

County Track Meet
(At Lisbon)
May 10
!Everybody's Going!

THE QUAKER

Meet With Mt. Union
! May 24 !
! Everybody Out !

VOL. IV. No. 12.

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, APRIL 18, 1924.

Price 10 Cents

VARSITY, RESERVES SHARE HONORS

"FOOTBALL MEN RECEIVE LETTERS"

Gold Football Goes To "Danny."

At assembly on March 27, Coach S. C. Richtman awarded the football "S" to fifteen varsity football players. The second-team players also were presented with an S of a little different type. The second team letter is smaller than the varsity with a small red R in the center, representing "Salem Reserves."

Coach Richtman explained how the varsity letter is earned, that is, by playing fifty-five per cent of all the games and by keeping grades up to the standard. He also said that the second team players surely earned their letters, and that the second team made the varsity squad

Lester Crutchley, captain for the past season, was asked to say a few words after the letters were given out. He told of the value of the letter to the one who received it. He also thanked Coach Richtman and the student body for their loyal support.

The Captain-elect for the 1924 season, Albert Sartick, stated that he hoped the team of the coming season would be a winning one. Coach Richtman is confident that the team for next season will do as creditable, and he believes, even more successful work than the 1923 squad.

The gold football, which is awarded each year to the most enthusiastic football girl of the season, was awarded to "Danny" Willaman.

SO DIFFERENT

Two women were talking in a street car. "My sister and me," said one, "we ain't no more alike than if we wasn't us. Yes, she's just as different as I be, only the other way."

Mystery Surrounds Sophomore Activities

SOPHOMORES WILL HAVE PARTY

Mystery. The Sophomores are going to have a party—but what kind? Nobody knows. The officers and committees are working on mysterious preparations. It is rumored there is a rare treat in store for the attenders. Whisperings of theaters, and rich refreshments, etc. All that can be definitely said is that it is the best party the Sophs have had and may prove to be the best of the school.

It is a rare chance for everyone to have a good start in school activities. Be there! boys and girls. You'll get good returns for your time and money.

Parody on "CICERO'S FIRST ORATION AGAINST CATILINE"

Benius prima et sold oratio
De olmmibus machinatoribus
Habita in prdesentia lustitae pacae

For how long, Oh you autoist, will you abuse our safety? For how long can we elude that car of yours? To the end of what building will that Ford hurl us, unwrecked? Do not the cops of the street corners, the jails of the city, the fear of a fine, the curse of all pedestrians, our flying limbs and mangled corpses move



you? How do you think we can perceive you approaching? Do you not see that your recklessness is held in the knowledge of all these policemen? Who of them do you think is ignorant whom you ran down last night, whom the night before, where you left your victims, or who helped you to escape?

Oh the slaughter! Oh the bloodshed! The Chief of Police knows this, the Captain sees it! And yet you drive. You drive! Indeed, you run down every living thing in sight! You observe when the cops are not looking and mark out each and every one of us for slaughter. We, however, are brave people, to even venture out upon the street, and seem to be good athletes if we can avoid your murderous tin-can.

To your tomb, Oh you autoist, you will soon be carried. For when you have brought your bloody death on all pedestrians, the autoist will bring upon each other that which they have continued to bring upon us!—The Dart, Ashtabula, Ohio.

Don't Miss "The Copperhead" Tonight!

Only One Dime, Ten Cents, Two Nickels For Greatest
Play This Year

Final rehearsals promise that "The Copperhead" will be the most powerful play of the year. The entire cast under the direction of Mr. L. T. Drennan has been working hard morning, noon and night, and has been whipped into what can be turned an almost perfect shape for the performances tonight and tomorrow night. Appropriate costumes have been shipped from Cleveland for the roles. Lighting effects are being perfected which will add much color and vividness to settings.

The plot of the play has to do with the life of an Illinois farmer who at the time of the Civil War seems

THOSE NOT IN A HURRY ARE DETAINED THE LONGER

Salem High has a new club. It is called the "Detention Club," and holds its meetings every night after school in room 307. Two teachers are "chaps" and it is such an honor to be one, that, in order not to cheat anyone, two different teachers are in charge every other night. Anyone is eligible. The Club on the average has a membership of about 50. It was organized to better its members. "A night to the wise is sufficient."

GOOD MANNERS

L. H. S. Wins laurels in football, basketball, and other athletics. We also stand high in sportmanship and scholarship, but some few petty mistakes hold us back a little in our reputations for good manners.

There are many instances when a polite "thank you," "pardon me," or mere silence would save the day.

It is a great gift to be an orator but a truly great orator speaks at an appointed time, or when he is called upon. He doesn't talk or detract in any way from another's speech. We may not all be orators but we may at least have some of his or her good manners which can be put to good use in our class rooms.

Another thing that is not considered quite proper is the habit of picking up a book or a fountain pen that is just the thing you need or resembles the one you lost several years ago.

