

## SALEM HI WINS NATIONAL RECORD

### SETS NEW PACE IN SUBSCRIPTION CAMPAIGN FOR LADIES' HOME JOURNAL

During the week November 6 to November 13, Salem High carried on a campaign for subscriptions for the Ladies' Home Journal.

Mr. Sandusky, representative of the Curtis Publishing Company, put before the school at assembly a plan for making money for the Senior scholarship fund. The school was divided into two sides, the Seniors and Freshmen as "Sparkplugs," the Sophomores and Juniors as "Barney Googles." Mr. Sandusky gave a fine talk on the essentials of salesmanship to the pupils, so that they would be equipped to sell many subscriptions for their school. He used a chart to illustrate his points and showed in a two-act playette, proper and improper salesmanship. Sample Journals and subscription blanks were given to each pupil along with ribbons for designating their classification. They were told to get subscriptions in the noon hour and see who would be ahead after 1:15 the first day.

Neil Grisez, senior, was appointed sales manager for the "Spark Plugs." He had four salesmen to help him with the work. All Freshmen and Seniors were included on his side.

Florence Cosgrove was appointed sales manager of the "Barney Googles," which included the Sophomores and Juniors. Julia Patten was appointed treasurer for both sides.

From every dollar subscription fifty cents is given to the Seniors for the alumni scholarship fund.

The race ended at the close of the week with the "Spark Plugs" winning with 420 subscriptions, and the Barney Googles" having 415. In all, 835 subscriptions were taken.

The whole school showed good cooperation and school spirit during the entire campaign, and succeeded in beating the national record; which was held by Cuyhoga Falls.

### That Queer Something

In the "Mariner" of Ashtabula High School, under the heading "The Old Mariner Says," we find these two mighty fine things:

"Class spirit is that queer something which if a class has, the things it can do are unlimited, but which if it has not, it is a class in name only—which is yours?"

\* \* \*

"The fellers that git the ads for this paper deserve a lot more credit than they git—it's a good business education for you chaps that don't do much nothin' after school—try it out, t'will do you good."

Alfred Houts was taken to his home Wednesday, November 7. He is improving rapidly.

## AIMS AND IDEALS OF DINAMO DISCUSSED

### Initiates Kiss the Three Books of Knowledge—No More Lunches.

The Dinamo Society held a regular meeting in Room 204, Wednesday evening, November 7. Due to chilliness in the lower regions of the buildings it was impossible to use room 107—the usual meeting place. Marion Van Syoc, Junior, was accepted as a member at this time.

The trophy case committee made its first report following a thorough investigation. The possibilities of the different cases were discussed and nothing definite being decided, that topic was laid on the table for the present.

Miss Beardmore in her talk at the previous meeting had suggested that some sort of pledge ought to be taken by each member. A motion was carried that a committee be appointed to make additions to the present application blank showing more clearly the society's aims and ideals. It was suggested that the price of the Dinamo play be increased. Mr. Rohrbach raised some excellent objections and incidentally gave a very fine talk on what the ambitions of the society should be. The Dinamo Society does not give its annual play for its own benefit but for that of the school and the people of Salem. It must be remembered that the aim is SERVICE.

A motion was carried that no more lunches be served at future meetings. Hard luck! It was too late to have the course in Parliamentary Law so the business meeting was adjourned and the initiation under the supervision of Eric Eastman was in order.

A very dramatic impromptu playlet was given by this formidable cast of characters:

Dad—Lester Crutchley  
Zaza—Helen Flick  
Nicodemus—Thomas Martin

The plot seemed to consist chiefly in the fact that Zaza wished to go to a movie with Nicodemus, and Dad wouldn't allow. But the sobs and entreaties of the young heroine finally won over the obstinate Dad—of course!

The initiates were then conveyed to the kitchen to kiss the three books of knowledge. They found them rather—"unexpected"—Just ask them! After a fine lunch was served the new members were permitted to indulge in the delightful occupation of dishwashing.

## N. OHIO HIGH SCHOOL JOURNALISTS CONVENE AT WESTERN RESERVE

### DON'T MISS THE SOPH PARTY TONITE

The Sophomore's first party of the year will be held tonight in the gym. Many are coming and they anticipate a good time.

Committees have been busily working all week in order to make this party a success.

The Sophomores who come will have the wonderful opportunity of being entertained by a famous group, known to many as "The Co-operators." The Sophomores have selected the colors, blue and gold, as class colors, and the gym will be artistically decorated with these.

An orchestra has been hired to furnish music for the dancing.

Rally, Sophomores! Make this party a success for your class. Those who have not as yet secured tickets will be admitted by paying fifty cents at the door.

### "RUBE" TINSMAN CAPTAINS GIRLS' BASKET BALL TEAM

Ruby Tinsman has been chosen captain of the girls' basket ball squad for the year 1923-24. This is Ruby's second year in Salem High School. In her freshman year she played on the Varsity team at Willoughby, Ohio, taking the position of forward. The team that year was made state champion. In her Junior year Ruby was to have been captain of the team, but much to Salem's joy and Willoughby's sorrow, she moved to Salem. Last year she was the life and hope of the team and helped to run up a high score for the Red and Black many a time.

Four letter girls remain from last year, Captain Tinsman, Tot Cosgrove, Mitz Calkins, and Danny Willaman. For the first few practices that have been held about thirty-five girls have turned out. With this combination the squad for 1923-24 ought to be a regular boomerang!

### Personals

James Fogg is able to sit up now but has no use whatever of one of his limbs. It is hoped that he soon will be able to make use of crutches.

Clarence Sidingier is now able, with the use of crutches, to be around the house, up and doing the whole day.

