

THE QUAKER

VOL. IV, No. 8.

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, FEBRUARY 15, 1924

Price 10 Cents

DIRECTOR ANNOUNCES CAST FOR JUNIOR PLAY

Mr. Drennan has announced the cast of the Junior play, "Dear Me," which he will give February 29 and March 1. The following characters have been selected:

Wilbur Oglevie—Ralph Hannay.
Shelby Willis—Marion Van Syoc.
Gordon Peck—Cessna Mackintosh.
Joseph Renard—Thurlo Thomas.
Mrs. Carney—Alice Heckert
April Blair—Dorothy Detwiler.
Maid—Sara Mae Zimmerman.
Edgar Craig—Alton Allen.
Herbert Lawton—Paul Bartholomew.
Manny Bean—Raphael Reasbeck.
Dudley Quail—Walter Fernangel.
Clarence—Howard Walpert.

Tickets will be placed on sale soon and can be secured from any member of the Junior Class at the price of 35 cents. The support of not only the Juniors but of the entire school is expected.

SENIOR SPEECHES

On February 12 four Senior speeches were given at assembly. Margaret Becker gave some interesting facts in her speech on "Japan." Ruth Bradley's subject was "Courtesy." She told the students that courtesy is important not only financially but for the friends it brings one. Robert Bullard spoke on the American Peace Award. The principles of this movement were clearly given by him in his speech. Mildred Birch gave a fine talk on "Ruskin's Treasures." It was carefully worded and of beautiful thought. She gave us some fine ideas. She said, "There is no greater service than administering to the pain of our fellow men."

Girls Plan Clothes for Commencement Week

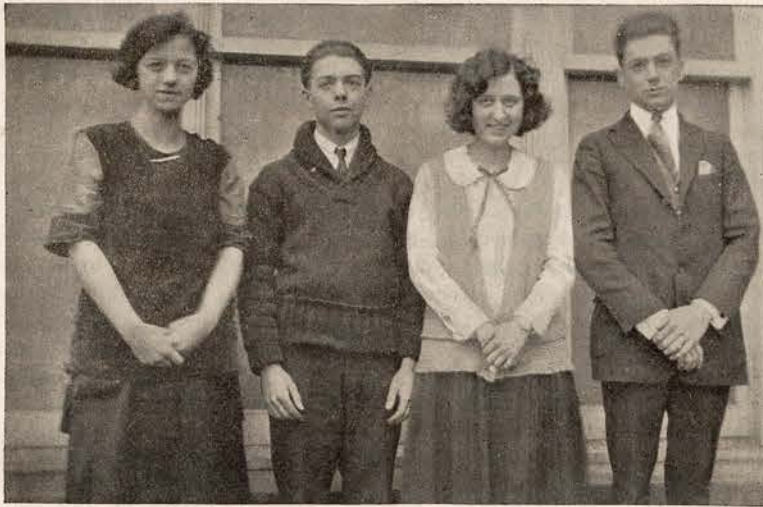
At a meeting of the Senior girls, it was decided that their commencement dresses should be white, as usual. These will be plain. Elaborate dresses would be very much out of place, and no senior girl is expected to dress in that fashion. It was also decided that no hats, coats, or gloves would be worn at the baccalaureate service. Simple dresses will be the mode.

QUAKER STAFF TO BUY PINS

Members of the "Quaker" staff have voted to buy pins. Not in accordance with the old custom of buying pins out of town, the members of the staff this year have decided to patronize a local jeweler. A committee of three, Cecilia Shriver, Nixon Fithian and Jean Olloman have been appointed to select the pins. All class editors, advertising men, proofreaders, regular reporters, editors, managers and faculty advisers are eligible for pins.

Fat Lady: Can I get into the park by this gate?

Small Boy: I think so. A load of hay just went in.—Ex.



A Winning Team! These old faces together with many new ones are in evidence as Mr. Drennan starts his second season as coach of Salem High's debating squad.

ASSEMBLIES—THEIR VALUE IN JUNIOR HIGH

The real value of assemblies is to acknowledge the true experiences of others. Nearly every speaker who comes before us, tells either of his experiences or tells the experiences of others. Life is brimming over with experiences. The phrase, "I know from experience," is second nature to us all.

Every person whether he has "lived" or not, has had many experiences. People ask, "What good are other peoples' experiences to us? Why not let us live and learn?" We should aim to profit by the experiences of others that in our lives we may spend our time in a better way than learning for ourselves what some one might through his own experience teach us.

In most cases we should "dig" for things. Everything attacked one should struggle with until he "gets it down." In the speeches that are given to us, the speakers try to make us realize that we should not idle our lives away doing things that have already been done in the past, things which bring no return.

Life is what we make it, but why not make it right in the first place? Every little piece of goodness should be snatched up and put into use. One should not store away his whole supply of goodness either. Everyday some little deed may be done to enlighten the heart of another. Let us try to listen to the words of people who have lived and learned.

The assemblies we are having now may in future time "mean the world to us." Let us go into the auditorium prepared to listen and be able to come back to the regular classes with more knowledge than when we left them.

Raymond Cobourn, who has been ill with an attack of scarlet fever is not improving as much as was first expected. He was permitted to be up about a week ago, but this did not agree with him and he was compelled to go back to bed. Considering his backset, it is thought by the doctor that he will improve, but slowly.

OUR NEAREST CALAMITY

Week before last Salem High nearly suffered a great loss. This was when our gymnasium floor was covered with water caused by the overflowing of artesian wells under the school. Many were the anxious faces seen in the halls and none were more so, than those of both the boys and girls basketball teams, for a good playing floor means a lot to them.

