

# THE FORUM

January 1915



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# HIGH SCHOOL FORUM

VOLUME XVI

ST. JOSEPH, MO., JANUARY, 1915

NUMBER 4



## STORIES

### A Record Run

Engine No. 249 was purring softly in the yards of the Columbia and Northwestern preparatory to starting on its long journey. It was approaching dusk and amid the clamor of the clanging bells, shrill blasts of whistles, hiss of steam and the hurried orders of trainmen, a figure could be seen threading its way among the maze of locomotives and finally stopping in front of No. 249. John West was a man of medium height, fifty-two years of age, dark hair, blue eyes, and gave evidences of great physical strength. He was one of the most trusted men in the service and had been with the company for twenty-one years. Clad in overalls he was now engaged in making a last inspection of the big mogul and with oil can in hand dropping little jets of oil upon the various taps and bolts of the big engine. After fondly scrutinizing his charge, for the engine was the apple of his eye, he clambered into the cab and exchanging a hurried greeting with his fireman who was tossing coal into the mouth of the hungry locomotive, began to carefully inspect the valves and gauges. For the engineer was more perturbed than he would care to confess as there had been rumors of prairie fires away to the south. West knit his brows as he thought of that part of the run which traversed the broad prairie lands. But this was not the only cause for worry, the long line of cars behind him carried the most valuable cargo that had ever been consigned to West and he resolved to save the thousands of blankets which were to protect the soldiers of one of the warring nations in Europe from the cold

blasts of winter, or die in the attempt.

But shaking off his reverie and glancing at his watch he moved up the throttle and the long train of cars moved slowly out of the yards with the incessant clanging of the bell. Once free from the city the throttle was moved up a notch and the train gathering impetus soon settled into a steady grind that ate up the miles of the shining rails.

"That's enough for the present," shouted West, seeing that the fireman was preparing to shovel more coal. "We'll need all of it 'fore we get through."

The fireman was a bright, muscular young fellow, twenty-seven years old, who was especially fitted for this assignment as he was a particular friend of West, who had requested that Bob Drake be his fireman.

"Think we'll meet any prairie fires, John?"  
"Can't tell; likely," was the laconic reply.

The engineer realized that his reputation was at stake on this run and so refrained from talk as much as he was able. Peering through the cab window he gazed at the yellow radiance cast by the powerful headlight cutting through the darkness like a knife. Nothing was heard save the shrieking of the wind as it whistled by the cab, the sputtering of steam and the monotonous click clack of the wheels.

As the first faint streaks of day appeared in the east the train was rapidly approaching the prairie lands. John West decided that he must make an attempt now or never, and as Drake, stripped to the waist, his glistening body

steaming with perspiration, tossed coal into the seething cauldron the throttle was moved to the last notch and the great engine leaped through the distance like a thing of life. Looking out upon the undulating prairie, West observed a dull crimson glow permeating the horizon. The air in the cab had suddenly become hotter and as the heat was intensified the two men in the engine were gasping for breath, they groped about with blistered hands and the very floor seemed to sear their feet. Hot sparks alighting on their faces and shoulders goaded them to desperation as they blindly fought to protect themselves. As Drake staggeringly plied the shovel he reeled from the shriveling heat emitted by the open furnace door and fell with a dull thud upon the floor. The engineer kicked the door shut and held to his task with dogged determination the crackling of the dry wood of the cars in his ears. But already dazzling lights were beginning to play about West's brain and when the giddy rocking of the cab flung him from his seat he rolled over the body of the fireman and then all was blank before him.

\* \* \*

West opened his eyes. His first thought was, "Where am I." He had certainly never been here before. It was a pretty room, soothing to the eye and with the odor of antiseptics and medicinal preparations in the air, and he was dimly aware that white clad figures were moving silently about the room. He tried to move but a groan of pain escaped his lips as he did so and he abandoned the attempt. He felt that his limbs were constricted and he could not work the muscles of his face. He then realized that he was swathed in bandages, his eyes alone being unobstructed. His meditations were interrupted by the approach of an elderly looking man who stopped at his bedside.

"How are you, my man? But you are not able to talk today, so I will come again tomorrow and explain everything." Saying which he walked away and West, too exhausted to protest, relapsed into a deep sleep. The next day he awoke refreshed and demanded to see his visitor of the preceding day. The stranger came a little later, according to agreement, and drew up his chair to the invalid.

"My name is Andrew Forsythe, superintendent of the Columbia and Northwestern Railroad. But I agreed to tell you all the events leading up to your being placed here, the La Crosse Hospital of Rawlins, Texas. Your last remembrance of things ended when you were

in the cab of your engine in the grip of a prairie fire. Well, a few days ago a gang of laborers discovered a stalled train five miles out of this city and upon investigation you and your fireman were found badly burned and the rest of the crew, who were in the caboose at the time escaped with minor injuries and were able to depart from the hospital three days ago. However, you and Drake received very serious burns, but will probably be able to leave in a few weeks. But I am omitting the best part. The train was undamaged except for a few warped cars, and the blankets were all intact and were just in time to be sent away on the boat which left a week ago. I explain this by the fact that the wind veered in time to save the train."

John West and Bob Drake descended the steps of the hospital about two weeks later, rejoicing over their good fortune, for they had been decorated by a foreign country and had been promoted to responsible positions in the offices of the Columbia and Northwestern Railway.

B. A. G., A. N. P.

## Extra! Extra!! Extra!!!

War against Touton and His Forces renewed.

(Special Correspondence to Forum.)

Jan. 15, 1915.—(Wireless from via London.) At daybreak, Friday, January 15, a small band composed of English, French, Greeks and many other nations, under the leadership of Captain Squil Morton, gathered together at the camping grounds of the Allies (Spengleis Phar.)

At 8:10 a.m. the grand march began, headed by the famous German band, en tour the world.

At last the word to march came from Capt. Morton; the band struck up "Dixie." The little army of patriots, 150 strong, slowly advanced to the theatre of operations. At last the army came in sight of the enemy's fortifications (Central High School). Captain Morton then gave the command to halt. He advanced with his staff, to hold a conference with the Toutonic leader. As no terms of peace could be agreed upon, hostilities began. The band then struck up the "Star Spangled Banner," and everyone advanced into the enemy's fortifications to gain honor for himself. Just then the tinkling of a bell was heard. Capt. Morton, thinking that the enemy had been reinforced, struck for terms of peace.

The outcome was the forming of the Touton-Morton Treaty, which stated that peace would be observed for 190 days, 6 hours, 2 minutes.

## High Stakes

A STORY OF THE FAR NORTH.

### PART III.—CONCLUSION.

(Synopsis of preceding parts: Jack Walters, American, has found his way to Alaska in quest of furs. He is rescued from starvation by Vivienne Le Pere, daughter of Jean Le Pere, nicknamed the "Gorilla." Jack repays his debt to Vivienne by protecting her from the assaults of three half-breeds. He makes a dangerous enemy in Rene. He is struck down by the half-breed and carried to Le Pere's hut. The Gorilla tries to take his life. He is nursed back to health by Vivienne and falls in love with his nurse. A storm sets in and provisions run low. Jack agrees to go for succor. He is to be accompanied by his hated enemy, Rene.)

---

It was a motley gathering that stood before the Le Pere hut that cold morning. The entire population of the small fur station had turned out to see the departure of the two men, Rene and Walters. On this trip depended the future life of the village of Le Pere, and possibly, if not probably, the future life of every inhabitant therein.