### Oh! What an Alibi!

Miss Walker drove her car to school. She left it outside of the school for her brother to drive home. Some of the boys came up and thinking the car belonged to "Bets" Bunn put their books in it. Along came Miss Walker's brother and drove the car to Damascus. What became of the books? Oh! what an alibi!

### 150 ARE GUESTS OF COLLEGE FRATERNITY HOSTS

Dinner, Speeches, Party, and Reserve-Wooster Game Entertain Scribes.

### PLAIN DEALER OBSERVATION TRIP IS FEATURE

A convention of high school journalists was held at Western Reserve university, Cleveland, November 2 and 3, under the direction of the Sigma Delta Chi fraternity. This convention has come to be an annual event which is looked upon with great interest and enthusiasm.

About one hundred invitations requesting two members of each staff were issued to the staffs of school papers in Northern Ohio high schools this year. From the size of the delegation it may be roughly estimated that there were approximately one hundred and fifty students in attendance. The editor and business manager of "The Quaker" were among those present.

Registration commenced at Haydn Hall under the supervision of Sigma Delta Chi members, Friday afternoon, November 2. The program follows:

#### Friday

6:00 p. m.—Dinner at Haydn Hall, College for Women.  
7:15 p. m.—Speeches.  
9:00 p. m.—Harvest party, gymnasium, College for Women.

#### Saturday

9:00 a. m.—Editor's meeting, room 27, main building, Adelbert College.  
9:00 a. m.—Manager's meeting, main building, Adelbert College.  
11:00 a. m.—Trip through Cleveland Plain Dealer plant.  
2:15 p. m.—Reserve-Wooster football game, Van Horn field.

The dinner Friday evening was served on the first floor of Haydn Hall. Dr. A. F. White, instructor in English at Adelbert College, was the toastmaster. The speakers and their subjects were:

Dr. Robert E. Vinson, president of Western Reserve University, "Greeting."

Fred Charles of the Cleveland Plain Dealer, "My Canoe Trip."

Irene Holmes of the Cleveland Press, "Opportunities for Women in Journalism."

C. H. Denby of the Cleveland News-Leader.

Leslie Peat of the Cleveland Times-Commercial, "News Values."

Due to the absence of Joe Williams of the Cleveland Newspaper Enterprise Association, his speech on "Sports" was necessarily omitted.

The Harvest party held in the gymnasium was a very enjoyable festivity. Dancing, stunts and favors added greatly to the entertainment. The gym was decorated in Hallowe'en effects. Hallowe'en refreshments of cider and doughnuts were served.

(Turn to Page Two)

### FOOTBALL SCHEDULE

1923

Nov. 17—Carrollton .....Here  
Nov. 24—Open.  
Nov. 29—Lisbon .....Here

## THE QUAKER

Published bi-weekly from October to June by Salem High School students.

Vol. IV. NOVEMBER 16, 1923 No. 3

Editor-in-Chief.....Mary Helen Cornwall  
Business Manager.....John Cavanaugh  
Faculty Advisors  
C. M. Rohrabough - Ella Thea Smith

Subscription.....\$1.50 per year

Entered as second class mail December 1, 1921 at the Post Office at Salem, Ohio, under an act of March 3, 1879. New decision pending.

Persons wishing to subscribe for the Quaker may do so by mailing \$1.50 with name and address to the Manager of the "Quaker"—Salem High School.

### OUR ADVANTAGE

THE students of Salem Hi should congratulate themselves upon the fact that they have the opportunity of managing practically all their extra-curricular activities according to their own wishes. Whether or not they have realized what an advantage they have in this line over many other schools, we are not in a position to state, but nevertheless this excellent condition exists, and has existed for a number of years at Salem Hi.

In discussing methods of editing school papers with members of various staffs, while attending the Journalists Convention at Western Reserve, we discovered among other things that the Journalist Instructor in some schools plays the most important part in editing the paper. For example, at one high school which is considerably larger than ours, the instructor in Journalism assigns all news items to those students taking his course; these students act as reporters and credit is given them in the Journalism class for their work. The editor and manager and their assistants receive no credit whatever. We are not attempting to disapprove the co-operation of such an instructor nor of the reporters' receiving credit for their work, for they deserve it, but the responsibility of collecting material seems to rest chiefly with the instructor. Moreover, the paper, which should be an expression of the whole school set in print, seems to become an experimental enterprise for students making a study of Journalism.

Everybody may contribute freely to the "Quaker," and, although the material may not be as perfect in construction as that of the paper above-mentioned, the responsibility of its qualities, whether they be of the highest type of excellency or a little defective, rests with the students of Salem Hi. We place this responsibility with the students rather than the Quaker staff, for the staff may be regarded as an executive body acting on the wishes of the school's legislative powers. The comparison may be indulged still further, in that judiciary power also rests with the student body. Constructive criticism from students is indeed welcome, and even necessary, for the successful carrying on of any school project. The editor desires that students having criticisms to offer with regard to the "Quaker" or any other school activity

will make use of this judiciary power. Verbal propaganda is a detriment to any school. Much of it could be settled or at least averted if it appeared in black and white under the caption, "Letters to the Editor."

Make use of this opportunity, students. It will be well worth your time and energy to write more and say less, so long as you use discretion in both.

### OPPORTUNITY

There are hundreds of paths in this world that stretch in beautiful open vistas before the eyes of the boys and girls just entering upon the life of the outside world. Each of these paths lead to some end, good or bad, and it is at these ends that life is either pronounced a success or a failure in one or more ways.

A traveler of these paths, and every boy and girl that enters the world is one, must travel more than one path. By the side of every path are many things that have some kind of an effect on the traveler.

There are paths of adventure, paths of toil, of hardship, of sorrow, paths of idleness, of laziness, paths of luxury, of joy, and all these terminate at the gateway of the great beyond.

But all along these various paths, opportunity awaits the boy and the girl.