If, while going down the hall, you unavoidably collide with someone who is dashing out of a classroom, a polite "pardon me," while it does not lessen the physical pain of the collision, it may to a great extent lessen the anger of the one and embarrassment of the other.

There is an old saying that "Obedience to the Law is Liberty," we might add to that "Good Manners Make Pleasant Living." —Mildred Rose. —Lorain Hi Standard, Lorain, Ohio.

BIOLOGY CLASSES TAKE BIRD-HIKE

"EARLY BIRDS GO OUT TO SEE OTHERS"

Friday morning, April eleventh, the Biology classes met with Miss Smith in front of the school at five forty-five for a bird-hike. Mr. Metzger another science teacher, also went on the hike.

The classes proceeded out High street to Bentley's woods. At the entrance they learned what tree sparrows and their song are. After entering the woods they were kept busy finding birds to fit calls, and calls to fit birds. They succeeded in finding the birds and distinguishing the calls. Among them were: Cedar Wax Wing, Crow, Hairy Woodpecker, Cowbird, Flicker, Winter Wren, Nut Hatch, Hermit Thrush, the Chewink and several others.

All in all it was a very interesting trip. When some people became tired of looking at birds, they played leap-frog and enjoyed themselves very much. About seven o'clock they turned around and ~~art-back~~ with the necessity of getting ready for school foremost in their minds. They arrived about seven-forty, and everyone succeeded in getting ready for school, which was very unpleasant after such a splendid walk on such a glorious morning. They were all greatly paid for their trouble by the number of birds they found and the benefit they received from the walk.

ARE YOU EDUCATED

Below may be found Five Tests of Education, as given by Nicholas Murray Butler. Read them over. Could you pass the test? If not, are you getting ready to pass?

1. Correctness and precision in the use of the mother tongue.
2. Those refined and gentle manners which are the expression of fixed habits.
3. The power and habit of reflection.
4. The power of intellectual growth.
5. Efficiency, the power to do something well.

Dinamo News

A brief business meeting of the Society was held in Room 107 on Wednesday, April 9, at 3:30. The application of Deborah Stratton, Senior, was accepted. Due to the confusion last year in regard to the attendance at the last year's performances in the way of handling the tickets, a motion was carried to reserve the tickets at 4:00 on Tuesday, April 15, the people having no choice in choosing the tickets but procuring them in the order of their application for reservation. No children under fourteen years of age will be admitted to the performances unaccompanied by parents.

THE QUAKER

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

Vol. IV. April 18, 1924 No. 12

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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.

"YOUR CLAPS DESERVE RAPS"

An entire column or more was devoted to this subject in a previous issue; evidently the majority of the students failed to read it. Senior speakers are still being clapped for before their speeches; the students still clap every time the principal or other members of the faculty approaches the stage. This continual clapping means nothing whatever. There are times and places for everything and until the students have learned when and where they should clap, they would do well to refrain from it altogether. Applause is pleasing but clapping is both useless and meaningless. As for being entirely out of place, evidence of this was shown only too clearly at the memorial service held in the high school auditorium for the late Dr. Mendenhall. A service of this kind is certainly not the one for applause.

JUDGE IN THE PRESENT

Many of us have the habit of judging people by what they have been. This may be all right in some cases, but most people should, and usually do, improve as they grow older. By this I mean few people make the same mistake twice. We must not criticize a person for the mistakes he has made but encourage him to do better next time. We have all done some things wrong in our lives. We wish these things forgotten, most other people do too. So, let us, judge people in the present not for what they have been, or done, but for what they are, and do, because after all we are living in the present, not the past.—Edith Whitacre.

IMPROVED

Are you able to work any better today than you were yesterday? Can you accomplish your tasks any easier or any quicker? Do you know anything today that you didn't yesterday? Are you improved in any way?

If you aren't one bit better in any respect than you were yesterday, then your day has been an absolute failure because you are probably worse in some ways than you were yesterday.

You do not remain absolutely the same. You must either advance or go backward. You are learning every hour. What you are learning must be either a detriment or an aid to you.

You may be wide awake and alert

and in a state to absorb what your life needs or you may be dreaming and miss everything.

In one case you are steadily improving yourself, and in the other you are gradually slipping back.

Which one applies to you today?

TALK

Talk shows what kind of a fellow is speaking, just as a bud on a bush tells you what sort of a plant it is. The words bubble out as water from a spring. Perhaps after you have drunk bad-tasting water from a spring, you have said that the spring was worthless. So when a man who despises bad language as he despises bad water, hears a boy using words that he would not want his mother to hear, that man forms a pretty clear idea of the boy's character. The man says to himself: "Well, that boy either has had a bad bringing up, or else he is running with bad companions."

A SPRING POEM

(Apologies to Walt Mason.)

