

Jim Fogg

Senior Party
Tonight

The Quaker

East Liverpool
Here Tomorrow

VOL V, NO. 3

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, OCTOBER 31, 1924

Price 10 Cents

S. H. S. VS STRUTHERS

Fumbles Cause Salem Another Defeat.
Struthers 7, Salem 0—Weak
in Offense.

By PAUL SMITH

With a record crowd of Salem's football fans and student rooters, Salem witnessed one of the season's toughest battles, and saw defeat, only by awkwardness in handling the ball. Salem outplayed Struthers in every way, shape and form, and really looked good for Salem to bring home the bacon, until third quarter came around which totaled Struthers with one victorious seven points.

First Quarter

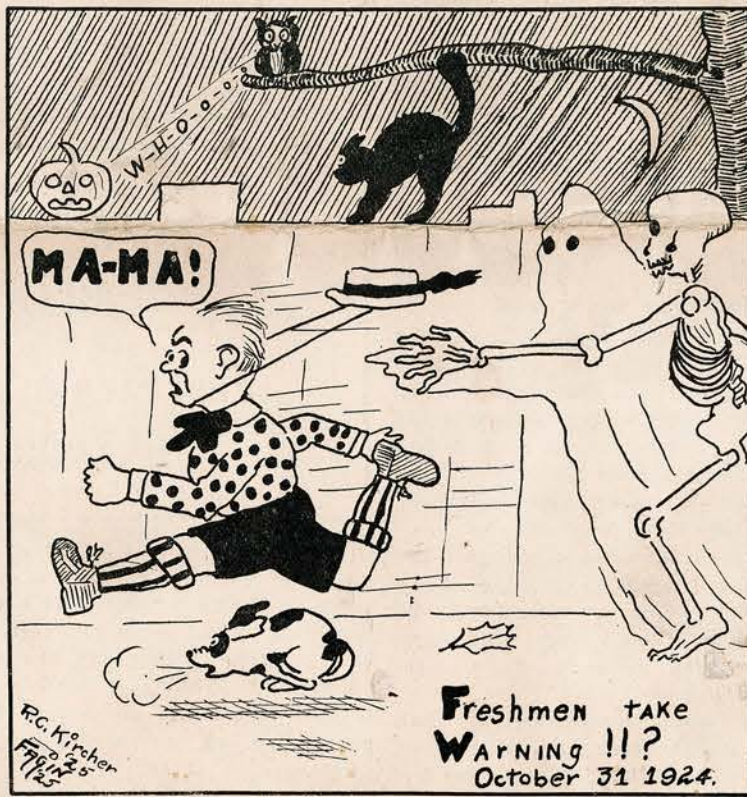
Struthers receives, Houser boots ball outward to left end about 10 yards, and Coffee recovers it giving Salem the ball with 40 yards of territory to cover. Salem hits their line for several yards and then fumbles, Struthers recovers. Their first play covered about 10 yards by a criss-cross, only to lose their gain, through unnecessary roughness, being penalized. Struthers takes ball again through line and fumbles. Cosgrove recovers. Salem's first down was run by Houser around left end for 5 yards. Simmons rips up line for several yard on second down. Forward pass to Sartick is broken and Houser punts the ball far into Struthers' field. Struthers piles up on our line, with very little gain and then punts, which is blocked and Struthers recovers ball near goal. Two passes are tried, over goal line being broken up by Ray Judge, and Struthers calls out their drop kicker, missing goal by many yards. Coffee receives ball and carries it 25 yards.

Simonds takes next play through line for 15 yards. Houts tries line play but was blocked with no gain. Hauser punts. Sartick tears down field and delays Struthers at the reach of Houser's punt. Struthers forced to punt after four futile attempts to gain ground through line, which was blocked again and Struthers recovered. Struthers ball on 50-yard line. Quarter up.

Second Quarter

End run started the second quarter, which Houser tore down in heap and a line rush gave them several yards. Third down and four yards to go, Struthers hit our wall of defense and stopped where they started. Fourth down piled up the same way, which forces them to punt. Simonds gets the ball and runs several yards. Simonds takes ball again into the line for two yards. Houts nails a pass by Houser for 1 in 10. Again Simonds hits line for several yards. Houser tried his power through line but in vain to invade their strong line. A short pass to Sartick gave Salem another 1-10 and the first play was a pass to Sartick intercepted by

(Continued from page 2)



Salem Pupil Wins Medal

Salem High School was represented by Alice Fluckiger, Kathryn Adams, Theda Knauf, Marguerite Schmid and Virginia Freet in the Shorthand contest held at Longwood High School, Friday, October 24.

They arrived in Cleveland about 7:45 and were met by Miss Lucile Frederick. From there the trip to the Spencerian was made by motor.

School was in session there, and the morning was spent very enjoyably in visiting the different classes. The guests were treated royally both by the teachers and the scholars.

At noon the girls were entertained at lunch by the Spencerian School. After lunch they started for Longwood where the contest was held.

The Typewriting Contest came first in which Alice Flickinger was the only contestant entered from Salem.

This is the first time that Salem High has ever entered the Shorthand and Typing contest at Cleveland, and we are proud to know, as the old saying goes, that Margaret Schmid "brought home the bacon."

The first prize was taken by West Commerce School, Cleveland. This paper was without errors.

The second prize, a silver medal, was awarded to Marguerite Schmid of Salem High, who had only one error.

Marguerite has something to show for her ever-lasting toil at shorthand, and she is an example which we hope that all in the future will follow.

McKinley: I've lived on vegetables for two weeks.

Walt: That's nothing, I've lived on earth all my life.