Opportunity is any circumstance, condition or means, particularly favorable to some desired end.

It has been said, "All men are created equal." It often seems as if that were not true. For some have luxury while others live in poverty, but every boy and every girl has the same chance to make a success or failure of his or her life. Success does not mean money power, but character power.

There is constantly about us, every opportunity to make or break ourselves, and all we have to do is to watch and discern these opportunities, and then use them to our advantage. The time to begin watching for opportunities is before you leave school, for they are here and they will be the ones that will open up still greater opportunities to your vision.

Awaken! My schoolmates, today is the day to watch, to grasp every opportunity, great or small, and then in future life make use of these and other opportunities.

—Julia Patten '26.

### Letters to The Editor

(From now on it would be worth while for you to fill this column, folks!)

#### More About Colors

After reading Don Smith's stirring appeal to wear the Red and Black to the football games, I took his advice and bedecked myself with the colors for the Wellsville game. The walk was rather long and tiresome and just as we were about five miles from our destination a gentleman in a high-powered car stopped and gave us a ride into Wellsville. He said he wouldn't have stopped if it hadn't been for seeing my colors. If colors impress one man enough to make him stop his car and give folks a ride, what would it do to the team if everybody on the sidelines wore them?  
—Eric Eastman.

### TO BE POLITE

"As a man thinketh in his heart, so is he," declares the Book of books. And as a man is in his home, so will he be abroad, when the "company manner" rubs off.

No one can afford to do the injustice to his better self of allowing himself to become careless toward those with whom he lives, or to neglect the small, sweet courtesies that should be found in the home, if anywhere.

In many homes the young men forget to show the respect due to the mother and sisters.

A madness that a man will perpetrate in his own home, from which he should shrink in the home of another person, is that of wearing his hat in the presence of women.

It is the duty of a young woman's escort to be looking after her pleasure and comfort in various ways. If he takes her to a dance, he must see, if possible, that her card is filled. If it is not filled, he should sit out with her the unclaimed dances. If he takes her to the theater, he should procure a program for her and should assist her in removing her wraps.

Whenever accidentally or by arrangement, a man accompanies a woman he should not permit her to carry a package, or a wrap, unless the latter be a light summer wrap which she may prefer to retain.

If a young man takes a young woman to a cafe or restaurant for a meal or for light refreshments after the theatre, he is the one who should do the ordering. He should consult her tastes as to what is to be served; but he is the one to write the menu and give directions to the waiter in charge.—South High Beacon.

### THE SCHOOL CHILD

I am the School Child.  
Yesterday's triumphs and errors have both endowed me.  
Tomorrow's advances and failures will be my doing.  
My eyes are keen and my ears alert; little escapes them.  
My hands are restless, loving experiment, taking apart and putting together.  
My feet are swift and adventurous, seeking new paths and new places.  
My mind is ever questioning, eager to solve all mysteries.  
My heart seeks friendship with the throbbing heart of the world.  
I am pliant, and tender, and soft; how will ye mold me?  
I am the School Child.  
—Ida Broten, Normal Instructor and Primary Plans.

### GOOD SCHOOLS DO PAY

Good schools do pay! They pay enormous dividends in things that are lasting and that mean most in the Nation's real advancement. Not only do they pay a people in such measurable qualities as literacy, intelligence, and greater earning power, but they pay even greater dividends in unmeasured values. A good school system offers to everyone who will take it the intellectual heritage of the ages; it frees him from the grip of superstition and fear; it enlarges his interests; it deepens his appreciation for beauty, for truth, and for mankind; it inspires him with a desire for service; and gives him power to carry out this desire.

Can any institution promise more?  
—N. E. A. Research Bulletin.

### Jauretta Coy's Department

If Carrie Seene will enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope, we will be glad to answer her question.

\* \* \*

Dear Miss Jauretta: What is an apple? Percy Cute.

Ans. I refuse to bite. Look at the trouble Adam got into.

\* \* \*

Dear Miss Coy. We are a group of six high school girls, and wish to start a club. Please suggest some good names. Pearl Button.

Ans. Sloppy Sisters, Six Shebas, Dumb Dames, or Lemon League.

\* \* \*

Dear Miss Coy: I am just a little freshman girl. Please give me your advice. I have bobbed hair, rosy cheeks, ruby lips, and people say I am pretty. I like to go for auto rides and think the senior boys are just wonderful. Aren't they handsome? But I think my popularity is waning, as I have two dates open week after next. Please tell me what to do. Lottie Rocks.

Ans. Don't worry, little girl. I have posted your phone number in 206.

\* \* \*

Dear Jauretta: Please help me with my Biology lesson. If a cannibal eats his father's sister, what is he? Perry Gorric.

Ans. An Ant-eater, dumbbell.

\* \* \*

Dear Miss Coy: Caesar and I don't agree. Please give me your opinion about using a pony. Sophomore.

Ans. No, my boy. It never pays to be crooked. Look at all the cork screws out of a job.

### JOURNALISTS CONVENE AT WESTERN RESERVE

(Continued From Page One)

At the meeting for editors Saturday morning at Adelbert college, Mr. A. G. Henry, president of the Sigma Delta Chi, was in charge. Talks were given by Miss Cecilia Schwind, editor-in-chief of the "Sun Dial," and one or two members of "The Reserve Weekly" staff. A discussion followed conducted by Mr. Stanley E. Hart, editor-in-chief of "The Reserve Weekly." Much valuable information was obtained from Mr. Hart's intelligent answers to questions brought up by various high school editors.

Following this meeting the delegates were conducted through the newspaper plant of the Cleveland Plain Dealer.

The convention was surely worth while and very enjoyable.