The spring has come, la, la, di, di; so let us all be merry. No more the chills go over me, no more the snows do tarry. Down in the South the baseball stars are heaving 'round the pellet. The national game is on once more, no more the snows can quell it. The young man's fancy's running wild, 'bout love, and bliss and kisses. He thinks of nothing, goofy child, but pretty little misses. The winds of March now do their stuff, alas for lids and bonnets, the orators renew their bluff, the poets make up sonnets. And likewise when the bright stars shine, and all is clear above, the young stray cats come forth to whine, and to proclaim their love. Ah, how we love to hear their tender bawls, and most ecstatic calling! To us the voice nature calls, we'd like to send them sprawling. Oh, all these stirrings mean one thing, they just one message carry. 'Tis this—Hot Dog! It's now Spring, so let us all be merry!—Hi School Life, Warren, Ohio.

TRIFLING

Are you a trifler in what you do? A trifler with your education, your choice of life, your religion, your time? There are many triflers of all types in this world.

The first type we will consider is the one who trifles with his education. A trifler of this kind is one who gets his school lessons if he has nothing else to do and then skims over them anyway and attends church or Sunday school if he takes a notion. This kind of person, who never gets down to work, never gets anything out of school or Sunday school, and hence never amounts to much in life.

Life at the best is short, "three score years and ten or if by reason of strength, four score years," but that is all the more reason why we should devote ourselves to making the most of it. Someone has said that life is a short day, but we ought to make it a work day. That is true, and here is much that can be done in even a short life, if we get on the job early and stay late.

The best way to get on the job early is by making the most of your opportunities. One of your first opportunities is the one of acquiring a good education. The people of your community pay taxes to keep up the

schools so that you will have a place to go and learn without having to pay for the knowledge you get. If you go to school only to sit around and disturb others or to sit back and never take part in your classes, and never to study your lessons, do you think you are repaying those who are doing so much for you to give you an early start? No, you are not. You are only a trifler with your education.

By real reasoning you can see that if you are not an early starter you will not be a late stayer. If you have not made any preparation and started out right early in life what have you to stay late for? Most generally nothing; but there are times when a person wakes up to find himself in time to amend his ways and so become a worth while person and a late stayer in his work.

If you are a trifler now is the best time to change your ways and become a hard worker, one who intends to get the most out of school, make the most of his education, and opportunities, and one who gets on the job early and stays late.

Let us stop and ask ourselves are we triflers with our education? Are we triflers in other things? Perhaps you have known for sometime that certain things in your life could not be classed otherwise, yet you have delayed putting them away for one reason or another. That very failure to get rid of the thing that offends against the worthwhile life is in itself trifling. So let us not be triflers but workers, remembering "Life is short, but long enough, if we use it rightly."—Red and Black, Bellaire, Ohio.

MEMORIAL SERVICE FOR FORMER PRINCIPAL

On Friday, March 28, a memorial service was held for Dr. Mendenhall who was principal in Salem High School sixty years ago. The service was conducted by Supt. J. S. Alan who introduced the speaker, Mrs. W. H. Dunn. In an impressive address Mrs. Dunn reviewed briefly the career of Dr. Mendenhall, both as principal of Salem Hi and as a famous scientist in later years. Mrs. Dunn stressed the fact that although Dr. Mendenhall had other interests, he never forgot Salem High and always attended the Alumni banquets at Salem whenever possible. Her tribute to Dr. Mendenhall was both earnest and expressive.

The selections, "Abide With Me," and "Lead Kindly Light," were sung by Mr. and Mrs. L. T. Drennan.

AN OLD MAN

An old man sat on the deck of a night boat and dreamed strange dreams. He was wrapped in a slicker and had a woolen muffler about his throat. No one returned on deck; inside was warmth and cheer and many people. Without was darkness and storm and in a deserted doorway, all alone, an old man became as a shadow musing upon a forgotten world.

It was raining—not a threatening, lashing rain, but the kind that is gentle yet stern in its steadiness. An occasional gust of wind caused the decks to become wet and slippery. The throbbing of the engines drowned all sound of the elements. The sky was black, the hills were black, the river was black—everywhere there

was blackness. The rain played upon the surface of the water, light streamed from an open state room window, and along its path leaped a thousand white specks where the rain drops fell. The palisades were hidden from sight by a veil of mist and shadows, but the phantom on the deserted deck sensed their presence. They leaned near and ever nearer the little pleasure boat struggling its way along at their feet. They were gaunt grim giants stretching, groping hungry arms towards stragglers aboard in the night. They were cold, cold walls of solid grey rock moving closer and closer together, crushing this handful of wood which was a boat—this quivering live thing, which bore a phantom on its deck, a searchlight played upon the waters as if challenging the Powers of Darkness and of Death. But the firmament made no reply. Then, far ahead, a flash of lightning rent the heavens and for a single instant the shaggy outlines of the hills were aureoled with gold. Again the blackness. The boat trembled and sighed and shuddered on its journey. The rain still fell. The earth and sky merged into one nothingness. Engines throbbled in the heart of a boat. Slippery decks and flapping waters which made no sound. In the blackness of a deserted doorway an old man had found peace.—The Wooster Voice.