We never realized before how much we liked the gym, for always we took it for granted, that no matter what happened it would last. Great storms have raged outside and many were the fierce battles fought on its surface, yet it withstood all these, but in a few hours' time water destroyed the glossy surface and now it is a shrunken, irregular floor. If you don't know what it means to be minus the finest gymnasium floor in this part of the state I will tell you.

It would mean no more class parties and association dances. Oh! how we would miss them. Then, there would be no more basketball games and our teams would be disbanded when they are on the highroad to championship. One of the last things would be, no more "gym" classes! Some, I suppose, would appreciate this fact, but they are few. All these things would take place merely because there would be no place to hold them. I believe we never did realize the many merry times we had in our "gym," did we?

But stop, don't begin to think how you wish we had a new floor and that you had treated that old one better, for our floor can be fixed and in a week or two we will again revel in our fun. Again battles will be fought on it, again the merry tunes of the orchestra will resound and Mr. Richtman's voice will boom, "One-two-three-four."

We all feel mighty good about getting our floor back, so let's not sulk about it's being rough, but be glad that it's no worse!—Geretta Titus, '26.

Cop: Stop. Where did you steal that rug?

Tramp: ' didn't steal it. A lady up the street gave it to me and told me to beat it.—Ex.

STRUTHERS WINS A DOUBLE HEADER

On Friday night, February 15 the strong Struthers squads came to Salem to play their return games with Salem. The games were played before what was probably the largest crowd of the basketball season in Salem. Both games were very fast and held the interest of the audience throughout. The cheering was very good also.

Girls Game

Struthers-24; Salem-16.

The Salem girls went into this game determined to win, but they were doomed to be disappointed "Danny" Willaman was unable to find the basket as she usually does, and for this reason the Struthers girls were able to hold Salem from scoring. "Tot" Cosgrove, because of being sick, was not able to play the whole game, thus weakening the Salem defensive to a large extent. The game was fast throughout all four periods but it seemed to be an off night and the Salem girls couldn't do much. Trolby was the star and main point-getter for the Struthers aggregation. Line-up:

Salem—	G.	F.	T.
Willaman	6	0	12
Tinsman	1	0	2
Calkins	1	0	2
Titus	0	0	0
Stratton	0	0	0
Cosgrove	0	0	0
Total	8	0	16
Struthers—	G.	F.	T.
Conway	1	0	2
Trolby	6	6	18
Pfair	2	0	4
Copper	0	0	0
Wills	0	0	0
White	0	0	0
Smith	0	0	0
Creed	0	0	0
Total	9	6	24

Boys' Game

Struthers-37; Salem-24

The Salem boys went into the game with the determination of beating (Turn to Page Six)

SENIOR HONORS AWARDED

The awarding of Senior honors are always of great interest to the pupils of the school. This year they were received as follows:

- Hester Brown.
- Mary Louise Fawcett
- Eugene Hill
- { Vernetta Moores }
- { Helen Stewart }
- { Mary Helen Cornwall }
- { Margaret Stewart }
- Cecilia Shriver.
- Olive Stratton
- Esther Hoopes

At a class meeting, Neil Grisez, Elizabeth Bunn, Helen Flick, Mary Helen Cornwall, John Cavanaugh, and the first three honor graduates were chosen to give commencement addresses. Rev. H. L. Miller will deliver the baccalaureate sermon.

THE QUAKER

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PRISONERS

HOW MANY of us can truthfully say that we have never been a prisoner? By prisoner I do not mean we have been behind the bars or have worn striped suits, but have been prisoners to some habit or trait of character, or to selfishness or conceit. Or perhaps we are prisoners to shyness or bashfulness and are keeping some helpful idea a prisoner in our minds. At any rate, the majority of us are prisoners to something.

Not long ago a man went to a prison and asked to be kept there to cure himself of the liquor habit. He was asking to be put into prison to be taken out of prison. But most of us do not have to do this. We are capable of taking ourselves out of prison. We need a will made of steel and not of rubber. We need a determination made of iron, not of putty, and the rest is easy.

Shyness is one of the hardest prisons from which to escape. But how many of us realize that we are harming no one but ourselves when we are a prisoner to it? The world has lived for centuries without our ideas, but we have to get the ideas of the world to live, and we cannot secure these while handicapped by shyness. Perhaps our ideas will help the world, but these certainly will not thrive if they are kept prisoners.

It is a hard fight, but well worth while. Usually our faults have become habits and there is nothing harder to break than a habit. But we are the only ones who have the key to this jail. Let's use it. If it turns out to be rubber, and will bend with the least pressure, let's use it so often that it will become steel, and eventually the prison walls will crumble.—H. A. S.—'25.

RUSKIN'S TREASURES

Against the grayness of a thousand ages looms the philosophy of Ruskin, a crimson splash against the dullness of its background; a flaming light in the darkness. He was not only a dreamer, a student, a philosopher, a philanthropist, and an eloquent speaker; he was a man who knew and understood the needs of the world. In his great heart was to be found the answer to the cry of the beaten, broken, grasping men and women of a thousand cities. From

their starved and stunted souls, which had only known material things, came the cry, "What, and where is happiness?" and John Ruskin's writings hold securely the key to the answer.

The gift of writing and divine inspiration served him well. A host of bruised and aching hearts have been comforted and inspired by his words. Ruskin said, "Freeheartedness, and graciousness, and undisturbed trust and requited love, and the sight of the peace of others, and the ministry to their pain; these and the blue sky above you and the sweet waters and flowers of the earth beneath; and mysteries and presences, innumerable, of living things, may yet be here your riches; untormenting and divine;" and Ruskin knew the truth of what he spoke.

More to be desired than Aladdin's lamp; more precious than a thousand lustrous pearls, is that virtue—Free heartedness. It is more than a virtue; it is a fundamental characteristic necessary for success. Freeheartedness is that poise, that serenity, which enables one to be himself without restraint. It is the outward symbol of a desirable peace.

