

A MERRY  
CHRISTMAS

# The Quaker

A HAPPY  
NEW YEAR

VOL. V, NO. 6

SALEM HIGH SCHOOL, SALEM, OHIO, DECEMBER 19, 1924

Price 10 Cents

## Thanksgiving Game a Treat for Salem

Salem Piles Up Score in Second Half

Outplaying Salem High throughout the first half, Salem was unable to score, only by Houser's 35-yard drop kick which gave them their initial point in the first quarter. Having tried several times to carry the ball down field Salem was either forced to punt or lose ball by an intercepted pass.

The latter caused Lisbon's only marking of points "though a high mark was obtained for playing some real football." When Cornelli, speedy quarterback for Lisbon, up-anchored and got under way with an intercepted pass, carrying the ball to the two-yard line, which was for them little difficulty to put over.

They were given "quintus laudat" by band and fans which lasted for several minutes. Again they were at their post ready to charge with more fight than before. Time was too short for the half was over, and both teams left their assigned stations and received the facts of their playing.

The second half, or last half, brought back a new team for Salem, which showed just the antithesis of previous playing. Fighting mad, everyone came back and played like lions.

The first touchdown came easy for Salem's squad, marching down the field with continuous gains which soon sighted their destination. They were delayed somewhat at the station and used their allowance of downs, which came in very handy—for it was the last down that put the ball over, using a quarter sneak. As it was, nothing could stop such a formation, only the sudden stop on an earth's rotation.

The last tally for Salem came much easier than the latter. Marching down the field of mud, Houser pushed the ball over, and the game ended with the ball in Salem's territory. All kicks were overruled and although Houser's kicks were perfect, they failed to count.

"Bones" Eddy played the whole game with much favor. Houser and Saritck, as usual, carried out their expectations, and dear old Simonds shall not be forgotten. The team as a whole worked fine the last half and brought up their balling average that fell so low the first half.

From Salem several hundred people witnessed the last game of the season and for many the last game with Salem High, for nine of them will graduate and scatter their talent with colleges throughout the country.

Salem High stands second county champs. Salem won four game out of nine this year.

(Continued on page 5)

## Senior Production Is Big Success

Capably Acted by  
Talented Cast

"The Man From Home," a play written by Booth Tarkington and Harry L. Wilson, made a big hit with the public when presented Friday and Saturday nights at the High School Auditorium. Too much praise cannot be given the players, excluding none. Every one played his part to perfection. It was presented in such a realistic manner, and it was such a smooth affair that every part of the audience had a feeling of delight.

The leading roles were excellently taken care of by Alton Allen and Dorothy Detwiler. Although they had hard parts to play each interpreted his part perfectly and delightfully. Dorothy was Miss Ethel Granger Simpson, the rich American girl. Alton was Daniel Voorhees Pike, the lawyer from Kokomo, Indiana. Alton probably had the most to do but he filled the part to the utmost satisfaction. At first he appears in his ward's mind as only a vulgar Yank, but by his good common sense he finally wins her over after many exciting situations.

Dorothy had a very strenuous part to play. Most of her scenes were very emotional. Owing to her acting ability she did these scenes with great ease. Dorothy almost married a sissy and buys a name, but her sensible guardian comes over and upsets all the plans, as he will not consent to a settlement. In his tactful way he shows her how worthless they are.

Marian Cox portrayed the part of the Earl of Hawcastle with a most noble air. He urges that Ethel Granger Simpson marry his son, the Honorable Almeric St. Aubyn. Of course, he sets the amount of her dowry. He carries on a very interesting part in the play.

Walter Fernangel acts the part of the Honorable Almeric who is a typical sissy, in manner and speech. Every entrance and move brought a laugh from the audience. He usually did just what his father told him to do. Of course, he was interested in this beautiful American girl, but then he never worried about her. He was sure she would marry him. He was more interested in a "jolly little dog." This character was certainly the life of the show as far as comedian acting goes.

Horace Granger Simpson, Ethel's brother, was played by Vincent Judge. He was interested in his sister's affairs and approved of her marrying Almeric until Daniel Voorhees Pike happened on the scene and changed his mind. He was quite attracted by the clever Countess de Champigny until he learned that she was married.

(Continued on page 2)

The Quaker



Wishes



A Merry Xmas



and



Happy New Year



To All

## Why We Believe In Youth of Today

Rev. C. H. Hauger of the First M. E. church of Salem, gave the students a talk in High School Wednesday, Dec. 10.

He delivered his message in the form of an essay, which he read. Rev. Hauger's views concerning the youth of today is most optimistic. His ideas were in great relief to some of the theories concerning America's younger generation.

He believes that the do-nothing sort of boys are alive and keen to the interests of the life here are for him to live. He is confident that under the surface of the girls of today lie the same noble thoughts as were in the old-fashioned girl. He has no use for the term "flapper." A girl can have bobbed hair and shorter and tighter skirts, but still be as worthy as her sister predecessor, and in addition she will be much more comfortable.

For every point that he brought out he had a story connected with it to make it clearer and also to keep alive the interest in his audience.

Mr. Hauger's stand concerning the young people naturally made the students like him, and his friendly interest in them could not help but make every boy and girl in Salem High School enjoy his essay to the greatest degree.

## Fine Basketball Team Promised

Coach Springer is very fortunate to have such excellent material as has appeared this season to form his basketball quintet. The first practices have proved that this season will be one of the most successful that Salem has ever had. With many of last year's stars and the many excellent ones which will be developed during the year the county championship should not be hard to snatch. The schedule which was printed in the last issue of "The Quaker" is the boys' schedule as well as the girls as was stated in that issue. The following men are reporting for practice:

E. Alexander	W. Konnert
A. Allen	R. Krepps
L. Allen	J. Lease
M. Cox	W. Lewis
N. Beck	W. Miller
M. Fisher	L. Older
J. Gregg	H. Hauser
A. Hann	A. Sartick
G. Jenkins	F. Simonds
R. Judge	O. Tolerton
V. Judge	C. Coffee

W. Fernengel

Miss Walker spent last week-end in Pittsburgh where she attended the performance of "Il Trovatore" given by the San Carlo Opera company.

