

THE QUAKER

VOL. IV, No. 7

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, FEBRUARY 1, 1924

Price 10 Cents

SALEM HAS SWIMMING POOL

Twice during the past week, the gymnasium of Salem High School has been flooded. As a consequence, there will be no basketball games or "gym" class for a while. The floor is damaged so badly that part of it had to be taken up. Efforts are being made to get it into shape for basketball games as soon as possible. However, the new floor will not be laid until the source of the trouble has been discovered.

ENGLISH TEACHER TO TOUR EUROPE

Miss Maud Hart, teacher of the Freshman English classes for the past two years and the first semester of the present school year, has left for New York City, from where she will go to Europe with relatives. Her resignation for the second semester was accepted with the prospect of her return for the next term.

Miss Hart expects to travel in the warmer climates until the latter part of May, when she will visit the Alps. It is hoped that her health will be fully restored by this tour.

SALEM HI TO RECEIVE SCIENCE BOOK

"Science Remaking the World" by fifteen authors, edited by Otis W. Caldwell and Edwin E. Slosson, and published by Doubleday, Page & company, has been made available free to libraries by "a gracious and generous though anonymous benefactor." The book is composed of part of a series of thirty lectures given in the summer of 1922 at Teachers College, Columbia University, upon the topic, "Achievements of Modern Science."

The chapters and authors are:

Achievements and obligations of modern science—Otis W. Caldwell, Ph. D.

Gasoline as a world power—Edwin E. Slosson, Ph. D.

The influence of coal-tar on civilization—Edwin E. Slosson, Ph. D.

Electrons and how we use them—John Mills.

An investigation on epidemic influenza—Frederick L. Gates, and Peter K. Olitsky, M. D.

Our present knowledge of tuberculosis—Linsly R. Williams, M. D.

Louis Pasteur, and lengthened human life—Otis W. Caldwell, Ph. D.

International public health—George E. Vincent, Ph. D.

Educational value of modern botanical gardens—George T. Moore, Ph. D.

The meaning of evolution—John M. Coulter, Ph. D.

Our fight against insects—L. O. Howard, Ph. D.

Insect sociology—Vernon Kellogg.

How the forests feed the clouds—Raphael Zon.

The modern potato problem—Charles O. Appleman, Ph. D.

Chemistry and economy of food—Henry C. Sherman, Ph. D.

Our daily bread and vitamins—Walter H. Eddy, Ph. D.

The purpose of this volume is to present in attractive and readable

(Turn to Page Two)

H. L. McCarthy Addresses Student Body

Mr. H. L. McCarthy of the Metzgar & McCarthy law firm, spoke to the student body at the Tuesday morning assembly, January twenty-ninth. His subject was, "This Freedom." He traced the five modes of freedom which man has attained since the beginning of time. In the Barbarous Age, man didn't have any laws which he was forced to obey. Physical power dominated. The strongest man was victor. Next came the Golden Age when the Roman Empire was at its height. A man's freedom then was determined by his birth. During the rise of the Papacy man gained his intellectual freedom. This period of history is often termed as the Revival of Learning. By the constant efforts and struggles of Martin Luther for the emancipation of man from superstition, religious freedom was obtained. By the Declaration of Independence political freedom was realized.

"But with all these," Mr. McCarthy asked, "are we free? No, we are still in bondage," was his answer. Another point which Mr. McCarthy stressed was that the Bible is not read enough. It is in that book that the essential bases of character can be found. "Ye shall know the truth and the truth shall make you free." This points out clearly the road to freedom. Numerous other signposts can be found from the same source. The only means of learning the truth is down the Avenue of Education. It has been said that "Education is the adjustment of the individual to meet the requirements of the age." "But," said Mr. McCarthy, "this definition is too practical. It stops progress. There is work to be done in the future. Forge ahead."

In closing, Mr. McCarthy told of an incident between Socrates and a young man. The young man had come to Socrates to find out how to get knowledge. Socrates led the young man down to the river, took him in the water till it reached his shoulders, then ducked his head and held it under water for several seconds. After they had reached home again the young man turned to Socrates and said, "But you didn't tell me how to find knowledge."

Socrates smiled and said, "What did you want more than anything else when your head was under water?"

"Air," replied the young man instantly.

"If you just make up your mind that you want education as much as you wanted air, you'll get it," was Socrates' answer.

Mr. McCarthy's address was both pleasing and instructive. Any further remarks that he will have to bring the students in the future will be gladly welcomed.

"When I began business on my own account I had absolutely nothing but my intelligence."

Indeed, that was a very small beginning.—Ex.

FRESHMEN ENGLISH CLASSES RECEIVE NEW INSTRUCTOR

Owing to the recent resignation of Miss Maude Hart, Freshman English teacher, the election of Miss Harold for the last semester has been made by the board of education. There is no doubt but that Miss Harold will fill her position as present instructor of the Freshman English classes quite successfully. She is more than competent to perform the many duties required of her by her classes and the entire high school.

Miss Harold has doubtless received a very broad and liberal knowledge of the essentials of life and living through her travels and educational advantages. She is a graduate of Mt. Union college, and has spent two years at the University of Pittsburgh and at Radcliffe, respectively. Her recent travels, both in the United States and in Europe will enable her to present much valuable information to her classes in an interesting and vivid manner.

Miss Harold's charming personality has already won her many friends at Salem Hi. "I cannot speak of her too highly; she is a wonderful girl," were the words of one of the members of the high school faculty who has long claimed Miss Harold as one of her closest friends from college days.

FORMER TEACHER EXPIRES

The news has been received of the death of Mrs. Eloise Scott Taylor, at her home in New Castle, Pa., which occurred January 30, and was due to pneumonia.

Mrs. Taylor graduated from Lisbon High in the class of 1910. As her vocation she took up teaching. The majority of the present seniors knew her either as an algebra, or home room teacher. She took a very great interest in Salem High's activities and in the progress of her pupils. She was highly thought of by the members of the senior class, to whom her sudden death came as a great shock.

Her husband and one little child survive her. Funeral services were held Friday afternoon at 2:00.