### The Fall Time of the Year

When the wind whistles thru the tree tops,

When the birds no longer sing,  
When the farmer gathers in his crops,  
And once more the frost is king,  
When the sky so murky shows Winter is near,

That's what we call "The Fall Time of the year."

Freshman—"What are you smiling about?"

Sophomore—"I just came from the dentist's office."

Freshman—"Is that anything to smile about?"

Sophomore—"Yes! He wasn't in his office."

**Junior High**

**7B Class**

There are 34 in our class. We have only one new pupil this year. After two months of school we are beginning to know Fourth Street school better. People do not get lost as they used to. Florence Davis has a tendency to run through the hall, and is consequently sent to the council.

Keith Harsh, the president, has a good council for the room. We are the best ticket sellers in the Junior High School.

Since our room is the drug store, we will have to start a soda fountain to be in style.—Nathan Harris, Editor of 7B, Physics Laboratory.

**Smiles**

It was a dark dreary Monday morning when every one is tired and sleepy.

A small messenger boy went into a large office building. In one of the corridors he met a stenographer. She had a sad unhappy look upon her face. The boy greeted her with a bright cheery smile, a smile which no one could return with an unhappy nod.

The girl returned to her desk with the other office employees. She had a smile on the face that had been so unhappy two minutes before.

By evening the whole office was smiling on that dark, dreary Monday.

—Inez Barkley, Editor of 7-A

**Jokes from 8-A**

Mrs. Ryland: "What is the morning meal called?"

Helen Whitcomb: "Oatmeal."

Mrs. McGrew: "Didn't I hear the clock strike two when you came in last night?"

Clarence: "It started to strike ten and I stopped it so it wouldn't awaken you."

Miss Cameron: "What is a fish net?"

Alva Stratton: "A lot of holes tied together with a string."

**Our Arithmetic Teacher**

Our eighth grade arithmetic teacher! You should know her! Perhaps you've already made her acquaintance. She has snapping brown eyes and auburn hair. When you see her coming you'd better get busy. She can make things hum, when she gets a sum. If you've never worked hard in your life and want to learn how, just come to arithmetic class right now.

—Loullia Hoopes, 8-D

**Eight A News**

The presiding officers of eight A are: president, Margaret Bryan; vice-president, Lowell Brown; secretary, Dorothy Cobb.

Ten 8A's are going to take part in the play during book week. Each person is to represent a book. Three are going to dress as characters in "Little Women"; one as George Washington.

**The Story of a Dime and a Dollar**

Once a dime and a dollar were in a boy's pocket with a lot of other things, such as string, rubber bands, hooks, paste, and crumbs of ginger cookies. The dime and dollar were having a conversation. "I wonder where I will go from here," said the dime. "Oh," replied the dollar, "you are a little insignificant thing, and many people do not think much of you, but look at me," continued the dollar, "I am big

and heavy and people think more of me than anything else." The dime did not say anything to this, for he was a peaceful little fellow, and did not like to argue.

Shortly after this talk the dime and dollar were separated. The dime went to buy candy for the little boy's sister and the dollar went to buy skates for the boy. The dime and dollar were not to meet again for a long while, and during this time they had many adventures. The dime traveled through many different pockets. Among them were the butcher's, carpenter's, a well known banker's pocket, and finally back to the little boy from whom it started. The dollar did not travel so much, but it had a good many adventures and after a while it too got back to the little boy. The dime and dollar greeted each other like long lost friends, although they were enemies when they separated. Each of them recounted their adventures, and the dime's were the most exciting, although the dollar would not admit this.

One day as the little boy was walking through a meadow, the dollar slipped from his fingers, and try as he would he could not find it. The dollar laid there until it was old and rusty, when an old beggar picked it up thinking it was an old piece of copper. As the beggar was walking towards town he happened to notice an ash can. Still with the impression of the dollar being just an old piece of copper, he threw it in the can and passed on his way. All this time the dime had been idle, thinking of his old friend, the dollar. The little boy to whom the dime belonged, had been learning to save, so after a while the dime was put into a bank. Soon this dime grew into many dollars, so you see that the dime was just as important as the dollar, who thought that the dime was just a little insignificant thing.—Anna Ruth Miller, 8C.

**Winter**

The Junior High pupils were delighted when they awoke one Thursday morning to find the ground covered with snow. It was the first snow of the season. Heavy wraps were put on, furnaces were piled high with coal, and grates burned merrily. Everyone was glad that winter had come, for with it comes many sports. But alas! All too soon, the sun shone forth on Friday and all hopes of winter sports were banished.

But still in our hearts remains the trust that winter is not far off.

**EXCHANGES**

**Odd Accidents**

I saw a cowslip through the fence  
A horse fly in the store;  
I saw a board walk up the street,  
A stone step by the door.

I saw a mill race up the road,  
A morning break the gloom;  
I saw a night fall on the lawn;  
A clock run in the room.

I saw a peanut stand up high,  
A sardine box in town,  
I saw a bed spring at the gate,  
An ink stand on the ground.

The Freshmen are so dumb they think—

Bridges were made to shade the fish,  
The fifty yard dash is a punctuation mark,  
Easter Sunday is a sister of Billy,  
Daylight saving is a bank,  
Secretary of the Interior is a stomach specialist.

Lines of foot-ball men remind us  
That we, too, can write our names in blood

And departing leave behind us—  
Half our faces in the mud.

—The Bucyrian.

**The Worst Place**

Husband—"Where is my hat?"

Wife—"On the oven."

H.—"On the oven? I wonder what ridiculous place I shall find it on next?"

W.—"On your head."

—The "O" Askalora, Iowa.

Teacher—"What makes the tower of Pisa lean?"

Freshman—"It was built during a famine."

—The Mariner, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Waiter in hotel—"There's a man back at the table that wants a drink for nothing."