## THE QUAKER

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Business Manager . Marion Van Syoc  
Faculty Advisors  
C. M. Rohrabough Ella Thea Smith

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### In Jouretta Coy's Daily Mail

Dear Miss Coy—Could you tell me why a prizefighter has many friends?  
—Nock M. Kollid.

Well, you see, Nock, it would hardly be profitable to be an enemy of the prizefighter. So therefore he hasn't many enemies. Of course, if you're an enemy of Jack Dempsey you wouldn't for the world, also two black eyes and a broken nose, tell him you were. Be a prizefighter fighting for the spirit (not bottled spirits) of Salem High and you'll have plenty of friends—Try it!

Dear Miss Coy—Why do Americans whistle?  
—Ima Warbler.

It's this way—the American is the most energetic of all nationalities (except the Eskimos who are energetic because if they weren't they would freeze to death.) When we start to whistle it is because we would rather whistle than sing. Because none sing, they just sing and brag so much about it that other people commence to think they really can sing. See? Well, I'm off the subject—as you see. When a man whistles he's blowing off steam—his whistle is his safety valve—even though it isn't safe to whistle in church, at a funeral or in any of Mr. Owens' classes. When you see a man or anything else whistling just remember he's playing safe and whistling off the surplus steam.

Dear Miss Coy—Who discovered bobbed hair?  
—Biz.

I didn't know that anyone discovered it. I thought when a girl or woman got her hair bobbed she had it cut off, not discovered. But she discovers after it is too late that it rather discovers or uncovers her head. Webster's encyclopedia says that the woman who first had her hair bobbed was the woman whose hair only grew eight or seven inches long, and she started the fad of bobbing hair. I suppose if some woman would go bald, and she would say that the latest fashion from Paris was to have your head shaved, all the hair-pin factories in the United States would start making safety razors for women, because they would be in demand.

Mary Cosgrove, who is in Youngstown training for a nurse, spent Thanksgiving in Salem.

The following letter was received by the editor of "The Quaker:"

West Liberty, Iowa, Oct. 17, 1924.

Editor The Quaker

Salem High School, Salem, Ohio.

Dear Sir—In a recent copy of The Salem News, I noted that The Quaker was to be issued this year; and because my first "journalistic" ventures were through the columns of the original Quaker, away back in 1900 or so, I would like to see a copy of the modern issue.

The writer's efforts date back to the days of that good old Nasby, Maynard Finney (harshly called "Maniac") who conceived The Quaker, sought all the ads, did all the type-setting in some dark corner of some shop there, all the presswork and just about all the rest of the work incidental to its publication. A very long time ago when one counts these years which are passed, but not so long ago, either, measured by the rapidity of modern action. Old Maynard Finney! The last I heard he was with the Chicago Tribune, and had been unearthed by some passing sojourner who relayed the news to me.

If you could send a current copy along to an old man who used to be very young, certainly he will greatly appreciate it.

Yours,  
George A. T. Hise.

### SENIOR PRODUCTION

(Continued from page 1)

Ivanoff was portrayed by Thurlo Thomas, another actor of ability. He was the husband of the Countess de Champigny. He escaped from a prison and came to the hotel where Pike was. Pike heard his story and protected him from the officers of the law. Later Ivanoff was restored to his place in the world. This character was hard to portray but Thurlo took care of it easily.

Ralph Hannay was the Grand Duke Vasilivitch, who was looked down upon as a horrible person until it was learned that he was of a high position. Ralph filled the part very well.

Mariano was acted by Robert Howell. He was a typical proprietor of this Italian hotel. He was a very likeable character. Ralph Kircher as Michele, a servant in the hotel, played his part well. Lozeer Kaplan as Valet de Chambre was also an interesting character. Kenneth Kelley as Ribiers also helped make the play. Thomas Frantz and Oscar Tolerton were the two Carbinierie.

Florence Cosgrove was the clever Countess de Champigny who made the men fall for her. With equal ability she did her gay scenes and the emotional scenes.

The part of Lady Creech was very well filled by Alice Heckert. Although Alice has made a name for herself in other plays, she was never better than she was in this one. She was the aunt of Almeric and tried her best to marry him off to Ethel but failed because of the appearance of "that horrible person," Daniel Vorhees Pike.

This play was one of the best that was ever staged at Salem High. Mr. L. T. Drennen certainly should be commended on his fine work. In this play, as he has done before, he showed his unusual ability for directing dramatic plays.

## Repaired Perfectly By a Remarkable New Method



If you have tried out tire repairs and found they don't pay, you are the man we want to see.

Buy Your Automotive Xmas Gifts at Salem's Quality Tire and Accessory Store

The Salem Tire and Supply Co.

## REMEMBER

WE ARE NOW SERVING A PLATE LUNCH FOR 40c consisting of Roast Pork or Beef, Potatoes, Bread, Butter and Coffee, Tea or Milk, from 11 to 2 p. m.

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Hardware Plumbing  
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Patronize  
Our Advertisers

## ALUMNI NEWS

Lloyd Loop and Cletus Paumier, who are attending school at Ohio State spent Thanksgiving in Salem.

Raymond Parshall, who is attending school at Wooster, was among the list of pupils who received the highest grades. Raymond receives B plus in Spanish, A in Trigonometry, B in English and B in Physics.