Graciousness is that trait of character which makes a man kind and courteous. In its highest form it is a combination of mercy and compassion and sympathy. It is only through graciousness that a man can create a desire in the minds of the people for the good which he can give the world.

Undisturbed trust and requited love are inseparable. We must have firm faith in our ideals, and in our God, and we must not be content with locking either in our own heart. It is necessary that we express our ideals, and make them a living, growing part of our own life, a thing of purity and rare beauty. They must be firmly woven in the fabric of our character. And who knows but that after our lives have been moulded, the golden thread of our ideals, strong in its own uprightness may be used to strengthen the pattern of another wearer?

The sight of the peace of others is after all more encouraging than our own success. It is the man who can occasionally forget his troubles, his trials and his ambitions in the glory of the innocence of a tiny child that succeeds. The selfish, self-centered individual can never enjoy the happiness which may be retained by him who can forget himself in the happiness of his friend. It is a sweet and beautiful thing, this interest and solicitude of one human being for another, and it bears the mark of progress and advancement. It is founded on faith and loyalty. In his essay on "Work" John Ruskin says, "Do justice to your brother (you can do that whether you love him or not) and you will come to love him. But do injustice to him because you do not love him; and you will come to hate him."

There is no greater service than that of ministering to the pain of our fellow men, for each man is his brother's keeper. Thru patience and understanding we can help them to be brave and loyal and true, to strive for that which is worth attaining and to cast away falseness, shame, and above all, weakness. Each one of us has a degree of influence upon those with whom we come in contact

and it is our duty and our responsibility to guide them to real happiness.

When one looks at the sky, so calm and unruffled, yet so deeply blue, one feels rested and reassured and the troubles that a moment before loomed terrifyingly large, assume their proper proportions. There are many things whose beauty should make people happier. Who can look at any perfect flower without being conscious of its appeal? Who can listen to the roar and splash of the waves on the huge, grey, black rocks and experience no sensation of pleasure or pain? Who can watch a waterfall with its silver sheets of water and be conscious of no exaltation of spirit? Who can watch the wind driven clouds or a glorious, golden sunset, and remain passively indifferent? Who can ignore the happiness in the companionship of some dumb creature, a dog or a squirrel or a horse? Is there a man that can disregard the chord of awe that is struck in the human heart by the murmur of the wind in the tree tops, or the silence in the woods that is filled with a hundred voices and presences?

There are many things and practices that were not made to be loved but Ruskin's Philosophy as expressed by his sentence includes none of them. He has found pure, wholehearted joy in life, the joy of one who does not receive more than he gives. Gold, and material wealth, and momentary pleasures vanish like mists before the sunshine, but the love of these things will be true treasures, "untormenting and divine; serviceable for the life that now is; no, it may be, without promise of that which is to come."

A Librarian's Idea of the Student Council

Among the various organizations of our school, the lately organized "Student Library Council" has shown its worth to Salem High. The librarians are too busily occupied in their task of accommodating the pupils by finding the many required books, which are always in demand, to have any time to watch the conduct of those already served, who are, according to library rules, supposed to be quietly studying. This is where the student council helps. It supplies the library, each period of the day, with a different member of the council. This person, who is very capable in his or her position, watches the conduct of those in the library. The result is excellent. Scarcely any one, but those who have no respect for others, violates the laws of the library.

This council has certainly done wonders toward the creating of a better spirit in S. H. S.

It governs very similarly to our state and national governments. Do we not respect our nation and its governors; that is if we are good citizens? Yes, we do. Our school is very closely related to these larger communities which I have just mentioned. So let us be as good students as we are good citizens, and respect the student council and its members who are doing such wonderful work.—Jeane Olloman, '26.

Mr. Drennan says he doesn't mind having the pupils of his classes take out their watches to see what time it is, but he does mind having them hold them up to their ears to see if they've stopped.

"THE QUAKER"

That's what we call our school paper
And I tell you we have news,
Stories and other people's views,
Basket-ball and football score,
And things you've never heard before.
Jokes, and what the students do
You will find as you read through.
We've advertisers by the score,
They help our finances galore.
Jauretta Coy will give advice,
You will not need to ask it twice.
Editor-in-chief and staff efficient—
Select household hints—they're quite sufficient.

Now a suggestion we will make:
Let's see this good old Quaker quake
With classics, poetry and prose,
Dramatics, art, and goodness knows
All will be proud of this school paper,
"Our Quaker."

—F. J. T., '25.

JAURETTA COY DEPARTMENT

Dear Miss Coy:

I have been hearing rumors that Eric Eastman has broken his shoulder since he moved to Akron. Please tell me if this is true. I am very much worried.—Freshmanette.

Ans: Yes, so I hear. It seems he was reading the funny paper and Spark Plug kicked him.

* * *

Dear Miss Coy:

Please tell me very frankly whether you prefer blonds or brunettes.—Gale O'Shee.

Ans: Yes, dearie.

* * *

Dear Jauretta:

What is the loneliest thing in the world?—Ivory.

Ans: A safety razor in Russia.

* * *

Dear Jauretta:

I noticed a reference in your column to Neil Grizez. Does the senior boy shave?—Curiosity.

Ans: Well, some of them do but I'll let you in on the inside dope. About a year ago Neil broke his mirror, but there was a piece left just big enough for him to see the front of his face. You see, he is afraid of cutting his ears; we must make some allowances.

* * *

No, Ferdinanda, they didn't make Bingham fast by not feeding him.

* * *

Dear Jauretta:

Please tell me about Biddy Judge's chickens. I'm so worried, I hear they are all dying.—Miss Bean, Lima, O.