Proprietor—"Tell him we'll have him arrested for impersonating an officer."—Ex.

A man went into a store and said to the clerk, "Would you take the last cent a fellow had for that box of candy?"

"You bet I would," replied the clerk. So the fellow laid down a cent, picked up the box of candy and walked out of the store.

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## DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

By ELLSWORTH MCKEE, '26.

As I was coming out of a business house I for the first time saw David Lloyd George, England's war premier. He was riding up from the station with Newton D. Baker. Behind him in a closed car, rode his wife and daughter who are touring this country with him. Not everyone was his friend as was shown by the amount of police protection that he had to have. Everywhere he went he was guarded by Cleveland policemen.

Lloyd George, in my opinion, looks exactly like all of the many pictures that we have seen of him. He is a small, square-shouldered man with long white hair. He has a ruddy complexion, is very energetic, and has a pleasing personality. He has a good voice, and a very convincing manner of speaking.

Lloyd George spent just twelve hours in Cleveland, from noon until midnight, but in these twelve hours he made a parade tour of the downtown streets, addressed the Chamber of Commerce, helped to lay the corner stone of Cleveland's new public library, participated in a Welsh song service and reunion at the Masonic auditorium, looked in on a dinner of the Cleveland Bar association, was guest of honor at another dinner in the Union Club, and attended a part of a concert given by the Cleveland orchestra at the Masonic auditorium.

Lloyd George's wife and daughter also had a busy day in Cleveland, and the only time the family met was at the laying of the corner-stone of the new library and at the Welsh gathering, otherwise their paths lay apart.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer said that if Lloyd George crossed the ocean to see America as it really is, he will carry a false impression back to England with him. Wherever he has gone his importance has overshadowed the natural rhythm of life. He has not seen typical American everyday life in typical American towns. Everywhere he has gone the streets have been crowded by people who have left their work. The streets have been decorated with British and American flags. All wheels have stopped their turning. America has retired from the stage and Lloyd George has taken the leading role. Cleveland was no exception to this condition.

Everywhere he went, his wonderful smile and his pleasing manner won the hearts of the people. There is no doubt but that Cleveland saw him at his best.

The main feature of his visit to Cleveland was his address at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Cleveland public library. This new library is being built on the corner

of Superior and Third streets and occupies a prominent place in the new city plan of Cleveland by which a great number of public buildings will be grouped around the square.

The ceremony started at two-thirty by short speeches given by several of the prominent men of the city of whom Newton D. Baker was the principal speaker.

Mr. Baker introduced Lloyd George. As he came to the platform the crowd cheered. In his introduction he expressed his joy in having the privilege of addressing a gathering such as this and of the cordiality of the reception.

He said: "It is difficult to face thirty years of rough weather without some chill in the blood, but the warmth of America's greeting has taken it out." He then went on to say that he came to advance no cause, nor did he come as a representative of any government, but he came as a plain citizen to see this wonderful nation. He said that he was glad that all the differences between America and England had always been disputed between governments, and not peoples, and also that the sympathies between us have been growing closer day by day. Then he said that, of all our literature, writers, preachers, and teachers, theirs are ours, and ours are theirs. He compared the fundamentals of the two nations as to their likenesses.

He told what a great treasure-house this library would be. He said, "A vast treasure-house, full of gold and silver and precious stones, of which any man can take away as many as he can carry."

Near the end of his speech he reached out and touched the British and the American flags and said, "Everywhere, today, you see your glorious flag and our glorious flag waving side by side, and as long as these two flags are together, I have confidence in the future of this old world."

"These stars, which, whenever they appear, illumine the gloom that darkens the life of men with tyranny and wrong; these bars that, like shafts of sunlight, herald the dawn of a day when brute force shall vanish before the steady light of freedom and right, and the union-jack, bearing upon its folds the sacred emblem—there it is—(pointing to the two flags) both of them together—the sacredness, that cross which is the hope of mankind through all its trials and tribulations.

"With these two flags side by side in sympathy, in concord and co-operation, the world will be rescued from the despair into which it has been plunged."

This was the conclusion of his

speech and the crowd clapped and cheered lustily as he finished. It was a shorter speech than they expected, being cut short on account of the cold and damp day. Lloyd George said this was the largest crowd he had ever spoken to. The police, of which there were 350, estimated that there were 100,000 people at the laying of the corner stone. They packed Superior street nearly up to Sixth, and everyone heard with the aid of the big amplifiers on top of the structure.

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# NOVEMBER SPECIALS

STARTING FRIDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 16th, AT 9:00 O'CLOCK

For the remainder of the month these specials will bring hundreds of new customers as well as hundreds of old ones to our busy store. Many articles are limited in quantity and we advise an early choice. Some of these specials will make splendid Christmas Gifts, and it is not too early to select yours now. Be sure and come.

## SALEM'S HARDEST COUNTY CONTEST

Defeated By Wellsville in Stubbornly Fought Game November 10.

Salem went to Wellsville Saturday, November 10 to play her hardest county game. The team was in high spirits because Captain Crutchley was back in the line up, and they went down there ready to put up the fight of their lives.

The game started with Wellsville kicking off. The Salem boys couldn't gain through the Wellsville line and Houser was forced to punt. Wellsville then carried the ball down to Salem's 30 yard line, where she attempted a drop kick, which failed. Again it was Salem's ball, but she couldn't gain and again she was forced to punt. Wellsville then carried the ball up the field, scoring the first marker of the game. Wellsville made her point.

After this touchdown Salem's line seemed to strengthen a little and started holding the line bucks of the Wellsville team. During the rest of the game the Wellsville team scored two more touchdowns, making the final score, Wellsville 19—Salem 0.