Elizabeth and George Bunn, who are students at Wooster, spent Thanksgiving at their home.

Katherine Votaw, Leland Duncan, Ralph Zimmerman, Vernon Bonsall, Harold Hutchison and Marion Conkle, pupils of Ohio University, spent Thanksgiving in Salem.

Margaret Woodruff, a student at Painesville, spent Thanksgiving at home.

Cecilia Shriver spent Thanksgiving in Salem. Cecilia is attending school at Western Reserve.

Kenneth Mounts, a student at Kenyon, spent Thanksgiving holidays in Salem.

Paul Walton spent Thanksgiving day in Salem. Paul is a student at Ohio Wesleyan.

Dorothy Moore, who is in nurse training at Pittsburgh spent the weekend in Salem.

### The Awakening

Sarah Maud was a touchy piece of young womanhood. She was a mixture of everything with a good deal of spice thrown in. Her nurse of infancy had called her a dish of peaches and cream, because she was so noiseless; now the appellation fitted her—acquired complexion.

She was a Woodheart, and as you know, the Woodhearts were one among 'em' in one of the suburbs in Cleveland. Her mother called her "Lilybred," and indeed, she certainly was one. At least she resembled them in as much as her feet were as flat as lily pads, but she failed to recognize the fact. She had everything she wanted though; her possessions were of a variety reaching from chiffon hose to short fur coats.

However, she was never satisfied. She was in High school, and her pedigree, so far as this institute was concerned, ran something like this: Freshman year, 10 tardy marks; minor part on second basketball team. Sophomore year, one time tardy; four truancies; junior year, important part in class play, no "tardies," no truancies.

When she got to play in that school affair it swept her entirely off her feet and necessitated a restocking of her hat supply with larger sized cranium covers. However, conceit didn't seem to recoil on itself and affect her popularity that year, and the fact that humbleness is the chief companion of greatness was not manifested until her senior year.

Then, somehow in her last year, she lost her prestige. She became sulky and pouty, because no one still paid her in pomp for her fame of the year before. She still dressed well, but no one but faithful, devoted Bob ever asked her for dates. And now, of all things most uncommon, Bob, whom she thought her most persistent suitor, obtained a date with someone else for the association dance.

One evening as she, "of ladies most deject and wretched," was walking home, that horrible enchantress who had spirited Bob from her, overtook her and proceeded to match her gait. Mary (alias Circe to Sarah Maud) was gay and cheerful, and this only excited Bob's former "flame" the more.

"Dear foolish, Sarah Maud," said Mary, "don't take it so hard. You can get someone else. Besides you used to say you didn't care exceedingly for Bob anyway."

"I don't like him," snapped Sarah Maud.

But then Mary was a good mender of hearts, and so she began to talk and talk in that fascinating manner that was hers alone.

Finally when they had reached the steps to Sarah Maud's home the aforesaid, or Sarah Maud, muttered with a catch in her voice, "O Mary, I've been such a blockhead, and dumbell, an' prig, an' —!"

"No, No, No, Sarah dear—don't say that! You're a dear because now you see," soothed Mary.

"Never can I thank you enough for the light you've thrown on to my wilderness for me, and for bringing me into that mountain of thoughts," Sarah Maud said. Then she turned and ran up the steps.

That night was the first time in months that she uttered a real prayer, that is, thoughts instead of words.

As she lay pondering, she thought, "Mary is always happy. It must be because she gives so much. And too, she doesn't give to receive, but she gives to bring happiness. That's the spirit that Christ had. He gave all he had in this world to give, for the people—for me! And look how I've neglected and disregarded his sacrifices—beast that I am. Christmas is next Thursday—no—yes, I'll have time. I'm going to give everyone who tries to do his best, something, even if it is little, to show him someone cares and appreciates his toil, and to encourage him to go on doing good things. And I, myself, shall try to be open that I may catch all the good that fills the space around me, and give off more of a happy glow to warm other people's hearts as Mary has warmed mine."

—Rhea Leipper—'25.

Freshman—"Can February March?"  
Senior—"No, but April May."

### MAKE 1925 A BETTER YEAR

BY JOINING OUR  
**CHRISTMAS CLUB**  
NOW OPEN FOR MEMBERSHIP  
LET IT BE THE FOUNDATION FOR  
**A COLLEGE EDUCATION**  
**The Farmers National Bank**  
Salem, Ohio

### THE KENNEDY AGENCY

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### McCULLOCH'S Salem's Greatest Christmas Store

### PHOTOGRAPHER

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Bell Phone 1240

#### FREE DELIVERY

See us for your Christmas Candles, Trees, Holders, etc.  
We have a full line of Fancy Groceries for your Christmas dinner.

### XMAS GIFTS Appropriate Reasonable

We invite you to examine our stock.

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Merry With  
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*Wishes all a  
Merry Christmas  
and a  
Happy New Year*

**ECKSTEIN CO.**  
MEN'S WEAR

## Dolores and the Meaning of Christmas

Dolores West sat curled up in a big chair before the fire. The softly lighted lamps gave a rosy glow to the room and its one occupant. Outside, however, the atmosphere was entirely different. The wind blew savagely about the large stone mansion and here and there a stray snowflake could be seen in the dusky light. Dolores' thoughts were more like the savage wind than either the falling snow or the rosy lights. Not half an hour before she had met her mother in the library and had heard the usual before Christmas statement, "Oh, by the way, Dolores, I didn't realize it was so near Christmas. Make a list of what you want and leave it on my dressing table. We're going out for dinner."

Then, not five minutes later her father had hurried in and exclaimed, "Well, Dolores, you had better leave a list of what you want for Christmas on my desk tonight. Just a few more shopping days till Christmas."