The sled team was loaded with the necessary provisions for the trip, and the eight dogs hitched to the tugs were the pick of those in the village. The two men again examined the pack and team for they well knew the one hope of getting through rested on the eight wolf-dogs.

Standing apart from the others, Vivienne watched the proceedings with a look of utmost anxiety and fear. The previous evening she had pleaded; she had even begged Jack to take somebody else in place of Rene, the half-breed. She knew the character of the half-breed well enough to know that he would go any distance to harm or even to kill Jack.

As Jack moved slightly apart from the rest, Vivienne caught his eye and beckoned for him to come to her.

"Jack," she said, "please stay. Please don't go. I'm afraid, Jack, for your sake. It's not too late, please stay."

"No, Vivienne," and taking her hand in his, "I must go. I have said I would and I will. I promise you, Vivienne, in two weeks from now, I will return and claim you."

"But, Jack—"

"No, Vivienne, I must go." Jack drew Vivienne close to him, and touched her forehead with his lips. "Goodbye, dear."

"Goodbye," and to herself, "may God watch you."

Jack returned to the sled, and with a parting "so-long" to those around, started the adventurous journey for help.

All forenoon they traveled, and at noon were well on their way. At this hour they unhitched the dogs, fed them, and after eating a bite themselves, again took up the journey.

Day followed day thus, and at the end of the sixth day, after hard work, and hunger, they crossed the frozen river, one-half day's journey from Nome.

As Walters, with his companion and team, drew into Nome, a crowd gathered about to hear the news. During a storm it was seldom that outsiders were heard from. They told the object of their mission, and then prepared to start back the following morning. A relief party was organized, but owing to the fact that Walters' team was faster, he and the half-breed determined to go on ahead and, perhaps, for another reason.

The return trip was started, and all day the two men had traveled, till once more they stopped at the frozen river. Early the next morning they were again on their way, and so on for three more days, until two days and nights separated them from Le Pere.

As they made camp that night, it started to snow, and slowly, but surely, what was left of the trail was being blotted out.

Jack awoke in the morning, got up, and glanced around him. Rene, the dogs, and the sled were nowhere to be seen. Jack searched in vain for the trail, but that falling snow had done its work well, and had completely covered the tracks. Jack stood spellbound. Two days between him and Le Pere; no food; the trail blotted out, and his snowshoes gone. His heart sank within him. Death's bony hands were even at that moment grabbing at his clothes, and death's hollow laugh was ringing mockingly in his all but frozen ears.

Picking his gun up, and tying his shelter tent to his back, he set out in the direction of Le Pere. All day he wandered, until evening found him on the crest of an ice-hill gazing

## HIGH SCHOOL FORUM

forlornly at the white landscape. He erected his shelter tent and fighting back the pangs of hunger, laid down to sleep.

He had traveled since early the following morning, and he now tottered, for he was gradually growing weaker. He plunged on through the snow, and then fell. Oh, how good it felt to lie there, and forget about his misery. His hands, feet and ears no longer hurt. Oh, if God would only let him—then he roused himself, plunged on a bit further only to fall again.

Le Pere picked up the last trap, started to examine it and stopped short. Far off over the frozen snow he heard two faint gun shots. Somebody was a calling for help. He yelled to the two men with him, and set off in the direction of the noise. They came to a sled trail, followed this, and came upon Rene, lying in the snow all but dead. They roused him and he spoke.

"I'm gone—but—somebody's over there." He pointed back. "It's Walters. I took—go—get him—I'm—" The half-breed choked, tried to raise up, and was gone. Justice had seen her due.

Jack, in falling, had pulled the trigger of his gun, and Rene, in falling, had done the same. The shots immediately followed each other, and fate had so fashioned things that the two guns united in a call for help.

They found Jack and carried him back once more to the Le Pere hospital. An anxious crowd gathered around the door as they tried to rouse him. Finally he sat up, opened his eyes, and then dropped off for a long sleep and rest.

The girl sitting beside the cot breathed a quiet prayer, and thanked God for the life of this man.

Once again that fire burned low in the fireplace, and once again the wind howled outside, but this night, following the return of Walters, saw a different attitude in the Le Pere hut.

Jack had cornered the Gorilla, and with all the art of his brain and tongue was trying to prove the efficiency of the Walters' Fur Co., New York, U. S. A.

"But LePere," he was saying, "I can pay you double the money that you now get."

"Yes, but—"

"No buts! Yes or no? All I ask is one fair trial."

Le Pere looked around, saw behind him the nodding head and smiling face of Vivienne, and said:

"Yes; one trial."

Jack turned and called Vivienne to him. As he held out his hands for hers he turned to Le Pere.

"And, Le Pere?"

"Well!"

"I believe you made a promise."

"I what?"

"I believe you said I could have Vivienne if—"

"Yes, Walters—but I—"

"What?" asked Jack and Vivienne, in unison.

"Well, listen: Vivienne is not my daughter."

"What?" asked Jack.

"Just that. Vivienne is not my daughter. You probably wondered why I tried to take your life. Well, many years ago when she was a baby we lived in Chicago. My sister married a man named Rennick, and Vivienne was the only child born to them. Things were going pretty good for Rennick and his fur store, till J. P. Walters, your father, with his capital, put him out of business. Unable to get a new start so worried Rennick that a nervous breakdown and death resulted.

"Well, Vivienne's mother went to work and is now matron in a Chicago hospital. I took Vivienne and raised her."

"Now, when I saw that picture of your dad and when I heard the name Walters, I knew it was the man that ruined my sister's family. I tried to take revenge, but God willed that I shouldn't, for I never before missed a shot like that one. That is all. I promised. Take Vivienne, but remember, she has always been treated in the best way, and you keep it up, for if you ever wrong her, I'll hound you to the earth's ends."

Jack turned to the girl and drawing her in his arms pressed his lips to hers. As he let Vivienne go, Le Pere turned to him again.

"Listen, youngster. You came up here in God's great country where only men survive, and you made good. Now I want to shake hands with you, for you played for mighty high stakes, and like a man you won a man's game."

And they shook hands.

H. C. W., '16 (Ciceronian).

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The Speaker of the House—The mother-in-law.

---

Teacher (rapping on desk)—"Order, order."

Absent-minded Pupil—"A cup of cocoa and two sinkers."

## Men! Your King and Country Need You!

(Last Installment.)

When we speak of courage, we merely designate a class of emotions or characteristics. We are indefinite because "courage" is only a generic term. There are as many kinds of courage as there are types of men—and Bennie Jordan was not devoid of all courage—only one particular kind did he lack.

His sodden frame stiffened like a moist rag suddenly congealed into a mixture of bonelike fiber and ice. With the ferocity of drawn springs his arms cast her from him only to hold her at arm's length and gaze at her with his poor drawn face. Steadily and quietly from the bloodless lips issued the preliminary to the courageous confession he was to make.

"Mary, no one loves a coward, do they?"

Her answer was punctuated with rippling laughter. "You jealous, jealous boy! Do you think Mary could ever love a—oh! what shall I call them?"

"A coward?"

"Be charitable—a stay-at-home—while her lover, while YOU are at the front? No! Bennie don't taunt me with such doubts—don't—don't!" and surmounting his weak resistance, she again embraced him—an embrace that a child gives a toy with which it thinks it soon must part.