The game was a very interesting one and the Salem boys fought hard throughout, but they were up against a very strong team and were defeated, fighting hard. There were no particular stars in the game. All the men played a good game, especially the two ends, Sartick and Judge. Only one Salem punt was returned more than 3 or 4 yards. This shows that the ends were dropping their men almost in their tracks. The field was quite muddy and slippery, but even at that it was a fast game. The line-up:

Salem—0	Wellsville—19
Sartick.....l. e.....	Shay
Crutchley.....l. t.....	Young
Gaunt.....l. g.....	Brookes
Vollmer.....c.....	Culp
Yengling.....r. g.....	Pignator
Corso.....r. t.....	Arbaugh
Judge.....r. e.....	Rolley
Bova.....q.....	Todd
Cosgrove.....l. h.....	O'Anito
Spiker.....r. h.....	Snyder
Houser.....f.....	Orr

Substitutions—Salem: Simmonds for Vollmer, Stallsmith for Simmonds, Bingham for Cosgrove, Duncan for Spiker, Yengling for Corso, Stallsmith for Yengling, Gaunt for Stallsmith. For Wellsville: Rohgers for Brookes, Bangs for Arbaugh, Campbell for Snyder, Snyder for Campbell.



### FRESHMAN - SOPHOMORE TUG-OF-WAR

Colleges have their "flag-rushes" and other inter-class contests between the haughty Sophomores and the humble Freshmen. Salem High School has its annual Freshman-Sophomore tug-of-war. This comes off each Halloween, having been originated by the American Legion, by whom a silver cup was given to be held for one year by the class winning the tug-of-war.

Last year the Sophomores won and this year the Sophs—last year's Freshmen—came back with a vengeance and won three straight pulls from the emerald tinted under-classmen. Fighting for every foot of ground, the Freshmen were only defeated by a nice combination of science, strength, and experience. Not discouraged by defeat the Freshmen each time threw themselves into the fray with a determination to win that showed fine spirit. With the experience gained this year and with more coaching, this team should win next year. Here's to the Freshmen, next year's Sophs.

#### A USE FOR ADVERSITY

Arnold felt as though he had lost his last friend in the world. He was down and out, briefly, and in slang, he was "kicked off the team." It was no one's fault but his own. He had thought that his position was cinched. The second team's right tackle was not so heavy or fast as he, and it was very

easy for Arnold to skip practice. At first for the fun of the game it was easy, but after four weeks of hard practice and lost games he began to get "stale." The pool room, where some of his friends put in the hours before supper, began to draw him; it was so much easier than the grueling practice.

After three successive nights of absence from practice he received the curt notice to turn in his suit. The coach, he knew well, gave one chance to make good, no more. He was out of football for that season.

But Arnold was not a "quitter." He played too good a game of ball for that. It seemed very bitter at first, but instead of quitting it spurred him on. He made a resolution to do his best in everything. His teachers noted an increase in his interest, and a few very good articles were turned in to the school paper under his name.

At last came basketball. He had never entered this sport with much spirit; football was his game. But here was his chance to redeem himself. Every night he practiced with the varsity.

Next year he was back at his own game again, better than ever, and made a name for himself not only in football but in other activities.

His gain from adversity accomplished the thing he needed most—a jolt! He found that it was necessary to do the very best he could to achieve success and that no matter how good the man, his half-way trying was not so good as the very best of someone else though that person had not nearly so much ability.—Edward Heck, '25.

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J. Donald Strawn at the Organ

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"The Fool".....December 10th  
"Elks Minstrels".....December 3rd and 4th

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## "Lost and Found"

By Jane Campbell

People just couldn't understand what was the matter with Cynthia Wilson. She was—well, so queer lately. Cynthia was pretty, stunning, dead game, and talented, but it wasn't these things that made her so popular; it was her friendliness. Every pupil in school felt he was her pal, that if he got into trouble she would sympathize, and if he had good luck she would rejoice. But now all was changed. Lately no one had seen much of her. When she saw anyone she was sweet, and polite, but not the friendly girl of other days.

The pupils of the school were unhappy about it, but not nearly as unhappy as Cynthia herself. She didn't know what was wrong but lately she was experiencing sensations that she had never felt before—jealousy and hate.

It had all started one day when she was tired and cross, and slowly the feeling had grown. She was jealous of Peggy because Bob Dixon liked her so well. She was jealous of Jessica because her hair was naturally curly, and so forth. Because of this feeling she hated most of the boys or girls who had been her friends. The world seemed all out of tune, her teachers picked on her, the kids made fun of her, and nobody liked her—she thought.

The trouble with Cynthia was that she had become so self-conscious that she magnified every little thing, and in this way she was ruining her entire school and social life.

Slowly the days wore on until about a month had passed. It was the slowest, most unhappy time that Cynthia had ever known. She went nearly everywhere by herself now, and she missed the old gang, with their nonsense and fun for more than she would admit, even to herself. The kids had been faithful. They had asked her places until after being continually turned down they decided she didn't want to go and so left her alone. As for Cynthia she had refused because she thought they didn't want her, or because they had invited some girl she couldn't stand. And so she was left alone—and unhappy.

One day about two weeks before Christmas, Cynthia was sitting by a window listlessly turning over the pages of a book, and wishing she had gone to basket ball parties, as she did last year, when she heard her little sister, who was in the grades, reciting the poem of the month to a friend. Cynthia listened, indifferently at first, and then with a look of almost eagerness on her face—

"For life is the mirror of king and slave,

It's just what we are and do,  
So give to the world the best you have

And the best will come back to you."

She repeated slowly, "I wonder if that's what's the matter with me. Lately I've been showing my grouchy, jealous, unhappy side, and so of course that's what I've gotten back. But if I give love and faith and interest, perhaps I'll get that instead. It is certainly worth trying, anyhow.