That was the way it had been ever since Dolores could remember. It was all very easy to say, "Make a list of what you want," but Dolores had been doing that for the last ten years. Suddenly, taking her pen, she wrote, "Dear Father, I'd probably be bored to death with anything you could give me. Dolores."

Then she took the note and placed it on her father's desk. She stopped on her way back to her room and gathered together the expensive gifts she had bought. As she tied the gay ribbons on the dainty packages, she could not help wondering if these gifts would be so gratefully received if she had not spent so much on them. For, in fact, there was little or no love or good will tied in these boxes.

When Richard West returned that night he hastily glanced over Dolores' note. Then he read it again more slowly. Suddenly the most successful man in Clarktown said, "Well, I don't know that I blame her; I'm pretty bored with life myself."

The next evening Dolores was handed a note from her father as he and her mother left on a Christmas house party. "Here is a check that would otherwise be spent on your presents and Christmas dance. You may spend it as usual—or you may try and make someone happy with it. At 67 Tenth street lives a man who was in my employ. Now he is unable to work. He has a wife and four small children. You might be able to help him."

That was all. "That is all very easy to say," thought Dolores, "and it would at least be a novelty, but how would I go about it?" She had heard her father speak of the man before, and she remembered hearing him say, "I've tried to help him, but he's too proud to accept anything from me."

The more Dolores thought about the fact that she could go and make someone happy, the more novel and delightful the plan became. At the theater that night she announced to her friends that she would be away Christmas. They all seemed very disappointed as her usual Christmas dance was always the largest affair of the year for the younger group.

The following afternoon, Dolores started to the address her father had left. If it had been in the dirty section where the foreigners lived it would not have been so hard. She found her house the third of a neat little row of stone bungalows. With some hesitation, she rang the bell. A child of about four came to the door. At her inquiry as to whether her mother was in, the child replied, "Yes, but she doesn't want any today."

Dolores laughed and said, "No, I don't want to sell any either. May I see her, please?"

She soon found herself in a most embarrassing position. She was there, now what was she to do? As she entered the room from the little hall, she gave an exclamation of dismay. There were three little children, all smaller than the one she had already seen, all in tears. Seated on a little bench were two children crying at the top of their voices and clinging tightly to the woman's neck was the prettiest little boy she had ever seen. He shook with a deep sob now and then which added to the general noise the children made until the whole room seemed in an uproar.

Dolores' embarrassment left at once, and in place came a great pity and wish to help these children no matter what was wrong. Soon she had the whole story. Santa Claus wasn't coming. Daddy was sick, and he never came when people were sick or didn't have any money. Dolores gave a half reproachful look at the little woman. It too, changed to one of kindness and soon after a hearty, "Of course he'll come. I'm one of his friends, and he sent me to find out what you want."

In fifteen minutes the children were laughing and shouting with glee. Then Dolores turned to their mother and explained her coming. None could have refused her offer for she explained to Mrs. French that it would do her even more good than the children. For Dolores had asked help from Mrs. French instead of offering aid. When she finally left with a list of the toys the children wished her to tell Santa about, and a warm enthusiastic glow in her heart, Mrs. French hastened to the next room to tell her husband of her guest.

"Oh, Bob," she exclaimed. "We're going to have company for Christmas. She's coming Christmas eve and hang up her stocking with the children. It's poor little Dolores West. She's never had a real, home-like Christmas, and she's come to us to help her."

So Dolores was made happy in the thought that she was helping someone else, and the Wests were made happy in thinking that they were giving love and cheer to someone who had never before had it.

—Edith Whitacre—'25.

Bill Miller thinks a boycott is a baby bed.

The brilliant tops of Detention Hall.

James Cavanaugh.

Clyde Thompson.

Jean Lease.

Clarence Dickey.

Get the Original CHILI—at

**CULBERSON'S**

57 Main Street

Sandwiches

Hot Chocolate

Coffee

Hot Fudges

### Honor Roll

The following pupils had no grade below B for the last six weeks.

304—Nellie Naragon, Deane Phillips, George Ruggy.

302—Susie Fronius, Gladys Fultz, Donald Getz.

204—Junia Jones.

109—Evelyn Shepherd.

300—Winifred Bailey.

200—Mary Bodo, Irma Boncsine, Davis Cobb.

205—Mary Chessman.

201—Dorothy Foltz, Freda Headly.

303—Mildred McAvoy, Anna Ruth Miller.

208—Anna McLaughlin, George Rogers, Janet Riddle.

309—Engene Young.

206—Alice Heckert, Rhea Leipper, Raphael Reasbeck, Helen Reitzell, Esther Rogers, Faye Slutz, Helen Smith, Florence Jane Tolerton, Sara Mae Zimmerman.

### All A's

304—Louise Smith.

306—Edith Fluckiger.

204—Wanda Mathews.

109—Irene Slutz.

208—Joe Marsillo.

304—Wayne Morron.

208—Clara Patten.

306—Rebecca Price.

### The Test of a Man

The test of a man is the fight he makes.

The way he stands on his feet and takes

Fate's numerous bumps and blows.

A coward can smile when he has won

When nothing his progress bars

But it takes a man to stand up and cheer

When some other fellow stars.

It isn't the victory, after all

But the fight a fellow makes:

The man who, driven against the wall  
Still stands up erect and takes.

The blows of fate with his head held high

Bending and bruised and pale

Is the man who'll win in the by and by  
For he isn't afraid to fail.

It's the bumps you get and jolts you get

And the shock your courage stands

The hours of sorrow and vain regret  
The praise that escapes your hands.

That test your mettle and proves your worth

It isn't the blows you deal

But the blows you take on the good old earth

That shows if your stuff is real.