"What a bold hussy she was!" I hear some straight-laced, puritanical, sober sister exclaim. I confess, reader, that to our eyes such public expression of esteem seems much out of place, but in England at the beginning of the war such sights could be seen at every turn. People no longer turned to look with curious eyes at the parting—eternal partings in many cases—of plighted lovers. It seemed only a part of things. It was sacred.

Her too evident trust in him thawed out his courage to a degree. There was an impressive silence, at the conclusion of which both turned and walked slowly down the street.

Never for a moment did Mary doubt that Bennie was going to the front. Such a thought was incompatible with the estimate she had formed of him. She loved him. It tore her very heart to send him away—still she was calm, so calm that afterwards she remembered everything as a dreamlike haze. In supremely tragic moments, one's entire brain seems not to work. Some sense is idle—the sense of realization. If it were not so, mankind would, in time, be mad. Such lapses are blessings.

Men, too old for service, looked upon the couple with satisfaction, some with admiration and even some with pity. They strode on. Five minutes later we find them in Knightsbridge station. Troop trains line the tracks, stacked arms and confused masses of baggage litter the platform. It is from here that the raw recruits entrain for the drill camps. Bennie wandered here because he had walked aimlessly, had followed the leadership of Mary; and she had come because this was the only logical place for her to go—to be with Bennie to the last possible moment, she considered her duty. And now they must part.

Gripping his sleeve, she pleaded: "Please don't look so worn, my boy. I—I am not sorry. I'm just so happy—so happy to think that my Bennie is going away and just kill lots and lots of horrid Germans—and then you'll come home and you'll pin a—a medal on me—won't you, dear?"

He gazed at her through lids contracted with pain, and then with a gust of breath he moaned, "My—God!"

The human cannon food were clambering into their places, boyishly expectant of great adventures and boyishly forgetful and neglectful of the terrible risks. But good old mothers in deep, black garments were not forgetful of such things, and crippled fathers, their seamed old countenances often bedewed with reluctant tears, were not neglectful of such risks. But the younger brothers and sisters—the baby—and the sweethearts, none of these things tugged at their heart strings because their cup was so full as it was, that another burden

(Continued on Page 6)

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## Men! Your King, etc.

(Continued from Page 5)

would have shattered them. The wheels began to turn and each revolution was a mill-stone grinding out sorrow to those on the platform.

"Ben, your train is leaving. Kiss me good-bye—and we'll hope for the best—hurry!" Then her eyes began to indicate the thought that gradually controlled her brain. "Benny," she whispered, "aren't you going?" and there was an awesome portent in every word. As the rails began to sing with the train's momentum, as the crowd courageously simulated joy so as to make things easier for those departing, Bennie, manfully and bravely unsealed his lips.

"I am not!"

The eastern sky was a glorious riot of color, and straight into its heart moved the black silhouette of the departing train. On the wings of the morning breeze, like a perfume left by a departed spirit, floated a sweet, clear strain; strong with the manly vigor that confident souls could put into it.

"It's a long, long way to Tipper—a-r—y, a-lo—" and it trailed away into a faint unintelligible murmur. 'Twas a new death chant as the multitude sadly heard and watched, many a mind saw in that crimson glow, a fiery maw groping for souls to satisfy its insatiable appetite. It was as though they marched into a fiery furnace, treading the brilliant paths of glory—which are not glorious, and probably never were, but which lead most unerringly to the tomb.

Weeks later, the terse telegrams that came to those who this day stood on the Knightbridge platform made many a weeping soul recall the vision of a fiery furnace into whose heart the troop train had melted.

Our friend stands alone, alone in sentiment as well as in actuality. There is nothing for him to hope for; his last ties are almost severed. But one solace remained to that tortured and wandering spirit—His home and his mother, and thither he went.

On the planks of the station platform rested a tiny, withered shamrock. It looked as though it had been crushed by convulsive fingers.

Truly, he did go home, but two most impressive things occurred in his going there. The eyes that measured his form were not the friendly, encouraging ones that he had encountered on his journey to the station. Every stony stare seemed to be an accusing finger,

a huge question mark that wondered exceedingly to find so fit a defender of the nation, free, without uniform, without arms. Silently, yet very distinctly, did each piercing glance ask, "Why?"

"Was he an English citizen?" "Oh, most assuredly!"

"Perhaps he was too young, or maybe he was only a very well preserved middle aged gentleman?"

"Oh, we understand! He is only convalescing from a severe illness." Such were the alibis that charitable minds tried to form for him, because as slow as the Englishman is to praise, equally slow is he to damn.

The laws of England forbid the shouting of news items by the boys, so, as a substitute, large posters bearing the important notices in bold forced type, are carried about by them. A great naval victory off Heligoland had been given the English navy. The inherent love of country, born and bred into a man, raised a shout of enthusiasm from Ben. There he suddenly subsided. A tall, withered looking personage, an ex-army man, probably, tersely queried:

"Have you enlisted?"

"No, sir."

"Well, then, leave the shouting to those who have. If you don't intend to do your duty by your country, you'd better not be showing any hypocritical patriotism."

Silently he proceeded, eyes never leaving the ground till they touched his own threshold. As he passed within, his burning ears caught phrases tossed about by the children, phrases that were directly aimed at him.

"Fraid—Cat!"

"Stay-at-home!"

"Mamma's darling boy!"

"COWARD!!"

He needed the soothing touch of a mother's palm that morning.

That night he dreamed, and he dreamed of the tall, chalk cliffs of old England, with the dark murky waters of the English channel at their feet. In the gloom he saw long, rakish white craft gliding to and fro like serpents with carved tongues. He saw the sable heavens pierced by lean fingers of dazzling light. Fingers that traced words and phrases on the low lying cloud banks. He watched those lank fingers. They wrote patiently, again and again, a message for him.

"Men, Come to Your Colors—Your King and Country Need You!"

(Continued on Page 17)

# ATHLETICS

The basket-ball team has been chosen as a result of practice work and the inter-class games, which, by the way, were won by the Sophomores. The team was picked as follows: Schroeder, Voss, Spratt, Sellers, Varner, Light, Clay and Rosenthal, the last three of which are not regular.

#### Trenton Game—50 to 11.

The Trenton game was the first scheduled game and was played in the school gymn. The score piled up against the visitors until the game was positively uninteresting, and Central feels well revenged for the late foot-ball game. About 350 spectators witnessed the awful slaughter of Trentonites and the gym rang with applause, directed by Clyde Roberts.

Schroeder's basket shooting was the most sensational thing of the game, shooting 18 baskets without raising perspiration. Light, Spratt, Sellers, Voss, Rosenthal and Clay helped in the evening scalping feature. The latter two substituted in the last half, Rosenthal taking the place of Sellers, who was hooked for alleged roughness, though the whole game was like foot-ball, score and all. Light played well at forward and would have made more goals had not Schroeder done it. Spratt outjumped his opponent at center and started many of the plays that ended in scores. Voss was his old self at guard and nothing more could be said for him.

The whole team is fast and snappy and works together like a clock. They really should not lose a single game with any opponent.

In our opening game the Central second team defeated the First Christians, 30 to 25. There is lots of material in the second team that will come into use later on.

#### That Atchison Game—40 to 17.

Another interesting slaughter of the innocents.