Ans: I don't know anything about his, but if you examine his roosters you'll find out they're all cock-eyed.

There is one honest boy at least in this school. John Cavanaugh bought a chocolate bar for 5c and sold it to Rosemary Filler for 4c. Isn't he honest?

Miss Smith (in Biology class):
Where do the bugs go in winter?
Amos: Search me!

Voice: Is this the weather bureau? How about a shower tonight?
Weather Bureau: Don't ask me. Take one if you need it.—Ex.

Mr. Metzger (At two o'clock):
Well, I must be off.

Miss Thraves (yawning): That is what I thought when I first met you.

Youth's Quest For Happiness

By Helen Flick, '24.

IT IS TRUE that life is but a stage, where you and I are put to live, or to die, living as we will it. God created man in His own image. He gave to humanity a soul, that wondrous miracle which elevates it to an unbelievable height and life and love. He gave to mankind this supreme gift so he might live to serve his posterity rather than live, reproduce, and sink to the darkness of the grave, as do lower animals. To crown the blessings of man, God gave the spacious heavens, the radiant glory of the sun, the verdant trees, the murmuring brooks, the roaring oceans, the glowing stars and beauteous flowers. He gave all Nature to man that his dwelling place might be a paradise, and that he might have sustenance.

Now we find this superb creation of God living in a golden age of prosperity and progress. This incomparable gift of God has struggled upward in its beautiful mantle, the human body, till it has attained miraculous planes of glory. Ever thru the ages we behold the white palms of man stretching upward to the stars of fame, ever we perceive the pale drawn face turned toward the light, straining, always straining to nobler heights. Can we realize this unconquered creature climbing the narrow, rocky path to his ideal only to start again on a steeper, darker, more difficult way to still nobler ideals? Can we fathom the depths from which he has so victoriously struggled? Picture a huge, hairy shape in a damp cave of dark misery, his garment the skin of one of his victims, his wild eyes fiercely staring from a dull face surrounded by long matted hair, as he stands among bones and half eaten beasts. But picture man now in this miraculous age of civilization. That is the long toilsome journey the children of God have made. But why this eternal longing for a higher, nobler life? Man is seeking happiness—the wondrous element that makes life the glorious achievement God meant it to be. Every soul makes its quest in its own way. But in man's continual struggle for happiness Youth is misunderstood. The child is loved in its sweet innocent happiness; man is honored and revered in his strife for a full and free life, but Youth is doubted, slandered and outrageously misunderstood in his quest for his dream of life, happiness. Let us watch youth as it makes its quest to the best of its ability and see a young soul climb to misty heights.

Youth—can you see it in its superb strength, its graceful lithe body, its free open mind, with a passionate warmth of love and sympathy crowning its glory. Feel its eager, grasping fingers reaching for the sunlight of true understanding as a cry breaks from its parted lips, a cry that reaches to the orchid dome of the blue heavens, an agonized cry for Life, Life, and again, Life. Ah, Youth must live with its whole glorious soul, and it does. Can any one gaze upon Youth as it fearlessly hurls its magnificent soul along in search of happiness and not feel his pulses quicken? This

vision gives encouragement to the weariest of heart. It is warmth and strength one sees, but a broad active mind functioning there, too. Here is Youth in a different aspect; a group of tense, eager faces are upturned, while young brains ponder and wonder. Youth is not thoughtless, careless and irreverent. It is not evil and mercenary. Slowly its soul is finding new and revealing truths as it moves on its way.

The strength of the hope and faith of Youth is beyond understanding. The young hope with their entire souls, and when disillusionment clouds their guiding light their tender hearts are painfully bruised. But does Youth sigh and allow misfortune and sorrow to rush it madly on to destruction? No, no, it does not. The burden is heavier but it is lifted once more. Youth marches toward its ideals, its faith, and Youth gives an ever living flame of encouragement to the easily broken spirit of age. Eternally it falls but never does it allow its buoyant spirit to be tarnished by the black depths of despair, for loyally it pulls its healthy body and active mind free from the clinging night and gloriously resumes its conquest for Love and Life. Many times when Youth is severely criticized for harness and unwarranted flippancy a young soul is bravely hiding a broken heart or a disheartening disillusionment as it determinedly endeavors toward its own again. Youth always come back from its Waterloo's; always it forges bravely back to the light from its sorrows and disappointments. It manfully accepts its days of black doubt and despair and unconquered starts on again toward happiness. 'Tis only Youth has indomitable will and unbounded strength of purpose to come back to the glorious sunshine unharmed, although a little wiser and better fit to meet life's hard and cruel blows.

Desirous of happiness, young humanity gives its unstinted best. Impetuously and joyously it says and does as its heart directs. Not often is Youth's best wrong, for Youth is the creation of God and cannot be wholly evil, but when a path of wrong doing is bestrewn with roses and gilded by glamorous pleasure, it leads these free, joyous souls to destruction. They are just that much farther from their goal of real happiness, but Youth can atone for its mistakes as no other age can. Youth has the strength of its convictions. It is the age of true convictions and decisions of freedom. Diligently and loyally the boys and girls of to-day carry on till their task of fulfilling their decisions victoriously is finished.

Youth is a period of glorious faith. It trusts its fellow men beyond explanation. To Youth the accused is guiltless till proven guilty; then it makes no difference for Youth in its heart of warm sympathy sees that if a soul needs a true and loyal friend it is when sorrow and misfortune have destroyed its light, and regardless of consequence Youth offers a willing hand to the less fortunate. Although this unselfish act is condemned by many, God understands the gener-

ous, free and noble heart that prompts the young soul to serve.