SCHOOL SPEECHES

"Personality," by Vera Mellinger

Two Senior speeches were given in Assembly on April 5 by Vera Mellinger and Thomas Martin, speeches were also given by Helen Reitzel and Ralph Atkinson, both Juniors. In a talk on Personality, Vera gave the essentials of a true personality, some of them being cheerfulness, ambition, neatness, tact and discrimination. She told of one young man who thru adversity found himself and developed a strong personality that brought a good position.

"Life of George Guenymer,"

by Helen Reitzel

The splendid life and ideals of a young Frenchman, George Guenymer, were told by Helen Reitzel in her speech entitled "George Guenymer." She quoted him as having said, "As long as we have not given everything we have not given anything." He gave his life as a thinker—fighter and Helen urged the pupils to give and give, in order that they be thinkers and peacemakers.

"Robert Lee," by Thomas Martin

Thomas Martin, in a speech on Robert E. Lee gave to many of the students a new and fine conception of the great Southern leader. One of his outstanding qualities was earnest Christianity and he did all in his power to restore peace and kindness in the hearts of the Southern people after the war had closed.

"The Historical Novel," by Ralph Atkinson

In a speech on "The Historical Novel," Ralph Atkinson showed distinct ability for book analysis, and a careful study of the history of literature.

Glee club member: "When I am sad, I sing, and then others are sad with me."

WISE AND OTHERWISE

Sunday

If tomorrow is for you "Blue Monday,"
Perhaps 'tis caused by misspent Sunday.
The Lord, by whom this day is blest,
Did mean it for our Day of Rest.
Our day of rest and meditation,
On that which means the soul's salvation.
A day to forget earthly cares;
A day to reach Him with our prayers.
So let's forget our ills and trials.
And bask today in Heaven's smiles,
Remember Him who gave the breath—
Who'll help thee triumph over death.
Try this, my friend, for just one Sunday,
And tomorrow'll be a better Monday.

Toil Away

Toil away and set the stone
That shall stand when you are gone,
Ask not that another see
The meaning of your masonry,
Grind the gem and dig the well,
For what? for whom? I can not tell.
The stone may mark a boundary line,
The well may flow, the gem may shine.
Be it wage enough for you
To shape them well and set them true;
Of the future who can tell?
Work, my friend, and so farewell.

Moods O' March

March is full o' smiles and tears;
Looks like rain—and them it clears;
Looks like ol' Sol's about to shine, and
Then he hides his face;
Heaps o' us are like that, too;
I am, friends—and maybe you;
That's what makes this here old world
An interesting place.

March is full o' mystery,
Just like you—and just like me;
Ain't no telling what we'll do, to-morrow or today;
If we're happy, it depends
A whole heap on us, my friend;
Sun is shining when we smile;
And clouds all fade away!

Month o' March is blustery,
Mild o' wind, and flustery;
Full o' unexpected whims,
And quite contrary ways;
Sometimes it's cantakerous,
Kicking up a lot of fuss,
Then again it's meek and mild,
With peaceful, placid days.

March is full o' prankishness—
Nature's little moods, I guess,
Smiling when she's happy-like,
And frowning when she's vexed,
Heaps o' folks are just like that,
Moods a-shifting, quick scat!
And you just can't ever tell,
What they'll be doing next.
—Red and Black, Bellaire, Ohio

She—"What an awful cut you have on your forehead."
He—"Next to nothing. Next to nothing."

A Building

God gives you something to build today;
It may be palace or black-lane wall;
Whatever it is, with a heart that's gay,
Go—build it all.
Don't leave out parts of it. Aim
faith—high,
With pride in your heart, remembering still
That Kingbury plannings about you lie
And a Kingling will.
And if it's a wee little cottage you rear
And folks laugh long at its humble grace,
Just cry: "My architect's plans were clear—
He needed the place."
—Margaret Kilgore, '26

There was a young lady of Lynn,
Who was so exceedingly thin,
That when she essayed
To drink lemonade,
She slipped through the straw and fell in.

He's left this earth an hour ago
At fifteen minutes after nine.
It's because he didn't know
The stuff he drank was iodine.

In the parlor there were three
He, the parlor lamp and she
Two's company, three's a crowd
So the parlor lamp went out.

Skeptic—Frankly now, has your college education ever been of any practical value to you?

Ex Student—Gosh yes, a burglar got into my room one night and I gave our class yell and scared him away!

—Ranger.

A stout woman said to Bud Kennedy: "Can you tell me if I can get through this gate to the park?"
He said: "I guess so. A load of hay just went through."

Mrs. Mounts—"Harold, you should write so the most ignorant can understand what you mean."
Junk L.—"Well, what part of my composition don't you understand?"

A Freshman boy was showing a snapshot of himself riding a donkey, to his best sweetie. "Now isn't that a good likeness of me?" "Why yes," said the favored one, "but who is that on your back?"

The man who shows up best shows off least.

Suzie, our hired girl, sez that George Washington might have been the honestest man what eber was, but why, sez she, do they close up all the banks on his birthday.

Curiosity is the beginning of all knowledge.

Never confine your secrets to a woman, even tho' you call her a dove. She might turn out to be a carrier pigeon.