—Mogul Checker Board.

### "SPRUCE UP"

*Do You Know*

That Dry Cleaning helps to protect your health.

**WARK'S**

Phone 777

Now is the Time to Select Your

### Christmas Victrola or Radio

A SMALL PAYMENT DOWN  
A LITTLE EACH WEEK

Balance After January 1

**C. M. Wilson Co.**

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Remember Our MEAT  
DEPARTMENT  
IN CHARGE OF  
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Season

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Phone 35. Give Us a Call

Tell Dad  
You Want a

**KODAK**  
for Christmas

**Bennett's Drug Store**  
KODAK AGENT

Gift Goods and Toys

**The Home Store**

China and Kitchen Ware  
98 Main St. Phone 75

Miss Walker doesn't show her age—she claims she taught Caesar and Cicero for five years.

Dust is only mud with the juice squeezed out of it.

## Rally for Thanksgiving Game

For the last game of the season of 1924 in foot-ball, which was played with Lisbon on Thanksgiving morning, Salem High School held an interesting rally.

Doctor Yaggi, who has done so much for the football team in the way of both equipment and spirit was the speaker of the afternoon. That he knows the boys on the team personally was shown clearly in his talk, which included a joke for each one.

He gave special emphasis to the fact that several of the team's best players are Seniors, and will not play next year with Salem High School. The outlook for next year's team is bright though, as some could see when he lined up some players eligible for next year's team.

Al Sartick, captain of the team, in a short talk thanked Dr. Yaggi for what he had done for the football team, and showed how greatly his help was appreciated by the team.

Mr. Yaggi called on the Seniors for a few remarks and each responded immediately. Last but not least he called on Coach Springer. The Coach was confident that the boys could win over Lisbon if they would get a good fighting spirit and keep it through out the game, which they did as was later proved.

The rally ended with some ringing yells for different people who helped this football season to success.

### THANKSGIVING GAME

(Continued from page 1)

Opponents	Salem
Columbiana .....	0 80
Niles .....	14 13
Leetonia .....	7 6
Akron Central .....	19 0
Struthers .....	7 0
East Liverpool .....	6 0
Akron West .....	34 0
East Palestine .....	0 41
Lisbon .....	6 15
	93 176

Lineup and summaries:

SALEM	LISBON
V. Judge .....	L. E. .... Hum
F. Simonds .....	L. T. .... Armstrong
Allen .....	L. G. .... Miller
Miller .....	C. .... Nichols
Eddy .....	R. G. .... Smith
Stallsmith .....	R. T. .... Reed
R. Judge .....	R. E. .... Garwood
Bingham .....	Q. .... Cornelli
Cox .....	L. H. .... Burnett
Sartick (c.) .....	R. H. .... Nugh
Houser .....	F. .... Lewton

Touchdowns—Houser and Coffee.  
Lisbon—W. Cornelli.

Points by quarters:

Salem .....	3	0	6	6
Lisbon .....	0	6	0	0

Substitutions — Alexander for V. Judge, Older for Simonds, Coffee for Bingham, Dixon for Allen, Sheen for Allen, Fisher for Miller, Catlin for Stallsmith, Cosgrove for R. Judge.

Referee—Bailey.

Umpire—Porter.

Head linesman—Armstrong.

Time of quarters—12 minutes.



## Jack's Xmas Gift

Jane Walker was a peach! No matter how you put it she was exactly that. Jane was very wealthy, but she knew what real refinement was. She was a thoroughbred. Jack Hanson and Jane had been friends ever since their freshman year. This was a puzzle to some of the "kids" because Jack came from a family which had almost nothing. Jack worked on Saturdays and after school. He was a mighty fine fellow in fact, he was the "hero," of the school. Jack was handsome, a good athlete, a good student, well, he was just right in everything. Jane and he had been the best of pals, but in school Jane was Jack's girl.

"What are you going to give Jane for Christmas, Jack?" one of the fellows asked.

"I haven't quite decided, yet. Why," asked Jack.

"O, I just was wondering; I saw a peach of a gold vanity case the other night. You might give her that. It ought to be something worth while."

"Yes, I know, how much was it Pete?"

"Just sixteen 'bucks.' That seems a lot, but it was sure classy. Just suit her. Plain, but, well, distinguished. You know what I mean.

"Yes, I'll take a look at it. Was it at Crandall's?"

"Your a good guesser."

Jack was very undecided. He ought to buy Jane something real good, but he knew he couldn't afford it and so did Jane. She understood that he wasn't like some of her other friends. They could buy anything and charge it to dad.

Should he buy such a gift, and then pay for it when he could? He ought to buy something good. She was wealthy, and all her other gifts would be very expensive. He just couldn't give her something which wasn't like her other gifts in value. She would feel ashamed when she had to show what he gave her, which everyone would want to see. These were the thoughts which ran through Jack's mind. He couldn't decide. Well, he would ask his mother.

"Mother dear, what will I give Jane for Christmas. You understand it will have to be something nice. I saw a beautiful solid gold vanity case, but I don't feel like paying so much money. Jane knows I can't afford it, but I hate to just give her some trinket. What do you suggest?"

"Jack, I'm afraid you have forgotten what Christmas really means.

Are you giving Jane a gift for show, or are you giving it because it is a custom, or because you really are happy and want to give her something?"

"Why, mother, I'm giving because I like Jane, and because I want to do this. You know how I feel, mother."

"All right, Jack, then you give what you can afford, and send it with a free, happy and gracious conscience. Jane will understand, and she will think all the more of you. Don't give because you feel that you must. Jane wouldn't want such a gift."

"Mother, just look what Jack sent me. Oh, aren't they lovely? Just think what they represent, mother. Dainty Red Roses!"