And so it is youth that is condemned for evil thoughts, immodesty and unclean living. Youth is free, it sees nothing in abundant and beautiful life nor the processes of life at which to blush. Delightfully frank and open, it thinks and says what it thinks. To Youth, human souls are expressed in human bodies and it perceives nothing evil or base from which to shrink. Life stretches undimmed before Youth, its golden possibilities lie far ahead, ever summoning Youth to the unattained. Youth sees all Nature in beauty and wonder and it reaches for Love and Happiness thru work, study, and free, joyous play. Joyous, free, impetuous and glorious is Youth as it Lives.

Youth, you are the life and hope of our supreme nation. This land of spacious territory, of lofty mountains and wonderful cities to carry to the pure and noble heights of success, of democracy and true brotherhood or to plunge into destruction and misery by unclean living and low principles of mind, soul and body. Happiness is yours only through self sacrifice and service to your fellow men. Humanity looks to you, do not fail it. Unhappiness is the fruit of wrong doing; it tears your heart, agonizes your soul, despair creeps in and Youth flees. America needs the buoyant freedom and strength of youth. Keep your souls free from sin and misdeeds, allow no hard and bitter thoughts to enter your young and untrampled hearts, purge your minds of unclean thoughts, your tongue of evil words. Do not allow sin to conceal itself in gilded pleasure, for unknowingly great souls are lead to eternal darkness by stupid evil minds in pleasing disguises. Be wary of undesirable associates. Do not allow vain and useless pleasure to swamp the desire for the best that can be derived from life. Frivolous pastimes may not harm but they destroy the feeling for truly good things and waste precious time that can never be regained. Be discrete and thoughtful for the world is quick and unfair in its condemnation of Youth. Give to humanity the best your unconquered, free, and joyful soul has and bounteous reward shall be yours in happiness.

To those whose youth has flown—do not forget your youth of fine and golden ideals and noble generosity. Careful remembrance will show you that the youth of today is of high, noble standards as it was in days gone by. Do not condemn a thoughtless deed that seems to mature minds a folly for the young heart was just carefree and generous that inspired the joyous expression, and not wicked and degraded. Many a sad time a free happy mind is hardened into morbid and bitter thoughts and actions by cruel and unjust judgement and misunderstanding. Your children are wholesome and clean. Give them a loving hand to help them to a true understanding of Life and their own unknown strength of heart and wonder of soul.

Dyc: "Well, madam, did the corn plasters do you any good?"

Customer: Can't say they did. I only took one and that was so tough that I could hardly chew it.—Ex.

Alton Allen: That horse knows as much as I do.

Sarah Bryan: Well don't tell anybody. You might want to sell him some day.

Young Motorist: Pardon me, miss, but would you like to take a ride?

She: Sir, I am a lady.

Y. M.: Sure I know that. If I had wanted a man I'd have gone home and asked my brother.—Ex.

"Please teacher," said Ralph, "I can't hold my pencil, I have a splinter in my thumb."

"Hum," remarked the teacher, "Have you been scratching your head?"—Ex.

"Georgie, I wouldn't slide down the bannisters like that."

"Wouldn't you, Grandma? How would you do it? Show me, please."—Ex.

Tom: Don't you remember you promised me five dollars if I passed in school this year?

Pa: Yes, son.

Tom: Well you won't have that expense.—Ex.

Old Lady (to Conductor): Please stop the car, I dropped my wig out the window.

Conductor: Never mind. There is a switch just this side of the next stop.—Ex.

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"You can't keep warm in the future on money burned up in the past."

Play Safe and Start a Savings Account

McKinley School

Sixth Grade Spelling Match

The last match, held Friday, Feb. 8, resulted in another victory for 6 South, without a word missed, while only two mistakes were made by 6 North.

Thrift Contest

In our thrift contest beginning January 28 and ending March 28, our classes have saved as follows:

Grade	
1	
1	\$ 4.83
2	8.86
3	6.91
4	16.25
5 North	22.57
5 South	14.55
6 North	30.14
6 South	14.07
Total	\$118.18

RALPHIE AND HIS DOG

Ralphie had a great big dog
Whose fur was long and curly,
Everywhere that Ralphie went,
Was the dog so big and burly.

It followed him to school one day,
(It was against the rule,)
And all the English class did laugh
To see Ralph's dog at school.

It walked around the railing,
And in the windows looked,
But when the teacher called on me—
I thought my goose was cooked!

For at that moment, up it crawled
Onto the railing high,
Its mouth it opened and out there came
A howl to the sky.

So Ralphie's great big dog—
Just back and forth it walked,
'Till at 3:30, the bell rang,
And from the school Ralph stalked.
—Unanimous.

Thanx.

DINAMO

A meeting of the Dinamo Society was held in room 107 Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ruby Tinsman, Senior, was unanimously accepted as a member at this time. A motion was carried that any member who misses three consecutive meetings without offering a valid excuse, submitted before the meeting, will be automatically dropped from the Society roll. Another motion was carried to the effect that a joint party be given in honor of the members of the Society who are commencement speakers and members of the debating squad. A very good suggestion was offered at this time by Mr. Drennan, who believes it to be the duty of every member of the society to take an active part in and further the activities of the school as there is plenty of good construction work to be done. Hereafter at each meeting a program will be given conducted by one member. Helen Smith will have charge of the program for the next meeting. A short course in Parliamentary Law was conducted. The meeting was adjourned.

Doris Rafferty who was a member of the class of '24 her sophomore year, died February 13 of sugar diabetes. During her short stay here she made many friends, and was well liked. She was living in Sebring at the time of her death.

**A WISE AND SALUTARY
NEGLECT**

By Hester Brown

"Through a wise and salutary neglect, a generous nature has been suffered to take her own way to perfection."