Teacher—"What is a skeleton?"

Pupil—"It's bone with the people rubbed off."

She—"Did your watch stop when it fell on the floor?"

He—"Sure. Did you think it would go on thru'?"

Hokus: "Did you ever hear of airplane poison?"

Pokus: "No, what is it?"

Hokus: "One drop is fatal."

Gallagher—"There goes Iris, the human dynamo."

Shean—"Dynamo."

Gallagher—"Yes, everything on him is charged."

Sing a song of sixpence,

A pocket full of rye;

Four D's and one E—

Enuff to make you cry—

When your card goes homeward

Your parents get a jolt;

They find out that their darling

Is nothing but a dolt.

—Exchange.

COME CLEAN

When the game is on and your friends about,

And you could put your rival out

By a trick that's mean, but wouldn't be seen,

COME CLEAN, my lad, Come Clean!

When exams are called and you want to pass,

And know how you could lead the class,

But the plan's not square—you know it's mean,

COME CLEAN, my lad, Come Clean!

With the boss away, you've a chance to shirk,

Not lose your pay—not have to work,
He'll neither fire you nor vent his spleen,

COME CLEAN, my lad, Come Clean!

When you're all alone with no one about,

And not a soul would find it out,
You're tempted to do a thing that's mean,

COME CLEAN, my lad, Come Clean!

For a home awaits, and a girl that's true,

And Church and State have need of you,

They must have your best—on you they lean,

COME CLEAN, my lad, Come Clean!

—Willow Messenger,
Red Willow, Nebraska

Sam H.—Shoe college.

G. R.—Shoe college?

S. H.—Yes, it's a little higher than oxford.

No one ever accomplished anything he couldn't imagine.

Greta R.—What College are you going to?

A lazy man is no worse than a dead one but he takes up more room.

One of the girls came into the library the other day and said to the librarian:

"I've been reading novels a good deal, and I want something a little more solid,—not too solid."

"How about THE KENTUCKY CARDINAL?"

"Oh, but I'm not a Catholic."

"But the Cardinal's a bird."

"Well, I'm not interested in their private life either."

IS SHE ENGLISH

The lecturer had been describing some of the sights he had seen abroad.

"There are some spectacles," he said, "that one never forgets."

"I wish you would tell me where I can get a pair," exclaimed an old lady in the audience, "I am always forgetting mine."—Punch Bowl.

WHY NOT PHOTOGRAPH THE SEAT?

"Is this seat occupied?" asked the timid woman as she stopped opposite the only seat in the railroad coach.

"I'm sure I don't know," responded the passenger. "You'll have to inquire of Conan Doyle."

We Suggest a Bib!

Algy: "I can spot a Cheney tie every time."

Alfy: "Why don't you use a napkin occasionally?"—Tiger.

ANOTHER FISH STORY

Wife: "How many fish was it you caught on Saturday, George?"

Husband: "Six darling—all beauties."

Wife: "I thought so. That fish market has made a mistake again. They've charged us for eight."—Lampoon.

Misled

Thirsty student: "I bought two dozen glass decanters that were advertised at \$16 a dozen f. o. b., and when they were delivered they were empty."

Station agent: "What did you expect?"

Student: "Full of beer. Isn't that what f. o. b. means?"

Spite

The faithful old employee asked for a day off. The request was granted, with an inquiry as to what he intended to do on his holiday. "I think," came the cautious answer, "I shall go to my wife's funeral. She died the other day."

Co-Ed: "Why in the world has John been sending you one rose a day for the last month?"

Her roomie: "Well, you see, he has been saving it with flowers' and he is inclined to stutter."

—The Dynamo, Mt. Union

Ham: "I loved a girl once and she made a perfect fool of me."

Sam: "Some girls do leave a lasting impression, don't they?"

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With The Poets



A Prayer to a Departed Mother

With the stars and the moon in the heavens,
And the rose-petals covered with dew,
Isn't it queer, my Mother
That I always think of you?

How I left your side so early,
At the time when I needed you most
To seek what "men" call a fortune,
But money is nothing to boast.

Yes! I have made my fortune,
I have everything money can buy;
But Mother—you're my only fortune,
And I see you yet as you cried.

But then I was young and foolish,
I wanted adventure—not love,
But now I'm older and realize
When it's too late—and you are Above.

I know Mother dear, it was I
Who hastened your steps to your grave,
But forgive me!—I just realized
How much of your strength you gave.

"We all make mistakes" is the saying,
But I've made the biggest one—all—
The defining of the one word "Mother"
Until too late—for you have been called.

But someday, Mother, I hope, dear,
To see your kind face again,
And tell you how I loved you
But just now you're too sacred for "men."

—Elsie Wark.