Just then Jack was shown in. It was Christmas eve, and naturally he would spend it with Jane. As he entered he saw Jane drop her head into the roses and say: "Jack is an old dear!" —Florence Cosgrove.

Below appear the names of pupils in Salem High School who have sold twenty or more tickets for the Senior play:

Raphael Reasbeck, Flora Hanna, Florence Cosgrove, Lozeer Caplan, Marion Cox, Mary Bates, Guy Brewer, Ralph Hannay, Kenneth Kelly, Edythe Barnes, Thurlo Thomas, Forrest Sittler, Helen Reitzell, Clara Patten, Raymond Gunn.

The committee also wishes to thank all who have sold tickets or who, in any way, have helped to make the Senior play the success it was.

(Signed)—

L. T. DRENNEN  
ETHEL BEARDMORE  
EDYTHE BARNES  
ROBERT HOWELL  
LOZEER CAPLAN

## Musical Entertainment

Mr. Jones of Alliance, who has a music studio in Salem entertained the Student Assembly Wednesday, Dec. 3 with a group of musical selections.

The music was of a classical nature and was played in a way which brought out the theme of the selections.

Some of the numbers were "To a Wild Rose," "Dame of Indian Phantoms," "Variations of Blue Bells of Scotland," "Sonata in A Major," "Valse in E Flat," "Musical Clock," and "Air de Ballet."

This music was appreciated to the fullest extent by the students as the applause indicated.

## The High-Vine Grocery

WISHES YOU A  
MERRY CHRISTMAS  
AND A  
MOST HAPPY AND  
PROSPEROUS NEW YEAR

Courtney & Schwartz

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Are here in variety.  
Portable Lamps  
Boudoir Lamps  
Bridge Lamps  
For Electricity  
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To burn gas.  
Come in and see them.  
Then we have Hair  
Curlers  
In many patterns  
And Electric Irons  
Of different makes  
All guaranteed.  
And all appropriate  
For Christmas Gifts.  
Yours

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## ROYAL THEATRE

Program for Week of Dec. 22

Monday and Tuesday  
"THE BANDELERO"  
An All-Star Cast  
Comedy, Mack Sennett Presents  
"The Half Back of Notre Dame"  
Also Novelty Reel

Wednesday and Thursday  
"THE REJECT WOMEN"  
With Alma Rubens and  
Conrad Nagel  
Also Pathe News

Friday and Saturday  
Viola Dana in  
"IN SEARCH OF A THRILL"  
Comedy, Savage Hour"  
Also Wm. Duncan in "The  
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## SOCIETY

### The Junior Party

The Junior party of Friday, Dec. 5, proved to be one of the most successful parties the class of '26 ever had. It was a "kid party" from start to finish. Juniors came in the garb of their bygone days. Everywhere the undignified Juniors could be seen—some in rompers, some with Buster Brown collars and Lord Fauntleroy ties—playing with dollies, kiddie cars, choo-choo trains, and teddy bears.

After a romping good time in the fore part of the evening, a short program was given consisting of the numbers:

A playlet.....The Doll Show  
Piano solo.....Bessie Floyd  
Piano solos.....Junia Jones  
Reading.....Betty Jones  
Reading.....Jeane Olloman  
Solo dance.....Ruth Bolen

Music furnished by the Krauss orchestra served for dancing which followed this program.

A lunch in keeping with the evening was served and then everyone went home saying, "I've had a delightful time."

Miss Camille Kines spent the Thanksgiving holidays in Warren with friends.

Miss George spent the week-end in Warren with friends.

Mrs. Ryland spent Thanksgiving in Cincinnati with friends.

A surprise party was given in honor of Miss Betty Deming at her home on Lincoln avenue. The evening was spent in dancing, and a very nice lunch was served. Miss Sara Pollock was an out-of-town guest.

Paul Bartholomew spent the week-end of Nov. 29 in Pittsburgh, where he attended the Carnegie Tech-Notre Dame football game.

Miss King spent the Thanksgiving holidays with friends in Canton.

### The Reward of Sacrifice

It was in the month of December and every day brought Christmas closer. It certainly wasn't hard to tell that Christmas was drawing near, because every place you looked put you in mind of it. All the stores and streets were usually crowded, which was an occurrence which never happened unless it would be Christmas. All the newspapers were crowded with things that referred to Christmas. One couldn't help from having that different kind of feeling that you get just at Christmas time.

Christmas is a time when all organizations of any size try to do something that would cause great happiness such as giving baskets of fruit is very nice, and it certainly causes happiness but this group had just started and were not very well fixed financially, so they had to decide upon some thing else, that would be just as nice.

After talking it over and arguing it out they finally decided to visit the Old Ladies Home. The next thing for them to do was to decide upon something to do that wouldn't cost so very much; to buy fruit and baskets was rather expensive and common. The one thing they could think of that would be just as nice would be to go out and sing Christmas carols and make the old ladies have another lively time.

This was all decided until a big dance was advertised for Christmas evening, with a wonderful orchestra. This took their eye; everyone wanted to go, and was just about ready to call off the visit to the Old Ladies Home, when one of the fellows in the group, very well liked, called them together, and told them the real meaning of Christmas, that it wasn't only a time to be happy, but a time to cause happiness.

He told them that the usual Christmas is shown by those who don't really think what Christmas means.

"The true Christmas spirit," he said, "is shown by the few who really understand. Think of how much has been sacrificed for your happiness! Christ gave all he had, to make the earth worth living in, and surely the least we can do to make some other people happy is to sacrifice just one dance." They all agreed that he was right, and they carried out their former plans with great success. They all had a wonderful time, and to add to their happiness they got to go to the dance too, because the ladies were not used to late hours, so the boys had to leave early.

