballinger Building

Candies, Ice Cream and Ices

—AT—

Wachter's

We also serve Dainty Lunches

Phone 72-932

616 Felix St.

Kissel Kar

"The All Year Car"

Fourteen Body Styles

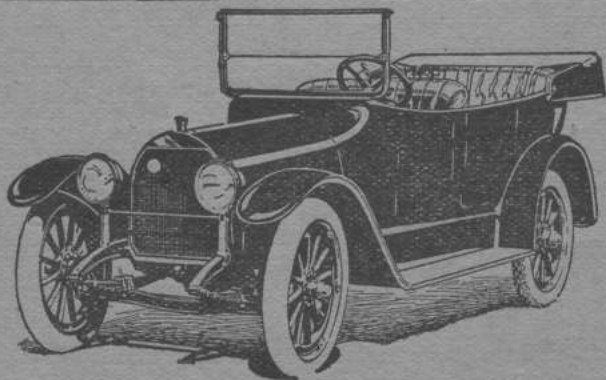
Ask for Your Demonstration from

PAUL H. POLK

Distributor

Phone, Main 2055

1013 Francis Street

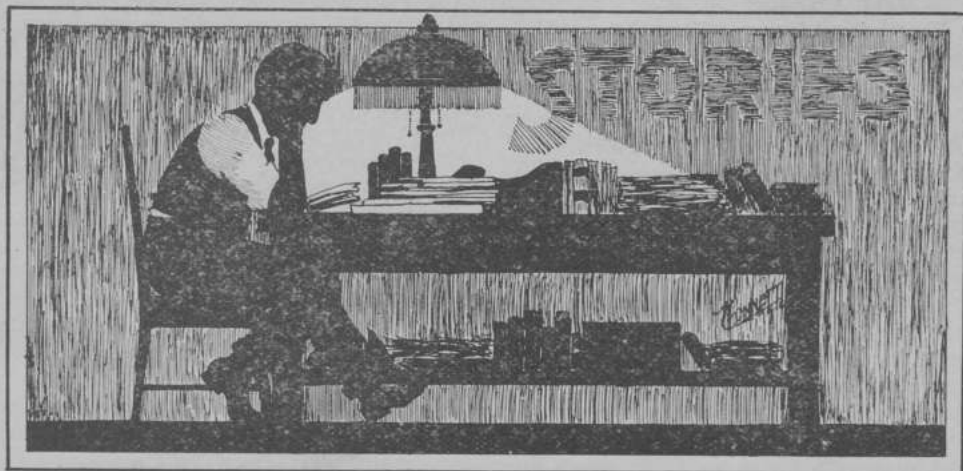


HIGH SCHOOL FORUM

VOLUME XVII

ST. JOSEPH, MO., JANUARY 1916

NUMBER 4



For You, Freshmen

Greetings, Freshman! How is the class of 1920? They have you painted up as a baby here at Central, and they are going to show you how rough "big fellows" can be, so they have the fire escape all fixed up, and anybody at Central will be obliging enough to help the "kid" along to his rooms. Confidentially, though, Room 11 is on the first floor and Room 36 is a rest room, and there isn't any Room Q.

Do you know, they paddled Freshmen with sticks one year, but don't you think that is going too far? Either you are passed the whipping stage or little babies should not be spanked. They can't stand it. But whatever they do, you are going to fool them, aren't you? You are not going to snap your fingers in their face nor run away, but you are going to take your medicine. After all, if you had not taken that dose of medicine the Lord knows how sick you might have been, or what you might have had to take.

I am not advocating initiation, and I am not condemning it. I have learned something from this war—I am neutral. Although I bitterly detest medicine, yet I have taken it many times. Listen, Freshman, here is a way to take your initiation—also your medicine. I had a bad cold once; yes, I had to stay out of school and I did not want to either. Mother said I

had to take some medicine, and I knew I ought to, so like a martyr for a good cause, I said: "Fix it up for me." Like all mothers, she gave me at least two quarts in a little orange juice. It seems characteristic to make a fuss before taking the dose, but this time I thought I would depart from custom and take my medicine without letting the family know what an awful death I was about to bring upon myself. So with one gulp—I can taste it now—I took it. Really, it was not so bad. Now that I think it over, I m glad I took it and cured myself instead of exposing myself to further diseases.

This has been a rather long discussion to bring out my point, but, Freshman, when anybody brings you your medicine at Central—take it. You will be glad some day you had it, and you will feel a good deal more satisfied if you took it in a sensible way.

I guess I ought to be a woman, Freshie. I cannot keep a secret. Some day when you are President of the United States, I am going to be writing essays, or at least I will be trying. Time cannot down that in me. But now for the secret. My best essay was to be "How to Get Through High School on Good Common Sense." Well, I have spoiled that now, because I am going to impart that worthy knowledge to you now. Indeed, class of '20, you are already distinguished. I am to give my greatest lesson to

(Continued on Page 20)

Martha Jane's Mother

THERE was great excitement at the orphanage. A "mother" had come, and when a "mother" came there was always pounding of little hearts and shining of eyes. For who would be the lucky one?

The orphans all stood in a line, their bobbed hair slicked down and their skin just as shiny as soap and water could make it. And Mrs. James Harrison, as she looked at these fourteen bobbed-haired gingham aproned children felt a throb of pity in her heart.

But as she looked down at their eager, expectant faces, she smiled—they were all so carefree and happy. Some were blue eyed, some brown eyed, some grey eyed, and yet to none did her heart go out with true love.

At the end of the line stood Martha Jane her peaked little face as shiny as the rest, her straggly red-brown hair as slicked down as that of the others, but in her great brown eyes there was fright. They reminded Mrs. Harrison of the eyes of a strangely frightened fawn. "What is this little girl's name?" she asked of the matron.

"Martha Jane."

"She seems different from the rest," replied Mrs. Harrison.

"She is different," the matron told her. "I can't understand her. At times she is so dreamy, and again she is such a perfect Indian, and romps and screams until I'm nearly wild."

Mrs. Harrison stooped before Martha Jane and looked straight into her eyes and smiled, but only the same frightened expression met hers. And as she looked into those eyes years slipped by and she saw herself again, a wild, uncurbed tomboy. She smiled again at Martha Jane and pinched her arm a little, for her heart had gone out to the child with the frightened brown eyes.

So there was a conference in the office between Mrs. Harrison and the matron, with the result that Martha Jane of St. Ann's Orphanage became Martha Jane Harrison.

That night the little girl, lying in her white iron bed, should, by all rights, have been happy, for she was the lucky one, but instead she was very, very unhappy. In all of her eleven years she had longed for a mother—a mother to tuck her in bed and kiss her goodnight—a mother who would tell her stories—but most of all she yearned for some one who, from her heart,

she could call "Mother." When she was ten, a fat, coarse country woman had taken her, and her heart had thrilled—she had a mother! But in the country she had to work, and she was a child and loved to run and play; and because she loathed work she was returned to St. Ann's at the end of three weeks, sad but still hopeful. Perhaps this wasn't her mother.

Then another woman had taken her, but at the end of the fateful three weeks she returned to the orphanage with a strange belief rooted deep into her heart—the belief that there never would be a mother for her. So now, as she lay in the dark dormitory, she determined that the woman who had taken her must be called "Mrs. Harrison" and not "Mother," and that at the end of three weeks she would gladly come back to St. Ann's.

Two weeks had passed at Mrs. Harrison's. Martha Jane, despite her fear, was having a wonderful time; she and the boy next door, Jimmy McNeil—Jimmy of the freckles and blue eyes and black hair—played wild, hilarious games together. The girl's face became flushed by the wind and sun, and Mrs. Harrison's heart felt glad whenever a shrill scream would reach her ears.

But in all of the two weeks Mrs. Harrison had never been called "mother," and Martha Jane knew that her days at that happy place were coming to an end. But, oh! she didn't want to go back; she wanted to stay there always and be Mrs. Harrison's little girl, because Martha Jane loved her.

On the morning that the three weeks were up Martha Jane awoke with a strange fear and hope in her heart. Yet, at breakfast nothing happened, and in a little while she and Jimmy were playing Indian.

Mr. Harrison came home earlier than usual that noon, and he and his wife were talking in the library.

"So everything is all fixed," Mr. Harrison was saying. "I got a letter this morning from Matthews. We can start in the morning if you like."

"And Mrs. McNeil has consented to let Jimmy go along," said his wife. "Those two are such companions, and I know that they will have a dandy time at the camp this summer. I haven't told Martha Jane yet. I wanted it for a surprise. I wonder how she'll like it. I—I believe I'll tell her now; I can't wait any longer. Martha Jane; O, Martha Jane," Mrs. Harrison called.

(Continued on Page 8)

They Land in Chinatown

(Being the second of a series of stories of romance, adventure, and action in and about the Panama-Pacific Exposition. The first narrative being related in the preceding edition of *The Forum*.)

Since that fateful day on which Richard Gilbert and his friend had prevented the looting of the Turkish building, neither of the two women, Miss Marston or Miss Mandell, had been seen. Gilbert's threat to see more of Miss Marston and force her to recognize his friendship was a seeming idle boast, but Gilbert still held the same determination that he did on that day; and Fate, still playing into his hands, was giving him a chance.