Through to The Dawning

Have you ever seen someone you loved
Walk into the blackness of night
With his lips tight pressed, his shoulders' back
Because he refused to see right?
Have you watched heartsick with horror,
While he made a seething hell,
Where his soul would burn in agony
After the blindfold fell?
Have your hands been tied behind you?
Have you cried to him in vain?
Have you wanted to clutch and drag him back
To peace and safety again?
Has he shaken off detaining hands
And marched ahead to his doom,
While you helplessly watched him disappear
Into the gathering gloom?
Have you felt the night slip over him
Then cloud your vision too?
Have you known of his pain and heartache
While your own unhappiness grew?
Have the awful hours slowly dragged,
While the blackness seemed to increase?
Have you lost your path and touched the depths
While waiting for darkness to cease?
Has it seemed that hope and God were lost?
Were you driven wild with the pain?
Has it seemed that only misery
And unbelief remain?
Have you staggered up to the hilltop
Almost done to the death,
Ready to die in the darkness,
Yet—struggling on, for breath?
And then—Have you seen the sunrise,
All scarlet, and purple, and gold,
Calm, and peaceful, and full of hope,
Restoring your courage of old?
Have you stretched your arms to the heavens
In the golden morning light
Feeling free and exalted
Forgetting the pain and the night?

—Mildred Birch

BASKET BALL NEWS

Freshmen Play Junior High

The Girls' Game

A very exciting game of basketball was played Thursday, April 10th after school when the Freshmen Girls played the Junior High Girls. The game more than held the interest of the crowd. There was very good pass work.

The line-up of both teams is as follows:

Freshman Girls	G	F	T
Mary Jane Strawn (f)	5	0	10
Cathrine Moffet (f)	0	0	0
Sarah Hanna (f)	0	0	0
Dorothy Flutz (g)	0	0	0
Nellie Groves (g-f.)	1	0	2
Betty Deming (g)	0	0	0
Viola Staucin (f)	2	0	4
Nanee Pearce (g)	0	0	0
Mary Konner (g)	0	0	0
Buchflener (g)	0	0	0
Hilda Pauline (g)	0	0	0
	8	0	16

Substitutes—Stancu for Hanna; Pearce for Deming; Konner for Foltz Buchfelner for Pearce; Pauline for Groves.

Junior Hi	G	F	T
Bertha May Hassey (f)	1	0	2
Lucile Hack (f)	2	0	4
Alice Moser (f)	0	1	1
Genieva Dillion (g)	0	0	0
Mary Older (g)	0	0	0
Ethel Carey (g)	0	0	0
Herman (g)	0	0	0
Martin (g)	0	0	0
Jackson (g)	0	0	0
Tischer (g)	0	0	0
Severy (f)	0	2	2
Nellie Hava (g)	0	0	0
	3	3	9

Referee—C. M. Rohrbaugh. Score Keeper—Richtman; Time Keeper—Nickols.

The Boy's Game

The boys' game was played by the Freshmen boys and Junior Hi boys at the end of the last half the game was a tie 18-18. They played again and the lights went out. It was still a tie 21-21. Another game was played on Monday, April 14th and the Junior Hi boys surely presented some fine playing. The freshmen boys were up against something this time as they lost by 9 points.

Freshmen	G	F	T
Negrotto (f)	4	0	8
Howell (f)	0	1	1
Campbell (c)	2	0	4
Covert (g)	0	0	0
Iller (g)	0	0	0
Liebschner (g)	0	0	0
Kridler (g)	0	0	0
Kirkbride (f)	0	1	1
	6	6	14

Junior Hi	G	F	T
Allen (f)	4	3	11
Alexander (c)	2	0	4
Jones (f)	4	0	8
Sidenger	1	0	2
Dickey (g)	0	0	0
Jenkin	0	0	0
Fernengel	0	0	0
Harding	0	0	0
Groves	0	0	0
	11	3	25

Referee—C. M. Rohrbaugh; Score Keeper—Richtman; Time Keeper—Nickols.

TEAM WORK

By Edgar A. Guest.

It's all very well to have courage and skill
And it's fine to be counted a star,
But the single deed with its torch of thrill

Doesn't tell us the man you are:
For there's no lone hand in the game
we play,

We must work to a bigger scheme,
And the thing that counts in the
world today

Is how do you pull with the team?

They may sound your praise and may
call you great,

They may single you out for fame,
But you must work with your run-
ning mate

Or never you'll win the game:
For never the work of life is done
By the man with a selfish dream,
For the battle is lost or the battle is
won

By the spirit of the team.

It is all very well to fight for fame
But the cause is a bigger need
And what you do for the good of the
game

Counts more than the flash and
speed.

It's the long, long, haul and the
dreary grind

Where the stars but faintly gleam.
And it's leaving all thought of
self behind,

That fashions a winning team.

You may think it fine to be praised
for skill

But a greater thing to do
Is to set your mind and set your will
On the goal that's just in view:

It's helping your fellow man to score
When his chances hopeless seem,
It's forgetting self till the game is
o'er

And fighting for the team.
—The Mariner, Ashtabula Harbor, O.

Oh, the world's a curious compound,
with its honey and its gall;
With its cares and bitter crosses, but
a good world, after all;
An' a good God must have made it,
leastways—that is what I say,
When a hand is on your shoulder in
a friendly sort of way.