This proved to the scouts that everyone who will sacrifice a little for someone else's happiness at Christmas, will be rewarded, and they wonder if the Christmas spirit wouldn't work all the time.

In order to get a girl off his mind he married her, and now he's got her on his hands.

The loneliest job in the world: A snake charmer in Ireland. Boss in a lawn-mower factory in Greenland.

I kissed her—oh what joy, what bliss!  
I flew to heaven, it seemed  
"Who are you working for now?"  
Told me that I had dreamed.

#### Useless Info—

In a crowded elevator one out of every nine passengers eat onions.  
An auto spring squeaks 476,913 times before it's owner gives it oil.

"Who are you working for now?"  
"Same bunch—wife and five kids."

I think a blarney stone would make a fine setting for a ring.

Our Christmas Club is for every member of the family, including the baby

JOIN NOW

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It Will be a Pleasure to Deposit a Specified Amount Every Week in Our CHRISTMAS CLUB

It's Easy to Save By Easy Stages  
Join Our Club Now

FIRST NATIONAL BANK  
SALEM, OHIO

"THE CHRISTMAS STORE"  
FITZPATRICK-STRAIN CO.

### The Christmas Spirit

And there glowed in the sky on that wonderful night,  
When the curtains of darkness were drawn,

The one star that has fired the whole world with its light,  
And has shown us the way to the dawn.

For the angels that caroled the glory of God  
To the shepherds so awe stricken then,

And implanted the seeds, in the hearts fertile sod,  
Of peace and good will to all men  
Gave the spirit to Christmas as poised there above

In the light of the heavens revealed  
For they sang of humility, peace and of love

Till the heavens again from the earth had concealed  
The great host of bright angels above.

—Mildred Birch—'24.

You may go East  
You may go West  
But can you tell a man's appetite  
By the stains on his vest?

Great aches from a corn grows.

That corn syrup you sold me last night didn't do a bit of good. I put a glass of it on my corn, and it kept on paining more and more.

A "ducky" song—"Waddle I do?"

Red Cosgrove—"I would face death for you.

Edythe Flickinger—"Why didn't you face that bull dog?"

Red—"Because it wasn't dead."

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DE KLYN, BUNTE, SCHRAFFT  
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CHOCOLATES

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Fancy Hard Candies  
Salted Nuts



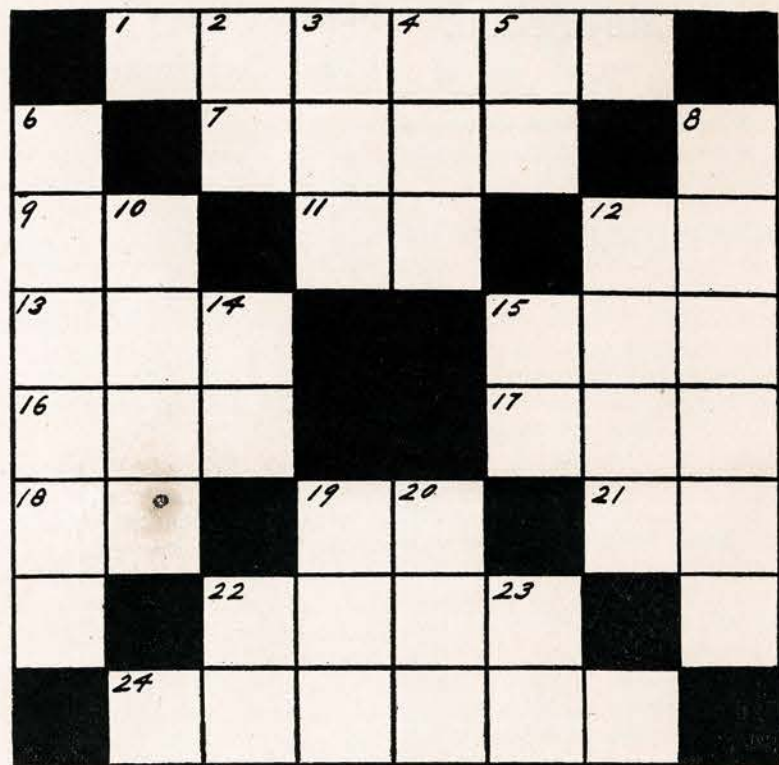
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Please order early for Xmas Ice Cream Specials. Sherbets, Bricks, Individuals.

Fruit Cakes \$1.50 and \$2.00.  
French Fruit Glaces, Candied Fruits.

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Horizontal

Vertical

- |                                                   |                                              |
|---------------------------------------------------|----------------------------------------------|
| 1. Name of well known paper.                      | 2. Preposition.                              |
| 7. Past tense and past participle of verb. (col). | 3. Should always be given freely.            |
| 9. Preposition.                                   | 4. Always lost. (Ask Miss Potter.)           |
| 11. What we are fond of saying.                   | 5. A boy's name. (abb.)                      |
| 12. Abbreviation of a state.                      | 6. What a small boy couldn't do without.     |
| 13. Something we all want to own.                 | 8. A room used for storage.                  |
| 15. To spoil.                                     | 10. A fresh water worm.                      |
| 16. What a child is sometimes called.             | 12. A domestic animal.                       |
| 17. Often seen on slips.                          | 14. Delivery in rural districts.             |
| 18. A boy's name. (abb.)                          | 15. One thousand and one hundred.            |
| 19. An important person.                          | 19. What should be at the door of each home. |
| 21. Verb.                                         | 20. What all humans do.                      |
| 21. Verb.                                         | 22. A state abbreviated.                     |
| 22. Used in place of crisco.                      | 23. A verb denoting action.                  |
| 24. An elderly lady.                              |                                              |

I doff my hat to him who does not play  
The game according to accepted rule:  
Brave pioneer who blazed a way  
Through untamed forests, taunted as  
a fool  
By lesser men because he dared to  
bread  
The clutch of fashion and unheralded  
Do something no man had the skill to  
make  
Or pilgrim where the many never  
tread.