The next day it was the old Cynthia that went to school, cheerful, friendly, and smiling. The month of complaining had left its mark on her, of course. Often times the same bitter

thoughts rushed into her mind, but with brave determination she rushed them back and smiled when she felt like grumbling. She didn't succeed all the time, but she did a great deal of it, and every time she came through victorious she found it was that much easier afterward. And so, slowly, by hard work, and in a long time, she got back the popularity she had thrown away in a week of meanness.

Cynthia is still trying, for she is not a perfect girl by any means, but it is not personal happiness she is striving for now. The little poem that helped her so, she threw aside long ago, and instead took for her ambition a line from George Eliot's beautiful "Choir Invisible":

"To ease the burden of the world, and because it is for others instead of herself, she is happy."

## McKinley School

Our orchestra had the first practice with Carl Farmer and Nick Nan playing violins, Frederick Kibler the drum, and Esther Smith and Elizabeth Covert the piano. At the second practice Gusty Nan came in with his drum.

First grade has taken to manufacturing furniture. Output for one day—one hundred and eighty-eight Pieces.

Miss Meyer's grade, N North, have had four weeks of perfect attendance and will take their half holiday Friday afternoon. Some of the boys will go hunting.

Mrs. Sapp is having us make "Book Week" posters to remind us of national book week.

Our school is very much pleased with the sale of tickets for the picture "Alice Adams." The proceeds, amounting to \$164.87 has been given to McKinley School. Miss Maeder's third grade pupils sold their largest number of tickets, 155, with Mrs. Miller's fourth grade second, 120, and Miss Meyer's sixth grade third, 119. Individual honors were earned by Miriam Hill, 22, Allen Walton, 21, and Rachel Whiteleather, 15.

On the afternoon of Oct. 31, Sixth Grade south won in the second of a series of written spelling matches between Six north and Six south.

## Columbia St. School

The pupils of Columbia Street school are learning to be thrifty. The lady at the bank told us that our school had the thriftiest children. When we asked how much we had deposited each week she gave us the following report:

For the week beginning	
October 8 .....	\$34.90
October 15 .....	26.14
October 22 .....	35.65
October 29 .....	30.46
November 5 .....	42.81

—Bertha Ryser, Sixth Grade.

Miss Hart, to her English class—"I will give you ten minutes to write an account of a football game."

When the ten minutes were up there was one boy who had not written a paper. She gave him five minutes more to write one. When the five minutes were up she called on him to read his paper.

The boy read—"Rain, no game."

**JIM'S HELP**

By George R. Fronk

"Lo Jim," greeted Sandy Rhodes. "Lo yourself," replied Jim Southern, "and see if it hurts."

"Well it doesn't," laughed Sandy, "So you'll have to be disappointed. Going out the Avenue? If you are, you are welcome to ride in my "roller skate."

"Thanks, I'd sooner walk."

"As you wish, my chauffeur won't be disappointed if I give him a day off. You may go, James," said Sandy waving his hand towards an imaginary car. "Well, let's get navigating if you must walk."

"Well Sandy," said Jim, "How's your class treasury progressing?"

"Dandy, we took in about twenty dollars last week."

"Twenty dollars," scoffed Jim, "I suppose \$19.50 of that was profit, eh?"

"Well, not quite, but we cleared better than ten dollars though, and that was only on candy."

"Gosh, do you ever expect to get five hundred dollars? Ten dollars a week! Why, school will be out before you see a hundred!"

"Oh, I don't know. We already have better than a hundred in the treasury. Then you see we will make quite a bit from that magazine towards the scholarship fund, and that will take quite a bit off our hands. Did you sell any subscriptions yet?"

"Who, me? Oh I sold one for a joke. Gosh, who wants to monkey with that stuff? That's a girl's job. Not me. I wouldn't have sold that one if I hadn't wanted to play a joke. I gave it to John Adams to turn in though. Why, that won't help anything. What good will a hundred dollars or maybe two hundred do me? We'd have to have two or three times that much for the scholarship alone."

"Aw, rats! Jim, you know every little helps. Of course we can't make it all at once. We didn't expect to. But we've started good and strong and we'll make our quota."

"Well, you haven't made it yet, so you better hadn't crow too soon. We should have had a carnival. Look how the other classes made money. We'll never make as much as they did."

"Won't we? You just wait and see."

"We'll wait all right and a long time, too. Ten dollars a week and a couple of hundred for old magazine subscriptions. How are you going to make anything in the end? Why don't you have a carnival and be done with it?"

"Well, Jim, you know a carnival has been played long enough and it would be a losing proposition if we played it this year. You know last year's class didn't make as much as they expected and besides it's a Dickens of a lot of work. We'll get a picture show for our benefit pretty soon, and we are going to put on a play soon, and if those don't help a whole lot I don't know what will. These paper subscriptions are helping us and helping a lot. Most of the people have worked hard. Jim, I don't like to see you back-sliding that way. You have just seen things a little bit wrong. You are popular and influential in the school. Don't you see the school needs your help? If everyone would lie down on the job and take things as a joke the whole class would be left in the hole. Can't you see that every little counts and if everyone in this school helps even a

little it will soon count up? We can show the classes to come what a little co-operation and spirit can do. We will leave an example that will help the other classes a long way. Come on, Jim, won't you help us? Things are going 'ship shape' and we are doing better every week."

"Well, Sandy, maybe I didn't get things straight. I want to see our class win, and if I have been hindering things from moving right, why—I'll set to and help you all the time, as much as I can. By gum, Sandy, since you've gone over the possibilities with me I believe we will win!"

"That's the old stuff, Jim; I knew you were there! I know we're going to win."

"S'long, see you tomorrow."

"S'long, Sandy."

**IS BUSY FACULTY MEMBER**

One of the busiest members of the faculty of Salem Hi is the instructor of Public Speaking, American History, and Civics, Mr. L. T. Drennan.