Mrs. Allen was completely discouraged. She had done everything that she could think of to make Lucile an ideal girl, a girl who was healthy in mind as well as body, a girl who could be depended upon to do the conventional thing under any circumstances. All her efforts had failed. Lucile spent all her time with a crowd who always did the daring and unconventional, and who delighted in improper stories and jokes. Mrs. Allen admitted herself defeated. She had done the best she knew how and she could do no more. It was not until she visited one of her girlhood friends that she saw where she had made her mistake.

Mrs. Leeton had a girl who was nearly the same age as Lucile. Mrs. Allen observed her the first day and decided that she was a spoiled child. She was the only child, and, as the Leetons were well off, Dorothy had everything that she wished. That first evening she came in from school, and after chatting with her mother and Mrs. Allen for a short time, said, "If you'll excuse me, I think I will go to my room and study. We girls are going for a sleigh ride tonight."

"All right, dear," her mother answered, "Run along and study."

After Dorothy was gone, Mrs. Allen asked in surprise, "Anna, do you permit your child to talk like that to you? Why, she didn't even ask your permission to go."

Mrs. Leeton smiled and said, "She knew that I would let her go. The girls are the right kind, and, as long as she studies before she goes, I have no objections."

The next evening when Dorothy came home from school she announced that Fred Elbert had asked her to go to the movies that night. Mrs. Leeton said nothing, but she looked disturbed. Dorothy, too, was strangely quiet that evening at dinner. After dinner Dorothy came into the living room and sat down. "Mother," she said quietly, "I telephoned Fred and told him I couldn't go this evening."

"I'm glad you did, dear," Mrs. Leeton replied.

That was all, but Mrs. Allen knew what it meant, and she would have given anything if Lucile would have come to her and said those words, for Mrs. Leeton had told her that Fred Elbert was not the kind of a boy that she liked Dorothy to associate with. "But, Anna," protested Mrs. Allen, "Why don't you forbid her going with him?"

"Because," Mrs. Leeton had replied, "Dorothy knows right and wrong as well as I do. She is level-headed and for years I have allowed her to make her own decisions. I have taught her to rely on herself and use her own judgment, and I have found that that course is the wisest one I could have pursued."—Hester Brown, '24.

"Fritz" Russell, now living in Sebring, Fla., writes that she can't wait to get back, altho she's on the basketball team and president of the Sophomore class down there. They have 50 in the high school, and have four teachers. She writes she's having a good time, but says, "Salem for me."



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By Deborah Stratton

Bobby Andrews lived in the large white house on the hill. A very large house it was, beautiful in architecture and handsomely furnished. An ideal house, perhaps for any occupant, but sad to say, it did not fulfill the requirements of a home. Just such surroundings had Bobby been in all of his fifteen proud years but it's a long lane that has no turning, and Bobby is soon to find out that luxury and a good time are not the only essentials in life.

An only child of the wealthy Dr. Andrews, he had been petted and fussed over until he found it hard to do anything for himself, but have his own way. His uncle and aunt were also ardent admirers of their handsome nephew—for handsome he was. Black, straightforward eyes, broad forehead, black curly hair, and rather sensitive features blended well with the fair complexion and erect carriage of body. Thus we find him at the age of fifteen, a sophomore in high school, whimpering like a baby because he, Bobby Andrews, had not been elected president of his class.

"They treated me terribly," he whimpered to his mother, "they treated me as though I were no better than the rest of them!"

"Oh, well!" comforted his mother, "just be patient, carry your head erect, and show them you're as good as any of them!"

Which he did. That year he went out for football, and a promising candidate he was. But when the team was picked, he found himself ranked only among the subs. Indignation and fury took the place of his better judgment, and on the way up to school he said to MacDonald:

"I don't care! I know I deserve to play on that team more than Fat Wilson does. He's so clumsy he can't hold on to the ball!"

MacDonald took this outburst in silence, but as they passed into the dressing room a close observer would have seen MacDonald wink at the other fellows. They knew what this meant, so at the right time they grabbed Bobby, carried him into the showers for such a ducking as Bobby never had a chance of forgetting. Fully fifteen minutes they held him, wriggling, squirming, yelling! "I'll kill everyone of you for this," he threatened, "I'll tell Dad and he'll see that you're punished!"

How ridiculous this sounded. Bobby did not stop to think, for his wrath had reached almost a white heat. But the boys made no answer, and Bobby sullenly finished dressing.

As he started from the gym, MacDonald came to him, and said:

"Now listen here, Andrews, you have good stuff in you, but to be quite frank with you, you're so spoiled you can't see further than your own eye, which in your case is pretty large. You know as well as I that a gang of fellows won't stand that personification of 'ego' in any fellow. We'd like you if you'd forget yourself a while, and remember that you're doing as great a service, and receiving just as much credit, if you boost the man who can do it perhaps better than you. Just remember that, Andrews. You're a winner if you do!"

Although hard on his pride, the

little speech went straight home, and Bobby decided that his friend must have some interest in him, or he wouldn't even try to help him. And right then and there he made resolutions, which his acquaintances are glad to see he has kept. Now he is the winner that MacDonald predicted, but not because he is proud and thinks about himself, but because he is now just one of the gang. A hard lesson it was, but a sure one, and to everyone unselfishness should be a steadfast motto.

HONESTY AT ANY COST

Honesty is a certain feeling or spirit that comes when you are playing fair with your conscience. When you were small, probably the first thing your mother impressed on you was honesty. If you took a cookie or piece of candy when mother wasn't looking, you were scolded severely and told that wasn't honest. You felt sorry and said "No, I'll never do it again," but the next time some goodie was displayed temptingly, you once more succumbed to temptation.