Red & Black, Bellaire, O.

Jim—"Why do you use paint?"
Sara—"For the same reason that
you do resin."

Jim—"How's that?"
Sara—"Why to help me draw my
beau."

Freshie—Did they play ball in
Noah's time?

Senior—"No my boy, I believe not."

Freshie—"Why didn't they?"

Senior—"Wet grounds, I guess."

SECOND SEMESTER DATES

* Apr. 18—Dinamo Play

* Apr. 19—Dinamo Play

* Apr. 25—Sophomore Party

* May 9—Brooks Contest Final

* May 16—Senior Play

* May 17—Senior Play

* May 23—Junior-Senior Banquet

* June 1—Baccalaureate

* June 2—Senior Farewell Party

* June 5—Commencement

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prevails at Easter.

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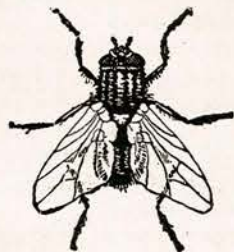
To The Cross on The Church Steeple

The Cross on the church steeple is aquiver with light
As it catches the gleams of the warm morning sun,
Behind it is the background of blue sky—magnificent
and bright.

Alone, there, it stands, twixt heaven and earth,
The Cross of The Christ—exalted; a symbol profound
Of the path that leads up from the depths of despair
To the light of the truth and the glory of dawn.

'Tis the strength of the world, the hope till the end.

—Mildred Birch



Fly Rhyme For Fly-Time

The time is nigh to swat the fly;
This annual pest gives none a rest.
Soak him early, soak him late—
That's what health officials state.

N. Y. Evening Post.

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THE TEST

Elizabeth Horn

Vivian Roberts, a tall slender athletic looking girl, stood leaning her head dejectedly against the wall of the gym, watching the first big basketball game of the season. There was a cause for her mood; she loved to play basketball. The cheers of the crowd calling, "What's the matter with Vi?" and even the shrill call of the whistle, thrilled her, and she loved the game for its own sake; but her mother would not let her play.

Vi's pleadings, threatenings, and tears did no good; even a visit from the coach herself who explained to Vi's mother how much basketball helped the girls, was of no avail. Mrs. Roberts absolutely refused to let Vivian play the game. And Vivian went home from this first game of the new season feeling her disappointment keenly.

The next day Vi and her friend Joyce went skating out in the woods on a nearby pond. As the weather was brisk and invigorating and the ice solid where they were skating, they had a wonderful time racing here and there, cutting intricate figures and calling and laughing to each other across the ice.

Then Joyce decided to try it on the other side, so with long fancy strokes and a backward glance at Vi she started over.

But Vi preferred to sit on the bank to watch her friend and admire her skill. Then she saw what was coming. She shouted a warning, but it was too late. With a terrible crash the ice cracked and Joyce was struggling in the black water.

Vi hastily kicked her skates aside,

then started running to the other side of the pond where there were some old logs lying around.

Grabbing one of these, although it required her utmost strength to move it, she finally succeeded in getting it out on the ice to Joyce. But then the ice near the hole crashed in and she also was in the water. She heard Joyce's scream for help, she felt the cold water clutching at her like icy fingers trying to pull her down, as the ice crumbled in her fingers.

Grabbing Joyce under the arms, with a few quick strokes Vi swam to the log. She pushed Joyce up, and gradually pulled herself up to safety on the thicker ice. Half dragging Joyce, Vi stumbled exhausted across the pond to the bank. Then everything went blank.

When she came to, she was in her own bed with her mother anxiously bending over her.

"Is Joyce safe?" was all she could say.

"Safe and sound!" exclaimed her mother, "and it was your quick thinking and quick acting that saved her." "And Vi, dear," her mother continued, "if basketball really helps you to think and act quickly; Mother has decided to let you play basketball."

Vi gave one wild whoop for joy, then settled down to sleep and to dreams in which balls, referees, whistles, and letters chased themselves and tumbled around in delightful confusion. For Vivian was going to play basketball.—The Dart, Ash-tabula, Ohio.

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Indoor Track Meet

206 B WINS INDOOR TRACK MEET

Salem High School held its annual indoor track meet last Friday. The meet was won by 206 B with a total of 12 points. They did not take any first places but the boys carried off the honors by taking 3 second places, 2 third places and 1 fourth place. Room 201 finished second in the meet with a total of 11 points.

Vincent Judge led the individual scorers with a total of 6 1-2 points.

There were no records broken, but the purpose of the meet was to give Coach Richtman an idea of what he would have to work with this year. There are no stars in Salem High this year but instead just a steady bunch of workers who are sure to come through the track season with a good record.

The results of the meet follow:-

Half Mile: Hickey, 206-A, first; Perkins, 304, third; Snyder, 208, fourth. Time 2:17 4-5.

High Jump: C. Coffee, 201, first; V. Judge, 203 and Gregg, 208 tied for second; Liebschner, 303, and Martin, 304 tied for third. Height, 5 ft 1-2 in.