A meteor emblazoning a path  
Across the void, erased as it emerges  
Creating as it speeds in cosmic wrath  
New worlds whose birth and zeitgeist  
urges;  
Spent fragments that rebel and go  
alone  
Where myriads follow them from zone  
to zone.

—Joseph Leister.

### Inter-Class Basketball

The championship of the inter-class basketball games had been awarded to Room 206 girls and 204 boys. These teams both have some of the stars of the school on them. Monday night, Dec. 16, Tot Cosgrove's team, the 206 girls, defeated Danny Willaman's team, the 205 girls, thereby winning the girls' championship. On Friday night, Dec. 12, the 204 boys, whose team includes Ray Judge and Wilbert Lewis, defeated the 206 boys, captained by Harry Hauser. The winning rooms have a right to be proud of their teams as the championship was won fairly and squarely by both the girls and the boys, and some excellent team work was displayed.

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Phone 537

**Old Santa Had a Happy Thought the Other  
Day**

Now he is whispering it in the ears of all the men in Salem who own homes, but have no furnaces.

"Why don't you install a furnace for your family's Christmas present?" See

**THE W. E. MOUNTS CO.**

at Carr's Hardware, and they'll fix it all up for you."

One has only to look about the high-ways of motor travel to know how widespread, how universal has been public acceptance of the CHRYSLER as the foremost development in automotive engineering.



**THE SMITH GARAGE**

192 East Fourth Street

**Maxwell and Chrysler Cars**

**McKinley School**

In a spelling match between the fifth grade, taught by Miss Meyer and Miss Silvers' class at Columbia street school, the McKinley fifth won.

We are sending you the best composition on the "Jolly Jester" from each of the four upper grades. This week we send you the one written by Jean Garrison in fourth grade.

**The Jolly Jester**

We were invited to Salem High School Wednesday, Nov. 12, to see the Jolly Jester. I thought he was very funny, and he seemed very sensible, too. He said his old friends would come from Healthland, and sure enough in came Minnie Spinach, Patty Potato, Charley Carrot, Tommy Onion, Harry the little boy, Jocko the monkey, and many others.

Jolly Jester told us many things.

First, never drink tea or coffee.

Second, eat oatmeal and drink milk every morning—eat it slowly.

Third, eat boiled eggs in place of fried.

Fourth, eat baked potatoes instead of fried.

Fifth, four glasses of water or more each day.

Sixth, brush your teeth every morning, noon and night.

Seventh, a bath a day, (and don't forget those ears).

Eighth, go to bed at 8 o'clock and sleep 10 hours. (Babies should sleep 12 hours).

Four glasses of water,

If I'm not sure that it is pure,

I'll boil the germs away.

Goodbye! Be healthy and happy is the wish of Jolly Jester.

—Jean Garrison

Fourth Grade, McKinley School.

The Exchange of the Sun Dial, Sterling High School, Sterling Kansas, had the following poem in its columns:

**IT ISN'T THE SCHOOL—IT'S YOU**

If you want to have the kind of school Like the kind of school you like, You needn't slip your togs in a grip And start on a long, long hike.

You'll only find what you left behind, For there's nothing that's really new, It's a knock at yourself when you knock your school.

It isn't the school—it's you.

Real schools are not made by people afraid

Lest somebody else get ahead, When every one works and nobody shirks

You can raise a school from the dead. And if while you gain your personal aim,

Your neighbor can gain his too, Your school will be what you want to see,

It isn't the school—it's you.

A man from the "states" was knocked down by an automobile in Paris. Gendarme rushed up to him and asked: "Parlez vous francais?" "No, a Chevrolet coupe," replied the Yank.

One of the troubles of sea matrimony is the cost of permanent waves.

**Merry, Merry  
Christmas Time**

At the house of the Claytons the time of Christmas was very much in evidence, if one were to judge from outward show. All day the express man had been bringing packages, and Mrs. Clayton had been busy wrapping and shipping like packages. Her little book was also very busy. That little book which told her what every one had given her, and her family last Christmas.

"Mr. and Mrs. A. P. Wilkes—card." Read the book.

"Who under the sun are they?" thought Mrs. Clayton, and she sent them a card.

Mrs. Clayton always dreaded Christmas in a way, because it meant so much work.

"And after all one gives as much as one gains," she thought. To her it was simply a business deal.

Christmas is more than a business deal, so much more that it cannot be expressed. It is the symbol of all that is joy and all that is good.

The Georges across the way from the Claytons always seemed to have so much more fun out of Christmas.

"And really their car only had six cylinders," as Mrs. Clayton once said.

True, Mrs. George had a Christmas list, because she knew the human mind is not an errorless machine, but this list was only to remind her of a name. She gave the gift to the friend.

Junior George had a great time with old Santa Claus. Maybe the postman didn't leave quite so many packages, but oh, the fun of opening them.

Every one brought a message of friendship, and none were examined for price tags.

The day after Christmas Junior met Hypo on the way to the delicatessen.

"Did Santy bring you lots of presents?" inquired Junior.

"Yes," replied little Hypo, "but we wrapped them all up again so that I wouldn't break them. Well, good evening, I'm hungry."

(Note—Hypo refers to the hypothetical little boy belonging to the Claytons.)

—Edward Heck—'25.

Walt—"Why do authors say, 'Flush slowly crept across her face?'"

Houser—"Because if it ran it would kick up a lotta dust."

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