So it is now, though we know better than to repeat these little offences. Examinations and our first semester have come and gone. Some of us have failed but the greater majority have succeeded in the effort to pass the first half of the course. How many of us have passed it squarely, in an honest way? Could you say you deserved your credit for the semester? Most of us do, but some got theirs unfairly. Examinations are surely something to make you think and still give you a fair test over what you know. To flunk honestly is much better than to win dishonestly. I knew a boy who when asked about his History IV examination said he had an A in it. I asked him how he received such a good grade for he wasn't an exceptionally good student. He said, "Yes, that's my grade. Ain't it a good one? But you'd ought to have seen the handful of notes I had." It happened that he flunked in almost everything else. Wasn't that a fit punishment? Was he playing square with himself or with his conscience? No, surely not. The person who is honest and perseveres in his effort to gain his success or ideal will win his rewards at last. But the person who lives on the crooked road of life, cheating when he has the chance, will always reap an abundance of unpleasant things.—Junia Jones, '26.

First Gold Dust Twin: Did we make a cleanup?

Second Twin: No, Lux against us.

Miss Walker (in Caesar class): Marion Van Syoc, don't you think you had better turn over the page, you have read three lines on the next page already.

Mr. Vickers: Martha, what is the common conductor of electricity?

Mitz: Why-er-

Mr. V.: Wire correct. Now tell me what the unit of electricity is called?

Mitz: The what, sir?

Mr. V.: The watt, very good, be seated.

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Both of Salem's Teams Win Again From Columbiana

On Saturday, February 9, Columbiana High School girls' and boys' teams came to Salem to play their return game with Salem. These were the first games at home for several weeks as the gym floor had been in bad shape after the flood.

Girls Game

Salem—22; Columbiana—18

The Columbiana girls came here more determined than ever to defeat Salem. Throughout the whole game both teams ran neck and neck, Salem always being one or two points in the lead, but it was hard to tell when the score might be tied. The Columbiana coach put in a new guard to stay with "Danny" all the time and she did, Danny only getting one basket. But the guards concentrated so much upon Willaman that Calkins and Tinsman were able to make several field goals apiece. Frye, the center for Columbiana, played a very good game, making most of the points for Columbiana's team.

Salem—	G.	F.	T.
Willaman (f)	1	8	10
Calkins (f)	3	0	6
Tinsman (f)	3	0	6
Titus (c)	0	0	0
Cosgrove (g)	0	0	0
Stratton (g)	0	0	0
Total	7	7	22

Columbiana—	G.	F.	T.
Calvin (f)	1	3	5
Detwiler (f)	1	1	3
Frye (c)	4	2	10
Gleckler (g)	0	0	0
Sponseller (g)	0	0	0
Brumgard (g)	0	0	0
Lower (g)	0	0	0
Total	6	6	18

Boys Game

Salem—27; Columbiana—17

The Salem boys led throughout the whole game, but even at that it was very interesting and fast. All of the Salem boys seemed to have a lot of pep and fight and went into the game determined to win. Salem used new tactics against Columbiana's defense that worked fine. The Salem boys seemed to be able to make baskets from almost any position on the floor. They did not miss very many baskets for which they tried. Houser made the most points with Coffee and Yengling running close. Marshall was the star for Columbiana.

Salem—	G.	F.	T.
Judge (f)	2	1	5
Yengling (f)	3	0	6
Houser (c)	2	5	9
Dixon (g)	0	0	0
Coffee (g)	3	1	7
Wm. Konnert (g)	0	0	0
Older (g)	0	0	0
Geo. Konnert (f)	0	0	0

Lewis (f)	0	0	0
Total	10	7	27
Columbiana—	G.	F.	T.
Marshall (f)	3	2	8
Ferrel (f)	1	1	3
Harrold (f)	1	0	2
Burkle (f)	0	0	0
Krumbaker (f)	0	0	0
Krumm (c)	0	0	0
Nickols (g)	1	2	4
McKain (g)	0	0	0
Total	6	5	17

STRUTHERS WINS A DOUBLE HEADER

(Continued From Page One)

Struthers boys but they also were disappointed in their expectations. The boys game was very fast and something was happening every minute. The Struthers team had one man who was undoubtedly the best dribbler who has appeared on the Salem floor this season. He was very fast and hard to stop when he was started down the floor. Houser didn't put up the good game that he usually does. Yengling was the highest point scorer for Salem, making seven points with Sartick and Houser second with five points apiece. Moore made the majority of baskets for Struthers, scoring a total of twelve points.

Salem—	G.	F.	T.
Judge	2	0	4
Sartick	2	1	5
Houser	2	1	5
Dixon	0	2	2
Coffee	0	1	1
Yengling	3	1	7
Total	9	6	24

Struthers—	G.	F.	T.
Freshcorn	4	0	8
Linebaugh	2	1	5
Moore	6	0	12
McCurdy	4	3	11
Cuba	0	1	1
Scully	0	0	0
Total	16	5	37

WANTED—TWO VICTORIES!

This week promises to be a busy one for the basketball teams. On Thursday night both teams will journey to Warren, where they expect to win a hard-earned victory. On Friday night East Liverpool will bring her teams here and another close and interesting game is expected.

Waitress: And how did you find the apple pie, sir?
Diner: I moved the cheese aside and there it was.—Ex.

Salem Hi Wins One And Loses One

On Saturday night, February 16, the Salem girls played the New Philadelphia girls and the Salem boys played Carrollton boys. There was a good crowd to witness these games but not quite the crowd that was there the night before to see the Struthers games. Both games were good and the girls game was extremely exciting.

Girls Game

The girls game was neck and neck throughout with something happening every minute. The Salem girls entered the game with one of their first string guards out of the game because of sickness. The girls played hard to make up for their defeat the night before from Struthers, but were beaten in the last minute of play by one point. Tinsman, Tolerton and Calkins all played good games, both forwards scoring a number of baskets apiece. Hoffman was the star for New Philadelphia girls, making a large number of their points.