The two men stepped off of the street car and entered the gates of the Exposition. They had no definite purpose in view, and so wandered idly toward the Marina. Once here, they stood on the sea wall and viewed the distant shore; the distant hazy hills, and on out through the Golden Gate, taking at the same time full advantage of the fresh saltwater air.

A small boat entered the yacht harbor and came to its mooring against the seawall not far from where the two men stood. Two women stepped out and cautiously made their way to terra firma as though trying to prevent the men from seeing them. Just as they turned into the doors of the Varied Industries building Gilbert saw them, and immediately pursuit began.

My readers are apt to laugh and ask why two full grown men would pursue two women through the grounds of an exposition. The only answer I can give is to say that when a man is in love he is apt to do anything.

Through the Varied Industries building went pursuer and pursued; down the Avenue of Progress, past the Palace of Mines and Metallurgy, through the Palace of Machinery, and as the two men stepped out of this building they espied the fleeing women on board a small exposition train headed for the other end of the grounds.

Impatiently awaiting the next train, the two men saw Miss Marston and her friend leave the train in the distance and head toward the Fine Arts Palace. By the time the two men had caught up, their prey was gone. Probably lost in the myriads of art filled galleries.

After an hour's fruitless search, the two men gave up their quest, acknowledging themselves

beaten, and in a bad mood started their return trip.

As Gilbert and his friend neared the exit gate, a commotion attracted their attention.

"But I beg your pardon," said the gatekeeper, "I meant no offense, sir, I am sure."

"But what's your game?" said the angry gentleman who would exit. "Here you stop me and insist that I am somebody else. What's your game?"

"I am sorry," repeated the gatekeeper, "but I have a letter here for a Mr. Gilbert, and the description I have just fit you, sir."

The crowd was broken apart, and Gilbert's tall, athletic form forced itself forward.

"What's that?" he asked.

"A letter for R. Gilbert," answered the boy.

"That's my name," returned Gilbert. "Give me the letter."

The gatekeeper eyed Dick carefully for a moment. "You sure fit the description. Here, take it. They can't say I didn't deliver it, anyway, and it's worth a dollar."

Dick eyed the envelope for a moment, then uttered a glorious whoop.

"What's wrong?" asked his friend.

"Read that," returned Gilbert, eagerly handing him the letter.

"Open when you get home only."

It was signed M.

Dick grabbed his friend by the arm, rushed him through the gate, hailed a passing taxi, and told the driver to forget the speed limit.

They arrived at the club, hurried into the lobby, sat down in a corner seat, and Gilbert tore open the letter. This what they read:

"Mr. Gilbert: Why you and your friend have seen fit to pursue two women through the Exposition grounds I am sure I couldn't say, but I do know that it stamps you somewhat out of that class known as gentlemen.

"I am lenient, Mr. Gilbert, and I take pity on you fools, and so if you still see fit to pursue me I shall be at home this evening at 905 Grant Street."

There was no signature.

Gilbert's friend studied for a moment, then dearly smiled.

"Dick, that address is in the heart of Chinatown. Are you fool enough to go on that wild goose chase?"

"I'm foolish enough to do anything. Yes, we're gong, right after we eat."

At 8:30 o'clock the two men were ready for their strange quest, and a few moments later found them on their way.

Their drive carried them to the very heart of San Francisco's Chinatown, and on a side-alley the machine came to a stop. The two men stepped out. It was pitch dark, except for the lights in the Chinese shack in front of them.

They knocked at the door. In a moment it opened, by whom or how they couldn't say, for the hallway was pitch dark. They stood silent for a moment, then a light flared up snowing them to be in a narrow hallway.

They followed this and came to a door and entered. They were in a Chinese gambling joint. On all sides of them were Orientals playing at the various games of chance.

Suddenly the two men were grabbed from behind, gagged, blindfolded and carried from the room. They felt themselves carried up a flight of stairs and deposited on the floor. The gag was removed, their hands were untied, the blindfold taken off; but their surroundings were pitch dark. In a moment or so a light flared up, and they found themselves in an elegantly furnished Oriental room. Upon chairs at the far end sat two women and a man. Gilbert recognized Miss Marston and her friend, but the man was masked.

"Good evening, gentlemen," said the younger woman.

They were too dumfounded to speak.

"You are ill at ease?" she questioned.

The men did not answer.

"Be seated," she went on.

"We prefer to stand," answered Gilbert.

"As you will."

There was a pause.

"Mr. Gilbert." He bowed.

"Why are you making such a fool of yourself?"

"I am merely trying to win your friendship," he answered frankly.

"Do you think your present methods will succeed?"

"I do, most assuredly."

She frowned and changed her subject. She had perceived Gilbert looking at the man at her side.

"Do you know my friend?" she asked.

"I believe not," answered Gilbert.

"You wish to?"

"If your friend does not object."

"Then Mr. Gilbert, Mr. Galvez."

The Spaniard, for such he was, stuck out his hand. Gilbert saw on the little finger a peculiar jade ring and stored a mental picture of it in his brain for future use.

"Whatever your alias may be, I'm pleased at this meeting," said Gilbert. A slightly perceptible start was the only move from the older man.

"Mr. Gilbert." The girl demanded his attention again.

"Will you make me a promise," she asked.

"My answer depends upon your request," was the response.

"If 'If I give you that friendship you ask will you promise not to speak to me unless I speak to you first?'"

Gilbert studied for a moment.

"No," he answered.

"Very well," was her response, and as suddenly as the lights had gone on they went off. And fifteen minutes later Gilbert and his friend were tied and gagged and homeward bound in a taxi.

Finally working himself loose, Gilbert's friend untied Dick.

"Stop!" yelled the latter to the driver. The taxi came to a standstill.

"Drive back to that place," said Gilbert.

"I can't," answered the chauffeur.

"And why not?" returned Gilbert.

"Because another man brought you away and then I took his place."

Gilbert thought a minute, then: "Drive to 905 Grant Street."

He did as directed, and the two men found themselves before a Chinese restaurant. They had been cleverly tricked. Disconsolately they started the drive home.

For some time Gilbert lay back in the seat. Then, just as the machine turned onto Van Ness Avenue, Gilbert leaned forward.

"Listen, man, remember my saying that one of those men in the Turkish building had on a peculiar jade ring?"

His friend nodded in the affirmative.

"Well, that fellow we met tonight is the man."

"How do you know?" returned his friend.

"Because he had on that ring. I'm going to do two things. Find out what he is to Miss Marston and 'get him' for that affair at the Exposition."

And how he got him and furthered his friendship with Miss Marston will be told in further adventures of Richard Gilbert and his friend.

THE END.

—H. C. W. '16.

Little boy, pair of skates,
Hole in the ice, Golden Gates.

The Fate of the "Sally Ann"

NO, MY FRIEND, I don't reckon you'd better take the smack out around Freeman's lightship today," said the old tar, as he shook his grizzly head.

Can't ye see them clouds lyin' low in the west?" But the younger fisherman laughed scornfully.

"You may be wise, old father, but I've been in the game a good many years, too, and I'll take the 'Sally Ann' out to the fishing grounds and bring her back safe, too, or I'm a land-lubber!"

But the old sailor smoked in silence, shaking his head from time to time. So the trim little fishing smack, "Sally Ann," and her sturdy crew sailed out of the rockbound harbor. A strong northwesterly breeze filled her white sails and sped her over the dark blue waves, until, a gleaming speck far to the north, she sank behind the horizon. The old sailor sighed and said mournfully, "'Twill be a happy day when we see the good ship 'Sally Ann' sailing up the harbor!"

Late in the forenoon they reached the fishing grounds, and so plentiful were the fish that dusk was gathering when they pulled anchor and started homeward. But the sun had set behind a black, foreboding cloud that was slowly creeping up toward the zenith, snuffing out the pale stars, one by one, and hiding the shimmering light of the rising moon. An unearthly calm settled down, and the "Sally Ann" hardly moved over the mirror-like surface, and away off was heard the rumbling of thunder.

"I guess the old man's storm's a-comin'," said the captain, with a worried face. "But the 'Sally Ann' can live in any storm that——"

He was interrupted by a blinding flash of lightning and loud peal of thunder, followed by a black, oppressive silence. Then the sails flapped at the mast, filled, and the Sally lurched forward. With a gust of wind and a torrent of rain the storm was upon them. The lightning rent the inky sky and peals of thunder seemed to shake the very foundations of the deep. The rain came down in sheets and the mind blew a hurricane. The tattered sails of the "Sally Ann" were furled and the brave little vessel was buffeted about by wave and wind like a cockleshell, but always driven on to her impending doom upon the rocky coast.

The storm increased, the waves rose higher,

(Continued on Page 8)

IN MEMORIAM

As an old friend and admirer of G. Ima Frieke, at his dying request that I continue his work, I take my pen in hand to continue his noble work.

I have just arrived and am much interested in the affairs of the school. It grieves me to see the old walls and customs changed, perhaps for improvement, but I fell as if another old friend had departed, never to return.

In reading the columns of your paper I noticed that neither my friend's old enemy, O. Phiphel, or his cohorts have continued to bore you with their sayings. Such being the case, it will give me more time and lighten my burden for the serious affairs to come.