JUNIORS WILL PRESENT PLAY

The comedy, "Dear Me," is the play which has been selected to be given by the Junior class, February 29 and March 1. This is an optimistic comedy in three acts, in which Grace La Rue and Hale Hamilton first starred. It is written by Luther Reed and Hale Hamilton. Mr. Drennan will direct the play, and will announce the cast later. Miss Smith has seen it and recommends it highly.

The hearty co-operation of all members of the Junior class is expected, and if granted, the play will undoubtedly go across big. Further details will be given in the next issue.

Mr. Drennan: And then you clasp her in your arms and kiss her madly.

Actor: Is that all?

Mr. Drennan: Of course, don't forget there will be people looking.

SALEM HI TEAMS GO TO STRUTHERS

Both the Salem Hi basket ball teams went to Struthers January 26 to play the flashy Struthers Hi teams, which D. W. Vivian, Salem High's former gym instructor is now coaching. The game was played before a large crowd of spectators.

The girls' game was a thrill from start to finish. Both teams showed good team work. At the first part of the game the Salem forwards were unable to locate the basket. It looked like a walk-away for Struthers. After the first half Salem got on her feet and staged a fast come-back. Trolby starred for Struthers with the total of ten points. Willaman was the star for the Salem girls with a total of 19 points. When the whistle blew for the finish of the game the score stood 22-23 in Struthers' favor.

Salem—	G	F	T
Willaman, (g)	5	9	19
Tinsman (f)	*1	0	1
Calkins (f)	1	0	2
Titus (c)	0	0	0
Cosgrove (g)	0	0	0
Stratton (g)	0	0	0
	6	9	22

* Overhead shot.

Struthers—	G	F	T
Albrecht (f)	3	0	6
Conway (f)	2	3	7
Trolby (f)	5	0	10
Wells (c)	0	0	0
Creed (g)	0	0	0
Smith (g)	0	0	0
	10	3	23

Substitutions—Salem: Tolerton for Cosgrove, Smith for Stratton. Struthers: White for Wells.

Boys' Game

The boys' game was fast and full of thrills. Struthers started off like a whirlwind. Both teams played a good defensive game. In the first half the Salem fellows were unable to find the basket. The offense did not work very well but the defense made up for this defect. In the second half Salem opened up and played a good offensive game. In the third quarter both teams played their best and it was a fight to the finish. The game ended 32-23 in Struthers' favor. Moore was the star for Struthers with a total of 13 points, while Houser starred for Salem with 15 points.

Struthers—	G	F	T
Freshcorn	0	0	0
Koma	5	0	10
Moore	6	1	13
McCurdy	1	1	3
Scully	2	0	4
	14	4	32

Salem—	G	F	T
Yengling	2	0	4
Judge	1	0	2
Houser	5	5	15
Coffee	0	0	0
Dixon	1	0	2
Lewis	0	0	0
Konnert	0	0	0
	9	5	23

THE QUAKER

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

Vol. IV. FEBRUARY 1, 1924 No. 7

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.

TOLERATION

THE United States of America has progressed politically, socially, and economically by leaps and bounds. She has surpassed every other nation of the Old World in her rapid development of the highest type of civilization. Her refusal to tolerate England's tyranny won her political freedom. Her refusal to tolerate the seizure of seamen by Great Britain won her her commercial freedom on the high seas. Her refusal to tolerate slavery in the southern states won the social freedom of a race of people who had no choice in their coming to America. Her refusal to tolerate acts of violence against her own citizens in Cuba won that one-time dependency her freedom from the suppression of Spain. Her refusal to tolerate the heinous intrusion of Belgium and France by the Hun won her international gratitude and established her prestige among the leading nations of the world. Until the end of the World War, her policy has ever been that of intolerance of all things which verged upon oppression in any form.

Since the war the United States has been marking time. It has almost been feared that she would halt, but she has still been able to keep her eyes on the flag and not drop in her tracks. Nevertheless she cannot mark time forever. If a commanding officer does not soon make his appearance and bring her to "Attention!" she will, sooner or later, lose her step and forget entirely which is "left" and "right." However, it is expedient that she remember which is "right." Perhaps the above simile is not a little dense and quite inadequate to draw out any further comparison, but, nevertheless, neither the United States, nor any other nation can hope to assume international problems, individually or jointly, until she has "cleaned up" the problems of her own country which are menacing her society at large.

In our own country the legislative bodies are not at fault for the social unrest. The fallacies in our government are caused by executive bodies. Even they, however, are not to be judged too severely, when the very citizens who elect them to office expect nothing from them and tolerate lack of law enforcement.

In breaking away from general terms, let us speak of the problems which confront our own city and our school. Today any boy, any girl, is

permitted to buy cigarettes in any of our stores unquestioned. Tonight will find high school boys and many still younger ones in various pool rooms down town. Each day, each night, boys and girls under eighteen years of age may be seen driving automobiles, which fact in itself is against the law, but they are driving the cars at a rate of speed which is both dangerous and illegal. Some of the citizens of Salem have made efforts to rid the city of its boot-leggers and of certain so-called gambling joints, but it seems that little effort has been made by any of the citizens of our city to close the doors of pool-rooms and cigar stores to their youthful fellow citizens and their own children.

Why do the citizens of Salem tolerate this "open-door" plan with regard to the sale of tobacco to young people not yet eighteen years of age? Why do the men and women not only of this city, but of every city, look upon the youth of the community with horror and apprehension when it is they who permit the source of this moral and social evil to be placed in full and easy reach of every boy and girl? When temptation is thrown in the way of boys and girls whether thoughtlessly or deliberately, it is not to be expected that they will enter into deep contemplation as to the righteousness of their action.

Boys and girls should not be expected to consider the possibilities of evil effects produced by the use of tobacco and drugs when the men and women who are supposed to be stronger and wiser put such things within their grasp. They should not be expected to be law-abiding citizens when lawyers in their own city will take bootleggers' cases to court for the sake of their own drinks.

What right have the people of Salem and its vicinity to criticize the students of their own high school while they tolerate the existence of improper law-enforcement for the safe-guarding of their children. There can be only one answer. Moreover the destructive criticism which they cast upon the school ultimately will fall upon their own heads. What is a city without an infallible educational institution? It is for Salem Hi to set the example for the city, and to allow no gap in the execution of her traditional standards open to question. Therefore let us, the students of Salem Hi, refuse to tolerate unjust and unfounded criticism from those who are partially, and originally, to blame for the social unrest of our own city.