Salem—	G.	F.	T.
Tinsman	3	0	6
Willaman	8	0	16
Calkins	5	0	10
Titus	0	0	0
Stratton	0	0	0
Tolerton	0	0	0
Total	16	0	32
New Philadelphia	G.	F.	T.
Hoffman	8	3	19
Nicholes	2	0	4
Johns	5	0	10
Fribley	0	0	0
Torgler	0	0	0
Butler	0	0	0
Total	15	3	33

Boys Game

The boys game was very fast the first half but the last half, when several of Carrollton's players and a couple of Salem's were put out of the game on personals it slowed up the game to some degree. After Carrollton's big center was taken out that seemed to weaken them very much, he seemed to be their mainstay. All of the Salem boys seemed to be able to make points, nearly every player making one or more points. During the game one of Carrollton's players was thrown to the floor and his knee was hurt. The Carrollton team used the five man defense and our offense used against the five man defense didn't work quite as it usually does. Dixon scored the largest number of points, making a total of eleven points.

Salem—	G.	F.	T.
Judge	0	0	0
Sartick	3	1	7
Houser	3	0	6
Coffee	2	3	7
Dixon	3	5	11
Yengling	2	0	4
Konnert	0	0	0

Lewis	0	1	1
Total	13	10	36
Carrollton—	G.	F.	T.
Bell	1	2	4
Hanna	0	1	1
Stoody	2	3	7
McCartney	0	0	0
Shotwell	1	0	2
Moreland	0	0	0
Daley	1	0	2
Roof	0	0	0
Total	5	6	16

Traffic Cop: Say, you! Didn't you see me wave at you?

Rural Belle: Yes, you fresh thing, and if Henry was here you wouldn't dare do it.—Ex.

Butch: How do you know cigarettes are bad for the wind?

Coach: Haven't you noticed a fellow who smokes them is always puffing.—Ex.

Ralph Atkinson (in library): I want the life of Caesar.

Librarian: I'm sorry, but Brutus beat you to it.—Ex.

Jim: Can you lend me two dollars?

John: When is your payday?

Jim: When I pay you back the two dollars.—Ex.

Mr. Drennan (in civics): Name a good thing we have now that we didn't have 100 years ago.

John Cavanaugh: Me.—Ex.

Miss Smith: What insect lives on the least food?

Forney: The moth. It eats holes.—Ex.

Ralph Hannay (in Civics class): Do we use the same water for drinking that's in the fire plugs?

Mr. Drennan: Certainly.
Ralph (surprised): Oh, then we drink fire-water, don't we!

Mr. Drennan (to Public Speaking class): We will have after dinner speeches tomorrow.

Starling McCullough: Are you going to furnish the dinner, Mr. Drennan?

She—Are you sure we have taken the best road?

He: No, but somebody has. It is a dreadful one they left in its place, too.—Ex.

Author: Did you read my latest book?

Friend: Yes.

Author: What did you think of it?

Friend: Well to be candid with you, I think the covers are too far apart.—Ex.

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SHADOWS

I saw his face in the sunlight,
 A wavering, mystical thing,
 That brought back, with the force of a moment,
 The pain, and the shattered dream.
 And it seemed to me, in the vision
 Conjured by the bright dancing rays,
 His eyes were browner than ever,
 And he still had the same winning ways,
 And the shadows and lines time had wrought there,
 Were the force of the Almighty's hand
 Chiselling, but marred by mistake of others,
 The others, who didn't understand.
 And I watched until it faded,
 Grew dim, and vanished at last,
 And I wondered not at the darkness,
 His anguish had over me cast.

—M. Birch, '24

Sing a song of expense,
 Living is awfully high,
 Lobsters cost a fortune,
 And so does good old rye.
 Butter costs ten cents a spread,
 Eggs fifteen a fry,
 If gas were less expensive
 I would turn it on and die.

—A Bachelor.

—Ex.

A Maiden's Prayer

"Dear Lord, I ask nothing for myself,
 only give mother a son-in-law."
 —Ex.

Freshie: Let's speak to those two
 dames on the corner.

Soph: 'Sno use, they are telephone
 girls.

Freshie: What of it?

Soph: They won't answer.—Ex.

Teacher: Can you tell me, Johnny,
 where shingles were first used?

Johnny: Yes'm, but I'd rather not,
 ma'am.—Ex.

Rastus: Dat baby of yours am de
 poifect image of his daddy.

Rasta: He suah am. He am a
 reg'lar carbon copy.—Ex.

Crutchley: How's your radio now-
 adays?

Fobby: Aw it's bum. Every time
 they send a bed-time story my bat-
 teries go to sleep.

Tramp: Would you please sub-
 scribe a half a dollar to my fund for
 beautifying the village?

The Vicar: How are you going to
 beautify the village?

Tramp: By moving on to the next
 one, sir.—Ex.

Dave: I've been trying to dope out
 why the Scotch are so humorous.

Sam: That's easy. Because it's a
 gift.—Ex.

Girlie: Can you give me a couple
 of rooms?

Hotel Clerk: Yes, suite one.

Girlie: Sir!—Ex.

Elevator Man: Jimmie, your face
 is dirty.

Jimmy: What is it to you? You're
 not my pap.

E. M.: No, but I'm bringing you
 up.—Ex.

Robert Davis has been trying to
 trade his bicycle to Karl Howell so he
 can get to school with dry feet in the
 morning.

"Ford Coupes are utility cars in
 every way, but when it comes to a
 pleasure car—Buy a Dodge Brothers,"
 Paul Walton says.

Pete: How do you suppose a fel-
 low with two wooden legs can walk?

Deac: He probably just manages
 to lumber along.—Ex.

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