I have not been here long enough to be greatly inspired, but for the good of the school, the students, the faculty, The Forum, and, last but not least, the aid of Professor Touton, in guiding these shining lights to the higher paths of learning, I bring before you once again the last efforts of G. Ima Frieke I—his immortal

STUDENTS' TEN COMMANDMENTS

1. Thou shalt study diligently, lest thou flunk.
2. Thou shalt not visit with thy neighbor during assembly, lest thou engender his wrath and break Mr. Touton's rules.
3. Thou shalt not miss recitations, lest thy discredits overbalance thy credits.
4. Thou shalt not bum after 7 o'clock, lest the faculty discover thy erring ways and call a closed session.
5. Thou shalt not sit in the wrong seat in music, lest thou steal the seat of another and incur the enmity of Miss Sanford.
6. Thou shalt not linger in the halls, lest thou be accused of loitering.
7. Thou shalt knock not, neither shalt thou permit thy neighbor to knock.
8. Thou shalt not flirt, lest thou be accused of frivolity.
9. Thou shalt not read thy neighbor's Forum, lest thy conscience smite thee for not subscribing.

G. IMA FRIEKE II.

Open to school at large. Ten dollars reward for absolute, correct knowledge of Mr. Liver's politics. (Collect from doorkeeper at the White House.)

History Teacher—Who was the god or goddess of the moon?

Junior—Why er—er—Moonus.

The Youngest in the School

THE youngest, the most adored, and the worst spoiled child in my kindergarten was little Virginia Smith. The youngest! How many times Virginia was excused by that one plea; for, besides being the youngest in the kindergarten, she was the youngest in her family (which contained four other children besides herself, all of whom came to my school combination of kindergarten and primary grades), and last but not least, the youngest in the neighborhood.

She, being only four, and small for her age at that, was ruined by the ice man, the grocery man, the butcher man, and all other masculine creatures having any connection whatever with a household. Being still young and unsophisticated, she trusted man, and man, in his turn, became worthy of the trust and confidence placed in him by the little child. Everybody gave way to her, young, middle-aged and old. For this reason Virginia's existence in this world had so far been untrammelled by any human disappointments.

Her mother, afraid that Virginia would be lonesome without the rest of the brood, had inveigled me into taking Virginia, in spite of her age, with the rest of her brothers and sisters, into my little group. I can't say that I thank myself for giving in to her.

Virginia certainly created a gay and dashing atmosphere in my little school-room. This headstrong little miss actually began to have a weakening effect upon the gentle but firm discipline I taught the children, until that phrase most applied to Virginia, "the youngest," penetrated our midst. I think the person to whom I owe my everlasting thanks and gratitude for this was her eldest brother, Tom, who unconsciously used it within my hearing. I used that phrase in every hour of distress to uphold "teacher's dignity." Before I knew it, the entire school used it in reference to the brown-eyed baby who created such havoc among us.

The incident that brought this to my mind most forcibly occurred the week before Christmas. Every child in the kindergarten had been instructed to bring his little presents for his friends, to be placed upon the large tree I had ordered for the occasion. Many were the bulky and smudgy bundles I tied upon that tree under the owners' most careful instructions.

The great and eventful day arrived, the songs were sung, recitations given and pres-

ents distributed, each gift being accompanied by a box of candy from Miss Brown, or "Mrs." Brown, as the majority of them innocently called me.

A quarrel occurred among some of my small guests, and I was called upon to act as judge. Little May Perkins approached me and, with her saucer eyes fixed intently upon my face, stated the case. She gave her evidence and accusation at the same time in somewhat this manner:

"Miz Brown, it isn't right to play with presents you get for other people, is it, Miz Brown?"

A replied the expected "No," and May immediately became a victim of righteous indignation at this encouraging answer.

She continued: "Well, Miz Brown, Virginia Smith got all her presents from the 10-cent store two weeks ago—two weeks ago, mind you—an' played with 'em, an' then gave 'em away. Tha's not right, is it, Miz Brown, for my present from Virginia is all busted, an' my mother said you mustn't give broken presents away."

Although she was upheld by her maternal parent, I was found guilty of saying, "Well, May, Virginia is only a baby. She doesn't know any better. She is the youngest here, so you will pardon her, won't you?"

I received the unconvinced answer, "Yes," and May went off to sulk in a corner.

Mrs. Darby, a childless and wealthy woman interested in small group, planned to "drop by to see the little ones' fun" and also "to bring her own little remembrances for them." Of course the children were keyed up to the highest point of excitement and expectation, and this point was stretched almost to breaking when she was late in making her appearance.

At last that exciting woman arrived, but, like all things that are longed for a great deal, was a cruel disappointment, for she had gotten only "useful things" for the little ones. Every child politely concealed his disappointment and gracefully gave his thanks, but Virginia.

Her little hand snatched the present and fairly tore at the paper and ribbons about it. Every feature expressed the keenest expectation and delight. Her head was bent intently over the package, her eyes shining, her lips twitching into wonderful expectant little smiles which showed her small, white teeth, and her cheeks covered with the flush of excitement that comes and goes in flashes.

Suddenly, in the twinkling of an eye, the

(Continued from Page 2)

The Boss and Haw He Won His Title

THE BOSS, or foreman, on my uncle's ranch was a young man not a day over twenty-three. It had always been a wonder to me that so young a man should hold such a high position above all the older cow punchers on the ranch, so one evening I found an opportunity to ask him.

"Well," he began, somewhat embarrassed, "I don't much like to sing my own praises, but as you're so anxious to hear my little story, I reckon I'll have to tell you.

"It was about a year ago. The boss then was a middle-aged man, always ready to tell of the great things he had done, or was going to do, but who somehow never seemed to get about them. Worse yet, we found out that he was a coward.

"One night last August, while the cattle were turned out on the north range, the one furthest from the ranch house, we were startled about midnight by distant thunder. The boss and I were riding on the west side of the drove. I had noticed that the cattle were unusually restless, and we only kept them in control by singing at the top of our voices. As the dark clouds hid the moon I prophesied a bad night with the cattle. The boss laughed at me and launched into a story of how he once stopped a stampede.

"Well, the thunder grew louder and the lightning began to flash. The mass of cattle began to surge back and forth. A boy came galloping up to us from the south side of the range to say that on that side it looked mightily like the cattle would stampede any minute. Just then there was an awful thunder-clap and a blinding flash of lightning. The steers bellowed threateningly, and the herd began to move southward slowly, at first, then faster and faster. Without waiting for the paralyzed boss to give orders, I called to the boy to follow me, and spurred my pony toward the head of the stampede.

"I pulled up in front of our camp, where most of the boys were huddled together on frightened ponies. 'Wake up, you cowards!' I yelled. 'Don't you know the herd's stampeding and the canon's just ahead? Now everyone of you idiots turn in and help round 'em up, or you'll settle with me in the morning!' Well, you just bet that made them hustle.

"Off I galloped with about twenty of them following me. The cattle were stampeding now at full speed, and we rode like demons to try and round up the leaders before they could reach the canon. If we did not succeed, the valuable herd would dash over the brink of the canon and be killed. Our ponies were good, and finally we passed the cattle and were in front of the stampeding herd. We met them with whoops and fiendish yells. In a flash of lightning I sighted a leading steer. I threw my lasso over his horns and brought him to the ground with an angry roar. Some of the boys followed my example, and we finally brought the panting, trembling stampede to a standstill, about a hundred feet from the brink of the gorge.

"When I rode up to the ranch house next morning to report the night's happenings, I found the boss skulking in the bunk house. As soon as your uncle heard about the proceedings, he fired that boss just like that! He said something about my 'bravery and ability to handle men,' and made me boss on the spot. I've kept the position for a year now, and I hope to keep it for a great many more to come."

K. M. V. B.

(Continued from Page 23)

baby hands had torn the covering away and exposed to view—a pair of sheer white silk stockings, the latest thing in dress for children.

The child's face changed instantly, first to one of bitter disappointment, and then to scorn for what, in her eyes, was a useless gift. The small head was thrown back, the eyes flashed, and from her lips came the startling, ungracious words: "Why didn't ye get me something to PLAY with?"

I gasped, "Oh, Virginia, such pretty little stockings! Just think how nice they will be when you wear them!"

My remark was most untimely, for Virginia turned in a flash, tossed the disgusting stockings, paper and all, upon my lap, and said in all the bitter sarcasm her childhood could master, "Well, YOU wear 'em if you like 'em. I DON'T!"

Over the awed silence that ensued, the shrill small voice of one May Perkins rang out, "I've come to the collusion that the youngest kin do anything. Jest look at that, an' she's the 'youngest in the school'."

CLIO, '16.

(Continued from Page 2)

A moment later the girl appeared at the door, her cheeks flushed and her eyes shining. She turned and called back to the boy: "O, Jimmy, lay down; you're dead—not that way, the other way. That's it. Oh-h-h!" she ended laughing. Then she turned to the people in the room.

"What do you want, Mrs. Harrison?"

That lady bit her lip, but smiled.

"I have something to tell you," she said. "We're going away!"

Martha Jane didn't hear the "we." She just heard "going away." Her flushed and happy face grew white. The same frightened look that Mrs. Harrison had seen at the orphanage came back.

"I knew it! I knew it!" she cried shrilly. "I knew it wouldn't last. It was too good! But I'll not go back; I'll not put on a gingham apron. I'll—I'll jump in the well! O, yes I will! O! I hate you! I hate you! Why did you ever take me if you was going to send me back? I knew there was no mother for me—I knew!"