PEACE

THIS little word consisting of only five letters is one of the outstanding words in the mind of everyone to-day. It is deeply involved with our social life as well as with the great questions before the world courts. However, I intend to speak mainly from the viewpoint of our own social world, that with which at present we should be greatly concerned—our high school.

For some time in the past there has been a spirit of criticism towards those who would keep the machinery running smoothly.

But suppose we take for granted that people must criticize. It seems that there must always be a certain amount of criticism whether good or bad. But permit me to say here that much criticism that goes out is very unjust and really shows lack of judg-

ment on the part of the individual. Although it is a very difficult matter, people have got to learn to judge when it is right and when it is not right to speak. How much can be undone with a few thoughtless remarks. Things that took years to build are snuffed out like a candle with destructive criticism.

Now let us return again to the people who try to do all in their power to carry out the doctrines they believe to be right in order that a school may be of the highest caliber.

What would happen if no one took the initiative to keep the standards of the school pointed to a better goal? Do you suppose that classes would go on if people did only as they pleased? Would Salem High School be represented among the leading schools of the county or, in fact, the state?

If some people take the initiative and have the courage to fight for just principles, even though they are roundly criticised, give them credit and lend them your help. There could not be a satisfied person in this school if every one could do as he pleased, because there would be no generals to see that the machinery ran smoothly.

There are always a certain percentage of leaders who will stand up for the right. Then there is another group who believe in the right, but are afraid to show their colors. This group is the one to which an appeal must be made the strongest. In them the leaders may find support. That is what we must have, people, is support. Things have got to move in spite of all the fates. It is the law of the Universe.

The third and last group, if I may be permitted to classify them, if I may those who do not care for principles of government. They are outlawing themselves because they refuse to accept the rules of society. Society as a whole has very little sympathy for outlaws.

Talks and arguments have done much before to bring about a union, but two or three people are powerless unless the majority backs them. The majority must work together so that the outlaws shall either be convinced or convicted.

All who believe in having a good school and take pride in it, do your best by obeying the rules, not obeying them because they are rules, but because they tend to make a better school, and serve to keep its standards where they should be.

If you do not think the rules just, you must come to the front and say so. The proper co-operation between every one will the sooner right a wrong.

This high school needs your assistance. I shall repeat in closing that we have got to raise the percentage of those who are willing to back the school to the end. If we do that the machinery is bound to run smoothly and as a result there will be no outlaws, and the end will be peace.—G. R. F. '24.

PATIENCE

ONE REASON I'm going to say what I think and feel about Patience is that mothers have it, and I've begun to realize that they usually have things we need if we are not too young to take them. If we could only grow up before it's almost too late to use mother's gifts.

Every place we turn we see Patience

or lack of it. Dad comes home early, tired and blue with, "For goodness sake, Mother, can't you ever have dinner on time?" At the same time Baby comes up from the barn or cellar with a chopped "finner," Sis is raving because the ribbon won't go in her teddy, and the dog and cat are doing battle. Where is the little God, Patience? Mother has it. She doesn't tell Dad to go back to town if he's in a hurry, nor the baby to "shut up," nor the cat to get hence, but her Patience says, "It won't be long, Daddy. Here's your paper, just read a while." It's Mother who says, "You can curl your hair, Sis, and while the rest eat dinner I'll fix your teddy." And to Baby a little kiss on a little "finner" is given. Not even the dog is kicked or scolded.

Can you imagine this home if Mother's everlasting Patience had not straightened out the knots. That's what it does. It fixes and helps to smooth down the little knocks, not once, but dozens of times. I don't know why but I can't forget Mother when I think of Patience. Time after time her heart patiently takes my wrong deeds, mean ugly words, and thoughtless prods and does not whimper, just hopes. Night after night her rest is broken by a baby's cry, or a stealthy foot step coming up the stairs too late for young feet. Does she get up to quiet the cry with a frown or a hard word for a baby's misunderstanding as you and I would? Does she come to her girl with ugly sneering words? No, she comes with Patience to both. Perhaps there is a little pain in her eyes for Sis, but Patience makes her say, "Dear, it's so late, and I've worried so, but did you have a nice time?" Patience makes our homes places of rest and our school a place of learning. What do we do with our lack of Patience?

Because a problem won't come out in five minutes, who gets the blame? The teacher does, of course. She has explained time after time. We have done something else time after time. We slam the book and make home unpleasant the rest of the evening. We say hateful things to the boys and girls because we don't have patience, and we put the blame on the teacher who was patient. Again the next day she explains once more.

It is all very well to say Youth is Youth, but it is not well to blame Youth for our lack of Patience. It is true we take from Mother some of her sweet, thoughtful Patience and use it in our life with her, our teachers and our friends. We need Patience to help us overcome the habit of letting others' ways disrupt our minds to such an extent that we allow it to be seen and heard.—Helen Flick.

Salem High To Receive Science Book

(Continued From Page One)

form some of the outstanding achievements of modern science, so that all citizens may enjoy, understand, use and appreciate the human obligations which accompany the developments of modern science. The authors of this volume have contributed this work because of their interest in education. They have not received and will not receive any remuneration for their services, either from the books distributed free to libraries or from any that may be sold to individuals by the publishers.

SMILES

High school papers are great inventions.
The school gets all the fame,
Very little cash is derived,
And the staff gets all the blame.
—Ex.

"Waiter, what kind of meat is this?"

"Spring lamb, sir."

"I thought so. I've been chewing on one of the springs for a half an hour."—Ex.

Wieblin: What would you say is the first indication of insanity?

Welin: When a fellow believes two can live more cheaply than one.
—Ex.

I stood on the bridge at midnight
A beaver was damming a river,
I looked on the opposite side of
the street,
Jim Cavanaugh was doing the
same to his flivver.—Ex.

Walt (at B. B. game): "Biddy"
Judge will soon be our best man.
Dorothy Moore: Oh Walt! this is
so sudden.

"Did you hear that noise?"

"What noise?"

"Illi(noise)."

Next day a Freshman trying to act smart asked, "Did you hear that racket?"

"What racket?"

"Illi (noise)."