Senior Masque

October 31st is a night that children anticipate with delight. But the anticipators this time are the Seniors. Why not? This is the night of their party. Many strange customs and superstitions will be practiced on this night. There are unlimited possibilities for a good time at this party, and it promises to be wonderfully unusual and successful. It is handled by capable chairmen, Dorothy Detwiler, Helen Reitzell and Florence Cosgrove.

But beware! Only those who are strong of heart and without fear had best come, for witches, black cats, owls, bogies, jack-o-lanterns and goblins are sure to be present at this party.

Students Organize New Club

A new organization has been formed in Salem High School called the "Rooters Club." This was formed to get organized cheering in this school. At the first meeting Jim Fogg was elected president and Paul Howell secretary. Miss Smith was chosen for the faculty member.

The cheering in Salem High has not been up to former standards, and it is necessary to bring this back.

The officers hope that this club, backed by the entire student body, will be able to bring back our old spirit, and in this way give our teams the support that they deserve.

Butch: What am I supposed to have stolen?

C. M. R.: A horse and wagon.
Butch: Search me.

BIG FEED

Team Surprises Assistant Coach

For four football fellows had the time of their lives when they gave a "feed" in honor of Mr. Nichols Thursday night in the dining room of the domestic science department. Mr. Nichols has worked faithfully with the team with only the goodwill of the team for a reward.

After the football practice the boys led the assistant coach through the kitchen of the domestic science department into the other room for a chalk talk so they said. The first words that came to his mind were, "My wife will have supper waiting." But the fellows had left no stone unturned. They had told his wife all about it.

The room was decorated appropriately for the Hallowe'en season.

The fellows appreciated especially the services of Mrs. Cox and Mrs. Talbot who prepared a great part of the elaborate feast. Immediately on entering they gave nine "rahs" to the girls: Mary Miskimins, Lenora Astry, Sara Mae Zimmerman and Mary Yarwood who served them.

After dinner was served a very touching speech was given by Mr. Nichols. He explained that it was the very boys who were willing to rough the hardships of the football field who fought shoulder to shoulder and won our World war. The football fellows were called on in turn by Coach Springer, and they each gave a word of encouragement to the team.

The good time lasted until about 8:30.

Hockey

Hockey was introduced into Salem High this year by Miss Potter, who has intended in making the girls as fond of it as she is herself.

The big idea of the game is to get the ball over the other team's goal line. When this is done the lucky team receives one point.

There are 11 girls on each team; five offensive and six defensive. The offensive are right wing, right inside, center forward, left inside and left wing.

The defensive are right, left and center half backs, right and left full backs, and the goal keeper. Team work is absolutely necessary in hockey. No player, no matter how good, can play the game by himself. A grandstand player is a fatal drawback to the team upon which he plays.

The girls here have formed several teams, two from each class, each team representing one of the class colors. These will play against one another until finally the best team is found, and there girls will then be the champions of Salem High.

BEAT EAST LIVERPOOL

THE QUAKER

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

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Editor-in-Chief . . . Helen Smith
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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.

Backing The Business Men

Salem High is lucky to be able to secure so much support from the business men of the town. They are always willing to give a talk, usually at a very short notice, to the students at assembly. They are fine boosters of the athletic teams, and most of them give ads freely to "The Quaker." When they do give these ads they do not really expect to get their money's worth, but they do expect some returns for it. It is as little as any pupil of the High School can do to read these ads, and patronize the merchants offering them.

If it is a question of a few cents difference in values, think about "The Quaker" and buy from the firm who backs the school. Many men are threatening to withdraw their contracts if the pupils do not patronize more home trade. Let's show these merchants that we are just as loyal to them as they are to us.

That Night

I had left home and could never return. Where could I go? I knew no one and had no money. What should I do? Glancing down, I saw that I was on an unfamiliar path. Inspiration struck me and my problem was solved, I would follow the path an go to where it led.

Following this path into a great unknown going on and on until the day faded and as evening settled, it thrust a cloak of secrecy all about me. Dark night soon followed and the moon, rising higher and higher in the starless heaven cast weird shadows about me.

Far away in the distance I heard faint moaning. I shivered and drew my cloak closer. A feeling of dread fear came over me, my knees quaked in under me, the very marrow in my bones seemed to dry up and wither. I wished to turn and run, but an inner sense forced me forward, the thought that someone might be in trouble.

The moans died out, receded into the stillness of the night, but a feeling of some omnipresent being persisted and I hurried forward. The moans came again, grew clearer and louder and were greater and greater in volume, and then ended in one shrill shriek.

I was nearing a willow grove, and the wind bending the willows before it, casting shadows in the snape of fantastic figures before my eyes, (died) as suddenly as the moans. died out. The willows uttered one sobbing sigh and were silent. The shadows stopped their uncanny dances and a silence far nerve-wrecking than the unfamiliar noises descended on all the grove.

A golden light appeared in the heavens, and with slow movements, like the unrolling of a parchment, spread over the heavens just above me to the ground. A girl appeared, from where, I did not know. A face more beautiful, I never have seen, and cannot describe. A beauty that was enhanced by suffering, that was plainly written on her face.

The mournful notes of a trumpet sounded. The earth at the girl's feet opened and revealed a dark chasm extending far down into the bowels of the earth, it seemed even to eternity. She, gazing down into th opening, shuddered as though she were appalled at what she saw.

A single piercing scream rent the air. Yet her lips had not moved nor had she altered her poise above the chasm in a single way. The trumpet sounded, again in those same mournful tones.

She looked beseechingly up into the heavens, stretched her arms up to them, as though imploring for forgiveness of someone. As the tips of her fingers touched the golden roll of light it recoiled, and quivered as some pure thing were touched by the unclean tongue of the serpent.