And she flung herself upon the couch and lay there sobbing, a miserable, forlorn piece of small humanity.

Mr. Harrison, man-like, gave his wife one

look, drove his hands into his pockets and strode from the room. Mrs. Harrison walked over and sat down by the girl.

"Why, why, Martha Jane; whatever is the matter with you? You surely didn't think that I was going to send you back to the orphanage, did you? I wouldn't do that for all the world. Why, Martha Jane," she added softly, "you're my little girl."

Martha Jane sat up. "Ain't I never goin' back? Not never?" she asked fiercely.

Mrs. Harrison smiled and shook her head. "No, not ever."

Slowly Martha Jane's arms stole around Mrs. Harrison's neck, and as they clung together Mrs. Harrison heard the girl whisper softly: "Mother!"

CLIO, '16.

(Continued from Page 5)

and dashed mercilessly to and fro across the deck. But in spite of all the brave young captain kept the helm. One sailor had already been washed away, and now the mast "went by the board." The "Sally Ann" was now an aimless, hopeless wreck, and the breakers could not be far away. Yes! In a lull of the storm the captain heard the roar of the surf upon the rocky coast. Then it was he wished he had taken the advice of the old sailor, but it was now too late to wish. Like some wild creature the "Sally Ann" paused on the crest of a wave and a flash of lightning revealed the rocks awaiting them. Then she lurched forward and struck! She shuddered from stem to stem and sank! An eyrie cry mingled with the storm, the cry of drowning men—then silence—the waves had claimed their toll.

The storm ceased as suddenly as it had commenced. The wind rolled away the clouds, and the stars twinkled brightly as before. The moon shone forth and smiled down upon a subsiding sea, and soft, fleecy waves breaking upon a rocky shore. It was a peaceful scene, unmarred by any tragedy—but the "Sally Ann" never more sailed up the harbor.

K. M. V. B.

Why are new Ford cars now equipped with self-starters?

I dunno. Why?

Because Ford took all the cranks with him on the peace ship to Europe.

Here's to the chaperon—

May she learn from Cupid

Just enough blindness

To be sweetly stupid.

FOOD BEVERAGES

Our Hot Chocolate and Boullions 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
Serves You Right
719 Felix Street

ATHLETICS



Since the last issue of this paper athletics have been taking great strides. Every student in Central High this year has the opportunity of seeing the best basketball games in any section of the country this season. We opened our season at Kansas City against Manual High School. We were defeated by a rather one-sided score—43 to 16.

The score would indicate that we were entirely outclassed, but that is not the case. That our team was in a "slump" that night is the only explanation to be made. Manual plays us again soon, and it is here predicted that there will be an entirely different story to print after our second encounter. Since this first, and probably last, defeat, the men have been working with a renewed determination that can bring nothing but success.

We have one of the best, if not the best, teams we have ever had, including last year's team, which swept the floors clean. We have of this team four fellows again returned and on this year's team—Light, Spratt, Sellars and Voss. For the place left vacant by the graduation of Schroeder there are Clay, Hillyard and Addleman trying out. "Bud" Myers is also a first squad man who can fit in at any position. Light is one of the best forwards Central has

ever turned out. Besides being a good basket-shooter, he is good in the field and has a lot of "pep." Spratt is again the best of all the centers; he can be depended upon for his share of points, as well as to get the "tip" from center, which is one of the most important assets to a team's success. Sellars and Voss are again showing the old "pep" that makes the Central score high and the opponent's low. They have a tendency to be so friendly to the opposing forwards as not to lose sight of them for a minute. Clay, Hillyard and Addleman are having a lively scrap for the other job. However, whoever enters the game, you may depend upon it, he will give a good account of himself. Myers is playing a fast, consistent game and is going to force the regulars to the limit to stick as a regular addition on the machine. There are also some good fellows on the second team who are giving good accounts of themselves. We have the best schedule that Central has ever had. It follows:

Jan. 14—Atchison, at Atchison.

Jan 21—Westport, Kansas City, at St. Joseph.

Jan. 29—Lincoln, Neb., at St. Joseph.

Feb. 4—Northeast, Kansas City, at K. C.

Feb. 11—Manual, Kansas City, at St. Joseph.

Miss Mildred Nash

Telephone, M. 1846 Dancing Academy 801¹/₂ Francis Str.

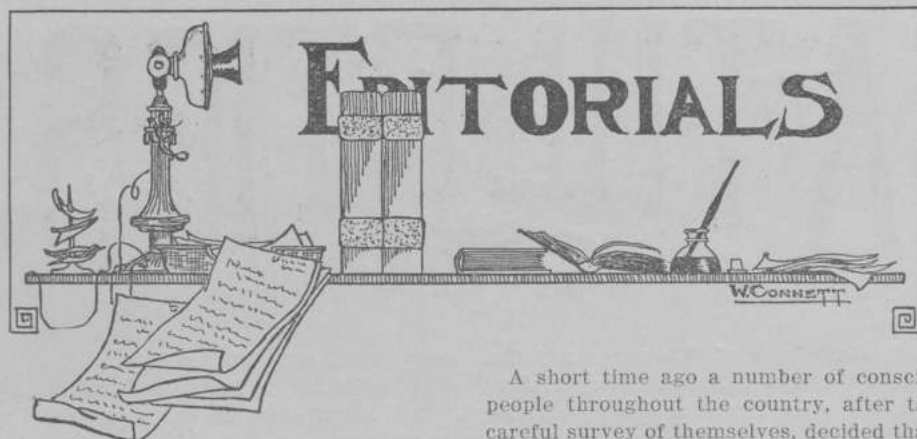
STUBBS-McDONALD AGENCY CO.

Expert Insurance Service



Fire, Theft, Accident Liability

No. 113 No. 5th St. Telephone 1757



High School Forum

Published Monthly by the Alpha Nu Pi Literary Society of the St. Joseph High School.

Entered as Second Class Matter, October 9, 1906, at the postoffice in St. Joseph, Missouri, according to Act of Congress, March 3, 1879.

STAFF

ALEX. VAN BRUNT '16.....Editor-in-Chief
BENTON GABBERT '16.....Associate Editor
MURRAY SPRAGUE '16.....Business Manager
PAUL MCGILL '17.....Ass't Business Manager
LESTER DAVIDSON '16.....Circulation Manager
NORMAN SCHWIEN.....Ass't Circulation Mgr.
ERWIN M'EWEN '17.....Exchange Editor

Literary Editors

Janet Weakley '17 Dupuy Warrick '16

Local Editor

Laura Henderson '16

Art Editor

Pauline Estes '16

Joke Editor

Freeman Scott '17
Josephine Welles

Departments

Ralph Schreiber '16 Dan Harroun '16
Everett Creek '16 Minnie Saunders '16
Leota Stout

Frank Voss '16.....Athletic Editor

Class Reporters

Francis ConnettSenior
Dorothy WhitefordJunior
Jeanne WhiteSophomore

TERMS

One Year's Subscription.....\$0.75
Single Copy10

Advertising Rates Given on Application to
Business Manager.

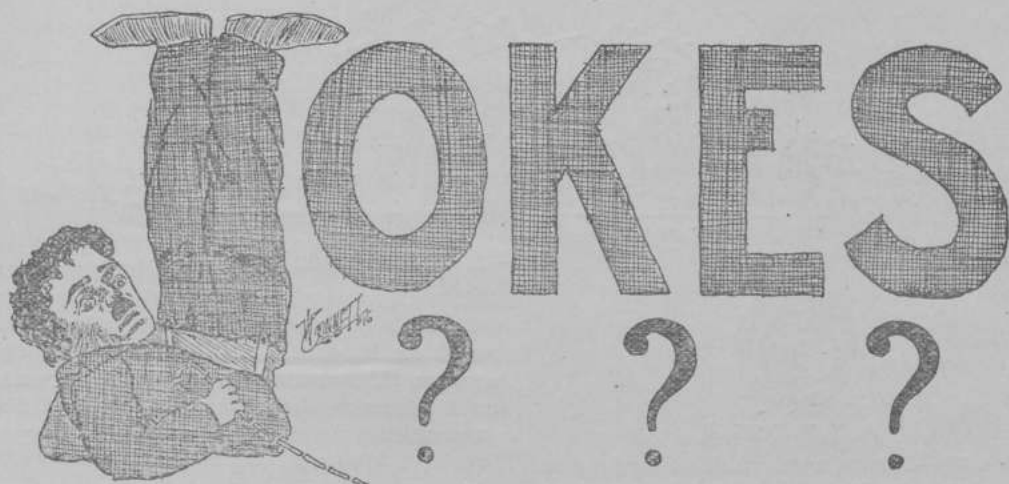
The policy of this paper is to discuss the different activities of the students and faculty.

A short time ago a number of conscientious people throughout the country, after taking a careful survey of themselves, decided that there were certain things in their respective characters that should be changed. Accordingly, each person adopted for himself a series of New Year's resolutions, which, no doubt, if half of them are kept, will prove of great benefit to the people who have made them. Nevertheless, in spite of the obvious benefit to be derived therefrom, there are a great number of Central students who have passed up this opportunity to reform.