In 1913 he was graduated from the Swanton High School, of Swanton, Ohio—a suburb of Toledo. He taught for three years in a country school and then entered Ohio Wesleyan in the fall of 1916. While in college he was a member of the glee club and varsity quartet. He was in the service and consequently absent from school during 1918. He entered Wesleyan the following year and was graduated with his class in 1920. He

taught in the High school at Fayette, Ohio, after his graduation, and came to Salem Hi last year.

On the 21st of August he was united in marriage with Miss Corabel Elliott of Hudson, Mich.

Mr. Drennan has won the recognition of the entire school and of those citizens who are interested in the Hi school and its activities.

The Hi School plays under his direction last year met with marked success. They were the Dinamo play, "Martha-By-the-Day," and the Senior class play, "Leah Kleshna." Of the four debating teams which were coached by Mr. Drennan three brought victories to Salem Hi. The teams displayed excellent coaching.

This year the first activity to be undertaken by the school other than athletics will be the historical pageant under the direct supervision of Mr. Drennan. It is understood that debating teams will again be in evidence this year under his coaching. Salem Hi is fortunate in having so enthusiastic and capable an instructor. Mr. Drennan is a member of the Dinamo Society and of the Faculty Trio. He is also a member of the civic committee of the Drama Institute of this city.

Kenneth Kelley—"Did you have vanilla or strawberry ice, Madam?"

Customer—"It tasted like glue to me."

Kenny—"Then it was strawberry, the vanilla tastes like paste."

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## DAVID LLOYD GEORGE

By ELLSWORTH MCKEE, '26.

As I was coming out of a business house I for the first time saw David Lloyd George, England's war premier. He was riding up from the station with Newton D. Baker. Behind him in a closed car, rode his wife and daughter who are touring this country with him. Not everyone was his friend as was shown by the amount of police protection that he had to have. Everywhere he went he was guarded by Cleveland policemen.

Lloyd George, in my opinion, looks exactly like all of the many pictures that we have seen of him. He is a small, square-shouldered man with long white hair. He has a ruddy complexion, is very energetic, and has a pleasing personality. He has a good voice, and a very convincing manner of speaking.

Lloyd George spent just twelve hours in Cleveland, from noon until midnight, but in these twelve hours he made a parade tour of the downtown streets, addressed the Chamber of Commerce, helped to lay the corner stone of Cleveland's new public library, participated in a Welsh song service and reunion at the Masonic auditorium, looked in on a dinner of the Cleveland Bar association, was guest of honor at another dinner in the Union Club, and attended a part of a concert given by the Cleveland orchestra at the Masonic auditorium.

Lloyd George's wife and daughter also had a busy day in Cleveland, and the only time the family met was at the laying of the corner-stone of the new library and at the Welsh gathering, otherwise their paths lay apart.

The Cleveland Plain Dealer said that if Lloyd George crossed the ocean to see America as it really is, he will carry a false impression back to England with him. Wherever he has gone his importance has overshadowed the natural rhythm of life. He has not seen typical American everyday life in typical American towns. Everywhere he has gone the streets have been crowded by people who have left their work. The streets have been decorated with British and American flags. All wheels have stopped their turning. America has retired from the stage and Lloyd George has taken the leading role. Cleveland was no exception to this condition.

Everywhere he went, his wonderful smile and his pleasing manner won the hearts of the people. There is no doubt but that Cleveland saw him at his best.

The main feature of his visit to Cleveland was his address at the laying of the corner-stone of the new Cleveland public library. This new library is being built on the corner

of Superior and Third streets and occupies a prominent place in the new city plan of Cleveland by which a great number of public buildings will be grouped around the square.

The ceremony started at two-thirty by short speeches given by several of the prominent men of the city of whom Newton D. Baker was the principal speaker.

Mr. Baker introduced Lloyd George. As he came to the platform the crowd cheered. In his introduction he expressed his joy in having the privilege of addressing a gathering such as this and of the cordiality of the reception.

He said: "It is difficult to face thirty years of rough weather without some chill in the blood, but the warmth of America's greeting has taken it out." He then went on to say that he came to advance no cause, nor did he come as a representative of any government, but he came as a plain citizen to see this wonderful nation. He said that he was glad that all the differences between America and England had always been disputed between governments, and not peoples, and also that the sympathies between us have been growing closer day by day. Then he said that, of all our literature, writers, preachers, and teachers, theirs are ours, and ours are theirs. He compared the fundamentals of the two nations as to their likenessness.

He told what a great treasure-house this library would be. He said, "A vast treasure-house, full of gold and silver and precious stones, of which any man can take away as many as he can carry."

Near the end of his speech he reached out and touched the British and the American flags and said, "Everywhere, today, you see your glorious flag and our glorious flag waving side by side, and as long as these two flags are together, I have confidence in the future of this old world."

"These stars, which, whenever they appear, illumine the gloom that darkens the life of men with tyranny and wrong; these bars that, like shafts of sunlight, herald the dawn of a day when brute force shall vanish before the steady light of freedom and right, and the union-jack, bearing upon its folds the sacred emblem—there it is—(pointing to the two flags) both of them together—the sacredness, that cross which is the hope of mankind through all its trials and tribulations.

"With these two flags side by side in sympathy, in concord and co-operation, the world will be rescued from the despair into which it has been plunged."

This was the conclusion of his

speech and the crowd clapped and cheered lustily as he finished. It was a shorter speech than they expected, being cut short on account of the cold and damp day. Lloyd George said this was the largest crowd he had ever spoken to. The police, of which there were 350, estimated that there were 100,000 people at the laying of the corner stone. They packed Superior street nearly up to Sixth, and everyone heard with the aid of the big amplifiers on top of the structure.

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