The golden ray turned black as if it were scorched by a swift relentless fire. What did it mean? Did it mean that everything filled with that golden light, goodness, turned away from that which was scorched black by sin, and suffering? Did repentance mean nothing? Suddenly there blazed upon the black ray those most beautiful, unforgettable words which have been handed down to us through the ages, the ten commandments. Headed with the three words, "Thou shalt not—" The girl drew back as in dismay.

Ah no! The words of our God faded from the ray, and as quickly as there had blazed forth his commandments, came these words written in pure white, they seemed to stand out even more than those flaming letters.

"And thou shalt be secure because there is hope:

Yea, thou shalt dig about thee, and thou shalt take thy rest in safety."

If I had called the girl beautiful before I don't know how I can hope to describe her after she read those forgiving words. Her eyes were filled with new found happiness, and her shoulders which had seemed weighted down with the suffering of years straightened. The burden which she had carried seemed to have been shifted from her weak shoulders to one far more capable of carrying it. Her face was illuminated with hope. As this transformation was taking place the black of the ray grew dim, and gradually disappeared just as at the dawning of our day, the black of night faded and was replaced by the golden light of the sun as it rises.

For Good Things to Eat
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C. B. MOORE

OVERCOAT TIME AT
BLOOMBERG'S

Just Step in and Look at Them
For Young Men and Boys

The girl turned and looked at the chasm at her feet, it seemed as if some angel had entered it and with her magic wand made the dark recess as light as day, and had left, as a proof of her visit little extra touches to beautify the peace. The girl smiled and entered her revised castle.

I have often wondered if I really had gone, if I really had seen, or if it were the product of my imagination, but I know that I have conquered.

—Dorothy Detwiler.

(Continued from page 1)

Struthers. "Brockoff" (Struthers) meets Houser for the first time when they collide at left end. Struthers punts and Salem fumbles ball. Struthers punts and Salem fumbles ball. Struthers recovered. A 40-yard pass was featured in first play, being broken up by Cosgrove. Unable to succeed in passes Struthers hits line for 1-10 in three downs, rushing down the field for more gain, they soon made another 1-10, but only by an inch "which caused the line to come in twice."

Another pass of 40 yards was missed only by short nails for he had it a second, only to fall to the ground. They lost the ball, after a fruitless attempt to make their gain and Salem hits line for 1 yard—"Coffee."

Houser proceeds around right end for another yard. Houser punts. Struthers blocked it and recovered and started down field when Sartick came charging at him and tearing him down. "Half up." 0-0.

Third Quarter

Struthers kicks, Cosgrove received ball and covered 20 yards before anyone stopped him. Houser takes first play through line, no gain, then punts, being a free ball. After Struthers misjudged the ball bounced over his head, and Sartick stopped him where the ball rolled. They punted. Miller receives ball and carried it several yards. Losing the ball to Struthers, they carried it to the other end of the field by several short passes and a trick play, carried the ball across for a touchdown, and drop kicks goal.

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Salem kicks, Struthers made no gain and forced to punt. "Quarter up."

Fourth Quarter

Salem's first play, a pass, broken up. Houser takes next play for 1-10. A pass to Coffee interrupted by Struthers, plunges through line for 1-10. Simmons intercepts pass, Houser punts, Struthers carries ball for 20 yards. Plows through line for another 1-10, and a pass for 15 yards brought them very close to goal. There they stopped, unable to make their gain. Salem won the ball, and punts, Holding them in their field Salem again recovered ball but all efforts to gain were futile, the game was over—7-0.

"Boost the rooters" yells were heard as far out as Tenth street.

SOCIETY

Miss Margaret Eagleton entertained a group of friends at a party at her home near Lisbon.

Miss Edna French spent Sunday in Salem. She is attending Mount Union.

Miss Dorothy Moore, who is in training for a nurse at Pittsburg, spent Sunday at Salem.

Miss Ruth Barton entertained a group of girls at her home recently.

Fred Yoder attended the Pitt-Tech game at Pittsburg, Saturday, Oct. 25, in which his brother, Lloyd, played for Tech, the victorious team. Fred was accompanied home by his brother, who spent the week-end here.

Mr. Springer's mother came to Salem to attend the football game with Struthers last Saturday.

The teachers of Salem went to Cleveland Friday, Oct. 24, to attend the Northeastern Ohio Teachers' convention.

Mr. Springer attended the dance at the Sigma Nu house Saturday evening.

Arthur Yengling was in Salem Saturday evening.

Miss Viola Stanciu entertained a group of friends at a Hallowe'en party Monday evening, Oct. 27, at her new home on the Goshen road.

Honor Roll

The following pupils had no grades below B:

Bodo, Mary	200
Fronius, Susie	302
Fults, Gladys	302
Floyd, Bessie	204
Jones, Junnia	204
Mathews, Wanda	204
Atkinson, Margaret	300
Heck, Edward	206
Cosgrove, Florence	206
Fluckiger, Alice	206
Heckert, Alice	206
Leipper, Rhea	206
Reitzell, Helen	206
Rogers, Esther	206
Slutz, Faye	206
Smith, Helen	206
Tolerton, Florence	206
Zimmerman, Sara Mae	206
Patten, Clara	208
Platt, Lewis	208
Price, Rebecca	306
Smith, Louise	304
Phippips, Deane	304
Naragon, Nellie	304
Morrison, Wayne	304
Slutz, Irene	109
Taylor, Homer	109
Sturgeon, Myron	109
Shepherd, Evelyn	109
Young, Eugene	309
Miller, Anna Ruth	303
McAvoy, Mildred	303
All A's	
Flickinger, Edith	302
Marsillio, Joe	208

BEAT EAST LIVERPOOL

Going South

Word was received from Miss Gerretta Titus from St. Petersburg, Fla. "Jerry" was known by every one up at high school. She played jumping center on the girls' basketball team and was always on the dot to defend the ball for old Red and Black. When "Jerry" was in North Carolina she collected some peanuts and got some cotton from Georgia to send back to the biology classes. That shows she hasn't forgotten us. We all wish Jerry the greatest success.