"Why don't you yawn when he stays too long," inquired Mrs. McDonald.

"Peg": I did that very thing and he told me wheat wonderful teeth I had.

Orien: If I'd a known the lights were going out I would have given you a kiss.

"Tot": Didn't you? Why somebody did.

Neil Grizez to waiter in restaurant: Is this an incubator chicken?

Waiter: I'm sure I couldn't tell you.

Neil: Well, no chicken that had a mother ever got this tough.—Ex.

Mr. Metzger: What do the terms transparent and translucent and opaque mean?

Freshie: The windows of this building were once transparent; are now translucent and if not soon washed will be opaque.—Ex.

She: And you mean to tell me all the time you were in France you never saw a single "cootie."

He: I most certainly do. Every one I saw was married and had a large, healthy family.—Ex.

The janitor's little boy, very black, was nicknamed "Midnight" by his white friends. He didn't mind their calling him that but when one day one of his race exclaimed, "Hello, Midnight!" he replied indignantly, "You'se jes' 'bout a quotah to twelve yo'self."—Ex.

Teacher: Johnny, if you don't behave, I'll have to send a note to your father.

Johnny: You'd better not. Ma's as jealous as a cat.—Ex.

YES—IT ALWAYS PAYS

By Deborah Stratton.

IT WAS a dark night, and rainy.

Betty had promised to spend the evening at her chum's home, but the weather had prevented such a pleasure. As a consequence, Ida, Betty's chum, sat in front of the fire, moodily turning over in her mind plausible reasons as to Betty's absence.

"She might at least have phoned to me," Ida remonstrated to her mother. "She didn't want to come, or else didn't want to come here as badly as she wanted to do something else!"

"Perhaps the phone is out of order! The wind is blowing enough to damage anything. Betty isn't the kind of a girl to intentionally do a thing like that. So save your wrath until you've at least her explanation of it!"

"Oh well, we'll see!" bitterly retorted Ida and lapsed into silence.

The happy years of friendship which the girls had enjoyed, was indeed founded on a firm basis, and was not to be passed up lightly. But lately Betty had acted so strangely—rather indifferently, Ida thought. Perhaps she detected this sooner, because of her intense liking for her chum, but the thought of any barrier that might arise between them, chilled the very heart of Ida, and left her dumb with fear.

"I had hoped it was only my imagination," she thought to herself remorsefully, "but tonight proves it." So with lagging steps Ida ascended the stairs to her room. For along time she sat, unconscious of the howling of the wind, for the rain beat harder against her window. But unconsciously, each increase in the wrath of the weather, only made her heart beat more fiercely. At length, she crawled into bed, but the hour was very late. And unable to resist the sandman longer she fell into a troubled sleep. In a dream, came to her the pitiful face of her friend, sad in its disappointment that Ida had not trusted her.

"You know I esteem you more highly than any friend I have," said Betty, and how could you doubt me after all this time? I'm hurt and disappointed, but I'm willing to start again on the old basis. Are you?"

With a start Ida awoke from her sleep.

"Oh, you darling!" she cried exultantly, but stopped short, for her arms embraced only her pillow. However, in the stillness of the early dawn, Ida contemplated the vision that had come to her. And as inspiration has come to men in this lone hour, and understanding into the hearts of hurt human souls, so Ida saw the folly of distrusting her friend.

The next morning it was Betty who

hurried to Ida's side, as she stood at her locker

"I'm so very sorry, Ide," she cried, "but the weather was so bad, and I couldn't call you, for our phone was out of order. I thought of you, and wanted so badly to see you, but I knew you'd understand and forgive me!"

At the look of complete trust in her chum's face, a look of pain flashed across Ida's own face. Noticing it, Betty exclaimed,

"Why Ide, you couldn't doubt me? You couldn't think I didn't want to come!"

And then in the age-old way of frankness, born only of the truest and deepest friendship, Ida confessed and also told of the dream. But she added:

"I know now that your intentions were always good, and I know, too, that 'Plain good intention, which is as easily discovered at the first view as fraud, is surely detected at last, is, let me say, of no mean force in the government of mankind.'"

SENIORS CHOOSE COMMENCEMENT INVITATIONS

At a meeting held in room 206 Friday at 3:30, members of the class of '24 chose the invitations which will be issued to their many friends and relatives before commencement exercises early in June.

Seniors wishing to obtain these invitations will give their orders to Hester Brown. They are expected to be accurate in their ordering for the class as a group does not order extra copies. The fact that a student orders invitations does not guarantee that he will graduate.

Irate motorist: What d'ye mean by letting yourself get run over while carrying a bag of nails?—Ex.

Eugene Hill should get a trailer tank car for his Cadillac to keep it in gas. He says it eats up as much gas as a good car.

Dyke—Say, Ray, did your girl eat lots of oysters at the oyster supper last night?

Raymond Cobourn: As many as I could afford to pay for, sir.

The Aim of Our Paper

Q stands for Quality.

U stands for Unity.

A stands for Ambition and Action.

K stands for Knowledge.

E stands for Enthusiasm.

R stands for Reward.

F. J. T., '25.

The "CHRISTMAS SAVING CLUB is without a doubt the best plan ever devised to promote the systematic saving of money, and as THRIFT, SAVINGS, ECONOMY are the Keys that open the door to success, we earnestly recommend that you begin or continue to save by joining our Christmas Club for 1924.

We will be more than pleased to have you call and ask for an explanation of the plan.

FIRST NATIONAL BANK
Salem,  Ohio

Kodak Enlargements

Kodak Albums

Memory Books

**BENNETT'S
DRUG STORE**

69 Main St.

**Chase & Sanborns
Coffee**

will hit the spot these cold mornings. We have it that will Suit You.

32c, 38c 42c and 48c Pound

The Smith Co.

Endres Flower Shop

"Say it with Flowers"

China, Cut Glass, Decorated
Glass, Colored Glass,
Dinnerware, Etc.
All Useful Gifts

THE HOME STORE

98 Main St. Salem, O.

LET US SELL YOU YOUR
GRADUATION SUIT

\$25.00 to \$50.00

Fitzpatrick-Strain Co.