However, don't be discouraged with the thought that you have lost this chance, or you who availed yourselves of it, but who since have fallen from the letter of your resolutions, for you still have one more chance. The second school term starts the last day of this month, and if there are any in Central who have any belated resolutions or any left-overs from last year, this would be an excellent time to make them. The following suggestions are thoughtfully submitted:

1. If you have bought a basketball ticket, plan to attend as many games as possible, and in attending don't forget to bring your voice with you.
2. You who have not purchased season tickets, try to see the games anyway, and see what a good time you have been missing.
3. Try to be one of the first to support all of the school activities.
4. Plan to leave your stamp of talent among the annals of the school by writing some article for The Forum.

There are some among those contributing articles to The Forum who adhere to the custom of handing in their work late. The editor would greatly appreciate it if these people would start the new term off by being more prompt. The material for the February issue—Sophomore Number—is due February 10th.



He—Have you read "Freckles"?

She—Of course not. That's my veil.

I had a little bird named Enza;

I opened in mouth and influenza.

Brick—Why, I thought you took geometry last year.

Clyde W.—I did, but the faculty encored me.

Latin—the dead language—with few mourners.

Miss Ferguson—What is the answer to this problem? Please raise your hands.

Class shouts answer.

Miss F.—What funny hands you have.

Soph.—That fellow smiled at me.

Senior—The first time I saw you I laughed.

A German employed an office boy who always reported for work late. After repeated call-downs, he reformed. Congratulating him, the boss said: "Willie you are early of late; you used to be behind before, and now you are first at last."

Latin Student (translating "Jubet vicissen")
—You bet we kiss 'em.

Junior—You can't wear either white or black shoes at a dance any more.

Soph.—How's that?

Jun.—Nothing but tan-go.

"—And, oh, Lord, please make Boston the capital of New York," said the little girl, as she finished her evening prayer.

Mother: "But why do you ask that?"

Little Girl: "Cause that's the way I put it in my examination paper."

Who's Your Banker?

The
Empire Trust Co.

Pays 4 Per Cent on
Savings Accounts

119 South Sixth St.

ATTENTION!

Boys, order your Spring Suits NOW!

Fine Tailoring at Moderate Prices.

C. LEIMBACH,

FASHIONABLE TAILOR

119 N. Sixth St.



A. N. P. NOTES

Dec. 10.—Debate, resolved, That coeducation in colleges is desirable. Won by negative; Logan best speech; McCord honorable mention. Extemporaneous speeches by Van Brunt, Biles, Murphy and Nelson. Bailey and Belden were hosts to a lunchroom spread.

Jan. 7.—Extemporaneous speeches were given on this date. Neudorff spoke on "The Ford Peace Expedition," Sprague on "New Year's Resolutions," Albus on "England's Conscription," Creek on "America's Relations With Japan," and Bailey on "Value of Athletics." The society contributed to the fund for purchasing sweaters for the football team. Murphy and Dallas entertained as hosts for a generous feast.



DOLAD NUN

November 12.—The debate, resolved, That

President Wilson's Mexican policy was justified, was the principal number at this meeting. Goldman and Binswanger, on the affirmative, won from Rosenfield and Berenberg, on the negative. Binswanger was awarded best speech, and Goldman received honorable mention. Extemporaneous talks were given by Berger, Levy and Wiener.

Nov. 19.—At this meeting the debate, resolved, That a system of ship subsidies should be adopted by the United States merchant marine, was well discussed on both sides. Raffelock and Toub, on the affirmative, won from Bergman and Mashevsky, on the negative. Raffelock was awarded best speech. Liebling gave a talk on the value of Dollar Day.

Dec. 3.—The literary program for this week consisted of extemporaneous speeches given by N. Fine, L. Fine, Sheffel and Wiener, and the debate, resolved, That closed shops are more beneficial than open to the laboring class. Liebling and Wienshienk, on the affirmative, won from H. Fine and Saferstein, on the negative. Liebling received best speech, and Fine honorable mention.

Dec. 10.—Resolved, That the president of the United States should serve a six-year term and be ineligible for re-election, was the question discussed at this meeting. The negative, Kaufman and Goldman, won from the affirmative, Liebling and Bergman. Goldman received

Manicuring

Shampooing

Phone, Main 2340 W

STAG BARBER SHOP

W. M. FRIEND, PROP.

*All Kinds of Hair Tonic
Massage*

607 Edmond Street

Phone, Main 37

414 Sculth 6th St.

RICHARD TODD

SUCCESSOR TO

ROSS & TODD

Hard and Soft Coal of All Kinds

*Richmond Lump Coal, Illinois Coal and
Iowa Block*

best speech and Kaufman honorable mention. Impromptu talks were given by Liberman and Binswanger.

Dec. 17.—The debate, resolved, That the city of St. Joseph should give work to the unemployed in times of depression, was won by Wiener, on the negative, from Sheffel, on the affirmative. Extemporaneous speeches were given by Toub, Saferstien, Kaufman, Rosenfield, Wienshienk and Liebling.

Dec. 7.—The principal number on the program at this meeting was the debate, resolved, That the United States should give the Philippines their independence. Negative, Raffelock and Liebling, won from the Rosenfield, the affirmative. Rosenfield received best speech and Raffelock honorable mention.



CICERONIAN NOTES

First meeting since the last issue of The Forum we enjoyed a debate, resolved, That democracy should be sacrificed for efficiency. Goerman and Gore upheld the affirmative, while Nelson and Harroun defended the negative. The decision was awarded to the negative, with Goerman best speech and Nelson honorable mention.

No meeting was held the week before Christmas.

Jan. 7.—We enjoyed a debate on the Philippine question. Warrick and Voss, on the affirmative, lost to Shull and Scott, on the negative; Warrick best speech and Shull honorable mention.



ARISTOTELIAN NOTES

Dec. 10.—The program this meeting was a debate, Resolved, That the commission form of government is better than the old form. The question was upheld by Gavney and Braucher against Bird and Kountz on negative. Negative won.

Dec. 17.—The program of this meeting comprised extemporaneous talks. Among the many that starred were Ennis on "Prohibition," Mc-Ahan on "Grade Crossings," and Walton on "Doings In Other Countries."

Dec. 24.—Owing to our heavy "Christmas shopping," a meeting of the society was not called.

Jan. 8.—This meeting proved to be one of the most successful in the history of our society, as every member was present and an excellent debate was given—resolved, That preparedness is essential for the welfare of the nation, was upheld by Watkins and Murchie. Negative, Bramel and Green, won.

Fred Gillette, Arthur Green, Marion Smith, Charles Rochambeau, John Carey, Harold Watkins, Lee Norris and John Wegeley have been taken into this society recently.



CLIO NOTES

On December 10th a long business meeting was held.

(Continued on Page 17)

1916--Buick--1916
Light Six
\$985

The most popular Light Six in the country because it has proven the BEST. More Power, Endurance and Economy.

St. Joseph Buick Co.
6th and Jule Streets

Orpheum
PARAMOUNT PICTURES

Largest and Best Orchestra, and the
Finest Pipe Organ in the City

Perfect Service at All Times

LOCALS

The boys don't need to think that they can get ahead of the girls, for in an assembly meeting given by the girls four speeches were made. Jeanne White described the architecture and the purpose of the Coliseum; Clara Albrecht told us what our society should mean to us; Bertha Borofsky chose as her subject "Jane Adams," and Laura Henderson's subject was "Music." These girls represented the Clio, Agathia, Aleph Lamad and Dianthian societies, respectively.

One bright day our curiosity was aroused over the many strange men who were wandering around our halls. They were particularly interested in the college classes, for, my dear friends, they were no others than the inspectors from Missouri University. At an auditorium meeting they had an opportunity to speak to our student body. Mr. Whiteford and some of the members of the school board were also present at this meeting. Remember what a considerate Santa Claus Mr. Mitchell was?

Our last school day before the Christmas holidays was Friday morning. No classes were held, but we had an auditorium meeting instead. Wendell Meridith read Cardinal Gibbons' Christmas message, "The World Needs Men." Hazel Vaughn, a '15 graduate, read "The Other Wise Man," and Miss Frank Russell sang several delightful songs. Miss Rus-

sel was recently appointed as an assistant in the music department, and conducts several of the singing classes in our high school. At this meeting Agnes Miller received a set of Shakespeare for the best paper which was written on "Colorado."

Minerva has gotten a new coat, and The Wrestlers are still wrestling in the corner as to which one is to pay for it, for both are madly in love with Minerva.

Alas, our vacation of one week was all too short, and now we are back to our old habits again. The board, however, was not idle during the holidays, for a change in the schedule greeted us when we returned Monday. No one seemed to understand the new plan, so the three bells pealed forth and we ascended the marble stairs to the ball room on the third floor, where Old King called forth with his trumpet the orders for the new year. All of his subjects bowed in obeisance and sanctioned his mighty rules. After the gathering the guests departed for a grand reception for five minutes.

How do you like the fire drills in this cold weather?

Mr. Moyer told us of the coming basketball season, also a joke or two, January 10th, in assembly meeting. Mr. Touton read a letter

We Invite Your Trade

We Can Fit You

We Can Please You

Our prices are right. That's why we are telling it in the Forum, so bring your feet along and let us show you

Burke-O'Brien

614 FELIX STREET

Heating, Cooking and other appliances for the comfort of the home are operated by Electricity.