A Dream of Rest

"All dream of rest yet very few prepare
The way for it along the road to gain,
Day after day, year after year with pain
We set our marks, and think, sometimes to fare
To some sweet realm beyond the pale of care,
These goals we reach, set them aheer, and feign
Unrest anew, thus never peace attain;
Miss all it spaths nor any pleasure share
A hundred wayside inns of vantage passed
Footsore and weary, burdened, bent, and old,
Right on we plod and drag our hopes elate
Instead of happiness we hold
We are but hollow mockeries of fate."
—Eugene Field.

Laugh a Little Bit

Here's a motto, just your fit—
Laugh a little bit.
When you think you're trouble hit,
Laugh a little bit.
Look misfortune in the face,
Brave the beddam's rude grimace;
Ten to one 'twill yield its place,
If you have the wit and grit
Just to Laugh a Little Bit.

Keep your face with sunshine lit,
Laugh a little bit.
All the shadows off will flit,
If you have the grit and wit
Just to Laugh a Little Bit.

Cherish this as sacred wit—
Laugh a little bit.
Keep it with you, sample it,
Laugh a little bit.
Little ills will sure betide you,
Men may mock and fame deride you,
But you'll mind them not a whit
If you Laugh a Little Bit.
—Edmund Vance Cook.

A girl entered the library and asked the librarian to preserve a book for her.

"THE BEST EVER"

When it comes to play, he is "the best ever."
When it comes to work or study, he is "the best ever."
When it comes to saving—they say the same—he is "the best ever."
Young man, is your aim to be "the best ever" always uppermost in your mind?

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Leave It To Bing!

After the Akron Central game Oct. 18, the team was banqueted at the University club, Akron. In the course of the meal some silver was dropped. Somebody yelled: "Dropped something!"
"Yes," said Bingham, "He missed his pocket."

In the last issue of this paper the signatures of the writers of some of the articles were, by mistake, omitted. These are as follows:
"Betty's Discovery"—Edith Whitacre—'25.

"The Lesson"—Edward Heck—'25.
"His Latin"—Joe Marsillio—'27.
"A Day at the Jones' Home"—Sara Mae Zimmerman—'25.

Contributors to this issue of "The Quaker" are: Lenora Astry, Virginia Freet, James Fogg, Paul Bartholomew, Harry Houser, Sara Mae Zimmerman, Jean Olloman, Esther Rogers, Robert Howell, Paul Smith, Dorothy Detwiler.

When people say they receive radio messages through iron beds—it's the bunk.

Radio Fan: Great Eh?
Victim: I should say it does grate!
Shut it off!

BEAT AKRON WEST

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History and Zeke

Zeke Taylor waited in the principal's office for the return of said principal. Zeke wanted to drop history, and he wanted to drop it quick. It was all on account of the teacher. He didn't exactly dislike her, he simply couldn't get used to her system. She made him do his work over if it wasn't just right. Then Zeke became stubborn. He refused to do his work. He wanted to do the right thing, but he somehow couldn't manage it when Miss Addnsabstract would stand up in front and talk about how she had a boy in one of her classes whose first name began with the last letter in the alphabet, and who was at the foot of the class, although she, herself, said that she wasn't mentioning any names, Zeke somehow thought that it was he who was the topic of conversation. The teacher used to say that after taking that history course for nine months they'd never take any other. Zeke believed it at the end of the fourth week. He didn't think he would last the semester.

Zeke didn't usually have very many fights. One day he met Bill Jones on the street. Said Bill, "Your dog has a face like Miss Addnsabstract." Zeke said, "Take off your coat." "Why," asked Bill. "I won't allow anybody to say a thing like that about my dog," said Zeke.

Needless to say, if Zeke's history teacher had been suddenly called to the next county, there wouldn't have been much love lost. Yet behind it all, Zeke still wanted to do the right thing as the curtain went down on one act, and raised on a "New Era" in his school life, as he stood at the office door, while he sang to himself, the song, "The boy stood on the burning deck."

While Zeke waited for the principal's return, he rehearsed his "act." He made up his mind he would tell the principal a thing or two. He would tell him he just couldn't stand Miss Addnsabstract, and that he was going to drop history and there were no two ways about it. He had just in his imagination sent the principal for the "count," when in walked that gentleman himself.

"What can I do for you?" he said. "Please mister, could I drop history?" asked Zeke.

"Come with me," said the principal. He went right by the place where he kept his persuasive "Board of Education," and went on down the hall to Miss Addnsabstract's room.

Then followed an interview, during which a great change took place. Heretofore, Zeke had only known Miss Addnsabstract in a "business" way. Now he found out that she was human. She told him she wanted to do the right thing, as did Zeke, and all they had to do, was to agree. Zeke didn't drop history. They all three became great friends, Zeke, the teacher, and history. Every night after school, Miss Addnsabstract would take Zeke home in her car. It was some automobile. At fifteen miles an hour it would start to fly. Nevertheless, they always arrived home safe. As soon as they had arrived, Zeke would hurry into the house, get out his history book

and study 'till 9 o'clock, only taking out enough time to read the papers and to eat supper. He would take his book to the football games and study between halves. He invited Miss Addnsabstract out to dine with them, and it was at this point that Zeke's kid brother almost "queered" the "works." Zeke called her on the telephone just as Billy Jim got "wind" of what was going on. He came into the room where the telephone was located and began "airing" his opinions on the matter.

"Is that the one that owns the old 'residenter' of a car that runs taxi out here every night. Whenever I hear a noise that sounds like bricks falling on a tin roof, I navigate for the house. Is she the one that preaches all day and snores all night? I've heard about her. You had better invite another teacher for her to talk to. I won't be here.