*Latest Brunswick and
Edison Records*

Fawcetts

Main Street Salem, Ohio

Liber's Top Shop

22 Penn Street

ATHLETIC JERSEYS

SALEM NEWSPAPER AGENCY

79 Main Street

Phone 621



Ask For a Checker

Call 113
And Ask For
Checker Cab
Service

Salem Transfer Co.

Good Pittsburgh Coal

ALL LUMP, \$6.00 PER TON

ALSO A NO. 1, \$6.75

The Citizens Ice & Coal Co.

PHONE 645

MILL STREET AND PENNSYLVANIA R. R.

Hemmeter Store News

Leaders of Fashion

NEW PRINTED AND WOVEN SILK CREPES FOR SPRING FROCKS

A varied and large assortment has arrived for your choosing.

Hemmeter's Silk Department is showing many new Spring Fabrics.

WE CARRY A GOOD SELECTION OF CANDIES ESKIMO PIES AND SODAS

WERNER'S CONFECTIONERY & BAKERY
68 GARFIELD AVE.

Spring Hats for Young Men

THE GOLDEN EAGLE

BUNN'S GOOD SHOES HOSIERY TOO

60 Main Street

Furniture of Quality

W. S. ARBAUGH

PIONEER BLOCK, SALEM, OHIO

Junior High

Evening Thoughts

It was evening and I sat me down to rest,

And I wondered which of my studies I like best.

Suddenly a thought arose, and my eyes with tears grew dim;

I had forgotten my arithmetic I must hand in.

In the wee small hours of morning I slowly crept to bed,

You can imagine how I slept, With arithmetic dancing in my head.

Then all my other studies, there are a dozen more or less,

How hard I have to study, the teachers ne're will guess.

—Kathleen McDonald, 7D.

Arithmetic News From 8D

If you want your bank account to increase, let the eighth grade arithmetic class take care of your account. The more you spend, the more you will have, according to the way some of them subtract.

* * *

Mrs. Miller: "George, what is pi?" George Ruggy thought of something good to eat, but said nothing.

* * *

If you haven't learned arithmetic in the lower grades, you will learn arithmetic in the Junior High mid year examination.

* * *

Louise Smith of 8D received one hundred in the arithmetic examination, also in the English examination.

—Clifford Callahan.

7B

Our girls have not lost a game in basketball this year. Our colors are gold and purple.

Girls

Velma Burcaw — Captain and center.

Ruth Eakin—forward.

Elizabeth Riddle—forward.

Audrey Hoffman—forward.

Florence Davis—forward.

Mildred Hannay—guard.

JaJne Hunt—guard.

Lois Clay—guard.

Boys

Raymond Smith—Captain and guard.

Bayard Flick—forward.

James Fawcett—forward.

Leslie Eckhart—forward.

Frederick Glass—guard.

Murray Erb—center.

Leonard Engler—center.

—Jane Hunt.

7D

Thrift

Thrift began with civilization. It began as soon as men realized that it was necessary to provide for tomorrow as well as for today. It began long before money was invented. Thrift means private economy as well as the order and management of a family. A Pennsylvania school girl won the 1913 prize offered by the American Society for Thrift for this best definition of thrift: "Thrift is the management of your affairs in such a manner that the value of your possessions is constantly being increased." Thrift means more than most people think it does. It does not mean miserliness, saving every possible cent. At times, spending instead of saving may be the wisest. Money isn't everything. It can't

always buy health and happiness. Between saving money sensibly and being a "tightwad" there is a vast difference.

James Garfield said, "Things don't turn up in this world until somebody turns them up. Experience teaches that it is the men and women who pay attention to small savings that become wealthy. By saving nickles and dimes a thrifty person lays the foundation of a fortune.

—Mary Miller.

McKinley School

January 18th the fourth spelling match was held between 6N and 6S. The victory for the third time went to 6S. A match is held at the close of each school month.

Thrift Contest

In our thrift contest the honor penant went to Mrs. Hiltbrand's class of fourth and fifth grade pupils. Miss Meyer's class came in second.

The following record shows the amount banked during the contest which lasted from January 17 to 25:

Miss Hole's first grade.....	\$ 5.59
Miss McKee's second grade....	14.94
Miss Maeder's third grade.....	3.14
Mrs. Miller's fourth grade.....	14.79
Mrs. Hiltbrand's fourth and fifth grades	36.82
Mrs. Harris' fifth grade.....	5.02
Miss Meyer's sixth grade.....	31.72
Miss Sharpnack's sixth grade....	21.94

Total\$133.96

Thrift Jingles

Put your money in the bank,
And save with all your heart.
In older days you shall be glad
You never did depart.

—Elizabeth Covert,, 6S.

Put your money in the bank,
Every penny, every day.
Then your lucky stars you'll thank
'Cause then your own way you can pay.

—Virginia Harris, 6S.

Save your pennies and your dimes
Don't let them slip between your fingers,
'Cause money's useful all the time,
That's what happens when one lingers.

George Schmidt, 6S.

New Discoveries

Exams teach us many new things.
In the recent one we learned:
That Cataline was Cicero's wife.
That the Swedes came from Switzerland.

That Augustus Caesar was a great dramatist.

That Miss George was a pretty goddess. (Ask her about it.)

That 'shall' is used in the first person, and 'will' in the second, third and fourth.

That brandy and ammonia are mixed together to make artificial ice.

That none of the planets are inhabited.

Hurrah! Hurrah! exams are o'er,
Know I more now than I did before?
Well, I won't have very long to wait

In a few days more I'll know my fate.

It may be dig and slave some more

But, gee, I'm glad exams are o'er.

F. J. T., '25.

EXPERIENCES DURING THE WAR

Anastasia Mircheff, the author of the war story related above, is a Junior in Salem High. Since her arrival here, her progress in her classes has been almost inconceivable. The narrative is of her own experience.

IN the southern part of Europe, which is known as the Balkan peninsula, is Macedonia, a very small territory which before the war was under Turkish rule for over five centuries. In 1916 the Serbians took possession of the northern part of Macedonia, and since then it has been under the government of Serbia. During the seven years of war my home was in Monastir, a medium-sized town of Macedonia located at the base of a range of mountains.