Last Saturday the team ran down to Atchison and piled up a score of 40 to 17 against the Jayhawkers. The blue and white simply

took things their own way and landed the ball in the basket enough to wear it out. Spratt at center was one of the stars of the game. He started the game at forward but was switched to center when Varner was taken out and Light inserted into the lineup. The work of the guards was also good, especially that of Voss, who also made four field goals. It seems like Central cannot help but win—and we all expect her to keep it up.

S., '16.

"The dairy maid slowly milked the cow,  
And wearily paused to mutter,  
I wish, you brute, you'd turn to milk,'  
But the poor thing turned to butt her."

The young man's growing rather glum,  
He's troubled so of late;  
It seems the time will never come  
For him to graduate.

Teacher—"What are the three words most used in the English language?"

Sleepy Soph.—"I don't know."

Teacher—"Correct, without a doubt."

"When I graduate I will step into a position at \$20,000 per," modestly remarked the Senior.  
"Per what?" asked the Sophomore.  
"Per-haps," said the noisy Freshman.

Edw. C. Burke

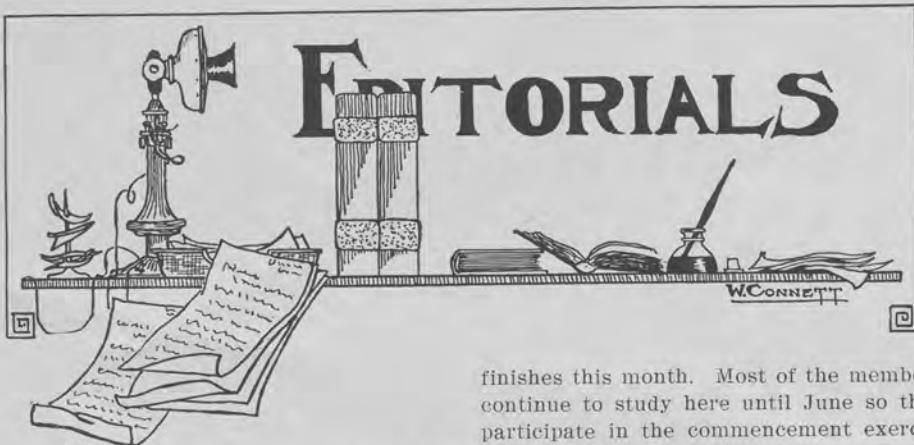
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## HIGH SCHOOL FORUM

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This issue of the Forum marks the ending of the first half of this school year. The class to finish its course in the middle of the year

finishes this month. Most of the members will continue to study here until June so they can participate in the commencement exercises in June.

The Forum wishes the best of luck to its readers who have to take their examinations.

All Forum material will be gladly received, and we hope more students will hand in stories, because stories are essential to the publishing of a good paper.

The artistic cover design for this month was drawn by Mr. William Page, Esquire.

The next issue of the Forum will be the Sophomore number. All Sophomores, please take notice, and try to see if they cannot make this number the best of the year.

#### STOP! LOOK! LISTEN!

Did you ever stop to think what it means to write a play? You have often seen the students of this school act a play written by an outsider, but we've got a surprise in store for you.

On the evening of February 13th, a play will be put on written by a member of our own school.

The play is, "His Calling," by Francis McGrath, and the company is the Ciceronian Society, headed by the author himself.

It deals with a young man, a graduate of Yale who has never known his worth, and who finds his calling in the horrors of the Colorado mine strike. A story wherein man meets man and the biggest man wins. A story wherein the best an actor has is displayed and in this case it is the best. And there's plenty of humor. Even the most solemn person will be forced to laugh at the stuttering voice of the butcher boy, (John

Kneer) and the German accent of Hans, (Henderson Shull).

Lest there are some who are apt to be pessimistic a synopsis of the play follows: Abbott, (McGrath) has found his way to Colorado. At Trinity he meets Brady, a miner, (F. Voss). At this time Colorado is torn by the strike, and the horrors of this are portrayed throughout the entire play. Graham, mine owner (D. Warrick) is the cause of the existing conditions, and when Brady becomes aware of his power he tries to take his life. Graham tries to convict Brady of manslaughter but Abbott, with facts and figures, convinces Graham of the danger in doing so. Having defeated Graham, Abbott finds his calling in the other strikes of our country. The cast includes not only those named but others equally good. Graham's son, (Toll), Punk, (Ralph Ozenberger), Red (Harrold Stewart), Ham (Freeman Scott), and superintendent of mines (Carrol Parry), and Smeya (Bryan Varner). And behind it all—the Ciceronian Society.

So on Feb. 13th, in the school auditorium, you can see and should see it. Save five nickles till you have a quarter, (and if needs be two) and come, and since our motto is "Money refunded if not satisfied," you can't lose.

H.

1st Umbrella—"I'm awfully timid about going down Felix street on such a dark night."

2nd Umbrella—"Yes, so am I. We are so apt to be held up."

Teacher—"You say that on Columbus' last voyage he sailed up and down the coast of Panama and Central America. What was he looking for?"

Pupil—"Why—er, the Panama canal."

Three is a crowd, and there were three—  
He, the parlor lamp and she.

Two is a company, and, no doubt,  
That is why the lamp went out.

There are meters of accent,  
There are meters of tone,  
But the best of all meters,  
Is meet her alone.

## M. FELTENSTEIN

### SUB LUNCH

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Dec. 11, 1914—We enjoyed the presence of Mr. Neudorff, an alumni of A. N. P., who gave us a short talk. Another treat was a chalk talk presented by Mr. Page in which he displayed his unusual ability in that line. Messrs. Creek and Colt were hosts at this meeting and they certainly gave us a fine speech.

Dec. 18—At this meeting Mr. Homer Varner and Mr. James Polk gave short talks and assured us of the interest taken by the Alumni concerning the doings of the society. We certainly regret to announce that Lawrence Cravens our president and one of the most popular fellows in school, has decided to attend William Jewell College. As a token of our esteem and appreciation he was presented with a fine white sweater by the society.

We are certainly being favored in the culinary line. The hosts for this meeting being Mr. Van Brunt and Mr. Campbell.

Jan. 7, 1915—The debate for this week was, Resolved, That military training should be compulsory in secondary schools. The affirmative being upheld by Albus and Belden and the negative by Roberts and Schwein. The debate went to the negative, Roberts best speech and Albus honorable mention. Elroy Fleming was taken into the society. Mr. McGill and Mr. Davidson were hosts to a chafing dish feed and we enjoyed it very much.

Jan. 15—Resolved, That cabinet members should have the right of Congressmen in Congress, was argued by Sprague and Pitts on the affirmative and Newcombe and Creek on the negative. Debate was awarded to negative, best speech to Newcombe, honorable mention to Sprague. Current events were reviewed by Charles Wurtzler. Another occasion which caused deep regret to the members of the society is the departure of Franklin Campbell for California where he intends to reside. "Bill"

Colt was elected to fill the vacancy in the office of associate editor of the Forum caused by Mr. Cravens' departure. Mr. Strop and Mr. Whittinghill graciously served in the capacity of hosts. We certainly were famously treated in the cooking line.



#### THE REPORT OF THE D. N.

Ben Sher and Phil Droher, the negative, won the debate on "Municipal employment of the unemployed in times of depression" from Basil and Harry Kaufman. Droher and B. Kaufman received best speech and honorable mention, respectively.