However, Miss Addnsabstract came out to dinner and by the end of the year Zeke felt capable of writing a book on, "How to make 100 percent out of two naughts with a ring around them."

PAUL BARTHOLOMEW, '25.

Personality

Personality ennobles a calling and gives soul to an official position, lends the physician power over the sick, which art and knowledge alone cannot give him; it secures for the military officer command over his troops and assures him their faithfulness in the presence of danger and death; it lifts the judge above the frigid law; it makes the priest a shepherd of souls amid his congregation; the teacher an admired and beloved model for pupils.

—Weimer.

The following poem was submitted to "The Quaker," by Mildred Birch, class of '24.

To Autumn

I feel the thrill of autumn,
The glory of the skies,
The pulse of nature's heartbeat,
That flames, and glows, and dies.
With joyous heart I drink it in,
This spirit of the fall,
This strange exuberance,
That lives within it all.
Oh, a great God made the autumn,
With its colors, bright and bold,
And he mixed them with the sunlight
Till the whole world flames with gold.

My Symphony

To live content with small means; to seek elegance rather than luxury, and refinement rather than fashions; to be worthy, not respectable, and wealthy, not rich; to study hard, think quietly, talk gently, act frankly; to listen to stars and birds, babies and sages, with open heart; to bear all cheerfully, do all bravely, await occasions, hurry never; in a word to let the spiritual, unbidden and unconsciously grow up through the common. This is to be my symphony.

—William Henry Channing.

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Self-Knowledge and Self-Discipline

Dr. C. A. Roth, rector of the Episcopal church of Salem, addressed the student body, giving a splendid speech, October the twenty-first.

He is of the opinion that people do not think enough. People shrink from thinking. They do not spend a proportionate amount of time on study and recreation. They allow athletics and the like, too often to fill their time.

The Golden Rule has no meaning as long as it is an abstract group of words. When it is put into use and service, it becomes concrete. Then it should mean a great deal to us.

It is necessary that people have self-knowledge and self-discipline, to perfect a life of service. A life of service is really the thing for which we live.

Self-discipline will play a great part toward making life what it should be because if our brain is made to work with good reason and judgment, we will have all our powers to live a beautiful life of service.

Rally October 24

There was a rally held on Thursday for the Struthers football game, which brought a great deal of applause and aroused a great deal of enthusiasm.

A trio sang some verses about the football men to the tune of "It Ain't Goin' to Rain No More." This pleased and gave a great deal of spirit to the student body.

Mr. Ferguson made an interesting speech about football and its importance.

Mr. Springer told the student body some things of interest about the football team. He read ten rules of good sportsmanship and also a poem of Rudyard Kipling's which seemed to have in it the spirit of football.

The rally ended with some good yelling which caused the school to leave with a great deal of enthusiasm for the Struthers game.

BEAT AKRON WEST

Doctor: Have you taken every precaution to prevent the spread of scarlet fever in your family?

Sambo: Absolutely Doc. Ah has bought a sanitary cup and we all drink out of it.

Convict: Why the crestfallen look?
Warden: I put my wife under a peace-bond and she is scrapping yet.
Convict: That's nothing, I bought a Liberty bond, and I'm still here.

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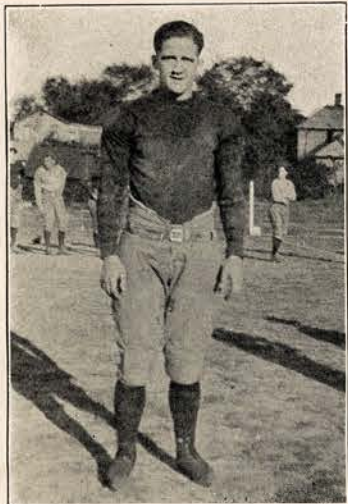
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Wagons Skates



Vincent Judge

"Biddy" is our right end! He is an indispensable member of our football team. Always a fighter—Biddy has never been known to fall down on the job. A good sport—always smiling even after defeat. "Biddy" is a Senior this year so Salem High will lose one of her most popular fellows. A great deal can be said of "Biddy" in a few words—he's a dandy fellow.

Salem Suffers Defeat at Akron

Sartick, Simonds and Judge Make Brilliant Tackles.

In one of the toughest games of the season, Salem took their billet in the Worcester Stadium grounds, colliding with Akron's best High School team of grid warriors ever assembled.

The first quarter was tough for Salem due to the fact that Salem was unfortunately unhandy with the ball, and a few fumbles, and passes Akron grabbed from the air, gave them two touchdowns, "kicking the second" in very short time.

First Quarter: Central 13-Salem 0. Central kicked to Salem, Houts received ball and stepped off fifteen yards for first down. Second down was caused by a fruitless rush through tackle, Houser punted, but was not able to make good, and gave Central High the ball on 50-yd. line. Central plowed through line four consecutive times, making first in ten. Salem, being offside, gave them five more yards, and an end run brought them down to five yards within the goal. Two line sneaks, and the ball was over! "Al" broke up the kick for goal, leaving score 6-0.

Salem High kicked. Akron High tried forward pass, but "Al" broke it up. They repeated this several times then they were forced to punt. They fouled—Salem's ball on Salem's 40-yd. line.

Pass from Houser to Sartick failed, but Cosgrove on second play, rushed through line for first and ten, then fumbled. Central recovered the ball and reeled off ten yards. They dashed through the line and gained a few successful forward passes taking the ball over for another touchdown.

Salem kicked to Central High and by working line plays they lost the ball to Salem. Central was penalized for holding. This gave Salem a close

To Shave or Not to Shave

Since the day a few weeks ago when our football boys nobly promised not to shave till a football game was won, it has been a joy for the pupils to watch these specimens.