We Carry a Complete Stock

Columbian Electrical Co.

820 Frederick Ave.

In Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention The Forum

from Mr. William Weakley, who attends Missouri University. Mr. Weakley represented the St. Joseph Club at Columbia, which presented our school with a picture of "The Columns."

CHRISTMAS PLAY

Along the Line of Modern Artistic Productions of Granville Barker

The Christmas all-school play, given December 23 under the direction of Miss Roberta Sheets, was unusual and quite modern in its stage settings. A back curtain of green, vine-covered lattices for each side-wing were the height of artistic simplicity, according to the ideas of Granville Barker, Gordon Craig and Max Rheinhardt. Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night" was especially appropriate because it was originally written to celebrate the Christmas festivities.

The comic element, represented by William Page, Jr., Freeman Scott, Taney Beaumont, Jr., and Pauline Estes, was well suited to carry out the revelries of Christmas. The cast is to be especially commended for their sincere work and for the earnestness with which each played his part.

Roland Stuebner, as Orsino, showed great dignity and an excellent portrayal of a difficult part; Erwin McEwen, as the pompous, proud Malvolio, pleased the audience best; George Trapp, as Sebastian, handled his part well; Nathan Sheffel and Ned Biles, as Avis and Valentine, and Gertrude Meierhoffer, Anita Mann and Clara Albrecht, as attendants to Olivia, played their parts in a praiseworthy manner. Robert Journayvaz acted Antonio with his usual force and genuineness; Everett Creek and Alex Van Brunt showed the natural calmness necessary for officers. As the sea-captain friend of Viola, Everett Creek was also

good. Margaret Wing was a vivacious and lovely Viola and drew applause for fine acting; Marguerite Robinson was a sincere and majestic countess.

The play was one of the best ever produced at Central, both on account of unusual stage setting and on account of the excellent and natural acting.

The audience will probably remember longest, on account of their humor, Pauline Estes, as Maria; William Page as the unusual jester; Freeman Scott, the very laughable companion of Taney Beaumont, a very able representative of Sir Toby Belch.

Viola's song and Maria's dance both delighted the audience.

The setting was designed by Miss Sheets, but valuable help was given by Mr. Elliott and Miss Spier. Mr. Livers was the capable business manager.

With the passing of the 1915 all-school play goes the memory of one of our BEST PRODUCTIONS.

SENIOR NOTES

Several meetings have been held, the first in which we discussed our party. Miss Rullman very kindly offered her home, but it became necessary to postpone the party indefinitely.

The second meeting was called in the record room period, in which Mr. Westheimer and other members of the Alumni association extended a cordial invitation to the members of the senior class to attend the alumni reception to be given New Year's day.

In the third meeting the president was given the power to sign annual contract, and each senior to sign a similar contract promising to sell four annuals. After a heated discussion, Alex. Van Brunt was elected editor-in-chief and Murray Sprague business manager.

W. E. ROBINSON

Teacher of
VIOLIN

Reasonable Terms

PHONE, MAIN 3471 W

Studio: Room 2 Commercial Building

Electric

ST. JOSEPH'S MOST POPULAR THEATRE

ALWAYS THE BEST

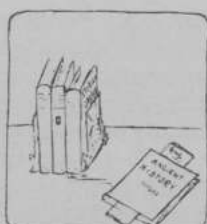
Feature **PICTURES**
Quality **VAUDEVILLE**

Eventually, why not NOW

GET THE HABIT

Night 10c. Children 5c Matinee 5 and 10c

In Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention The Forum



DEPARTMENTS

COMMERCIAL NOTES

Back again from our Christmas holidays, with books and teachers waiting for us. Everything just as usual, in the same place and condition. Several of the instructors of this department spent the holidays at distant homes, while others entertained Santa here in their home town.

The new year brought considerable change in the study of shorthand four. Original letters are being given the students in dictation. The pupils then pass directly to typewriters, and transcribe their notes. These, in turn, are corrected from the originals, both the notes and letters. Each day brings more letters for home work, thus keeping a fresh supply on hand. This system is proving far more beneficial in that it brings the work before the student such as a stenographer really gets in the business world.

Typewriting classes are becoming more efficient as the weeks pass. Students in this subject seem to have resolved to do still better work this year than last year's work shows. The daily work, perfect tests, and speed are all showing a marked improvement. Those who have succeeded in meeting, and in some cases passing, the requirements of a certificate are as follows: Gladys Boegle, Charles Liberman, Bertie Tomlinson, Theodore Ridge, Bertha Borofsky, Ruth Kurtz, Celia Cohn, Belle Lehrman, Hetty Woodbury, Lelia Christopher, Alberta Sidenfaden, Frances Gibson, Lucille Smith, Clyde Wise, Ethel Webster, Julia Parsells, Meyer Korbholz, Ruth Gaines, Christopher VanDusen and Louis Fine.

HISTORY NOTES

The classes in senior civics are making somewhat of a survey of the city with a view as to how it might be beautified by the addition of trees, each student reporting on a particular block or blocks.

In Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention The Forum

The Greek history class is also doing some outside work, listing and classifying the columns on the different buildings in the city.

The class in history of education is studying the systems of education of medieval Europe, paying particular attention to such systems as monasticism and cholaristicism.

The committee on Junior colleges of the Missouri University, who were visiting Central the week before Christmas, paid a visit to the college history class, which is studying the history of western Europe.

The department has recently received several new charts and maps which add greatly to the equipment.

DOMESTIC SCIENCE

When eggs are high use:

SAILOR DUFF.

1 egg, 2 tbs. sugar, $\frac{1}{2}$ c molasses or Karo molasses mixed, 1 tsp. soda in 2 tbsp. hot water, $1\frac{1}{2}$ c flour, $\frac{1}{2}$ c hot water, $\frac{1}{2}$ tsp. B. P., 2 tbsp. melted butter.

Beat the egg, add the sugar and the molasses. Alternate the liquid and dry ingred-

Webster's

*Finest Teas, Coffee, Spices and
Fancy Groceries*

**We Roast Coffee—
All Praise It**

*Lunches Served 7:30 a. m. to 6:30 p. m.
Saturday night until 9 P. M.*

**Visit Our Tea and
Luncheon Parlor**

Webster's

(Continued from Page 13)

On December 17th Laura Maclean was leader. She told of Hedda Gabler. Her assistant, Minnie Sanders, gave an account of the life of Ibsen. Caroline Hartwig told us of the play, "The Doll's House."

Because of Christmas, no meeting was held on December 24th.

Martha Rhodes gave a synopsis of "Joseph and His Brethren" on January 7th. Frances Connett told us of Parker's life. Irma Grebel gave an account of Pauline Fredericks. Margaret Connett reviewed current events.



DIANTHIAN NOTES

Dec. 10.—Anita Mann led the program on the drama, "Bluebird," with a discussion of first two acts. Dorothy Taylor told the story of the third act. Marie Lawson gave the fourth and fifth acts, and Blanche McCauley the sixth.

Dec. 17.—The program on Christmas stories was led by Josephine Wells, who told "Why the Christmas Chimes Rang Out." She was assisted by Mary Belle Soldner, who gave "The Christmas Garden." Nan Yancey told about a Russian Christmas party, and Catherine Weber told "A Messenger from Santa Claus." Marguerite Robinson was welcomed as a new member.

Dec. 23.—Special meeting. Several old girls Helen Nixon, '15; Minnie Buzard, '14; Marian White, '13, and Carol Whiteford, '15—talked to us.

THE ALPHA NU PI PIN

A wreath of gold,
A shield of old,
And letters three;
A part of white,
A part of black,
And A. N. P.
This little pin,
If you may win,
Will honor thee;
The gold is truth,
The wreath a sign
Of unity.
The leaves are friends,
The shield a badge
Of bravery.
The white your life,
An emblem true
Of purity.
The black is death,
Which you may meet
With sanctity;
The whole a tie
With which to bind
These thirty-three.
Now, boys, be true,
And honor you
The pins of A. N. P.

Math. Teacher—How many problems have you?

Eugene—I haven't any. I cranked a Ford last night and it turned over on me.

Teacher—You shouldn't mind a little thing like that.

Miss Sutherland—Did you lose your book?

N. Goldman—No, ma'am; but I can't find it.

Be Prepared

New and Secondhand High School Books at

SCHROEDER'S Book Store

In Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention The Forum

EXCHANGE JOKES

Teacher (to tardy pupil): "Say, if you don't stop being tardy, I'm going to have you shot at sunrise."

Tardy Pupil: "You couldn't. I don't get up that early.—Ex.

"Who is the belle tonight?" asked she,
As they stood on the ballroom floor.
He looked around the room to see,
And she speaks to him no more.—Ex.

It takes little things to make perfection, but
perfection is no little thing. For instance—

The exchange editor may write

Till his fingers are sore;

But someone is sure to remark:

"Oh, pshaw! I've heard that before."

First Stude—What would you call the czar's children?

Second Ditto—Czardines, I suppose.

"What's the row on the next block?"

"Aw, only a wooden wedding."

"A wooden wedding?"

"Sure; a couple of Poles are getting married."

There was a young lady named Fitch,
Who heard a loud snoring, at which
She took off her hat
And found that a rat
Had fallen asleep at the switch.

"Children," said the teacher, "you should not attempt to write anything flighty or fancyful—just what what is in you."