Upon the culminating evidence of Messrs. Sheffel and Weiner the society decided that it would be inadvisable for the United States to provide ship subsidies, in spite of the stand taken by Messrs. Fishman and Berger. Mr. Berger's speech was considered excellent, Mr. Sheffel's ranking a close second.

Whereas, to whom it may concern, B. Newburger was acquitted of the heinous crime; namely the murder in the first degree of Joe Fishman's cat, of which he was accused in the case of the State vs. B. Newburger, in Judge Liver's court, on the 15th inst. of this month of January. Mr. Raffelock most ably upheld his client's case against the onslaughts of Attorney Putter.



#### CICERONIAN FORUM NOTES

Dec. 18, 1914—Meeting held in room 20. Dee Barnett, one of our Alumni, now attending

Missouri University, gave us an interesting talk.

Jan. 1, 1915—Tonight, Elmer Miller, another of our Alumni, gave an entertainment at his home between Savannah and St. Joseph on the interurban line. It was a fine, crisp, moonlight night and we all enjoyed the skating and sleighing, and also the "eats." (There wasn't a bob sled made that wouldn't turn over).

Jan. 8, 1915—Meeting called to order in room 20. Being the first meeting of the year, it was devoted entirely to business. Talks on "Ciceronian Spirit" were given by our directresses.

Jan. 15, 1915—Meeting held in room 20. Plans were made for political speeches to be given instead of debate. The society then adjourned to the auditorium where the play was rehearsed.

#### WEBSTERIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Dec. 11 was Websterian day. All the members wore Websterian streamers. After a lunch the following program was held: Mr. M. B. Olinger, society director, spoke on "School Spirit;" "Society Spirit," Raffelock; "The Purpose of a Literary Society," Welty; "Jokes," Daly; "The Opportunities of High School," Biles.

Dec. 18 a joint program was held.

Jan. 8, 1915—Debate, "Resolved, The Sale and Importation of Cigarettes Should be Prohibited in the United States." The affirmative, Raffelock and Karrp won from the negatives, Smith and Wallace. Raffelock received best speech.

Jan. 15—Debate, "Resolved, That United States Should Increase Her Navy." Three members of the Aristolian society spoke to us in the interest of that society.

The Platonian Literary Society recently organized, had adopted for its officers as follows: President, Trapp; secretary, Seaman; treasurer, Schuder. They chose for their colors gold and black. Interesting programs have been given by its members. On Dec. 18 the members enjoyed a social affair after the society meeting. The following week talks were given by Rupard, Trapp and Modiers on "City and National Affairs."

Jan. 15 a debate was staged, "Resolved, That the Panama Canal is of greater importance than the Suez." The affirmative having won, with Seaman honorable mention and Rupard best speech. Liebling and Binswanger current events, while the society enjoyed Mr. Schuder's Jokes. The next meeting will be held Jan. 23.

The election of officers will take place. All members and boys wishing to join in literary work are kindly requested to be present.

At the last meeting of the Olympian Society, we had very interesting programs. After Xmas vacation we fully discussed current events. At another meeting we had a drill in Parliamentary Rules and a debate on "Resolved, That examinations should be abolished in the High School." The affirmative won, with Juanita Leeper awarded best speech.

At our last meeting we will have a musical program and a social time.

#### DELPHIAN NOTES.

January 8, 1915—New Year customs were then discussed in England, France, Germany and during Colonial days in America. This program was appropriate and was enjoyed very much.

January 15, 1915—A debate, "Resolved, That immigration should be prohibited in the United States" was thoroughly discussed, on the affirmative by Miss McDonald and Miss Marechal, on the negative by Miss Long and Miss Levin.. The affirmative won the debate. Miss McDonald received best speech.

At this meeting plans were made for a party to be held Friday, the 22d of this month. The members of this society look forward to this party with the greatest expectations.

"There's something big on foot," said Jones to Brown, as he sees his friend go into the shop of the chiropodist.

Miss Neely—"Copy this anecdote to translate—A Russian horse."

Cravens—"Rushin' or racin'?"

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## CLIO NOTES.

Dec. 11—Mildred Pitts had charge of this program, which was on Barrie. Her assistants were Vernia Hawkins and Elizabeth Brown. Mamie Strop gave current events.

Dec. 18—After a short business meeting a musical program was held. Cecelia Rhodes and Margaret Wing sang. Janet Weakley read and Dorothy Whiteford recited.

Jan. 8—Gertrude Meierhoffer lead this program and Helen Woodruff, Vernia Hawkins and Harriette Johnson were her assistants. Miss Neely told us history.

Jan. 15—Frances Connell had charge of the program. She told the life of Irwin S. Cobb. Mamie Strop told one of his stories. Elaine Hurst also told one. Lucile Willis gave current events.



## DIANTHIAN.

On Dec. 11 a delightful program was given which consisted of the reading of letters from Dianthians at college. Margaret Matney, '14, sent a very interesting letter from Northwestern telling about her life there. A letter was read from Henrietta Wells, '14, describing Stout Institute at Menominee, Wis., and Edna Hathaway, '14, wrote telling us about Nebraska University at Lincoln, where she is a student.

The program on Dec. 18 was a Christmas one and was devoted to story telling. Nina Bigham told about the "Three Wise Men," Mildred Crawford told the story of "Shag's Christmas." "The Burglar's Christmas" was very entertainingly given by Vestal Deffenbaugh, and Helen Nixon, leader, told a parable, "Seeking a Gift." At this meeting two former Dianthians, Marie Yancey and Virginia Rogers visited us.

On Jan. 8 a current event program was led by Hazel Vaughn who was assisted by Dorothy Driver, Pauline Estes and Dorothy Stephenson. "The Recent Meeting of the American Aca-

demy of Arts and Letters," "Our Marine Corps," "The Life of Robert Burdette" and "Prohibition in Russia" were discussed.

On Jan. 15 we enjoyed an unexpected treat when Miss Ernestine Chase told us about her visit to Germany last summer. Miss Chase had some very unusual experiences in the midst of mobilization of troops and other war maneuvers and her account of the attitude of the German people was intensely interesting.



## AGATHIAN NOTES.

Dec. 18—A Christmas program was given at this Agathian meeting. Miriam Carlisle told about Christmas customs of other lands. Margaret McColgin told the story, "Gretchen's Christmas." "Christmas Day in the Morning," was given by Katherine Cole.

Jan. 6—The Agathian Society held a called meeting in Room 9. It was decided that we should not hold a meeting the following Friday. A Christmas letter from Mrs. Sherman, our former directress, was read.

Jan. 15—This meeting was entirely devoted to business. It was decided to postpone the program for another week. A short talk was given by Miss Sheets.

## ATHENIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

Dec. 11, 1914—The regular meeting of the Athenian Literary Society was held Friday, Dec. 11, in room 41. The program consisted of jokes and current events.

Dec. 18—The society gave a luncheon on Friday afternoon of Dec. 18.

Jan. 8, 1915—A short program was rendered as follows: "Don't Be Afraid to Say NO," and "Jane Adams' Girlhood."

Jan. 15—The society held a musical program Friday. A vocal solo, three piano solos and conundrums.

## AGLAIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

The Aglaian Literary Society met Dec. 11. On the program were jokes and a back review.

Dec. 18—All of the societies at the Annex met together in the auditorium.

Jan. 8—The Aglaian Literary Society gave a party in the girl's play room.