The problem is whether to pity the boys the more or their girls. The freshmen look with envy upon those who are members of this new band.

The freshmen will not envy the fellows long tho, nor can the girls be pitied because the sentence will end when the Red and Black wins a victory tomorrow.

up to their goal, but unsuccessful pass gave the ball to Central High on the 40-yd. line.

Second Quarter

Central punted far into Salem field. Cox received ball after it rolled to goal line, running about seven yards. Houser took ball for five yards more and made several passes. Salem lost the ball to Central thirty yards to goal. Central passed over goal line but missed it, and lost the ball. Houser punted and Stallsmith tore off a pretty tackle. Salem began real fighting and kept line blocked. A lucky pass for Central was to McGowen, left end. He covered 35 yards in short notice, bringing ball near goal line. Salem outclassed them and after a strenuous effort to make the gain, they lost the ball. Salem punted and gave ball to Central on 50-yd. line. Central's catching plays would have made splendid gains, but the whistle blew and the half was up.

Third Quarter

Houser kicked to Central, Cosgrove broke up pass and Central punted; Salem recovered ball on 40-yd. line. Houser sent out a pass to Coffee, misses! Sartick nailed a pass for ten yards. Another pass, Central intercepted and stirred up 25 yards of dusty soil. Central punted; V. Judge blocked it—free ball. Salem recovered ball and tried another pass. Again Central intercepted and punted. Simonds did his stuff for 15 yards, but lost ball when Central intercepted another pass. Central threw a pass to Coffee—accepted; gained 25 yards. Then Simonds fumbled ball and Central recovered; they worked passes that carried them down the field fast. Lost ball by downs. Houser punted. Central punted back, Salem tried several passes but was forced to punt. Central slowly brought ball down the field by passes and runs.

Fourth Quarter

Salem intercepted pass, followed by a 30-yd. pass to Coffee; looked good for a few points for Salem, but Central intercepted pass; punted. Salem worked a few line plays and punted back to Central; they stalled for time and worked the line play that carried them toward goal. They bucked one over for final touchdown, but didn't kick. Salem kicked to Central, soon had the ball in their possession and going down the field, but it was too late, the game was over. Much credit goes to Simonds, Judge, and Sartick for their gallant tackles and team work. Stallsmith also was the cause of several good scenes.



Red Cosgrove

It must really have taken a great strength of character for Red to go out for football, when he found that the team was going to wear red jerseys. Bright red that would clash with his hair. But did our hero pause? Not at all. Despite the slight to his vanity he is there playing the game for all he is worth.

But all kidding aside, I don't know what we would do without him. Smilingly game, he has won the sincere friendship of the entire school, and the admiration of every person who knows him.

Duncan Wins Game For Ex-Highs

Only for practice, though tough it was, Salem High was defeated in last few minutes by spectacular touchdown running 65 yards after intercepting pass. Poor judgment in signals caused unaccounted for victory. For a pick up team, with no practice at all, Salem High should have piled up a score equal to that of Columbiana.

Though only a practice game the High School had a tough opponent Tuesday evening. Poor football judgment in the last few minutes of play on the part of the High School, was the evident cause for the touchdown which won the game for Ex-Highs. Duncan, acting fullback for Roessler, must be given credit for this touchdown. Duncan intercepted the pass from Coffee to Sartick running 60 yards carrying the ball up to the line. A line buck by McKeown carried it over, which won the game for the Ex-Highs 13 to 12.

The game started with the High-kicker McKeown, quarterback for the Ex-Highs, receiving the ball not gaining over 15 yards. McKeown punted, Sartick nailing the ball after an unlucky bounce, and Simons takes the ball through the line for 15 yards. A fumble is made, Ex-High receives, and McCune punts. Salem punts and Ex-High rushes ball towards goal and one play with Roessler carrying ball over for the first score of the game. Making the extra point, McCune drop-kicked goal. Ex-High kicks to Salem, Houser and Simons plunges line for many yards, Lodge nabbing passes, backed up by Coffee carries the ball far down the field to goal, Houser bucks it over—failed to kick, giving Ex-High a

(Continued on page 8)

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BEAT EAST LIVERPOOL

ALUMNI NEWS

Neil Grisez is working at the Smith Co. and makes a very good looking clerk.

Elizabeth Bunn is attending school at Wooster and is reported to be getting along very well.

Mildred Birch is working at the city library and is also taking Latin at Salem High School.

Leone Farmer is cashier at the Hemmeter store.

Edith Fasiz is taking a course at the Salem Business College.

Harold Harmon is working at the McCulloch store.

Catherine Shaffer is stenographer at the Salona Supply Co.

Margaret Stewart is working at the East End grocery as a clerk.

Unlucky

School was about to begin and George who would be a Freshman, was all ready to begin school. During the summer months he had been warned by some of his older friends to start in right and not to fool around. So George was all set, he would settle down to work from the beginning.

School started, and George, being so happy to be in High School, forgot all about the vows he made when he started. Since he was in High School he thought he was much older, and he would stay out late at night. He started to go with girls, and there was one girl for whom he especially cared. He would go to see this girl as often as she would permit, regardless of what school work he was to get. Every night after he had a date he would go down to the restaurant and loaf around with some of the older fellows, just because, since he was a man, he had to act as men do.

In school about all his time would be spent in writing to the little girl and his studies would come after. He was so sleepy from staying out late that he couldn't study. He was always getting in trouble for not having his lessons or for sassing the teacher. He was the kind of a fellow that liked excitement, and if there wasn't any he would cause some, by doing something smart in class. He liked to get the teachers mad, and for doing so he would be punished by the principal. About every time he would be sent up, the principal would talk to him a little and tell him that if he expected to pass he would have to settle down. This would do a little good but after a day or so, he would say to himself, "I am only young once and they say that you have the best time when you are in school and I am going to have mine," and then he would be worse than he was before.