The following was handed in: "I have in me my stummick, liver, lungs, heart, two apples, one glass of milk, one piece of pie, three olives, one beet pickle, two and one-half sticks of lemon candy, and my dinner."

Two Irishmen who had just landed in this country found new experiences at every hand. They had become accustomed to sleeping in a hammock on shipboard, but they had had nothing to prepare them for a sleeping car experience. They had a section, and after some difficulty Mike managed to get into the upper berth. After a while he leaned over and called to Pat below:

"Say, Pat, air ye in bed yet?"

"No," said Pat; "Oi've got me clothes off, but Oi can't git meself into this little hammick."

PHILOMATHIAN NOTES

The Philomathians have been studying South America with greater zeal than heretofore. We have had several interesting programs on the countries of South America, among which were Chile, Ecuador and Bolivia. We have also had many good extemporaneous speeches given during the month. On the day before Christmas we went to Miss Varnar's home for a "surprise." We had a very lovely time, and everyone present received a pretty gift.

We expect to have our new pins soon, and are very proud of the fact. They will be in a diamond shape with our Greek letters on them.

HAMILTONIAN SOCIETY NOTES

Dec. 9.—Debate, resolved, That St. Joseph should have her own franchise, won by the affirmative. Duke Bramel was given best speech, and Harold Kaplin honorable mention.

Dec. 17.—Debate, resolved, That Missouri should adopt prohibition. Won by the negative, and Edward Austin given best speech.

Dec. 24.—An open debate on the subject, resolved, That capital punishment should be abolished in Missouri. Won by the negative.

Jan. 7.—Magicians' tricks by Marvin Rapp, Leonard Kronkite, C. C. Watson and Watson Guiles, with Mr. Guiles as Charlie Chaplin. Debate by Emmett Duncan on the affirmative and Templeton Brown on the negative. The subject for discussion was resolved, That the United States should control the railways.

MILLER & BERKLEY

Ladies' and Gents' Clothing Dry Cleaned, Pressed and Repaired. Masquerade and Theatrical Costumes for Rent. Grease Paints, Wigs and Masks.

Telephone, Main 2545 W

314 Francis Street

In Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention The Forum

PYTHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY

About thirty-six Freshman girls are organized into the Pythian Literary Society, under the direction of Miss Moulton. One of our busiest months was December. Besides our every-Friday meetings, we entertained the entire Annex with a musical program the last day of school before our Christmas holidays began. The song entitled "The Hats of Other Days" called forth much laughter. Another song novelty was "Jolly Girls." In this the girls wore large placards that spelled "Pythian L. S." When turned over they read "Merry Xmas." And in the last chorus they turned their backs to the audience, and the words, "Happy 1916," gave our New Year's greeting to all.

As our Christmas offering to charity we filled three dozen pairs of stockings with candy, nuts and toys for poor children of our city.

Jan. 7.—Our society was a guest of the Hamiltonian Society. We enjoyed their magician stunts, which seemed to indicate that our school will produce a Thurston the Second. The debate was also creditable.

With parliamentary practice Jan. 14, and a musical program Jan. 21, our first term in literary society work in the High School will close.

Teacher—What is the meaning of furlough?

Pupil—Furlough is a mule.

Teacher—Why, what ever made you think that?

Pupil—I looked it up at home, and there was a picture of a soldier on a mule, and it said under it, "A Soldier Going Home On a Furlough."

Has the funeral of your New Year's resolution been solemnized yet?

SCIENCE

Chemistry.—In the text-book for the last month we have been studying sulphur and the compounds of sulphur. We learned that there were two commercial forms of sulphur—roll sulphur and flowers of sulphur—or, in other words, powdered sulphur. The roll sulphur comes in long rolls that look like yellow candles. In the laboratory we took some of the roll sulphur in a crushed form and heated it in a test tube. It first became a bright yellow liquid and then began to turn red. As it turned red it became thick. Some of the sulphur was taken out when the liquid was yellow and left to crystallize. The crystals were long and narrow in shape. This is called prismatic sulphur. We then dissolved some crushed roll sulphur in carbon bisulphide, and left to crystallize. The crystals were all regular in shape; all octahedrons; this is called rhombic sulphur. Next we heated the sulphur in the test tube to the boiling point, and then poured it into a pan of water. It floated on top for a second or two, and then sank. This formed an elastic substance like rubber. This is amorphous sulphur. This sulphur, being left for two or three days, was found to change to the rhombic. Therefore it was concluded that rhombic sulphur was the only stable form. We made sulphide of copper, zinc, and iron by the mixing of each with sulphur and applying heat. We are now studying the preparation and properties of sulphur dioxide.

Physics.—The classes in physics have been going over the heating plant of the school, studying the system along with the study of the thermostat. They have also been studying the resultant forces and answering such questions as "Why can a horse pull an automobile out of a mudhole when a forty-horsepower en-

**Films, Kodak Printing
and Developing**

Bender's Pharmacy

Cor. Frederick Avenue, and 11th St.

Become the best skater in school by
having your skates sharpened at

REID'S

We Do All Kinds of Repair Work

REID'S NOVELTY REPAIR SHOP

Phone, M. 1477 W 311 So. 8th St.

gine cannot?" This led to a discovery that a five-pound duck flying upward against gravity at the rate of seventy-five miles an hour would generate a horsepower. Another question is: "Why does a snowball pack, and how does a skater skate on a film of water instead of the ice, as generally supposed?" The tables in the laboratory have been covered with a new acid-proof stain.

Botany.—In laboratory the classes in botany have been studying leaves. They have learned their structure and their functions. In the text-book they have been studying the algae, the lowest form of plant life. It is the scum that collects on ponds.

Zoology.—Worms and mollusks have been under discussion in the zoology classes. In laboratory they have been studying echinoderms, of which the starfish is a representative type. This term they have been studying invertebrates as a whole; next term they will take up the vertebrates.

Physiology.—In the laboratory the physiologists have studied the weather maps. In the text-book they have studied the distribution of animal and plant life in relation to the physiographic features of the earth.

First Sport: "Met the original tight-wad last night."

Second: "What did he do?"

First: "After I bought him dinner, Orpheum tickets and a midnight supper, he wanted to match me to see who paid the carfare home."
—Ex.

Fred Nelson—That sub walked all over my feet!

Shull—Some pedestrian!

(Continued from Page 1)

you, which I had intended for the class of 1945. Even if it does not happen to be as much as you think it ought to be, you will have received, nevertheless, one person's best. Something he held valuable, not to be made public except to those who would appreciate it and be worthy of it.

Class of 1920, you are worthy of my information.

"To Go Through High School on Good Common Sense" sounds easy—if you take it for granted that everybody has good common sense, but I think it is assuming too much to say they have—or at least, that it is developed. Brains, which some consider to be sense in the term I have used it, is not nearly as necessary as some may think. A man with less brains, but more good common sense control of his brains, will do more than a man with a plentiful supply of only brains.

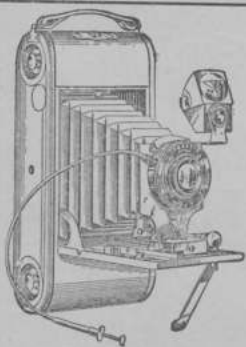
I know students with good brains who are taking biology, to label the heart of an animal on the outside and show the setal or feet of a worm in the longisection. You have not taken biology, yet, but your good common sense tells you where this part belongs. Another student who took chemistry, got behind in an experiment; he let it go and started another one. In the next experiment, the problem was difficult, and he could not work it. He let that go, too. What does your good common sense tell you? Another boy, going to college now, said that if he had prepared his laboratory work properly, when he first started with it, he would be more of a man now. He did well in some other subjects, and developed his brains, but neglected his good common sense, which, like the stag's legs, would have saved him, while his brain, which he admired, caught

*Self Filler and Safety
Fountain Pen*

Only \$1.00

Mannschreck's Bookstore

113 North Seventh Street



**Have
your Kodak
Pictures
finished by**

COOK'S CAMERA SHOP, 932 Jule Street

In Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention The Forum

him up, like the antlers of the stag in the forest.

Teachers cannot understand why pupils make such careless mistakes. Some teachers feel almost like crying when they correct test papers or laboratory books. "The student knows better," they say. The student does, but he feels he is at school to get knowledge, and he forgets that he must cultivate a good common sense to see things clearly and think clearly.

I am not going to say more about this, but when you have some geometry or history or physics or whatever it is you take, when you get ready to study these, repeat to yourself, "It is not for me to learn what this author has said, but for me to see it with my own eyes."

This is the first step in cultivating good common sense. You cannot then put the heart of an animal on the external view, for you will be accustomed to seeing things sensibly, and it takes no more than sense to work all natural sciences. (I guess that is why so many students have such a hard time with them.) And it does not take much more than sense to get any branch of knowledge—Latin included.

One other thing, Freshman, when you are trying to cultivate friends and become a leader, do not be afraid to be yourself. This is not supposed to be humorous—I mean it. Every boy wants to have friends, and, if possible, be a leader. Consequently he feels he must not do certain things. One boy feels that he must bully everybody to be a leader, another thinks he must cater to a certain class. So he begins to subjugate certain qualities and attempts to be something he is not. I know some fellows who are ambitious to be leaders, who will not laugh heartily; they want to think they are too superior to laugh whole-heartedly at anything. Some modify their voice and talk in a drawl, other fellows think they must be sedate and solemn. They are acting a part and usually poorly.