(Continued on Page 17)

# LOCALS

The Friday before the happy holidays we enjoyed a special auditorium meeting. Robert Burnett represented the St. Joseph Club at Missouri University in the presentation of a picture to adorn our high school walls. Homer Varner, who takes the agriculture course at Missouri gave a talk with the help of some interesting slides. The foot ball team was called to the platform and were pleasantly surprised with large central blankets. Miss Sheets gave the Angel and Shepherds from Ben Hur.

\* \* \* \*

J. W. (solemnly, with emphasis on house) William Darling was a light house keeper.

\* \* \* \*

The first meeting after our too short holidays we enjoyed several new (?) songs.

\* \* \* \*

Mule in the barnyard, lazy and sleek,  
Boy with a pin on the end of a stick  
Creeps up behind him, quite as a mouse—  
Crepe on the door of the little boy's house.

\* \* \* \*

Thursday, January 7, Mr. Sylvester Long gave us a most entertaining talk. It was greatly enjoyed by all and we only lamented that it wasn't longer.

\* \* \* \*

Simp.—"May I enquire what you teach?"

Miss Ferguson—"Woodworking—I work on blockheads."

\* \* \* \*

On Monday, January 11, Dr. Preston K. Search, of California, gave a most interesting talk. It was marked by touches of humor throughout and much good advice was offered. Several cheers were given, led by Dupey Warwick. The school is responding with more enthusiasm to these hurrahs, and it sounds as if we really did have some life among us now.

\* \* \* \*

Several new students will join our happy throng for the new term. "Welcome to our midst."

\* \* \* \*

After the Senior meeting of last week one of the youths was seen hitting about every third step going down stairs and not on his feet either. No doubt it was the result of

weakness brought about when it was announced each boy would have to part with \$1.00 if they participated in the sleigh ride. (Get the sleigh part.)

\* \* \* \*

The basket ball team has every appearance of being a record breaker. Only two games as yet have been played but from the size of the scores we need not be afraid of defeat.

\* \* \* \*

#### The Serenade.

Before school opened Friday morning strains of a familiar song were heard approaching. Surely no one missed hearing the little German band, well, that was "it." Along with them marched 150 (strong?) under the direction of their competent leader one might have thought the Emperor's army was coming to make a raid on our institute of knowledge. Principal Touton did not appreciate the sudden surprise so the artists moved onward, leaving the soldiers to do the work.

\* \* \* \*

Cheer up, the worst is yet to come.—Exams.

\* \* \* \*

Mr. Moyer has returned after an absence of about two weeks, due to illness. He doesn't look quite as "pert" as before the holidays.

\* \* \* \*

Whoever thought of a fan being used to keep warm. Well, if you happened to have a class room on the north side of this building you would have known it. As a result of one of the big fans breaking school was dismissed on Monday, and Tuesday. Classes were held in every available spot on the south side, even the lunch room.

Mr. Brous took his classes through the heating plant Tuesday.

\* \* \* \*

Monday, January 18, 1915, we were summoned to an assembly meeting the first period of the day. We sang our time away and then it was announced that we would be dismissed for the day. There was much hilarity, too much we are sorry to say. We hope that such unmannerly conduct as we had on this day will have died out forever and we may enjoy our meetings in a quieter manner after this.

# DEPARTMENTS

## DEPARTMENT OF FOREIGN LANGUAGE.

A long looked for and much desired addition is to be made to the Foreign Language department. It is to have Spanish! It augurs to be very popular, being both useful and popular.

### French Conundrums.

Je suis le capitaine de vingt quatre soldats,  
et sans moi Paris serait pris.

The letter A.

Pourquoi les amateurs du beau sexe vont-ils souvent à l'hippodrome?

Afin d'être en cercle assis quelle différence y-a-t-il entre le souverain de la Perse et le Viceroy d'Edypte.

C'est que l'un est éhat (Shah) et l'autre pas chat (Pacha).

Quel est le peuple le moins gai de l'univers?

Le peuples Persan, parce qu'il est gouverné par un Schab (Chat), et que le schah fait fuir les souris.

A French friend wishes to know: Vai ze Keeng or Eatalee ess laike von seengair at ze opera oo ess loozing ess voire?

Parce fu il a perdu sa voix (Lavoie).

Pourquoi les Carthaginois portaient ils toujours des gants?

Parie ku its n'ainsaient pas l'air aux mains (les Romans)!

Quand un agnt ressemble-t. il an numers vingt cinq.

Quand il est neuf et très étroit (et treeje trois).

Un felon peiet il prendu pan devise—"Honneur a Dieu?"

Non, ear il faut qu'il dise, "Adieu honneur!"

Je ne suis pas ce que je suis; ear si j'étais ce que suis, je ne serais pasceque je suis, eependant je suis ce que je suis; devinez que je suis?

Un domestique qui suit sa maîtresse.

## DOMESTIC SCIENCE REPORT.

Spices are used in the diet for their flavor and for their power as a stimulant. Too much spice, especially pepper causes nervousness, and this should be avoided. Do you ever stop to wonder where some of the spices come from, that you use daily. The spices used for flavor, such as cayenne, cinnamon, cloves, ginger, nutmeg, and mace are the commonest and yet we do not know where they come from. Cay-

enne is a dry fruit pod of herbs and the strong taste we meet in cayenne is due to the capsaicin alkaloid it contains.

Cinnamon is the inner bark of a tree, and a substitute known as cassia is of the same color and taste and so closely resembles cinnamon that it is hard to detect one from the other.

Cloves are small undeveloped flowers of the clove tree and their taste is due to the oil they contain.

Ginger is the root stock of certain herbs, found mostly in China.

Nutmeg and mace both come from the nutmeg tree. The nutmeg being the seeds of the fruit and the mace the outer bark.

Flour and starch have been found in ground spices, used as adulterants.

## MATHEMATIC NOTES.

The mathematic department of Central High School offers as good a course in mathematics as any high school in the country.

We have a four years' course which is divided into the following groups: One year of algebra, one of plane geometry, one term of advanced algebra, one of solid geometry, one of trigonometry and for those who desire it, one term of college algebra. The growing popularity of the mathematics courses is evidenced by the fact that twenty-six students have already signed up for the college algebra which is a purely elective subject.

In general our students have made good in mathematics in college as is evidenced by the number of engineers, graduates of West Point and Annapolis, and other technical schools who took their preliminary training in Central.

E. S. Osborn is at present doing engineering work on the New York Subway.

Charles Osborn graduates from Annapolis this year.

H. A. Stringfellow, '06, is teaching in the engineering department of the Mechanics Institute in Rochester, N. Y.

F. Thorton, '04, is head of the department of heating appliances at the Westinghouse plant in Pittsburg.

Many others might be mentioned who are making direct practical use of the mathematical training they had in Central.

**HISTORY DEPARTMENT.**

The classes in history and civics are taking a review of the term's work, as a preparation for the examinations which are soon to come.

The United States history classes are giving particular notice to the development of the trusts and laws enacted against them.

Mr. D. A. Decker of the Commerce Club spoke to the civics classes recently on some of the advanced ideas of government.

D. F.

**COMMERCIAL DEPARTMENT.**

We all returned in good order, after the Christmas holidays, to find everything the same way we left it and our teachers again waiting for us. Four of the instructors of this department, Mr. Mayer, Mr. Olinger, Miss Tedlock, and Miss Laddard spent their vacation at distant homes. The other four enjoyed the visit of old Santa here in St. Joseph.