It went this way for the first six weeks and it was time for the report and when he received his, sure enough, he failed in all but one.

When George received his report he certainly was surprised. He expected pretty low grades but he didn't expect to fail. He was mad. He realized that he hadn't been doing his best, but he thought he had been doing something. The only thing for him to do now was to settle down to study, because it would take

some pretty high grades to pull up the bad ones. He started the next six weeks differently but it just seemed as if he couldn't get the work. The teachers didn't explain it enough, and when he would understand the lesson he wouldn't be called on. As time went on and he was still getting low grades, he decided to just get what he could and still have a good time. And this he did. He ran around every night, stayed out late, went with girls, and called it a good time, until finally at the end of the year he only received two credits. He realized he had made a mistake but didn't think how serious it was until one night he saw one of the teachers that he had had that year. This lady was rather an elderly lady. She seemed to understand boys and girls perfectly. She talked to him and told him the mistake he had made. It wasn't only the fact that he didn't study hard enough but that he ran around at nights and had what he called a good time. When he came to school he couldn't study. She showed him all the mistakes he had made, and made him realize that to have a good time you don't have to neglect all your duties and be a failure but the real way to happiness is through success. The next year he was a changed boy, he studied and stayed in, and at the end of the year, he was rewarded by passing.

—Harry Houser.

In Jouretta Coys' Daily Mail

Dear Miss Coy:

I wish to write a letter to Mr. Drennan, a former teacher of mine. Will you please tell me if I should start it, "Dear Mr. Drennan," or "Mr. Drennan? Thanking you for your kind advice, I am,

Yours truly,

AN ALUMNA.

It all depends on the kind of a letter you are going to write him. If it is a friendly letter start it, "Dear Mr. Drennan." If it is a more friendly letter, "My Dear Mr. Drennan." If it is a most friendly letter, "My Dearest Mr. Drennan." But on the other hand if you were writing an unfriendly letter, and if you were bigger than Mr. Drennan, you could call him almost anything at the beginning of the letter.

Next, please.

Step Lively.

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Hello Jerry:

The International League for the Uplifting and Developing of the Deaf, Blind, and Ignorant Baboons of all nations are instituting a home in South Africa. What effect will that have on Salem High?

"PATCHES."

This question should be asked of the instructor who teaches "Social Problems." Since I don't know to whom to refer you, I will give my views on the matter. I am of the opinion that you would lose some of the most enterprising students of S. H. S.

Dear Miss Coy:

How long is a string?

A. STARGAZER.

I wish you wouldn't ask such foolish questions as this. "How long is a string?" sounds like one of Rube Goldbug's specials. There are several answers to this. It may be three lengths of some idiot, get down and measure it—It's the same length as another string the same length.

Dear Miss Coy:

If Andrew Gump becomes president of the United States, what effect will it have on Damascus Academy? Please rush this answer as I won't know how to vote. See?

A. MUTT.

Your question is a very sensible one Mr. Mutt but it doesn't exactly come in my line. It is really a question for your instructor in civics, but since the civics books now in use all over Mahoning and Columbiana counties were printed on the Ark, I will satisfy your needs and answer your question. Andy said in one of his speeches that if he became President of this Nation, he would raise Damascus to the place it should be—on the Metzger hotel in Salem, Ohio. And I think it would be the making of Damascus. So vote for Andy, who is Andy's choice for president.

RADIO HEADQUARTERS

Student—Professor, what reostat shall I use for 2 WD-11 Tubes?

Professor C. R.—Wh-y-y, er,—Review your Ohms law.

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BEAT AKRON WEST

JOKES

The average man is proof enough that a woman can take a joke.

Ed. Heck: I got 'Frisco on my single tube set last night.

Lo Caplan: That's nothing, I got Greece on my vest.

Music from the heir (air) used to come from the wood shed.

Biff: We got a hundred dollar set and had the electrician come in and attach it.

Bang: That's nothing, I got a five hundred dollar set and the sheriff came in and attached it.

McKee: What is an aerial plug?
R. Cobourn: Why a horse fly, ye hoop.

If every woman's face was her fortune some would be punished for counterfeiting.

Kircher is so dumb, he thinks Custer's last stand was a fruit establishment.

Mart: You know my orchestra could play for dances if it wasn't for one thing.

Art: What's that?
Mart: It's not good enough.

Beech-Maple Wood

All this country around us, that is, the Ohio region especially, was once bare rock. Although this is hard to imagine, it is true, as we can readily believe after we have once studied and observed the progress of plant life here.

The first stage of life upon this rock was the Lichen stage. Lichens are plants which form an encrusting growth on rocks and stones; here they settle and slowly hide the bareness of the rock with their flat, generally gray or greenish, patches of plant life. Lichens may be called the forerunners of higher vegetation for after a time these plants which thrive best in bare regions, have made too much soil for their further existence, and so die leaving a thin layer of soil for the next stage which is, The Moss stage. The moss which is very similar to the Lichen, also finally leads a way for its own destruction for it, too, can only grow in shallow soil.

The next stage is the Fern stage, of which the Walking Fern is a common form, much like the two former stages, dies and passing yields its place of now well developed soil to the Herb stage. This is the stage of seed plants. An unkept field which is found overrun with the many weeds such as dandelion, Spanish needle, plantain, blue grass, goldenrod and others, is a good example. The next growth is that of the Shrub. These are branching woody-stemmed plants, similar to the tree but much smaller in size. They have many common forms, such as wild crab, hawthorne, blackberry and locust. Now we finally reach the greatest growth, the Tree. Among the first are the poplar, and cottonwood, which not being able to produce a second growth under the density of the present growth, finally give up to the Oak stage. Under the oak woods, young maple and beech seeds will germinate, and it is here also that the early flowers are found in the spring.