During the two years, in which the fighting took place on the mountains surrounding Monastir, life in the city was very dangerous and unendurable. The city was exposed to the enemy's shells, and on account of this we were forced to live in the lowest story of the house or the basement where the shells could not reach. I remember how during the first day we spent in the basement, we thought that this state of affairs would last for only a few days. The future was veiled to us, and we didn't know what the years had in store for us. But the whizzing and exploding of shells lasted more than a few days; it lasted weeks, and then months, and finally years rolled away, and we still lived in basements, suffered, and still waited for peace and better days. To describe what took place during the whole two years would take too long, and it is unnecessary to do so, because the description of just a few days is sufficient to give a clear idea of what our condition was during the war.

There is one day that stands out in my mind very clearly and I believe it will remain so as long as I live. One July day in 1918, something happened which proved that we were in danger, even when we were in the basement. I remember that it was a beautiful July morning! The sun was shining and everything outside was as pleasant as could be. It was quiet, except now and then was heard the thunder of a French canon. Most of the families who lived in the same basement with us, were out that day, trying to get as much outside work done as possible while it was quiet. I, myself, did not like to be in the basement alone, so I took my knitting and had courage enough to sit outside by the basement door. I had hardly been there more than a few minutes when I heard the whizz of a shell that fell quite far, and while I was hesitating whether to go inside or stay where I was, I heard the explosion of another shell which sounded to me nearer than the first one. Being afraid to remain longer outside, I went inside thinking that I would be in safety there. Our room was large with five windows, but all of them except one were covered with mattresses and other heavy things, so as to keep pieces of the shells from getting in. Since I needed good light for my knitting I sat on a couch by the window. I knew that it was not safe to sit there but I kept on saying

to myself that if I would hear a shell coming, I could get, in the twinkling of an eye, to the door, which I had on purpose left open, and slip in the next room which was considered as the safest place in time of danger. But I did not have time to finish my plans, for very suddenly the sharp whizz of a shell pierced the air, and by its sound I could tell that it was very close, so close that it was impossible for me to run away. At first, I thought of sitting on the other end of the couch which was exactly in the corner, and if I could only snuggle in that corner I felt sure that I would be safe, for each wall was at least half a yard thick. Whatever I was to do I knew that it was to be done in less than a second, or it would be too late. Anyway, all I succeeded in doing was to get in a crouching position by the couch. The explosion that followed the whizzing was tremendous. Smoke and dust filled the room and covered everything like a fog. I couldn't see anything, but I heard stones falling, something breaking, and the noise of furniture falling on the floor. These few seconds when the shell whizzed and exploded seemed hours to me. As soon as the air was cleared I left the room without even taking time to see what had happened. When I went back in the basement accompanied by a few others to see what damage the shell had done, we were more than astonished to find that the corner where I was planning to hide myself was destroyed. The wall and part of the ceiling were in a big heap on the couch and part of it had rolled on the floor. Since the distance between me and the place the shell exploded was the length of the couch, it seemed like a miracle that I was not hurt, being so very near to it.

Not long after this had happened another more exciting event took place. It was late in the afternoon one day, and everything was quiet on the lofty mountains surrounding Monastir. A peaceful evening was following the disastrous day, during which the French artillery had been firing almost continuously and nothing could be heard but the roar of the fighting. We drew a breath of relief as evening came. Hoping for a tranquil night and good rest, each one of us retired for the night to his own room in the basement. Sometime between ten-thirty and eleven I awoke with a hot throat and hot, watering eyes. I went in the adjoining room to bathe my eyes with cold water. The window being opened, I noticed that a peculiar odour was coming from outside. It was nothing disagreeable, and the only thing which I think has about the same smell is mint. When I returned to the room I noticed that almost everyone was up and had his gas mask on his face. I immediately followed their example, but my eyes did not feel relieved, for a little of the gas had come in through win-

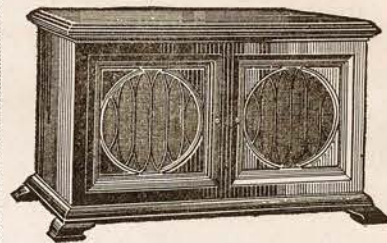
dows and crevices so that the air in the room was not pure. Fortunately, the attack did not last the whole night but just a few hours.

Another night, which was worse, or at least just as bad if not worse, the city was attacked with shells which, when exploding would ignite anything with which they came in contact. The windows of practically all the house being broken, it was very easy for the fire to spread, and the main trouble was that nobody could come out to stop it because the attack lasted almost the whole night.

After many more events similar to these had happened, was it any wonder that hope was fast disappearing from many hearts? It seemed that the city was doomed to destruction and that no peaceful days could ever come. After a year had gone and then a second was almost gone, even the bravest began to doubt whether or not it was worth while to hope and wait for peace. If there had ever been a dark period in the history of that city, that seemed to be the darkest. The saying is that the darkest hour is the hour before dawn, and another one is that every cloud has its silver lining. However, rumors began to spread that the hard days were nearing the end, but in spite of the fact that this was the best news that could have been brought to us, yet it took us a long time to fully believe it, for we had been disappointed so many times during the two years, that we didn't dare believe this for fear that it might turn to be another disappointment. But this time it proved to be the truth, and the long-awaited dawn finally appeared; the day came when every family could go back to the long-deserted home and start normal life over again. It was the greatest blessing that could have ever come upon us! Before the war I had never thought of being grateful for peaceful days and nights, but after the war, I felt that to do your day's work without a continual fear in your heart, and to spend the nights without being afraid that you might have to get up at any unearthly hour and spend the rest of the night sitting or standing up, and aside from this to be free from the claws of fear, was the most wonderful thing that could have befallen us.

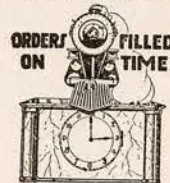
Yet, just because the fighting had ended it didn't mean that all tangled affairs were settled. Some of the schools opened not very long after the armistice, but just the same they were not very satisfactory, and of course they were not expected to do any better so soon after the war. I had lost almost four years of school, and my parents felt that the longer I stayed there, I was getting to be that much more behind in my studies. Finally, it was decided that I should come to this country, and in October, 1920, I came here with the purpose of continuing my studies.