The Senior class in arithmetic has made an excellent record this term. They are beginning to see that advanced arithmetic is not as easy as they thought, and already most have accepted the subject as a valuable addition to their course. This is the first class to take up advanced arithmetic, which was recently added to the course of study.

Another subject of much importance, will be introduced next term—"Office Training." This subject will deal with just the things that our business men will appreciate, a development of things a student should know before entering employment. A great deal of letter writing, business English, punctuation, advanced spelling, and typewritten transcript is included in the subject. This is a big step in the forward movement of efficiency that is so well recognized by the business men of our city.

The classes in commercial geography will begin work next term. Students should be proud of the splendid equipment we have for this study, for it is the finest west of the Mississippi river. Many interesting excursions will be taken to the big industrial establishments of our city. Those who were fortunate enough to have taken these trips last year will remember the good times they had and how much value they got out of them.

Several young men, now studying commercial law, are planning to become lawyers. The inspiration gained in high school is the keynote to the future aspirations of our students.

The third term shorthand class is working earnestly to meet the requirements for enter-

ing the Senior A class next semester. Students of this class have taken great interest in the work throughout the term.

The advanced typewriting classes have been taking their regular monthly speed tests. In the recent December test John Tilden succeeded in writing sixty-four net words a minute, for ten minutes, on the Underwood typewriter. The "Sixty word credential" certificate awarded him, by the Underwood company, was the first of that rank ever given a student at Central. This credential entitles the bearer to special consideration as a typist by the employment department of all branch offices of the Underwood company.

The beginning classes in typewriting are doing some very excellent work. The other day Myer Karbholz made 31 1-5 words per minute, in a five minute test, with only three errors—pretty good for a beginner. Other first termers are doing unusually good work, many writing "by touch," for five minutes without an error.

Mr. Wallace, head of the department, addressed the students and parents at Krug school Friday on the importance of high school education for every boy and girl, explaining that any student could find some course of study, of the many offered, that would at once become interesting and profitable.

J. L. T.

**CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT.**

Since the element sulphur, in its various forms and compounds, was the main subject studied by the chemistry classes this month, the report will be confined to a short description of some of the chief sources and uses of this substance.

Sulphur occurs naturally both free and chemically combined with other things. When in the former state it may either be mingled with porous, rocky material, as it is found in volcanic regions, or it may be in extensive beds, or sheets, of almost pure mineral, as at Sulphur, Louisiana. When the sulphur is mixed with some ore, the mixture is heated away from air in a special chamber with a sloping floor until the sulphur melts, runs out of the ore and flows down into a trough, thru which it is led away, vaporized and suddenly condensed. The liquid sulphur, now practically free from impurities, is then run into cylindrical moulds and allowed to harden, giving "roll sulphur." There is another finely pow-

(Continued on Page 16)



## SCHOOLS NOTES

### JUNIOR NOTES.

The first Junior social event was the class party that was held on Saturday night, just before the holidays, in the gymnasium. Quite a good many were present and the evening was thoroughly enjoyed. The committees that had charge of the eats, decorations and entertainment deserve a great deal of credit for the success of the party.

Many Juniors are now wearing the class pin. A good number of the class of '16 intend to take Spanish in the classes that are to be arranged.

### FRESHMAN NOTES.

Freshman A, Girl's Society—Piano duet, Mamie Cline, Caroline Harting. Aglaian Society—Reading, Blanche Kaufman. Olympian—Piano solo, Pauline Rositzky; vocal solo, Lillian Squires, Aglaian—Vocal solo, Caroline Rients. Delphian—Piano duet, Eleanor Whittinghill, Catherine McDonald.

Excelsior-Websterian Debate: "Resolved, That Commercial Reciprocity Between United States and South America would be beneficial to the United States." The affirmative, Julius Raffelock and Morgan Paschal of the Websterian won from John Hall and Robert Brown of the Excelsior. The best speech was not awarded but Raffelock was plainly the favorite.

### SENATE NOTES.

In the meeting of the Student Senate, held January 5th, Philip Strop was chosen president, to take the place of Lawrence Cravens, and Clyde Roberts was made treasurer, as Philip resigned his former office. These officers will serve the rest of this term and next.

The Senate now has its own private stationery, each sheet having Central High School Senate printed in dark blue at the top, and the envelopes, plain.

A group of eight boys were chosen by the Senate from the school, out of which Clyde Roberts, Clive Newcombe, Carroll Parry, and Dupuy Warrick received the highest number of votes in the school and were made their leaders for the coming basket-ball games.

In the January 19th meeting, a motion was made to secure megaphones for the cheerleaders and Mr. Warrick was appointed to buy them.

### CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT.

(Continued from page 15)

dered, floury form of sulphur, which appears on the walls of the condensing chamber, known as "flowers of sulphur."

The deposits near Lake Charles, in the southwestern part of Louisiana, are so vast that they have given their name to the town which owes its existence to them—Sulphur. These beds are of disputed origin, but the generally accepted explanation is that they are the result of the decomposition through the action of bacteria—of immense numbers of plants. The sulphur is mined in the following manner: Superheated water is forced down by compressed air, through pipes, to a depth of several hundred feet and then comes up again through another set of pipes heavily laden with the sulphur which it has torn loose in its passage underground. The water is then led into huge basins and allowed to evaporate; the sulphur which remains is almost 99 per cent pure and all ready for shipment.

Three of the main uses of sulphur are as follows: To furnish sulphur dioxide (the choking fumes from burning sulphur) for bleaching or disinfection; for the manufacture of gunpowder, and for the manufacture of matches. In this connection the following short history of matches is given:

The first matches came into use about 1812. They were very clumsy affairs altogether, judged by modern standards, being whittled sticks about the size of a lead pencil, dipped in melted sulphur, and with a large, knobby head made of a mixture of sugar and potassium chlorate. They were called "chemical matches," for the reason that they could not be lit by scratching, but only by the heat of chemical action. This action was brought about by dipping the match into a bottle containing a piece of asbestos moistened with sulphuric acid; in the combustion which followed the potassium chlorate furnished the oxygen. There was another variety of match with a head of plain sulphur, which was used to convey the fire from place to place after the "chemical match" had started.

(Continued on page 18)

## MEN! YOUR KING AND, ETC.

(Continued from page 6)

Thus did the search lights speak. And the wireless towers sputtered and cracked, a wondrous message, one to the other. It was the universal call.

"Come, Your Country Needs You!"

Merciful heavens, can't he avoid that torturing call! Is there no safety, no refuge, no protection from it?

Again the golden sunlight tips his coverlet, and again he is wakened, as once before, at the climax of his wasting nightmare. He hears singing. He silently steals to his brother's room, and there, standing in boyish admiration before a draped Union Jack, was his brother pouring out his heart in a beloved verse.

"It's only an old piece of bunting,

It's only an old colored rag;

But thousands have died for its honor,

And shed their best blood for the flag."

Ben stood in silent contemplation of the touching picture, then snatched up his hat and left the little home. A few minutes later as he wandered through Cheapside, he heard a familiar whir and a metallic snap. He entered the shadow of a well known doorway and strode to a certain desk. The tired little man gruffly queried:

"You wish to enlist?"

And without an instant's pause, came the answer: "I do!"

\* \* \*

A few months later, the 47th casualty list put out by the admiralty, read as follows:

"Since our last published list, the following have died on the field of honor:

Wm. Campbell, 32nd Highlanders, Dunkirk.