Among the most familiar of these are: spring beauty, hepatica, anemone, blood root, jack-in-the-pulpit, beech drops, maiden hair ferns, witch-hazel and locust.

The final stage is the Beech-Maple. This is a marvelous stage, for the

trees are so suited that the young seedlings can make a second growth under the adult trees; thus making it possible for the Beech Maple wood to remain with us forever.

On a trip to the woods last Friday, which our class had, we saw many things which proved the history of the progress of plant life which I have just related.

We saw the lichen with its gray masses growing upon rock, and in many instances saw moss growing alongside, probably in a place that had been abandoned by the lichen. One of the most interesting sights upon our trip was that of the Walking Fern. It is said to be a primitive form of plant life and for this reason we should take care not to harm it. It is unlike other ferns for the simple reason that it "walks;" the long slender leaves reaching out start a new plant at the point of contact of the soil and the tip of the leaf and thus it "walks." The honey locust is one of the prettiest of all locust trees. The thing that draws our attention most is the long thorn, which as beautiful as polished wood, grows at all parts on the branches of the trees.

Dinamo Elects New Members

The regular Dinamo meeting was held Wednesday evening in 107, eleven members being present. Names for new members were sponsored and will be voted upon at the next meeting. The persons accepted at this meeting were, Robert Howell, Dorothy Detwiler and Vincent Judge.

The program for assembly the following day was planned.

There being no further business the meeting was adjourned.

It's Easy

It's as easy to lift as to lean
Do a kind act as be mean;
It's as easy to praise as to scorn,
To trust and be glad as to mourn;
It's just in this world as you take it.

It's as easy to look up as down;
It's as easy to smile as to frown;
It's as easy to laugh as to cry;
Quite as easy to sing as to sigh.

It's just in this world as you make it.
—G. S. Layton.

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Junior High Notes

8-A—John Huffman, Editor

Robert Coy, wishing to make a name for himself, fell out of a pear tree, and now carries his right arm in a sling.

Glenn Broomal, after the meeting of two cranks, has a useless right arm.

Frederick Filler is absent from school enjoying life in Salem City hospital.

8-B—Bayerd Flick, Editor

The new year is well on its way in Room 5. Some members of the class are having a hard time with English, because it is the last period before lunch, and the thoughts of a good meal are in the minds of the boys and girls.

Although 8-B has no men on the Junior High football squad, it is going to boost the team with all its might. Also the boys and girls are going to make a good account of themselves before they get through.

The 8-B music class has been entertained by piano solos from Ruth Eakin and Nathan Harris. Both were pleasing.

It has been told that an 8-B boy, while eating breakfast one morning recently, scratched his pancake and put molasses on his knee.

Miss Smith has been drilling us about proteins, carbohydrates and fats.

Miss S.—What three foods must we have to live?

Leonard E.—Your breakfast, dinner and supper.

8-D—Mary Older, Editor

Miss Smith to James Cary:

James—What is the largest organ in the body?

James—The pipe organ.

At noon while making a good deal of noise:

Anna O.—Keep quiet or the study hall will hear you, and come over.

Bertha K.—The study hall has no ears.

Good Memory

Each morning, some one usually forgets his locker key and has to pay a hard-earned nickel to either Mr. Owen or Miss Potter, or have his locker opened. However, we have decided to give the prize for forgetfulness to Mary Yarwood. Mary came to school the other morning, and when she went to take off her wraps she discovered she could not remember where her locker was. She walked up and down the hall a couple of times, but in vain—her memory would not work. Finally she had to go to Mr. Owen and ask him to locate it for her. He states that hereafter, when he renders this service, it will cost the forgetful person a quarter. No, children, Mary isn't a Freshman!

An Epitaph

Here lies the body of Fred Henry Doubt.

He laughed at his girl when her teeth fell out.

A Tip

When a girl looks sweet enough to eat—don't give her the chance.

McKinley School

The McKinley School Orchestra organized Monday afternoon. Virginia Althouse and Albert Baltorinie play violins, Henry Lee Reese, a cornet, Gusty Nan, the drum, and Heloise Shelton and Violet Oresi the piano. Miss Meyer and Miss Beale will have charge of the orchestra this year.

"Is that fellow unattached?"

"Must be. He says he's nobody's fool."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

An Optomist—One who feels like thirty cents when he has only a jitney in his pocket.

We acknowledge the following exchanges:

"The Ohio Wesleyan Transcript."

"The South High Beacon."

"The Wooster Voice."

"The Notre Dame News."

"The Dart."

"Lorain Hi Standard."

"High School Life."

It has been with the greatest of pleasure that we have received so many exchanges, and we have been informed that we shall receive many more. The papers received from other schools are very interesting, and have been of value to us as well as entertainment. We are more than willing to exchange our "Quaker" with other schools and hope our paper is as welcome as theirs.

—Exchange Editor.

BEAT AKRON WEST

(Continued on page 5)

lead of one point.

Salem kicks to Ex-High and after several attempts three line Ex-High punts—Salem again rushes ball down field for another touchdown, but was stopped about 20 yards to goal—Houser tries a drop kick, missing by a margin, McCune boots ball down the field and again Salem plows through Ex-Highs line, for a touchdown which Coffee takes over by a pass. Again Houser fails to kick—hovering the lead on Salem Ex-High by 5 points. With only 2 minutes to play, Ex-Highs intercept pass and Duncan carried the ball for 65 yards to the goal line when McCune rushed it over and failed to kick, though made them the winner of the fight by one point.

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