What fellows are the leaders? What is there about them? O, they are different. And here it is that the whole matter lies. They are themselves, while others try to imitate them. The real leader is himself; others try to be like him and can therefore never be leaders, for it is only by being one's self that one can completely know and master himself and oth-

(Continued on Page 23)

MULVANE STUDIO

810½ FREDERICK AVENUE



We are in the market for your work, and we are prepared to give you the best you ever had in photographs

In Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention The Forum

EXCHANGES



"The Green and White Courier," Maryville, Missouri. We like the idea you have of printing an interior view of your building on each initial page of your issues. We notice you have an exchange editress. She must surely be a busy person. In fact, so busy that you have no exchange department. The order of your articles is very well placed. We hope you will keep on coming.

"The Kemper News," Boonville, Missouri. An excellent paper. Where is that exchange department and those jokes? We get tired saying the same thing constantly, but it seems to be universal for editors to neglect these. Be sure to come again anyway.

"The Midland," Atchison, Kansas. Why not reduce the size of your paper? It would be more handy for a school publication. You seem to have plenty of material. We would also suggest a cartoon on the front page and a better quality of paper.

"The William Jewell Student," Liberty, Missouri. We can always depend on you, as you visit us weekly without fail. Your promptness almost silences criticism. You sure put out a true college paper. We would suggest a better grade of paper. Nevertheless, you, Mr. Head, are to be congratulated on this kind of a paper.

"The Westminster Fortnightly," Fulton, Missouri. An excellent cover, some cartoons and

a few classy headings would improve the appearance of your book. It also seems very dry without some humor. It seems to be noted especially for its literary value.

"The Manualite," Kansas City, Missouri. You are new to us and we most joyously welcome you. The exchanges are quite numerous. Your departments and articles are very numerous, and you are to be complimented on the way you handle them. May you favor us often.

"The Blue Pencil," Holton, Kansas. This little paper is very attractive and neat. The paper is of good quality, and the blue ink is consistent with the name. A picture of your football team would have looked good on the front page. We have only received one issue (No. 2) from you. Let us hear and see more of you in the future.

On account of the increase in this department of late, we have seen fit to divide the exchanges into two classes: (1) those schools which send magazines, books, and journals, and (2) those which send papers, such as weekly, semi-monthly and monthly publications. In the current issue we have criticized the second class of editions, and in the following number we will comment on the former class. In this way each division receives comment from us in every other issue. By doing this we are enabled to keep this branch of The Forum within its two-page limit.

The Busch Studio

High Class Kodak Finishing,
Enlargements and Copies from
Any Picture or Film.

Phone, Main 4215

815 Francis

Better than ever before

AN INDUSTRY OF
ST. JOSEPH, MO.



Artcrafts Engraving Co.

In Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention The Forum

What "The Westport Crier" says: We welcome with open arms a paper like "The High School Forum," which comes to us from Central High School, St. Joseph, Mo. Its fine illustrations and cleverly written articles appealed to us especially. We noticed, however, a lack of jokes from the students, which we firmly believe to be essential in a school paper.

We acknowledge the receipt of the following magazines since our November number was published:

"The Nor'easter," Kansas City, Mo.
 "The Watch Tower," Rock Island, Ill.
 "The Ocksheperida," Sheridan, Wyo.
 "The Caldron," Shawnee, Okla.
 "The Boomerang," Longmont, Colo.
 "The Aa La Ha Sa," Albert Lea, Minn.
 "The Daleville Leader," Daleville, Va.
 "The Echoes," Joplin, Mo.
 "The Chronicle," Hartford, Conn.
 "The Key," Battle Creek, Mich.
 "The Habit," Salina, Kans.
 "The Quill," Henderson, Ky. (Barret Manual Training School)
 "The Optimist," Atchison, Kans.
 "The Student," Oklahoma City, Okla.
 "The Oracle," Bangor, Me.
 "The Optimist," Bloomington, Ind.
 "The World," Topeka, Kans.
 "The High Times," Springfield, Mo.
 "The Bulletin," Stuebenville, Ohio
 "The Rail-Splitter," Lincoln, Ill.
 "The Orange and Black," Falls City, Nebr.
 "The 2," Quincy, Ill.
 "The Early Trainer," Lawrence, Mass. (Essex County Training School)
 "The Tattler," Des Moines, Iowa

FINE DIAMONDS
 AND FINE WATCHES
*Repairing Complicated Watches
 a Specialty*

AUG. G. TRUNK

Expert Watchmaker

Phone, Main 2310 113 No. 7th St.

(Continued from Page 21)

ers. It is worthy of serious consideration in this day of pretense and show, "be yourself."

Think these over, Freshman; develop some good common sense and be yourself. These two attributes have made a hero of Abraham Lincoln and other less known men, and these qualities have enabled many a man to be able to live in good circumstances and be surrounded by a host of true and admiring friends. I have given that ball of yours, class of 1920, the hardest push uphill I am capable of; if I moved it, do not let it slip back; if I did not—show me how to do it.

D. R.

(Continued from Page 9)

Feb. 18—Polytechnic, K. C., at St. Joseph.

Feb. 25—Westport, K. C., at Kansas City.

March 4—Omaha, Neb., at Omaha.

March 10—Northeast, K. C., at St. Joseph.

A return game will also be given to Atchison at some date not yet given. In order to see these games at the price placed by the management, you had better hurry, as only 300 are to be sold at that price. Coach Moyer deserves a great amount of praise for his work on our schedule, as well as our team. So let's get together and turn out so strong at these games that we will have to get a bigger place in which to play.

Coach—How's your breathing?

Addelman—It's boyish.

Coach—What do you mean?

Addelman—It comes in short pants.

Mary had a little lamp,

'Twas filled with kerosene.

One day the lamp exploded—

Since then she's not benzine (seen).

Teather—What large river did the Germans cross?

Leo—Why er-er-er—

Boy Behind—Say "Po," Leo.

Leo—Sapolio.

Little Lizzie went to school,

But she was not by studies bored;

She stayed outside against the rule,

For Lizzie is a Ford.

Miss Summy—Describe a buttress.

V. Mead—A buttress is a small white animal with a hard head, commonly called a goat.

In Patronizing Our Advertisers Please Mention The Forum

The Platt Commercial College

I S a good school to attend if you desire to secure a lucrative position. We prepare our students thoroughly for business and then place them in paying positions. DAY OR NIGHT SCHOOL. Telephone or call for information.

Ninth and Frederick Ave.

E. M. PLATT, President.

THE GEM

The Store for Young Men
STYLISH UP-TO-DATE FURNISHINGS

Home of the
Gem \$1.50 Hats

The Prettiest Line of Neckwear in the City, a Full Line of Gloves
Arch Feltenstein Will Wait on You
608 EDMOND STREET

POLITZ

CONFECTIONERY
ANDREW G. POLITZ, Prop.

Not Connected with Any Other Confectionery

Home Made Candies, Hot and Cold Drinks

TRY OUR LUNCHES
S. W. Cor. 8th and Edmond Streets

TRADE WITH THE MEMBERS OF THE *Retail Merchants' Association*

THEY GUARANTEE THEIR ADVERTISEMENTS

Aniser Harness Mfg. Co. 607-609-611 South Seventh St.	Hirshorn Millinery 618 Felix Street	Robinson Shoe Company 110 South Eighth Street
Block Bros. N. W. Cor. 6th and Felix	W. F. Kirkpatrick & Co. 721 Felix Street	St. Joseph Bill Posting & Advertising 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 Carby 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	

I am now with the

Standard Furniture & Carpet Co.

822 Frederick Ave.

ROY A. GILL

We give National Mileage Coupons

SPECIAL DESIGNS *In Jewelry, Class
Pins, Fraternity and
Sorority Emblems*

Made to Your Order

**Hiles Jewelry
Company**

110-12 North 8th Street

Wm. Ellinger

Headquarters for

**SPORTING
GOODS**

416 EDMOND STREET

**Western Dairy
and Ice Cream Co.**

Wholesale and Retail

Ice Cream and
Dairy Products

Phone 786 218-222 So. 5th St.

MARTIN PRINTING CO.



N. W. COR. 3D & EDMOND STS.

Marshall & Dunn

BLENDERS OF

**Heatherbell
Coffee**

Fresh Roasted

Phone 74

9th and Francis

A Luminous Electric Radiator

*is mighty comfortable for kiddies and grown-ups
some of these chilly mornings.*

St. Joseph Railway, Light, Heat & Power Co.

THE

SAINT JOSEPH
Business University

ESTABLISHED 1879.

The best paid positions and opportunities are awaiting you here.
Personal thorough instruction by high grade efficient teachers
who have actual business experience.

Endorsed by court reporters and leading business men.

More calls for graduates each month than we could supply.

NEW CLASSES FORMED OCTOBER 1, 1916

We teach Gregg and Pitman Shorthand.

NIGHT SCHOOL NOW IN SESSION.

STUDENTS MAY ENROLL AT ANY TIME

Gard's Business College

The School that Secures Positions

E. E. GARD, Prin. L. E. GIFFORD, Mgr.

8th and Francis Sts.

Over Gas Office