Patrick Flaherty, 3rd Irish Fusiliers, Dublin.

\* Benj. Jordan, London Volunteers, London.

Note—Those marked \* have been awarded the Victoria Cross for gallant conduct while in action.

A short time later, a medal was pinned on a woman's breast, but the woman was not Mary, nor the one who pinned it, Benny. The younger brother placed the honor where it well belonged, on his mother's breast.

Francis McGrath.

Pat—"Are you good at measurement, Mike?"  
Mike—"That I am."

Pat—"Then how many coats could you get out of a yard?"

Mike—"It depends on whose yard you enter."

## AGATHIAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

(Continued from page 12)

On the program of Jan. 15 there was a dialogue and a debate, "Resolved, That Mrs. Rip Van Winkle was justified in treating Rip as she did." Gladys Webster and Florence Rulmer on the negative won from Blanche McCauley and Priscilla Wilson on the affirmative.

Senior—"Ever take chloroform?"

Sub—"No, who teaches it?"—Ex.

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# EXCHANGES



RAFFELDORF

## Bouquets.

"The Sphinx," Centralia, Illinois, says: "Your cover design for your October number is especially good. Why don't you use that artist for some illustrations on the inside? Your headings are also clever."

"The Sounder," Ft. Smith Arkansas, says: "The best point about the Forum is the clever cuts and headings. The article about the 'Trap Drummer' is 'keen'."

"Orange and Black," Falls City, Nebraska, says: "The Forum is very attractive. The cover of the October number is good."

"The High Times," Springfield, Missouri, says: "The Forum is very good; the literary department is good, the magazine is well arranged; the cover design for October was very artistic and the paper is well supplied with good jokes."

## Exchange Jokes.

First Freshie (seeing first football game)—"Dear, dear; how dirty the players get; how will they ever get clean?"

Second Freshie—"Hush, greenie! What do you think the scrub team is for?"—Ex.

\* \* \*

Drug Clerk—"Now, what kind of a toothbrush do you want?"

Ole Oleson—"Oh, it mus' be strong wan. Dere bane seven in ma famlee."—Ex.

\* \* \*

She—"The Germans are very good grammarians."

He—"Maybe, but very few can decline beer."—Ex.

\* \* \*

To the seven wonders of the world

Add this, as number eight:

Girls' hair grows curly in the front,  
And in the back grows straight.—Ex.

\* \* \*

Woman (to tramp)—"Now, if you don't leave at once I'll call out my husband, and he is an old Harvard football player."

Tramp—"Lady, if you love him, don't call him out. I used to play wid Yale."

"Hark, I hear an angel sing," sang the soloist in a village church.

"Aw, no, it ain't," yelled an old farmer in the back seat, "it's only my old mule hitched out there."

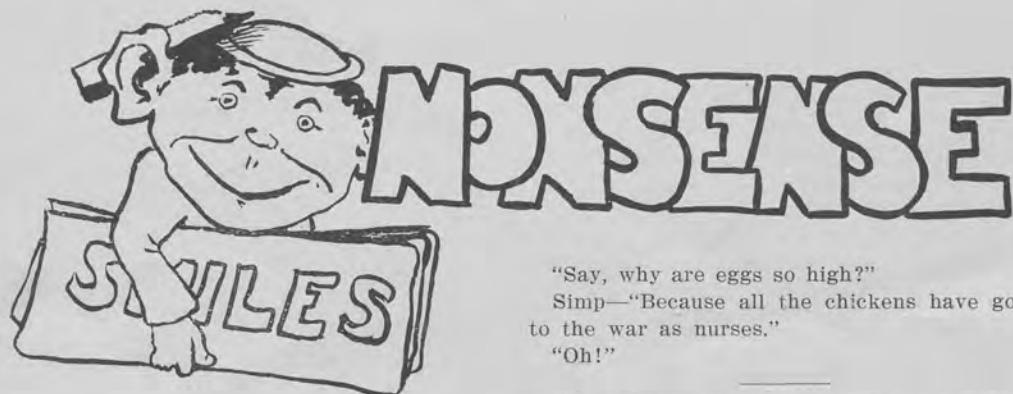
## CHEMISTRY DEPARTMENT.

(Continued from page 16)

For fifteen years this inconvenient method, not much better than flint and steel, was used. Then, in 1827, a druggist named John Walker, in Stockton-on-Tees, England, made the first really practical friction, or "lucifer" match. This was ignited by rubbing on sandpaper, the head being composed of yellow phosphorus and potassium chlorate; later on, in place of the latter, manganese dioxide, lead peroxide and potassium nitrate were all tried, since they were good oxidizers, and the chlorates were abandoned since they formed explosive compounds. The modern match is a little slip of wood which special machines turn out by the million. The ends of these are dipped into a colored mixture containing sulphur, phosphorus, glue and paraffine with an oxidizer. When the match is struck, the heat of friction ignites the phosphorus, which takes oxygen from the oxidizer and raises sulphur to its kindling temperature, which in turn kindles the paraffine and wood. The objection to this kind of match is that yellow phosphorus has such a low kindling temperature that a very little friction, such as the gnawing of rats or mice, will set it off. This is obviated in the safety match.

The exact composition of the various safety matches are closely-guarded trade secrets, but they all depend on the fact that though red phosphorus has a much higher kindling point than the yellow it can be changed to the latter through the heat of friction. The red phosphorus is put in the little strip of sandy material on the side of the box, on which the match is to be struck, and the oxygen-bearing compounds are in the head of the match. The match being struck, the red phosphorus changes to yellow, ignites, and kindles the substances in the head of the match, which in turn kindle the wood.

N. L. K., '15.

**Blame Him?**

Johnny, out to dinner, thrice refused chicken gravy, of which he was very fond. His hostess, who had added macaroni to the gravy, finally said: "Why, I thought you liked chicken gravy?"

"I do sometimes," replied Johnny, "but my mamma never puts the windpipes in."—National Food Magazine.

Smart Teacher—"And what is your name, little boy?"

Little Boy—"Jules."

Smart Teacher (poising her pencil as she prepares to write)—"Jules—I suppose you mean Julius?" and (addressing the second little boy), "what is your name?"

Second Little Boy—"Bill"—but I 'spect you'd call me Billius."—Ex.

Mr. Livers—"There's a divinity that shapes our ends, as J. T. Adams has said."

Oscar—"I've found a pin in my salad."

Sarah—"That's nothing unusual; pins are often used in dressing."—Ex.

"Say, why are eggs so high?"

Simp—"Because all the chickens have gone to the war as nurses."

"Oh!"

"Yes, it's a scientific fact," Miss Ruelman, said Mr. Brous, "that the farther two bodies go from one another the less the attraction is between them."

Student (proud of his success in Latin)—"Pop, what's the word for 'people' in Latin?"

Father—"I don't know."

Student—"Populi."

Father—"What! You young scoundrel; I lie, do I?"—Ex.

Lives of Senior all remind us,

We should strive to do our best,

And, departing, leave behind us

Notebooks that will help the rest.—Ex.

Marvel Rullman (in Physics class)—"Mr. Brous, why won't the mercury fall off of my thumb when I turn it upside down?"

Brous—"There is probably a little dirt there."

Freshman (to Senior Brother)—"I was out after ten last night."

Senior Brother—"Gee, you've got me beat. I was out only after one."

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