220 yd. dash: W. Coffee, 303 first; Spiker, 206-B, second; Jones, 206-B, third; Covert, 302, fourth. Time, 32 3-5 seconds.

Broadjump: Bingham, 202, first; Gregg, 208, second; Martin, 304, third; C. Coffee, fourth. Distance, 17 feet, 6 inches.

440 yard dash: V. Judge, 203, first; Jones, 206-B, second; Duncan, 206-A, third; Spiker, 206-B, fourth. Time, 68 seconds.

Shot put: Dixon, 201, first; Weingart, 206-B, second; Hoffman, 208, third; Hickey, 206-A, fourth. Distance 30 feet, 7 3-4 inches.

Mile Run: Brewer, 204, first; Marietta, second; Simonds, 309, third; Allen, 203, fourth. Time, 5 minutes, 25 seconds.

TOTALS	
Room 206 B	12 points
Room 201	11 points
Room 208	9.5 points
Room 203	8.5 points
Room 206 A	8 points
Room 202	8 points
Room 304	6.5 points
Room 303	5.5 points
Room 204	5 points
Room 309	2 points
Room 302	1 point

A scientist who taught at Harvard University, was very skillfull in classifying birds, fish and insects.

His students were delighted to test his knowledge. They searched every where for rare specimens of birds and insects for him to classify. His skill never failed. At last, however, they planned a joke on him. For weeks they worked in the laboratory, manufacturing a large and curious insect.

Then they asked him to classify it. He said: "It is quite harmless and not uncommon. It is, in fact, a humbug."

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Junior Class Party

Friday night, April 11, the Junior class of Salem High School held a class party in the gymnasium. The affair was greatly enjoyed by the pupils and faculty members who were present.

The first part of the evening, they were entertained by a program that consisted of: a vocal solo, by Esther Rogers; a reading by Lucile Bennett; a Rag Doll Dance by Sara Mae Zimmerman and Mary Yarwood; a violin solo by Ralph Kircher; and a one act play, "Taking Father's Place."

Following the program there was a clever "stunt," a mock field meet, which was won by "Beaver College," represented by the men of the faculty. It was a hard won victory, and was nearly taken from them by Ralph Reesbeck, who easily won the most important event, when he opened his mouth until it reached the size of 3 1-2 inches.

The best part of it all to a great many, was the delicious lunch provided by the "eats" committee. The rest of the evening was spent in dancing to the music of the "Heebie Jeebie syncopators."

Great Moments of a Boy's Life

- When he is told he can keep the homeless outcast dog.
- When he makes his first home run.
- When he earns his first dollar.
- When the doctor says he has measles and must be kept home from school.
- When a little girl gives him a note containing a lock of her hair.
- When he takes his first high dive.
- When he sits on a horse for the first time.
- When he stones a snake to death.
- When he beats up his enemy.
- When he plays hockey.
- When he wears his first long trousers.
- When he dances the first time with a girl.



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INTERESTING TALKS

April 8, 1924

Kenneth Jones gave a very clever and original talk on "Your Teeth." It was something different from the usual subjects and he delivered it in a very interesting manner.

"Get an Education" was the advice Helen Judge gave to the student body. She told the why and wherefore of an education and how much it aided success in life.

Elizabeth Kirk spoke on the "Importance of Understanding." She said that the characteristics of a person could be read by their appearances.

John Kaley showed very clearly and distinctly how morals had been "Left Behind the Door." One of his suggestions was that schools should close an hour earlier one day every week so that the pupils might attend their respective churches. And thus more care and attention would be given to that which has been sadly neglected.

April 9, 1924.

George Konnert startled the audience by telling the students what surprising preparations are being made daily for the "Next War." It was horrible to hear of the deadly poisons and the manipulations of machinery by science and yet gratifying to know that we live in a country always prepared.

Russel Kuhl outlined the growth of plants in his speech on "Plan Propagation" and showed that the farm isn't such a bad place to live after all.

Sterling McCullough showed himself to be a firm believer in the benefits derived from the "Movies of Today," and in closing urged that each person see a movie at least once a week.

Personals

Eric Eastman, now attending school in Akron, visited Salem High Thursday.

Clarence Schmid, '23, left last Monday for Cleveland, where he has accepted a position with a firm of wholesale hardware dealers.

Mr. C. M. Rohrabough, principal of Salem High School, has been elected to attend a conference of the Rotary Club which is to be held this summer at Toronto, Can.

Supt. of Schools, Mr. J. S. Alan attended the North Eastern Ohio Teachers' Association convention, Friday and Saturday, April 11 and 12, at Lorain, Ohio.

Some Borrowers

Teacher: "We borrowed our numerals from the Arabs, our calendar from the Romans, and our banking from the Italians. Can you think of any other examples?"

Willie Willis: "Our lawn mower from the Smith's, our snow shovel from the Joneses, and our baby carriage from the Bumps."

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APRIL 24, 25, and 26

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