A MASTERPIECE



RADIOLA IV
Completely Installed
\$275.00

R. E. Grove Electric Co.
"Things Electrical"
Reliable Wiring Quality Fixtures



AT

Cavitt's Confectionary

ICE CREAM, SHERBETS,
FANCY BRICK CREAMS

For All Occasions

HOME-MADE CANDIES

For a Refreshing Treat Try
Our Famous Hot Chocolate
Fudge Dips

—NUF CED—

SPOUTING

Get Ready For Spring

Now is The Time to Get
That Leaky Spouting Fixed

W. E. MOUNTS & CO.

At Carr's Hdw. Phone 986

At
Your
Service

R. J. Burns Hdw. Co.

Phone 807

55 Main St.

Send it to a Master



WARK'S
Faultless Dry Cleaners
Phone 777

JANE, "THE MERRY"

Jane flopped down the stairs three steps at a time. It was now 8:35, the tardy bell rang at 8:45, and she could hardly draw herself away from the dining-room. Those hot cakes did smell so good, but my! she couldn't stop for such a luxury as breakfast, and throwing a hasty goodbye to her mother and grabbing a cinnamon roll from the table she dashed out of the house and started on the run. Late as it was she had time to wave a cherry good morning to lame Mrs. Merden who sat at her window day in and day out. Neighbors looking out of their windows smiled to see Jane flying down the street for now it was getting to be a regular occurrence.

Five minutes later Jane sank into her seat in Room 502 just in time to hear the tardy bell ring out in its mocking voice. On the way to the auditorium after two bells had rung announcing an assembly Jane was stopped by the annoyed look on Miss Pike's face. Upon inquiry she found they were going to stage a little one-act play to stir up some enthusiasm for the senior plays, and while Helen Heming was standing on a step ladder fixing a little bit of scenery in place she had fallen and broken her arm. Jane then told Miss Heming that she could take her place because she had just been over at Helen's the night before. Helen had been practicing and Jane had gotten the theme of the story so that she could fill in. The play went off in great success and no one knew but what Jane had been picked for the part in the beginning.

When Jane entered Math class her heart sank for she just remembered that she had neglected to get hers. What would she do? She needed the credit for she was no star pupil and she just had to be eligible for basketball. But that problem was fixed for at the end of the period the teacher said she would collect the papers the next day. When Jane got home that noon she found her mother almost in tears for the two cherry pies which she had baked to surprise Jane had run out all over the stove, but instead of showing her disappointment she just hugged her mother and said she wasn't hungry for cherry pie that day and her mother looked at her happily, glad that she had such a merry piece of sunshine in her home.

—E. Bunn, '24.

Miss Clarke: What will help you to tell a story in an interesting way, Home?

"Bones:" Making faces, Miss Clark

Salesman (on train): Is Salem the next stop?

Porter: Yes, suh. Brush you off, suh?

Salesman: No, I'll get off myself.

KAREN TRIUMPHS

By Margaret Getz, '24.

One morning the entire student body had witnessed her arrival during assembly. She had been detained in the principal's office by details of enrollment and had come in late and was assigned a front seat. Her entry was quiet, so it wasn't that which made them notice her. She was pretty enough, but no more so than a dozen other South High School girls, so it wasn't that. Neither was it dress, although she wore clothes in excellent taste for school attendance. The thing that caused every tongue to wag at noon that day happened in the second period.

Madge Keith was the acknowledged social leader as well as the brightest student of the school. Madge knew this and had known it for years. Hadn't she always been chosen for prominent parts in all affairs? Was she not at the head of every class affair, and the most efficient leader in all scholastic activities? No one dreamed of questioning her supremacy. It was as natural as breathing, if you had lived in town and gone to school with Madge, to expect her to be equal to anything.

But alas! Karen didn't know this.

Madge had been called to criticize a demonstration of a student's work at the blackboard. When she had demonstrated the problem in an entirely different way, the class gave unquestioning approval, and the teacher was about to pass on to the next when Karen asked quietly why the first method was not also correct. The teacher looked amazed but thoughtful. As he paused Karen went on to state the first method as she saw it. The boy who had used that plan looked hopeful. The class was plainly amazed. Karen's voice was unusually low but clear. At length the teacher admitted that her contention was correct. Madge's cheeks flamed, and her eyes were stormy. The amazement of it kept her silent and the moment passed. The effect, however, did not pass—it was still noticeable. Karen, the unconscious cause—went serenely, confidently hopeful about the rest of the morning's work, and at noon walked home with a girl that lived next door to her.

The afternoon session started and it finally came time for dismissal. Things had gone smoothly for everyone but Madge. She still was disturbed to think Karen had outwitted her in mathematics. She didn't fail to notice the rapidity with which the class had accepted Karen's proposition. She couldn't understand how they could give her method so little consideration. A sense of deceit clung to her all afternoon. She tried to shake it off by assuring herself that Karen was only a passing sensation. With a sense of disgust Madge recog-

nized in her a rival. Regardless of her effort to forget unpleasantness, the low serene voice of Karen floated back to her.

Madge welcomed the class meetings. They were going to choose invitations. She usually decided matters by simply expressing her opinion of this or that. Various sample invitations were shown and commented upon. After the explanations Madge chose the invitations. The cards were gilt edged and expensive looking. The comparison between the cards was drawn. Some of the keen-eyed classmen thought the invitations were too expensive and lacking in taste. They were timid about voicing their opinion because they knew Madge would squelch them.

Karen had most of the things she wanted, but her mother had not failed to instill a taste for plain things of good quality.

Madge had again risen to a motion that they accept the cards, when Karen arose. She told them simply and effectively that the cards were too expensive and elaborate. The class agreed with her.

Madge became indignant to think this had happened twice in one day. Well—she couldn't let this continue! She couldn't lose her place after eight years! She thought the turn to Karen was only a passing sensation. She decided to do something nice for the girls to win them over.

After much thought she decided to have a party in the school gymnasium. Everybody would come and have a delightful time. For a little work she would have them all back for the rest of the year. It looked easy to Madge, and she was sure it would work. In a short time the invitations were all sent. She had invited all the girls and boys of the class except Karen. The preparations for the party were all made. The girls found out that Karen had been omitted. They knew Madge was very selfish and had meant to get revenge on Karen. After school, before the party, a committee of fifteen went to Madge about the affair. They demanded that she go and see Karen if she wished her party to be a success. Madge was to apologize to Karen and invite her to the party.

Madge was very humiliated because the girls had guessed her plans. She went to Karen and confessed. Karen was sweet and polite and promised to go to the party. Madge, on the way home, decided that her politeness and unaffectedness had placed Karen far above her. This was why she led, not for the glory she obtained, and a mere chance to be in the limelight, but for the good of others. Madge decided to be more like Karen and find her way back to her old popularity.

THE AFTERWARD

Just a streak of darkening crimson,
Just a glorious band of gold,
Just a little patch of purple
Where the silver stars unfold,
Just a hazy grey blue sky line
With the white clouds floating by,
Just a final streak of light
In the slowly darkening sky,
With a splendid burst of glory
Slowly sinks the glowing sun;
Just as ends a life in triumph
When the last glad race is run.
But beyond the distant sky line
The sun goes journeying still
Like the soul from out death's
valley

Climbing up—to Heaven's hill.
—M. Birch, '24.

To Him That Aspires

True to yourself as God has made you,
True to the love that heaven gave you,

True to your neighbor and your friend,

Loyal to right, to the very end,
Playing the game with all your will,
Slowly but surely climbing the hill.
Forging onward with strength and pride

In the glory and beauty on every side,

Laughing, loving, joyous and free,
Thinking often of home and of me,
Sometimes despairing, yet climbing on,

Urged by the music of ambition's song

Until you have found where peace dwells at last

In the depths of your own heart,
truth holding it fast.

—M. Birch, '24.

AUTUMN SUNSET

When the fall sun's softly sinking
To its rest behind the hill,
And all the sky is crimson,
And all the world's so bright and still.

When you stand upon the hilltop
And look out over space,
While the red leaves round you flutter

And the winds around you race,
When you feel a thrill of glory
At the splendor of the scene
When the wood is bright with color

And the wheat is young and green,
When your heart is filled with joy
And your mind is filled with peace;
Then one surely should be happy
And a soul's darkness, then
should cease.

—Mildred V. Birch.

Senior to a Freshman who was studying on a bench in the park: I'll admit my curiosity has gotten the better of me, but what is the idea of studying out here in the cold?

Freshman: Mr. Swanson said if I didn't want to flunk I'd have to do more outside reading.

Schwartz's

SALEM

19-21 Broadway

SEBRING

New Spring Dresses \$14.95 to \$39.50
In All New Spring Shades

Wool Flannel, Canton Crepe, Roshanara Crepe, Art Cord and French Crepe

PHOTOGRAPHS ARE PROPER GIFTS
FOR ANY OCCASION

THE REMBRANDT STUDIO

Opposite First National Bank

Phone 157R

W. L. DOUGLAS SHOES

BAHM BROTHERS

35-37 East Main Street

SALEM, OHIO

Things Electrical

WE CARRY A COMPLETE LINE OF
ELECTRICAL APPLIANCES

Thor Washers

Eureka Cleaners

The Salem Lighting Co.

PHONE 48

COURTESY — EFFICIENCY — SERVICE

SPEIDEL'S SHOES

15-17 Broadway

HOSIERY

Expert Repair Department

WATCH THIS SPACE

NEXT ISSUE

Culberson's

MEET THE BUNCH

AT

Culberson's Candy Store

I. D. & J. H. CAMPBELL

Swan Fountain Pens

Ingersol Pencils, Eversharp Pencils, Fine Stationery,
Books and School Supplies.

Everything Guaranteed

SPECIAL SALE

ON MEN'S AND BOY'S CLOTHING
AND FURNISHINGS

Come and Get Your Share of Value First Clothing

BLOOMBERG'S

LUNCH IS SERVED

While shopping or at any time you wish to be refreshed, stop in our store and have a nice luncheon.

From morning to night at our soda fountain you may be served nourishing, wholesome and satisfying Sandwiches, Home-made Pies, Delicious Cakes, Hot or Cold Drinks. Also Ice Cream.

J. H. Lease Drug Company

When you want something good to eat and you know it is made clean, try the

**New System's
Bakery Goods**

BOVA'S

*Choice Fruits
and
Produce*

If it's to be had we have it.

Main Street

The Good
MAXWELL
SALES, SERVICE
and
General Repairing

DENMAN-MYERS CORD
TIRES AND TUBES



\$985 F. O. B.

Phone
556

SMITH GARAGE

192 E.
4th St.

HAVE YOU TRIED OUR TASTY COMBINATION
CLUB SANDWICHES?

The La Palma Restaurant

ALSO

*Special Luncheons and Dinners
At 50c*

OPEN DAY AND NIGHT

CHRIS PAPARODIS

The Kennedy-McKinley Agency

Real Estate and Insurance

Room 4, Hemmeter Bldg.

Phone 680

SALEM, OHIO

PREPARE FOR COLLEGE—NOW
\$5.00 a Week Will Do It

A very simple plan which we have, will help you do it.
We will gladly explain our plan to you

The SECURITY
BUILDING & LOAN ASS'N
64 MAIN ST. SALEM, OHIO

"Put your savings in THE SECURITY."

FOR YOUR EVENING PARTY

A NEW VICTOR RECORD

NEW RECORDS EVERY FRIDAY

ALL THE LATEST SONG AND DANCE HITS

THE C. M. WILSON COMPANY
The Hallmark Store

J. R. STRATTON & COMPANY

High Grade Plumbing. Excellent Electrical Equipment
Good Gas Goods

15 Main Street.

SALEM, OHIO

Phone 487

BEST DINNERS

Served in the City

TRY OUR PIES AND ICE CREAM
OUR OWN MAKE

MOORE'S, 11 Broadway

LEADERSHIP

Leadership stands among the influential men of the country.

All influential men are thrifty—they know the methods of saving.

Prepare now—achieve your leadership early in life.

THE FARMERS NATIONAL BANK
OF SALEM, OHIO

WHEN FISHING TIME COMES
WE HAVE WHAT YOU'RE LOOKING FOR

The Salem Hardware Company
Hardware, Plumbing, Roofing "The Pioneer Store"

NEW AND NIFTY STATIONERY
AT

Mac Millan's Book Shop, 27 Main Street
ALSO VALENTINES